2 H

SMITHSONIAN LIBRARY

FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,
FISHCULTURE, YACHTING AND CANOEING.

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST
IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

VOLUME XLVIII.

JANUARY, 1897—JUNE, 1897.



PUBLISHED BY THE
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK.

1897

SMITHSONIAN LIBRARY

SMITHSONIAN LIBRARY

FOREST AND STREAM.

INDEX---VOLUME XLVIII.

EDITORIAL.

Page.

Adirondack Forests....201
Adirondack Guide Association....101
Anderson, Capt. George S....301
Bendire, Major Charles....121
Bird Day....401
Birds and Reptiles in the Air....501
Boone and Crockett Club....61
Boy and Rod....461
Camps....361
Cherry Tree Perennial....261
Coloring of Animals....141
Cope, E D....301
Coyote....1
Decoration Day....421
Deer Jacking Record....321
Farralon Bird Preservation....181
Fishes' Memory....81
Fishes' Sleep....181
Fish in Private Waters....481
Florida Lion and Unicorn....21
Forest Lake Club House....481
Forest Preserves....41, 141, 181, 221, 281
Game Introduction....261
Game Laws in Arizona....461
Government Game Preserves....441
Gun of Paper....321
Halford, Sir Henry....21
Hallock Code....241
Hawaiian Island Fish....41
Kites in Life-Saving Service....61
Labrador Lost Man....301
Land of Memory....441
Leap Year for Game....421
License System....141
Maine Black Game....21
Maine Game Law....1
Maine Game License....81
Maine Guide Law....341, 401
Minnesota Tag System....381
Münchhausen....281
New York Association....481
New York Game Law....261
New York Zoo....241, 231
Non-Resident Game Laws....101
Ouananiche Enthusiasts....201
Phillips, Wm. H....381
Potomac Bass Case....401
Quebec Leasing System....81
Rights and Privileges....201, 281
Sale of Game....41, 221, 441
Salt Lick....461
Season and Birds....501
Sewell, Henry Hope....321
S. F. P. C. A. and Dogs....121
Sportsmen, Genuine and Imitation....121
Spring Shooting....461
Spring Time....301
Thousand Island Park....321
Venezuelian Plume Birds....421
Yachting Union....341
Yankee and Hoosier....261
Yellowstone Park....1, 301
Yellowstone Park Grand Cañon....161
Yellowstone Park Poachers....141

SPORTSMAN TOURIST.

Adirondack History....323, 352
After Dinner Talk....324
Alligator Drilling....283
Antoine, Letter from....202
Bohemian Highland....302
Bottle, That....423
British Honduras Fishing....382
Buffalo, White....162
Camp-Fire Tales....242, 262, 282, 303, 323, 344
Chestnut Ridge....322, 442
Curlew's Second Cruise....242
Curlew Voyage....22
Ducking in Great South Bay....42
Egypt, Quail Shooting in....262
Familiar Scenes....124
Fast in the Field....22
Florida Oysters....22
Flying Fish Fleet....122
Forest Preserves....344
Frontier Incidents....144
Fur Traders' Journal....444
Georgia Game and Fish....62
Gran Chaco, On the Edge of....422, 442, 462, 482
Holland....4
Holt's Woods....503
Hot Springs Adventure....402
House by the Lake....282
Idaho Mountains....143, 243
Indians, Experiences with....2
Iowa Recollections....202, 222, 243, 263
Islands of the Pacific....62
James River....242
Labrador Lost Man....303, 343
Long Island Day....3
Lumbermen, Life Among....322
Maine Stream, Story of....382
Matanzas, Story of....223
Missouri, Adventures Along the....502
Moonshiners, Among the....2
Mud Turtle....182
Muzzleloading Days....2
Northwest, Sport in....304
Podgers's Commentaries....23, 43, 102, 222, 323
Poor Shot....283
Potomac, Along the....203, 262, 362, 462
Reynolds, Charley....25
Sam Lovell....342
School House Cover....343
Seminole, Among the....202
Sheep and Snowshoes....482, 503
Sou'west Camps....63
Spanish Main....142, 162
Stories of an Heroic Age....82
Tim My Tutor....62, 83, 102
Treasure Hunting....83
Valley Pleasant Remembrances....302
Walton Club....402

NATURAL HISTORY.

Adirondack Moose, Panther and Wolf....325
Adirondack Wolves....304, 363
African Birds....204
Animal Instinct of Direction....145
Antelope and the Great Storm....7
Antelope in Montana....244
Antelope Range....164
Antelope Range in 1893....5
Audubon Society....305
Bear, Tamed....444
Bendire's Life Histories of Birds....84
Birds and Bird Music....484
Birds of Colorado....445
Birds, Year with....324
Bobolinks in Florida....405
Bounty System of Extermination....383
Brunnich's Murres in Northern New York....146
Buffalo of Lost Park....404
Buffalo, White....484
Burls and the Cause of Them....165
Canada Jay....446
Carrier Pigeon and Hawk....463
Carrier Pigeons' Fate....383
Cat and Door Latch....364
Collisions in the Air....284
Coons, White....125
Coyote Hunting in Bands....284
Crocodiles of Nicaragua....284, 345, 364
Doe, Horned....125, 204
Ducks Unusual in Currituck Sound....165
Elk, Domesticated....445
Elk, Horned Cow....145
Florida Plumed Birds....304
Flying Fish....146, 184
Galapagos Birds....284
Gibraltar Monkeys....485
Golden Plover, Audubon's Portrait....162
Goshawk in Michigan....143
Grouse Nest Photograph....505
Hesperornis Plumage....305
Hummingbird Phantasies....405
Instinct and Reason....264
Instinct, Remnants of....6
Intercommunication of Animals....64, 204, 224, 241, 363, 423
Kildeer Protective Instinct....204
Mice, Singing....443, 485
Montana Wild Life....204
Moose Antlers Locked....383
Moose, Giant....65, 85, 184
Moose Heads, Giant....504
Moose in Maine, Size of....184
Mountain Sheep, New Species....325
Music and Caged Animals....404
Muskrat Pets....204
New Jersey Wild Animals....264
North Carolina Birds Notes....244
Otter and His Ways....44, 85
Owls and Game Birds....146
Panther in British Columbia....184
Philadelphia Zoo....424
Prairie Dogs on the Plains....164
Rabbit, Curious New....44
Rattlesnake Poisoning....125
Reasoning of Dogs and Rabbits....284
Robins Wintering in New Jersey....125
Robins Wintering in New York....44
Sandy Hook Wild Life....184
Sewellel....164
Snake, Double Headed....485
Snake Lore....345
Song Birds, Foreign, in Oregon....403
Soul in Animals and Plants....404
Squirrels Bred in Captivity....405
Squirrels, Carnivorous....305, 364
Trade Rats and Coyotes....5
Weasel....463
Wolves....183
Wolves and Coyotes....144
Wolves, Intercommunication of....64
Woodcock's Night Song....424, 463
Woodcock's Song....383
Woodcock's Whistle....65, 146, 223, 484
Yellowstone Park Map....85

GAME BAG AND GUN.

Accidents....106
Adirondack Deer Dog Training....118
Adirondack Deer Facts....
Adirondack Game Interests....
Adirondack Game Law....
Alabama Association....
Arizona Quail....
Arkansas Outing....
Armless Sportsmen....
Bear Vitality....
Big Thicket....
Bit of Good Cover....
Blue Jay Camp....
Boone and Crockett Club....
Breechloader First....
Brownie's Revenge (poetry)....
Buck Ranch....
Buffalo Reminiscences....
Camera Hunting....
Camp Bouillon....
Cascades, In the....
Cheat Mountain Club....
Cuba....
Dakota Screenings....
Days Afield....
Decoy Stories....146, 20
Deer, Catching a....
Deer Hunt in the Peninsula....
District of Columbia Law....
Duck Egg Albumin....
Duck Eggs....303, 31
Field Incidents....
Florida Game and Fish....12
Florida Quail Fields....
Forest Fire Lanes....
Forest Reserves....
Forestry Commission Recommendations....
Forty Years in Game Countries....
Foxes in Virginia....
Game Protection....
Geese, Twelve Hours with the....
Genessee Valley Association....
German Quail in Michigan....
Germany Game System....
Golden Plover Days....
Government Game Preserves....446, 4
Grassy Lake Club....
"Great West"....1
Guide and Game Killed....25,
Guides and Sportsmen....
Guns and Things....
Hillsboro Association....
Hog Island Bay....
Hogs as Duck Hunters....
Hours in the Blind....206, 225, 24
"Hunting"....
Idaho Mountains....
Jacksnipe Pasture....
Lake Le Saulmer....
Life Among the Lumbermen....
Lyman, Wm....
Maine Game and Fish Reports....
Maine Game Law Vagaries....
Maine Guide Law....
Maine Guide License....69, 89, 107, 127, 1
Maine Guide's Song....
Maine Moose Protection....
Maine Outings....
Maine Protective Measures....
Maine vs. Wisconsin....
Mallard in Ice Holes....
Maryland Association....
Maryland Week....

790.573
.F71

Page.
Massachusetts Association 65
Massachusetts Trappers Fined..... 25
Mississippi Floods..... 405
Mongolian Pheasants.....286
Moose Head Confiscated..... 329
Moose Hunting in New Brunswick.....206
National Association.....127, 147
National Park Extension 406
New England Fox Hunt.....187
New York Association..... 66
Northern Hunting Grounds.....463
One Man's Influence..... 366
Ontario Game Law Reserves.....505
Ontario Game Laws.....267
Ontario Water-Killing Deer..... 89
Oregon Notes.....67
Parry Sound Deer Hunt.....186
Partridge Shooting..... ...205
Pennsylvania Game Law.....27, 248, 286, 307, 349
Pheasant Management.....165
Platform Plank.....308, 448
Possums in Georgia Legislature..... 25
Prairie Chicken Divide.....486
Proprieties, Some of them 446
Quebec Hunting Leases.....156
Reveries and Realities.....347
Rich and Poor.....306
Rod and Gun Club of Massachusetts.....406
Ruffed Grouse Ways..... 8
Runway and Water.... .....365, 407
Sale of Game..... 368
School House Cover.....305
Shooting on a Western Stream..... 406
Shooting Privileges and Trespasses.....285, 329, 343
Spring Shooting.....249, 447, 486
Squirrel Shooting at Night..... 88
Stump Bear..... 89
Tale not Often Told.....348
Then and Now.....424
Tolaston Club..... . 88
Tragedy of the Woods.....285
Turkeys in the Flood Country. 407
Utah Game Laws..... 48
Vermont Game.....308
Vermont League..... 347
Virginia Shore Birds.....405
Wadleigh Brook.....86, 105, 125
Wall Still Blank..... 27
Western Guides and Outfits.....364
Wisconsin Indians and Game..... 167
Wolf Howl.....185
Wolf Intercommunication.....168
Wolf Poisoning.... 168
X Place.....187

SEA AND RIVER FISHING.

Adirondack Guides' Association.....108
American Trout in Europe.....130
Angling, Poetry of..... 30
Attean Camps 271
Black Bass and Bass Laws.....387
Black Bass Culture 467
Black Bass for Rhode Island 110
Black Bass in the Adirondacks..... 31
Black Bass of the Trent 426
Black Bass Records.....252
Black Bass Season in New York 312, 352
Black Bass Through the Ice.....152
Blue Ridge 289, 351
British Columbia Holiday 368
Brown Trout 152
Camping Reminiscences.....388
Carp.....130, 189
Castalia Club 312
Catskill Mountain Trout.....469
Cedar River..... 229
Clackamas River 270
Color Variations in Fishes.....449, 488
Cut-Throat Trout 488
Elkhorn.....129, 149
Fish and Fishing..... 289
Fish and Pain..... 70
Fisherman's Luck.....212
Fish Feeding..... 410
Florida Sawfish.....449
Fly-Casting Record.....330
Fly-Casting Records..... 51
Fly-Tying Factory.....468
Frost Fish..... 51
Giant of the Rainbow.....465
Gunpowder, Fishing on the.....349
Hand Line Fishing.....269
Ice-Fishing in Trout Waters..... 391
Iowa United States Hatcheries.... 332
Klamath Lake.....271
Lamprey Destructive.....332
Landlocked Salmon of Europe..... 92
Massachusetts Association.....107, 430
Massachusetts Trout.....287
MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH:
Alvah Dunning..... 288
Billy Shaw..... 151
Charles Hallock 29
Charles T. Bell.....190
Delaware Bradbury.....350
D. H. Fitzhugh 409
Francis Endicott.....90, 108
Fred E. Jones.....451
Gen. Chester A. Arthur..... 150
Grand Duke Alexis.....465
Joe.....487
John A. Fish.....310
Leonard Jewell.....427
Mr. Almy.....251
Pete.....211
Wm. M. Locke.....270
Moosehead Lake Association.....287
Mowat, John..... 91
Mr. Meigs..... 368
Muscalonge, Pike, Pickerel and Pike-Perch.....428
Netting in New York..... 31
New Hampshire Hatcheries.....331
New York Fish Commission.....190
New York Fish Hatcheries..... 30
One Day's Sport.....269
Ontario Netting..... 51
Ontario Waters.....428
Ouananiche and Its Home.....171
Pacific Coast Trout.....450
Pennsylvania Association.....70, 313
Pennsylvania Warden Bill.....228
Pere Marquette Waters.....450
Pickerel Stocking Expedition.....130
Pike-perch in Missouri Waters 190
Potomac Bass..... 387
Quebec Game and Fish Territories.....228
Reminiscences of Exciting Sport.....311
Rhode Island Fishing.....369
Rod, Home-made.....212
Salmon Reported Taken Through the Ice.....229
Salmon Trout Fishing 408
Sebago Salmon Fishing.....388, 412
Shenandoah Fishing 449
Shrimp, Fresh-water..... 28
Sierra Nevada Fishing.....351
Silk Worm Gut.....429, 352, 370
Smelt as a Menace.....45, 429
Smelt for Trout and Salmon.....230
Sterling Lake..... 452
St. Johnsbury Hatcheries.....452
Striped Bass 252
Sunapee Trout in Maine..... 31
Switch Cast.....389
Tarpon on the Florida Coast 271
Trout, Black Bass and Pickerel.....211
Trout Catch, Limitation.....353, 370
Trout Growing Craftier.....252
Trout in Michigan..... 387
Trout, Mystifying Ways.....269
Trout Supper, Memorable..... 90
Trout Under Size.....211
When the Ice Goes Out (poetry).....287
Women Anglers 152
Women at the Sportsmen's Show.....251

THE KENNEL.

About Dogs.....391
A. K. C.....192, 292, 431
Alabama Coon.....272
Amateur and Professional..... 172
American Dachshund Club.....332, 413
American Fox Terrier Club..... 32
American Pet Dog Club.....213, 333
American Spaniel Club.....192
Bacillus of Distemper..... 51
Beagles as Field Dogs..... 32
Brindle Dog.....413
Brunswick Fur Club.....32, 71
California Club's Tempest.....273
Catahoula Dog.....292
Central Beagle Club..... 235
Champion Stakes..... 92
Chicago Show.....235
Chicken Trials.....353, 510
Collie Club.....192
Constantinople, Dogs of..... 52
Continental Club.....72, 236, 332, 354, 491
Coon Up Tree.....470
Courtesy at Shows.....353
Dixie Red Fox Club.....12, 292
Dog and Law 371
Dog Conquered Man..... 32
Dogs, Alaska.....253, 413
Dogs, Gold Diggings.....470
Dogs, Madagascar.....292
Dogs, Music.....113
Dog Owners.....470
Duquesne Kennel Club..... . 92
Ear Cropping.....293
E. F. T. C.....193, 470
Ethan Allin Setter.....371, 490
F. T. C. A Meeting.....113
Fidelity of Dog.....353
Foxhound Trials..... 33
Fox Hunting.....153, 172, 253, 412
Gordons.....213, 292
Gordon Setter Club.....193
Gordon Setters. 213
Heywood-Lonsdale, Mr.....236
Hugh Dalziel, Mr.....370
Hurstbourne Zip and Pinmoney..... 12
Inbreeding.....171
India, Death of.....192
Instinct vs. Reason.....412
International Fox Terrier Club.....73, 333
Irish Setter.....12, 32
Irish Setter Club.....153, 193
Irish Terrier Club.....193, 214
Jack.....314
Language.....313, 354
Manitoba Field Trials Club..... .....153, 172
Mascoutah Club..... 92
Milwaukee Kennel Association.....13, 73
Minneapolis Show.....370
Mutilations.....253
National Beagle Club..... ....92, 192, 431, 471
National Greyhound Club.....192
New York Dog Show..... 191
Odors.....292, 332
Pet Dog Club.....253
Pointer Club.....193, 233
Poisoning.....253
Prizes, Challenge.....92, 112
Property in Dogs..... 511
Reason.....333
Review, 1896 11
Schooling the Dog.....431, 452, 469, 490, 510
Snap.....113
Sportsmen's Association..... 52
St. Louis Show.....213
Strychnine, Action of 392
Taxation..... 33
Toho.....113
Unknown Hero.....172
U. S. F. T. C. Trials..... 92, 110
Westminster Kennel Club.....52, 73
Winnipeg Show.....293

YACHTING.

*(Illustrated Articles Marked *.)*

Adrienne.....96, 395
Akista.....336
Amateur Building.....315
America's Cup.....373, 393
Aranca 434, 456
Avoca.....433
Bahamas.....472
Blade..... 474
Bona.....175, 473
Bray, S. C., One-Design Class 94
Burnham Y. C. Co.....256
Canada-Vencedor.....14, 154
Choctaw Penguin Case 94
Cockatoo.....393
Cohasset 15ft. Class.....16*
Colleen Class.....373*
Compartments in Vessels.....116
Constellation-Idlewild. 194
Cox's Formula.....472
Crowninshield, B. B.....195
CRUISES:
Blow on Cayuga Lake..... 33
Enery, Smack..... .....274*, 315
Sea Witch, Single-Hand.....356
"Deep-Water Voyage," Stevenson.....435
Defender..... .....355, 454
Designing.....14*, 54*, 93, 134*, 173, 214, 254*, 294, 334* 414*, 434, 455
Ellesmere 416
Emerald..... 395
Fifteen-foot Class..... .....96, 154
Fixtures.....335
Gleaner 394
Great Lakes Y. R. U.....77, 96, 194, 355
Green Lake Challenge Cup.....215, 393
Hamburg One-Design Class.....355*
Handy 472
Hildegarde.....315
Hoodlum.....96, 393
Hypatia.....433*
Intrepid.....494
Jubilee Cup.....94, 515
Knockabouts.....35, 415, 471
Lake Y. R. A. Rules.....14, 15, 52, 76, 96, 155, 194
Lalage.....456, 472
Page.
Lorelei..... .394, 474
Lufra.... .....474, 494, 515
Massachusetts Y. R. A.....96, 293, 456
Measurement Rule.....294, 316
Menai Straits One-Design Class.....17-*
Mersey One-Design Class.....17-*
Model Yachting.....34, 53, 75, 256, 276*, 294, 494
Myra, Reprint..... .....237*, 256
National Association.....13, 16, 35, 114, 155, 194, 293, 335, 372, 394
New Yachts.....53, 96, 116, 194
New York Conference.....372, 394
One-Design Classes.....94, 174, 276, 315, 355*, 455*
Nirvana.....416
Oregon Pine 53
Palmer's Schooner.....256, 294*, 316*
Paprika.....293
Payne Bill.....53, 93, 116, 173, 471
Penarth, One-Design Class.....194, 455*
Pioneer 135
Planimeter.....455
Quebec Batteau..... .....274*
Quebec Pilot Boat.....155*
Quisetta.....35*
OBITUARY:
Havemeyer, T. A.....375
Lee, Wm. T.....416
Meade, Rear Admiral.....393
Redwings.....174*
Restricted Classes.....471
Ripple..... 35
Royal Ulster Challenge..... .....373, 393, 414
Samphire 155
Seawanhaka Cup.....56, 414, 512
Seawanhaka Race Committee.....74, 76
"Seven Seas," Kipling.....126
Shark.....194
Ships, Old 416
Shipwright's Strike.....473
Society of Naval Architects.....116, 315
Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co.....424
Stearns' One-Design Class.....276
Stores.....276, 294
Supplement to Small Yachts.....237
Surf Running.....336
Surprise 395
Syce 356, 393
Telfer.....394
Twenty foot Class.....96, 275, 394, 415, 433
Vencedor..... .....294, 433, 512
Verona.....74*, 94*, 394*
Yacht Racing League.....14, 16, 35, 114, 155, 194, 335, 372, 394
Yampa 435, 515
Y. R U. Long Island Sound..93, 154, 276, 293, 336, 416

CLUBS AND RACES.

Atlantic.....156, 454, 494, 514
Audubon 455
Beverly 512
Biscayne Bay.....216
Boston City 375
Brooklyn.....494
Buffalo.....494
Burgess 513
Canarsie.....494
Cohasset.....473, 513
Columbia 512
Communipaw..... 473
CORINTHIAN:
Fleet 455
Marblehead.....513
Philadelphia.....435, 515
San Francisco..... 393
Detroit..... 512
Dorchester.....456, 513
Douglaston 493
Duxbury.....513
Eastern 315
East Gloucester..... 514
Fox Lake..... 395
Gilbert's Bar.....357, 416
Gravesend Bay.....4.3
Hamilton.....456, 494, 514
Harlem.....415, 454
Hempstead Bay 494
Hudson River.....473
Huguenot.....415
Hull.....513
Interlake Y. R. A 456
Knickerbocker.....473
Lake Buffum 55
Lake Michigan Y. R. A..... .....375, 495
Lake Minnetonka.....456, 513
Larchmont.....416, 514
Lincoln Park..... 336
Marine and Field.....515
Massachusetts.....512
Milwaukee..... 495
Minnetonka.....336, 494, 513

Page

New Rochelle....416, 434
New York....154, 274, 513
Pacific Inter-Club Association....336
Pewaukee....474
Philadelphia....512
Riverside....472
Royal Canadian....473, 474
Royal St. Lawrence....154, 434, 456, 473, 493, 514
Royal Swedish Races....316
San Francisco....315
Seawanhaka....74, 76, 316, 336, 434, 454
Solent Classes, R. A....393
South Boston....473
Thirty-foot Class....512
Toledo....472
White Bear....393
Winthrop....456, 473

Page.

Wollaston....473

STEAM YACHTING.

Alcedo II....315
Algonquin....318
Andria....195, 515
Carrie....474
Ellide....336, 494
Eugenia....135, 457
Hiawatha II....336, 474
Ituna....318, 474
Marietta III....276
Namouna....494
Niagara II....74, 316
Parthenia....318
Penelope-Sapphire....318, 394
Pioneer....393
Punjaub....375
Speedy....275*
Steam Pilot Boat....474
Vergana....318, 335*
Viking....375

CANOEING.

(*Illustrated Articles Marked* *.)

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION:
Atlantic Division....195, 216, 417*, 435, 495
Central Division....
Eastern Division....
Northern Division....
Regatta Programme....417
Meet—Grindstone Island....515
Buffalo....216, 392
Burchard, R. B....515
Capsizing in Races....336
Cruising Information....156
Drowning....474
Field on American Racing....457
New York C C....318, 318
New Zealand....136
North Shore Canoe....195*
Paddling Trophy....36, 56, 77, 136, 137
Racing Rules....36, 56, 77, 136, 137
Red Dragon....56
St. Lawrence Skiff....116*
Tavie....56
Toronto....496
Western Canoe Association....357, 515
Wide Canoes....378
"With Berry in the Bow"....495
Yonkers....195

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 1. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

Jacksnipe Coming In. "He's Got Them" (Quail Shooting). Vigilant and Valkyrie. Bass Fishing at Block Island.

The plates are for frames 14 x 19 in. They are done in twelve colors, and are rich in effect. They are furnished to old or new subscribers on the following terms:

Forest and Stream *one year and the set of four pictures*, **$5.**
Forest and Stream *6 months and any two of the pictures*, **$3.**
Price of the pictures alone, $1.50 each; $5 for the set.

Remit by express money order or postal money order. Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE
346 Broadway
NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

In still-hunting swear yourself black in the face never to shoot at a dim, moving object in the woods for a deer, unless you have seen that it is a deer. In these days there are quite as many hunters as deer in the woods; and it is a heavy, wearisome job to pack a dead or wounded man ten or twelve miles out to a clearing. NESSMUK.

YELLOWSTONE PARK AFFAIRS.

AT the close of the summer of 1894, a War Department order placed the work of improvement in the Yellowstone National Park in the hands of the Superintendent. Up to that time the care of the roads and bridges had been in charge of an engineer officer, stationed here for this purpose.

During the summer of 1895 a road was surveyed from the Gibbon Falls to the Fountain Hotel, one down Snake River to the southern boundary of the Park, and one from the Grand Cañon to Yancey's over Mount Washburn. On the first of these, eight miles of road was built in 1895 and a connection made with the proposed road down the Madison Cañon, and eight miles of road down Snake River was made passable for wagons, but was not completed. Much work was done also on the road from the Grand Cañon to Yancey's, as well as other minor work of improvement and repair.

The construction and improvement of the approaches to the Park from the east—Cooke City—from the south—through the timber reserve—and from the west—up the Madison Cañon—have occupied Capt. Anderson's attention during the past season. These roads have been located and graded, and a number of bridges have been built on them. Measurements have been made and plans drawn for an iron bridge over the Yellowstone River above the Upper Falls, and a short road is proposed on the east side of the cañon as far as a point opposite Inspiration Point.

Steps have been taken for properly surveying the boundaries of the Park and marking them with suitable monuments. The most easterly and most southerly point of the Yellowstone Lake have been established and marked by cut stone monuments, and this has been done also for the most westerly boundary of Shoshone Lake. Points on the eastern, southern and western boundary lines have been determined and marked. This work has been done by Lieut. Charles S. Bromwell, Corps of Engineers, who reported for this purpose to Capt. Anderson last summer.

While much has thus been accomplished since the care of the roads and bridges was turned over to Capt. Anderson, much more remains to be done The appropriations for this work are small, and their insufficiency adds to the expense of the work and delays its completion. Capt. Anderson has asked for an appropriation for the next year of $100,000, with which he believes a long stride can be made toward completing the roads in the Park. This sum ought to be provided, if these improvements are to be pushed on, so that the public can get about the Park with the greatest ease and comfort.

The early advent of an unusually cold and stormy winter has been severely felt in the Park. November was the worst known there for a long time. Early in the month snow fell to the depth of about two feet, and as there was no wind during this storm, the snow completely covered the ground, leaving no bare places. Two or three days of warm weather, with rain, put this snow in a state of complete saturation. It then turned cold, and left the ground entirely covered with a deep, hard crust of snow. Since that time it has continued cold and stormy.

The large herd of antelope that has always wintered on the flat near Gardiner was driven out during the first severe storm after the crust formed. They passed on down beyond Gardiner and Cinnabar, and many of them have been killed. Some, however, have returned, and a large bunch, numbering about 200, was on the flat in the middle of December.

Elk have also been driven out of the Park in large numbers, and cover the slopes of Bear Gulch and Crevasse, where they also are being slaughtered. Besides the heavy loss which they must suffer from this killing, they are confronted with the danger of starvation during the long winter, and the chance of their survival over the spring does not seem bright. About a month ago there were three or four thousand elk in the Hayden Valley, where they can probably get along very well on the warm ground there. The country between Yancey's and Soda Butte is believed to have its usual herd, which will probably remain there, and be better off than any other bunch in the Park.

The news concerning the buffalo is not at all encouraging. They are seen in small bunches in widely separated districts, and some are reported to have gone into the mountains in several different parts of the Park. Since the slaughter of 1894 they have never gone into the Hayden Valley.

About the middle of November, four men were arrested on Hellroaring Creek, caught red-handed killing elk in the Park. They were tried and fined $25 each. Two of them paid their fines, the others at last accounts were still held in custody in the guard house, A week before Christmas two more were brought in, and now await trial. It is to be hoped that they will not get off so easily.

SNAP SHOTS.

Miss Merriam's notes on the coyote as he appears in California are interesting and are graphically told. They are also timely, as following up the article on this species which appeared last week, and which has brought out other notes on wolves and coyotes, to be published before long. As was remarked by the writer of the article on this subject in FOREST AND STREAM of a week ago, there must be in the memory of our readers a great mass of unrecorded observations on these animals, all of which would be interesting and some no doubt new. The ways in which wolves capture their food, and in which they act in concert when hunting, are of especial interest. In a general way, we know that they used to kill buffalo and to run down deer, caribou, antelope and moose; but the detail of all this, related by eyewitnesses, is lacking. Yet among our readers there must be men who have seen all these things, and who, if they would take the trouble, could tell their fellow sportsmen what they have seen.

Commissioner Carleton, of Maine, made a tour through the Maine woods last summer and found out for himself that moose were killed before the open season. We are not advised as to any figures he has given out to indicate the relative numbers of moose killed in close time and in the open season; but from such facts as we have information of we should say that five out of ten moose killed in Maine were killed illegally.

It is passing strange that so many men who are respectable and law-abiding members of society at home go down to Maine and there both violate the game laws and induce the natives to join them or to anticipate them. For it is a common expedient to engage one's "guide" to kill the game in close season that it may be in readiness for the sportsman to bring out after the law is off. What travesty is this on sportsmanship, or on simple manship; heaven save the sport part of it. And what an empty braggart, imposter and charlatan does he know himself to be who spins his yarns and amplifies his lies about his close season guide-slain trophy.

Commissioner Carleton has come to the conclusion which we have expressed, that imprisonment must be made the penalty for such offenses if the law is to have any restricting influence upon the class which now swaggers defiance, secure in their confidence that if they do not escape with their booty scot free, they can at most get off with the payment of a paltry fine. Even this harsher statute will have little restrictive influence if the laxity of law enforcement shall continue to prevail in Maine. Whether the penalty be fine or imprisonment, it will have no terrors for those who are beyond the reach of the wardens, or who are in collusion with the wardens; and as for the extension of the close time to November, that will mean only a prolonging of the hanging-up season, during which the guide's slain moose head will be kept in readiness against the coming of the man who is going to kill it. He little recks of game seasons who does his hunting thus without a gun; a new law would not affect him in any degree, save that his visit for the purpose of bringing out his purchased trophy would be deferred for a few weeks.

This notion that better game protection may be secured by changing off one set of unenforced statutes for a new dead-letter code is a delusion which has been indulged so long that it has become intrenched as firmly as tradition. It knows neither longitude nor latitude, but holds sway from Maine to Florida. Here is the Jacksonville *Times-Union*, one of the most consistent advocates of game protection among all our exchanges, suggesting that "a strict enactment providing for restricted seasons and limited killing by one sportsman or party upon one occasion would meet with the approbation and indorsement of a large majority of the citizens of the State." The fact is that there is already a Florida statute precisely of that very nature; it restricts the season and limits the amount which an individual may take, and the sportsmen approve and indorse it. And there is the end. No one pretends to observe the law; it is of so little account that the leading journal of the State evidently knows nothing of its existence. What Florida needs is not a new law, but some little enforcement of the law already on the books. The change essential to improvement is not in the statute, but in public sentiment. To awaken the citizens of Florida out of the fatuous complacency with which they are permitting the wanton ruin of their game supply is a mission to which we trust the *Times-Union* may devote itself. The protection of game resources is one of the public interests with which a progressive newspaper legitimately may concern itself.

There are in this country 600,000,000 acres of vacant public lands, exclusive of Alaska, and yet we are complaining that there is not enough unposted shooting country to go around, and that the game range is narrowing. Moreover, from all this vast area the Government derives not a cent of revenue for shooting and fishing privileges. The single Province of Quebec took in $20,823 from fish and game privileges in 1896.

They have invented in Holland a machine which makes sounds audible at a distance of five miles. The sounds emitted by it are of such a quality that the direction from which they come may be determined to a nicety, and it is practicable to modify them into a signal code. The inventors claim that the device will be of priceless advantage to seamen, who may thus communicate with one another from their ships. It will also be a priceless boon to the duck shooter on the shore, who can call his game in from the horizon.

A German expedition in Africa has discovered a new "sportsmen's paradise." The route was from Mossamedes to Port Alexander, through the Chellu Mountains to Humbe and to Kitere, and down the Kunene to its mouth. They report the country literally swarming with lions, elephants, leopards, giraffes, buffalo, antelope, gnus, hippopotami, crocodiles, pigeons, ducks, flamingoes, parrots and other things lumped in a comprehensive "etc.," which in such cases means whatever one's fondest fancy may paint. It is to be added also that they found gold in the paradise, which means that it will not remain a paradise for long. Gold and game do not exist together after the precious metal has been discovered. A rush to the gold fields follows, a population springs up, and the game is quickly exterminated.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SIMILAR EXPERIENCES.

I HAVE been greatly interested in reading Mr. Mather's articles. Some of the incidents he relates are very similar to some things in my own experience.

I well remember my first eating muskrat with Indians. When I was seventeen years old I went hunting very early in the spring with an old Indian named Polis Stanislaus. I well remember him as being the only Indian whom I ever saw wearing a beard. We had started in our canoe early in the morning to look our traps. Noon found us at the head of some falls in a blinding snowstorm. Polis sent me down stream to look some traps, while he attended to some nearer by. On my return I found him in a sheltered place among some low pines. He had built a fire and made a partial shelter by spreading his oiled jacket on two poles, and was roasting a muskrat on a stick. While it was cooking he ate the liver and lungs, which he had broiled on the coals.

When he thought the muskrat done, he stuck the stick it was on in front of him and with his fingers tore off a hindleg with the black foot attached, and offered it to me, saying, "Here some one good piece." It smelled good, and I was very hungry. It is said, "As it was in the beginning so it has been and ever shall be." The Indian tempted me and I did eat. Having tasted once, I wanted more, and he kept pulling off pieces, eating some and handing me some, with the remark, "Here some 'nother one good piece," till all was eaten except the head and tail, which he reserved for himself, carefully picking every particle from the bones. Although a muskrat roasted on a stick and eaten without salt or anything else would not look very tempting to me now, my greatest trouble then was that we had not more of them.

Some years after I was hunting in the spring with an Indian named Lewie Tomah. The second day out we overtook a party of seven other Indians and camped with them. After we had looked our traps in the morning Lewie volunteered to get breakfast, while I skinned and stretched our catch. At length I heard the usual Indian call *nĕhè kesatben*, pronounced nay-hay-kays-art-been—cooking is ready. Going to the tent, I found that Lewie had made tea by putting some of the hemlock boughs on which we had slept into the kettle, and had made a stew of musquash, putting in the head, legs, feet and tail. It was literally thickened with bits of moss and fir needles, which, singed off by the fire, had fallen into the open kettle. The water for this compound he had dipped from a little nook where we all had been washing our bloody hands, in addition to which I found considerable of black hair much larger than grows on a muskrat. The noted scout, old Jack Long, used to say, "You ain't a pastry cook or a hasty cook, nor a tasty cook, but for a dog-goned nasty cook I'll back yer ag'in the hull Pacific slope," but I would back Lewie against any cook old Jack ever saw. I remember when on an expedition in 1861, where our cook was not over neat, that Prof. A. S. Packard one day said to him: "Cook, cook, you are the nastiest man I ever saw. Tell about a man's eating a peck of dirt, I've just finished my fifth peck." I certainly thought that I had eaten all I needed of my peck at this one meal, and after that I did the cooking myself, till I exchanged Lewie for his nephew, who was a nice, neat fellow.

Although Indians eat the heads, feet and tails, they are neater in dressing musquash for cooking than most white men. In skinning they never take them between their knees, as white men do, but cut a stick as large as one's finger, which has a fork. This they cut so as to leave an inch of each branch at the fork, and sharpen one fork. They cut off this stick 18in. below the fork and sharpen the end. This is called a skinning stick. In skinning a rat they stick this up in the ground between their legs as they sit flat on the ground, and hang the rat on it by the gambrel cord, so that the nose is just clear of the ground, and so keep the meat perfectly clean. When the rat has been skinned and disemboweled, they not only remove all the musk glands, but cut into the thick part of the inside of the thighs and forearms, and take out a small white substance which resembles the treadle of a hen's egg, and which if cooked would impart a strong musky flavor to the meat. They are also careful to remove the eyes and a yellow substance at the inner corner of the eye, which would give a musky flavor. Indians prefer muskrat to almost any other meat except beaver, and will always exchange partridge for muskrat, as they say, "Pa'tlidge too dly." If asked if muskrats were good I should say yes, in the abstract; but having once been obliged to live on them several days, I have not for many years eaten them unless no other meat could be obtained.

Mr. Mather tells of his nearly firing at an Indian which he thought was a bear. I once had a similar experience. I was looking up traps on a dull day late in November. It was cold and spitting snow, although the ground was bare. I was traveling in some quite thick spruce and fir growth where there was no path. Suddenly I thought that I had seen a glimpse of something black disappear behind a low fir windfall, as far in advance as I could see, perhaps 25 or 30yds. I brought up my rifle and waited till tired; and not seeing anything, advanced softly, holding my rifle ready for a quick shot. Again I saw it, and was sure that I saw coal black hair, such as no animal but a bear could have. Again it disappeared, and I advanced. The next time I could see the hair plainly, as I was not ten paces off; but the thing looked as it had done before, smooth and rounded, but showed no trace of ears or the brown nose, which I felt sure I must have seen if it had been a bear. I was now so close that it had very little chance to escape, but I was more than before puzzled as to what it could be. Creeping up carefully, I looked over and was surprised to see a very small old Indian known by the white people as Little Poses, but known among the Indians as Pah-dook-seh, or Very Sleepy. On my saying "Que" (how do you do?), his head flew up as if it went with a spring. He told me that he had come there to dig a particular kind of root for medicine, for an Indian doctor with whom he lived, and did not know of anyone being near him till I spoke.

He was sitting flat on the ground, digging with his fingers, and when he bent forward to his work his head was below the windfall, but whenever he rose to take a rest the top of his bare head could be seen above it. I had first seen him just as he was bending forward. I should certainly have shot him if I had not long before resolved never in any case to fire at anything until I was certain what it was. One never knows where he may meet men who may be sitting or lying down to rest. I have known a number who were shot in this way, and the only safe way is never to fire unless absolutely certain what one is firing at. H.

MAINE.

THE DAYS OF THE MUZZLELOADER.

Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman.

IT is always a pleasure for the veteran to fight his battles o'er again, and the more so when from age or illness the beloved gun becomes a burden and one is no longer able to follow the pleasures of forest and field There also comes a time when the sportsman's recitals begin to tire with repetition among his friends and even in the home circle, and he feels obliged to seek fresh listeners. So I wish to trust my early experiences to those of my fellow sportsmen who are in sympathy with the pleasures of outdoor life, and who look back with the keenest pleasure to the days when no tramp was too hard and no journey too long to take in search of sport. In those days the deadly and destructive breechloader, which is responsible, more than anything else, for the decrease of our game supply, had not yet been invented. In fact, the percussion system had only just replaced the flint lock. Then every bit of cover held its quota of game and it was not necessary to travel hundreds of miles to kill a few birds or a deer. An hour or two's drive into New Jersey or up to Westchester county would land one where fair sport could be enjoyed and the sportsman be enabled to return home the same day. Railroads were in their infancy, and market gunners with their breechloaders had not swept the covers of Rockland, Orange and Sullivan counties bare of game.

My first recollection of sport was way back in the fifties, when, as a lad just out of boarding school, I became the delighted owner of a little 20-gauge German double-barrel muzzleloading gun, with all the delightful accessories of Dixon's pouches, flasks, cardboard wads, etc. This little weapon was sufficiently deadly to kill a chipmunk or red squirrel at 20yds. distance. A few years later I became the proud owner of an old-fashioned rifle carrying 120 balls to the pound, and I began to feel that I was already a mighty hunter, particulurly one day when I accomplished the slaughter of my first ruffed grouse early one morning when just starting out for a squirrel hunt, and with which I promptly returned home, too proud and happy to hunt any more that day. The woods and coverts around Canandaigua, where we then lived, were well stocked with game. Ruffed grouse, quail and woodcock were fairly abundant, and squirrels and wild pigeons could be found everywhere. I remember well an English snipe which I found on the low ground in front of my father's house; day after day I followed that tantalizing bird, which knew the range of my little gun to a foot. I do not know how many pounds of shot I fired at that snipe, but it must have been many. I never hurt him, and, as far as I know, he may be alive yet. From these youthful sports I soon graduated, however, and with my father's 12-gauge muzzleloader began to do some execution.

An old companion of Frank Forester, one Andrew L. Williams, of Newark, then residing in Canandaigua, took pity on my ignorance and began my education as a sportsman. He was an excellent and thoroughly good sportsman himself, and under his tuition I rapidly improved as a wing shot. Our principal game was ruffed grouse and woodcock, though now and then we would run across a bevy of quail or a wisp of snipe, but the quail were to me the hardest bird to kill on the wing of all game, and after an experience of over thirty years I stick to that opinion. At least twice a week during the season Williams and I would drive to all the good cover within a radius of five or ten miles of Canandaigua. In this way we picked up many a good bag of birds. Williams scorned to shoot pigeons, squirrels or hares, but now and then a stray wood duck or mallard would be brought to bag, much to my delight. Those were happy days when, accompanied by our brace of spaniels or setters, we tramped from morning until night through the beautiful autumn-tinted forests and fields of Ontario county, stopping at every promising bit of swamp and cover and generally taking our share of whatever game it contained. Jolly were the lunches we ate under the shade of the trees and lovely were the drives home in the frosty, cool moonlight evenings, enlivened with pipe and story, and the cheerful welcome home and delightful game supper after our hard day's work added greatly to our enjoyment. The scene of my next sporting trips after leaving for New York was Barnegat Bay. How well I remember my first visit to dear old Squan Beach, the home of Bill Chadwick and innumerable wildfowl and bay birds. Visited in those happy days by such famous sportsmen as Uncle Gil. Davis, known as the Governor of Coney Island; Robert Barnwel Roosevelt, Benjamin Lilly, Bob Robinson, Staples, Palmer, Rodman and a host of others, many of whom, alas! have joined the great majority in the happy hunting grounds. Billy's old ranch was built chiefly of wreckage cast up on the beach, which at Chadwick's is only a couple of hundred yards wide, and frequently during the fall storms the ocean makes a clean breach over to the bay, and the house becomes an island. The big flash light at Barnegat can be seen blinking away down the bay, and it was not unusual for visitors to get a shot from the end of Billy's old piazza. Here during the summer and early fall I had glorious sport with the bay birds, and later in the season with the wildfowl. I hope no sportsman will be tempted by these lines to now visit Chadwick's in search of sport. An infernal, screeching railroad now runs past Billy's hotel. Chadwick has sold enough sand lots to cottage builders to become well off, wears a plug hat, and no longer calls the passing broadbill to stool. The old-fashioned, smoky, low ceiling barroom is gone, and the glory of Squan Beach has departed forever, and with it the jolly crowd of sportsmen who used to make it lively there. The ocean still pounds and cracks on the beach, and Barnegat light still flashes out its warning; and now and then some unhappy city sportsman worries down a poor unfortunate sheldrake and imagines he is having sport. Heaven save the mark! About this time I accidentally visited Mansfield Center, the home of my father-in-law. I was agreeably surprised to find an abundance of quail there and a fair sprinkling of ruffed grouse. I immediately sent for my dog and gun, made the acquaintance of the village gunner up at the grocery store for the sake of his knowledge of the grounds and once more managed to enjoy some very good upland shooting.

This local village sportsman was quite a character, and owned the wildest of wild dogs, but he knew just where the birds were located, and between us we managed to make some very good bags. My headquarters were then at my dear old mother-in-law's, and a right comfortable old-fashioned home it was. Right pleasant it was to return to the old house after a long, hard tramp and find it a blaze of light, and to sit down to a New England supper; and everyone knows what that means, especially the pumpkin pies, and hers were unequaled. I shall always look back to those peaceful days among the Connecticut hills as among the happiest of my life. The stock of game about Mansfield Center soon began to diminish. Every man and boy owned a breechloader, and between the shooting and snaring for market I found I had to look for fresh fields. These I found around my own new home in Hackensack, N. J. In the 70s the sport in northern New Jersey was by no means to be despised; of course it was not to be mentioned with that described by Frank Forester in his days, but I know very well we should be mighty glad to have as good now. Hackensack was then small and old-fashioned, and there were not over three or four sportsmen in the place, but it was near New York and growing rapidly, and presently there were ten gunners to every bird, and it was the same old story over again.

My next experience was in the Southern States, particularly Virginia and North Carolina. Here certainly I found game enough, but of course it was far from home and home comforts, and everyone who has visited the South knows that while their hospitality is beyond question, their home comforts and conveniences are not to be compared to ours in the North. Quail and wildfowl are to be killed there in great abundance, also a few woodcock, but no ruffed grouse. Now and then the lucky sportsman will happen on a wild turkey, but quail is the principal game, and as there is no shooting for market allowed the supply of game is likely to last for years to come. WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

AMONG THE MOONSHINERS.

IN the fall of 1883 I was detailed by the general superintendent of the company to go to an isolated little settlement in the wilds of Somerset county, Pa., to look up a former employee, whose knowledge of certain facts in a case then pending in court was considered of great importance.

It was not certain that his testimony would be favorable to the company, and I was instructed to sound him and act upon my best judgment as to his value as a witness; nor was it certain that I would find the man, but my instructions were to exhaust every effort to do so, and to go to other places where he might be if necessary. Thus it was that I came to be landed at a lonely watchman's shanty at the intersection of a still more lonely mountain road about 4 o'clock one afternoon in September. From the one-legged watchman, whose simple duty it was to flag trains in the event of a landslide where the bank was cut away, I learned that the settlement was five miles away, and the only way for me get there was to walk, which fact was not less cheerful than the thought that I was in a moonshine district, where strangers were cautiously watched, and sometimes murdered on suspicion of being Government spies. But there was no remedy, and after lighting my pipe I proceeded. The day was beautiful and the road quite romantic, which to some extent served to dispel disagreeable thoughts; and before my journey was half over without meeting any one I began to enjoy it, and was almost sorry when a little before sundown I arrived at the summit, and beheld the little settlement but a short distance below.

It was a typical backwoods settlement of not more than a dozen scattered houses and a small tavern beside the road. Here I arranged for food and lodging, which I found both clean and comfortable. Upon inquiry I learned that my man still resided in the place, but was away from home, and the time of his return was uncertain, although he might turn up at any moment.

I retired early that night; the exercise of the walk and a good bed combined to bring peaceful and dreamless slumber.

I waited patiently all the following day, passing the time in getting acquainted with the natives, who, though rude in manner and appearance, seemed mostly hospitable and good-natured.

The front room of the tavern contained a small bar over which was served to occasional customers a light-colored liquor, which I rightly guessed was moonshine whisky. The price was five cents a drink, the glasses large, and I saw nothing else sold. In the evening I loafed in the barroom, hoping my man would turn up, as that was said to be his customary resort, but he did not. I amused myself by watching and studying the various characters and listening to their desultory gossip, which interested me, and the presence of a stranger seemed also to interest them; for I frequently detected sly glances cast in my direction, and once two men who stood apart appeared to notice me more particularly, for one said something to the other which caused him to look quickly at me, and after a few earnest words they departed in company. One old man whom I had treated with a drink at the bar during the day in return for his sociability, probably in expectation of further favors gave me his attention, and from him I learned that game, especially ruffed grouse and wild turkey, was quite abundant in the neighborhood, and I wished for my gun.

The next morning my men had not returned, and the thought of spending another idle day in that monotonous place made me cast about for some means to while away the time. I had noticed a good-looking double muzzleloading gun behind the bar, one barrel over the other, the top barrel a rifle and the under one for shot, which, after a good deal of persuasion, I induced the landlord to loan me for the day, and, when fully accoutred with powder horn and pouch slung over my shoulder, I sallied forth, feeling much of the delight of the days when as a boy I went into the woods similarly equipped, but not until I had received the mysterious caution to keep on the right side of the road and by no means go into the woods on the left. I thought nothing of the words at the time,

and left word for my man to wait for me should he return while I was away.

Following directions, my course took me up the road a little more than a mile to the top of the mountain, where I discovered a thickly wooded and comparatively level country. There I turned in to the right as directed and began my hunt. I had not gone far when I flushed a large covey of grouse, but, unaccustomed to the heavy muzzled gun and the under hammer of the shot barrel, they were out of sight before I could shoot. Marking the direction of their flight as well as I could, I followed stealthily, prepared to shoot if any arose. I soon raised three or four more, which flew back in the direction of the road, and as the woods and undergrowth seemed to be getting thicker the further I penetrated the woods, I turned back, but without finding anything until I reached the road again. Believing they had crossed to the other side, I went over and within 50yds. flushed another covey larger than the first, but again did not shoot because the undergrowth was so dense I could not have raised my own lighter gun before they were out of sight. I followed them, however, deeper into the woods, hearing one get up now and then without seeing it until I began to despair of getting a shot at all. Then, recollecting that I was in a strange country, I bethought me to get back to the road, for I did not want to take chances of getting lost; but, after going twice as far as I thought I had come, I could not find the road, and soon realized that I was lost indeed. I knew that the road ran nearly north and south, but the day was cloudy and I could not tell which way that was. I brought all my limited knowledge of woodcraft to bear, but without satisfactory conclusion. I could not see far enough in the dense woods to tell which way the mountain sloped, for here it was entirely level, and I tried to make out the north side of the trees by the bark, but could see no difference; and I finally decided to take a straight course, in the hope that it would bring me to some sign of habitation. I found by my watch that it was past noon and I hurried on, worrying over the prospect of spending the whole day and possibly the night in the woods.

After I had walked a mile or more I thought I heard the snapping of a dry stick on my left and stopped to listen, but heard nothing more.

At first I was inclined to go toward the sound, but concluded to follow my plan to keep a straight course and try to find my way out of the woods. In a little while I heard the sound again, only a little nearer, but could see nothing, and I determined to investigate. The thought of finding game made me forget my situation, and, marking my position, I crept stealthily in the direction of the sound, but could find nothing, and turned to go back, when I was startled by a gruff voice from behind a large tree which I had just passed, demanding: "Say, mister, what you want yere, anyway?"

Quickly looking up, I beheld one of the two men who had noticed me so particularly the night before, and at first I was glad, but his attitude was menacing, and an ugly look in his eye alarmed me. I almost stammered that I was lost and was trying to find the road.

"Well," incredulously, "what 'd ye come yere fur?" he demanded.

A little nettled at his impertinence, I replied that I thought I had as much right to be there as any one, and did not consider myself bound to account for my presence to him, but if he would direct me to the road I would thank him for the favor.

Without reply he placed his finger in his mouth and gave a loud whistle, then stepped forward, keeping his eye steadily upon me and his rifle ready. I began to have misgivings as to his intentions, and involuntarily drew my gun closer, for I had heard of men mysteriously disappearing in this country of moonshine, and the words of the landlord flashed through my mind on the instant, but he saw the movement and quickly said: "Keep yer gun down, mister. No one 'll hurt ye if ye 'r' tellin' the truth." At the same moment footsteps in the rear announced the approach of another, who proved to be his companion of the night before, but who remained silent while the first gave him my story. Then to me he said: "Ye may be all right, mister, 'n' we hope ye are. If ye ain't, the sooner ye git out o' yere the better fur ye."

I assured him that nothing would please me more, and all I wanted was to find the road. Then I told him my business in the settlement, and how I came to be hunting in the woods, which seemed to satisfy him.

"Well, that's all right, mister, but we don't allow huntin' on these premises; we been watchin' ye all day. The road's over yon," pointing in almost the opposite direction to which I had been traveling, " 'n' it's a purty good stretch 'til ye reach it; ye better git there 's quick 's ye kin, 'n'," significantly, "don't ye git lost ag'in."

Thanking him, I lost no time in going, and found it was as he said "a purty good stretch," and I was conscious of being followed all the way.

When I reached the tavern and returned the gun to the landlord he seemed to notice something in my appearance which he fully understood, but said nothing, nor even inquired of my luck. My man had returned and was waiting for me. As an old acquaintance, he was pleased to see me, and we ate an early supper together in the tavern, while I related to him my experience. He expressed no surprise, nor made any comments further than to say it was not safe for strangers to go out in the woods alone.

After supper he accompanied me the whole distance to the railroad station, and it need not be said that his company was agreeable. The interview was favorable and he made a good witness. While attending court he invited me to visit him for a hunt, and assured me that in his company I need have no fear of being warned off the "premises," but I never went. It is a game country, and the moonshiners are pretty well raided out now.

Only last year an acquaintance returned from a shooting trip there with more wild turkeys and ruffed grouse than I have seen together in a good many years, and I am now anticipating a trip with him next fall.

J. H. B.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

A DAY ON LONG ISLAND.

THE 3:30 train from East Thirty-fourth street that Monday had at least one happy man aboard. I had been scheming for at least two weeks to get a try at quail, and finally, when about discouraged, I saw a loop-hole which I could squeeze through without entirely rupturing my conscience.

No use trying to read my paper, for visions of flying quail at every conceivable angle danced before me, so that I at least gave myself up to a daydream of bliss—by the way, that's a great habit of mine, and is frequently the only way and time when I really get good shooting. My destination—Bellport—being finally reached, I landed my gun, my bag and myself in the village stage, and was soon under way for the Bell House, a mile distant. A chat with the stage driver showed that the conditions for duck shooting were unfavorable, although a few were being killed—mostly redheads, black ducks, broadbills, coots, with an occasional canvasback—but that quail were abundant. Arriving at the hotel, I was cordially welcomed by Mr. Kramer, the proprietor, and with a heartiness that it seems to me is to be met with solely between gunners—I mean the firm handshake and genuine look of pleasure in the eye that makes one's heart glow, and sinks all the mean pettiness of business aims and strife out of existence for the time being. Friend Bill hustled around and stirred up the great logs in the open fireplace until they snapped and cracked, throwing a glow of warm light about the room and making things seem doubly comfortable by the contrast formed by the dark gray of the sky and landscape showing from the windows.

"Well, so you thought you'd have a try at them, eh? What's it going to be, ducks or quail?"

"Why, Bill, I guess I'll see how my pup will work on quail to-morrow. Charlie is talking pretty big about what he can do, and I'd like to see for myself whether he's preaching or telling a true story."

"I guess from what I hear you'll be more than satisfied," said Bill, "but at all events you'll know to-morrow, and Charlie generally drops in of an evening, so you can arrange your programme for the hunt to-night and let me know what you'll need in the way of eatables, horse and wagon, etc."

"Oh! by the way, Bill, do you remember that redhead you had cooked for me last fall? I'd give considerable to have another feast like that, but I'm afraid there's no such luck for a fellow twice in a lifetime. My! but the thought of it makes my mouth water—cooked just right, dressing and plenty of crisp celery."

Bill's eyes twinkled and he answered, "We'll see; perhaps I can scrape up an old coot or sheldrake and help you out." And with that he picked up my bag and led the way to my room. Now, one word about roughing it: I am only too glad to rough it if it's necessary to do so to get where game is, but I must confess when I looked around at the large, well-furnished and home-like room friend Bill had assigned to my use, with its comfortable, clean-looking bedding, and turned from them to get the warm water sent up to me for washing, I felt that I wasn't called upon to do much "kicking" because some more fortunate gunner was going to sleep under the gray sky, cook his own food and wash in water that numbed one.

To a certain extent the Bell House office partakes of the nature of a country store, inasmuch as during the fall and winter it is the general meeting place of the villagers. After supper one by one they came dropping in with a howdy, generally followed by silence if a stranger was present; but I knew and was known by most of them, and a general chat ensued. "Well, Jay," said one sea captain, "I hear yer goin' to try yer pup on the quail to-morrow. Charlie thinks a heap of him, and I guess he's a pretty good one from what they tells me. Say, boys, did you ever hear about the time Jay and me had awhile ago, shootin' snipe? No? Well, 'twas this erway. Jay here had an idea that he could everlastingly kill snipe, even if he couldn't hit much else from his say so; so one day we started out early, and first we set decoys, and when they didn't show up we finally calculated we'd hunt for 'em; so we tramped and tramped till we were about tuckered out, when Jay spied a couple of creekers a-settin' on the medder. 'Now,' says I, 'let me see you make a clean double on em.' So he walked easy like till he got closer and closer, till by 'm by we wasn't more than ten feet from them, when up they got, one up wind and t'other down wind. I guess he tried trap shootin' style on 'em, for he emptied both barrels at 'em before either had got off twenty feet and clean missed 'em both. Well, he did look tired. He never said a word, but marched straight home; and the reason I've told of it is I've never hearn him say nothin' about it when he's been tellin' any of his huntin' yarns, and I thought maybe he'd forgotten all about it." A general laugh followed cap's yarn at my expense.

By 8 o'clock Charlie M., Jim R. and Charles R., who were to constitute our party, came in and we planned for the morning trip. Charlie M. was to furnish a horse and two-seated wagon, bring my pup Sport and an English setter dog, Brad, of his. We arranged to be off by 6:30 A. M., so as to get the early morning shooting, especially as we had some five or six miles to drive to Yaphank, near which place we expected to find the best shooting.

We were under headway on time, with the dogs scampering and barking around us, for they were to have a run first to take the wire edge off of them.

Now for a word or two of our party. First, Charlie M., a bright, active young fellow of about thirty, quiet and earnest, a native of the place, a carpenter by trade, and one of those men who command respect no matter where they are and among whom; one of the best quail shots in the section and a man second to none in handling a bird dog. Second, Jim R., a right royal good fellow and a first-class duck shot, but with little experience on inland birds. Third, Charles R., the most mischievous imp and best company going, but new to quail shooting. And fourth, the Scribe, a city man, one who delights in gunning above all things, but particularly for quail, woodcock and grouse over a good dog; whose time is too limited to do more than steal away a day at a time two or three times during the shooting season, and whose success with a gun so far hasn't been such as to make him conceited.

Sport, my pointer pup, is fourteen months old, and although quick, is one of the most careful dogs on game I've ever known, and I think he is a wonder considering his age. Brad, the English setter, is finely bred, strong, eager, quick, but apt to get too near his birds and consequently at times flushing them.

With what a thrill of expectancy we watched the dogs quartering the first stubble on the road. Brad, high-headed, was going like the typical field trial dog he is; his broad flag handled with a vim showed his strength and eagerness to first find the birds; his white body with bold orange markings certainly constituted a beautiful picture as he made his long tacks to windward, and then his training and instinct showed in his careful working of the hedge along the fence.

Sport runs a little stilty; his strong point is not his beauty and grace while quartering his ground, although his work is rapid and thorough; but when birds are winded, with his careful, almost cat-like, approach, his eager feeling of the air, followed by his stanch point—then, oh, then is when he seems beautiful to me—for he can be relied on implicitly.

The field, the hedge and nearby woods failing to produce birds, we returned to the wagon; the next two or three fields proved equally barren. Arriving at last at the Yaphank station, we hitched the horse to a nearby tree and struck south through a couple of fields toward a woods where we had heard several gun shots. There we ran across the station agent, who had a bunch of quail scattered and was quietly picking them up one at a time by means of very close careful work on the part of his Gordon setter. He greeted us pleasantly and invited us to try our luck on the birds. No game hog he, but a man well worthy of the name sportsman.

We divided; Jim R. and Charles R., with the setter, bearing slightly to the west; while Charlie M. and I, with the pup, went slightly eastward. We were in dense brush of from 2ft. to 2½t. 6in. high, with here and there a bush from 8 to 10ft. high and trees rather widely scattered. Suddenly whir, out went a quail to my right. I turned quickly and had but a snap shot as he slipped around a big bush. I saw him pitch, but knew he was only wing-tipped. We searched diligently for him, but without success, as everything was as dry as powder and gave the dog no chance; it was some twenty minutes later when the reports to our left showed us Jim and Charles R. were onto them.

We hailed to them and said we'd work toward the wagon and look elsewhere for birds, as we didn't care to impose on our friend the station agent's good nature. On meeting, we found Jim had one bird to his credit, while Charles R. had asked too much of his gun, the bird he shot at being out of range. We tried two more stubbles, the dogs working well, but failed to find birds. It then being nearly noon, we had lunch and stood westward for a couple of miles. Here again we hitched the horse and worked a couple of fields. We were just getting over a rail fence, the dogs to one side, when I heard the report of a gun, saw what I supposed to be a large hawk pitch to the ground, and at the same instant friend Jim took a tumble from the fence and fell headlong into the sweetest tangle of green cat briers you'd wish to see. In an instant up he came, smiling, his face and hands scratched, but with a look of wonderful satisfaction on his face; and why not? He had killed his first partridge (grouse) in a thoroughly sportsmanlike manner. We hurried forward and found the grouse to be a male and one of the largest I'd seen in some time. We shook hands with Jim, heartily congratulating him, and told him there were two things unusual in his case: one being that it very seldom happens that a person kills the first grouse he ever fires at; and second, it was not considered absolutely necessary for a man to turn a back somersault and shoot between his legs.

Jim certainly was happy, and showed it; but turning to me he said, "Jay, there's one thing would make me feel better." Being asked what, he answered, "To have seen you kill him!"

Now, what do you think of that for generosity? I'm afraid not many of us who lay claim to the name of sportsman are up to it. It's a pretty high standard, friends.

We walked on a short distance further and came to a cider mill—one of the old-time kind—wandered around, and finally came across one of the women folks, who showed us where to find the best cider. Charlie M. syphoned it into a measure and handed us each a glassful, when we drank to Jim's further success and another one to our own. We were by this time in a comparatively hilly country, with wild wastes of pasture land here and there, patches of woods, and again stubble and meadow.

Starting once more, we crossed the road and walked through an old orchard. When halfway through I was startled by the report of a gun, and turned in time to see Charles R. with a grin on his fat, roguish face; he had shot at a cottontail just as it was going through a fence, but failed to connect. "I'll get the next one if I get a ghost of a show, you can bet a dollar," said he. We laughed; but sure enough, in the very next field up jumped another, only to be stopped by a clever shot from Charles, to his evident satisfaction.

We separated once more. Charlie M., the pup and I started through the corner of a field over the fence, and had just got in the road when I saw what looked to me like a partridge silently disappearing among the trees. I asked Charlie if he had seen it, and he said he thought he had caught a glimpse of a partridge, but wasn't sure. The trees through which the bird flew formed a hedge of from 50 to 100ft. across, and ran parallel with the road, and there were open fields on the other side.

We decided to shoot even if the bird arose out of range, so as to make him lie close the next time. I kept the road, while Charlie M. and the pup searched the woods. Before long I heard a shot and Charlie reported the bird as having flushed some ten rods ahead. Finding the bird so wild, I went well along the road to where a cart path intersected it leading into one of the fields. I took a stand here and made up my mind at least to burn some gunpowder if she tried to run across the road. Soon I heard Charlie working his way through the trees, when with a whir up went the partridge from among the bush and trees on the opposite side from where I expected her to start. I got a momentary glimpse of her form disappearing, took a snap shot and had the satisfaction of seeing her strike with a thump in the open field on the other side, and roll over, but to my utter astonishment take wing again instantly, when she gave me a somewhat better shot, and with the second barrel I succeeded in finally stopping her.

Delighted as I was at killing the partridge, nevertheless

it was a disappointment to me not to have had the pup have a chance of pointing or trailing her. Charlie came up and after letting the pup nose the bird for a moment I stowed it away in my pocket. Charlie was wonderfully pleased at my good fortune and acknowledged that he was about getting disgusted at our hard luck in not finding more birds, for he knew they were plentiful thereabouts, but couldn't seem to find them.

We soon came up to Jim and Charles R., who in fact were coming our way, thinking from our having fired three shots that we had found a bunch of quail. Jim was delighted when he learned of my getting a partridge.

We then started somewhat spread out toward the wagon, then distant about one and one-half miles. We went through some bits of woods and stubble, but failed to find a bird. On a hillside a bunny cottontail started from under my feet. I covered it for an instant, felt how easy it would have been to shoot, decided the little fellow wanted his life more than I wished to take it, and let him go. When within a short distance of the wagon, where we had arrived without any further luck, a rabbit slipped off through some rather heavy underbrush, making a somewhat difficult mark, a hasty sight, a bang, and poor bunny had rolled in a heap. It was now after 3 P. M., and our sum total of game killed was two partridges and two rabbits and one quail—among four persons and the day nearly gone. But we weren't discouraged yet. Quail lead into the stubble about this time and feed until time to roost; and we were in hopes of running across them yet. So into the wagon we climbed, taking the dogs with us for a rest, and headed the old horse for home, intending to visit the stubbles that lay on our route.

A drive of a couple of miles brought us to the next stubble, and this not being a very extensive one Charlie M. alone got down from the wagon, and with the pup had worked well across it before the dog began to road on birds. We climbed down as quickly as possible, but before we had gotten half way the birds had flushed wildly a long gunshot ahead of the pup. Charlie managed to catch one as it was topping a bush.

The flock divided, some going north and the rest south. We started after the birds that had gone north; here we saw some very pretty work, roading and pointing, on the part of both dogs, but particularly the pup. We got three birds and made a couple of misses, for the brush was very thick. Finally the pup began working on one and located it at the edge of the woods. Charlie M. and I stood almost over the dog, and when the bird got up it hadn't got more than 10 or 15ft. south before it swung sharply to the north and west. We had both fired just as it turned, and consequently had shot ahead of it; then in our hurry to better matters both snapped at it, only to record a clear miss again. We looked at each other for a second in silence, when Charlie remarked, "I'll be darned," when we both laughed.

I now started for the wagon with the setter, Jim and Charlie R., as I was anxious to catch the 6:28 train from Patchogue, as there was no train from Bellport to take me to the city that evening. Charlie M. said he would skirt the edge of the woods in the stubble with the pup and we could pick him up with the wagon a little further along; he was in hopes of finding another bird or two. We had gotten to the wagon and Charlie had worked close to 1,000ft. south when he called to us and pointed to the dog, who was standing rigid. We hastily loaded again, hurried the horse to the nearest point, leaving him unhitched, and went on a run to where Charlie and the pup were. The pup looked over his shoulder as much as to say, "Well, are you here at last?" and began roading the birds, which were running by this time. We followed them some distance, when the dog left the field and went over into the undergrowth, where Charlie finally flushed them. He got one when they rose, and just then two started to swing across me; one fairly close, and the other considerably further. I pulled on the nearest and had the satisfaction of seeing him wilt, and looking hastily around for the other, saw it some 40yds. or more distant disappearing among the trees. I took a hasty snap at it, and felt if I didn't hit I wasn't far off, when Charles R. sung out, "Got it, by thunder!" The prettiest double of the season. Charlie M. said the same thing, but acknowledged afterward that he also had fired at the first bird, so we called honors easy on it. To say I was pleased but faintly expresses it.

We drove now rapidly back to the hotel, where I had time to eat a little supper before Charlie M. was at the door with his fast mare, who took us in short order to Patchogue in time for the train.

I found that the boys had tied their birds up with mine—to make it look decent, they said. After a hearty handshake, and expressing my thanks to Charlie M. and the boys for the pleasant day they had given me, I got aboard the train and was once more headed for the city and work.

In summing up I found it had been a mighty pleasant day, and notwithstanding our hard luck in finding but few quail, a day that had been to me entirely satisfactory, and I think a fair bag for so near New York, considering the short time used.

Next day I divided my birds among my friends, and set to work with renewed zest in consequence of my day's outing. JAY DEE.

A good story is told at the expense of a well-known Leominster sportsman; it runs something like this: A few days ago he and another fellow went gunning; while walking side by side through a patch of woods they flushed a large flock of quail. Both emptied their guns in short meter; a bird was seen to fall. The Leominster sportsman picked the quail up and claimed it, from the fact that he "always picked out his bird to shoot at when a flock went up;" the other fellow admitted that he "fired point blank into the bunch," and as he had no means of knowing whether or not his shots took effect, laid no claim to the bird.

Meanwhile the dog scurried around and to the utter astonishment of the gunners retrieved four more dead quail. "All right," said the other fellow, "if the bird that we saw fall is yours, these four must be mine," and he straightway stowed them away in his game pocket.—*Unknown Ex.*

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

HOLLAND.—IV.

[*Concluded from page 510.*]

Occasionally a few birds were found among the birches near where we left the team, but it was rare that we found more than two or three. Returning from this cover, we take the first left-hand road and keep on about a mile, when we turn to the right and soon come to an old orchard on the right-hand side that is one of the most unlikely looking places for woodcock that could well be imagined. Nothing but a few scraggy apple trees, plenty of rocks, both large and small, without a bush for cover, made of this an ideal spot for woodcock to shun, but they were here nevertheless, and I have often seen from six to ten birds flushed in the small space within these stone walls. Upon one occasion, when here with Messrs. Ashmun, Bowles and Sabin, we gathered in ten of the beauties, and as we finished at the corner next the road Mr. Ashmun sat down at a low place in the wall, Mr. Sabin taking a seat near him on top of the wall and Mr. Bowles occupied that rock, while I stood just behind him leaning against that crooked ash tree, then scarcely bigger than my arm. Mr. Ashmun was discussing with Sabin the reasons that induced the woodcock to tarry here, when Mr. Bowles, with a merry glance to me, whispered, "Yellow jackets," and pointing to Sabin, around whom several of the pretty insects were buzzing, as calmly as he could awaited events. Some wise old duffer has put down in black and white that "it is the unexpected that happens." When you disturb a yellow jacket's nest it is not the "unexpected" that happens; therefore, as we expected, the fun soon began. Mr. Ashmun started the racket by jumping to his feet and giving a vigorous slap on his thigh, while Sabin, with three or four whacks at his legs, flopped off the wall squarely into the nest, from which the infuriated inhabitants swarmed around his ears in such numbers that he took to his heels, and with wildly gyrating arms and heartfelt grunts he floundered over the stones and left us to our fate. Although Mr. Ashmun was decidedly busy in hitting out at the foe, he appeared to rather enjoy the general results, and I never heard so hearty a laugh from him as when, a moment later, Mr. Bowles's wide open jaws came together with a snap as he made a vicious whack at the back of his neck, and with a jump that would have done honor to an athlete he also deserted us. In the meantime I had received a fair sample of what was going in the shape of a slight one under the ear and a full fledged one considerably lower down; but as I had, as quietly as was possible under the circumstances, mashed the torments, I flattered myself that my companions had not noticed that I was more than a spectator; but that evening, after giving a circumstantial account of the affair to our friend, Mr. Herring, the safe manufacturer, who had called to spend the evening with us, Mr. Ashmun quietly remarked in his inimitable manner, "A well told tale, but our friend has omitted two very striking points. One you will find just under his right ear, and the other about eight inches below the belt. This last is a red-hot one if I am any judge of the workings of the human countenance."

After leaving "the orchard" we drive a short distance to where the road turns sharp to the left. Hitching our team to the right-hand barway, we cross the road and are on the ground known as "the old place." When or for what reason it obtained this patronymic all my researches failed to discover; it was a good old place, however, and many delightful hours have I passed among the bounteous supply of woodcock and grouse that were nearly always to be found here. That tangled thicket of tall birches in the cover in front of us was then of young growth and a favorite spot, where we often enjoyed a rare bit of sport; while this open pasture to the right was then a dense alder thicket, where "eye of faith and finger of instinct" were very necessary adjuncts to successful sport. Between these two bits of cover, and extending for quite a distance along the lower edge, was a straggling growth of alders and birches, occasionally a dense patch a rod or two in extent, but generally open shooting clear down to the timber, where we turn to the right along the gently sloping hillside among the witch hazel, always a capital place for birds. Up the ascent a few steps, just at the head of that little hollow, where you see that large clump of witch hazel, old Trump once came to a point. Mr. Ashmun took position on the south side, Mr. Sabin by the dog, and I stood on the north side in that open place. Mr. Sabin stepped in ahead of the dog, a brace of woodcock rose, one turning to the left past Mr. Ashmun, while the other went straight away, both of them collapsing at nearly the same instant. At the crack of the guns two more sprang, one came my way and the other to Mr. Ashmun. The old dog still held his point, and we proceeded to load. No sooner were ramrods returned—for this was in the day of the muzzle-loader—than I moved forward a step or two, when, from the upper edge of the clump, three were flushed, Sabin making a beautiful double, while Mr. Ashmun doubled up the other. This we thought to be good work, seven birds from one point and all of them accounted for without a miss, as Mr. Ashmun well said, "Something to remember, with quickening pulse, when our shooting days are over." Kindly fate vouchsafed me yet another souvenir of this red-letter day, that is still one of the chief treasures of memory's store. We had beat out all the cover, except a small patch of alders just over the wall at the beginning of the dense alder thicket that I have previously mentioned, when Trump found a woodcock at the far edge of the patch, and Sabin went to him and flushed the bird, which came partly toward me, but turned at the edge of the thicket and went straight away. Just as I raised my gun a grouse—started by a rabbit dog in the woods to the left—came by like a winged thunderbolt. I did not see the meteor until it was about crossing the line of the woodcock, but as soon as I caught a glimpse of it, with an inspiration born of my great love for the royal bird, I threw my gun well ahead and cut loose; then again covering the woodcock, I let drive and both birds struck the ground almost at the same instant. The memory of this day doubtless adds much of luster to the halo which surrounds the pleasant spot, but other days of most enjoyable sport also have their share in the pleasant emotions that swell my heart as often, very often, upon the pinions of thought I again revisit the well-remembered slopes and shady nooks of the dear old place.

After working over this cover we return to the team, and passing through the barway just to the left of the horses' heads we follow the old road down the hill until we come to the reservoir, or rather to an arm of it that forms a little bay, surrounded for the most part with quite a growth of weeds. At the upper end of the bay on that little knoll there was then a scattering growth of birches and witch hazel, and we usually found three or four birds there, while the border of the bay often held a number of grouse. Beating out this cover down to where the bay joins the reservoir, we turned sharp to the left and worked out all the cover, finishing it at the alder thicket close by the team, generally picking up a few woodcock and a grouse or two. Once when here with Messrs. Patten and Sabin we drove Mr. Kinney's horse old Isaac, a staid old fellow, perfectly trustworthy in every respect, at least so Mr. Kinney said. Just as we were about to return through the barway to the team a grouse started from the cover below us and flew back along the south edge. Sabin and Patten went for the bird, while I took the team to meet them at the top of the hill. When I arrived there I saw a large hawk coming directly to me, and as he was passing over I cut him down; then the fun commenced, at least it was fun for the spectators, so far as I could judge from the ill timed shouts of laughter that I heard above the roar and clatter of steady old Isaac and the big farm wagon, as at breakneck speed we fairly flew down the steep and crooked road, and it was not until we had rattled over the bridge and struck the deep sand that I succeeded in moderating the wild speed of the perfectly trustworthy Sir Isaac. Casting a retrospective glance over the scene of action, I noted, without a particle of surprise, that with the exception of myself there was absolutely nothing remaining in the wagon, not even a feather; but scattered in picturesque groups all along the road were the various articles that made up our cargo, while at the top of the hill were my two friends, still in convulsions, Sabin making ridiculous signals with our best blanket, while Patten was insanely waving the hawk above his head, and both making such a hideous racket that it was all that I could do to keep old Isaac—and small blame to him—from jumping into the pond.

We have now explored all the principal woodcock covers in this immediate vicinity; there are, however, many little nooks and corners scattered along the different highways and byways that were capital places to pick up a bird or two, and well worth looking over when, as it sometimes happened, the main covers were not quite up to the mark.

Two such covers I must not forget. Across the road from the house just at the top of the first rise was a sparse growth of witch hazel where I have frequently gathered in two or three birds before breakfast, and just south of this, down by the brook below the Butterworth cover, is quite a growth of alders at the edge of the woods, which was also a sure place to find a stray bird or two, and nearly always one or more grouse could be found. One morning upon my return from this locality I met Mr. Kinney at the door and told him where I had been, when he remarked that the only time he ever went bird hunting was several years before down near the brook. Judging from the twinkle of his eye that there was something worth hearing, I asked him, "What luck?" "Well," said he, "I had mowed the brush after haying, and along in the fall when there came a good dry time I went down there armed with a rake and began to put the brush in piles ready to burn. I had been at work a short time when I saw a flock of quail flying toward me, and I kept perfectly quiet and they lit within 4ft. of me, and were out of sight in an instant under a few scattered brush and leaves; but I knew that they were there, as many as twenty of them, for I saw them light. I had nothing but the rake, and I made up my mind that I would whack it down upon them and get at least half a dozen; but just then a happy thought struck me, and I made up my mind to take hold of the skirts of my coat and throw myself right on top of them and catch the entire lot. So I braced myself, meantime thinking that we would have seven of them—one apiece for the family—on toast, and the others I could give away, as I had read that, although quail on toast is nice, too much of it is too much. So, as I had them all disposed of and was good and ready, I made my spring, and with coat tails well spread to take them all in I landed squarely on top of the little brush heap." "Well," said I, as he came to a full stop and drew a long breath, "how many did you get?" With a queer look and most expressive roll of his eye he said, "Well, I didn't have any to give away and none of us had any on toast, nor have I seen a single feather of one of them since; but," added he, "I'll tell you what I did get. I stuck a stub in my side which laid me up 'most a month, and ever since that time I can't bear quail on toast."

Such was Holland in the good old times, and pleasant memories of the glorious days enjoyed in the well remembered and dearly loved spot will remain while life shall last to cheer my waking hours and bless my slumbers with blissful visions of rarest sport. Although the chief attraction of this beautiful resort has in a great measure taken flight to other scenes, there is still left to the sportsman a fair share of the once beautiful supply of game; and if he be a lover of nature in its rugged wildness, and can enjoy the peaceful, calm and quiet beauty of woodland slope and sylvan dell, the weird music of babbling brook, and the restful calm of the still waters, there is yet left to him a wondrous store of rarest gems, adorned with nature's choicest setting, spread before him at every turn with lavish hand, pleasing the most fastidious eye with picturesque beauty, and soothing the troubled spirit with balm more potent than most favored town or proudest city can boast. SHADOW.

At Chipmunk Lodge.

FROM his summer cabin on the Platte, thirty miles from Denver, Mr. Wm. N. Byers last summer sent us the charming picture which is reproduced on page 5. It is from a photograph by Mrs. W. F. Robinson. The chipmunk, a wild one, had from association become trustful of humankind, as chipmunks are quite ready to do if their confidence be not betrayed. The photograph is a clever bit of amateur work with the camera.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Natural History.

TRADE RATS AND COYOTES.

BY FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

ONE of the animals one hears most about in the San Francisco Mountain region of Arizona is the "trade rat," an original character noted for strong commercial proclivities. His one idea of happiness seems to be to trade. He helps himself to whatever takes his fancy, provided it is not too big for him to handle, but with scrupulous honesty he brings back something to replace it. From some points of view his trades may not be quite fair, but they seem to satisfy the conscience of the rat. The log house where I boarded during the summer had an outdoor cellar excavated in the side of the hill a few rods away, and almost every day when the ranchman's wife went out there she found freshly cut goldenrod or lupin blossoms scattered on the cellar floor, a spray here and a spray there, brought in trade for such useless articles as a lemon, or the cord by which the butter pail was hung. Sometimes the rats come into the house at night and carry off towels and socks, replacing them with valuable pine chips and cones.

The ranchman thought they had no object in their collections, but traded just for mischief, and brought in anything that was handy for them, although he considered them "partial to lupins when they make their trades." He once took up a floor and found the whole space between the ground and the boards—a space 6in. to 12in. deep, under a room 14ft. square—filled in tight with lupin. He told me of his surprise.

"I took up one board and found quite a wad of it," he said, as he sat down beside the kitchen stove.

"I didn't expect to find any more, but as I took up the boards I found it covered the whole floor, packed in tight between the joists and close up to the floor; you couldn't have wadded it in there as tight with your hands; there was all as much as a good sized haycock, over 100lbs. of good cured hay lupins, not disturbed, no leaves eaten off. I didn't see them at it, but I know it was their work.

They might have put it in to eat and then been ketched," he concluded. While the rats were storing lupins under the floor they came into the cabin and piled the fireplace full of trash—chips, cones, papers and rags—carrying away beans, blocks of matches and whatever lay around in the bunks—even old suspenders and buttons. At night he could hear them "come draggin' those weeds across the ceiling."

In the camps of the men who were chopping railroad ties—the tie choppers' camps—the ranchman had often seen the rats. He said:

"I've seen them sneak in. They're cunning and sly. They'd come and lay down what they had in their mouths and look around to reconnoiter. They have a very intelligent look when they come to look around, and if they thought their way was clear they'd grab up what they had and run. Sometimes they'd cruise round the boxes. They'd carry out anything except what they'd brought in—a darning needle with thread in it, spools of thread, bits of candle, pipes, pens, and I've found a package of coffee out in the middle of the room and could see where they had hold of it with their teeth.

"During the time they were annoying us so much they were making a pile down in the bottom of the cupboard—chips, stems of dry weeds and twine. We had nothing in the cabin they'd eat, you know; they did it just for mischief. They'd just come to ransack round and carry away trinkets. They took a pack of cards and put it among their trash.

"They never destroyed books or papers and never injured anything in any way—just piled it up. Sometimes they'd make a pile as big as a bushel basket—pile it up in a heap. They'll take anything they can carry when they get one of their trading streaks."

The rats seem to be particularly fond of anything that glistens, such as nails, razors and spoons. One of the ranchwomen told me she had found nearly 200 bright metal cartridges up in the hay mow, where the rats had deposited them in a mat of cotton and gunnysack. She spoke of their habit of moving things. One of her friends had been kept awake nights by their trundling the kindlings from one part of the floor to another, and a Colorado woman she had known had had a whole baking of cookies carried from the kitchen table up on the canvas that was stretched under the peak of the roof.

Wood rat is another name for trade rat, and the kind we had about the mountain does not occur outside of the the timber. In the cedar woods our farmer had found rats' piles made of dry cedar boughs, cedar bark, Spanish daggers, handsful of juniper berries and pinon cones, and assured me that "they never miss a cone of any kind." A Texas neighbor told me he had seen nests of the desert rat made of cactus and Spanish bayonets.

Trade rats, rabbits, prairie dogs, badgers and antelope were the only mammals I saw while at Mount Wing Ranch; but coyotes had been plenty in the neighborhood a few years before. The farmer's wife told me she had heard the dogs barking at dusk one night, and on going to the door found three wolves standing by the barn.

The ranchman came in while his wife was talking, and broke in:

"They used to come round here and howl—they'd set up cackling like an old hen, and just bark and bark. To hear one you'd think there was a whole drove of them. They are great for makin' a noise—barkin', especially before a storm and during a storm."

When I asked if they had ever done any harm, as farm work was not pressing that morning, the ranchman took off his hat and sat down good-naturedly to tell me what he could remember of his experiences with the wolves. He began:

"We used to miss our pigs when they were a month or six weeks old, and one day when I was carrying on the piling business I come out to the ranch and the hogs were up here, and I rode along, and as I got on to the rise where that black stump is," pointing out of the window toward the pasture fence, "I saw one of the old hogs chase a coyote. I thought it was a dog first, and stopped to see. Then I saw another coyote and the other hog after him."

Two coyotes commonly work together, it is said, one to decoy the guardian of the young while the other does the stealing.

"The little pigs was scart," the ranchman went on, "and they stood themselves up in a little pyramid pile while the old hogs was chasing the coyotes away. One coyote would come up and the hog would chase him, but the coyote would keep a-going to get the hog away from the pigs; bother and tease him to get him away. The other coyote would be dodgin' round close where the pigs were. Then the coyote that was furthest off he run and skipped by his hog and run as fast as he could for the pile of pigs and got one. By the time the wolves killed the pig, the old hogs were back after them, but they maneuvered round till one got the pig and dragged it off. Then the old hogs went after the other little pigs and took them to the hill."

"Have you ever seen the wolves chase a calf?" I asked the ranchman.

"Seen them?" he ejaculated. "I've seen them right there on that flat," pointing to the meadow below the house.

"There were two coyotes and a cow and a calf. The coyotes would both rush up together and the cow would take after one and he'd run off, and while she was chasing that one the other one would slip up and kill the calf. If a coyote attacks one cow with a calf, when she sets up a-bawlin' all the cows within sight or hearing will come to the rescue, all bawlin' and bellerin' to drive you crazy."



AT CHIPMUNK LODGE. PHOTO BY MRS. W. F. ROBINSON.

The cowboys are greatly troubled by coyotes and the farmer explained the reason by saying: "You know the cowboys here take a cow's hide and slit it up into strips and twist up a lariat for lassoing, and put a drag hondoo—a block of rawhide or wood—on the end. They picketed their horses out with them years ago when things was new, and often had their horses cut loose at night. The coyotes never bother rope, but I've seen rawhide lariats cut up into short pieces by them as slick and smooth as if cut with a knife. Everybody always looks out for his lariats when they are off on the ranges. A coyote would slip right up and cut them. I've been told of it by a great many horse men and have heard of it out in the deserts here."

"They're a sneakin' animal," the ranchman declared, stroking his beard, and then went on to tell his experiences around the sheep camps. "If they get round the bed ground the sheep will bunch up. I had a bunch of sheep, about 2,400, on the desert near the Grand Cañon. The coyotes was thick there. You could hear them barkin' in every direction, such gangs of them all barking and howling at the same time. On a dark night like this they'd make night hideous. We were doctorin' the sheep for the scab and had them all in a corral, and at night could hear them surging back and forth from one side to the other. The sheep men say coyotes never get inside a corral to get the sheep, but get close to the outside. When they get inside an inclosure they haven't much show to get out with anything—they're a sensible animal. But they're awful bold in the daytime when the sheep are out in the herd. They'll run up to one and cut its throat. Then there's a grand scatterin'," he concluded, as he reached for his hat and went out to hitch the bucking broncho.

[There are people who have grave doubts about the honesty of the trade rat, and this doubt expresses itself in one of the names given to the animal—camp robber. Other names are mountain rat and bush-tailed rat. In the Rocky Mountains this species is regarded with deep hatred on account of its trading or stealing proclivities. It will take anything, from a cartridge—as Miss Merriam says—to a butcher knife, from a needle to a tin plate. When a family of these animals take up their abode in a house, the practice of the ranchman is to stop work and hunt them until he has killed them all.]

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

RANGE OF THE PRONGHORN ANTELOPE IN 1896.

IN response to my request to readers of FOREST AND STREAM for notes on the distribution of the pronghorn antelope, which was printed in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 3 with a provisional map, I have received a number of letters which add several localities to those earlier given, and extend the range of this species beyond what I gave it on the west and on the south. I bring up the matter again at this time in order to thank my correspondents for their kindness, to print the revised map, and to repeat my request to readers of FOREST AND STREAM to send me any notes on the range of the pronghorn.

Prof. L. V. Pirsson, of Yale University, in 1896 observed antelope along the stage road between Fort Benton and Lewistown, Mont., and about ten miles out and south from Fort Benton in the open country between Fort Benton and the Highwood Mountains. These antelope stood quietly and watched the passing of the stage at about 75 or 100yds. A tame antelope was seen at a ranch on the south side of Judith Mountains, not far from Fort McGinnis. He was caught in that country and reared there. There are still a considerable number of antelope in that country east of Cone Butte and Black Butte, and they were hunted there this summer. The animals spoken of as seen were observed in July and August, 1896. In 1894 antelope were seen by Prof. Pirsson in the open broken country south of the Highwood Mountains and in the bad lands of Arrow Creek. There are no doubt still some there. In 1893 antelope were seen in the open country between the South Fork of Smith River and the head of Shield's River, a tributary of the Yellowstone.

Prof. Pirsson concludes by stating that "In the central part of Montana, namely the Judith Basin country and contiguous parts, the antelope still has a wide but very sparse distribution. They are not very plenty anywhere, and travel a good deal. The general sentiment of the cattle men is against killing them, and I am inclined to believe that it will be some time before they are entirely exterminated there."

Mr. C. L. Herrick, in reply to an inquiry from me asking him for details concerning a statement made in a paper which he published in 1892 in the Bulletin of the Minnesota Geological Survey, in which he stated that the antelope formerly occurred in southwestern Minnesota, very kindly wrote me as follows: "I can only say that during a personal examination of the southwestern part of Minnesota in 1886 or so I found settlers agreed that the antelope formerly ranged considerably east of the Big Stone Lake region, and probably nearly to Lake Shetek. I have no data and cannot at this distance of time and place refer to the person from whom the information was received." Lake Shetek is in Murray county and not more than forty miles from the boundary line between Iowa and Minnesota. If the antelope ever actually ranged as far as Lake Shetek on that parallel, it is altogether probable that at the same time they were found in Iowa as well.

As against this, however, I may quote paragraphs written me by Mr. Orin Belknap, of the State of Washington, in which he says: "My father moved to Pottawottamie county, Iowa, twenty-five miles east of Council Bluffs, in the spring of 1854, forty-two years since. No trace or tradition of the antelope was ever found by us at any point east of the Missouri River, and I am inclined to doubt their existence at any point in Iowa. I remember very distinctly how the starch was taken out of my boyish ambition when, Tom Sawyer like, I struck a boy from Council Bluffs who coolly informed me that across the Missouri, in Nebraska, where he had hunted with his uncle, there were animals entirely different from the deer, called antelope, harder to hunt, swifter, had to be flagged, etc.

"Another thing, too, you will remember, the grass on the Iowa prairies was double the height of buffalo grass on the Nebraska plains, and the antelope never seemed to like the tall grass. Of course there is a tradition that buffalo grass once grew on the right bank of the Mississippi, and if this is true it is quite probable that the pronghorn flourished there; but that must have been long ere my time."

Inquiry among two or three people who traveled across Iowa in 1855 shows that they have no memory of having seen antelope, and the question of their existence in Iowa must be left doubtful until further evidence is obtained.

Mr. W. R. Hall, of Nebraska, has kindly given me some notes in regard to the existence in northeastern Colorado and western Nebraska of the antelope at the present time. He sends me a marked map and says, "That they are still ranging around the cross marked in northeastern Colorado, I had ocular proof no later than May this year, having seen two bunches, one of six, the other of nine. Those of northwest Nebraska I have not seen lately, but have information from sources which I consider as reliable that they are still there. It is estimated that there are in the neighborhood of 200 in this section."

Mr. C. W. Evers, of Ohio, advises me that he saw antelope during the month of February, 1896, in Texas, in the western part of Pecos county. This carries the range about two degrees of latitude further south than shown on the first map. Mr. Evers says, "First we saw about daybreak from the train a single individual, a large buck. He ran near the train in fleeing, and but for his white hips and the peculiar jump or canter I should have almost been deceived into the belief that it was a deer in the misty morning gray. A passenger fired a revolver from the window, and the brute changed its course at once. Ten miles or so further on I saw far away a bunch of seven antelope near the foot of a bluff. These also took to their heels at the report of a revolver, and their bobbing white sterns reminded me of other days on the Little Missouri in Dakota."



PROVISIONAL MAP SHOWING DISTRIBUTION OF THE ANTELOPE IN 1896.

As amended Jan. 2, 1897. The range is indicated by the black dots.

Mr. C. H. Blanchard, of western Utah, gives me a locality south of the western part of Salt Lake, in Utah. He says: "This spring I was interested in an expedition that went out on the desert to examine a deposit formed by an extinct geyser, and from which now flow warm springs. This deposit is about thirty-five miles northwest of Oasis, Millard county, Utah. The gentleman told me that he saw two bunches of antelope, one of six, the other of eight, by actual count; and he was told by the man who drove the team, and who had been familiar with the country out there as a cowboy for years, that there must be at least 100 antelope in that vicinity. They are very wild, and my informant told me they could not get within what would be considered shooting distance of them, although they had no guns with them."

Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, of New York, writes me that he believes that there are still plenty of antelope in Arizona. He says: "In 1883 I was camping in the San Francisco forest in northern Arizona, and hunting antelope. The forests are very open, as you know, and there are many natural parks where the antelope found food. They were then very abundant, and as that country is not very thickly settled, I cannot believe that the antelope have been entirely killed off in 1896." Confirmatory of this opinion is an article in the Los Angeles *Daily Times* of Aug. 15, 1895, which says: "Herds of 50 or 100 antelope are still easily met with on the grassy foothills of the White Mountains. They are quite timid." This article purports to be written by some one who is familiar with the antelope at the present time.

Mr. Lester B. Hartman, of Oregon, writes me that during this summer he found antelope quite plenty, having seen several hundred in two days, on the Pumice Stone Desert at the head of the North Fork of the Umpqua River, south of Diamond Peak, in that State. The antelope which inhabit this desert during the summer go down into the Upper Deschutes Valley to winter. Mr. Hartman advises me that antelope are also abundant in the open country about Stein's Mountain in southwestern Oregon.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam's records for Oregon are given below and are shown on the amended map printed with this. Dr. Merriam remarks in a letter to me: "I have no doubt that the antelope still occurs in California, both on the Mohave Desert and on the Colorado Desert, though none of our men have visited these localities during the past year."

During a recent trip to the West, at which time I spent some weeks in Wyoming and Montana, I passed through Nebraska and Dakota, and made some few observations and inquiries with regard to this species. In Wyoming, in the bend of the Platte, I saw, in one day, I think 1,000 antelope. They were exceedingly tame and I openly rode within 20 or 30yds. of a dozen or fifteen different individuals. I had no gun, as I was riding for stock, and used no caution in approaching the antelope. They are used to feeding among horses and cattle and see range riders frequently, and besides this they were just bunching up into the winter herds. If I had wished to, I could have easily gotten a wagon load of them in a day. As it was, I did not fire a shot. In southwestern South Dakota and in northeastern Wyoming, south and west of the Black Hills, there are still some antelope, though they are very wild and only sparsely distributed. East of Tongue River, between that and Powder River, there are also a few.

I repeat my request to any reader of the paper familiar with the range of this animal, to give me any notes that he may have on it for the years 1895 and 1896

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

IN FOREST AND STREAM for Oct. 3, 1896, Dr. George Bird Grinnell published an interesting article on the present distribution of the antelope, accompanied by a map showing the localities at which the animal is known to have been observed during the present year.

Such data as those here recorded are of the utmost importance to naturalists, and it goes without saying that the more complete such records are, the more valuable. As stated by Dr. Grinnell, we have a general knowledge of the general facts of distribution of the large game animals of North America, but when one attempts to compile the available information he finds very little of positive character which will enable him to map out the range of any particular species for a particular period—much less for a particular year.

Since our large game is becoming less and less common each year, since many kinds have already disappeared from vast areas over which they formerly roamed, and since the areas now inhabited by the different species are shrinking with appalling rapidity, FOREST AND STREAM could hardly have taken any step of more permanent value to the science of natural history than the step it has taken in attempting to ascertain and record exact data on their present limits of distribution. It is hoped that all persons who can contribute additional information will do so, in order that the records may be made as complete as possible. It would seem to be worth while to ask for specific information in advance of publishing each article, in order to make such article as full as may be at the outset.

With a view to completing the antelope map already published, I hereby contribute my mite. In July, August and September of the present year (1896) I found antelope in greater or less abundance in Arizona, Oregon and the Province of Assiniboia in Canada. In addition to my personal observations a few notes are contributed by my assistants, Vernon Bailey, E. A. Preble and Clark P. Streator. In each case the initials of the observer are added to the record.

RECORD OF ANTELOPE IN 1896.

Arizona: San Francisco Mountain region, early July—C. H. M.

Oregon: Steen Mountains, July 23—C. H. M.; Guano Creek, twenty-one seen July 30—C. H. M. and V. B.; Paulina Creek, small bunch seen Aug. 28—C. H. M.; Upper Des Chutes River, three seen in woods near the crossing at East Fork, Aug. 27—C. H. M. and V. B.; Curry's Spring on Silver Creek, between Prineville and Harney, end of June—V. B. and E. A. P; Catalow Valley, middle of July—C. P. S.; Barren Valley, Malhuer county, Aug. 10—C. P. S.; Tumtum Lake, Harney county, Aug. 22–29, common—C. P. S.; Honey Creek, Lake county, June 25–July 3—C. P. S.

Nevada: Noted at Deep Hole, Flowing Springs and Badger, in the northwest corner of Nevada, May 13-June 9—C. P. S.

Assiniboia: Between Swift Current and Lake Chaplin, three bunches of antelope seen Sept. 26—C. H. M. and V. B.

C. HART MERRIAM.

REMNANTS OF INSTINCT.

INSTINCT may be broadly defined as an unreasoning prompting to action, and is a quality possessed by animate nature in its wild state. It is true that the mental operations of wild animals sometimes approach very close to reasoning, but it is certain that most of their actions are governed by that keener and finer sense known as instinct.

In proportion, however, as a wild creature becomes tame it loses this subtle faculty, is less alert to danger, grows more dependent, and after a few generations changes not only its character, but also its physical structure. The wary wildfowl of the Orient becomes the dull, clumsy bird of the barnyard; the sly denizen of the trackless mountains degenerates into the witless sheep, and the swift and clean-cut steed of the desert becomes the plodding, heavy-limbed cart horse. Nevertheless I firmly believe that the old instinct is never entirely lost, and that on occasion it reasserts itself in spite of centuries of repression.

The little dog that runs snapping at the heels of the cow seems to inspire that huge animal with a panic. Why? The cow could kick the dog's brains out or toss him over the fence with her horns. Is it not because of an hereditary dread brought down through long generations from the time when all wild horned cattle were the prey of coursing wolves, to which this cur's ancestry could readily be traced? There is little of the deer or wolf left in these creatures, but the old instinct of flight and pursuit has never been fully eradicated.

This same dog, having more food than he can eat, still furtively buries his bone. Sometimes he digs it up again, but more frequently he does not, and this habit is perhaps a relic of that old instinct of self-preservation, "the first law of nature," which prompted his wild progenitor to secrete a part of the spoils of the chase against the time of need. Four-footed as well as two-footed hunters have their unsuccessful days, and it behooves them to know where they can find a cold lunch to sustain life.

Most of us have noticed that on certain windy November days some strange excitement suddenly seizes the domestic fowls. They squawk and hop and run about, extending their wings as if about to fly. What does this grotesque exhibition mean, and what prompts this lame and impotent attempt to do something out of the ordinary line? Simply, I imagine, the fact that certain wildfowl a thousand years ago used to emigrate about this time of the year, and their degenerate descendants are suddenly touched with a spark of the same old intelligence. But it is only a glimmer of inspiration, and the abortive attempt to quit the earth and cleave the upper air leaves them more dejected than before.

If given an opportunity, however, it often happens that tame creatures relapse, to a certain extent, into a wild state. Gilbert White noticed that, if left to themselves, tame fowls soon learn to roost as high as their wild ancestors did, although the necessity for this precaution no longer exists. It is worth noting in this connection that, although tame things do occasionally revert to a wild state, wild creatures never voluntarily become tame.

The farmer's boy, driving his cows home through the dusk, sometimes sees the sheep preparing to lie down for the night, and it is certainly a very interesting process. The father of the flock trots round them, driving them closer and closer together, until they are a solid mass, into which he finally insinuates himself. When they are all down it will be noticed that those on the outside all have their heads pointing outward, presenting a circle of watchfulness, so that the approach of danger from any point would be quickly discovered. Now all this occurs in regions where large predatory animals have long been extinct and such wariness is uncalled for. It is therefore but an inherited instinct, and all the more remarkable on that account.

The chicken hatched and raised in the city coop, that never saw a hawk or owl, scurries for cover when a pigeon flies overhead. The new-born colt exhibits as much fear of man as if its dam had never known a whip or rein. The sow deserts her pen previous to giving birth to her pigs, and makes a nest for herself in some out-of-the-way place, carrying straw and leaves in her mouth for the purpose, just as the wild hogs do. The domestic turkey once a year quits the farm buildings and seeks some wild, secluded spot in which to lay her eggs and raise her brood. It would be easy to multiply instances of this outcropping of instinct in all the domestic creatures.

But the most interesting manifestation of this subtle sense is in man himself. There comes a time in every boy's life when he wants to live in caves, and subsist on what he can catch or kill or dig from the ground; to play Indian and talk in some half-coherent jargon. He feels a prompting to turn wild and savage, just as the partridge hatched under a hen and brought up with his domestic fellows is always ready to fly away to the woods and be free again; or just as the bees will swarm and leave the hive to seek a home in some maple or basswood, forgetting they were ever tame bees. Who shall say what primitive influences are at work upon the boy in these days spent in the woods and fields.

And when the boy becomes the man, what then? I believe that in hunting and fishing there is something besides the sport itself that lures us. It is not the mere pleasure of killing, it is not the admiration of our friends when the well-filled bag or basket is displayed, not the breath of the woods, nor the sights which please the eye, that, alone or collectively, draw us—aye, drive us—to the forest and brook with gun and rod. It is the instinct born within us—old as our oldest ancestors—of taking life to sustain life. The conditions have changed and we are no longer our own providers; but this instinct is still with us, and lends an earnestness and tenacity of purpose to that which we call sport, but which to primitive man was a matter of life and death. To hunt and fish is to get back to first principles, and a man is never nearer a savage than when on the track of game. How he adapts himself to his surroundings, sheltering himself behind rocks and trees, stealing along silently, peering this way and that; crafty, relentless, absorbed, alert. For the time being he has become a wild thing; instinct takes the place of reason, and the hereditary craving is satisfied.

Is it all a fancy, or have we still in us a residuum of old savagery which can only be satisfied by the fierce delights of the chase and the shedding of blood?

ARTHUR F. RICE.

Antelope and the Great Storm.

WE are permitted to print some extracts from a private letter written by Dr. Edward L. Munson, of Fort Assinaboine, Montana, which show, among other things, how the bitter cold weather of the autumn and early winter has affected the antelope in northern Montana.

Dr. Munson says: "The snow and intensely cold weather have made antelope—never seen here in years—a drug on the market. A competent observer told me that between Havre and Glasgow, 125 miles, there were probably 40,000 antelope in Mild River bottom alone, a bunch every half mile. Every ranch has two or three hanging up, and in Havre they were stacked up in front of the market like cord wood. One man killed fifteen in ten minutes; another got twenty-seven in a morning; another, twenty-two in a day. The Indians are killing them by the thousands over the Fort Beck and Fort Belknap reservations to the east of here. They have evidently drifted south from a long distance, probably from the Sascatchewan country, and few would have gone back had not the weather become warmer. Nothing like this has ever been known here. There are plenty of deer within reach of the post, but no one has gone for them."

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Question in Cookery.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 19.—To-night about 10 o'clock, when I went down to my club, I asked the cook, or rather the cookess, for it was a girl, to broil me a chop. As I leaned carelessly over the counter I noticed the cook, cookee or cookess, whatever title suits her, put the chop on top of a long iron slab which rested over the gasoline fire and which served as a stove top to carry all sorts of cooking vessels, from a frying-pan to a tea kettle. I asked the girl whether that was going to be a broiled chop or a fried chop, and she seemed to be puzzled by my question.

"Oh, I guess it's a broil," said she. "Anyhow, that's the way we make a broil."

"But the fire never touched it," said I.

"That's so," said she, "I guess it must be a fry."

"But no butter ever touched it," said I.

"That's so," said she, "I never thought of that. I don't know what it is."

I have been thinking it over since then, and I can't tell what it was either. But it reminds me of all sorts of good chops, different from this one, which I have seen cooked flat down on the coals out of doors. And thinking of those makes me rebellious. Sometimes I almost think I would rather live where they cook things flat down on the coals than at my club.

A Sporting Mayor.

Mayor Swift, of Chicago, is a red-hot sport. He goes to Wisconsin and Florida, and all sorts of places, and comes back and tells bigger stories than anybody about fish and game. His honor is just back from East Florida, where he had a successful trip after alligators and other shellfish. Others of the party, all of whom are of Chicago, were: Judge Kohlsaat, Corporation Counsel Beale, Health Commissioner Kerr, G. H. Wheeler, S. B. Raymond, John C. Spry, Clay Mark and D. F. Flannery, and Assistant Chief of Police Ross.

Mortality among Small Fish.

There was this week a singular instance of the fatality which sometimes attends small fish. The whole shore of Lake Michigan for nearly half a mile just off Lincoln Park was lined with dead minnows, which appeared to have died in untold thousands, from cause unknown, though probably from getting too near the Chicago River. Thousands and thousands of sea gulls came in upon the shore and fed upon the dead fish, making a wild and uproarious scene of it all.

Ptarmigan in Chicago.

I append from a local daily paper a review of the South Water street game market, from which it appears that ptarmigan are among the delicacies of the season, though we may be allowed to doubt whether they came from Nova Scotia.

"White ptarmigan or grouse from Nova Scotia, and mountain quail from the Rockies, are among the Christmas novelties in the game line which South Water street men have on sale this year. The ptarmigan are a rarity, and only one importation will be made this season. The birds are plump and beautiful from their diet of spruce buds and tender pine shoots, and their flesh is regarded as a great dainty. The mountain quail is a trifle smaller than his brother of the Mississippi Valley, and is crested, but not so beautifully marked. The difficulty in getting them here in good marketable condition makes them scarce. The English pheasant is the handsomest bird in market, but he has ceased to be a novelty. Next to the wild turkey, he is the largest game bird outside of waterfowl that reaches this market. Wild turkeys sold at wholesale yesterday at 11 to 13 cents a pound, while English pheasants brought $12 per dozen, Nova Scotia ptarmigan $5 per dozen, and mountain quail $1 per dozen."

Chicago an Opossum Center.

A Chicago hotel keeper had four fat possums sent to him this week, and one of them got away and ran down the alley. As the possums were intended for the Sunday dinner of the hotel (the Auditorium), the escape created great excitement. It chanced that the animal was seen by several colored men. From that moment the case was hopeless for the Auditorium.

Ethics.

Last week I mentioned the fox hunt of the Germania Club, which was to occur to-day. The agent of the Humane Society says: "If it is a drag hunt, that is, if the hounds only chase foxes already killed and dragged by horses, we shall not interfere. But if there is any chasing of live animals we will enter the hunt ourselves and be in at the finish with warrants for the whole party. We have been assured that it will be a drag hunt, but we will take no chances and will be present with our deputies." If I were a fox I would rather have a run for my life than to be clubbed to death and then dragged, with no chance for my life, after I was dead, as it were.

How Wild Turkeys Feed.

A friend who is an old turkey hunter tells me something which may not be familiar to all hunters of that matchless game bird. He says that during the day the gobblers and hens never feed together. They all roost together at night, but soon after they fly out from the roost and go to feeding, say after 10 o'clock in the morning, the hens and gobblers straggle apart and remain separated till evening. This is their habit from the month of October on through the winter.

From Florida.

Mr. Byron S. Swearingen, of Tallahassee, Fla., is good enough to write as below in regard to the sport in his section of the world. A great many sportsmen go to Florida each winter from Chicago, and all speak of it as a land of beauty, peace and loveliness. Mr. Swearingen says:

'Sportsmen in this vicinity are hunting a great deal, with splendid success. Quail, woodcock, snipe and doves are very plentiful this year, and ducks are abundant on the many beautiful lakes in the surrounding country. A two hours' drive will take one to good turkey shooting, and at a distance of twenty miles deer are easily found. There are a great many splendid dogs owned here, and they are not only good show dogs, but good, hard workers. There are a number of Northern sportsmen here, and a good many more are expected after the holidays."

The Fox was Dead.

Dec. 20.—The *Tribune*, of Chicago, prints this morning the following description of the fox hunt of the Germania Club, to which earlier reference has been made. The report shows alike the humaneness of some humanity and the sportsmanlikeness of some sport:

"At 2:30 P. M. the Germania Riding Club, the Garfield Park Equestrian Club, the Chicago Hussars, and other riding organizations in uniform, left the Sheridan Drive club house at North Clark street and started for Dymond Farm, west on Montrose Boulevard about a mile. Reynard was carried in a cage in the band wagon, and the thirty hounds kept up an eager barking from an adjoining wagon.

"At North Leavitt street the progress of the cavalcade was interrupted by an accident. W. C. Mortimer, of the Germania Club, lost control of his horse. Two bicycles were run into and their riders thrown, one of whom, J. I. Smith, No. 1744 North Halsted street, was picked up in an unconscious condition and taken to a neighboring house. The horse then dashed into a carriage and threw the rider into a ditch. The horseman, however, sustained no injury.

"On arriving at Dymond Farm reynard was taken from his cage and the hundreds of people who had assembled waited breathlessly for the start. But what was their surprise and disappointment on seeing the little animal quickly dispatched with a blow on the head from a club, the Humane Society deputies critically watching the operation. As the dead fox was tied to the tail of a horse and galloped across the prairies a derisive shout was sent up. The hounds were set loose a moment later, but did not take the scent. They ran in all directions and dodged the riders as they came on eager for the glory of winning the brush. The horse, with its dead fox attachment, made a circuit of about two miles, the riders following far behind, being delayed by their efforts to coax the hounds to keep the scent. Only two dogs out of the pack were found near the finish, and as no one had caught up with the fox a controversy arose as to who should have the brush. It was finally awarded to A. M. Booth, who bid $30 for it.

"For several hours the country was scoured for the scattered hounds. When they were brought in all the party rode back to the Sheridan Drive club house and banqueted in hunters' style.

"J. M. McGarigle declared to a *Tribune* reporter that the party had had more fun than if a live fox had been chased. 'We now have a brush to show for the chase,' he said, 'but if the fox had been alive he would have run into the woods, where we never could have caught him.'"

St. Paul Wolf Hunt.

Sportsmen of St. Paul, Minn., are making plans for their annual wolf hunt, and a local paper of St. Paul says:

"A party of gentlemen interested in getting up a wolf hunt for this season had a meeting at Kennedy's yesterday afternoon. R. G. Brooks, one of the best known deer hunters in the city, is taking a lively interest in the matter, and interested with him are W. H. Ebner, Captain Gibbs and several other equally well-known shots. Letters have been received from several points in this State and Wisconsin requesting the hunters to visit these points for the hunt. The last of these came to-day from Ernest Reinins, State game warden at Aitkin, Minn.

"Reinins begins by assuring the projectors of the wolf hunt that they will get all the game they want by holding their big hunt in Aitkin county. He says that in the great swamp wilderness, on range 22 of that county, and about twenty miles west of Moose Lake, the wolves are so thick that it is hardly safe for a human being to travel the territory in daylight, and at night parties caught in the strip are compelled to light fires all round them to keep the timber wolves away." E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

The Failing Game Supply.

COMOX, B. C., Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been so much occupied by official duties of late years that I really have almost forgotten how to shoot the old rifle. I was up among the Islands of the Gulf a short time ago, but the weather had been so fearfully dry that hunting was paralyzed quite.

I got a couple of small deer, very poor. Grouse were scarce, and what with the dry weather, duties and being restricted to time I did not have any sport to speak of. Neither did I come across any live mastodons, which I notice Mr. Hallock claims still exist in Alaska. Would not mythadons be a better name for the beast?

I have read with great interest the efforts at game protection in the United States in FOREST AND STREAM. How important this is we can judge out here in the farthest if not the woolliest West. Here, where shooters are few indeed compared with the hordes of the effete East, game of all kinds is getting alarmingly scarce. Geese and ducks, in localities which a half dozen years ago fairly swarmed with them, are now exceedingly scarce and becoming scarcer every year.

The ruffed grouse a few years ago were as plentiful here as chicks in a barnyard. Lucky the man who gets six couple nowadays under the most favorable of circumstances and in the very best and least hunted ground. Deer of course still hold their own, having the great ranges of hills as reserves to draw from. Coons don't count. Cross ring-neck pheasants we introduced here some years ago are doing remarkably well. California Valley quail we tried, but they did not succeed.

I hope the foreign birds introduced in the United States, capercailzie, black game, etc., will succeed. It seems that our poor ruffed grouse are doomed. Let us hope that they may be replaced by some worthy species, though from a gastronomic point of view that is impossible. W. B. A.

BOSTON NOTES.

BOSTON, Dec. 19.—Messrs. Walter L. Hill and James Bailey have gone on a duck shooting trip to the home of the Ragged Island Club in Old Virginia. They are the guests of Mr. Woodward, a prominent friend and member of the club, and several years its president.

E. M. Gillam and Frank W. Hallowell were out in the woods of Reading Friday forenoon after partridges. They had remarkably good success, securing four birds. They were back in Boston again by noon.

The Wayne H. North party, including Dr. Frederick Freeman, Bert Atkins and M. D. Cressey, is back in Boston after a successful big-game hunt in Maine. Their camp was at Big Fish Lake, Aroostook county. They secured seven deer and three caribou. Mr. North, who had the misfortune to badly strain the ligaments of his knee the first day he hunted, is very enthusiastic concerning the game in that section. He says that it is no trick at all to get deer, while the caribou are very plenty. They also located moose several times, but were prevented from securing them by snows coming in the night, followed by crusts. Mr. North's hunting trip was completely ruined by his accident. He could scarcely step at all, but would not permit of the party breaking up to get him out. He stayed the whole ten days in camp, with nothing to enjoy but the pain in his knee. It was all done by stepping over a log on to what looked like firm snow, but was in reality but the covering of one of those treacherous holes the hunter has to avoid It is about three days from Boston to that favored hunting ground.

The Magaguadavic Fish and Game Club gave a reception and dinner to Thomas A Sullivan, their superintendent and general manager, who is in Boston on a visit. Mr. Geo. D. Loud is secretary and treasurer. The club is popular, with its list of membership about full.

Dec. 26.—Mr. Walter L. Hill is back from his shooting trip to the home of the Ragged Island Club. He was accompanied by James A. Bailey, Jr., late Senator-elect. Mr. Hill was the guest of C. A. Woodward, formerly president of the club, and Mr. Bailey, though invited at the suggestion of Mr. Woodward, was taken in hand by Mr. Davis, the present president of the club. That the Boston gentlemen enjoyed the shoot thoroughly goes without saying. They got six or seven canvasbacks and other ducks without number. They shot four days in all. Wednesday is a closed day to all shooting—a "rest day" it is termed there—according to the laws of Virginia, and also Saturday and Sunday. This gives the birds time to rest. It seems that wild goose shooting is not considered quite up to the mark by the sportsmen of Currituck Sound, but the geese were remarkably plenty. Mr. Hill remarks that a boy was out in a boat just below them and in less than half a day he had twenty-one geese, loading the boat almost full. Mr. Bailey desired to shoot a goose or two and Mr. Davis fixed him out with decoys. In half a day he got seven geese. This he considers remarkable shooting for a Boston sportsman. Both gentlemen are greatly pleased with the shooting and the courtesies of the Ragged Island Club. President Cleveland was shooting not far below them a part of the time.

I hear a great deal of dissatisfaction expressed among sportsmen in this vicinity at the bare thought that the Maine Commissioners suggest, according to reports, the changing of the legal open season on deer to from Sept. 15 to Nov. 15. Such a law will leave no chance whatever for deer hunting on snow, since there rarely is any snow in that State before Nov. 15. Sportsmen say that if deer were scarce and on the decrease there would be good reason for such a law, but so long as the reverse is true there is no need of shutting off the last of November. Making the open season end with Dec. 1 would be far better and would seem to afford the deer ample protection. The opening of the last of September is looked upon as a very safe move, so far as the deer are concerned. So dense is the foliage all through September and well into October there is little chance of finding deer. Water hunting is forbidden in that State, and hence few deer would be taken in September, provided the laws are enforced.

Mr. J. S. Clarke, Jr., is back from Billy Soule's Pleasant Island camps. He is much pleased with that region, though not particularly successful in getting big game. Active measures are being taken to remove the dead trees from the shores of the lake there. SPECIAL.

Effect of the Game Laws in Michigan.

A CORRESPONDENT in Detroit, Mich., says in a recent letter: "Partridge and quail shooting has been very good and the birds are on the increase, thanks to the good law that prohibits their sale. This law has been in force two years. I went north of Bay City the week after election and bagged sixty-eight partridges and thirty quail; and you must bear in mind that that is not a quail country. I have never seen quail in that section before. I had one dog, a young pointer, that had never worked on partridges before; but he did fairly well. I had a fine shoot, but being alone did not enjoy myself as well as if I had a good companion along with me."

Louisiana Quail.

OPELOUSAS, La., Dec. 6 —The fields are alive with quail. Never before in the history of the country has there been such an abundance of them. The open season began on Nov. 1, but the cover was then too rank to permit of nice shooting. The cattle are now in most fields, and it is much more pleasant now to hunt. We are enjoying fine weather, mild and pleasant. Last week we were treated to severe freezes, the first of the season. T. A. J.





LIVE DECOY GEESE AT SILVER LAKE.

TWELVE HOURS WITH GEESE.

I WROTE some time ago about a goose hunt at Silver Lake, but beside the one we have just taken the first was nothing. I have told you about Widgeon Point, and the persons who run it; but since then I have found there are others interested, namely, Cary, Keith and Potter, all good fellows, making a club hard to beat.

On the afternoon of Nov. 15 Charles and I went to the lake with our traps. On the way we met William, the crack shot, and were told by him that the boys had killed eighteen geese that morning. Our blood was up at once, for we had not forgotten the last hunt. As we went into the stand we were met by our shorty friend Addison; he looks the same as when we saw him last fall; same pleasant smile and hearty grasp of the hand, and always ready for geese. Oliver and Old Sleuth were there, but rather under the weather. Millard will sit and sleep with eye-glasses on his nose and they never drop. You can't tell whether he is asleep or not, and it makes little difference, for at any time it takes only a word and he is wide awake and ready for business. Herb and George are in the stand. After greeting them and unpacking our guns, we hear George say, "Boys, we will get some geese now, Fred and Charles have come." Little did he think how true this would be.

We got fixed after a while; looked the decoys over, about two hundred of them; paid our respects to old One Wing, Scituate. Johnson and the rest, and then found that our friend Thomas had just arrived and was getting into his shooting togs. Thomas is the same fat, jolly fellow, and everyone who knows him unites in saying he is all right. He thought I was a little hard on him in my last yarn, when I told of his infirmities. He still says I am the only one who ever accused him of snoring.

After supper we stood in the stand, when from out the sky came the faint long honk of geese. There they are, and George stirs up the decoys. Old One Wing hears the call and straightens out for work. Soon the whole point is in one grand roar. The wild geese swing over us and we can just make out the line of black rushing through the air. They wheel out over the lake, honk a few times and we hear them no more. In a little while, as we look up the lake, we see a flash, then three or four, and then come the reports of the guns. They have shot at a stand on the east side of the lake, and now the air is full of geese. We try to stop some of them, but it is of no use, so this ends the fun for the present.

It is now about 12 o'clock. Add, Tom, Herb and I are in the stand. George has turned in, having been up two nights. There is a light ripple on the water. The moon shines brightly and we are saying that it is an ideal night for birds, when Herb says: "What is that just inside the block?" Tom looks with glasses and says "Ducks, about fifteen." They come nearer and are almost near enough to shoot when there comes *honk, honk, honk* right over us. There are fourteen geese with wings crooked scaling to our decoys. Have you ever seen them? and didn't your blood tingle? Something startles them and they whirl to the north, going toward the place where the other shot was fired. "Our chance is gone," said Tom, "and I am going to turn in."

As the boys had been up nearly all of two nights, I offered to stand watch to-night. As I stood there looking at the water it came to me why this place was called Silver Lake. The moon shining on the water, which was stirred to a little ripple by the breeze, made it seem like a lake of silver, and I thought it well named. The geese decoys had settled for the night, with only now and then the low growl of an old gander, which would be quickly answered by one of his goslings on the hill. The faint hoot of an owl comes to me from the eastern side of the lake, while from the southern end I hear the quick *quack, quack* of some ducks which have just lit. Then the soft call of the decoys at the new stand comes to me from afar off and startles me from my dreams, causing me to stir up the decoys and almost sending me in to wake the boys before I knew what it was. As I get over my excitement and find that my heart is not in my mouth, I hear the boom of a volley of guns at Oldham Pond, then in a short time another, and right upon it three reports from the new stand. I go into the air about a foot, and see Oliver, and Herb close at his heels, bare-headed and hair standing on end, although it would be hard work to make Oliver's hair stand on end. "Great Scott! Have the British landed?" from Oliver, while Herb is saying, "What's the matter, Fred; are you trying to blow us up?" I explain matters, and as it is after 3 we decide to turn in and let the lake take care of itself. Nothing thus far. But our time is coming.

In the morning about 8 o'clock, after Thomas and Millard had gone home, George said, "I am looking for a large flock of geese to-day." He had gone to feed the decoys, when Gene said, "There are geese." We pressed the button, and in a minute all were in the stand. "There they are," said George, "I never saw so large a flock before. As they came out over the lake the new stand let out their flyers, then Gunner's Point let theirs go; and when George and Herb pulled on them, the way those goslings went from the hill was a caution. The wild ones see the flyers and hang, then crook, and then scale toward the water. They head into the wind, then wheel and come up in the wind, then settle into the lake, and there they are. "Four acres of them," says George. I shall never forget how those geese looked coming in. Talk about pictures, it was the prettiest one I ever saw. Such a large flock of wild ones, with about 300 decoys flying around the three stands, was enough to open any sportsman's eyes. The gunners at Gunner's Point break about a dozen from the bunch, but do not shoot at them; the rest come toward us. George says, "They can't help it." We get fifty near enough to shoot; then another flock of twenty came, and eight lit with our decoys. Charles and I were going to attend to these, but they swam away before George could get the rest as he wanted them. We rushed up beside Add and George, and as George said, "Get on to them," we rose up over the stand. Geese everywhere, where shall I shoot? I see four together, with some more in range. I hold on the four. "Are you ready? Fire!" What a roar from the guns, and also from the wild geese and decoys. Twenty-seven dead and wounded geese. We are not to shoot flying, but William from force of habit shoots and says he knocked his goose. Well, the world was full of them and some must have flown into it. They circle around the lake and light everywhere. Ten come with our decoys. We "get on to them" and kill nine. In a few minutes six light with the decoys at the north end. We go up there and kill them all. Now they shoot at the new stand, then at Gunner's Point, and about a hundred light in the lake in front of us. We get out the boat and pick up the game, then hustle after the flyers. As we are driving them in we see one among them looking rather wild. "Close in on them, boys, that is a wild one," says George. It proves as he says and we have driven in a wild one. He will make a decoy another season. After we got the flyers in I hear Add say, "Here comes a single goose; nail him, Fred." I grab a gun, shoot twice and the goose flew on. "Razzle-dazzle," Add is saying; "you are a pretty shot; I think you had better take a few lessons from Bill." When we got cleared up after the shooting we took account of stock and found we had thirty-eight.

I hear some one saying "Well, well; good boy," and Thomas is beside me. We had wired him the news and he could not stay at home; but what a shame he could not have been in it. It is a cold day, however, when his luck goes back on him and it was not going to play him false to-day.

After dinner we try for the flock, which is in the lake in front of us. Tom sees a flock of seven coming; they light with the others. After a time thirty-six start to come on; they get almost near enough to shoot when they turn and swim away as fast as they can. What's the matter? We are no longer in doubt, for a man comes into the stand, having walked around the shore. He must have had an idea he was goose hunting in the Frog Pond on Boston Common.

Soon we see another large flock coming, fully as large as the first. They come over and we throw on them; it does the business, and they light. I would like to know how many geese there are in the lake now. We drew about sixty, but could get only twenty-two together. Thomas gave the word, George not being there. We killed twenty-one. George came into the stand just as we fired, and we had the laugh on him. By this time it was dark. Geese were honking all over the lake. We drew on six and killed them all. I would rather not say anything about the next shot, but perhaps it will be as well to give the bitter with the sweet. There must be some hitch, and here it was: Eleven geese near enough; all hands in the stand, and as George said "Get ready" some one shot. We all fired at the break of the gun, but only got three. George was mad, and the way he talked left no doubt in any mind what his opinion was of the man who shot. Put yourself in our place and see how you would feel. It was too bad, but could not be helped.

We find that we have made a record for the stand, sixty-eight geese in twelve hours being the most ever killed in the same time at any stand at the lake. One amusing incident at one shot was of a young fellow who had never shot from a stand before. He was standing beside his father when the word was given. After the shot he said, "I fixed one on the wing, Dad, I saw him drop."

He did not think that five or six guns were shot on the wing and perhaps they were fired at the same bird that he saw drop. His chance was as good as the rest, but it made his "dad" smile.

Charles and I picked up our traps and very reluctantly went home. If we had not been obliged to go it would have taken a yoke of cattle to have drawn us. Millard went to the stable with us, and as we harnessed we heard a nice flock strike into the lake. We told Millard to go back, and as we drove away we would stop and listen for the volley, which we knew would come sooner or later. We had the pleasure of witnessing two sights that day that the oldest gunner in the crowd said he had never seen before and probably would never see again. Two such large flocks of geese coming into the pond. I would have liked everyone who enjoys a trip with dog and gun to see this sight, as we saw it. It was certainly a picture and it will be in our minds for many a day.

The boys say that we brought them good luck, and we say "Hurrah for Widgeon Point and the boys who run it." Does Thomas ever get left? We guess not. May we all live to have another day together is the wish of

F. E. WOODWARD.

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 12 Mr. G. S. Ellis, of Maine, does me the honor of bestowing some kind words on my paper devoted to the ruffed grouse, taking exception, however, to my statement that that bird seeks its habitat apart from the abode of man. Mr. Ellis cites his experience in Oxford and Cumberland counties, of Maine, wherein he found many birds on the skirts of the woods near farmhouses. I feel quite sure that had Mr. Ellis noted carefully all the pertinent local circumstances he would have found local conditions which forced the birds near the haunts of man in those counties; that is to say, their food supply was in those places wherein the birds were found.

A forest may be both dense and secluded, yet if it contains insufficient food it is not an available habitat for the birds. In my experience, which covered many a day in pursuit of the ruffed grouse from dawn till dark, when I found them near dwellings they were in such cover as gave them a ready refuge and a certainty of protection, it always being the best cover in the vicinity available for that purpose, the abode of man near by being but an incident irrelevant to the bird's existence. In such sections as have is a dearth of food and cover, or where the competition for food and cover is great owing to the numbers of birds, they must make the best of what is available, and some birds must necessarily be forced to content themselves with the less desirable places. If their food is not in such places as they fancy, they must compromise by going to the best places where it and a certain security may be found. And each bird may venture into the open betimes, though rarely far from cover.

Pellets, in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 19, also differs from me on this point, though there is such a serio-comic tone in his objection that it is difficult to determine whether it is really an objection or the relation of a rare incident. The single circumstance of finding three birds at the edge of an opening near some cottages could hardly be advanced as proof that such was a habit common to the species. Once in North Carolina, while shooting with Mr. S. T. Hammond, a charming companion and a skillful shot, we found a bevy of quail in an abandoned log barn, yet that one circumstance would not warrant a conclusion that all quail sought and used barns as a part of their habitat.

In severe winters, when the snow covers their food, birds are forced to approach the dwellings of man, that they may glean such food as is accessible. Cause and effect then being so apparent, there is no difficulty in readily understanding them, but the intermediate stages of green fields and forests and yet a dearth of bird food are not so readily understood by the superficial observer.

But if either one of my critics will consider the difficulties of writing a monograph on this subject, abounding as it does in such an infinity of detail, they will find, if they confine their writings to a certain amount of space, that only the traits common to the species can be considered; to note the individual exceptions would make a task as endless as it would be unprofitable to writer or reader.

B. WATERS

Proposed League of New York Counties.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Dec. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just finished reading the Christmas number of your valuable paper and can find but just one fault with it: I very much miss your motto, "Stop the sale of game." I doubt not that there is not another thing that is so earnestly desired by so great a number, and has so little said in its favor, as this one thing. Among the shooters of my acquaintance the ratio is at least ten to one in favor of prohibiting the sale of game. Those of the minority are a class of men who, as a rule, would be on the wrong side of most any question, and not one of them go shooting for the sport derived.

I have just finished what I consider a very

conservative estimate of the number of ruffed grouse killed in this county alone during the present season. I calculate that at least 10,000 have been killed. When I see sure extermination going on at this rapid rate it makes me feel as if I must try and help do something to put a stop to it. As I have remarked, it is not a lack of numbers of those desiring further protection, but rather a united, concerted action. We see public-spirited individuals and associations expending money and time liberally to introduce and acclimate some foreign game bird, which is very commendable, but let us suppose that all should bend their energies toward protecting one already acclimated. Give him enough close season in which to get his growth and strength of wing; remove the 25-cent bounty from his proud, defiant head, and we shall always have him with us, the king of them all. New York is a very large State, and the interest taken in some particular kind of game varies much in different sections. With us ruffed grouse shooting is our chief sport. Very naturally we wish to see him protected. What we would like to see would be a law to make the open season Oct. 10 to Dec. 15, and to prohibit the sale. Our present plan is to get some of the adjoining counties, whose interests are identical with ours, and form a five-county league (or whatever the number of counties may be) We feel that we can accomplish more this way than any other. To this end I would be pleased to hear from all sportsmen in adjoining counties who take enough interest in protection to write me that I may be able to submit plans to them looking toward the formation of county league. We recognize FOREST AND STREAM as our only medium and earnest ally in this work. H. W. BROWN.

Maine's Indian Guides.

WORCESTER, Mass, Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a copy of FOREST AND STREAM published some time about Nov. 1 I noticed an article by Mr. A. L. Turner describing how he got even with his Indian guide. The tone of the article reflects on Indians in general, and has caused a great deal of indignation among not only the Indians, but among the people in general in the Penobscot country. It is a gross injustice to the Indians to publish such an article, and I hope you will publish this to show the true facts.

I spent two weeks among the Indians at Debsconeag deadwater this fall. My guide was Joe Francis, the best guide and keenest hunter I know of. He would see more game, and give the sportsman more opportunities in a given time than, any guide I ever knew.

During my first week out I shot at no less than six or seven deer, missing every one. I then discovered that the sights on my gun were wrong. On Monday of the second week I killed a spike buck; on Tuesday, a beautiful buck deer with fine head; and on Wednesday by 8 o'clock in the morning I had killed a caribou weighing some 400 or 500lbs. The weather was not favorable to moose hunting, so we only hunted one day.

On my return I had the thrilling experience of traveling eleven miles over ice so thin that constant care was necessary to avoid going through. Air holes on every side were a constant reminder of the danger, and no man in the party felt willing to release his hold on the canoe, which was carried on a hand sled.

The uniform kindness and courtesy of the Indians, their untiring efforts to please, and the conscience displayed in their work and charges command my highest respect, and I condemn the man who would maliciously disparage them. E. A. C. BECKER.

[This being Christmas week, and a proper time for promoting good feeling, we cheerfully explain that we never for a moment thought of the article complained of as casting general reflections upon the Indians of Maine, and we regret that it should have been so interpreted by the people of the Penobscot. We know Joe Francis; and if all the others are like him we cannot imagine that anybody would wish maliciously to disparage them.]

Boone and Crockett Club Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the Boone and Crockett Club will be held at the Metropolitan Club in this city on Saturday, Jan. 16, at 6:30 P. M., and will be followed by a dinner.

The business of the meeting will be the election of a president to succeed the late Gen. Bristow, election of officers and committees for the coming year, and the consideration of measures for the more effective protection of big game in certain parts of the country where it is most seriously threatened.

This meeting will inaugurate a new plan which it is intended to carry further in the future, and which is likely to result in making the meeting still more attractive as well as more significant of the purposes and interests of the club.

Mr. A. P. Low, of the Canadian Geological Survey, will be the guest of the club at this dinner and will read a paper, to be illustrated by stereopticon pictures, upon his recent explorations, made for the Dominion Government, in the interior of the Labrador Peninsula. Mr. Low's explorations, one of which occupied two years, are the first ever undertaken in a region which until then was unknown. His paper deals with those portions of the peninsula which are of most interest to sportsmen.

Connecticut Game Birds.

HAMDEN, Conn., Dec. 14.—Birds and other game have been more plentiful this year than for a number of years, and some excellent bags have been made. The Mongolian pheasants, however, which were introduced in this vicinity during the past three years and which seemed to be doing so well last summer, appear to have been exterminated. Whether they were killed by shooters before the law was off, or by other enemies, it is hard to say. It is to be regretted that the efforts of such public-spirited sportsmen as J. B. Robinson and others, who have unselfishly given both time and money in order to introduce this bird here, have been crowned with such discouraging success. It is said that Mr. Robinson alone has spent more than $500 in an attempt to make the introduction of this bird successful.

While snaring has nearly become extinct in this immediate neighborhood, still another lawbreaker is very much in evidence; I refer to the Sunday shooter. I have had it from very reliable authority that these Sunday shooters, some of them at least, are loud howlers for the observance of the game laws and against the snarers through the week, but that when Sunday comes they quietly slink with dogs and guns into the woods and break the laws themselves. There is one thing certain, anyhow, and that is some one is breaking the law regularly, as the reports of guns can be heard in the woods every Sunday. WILLIAM H. AVIS.

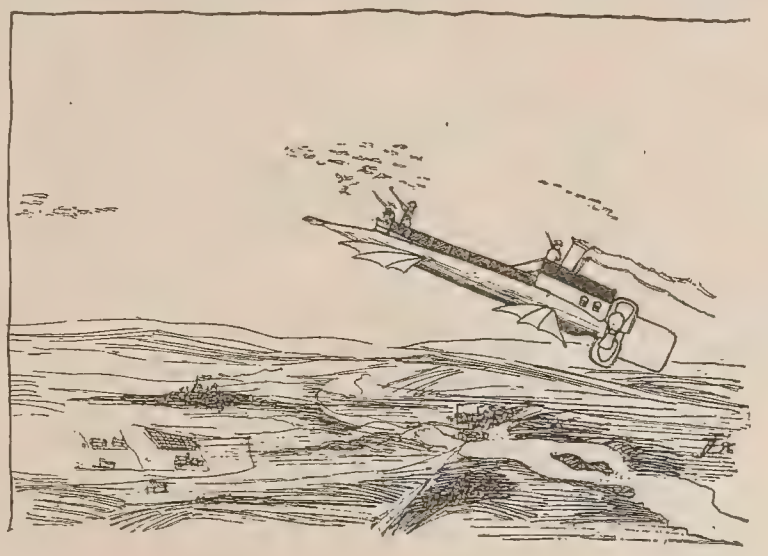
Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Ducking Air-Ship.

BOSTON, Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the heated debates on the proper caliber of a rifle for big game, I suggested a contrivance for the rapid extermination of it (the game, not the debate). I have waited patiently to hear from somebody who wants such a thing, and now I have given up all hope of ever hearing from anybody. Why don't Deerslayer apply for one? It would be much surer than a shotgun.

Now that the duck-shooting season is at its height, I thought it would not be out of place for me to offer to the



sporting public the latest improvement in that line. The inclosed sketch speaks for itself. It has several advantages over the sunken barrel, hole in the mud or iceway, viz: No cold or wet feet; no danger of tide rising and you having to swim for shore; no decoys. If the birds feel indisposed to come to you, why, all you have got to do is to go to them.

Now, there is a great field for improvement even in this method. Take, for instance, a suitable net or something else to catch the killed birds in. We have often heard of showers of toads, but unless some inventive genius contrives some way of catching the birds after they're shot, showers of ducks will not be an uncommon occurrence in the future. THE SLAUGHTERER.

How to Keep your Clothes Dry in a Shower.

BY the by, some of your readers may like to know how the Indians manage to keep their clothing dry in a heavy shower. A good many years ago, when southwestern Michigan was a newer country than at present, a friend of Antler's went out there to look for a home. He "met up" with four or five more men on the same business, and together they tramped across a large prairie. A heavy shower came up, and they "pulled foot" for the timber, but when they reached it were thoroughly drenched. They halted, built a large fire and stood around it to dry their steaming clothes, when they saw approaching a small party of Indians, whom they had passed at speed on the prairie. It was a conspicuous fact, and one not to be forgotten, that every Indian was at that time attired simply in his native modesty (which with an Indian is generally an unknown quantity), and further, that each sat upon a tightly rolled bundle of clothing, thus protecting it in a great measure from the pouring rain. When they passed the whites, the shower had passed, and they were once more duly attired in dry clothing.

The whites, after some hours passed in attempting to dry their duds, moved on, saying among themselves that after all there was something to be learned from an Indian. KELPIE.

"Fezzunts" and: their Ways.

OIL CITY, Pa., Dec. 22.—I extracted so much pleasure and comfort from reading Mr. Waters's able article on the ways of ruffed grouse that I feel like trying to add my little mite to the literature that treats of the noblest game bird that flies. With that idea in view I have clipped the following from the Oil City, Pa., *Blizzard*, being an essay on "fezzunts" from the pen of a small boy:

"i don't no much about fezzunts only what i hav hurd my pa tel. he hunts after them rite along but I never see eny of them only what hangs in frunt of the mete shop pa sez the fezzunt is quite taim when trout is in seezun but thay keep gettin' smarter rite along til fall and then thay are to smart to shoot. Thay must be offul cute. Pa says thay will preten not to see him and get behin a tree an pa wil shoot whare he thot thay wuz. Sumtimes he cums home reel mad. He sez if he only had a good settur dog he could hav plenty of fezzunts to eat for the mete is very wite and nice only i never had eny. Sumtimes pa blaims it on the kind of shott and powdur in his gun and then ma laffs wen pa is gone. She says pa used to talk that way befour i was borned; i think i will buy him a fezzunt for crismus from the mete shop; i know that wil make ma laff too."

A GOOD SHOT.

Mrs. Younghub: "Oh, Ferdy! I have such a surprise for you?"

Younghub: "You have, love?"

Mrs. Younghub: "Yes, dear. See this sweet little dog I bought for us—only $20, and the dog-seller warranted him to be a pure mongrel!"—*Puck.*

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXVII.—Kenneth King.

THOSE who have followed these sketches may recall meeting "Ken" King in the story of Capt. Stephen Martin, three months back. In the spring of 1860 King was a man past middle life, broad of shoulder and built like an athlete. He was an Englishman of the genial, companionable kind that love dogs and gun, keep road houses just out of town where the bar is hung with guns, fishing rods and trophies of the hunt, while the talk is mostly on dogs, a good bit o' snipe ground or the prospect of a change of wind that would start the ducks up the river. When you see his full ruddy face, with its closely-cropped beard, and note that he always wears a suit of brown corduroy which has charged through many an abbatis of brush and *chevaux de friese* of briers that have left their scars, you know the man thoroughly.

It was the first mild day in spring after the ice had left the Hudson that I walked down the Bethlehem road which leads from Albany along the river and dropped into his inn, for there were inns and taverns then and every country house with a bar and a bed was not a "hotel."

"Hello, Ken," said I, "how are you? Haven't seen you in some time."

He took the proffered hand while about a dozen pointers of different ages took a sniff of the stranger's legs. "Good morning!" he said, and then to another man in corduroy: "You use the whip too much on that dog, 'e's lost confidence in you an' in 'imself. Let up on the whip; I know un an' 'e's a good un, but none o' his breed 'll bear much whip."

The man went out and King turned to me and remarked: "It's a nice morning."

"You don't seem to know me, Ken," and I mentioned my name.

He put one hand on the bar and lightly vaulted over. "'Eavens! Lad, is it thee come back, an' so pale an' sick-lookin'; I'd never 'a' knowed thee. Aye! I remember well the day when I sold ye that pointer puppy Nell, that you spoiled in the breaking; but Mr. Raymond has some grand dogs from 'er; why not? Ther's no better pointers in America than her stock. Here, Click, Sally, Wads, Jim, come 'ere, you rascals. Look at that lot; feel o' their ears; ever feel silk softer 'n that? Look a' them strong legs, straight backs, an' then gaze at the heads Ever see anything like it in the West? No; I'll answer fur ye, ye didn't."

After I had sufficiently admired the really fine animals Ken asked: "But what's a matter o' ye? Ye aint a bit like yer old self. Yer pale an' peaked an' thin; never 'd 'a' knowed ye in the world."

After I had explained that living for some years among decaying prairie sod had resulted in a form of ague that had pulled me down, he said:

"What ye want is to keep out of doors. Come an' live wi' me an' shoot an' fish for a month and stop taking medicine and you'll be all right. I'm goin' down to the mouth of the Normanskill in the morning to spin for pike or perch an' I'll give ye a bed here if ye'll go. I want to talk over old times. What d' ye say?"

I arranged to go back for my tackle, and as I didn't care to spend the evening at the inn, I turned up about 11 P. M. and went to bed. The morning was foggy, and as the current took us down the river we talked of the old-time pigeon shoots at the Abbey and out at the Bull's Head, where the West Albany reservoir now stands. He asked: "Do ye remember the day at the Bull's Head when Lige Simmons killed twenty-five birds straight and was tied by Hank Webb? Well, that was a large day, an' when they shot off the tie ye remember that Hank won by a bird? Well, I'll tell ye; I loaded for Hank an' put a leather wad, with a hole in the middle, over the shot, an' the scatter fetched 'em ev'ry time. Lige missed on his fifth bird an' Webb killed.*

"Lige got a hint of this before he left the grounds and asked about it. I showed 'im the wads an' he laughed an' said: 'I'll have to get some o' these for trap shooting.' Bring the boat inshore here at the mouth of the creek."

Pulling up the creek until we found its current strong enough to spin a minnow, we tied up to the limbs of an overhanging willow and used a primitive gang of hooks, "a flight," Ken called it, consisting of a lip hook fastened to the gimp snell a couple of inches above the larger hook, which was inserted in the tail of the bait so as to bend the latter and make it spin in the current. Our rods were plain ash and lancewood, stiff, as bait rods should be; and here for the first time I used a reel, a poor, cheap one, but still a reel. The most common fish in the upper Hudson in those days was the yellow perch and they were always plenty. We took a score of perch before I had a good strike, and under Ken's advice let the fish run until he stopped and the word was given to strike him, and I reeled in a pickerel of about 4lbs. This was a new form of fishing to me, and a little higher kind than any of the methods of boyhood.

We had our guns, a thing which to-day I dislike to have on a fishing trip, on the principle that made the old darky throw a big perch overboard, saying, "W'en I goes a-cattin' I goes a-cattin', an' I leaves dese yer' fellows till I wants 'em." But Ken King was primarily a gunner and only incidentally an angler. I was watching the current alternately bring the spinning minnow to the surface and then take it below, while speculating if the swivels were working properly so as to avoid twisting kinks in the line or unlaying it, when a kingfisher suddenly came upon us and gave its whirring alarm, and at the same instant Ken shot without warning. I wondered why he shot at the kingfisher; the bird went on unharmed, while I looked at the old man, whose back was toward me, and no game in sight. "Cast off, quick!" he said, and in a minute I was at the oars, pulling as he directed. His gun spoke again, and he picked up a fine mallard which had

*I know nothing of using this sort of wad on top of shot. Never heard of it before nor since, and give it as 'twas told to me over thirty-five years ago. It was not necessary to put a card wad over the leather because in those days a man could go to the score with the muzzle up. I have killed many a squirrel with no wad over the shot when he was above and time was short. Old Albanians will remember Elijah Simmons as one of the greatest horsemen of his day in the State, and also Hank Webb as the most formidable rough and-tumble fighter of Albany's volunteer fire department when fighting was the most important qualification of a fireman.

dropped at the first shot, and which I now saw for the first time.

The fog thickened after we had gone back and fished until time came to eat, for our very light breakfast needed reinforcement early; few men not accustomed to rising before daylight can eat much at that unseemly hour. As we finished eating the fog was so thick that a man couldn't see over 50ft.; but we could hear the ducks near the mouth of Normanskill, some distance below, and even the whistle of their wings and splashings in the water, as well as the loud greetings to the newcomers. "Cast her off again," said Ken; "this is too much to stand. I never could waste my time fishing when such a lot of ducks as that are calling out for some un to come and shoot 'em. You won't get such a day for ducks in a month o' Sundays. Steady now; don't make more noise than you can help. Stop here on the point and make fast to that bush."

Ducks on the wing could not see us until within good distance, and we banged away for an hour with our muzzle-loaders; and then a south wind rolled up the fog, and we started to pick up the game. A bed of eel grass prevented the dead from being carried down the river, and also hid some cripples, a few of which we got. We had about twenty ducks, mainly mallards and black ducks, with an odd whistler, bluebill or teal, and a half bushel of perch and a few pickerel. It was one of those days that a fellow runs into by accident when all the conditions are favorable for a big day's sport, and which he couldn't repeat in a whole season. Every sportsman knows how this is, and also knows that if he wishes to give a friend a good day's sport and promises it to him it is sure to be a blank day on his favorite ground, which never before failed him. And then how mean you feel! I can imagine a veteran sportsman reading this, and with a "that's so" go off into a remembrance of the chagrin he felt when he invited a friend to join him on "the best bit of woodcock ground in the State, and but few know of it." A blank day for himself would be nothing; he is troubled by what his friend may think of the disappointment, and his friend realizes this state of his host's mind and grieves for him. The suffering is mutual, that is if the persons are men of fine sensibilities; other people have no such sorrows, nor have they the keen pleasure of seeing a friend have a grand day—but this is not what I was going to say, and I've gone off moralizing instead of telling you about the fish and the ducks.

At the inn we received a grand welcome from the whole kennel, some of which had felt hurt at not being invited to go when they saw us take guns; but we were forgiven for that, and they tried to divine where we had traveled by the odor of our boots and trousers, and the pile of ducks was sniffed at in order to determine the species, just as a scientific fellow would count primaries and measure tarsi. Then their heads were rested on our knees, and great, intelligent eyes would look reproachfully at us because they had been left behind; and at the same time a number of waving tails assured us of a welcome home, and a forgiveness for all neglect. A man who does not love some dog must be incapable of appreciating the truest friendship that exists on this earth. In sickness or in health, in the depths of poverty and misery the most faithful friend of man sticks to him when all others have left him. I said "some dog," for there are dogs that are not lovable: mongrels, snappish curs, and ladies' lap-dogs. But the dogs of the sportsman, setters, pointers and terriers, are intelligent companions who know more than some entire families. I except hounds from this category, for they have been bred to be of service in the hunt, but not companions of man.

Shakespeare, who knew more of all things than any other man who ever lived, always excepting Ignatius Donnelly, realized that dogs were no more to be classed alike than men are, for Macbeth says to the professional murderers:

> "Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
> As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
> Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are 'cleped
> All by the name of dogs; the valued file
> Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtile;
> The housekeeper, the hunter, ev'ry one,
> According to the gift which bounteous nature
> Hath in him clos'd, whereby he doth receive
> Particular addition from the quill
> That writes them all alike; and so of men."

Life was assuming a new aspect; hitherto it had been "one grand, sweet song." True, there had been a few minor discomforts and discords which were forgotten in a week and only remembered to be laughed at, but to be a semi-invalid for over six months caused some serious thoughts. Before the trip West "ague" was merely a word without meaning, like many medical terms, but on acquaintance with people who had it, or said they had it, it seemed only a synonym for laziness. The shake and the fever were indulged in behind closed doors, and a poor, spiritless creature devoid of ambition was all that was visible, and these had mostly been a lot of long-legged, sallow specimens that fed on bacon and hot saleratus bread. "No, sir!" said one from the swamps, "I never was poor enough to eat cold bread; we allers have it hot and yaller as a gold ring." A man from Posey county, Ind., saw me eating a muskmelon in Kansas and remarked: "I kin eat one o' them things and set in the sun an' git up a shake any time." But I thought there was better sand in my gizzard; yet here I was.

King sent up for me to come and shoot snipe over some of his dogs; somehow the invitation did not awaken any of the old-time enthusiasm, but there was an awakening when we met in the evening. The chill and the fever had given my liver a song and dance that morning, and to-morrow would be a "well day" as far as they were concerned, but there would be that lethargy which had seemed to be merely laziness in the saleratus-eating men. On entering the inn in the evening every dog wagged recognition as to an old friend, although they had met me but once. Ken had his opinion of doctors, and after retiring he brought up a little pitcher of some decoction that was hot, sweet and strong, and not only prescribed it, but in order to prove its good qualities actually drank a whole tumbler himself.

The morning was young when we left the inn with Click and Sally, two handsome, well-broken liver and white pointers, whose eagerness required frequent words of caution. A bit of springy ground between the river and the road, near the Abbey, was to be looked after first. Ken warned the dogs to go slow, for they were too fresh and eager, and liable to run in and flush any birds which were lying close after hearing our voices. The dogs quartered the ground beautifully, and after ranging to the left turned at the signal; and then Sally suddenly became a statue, and Click backed her point. Being on the left of King, I flushed the bird. The first barrel sent its messengers behind the bird, but the second brought it to grass; the dogs dropped to shot, for they were not retrievers, and they were sent on toward King, while I sought the bird and wet both feet before it was picked up. By this time King bagged a bird off to the right, and we took four out of that bit of bog. The working of the dogs, the rapid beating of the heart as a snipe rose and cried *scaipe! scaipe!* but didn't 'scape, was of more benefit to an ague-burdened man than a feast of quinine. It was sundown when we reached the inn with a goodly bag of snipe, and as we parted Ken said: "It's done thee good, lad, ther's a color in yer face that shows it. When ye want another day with the snipe or with birds let me know."

In the fall came a desire for a day with woodcock, and King said: "Wait until the first good frost and there'll be a flight from the North." So after a few light frosts, when the moon was near the full, the evening was clear and cold, and gave promise of a hard frost before morning and a good day for "birds." "Just in time," said King, as I dropped in on him, "there'll be a hard frost to-night and a good prospect of finding birds plenty in the morning." He introduced me to a gentleman from Virginia who would accompany us on the morrow. The name is hopelessly lost, but he was a slender man of about forty-five years, rather reserved and dignified, and with one stiff knee, which, from something he said afterward, might have been a relic of the Mexican war. He had a fine fowling piece, a Joe Manton, which had been altered from flint to percussion locks. His family was at Saratoga, and he was on a visit to Albany to see the famous kennel of pointers owned by Ken King.

We were afoot early and on nearing the first bit of bog heard a shot. "No use," said King, "some fellow is ahead of us," and we went on. A single wild pigeon crossed the road and the Virginian dropped it at a surprising distance. "A good shot that," said Ken, "an' a good gun. I shouldn't wonder if I traded you some good dogs for it before you leave; I have several good guns, an' two of 'em are Manton's, but there's room in the racks for more."

Our friend looked up and said: "If you get it I should wonder, sir! That gun was a present to my father, sir, and he gave it to me. My father was a good wing shot when but few men in Virginia thought of shooting at a flying bird, and the old gun may rust out, but it will not be sold or traded. There must be birds back there in that marsh, that man has shot several times, sir."

We entered a bit of marsh well filled with brush, swamp alders and the like, but not very wet now. The dogs were eager and at first disposed to range widely, but continued caution from their master corrected this. The Virginian was in the middle, and as King managed the dogs we were necessarily close together. I had wondered why the old dogs, Click and Sally, had not been taken on this trip instead of the puppies Spank and Trot. King let his friend flush and kill every bird that the dogs found on his side, while I took a share of the others. And so it went until the sun was long past meridian and we turned homeward. King had not killed a bird. He had made those puppies back each other's points, drop to shot and come to heel when there seemed no necessity for the latter order. And it was a mystery.

At the inn it was all plain. I had been interested only in the sport, while King was displaying the perfect working of his young stock for commercial purposes. We counted out of our game bags twelve brace of woodcock and an odd snipe or two. I said "game bags." The sportsman of to-day has probably never seen one. They were elegant and expensive but—must I confess it? a nuisance. A big leather bag for lunch, wads or other necessaries slung over the shoulder, and outside of the bag was a net for carrying the game so that it might be seen of men. Perhaps this last part of its construction was what put it out of fashion; suppose there was no game? Certain it is that the old-fashioned sportsman was more picturesque with his powder flask, shot pouch and game bag than the modern one with his cartridge belt and shooting coat with its capacious pockets; just as the old 74-gun frigate under full sail was more beautiful than the iron-clad fighting machines which to-day make the great navies of the world.

But—and please emphasize this "but"—the iron-clad has taken all the poetry out of a sea-fight. Call up Perry, Paul Jones, Farragut or Nelson and ask them their opinions of the iron pots worked by steam; but those old sea-dogs are not at hand to give opinions on warships, and but few of the older sportsmen are living who shot in the days of Wade Hampton, Herbert, Col. Skinner and the older American sportsmen; that class who by precept and example elevated field sports above market shooting. They came at the right time and had their influence on reading men. Their work will not be complete until all men who shoot or fish are reading men and learn that the destruction of life in great numbers is not the highest form of sport.

Quite a number of pointers went to Virginia that fall, and for years I had the beautiful embossed game bag which the stranger presented to me and wish it was hanging on the wall with other relics, but it disappeared and is among the unaccountables.

In 1865, on returning to Albany after another absence of several years, I naturally drifted down to the old inn; but the faces there were all new and to a question a man replied: "O, yes! Ken King; I knowed 'im well; 'e used to shoot a great deal an' 'ad a lot o' dogs. 'E's been dead a couple o' year and the widow went back to England."

Among his sayings that are remembered is the remark he made after our last trip. Said he: "That man who was shooting in that first bog as soon as it was light enough to see was an old fellow from across the river who shoots snipe and birds without a dog, an' 'e knowed ther' 'd be a flight o' birds that night as well as the birds knew it. His name is Port Tyler, an' 'e traps mink and muskrats along the river in winter, but when it comes to the shootin' season I wish 'e'd stop on his own side of the river; confound 'im, 'e's always out afore anyone else. Did you ever meet him?"

"Yes," said I, "often; I know him quite well."

"Then you tell 'im that I'll give 'im the choice of that new litter if 'e'll stop on 'is own side of the river w'en the birds are in season."

FRED MATHER.

* "Birds" in his vocabulary meant only that king of all game birds, the woodcock.

NEW JERSEY POUND NETS.

[From the forthcoming report of the Commissioners of Fishery and Game.]

POUND NETS.—It would be difficult indeed, in the opinion of your Commission, to suggest any measure which would prove more conducive to the fishing interests of the State, and to the general welfare of all persons residing near the coast, than an act regulating the taking of fish by means of pound nets. New Jersey is one of the few States which permits individual and corporate greed to slaughter thousands of fish annually with but a slight return therefor to the general public. The highest court of the United States has decided that the fish within three miles of the coast line are the property of the State, and that the State has a right to regulate their taking. Enactments have been on our statute books for nearly a century regulating the taking of shad and of other fish coming to our shores and into our rivers; for a similar period have Legislatures recognized the necessity of taking care of our game to prevent its extermination; but nevertheless, in these days when fishculture and game protection have been brought to a state approaching perfection, the most destructive and most pernicious system of slaughtering fish is permitted to go on without let or hindrance. All the devices which modern ingenuity can contrive are adapted to the taking of fish from the sea, not solely for the purpose of supplying food, but in order to accumulate wealth from the manufacture of compost. Every interest in the State has bent to the will of the people, and has admitted the propriety of government by the Legislature, with the single exception of the monopoly which has strung unsightly pound nets along our coast by the scores. The paid agents of this trust have appeared year after year in the halls of legislation for the purpose of frustrating any plans tending to restrictive legislation. No one denies the propriety of levying tribute upon the sea for the purpose of supplying food to the human family, and with proper restrictions there will be food there for centuries to come. But the pound net trust is not satisfied with a fair return, but insists on taking everything possible in as short a time as possible. Their nets have been erected in close proximity to inlets from the ocean, which are ascended every spawning season by thousands of fish for the purpose of propagating their kind; the female, distended with spawn, and the fingerling, wending its way seaward for the first time in its existence, all fall an easy prey to the rapacity of the pound net. It requires no skill in fishculture to foretell what the result will be, for be the larder of nature ever so great it cannot stand any such drain. Your Commission does not advocate prohibitory measures, but we do most strenuously urge the passage of some law by which the heritage left us by our forefathers will be preserved for our descendants. It is not a question of New Jersey alone; it is a question vitally affecting the food fish supply of the entire country.

But New Jersey has other interests at stake besides those of a food supply for its inhabitants. The sands along our coast have become favorite abiding places during the heated months for thousands of strangers and the seaside resorts are increasing in population every year. The revenue to residents of New Jersey from this source is inestimable and none would be so foolhardy as to deny that it is worth preserving. But the cool winds and the foaming breakers do not alone constitute the attractions which bring to our shores annually thousands from other States. A large proportion of these are attracted by the fresh fish and by the sport of angling. The pound net trust has destroyed both after having first deprived hundreds of our residents of a means of obtaining a livelihood. In former years our hardy fishermen depended upon the sea for a never-failing means of subsistence, and the hotels and residents along the coast depended upon these fishermen for a supply of fresh fish for daily meals. Now the fishermen have been deprived of their means of gaining a livelihood, for the large nets prevent the fish from coming within their reach; a monopoly has taken the bread from the mouths of hundreds of honest toilers. The large steamers of the trust remove the contents of the pockets of the nets and these contents are taken to the large marts of New York and Philadelphia, there placed on ice, and in a stale and much deteriorated condition they are returned to the very shores from which the monopoly snatched them, to be sold at prices a hundred per cent. higher than they commanded when in former years they were taken by our own residents fresh from their briny habitat. Two of the greatest charms of summer life by the sea have been removed and the public has not reaped a commensurate advantage therefrom.

The advocates of pound net fishing tell us that the ocean is so large that its stores are inexhaustible. We were told the same some years ago when some of our birds were sought for millinery decorations; the white egret and other birds of beautiful plumage came from southern climes, where they bred by the hundred thousand; according to the claims of those who reaped illgotten gains from the slaughter of these birds there could be no danger of extermination, for the source of supply was so great. In those days the birds whose plumage was in demand for decorations were plentiful along our shores, but despite this fact and the alleged inexhaustible source of supply many of the species have been practically exterminated. The egrets are no longer seen where formerly they were present in large flocks, and the history of the egret has been repeated many times in other species. Your Commission hopes that the Legislature will provide measures by which the fish in the sea will not share the same fate as the birds of the air.

In addition to the claim that the fish supply is inexhaustible came last year the claim that the men who had engaged in pound-net fishing should not be subjected to restrictive legislation or required to pay a tax for the continuance of their privilege because they had invested their money without any idea of such regulations or tribute. This claim has been utterly nullified by the action of the angry sea, which twice during the past season destroyed the nets and strewed its sands with the iron pillars and chains which held the nets. A more fitting answer to the alleged poverty of the trust could not be found than the fact that after the first ravages of the sea the nets were quickly replaced by new ones; now, when our coast is clear of these pernicious contrivances, their former owners are making plans for the erection next

year of even more destructive and larger nets than have ever disfigured the sands of New Jersey. They cannot now plead the injustice of a tax on property supposed to be exempt, for if the Legislature should enact a law for the proper regulation of pound-net fishing, that law will have been on our statute books long before the first stake is driven or the first mesh woven. It is high time that something be done to protect the fishermen along our coast and the dweller at the seaside, and no time can possibly be more propitious than the present, rendered so by the action of the elements, nor more urgent, made so by the rapacity of the trust in the past season.

ANGLING NOTES.

Justice In England.

In Whitehaven County Court, England, a convicted poacher sued a justice of the peace for the value of a net and for damages for its retention. The plaintiff had been convicted of illegal netting before the defendant, and after conviction the latter had retained the net captured with the prisoner. It seems that by an old act of Parliament, which had never been repealed, there was no clause forfeiting the tools of a convicted poacher, although subsequent acts relating both to fish and game contained provisions by which nets could be retained or destroyed by the legal authorities when their owner was convicted of using them illegally. Judge Steavenson, who presided, said that to give back a net to a convicted poacher was like handing back poison or a dagger to a convicted assassin, but the law being as it was he would have to find for the plaintiff, and his decision was that the defendant must return to the plaintiff the net or its value; and as the law was silent as to the value of such property and also as to when it must be returned to its owner, he would fix the value at 1 penny and give the defendant six years in which to return the net or pay the penny. A man who dispenses law as Judge Steavenson did in this case, impartially and with an eye to the eternal fitness of things, should be Lord Chief Justice of England, and every sportsman in the realm should support him. I should not be surprised if brother Marston should make Judge Steavenson a guest of honor at the next dinner of the Fly-Fishers' Club in London.

Walton's Angler.

FOREST AND STREAM informed its readers only last week that at Sotheby's, in London, a copy of the first edition of Walton's "Compleat Angler" sold at auction for £415, or $2,075, and was knocked down to Mr. Pickering.

An enterprising daily newspaper in New York State must have seen a notice of the sale and judged it to be worthy of a leaded editorial notice, for it contained such a notice, giving the price for which the book sold as $525, and concludes: "It must be remembered, however, that the book contains the champion fish stories."

Great Scott! Izaak Walton's Angler contains the champion fish stories, in the sense that this writer intimates; it is enough to make one weep and gnash his teeth.

The paper from which I have quoted gives some attention to field sports, and in its news items was an account of a wild deer invading a small village in southern New York. It describes the passage of the deer through the town and how it finally disappeared by jumping over a fence, "leaving some of its silky hair on the top rail." The writer could not have meant that a deer really has silky hair; he was probably thinking of a dear mermaid jumping a fence and leaving her silky hair on the top rail, for mermaids do have silky hair, and they do jump fences, although Izaak Walton does not mention the fact in his Angler.

Newfound Lake and Its Trout.

The people about Newfound Lake, New Hampshire, are not—at least, some of them are not—entirely pleased at the manner in which the New Hampshire Fish Commissioners are conducting fishcultural operations at the lake, as I learn from letters and editorials in the Bristol *Enterprise*. The paper vouches for one Mr. E. T. Pike, who says of the lake trout in Newfound Lake: "There is no doubt in my mind that there would be to-day many more trout in our lake had the Commissioners not interfered with the natural order of things at all. Every fall previous to twelve years ago vast numbers of these fish were speared. Why, thirteen years ago this fall over 300 large trout were speared, to my positive knowledge. I saw one boat that contained seventy-two, another sixty, and there were several other boats that had ten or more each. Farmers and others used to salt down these fish by the barrel, and yet even such slaughter did not diminish the number seen each year on the spawning beds."

If I should write a statement of that sort for FOREST AND STREAM over my own name the editor not only would not print it, but he would go posthaste to the nearest court to make a motion to have me confined in an institution for the feeble-minded, and my twenty years' connection with this journal would come to an inglorious end at the drop of the hat; but there is nothing in the Boston papers to indicate that Mr. Pike has been confined in any sort of an institution since he informed a curious world that his head was of a peculiar shape, with unique trimmings. Mr. Pike should have lived before Jacobi, before Garlick, before the days of fish commissions and fishcultural associations, and if he could have convinced the fathers of fishculture that the surest way to keep up the supply of food fish was to slaughter them when they came onto these spawning beds to reproduce their kind, there would have been no experiments in artificial fish propagation.

There would have been no need of costly fish commissions if Mr. Pike's theory could be proved to be correct; for instead of a fish commission turning hundreds of thousands of young fish, artificially hatched, into a lake when the stock ran low, it would be a far better way, and a cheaper, to furnish the people with spears to kill the fish on their spawning beds before they deposit their eggs.

Mr. Pike and his statements would not be worth one dip of a pen into ink to reply to if he were not supported by Capt. W. A. Beckford, and Capt. Beckford's confirmation would not be worth the second dip of the pen if both were not supported by the editor of the paper in which their views are printed.

Read what Capt. Beckford says under the heading, "It is a Robbery:" "There is no doubt in my mind that the policy pursued by the Fish Commissioners during the last nine years has been of vast injury to the fishing interests of Newfound Lake. There used to be a vast number of fish speared every season on the spawning beds, but yet the natural hatching of the eggs in the lake kept the supply good. * * * Nine years ago the Fish Commissioners were attracted by the immense number of fish that could be taken from the spawning beds of this lake. They built a hatching house capable of holding at the most only 800,000 eggs. They captured the trout by the hundreds, took bushels of eggs from them and carried them all off to different parts of the State, except enough to fill the trays in our hatching house."

This is where the robbery comes in, that after the trays in the hatching house were full the balance of the eggs were taken elsewhere to be hatched. I imagine Capt. Beckford uses figurative expressions when he speaks of hundreds of trout and bushels of eggs, for one of the New Hampshire Fish Commissioners told me years ago that Newfound Lake had been speared almost to death, and it would require a long time to get the lake back to normal condition, so far as its trout were concerned, after the years of spearing, poaching and other outrages the lake had been subjected to. Are all the people so blind that they cannot see that they are now paying the penalty for the years of spearing that nearly destroyed the trout; that the best efforts of the Fish Commission cannot restore in half a dozen years what the people have been 100 years in exterminating? Seemingly there was no protest from the people when the robbery of the spawning beds of the fish was carried on year after year, but the moment intelligent fishculture comes to their aid to restock the despoiled waters with trout it is robbery to take any of the eggs or fry from the lake. The views of the two correspondents and of the editor regarding fishcultural methods show such an ignorance of the subject that they are not worth quoting at length, and one sample will do. The Commissioners are advised to keep the fry until they are large enough to take care of themselves, "because the cost of the tanks for this purpose would be but a trifle."

A good many years ago I spent some time in the West. It was during the building of the Union Pacific Railroad. Col. Harry Brownson, the general freight agent of the road, was visiting me in my tent in Wyoming Territory, and wished my striker to do some mending for him. The Colonel went into a tent store in Bryan to buy a paper of needles. The merchant recognized him as the man who was chief of the freight department of the road and charged him $1 for the paper of needles. The Colonel protested at the exorbitant charge, but when the man explained that it was not the cost of the needles, but the freight on the needles that made them so high, the Colonel paid the dollar without further murmur.

So with the matter of rearing fish; it is not the trifling cost of the tanks, but it is the cost of feeding and attendance that make yearling trout come so high; and in a State like New Hampshire, where the appropriations for fishculture are not as robust as elsewhere, the food question has to be considered; for, as I have remarked on several occasions, fish do not long thrive on a diet of pure air, even the pure air of New Hampshire.

This part of an editorial will probably appear to the uninformed like a true bill against the Commissioners, and it is really the only part of this indictment worth considering seriously after the admission that spearing of fish on the spawning beds has been a common practice for many years: "Many of our local fishermen are becoming aroused at what they call the bad management of the Fish Commissioners in regard to Newfound Lake. They claim that the policy which has prevailed for many years of stripping the fish of this lake of their eggs and carrying a large proportion of them to other lakes is ruining the fishing. That not only are vast quantities of the eggs carried away, but a too large proportion of the fry hatched at our hatching house is treated in the same way." I do not know what proportion of the eggs are returned to the lake in the shape of fry, but it is safe to say that the Commissioners return several hundred per cent. more than would result from the "natural order of things" mentioned by Mr. Pike. What per cent. of eggs result in fry from the natural order of things? Five per cent. would, in all probability, be a very large estimate. We do know that by count only two per cent. of salmon eggs were impregnated in one case of the natural order of things, and allowing for all casualties and fatalities between impregnation and the date of hatching, which may be 150 days, five per cent. is a liberal estimate. In the hatching house something over ninety per cent. of the eggs taken artificially produce healthy fry, and if the Commissioners return one-quarter of the fry to the lake it is a vast improvement on the natural order of things.

The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York has contracts with the owners of five private lakes. Three are in the Adirondacks, one is in the Catskills and one is on Long Island. Understand that these are absolutely private waters, where the fish can breed under the natural order of things and all the increase will belong to the owners of the lakes. In spite of this fact the owners enter into an agreement with the Commission by which it can send its men to these private waters and take the spawn from the trout. For this privilege the State in return agrees to hatch the eggs and restore a proportion of the fry to the lakes. In four instances the Commission must return to the lake one-fifth, or 20 per cent. of the fry; and in the fifth case the Commission must return one-sixth of the fry, keeping four-fifths and five-sixths respectively to be planted in the public waters of the State. The owners of the lakes are successful business men, so successful that they are able to own valuable trout lakes as private preserves, and it is not at all probable that they would voluntarily enter into an agreement with the State by which they would get the hot end of the deal. Being in a position to make their own terms, it is safe to assume that they consider 16⅔ per cent. and 20 per cent. respectively of the eggs returned as fry to their lakes a better arrangement for them than the natural order of things.

It is true that none of the gentlemen referred to permit their trout to be speared on the spawning beds, as they probably have not heard of this method of keeping up the stock. A gentleman in New Hampshire, not connected with the Fish Commission, writes me: "Have you read the ridiculous statement in a Bristol paper regarding Newfound Lake? The truth of the matter is that all the trout were speared out of the lake when the Commission took hold of it to restock it, and the complaints read to me like the wail of disappointed poachers who would like to return to their vomit again."

I wish to assure the gentleman that I have read the statement he refers to, as he will discover if he reads this note in FOREST AND STREAM.

New Book by Mr. Halford.

There will soon be issued a new book by Mr. F. M. Halford upon "Dry Fly Entomology," giving brief descriptions of leading types of natural insects serving as food for trout, with 100 best flies and manner of dressing them. There will be ten plates of flies, hand colored, and plates of insects. A. N. CHENEY.

NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION REPORT.

WE have received the first annual report of the New York Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests for the period from April 25, 1895, to the close of the fiscal year, Sept. 30, 1895. In the elaborate character of its preparation and the fairly sumptuous style in which it has been produced by engravers and printers, the volume differs from all other fishery reports we have had in this country. That which will attract most attention is the series of colored lithograph plates of fishes. Of these the report says:

"It would be worse than useless to attempt to portray any fish in colors, unless it were done with absolute fidelity in every detail. Mr. Sherman F. Denton, the artist of the United States Fish Commission, was engaged to make sixteen color drawings of fishes and game, and this he did so faithfully that they will serve to identify the originals of the drawings, for fin rays and scale formation are as faithfully represented as the external colors of the subjects. These color drawings have been reproduced so exactly that no colored figures of fishes in existence exceed them for truthfulness or beauty of execution. They are absolutely faithful reproductions, which can be said of no other work of this kind."

We need not add that because of these plates the volume is one which will be treasured by those who are so fortunate as to secure a copy, and we can do no better service to the reader than to hint that one will do well to make sure of his individual copy, provided he shall have the requisite influence to secure it. The time will be long before another opportunity will offer itself to secure such pictures of fishes without money and without price.

The subject matter of the report has to do with the customary business of the Commission. There are special reports relative to the purchase of lands, an account of fines and penalties, of net licenses, of the oyster franchises; with reports of the shellfish commissioners and of the superintendent of hatcheries. There are special papers on Food for Fishes, by A. N. Cheney; Muscalonge, Pike, Pickerel and Pike Perch, by Mr. Cheney; and on the Shad of the Hudson River, from the same pen. The Rainbow Trout is described by Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, the Brown Trout by Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the English *Fishing Gazette*, and the Quananiche by Mr. E T. D Chambers. Judge S H. Greene writes of the Chinese Pheasant, and Mr. Granville Hills has a paper on Summer Woodcock Shooting, to accompany reproductions of his photographs of a nesting woodcock which have already been noticed in our columns. One paper which is likely to have very marked interest at this juncture is an exhaustive Report on the Adirondack Deer by Superintendent of Forests William F. Fox.

New York Convention.

THE annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held in Syracuse, Thursday, Jan. 14. All clubs and associations are urged to send delegates, and to communicate at once with President Frank J. Amsden, Rochester.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston.
Feb. 22 to 25.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-first annual show, New York. James Mortimer, Supt., Hempstead, L. I.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 11.—Tupelo, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.
Sept. 6.—Morris, Man. Manitoba Field Trials Club's eleventh annual trials. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou, Man.
Nov. 8.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 15.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club annual trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

A REVIEW OF 1896.

THERE has been something of a depressed condition in the kennel world during the past year, though matters in a general way have been mending of late, and some special branches seemed to have suffered but little, if any, from dull times. The commercial features of the kennel world are in direct sympathy with general commercial prosperity or adversity. Dogs in a way are a luxury, a popular and wholesome luxury, one that appeals to the hearts of all whether they are rich or poor, haughty or humble, whatever may be their nation or clime; but when revenues are cut down economy is a necessity, and while people love dogs then none the less, a certain percentage is forced to forego the fancy for them.

Active sales at long prices are far less frequent now than they were a few years ago, though there is a healthy general interest, the tendency of prices being to a basis of real values, especially in respect to those given for pointers and setters whose ability and service for field work are considered.

For shooting dogs there has been a fairly good demand at fair prices, though much less than the excessively large prices of a few years ago, which no doubt did much to injure setter and pointer interests, since those inflated prices were within the reach of but relatively few sportsmen, and therefore they made ownership more exclusive. Such prices could have no healthy, permanent basis. They were of the boom order, sure to collapse. The big sums of money won a few years since at field trials by certain dogs did much to increase their value, for if a dog



HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND PINMONEY.

could win several hundred dollars or several thousand in a season it was plain that he was not to be sold for a song.

Prices are now measured more on a dog's field merit than on ability to campaign and win money, as the heavy purses put up by nearly all the clubs a few years ago are now of the things which have passed away.

Field trial interests are taking a turn for the better in every way, though there are some clubs which are not so well adjusted financially as we would like to see. However, by adjusting their finances according to their revenue, they can pull through. If a club spends more than its income, it is almost certain to have serious problems to consider sooner or later.

Field trial supporters seem to foster the trials now more on a basis of sport and less on a mercenary one than obtained when prices were so much higher. Such is a healthy sign. It denotes a return to practical worth instead of the excessive development of the few qualities which dominate in a half-hour's spin, and which will be so manipulated as to overshadow the work of a really meritorious dog, whose work is based on all-day standards.

The beagle trials also have been well sustained, though there has been some falling off in interest, probably temporary, as the genuine love of sport which their promoters and supporters display, and the wide scope of country North and South wherein the beagle may be used, and last, but not least, the high grade of sport which the musical little fellows provide, will insure that the beagle will not be neglected. His intrinsic merits are too well appreciated to be ignored.

His larger cousin, the foxhound, is developing a strong following; but unfortunately it is difficult to hold a trial where the conditions of weather and fox and grounds are in harmony for good tests, and at the best, owing to the very nature of a competition which is largely out of sight of the judges, there is much of haphazard in making decisions. As a sport it is steadily growing in favor.

The bench show interests have probably experienced the greater vicissitudes, quite a number losing financially on their ventures, though as some clubs disappear others appear, so that the value of the general whole remains fairly intact.

There seems to have been a severe frost in the challenge industry, which flourished so vigorously a short time since, owing perhaps to the fact that they were not challenges, but advertisements.

The Pacific coast is now enjoying practically the blessings of home rule in kennel matters, the A. K. C. is governing wisely, and on the whole there is a prospect of a better year on healthier and more permanent lines.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable*

THE IRISH SETTER AS A FIELD DOG, PAST AND PRESENT.—III.

LITTLE VALLEY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Queen Bee, the dam of Redfern, had quite a reputation as a field dog, and to her individual field quality I attribute most of Redfern's excellence. Probably no dog was ever heralded far and wide more than Sarsfield was, and probably no dog so little deserved it. As a field dog he never deserved any consideration. I saw him run at the trials, and a worse exhibition is rarely, if ever, seen. It will therefore be clear that the mating of Gypsey Maid with Redfern was one of individual quality rather than of blood lines. The results as portrayed in Nugget were an advance on either sire or dam. She had her dam's pluck and go, with more speed. And she had her sire's good nose, style and level head.

Redfern was sold by me to Mr. A. M. Valentine, Janesville, Wis. He has always been highly prized by his owner. Indeed he should be, as he is all any sportsman could desire as a field dog.

I have mentioned the fact of Redfern's gunshyness because the gunshy puppy is generally condemned by sportsmen who have had a limited experience with dogs. It has been my experience to have had a number of these dogs to deal with at various times. I have invariably found that dogs of this character were possessed with splendid capabilities.

Gunshyness is by no means the serious fault that it is claimed to be. It can be cured in the puppy in a short time by kindness and careful handling.

In 1890 the Irish Setter Club opened a special stake in connection with the Eastern Field Trials Club. The Irish setters were to compete in the regular stakes with the English setters and pointers. There were six or eight dogs entered for this special, the running of which afforded no little amusement to the spectators and opened the eyes of those who were handling the red dogs. I was handling in this stake the Irish setters Ready II. and William H. I had the misfortune to be down with William H. against the ultimate winner of the Derby, Tory Lieutenant. He was handled by that good handler and great wag, John White. Tory was a wide, fast ranger, and he distanced William early in the heat; in fact, the latter wasn't in the hunt at any time in the heat. White noticed my discouragement, I suppose, for he said in his droll way: "You look as if you'd like to go up in a balloon." That just about expressed my feelings, for I then and there determined to never run another dog in the trials that could not at least make a decent showing.

I was more fortunate with Ready II., as she was placed second in the special to Tillie Boru. The showing the red dogs made in the stake in comparison with the other setters revealed their weakness. I have always contended that the club at this time was on the right course, because owners and breeders would have a chance to compare their dogs in actual competition with other setters and pointers; they would then be able to discover their weak points and know better how to improve their dogs. To those of us who were there, all the weakness of the dog as herein pointed out was apparent. He had not the nose, speed and endurance to compete with the English setters and pointers. While this is true, it is no reason why breeders should give up trying to improve their dogs. English setters and pointers were not always up to the high standard of to-day. Their owners and breeders attend the trials in numbers, and by careful comparison of the work done select dogs to breed to and from, and are thus enabled to keep up the high class of their dogs. While I attended the Irish setter trials, which were inaugurated in the next year for Irish setters alone, only two or three owners and breeders of the dog put in an appearance. Of these not all had got rid of the color craze, but as these trials were for Irish setters only there was no chance for comparison, and much thereby in my opinion was lost. DR. H. B. ANDERSON.

Hurstbourne Zip and Pinmoney.

THE subjects of our half-page picture this week, Hurstbourne Zip and Pinmoney, by their excellent field trial performances are fresh in the memory of those who admire dogs for their capabilities in actual work, and their prowess in competition. Hurstbourne Zip distinguished himself last fall by winning three Derbys in succession, namely, that of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, run at Morris, Man.; that of the Continental Field Trials Club, run at Kennedy, Minn.; and that of the Eastern Field Trials Club, run at Newton, N. C., Pinmoney at the latter place running a very close second, and winning first the week following in the United States Field Trials Club's trials; running then more in the steady, mature manner of an aged dog and showing a very high class of work, sound in all details. The portraits are from the original painted from life by Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus, which is but a way of saying that they are admirably true and artistic.

Meet of the Dixie Red Fox Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The second annual meet of the Dixie Red Fox Club, held at Rowland, Ala., the week ending Dec. 19, was one of the most successful hound trials ever held in the United States. The attendance was large, and many of the prominent fox hunters of the country were present with their hounds.

For the most part the weather was bad, and conditions for fox hunting unfavorable; nevertheless there were several fine races, two red foxes holed and a bog fox caught by the puppies.

The Derby was for hounds under eighteen months of age at $2 50 each; 50 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, and 20 per cent. to third. There were fourteen entries, and the prizes were awarded to J. L. Green's Frank, A. L. Hennigan's Hoodoo, and J. W. Gilman's Flash, in the order named.

Hoodoo is a remarkable puppy when the fact of his being under twelve months of age is considered.

The stake for hounds of any age had twenty-one entries at $2 50 each; money divided as in the Derby.

Dr. I. F. Delaney's Captain Bankhead, J. W. Gilman's Tom, and J. L. Green's Grady received the awards.

At the annual meeting, held Wednesday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. C. Trigg, Glasgow, Ky.; First Vice-President, Wm. B. Hamilton, Columbus, Miss.; Second Vice-President, Malcolm Gilchrist, Courtland, Ala.; Secretary-Treasurer, Major Val Yound, Waverly, Miss.

Waverly, Miss., was selected for the next meeting place, and the time wss fixed between Oct. 15 and Nov. 25, the exact date to be arranged by the secretary so as not to conflict with that claimed by any other similar organization.

Among those notably present were: Dr. I. F. Delaney, Rowland, Ala.; Hon. R. H. Lowe and J. H. Wallace, Jr., Huntsville, Ala.; Mac Gilchrist, Garth Gilchrist and Mr. Sykes, Courtland, Ala.; Chas. B. Richardson, Nashville, Tenn.; Ivanhoe Spears, Ingrams Mills, Miss.; Capt. J. A. Turner, Ras Richardson and J. W. Tilman, Athens, Ala.; Col. Wm. B. Hamilton, Columbus, Miss.; Jackson Bros., J. L. Green and J. L. Ames, Tenn. H.

Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The M. K. and Pet Stock Association will hold a show the week following Chicago, March 17-20, on the plan of the Grand Rapids show. The ladies of Milwaukee will give the club their assistance, and the profits will go for charity. LOUIS STEFFIN, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

A bite and a sup is an index of as true hospitality at times as is a prince's entertainment, but a bite alone is as it may be. Under the caption "Three Hundred Dollars for a Dog Bite," the *Sun* has the following: "A jury in the City Court gave yesterday a verdict for $300 in favor of Abraham Margolien, a glazier, in a suit he brought against John W. Bosch to recover $2,000 for a dog bite. The plaintiff alleged that he went to the house of the defendant to put in some glass and was attacked by the dog. He called upon the defendant to call off the dog, and he says that the defendant said: 'Don't be afraid; the dog won't eat Yiddish meat.' The plaintiff testified that, relying on this statement, he entered the house of the defendant, whereupon the dog tore away the seat of his trousers and some of his flesh."

Of the advantages afforded to exhibitors through the kindness of the N. E. K. C. in offering special concessions in the use of its kennels, situated on the club's farm at Braintree, Mr. Allen Chamberlain, press agent of the club, writes as follows: "Dogs are here not only boarded, but trained for the field or house broken, and a competent veterinarian is within ready call in case of illness. The club makes a special point of preparing dogs for shows, not only its own, but for any in the circuit. This year the club will make special boarding rates for the interim between the Boston and New York shows for the accommodation of dogs from a distance which are going the round of the circuit, and will give all such dogs the benefit of the club's special car to New York, a feature which has proved very beneficial to those who have availed themselves of it for the past two years. Thus the scope of the club's usefulness has been greatly increased and its new departure is already being as fully appreciated by dog owners outside the club's membership as ever its shows were."

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

RIGHT OF CYCLISTS ON CABLE ROADS.

BY WM. GEO. OPPENHEIM, LL B. (NO. 70,835),

Member of the New York Bar.

A CASE of considerable interest and importance to bicyclists has just been decided by the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court of the First Department (New York city and county).

Mr. Justice Barrett, probably the most eminent, learned and logical member of the Division, which is composed of seven judges, has written an opinion reversing the decision of the trial court in the case of Rookes vs. The Houston Street & Pavonia Ferry R. R. Co., in which he holds that a cyclist on a cable car slot was lawfully thereon.

It is worthy of notice that all the other six members of the Appellate Division concur in his opinion.

From the law report of the case it appears that a young man was riding his bicycle on the slot of the cable car aforesaid; that at Nineteenth street (New York city), and without warning from the motorman or conductor of the cable car, which was approaching him rapidly from the rear, he was run down and thrown from his bicycle and severely injured.

The young man brought suit against the railroad company, and on the trial (which I reported about a year ago, animadverting on the injustice of the decision) his case was dismissed on the ground "that he was guilty of contributory negligence, as he was in a place of danger when the accident occurred."

The plaintiff, Rookes, admitted that he was familiar with the rumble made by the cable car, but that he was run down before he could change his position, and that no cable car bell was rung and no gong sounded before he was struck.

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court reversed the decision of the trial court and held that "under the laws of 1890, chapter 568, sections 162 and 163, Mr. Rookes was lawfully on the track; that he certainly had a right to expect the usual warning in the rear; that he was proceeding lawfully and with a justifiable sense of security; that no duty was imposed upon him to look back; that his primary duty was to look in front of him, to keep a good look all around, but that he could not ride upon his bicycle at all—certainly not with safety—and yet keep his head turned so as to observe what was going on behind."

Evidently Judge Barrett has a level head and does not look back.

The opinion concluded, "therefore the question of negligence or contributory negligence was one for the jury."

A new trial was ordered, and some questions of interest to bicyclists may hang thereon.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

GOOD ROADS LEGISLATION.

BICYCLE riders in New York are arranging for a concerted movement on the State Legislature this winter to obtain the passage or a good roads bill, and there is reason to believe they will succeed in their effort. The bill will be fathered by the State Division of the League of American Wheelmen, and its provisions are just now being debated upon.

In all probability the measure will resemble in a general way that which in Massachusetts has resulted so successfully. State aid will be called upon to lend financial and engineering assistance to the improvement of roads deemed worthy, and for which the county, the town or the resident taxpayers stand ready to contribute their share of the expense. It has been amply demonstrated that in most localities the farmers, alone and unaided, are utterly incapable of building good roads, as they lack both the means and skill to do so. An extended system of good roads cannot be obtained without State aid, and though the farmers benefit most directly by such aid, there is good reason for giving it, and the cost cannot be called an imposition upon other taxpayers.

As has been pointed out by Mr. Sterling Elliott, a farm may have around two sides of it a mile of road and be dear at $3,000, while a city block bounded by a few hundred feet of road may be worth a million. The owners of the city block are benefited by all good roads extending from that city, even to a distance of many miles. Likewise the residents of cities are vitally interested in what it costs to haul the food they eat. Consequently the little part they pay in the form of taxes for road improvement is amply returned to them, and the investment is one that benefits the urban and rural population alike.

Mr. John F. Brayer, of Rochester, has written an open letter on the subject of good roads legislation in which he sets forth some of the objects to be attained. In it the necessity of æsthetic considerations and the demands of posterity are pointed out. Mr. Brayer believes in making a finished job while we are about it, and in leaving to our children an inheritance that will be worth something and not constantly require expensive additions and outlay for reconstruction.

To attain this end he believes that a sufficient width should be allowed the roads selected for improvement to meet any future demands that may be made upon them, and that the possible beautifying of the road in time to come also be intelligently considered Comprehensive plans should be made and filed with the officers of the various counties or towns through which such roads pass, showing the proper grade, fence and walk lines, tree lines, etc., to which all future improvements may be made to conform.

Mr. Brayer points out that in most of the plans so far submitted reference is only made to the building of hard driveways 12 to 18ft wide for vehicles to pass over, and the necessary side ditches for drainage. No attention is paid to the width of the highway between fences, which is an extremely important consideration, and the æsthetic side of the question is never mentioned. Apparently only the present is considered, and the easiest way of obtaining a hard, practical driveway; entirely regardless of tree planting or other means of beautifying the road, or of the future demands for sidewalks or street car lines, telegraph, telephone or electric light wires, or conduits, gas and water mains or cycle paths.

As two main principles Mr. Brayer urges, first, that highways connecting important towns or leading to cities, or such as by reason of their importance the State is likely to help improve within the next ten years, should not be less than 100ft. between fence lines; and, secondly, that one of the State highway commissioners to be appointed in accord with the provisions of the bill be a landscape artist of acknowledged reputation.

The State should not lend its assistance toward improving any road unless it is wide enough between fences to accommodate the traffic of the future, and also capable of being made into a beautiful highway. To secure the first consideration, abutting land owners should dedicate sufficient land to give it the required width, with the assurance that the subsequent improvements would enhance the value of their property more than sufficiently to repay them.

"Before any work is done on any roadway, the commission should have a broad, comprehensive plan. They should designate the proper line for future tree planting and the proper distance apart. As it is now, trees belonging to adjacent farm owners are set at varying distances outside of the fence line—sometimes so close to the fence as to make it impossible for a person to pass between. Sometimes they are on the fence line, or inside of it, and sometimes encroaching on the driveway, making it almost impossible to lay out a path or sidewalk. If a line had been established long ago these people would perhaps have been glad to have planted their trees accordingly. Any one can observe how crooked, disjointed and cramped are the walks and paths at the outskirts of most cities and villages, caused by trying to avoid trees. The space set apart for trees should be sufficient to allow for their growth without encroaching on the walk or on car lines, as is often the case when the roots of trees have to be cut off in laying walks, or that people get jammed between cars and trees."

Where old trees are in the way new ones may be planted and allowed to grow till such time as it is considered desirable to remove the old ones, and all trees planted hereafter would of course correspond to the new tree lines.

So much for æsthetic considerations. On the side of utility Mr. Brayer points out our marvelous rate of development and rapid increase in population, and the certainty that territory adjacent to the main highways of the State will in time be much more densely populated than at present.

"In time there will be electric car lines on many country roads radiating out from important centers of population, and these should have ample room for double tracks and should have a separate place of their own, and not be built into the driveway.

"There should be ample room for a walk, and with the popularity of the bicycle as a means of locomotion is it too much to expect that in time we may have, in addition to a good roadway, a cycle path 6ft wide, and possibly one on each side of the road exclusively for cycles?

"The horse driveway, however good it may be, can never be an ideal roadway for cycles, with its mud and paste in wet weather, its ruts, its horse droppings, dust and loose stones, besides the danger of collision with horsed vehicles.

"It would be an advantage to horsemen if bicycles had a separate path. A cycle path can be cheaply constructed and maintained. There is practically no wear on it.

"It can be made to drain off quickly after a shower.

"It is always smooth, hard and clean.

"All of which cannot be said of the horse driveway.

"Hence there should be sufficient room for a future possible cycle path and perhaps one on each side of the road.

"Any road improvement will tend to draw people from the crowded cities into the country for residences, and the bicycle will have helped much to do this.

"In all of our large cities we are spending millions of money to obtain parks, breathing places for the people. The smaller cities and villages hope to have parks some time.

"The acquisition of the necessary land for these parks is generally so long delayed that it becomes expensive, and they have to be located at quite a disance from the center of population

"So much so that many of us rarely get to them and enjoy them.

"Parks are good, but our streets and highways must of necessity be all the park that many of us can get time to enjoy.

"Therefore let us beautify them when we have an opportunity to do so cheaply, and let us enjoy life and nature at all times—while at our work, while passing through our streets on business—and not be compelled to travel miles to our parks."

MODEL OF '97.

NINETY-SEVEN sees fewer radical changes in cycle construction than any previous year. In a general way it may be said that there are no distinguishing features in the new wheels to separate them from last year's models, and the attention of the manufacturers seems to have been confined to the perfection of minor details. On critical inspection it may be seen that the new models surpass their predecessors in mechanical detail and finish, but the improvements strike one as being finishing touches, a smoothing down and leisurely correction of slight faults that were passed over the previous year owing to the necessity of more important modifications rather than indications of material advance.

No doubt this condition of affairs is largely due to the fact that perfection has been nearly approximated along the present lines of bicycle manufacture. It is also in measure due to the unsettled condition of the trade, and the fear that consumption will not immediately catch up with production. No large outlays for improvements whose success is problematical will be made while manufacturers are uncertain of their market

One effect of the similarity of this year's models and last will probably be the hastening of a general reduction in the list prices of the highest grade bicycles. As soon as a new model is put upon the market the price of the previous year's stock is discounted, and this year it is likely that purchasers generally will not see enough difference in value to pay full price for the new models, with the result that the new models will remain unsold while the stock of '96 wheels lasts.

While the $100 list price for the highest grade bicycles has been maintained, a slight reduction in the price of medium and low grade machines has been made, and many manufacturers have added to their lists lower priced wheels than heretofore. Frequently these lower priced wheels are the standard wheels of last year, built from the same lines and of the same materials, so that for all intents and purposes the price of bicycles has been reduced and riders will this year have the benefit of better wheels than ever before at a moderate price.

An inference that seems warranted by this state of affairs is that the necessity of a $100 list price arises primarily from the changes expected each year, which involves considerable expenditures for royalties, tests and new machinery, and that where such changes are not demanded it is apparently possible to turn out the highest grade bicycles at a profit to be sold for much lower prices.

Cause for Depression.

"It always depresses me greatly to meet a bicycle scorcher."

"Why so?"

"I hate to see a man's legs work so much better than his brains"—*Chicago Record.*

Yachting.

AS WAS not unexpected, the proposal that the New York Y C. should depart from a long established precedent and inaugurate the work of forming a national association of yachtsmen has met with serious opposition from some of the older members of the club, and it is even yet a question whether the experiment will be put to a practical trial. Such opposition, while not unnatural, is we believe without good grounds, and based mainly on a failure to comprehend the existing situation in American yachting. The nature of the objections may be gathered from the following interview of the New York *Herald* with an anonymous member of the club:

"This league business is totally unnecessary. It cannot add to the prestige of the club, and may involve it in so many outside complications as to be both inconvenient and unpleasant. The N. Y. Y. C. has been able to care for itself in the past, and is likely to do so in the future. It has never in its regattas sought outside entries, nor do I believe it will care to do so. It has kept complete records of the country's yachting history, which have always been open to the inspection of properly accredited representatives of other clubs. It will not want to be governed by a committee the majority of whom are from clubs of much less strength, and whose boats are of the smaller size. It has a distinct antipathy to having its constitution tampered with, and for it to become a member of the proposed league there must be a change in that instrument. Most of the members appreciate that the difficulties to be overcome in forming such an association would be almost disheartening, but that might not be an insurmountable objection if the N. Y. Y. C. were to derive any special benefit from the proposed league."

This may all be very true; the New York Y. C. has a

prestige of its own that cannot be questioned, nor can it be usurped by any other club. It is the oldest, the largest, the richest and most prominent club in the western world. It numbers the first yachtsmen in the country among its members and the finest yachts of the world in its great fleet. It has the America's Cup, which it has successfully defended for many years, and without going into all the minute details of this defense, it may be said that its whole action in the last two races and the disputes which have attended them has increased rather than diminished its prestige. It is able to hold its own races without the aid of other clubs; it has a more than ample fund to draw on for prizes apart from the public spirit of such individual members as Mr. Ogden Goelet; and its annual cruise is one of the established fixtures of the season.

Conceding all this, there is still another side to the question: The past two seasons have witnessed a turning point in American yachting in the matter of racing legislation. In this particular branch of yachting the advance has been notably slow. When the battle of the types was first begun by the FOREST AND STREAM, with the aid of a few individual enthusiasts, the subjects of attack were not limited to design and construction alone, not even to the measurement rule, but the faults and errors of the then existing methods of racing were also included. In spite of the wonderful advances long since accomplished in design and construction, and the early introduction and general adoption of the Seawanhaka rule, but little was accomplished in the direction of uniform and improved racing management for many years The conflict of minor details of measurement, classification, allowance tables, entries, etc., was endured year after year, with no general effort for a change; the "time start," with intervals of sometimes as much as twenty minutes in which to cross the line after the starting gun, was rigorously adhered to by all but a small number of American clubs; owners were freely allowed to build at the bottom instead of the top of a class, or to slide about at will from one class to another.

The change that has been wrought in all of these matters has been so rapid as to be almost marvelous. It seems hardly more than yesterday that the FOREST AND STREAM was abused as an "anglomaniac" for advocating the building to the upper limits of a few common classes with no time allowance; the general use of the one-gun start; the filing of measurements before starting; the limiting of each yacht to one class; and other essentials of systematic racing. To-day there is in existence a strong union of the Boston clubs, another of the New York clubs; on the lakes the old L. Y. R. A., the pioneer in all of this work, promises to become the nucleus of an interlake association; and throughout the country yachtsmen are generally interested in the associated tasks of improving and unifying all racing regulations. Though the work as a whole is yet in its preliminary stages, and many serious obstacles to a national union must be encountered, sufficient progress has already been made to warrant the adage: "Well begun is half done."

Experience in the past has taught us the slow and discouraging steps through which every reform in yachting must come, and we are not prone to be too enthusiastic; but we have never felt more encouraged as to the future of American yachting than on this present New Year of 1897. The tendencies of the times are entirely in the direction of such harmonious and concerted action among the great body of American yacht clubs as must bring about good results immediately, so far as each separate locality is concerned, and also in good time lead to a national union of many, if not all, of the clubs.

It is stating the case entirely too mildly to say that this work has been done without the aid of the New York Y. C.; it is much more correct to say that it has been done in the face of opposition, positive, however carefully masked at times, from the club Again and again have steps toward united action on different matters been inaugurated by other of the larger clubs only to fail when submitted to the New York Y. C. for its coöperation. With all of its wealth and prestige, the club has made no yachting rules save those relating to the America's Cup; but it has taken from time to time the rules introduced and tested by one or the other of its younger fellows.

The new movement within the club is inaugurated by men who are in active touch with yachting and who are looking forward instead of backward. Whether they are one and all in hearty accord with the present trend of yachting is of no moment, but they probably appreciate the one vital fact that this movement, begun out of nothing and gathering force of itself, until in but two years it has resulted in a strong, progressive body that is even now the controlling factor in the yachting system of New York and the Sound, has come to stay; that work thus begun under unfavorable auspices, and drawing its strength from no one club, but from the many individual yachtsmen to whom it appeals, must succeed when many previous efforts in the same direction have failed. In this they are right; the Massachusetts Association and the Sound Union, each just beginning its third year, with no pretensions to either wealth or prestige, are already factors in the actual yacht racing of Massachusetts Bay and Long Island Sound that far outweigh any of the great yacht clubs

It is true that the New York Y. C. can go on without them in the future as it has done in the past; it needs no aid from them to maintain its large membership and its prestige, to obtain challenges for the America's Cup or to defend it; and the club may also be able to turn the tide of recent years and to bring back some of the old-time glory to its annual regatta and to infuse new life into its annual cruise.

Granted that in all of these points it can gain nothing from a part in a national association, it is quite as true on the other hand that its aid is by no means essential to the furtherance of the work now in hand. Even in the event of a triumph of the opposition and the failure of the new scheme, the various existing local associations will continue as before; and presumably with a proportionate growth. The immediate result which may be looked for is the control by the Association of the great bulk of building and racing; and a more distant but almost inevitable result is the union of the local associations in one national body; leaving to the New York Y. C. all that it now has, but taking from it much that it might have, and depriving it of all claims to preëminence in actual yacht racing and lawmaking.

While we do not believe that the present work will fail for lack in the future of a support that it has never had in the past, we at the same time recognize that the New York Y. C. is by its position the natural leader in a movement of this kind, and that nothing better can happen to American yachting than the realization by the club of this fact and of the opportunity now offered to it to take the lead. The scheme now under consideration, and which may do in a season more than may otherwise be achieved in ten years, is entirely too extensive to be carried through without the active aid of the New York and all the other large clubs. The preliminary work has already been done by various agents, it only remains for the New York Y. C. to step into the field plainly open to it and to lead the way. In doing this it need have no fear whatever of a loss of prestige through association with small clubs, or that the latter will in any way infringe on the rights of the New York Y. C. to manage its private affairs in its own way.

THE battle of the types on the lakes promises to be an interesting one, as the fin-keel has found many opponents there. Lake Ontario has already been the scene of a yachting conflict for some years, the shoal centerboard sloop once being supreme on the lake. What with importations from salt water and the local productions of the late Alexander Cuthbert, an expert in such craft, the centerboard type was strongly represented when the first narrow cutters, Verve I., Verve II and Cyprus, invaded its waters. Gradually the old sloops have disappeared, and the narrow cutters as well, to make way for the modern cutter of the Minerva type, a thoroughly wholesome craft in design and construction; fast enough to outsail anything of the old types, and in accommodation and general usefulness excellently adapted to the conditions of lake yachting.

This type, which has proved in every way satisfactory, is now threatened with extinction at the hands of the bulb-fin racing machine, of which at present there are hardly half a dozen of over 25ft. r l. on the entire chain of lakes The only claim that can be made for this type is that it gives a small increase of speed at a cost of a serious loss of accommodation, the yachts being somewhat faster in the comparatively few races sailed in a season, and practically useless for the large amount of cruising and general sailing which has up to this time been the custom of the Lake yachtsmen. While the harm resulting from the free introduction of the fin-keel will be very much more serious in the larger classes, the advocates of the type are all men interested only in the smaller boats. The so-called compromise at the recent meeting is simply an impossibility and cannot be allowed to stand; the question is one that must be decided positively in one way or another.

FROM first to last the conduct of the gentlemen who built and raced the successful Canada last summer must commend itself to experienced yachtsmen as eminently wise and sportsmanlike. In declining in the first instance to build a large fin-keel to meet the Chicago copy of Niagara, and in insisting on adhering to a smaller class, they were acting upon a long and intimate experience of lake yachting, the different members of the syndicate having between them owned and raced many of the best yachts on Lake Ontario, and having raced and cruised on all the lakes. Realizing fully the uselessness of yachts of extreme draft and limited accommodation, as well as the impossibility of building up a 55ft. class, they refused to build out of the largest existing class on the lake, the 42ft.; making an agreement to meet the larger yacht under certain conditions, which they fully lived up to.

Though in the 42ft. class, the yacht which Mr. Will Fife gave them for the Toledo race was of a very undesirable type, a semi-fin of extreme light construction, and by no means the yacht to promote yachting on the lakes. No one knew this more thoroughly than they at the end of last season; and they were certainly not so obtuse as to underestimate the fact that all the prizes in the 42ft. class for next season were theirs if they chose to race Canada again.

One result of their meeting with other lake yachtsmen was to convince them that the time had at last come for a successful effort, after many unsuccessful ones, for a union of all the clubs of the great lakes in one association, and before the season was fairly over they had taken the necessary steps toward the creation of such a union. Possessing the fastest yacht on the chain of lakes, their first effort was to bar her and others like her, in accordance with what they deemed to be the best interests of the sport under existing conditions. In accordance with this end, they have offered to withdraw Canada from all races, to sell her on salt water if possible, or if not, to keep her from the racing; to accept three, four or five times the regular allowance if she were still raced and her type prohibited, or to make any other concession necessary to bar the fin and semi-fin types in favor of the yacht of moderate section, such as Zelma and Yama.

In addition to this, the cup which Canada won being their personal property, they have been for some time discussing the best means to make it a permanent trophy for the Great Lakes, their intention being to donate it for that purpose. After giving their time freely through the spring and summer to the building and racing of the Canadian champion, they have been equally busy since the season closed in organizing the new Union, preparing rules, corresponding with other organizations, etc.

Except for the opposition of some of the Lake Michigan yachtsmen to the barring of fin-keels and professionals, all has gone well; the Union has been formed and its rules adopted, the Interlake Yachting Association of Lake Erie has indorsed both; the Royal Canadian Y. C., the largest on the lakes, has amended its rules to conform to those of the Union, and it was fully expected that the Lake Y. R. A. would do the same. At the very last moment all this work has been frustrated by two or three persons, one armed with a handful of proxies and casting a vote on each of them.

However serious the immediate results may be in delaying the joining of the Union by all the associations, and in the encouragement it gives to the advocates of the fin-keel and the opponents of Corinthian sailing, we have little fear that such a misuse of power and failure to recognize its responsibilities will do permanent harm to a good cause.

WITH the present issue the series of articles on Yacht Designing is resumed. We hope to continue it at regular intervals through the winter and spring.

YACHT DESIGNING.—XI.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 481, June 13.)

IN the preceding chapter the general principles of orthographic projection on three coördinate planes were described as applied to a simple rectangular solid. The application of these principles to the delineation of buildings, machinery, etc., is a comparatively simple matter; such objects usually possess numerous plane surfaces, with the bounding lines and angles sharply defined, and consequently readily projected on one or more of the coördinate planes.

In the case of a vessel, however, the problem is apt to be much more difficult, from the fact that we have to deal almost entirely with curved surfaces of the most complicated description, and with practically no plainly marked edges or angles, and not even one flat side as a basis for measurement. Especially is this true of the modern as distinguished from older yachts; the latter had certain plane surfaces and sharp lines about the keel, but the former, such as Defender, Gloriana, Minerva, Niagara, or even El Heirie, is bounded by but two curved surfaces—the two sides merged into one single surface by the continuous curve of the sections across the keel—and the deck. The only positive edge or line that such a body presents is the joining of the deck with the topsides of the hull.

In examining such an object with a view to its exact representation on paper, the novice, even though familiar with ordinary mechanical or architectural drawing, would be puzzled as to where to begin. Fortunately there is one step by which matters may be very much simplified at the out-set. In most structures it is necessary that the complete object should be represented, but in a vessel it is seldom necessary to draw more than one side, the other being precisely similar. The first process then will be to cut our vessel into two parts by a *vertical, longitudinal* plane through the center; in other words, supposing that we have the reduced model of the vessel, we will hold it vertical, in the exact position in which it should float, and pass it, in a direction from bow to stern, over a circular saw. We now have two halves, symmetrical, but reversed, one of which we may throw away entirely, confining all our operations to the other.

The question of which one to retain is commonly considered of no importance; but as we propose to start right from the very beginning a few words on this point are in order. It is usually a matter of chance or taste with a marine draftsman whether he discards the port or the starboard half; in other words, whether he represents a vessel with her bow to the right or to the left. In a general way, one method is as good as the other; but it is highly desirable

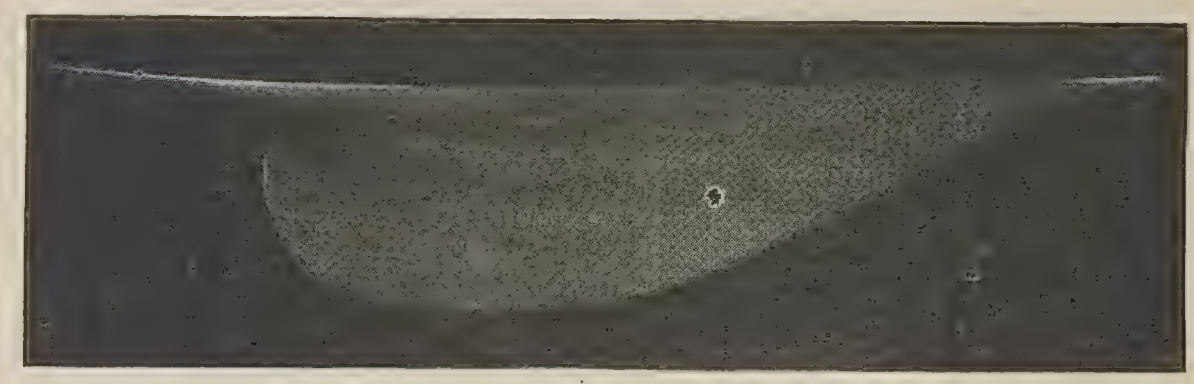


FIG. 20.

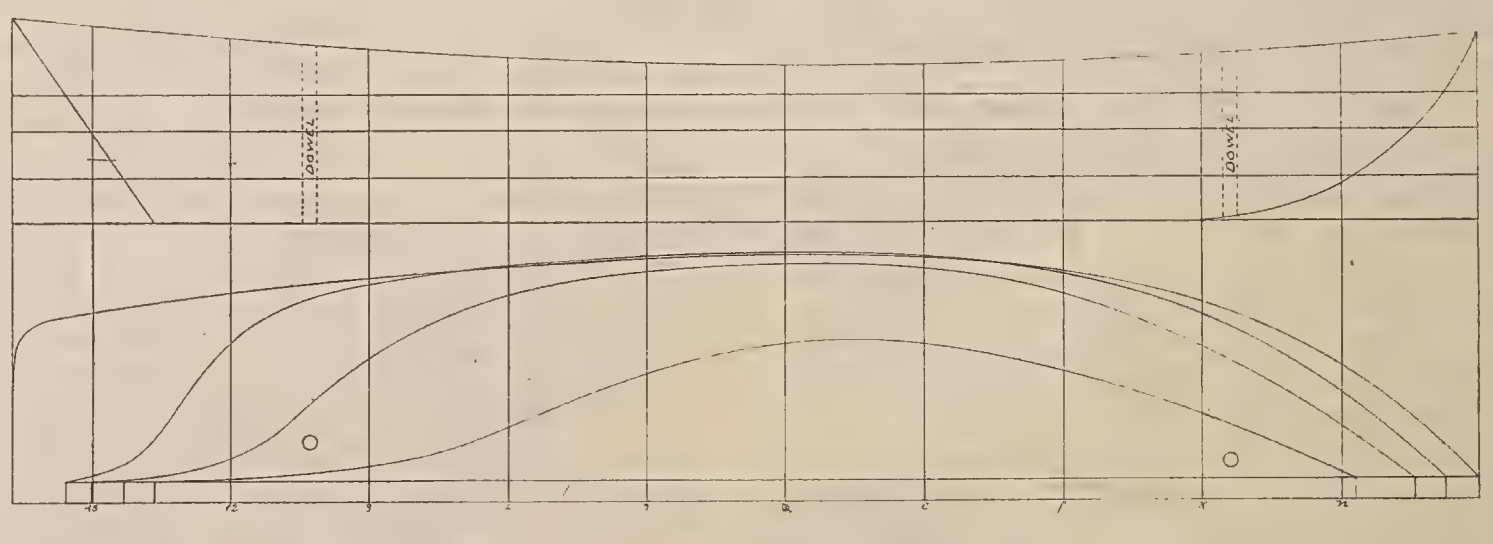


FIG. 21.

that certain conventional methods shall be followed in marine drafting as in all other branches of the art. As in all other handiwork, far better results are obtained by following some definite system of operation; and, what is of particular importance in marine drafting, if all designs are made after one general system, it is much easier to make those close comparisons between them which are the main basis of successful study and designing.

While all designers and naval architects work approximately in the same way, the usages and conventionalities are much less marked than in other similar professions, such as architecture and machine designing; and each marine draftsman is a law unto himself as to the innumerable details of his work. It has been for nearly fifteen years an important part of our work to prepare for publication in the FOREST AND STREAM designs derived from many different sources, the work of numerous draftsmen. The most striking point about the large collection of drawings that has thus passed through our hands is the entire absence of system, save in the few basic points that are absolutely incapable of variation, such as the use of the three planes of projection and the conventional "waterlines," "diagonals," etc., soon to be described. Failing to find in all of the works on designing and naval architecture any thoroughly systematic method of operation, we began some years since to plan out such a system, both for our personal use in the study of drafting and designing, and because it seemed in every way desirable that in presenting together a very large number of designs, as in the numerous volumes of the FOREST AND STREAM, all should be made after some one system. In the gradual evolution of such a system we have followed the established usages of draftsmen in general, endeavoring to combine them into a simple and definite system of working. Those who are familiar, as many are, with the long series of designs which has been such a feature of the FOREST AND STREAM since 1880 will recognize that of late years a marked uniformity of style has prevailed, with the result that the different designs are more closely related to each other, and more easily compared. While some designs come to us so cleverly executed that it would be but a waste of time to redraw them, the majority are entirely redrawn, with totally different arrangement of stations, level lines, etc.

Without claiming anything novel, radical, or indispensable for the methods followed in the course of these articles, we can at least present them as definite and systematic; and we would recommend to the beginner that he should follow them carefully until he finds good reason for abandoning them for others.

As the first step then, we will discard the port or left side of our imaginary model, retaining the starboard or right side as the object of our future operations and investigations. This will bring the bow to the right hand and the stern to the left, as in Fig. 20.

We know of no special reason why a drawing of a vessel should be made in this way rather than the reverse, as is very frequently done, but it is plain enough that all drawings should be alike in this respect. In our early experiences we began to draw hap-hazard, one design with bow to the right and another with bow to the left. The absurdity of this was readily apparent, and we soon drifted into the habit of drawing with the bow to the right, probably because this plan is the more common one. It is followed to day by most designers and draftsmen, though exceptions are by no means rare. In many cases designs for the FOREST AND STREAM, if on tracing cloth, are redrawn by turning the drawing face down and using a new piece of cloth over it for a new tracing, thus reversing the bow from left to right.

We will start then with our half model, as in Fig. 20, with the bow to the right. The operation of sawing the whole model in two has given us one flat side, which is a very great help. This side we can place directly against the back of the box described in the previous chapter. The first step which suggests itself is the tracing of the *side elevation* of the model on the back of the box, which is easily done by running a pencil around the outline of the stem, keel, rudder, counter and upper side. The next simple step is the projection of the greatest breadth of the model upon the bottom of the box, by placing a vertical straightedge, or a plumb line, alongside the deck line at the bow and marking where the foot touches the bottom of the box, then moving the straightedge along by small degrees and marking the foot at each point.

The next step is not so plain, we have but a smooth and irregular surface, of complicated curvature, and with no lines or edges that can be projected on either of the planes. The presentment of this surface in the picture, Fig. 13 and Fig. 20, is very pretty, but absolutely useless for purposes of accurate delineation or measurement, and something very different is necessary.

It is manifest that we can handle this surface both accurately and conveniently if we can mark on it a sufficient number of lines and draw them, each in its proper plane. The simplest way to do this is to saw up our model into a number of thin slabs or slices, tracing the largest edge of each slice in its correct position relative to the others. If we have a model made, as is sometimes the case, of a number of thin boards of the same thickness fastened together with screws or with wooden pins—*dowels*—we can take it apart and trace on the proper place the outline of each board—*lift*, as it is called; then we can reunite them and saw the model into other sections by a series of parallel cuts at right angles to the fore and aft line of the vessel. These sections may also be traced, giving projections of other curves of the surface on the ends of the box.

This process of a dissected model in many pieces is slow and cumbersome at best. It was, however, the only one in use by yacht builders in this country for very many years, and it is but a few years since it has disappeared entirely. The usual method was to get out from a dry pine board a sufficient number of *lifts* to make the required depth of the model, the top piece being thick enough to allow for the curve upward of the deck, the *sheer*. These pieces were fitted together and fastened with screws, or more frequently with wooden pins—*dowels* The solid block thus made was fashioned to the required shape with saw, spokeshave, chisels and gouges, being finally finished with sandpaper. The only guide to the correct shaping was the eye of the modeler. While the block was still in the square, vertical lines were drawn across the back, usually *scribed* in with the point of a knife, and after the upper side was shaped to the required sheer similar lines were scribed or drawn across the top. These lines were usually located where the frames of the vessel were to be, no special attention being paid to the number or lengths of the *intervals* or spaces between the lines, except as regards the proper distance for the frames.

After the model was thus completed, it was laid flat on a board or sheet of paper and the outline of the stem, keel, sternpost, counter and upper side were marked in, also the positions of the seams between the different lifts and of the vertical lines on the back. The model was then turned with the upper side down on the paper, being wedged if necessary until the waterlines were parallel with the paper, the back edge being parallel with the lines of the lifts in the first drawing; then the outline of the upper side was drawn in with a pencil held vertically. It frequently happened in the old vessels, with *tumble home* to the topsides, that the line thus drawn was not the outline of the deck, but the line of greatest breadth, at whatever height this might be on the various *stations*. After this the screws or dowels were removed, the lifts separated, and each in turn was laid on the paper, properly adjusted by the line at the back and the different verticals, and its outline drawn in. From the two drawings thus obtained, the side *elevation* and the *ground plan*, the third drawing, the *end elevation*, was easily obtained by methods shortly to be given.

While this was the usual method of *taking off the lines* from a model, it was not the only one. The edges of the lifts were not only easily damaged, but in some places they were reduced to the thinnest *feather-edge* that crumbled in the cutting and finishing and made a very rough and indefinite line when traced. A much handsomer and more durable model could be made by gluing the lifts permanently together at the outset, or even by cutting the entire model from a single block of pine. Such solid models were often made, the lines taken from them in this case being vertical, along the different *sections*, instead of horizontal, along the waterlines or edges of the lifts. This was done in several ways; sometimes a strip of lead was used, perhaps ⅛×¼in., this being pressed to fit the surface of the model at the required point and then transferred to the paper, a very unreliable and unsatisfactory method. Another way was to cut a light *saw kerf* into the model at each station, inserting a piece of cardboard and tracing the outline of the model on it, the cardboard being cut out to form a mould from which the section might be drawn on paper. After this was done at every station, the kerfs were filled with pieces of veneer, glued in, and the model smoothed and polished anew.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAKE YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.

Thirteenth Annual Meeting.

ROCHESTER, DEC. 19.

THE thirteenth annual meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association, of Lake Ontario, held on Dec. 19, at Rochester, N. Y., will long be remembered as the most tiresome and protracted meeting yet held, as well as a notable exception to all preceding meetings, which have uniformly been characterized by harmony and good feeling and unselfish work for the good of the Association. The Lake Y. R. A. since its foundation in 1884 has done in a quiet way, unknown to yachtsmen at a distance, a work of which its members may well be proud. At its birth yachting and yacht racing on Lake Ontario were in a most backward condition. There were a few clubs, most of them weak in numbers; a scattered fleet of yachts, all old boats and of varying sizes and types; no single locality boasted of a good rule, and no two localities had the same rule, the racing being of the most haphazard description. The lake itself is a large body of water, with ports few and far apart; comparatively few wealthy men were interested in yachting, and matters were complicated by the further obstacle of a divided nationality, part of the fleet sailing under the blue or red ensign and part under the Stars and Stripes. The organizers of the new venture established a wise and liberal policy, which has been maintained ever since, adopting modern rules and methods, but at the same time protecting as far as possible existing boats. The result has been that the odd sizes and types have dropped out by degrees as new boats came in to take their places, this change being made without giving serious offense to the owners of the old craft, and as for the new ones, they have been built to established rules and classes. As in the American Canoe Association, the Lake Y R. A has known no one nationality, but has gone on amicably under two flags. We fail to recall a single case in which what might be called international issues have arisen within its membership. Out of the score or more of similar organizations of yacht clubs started within the past fifteen years throughout the country, the Lake Y. R. A. is almost the only one that has survived the second or third season, and the only one that has shown a regular and constant growth.

Not being present at the meeting, we quote the following detailed report from the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle;* we believe that it is substantially correct.

It was 3:30 o'clock this morning when the delegates to the meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association concluded business. They had begun a little after 2 o'clock, first meeting at the Powers Hotel. They finished at the Rochester Y. C., where a banquet had been given them. They had met to accept or reject two clauses principally; all the other matter was of minor importance, and contained no radical change. The greatest of these two clauses was the one which required that the midship section of the yachts built in the future must have a coefficient of 35 per cent. The other was that the vessels should have their load waterline measured with crews aboard. The first one was not adopted, as it was formulated by the delegates who met at Buffalo a month or so ago to formulate rules which would be accepted by a Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, yet to be formed. The second was also amended somewhat.

The delegates gathered at the Powers Hotel, and from there adjourned to the Chamber of Commerce, where they were called to order by Æmilius Jarvis, president of the Lake Yacht Racing Association. J. E. Burroughs, vice-president, and E. H. Ambrose, secretary-treasurer, were also present. The clubs and the delegates representing them were:

Oswego Y. C.—R. A. Downey, com; John T. Mott, J. P. Doyle.

Rochester Y. C.—J. E. Burroughs, T. B. Pritchard, F. W. Bickford.

Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto—Geo. H. Gooderham, J. Carl Reed, A. Jarvis.

Royal Hamilton Y. C.—Frank Monck, E. H. Ambrose, J. H. Fernside.

Victoria Y. C., of Hamilton—George Webster, William Burnside, Geo. Allen.

Queen City Y. C., of Toronto—William Burnside, as proxy for Owain Martin and W. J. Foy.

E. C. Berriman, of Chicago, owner of Vencedor; and T. Sebastian Poekel, of Racine, Wis., designer of Vencedor, were present in an advisory capacity.

The new rules and by-laws which will take the place of the present constitution of the Lake Yacht Racing Association were discussed. There was no discussion of any importance until the question of measurement came up, and there the first hitch occurred. This section was presented as follows:

"Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing length, which shall be determined by adding to the load waterline length the square root of the sail area and dividing the sum by 2.

"The load waterline length shall be the distance in a straight line between the points furthest forward and furthest aft, where the hull, exclusive of the rudder stock, is intersected by the surface of the water, when the yacht is afloat in racing trim in smooth water, with all persons aboard when the measurement is being taken stationed amidships.

"All yachts shall be measured for load waterline length with the same number of persons on board as are allowed for crew in the yacht's class, and whose average weight shall not be less than 150lbs. each, or a dead weight placed on board equivalent thereto."

Here argument arose on the ground that modern vessels are buil so close to the waterline limit of their class when no one is aboard that the addition of the weight of their crews would put them at the bottom of the class above and out of the racing question.

Mr. Monck said that he believed that the Lake Yacht Racing Association should adopt the amended rules with as little change as possible, because this Association had made the initial move, and it would be well for the delegates to waive some points in order that the desired uniformity of rules on the Great Lakes be obtained. The only objection to this clause is that it would affect present boats, but it is the aim of these rules to promote the building of boats, and the present objection is but temporary, as in four years or even less there would be entirely new fleets built under uniform laws.

A couple of compromise resolutions were offered, but were lost on being put to ballot.

Mr. Burnside said that he did not consider that it was just to ask him to favor any such change of rule, and he would not favor it for all the clubs on the lakes. When he built his vessel he had thought the rule under which it was constructed would hold for several years,

Mr. Jarvis said that on the Sound and in England it is now the rule to measure with crews aboard, and that upon this point the Interlake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Erie had strongly insisted.

This resolution was not acted upon at the afternoon session, but was postponed until after the banquet, and it was not until after midnight that it came before the assembled delegates. All through the banquet this rule and the one bearing upon the midship section was the subject of considerable lobbying. The principal opponent to both sections was the Michigan Yachting Association, as represented by Commodore Berriman, who, although not a delegate to the meeting, yet has been appointed delegate to the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes when it takes place. According to him the changes proposed in measuring with crew aboard, and in requiring a 35 per cent. coefficient of the midship section of yachts, will not be accepted by the association he represents. It may be that this dissension will prevent the Michigan association from racing. The midship section rule referred to reads:

"The area of the midship section or largest vertical cross section of any yacht over 22 feet r. l. launched after November 7, 1896, when in racing trim shall not be less than 35 per cent. of the beam (at l. w. l.) multiplied by the extreme draft whenever found, exclusive of centerboard, if it be not a board weighted for ballast."

Mr. Gooderham said, as one of the owners of Canada, that he would not like to see other boats of her model, and would advocate that boats of Zelma type be built in future.

It was 12:15 A. M. before the business session adjourned from the afternoon was resumed. It was then seen that it was impossible to settle the above differences, and Mr. Monck moved that the meeting be adjourned, and that a committee be appointed to confer with the delegates of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, and that the election of officers be proceeded with. He said that the meeting would be a memorable one, and would go down in the history of the racing of the Great Lakes.

He considered that it was impossible to come to an agreement at the present time, that it would be a breach of faith to the delegates who met at the Buffalo meeting, where the rules under consideration were drawn up, to act hastily upon the matter.

Mr. Fernside said that it would not do to let the matter go over the meeting.

Mr. Burnside argued in favor of the skimming dish, fin-keel type. Then it was moved that this section be taken up.

On behalf of the owners of Canada, Mr. Gooderham said he would guarantee that Canada would not be put forward as a defender unless the challengers should be given the plan of her midship section as a model after which to build.

One after the other, amendment after amendment was lost. An amendment was finally put which looked as if it would settle matters, when it was discovered that Delegates Monck and Bickford had disappeared, and no search could discover them.

The meeting had failed to come to an agreement upon the proposed changes to the constitution after 3 o'clock this morning.

Then the meeting broke up for a time, while everybody did a little lobbying. Then Mr. Gooderham made a motion that boats of the 50ft. class take Zelma's midship section; the 42ft. class, Zelma's; the 37ft. class, Vivia's; the 32ft. class, Eva's; the 27ft. class, Hiawatha's; the 22ft class, Caruli's; up to which future boats must be built, Canada to be allowed in the 42ft. class, but to be taxed three times the time allowance of her class. This received no second. More lobbying. Messrs. Burnside and Fearnside wanted Canada's midship section adopted.

Then Mr. Gooderham moved that these boats be the representatives; Zelma, Canada, Vivia, Eva, Hiawatha, Caruli, in the respective classes. Mr. Fearnside said this suited him. It was what he wanted. "I have the courage of my convictions," he said. In making his motion Mr. Gooderham added: "And, gentlemen, there's not an American boat in the lot." Mr. Jarvis, who sailed Canada, Mr. Gooderham, one of the owners, and Mr. Ambrose said: "That kills the 42ft. class."

Then the question of measuring vessels with their crews aboard was taken up, and dropped like a hot potato. Then the question of whether a professional shall steer a boat of over 32ft. in length, was decided he could. Mr. Pritchard objected to the disbarment of a professional sailing his own boat, no matter what the length. Nothing official was done about his objection.

It was decided that existing boats be continued in their classes, although with crews aboard they may be forced over their class limit; otherwise boats must be measured with crews aboard.

J. E. Burroughs insisted that the delegates of the Rochester Y. C. be put on record as being against the decision to use the midship section of Canada as a model for boats built for the 42ft. class. The election of officers occurred some time as the eastern sky heralded the approach of the sun, and resulted as follows: Pres., E. H. Ambrose; Vice-Pres., T. B. Pritchard; Sec'y-Treas., Frank Gray; Ex. Com.: Rev. Dr. Whitcomb, Royal Hamilton Y. C.; Com. R. A. Downey, Oswego Y. C., and Com. Owain Martin, Queen City Y. C.

Mr. Pritchard said he thought that the best interests of the L. Y. R. A. required that the secretary-treasurer should be from Toronto or Hamilton, so as to be in closer communication with the president. Mr. Burroughs said that he knew Mr. Pritchard meant what he said. Mr. Gooderham stated that he knew Mr. Pritchard's attitude was correct, and he would resign as vice-president, and would nominate Mr. Pritchard for the office. Mr. Pritchard objected, but he was elected vice-president, and Frank Gray, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto, was elected secretary-treasurer.

A vote of thanks was tendered the Chamber of Commerce for the use of its rooms.

It was decided to apply for admission to the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes. Mr. Burroughs wanted Mr. Jarvis to act as a delegate to the meeting of the Union. Mr. Jarvis declined on the ground that he could not go to the meeting feeling as he did in regard to the adopted rules of the L. Y. R. A. It was carried that the three original delegates, Messrs. Ambrose, Jarvis and Burroughs, make up the committee.

It will be seen from the above that the battle of the fin-keel has broken out in earnest on Lake Ontario, with what result no one can yet foretell. Anyone acquainted with the *personnel* of the two parties to the controversy would most naturally suppose that the advocates of the fin-keel were the comparatively few wealthy owners who own such craft or are able to build and run them, and that the advocates of the yacht section, so to speak, were the men of more moderate means who desire to race in a yacht adapted to other uses of yachting. As it happens, this is very far from being the case; the proposal to prohibit the fin-keel on Lake Ontario comes from the owners of the only important yacht of the type on the Lake, the new Canada, men who are willing to set their personal interests aside and to bar their own yacht for what they consider the good of yachting. The opposition, on the other hand, is composed mainly of men who have no interest whatever in the larger classes, who do not propose to build in them, and whose objects, when we consider the external bearings of the question, are hard to fathom. The leader of the opposition is a part owner of the 27-footer Hiawatha, a new yacht last season, a skimming dish with a wooden fin, her dimensions being: Over all, 40ft.; l.w.l., 24ft; beam, 10ft; draft of hull, 2ft.; total draft, 7ft.; weight of bulb, 2,700lbs.; sail area, 950sq. ft By a peculiar and unusual rule, this gentleman was enabled to cast three votes, one for himself and two as proxy for absent delegates. With him was associated in the opposition to the proposed amendment the owner of a 22ft. boat designed by Dyer, with a loaded oak fin. The 27-footer would be affected by the proposed restriction in its original form, to include the 27ft.

class; the 22-footer would not, as no limitation to the midship section was proposed in this class. At the same time the owner of Hiawatha was not asked to make the same sacrifice of his yacht which Canada's owners were willing to make of her, and they offered to place the 27ft. class with the 22ft., with no penalty on the bulb-fin, provided the restriction were adopted in the larger classes.

These gentlemen were actively aided in the meeting by two strangers, the owner and designer of Vencedor, members of the Lake Michigan Association, but not of the L. Y. R. A., who made the long journey from Chicago to Rochester expressly to oppose the adoption of the limitation of the midship section, the measurement with crew on board, and the exclusion of professional helmsmen. By the courtesy of the meeting they were allowed to be present, and they were active in their efforts to oppose the will of the majority

Looking first at the domestic side of the dispute, as concerns the Lake Y. R. A. alone, the so-called compromise is a piece of botchwork that is in marked contrast to all previous legislation of the Association, and which cannot possibly stand. It is absurd, inconsistent and without reason. It recognizes one type here and another there at mere hazard, and is utterly useless as a guide in building. Taking the whole result of the meeting as a victory for the fin-keel, it means that such yachts as have been used in the past, yachts of adequate construction and accommodation for the rough service of the lake, must give place to the fin-keel machine that can pick her way from port to port in summer and win the prizes in ordinary weather, but which is lacking in all the essentials of a yacht.

The plea which is made elsewhere for the fin-keel—that all experiments in the direction of extreme speed are desirable as increasing the knowledge of the naval architect—does not hold in so isolated a locality as the Great Lakes; but with yachting yet in its infancy, they can well afford to leave expensive experiments to others, and to limit themselves to such yachts as, while fast, are still capable of other uses than match sailing. The conditions of yachting are more favorable on Ontario to-day than on any other of the lakes; but even there the existing classes are poorly built up, and there is the constant complaint of lack of entries. Given a few second-hand Herreshoff fin-keels on the lake, Drusilla in the 37ft. class and Dilemma in the 27ft., for instance, sweeping the classes for a single season, and every good boat must be shut out of the raci g. The men who are responsible for this condition of affairs do not propose to remedy its evil results by building fin-keels or semi-fin-keels to take the place of the outclassed yachts, their work is merely that of destruction and not construction.

The consequences outside the immediate limits of Ontario are quite as disastrous as at home. The effort to form a permanent union of all the lake clubs under rules that would promote yachting and yacht building had its origin with the members of the Royal Canadian Y. C. Through their exertions the recent conference at Buffalo became an accomplished fact; they made the original draft of the rules there adopted; they placed the subject before all the lake clubs, and they have labored to bring all together on a footing of equality. The one serious point in dispute—the limitation of the midship section—has been accepted by the Interlake Y. C , of Lake Erie, and the only question was whether the Vencedor interests would be powerful enough to induce the Michigan Association to reject it; that it would be refused on Lake Ontario was hardly a possible contingency, considering that its proposers represented almost the only vested interest involved in the barring of the fin-keel. Now their work is destroyed and their intentions discredited, not by strangers, but by their neighbors and associates.

It is quite evident that the Lake Y. R. A. cannot, in its present position, enter a conference of the different lake associations and oppose the introduction of the fin-keel; and the result of a general meeting will either be that the L. Y. R A. will itself be prevented from joining the new Union founded by its leading men, or the rules already adopted for the Union will have to be remodeled to suit it.

Our advice to the L. Y. R. A., first of all, is that it should at the earliest possible moment amend its rules in accordance with the usage in most similar bodies, giving no delegate more than one vote, either personally or as a proxy. In the present case, a majority of two-thirds being necessary to the adoption of an amendment to the racing rules, the vote at one time stood 11 for the restriction of the midship section to 7 against it, one delegate with his two proxies, representing the two smallest and least important clubs on the lake, controlling the entire meeting. It is the business of a delegate to attend such a meeting, especially where questions are to come up in which he or his club are interested. If he cannot attend, he should have the privilege (or his club should) of naming a proxy to represent him; but it is unfair to all the other delegates when one individual can come to a meeting with a proxy in every pocket and a vote for each one. We cannot say in the present case how the absent delegates might have voted if present after taking a personal part in the discussion and hearing the other side; but we can state from our own knowledge that at least one of those whose rights and responsibilities were thus turned over bodily to another was so completely in ignorance of the full facts of the case as to be in no way competent to form a judgment on them.

The result of the meeting is likely to do considerable harm, for a time, both to the new Union and to Lake Ontario itself, but we hope that those who have worked thus far for better things will be in no way discouraged by this regrettable occurrence.

The Yacht Racing League.

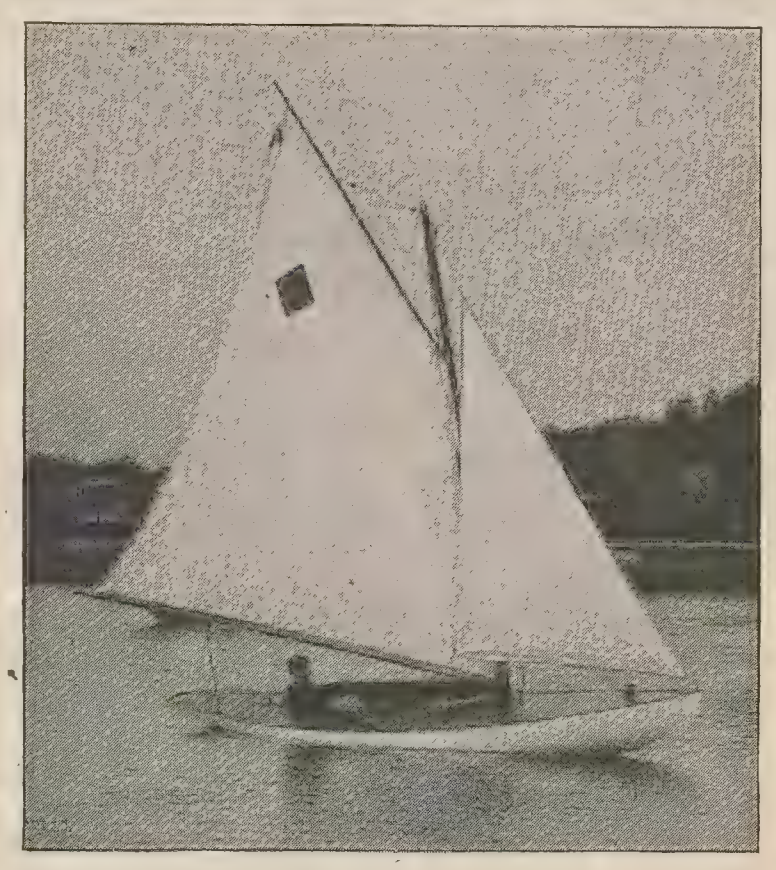
THE special meeting of the New York Y. C., called to consider the proposal for the formation of a yacht racing league of all American clubs, was held on Dec. 22 at the club house, Com. Brown presiding. The scheme for the proposed union was explained in detail by J. F. Lovejoy, with whom it originated The proposal brought out out a good deal of discussion and no small amount of opposition. The original motion, for immediate action, was so strongly opposed that the following compromise was finally offered and passed:

Resolved, That a committee of seven, one of whom shall be the Commodore, be appointed by the chairman for the purpose of considering the advisability of organizing a Yacht Racing League, the object of which league shall be to establish uniform coöperation on measurement, classification and racing rules, the promotion of yacht building, the encouragement and development of the sport, and the preservation of yachting history and racing records, and that said committee report back to the club at a special meeting to be called for the purpose.

The following committee has been since appointed by Com. Brown: Com. E. M. Brown, James D. Smith, S. Nicholson Kane, E. D. Morgan, Rear-Com. L. C. Ledyard, C. Oliver Iselin and Clarence Postley.

The Cohasset 15-Footers.

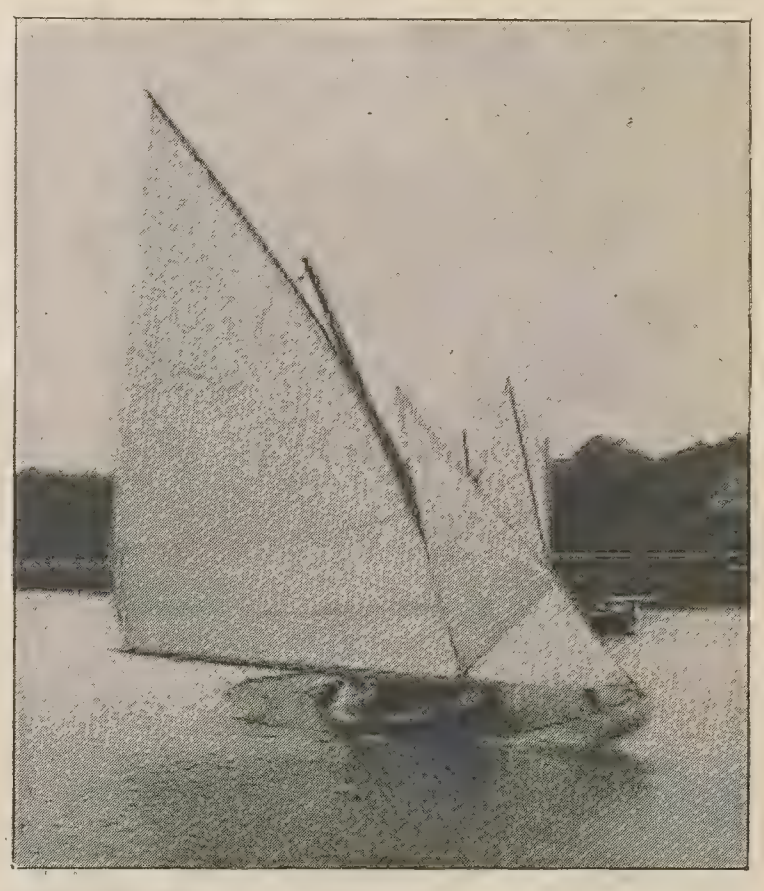
THE accompanying photos show two of the Cohasset class of "one-design" 15 footers built from the lines of Scarecrow, as published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 27, 1894. We have previously published a very full account of the



BLINK.

Cohasset 15-footers designed by W. P. Stephens. From photos by N. L. Stebbins.

performances of the class, by W. E. Robinson, of the Boston *Globe*. While the boats were not much liked at the outset, they have shown so many good qualities during the season that they have become very popular. The class has made



HONEY.

good racing about Cohasset. The fins were fitted to lift, as the mooring ground is bare at low water. All of the boats were originally rigged like Blink; the rig of Honey was put on as an experiment. The builder, Mr. McIntyre, turned out an excellent little fleet at a very reasonable cost.

Elections of Officers.

Harlem Y. C.—Com., Daniel Ryan; Vice-Com., John Kipp; Rear-Com., Henry Hanlein; Fleet Capt., Arthur Hochstetter; Treas., Charles Hutchinson; Financial Sec'y, John Traugott; Recording Sec'y, H. L. Fuller; Corresponding Sec'y, F. H. Davis; Measurer, W. D. S. Heyer; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. H. M. Cox; Steward, M. L. Goetze; Board of Directors: James F. Lalor, John Wimmer, B. F. Meyer, E. F. Delevante.

Knickerbocker Y. C.—Com., J. D. Billiard, Jr., slp. Tempus; Vice-Com., John F. Phillips, schr. Southern Cross; Rear Com., Stephen H. Mason, Jr., slp. Moccasin; Treas., Geo. H. Cooper; Sec'y, J. O. Sinkinson; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. E. Ringer; Fleet Chaplain, Rev. William Everett Johnson; Board of Directors: Edwin G. Davis, H Stephenson, E. Eberspacher, C Schlesinger and O. D. Dike.

Harvard Y. C.—Com., A. B. Emmons, '98; Vice-Com., G. H. Scull, '98; Rear-Com., C. C. Stillman, '98: Sec'y-Treas., J. A. Burnham, '99; Election Committee: J. A. Burnham, '99; H. Sampson, '99; E. A. Boardman, '99; Regatta Committee: A. H. Higginson, '98; E. Wadsworth, '98; H. D. Prescott, '98.

Hempstead Y. C.—Com., Charles H. Southard, of Baldwins; Vice-Com., John H. Carl, of Milburn; Rear-Com., Floyd Weeks, Hempstead; Meas., Thomas D. Smith, Bellmore; Sec'y, I. W. Williams, Treas., Frank Place, of Hempstead. Board of Governors: C. H. Southard, Baldwins; Frank Place, Hempstead; J. H. Carl, Milburn; Floyd Weekes, Hempstead; Thomas D. Smith, Bellmore; I. W. Williams, Hempstead; Thomas Martin, Brooklyn; Seaman L. Pettit, William E. Clowes, Bergen R. Carman, Hempstead. Regatta Committee: J. Wheeler Glover, Baldwins; Samuel R. Smith, Freeport; L. W. Williams, Hempstead.

Village Y. C., Boston.—Com., C. O'Connor; Vice-Com., C. Diedrichs; Fleet Capt, W. I. Hartley; Sec'y, T. F. Buckley; Treas., A. J. Pabst; Sergt.-at-Arms, A. Leach.

St. Louis (Mo.) Y. C.—Com., E. A. Shay; Vice-Com., C. F. Mulkey; Rear-Com., F. H. Medart; Sec'y, O. B. Plass; Treas., E. Will Thompson; Fleet Capts., sailing, George D. Woodward; power, John B Retallack; Fleet Surgeon, George W. Kale, M.D.; Official Measurer, James F. Jones.

Tappan Zee Y. C.—Com., O. C. Pickney; Vice-Com., N. Bolet; Sec'y, H. Sturdevant; Treas., Major Hinton.

Montreal Model Y. C.—Capt., H. E. Codd; Mate, J. Fotheringham; Purser, George A. Moore; Committee, J. Keyworth, J. Moore, E. D. McGuire, R. Dease.

Maple Leaf Y. C., Toronto.—Com., J. Lee; Vice-Com., W. Delaney; Capt., C. Burley; Hon. Sec'y, J. McLellan; Hon. Treas., J. Lang; Hon. Meas., W. Ramsey; Ass't Meas., M. Green. Executive Committee: J. Lee, W. Delaney, C. Barley, M. Crosbie, G. Crute, J. Virgin. Sailing Committee: C. Burley, W. Ramsey, M. Green, T. Delaney, E. Wickleson. House Committee: J. Clark, A. Johnson, J. McLellan.

Huntington Y. C.—Com., A. W. Palmer; Vice-Com., J. Woolsey Shepard; Treas., O. W. Ingersoll; Sec'y, Daniel S. Wood; Trustees, for three years, the Rev. Thomas McKee Brown and David A. Storer; Trustees, for one year, George R. Rogers and Charles A. Klots. The amendment to the constitution providing for a vice-commodore was carried, and ex-Com. H. H. Gordon was unanimously elected to the position.

Long Island Y. C.—Com., Joseph N. Goldbacher; Vice-Com., Chas. Hagen; Rear-Com., Theodore Meyer; Rec. Sec'y, Wm. B. Richards; Cor. Sec'y, Charles Williams.

Pavonia Y. C.—Com., D. W. Kahn; Vice-Com., James Johnston; Fleet Capt., G. T. Smith; Meas., A. P. Curtiss; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. L. Bauman; Cor. Sec'y, W. A. Miller; Fin. Sec'y, W. F. Tobin; Treas., B. H. McClain: Trustees: W. J. Kent, F. G. Agens, S. Morris, E. J. Smith and T. J. Roach; House Committee: J. A. Denin, L. Mitteisdorf, J. G. Benta, J. F. Clark and W. Willis; Anchorage Committee: A. F. Roe, A. J. Kreymeyer and J. W. Strober; Delegates to New York Y. R. A.: James Johnston, A. J. Kreymeyer and H. Heidelberger.

Douglaston Y. C.—Com., Hazen L. Hoyt; Vice-Com., Clay M. Greene; Rear-Com., F. R. Parsons; Sec'y, George H. Petit; and Treas., John A. Cartledge.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

H. M. S. Virago, the fourth of the 30 knot torpedo boat destroyers building for the Admiralty by Messrs. Laird Brothers, Birkenhead, has had a full power preliminary run, with Admiralty officials on board, prior to her official trials. As it was the first time the vessel had been run at full speed, the results, both as regards evenness and speed, reflect great credit on the builders. The following are the particulars of the six runs on the mile at Skelmorlie:

Steam.	Lbs.	Time on Mile. Min. Sec.	Speed. Knots.
First mile	215	1 59½	30.120
Second mile	215	1 57	30.770
Third mile	215	1 59½	30.120
Fourth mile	216	1 56½	30.890
Fifth mile	218	1 58½	30.380
Sixth mile	218	1 58	30.510

The mean steam was 216lbs. and the mean speed 30 503 knots. Mr. Welsh and Mr. Ball attended on behalf of the constructive branch of the Admiralty, and Mr R. Ratsey Bevis and Mr. J. W. P. Laird of the contractors. The vessel subsequently completed the anchor trials satisfactorily at the Tail of the Bank.

The torpedo boat destroyer Furor, lately launched by Messrs. James and George Thomson, Limited, Clydebank, for the Spanish Government, has completed her trials on the Clyde. The mean speed on a three hours' run was 28.25 knots, or a quarter of a knot in excess of the guarantee. During the trial the Furor had the full load of seventy-five tons on board, which is considerably greater than the load carried by the destroyers of the British and other Governments. His Excellency, Com. Cámara, chief of the Spanish Royal Naval Commission in London, and a staff of assistants were on board representing the Spanish Government.—*Engineering*.

After the mess dinner of Dec. 19 the members of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. to the number of about forty spent the evening in an informal discussion of the subject of clouds, fog and moisture On Saturday evening, Jan. 9, the topic will be "Ship Hygiene," with a paper by Dr. Frederic E. Sondern. In consequence of the holiday interruption, the "Talk" announced for Dec. 26 was postponed to Jan. 16. Topic, "Winds, their cause, various kinds, density, effects, how to interpret changes in, etc."

The annual meeting of the Rochester Y. C. resulted in the following officers being elected: Com., A. G. Wright; Vice-Com., Dr. J. W. Herriman; Fleet Capt., Edward Schirck; Rec. Sec'y, F. T Christy; Cor. Sec'y, E. B Leary; Treas., George H. Clark; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Sumner Hayward; Meas., W. H. Pillow, Jr.; Directors—J. S. Todd, Dr. W. J. Herriman, J. W. Robbins, A. T. Hagen; Delegates to Lake Yacht Racing Association—Dr. W. J. Herriman, J E. Burroughs, Dr. C. H. Nicholson.

The following record of races and prizes for the year was read:

May 30—Class A, Cinderella, flag. First class, Iris $15; Nox $10, Magel $8, Amelia $5. Second class, Zanita $10

June 24—First class, Iris $15, Facile $10, Weno $5. Second class, Nydia $12, Nixyi $8, Zanita $4. Third class, Priscilla $10, Chic $7, Zenobia $5, Viola $8.

July 18—First class, Nox $13. Second class, Priscilla $10, Zenobia $7, Quella $5.

July 30—First class, Iris $15. Second class, Zamba $12, Nixyi $8. Third class, Chic $10, Zenobia $7.

Aug. 8—First class, Undecided $13. Second class, Nydia $12, Nixyi $8, Zanita $4. Third class, Priscilla $10, Zenobia $7, Chic $5.

Aug. 27 First class, Facile $13 60, Kelpie $8 60, Iris $3 60. Second class, Nydia $12, Zanita $8, Althea $4. Third class, Zenobia $10.

The total amount of prize money awarded was $358; saved by not filling, $53; extra awards, $53.

The prize flags were presented together with the prize money; the colors for the prizes were as follows: Yellow, first; red, second; blue, third; white, fourth.

Sapphire II., steam yacht, originally Cleopatra, has again been renamed, and is now Penelope. This last change has been made by her new owner, H. E. Converse, of Boston, who recently purchased her from A. L. Barbour, giving the steam yacht Calypso in part payment.

Nourmahal, steam yacht, J J. Astor, is refitting at the Erie Basin and will start this month on a cruise to Buenos Ayres with Mr. and Mrs. Astor and a party of friends. The yacht's bridge has been enlarged and a number of alterations made.

May, steam yacht, Mrs. Sarah Drexel Fell, arrived at Malta on Dec. 11 from Tunis, and sailed next day for Alexandria.

Columbia, steam yacht, J. H. Ladew, arrived at Nassau on Dec. 11 and sailed for San Domingo on Dec. 16.

The nominations for the annual meeting of the Atlantic Y. C., on Feb. 8, are as follows: Com., George J. Gould, steam yacht Atalanta and cutter Vigilant; Vice-Com., Frederick T. Adams, schr. Sachem; Rear-Com, Benjamin M. Whitlock, schr. Hildegarde; Sec'y, David E. Austin; Treas., George H. Church; Meas., George Hill; Trustees, J. Rogers Maxwell, Philip G. Sanford, Alexander P. Ketchum, Newbury D. Lawton, Thomas L. Watson and Henry B. Howell; Membership Committee, Louis F. Jackson, Spencer Swain and Henry W. Banks, Jr.; Regatta Committee, Newbury D. Lawton, David E. Austin and George W. McNulty.

It is now announced that the Prince of Wales and Mr. A. Barclay Walker have reconsidered their determination to omit the Mediterranean races this year, and that both Britannia and Ailsa will fit out soon for the voyage. Mr. Walker has presented the Club Nautique de Nice with 1,000 francs for the international regatta, which will take place on March 12 next. A number of small yachts, including Sampshire, will be sent out from England.

The following nominations have been made for officers of the New York Y. C.: Com., J. Pierpont Morgan, steam yacht Corsair; Vice-Com., Lewis Cass Ledyard, schr. Montauk; Rear-Com., Perry Belmont, steam yacht Satanella; Sec'y, J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch, M D.; Regatta Committee—Theodore C. Zerega, Dr. J. C. Barron and Dr. W. Barton Hopkins. House Committee—Edward E. Chase, J. V. S. Oddie, C. Alfred Grymes, Frank M. Cronise and William L. Stow.

Arcturus, steam yacht, Rutherford Stuyvesant, has been at Fay's yard, Southampton, for alterations, being converted from a three-masted schooner to a two master. She is now fitting out.

The Almy boiler has recently been the subject of a series of exhaustive tests as to its evaporative powers by George H. Barrus, the Boston expert. The result is summed up as follows in the report of Mr. Barrus: "In point of economy the boiler compares favorably with the best types. An evaporation of 11.922lbs. of water per pound of combustible, which was obtained in the test of November 2, is rarely exceeded by any form of hand-fired water tube boiler, whatever its size. One of the noticeable features in the operation of the boiler was the dryness of the steam exhibited on all the tests. Even with conditions of forced blast, when over 7lbs. of water was evaporated per square foot of surface per hour, the moisture was less than 1 per cent. The heat balance given in table No. 2 shows that practically all of the heat units available in the coal were accounted for, either in useful evaporation, or in chimney and other wastes."

Varuna, steam yacht, Eugene Higgins, reached Bermuda on Dec. 16 after an exceptional passage of 48h. 10m. from New York, sailing from there for Madeira.

Mr. N. L. Stebbins, of Boston, has just issued another of his interesting yacht books, the "Yachtsman's Album," with heliotype portraits of 240 yachts of all classes. The book is a complete list of the more notable American yachts, from the 15-footers upward, the portraits being supplemented by the dimensions, list of owners, de-

signers, etc. Through it the yachtsman may post himself thoroughly concerning the many yachts known to him by reputation, but not by sight. The Boston knockabouts are very fully represented.

Canoeing.

Brooklyn C. C.

THE annual meeting of the Brooklyn C. C. was held at the residence of Percy F. Hogan, No. 202 Jefferson street, on Dec. 8 There was a full and enthusiastic attendance. The reports of the officers and committees showed the financial condition to be good and the club property ample for the members and in good repair. The regatta committee reported the holding of five sailing, five paddling, four tandem paddling races and a combined sailing race during the season. F. L. Dunnell won the all-round record trophy cup and gold bar, R. J. Wilkin the second prize and silver bar, and James F Eastmond the third prize and bronze bar. F. L. Dunnell won the Budington sailing trophy twice and now holds it, and R J Wilkin the Rudd paddling trophy. The average number of starters was four in each race. The election of officers resulted in the selection of the following: Com., M. V. Brokaw; Vice-Com., M. M Davis (re-eleted); Purser, F. L. Dunnell; Meas., W. N. Stanley, and member of Board of Trustees, W. McK Miller, in place of R. J. Wilkin; Regatta Committee, R. J. Wilkin, W. McK. Miller and Paul E. Vernon; House Committee, P. F. Hogan, D. A. Nash and J. F. Eastmond. The annual dinner of the club will be held at Rolfe's, in John street, New York, on Jan. 12, 1897.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O, Dec. 13.—The members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association were out in force to-day. Captain Gindele spoiled one excellent chance for making 96 by putting in a 6 instead of a 10; this is but a sample of the ups and downs of riflemen when at the score. Conditions were as usual: 200yds., off-hand, standard target, 7-ring black. Scores:

Gindele.																					
10	9	9	10	10	8	10	10	6	10—92		9	8	9	9	8	10	7	10	7	9—86
10	8	6	9	10	9	10	9	10	8—89		9	9	8	8	10	9	9	6	9	9	86
Payne.																					
8	8	7	8	7	9	9	10	10	9—85		9	9	7	9	9	9	6	8	10	7—82	
9	7	9	7	7	6	10	9	7	10—81		7	8	7	10	6	7	9	10	9	6—79	
Trounstein.																					
10	6	9	6	7	8	6	9	9	9—79		7	9	6	8	6	7	10	7	10	7—77	
3	9	9	4	9	8	4	6	7	6—65		8	6	8	4	2	6	10	8	5	6—63	
Heidkamp.																					
5	8	6	5	8	8	5	7	7	8—67		5	8	6	8	7	7	3	5	9	8—66	
7	5	9	9	2	1	5	8	9	5—61		5	10	5	6	8	6	3	3	9	5—60	
Roberts.																					
8	6	7	6	7	10	10	8	9	7—78		9	8	5	9	6	7	10	9	5	10—78	
8	6	7	8	6	8	7	7	9	5—77		8	9	6	10	7	6	8	8	6	8—76	
Topf.																					
5	7	9	3	6	7	5	5	5	7—59		7	3	4	4	3	9	9	8	4	8—59	
7	4	5	5	4	4	7	7	7	4—56		6	3	6	5	8	5	7	7	5	7—55	
Weinheimer.																					
8	7	8	6	8	6	9	10	6	7—75		9	3	8	9	7	8	6	5	7	10—72	
9	10	7	7	7	6	8	5	6	6—71		8	10	7	5	8	5	7	5	8	8—71	
A. Lux.																					
7	9	5	7	5	7	4	5	7	10—66		7	8	8	7	3	8	6	3	8	8—66	
6	5	10	7	6	9	6	6	5	5—65		5	10	5	6	9	4	7	2	7	5—60	
Strickmeier.																					
9	6	10	5	7	6	10	7	6	6—72		9	8	6	8	8	6	5	5	8	8—71	
10	8	6	8	4	9	1	8	6	9—69		8	8	6	9	7	6	9	4	7	5—69	
Drube.																					
9	10	8	7	8	8	6	9	6	10—81		5	6	6	9	10	8	8	7	9	9—77	
9	8	8	9	6	8	6	6	10	7—77		9	6	10	5	6	6	9	6	7	8—72	

Calumet Heights Riflemen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 19.—The rifle shooting members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club shot to day under conditions of weather favorable for good scores: clear atmosphere, with only a slight wind. Under such conditions Dr. J. O. Hobbs made the excellent total of 48 out of a possible 50, making a new record for the 200yds. range of this club. Scores:

200yds., off-hand, standard oval army target, 10 shots:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Dr J O Hobbs	4543544455—43	5544555555—48
Dr C L Hobbs	4344444554—41	3554443454—41
G W Spalding	2454444445—40	4434443454—38
S L Erwin	3333344434—34	.....

PATTY.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—At a recent meeting of the Zettler Rifle Club the following officers were elected: President, Bernard Walther; Vice-President, H. D. Muller; Recording and Financial Secretary, Gus Schurman; Corresponding Sesretary, Fred C. Ross; Treasurer, Charles G. Zettler; Shooting Master, Bernard Zettler.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Jan. 9-10.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

Jan. 11-14.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Audubon Park first annual midwinter tournament. First three days, targets; last day, live birds.

Jan. 12-14.—ERIE, Pa.—Clover and Pope's midwinter tournament at Massassauga Point. Live birds and targets. Added money and merchandise prizes. For programmes address Seth Clover or A. P. Pope, Erie, Pa.

Jan. 20-21.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Jan. 23 —HACKENSACK, N. J.—Shoot for the E. C. cup. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

Jan. 25-29.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second Texas Midwinter tournament. Targets and magautraps. $2,000 added. Under the management of J. M. George, Albert Steves and O. C. Guessaz, at San Pedro Springs grounds. Open to the world.

Feb. 8-20.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live-bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

Feb. 10.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Second contest for the *Recreation* cup, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

March 13-17.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

April 21-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June (third week) —CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The circuit of the Interstate Association for 1897 will probably be somewhat on these lines: Grand American Handicap in March, followed by target tournaments as below: Baltimore, Md ; Richmond, Va.; Mobile, Ala.; Monroe, La.; New Haven, Conn.; Lewiston, Me.; Montpelier, Vt.; the eighth tournament being given, if possible, at some point in New Hampshire. From the recommendation made to the manager by the Interstate Association's classification and tournament committee, it seems probable that Nashville, Tenn., will be substituted for either Monroe, La., or Mobile, Ala. The Association wanted to give a tournament at some point in New Hampshire last season, but no club came forward with a request for the Association's services. Is there any club in that State that wants it this year? Don't all speak at once. Write to the manager, Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa.

It is the intention of the Interstate Association to make all events shot during the Grand American Handicap tournament high gun events. The Nitro Powder Handicap, 15 live birds per man, will be a feature on the first day, as usual, but it will not be class shooting, as in the past. The number of moneys, high guns too, will be graduated according to the number of entries, on a plan somewhat similar to that adopted for the Grand American Handicap. This tournament is a shoot for shooters, and we are glad to see that the Interstate Association is cutting away from the old system of dividing purses on the 50, 30 and 20 per cent. plan—a plan by which it was possible for a man to "kill them all" and yet come out of the contest worse off than a friend who had dropped one or two birds. The programme for the Grand American Handicap week of 1897 will be well worth studying

Platt Adams, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, and also of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., is a hard man to handicap. His double win of the Class A badge and the Hegeman medal at the New Utrecht Gun Club's grounds this season shows that he is about on top in that company. On Christmas Day at the Boiling Springs ground, with a handicap of 2 extra targets to shoot at, he succeeded in making his score one of 30 out of 32, scoring a highest possible. As a matter of fact, take him day in and day out, he is just as near an 85 per cent. man as you'll find anywhere round about. He has improved at least 10 per cent. during the past twelve months, and is a shining example of what pluck and perseverance will do when it comes to trap-shooting.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* of Dec. 26 had the following item in regard to a proposed shoot at Bayport, L. I.: "At the pigeon shoot at the Bayport House yesterday afternoon Bergh officers forbade the shooting of live birds. The society notified Mr Harris some days ago and the officers were on hand to enforce the law. There was quite a discussion as to whether it was more cruel to shoot live pigeons from the trap than quail or other game in the fields. The sportsmen who came to take part in the match had to content themselves with shooting at clay pigeons The live pigeon match will take place on New Year's Day under the auspices of the Sayville Club, as it is understood that this club is exempt from the law."

The annual meeting of the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 23, in the rooms of the Fountain Gun Club, 361 Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn. About twenty members were on hand to take part in the proceedings, the most interesting portion thereof being the discussion as to the club's future trap shooting home. It was decided, after considerable discussion, that a committee of three, appointed by the chair, should select a suitable piece of property and report back to the club. For the present the club's live-bird shoots will be held semi-monthly on the Dexter Park grounds. The officers elected to serve during 1897 were: President, Cornelius Furgueson; Vice-President, Adrian A. Hegeman; Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. George E Pool.

Dr. Carver caused John L. Winston some trouble during the past week, winning four 50 bird races from him with consummate ease. Two were shot on Monday, Dec. 21, the scores, as given in our issue of Dec. 26, being: Carver 46, Winston 44, and Carver 48, Winston 41. Two more were shot on Tuesday, Dec. 22, the scores being largely in favor of Carver: No. 1 was Carver 45, Winston 39; No. 2, Carver 45, Winston 38. The birds on this occasion are said to have been very fast, with some wind to aid them. There must, however, have been something else that troubled Winston, because "147" is a better man than 77 per cent. on any class of birds. The fact that he accounted for 77 out of the 100 is probably some consolation to the gentleman who has such faith in the mystic figure 7.

"Saving his Scalp" is the title given to the picture that adorns the calendar for 1897 issued by the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., of Bridgeport, Conn. The scene depicted by the artist is a stirring one, representing a ride for life and scalp on the part of a scout, with Indians in pursuit. One of the redskins, who has just topped the hill, is drawing a bead on the fleeing horseman, who is coming toward us at a great rate. It is unfair to leave us in doubt as to whether that Indian's bullet did its work or whether the scalp was saved. As a hint to the U. M. C. Co., let us suggest that this picture be marked "To be continued in our next," the sequel being given next year. We want to know what happened.

The sporting reporters attached to the Buffalo, N. Y., dailies are striking examples of the truth (in their case, at least) of "Wick's" (the late W. F. Limber, of Cincinnati) statement, that "the pen is mightier than the gun." (Ed Taylor's always quoting this at us, so we know that Wick said it.) Six reporters are said to have entered in a 10-bird race at Audubon Park. Mason, of the *Courier*, was *facile princeps* with 6 out of 10. Far behind him came Brooks, who is given as "unattached," with 2 out of 10. The other four were bunched at the finish with a row of goose eggs, Hasbrouck's nose just showing in front of the others by virtue of a "dead out of bounds" on his 6th bird.

Jim Elliott is getting acclimated to the air of Long Island and Dexter Park prior to his match with Fulford, Dec. 31. Jim's present address, one that will find him as readily as "Care of W. R. A. Co., 312 Broadway, N. Y.," is Dexter Park, Jamaica avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. By 1 p. m., Thursday, Dec. 31, the hour at which the match begins, he will not only have learned the grounds thoroughly, but will also have something like a speaking acquaintance with every bird that will be trapped. There is every likelihood that he will abuse that friendship shamefully.

Charlie Grimm now wears the "cast iron championship medal," and we know no one who can wear that medal with more honor or with more becoming humility. He has won it fairly and in a great fight, the scores at the end of the 100th round standing: Grimm 98, Carver 96. Our Chicago correspondent can speak with authority as to the quality af the birds, but it must be remembered that 98 and 96 on any class of birds is true championship form. Carver, though defeated, is by no means disgraced.

Fred G Moore, of this city, is shooting in something like his old form. On Christmas Day, at the grounds of the Country Club, of Westchester, N. Y., he made some good runs Besides winning a cup with 13 straight, he divided 8 out of the 10 miss-and-outs shot during the day, scoring at one time 33 straight in those events, and dividing in consequence 5 consecutive miss and outs.

A. W. du Bray writes us from Dallas, Tex., that Parker guns won first place in the live-bird events each day of the North Texas Gun Club League's tournament. We understand also (but not from Du Bray) that Parker Bros.' representative carried off the honors in the badger baiting contests at Waxahachie, Tex , on the same dates.

The New Year's attraction at Elkwood Park, N. J., will be the Shrewsbury Handicap, 10 live birds, $10 entrance and $10 added by the management, 6 entries to fill. If 10 entries, three high guns; less than 10 entries, two high guns. Sweepstake shooting will also be run to suit shooters.

We learn from Secretary Reeser, of the Oil City, Pa., Gun Club, that Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, will manage the State shoot for the Oil City Gun Club, June 22-25.

We extract the following paragraph from a personal letter written to us by Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, secretary-treasurer of the Sportsmen's Association: "It will undoubtedly interest you to know that on or before Jan. 1 next the Association will take possession of its newly equipped and roomy headquarters in the new Williams Building, 377-379 Broadway, where it will be pleased to receive its members and friends; that nearly every State in the Union is now represented in the membership roll, which is being increased by from six to ten applications daily; and that the third annual exposition, to be held at Madison Square Garden in March next, promises to be the most successful yet held by the Association."

Gus Nowak, a prominent member of the Zettler Rifle Club, of New York city, and also a member of the Emerald Gun Club, has added to his trophy exhibit by taking the first prize for the season of 1896 in the monthly competitions of the Hell Gate Gun Club, of which club he is also a member. The secretary, Eugene Doeinck, gave him a good race for first honors, but failed to score more than 6 birds in the last shoot, three others falling dead out of bounds.

Christmas Day in this vicinity was just the kind of a Christmas Day that is more generally met with in novels than in real life. There was a brisk feeling about the air, without any wind to speak of, thus making it ideal weather for a winter trap-shooting entertainment. The many shoots held by local clubs in the vicinity of New York were all well attended. Nothing could be complained of except the glare of the bright sun on the snow that made it difficult to keep one's eyes from watering when the word "Pull" was given.

We have not seen the name of W. G Clark attached to a score for a long time. Mr. Clark is located at Elwood City, Pa., and is attending to his hotel business. We have an idea, however, that the score attributed to one named Boker in the shoot on the Herron Hill grounds, Dec. 16, is one with which Clark had something to do. A match between W. S. King, of Pittsburg, Pa., and Clark was to have been shot Dec. 23. Owing to sickness in his family Clark was unable to be present, so the match was postponed,

The Winchester Repeating Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn , has gotten out one of its usual attractive calendars. A. B. Frost has been requisitioned for the hunting scenes depicted thereon. In "A Chance Shot" he shows us one of those things that generally occur "when you haven't got a gun." This time, however, is one of the exceptions, and the curiosity of the antelope is likely to be fatal. The drawing of the horse and the attitude of the hunter are capital.

The classification and tournament committee of the Interstate Association will not visit Dwyer's track at Elizabeth or Elkwood Park until some day next week. The original intention was to inspect both places to-day (Dec. 29); the committee, however, could not get together owing to various business arrangements.

Harvey McMurchy is in town. It's not necessary to mention that Harvey represents the Hunter Arms Company, and that therefore he is to be found just now in W. Fred Quimby's quarters at 300 Broadway. Harvey is only here on a brief visit, but hopes to be able to stop long enough to witness the Elliott-Fulford match on Thursday. He will be on view at San Antonio, Tex., Jan. 25-29.

Old Hoss has achieved the distinction of being the first entry regularly made for the Grand American Handicap. On Monday morning, Dec. 28, the sum of $10 was paid to J. L. Lequin, secretary of the Interstate Association, as forfeit money for the above entry, the name of C. M. Hostetter, of Pittsburg, Pa., being placed at the head of a column that will soon rapidly fill with other names.

Jim Elliott and E. D. Fulford meet at Dexter Park, L. I., on Thursday of this week, Dec. 31, to shoot for the Kansas City *Star*'s cup at 100 birds per man. Fulford will use the Greener which he handled so well at Trenton on Dec. 3, while Elliott will show the boys that he is not very seriously handicapped by shooting a Winchester repeating shotgun.

The Kewanee, Ill., Gun Club holds a two days' shoot on its grounds Dec. 28-30. The programme states: "Nothing barred but black powder." On the first day the main event will be a 4-men team race, a 2 men team race taking place on the second day.

Charlie Zwirlein, of Yardville, N. J., writes that he will hold a live-bird shoot Jan. 6 at his grounds. The main event will be 20 birds, $15, birds included at 25 cents each, three moneys.

As will be noted, the dates for the Texas Midwinter shoot have been changed to Jan. 25-29. The dates for the Hot Springs, Ark., tournament have also been changed to Feb. 8-20.

The Texas State Sportsmen's Association will be held at San Antonio, Texas, April 21-23. This meeting will be the Association's "twenty-first annual." Mr. O. C. Guessaz is secretary of the Association.

In consequence of the change of dates at San Antonio, the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., has changed its dates to Jan. 20-21.

DEC. 29. EDWARD BANKS.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

HERRON HILL GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 23.—Though somewhat late in the day, the following scores made by members of the Herron Hill Gun Club, of this city, on December 16 will be of interest. No. 1 was a 25-bird race, handicap rise, $20 entrance; No. 2 was at 10 birds, $10. The Pittsburg *Leader* of Dec. 17, in speaking of the contest in No. 1 event, says:

"The Herron Hill Gun Club shooters enjoyed some magnificent sport at the shoot pulled off yesterday at their grounds on Davis Island. The shoot in question was the second in a series of five at 25 live birds. Four hundred of the best birds ever trapped in this vicinity were used in yesterday's shoot and every man in the contest shot to win. In addition to having the best of birds yesterday the clear, cold weather made an ideal day for trap shooting. Will King and McPherson took first money with 24 birds killed. T. D. Flowers was referee of the match. C. A. May looked like a winner from the start. He brought down 17 birds in succession, the best run of the day. After the tenth round there were five new men with a clean score. They were May, McPherson, Alex. King, Will King and Al Hofmeister Alex. King and Hofmeister missed their thirteenth birds and McPherson his fourteenth. This left Will King and May in the lead. King missed his sixteenth bird and May had the lead all to himself. King's bird fell dead out of bounds, and, by the way, this was the only bird he missed all day. May, by missing his eighteenth bird, which also fell dead out of bounds, dropped back in line with the King brothers, Messner and McPherson for the lead, with one miss apiece; Hofmeister having missed three birds. It was nip and tuck now to the finish between the five shooters. Messner was the first to drop behind, missing his nineteenth bird Alex. King missed his twenty-first, and the race for first place lay between May, McPherson and Will King. They shot carefully and ran neck and neck to the finish. May missed his last bird, and Will King and McPherson ran out their string without a further miss. They divided first money, amounting to $77. May and Messner divided second money, $57.75. Third money, $38.50, was divided among Jacque, Alex. King and Bonn. Fourth money, $19.25, was taken by Farmer, Hofmeister and Boker."

	No. 1.	No. 2.
W S King (30)	2222222121222222●222221221—24	1211122112—10
S McPherson (28)	2222222222222202222222222—24	2222221212—10
C A May (30)	1122212221222122●22122?0—23	2222222222—10
J G Messner (30)	2222222202222222220222222—23	.....
A H King (30)	1122222222222●22222229222●—22	2222221222—10
Jacque (29)	22222022●22222222222●2222—22	.....
Born (28)	2111220?220202222222222211—22	0211211101— 8
Boker (30)	1220?22222222220120012?222—21	2021222112— 9
Farmer (28)	221●22011●212211●12112222—21	2222221211—10
Hofmeister (27)	121222221122001210212?012—21	0211211101— 8
Bessemer (30)	20?2220?222200?22222?2●?2—20	2222211122—10
T H E (28)	111●20121210111021221●21—20	.....
Smith (28)	2020202110?2200?2221122?0—18	.....
J F B (28)	●00101001102220?22●?20100—13	0010012011— 5
Duffy		2011121212— 9

Limited Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 21.—The Laflin & Rand Powder Co. offered us a trophy, but by mistake sent two of them. We put them up for competition at 50 targets, with drum of E. C. powder for third prize. The scores were:

Tutewiler 47, Beck 46, Wildhack 46, Britton 45, Morris 52, Robinson 42, Cooper 40, Deschler 40, Buck 33, Socwell 23. Wildhack defeated Beck in shooting off tie on 46 for second place.

Beck and Robinson shot two races at 50 targets, each winning one as follows: Robinson 46, Beck 42; Robinson 42, Beck 47

Dec. 18 we shot a few pigeons. All were individual matches for the price of birds: Parry 16, Marott 14 out of 20; Beck 14, Wood 12 out of 15; Holliday 9, Kershner 7 out of 10; Hearsey 10, Robinson 9 out of 10; Deschler 9, Morris 3 out of 10; Cooper 7, Lilly 7 out of 10.

Dec. 31 Beck and Wood will shoot a match at 50 pigeons for $50 a side. Other matches have been made, enough to use 400 birds.

The Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O., will pay us a social visit on New Year's Day. The main event will be be a team race, 10 or more men on each side. ROYAL ROBINSON, Sec'y.

A New Year's Idyl.

ROLLA HEIKES'S DREAM.

IT all happened last September—on the second day of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's tournament at Harrisburg. The conversation between whiles, that is, while we were waiting to be called to the score, somehow or another turned on millionaires. There was nothing personal about the conversation, not a single millionaire being a member of the little crowd under the tent fly. Rolla wasn't saying a word, but the cigar which he was smoking went out, always a sure sign that he is doing something heavy in the way of thinking. A few minutes later he roused himself, suggested that we should go and get a cup of buttermilk or something of a similar nature, and sauntered off to the restaurant.

On the way there, without a word of warning, he said: "Yes, I'd just like to have a million or so. I'd give the boys a shoot that was a shoot; just give them one real tournament; something to think about and something to talk about. Just imagine what a gathering I'd get together! Purses ranging anywhere from $5,000 for first money down to $50 or $100 for each man in fourth place in any event! No entrance fees and nothing taken out of the purses for targets! Would the boys come to it?"

Just then came the voice of Elmer Shaner: "No. 1 squad, get ready. Heikes 1, Bartlett 2, Edwards 3, Howard 4, Von Lengerke 5, and Capt. Money on the trolley! Let 'er go, boys!" That broke us up, and Rolla's plan for a big tournament passed out of mind.

That same evening, somewhere in the neighborhood of bedtime, I got my key and went up to my room. Hearing voices next door, and knowing that in that room was the eyrie of the Bald Eagle of the Ohio Valley, I tapped, received the proper response and entered. Rolla was lying on his bed listening to Dick Swiveller's disquisition on the merits of Gold Dust. Taking the only vacant chair, I sat down and took upon myself the strain of answering "Yes" and "No" at the proper intervals. Before I'd taken half a dozen puffs at my cigar Rolla was asleep and dead to the world, but Dick still kept on.

Presently Rolla got restless and began to talk in his sleep. "Not a cent for entrance fees," we heard him say. Then he kicked out one leg and clenched his right hand, exclaiming, "Let 'em all in? Why of course." He was quiet for a few moments, and Dick utilized those few moments to proceed with his lecture. Then came another, and this time a final interruption. Raising himself into a sitting posture, Rolla said: "Look at them coming! More than half of them will have to walk home! Ha, ha!" and with his laugh he woke up and rubbed his eyes, while Dick and I smiled.

His first words were: "What woke me up? It's a shame, boys, but I was just enjoying the pleasure of giving a perfect tournament." Of course we wanted to know all about it, so he told us his dream in something like the following words:

HIS IDEAL TOURNAMENT.

"You remember our talk this morning about millionaires, and my idea of what sort of a shoot I'd give if I was one of those things? Well, I've just been dreaming that I was worth a million or so, and felt very pleasant over it. Of course, I was bound to have my ideal tournament and give the boys a good time. Ordinarily there's a lot of bother connected with the getting up of a tournament, but when it comes to a dream tournament with a million or so back of it, everything's O. K.

"First thing I did, as far as I can remember, was to get Elmer Shaner, Paul North, Jack Parker and Paul Litzke and set them to work locating grounds for the shoot. Elmer Shaner's hair stood on end when I told him what I proposed to do: $100,000 added, no entrance fees, targets thrown for nothing, everybody's fare paid to and from the shoot from any point in the United States, provided he came and shot through the entire programme and made over 80 per cent.; no hotel expenses. In fact, everything free. Elmer said: 'They'll all come, but a whole lot of them will have to walk home.'

"All Jack Parker said was: 'Let 'em come and we won't do a thing to 'em!'

"Paul North nearly fell off a cane-bottomed chair when I told him that he was to prepare to put in fifty magautraps. (I didn't tell him that I had already given Fred Quimby an order for fifty sets of empire traps).

"Paul Litzke was to look after the scorers. When he saw the long line of traps in prospect, about three miles of them in a straight line, he said he'd have to have a dozen Arkansas mules to ride, or he wouldn't look at the job. I told him he'd have to ride a bicycle or hoof it, so he quit, saying: 'FOREST AND STREAM is good enough for me. Bicycles be jiggered!'

"Then we set to work preparing for the tournament. There was a canopy of the Stars and Stripes over each score, with easy chairs behind each man for him to sit down in case there was a balk at the traps. A little colored chap was posted at each chair with a fly-scarer to keep the flies off any shooter who wasn't breaking straight. In rear of each score was a spacious tent of gayly colored material; and in each tent was any amount of easy chairs for the waiting squads, while cool beverages were served by a colored attendant from a bowl of cracked ice and things that adorned the center of a table in that tent. Cigars and cigarettes could be had for the asking—no limit.

"The music was a great feature. Sousa had charge of everything. The Marine band was there as well as five other magnificent orchestras. In fact there was a band every half mile down the line. Every piece of music played was composed specially for the occasion. What were they? Well, as I remember the names of some of them something like this: 'Parmelee's Patter Song,' 'Fred Gilbert's Lament,' 'The Dago Chief Has Dropped a Target,' 'Charge of the Nitro Brigade,' 'Come Where the Boodle Awaits You,' 'Who Missed that Straightaway,' and so on.

"Halfway between each bandstand was a fountain of perfumed water—*eau de Cologne*, frangipani, wood violet, attar of roses, etc. Um! but they smelled delicious.

"How about the eating arrangements? They were all right, I can tell you. Every 100yds. was a tent with a full-blown Delmonico restaurant. It was simply a case of 'walk in and order what you want.' That was the sign over the door. As you came out you were confronted with a sign of 'Have you had enough?' We took that down after a bit, as some of the boys—Seth Clover among the number—wouldn't leave the tents because, as they said, they never knew when they'd had enough.

"Then you ought to have seen the arrangements for transferring the shooters from one end of the line to the other. Two tracks of rails were laid down behind the tents, and trains drawn by noiseless motors ran up and down on about one minute headway. There was nothing to pay, and you got on and off at any point of the journey you wanted to.

"The cashier's department was no trouble at all. There were no entries to take; only money to pay out to the winners after the shoot was all over or when a fellow went broke at poker over night. We took I. O. U's from anybody who could produce proof that he wanted a few dollars to help him along 'until the shoot was over.'

"I suppose you think that we'd have some trouble preventing the boys re-entering several times for the same event. We fixed that all right. Agents met every train about fifty miles from the scene of the shoot and made up squads from the men on that train, giving each man a diamond badge with a number on it and a ticket showing where he commenced to shoot; that is, what set of traps he was to shoot on first. He commenced at that set of traps and went down the line from right to left until he reached the last set, when he went back to the head set (No. 1) and shot down the line until he'd got back to the set he started on. Then he was through. Every event was at 25 targets, and at the end of the shoot there was to be a grand drawing: 100 numbers were to be put into a wheel, and the first number out was to be the number of the event in which scores for the largest prizes were to count, and so on. No one could tell until the drawing took place what prize he was in for.

"Took a long time to shot? Of course it did. The programme called for 100 events of 25 targets each. Each man had to shoot 250 targets a day, so that the shoot was to last just ten days, with an extra day for distributing prizes.

"Of course it was impossible to get a place where we could hold the shoot close to a city of any size. But I didn't care. We located away out on some prairie; ran a track from the railroad to the grounds. Put in a few miles of sidetracks, and held the Pullman cars for the boys to roost in while at the shoot. Built a few small hotels for those who were unable to sleep in the upper berths, and had one or two houses specially built, sort of bomb-proof, away off from the others, where we located all known and proved snorers of any ability. Then we had sidetracks for freight cars. There were solid trains of freight cars packed with cases of loaded shells of all kinds and also many car loads of bluerocks and empires.

"It took an army of railroad employees to handle the freight that came in daily, such as Chicago beef, mutton, etc., not to speak of the car loads of ice and other things that are used with that article. On the first day we ran out of mint, and there was at once a gentleman-like remonstrance from our friends from the South. It didn't occur again, but I had to send off a special train to bring in a fresh supply.

"Oh! boys, I tell you it was great, and I was just enjoying myself when you woke me up. Get out of here. I want to go to sleep again and find out who won the money. Good night."

Such was Rolla's dream. EDWARD BANKS.

A dispatch to the New York *Sun* from Long Branch, N. J., dated Dec. 22, states that the Ivins Woolley match, scheduled for that date, did not come off, owing to Woolley refusing to shoot unless Ivins put up twice the amount of stake money already agreed upon. The match was arranged for 100 birds per man.

North Texas Gun Club League.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Dec. 16.—At Waxahachie, Tex., on Dec. 9-10 was held the fourth tournament of the North Texas Gun Club League, under the auspices of the Waxahachie Gun Club. The weather on both days was simply charming, in fact, rather too warm on the 10th than otherwise. The grounds on which the shooting was done are exceedingly good, though rather difficult of access, owing to the long intervals at which the horse cars run, and, moreover, the distance one has to walk after leaving the cars. But when once on the spot one feels fully repaid for all small inconveniences, for really a more jovial, pleasant and hospitable set of men than those who compose the home club would be exceedingly hard to find. There is one man, however, whom I must particularly mention, and that is the worthy president of the League, K. M. Moore, of Farmersville. Be it North, South, East or West, we all know him, and when he extends his hand and greets you a glow of warmth wraps itself around one. In paying tribute to Mr. Moore I will mention that he made the highest average during both days at the targets.

The primary object of the League is to bring the shooting men of northern Texas together and to encourage trap shooting generally; therefore many of the matches are purely for a very small entrance, where one competes for merchandise prizes donated by the merchants and citizens of the town in which the tournament is given. Each day a substantial dinner was served gratis on the grounds. The utmost good feeling prevailed, while the evenings were spent by the sportsmen in whatever game or pastime seemed to meet with most general approval.

Badger baiting is quite a sport at Waxahachie, and really one must have pulled—lustily at that—on one end of the string to feebly take in the sport in all its beauty, and under all the excitement and interest it brings about.

Waxahachie is not as big as New York—not quite as broad as Chicago, but nevertheless it will do, and a more pleasant set of sportsmen it would be hard to find anywhere.

First Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	10
W Haggard	7	9	8	8	9	13	9	..
S Becham.	8	13	7	14	8	11	9	..
E J Russell	10	9	9	9	8	11	10	..
K M Moore	10	14	10	15	10	12	10	..
N Hughes.	8	8	6	10	2	12	5	6
E Worden.	7	7	5	12	8	9	8	6
Thompson	4	7	2	7	6	5	6	6
E Jackson.	6	10	8	12	5	10	8	..
A Wilcox..	7	13	6	14	8	11	7	..
D Jackson.	7	13	7	14	7	12	7	..
J Maledon.	6	14	7	13	5	13	8	..
W R Allen.	4	11	7	15	9	11	7	..
O Worden.	7	10	6	11	8	12	7	6
C B Spicer.	3	..	4	..	2	..	3	7
W V Pickett	8	11	9	11	7	12	9	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	10
W Norman	8	13	7	14	..	12	..	..
C D Teutsch	7	10	9	12	9	12	7	..
J B Boone.	6	7	8	7	4	9	7	7
T Edwards	3	..	2	5	2	..	4	8
L B Howell	5	9	6	11	6	13	10	6
J B Conlisk	9	13	6	12	9	14	9	..
F Faurote.	10	13	8	13	9	14	9	..
J Matthews	8	11	9	12	5	13	10	..
F Arfort...	8	11	8	..	6	11	6	..
H E Pickett	7	10	8	13	7	9	7	..
A du Bray.	7	11	9	10	7	13	6	..
C A Strain.	4	6	5	10	5	9	7	5
A R Stewart	..	..	..	..	9	..	9	..
F Meredith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9

A sweep at 7 live birds, $5 entrance, 3 moneys, was shot, with the following result: D. Jackson, 7; Norman, E. A. Worden and Wilcox, 6; Faurote, Strain, Teutsch and Matthews, 5; W. V. Pickett, Becham, Du Bray, H. E. Pickett, Hughes, Haggard, Allen, Moore and Maledon, 4; Conlisk, Boone and Edwards, 3; Russell, Howell and O. W. Worden, 2.

In a 20-target extra the following scores were made: Moore, 20; Norman and Faurote, 19; Teutsch, 18; Russell, 17; Du Bray, 16; Stewart, Becham and Wilcox, 15; Haggard and Allen, 14; Howell, 11.

Second Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	20	10	20
D T Dodd.	7	11	8	8	8	13	8	..
Haggard...	8	10	7	7	15	10	..	
A Wilcox..	7	13	8	12	8	19	9	20
O B Sims..	9	14	10	12	8	18	..	..
F Faurote.	8	12	10	14	10	19	10	17
W Norman	7	15	9	13	9	19	10	16
L Howell..	7	5	8	7	8	13	6	5
H Pickett..	8	..	7	12	8	15	..	..
C Teutsch.	8	12	10	13	9	20	..	19
E Worden.	10	14	8	12	8	16	8	..
C Scherer.	8	11	8	14	9	18	9	20
Matthews..	9	14	9	14	9	18	..	..
E Blocker.	8	11	5	12	9	14	9	19
J B Boone.	6	9	8	8	9	16	8	11
J Thomson	5	8	7	10	8	17	6	..
C B Spicer.	6	..	3	8	1	12	..	..
E Russell..	7	8	10	14	5	16	10	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	20	10	20
K Moore.,	10	14	8	15	9	20	8	..
J Maledon.	7	..	7	13	10	19	10	16
Lautzn'st'r	..	13	10	13	..	18	5	..
Williams..	..	7	5	13	7	15	8	..
W George.	..	10	7	10	4	14	6	..
F Arfort..	..	6	8	11	5	..	6	..
S Becham.	..	13	4	11	..	17	..	..
C A Strain.	..	7	6	4	6	15	8	..
T Edwards	..	..	1	3	0	..	..	..
A du Bray.	..	..	8	12	8	19	10	..
A Stewart.	..	..	9	..	10	13	..	..
W R Allen.	..	..	6	..	7	16	..	..
L Fowler..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
W Lomax.	..	..	..	8	3	..	..	..
F Meredith	..	..	..	..	3	18	..	..
W Pickett.	..	..	..	..	8	17	10	15
N Hughes.	..	..	..	..	..	19	10	17

A consolation race, 10 targets, 25 cents entrance, merchandise prizes, resulted as follows: Blocker and Thomson 9, Boone, Hughes, Fowler, George and Meredith 6, Lomax and W. V. Pickett 5, Strain and Edwards 4, Dodd 3.

An event at 10 live birds, $7.50 entrance, four moneys, was also shot, with the following result: Du Bray and Maledon 9, Scherer and Blocker 8, Worden, Wilcox, Faurote, Hughes and Moore 7, Thomson and Haggard 6, Teutsch, Lomax and Russell 5, Norman and Matthews 4, Lautznester, Allen, Becham, Boone and W. V. Pickett 3, Strain 2.

The five-men team race for the E. C. Powder Company's cup resulted in a win for the Waxahachie team, which scored 89 out of its 100. This total was tied by the Honey Grove team, but as it was a made up team its score did not count for the cup. The scores were:

Waxahachie No. 1 team: Teutsch 20, Maledon 19, Sims 18, W. V. Pickett 17, H. E. Pickett 15—89.

Greenville team: Norman 19, Lautznester 18, Becham 17, Williams 15, George 14—83.

Dallas Clippers team: Faurote 19, Russell 17, Worden 16, Allen 16, Haggard 15—83.

Waxahachie No. 2 team: Meredith 18, Thomson 17, Boone 16, Strain 15, Howell 13—79.

Dallas team: Hughes 19, Du Bray 19, Dodd 13, Stewart 13, Spicer 12—76.

Honey Grove team: Moore (Farmersline) 20, Wilcox (Golathwate) 19, Matthews (McKinney) 18, Scherer (Farmersline) 18, Blocker (Farmersline) 14—89. GAUCHO.

Country Club of Westchester.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—The shooting grounds at the Country Club of Westchester were well patronized to-day. The programme for the day was a lengthy one, and those present had plenty of shooting. The weather was charming for the season of the year, although there was plenty of snow on the ground. The air was brisk and keen, with a cloudless sky overhead.

Three cup shoots at unlimited number of birds (handicaps of misses as no birds and misses as kills being awarded to the weaker shooters) were shot off; in addition to those three shoots, ten miss-and outs, $5 entrance, were also shot.

Cup shoot No. 1 was at 5 birds, $5, those handicapped at 27yds. and forward receiving one miss as a kill. This cup was won by P. H. Adee with a score of 5 kills. The scores were:

P. H. Adee (27) 5, E. C. La Montagne (26) 4, W. G. Brokaw (29) 3, W. H. Butler (28) 3, B. F. Kittridge (28) 2, George Work (31) 2, W. S. Edey (28) 2, J. Seaver Page (28) 1, F. G. Moore (29) 1, H. B. Gilbert (29) 0.

In the following two cup shoots no account is taken of previous misses made by the allowance men. No. 2 was shot under the following conditions: Miss-and-out, $5 entrance, those handicapped below 28yds. to receive an allowance of one miss as a kill; first round, all to shoot at 25yds., and then all to go back 1yd. on each round until the 30yd. mark is reached; winner to receive a cup and 60 per cent. of the sweep, and the second 25 per cent.

No. 3 was shot under the following conditions: Miss-and-out, $5 entrance; 29yds and back, miss-and-out; 28yds, one miss as no bird; 27yds. and forward, two misses as no birds. Cup and 60 per cent. to the winner, and 25 per cent. to second.

The scores in these two events were as below:

	Cup No. 2.		Cup No. 3.	
J Seaver Page (28)	20	— 1	.....	
F G Moore (29)	2221222222222	—13	20	— 1
H Gilbert (29)	2220	— 3	22221222221222220	—16
W G Brokaw (29)	2221220	— 6	22222212222222220	—17
B F Kittridge (28)	2220	— 3	220	— 2
P H Adee (27)	320	— 2	.....	
George Work (31)	220	— 2	20	— 1
W S Edey (28)	2220	— 3	22212222222220	—12
E C La Montagne (26)	2212222222220	—12	2222221 2210	—10
W H Butler (28)	20	— 1	22221222212222222	—18
T W Thorne (26)	2222222220	— 9	22212222222222220	—16
N D Thorne (27)	.....		22222210	— 7

The results in the 10 miss-and-outs, $5 entrance, were as below, the scores of the winners alone being given:

First, Moore and Kittridge, 3; second, Moore and Kittridge, 4; third, Page and Gilbert, 6; fourth, Moore and Brokaw, 4; fifth, Moore, Work and Butler, 7; sixth, Moore and Brokaw, 9; seventh, Moore and Page, 6; eighth, Moore and Brokaw, 8; ninth, Gilbert and Butler, 7; tenth, Moore and Butler.

Philadelphia Trap-Shooters.

SILVER LAKE GUN CLUB.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 19.—The Silver Lake Gun Club held its regular semi-monthly club shoot at its grounds, Southwark, Pa., nineteen members taking part in the main event. Murphy, with a handicap allowance of 3 misses as breaks, scored a highest possible, the same counting as 3 points to his record. Gregory, who had 7 misses as breaks, broke 20, and of course was also credited with a highest possible, and had 3 points added to his score for the year's prizes. The detailed score given below shows the records made to-day by those who shot in the club event. Everything was shot at unknown angles. In addition to the club shoot three sweeps at 5 targets per man, ties miss and out, 25 cents entrance, were shot off for turkeys, one turkey to each event. In No. 1 Woodsteger, Day and Murphy were the only ones out of fourteen entries to score straight. On the shoot-off Woodsteger won by breaking 6 more targets, Day breaking 5 and Murphy 2 in the tie. No. 2 turkey was won by Mink, who outshot Gregory and Apgar in the third round of the ties. Turkey No. 3 was won by Murphy without a shoot-off, no one else breaking 5 targets. There were eleven entries in each of the last two events. Scores in the club shoot were:

		Hcp.	Tl.	Points
Gregory (7)	11001111111111110110111101—20	+ 7	25	3
Murphy (3)	11011111101111111111111111—23	+ 3	25	3
Ford (5)	11111001011111110111011101—19	+ 5	24	2
Apgar (5)	10001011111111111110101111—19	+ 5	24	2
Reed (8)	10010101011101110111111010—16	+ 8	24	2
French (4)	11011101111010011110111101—19	+ 4	23	1
Mink (4)	11101110111011110011101111—19	+ 4	23	1
A Brier (7)	01101011010101101111110010—16	+ 7	23	1
Devoe (3)	11111111101010011101101 1—19	+ 3	22	..
Day (4)	01111000101111101111111101—18	+ 4	22	..
Lane (3)	11101110110100111111110011—18	+ 3	21	..
Rowers (3)	11101010010101101111110 11—17	+ 3	20	..
Numbers (3)	10110110100111010110111—17	+ 3	20	..
Woodsteger (4)	10001010011001111101100 11—14	+ 4	18	..
Mount (9)	10101000001101000100000 01— 8	+ 9	17	..
Anthony (3)	01100010100111110010001 11—13	+ 3	16	..
Scheetz (10)	00110000001111000000000 00— 6	+10	16	..
Price (4)	00110100100001101000011 01—10	+ 4	14	..
Stoffer (4)	00000010110000000111010 00— 7	+ 4	11	..

FLORISTS VS. U. OF P. G. C.

Dec. 19.—The Gun Club of the University of Pennsylvania and the Florists Gun Club, of Philadelphia, have arranged a series of three team races at targets. To-day's match was the first of the series, and was shot on the grounds of the University Gun Club, at Fernwood, Pa. The second match will be shot on the grounds of the Florists Gun Club, at Wissinoming, early in January.

The Florists had an easy victory to-day, winning by 28 breaks with the score of 142 to 114. Mr. P. M. Peltz was referee; J. K. Starr scorer. The conditions were: 3 traps, rapid-firing system, known traps, 25 targets per man, 8 men to a team. Scores were:

Florists.

W K Park	1111111111111110101011111—22
Colflesh	1111111111101101011111101—21
Cartledge	0101111111111011011111111—21
Anderson	1011111111100111110111101—20
Burton	1101001111111110010100001—16
G O Bell	1111101001111110100010000—15
Reid	1111000101101100101000011—14
Carlisle	1101101011101010100001031—13—142

University.

Kistler, '98	1011011111110111101111111—21
Freed, '97	1010111001111111101010111—18
Cooper, '98	0 0100110111111001111110—17
Wilson, '99	010 1100101100100110111101—14
Singer, '99	01001 00,00001011101100—12
Steel, '99	10100110 0110100110110000—12
Swain, '98	10000001011100110110100—11
Paul, '99	0100000100110000010011101— 9—114

MURPHY VERSUS WILLIAMS.

Dec. 21.—Peter Murphy and Harry Williams, both of Philadelphia, shot a race to-day on the Stockton, N. J. Gun Club's grounds, the conditions being 50 live birds per man, use of one barrel only, gun below the elbow until the bird is on the wing; Murphy at 25yds., Williams at 21yds. Murphy won easily, his opponent retiring at the end of the 40th round. How well Murphy shot is best shown by his score of 42 out of his first 44 shot at. William Moore was referee; J. K. Starr, official scorer. Scores, showing the flight of each bird, were as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

```
                                  ↖↘←↗↑↙↙↖←↑↗↗←↓T↓↑↙↷↘↖↖↑↗
Murphy.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 •1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—24

                                  ↙↖←↓↘←↘↗↘↖T↖↖↖↑↗↖→↑↗ᔑ←↖←
                                  1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 • 0 1 • 1 0—20—44

                                  ↑↗↗↗↑↙↗↖→↓↗→↖↓↗←ᔑ↖←↘↓↖↓↑↗
Williams.....0 • 1 0 1 1 • 0 1 1 • 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—17

                                  ↑↘↘↓↙↘↑↗↖↖→←↘↗T
                                  1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 1 w          —10—27
```

J. K. S.

Joplin Gun Club.

JOPLIN, Mo., Dec. 24.—We tried our hands at live birds to-day, and inclose you scores. We were disappointed in not getting as many birds as bought, and the 25-bird race, $25 entrance, that we were to have had was not shot. We will, however, make another effort soon. After the live-bird shooting we shot four 20-target events, the scores of which I inclose. The scores made by McIlhaney and Cox at targets were very poor for them, and were no doubt caused by their only having double guns to use. Both of the gentlemen use Winchesters at targets.

Our shooters are ready for the San Antonio shoot next month, and our club will furnish a squad of producers who will ship 10,000 shells next week. The fact that the magautrap is to be used will keep a good many of our shooters from attending on account of not having had an opportunity to practice with it. Scores to-day were as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
McIlhany (32)	12222—5	11222—5	1022012222—8
Best (32)	21210—4	12•22—4	0121221111—9
Calhoun (32)	12222—5	11022—4	2122021112—8
Morgan (30)	21222—5	00011—2	0120110211—7
Sergeant (30)	21222—5	22202—4	2222222220 • —9
Kinmonth (31)	21222—5	22022—4	2022022022—7
Sumner (28)	.....	22022—4	0012200220—5
Horn (30)	.....	.....	02J1122111—8
Huffman (32)	.....	.....	0211221201—8
Cox (28)	.....	.....	1•12010001—5
Webster (23)	.....	.....	21•1021010—6

The scores in the four target sweeps, 20 targets per man in each event, unknown angles, were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Huffman	16	..	..	..	Webster	14	16	13	16
McIlhany	16	15	15	19	Cragin	14	13	14	..
Calhoun	19	15	..	..	Sergeant	20	18	19	20
Cox	16	12	18	18	Best	15	..	..	..
Horn	16	..	..	..	C Dixon	15	16	..	..
Sumner	12	13	16	13	A Dixon	..	10	..	..
Kinmonth	15	18	16	..					

W. G. S.

The Texas Midwinter.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The dates of the Midwinter are again changed to read, "25-29 or January, 1897." The Land Seekers' excursion trains will leave every point in Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri and Wisconsin. All points bounded on the West by Chicago, Springfield, St. Louis and Cairo; on the South by Evansville, Louisville, Cincinnati and Parkersburg; on the East by Pittsburg and Buffalo; on the North by Toronto, Port Huron, Detroit and Lansing. Tickets sold from Atlanta, Rome, Dalton, Anniston, Opelika, Childersburg and Memphis. These tickets are good for twenty-one days and return, and sold at one fare for the round trip plus $2.

Everything will be in readiness for what we firmly believe will be the greatest tournament ever held in America. We will have magautraps and the "gang." The country is alive with game, and the visitors will be entertained by all southwestern Texas. To give you an idea of the wildfowl shooting on our coast, I will say that a party of eight men shot 500 shells each in half a day. One man shot two and one-half shells per minute for 200 consecutive minutes. Deer are very plentiful, but the visitors will not get a chance at that kind of game, as our season closes on the 20th. But all can be surfeited with turkey and four varieties of quail. The jacksnipe shooting is also the best in the world. O. C. GUESSAZ.

Walter R. Patten, of Pleasure Bay, N. J., and Eugene Magee, of Trenton, N. J., shot a match at 50 live birds per man on the Elkwood Park grounds, Wednesday, Dec. 23. Patten won by 40 to 37.

Trap at Chicago.

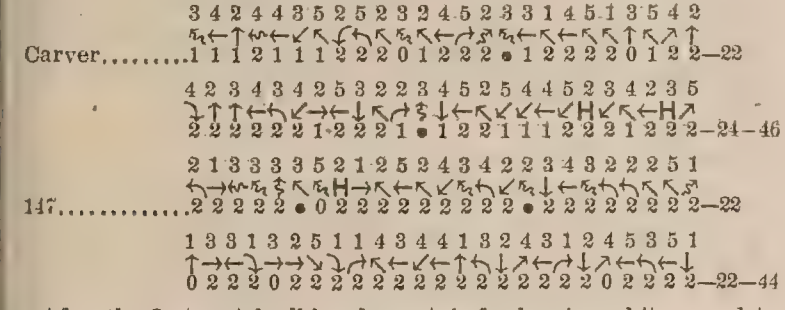
CARVER—147.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 21.—As wired to FOREST AND STREAM, Dr. Carver to-day defeated 147 (J. L. Winston) in the third and fourth races of the six in which they have been engaged. The conditions were, as given earlier, 50 live birds, $50 a side, A. S. A. rules. A very small crowd gathered to see the events, though the number of spectators was larger in the afternoon. Among those from outside the city were: Messrs. W. F. Ellis, of Winnipeg; E. E. Ellis, of Seattle; A. P. Pentz, of the Spratts Patent, New York; C. M. Wills, of Cleveland, the latter representing the Austin Cartridge Co. The birds were brisk and strong. The wind was light from northwest by west, making it blow from the score at a left-quartering angle. This prevailed till near the end of the first race, when the wind shifted to blow in, though but weakly. It became apparent to those who have known the history of Watson's several parks that the new park is not by any means so good as the old one, which was very fast. As the grounds are now laid out they are not fast, for the wind does not often blow in such direction that the birds will rule outgoers, as was the case on the old grounds. Instead of these grounds being the hardest in this part of the country, they are now no harder than many others. The position of the score cannot be changed, for the firing would then be toward a street which runs by the side of the gate.

Carver to-day shot in fine form, and with his usual elegance of style. Winston was plainly not in the form of last week, and his nerves were not working as smoothly as they should. At times he was swift and accurate, and again he waited an apparently interminable time with his first or his second. At times he thus got down long and hard kills, but the style will not win races, and it lost him too many birds to land him first, though in long reaches of the race he showed a brilliant gait, and kept up the favorable impression he made last week as to his improvement and style. Score:

THIRD MATCH.

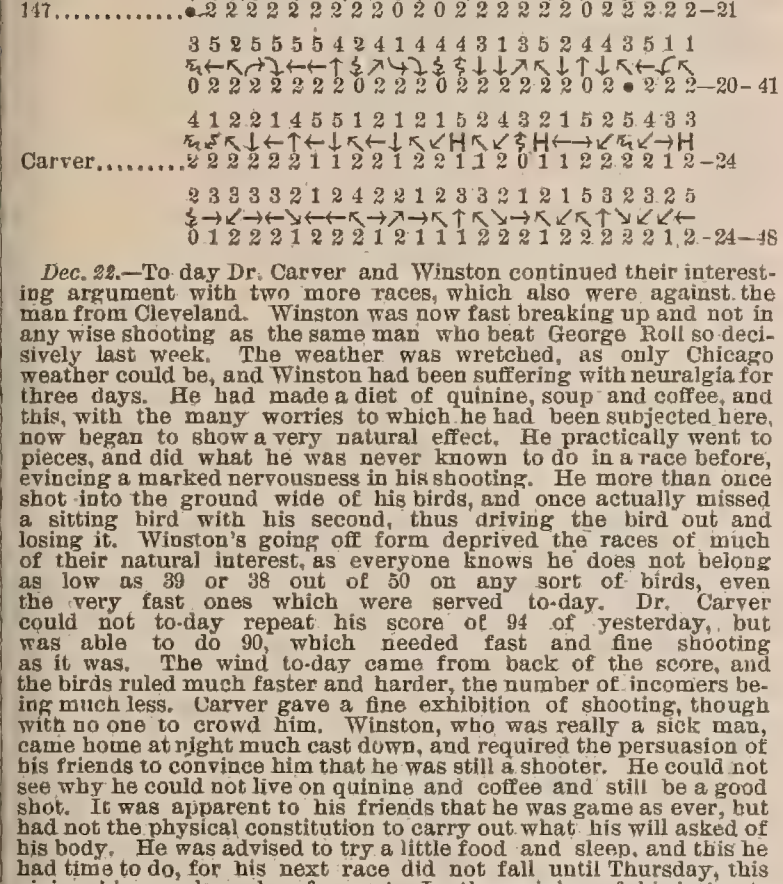
Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



After the first match all hands went in for lunch, and it seemed to have a bad effect, for at the beginning of the next race both men shot like rank amateurs, slobbering their birds as though they had never shot at pigeons before. Carver's score does not show the quality of this shooting, for in his first dozen birds he was in great luck, some of his birds falling up close to the wire, and one actually striking the wire and falling back inside. The birds were strong and good, none being flagged in the 200 shot at in the two races. Carver's luck at the first half dozen birds gave him inspiration, and he came on in good shape. Winston, on the other hand, seemed breaking up, and made two or three rank misses at easy birds which he should have cut to pieces. Carver increased his win of 2 birds in the first match by going out 7 ahead in the second. Scores:

FOURTH MATCH.

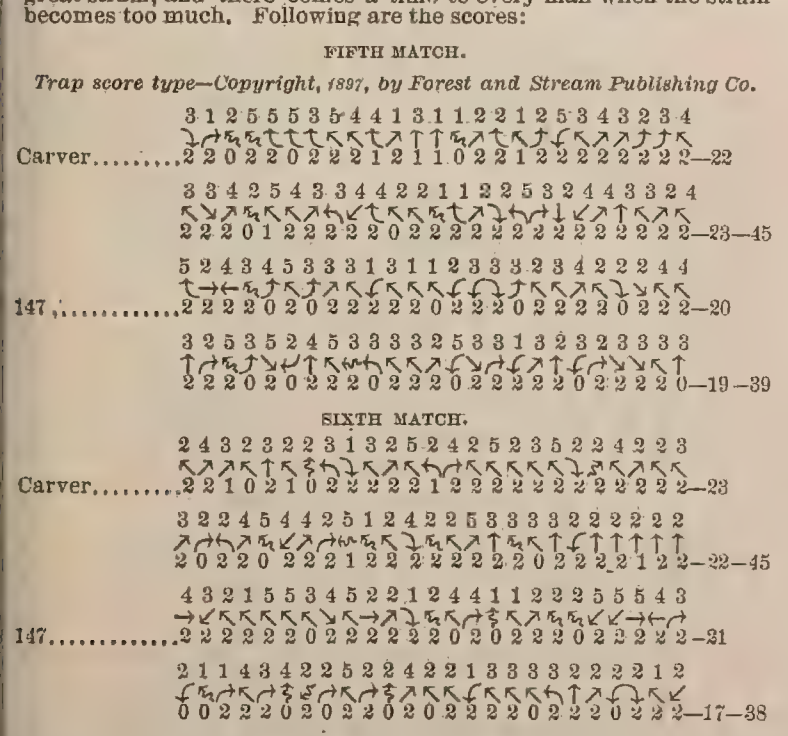
Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



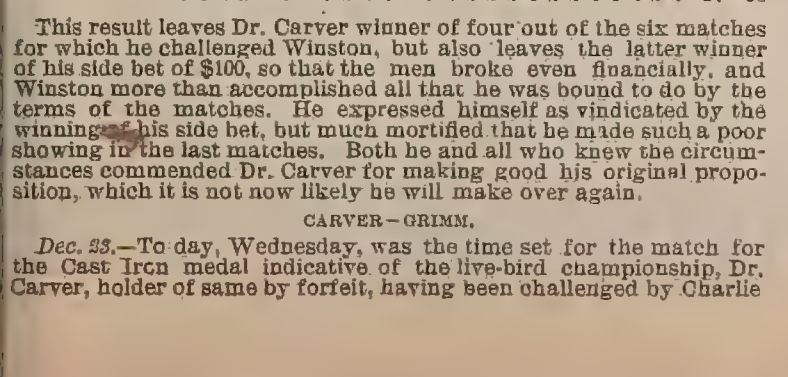
Dec. 22.—To day Dr. Carver and Winston continued their interesting argument with two more races, which also were against the man from Cleveland. Winston was now fast breaking up and not in any wise shooting as the same man who beat George Roll so decisively last week. The weather was wretched, as only Chicago weather could be, and Winston had been suffering with neuralgia for three days. He had made a diet of quinine, soup and coffee, and this, with the many worries to which he had been subjected here, now began to show a very natural effect. He practically went to pieces, and did what he was never known to do in a race before, evincing a marked nervousness in his shooting. He more than once shot into the ground wide of his birds, and once actually missed a sitting bird with his second, thus driving the bird out and losing it. Winston's going off form deprived the races of much of their natural interest, as everyone knows he does not belong as low as 39 or 38 out of 50 on any sort of birds, even the very fast ones which were served to-day. Dr. Carver could not to-day repeat his score of 94 of yesterday, but was able to do 90, which needed fast and fine shooting as it was. The wind to-day came from back of the score, and the birds ruled much faster and harder, the number of incomers being much less. Carver gave a fine exhibition of shooting, though with no one to crowd him. Winston, who was really a sick man, came home at night much cast down, and required the persuasion of his friends to convince him that he was still a shooter. He could not see why he could not live on quinine and coffee and still be a good shot. It was apparent to his friends that he was game as ever, but had not the physical constitution to carry out what his will asked of his body. He was advised to try a little food and sleep, and this he had time to do, for his next race did not fall until Thursday, this giving him a clear day for rest. In the opinion of his intimate friends the real cause of Winston's breaking up was not in the closeness of his races, but in the mental worries and troubles to which he has for several days been subjected. He was shooting under very great strain, and there comes a time to every man when the strain becomes too much. Following are the scores:

FIFTH MATCH.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



SIXTH MATCH.



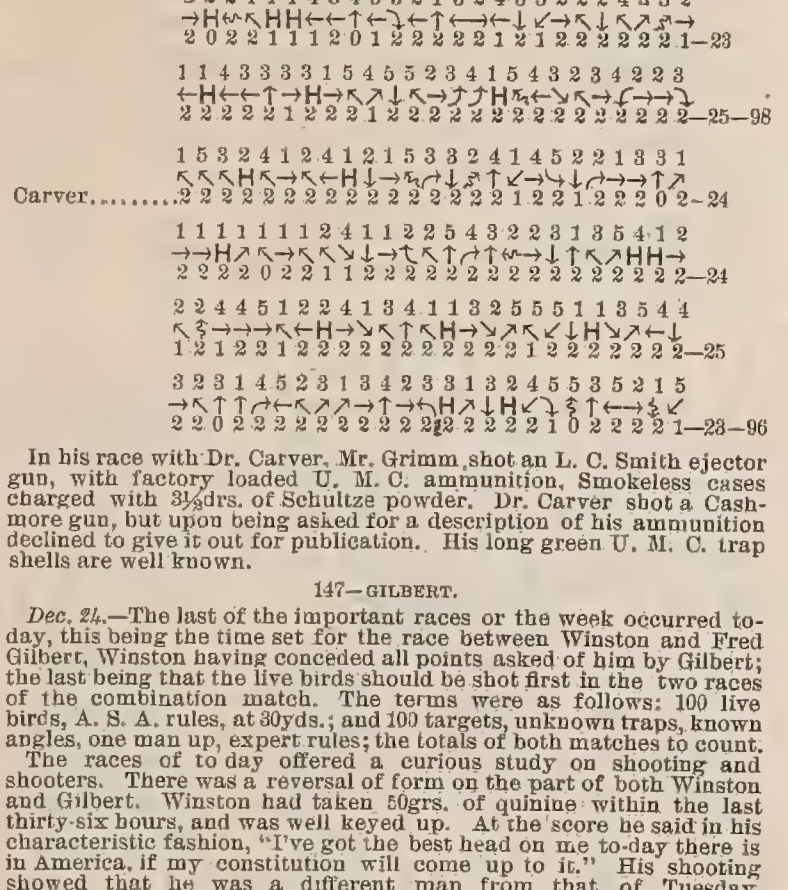
This result leaves Dr. Carver winner of four out of the six matches for which he challenged Winston, but also leaves the latter winner of his side bet of $100, so that the men broke even financially, and Winston more than accomplished all that he was bound to do by the terms of the matches. He expressed himself as vindicated by the winning of his side bet, but much mortified that he made such a poor showing in the last matches. Both he and all who knew the circumstances commended Dr. Carver for making good his original proposition, which it is not now likely he will make over again.

CARVER—GRIMM.

Dec. 23.—To day, Wednesday, was the time set for the match for the Cast Iron medal indicative of the live-bird championship, Dr. Carver, holder of same by forfeit, having been challenged by Charlie Grimm, of Clear Lake, Ia., to shoot for this rugged emblem. This time Carver kept up his good form, but he was not good enough to win, the Iowa strong man going out ahead after one of the most remarkable races, or rather one of the most remarkable scores, ever shot in the country. The scores are not so good as they look on paper, for the birds were shot in a snowstorm and did not fly at all, but even had they been tied at the traps the score of 98 birds in the air is a great one, and one but rarely seen on any grounds. It is the largest made on these grounds since Charlie Budd shot Frank Kleintz, scoring 98, with one or two dead out, I do not remember which. That race I saw, and it was under harder conditions than this of to-day, for it was in flying weather.

To-day the sky was lowering and the light which came through the fluff of snow was dim, coppery and dull. One could hardly see to score the race, and a bird a little way beyond the traps was like a gray ghost. Confused by the storm, the birds did not know which way to fly, and the majority rose high in the air above the traps, flopping up slowly, and then heading for the buildings as soon as they saw them. This made them rule high side shots, so it was like chopping off their heads with a hatchet. Not a dozen birds went out with anything like speed, and of these half were missed, the men being unable to quicken up the slow time which the other shooting demanded of them. It was a most monotonous affair, and of course not even the men engaged in it could call it a good pigeon race. It was simply a day for a record, and the opportunity was not allowed to escape. By this no wish to belittle the shooting is expressed, for as all know it is very easy to miss somewhere in 100 shots, and on even the easiest of birds the gun, the load and the man must be just right or there will be a slip somewhere. Grimm shot in perfect form or he could not have done what he did. Carver was in practically equal form or he could not have come up within two birds of such a score. One could not ask a day more perfect for killing a thousand straight, but if this had been proposed one could not have picked a man more apt to do it on that day than the one who all but killed a hundred straight. The two birds that Grimm lost were quick flyers that got up and away too far for the second to stop them. Both these were drivers, but both were high at the time the second was fired. I have marked many birds in the score with the letter H. While such birds did not actually hover over the trap, they were really nearer hoverers than flyers, the height gained in their flight at the time they were struck being greater than their distance from the trap. Reference to the score sheet shows the letter F four times, indicating that that many birds were flagged to start. The style of the shooting requires small comment. It may be seen that it was regular and methodical to the extreme. Carver was surprised when told he had but half a dozen more birds to shoot at. If there was any luck in the race it fell to Carver, who came near falling back another bird on his 96th, that bird being retrieved by the pointer Cyclone almost against the wire. Carver's 40th, 45th, 48th, 52d, 61st and 76th birds were among his hardest. His 95th was a high twister, but not fast. His 14th bird was luckily stopped at his very feet. The race had few of the interesting features of a hot match on fast birds, and so was a much tamer affair than all who noted the matching of these two good ones had hoped to see. Grimm ran his first 51 straight, and dropped his two lost birds inside the first 60, running 41 straight on the home reach. Carver ran 47 at one stretch in the middle of the match. The weather was not cold, but sharp enough for good flying had it been bright and free of snow. It was said no two such scores were ever made on any of Watson's grounds before. Following are the scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



In his race with Dr. Carver, Mr. Grimm shot an L. C. Smith ejector gun, with factory loaded U. M. C. ammunition. Smokeless cases charged with 3½drs. of Schultze powder. Dr. Carver shot a Cashmore gun, but upon being asked for a description of his ammunition declined to give it out for publication. His long green U. M. C. trap shells are well known.

147—GILBERT.

Dec. 24.—The last of the important races or the week occurred to-day, this being the time set for the race between Winston and Fred Gilbert, Winston having conceded all points asked of him by Gilbert; the last being that the live birds should be shot first in the two races of the combination match. The terms were as follows: 100 live birds, A. S. A. rules, at 30yds.; and 100 targets, unknown traps, known angles, one man up, expert rules; the totals of both matches to count.

The races of to day offered a curious study on shooting and shooters. There was a reversal of form on the part of both Winston and Gilbert. Winston had taken 50grs. of quinine within the last thirty-six hours, and was well keyed up. At the score he said in his characteristic fashion, "I've got the best head on me to-day there is in America, if my constitution will come up to it." His shooting showed that he was a different man from that of Tuesday, though occasional patchy places and frequent long waits in getting on his bird showed that he was in bad nervous condition after all, and not in shape to make a great showing in a hard race. As for Gilbert, he was apparently in perfect health, and made no complaint of any ill feeling whatever. Yet he made the lowest score of his life, one which any duffer could beat, and one which has never been made on any grounds by any professional shooter of the country. Gilbert could find no explanation whatever for it, for he should be in perfect fettle and not in the least "shot out," as he has been resting of late and only doing shooting enough to keep in practice. His load when seen on the snow seemed a bit wide, but gun and load were not the cause of his trouble; he was slow in his nerves somewhere, and it could be easily seen that he made the fatal mistake of dwelling as he fired, getting his lead and then stopping to pull the trigger. Consequently he was always behind and under any good outgoing bird. He slobbered down a good many birds out of bounds for this reason. Grimm, who was handling him, told him what was wrong, but it seemed impossible for Gilbert to quicken up and get on with his second, though he at times made good fast stops with the first. Time after time the birds would go out through his tardy charge, some of them to drop outside, but most of them hardly tickled, and it was generally felt that Gilbert was clear wrong somewhere, as 68 birds to the 100 is not a score which belongs with Fred Gilbert's name by any means. But he should not be disheartened by this at all. It is only another phase of the pigeon game, which is one of the oddest of all games and the hardest to depend upon. It more than ever proves the truth of the belief of all knowing shooters, that there is not and can never be any one man who can claim with justice the title of champion. No man can beat all the good ones all the time, and the luck of respective form is what makes the quality of a race when two good ones come together. Next week Gilbert may feel worse and shoot better. There is no accounting for it.

To-day the birds were screamers, not one needing the flag. The wind made them rule outgoers, and they tarried not on their going. These birds were taken from the same coops as those of yesterday, but they did not offer the same spectacle by any means. The weather was bright and clear, with a keen, fresh air, and a bit of wind moving to give life to the flight. On the ground was a couple of inches or so of snow, and the glare from this was very trying, as the sun was almost directly in the eyes of the shooters. Winston adopted the old mountain trick of blackening his face and nose with cork, which helped his eyes very much. Gilbert used a long visored cap. Both said that at times it was next to impossible to see a fast bird as it went out over the snow.

Winston was chipper and "sassy" before the race began, and seemed more like himself. He was not averse to making a cheerful remark or so at some of his own kills, occasionally reminding the spectators that he did it with "load 147." He could have killed perhaps three or four more birds if he had been crowded to it, but he struck one of his fooling streaks, and at times apparently tried to see how long he could wait and still kill his bird. Once or twice he made phenomenal kills in this way, getting a bird down almost at the wire with a screaming second-barrel kill. At other times he lost birds by this sort of thing, and showed what a slow second would have meant in a closer thing than that he had in hand. A study of his form would indicate that he needs a rest and a little less shooting for a while. He should vary his quinine diet with a little beef, and cease depending on nerve which has no red blood behind it. To-day he did not shoot with any of the quality he showed in his match with Roll, and fell back into more of his old irregular way of shooting. He was fast on some birds where he had time, and awfully slow on some where he needed to use every fraction of a second. Winston left town to-night for home in far poorer form than when he came here. As he stood last week he was a hard man to beat, and a better shot than he ever was before in his life. He thinks he is somewhat shot out, and says he will take a rest. Those who think he is going to prove easy hereafter might do well to be a bit cautious.

Gilbert was never in the race at all, but pounded along behind, falling further out of it all the time. As Fred is a deservedly popular shooter, and has many friends here, his bad showing hurt others beside himself. It should not be thought that Gilbert was in any way disconcerted by any of the fabled antics of Jack Winston at the score, for that sort of thing has been abandoned by the latter. The race was shot with perfect pleasantness throughout. Winston stood back of the score, never sitting down at all, Gilbert sitting with his handler between shots. Winston had no handler, as it is his preference to shoot alone. It would be folly to undertake any description of individual birds in a race like this, as so many were missed, and it will do to say that the birds were very good ones, so good that a 90 score would have been better than 96 on the day previous. This race attracted more attention than any yet shot this week, and there was a goodish crowd assembled. The following is the score of the live-bird half, Winston winning by 13 birds:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

In this race both men used L. C. Smith guns. Winston used his 147 load, and Gilbert shot 3½drs. Du Pont powder in U. M. C. green trap shells.

Shortly after the close of the live-bird match the party adjourned to the target traps to settle the other half of the affair. A few practice birds were shot, and the traps were put in as good shape to comply with the rules as possible. I neglected to ascertain what targets were used. Ike Watson was chosen referee, and acted most acceptably, making two or three close but correct decisions. (It goes without saying that John Watson was referee in all the live-bird contests which have occurred during the two weeks of shooting chronicled.) For judge, Winston chose Oswald von Lengerke, Gilbert choosing Charlie Grimm.

In the targets Gilbert pulled himself together better, and shot with something of his old speed and accuracy. The scores are not high, but it should be remembered that the conditions were difficult, the glare from the snow being very bad for the greater part of the race. It was anybody's race for awhile, and the men see-sawed over the tie line, being tied at the 75th round. Gilbert was then getting better, and Winston apparently worse. On Monday night last, as he was going home, Winston in the presence of several friends picked up a hand bill which he saw laying on the ground, and which displayed on its face a large figure 7. He picked up really two of these bills, and tore off the figure 7 from each, putting one figure in each vest pocket. He declared he was going to beat Gilbert just 7 birds in each match. Along toward the close of the target match, when Winston was plainly fooling along and not extending himself at all to shoot, he asked what the score was. He could then have gone out, if he had not missed, with a total of 11 birds ahead of Gilbert, but this did not seem to please him. While I do not feel in a position to say what can not be proved, it seems to me a trifle significant that Winston lost 4 birds out of his last 10, and that he won by the regulation number, 7. I would not consider Winston's score of 77 under these rules as conclusive of what he might do if he were crowded. Gilbert scored 83, a low score for him under favorable conditions. This made the total scores stand: Winston 158, Gilbert 151. Following are the target scores:

147.....1110111111111111111111111111101111011010111011101111—43
1111010110101100100111111011111111000111111110101100—34—77
Live birds..... 81
158

Gilbert.....0110111111101111111111111111101101111111111101101—43
1010011101101101101101111111111111101111011111111111—40—83
Live birds..... 68
151

During the morning Messrs. O. von Lengerke and E. Rice shot a race at 50 live birds, the former scoring 35, the latter 22, as reported elsewhere.

On the evening of Thursday Winston left for his home at Washington, Ind., where he will remain a few days before going on to New York. He has been very welcome in Chicago, and all hope he will come again and stir things up a bit among the pigeon shooters. He has won four races and lost four, winning $400 and losing $200. He was ready to shoot more races last week when he had a few vacant days, but none were ready at that time, and of course he is not apt to come back to attend to the men who will be ready to shoot next week, as he has all along said he was going home for Christmas and then on East. As we have all too little match shooting here now, it would be appreciated if Winston or some other troublesome party with a good nerve and a shooty disposition would drop in and sort of stir up the animals in the old-time way. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Boston Shooting Association.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 25.—The Boston Shooting Association held a shoot at Wellington to-day. The principal event was a 100-bird handicap race for the W-A trophy, presented by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co. The trophy was won by Capt. E. B. Wadsworth, president of the Association. Sweepstakes were shoot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	25	25	25	25	10	Targets:	10	10	25	25	25	25	10
Allison.....	9	10	19	23	18	24	8	Bond.....	9	8	17	22	23	19	10
Jones.....	8	10	22	20	21	22	10	Dickey.....	7	9	21	20	23	17	9
Puck.....	8	9	21	23	21	24	9	Oliver.....	6	9	19	21	22	20	8
Pray.....	7	9	18	21	17	23	8	Henry.....	5	7	16	20	19	21	7
S Wood.....	7	8	19	22	18	23	10	Ellsworth....	10	7	22	19	21	18	10

Change of Dates at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 23.—To keep in line with the San Antonio Midwinter tournament we have changed the dates of our sparrow shoot from Jan. 14 and 15 to Jan. 20 and 21.

Leaving here on the evening of the second day, we will reach San Antonio 7:15 P. M. the 23d.

The indications are that we will have a good attendance, and enough going to Texas to enable us to secure party rates and a special sleeper through. ROYAL ROBINSON, Sec'y.

This issue is the first of the series for 1897. It is fitting at this date to remind shooters that on Jan. 1 Tom Keller starts in to boom King's Smokeless and Peters's reinforced shells. Neaf Apgar also puts a red mark against Jan. 1, that being the date on which his connection with the Austin Powder Company, of Cleveland, O., formally commences. Another business connection with the King Powder Company is that made by Jack Parker, of Detroit, who will in future shoot King's Smokeless and show what Milt Lindsley's production can do when handled properly.

IN NEW JERSEY.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Dec. 25.—As usual, the Boiling Springs Gun Club of Rutherford, N. J., had a goodly gathering at its annual Christmas Day shoot. The weather could not have been pleasanter for a shoot in midwinter, with a foot of snow on the ground. The beauty of the day had a good deal to do with the attendance, and probably also had something to do with the good scores made by many of those present.

The main event was a handicap at 30 targets, club handicap of extra targets to shoot at. Adams, by grace of his two extra targets and some good work with the gun, scored a highest possible; the same may be said of Dr. De Wolf, one of the coming shots of the club, who had three extras to work on. Baron was close up, with 29 out of 33, showing that he didn't miss many. Colin R. Wise was top-notcher of the scratch men, his score being mainly made up of the figure 1. Greiff and Apgar scored 27, Huck and Paul 26, and Frank 26, all the above shooting from scratch.

A feature of the afternoon's sport was the shoot for a cup donated by the club for "the champion duffer of the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club." For some time there has been a dispute between Messrs. O. Marvin, C. Coe and F. Broshart as to who had the right to that title. To-day the question was to be settled in the club handicap race by mutual agreement. It will be seen from the scores that Mr. Marvin outclassed his opponents by breaking 25 out of 38 to their totals of 24 out of 39. This work deprived him of all chance of the trophy. The tie was shot off after the club race at 10 targets per man, Coe breaking 6 to Broshart's 5. This entitled Mr. Broshart to the title and the cup. Later, in the club room, he was presented with the trophy by Count Lenone, of Passaic, who made a really excellent speech on the occasion, his remarks being very happily chosen. The terms of the cup are "two consecutive wins to entitle the owner to the ultimate possession thereof." Mr. Broshart has thus but to win it next time to become the owner of the trophy. (The cup is a work of the tinsmith's art, being of beaten metal with a couple of handles on it, an exact copy of many loving cups we have seen. It was made under Secretary Huck's directions, a shield of copper being on one side and a copper pigeon on the other. On the shield was engraved: "Presented to the champion duffer of the club by the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club." The engraving was the work of ex-Capt. P. A. Jeanneret.) It is unnecessary to state that the presentation as above put a fitting climax to the club's Christmas Day shoot.

The work done during the day is given in full below, the table of scores giving the records of the sweeps, all of which were at unknown angles, nominal entrance fees:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*
Apgar	9	8	8	8	13	Marvin	..	..	..	6	10
Hegeman	9	8	9	5	..	Lane	..	..	..	5	..
Huck	9	9	9	8	14	Lawrence	..	..	..	2	..
Adams	8	10	8	9	12	Black	..	..	..	..	9
James	8	6	..	7	..	Brown	..	..	..	..	4
Coe	..	..	5	7	..	Wise	..	..	..	..	9
Greiff	..	..	9	8	14	Palmer	..	..	..	..	12
Frank	..	..	..	8	14						

The merchandise event was shot at 30 singles, 15 known angles and 15 unknown. The scores in detail were as below, all handicap allowances being shot off at unknown angles:

Adams (32)	111011111111111111111110111111111	—30
De Wolf (33)	111111111111111101011111111111011	—30
Baron (33)	111111101111111111111100111011111	—29
Wise (30)	111111111111111110'111111101	—28
Lane (35)	111191111111111111110111100110110 10	—28
Blake (36)	011111111110101101101110101011111111	—28
Apgar (30)	101101111111111101111111111111	—27
Greiff (30)	111101110111111111101111111111	—27
Huck (30)	111110111101111111101111111111	—26
Paul (30)	101111111111111111111011111111	—26
Abbott (33)	111111010110111'0101111'101010111	—26
Frank (30)	110111101110011011111111111111	—25
Marvin (38)	011111011100100110111010110111111100	—25
Broshart (39)	001101001110110011111011101010011011110 1	—24
Coe (39)	011010101110101111101001101101001010111	—24
Hegeman (33)	111101111010110011001001111100111	—22
Palmer (33)	001110111010100110101011101111111	—22
James (33)	010011101100000110101110111111111	—21
Lenone (31)	110100011111'011101000000111100	—17
Evans*	110111011110001000011001001111	—17
Weiss*	010001111111010'00'010001100110	—16
Lawrence (40)	111000100100100000 0001111000100000'0010	—14
Brown (39)	000111000100000000100'0110001001000000000	—10

* Did not shoot any handicap.

Dec. 26.—This being an off day at the Boiling Springs grounds, it was not to be expected that many shooters would put in an appearance. As a matter of fact, only six members showed up: Colin R. Wise, of Passaic; W. M. Harding, Platt Adams, Gus Greiff, Theodore Baron and F. S. Edwards, all of New York. The above six kept the traps busy and had lots of practice. Harding and Edwards being early on the grounds, they had a little preliminary practice and shot a small race for the lunches, all of which is told in detail below. Gus Greiff did the best work of the afternoon on singles, breaking 27 out of 30 at expert rules, and 43 out of 50 at unknown angles. His work on doubles was not as good as we have seen him usually do at this style of shooting. He shoots a featherweight Francotte, 28in. barrels, 12 gauge a gun that handles more like a toy than a shooting iron. Wise shoots a Parker, Brown a Francotte, Platt Adams a Smith, Harding a Lefever, and Edwards a Winchester.

A curious feature of the shooting was the comparatively low scores made at unknown angles. Greiff was high with 43 out of 50; Edwards next with 103 out of 125; Adams third, 80 out of 100; Wise broke 72 out of 100, and Baron 33 out of 50, each making an average of 72 per cent. Harding, who is only a beginner, scored 83 out of 125. The shooting records in each event are given below:

Ten pairs:

Edwards	11 10 00 11 11 01 01 11 11 11—15
Harding	10 10 10 10 11 11 00 10 10—11

A match for the lunches at 25 targets, unknown angles, was next on the list, Harding being allowed 3 extra targets to shoot at. He retired at the end of the 25th round, being unable to win if he broke his allowance:

Edwards	0111111101111101101011111—20
Harding	1111110101010010010110 —16

After lunch, Platt Adams and Colin R. Wise having put in an appearance, the following scores were shot at unknown angles:

F S Edwards	00111111111111101111101011111110111111111111111001—42
P Adams	00110111111101111111101101111111011101111111111 41
C R Wise	11111111010 00 0111111100011110111111111111001 —39
W M Harding	11111100101010101101111101111010100101011001111 0—32

The above 50 targets per man were divided into two 25-target events shot as team races, the teams being Adams and Wise against Harding and Edwards; as a result of this arrangement Adams and Wise went scot free, winning both matches:

The next event was at 50 targets, 30 singles, expert rules, and 10 pairs. The results in this race were as below:

Gus Greiff	11111111011111001101111111111—27
	10 10 01 11 10 01 10 10 11 01 —12—39
F S Edwards	1101'0111110111111101111101 11—25
	10 10 01 10 11 11 01 10 11 11 —14—39
Platt Adams	0110111101110111111 110111 1—25
	01 11 10 11 10 10 10 10 00 11 —12—37
T Baron	1010111010111011111010111111—23
	11 10 01 10 10 00 10 11 10 11 —12—35
C R Wise	1101101110110011111111111001111—23
	10 10 00 10 00 10 11 00 11 00 - - 8 - 31
W M Harding	1101111100011001000000111011111—16
	01 01 10 11 01 11 00 00 10 00 — 9—25

Two team races brought the afternoon's practice to a close, each at 25 targets per man, unknown angles. In each event the losing team paid for the targets. Grieff shot well in No. 1, running out with 23 after losing his first and third. The results of the races follow:

No. 1.

Edwards	21	Greiff	23
Adams	20	Harding	19
Baron	18—59	Wise	14—56

No. 2.

Edwards	20	Greiff	20
Wise	19	Adams	19
Baron	18—57	Harding	16—55

EDWARD BANKS.

CHRISTMAS DAY AT MARION.

Dec. 25.—The Endeavor Gun Club had a very enjoyable shoot to day at its grounds, Marion, N J. Both live birds and targets were trapped, A. R. Strader furnishing 200 pigeons as good as anyone would wish to see trapped. Among the number were a lot of white birds which were very hard to see when flying low over the snow. Scores were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Lott	2220020—4	1220222212 9	222—3
G Piercy	1221020—5	1021022222—8	021—2
C von Lengerke	0220102—4	1222022222—9	212—3
Dr Mulvany	2210102—5	0102210222—7	...
A R Strader	2010122—5	2221002212—8	021—2
Seeley	2001202—4	1000011210—5	021—2
Ingram	1120110—5	0122002110—6	...
Colman	2220211—6	.....	...
Metz	2012110—5	.....	...
Dudley	.....	0001220222—6	...
Jefferson	.....	0102020012—5	202—2
Jones	.....	.....	100—1
R Strader	.....	.....	211—3
Fry	.....	.....	000—0

Target sweeps were shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	20	15	20	15	Targets:	20	15	20	15
Lott	16	14	18	13	Wakeman	6	4	10	4
Dudley	15	9	17	11	A R Strader	15	8	15	..
G Piercy	15	14	17	13	Colman	15	6	..	..
Taylor	12	9	13	..	Proctor	13	8	10	..
Ingram	16	10	..	..	Fry	10	9	9	..
Jefferson	11	5	9	..	Hughes	7	..	13	..
C von Lengerke	17	8	11	6	R Strader	..	8	16	..
L Piercy	17	9	..	..	Hollister	..	7	..	..

J. A. CREVELING, Sec'y.

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Dec. 25.—The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, held an all-day shoot to-day. A long list of events was shot off, some of them sweeps for turkeys and chickens. Among the winners of turkeys were Dr. Cummings, Warren Smith, Mel. Hayes, Charles Hedden and E. Jewell. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
D Fleming	7	8	8	6	7	6	6	7	9	6	8	7	10	8	6	10	5	6	8	12
J James	5	5	5	9	7	8	7	9	7	5	5	5	7	7	8	10	9	7	4	12
Winans	5	6	1	3	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Dr C Smith	3	0	4	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C E Smith	..	9	6	5	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	7	10	7	9	8	18
Jewell	..	..	..	..	8	..	7	..	..	6	..	8	..	6	6	..	8	6	9	13
Hayes	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	9	..	9	..	8	8	14	9	9	7	17
Tarlton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	6	6	..	.	6	5	4	4	5	
War Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	8	14	9	9	10	17
Hedden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	6	4	10	16
Dr Cummings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	8	8	8	17
J H Cummings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	5	3	7	13
Backus	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12

All events were at 10 targets, except No. 16 (15 targets) and No. 20 (20 targets).

H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

Dec. 25.—The Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, held a shoot to-day. Two 25-target events were shot during the day in addition to several 10-target sweeps. In the 25-target events No. 1 was the club shoot; this resulted as follows:

Griffiths 22, Bell 19, Raymond 18, Chaffee 17, Jackson 16, Gardner 15, Warner 15, Van Keuren 14, Stern 14, Ward 12, Fleischman 12, Tittrington 11, C. O. Gardner, Jr., 10.

No. 2, at 25 targets, had 10 entries, Horton and Bell tieing for first place on 17 out of 25. Scores:

Horton 17, Bell 17, Jackson 15, Van Keuren 15, Warner 14, C. O. Gardner, Jr. 14, Stern 13, Fleischman 13, C. O. Gardner 11, Chaffee 11.

MAPLEWOOD GUN CLUB.

Dec. 26.—The Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., shot a race to-day with the Maplewood Gun Club, on the grounds of the latter. The conditions were: 3 men to a team, 25 targets per man, unknown angles. The home team was defeated by 3 breaks. Scores:

Union Gun Club.

A A Sickley	11011111110111111111111111—23
E Sickley	11010101110111011111011111—19
Dr Jackson	00111111111101110111101110—19—61

Maplewood Gun Club.

W N Drake	11111111101111111111011111—23
J W Smith	11111111110111101111110111—22
D W Van Iderstine	00101011010111010100001 1—13—58

Sweepstakes were shot as below. Conditions, 10 targets, all at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
W Drake	9	9	9	9	9	8	..	..	D W Van								
J W Smith	8	9	9	5	9	10	..	8	Iderstine	5	5	..	..	..	..	4	9
E Canfield	10	6	8	10	8	7	8	7	Dr Jackson	7	6	..	..	..	9	9	..
A Sickley	9	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	C C Dean	..	8	9	10	..	..	..	..
E Sickley	6	4	6	9	8	..	7	5	L Dean	..	8	..	..	7	6	..	..
L Colquitt	7	7	8	8	8	..	..	9	Mersereau	4	6	7	..	8	..	..	..
I Soverel	7	7	10	5	..	..	5	5									

ON LONG ISLAND.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

Dec. 22.—Twenty one members of the Hell Gate Gun Club took part to-day in the last regular monthly live-bird shoot of the club for the season of 1896. The shoot, as usual, took place at Dexter Park. The birds were a good lot, not a single one of the club's members being able to make a clean score. Jas. A. R. Elliott, however, who has a match on with Fulford at these grounds Dec. 31, was on hand and shot along as a guest of the club, and incidentally showed them how easy it was to make 10 straight. To-day's scores were as below, all standing at 25yds., the handicaps being by number of points, as explained below (Elliott stood at 30yds.):

F Trostel	1122221021— 9	C Webber	0110210201— 6
J H Voss	2112101102— 9	C Lang	0012220122— 7
P Woelfel	•12'022122— 8	Dr Bauer	0222001102— 6
E Doeinck	0222••111•— 6	J Newman	0121012202— 7
L C Muench	1011122112— 9	L Steutzle	1210202022— 7
E Metz	2222011021— 8	D Valenti	1020120111 — 7
A Knodel	0022•11120 — 6	M Stern	0222002102— 6
E Paynter	2111221200— 8	J Voitek	1010•20101— 5
W A Sands	2022222022— 8	G K Breit	2202020200— 5
E Steffens	0222110212 — 8	J Kreeb	1202222102— 8
J Himmelsbach	1221212002— 8	*J A R Elliott	2222222222—10

* Guest.

Twenty prizes are donated by the club this year, the prize winners being given below in order of merit, together with their handicap number of points. Under the system adopted by the Hell Gate Gun Club, points are scored on the following plan: A shooter handicapped at a given number of points must score more birds out of his 10 than his handicap calls for before adding a point or half point to his record for prizes. For example (taking to-day's contest): W. A. Sands scored 8 birds; his handicap being 6, he added 2 points to his record. L. C. Muench scored 9; his handicap being 5½, he added 3½ points to his record. Prizes for 1896 were won as below:

Name.	Handicap.	Total.	Name.	Handicap.	Total.
Gus Nowak	6½	18½	Fred Trostel	7	11
E Doeinck	7	18	S J Held	6	11
L C Muench	5½	15½	J Schlicht	6	11
Emil Steffens	6	15	J Himmelsbach	6	11
E Paynter	6	14	J Newman	4	11
W A Sands	6	13	J H Voss	7	10
John Kreeb	5	13	C Webber	6	9
E Metz	5½	12½	H Foster	5½	9
E Petersen	5	12	Chas Lang	4½	9
R Regan	5	12	E Marquandt	4	9

CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Dec 25.—Christmas Day at the Bay Ridge grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club was marked by some spirited contests at targets. Six sweeps, all 25-target events, were shot by those present, in addition to the main event, the Christmas handicap. The latter was won by Bert Fish, D. G. Geddes, the scratch man, being second. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
D G Geddes	19	20	15	18	21	17	A D Lewis	..	7	..	..	10	..
C H Chapman	10	7	7	..	10	10	F D Lawrence	..	6	..	..	..	..
W Kitchen	6	..	..	7	..	..	A W Norris	..	..	..	..	7	11
B Fish	..	19	11	20	22	14	W E Richards	..	..	..	..	..	7

The Christmas handicap was won by Bert Fish. This event was 25 targets, known angles, handicap allowance of misses as breaks, the handicap ranging from 1 to 10. Scores in detail were:

Fish	1111111111111111101111111—24+ 1—25
Geddes	1111101111111101011111111 —22
Lawrence	1111000010011110100001010—12+10—22
Chapman	1001000001000111101100111—12+ 7—19
Norris	1000010111001000000111001—10+ 8—18
Lewis	1000000001100100000100100— 6+ 7—13

Dec. 26.—The following sweeps were shot this afternoon on the Bay Ridge grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club. Bert Fish carried off the bulk of the honors. Nos. 2 and 3 were shot at expert rules; No. 8 was 12 known angles and 13 unknown angles; all the others were at known angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*15*	*10*	*25*	Targets:	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*15*	*10*	*25*
B Fish	19	18	16	18	19	11	7	16	H C Werleman	7	6	2	9	10	..	..	4
D G Geddes	19	17	..	..	16	..	..	..	J Prentice	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	..
G C White	17	11	16	23	18	..	..	15									
G Notman	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..									

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.

Dec. 26.—A few members of the Westminster Kennel Club went down to Babylon, L. I., on a special train for a small live-bird shoot. Event No. 1 was at 5 birds, $5, two high guns, then miss-and-out. No. 2 was at 10 birds, $10, two high guns, miss-and-out on ties. No. 3 was shot under the same conditions as No. 1. Knapp, Watrous and Stafford did the best work in the above event, Stafford's run of 19 straight being an excellent one under the circumstances. Knapp made a run of 22 straight. Superintendent Mott provided a good lot of birds, as usual. Scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
W H Stafford (28)	22222222—8	2222222222220—11	022 — 2
Col Butler (28)	11222220—7	012112212 — 8	100 — 1
W W Watrous (28)	1222220 —6	22202220 — 6	212222222222—11
C M Chapin (29)	220 —2	202220 — 4	120 — 2
W S Edey (29)	021 —2	200 — 1	02 — 1
J P Knapp (30)	020 —1	2222222222222—12	22222222220—10
George Magoun (28)	2020 —2	202220112 — 7	022 — 2

A series of 8 miss-and-outs were shot, all $5 entrance, the shooters standing at the same handicap marks as above. The records in these 8 events were:

	No 1.	No. 2.	No 3.	No 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Knapp	5	1	5	1	5	1	.	.
Watrous	2	0	2	0	0	2	3	5
Magoun	2	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Stafford	3	7	1	1	4	3	3	4
Rutler	4	6	3	1	5	3	1	5
Edey	5	7	2	0	.	.	.	.
Chapin	3	6	3	2	4	2	2	1

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Dec. 26.—The last live-bird shoot of the year for the New Utrecht Gun Club was held at Dexter Park this afternoon. The attendance was very small, all the interest in the club prizes centering in the contest between John Gaughen and Conny Furgueson for the Class B prize. Up to to-day each had five wins to his credit. This afternoon Gaughen made his tally 6 by scoring 9 straight, his 10th bird dropping dead out of bounds. Conny lost a fast bird in the first round, and dropped another cipher on his score by losing his 7th. Jim Elliott, who is at present domiciled at Dexter Park, shot along as a guest of the club. Scores:

	Club shoot.	No. 1.	No. 2.
C Furgueson (AA, 30)	212222•222— 9	12222—5	02222—4
J Gaughen (B, 29)	222221222•— 9	.....	11102—4
Conny Furgueson (B, 28)	0221210223— 8	.....	21022 4
F A Thompson (B, 28)	1211021•22 — 8	12200—3	11102—4
*J A R Elliott (20)	2222222222—10	22222—5	02220—3
H M Furgueson	.....	02020—2	.....
D C Bennett	.....	.....	12112—5

* Guest.

Arendtsville Gun Club.

ARENDTSVILLE, Pa., Dec. 21.—The records of the members of the Arendtsville Gun Club in the medal shoots and special events are given below. Also the recent scores made by members in 10-target events and in 6 live-bird events:

	June.		July.		Aug.		Sept.		Special.			
Targets:	*25*	*25*	*20*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*25*	*35*	*25*	*25*	*25*
C D Wisler	19	19	17	21	23	23	15	20	32	22	21	21
S M Eaholtz	18	17	..	..	21	19	15	14	20	21	..	16
C E Crum	19	15	11	..	..	22	..	18	18	..	23	19
A Schlesser	15	12	15	16	..	18	12	15	18	20	..	15
J O Thomas	..	..	..	16	..	13	19	20	..	..	19	18

Shooting at targets in 10-target events, the following scores were made recently:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Wisler	9	9	8	9	9	8	8	6	10	9
Eaholtz	9	6	6	3	9	6	8	..	8	9
Schlesser	8	3	8	5	6	5	3	8	4	10
Kebil	5	6	8	6	7	.	..	..	..	..
Crum	7	8	9	9	7	6	9	9	..	
Reinecker	8	5	..	6	6	..	..	..	6	7
Fissell	6	8	3	4	4	..	..	..	5	7
Taylor	8	7	7	10	8	..	..	..	8	.
Kane	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	5	3	5
Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	9	8	8

Live-bird scores were made as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Birds:	*10*	*10*	*5*	*5*	*5*	*5*	Birds:	*10*	*10*	*5*	*5*	*5*	*5*
Wisler	10	9	5	4	4	5	Fissell	9	8	2	3	..	4
Wierman	10	8	..	..	..	..	Schlesser	7	6	..	1	..	1
Ertter	10	10	5	5	..	..	Reinecker	..	..	2	3	1	2
Crum	5	6	..	..	..	..	Beamer	..	..	4	3	3	3
Taylor	8	4	2	4	3	4	Hartmann	..	..	..	..	3	2
Eaholtz	9	7	4	2	4	..	Kane	..	..	..	..	4	4
Thomas	8	9	4	3	..	5	Becker	..	..	..	..	..	2
Hoechst	8	..	..	..	..	..	Lerew	..	..	..	..	..	2

A. G. C.

The Interstate Association.

CLASSIFICATION AND TOURNAMENT COMMITTEE.

THE Classification and Tournament Committee of the Interstate Association met at the office of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, 312 Broadway, Dec. 23, at 11 o'clock.

The members present were: Chairman Irby Bennett, of the W. R. A. Company; Noel E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Company; J. L. Lequin, of the Hazard Powder Company, secretary-treasurer of the Association; and Mr. Detmold, representing his partner, Justus von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold. Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Company, was unable to be present. J. A. H. Dressel, president of the Interstate Association, was also present.

The report of the manager, Elmer E. Shaner, on grounds for holding the Grand American Handicap was read, discussed and placed on file. The report showed that Mr. Shaner had visited the race tracks in the vicinity of Elizabeth, N. J.—Waverly, Linden and Dwyer's—and also the new grounds at Elkwood Park; and that he found that the tracks at Waverly and Linden were unsuited for the purpose required, but recommended that the committee visit in person the grounds at Dwyer's track and at Elkwood Park.

A proposition from Messrs. Zwirlein and Astfalk, the parties who desire to have the shoot at Dwyer's track, was read and placed on file.

Acting on the manager's recommendation, the committee decided to view both grounds on Tuesday, Dec. 29, leaving New York by the 10:10 A. M. train over the P. R. R., visiting the track at Elizabeth prior to going to Elkwood Park. After the trip the committee will meet and finally decide upon the grounds for holding the Grand American Handicap of 1897.

The committee also instructed the manager to make as favorable arrangements as possible in regard to dates, etc., with clubs in the following cities, with the idea of holding target tournaments at those points during the coming season: Baltimore, Md.; Richmond, Va.; Mobile, Ala.; Monroe, La.; New Haven, Conn; Lewiston, Me.; Montpelier, Vt., and some point in New Hampshire. The committee recommended that the name of Nashville, Tenn., be substituted for one of the cities in the South named above.

The question of revising the division of the purse in the Grand American Handicap was also discussed. The purse will be divided on the same plan as last year: First high gun will receive $500, second high gun $300, and third high gun $200. All surplus will be added, the above $1,000 being the usual guarantee. The surplus will be divided into a certain number of additional moneys, the proportions being graduated for every additional ten entries above forty up to 100 or more.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

F., New York.—A friend of mine declares that in shooting rabbits when snow is on the ground dogs can be dispensed with, as the rabbits can be tracked to their hiding places or forms and started within range. I doubt it. Will you kindly give us your opinion? Ans. Your friend is correct, provided the tracks were made within a reasonable length of time, and the snow is soft enough to receive the foot imprints.

MAC, Philadelphia.—I have a large shepherd dog who will jump the fence, and I would like to know how to hobble him to prevent jumping, as I dislike to keep him chained. Ans. You can run a wire or two or three barbed wires from 12in. to 4 or 5ft. from the bottom of the fence and about 12in. from the ground, so that he cannot make a spring to jump. Or you can build your fence higher. A clog chained to the dog will also prevent him from jumping, but it will make him irritable, and in time injure his physique.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 2. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

Jacksnipe Coming In. "He's Got Them" (Quail Shooting). Vigilant and Valkyrie. Bass Fishing at Block Island.

The plates are for frames 14 x 19 in. They are done in twelve colors, and are rich in effect. They are furnished to old or new subscribers on the following terms:

Forest and Stream *one year and the set of four pictures*, **$5.**
Forest and Stream *6 months and any two of the pictures*, **$3.**
Price of the pictures alone, $1.50 each; $5 for the set.

Remit by express money order or postal money order. Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

Fly-fishing gives more varied play and greater exercise to the muscles; it bestows a keener excitement; it intensifies the perceptive faculties; it requires nicer judgment than bait-fishing, quicker and more delicate manipulation, and greater promptness in emergencies; it is more humanizing in its influences; it is beautiful in its associations, and poetic in the fancies it begets.

—Chas. Hallock.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN IN FLORIDA.

IN the year 1562 John Hawkins, father of the British slave trade, set sail from Plymouth on a negro-selling expedition to the West Indies and the Spanish Main. "Serve God daily, love one another, preserve your victuals, beware of fire, and keep good company"—that is, keep your ship in company with the others—were the sailing instructions he gave his captains. If this were the place for its telling, the story would be interesting of how the English seamen, making first for the coast of Africa, inveigled their victims into the pens below decks and then sailed away with them to the Spanish settlements in America; and of how, arriving there, and orders having been promulgated by the royal governors to forbid trading with the Englishmen, Hawkins manned his guns, fired some shot, made a show of bombarding the settlements, and so persuaded the Spaniards that despite roya decrees they might buy his negroes if they wanted to, or at all events if he wanted them to. But it is not with Hawkins the slave trader, but with Hawkins the naturalist that we have to do here.

The old voyagers recorded a vast store of quaint and curious lore respecting the phenomena of nature observed by them. The new world was peopled by creatures strange and marvelous, and the accounts written of them by the explorers are for the most part simple and ingenuous, and marked by a graphic delineation not to be improved upon even now. Sometimes in the chronicles we find mention of creatures which it is difficult for us to identify. Such was the Florida unicorn, of which record is made in the story of this voyage of Hawkins.

On their way home in 1564 the fleet coasted along Florida and put into the River May, now the St. John's, to visit the French Huguenots, who had established a fortification under Laudonneire. There in Florida John Sparke, the chronicler of the expedition, tells us, they found "deer marvelous store, with divers other beasts and fowl serviceable to man;" and among other species there were unicorns:

"The Floridians have pieces of unicorns' horns, which they wear about their necks, whereof the Frenchmen obtained many pieces. Of those unicorns they have many; for that they do affirm it to be a beast with one horn, which, coming to the river to drink, putteth the same into the water before he drinketh. Of this unicorn's horn there are many of our company that, having gotten the same of the Frenchmen, brought home thereof to show."

What was the Florida unicorn, this creature with one horn which it plunged into the water before drinking? Sparke gives no further particulars of it. To say that it was a unicorn and that a unicorn is a unicorn is not to give light, for we do not know what a unicorn is. They did not know in those days. The Hawkins sailors who took home their specimens of the Florida unicorn to show as one of the wonders of the new world, with their hazy, hearsay description of the beast, only added to the confusion already existing and due to the multiplicity of articles cherished in the old world as curiosities and reputed to be unicorns' horns. From the time of Pliny down to that of Hawkins, Greek, Latin, German, French and English savants discussed the identity of the unicorn and no two ever agreed as to what it was. Some said it divided the hoof and others that it did not; some described it as of the size of a sheep, others declared that it was as big as an elephant; it was identified as the ox, the wild ass, rhinoceros, oryx, a dozen other beasts. A recent caller at the FOREST AND STREAM gave it as his opinion that the unicorn of Cæsar was the reindeer.

Shortly before this Frobisher had carried home from his voyage to America, in the search for the Northwest Passage, a narwhal tusk, and this took its place with other objects in the world's collection of unicorn horns. But the narwhal belongs to the latitude north of 65° N., and we may not conjecture that the Florida unicorn was a narwhal unless we assume that in the course of the extensive barter, which is known to have been carried on in those times, this product of the far north passed from hand to hand toward the south in exchange for shells of the southern seas, until it came into the possession of the Floridians and was added to the barbarous adornments hung about their necks. This theory cannot be entertained, for it does not account for the creature reported by Hawkins as alive in Florida and coming down to the water to drink; the narwhal lives in the sea; it does not come down to the river to drink, no more than a deer climbs trees to eat lilypads.

The Florida Indians to day wear as an ornament the bill of the ivory-billed woodpecker. A study of the current fashions of adornment and those of the aborigines, as pictured by an artist who was with the Frenchmen visited by Hawkins, shows that there has been no change from that day to this in the general character of trinkets, and as the ivory bills are worn now, they probably were worn then. Perhaps Hawkins's unicorn horn was the woodpecker's bill. If any shall object that this is to make of the unicorn an unduly insignificant creature, it may be said in retort that it were better to light on something, even the bill of a bird, than to consign the unicorn and his horn to the realm of fable. When we applied the other day to Dr. DeWitt Webb, president of the St. Augustine Literary and Scientific Society, for information respecting the present existence in Florida of anything answering to Hawkins's unicorn, he frivolously observed that probably Hawkins had taken a horn himself; that is to say, that there was no unicorn, a conclusion in which we are reluctant to concur, for it means the obliteration also of the lions which once prowled through the piney woods and skulked in the hamaks. There were lions in Florida in the days of Hawkins and the unicorn. Says Sparke

Of beasts in this country besides deer, foxes, hares, polecats, coneys, ounces and leopards, I am not able certainly to say; but it is thought that there are lions and tigers as well as unicorns—lions especially, if it be true that is said of the enmity between them and the unicorns; for there is no beast but hath his enemy, as the coney the polecat, the sheep the wolf, the elephant the rhinoceros, and so of every beast the like, insomuch that whereas the one is the other cannot be missing.

That is a delicious bit of reasoning for you. There were unicorns, ergo lions. No lions of fancy these, but lions of logic; and how to overcome logical lions in one's pathway is something not laid down in the manuals of big-game hunting.

SIR HENRY HALFORD.

THE announcement of the death of Sir Henry Halford, who died in London on Monday last, will recall to many minds the days when long-range rifle shooting was as interesting to the general public in this country as yachting has been since. In those days—from 1875 to 1880—Sir Henry Halford was a prominent figure in all the international rifle contests that took place, and whether as host at home or as guest in this country, he was ever the same genial, cheery, fair-minded sportsman. Many an American who was interested in rifle shooting twenty years ago will feel a sense of personal loss in reading the announcement of his death.

Henry St. John Halford was born in 1828, and received his education at Eton and Oxford. On the death of his father in 1849 he succeeded to the baronetcy, and from this time on took a prominent part in the affairs of Leicestershire. He was interested in all outdoor sports, but was best known to Americans in connection with rifle shooting Upon his estate in Leicestershire he had a private rifle range, and he devoted much time to practicing there.

For many years, beginning in 1872, he shot on the English team which competed with teams from Ireland and Scotland for the Elcho shield, and often captained his team with judgment and success. In 1875 Sir Henry Halford entertained the American rifle teams that visited England, and in 1877 he brought over a British team to compete for the Centennial trophy and the championship of the world. After two days' shooting, beginning Sept. 14, 1877, the American team defeated the British by a score of 3,334 to 3,242. The best score made by the British team was Sir Henry's, 412.

In July, 1880, a return match was shot at Wimbledon, when Sir Henry Halford's team defeated the Americans by about 80 points. In 1882 he again visited this country as captain of a team to shoot a military rifle match at Creedmoor. The British were successful on this occasion also, winning by 176 points.

SNAP SHOTS.

In their report for 1895, just issued, the New York Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests recommend that "All bills relating to the fisheries, game and forest interests of the State should be referred to them for their consideration by the legislative committees in charge before action is taken upon them." That depends altogether upon the Commissioners. Sometimes their opinion of proposed legislation is worth having and sometimes it is not. President Davis issued a pronunciamento of the Commission's endorsement of the foresty amendment job at the last election; and the people repudiated the Commission's recommendation by an adverse majority of over 300,000 votes.

Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, of Maine, tells us that the Swedes in the vicinity where the black game from Sweden were put out last year report that they hear the birds calling occasionally in the morning. There appears to be no doubt that the black game bred last summer, and there is probability that the newcomers may become established as a permanent addition to the Maine game supply. Of the capercailzie nothing is known; they have not been seen; but this may be due to the fact of their more pronounced wildness and seclusion in the depth of the wilderness The expected consignment of black game and capercailzie for Maine last fall was not received.

A correspondent writes that he has been reading the FOREST AND STREAM for many years, and it was not until he happened upon one of Mr. Hammond's stories of the old days at Holland that he found in it anything to indicate that the flask was one of the necessary articles of an outfit for the field. If our correspondent had read the sportsmen's papers of forty years ago, he would have found the flask much more in evidence. From a perusal of the chronicles of those days one would with certainty draw the conclusion that though a man might go fishing without hooks, and hunting without a gun, no sporting excursion on land or water would be a success if by sad mischance the bottle were left at home. We set out very early in the history of the FOREST AND STREAM to publish a journal which should differ from its predecessors in this respect. There is little wonder then that, as our Virginia correspondent avers, one may have read the stories of shooting and fishing in these pages without learning from them that the flask was an essential equipment for the field.

That is a very satisfactory report which comes to us from Secretary Kimball, of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, telling of the efficient and summary ways in which grouse snarers were brought to book by the officers of the State police. The case is all the more noteworthy because of the impudent aggressiveness of the trappers who appear by their truculent and menacing carriage to have terrorized the law-abiding citizens of the community. As is usually the way in such affairs, prompt and determined action demonstrated the emptiness of the bluster of these fellows, and showed that there was no difficulty in putting an end to their work, provided only the public officials who were paid to prosecute them would do their duty. The real confidence of the violators of the game laws lies not in any notion that they actually could frighten the community into letting them alone provided the community really cared to interfere with them. They put on a bold front only because htey think that the officials do not mean business.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF THE CURLEW.

WHEN we of the gray-headed fraternity of out-of-door sports were young and studiously "doing sums," or studying the old battered spelling book in the country schoolhouse, some bare-footed urchin would hold up his hand, patiently at first, then with a frown and a wiggling arm toward the teacher, and in answer to the look of recognition would say, "Please may I go out?"

Well, brethren, I still do so. Most of the time I have that wistful longing to go out to escape from the busy desk and the constant stress of business, from the cramped confines of "house and yard," and to get where the bounds are more extended, where the limits reach from the north to the south, from the east to the west, from the center to the circumference.

The summer was long and very heated. The creeping and flying pests of the Sea Islands had worked their sweet wills upon our cuticles. Gossamer-clad and panting we had worried over the weary time and when fall came at last our souls rose within us and we hastened to make preparations to "go out."

Just here I must introduce you to the Curlew. That renowned craft is a strong sailing launch of the naval type, but so improved by a comfortable house built on her that she is spoken of as a "daisy." She sails well, and being fully prepared, was launched and ready for the channels, sounds, creeks, straits, bays, rivers and other water courses and places leading into, among and through the "Hunting Islands." Are ducks there? They are, and more are coming. Do plover, curlew and yellowlegs abound? They do, being on their southern flight. Does the festive deer gambol in the woods? Oh, yes, plenty of him. Fish? Plenty. On the islands Bob White is in season and everything is ripe.

There are those who like to adorn themselves in ancient hunting clothes with an "Injun" smell about them, avoid bathing or washing for weeks, will not sleep in a tent or house for fear of taking cold, rather enjoy lying down in a mud puddle to sleep and rising up filthy, unkempt and of unsavory smell, as who should say, "See what a hunter I am. I rough it like an aborigine, always ready." These claim that it is unlucky to wash, that filth and the clean woods can assimilate. They are frauds, every one. The great "out-of-doors" is clean, sweet-smelling and balmy. Its influence ought to make a dirty man clean. It ought to receive the dweller from the town and send him back perfumed and fragrant, cobwebs all swept away from mind and heart, imagination invigorated and soul pure. I have no use for an unclean sportsman.

As we grow old we are more solicitous for creature comforts, and so we made the Curlew very cozy. She takes four folding spring cots for beds. She has a table that will seat eight, and folds away in the carlins overhead when not in use. There is a carpet on the floor. A good lamp gives light at night, comfortable camp chairs afford easy seats for tired hunters, while the roomy cockpit outside is the common dressing room and lounging place by day. In the forecastle two men for cook and crew find comfortable places. This is the craft that furnishes transportation and quarters, and some account of her wanderings and the luck of the travelers will, I am sure, interest your readers, and therefore I will try to give you here a description of

The First Voyage of the Curlew.

The *personnel* was congenial, and made up of true sportsmen. I doubt if an invitation to any other amusement would have lured any of them ashore again after he had once embarked. The party was composed of the Skipper, the Surgeon, the Soldier and the Clerk, Elliot for cook and Jerry for crew. The route selected was more of the nature of a reconnoissance than for active shooting, as the air still remained as balmy as summer, without the great heat, and it had not become yet cold enough to drive the ducks down to us from northern latitudes. The Skipper is no stranger to your pages. Well seasoned with much salt water, he still tips the scale at over 280lbs.; but he can shoot a little if he gets in the right place, and the game does not wobble too much. The Soldier and the Surgeon are thin, wiry men, good for anything, and warranted to tramp from daylight to dusk for game. The Clerk is a fine young man whom the others are trying to bring up in the right path, and as he is willing and agreeable there are strong hopes for him. Elliot is the best cook who ever slept in a hammock, and Jerry is a multitudinous crew with many solid virtues. Elliot and Jerry are colored people.

Provisioned for a week, the gallant Curlew made sail from Paris Island on a beautiful spring-like day in this last November. All the ladies of the station turned out to see us off. They cheered and gave us many sweet wishes, and their smiles were very wide. Now a man may go very far afield when sent off with such a farewell, so we set the mainsail, hoisted up the jib, and were off in fine style. We hove to off Beaufort for a package of "Rough on Rats," for there were signs of a mouse on board, and the medicine was for him, and not as a sure cure for human despair. The brethren of the rod and gun at Beaufort shouted good wishes from the wharves, and with a fair wind and tide we were off on our venturesome voyage. On that day we had a crooked wind. Whichever way we turned the wind was fair. Through the devious way of the brickyards, into the broad Coosaw, down the same and into Bull River, with blue skies and smooth water, the fine breeze favored us. As we swung into Bull River a large flock of plover, curlew and other shore birds tempted us, and in a few minutes we had bagged fifty-four nice birds for the pan, and felt well satisfied for a beginning. Then we filled away, and in half an hour were snugly at anchor at Buzzard Island, at the Quarantine Station, where the kind hospitality of the venerable Dr. Sams made us feel very much at home. We lay there that night and slept the sweet sleep of the righteous sportsman, with none to molest us or make us afraid. In the early morning the Surgeon and the Soldier paddled up the creek and brought back a brace of ducks, which seemed to give them a good appetite for breakfast. After that repast we got under way and ran up Bull River to the Pacific Phosphate Works, where we were most generously received by Captain Roberts, the superintendent, who then and there laid plans for a deer and duck hunt in the near future whereat great sport is promised us, and of which the readers of FOREST AND STREAM shall have an account, if the present writer can get there.

We left those hospitable shores and worked down the Bull River and anchored in the Coosaw about dark on the second day of the voyage, having picked up a few more shore birds at the mouth of Bull River. Hoisting our stay light and saying our prayers, we turned in again in our comfortable quarters and passed the second night like unto the first, "and even more so."

We were up early the next morning, and worked up to the mouth of Parrott Creek to pass through into Morgan River. Just as we were fairly in the creek a heavy and threatening squall struck us, bringing on a norther. The little Curlew scudded under her jib in fine style, running down Morgan River at great speed, and so we ran into Savage Creek, on St. Helena Island, and anchored for breakfast. After that meal we were not satisfied to remain cooped up there all day, so the sails were close reefed and we beat out of the creek in fine style, and squared away down the river for Egg Bank, a great resort for shore birds. Presently the bank appeared above the sea horizon, but when we arrived there it was blowing too hard to land, although great flocks of birds were seen. We therefore ran to the southward for the mouth of Harbor River, leaving Egg Bank to the seaward of us, and hoping to visit it on some future voyage and get the birds that congregate there. The fresh, fair wind drove us rapidly into Harbor River, behind Hunting Island Light, and on to a mud bank that we did not know was there. Such a little thing as that did not dismay us and we soon hauled "our house and home" into deep water, and went on our way rejoicing. Our joy was short, however, for the tide was high, and among the marshes we entered a false lead, but after awhile found the true channel, and at sunset anchored in Fripp's Inlet, at the west end of Hunting Island. Supper tasted good that night, and the sleep could not be complained of. The appetites of the Soldier and the Surgeon were monumental, and the Clerk and the Skipper were fairly contented when they lighted their nocturnal pipes.

The morning of the fourth day dawned fair and lovely. The Surgeon slipped off for certain ponds, and returned later with several fine ducks. The Soldier and the Clerk picked up a few shore birds, while the Skipper "kept ship" and Jerry paddled across the inlet and returned with half a bushel of fine oysters. We had a noble breakfast that morning, and all the appetites seemed to be renewed, as is usual on such occasions. After breakfast we weighed anchor and worked up to Story River, and on our way passed a small island, as the higher wooded ranges on the marshes are called, and it seemed to promise well for ducks; while opposite it were long flats, on which curlew and sandpipers seemed abundant. We marked this spot, promising ourselves that we would return at some future time and see what could be found. We did so later, which will make "another story."

We ran out to Trenchard's Inlet, hoping to pass out to Bay Point and shoot birds there; but the tide was against us and the wind was light, so we steered for Station Creek on the homeward route. We made into Port Royal Sound just at sunset, and had just wind enough to stem the tide and reach the Naval Station at 9 o'clock. Four more delightful days it would be hard to match. We did not get much game, but we spied out the land and laid plans for more trips of the same kind which we hope to take in the future. The cold weather has not yet been severe enough to drive the ducks south to us, but we live in hopes and are all ready. At another time I hope to give you an account of other voyages, which will take us out of the dull routine of every-day life and give us glorious outings with great comfort. The first taste has been so good we still "want to go out."

C. H. ROCKWELL, U. S. N.

NAVAL STATION, Port Royal, S. C.

FLORIDA OYSTERS.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., Dec. 28.—The Captain and I have just returned from a short cruise. We had for some time talked of making a little run to some oyster beds that he knew of, up north of the 'Cootie, but one thing and another balked our plans. Last week we resolved to go anyway, and though the morning did not promise the usual bright Florida sunshine, we put our mattresses, stores and camp equipment aboard the Kingfisher, filled the water kegs and at 1 P. M. made sail.

With a light wind from the north'ard, we finally beat out of the river, and shaped our course to clear Deer Island. For a wonder, the wind was not quite dead ahead, being about north by west, and with a couple of "hitches" we weather Cedar Point about dusk, the trusty little yawl having walked along at a four-mile gait. Soon after we make out the mouth of the 'Cootie, but the light is so dim that we can see little more than the tree line on shore. The skipper is undecided whether to run into the 'Cootie for the night or go on, but finally decides that we can at least make "4ft. hole," so we continue north.

Having made out and rounded Grass Island in the gathering gloom, we stand in shore, for a palmetto "lump" on the mainland, and the Captain, having got his bearings, gives us the helm, and hanging on by the mainmast, directs the steering up the channel, in and out among the "Coon" oyster bars, back and forth for half an hour, till we drop anchor at the head of navigation "up Salt Creek."

Supper is the next thing in order, and we soon had the oil stoves going in the cabin. Having attended to that important duty and washed the dishes, we spread the awning over the cockpit, unroll the mattresses in the cabin—one on each side of the centerboard case—and make snug for the night. Then into the dinghy and paddle ashore to do a little exploring; and an ideal camp ground it is, high and dry, and as fine a grove of palmettoes as can be found.

With plenty of dry red cedar, we soon have a roaring fire of this fragrant wood, and seated before it the Captain smokes and recalls other tr ps to this favorite camp ground.

Here the lamented Nessmuk camped at one time for several weeks.

The fire burns low and we paddle out to the Kingfisher and are soon in the land of dreams. Next morning finds the wind still from the north, and none too warm, but oysters are what we came for and must have, so donning some old clothes, with a small "elevator" as a precautionary measure against cold, we paddle ashore, and carrying the light canvas canoe across the narrow strip of land, launch her in Oyster Bayou. Now for business. Armed with an oyster knife and gunny sack apiece, and the canoe between us, we wade along knee deep in the water, picking up the bunches of oysters, knocking off the small ones, and quickly filling our sacks with the large size.

Then back to the camp ground, where a roaring fire of cedar is made and we fall to opening the delicious bivalves.

A stew is soon in process of construction, and never did Blue Points taste half so good as these Floridas, fresh from the water, cooked with evaporated cream and Elgin butter, and washed down with coffee that only Captain Tarpon knows how to make, and with an appetite born of the salt air, leaves a breakfast long to be remembered.

Well, we ate oysters and oysters—on the half shell, fried, stewed, roasted and scalloped—till all hands voted enough. Then for something else. The tide is out, showing long rows of oyster bars in all directions for a mile, among which winds the tortuous channel, and how we ever got in here in the dark without once touching bottom no one but the Captain can tell. Bird and animal life in this wild and almost uninhabited country is of constant interest to a Northern tenderfoot. In the early morning the air is filled with thousands upon thousands of cormorants going out to the gulf to their daily fishing. In the evening they return inland, and disgorging part of their fish, feed it to their young partially digested. In the top of a pine near by is a lordly "bird of freedom" just finishing his breakfast of fish, which he has compelled a poor fish hawk to give up. This bald-headed robber does not fish for himself, but watches the fish hawks, and when one makes a catch quickly relieves him of his hard-earned breakfast.

At low tide the flats are alive with beach birds, plover, yellowlegs, jacksnipe and many others. Not 50yds. from the Kingfisher is a flock of "jacks" feeding where a man might kill twenty-five at a shot. Of course, we left the gun at home. We ramble around the cedar and palmetto groves, with here and there broad reaches of savanna, dotted with occasional clumps of palmetto that are islands at low tide. A half wild razor-back with six young pigs dispute our way, and as she seems decidedly on the offensive Tarpon discreetly suggests that we take the canoe and paddle up the creek to Salt Spring. So, stretched at full length in the bow of the canoe, Tarpon on his knees in the stern, we watch with delight this veteran canoeist wield the single blade, as without a sound or splash we glide up this beautiful stream, the water of which is so clear and transparent that one seems to be floating in air. The spring boils out in great volume from unknown depth, with a strong odor of sulphur, and is very salt.

Returning to the cruiser, the weather seems anything but encouraging, and with rain in the air, and a "norther" threatening, we reluctantly decide to cut short our stay at Oyster Bayou. And with the wind aft and plenty of it we slip outside and are soon making good time for the Anclote, and pick up our moorings in the "spring" about dark, thus finishing my first oystering trip with the genial Tarpon, who, with his sailorly ways, his knowledge of woodcraft, and his inexhaustible fund of story and reminiscence, makes a companion without whom such a trip as ours could not be possible.

CAMERAMBLER.

THE FLASK IN THE FIELD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I sit in my "den" to-night, having just finished a piece of tiresome work that I couldn't find the time to reach at the office to-day, my wife asleep in her chair with her pet dog in her lap, I take up, as usual, the FOREST AND STREAM; for, "chained" as I am, no one enjoys its columns more than I. For years I have been intending to become a subscriber, and since that intention has taken form I often "cuss" myself for the good things I have missed by not sooner becoming one of its family. Judging others by myself, and believing that he who knows it grows to love it, I often think that if we would induce our friends who enjoy sport, but who are not subscribers, to subscribe, we would be doing only our duty to the paper as well as a kindness to our friends.

I have been reading "Holland," by Shadow, in No. 24, and I find that on the occasion referred to both he and his companion carried a flask, and what I want to know is, is it only permissible to carry a flask when one goes woodcock hunting? I have read all the accounts of the hunting and fishing trips that have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM for nearly two years, and, unless my memory serves me false, this is the first trip in which a flask figured.

I had been told in my early days that without a flask fish would not bite; that to be a successful fisherman one had to sample the aforesaid flask and spit in the water, and that when you went hunting it was necessary to have something along to provide against snake bites; it mattered not what time of the year or the then whereabouts of the aforesaid snake. Was it Guy Carleton, when, initiating a novice, and telling him of the necessary "tackle" that would be required for a successful fishing trip, said something like this: "A jug of whisky; a few hooks; a bottle of whisky; a line; some more whisky, etc."?

Minute and very much in detail are many of the accounts of enjoyable trips that appear in your columns, but allow one who always carries a flask, knows its use and despises its abuse, to thank Shadow for omitting none of the necessary "tackle" for a successful woodcock hunt.

And talking about snake bites, some years ago there was in my office Dr. Trumbo, of Warren county, Vt., an ardent trout fisherman and a "good fellow," as most true sportsmen are, and he was telling me of some of his trips in the Blue Ridge Mountains after the gamy trout. I asked him if he was not afraid of rattlers, and he said: "No, indeed, we always carry an antidote. And, speaking of antidotes, we had with us on our last trip a fellow who didn't know much about fishing, but was a firm believer in the saying that 'an ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure,' and fearing that he might be bitten by a rattlesnake he soon commenced to carry this theory into practice, and before long was past going. We left him asleep on the banks of the stream, while the rest of us went further up, hoping he would sober up before we got back; but when we did return we found him still

asleep, and to our surprise found also that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake, and while he was unharmed the snake was lying by his side dead. What better evidence, sir, do you want than that of the value of an antidote on a fishing trip?"

My reply was a laugh, and he turned toward me with a merry twinkle in his eye, but in a most dignified tone said: "I suppose, sir, you don't believe it. When I get home I will send you the rattles cut from the tail of that very snake, and perhaps then you will think I am telling the truth."

I thanked him for his offer and in a few hours had forgotten it, and you can imagine my surprise when two days afterward, in opening a package that came to me through the mail, I found the rattles as promised, with the Doctor's compliments. This clinched the matter, and ever since then I have stuck to my flask of antidote when on a fishing or hunting trip. C. M. WHITE.

WARRENTON, VA.

[See comment elsewhere.]

PODGERS' COMMENTARIES.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the past year I have been reading in the FOREST AND STREAM the game and fish stories and experiences, without one word of protest at the rotundity of some of them, hence it might be inferred that I have hoisted them all in and stored them away in my memory as gospel, but I hope not to be called upon to testify. It might result in trouble. Also have I read attentively the discussions pro and con on skunk bites, snakes, gila monsters, and whether deer feed on lilypads or do not, and confess I am not settled in my mind as to which side has the best of the arguments or which is ahead. As a method of relief I have a suggestion to make, which is, for the FOREST AND STREAM to organize in its office a "Court of Reference," to consist of such loose element as may be lying around the premises (not necessarily of loose habits), which shall sit in judgment on the submitted discussions, and, after weighing the evidence, give judgment, and thus relieve the doubting Thomases of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM from the struggle in their minds, and from lying awake nights trying to come to a decision themselves, and so escape occasional nightmares of deer jumping over us with lilypads hanging from their mouths, skunks sitting on our breasts discussing stolen chickens, and snakes curled up on our pillows with glistening eyes in the act of striking (the result of having been out with the boys is indignantly denied). I believe there are numerous readers who will indorse the proposition of this Court of Reference and feel a great sense of relief in having these knotty questions decided for them.

In selecting the members of the court it would be well to select those who have not been addicted to snakes, and have not written about them, and know no more about natural history than many who write on the subject; in other words, who will be unbiased in their judgment and give their verdict according to the preponderance of the testimony.

Among other interesting questions of the day, interesting to sportsmen, I submit that of whether they have any rights that poachers are bound to respect. This is one which is very much exercising our local shooting clubs at the present moment.

Within a few miles of the city are extensive marshes that have been leased by the clubs from the owners of the land and water at a stiff rental, and shooting boxes erected at considerable expense for the winter duck shooting. All this has aroused the ire of that portion of the community of the socialistic ranks, who repudiate the idea that there should be any restriction of their right to shoot when and where it pleases their lordships, regardless of the fact that the clubs are paying the owners of the property for that privilege; and they have the assurance, born of the views of the Mosts and Altgelds, that the newly imported citizen had more rights and privileges, that he does not pay a cent for, than the native who does.

The clubs first tried invoking the aid of the constables to arrest the poachers. This proved a farce, as the justices, who owed their election to this element, discharged the culprits without trial as fast as they were brought before them. One of the gamekeepers of the clubs was shot and killed by one of the poachers, and although the crime was proved beyond question as a case of foul murder, the jury, composed of the same element, acquitted the murderer. Meantime the clubs carried the question of their rights to a Superior Court, before a judge of the locality; but this Dogberry sustained the poachers. The clubs then appealed to the Supreme Court, which reversed the decision, and decided that the clubs stood in the light of owners, and had the right to exclude trespassers. This decision raised a howl from the shoot-where-you-please fraternity, who swear that all the courts in the world cannot prevent them from shooting over the clubs' grounds, and they will and do defy the law. As a result of their determination to do so, you are very likely to hear of a dispensation of Divine Providence, accompanied by a charge of buckshot, that will deprive the victim of any further interest in shooting, as the clubs' gamekeepers are now patrolling the marshes with guns that have a tendency to go off at fitting times and places, regardless of circumstances. All this row has spoiled in a measure the winter shooting and put the clubs at great expense.

The time was not so many moons ago when I indulged in a floating shooting box on these same marshes, which we moored close under the bank of one of the sloughs, and sitting on the forward deck shot all the teal, mallards and canvasbacks we wanted. Teal in those days were sold in the markets for 75 cents a dozen, mallards and canvasbacks at from 40 to 50 cents a pair. In 1848 a deer or grizzly bear could be found on the spot where I am now writing, a street lit by electricity and paved with asphalt extending a mile or more beyond. Davis relates in his "Sixty Years in California" that on Mare Island, where the Navy Yard now is, a drove of not less than 500 elk could be counted any day, and that on one occasion, when sailing past in a small schooner, they encountered a drove of them swimming across from the island so numerous that they could make no progress through them. To get an elk now one must go back several hundred miles to the wilds of Oregon, as yet uninhabited.

It has been a day dream of mine, when sitting in front of the fire *à la* Ike Marvel smoking my pipe, that the spirit of adventure led me to come to these shores in those days, or rather letting my imagination presume that I did come. Just think what a game preserve this country would have made had not gold been discovered. The little settlement of Yerba Buena, now this great city of San Francisco, with its harbor then full of fur seals and salmon, the outskirts abounding in deer, grizzlies and elk, and ducks of all sorts in little ponds now covered with granite blocks, and nobody to take the trouble to shoot them. When Dana, the author of "Two Years Before the Mast," visited these shores such was the state of things. What a paradise for the sportsman to go to when he "handed in his chips." The Indian's happy hunting ground would have been a fool to it, not in it. There is good sport yet, but one must go a distance for it. The market-hunter, with his swivel gun and No. 8 caliber, is doing the work of destruction. They locate a pond or small lake, attract the ducks by throwing grain into it, and when it is covered with them densely let loose the swivel gun, loaded with a pound of shot, and kill a hundred or two at a shot. It is simply murder, but although there is a law against it, what does the gentleman who has his "rights," as he calls them, care for law? It is the same old story with which you are so familiar—no conviction to be obtained, he is among his friends, and laughs at game wardens.

There is one consolation we have left—the salmon. They can't deprive us of that sport as yet. In the rivers emptying into the ocean up the coast they come and go as ever, and what sport it is to land a dozen in an afternoon with rod and reel! It is not always with the fly, as some seasons they will not rise to it, and some people still assert that the Pacific coast salmon never rise to a fly, which is not true, as I have caught them galore with a fly; but as a general thing the feather spoon is used, and that they take ravenously. But, like all other luxuries, the cost of salmon in our markets has "gone up." The time was when you could buy a 10 or 15-pounder for 10 or 15 cents; now they cost 20 cents a pound, but I imagine that price would not stagger you at the East.

As I have said, what a country this would have been for a sportsman's preserve for half a dozen of your rich men. It could have been bought from the Mexican Government before we acquired it for $3,000,000, an area larger than two New York States, and what a speculation! The land covered by this city is worth fifty times that, to say nothing of the State's gold product of over a billion. But alas! as the wise old lady remarked, "If our fore sights were only as good as our hind sights," which experience has proved they are not.

I laid down my pipe and the FOREST AND STREAM, which I was reading to "make these few remarks," which I see have been as long drawn out as a "fifthly and sixthly" sermon of a hot Sunday afternoon; so I will resume my pipe and the FOREST AND STREAM, and the discussions on lilypads, skunks and catamounts, reserving my conclusions for that "Court of Reference" that I have suggested, and which I hope you will organize forthwith.

PODGERS.

Charley Reynolds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time in the winter of 1872 or early spring of 1873 there came to me on the Missouri River above the Yellowstone a young man on purpose to make my acquaintance.

His name was Charley Reynolds, and his reputation had preceded him.

From time to time the Rees and Mandans had spread rumors of a strange white man on the lower river who had shown great skill as a hunter of deer, elk and other game. It was said that the Indians had offered him several ponies for the medicine or talisman by which, as they supposed, he had accomplished these feats.

I found him a clear-eyed, quiet and gentlemanly fellow, whose tastes led to dangerous exploits and adventures. His modest equipment of rifle, pony and lightly laden sledge would hardly satisfy the demands of a sportsman of to-day. He was then on his way with a companion up the river in search of new hunting grounds.

I met him but once or twice again before that fatal day on the Little Big Horn, where he lost his life, with many others, in battle with the allied Sioux and Cheyennes.

I suppose that when Major Reno retired with his command to the dubious security of a bluff in the rear, Charley, as well as Bloody Knife, whom I also knew well, was attending strictly to business in resisting the charge of the hostiles.

I regard Charley Reynolds as the most skillful and successful hunter of game that came into the upper Missouri River country in my day. The Indians first welcomed him, then, their fears and envy being aroused, they brought complaints to the agent that he was killing too much game.

There were mighty hunters in that region, dating from the days of Lewis and Clark and Captain Bonneville.

As a guide, Charley had the hunter's instinct to traverse successfully unknown regions, and if he was ever surprised it was in the last fight, when he found himself alone against vast odds. J. S. K.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with great interest the article on Charley Reynolds which appeared in your issue of Dec. 19, because I used to know that good man and am familiar with many of the occurrences which took place on the Black Hills expedition of 1874. At that time I was an enlisted man in the 7th Cavalry, a member of Capt. French's company, and I often used to see Charley Reynolds both on the march and in camp at night. I remember one trifling incident, not mentioned in the article which you published, which showed the constant alertness and the keen sight possessed by him.

While we were in the Hills we had a little scrap with a small camp of Indians, all of whom except one at length broke away from us. The camp of the wild Indians had been found and surrounded by a number of our Santee Sioux scouts, and one aged man, called, if I recollect right, the One Who Stabs, was captured and brought into camp. Another man was urged to go to see Gen. Custer and started to do so with one of these boys as a guard. Having these two men as hostages, the Indian camp was left unwatched, whereupon the women promptly packed up their stuff and disappeared. The man who was going to see Gen. Custer with the Santee boy got frightened before he reached the camp and bolted. The Santee shot at him, but did not stop him, and the Indian disappeared in the timber.

The next day, soon after starting, Reynolds, who was with the headquarters outfit, pointed out a whitish object standing in the timber on top of a distant hill. Those of us who saw it took it for a white rock, but Charley told the General that it was a horse, and being ordered to go and see what was there he rode on, and later in the day brought in the saddled horse of the Indian who had the day before broken away, its sides all smeared with blood.

It is most interesting to me to have the incidents of these long past days brought before me once more, and I am truly grateful for this brief biography of Charley Reynolds. ENLISTED MAN.

Natural History.

THE GRAY WOLF.

WHY is the gray wolf of Russia reputed to be so much more ferocious than that of America? This question has doubtless occurred to many hunters and sportsmen of America, and I do not recollect ever hearing an answer.

Can it be that the American beasts of prey are deficient in courage?

One is scarcely willing to concede this when the grizzly, the jaguar, the cougar, or even the diminutive peccary are remembered.

Now I have a theory, and an anecdote in illustration thereof, and I propose to offer it as the groundwork of my own opinion in the matter.

The inherent dread of man common to all the brute creation, foretold in Genesis ix., 2, seems, as a rule, not to be overcome save by hunger. This I believe to be the basic truth underlying the whole problem.

All this wide difference in the apparent ferocity of the European and American gray wolf is easily accounted for by two considerations.

In all countries where governmental despotism has deprived the common people of the natural right to bear arms, where in most cases the peasant dweller on the border of the forest has but his axe or pitchfork with which to wage war upon predatory animals, it is easily understood that the wild creatures of the jungle will inevitably become more venturesome; and, as in the case of the native population of India, still more so if the religious teaching of the people has, ages since, led them to become vegetarians, and to wholly avoid taking animal life.

Again, if any country having a severe winter climate becomes at any time, particularly in severely cold weather, deficient in ground game, the natural result of increased ferocity of animals of prey may safely be expected.

How abundantly the forests of Russia and France are supplied with small game which is accessible to the gray wolf in severe winter weather I do not know, but the very fact of the Russian gray wolf becoming a serious menace to human life among so many hamlets of the Russian peasantry argues a very serious deficiency in their natural food supply; while, on the other hand, a somewhat extended hunting experience over a large part of the northern United States has taught me that it is very probable that no continent or island of the wide earth was ever so well supplied with game, both large and small, as was North America when first the European trod its shores.

The American Indian was a hunter of the highest type of courage, and—as in the case of an Indian who perished in a night attack of gray wolves in the forest on the headwaters of Black River, Wis., in the days of the first advent of the whites, when the mangled carcasses of seven big wolves were afterward found where lay his bloody tomahawk and knife among his own disjointed and scattered bones—had, ages since, taught the denizens of the American forests that here was some one whom it was perfectly safe to let alone.

Why, then, did not the gray wolf of America harass the Indian villages and the border settlements of the white people, and live on the women and children of the inhabitants?

In the first place, owing to the phenomenal plenty of game, large and small—as the little boy on the street occasionally remarks—"he didn't have to." And secondly, he had long since learned that there were several undertakings in the hunting line more wholesome in their nature than a job of this kind.

Now, on the other hand, what could the gray wolf of America do when really cornered and driven to the wall by hunger? I happen to know of one individual brute of this type who could have given points to any gray wolf that ever swore allegiance to the great White Czar!

It is not a "Mary-had-a-little-lamb" sort of a narrative. If it were not a big story I would not tell it. And a dozen reliable men could yet be found to verify every point which I ask the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to believe.

I think it was the winter of 1865–1866 that I lived in the furthest outlying settlement on that part of the then Minnesota frontier on the east bank of the Des Moines River. The winter was a long and cold one, and one day near the latter end of winter a young man named Henry Lyman reported that a monster dog, which he supposed to have been a Newfoundland, had followed him along the snowy road while returning from a visit to a neighbor's house the evening before, and that the night was light enough to enable him to see the brute distinctly as it trotted along behind, and that twice he stopped and whistled to it and tried to call it up to him, but without success; adding that afterward, happening to glance backward to see what had become of the creature, he was startled and alarmed to note that it was almost at his heels. Although it sprang quickly away again as he turned toward it, and did not afterward trouble him, he kept an eye on it, until, nearing his home, the animal dropped behind and disappeared.

Considerable interest and some uneasiness was manifested in the little settlement regarding the young man's story, for his veracity was beyond question, and no Newfoundland dog was known on all the frontier. (Let me add that never in the history of the settlement, or in the experience of the trappers who formed it, had a gray wolf been known in all that prairie country.)

Two days after the young man's adventure, while my old trapping comrade, Jim Morehead, was busily engaged in work in the little yard around his home, situated in the timber land on the west bank of the river, and having turned a shoat or small hog weighing some 50 or

75lbs. loose from the pen into the inclosure around the house for exercise, he was about midday suddenly startled to see a gray wolf, "mighty nigh as big as a yearling calf," jump over the fence, and seizing the unfortunate porker across the nose just below the eyes, with one awful, wringing, slashing snap completely separated the nose from the head.

As Jim turned toward the great brute it turned and sprang back over the fence and disappeared in the bushes, while the pig fell and bled to death almost instantly.

As the pig was fat and otherwise entirely unhurt, Jim dressed it for his own use, and again the wolf went hungry.

Jim's story passed quickly through the little settlement, and mothers listened to its repetition with paling cheeks, and all concluded that we had a something worse than a white elephant on our hands.

Down the river below Jim's place lived a neighbor, whose name I have forgotten, who owned a bull dog of undaunted courage and ferocity, which would at the word of command tackle anything short of a buzz saw.

I think it was two days after the death of the pig, about the middle of the afternoon, while this man was employed in front of his house, and while his dog stood at a little distance, the wolf sprang over into his inclosure and made straight for the dog, which instantly bounded forward to the fight.

Seeing the formidable appearance of the wolf, without an instant's pause, the man sprang for his axe, lying but a few steps distant, and rushed to the help of his gallant dog. He was too late.

The fray was measurable only by seconds—few in number—when the wolf sprang from the uplifted axe, over the fence, and again vanished in the bushes.

The dog lay on the chips utterly unable to rise. Gathering the noble animal up in his arms, he carried him to the house, and, as some affair of business which I have now forgotten made it imperative for himself to go a few miles down the river, and to stop over night at the house of another settler, as night was approaching, he made a comfortable bed for the poor brute against the outside wall of the cabin, and hastily building a kennel around him with a lot of barrel staves and boards to make him comfortable as possible for the night, in spite of the protestations of the frightened wife and children (whom he knew to be perfectly safe so long as they remained indoors), he departed on his errand, hoping still to be able to cure the saber-like slashes in the body of his unfortunate dog.

About midnight the wife and children were aroused by an appalling racket of tumbling boards and dying cries, and when search was made in the morning by a neighbor, who followed the bloody trail of the wolf to the foot of a hill in the bushes below the house, the remains of the hapless dog were found, he having been half devoured.

Down the river a short distance below lived a man named Hall, and as he knew that I had poison, and understood the preparation of baits for wild animals, about noon he sent his girls over to request me to prepare a dose for the monster. Preparing what I believed to be a quickly fatal dose, and putting it on the end of a splinter of wood, I instructed her to be careful that on no account must it be touched by the fingers, but dropped on top of the remains of the dog; and on going down the next morning the old man found the wolf lying dead near his victim.

He was quite excited, and sent word to me to come and see the brute, adding that its size was amazing, and that it was "about 6in. between the eyes!"

As I had seen wolves before, I didn't take the trouble to go to look, and the old man got $2.50 for the skin.

The only probable solution of the mystery of his appearance seemed to be that he had drifted or wandered away from the buffalo ground to the far Northwest (probably impelled by winter blizzards, which he could not face) until he had struck the headwaters of the Des Moines River and followed it down.

As the country he had lately traversed was the very barest of ground game in winter of any land I ever knew, he had reached the settlement with a fairly craving appetite.

Had he had a comrade as sharp set as himself they would probably have pulled down and devoured the young man mentioned on the first night of their appearance.

Had there been a half dozen of them, and had they met an equal number of Russian wolves, backed by all the "offskys" of the Russian army, I fancy that when the little discussion was settled the hides of the Russian wolves "wouldn't have held cornshucks."

ORIN BELKNAP.

STATE OF WASHINGTON.

THE PIKA.

THE North American pika is a peculiar tailless rodent, very interesting, and worthy of more than passing notice. It was met with frequently and in numbers in the earlier surveys of the West, and has received no little attention at the hands of naturalists. It generally stays about timber line, but is frequently met with lower. They are quite numerous above timber line at Pike's Peak, where I captured a number several years ago. I also shot one specimen below timber line at Mount Lo Lo, Montana.

In a museum publication I gave not long ago the following notes on this species:

"The Little Chief hare or Rocky Mountain pika (*Lagomys princeps*) was described by Dr. Richardson in 1829 (*Fauna Boreali-Americana*) from a specimen collected near the south branch of the Mackenzie, considerably north of the United States boundary. It ranges southward along the summits of the Rocky Mountains, increasing its altitude with decrease in latitude. In Colorado it is never found below timber line. Only one species was recognized in the United States prior to 1889, when Dr. C. Hart Merriam described another species from the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California. Dr. J. A. Allen gives generic and specific descriptions of *Lagomys princeps* in 'Monographs of North American Rodentia,' 1877. They range much in size and color, irrespective of age, sex, season or locality. Above they are grayish brown, varied with black and yellowish-brown; sides, yellowish-brown; below, grayish, more or less strongly tinged with pale yellowish-brown. They are nearly tailless, have five toes in front and four behind, armed with short, arched, compressed nails, with a prominent, naked pad at the base of each toe. They range in length from 6.5in. to 8in., averaging about 7in. Ears large, broad, rounded. Whiskers numerous and long (1in. to 2.5in.). They are found very abundant in many places in the Rocky Mountains.

Concerning the habits of the animal Dr. Allen says (Op. cit.): "Their habits seem everywhere much the same. The animals are everywhere found in communities, living among the loose rocks from a little below timber line nearly up to the snow line. They appear to rarely wander from their homes, are timid, yet easily become familiar. Though retreating to their holes when first alarmed, they soon come cautiously out, one after another, till one may hear their sharp little cries in every direction. Their color so nearly resembles that of the rocks they live among that they are not easily seen, and their cry is of such a character as to easily mislead one in respect to the point from which it proceeds, seeming to be far away when really only a few feet distant. They sit erect like marmots, and in no way resemble the hares in habits. They carry into fissures of the rocks large quantities of grass, which they lay up for winter consumption. They are weak, sedentary animals, and are apparently strictly diurnal in their habits."

The pikas, living and fossil, are all traceable to a single genus, *Lagomys*, with eight species, found only in western North America and northern Asia. Two species are found in North America, three in the elevated parts of northern India, and three others further northward. Formerly they extended much further southward and westward, their fossil remains having been found in the Pliocene strata of England, France and one of the islands of Corsica and Sardinia (Op. cit.). They represent an ancient family, being a less specialized form than the hares.

M. J. ELROD.

ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, Bloomington, Ill.

[No one who has spent much time among the high mountains of western America can have failed to hear—if not to see—this little animal, which is better known as the Little Chief hare. It is an interesting species, found often in great numbers on the mountain side, where it makes its home in crannies and holes among the slide rock.]

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A Vermont Rattlesnake.

"HEY? Didn't s'pose the' was any rattlesnakes in Vermont?" said Dan'l, as loudly as if he was talking to himself, and turning his best ear to me. I signaled a negative, and he continued in undiminished volume:

"Good land, yes! The' use' t' be lots of 'em on the Barnum Hill, so I've hearn ol' folks tell, and the's been some killed there since I can remember.

"Why, one day in harvestin' I was goin' 'long the road towards the house, an' I see what I thought was a snake a-layin' 'crost the road, clean acrost both wheel tracks, an', by George, when I cum clus tew, it was a tormented great blacksnake. I got me a stake out o' fence an' killed it, an' it measured six foot. That was consid'able of a snake for this Northern country."

"But it wasn't a rattlesnake," said the listener.

"Well, I was goin' to tell ye. Levi Fuller had a piece o' wheat ready to cut an' wanted me to cradle it for him. I was a pooty good hand with a cradle in them days. So we ground up the cradle scythe, an' I went at it an' he follered me up a-rakin' an' bindin'. It was the next day after I killed that blacksnake an' my head was full o' snakes."

"None in your boots, Dan'l?"

"No, sir; I never indulged. Well, I hadn't cradled more 'n half way acrost the piece afore I heard a kind o' sharp buzzin' sort of a noise just ahead of me, an' I stood right still an' begin to look, an' by George! there I see a snake kinked along 'mongst the wheat, with his head raised up a little mite, not quiled up rattlesnake fashion; but I knew he was one, for he was all spotted, an' that buzzin' noise kep' a-goin' all the time, the wheat a-wigglin' right where the sound come from.

"You'd better b'lieve I backed off pretty lively, but mighty careful. I hollered to Levi to come there, an' I as'd him if that wa'n't a rattlesnake, for I knew he'd know, 'cause he'd killed 'em.

"He stood off quite respectful, but he looked at it hard. 'Yes,' says he, 'that 'ere's a rattlesnake, sartain.'

"Well, we held a council of war, an' the upshot was, Levi put for the house to git his gun 'at had been loaded for woodchuck all summer, an' I staid an' watched the snake, but the snake didn't stir none to speak of 'fore Levi got back, all out o' breath.

"We made up our minds we hadn't better depend altogether on the gun, seein we hadn't but one charge, so I got me a good oak stake out o' the fence, an' crep' up, whilst Levi stood ready to give him a shot if I didn't lay him out. Well, I up with my club an' let the snake have it right on the head. Levi stood squintin' along the gun, with his finger on the tricker. The' was a locus' riz up an' went off snappin' his wings, but the snake only kind o' flopped up an' lay stiff as a maggit."

"Killed him the first lick, didn't ye, Dan'l?"

"Good land, no! 'T wa'n't nothin' but a butt'nut root—but it was the nighest I ever come to seein' a wil' rattlesnake."

AWAHSOOSE.

A Russian grand duke, one of the Czar's predecessors, was once the guest of a German prince. It was early in the century. In Russia the imperial double-headed eagle is to be seen everywhere and on everything throughout the empire, stamped, painted, embroidered or sculptured. At that period the education of grand dukes was somewhat limited. This grand duke went out shooting in Germany, and, among other things, shot a large bird. He asked an experienced huntsman who accompanied him what the bird was. "An eagle, your highness," was the answer. The grand duke turned on him in an irritated way. "How can it be an eagle," he asked, "when it has only one head?"—*Argonaut.*

Photographs of Dead Game.

MARIETTA, O., Jan. 2.—*Forest and Stream Pub. Co.:* Enclosed find one dollar and twenty-five cents for copy of the dead bird picture, "Woodcock." The other two ordered from you are so good that I will complete the series. Yours very truly, ROBT. N. PAYNE.

Game Bag and Gun.

ON SNOWSHOES TO THE BARREN GROUNDS.

UNTIL within a few years, the little that we knew of the musk-ox and his home all came to us from arctic explorers and from employees of the Hudson's Bay Co. Lately, however, at least two most excellent and interesting volumes have been written about this far distant land by sportsmen who have visited it for the distinct purpose of killing musk-ox, and it is with the last of these that we have to do.

In his book entitled "On Snowshoes to the Barren Grounds" (Harpers), Mr. Caspar Whitney gives us the narrative of a winter trip made from Edmonton, N. W. T., to a point in the Barren Grounds within the Arctic circle and back again—a narrative so well told and so graphic that the thoughtful reader, and above all the reader who himself has endured some of the hardships of outdoor life, may in a slight degree comprehend what is needed in the way of courage, hardihood and endurance to enable a man to successfully face the horrors of that land of desolation. We are most of us so thoughtless in our reading and our talk that descriptions of suffering make little impression on us.

Most of us indeed have never really suffered. We do not know what it is to starve, to freeze, or—worst of all—to endure the tortures of thirst. It is not strange, therefore, that we fail to comprehend descriptions of such hardships. He who has passed through suffering of this sort, however, remembers, as the days passed and no food could be had, how he grew weaker and weaker, not suffering much actual pain, but realizing hour after hour that he was becoming less and less able to do a man's work. So the man who has faced the horrors of the waterless desert preserves a keen memory of the gradual drying up within him of the water springs, unthought of in a land of lakes and streams.

Mr. Whitney's story is one of endurance rather than of adventure. He dared to face the rigors of an arctic winter, and to hunt on the Barren Grounds at a time of the year when even the Indians inhabiting the country never venture thither. On these Barren Grounds there is no wood, and the only protection from freezing at a time when the thermometer goes down to 50, 60 and 70 degrees below zero is the clothing the man wears. True, a little wood is taken along for cooking purposes, but the fire lighted is only enough to boil the kettle, and when this has been done no artificial warmth can be had until the next time comes for eating or for boiling the tea-kettle. For food the travelers depend wholly on the country, killing the caribou, if these are found, or, if it is summer, depending on the fish in the lakes and streams. As the only means of transportation are dog sledges in winter and canoes in summer, it may readily be seen that the carrying of food for the men and animals of a party is out of the question

To go to the Barren Grounds does not necessarily mean to kill musk-ox. However it may have been in the past, it is certain that to-day the range of this animal is much restricted. While we are told that in former years the musk-ox was found as far south as the timber and as far west as the Mackenzie River, it is said that now it does not reach the timber nor the Mackenzie River by a good many miles. Mr. Whitney says: "Many parties go to the Barren Grounds and never see even a musk-ox track, and many more skirmish along the edge, fearful of a plunge into the interior, yet hoping for the sight of a stray ox." As the musk-ox retreat the hardship of reaching them constantly increases, and one wonders whether a time will ever come when their remoteness will protect the species from absolute extinction.

On a trip such as that made by Mr. Whitney the traveler has to depend almost altogether on himself. It is true, he travels with Indians who know the country, and who are always on the lookout to kill food which all share, but he can not expect any one to work for him. He must drive his own sledge, feed his dogs and do all his own work. To get along at all he must show himself as good a man as the Indians who were born and have always lived in this arctic region, and so are inured to the hardships of its life. He must do all this and be ready to travel on snowshoes from twenty to forty miles a day, and when the supreme moment comes and game has been discovered he must take part with dogs and Indians in a mad race after the herd, and must literally run down what he kills. Mr. Whitney did all this, and besides did not even have an interpreter.

Let us see how Mr. Whitney got his first musk-ox, remembering that in this hunting so called it is each man for himself. The robe belongs to him who kills the animal. Hence each man tries to get the first shot and as many shots as possible before his companions can get up; there is no concert of action. Each man is working for himself and is wholly careless as to the success of his companions. Mr. Whitney says:

Instantly there was excitement enough on top of that ridge to put life into eight hungry men. I never beheld such agitation. The Indians for a minute huddled together, chattering and grinning and gesticulating, and then each man rushed to his sledge and began slipping his dogs from the harness. I knew then we had sighted musk-ox. Of course I had suited my action to the Indians', and began unhitching my dogs also, but my harness came from the fort and had buckles, which in the bitter cold were unyielding; and by the time I had got all my dogs loose, put on my lighter capote—for I saw we were in for a long run—and strapped on my cartridge belt, all the Indians and all the dogs had several hundred yards start, and were going along at a rattling pace. I saw at once that it was every man for himself on this expedition, and if I got a musk ox I should have to work for him. And then I settled grimly to the business of running. Within about two miles I caught up with the Indians, who had stretched out into a long column, with Seco and Echeena leading by half a mile. In another mile I had worked my way through the stragglers and was hard on the heels of Echeena, but Seco was still about 200yds. ahead, and going as though he could keep it up indefinitely. On my attempt to pass him Echeena let out a link, and I had all I could do to keep at his heels; but in our race for second place we cut down Seco's lead by 100yds.

Mile after mile was passed over before the musk-oxen were sighted. Through knee-deep snow, over rocks, racing, staggering, falling, the struggle continued. But at last, says Mr. Whitney:

As we were working our way up a rather higher and broader ridge I heard the dogs bark, and, rushing past Echeena, reached the top in time to see a herd of about twenty-five to thirty musk-oxen, just startled into moving along another ridge about a quarter mile beyond Seco, who with his three dogs was racing after them not 50yds. ahead of me. Disgust, disappointment and physical distress momentarily stupefied me. Then the sight of the musk-oxen, and the thought of what I had endured to reach them, fired me to re-

newed action. I anathematized Seco and all the Northland Indians for their fool methods of hunting, and increased my pace. The musk-oxen were now in full run to the north along the top of the ridge, galloping like cattle, with heads carried well out, though not lowered, and going at a pace and with an ease over the rocks that surprised me. Their big bodies, with the long hair hanging down to emphasize the shortness of legs, gave a curious appearance to the flying herd.

The wind was blowing a gale from the south, and we had hardly reached the top of the ridge on which the musk-oxen had been running when they disappeared over the northern end of it. By the time I reached the end of the ridge the main herd was a mile away to the north, and still going, but four had separated from the band, and were running through some hollows that bore almost due east. I instantly determined to follow these four because I saw I could get to the leeward of them, and I felt they would eventually head north to rejoin the herd. A caribou always circles up wind, but musk oxen travel in any direction that necessity demands. Seco, with his dogs, was just ahead of me, keeping after the main band, and Echeena I had lost sight of. I knew that separation from the Indians might cost me my life, but musk-ox was the first and life the secondary consideration at that moment And I started off at my fastest gait to the northeast, keeping a ridge between the musk-oxen and me, and knowing if they crossed ahead to the north I should come on their tracks.

At last the hunter, utterly exhausted, found himself within 100yds. of two of the musk-oxen and felt that now he must take his shot, for he was nearly spent. He says:

For a moment I rested to get my breath, and the musk-oxen were still going from me; and then another attempt. The fore sight for an instant held true—another second's breathing—a quick aim—and I pressed the trigger. What a feeling of exultation as I saw my quarry stagger and then drop! I was dizzy with delight. I gave vent to a yell, which, together with the report of my rifle, sent the other musk-ox into a wild gallop. It turned sharply to the left and went over a ridge with me following on a run, all the while endeavoring to throw another cartridge into my rifle barrel. But the excessive cold, aided probably by my excited action, handicapped the mechanism, and the shell jammed.

By the time I had sent the cartridge home, running meanwhile, I got over the ridge, and was just drawing a bead on the galloping musk-oxen, when two shots in quick succession turned it staggering; and as it dropped I sent a bullet where it would do the most good—just as Echeena and one dog came running down from a ridge opposite, so that I and Echeena had the honor of scoring the first and second musk-ox. Then I went back over the ridge to look at the one I had brought down. It was a cow. The sex was a disappointment, to be sure, and I should not take this head that had cost me so much to secure; but nothing could dull the joy of having, after a tramp of about 1,200 miles, killed the most inaccessible beast in the whole wide world.

This book is well worth reading, for it tells of a land and a climate of which we know nothing. It is also a very handsome book in respect of its numerous and very beautiful illustrations, many of which are of implements and utensils peculiar to the far north and its inhabitants, either red or white.

It should have a place on the shelves of every sportsman along with Mr. Warburton Pike's volume on the same subject.

WHO OWNS THE GAME KILLED BY THE GUIDE?

THIS question was raised by something which somebody said a few weeks ago in FOREST AND STREAM. I thought it was a foolish question for a sportsman to ask. Anybody else might ask it properly enough, but for a sportsman to ask it—or even one who desired to be reckoned as a sportsman—this, to my mind, involved an incongruity. A sportsman, as a sportsman, owns and is entitled to count in making up his score only the game which he pursues, captures and kills himself. If, in addition to this, he desires to bring home a bigger bag of game than he can thus secure, it is perfectly proper for him to buy from his guide, or to buy in the market house, or to buy anywhere he can. But game so obtained is not acquired under any law or rule peculiar to sportsmanship. It comes under the law of purchase.

But when the question was asked, instead of keeping my thoughts to myself, as, in any but a moment of weakness, I would have done, I allowed myself to answer the question in black and white, wasted 2 cents on a postage stamp, and in due time it appeared in print. And that is how I got into trouble, as men generally do when they tamper with things which are none of their business. For a few days later the editor of FOREST AND STREAM sent me a brutal sort of a note, which read as follows: "NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—*Dear Mr. Shaganoss:* I printed your sentiments on the guide game subject, although I am inclined to think that you were somewhat harsh in your judgment. That is to say, suppose one should go out in the Jackson's Hole country with Billy Hofer, and because of myopia should fail to bring down game, and they were in menace of starving to death, don't you think that if the sportsman should have Billy kill an elk and if he brought home some of the jerked venison and sent you a chunk of it, he might look upon it as one of the legitimate fruits of the expedition?"

A nice letter that for an editor to send to "one of our esteemed correspondents!" Just as if I had nothing to do except to answer Jackson's Hole conundrums. The fact is that when the letter came I was off on a brant-shooting trip down on the Virginia coast, and since returning I have had to work with the diligence of a barrel of sweet cider in order to make up for, not lost time—for time so spent is never lost—but to make up for time so utilized.

But to the letter. "Come, let us reason together," saith the editor.

First—A man so seriously afflicted with myopia that he cannot see to shoot an elk had better stay out of Jackson's Hole.

Second—The laws of sportsmanship, though unwritten, are as well settled and as unalterable as any that Mede or Persian ever made, so far as they apply.

But in the language of the immortal Jack Bunsby: "The bearings of this observation lays in the application of it."

Third—When a man, either from myopia or for any other cause, is "in menace of starving to death," he passes outside the domain of the laws of sportsmanship, and becomes subject to the code wherein "self-preservation is the first law of nature." He would then be fully justified in getting game in any way possible—killing it with a club, for example.

Fourth—If, after satisfying the demands of hunger, any "jerked venison" should be left ever, the great law of charity would then apply. Of course, it should be given to the poor, and consequently a "chunk of it"—and a big chunk too—would come to me. But this, too, would be outside of sportsmanship. It would be charity pure and simple—and a pot-hunter can be as charitable as anybody, if he wants to, and in the practice of charity or kindness to others he is entitled to full credit for what he does.

Fifth—The first great law of sportsmanship imperatively requires that as against the skill of the sportsman the game shall be given a fair chance to utilize its cautionary instincts as regards the avoidance of danger, as well as its speed and shrewdness in escaping from danger.

A man who disregards this law in the capture of game has no right, *in re* such capture, to the name of sportsman. To the extent to which he so disregards it he adopts the methods of the pot-hunter and should take rank accordingly.

Guides sometimes conform to this law, and sometimes they do not. In the latter case the sportsman gains nothing in respect of sportsmanship by claiming the guide's game. He might just as well buy the same game in the market house, where he could get it much cheaper.

Sixth—Following this rule of "giving the game a fair chance," we get the chiefest pleasure of sportsmanship—the pleasure derived from the pursuit of the game, enhanced, when fortune favors, by actual capture. This includes the pleasures of the camp, the pleasures of the woods and the waters, the pleasures of genial fellowship and sometimes of generous rivalry, and the semi-barbarous pleasure of outwitting the cautionary instincts of the game, and of overcoming its speed and endurance in flight. The pursuit and capture of game by a hired guide is no pleasure to me. I am no better for it in any way. I might as well ask him to join me in taking a dose of pills when I get sick. His operation will not cure me.

Seventh—If a man wishes to bag the game which his guide kills he should make a bargain to that effect before he starts out. He can then claim to be commercially honest at least. And while, as regards the game which he kills himself, he may be a sportsman, he should remember that as regards the game which he hires his guide to kill he is not a sportsman—no more so than if he had bought it at Fulton Market. In both cases he becomes owner by a contract of purchase. In the one case he buys for a day's pay the product of a day's shoot; in the other case he buys a specified quantity for a specified price. And in both cases the game may be lawfully acquired, but it is not in either case acquired under any laws or rules peculiar to sportsmanship.

Eighth—Primarily, the man who captures wild game owns it—always and everywhere. If, being employed as a guide, he sells it as a part of his contract of service to his employer, then his employer owns it, but not otherwise. But this, though an honest way of getting game, is wholly outside the domain of genuine sportsmanship.

SHAGANOSS.

GEORGIA'S POSSUMS.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

THE Georgia possum was under discussion in the House of Representatives last night. The House failed to pass the famous bill of Mr. McCook, of Chattahoochee county, although Mr. McCook and friends of the bill succeeded in voting down various and sundry amendments designed to bring the bill into disrepute and burdening it with provisions which would make it one of the most remarkable acts on the statute books if passed.

When the bill came up the House immediately lost its dignity, and for an hour there was a continual uproar. The occasion was one of merriment, and grave legislators put their feet on their desks and listened to possum oratory and other kinds of oratory for an hour. At one time it looked as if the House would have to sit and discuss possum all night. No quorum voted, and by reason of the peculiar parliamentary situation the Speaker ruled that no motion could be made, nor could the House transact any other business, nor adjourn until the pending bill was disposed of.

After the amendments sent up from all parts of the House had been read, discussed and voted down, the House finally reached a vote on the bill as originally introduced. The vote resulted: For the possum bill, 66; against the bill, 31. The bill was in favor with the great majority of the members, but the constitution of the State requires that to be passed all bills shall receive a majority of the whole House, 88. For that reason the bill was declared lost by the Speaker.

The bill is a simple measure and it is clothed in no mysterious terms. It is what the title says it is, a bill to protect the possums of Georgia. The bill makes it unlawful for any person to catch or hunt possums between March 1 and Oct. 1. A violation constitutes a misdemeanor.

It was 9:45 o'clock last night when the bill was reached on the calendar.

Mr. Fogarty, of Richmond, is friendly to the Georgia possum, and he said on such an important bill, one involving the interests of the whole State and South, members ought to give it grave consideration. He thought it eminently proper that the Georgia possum be protected, and well protected at that. For the information and edification of the House he thought it would be well for the author of the bill, Mr. McCook, to explain the provisions of the measure.

"Has the gentleman from Richmond ever caught a possum?" asked Mr. Edwards, of Haralson.

"In reply to that I will ask the gentleman from Haralson if he ever went rabbit hunting," said Mr. Fogarty.

Mr. Charters, of Lumpkin, put himself on record as an enemy of the possum. He said it was nearly 10 o'clock and in his county a good hour to kill possums. He wanted the House to kill the possum bill at that hour. There was a storm of nays.

Mr. McCook was recognized in support of his bill. He said:

"Mr. Speaker, I think this is a good bill. The bill is all right. No farmer in the State will object to this bill because it protects possums. I introduced this bill seriously and regret to see that fun is being made of it. Possums are good game and they ought to be protected. Possums are now destroyed by boys and negroes while they are too young and not good to eat. The committee on agriculture thinks this a good bill and it has been reported favorably.

"I think more protection ought to be given the possums than any other game. The boys go into the cane fields and pastures and catch young possums before they get old enough to be good, and that is a waste of possums. I hope the bill will be adopted."

"I would like to ask if the bill would apply to a person who catches a possum with a chicken?" said Mr. Copeland, of Walton.

"No, sir, that would be killing a possum in self-defense," replied Mr. McCook. The house roared and Mr. Copeland was for the bill thereafter.

At this point the colored member from Liberty county, J. R. Law, was recognized. He delivered a speech, which kept the members laughing. The speaker attempted to proceed and he started off by addressing "Mr. Speaker and members of this House," and the address was repeated several dozen times before the colored member was allowed to proceed with his argument. He finally said the bill was a good one in some respects and a bad one in some respects. On the whole he was opposed to the bill. It affected the interests of many poor people, he said.

Upon the conclusion of the debate, which was of a rather informal nature, members sent amendments to the desk and they were read and acted upon. The first amendment was offered by Mr. Felder, of Fulton, as follows:

"Provided that this act shall not apply to the counties of Liberty, Rabun, Habersham, Chatham and Bibb." The question was taken and the amendment was lost.

By Mr. Charters, of Lumpkin: Provided that this law shall not be operative in any county having a population of less than 100,000.

By Mr. Dickerson, of Clinch: That the following words be added after the word possum in the bill: "Coons, gophers and high land terrapins," so as to make the bill protect those creatures.

By Mr. Charters, of Lumpkin: Provided that it shall at all times be lawful to catch a possum when no advantage is taken of him by catching him on the ground.

By Mr. Felker, of Walton: By adding the words "hog" or "coon" to the bill.

By Mr. Felker, of Walton: That the act shall not apply to James Sheats, of Walton county.

By Mr. Copeland, of Walker: Amend by adding after the word possum the words "bull frogs and br'er rabbit."

By Mr. Nevin, of Floyd: Amend by adding to the original bill the words, "Provided that this act shall not apply in counties where persimmon trees grow over 10ft. high.

By ——: Provided that this law shall apply only to such possums caught after sunrise and before sundown, except such possums caught with chickens.

All of the amendments were voted down, and the House then got into a tangle on the question of passing the bill. The result was as stated, the House adjourning at 10:45 o'clock, after having defeated the bill.

MASSACHUSETTS TRAPPERS FINED.

OFFICE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, 5 Park Square, Boston, Dec. 28, 1896.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few weeks ago President Clark, of our Association, sent me a letter received by him and deemed of sufficient importance to require attention, and which I think will interest the sportsmen who read your paper. Leaving out the signature for obvious reasons, I will give you its contents:

"WEST GRANVILLE, Mass., Oct. 26, 1896.—*Dear Sir:* In regard to trapping, I would like to ask a few questions. In the first place, there are a good many partridges and other game caught in traps in this part of the State. It has been going on in this manner for years, so I am told, and to all appearances it will continue for a good many more, or until all the game has disappeared, and, judging by the amount that is caught every year, the supply cannot last much longer. There are men here who make as high as $200 from September to January trapping birds, so you may judge the number of birds they capture. I myself have found out who does and who does not trap birds. The latter are in the minority. They have been in the business so long that any information on the part of a stranger would be very apt to meet with a reproof in the form of a charge of buckshot, which would not be pleasant to receive. The reply they make if any mention of the law, fines, etc., is made to them is, 'Catching before hanging,' so you may see that they feel perfectly secure and do not give a straw for the law. The only way to catch the parties is to trap them as they do the game." (Signed) ——— ———.

A copy of the letter as above was immediately sent to Chief Rufus R. Wade, of our State District Police, he having previously assured me that he would attend to any matter of the kind that might be referred to him. The result will be told in few words. The trappers were trapped, and at Westfield Dwight Barnes was fined $120, George Redmund $40, and William Reeves $20. Charles Reeves escaped into Connecticut and was defaulted. Great credit is due not only to the officers detailed on this case, viz., Detectives Proctor and Rhoades, but to Chief Wade for his promptness in sending them.

The readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will recall the fact that last spring our able and popular Governor, Roger Wolcott, prevented a reduction of the legal length of the lobsters from 10½ to 9 inches by interposing a veto, and it is well known that the Governor is friendly to the sporting interests. In this respect he is following in the footsteps of our late lamented ex-Governors Greenhalge and Russell. It is to be hoped that his great influence will be felt in the way of a rigid enforcement of the game and fish laws.

Our State is paying out annually from $15,000 upward for the care and protection of fish and game, but hitherto but a small proportion of that sum has been expended for the improvement and increase of the fish in our streams or the birds in our forests.

The bulk of expenditures, as I understand, has been in connection with shore and salt-water interests.

A meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association was held on Tuesday evening, the 22d inst., at the Copley Square Hotel, and Dr. E. W. Branigan, chairman of the committee to nominate officers for 1897, presented the name of Col. H. T. Rockwell for president, Mr. Clark wishing to retire from that office. I will send you a list of our new officers after the annual election, Jan. 13.

Very truly yours,

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

Travel up to Date.

THE New York Central offers unequal advantages for through travel between the East and West. It is the only Trunk Line entering the city of New York; its Grand Central Station is in the very center of the metropolis, in the midst of the hotel, residence and theater district; it is the only line protected its entire length by block signals; it has the fastest trains in the world; the finest equipment; scenery including the Hudson River, Mohawk Valley and Niagara Falls.—*Adv.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Breeding Grounds of the Black Duck.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 26.—The Edmonton *Bulletin*, of Edmonton, Alberta, quotes a recent article from FOREST AND STREAM which was written by Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, in regard to the breeding place of the black duck. Mr. Johnson thinks he has found this breeding ground at Lake St. Anne, west of Edmonton, and also at Lac La Biche, 160 miles north of Edmonton. This copy of the *Bulletin* having come into the possession of Mr. W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ont., the latter writes me interestingly as follows:

"I doubt very much that the black duck spoken of as breeding at Lake St. Anne and Lac La Biche are the black duck of this section and east of here. At Scugog Lake, about sixty miles east of Toronto, where a friend of Mr. Robinson has a small preserve, he says they kill black duck nearly altogether, only an occasional mallard. Down about the Ottawa River and on Lake Champlain the same, I am told. If this was the feeding ground of these ducks would they not be seen between here and there, that is all throughout Manitoba and the Western States. I am told that 100 miles west of the Detroit River they are very rare. When I was shooting with Mr. Star in Texas I saw none, and he said that he had only seen one that was shot there. Mr. Pike, an old member of the Big Point Club, who was down this year for a couple of days after an absence of ten years spent in dredging operations at the mouth of the Fraser River in British Columbia, said he had seen and shot lots of apparently the same duck, but Mr. Pike may have been mistaken. The habit of diving instead of flying which Johnson speaks of savors more of a diver. I have never seen him unable or unwilling to fly. My opinion is they breed in the small lakes and marshes of northern Ontario. Probably also in the extensive marshes about James Bay. On my way to and from Winnipeg by the C. P. I only saw one flock of ducks, and those were black ducks in a small lake west of Lake Nipising. You are continually passing lakes from that lake to Port Arthur, but it seems to be no place for wildfowl of any kind; no feed I suppose is the reason.

"Our shooting season closed on the 15th, and I have been hard at it making up for lost time. I would like to have a trip South this winter, but don't know whether I can manage it. I suppose I should be satisfied after the good sport we have had this fall, but man is a hungry animal, always wanting more."

Fun in the Sound Country.

Mr. W. S. Phillips (El Comancho) has forsaken his late residence in Chicago, which city he cordially hates, and has gone back to the Puget Sound country, where there is more fishing and hunting. He deliberately makes me feel badly by writing about the fun a fellow can have out there, near Latona, Wash.:

"If you would happen out here right now," he says, "we'd go smelt fishing Injun fashion (with a stick) just to break the monotony. I saw about 17,000,000 (smelt, not Injuns) in one school to-day.

"Ruffed grouse shooting is good now and I've got a couple of good bags of the blue quail since I came home. They're a dandy for quick shooting, and are right in the second growth fir thickets, and you can burn lots of powder before you eat quail here. I see the 'Bob White' quail in the markets here this winter, but can't find exactly where they come from as yet. I think they are the result of a planting I made here several years ago. I'll know soon, I think. Deer are as thick as sheep, and a number have been killed. Steelhead salmon are plenty this year, and market fishermen are making money off of them.

"Ducks and geese are plentiful this year, owing to the flooded condition of the whole coast country.

"I've just heard of where grayling are plentiful, not over six miles from my smoke house too! I won't do a thing to them next year, maybe!

"Wish you could get out here. I can't tell you about half of the good things that are running around loose up in the woods—not counting Injuns. Come out. I've room, beds, board, boats, guns, rods and the whole outfit except buckwheat cakes, which the same I would not mention only I'm afraid maybe Roll Organ might come out too, and I couldn't stand a buckwheat cake appetite such as he carries!"

Rabbit Preserve.

A friend of FOREST AND STREAM writes: "Joe Thorn, the boss bridge-builder of the "Q," says that a company is now reclaiming about 5,000 acres of land along the Illinois River, to be used as club grounds or game preserve. As a substitute for anise seed quail it is proposed to plant a stock of jack rabbiis. If any of the million (more or less) readers of FOREST AND STREAM have a surplus of jack rabbits, would suggest that they correspond with Mr. E. P. Chapin, Galesburg, Ill., or J. O. Thorn, Beardstown, Ill. When this first came to knowledge we immediately thought that the parties establishing the 'black-cat-rat' farm in Kansas might, in clearing their land, gather a few jacks, which they would desire to dispose of. Perhaps you yourself may know of some farm full of jack rabbits."

Minnesota Deer Preserve.

Writing to Mr. R. B. Organ, of this city, Mr. R. G. Brooks, of Minneapolis, speaks as below in regard to an opportunity which he thimks he sees for a deer preserve up in Minnesota:

"The locality in which we hunted this fall was about 125 miles north of Minneapolis, in Aitkin county, this State. The particular location to which I am going to refer is situated twenty-five miles north of Aitkin. The general lay of the country in this part of the State is level, and a very great portion of it cranberry marsh or swamp—not reedy swamps, but full of moss which makes fine feeding ground for deer, but is too wet for a team or any kind of vehicle except when it is frozen. In the center of one very large swamp there is an island containing about 1,100 acres. This island is perhaps 4 or 5ft. above the level of the marsh. Much of it has been covered with heavy pine, which some years ago was cut and taken off. At the present time it is covered with hard and soft maple, elm, bass wood and white birch. On the higher lands and around the edges is fir and tamarack and balsam. There is plenty of grass on the island and a quantity of bass wood and elm sprouts, which makes the best winter feed for deer. There is situated on the north end of this island a beautiful spring, furnishing a stream of water 6 or 8in. through, which neither dries up in summer or freezes up in winter.

"In connection with this island there should be purchased enough land to make two miles square—four sections. This would be something over 2,500 acres. This is one of the greatest deer centers to be found in Minnesota, or in fact any other place. I think it is safe to say if we were to surround these four sections with a suitable fence we would at once have in our possession from 100 to 150 deer. This is thirty-five miles from the railroad, but easy of access, being only about three miles from the main lumber road, used in taking supplies to the lumber camps.

"There are no inhabitants to the west of this island within thirty miles, and I think still further to the east before you come to any settlement. The Willow River is situated about five miles to the east of this island, Moose River about five or six miles northwest. White Elk Lake is about seven miles west. The cost of this land, I think, will be between $4.50 and $5 per acre. The cost of fencing this land will not be very expensive. The posts would have to be of iron, or at least should be, and one strip of heavy wire netting and a few strands of barb wire above, or possibly two strands of netting would be better. Aside from deer there are great quantities of grouse and pheasants on the land.

"Now the question is this: Where can a suitable club be organized who would like to identify themselves with this reserve and have the money with which they would forward and foster the enterprise?"

A Handy Hunting Wagon.

Mr. F. F. Merrill, of Milwaukee, Wis., writes of a handy hunting wagon which he and his brother, Richard Merrill, had made for their hunting last fall. They tried it thoroughly in Dakota and are satisfied with their acquisition. Mr. Merrill sends also some game pictures showing bags made by means of this wagon, as well as the wagon itself, which seems a very tempting sort of vehicle. He adds:

"After five weeks' trial the only thing we would add would be to put a handle with a stationary bale on back of front seat at each side of gun holders. We generally got in and out on the move, but always with empty guns; the handles would make it somewhat easier to get in and out when wagon was in motion; it is very easy to drop out and lie flat on ground and get a shot at a goose, crane or hawk quickly, never stopping wagon; as the birds see wagon moving continuously, they are not nearly so apt to see man drop as if it was necessary to stop and get out. We were always prepared for these sudden drops and got the drop on a number of unsuspecting birds, particularly hawks. Once guns are in position, no need to pay any attention to them; they cannot be marred and are held very secure; in a rain they can be put under our storm aprons, as in any wagon. Under each seat is a box with lid cover 5in. deep to hold rubber aprons, lunch, apples or any small packages; under these boxes are removable wire baskets to hold game, rubber boots, leggins, oilskin clothes or anything wished to be carried. We carry a canvas boat in chest or a sectional iron boat crosswise of wagon between two seats by taking out foot-rest and lower stock-rest; everything except dashboard can easily be taken off, leaving a perfectly flat wagon-bed with a dashboard. We filled the dog cage with a variety of things. It has been full of dogs, live mallard decoys, dead geese, crane except their legs, which stuck out, dead ducks, shovels, spades and picks, grass suits, life preservers for sectional boats, etc. In digging pits on prairie or stubble we put all earth in dog cage and hauled it away to a plowing; in digging pits near plowing of course threw dirt on plowing. We had top and side covers for dog cage and a piece of galvanized iron sheeting at back end way across, preventing any draft striking dogs from under back seat when driving; rear end needed no curtain. Shell boxes are just back of gun stocks on wagon bottom, and by keeping boxes unhooked it is easy to get shells and gun out in few seconds. All in all wagon is about right and the easiest riding rig we ever rode in, barring none."

The Way they do In Maine.

The story of shooting trips in Maine are curiously devoid of sporting interest to Western readers, who, not being acquainted in that country, picture it as one where the game is marked and tagged out after the fashion of European preserves. I have commented on this before, comparing it with our deer country of Wisconsin, which seems much wilder, but which is gradually coming to have something of the same character. It seems that the Boston *Transcript* is of something the same mind as many Western men in regard to the way they do in Maine, for I note that in a late issue it says, "The slaughter of moose and caribou in Maine is all tabulated in the newspapers nowadays. Figures are given with counting-room accuracy concerning the number of animals killed, with the comparative increase of shooting for two years, and the amount of cash accruing to the thrifty State of Maine by the increased interest in shipments of game."

The North and the South.

A party of Northern deer hunters have been hunting deer in the South near Laredo, Texas, and a letter from a Southern shooter says that the five men of them in three weeks killed sixty deer. Yet it is asked of the Southern shooters that they receive the Northern sportsmen with open arms. If they would receive some of them with an open noose it would be better.

The Bear Located.

I have got my lost grizzly bear located again. The last time he was up in the Shawanto basin, 300 miles north of the jumping-off place in Montana and the British Provinces. This time he is on the Pecos River in New Mexico, in charge of a professional "varmint" hunter who has got him staked out for me. My friend O. C. Guessaz, of San Antonio, Tex., writes me that he can assure me of all kinds of horrors if I will just come down there again, as he has a lot of things hid out. But I opine he is seeking to decoy me to the annual Midwinter shoot in which he and his friends Messrs. Steves and George conspire. This I would not mind attending—from afar off. In fact, I think I could enjoy a trap shoot if I were at the ranch of a varmint hunter, and the trap shoot were not too close. Why do people shoot at the trap anyhow, when there are varmint hunters, and ranches, and air, and things?

Speaking of the lost bear, I have just at hand still another letter, from a friend's friend, down at San Marcial, New Mexico, saying that at his ranch back in the mountains, in a place I wot of, there are divers and sundry large and corpulent bears waiting to be destroyed.

Rabbits.

Mr. H. N. Delano, of this city, asks for good rabbit ground near Chicago, and I have sent him to De Motte, Ind., just east of Shelby, where I once found very good sport with beagles. Mr. Delano thinks it feasible to scare rabbits out of holes by means of firecrackers. This I consider an anachronism, as firecrackers pertain to the Fourth of July, and a rabbit in a hole should be let alone, not to be ferreted or firecrackered.

The Grayling Located.

Mr. S. C. Bliss, of Wellston, Mich., writes me to convince me that he has found the grayling which I lost last summer, and I offer his letter, albeit a bit out of season. I surely will get that fish next summer.

"If you have never caught that grayling yet, you drop off here at Wellston some time in May next season, and if I do not take you where you can get some it will not cost you anything. They are not plenty, but I know where there are some to be had, and fine ones at that. I have caught them that weighed 3 to 3½lbs., and it is fine sport. They are much gamer than trout.

"We used to get them in the Little Manistee, but only catch one now and then; but in the Big Pine River, about thirteen miles up from my place, there is grayling. We catch more of them on a fly after May 15, as the river gets clear then. Mr. C. H. Harrison, W. P. Harrison, ex-Mayor Washburne and Mr. Valentine have been here and fished with me, but I did not know that grayling were in Pine River at that time."

Good Ones.

Mr. Milt. F. Lindsley, of the King's Smokeless powder, writes me from Cincinnati very pleasantly about various matters. He calls to mind that the King Powder Co. now have on their staff, or will have at Jan. 1, both Tom Keller and Jack Parker. These are two good ones, and with Mr. Lindsley will make a strong line of distributors."

From the Far North.

Mr. W. F. Ellis, of Winnipeg, Man., is in town this week, and goes hence to the East for a few days, returning later. Mr. Ellis is a noted hunter in his own land, and not unknown in this. He says he has killed a black bear weighing 650lbs. dressed, but has never killed a grizzly, and has not lost any. Of deer, moose and caribou he keeps no count. Mr. Ellis is accompanied by his brother, Mr. E. E. Ellis, of Seattle, Wash. They are both tall and powerfully built men, and look as though they could do a turn at a day's walk.

Trouble with Guests.

I have all kinds of trouble with my guests here. Tom Divine has come back to Chicago again, and this morning when I asked him what he would like for breakfast he said he would just have his regular morning meal—a piece of broiled bologna sausage and a raw turnip. I had great difficulty hustling around after the raw turnip.

While upon these news matters I might add a bit which is just at hand from New York—a field which I have always held to be legitimately included under Chicago and the West, especially since both cities have taken up the habit of annexing territory. It seems that the Chief with Two Stomachs, whose residence is now in New York, has recently returned from his Southern wanderings to that city, where he was the recipient of an ovation which included a banquet, or anyhow a square meal. Few who are not acquainted with the Chief are aware how serious a proposition this is. The card, as submitted to me, demanded oysters, frogs' legs, gumbo, calf's head deviled, fillet of beef and venison, with a few other things for such cases made and provided. The waiter, it seems, made a mistake about the venison and did not bring it, but served beef instead; but the graciousness of the Chief's nature was apparent when he told his host that it was the best venison he had eaten for a long time. The Chief requested that no inkling of this should get to Chicago, but I feel constrained to speak of this, as it reminds me strongly of a little dinner the Chief and I once had, when we requested the attendant to bring us ham and eggs for dessert. I am told that ham and eggs is not, or are not, a proper article for dessert; but to this I am disposed to enter exception, for both the Chief and myself found them, or it, very good indeed. The superciliousness of average human nature is a most surprising thing. A great many people condemn off-hand ham and eggs for dessert, who never in their lives have tried it, or them, as dessert. Could anything be more unjust than that?

The Canvasback Preserve.

Additional advices from Lake Koshkonong, where the artesian well of canvasback eggs was discovered on the old Bingham homestead, state that Ira Bingham is not content with finding a flow of canvasback eggs, but will take means of increasing the supply of the live birds. He contemplates establishing in his milk house, which we may call his hatchery, a system of flat irons, arranged in concentric circles, under which the stream of eggs from the well is to be conducted. When the flat irons are heated by means of a simple device, it will be possible, as Mr. Bingham rightly calculates, to maintain a gentle and equable heat which will cause the eggs to hatch just as they would in an incubator, and the result will naturally be that, as they circulate through the milk house under the warm irons, they will finally pass out at the further end, and drop out into the waters of the lake, as it were, a stream of live young canvasbacks. This is the most ingenious scheme of game conserving that has ever come to my notice, and I recommend it to the attention of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association, which is well known to be interested in such matters. He who makes two canvasbacks grow where there was but one before is a benefactor whose name should not be withheld from the merited praises of his fellow man.

Southern Crawfishing.

Mr. A. Ulrich, of Chicago, who once lived in New Orleans, and is familiar with the matter of which he speaks, sends in the following very interesting account of the way in which crawfish are taken by the men who fish for them there. He says:

"Around New Orleans there are swamps which are always being hunted for crawfish, and yet the supply is unlimited. So numerous are they that one cannot leave fish on a string in the water, for they will tear the fish into shreds.

"A small net about the size of a butterfly net, about ten cords each 2ft. long, and 5 cents' worth of meat, completes the outfit for one person.

"In the swamp there are small islands and long necks of land which intersect one another in all directions, and upon which the catchers go.

"The start is usually made in the early morning, when the sun does not shine so fiercely, and walking is much easier.

"Arriving at their destination, they cut their meat into small pieces about 2in. around, each piece is now attached to one of the cords; after this they are thrown into the water, and the other end of the cord is attached to a stick which is stuck into the ground so that the crawfish cannot pull the meat away. One usually waits a few minutes, and then when the cord is gently raised the catcher will see about half a dozen crawfish with their pinchers stuck into the meat, eating ravenously.

"The net is now gently put into the water directly under them, and with a sudden jerk they are landed, for as soon as they strike the air they will let loose of the meat.

"The crawfish are of a large species. The writer has caught some measuring 10in. from tip to tip; these are by no means uncommon.

"The average catch for three persons is about an ordinary bucketful. The meat when prepared right makes a delicious delicacy."

That Meat Dog.

Mr. H. S Humphreys, of Indiana, writes me in regard to the meat dog I was looking up for a gentleman in New Jersey:

"I have had many a good laugh over the 'meat dog' question as expounded by you, and noticed in the last issue that a New Jersey friend wanted a puppy that would make a meat dog. I have a candidate for the gentleman in question in the shape of a white, black and tan setter dog puppy, which has the making of a pure and simple 'meat dog' He is not fully up to the condition of having been 'run over by a wagon,' but can probably qualify, as I ran over him twice the same day with my buggy. He is a large dog, well muscled, in prime A1 condition, nine and one-half months old. I have had him on two shoots with me, all I have been out this fall, and he points and backs in good shape. He is a big-headed fellow like his sire (photo inclosed), and is exactly evenly marked (diagram inclosed). Of course he is yet puppyish, yet smart, and a very capable learner."

Mr. Humphreys does not quite understand my idea of a meat dog, though I am pleased to see he has tried his dog on a buggy as an evidence of good faith (I didn't say a buggy, but a wagon). As I look at it, a meat dog is one which has his future behind him. I regret to note reference to field trial winners on one side of this dog's house. As to the price quoted I have nothing to do, as I am disinterested, and just doing this for love of the dog family; but I will say that if a man has a real meat dog he is more precious than the price named, yea, more precious than rubies or much fine gold. There never was a fire sale of good meat dogs yet, and they are never damaged by water. They are always good to have on hand, and few there be who have them. I hope Mr. Humphreys's young dog will turn out to be a meat dog after my own heart. I may want to borrow him then. You can always borrow a good meat dog, because he has no pedigree to get tangled up in the brush and injured. He is just plain dog.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

THE WALL STILL BLANK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some of your readers may recall a trip I took with Timothyseed after the Carlin grouse in a March number of FOREST AND STREAM. I always enjoyed that story and largely because I was in it. It was to a great extent true, although out of friendship to me Timothyseed counted all birds I should have killed as "dead birds." As a matter of fact last season was my first attempt at grouse, and my statement that I killed just one during the season will be readily believed by all who have hunted that bird.

I started out by buying Trump, the pointer, and a gun. Trump is a good dog, but strange to say I have seen others that I imagine are just as good. I believe the gun is a fair gun, but it will not kill every bird at 75yds. even when in more skillful hands than my own. It is just an ordinary gun that up to the present time has not killed the owner nor any of his friends.

As I have before stated, after a season of much sport and few birds I was the possessor of one bird whose death could be fairly laid at my door. I then and there made up my mind that my record could be improved and immediately started in to find a way by which I might keep both eyes open when shooting. I finally conquered that difficulty and spent the remainder of my spare time during the winter in aiming at every door knob and picture hook in the house. While it made life somewhat unpleasant for my family to find that every time anyone opened a door my gun was pointed at the knob, it did improve my shooting and this year my record is thirteen birds; not many for those who kill fifteen straight, but then it must be remembered that I really got these birds.

I made up my mind at the opening of the season that I must have one bird mounted to decorate my den. The early birds were so small I put off stuffing them with anything but bread crumbs, until later in the season, when they would be full grown. Last week Timothyseed wrote me that he knew of some birds, and that if I failed to get one pretty soon they would be too large for my room. Timothyseed is my ten commandments in everything that pertains to shooting, so when he says, "Go," I go. We had Trump and a pointer pup I have raised named Bang, two guns and plenty of enthusiasm, which, by the way, we needed. It was agreed that when we got the one bird needful we would stop shooting. Well, the brief history of this trip is that we walked. The birds were all in the city attending to their Christmas shopping, so that when we had traveled ten miles from our starting point we were still looking for our first bird.

It looked as if it were to be a blank day as we started for home. We trudged along in a careless mood, when suddenly Trump began to take some interest in life, and presently pointed. Timothyseed was off to the right with Bang, so I had this bird all to myself.

I walked in, but no bird, Trump still on point. I kicked the bushes, but still no bird. Trump wouldn't go on, so I knew something was there. Finally I sent him on to flush, when a bird got up from behind a log 10ft. to the left and started for the next county.

I gave her a right and left, and she turned over about 50yds. away. Trump pointed dead, and at the command "fetch" started to pick up his bird; but behold! no bird; nothing but tail feathers.

I went up to see what the trouble was, and found that with a last effort the bird went under some old roots just in time to leave the tail feathers in the dog's mouth. We dug her out, but she was in no condition to decorate my den. This was the only bird we shot on the trip, and there is still a blank place on my wall.

LEGALITY.



ENJOYING HER MORNING MEAL.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I don't want to go on record as a kicker against any beneficial change in the game laws. On the contrary, I would favor and work for anything that would increase the supply of game and protect it, and I am willing to sacrifice something for that end.

As I understand, there is a committee, or will be a committee, in Harrisburg to lobby for such change in the law this season that will limit all shooting to but two months in the year—Oct. 1 to Dec. 1, or Oct. 15 to Dec. 15. That is the only thing in the bill they have drafted that I find to kick about, and I feel like kicking hard. It will not protect the game out of season any more than the present law does, and will only tend to keep law-abiding sportsmen from the pleasure of hunting; while the law-breaker will go on and kill all the game before the season opens, the same as he does now, and have more time to do it before the legitimate sportsman uncases his gun.

And more. The man who loves to hunt, but who can get a day off only once a month, will be confined to but two or three days' shooting in the whole year, while the rich man, who can go whenever he wants to, can take the whole season and kill what is left after the law-breaker gets through.

Give the poor man a chance. Shorten the season and make it universal, say from Oct. 1 to Jan. 1, if that will do any good; but don't cut it down to only two months in the year. What we need more than anything else is protection for the game out of season and a non-market law. Stop the sale of game and you stop two-thirds of the consumption of it and the inducement which takes thousands of men and boys afield, who care only for the revenue which their labor brings. Make friends of the farmers by making laws which will benefit them. Consult them and they will give you a great many pointers which will be beneficial to themselves and the sportsman.

They are fast becoming sportsmen themselves—at least where I go—and ought to have a share in the law-making business.

During the summer months thousands of camping parties spend a great deal of time in the woods and along the streams, and nearly all of them take guns. I can tell you of two places where squirrels were quite abundant until camps were established, and when the squirrel season opened, Sept. 1, there were none to be found; and a farmer friend told me last fall that a camping party near his place last summer killed young quail and grouse. It would not be a bad law that would prohibit the possession of guns in the woods or in camp out of the game season, for there can be no other use for them than the shooting of game, and I believe it would be well to make farmers deputy game wardens whenever they can be induced to act as such, and the laws should protect and support them.

Game has been very scarce wherever I have been this season. There have been no quail in this vicinity, and very few where I usually found them quite plenty in other sections.

The ferret law is a dead letter here; one-half or more of the rabbit hunters use them. In a little town seven miles from here one man told me of his knowledge of thirty ferrets, and said there were a great many more.

Law-breakers and game markets do more to exterminate the game than anything else. Stop them and the seasons are all right.

J. H. B.

PENNSYLVANIA.

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.

AFTER a restless night trying to kill skeets, and a very unsatisfactory hunt after midgets in the early morning, it was quite a relief to be awakened by a voice outside shouting "Great Scott! I guess an old hoss walked through the spring last night by the looks of things." And at the camp door stood Clif with a battered tin pail containing the remnant of the butter, which had been placed in the spring the night before. "Why, the water is all riled up yet."

Of cour e we were not long in turning out, and sure enough a moose had walked within 25ft. of camp and soused in the spring.

About half an hour after, Clif, Arthur and I were tramping over the bog toward the river, where we launched an old canoe, much the worse for service from a windfall that had dropped across the bow. After stuffing some moss in the opening, we started down stream stern first. Resting my elbows on the deck, ready to pull at the first sight of game, coming round the first bend, I caught a glimpse of two deer behind the alders feeding, but as they were not in full view we gave them the go by. As we entered the long, straight stretch, in the distance, midway in the stream, deliberately pulling the grass from the bed of the river, shaking the earth from the roots and enjoying her morning feed, stood the object of our search. Arthur quietly asked, "What shall we do?"

"Keep her straight in the current and drift down as near as we can," was the reply.

It was a real picture indeed, for on the opposite bank there was a fine, ruddy-colored buck feeding, the red-winged blackbirds twittering in the tamarack tops, and a chorus of frogs. The long, wagging ears of the moose brushing away the flies seemed quite comical to the otherwise grave, ungainly creature, now in full view. As the canoe swerved a little, from running into a side eddy, all this changed, and the ears became stationary and erect, with head turned toward us with an air of suspicion that something was wrong. The buck made a jump for cover and then Ma Moose started for shore, increasing her speed at each step. I pulled the instant she raised her foot to go, hoping to get a second shot; but gave it up and roared with laughter when she struck shore and started down through the open slash like a quarter-horse, knocking over the small tamaracks like pipe stems.

When she disappeared from view we drew up to the bank, emptied the surplus water out and started back, Arthur remarking: "Well, you are the coolest sportsman I ever had out with me before. When you laid your camera down you never reached out for the rifle, and it was on the seat right alongside of you."

Said I: "We have had all the fun of a hunt and you have no load to back over the bog four miles to camp."

And Arthur replied: "Well, that's the best way, as the old Injun said."

So we came into camp empty handed.

VAN.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

BIG GAME IN COLORADO.

MESA COUNTY, Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just finished reading an article in the Dec. 5 FOREST AND STREAM, entitled "The Passing of Colorado." I cannot, in justice to the "boys," "horsemen" and grangers accused in the article, on account of one man or possibly more, let pass the assertion of an alarmist that everything is gone to the bad with the game and the game wardens. I have lived on the border of Colorado and Utah for ten years in the capacity of cow puncher, granger, and horseman, all of which classes are included in the article. I think I can show Mr. H. G. Dulog as much game as he used to see of all the different varieties he mentions, in spite of the amount that are killed by every one, including the dude hunters from away back East. Although there may be some good shots among them, as among any class of men, nevertheless I have found that they let more game get away wounded, to die by itself and furnish food for the coyotes, than the ones who are credited with the great killing. I am writing from my ranch in the Plateau Valley, on the north side of the Grand Mesa, in Mesa county, and only this morning some of my shepherd dogs ran a buck out of the feed yard with the cattle, which, strange to say, the grangers did not kill. Every day we do the same, and sometimes we run out as many as five or six. They eat up the orchards in this vicinity every year about this time till spring opens. We killed six bears last spring in less than a week without any dogs or traps, and there is still a bunch of elk of about fifty head in the upper end of this valley, not five miles from the edge of the settlements.

Over on Roan Creek, not more than twenty miles from here, I took up several parties of hunters from the town of Debeque, on the Rio Grande Junction Railroad, not over sixty miles from Newcastle, mentioned in Mr. Dulog's article. Every one of them got a buck apiece, and we saw as many as thirty or forty every day. I weighed some of them preparatory to shipping them home, and they weighed from 175lbs. as high as 230 with the heads cut off and most of the neck. Some of them were fine heads too, as big as they ever were and with as many points. None of these hunters stayed over two days. Many came up at midnight and the next night they went back, well satisfied with the country, and with a deer apiece killed by themselves in the morning. This does not look as if the game was all gone. We saw several in the road as we were going up to the ranch where they stopped to do their hunting, right in the midst of the settlements.

Now I don't want to say that there are not a good many deer killed illegally by all sorts of people, for there is no doubt of that; but I do say that the slaughter has been going on now for more than six years, and the effect is to make the deer wilder, so that they seek those places which are more safe from the great crowds of hunters. I know several parts of the country where one can see as many deer as there are trees for them to stand behind, and the country is not devoid of timber either. But no one goes in that part of the country except cow punchers, and they can all tell you about seeing deer and big bucks all summer long, right in and around camp. The Indians know this, however, and they frequently come over from Utah and kill off a few hundred; sometimes they save the meat and more frequently they do not. I have seen the carcass of a fine fat buck, with antlers in the velvet and fat 2in. thick, lying with the hide off in the sun, and moccasin tracks all round. I met one Ute who had 100 hides with his outfit, all the hair taken off and about half tanned; and the two squaws were busy at them then, all killed just before the season opened. I don't want to resurrect the Indian question again, as it is a little late now, and it does not excuse the white men's slaughter. We "boys" live in the midst of the game and hardly kill one a year, as we much prefer beef. What I am driving at is that the game is still with us, although the deer have changed their runways so that the pot-hunters get left frequently, and the old-timers can't find any bucks. They were a little late in coming down this year. Elk go clear up to the top and winter there.

Yours for the preservation of game and death to the market and pot-hunter, who are also with us.

H. K. BOGERT.

North Carolina Quail Netting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I have just returned from my annual quail hunt in North Carolina, I thought I would drop you a line and give you an idea as to what the natives are doing with that excellent little game bird, Bob White. I predict that in the course of a few years he will be exterminated by the means of netting. I write this in order to give you a faint outline of the method employed to capture them. It is as follows: The net is about 40ft. long and 4 or 5ft. wide, and so made that the hollow of the net will come in the center until a few feet from the ends. The next move is to get a horse and find the birds, and while on horseback locate the covey, and when located set the net in the best place to drive the birds, and the whole covey is captured, leaving none for seed. You can imagine how soon this kind of work will wipe them out of existence.

My hunt was not very successful, as the birds for most part were not to be found on account of this vile method of destroying them. We did find some birds where the marks of netting were not visible.

G. V. HUDSON, M.D.

Thrifty.

THE *Evening Gazette*, of Port Jervis, N. Y., recounts that recently a hunting party of three from Philadelphia and Scranton, Pa., had made Shohola Falls an annual visit for several years past, staying at Falls Cottage, where for a reasonable charge they enjoyed the comforts of a cozy home with the added privilege of hunting on 8,000 acres of land owned by their host. They arrived this year as usual, but with a radical change of procedure; for, instead of staying at the Cottage, as they had done in former years, they engaged two local guides and stealthily ensconced themselves in the hunting grounds of their former host and proceeded to enjoy gratis that which they had formerly considered worth paying for. Inferentially all the privileges could have been legitimately secured for a nominal consideration, yet to them, as to many other people, it seemed more direct and economical to help themselves to such things as they desire if such were loosely guarded.

It would seem as if men of otherwise good standing in the community would value more highly their own self-respect and the respect of their fellow men than to commit petty, sneaky depredations on the property of others, acts of petty meanness, particularly ones, as in this case, which embodied ingratitude for former favors accepted by the offenders, aside from the direct offense of surreptitiously taking privileges to which they had no claim.

The *Gazette* mildly relates the sequel of the thrifty adventurers as follows:

"Whether for economy, greater accessibility to their favorite grounds, or the persuasion of the local part of the party is of no moment, but this year the hunters sought the grounds from another direction and were comfortably quartered in camp before their presence in the county was made known to the owner of the premises. Any one who has ever hunted, fished or camped on the property of Mr. Hart knows that he is entirely liberal in respect to sportsmen; but when encroached upon stealthily, in an unsportsmanlike way, with preparations to depopulate his woods, he very justly felt incensed, and he acted promptly and in accord with his feelings. The party broke camp and decamped, and it is hopeful that they have learned that such privilege as they attempted to enjoy are at least worth asking for."

Were the offensive acts of those whose honesty and deportment are pursued and gauged as a matter of profitable policy to bring a just odium only on the real offenders, there would still be much to deplore, but the odium of those who have but a sneaky manhood is visited upon the true sportsman and casts a stigma on the guild.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FRESH-WATER SHRIMP.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When I cast my lot with fishculturists twenty years ago, the great problem was how many millions can we hatch. While the question of feeding did not then concern us, and need not now to any extent as relates to commercial fishes, it is pressing for discussion with the growth of angling clubs and fish ponds. Fishes of the predaceous kind are everywhere preferred, such as trout and bass, but how and where is natural food to be obtained for their bodily support? Where are suitable living forms at inconsiderable cost to come from? This was a problem to some extent when I began my studies, but a thousand are concerned now where one person was then. Many expedients have been resorted to, but the solution is yet to be forthcoming.

Well aimed suggestions being always in order, I modestly present some points with regard to an organism which may claim a place—at least experimentally—in well-ordered fishcultural establishments. I claim no superiority over other investigators in this line. But while behind many in actual experiments, I have nevertheless been an observer of the works of others, and a student of the subject myself. In order to make my suggestions as far-reaching as possible, I have gone to the expense to have two cuts made for purposes of illustration.

What I have to tell is the direct outgrowth of an investigation made by the Fish Commission last fall concerning the fresh-water shrimp, its relation to fishes as their food in a state of nature. The investigation was ordered by Commissioner Brice, and covered some weeks: from late in September till the middle of November. It will require time of course for the problem to be worked out, but it must be apparent that whether successful or not it is a step toward rational methods. He has procured living specimens of the fresh-water shrimp from the South, which are under observation to determine their rate of multiplication and climatic adaptability,



RIVER, OR FRESH-WATER SHRIMP.

hoping subsequently to be able to recommend their cultivation for game and other fishes.

Where the shrimp abounds fishing is good. When it is caught for bait numerous small fish are unavoidably brought in with it. They are feeding upon it. These are small bass, darters, sunfish, top minnows and catfish. It is found in the stomachs of all. Besides being a natural food, the shrimp is very abundant. There are evidences, too, that its range can be extended to nearly all parts of the United States.

What It Is.

The river shrimp is a fresh-water animal. Of the crawfish kind, it is yet more transparent, like the soft-shell crab. It is more than an inch long, being, however, the size of a finger in the waters of Arkansas. In North Carolina they run 2,000 to a pound. The two forward pair of the larger or anterior legs are provided with claws. The animal is a miniature of the salt-water shrimp or the prawn. It would be a mistake to confound it with the so-called fresh-water shrimp, about which so much was said in the year 1878 by the New York Fish Commission; for the latter is only a water flea. It has gradually become known by its true name, gammarus, and it is both abundant and valuable at Caledonia. Interested parties will not fail to note the distinction between the two. The shrimp is a compact mass of solid meat, though the body of a living specimen is as colo less as window glass, while the gammarus, comparativel speaking, is but a bundle of legs.

Home of the Shrimp.

The speedy appropriation of this bitherto neglected organism as a staple article of diet for fishes seems not improbable. It is apparently adapted to various kinds of water, even flourishing in shallow holes, such as mosquitoes breed in. In parts of North Carolina it is found in ponds, running streams, and in borrow pits alongside railroad tracks. In the latter it is landlocked, and obviously subject to an extreme high temperature, derived from the direct rays of the summer sun, and to an opposite low temperature such as accompanies occasional ice formation a foot or more thick. Its thermal limit remains to be determined by experimental trials, but it i known to already inhabit streams, and it may be inferred naturally, as far north as the Ohio River, and other southward to Arkansas.

Natural Abundance.

In its localities it is generally very abundant. Notwithstanding incessant attacks by its natural enemies, it seems to outbreed them all. With a small dip-net, 1ft. in diameter and 8ft. of handle, often a thousand can be dipped from the water grass without the operator moving from his tracks, and in a brief space of time at that. In the Connocanary, a tributary of the Roanoke River, 200 were taken at one dip. At the second dip 177, and at the third 164 were secured. It was found that the shrimp existed



GAMMARUS, OR WATER FLEA.

there at a rate as high as, and probably far exceeding, 600lbs. per acre, and in a wholly unprotected state. But this rate was maintained only in the shoal, grassy areas where conditions were tributary to their requirements. Under cultivation, however, where the entire space would be installed with reference to their feeding grounds, every square yard would support its proportionate number.

Conditions for Culture.

Enough is known of the shrimp to justify the belief that it is futile to introduce it into waters devoid of cover. It is an animal which does but little free swimming. It seeks food and shelter in thick growths of water plants, grasses and mosses, and is found around the shores or in shallow places among the plants, and sometimes on trunks of trees which, like the cypress, live out in the water. When frightened it darts out into deeper water, going backward a foot or more, and rests motionless there till danger seems past. It can, however, do free swimming, in which act it uses the swimming legs situated just forward of the tail. In winter it is believed not to burrow or enter a full state of hibernation; but some anglers, for convenience, make a practice of corralling them in field ditches for winter bait.

In Transportation.

Though quickly responsive to overcrowding, there is no difficulty in transporting the shrimp alive over long distances, with proper but simple precautions. In the fall months, with air temperature 50° to 55°, a four-quart tin pail half filled with water will safely carry 150 from North Carolina points to New York city, while seventy-five would go alive to St. Paul or St. Louis without change of water or application of ice. In captivity it becomes very nervous when there are too many in the vessel for the amount of water. They leap out, and sticking to the inner walls of the vessel or falling on the ground, perish. Also they hop around, several inches and very lively, when taken with the net. While crawfish, crabs and lobsters cannot withstand shipment in water, this animal appears to be clearly of the reverse type. Crawfish in winter, if kept from freezing, will survive two weeks or longer, simply held in barrels. The shrimp dies as quickly as do most fish when exposed to the atmosphere. But impaled on fish hooks it lives, in cool weather, two hours or more. It has a fishy smell only when its shell is broken.

Economic Application.

From partial observations made, it appears that the chief requirement of the river shrimp is profuse plant growth. This can with certainty be had only in shallow water which the sun's rays can penetrate. The water need not be as much as a foot deep. Therefore, springy, marshy bogs may be slightly dammed up and afford as good breeding grounds as any. In deep, treeless ponds no production may be relied on except along the shores, the middle area being wasted.

If the river shrimp can be successfully colonized in the greater portions of the country, it may be possible to produce it without cost other than the outlay attending installation of the simply-constructed breeding ponds, and in such quantities too as may feed vast numbers of market fish.

Should such a result attend the study of the shrimp, the question of commercial fishculture in the inland waters will be solved. As it is now, the food comes too high to admit of a general industry of profit.

S. G. WORTH.

FURTHER EXPERIENCE WITH RAINBOW TROUT.

IT is ten years since when by the kindness of Col. McDonald, of the United States Fish Commission, I had a quantity of this fish sent me to stock one of our rivers here, the picturesque and bright Cullasaga, which means in English sweet or sugar water. By a mistake the fish were sent wrong, and I was not on hand to receive them, so they were dumped into the Tuckaseege, a tributary of the Tennessee. They soon spread and stocked the waters, getting into the French Broad and the beautiful Swannanoa, near Asheville, where the natives soon discovered them, calling them salmon. To make up for this mistake I had another lot sent of 1,000, of which I got only 100, but since then I have had some thousands of eggs which I planted and which seemed to come to maturity without any loss, for the pond and the river below soon became stocked and gave the visitors here abundant and most excellent sport. The fingerlings were 10in. long the next year, and the third year one was taken in my pond by a young lady 20in. long and weighing 2½lbs. The fish was so lively when landed that the lady had to sit on it and call for assistance to secure it.

I soon found these fish crossing with the native trout, the *fontinalis*, and so reported to the Fish Commissioner, but my statement was derided by the scientists on the ground that the spawning season did not match with that of the *fontinalis*. But having caught a hybrid, a genuine *fontinalis* in part and having the scales of the *iridei*, I rested for confirmation, which in time came by the discovery that in this southern latitude the spawning season of these later fish was advanced to permit this cross breeding.

I have found that these fish will not stay in the headwaters of the streams, but make their way down the rivers, how far I have not yet discovered beyond the fact that they have got as far as the Tennessee; but there are a good many in my waters still, finding them in the deep pools among the rock of the rapids. They have been taken lately in these places in the lower Cullasaga, 30in. long and 7in. in depth. They far surpass the *fontinalis* in fighting qualities, affording work for an expert fisher to bring them to the net; often half an hour is required in the rough places to tire them out.

They are, I think, inferior to the *fontinalis* in eating quality, but they are good enough; their deep-red flesh and fatness making them very desirable for the table, as well as their good size. By catching a few and bringing them back to the pond, they still keep up the stock in spite of exhaustive fishing.

They have been charged with the crime of eating the smaller trout, but as I examine the stomach of every fish I take to study their feeding habits, and have never found a trace of fish in them, I fully acquit them of this charge. Their food consists of the minute animalculæ, the case worms, of frogs, and the abundant newts. I have seen them take a good-sized frog under several times, and they evidently eat a good many crawfish. They are exceedingly fond of the *emphemera*, the so-called May flies, which live so short a time and are very numerous here, almost covering the water when in full season. It is scarcely possible to get one then except with the white-miller. At other times I find the green-drake, the Montreal and the professor the best lures for them. They will take earthworms very freely, but the most taking bait I have found to be a piece of tin foil wrapped around the hook and a little above it. I don't think there is a more prolific fish existing, for with hard fishing of many visitors here every day in the season, from June to October, they still abound in the waters.

But this reminds me, now I am in the vein for fish stories, of an adventure which gave rise to a snake story, which, in spite of the risk of my reputation as a truthful person, I feel I ought to give as an unique experience with snakes as well as a contribution to natural history as to the feeding habits of the rattlesnake.

It was on a summer afternoon when my good wife thought she would like a mess of fish, so, as an obedient husband, I took my tackle and my little skiff and went up the pond in search of a trout or two. It was a charming day in the Indian summer, when the gorgeous coloring of the trees along the banks was reflected in the absolutely smooth, glassy surface, as if the trees belonged to another world below. Thinking more of the scenery as I rested my paddle than of fish, I heard a rise under an overhanging thicket of laurel. I threw my fly over the pool and it was instantly taken by a very small trout, which I let struggle to get off the hook, as I was not after fingerlings. Something glided from the edge of the water which I thought was a big fish, and seized the hook and the little fellow on it. I found I had hooked a snake of some kind, which was diving and wriggling to get away. But it was securely hooked and I drew it up and found I had a rattler fast. I tried every way to get him loose, but neglecting my rod, which was sprung considerably, the snake rushed to the boat and the spring of the rod lifted it over into it. Then there was something to pay, you may be sure. Such a tangle! the snake careering all over the boat and among my legs, finally getting loose, so that I had to rest my feet on the gunwales. By and by the fellow rested at full length, and I considered what was to be done next. I took my paddle to try and throw him out. That set him to careering all over again, until again he rested. Then I tried to lift him out with the paddle again, but in the effort the paddle flew out of my hand and he still kept in the boat, running all over as before. Then I watched a chance to crush him with my heel, as he rested almost under me. I made the attempt, but missed him, and he darted at my leg and struck into my overalls. Instinctively I seized him by the neck and got him safe, but my blood curdled and ran cold up and down my back, you may be sure. I tightened my grip and snatched him loose, tearing out the fangs from his mouth, these remaining in the strong cloth of the overalls. I got the fellow in my basket, stopped the hole in it with my handkerchief, and finding I was uninjured I cut the fangs from my overalls and went to fishing, first paddling with the end of my rod until I recovered my paddle. Meanwhile I kept thinking what I should do with the snake. I thought I would send him to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM to keep company with the Apache's scalp I once contributed to the office museum, a souvenir which was sent to me by an admiring friend from New Mexico years ago; but instead I took him home, and finding his fangs were gone I let him loose in my office to act as office cat and catch the mice, which fed too much on my papers and nested among my books. I kept him there until he became quite tame, and were it not that he scared my casual visitors too much for their comfort I took his skin, which now hangs in memoriam of this curious and I think unique adventure, and as a proof of the truth of this snake story; for is not that skin hanging there a sufficient support of my veracity?

H. STEWART.

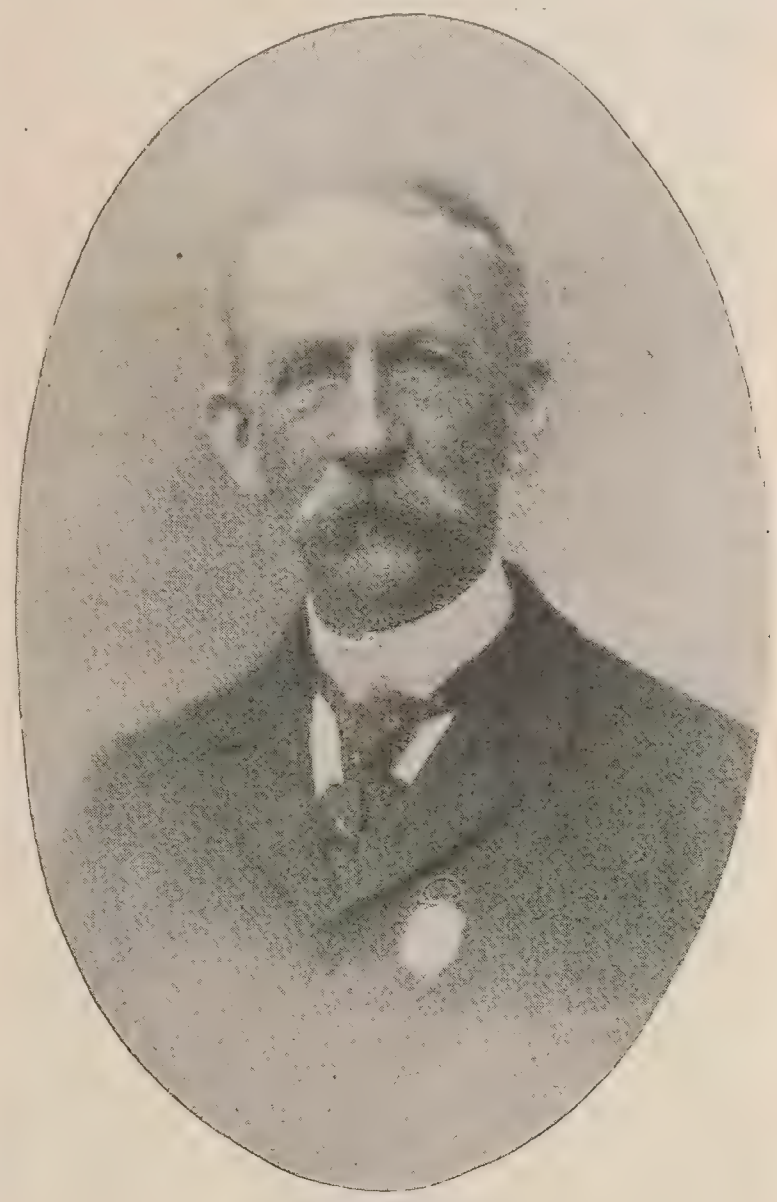
MACON COUNTY, N. C.

P. S.—I would not have told this story, but it is an off time for such true narratives, and it may come in time to warn other fishermen to look out for snakes themselves. I might say in further corroboration, as I now think of it, that more than fifty of my young ducks were taken one year off my pond by snakes, one of which I know was a rattler, as I pursued him ashore and killed him with the duck in his mouth, and I have his skin too, so that I can truthfully aver the rattlesnake will take fish and young ducks in the water.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXVIII.—Charles Hallock.

JUST as you know your father and your brother Sam without ever having been introduced to them by any one or on any particular occasion, so there are men who must have cut into your orbit at some particular time and place, but who, like the intimate relatives above mentioned, seem always to have been within the circle of your limited range on this planet. Every man has many old friends whose acquaintances can't be marked down to date and place and I have tried in vain to recall where and when I first met Charles Hallock. In these sketches there has been an attempt to follow old chronos, and on



CHARLES HALLOCK.
From a photograph in 1896.

the back of a photo of Mr. Hallock, taken in 1896, is this: "To my esteemed friend of forty years' acquaintance, with blessing," etc. Taking the number forty, as biblical scholars do, to mean an indefinite number—such as the days in the wilderness and those when Jupiter Pluvius let loose the waters to drown all who did not seek shelter in the ark—the thing is plain. We have agreed, after passing many letters some years ago, to call it a draw; he fixing the date at a chance meeting on the woodcock grounds below Albany in 1854, which may have been true, but as I am telling this story on the basis of personal memory we will put it some years later. When he tells the tale he will not be contradicted.

That horrid liver of mine which had acquired bad habits in the West was resisting all efforts for its reformation, and in the spring of 1860 I went to the seashore on Long Island to see if the heavy salt-laden air wouldn't press the kinks out of that rebellious gland. The fishing in Jamaica Bay and the sea food were novelties and opened a new field of interest among strange fishes and their different modes of capture. The early spring fishing for the flat fishes was very interesting, and the stories of the bluefish and others which would come later in the season promised much health-giving sport as the fishermen's stories were heard. To walk the beach and pick up oysters and ruin a small pocket knife to open them and then—how delicious they were taken *au natural*.

A bayman said: "Mr. Hallock is up at the hotel and we were talking about you and he wants to see you." Just who Mr. Hallock might be gave me no concern. He might be the sheriff of the county or only a town constable, it made no difference; he couldn't lock me up for misdemeanors done here, but what about Kansas? With this in mind I put on a bold front and met a man whose face was strangely familiar, but who was so cordial and who knew my old friend Ken King and other fishing and shooting comrades that we were soon on the footing of old acquaintance. He must be right! No man could go into such detail unless he had been there, and we let it go at that. Something was said about trout fishing, and I asked if there were trout on Long Island.

Hallock looked up and asked: "Do mosquitoes live in New Jersey? Why, Long Island has more trout to the square foot than any other tract of its size on this continent. I've been down here for a few days to visit some friends, and have an invitation to fish Massapequa Lake from its owner, Mr. David R. Floyd-Jones, and the invitation includes a friend. Let's go to-morrow, what d' ye say?"

I agreed, with the consciousness of being a very greenhorn at trout fishing, but with a desire to find out just how those artificial flies were used which the fishing tackle dealers kept, but which no one bought, as far as I knew, and which Hallock had in a book. He showed them with an enthusiasm which was wasted, because it did not seem possible that any fish would nibble at such dry fodder as that, especially a trout, which I had been told was the most wary and the best of all game fishes. In boyhood days I had taken a few on one occasion when fishing with my older friend, George Dawson, but we used worms in a small stream, and I was not then so thoroughly impressed with the importance of the trout as the game fish *par excellence* as a more extended acquaintance with a higher class of anglers had now brought about. I was on the point of telling Hallock that I had not brought down my fly-rod and flies, when my better self came up and whispered to the effect that while I might know a great deal about bobbing for eels, shooting and spearing fish, and the use of most baits, it was certain that it would be best to tell the truth. We all have certain ideals which we may flatter ourselves we fill to perfection, and no class of men are more prone to this than sportsmen; but after a short mental struggle all feeling of this kind was banished, and I said:

"I don't know the first thing about fly-fishing for trout and I haven't any rods or tackle for it. I'm anxious to learn how to fish for them, and with this confession of ignorance if you are willing to take me with you I will esteem it a great honor."

That honest confession put me on a solid footing; I was an apprentice to a master hand. The flies that I switched off on the back cast and the awkward entanglements which a novice must make who has had no preliminary instruction before he essays casting for actual trout we will not dwell upon. Suffice it to say that the casting of my companions and the landing of their trout opened up a new vista in the field of angling pleasures. Often when casting the fly I think of that day on Massapequa Lake when I had that genial sportsman Charles Hallock for a preceptor. In 1863 I had a twenty-day furlough from the army, and I met Mr. Floyd-Jones in the Astor House. He was then Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and offered to get all sorts of extensions of leave if I would only go down to Massapequa. Some stories that partly lingered in his memory needed retelling; but there were sterner duties. Hallock was away, and Massapequa's waters were not disturbed by me until a quarter of a century later, when they were again fished with other companions.

While on Long Island the casting of the fly was practiced with an ash and lancewood rod, and the other necessities which Mr. John Conroy, then of Fulton street, New York, selected for me from his then most marvelous stock of fishing tackle; and in the intervals of crabbing, salt-water fishing and boating, the mystery was learned.

In one of my frequent visits to Conroy's to replace the flies, which had then a bad habit of snapping off just as they were somewhere in the rear and were suddenly sent forward, I met Mr. Hallock, who invited me to visit and fish in a trout pond owned by his cousin, Mr. William Hallock Seaman, near Ridgewood, on the south side of Long Island, some twenty-five miles east of New York. It was early in the season, and the trout were in a rising mood on a most perfect day for fly-fishing, slightly clouded, but warm, with just enough wind to ruffle the water lightly, and hide all glint of rod and fall of everything but the flies. I had mastered the art of keeping the leader from cracking like a whip behind me when giving it the forward stroke, and had paid for the education in dozens of lost flies. Mr. Hallock noted the fact, and rejoiced that his advice had been of service. We each took half a dozen trout and stopped fishing. This was my first fishing in strictly private waters, and to-day I am not sure that I was then sufficiently educated in the etiquette of private fishing waters to have stopped at just six when the fish were truly asking to be caught; and it was such glorious sport to see the rise and the strike, followed by a miss or a capture, that I realized the fact that I had in early life taken the degree of Entered Apprentice in the East, of Fellowcraft in the West, and was now a Master angler. Of course the trout served at the hospitable table of Mr. Seaman were several degrees better than any trout that had ever been eaten before, and I doubt if they have been equaled since.

The life of Charles Hallock has been an erratic one, full of change and adventure. A man of medium height, without an ounce of superfluous fat, he is to-day a tireless bundle of nerves and sinews; one of those men without apparent muscle who will tire out a muscular athlete in a day's rough tramp over hill and through meadow. He was trained for a journalist by his father, Mr. Gerard Hallock, who for thirty-four years was editor of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, and has followed literature as editor and author most of his life.

He was born March 13, 1834, and is a graduate of Amherst College. The cyclopedias say that his ancestor, Peter Hallock, came to America in 1640 and bought a large tract of land on Long Island near Moriches, part of which is still called Hallock's Neck. The family was distinguished in the War for Independence, and during the War of the Rebellion a near relative, Gen. Henry Wager Halleck, served with great distinction. His branch of the family had changed the spelling of the name, as often happens. Early in the 50s the spirit of adventure seized Charles and he crossed the great plains with a wagon train over the Santa Fe trail, and wrote up his observations of Indians and buffalo in *Harper's Magazine* for October, 1857, and next year took the old Red River trail from St. Paul to Pembina and wrote that up for the same magazine. It is recorded in my sketches that I was up there on that trail about the same time, but it was a large country, and my surveying party was off on the trail most of the time, and we did not meet. Charles was with C. C. Andrews, afterward major-general United States Volunteers, and in '69–'76 Minister to Sweden, and in '82 was Consul-general for Brazil.

I had a letter from him late in 1860, after he had taken Dr. Elliott Coues and a party to Labrador in a sailing vessel, and brought back the first photos of the interior of that country, as well as a large collection of birds and

curios for the Smithsonian Institution and the Long Island Historical Society. He wanted me to go to Maine or New Brunswick, but Albany was cold enough in winter to satisfy all desire to go further north, and then the war came on and we drifted apart, I to enter the Union army and he to run the blockade and become the editor of the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle and Sentinel*, and at the same time writing a book entitled "Sketches of Stonewall Jackson," for which he got one of the very few copyrights ever issued by the so-called Confederate Government, and which is now in the National Museum. His restless spirit impelled him to again run the blockade seven months later, and he labored for a whole month on the *Royal Gazette* at Hamilton, Bermuda, and then skipped to Halifax, where he corresponded for several New York papers while making a tour of the maritime provinces by land and water.

Canadian politics were as much mixed then as they are now, and promise to continue, and this tireless worker saw that the reciprocity treaty with the United States had expired and that the public was considering the confederation of all the British Provinces in North America, and he ran a series of articles in the Halifax *Citizen* entitled, "Joel Penman's Observations, or the Provinces Seen Through Yankee Spectacles." In 1864 Mr. Hallock became assistant editor of the St. John (N. F.) *Telegraph*, and simultaneously opened the first broker's office in the Province. Later he became editor of the St. John *Courier*, a Confederate organ, and at the same time published an opposition paper of his own called *The Humorist*, as a counterpoise. The latter was a financial success, but he only ran it a few months, when it stopped; he was tired of it.

Now I arise to say: The subject of this sketch is not only a gifted man, but a genius of a very high order. He has not piled up millions of dollars, as some more cold-blooded men have, but he has made his mark on the roll of fame and the world is the better for his having lived. His talents have not been used to accumulate money, although he has made and lost fortunes, but he has spent years in teaching the youth of America not to waste the heritage of game and not to slaughter for slaughter's sake. In the killing of fish I learned this from him and have preached and practiced it for many years.

Last August I received a letter from my old friend. Like all men of his temperament, he must be elated or despondent, and he was in the latter mood when he wrote: "Since then we have fought the battle of life for forty years, and it has had its sharp engagements; you coming out as a major and I more or less a minor; to which key shall we join in singing?" Thirty years ago he returned to New York and opened a broker's office in Beaver street, the firm being Ralph King & Hallock, and for a year was the financial editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and then his restless spirit asserted itself and he explored the Adirondacks and wrote up that region, which was not as well known as it is now. He visited me after I had gone into trout breeding in western New York, and we wet our lines in a little trout brook and spent much time in discussing old times and in comparing notes of adventure since we met. Portia says:

> "For in companions
> That do converse and waste the time together,
> Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
> There must be needs a like proportion
> Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit."

In 1870 Mr. Hallock, with Messrs. E. R. Wilbur, Dudley Field, Genio C. Scott, S. D. Bruce and several others, founded Blooming Grove Park, in Pike county, Pa., and the next year it was incorporated. The park then covered 12,000 acres and was the first great game preserve in America. The Park Association has now many elegant buildings and also many members.

Among the many things which the sportsmen of the world, and of America in particular, owe to Charles Hallock is the founding of FOREST AND STREAM in 1873. He sent me a prospectus of the forthcoming journal and wrote me a most peremptory order to send him an article for the first issue, on pain of his displeasure. Relenting somewhat, he closed the letter with a request, saying: "Do this and I will love thee forever:

> "With a love that shall not die,
> Till the sun grows cold,
> And the stars are old,
> And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

So it came to pass that when the first copy of FOREST AND STREAM saw the light of the August moon it contained a few lines from my pen; crude they seem to-day, but what fellow can resist an order that is modified into such a request? The genial Charles came again to see my little trout farm when the grayling eggs and the adult grayling were there in the first experiments with that new game fish, and we again wet our lines, and would have wet our whistles had we been boys and the year in its early youth; for when the sap goes up the willow, before the leaves put out, the bark on last year's wood will "wring," and whistles are then made; but the bark so wrung will dry if not cared for, but, you understand, we wet our lines and perhaps a foot.

In the early '70s Mr. Hallock turned his attention to the development of Florida and advocated draining Lake Okechobee. He put the first boat on that lake that had been there since the Seminole war in 1848; he called the boat "Forest and Stream," and put Mr. Fred A. Ober in charge of the expedition, and later he obtained the assistance of Prof. Spencer F. Baird and Mr. George N. Lawrence in fitting Ober out for natural history work in the Caribbean Sea.

Mr. Hallock continued his work as editor of FOREST AND STREAM until January, 1880. Meanwhile he had published "The Sportsman Tourist," "Camp Life in Florida" and that grand volume of 900 pages, "The Sportsman's Gazetteer." Then he took what he called "a rest." Without looking for the exact definition of the word in the big dictionaries, I will by their leave say that Hallock's idea of rest at that time was to attach himself to Maj. Wagner's United States revenue force in the mountains of East Tennessee and North Carolina to look up the "moonshiners," as the makers of illicit whisky are called, and to report the work for the New York *Herald*. Now just see the difference in an individual definition of the same word. To me that blessed word "rest" means freedom from not only manual labor, but also from thinking; it means what I can only express as "hog comfort," and its culmination a grand after-life of good living and sound sleeping. That sort of thing wouldn't suit Hallock for an hour. There is an ever-hungry maggot in his brain that continually impels him to do something, and while he loves a good dinner his brain works off its effect. You might as well try to fatten a threshing machine by running oats through it as to get an ounce of fat on Charlie Hallock by feeding him oceans of turtle soup and tons of possum; his brain would undo all the efforts of his stomach, even after he has passed the half century point which Victor Hugo called "the old age of youth and the youth of old age."

The fact that my dear old friend of nearly half a century and I are so dissimilar in mental and physical make-up is no doubt the reason that we are still friends. We were never rivals in anything, but we had that same bond of fellowship which cannot be described in words; a subtle something which draws some men of different natures into close companionship. The character of "rolling stones which gather no moss," and perhaps had no time to waste in that direction, is the only point of resemblance; but if Charles Hallock has not gathered much moss he has collected a mass of most extensive knowledge of the football which we call "the earth," which in his declining years will be a comfort to him if his nervous organization will ever allow him to sit down and take a few years off for contemplation of the past and indulgence in reverie of the future.

In 1878 Mr. Hallock again broke away from office work and founded the town of Hallock in northern Minnesota, in a grand hunting region on the old Red River trail which he had traveled some twenty years before. It is now the county seat of Kittson county. Three years later he went out to the Yellowstone country to attend and report an important council of Crow Indians which ceded the right of way through their reservation to the Northern Pacific Railway, and incidentally to hunt and fish in that newly opened region, and a year later he went out to the Sascatchewan country, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and wrote it up for some of the magazines. In 1883 he worked up the natural history and resources of Texas for the Missouri Pacific management, crossing the Rio Grande into Mexico at El Paso and Laredo, and the following year was made superintendent of the Minnesota State frontier exhibit at the New Orleans world's fair and cotton exposition, and was highly complimented on the artistic manner in which his life-like groups were displayed. In 1885 he went to Manitoba to report the Riel rebellion, while it was practically winter in that frigid country, although the almanac said it was April.

In the summer of '85 he went to Alaska with the first governer of that territory, and on his return published his well-known book, "Our New Alaska," which has been called one of the masterpieces of English composition. He afterward went to Canada and wrote up the marble and phosphate deposits, as well as many sketches of the field sports to be had there. A few years later found him trying to repopulate the abandoned farms of New England with summer cottages, and then he worked up the mineral regions of Montana for the New York *Times* in the interest of the Great Northern Railway. In 1892 his attention was called to the mining region of British Columbia and the Pacific extension of the same railway. Since then he has been writing up the resources of the seaboard of North Carolina in many publications.

This brief sketch gives a fair idea of the restless, hard-working man who has accomplished so much field work and exploration in nearly every geographical division of the continent, coasted nearly the entire shores of both oceans, traversed the great inland waters and regions but little known, and whose work has been of great value to science as well as to the sportsman.

He is still hale and hearty, and when I met him in New York last month he spoke of my articles and I told him that I would soon write something of our old-time acquaintance.

"All right," said he, "I'll give you some dates when I get to St. Paul." And he did. He wrote me a funny yarn about a railway adventure where soap and towels were unknown, and wound up by giving me the dates of his birth and marriage. But the *University Magazine* for August, 1894, helped me out with facts and dates, or this could not have been written.

Sitting in my den and thinking of old friends, most of whom have crossed the styx, the words of Buckingham (Henry VIII.) come up as I think of Charles Hallock:

> "May he live
> Longer than I have time to tell his years!
> Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
> And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
> Goodness and he fill up one monument!"

FRED MATHER.

The Poetry of Angling.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to know whether any of your readers sniggle or not. I bethink me of reading in this journal some months ago about some guddlers. It seems to me that those who guddle should have an affinity, as it were, in those who sniggle.

Now, if there are any snigglers, I hope they will align up and drill with the guddlers, so we will know what they are up to nowadays.

I think both snigglers and guddlers are slighted and neglected in literature, and it is my intention to write an ode to snigglers and guddlers, and touch it off as soon as I have them identified. RANSACKER.

P. S.—As I am informed the sniggler is usually in pursuit of a wriggler, I perceive a rhyme thereby; while guddlers, with proper precautions, may be made to jingle as puddlers, hence these subjects may be odified in a very odible sort of a way. R.

[Also, if Ransacker's muse can handle snigglers and guddlers, she should turn her attention to the Connecticut wigwazzers.]

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

ANGLING NOTES.

New York Fish Hatcheries.

CALEDONIA CREEK, Livingston county, N. Y., has on its banks the oldest fish hatchery in the State. It was established by Seth Green as a private hatchery in 1864, and afterward came into the possession of the State of New York upon the creation of the Fish Commission in 1868, and it is the largest and best known hatchery now owned by the State. In fact, I have on a number of occasions found people who had an idea that the Caledonia hatchery was the only one in the State, and that all the fish hatched and distributed by the State Fisheries Commission came from the Caledonia Station. Soon after the organization of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission last year the water in a pond above the State property became poisoned with water mould during an exceedingly dry time, and when it was allowed to flow down the creek and through the stock ponds and the hatching troughs at the station it killed the fish, young and old, in spite of everything that was done to save them.

Writing of this disaster in FOREST AND STREAM at the time, I said it was a blessing in disguise. It seemed to the general public to be a severe blow to the work of the Commission that it should lose thousands of fingerling brook, brown, rainbow and lake trout, and other thousands of stock fish of the same species; but as the fish had in previous years been crossed and recrossed until pure-bred fish were the exception in the stock ponds, it was really a consummation devoutly to be hoped for, by those who knew the facts, that the entire outfit should go at "one fell swoop" and leave the stock ponds tenantless, to be filled later with fish of pure lineage that would produce strong, healthy, fruitful fry. To-day one will see that great changes have been wrought at the Caledonia hatching station since the foul water came down the stream, spreading devastation among the fish, and the changes are not all apparent to the eye of the observer.

The station has a capacity for hatching 5,000,000 trout fry, 10,000,000 whitefish and 20,000,000 pike-perch. In its rearing boxes and races 800,000 fingerling trout can be reared annually. With its present equipment it is probably second to no hatchery in the United States for the quality of the work performed.

It was in June of 1895 that the stock ponds and hatching troughs and rearing boxes were visited by the fatal water mould from the pond above, but to-day the station has the following fish on hand:

Brook trout, 5 to 8 years old	45
Brook trout, 2½ to 3½ years old	3,000
Brook trout, 1½ years old	5,000
Brown trout, 5 to 12 years old	1,500
Brown trout, 3 to 4 years old	300
Brown trout, 1 to 2 years old	300
Lake trout, 10 to 15 years old	25
Rainbow trout, 5 years old	40
Rainbow trout, 3 years old	500
Rainbow trout 1 to 2 years old	400
Red-throat trout, 1½ years old	1,900
Total	13,010
Brook trout, 8 months old	70,000
Brown trout, 8 months old	32,000
Lake trout, 8 months old	8,000
Landlocked salmon, 8 months old	2,500
Scotch Sea trout, 8 months old	750
Rainbow trout, 6 months old	14,000
Steelhead trout, 5 months old	650
Total	127,900

It has been necessary to bring stock fish from other hatching stations in the State, and to procure fish from outside sources; but all the stock fish are strong, active, healthy, pure-bred fish.

The Pleasant Valley hatchery, near Bath, Steuben county, is a new station of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, and during the past season much work has been done to bring it into proper working condition, and to-day it is a model hatchery for one of its size. It is not an easy matter to create a hatchery, stock ponds, rearing boxes, and adjust the water supply so that it may be utilized to the utmost, and bring it up to its working capacity from a rough, swampy field and a stream of water to build upon within a limited time; but this practicallly has been done at Bath within little more than two years. Now there is a complete hatchery, with modern hatching troughs with a capacity for hatching 1,500,000 trout fry. The grounds have been graded and five stock ponds have been built, with rearing boxes to raise 150,000 fingerling trout annually. The water system is as perfect as it can be made, with guards against overflow or floods at all the ponds and rearing races. The water is aerated artificially for the fingerling fish, and is so distributed as to utilize every gallon of it in fish propagation. A new ice house containing meat room has been built, and the stock ponds now contain the following fish:

Brook trout, 3 years old	10
Brook trout, 20 months old	2,000
Brook trout, 6 months old	20,000
Red-throat trout, 1 year old	50
Brown trout, 3 years old	250
Brown trout, 6 months old	6,000
Rainbow trout, 3 years old	200
Rainbow trout, 4 months old	3,000
Rainbow trout, 4 to 12 years old	30
Lake trout, 6 months old	8,000
	39,540

It is worth a considerable journey to see the big rainbow trout, those put down at from four to twelve years old. They are fish that ran up the hatchery stream from Keuka Lake and were netted by the hatchery men to be used as stock fish. Within a few days I saw them in all their glory. The pond was drawn down and a net confined them in one end of it, and then with a dip net they were lifted one at a time over the net which held them. Some of the fish were 10lbs. in weight, and all were plump, well fed, with all the colors of the breeding season. I am not unfamiliar with the coloring of trout at the breeding season, but these big rainbows seemed brighter than any that I had previously seen. In giving the ages of the fish at Caledonia and Bath I have quoted from an inventory made on Oct. 1, and therefore at this date young fish are two months older than the figures I have given.

Vermont Fishing Rights.

Anything and everything about fishing and fishing rights in the State of Vermont is of interest to me, for I have enjoyed some good fishing in that State, which I always recall with pleasure, and the only time in my life that I was ordered away from a trout stream as a trespasser was in Vermont. At the time I was fishing from

a boat, and I continued to fish when ordered away by a farmer, who had the stream posted on both sides through his farm. My understanding of the law was that I had a right to fish from a boat or wade the stream, as the stream had been declared a highway for the purpose of running logs, in consequence of which the farmers had been obliged to take up what were called water bridges, which interfered with the passage of the logs. Afterward I learned that this particular farmer had had the bed of the stream surveyed out of his farm so he would have a less number of acres on which to pay taxes, and had afterward put his property out of his hands; so he did not even own the banks on which he stood when he gave orders to cease fishing on his property. I respect property rights, but I have never regretted casting a fly and catching a trout in front of this man while he was reading the riot act as to trespassing and trespassers. Ever since that time I have taken a keener interest in the fishing rights of the State. The Vermont courts have recently made a ruling on this subject of fishing rights, as I learn from a newspaper clipping sent to me by some unknown friend, who has not taken the trouble to indicate the paper the clipping is taken from:

"The Constitution of the State provides that the inhabitants have a right to fish in all 'boatable' waters at seasonable times, which are fixed by law. 'Boatable waters,' as defined by the Supreme Court, are waters capable of common passage as a highway and susceptible of a beneficial use for the purpose of transporting either people or merchandise. Acting on this definition, a County Court acquitted a man arrested for invading with a boat and fishing tackle a pond fenced, stocked and posted by a fishing club. As the Supreme Court's definition is a broad one, and in cases of invasion of fishing preserves must be tried before a jury, the odds are against the exclusive fishing clubs and in favor of the predatory angler."

That is the substance of the information conveyed by the clipping, but if the Supreme Court upholds such a ruling of the County Court in the case of a pond such as is described it will be strange indeed. No one can tell what a jury will do, not even a grand jury, and my interest in the matter will not wane until the Supreme Court, which is Vermont's Court of Appeals, passes upon the case, for surely it will be appealed to determine if a small fishing pond fenced in is "Capable of common passage as a highway and susceptible of a beneficent use for the purpose of transporting either people or merchandise." I am something of an angler myself, but I would not dare trespass under the circumstances.

Congratulations.

Hon. L. Z. Joncas, ex-Member of Parliament, has been appointed Superintendent-General of the Department of Fish and Game for the Province of Quebec, and both Mr. Joncas and the Province have my warmest congratulations. Mr. Joncas was the Canadian representative of the Fisheries Department of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, in 1893, where he read a paper on "The Fisheries of Canada" before the World's Fisheries Congress; and also Canadian representative at the International Fisheries Exposition in London, in 1883. He is particularly well equipped to fill the position to which he has been appointed, as he has long been a close observer and student of the fish and game of the Dominion. Canada is remarkably rich in the number of her beautiful lakes filled with the choicest of game fish, and to parcel them out to fishing clubs will be one of the duties of Mr. Joncas, as the region in which many of them are situated is fit for little else. It is more than suspected that some of these interior lakes contain trout that are entirely new to ichthyology, and doubtless the new superintendent-general will do all in his power to make known to the world what they do contain, for his newspaper training will act as a spur in this direction.

Mr. Joncas is likely to have as an associate in his new field Count de Puyjalon, the naturalist, and altogether the work will be in the best of hands for all concerned.

Sunapee Trout in Maine.

Since the introduction of the sunapee trout into New York waters from Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, more than one newspaper has stated that these fish are found only in Sunapee Lake, but this is not true. In my notes I have mentioned that the largest trout of this species known came from Dan Hole Pond, also in New Hampshire; but whether they are native or introduced into Dan Hole is a moot question. Soon after the discussion was opened in these columns regarding the identity of the Sunapee trout, it was reported that the same species of fish were to be found in Flood's Pond, in Maine; and when specimens were submitted to Prof. Samuel Garman, of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Cambridge, Mass., he pronounced them identical with the Sunapee fish. So they are known to inhabit three different waters, two in New Hampshire and one in Maine. They have since been transplanted into other waters in New Hampshire, but so far as known it is not even claimed that they are native to other waters than the three named. The German saibling, which the Sunapee trout closely resembles, have been traced to New Hampshire a few years before the Sunapee trout or saibling were discovered in Sunapee Lake, but there is no record that the eggs of the German saibling were ever sent to Maine, and this is a strong point in favor of the claim that the fish are a new species aboriginal to the waters of New England.

Much is yet to be learned about the habits of this fish in confinement, for up to this time for breeding purposes they have been taken from the shoals in the fall and released when the spawn has been taken; for it is understood that if they are confined for any length of time in the breeding pens, in a similar manner to trout and salmon, they will not give up their eggs.

Mr. Arthur Merrill, of East Auburn, Me., writes a letter to Dr. John D. Quackenbos, from which I am permitted to make the following extract: "The Sunapee trout is attracting attention among the people interested in fish-culture in this State, and the Fish Commissioners will attempt its cultivation on quite a large scale next year. In answer to their request for information I have forwarded your pamphlet with other papers to their office in Augusta."

Early in November I went to Flood's Pond, where the U. S. Fish Commission has a collecting station, and secured twelve fine specimens to be kept at this hatchery for breeding purposes. The largest one that I got weighed 3lbs., but if I had gone a few days earlier I could have got some 2lbs. heavier.

I carried the fish 180 miles, but they stood the journey well and seem contented in their pond, and take the infertile eggs that are given them as their food readily. I do not know as I shall have the pleasure of taking any of these fish to the Sportsmen's Exposition next March, but they will be shown in several local exhibitions, as will some fine specimens of trout weighing 7lbs. that I have secured.

Mr. Race, superintendent of the Green Lake station of the U. S. Fish Commission, says that the saibling, or golden trout, as he prefers to call it, is easily cultivated; the eggs surpass in vigor any trout or landlocked salmon eggs, and the young fish are easily reared.

This is quite important, as it is the policy of the Commissioners of this State to rear their fish to the age of eight months before liberating them. A portion of the eggs taken at Flood's Pond are to be distributed among the State hatcheries (in Maine), and at Auburn and Monmouth the fry will be fed. I anticipate good results at these places, as the water supply is from springs, and is very cool and abundant.

In summer the Sunapee trout is the most delicate of fishes, the young being particularly sensitive to sudden changes of temperature; and when caught in 40 to 50ft. of water and drawn to the surface they are often killed by the sudden change from bottom temperature to surface temperature. Game and hard fighting as these fish are, they must be handled with the greatest care to avoid injuring them during the summer months, but in the autumn they are as hardy as any of the salmon family.

The adult fish at the Aquarium in New York (Dr. Bean writes me under date of Dec. 27 that they are alive and flourishing, and attract much attention from the visitors to the Aquarium) and at Caledonia hatchery, if they live, will be watched with interest when the breeding season approaches to discover if they can be handled like other trout, and spawned artificially when under restraint.

Black Bass in the Adirondacks.

Every little while some one wishes to plant black bass in Lower Adirondack Lake because the trout fishing is poor or pike have found their way into the lake, and black bass are deemed more desirable than pike, or "better than no fishing at all." The Fisheries, Forest and Game Commissioners reject all applications for black bass to be planted in Adirondack waters because section 130 of the Game Laws of New York provides that: "No fish, fish fry, spawn or milt, except speckled trout, brook trout, brown trout, salmon trout, rainbow trout, Adirondack frost fish or landlocked salmon, shall be placed in the waters of the Adirondack region, except under the immediate supervision and in pursuance of a resolution of the Commissioners of Fisheries. Whoever shall violate the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of four hundred dollars for each violation thereof." The Commissioners will not pass the necessary resolutions to admit the black bass, as they realize that it will be more difficult to get rid of the black bass than it is to get rid of the pike, and that bass will speed from the waters where they might be planted to other waters where even the advocates of the black bass would not wish to see them. Furthermore, it is the policy of the Commission to introduce yearling and other fish of the salmon family into the pike-infested waters to restore the trout fishing, if it is possible to do so, and it is possible, because it has been done elsewhere.

It has been reported to me that people who have been disappointed in getting black bass from the State for planting in Adirondack waters will apply to the U. S. Fish Commission for black bass to carry out their purpose. This will be utterly useless, for the U. S Fish Commission is familiar with the laws of New York and will not assign any black bass to the State without first consulting with the Commissioners of New York, and the messengers of the U. S. Fish Commission will be careful to see that the State laws are observed.

Apparently it would be wiser and cheaper to wait and see what the result of planting yearling trout in the pike waters will result in before black bass are planted to cure the evil. Pike can be controlled in a measure and black bass cannot.

"Susquehanna Salmon."

A writer in one of the New York daily newspapers says it is doubtful if greater success ever followed the transplanting of fish into alien waters than has resulted from the introduction of wall-eyed pike or Susquehanna salmon into the Delaware River.

He adds, very properly: "How the fish came to be called a salmon is one of the mysteries of piscatorial nomenclature, but that was the name it received (in the Susquehanna River) and by which it has been known ever since. * * * As a matter of fact it is no more a pike than it is a salmon." If he had put a Pike county period after the word salmon and stopped he would have been all right and within the truth, but he goes on to say, "It is of the bass family and might properly be called a yellow bass." In the last sentence he fell into a pit of his own digging, for the pike-perch is no more a bass than it is a salmon, and it does not belong to the bass family, and it would be improper and highly objectionable to call it a yellow bass or any other kind of colored bass. The pike-perch belongs, as the second part of the hyphenated name indicates, to the perch family, and that is what it is, and it would be as absurd to call it a bass as it is to call it a salmon. I beg that this fish shall not have another inappropriate and improper name attached to it. To set people right as to the names of our fishes is very commendable, but when the instructor goes deeper into the mud than the fishes previously were in the mire it is not to be commended.

Swiss Lake Trout.

"An innovation in Adirondack fishculture has just been inaugurated by the Adirondack League Club, which has released into Green Lake, one of the small ponds on its 100,000-acre preserve, 1,000 yearling Swiss lake trout from Lake Geneva, Switzerland."

That is the substance of a newspaper item which I have read in a number of different newspapers or had sent to me in the form of a clipping, and while it is all true enough, those fish are not the first of this species to be planted in New York waters.

In 1889 the U. S. Fish Commission received some Swiss lake trout eggs from the Swiss Government in exchange for some eggs of native fishes, and the next spring I obtained 5,000 of the fry and planted them in Lake George. Although it is six years since the plant was made, I do not know what the result of the planting has been, for so far as I personally know none of the fish have been caught, although I have heard of two fish being taken that were strange fish, and which were not lake trout such as are native to the lake.

This fall the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission planted 1,000 yearling Swiss lake trout from the U. S. Fish Commission station at East Orland, Me., in Lake George, making the second planting of this specimen in the lake.

The Swiss lake trout (*Salmo lemanus, S. lacustris, S. rappii*, for it has been given a number of specific names) has been held to be a modified form of the brown trout, changed by environment, food, temperature, etc. In fact, one European writer suggests for it the specific name of *Salmo variabilis*.

A. N. CHENEY.

NEW YORK NETTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In relation to netting there is one main fact which it seems to me covers all the rest. So long as nets shall be permitted in inland waters, just so long will the money of the State spent in the propagation of fishes be wasted. The present provision of law for the licensing of netting is but a scapegoat. Licenses have been issued with such freedom as to give netters about all the liberties that could be asked, and applications have been signed by politicians, while protective associations have been completely ignored. Oneida Lake, twelve miles from Syracuse, for instance, has no superior and very few equals as a breeding ground, and during the time when local associations had some control over it, before licensed netting was authorized, there was a rapid increase of fish food, so that any angler could spend a day of recreation there and make a good catch. But the whole army of netters has spent most of the season in its old occupation of robbing the people at large and shipping frequent and large catches to Eastern markets, studiously avoiding the Syracuse market, which is mainly supplied by Buffalo, except the sea food. The question has come to this: If netting is to be allowed at any time of the year, then stop the waste of money spent in stocking streams and lakes almost solely for the benefit of netters. The people at large pay through taxation this money into the State treasury, but if the netters are to rob the waters, then let them pay the taxes, or wholly discontinue propagation and protection.

The State Commission is only a part of a political machine, though possibly there are one or two members of it whose impulses are better than their actions. There can be but very little hope of the faithful protection of fish, game and forest while this condition of things exists, so perhaps the best, most feasible action for the Legislature to take in relation to the matter would be to deny any appropriation to be wasted, as those in the past have mainly been.

It is just as useless to attempt to protect game against the avarice of cold storage interests and the political pulls which for money they can command. The season for killing game now practically covers 365 days every year, so while these "fences" for covering market killing at all times of the year exist, why continue the waste of maintaining a so-called Commission and it corps of caucus workers?

Unless the State Association at its coming meeting makes some provision for watching legislation this winter, and making itself felt at the Capitol constantly, it will be quite useless for it to spend any time in making "recommendations" to the Legislature. It must understand that there are so many political influences to be brought to bear by the "machine" which controls that body, that only by the most persistent, earnest attention can those citizens of the State, those tax-payers who would serve the people at large instead of a few influential politicians and fish exterminators, hope to inaugurate such protective measures as will give much hope of the future.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

ITHACA, N. Y.—The ruffed grouse season closed to-day, Dec. 31, and it leaves a good many birds in the covers. In a cover within forty minutes' walk of the city at least fifty grouse are to be found, and what is true of the cover referred to is true, proportionately, of other well-known grounds about here. Men marvel that the ruffed grouse supply should continue to be so numerously maintained, in the face of such persistent and destructive shooting as has been carried on for the past decade, but when the almost inaccessible reaches of territory inhabited by the grouse family is considered the question no longer remains debatable. As for example, the cover alluded to as holding fifty grouse embraces a tremendously rough sweep of country which only the most rugged and finely conditioned pedestrians would care to tramp over. And in the wildest and most declivitous retreats, where shooting is to be done only under the most forbidding conditions, the elusive, but none the less magnetic, bird secludes itself. This explains why the grouse has been able, and continues to be able, to hold its own against all the forces of man, bird and beast committed to a common warfare upon it. Given adequate protection, such as now prevails, and the ruffed grouse supply of Central New York bids fair to baffle the minions of extermination for an indefinite period of time.

The early part of the present week Mr. William Bishop shot a young English pheasant within a mile of this city, and it is generally reported, although I know of no one who is actually prepared to prove the accuracy of this report, that a number of these beautiful birds are to be found in local covers. This is the first wild pheasant of any variety that I know to have been shot hereabouts. Local sportsmen are unaware of any pheasants having been brought to and turned out in this immediate part of the country.

The *Daily Journal* devotes considerable space to a consideration of the subject, but in common with the rest of us offers no testimony showing from whence this bird came or to what extent it is represented along the reaches of local territory.

A large flock of wild geese is again wintering on Cayuga Lake. The birds daily fly to some extensive buckwheat stubbles along the east side of the lake, some five

or six miles north of Ithaca, but are altogether too irregular in their feeding habits and too wary to invite easy or successful gunning. The flock originally numbered sixty birds. Dana Bush succeeded a few days ago in stalking the flock to within the range of a .45cal. rifle, and at a single shot was lucky enough to knock down two. Later he got two more of the bulky honkers. Every breechloader, flintlock and Zulu gun in the neighborhood is being put in shape to train on that little battalion of wildfowl bent on getting a daily ration of waste grain.

The recent reference to wild pigeons made in FOREST AND STREAM prompted me to institute some inquiries relative to the wild pigeon, as remembered by local observers, and I was pleased to learn that a few of these at one time very common birds have lately been seen in Tompkins county. Mr. Lafayette Krum, residing some seven or eight miles north of Ithaca, states that during the past year he has noted one or two small flocks of wild pigeons hovering about his section of country. He further assures a friend of mine that he has been reliably informed of several other small flocks having been seen in various parts of this and adjoining counties.

A pigeon roost at one time existed near Ithaca, where the birds congregated in vast array.

The last great flight of wild pigeons, as applied to this locality, occurred in the middle 70's, if the writer's memory be not at fault, and it lasted from an early hour in the morning until past midday. The writer, then a farm boy just learning to wield a long, lean, murderous-looking muzzleloading gun, exhausted his meager supply of powder and shot ripping holes in the atmosphere as the mighty host went by, but precious few birds came to his capacious pockets. The flight on that beautiful spring morning, so far as numbers were concerned, was extraordinary. The horizon was literally banked with birds, seemingly one vast, undetached sweep of wings whirling past into space. How the guns cracked on that morning of the long ago. But alas! the feathered multitude never came back.

M. CHILL.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston

Feb. 22 to 25.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-first annual show, New York. James Mortimer, Supt., Hempstead, L. I.

March 2 to 6.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

March 10 to 13.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's eighth annual show, Chicago. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 17 to 20.—Kentucky Kennel Club's show, Louisville, Ky. J. A. Reaves, Sec'y.

March 17 to 20.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's bench show. Louis Steffin, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

March 23 to 26.—Baltimore Kennel Association's second annual show. Dr. G. W. Massamore, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 11.—Tupelo, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Sept. 6.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club's eleventh annual trials. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou, Man.

Nov. 8.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 15.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club annual trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

BEAGLES AS FIELD DOGS.

BOSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Admirers of the beagle are earnest in promoting its welfare, but their earnestness seems to have in it an unintentional exclusiveness. We hold trials, and we all concur in that they are excellent, afford good sport, rejoice at meeting our old friends, and we then return to our homes and remain silent till the next trials are due, when we meet the same people, say much the same things we said last year, have an enjoyable time and return home again.

Between the field trials, a period covering almost a whole year, the public hears nothing of sport with the beagle. The literature of this dog is nearly all confined to field trial reports, the history of the dogs in competition. The practical value of the dog in the field is left untouched. The public can only infer from this silence that either we have no writers in the ranks of the beagle fancy or that the beagle, as with the spaniel, is of value only as a means of juggling for prizes. Though the beagle admirers are free from talking spaniel nonsense, such as what is the correct type of spaniels for field work when they are used solely for bench show purposes. On this subject, Uncle Dick can rest assured that he is right, and each of the other wranglers can rest assured that he is right, though if they would hold a spaniel trial they might be convinced that they are all wrong; but it is much less trouble to describe and decide, each for himself and all the others, than it is to hold a trial and decide that talk does nothing toward making a field dog or his work.

But to return to the beagle. There is hardly a section in the older parts of the United States which is not adapted to the use of beagles. However much the birds or deer may vary in numbers in different parts of the country, the rabbits are sufficiently numerous for sport everywhere.

As a sport, it ranks with the best. And in many of its parts it is the best. In shooting birds, the work of the dog when the birds are found lasts but a moment. The work of the beagle, when its quarry is found, is only begun. There is then for many minutes the melody of the voices swelling sweet and full and dying away as the eager chase comes and goes in all the desperation of pursuit and the uncertainties of it, in which the actors are cunning and swift. The sportsman must be vigorous in changing from point to point, and his judgment in anticipating the course of the chase must be good, else he will find himself thrown out. To kill the rabbit while it is flitting through the brush or a narrow space in some hazy vista requires a degree of skill with the gun which but few possess, even though they may be most skillful in shooting on the wing. True it is that rabbit shooting is easy if one makes it easy, as bird shooting is easy if one sneaks up and takes pot shots; but rabbit shooting ahead of the beagle orchestra, the woods ringing with the fullness of importunate music, and the swiftness of the sport and the uncertainty of results, make a combination which must be experienced to be appreciated.

And yet this sport is within the reach of the masses of sportsmen, regardless of class or condition. The dog is small and easily maintained at a small expense for food and shelter. His training is much simpler than the training required for bird dogs, and it is so simple that anyone who knows the sport can accomplish it. A fair skill with the shotgun or rifle is necessary, but the gun itself may be any old thing in the shape of a gun, because rabbit shooting is short-range shooting. The man with a $500 gun is no better equipped for this sport than is the man whose gun cost $5. Rich and poor many gratify their love of the most perfect and beautiful according to their means, but for practical efficiency they are on the same footing.

And the lands of the people of the United States are open to all who wish to hunt rabbits. Land owners object to bird hunters, and much of the land in the States is closed against them. Big-game hunters encounter the same obstacle, with stringent game law restrictions added. But the rabbit hunter can roam free as the wind wherever he lists. His sport is simple, it is of the people, it takes nothing of special value from the owners of the land, and the merry music is a compensation to all who hear it, far and near. Rabbits multiply rapidly, so that keeping them within limits confers a public service.

With all the advantages of the sport with beagles, the interest in them spreads but slowly; for few know of the excellence of it, though many know of the beagles as field trial performers. Without the needed description for the public information the beagle as a sporting dog will gain popular favor but slowly. If the beagle does his work well he relies on his master to make it known. Let the brethren of the beagle family show more and broader energy in 1897—less about bone and more of work.

JOSIAH.

THE IRISH SETTER AS A FIELD DOG, PAST AND PRESENT.—IV.

LITTLE VALLEY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About the time Irish setter trials were advocated there were a number of importations of these dogs made from both Ireland and England—notably of these Finglas, Coleraine, Blue Rock, Tearaway and others. But as subsequent events proved they were not superior to dogs of American breeding. Most of them came over with the prestige of having run at the trials on the other side, and as such were heralded far and wide. Of these Blue Rock and Tearaway were of Muskerry blood. Blue Rock impressed me altogether more favorably than did the others, although his work was not up to that of some of them. This I believe was accounted for because of his having chronic catarrh. He was a dog of good style and great courage, and with the right kind of bitches bred to him should have produced something better than himself.

Probably no better Irish setter all round has ever been imported than Coleraine, she being up to first-class show form and a good one afield. In her Derby form she made a strong competition, but was outclassed in the final for first honors by Nugget.

In the Irish setter field trials of 1891–92 some good dogs competed. In 1891 Sedan, who carried off first honors in the All-Age Stake, was a remarkably good one. She, being a fast, wide ranger, carried herself in good style and had a good nose. Her disposition and field qualities were such that had she been properly mated the results ought to have been splendid. In the Derby four competed for first honors, namely, Nugget, Coleraine, Elcho's Maid and Squaw. They were all of splendid merit.

Nugget was a small bitch, light red in color. She had her dam's great endurance, was a fast, snappy worker, and on single birds especially it took a good dog to defeat her. In the Derby of 1892 there was nothing remarkable produced.

In the All-Age Stake the competition was strong, there being I believe twenty-two dogs which started. The winner of this stake, Bedford, whom I had the pleasure of training and handling, was a fast, snappy and a very stylish dog. His nose was excellent and his work on game good. In disposition he was level-headed, with plenty of grit. His great individual quality should be much in demand by those breeders of Irish setters who wish to improve their field stock. Another dog in this stake who impressed me very much was Henmore Shamrock. He was another of the Muskerry blood. He was a fast, wide ranger, with plenty of grit and go, and in short a dog of superior merit in every respect.

There were other dogs in this stake of much merit also. Some of them were former field trial winners, but they were outclassed in this by Bedford and Elcho's Maid.

I have gone into the question of grit and endurance, and have laid much stress upon it because it is the weak point in the make-up of most Irish setters.

In conclusion, I do not now own, nor have I any interest in any Irish setter. I have written of them just as I found them, without trying to gloss over their imperfections. A breeder who fools himself will never produce good dogs. I believe the breed could be put on a footing with the English setter and pointer, but it must be put in the hands of men who at least shoot enough over their dogs to know all about their individual perfections and imperfections. Since commencing this I note with much pleasure that Dr. Davis has won the Members' Stake of the E. T. T. C. with his Irish setter bitch Lou in competition with pointers and English setters. May the doctor yet produce one that will sweep the fields.

DR H. B. ANDERSON.

Dogs and Taxation.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last season the Midvale Kennels and I were assessed about $100 on our breeding stock and boarders. We asked the Board of Supervisors for relief, and while they admitted the tax was unjust, as we were breeders of thoroughbred stock, they could not change the State law.

We are having a bill prepared which will be introduced by our member of the Assembly, Mr. Joel Clark, and we earnestly invite the coöperation of all breeders, sportsmen and lovers of dogs throughout the State of New York. Send your petitions to your Assemblymen or to Mr. Clark, at Albany, and by a litte effort we can get this iniquitous law removed, and a State law made to license breeders; for surely it is just as honorable and legitimate a business to breed dogs as it is to breed horses, hogs, sheep, cattle, or poultry.

J OTIS FELLOWS, Hornell Harmony Kennels.
MRS. HARRY CHIVERS, Midvale Kennels.

How a Dog Conquered a Man.

ROSSVILLE, S. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The name of the dog of a friend of mine is Beva. He is noted as the friend of little children. Out of pure love, with wagging tail and glowing eyes, he will follow a tot for blocks. But bristling hair and furious barking have revealed his violent hatred of larger boys and men. Until recently it was thought that this hatred was congenital.

Beva never bit man nor boy. But he got a bad reputation, and it was thought by every man and boy in the community that Beva might bite him. So everybody in long trousers went by the gate within which Beva always seemed to be lying in wait, on his guard, armed with stone or stick. But it has ultimated that Beva is not by birth an enemy of bipeds above a certain height and out of dresses and knickerbockers. He seemed to be the holder of a special enmity against the man-about-the-place of a well-to-do gentleman living at the further corner of the block in which his (Beva's) owner lives.

We will call this man Henry. He usually does his marketing when he goes for the mail to the village post-office and grocery in one. So his passing by Beva's watching place is at regular hours, morning and evening, daily. Beva came to know these hours, and was always in evidence when Henry appeared. What of Beva at these times was not bark was teeth, claws and bristles. Henry was always armed with one stone and generally with two.

Beva's mistress was in the habit of going to the front window for the show, and a good show it was. Beva had acquired quite an agility in dodging the stones which Henry hurled at him. He knew when Henry had only one stone or two. When Henry was unarmed Beva would make for him as if he would eat him, and Henry would move on with more speed than dignity. One day Henry was returning with both hands and arms full of bundles. Beva was in wait, as usual, and his mistress was on watch for the show. But the show did not come off. To the surprise of the mistress, Beva's teeth and claws did not appear, his hair did not rise, and he neither barked nor growled. Henry was surprised too. He stopped, faced Beva, and said: "And what are you going to do to me now?" Beva had evidently taken in the situation. He knew the difference between bundles and stones. He knew also that Henry's hands were engaged, so that he could not defend himself And what did Beva do? He made manifestation of his natural character. He approached Henry with undulating body and wagging tail, giving every evidence of the most friendly feelings, and as Henry walked on fell in at his heels and followed him home. Since then Henry has carried no more stones, and Beva does not bristle, nor show teeth nor claws, nor growl nor bark at him. The man and the dog are the best of friends.

Some one says, "Kill all the dogs!" I enter Beva's protest. Kindness is better than killing for both man and dog.

CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

American Fox Terrier Club Stakes.

WELLESLEY, Mass., Jan. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the governors of the American Fox Terrier Club held Dec. 30, 1896, resolutions of congratulations were passed, and any help in our power was offered to the new fox terrier clubs just formed in Louisville, Nashville, Pittsburg, Detroit, the Pacific Coast and Canada.

The regular club stakes will be decided as usual, the Homebred Stakes at the N. E. K. C. show, the Stud Dog Stakes and the First Division of the Grand Produce at the W. K. C. show; final entries in the above stakes must be made with the secretary A. F. T. C. when made at their respective shows. The following specials will be offered by the club:

New England Kennel Club, Boston: $5 respectively for the best American-bred fox terrier in show (smooth and wire); in open and novice classes (smooth and wire); in puppy classes (smooth and wire).

Westminster Kennel Club: $10 for the best American-bred fox terrier in show (smooth and wire); $5 respectively for same in open and novice classes (smooth and wire); $10 for same in puppy classes (smooth and wire).

Mascoutah Kennel Club, Chicago: $5 respectively for the best American-bred fox terrier in the show (smooth and wire), and in puppy classes (smooth and wire).

St. Louis Kennel Club, St. Louis: $5 for the best American-bred fox terrier in the show (smooth and wire) respectively.

The Apollo, Tomboy, Yankee and second division of Grand Produce Stakes will be judged later in the year. Members are reminded that entries in all above stakes except the Yankee are due by Feb. 1, 1897.

Any one wishing any information regarding the American Fox Terrier Club, or wishing to become members, will kindly communicate with the secretary, who will gladly give them all the information he can.

H. H. HUNNEWELL, JR., Sec'y-Treas. A. F. T. C.

Brunswick Fur Club.

THE Brunswick Fur Club has sent out a circular letter cordially inviting its friends to its winter meet, to be held at Brunswick, Me., during the week of Jan. 10. The club's headquarters will be held at the Tontine Hotel, rates $2 per day for single rooms, $1.50 when two occupy same room. The annual meeting will be held on Monday evening, Jan. 11. A handsome prize is offered for the best story told during the meet, so that with such a profusion of talent there should be a good competition. Foxes are reported plentiful. Members and guests are invited to take their best hounds and aid in making the hunt the best in the club's history. Bradford S. Turpin, Secretary, Roxbury, Mass.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Mr. C. L. Hopkins claims the name Mack H. for Irish setter dog whelped June 11, 1893, by Jack Option—Biddie G.

BRED.

Mr. P. H. Tannehill's Lula Furness, English setter bitch, Dec. 28, to Border Chief.

SALES.

Mr. J. C. Mahler has sold
Streatham Monarch, Jr., bull terrier dog, to Mr. Henry Allinder Triumph.
Raven Monarch, bull terrier dog, to Mr. C. W. Preston.
Dog puppy, same litter, to Mr. John Morehead, Jr.
Bitch puppy, same litter, to Mr. John Morehead, Jr.
Two bitch puppies, same litter, to Mr. Joe Hopkins.
Dog puppy, same litter, to Mr. Hugo Baum.
Dog puppy, same litter, to Mr. B. T. Kahle.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to t he sportsman is particularly desirable.

POSSIBILITIES OF WINTER CYCLING.

THE official organ of the League of American Wheelmen publishes a number of letters from correspondents on the subject of winter riding which are of so much interest that we quote from them at length.

We have always believed that the majority of riders are too ready to store away their wheels at the first approach of freezing weather, and thereby deprive themselves unnecessarily of much potential pleasure. Perhaps a better understanding of the possibilities of the sport will result in an increased esteem for cycling as a winter pastime.

A wheelman living in Ottawa, Ill., who has ridden his bicycle regularly during the last four winters, only missing a few days each year, says that under almost any circumstances he would rather ride a wheel than walk. "A bicycle," he writes, "will run very well through 2 or 3in. of undisturbed light snow. After the snow has been cut up and partially packed by other vehicles, steering becomes difficult for a time. As soon as the snow becomes packed hard and smooth, however, a wheel will run almost as well as in summer" When there is no snow and where there is sufficient travel, frozen roads quickly become ridable, and are often harder and smoother than ever in summer. A sandy road, for example, when frozen and worn smooth by travel is unsurpassed for cycling.

"Riding on smooth ice is one of the pleasantest of winter pastimes, and far ahead of skating, to my mind On very smooth ice the novice may experience some difficulty in mounting, and care is necessary in making turns, though one can ride straight ahead without any trouble on ice too slippery to walk on safely. After the ice has been roughened a little by skating or natural causes, there will be no trouble from slipping. A soft tire will slip less than a hard one, and a tire with a rough tread is better than a smooth one. As to speed, I have beaten our best skaters in 100yd. dashes, standing start, while for longer distances the skater is nowhere. I have always believed that the straightaway record would be made on the ice, though the latest combination of mountain side and Colorado zephyr makes it doubtful."

A doctor living at Ft. Dodge, Ia., writes:

"I rode all last winter, day and night, missing only three days. So far this winter, which set in very early, I've been at it, and expect to keep at it all winter"

The doctor finds little difficulty in riding through snow up to 4in. in depth, and, except for slipping, knows of no dangers in winter cycling that are not met with at other seasons.

On icy and slippery roads he experiences no trouble except in turning corners, and not then except when the surface is unusually glassy. For slippery riding he partly deflates his tires and rides them "a little soft."

The doctor says, "Those who ride in warm weather alone lose more than half the true enjoyment of cycling." He advises warm clothes and particularly hygienic underwear, recommending a kind made of "a heavy cloth fabric lined with unspun wool," which he says takes up perspiration speedily and deposits it in the outer fabric, leaving the surface of the body always comfortably dry. This underwear has the further advantage of not causing itching.

A Boston man has also something to say on the subject of wear. While advocating warm clothing, he warns against the danger of overheating and subsequent chill and advises moderation.

For the coldest weather he puts on a cap that pulls down around the ears, thick underclothes, two pairs of stockings and warm gloves, while a paper waistcoat, two heavy sweaters and a cycling coat add protection to his body.

The Boston man has had trouble from frozen snow and advises wheelmen to avoid it, but under favorable conditions he says that long runs can be made as easily as in summer.

A rider in Elgin, Ill., goes out when the thermometer is 20° below zero. He wears warm clothing, with large, loose arctic overshoes, a cap that protects the ears and a loose pair of dogskin gloves tanned with the hair on and fleece-lined. He does not suffer from the cold under such circumstances.

This man finds he can ride at times when walking is very difficult, and what he writes will be news to some. "I have ridden my wheel," he says, "the next morning after an ice storm, when it was utterly impossible for a pedestrian to keep his feet, but could ride up and down hills, and the only difficulty I experienced was in turning corners, which I could only do by running very slowly." He adds, however, that it is impossible to ride safely on the same surface after snow has fallen, as the wheel can then get no purchase on the ice and will "skate" around in it and spill the rider.

A Brooklyn wheelman remarks that 2 or 3in. of snow in his native city "expedites wheeling instead of retarding it," by forming a carpet over the uneven pavements. "Nothing is more exhilarating," he writes, "than a ride through the snow covered streets of the city. The 'crunch, crunch' of the tires as they speed over the smooth surface of the snow proves an innovation to those who have never as yet tasted of the pleasures of a snow ride." No doubt more wheelmen would like to taste of the innovation were it not for the icy mountain ranges in which the snow is piled in most Brooklyn streets once the householders begin shoveling it off their pavements.

A gentleman residing in Utica, N. Y., who states that he is past forty and weighs 200, rides over ice and through snow up to 4in. in depth, and only experiences difficulty when ruts are encountered or when the ice is cut up by horses' feet.

A Watertown, N. Y, rider who has had trouble in riding over wet snow and ice, advises to prevent slipping under such conditions the use of strong unbleached cotton cloth, which he tears in strips 3in. in width and wraps about his tires, putting it over and over between each spoke. He fastens the ends by sewing, and partially deflates the tires while putting on the band, so that it will fit snugly when the tires are blown up to their normal degree of hardness.

After riding in sloppy weather it is well to take the bicycle into a warm room to clean, and care should be taken to get the nickel plated parts thoroughly dry. Before going out these parts should be well greased, and a coat of varnish might be of benefit as a safeguard against rust.

Punctures are not greatly to be feared, though of course there is more chance of getting them at this season than in summer. Ice rarely if ever causes punctures.

From these extracts it is pretty clearly shown that winter weather itself does not necessarily check cycling. The only weather that absolutely puts a check to the sport is when ice and snow turn into water and frozen roads to mud.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

31. Harlem.

JUNE.

5. Knickerbocker.
12. Douglaston.
19. Larchmont, spring regatta.
26. Seawanhaka-Corinthian.
28. Stamford, special.
29. Indian Harbor, special.
30. Corinthian Fleet, special.

JULY.

1. Horseshoe Harbor, special.
2. Sea Cliff, special.
3. New Rochelle, annual.
4. Larchmont, annual.
6. American, annual.
10. Riverside.
17–24. Larchmont, race week.
28. Stamford.
31. Sea Cliff.

AUGUST.

7. Indian Harbor.
14. Hempstead Harbor.
21. Horseshoe Harbor.
28. Huntington.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Huguenot.
4. Larchmont, special.
6. Larchmont, fall regatta.
11. Larchmont, special.

THE past ten years have worked wonderful changes in New York harbor, and the center of yachting has practically been transferred from the Bay to the Sound. At the same time, in spite of the growing invasion of commerce and the pollution of its waters by garbage and sewerage, the Bay is the port of New York and can never be entirely abandoned by yachts The Larchmont Yacht Club builded better than it knew sixteen years ago, when it found a birthplace on the north shore of the Sound; the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club did a wise thing ten years ago, when, after a careful study of the entire situation, it permanently abandoned New York Bay and selected a site that, in spite of the difficult transportation, is both the best harbor on the Sound and the nearest on the south shore. The New York Yacht Club, after several failures in the effort to establish a station on New York Bay, has solved the question in a most satisfactory manner, so far as its peculiar conditions are concerned, by a number of small stations at the most important yachting points instead of one waterside club house.

The time has at last come when the other of the four great New York clubs, the Atlantic Yacht Club, must take some decisive step; and by good luck the conditions of the case have so changed by the course of development that a satisfactory solution is possible in its case as well. The recent improvements on the point of Coney Island, Norton's Point, promise to make it a most eligible site for a yachting station, as breakwaters will be built and regular means of transit provided in connection with other schemes. For about a year the club has been in negotiation with the Sea Gate Company, the founder of the enterprise, and it is probable that arrangements will soon be made to secure a permanent site for the club. A basin about 300 by 250ft. will be built for the smaller yachts, and the club house now at Bay Ridge will be moved down to the new site. With such a location, almost on the sea, well outside the Narrows, with its calms and tides, surrounded by clean, deep water and reasonably convenient to the city, the Atlantic Yacht Club will be most admirably situated, and the whole problem that has vexed the large clubs for years may be considered as finally disposed of.

THE Massachusetts Y. R. A. at a special meeting on Dec. 21 made an important change in one of its classes, which is creating much discussion and opposition. The officers of the Association are desirous of keeping as closely as possible in touch with the Sound Y. R. U., though the Eastern men are unwilling to use the sail area as a factor in the rule. By changing the limit of the "4th Class" from 17ft. l.w.l. to 18ft., it will be possible to build a boat for the M. Y. R. A. class in Boston, and if she should prove successful to race her in the 20ft r. l. class on the Sound, including the Seawanhaka trial races. This of course is desirable, but it is claimed that the change to 18ft., as made at the special meeting, is against the wishes and interests of many Boston yachtsmen of the two classes affected by it. We are not fully conversant with all the details of the question, which is purely a local one, but it has been very thoroughly discussed by the Boston *Globe*, Mr. Robinson favoring the old limit, 17ft.

IT is unfortunate, and it seems to us entirely unnecessary, that such a radical difference in measurement rule and class limits should exist between the two important yachting centers, Boston and New York. Granted that the Seawanhaka rule does not produce a racing yacht of adequate accommodation, substantial and durable construction, and capable of all the diverse uses of yachting, it at least comes as near to this end as the Massachusetts Y. R A. rule of simple waterline measurement; and as against the other it can claim to be practically the universal rule in American yachting.

Pending an entirely new formula or the extension of the Seawanhaka rule by the addition of new factors, it seems to us that much good may be done by a common effort on the part of all clubs and associations to eliminate the existing differences of detail in the rule as used in various localities, and to use it for the present in exactly the same wording and with the same class limits.

The action of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. in adopting the waterline without the sail area, and with different class limits, is a step in the opposite direction, as is also the adoption by the new Lake Yacht Racing Union of the method of sail measurement and the class limits of Lake Ontario. The present time seems peculiarly propitious for making changes toward instead of away from uniformity, as in most clubs the existing classes are well run out and vested interests count for comparatively little, while there is good reason to hope that the present year will inaugurate a new era of building.

Even if there were any evidence to show that length alone in a formula is better than length and sail, it would be a very difficult matter to induce the large number of clubs now racing under the Seawanhaka rule to abandon it in favor of the waterline rule of the Massachusetts Y R. A. On the other hand, if the Eastern men once made up their minds that the change would be advantageous, it could be made with comparatively little difficulty, possibly not all at once, but with special exceptions that would make it more gradual and easier to existing yachts.

ONE possible outcome of the waterline measurement is indicated in the 17-footer Ripple, which we describe this week. This yacht is provided with a sprit topsail, which will doubtless be a material advantage at times over all yachts with the usual main and jib only. There is certainly nothing gained by the carrying of a topsail in a 15 or a 20-footer when all carry them alike; but if one boat can do so under the rule and win from the others, they will be forced to follow her example, the result being a very undesirable rig. Of course this would not be possible under a length and sail area rule.

THE new year, which in many ways opened so auspiciously for yachting, finds the Boston *Herald* in its accustomed attitude—casting anchors over the stern in the vain hope of kedging yachting backward into the era of the "has been." It is not often that the *Herald* is consistent, but we must do it the justice to admit that it is so in two things: its exaltation of the third Deed of Gift and its abuse of small yachts in general and the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. in particular as responsible for the affliction of good racing in the smaller classes at a time when there is none in the larger; for bringing out a fleet of thirty new boats in the 15ft. class in a season when the famous 90ft. class was represented by Defender, moored at New Rochelle, and Vigilant, hauled up at City Island.

These two themes, with the proposed new league, form the *Herald's* text for the new year

The proposal to put the New York Y. C. at the head of the movement for a national association, which already has practically the indorsement of the other larger clubs, is misrepresented and abused as "a motion to affiliate the club with small boat associations," and "the coming down of the New York Y. C. to small boat clubs." Secure in its ostrich-like blindness, the *Herald* fails to estimate the strength and extent of the modern movement toward union and uniformity, or of the favor this last proposal has met with within the New York as well as other large clubs. Looking back to the few 90 footers that *were*, it cannot see the hundreds of smaller yachts that *are*, and whose interests are all that keep alive yacht racing in America to-day. Where would the sport be now if all building and racing ceased until the New York Y. C could find another yachtsman of the stamp of Lord Dunraven who would challenge under the new deed?

There is nothing of moment in the *Herald's* comments on the rules for the Seawanhaka cup, everything is garbled and misrepresented in the usual way; but there is one novel suggestion that we commend to the club in view of the high standing of its maker—that the Seawanhaka Y. C should "change its deed of gift according to the terms of the America's cup" This quite exceeds anything we have yet seen, even from the Boston *Herald;* certainly no one else could have conceived such a piece of *opera bouffe*, that any American yacht club would willingly and knowingly assume the burden that the New York Y. C. has so long sought in vain to rid itself of.

WE publish this week a short list of fixtures for the season of 1897, all that we have thus far been able to collect. We would call the attention of the clubs to the desirability of arranging dates at the earliest possible moment.

A BLOW ON CAYUGA LAKE.

OUR home was situated near the village of Seneca Falls, N. Y., and we had been talking for more than a month of visiting some friends at Ithaca, three young men, students at Cornell University. My family, which included my wife, two boys and a girl—the boys, Cecil and Thornton, aged respectively eighteen and fourteen, and the girl, little Ruth, the pet of the family, aged ten—had been looking forward to this visit for a long time, as we intended going by way of the canals and lake in our steam launch, the Ruth We purposed going up there one day, staying over night with our friends, going through the University buildings and coming home the next day.

Our launch, the Ruth, was a staunch little boat 25ft. long and 5ft. wide, fitted with an oil-burning boiler and Shipman engine. She was capable of carrying sixteen people and could make in still water eight miles an hour, so we expected if the weather was fine to reach Ithaca in six to seven hours from time of starting, according as we were delayed or not at the canal locks.

The canal locks frequently make much difference in a day's journey, as at times there will be a number of boats at the lock ahead of one, and as each boat takes from fifteen to twenty minutes in locking through, you are apt to be delayed an hour or more on this account. When taking a day's outing in the boat we always had to make allowance for waste time at locks. The locks are also a good place to study human nature, it being in the power of a lock tender to make it very unpleasant for the owner of a small yacht, as by letting the water in too fast he is liable not only to injure the boat, but also to endanger the occupants. I will here say, however, that although we passed through many locks many times on the different canals, with one exception we have found the lock tenders very kind, gentlemanly and obliging.

We finally decided that on Wednesday of the following week we would make our start, and in the meanwhile the boys made use of all their spare time getting everything ready, and as there really was considerable to do Tuesday afternoon found us with much left undone, as the oil was yet to be put into the tank, the engine looked over to see that everything was in running order, and everything had to be generally cleaned up and wiped off. Cecil also intended carrying his camera, as he expected to take a picture of the University buildings and snap shots at anything else interesting that he should see.

As a family we were all very fond of boating and the water. The early years of my life were spent on the shores of Long Island, and my wife's childhood was spent by Lake Ontario not far from Charlotte, so it was very natural that

the water should have charms for both of us, and as a consequence our children took like ducks to the water and everything connected with it; so at any time if on coming home from business I was to say "I think the Ruth wants a little exercise to-morrow," it would be hailed with a shout of delight from the children and a pleased smile from my wife.

Well, Wednesday morning came at last, and with it a bright sky and a light south wind. The wind had been south on the day before and blew quite fresh, but now it had moderated to a light breeze and there was every promise of a beautiful summer day. The delight of the children began to express itself about 5 o'clock, and by 5:30 they were out of bed, dressed and eager to help at anything that would hasten the time of getting into the boat; so after a hurried breakfast I called Tim, our hired man, and a pretty good jack-of-all-trades besides, told him to go down to the boat house, which was situated about forty rods from the house, clean up the boat, get up steam, back out and get everything ready for a start, and to blow the whistle as soon as he had steam enough for that purpose.

By 7 o'clock my wife, with the children's help—though whether they did not delay matters more than they advanced them was a question with me—had everything necessary for the voyage packed. The supplies included various eatables for dinner, as we expected to dine *en route* on the lake, and plenty of wraps, as although it was the middle of summer yet with a cold wind from the north or northwest and plenty of spray flying wraps are very acceptable.

The boys were so excited that they were entirely unconcerned about so unimportant a matter as wraps; Cecil, however was careful to have his photographic apparatus all right, he being much interested in picture taking, and as in all our journeying in the Ruth we had never been further south on Cayuga Lake than Aurora, he expected to see many pretty bits of scenery, which with the aid of his camera he intended to take home with him.

We had just finished carrying the baskets, wraps, etc., out on the stoop preparatory to starting when the shrill whistle of the Ruth announced that Tim was ready, so off the boys started, followed more quietly by my wife, Ruth and myself. We found our little craft headed to the east blowing off steam as if she was as impatient as the boys, so in a few minutes we were snugly ensconced, with Tim acting as engineer, Cecil at the wheel, and Thornton, my wife, Ruth and I as passengers.

A run of a few miles brought us to Mud Lock, where we ocked down into the Seneca River, after crossing which we ocked up again into the Cayuga Canal; two miles more and Cayuga Lock was reached, from which it is only a distance of a few rods to the lake, one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the world. Cayuga Lake is 40 miles long and from to 3½ miles wide; it lies almost north and south. The Cayuga bridge, built in 1800, and for some years after looked upon as one of the greatest public improvements of the State, crossed the lake just outside of the present breakwater, though there is now nothing left of it but rows of piles. This used to be considered the connecting link between civilization and the wild West. West of "The Bridge" was esteemed in those days an indefinite location, a vague somewhere full of bears, Indians, scouts, and trappers.

A whistle from the Ruth now notified the keepers of the N. Y. C. drawbridge that we wanted room to pass under, and in another minute we were passing the breakwater, built to protect canal boats while waiting for a steamer to tow them up the lake.

The Ruth now commenced to lift her nose a little as the strong south wind of yesterday, helped by the present light south breeze, was sending down long swells, so by the time we were well out in the middle of the lake we were dancing up and down in very nice shape. This dancing was just what pleased the whole family, as we always wished for a breeze when we were on the water, smooth sailing not having sufficient excitement. We were by this time well out in the middle and about two miles up the lake, so I now told Cecil to steer straight on that course, and after cautioning Tim to be careful and watch the glass I settled myself down to enjoy the scenery.

A few words here in regard to our boat; she was designed after a very fine model, was light and rode the water like a cork Her forward deck was 6ft. long, much longer than is usual in a boat of her size; her after deck was 4ft. long. On account of burning oil for fuel there was no stoking to do, as after the fires were once adjusted she would run one hour or ten without further attention in that direction We had only to be careful of the pump and injector, to see that a proper quantity of water was in the boiler. Her machinery developed 3 horse power. In regard to fittings, we had a good anchor, also a sea anchor or drag, made to hold the boat head to wind in case of a storm, or in the event of machinery giving out while in rough water.

This sea anchor we had never had occasion to use, though I never felt at ease unless we had it with us I felt very different on the subject of sea anchors from a friend of mine. Meeting him on Seneca Lake in his yacht and questioning him in regard to a sea anchor that he had been at great pains through my advice to have made, he replied that he kept the anchor in his boat house. I quietly suggested to him that the boat house would be a rather poor place for it in case he was caught in a storm. Well, I kept mine in the boat, and, as circumstances turned out, it was well I did.

We were now six miles from Cayuga, well out in the center of the lake and about opposite to Union Springs. Frontenac Island, the only island in any of this chain of lakes, was directly to port of us. This island is about one-half mile from the shore, due west of Union Springs, and as a little bay runs into the town behind or east of the island the lee is well protected, and even in heavy weather the water is smooth and quiet. We were all enjoying the trip immensely, and as the little Ruth would bravely mount one side of a swell and go down the other the youngsters would shout with delight.

However, I had been noticing that the swells were rather increasing in size as we neared the widest part of the lake, and looking out ahead I saw once in a while a white cap break over, and on the Ruth's climbing up and tumbling down a rather larger wave than we had been meeting, Tim, after looking at the sky, obseved to me: "I should not be surprised if we got a little weather before we see Ithaca; don't you suppose we had better run into Union Springs and wait a while?" I answered, "No; the sky is clear, we will make Ithaca in four hours, and no storm will come up in that time?" On looking at my watch I found it was now 11 o'clock, and as Thornton and Ruth had said several times in the last half hour that they were as hungry as bears, my wife and I made up our minds that we might as well eat our dinner. I was the more ready to do so as I noticed considerable increase of wind and white caps getting more numerous. I thought, therefore, that at least it would be more convenient to eat before the water got rough, if it was going to do so. We had, however, been driving along as fast as we could go, 125lbs. of steam on our boiler, with the wheel making 600 revolutions, which in smooth water would have given us over eight miles an hour, but was at the time doing about seven; so I called to Cecil to pass down the dinner basket, and taking out a large fruit can filled with coffee I put it in a can we had for that purpose, and on turning on some steam from the overflow of the injector in three minutes the coffee was hot and dinner ready.

Eating dinner on the boat was always as good as a picnic for the children, the novelty was agreeable to them and the inconvenience a pleasure. Cecil never wanted to steer while eating, and as Tim would just as soon do both, especially the eating, he relieved Cecil; Thornton took charge of the engine, and we were soon hard at work eating and chattering as fast as tongues and teeth would go.

I observed, however, that the wind was fast and steadily increasing, the swells getting larger, and more white caps breaking up, so much so that on striking one of them Tim received about a quart of water in his lap, at which he turned round with a laugh and called back to us, "We shall have some weather before we see Ithaca." The Ruth now began to kick up her heels, so to speak, as the propeller would sometimes throw clear of the water, allowing the engine to race; so I told Thornton to "cut her off a couple of notches," thus slowing the engine down and consequently detracting somewhat from our speed.

We were now through dinner and had put up our baskets, "cleared up the wreck," the boys called it, so that we were again at liberty to enjoy the scenery; but as another big swell came along crowned by a "white horse," which we took with the bow of the Ruth dipped toward it, the spray flying aft as far as the after deck, we began to be of Tim's opinion that we were going to have "a little weather."

The wind was now blowing quite stiff and rapidly increasing, and although the sky was clear it was so hot that I began to think we might have a gale before we were through. My wife also, I could see, was getting a little nervous, and, although she is a good sailor and not scared at a trifle, she said, "John, I don't like the looks of the sky; don't you think we had better run in somewhere and wait till the wind is over?" I nodded an acquiescence and began to look ahead for some bay to run into. The lake where we were is rather over three miles wide, and the wind was now blowing a gale. Tim was wet through, and the spray was beginning to fly pretty thick as far aft as the length of the boat. It was altogether too rough to risk steering either due east or due west, and far too rough to think of turning around Our only plan was, as the lake here bends slightly to the east, to steer diagonally to the west, thus making a weather shore for us. I called to Tim and told him to steer as near west as the Ruth would stand, and on his heading her off from due south we began to take it

Going diagonally across the waves was very different from going straight into them, as the little Ruth began to roll as well as pitch, making bad weather of it. We were very shortly all as wet as rats, and so much water was coming into the boat that I told Thornton to start the syphon. This would throw out about a pail of water a minute, and was sufficient under ordinary circumstances to take care of all the water that would come in, but with the gale increasing every minute there soon ceased to be ordinary circumstances; in fact it was the worst storm the Ruth had ever been in, as we were now shipping water by the pailful, so I hastened to get out cans which we had for the purpose, and busied myself throwing out water. On account of the rolling and pitching Thornton was obliged to run his engine so slow to avoid racing that we were not making more than four miles an hour, so in consequence of not being able to steer straight for the shore we would have to go over two miles to reach land. It would therefore take a half an hour, and I began to wonder if we could keep afloat for that time.

A new danger now presented itself; our fires were only 5in. above the bottom of the boat, the water was coming in too fast for the syphon to throw it out, and if we allowed it to get much over 3in. deep, the rolling would make it cover the fires. With this danger in my mind, I yelled to Cecil, who was also bailing out water for dear life, to clear away and make ready the drag; and I had no sooner given this command than I noticed the engine racing like mad, and at a glance saw that the shaft coupling was loose. Thornton seeing also that something was wrong, though he did not know what, shut off steam and the engine was stopped.

Tim, as a general thing, is slow and very deliberate; whether it was the wetting he had received, or whether he realized it was a good time to brace up, I do not know; however he proved himself the right man for the right place in this predicament, as he no sooner realized that the engine was stopped than he steered the Ruth square into the wind, and jumping back to the boiler, where the drag was kept, he threw it overboard. In less than a quarter of a minute we had drifted back and were beginning to fall off to the west, then we reached the end of the line, tightened up on the drag, and we were riding head to wind as comfortable as could be. The Ruth now made good weather of it again, shipping little or no water, so I began to look around to see what was the trouble with our shaft. As far as I could see, the jar of the engine racing had loosened the key, which having fallen out left nothing to hold the shaft. By this time the syphon had drawn all the water out of the boat, so down I got on my hands and knees to find that key, but find it I could not; and I was startled from my occupation by a sharp clap of thunder, apparently right overhead. Jumping up as quick as I could, I found that while we had all been engrossed with the storm coming from the south, there was apparently a much worse one coming from the west, and we were just far enough out in the lake to get the full benefit of it. The west was as black as ink, and the cloud was coming toward us at a rapid speed. Almost as suddenly the wind from the south ceased, the white caps all went down, and there was nothing but the long, heavy waves left. I had just time to call to the boys to sit in the bottom of the boat—my wife, holding little Ruth, following their example—and to Tim to take a paddle and head her to the west, at the same time catching a paddle and working the stern to the east myself. We barely managed to get her headed around when the storm was on us.

What thunder! what lightning! and what a wind! Our previous experience was a calm compared to it. Inside of two minutes it was almost dark, the wind, now a hurricane, meeting the heavy swells from the south, cut off their tops and threw them in blinding and drenching showers over the boat. The roar was as if the last day had come, and I confess I thought another day would never dawn for me or mine. Talking or in fact doing anything was entirely out of the question, we could only hold on and wait.

Poor little Ruth, our pet, after whom our little boat was named, lay in the bottom with her head in her mother's lap, the picture of misery. The boys looked scared, but sat square on the floor, knowing that by so doing they made good ballast and helped keep the boat right side up. Tim was on his knees holding on to the gunwale with one hand and bailing like a good fellow with the other. The thought flashed through my mind that if we got out of this scrape alive I would never call Tim slow again.

By this time the waves began to heave up from the west, and such waves as they soon became I never want to see again. However, riding to the drag was very different from being anchored, as the drag being only large enough to hold us head to wind, it allowed us to drift considerably, so that the force of the waves were diminished by the speed of our drift. The water, however, still came aboard so fast that we saw plainly it was bail or go down, so to bailing we all went, and as we now had only to contend with pitching by holding firmly to the gunwale with one hand we were enabled to do pretty good execution with the other. Tim being in the bow, where all the water now came in, was drenched from head to foot by every wave which struck us; but he never wavered, he just kneeled on the bottom, faced the music and bailed like a major.

The water was now some 5 or 6in. over the floor of the boat, and as the Ruth would rise and fall it would slash from one end to the other like a mill race; the fires were out, and we were simply working and waiting, expecting every big comber that came along would sweep completely over and swamp us. It was, however, just grand the way the little launch would ride those waves; she would bury her bow almost the whole length of the deck, and just as we would think the green water was coming aboard she would rise again, and with the exception of shipping two or three pailfuls the water would fall off her deck and roll by.

How long this continued I could not say; it seemed a day, but was probably about twenty minutes, when to my delight a break in the sky and a light streak clear across the west proclaimed that the worst was over, and though the wind was still blowing as if it would tear everything loose, I foresaw an abatement of its force and felt we were safe Oh, what a relief! Never did bright sky look so good or so pleasant, and to give way to my feelings and encourage the rest I hurrahed at the top of my voice and pointed west. My enthusiasm was contagious, for all three of the boys, hearing me, instinctively looked west, and seeing the now large and increasing bright space, yelled with delight, and worked their bailing cans with tremendous effectiveness.

We now all felt as happy as if we were on land, and though the danger was far from being over, we felt as safe and secure as could be. My wife, hearing our shouts and seeing smiles on our faces, threw off her anxious look and began to busy herself cheering up Ruth. The wind now abated very fast, the bright sky increased in size, and in less than ten minutes the sun was shining and nothing of the wind was left but a fairly stiff breeze, so as no more water came aboard we straightened ourselves up and began to make preparations for getting up steam.

On looking out over the lake we found we had drifted to within half a mile of the east shore and were but a short distance south of Frontenac Island. Tim and Thornton now busied themselves getting up steam, while Cecil and myself began hunting for the key; but hunt as we would, we could not find it. Whether it flew overboard, or whether it had washed up under the floor, we could not and did not find it.

As we could make steam from cold water in our boiler in five minutes, the cheerful whistle of the Ruth was soon blowing, but as the key necessary for our progress was still wanting Tim suggested that perhaps one made out of wood would last long enough to run us in to Union Springs. I somewhat doubted its working, but as there was no harm in trying Tim split a piece off a stick that we had a fish line wound on, whittled it to the right size and drove it into the key seat. The lake was now comparatively quiet—the white caps all gone—so I told Cecil to haul aboard the drag, on his doing which Thornton slowly started the engine and Tim headed our little craft for Union Springs.

Everything went well till we got inside the island, not more than forty rods from the dock, when the engine began racing again, a sign that our wooden key had given out; but another being made and driven in we started slowly, and in a few minutes were in the slip, lying alongside of the Sanatorium, Dr. Pierce's yacht, of that place. It was now 3 o'clock P. M., and as we all needed dry clothes, and a key had to be made for the shaft, we decided to stay over night in the village and continue our journey the next day.

The storm, as it proved, had been the most severe known for years, several barns in the path of it being unroofed, and one very large one being completely blown down; we therefore made up our minds that we had been through a pretty good blow on Cayuga Lake. SEMPER FIDELIS.

A Novel Experiment.

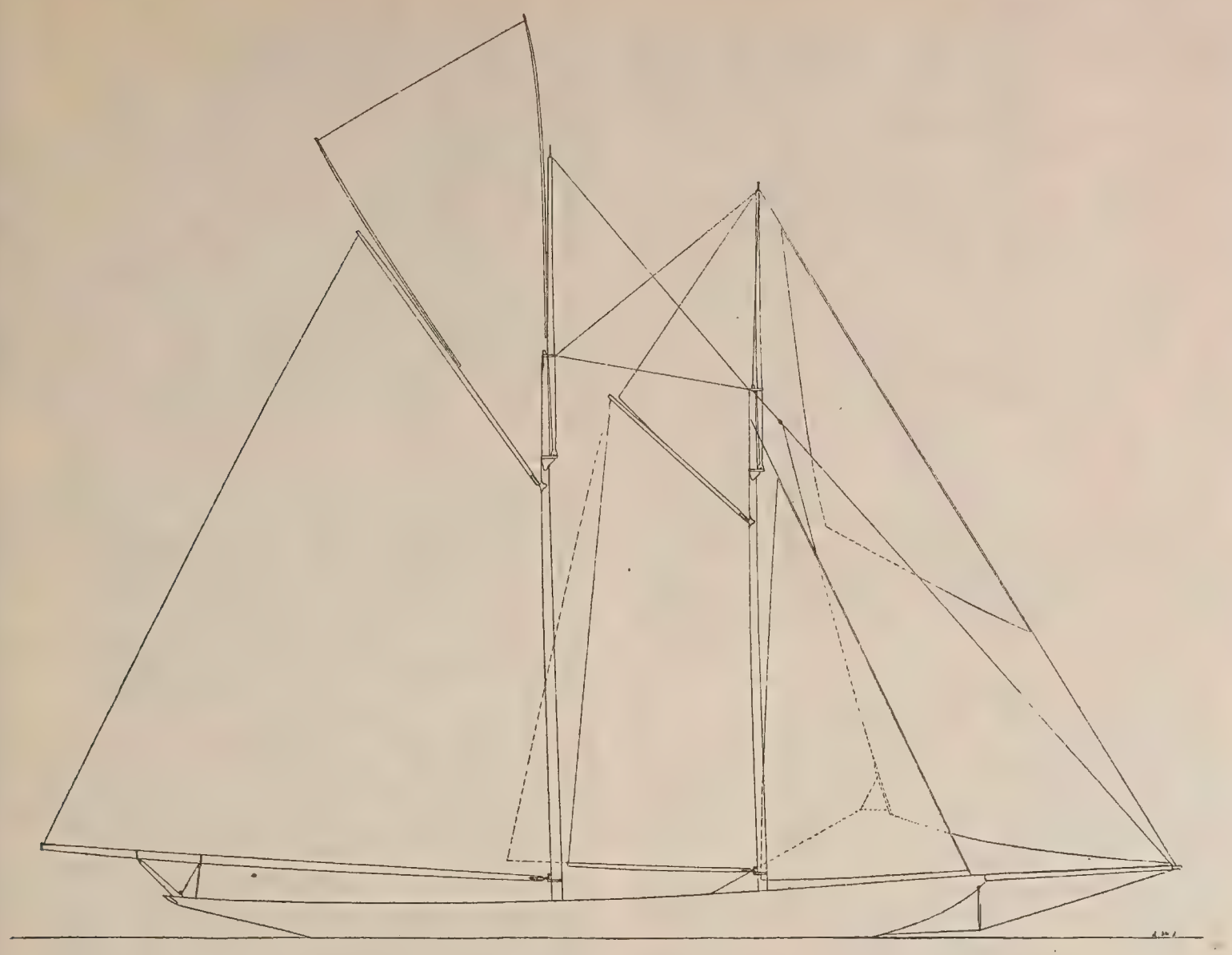
We quote from the Brooklyn *Eagle* the following account of a novel and interesting experiment which the American Model Y. C. is about to undertake.

Despite the reluctance of the club as a whole to officially encourage the project, several members of the American Model Y. C. have decided to build, some time within the coming year, a practical 20-footer from designs which they themselves will shortly originate. The members actively interested in the idea are six in number; George F. Pigott, George W. Townley, J. D. Casey, J. C. Meyer, O. L. Grey and Frank Nichols. The latter is the measurer of the organization, and prime mover in the proposed plan of constructing a 20-footer, a representative of a class of racing craft that is certain to prove extremely popular when the next yachting season is inaugurated

Each yachtsman proposes to construct, according to a 1in. scale, a half model of a 20-footer, ranging from 18 to 20ft. on the waterline. No attempt at rigging these designs will be made, but when the entire complement is complete the models will be submitted to some eminent builder of racing craft, probably A. Cary Smith, by whom the three most promising will be selected. It is the intention of the members to then build perfect models, fully rigged, of the three designs chosen, and upon their completion sail a series of trial races for final supremacy. These yachts will be constructed according to a 2in. scale, which will give them a racing length of either 36 or 40in., as determined by the original dimensions.

Having decided by actual competition which of the trio of models is the fastest, it is proposed to build the 20-footer exactly in accordance with and on the identical lines of the successful craft. If the boat is satisfactory as a sailor and racer, its prowess will demonstrate conclusively the value and adequacy of model yacht construction as a means of obtaining a practical knowledge of boat building.

With reference to the approaching season, it may be said that the American Model yachtsmen will leave untried no course that may enable them to win back from the Wave Crest M. Y. C. the Eagle trophy. George W. Townley's second class sloop Star will be considerably lightened before spring. The changes are to be made mainly in her spars and rigging, and when sailed again she will appear in class three, and may later act as challenger in the race for the coveted cup.



QUISSETTA—SAIL PLAN.

LEAGUE OF AMERICAN YACHTSMEN.

THE following interview, from the New York *Herald* of Jan. 2, is evidently directed at our remarks of last week on the proposed league of yachtsmen.

"I have observed," said an old yachtsman on Thursday, "that the few advocates of the proposed new Yacht Racing League are energetically pointing to the racing associations already existing as an example of what may be done in that way for the good of the sport. Great stress is laid upon the fact that there is a big union in Massachusetts and another in New York which have done wonders.

"Let me quote you article 2 of the by-laws of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, and yachtsmen may better understand the nature and scope of the big union at the eastward;

"Article 2—Objects.—The objects of this Association shall be: To encourage yacht racing and yacht building; to establish and enforce uniform rules for the government of open races for all yachts under 30ft. sailing length.

"Now, after digesting the fact that the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts—this big union at the eastward—has no yachts under its jurisdiction of 30ft. or over sailing length, let me call your attention to Article 3 of the same by-laws:

"Article 3—Membership.—Any yacht club located in the State of Massachusetts, in good standing, having twenty-five members and ten yachts measuring more than 12ft. on the waterline, shall be eligible to membership.

"So please remember that boats of the waterline of 12ft. may be admitted to all the rights and privileges of this Association, and any club having ten of these so-called yachts may become a member.

"This, then, is one of the racing associations held up to the view of the New York Y. C. as having achieved wonders in the yachting line, and whose influence has been eloquently and otherwise touched upon as an example worthy of imitation on the part of the leading club in America.

"It may also be mentioned that the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts takes no account of sail area in the matter of measurement. Yachts are measured 3in. above and parallel with the l.w.l. length without crews on board and centerboard up, and only that for time allowance."

[This is incorrect.—ED.]

"This Association has done well for its members, but have the advocates of the proposed new league ever told that its laws and objects seemed about worthless where clubs having large boats on their list are concerned?

"The Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound is the New York association. The Larchmont Club has never joined it, and the old arguments advanced by its leaders were: 'What do we want to do with a union? We want to make our own laws, have our own racing dates—in fact, want to govern ourselves.' And the Larchmonts have done that selfsame thing all along. They have made laws as they deemed best for their club, and appointed their own racing dates, irrespective of the wishes of any other club on the Sound.

"If the Larchmont people want this new league scheme, as has been said, what change then has come over the spirit of their dreams?

"The Yacht Racing Union of the Sound is an admirable body. The leading club on its list, the Seawanhaka, has borne the brunt of the battle that has been fought, and through its far-seeing and very intelligent members accomplished much good. But the Union cannot wisely be held up to the New York Y. C. as a shining example to be followed in the formation of the proposed league any more than can the Association of Massachusetts.

"Thus, the New York Y. C., in my opinion, will exist, as it has existed for more than half a century, without the help of racing associations or leagues. It has lived and will live without aid. It does not want, nor will it have, anything to do with a matter that may bring about dissension in its ranks, and it does not care to be governed by men coming from clubs which have been quoted as making up the existing racing associations. The New York Y. C., in a word, is able, fully able, to conduct its own affairs in the future as it has done in the past, and while it does not discourage the union of the smaller clubs those of 30ft sailing length and so on it will always be found opposed to revolutionary methods in home affairs."

If this is the strongest argument which the opposition to the scheme can produce, it will do well to abandon all public discussion of the question, and to confine its efforts to the smothering of the scheme in the committee or to voting it down when the committee shall present its report to the club. The whole statement of the case is based on utterly false premises, in that it considers and criticises the Massachusetts Y. R. A. rules as though it were proposed to force the New York Y. C to join this Association, or even the Sound Y. R. U. If this "old yachtsman" was present at the special meeting and heard the details of the proposed scheme, as so fully presented by Mr Lovejoy, he must know that the rules of the two local associations have nothing whatever to do with the proposed league. The reports of the meeting, as given out at the time to the daily press, curiously enough omitted all allusion to the really important business of the evening, mentioning only the points relating to the opposition. The proposal to form the new league was placed before the club not in a general and indefinite way, but in the shape of a practically complete scheme, down to the smallest details. After having recently enjoyed the opportunity of reading the entire paper, we can commend it as most comprehensive and liberal in its scope and treatment, and perfect in its minor details. It not only offers the fullest possible thesis for the thorough discussion of the advisability and practicability of the plan, but it is capable of immediate adoption, with very few changes in the event of the inauguration of the enterprise.

Naturally such a national body would have to include the smallest class of yacht, at least down to 15ft., but it does not follow that the New York Y. C. will be compelled to adopt for its large yachts a rule made exclusively for these small ones; not that the club will be any more contaminated by association with clubs racing the small boats than it now is in racing under the Seawanhaka rule It is too early yet to touch upon details, but we are inclined to the opinion that sooner or later in any case it may be found necessary in this country to adopt special rules for the classes under 30ft.

It is quite true that in any national union small clubs as well as large would be admitted, but an objection on this score alone is mere snobbishness, and has no substantial foundation. If the New York Y. C. wishes to come out squarely with the declaration that it is so much bigger and better than all other clubs in the country that it cannot be associated with them in any way, then this point may hold; if it is not prepared to go so far, then there is no good ground for the objection to the limit actually proposed at the meeting, of fifty members to a club as the minimum qualification for membership.

The real point about the two associations mentioned is plain enough to any one who cares to see it—the great success which has attended both in but two years shows what may fairly be expected of them in four or five years more, especially if they should combine and the same work should go on, as is now promised, in other localities In this not improbable event, the New York Y. C. may awaken, when it is too late, to the fact that the building and racing of yachts in America is in the hands of a union not so ancient nor so wealthy as itself, but very much stronger, in that it has the confidence and support of the great body of racing yachtsmen. In this case there are two possibilities: one that the New York Y C. may not want to join the union after opposing the schemes now before it; the other, that the union, whatever its name and nature, may not want the New York Y. C., great as it is.

It matters not now what have been the factors of a club's prestige in the past, the fact is self-evident that in the future the power in yachting is going to those clubs or associations which do the most for the encouragement of racing, and especially in the direction of wise legislation.

The history of the New York Y. C. shows that it has never been a leader in the introduction of rules and similar racing legislation, and it has no future before it now in this direction. If there are any of its members who dispute this and consider that the club is competent of itself to make rules for yachting, they may prove it by producing in the name of the club what yachtsmen are now looking for, a practical new rule of measurement.

"An old yachtsman" is right in his surmise that the Larchmont Y. C. has been acute enough to appreciate the situation so rapidly developing, but his other points are at best but side issues, and have no bearing on the real question. The racing interests of the country, both individually and collectively as clubs, have within a couple of years given indisputable evidence of a desire for improved legislation and closer association, and an attempt is now about to be made to meet this demand. The leadership in this attempt has been offered, practically by common consent, to the New York Y. C., the oldest and largest club in the country. The only question now is whether the club will recognize the condition of affairs and declare itself on one side or the other, preferably in the affirmative. When once the decision of the New York Y. C. is known, the work can go on in one way or another, according to that decision.

To sit down now and discuss whether a local body, formed under different conditions and for a different end, should limit its yachts to 12ft. or 15ft. or 30ft. is simply childish

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Ripple is the name of a new racing yacht for the 18ft. class of the Massachusetts Y. R. A., designed by J. F. Small, the amateur designer, of Dorchester. She was built for C. B. Pear by H. A. Davidson, of Calais, Me., being completed in the fall and shipped to Boston by schooner, where she is stored for the winter. She is 25ft. over all, 17ft. l.w.l., 7ft. 6in. beam, and 7in. draft; fitted with a wooden centerboard and a balanced rudder with a small metal scag just forward of it. The sail plan will be about 600sq.ft., pole-masted rig, with jib and mainsail and a small sprit topsail. The construction is light, the frames being ¾ by ¾in., spaced 10in., planking ⅝in. and deck ½in., the latter covered with canvas; the mast is hollow. The ends are well carried out and the topsides flare. Though intended for a crew of four, as allowed under the M. Y. R. A. rules, this yacht might be brought within the limits of the Seawanhaka 20ft. class, and if she proves as speedy as her designer's reputation warrants us to expect, it would be very gratifying to have her in the trial races at Oyster Bay.

A short time ago it seemed probable that Boston would be represented in the Seawanhaka races by a 20-footer specially designed for the class by Herreshoff, as C. H. Eaton, of Marblehead, late owner of Cock Robin, and previously of the 30-footer Rosalind and the steam yacht Melissa, was in negotiation with the Herreshoffs for such a yacht. The intention was that the boat should be handled by W. P. Fowle, of the Marblehead Corinthian Y. C., former owner of the different Saracens and the helmsman of Cock Robin in the past season. It is now probable that Mr. Eaton has changed his plans; the Boston *Globe* says: "Yachtsmen who may be inclined to make wagers can safely give odds, if necessary, that C. S. Eaton will not order a 20-footer from the Herreshoffs for the Seawanhaka international trials, but will be found in the knockabout class with an improved Cock Robin, in so far as the Herreshoffs are able to make an improvement on last year's champion. It is understood that Mr Eaton's principal reason for not trying for international honors was the time it would take from business and the doubt if he could induce ex-Com. Fowle, of the Corinthians, to be his right-hand man again, since the latter also expected to be specially deep in business the coming summer. It would have been vastly interesting to Boston yachtsmen to have had Mr. Eaton build a 20-footer, but what is a loss in one class will be a gain in another, and a new Cock Robin will still further assure some lively knockabout racing." [It has since been announced that Mr. Eaton has placed the order as above indicated.]

Well back in the days of the tonnage rule and the narrow cutters, 1884, Will Fife, Jr., then at the head of the Culzean Shipbuilding Co., designed and built one of the handsomest little cutters that has ever been floated. Bedouin, as she was named, was a very wide boat for her day, with 7ft. 3in. beam and 25ft. l.w.l., as compared with the 4ft. 10in. beam of the old 3-tonner of 28ft. l.w.l. With a long, graceful counter, a waterline with but a trace of hollow in the bows, and a beautifully moulded form, she is still handsome, even beside more *fin-de-siècle* cracks. She was built for a special class of the Bangor Corinthian Y. C., of Belfast Lough, Ireland. With the beginning of the present year of grace Mr. Fife is sending to the same locality, for the Royal Ulster Y. C., a fleet of one-design boats of similar dimensions, 38ft. 6in. over all, 25ft. l.w.l., 8ft. 7½in. beam, 6ft. 3in. draft. They are cutter-rigged, fitted with a cabin trunk which gives a good cabin, with accommodation for three or four, and they are intended for both racing and all-round work. It will be interesting to compare the new boats with the old, after an interval of thirteen years, as the two are built for much the same purpose and without regard to the existing general racing rules.

The Cleveland Y. C. is discussing the proposition to build a much needed breakwater in front of the new club house, there being no prospect at present of such an extension of the Government breakwater as will afford protection to the house and make it possible to launch or land small boats. It is estimated that for an outlay of $7,000 to $8,000 a breakwater 200ft. long and 500ft. from the club house could be built, and it is proposed to raise the money in the club.

The Beverly Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., George H. Richards; Vice-Com., Lewis F. Dabney; Sec'y-Treas., F. L. Dabney; Meas., A. S. Hardy. After discussion the club decided not to join the Mass. Y. R. A., for the reason that such action would involve radical changes in the club's rules and the abandonment of the Seawanhaka rule, under which it has raced for years. A proposition to establish a 21ft. knockabout class for Buzzard's Bay, similar to the Boston class, was favorably received and a committee was appointed to draw up regulations and submit them at the January meeting.

The *Wassersport* announces the coming publication of a second and enlarged edition of the *Segler's Handbuch*, the revision being by George Balitz, editor of the *Wassersport*. The original work, published some ten years since, has been of the greatest value to German yachtsmen and to the sport in Germany. The new book will be greatly enlarged and modernized. In this connection we note with sincere regret the death of the author of the book, Capt. Alfred Muchall-Viebrock, German Naval Reserve, which took place in Berlin on Dec. 3, his age being but forty-two. A born yachtsman, he was devoted through life to the sport as a means of personal enjoyment, and in a no less degree to the advancement of yachting in Germany. His cruises in the 40-ton schooner Hela, and his writings on all departments of yachting, are familiar through the pages of the *Wassersport*. He was always an active member of the German Sailing Union.

Mr. Frank Cowper, the English yachtsman whose cruises are already well known to our readers, will have afloat next season a new single hander, now building by Thos. Martin, at Chiswick, on the Thames. The yacht, which will be ketch rigged, has very liberal dimensions for her type: 46ft. o.a., 24ft. l.w.l., 10ft. 6in. beam, 4ft. 9in. draft. She will have excellent room below, with 6ft. 2in. headroom in the cabins. The sail plan will be small, and all sheets and halyards will lead to the cockpit. Mr. Cowper will extend his cruising beyond its previous range, going through the French canals and into the Mediterranean. The result will doubtless be another useful and interesting book, such as he so well knows how to write.

The *Yachting World* celebrates the holidays as usual by a special "Xmas and Mediterranean Number" in addition to its regular weekly issue. The special number has a handsome cover in colors, and contains a great deal of interesting reading, with numerous illustrations, small and large. The history of the origin of the Y. R. A. is told by Dixon Kemp, yachting editor of the *Field*; Sir George Baden-Powell tells of the Arctic cruise made by him in the steam yacht Otaria, and there is an interesting article on "Yachts of the XVIIIth and XIXth Centuries." Mr. C. N. Boyn, editor of *Le Yacht*, contributes an article on the development of yachting in the Mediterranean. There are other descriptive articles, one on French yachting, and one or two pieces of fiction. The illustrations, in the way of full-page supplemental plates and small reproductions scattered through the text, are excellent, but entirely too numerous to mention in detail. The whole number is worth reading now and keeping for future reference.

We have received a copy of the third issue of the *Australian Yachtsman and Canoeist*, published in Sydney, Australia, a neat little paper of the size and general style of the *English Yachtsman*. The young journal has our best wishes for a happy new year and permanent success.

The *Wassersport* pays us the compliment, in several recent issues, of quoting very fully from the descriptions of El Heirie and Ethelwynn, and reproducing the designs which originally appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM.

The Christmas "double" number of *The Yachtsman* is of nearly four times the size of the regular issue, with a special cover in a rather striking red, and contains a varied assortment of good reading matter, light and heavy, all liberally illustrated. The more practical side of yachting is dealt with in the designs of the prize winner in the designing competition of the London Sailing Club last winter, a fin-keel of 18ft. linear rating, 25ft. 10in. o.a., 16ft. 7¼in. l.w.l., 5ft. beam and 8¾in. draft of hull; the total draft being 2ft. 11in., with a displacement of 1,246lbs., the fin and bulb weighing 2x6lbs. The sail area is 200sq. ft. Another design is of a sort of American sharpie, designed by her owner, H. Wilmer, and termed a "barge-yacht." There are also designs of a small cruising steam yacht, of the canoe Prucas III., and the sail and interior plans of the yawl Julnar, designed by A. Cary Smith, with an account of the yacht. There are some excellent photogravure plates, one of them showing Mr. Brand's new Spruce IIIII., designed and built by Sibbick, evidently a very handsome model. She is shown under way at a strong angle of heel, with Mr Brand and Tom on the weather rail; the centerboard, and even the keel to leeward of it, being visible. The lines are evidently far cleaner and fairer than in Spruce IIII. The rig shows a simple lug with no reefing gear, and she does not carry a roller jib. Some interesting views of the British Canoe Association meet of 1896 form a supplemental plate.

Quissetta.

THE schooner Quissetta, whose sail plan is here given, was designed last winter by Gardner & Cox, and built by Marvel & Co. for H. W. Harris, Larchmont Y. C. She is a steel yacht of the semi-fin type, her dimensions being: Over all, 96ft.; l.w.l., 66ft. 6in.; beam, 18ft.; draft, 10ft. 6in; racing length, 71.29ft. She is a very handsome craft, and as her racing shows, a very speedy one.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association.

ATLANTIC DIVISION. PURSER'S REPORT.

Oct. 1, 1895, to Oct. 1, 1896.

Receipts.

Balance from Purser, Thomas Hale, Jr.	$192 85
Dues for 1894	4 00
Dues for 1895	18 00
Dues for 1896	230 00
Entrance fees for 1896	31 00
Transferred from Eastern Division	1 00
E. E. Mercelis to account of Thomas Hale, Jr.	1 00
Sale of Code Signal books	2 80
	$480 65

Expenditures.

Regatta Committee	$27 85
Expenses of Division Meet, 1896	31 60
Office expenses	25 00
Postage A. C. A. Year Book	12 08
Sec'y-Treas. Stryker, 30% dues, etc.	85 50
Collection charges	14 00
Balance	284 62
	$480 65

Membership.

Members, Oct. 1, 1895		251
New members	33	
Reinstated	19	
Transferred	2	54
		305
Resigned	3	
Deceased	1	
Dropped	61	68
Total membership Oct. 1, 1896		237

HENRY M. DATER, Purser.

Audited and found correct.
FRANK L. DUNNELL, } Auditors.
ROBERT J. WILKIN, }
DEC. 26, 1896.

1871—N. Y. C. C.—1896.

IT happened somewhere uptown and far over on the west side, and though they all got there in time and got away again safely in good season, no one of the party yet knows just where it was or what the place would look like by daylight. Wherever it was, Col. Waring's "White Wings" had evidently long since grown weary of the struggle with the filthy grease which follows a snowstorm in New York; the cross streets declining to the North River were worse than toboggan slides.

Outside, so far as it was visible at 7 o'clock on a winter's night, the place was an ordinary beer saloon, the idea being further strengthened on entering by the usual bar on the left side of the room. Opposite to the bar, however, was a large curtained doorway, and passing through this one stood at the head of four steps leading down to a plain one-story shed about 60 by 25ft., running with the street, the far end and the street side being inclosed with boards, and the inner side, evidently opening on a "summer garden," with glass. In the left corner near the stairs stood an upright piano; on the right were two big casks of XXX ale on skids, and not far from the piano was an odd-looking stove of cast iron, about 3ft. by 18in. at the bottom and tapering as it rose, the height being about 4ft. Back of the stove was a big pile of hickory, cut in lengths, and beside it lay a gridiron about 3ft. long and 1ft. wide, on high legs. At the bottom of the stove was a door just large enough to admit the gridiron.

The furniture of the room was simplicity itself; arranged in an oval were some sixty common chairs, and in front of each pair of chairs stood an empty champagne box, on end. On each box stood two small salt cellars, and on each chair lay neatly folded a big thick white towel. Beside the stove stood a table piled high with loaves of bread, and next to the gridiron stood a large butcher's basket piled with steaks; such steaks as are never seen in the best shops, nor even the most noted of the city chop houses. Each was about two inches thick, the bone sirloin trimmed clean of every vestige of fat; the white-aproned cook who proudly tended them, armed with a fork about 2ft. long, volunteered the information that they were not only specially prepared for such occasions, but were seasoned in the cold storage for six weeks.

They began to come in about 6:30, the dinner being set for 7 o'clock; Vaux was there, Whitlock and Stephens (W. P.), Stevens (C. J.), Tramp and Delevan, representing the old timers of the early Staten Island days; with Downing Vaux, an old ex-member. The new men, who have been active in the club since its removal across the Bay, turned out in goodly numbers; and then there were the guests, Zerega and Sherman, of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C.; Stayton and Ford, of the Naval Reserve; Vernon, of the Brooklyn C. C. and others, in all some sixty hungry sailor men.

As the first of them came in, the cook looked to his fire, now burned down to a hot bed of embers, and loaded up the big gridiron with nearly a dozen of the steaks; while one of his assistants manned a sort of guillotine and began an onslaught on the pile of loaves beside him, rapidly reducing them to slices. Each slice, about four inches square, was then cut in half.

By the time that greetings had been exchanged and hats and coats stowed a waiter appeared at the head of the steps with a big tray of sherry glasses, Mr. Delevan sounded the assembly on his cornet, and the party formed in lock-step for a march around the room, each receiving his ration of "grog" as he passed the steps. The march continued until the full circuit of the room had been made, and then all found places in the oval of chairs, each tucking his towel around his neck until he was well covered in front. Now the first batch of steaming steaks was ready, and as it was withdrawn each steak was lifted with the big fork and dipped in a pan of melted butter, then it was passed to an assistant who deftly carved it into slices, each about half an inch thick, the cuts running at right angles to the long central bone. The bones were laid aside and were to be had on special application to the head cook by those who wished them. Now a big platter was covered with the half slices of bread and on each slice was laid a piece of the steaming beef, done to a turn, just the right shade of red, without the blue tinge, and appealing at once to eye, nose and mouth.

As the platter started on its way down the room it was followed by a second waiter with a big dish of celery, and a third with a tray of ale glasses. The merry conversation back and forth across the room in the most informal manner was temporarily interrupted as each in turn helped himself to his portion of bread and meat, to say nothing of the ale, and was resumed in the interval while the next round was preparing. How many times the procession of waiters went round the room we cannot say, but the feast lasted from a little after 7 until 10 o'clock before the last platter, this time loaded with savory mutton chops, passed around untouched, all having eaten their fill. Limited as the bill of fare was—steak, chop, bread, celery, salt, ale—the utter novelty of the repast and the surroundings relieved it of all monotony; and then the tongues wagged industriously whenever the jaws were temporarily out of employment.

Vaux, by virtue of long established custom, as well as his office of president of the club, up to midnight, was master of ceremonies; and equally active with him in keeping the fun going was the new president, Louis Boury. The absence of tables, dishes and claw-hammer coats helped to drive away the formality of the usual club dinner and to improve the quality of the speeches, of which there were a number, as well as songs and recitations. At one stage of the proceedings the door was opened in answer to an imperative knock and a burly bluecoat forced his way in. Just what his mission was nobody seemed to know, but his visit gave rise to no end of fun. While some of the guests vigorously chanted the "Couchee-couchee dance," others implored the "cop" to let them go this time; even tempting him with ale, which he refused with a tear in his eye. Fortunately the visit disclosed nothing of an "altogether" nature; there were no vaudeville artistes behind the ale casks and no Cairo dancers in the woodpile, so the revels were allowed to proceed. Before 11 o'clock the last speech was made, the last song sung, the fire was out in the big stove, and the party broke up with wishes all around for a Happy New Year, and another quarter of a century of prosperity to the oldest American canoe club, the New York.

The mosquito sailor of to-day, who can buy ready to hand almost any sort of small craft he may chance to fancy, any type or model of canoe or single-hand cruiser, and so on up to the most elaborate 15 or 20 footer of special design, and who has only to make a choice between half a dozen different clubs, can have but an inadequate idea of the advantages he enjoys over we old fellows of what is getting to be close upon a generation ago. At the time when the New York C. C. was organized, in 1871, there was nothing in the shape of either a boat or a club that was suited for the uses of the small boat sailor. Rowing was then in its prime; there was good sport in the colleges and in the many big city clubs—in fact, even the smaller cities with any sort of water near at hand usually boasted a rowing club. Rowing boats of all kinds for mere pleasure rowing, practice, training and racing, were to be had of good design and construction, and the many clubs offered house facilities and social intercourse to rowing men.

In yachting there was nothing better in the smaller classes than the centerboard catboat of the day, a case where "the best was but the worst," as many an aspiring novice soon discovered. This craft and her mate, the small centerboard cabin sloop, were both poorly adapted to the uses of the young tyro and would-be single-hander. Between the rowing boats and the sailboats there was the ordinary working rowboat, such as the famous "Whitehall boat" of New York, a craft that could be sailed fairly well, and which, for want of something better, was used to a certain extent for boat cruising.

Those who had no special taste for rowing racing—and the "revolver" and sham amateur were even then beginning to bring the noble sport into disrepute—found little to attract them in the rowing clubs; and those who essayed to cruise in the open catboat were usually satisfied after a few narrow escapes.

The first suggestion of anything better suited to the wants of the young Corinthian came in the form of an article in *Harper's Magazine*, in 1866, a brief but interesting compilation from the first of Capt John MacGregor's cruises, then just reprinted from the English edition by Harper & Bros. To us, as well as to many others, this first glimpse at "A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe" opened a fairyland that even thirty years has not quite obliterated. The initial cruise of the New York C. C. was made in 1869 or '70, and in such a "Whitehall boat" as we have already mentioned, the leading spirit of the party of three or four being W. L. Alden, then a young newspaper man. The cruise began at New York, and if we are not mistaken ended in a lumber yard at Troy, where the party narrowly escaped arrest as either pirates or lunatics of no harmless kind. It was not the New York C. C. *then*, but it was this cruise which turned Mr. Alden to the idea of canoeing and the formation of a club. His first missionary work was among some fellow newspaper men and some New York yachtsmen—Montgomery Schuyler, the well known writer; his cousin, M. Roosevelt Schuyler, later noted as the most extreme of the "cutter cranks;" Dr. J. S. Mosher, G. Livingston Morse, of the New York *Observer;* the late Capt. Timmerman, of the Alexandre Line of Havana steamers; Capt. S Grosvenor Porter, of the Pacific Mail; Charles Ledyard Norton, the writer; and a Baltimore canoeist, W. O'Sullivan Dimpiel. Mr. A Cary Smith, the designer, was also a member, sailing in one of the few races held in the early years of the club. The first canoes were Rob Roys, built from the designs in MacGregor's books or imported from England, the original canoe of the club being a Rob Roy built by William Everson, then noted as a builder of Whitehall boats. The young club began a correspondence with the Royal C. C., especially with Capt. MacGregor and Mr. W. Baden-Powell, and the latter very kindly sent out the complete working plans of his No. 4 Nautilus Mr. Montgomery Schuyler imported a handsome mahogany Nautilus of Messenger's build, more of a sailing canoe than the first craft. There was at the time an English boat builder, Jarvis, in Ithaca, N. Y., who had built canoes at home, and who, when called on by the club, turned out some very fine craft, among them the famous old Psyche, so long owned by Kirk Munroe.

At the outset the club had no house; in fact, apart from an occasional rendezvous at the Hotel Hungaria, in Union Square, its members were widely scattered. A couple of regattas were held in the early days, one in Flushing Bay, where some of the canoes were kept; and another, in 1874, on New York Bay, off Bayonne, some of the canoes being kept along the Bayonne and Pamrapo shore and others on Staten Island. At the same time the club did a good deal of cruising between New York and Montreal, and on other waters.

Meanwhile canoeing had been growing slowly outside of the club, and about 1879 it received some important accessions—Vaux, Whitlock, Kirk Munroe, Wm. M. Cooke, L. F. d'Oremieulx and W. P. Stephens. In 1879, through the efforts of the new men, a very successful sailing regatta was held off Staten Island, and in the same summer, mainly through the labor of Mr. Whitlock, a club house was built at the same point, where the St. George ferry now is.

The next six years were the most successful that the club has ever known; added to the club house at New Brighton was "Marmalade Lodge," of blessed memory, up the Kills; smoky, dirty and disreputable on the outside, but for a time the Mecca of canoeing. From fall until spring, when the float was on the beach at the real club house, and in fact all the year around, the members squatted on the hospitable landlord of the "Ranche," their boats on the racks down stairs and their dunnage in the bunks in the second story. The one aim and object of the whole party was canoeing, and it is safe to say that with the constant work of planning, building, altering and rigging that went on through five years as much was done for the improvement of the canoe as was accomplished in all the rest of the country.

With the year 1886 came a change of luck. The encroachments of the railroad that has since ruined Staten Island for the yachtsman and canoeist drove the club from its old home and forced it to begin the long series of wanderings which landed it finally on the other shore of the Bay, at Bensonhurst. To tell all this in detail would be too long a story, and we can only give space to the New York C. C of to-day, as it begins its second quarter century.

As most canoeists know, the club has been established for half a dozen years on Gravesend Bay, at Bensonhurst, and in this time it has more than once been in serious trouble through the sinking of its house and similar mishaps. For two years past it has been in occupation of permanent quarters on the shore, having leased the property with option of purchase. In its new station it has at last found a fitting home, and the troubles it has gone through have brought some compensation in that they have called forth the best efforts of all the members in behalf of the old club, so that both in numbers and *personnel* the membership was never stronger than it is to-day. The grounds of the club have a fine frontage on the water, with a broad outlook over Gravesend Bay and the Lower Bay. An old mansion of the comfortable kind makes an excellent home for many of the members, who occupy it throughout the year, and it has been found possible to maintain a very satisfactory *cuisine* at a reasonable price. The large boat house once used as a floating house is now securely established on a pier, a long gangway leading out to it. In front of this house is fairly deep water for yachts and a good anchorage. The house itself gives storage room for the canoe division of the fleet, and in front of it are moored the "one-design" 15-footers of last year to the number of a dozen, with many other small yachts. Outside the moorings is the breadth of Gravesend Bay, the club's home sailing waters and racing course, and further off is New York Bay, with the Shrewsbury and Raritan Bay beyond.

Thus located, the club at last offers what has so long been needed about New York, a club for the men who sail small boats of all types.

We are reluctant to admit the fact that the canoe is not as popular to-day and will not be as popular in the future as it was in the past; one very good reason for this indisputable fact lies in the multiplication of types of small craft, all derived originally from the canoe, but now, as in the racing 20-footer, with none of its distinctive features. With such a wide range to choose from, the men who once took to the canoe because there was nothing that could at all compare with it in model, construction and general adaptability, to-day divide their preference among a dozen allied types.

While the New York C. C. must always continue to be a canoe club, at the same time there is no disguising the fact that its future lies mainly in a new and far broader field, as *the* club for the small boat sailors, both cruisers and racers, of Greater New York.

In starting its second quarter century on this new course, it has an able hand at the helm. Its new president, Louis Boury, though a new member compared with such ancient patriarchs as Whitlock and Vaux, has enjoyed a wide experience in different yachting and boating clubs and in all sorts of small craft, from the 25-footer Smuggler, which he built as the first of the class and raced so successfully in 1891, down to canoes This experience, with his reputation as a worker in all branches of club management, and his wide acquaintance among yachting and boating men, leaves little room for doubt as to the success of the New York C. C. in 1897.

The Paddling Trophy.

OTTAWA, Dec. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association, held at Toronto on Nov. 21, I submitted a resolution recommending the abolition of the racing machine and the establishment of a standard paddling canoe for all paddling races; the resolution being referred to the regatta committee. It is now my desire to lay my views on the matter, through the medium of your valuable paper, before the members of the A. C. A., or in fact any one who has the interests of canoe paddling at heart

Under the racing regulation and regatta programme in the Year Book for 1896, if a man wishes to enter in (1) the trophy paddling, (2) the single blade open canoe, (3) the tandem open canoe, or (4) the club fours, unless he is content to paddle at a disadvantage, he must have four different canoes. In (1) his canoe may be 16ft. by 28in., and as light as he pleases to make it; in (2) his canoe may be of the same dimensions as above, but it must weigh 50lbs.; in (3) the canoe must have a beam of 30in. and must weigh 55lbs.; and in (4) a canoe can be of any length, weight or beam, provided that it is not narrower than 28in. or shorter than 16ft These regulations are, in my humble opinion, absurd, and are enough to kill paddling racing at A. C. A. meets until proper regulations are made.

The four paddling events named are just the ones that every paddler wishes to enter. But is he to be put to the expense and inconvenience of building and maintaining four different canoes, and, like the owners of race horses, bring a "string" with him to the meets? I am strongly of the opinion that if we had one standard canoe for all paddling events, and let that canoe be a general purpose canoe as well, it would materially increase and strengthen the racing spirit not only in the Association, but also among canoeists generally. Nearly all club regattas are held under A. C. A. rules, and very often local regatta committees in this part of the world at any rate find great difficulty in arranging events owing to the different varieties of canoes allowed by the present rules. After all, the object of competition is to decide on the best man, not the best builder or the lightest or fastest canoe.

In order to arrive at the proper dimensions for a standard canoe, one that would not be clumsy for racing, and still would be perfectly safe for cruising and general purpose use, I have discussed the matter with canoeists from Montreal, Toronto, Kingston and Ottawa. The consensus of opinion

is that a canoe 16ft. long, 30in. beam, 12in. deep and weighing not less than 50lbs. would be a suitable standard for the Association to adopt. I would suggest that all paddling races, except of course war canoe races, be limited to the standard canoe. If this were done I feel confident that the number of entries for the paddling races at the meets would at least double, and the interest and competition be much keener. Some may be of the opinion that the trophy paddling should not be included in this limitation, but it to my mind is the very race that should be open to all. Every inducement should be offered to increase competition in what ought to be the most important event of the meet. I have been in this race at each meet for the past five years, and with the exception of last year, when it was won on its merits, it has usually been a competition of canoes and not men. Not only that, but the number of entries in each year has been absurdly small. In 1895 Mr. R. O. King was the only member who had a canoe in ca np, and his was consequently the only entry up till the last moment, when other arrangements were made to prevent the event being declared off for the year.

A race for a mile with canoes of the above description, with double blades, would be a splendid contest and would be an event which would have many competitors at an A. C. A. meet. I think it must be admitted that the paddling races at the meets have not been what they should be, and I therefore suggest this change as a remedy.

D'ARCY SCOTT.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

OUR San Francisco correspondent—Roeel—under date of Dec. 14 sends us the following clipping from a local paper, giving the details of the year's work of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club, of that city:

"Nearly all of the prominent rifle shooters in this vicinity were at the Shell Mound Range yesterday. With them were dozens who are not in the front row, but who are nevertheless enthusiasts in this line of sport, and the five rifle, pistol and military targets were kept on the move all day.

"The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held its last contest of the year for the club's class medals, but there will be one more contest on the 27th inst. for the re entry or all-comers' medals On that date the season's sport will conclude with a team shoot, rifle and pistol, in which all members will participate, to be followed by a banquet at Capt. Siebe's, at which all the prizes will be distributed. As stated, the winners of the class medals were decided at the contests yesterday. D. W. McLaughlin won the champion class rifle pr ze, his best four scores for the year being (Columbia target): 52 52 56 56 - 216, F. O. Young missed by 2 points, his total score being 218. In the first class F. E Mason captured the medal with 76 74 86 82 308 He was closely followed by H. R. Crane with 311 and A. B. Dorrell with 318. E Jacobson won the second class medal with 70 72 76 79—297. His closest competitor was J. E. Gorman with 320.

Mr. Gorman, however, consoled himself, for he won the champion pistol medal with 37 39 42 45—163. A. H. Pape was only 10 points behind, or 173, and F. O. Young made 186. To a score of 30 in 10 shots made four months ago, A. B. Dorrell is indebted for the first class pistol prize. His best four scores were 30 49 55 59—193. It was expected that Dr. L. O. Rodgers would secure that prize with 45 50 50 50—195, but Dorrell's 30 put the latter too far ahead. E. Jacobson was the fortunate winner of the second class pistol medal with 55 59 66 65—245. G. M. Bailey for a time had a chance to win on 262

All day yesterday there was a red hot fight on for the Unfred diamond medal. As it stands at present, Adolph Strecker leads with 95 points in ten 3-shot scores. D. W. McLaughlin stands 98, having reduced his total 8 points. F. O. Young is 99; he reduced his total 7 points. In the Glindemann military musket contest Young leads with 456 points (Creedmoor count) in 10 scores of 10 shots each; he gained 3 points yesterday. E. Hovey follows with 451, having gained 1 point on a score of 46.

The race in the .22cal. rifle 5-shot contest on the 50yds. range lies between E. Jacobson and Hovey. Jacobson forged ahead for awhile yesterday on 2 points, but Hovey brought the situation back to 2 points in his favor on an 8. His total is 90, and Jacobson's 92. A hard fight is being made for the all-round medal for pistol, rifle and musket presented by Capt. L. Siebe, In this Young is in the lead by several points, but it is nobody's victory yet.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O , Dec. 27.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target, 7-ring black. Capt. Gindele still continues to make some remarkable scores with his Zischang barrel. Hasenzahl and Payne shot a match of 50 shots to-day, the former making 376, the latter 333 points, Payne leading by 17 points:

Gindele.

10 9 9 9 10 8 8 9 9 10 91 — 9 10 8 6 9 10 9 10 0 9—90
9 10 8 8 7 10 10 9 9 9—89 — 8 8 9 10 8 10 8 9 8 10 88

Payne.

6 9 9 10 8 8 9 9 7 1 —85 — 9 10 9 9 7 10 8 7 7 5—81
9 7 7 7 10 10 8 6 6 9—81 — 7 6 7 9 9 9 7 8 9 9—80

Wellinger.

9 9 10 8 6 8 8 9 8 9—84 — 9 6 9 7 5 8 10 10 9 8—81
7 7 10 7 8 9 6 8 9 8—79 — 8 7 9 8 8 10 6 7 6 8—77

Trounstine.

7 6 10 4 4 6 9 9 7 4—66 — 7 5 4 7 8 7 8 6 5 9—66
8 9 4 5 5 6 9 6 3 10 65 — 6 7 4 9 7 10 5 9 8 3—64

Hasenzahl.

7 7 8 10 10 8 7 8 10 6—81 — 6 8 7 8 9 6 10 6 9 10 79
7 8 9 10 8 6 7 7 8 6 78 — 7 7 4 8 9 10 8 9 8 10 76

Heilkamp.

4 5 8 9 10 8 6 4 7 8 69 — 4 9 9 9 6 7 7 5 7 4 67
5 7 5 6 7 9 9 5 5 7 65 — 5 10 7 5 7 9 3 3 6 9—61

Topf.

6 7 6 8 7 10 6 3 9 6 68 — 7 6 10 7 6 4 9 2 4 5 60
4 6 10 8 4 2 8 2 7 5 56 — 7 6 7 6 5 7 5 4 6 3—56

Strickmeier.

8 8 8 6 7 7 6 8 10 10 78 — 6 10 5 9 7 5 7 5 6 10—70
7 8 9 8 5 4 7 5 7 6 66 — 6 7 9 6 9 5 8 6 6 4—66

Drube.

8 9 10 6 10 10 6 8 10 6 83 — 6 8 5 7 9 8 6 6 9 7—70
5 4 5 6 7 9 5 6 9 8—64 — 3 1 3 5 4 7 9 4 10 4—50

Lux.

8 5 5 8 6 7 8 9 5 6—67 — 5 6 7 8 7 5 10 7 7 4—66
5 6 10 5 2 6 10 8 5 5—62 — 10 4 5 10 4 5 6 3 7 8—62

Hake.

9 10 8 2 6 9 9 4 5 9—71 — 8 4 5 5 8 6 7 7 7 6—61
4 1 6 5 5 8 7 8 5 10—59 — 5 4 5 4 6 6 0 7 6 6—54

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Jan. 9-10.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

Jan. 11-14.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Audubon Park first annual midwinter tournament. First three days, targets; last day, live birds.

Jan. 12-14.—ERIE Pa.—Clover and Pope's midwinter tournament at Massassauga Point. Live birds and targets. Added money and merchandise prizes. For programmes address Seth Clover or A. P. Pope, Erie, Pa.

Jan. 16.—RUTHERFORD, N. J.—Testimonial shoot to Neaf Apgar. Targets. Shoot commences at 9:30 A. M.

Jan. 20-21.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Jan. 23 —HACKENSACK, N. J.—Shoot for the E. C. cup. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

Jan. 25-29.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second Texas Midwinter tournament. Targets and magautraps. $2,000 added. Under the management of J. M. George, Albert Steves and O. C. Guessaz, at San Pedro Springs grounds. Open to the world.

Feb. 8-20.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live-bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

Feb. 10.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Second contest for the *Recreation* cup, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

March 13-17.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

April 21-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June (third week) —CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man. $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., at its monthly business meeting, held in the club house on Saturday last, Jan. 2, decided to give a testimonial to Neaf Apgar as a send-off in his new career as a representative of the Austin Cartridge Company, and as some return for the work done in behalf of the club by Neaf in past years After a short discussion the club decided that the testimonial should take the following form: The clubhouse, traps and targets of the Boiling Springs Gun Club to be tendered to Neaf, free of all charge, for the purpose of holding an all-day open-to-all shoot on those grounds. The date selected for the shoot was Jan. 16. It is hoped by the club that all Neaf's many friends in the neighboring clubs will respond by putting in an appearance, thus helping to make the affair the success it should be. A popular programme will be gotten up, but all sweeps will be optional, anybody that wants to do so being permitted to shoot along "for the birds." Remember the date—Saturday, Jan. 16.

Louis Schortemeier was the victim of an accident on New Year's Day that might have resulted very seriously. He was shooting live birds at Dexter Park when the right barrel of his gun burst a few inches beyond the end of the chamber. The barrel burst on the inner side, next to the rib, breaking the fore end into several pieces and tearing the rib off bodily, throwing it high in the air and depositing it in the snow about 45ft. away from the score. The force of the explosion jarred off the second barrel. A pretty long scratch on his left wrist, evidently caused by a splintered piece of the fore end, and several measle-like spots on the same wrist and on the ball of the thumb, due to powder blown into the flesh, show what a narrow escape he had. From the nature of the explosion and the location of the fracture, Schorty says he is satisfied that there was an obstruction in the right barrel at the time the gun was fired.

In addition to running the big shoot at Hot Springs, Feb. 8-20, John J. Sumpter, Jr., will have something to do with the running of Hot Springs township for a short time at least, judging from the following from the Hot Springs *Morning Sentinel* of Dec. 16: "Gov. Clark yesterday appointed John J. Sumpter, Jr., to fill the office of constable of Hot Springs township for the unexpired term, which vacancy was caused by the death of Allen P. Davis. Mr. Sumpter is well qualified to fill the position, and there is no doubt but that his appointment will meet with hearty approval. The new constable feels highly honored by the appointment, as there were a number of aspirants to the office who were good men and had strong influences to back them up. Mr. Sumpter will enter on his duties as soon as he receives his commission from the county judge."

"A chip of the old block." Elmer Shaner's father—we know him best under his title of Pap Shaner—is a man that is as fond of a gun as anybody among the shooting fraternity of Pittsburg, Pa. Then comes Elmer himself; a few years ago there were very few men who could down him at the "one-man-up" style of shooting. And now comes the third generation—Reed Shaner, Elmer's son, a boy of fifteen, who made his debut at the traps the other day, firing at targets for the first time, and using his father's gun. He didn't disgrace the name, as he broke somewhere in the neighborhood of 60 or 65 per cent.

Frank Butler says that while hunting quail in Arkansas he learned a new name for a hammerless gun. It happened that while he, Mrs. Butler (Annie Oakley) and a party of friends from Hot Springs were out after quail, a sudden thirst overtook them. To quench it the party stopped at a negro's cabin and asked for a drink of spring water. When the water was brought, Mrs. Oakley laid her gun on the ground the better to manipulate the drinking gourd. A little colored boy who came out of the cabin walked around the gun twice, and then called out: "Pop, see! Dis yer lady's got one of dem unseenless hammer guns!"

Jack Winston is in the city again and will make things lively for a week or two, prior to starting South for San Antonio and Hot Springs. His match with George Mosher for the Du Pont trophy was to have come off on Saturday, Jan. 16, at Charlie Zwirlein's; owing to the shoot at Boiling Springs on that date (the Apgar shoot), the match will be shot early the succeeding week. George Mosher, who was in town on Monday, says that he intends to be present at Clover & Pope's tournament at Massassauga Point, Erie, Pa., and also at the Audubon Gun Club's shoot, in Buffalo.

Justus von Lengerke has gotten back from England, where he has been for a few weeks on business. While there he managed to mix in a little pleasure with business, and had a taste of some of the good game shooting to be found in the British Isles. He brought back some specimens of the game he killed, among them some of the English woodcock. Although they had been on the ice about a fortnight, they weighed close on to a pound apiece when tried on the scales in the Murray street store. As for the shooting itself—he wants more of it.

Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich., is in the city for a few days. He has just patented a new kind of shell, the special features of which may be of interest to those who shoot ducks and geese in damp weather. As we understand it, Bush deposits a sort of metal covering over the paper shell, thus making it to all intents one of the old brass shells; the beauty of the whole thing is that this "brass shell" will crimp as perfectly and as smoothly as one of the ordinary paper shells.

The Garden City Gun Club, of Long Island, shot a race at targets on New Year's Day with a team of six men from the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn. The shoot took place at Garden City, the home team winning by 6 targets. The teams were: Garden City Gun Club—Nicoll Floyd, Jr., G. L. Hubbell, D. D. Breck, Newhall Lawrence, Alfred Lewis and J. R. Wood; Crescent—D. Geddes, C. White, G. Notman, W. F. Sykes, A. B. Fish and G. Hegeman.

The victory of Col. Butler and W. H. Stafford over George Work and J. P. Knapp on Saturday last, Jan. 2, on the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, is one of the great surprises of a year that is very young as yet. Work and Knapp shot from the 30yds. mark, conceding their opponents 2yds. handicap.

George S. McAlpin is keeping up his good work on live birds, and is not jeopardizing his chances at targets. McAlpin is probably the best amateur live-bird shot in this part of the country just now, having come to the front very quickly.

Charlie Floyd, the member of the New Utrecht Gun Club who won the Holiday cup for the third and last time on New Year's Day, is one of the most consistently good shots the club can boast of. He hasn't as much time to practice as many men have, but he can give a good rustle to many a man who shoots 100 pigeons to his 1.

Wallace Miller, of Austin, Tex., has taken a leaf out of Capt. Bartlett's book and has been showing the boys down in the Lone Star State how to handle a Winchester repeating shotgun. Judging from what some of the local reporters down there have said about him, Wallace is nothing less than a crackerjack at the exhibition business.

Col. T. A. Divine is reported to be hard at work practicing on live birds, preparatory to coming North next March and carrying off the first prize in the Grand American Handicap. Noel Money is our authority for stating that Col. Divine has had his eye with him lately; pigeons that got away from him being few and far between.

Seth Clover and A. P. Pope have gotten out a popular programme for their shoot at Massassaugua Point, Erie, Pa., Jan. 12-14. The shoot will be held under the auspices of the Erie Gun Club, but will be managed by the two shooters mentioned above. Both live birds and targets will be trapped.

It has long been customary to refer to Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company, as "The Old Reliable." Tom Keller denies Mr. Taylor's right to the above title on the grounds that he is now merely "A Peradventure."

On Saturday next, Jan. 9, the second match of the Endeavor-Boiling Springs series will be shot on the grounds of the latter club, at Rutherford, N. J. The first match was shot at Marion, N. J., the Endeavorers losing the match on their own grounds.

Jim Elliott has taken his flight South, and the next we shall hear from him, after a brief stay at Kansas City, will be when he meets J. D. Gay at Louisville, Ky. Mr. Gay has a big contract on hand, notwithstanding his 2yds. the best of Elliott; Jim will stand at 31yds., Gay on the 29yds. mark.

Nearly every letter we get from our personal correspondents contains an item in regard to somebody or another going down to the Texas Midwinter. If half the people who say now that they will be there should show up at San Antonio on the 25th of January, Joe George, Albert Steves and Oscar Guessaz will have their hands full.

The classification and tournament committee of the Interstate Association will visit Dwyer's track at Elizabeth, N. J., and Daly's grounds at Elkwood Park on Thursday of this week (Jan. 7) for the purpose of choosing a location for the Grand American Handicap of 1897.

W. S. King, of Pittsburg, Pa., is shooting a very hot gait for an amateur. Last week he shot a race with W. G. Clark, late of Altoona, Pa., and won easily, his winning score being 94 out of 100. Clark scored 86. Out of the last 800 birds shot at by King he has scored something like 91 per cent.!

Annie Oakley was an interested spectator at the Elliott-Fulford match on Dec. 31. Mrs. Butler is looking remarkebly well, her sojourn in the South having driven away all traces of the severe strain she has been running under while with the Wild West show.

Sandy McPherson, of Pittsburg, Pa., is another entry for the Grand American Handicap. Pittsburg has the shooting fever very severely, and will be represented in the big event by the largest number of shooters that ever came East from that city.

Don't forget that the Neaf Apgar testimonial shoot at Boiling Springs takes place on Saturday week, Jan. 16. Bring plenty of shells, as there will be lots of shooting for everybody.

JAN. 5. EDWARD EANKS.

Programme for San Antonio.

THE programme for the second Midwinter tournament at San Antonio, Texas, came to hand too late this week for an extended notice. Such an event, however, as the "Big 3's" tournament does not need much heralding. The reputation made in '96 is certain to be sustained in '97 because—the "Big 3" say so. That's the gist of the whole programme. In brief it reads thus:

"A dead square shoot, $2,000 added to the entries. More game than you ever saw. Southwest Texas hospitality."

Magautraps will be used, and all targets will be thrown at unknown angles. Purses will be divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Shooting commences at 8:30 each day. Shells and guns may be shipped to Fred W. Stone, San Antonio, Texas, who will deliver same at the shooting grounds free of charge. The Menger Hotel will be headquarters.

On the first and third days there will be 8 events at 20 targets, $2.50 entrance, $50 added. On the fifth day there will be 10 events of the same class. On the second day, in addition to five 20-target events, same as above, there will be a race at 100 bluerocks for a trophy that bears the following title: "Schmelzer's World's Inanimate Target Championship Trophy." The fourth day's programme consists of six 20 target events, same as above, and a 50-target for a cup presented by the American E. C. Powder Company, entrance $2.50.

Peekskill Gun Club.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Dec. 25.—The Peekskill Gun Club held its usual holiday shoot to-day. The day was a beautiful one so for as weather was concerned, about a foot of snow on the ground and a smart northerly breeze that, together with the reflection of light from the snow, made the shooting rather difficult. Among other events was a contest for a silver powder can containing 6lbs. of W-A smokeless powder, presented to the club by the Laflin & Rand Co. It was shot for under the new FOREST AND STREAM rules as published week before last, and governed by the regular club handicap at unknown angles. The referee in this close and interesting event was Major W. H. Pierce, of red Irish setter fame, than whom there is no better nor more successful ruffed grouse hunter in the State of New York. Dr. Mason won the can by the smallest margin, as the following scores will show:

Dam (59).....1110011111111011111111111111111001111001110110110011—39
1101101110 — 6—45

Loder (64).....1110011101101110000101011101111101111010101111011111—34
1111101000011 — 8—42

Mason (58).....1111011111111111111010111111111101101111111111010110—42
11111111 — 8—50

Snowden (68).1110101001110011111101101111111111011111111110100001—37
01111111010011101 —12—49

Southard (60).1111111111101111111011011111111101101000001111101111—39
1111111000 — 7—46

Halsted (63)....0111010111111011001110111101101111101111111111110—39
11100101111111 —10—49

L. D.

Ironton Gun Club.

IRONTON, O., Dec. 25.—One of the most enjoyable shoots I ever attended was held on the grounds of the Ironton Gun Club to-day. Only a few shooters were out there, but those few had lots of fun. The members of the Ironton Gun Club object as a rule to shooting for money, and in consequence have no more sport. Dupuy's shooting was remarkably good, considering his condition; he has been sick for two years, and has fallen off from 175lbs. to 126lbs. Nigh did much the best work as regards quickness, the first barrel doing the work, the second not being really needed when used. The scores made were as below.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Austin	1001010010— 4	1000011000— 3	1110111101— 8
Nigh	1110111011— 8	1111111111—10	1101101111— 8
Dupuy	0111011111— 8	1111001111— 8	1110111110— 8
Pierce	0000000000— 0	0010000010— 2	0001000100— 2
Philips	0000100010— 2	0010100110— 4	1001011010— 5
Gray	1111111111—10	1111011111— 9	1111111110— 9
Welch	1110111110— 8	1111010111— 8	1110111101— 8
Stitch	1001010001— 4	0001000111— 4	0011000110— 4

No. 4, 5 live birds: Dupuy 5, Nigh 4, Austin 3, Gray 2, Philips 1.

PIGEON.

Hill Top Gun Club.

AUSTERLITZ, Ky., Dec. 26.—The following sweeps at live crows were shot here to-day. No. 1 was at 32yds. rise; Nos. 2 and 3 were miss-and-outs, 31yds rise, $2 entrance, gun below the hip until the bird was on the wing:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
G W Clay	2122111211—10	2214121—7	2111122-12—10
T H Clay, Jr	1222222222—10	0222210—5	2221211222—10
A Clay	2222222220— 9	0222221—7	1121111111—10
D Bell	1211112022— 9	.....	.....

G. W. CLAY.

Trap at Toronto.

TORONTO, Can., Dec. 23.—Below is the score of a match shot here to-day between Collie Cockburn, of this city, and Chas. Wilmott, of Port Hope. The match was shot under Dominion rules, $200 a side. Cockburn's 5th, 13th, 20th and 29th birds fell dead out of bounds, only two out of his 100 getting away from him.

J C Cockburn.1111011111101111110111111111011111111110111111110111—44
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—50—94

Chas Wilmott.1110010101010100110101101101011001101101100110 - 30
0110110110110101010100101101110110101011010110—32—62

ONLOOKER.

Winston and Mosher.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 5.—*Special to Forest and Stream.* I accept Mosher's challenge conditional upon being regular 100 birds, Zwirlein's, Saturday, Jan. 16. JNO. L. WINSTON.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

HERRON HILL GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 26.—An interesting shoot took place to-day on the grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club, at Davis Island. The match at 50 birds per man between Strong and Fargo resulted in a tie; this match will be re-shot at some future date. Both men to-day shot very well. Strong shot at 66, scoring 62; Fargo scored 61 out of the same number. Scores of the match were:

Strong.....1121121212111112121102222002222122121220222122222212—46
Fargo.....0221220122211222221221221120220122221222122222222 - 46

Two sweepstakes were also shot off. The first was at 10 live birds; the second was a miss-and-out. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Duffey	1012122222— 9	120 —2
McPherson	2222222222—10	222222—6
Farmer	2110221211— 9	222222—6
Anson	1222222020— 9	2222 —4
Strong	2212222122 - 10	111212—6
Fargo	1221212021— 9	121122—6
Shaffer	121111 112—10	.....

EAST PITTSBURG GUN CLUB.

Dec 26.—Below are the scores made to-day in the E. C. cup shoot of the East Pittsburg Gun Club. Mr. Gurbates, the winner, is only a beginner at trap-shooting, and has until recently been shooting only a poor gait; he has now, however, improved very much and made the highest possible at this shoot. Hamilton shot well and very regularly, despite the cold weather and raw wind. Rambo has only been shooting bluerocks five months, but he is able to run 25 straight, as shown by this score. Full scores below:

Gurbates (23).....1111101011101111111110111101111111010111101111110 41
11110111011110110111110111101111110.01011111111111 41
01111111101111110.011110 —18
— —
100

Rambo (4).....1011101111010111101100111111101010110111110111110 1- 37
1111111111111111111111111111111101101111111110110101— 45
0110 — 2
—
84

Swenson (25).....1010101110111000010101110111111011110011001010100011—30
1110100010011111111010101000101111111001111101010 0—31
1011111101010101000011011 —15
—
76

Skillman (0).....1001111101000111111110100101111111111101111010101 11— 36
1111111111101111101101111011110010111111101111111 1—42
—
78

Ony (0).....1111101110101011011111111111001111110101111001111 1—39
1111101101110111101111101011101111011111111100111—40
—
79

Gallup (4).....1101011111110101111101111101101011101101011111111 1—39
1111111001111111110111111111110110110111116110111111- 42
1110 — 3
—
84

Williams (16).....1110111110101111101111110111101011011101011101011 38
1110111101011010111011011111111C01C01101110110 10—34
1110010000101010 — 7
—
79

Hamilton (0).....1110110111111101111011111111011111011011011111111111—43
1111111111001111111111101111111111110111110111111 1—45
—
88

Koethe (11).....0111000111101100110100000110100001110011111111011 01—28
1011011100111111111101011111111111100111011011111110—39
11111111101 —10
—
77

KING DEFEATS CLARK.

Dec. 31.—The postponed match between W. S. King and W. G. Clark was brought off yesterday, King winning easily by the great score of 94 to 86. A Pittsburg, Pa., daily newspaper describes the match in the following terms:

"Will King yesterday made a remarkable record against W. G. Clark in their match at 100 live birds. He won by making a strong finish, killing 94 to Clark's 86. King's record is one of the best in this section; the only man to beat it was Clark, his opponent yesterday. Nearly a year ago Clark defeated W. M. C. Jones by a score of 93 to 81 on the Country Club grounds. The match yesterday was for $100 a side, the loser to pay for the birds. All the prominent shooters of this end of the State were there, including Dr. Cundal, of Washington, Pa., who not long ago was mentioned in connection with a match with Will King. Clark was the favorite in the betting and his money went begging. Elmer Shaner was referee, and this fact gave the affair a business like appearance. Elmer is at home in every branch of the sport, from popping pigeons to setting a trap, and the whole country is aware of his sterling qualities. Louis Lautenslager, secretary of the Herron Hill Gun Club, had charge of the birds. The birds were a poor lot, and the damp weather made them rather sluggish, and this was in favor of the shooters.

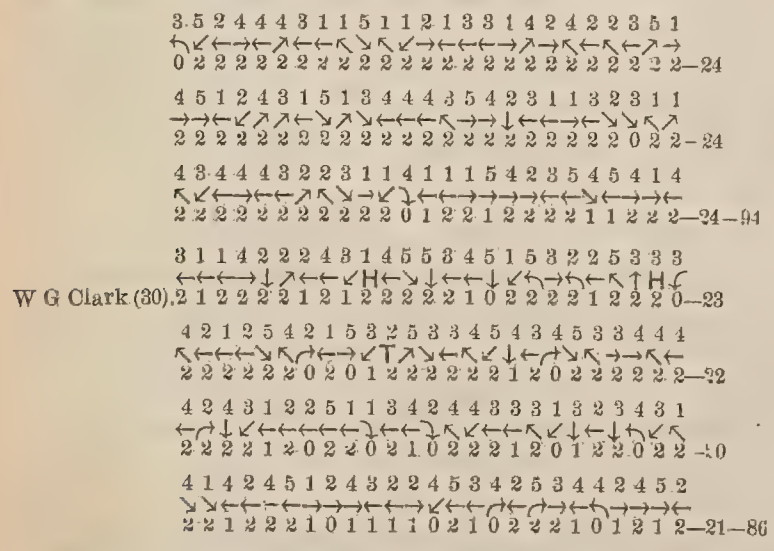
"Clark justified the confidence placed in him by bringing down 15 birds in succession in the go-off. King missed two of his first 15, and this gave the ex-Altoona man a good lead. Of the next 10 birds Clark missed 2 and King 1, making the score 23 to 22 in favor of Clark on the first round of 25 birds.

"Now King began a glorious march, and dampened the ardent admirers of Clark. He missed his 26th bird, and then killed 46 in succession. It was a great performance, and at once placed Will at the head of the local trap shooters. He passed Clark, went to the front, and stayed there to the end. While King was bringing down his 46 birds without a miss Clark failed to kill 7. When both men had shot at 75 birds King led by 5, having killed 70 to Clark's 65.

"On the home stretch King showed up particularly strong, which shows him to be a nervy, plucky shooter. He killed 24 out of his last 25, while Clark missed 4. The friends of Clark maintained that he had not recovered from his late illness, and this caused his poor shooting at the end. King missed 4 out of his first 50, and only 2 out of the last 50; whereas Clark missed 5 out of his first 50, and 9 out of his last 50. King was in tip-top condition, and he chatted and joked as is his wont. The Pittsburg shooters were highly elated over the victory, and are ready to place Will at the head of any shooter in the State. Clark took his defeat manfully, but had no kick coming. Contrary to expectations, there was no talk of another match.

The full score furnished by our Pittsburg correspondent shows trap, flight of bird and result of each shoot:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



MAY AND STRONG VS. KING AND ANSON.

Jan. 1.—A close race was shot to-day at Davis Island, on the grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club. C. A. May and Strong shot as a team against W. S. King and Anson, and defeated them by 1 bird, the totals showing: May 47, Strong 45—92; King 48, Anson 43—91. Will King is keeping up his strong gait and seems likely to remain on top for some time to come. Scores:

C A May.....2222022222222022222222222222222202222222222222222—47
Strong.....2222111222122121122221112102222202221220222222202022—45—92
W S King.....2202111121121211222221112112111122222292 2222222—48
Anson.....2220121112122220121222200221202122122120121012222222—43—91

GOOD SPORT ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Jan. 1.—Some good sport was had on the Negley avenue grounds to-day. Bill McCrickart had some excellent birds on hand. Eleven shooters took part in the sweeps, three of which (Nos. 3, 4 and 5) were divided under the Rose system. Will King did the best work with two straights and three 9s out of 5 events. Six events, all at 10 birds, were shot during the day. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
W S King	10	..	9	10	9	9	Humphrey	..	9	..	..	..	..
McPherson	9	5	7	9	8	10	Anson	..	8	8	8	9	9
J B Duffy	9	7	..	..	..	..	A H King	..	..	9	7	10	9
J E Duffy	8	7	..	..	..	..	Strong	..	..	7	9	8	9
Farmer	7	6	10	7	..	..	Scott	..	..	..	..	..	8
Burgoon	4	..	..	..	..	..							

Two miss-and outs were also shot, Alex King dividing both of them.

THE WILKINSBURG SHOOT.

Jan. 1.—To-day's shoot of the Wilkinsburg Gun Club was quite a success, 19 shooters entering for the 100-target race. John Eyler won the silver medal emblematic of the club championship with the score of 76. The scores were all low, as will be seen from the following figures:

John Eyler 76, Nimrod 74, R. Anderson 68, Oliver 64, C. D. Turner 64, J. K. Jack 63, H. T. Brown 62, R. Lovett 61, R. J. Steele 56, H. Rambo 54, O. Johnston 52, W. H. Morrison 44, C. Repp 34, G. W. Prather 33, Davis 33, A. Lovett 33, S. B. Hughes 30, W. Smith 28. Capt. Reed shot at 25 targets and broke 5.

Lockport Gun Club.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Dec. 24.—A rifle shoot was held at Watson's Quarry to-day under the auspices of the Lockport Gun Club, resulting as follows, with turkeys as prizes:

No. 1, 50yds., 5 shots: C. Freeman first, J. Jackson second.
No 2, 25yds., 3 shots: Freeman first, Ward second.
No. 3, 75yds., 3 shots: Covert first, Ward second.
No. 4, 75yds., at bluerocks, 5 shots (club event): Ward first, Covert second.
No. 5, 50yds., 5 shots: Ward first, Jackson second.
No. 6, 25yds., 1 shot: Rogers first, Jackson second.
No. 7, 50yds., 3 shots: C. Ward first, Covert second.
No. 8, 50yds., 3 shots: Mann first, Covert second.
No. 9, 50yds., 3 shots: Ward first, Barnes second.

CHRISTMAS DAY SHOOT.

Dec. 25.—A good-sized crowd attended the Christmas shoot of the Lockport Gun Club at its shooting box at the Fair Grounds. The chief interest in the shoot centered in the contest for the prize donated by the Laflin & Rand Powder Company. Following are the scores:

No. 1, 10 targets:

Ward	1111101111— 9	Stockwell	0110011011— 6
G Mann	1011001100— 5	Jackson	1000000100— 2
Freeman	0100000001— 2	Atwater	0001101111— 5
Angevine	1000011001— 4	Woods	1111111010 - 8
Moon	0000100001— 2	Covert	0110111111— 7
Nash	0000100100 - 2	Ringueberg	0111001101— 6

No. 2, 10 targets:

Nash	0001000110— 3	Covert	0011111111— 8
Mann	1111110101— 8	Benedict	1000110000— 3
Ward	1110111110 — 8	Ed Moody	1111111111 - 10
Stockwell	1111010011— 7	Angevine	1111110111— 9
Woods	1101111101— 8	Atwater	1110101100— 6
Freeman	0110100101— 5	Moon	1101011110— 5

No. 3, handicap, 25 targets, for trophy:

Ward (scratch)	22	Er Moody (33)	13
Ed Moody (26)	16	Mann (33)	25
Covert (28)	25	Freeman (34)	26
Atwater (28)	20	Ringueberg (34)	16
Stockwell (29)	21	Moon (34)	16
Woods (29)	22	Rogers (35)	21
Angevine (31)	19	Harmony (37)	3
Benedict (32)	18	Huber (3)	1
Jackson (33)	15	Wilson (33)	19
Moyer (33)	12		

Covert, Freeman and Mann tied on 25 each (the limit).
Shoot-off: Freeman (34) 26, Covert (28) 22, Mann (shot at 25 only) 13.
No. 4, 10 targets: Covert 7, Ward 8, Nash 5, Angevine 5, Wilson 3, Benedict 4, Woods 8, Atwater 9, Covert -, Burt 9, Ward 9, Angevine 5.

I. J. ATWATER.

Around Philadelphia.

KEYSTONE SHOOTING LEAGUE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 25.—The Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, held a shoot to day on its grounds at Holmesburg Junction. Several sweeps were shot at targets, as well as three miss and-outs at live birds. The latter were $1 entrance, re-entries allowed in the first round. Scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.		No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Landis	2122—4	2122—4	120 —2	Pack	210 —2	....	....
Stevenson	2122—4	220 —2	1221—4	EJohnson	0 —0	0 —0	220 —2
JThurm'n	1120—3	....	....	W H Wol-			
WWilson	0 —0	2122—4	2122—4	stencroft	....	1222—4	120—3
Henry	2221—4	2120—3	....	McDaniel	....	20 —1	....

Re-entries: In No. 1 Wilson and Johnson missed their first birds and re-entered, both losing their birds again. Stevenson, who also missed his first bird, re-entered and divided the purse. In No. 3 Landis lost his first bird dead out of bounds, and re-entered, with the result shown above.

Target sweeps were shot as below. No. 1 was a 25-target race for the silver set won by the club at Stone Harbor, N. J., last summer. No. 2 was the shoot off of the tie in that event, Landis winning the set. All target events were at unknown angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	10	10	10	Targets:	25	25	10	10	10
H Landis	22	23	9	9	8	C Pack	..	..	4	8	..
H Thurman	22	21	9	10	9	Henry	..	..	9	7	6
W H Wolstencroft	22	*	10	7	9	Krouse	..	..	5	7	..
J Thurman	20	..	..	..	..	Buckwalter	..	..	8	..	..
E David	20	..	8	10	7	Johnson	..	..	..	5	8
W H Pack	19	..	..	6	5	Stevenson	..	..	..	9	8
W E Wilson	18	..	..	7	10	Whitcomb	..	..	..	..	5
H Ridge	..	..	7	10	7	Dubb	..	..	..	..	8

* Wolstencroft retired at the end of the 18th round with 11 out of 18.

J. K. S.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 25.—The shoot to day for the trophy presented by the Laflin & Rand Powder Company called out a large number of the members of the Omaha Gun Club. With beautiful weather and with plenty of live birds on hand, the meeting was a success. The birds were an unusually speedy lot, and many, with a breeze off the traps to aid them, went over the boundary too fast for most of the shooters. The trophy contest was at 15 live birds, ties shot off on 5 birds, then miss-and out. Johannes won, as shown by the following scores:

	Trophy Shoot.	Ties.	Sweep.
Johannes (28)	102202211222112 -13	121022	.....
Marsh (28)	1210221112212O2 13	022120	.....
Randlett (28)	1222221120202l2—13	22200	.....
Kenyon (8)	20121110120111l—12	.....	.....
Parmelee (35)	2202222201120 — 9	.....	12212122121— 9
Brucker (31)	1011010120202l0— 9	.....	021l210212— 8
Read (20)	2102201022l — 7	.....	.....
Townsend (28)	2110010102020 — 7	.....	.....
Loomis (3')	2120022101 — 6	.....	1112122201— 9
Smead (32)	1201(2202 — 6	.....	02011120 2— 7
Montmorency (3')	101211000 — 6	.....	1222110211— 9
Hughes (28)	011001101 — 5	.....	.....
Carmichael (27)	21100200 — 4	.....	.....
Brewer (29)	012011000 — 4	.....	00111 2220— 7
McFarlane (20)	00200002 — 3	.....	.....
Bates (27)	00220200 — 3	.....	.....
Gardner		.....	12120 2122— 9
Den		.....	21001 0012 — 6
Cole		.....	21212211111—10

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y.

South End Gun Club, of Troy.

TROY, N. Y., Dec. 25.—The South End Gun Club, of this city, held a shoot to day on Carroll's hill. The conditions of the main event were: 10 live birds per man, $1 25 entrance, the prize being a gold medal for the nigh man. Unfortunately there were not enough birds to go around, owing to the practice work before the match, so the race had to be reduced to one at 8 birds per man. Jeremiah Costello was the winner of the medal with a score of 7 out of 8. Scores were:

J C Costello (29)	0211121—7	W H Jackson (28)	2•0•2210—4
W B Christopher (27)	11221002 6	J P Coughlin (25)	120•0220 -4
John Flynn (27)	1210•220—5	H B Tucker (27)	1220•0•1—4
Thos Brown (26)	0202•222—5	D C Fisher (27)	12000•20 3
D J Morey (26)	1220•220—5	Jos Potts (28)	21002020—4
J L Sherry (27)	213•0022—5		

W. B. CHRISTOPHER, Sec'y.

Trap in the South.

TEXAS MIDWINTER TOURNAMENT.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Dec. 25.—In a letter received to-day Oscar Guessaz writes me that all the details for the second annual tournament have been completed, and that nothing now remained to be done but printing the programme, adding that the same would be ready by the day after Christmas. While the added money will be the same as last year, $1,000, there will be several new features at this shoot. One of these features will be a trophy contest each day. The principal contest will be for the Midwinter trophy. These contests will be decided at 100 targets each, and will be shot under varying conditions.

Everyone who was fortunate enough to attend the first annual tournament will vividly recall the great reception accorded the visiting sportsmen, not only by the local shooters, but by the citizens in general. Hospitable and generous as was this reception, efforts will be made to surpass it this time; and, as Guessaz enthusiastically puts it, "Our former efforts will pale into insignificance." Thus, those who attend are assured of a royal welcome, and the Northern sportsmen will get a taste of genuine Southern hospitality.

These are not the only attractions to induce sportsmen to visit San Antonio; an extremely low railroad rate has been secured. On or about Jan. 19 the railroads of the country will have on sale what will be known as the "Landseeker's Excursion" ticket. This will enable any one to go to San Antonio and return for one fare and $2 additional.

The fact that all kinds of game has rarely been more abundant in Texas than at the present season (and this is especially applicable to the wildfowl shooting on the coast) should prove of great interest to a great many who intend to visit San Antonio, and take part in the Midwinter.

THE HOT SPRINGS TOURNAMENT.

At Hot Springs affairs have now assumed such proportions as to insure the success of this tournament also. The advancing of dates, so that this tournament will be held two weeks earlier than as first announced, will meet with the approval of all who go to San Antonio. The dates selected are Feb. 8 to 20. This will enable those who desire it to spend a week or ten days in Texas hunting, and then come on for the shoot. Steps will also be taken to have the railroads grant stop-overs to those returning from San Antonio, thereby enabling those who wish to attend this shoot as well as to visit the Springs to do so for virtually one fare, as the Springs are only 22 miles off the main line, by which all shooters from the North, South and East will have to go to San Antonio—the Iron Mountain Route.

Just how much added money there will be at this shoot I am unable to say definitely at present, but $600 are now assured, and efforts are being made to bring it up to $1,000. This much I can say, however, that the feature of the shoot will be a 25-bird handicap, $25 entrance, birds extra, with $500 added. This should be a popular event. From letters that John Sumpter has shown me I am led to believe that there will not be less than 100 entries, probably more. Should the century mark be reached this would make a purse of $3,000 in this one event, an amount that has never been equaled in any similar event. There are to be five moneys in this event, and on the above basis first money would be $900, second $750, third $600, fourth $450, and fifth $300.

There will be added money in several other events, and everything will be conducted on a thoroughly modern principle.

The souvenir programme of this event will be out not later than Jan. 15.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

A Shooter's Right to Gather his Bird.

At the Fulford-Elliott match, shot at Dexter Park, L. I., on Dec. 31 the following little incident occurred:

In the 17th round Fulford drew an incomer from No. 1 trap. He slobbered it with both barrels, the bird coming in toward him, flying low over the ground. Fulford laid down his gun and ran to catch it. Elliott called out: "You can't do that, Ed." Whether the remark stopped Fulford or not, we were unable to judge, our position in the scoring box being such that we could not see him, although we could hear what was said. The bird fell just over the dead line—out of bounds.

A short discussion on the merits of the case took place. It came to light that the shooters had agreed to have the trappers do the retrieving, but reserved the right to retrieve their own birds if they so wished.

The match was shot under A. S. A. rules, which state (Rule 9): "A bird to be scored dead must be gathered within bounds * * * by a dog or shooter, or person appointed by the shooter for that purpose. No extraneous means shall be used, and no other person shall be allowed to assist in gathering."

We did not hear the referee say anything as to what would have been his decision had Fulford retrieved the bird in bounds; we do not know whether such a question was put to him. It was put to us, not once, but several times, showing that there is considerable doubt upon that point, even among shooters. It may not be amiss therefore to state what our interpretation of the rule would be under similar circumstances, promising also not to get mad if we are jumped upon for such a decision:

It would be a dead bird.

We argue this way: Fulford by his action in laying down his gun and running to catch the bird, which was flying almost toward him, was sufficient proof that he had elected to gather his own bird, as he had a right to do under the rules. The rule says: "* * * or shooter * * *" He laid down his gun out of deference to that phrase, "No extraneous means shall be used." Billy Mills did not go to his assistance and "no other person" tried to assist him in gathering the bird.

In connection with this little discussion, the following amusing incident will not be out of place: A match was being shot, and Louis Schortemeier was refereeing. He was standing well within bounds at the time. A man at the score fired at a bird and hit it; the pigeon was an incomer, and kept straight on, finally alighting on Schorty's hat (Schorty stands about 6ft. 1in. or 2in in his stockings!). The shooter asked him to retrieve the bird, thus "appointing him for that purpose." Schorty retrieved it in good style, and gave it as a dead bird. And why shouldn't he do so? A. S. A. rules don't say anything about a referee not being allowed to retrieve birds when so appointed; they also say nothing about a bird perching, whether on the fence or on something higher than the fence (like Schorty), but within the boundary. The case was a peculiar one, but the bird's actions were rather irregular.

[Since writing the above we have had a talk with the referee, Mr. Ed Taylor, on the subject. We asked him what would have been his decision had Fulford retrieved the bird within bounds. Mr. Taylor said promptly: "A dead bird, of course." We then asked whether Fulford had stopped when Elliott called out to him, as related above; he replied that Fulford was undoubtedly stopped by the remark. In reply to our next question Mr. Taylor stated that had Fulford applied for a balk under Rule 23 ("If a contestant be balked or interfered with, * * * the referee shall allow him another bird") he would most certainly have allowed the claim.]

Boston Team Won the Trophy.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 30.—The team representing the Boston Shooting Association has again won the shoot for the 5-men team championship of the State of Massachusetts, and the trophy representing that championship. The match took place to day on the Boston Shooting Association's grounds at Wellington, the challenging team being 5 members of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. The trophy was won by the Boston team in 1892, the first contest for the same, and has ever since been successfully defended by the club.

The conditions of the race are 30 singles, expert rules, and 10 pairs:

BOSTON SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.	Singles.	Pairs.	Total.	WORCESTER SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.	Singles.	Pairs.	Total.
O R Dickey	26	17	43	A W Walls	26	12	38
Puck	23	16	39	V D Kenerson	23	14	37
Jones	23	15	38	McClellan	21	10	31
Leroy	21	15	36	W L Davis	19	11	30
Climax	22	12	34	Roach	17	13	30
	115	75	190		106	60	166

Other events were shot as follows, 2,210 targets being thrown in these events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	25	10	10
Allison	5	7	6	5	14	10	9	10	6	8	7	7	6	7	11	9	6	6	10	20	8	9
Davis	9	8	9	8	12	12	9	13	7	9	9	7	9	6	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kenerson	7	10	7	6	11	13	8	11	9	8	7	7	8	6	14	9	8	10	..	21	..	8
Jones	6	8	8	6	11	14	9	14	9	8	9	5	10	6	13	9	9	7	9	21	6	7
Puck	7	5	7	6	13	12	8	12	9	6	8	6	5	7	9	8	6	8	10	21	7	7
Le Roy	8	7	7	5	13	14	10	13	8	10	10	8	10	5	12	9	8	8	10	22	..	8
Dickey	9	6	9	6	14	14	10	12	9	10	9	8	..	10	15	..	9	..	..	20	10	10
Howe	..	7	6	4	4	11	6	7	10	4	9	7	8	8	6	12	8	7	6	10	16	8
McLellan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	6	9	8	..	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Curtis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Climax	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	8	8	8	8	4	15	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Walls	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	6	9	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Roach	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Marlin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	10	9	6	..	..	..	..

No. 4 was at 5 pairs.

IN NEW JERSEY.

ARLINGTON SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.

Dec. 25.—Fourteen members of the Arlington Shooting Association shot to-day on the club's grounds for the handsome trophy offered for competition by the Laflin & Rand Powder Company. The contest was at 25 targets, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at. The winner of trophy was Mr. Fletcher Walters, who has long been an advocate of Laflin & Rand's W-A powder, using it as usual on this occasion. The scores made were as follows:

Fletcher Walters (25)	1110111111101111111111111—23
M Herrington (25)	1111110111100111111111111—22
R Woods (32)	0111100110000011101111111111110—21
A Crawford (32)	1111111010110001000311011001001—18
J Sickles (25)	0000011101111111111001111—17
F Stratton (33)	0 0111110311111000101100311100100—17
J Chattelier (32)	1100100111110011011300000101100—16
H Frapwell (33)	1101000100011101001100000101110O1—15
M Rogers (35)	0100010110101111011001000100100011—15
J L Simpson (32)	1010110100101031010110001110010?—15
A Schuler (32)	C0101101011103010031101001011O0—15
J Demouth (32)	1110110010110003111C10000 0011003—13
W Lawrence (32)	0010301011001100101010030030110101—13
J Shepherd (30)	1010100011011011000010011011000—13

H. FRAPWELL, Sec'y.

WALSRODE GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Dec. 25.—The Christmas shoot of the Walsrode Gun Club, held to-day on the grounds of the club, Varnum street, foot of Chestnut street, was well attended by members of the club, as well as by many members of the East Side Gun Club, of Newark. The shoot was the best attended of any given by this club. The live birds were an exceptionally strong lot. Scores in all the events were:

	No. 1, club shoot.	No. 2.
Th Leuthaeuser	1002221211— 8	1111011—6
J Alexander	1030011222— 7	.....
E Pidgon	0200 00220— 4	.....
J Coerper	0300111112— 7	.....
J Yung	2010211021— 7	.....
J Frank	0010021001— 4	0000000—0
B Clinckard	2012000122— 6	0221122—4
J Thenen	0101112030— 6	.....
W Hassinger	0112211222— 9	0120221—5
H Reinhardt	1200122011— 7	.....
H Koegel	1201201110— 7	1012001—4
Perry	0121121112— 8	2021022—5
G Mahr	0012201000— 4	.....
Thomas	1102222101— 8	.....
R Baar	2212122221—10	1201100—4
F Perment	1211101210— 8	1112212—7
F Farebv	0101010111— 6	.....
R Schrafft	.....	0111111—6
H Heinrich	.....	1112001—5
J Dreher	.....	1020000—2
T Hilfers	.....	1110012—5

Target sweeps were shot as follows:

Events:	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	Targets:	10	10	10	15	15
Perment	10	7	7	12	12	Schrafft	9	6	8	..	9
Hassinger	11	4	8	11	9	Frank	4	..	..	..	..
Leuthaeuser	12	4	3	11	10	Mahr	9	..	..	..	..
Koeller	10	5	..	10	13	Yung	6	..	..	..	9
Koegel	9	5	..	12	10	Brown	10	..	..	..	..
Baar	14	5	8	12	12	Alexander	8	..	..	..	..
Heinrich	9	..	..	..	..	Coerper	..	3	..	..	..
Fischer	12	..	..	6	9	Perry	..	..	7	..	..
Clinckard	5	6	..	3	5	Pidgon	..	..	..	10	7
Hilfers	9	..	..	..	..						

Nos. 3, 5 and 7 were at known angles, No. 4 at 5 pairs, and No. 6 at unknown angles.

H. REINHARDT, Sec'y.

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT HACKENSACK.

Jan 1.—The New Year's Day shoot at Hackensack on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club was an enjoyable affair. There was a good attendance, not only of club members, but also of visiting shooters. Among those present were N. E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Company; Ed Taylor and M. Herrington, both representatives of W-A powder; Jim Hildreth and Ferd Van Dyke, of the W. R. A. Company; Captain G. H Piercy, of the Endeavor Gun Club, and his son Louis; A. R. Strader, acting secretary of the same club; Harry Craft, an old-time Jersey shooter who has no longer time enough to practice at the trap; Tom Morfey, of Paterson, and W. Dutcher, of the same city; W. M. Harding, of New York; etc. In short, there were plenty of shooters and lots of shooting.

The Bergen county boys are comparatively new at the business of tournament running, but to day they got things off in good shape, and entertained their guests in a truly hospitable manner, the hot roast turkey making many friends during the noon hour.

There were two special events on the day's card. The first was a 30 target race, unknown angles, handicap of misses as breaks. The entrance fee in this event was $2; there were three prizes: first, a Winchester repeating shotgun; second $5, and third $2. Herrington and Van Keuren, the latter one of the home club, tied for the gun on 28 each. They shot off the tie at 30 targets, handicap added again. The race was a close one, the issue being in doubt until the finish, when it was found that Herrington had won by a single break. Their scores were: Herrington 23+2=25; Van Keuren 14+10=24. Second money—$5 was divided between Hildreth and Edwards; third money went to Strader and Louis Piercy.

The second special event was a match race between two-men teams. The original contract was for three two-men teams, as follows: Ed Taylor and Ferd Van Dyke; Tom Keller and Neaf Apgar; J. S. S. Remsen and F. S. Edwards. Of the three teams above named only one turned up intact, viz.: Taylor and Van Dyke, but Van was minus his gun and shells. (Somehow or another Van's dates got mixed and he forgot that Jan. 1 was a holiday in New York city. His gun and shells, therefore, reposed safely in the locked-up store of the W. R. A. Co., 312 Broadway!) The second team was wholly unrepresented, the reason being understood to be an affection of Tom's off foreleg, an affection he terms rheumatism, but which is popularly supposed to be gout. Of the third team Edwards was on deck, his partner Remsen having had a little misunderstanding with the pavement of Broadway, when he fell from a cable car platform on Dec. 29. Taylor and Van Dyke being willing to allow Piercy to take Remsen's place, it was only necessary to supply Van with a gun and shells. He shot Hildreth's Winchester and any ammunition he could beg, borrow or otherwise annex. (That he annexed some that did not suit him is shown by his score of 38 out of his first 50.) Under the circumstances he shot remarkably well in the last 50, scoring 47 of them. The scores given below show which team won.

The weather was favorable for good scores, although the poor background was against anything phenomenal, while the targets were by no means regular in flight, some soaring skyward and others diving into the ice and reeds of the Hackensack meadows. Two sets of traps were kept pretty constantly in use, and everybody had all the shooting they wanted. Lack of shells caused an earlier abandonment of the grounds than would otherwise have been the case. The refereeing was very satisfactory, the referee being very painstaking and being possessed of a keen eye, something entirely necessary when it comes to judging breaks and misses on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club.

The scores of the main events are given below in detail:

Handicap: 30 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowance of misses as breaks:

M Herrington (2)	1110111111110110110111111111111—26+2—28
G Van Keuren (8)	1111101010110101110100110101011—20+8—28
F S Edwards (0)	1111010110110111111111011111111 —26
J Hildreth (4)	1011101111111110001111001111101—22+4—26
L Piercy (1)	1111111011101110111111111010101—24+1—25
A R Strader (2)	1110101111011110011011011111111—23+2—25
F Van Dyke (0)	1111010111111111101011111100111 —24
N E Money (0)	1101111111111111110011101110010 —23
G H Piercy (1)	0011110111110311111111111000111- 22+1—23
Ed Taylor (0)	1111101101010111101101011111 - 22
R C Beatty (4)	1101110110.0110010001111110110—18+4—22
Dr Titterington (5)	1000000110110001111101111011O1 17+5—22
Jackson (8)	C0.0111001111110011003000110l0—14+8—22
Griffiths (2)	1011111110110100001111011101O0—19+2—21

Team race: Two men teams, 100 targets per man, unknown angles: (The 30 targets shot at in the handicap race counted as the first 30 in this event.)

Edwards' Team.

F S Edwards	1111011011101111111110111111111111101111111111111111—45	
	1001111011110111110111011111111111111111111111111111—45	—90
G H Piercy	0011110111110111101111100011110111111111111111100—39	
	0111111111011111101111101111111111111101011111111111—44	—83
		173

Taylor's Team.

F Van Dyke	1111101011111111010111111100111001101011111111110110—38	
	1111111111111110101111111111011111111111111111111111—47	—85
Ed Taylor	1111101101010111101101011113011110'10'1101011111—38	
	0001111011110111101111101110010001111010111011111—35	—78
		158

Several sweeps, all at nominal entrance fees, or "for the birds," were shot off during the day. The scores in these events, all at unknown angles, were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	20	15	10	15	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	15
Edwards	17	13	..	13	..	..	15	12	12	12	14	15	8	12
Strader	15	..	..	10	..	..	8	..	8	10	..	12	7	8
G Piercy	18	13	8	12	9	14	12	9	13	13	14	14	7	12
Warner	13	6	..	10	..	..	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harding	14	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	..	..	7	9
Jackson	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	5	..
Chaffee	..	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Walters	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	9	..	..	..
James	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7
Bell	..	11	8	..	..	6	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hall	..	9	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Beatty	..	..	10	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tittrington	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fleischman	..	.	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Griffiths	..	..	5	..	..	9	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hildreth	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	5	9
Herrington	..	..	..	11	..	13	..	12	..	..	..	..	9	11
Craft	..	..	..	10	..	..	11	..	14	13	11	..	..	9
Van Dyke	..	..	..	10	6	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van Keuren	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ward	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
L Piercy	..	..	..	15	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
N E Money	6	..	10	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	9
C O Gardner	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
T Morfey	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
E Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
C O Gardner, Jr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7

EDWARD BANKS.

PASSAIC CITY GUN CLUB.

Jan. 1.—The New Year's Day shoot of the Passaic City Gun Club was a most successful affair. Not only was the attendance good, but the day was a delightful one for a day's trap-shooting. A couple of events at live birds and seven events at targets completed the programme. It had been intended to shoot a friendly team race with the Boiling Springs Gun Club at live birds, but the Rutherford Club was unable to get a team together owing to previous engagements. The scores made to-day are given below, Wise's record being far superior to that made by any other shooter.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	15	15	10	10	10	Targets:	10	15	15	15	10	10	10
Hall	5	7	6	8	5	..	..	Wise	6	13	13	12	9	14	..
Lenone	8	12	11	8	7	9	..	Palmer	..	7	11	8	5	7	6
Gaston	9	7	5	11	..	..	..	Kevitt	..	7	11	10	..	..	..
Bowes	6	12	10	10	7	..	13	Abbott	..	5	8	8	4	..	7
Kelly	5	11	10	11	8	12	..	Shaw	..	4	10	7	4	..	..
Evans	3	9	13	9	2	..	..	Jelleme	..	9	8	11	6	..	..
Ferguson	4	11	9	10	2	..	6	Adams	..	..	6	10	7	10	10
Farnham	4	8	9	8	6	..	8	Cobbold	..	..	0	..	..	..	..
Van Tassell	2	8	9	8	6	..	..	Gotschins	..	..	9	..	..	7	..
Coman	1	9	6	10	6	..	..	Green	..	..	7	..	..	..	..

Two live-bird events were shot as below, the first being at 5 birds, the second at 3 birds:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Lenone	01101—3	•00—0	Farnham	01202—3	00•—0
Adams	11110—3	212—3	Bowes	1022•—3	000—0
Abbott	11011—4	201—2	Wise	12012—4	222—3
Edward	10111—4	110—2	Coman	21120—4	012—2
Kelly	00022—2	...	Lane	22102—4	022—2
Greiff	12202—4	022—2	Marvin	2•010—2	122—3
Ferguson	10201—3	020—1	Hutchinson	22010—3	201—2
Hall	21120—4	...			

SOUTH SIDE'S ANNUAL.

Jan. 1.—The sixteenth annual New Year's tournament of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, was held to-day on the club's grounds. The governing committee of the club consists of President Breintnall, Secretary Hobart and Manager I. H. Terrill. The weather was all that could be desired, but the attendance was small, owing to the number of other shoots held in the vicinity of New York. Scores in to-day's events are given below, all events being at unknown angles except Nos 3, 5 and 6. No. 3 was at reversed order, No. 5 expert rules, and No. 6 at 5 pairs. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Canon	6	6	12	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dawson	9	6	5	8	4	4	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W M Smith	9	7	9	5	4	4	8	7	7	7	9	5	..	..	..	..	..
Hedden	8	8	..	8	6	..	..	..	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
James	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
I H Terrill	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	8	7	
P M Day	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Whiston	7	..	..	7	6	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J C Day	..	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas	..	..	11	6	6	5	9	9	7	8	6	9	8	5	5	7	5
Warren	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	9	7	8	6	9	8	8	8	7	8
Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	9	6	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	9	8	..	..	..	..	..
Whitehead	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	8	8	9	7	7
Duston	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	9	9	8	6	9
Breintnall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	9	8	6	5

W. R. HOBART.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Jan. 2.—The first regular monthly shoot for the season of 1897 was held on the Boiling Springs Gun Club's grounds, Rutherford, to-day. There was a good attendance of members, notwithstanding the fact that there had been a lot of shooting the previous day.

The main event, of course, was the club shoot at 50 targets (25 known and 25 unknown). In this event W. H. Huck, secretary of the club, scored his third win, his total of 48 being made up of two 24s. Van Dyke broke 47, made up of a 24 and a 23. Baron, who has a handicap allowance of 5 extras to shoot at, was close up with another 47. (The copy of the scores furnished us is so indistinct and incomplete, several scores having failed to be copied, that we are unable to give the scores in detail.) There were 15 entries in this event, and as far as we can make out the scores were as below:

Huck (50) 48, Van Dyke (50) and Baron (55) 47, Wise (50) 43, Edwards (50) 41, Greiff (50) and Paul (50) 40, Adams (53) and E. Jeanneret (56) 37, Frank (50) 36, Brown (65) 18; Marvin, Hegeman and Harding also shot, but their totals are perfectly illegible.

Van Dyke, Adams, Hegeman and Edwards were on hand early and shot a few practice targets at expert rules and doubles. The scores were as below:

Twenty-five singles, expert rule, and 5 pairs:

Van Dyke	1101111100111111111111111—22	10 11 11 00 11—7—29		
Edwards	0111111111101111111111101011—21	00 11 11 01 11—7—28		
Hegeman*	1011110110101111011101110—18	.. ..	—18	
Adams	0111000110011000011111111—15	00 00 11 11 11—6—21		

Several sweeps, all at unknown angles, were also shot during the afternoon as below. Huck's work is specially noticeable, as he only lost 9 targets all day out of 125 shot at:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	25	Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	25
Edwards	8	10	6	4	10	9	8	21	Wise	8	15	8	5	8	8	7	16
Van Dyke	10	14	..	7	..	..	..	..	Frank	..	..	8	7	8	6	7	..
Huck	10	14	9	10	7	9	9	..	Baron	..	..	5	..	..	7	5	..
Adams	6	11	8	8	7	5	4	..	Paul	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Hegeman	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	Jeanneret	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Greiff	10	12	..	9	..	..	..	..	Brown	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Harding	9	9	3	6	7	5	..	..									

OCEAN COUNTY COUNTRY CLUB.

Jan. 2.—There was some good shooting at the grounds of the Ocean County Country Club, Lakewood, N. J. The first event was a handicap sweep at 15 live birds for a silver cup presented by the club. Those who shot for the cup were: Fred Hoey (31), W. G. Brokaw (29), D. W. Harris (27), D. H. Fanning (27), and F. A. Walthew (27). In addition to their handicaps in the matter of "yards rise," Harris received an additional handicap of two misses as kills; Fanning and Walthew received respectively 3 and 4 misses as kills. Hoey retired at the end of the ninth round with a score of 6 kills. Brokaw lost 2 birds out of his 15 and also retired, as the other three with their handicaps were straight at the end of the race. It was agreed to shoot off the ties at five birds; Harris shooting from scratch, while Fanning and Walthew received a miss as a kill. In the end Harris won after shooting at 10 tie birds.

Fred Hoey and W. G. Brokaw shot a race at 100 live birds, Hoey winning easily with a score of 88 to 81, as below:

Fred Hoey (31)	1122211021222•2221111221•1—22	
	1222211102•1120202002212O—18	
	221•222•0•2212202222222220—20	
	22•2221222221212022211122—28	—88
W G Brokaw (29)	1121221111022112221010011—21	
	1012210100110000111112221—17	
	121100121•1122112112221•—22	
	1112102212•1222222211•120—21	—81

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 26.—Scores made recently at this park, outside of the big matches already mailed to FOREST AND STREAM, are as below:

Dec. 21.—Practice scores made here to-day were:

147	2222222222222222222222222222—30		
Gilbert	1102222221— 9	J Rice	0222210102— 7
Bingham	2222022222— 9	Goodrich	2222120022— 8
Dr Carver	1212122222—10	Ellis	2020201222— 7
A W Adams	0011112110— 7		

Dec. 22.—Practice scores of to-day:

147	2222222220222222222222—22	
Dr Frothingham	2222212222002222242202	—18
C S Wilcox	2200211112111222	—14
F Gilbert	2222011112	— 9
Roll	2222122201	— 9
Ellis	2211100122	— 8
Carver	2202212	— 6

Dec. 23.—Practice scores:

Dr Shaw	1212112222212211211211212—25	
Gilbert	221112112112112	—15
C M Grimm	2202222222221022	—13
Lord	1110010000012210	— 7
Bingham	22222	— 5
Von Lengerke	22222	— 5
Carson	222102	— 5
Larson	0020000	— 1
Jones	1011200210	— 6

Dec. 24.—In addition to the practice scores made below, a match at 50 birds per man was shot between Von Lengerke and Rice, the former winning easily. Scores were:

Von Lengerke	2202022102200002011201001—14	
	2210220220112222222220222—21	—35
Rice	2200210002100110200020022—12	
	0120002200100020022222002—12	—24

Practice scores were: 147, 8 out of 10; Gilbert, 6 out of 8; Jones, 2 out of 7, and Goodrich 1 out of 6.

Dec. 26.—The Garfield Gun Club held its club shoot at Burnside Park. S. Palmer scored all his birds, 20 in number, from the 20yd. mark. Scores were:

Dr Shaw (20)	2202222212011102122O—16
T P Hicks (30)	1222122112112101111—19
S Palmer (30)	1212221222111222122—20
F M Fish (27)	2100211212221112121—18
R Kuss (30)	2112022120222221221—18
C W Stiger (26)	1200111120202022222—14
J M Young (28)	0012202112211222122—17
C E Comley (29)	0210110222111112012I—16
Dr Liddy (30)	1202100222112121212—17

Practice scores were as below:

Dr Shaw	0221220202200002202202221—17	
R Kuss	1211102020221222220	—16
Dr Carver	2222201222222222222222222	—23
Sondemeier	0221000110222200002002000	—12
Hardin	1112122210102110011011111	—20
Palmer	202121	— 5
Stieger	00202	— 2
Young	12221	— 5
Fish	22002	— 3
Comley	0111010001	— 5
Kuss	1212211201	— 9
Palmer	2122222020	— 8

Dec. 29.—The following practice scores were shot here to-day:

Bacci	00'2000200012022'2100020000100—12	
Simonette	1212211222211021'0202	—17
Barto	2'2'2022'0112221112112211212220—27	
Rllesse	000'12000222210	— 8
Carieri	120'020011101100111	—13
Lord	2021020111'0'00	— 9

An event at 25 targets resulted thus: Bacci 15, Barto 15, Simonette 13, Lord 11, Carieri 8.

Dec. 30.—Capt. Haywood, of Denver, Col., paid the grounds a visit to day and shot at 72 birds. George Sibley and L. C. Willard also shot some birds for the sake of practice. Scores were:

Haywood	11'2'1112221221121'1101112111211'0'20'21112—37	
	000'2000'2021'202211012122210'012222212	—26
George Sibley	0'021122110 02'00120'0'21	—17
	2200220111100'0'0000020111	—13
L C Willard	1110'1111111102'1111111110'2211	—27
	11112'1020111011002'0'0'022210	—21

Jan. 1.—W. F. de Wolf and L. H. Goodrich shot a match at 50 targets, $5 a side, to-day; De Wolf won by 5 targets. Score:

De Wolf	1111111101111111111111111111101111111101011—45	
Goodrich	0110101111111111011101111111111111111001101100111111—40	

Practice scores on live birds were as below:

Comadore	2002000121101212021O	—12
Hibbard	102222122220020120200200	—18
De Wolf	1210012100021021010021101202O1	—18
Four Eyes	2011112002020210202121000111	—17
Stannard	2122201222	— 9
Frothingham	2202022902022220202222102222	—21
Carver	0222221111222221211112221l	—24
Blythe	0002001	— 2
C Plum	0100021101000000022	— 7
Goodrich	1012011011	— 7
Lord	1001201001112012001100222	—15
L C Willard	1210111112291011111122121022222	—27
L C Willard	1111211101111212211	—19
Dr Leddy	2112222012111222231212211l	—24

RAVELRIGG.

Trap Shooters of Buffalo.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y. Dec. 26.—There was a good attendance of members of the Audubon Gun Club, of this city, to-day, at the regular weekly club shoot held at Audubon Park. Event No. 3 was the trophy shoot, a handicap event with 25 breaks as a highest possible score. E. C. Burkhardt, F. D. Kelsey, Hines and B. Talsma tied for first place on highest possibles. On the shoot off Burkhardt, who shot well during the afternoon, was the winner. No. 4 was the club badge shoot; in this event Stacy won the badge in class A, Sandy in class B, and Zoeller in class C. Below are the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
E C Burkhardt	10	11	27	23	14	11	R Stacy	..	..	23	22	12	10
E F Hammond	7	10	21	22	..	..	J A Kennedy	..	..	15	13	8	13
C S Burkhardt	10	12	22	23	12	12	E W Smith	..	..	17	18	..	..
Hanks	7	10	23	22	..	..	E N McCarney	..	..	15	16	9	..
Sandy	..	10	21	22	12	12	A Forrester	..	..	23	15	..	..
D Kelsey	..	12	25	23	12	..	C W	..	..	..	19	10	..
W Hines, Jr	..	12	25	21	..	..	L F Swope	..	11	23	21	14	10
C Oehmig	6	9	15	16	..	..	A Coombs	..	..	..	12	..	..
Bird	6	10	..	15	12	..	L Fries	..	..	21	14	..	..
Phillips	7	..	23	21	..	..	Tom Tiddler	..	..	..	17	..	..
Norris	7	11	23	22	13	..	G Zoeller	..	..	..	20	..	..
L W Bennett	7	11	20	19	13	11	H D Kirkover	..	..	..	22	..	..
E Reinecke	10	8	21	19	..	..	Reynolds	..	..	..	16	13	..
B Talsma	8	..	25	20	..	..	Wheeler	..	9	..	..	..	..
G McArthur	..	9	24	17	12	..	J W Brandel	..	..	20	..	..	..
P G Myer	..	7	21	16	..	..	J Beck	..	..	..	..	3	11
M E Story	..	5	16	13	..	..							

LIMESTONE HILL GUN CLUB.

Dec. 26.—The Limestone Hill Gun Club's shoot, held to-day, resulted as follows, all events being at live birds:

No. 1, club shoot, 6 live birds: George Twist 6, R. H. Reed 5, A. Reed, J. Mulqueen and F. M. Lyman 4, G. N. Reed 3.

No. 2, 10 live birds, cash prize of $10: A. Reed and R. H. Reed 9, Twist 7, H. Radcliffe 5

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., Dec. 25.—The Pawtuxet Gun Club held a shoot to-day at its grounds, Fair street. The attendance was very good. Fourteen shooters took part in the main event, which was a handicap race, allowance of extra targets to shoot at. Sheldon, one of the scratch men, was high with 21 out of 25. The weather was bitterly cold, and there was a bright sun shining that made the snow dazzlingly white, throwing off a glare that was quite painful to the eyes. Scores were as follows:

Sheldon (0)	1111111111010111101110101	—20
Hammond (0)	0110110111111100011111111	—19
G Cann (7)	0101100001011111100110101111O011	—19
Nisbet (5)	1111101110100011011100000011100	—17
Staniels (5)	0010101101001101100101111100111	—17
Mooney (0)	1111111110110011001101001	—16
A Hawkins (0)	0111111110010110101110010	—16
Badmington (5)	1000111101010101000011001l000	—14
Woodworth (3)	0100111010110101110101000010	—14
Latham (7)	1110010000030000101010011110011	—13
Adams (7)	0000010000001000010010100100100l	— 8
Whitaker (0)	0110011100100000000010000	— 7
Bates (0)	0100001000000101000101000	—
H Horton (7)	0000001000010000000000000w	

ON LONG ISLAND.

WORK AND KNAPP TIED.

Dec 30.—George Work and J. P. Knapp shot a tie race to-day on the grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club, at Babylon. These two prominent amateurs have met many times during the past two seasons, and the honors have more frequently fallen to Knapp than to Work. Work, however, has been doing some great shooting of late, and was the favorite in to-day's race. The scores made were not phenomenal, but it must be remembered that the boundary was only 30yds., the old Westminster Kennel Club's boundary of 50yds. having been brought in 20yds. There was no wind to help the birds, so naturally one would have looked for the 90 mark to have been reached, notwithstanding the small boundary. As it was, the best the shooters could do was 87 each, both losing their birds in the 87th round and then running out with "13 unfinished." Work had 6 birds fall dead out of bounds; Knapp is credited with 3. At the end of the 50th round Knapp was leading by 2 birds, but at the end of the 56th round the totals were a tie. Out of the next 19 rounds each man lost 2, the totals being still a tie at the three-quarter mark. Eleven straight was then recorded for each shooter. In the next round, the 87th, Work's bird fell dead out of bounds; Knapp did not take advantage of the slip, as he also lost his bird in the same round. Both then killed straight to the end, the race resulting in a tie, as stated above. The high runs were: Work 24, 13, 12, 12 and 10; Knapp 18, 14, 13. Scores were.

George Work (30).....22•2212122122211•110122••2 - 20
•220(22200222222222202222222— 20
2222322202202222222222222 - 23
22222222222•22222222222222—24—87

J P Knapp (30).....022220212210122220?2•1222—20
22222002222222222227•222- 22
227•202222022222202222222—21
22222222222202222222222222—24—87

After the match some miss-and-outs, $5 entrance, were decided. Watrous shot well, scoring his first 21 birds, and dividing the first 4 sweeps. Scores in these events were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Watrous	3	2	5	8	3	4	Edey	2	0	5	4	2	..
Mackay	0	2	3	3	3	2	Knapp	.	.	.	1	.	.
Col Butler	0	1	1	8	5	4	Work	.	.	.	7	0	.
Stafford	2	1	4	2	5	3							

THE ELLIOTT FULFORD MATCH.

Dec. 31.—The season of 1896 was brought to a fitting close at Dexter Park to-day. Elliott and Fulford, two old-time rivals at the trap, and both of them corking good shots, shot a race to-day on the above grounds for $100 a side and the Kansas City *Star* cup, won recently by Elliott from J. C Riley, of Kansas City. Everybody knows Jim Elliott, and everybody knows E. D. Fulford, and as a natural consequence there was more than the usual amount of interest evinced in the outcome of this match. There was no betting—there very seldom is nowadays—and so much the better for the sport. There was, however, that comfortable feeling that both men were trying to win.

The day was as lovely a day as we have ever experienced at this time of the year. It was cloudless overhead, a bright sun shining, with the thermometer somewhere in the neighborhood of the 40 mark. With 3 or 4in. of snow on the ground, it is unnecessary to state that under foot things were decidedly sloppy. Scarcely a breath of wind stirred the flag that hung limply from the flagstaff at Dexter Park; occasionally it would try to straighten out, but when it did so the breeze did not come from the right direction; what there was of it came from the northeast, but there was not enough to take into account when figuring on the quality of the birds. Of the birds, we can only say that they were a clean lot to look at; the big majority of them were all blue, and small of size and clean of wing. It seemed to us that their tails were trimmed decidedly too close to make them feel all right when trying to rise quickly from the ground. In damp weather, and when a bird's tail is wet and dirty, it is all very well to trim them a bit, but bobtailed birds can't fly like birds that have a good portion of their tails to guide them. As flyers, to-day's lot were more than fair, when it is taken into consideration that there was no wind to aid them. Many of them were excellent birds, but it is no discredit to Mr. Lippack to say that we have seen far faster birds on his grounds. He did his best, and had procured good birds, but everything was against them. As a matter of fact, Elliott had only 18 that showed any incoming tendency, while Fulford's score shows just 23.

With two such men at the score it does not take long to arrange preliminaries. Ed Taylor, of Laflin & Rand Powder Company, was chosen referee, while Aaron Woodruff, of Elizabeth, acted as trap-puller. Major J. M. Taylor, of the *American Field*, and the representative of FOREST AND STREAM acted as official scorers. Ferd. Van Dyke looked after his side partner, Jim Elliott; Gus. E. Greiff, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, watched Fulford's interests.

HOW THE MATCH WAS SHOT.

The match was set for 1 P. M. prompt, and it was only thirteen minutes after that hour when Elliott stepped to the score, having won the toss, and killed his bird, a good one from No. 4 trap and an exact counterpart of the bird he lost in the first round at Trenton, N. J., on Dec. 3. After killing his bird Jim remarked, "There's one first bird I haven't lost," referring to a very usual habit of his of losing his first bird in a match. Fulford drew an easy one for his 1st, but lost his 2d bird, dead just halfway between the 50yds. and 80yds. boundary stakes. Elliott's 5th bird had to be flagged to make it get up and scoot. Fulford in the same round had a flipper from No. 2 trap that circled to the right, being apparently untouched with the first, lighting on the ground near No. 5 trap; the second shell did its work. Elliott's 7th was a good fast twister, not fast enough, however, to get away. Fulford's 9th was a chocolate-colored bird that loitered on the trap, but did not need the scare rope. When it started there was nothing hard about it; at least E. D. didn't let it get hard. Fulford's 15th was an extra fast bird, well killed. In the 16th round Elliott had to shoot at two birds, his first being shot on the ground. In the 17th round Fulford lost another bird dead out of bounds; it was an incomer that fell just over the dead line. Elliott's 2 'd bird was scored with an excellent shot with the second shell, the kill calling forth the first applause from the spectators. At the end of the 25th round the scores stood: Elliott 25 Fulford 23.

THE SECOND TWENTY-FIVE.

The second 25 saw Fulford fall still further in the rear, Elliott losing only one bird to his three. Elliott's 26th and 27th were both fast birds, the 27th being a right-quartering driver that towered, the second shell again doing good work in closing up the bird when it looked likely to get away altogether. In the 28th round each man drew an exactly similar bird from the same trap, No. 2, both fast drivers. Fulford's 29th was a fast, low-flying bird that was neatly centered with both barrels. In the 30th round Elliott scored his first loss; the bird was an easy one, and it seemed almost unaccountable how it came to go out of bounds; it just reached the roof of the club house and fell over stone dead. This loss put Fulford only one behind, and his stock took a rise when he made a great second-barrel stop of a chocolate-colored bird that went straight away from the traps, towering as it gained speed. His kill of this bird was generously applauded.

Fulford lost another bird in the 34th round, just such a bird as anyone is likely to miss. The pigeon was a white one with lots of slate color about it; it left No. 2 trap slowly, then flipped to the right just as the first barrel was fired, jumping clear out of the load, and straightened out for the fence; Fulford seemed a long time in locating it again, and the second did it no harm apparently. Elliott's 35th was a right quarterer from No. 4 that seemed to be missed clean with the first; the second shell made up for all deficiencies, the charge of shot centering it and causing the bird to fall in a heap. In the 38th round Elliott drew No. 2 trap and the bird sat for awhile; Jim had just gotten the word "No—" out of his lips, intending to call no bird, the bird jumping as he started to call it. He scored it all right and saved the referee any trouble that might have arisen over his not shooting at it. In the 40th round he had another no bird, called this time by the referee, who saw that the bird could not fly (Billy Mills caught it when he went out to put another in the empty trap). After this "no bird" Jim drew a rattling good one from No. 5 trap. Fulford in the 43d round shot a bird on the ground and had to take another, scoring it. In the next round he lost a towering right-quartering driver from No. 2 trap; the bird was not hit very hard with the first barrel; the second centered it nicely, but the bird drifted out of bounds before reaching the ground. This piece of ill luck again befell him in the 46th round, Fulford waiting a long time with his second on a fast bird. In the 48th round both men scored good kills; Elliott's bird was a towering right-quartering driver from No. 4, he hit it lightly with his first load, but centered it well with the second. The score at the halfway mark was Elliott 49, Fulford 45.

THE THIRD TWENTY-FIVE.

In the third series of 25 birds Elliott gained three birds on Fulford, making his total 73 to 66 at the end of the 75th round, a great gait and a commanding lead. In the 54th and 58th rounds Elliott experienced a couple of slices of good luck. In the 54th round he hit his bird, a circling right-quarterer from No. 3, with both loads, but the pigeon would never have been scored had it not been for the 2ft. wire fence that marked the boundary; the bird flew wobbling over the ground, bringing up against the fence; with an open boundary it would surely have gone over. His 58th, a chocolate-colored bird, performed an almost similar feat, the wire alone stopping it from going out. His 70th was a fast bird; it was hit hard with both loads, coming almost to the ground; it then flew for the boundary, just clearing the fence. At the end of the 75th round Elliott had made the great record of 73 kills, with two dead out. And these 75 birds were not all duffers by any means.

Fulford lost his 52d bird, a strong bluerock, that carried away enough of the shot sent after it to cause it to come to the ground over the boundary fence. His 59th bird was from No. 2 trap, and is marked on the score as a hoverer; the decision of the referee on this bird was eminently proper judging from the position we saw the bird in from where we were doing the scoring. His 67th was an extra fast bird, well killed. His 71st was also a fast bird and was an excusable miss. It was on his 72d bird that we think he made the poorest shot of the day; this bird was a big blue one that left No. 1 trap quite fast, quartered directly across the traps, and was allowed to go scot free, Fulford palpably failing to appreciate the bird's speed and shooting behind it both times. These two consecutive misses, with the loss of another easy bird in the 75th round, placed the issue of the match beyond all doubt.

THE LAST QUARTER.

In the last series of 25 birds Fulford did some good work, accounting for 24 of them, his single lost bird, his 89th, falling dead out of bounds. His 91st was scored with a great second-barrel kill that called forth applause; his 97th was also a good piece of work, the second barrel being used very effectively on a fast bird that circled out to the left from No. 2 trap. Elliott had some good birds in his last 25. The 86th was a fast driver that was hit hard with both barrels; on receiving the second barrel it turned and came back to the score, falling on the roof of a house outside the grounds, a boy retrieving it a few minutes later. His 91st and 94th both fell dead out of bounds, the 94th actually breaking its wing while flying, and coming down just outside the 50yds. boundary. On both these birds, and also on his 93d (another lost bird), he seemed to dwell a long time with his second load, apparently trying to show what long "second-barrel kills he could make with his pump!" With four single shells he scored his 96th-99th birds inclusive—just to show that he did not need his second all the time. The double figure runs were: Elliott 39, 29 and 15; Fulford 18, 16, 14, 13 and 11.

The match was brought to a close at 3:12, one minute less than two hours for the 200 birds. The times per 50 birds were: 1st, 27 minutes; 2d, 30 minutes; 3d, 30 minutes; 4th, 32 minutes.

HOW THE TRAPS WERE PULLED.

The way the traps fell to each shooter was as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Elliott	18	23	17	23	19	100
Fulford	22	25	21	25	7	100
	40	48	38	48	26	200

The failure of No. 5 trap to turn up for Fulford is something unusual. He shot at 39 birds before he got a single bird from No. 5 trap. He had No. 5 trap again in the 48th round; he then shot at 42 more birds before No. 5 trap was once more sprung for him. Thus out of ninety times that he went to the score and called "Pull" No. 5 came to him just twice.

GUNS AND LOADS.

Elliott shot his Winchester repeating shotgun, Winchester factory-loaded ammunition, Leader shell, 4½grs. E. C. powder, 1¼oz. of 7½ chilled.

Fulford shot his new Greener, U. M. C. trap shells, with 50grs. Schultze and 1¼oz. of 7 chilled (his shells were loaded by himself). In regard to Fulford's load it did not seem to us as if the load suited his gun; some of the patterns made by the shot on the snow when the birds fell anywhere over 35yds. from the score were frequently wild.

Billy Mills and his brother did the trapping; that their work was done speedily is shown by the time taken to shoot the match. In regard to the referee's work, it was all as it should have been. We prefer a referee who makes a man shoot at another bird unless there is no question as to its being in the air at the time the shot was fired. Mr. Taylor may have seemed to be a little severe at times, but we think his decisions were entirely just and proper; in short, his work was refreshing.

SCORES IN DETAIL.

The scores in detail, showing trap, flight of bird and result of each shot follow:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

4 1 3 1 2 2 2 2 4 3 1 2 4 2 5 5 2 3 3 2 5 3 4 2 5
↗↖↑↙←→↖→←↗↙↗↑↗↘↖↖↑↗→↗←↗
J A R Elliott..2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

3 2 2 2 5 4 2 4 3 4 4 5 2 1 5 4 1 1 3 3 2 1 3 4 1
↗↗↑↰↘↙↘↗↖↑→↘↰↖↑↑↗↑↙↗→↑↙↗↖
2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

5 1 5 3 3 4 5 4 4 1 5 2 5 1 2 4 5 4 1 3 1 3 4 5 4
↗↙→↗↖↑↑→↑→→←←↙↗↓↖↑↘→↗→↖↘↖
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2—24

1 3 2 1 4 2 5 5 4 2 4 2 4 3 2 1 1 5 1 5 5 4 3 4 2
←↙→↙←→↗→↗↓↑↗→↰H↗→↗↖↑→↗→↗↗
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 • 2 0 • 2 1 1 1 1 2—21—94

3 2 2 1 2 4 3 4 2 4 1 4 1 3 4 4 1 4 1 4 1 4 3 3 4 3 3
↘↗→↗↙↙→H↖↖→↓↗↑→↓→↗↗↗↘→↙↖
E D Fulford...2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

4 1 2 1 3 3 3 2 2 3 3 2 4 3 5 1 2 4 2 2 3 1 5 4 2
→→↑↗↑↖↑←↗←↗↗←↙↗↙↘→↗↗↗↙→↑↖
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 • 2 2 2 2—22

1 3 4 2 4 4 4 2 2 2 1 2 1 3 1 2 3 4 1 4 4 1 3 1 4
←↗↗↙↗↑↙↑H↖↙H↗←↙↗↖↖↙↖↗→↖↑↙
2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 0—21

4 4 1 2 2 2 4 3 1 1 1 3 2 1 2 5 3 5 5 5 1 2 5 4 2
↑↘↑←↑→→↙↑↙↙↙↑↖↖↗↗↑↙←H↰→→↗
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—24—90

EDWARD BANKS.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Jan. 1.—The New Utrecht Gun Club's Holiday cup is now the property of C. W. Floyd, a member of that club. Up to to-day Floyd and T. W. Morfey each had two wins to his credit. The late C. W. Coulston had also been a winner twice. Morfey did not put in an appearance this afternoon at Dexter Park, and Floyd scoring the only 10 straight made his wins three in number, this entitling him to the ownership of the cup. The list of shooters who shot along as guests of the club was a large one; among the number was Jim Elliott, who yesterday defeated Fulford in a 100-bird race on these grounds.

Holiday cup:

C W Floyd (A, 29)	2222222222—10	J A R Elliott	2222•22222— 9
Schortemeier (A. 29)	22222022 2— 9	H Otten	2111111022— 9
C M Meyer (A, 29)	222222•222— 9	W Sands	220222•222— 8
W H Lair (A, 29)	10 22 2 20— 8	Dr Hudson	2121021120— 8
J A Bennett (B, 29)	22121•222 — 9	O Mulcahey	1011122102— 8
H Fessenden (B, 29)	122222202•— 8	R Packard	220222202•— 7
J N Meyer (B, 29)	200 222 20— 6	W H Thompson	2•222 0102— 7
F Thompson (B, 2)	22'0 020.0— 6	T Bassford	02112111••— 7
Guests:		Dr Richter	0010221•10— 5
C Steffens	22222'2122—10	E Weiss	0021102•20— 5
D Ma zen	2111222212—10	E Kuhneman	2202002222— 5

Sweeps were shot as below, the Rose system being used in dividing the purses:

No. 1, 5 birds, $3 entrance; all 30yds.—Steffens 5, Lewis 4, Floyd 4, F. A. Thompson 3, Otten 3, Bennett 3, Packard 2

No. 2, same conditions—Lewis 5, Bennett 5, Thompson 4, Otten 4, Clark 4, Steffens 3, Floyd 3, Packard 3, Sands 3, Bassford 3.

No. 3, same conditions—Lewis 5, Steffens 5, Clark 5, F. A. Thompson 4, Floyd 4, Packard 4, Bennett 4, Sands 4, W. H. Thompson 4, Dr. Hudson 4, Otten 3, Fessenden 3, Bassford 2.

Jan. 2.—The target season for 1897 was opened by the New Utrecht Gun Club at its Dyker Meadow grounds this afternoon. The club handicaps not being ready, everybody shot from scratch. Donley Deacon was top scorer in the club event, with 23 out of 25 at known traps and angles. Scores:

D Deacon	1111101111111111111111101 -23
Dr O'Brien	1101111011110.11110!111—21
Dr G E Pool	111110111101111100111111 -21
J Gaughen	0111111011111111101111110—21
C Furgueson	1111'0.1101111110111111101—21
J A Bennett	1111101101110110011011110 -18
Conny Furgueson	11111101.0101111101010.1010—17
C C Fleet	1001100111110011101110100—15
H M Furgueson	0010000100011100000001000 - 6

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT THE KENNEL CLUB.

Jan. 1.—The Westminster Kennel Club's annual shoot on New Year's Day has always been one of the shooting features in the vicinity of New York. To-day's shoot was probably the largest ever held on these grounds. There were 34 entries in the main event, a large number to handle on any grounds, but the Kennel Club is so well fixed in the matter of accommodation that, although the shooting house was a little crowded, it was never uncomfortably so. The conditions of the main event were as follows: Unlimited number of birds, $10 entrance, handicap rise from 26 to 31yds.; 29yds. and back, miss-and-out; 27 and 28yds., two misses out; 26yds. and forward, three misses out. In addition to the purse the club gave a cup valued at $250.

The shoot was an invitation one, and invitations were extended to the members of the following clubs: Westchester Country Club, Larchmont Yacht Club, Philadelphia Gun Club, Riverton Gun Club, Carteret, Tuxedo and Morristown Country Club.

The result of the shoot was a popular win for H. S. Edey at the end of the 24th round. Mr. Edey lost his 16th bird, and then had to shoot out on even terms with G. S. McAlpin, one of the scratch men who is shooting just now in excellent form. McAlpin ran 23 straight before he dropped one, and lost the cup to Edey. The purse was said to have been divided at the end of the 9th round, the five men left in each taking an equal portion. After the cup race, a miss-and-out, $5 entrance, was shot. This event had 24 entries; the purse was divided between George Work and R. Toland, both of whom killed 11 straight. Col. Butler, who shot well up in the cup race, stayed in the miss-and-out until the 11th round, while H. K. Knapp ran 9 straight before falling out. Scores in these two events were as below:

	Cup shoot.	Miss-and-out.
H S Edey (27)	21222222211212201221212	.....
G S McAlpin (31)	22222222222222222222220	122220
Col Butler (29)	22 222122220	22112222110
E F Toland (28)	212211022220	20
E G Murphy (31)	222222 220	220
George Work (31)	22222220	22222222222
A T Sullivan (27)	221111200	.....
A Merten (27)	10212210	.....
F P Magoun (27)	22202120	0
W C Floyd Jones (29)	2212110	10
W S Edey (29)	2212110	20
J S Page (29)	22220	0
S K de Forest (27)	220010	20
H S Redmond (27)	02210	0
G Green (26)	2220020	20
T W Thorne (27)	101110	.....
F O Beach (27)	2220	0
D J Bradley (29)	2220	.....
M L Parrish (28)	22200	.....
H K Knapp (27)	22010	2221112120
F G Moore (30)	2220	22220
R Toland (28)	0210	22222121212
R McCook (27)	2020	.....
W W Watrous (29)	220	22220
L Q Jones (28)	010	.....
J C Patterson (27)	200	.....
T S Patten (27)	200	220
G B Magoun (28)	200	0
C Dolan (29)	10	22222220
B R Kittridge (29)	20	22220
J B Ellison (29)	0	20
J P Knapp (31)	0	220
W H Stafford (29)	0	212220
N Simpkins (29)	0	.....

BUTLER AND STAFFORD DEFEAT WORK AND KNAPP.

Jan. 2.—After a dark horse had won the cup on New Year's Day at the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, a second surprise was sprung on the local amateurs by the victory of Butler and Stafford in a team race against the cracks, Work and Knapp.

The conditions of the race were: 100 birds per man; Work and Knapp at 30yds.; Butler and Stafford at 28yds. Butler shot well all through the race and made the high score of the match—86. At no time was his work ragged, although he lost his 91st, 93d and 95th birds in rapid succession at the finish of the match. At one time the non-favorites led by 11 birds, but the match was finally only won by two birds. Stafford's best work was done in the third string of 25; after losing his 29th and 30th birds, he pulled himself together and scored 19 straight. Work and Knapp were both out of all form, and neither could make more than 39 out of their first 50 birds. Knapp managed to score 44 out of his last 50, but 42 was the best Work could do.

The double-figure runs were as follows: Butler 21 and 11, Stafford 19 and 10, Knapp 19, 18 and 12, Work 14, 12, 12 and 11. The scores were:

Col Butler (28)	12222211112212112212201 02—23	
	1112•2110122111012211212—22	
	22011221122012201110210—20	
	212111•12112211•202022219—21—86	
W H Stafford (28)	22222111210222202022202222—21	
	12200222222222222211222220—22	
	•0•22222022220202201021 11—17	
	112222•2222•2202201222 2•—20—80	
		166
J P Knapp (30)	22222221•002222•222202222—20	
	22222222222222002202030 20—19	
	22222221121 2•22120220221 2—22	
	2•202222220212121222222202—22	83
George Work (30)	00222221220•2222.22212220—20	
	•22222122122012222020200 2—19	
	22220222•1•22220222212222—21	
	22222012221221212202 20•22—21—81	
		164

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Its Limited Train Service South.

IN private life one would be considered egotistical, or perhaps a little daft, to exploit one's beautiful home, its trimmings and adornments, its private suits and perfect lavatory and toilet accompaniments, its handsome parlors and drawing-rooms, or the exquisite completeness of its culinary department. Among the polite set such would indeed be thought vulgar, but with hotels or railway trains, which are public conveniences, the restriction is quite removed. In fact, when one is to select a hotel or apartments for several hours' continued occupancy, sharp discrimination is not only excusable, but essential; and for this reason the railways endeavor in their descriptive literature to furnish the opportunity for such discrimination. Preparatory to a trip, those are the conditions to be considered, and the Southern Railway, "Piedmont Air Line," enjoy the opportunity of presenting the faultless attainments of their "Flying Caravansaries," the Washington and Southwestern vestibuled limited trains between New York, Atlanta, New Orleans, Memphis, Augusta, Asheville, St. Augustine, Tampa, Savannah, Jacksonville, as possessing every requisite.

They are indeed palace hotels on wheels. Commencing Jan. 18, another limited train known as the New York and Florida Limited will be resumed, and will leave New York daily, except Sunday, at 12:10 noon, reaching Jacksonville following afternoon at 3:30 P. M., and St. Augustine one hour later, 4:30 P. M.

The new Limited to Florida will represent the Pennsylvania, Southern Railway, F. C. & P., and Florida East Coast Line. It is beyond comparison what tyifies speed on land or water. The train is strictly Pullman Vestibuled, composed of composite dining, compartment, drawing-room, sleeping car and observation car. Those who contemplate visiting the Sunny South can get complete information by addressing New York Office of the Southern Railway, 271 Broadway. —*Adv.*

TAKE the magnificent North Shore Limited of the New York Central for Chicago and the West.—*Adv.*

THE Empire State Express of the New York Central is the fastest and most famous train in the world.—*Adv.*

Calendars.

MARINE engineers can obtain one of the handsomest calendars ever published by addressing the Roberts Safety Water Tube Boiler Co., 41 Cortlandt street, New York, and giving their full names and addresses, together with the name of the last vessel on which they were employed.—*Adv.*

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE Co., Cincinnati, O., publish a striking calendar, 14×26in in size, illustrating "A Portage in the Adirondacks," which will be sent on receipt of 20 cents for postage and mailing. The game laws for the various States are given on this calendar.—*Adv.*

THE WINCHESTER CALENDAR for 1897 has two good hunting pictures by Frost, one an Eastern and the other a Western subject. The first shows a bob cat that has been surprised by a sportsman while feeding on a rabbit, and is entitled "An Interrupted Meal;" while the other, called "A Chance Shot," depicts a dismounted horseman in the act of firing at one of two deer whose heads just appear above the hillside.—*Adv.*

SPRATTS PATENT, Ltd., 245 East Fifty-sixth street, New York, send for a 2-cent stamp an annual calendar with pictures and points about dogs, birds, etc. Mention FOREST AND STREAM.—*Adv.*

THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE Co. publishes its usual artistic calendar. This year the subject of the illustration is a scout's dash for life from the redskins, and is entitled "Saving his Scalp."—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 3. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

Jacksnipe Coming In. "He's Got Them" (Quail Shooting). Vigilant and Valkyrie. Bass Fishing at Block Island.

The plates are for frames 14x19 in. They are done in twelve colors, and are rich in effect. They are furnished to old or new subscribers on the following terms:

Forest and Stream *one year and the set of four pictures*, **$5.**
Forest and Stream *6 months and any two of the pictures*, **$3.**
Price of the pictures alone, $1.50 each; $5 for the set.

Remit by express money order or postal money order. Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

It has so happened that all the public services that I have rendered in the world in my day and generation have been connected with the general government. I think I ought to make an exception. I was ten days a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and I turned my thoughts to the search of some good object in which I could be useful in that position, and after much reflection I introduced a bill which, with the consent of both houses of the Legislature, passed into a law and is now a law of the State, which enacts that no man in the State shall catch trout in any manner than in the old way, with an ordinary hook and line.

Daniel Webster.

FAILURE OF THE SHAFROTH BILL.

THE failure of the Shafroth bill to pass the House of Representatives need not greatly discourage any friend of forest preservation, and indeed will gratify those who are familiar with the conditions which prevail in the forests of the West.

The measure, though introduced from the best of motives, was hopelessly inadequate for two reasons. It carried no appropriation, and so its provisions could not have been enforced; while even if they had been enforced, the lanes authorized to be cut through the forest would prove no barrier to the advance of a fire raging in pine timber and carried forward by the wind.

The bill authorized the Secretary of the Interior to have lanes about 1,000 feet in width cut through any forests on the public domain, at intervals of from five to ten miles. The timber on these lanes the Secretary was to offer for sale at public auction, the buyer to agree to clear the lanes and remove the timber. If the value of the timber was not sufficient to pay for the clearing of the lane, bids for clearing it might be accepted by the Secretary.

Much has been written concerning the fierceness and swiftness with which fire burns and runs in pine timber, for to say nothing of the forest fires in the far West, there have been of late years frequent and appalling examples of their terrible destructiveness in the forests of Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin. It is perfectly well known that such fires often proceed by long leaps, that the air is filled with burning brands, cinders and sparks, which are carried for miles, and that the actual flames are preceded by gusts of air so fiercely hot that they utterly blast and destroy every living thing in their path and cause dry wood or vegetation at once to burst into flame. To such fires a lane 1,000 feet wide would prove no barrier.

But even if such a lane should stop the progress of a fire raging among standing timbers, there are other things to be taken into account. In such a lane, after the timber had been removed, there would be left a mass of twigs, branches and tops of trees which would soon dry out and would carry the fire along the ground, not quite so rapidly as it would travel among the tree tops, but not less certainly. This great brush pile, dry, resinous and intertwined with the dead weeds, grass and vines which would at once spring up in it, would be a constant menace to the forests. It would be impossible to clear away all this material, and to keep it cleared, without the continued employment of a large force of men.

Even if it were kept clear, the underlying forest floor itself carries the fire, not only on its surface, but also by devious and hidden ways. This forest floor is made up of the decayed and decaying leaves, cones, branches, stumps and roots of the pine, all these full of resin, and waiting only the touch of a spark to burn. Sometimes a root fiber, ignited, may smoulder for days, traveling underground, unseen and unsuspected, until it again reaches the surface many feet away. Now, if by a breeze it is blown into flame, it soon gathers headway and a fire is started.

Lanes such as proposed might in certain localities be useful aids in fire fighting, but of themselves they can accomplish nothing. To receive public approval some more comprehensive scheme of forest protection than this must be devised. Such a plan may be hoped for from the forestry commission nominated last year by the National Academy of Science at the request of the President. Pending the advancement of such a plan and the legislation required to put it in operation, authority should be given to the Secretary of the Interior to call on the War Department for details of troops to do police duty in the various forest reservations. Such duty is now performed by United States troops in some of the national parks, and the success in protecting the forests achieved by Capt. George I. Anderson, Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park, and by other officers in other localities, furnishes evidence of what may be done by this method of protection, which certainly ought to be considered by the Government authorities.

The one discouraging matter connected with the vote on this bill is the small attendance and lack of apparent interest in the subject. Only fifty-three persons voted on the bill. This shows an apathy among Congressmen on an important subject which does not promise much for wise forestry legislation in the near future.

STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

THE sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons.—*Forest and Stream Platform Plank.*

In that declaration we may have been in advance of public conviction in this country, but every day is bringing renewed evidence that sentiment is rapidly making in support of the principle involved. It is recognized more and more clearly that the one great agency that is depleting our game supply and making barren the covers is the continued and relentless industry of the market shooter. The tendency of new legislation is in the direction of limiting traffic in game, and thus it is approaching more or less closely to what must be the ultimate expedient, the absolute prohibition of the sale of game at all times.

In Michigan it is proposed to change the law this session to prohibit absolutely the sale of game. In Tennessee an effort is making to incorporate into the law a provision which forbids the export of game to market. We published last week a note from Broome county in this State, proposing an organization of a five-county league for the purpose of furthering the enforcement of the law which now prevails against the transportation of ruffed grouse, and it was pointed out that the law as it now stands is ineffectual because it permits the transportation of an unlimited number of birds if they are accompanied by the owner. The way is thus opened for dealers to gather immense quantities of ruffed grouse, which because of the size of the shipment they can afford to accompany to market, yet thus comply with the letter of the statute. A remedy for this abuse might be easily found by adopting such a limitation as that one which is found in the laws of some States restricting the number of birds which any one individual may transport at one time. It is generally recognized in the counties named that the great bulk of the game is killed by a few individuals who pursue it incessantly in season for sale. A provision limiting the number one person could accompany would effectually cut off this traffic.

We believe that the State Association of New York can do no more important service this winter than to strive for the making of a public sentiment which shall compel the Legislature to rescind section 349 of the game law, which now permits the sale of game at all seasons. So long as the New York market is open for the reception of game the game will come to it, both in season and out of season, and not only from other States, but from New York covers as well.

At a meeting in St. Paul the other day, attended by the fish and game wardens of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, plans were discussed for providing for the States of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, and possibly North and South Dakota, a uniform code of laws. The purpose of the meeting, as declared by Mr. Chase S. Osborn, State Game and Fish Warden of Michigan, was to consider the protection of game purely from the economic standpoint. The sooner the economic aspect of game has full recognition, the sooner shall we have efficient laws to secure to the community the economic advantages which come from wise game laws honestly enforced. As we have pointed out, the game laws properly have nothing to do with sentiment; their purpose is to maintain the supply. Any community, whether it be a village or a commonwealth, which in this age of the world ignores the economic value of its game and fish resources, is either careless or benighted, and of the two conditions there is small choice.

This is true in Massachusetts, and it is quite as true in Texas. The Massachusetts Legislature has repeatedly been bamboozled by spurious pleas in behalf of the "farmer's boy" who ought to have the paltry privilege of trapping partridges on the old farm. The real "farmer's boy" who wants to trap partridges is a husky youth of forty years, who, though living in a civilized community, is averse to earning his living by civilized methods, but prefers the less arduous recourse of snaring birds to sell. Multiply the individual Massachusetts snarer into a horde and we have the Texas contingent of quail netters, who have been scooping in the game by the barrelful and carload, until at last the citizens of the State have come to a realizing sense of the ruin which has been wrought, and now in the person of the members of the State Sportsmen's Association are determined upon a reform. It all ends in the one and only effectual system: Stop the sale of game.

SOCKEYES, AUHUHU AND TROUSERS.

AMERICAN species of fish for stocking foreign waters have been carried successfully as far as New Zealand; and there appears to be in the distance involved no obstacle to the success of the enterprise now making of introducing fish from this continent into the waters of the Sandwich Islands. A press dispatch from Montreal to the *Evening Post*, of this city, last Monday, reported that on the steamship Miowera, which left Vancouver, B. C., on Saturday for Honolulu, 80,000 young sockeye salmon were shipped from the Dominion Government hatchery at Bonaccord, on the Fraser River, in response to a request from the Hawaiian Government, backed by the personal application of Mr. Armstrong, of Honolulu, to the Minister of Fisheries at Ottawa The shipment is made with a view of ascertaining whether British Columbian salmon can be acclimatized in the rivers of the Hawaiian Islands.

If the sockeye shall be established, it is to be hoped that such of the native fishermen as come of old Island family may not feel obliged to take their fish in the American fashion, for the way of their fathers was much more picturesque and exciting, and therefore vastly more sportsmanlike. When a Hawaiian was bent on having fish for supper, he dived down into the depths of the sea and placed among the stones of the bottom a plant called *auhuhu*, which possesses the property of intoxicating fish. Then as his victim floundered about and pursued the aimless, erratic and stupid course of a fish full of *auhuhu*, the fisherman swam and dived after it; and witless of bob, hook or sinker, took his fish by hand, and if it was a big one wrestled with it manfully until he got it ashore. But this was in the good old days when the Islanders, untrammeled by dress, were famous experts in diving and swimming. They were then in fact amphibious, equally at home on the land or in the surf. The Hawaiians of the present generation, being hampered by clothing, are less given to exercise in the natatorial art; they have lost that marvelous dexterity in the water at which the visiting white men used to wonder; and it may be that even if they should be ambitious to pursue the sockeye in its own element, after the fashion of their grandfathers, they would lack the skill were they never so lavish of the fish befuddling *auhuhu*. It may even come to pass as a phenomenon of the civilized Hawaiian Islands that a degenerate scion of this dusky race—whose agile ancestor thought nothing of casting himself from a rocky height into the sea, pouncing upon his prey as a fish hawk out of the air—may rig himself out in waterproof wading trousers to keep himself dry while he fishes. And in the Hawaiian sportsmen's journals—for no race is ever truly civilized until it has its literature of the forests and the streams—the "rubber pants" angler may deride the naked fishermen of old and inveigh against their ancient diving and grabbing exploits as the ignoble and pot-fishing expedients of an untutored, untrousered and unsportsmanlike race of barbarians. In such wise does the pernicious custom of wearing clothes beget at once irreverence for ancestral ways and degeneracy of fishing methods.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DUCKING IN GREAT SOUTH BAY.

ALTHOUGH the aristocratic canvasback and redhead are now rarely, if ever, found in Great South Bay, the average sportsman, if he be enthusiastic and not too fastidious, can secure good sport there. When the conditions are favorable, which means, in the bayman's vernacular, "whan ther win' 's p'intin' right," broadbill and brant swarm on the flats and the festive coot and "old mammy" are at their juiciest in its waters. Doubtless I have seen wildfowlers who, after bagging dozens of the two last-mentioned tidbits of the wave, have turned up their noses and called their luck "tough." But let us be reasonable. There is an old English saying, "When all fruit fails welcome haws." Besides, can there be a more appropriate gift for an over-importunate rural family, with insatiable palates for anything gamy, than a brace of succulent "old mammies"? If they look dark and doubtful afterward (I mean, of course, the family), let the giver look puzzled in return, shake his head, and say it was "all in the cookin'," which is sometimes the trouble with woodcock.

The fall of '95 was, as is well known, a banner one for sportsmen in Great South Bay. And so it came to pass that a party of four of us went down in November to try our luck. My friend Harold was one—as fine, generous and whole-souled a fellow as ever walked on corns or missed a ruffed grouse. He was then and is now deeply interested in foreign missions, and has since, because of his eminent fitness for the position, been appointed chaplain of his lodge. Only one unpardonable sin has he been guilty of to my knowledge. He went forth on the trail of the ruffed grouse in Sullivan county, New York, on a memorable day in '94, dressed in patent leathers, a fashionable dark blue overcoat reaching to his heels, and a canary-colored yachting cap. But, as Rudyard is fond of putting it, that is another story. Many a jolly trip we've made together, and long may he live to win his traveling expenses from the writer at penny ante.

Then there was Frank, an all-round good fellow and excellent shot, who knew more about wildfowling than all the rest of us put together. Frank's great weakness was potatoes. He was never seen to eat a meal without them. Give him half a bushel of 'em, a peck of Spanish onions, and all the fat pork he could get his hands on, and he 'd cook you a dish that would leave your stomach on your hands, and *vice versa*, for a week. The third member of our party was Schnupps, a protuberant Dutchman. Schnupps had evidently been brought up on the bottle, and retained a lingering fondness which gave grave cause to doubt he had ever been weaned. As we had picked him up merely to round out the party, he was not in touch with us, so to speak. He was, in fact, a dummy; or to be exact, considering his favorite posture during the trip, a lay figure who paid one-fourth of the expenses. Fourth and last came the writer, whose faults and peculiarities, if indeed he have any, shall be carefully concealed in this narrative.

Captain Funk, our good skipper, who knew Frank, and Sart, his mate and cook and crew all rolled into one, were standing on the dock to receive us, and a phosphorescent gleam stole into their weather eyes as a case of beer and some other bottled combustibles were trundled aboard. Funk was a typical bayman, rotund and ruddy, opinionated to the last ditch, and when crossed in his professional duties as unmanageable and hard to handle as a grand opera prima donna. Tnere was a waggish look in his eye, and he had an astonishing relish for a good joke —on somebody else.

"Waal, I swan! An' har' y' be!" howled the Captain, as if he were matched against a gale. "Glad ter see y' enny haow! Laow bridge!" he added warningly, as we huddled down the companionway of the Marie Louise. "Look aout fer yer heads, an' sit daown forrard. Saat!" he shouted to the mate, "put on Frank's 'taters, an' git the supper good 'n quick!"

"Yes, yes!" answered Sart, and he proceeded to pile up the narrow table that ran along the centerboard with steak and onions, fried potatoes, coffee, bread and butter, and "home-made" pie, of which we partook heartily, topping it all off with a rousing jorum of Arizona punch. A mild game of poker was then begun, after we had got into our shooting togs and made our traps ready for the morrow. We were happy, and we showed it. We were already bending to the breeze on our way to the shooting grounds and leaving the "madding crowd" behind. In imagination, at least, we could hear the ducks quacking outside, obligingly waiting to be shot, and our spirits rose with the ante. Schnupps had been taken immediately after supper with an attack of what he feelingly alluded to as "Gott! gramp golic," and it must be stated in justice that he gave a choice bottle of painkiller, which stood at his elbow, a fair and impartial trial. The medicinal properties of this palliative manifested themselves in so remarkable a manner that Schnupps soon had one leg over the centerboard and the other coiled lovingly about the mate's neck; and when he slapped the ace of diamonds on the table and insisted it was the deuce of hearts, our honorable instincts asserted themselves and we threw up our hands and turned in for the night.

But not for long. What with the continual glug, glug of the water against the boat, and the strangeness of the surroundings, we were all soon up again, except the Captain, swapping stories, looking for comets, and singing salt sea songs. The skipper's nasal solo disturbed our harmony, and we determined to have him out at any risk. Harold, who was assisting Frank peeling potatoes, jumped up and put the ship's chronometer forward from 1 to 3:30, and a well-aimed rubber boot did the rest, combined with our chorus of yells that it was past time to "fix out." The old sea dog crawled out of his bunk, growling like a mastiff. "Seems ter me I ain't had no nat'ral amaount er sleep yit. Half-past three, eh?" as he glanced at the clock. "Wal, haow's the win' a-pintin'?" and he floundered up on deck. The moment he stuck his nose among the stars he saw through it all.

"Be gol darned! I daon't see no sense inter bein' a pack er growed-up fools, nohaow!" he bellowed, after jumping down among us. "Saat, who sot thet clock forrard? Whan yer git me aout ag'in ter fix aout ducks 'll be rainin' laike blizzard!" and he tumbled into his cubby-hole in the bow.

But we did get him out nevertheless, about 4 o'clock, corrected time, and he and Sart set to work after a preliminary skirmish with Frank as to choice of locality. Frank wanted to anchor on Yellow Flats. "Yaller Flaats! Not by er jugful! Thar ain't er bird on Great South Bay as knaows enuff ter fly baoth wings ter onc't what ain't on Eel Pot Flaats right naow!"

There was no appeal from this and the Eel Pot Flats had the call. The battery, with its twin sink-boxes, is now got out, anchored in shallow water, and weighted down with pigs of lead and iron decoys until its overhanging leaves float horizontal on the surface. The stools are grouped about it and make a brave show as they dance and courtesy to the whistling of the morning breeze, which soon grows to a cutting wind, whipping and chopping the bay into spiteful little waves. The Fire Island light still blinks drowsily in the gray dawn, and the great round sun, a prophetic blood-red, rolls slowly and majestically above the horizon. Away toward the Fire Island shore a mighty sound, as of a million rustling wings, greets our ears. Look! a vast cloud rises from the bay and circles and wheels and circles again. The feathered denizens of the waves have left their watery beds, and as the god of day shoots his rays in among them, catching them on wing and breast, the black mass quickens and lightens into white and gold. Now and again a shot from a distant battery tells that the battle has already begun. After a sleepless night, warmly clothed though we were, we shook like the palsied parent in a Bowery melodrama; and our noses and gills were a pronounced duck-hunter's blue. Our indulgent friends, therefore, on both sides of the Atlantic, will not consider it an unpardonable breach of etiquette that Harold and I, when we stepped into our boxes to open the ball, proceeded first to open a modest flask which I accidentally found in my pistol pocket. Not so the Captain. He pounced upon the vial after the manner of an alderman upon a franchise.

"Yer daont take no demijohn aboard this baatry ef I knaow it! Yer can't shoot no ducks on rum!" and with that he tossed the flask 25yds. distant into the bay, and busied himself, head down, putting the finishing touches to the stools. Now, Harold has a wee bit o' hot Scotch temper, and 'tis not healthy to trifle wi' the bairn beyond a certain point. "Fetch back that bottle, Cap'n!" he cried, "we're no soaks," and I could see him draw his lips together and pull his cap rim down while he watched our only visible means of warmth float with the tide. But our skipper, who was now pulling away, heeded not. When he arrived opposite the derelict he suddenly made a sensational turn, picked it up, and put it in his face for a space of time that gave us an excellent idea of eternity.

"Yah! thar's good licker—put hair on yer elbows!" he gasped, smacking his lips, and broke into a roar of laughter that startled the ducks into midair for miles around, in which we joined on one side of the mouth only. Then, like the 600 at Balaklava, he rowed back, but not the same. "Thar y' be," said he, with a grin, and jerked the now half empty receptacle to Harold; "hain't enuff into her naow ter keep fr'm shootin' stret, eh? Ha, ha! Lay daown baoth an' make fur fly!" My comrade looked immensely relieved, and it has struck me since that he feared the insidious poison might have drifted to the shore of some South Sea island and demoralized the dusky inhabitants, whose spiritual welfare has ever been his constant solicitude.

Be that as it may, the birds were now flying thick and fast, so we stretched flat on our backs, gazing wistfully at the zenith and waited. We had pig-lead pillows. It was my first experience in a sink box, and my shoulder blades being anything but retiring, I soon reached a degree of misery that induced me to breathe language that could only have been the result of extreme nervousness. The back of my neck began to petrify, and my thoughts wandered on such remote subjects as the honest, hot old yule logs of bygone days and the Chicago fire. Harold was just out of sight in his box, but I could hear his teeth clatter, and presently he hissed between clatters: "Here they c-come! Here they c-come! K-keep down!" "Wh-where? Wh-where?" I hissed back and sat bolt upright, scanning the horizon through hazy spectacles, but could see nothing with feathers on. Oh! it was delightful to sit up for a moment and get off my ear. "Great Scott!" growled Harold in disgust, "don't jump up so soon like a Jack-in-the-box! Let the birds come over the stools. That flock's gone, sure." This little ceremony was repeated so often that my kind and good friend began to get hot under the collar, and frequently he passed compliments across to my *loge* which, I am pained to state, were not couched in the phraseology of a chaplain. Yet he shot several birds in spite of this. As for me, I couldn't hit a cathedral. My position was such that I couldn't even hit the pipe to keep my face warm. And, worse than all, a great dampness now invaded me, and we discovered to our dismay that the bay was pouring into my lair through a leak in the joining. This ended the shooting temporarily and gave me a valid excuse to stand up, which I eagerly did, and Harold followed suit. We proceeded to signal the boat and were in the midst of an animated debate as to the proper way to shoot ducks over decoys, when we spied Funk coming toward us in the sharpie with a Leander stroke. Even then we could see he was mad clean through. A big bag means a good advertisement for the boat, and the old man couldn't figure it out that the Marie Louise would be likely to go thundering down the newspapers as a result of this trip. When scarcely within hailing distance he stood up in the boat, waving his headgear and yelling like seven lunatics:

"Git daown thar! Git daown! Yer loom up liker praayer meetin'!" And he was down again in a jiffy and pulling furiously, only to rise anew before he had advanced 25yds.

"Git daown thar in th' baat'ry! Look thet big bunch bro'dbill cummin' yonner! 'Tarnal mud! Y' ain't gittin' no ducks a-stannin' up laike tew smoke stacks!"

We were indeed enjoying a smoke just then, and we let the old chap come alongside before we explained elaborately but quietly that there was water to burn in one of the boxes, due to his carelessness.

"Waal, why didn't yer lay daown ennyhaow!" he flung at me. "I never seed no man draown into 3in. er good salt water yit. Bay's plum full er ducks, an' ef yer shot enuff yit ter take the skunk off, I'm er liar."

The box having been bailed out and the leak stopped with an old glove finger, he left, picking up the few dead birds as he went.

We had been warmed over somewhat by the moving about and the smoking, and felt more comfortable as we settled down to business. And hardly were we ready before a splendid flock of broadbills came skimming along the water toward us. I see them at last, and my heart thumps against my palate as they swoop down upon the stools. I can now clearly see the green in their eyes. "Up now," says Harold; and we rise together in the nick of time; and as they struggle and twist in air to get away we let 'em have it, making two doubles. Four barrels, four birds! "Say, Willie, you're a dandy!" chortled Harold in his joy, and I felt I could agree with him. (He often calls me Willie when under the strain of great excitement.) We nudged each other in the ribs, winked knowingly and shook hands. We shook hands again all around and said nice things to one another, too sacred to be set down here.

There was no lack of birds, and we both shot well after that. An assignment of broadbills would barely be off our hands and our guns loaded before a dozen or sixteen coots, with the best intentions in the world, would sail up to our very feet and look in on us for a moment. And it was a study in mental panics to see their awkward embarrassment and shock when we rose to pay them our respects and they discovered we didn't belong in their set. Sometimes a wedge of black ducks, high in air, passed over us, laughing no doubt, if ducks over laugh out of the mating season, at our clumsy contrivance; or a bunch of geese, talkative as "sweet girl graduates," but far shyer, gave us the slip to the right or left.

But our time was now more than up, and as we stepped later on board the yacht (let me call it a "yacht" for once) Frank and Schnupps stood ready for their turn. Although the battery was anchored in not more than 3ft. of water, Schnupps had taken the precaution to encircle his person with a life preserver, in spite of the jeers of the Captain and crew, who stood lined up on deck to salute and see him off, to the accompaniment of bad jokes and worse onions. Frank upheld his reputation for marksmanship during the afternoon, and kept the mate busy gathering in dead ducks. He did it all alone too, because Schnupps, after discharging his gun twice or thrice into the "woundless air," had the tact and courage to fall asleep in the embrace of the life preserver. Meantime Harold and I burned powder on board, blazing away at wing-tipped and otherwise crippled birds. And here it may be remarked what an infernal fusillade a wounded duck will stand without dropping an eyelid! And how easy 'tis to miss a placid "old mammy," sitting mayhap "in maiden meditation, fancy free," not 40yds. from the muzzle! How provocative of wit from the fellow who isn't handling the pump!

All of which reminds me that as we were about to suspend operations for the day the Captain hailed us hurriedly to the port side.

"Yon's a crepple!—over thar, nigh thet clammer."

Between the queenly schooner Maud E and ourselves an object bobbed up and down on the waves, a duck if there ever was one.

"I guass," said Funk, turning to Harold, "thet's the bro'dbill yer wing'd 'baout tenner clock, eh?"

"That's right; same bird!" cried Harold, reaching for his 10 bore, delighted at the prospect of adding another to his score.

"Shucks, thet toothpeck don't fetch her!" exclaimed the Captain, scornfully. "Ran daown belaow an' git my 4-bore—she'll sock it to her." Harold returned in a twinkling with a double-barreled cannon, and our now strangely obliging skipper put the Marie Louise through a startling evolution in the spanking breeze to get out of the line of the Maud E. and give the eager marksman a clear sweep at the "crepple."

"Be kaarful," he cautioned, as Harold put the engine to his shoulder, "she's chuck full th' blaack'st kainder paowder, an' she kicks laike mule critter. Ledder gao!"

Boom! The spray rose about the object of this delicate attention as it rises at Sandy Hook when big guns are under test.

"Naver phased her, biggosh!" bawled Funk, as he leaned on the tiller and winked at us, "giver th' laft!"

He gave her the left, but the tantalizing "crepple" seemed only to be warming up and getting into line for another volley, which would undoubtedly have been forthcoming had not a stentorian voice been hurled from the Maud E.:

"What are yew farmer people shootin' intew my buoy for? Can't yer taal wooden duck fr'm laive un?"

In the uproarious hilarity that followed, Harold was the only one who didn't join. The joke was on him and the Captain had got even for the little trick of the night before.

Thus ended the day. Our bag did not reach into the hundreds, but that sportsman is to be pitied who counts his pleasure by the number of birds in his basket. 'Tis not all of shooting to shoot. Indeed, it is only when the thrill of the skillful shot is intermingled with the glow of good-fellowship, and with the gladness that springs from the contemplation of the ever restless sea, or the forest with its myriad life, that the charm which eternally beckons the sportsman from the artificial haunts of men is rightly understood.

PELLETS.

Tennessee Notes.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn., Jan. 7.—This is not a good season for botanizing, but I have met with one plant which has much interest for me, and which I believe is not found north of Kentucky—the climbing fern, sometimes called "finger fern" (*Lygodium palmatum*, Swartz). It is fairly plentiful here in some localities, and seems to me to be the most beautiful of the family to which it belongs.

I am sorry that my bird notes are usually so meager, but my eyes and ears are not as acute as of yore, and I cannot always identify the little fellows I see flitting about among the thickets.

I saw a woodcock on Dec. 19, and on the 25th was most agreeably surprised at the sight of eight bluebirds. These were at Towstring, and there were also several meadowlarks and four or five scarlet tanagers.

The particular Towstring to which I refer is about nine miles long. Some try to dignify it with the name of Pleasant Valley. It is in the valley of the Tennessee, and is not far from Roddy, which, as you are aware, lies a few miles to the eastward of Possumtrot.

We heard the note of a bluebird and a robin near here a week ago, and I am of the opinion that both these birds are often sojourners in this region through the winter, though they keep near thick coverts.

KELPIE.

PODGERS'S COMMENTARIES.

Buried Treasure.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 28.—In your issue of Dec. 19 your correspondent Tarpon writes of the "Islands of the Pacific," and in the last chapter of Cocos Island, and speaks of the legend of pirates' treasure being buried there, and of an expedition having at one time been fitted out from San Francisco to search for it. If he had said half a dozen expeditions he would have been within the facts.

The story of an immense treasure having been buried there by pirates is one of the standing legends of the last half century, and it has been the occasion of the fitting out of at least four expeditions, that I can remember, from this port to search for the fabulous wealth.

The story is that a sailor, lying sick unto death in some hospital, and being afflicted at that late day with a conscience, confessed to a comrade in attendance that he was the sole surviving member of a piratical gang that had looted a Spanish galleon off the coast of Peru; and after the crew and passengers (several rich Peruvians fleeing from political persecution with all their wealth) had been made to walk the plank, the pirates took the treasure aboard and, burning the ship, sailed gaily away for their rendezvous, which was Cocos Island. There they held high revel and drunken quarrels until the Kilkenny practice left but four survivors. They, fearing to be seen with so much wealth, agreed to bury it; and after filling their pockets with doubloons each was tattooed with the latitude and longitude of the island, which was then unknown. They then sailed for Panama; and when near the port burned their vessel; landed in a boat as shipwrecked mariners, and making their way across the isthmus scattered. One by one three of the four died, and this last one made the confession imparting the secret of the buried treasure. The man receiving it turned up in New Orleans; and happening to be there fitting out a clipper schooner for a voyage to Mexico, I was importuned to change my destination and go for this treasure. The man who possessed the secret showed a sketch of the exact locality where it was buried under a big dead tree; and he had the latitude and longitude of the island tattooed on his arm. He generously offered half the find; and as evidence of good faith agreed that we might hang him from the yardarm if he proved false. But I lacked faith, and declined the attempt at the making of a big fortune so easily, romantic as it was to a young chap fond of adventure. But singular to relate, I subsequently purchased a schooner yacht in New York and sent her around to San Francisco, and in less than a month after her arrival sold her to a party to go in quest of the Cocos Island treasure. That same surviving pirate had turned up here and had succeeded in enlisting a number of credulous people to furnish the necessary funds. The expedition sailed, loaded down with shovels and pickaxes. With an eye to possibilities, or as they thought certainties, they had a lot of canvas sacks made to contain the doubloons and jewels, and a strong iron tank or box located under the after deck with a huge lock and fastenings to prevent any tampering with the treasure on the return voyage. Some six months later they came back, quietly sneaking into the harbor without a doubloon or a jewel, their wealth consisting of some second hand shovels and pickaxes. The schooner was sold and the concern wound up Since that time more expeditions have been fitted out from here, quite a number, and periodically the fever breaks out, and another expedition sails, and returns with the same result; so credulous can people be found, by whom the romance and fascination of buried treasure cannot be resisted, and who will put their money into these wild goose schemes. That Cocos Island treasure is one of the standing jokes of the water front.

A book was written some few years ago called "The Myths of the Middle Ages," wherein the author sets out to prove that all the old legends of William Tell, Pope Joan, Rip Van Winkle and others are the veriest bosh; that there never was any such person as William Tell nor Gessler, and that the same legend was recited as occurring in every country on the face of the earth. What should be done with a fellow who thus destroys the cherished beliefs of our childhood? Confound him, hanging is too good for him. It is a wonder that he never got on to the Cocos Island legend. He would have proved as ingeniously that there never were any pirates, never any Cocos Island, never any treasure, and that sailors innumerable had died all over the world with the same story on their dying lips; but happily there are still people that believe implicitly in William Tell, Pope Joan and Rip Van Winkle. It was only the other day that I saw in a Swiss saloon a large painting of William Tell in the act of drawing his bow, and a big apple on the head of a very fat, bandy-legged, overgrown boy, who seemed to be wondering what his chances were for bagging the apple as his perquisite.

I hope Tarpon will continue his description of the "Islands of the Pacific," for there are but few that I have not visited. Especially did I make it a point to take in Juan Fernandez, on which I bagged one of Robinson Crusoe's goats, or a descendant, a patriarchal old Billy that we essayed to eat; but he was of the Samson brand, and even old Jack in the forecastle could not stand him, but threw him to the sharks. By the way, I read in a recent newspaper that a ship reports that the island has been completely destroyed by the bursting out of an extinct volcano. The rumor needs confirmation.

In reading the last number of the FOREST AND STREAM, I see you quote from the *British Medical Journal* some opinions on the injurious effects of bicycle riding by children under seven years of age, which changed my views in regard to an investment for a "bike" for a young gentleman who had claims on me for a "Christmas," and he will not thank you for being the cause of his not receiving it. But while the article opposed the first proposition, it advocated the use of the machine for old duffers as invigorating exercise, which accounts for our seeing so many old parties wabbling through the streets, which I contend is an undignified practice for gray hairs, especially several judges of the courts, whom I see hard at it; but it is not quite as objectionable as seeing girls in bloomers. Of course I shall be set down as an old fogy, and behind the times, but it is too masculine, and that ungraceful pumping of the limbs I object to, and when it comes to a rear view—well! there is an explanation of why young gentlemen's eyes bulge out so when one chair is doing the duty of two; weighty reasons.

A year or two ago there was an animated discussion in the Eastern newspapers, which has been recently renewed, as to whether sharks ever dined on human beings. Mr. Herman Oelrichs challenged the production of any reliable proof that there was ever any such instance, whereat he was inundated with letters from people who had witnessed sharks eat men, and he had to take water, that is, the northern waters as meant. I see that some skeptic suggests that Mr. Oelrichs try the experiment by jumping into the tank in the Castle Garden Aquarium containing a shark, which proposition he wisely declines. I doubt if the shark would be so impolite as to make a meal of him; but what a drawing card it would be to witness the experiment. If the shark should happen to be an article imported from say Port Royal, I would not care to insure Mr. Oelrichs coming out unscathed, as I have myself witnessed the gobbling of a sailor in the bay of Panama, who fell overboard and was torn to pieces before he could be rescued. I hope Mr. Oelrichs will never try the experiment in those waters, as he is too valuable a member of society to furnish the menu for the well-known appetites of those denizens of the deep. Sharks and alligators are considerably in my debt, especially alligators—for one cocker spaniel and one pointer pup, not to mention one three-year-old little darky, in which I had not so much interest.

PODGERS.

[We may add as commentary upon Podgers's Commentaries that an expedition has recently gone out from this city to look for hidden treasure; and our recollection of the account, as given in the papers at the time, is that the sanguine fortune hunters were bound for this same alluring Cocos Island. We have had in these columns from time to time several accounts of hidden treasure expeditions, including the search for the plunder concealed by Blackbeard, the pirate of North Carolina waters. D. Henshall once wrote of the Punch Bowl, a great spring of fresh water on the shore of Biscayne Bay, Fla., fabled to have been the hiding-place of treasure for the buccaneers and pirates who once infested the Florida coast.]



RUFFED GROUSE AND WOODCOCK.

From the original photograph.

Dog Fancier: "Yes, madame, I have all kinds of dogs here. Is there any particular breed you wish?" Old lady (who reads the papers): "Oh, anything that's fashionable. Lemme see an ocean greyhound."—*New York Weekly.*

"My child," said the old herring to the young herring, by way of parting advice, "the whole ocean is before you, but don't go too near those canneries along the coast of Maine unless you want to be taken for a sardine."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Natural History.

THE OTTER AND HIS WAYS.

IT is an off time for fish stories just now, but there is never a lack of interesting matter in the way of the habits of the enemies of the fish, and the otter is one of the most destructive of these. This animal seems to be distributed all over creation, as his prey is. I find him here in North Carolina sneaking about my ponds and the river, in which he plays the same sort of tricks he does elsewhere, as I knew him once in the far northern part of Michigan. There, over forty years ago, I once employed a Yankee hunter—who had learned his tricks in the picturesque Housatonic when he was a boy, and studied the ways of fish and learned how great an enemy this sinuous, slippery fellow was to them—to hunt fur for me during the winter. I often accompanied him on his trips over the hard snow on our snowshoes for many miles through the dense, then scarcely ever trodden, woods, unless it was by the Indians or such hunters as came that way. I saw these animals playing like boys on their slides down the steep banks, chasing each other up the banks, then to the slides, down which they slid into the water, where the holes were, and up or down the stream to other holes, which they kept open doubtless for this purpose. These slides were the surest places to set the traps under the water, so that the otters would get into them as they went under. I remember this man that year took enough otter fur to pay me something over $800 for my half of it. It was in war times, when furs were dear, and this man went to York, as he called it, with his bales of fur, and brought me back my money all in solid gold, coming to my house, before he went anywhere else, with the money at 11 o'clock at night, so anxious was he to deliver it, lest anything might happen.

Here in the South these animals play the same tricks and kill the fish in just the same way they did in the North. They are often to be seen swimming in the water with the nose just above the surface, scouting for game, when all at once they go under and then swim to the bank with the prey. Once I saw one lying on the bank at the edge of the water suddenly slide in and take a big trout as it was in the act of rising for a fly on the surface, making not the least ripple or splash as he went in, but quite a turmoil as the fish struggled to get free.

It is a difficult matter to get an otter except by trapping, when one of the double spring Newhouse traps set where they come out of the water, 4 or 5in. below the surface, is the most successful method I have never known them to take a bait, living as they do on live fish only. These animals are hunted in England with spears, and by dogs—a sort of terrier of large size, much of the kind known as the Dandie Dinmont, of which Scott in one of his stories writes; the dogs going into the stream or hunting on the bank dislodge the game, when the hunters on shore spear the animals as they may be seen diving like fish in the clear water to gain their holes under the banks.

I send you a clipping from the London *Fishing Gazette*, in which will be found some interesting history of this animal, new to me, as it doubtless will be to many of your readers. HENRY STEWART.

"I may claim some right," said Mr. M. R. Frances in the *Fishing Gazette*, "to speak confidently of the otter's proceedings when in pursuit of his prey, since I was the first person to record, from the testimony of eye-witnesses, the course of his dealing with his victims, both by land and by water. It is unlucky that Major Fisher, who writes on such subjects with the keen interest of a sportsman, should not have seen this testimony, which would have saved him the gratuitous error of denying that the otter seeks his prey on land as well as in water.

"No doubt this error has been encouraged by the position of Lutra's eyes, which look upward from above a rather flat snout. Naturalists at once inferred that this arrangement was for the convenience of the otter in seizing the slippery victims from below. This being demonstrably a mistake, we are tempted to suggest that this upward gaze enables him in his long dives to keep in view the course of the eddies and the outline of the bank—matters which closely concern him. But of course this is mere conjecture. We know, however, that whether on land or in water, he seizes his prey from above, infixing in almost half a moment his four claws and inflicting with eager haste what is designed to be a fatal bite. When he was watched while seizing a rabbit on the bank of the Mole he seemed not to have bitten deep enough, and dragged his victim, piteously squealing, into the river, where he deliberately drowned it, and then ate it at his leisure, washing the flesh from time to time, so as to suggest that the warm blood was over strong for his digestion.

"The observer on this occasion, whose attention was first drawn by the cries of the rabbit, was fortunately himself a master of otter hounds, used to watching the stealthy maneuvers of the enemy. He had with him a sharp fox terrier, and though on the opposite side of the stream to that on which the otter was dining, rather expected the latter to make himself scarce when the dog appeared. But the marauder showed amusing coolness; he dropped into the stream, raised his head above the water a few yards from the bank and watched the terrier's proceedings. Having satisfied himself that the dog had no taste for anything beyond dry shikar, he returned tranquilly to his dinner. Here we had a depredator, bold as well as cunning, and obviously a clean feeder. Of course I do not assume that the otter usually, or even frequently, seeks his prey on land. I am content to know that he is capable of doing so 'as occasion serves,' and that in such a case, at all events, he does not seize his victim from below.

"About the same date at which this curious rabbit incident was reported to me I received from the same neighborhood an account, equally well authenticated, of the otter's *modus operandi* when in pursuit of the fish, which, we may safely assume, form his principal diet. A pike, guessed at some 7lbs., was seen basking under an overhanging tree on the Mole. Nearly above him ran a bare bough. Along that bough an otter was seen to creep—I wish I could find some apter word to express the prowler's stealthy, sinuous movement—till he was close above the pike, down on whose back he dropped or slid, at once fastening all his claws in the fish, and, as I fully believe, though the spectator's eye could not note the movement with certainty, fixing the long grip of his jaws just over the junction of his skull and spine."

A CURIOUS NEW RABBIT.

IN the Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington, issued Dec. 29, 1896, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of the Biological Survey, describes a new and extremely interesting rabbit, recently collected in Mexico by Mr. E. W. Nelson. In appearance and habits this species is unlike any known rabbits. It is singular for its small size, its short ears, its lack of tail and its exceedingly short hindlegs, and, instead of moving like ordinary rabbits by a series of leaps, it runs along on all fours, and lives in runways in the grass like the meadow mice. Moreover, it has certain characters in the skeleton which are very different from those of the ordinary rabbits, and these differences, external and internal, are so marked that not only is it placed in a new genus, but the characters of the family *Leporidæ* must be extended to include it. As Dr. Merriam remarks, "It is singular that of the four characters given by Flower and Lydekker in the first sentence of their diagnosis of the family *Leporidæ* (imperfect clavicles, elongated hindlegs, short recurved tails and long ears) not one applies to this new rabbit."

Mr. Nelson preserved a perfect skeleton of the new rabbit, and this shows that the clavicle, or collar bone, of this species is complete, and articulates directly with the sternum, a thing that never happens in the genus *Lepus*. There are marked differences in the sternum, or breast bone, in the vertebræ, and in the bones of the legs and feet. On the other hand, the skull does not differ markedly from that of the cottontails.

What little is known about the habits of this species is given in the following account, prepared by Mr. Nelson at Dr. Merriam's request:

"On my first visit to Mt. Popocatepetl, in the spring of 1893, I learned that these little rabbits were found there, and on my return to the city of Mexico I prepared for an expedition to secure them. On Jan. 5, 1894, my assistant, Mr. E. A. Goldman, and I made our camp on the side of a cañon at an altitude of about 3,350 meters (11,000ft.) on the northwest slope of the mountain. We were accompanied by three Indian hunters and our packer. Among the firs and alders at this altitude the northerly slope of the hills and cañons are covered with a luxuriant growth of saccaton grass in huge bunches, from 3 to 6ft. across, and often reaching a height of 6 or 8ft., which covers the ground, so that the only open spaces are small spots scattered irregularly here and there. A search under the overhanging masses of long grass blades showed a perfect network of large, arvicola-like runways, tunneling through the bases of the tussocks, and passing from one to another under the shelter of the outcurving masses of leaves. It was evident that the rabbits were very numerous, and we all proceeded to hunt the vicinity carefully for them. The first day I saw three, but was unable to get a shot at any. One came running through the grass along one of the hidden trails, and seeing me stopped in a little opening only 7 or 8ft. away. It was too near to shoot, and so escaped, after looking at me with inquiring eyes for a few moments. The next day I shot one by taking a stand on a large log, whence I could see several small openings in the grass, and saw one as it stopped a moment at the entrance to a runway. By persistent hunting for three days my Indians secured three more.

"On our first night wire snares were set without success, so the next night we put out a lot of steel traps in the runways. This latter method was very successful, and three fine specimens were taken in a small area a few yards across. So far as observed, these animals are strictly limited to the heavy growths of saccaton grass, between about 3,050 and 3,650 meters (10,000 and 12,000ft.), a few ranging a little above and below these limits in favorable places along cañon slopes. I found them equally numerous in the heavy grass on cañon slopes and hillsides and in the dense growth of grass about the sides of the small parklike openings in the forest. They make their forms within the matted bases of the huge grass tussocks by tunneling passageways along the surface of the ground through the mass of old grass, leaves and stems, and then hollowing out snug retreats within the weatherproof shelters thus obtained. Their concealed runways were intermingled with those of the common meadow mice of the mountains, and the striking resemblance in coloration and habits between the two animals was remarkable. Like the arvicolas, the rabbits are mainly nocturnal, but are occasionally found moving about by day. They become active just at dusk, and on frosty mornings sometimes come out at sunrise into the small openings among the grass to bask in the warmth. My Indian hunters claimed that they often found them out sunning themselves in this way on summer afternoons after cold, heavy showers.

"This species has practically no external tail, though in some specimens there is a small fleshy papilla 2 or 3 millimeters in length; in others even this is absent. In this respect the animal resembles the pikas (*Lagomys*)."

Dr. Merriam has named the new genus in which this rabbit is placed *Romerolagus*, in honor of the Mexican Minister at Washington, and has given it the specific name *Nelsoni*, after Mr. E. W. Nelson, its discoverer.

Robins Wintering in New York.

ITHACA, N. Y.—The writer and a friend, while hunting rabbits a few miles south of town, Jan. 1, saw a robin redbreast flitting among the gaunt forms of the birches and maples of a dense hillside cover. He sported a lusty chirrup and a mahogany-splashed vestment strangely out of harmony with his bleak, wind-swept surroundings. Are we to vote him a social outcast, forced to experience this solitary vigil, after the manner of the mateless auk upon an arctic isle? M. CHILL.

[We have seen a robin in New York city almost daily up to this date, and if here why not in Ithaca? It is much more usual for robins to winter with us than is commonly supposed, but as they keep themselves pretty well hidden in woods and swamps they are not very often seen.]

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Game Bag and Gun.

DAYS AFIELD.

THE Professor and I arrived at a small wayside station in western North Carolina a little before noon on the Monday after Christmas, three hours late. Eager for a hunt. Boys again.

He had been poring for months over a learned article on Hebrew verbs. I am in business, and most business men know without telling what I was poring over the last six months of 1896; but to-day the sun sparkles, bankers, bills receivable and payable, due and overdue, are 600 miles behind me.

Here are stubbles and woods, fields and meadows, and, as I glance over the country I firmly believe, quail.

Dogs—the Professor had a blue-blooded pair with him, one of which has fought and won, or taken an honorable place, in numerous field trials, and no judge has yet failed to "see him" when on the bench. Lewis has sent my three. They have had steady work all the fall, and are tuned to just the proper pitch.

A hasty dinner and change of clothing and we decide to "put down" my special pets, Donald and Rab—setter and pointer. Even to the novice in dogs it is unnecessary to explain how they are bred; they look and are thoroughbred.

Donald knows me well—with him grouse and woodcock and quail for the past two years have been a familiar story. Rab has been away from me so much that he does not seem sure that I am the same man who took him out of the crate when he left his aristocratic dam two years ago.

I have always noticed that most shooters, in telling of their outings in FOREST AND STREAM, have perfect dogs. The points are dramatic and stanch; there is no breaking to shot or wing; the dogs always drop to shot and only pick up the dead bird after being ordered to "fetch."

I have spent some money and a good deal of time trying to find that sort of dogs.

In front of the house is a stubble, thirty acres or more—and away go my dogs, with heads in the air like racers, and out of sight in a minute. I make for a knoll in the center of the field, and gaining its crest look around for them. There they are, almost 300yds. from me, just in the edge of those pines.

Donald, how did you stop quickly enough to strike that attitude? and Rab, did you know the birds were there to get so close?

Did I feel good? Add another dollar to each one those dogs have cost, and still another, you could not buy them now.

I beckon to the Professor to come, and can see the light dance in his eyes as he sees the handsome pair, while he nervously feels for the safety on his gun.

"Just look, Professor, at that little pointer Rab. I never thought to see him do so nicely. Did you?"

We are now within 50yds. of the dogs, and Rab seems uneasy; a quick glance over his shoulder to see where we are, and in he goes, and away go the birds with that miserable dog after them—over the fence into the woods and out of sight.

The Professor grunts and says, "I don't quite think he will catch any, but he will come very close to it."

I won't write what I said.

Really, I don't believe I caught that precious pup until he had put up every single bird. Then he came in, and, looking into my face in an innocent sort of way, seemed to say, "What do you think of that? Can't I make them go?"

Naturally, I proceeded to introduce myself then and there to His Royal Highness, and, frankly, I never saw a "licking" make a dog so fond of a man before. He apparently couldn't bear to leave me the remainder of the afternoon, and I don't believe he was that day 10ft. from my heels excepting once: in following me over a log that spanned a stream, he fell in and nearly drowned. The farmer who was our host, and who was guiding us, pulled him out.

Trouble? We had lots of it, though good times outweighed by far the petty annoyances of a mistake here and there with a dog. Next day Rab improved, and a couple of days put the dogs on good terms with me. They are not perfect. Nor do I believe the dog is yet born that is.

As to the birds we shot. We secured some, as many as we needed or wanted, and lots got away. G. B.

WHO OWNS THE GAME KILLED BY THE GUIDE?

PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Following out the rule of action laid down by Shaganoss in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 9, namely, "Primarily the man who captures wild game owns it—always and everywhere," any man cannot waive his ownership. Here it appears that Shaganoss loses sight of several important considerations directly relating to the subject. Primarily every man is free, but in civilization it is found that man's freedom is largely a theory. In business matters men give up a part of their freedom. For a consideration they give up their time and services in exchange for something of value to them. The services of the employee accrue to the advantage of the employer, otherwise what purpose of gain would the employee serve. In the fisheries, in the fur trade, etc., from time immemorial, the sailors and trappers never considered that their employers had no ownership in the fish and fur they captured.

The question has been considered merely from the standpoint of sportsmanship. The standing of the guide who follows his calling for hire alone has been confounded with sportsmanship. The guide works for his wages the same as any other employee, and his standing in the matter is that only of a wage earner and not an appendage to take wages for his labor and appropriate to himself the products of it. So long as he is hired as a matter of business, it is no concern of his what his employer's motives are. If he is paid a sum of money which is commensurate with his skill and the value of his services, the proceeds of his labor are as fairly his employer's as if he were engaged in some other business.

Because a man is a sportsman it is not a reason for ruling him out of what he justly can purchase.

It may be odious to many to think of shooting as other than an abstract enjoyment, something of ethereal pleas-

ure detached from all thought of material gain. It isn't. The capture and the material results are quite as essential to pleasure as are the pursuit and the refinements. To capture without skill or effort is without sport. To strive and seek without adequate return for labor and skill are repugnant. Such is not sport. There must be a reward for effort.

To assume that one's personal pleasure is all there is at stake when one sets himself forth for the capture of game is to take an unwarrantably selfish view of the matter. Probably not one sportsman in ten thinks of the amount of game as a gratification to himself. There are kinsfolk and friends at home who spur him to his greatest efforts, so that he may have enough to bring a present and pleasure to all of them. If he return empty-handed, his gratification at his own selfish pleasure is chilled by the disappointment of his friends. When his time is limited, or when game is scarce, the sportsman may not be assured of enough game to supply his needs. He may hire a guide to shoot for him to make up the deficiency. The guide may not add a jot to the sport or to the sportsman's personal pleasure or gain. But the former may add enough birds to make the trip an unselfish success, and the pleasure of having them to give may be greater than the pleasure of their capture.

It may be retorted that people should not like birds to eat; that the birds should only serve for the sport of seeking them. That is absurd. So long as people have good appetites, with mouths which have a taste for good things, they will continue to eat regardless of what a few may talk. Many of the people who decry the considerations of game as something to be sought for its own sake can themselves show a nice performance on it with knife and fork.

The game shot by a guide is not as if bought in Fulton Market. The associations and machinery for its capture are the sportsman's own. His organization of the plan and supervision of the sport, and his own conjoint effort, are widely different from walking into a market and buying game.

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" SIMPLE SIMON.

BUCK RANCH.

"DEAR TRIPOD," the letter ran, "Capt. Bradford has invited me to join a hunting party which he is organizing, to go out from here in a few weeks; as I will not have time to go, I have his consent to your going as my substitute. Affectionately your father, COAHOMA."

This arrangement was far from distasteful to me, the receipt of the letter being the first of a sequence of events which have furnished a store of happy memories to brighten the moments of future pensiveness.

In due time came a message over the 'phone: "The party is to leave here Nov. 19. COAHOMA."

* * * * * * *

Armed with a hasty pencil sketch of the intricate route over which my journey lay; mounted on a gay sorrel pony, the property of an indulgent friend, and contemplating with expectancy the beauties of the new 38 Winchester which was to do me service, I cantered toward McKee's, where I would meet the other members of the party, whom I had left in the forenoon to go by rail from Clarksdale to Tutwiler, where wagons waited to convey baggage and camp equipage. Nightfall—McKee's. No party to meet as yet, but a big log fire and a warm supper well constructed on a groundwork of bear meat, the fruit of the labors of Capt. McKee and Mr. Caffe, and prepared in tempting style by Mesdames Caffe and Wilber. Later came the wagons. Darkness had o'erspread the face of the earth nearly two hours when the mile and a half lying between McKee's and Buck Ranch was covered, and we were welcomed by Mrs. McMannus to Capt. Jas. L. Bradford's new hunting lodge.

Buck Ranch, in Quitman county, Miss., ten miles east of Tutwiler Station, is, I think, the only game preserve in the Mississippi Delta owned by an individual. "No partnerships for me except the matrimonial one," said the Captain when a club was suggested.

Buck Lodge is on the east bank of Cassidy Bayou, 100yds. below the Captain's new private bridge, which is 330ft. long, and built at a cost of $600, solely to insure access to the ranch. A frame house, ceiled with tongue and grooved pine; two rooms, 20×20, with a 12ft. hallway between, and a broad porch in front; two shed rooms behind; fireplaces nearly 4½ft. wide and high in proportion—what log fires we had!

Capt. Bradford is negotiating for the control of 4,000 acres of forest, all good feeding ground for deer, turkeys and bears—indigenous. Already he has bought some of this land. The ranch will be surrounded by a wire fence, "dog tight," "bull strong," but not "deer high." For, says the Captain, "the deer when run with dogs, or shot at by market hunters outside, will jump into my ranch. When they find fewer enemies inside they will not jump back out."

The ranch scheme is only a few months old. The lodge had just been finished and there had not yet been time for putting in furniture, but a five wide (five men wide) bed spread on a softening of hay made the night hours glide softly by, while in the interim before bedtime we sat on trunks, camp stools and boxes and compared guns—Maynards, Winchesters ('94 and later models), combination shotgun and rifle, Old Betsy (a muzzle-loading shotgun which the Captain uses when he fire-hunts), and a certain long, meddlesome-looking old rifle with 7in. of notches under the stock, recording its slain deer, which he had brought along as a present to McMannus, his keeper, and turned over to its future owner with the comment: "Oh, that is a wicked gun!"

Capt. James L. Bradford and E. A. Stanford, of New Orleans; Col. Berry, member of Congress, and his son Shaler, of Newport, Ky.; A. L. Dabney, of Vicksburg, Miss., and Arch McMannus, of the Ranch. Hapless day for the deer!

"Yes, that is a beauty," said the Captain, of Mr. Stanford's new rifle. "If I were a deer, I should like to be killed with just such a gun!" And then, "Oh, that is a wicked gun," as his eye rests affectionately upon the 7in. of notches on his old standby. His newer gun, a .40 Maynard, was also not without a display of notches. "Well, boys, let's spread the bed! We want to be up early in the morning, and get ready to go down to our camping ground."

"How far off do we camp, Captain!"

"Oh, about three or four miles."

"But, Captain, why do you go out and camp when you have all this fine house to live in?"

"What! me live in a house when I have the whole wide woods before me?"—and soon three members of the party were being lulled to sleep by a duet of snores. It was of no moment that our bed had no springs, for the roof of Buck Lodge was over our heads, the great log fire blazed above a bed of glowing coals, and without, the wide, wild woods of Buck Ranch echoed the occasional hoot of owls.

"Give me another cup of coffee, please, Mrs. McMannus, this one has worn out," says the Captain, as Stanford and Col. Berry replenished their plates with bear meat (more of the McKee bear); Shaler and Arch turn their attention to hot biscuits and molasses as a second course, and I myself realize that this is no time to waste in idleness. Too soon is past that happy interval between the beginning of breakfast and the end of breakfast, and we are all busied with selecting necessary luggage for one week under canvas: folding bedding, packing the provision chest, shucking corn to take along for the horses, and finally adjusting to them their new harness, and loading the wagon.

Late in the forenoon we steamed out of port, bearing down through the cane toward Possum Bayou. Possum is a small bayou between broad, sloping banks, skirted on each side by a continuous, narrow ridge of switch cane, interspersed with beautiful holly groves. On the slope of the bank, with one of the holly groves in the background, we stretched our little open-front A tent and spread the bed all the way across the back end; for this time we would have Arch also for a bedmate, and the bed must be for six.

As the afternoon advanced the Colonel and Shaler went down the bayou to find their lost deer. Stanford wandered up the bayou to see, perchance, what the future had in store for him, and I went with Capt. Bradford on an exploration to the northeastward. Three-quarters of a mile from camp he left me to sit on a log and keep a deer-scrape from getting lonesome. A gray squirrel introduced himself and barked at me excitedly from a limb overhead for half an hour. I thought that in his chattering he said, "Now here's a mighty brave. He couldn't hurt a deer when he'll sit there humbly and let a little fellow like me low-rate him like I'm doing. I've seen several uglier fellows that I'd be afraid to sass this way." And then he laughed in derisive glee.

Nightfall, and the Captain approached, the squirrel went to bed and we journeyed toward camp, where was found a hot supper which Arch and Stanford had scared up on short notice; for McMannus, who had been intrusted with the duty of engaging a cook for our hunting camp had been unable to find one. The cooking was to fall to my lot next day; so I had a big pile of wood collected, and all preparations made for daylight coffee by early bedtime.

"Boys, let's spread the bed," yawned the Captain, "and if you'll only let me shlape how sorry Oi'll be in the marnin'. That's what the Irishman said. He was exhausted with watching by the bedside of his sick wife and had lain down for a nap. 'Patrick!' 'U-u-ugh!' 'Patrick, wake up!' 'Oh, go 'way!' 'Wake up, Patrick, your woife's did!' 'Oh, go 'way an' l'ave me alone!' 'But your woife's did, mon, yez must wake up!' 'Oh, if you'll only let me shlape how sorry Oi'll be in the marnin'.'"

The Colonel was reminded that we were sadly in need of fresh meat, and he was expected to provide us with fresh venison for dinner, as the hunters started out in several directions after daylight coffee, and I turned my attention to the preparation of a 10 o'clock breakfast for them.

I was caused discomfort by not having a dishpan, first, because the log I had to stand on down at the creek bank was slippery; second, because cold creek water won't half take off grease from a tin plate anyhow. But I put the oatmeal on to stew and then proceeded with the dishwashing. The rest of the washing that they didn't get doesn't matter now, because the boys didn't know any better, and anyway it is all over now.

The oatmeal stewed away to perfection, the coffee turned out well, and I happened to hit the right proportions on the corn bread, having been previously coached by Mr. Stanford.

All came in on time except the Captain, and seemed to think that the breakfast would pass.

Stanford and the Colonel concocted a cabbage, onion and red pepper stew with a chunk of bacon for trimmings, and put it on the fire to simmer down. This would form the body of our 2 o'clock dinner, and these two in particular "sat great store" by it. Then we waited lazily for the Captain to come. And when he did he was panting over what he said was a five-mile walk. The Captain is a quiet, reserved man, hence the more strange his actions seemed. He whooped before he was in sight of camp; then when he came up he looked all sorts of ways—especially restless like—and sat his gun against a tree. On the stock was a new notch—a large one—deeper and longer than the others. Before we could ask him how it got there he lit in on Shaler: "Didn't you hear me shoot?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you hear me holler, and didn't you answer?"

"Yes."

"Well, why didn't you come to where I was? I killed the biggest bear on the American continent out there where I was, and waited and waited for somebody to come and help locate him, until finally I had to leave him and go away around over a route that I could locate him by. Get the horses ready while I have breakfast, and then I want several of you to go with me to bring him in, for he's as long as from here to that tree, and I could just raise his head off the ground! Give me another cup of coffee, Tripod—this one's worn out. You needn't have dinner until about dark, because it will take all the evening to get that fellow in. And you can get ready to have bear steak."

I am not a professional cook. One never learns entirely how to succeed at anything until he has made one failure in that thing, it is said. Thus did it come about:

The cabbage had simmered full two hours (for it was now an hour past noon and the party had gone for the bear); the water in it had boiled low and been replenished, and the fire stirred up. What more could I do now, for the other preparations for dinner need not be begun until shortly before sundown. I was weary and lay down for rest. Ill day for me; I unwittingly fell asleep on duty, and knew no more for several hours! And when I did know, would I had not known! Over the smouldering ashes, where I had left a crackling fire, still nestled the cabbage pot, but within it was a picture of desolation—neglect. The water was simmered away, the meat nearly all evaporated, and onions, pepper and cabbage—oh, the cabbage—were a mass of cinders. And then when I tried to drown my care in biscuit making I had more hard luck, for I didn't quite know how to make dough, and by the time I learned it was sundown. And then I saw a flock of wild turkeys down the bayou, and forgetting higher duties gave chase, returning twenty minutes later empty-handed. I never recovered from the time lost chasing turkeys and learning to make biscuits. I had just gotten them on to bake when Stanford, Shaler and the Colonel hove to, tired and hungry, reporting Capt. Bradford still searching for the lost bear.

"What! Dinner not ready?"

"Naw!"

"How's the cabbage?"

"And no biscuits done, either?"

"No. It took me longer to make them than I thought."

"You're a fine cook anyhow. Where's the coffee?"

"Haven't had time to make it."

"Not even any meat sliced!"

"Waiting for bear steak."

"Got back at last, Arch? Needn't look hungry around here! The cook's played out. Heard anything of the Captain?"

"No. He ought to be here, too. It's already pitch dark out in that cane and he'll have a time getting out. What do you say if I shoot Old Betsy?"

"Let her go then."

Old Betsy roared like a battery, and then Arch called for a volunteer to go with him and hunt for the Captain.

The cabbage episode was painfully fresh in my memory; the biscuits wouldn't cook; now the coffee; I couldn't get the bacon to work right; everybody was hungry and mad—in short, though it was dark and raining, I volunteered, and we patrolled two miles of that bayou for two hours, making the woods howl with war whoops and rifle shots in answer to a distant horn, which sounded now north, now west, now south, and at last was located directly down the bayou; and wet and humble we crawled into camp, where the Captain had been nearly the whole of that same two hours comfortably reclining, and trying to convince us, by an occasional blast, of the folly of staying out there in the rain.

"Well, boys, let's spread the bed," said he. "We must find that bear in the morning."

"Don't believe you ever killed one."

"You're into it now, Captain. You must find that bear or your reputation 's gone."

"Oh, l'ave me alone, and if you'll only let me shlape tonight, how sorry Oi'll be in the marnin'."

And he turned his back upon us, leaving Stanford and the Colonel to uphold the superior epicurean advantages of Kentucky and New Orleans respectively in a heated argument.

"Yes, and you don't have any papaboti," says Stanford.

"But we have other kinds of fish just as good," retorted Col. Berry, and then we all nestled into a sweet repose. The rain pattered on the canvas, and in dreamland were the grimy black pots and kettles tinted with a roseate hue.

It was a monster bear that we found twenty-four hours after he was killed, lying where he had sank in his tracks and died without a struggle, for the single bullet was in his brain. The night had been so warm that the meat was spoiled, but his coat was perfect. A shaggy black rug will bring to the Captain's mind in future years the rainy night in Possum.

After the bear was skinned, camp was struck, as it had been decided that we were not in the best deer ground. Meanwhile, by permission of the Captain, I scoured the country for a cook. At nightfall I victoriously returned with a man of promise, who was duly commissioned.

This night we spent in the house, moving next day to our new camping ground, in the midst of an extensive oak wood, where deer tracks were unnumbered. It was with regret that we had to say good-by to our Kentuckians on this morning. Col. Berry had been racked with rheumatism for several nights, and it is small blame for him if he did pine for the blue grass and leave next morning instead of accompanying us to the new camp.

We were perplexed to know how the Colonel came at the weight of our '553 b. bear," which he reported to his folks on his arrival at home.

Thanksgiving Day had come, and yet no fresh meat on the table. That morning the Captain explained to the cook now to wash the coffee pot, for variety's sake.

"Well, I believe I'll quit the drive," quoth the cook.

"Why, are you tired?"

"Yes, very tired."

"All right," and we were cookless.

On learning that the cook had quit I found occasion to wander over toward Possum and try to find the flock of turkeys that had helped me to forget the biscuits. Our camp was away from any water course, in the middle of an open wood, so it was necessary for me to blaze a trail as I went to Possum, by which to return. A big flock of turkeys was there waiting for me, but I had a very momentary glimpse of them as they took the cane on the opposite bank.

It was a case of necessity. Our party would be basely humiliated if turkey didn't grace at least our supper table, and now or never must that turkey fall!

Half a joint of cane, a log for cover, a few imperfect "yelps," and out tripped a gobbler of tender years! I don't know why I missed the half of his body that was visible from behind a tree, but any insinuations about buck ague are uncalled for.

Other yelps failed to bring any response. I crossed the bayou and took a new position, then made some more music on the yelper. Finally, with an un-Thanksgiving Day spirit, I decided to go to camp, and was preparing to rise, when my eye lit on feathered objects—one, two, three—eight, yes, there stood ten or more of the proud birds, within 60yds., drinking unconcernedly at the edge of the bayou. "Crack!" said the rifle, and he was mine. Instantly reloading, I downed the companion that had stood at his elbow before he could decide what was wrong. Thus did we have Thanksgiving turkey.

Such a clatteration of yelps all around me for the next half hour, yet they wouldn't come any more to that funny-talking turkey, though I had changed my position

again. The yelping was too imperfect and would not entice them. I consumed so much time that night caught me halfway of the "blaze," and morning might have found me still hunting for camp but for the Captain and the horn.

Clouds were gathering, and there was lightning and thunder in the distance. Late in the night the rain came in avalanches, and next day we had to strike camp and move back to the house. The same story again: flat woods, no drainage, big rain—you, O knights of chase and reel, know of rainy nights and ditchless tents!

After that night Mr. Stanford, like the illustrious cook, said, "I believe I'll quit the drive." And he was soon homeward bound, after we had reluctantly bidden him farewell and called the roll to see how many of us were left.

A drove of five deer had been seen near our last camp, where sign was plenty. We decided to hunt this ground, going from the lodge on horseback. The day after camp was moved in, the Captain and I went out in that direction after a flock of turkeys he had scattered late the evening before. He bagged one before the rest of them got together and stopped responding to our calls—this time on good box callers. With his yelper on one side of them, and mine away off in the other direction, four or five young gobblers were thrown into such a state of excitement that they gobbled vigorously, though it was a freezing November day. Later on we had met and separated again to circumvent another scattered flock. I got an answer to my yelp—a gobble. The turkey came nearly within sight, then turned back again to join several more that were answering. Creeping in the direction he had gone, I discovered that there were a number of them together, and that they were no longer heeding my calls. The only chance was to crawl and get a shot if possible, or shoot anyhow to scatter them.

A carefully executed stalk brought me within 50yds., and down came the gobbler. A chance bullet went after one of the retreaters, scoring a miss.

"You took that bird right out of my mouth!" said a voice, as I was retrieving him. There stood the Captain as near the turkey as I had been. "I called and they wouldn't come. Finally I decided to sneak up. I was drawing a bead when you fired, and had selected a second choice when your next shot scared him off. But I got another back yonder. Come, let's go to the house. We've got meat enough to last for a week."

That evening we rested from our labors and cleaned guns.

Two deer had been seen during the day. Next morning two hunters sallied forth with firm set lips and a grim look of venison in their faces. Half a mile from the deserted camp ground the Captain dismounted. "My horse will follow you, Tripod. Hitch both horses at the old camp and hunt from there."

But I met him before I got there. He looked as big as an old ox as he rapidly walked through the bushes toward me, with his nose stuck forward on a level with his back, and looking neither to right nor left. I had barely time to dismount and step in front of the horse, while he was passing behind some trees. An instant later and he sank to the ground—my first deer!

His struggles to rise reminded me that bucks sometimes get up and depart after they are dead, and I poured a volley at him which caused him to gather himself together and flounder off through the woods, for none of the bullets took effect. It must have been the ague that came on. I gave chase and soon came upon him, where he was lying down to rest. A careful shot at his head secured my title, and I called the Captain.

"Was all that shooting at one deer, Tripod? I thought you had a whole drove!" Then he told me what a big one it was. Arch had to be brought out to help before we swung him high enough to a limb to get him on the horse.

Liver, heart, kidneys, brains and tenderloins of venison in a stew, with "put in some of everything you've got" as a last direction, and you forget that the cabbage burned up one day.

It was on the next morning but one that we found four deer, fired five shots in all and came home without a feather. Arch's gun was destined to be ornamented with the next notch, coming by it honestly on a succeeding morning. One shot did the work, and a buck was down almost in his tracks.

But the buck with the big horns was yet to come. He came one morning a little after sunrise.

We were out three strong that day, stationed in the feeding grounds, about 300yds. apart. A crisp, frosty morning, sitting on a log like a statue was a cool occupation. So still was it that cow bells two miles away were distinctly heard. A thrush came very near me in its search for a morning meal, and worked vigorously at tearing away the leaves which were matted together by the frost. Some jaybirds jayed, a squirrel ran up a tree with a big leaf, intended no doubt as a bay window to his parlor, and a scratching of bark overhead had drawn my attention to a big coon, when bang! went Arch's gun, and bang! again, then again. The coon went in a hole and I devoted all attention to scanning the woods for deer during the next hour, to try and get even with Arch.

"How many did you get?" I called, when we finally met.

"Oh, I'm bewitched! I'm going to quit! I wouldn't have shot again if he had been in 10ft. of me!"

"What's the matter with you? What was it?"

"I'm plum bewitched! The biggest deer I ever saw in my life! And he's got the biggest horns! I'm clean done on that deer! He wasn't 70yds. away, standing broadside. I sat on the log just this way, as composed as I am right now, and pulled down on him. He didn't move out of his tracks, only put up his head to see what made the noise. Then I got on my feet and shot again. Then I moved two or three steps up to a tree—just so—and shot the third time, and that deer stood there long enough for me to have shot three more times before he moved off."

Arch found out how the witches had worked him; his sight was raised for 300yds., and he overshot 2ft. That night the three of us constituted a committee on resolutions against that horned deer, and next day two notches sidled up to the big bear notch.

The Captain told us how it was: "I saw them feeding toward me from a long way off and waited quietly. I could see his big horns in the bushes and knew he was the one. When I shot I couldn't see anything for the smoke; but soon I heard a crash and knew that he had fallen dead. The bullet was in the right place. The doe had run off some distance, but I kept my seat, and finally she turned back to look for the buck. When she got where I wanted her I gave her a center shot. She ran 75yds. and fell."

The pair were hauled up in the wagon and the buck skinned for the taxidermist, for he and my buck will right nobly grace an alcove in Capt. Bradford's home.

"Give me another cup of coffee, Mrs. McMannus—this one has worn out," and then the Captain put on his town overcoat, and we turned our faces toward the setting sun. Buck Ranch rests in peaceful solitude, and we dream of bucks with big antlers, and of the sunrise of an April day, of a gentle call and of answers from many gallant gobblers.

TRIPOD.

HUNTING.

UNDER this title Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have published in their Out-of-Door Library a volume consisting of a number of articles printed at different times in *Scribner's Magazine*. These chapters have been revised by their authors and are published now in book form for the first time.

There are eight of these sketches, written at various times and covering a wide range of subjects and of territory. Five of them treat of hunting on the plains or in the Western mountains, one of Canada, one of Australia and one of the far north. Also, as was to be expected in view of the variety of authorship, the chapters vary a good deal in quality. Some of them are written by old campaigners, who have the faculty of telling their stories in a straightforward fashion and often with a considerable degree of literary skill; others are not so well told either from the literary or the sportsman's point of view.

"Hunting American Big Game" is too broad a title for Mr. Archibald Rogers's capital chapter on Western hunting, which covers elk and mountain sheep hunting, but is devoted chiefly to bears, of which Mr. Rogers is a mighty hunter. Besides being an excellent shot and a successful hunter, the author is a close observer and recounts his adventures in a simple and pleasing style which is very attractive.

"Camping and Hunting in the Shoshone" is the title of Dr. W. S. Rainsford's contribution. By Shoshone is here meant the Sierra Shoshone, sometimes known as the Absaroka Range, which lies east of the Yellowstone National Park. Dr. Rainsford's memories of the West go back to buffalo days, but it is not of these he writes here, but of later hunts, some of them made from Sunlight Basin into the mountains just beyond it, and of further journeys into the National Park. However much we may disagree with some of Mr. Rainsford's statements, and little as we can sympathize with him in his shooting of trapped bears, it cannot be denied that he tells his story charmingly, nor that in many respects he gives very excellent advice to those unacquainted with travel in the mountains. His article is one of the best, as it is one of the longest, chapters in the volume. It is to be noted that while Dr. Rainsford intends to give Col. W. D. Pickett full credit for his wonderful bear-hunting record, he really deprives him of it by spelling his name Pigot. Such is fame.

"Climbing for White Goats" is a short chapter by Mr. Geo. Bird Grinnell, which deals in part with the natural history and in part with the hunting of the so-called white goat of the Western mountains, which of course is not really a goat at all, but an antelope. This hunting, which is difficult only on account of the altitude at which the species lives, combines mountain climbing with hunting, and so has a double attraction. The chapter is interesting also for the faithfulness of Mr. Thompson's illustrations, which give an excellent notion of the surroundings of this alpine antelope.

"Sport in an Untouched American Wilderness," by Mr. Frederic Irland, gives an account of trips made in New Brunswick for moose, and with the hunting there is not a little fishing. The pictures painted are pleasant ones, for Mr. Irland enjoys his outing and tells his story gracefully. The illustrations of this chapter are chiefly half tones from photographs and one—of a salmon leaping—is very interesting.

It is a far cry from the Canadian wilderness to the sheep ranges of Australia, of which Mr. Birge Harrison tells us in "A Kangaroo Hunt." The sketch has the attraction which always attaches to accounts of places and doings of which we know little, but aside from that, it is excellently conceived, well proportioned and well told. Because men are hunters, or love to read of hunting, it does not follow that they are necessarily bloody-minded, nor that they care to be told how a rifle ball smashed this bone or that, or what a beast seemed to suffer in its dying struggles Mr. Harrison saw his kangaroos at home, and not his kangaroos only, but other birds and beasts which inhabit that home; he tells us too of the sheep ranges and the way in which the kangaroos have been destroyed to make room for the sheep, whose pasture they devoured. An avenger for the almost exterminated kangaroo has been found, however, in the introduced English rabbit. The illustrations of the chapter are very interesting, but we are moved to ask whether there is not an error in the caption which reads, "An 'Old Man' under a Fir Tree." Should it not read "An 'Old Man' under a Tree Fern?"

"The Last of the Buffalo" is a title which has been used too often, yet Mr. Grinnell's account of this species as it was in the old days is not without real interest. It is not surprising that people who never saw the old buffalo plains should imagine exaggerated the stories of the species' former abundance, which are given here, as they have often before been told by others. Stories of buffalo hunting by white men are common enough too, but in this article they are brought into contrast with aboriginal methods, to which considerable space is devoted. Much odd and unusual information about buffalo is given, knowledge picked up no doubt through years of residence on the old buffalo range. The pictures are excellent, Mr. Thompson's sketch, "Going to Water," being a vivid reminder of the days of buffalo plenty and the Blackfoot piskun, being the only accurate pictorial representation of this device that we have ever seen.

"At St. Mary's," by Harry C. Hale, deals with that beautiful region in northwestern Montana which has of late years become so well known to a few New York sportsmen. The sketch tells in a light and pleasing way of the adventures of two young officers who went to the St. Mary's Lakes in command of an escort for a party of West Point instructors, and while there hunted sheep with ultimate success. It is perhaps not generally known that the St. Mary's Lakes are those visited by Mr. James Doty in 1856, and by him called Chief Mountain Lake and Bow Lake. Later these lakes were lost, and for many years now the name Chief Mountain Lakes has been applied to two connecting bodies of water lying in the mountains to the north and west, which should be known as Watertown Lakes. The name St. Mary's was given the lakes nearly fifty years ago by old Hugh Monroe.

"Hunting Musk-Ox with the Dog Ribs," by Mr. Frank Russell, is an extremely interesting account of a spring hunting trip from Fort Rae, on Great Slave Lake, to a point within the Arctic Circle, near the head of Bathurst Inlet. The sketch is much condensed, yet in the light of what we know of the Barren Grounds and the hardships of travel over them it gives a clear notion of the suffering endured on the hunt, which lasted about a month, and on which Mr. Russell secured all the skins that he could haul on his sledge. Among the int resting points incidentally touched on is the fact that many of the male Barren Ground caribou seen and killed were yet carrying their horns in April. The conduct of Mr. Russell's Indian companions was identical with that of those who accompanied Mr. Whitney on his trip. Every man raced as hard as he could to get ahead of his fellows. It was such an exhibition of natural selfishness as one sometimes reads of, but seldom sees.

The sketches contained in this volume are certainly worth preserving in this permanent form, and the book will be a welcome addition to the library of every big-game hunter. The mechanical part of the book is well done. The binding is plain, but the page, with its large type and odd, small type running heads, is very attractive.

ADIRONDACK DEER FACTS AND FIGURES.

[From the report of Superintendent of Forests William F. Fox, in the report for 1895 of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests, of New York.]

In collecting the statistics submitted herewith, the various correspondents, representing every minor locality in the Adirondacks, were requested to report also on the number of deer found dead in their respective districts during the previous winter. The large number thus reported, none of which had been killed or wounded, is a matter requiring serious consideration. Mr. Wellington Kenwill, an intelligent and reliable guide who keeps a hunter's hotel at the Indian Clearing on the headwaters of the South Branch of Moose River, reports ninety-three dead deer found in that particular locality. It is within a few years only that these stories of dead deer have been heard. During the last two years an increased number have been reported, and now information from the south part of St. Lawrence county indicates that a large number died in that section during the winter of 1894–95. Various reasons and theories have been advanced in explanation of this serious mortality among our largest and best game.

Deer Mortality.

There seems to be a general belief among the guides and hunters that the animals die of starvation; that, owing to the severe prolonged winter, the animals were unable to find a proper supply of food, or were powerless to travel through the deep snow in search of browse; that in the vicinity where the carcasses were found all the foliage of the evergreens and buds of the hardwoods within reach had been entirely devoured; and that the deer, under the protection of the game law, had increased so rapidly within a few years that there was no longer a sufficient supply of food for them all during the winter season. In opposition to this explanation it is argued by others that the Adirondack winter is no longer or more severe, and the snow no deeper, than in Maine, Michigan and Canada, where no dead deer are found at this season; that the winters in the Adirondacks are no worse than years ago, when the deer wintered without any noticeable loss of this character; and that at the same time and under the same climatic conditions not one dead deer was observed in Essex county and other large areas of Adirondack territory. Deer have been closely observed in the vicinity of lumber camps, feeding on fallen tree tops, which were thin, weak and sickly in appearance, evidently suffering from some distemper; and it was noticed that these animals died afterward, although an abundance of hay and other food was purposely placed within their reach.

It has also been suggested that this great mortality among the deer in winter may be due to an epidemic, some kind of contagious distemper or epizootic. The deer are a species of ruminants so closely allied to certain of our domestic animals that there is nothing improbable in the idea that they may be affected with some cattle disease similar to that which often kills our cows and sheep. In reply it has been urged that the deer die only in winter, whereas if they perished from some form of cattle disease the epidemic would manifest itself at other seasons as well as in winter; at least, its appearance would not be confined exclusively to that one season.

Another theory, suggested probably by the restricted territory within which the deaths occurred, is that the deer have found there some noxious, deleterious weed or vegetable growth of a poisonous nature, which they eat, and which enfeebles them so that they die from its effects. The local character of the epidemic is advanced as warranting this idea. The indications of poison were so strong that it was broadly hinted in those localities that some guides, enraged at their exclusion from certain large preserves, had sought revenge by making salt licks on which Paris green had been sprinkled. There is no ground for the latter assumption, and it is an unwarranted imputation on the good reputation of the guides. If the death of these deer was caused by poison, it resulted from natural causes.

Still another theory has been advanced by intelligent, observant residents in the forest—old, experienced hunters—who assert that the deer which are found dead are animals that were hounded too hard; that these deer became overheated in some long race with the hounds, and then plunged into the cold waters of the lake to escape the dogs; and that they thereby contracted lung disease or some other serious ailment that either enfeebled them so that they were unable to withstand the winter, or else induced some form of acute disease that was the direct cause of their death. But this plausible and reasonable explanation is weakened by the fact that

PODGERS'S COMMENTARIES.

Buried Treasure.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 28.—In your issue of Dec. 19 your correspondent Tarpon writes of the "Islands of the Pacific," and in the last chapter of Cocos Island, and speaks of the legend of pirates' treasure being buried there, and of an expedition having at one time been fitted out from San Francisco to search for it. If he had said half a dozen expeditions he would have been within the facts.

The story of an immense treasure having been buried there by pirates is one of the standing legends of the last half century, and it has been the occasion of the fitting out of at least four expeditions, that I can remember, from this port to search for the fabulous wealth.

The story is that a sailor, lying sick unto death in some hospital, and being afflicted at that late day with a conscience, confessed to a comrade in attendance that he was the sole surviving member of a piratical gang that had looted a Spanish galleon off the coast of Peru; and after the crew and passengers (several rich Peruvians fleeing from political persecution with all their wealth) had been made to walk the plank, the pirates took the treasure aboard and, burning the ship, sailed gaily away for their rendezvous, which was Cocos Island. There they held high revel and drunken quarrels until the Kilkenny practice left but four survivors. They, fearing to be seen with so much wealth, agreed to bury it; and after filling their pockets with doubloons each was tattooed with the latitude and longitude of the island, which was then unknown. They then sailed for Panama; and when near the port burned their vessel; landed in a boat as shipwrecked mariners, and making their way across the isthmus scattered. One by one three of the four died, and this last one made the confession imparting the secret of the buried treasure. The man receiving it turned up in New Orleans; and happening to be there fitting out a clipper schooner for a voyage to Mexico, I was importuned to change my destination and go for this treasure. The man who possessed the secret showed a sketch of the exact locality where it was buried under a big dead tree; and he had the latitude and longitude of the island tattooed on his arm. He generously offered half the find; and as evidence of good faith agreed that we might hang him from the yardarm if he proved false. But I lacked faith, and declined the attempt at the making of a big fortune so easily, romantic as it was to a young chap fond of adventure. But singular to relate, I subsequently purchased a schooner yacht in New York and sent her around to San Francisco, and in less than a month after her arrival sold her to a party to go in quest of the Cocos Island treasure. That same surviving pirate had turned up here and had succeeded in enlisting a number of credulous people to furnish the necessary funds. The expedition sailed, loaded down with shovels and pickaxes. With an eye to possibilities, or as they thought certainties, they had a lot of canvas sacks made to contain the doubloons and jewels, and a strong iron tank or box located under the after deck with a huge lock and fastenings to prevent any tampering with the treasure on the return voyage. Some six months later they came back, quietly sneaking into the harbor without a doubloon or a jewel, their wealth consisting of some second hand shovels and pickaxes. The schooner was sold and the concern wound up. Since that time more expeditions have been fitted out from here, quite a number, and periodically the fever breaks out, and another expedition sails, and returns with the same result; so credulous can people be found, by whom the romance and fascination of buried treasure cannot be resisted, and who will put their money into these wild goose schemes. That Cocos Island treasure is one of the standing jokes of the water front.

A book was written some few years ago called "The Myths of the Middle Ages," wherein the author sets out to prove that all the old legends of William Tell, Pope Joan, Rip Van Winkle and others are the veriest bosh; that there never was any such person as William Tell nor Gessler, and that the same legend was recited as occurring in every country on the face of the earth. What should be done with a fellow who thus destroys the cherished beliefs of our childhood? Confound him, hanging is too good for him. It is a wonder that he never got on to the Cocos Island legend. He would have proved as ingeniously that there never were any pirates, never any Cocos Island, never any treasure, and that sailors innumerable had died all over the world with the same story on their dying lips; but happily there are still people that believe implicitly in William Tell, Pope Joan and Rip Van Winkle. It was only the other day that I saw in a Swiss saloon a large painting of William Tell in the act of drawing his bow, and a big apple on the head of a very fat, bandy-legged, overgrown boy, who seemed to be wondering what his chances were for bagging the apple as his perquisite.

I hope Tarpon will continue his description of the "Islands of the Pacific," for there are but few that I have not visited. Especially did I make it a point to take in Juan Fernandez, on which I bagged one of Robinson Crusoe's goats, or a descendant, a patriarchal old Billy that we essayed to eat; but he was of the Samson brand, and even old Jack in the forecastle could not stand him, but threw him to the sharks. By the way, I read in a recent newspaper that a ship reports that the island has been completely destroyed by the bursting out of an extinct volcano. The rumor needs confirmation.

In reading the last number of the FOREST AND STREAM, I see you quote from the *British Medical Journal* some opinions on the injurious effects of bicycle riding by children under seven years of age, which changed my views in regard to an investment for a "bike" for a young gentleman who had claims on me for a "Christmas," and he will not thank you for being the cause of his not receiving it. But while the article opposed the first proposition, it advocated the use of the machine for old duffers as invigorating exercise, which accounts for our seeing so many old parties wabbling through the streets, which I contend is an undignified practice for gray hairs, especially several judges of the courts, whom I see hard at it; but it is not quite as objectionable as seeing girls in bloomers. Of course I shall be set down as an old fogy, and behind the times, but it is too masculine, and that ungraceful pumping of the limbs I object to, and when it comes to a rear view—well! there is an explanation of why young gentlemen's eyes bulge out so when one chair is doing the duty of two; weighty reasons.

A year or two ago there was an animated discussion in the Eastern newspapers, which has been recently renewed, as to whether sharks ever dined on human beings. Mr. Herman Oelrichs challenged the production of any reliable proof that there was ever any such instance, whereat he was inundated with letters from people who had witnessed sharks eat men, and he had to take water, that is, the northern waters as meant. I see that some skeptic suggests that Mr. Oelrichs try the experiment by jumping into the tank in the Castle Garden Aquarium containing a shark, which proposition he wisely declines. I doubt if the shark would be so impolite as to make a meal of him; but what a drawing card it would be to witness the experiment. If the shark should happen to be an article imported from say Port Royal, I would not care to insure Mr. Oelrichs coming out unscathed, as I have myself witnessed the gobbling of a sailor in the bay of Panama, who fell overboard and was torn to pieces before he could be rescued. I hope Mr. Oelrichs will never try the experiment in those waters, as he is too valuable a member of society to furnish the menu for the well-known appetites of those denizens of the deep. Sharks and alligators are considerably in my debt, especially alligators—for one cocker spaniel and one pointer pup, not to mention one three-year-old little darky, in which I had not so much interest.

PODGERS.

[We may add as commentary upon Podgers's Commentaries that an expedition has recently gone out from this city to look for hidden treasure; and our recollection of the account, as given in the papers at the time, is that the sanguine fortune hunters were bound for this same alluring Cocos Island. We have had in these columns from time to time several accounts of hidden treasure expeditions, including the search for the plunder concealed by Blackbeard, the pirate of North Carolina waters. D. Henshall once wrote of the Punch Bowl, a great spring of fresh water on the shore of Biscayne Bay, Fla., fabled to have been the hiding-place of treasure for the buccaneers and pirates who once infested the Florida coast.]



RUFFED GROUSE AND WOODCOCK.

From the original photograph.

Dog Fancier: "Yes, madame, I have all kinds of dogs here. Is there any particular breed you wish?" Old lady (who reads the papers): "Oh, anything that's fashionable. Lemme see an ocean greyhound."—*New York Weekly.*

"My child," said the old herring to the young herring, by way of parting advice, "the whole ocean is before you, but don't go too near those canneries along the coast of Maine unless you want to be taken for a sardine."—*Chicago Tribune.*

have any authentic account was killed in Michigan, and weighed before he was dressed 246lbs. But such specimens are rarely met with. It is much more common to meet adults that will not exceed 80lbs. in weight, and the average weight may be set down at not more than 100lbs. The guesses of hunters often give much larger weights.

"In the fall of 1876 I shot a buck in northeastern Wisconsin which was judged by several experienced hunters to weigh nearly 250lbs. Four of our Indians came from camp, but would not undertake to carry him in (not more than a third of a mile), although we were very anxious to have it done. They dressed him on the spot and made four loads of him. The chief Indian remarked that one might hunt a lifetime and not see such a deer as that."

The foregoing extract indicates that the deer in Michigan and Wisconsin are not so large as the Adirondack deer.

GUNS AND THINGS.

YESTERDAY was New Year's Day, and I spent the morning performing a melancholy yet not entirely unpleasant task. I cleaned and tested my gun before greasing it and putting it away until snipe shooting time; and I cleaned and greased my hunting boots before hanging them up in the attic. The choke-bore gun sometimes gets the choke shot out of it, and past experience taught me that it is well enough to target such a gun every year or so. Accordingly, I shot my choke-bore barrel at a 30in. circle at 40yds. and got 320 out of 1⅛oz. No. 8 shot in the circle, so I have reason to hope that I may continue to "pull down a high mallard" now and then in the future. The other barrel is a cylinder and does not require any attention. I find such a combination more nearly right for all sorts of shooting than any other. I have accustomed myself to shooting whichever barrel is best fitted to make the shot—the left barrel if it seems to be 40yds. or over and the right barrel for lesser distances. The latter will make uniform kills up to 35yds. and the left up to 45, with frequent clean kills up to 70yds. at all sorts of game except deer, which I have quit shooting at with a shotgun, as more are wounded and escape than are wounded and captured when shot with buckshot.

And about ammunition: Despite Mr. Tenner's intimation to the contrary, my American-made gun shoots much closer and harder with one of the powder wads 11-gauge, instead of 12, as the other wads are. It does not bulge the shell if put in properly. My kind of boots are worth taking care of. They are watertight. They are made of beautifully flexible leather, that never gets hard from any amount of wetting. They can be used all day in the water, and when dried will be as soft as ever. "But no leather," I think I hear some one say, "will turn water, especially snow water," and he is right; no leather will. But my boots are lined with rubber prepared canvas, and between the canvas and the leather is an inner lining of oiled silk. I know of a similar pair that remained watertight for nearly seven years. They were lined with thin leather instead of waterproof canvas, but the oiled silk kept out the water. Boots for hunting should be made large enough to admit of two pairs of stockings being worn, because then the chafing takes place between the stockings, and the tender cuticle of the town-bred hunter is spared.

Not long ago an acquaintance complained that a dog that had recently come into his possession had a habit, when sent to retrieve, of trying to eat the bird. Now I knew the dog, but not the man, so I began to investigate.

"How much do you feed that dog?"

"Oh, plenty."

"But how much is plenty?"

And when he had gone into the pitiful particulars I replied:

"That is not enough and not of the right sort. A hunting dog, especially when hunting, requires meat and plenty of it, and I never saw a dog yet that thought he had enough until his ribs were expanded."

"Well, the man evidently thought I was crazy, but the dogs don't. The only good dog is the all-day dog, for only a few of us can keep a whole kennel of pointers or setters. The all-day dog is the tough dog and he cannot be tough on "health food."

When I am shooting chickens, one of my chief pleasures is to go around to the kitchen door in the evening and ask for a lot of cold meat for the dogs, who will have followed me around there and are looking on with grave expectancy while the cook lady hands me out a breadpan full of cooked meat, left over from the day. Then I call out each dog's name in turn, tossing him the while one big hunk or two little ones, and when that is over I saunter down street to a butcher shop and ask him for 25 cents' worth of lean meat from the cheap part of the shoulder or neck, which he cuts into chunks and with which the dogs and I go through the pitch and toss process again. When they come out of that butcher shop they have the aspect of a man with a toothpick in his mouth, and are ready, after a night's rest and digestion, to repeat the 75 or 100 miles of ranging of the first day. On the third day, however, they must rest.

Did you ever miss a whole flock of birds—*seriatim*, I mean?

Well, that is what I did on Wednesday. A meat dog (thanks for the word, Hough), named Jim Crow, and I were approaching a little gully, when a bevy of quail rose out of it. They were too far away for more than my left barrel, and so I only shot at one hole, which I hit. They flew into a piece of woods, where Jim Crow carefully pointed them by ones and twos. They didn't seem to care which way they went so long as they got there. Some would dart straight up into the tops of the tallest of the trees, some would duck down behind the hazel brush, some would wheel in their first spring and take the back path, while others would make a side lunge for the cornfield adjoining. I had begun to realize that I was having a sensation by the time Jim pointed the last one in the leaves beside a big white oak.

"Well, I've got you anyhow," I exclaim, as I confidently walked in ahead of Jim. "It's open here and you can't dodge me."

And just then he "screamed" around behind the white oak, and when I got around after him he was out of range. He did it so well that I cried out, "Good for you!" and retraced my steps, hoping as I went that that valiant covey might live forever. It is true that once, as I proceeded on my way, some fine feathers were floating in the air, and Jim Crow shortly thereafter stopped and fetched me one dead quail from off in the woods, but I think he flew against a tree and killed himself. It was a wonderful covey of quail: trained by their papa and mamma in every device for eluding No. 8s; able to fly around corners and over tree tops; going off in the clouds almost like mallards or turkeys. I trust they may elude other dangers as they do the danger of shotguns, so that one may have the keen pleasure of missing them again each year. The next covey consisted of twelve birds of quite another feather and parentage, for they had none of the tricks and manners of these first ones.

I scattered them, killed seven, left four for next year and missed one. It was tame. Besides it was late and my farmer friend called to me from the house on the edge of the valley that dinner was ready, and I quit shooting for the day.

Jim is one of the dogs that has not been trained so much as to know nothing but drill tactics. Most of his knowledge has been derived from association with an older dog. I only have to whistle for him a few times each day, and those times are occasions when he has pointed in a dense cornfield and I cannot find him. He is a perfect retriever, and not only finds every bird I knock down, but averages about two birds a day that I think I have missed, but which he thinks I have crippled. I carried him up to a hayloft that night where he would have a warm bed to sleep in and where he could not fight with the hounds, and when I started to take him down the next morning it proved to be more of an undertaking than I had bargained for, owing to his great weight and the fact that I had to get him down through a trap door that had no ladder leading to it. When I sat on the edge and reached him down as far as I could his hind-feet still would not reach the manger below. He did not know but what he was going to get hurt, so he clasped my leg with his muscular forearms, and I saw at once that he proposed to hang on and sustain his weight in that manner, so I let go my hand hold and he swung on to my leg until I lowered it to the manger.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

UTAH GAME LAWS.

THE year that has just closed has put the new game law of Utah to a thorough test. Many of the features are unsatisfactory to the sportsman, the professional hunter and the man who fishes for a living. The new Legislature, which meets within a week, will be asked to make several amendments or to entirely revise the act of March 30, 1896.

Those sections which relate to fish are especially distasteful. Commencing with the trout, July 15 is considered entirely too late for the opening of our season. From my personal observation in almost all the trout streams of the State, I find that, excepting those that run from Fish Lake, Wayne county, spawning is practically over by June 15. Then the trout commence to work down stream. To say nothing of their lacking the fighting qualities that form the fisher's true sport, they become soft-fleshed and almost unfit for the pan. Then again, the irrigating ditches are opened about June 1. The streams are dammed, the water diverted and, at a low estimate, 80 per cent. of the available trout supply is turned upon the fields to rot in the July sun and fertilize the soil. This is no guesswork, but the result of careful observation and figuring. The following facts will prove the case and I have verified them. They will also explain how I came to investigate the matter.

At the mouth of Provo Cañon, where the river of the same name leaves the Wasatch range on its level run to Utah Lake, eight large irrigating canals are taken out. These water about twenty-eight square miles of farm land. On July 2 a boy went out to water. He had a four-acre field of lucerne stubble and six hours of water right. Above him, on the same canal, were seven large laterals and forty-seven smaller ditches. He was five miles from the head of the canal. When he was through with his work he gathered from the muddy field thirty-two trout of marketable size. I saw them. This little incident set me to thinking. I went up the canal in September and inquired of the farmers how many such trout they had gathered during the season. At the current wholesale price the value amounted to $320. This would give for the eight canals $2,560, and of course this is but a small percentage of the number that are lost in the tall alfalfa and grain.

Later in the season I had a trout supper at the cabin of a farmer in Garfield county, near the headwaters of the Sevier. Knowing that my host was very busy, I asked him where he had bought his fish. The reply was:

"I don't have to buy. Every time I water I get enough to last the folks a week, and I've got a barrel salted down for winter."

The law as it reads at present requires unconstructable screens at the mouths of ditches. They have never been put in, and as the great run of trout is during the latter part of June and early in July, I believe that then the rod and reel should have a fair chance.

With regard to bass, fishermen claim that they are multiplying rapidly. Their breeding haunts are inaccessible, and now many more are caught than can be legally used. The Legislature will be petitioned to allow their exportation. An effort will also be made to have doves recognized as a game bird, as in many of the Eastern States.

A strong effort will be made to reject the Governor's nomination of a new Fish and Game Commission for Utah. While I voted for Gov. Wells, I do not believe in giving an office simply as a reward for political services; and while the appointee is an estimable gentleman, he is absolutely ignorant of the work before him. He has sent out letters of inquiry to find when fish spawn, etc. To show his fitness, he visited the Provo Woolen Mills a short time since to inspect the new fish ladder. When asked if the turbines should not be screened, as they resulted in the destruction of hundreds of pounds of fish, he replied that so long as the fish ran up it made no difference how they came down. He is strictly opposed to spending money for the importation of eggs and fry, regardless of the fact that every $1,000 expended has brought $10,000 into the pockets of the people.

Utah county thinks that as the leading fish and game bird county of the State it should have the office of State Commissioner, but for my part I fail to see the necessity of removing, on political grounds, the man who has made Utah's fish and game what it is to-day—A. Milton Musser.

SHOSHONE.

SALT LAKE, Jan. 4.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Winter Camping Trip.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 9.—It is only within the last few years that I have discovered for my own satisfaction that the best time for a vacation trip is not in the summer, but in the winter, provided that the purpose of the trip be one of benefit to the physical health. The city man is always more or less out of health, or at least is not perfectly healthy, because he does not take exercise enough to keep him in condition. A trip to the lakes or woods in the summer time is well enough in its way, but very often it falls in warm weather, when one is indisposed for much exercise. In consequence of this, the vacationist goes back to town improperly rested because he has not been properly tired. His muscular tissues remain unfreshened, and in a short time he is seedy as ever. A camping trip in the winter time means of necessity plenty of hard work, and that work in a pure and wholesome air, whose oxygen burns out all the waste matter of an overworn physical machine. The enforced exercise confers an enforced benefit.

A winter camping trip is of course much better if it can be taken in the pine woods or some wild country far away from civilization, but when one cannot do that he may do the next best thing. I am on the point to-day of doing the next best thing, and going out for a couple of days' tramp in the wilderness which lies within thirty miles of Chicago. This wilderness is one not in the least to be sneezed at. There lies around the southeren end of Lake Michigan a strip of rough country, three or four miles wide by thirty or forty long, covered with pine and cedar and broken into a series of mountainous sandhills of considerable picturesqueness. The traveler who penetrates half a mile into this rough country might well imagine himself in the wildest part of the Loup country of Nebraska or in the foothills of some Arizona range. He could never imagine that he was within a few miles of the edge of a great city.

The Calumet Heights Club is located in the upper part of this sandhill wilderness, and mention has often been made in these columns of the character of the country, which is well known to the members of that club. There has never been, however, any attempt made to fully penetrate and explore the extent of this wild hill country. The region can never be farmed and will probably never be settled, the tall sand dunes offering a most inhospitable front to any home-seeking invader. This strip of heaped-up sand lies between the edge of the lake and the edge of the terminal moraine of the great glacier which once swept down across this country. I have at times described our tracing of the course of the mysterious Calumet River, which curls far around the foot of Lake Michigan and heads in the top of this moraine, the divide between Lake Michigan and the Kankakee waters. It remains now to see what lies in this country between the Calumet country and Lake Michigan. There are rumors of mysteries which have a certain fascination, since they seem so close at hand. The country has no wild game to speak of, excepting a few foxes, an occasional ruffed grouse and an infrequent wildcat. In places it holds little landlocked bodies of water which seeps up from the sand. Alex Loyd and myself have long figured on going through this country together, as a sort of sequel to our first voyage on the Calumet; but Alex does not turn up just yet ready for this winter trip. Mr. A. C. Patterson is the next man to declare that he is as big a fool as I am, and hence ready for the walking and camping trip of a couple of days through this nearby wilderness. I notice that Mr. Patterson also is absent at this writing, and I am not sure that he will qualify to start. As I can find no one else foolish enough to go with me, I presume that I may be obliged to go alone. The weather just now is not so very cold, but this climate is uncertain, and we may have a blizzard at any time. It is necessary, therefore, to go pretty well prepared. This I think it is possible to do, and yet confine one's luggage within portable limits. Of course everything must be carried on the back, as horses and wagons are not possible in that country. I have gotten out the old pack-bag, which is one of my dearest possessions, and as I write it sits beside me ready loaded. It holds a tent weighing 2 or 3lbs., one pair of blankets, a buckskin shirt, a sharp little axe, one aluminum dish, and my Yellowstone tin cup, which serves as a coffee-pot. My rations are confined to beef, bacon, bread and apples; and here I am in doubt, for it is always difficult to tell how much a man is going to eat when he is on a winter tramp. My theory is that the above outfit, with a pound or two of further odds and ends, will enable me to keep comfortable, even in pretty rough weather, and the whole will weigh only about 30lbs. As to the nature of the country, we shall see what we shall see; but as to the nature of the trip itself, I know very well it will be a good one. Hard walking all day in the winter air is good medicine, and I hope that before the 5 o'clock train starts one or more of my friends will see it in the same light.

Wisconsin Deer Killing.

Mr. F. A. McDougald, of Clear Lake, Wis., writes me as below in regard to the killing of Wisconsin deer:

"In FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 31 last you expressed an idea that the deer in Wisconsin would have a chance for their lives this fall; but I can safely say that more deer have been killed from Oct. 15 up to date than before for twenty years. Out of fifty or sixty deer that are known to have been killed around here not more than three or four have been killed by settlers and sportsmen; the rest have been killed and shipped out by market-hunters, and they are still hunting at this writing. Inclosed please find a clipping from our weekly paper, the *Weekly Courier*, of Clear Lake, which covers the case to perfection, and any settler in this country will say the same. We have got to stop the sale of game at all seasons of the year or lose our game."

The newspaper clipping referred to by Mr. McDougald reads as follows:

No one objects to anyone coming out here to kill a deer in season, but to keep coming out here day after day, month after month, indefinitely, and hauling them out for what they are worth, we draw the line. Some say deer can't be shipped away now, as it is against the law. Possibly so, but I notice that if a deer is killed on one day, they are right back next day for another. If no complaint is made, this will last as long as the deer last. If the State intends to protect the animals, there must be a game warden to every township—three or four would be better—in the infested districts, with full power to arrest any party on sufficient evidence—which would be the least of all trouble here. The few wardens there are no doubt doing all they can, but that avails but little when one man has about 500 to cope with. The State may be long on law, but it is mighty short on protection.

By rights, to whom do the deer belong, anyway? Are they not bred and raised on land belonging to settlers, that have bought it and who pay taxes on it? Is it not on their lands that they get their living, such as grass, shrubbery, turnip patches and hay marshes? Where can you find a settler that can go out at the time of year prescribed by law to hunt? He must needs go when he can. If the State is going to do anything let it protect the settlers; they are the ones it gets its revenue from, NOT from a gang of lazy, loafing, shiftless men that make a business of roaming over the country at will, killing regardless of laws, time of season or anything else, as long as there is a deer left. Let them emigrate to some place where the game is more plentiful and more their equal. A settler should be permitted to kill a deer at any time through the fall if he needs it to feed his family, and no more. Otherwise, if this wholesale killing goes on, in three or four years the deer will be as extinct in northern Wisconsin and Minnesota as the buffalo is on the plains of Dakota and Montana. If the State is going to do anything in the matter, let it debar all transient hunters, for the State derives no benefit or revenue from them. At the least calculation over fifty deer were shot in this township from Oct. 1 up to date and spirited away to foreign places, and what has the State out of them? Not a cent, and as far as I know, not a settler has got one.

If the State intends to enforce this matter it must adopt something more stringent than the present resolutions and before another season, too. This year there has been practically three months up to date, not here only, but all over the State, and who has heard of an arrest for violation of the law? Now, if anyone thinks I am "off" on this matter. I shall be pleased to hear from them through the columns of the *Courier* or otherwise, and don't be afraid to sign your name.

Respectfully, A. R. RICHARDSON.

VANCE CREEK, Wis.

Arctic Owls.

Oregon papers chronicle a great influx of arctic owls this winter in that State. It is said that this bird has come down from the North all over Oregon as far as the California line. This snowy owl does not migrate from the North as a usual thing unless the winter is unusually severe. The Portland *Oregonian* says that these owls have not been seen in numbers in that State since 1881. I recall that Mr. J. D. Allen, the taxidermist at Mandan, N. D., had many dozens of these birds mounted when I last was there. As I reported at the time, he said that when he first went into that country the snowy owl was rather scarce, and he gave a good price for a specimen. This set all the farmer boys to trapping owls, and he soon had them offered in great numbers. The owls were taken by setting a steel trap on top of any little eminence on the level prairie country. A couple of sods thrown up would make a perch on which the owl was sure to light. The trap set on top of such little hillock was sure of a catch. A mounted snowy owl, with wings spread in screen fashion, is a sort of staple at $5.

Wants Some Bear Galls.

I am in receipt of the following interesting letter from a gentleman in Orange, Mass.: "I have read in 'our paper,' FOREST AND STREAM, about Mr. Bobo's bear hunting, etc., and I thought perhaps you can help me out. Now, I want to get two or three bear galls, for which I will give 50 cents each.

"Can you tell me where I can get them? I thought you would probably know of parties who hunt bears.

"If it will not be of too much trouble please let me hear from you."

This only goes to show how useful a place a newspaper office can be at times. It is the pride of this office that a man can get anything he wants there, from a fight to a sermon, and I trust we shall be able to fill this order. We are just out of bear galls, but I am expecting some in, and shall take pleasure in advising the inquirer immediately upon their receipt. I think that 50 cents is not enough for a single bear gall, but maybe the price could be made lower on club rates such as those suggested. It seems to me that Captain Bobo could make a good thing at raising bears for their galls. It is a well-known fact that the removal of the gall from the bear does not injure the activity or the usefulness of the bear to any great extent, and upon such removal it at once sets about producing another gall, after the fashion of the eider duck, which will pick a whole feather bed off itself in order to keep its nest going when the latter is robbed by the cruel hand of man. Captain Bobo's great acquaintance with bears would probably allow him to gather his bear galls about every thirty days, and this would leave a profit on each bear of $6 a year, as the cost of feeding the bears is merely nominal. I see no reason why a large and profitable industry should not be built up in this way. If Captain Bobo has any bear galls in stock he can dispose of them at this office. I trust that we have not yet reached a position where we are not adequate to meet any demands upon our resources.

Poygan Gun Club.

At the regular meeting of the Lake Poygan Gun Club at the Sherman House yesterday afternoon the following officers for 1897 were elected: President, James Pease; Vice-President, R. R. Clark; Secretary, R. M. Simon; Treasurer, S. A. Goss. Board of Trustees: James Pease, R. R. Clark, E. W. Murphy. Membership Committee: Dr. F. D. Porter, Dr. E. N. Elliott, E. L. Mason. The club will try to secure coöperation in the passage of common game laws by Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana and Michigan. The club expressed it as its sense that spring shooting should be stopped, and determined to further all measures looking to that end. The Poygan Club has valuable shooting privileges in Wisconsin.

Bound South.

Mr. H. O. Wilbur, of Philadelphia, is in Chicago to-day. He starts on Monday for a few weeks' shooting on the Gulf Coast of Texas, and will probably drop in at the mid-winter shoot at San Antonio. Thence he goes to California, where he will spend the great part of the winter. Mr. Wilbur last winter shot with Fred Kemp on Puerto Bay, near Rockport.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indiana, is endeavoring to make up a party to go to the San Antonio Midwinter shoot. A number of Northern sportsmen make this tournament the occasion for a Southern trip in which they will see something of the delightful field shooting of that country. Dick Merrill, of Milwaukee, has already started South, and will join friends lower down in the country for a Texas trip, which will take in the Midwinter. It is a most agreeable experience to get out of this cold Northern country for a month of paradise in the South.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Wife—"Be sure to advertise for Fido in the morning newspapers."

Next day the wife read in the morning newspapers: "Ten Shillings Reward.—Lost, a mangy lapdog, with one eye and no tail. Too fat to walk. Answers to the name of Fido. Smells like a monkey house. If returned stuffed, 30 shillings reward."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Governors' Messages.

From the Message of Gov. Powers, of Maine.

"OUR vast forests abound with moose, deer, caribou and other game. Our lakes, rivers and bays, well stocked with many varieties of fish, offer to sportsmen unequaled attractions, and bring with each recurring year large and steadily increasing numbers of people, whose sojourn here is pleasant, healthful and beneficial to themselves and profitable to many of our own citizens. During the past two years the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game used every reasonable effort and adopted the best known methods of fishculture, to more fully stock our lakes, streams and rivers with fish suitable for food. They have good reason to hope and believe that success will ultimately crown these endeavors. Already there has been a marked increase in many rivers and lakes of the several varieties which they are propagating. These Commissioners have also for the past two years taken extraordinary care to protect and preserve, especially during close time, the game with which our forests abound, and they have, to a great extent, prevented the indiscriminate and illegal killing of moose, deer and caribou, which was so common not a very long time ago. The slaughter by men lumbering in the woods has nearly ceased, and at present most of the guides, woodsmen and settlers upon the outskirts of the forests recognize the wisdom of our game laws and quite generally obey them. But there are some persons that nothing but the rigid enforcement of these laws will restrain. Hence the evident necessity of having a reasonable number of energetic and efficient game wardens, who I think should also act as fire wardens, as it is necessary to protect the forests from fire if we would have game at all. This work, so plainly beneficial to our State, is deserving reasonable pecuniary aid and support, which you will doubtless be pleased to grant."

From the Message of Gov. Black, of New York.

A question too long neglected is the preservation of our forests. The State, either through indifference or false economy, has been stripped of its most valuable timber lands, allowed its water supply to be seriously impaired, and the most wonderful sanitarium in the world to be defaced and partially destroyed. Every element of economy and foresight is outraged by this course. Private individuals have taken advantage of the State's neglect until of the entire Adirondack region, consisting of more than 3,500,000 acres, the State owns 841,000, less than a quarter; and of the proposed Adirondack Park of 2,800,000 acres it owns even a smaller percentage, about 661,000 acres. Of this proposed park more than 880,000 acres are held as private preserves, and more than 1,250,000 acres by lumbermen and others; so that of the proposed total area of 2,800,000 acres more than 2,000 000 are owned by private individuals. More than 1,250,000 of the 2,000,000 so owned are now subject to fire and axe, and the devastation wrought yearly is appalling and disgraceful. More than 450,000,000 feet of wood and timber are cut and more than 100,000 acres stripped every year. This work of devastation is progressing fast. The banks of the lakes and rivers and all sections accessible from either are ravaged at such a pace that but few years more can elapse before that region, in many respects the most wonderful and valuable in the world, will be practically destroyed. The parts acquired or claimed by individuals are the best. A traveler through any desirable portion of that country is sure to be met with the charge of trespassing, for the cases are rare in which the title of the State to a desirable tract is acknowledged.

Some time this deplorable condition must be rectified. Every year the loss to the State grows larger, in all cases difficult, and in some cases impossible, of recovery. The land is steadily and rapidly increasing in value. The bogus title burrows further out of sight the longer it is let alone. Witnesses die, and the only thing sure to increase is the encroachment of individuals upon the domain of the State. The enlargement of the canals will require more water, and the demand in every direction is increasing, while the supply is steadily falling off. A subject of such magnitude should not be postponed nor conducted with halting method, which is too apt to distinguish public enterprises in which large appropriations afford convenient resting places in which office holders may grow old. Not long ago the State appropriated $1,000,000 to preserve the beauties of Niagara Falls. That subject is without significance compared to the Adirondack forests. Every consideration of health, pleasure, economy and safety urge the speedy consideration of this subject, and such consideration should include appropriations adequate to ascertain the nature of the titles adverse to the State, and to recover where the titles are insufficient, and to purchase where they are valid. Any other course would be false and unwise economy.

New York Game Protection.

Editor Forest and Stream:

THE non-shipping game law is good as far as it goes, but it does not protect us as it was intended.

We have plenty of ruffed grouse cover, and but for three things would have excellent shooting all the fall. One thing is too many foxes; another, four or five market shooters hunt for about three days each week till they get about 100 birds together, and then one of them takes them in a trunk to market; another thing is, four or five city sportsmen go out and stay two or three days and carry back about twenty birds each. Whether they sell them or "give them to friends" I cannot say, but it makes no difference so far as thinning out the game is concerned. My idea for a remedy is to put a law through giving $1 bounty on each fox killed. This would save many a farmer's poultry and game, more than a majority of shooters have any idea of. Then make it illegal for any one to kill more than five grouse in one day, or have in possession at one time. This would stop market shooters carrying their game to market, for it would not pay them. It would stop cold storage houses storing game. It would stop the city sportsman from taking home more than five birds to each man, and would afford them just as much pleasure to say they got all the law allowed them as to carry home twenty and give away or sell the other fifteen.

.16 BORE.

ALBANY, Jan. 7.—Col. William Cary Sanger, of Oneida county, introduced in the Assembly on its opening day two bills proposing changes in the fish and game law. One relates to the killing of deer in all parts of the State except Long Island; the other proposes a change in the open season for partridges and squirrels. Both bills have the approval of the State Fisheries, Forest and Game Commission, and they were prepared after consultation with members of that Commission.

The bill which relates to the killing of deer prohibits hounding and jacking, and in this is in line with the change made last year, when the season for killing deer by these methods was made shorter than it had previously been. The present law allows the jacking of deer from Sept. 1 to Sept. 15, and hounds may be used from Oct. 1 to Oct. 15.

The Commissioners believe that, notwithstanding these short open seasons, the number of deer killed in the Adirondacks this year was fully as great as it was the year before, when the season was longer. Reports from the game wardens indicate this, although there are no detailed reports this year which show the actual number of deer killed in each county. Such reports as have been received by the principal gamekeeper are that during the fifteen days' open season the haunts of the deer were fairly alive with hunters, and the slaughter correspondingly great.

It is because of these reports that the Commission believed it wise to give a greater protection, and limit the killing to still-hunting. The proposed change is said to meet the approval of many of the dwellers in the woods, who have prior to last year done a thriving business with dogs. They find that it does not pay to keep the dogs idle for eleven and a half months for the privilege of renting them for fifteen days. The gamekeepers believe that greater restrictions are needed to prevent the dogs, which are kept in the woods the year round, from destroying the deer. Some complaints have been heard that the dogs are frequently at large, and there has been no way of preventing hounding even when there have been no sportsmen. The proposed change prohibiting the use of dogs, the Commission believes, will be of advantage to the deer by practically clearing the woods of dogs the year round.

The bill which relates to the partridge season is backed by the Commission because it believes that under the present law the extinction of the bird is threatened.

The open season for partridge is now from Aug. 16 to Dec. 31. Mr. Sanger's bill proposes to shorten this at both ends, making the time when partridge may legally be killed from Sept. 1 to Nov. 15. If the bill becomes a law, it will prevent much slaughter of the birds when they are "budding," and the date for the end of the season was selected for precisely this object.

The Commissioners believe the birds should be protected from the time the first snow falls and they are driven to the hardwood trees for their food. This bill also contains a section relating to the wholesale shipping of partridge, a provision which is said to be aimed at those who visit the breeding places and have practically a monopoly of the birds, buying from the local sportsmen and transporting them to the cities. Col. Sanger's bill proposes that no person shall "accompany" to exceed fifty birds.

The open season for squirrels is changed by Col. Sanger's bill, to give an open season from Sept. 1 to Nov. 15. The present law makes it from Oct. 15 to Feb. 15. The Commission believes the squirrels are matured by Sept. 1.

One change is proposed by the Commission in the law fixing the fishing seasons, though the bill to bring about the change has not yet been introduced. It is proposed to make the date of the open season for black bass July 1. It is now June 1. The Fisheries Department advocates the change on the ground that black bass are spawning in June.—*Correspondence, New York Times.*

Michigan Sale of Game.

LANSING, Mich., Jan. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am glad to be able to report a move in the direction of preserving the game of Michigan:

A. L. Lakey, of Kalamazoo, secretary of the State Game Protective Association, is preparing an amendment to the present game law, which he will endeavor to have passed at the coming session of the Legislature. One of the features which he desires introduced is that no game of any kind shall be offered for sale. Mr. Lakey asserts that under the present law he has known of a number of cases where venison is killed and sold by hunters to pay the expenses of their trip.

A provision for more complete reports of the issuance of hunters' license is also a feature of the amendment. It is proposed that county clerks shall report and turn over the license fees received to the county treasurer, who shall report to the State treasurer. Some 20,000 blank licenses were sent out to the county clerks last fall, and the Secretary of State has received, it is said, fees for only about 100 licenses, but it is pretty evident that the number of deer hunters largely exceed this figure. A higher fee for the license is also contemplated.

This is a matter which sportsmen throughout the State will be pleased to have brought about. JULIAN.

The Globe-Democrat's Yarns.

ST. LOUIS, Mo. Jan. 9.—A great journalist has just died in this city, Mr. Joseph B. McCullagh, of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat;* and the journalists of the whole country have united in paying tribute to his greatness. If but two of his articles, one on Judge Normile and the other on Father Phelan, had appeared in the old-time London *Spectator* of Mr. Addison, instead of in a modern daily, he would have been one of the immortals. He made the *Globe-Democrat* so excellent that other merely good papers seemed trash in comparison. But for years past his paper has contained in the Saturday edition a series of articles about sports afield, written for the most part* by space writers, one of whom once confessed to me that he had never been hunting in his life. Their patent artificiality only disclosed that the great editor had always been too busy to go a-hunting. And yet he was too big not to know a sham when he saw it, and it may have been his quiet way of laughing at the man who is ever willing to lapse from the intense life of the spirit to the old-time ways of the savage; from the constant labor and asceticism of genius to the brief snatches of pleasure with which those of us who are "but children of a larger growth" beguile the way. GEORGE KENNEDY.

* A few articles were taken from FOREST AND STREAM, which, of course, are not subject to this mild criticism.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

Gen. Chester Alan Arthur.

ON the Potomac River, three or four miles above the city of Washington, there is a bridge called Chain Bridge Once upon a time there was a suspension bridge at this point which was hung on chains, but has been replaced by a wooden structure, which retained the name. During our late war Fort Alexander was built near this bridge, and in the fall of 1862 I was in garrison there with a battery of the 7th N. Y. Heavy Artillery, proudly wearing upon each arm the chevrons of a first sergeant. A native darky boy, who volunteered to be my valet in consideration of certain privileges in the cook house, was of service in many ways besides polishing boots and buttons for dress parade, and cleaning rifle and sword for inspection; he knew the country quite well a few miles around the fort, for his parents lived close by.

Months afterward, when the heavy guns were left in the forts, and our men took their muskets and served as infantry on those terrible marches, when we had the outside track in the race for Richmond, we looked back to the defenses of Washington as a pleasant home, where clean underclothing was not considered a luxury. Every commissioned officer and many of us non-com's had darky boys, who were proud to be attached to the garrison and equally proud of being called "tigers."

Perhaps a week had passed, and the routine of garrison life was established, so that I could think of looking around a bit, and one day I asked my tiger, whose name was Jim, if there were any fish in the river.

"Fish, sah? Yessah, deys de greates' lot o' rock up at d' falls, sah, an' some days dey gets 'em by de bushel. Ef yo' want to go fishin' I jess show yo' wha' to catch 'em." And he gave the buttons a quick brushing to remove the tripoli powder and unstrung the button stick. "Does yo' want to go an' catch some rock?"

Evidently "rock" was a fish. Just what kind of a fish it might be was beyond my guessing powers, but Jim said it was "de bes' fish dat yo' ebber eat," and so I went to the quarters of Capt. Shannon, saluted, and asked: "May I have a day off to-morrow? I wish to fish in the river and Sergt. Falk will attend to the sick call, guard mounting and other duties, and I will be back at 5 P. M. in time for dress parade." The captain gave permission and I sent Jim out after crayfish and worms, while I borrowed some fishing tackle from the Ordnance Sergeant, who, by the way, was a "regular" who had been at the fort the year before and was something of a fisherman. Among the things he loaned me were several hooks with bits of red flannel tied to the shank, like an artificial fly, and he said, in answer: "Yes, sorr, ye'll find thim as killin' as any o' yer baits, an' more so av ye can cast the fly, as we did in the ould counthry, an' strik' them at the proper moment."

It was not daylight when the sentinels challenged and received the countersign, and Jim and I struck out on the Harper's Ferry road. The morning was cool and delightful and the road, free from mud or dust, wound through forest and over hills, with occasional broad views of the river. The unfamiliar road seemed long and the sun was an hour high when we reached the falls Leaving shoes and stockings on the bank and rolling up trousers, we worked our way out a short distance until my *fidus achates* said: "Dis yer's de bes' place to fish fum dis side," and as the river was not very high for the time of year we found a rock to lay our impedimenta on and began fishing, using a crawfish bait for the "rock," an unknown fish which might be anything that imagination could suggest. As the current took the first bait down stream a carriage stopped on the road and two gentlemen got out. They put on wading boots, went past us and prepared to fish.

Several baits had been taken from my hooks, but no fish, and I saw one of the strangers land a "rock" that looked to weigh 2lbs., for they were not 50ft. away. They were using artificial flies, that was plain, and I changed to the red flannel lure, hooked and landed a good fish. "Dat's a good rock," said my mentor as he killed it. Then, "Hi! look-a dah!" and one man had slipped on the slimy rocks and was struggling to get back, while their basket of necessaries floated down the river along with one rod and line. He came over to me and explained matters. They had lost everythir g except one rod and its line and bait. If any sort of a pole could be cut in the woods, could I furnish hook, line and bait? I could, and did. Jim went ashore with him and they came back with a pole and we rigged it up. The stranger said: "We drove out to take a few striped bass, and our coachman has gone back to Tenallytown and will not return for us until near sundown, as we proposed to make a day of it."

The speaker was a man about my age and size, say thirty years, and 5ft. 6in. His companion was much taller, but both wore flowing side whiskers, the chin alone being shaved. There was a similarity of dress and make-up that stamped them at once as from the great city on Manhattan Island. I looked my fish over and decided that it was the striped bass of my boyhood on the upper Hudson, but larger. Since then a more extended knowledge of the popular names of fishes has proved that south of New Jersey the striped bass is called "rock" and "rockfish," but the great Northern market is gradually extending its name for the fish through the commercial fishermen who get their returns from Fulton Market.

About noon I said, "Jim, go over and ask the gentlemen if they will come and take a bite with me." They came, apologizing for their mishap. The man who had been ashore for a pole introduced himself as Mr. Endicott and his tall friend as Mr. Arthur. Every man knows how trivial things affect the whole course of his life, how chance throws him in the way of a woman whose life becomes bound up in his for better or for worse, and how a most enduring friendship may be made in an hour. In this way I made the acquaintance of Frank Endicott, of whom I shall write later, but now wish to mention as one of the most conscientious gentlemen and best all-round sportsmen that it has been my fortune to know. Our basket contained a severely plain luncheon from the garrison cook house, and consisted of cold boiled pork, which was really good despite its soldier name of "sow belly;" but then soldiers always dubbed their corned beef "salt horse," and had discrediting names for everything that was issued to them. Rice was "swamp seed," and army shoes were "pontoons," etc. We had some "salt horse" also, baked beans, two loaves of soft bread and unlimited hard tack, as well as a quart bottle of coffee. This was put up for Jim and me for dinner or any regular or irregular feed, for Jim was afflicted with an appetite which had become chronic.

"Sergeant," said Mr. Arthur, "this is very kind. Fishermen get hungry, and you seem to be fairly well provided; so we will accept the invitation in the spirit in which it is offered, and will hope for a chance to reciprocate in the future"

I kept an eye on Jim while he kept an eye on the provisions, and I fancied that there was a sad note in his voice when he asked, "Does yo' want some mo' dese beans, sah?" as though he would be disappointed if they took them. The supply was ample, however, for all; but none was left for the evening tramp to garrison.

Their cigars were not in the basket that had floated away, and we smoked and talked of the fishing. I remarked that my angling had been mainly inland, and that the identity of these "rock" of 2 to 3lbs. with the little ½lb. striped bass of the upper Hudson had been a matter of doubt, because I didn't know that they grew so big.

"You are not familiar with this fish on the sea coast," said Mr. Arthur, "for they are often taken of 60lbs. weight, and I have taken them of over 20lbs."

That was a new bit of fish lore. I had known of one being taken at Albany weighing 2lbs., and had remembered it as a monster.

I told them that I must leave at 2 P. M. in order to be back in time for dress parade at 5 (my leave expired at 4), and we had all the fish we cared to carry. Endicott took me one side and said: "Sergeant, my friend is Gen. Chester A. Arthur, who was appointed by Gov. Morgan as Engineer-in Chief on his staff, and is now Acting Quartermaster-General, stationed in New York city, preparing and forwarding troops; and he has been inspecting the State troops at Fredericksburg and on the Chickahominy, in Virginia. He is an intimate friend of your Colonel, Lewis O. Morris, and is here on purpose to consult him about something. Don't mind overstaying your time, it will be all right"

Endicott was not a soldier, so I said: "No matter how the case may be smoothed over with Col. Morris; I have given my word to my captain to be back at a certain time, and will be there, bar accident."

After this Gen. Arthur came and said: "Our carriage will be here at 3 P. M., and if you will stay and fish we will be pleased to have you ride back with us, for I wish to see Major Springsteed after dress parade at Fort Alexander and then drive to headquarters and see Col. Morris."

This gave us more time to fish and a ride back, the latter no small favor. Jim was in his glory, mounted with the coachman, and I was not miserable inside.

Months passed; Battery I was moved to Fort De Russey, the extreme right of the line of forts garrisoned by the 7th, over near the Seventh street road, and the fishing incident had been partially forgotten in other and smaller fishings in the waters of Rock Creek, as occasion offered, for the fort was on a hill whose base was washed by the creek. I had been promoted to a lieutenancy in Battery C, and again to Battery L, at headquarters near Tenallytown, late in 1863, when this incident occurred: A young man of influential and wealthy family had been commissioned from private life as a second lieutenant and assigned to the 7th Heavy, and of course the old sergeants in line of promotion didn't like it, but there was no remedy. He was of the good fellow type, with unlimited cash, and he proposed to celebrate his muster-in. Purely by way of apology for the following account of this "celebration," let me say: Here was a regiment of twelve batteries, three majors, twelve captains and forty-eight lieutenants, besides the staff. They were weary of drills and hungering to go to the front, where there was not only active service, but promotion, and they were young. They represented all the temperaments that can be found in the same number of vigorous young men between twenty and thirty years old. Therefore the festive young recruit found a few who would forego the study of projectiles, ricochet fire, time fuses and such exciting subjects, and could devote an evening to making his acquaintance in the sutler's tent.

I was one of that chosen few who sacrificed an evening of study to welcome Lieut. ———, and I never regretted it, no matter how much some other men may disapprove of such a symposium We had been introduced all around and our new comrade had ordered several bottles of champagne, and the sutler was about to open them when Capt. Jones called a halt and remarked: "There's only one way for a soldier to open a bottle, and that's with his sword."

"That may be true," said Lieut. Niles, "but there's not an officer in this regiment who can do the trick." The door opened and two men in "mufti" came in, but no one paid any attention to them

"For the cigars, Niles?" I asked.

"Yes, for the cigars and oys ers also, if you dare."

"All right! Capt. Jones; will you take the cork out of a bottle to oblige me?" He declined. The fact was that I had learned the stroke from Gen. Genet, who taught fencing to Ira Wood, as related in sketch No. 10, where I said: "While he was learning I picked up a point or two which was of service in garrison when the neck of a champagne bottle was to be severed at a clean stroke, * * * you may be told of this when ex-President Arthur is under the searchlight." I had been putting Jones through on bottles filled with water, but he declined to exhibit his skill in public and there was no alternative. Clearing a space behind, I brought the sword to the left elbow and, advancing the right foot, with a strong up stroke cut the bottle at the point where the shoulder of the muzzle meets the neck, and the break was clean and smooth; the bottle standing while the fluid effervesced over the opening. When the applause subsided one of the strangers said:

"Gentlemen, pardon us for interrrupting your proceedings, but after meeting Col. Morris we asked after Lieut. Mather, who showed us some courtesies on a former visit, and were informed that he was over here." A glance showed that they were my angling friends of over a year ago, whose names had been forgotten. With a refreshed memory there were introductions all round and Mr. Arthur suggested that he might try his hand at opening the second one. He took my sword and uncapped the bottle neatly, and two nicks in a blade hanging on my wall to-day represent two glass enemies. As the party comprised over a dozen able-bodied men, it was necessary to open more, and my pupil, Capt Jones, did credit to his preceptor. It looked easy and Niles tried it. Just how or where he struck the enemy is not on record, but there was a smashing of glass and a flood. The recruit smashed much glass. It was an exhibition of skill that only long practice can attain, and is worthy of attainment by the man whose life may depend on the momentary handling of a sword. By invitation and permission, I dined with my brethren of the angle in Washington the next evening.

The custom of army officers then was, as it is with navy officers to-day, to discard uniforms when going ashore or outside of garrison, and don mufti; and so I appeared at the dinner. It was a culinary poem, and I reported to Adjt. Hobbs next morning before my leave had expired, and then in the long marches and the excitement of the campaign with the Army of the Potomac the next spring all these things were forgotten, even the names of my fishing friends. The fact that one of them might have influence sufficient to give me higher rank never occurred, and that shows how little sense I had. Those fellows who are so perfectly satisfied with themselves as to say that they never made a mistake are to be envied. I've made dozens of 'em, and only wish I could give the wheel of time a twist and sing:

> "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight,
> Make me a child again just for to-night,"

and then enforce the order.

Gen. Arthur was President of the United States nearly two years before I had any idea that he was my whilom fishing companion, and then Endicott told me of it after I had somehow renewed acquaintance with him. I had carefully noted the fact that after President Garfield had been wounded by the assassin the Vice-President had been modest in not claiming to act in his stead during the long weeks that the President lay wounded, and that he won hosts of friends from among those who had opposed his nomination; and his administration as President has passed into history as a most wise and conservative one. Many thought that Arthur's sudden death in November, 1886, was hastened by his failure to have his administration approved by a nomination for the Presidency, and it was said that there were enough of his admirers on Long Island alone, who resented his being "turned down," that voted for Mr. Cleveland, to have carried the State of New York and elected Gen. Arthur if he had been a candidate. Of politics I know little, in the sense of the workings of parties, and never mixed in it further than to keep posted as well as possible and to vote as seemed best

Once Mr. Endicott and I were going to Washington to attend a meeting of the American Fisheries Society, and at Jersey City he shook hands with a tall man, while I walked away It was Gen. Arthur, and he asked us into his car to smoke. "It will give me a rest from the politicians," he said, and we spent an hour talking of fish and fishing while some anxious men outside were wondering who we could be and what manner of axes we were grinding. We called on him next day, and the fact that neither of us wanted any favors seemed to make him enjoy the visit.

First of all things, Gen. Arthur was a gentleman in the best sense of that abused term. Perhaps Endicott expressed this thought better when he said: "Gen. Arthur is the only President since Martin Van Buren who knew how to wear a glove." That may not be the best thing to be said of the highest officer of a republic, but it serves to give point to my remark. Just where Mr. Arthur developed these traits as a boy in a country where it is said to require "three generations of wealth to make a gentleman" is a question which I will answer. It was innate to the last degree, and only needed an observant eye to note the minute details of things a gentleman may not do. All else is simple

Gen. Arthur was born in Vermont in 1830, and entered the Sophomore class of Union College in '45, and while there taught school to pay expenses; and after graduating three years later was principal of an Academy at North Pownal, Vt, where Gen. Garfield taught penmanship in 1854. In 1853 he was admitted to the New York bar, and later took part in politics. His whole life shows what a poor boy may become under our form of government Unhampered by ancestors, he worked his way solely on his own merits; born a free man, he is taken at his exact worth by his fellow men and placed in the position which their votes wish him to occupy. Look over in Spain! See a ten-year-old boy on a throne because he is the son of a former ruler, who ruled because he was somebody's son! It would be funny if it were not a sad spectacle. In Europe the Prince of Wales is the only heir to a throne who does not take himself seriously and believe that he is destined to rule by divine right The "War Lord" of Germany—but you know all about him, and also how easy it is for me to get off the track,

In his report to the Governor of New York, in 1863, Gen. Arthur said: "Through the single office in the city of New York, from Aug. 1 to Dec. 1, the space of four months, there were completely clothed, uniformed and equipped, supplied with camp and garrison equipage and transported from this State to the seat of war, sixty-eight regiments of infantry, two battalions of cavalry, and four battalions of artillery." Yet a little impoverished monarchy in Europe, which cannot subdue an insurrection in an island which has an area less than the State of New York by some 10,000 square miles, talks of war with our now united nation!

Gen. Arthur was a genial gentleman with literary tastes, affable and companionable to those whom he did not regard as persons trying to work him for personal ends. Endicott and I came within this category.

For years Gen. Arthur's catch of a 50lb. salmon on the Restigouche was the highest record, and it has only been beaten in late years.

The gentle art, as depicted by Walton, had a most worthy disciple in Chester A. Arthur, who was, in the language of Shakespeare, "An affable and courteous gentleman;" but, while in quoting mood I am puzzled when the memory of Arthur, Endicott and self, as a trio, confronts that sentence from Sheridan's "Rivals:" "You are not, like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?"

It's not pleasant to have conundrums thrust upon you at all times—there were two gentlemen, at least, in the trio.

FRED MATHER.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

ANGLING NOTES.

Fisheries, Game and Forest Report.

A FEW advance copies of the New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commissioner's report for 1895 have been issued to the press, and the newspaper notices have been the means of causing an unprecedented demand for the reports. The applications have been sent to the office of the Commission in Albany, to the Commissioners and others at their homes and elsewhere, and already the number of applications for copies of the report exceed the number of copies printed for distribution. Up to Jan. 6 the Commission had not received from the printer the reports to be distributed from its office; nor has the Legislature received the copies assigned to its members. When all the books are bound and delivered to the departments it will require a little time to make the distribution, and when it is made I imagine that many people will be disappointed at not obtaining the copies they have asked for, unless the Legislature should order another edition printed to supply the demand. Mr. Taylor, the secretary of the Commission, told me on Jan. 6 that he had received nearly 200 applications for copies of the report that morning, and that number is but a small part of the grand total on file. I judge that it will be practically impossible to even reply to the applications until after the distribution of the reports has been made and it is known what the shortage really is, so the applicants will not know for some little time to come what the fate of their applications may be. The Commissioners are powerless to remedy the existing condition of affairs, much as they regret it, and if it shall be in their power eventually they will furnish a copy of their report to each person applying for it, otherwise they will have to furnish copies until all are gone in the order in which the applications are filed. The newspapers have given notice that copies of the report can be obtained for the asking, overlooking the fact that the edition is limited by law, while there is no limit to the applications.

Frost Fish.

A considerable of my time is spent away from my home, and during my absence newspapers (and I am sorry to add letters) accumulate in formidable numbers. Always upon my return I try, so far as I can, to reply to the letters, but am generally so far behind in my replies that if by any chance the pile of unanswered letters should be reduced to reasonable limits I imagine it would be cause for rejoicing in the household, for I cannot be very companionable when spending days and nights in letter writing. Newspapers I do not ever pretend to read, but a member of my family reads them for me by proxy and blue-pencils everything relating to fish and fishing which they may contain. If an item is not marked with pencil the papers may be ever so carefully arranged in consecutive order and conveniently placed, and yet I miss it. Very recently I was told that there was an article about frost fish in one of the papers, and it had not been marked, but I could easily find it in a certain paper of such a date, as the caption was "Frost Fish" in large letters. It was something past midnight when I got to the frost fish business, and I then searched the file of the particular paper and searched it again without avail. The house was still and I finally gave up the search and retired. The next morning at breakfast I remarked that I had searched for the frost fish, but could not find it, and in the future if articles were not marked I could not undertake to look for them, and the only time to mark an article was when the paper was in hand. My wife said she could find the item at once, as she knew exactly where to look for it This she did, and handed me a paper containing about two sticks of matter headed "Fish—Frost." It proved to be a marriage notice of Arthur Fish and Mary A. Frost, with a list of the persons present at the ceremony.

Long-Distance Fly-Casting.

The English sportsmen's papers have had quite a bit to say of late about Mr. Alexander Grant and his patented vibrating fishing rod, which seems to exceed in power any other fly-casting rod made. Mr. Grant made a public exhibition of his rods. With a salmon rod of 20ft. he made a cast on Dec. 10 of 168ft. With a rod of 18ft. 5in. he cast 162ft. With a rod of 10ft. he cast 111ft. The caster stood 15in. above the water level. Silver Grey, of *Land and Water*, then tried the salmon rods, and with the longer one made a cast of 148ft and with the shorter one 135ft

The next day, with a rod of 19ft., Mr. Grant cast 159ft. 5in., and with a rod of 16ft. 10in. made a cast of 148ft. The correspondent of *Land and Water* made a cast with the shorter of these two rods of 132 t 9in.

On the 12th Mr. Grant cast again, standing 13in. above the water level, and with the rod 18ft. 5in. long made a cast of 164ft. 6in. Mr. Marston, writing of the casting, says the days were unfavorable. On the 12th "it was a very wet, cold afternoon, with a strong down-stream wind, coming every now and then in gusts from all quarters."

The casts were measured from the point where the caster stood to the point where the fly fell on the water. All the above casts were made with a trout fly on a trout leader, and the fly dropped so lightly on the water that it was like dew falling. With a salmon fly Mr. Grant made a cast of 150ft. 6in. with the rod 18ft. 5in. long. Mr. John Enright, the Irish world's champion fly-caster, was present and pronounced the casting most astonishing.

What is a vibrating rod? Silver Grey says: "It was in March, 1893, that Mr. Grant's ideas on the scientific manufacture of fly-rods were first placed before the public. Since then Mr. Grant has continued to pursue his study of the laws of gravitation and of nature, with the result that his now perfected fly-rod surpasses in every respect any rod that has hitherto been made.

"This I say with all respect to the many good rod makers which we have; but it is an incontrovertible fact, and by unbiased minds must be admitted as such. Mr. Grant, who is far from being robust, and weighs barely 140lbs., lays no claim to being a champion fly caster, and his object in visiting the Thames was not to cut records, but to show what could be done with his rods, even with the moderate strength which he possesses. His principle is the graduation and unity of force from butt to tip of the rod, and this principle is supplemented by the gradation of the running and casting line and the vibrating rings; but while there is a secret in the making of these rods which I cannot even hint at, Mr. Grant's patent lies in the splice I cannot better explain the nature of this splice than by giving the substance of a conversation between myself and a very well known expert, which occurred while the trials were in progress at Kingston on Saturday:

"'The best rod that can possibly be made is of one piece of perfect wood.'"

"I assented.

"'Then how is it that these splices are thicker, and have, so to speak, a shoulder on them? They would represent a swelling in certain places if the rod was solid.'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'but as soon as you cut wood the weakest point in it afterward is the splice, and these splices are so shaped and strengthened that the vibration and power of the wood is maintained as if it were one piece.'

"Another peculiarity of these splices is that they are self-tightening, and can be put together almost as quickly as ordinary joints."

All the casts that I have mentioned as having been made by Mr. Grant were Spey or Welsh casts, or what we call in this country switch casts. Mr. H. W. Hawes has a record of 102ft. at switch casting with a trout rod, made at Central Park in 1887. Mr. Marston speaks of the English casting as "an elaboration of the Spey cast," or "I should be inclined to call it rather a simplification of it, for anything more easy than Mr. Grant's style I never saw. I tried the rod and the cast, and found that I could very soon get the knack of it, and so did Mr. David Wilson, of the Fly-Fishers' Club. I like the feel of Mr. Grant's rods very much, and I like the patent splice; but when he tells me he has got some secret power which he imparts to his rods, which he discovered by accident almost when studying the effects of sound, or perhaps I should say the laws of sound—well, I confess I cannot credit it. That Mr. Grant believes he has *discovered* this mysterious power, or at any rate the application of it to rods, I am sure, for that he is an honest man I am certain."

Mr. Marston looks at the rods from a practical, common-sense standpoint, and appears to approve of them, at least he admits that with them the longest casts in the world have been made, and yet he says he would like to see a fair test made with the rods against other rods of same length and weight, and probably we will hear more about the vibrating rods later.

A. N. CHENEY.

NETTING IN LAKE ONTARIO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A special dispatch to the New York *Evening Post* reads as follows: "The Fisheries Department at Ottawa has received information that the Lake Huron fisheries are in a critical condition. A number of Canadian fishermen propose to leave these waters and fish in the lakes of the Rainy River and Lake of the Woods districts, as they cannot make the Lake Huron fisheries pay. This serious depletion has arisen from overfishing."

From this we see that the just retribution, which has long ago been meted out to the netters of the other Great Lakes, has at last descended on the netters of the most fruitful and apparently inexhaustible lake of all. It is the last of our geese which the netters are ripping open to find the source of the golden eggs, for such certainly have been in the past the great lake fisheries.

The history of food fishing in our Great Lakes is a pitiable recital of brutish ignorance and reckless greed; a slaughter of spawning fish which has resulted in the complete extinction of some species and the decimation of all.

Other causes besides netting may have conspired to drive the Atlantic salmon from Ontario, but the damming and drying up of tributary streams does not account for the enormous decrease in other food fish.

In the golden age of netting it was a notorious fact that the bulk of the fish were caught just before or during the spawning season, for it was then only that trout, wall-eyed pike, whitefish and ciscoes visited shoal waters, and it naturally followed that those waters most resorted to for spawning purposes fairly bristled with man's engines of destruction.

First were used seines and gill nets, and if market-fishing had been limited to these devices Lake Ontario would still swarm with food fish. The profits of the business, however, begot a resistless greed, and brought the deadly salt-water pound net, which, by its wholesale, indiscriminate slaughter of spawn-bearing fish, in a very few years killed an industry employing hundreds of men and thousands of capital.

As fishing got poorer, the pound net was gradually abandoned, as aside from the initial cost of the net, which was great, it was expensive work setting and fishing them. They were abandoned too late to save the fish, however, for the former myriads of trout, pike, whitefish and ciscoes had been caught out or driven away.

As the food fish became scarce netters turned their attention to fish heretofore despised: bass, perch, etc.

Then came the trap net, undoubtedly the invention of the devil, incomparably worse than the pound net, for this reason: the latter can be set only on a mud bottom, which means generally water from 18 to 30ft. deep; while the trap net, not depending on stakes, can be set anywhere, even on the very rocky shoals where bass spawn and feed, and on the shelving shores along which they travel.

It thus transpires that the mantle of the old pound netters has fallen on the trap netters, who, the food fish being gone, are waging the same war of extermination against game fish and vermin.

In extenuation of their (I grieve to say it) lawful but destructive netting of bass, these market fishermen say that, being unable to sell or possess bass before May 30, they do not catch spawn-bearing, spawning or spawn-tending fish. In this assertion they ignorantly or willfully attempt to mislead. In more southern waters bass do spawn in May, sometimes early in May. In Kensico Lake (twenty miles from New York city) I have seen female bass tending broods of young fully ¾in. long late in May, but in more northern and colder waters the spawning season is delayed, and I venture to assert that unprejudiced investigation will show that more bass spawn in Ontario after than before Decoration Day. I have caught female bass in Chaumont Bay late in August still spent and thin from spawning. How could that be if they had reared their brood in May? Fish do not spawn on a fixed day any more than buds open or birds nest at the same time in all latitudes. When all climatic conditions are fulfilled, especially when the temperature of the water becomes fitting, then and then only do bass spawn, it may be May 1 or July 1.

For all practical purposes it matters little whether bass are caught before or just after spawning, the result is equally destructive. Bass not only protect their nest, but also their young, for some weeks after hatching, and the nest is soon emptied or the callow brood quickly gobbled up if deprived of the protector. Unless netting is quickly stopped in spawning waters the story of the bass will be that of the food fish.

The puerility or iniquity of our fish legislation has no counterpart in history. When compelled by popular clamor to legislate for the protection of fish in Ontario, our legislators passed a law prohibiting netting, etc., within one mile of shore throughout the lake except in Mexico Bay, Guffin Bay, Chaumont Bay and Three Mile Bay; in other words, netting was stopped where it would do least harm and has been perpetuated where it would do most harm, for these bays are the natural spawning grounds of the whole lake. Guffin, Chaumont and Three Mile bays are shallow and landlocked, have shelving, rocky shores, and are full of rocky reefs and shoals where fish may spawn and feed, and yet this is the only part of the lake open to shore netting.

I make no charges of corruption, but I know that when this law was framed our legislators must have been deceived, and I think willfully deceived. Why should Henderson Bay, Black River Bay and the St. Lawrence River (Thousand Islands) be protected and Chaumont Bay left open to netters? I'll tell you. In Henderson Harbor, Sackett's Harbor, Dexter and down the river there are hotel interests and associations of guides and boatmen, which, to preserve the custom and patronage of anglers, have compromised with netters by telling them if they will relinquish their waters they may devastate Chaumout Bay unmolested. All interested know that it is better fishing ten times over in Chaumont Bay than in either of these other places, and they also know that, if we had the protection they have, hotel men and boatmen would come there and make the resort famous. It is for their interest to keep Chaumont unknown or even to ruin its fishing, and they are accomplishing their aim.

While this sharp practice may be all right from a business point of view, it is unworthy of sportsmen, and yet it is as the latter that these men go to Albany and get netters driven from their shores. I am not logrolling for hotel men nor for oarsmen, but speak for a large class of sportsmen who, like me, would like to be able to go out and catch a half dozen bass without losing tackle on a trap net, and who, like me, when sailing, don't like to be always on the lookout for submerged pound-net stakes.

The present law is an example of class legislation. Let it be rescinded. Either prohibit netting, etc., within a mile of land all over the lake, or throw the whole lake open to netters. The first course is best, and is possible if united action be taken and petty jealousies thrown aside. The latter course would be an improvement on the present state of affairs, because some of the netters now sterilizing the lake by netting its spawning beds would go elsewhere and do less harm. Last summer scores of trap and hoop nets lined the shores and covered the shoals of Three Mile, Chaumont and Guffin bays Eight or ten men did the work. It was no uncommon thing for each one to bag 500 large bass at one lifting of the nets. This, going on from May 30 until bass left the bays, means a good many bass. Besides this, about 2,000 small bass were taken alive from one water to stock other waters in the State. In the year 1890, according to the United States Fish Commissioner's report, over five and one-half tons of bass were netted in the waters of Jefferson county alone. How long can any water, however prolific, stand such a drain?

Netters are not fools, and when they see a gang of so-called sportsmen bring home bass to rot on the beach they complain, and justly, that such practices are worse than theirs. They lose no opportunity to throw such acts in real anglers' faces, and it behooves real sportsmen to disclaim all consanguinity or sympathy with fish hogs. Therefore, with a law prohibiting netting I would also favor a clause restraining the angler. Make it illegal for any man to retain more than a dozen bass a day, and make their minimum length 10in. This will put a damper on "count" fishermen, who bring home bass to rot and who do more to discredit real sportsmen than anything else.

R. W. AMIDON.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.

LARGEST trout preserves and hatcheries in Canada. Eight ponds, nine mile stream teeming with trout. Will lease to a club on easy terms. Apply J. C. Cockburn, 25 Elgin avenue, Toronto, Canada.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston

Feb. 22 to 25.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-first annual show, New York. James Mortimer, Supt., Hempstead, L. I.

March 2 to 6.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

March 10 to 13.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's eighth annual show, Chicago. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 17 to 20.—Kentucky Kennel Club's show, Louisville, Ky. J. A. Reaves, Sec'y.

March 17 to 20.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's bench show. Louis Steffin, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

March 23 to 26.—Baltimore Kennel Association's second annual show. Dr. G. W. Massamore, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Sept. 6.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club's eleventh annual trials. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou, Man.

Nov. 8.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 15.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club annual trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

THE BACILLUS OF DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

THIS bacillus was first discovered by Dr. Bruno Galli-Valerio in March, 1895 (1), and since that time has been isolated and studied by several observers, so that its identity and pathogenic properties may be considered as fairly well established. Dr. Valerio has obtained the bacillus in pure culture in a number of cases from the lungs, brain, spinal cord, pus from the *sinus frontalis* and from the discharges in conjunctival catarrh; never from the blood or other organs. (2) This bacillus grows in the ordinary culture media of the laboratory (nutrient gelatin, agar-agar, bouillon, potato, etc.), and such cultures when injected into young dogs produce a typical distemper which is usually fatal. Old dogs are not susceptible. Dr. Valerio gives an instance which seems to prove conclusively the infectious nature of the disease. Two pups, born in a cage in which four months before a dog inoculated with a culture of the distemper had died, promptly contracted the disease and died in a few days From the brain, spinal cord and lungs the bacillus was recovered in pure cultures.

The bacillus is not pathogenic for guinea pigs, rabbits or white mice. In one case only a rabbit had an abscess at the seat of the infection, from which the bacillus in small numbers was obtained.

A short description of this organism may be of interest.

In nutrient gelatin at a temperature of 18°–20° C. after twenty-four hours gas bubbles appear along the streak of the needle. On the surface a small white point resembling wax may be seen. This increases in diameter and depresses the surface of the gelatin in the center, causing a funnel-shaped depression, without, however, causing liquefaction. Even after many months the gelatin is not liquefied. Microscopical examination shows an oval bacillus, usually single or in pairs.

On agar-agar at 38°–40° C. a white point appears after twenty-four hours, which spreads, forming a whitish growth with irregular edges. Microscopical examination shows bacilli resembling those found in gelatin cultures.

In solidified horse serum the appearances are much the same as in gelatin, except that gas production is not pronounced.

In liquid horse serum at 18°–20° C. small flocculi appear at the bottom of the tube, the bulk of the liquid remaining clear. Microscopical examination shows chains of 18–20 elements.

In pepton bouillon after twenty-four hours a uniform turbidity is produced, and after a few days white flocculi appear at the bottom of the tube. Microscopical examination shows single rods and short chains.

On potato at room temperature after twenty-four hours a white, transparent growth appears.

In milk at room temperature the bacillus grows very well without causing coagulation. Microscopical examination shows typical oval forms as they are obtained from the dog.

The bacillus gives no indol reaction and grows in glucose bouillon without causing fermentation.

In all cultures the bacillus is motile. Sometimes bacilli are found with enlarged ends containing small spores. The bacillus stains well by Gram's method. A few take the stain uniformly throughout, others a deeper end stain, others occur with their poles united by a protoplasmic substance which stains very feebly.

The writer is not aware of any successful attempts to produce either an artificial immunity in dogs by Pasteur's method or an anti-toxin for the cure of the disease after it has developed. In view of the lasting immunity conferred on dogs by an attack of the disease, it seems very probable that some such method could be devised

(1) "Il Micro Organismo del Cimurro del Cane Communic. Preventiva." (La Clinica Veterinaria, 30 Marzo, 1895, p. 131.)

(2) "Centralblatt für Bakteriologie und Parasitenkunde," Bd XIX, Heft 18–19.

[For the above we are indebted to Mr. R. B. F. Randolph, of the Hoagland Laboratory, Department of Bacteriology, Brooklyn, N. Y.]

The Sportsmen's Association.

IN connection with the Sportsmen's Exposition, to be held in Madison Square Garden beginning on March 13, the Sportsmen's Association will give a bench show, unique and specially valuable in that it will be restricted exclusively to pointers, setters (English, Irish and Gordon), beagles, foxhounds and greyhounds, and of these only such as have won in public trials are eligible to competition. Also, there will be a limit to the total allowed, probably seventy-five. This show will be an object lesson in field dogs. The qualifications of eligibility will place the competitors in a recognized position from the start. Rumors and owners' claims are nothing if not backed up by records. Its composition and purposes are thus strictly in keeping with the exposition. Those who have eligible dogs should not miss this rare and important event. It is said that the prize list will be very liberal. A meeting of the committee to arrange preliminaries was held in the A. K. C. rooms on the 7th inst. The members of the committee are: Major J. M. Taylor, B. Waters and J. Johnson, for the exhibits of setters and pointers; Hermann F. Schellhass, beagles; Bradford S. Turpin, foxhounds; L. F. Whiton, for greyhounds; Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh, chairman. The setters will have classes for dogs and bitches, for respectively both Derby and all-aged winners; pointers the same, but as eligibility rests on field record there will be no division by weight. Beagles will have classes for dogs and bitches of different heights, and foxhounds and greyhounds will have classes for dogs and bitches. Also specials for kennels and sire and his get, etc., will be offered. Circulars and prize lists will be ready for distribution soon.

The Westminster Show.

THE premium list of the forthcoming annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club is noteworthy for the long list of specials given in the several classes by the Westminster Club, the specialty clubs and individuals. The premiums run $15 and $10 or $10 and $5 for puppy and novice classes; $15 for challenge classes; $15, $10 and $5 for some open classes, and $20, $10 and $5 for others. The full list will be sent on application by Superintendent James Mortimer, No. 66 Beaver street, New York. The judges are as follows:

St. Bernards and Newfoundlands, Miss A. H. Whitney; Great Danes, Mr. Charles D. Bernheimer; American foxhounds, Mr R D. Perry; Chesapeake Bay dogs, Mr. George E. Pollock; cocker spaniels, Mr. Andrew Laidlaw; poodles, Mr. H. W. Lacy; Boston terriers, Mr. Dwight Baldwin; Dachshunde, Mr. L. A. Klein; beagles, Mr. George B. Post, Jr.; bulldogs, Mr. John A. Matthews; mastiffs, bloodhounds, greyhounds, English foxhounds, pointers, setters, Irish water spaniels, clumber spaniels, field spaniels, whippets, pugs and toy spaniels, Mr. George Raper; Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, collies, old English sheep dogs, all terriers, schipperkes, Pomeranians, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous, Mr. L. P. C. Astley.

Dogs of Constantinople.

THE wars of the Constantinople street dogs are eminently satisfactory from the point of view of the inquirer into animal politics. Theoretically, they are complete examples of what the rational warfare of animals ought to be, but usually is not. It has for object either defense or conquest of territory, not the mere plundering instinct, or that primitive desire for making a meat dinner off an enemy which occasionally suggests an attack on weaker neighbors to the cannibals of the Congo. This civilized and rational warfare of the Constantinople dogs is due to their territorial instinct. Certain streets and quarters belong to particular dog communities, which again subdivide their territory among individuals. In some streets each heap of refuse on to which the common rubbish of a group of houses is thrown belongs to one dog, who lies on it, brings up its puppies on it, and looks on it as his home. "There were three sweet families in one street," according to the account of a lady who recently visited Constantinople and thought its dogs most interesting native inhabitants If food becomes scarce in the next dog "parish" an invasion is planned into a richer neighborhood, where the rubbish heaps—the Turkish equivalent for dust bins—of a wealthier class of inhabitants promise to yield better results All the dogs of the invaded territory at once muster for resistance, and the fight, which is not organized, but of the rough and tumble order, goes on until victory declares itself for one side or the other, or until the inhabitants step out and stone the packs till they separate. Not unfrequently a street or two are annexed by the invaders; more often the defense is successful. This is always conducted by a levy en masse, even the puppies joining in the fray. It is observed that it is only serious invasion which causes the dogs to fight. A single dog may pass through a strange quarter, provided he gives himself no airs, but lies down on his back and sticks up his feet with proper deference and humility whenever the owners of the street come up to expel him. According to Turkish tradition, these street dogs were once most successful in warfare, for their ancestors fought and beat the devil. Their story is that when man first appeared on earth, and Satan drew near to kill him, the dogs attacked and drove away the arch enemy and preserved the first man. Hence, when a Turk has broken some minor ordinance of the Koran, he often buys a few loves of bread, and, stepping out into the road, throws them in dignified manner—not as an Englishman would throw them—to the dogs of the street.—*London Spectator.*

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. W. W. Titus informs us that he will probably start his pipe factory at Calmer, Iowa, about the middle of this month. Though engaged in other business than training, Mr. Titus still maintains an earnest interest in dog matters, and no doubt will always do so. We heartily wish him success.

The special prizes offered by the Poodle Club, to be competed for at the forthcoming New York show, are worthy of the earnest consideration of exhibitors. The Meadowmere Kennels offer three cups to be competed for at same show. For information as to particulars, address Mr. Z T. Baker, 13 William street, New York.

Mr. Royal Robinson, Indianapolis, who accepted an invitation to act as one of the judges of the Continental Field Trials Club at Tupelo, Miss., this week, has notified the secretary that he has withdrawn his acceptance.

Nothwithstanding the severe business depression of the past year, the A. K. C. was prosperous and generously supported. In 1895 there were 3,283 registrations. In 1896 there were 3,348, a gain of 65 over the previous year. Listings in 1895, 1,669; in 1896, 2,413, which was only exceeded once, in 1891, when the listings numbered 2,504.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

CHAINLESS BICYCLES.

IT is significant that after the wide publicity given the idea of bevel gears for bicyles last year so little is heard of the subject at present. On all sides it is conceded that the chain is a poor means for transmitling power, and that its use involves a considerable loss of energy; consequently that some improved method of converting the force created by each downward pressure of a man's legs on the pedals of a bicycle to the multiple turning of a driving wheel is eminently desirable.

To the lay mind, judging from the newspaper reports, it seemed as if the desideratum had been reached in the bevel gear, and by some it was expected that an immediate revolution would result. This assumption has not, however, been borne out by facts, and the present indications are that, as heretofore, the vast majority of the bicycles manufactured will be chain machines.

The natural inference is that the bevel gear in its present state of development possesses no great advantage over the common gear It is not likely that difficulties of mechanical construction alone would prevent its adoption, for in other machinery where conditions call for this method of transmission of power the bevel gear is successfully used, and no very complex form would be required for the bicycle.

At the National Cycle Show in England last month, a number of devices for doing away with the chain were shown, but they did not apparently occupy an important place in the exhibition, or arouse any special enthusiasm. The most prominent, and also the most practical, was the Acoteus chainless bicycle exhibited by the Metropole Company.

This is the bicycle upon which Rivierre, the French long-distance racer, did such good work. In this the power is transmitted by means of a hollow shaft, furnished at either end with cog wheels cut on the bevel, which engage with similar cog wheels upon crank and driving wheel axles. The hollow shaft runs on ball bearings situated under the gear wheels at either end, and the stay on the gear side of the bicycle passes through it. In appearance it is very neat, and it has the further advantage of being practically dust proof. The speeding up of the mechanism is mainly affected by the disparity in size between the wheel on the pedal shaft and that in connection with it, but a variation in the size of the other cog wheels causes a slight additional gearing up. No arrangement has been made for changing the gear, though this feature has received attention. Elsewhere several inventions were shown in which double wheels of different size, designed to be quickly thrown in or out of gear, were the common feature, but for varying gear in the chainless bicycle interchangeable cog wheels would seem to be the more practical. A bevel gear, in which rollers took the place of cogs, was also shown by an English company, and a so-called ball-bearing bevel gear was the feature of a Danish exhibit. Among other substitutes for the chain was a mechanical device in which two cylindrical disks, running in vertical planes and attached to the axles of the cranks and driving wheel, were connected with each other by short reciprocating rods working in sockets near the peripheries of each wheel.

In another arrangement the power was transmitted through tubes with a semi-circular channel by means of balls which followed an endless circuit, passing over both sprocket wheels, which were cut with semi-circular spaces to hold the balls. The general opinion after an examination of these devices seems to be that the French invention comes nearest the practical solution of the problem of bevel gear for bicycles. The advocates of this machine, however, who are willing as a test of the sincerity of their convictions to go to the extent of investing in a wheel were not very much in evidence.

Novelties.

AMONG other novelties exhibited at the English National Cycle Show were tires in which shark's skin takes the place of rubber in the composition of the cover; also tires made from a string of rubber disks, threaded alternately with smaller disks of cork, and enveloped in a covering similar to that of an ordinary pneumatic tire, except that it is not inflated; pumps for tires, which are operated by grasping the saddle and working the seat pillar up and down in the tube which carries it; bicycles propelled by rear drivers, with a sun and planet movement operated by swinging levers, which give an elliptical action to the pedals; a balance action machine, which has four wheels in line, and which it is said "may embody an excellent principle," but the complication and unwieldiness of the structure place it outside the range of practical mechanics; and last, but not least, some of the old high bicycles, 54in. "ordinaries" with pneumatic tires.

Yachting.

THE special meeting of the Lake Y. R. A. on Saturday promises to be quite as interesting as the recent annual meeting at which the "harumfrodite" rule of a different standard midship section for each class was passed. As we stated at the time, this compromise was too absurd to be allowed to stand, and the matter will be positively settled in one way or another at the coming meeting. A great deal of feeling has arisen among the Lake yachtsmen, some of the leading members of the Victoria Y. C., in concert with Com. Berriman, of Chicago, opposing all attempts to restrict the fin-keel in any class whatever.

So far as existing interests on Lake Ontario are concerned, there is now no cause whatever for any further dispute, as the proposers of the 35 per cent. limit have agreed; in fact this was done at the Rochester meeting to exclude the 27ft. class, and they never intended the restriction to apply to the 22ft. class. This takes out of the fight entirely Hiawatha, we believe the only fin-keel in the 27ft. class, and also disposes of the attempt to represent the 22ft. class fins as martyrs. The only other yacht affected by the limitation of the midship section is Canada, and as she is owned by the proposers of the rule she offers no bar to its adoption with the provision which they are willing to make, that she shall pay a fair handicap for her smaller section.

We are not posted as to the grounds for the opposition from Chicago save that last winter, when the new yacht was first designed for international honors on the lakes, it was decided to make her a fin-keel of the size and general type of the Herreshoff Niagara and Isolde. It will be remembered that when, after the yacht was partly completed, a challenge was sent by Com. Berriman and the Lincoln Park Y. C. to the Royal Canadian Y. C., the latter declined to build to the size of Vencedor, about 52ft. r.l., on the ground that a yacht of this size and adequate draft, particularly a fin-keel, was unsuited to the waters of Lake Ontario, and would prove destructive to the largest existing class, 42ft. r.l. The resulting compromise will be remembered; the challenging yacht—Canada—being in the 42ft. class, while Vencedor was limited to not less than 43ft. l.w.l. length, nor over 45ft. r.l. While Vencedor was of the extreme fin type and construction, Canada was a cutter of very hollow section, but of the usual construction, with deep oak keel and planking carried down nearly to the lead keel.

In spite of the position so strongly taken by the R. C. Y. C. last year in the matter of size, Com. Berriman has been anxious to race this coming season in yachts of 55ft. r.l. and of the fin-keel type; but the R. C. Y. C. has gone even further than last year after its experience with Canada, and is not only unwilling to build out of the 42ft. class, but also wishes to prohibit the fin-keel entirely.

There can be no question that the best interests of yachting, both on Lake Ontario alone and through the chain of lakes, will be served by the prohibition of the fin-keel and the retention of the racing in the 42ft. class, for the reason that there are very few of the active sailing men who can afford to build the modern racing machine of excessive draft, limited accommodation and useless save for racing, of which there is thus far not enough to warrant the construction of a yacht for it alone.

So far as sport is concerned, it cannot be claimed for a moment that the racing suffers in any way because both sides are limited to a certain minimum area of section; it requires just as much skill on the part of the designer to turn out a yacht of Defender's section as one with the section of Jubilee or Pilgrim. The difference in speed between the two types might be a controlling factor on the coast or in England, where the conditions make it impossible to bar the fin-keel, but as between boats of but one type racing together this difference would not be apparent to the expert observer. If, for instance, the fin-keel were barred on the Lakes and two new boats were built this year to the proposed limit of midship section, of the latest construction and rigging, no one could tell in seeing them raced that they were materially slower than two fin-keels. This past year, it will be remembered, the boat of comparatively full section actually defeated the extreme fin-keel.

The Lake yachtsmen have a good deal at stake in this matter. While the present outlook for yachting is most encouraging as compared with the past, it is plain enough that there is much yet to be done to place yacht racing on a firm and satisfactory basis on fresh water. If, with the example of the Atlantic clubs before them, in which, in spite of the many wealthy yachtsmen, it is hard to keep up a few permanent classes even in the smaller sizes, they adopt the extreme racing machine, it means that the racing will be limited to occasional syndicates, and will no longer be the sport of men of moderate means. If, on the other hand, they are willing to work together harmoniously in the effort to restrain that fever of outbuilding which is the bane of modern racing; to limit the size according to the local conditions; to encourage a type that is capable of other uses than mere racing, and, as proposed by the Queen City Y. C., to be first in a new field by placing a wholesome limit on con-

uction—there is no good reason why yachting and yacht cing should not become generally popular on the great in- d seas.

At its last meeting the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, cided to abolish its present 18ft. class, and to replace it th a 20ft. class, according to the regulations of the Sea- nhaka C. Y. C and the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. A ecial prize of $100 will be given for the best boat of the w class, and it is hoped to have several at Montreal for the al races of the R. St. L. Y. C.

THE LAKE Y. R. A.

At the request of three members of the council a special eting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association will be held the Tifft House, Buffalo, N. Y., on Saturday, Jan. 16, 2 P. M., for the purpose of considering and passing on following amendments and additions to the sailing rules the Association:

1. The Royal Canadian Yacht Club has given notice that will move at above meeting that Rule III of the racing les be amended by substituting 150 for 125 in the second ragraph of section 2, and by striking out the following ords in such paragraph, "but any yacht built prior to No- mber 7, 1896, which by reason of being required to meas- e with crew on board shall exceed the upper limit of the ss in which she has previously sailed shall be permitted continue to sail in such class, provided her measurement s not been increased since that date, but shall give time owance from her actual r. l., notwithstanding any pro- ion to the contrary in Rule VII"

2. The Queen City Yacht Club has given notice that it ll move that Rule IV. of the sailing rules be struck out d the following substituted therefor: "The area of the mersed midship section of any yacht over 27 feet r. l., ilt after November 7, 1896, or brought to the Lakes after at date, when in racing trim shall not be less than 35 per nt. of the beam at l.w.l., multiplied by the extreme aft wherever found, exclusive of centerboard, if it be not board weighted for ballast.

3. The Queen City Y. C and Royal Canadian Y. C. joint- give notice that they will move that the following be in- ted as Rule V. in the Racing Rules, and that the present le V. be numbered Rule VI., and so on. "The frame bers, keels and planking in all wooden yachts built after v. 7, 1896, or brought to the lakes after that date, shall restricted to the minimum sizes in the table below* and at the council of the Y. R. U. of the G. L. shall settle the le above mentioned, and that when so settled and notifi- tion thereof given to the secretary of the Lake Y. R A., ch table shall be inserted in the said rule and become part ereof; and that the council of the Y. R. U. of the G. L. recommended to employ an expert to advise on said le."

4. The Royal Canadian Y. C. gives notice that the follow- g be added to Rule VII. of the Racing Rules as Sec. 2 ereof: "The Council may from time to time require that y yacht built prior to Nov. 7, 1896, the midship section which is less than 35 per cent. of the beam at l.w.l., mul- ed by the extreme draft wherever found, exclusive of cen- rboard, if it be not a board weighted for ballast, shall give allowance of time in addition to any time required by the les, such additional time to be fixed by said Council."

5. The Royal Canadian Y. C. gives notice that Sec. 3 of ule XIV. is to be amended by striking out the words "of ft. r. l. or under," and also the words, "and must be anned by Corinthians, except that any yacht may carry d use her regular professional crew."

On Jan. 5 a meeting of the sailing committee of the Royal anadian Y. C. was held, at which the following resolution as adopted:

"That in the event of the Royal Canadian Y. C. receiving challenge for an international race this year, and in the ent of Canada being chosen to defend the challenge, the oyal Canadian Y. C. will not require the challenging yacht comply with the rule of the Yacht Racing Union of the reat Lakes restricting the area of the midship section, nor ill it require the challenging yacht's midship section to be a greater coefficient than that of Canada."

In addition to the above, those members of the R. C. Y. C. ho built and raced Canada last season have prepared for esentation at the meeting a deed of gift by which the lver cup won by Canada from Vencedor is made a per- tual international challenge trophy for yachts of the Great akes.

The Queen City Y. C. also held a meeting, at which the llowing resolutions were adopted:

That in the opinion of the Q. C. Y. C. the compromise otion passed at the last meeting of the L. Y. R. A. limit- g the coefficient in the several classes to certain at present nknown quantities, as represented in the boats named, is ot in the best interests of yachting, and will not be accepted y the majority of owners and intending builders.

That the Q. C. Y. C. is still opposed to the restriction of e coefficient or any other element that shall prohibit in the 7ft. and 22ft classes the bulb-fin or any other type of yacht present in use.

That it is desirable that the keel, frames and planking of l new yachts shall be limited to certain minimum sizes, to e tabulated by the Association, that will, while leaving the ope to the designer, at the same time insure a safe and sea- orthy construction.

That the Q. C. Y. C. favors a restriction of the coefficient the larger classes to 35 per cent., when coupled with the roposition as to scantling and the additional provision that l existing yachts below that limit shall give time to the xtent of — seconds per mile for each unit of difference.

That in view of the unsatisfactory result of the Rochester eeting the Council be requested to take such measures as ill lead to a reconsideration of the whole subject.

On Jan. 5 a meeting of the Victoria Y. C. was held at Hamilton, at which the club's delegates to the L. Y. R. A., Messrs. George Webster, Wm. Burnside and T. L. Stephens, ere instructed to oppose the amendments proposed for that eeting, and also to object to the recognition of the delegates om the Kingston Y. C. Com. E. C. Berriman, Lincoln ark Y. C., of Chicago, owner of Vencedor, was elected a ember, and also G. F. Anderson, of Sandusky, O. It was ggested that in the event of the amendments being passed e Victoria Y. C. should withdraw from the L. Y. R. A.; t this was opposed by most of the members.

* In the event of this amendment being accepted, a table of scantling will be prepared by competent parties.

American Model Y. C.

The conditions governing the *Outing* cup for model yachts have just been amended to read as follows:

First—This cup is donated by the Outing Publishing Company, and shall be known as the Outing Model Yacht Perpetual Challenge Cup.

Second—The objects of this cup are to stimulate the building of sailing models of actual buildable proportions, such as can be enlarged up to yachts of actual size, and it is to be competed for as hereinafter directed.

Third—The cup is open to any member of any model yacht club in the United States or Canada, or any individual owner of a model yacht.

Fourth—All challenges must be received by the individual holding the cup at least thirty days prior to the date proposed by the challenge. The challenged party shall name a place for a race within ten days of the receipt of the challenge. A copy of all challenges, and replies thereto, must be forwarded to the chairman regatta committee of the American Model Yacht Club, whose name and address are appended to these conditions.

Fifth—In case the holder of the cup does not acknowledge the receipt of the challenge, and be on hand on the day proposed by the challenger and the place named by the challenged party, or any agreed date and place to defend the cup, nor consummate any agreement as to a time and a place for a race within thirty days after the receipt of challenge, he shall forfeit the cup to the challenger.

Sixth—All challenges must specify the name and address of the owners, the l.w.l. length and greatest beam wherever found, and name of challenging yacht An excess of over 2in by official measurement (on the day of the race) of the length so specified shall bar a yacht from competing.

Seventh—In event of more than one challenge being in hand at one time, the earliest received shall have precedence over the second, the second over the third, etc

Eighth—Models challenging for the cup must not be less than 35in. or exceed 48in. on l.w.l. Beam not to exceed one-third the l.w.l. length.

The racing rules of the American Model Yacht Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., shall govern all races sailed for this cup, and the regatta committee of that club will have charge of the races when sailed in the vicinity of New York.

In case the cup should be won by anyone residing at a distance from the city and a challenge be received, a committee shall be chosen from some local yachting organization, if possible, who shall provide themselves with a copy of the American Model Y. C. sailing rules and govern the races accordingly.



"FULL TO THE BRIM."
One of W. H. Mullin's Double-Ender Pleasure Boats.

The Payne Bill Again.

After a long rest, in which it has had the opportunity to study some more failures in the shape of American-built steam yachts, and some very fine examples of the Clyde work, the *Marine Journal* takes up the Payne bill again, as follows:

The *Marine Journal* respectfully appeals to the Senate of the United States to pass House bill 8038, which is on the Senate calendar and which passed the House at the last session with but one dissenting vote. This bill amends section 4,216 of the revised statutes and reads as follows:

"Section 4,216.—Yachts belonging to a regularly organized yacht club of any foreign nation which shall extend like privileges to the yachts of the United States shall have the privilege of entering or leaving any port of the United States without entering or clearing at the Custom House thereof or paying tonnage tax, *provided that the privileges of this section shall not extend to any yacht built outside of the United States, and owned, chartered or used by a citizen of the United States, unless such ownership or charter was acquired prior to the passage of this act.*"

The amendment is in italics and is intended to equalize the owning and operating of yachts built abroad, as the owners of such yachts not only receive the advantage of underpaid mechanics in building on the other side, but are also enabled under existing law to navigate their yachts with cheap foreign officers and to ignore the United States inspection laws which have for their object the safety of life and property in steam vessels, and this while they fly the American flag over such vessels.

Since this bill was introduced in the House four of the largest class of steam yachts have been built abroad for American owners at an estimated cost of $2,000,000, and these craft are exempt from all port charges or tax of any kind whatever. All the designers, builders and mechanics engaged in yacht construction in the United States ask is that the American who goes abroad to build his yacht shall pay equal port charges with an American of a foreign-built merchant vessel. The Senate cannot do the industry of yacht building a greater act of justice than by indorsing the action of the House in amending Section 4,216 R. S. at once.

We have already shown that this bill is not in the interest of the American yacht designer, the drafting being largely done by underpaid imported labor in American yards; nor is it to any material extent in the interests of the American mechanic; those who would profit by it are the builders, who after many years of trial demonstrated their inability to turn out the class of vessels which yachtsmen demand. Not a few of the "designers, builders and mechanics" mentioned by the *Marine Journal* as so solicitous for the passage of this bill were born under the British ensign, though they have found it profitable to adjourn to this side of the Atlantic.

The mischievous character of this bill is not at once apparent on the face, nor does the *Marine Journal* aid in disclosing it. It is not merely that the owners of foreign-built yachts would be compelled to pay a certain sum, large or small, but that they would have to go through certain set formalities almost every time they got under way. Take, for instance, such a yacht as Minerva or Clara, brought here by an American owner for the encouragement of sport and the improvement of design and construction. If, after entering and clearing at the port of New York, she should start with the fleet of the New York Y. C. on its cruise, she could go no further than the next customs district without being liable to heavy penalties unless she entered at the custom house of that district. While the rest of the fleet, after a night at Morris Cove, was on its way to Newport, the imported yacht would be involved in all the red tape of the New Haven or New London custom house.

The same thing applies to steam yachts under the law as proposed; their owners would be unable to use them in American waters on account of the endless and interminable succession of formalities in passing from one customs district to another.

As applied to sailing yachts the law is absolutely unnecessary and positively bad; there is now no importation of British sailing yachts, not even enough to keep up a healthy competition; and the law, if passed, would prevent entirely such beneficial experiments as the importation of Clara, Stranger and Minerva.

As applied to steam yachts, the law would have two results: it would keep some of the large yachts, such as Varuna, Margarita II. and Mayflower, constantly in foreign waters, where they now are, and it would prevent some Americans from building at all when confronted with the alternative of a Columbia, a Thespia or an Electra, or no yacht at all.

If the *Marine Journal* is really ready to resume the fight for the Payne bill, we hope that it will at last take up our challenges of last spring and tell who designs the alleged American steam yachts, and what they are worth when completed.

Where Our Spars Come From.

Most of our large vessel spars for several years past have come from Oregon and Washington, and are cut from the tree generally known as the Oregon fir. Spars have been sent here of extraordinary size, one measuring 38in. in diameter; another spar was 172ft long. The average length of these spars is about 90ft, and the diameter from 22 to 23in. The smaller spars are brought from New Hampshire, Vermont or Canada, but probably not 25 per cent of the total used here come from these sections, the rest coming from the Pacific Coast The Oregon fir spar has a great advantage over the white pine mast used some years ago, inasmuch as it has greater strength, and hence less diameter is required for the same height. Shippers have sent some fir decking planks along with the spars in the past, but ship-builders claim it is inferior to white pine and are not using as much as they were. The cut of the Pacific States has as yet hardly made any impression on their timber supply. The lumber cut not alone furnishes the markets of that section to a considerable extent, but also is shipped to the Atlantic seaboard States, to western South America and European ports. Oregon pine, in short, has come to be quite a staple commercial wood England imports considerable quantities of this and California redwood. In our own markets these Pacific coast woods have for some time played a prominent part, and each year seems to develop something new.—*Marine Journal.*

New Yachts.

Thus far the numerous eager New York yachtsmen who were only awaiting the speedy settlement of the draft question before placing their orders have shown the traditional backwardness in coming forward, and but one yacht, the 51-footer for Mr. Hoyt, is under way. In Boston there is going up a fleet that, though of small size, at least promises good racing. Lawley & Son have two new orders for knockabouts: one a racing boat for Frank E. Peabody, an old racing man; the other for Samuel Noyes, Jr. Bo Peep has been sold to Mr. Pickman, of Beverly, and the new 19ft. c. b. knockabout in the shops has been sold to J. P. Morgan, Jr., of New Rochelle. Two new knockabouts are now well under way in the shops: the Pardon boat for Walter Burgess, and the other 24ft. keel boat for Mr. Proctor. The firm has just booked a larger order for one of the handy steam yachts for which it is noted. She is for Mr. Spoor, of Chicago, and will be 105ft. over all, 87ft. l. w. l., 15ft. 6in. beam, 6ft. 6in. draft, of composite construction and with triple expansion engine, with schooner rig.

YACHT DESIGNING.—XII.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

[*Continued from page 35.*]

THE model shown in Fig. 21 is of unknown origin, an old-time fishing schooner with the cod's head and mackerel's tail. It will be noticed that the topsides amidships have a slight *tumblehome*, the breadth at the upper side of the third lift being greater than the breadth on deck. The model is of white pine, 31½in. long, the scale being ½in. to the foot, so that the vessel herself would be about 60ft. "on the keel," as these craft were measured. The model is a typical one in that it represents only the form of the inner surface of the planking, and not the complete exterior surface of the vessel. The stem, keel, sternpost, rudder, centerboard and masts are left entirely to the imagination. The model was cut by the builder, every third frame station was marked on it at intervals of 3in., equal to 6ft. in the vessel; it was taken apart, the lifts being fastened by the two dowels shown, and the half breadths at each station were measured with a carpenter's rule and marked in pencil on the lifts. From these rough *offsets* the lines were laid down on the mould loft floor and the moulds for the frames were made. The exact shape of stem, keel, rudder, etc., and the location of the centerboard and masts, were all determined by the builder as the work progressed, and no record of them was made on the model. In all probability, no drawing was ever made.

The method of drawing without the actual model, of performing all the operations of cutting and drawing the sections by means of the imaginary planes described in the previous chapter instead of the material saw, is not only easier when once understood, but more rapid, thorough and conclusive. In order to explain this method in a very short time and with few words, the models shown in Figs. 20, 22 and 23 were made by the writer for use in the lecture mentioned in a previous chapter. Fig. 20 is merely the usual half model of a yacht—in this case an attempt to copy by eye the then new wonder, Gloriana. Fig. 22 represents the same model in skeleton, the section at each station being cut out of cardboard and mounted on a wire in its true position relative to its fellows. The outlines of the model were formed by wires lashed to the proper points on the cardboard sections, and other wires were run to represent the "*load waterline*" and the "*middle bow-buttock line.*" The large wires supporting the sections were fastened in the bottom of a box, the front and top being absent, the wires being parallel to the back of the box. The dropping of the stern shown in the figure is due merely to a collision in the process of photographing, and is not the serious and irremediable defect that is too often seen in even prominent yachts.

The immediate purpose of these two models was to present directly to the eye the solid model, with its curved surface free from all lines, as in Fig. 20, and the same surface as indicated by the mere skeleton of lines formed by the edges of the sections and the wires. From these two it is hoped that the reader, even though unfamiliar with the imaginative processes of marine drafting, will grasp the idea of the cutting of lines from the surface of a solid by imaginary planes

The various intersecting or *auxiliary planes* in this case are indicated on the different sides of the box surrounding the skeleton model. There are first the vertical planes across the model, indicated by the cardboard sections, by vertical lines on the back of he box; and corresponding lines across the bottom, as in Fig 23. Then there are the horizontal planes, indicated by the lines on the back and ends of the box, the upper one also by the wire representing the *load waterline.* Then there is the vertical plane parallel to the back of the box, indicated by a vertical line on each end and a horizontal line on the bottom, as well as by the wire representing the *middle bow-buttock line.*

The lines being thus cut from the surface, the next step is their projection on the sides of the box, the *coördinate planes.* From the wire representing the l.w.l. a silk thread is run vertically at each station to the bottom of the box, indicatting the projection of the l.w.l. on the bottom, as better shown in Fig. 23. The projection of the *bow-buttock line* on the back of the box is plainly visible in both figures. The projections of the outlines of the different cardboard sections on the ends of the box were originally indicated by silk threads drawn from points along each section to its corresponding projection. In order to make this part perfectly clear, the sections from the middle forward are projected on the end next the bow, and those from the middle aft on the end next the stern.

The relation of the solid model to the skeleton, and of the lines composing the skeleton to their corresponding projections on the various sides of the box, being now clearly understood, we may go a step further by folding back the sides and the bottom of the box (Fig. 23), which are hinged to the back, until they are all in one plane, coincident with the surface of the drafting table, showing, if our work has been sufficiently clear, the final relation between the sides of the box on which the lines of our model have been projected and the flat drawing of the designer.

In the skeleton model comparatively few lines are shown, for the sake of clearness, but in Plate I. the same design—Fig. 23—is shown on a larger scale and with all the necessary lines of a complete drawing. From this time on the original conception of the solid model may be relegated to a secondary place, and we will deal directly with the flat drawing on paper and its numerous straight and curved lines; through these alone, by practice, being enabled to see in imagination the solid form of the vessel.

In examining the different lines we will take up first those which form the basis or foundation of the drawing rather than the shape of the model, beginning with the *base line.* This is a horizontal line parallel to the lower edge of the paper, and forming the bottom of each of the three plans, though in Fig. 24 it is represented at the top of the *half-breadth plan.* This is the first line drawn in beginning a design. Parallel to the base line in the sheer plan and body plan are numerous straight lines known as *level lines,* or sometimes as *waterlines,* the former term being the more exact. One of these lines, the *load waterline,* commonly denoted by the letters l.w.l., is of special importance as the initial point of every modern design. The term *waterline* is manifestly correct when applied to the *level lines* below the l.w.l., but is less directly applicable to those above; for this reason it is preferable to use the term *level line* to cover all of these lines, whether above or below water. The *level lines* are designated in various ways, there being no one recognized method; sometimes they are numbered continuously from the top or from the bottom, sometimes the l.w.l. is called No. 1, the numbers running downward from it and those above being lettered. We have found it convenient to designate the *load waterline* as l.w.l. and to number downward, the first *below* it being called W1, the next W2, etc. The first *above* the l w.l. is called A, the second B, etc.

The level lines are invariably straight in the sheer and body plans, and they may be drawn in at the will of the designer, being spaced at equal intervals, usually some even figure, as 6in , 1ft., 2ft., etc , according to the size of the drawing. In the half-breadth plan the level lines are always curved, unless the vessel be a scow, and they are drawn in as other portions of the work are advanced.

Next in importance come the *stations,* or *square stations,* the former term being sufficiently definite and thus preferable. These lines are straight and vertical in both the *sheer plan* and the *half-breadth plan,* and, like the *level lines,* they may be located at will and drawn in with the very beginning of the design. In the *body plan,* however, they are curved, and can only be drawn in later.

In the location and designation of the *stations* there is no uniformity, as already explained; in the old models they were located where the frames were to come in the vessel, and this practice is still followed by many

The starting point for laying off the stations on the old models was the *midship section,* or dead flat. In nearly all the old vessels there was what was termed a *straight of breadth,* or *dead flat,* the middle portion of the vessel being of one uniform size and section for an appreciable distance



Fig. 22.

before beginning to taper toward bow and stern. The section at this portion, necessarily the greatest cross section of the vessel, was termed the *midship section,* or *dead flat,* and the mould for this section served for several frames at least. The terms *straight of breadth* and *dead flat* are now obsolete so far as yachts are concerned, and largely so in other vessels, but the term *midship section* is still retained, and always will be. Unfortunately the term itself is incorrect and rather misleading; the *midship section* is not the section amidships, at the middle of the vessel; it is very seldom indeed that it is located there; formerly it was forward of the middle, now it is invariably aft. It is in reality the section of greatest breadth, and might much more properly be termed the *beam* section than the *midship* section.

It is seldom, however, that the greatest breadths on the different level lines occur at the same station. In order to

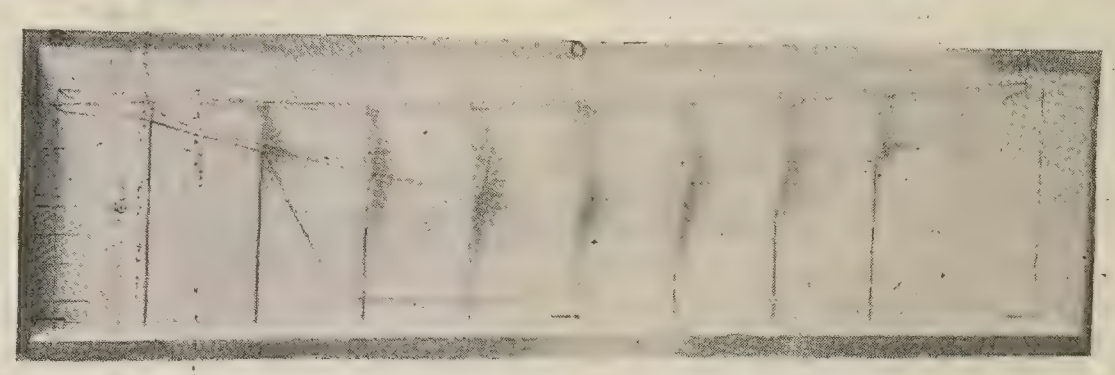


Fig. 23.

obtain an easy entrance, the designer carries the point of greatest breadth on his l.w.l. well aft of the middle, and to obtain at the same time an easy run he begins to cut away forward of the middle down toward the keel. This is shown in Plate I., the greatest breadth on deck being at *Station 7,* while the greatest breadth on the different *level lines* as we go downward approaches nearer to *Station 6.* The dotted line, *m s,* between Stations 7 and 6 in the *half-breadth plan,* shows the position of the largest transverse section of the yacht. This section is called a *raking midship section,* as the breadths on each successive level line are not in the same vertical, but in an inclined line. The true midship section, as will be shown later when we come to the subject of the proper distribution of the bulk through a *curve of areas,* is at the widest part of this curve, or in the present case just forward of Station 7.

In the old models and drawings the *midship section,* this clearly defined point of location of the largest frame, was the initial point for the laying off of the stations, and they were spaced forward and aft from it at intervals of one, two or three frame spaces. The *midship section* was indicated by this mark ⊠ or a similar one; the frames forward of it were denoted by letters, a, b, c, etc., and those abaft it by numbers, 1, 2, 3, etc ; thus a lettered frame was always in the fore body and a numbered one in the after body. In Fig. 21 the stations are marked in this manner: the midship section thus ⊠ , the next station forward being c, the two frames a and b being omitted, and similarly aft, 3, 6, etc.

In most of the work of the old shipyards the l.w.l. was never considered; it was not used in any way for measurement or tonnage, the *length on keel* or on deck being of far more importance, and the base line of the model or drawing was often the bottom of keel or the rabbet line, the level lines being thus out of parallel with the l.w.l. and the stations out of square to it.

In modern vessels, and especially in the sailing yacht, the l.w.l. is of the first importance; even in cruising craft the proper displacement can only be decided on by first assuming some waterline at which the yacht shall float, and in racing craft, in addition to the necessity for some exact amount of displacement, the l w.l. is the most important factor of measurement. Instead, then, of beginning at the midship section, we will take the load waterline and establish our first station at its fore end, where it intersects the line of the stem or keel, from this point laying off all of our stations.

At first sight it might seem desirable to follow the old method, and locate the stations in conformity with the frames, but there are good reasons against doing this. For purposes of calculation it is necessary that the under water portion of the hull shall be divided into some number of equal spaces or *intervals,* and also that there shall be an even number of *spaces.* Taking then the two ends of the l.w.l. we can divide the distance between them into 8, 10, 12 or 16 equal parts. A division of 10 is most commonly used, as it gives quite enough stations; in fact, 8 is usually enough, but of all divisions we prefer 12 It will be found convenient in first getting the design into form to use a small number of stations, but when it comes to the final fairing a larger number is necessary. If 12 intervals be used, all of the preliminary work can be done by omitting each alternate station leaving 6 to work on, then in fairing the omitted stations will be run in. If 10 be used the half will be 5, an uneven number that cannot be used for the calculations If 8 intervals be used, the half, 4, makes too few stations; and if 8 be used for the preliminary work, twice this number, 16, makes additional work in the final fairing, taking off offsets, etc., and is no more accurate than 12. We will then divide our l w.l. into 12 equal parts, continuing the same division along the prolongation of the l.w.l. at each end, so as to include the overhangs.

It is probable that this spacing will not bring the stations coincident with the most desirable spacing of the frames when we come to build, but this is a very small matter. At present we are concerned simply with the drafting of the outside of the hull and not the construction. This portion of the work properly done and the lines complete on the board, or laid down on the mould loft floor, it is merely a matter of a few hours' drawing to run in the extra lines of the frames or moulds at the required points.

As in other similar matters, there is no uniformity observed in designating the various stations, but the numbering begins at the fore side of the stem at deck, at the fore end of the l.w.l., or even at the after end of the design The best system is that shown in Plate I., the station at the fore end of the l.w.l. being numbered 0 and that at the after end 12. These two and their intermediate stations are the ones used in the calculations, and the numbering is thus in uniformity with the method followed in the calculations: that of the multipliers used in calculating the position of the C B, C R, etc. Abaft the l.w.l. the numbering is continued for the stations of the counter; forward we have found it convenient to use the alphabet reversed, Z for the first station forward of the l.w.l., Y for the second, etc., as shown; there are seldom more than three such stations. It would be more natural to use A, B, C, etc., for the fore end of the yacht, but this is confusing, the same letters being already used for the upper level lines.

This method of division and marking makes it an easy matter to compare different drawings, No 0 is always the fore end of the l w.l., No 12 the after end, and No. 6 the middle. If the last station is No. 15, it shows that the after overhang covers at least three intervals, or is of one quarter the length of the l.w.l.; Z is the station just forward of the l.w.l., No. 4 is at a certain place in the fore body, and No. in the after body. To appreciate the advantage of following some one system, it is only necessary to attempt to compare three drawings: one with the stations marked in this way one with all numbers beginning at the extreme point of the bow, and one with the fore end of the l.w.l. numbered 1 The *base line, level lines* and *stations* are arbitrary lines that may be located by the designer at will; we will now take up another set of lines, those which indicate the bounding surfaces of the half model.

The first of these is the *keel line* in the *sheer plan,* or, for broader term, the keel contour. This line shows the outside of the stem, keel, sternpost, rudder and counter, as projected on the *sheer plan.* The projection of the same parts in the *half breadth* and *body plans* is called the *side line.* It usually happens in modern yachts that the lower part of the keel does not present a flat bottom and two straight sides, as shown in the figure; but that the angle is boldly rounded off, the section of the bottom of the keel being sometimes a semicircle. It is most convenient, however, to draw the keel with a flat bottom and a positive angle, as in the figure, in order to get a *side line* for the ending of the stations. After other parts are completed, the rounding-off of the corners of the keel to any desired extent may be drawn in, as in the present plans.

The *side line* shows the half breadth of the stem, keel, etc., at the outer and lower surfaces.

The highest line of the *sheer plan* we will call the *sheer line,* representing the upper edge of rail, bulwark or deck, as the case may be. There are at this part of the vessel number of lines that are usually shown: the upper and lower

PLATE I. ENLARGED LINES FROM FIGS. 22 AND 23.

edges of the *rail*, the upper and lower edges of the *plank-sheer* (or outer strake of the deck), and possibly the line of moulding, gilt stripe, etc. Some of these lines belong solely to the construction, and though they are usually shown in the main design they have no place there. We propose to leave to their proper place in the construction drawings all such lines, and for the sake of clearness and simplicity to deal here only with those lines necessary to define the form of the hull Until a recent period, some of these lines were necessary because of changes of exterior form about the bulwarks and rail; the former being set in a little from the plankshеer edge, and having an independent flare from that of the hull proper. In all modern yachts, whether of wood or steel, the bulwarks are simply a continuation of the fair line of the side; the only lines visible to the eye are the rail and the moulding or gold stripe, and there is nothing to show the height of the bulwark above the deck, or where the two join. All that the designer need concern himself with for the present is the rail, as it shows to the eye above the paint of the topside, and the moulding or stripe which he will use at some distance below it (not necessarily just at the deck) as a foil to it and to break the surface of the topsides. This upper line of all, the top of the rail, we will call the *sheer line*. It is sometimes convenient to run in also the line of the upper edge of the plankshеer or deck, as in the present case. The center line of the middle of the deck is also shown. The sheer line appears in the body plan, forming the upper ending of the stations.

The same line is known in the half-breadth plan as the *deck line;* at least it will be convenient to call it such As in the sheer plan, more than one line may be drawn here, the half breadth of the top of rail, top and bottom of bulwarks, and top of plankshеer, but so many lines are only confusing and entirely unnecessary; we will dispense with all but one, the intersection of the outer surface of the planking, plating or bulwark with the upper side of the rail. There will really be rounded moulding to the rail and not a sharp edge, but this may be disregarded. This line will not always be the true *deck line*, but it is convenient and sufficiently accurate to call it so. There is another small line, the intersection of the main surface of the counter with the after surface, which appears as a curved line in all the plans; it is called the *cross seam*.

We now come to a third set of lines, cut from the hull by various auxiliary planes: the *diagonals*, *dividing lines*, *bow buttock lines*, *inclined waterline*, etc. These lines appear as straight in some plans and curved in others.

A Christmas Yacht Race.

FORT MEADE, Polk County, Fla , Dec. 28, 1896.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About eight miles N.E. from here is a fine sheet of water called Lake Buffum, five miles long and nearly two miles wide, with shallow shores for the most part and pine trees and bay heads down to the water's edge. Several small sail boats, called yachts by courtesy, are kept by the numerous residents on its shores, and a boating club has been formed. To keep up and increase the interest in boat sailing, to which the writer is passionately devoted, he has given to the club a cup of no considerable value, but simply a trophy to be competed for as a perpetual challenge, the winning of which is wherein lies the honor and glory, and not in the holding thereof. The first match, then, was arranged to come off on July 4 of this year, but a storm raged nearly all day. Two boats sailed over the course, one of which went ashore, a lee shore at that, and had to wait until the gale moderated before setting sail again; the other took the cup and held it until a day or two ago, when it came into the hands of the original giver by right of conquest, and this was the way of it:

It blew hard from N.N.E. all Christmas Day, a cold, icy wind, that even here made one shiver at the thought of facing it close hauled in a dead beat to windward, but the day after there was a change for the better, and the rivals for cup honors—there were three this time—determined to race at all costs.

There was Waterwitch, who won on July 4, and Lady of the Lake, who did not; also Defender II., a boat of untried caliber and speed, with a scanty spread of canvas.

Quite a party from the previous day's festivities assembled under the trees on the bank to see the start, the course being triangular, one and one-half miles to a leg. The wind being about N.E. by E., the course was laid E. by S. to the first mark, then N E. to second mark, and from there W. S.W. to the starting line.

The start was a flying one, Lady of the Lake getting off first, her new mainsail drawing well, at 3:10 P. M. Defender II. followed at 3:11 P. M., and Waterwitch last at 3:13:50, she having failed to make the line between the two buoys —which was a narrow one and too near the shore—at the first attempt. The wind was very flawy, but not nearly so cold, and excitement kept the crews warm. Lady of the Lake, who carried Fred W. Porter, a graduate of Annapolis, as crew and sailing master, with the present scribe at the helm, held her own to the first mark, having to make one tack to fetch it, when getting into shoal water at the turn and the wind failing she lost a little time, enabling the others to catch up and Defender to get around first, although the owner, sailing single-handed, was disqualified for sculling around the mark, he using an oar for a rudder, which gave him a better time at the finish than he was entitled to. Waterwitch came up about the same time and rounded the mark last, but only just astern of Lady of the Lake, who quickly got away and picked up Defender and went on a hunt after the second mark on the port tack, which she held until nearly abreast of it, and then went about to the eastward to get to windward of the mark and run down to it; this maneuver Waterwitch had executed soon after rounding the first mark, and was coming for the second, but she was too far off, barring accident, to be feared.

Defender crept along, and with a little more sculling from the stern, under the lee of the land, the wind being light, made the second mark first. Lady of the Lake soon followed, and eased sheet and hauled up her centerboard for the run home, going easily past Defender, who was never dangerous, and with a good lead on Waterwitch. Great cheering greeted the winner when she got in, followed by her two rivals, and the cup was gracefully handed over. The official times are as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lady of the Lake.....	3 10 00	4 56 30	1 46 30
Defender II.....	3 11 00	5 02 25	1 51 25
Waterwitch.....	3 13 50	5 06 12	1 52 22

Lady of the Lake thus won by 9m. 42s. elapsed and 5m. 52s. corrected time from Waterwitch, which was well handled by Fred W. Oren, owner, with Joe Whittaker as crew.

Beverly Y. C. Fixtures.

THE Beverly Y. C. announces the following fixtures for races south of the Cape. The date of the open regatta at Marblehead is not yet settled:

JUNE.

17. Club house, first open sweepstakes.
26. Club house, first championship.

JULY.

3. Club house, second open sweepstakes.
5. Club house, second championship.
24. Club house, third open sweepstakes.

AUGUST.

7. Club house, third championship.
14. Club house, fourth championship.
21. Marion—A. M.—cup race.
21. Marion—P. M.—first open regatta.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Club house, fourth open sweepstakes.
6. Club house, second open regatta.
11. Club house, fifth championship.

W. LLOYD JEFFRIES.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

It is reported that Archibald Watt, owner of the steam yacht Meteor, will shortly build a steam yacht of American design, to be 290ft. over all, 254ft. l.w.l., with twin screws and a speed of 20 knots.

The new steam yacht for Howard Gould has progressed no further than the consideration of plans, and the yacht will not be built for some time. She will be about 260ft. over all, 235ft. l.w.l., 34ft. beam and 15ft. draft.

Norna, schr., now on a cruise around the world, has reached Norfolk, Va., where she is tied up by a libel for $3,000 for work done in fitting her out.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has recently sent out the following circular: "The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. having, as was announced by the circular letter of Nov. 15, accepted the challenge of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup for small yachts, and the conditions governing the contest having been arranged, can now announce both these conditions and those which will govern the trial races for the selection of its representative yacht for the defense of the cup. The contest being an international one, the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. hopes to interest other Canadian clubs to assist in the defense of the cup in order that the fastest 20 footer may be selected as its representative. The club has accordingly arranged for open trial races, to be held on Lake St. Louis early in August, preceding the match, which will be sailed on the same waters, beginning about Aug. 14. Prizes for place in the trial races and a suitable trophy to the yacht winning the cup match will be given."

At Pepin, Wis., on Jan. 1, Capt. I. A. Fuller's ice yacht Tempest and Com. R. M. Anderson's Lorna collided on Lake Pepin. Each boat carried three men. The former was in charge of Claude Fuller and the latter in charge of O. L. Murray. Tempest was coming in from a run at a mile a minute, and Lorna was maneuvering for a landing. The boats came together at right angles, and the crash was heard all over town. The men were thrown in all directions. Glen Murray was knocked senseless, and lay in that condition for some time. He has a bad cut on the head. George Murray was cut on the head, face and knee, and may be crippled for life. Had Lorna been running at a high speed none could have escaped. Neither sailor saw the other boat until the crash came.—*Chicago Tribune.*

There are now about two score of aged inmates in the Webb Academy and Home for Shipbuilders, and several worthy young men are, under the provision of its endowment, obtaining free instruction in the trade of shipbuilding. The institution is pleasantly situated on Fordham Heights, at Sedgwick avenue and Academy street, and its management is on lines most agreeable to its beneficiaries. The school of instruction is in charge of competent men. The current expenses of the academy and home during the year aggregated a little under $30,000, all of which was provided as it was needed by Mr. Webb. The secretary of the institution is Stevenson Taylor, and the treasurer T. F. Rowland.—*Marine Journal.*

The nominations of the New York Y. C., recently posted, for the annual election on Feb. 11, are as follows: Com., J. Pierpont Morgan, steam yacht Corsair; Vice-Com., L. Cass Ledyard, schr. Montauk; Rear-Com., August Belmont, cutter Mineola; Sec'y, J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Morris J. Asch; Regatta Committee—John C. Barron, Theodore C. Zerega and Dr. W. Barton Hopkins; Committee on Admissions—Edward M. Brown, C. Oliver Iselin, L. Cass Ledyard, W. B. Duncan, Jr., and James A. Wright; House Committee—E. E. Chase, F. M. Cronise, F. H. Davies, C. L. F. Robinson and Alfred Grymes; Library Committee—Fordham Morris, Arthur H. Clark and A. V. H. Ellis; Committee on Flag Stations—Wm. H. Thomas, 1, Bay Ridge; Frederick H. Benedict, 2, New York, East Twenty-sixth street; F. A. Schermerhorn, 3, Whitestone; L. Vaughn Clark, 4, New London; Tarrant Putnam, 5, Shelter Island; Frederick P. Sands, 6, Newport; Frederick Grinnell, 7, Vineyard Haven; John P. Duncan, 8, Atlantic Highlands; A. L. Barber, 9, Ardsley-on-Hudson; E. R. Ladew, 10, Glen Cove.

The annual meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. is being held as we go to press; the nominations are as follows: Com., Henry Clark Rouse, schr. Iroquois; Vice-Com., S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, slp. Indolent; Rear Com., Henry A. Van Liew, steam yacht Aquilo; Sec'y, Charles J. Stevens; Treas., Walter C. Hubbard; Measurer, John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Valentine Mott; Fleet Chaplain, George R. Vandewater, D. D. Trustees: To succeed Charles H. Leland, W. Emlen Roosevelt and Henry Stanton, resigned; and in place of William Foulke, Walter C. Hubbard, Walter C. Kerr and Auguste P. Montant, whose terms of office expire, but who are eligible for reëlection—D. Leroy Dresser, Frederic de P. Foster, Bayard F. Foulke, Henry W. Hayden, Henry Marquand, Leon F. d'Oremieulx, Charles A. Post and Gordon Wendell. Race Committee: Oliver E. Cromwell, D. Leroy Dresser, Walter C. Kerr, Charles A. Sherman and C. W. Wetmore. Committee on Lectures and Entertainments: Clarence Goadby and Herbert L. Satterlee. Committee on Lines and Models: John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith and W. P. Stephens. Law Committee: F. Kingsbury Curtis, Alfred Ely and F. de P. Foster.

Reva, steam yacht, Joseph Leiter, arrived at Tampico from Progresso on Dec. 22, having lost one blade of her wheel. She reached Galveston in tow of a tug on Jan. 10.

Rialto, steam yacht, S. P. Hedges, sunk at her wharf in Greenport on Jan. 5, her condenser pipes having burst with the frost.

The special committee of the Atlantic Y. C. has recommended the removal of the club station to Norton's point, and the question will now be submitted to the club. The proposed site is 200 by 600ft. on Gravesend Bay, just inside the point. The present house will be moved and greatly improved if the plan is carried out.

At Racine, Wis., on Jan. 2 Frank W. Cutler, deputy United States marshal of Milwaukee, sold the schooner yacht Crusader, of Chicago, to satisfy a claim of Milwaukee parties amounting to $365. The boat was bid in by Attorney Marks, of Milwaukee, for other parties for $530. None of the owners of the boat appeared. Crusader is moored at the dock of the Racine Boat Manufacturing Company. She was the pioneer schooner yacht on Lake Michigan, and at one time was the pride of the Chicago fleet, and owned by Commodore Paulson, of the Columbia Y. C., Chicago.—*Chicago Tribune.*

It is reported that Queen Victoria will soon have a new royal yacht to replace the present ancient craft, Victoria and Albert.

Canoeing.

The Paddling Trophy.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to heartily second the views of Mr. D'Arcy Scott as published in your last issue. That a paddling canoe of reasonable dimensions, of use in all the A. C. A. paddling races, is desirable cannot be questioned. Paddling is a branch of athletic sport intended to compare the relative merits of racing men, and such comparisons are all but useless where there exists any great disparity in the canoes used.

The A. C. A. meets are getting to be more expensive pleasures each year, and to be obliged to transport a fleet in order to race may be the means of deterring some racing men from attending meets and entering the races.

I agree with Mr. Scott in all respects but one—that is, the limiting of "fours" to a standard 30in. canoe. To those who have been fortunate enough to attend the meets, the sight of a small canoe loaded with four good big men shoveling water into their nearest competitor until he is swamped is not altogether unknown. Such a canoe is built for two or three persons when used at moderate speeds, but is totally unfit for four men working with might and main to force her through the water. The result of this overloading is the question asked by some crew, "Did we fall or were we pushed?"

In the main, however, the idea of a standard canoe for all single and tandem events is good. One of the main objections to the racing machine is its tendency toward making racing a serious business, of professional influences. When a man beats a competitor under even conditions there is some satisfaction and honor in the doing.

Canoeing is a developer of men, and a real sportsman does not require an egg shell to beat another in a 50lb. boat. Now I'd like to have a go at Scott myself; but would I race in a good, wholesome canoe against Scott in an oiled silk canoe with a mosquito netting deck? Nit. ILEX.

Red Dragon C. C.

THE Red Dragon C. C., of Philadelphia, held their annual club mess at Dooner's Hotel on Tenth street on the evening of Jan. 5. The banquet hall was handsomely decorated with the club colors, while the menu card was printed in colors with the Red Dragon insignia, and each was attached to a miniature paddle, making a very neat and appropriate souvenir. At 6 o'clock thirty of the members assembled at the table and enjoyed a fine spread. Com. W. J. Scott presided and J. E. Murray acted as toastmaster. Speeches were made by ex-Com. A. S. Fenimore, who spoke with feeling on "How it Feels to be Commodore—Nit." M. D. Wilt responded to a toast, "How to Tackle in a Football Game." C. H. Zimmerling responded to "What I Don't Know about Shooting Clay Pigeons." H. W. Fleischmann gave a humorous recitation in his usual clever manner. Harry Blumner followed with a recitation which was warmly received. H. E. Bachmann gave an imitation of Prof. Kelier in feats of magic. William Peters also performed some sleight-of-hand tricks. J. W. Hamilton responded to the toast, "My Half-Rater." H. M. Kreamer gave a toast on "The Great Ball Game." Some entertaining clog dancing was given by Bachmann's nigger boy. Dr. F. O. Gross was presented with a trophy, accompanied by a toast from Mr. Murray. The doctor responded with a rousing speech. After the table had been cleared, the club orchestra, consisting of J. E. Murray as leader, with violin, H. W. Fleischmann mandolin, E. W. Crittenden flute, and F. R. Wise with guitar, rendered music which enlivened the occasion. Songs by Messrs. Wise, Bachmann, Wilt and R. G. Fleischmann were well received. The evening was a most enjoyable occasion, and the Red Dragon C. C. are bound to prosper for many years to come. W. K. P.

THE Red Dragon C. C., of Philadelphia, held its annual election at the Colonnade Hotel on Jan. 2, the following being elected: Com., W. J. Scott; Vice-Com., John M. Hamilton; Purser, Omar Shallcross; Quartermaster, R. G. Fleischmann; Correspondent, Will K. Park; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. C. McFetridge; Meas., H. E. Bachmann; Trustee (to serve for three years), Charles Barton Keen; House Committee: H. M. Rogers, C. H. Zimmerling, Lloyd R. Titus, A. S. Fenimore.

The purser's report showed the club to be in good financial condition, and considerable enthusiasm was expressed by the members over the bright prospects for the next season's sport. The regattas given by this club are always well attended and are very pleasant, both from the boating interest and the social features.

There will be some new boats in the fleet next season. R. G. Fleischmann contemplates building a 15-footer from designs of H. E. McCormick. She will be constructed on the composite plan.

A Sea-Going Canoe-Yacht.

THAT variety of heavier and stauncher canoe-yawl which the FOREST AND STREAM was the first to call the "canoe-yacht" has been but little used in this country, but is still quite popular in England. The *Field* of Dec. 12 publishes the lines of an excellent example of the type, Tavie II., designed by Albert Strange, of Scarborough, of the Humber Yawl Club, and built by Bond, of Birkenhead, for John D. Hayward, of the B. C. A. The boat is used about the Mersey, and often in very rough water, her owner cruising single handed, though she has good room for two. She is 22ft. over all, 19ft. l.w.l., 6ft. 4in. beam, and 2ft. draft of hull, which includes about 8in. of keel—11cwt. of iron. The centerboard is of iron, weighing 235lbs., and is placed so far forward as to leave the small cabin unobstructed; when down it draws 4ft. There is a small and deep cockpit, with a bulkhead aft, forming an after compartment, and one forward, at the after end of the cabin. The cabin top lifts to give head room when at anchor. The boat is very fully fitted with lockers, shelves, etc. The rig is small to American eyes, but 240sq. ft. in all—165 in mainsail, 40 in mizzen, and 55 in a roller jib.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Frank M. Pinckney	111 Broadway, New York	——

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Mac Mee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 28.—The members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club were early on the range at Shell Mound yesterday. This was the last shoot for the season of 1896, and several of the medal matches (re-entry in some of them being allowed) were close; hence the anxiety to put in a few more scores before it was too late.

The San Francisco *Call* of to-day's date give the following list of prize winners:

"On the rifle range, Columbia target, the competition for the Unfred diamond medal, one of the most beautiful trophies ever put up for a rifle competition, was the most spirited of any in years. Adolph Strecker in the morning was ahead by a very few points, D. W. McLaughlin and F. O. Young being close behind him. Ticket after ticket, three-shot scores, were fired until the targets closed on all re-entry matches at 3 o'clock; but Strecker won, beating Young by 3 points and McLaughlin by 4 points.

"On the 50yd. range there were several spirited contests. C. M. Daiss was determined to win the splendid pistol medal presented by Gordon Blanding. He was closely followed by Pape and J. E. Gorman, but when the day closed Daiss was ahead by several points. The Carr pocket revolver medal for several weeks past had been conceded to Gorman, but Carr, the donor, thought he would show that he is still champion of the American weapon, and he won the trophy, which he will put up for competition again next year.

"The pretty medal presented by Dr. L. O. Rodgers, president of the club, for the ladies to compete for, was carried off by Mrs. L. J. Crane. This lady is a fine shot with the .22-caliber rifle, for she also won the Glindemann ladies' trophy on a single score of 26 points in ten shots. Mrs. M. J. White also had 26 points, but Mrs. Crane won on Creedmoor count, going back to the sixth shot to win. Mrs. C. F. Waltham was only 3 points behind. In the same class of shooting, .22-caliber rifle, there was a hot spurt between Ed. Hovey and E. Jacobson for the unique medal presented by Colonel S. I. Kellogg. Hovey, however, pulled ahead.

"The Siebe medal for the military rifle fell to Young. The first regular re-entry scores were as follows:

"Rifle, Unfred diamond medal, 3-shot scores, re-entry: D. W. McLaughlin 8, 11; F. O. Young 9, 10; A. Strecker 9, 10. Rifle record medal, 10-shot scores, re-entry: F. E. Mason 67, H. D. Wicker 76. Most flags during the month: F. O. Young 9, D. W. McLaughlin 8, A. Strecker 8, F. H. Bushnell 2, A. H. Pape 2.

"Pistol, 50yds., Blanding medal, 3 shot scores, re-entry: J. E. Gorman 8, C. M. Daiss 13. Revolver, Carr medal, 5-shot scores, re-entry: H. Carr 22, 23, 28, 31; J. E. Gorman 30, 37, 41. Twenty-two caliber rifle for ladies, Rogers medal, 5 shots, re-entry: Ed Hovey 9, 10; E. Jacobson 10, 12; S. I. Kellogg 11, 13; A. H. Pape 11, H. R. Crane 20.

"Revolver match, 6-shot scores: J. E. Gorman 30, 31; H. Carr 31.

"Then came the tug-of-war of the day. Colonel S. I. Kellogg and Howard Carr 'chose sides' and made a team match, composed of all the Columbias present. Each shot five shots with the rifle at 200yds. and five shots with the pistol at 50yds. Colonel Kellogg's team won by a good majority. The scores were as follows:

"Captain Kellogg's team: Dorrell 55, Pape 56, Mrs. Crane 63, Dr. Rodgers 64, Poulter 67, H. R. Crane 69, Hooey 70, Kellogg 70, Bushnell 77, Jacobson 81, Daiss 86, Glindemann 114, White 117, Mrs. Waltham 147. Grand total 1,136.

"Captain Carr's team: Young 66, Gorman 72, McLaughlin 85, Kuhnle 83, Mason 91, Strecker 86, Barrere 110, Mrs. White 59, Waltham 86, Bremer 116, Wicker 56, Forrest 127, Lewis 173. Grand total 1,209.

"A. B. Dorrell, making the highest scores on both ranges, was crowned Chief of the Columbias, an honor he will hold during the ensuing year.

"The club then repaired to the park dining room, where Capt. Siebe spread a banquet, with all the market affords. While the banquet was in progress the president, Dr. Rodgers, presented the winners with their prizes, accompanying each presentation with a neat speech. The following were the medals, the winners and their scores. In the re-entry the next highest to the winners are also given:

"Class medals, rifle, 10 shots, four best scores: Champion class, D. W. McLaughlin, 216; first class, F. E. Mason, 308; second class, E. Jacobson, 297.

"Pistol, 50yds., 10 shots, four best scores: Champion class, J. E. Gorman, 164; first class, A. B. Dorrell, 193; second class, E. Jacobson, 245.

"Re entry matches, rifle, Unfred diamond medal, 3 shots, ten best scores: A. Strecker 90, Young 93, McLaughlin 94.

Glindemann military medal, re-entry, Creedmoor count, 10 shots, ten best scores: F. O. Young 466, Ed. Hovey 461, F. H. Bushnell 452.

"Rifle record medal, re-entry, best single 10-shot score: F. O. Young 41, J. Utschig 47.

"Rodgers ladies' medal, re-entry, 5 shots, ten best scores, 50yds. off hand: Mrs. L. J. Crane 126, Mrs. M. J. White 157, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 211.

"Kellogg .22cal. rifle medal, re-entry, 5 shots, ten best scores, 50yds., off-hand: Ed Hovey 89, E. Jacobson 92.

"Glindemann ladies' trophy, best single 10-shot score, 50yds., off-hand, no re-entry: Mrs. L. J. Crane 26, Mrs. M. J. White 26 (last by Creedmoor count), Mrs. Waltham 29.

"Pistol, 50yds., Blanding pistol medal, re-entry, 3 shots, ten best scores: C. M. Daiss 66, Pape 74, Young 76, J. E. Gorman 73.

"Revolver, 50yds., Carr pocket revolver medal, re-entry, 5 shots, four best scores: Howard Carr 104, J. E. Gorman 110, M. J. White 132.

"Cash prizes, any revolver, re-entry, 6 shots, best single score: First prize, J. E. Gorman 30; second prize, H. Carr 31; third prize, F. O. Young 31; fourth prize, J. E. Klein 41.

"Siebe all-round medal, four scores on Blanding pistol medal, Unfred rifle medal and Glindemann military medal: F. O. Young, musket, 49, 47, 47, 47; rifle, 9, 9, 9, 8; pistol, 4, 7, 8, 8." ROEEL.

Police Revolver Teams.

REVOLVER teams have been organized from the two platoons of the New York police department in order to create a friendly rivalry in marksmanship between platoons, and also between the various precincts. Twenty men have been selected from among the best marksmen on the force, ten from each platoon, and from these teams of five men each will be picked to represent each platoon, while the other men will be held in reserve.

It is proposed to enter teams from each platoon in the team matches held at the time of the Sportsmen's Exposition, and it is very likely that individual members will also compete for trophies. Captain Petty and his assistants in charge of the revolver school, including Roundsman Jones, and Patrolmen Benham, Smith, Colgan, Cameron and Fischer, are barred from competition.

Following are the scores made on the last shooting day:

FIRST TEAM - FIRST PLATOON.

	Rank.	Precinct.	1st string.	2d string.	3d string.
Henry J Eberman	Ptl	11	70	69	67—206
John Leddy	Ptl	34	72	66	65—203
Nicholas Illich	Ptl	38	68	68	65—201
Henry J Stennes	Ptl	12	67	66	65—198
Wm H Ward	Ptl	29	67	65	65—197
					1,061

SECOND TEAM—FIRST PLATOON.

Henry Schryver	Rds	4	67	64	64—195
Gustave Kolle	Ptl	24	65	65	62—192
Jas F Ball	Ptl	22	65	63	63—191
Patrick Dowling	Ptl	38	66	63	56—185
John Dormody	Ptl	37	68	62	53—183
					946

FIRST TEAM—SECOND PLATOON.

Milton Woodbridge	Rds	35	72	71	71—214
John J McNally	Sgt	27	66	66	65—197
John Townsend	Sgt	24	67	59	59—185
Geo Brown	Rds	66	63	63	59—185
Albert Mason	Rds	20	66	64	55—185
					967

SECOND TEAM—SECOND PLATOON.

Joseph Warner	Ptl	20	67	60	56—183
Geo Eckhoff	Ptl	10	62	61	59—182
Frank McCarrick	Rds	18	65	60	56—181
Jas Adams	Ptl	23	61	61	58—180
Jas J Cain	Ptl	9	62	59	58—179
					925

Three strings of 15 shots per man, Creedmoor 100yds. target, highest possible for team, 1,225.

Scores with a Pocket Revolver.

AMATEUR revolver champion W. E. Petty is at present acting captain at the Charles street station, and also has the supervision over the school for revolver practice. The Charles street station house is pretty well down town on the west side, while the 8th Regiment armory, where the revolver school is located, is up at 91th street on the east side. Naturally Captain Petty is kept on the jump between the two places, and the exactions of his dual rôle are such that he has very little time for anything aside from his official duties. As a result he is very much out of practice as a marksman, and recently, when the subject of a challenge was discussed, he very rightly demanded the privilege of a reasonable length of time to get in trim for the match.

On January 8 Captain Petty tried a few strings at the 10yd. range in the Armory, and though his shooting at times was somewhat erratic owing to rustiness, he made several five shot scores which are extremely good, two of which we reproduce. These targets are exact size, and it will be noted that one counts the highest possible, while the other foots up to 47.

The revolver used was the new 32-caliber police Colt, with factory sights, and the ammunition used was U. S. factory cartridges.

Calumet Heights Rifle Scores.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 25.—The Calumet Heights Gun Club has several riflemen among its members. On the club's ranges to-day the scores given below were made by Class A. The weather was fairly bright at times, though the sky was overcast with shifting clouds; a light wind was blowing. Class A shoots at 200yds., off-hand, standard target; Class B at 100yds., rest, .22cal. rifle, reduced Creedmoor target:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Dr L L Davis	3 34444443 - 35	.....	.....
C W Spalding	5443344544 - 40	.....	3454323344 - 35
Dr F A Hodson	2545534 53 - 37	3034433344 - 31	33254433 3 - 29
Miss Ervin	4344304354 - 34	5343243234 - 33	.....

PATTY.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Jan. 9-10.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

Jan. 18-20.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Audubon Park first annual midwinter tournament. First three days, targets; last day, live birds.

Jan. 12-14.—ERIE Pa.—Clover and Pope's midwinter tournament at Massassauga Point. Live birds and targets. Added money and merchandise prizes. For programmes address Seth Clover or A. P. Pope, Erie, Pa.

Jan. 16.—RUTHERFORD, N. J.—Testimonial shoot to Neaf Apgar. Targets. Shoot commences at 9:30 A. M.

Jan. 20-21.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Jan. 21.—BRANCHPORT, N. J.—Elkwood Park inaugural shoot.

Jan. 23.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Shoot for the E. C. cup. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

Jan. 23.—RUTHERFORD, N. J.—Invitation handicap sweepstake, 20 live birds, $15 entrance, birds included. Shoot will be held under the auspices of the Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Jan. 25-29.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second Texas Midwinter tournament. Targets and magautraps. $2,000 added. Under the management of J. M. George, Albert Steves and O. C. Guessaz, at San Pedro Springs grounds. Open to the world.

Feb. 8-20.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live-bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

Feb. 10.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Second contest for the *Recreation* cup, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

March 13-17.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

April 21-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June (third week)—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

It has been decided that no regular programme will be gotten out for the Apgar testimonial shoot at the Boiling Springs Gun Club's grounds, Rutherford, N. J., on Saturday next, Jan. 16. Shooting will commence shortly after 9:30 A. M., and all events will be at targets. One of the special features of the day will be a 3 men team race. Two teams have entered already, as follows: Van Dyke, Apgar and Colin R. Wise; J. S. S. Remsen, George Piercy and F. S. Edwards. The conditions are 100 targets per man, unknown angles, optional sweepstake on each 25 targets. It is hoped that more teams will enter on or before the day, the race commencing at 12:30. This race will be shot in a series of 25-target races, other squads being made up of all those who wish to enter "for the birds" or to join in the optional sweepstakes above mentioned. Neaf Apgar will run the shoot and will have plenty of assistance rendered him by members of the home club. A good lunch will be furnished on the grounds.

In the brief notice of the programme for the Texas Midwinter shoot, which we published last week, we referred to a contest at 100 bluerocks for a cup entitled the "Schmelzer's World's Inanimate Target Championship Trophy." Without wishing to cast any reflections on the management of the Midwinter tournament, it seems to us poor policy to announce a contest for a trophy bearing the above high-sounding title, a title that is absolutely misleading and untenable. Surely a "championship of the world" contest should have more than two weeks' notice. There is only one champion at inanimate targets, and only one inanimate target championship trophy. Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., is that champion, and the E. C. cup, which he won from Fred Gilbert, represents the inanimate target championship. Don't let inanimate target-shooting drift into the same championship quicksands that live-bird shooting is now wallowing in.

H. P. (Du Pont) Collins, of Baltimore, has been named by the E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. as its representative at the Winston-Mosher shoot at Yardville, N. J., on Jan. 16. Mr. Collins will also act as referee.

Clear Lake, Ia., has been busily engaged entertaining Charlie Grimm since his return to that place with the Cast Iron medal. At the Lake House a banquet was tendered to Mr. Grimm, at which many happy things were said, and at which Charlie made a speech that almost makes us regret that he is not a Member of Congress from Iowa. The speech came to us somewhat in the nature of a surprise. We always knew that Charlie could shoot, but we had no idea that he was an orator. All doubts on that head are now at rest. The features in the decorations of the banqueting hall were two Smith guns. Under one hung the following card: "The Smith gun that won the championship at the World's Fair." Under the other was the following inscription: "The gun with which our Charley won the championship of America."

We have received the following communication, dated Jan. 5, from Messrs. Phil Daly, Jr., and Chanfrau, the managers of the new shooting grounds at Elkwood Park: "We wish to announce through your shooting columns that every Saturday at 1 P. M. there will be live pigeon shooting on the new grounds. In a few weeks we will be in a position to throw the grounds open to the public, with all three sets of traps in operation; with live crows on one set, live blackbirds on another, and live pigeons on the third; all sweeps. We will also have a main event at 25 live pigeons, $25 entrance, handicaps from 25 to 33yds., with a good big sum of added money." As we understand it, the "main event" referred to above will take place on the opening day at Elkwood Park, particulars being announced at a future date.

There is no question about Pittsburg having the shooting fever. Announcement is made in the *Dispatch*, of that city, of Jan. 10, as below: "Announcement is made that there may be a match made for eight of the members of the Herron Hill Gun Club to shoot eight members of any of the Eastern gun clubs for $1,000 a side, each man to shoot at 25 pigeons. If a match like this were made it would be one of the most sensational that there has ever been, and as far as the Pittsburg shooters are concerned, they are quite willing to take part in such a contest. They have already arranged for the stake, and have made up their minds to engage a special car to carry them to New York should the match be consummated."

The Bridgeport, Conn., Gun Club is a live organization. Under the guiding hands of Mr. V. A. Blakesley, secretary of the club and general enthusiast, and of Mr. Wm. H. Thomas, the captain, the club has every prospect of a prosperous season in 1897. One of the features of its winter programme has been a series of team shoots for suppers, and these shoots have been productive of any amount of good-fellowship among the members. One of the most prominent members of the club is its president, Mr. W. M. Thomas, the U. M. C. Co.'s expert, so well known to shooters all over the country under the honorable title of "U. M. C." Thomas, bestowed upon him by FOREST AND STREAM some years ago. U. M. C. is no relative of "the other Thomas."

Just before going to press last week we received a short telegraphic dispatch from John L. Winston, informing us that the Du Pont trophy shoot would take place as originally decided. The contest between George Mosher and Winston will therefore be held on Saturday, Jan. 16, at Zwirlein's grounds at Yardville, N. J. Winston says—and makes no secret about it—that the next challenger for the trophy (should he be fortunate to defeat Mosher) can set his mind at rest as to where the contest will take place: If a Western man challenges, the match will be shot at Yardville; if an Eastern man challenges, he will have to go to John Watson's to decide the ownership of the trophy.

Who is "Mr. Robinson, an American?" A dispatch from Monte Carlo, dated Jan. 5, says: "An exciting pigeon shooting match was held here to-day between Mr. Robinson, an American, and Mr. Beresford, an Englishman. The match, which was for £100 a side, 100 birds, was won by Mr. Robinson, who killed 95 birds. Mr. Beresford killed 91;" 95 and 91 at Monte Carlo, with the Monaco boundary and Monte Carlo bluerocks for flyers, is quite steep! Who is "Mr. Robinson, an American?" Does he hail from San Francisco?

On New Year's Day a "hog shoot" was held at Rockledge, Pa. The prize in the main event, which was at 15 targets, was a 500lb. hog; chances at 50c. each, anybody being allowed to enter in the event as often as he chose. Among the contestants were Landis and Will K. Park. Landis took three chances and scored 14 each time; Will Park took one chance and ran 14 out of 15. As 14 was high, and as no one else could reach that total, the hog was divided between Park and Landis, Park getting one third. It would be interesting to know just what part of the hog Will chose.

A recent issue of the Chicago *Daily Record* is responsible for the following: "Nearly half a million head of game have been killed by the Earl de Grey during the last twenty years, his average being 25,000 head a year. He was only fifteen years old when this record commenced, and to give an idea of the rapidity with which he shoots it may be stated that in December, 1881, he shot at fifty pheasants in three minutes and killed forty-nine of them. In this immense total, which places the earl at the head of the sporting shots of the old world, are included eleven tigers, several rhinoceros and elephants, a number of lions, bison, Russian and Rocky Mountain bears and wolves."

Secretary Strader, of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., writes as follows: "At the annual meeting of the Endeavor Gun Club, held Jan. 8 at the club room, 642 Newark avenue, Jersey City, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Z. P. Fletcher, M.D.; Vice-President, F. Post; Secretary, A. R. Strader; Captain, E. Collins; Treasurer, Carl von Lengerke. Directors: E. Hollister, C. W. McPeek, G. H. Piercy. Tournament Committee: E. Collins, G. H. Piercy, E. Banks, E. Taylor, C. von Lengerke.

To do away with a good deal of trouble in regard to championships at live birds we respectfully suggest to Charlie Grimm and Jim Elliott the following: Shoot a series of three 100-bird races for the Cast Iron badge and the Kansas City *Star's* cup, each man to name one ground and toss for choice of the other; the winner to take both cups, and the Cast Iron badge to be at once rivered onto the cup, thus making one emblem. This would reduce the list of championship trophies by one at any rate. The suggestion is made in all seriousness.

Mrs. M. F. Lindsley (Wanda) is feeling very good over a Christmas present she has received. This is what we know about that present: "You have often heard me talk about having a new gun for ever so long. It has at last arrived and is a little beauty, an L. C. Smith, and one of the finest made. Best of all, it was presented to me by the King Powder Co. and the Peters Cartridge Co. I must be appreciated somewhere." Mrs. Lindsley is appreciated in many places, particularly in New Jersey.

I. R. Sheldon, the little seven-year-old wonder of the Pawtuxet, R. I., Gun Club, handles his miniature gun very well. He shoots a .44cal. double gun, using brass shells loaded with 16grs. of Du Pont and ½oz. of No. 9 shot. He stands 5yds. from the trap, and on New Year's Day he broke 20 out of 45; on the next day he broke 15 out of 20 under the same conditions.

We dropped into 8 Murray street on Monday afternoon about 1:30 P. M. If anybody thinks there was no "match talk," look at the following list of those we found there, outside of employees of Von Lengerke & Detmold: R. O. Heikes, Ben O. Bush, Ed Taylor, Neaf Apgar, Geo. S. McAlpin, Frank Butler, H. P. Fessenden, J. 147 Winton and J. L. Brewer. The last two caused all the noise.

Business interests will prevent the attendance at the Texas Midwinter tournament of Noel E. Money or Captain A. W. Money. Captain Money will probably not return from Europe for a few weeks yet, hence Noel will be kept "chained to business." This week, however, he is away in Maine, running some of his foxhounds in the trials promoted under the auspices of the Brunswick, Me., Fur Club.

The American E. C. Powder Company has issued a new pamphlet containing full information in regard to the shotgun and rifle powders manufactured by the company. Among the extraneous matter contained in this pamphlet is a complete description of the workings of the Rose system of dividing purses at tournaments.

We received the following letter from Mr. H. D. Kirkover, Jr., of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club, too late for insertion in our issue of Jan. 9: "The dates of our shoot have been changed to Jan. 18-20. Wish you would mention same in the next issue of your valuable paper."

One of the special features of the great tournament promoted by Rolla Heikes in his dream, which slipped our memory when preparing same for the press, was a special event, *open only to those who had never claimed to be champions.* Needless to say, the event didn't fill.

The Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Gun Club is a comparatively young organization. But young as it is, it lacks only three of having a muster roll of 100 members. The weekly club shoots are held every Thursday afternoon, the average attendance being 15.

Rolla Heikes is in the city for a few days, and will be present at Neaf Apgar's testimonial shoot at Rutherford, N. J., on Saturday next, Jan. 16. In all probability Heikes will make an attempt to break his record for 100 targets over the Boiling Springs traps on the above date.

On Saturday, Jan. 23, an invitation handicap sweepstake at 20 live birds per man, $15 entrance, including birds, will be held at Rutherford, N. J., on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. Entries must be made on or before Jan. 21 to G. E. Greiff, 8 Murray street, city.

Mr. Thomas Bell won the Oritani Field cup at the regular monthly shoot of the club, held on Saturday, Jan. 2. The shoot is at 50 targets; Bell scored 43, Conklin 36, Belden and Ricardo 35 each.

Opening day at Elkwood Park will be Jan. 21. A full programme has been arranged.

JAN. 12. EDWARD BANKS.

Western Traps.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 9.—Last week Mr. Emil Werk, of Cincinnati, was visiting friends in Chicago and ventured to suggest that it would be a good thing if some of the Chicago boys would come down and shoot a little race with the Cincinnati team. As a result of the talk a little team race was concluded which was pulled off at Cincinnati last Tuesday, the conditions being Chicago against Cincinnati, 4-men teams, 25 birds a corner. The visiting Chicagoans were Messrs. C. D. Gammon, W. W. McFarland, B. Dicks and J. H. Robbins. They were accompanied by Mr. Lew Wadsworth, who served as referee in the race. The Cincinnati team was composed of Messrs. Emil Werk, Wm. Schuler, Milt F. Lindsley and Mr. Mackey. The Chicago men looked upon this race as a walkover for themselves, but it came near being a walk home instead; for the Cincinnati contingent came pretty near breaking the crowd. The Chicago boys are now proclaiming their ignorance of any such visit, and declaring that they have never been out of town at all. The facts leaked out, however. The scores are as follows:

Chicago: Gammon 21, McFarland 24, Dicks 18, Robbins 11; total, 74.

Cincinnati: Werk 19, Schuler 22, Lindsley 17, Mackey 23; total, 81.

There will be a second team race, 2-men teams, between Messrs. Werk and Schuler, of Cincinnati, and McFarland and Dicks, of Chicago. This will be shot at Chicago, March 15. The Chicago men express themselves delighted with the treatment they had at Cincinnati.

THE MIDWINTER SHOOT.

The annual Guessaz-George-Steves circus will open its tents to a large and admiring multitude Jan. 26, at the old Mission town of Santone, by the Saltpeter or St. Peter River. The enterprising gentlemen who are at the head of this regular yearly Texas agricultural exhibit assure me privately that the performance this time will eclipse all previous efforts, and ask that the public be advised thereof. All visiting shooters are requested to bring their own blankets, and those not accustomed to sleeping on cactus should have their blankets made puncture-proof before starting South. The Indians are no longer dangerous in the neighborhood of Santone, but the streets are not safe at night, so they are usually taken in at sundown. The weekly train from the North will be met by a large trio, who will head a party of rangers, thus making the journey to the hotel perfectly safe, so that no timid gentleman need have fears about making this trip. Santone is a great health resort, and its graveyard would be vacant except for the Northern visitors who are buried there as a result of last year's tournament. Everybody likes the place. Oscar Guessaz is in strict training for the event, and Geo. Jorge has in store several new tricks. Albert Steves is just in receipt of his new commission as coroner, so no one need be afraid to let a relative go to this shoot. Mr. Steves is under promise to report at once any cases of death of Northern shooters, and it is well known that he is a man of his word. The best of funeral arrangements have been made by the railroad, so that all bodies will be returned to their homes as soon as the details of the shoot have had proper attention. Large and appropriate mottoes, such as, "Willie, we have missed you," have been secured to decorate the funeral trains on their way North, and no pains will be spared to prove to all visitors and friends of visitors that the Big 3 do nothing by halves. There is sure to be a good crowd—at first—and every precaution has been taken to keep the mortality at as low a point as possible. I hope there will be a large and enthusiastic attendance, and I am sure that all who come back from Texas will be sure they have been to a shooting match. The dangers of a trip to Texas have been shamefully exaggerated. It is really a quiet place, and devoid of any unusual excitement, and, as may be seen by the above, all care has been taken to reduce even these small risks to a minimum. Go to the Midwinter by all means, but whatever you do, don't let Oscar Guessaz hug you, don't let Geo. Jorge tell you stories, and don't let Albert Steves coax you into a bowling match. Lock your door at night, put out the fire when you go to bed, and don't show your roll to anybody, because there are men there who would shoot you for it in a minute, or for any part of it, and let you name the conditions. A few simple precautions of this sort on your own part, added to those which have been taken by the progenitors and projectors of this shoot, will make the matter practically safe and highly enjoyable. (For details as to wooden limbs see our advertising columns.)

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

ON LONG ISLAND.

CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB, OF BROOKLYN

Jan. 9. The following scores were made to-day on the grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club at Bay Ridge: Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 5 were at known traps and angles; No. 3 at expert rules:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
G C White	19	14	17	15	21	E H Lott	10	7	w	11	12
B Fish	18	16	..	..	19	H C Werleman	10	..	3	4	..
D G Geddes	18	..	15	22	22						

CONEY ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Jan. 6.—The Coney Island Rod and Gun Club held its regular monthly live-bird shoot to-day at Dexter Park, L. I. John Schlieman won the club shoot with 7 straight. Scores:

No. 1, club shoot, 7 live birds, all standing at the 28yd. mark: George E. Loeble 7, Walter Gilman 6, James H. Dykeman 3, Louis C. Hopkins 3.

No. 2, team sweepstakes at 5 birds each: Loeble 5, Dykeman 4, total 9; Hopkins 4, Mills 4, total 8.

No. 3, 5 live birds each: Loeble 5, Dykeman 5, Hopkins 3.

No. 4, team sweepstakes at 5 birds each: Loeble 5, Lippock 2, total 7; Hopkins 2, Dykeman 2, total 4.

No. 5, same: Loeble 5, Lippock 0, total 5; Hopkins 2, Dykeman 4, total 6.

CRESCENT ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Jan. 7.—The Crescent Rod and Gun Club held its January shoot at Dexter Park this afternoon. G. E. Loeble, who won the Beaufort badge in the last season's contests, was presented with it this afternoon. He started the new year well by making the only straight score in the club shoot. Scores:

No. 1, club shoot, 7 live birds: John Schlieman (28) 7, ex-Judge James B. Voorhies (29) 6, William Hughes (30) 4, Hugh McLaughlin (28) 4, Dr. F. C. Raynor (28) 4.

No. 2, 4 birds, 28yds. rise: Voorhies 3, McLaughlin 3, Dr. Raynor 3, Schlieman 2, Hughes 1.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Hell Gate Gun Club was held at the club rooms, 103d street and First avenue, Jan. 7. Several changes were made in the by-laws and rules. Meeting day was changed to the first Tuesday of each month, and it was decided that new members must in future be proposed at the meeting prior to the date of their election. The handicap committee's new rules on scoring and handicaps were adopted. The following officers were re-elected: President, John H. Voss; Vice-President, Fred. Trostel; Treasurer, Conrad Webber; Financial Secretary, Philip Woelfel; Corresponding Secretary, Eugene Doeinck. The report of the treasurer showed a balance of about $ 00 on hand.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Jan. 9.—The New Utrecht Gun Club held its first club shoot at live birds for 1897 this afternoon at Dexter Park. The attendance of members was very small. As the handicap committee has not yet given out the handicaps for '97, those present shot their scores on their old marks:

Club shoot, 10 live birds, club handicap rises:

J Gaughen (28)	1222221222—10	E G Frost (27)	2012002011— 6
J A Bennett (28)	1110222211— 9	*Dr Moore	1002012202— 6

* Guest, shot at 28yds.

Opening Day at Elkwood Park.

MESSRS. DALY & CHANFRAU, managers of the new shooting grounds at Elkwood Park, send us the following notice of the programme for the opening day:

The inaugural shoot for the Patten cup (presented by W. R. Patten, Esq.) will take place on Thursday, Jan. 21, at 12 o'clock noon; 25 live birds, $25 entrance, handicaps from 25 to 31yds., ties on 5 birds; 50 per cent. and cup to the winner, 30 per cent. to second, and 20 per cent. to third; high guns. Open only to members of the Carteret, Westminster, Larchmont, Riverton, Tuxedo, Philadelphia, Country Club, Morristown and Ocean County Hunt and Country Club. To be shot on the new grounds; 3 sets of traps, those favoring the birds to be selected on the day of shoot.

No. 2, 10 live birds, $10 entrance, amateurs at 30yds., professionals 32yds. (Brewer barred).

No. 3, 15 live birds, $15 entrance, birds included, open to all, at 30yds.

Plenty of birds for sweeps, which can be shot while the other contests are in progress.

The station for Elkwood Park is Branchport, on the New York & Long Branch R. R.

Grand American Handicap.

ELKWOOD PARK SELECTED.

THE classification and tournament committee of the Interstate Association had an important task set it when the matter of the choice of grounds for the Grand American Handicap of 1897 was placed in its hands. Manager Shaner was appointed a committee of one by the above committee to visit certain grounds and report on their desirability or otherwise. Mr. Shaner, as already stated in FOREST AND STREAM, visited the three race tracks near Elizabeth, N. J.—Waverly, Linden and Dwyer's—and also the new grounds at Elkwood Park, N. J.

In his report, handed in to the committee on Tuesday, December 22, manager Shaner stated that the only places suitable for the purpose of holding the above shoot were Dwyer's track and the Elkwood Park grounds. The committee decided to visit the two grounds named and inspect them, and set Tuesday, Dec. 29, as the date for the visit of inspection. Later, when it was found that this date was unfavorable for certain of the committee to attend, another date was fixed—Thursday, Jan. 7.

The classification and tournament committee is composed of the following: Irby Bennett, Chairman; Noel E. Money, Justus von Lengerke, Paul North and J. L. Lequin, secretary of the Association.

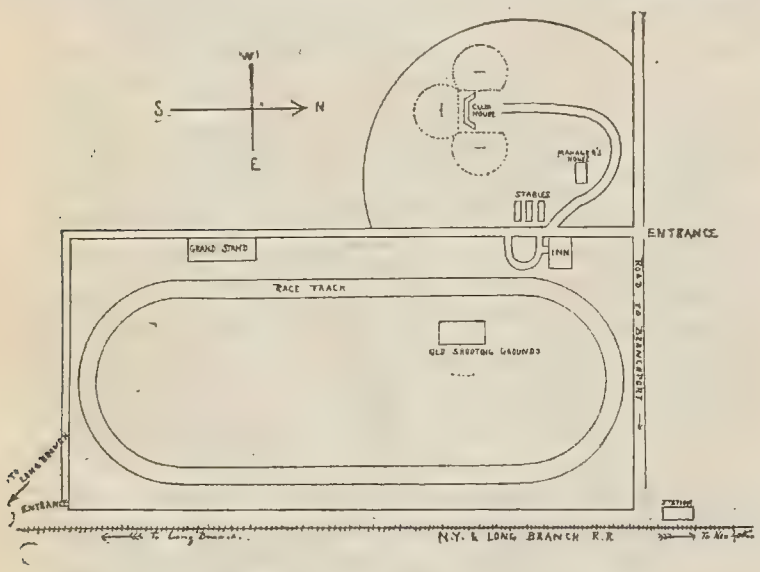
DWYER'S TRACK.

On Jan. 7, as agreed upon above, the committee, with the exception of Paul North, left New York by the 10:10 A. M. train over the P. R. R., and first visited Dwyer's track. The committee was accompanied by manager Shaner. Messrs. Zwirlein and Astfalk met the committee on its arrival.

Elizabeth can be reached in forty minutes from New York. One minute's walk from the depot is the track of the electric cars, that run to within a short five minutes' walk of the race track. Ordinarily cars run every ten minutes, and it takes about ten minutes from the depot to the end of the line near the track. Given the closest connections possible, and it would take an hour to get to the entrance to the track. From the entrance to the main buildings, in front of which the middle set of traps would have to be located, is about another three minutes' walk; perhaps not so much.

The inclosure itself is as perfect a natural shooting ground as one could wish to see anywhere. For a target tournament such a location could not be surpassed. Eight or ten sets of targets could be placed in a straight line without either inconveniencing the other. Shooters would face about E.S.E., and every target would have a sky background. As soon as Noel Money saw it, he said: "I wish we'd seen this ground before we gave our tournament last year."

Taking it altogether the committee was most favorably impressed with the advantages offered by locating the handicap on these grounds, and so openly expressed itself. It was, of course, understood that much would have to be done in the way of preparing for the comfort of the shooters, in case the weather during the Grand



ELKWOOD PARK AND ITS NEW SHOOTING GROUNDS.

American week was unfavorable. Shooters know—none better—that temporary arrangements, however good, are at the best unsatisfactory if the weather is bad. It was its experience in this matter in the past that made the Interstate Association so careful this year in the selection of its grounds for the Grand American Handicap.

ELKWOOD PARK.

The committee left Elizabeth on the 12:46 P. M. train for Branchport, a station on the New York & Long Branch R. R. Both the P. R. R. and the C. R. R. of N. J. run trains over this road, tickets being good either way on trains of both roads. The great drawback to Elkwood Park has always been, to our way of thinking, its distance from New York. By rail it is fifty-five miles; trains take one there in one and one-half hours from the New York side of the ferry. As last year, trains will be stopped during the shoot at the crossing where the highway from Branchport crosses the railroad track at the upper end of the park. The crossing is plainly shown in the accompanying illustration. If you walk to the grounds you can do it in ten minutes easily. If you ride, five minutes will cover the distance.

(NOTE.—This year the Elkwood Park management guarantees to carry *all shooters free* from the train to the club house.)

To return to the visit of the committee: The day was the loveliest imaginable for the time of year. Of course both Dwyer's track and Elkwood Park showed at their prettiest. The new club house stood up prominently on the top of the rise where the new grounds are located. It at once attracted all eyes. An inspection that was something more than thorough was made of this club house, trap pits, etc. And there was much to see and admire. If there are any more perfectly arranged shooting grounds or any that are more perfectly equipped, we couldn't name them in a month of Sundays. If Chimmie Fadden was a shooter, and if he was to visit Elkwood Park's new grounds, he'd use his favorite expression to give vent to his feelings on the point: "They're outer sight." And Chimmie would be perfectly accurate.

In our issue of Oct. 31, 1896, we gave a very full description of the grounds as we saw them then. As we saw them on Jan. 7, 1897, it is not putting it much too strongly to say that our breath was taken away. On Oct 20 all was in embryo; no club house stood there; not even its foundations had been begun; pegs marked its limits, that was all. On Jan. 7 the club house was practically complete. Steam was passing through the radiators, making it warm throughout; painters were putting their last touches to it, the coloring chosen for the inside decoration being a very pretty shade of red. Outside it is white, with "yellow trimmings." Carpenters were busy laying the board walk around the building, while a strong rail and wire fence bounded the board walk, absolutely preventing spectators from crowding or annoying shooters at the score.

The puller's house, sunk slightly in the ground so as not to obstruct the view from the house, was inspected; also the house for the referee and the scorer. Alongside the latter's house was the dog handler's house and cold storage pit, as it were, for the dead birds. The retrieving is all done by dogs, and neither dog, handler nor dead birds being visible to the spectators or shooter until the dog is released to retrieve a bird. Some practice work was had to show how fast the birds could be trapped when shooters were ready at the score for their turns. As stated in our issue of Oct. 31, all trapping is done from below ground. The committee went underground and saw the trapper at work—only one man is wanted at each set of traps, and as he put it to us, he has a "picnic."

A miss-and-out was started to give a practical illustration of the workings of traps, etc. The miss-and-out had 7 entries: Money, Von Lengerke, Soistman, Bennett, Daly, Japhia Van Dyke and Edwards. (It is not necessary to state who won the pot; perhaps some of the others might not like it mentioned.) Nine times out of ten the trap that had been sprung was loaded and ready for business before the dog had the dead bird in its mouth; and the dog was not a slow one by any means.

The traps are those known as the Mott disappearing traps. They are unquestionably harder to shoot over than the King traps, from the fact that they disappear instead of falling over with a clatter. But the act of disappearing causes quite a racket, and in addition a bell that acts as a "starter" attracts a shooter's attention to the trap almost as well as the clatter of an opening King trap.

THE COMMITTEE'S DECISION.

After inspecting everything, lockers for shooters, and all other accommodations, the committee decided that if Messrs. Daly and Chanfrau, the managers of the grounds, would sign the contract to be mailed to them the following day, there was no further question before it as to where the Grand American Handicap of 1897 should be shot. In making such decision, we think the committee only acted as they were instructed to do: to find the best and most desirable location for holding the Grand American Handicap.

LAST YEAR'S DISCOMFORT.

All those, and they were many, who suffered the discomforts that attended the shoot at Elkwood Park last year, can rest assured that this year the Interstate Association has taken every precaution to guard their interests. It is too premature to make any announcement in this issue as to just what the management of Elkwood Park will do to absolutely secure the comfort of the shooters who will be its guests. Manager Shaner is now at work on the programme, and it will soon be in our hands and in the hands of the shooters of this country. The reading matter in that programme will contain abundance of interesting data as to how things will be worked this year.

Personally we can say that, under the circumstances, we should have adjudged the committee unworthy of the confidence reposed in it had it decided any other way after once seeing the grounds at Elkwood Park. On this point we are satisfied that shooters themselves will agree with us when they see the grounds.

As stated above, one of the greatest drawbacks to Elkwood Park is its distance from New York. The claim is a good one and had a great deal of weight with the committee when it came to the actual choice of grounds. But there was a decided set off to this disadvantage. It can easily be figured out that with the increased facilities for shooting off events rapidly offered by the "clover leaf" sets of traps, together with the underground system of trapping, etc., it is perfectly possible to finish the Grand American Handicap in *one day* with a list of *100 shooters*. Last year it took about 1,500 birds to finish the race; with three sets of traps that means just about 150 birds for each set of traps, with over six hours to do it in; 100 birds an hour is ordinary match work with ordinary appliances. At Elkwood Park it will be easily possible to beat that rate, even in a big sweepstake like the Grand American Handicap.

Each shooter will start at No. 1 set of traps and shoot a bird on each set of traps, and then retire until his turn comes to shoot his next 3 birds. Thus anybody who is fortunate enough to stay in until the 25th round has been shot will have fired at 9 birds on No. 1 set of traps and at 8 on each of the other two sets. With shooters at the score with any degree of promptness, it can readily be seen that the Grand American Handicap can be run off in one day if the entries do not amount to more than they did in 1896.

A COUNTER ATTRACTION.

On Saturday, Jan. 9, we had a talk with Mr. Charles Zwirlein. In the course of conversation he stated positively that a counter attraction, with good and solid monetary attractions in the shape of added money, would be held at Dwyer's track on the same day as the Grand American Handicap. We sincerely hope that Mr. Zwirlein and Mr. Astfalk will do nothing of the kind, as we feel that such a policy would be not only hurtful to the sport itself, but would also be almost suicidal, as in all probability both events would be something like direct failures through the effects of such clashing of interests.

EDWARD BANKS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Jan. 2.—The detailed score made in the Boiling Springs Gun Club's regular monthly shoot, held so-day, was as follows, W. H. Huck leading the band with 48 out of 50:

F Van Dyke (0)	1111111111111111111111111001111111111111111101111111111	47
P Adams (3)	0111010101010110111111111111010101011010111111111110	36
	100	— 1
		— 37
R Marville (15)	1111011010111011111101101111111010011010111111111001	37
	101000001110011	— 7
		— 44
A A Hegeman (7)	1110111101101111110011111101110110001101100010111111	34
	1101110	— 5
		— 39
W H Huck (0)	1111111111111110111111111111110111111111111111111111	48
G E Grieff (0)	1111110011111111001110111100111110110111111011111	40
K Frank (0)	1111110011101011101111011011001101111110111110011	36
F S Edwards (0)	1111111111011111111001111011111111100010111111101	41
J A Paul (0)	1110111111111101101011101111111101010111110101111	40
T Barron (5)	1111111111010101111101011111111100111011111111111	42
	11111	— 5
		— 47
B James (5)	1111110111111011011101111101110101011111011001011	38
	10110	— 3
		— 41
C R Wise (0)	1111110101011111111111111111101110111111111101111110	43
E Jeannerette (6)	0111111001101100101110111100111011111111101101011101	35
	000100	— 1
		— 36
Brown (15	1001010000110001000010100001000000010100110010000	14
	000010100010001	— 4
		— 18
W M Harding (4)	0101111111010110101110001000110111011010001111101	31
	1110	— 3
		— 34

WORK DEFEATS DAVIS.

Jan. 5.—George Work and J. H. Davis, the latter a member of the Riverton Gun Club, of Philadelphia, shot a race to-day on the grounds of that club at Riverton, N. J. The conditions were 100 birds per man, 30yds. rise, 50yds boundary. The birds were a fast lot, the strong southerly wind helping them away from the traps at a great rate. Work shot in poor form, his score of 82 not being up to his standard by any means. He seems just now to be shooting generally away below his average for the past few years. The fact that he only scored one double-figure run, 10, shows that there was something wrong with the way in which he pointed his gun. Davis made a lower score than Work, losing the race in the last 25 birds; he had two runs of double figures, both 10s. Davis started in the lead with 22 to 20 at the end of the first 25; he increased his lead to 4 birds at the end of the 50th round, the scores standing then Davis 43 to Work's 39. Although Work only scored 21 in the next 25, he gained 3 birds on his opponent, who could do no better than score 18. This left Davis 1 bird in the lead at the end of the third 25. Work's score of 22 in his last string was far too much for Davis, who made his lowest total for a string of 25 in this match, 17. This left Work the winner of the match by 4 birds, the scores standing as shown below:

George Work	2122122202022222222202202—20	
	2101022022022022022222222—19	
	3022222222022022222—21	
	2212220122202220222222211—22—82	
Junius H Davis	2112221111002211120221112—22	
	2221012211102110222211102—21	
	1121002122020002222211102—18	
	0022222001222222022012002—17—78	

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Jan 1.—The New Year's Day shoot of the Forester Gun Club was not largely attended. Too many shoots were on hand for this day in the vicinity of Newark, and that fact no doubt had much to do with the number of shooters present at our grounds to-day. A long list of events, 20 in all, were shot off. Nos. 1, 2, 5, 7, 9, 12, 15 and 18 were at known traps and angles: Nos. 4 and 19 at unknown angles; Nos. 3, 6, 8, 10, 13, 16 and 20 at reversed order; Nos. 11, 14 and 17 at expert rules. Scores were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
C Smith	8	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	5	9	10	9	8	8	..	7	..
D Fleming	9	6	9	7	7	7	9	8	9	9	8	10	9	8	6	8	7	7	7	7
Winans	6	5	8	3	5	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Jewell	..	9	6	3	7	9	9	..	..	9	5	7	7	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
J James	..	..	..	8	7	6	9	8	7	6	7	9	8	9	6	8	8	9	5	8	9
C Hedden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	6	7	6	..	..	..	..	..
Cummings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	5	3	..	4	..	..	..	..

Jan. 9.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Forester Gun Club, of Newark:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Dr Cummings	6	5	7	7	8	9	8	10	3	7	8	6	4	7
F Sinnock	7	8	5	7	8	7	8	10	9	10	..	..	..	..
Jewell	7	..	9	8	8	5	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Winans	8	5	2	..	3	6	5	6	8	..	5	..	..	..
J James	..	..	..	..	9	7	7	5	6	8	10	7	9	6	8

Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 10, 11, 13 and 14 were at known angles; Nos. 2, 6 and 9 at expert rules; Nos. 4, 8 and 12 at reversed order.

H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

BOILING SPRINGS VERSUS ENDEAVOR.

Jan 9.—One of the closest and most interesting team races ever shot in this vicinity was decided this afternoon on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club at Rutherford. The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, put a ten-men team in the field against a team of the home club and suffered defeat by just two breaks, the scores standing 195 to 193 in favor of the home team. This match settled the series between the two clubs, as the Boiling Springs Club defeated the Endeavor Gun Club on its own grounds at Marion in the first match. Scores in the team race to-day did not rule high, but the work of everybody was generally even.

The gathering to-day was quite a representative one for a New Jersey team race. Among those present were: Justus and Carl von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, together with Gus Greiff and Theodore Baron, from the same store; Ed. Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., and Marshall Herrington, of W-A fame; Neaf Apgar, the new Austin graduate; Tom Keller and Eddie Collins, both of them talking and shooting King's Smokeless; Platt Adams, Colin Wise, W. M. Harding, C. F. Lenone, Charlie Hebbard (of the W. Fred. Quimby Co.); George Piercy and his son Louis, A. R. Strader, H. P. Fessenden, etc. From out of town were Elmer E. Shaner, almost minus a voice, of Pittsburg, Pa., and Ben. O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich. Mr. Shaner kindly consented to act as referee in the team race, despite the weakness of his vocal chords referred to above. He had a "good eye" with him, and that made up for all deficiencies in lung power. (As a matter of fact Elmer had a very bad cold indeed.)

The weather could not have been more delightful, and had the old order of things prevailed the scores would have been much higher. Four new springs on the bluerock traps sent the targets much further than has been customary on these grounds. The background is a perfect one, all sky, and it was only necessary to gauge the speed of the targets correctly and get well ahead of the quarterers. Some of us found difficulty in doing this. Tom Keller and Ed Taylor were both suffering from rheumatism (not gout), so some allowances must be made for their totals. (This statement is made gratuitously and was not solicited!) Justus von Lengerke tried a new gun that he found on trial did not suit him, the pistol grip not fitting correctly his crippled right hand.

The scores made in the team race are given below in detail, the conditions being 25 targets per man, unknown angles:

Boiling Springs.

W H Huck	1111111011111110111111111—23
Neaf Apgar	1101011111111111111111101—22
P Adams	0111111110011110111111111—21
T Baron	1110111111101101111011111—21
G E Greiff	1110110111111100111101111—20
C C Hebbard	1101111110111011111011011—20
T H Kellar	1111110110101111111100101—19
C R Wise	1101110011110111011110011—18
Dr De Wolfe	1011111010101111100111100—17
J A Paul	0110101000111011010110111—14—195

Endeavor.

E Collins	1111111111111111101111101—23
G H Piercy	1011011111111111111111110—22
F S Edwards	0010110111111111111111111—21
M Herrington	1111111100100111111011111—20
Ed Taylor	0111110111110111011111111—20
C von Lengerke	1111101111011010110110111—19
A R Strader	1010011111111101011110111—19
J von Lengerke	1001110111111100110101111—18
L Piercy	1000111110010101111111010—16
H P Fessenden	0011110011110111101100010—15—193

A record of all the events shot during the afternoon is given below, every event being at unknown angles. No. 6 was the team race and No. 11 was one of the "after dark" shoots, the referee and scorer having to go down to the trap house to judge breaks and misses, it being almost too dark to see the targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	10	15	15	25	15	20	10	25	25
Edwards	13	14	10	14	11	21	15	19	8	23	20
Apgar	15	13	9	12	11	22	13	17	9	..	..
Taylor	12	11	7	..	14	20	13	..	..	..	..
Bush	11	10	6	8	10	..	14	17	8	20	..
Keller	12	12	7	11	12	19	11	17	8	..	..
Fessenden	6	..	5	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..
Herringten	12	9	8	13	..	20	11	..	8	19	..
Adams	10	11	10	11	10	21	12	16	10	..	..
Hebbard	11	13	8	12	8	20	..	..	..	..	..
Collins	..	12	..	..	..	23	..	..	..	..	..
G Piercy	..	..	9	11	14	22	12	17	10	21	20
Greiff	..	..	8	..	..	20	14	..	..	..	..
L Piercy	..	..	4	12	..	16	..	..	..	..	..
James	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J V L	..	..	10	11	9	18	..	..	..	..	..
Baron	..	..	9	15	14	21	13	18	6	19	..
Huck	..	..	6	13	12	23	15	16	8	20	..
De Wolfe	..	..	5	10	11	17	8	15	10	..	..
Paul	..	..	8	..	..	14	12	..	6	..	..
Wise	..	..	..	9	11	17	9	14	6	22	22
Frank	..	..	..	10	..	..	8	11	6	..	..
Billings	..	..	..	..	8	..	10	..	6	..	..
Count	..	..	..	..	7	..	6	8	6	..	..
C V L	..	..	..	..	..	19	14	17	..	..	..
Strader	..	..	..	..	..	19	10	8	8	14	..
Harding	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	4	14	13
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	12	..	

W. S. EDEY VERSUS H. EDEY.

Jan. 9.—As a result of the New Year's Day shoot at the Westminster Kennel Club, a 100 bird race was shot to-day on the grounds of the Carteret Gun Club, at Bayonne. On New Year's Day Harry Edey scored 23 out of 24 from the 27yds. mark and won the Kennel Club's cup; W. S. Edey, his brother, stood at 29yds. and retired in the 6th round. To-day's race was shot under similar conditions as to rise, W. S. Edey conceding his brother 2yds.; the conditions called also for a 21yds. boundary. Had the usual boundary of 50yds. been adopted, W. S. Edey's score would have been 87 to his brother's 81. Carteret is becoming famous for the fast birds now trapped on these grounds, and to-day's lot were no exception to the rule. The light was good, but there was no wind to help the birds. Considering everything, however, the scores made were decidedly creditable. Below are the totals:

W S Edey (29)	2222220•2202112222•02102—20	
	2122221121222222222122—21	
	1101222222222•0•0000222—18	
	2•0•2 2•0222220202102222—20—80	
H Edey (27)	22•02122120•1•02•20221—20	
	1•0020•0•12•0101112122—18	
	0122222210022201200122220—19	
	0222120102111212211212222—21—78	

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT OAKWOOD INN.

Jan. 1.—New Year's Day did not bring out many shooters at the Oakwood Inn traps, near Elizabeth. Aaron Woodruff and Nate Astfalk made a good race of it for first honors, Nate finally beating Woodruff out by 5 misses to 6. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No 6.
Woodruff (31)	21220—4	02220—3	01122—4	210—2	20122—4	11111—5
Mulvaney (28)	22221—5	02012—3	11002—3	021—2	22120—4	11210—4
Astfalk (30)	21222—5	12102—4	12221—5	121—3	02122—4	01121—4

No. 7: A. Woodruff and Mulvaney 5, Astfalk 4, N. Woodruff 3.
No. 8: A. Woodruff 5, Astfalk 4, Noah Woodruff 2, Mulvaney 1.

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—The members of the Cobweb Gun Club did not turn out in much force to-day, but several guests arrived on the grounds quite unexpectedly, making the afternoon a pleasant one for all. McDonnell won the Class A medal; A. Elliott the Class B medal; Dittmar the medal in Class C, and Thompson the Class Z medal. Scores:

	Club shoot.	Tie.		Club shoot.	Tie.
G E Greiff (A)	21111—5	100	W Purdy (B)	1•110—3	w
McDonnell (A)	12112—5	201	T Hughes (B)	21001—3	2220
N Apgar (A)	100 w		Dittmar (C)	02200—3	....
E Miller (A)	11211—5	200	H Miller (C)	20100—2	...
F A Kerker (A)	11212—5	....	G Thompson (Z)	00001—1	....
A Elliott (B)	21010—3	1111			

Two miss-and-outs were shot as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
147	22222—5	222•—3	Hayward	120—2	21122121—8
Cramer	21220—4	21112220—7	N Apgar	....	12112112—8
G E Greiff	12121—5	11022121—8			

GEO. W. THOMPSON, JR., Sec'y.

New York State Shoot.

AUBURN, N. Y., Jan. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please mention in Fixtures that Auburn Gun Club claims the second week in June for the tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association; $2,000 cash guaranteed, besides a large list of guns and other good merchandise. We intend to give the biggest and best lot of open sweeps, no handicap and nobody barred, that has ever been given in the East. We hope to have a large attendance of the tournament shooters from the West and South and the Eastern States, and have claimed above dates to be in line with the Cleveland shoot and Pennsylvania State tournament. C. W. TUTTLE, Sec'y.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Trap at Buffalo.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 1.—The New Year's Day shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, of this city, was a complete success. There was a very large attendance of out-of-town shooters, while the home club showed up remarkably well, both in point of numbers and in scores. Ten teams entered in the team race: Five teams from the Audubon Gun Club, two from the Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club, and one each from the following clubs: Cazenovia, Lockport and Bison Gun clubs. The cup went, as might have been expected, to Rochester. The first team of that city's club put up a score that was extremely hard to beat—44 out of 45. With such men on the team as Sim Glover, L. V. Byer and Eddie Myers, one naturally looked for a big score; but 44 out of 50 is something extremely warm. The Audubon No. 1 team shot a good race; Hammond broke 15 straight, E. O. Burkhardt only dropped one target, while F. D. Kelsey managed to lose 3, something he does not do very often when on a team.

Almost all day both sets of traps were kept constantly busy, over 6,000 targets being thrown; 49 shooters took part in the sweeps and in the team race. Scores were as below, the team race resulting as follows:

Rochester No. 1: Sim Glover 14, L. V. Byer 15, E. C. Myers 15—44.

Audubon No. 1: E. C. Burkhardt 14, F. D. Kelsey 12, E. Hammond 15—41

Audubon No. 2: C. S. Burkhardt 12, H. D. Kirkover 13, L. Norris 12—37.

Rochester No. 2: Weller 13, Quirk 11, Wride 12—36.

Lockport Gun Club: C. Ward 12, J. Covert 10, I. J. Atwater 12—34.

Cazenovia Gun Club: R. Stacey 12, N. Alderman 13, L. Swope 12—37.

Audubon No. 3: G. Hines, Jr., 13, A. Heinold 14, L. Bennett 11—38.

Audubon No. 4: A. Forrester 15, E. Andrews 14, Ald. Zoeller 9—38.

Bison Gun Club: Wielin 7, Wheeler 13, Ditton 11—31.

Audubon No. 5: H. Hanks 14, G. A. McArthur 11, L. Fries 12—37.

Sweeps were shot as below, event No. 7 on the programme being the team race given below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	15	10
E Hammond	9	13	14	10	13	20	10	15	18	9	14	..	..
H Kirkover	9	14	14	10	12	17	8	13	18	8	12	14	8
E C Myer	8	11	13	9	15	19	9	15	20	9	14	13	9
Sim Glover	10	14	15	9	14	19	10	11	20	10	15	14	10
Weller	7	15	12	10	13	18	8	13	19	8	11	13	..
C Burkhardt	9	15	14	8	12	18	8	15	17	10	13	12	9
E McCarney	7	13	13	8	8	16	9	11	..	7	..	14	..
Werlin	7	12	13	5	10	18	..	9	12	9	..	13	..
Norris	4	11	11	7	14	17	7	14	18	7	13	12	..
Byer	10	14	12	9	13	17	10	13	18	9	12	10	..
F Kelsey	9	14	14	8	14	19	9	13	18	9	15	15	8
Moore	6	7	13	4	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Covert	10	11	13	8	12	17	6	12	..	8	12	9	8
Wride	8	11	14	9	13	17	8	14	20	..	..	..	..
Brandenburg	9	10	15	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Woods	10	9	10	6	13	16	9	16	.	8	..	..	..
Atwater	6	10	13	4	11	15	7	..	14	10	..	..	8
C Ward	8	15	13	9	15	17	8	13	17	10	13	10	7
E Andrews	7	6	11	8	12	14	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
E Burkhardt	9	12	14	9	13	18	10	14	16	9	15	15	7
Quirk	10	12	..	7	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ald Zoeller	..	12	13	7	9	14	6	10	14	..	..	..	..
E W Smith	8	..	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J J Reid	..	..	8	..	10	..	7	11	..	9	11	..	..
McArthur	..	..	12	8	10	17	..	10	19	..	..	..	..
Wheeler	..	..	10	..	12	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Burt	..	..	9	..	9	..	..	..	..	7	11	..	..
L W Bennett	..	..	11	8	12	17	10	12	17	10	9	13	..
J Lodge	..	..	10	7	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Reynolds	..	..	12	8	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Forrester	..	..	14	9	11	16	7	13	18	8	..	..	..
A Heinold	..	..	..	6	12	16	8	9	17	7	11	13	8
U E Story	..	..	..	6	11	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
B Talsma	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
R Stacy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	18	8	10	8
Alderman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	19	10	10	13
Swope	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	16	7	12	11
Waltz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	13	15	5	9	12
J Beck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	14	15	7	8	12
Hanks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	16	8	11	..
Poch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	8	..	..
Sandy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	7	10	12
Ditton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	7	..	11
Hines	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	10	..	..
L Fries	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	8	..	..
Rider	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	9	..
J W Estes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Sippel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
P G Myers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..

Jan. 2.—The attendance at to-day's shoot, the regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, was not as large as the fine weather warranted. Part of the falling off in the attendance may be directly attributed to the long day's work at the traps yesterday. There were, however, plenty of shooters to make it interesting, and some good scores were recorded.

In the club badge shoot Johnson and C. S. Burkhardt tied on 24 each out of 25 in class A, but as Burkhardt was penalized 2 targets the emblem went to Johnson. In class B Snyder was the winner, J. E. Dodge winning in class C. The main feature of the day outside of the above event was a team race between teams captained respectively by Sim Glover and C. S. Burkhardt. The race resulted in a victory for Capt. Burkhardt's men, the score standing 72 to 68. Scores in all the sweeps were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	25	20	15	15	20	10
E C Burkhardt	10	13	22	14	11	10	17	9
Glover	10	13	25	19	14	14	19	10
C S Burkhardt	9	12	24	18	13	13	17	9
Kirkover	8	15	23	19	14	14	18	9
Norris	6	15	22	19	12	13	18	9
Hanks	9	12	22	18	13	15	16	8
Zoeller	7	13	15	18	9	..	..	..
Sandy	6	10	16	12	8	10	10	6
Geisdorfer	6	12	20	13	13	..	..	..
Snyder	6	9	22	..	11	..	..	..
Hines	9	10	19	17	12	12	17	10
McArthur	9	13	17	14	12	11	16	8
Bird	7	7	11	13	6	9	..	..
Jacobs	9	..	20	..	..	..	..	..
F G Meyer	..	14	18	13	11	11	..	..
Forrester	..	12	24	17	13	13	19	10
N F T	..	7	15	15	9	10	11	6
Reinecke	..	9	20	..	..	9	..	..
Hill	..	3	..	..	1	..	..	..
Coombs	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
Talsma	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..
Fries	..	..	21	..	11	..	..	..
Skiro	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..
J J Reid	..	..	13	..	13	13	12	9
Lodge	..	..	18	..	13	..	..	..
Johnson	..	..	24	..	14	10	..	..
E W Smith	..	..	24	..	..	..	..	..

Event No. 3, badge shoot. Team shoot, 10 birds per man, losing team to pay for birds:

C Burkhardt (capt)	9	S Glover (capt)	7
H Kirkover	9	H Hanks	9
L Norris	10	E C Burkhardt	6
L Johnson	9	A Forrester	10
N F T	4	E W Smith	2
Ed Reinecke	8	J Estes	8
G McArthur	5	B Talsma	8
G Hines, Jr	6	P Myers	7
J Lodge	8	F Sandy	4
A Coombs	4—72	J Ried	7—68

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 25.—The members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club shot at some good birds to-day, the majority of those trapped being strong flyers. The white birds were hard to see over the snow-covered ground. Interest in the sport only ceased when all the birds had been trapped.

Event No. 1 was at 10 live birds, $3, high guns to win; Class A at 32yds., Class B at 30yds., and Class C at 27yds. Lamphere and Lewis divided first and second, Metcalfe took third, and Sibley fourth. No. 2 was at 5 birds, $1.50 entrance, same conditions as to rise, but gun below the belt until the bird was on the wing. Knowles won first money, Paterson second, and Metcalfe third, it being high guns to win. No. 3 was shot under precisely similar conditions to No. 2. The four straights shot off for place, the shoot-off resulting in Metcalfe taking first money, Wescott second, and Sibley third. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
G C Lamphere (32)	2311121102—9	12100—3	21110—4
F S Lewis (30)	2111112202—9	01011—3	10212—4
W Metcalfe (30)	1201212220—8	21011—4	11122—5
G M Sibley (30)	2102202211—8	.....	22221—5
H A Boedker (30)	1201212220—8	02000—1	20112—4
G H Knowles (32)	1011011102—7	12121—5	01120—3
A C Paterson (32)	1022212003—7	11212—5	01001—2
C B Wescott (32)	0122010111—7	01120—3	12121—5
G Marshall (30)	0012512220—7	02001—2	11221—5
A P Harper (30)	0210110212—7	21011—4	21011—4
A W Carlisle (30)	0220100021—6	.....	.....
K Marks (27)	0000121020—4	.....	.....
J P Fisher (30)	.....	00000—0	.....
O L Dougherty (27)	.....	10001—2	.....

PATTY.

Limited Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 31.—Mr. George Wood, formerly of Pittsburg, but now living in Colorado, has been visiting relatives in this city for several weeks. He has shot from time to time on the grounds of the Limited Gun Club. His good work in practice led some of his friends to back him against the veteran Geo. C. Beck, at one time holder of the *American Field* cup. The match was at 50 pigeons, for $50 a side, and was shot this afternoon.

Mr. Beck shot with much of his old-time vigor, and was an easy winner; 27 of his birds were killed with the first barrel, there being no excuse for using the second, even for safety. His second barrel, when used, was placed quickly and with excellent judgment. His first loss was the 5th bird, a rapid driver, which was centered with both barrels, but managed to get a few feet outside the flags. He also lost his 15th, 21st and 45th, two of them right-quartering drivers and one an incomer to the left.

Mr. Wood shot unevenly, his best run being 10. He was weak on the fast birds, although he killed some of that sort in a way to merit applause. He is capable of much better work than the score indicates.

The birds were a mixed lot, as usual with us—too many with an incoming tendency, but with a sprinkling of very hard drivers, all the harder because unexpected. Beck shot an L. C. Smith gun, with Schultze powder and No. 7 shot in both barrels. Wood shot a Crown Greener, with Schultze powder, shot unknown. Each had 1 dead out of bounds. The scores follow:

Wood	2201022000021012221122220—17	
	1222122022012220212202221—21	—38
Beck	1111202211211220111120d121—22	
	1211211111121221212012212—24	—46

Other scores for the same day, for price of birds only, were: Parry 24; Marott, 16 out of 25, Marott standing at 30yds., and allowing his opponent 5yds.; Holliday 19; Hearsey, 15 out of 25; Tripp 21, Parry 18, both shooting from 26yds. mark; Cooper 18; Lilly, 13 out of 25.

Jan. 1.—It was my pleasure to be one of a party from the Limited Gun Club which made a social call one day last spring on the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. The day was raw and bleak enough, but was made bright by the genuine warmth of the greeting extended to us, and it became real hot before the team shoot, a mere incident of the visit, was over.

With 10 men to a team, each shooting at 50 targets, they beat us 77 points, but we didn't mind that. We had already been defeated by teams from the Soft Mark Club of Chicago, and the gun club of Wabash, Ind., and felt proud to add the famous Buckeyes to the list—just to give it tone, you know. At any rate we returned home even gayer than when we started, and have since cherished the memory of that trip as the brightest and best thing in our trap-shooting experience. Truly, "it is not all of shooting to shoot."

To-day the Buckeyes were our guests, and while they for a while tasted the bitter dregs of defeat, we hope they may recall the day as one not unmixed with pleasure.

The weather was most disagreeable and unfavorable for shooting, as a steady rain fell throughout the day and the clouds hung so low that the light was extremely bad. All was cheerful enough within the club room, where a plain lunch was served at noon. At 5:30 P. M. an elegant repast was served at the Grand Hotel, but unfortunately this enjoyable feature of the day was cut short by the neeessity of the visitors leaving for home at 7:10 P. M.

Our guests were welcomed in appropriate words by Hon. W. D. Bynum. Dr. Adams responded and uncovered a beautiful and costly vase of elegant design, which he presented on behalf of the Buckeye Gun Club to the home club. Dr. Britton accepted it and the party broke up in a hurry to catch the train.

As to the team shoot, the visitors did not present all of their best men. Mr. Heikes would have been a tower of strength to them, but the illness of his wife kept him at home. Scott McDonald was shooting a strange gun, some villian having stolen the old Lefever, with which he was a hard man to beat. And Ed. Rike shooting a Winchester; what do you think of that? It but illustrates the loyalty of Heikes's friends to him. C. W. Raymond (pretty near "old Reliable") just pounded out 48 and seemed a bit astonished that so many got away.

Of the home team Tutewiler and Parry, two of our best and most uniform shooters, "fell down," as did also Dr. Britton, who for many years has been our main dependence.

There were all kinds of guns, but with those exceptions every man on the ground used Winchester factory loads and E. C. Powder.

The scores of the sweeps follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Raymond	14	13	14	14	Cooper	11	15	10	12
Craig	14	11	11	13	McDonald	11	14	10	11
Makley	14	..	12	..	Griffith	11	14	14	13
Wildnack	14	14	..	..	Wood	11	11	13	15
Robinson	14	15	14	13	Coon	11	14	12	14
Parry	13	13	11	13	Curphey	9	10	..	..
Partington	13	14	14	13	Keifaber	8	11	..	..
Buck	13	11	10	12	Tripp	..	10	12	14
Rike	12	14	14	14	Lockwood	..	..	..	11
Beck	12	15	13	12					

Team race, 50 empire targets per man, unknown angles:

Limited Gun Club.		Buckeye Gun Club.	
Cooper	48	Raymond	48
Beck	45	Rike	44
Tripp	45	Craig	42
Robinson	45	Wroe	42
Griffith	43	Wilson	37
Grube	42	Makley	35
Britton	41	McDonald	35
Lockwood	41	Glaser	35
Townsend	40	Keifaber	31
Wildnack	40	Curphey	29
Parry	36	Achey	28
Tutewiler	33—497	Adams	27—431

Technically Mr. Cooper's score was 46, he losing two targets through pulling the wrong trigger, but the visitors generously allowed him to shoot at two more, both of which he broke. ROYAL ROBINSON.

Towanda Gun Club.

TOWANDA, Pa., Jan. 1.—The Towanda Gun Club was favored with fine weather for its New Year's tournament held to-day on the club's grounds. The birds were a fast lot. All the shooters seemed to have a good time, and to enjoy the sport. The live-bird scores were as below:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
F Welles	21122—5	20021—3	0	1	20	21	.	.	.
Montanye	10121—4	20201—3	0	0	0	12	0	1	2
McCabe	10021—3	01012—3	1	0	21	0	0	0	0
Hamaker	26021—3	00220—2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0
Shores	10012—3	.....	.	.	..	..	0	.	.
N Welles	.....	01122—4	0	0	0	20	.	.	.
Shiner	.....	.....	1	0	12	0	.	.	2
Dittrich	.....	.....	.	.	..	..	1	0	.
Mehan	.....	.....	.	.	..	..	.	1	0

Target events were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Montanye	9	9	11	9	6	6	8	7	9	8	8
Shores	8	..	9	..	..	..	6	..	7	6	..
F Welles	6	6	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hamaker	..	6	9	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shiner	..	5	..	..	7	..	4	..	..	..	..
McCabe	..	..	..	8	7	7	6	..	9	7	8
Mehan	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Gregg	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	4	..	..	..
Lyon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..
King	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..
Webb	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	4
McGovern	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Tracy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4

W. F. DITTRICH, Sec'y.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., Jan. 2.—The scores given below were made on the grounds of the Pawtuxet Gun Club yesterday and to-day. They are not by any means remarkable, with the exception of the shooting of I. R. Sheldon, who is a boy of only seven years of age. The targets were thrown for him from a strong empire trap. Master Israel is the son of W. H. Sheldon, of this place, and was seven years old last July. He used in shooting at the targets a .44cal. double gun with brass shells containing 16grs. of Du Pont and ½oz. of No. 9 shot. He stood 5yds. from the trap. This is only his second trial at the trap, but he has killed birds on the wing.

Jan. 1.

I R Sheldon	00101011001000000001110101111100000001101011	—20
Con Thunell	11000000110000101010111101111000010011111110101111010—28	
W H Sheldon	11111111101111111111101110	—22

Jan. 2.

I R Sheldon	10111111101010111110	—15
Con Thunell	11000111011001111100111111—17	

PAWTUXET.

Kelly and Smith vs. Mott and Gammon.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 2.—An interesting team race was shot on Dec. 26 at the Gun Club grounds at the Diamond race track, northwest of Chicago, between Messrs. Ed. Kelly and J. J. Smith on the one side against Messrs. R. S. Mott and C. D. Gammon on the other, at 50 birds, $50 a corner. Abe Kleinman was referee, and the race was a good one at good birds. Additional interest was given the matter by a little argument between J. J. Smith, of Evanston, and Charlie Gammon, the former stating that he could beat the latter 5 birds in the 50. This he stood ready to do till toward the close of the race, when Charlie pulled up a bird and won this part of the race. There were many interested spectators of the shooting, and the thing was near enough to make the contestants feel the event was not decisive. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

| | | | | |

Trap Around Philadelphia.

SILVER LAKE GUN CLUB.

Jan. 2.—The Silver Lake Gun Club held its regular shoot of the winter series on the club's grounds at Greenwich Piers to-day. The special event was the fourth contest for the three silver cups to be contested for in thirteen shoots, each contestant to take part in ten regular club meetings. A sliding handicap and point system is used. The three highest scores at each contest get 3, 2 and 1 point. A 3-point man loses one target at the next meet. The 2 and 1-point men remain as they were; and all contestants who did not score any points are allowed one more broken target to add to their score.

The standing to date is: Gregory 7 points, Murphy 6, Apker 6, Mink 6, French 5, Ford 5, Woodstager 4, O'Brien 4, Price 4, Stoffer 2, Numbers 2, Reed 2, Lane 1.

The conditions were 25 targets, unknown angles, handicap of misses as breaks:

		Handicap.	Points.
Trench	1101111111111111111111100—22	4	25—3
Nordsteger	1011001110111111111111011—20	5	25—3
Mink	0101101110111111111111111—21	4	25—3
Ford	1110111110111111001110111—20	5	25—3
Stopfer	1110011011010101011110100—15	5	20—..
Price	1101111011111011111110001—18	5	23—1
Gregory	0101111101111011110100011—17	6	23—1
Apgar	1111111110011111011110101—20	5	25—3
O'Brien	0010111111010101111011101—17	7	24—2
Reed	1001111100001111010000110—13	8	21—..
Jones	1010000100000000000001000— 4	10	14—..
Lane	1111111010001110110 00010—15	4	19—..
Harris	1100100100111001010000000— 9	11	20—..
Numbers	1010110110010111011100110 15	5	20—..

KEYSTONE SHOOTING LEAGUE.

Jan. 4.—The Keystone Shooting League, whose grounds and club house are at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., held its annual club shoot and election of officers to-day, winding up with a banquet, at which about forty members and guests sat down.

The league, which is one of the largest and most prosperous gun clubs in the country, made a new departure to-day, electing in addition to the regular officers a board of governors consisting of three members, to whom are to be referred all matters pertaining to the management of shoots, tournaments and the election of new members. The league also reduced the admission fee for new members from $25 to $10, and twenty new members were admitted.

At the banquet Harry Thurman acted as chairman and toastmaster, calling on many of the members, who responded in short speeches. Common Councilman James Wolstencroft gave a history of the league from the time it started as the North End Gun Club in 1880, until it was chartered under its present name in 1892, and took up its present location. The inclosed grounds embrace over two acres, but the club has recently leased the balance of the tract, which takes in over fifty acres. The officers elected were: President, Wade Wilson; Vice-President, Albert W. Worrell; Secretary, George E Pack; Treasurer, E. R Johnson; Field Captain, William H. Pack; Assistant Field Captain, H. L. David (Landis); Scorer, Nathaniel Swope; Board of Governors' J Longnecker, William M. Pack and Henry Febriger.

Among those present at the banquet were:

Harry Thurman, W. H. Wolstencroft, G. S. Norris, Wade Wilson, Henry Febeacker, H. T. Danvid, Will K. Park, Thomas Kellar, James Wolstencroft, Joseph Thurman, Howard Ridge, E. D. Johnson, D. Longnecker, J. Ross, Harry Stevenson, R. S. Elwell, H. S. Callaway, A. Stevenson, William Donnelly, W. H. Pack, J. K. Starr, J. Rothacker, C. H. Fitzgerald, N. Moore, O. K. Stevenson, J. B. Ridge, A. Warrell, Harry Allen, H. B. Wilson, Jr., N. Swope, I. W. Budd, Dr. Allen and P. N. Day.

For the league's annual shoot the members were divided into teams of twelve men each. The conditions were 10 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, under A. S. A. rules, the losers to pay for the banquet to follow. After an exciting match the team captained by W. H. Pack won, defeating Captain Thurman's team by the small margin of 1 bird. Summary:

Pack's Team.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

W H Pack	→↖↗→↗↗↙↙→↴ 1 2 0 2 1 • 2 2 2 0— 7	Fitzgerald	←↖→T↖↴↗←↰↓ 2 2 2 2 1 0 • 2 • 0— 6
W Wolstencroft	↗→←←↗↖↖↖→→ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—10	Moore	↖H↘↖↓↙↟↙↖ • 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2— 7
W Pack	↗↖←↙H↓↑↑↖↑ 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 — 9	Stevenson	←↖→↖↙↶↴H←↖ 2 0 2 1 2 • 0 1 2 0 — 6
Febiger	↑↗↖↗↖↗←↑↑↘ 0 2 2 2 0 0 1 0 2 2— 6	J Donnaly	→↙↑→↑↙←↑↖↖ 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 2 1 2— 8
Rothacker	↘←↗→↙←↙H↘→ 2 1 0 0 1 2 2 2 2 2— 8	J B Ridge	↖↗↖TH↴→↙↙↖ 0 0 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 0— 6
Emerej	↙↘↗↘↖↖↖↘↑↖ 1 2 0 • 1 2 2 1 1 0— 7	J Wolstencroft	↓↙↙↓↘H↰←↴T 1 0 1 1 2 2 0 1 0 1— 7

87

Thurman's Team.

H Thurman	←↗←↴↗↗↗←↴↖ 1 0 2 • 2 2 2 2 1 2— 8	Wilson	↘↖↑←↖→→←↑T 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 1 • 2— 8
Landis	↗↑↖↘↘↴↗↖↖← 2 0 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2— 8	Ross	↖→←H↘→↖↑↓T • 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2— 9
E D Johnson	→↖↖↘H↴↰↰→↴ 1 1 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 0— 7	H Stevenson	→↓↘↘↖↖↖↑↴↓ 0 0 1 2 • 2 0 0 0 0— 3
H Ridge	↖↗H↘↑→↑↑H↖ 2 0 1 2 0 2 2 0 2 2— 7	Elwell	↑↗↓↗↗H↖←↘↖ 0 0 • 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 — 5
J Thurman	↴H←↘↙↙T↖↑↗ 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 1 0 1— 8	Callaway	↖↖↑↗↖↙↖H↙↙ 2 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 0 2— 8
Longnecker	↑↖↖HH→↙↗→← 2 1 1 1 2 2 0 0 1 1— 8	A Stevenson	↖→↑↖↖↴↗↘↑↙ 2 0 2 1 2 • 0 2 2 2— 7

86

FLORISTS' GUN CLUB.

Jan 5.—The twentieth shoot for the Donaldson diamond medal was held to-day by the members of the Florists' Gun Club, on the club's grounds at Wissmoming. The weather at the start of the shoot was quite pleasant, but when squad No. 2 went to the score the wind blew up strong and cold, making the flight of the targets very erratic. Although A. B. Cartledge made the highest score of the day for the actual number of targets shot at, T. Cartledge, by virtue of his handicap, beat him out for the medal and scored a win for that trophy. Six more contests have yet to be shot before the actual ownership of the medal is assured. The score of wins to date stands thus:

George Craig 4, Charles D. Ball 3, Edward Reid 2, Thomas Cartledge 2, John Burton 2, George Anderson 2, A. B. Cartledge 2, Will K. Park 1, W. K. Harris 1, J. W. Colflesh 1.

Medal shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at;

Thomas Cartledge (10)	1111111011111111010100110001111111111—27
A B Cartledge (4)	1111101111101111111111011011—25
Ed Reid (4)	1111011111101111011101101111—23
G O Bell (4)	1100101010011111111111011111110—21
John Burton (0)	011•1101111101111111111101—20
H Bucknell (0)	1111101111110111011111000—19
C D Ball (3)	0110111011111111001100111—18
J W Colflesh	1111111010010101011111011—18
W K Park (0)	0110101111111001111101101—18
T Keller (0)	1011111111110100100101111—18
W Smith (3)	1101101111110011110110110—18
G Anderson (0)	0011010111111011110010101—16
T C Brown (8)	0111010101010110001111011—15
G Craig (4)	1110101011000101111010001 14
W P Craig (10)	0110100100101000010010 01 — 9
W K Harris (8)	0110001010100001100000101— 9
H Payne (0)	1111010000001000000110000— 8
J D Carlisle (4)	0101010010C0010000011000000— 7
V Dorp (0)	1010101000010000001001000— 7
J Ford (0)	0000000000001000011000000— 3

Thos. Cartledge, A. B. Cartledge, Ed Reid and G. O. Bell were the only men who shot out their handicap allowances, none of the others having any chance to win.

Another race at 25 targets, unknown angles, was also shot, with the following result:

G. Craig 9, Ed Seid 13, W. P. Craig 6, J. D. Carlisle 9, G. O. Bell 14, T. C. Brown 8, C. D. Ball 22, J. W. Colflesh 19, Thos. Cartledge 9, W. K. Harris 18, J. Ford 6, H. Bucknell 21, A. B. Cartledge 18, W. K. Park 17, T. Keller 15, W. Smith 21, J. Burton 16, G. Anderson 22, Payne 13, V. Dorp 7.

New Haven Gun Club.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 1.—An all-day shoot was given to-day by the New Haven Gun Club on its ground in this city. There were about twenty-five shooters present, including a number of out-of-town men, among the latter being Messrs. Harvey and Cutler, of Windsor Locks, and Mr. Blamey, of Holyoke, Mass. There were ten events on the programme, but a number of extras were also shot. Several men, whose names do not appear in the scores, shot for targets only.

First average for the entire day, including extras, was won by Mr. F. L. Harvey, of Windsor Locks, with 85$^{1}_{7}$ per cent.; second, by H. O. Whitney, 84$^{1}_{7}$; third, by F. J. Potter, 83$^{3}_{7}$. On programme events only H. O. Whitney was first with 87 per cent.; F. J. Potter second, 86$^{2}_{5}$; F. L. Harvey third, 84.

Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Extras.				
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	20	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	10
Cowee	6	7	6	7	11	7	14	7	6	10	4	..	..	..	..
Potter	8	7	9	9	15	9	19	11	7	14	5	8	9	8	8
Bristol	7	7	6	4	12	4	17	10	10	12	8	10	5	..	..
Clark	9	7	8	6	10	8	18	11	8	9	3	6	6	6	..
Stevens	9	7	6	6	12	5	17	13	8	12	8	7	..	..	..
Cutler	8	8	7	8	11	4	15	13	7	13	8	7	7	5	8
Coogan	2	7	8	2	5	5	7	9	6	6	6	5	4	5	2
Blamey	7	5	8	9	11	4	15	7	7	14	6	10	9	7	7
Harvey	8	9	10	10	10	6	16	14	9	13	9	9	9	9	8
Whitney	..	9	8	7	13	9	17	15	10	12	..	7	9	6	..
Currie	..	6	7	8	12	7	16	12	9	13	..	7	..	..	..
Claridge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	9	6	10	9
Clock	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hubinger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	..	..	..	..
Savage	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	9	..	..	..
Langdon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	5	..	..	..

The club held its annual meeting on Saturday, Dec. 26, at Bassett & Reeves's store. The secretary's report was read and accepted, after which officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: President, M. H. Clark; Secretary-Treasurer, W. H. Hazel. Directors, C. B. Bristol, F. J. Potter, G. L. Clock. The club starts the new year with a substantial balance in the treasury and bright prospects for the future.

The regular club shoots will be held the second Wednesday of each month. A schedule has been arranged as follows:

No. 1, handicap race, 30 singles, 15 at known angles and 15 at unknown; three merchandise prizes each month.

No. 2, team race at 20 singles for cash prizes.

W. H. HAZEL, Sec'y.

Mount Ellis Gun and Rifle Club.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Jan. 1.—The members of the Mount Ellis Gun and Rifle Club held a shoot to-day at clay targets. Among the events shot off were two team races. The first race was between 5-men teams captained respectively by Messrs. Bradley Scott and Sneed. Mr. Sneed's team won easily by 83 to 68. Score in this event was as follows:

Scott's Team.

J Bradley Scott	0010001110101011111010011—14
James Todd	111100101011010101101001—15
Geo W Miller	0010001110111100101111010—14
David C Miller	1100110100100000011010100—10
Geo Mould	0111010001101110110111010—15—68

Sneed's Team.

F M Sneed	1101111111101101011011110—19
Alex T Moran	1111101111111110110111110—21
David Bell	1010100100110100110111100—13
A Lincoln J Miller	1011111010111010111100100—16
Elmer E Roosa	0100110111010111010010011—14—83

A 4-men team race followed, the teams being captained respectively by Messrs. Bell and Todd. After a close race Mr. Bell's team won by 65 to 61.

Bell's Team.

D Bell	1100011011111111010110001—16
A T Moran	1011011101101101101101001—16
J B Scott	1001111111110111100111111—20
E E Roosa	1101011011001011O.0100100—13—65

Todd's Team.

J Todd	1100101010110010101111111—16
F M Sneed	0010111111110101.01000011—15
A L Miller	1101101111101100100000111—15
G W Miller	1111011110010011O0101110—15—61

Jan. 5.—The annual meeting of the club was held this evening, the following list of officers being elected for 1897: President, Elmer E. Roosa; Vice-President, Lewis F. Suydam; Secretary, Frederick M. Sneed; Treasurer, A. Lincoln J. Miller; Captain, Alex. T. Moran; Trustees—Samuel L. Stewart, David C. Miller, Alex. T. Moran, F. M. Sneed and Geo. W. Miller.

The club was organized in March, 1895, and was incorporated in February, 1896. Its membership, which is limited, has increased rapidly. The grounds, which are located just outside the city limits and therefore easy of access, are splendidly arranged and equipped. The club has undoubtedly one of the best 200yds. rifle ranges in the State, and since organization some of the members have developed into excellent marksmen. At the traps the club has thus far confined itself to the clay targets, and as nearly all the members were new at trap work the average scores have not been high. But if the members have, during the short time the club has been organized, failed to make record-breaking scores, there is one thing in which they are not lacking, namely, enthusiasm in the sport.

Greensburg Gun Club.

GREENSBURG, Ind., Jan. 1.—The Greensburg Gun Club some weeks before the first day of the new year decided to celebrate to-day with an all-day shoot, live birds in the morning, clay birds in the afternoon; but their hopes almost vanished when with the morning came a very hard rain which lasted until nearly noon, so that only one live-bird match was shot. This was between Winchester and Zoller, and was won very easily by Mr. Winchester.

The principal event of the day, and as it turned out the only event in the afternoon, was the shoot for the Laflin & Rand W-A powder trophy. This was arranged to take place at 1:30, but on account of the rain it was after 2 when the first squad of the 12 contestants took their places at the score. The afternoon was very dark, and a mist of rain fell continuously, increasing into showers at times. Had the weather been at all agreeable for shooting the scores would have been much better. The W-A trophy is a very handsome silver can about 5in. in diameter and 5½in. high, filled with W-A Smokeless powder. The club appreciates the kind remembrance on the part of Messrs. Laflin & Rand, and at a meeting of the club held this evening extended to the company a vote of thanks. The trophy was won by D. A. Myers, the president of the club, who broke 47 out of 50, that being the number of bluerocks allowed each contestant. The club had the following inscription engraved on the trophy before it was presented to the winner: "Won, Jan. 1, '97, by D. A. Myers, score 47 out of 50." Following is the score:

Minear	01100.0110110000011011111111101011111101100110001—31
Tillson	0111111011011111101111111011000111111111010101111—39
Zoller	0011101011111111110101001111100111010101111111111110—36
Thomson	1111011101111111101100111011111011110101000111010011—36
Link	1111100101110111011101111101100100111101111101011—35
Gallagher	1100101110001000110101011000100010101000101010000—21
Alexander	1010001111111111001100111101111111101101111111101—37
Corcett	1111110111110101111111110101110111110101101100111—41
Buckley	1000111111110111111111011111111111111111011011111111—43
Myers	1111111111111111111111111111011111111111011011111—47
Winchester	0110110111100111001101111001010011111111110101010—33
Woodfill	1111001111101101101011011111011000101101010111100—32

WEB.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

EAST PITTSBURG GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 1.—The East Pittsburg Gun Club held an all-day shoot to-day. The weather was cloudy in the morning, but cleared up in the afternoon. The attendance was very good, and some capital shooting was done by those present. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
Peters	7	9	8	11	8	10	8	12	8	10	10	11
Mack	9	12	7	12	5	13	7	13	9	12	8	15
Motz	9	13	8	13	10	13	9	15	8	10	..	..
Buck	..	11	8	11	4	14	8	11	8	10	6	10
Shaw	8	..	9	12	6	10	7	10	8	10	..	..
Rambo	2	11	7	10	7	7	..	8	7	..	5	9
Krop	4	12	8	7	10	5	..	9	7	..	..	..
McIntosh	7	7	3	13	5	11	3	8	8	..	..	..
Hamilton	..	..	..	9	6	11	6	14	9	13	6	9
Tim	..	..	..	..	5	..	6	10	5	6	..	..
Hofmeister	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	10	5	10	3	..
Born	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	..	..	5	..	..
Williams	8	11	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gurbates	..	..	4	..	7	..	7	..	4	..	..	..
Wymer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	5	10
Sharrard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	13
Ruud	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8

SAM P. SWENSON, Sec'y.

An American at Monte Carlo.

THERE has been a great deal of talk during the last few days as to who the "Mr. Robinson, an American," was who had defeated Mr. Beresford, an Englishman, in a 100-bird race at Monte Carlo on Jan. 5. The New York *Herald* gives the following cable dispatch republished from its European edition of Jan. 6:

"MONTE CARLO, Jan. 5, 1897.—A return match, 100 pigeons, at 30yds. for 2,100f. a side, between the California shot, Robinson, and the well-known English marksman, Orchardson, took place this afternoon at Mount Boron, and ended in favor of the Pacific coast champion.

"It must not for a moment be thought that there was any collusion between the shooters. On the contrary, unfortunately there was bad blood between the rivals from the commencement, for no sooner did Robinson arrive on the ground than he asked to see the birds, and remained in the pigeon room alone with the employees fully ten minutes. Coming out, he proposed to M. Bertrand, the directeur of the Tir, to ask Orchardson to allow two strangers, in the shape of two street boys who never trapped pigeons in their lives, to take the place of the ordinary trappers. To this the Englishman, a splendid specimen of the British sportsman, replied, although evidently nettled:

"'Anything you like, so long as we begin the match. Have two ladies to trap if it pleases you,' and after a pause he added: 'Say, would you like two boys to retrieve instead of dogs?'

"Here the incident closed. The two did not exchange a word until they shook hands when all was over.

"The light was dull and gray, with not a breath of air to help the birds. This was considered by the betting division to be worth fully £150 in wagers over the result in favor of the American."

The race resulted thus: Robinson 92, Orchardson 89. The birds are said to have been only a very moderate lot, something we are not accustomed to hear said about European bluerocks. The poor quality of the birds evidently attracted attention, as the *Herald's* correspondent winds up thus:

"After the contest several friendly sweepstakes were decided. The majority of the birds flew well. This M. Bertrand attributed to the difference in trapping. Be this as it may, in the match what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander.

"After all was over everyone was pleased to see the two opponents at the buffet together. I do not think, however, that the deciding match will be shot on this side of the Channel, but probably at Hurlingham or at the gun club, where English bluerocks alone are used, and the Belgian bizet is unknown.

"In a previous match, shot at Cap d'Ail, Orchardson killed 85 to Robinson's 82."

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 7.—J. Rehm shoot at 20 birds for practice this afternoon. Score:

J Rehm	22220222202222222220—17

Jan. 8.—J. Dart tried his hand to-day at 60 live birds for practice. He scored 34, as below:

J Dart	0122002221202012002010000120 20—14
	2110202121021000220012101101212 20—34

Jan. 9.—The Kenwood Gun Club shot at Watson's Park to-day with the following result in its club shoot:

H H Frothingham	2222201000— 6	Com Thorne	2112221112—10
Pettit	2202220110— 7	Dering	2001012210— 6
Donnelley	1201220122— 7		

Practice scores were made as below:

J H Amberg	22212111212	—11
McFarland	21111222122	—11
H Lee	12200122200	— 8
Pettit	1110220002222	— 9
F M Fish	1200200021111100200102121	—15
H E Wiley	0100101010212002100002210	—12
Goodrich	1011111110	— 8
Lord	111121201022210	—12
Geo Roll	0222010122210222212222221011212	—25
J Rehm	2212121222102122111210201020222112122212212—34	
Dr Liddy	2211211012110212220211212202022	—27
Donnelley	20100002221	— 5
Dering	12212	— 5

RAVELRIGG.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

TEAM RACE AT DAVIS ISLAND.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 7.—The new set of traps on the Herron Hill Gun Club's grounds, at Davis Island, were used for the first time to-day. This set is a great improvement over the old ones. The team shoot to-day was between C. A. May and Fargo against W. S. King and Strong. The former team won by 5 birds, as shown in the following score:

C A May	2222220222222220022122222222202212222222222220201	—44
Fargo	2110212122222211212120122222200222221012212212211 22	—45—89
W S King	2221212222222222221120200212111111222202121120112	—45
Strong	0102210212102212022022021102220012212211110121111 1	—39—84

ALEX KING VS. M'PHERSON.

Jan. 8.—Alex. King and Sandy McPherson shot a 100-bird race on the Herron Hill Gun Club's grounds at Davis Island. King won by 6 birds with a score of 91 to 85. Both men shot from the 30yd. mark:

A H King	2222200222222212120221222 —22	
	2222212222222220021222202 —22	
	2222042222222222221222222 —24	
	22222220.22222222222020222 —23—91	
McPherson	2222022222220222202222022 —21	
	0222222020222222222220222 —21	
	2220200222222122222021222 —21	
	2022222221222122222202022 —22—85	

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Changes in the Lehigh Valley R. R.

MR CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent of the Lehigh Valley R. R., announces that Mr. E. B. Byington, after many years of faithful service, retires from the office of General Western Passenger Agent of the company, and is assigned to other duties. Mr. A. A. Heard is appointed Western Passenger Agent, in charge of passenger traffic originating at Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge and all points West, with headquarters at Buffalo.—*Adv.*

Oilers for 1897.

MESSRS. CUSHMAN & DENISON are the pioneers in the manufacture of pocket oilers, and to-day supply almost the entire bicycle trade. For fourteen years they have carefully looked after the improvement of their product. Their "Perfect" oiler is everything the name implies, while the "Star" is a good second, and one with which almost any sportsman or wheelman would be satisfied were it not for the "Perfect."—*Adv.*

The Luxury of Travel.

THE man who has never been West over the picturesque New York Central has a sensation in store for him that he cannot afford to forego. Nature has done almost as much for him in what he sees as mechanical skill has done in placing him in a magnificent hotel on wheels, and whirling him toward his destination on the very wings of the wind.—*Hardware.* *Adv.*

Card Case.

EDWARD SMITH & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, makers of the celebrated "E. S." spar coating and other varnishes, are sending to their friends a neat souvenir morocco card case.—*Adv.*

Property for Sale.

AN excellent opportunity to secure a prolific trout stream in Michigan for club purposes is offered in our "Property for Sale" column this week.—*Adv.*

WHEN YOU GO SOUTH to the great Texas midwinter shooting carnival at San Antonio, or to the Arkansaw Traveler's annual winter tournament at Hot Springs, Ark., remember the Missouri Pacific R. R. When you go South for a bit of the best shooting in America, to the Texas Gulf Coast or the Indian Nations, remember the Missouri Pacific R. R. Elegant through trains out of St. Louis, with all the luxuries of modern travel. Special tournament rates. Address H. C. Townsend, G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.—*Adv.*

THE free attendant service maintained by the New York Central at Grand Central Station, New York, is another example of the care and courtesy by which patrons of this great railroad are surrounded.—*Adv.*

ON the New York Central you travel in perfect security, protected every foot of the way by Block Signals.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 4. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

Jacksnipe Coming In. "He's Got Them" (Quail Shooting). Vigilant and Valkyrie. Bass Fishing at Block Island.

The plates are for frames 14 x 19 in. They are done in twelve colors, and are rich in effect. They are furnished to old or new subscribers on the following terms:

Forest and Stream *one year and the set of four pictures*, **$5.**
Forest and Stream *6 months and any two of the pictures*, **$3.**
Price of the pictures alone, $1.50 each; $5 for the set.

Remit by express money order or postal money order. Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE

346 Broadway

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

Fishing, if I, a fisher, may protest,
Of pleasures is the sweet'st, of sports the best;
Of exercises the most excellent;
Of recreations the most innocent.
But now the sport is marde, and wott ye why:
Fishes decrease, and fishers multiply.
Thomas Bastard, 1598.

THE BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB.

THE tenth annual meeting of the Boone and Crockett Club, which was held on Saturday, Jan. 16, in New York, was an interesting occasion. The attendance was large, and among those who were present were many who are eminent in different walks of life. Not one of those present but seemed to be impressed with the fact that the club has a real work to perform and to be willing to do his part in performing it.

The work done by the Boone and Crockett all counts for a good deal, though some of it, appearing in the statutes of New York State and of the general Government, and not being labeled with the club's name, is likely to be forgotten. A permanent work which the club has accomplished appears in two volumes of its publications printed in recent years, and these, it is understood, are soon to be followed by a third, the plan being to publish a volume every two years. The doctrine of game protection and of good, honest sportsmanship inculcated by these volumes reaches a good deal further than the personal influence of the members of the club; yet this personal influence is strong. With a membership which, though small, reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, covering alike our largest cities and States, which are only just beginning to develop their resources, the club covers a vast territory, and the precept and example of its members come to a great many people.

In our report of the meeting, printed elsewhere, the resolution introduced by Mr. Henry L. Stimson, of New York, gives expression to the sentiment which has always pervaded the club, but which up to the present time has been its unwritten law. Mr. Stimson's resolution, unanimously passed, condemns the use of steel traps, the killing of game animals while helpless in the water or in the deep snow, and the killing of the females of any horned game.

Certainly it is a good thing for game protection and for sportsmanship when a club like the Boone and Crockett Club takes this ground. And on the other hand, it was high time that the club should express in its constitution what has always been the sentiment of its members. The killing of the females of several species of horned game is already prohibited in some States of the Union, and it should be forbidden in all.

The club's plan, first adopted at its recent meeting, of having a formal paper read by some high authority on some one of the subjects in which it is specially interested, is highly to be commended. However agreeable it may be for a number of hunters to dine together, and to exchange experiences and swap hunting stories, it must be acknowledged that the profit of such a meeting, either to any cause or to the individuals themselves, is not great. It is much more in keeping with the serious purposes which should animate a club such as the Boone and Crockett to devote a part of this meeting to the acquiring of knowledge. Papers such as were read by Mr. Low at the club's last meeting greatly increase our knowledge of an unknown quarter of America, and this is a subject about which no American can have too much knowledge.

While the Boone and Crockett Club was perhaps established as a hunting club, and while its members do a great deal of hunting and enjoy it, it aims at something higher than being a mere social organization. Among the objects named in the constitution of the club are the promotion of travel and exploration in wild portions of the country, the working for the preservation of large game in this country by furthering legislation for that purpose and by assisting in the enforcement of law, and inquiry into and recording observations of the habits and natural history of various wild animals. Objects such as these are surely worth striving for by any man or any body of men, and the Boone and Crockett Club is to be congratulated upon the work it has done and the record it has made in the ten years of its life.

KITES IN THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

IN these days, when the use of kites for various purposes is receiving so much attention, there are a variety of practical matters in which they may be employed which deserve the consideration of practical men. We are told that kites are being used to lift people above the earth; to carry cameras which shall photograph portions of the landscape beneath them; to transport explosives, which may be dropped on enemies at a distance, and to carry and lay telephone wires, over which conversation can be carried on.

The number of lives saved each year by the life-saving service along our Atlantic coast is large, and of these rescues a very considerable proportion are made by means of the breeches buoy, the lines being cast over the ship from the shore by means of mortars. Many vessels, however, go ashore where there are no life-saving stations, or perhaps two or three may be wrecked nearly at the same time near a single station, and may go to pieces before the life-saving crews have time to attend to all of them.

It is necessary that a life-saving force should be stationed on the land and that its operations should be conducted from the shore. Yet it is certain that often the work of establishing a communication between a wrecked vessel and the shore might be carried on with much better prospects of success from the vessel, provided there were practical means of carrying the line ashore. This suggestion, however, involves a reversal of the customary plan of initiating communication between the wreck and the shore, and so may at first seem startling. We believe, however, that a little thought will make plain some of its advantages.

It appears to us entirely practicable to use kites in life-saving, and we believe by this means many human lives may be saved.

All vessels should be provided with large kites, which, if the vessel went ashore, could be flown from the masthead, and would carry a fine line to land. By means of this fine line one larger could be hauled ashore, and by that a hawser, which would thus afford passage to shipwrecked men to the shore. Under ordinary conditions, the ship provided with such a kite and with a half mile reel of stout cord or wire could send the line ashore, the kite being dropped as soon as it is over the land. Even if the line should not fall into the hands of a member of the life-saving crew, the individual who received it would be certain to have intelligence enough to haul in the line, to bring the stout rope ashore and to make it fast. Communication once established between the wrecked vessel and the land, the rest would seem to be easy.

What makes it certain that in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred a kite could be used from a vessel is the fact that ships which come ashore during storms are almost always wrecked on a lee shore—that is to say, they are wrecked because and at a time when the wind is blowing from the sea to the shore, either directly or at some angle which is not an acute angle.

It is, of course, true that occasionally through carelessness or in thick weather vessels, particularly steamers, blunder ashore with an off-shore wind, and when this is the case a kite could not be flown from the ship; but in such case the life-saving crew could send over it a line with as much speed and certainty by a kite as could be done by the mortar.

The method by which the kite could be dropped or the line freed from the kite and dropped alone are mere questions of detail. There are many ways in which this could be accomplished, and it would require little ingenuity to devise a method, either for setting free the kite and dropping the line vertically and by means of a small weight attached near the bridle which holds the kite, or by tearing out the surface which holds the wind so that the kite itself should at once fall.

The expense of providing a vessel with a couple of kites such as would be required, and with the necessary reels of line, would be very trifling, and yet such provision might result in the saving of the lives of a whole ship's company. Of course neither the owner who sends out a vessel, nor the master who commands her, ever believes that this particular ship will be lost. They believe that other vessels may be wrecked, but think that this one will escape. At the same time, the owner does not neglect any precaution of insuring his vessel and her cargo against loss. Would it not be worth while for him to pay the small sum required for kite equipment, and count it as an insurance premium paid on the lives of master and crew?

There are laws in plenty protecting our commerce and governing the navigation of our vessels, yet after all the sailorman is looked after by our legislation as little as any man that works. To himself, and to those who depend on him for support, his life and his safety are as precious as the safety and the life of any other human being. Every means that human ingenuity can devise or human skill execute should be put in practice to protect him from the dangers to which he is peculiarly exposed. This project, simple and inexpensive as it is, is surely worth a trial, and if it should prove practicable our navigation laws should be so amended as to provide that no vessel shall clear from any port without being equipped with the necessary apparatus of kite and reels of line which shall enable the crew to send the kite across.

SNAP SHOTS.

The Florida green turtle lives in the sea, but comes to land to deposit its eggs in the sand of the beach. The Floridian hunts out the turtle nests and robs the eggs. The pursuit of the turtle at sea and the consumption of its eggs ashore have been going on long and unremmittingly. Now the fishermen and the eggers are asking one another what has become of the green turtle supply. They appear to think it an insoluble mystery.

Joel T. Headley, who died on Jan. 16, was one of the earliest writers on the Adirondacks. In 1846 Mr. Headley was associated with Henry J. Raymond on the New York *Times;* and in the following years, for the benefit of his health, he used to make summer visits to the Northern Wilderness, where he was among the first to make proof of the recuperative influences of the mountains, lakes and forests. In 1849 his newspaper sketches were collected into a volume entitled "The Adirondacks; or, Life in the Woods." The volume had a wide sale and did much to direct public attention to the woods; although the time was not yet ripe for the popularity which was afterward awarded to "Adirondack" Murray's book.

The Mongolian pheasant stocking enterprise in Massachusetts has not been a pronounced success outside of the State aviaries at Winchester. Of the birds sent out to different persons for breeding and liberating, only three lots survived.

The annual midwinter convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Syracuse last week, was quite in keeping with the meetings of other recent years. The amendments which the Association will ask the Legislature to make in the law this winter are given in our game columns. They are in general in the line of more protection; and everything which tends to that is in these days desirable. All good citizens of New York should support the recommendations of the Association.

We have reprinted in leaflet form the FOREST AND STREAM Platform Plank, with the argument for its adoption, and we shall be glad to supply the leaflet in any desired quantities for distribution.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TIM, MY TUTOR.—I.

I HAVE just laid aside the Christmas number of FOREST AND STREAM. It takes me back many, many years, and the world, looking up toward the midwinter sky, seems brighter than it did two hours ago. It is evening. The fire is burning as cheerily as it can in a womanless house, where embers, not flame, make the pictures of the past. The gun stands in the corner, wiped, but not put away since the last expedition for jack rabbits. My dreams are given shape by Fred Mather's inimitable "A Christmas with Old Port." There is the low sound of distant music—not of the sonata, symphony or opera, that has long since been dead to me, but the song of a bygone life.

A June noon! The shadows scarcely know which way to fall. Down in the meadow the cows are lying in the bushes, or standing, belly deep, in the stream to escape the Egyptian plague of flies. It is ten minutes since the last shrill chords struck by the whetstone on the gleaming scythe died away. Beneath some grateful shade the mower is eating his frugal repast and washing it down with great gulps from a brown stone jug of hard cider. A boy climbs the four-rail fence and wonders which way to turn toward home. He has run away from his grandfather's farm to enjoy a morning with the trout. Secretly he dug the worms behind the old brown barn, noisy with the merrymaking of the hayers. Stealthily he sneaked up the hillside and cut a birch pole, almost too heavy for him to wield. Surreptitiously he filched a doughnut or two from grandma's jar, and 20yds. of twine from the village store, and started on his expedition.

All through the hot forenoon he fished. The robins chirped, the thrushes warbled, the finches caroled and heaven seemed very close to earth. About him the first blooming roses showered their fragrance and, where the slow turnings of the brook made a marsh, the cardinal flower flaunted all its regal splendor. He was fishing the headwaters of the Raritan on the border between Morris and Somerset counties, New Jersey. He had two small sunfish strung on a very diminutive twig, and he had doubts as to whether these were sufficient to save him from a well-deserved thrashing when he returned home.

While he was thus pondering he heard a faint sound from up the road and, looking in the direction of the voice, he saw a sway-backed horse, a grizzly-stubbed, gray-haired man and a rickety wagon, all on the way from Mendham to Chester. The strange combination came nearer and now he could catch the words that the old man shouted, although there was no house within a quarter of a mile:

"Oh, clams, fine clams, fresh clams, I say,
They've lately arrived from Rockaway!"

There is a rustle among the blueberries behind the boy and a tall man leaps over the fence, regardless alike of blossoming blackberry brambles and of the blacksnake that, sluggish yet ever alert, is hunting the fresh-laid eggs of yon disconsolate chippy.

"Hey, mister! Haow dew ye sell them clams o' yourn?"

What ensued I do not know, but I saw a dozen or so of clams exchanged for a couple of trout, and then the peddler drove on. The man who had bought the aforesaid bivalves now became conscious of my presence. His shock of red, matted hair set off the clear blue of his eye, and the ragged shirt and torn jeans were emblems of glory and not blemishes in my sight—so straight, so strong, so frank and hearty, my boyish mind made Tim a demi-god.

"Waal, Walt, what yer doin'? Guess the old man don't know whar ye be!"

He had the advantage of acquaintance. I had not, though I had seen him many a time loafing around the village store, sitting on a packing box and squirting tobacco juice at every prominent nail-head. Naturally I asked his name and found it to be plain "Tim." He was known throughout the country-side as a ne'er-do-well, who wasted his time on "huntin' an' fishin' an' chorin' 'raound." His redeeming features were scrupulous honesty and a fervent devotion to Miss Cynthia Drake, the youngest daughter of a wealthy farmer. Cynthia might possibly have reciprocated this affection, especially as Pa Drake always referred to the young man as a "low-down feller," and whenever he found Tim on his property used only the expressive word "Git!"

"What yer fishin' fer? Shiners, hey? Ye ain't goin' tew take them things hum, be ye?"

I replied that I had angled assiduously all the morning in hope of getting nobler game, but to no purpose.

"Didn't spit on yer bait! Ye'll allers hev luck if ye spit on every bait an— Let's see; you've been fishin' in the sun an' stood right whar every mortial traout c'u'd see ye. Ye wanter drop in under some bank or inter a deep, shady hole, an' let yer bait float daown. Gittin' hungry? Waal, come on an' hev some clams. Fish don't bite much in the middle uv the day. I've got a little string tied tew the willers. Thar fur Cynthy. She's powerful fond of traout, she is."

We sat in the shade and Tim displayed his prizes with great gusto, though there was not a fish in the lot over 9in. in length. Then we divided the clams. My companion did the honors with a rusty knife that was entirely in keeping with his other possessions. I remember how, as he lay down and took his post-prandial quid, I resumed my occupation, and having carefully spit upon my bait, according to directions, dropped where I thought was a likely spot.

A moment later my line straightened, and instinctively the tip of the pole described a mighty arc with such velocity that a small shiner was dashed to pieces on the hillside 50ft. away.

"You'll never git traout in thet way. Feel for 'em, Walt, an' don't be so bresk. Naow thar's a good hole under them willers. Jest watch me an' see haow its done."

Tim fixed a fresh worm on his No. 4 hook, adjusted his cork to the proper depth and crawling to the water's edge placed his line where it would be the most successful. Slowly it sank, and the cork floated among the willow leaves as though absolutely heedless of its important duty.

"Tim! It's a-bobbin'. There it goes again—'way down under."

Very cautiously Tim gave a pull, then a harder jerk, but the cork did not reappear. Only the willows swayed uneasily, as if moved by some sub-aquatic influence.

"He's run araound a root, but I've got him sure!"

The fisherman divested himself of his clothes and stepped into the pool. He felt along the line, bending as he did so until naught but his red hair was visible. Then with a shout of triumph he suddenly straightened, jumped backward, and hurled upon the bank cork, line, and the largest brook trout that I had ever seen. All the afternoon we rambled; Tim doing the fishing, and I gaining the experience of his wood lore.

"Tim," said I, as we turned homeward, "what do you do in the winter, when the trout don't bite?"

"Everything to its season, boy. When the fish quit bitin', the squirrels come on. That's the time o' year for me. All the woods a-rustlin' with red and yeller; the chestnut burrs a-bustin' an' makin' the graound as brown as Cynthy's hair; the checker-berries winkin' at yer through the creepin' pine, and every time ye step on a twig somethin' happens. Sometimes it's a jay bird that chatters ahead uv yer, an' ag'in it's a pa'tridge jumpin' up an' lightin' fur the timber like a gray cannon ball; an' the squirrels come aout tew see what's the matter. They're a sly critter, but powerful cur'ous. Ef you'd lay daown an' pertend tew be asleep, they'd run daown the shagbarks tew find aout what wuz in yer pockets. Gosh! but it's fun tew shoot them big grays! An' then thar's rabbits; an' in winter I can make quite a bit o' money trappin' mushrats an' minks. Onct I ketched a red fox, but they're powerful skeers. Sometimes I go tew Long Pond or Brooklyn Pond, an' allers git a few pick'rel through the ice. They fetch a good price tew Morrist'n. That keeps me in paowder an' sich, an' I've begun tew lay by a little fur—. Waal, I guess I'll take these 'ere traout up tew Cynthy, an' you'd better be gittin' hum. When ye come up at Christmas, I'll take yer 'long, ef yer dad 'll let ye go."

Father stood by the bars bending a hickory switch in anything but an assuring manner. Mother was in tears, and I readily perceived what was coming. Just then grandmother, peace to her ashes, came to the door:

"Remember, Charles, that you used to do the very same thing when you were a boy."

My father, not liking to have his youthful failings thus published in the presence of his son, turned away, and I am yet awaiting my punishment.

When we went to Mendham for the holidays I took the first opportunity of going to Phœnix's store to inquire for Tim. The boy had disappeared some weeks before. Perhaps he had enlisted; perhaps gone West. No one could tell. But every morning, when the mail arrived from Morristown, Cynthia Drake was at the post-office asking for a letter—from whence, who cared?

SHOSHONE.

ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

No. 3.—The Chinchas.

FORTY years ago the Chinchas were well known throughout the world, chiefly for their product of guano. They consist of three small islands on the coast of Peru, distant from Callao, the port of entry, some three days' sail. At the date of my yarn it was no unusual sight to see 100 sails of different nationalities at the islands loading guano.

The islands are very high, with bluff, bold shares, while the guano is all on top. To load they use a canvas chute slung under two long cables, their shore ends secured to heavy posts, while outboard they are hauled taut to an anchor, stretching the chute from the bluff to a point some 10ft. above the water, and standing at an angle of 30 to 40°. Large iron lighters are used to convey the guano to the ship. The lighter is towed in and made fast to the cable under the chute, while the guano is dumped in the top and comes rattling down into the lighter. When full the lighter was towed alongside the ship, the guano hoisted out with a bucket and purchase and dumped in the hold.

The bottom of the hold having been floored over with dunnage, the first lot of guano was put into bags, which were laid snugly side by side all over the bottom and well up the sides; this was done so that in case of springing a leak the guano could not get into the limbers and choke the pumps. The flooring off having been attended to, the guano was then run in in bulk and trimmed, as required. The trimmer was usually shipped at Callao for the trip to the islands.

Callao being the nearest port of entry, all ships had to go there to enter; then to the islands and load, and back to Callao to clear. Ships usually shipped two or three men, one a trimmer, for the trip, discharging them on the return to Callao. I sailed several trips to the islands and back in the capacity of trimmer, and know something of what it is. It was dirty work at the best, somewhat hard and a trifle dangerous. I have seen men hauled up from below, overcome by the ammonia thrown off by the guano during the process of handling, and bleeding at mouth, nose and ears. As I said, it was hard work; but the pay was good, the intervals between trips long enough to spend it in, and Callao was a good place to get rid of money.

At that time Callao was the wildest place on the globe, I believe. Rum shops, dance halls and gambling dens were as common as daylight. Crimps were plentiful and shanghaiing was an every-night occurrence. What is that? I hear you say. Well, in those days when a ship master wanted men he would go to a boardinghouse keeper and bargain for so many men, to be delivered at a certain time and place. If the boarding master had them, well and good; if not, he must get them. Sometimes poor Jack would be just landed, perhaps from a long voyage. No matter, if there was a chance he was filled up with rum, then dragged aboard ship for another long voyage, and a two-months' advance to work out. If a sailor was not handy, anything would do, so long as the crimp got him drunk enough to ship. I have heard of a minister being dragged and carried aboard ship; and he had to go the voyage too. I have been on a ship where the crimp brought a dead man; the boat came alongside at night with some half dozen or more in all stages of drunkenness, while the dead man lay in the bottom of the boat. "Lift him up, boys," says the crimp; "he'll be all right when he's had his sleep out." So he was bundled aboard, dragged to the forecastle and tumbled in, where he was found the next morning, having apparently been dead a day or more. Men have been knocked down on the street, stupefied with drugs and sent a voyage to sea.

At the time of which I write there were two brothers in Callao—Mon and Jack Britt. One kept a den, rumshop, gambling house, or anything you choose to call it, while the other was a runner or crimp. They had several times tried to get hold of me, and I had been sharp enough to keep out of the way. I went in the shop one day and Jack Britt asked me to drink. I had always refused before, but this time I thought I would see what the row was. "All right, Jack, set them up." Jack handed out a small bottle from beneath the bar. I filled my glass, while Jack filled his from another bottle. As he set the bottle down I said, "Jack, when I drink with a man I always like to change glasses for the first time," and I picked the glass he had filled for himself and pushed the other across the bar. Right then and there the circus began. His face got red and he roared out, "What do you mean?" There was something else he said for a sort of emphasis, but I don't like to write it. "I mean that I don't care to drink out of that bottle you passed me," I answered, "I believe it is drugged liquor." Jack came over the bar roaring like a bull. As he came for me I caught him a good one, and as I did I got one myself from Mon Britt, who came in at a side door. Two were too many, and I was thinking of retreat, when a short stout man came in the outside door with a rush. He took in the situation at a glance. "I'll take the big fellow, matey. You 'tend to the other one."

This changed matters a trifle and before long we had the business all settled, books balanced and everybody paid off.

My new friend proved to be a genial, whole-souled sailor, Sam Watson by name, and I believe the ablest man physically I ever knew. He was short and very broad-shouldered, with a drawling voice and an easy, slouching gait. But when he did turn loose he was a whirlwind. We traveled together a long time and made several trips to the islands. We had many a jolly time both in Callao and Valparaiso.

If this should meet his eye or of anyone who ever knew him I should be pleased to know it.

I was at Callao in 1867, when I found the place greatly changed. There was less crimping, less drinking and less fighting, and a great deal less shipping. In fact, there were less than a half dozen American flags in Callao of a Sunday morning.

I did not go to the islands, but was told that times were very dull there.

I started in to write about the Chincha Islands and I have filled up my paper with personal matters, most of which happened in Callao. Well, I usually miss my calculations worse than that.

TARPON.

GEORGIA GAME AND FISH.

MACON, Ga.—The variety of conditions of soil and altitude in Georgia makes the game somewhat diversified, that of the coast and lower pine levels differing very materially from that to be found in the northern and mountainous portions. The Virginia partridge (called quail by most sportsmen) is the most generally distributed, and is the game bird *par excellence* of this State. This gamy little fellow was formerly very abundant all over the State, but in the northern section the cold and snow of two years ago sadly depleted their numbers, and small bags are now the rule. All through the middle or central part of the State partridges are still to be found in fair numbers, eight to twelve bevies a day being a good day's work for a well-trained dog. The lower range of counties where the yellow pine forests flourish is the home of this bird, and it is not unusual for a bag of 80 to 100 birds in a day for two guns to be made.

A few ruffed grouse frequent the laurel ridges in the extreme northern and northeastern parts of the State, but it is very hard work to bring them to bag. On the streams of southern and southwestern Georgia some deer, wild turkeys, black bears, ducks and squirrels can be found; turkeys and squirrels are very abundant in most of the river swamps.

Dove shooting is excellent in the winter and is a sport that tests a man's shooting skill to the utmost. These birds gather in immense flocks to feed in the pea fields, or in baited fields, and the slaughter is immense, as many as fifty guns often being in one party. The Legislature, recognizing that this meant extermination for the doves if unchecked, has recently enacted a law cutting off one month of the open season, the time now being from Aug. 1 to March 15, instead of July 15 to April 1.

The farmers are almost universally posting their lands all over the State, but very few of them object to a gentleman sportsman shooting, their object being to keep off market or pot-hunters, and vagrants or negroes.

The fishing waters of the State lie mostly in east and south parts. Black bass (locally called trout) grow to a large size, and in the swift-flowing streams are very gamy.

These with perch and bream are the best fish to be found, and on such streams as the Altamaha, Satilla and Allapaha rivers afford great sport.

The brook trout are found in the mountain streams of north Georgia in fair numbers, but run small in size, 6 to 8in. being about the largest.

There are a number of whole-souled sportsmen in Georgia who are always glad to extend any courtesies to visitors.

F. C. E.

Brünnich's Murre on Inland New York Waters.

ITHACA, N. Y., Dec. 27.—The waterfowl foreign to this locality which have recently been bagged in considerable numbers by Cayuga Lake gunners are pronounced by Dr. Wilder, of Cornell University, to be Brünnich's murre, a species of arctic wildfowl rarely found in this latitude. In many important particulars the Brünnich's murre seem closely related to the loon, notably the body conformation, legs, head and beak. In size it closely corresponds to the butterball duck. Below the waterline the bird is white, and above it is a blue black, or perhaps, to speak more accurately, Prussian blue. It furnishes but a small measure of sport, however; for, seemingly unconscious of danger, it sweeps in among one's decoys and stolidly remains there, despite the cannonade, until shot. Forty or more of these birds are said to have been bagged in a single day lately.

M. CHILL.

[It is only a few years since we first heard of these birds being taken on the waters of northern New York. As they yield neither sport nor meat to the gunner, it seems a pity to kill them.]

FIVE WEEKS AT LITTLE SOU'WEST CAMPS.

I LEFT Fredericton Oct. 27, to spend a few weeks at the Little Sou'west Camps of Mr. Braithwaite. My friends, Messrs. Irland and Risteen, had already returned from those famous grounds with two fine moose heads, which has already been told the readers of FOREST AND STREAM by the able pen of Mr. Risteen—otherwise the Prowler. I cannot hope to equal Mr. Risteen in literary style or descriptive ability, but I will try to give a true account of my little trip, and, what is of more interest, the amount of game we saw.

Some, no doubt, will remember my unsuccessful hunt in this region last year, when Braithwaite and I each lost two fine moose through not having heavy enough rifles and being obliged to shoot in the brush. So this year I provided myself with a new Winchester, .50-100-450, which I thought was about the right gun for moose. And I must say that from what I have seen, both this year and last, I have not changed my opinion, notwithstanding Mr. Cecil Clay's opinion to the contrary. Your .44-40 will no doubt kill a moose if you get a side shot, as, of course, there is nothing between you and his heart but a thin skin and a rib or two, but how many times are you going to get the moose to stand in that way? Not once in fifty times. On this trip we saw seventeen moose; twelve of these we still-hunted, four crossed our path, and one we paddled up to. Throw out the four which crossed our path and you come down to but one moose, which, you might say, we had a chance to kill with a popgun. The others were all either quartering shots or running shots, some both. When you undertake to still-hunt moose in a New Brunswick thicket you want a gun, and a big one at that, something that will stop him quickly. I suppose we can't all think alike on the gun question, but when I make a change it won't be for a smaller gun.

I left Fredericton on Tuesday morning, Oct. 27, for Boiestown, on the Miramichi River, which is the headquarters of Mr. Wm. Richards, the well-known lumberman, where I expected to get a chance to go in the woods with some of his parties going to the headwaters of the Dungarvon. Any other year, or a little later, when the snow is on, "portash" teams are going every day, but where a party is on the same grounds for two or more years they send in supplies a year ahead, or rather grub for this fall's work was sent in on the last of the "going" last spring. Mr. Braithwaite and I had our supplies sent in when theirs went in, so all we had to do was to get there ourselves.

I arrived in Boiestown at noon. I had come over on the freight train, as I was in no hurry and wanted to take the full benefit of my holidays (it was just a year since I had the last), and I take pleasure in the whole trip. The little incidents of travel, the boys on the train going to the woods, the old friends one sees at the stations and along the road, all go to make up a good trip. When we got to Cross Creek four young men got in. I knew in a minute they were bound for the woods. I asked them whom they were going in for, and they said they were going to join Billy Davidson's party in the morning at Boiestown. So I told them I was for the same country, and we became chummy at once. They had been having a "wee shock," as the Scotchman said, and were feeling pretty well, and when the conductor went out of the caboose one of them tried to ride his bike, but as the train was going about twenty miles an hour he didn't make much of a success at it, and the conductor coming in put a stop to the fun. One of the older boys said: "He won't feel that frisky by the time he gets to Rocky Brook," and he didn't. As the train drew into Boiestown the first person to grasp my hand was Mr. John B. Holts, who lives at Pleasant Ridge, eight miles from Boiestown.

His home is headquarters for parties going to and from the woods up Dungarvon. I had sent word ahead for him to meet me, and he was on hand with a stout buckboard wagon and smart horse. After seeing some friends in Boiestown we started, and arrived at Mr. John B.'s at 1 o'clock, with a good appetite for one of Mrs. Holts's first-class dinners. Mr. and Mrs. Holts are a fine example of some of the old settlers. She is a smart old lady of seventy, and he is an equally smart old gentleman of seventy-five. They have eleven sons and daughters, who are all living—never having lost one, which is quite remarkable in so large a family. They celebrated their golden wedding year before last, when their boys came home from all parts of the Union to help them remember it. It was made a kind of big party—so big, in fact, that the table for the wedding dinner had to be set out of doors, as people came from all around to congratulate them, as no people are more highly thought of in the country than they. I stayed all night at Mr. Holts's, and was up in time to see Mrs. Holts, with the help of one girl and a man cook, get breakfast for thirty-eight hungry men on their way to the woods.

Mr. Richards, the day before, had told me that he would advise Billy Davidson's party to go to Dungarvon *via* Rocky Brook, and as that would mean that they would go up the main Sou'west Miramichi and would not pass Mr. Holts's place, I got Mr. Holts to drive me down to the river to meet them. When we got to the forks of the road there were no teams in sight, and the white frost on the road showed plainly that no one had been along that morning, so we waited. Pretty soon the advance guard showed up in the form of five or six of the party, among them our friend of the bicycle ride. Just then the schoolmarm came to the schoolhouse door, and seeing us standing there said: "Come in, boys;" so we all filed in and watched her open school. The wagons coming along then, we had to start. We bowed to the teacher, came out and shook hands with Mr. Holts, and started on our three days' walk into the woods, the boys to wrestle spruce logs, and I to try for a shot at a bull moose. There were seventeen of us, and as we walked along behind the teams that fine fall morning it was a pleasure to be alive and to be out of doors. Some of the party had revolvers and two had guns, and the word was "let nothing live"—and they didn't. Partridges, squirrels, owls, everything had to fall before them; even a tin kettle belonging to some "portasher" was punched full of bullet holes, for which I got the blame from the aforementioned "portasher"—also his ill will, as he thought only a towny would do such a trick, and he knew there was a towny in the party. We kept on up the river to "Hayes's." The river is swift here, and the teams had to ford about two miles above, so all but the teamsters were to cross here. There were two dugouts on the shore, and a kid in one who was just about tall enough to see over the gunwale. When asked if he could set us across, he said: "Of course I can." And he was right. Every Sou'wester can pole a canoe nearly as soon as he can walk. The kid set us over and we kept on up the shore to Palmer Flat, and there waited for the teams. They showed up in about half an hour, but it took them about an hour to get over the river, as they had to make two trips.

We boiled the kettle, and turned about to face the celebrated Rocky Brook Portage, and it is a rocky brook portage, and no mistake. As the Dutchman told us last summer, "I've traveled vid circus and Vild Vest, and I tell you vot, it vos a Vild Vest." The first three miles it was mud—deep mud, black mud, red mud—but coming out at the top of the hill we met an old friend in the person of Miles Hunter, under whose care I had gone when a kid on my first salmon trip, and he told us we were through the worst of it. We made about six miles before dark, when we put up a lean-to, and with lots of rock maple for a fire we had a fairly comfortable night. In the morning we were off at daylight, and about noon stopped in an old camp for lunch, and as it commenced to snow one of the boys, not wishing to lie out another night, stumped anyone to strike for camp—eighteen miles away. I said I would go, and when the rest saw us getting some lunch they wanted to go also, and so two more came along. When we had made about four miles we came to the new camp of Mr. Daniel Evans, of Cardigan, who very kindly asked us to stay over night; but our leader, Joe Weaver, had said Forty-Seven-Mile Brook Camp, and Forty-Seven-Mile Brook it was to be. At Evans's Camp we were overtaken by five more of our boys, making nine all told, and they didn't bring any grub either. We walked pretty hard, and at 5 o'clock we reached Forty-Seven-Mile Brook Camp. We found the old stove up, and that was about all. We made a little tea, ate some sweet cake and lay down in our wet clothes on the floor to put in the night. We got the night in somehow, and in the morning I and another of the party started over to Fullerton's Camp for grub. On the way we met our old friend Mr. Patchell, who had been in the woods since April, watching the stuff in the storehouses. He had lots of inquiries to make about his family and his neighbors, and he was free to confess that he was glad the parties were coming in to take his job away from him. We got a sack of grub and brought it over to the boys. We waited until dark for the teams and then put out for Fullerton's Camp, where there was grub, with blankets. There I met Dave Douglas, who, with Henry, had been in the woods ever since Oct. 10.



BLACK DUCK.

From the original photograph.

Dave and I went back in the morning to Forty-Seven-Mile Camp, and as the teams had arrived shortly after dark the night before, I got my bundle and big gun, and with Dave for pilot we started for the Crooked Deadwater, the home of the moose. We stopped at Fullerton's Camp again for lunch, as I had early in my Dungarvon experience learned to eat at every camp I came to; for, as Henry puts it, "You will need it all before you get out of these woods." Two miles from Fullerton's we came to the tent, and there was Henry looking as natural as life. This tent is only a temporary outpost in Henry's chain of camps, which extend from Louis Lake, on Renous, to Little Sou'west Lake, on the Little Sou'west, and from old No. 64, on the head of Clearwater, to the head of Bathurst, fifty miles away, and including among the rest of the old favorites two new camps, one named after Mr. Irland and the other Renous Lake. Burton Lake, Louis Lake, Renous Deadwater, Little Sou'west, Crooked Deadwater, Injun Lake, all these are old friends and call up none but pleasant memories, and by the time a man is acquainted with the ground they cover he will have seen a good lot of the best moose country there is in New Brunswick. The first question I asked was, "How are the moose?" Henry said, "I guess there are lots of them, although I haven't heard many since Mr. Irland and Risteen left. The lumbermen are making a fearful noise blowing rocks in Dungarvon, and I guess all the moose will leave and go up country. However, we will follow them."

Dave and I had to have another lunch, and after that we made up our packs and started. About four miles from here we came to the Deadwater, but before we got there Henry said, "I suppose it is a fine head or none this trip," and I said, "Yes." And I meant it. I wouldn't be bothered with the little heads some parties bring out. A well-known Bangor taxidermist sent me a photo of a lot of moose heads, and among the lot was one good head, the rest just spikes. Now a small caribou head may be as pretty, even prettier, than a large one, and a moose head is a rough looking customer at best; but a moose head adorned with a pair of spikes is, to my mind, not worth mounting.

I was to have my resolution tested sooner than I expected. We got in the canoe and started down the Deadwater, and about the second turn we all saw something on the shore that looked like a big rock. I was in the bow, Dave in the middle and Henry in the stern; the rock didn't move, and we kept getting nearer and nearer, and at last up comes the head and shoulders of a moose. He had been feeding on the grass and stuff in the water, and so we could not see any of him except the flank and hindquarters. He saw us, but had not got our wind, and as we were coming closer all the time, he straightened up and looked at us. By this time I had a shell in the rifle and was ready to fill him full or let him go, as might seem to be right when the time came. When we got to within about 50yds. or less Henry said: "His horns are small. Don't shoot, but just watch him." He got our wind by this time and walked back a little way from the bank. Henry grunted at him and he returned the grunt in a kind of half-friendly, half-anxious tone with a note of inquiry in it, as much as to say, "Who are you, anyway?" We left him alone in his glory, which I think was far better fun than shooting him. I really can't see where the sport would have come in to have shot that moose. There was none of the excitement there would have been in calling him, and I am sure there would not have been the sport there undoubtedly is in still-hunting them, which is after all the nicest way, unless you yourself can call.

We arrived at camp about 4 o'clock on the fifth day after I left home, but this time can be shortened to three days by proper arrangement. As there was no snow, we didn't try to hunt any, but turned our attention to cutting some much-needed trails and fixing up camps. In about two weeks there was a fall of snow while we were at Renous Lake, and in the morning we made a start for County Line Mountain. We walked across the top of it and never saw a track, but, as Henry had said the rock blasting had probably scared them up country, so up country we went. When we got to Injun Lake Camp we had to take a day fixing it up and go over the line to No. 64 Camp. We crossed a new log road, and we knew by this that the lumbermen were in the vicinity. Last time we were there it was three or four miles to the nearest lumber camp: now it is only about three-quarters of a mile. We sent Dave down to get some supplies, also the news, and Henry and I turned to and cut our night's wood and fixed up the old camp a little, as it was a bitter night. Before we had supper cooked, in walked Bill Carson, the boss of the camp, and kindly invited us to come down and stay all night, adding that Mr. Lynch's orders were to bring us down if he had to fall a tree on the camp to drive us out. Henry, however, said he would stay, and by the time supper was ready it was pretty late, so we asked William to join us, and he appeared to enjoy our smothered moose meat very much. William had been in the woods since Aug. 18 and had seen lots of tracks, etc., but had not shot at a moose. William stayed until about 9 o'clock, and then struck out for his own camp. In the morning, bright and early, in came Mr. Lynch and William, and Henry and I each had to take a talking to from good-natured Mr. Lynch on our refusing to go down to his camp the night before. However, we patched the matter up somehow, but he left us with the comforting assurance that as soon as we got out he would fall a tree on old No. 64, as he didn't want us camping in his dooryard; his camp was where he wanted us, and we were to come as often as we liked and stay as long as we pleased; no more lying out while we were so handy to his operations.

That night it snowed, and in the morning we started up the ridge to try for a moose. We had seen lots of tracks the day before, but we walked two miles before we struck anything this time. At last we came to the trail of a two-year-old, and followed along for about a quarter of a mile and came on the moose lying down. We sighted him just as he got up, and it was a shap shot at 75yds. I thought I had missed, but Henry said, "No, there is blood. It comes out of his mouth. He is our moose." And so it proved, for we came on him stone dead about 200yds. from where I shot. We dressed him out in good shape and started for camp. The next day being rainy and soft, we tried for another. This day the tracks were so thick on the ridge we got on that it was almost impossible to follow them. We jumped a lot, and saw some cows and calves, but not a good set of horns did we see, so did not fire a shot. The one I shot the day before was to eat. On the way to camp we struck a caribou track, and as he was going our way we followed him. We jumped him in a fir grove, and I had a snap shot at him, but I only succeeded in putting the bullet through an old fir stub. Henry's only comment was, "Too slow," and as I had to say something I quoted from old Joe Mitchell, my old Indian guide: "Let him go to the devil; plenty more."

The next day it froze hard, making very noisy hunting, so Henry went to Cranston Lake to see about some traps, and I went out alone. I routed an old cow and two calves berore I had been out ten minutes, and inside of half an hour I routed three more. I then started for camp and had the ill luck to start a bull. It was very noisy, so I suppose he heard me half a mile. At any rate he started for the head of Tobique before I got sight of him. Seven moose started in less than half a day was a good sign of game; but that was our share of them.

We moved back the next day to Irland Camp, and on the way I got a very fair caribou. Next day we went up on the ridge near the camp, and there I got my first deer. They are just beginning to get into this country. Three years ago we saw one track, last year a few, this year dozens of them. They move in from the south. Maine is where they get the start for our country. They travel north, just the opposite of moose, as we think the moose make south all the time. As Henry says, they want to leave his farm, where they are safe, and go outside, where they are sure to get killed. When I fired at the deer the noise jumped three more deer, also a cow moose and two calves, as we afterward found out; so we thought the next day we would try another ridge. I forgot though to say that before we saw the deer we saw a cow moose with one calf. I could easily have shot the cow, as she stood and looked at us long enough for us to have shot her twice.

Next day we struck off to Moose Lake, and here again we saw nothing like what we were looking for. All small tracks, except one or two large ones so old and mixed with others that we did not follow them. It took us less than fifteen minutes to walk from Moose Lake to Deer Lake, and on the way we saw over a dozen tracks, none of them over twenty-four hours old. We saw another cow and calf that afternoon on our way to camp. We got within 50ft. of her, but let her go.

Next day we moved down to Crooked Deadwater, and the next to little Sou'west, where we put away the canoe for the winter and looked up old friends at Ritchie's camps on the lake. We never expected to see the day when men would go to the little Sou'west for a log, but they are there now. Their portage is seventy-five miles long, which is a long way to go for spruce lumber even in these days. We called at Sinclair's camp and found the boss at home; also the cook, who makes as good sweetcake as he did last year. We stayed to dinner, and after dinner struck out for our own camp.

Twenty-three years ago Henry built his first camp on this lake, and until last year no lumber parties ever got nearer than Dungarvon, about fifteen or eighteen miles away. Last year they opened this country, and the first thing done was to dam up the outlet of the lake. This has raised the water and killed the trees, and now they are blowing down. In fact they have spoiled the prettiest lake in this province just for the sake of a few logs. However, as Henry says, "It can't be helped," and the old tops they leave will bring the caribou around again, so perhaps it won't be so bad after all.

Next day we made the Deadwater again, and next Renous Lake. Here I made up my mind to go out, and as Dave had been over to Fullerton's and brought back word that no teams were expected till Christmas, and also that as lumber was up they were opening up some old camps down Dungarvon, Henry thought the best way to go was to get over to Louis Lake and go out that way. So we started for there and made with packs Renous Deadwater for lunch and old Louis camp for night. This lake is named after old Louis Bear, a famous Indian trapper, who had a line through this country about fifty years ago. The finest trout I ever saw come out of this lake. In the morning I made up my pack, said good-by to Henry and Dave, and started for the lumber camp on the trail old Joe and I had taken out two moose on two years ago. We got in among some lumber works and did not strike camp till about 4 P. M., and found it unoccupied. There were sled tracks to the door, so we knew they had been there for the old stoves, and as it was too late to go back to Louis, we thought we would try to make their camp, although we had no idea how far it might be. We had not gone far when we heard a familiar voice and soon came in sight of Charlie Cameron, the boss cook of the Dungarvon. Charlie gave me the first meal I ever ate in a Dungarvon camp; but this time he was yarding logs. We asked him where he was camped, and he said, "Down in the old Holts's camp, about a mile. Better come down and stay with us"—which kind invitation we accepted. We put in a fine evening with the boys, as there were a lot of good singers among them. Here we met Bob Ross, who is second only to the old reliable Tom Hunter in his ability to brave the dangers of the Dungarvon portage. He it was who was along with Mr. Irland when they came across the "lost man" two summers ago. He said he was going out in the morning, so I made arrangements to go along. We started about daylight, and at dark we got to Holts's, where I was glad to get a shave, a good supper, and a clean bed after five weeks spent in the woods.

Since I got home I have been much interested in reading a letter from Deerslayer, also some answers to it. I cannot understand where the sport comes in in roping a deer, then killing him with buckshot at a range of a few feet. How any man could do it I can scarcely understand, and I am glad that we have no such sportsmen here in this country, but then we are very much behind the times here; perhaps we will get up to that after a while. Deerslayer shows his ignorance of some kinds of hunting when he says, "and if he is a moose hunter, calling him up," as if the only way to get a moose was to call him. He also speaks in terms of contempt of pitting your skill against their instinct. And again, he calls still-hunting sneaking. So it is; but I will venture to say that if Mr. Deerslayer takes his rifle and "sneaks" up on a moose and gets him, that he will find that it calls for more exertion than his old way, and also that he will stand much higher in the opinions of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM than he does now.

We saw on the trip seventeen moose, three caribou and three deer. We jumped twenty-nine moose. We also saw a beaver dam, houses and beaver. There are nearly twenty families of beavers on Henry's ground, all told.

BLUENOSE.

Natural History.

INTERCOMMUNICATION OF WOLVES.

THE united testimony of trappers and hunters gives the wolf the highest place, or at least one of the highest places, in the scale of intelligence among the wild mammals of North America. A similar verdict might have been reached on purely hypothetical grounds, for the wolf is the only species which at once takes its prey by stratagem, saves its own skin by artifice, and supplies the place of speed and strength by combination and concerted attack.

It is the only sociable beast of prey in our limits, and in obedience to two well-known principles we might expect to find the species more highly gifted than any other with the power of intercommunication.

These principles are:

The more intelligent an animal is, the greater its power of intercommunication.

The more sociable an animal is, the greater its power of intercommunication.

It seems that experience justifies this conclusion, for wolves are known to have remarkable power of intercommunication, although how it is effected has not been satisfactorily determined.

As illustrations and proofs: Wolves in a given locality are known to learn quickly the nature of any traps that are prepared for them, and this cannot be the result of first-hand knowledge; for the wolf which is caught and gets away again, or has seen a comrade caught, must be rare. Yet all the wolves fear and avoid the trap. More than this, the dam teaches her young to do so as soon as they can follow her about. Precisely the same remarks apply to poison; the wolves in a new country are easily poisoned, but soon the information is spread among them and it becomes very difficult to poison them.

Similarly wolves soon learn to dread firearms, and to avoid all men in the daylight on account of their being known to carry them. A curious illustration came under my notice last winter. The cowboys on a certain cattle range had orders to fire at every gray wolf as soon as seen, with a view to driving them from the neighborhood. One cowboy was watching through a telescope a wolf a mile away when another fired at it; the ball struck the bank behind the wolf, which at once ran to the spot and was examining it, when a few seconds later the faint report reached him. At once he showed that he knew what it was, for he ran as hard as he could till out of sight. Dr. Merriam, in his "Mammals of the Adirondacks," relates a circumstance which may possibly be an evidence of intercommunication of a remarkable character. The wolves were very numerous and destructive in those mountains until the State offered a bounty for every wolf killed. Although after this no more than usual were killed in a season, the wolves immediately afterward disappeared, or at least became extremely rare.

In seeking to investigate the methods of intercommunication we are apt to attach by far the most importance to the voice, because it is our chief means; but it is an open question whether scent does not serve the dog tribes more often than sound, and it will be seen that in the lower animals generally all the senses do duty as transmitters of ideas.

1. *Sight*.—Animals learn from each other gestures when an enemy or probable quarry is near. For example, a duck sees a hawk in the sky and at once turns his head to watch it, the other ducks see the gesture and imitate it or make for shelter; a fox out hunting with her young suddenly squats, the cubs do not see what she does, but squat because they see her do it; a dog sees another digging at a rabbit hole, and at once goes to see what there is in it. No one can watch two dogs playing or quarreling without noting a great number of silent gestures used to convey ideas from one to the other.

2. *Sound*.—It is almost unnecessary to illustrate the use of sound as a means of transferring ideas. A cow calls her calf; a rooster calls the hens; a partridge alarms her brood with a note; a dog barks to call his master's attention to anything. We ourselves use sound (or sound signs on paper) so much more than any other means that we are apt to forget that there are other means of intercommunication.

3. *Touch*.—Little pigs, calves, etc., punch the mother's udder with their noses to let her know that they are hungry; a horse nibbles his comrade on a part of the body to show where he wishes his comrade to nibble him; ants and bees are said to intercommunicate by touching their antennæ, and animals lick and stroke each other in token of affection.

4. *Taste*.—This sense is perhaps the least used as a transmitter. Dogs and wolves are occasionally seen to touch their open mouths, but it would be hard to prove that they thereby intercommunicated any idea. Young rabbits, however, are sometimes seen to taste their mother's lips to make sure before eating certain foods.

5. *Smell*.—At first sight, smell might seem of minor importance as an intercommunicator, though its prime value as a means of acquiring ideas first hand is not open to question. My observations to satisfy myself on this point have developed some curious facts, which I shall set forth as briefly as possible:

Scientists who have examined the matter declare that scent is by far the most wonderful of the senses. It is difficult for us to believe this, for the human species has nearly lost the faculty, and is incapable of judging *a priori*, just as it is impossible to give a blind man any clear conception of the wonders of sight. It is very certain that all things on earth have their distinctive odor, and this is readily proven. There is no known material that does not in time lose of its substance when exposed to the air; there is no known substance that will not in time be entirely dissipated by such exposure; and it is this atmospheric solution of the substance which is its odor. To illustrate: There are but few more indestructible substances than rubber, beeswax, copper or bronze, and yet even to the blunt human sense they have a perceptible odor.

To show the fineness of the sense and the infinitesimal amount of substance requisite to produce a sensation, let

us instance the case of a single grain of musk which continues to give off its intense odor for years before the substance is entirely dissipated. Similar illustration is afforded by a drop of any fixed oil, creosote or skunk musk. To illustrate the feebleness of the human scent faculty; we cannot detect the presence of milk or water by their odor, and yet we know they must have a powerful odor because they are so rapidly dissipated, as well as because they are so quickly discovered by wild animals; camels, for instance, are said to smell the water at a distance of miles. Proof that at one time our species had a good nose is found in the well-known fact that smell makes a quicker, stronger and more vivid appeal to memory than any of the other senses.

Since, then, as already claimed, odor is dissipated substance floating in the air, and since all substances are dissipatory, all have an odor And there is no good reason to doubt that this odor is as distinctive as the appearance of the thing; even more so, one might say, for all animals with well-developed noses learn to confide in them, for intelligence, rather than in their eyes. And the evidence of these insubornable witnesses all goes to show that every object in the landscape, every tree and shrub, and each part of each tree and shrub, has a separate individual odor that is at least as distinctive as its color. Yet we find this as hard to believe as would the blind man that the appearance of the objects in question was more distinctive and diagnostic than their feel.

It is scarcely necessary to prove that each species of animal has its own odor. The differences of the respective odors of horse, cow, fox, skunk, negro, Indian, etc., are sufficiently obvious to ourselves. But, more than this, it is very easy to prove that each individual of the species has its own peculiar odor as surely as it has its own peculiar appearance. This is so well known that no hunter or naturalist will be likely to question it; but as one out of many proofs I may cite the well-known fact that a dog has no difficulty in keeping the track of the same deer or man no matter how many others of the kind may cross it.

It may be thought that I am pushing it too far when I now assert that not only each individual animal has its own odor, but each part of that animal is giving off an odor which is peculiar to itself, and this the reader can readily prove. Let him take a dead animal of any furry kind and wet the fur with hot water in different regions, and he will find that even the blunt human sense can distinguish many variations of the smell. And I am satisfied that the keen nose of the beast of prey does far more than this, and can even distinguish the scents left by the heel and toe of the same foot. This is the simple explanation of the seemingly inexplicable fact that a good hound can, within a few yards, tell which way his quarry was running. It was a very simple matter to him; let B be the toe scent and A the heel scent; he ran a few yards and because the track kept singing B-A, B-A, B-A, he knew he was wrong; in the other direction it sang A-B, A-B, A-B; so away he went. The difference between the two odors is very slight, so much so that an inferior hound will often run a long way on a back scent, but a dog with a good nose or a wolf is never long mistaken.

My next contention is that the general or body scent of an animal is eminently changeable. While it always retains its individuality, it changes with the physical and mental condition of the animal, with the weather, the temperature and the season, just as surely as does its coat or facial expression.

Abundant proofs of this are at hand, for example: a horse smells stronger after exercise; a mink or weasel, not to mention a skunk, emits a much stronger because more abundant odor on becoming angry; at certain seasons of the year the flesh of goats and of some deer is unfit to eat on account of its disagreeable odor; in the winter the flesh of the Canada grouse becomes redolent of the spruce, and similarly the body of the white hare is strongly tainted with the cedar that forms its winter food; dogs in ill health become malodorous; so does the human breath, etc., etc. But notice that all of these proofs are the evidence of the feeble human nose—it must always be remembered that the nose of the wild animal is inconceivably more acute; if we say 100 times as keen, we have an approximate idea of their relative powers.

As proofs of the effect of the changing odor among the animals themselves: A male animal will pass unheeded the body scent of a female at one time, and at another, when she is seeking a mate, the changed odor sets him in a state of excitement at once; and this is true of all the mammalia, while in the insect world even more extraordinary things are told. There is a record of a Cecropia moth having flown thirty miles in one night, attracted by the odor of an imprisoned female. Similar records with lesser distances are common. It seems incontestable, therefore, that the body scent of an animal varies with its changing conditions and emotions; the only question is as to the extent of this variation. And it is quite certain that the other individuals of the species can recognize these changes, so that it becomes a most important means of intercommunication.

In many species additional effect is given to the body scent by the development of special glands which secrete a strong odor. These glands are usually situated in a part that is habitually brought in contact with the ground or the vegetation. Thus, in a musk-deer they are on the side of the belly; in the peccary on the back; in the deer on the tarsus, between the toes, and in the lachrymal fossa. In some animals, however, the contact with the ground is secured in a different way. The glands are situated within the anal and preputial orifices, so that the natural excretions *in transitu* bear with them the taint which reveals so much to the next passer-by of the same species. Now in order that this second animal may find the depot of intelligence quickly, it is necessary that his discovery of the place be not left to chance, and incredible as it may seem at first blush, there is abundant proof that the whole of a region inhabited by wolves is laid out in signal stations or intelligence depots. Usually there is one at each mile or less, varying much with the nature of the ground. The marks of these depots or odor posts are various; a stone, a tree, a bush, a buffalo skull, a post, a mound, or any similar object serves, provided only that it be conspicuous on account of its color or position; usually it is more or less isolated or else prominent by being at the crossing of two trails.

Now a man returning to town goes at once to his hotel or club, glances over the last three or four names on the register, adds his own, then makes a more thorough inspection. And the behavior of an animal arrived at an odor post is precisely the same. It approaches, hastily sniffs the post, adds its own odor, then makes a more thorough investigation. The attention dogs pay to lamp posts in town is sufficiently known; it is precisely the same habit, a trifle over-developed through idleness, etc., but it will serve to illustrate. I have many times seen a dog approach the post, sniff, then growl, register, growl again, and with bristling mane and glowing eyes scratch fiercely with his hindfeet and walk off very stiffly, glancing back from time to time. Again, it is common to see a dog, after the preliminaries, become keenly interested, trot about the vicinity, and come again and again to make his own record more evident. At other times one sees the animal, suddenly aroused by the news, take up a recent trail or fly to the next signal post, and so continue in pursuit of whatever it was that it scented.

Wolves do precisely the same, but I believe they carry it to a higher pitch, and there can be no doubt that a newly arrived wolf is instantly aware of the visit that has recently been paid to the signal post by a personal friend or foe—by a female in search of a mate; a young or old, sick or well, hungry, hunted or gorged beast, as well as the direction whence he came and whither he went, with all the additional information that a very small faculty of logic would deduce from this. How much more than this he learns, or whether he can again convey the intelligence to the next post, I know not. It seems to me not impossible that, as his own state of mind in a measure modifies his body scent, the effect on him of news obtained at post No. 1 will be recorded by himself to some extent at post No. 2. In any case we are safe to believe that these animals, with their wondrous power of scent, can do far more in this way than we at present suspect.

ERNEST SETON THOMPSON.

A GIANT MOOSE.

MR. W. W. HART, of 5 West Third street, has recently received from Alaska a moose head which in size exceeds any head that we have ever seen. In spread of antlers, breadth of palm and length of prong it seems more nearly suggestive of the head of the fossil Irish elk than any recent head that has come under our notice. The antlers are not of the wide-spreading type, for the horns, starting at right angles to the axis of the skull on rather light shafts, soon turn backward almost at right angles, so that the long diameter of the palm is inclined only at a small angle with the axis of the skull.

The skull has been split for ease in transportation, but fitting the two halves together, the spread of the antlers is 70½in. The length of the right horn, measured from the brow antler to the most distant prong of the palm on the posterior side of the horn, is 55½in.; the length of the palm, measured along the curve, is 41in., and a straight line drawn from the burr to the most distant point of the palm is 40in. The circumference of the shaft of the right antler at 3in. from the burr is 7½in. The width of the palm, measured along its posterior side following the curve, is 43in. The great size of the palms makes the shafts of the horn just outside the burr seem very small. We believe that we have seen many horns of the elk (*Cervus canadensis*) which were heavier at this point.

This moose is said to come from Alaska. Not very much is known about its history, but the locality is given as thirty miles back from Cook Inlet. It is stated that the animal measures 8½ft. at the shoulder; but this, of course, is a mere hunter's statement, and very likely a guess. The teeth of the animal show that it was old, but by no means past the prime of life. The incisors have been mutilated so that nothing can be said of them except that they were all present. The molars are worn by many years' use, but by no means show great age.

It is understood that this head will be exhibited at the Sportsmen's Exposition, where Mr. Hart advises us that he will have an exhibit showing much good work.

The Woodcock's Whistle again.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having read in FOREST AND STREAM, dated Oct. 17, 1896, Mr. W. H. Harris's explanation of how a woodcock produced that whistle, there is no doubt that almost every sportsman who has had much cock shooting agrees that the whistle is one of the special attractions of hunting this fine game bird; and almost every sportsman that I have hunted cocks with has queried as to how that whistle was produced.

Having hunted woodcocks and grouse some six seasons in Nova Scotia, I have had woodcocks retrieved and caught in all stages of disabled conditions, and I thought that I had thoroughly proved to myself how the woodcock produced the whistle. It is so different from what Mr. Harris has described that I would like to give my version of the case.

Every time I broke the tip of a cock's wing and it fell on smooth ground it would spread its tail, droop its wings, point its beak downward, and walk along just like a gobbler, and when approached would jump off the ground and try to fly, giving a plaintive quack when jumping from the ground and trying to fly.

I could never associate this quacky, plaintive note with the whistle until one day I shot at a cock, and not finding the bird where I expected, I thought I had missed; while the dog was seeking in the grass, I heard what I thought was a faint whistle, as if a woodcock had flushed, and on hearing it the second time I went carefully over and found the cock so disabled that it could by the use of its legs and wings rise about 4ft. off the ground and fly 10 or 15ft. and come to the ground again, each time giving the regular whistle in a very low key.

I kept my dog back and watched the bird carefully and tried to learn how the whistle was produced, and found when the bird got into any long grass or tangled brush so it did not have a chance to jump and use its wings to good advantage, it only got about 1ft. off the ground and then there was no whistle, just that little sound as that given by a bird with a broken wing.

The above circumstance convinced me that the whistle was produced in this way: The woodcock, when startled so as to make it take to wing, gives that low, plaintive quack (as described in the case of a bird with a broken wing); when it jumps and takes to wing at the same time the force of using its wings with great vigor vibrates the whole body and tends to intensify any sound that might be produced at that moment in a very marked degree, thereby producing the whistle.

I do not believe that a woodcock can whistle with its wings, as described by Mr. W. H. Harris, and I think if he had placed his thumb and finger over the cock's nostrils, at the same time holding the beak closed, there would have been no whistling sound produced.

G. B. HARRIS.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, Jan. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When the editor of our favorite sporting paper said in one of the September issues that if he was not mistaken no one of the many game protective clubs organized within the last twenty years has maintained its active work in the field for that entire period, he certainly forgot the existence of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. It was originally chartered in 1874 as the "Massachusetts Anglers' Association" for "the purpose of securing and enforcing proper restrictions upon the taking and killing of fish, shellfish and bivalves, the promotion of fishculture, and the introduction of new species and varieties of fish, and to disseminate information relating thereto." In 1879 the name was changed to that which it now bears, and game was added to the list of objects which the Association was to foster and protect. Ever since that time the rolls of membership have borne the names of many of the most prominent sportsmen of the State—men who enjoy fishing and shooting for the true sport there is in it and as a needed relaxation from the cares of a business or a professional life. When the occasion called they put their hands deep into their pockets to carry on the work of restocking our game preserves, our ponds and streams, and to aid in the prosecution of cases of violation of the fish and game laws. During the three years from Jan. 19, 1890, the committee on introduction of game procured and released in 134 different lots and in sixty-two different places about 3,000 game birds, including pinnated grouse, sharptail grouse, Bob White (quail), Oregon mountain quail, Rocky Mountain quail and Northern hares. Many cases of violations of the fish and game laws have been investigated by the proper committees, evidence collected to be used by the State Commission, by the district police, or by special officers acting under the State Commission and paid by the Association. And to-day the society is in fine condition, with a good membership of devoted men, funds in the treasury, and a determination to continue in the good work. So you see, Mr. Editor, the Massachusetts Association is to be taken out from the list of those you speak of in the article of Sept. 12, 1896. On second thought, it can't be taken out, for it was never in it.

I have been led to write the foregoing anent the 24th annual meeting of the Association, which was held last evening at the Copley Square Hotel. There was a good attendance. Mr. B. C. Clark, the president, occupied the chair. Messrs. C. A. Litchfield, Charles H. Cole and Fletcher Pope were elected to membership, and half a dozen proposals were read and referred to the membership committee. The report of the secretary-treasurer showed the receipts for the year to have been $1,940.36, and the expenditures $1,684 67; one-half of the balance has been added to the permanent invested fund, making that fund $2,550.34. Secretary Kimball also reported upon several cases where information had been furnished of violations of the game laws, which, with the aid of the district police, had been successfully prosecuted. Dr. Heber Bishop, on behalf of the committee on annual dinner, reported progress. The affair will take place at the Copley Square Hotel Saturday evening, Jan. 30. Among those who have accepted invitations to be present are Gov. Wolcott, Collector Warren, Rev. Dr. Horton, Judge Edgar Aldrich and Attorney-General Knowlton, from which it will be seen that the after-dinner speaking will be of a high order. Tom Henry's orchestra will furnish music, and the committee on hall decorations will make a fine display of fish and game pictures and the taxidermist's art.

While the committee were counting the votes for the new officers, President Clark took occasion to thank the members for their cordial support during the year, and said he had declined a third term not from lack of interest in the good cause, but because of other duties pressing upon him. The following officers were then declared elected:

President, Horace T. Rockwell; Vice-Presidents, Geo. W. Wiggins, C. J. H. Woodbury, Robt. S. Gray, Benjamin C. Clark, Heber Bishop, J. R. Reed, Loring Crocker; Treasurer and Secretary, Henry H. Kimball; Librarian and Curator, Edward W. Branigan. Executive Committee: Dr. J. T. Stetson, Dr. A. R. Brown, Dr. W. G. Kendall, Charles G. Gibson, W. C. Prescott, Rollin Jones, Charles A. Allen, Sidney Chase, Charles Stewart, Wm. B. Smart, Edward E. Small, William Almy. Membership Committee: Arthur W. Robinson, W. B. Hastings, Thos. H. Hall. Fund Committee: Warren Hapgood, George O. Sears, Edward J. Brown.

Col. Rockwell, on taking the chair, thanked the members for the compliment paid him, and pledged his best efforts to carry on the work of the Association on the lines already laid down; its methods had been tried and proved, and there was no call for any new departure. Col. Rockwell is one of our best known citizens, was one of the original members of the Association, and has served many years upon the governing board in various capacities. He is what may be justly called an all-round sportsman for the sake of sport. With a few friends, he has an elegant camp—the Elderton Lodge—at the Rangeleys, and in the days of long-range rifle shooting he was one of the most expert shots in the country, and a member of the American team which won many matches in England in 1880. The interests of the Association will be entirely safe in his hands. It will be seen that Mr. Clark has a place on the board of government, which is a matter for congratulation to all.

WM. B. SMART.

The Michigan Ducking Law.

LANSING, Mich., Jan. 16.—Representative Bryan, of the State Legislature, has introduced a bill prohibiting the shooting of ducks from steam or naphtha launches in any of the waters in this State. Many of our inland lakes would afford good duck shooting during the fall if it were not that the ducks have been burned out by shooting from steam launches.

JULIAN.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was held in the assembly room of Yates House, in Syracuse, Thursday, Jan. 14. There was a good attendance, although not quite as large as last year. Great interest was manifested in the proceedings and the discussions were spirited at times, but the utmost good feeling prevailed throughout. It was apparent that the desire and aim of the convention was to conform to the wishes of the majority of the true sportsmen of the State, but there was also a disposition to show due consideration to the minority in all cases where opinions differed, and to make concessions thereto, when possible and consistent with the interests of protection. The different organizations represented and their delegates were as follows:

Anglers' Association of Onondaga—D. H. Bruce, Arthur Jenkins, W. S. McGregor, L. S. Morgan, Henry Loftie, Amos Padgham, C. H. Mowry.
Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River—G. M. Skinner, W H. Thompson, A. C. Cornwall, G. H. Strough.
Auburn Gun Club—George R. Peck, Charles Curtis, J. E. Brigden.
Black River Fish and Game Protective Association, Utica—W. E. Wolcott.
Canandaigua Rod and Gun Club—Dr. C. T. Mitchell, G. A. McGreevy, C. B. Lapham.
Central New York Fish and Game Protective Association, Seneca Falls—W. S. Gavitt, E. G. Gould, A. M. Schermerhorn
Erie County Fish and Game Protective Association, Buffalo—L. P. Beyer, P. S. Lansdowne.
Genesee Valley P otective and Propagating Fish and Game Association, Rochester—F. J. Amsden.
Honeoye Falls Anglers' Association—A. Mather.
New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, New York City—Robert B. Lawrence, George O. Shields.
Niagara County Anglers' Association, Lockport—W. E Hueston, H. K. Wicker.
Oswego and Jefferson County Fish and Game Protective Association, Lacona—William Jay Stevens, H. S. Barker.
Spencer Sportsmen's Club, Lyons—Henry Killick.
Steuben County Fish and Game Protective Association, Bath—Z. L. Parker, Dr. G. G. McNitt.
Assistant Chief Game Protector Mannistee Wertz, of Oswego; Protector Carver, of Wayne county; and Fred D. Divine, of Utica, were also present.

President Frank J. Amsden, of Rochester, in his address expressed the pleasure it afforded him to meet the representatives of the various organizations, and said that during the past year a decided change for the better had been noticed throughout the State in regard to the enforcement of the game laws. The experience at Albany was about the same as the year previous. There was a flood of bills both bad and good, but through the efforts of the representatives of the State Association very few of the bad bills were allowed to go through, and some of the good ones were successful. "The only thing we regretted," continued the speaker, "was the failure to repeal Section 249, but it was found impossible to stem the weight of influence behind it. The treatment accorded the representatives of this Association was gratifying, and the result of our work in Albany showed the benefits of organization. From observation and inquiry from different clubs throughout the State, I find that the enforcement of the law has been better during the past year than ever before. I think the protectors are a fine body of men, but there ought to be twice as many of them. No one seems to know how the proposed forestry amendment came to be passed by the Legislature last year, and submitted to the people. Fortunately this Association learned of it in time, and a letter against it was issued. The people came to the front and buried the proposition. I think this is one of the most encouraging things in the interests of forest and game protection that has ever occurred. There is a strong feeling in favor of much closer protection for deer. The subject of netting in our inland waters has also become a burning one. The trouble is that the privilege of netting food fish has been abused, and there are not protectors enough to prevent it. The feeling is that licensed netting should be done away with. There is a strong feeling that the laws should be uniform, and the seasons for shooting contracted to prevent the utter extermination of game. The work done on the St. Lawrence River has been very good."

The following committee on nomination of officers was appointed by the chair: Gen. D. H. Bruce, R. B. Lawrence, Aaron Mather.

The balance of the forenoon and a good share of the afternoon were devoted to the consideration of the report of the law committee on proposed amendments to the game code, which had been submitted by different organizations. The report was presented by Chairman Cornelius W. Smith, of Syracuse, and each proposed change was acted upon separately. Mr. Smith's associates on the committee were: Elon R. Brown, Watertown; Charles B. Lapham, Canandaigua; Howard H. Widener, Rochester; Z. L. Parker, Bath. The Association manifested its appreciation of the valuable services rendered by Chairman Smith and the other members of the committee by a unanimous vote of thanks. It was decided to recommend the following amendments to the game laws:

Deer Season.—Section 40 to be amended so as to make the open season from Sept. 1 to Nov. 1, instead of from Aug. 16 to Oct. 31, both inclusive, as it now provides. Also to prohibit the killing of deer between the hours of 8 P. M. and 6 A. M.

Venison.—Section 41 to be amended to correspond with the preceding section, limiting the time for the possession of venison to the open season and ten days after its close.

Floating, Jacking.—Section 43, which now permits the use of jacklights in hunting deer from Sept. 1 to 15 inclusive, to be amended so as to prohibit jacking or floating for deer.

Hounding.—Section 44, which now permits the use of dogs in hunting deer from Oct. 1 to 15 inclusive, to be amended so as to prohibit hounding.

Squirrels, Hares and Rabbits.—Section 49, which now permits the killing of black and gray squirrels, hares and rabbits, from Oct. 15 to Feb. 15 inclusive, to be amended so as to make the open season for squirrels from Sept. 15 to Dec. 31, and for hares and rabbits from Oct. 15 to Feb. 15. Also to remove the prohibition in regard to the use of ferrets.

Beaver, Muskrats, Mink.—Section 50, which makes the killing of beaver illegal, to be amended by the addition of a clause prohibiting the killing of muskrats and mink from May 1 to Jan. 1. Also making it illegal to break into the houses of muskrats. A reservation is made, however, of the right to kill muskrats to prevent injury to dams, etc. Traps and snares set in close season can be destroyed by anyone.

Web-footed Wildfowl.—Section 70, which provides that web-footed wildfowl, except geese and brant, shall not be pursued, shot at, killed, possessed or sold between the last day of April and the first day of September, to be amended so that geese and brant will not be excepted from the provision. It was also decided to make the close season begin April 1 and end Sept. 1. In section 71, relating to wildfowl, it was deemed wise to strike out the words "brought to shore."

Woodcock and Ruffed Grouse.—Section 74, which now permits the killing of woodcock and ruffed grouse from Aug. 16 to Dec. 31, to be amended so as to make the open season from Sept. 15 to Dec. 31.

Woodcock, Quail and Ruffed Grouse, when not to be Transported.—Sec. 76, which prohibits the transportation of woodcock, quail and ruffed grouse unless accompanied by the owner, to be amended so as to provide that no person shall transport more than twelve of these birds at one time.

Wild Birds Protected.—Sec. 78, which provides that wild birds shall not be killed or caught at any time, or possessed after the same are dead, to be amended so that they cannot be possessed whether living or dead.

Salmon Trout.—Sec. 108, which makes the open season for salmon trout from May 30 to Sept. 30, to be amended so as to make the season commence April 1, closing at the same time it does now.

Black Bass.—Sec. 110 to be amended so as to provide that no black bass shall be caught from their spawning beds knowingly. Sec. 111, which prohibits the catching of black bass less than 8in. in length, to be amended so as to make the minimum legal length 9in.

Sec. 121.—Amended by providing a close season for striped bass in Hudson River during April and May, the spawning season.

Sec. 132, which now reads: "No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed in any manner or by any device except angling, in the waters of Lake Erie, within one-half of a mile of the shores thereof, or of any of the islands therein; nor in the Cattaraugus Creek, or within five miles of the mouth thereof, or of any island therein; nor in Lake Ontario, within one mile of the shore, or of any island therein; nor within three miles of the mouth of the Niagara River; the waters of Lake Ontario in the county of Jefferson included between Blue Rock Point in the town of Brownville and the town line between the towns of Lyme and Cape Vincent, including Chaumont Bay, Griffin Bay and



FRANK J. AMSDEN.
The outgoing President.

Three-Mile Bay, in the county of Oswego, between the northerly line of the town of Mexico and Jefferson county line, are hereby exempt from the provisions of this act." * * * to be amended so as to prohibit all netting except one mile from shore, in Lake Ontario and all of its bays, in the Niagara River or within three miles from its mouth, or in Lake Erie within one mile from the shore, or within three miles of the Horseshoe Reef Lighthouse.

Meshes of Nets.—Sec. 134, which provides that the meshes of nets used in Lake Erie and Lake Ontario and the Cattaraugus Creek shall not be less than 1¼in. bar, to be amended so as to make the minimum legal size for Niagara River 2in. bar and 4in. mesh.

Fishing Through the Ice.—Sec. 141, which permits fishing for certain fish through the ice in specified waters, to be amended so as to eliminate clauses which permit the spearing of fish, especially as relating to Oneida Lake.

Minnows for Bait.—Sec. 145 to be amended so as to make the legal length of minnow nets not over 25ft. and depth 4ft. Also requiring that all bass, pike, wall-eyed pike or maskallonge caught in minnow nets to be put back.

Nets.—Sections 149 and 151, which provide for the taking of frost



ROBERT B. LAWRENCE.
The outgoing Vice-President.

fish and whitefish from the waters of Otsego Lake and from inland lakes not inhabited by brook trout, during such times as the Commissioners may stipulate, and for the licensing of nets used for this purpose. Both sections to be repealed.

Section 102 to be amended by erasing in line 4 "inland" before "waters;" and in line 3 after "possession" insert "except for transportation, sale or legitimate purposes."

Sale of Game.—Section 249, which permits the sale of game the year round, it was decided should be repealed.

Pickerel.—Section 325 to be amended so as to provide that no pickerel less than 18in. in length shall be taken in the St. Lawrence River.

The convention also voted in favor of making the following additions to the game laws:

1. *To prohibit the sale* of speckled trout, grouse or woodcock killed in this State.
2. To increase the force of State game protectors from thirty-five to sixty.
3. *To give protectors power* to examine any boat, vehicle, car or carriage of any angler or hunter, or person or corporation transporting fish or game, or any box, locker, crate, basket or other package therein or in his possession, for the purpose of ascertaining whether any provision of law has been violated.
4. *To establish a system of bounties* to be paid to private individuals who may take nets in illegal use, graded according to the kind of net; each person to take such net before a justice, sheriff, deputy sheriff, supervisor or two taxpayers, destroy it in his presence, obtain from him a certificate of such destruction, and receive the bounty upon production of the certificate to the county treasurer. Also to provide that any person who may so destroy nets shall have the rights of a protector, and the immunity from damage, and protection from suit, the same as provided in Section 32.

W. E. Wolcott, of Utica, addressed the convention on the subject of forest protection and read an original poem. He said:

I desire very briefly to call the attention of this convention to the lamentable state of affairs which exists in the Adirondack wilderness. Lovers of forest life are both saddened and alarmed at the manner in which lumbering is being carried on in that region. During the past few years strenuous efforts have been put forth by friends of the forest to check the work of devastation which has so long been in progress there, but the march of the lumberman still continues unhindered.

It was confidently hoped for a time that the acquisition of vast tracts of land by clubs for fish and game preserves would have a wholesome effect in retarding the cutting of timber, but experience has taught the lesson that little dependence can be placed on such sources for protection. Some of the most destructive lumbering in the wilderness has been conducted within the limits of one of the largest preserves, and miles of dead timber caused by damming streams and flooding the land, and thousands of acres almost entirely denuded of soft wood, traversed by wide wagon roads and littered with brush heaps and fallen tree tops, now mar the beauty of localities which were for years eagerly sought by hunters, anglers and tourists. Perhaps nowhere is the havoc lately wrought by the lumbermen more noticeable than about the headwaters of the West Canada Creek and Black River, and this is particularly unfortunate from the fact that the latter stream forms one of the main water supplies for the canals of the State.

The Adirondacks have no enduring subterranean springs, for there is no water-bearing stratum of rocks in that region, and no water is found there save that which first falls from the clouds. The soil is light and spongy, being composed of decayed and decaying vegetable matter, a mass which is the product of untold ages. When sheltered by the trees it acts as a vast storage reservoir for the temporary retention and gradual distribution of rains and melted snows, thus equalizing the supply of water in the lakes and streams. But if the forest is removed the soil will quickly dry up and burn like tinder when fire reaches it, or wash away in the rainy season, leaving only the bare rocks or equally barren quartiferous sands. The destruction of the trees means the loss of the soil, and this just as certainly means dry water courses in the summer and disastrous floods in spring and fall. It is poor economy for the State to expend large sums for constructing and maintaining reservoirs and then allow the timber to be removed from the watersheds.

It has come to be a matter of common knowledge that the Adirondack forests are essential to the welfare of the whole people. It has required many years to learn this truth, but that it is now clearly recognized was made apparent in November, when the electors of this State buried a proposed constitutional amendment which meant destruction to the forests under an adverse majority of more than half a million. This action speaks louder than words, and the import seems to be that it is the will of the people that the State should not only retain intact all its present Adirondack holdings, but should continue to purchase additional lands there as rapidly as possible. There is every reason for believing that the same spirit of enterprise and appreciation of public needs which caused the seal of approval to be placed on the proposition to expend millions of dollars in canal improvements would sanction one to purchase woodlands on the watersheds of the State reservoirs which serve as feeders for the canals.

In spite of all that has been said and written of the evils sure to follow if the forests are destroyed, and notwithstanding the efforts made in the interests of protection, the axe and saw of the lumberman are as busy as ever. Of course, lumbering is a legitimate business, but the facts mentioned suggested the following lines as picturing (in case he felt called upon to address the public) what might be:

The Lumberman's Request.

In Adirondack wilds I stand,
With steadfast aim to clear the land.
Buy up the woods, do what you please,
But don't prevent my cutting trees.

I want to chop and saw and hack
The hemlock, spruce and tamarack.
Close canals' locks and lose the keys,
But don't prevent my cutting trees.

I want the balsam, pine and ash;
The maple, beech and birch I'll slash.
Take all the waste land by degrees,
But don't prevent my cutting trees.

Make all the woods a public park;
Make every tourist toe the mark;
Make them obey your wise decrees,
But don't prevent my cutting trees.

Hunters may miss the noble game
That now rewards their steady aim.
Let them lament on bended knees,
But don't prevent my cutting trees.

Anglers may miss the speckled trout
When springs and streams alike give out.
Let them complain and make their pleas,
But don't prevent my cutting trees.

Lakes may vanish, brooks run dry,
Bare rocks and brush heaps greet the eye.
Crops may fail, plagues the people seize,
But don't prevent my cutting trees.

Flood your cities and drown them out.
What care I what thus comes about?
Sweep mills and dwellings to the seas,
But don't prevent my cutting trees.

Droughts, famine, cyclones, lightning, hail,
May each their greatest harm entail.
Let climate change, mercury freeze,
But don't prevent my cutting trees.

Let forest fires with fury rage,
All elements a battle wage.
Let the dire havoc bring disease,
But don't prevent my cutting trees.

The woods are priceless to the State,
'Tis well to see this ere too late.
Think these things over at your ease,
But don't prevent my cutting trees.

After the hearty applause with which the above was received had subsided, Mr. Wolcott offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game hereby signifies its cordial approval of past legislative enactments which have enabled the State to obtain title to Adirondack lands, establish a forest preserve and protect the timber thereon. It strongly urges the Senate and Assembly to take such further action along this line as in their judgment may be most expedient, with a view to the ultimate acquirement of the whole wilderness region. It is our belief that in the future purchase of lands in the Adirondacks special efforts should be made to secure title to the watersheds of the State reservoirs.

G. H. Strough, of Clayton, offered the following, which was adopted by a rising vote:

Resolved, That as the representatives of a large majority of the various associations in the State of New York for the propagation of food and game fish, and for the protection of fish and game, we are in favor of the establishment of parks and pleasure resorts in such places in our State as nature has favored and made desirable for such purposes; and

Resolved, That we cordially approve of the efforts made and now being continued to establish an international park on the St. Lawrence River, and that we join in the request to have our national government suspend the enforcement of our foreign contract labor law as to oarsmen or guides on the St. Lawrence River.

On motion of Gen. Bruce the secretary was instructed to send copies of these resolutions to the different members of Congress in this State.

R. B. Lawrence, of New York, addressed the convention in regard to Section 249 of the game laws, and stated the result of a conference which a committee from the New York city Association had had with marketmen concerning it. Under certain conditions the latter would consent to the repeal of the law. Mr. Lawrence explained what the marketmen wanted. This included making the open season for quail from Oct. 1 to Dec. 31, possession to be allowed until March 1; the killing and possession of wildfowl to be allowed from Sept. 1 to April 1; the possession of grouse, woodcock and venison to be allowed until March 1; dealing in and possession of bay birds to be allowed the entire year.

The convention decided to endeavor to have Section 249 repealed without indorsing the changes referred to.

Assistant Chief Protector Mannistee Wertz and Protector Carver spoke briefly concerning the work of the State force.

William A. Butler, of Syracuse, read two articles from the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to deer hounding.

A report from the Niagara County Anglers' Club, setting forth the good work accomplished during the year, was read.

The auditing committee reported that the receipts for the past year amounted to $150; disbursements, $73.10; balance on hand, $76 90.

The nominating committee reported in favor of the following officers for the ensuing year, and the same were duly elected: President, W. S. Gavitt, Lyons; Vice-President, George H. Strough, Clayton; Secretary, E G. Gould, Seneca Falls; Treasurer, A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay.

Mr. Amsden thanked the members of the Association for the cordial support accorded him during the year, and introduced the new president. Mr. Gavitt, in assuming the duties of that office, thanked the Association for the honor conferred. He said he was proud of the Association and the work already accomplished. He was sure there was a growing sentiment in favor of protection. He believed the Association should stand by its action in opposing the section permitting the sale of game the year around. He was in favor of a uniform season for game, and believed the resolution regarding nets was in the right direction. The game law should be advertised. He said he would appoint the legislative and auditing committees in a few days.

George R. Peck, of Auburn, said he would like to have the State do something toward the propagation of game, and after some discussion a resolution was adopted to this effect: That the officers of this Association at once serve upon the State Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests suggestions and measures for the establishment of a State hatchery for all game and game birds that can be propagated.

While this subject was under discussion it was stated by different members that Mongolian pheasants had been successfully propagated in the western part of the State and in the Catskills. Charles Curtis said he had kept a ruffed grouse in confinement a year, and believed these birds could be propagated under proper conditions.

Messrs. Lapham, Bierhardt and Peck were appointed to arrange for the printing of the by-laws, and the legislative committee was directed to see if the Association was incorporated, and if not, to have it incorporated. Adjourned.

The .30-30 Shells.

KANSAS CITY, Kan., Dec. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to know the experiences of some of the shooters of the .30-30 smokeless rifle cartridge in regard to the cartridge case breaking at the neck when fired. In two of the rifles of this city the shells break off at the neck, leaving the small neck in the barrel, preventing another cartride from entering the barrel.

It is very trying to have a large buck running straight ahead in the open for 300yds. and then have a rifle in his hands that can't be used, as was the experience of one of the party using a .30 30.

The rifle is one of the most powerful and accurate arms made. Three deer killed with this rifle were dropped in their tracks, and prairie dogs were hardly recognizable after being shot with this rifle, they being torn in shreds.

H. M. C.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB MEETING.

THE tenth annual meeting of the Boone and Crockett Club was held on Saturday, Jan. 16, at the Metropolitan Club, in this city. Among those present were: Messrs. Theo. Roosevelt, W. A. Wadsworth, Winthrop Chanler, George Bird Grinnell, Owen Wister, Charles E. Whitehead, W. B. Devereux, Lewis R. Morris, John L. Cadwalader, James S. Watson, Elihu Root, C. Hart Merriam, C. Grant La Farge, Madison Grant, William Lord Smith, W. A. Chanler, Royal Phelps Carroll, Caspar Whitney, De Forest Grant, H. C Pierce, D. M. Barringer, R. H. M. Ferguson, W. Milne Grinnell, Lewis S Thompson, Frank Edwards, James T. Gardner, Albert Berstadt, Thomas Paton, J. E Roosevelt, J. J. Pierrepont, J. L. Seward, H. N Munn, Henry L. Stimson, Walter B. James, S. D. Warren, Frank Lyman, Alden Sampson, John Rogers, Jr., W. K. Draper, F. S. Billings, H. C de Rham, Alexander Lambert and J. Walter Wood, Jr.

The guests of the evening were: Mr. A. P. Low, of the Canadian Geological Survey; Mr. Charles A. Dana, Prof. Henry S. Osborn, E E. S. Thompson, Hon. Wm. Carey Sanger and Gifford Pinchot.

Owing to the death of Gen. Bristow, its president, it was necessary to elect a chairman for this meeting who should preside at the dinner, and Hon. Theodore Roosevelt was chosen.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The report of the treasurer showed a comfortable financial condition for the club.

The report of the secretary dealt largely with the work which the club has done and hopes to do, and showed that the efforts made by the club looking toward securing legislation prohibiting the unsportsmanlike and destructive methods of hunting deer allowed under the laws of New York in the Adirondack region have been in some degree successful, and that a greater measure of success is hoped for during the coming year. Whatever has been accomplished is due very largely to the efforts of the Hon. William Carey Sanger, who is now a member of the club. Attention was called again, as it has been before, to the wide territory over which the small membership of the club is spread, and this very fact seems to imply great possibilities for the influence of the Association. The plan adopted this year for the first time, of having read before the club a formal paper, such as will be worthy of permanent record, would seem to make the meetings of the club more representative of its purposes. It was recommended that the club should take a more positive stand in regard to the manner of pursuit of our large game animals, and that every effort should be made to discourage improper practices in connection with big-game hunting.

Following the report of the secretary, which was accepted, that officer read some correspondence from members and other persons in the West advocating the enlargement on the south of the Yellowstone National Park, and a committee to consider this question and to take such action in the matter as might seem necessary was appointed, its members being Howard Melville Hanna, George Bird Grinnell and W. Hallett Phillips.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt reported for the editorial committee, urging members to send in material for the next volume of the club's publication and indicating what the character of such material should be.

Mr. Madison Grant reported for the committee on game legislation. In the New York Legislature of 1896, Senator Malby introduced bills in the Senate to stop the hounding and jacking of deer. These bills passed the Senate without amendment, but in the Assembly, notwithstanding the efforts of Mr. Sanger, the bills were altered and became law. This new law reduces the time for hounding from one month to two weeks, and the time for jacking from ten weeks to two weeks, a substantial gain.

The election of officers followed, with this result: President, W. A. Wadsworth; Vice-Presidents: Chas. F Deering, of Illinois; W. B. Devereux, of Colorado; Howard Melville Hanna, of Ohio; Wm. D. Pickett, of Wyoming; Secretary and Treasurer, C. Grant La Farge; Executive Committee: Winthrop Chanler, L. R. Morris, A. Rogers, H. L. Stimson and Madison Grant; Editorial Committee: George Bird Grinnell and Theo. Roosevelt.

It was resolved that the chairman should appoint a committee, to consist of the chairman of the executive committee, the secretary and three others, who should revise the constitution and report to the executive committee, and that the executive committee be empowered to approve such revision, and that the business of the club should be conducted thereunder pending the ratification of the committee's action by the club at its next general meeting.

Mr. Henry L. Stimson introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Boone and Crockett Club condemns the use of steel traps and the killing of game while helpless in water or deep snow as cruel and most unsportsmanlike. And in view of the rapid decrease in the game of this continent, the club regards the making of large "bags" and the killing of females of any species of horned game as selfish and objectionable practices inconsistent with the objects of of the club.

Resolved further, That the committee on the revision of the constitution be and the same hereby is empowered to incorporate the substance of this resolution in the Constitution and By-laws of the club in such form as it may see fit.

A resolution commemorative of Gen. Benjamin H. Bristow, its late president, and alluding to his services to the country and to the club, was passed.

After the adjournment of the business meeting the club dinner was held, and this was followed by the reading of an extremely interesting paper by Mr. A. P. Low, of the Canadian Geological Survey. Mr. Low has spent a number of years in exploring the Peninsula of Labrador, and the present paper, which was illustrated by lantern slides, dealt with this almost unknown territory.

Few people realize that this peninsula is about 1,000 miles in length and has about the same width at its southern end. It is roughly triangular in shape, and contains about 550,000 square miles. Its temperature ranges from north temperate in the south to arctic in the north, a considerable portion of it being absolutely without timber. Mr. Low's paper dealt with the physical characteristics of the country, its inhabitants, and its quadrupeds, birds and fish. From it we learn that the moose is hardly found in the peninsula, but that both woodland and barren ground caribou occur there in very considerable numbers. The black bear is abundant in the southern part, while the polar bear occurs on the northwest coast and on islands in the Hudson's Bay. The wolf is extremely scarce. There are some fur-bearing animals, and foxes are extremely abundant in some places, the common fox in the south and the arctic fox in the north. The proportion of black foxes found is unusually large. Waterfowl are not abundant in Labrador, but are most so on the shores of Hudson's Bay, and especially on the rocky islets of that water. Broods of geese, however, are found in almost all the little lakes which dot the interior. There are some wading birds found along the shores of Hudson's Bay. Five species of grouse—the ruffed, the spruce, the sharptail, the willow ptarmigan and rock ptarmigan—are found there; the sharptail grouse occurring on the shore of James Bay. The occurrence of the last-named species in Labrador will be news to many ornithologists.

Mr. Low's very interesting paper was listened to with the closest attention, and at its close a vote of thanks was passed by the club for the entertainment he had given them.

Mr. Thompson was called on to speak about the wolf, of which he has made a special study. His remarks were of very great interest and were very warmly received. They are printed elsewhere in this issue.

The meeting broke up at a late hour.

OREGON NOTES.

KLA-HÓW-YA, Podgers! Kár-ta-mi-ka, Podgers? Glad to see you home again in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. Of course you grow a little at us fellows once in a while, but then I suppose that it is all for the best, for it is the fear of the "Commentaries" that limits the length and breadth of some of our hunting and fishing yarns. However, let us trust that you will be as liberal as Mark Twain was in the matter of limits. You know that he believed in having a limit to everything, even to smoking. "Limit yourself to ten cigars a day, and if you find that ten isn't enough, why, raise the limit." By the way, I wonder if Fred Mather has ever fished with Podgers? If not, it would please the boys mightily if he would take a day off with him and then write him up.

Speaking of fishing, there is just now a great run of salmon trout in the Columbia and its tributaries. Possibly it may be a surprise to many Eastern anglers to know that there is no more gamy trout than the salmon trout. They dearly love salmon eggs, of course, but I have taken them at all seasons of the year on the fly, and let me assure my angling friends that a couple of two-pounders hitched to a 6oz split-bamboo make things very interesting. They take the fly as greedily as do the rainbow, Dolly Varden or black-spotted trout, and fight just as long and hard as either.

And again, speaking of fish, that report of the New York Fish Commission with its sixteen colored lithograph plates of fishes must be a magnificent work. I am truly glad that it fell to the lot of Dr. Tarleton H. Bean to describe the rainbow trout, and I hope and believe he has done the subject justice. He certainly can. Eastern sportsmen will find it a valuable acquisition to their stock of game fishes.

I see by the columns of FOREST AND STREAM that Judge Cheney has done me the honor of permitting me to say something about the ring-neck or Mongolian pheasant in that report, and has accompanied my remarks with a lithograph plate of the bird drawn by Mr. Sherman F. Denton, artist of the United States Fish Commission. Feeling assured, as I do, that Mr. Denton has done his part far better than I, it is more than probable that neither of us have done the bird full justice, for he is a great, grand, beautiful bird.

Speaking of birds reminds me that the boys have not had the duck shooting in our waters this winter that they had anticipated.

While waiting for ducks the other day down at the Jewett, my old friend, J. Roberts Mead, killed a magnificent bald eagle, and captured without injury (to the bird) a beautiful snowy owl. He presented the latter to the city park and it is doing nicely. Another old sporting friend of mine, Mr. Frank Thorn, made rather a remarkable record on swans recently. He caught two on a lap with his right, killed a third with his left, slipped another shell in and got a fourth before they got out of range. This would be something to be proud of were not the victims swans. For my part, I think the killing of swans should be prohibited by law, and I doubt not Frank will agree with the sentiment.

Our legislative Assembly is again in session, and Editor Reynolds, of *Game Laws in Brief*, has my sympathy. He may rest assured of one thing, however: the aforesaid Assembly will sustain the well-earned reputation of its predecessors and "make confusion worse confounded."

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 12.

New York Game Law.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the article headed "New York Game Protection," signed by 16-Bore, I notice the first sentence, "The non-shipping game law is good as far as it goes, but it does not protect us." It seems as if 16-Bore wanted "us" protected a great deal more than the grouse. I think all he is crying about is that he cannot get twenty or thirty birds a day himself.

I have been in northern New York twice this year with friends who knew the ground thoroughly, and we never any one of us killed more than five birds in one day, because we couldn't find them, though our party included one of the best brush shots in the country, and we had three and sometimes four almost perfect dogs.

If a bounty were placed on foxes in the grouse counties it would help the shooting very much, as we found a great many places where foxes had caught grouse and rabbits.

Col. Sanger's bill is perfect in my estimation, except that Nov. 15 is rather early; for a great many years we would have no open shooting, that is, after the leaves are off, but while he is at it why not put in a clause stopping the sale of game, and then it would be indeed perfect.

R. C. F.

MAINE'S PROTECTIVE MEASURES.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some effective legislation ought to be adopted in the State of Maine to prevent the extermination of moose and caribou. It is the opinion expressed by the best informed hunters and guides there, that not seventy-five bull moose remain in the State. I would like to see a law passed to prevent the killing of any moose for five years, under a penalty of fine and imprisonment. Such a period of exemption from danger would not be too long for needed recuperation.

The newspapers of New England have extended invitations to people everywhere to come to Maine for hunting and fishing, and the railroads now take their passengers to the very hearts of the forest. It has so become possible for a much larger class in our communities than formerly to visit these hunting grounds, for fatigue, delays and expense have been reduced to a minimum. And the peril to the moose has as the consequence been tremendously augmented. The hunters who follow the moose in the snow will pursue him till the last moose or caribou is taken, if they are permitted. These winter hunters bring very little money into the State, and any fair consideration of the subject ought to convince one that the advantages to result from preserving this noble game far outweigh any benefit to be derived from the December visits of the hunters.

It would be the part of discretion to shorten the open time for hunting of all game, partridge included, say to the interval between Sept. 20 and Dec. 1, instead of to the end of December, as it is now established. Even with this additional restriction the protection will probably prove insufficient; and the sportsman who cannot be satisfied with seventy days of hunting should simply be invited to go to some other State for further sport.

If it is possible to pass a law to prevent carrying any firearms into the woods during the close time, it would be more efficient legislation than some adopted in the past. No man carries a gun weighing 7 to 9lbs. at that time unless he intends to use it. It is idle to suggest that he carries it for protection, for there is no animal in the State of Maine of which he need be afraid. Even a bear will attack no man unless first wounded, or unless cubs are molested. The best way to prevent an improper use of the gun is to prohibit its being carried at all during the closed period.

The Legislature would be wise to make more liberal appropriation for the protection of fish and game. There is much work to be done to enforce present laws, and the State owes it to herself that they should not become inoperative or only occasionally operative. Present supplies of game and fish should not be diminished, and the appropriations by the State ought to be sufficient to prevent all fishing through the ice, and to protect trout and salmon on their spawning beds as thoroughly as possible.

D. H. BLANCHARD.

FOXES ON THE EASTERN SHORE.

I CANNOT refrain from saying a word on the subject of fox hunting since seeing our Jersey friend having such nice fun in this the most rational of all amusements. When he hears the hounds even an old plug will break from his stall and go fox hunting, while not one has ever been known to go quail or duck shooting of his own will.

Our country, the Eastern shore, presents perhaps the best advantages for this sport of any to be found. The country is as level as a billiard table; there are no rocks, nor any difficult streams to ford, while the red fox is plentiful and can always be raised if one gets out by 6 or 8 A. M.

Caged foxes afford but poor sport. They seem to get stiff from confinement, which is, however, due more to their efforts while in captivity to escape than it is to being cramped. I have never known a caged fox to hold on longer than three hours and cover more than thirty miles, while in a large majority of cases if the dogs are fleet the chase amounts to no more than a rabbit hunt.

Fox hunting to me is equally interesting whether I study the habits of the fox in evading his pursuers or the sagacity of the dogs in settling highly important questions as to which way reynard has gone. And then the music in worth to me far excels that of Ole Bull and Blind Tom. In fact, everything connected with fox hunting is good matter-of-fact common sense.

To determine on a cold trail which way the fox has gone is a thing that can only be done by a thoroughbred, well-trained hound, and the man is yet to be born who can satisfactorily tell how the hound does it. I recall one hunt in Upshur's Neck, and it was on this occasion that I became so deeply interested in animal sagacity. It was a cold, bleak morning, and already past 6 when we reached Matchapungo Creek shore, where a trail was sure to be found. We had twenty dogs, among which was Ames's dog Ruler. On reaching the usual place of striking a trail, Ruler was seen to raise his bristles, almost burying his nose in the half frozen sand.

"There is a trail," said Ames, but Ruler had not yet made the fact known. When he finally opened the other dogs were attracted, but not one could touch it; not even a whine came from a single one of them. Here the huntsman had an opportunity of selecting the best dog to breed from for nose, a very important matter. The whole party were present, sitting on their horses watching the dog's actions.

The creek shore runs north and south. The dog would go north 100yds. perhaps from where we stood, then south, passing us the same distance; doing this half a dozen times perhaps, and occasionally opening. Not another dog gave utterance yet to a whine. Finally the old fellow had made his prognosis, and slowly sauntered down the creek shore, occasionally opening. Leaving the bleak sand, which the fox had done many hours before, no doubt, Ruler entered a skirt of pine where Turlington's bitch Fury began crying, and on down four or five miles they raised the fox, and caught him in five or six hours. Now this instinct—for it is certainly not an acquirement—is a fit study for learned men, and is an interesting part of the sport.

The fox's habit of retracking himself is a very interesting part of the hunt. This is an admixture of instinct nd sagacity. The fox has never acquired the knowledge ossessed by the rabbit of making a circle and running the rear of the dogs; still the fox has his tricks. On e occasion of a certain hunt I did not get off. The ys, however, raised a fox, and knowing pretty well where I could get to get a sight of the chase, I walked through a woods road half a mile, and after waiting a short time heard the fox breaking brush. Soon it came in view, crossed the road, entered a piece of very open timber, and going 200yds. or so, stopped, turned and to a line retraced his track, coming to where I could get a full view of him; he leaped to the windward of his track and passed on out of my sight. Of course he did not see me.

The dogs soon came up. Having run but about a couple of hours, they were on nettles and drove right on until they reached the end of the track, where the fox had turned. Here they scattered in every direction, and would have lost the day's sport but for old Dick. He was a powerful black and tan, with the best of an English bull dog, and ears that would have half-soled a pair of No. 10 plantation brogans in ante-bellum times. For us this sight was a feast. Old Dick was some half mile behind the pack. He had traveled; he was not there for a frolic; he was there to do his work well. I remained motionless. Dick came up, not trailing to leeward, as dogs generally do, but right down on the very footstep of the fox. He passed on, followed the trail out to where the fox had turned—I pledge my word that he did not go 5ft. beyond—turned and trailed back to where the fox had left his track, and just so far beyond as seemed necessary to detect that something was going on wrong, made a close circuit, picked up the trail and drew the dogs together. The result of his work was a good day's sport and a dead fox.

T. G. ELLIOTT.

KELLER, Va., Jan. 7.

MAINE VS. WISCONSIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Hough has something to say in your issue of Jan. 9 about Maine as compared with "our deer country of Wisconsin" which seems to indicate that he is laboring under a misapprehension regarding the big-game country Down East.

We are willing to let him brag about the size of his town of Chicago, but when it comes to claiming that they have more of a wilderness in Wisconsin than we can produce in the East we rise to expostulate.

Compared with Maine, Wisconsin is a public park, and if I am not mistaken it was Mr. Hough himself who told us of the bicycle trips that have recently been so popular through the pine woods country there. As a matter of fact, there are no large areas in that State or in the upper peninsula of Michigan that are not rendered accessible by railroads or where you cannot go with a team of horses.

The average distance from a railroad station on one line to a similar station on another line is perhaps thirty miles, and nowhere can a place be found where a man is more than twenty-five miles from the means of access to the outer world afforded by the steam engine. This is not much of a wilderness according to our ideas in this part of the country. They can do better than that in the Adirondacks.

In Maine things are arranged on a larger scale. There you can go 130 miles in one direction and 150 in another on a course at right angles with the first without finding a railroad, and you won't travel by bicycle either. In fact this particular bit of wild land lying in Maine and across the border in Quebec which is nowhere crossed by railroads is upward of 20,000 square miles in extent, or about ten times the size of any corresponding tract in Wisconsin or Michigan. Large portions of it are altogether inaccessible except by boat or on foot, and nowhere has it any permanent population of consequence aside from the deer, caribou and moose. Imagine what a sensation it would create in Wisconsin if a moose should suddenly appear in that State! But the thing is impossible even to imagine.

They never could get a moose in Wisconsin unless they took him there in a box car. Such game is only found where there is real wilderness and a back country.

They have plenty of deer in Wisconsin, but what does that signify? According to the accounts I have read in FOREST AND STREAM, there are just as many on Long Island within fifty minutes' ride of New York city. Deer will live anywhere, even in a man's back yard, if they are not molested. An extended range is not necessary to their existence.

No, Brother Hough, you have to go west of the Mississippi to match our Maine wilderness, and even there you will hardly at present find any corresponding area where the game is so thick, square mile for square mile. You yourself are constantly telling us of the decreasing game supply in the favored localities of the great West. In Maine big game of one kind or another is increasing faster than it can be killed off, and one cannot go anywhere in the wilderness proper at any time of year and not see game. In the far West, on the other hand, you can travel over miles and miles of wilderness and mountains without seeing a living thing worth shooting a rifle at. The game is somewhere else or else it is dead.

Finally, if Mr. Hough wants his moose he had better turn his face to the rising sun (provided he wants to kill him on American soil). There are still enough moose left in Maine to supply hunters as far west as Chicago, and if your Chicago-and-the-West man comes this way next fall we will try to show him one. Also what a real wilderness is like.

MAINE.

FLORIDA GAME AND FISH.

SARASOTA, Fla., Jan. 6.—The weather here is very warm and pleasant. Mr. E. Webster, of New York, left the Hotel De Soto on Saturday, 2d, at 10:30, returned 6:20, having caught four bluefish of good size, one redfish weighing 32lbs., two tarpon, largest 48lbs., small one 16lbs.

Monday, 4th, walked to jacksnipe grounds, shot thirty-two snipe and thirteen quail; walked both ways; left at 10 A. M., returned at 6:30.

GEO. H. MACKIE.

PAMASOFFKEE, Fla., Jan. 11.—This part of Florida and other more southern points, with which I am well acquainted, were never more plentifully stocked with deer, bears and turkeys. Several parties of us in this neighborhood have been out lately and never failed to bring in from one to two deer in a half-day hunt. New Year's Day we killed two large bucks, 145lbs. and 166lbs., dressed; largest deer killed in this country or Florida in years. Our season is up March 1. We have good black bass fishing.

JAKE MARSH.

MAINE AND BOSTON.

BOSTON, Jan. 16.—That there is a boom in hunting matters one need not doubt who will take the trouble to look into the shop of any live taxidermist. Heads of game—mounted heads—for relics and ornamentation are to be seen without number. It is stated, on good authority, that nine out of ten of the moose killed in Maine the past season were wanted for their heads only, and but very few of the bodies were saved. The weight of these animals is great, and they are usually killed a long way into the forest, with no roads, and the getting of the entire body out would cost hundreds of dollars. But the head can be towed out by the guides and mounted at the taxidermist's shop. If one is not lucky, or is not hunter enough to secure his own moose, deer or caribou head, there is plenty of opportunity for buying. One could but think of such things, especially if he saw a load of fifty caribou heads and horns that passed along the streets of Boston the other day, piled high upon a big wagon, a most peculiar load, with the great antlers sticking out in every possible direction. Some of the antlers were very large and spreading, with the two prongs in front of the nose very pronounced. They were the property of M. Abbott Frazar, and were purchased, together with the skins of the heads, in Newfoundland.

The last legal moose hunting trip of the season for Boston sportsmen is over, and no moose were taken. Dr. Heber Bishop, W. T. Farley and Mr. Stevens left Boston the night before Christmas for a moose hunt in the Moose River Valley. They reached Lowelltown at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, and here their troubles began, with the mercury down below zero. They had to spend the night in the station for want of better accommodations. The next morning they started on a tramp of many miles over Caribou Mountain, with the snow 1½ft. deep. The guides were against attempting the tramp, but the hunters were bound to proceed. At nightfall not more than half the way had been accomplished. After several miles of weary plowing through the snow, ending in darkness, they came to an old camp deserted some time ago by Dr. Bishop and his friends. On entering they found that gummers had been there, and had left wood and kindlings. It did not take long to start a fire, but there were no facilities for sleeping beyond a couple of old wire mattresses without bedding of any kind. They curled about the stove as best they could, and managed to get a little sleep, taking turns at watching the fire, lest they freeze. They had no food beyond a slight lunch found in Mr. Farley's pack, for the team with their baggage was miles behind. The guides were for keeping on, but finally consented to worry out the night in the old camp. The next morning they started in good season, and reached their permanent camp in the valley near the Canadian boundary early in the afternoon.

After a rest, with plenty of food to eat, and a night when it was possible to keep from freezing, the second day dawned with plenty of fresh snow for tracking. That day Mr. Farley started an enormous moose, and it stopped in easy range. The rifle came up instinctively, but none too soon the hunter saw it had no horns—an enormous cow, that Mr. Farley would not shoot. The guide, a hunter of many years' experience, pronounced it the largest cow moose he had ever seen. Two or three other cow moose were started, but no bulls. In one case a calf was with the cow, but was not shot. When the hunters found that they were to get no moose they gave their attention to getting a couple of deer each. This they say was easy, the deer being very plenty. But curiously enough the bucks had already begun shedding their antlers, two having been shot with both horns gone. Dr. Bishop found a horn, freshly shed, in the snow. It has generally been supposed that the Maine deer held their horns till the end of January at least, and even into February. The hunters came out at the end of the open season, and were on the way home Jan. 1.

Pickerel fishing is good on many of the celebrated Maine pickerel lakes and ponds. Winthrop Ponds are being well fished, but with fewer pickerel than usual. Norway Lake is heard from in the way of big strings of pickerel. Lewiston and Auburn fishermen are bringing many pickerel to the markets of those cities. Boston market receivers say that they can have all the pickerel they will take, but prices are low and they do not encourage the sending of them in.

The tomcod fishermen are in evidence along the Massachusetts shore. The wooden tongs with braided ends are in order, and the poor tomcod surrenders because he is obliged to. At Ipswich River a good many are being taken. Parker River is being tonged for tomcod as usual. Tarbox and the Baileys have been out once or twice from Byfield, and each time have taken about a bushel from the Parker River. They fished just below the woollen mill. Along the banks of the stream the operatives live, but probably never think of fishing. One day they saw the boys taking up the tomcod with their wooden tongs, and soon a pretty little girl came out of one of the houses. She says:

"My mamma wants to know if you will sell her some fish?"

The fishermen told her that they had no fish to sell, but they would give her some. She ran into the house, and soon emerged with a big pan in both hands:

"My mamma wants three dozen," she piped.

The boys gave her six good-sized fish, feeling that they had other friends whom they would like to make happy.

Fish and Game Commissioner Carlton's bill to license guides has been introduced into the Maine Legislature, say the dispatches to the daily papers. It provides that every guide shall take out a license, the annual cost of which shall be $3. The penalty is not less than $25 for the failure to take out such license by any person pretending to guide or accompany hunting and fishing parties. The guide so licensed shall wear a badge and shall also act as fire warden and keep a record of all fires. Any guide breaking the game laws shall be punished by a fine of not less than $50 and shall not engage in guiding for a term of one year. But the most peculiar feature of the bill is that he shall keep a record of all persons he guides, their names and residences, the amount and nature of the fish and game taken, and immediately forward the same to the Commissioners.

Well, has the sportsman anything to say about all this? Who can compel him to employ a guide? Has a citizen of the United States a constitutional right to work for whom he pleases at any legal calling?

SPECIAL.

AN ARKANSAS OUTING.

A JOLLY company of twenty good and true sportsmen have recently had a nice trip to Mississippi county, Ark., for the purpose of chasing the wi d deer, possum and the coon. They had good luck and lots of fun. They killed ten deer, twenty or more turkeys, arms full of squirrels, scads of fish, and everything else they wanted.

The crowd was composed of men from Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Illinois; with preachers, doctors, lawyers, tobacconists, bankers, railroad men, druggists, and farmers, as to their avocations; and with Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Campbellites, as to their religion; and with Democrats, Republicans, Populists, and Prohibitionists, as to their politics; and both married and unmarried men as to their domestic relations; and a sober, decent, civil crowd in every respect as to their behavior. Of course we had a good time with such a company.

On the first morning after our arrival in camp we scattered out over the woods, and before 9 o'clock that morning had a nice deer hanging up in camp. When all hands had reported for the rest of the night we found we had two deer, ten turkeys, about 50lbs. of fish, lots of squirrels, some opossums and raccoons—plenty of meat to do us most of the two weeks we expected to be in camp.

We had no dogs with us, and did not undertake to run the deer. What success we had came from the skill of the sportsmen as they still-hunted through the swamps. We found the residents of that section very bitterly opposed to the running of dogs, and as we want to go again into that same section we sought to create no prejudice against ourselves by our conduct. The day for the hounding of deer in Arkansas has about passed. The citizens will not suffer it. Those who run their dogs there now will do so at the risk of the dog's life, for they will kill such as run in the woods.

We found game very plentiful. I suppose I am safe in saying that we did not hunt one single day that we saw less than twenty-five deer, and sometimes as many as fifty. We killed ten that we got, and seriously wounded some that we did not get. We got all we wanted and became indifferent about killing more. The wild turkeys were very numerous. We kept no count of the exact number we did kill. The woods were torn up by the turkeys everywhere we hunted. It has possibly been many years since this noble bird could be found in such great abundance in any section of this country. But the light rains, and freedom from great overflows in the river for several seasons, are no doubt the reasons of the abundance of game. The laws for a close season on game in Arkansas are being closely observed, and this contributes in no small degree to the supply of wild animals. A few more years of such protection and good breeding seasons, and Arkansas will be the game paradise of the whole nation.

These annual outings are greatly enjoyable to overworked men, and our crowd will go again next year into the same locality, for we ask for nothing better.

J. N. HALL.

KENTUCKY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Texas Deer.

Near San Marcos, Tex., a deer has just been killed which has a seventeen-point set of antlers. The head is on exhibition.

At Encinal, near Laredo, market-hunters have killed seventy deer in four days. This is no guess and no exaggeration. One train took sixty deer out for this party. My informant says, "We Texans depend on FOREST AND STREAM to kick long and loud, and so formulate a strong popular opinion, for we intend to go to hanging a few market-hunters before long." I wish they would. We would mourn their vacant chairs, but we would try to struggle along without them for a while.

Advice on Camping Out.

I have just been reading a nice green book on camping out, written by an Englishman. That is, I read it up to the place where the man said any camping party would find a pair of bellows an indispensable article in building the fire. I didn't read any more after that. Why, oh! why was man given his old hat, if not to blow the fire therewith? And why, oh! why do men write things, as the bellows advice, anyhow?

Moose and Buffalo Coat.

Mr. Thomas Johnson writes from Winnipeg that he is coming down to Portage, Wis., this winter to curl a few lines when the ice gets good, and that then he will come to Chicago. I hope he will bring his curling iron along and make himself at home.

Mr. Johnson sends in the story of a moose, a tame moose, not a wild one, which recently attacked a Winnipeg gentleman who was going by wrapped up in a big buffalo coat. It evidently took him for some strange and dangerous creature, and before it got done with him there came near being material for a funeral, and it wasn't a moose funeral either.

Tennessee Quail.

Messrs. C. S. Wilcox and Walter Dupee, both of this city, will start soon for a Tennessee quail hunt, going to Trenton, that State, where they anticipate a pleasant time.

Garden City Club.

Garden City Club, of Chicago, holds its annual meeting this week. It has a membership of neary eighty, and is one of the largest of the Chicago shooting clubs.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Vermont Game, Modes and Seasons.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On looking over the game laws recently passed by our Legislature one finds but little to give promise of a very marked increase in the game supply for 1897. I find only two new points worthy of mention; one is that the fine for killing pheasants has been increased from $10 to $25 for each bird killed; the second, a provision prohibiting the shooting of ducks with the aid of jacks or artificial light. We would be pleased to learn why this was not carried a little further to prohibit all night shooting for a time, allowing our northern flight of ducks a chance to feed on the marshes that nearly every fall yield a large crop of wild oats.

As the law now stands, night shooting is practiced on these marshes from the beginning of open season (and before) until the grounds are frozen over. The result of this is plain. Very few of the ducks shot at are brought to bag, but many are crippled and the rest are soon driven away.

Another law could have been passed which would have been of great benefit to the game supply in this part of the State, viz., to prohibit the use of dogs for hunting birds, for five years at least. I do not know of a sportsman's dog (pointer or setter) for a radius of ten miles from here, but nearly every man is the possessor of from one to three yelping spaniels or cur dogs, which are brought into use as soon as the birds are large enough to take wing, and the grouse are continually hunted, being shot out of trees like chickens off a roost. Not contented with killing every ruffed grouse, the poacher with his dog is often seen in the covers frequented by pheasants, and many of them are bagged too. To prohibit the use of the dog means an increase in marked degree to our pheasants, for in a cover selected by them it is seldom one is flushed without a dog. I am credibly informed that in a village of a few hundred inhabitants not many miles from here ruffed grouse were brought in in such numbers that the supply was much greater than the demand (at 50 cents per pair), and many shipments were made to other places. So much for a dog, gun and game hog.

Let us hope that the State League will see that a change is needed, and take a hand in the matter before it's too late.

FERRIS.

Game Protection by Button.

STAMFORD, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am and always have been interested in reading the multitude of letters published in your valuable paper in relation to the preservation of our stock of game, and I confess that it amuses me in some cases to read some of the plans and devices advocated to accomplish that end. Not that I do not believe that they are honestly meant to meet the requirements of the case, but at the impracticability of some of them.

Now I do not think I will live long enough to ever see your plank nailed down, but there can be no harm in keeping the question agitated.

Everything must have a beginning, and I propose you make the start in this case by securing the aid of a few well-known sportsmen in your city and forming a society or organization, the motto of which shall be, "Sell no Game." Let the membership fee be $1—or whatever you may decide. Every applicant for membership sending in his fee to receive a badge or button, to be inscribed with the motto of the brotherhood, and also dated the year it is issued. These buttons could be gotten up at a small expense—say 10 or 15 cents each—the balance of the fee to go to paying the salary of a secretary, whose duty it shall be to keep track of the members and keep them posted on all matters that may interest them; at the end of the year a new button to be issued upon the payment of dues. In unity there is strength, and I think it will surprise some people to find how many buttons will be worn. If nothing else comes from it, we at least will know when we meet a man in the woods or fields whether he is a butcher or a sportsman. CONNECTICUT.

[It would be more effective to fasten the buttons on to the game.]

A Bear's Vitality.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About three months ago there was a deal of argument over the question as to which was the best cartridge for big-game shooting. I have heard many hunters give their opinions on this subject myself, and while they don't all agree on the cartridge and gun, the general idea is: A big, heavy gun and a cartridge with from 70 to 120grs. of powder and a good, heavy ball.

I always leaned toward a 45-90 myself, and my belief has been materially strengthened by some news I heard the other day.

Two men living near town went up in the Sierras on a deer hunt. Both had '86 model Winchesters, one a .38-56 and the other .38-70. They were hunting quite a distance from camp when they spied a large brown bear about 50yds. off and began firing at once, when, to their surprise, the bear started for them on a dead run.

They didn't stop to think much about this, however, but pumped the lead into the old fellow as fast as they could, and as a result he dropped dead within 20ft. of them, and just as they were about to run.

After they had cooled off a little they examined the carcass, and found that of the eleven shots fired every one had passed through the body, and the first one had pierced both heart and liver.

Now, as some hunters say, a .44 may be large enough to hunt bear and moose with, but when *I* shoot a bear through the heart I want him to die before he eats me up.

WALROD.

New York Free Lectures.

NEW YORK furnishes an example to other American cities by her liberal-minded enterprise in conducting a course of free lectures for the people, which, while intended primarily for the benefit of working men and working women, are of such a character that no one can fail to be entertained and instructed.

The work is carried on by the Board of Education, and an idea of its scope may be gathered from the fact that during the present season 300 lecturers will speak on various topics to audiences that in the aggregate will number nearly half a million persons.

This winter Dr. Leipziger, supervisor of lectures, aims to make American subjects the feature of the course; and along with American history, biography and kindred subjects, American sport is given a place. Among the names of lecturers familiar to readers of the FOREST AND STREAM are those of Mr. Fred Mather and Dr. Bashford Dean, who lecture on "Fish and Fisheries;" Mr. F. M. Chapman, whose subject is "Birds;" and Mr. R. L. Ditmars, "Snakes;" Mr. J. B. Burnham, "Camp Life and Hunting;" Mr. H. L. Bridgman, G. O. Shields, Hon. Theo. Roosevelt and others.

It is worth noting that while these lectures are not the least instructive of the course they are among the most popular, proving that the love of nature and outdoor life is common to all—even to those who are cut off from active participation in the pleasures of field and stream.

Maine Guide Licenses.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in issue of your paper the question brought up of licensing guides in Maine. I wrote on this subject about three years ago, in the Phillips *Phonograph*. At that time the idea was not received with favor, but sentiment is changing. It is the best plan that has been offered, and the State should handle such matters and no special favors be shown.

To protect the best interests of all concerned, all guides should pass an examination, and if fully qualified should take out a license; and then aliens, non-residents, boys and every stranger could not, on short notice, palm themselves on sportsmen as full-fledged guides on the strength of having worked in the country a month or so.

The best guides stand the best show, you may say. Not in all sections, for sportsmen are not all in love with one particular spot (if it suits them ever so well while there,) but are looking for the ideal. A few come season after season, and the old guides are always employed by them; but the newcomers, not being posted, cannot tell on short notice one grade of guide from another. So sometimes their outing is a failure, and they give the whole section a bad name, not realizing just where the blame belongs. Licensing the guides will not prevent our order being formed; our association will be needed just the same to see that the law of license is complied with, and to many other matters of importance. Protection must be had in many channels of the sporting business, and Maine, as a State, can afford to show a greater money interest in a business that brings a number of million dollars to the inhabitants every year.

It is said by some of those against a license law that we must work some new guides in. Of course; but let it be understood that they are new and learning, and not glut the market with half-learned men and boys, while guides that have grown old in the business are forced to stand back. Let the beginners be taken from the guides' own families and from the families of the old residents, as they are mostly natural woodsmen, and learn the A B C of woodcraft while boys on the farm.

Maine, license your guides.

Guides, join your interests.

H. R. HORTON, Guide.

EUSTIS, Maine.

Where are the Ducks?

STOCKTON, Md., Jan. 10.—So far we have had the poorest ducking year ever known in Chincoteague Bay. There are miles and miles of shoals, rich with grasses the wildfowl love so well, and the weather all a man could wish for, but there is hardly a duck on the wing. Why should these thousands of acres of choice feeding ground be abandoned to geese and brant? We have had the finest goose shooting anyone could ask for. A long series of east winds and high tides drove them from the shoals to the island ponds, making from sundown to dark shooting that all who were in it will remember. Every evening for over a week we scored from five to fourteen geese to the gun, all large, fine, and very fat. But the ducks! Last year thousands of redheads and bluebills blackened the shoals in every direction, bunch after bunch trading through the great coast bays. From Isle of Wight to Cobb's Island, between eighty and ninety miles of bays and shoals were covered with a restless, changing flight of wildfowl. Where are they? I have looked carefully in FOREST AND STREAM for some word from the many points and bays of the Eastern shore, but find almost nothing about the wildfowl. I think our paper is intended to throw light on just such strange movements of game as this case presents, for there is no doubt that a cause exists for the quick passing of the great body of redheads and bluebills. Coots and squaw ducks are in countless numbers, but we do not bother them. There are also a good number of whistlers and dippers, but the fine ducks—the choice ones—the redheads and bluebills are not here.

O. D. FOULKS.

William Lyman.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have not been so saddened for years past as I was by the announcement of the death of Wm. Lyman in your paper of Dec. 26. Although we had occasionally corresponded upon the subject of rifle sights, I never had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Lyman until the autumn of 1895. He was then on a visit to Europe, and I went to London in order to become personally acquainted with him. We spent a long evening together discussing various matters connected with firearms, and also social and political questions, upon most of which we found our opinions to be very similar.

As long as the rifle continues to be used for either war or sporting purposes, the name of Mr. Lyman will be remembered for his great improvements in the method of sighting it. His last invention of a rear aperture sight will, I fully believe, have more effect in increasing the deadliness of infantry fire than that caused by the change from muzzle to breech-loading. It may indeed, in combination with smokeless powder and other modern improvements, ultimately produce a revolution in war of which few people have at present any conception.

J. J. MEYRICK.

DEVONSHIRE, England.

Iowa Game and Fish.

ESTHERVILLE, Ia., Jan. 11.—I am pleased to state that prairie chickens and quail have been increasing during the last few dry seasons, ducks and geese being scarce.

We have had some very favorable legislation for the protection of our fish during the last two years, and stand a good show to have our fish preserved for legitimate sport, instead of being sacrificed to the greed of the professional fish hog, with his seine and dynamite. Mr. Delevan, State Fish Commissioner, is doing good work in this line, and deserves the support and assistance of every true sportsman in the State.

E. H. S.

Quail in South Carolina.

CHEROKEE INN, Blacksburg, S. C., Jan. 11.—Quail are superabundant here, and fields have been shot over very little. Any one seeking sport in this line can feel assured of finding it here.

G. H. GREENE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Sportsman, Guide and Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Jan. 9 I have read: "Who Owns the Game Killed by the Guide?" as discussed by Mr. Shaganoss. Without going into details in regard to his opinions and conclusions as to who owns the guide's game, I wish to bring the matter at once to a common-sense business point of view.

First. The same relations exist between employer and employee in the relation of hunter and guide as in any other business the world over.

Second. Some amateur sportsman wishes to take a week's vacation grouse shooting. He goes to some favorable locality. He finds he will have to pay: $2 per day for his board, $2.50 per day for his guide and dog, $2.50 per day for his team and wagon—a total of $7; and at the end of the week he finds that his shooting venture has cost him $42, besides his railroad fare and incidental expenses, and the net result of his week's shooting has been fifteen grouse. He has killed three himself and his guide has killed twelve. He has paid his hotel bill, $12; his livery bill, $15, and the daily wages of his guide, $15; and when he supposes he has paid everybody a good price for everything that has been done for him, up steps his guide and demands that he must be paid $1.25 per pair for all the grouse he (the guide) has killed. In my opinion this guide has no more right to demand and receive pay for the grouse killed under the above circumstances than a highway robber has to stop his victim on the road at the muzzle of a shotgun and demand his money or his life.

Third. If the sportsman makes a definite bargain with every man he comes in contact with, that settles the question at once.

Fourth. My shooting experience extends back over twenty-five years, and I never heard of a guide making a demand for the pay of birds killed as above until last fall, when the fact came to my notice. I suggested to my friend that we hunt close up each side of our boarding-house keeper's market-shooting guide, and the result was that at the end of two days' shooting the guide failed to bag a single bird. But there is no satisfaction in shooting under such circumstances, and I do not care to come in contact with that sort of people a second time.

Fifth. If any boarding-house keeper or his hired guides wish to shoot any grouse or woodcock for the market, they are free to do so at any time and in any way they choose, as they are simply pot-hunters pure and simple for the money there is in it; but not after they have bargained and sold their day's services to some sportsman for two or three dollars per day and received the money in payment for the same.

A BUSINESS MAN.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Iowa Needs Game Wardens.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Iowa has good laws for the preservation of game within her borders, but unfortunately no game wardens. Consequently the laws are about as useful as a watch would be to a hog, for what's no one's special business is truly no one's business, and the violator works his own sweet will. The killing of quail and prairie chickens is practiced, I think, without many exceptions, in every county in the State in the closed season. There needs to be great education along these lines in Iowa. I wish it were possible to place the FOREST AND STREAM in the hands of every shooter in the State. I do not use the term sportsmen, since there are within the State of Iowa "true sportsmen," and to class the game hog and pot-hunter as sportsmen would inflict needless injury on deserving men who observe the laws and give the game a chance for its life.

In Iowa there are more quail and chickens than for many years previous. Cannot something be done to have a game warden and deputies in each county to protect the rights of those who do not shoot in the closed season? Is there not a sportsmen's association in the State who will take the initiative in this? I feel sure they will be ably assisted in any way by all gun clubs to secure such officers as are necessary to enforce the laws. I presume this vicinity would represent a good portion of the State. Here we have violators, two of whom are very persistent and offensive, having shot and killed quail all last winter up to as late as March. This winter promises to be a repetition of last. I am in favor of having a closed season on all game, and have it all closed during the same time. Then no one can go to kill quail out of season under pretext of going to kill rabbits, which are not protected. Any other Iowa sportsman got anything to say?

ONE WHO OBSERVES THE LAW.

Long Island Ducks.

SAYVILLE, L. I., Jan. 16.—Large bags of ducks, most of them redheads, have been killed in the Great South Bay from here this week. The outlook is for birds here in the open water to give good shooting. SAY.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Neither Gun Kicked.

SPEAKING of geese reminds me of the famous shot made by Uncle Charles and Evan Richmond. One windy day in the fall Uncle Charles saw a flock of geese that were evidently very tired struggling against the wind, and he judged from their course that they would alight on a lake some three miles distant. So he loaded up the old gun with a fox charge and a little more, as he afterward acknowledged, then rolling up the gun in the horse blanket he harnessed up his horse and was soon on the road to the lake. Evan also had spotted the geese and had loaded up his gun, as he said, with a rouser, and started on foot after them, and was overtaken by Uncle Charles when about halfway to the lake. They entered into a treaty of alliance and agreed to join forces for the campaign.

Arriving at the head of the lake, the horse was hitched and they started along the shore in quest of the game, which was finally discovered at just about the proper distance below a brush fence, all of them in line along the sandy beach, pruning their feathers. After a consultation it was decided that Evan was to hold on to the second goose, while Uncle Charles should draw a bead at about the middle of the line, and then on hands and knees they crawled up to the fence, and, poking their guns through and getting a good aim, there was a whispered one-two-three and then two reports that seemed but one. There was a struggling mass of geese on the sandy beach, with but one solitary one in the air; all the rest were either killed outright or disabled. One, wing broken, swam out into the lake, and one other, also wing broken, took to the woods; both of them being captured within a few days. When our two Nimrods had secured the remainder they took account of stock and found that they had fourteen on hand, with two more that were disabled, making sixteen in all out of a flock of seventeen, which was a pretty good average for two single-barrel guns.

When Uncle Charles came home and showed his seven geese and told his story, I asked him if the old gun kicked. With a queer grimace he said, "No-o, not much, but Evan got knocked heels over head."

A few days later I saw Evan, and after he had told me the story I also asked him if his gun kicked. "No-o," said he, "but you ought to have seen Charles, with his face all covered with dirt as he crawled out of that brush heap that was more than 10ft. from where he was when he shot." SHADOW.

Sea and River Fishing.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 16.—The annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held Saturday evening, Jan. 9, 1897, at the rooms, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia, and was well attended.

The annual report of the executive committee, containing a detail of the operations for the year 1896, was ordered to be printed for distribution.

The legislation committee submitted a lengthy report of its work in coöperation with a similar committee of the Fish Commission to secure the codification of the laws for the protection of fish, and recommended numerous changes, among which were fixing the minimum size at which trout could be taken at 6in. instead of 5in., and black bass at 9in. instead of 6in.; making the open season for the capture of pickerel from May 30 to Jan. 1; and that penalties be made mandatory instead of discretionary throughout; also, to have an act passed establishing auxiliary hatching stations in different parts of the State by permitting individuals or organizations to erect them on closed streams, a proportion of the fry to be retained by the organization and the remainder to be distributed free under the direction of the Fish Commissioners in open streams, thereby giving opportunity for a stricter law governing trespassing; the committee will also present a bill to prevent the pollution of streams.

The committee are endeavoring to secure reciprocal legislation with the State of Delaware for the protection of fish by restricting in some measure the use of pound nets in the lower Delaware River and Bay, which is so taken up with them that fish have little chance to reach their spawning beds.

The death of George W. Reader, one of the oldest members of the Association, well known to anglers in Philadelphia and New York, was announced, and a committee appointed to prepare a suitable memorial.

The press, membership and legislation committees presented resolutions, which were adopted, authorizing the printing of a number of circular letters urging concurrent action in behalf of the fishery interests, copies of which will be forwarded to all local organizations of kindred character and the newspaper press of the State. The following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, The steady increase in size and number of what are known as pound nets along the seacoast of the State of New Jersey has recently been so great as to be truly alarming, and in a marked degree detrimental to the interests of the people of that State, and in the most extended sense injurious to the natural increase of food fishes along the almost entire seacoast of that State; and

Whereas, The erection and maintenance of such pound nets is clearly and unmistakably an infraction of the rights of the people of the State of New Jersey as well as of the people of adjacent States, who have in all past time derived their supply of fresh food fish mainly from the waters in which said destructive devices have been placed, giving the organization or trust which owns and controls them the power to make prices to suit themselves, and which prices, it is conceded, are much higher than they would be if fair competition prevailed; therefore, be it

Resolved by the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, that it regards the erection and maintenance of such large and so many pound nets in the waters named as an indefensible outrage upon popular rights, and at the same time the most destructive agencies ever devised for the capture of gravid fish, and the consequent impairment of the natural products of the waters of the sea, which will ultimately lead to the final extinction of the various kinds of fish that do their spawning in the estuaries.

Resolved, That the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association heartily approves of the energetic and determined efforts of the State Fishery Commissioners of New Jersey to induce the Legislature of that State to enact a law which will compel the removal of said pound nets, and throw the fishing interests of the State open to free competition.

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and resolutions be forwarded to the presiding officers of the Senate and of the House of Representatives of the State of New Jersey; also to the Governor of said State, and the Board of Fishery Commissioners thereof.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Edwin Hagert; Vice-Presidents: Dr. Bushrod W. James, Geo. T. Stokes, Wm. P. Thompson; Secretary, Marion G. Sellers; Corresponding Secretary, J. P. Collins; Treasurer, Alfred Hand; Executive Committee: Howard A. Chase, Wm. H. Burkhardt, Dr. W. W. McClure, Wm. E. Meehan, Edw. A. Selliez, Charles H. Thompson, Bernard L. Douredoure, Wm. P. Ogelsby, S. E. Landis; Trustee (three years), H. O. Wilbur.

M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

Fisheries and Game Committee of the New York Legislature.

THE Fisheries and Game Committee of the Assembly are: Messrs. Hobbie, Washington; Dudley, Niagara; Mackey, Delaware; Rounds, Cayuga; Laimbeer, New York; Gorham, Otsego; H. T. Andrews, New York; Ten Eyck, Onondaga; J. J. Sullivan, New York; P. J. Andrews, New York; Fritz, New York.

Death of John Watt.

PORT ARTHUR, Canada.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am sorry to inform some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM of the death of John Watt, the famous guide on the Nipigon River. He was much sought after by the sportsmen tourists who took a pleasure in fishing the Nipigon, and will be very much missed by his old friends.

JOHN E. NEWSOME.

FISH AND PAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that winter is upon us in earnest, we of rod, of gun and of paddle can only watch the hearth fires snap and flash, and dozing think on the far-off summer days. Assorting and laying away for the winter a lot of fishing tackle the other night, I was reminded of a prolonged discussion in FOREST AND STREAM not long ago as to the sensibility of fish to pain. My last day's fishing of the season brought out some instances of seemingly striking disregard for wounds. We were after sea bass off Execution Light in the Sound, and were bothered by innumerable "cunners," or burgalls. These bait thieves were tossed back again by the score, until we began to suspect that some were coming up for a second toss, like the Sunday-school boys at a picnic sneaking back again into the ice cream line. So we watched carefully. First I landed one hooked just in front of the tail. The big hook tore a long gash when removed, and in less than five minutes a fish of the same size and shape and similarly wounded bit and was brought up hooked squarely through the lip. Two other wounded fish were landed, and then one which I had hooked through the belly just back of the pectoral fins so that the entrails protruded was brought up again, having deeply swallowed the point of the big bass hook.

Earlier in the season I hooked a black bass one morning at Lake Waramaug and almost landed him when he broke away, tearing his under jaw so badly that a piece of it hung on the hook. Again he bit and I had him in the net and near enough to observe the wounded mouth when a quick flip restored him to liberty once more. After casting a fresh minnow over by the same lilypads I felt something take hold, and after a hard tussle landed, and this time kept him of the lacerated jaw. I am prepared to swear that this was the same identical bass.

Last April a friend and I fished a Connecticut brook for trout, and he fishing after me in a deep pool hooked and landed a ½ pounder which still had deep in his maw my No. 2 snelled Aberdeen with a couple of feet of my silk line attached.

This incident was firmly fixed in my mind by the fact that I was prepared to tell him how I hooked and lost a 1½lb. trout in that hole, when he produced the very fish and applied a 66⅔ per cent. discount.

Many somewhat similar events in past seasons convince me that whether the fish feel pain or not, the suffering is slight as compared with the cravings of hunger, and their actions seem to indicate rather that the injuries inconvenience or retard them than that they cause any actual agony. H. PRESCOTT BEACH.

JAN. 13.

The Ursuline Convent at Roberval.

Editor Forest and Stream:

No lover of the "Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle" who credits its authorship to Dame Juliana Barnes will hesitate to acknowledge his deep indebtedness therefor to the dear old Prioress of the Benedictine Nunnery of Sopwell, and few visitors to Roberval, on their way to fish for ouananiche in the Lake St. John waters, have failed to see and hear of the Ursuline Convent at that place, or to be told what is owed to the good sisters of that institution by the wives and sisters of the younger generation of guides and the daughters of the older settlers of the Lake St. John district.

The daily papers have made known to many of your readers the awful catastrophe that befell the Roberval Convent on Jan. 6, when the entire building with its contents became the prey of the flames and seven of the nuns were burned to ashes. Most of the survivors returned to Quebec. A few remain at Roberval, declining to desert the mission they had undertaken. They are at present at Du Tremblay's Hotel, but are looking for means to rebuild, and unfortunately had but little insurance on the old building. The Government of the Province will give them some small aid. Protestants and Catholics alike in Quebec are manifesting their practical sympathy with the sufferers.

A few of us Canadian anglers will offer a brick or two for the new building as a mark of sympathy, not only for the good nuns themselves, but for the sturdy, yet respectful and obliging French-Canadian population of Lake St. John, to whom they minister.

It has occurred to me, Mr. Editor, that you might permit me, by means of this letter, to suggest in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM that there are possibly brother anglers of mine in the United States who would like to do the same.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Can., Jan. 11.

Will Black Bass Rise to the Fly in September and October in New England Lakes?

MANY claim they will not take flies except in June, the spawning time.

I have been to Maine for many years in June. Not being able to go that month in 1895, I fished the two large lakes at Belgrade Mills, Me., about Sept. 9, for a few days, and caught a fair number, but no large bass. Best flies were silver-doctor, ibis, yellow-may, Ferguson, Parmachenee-belle and Lord Milford; found dark flies of little value. All the fish were under 1½lbs. weight; they fought well, being in better condition than in June, and were taken among boulders in coves and off rocky points; islands not as good; medium length casts, a good ripple not seeming as necessary as in June. Three other anglers there had similar success.

I have talked with many anglers and guides in Maine about September bass fly-fishing, but few seem to know anything about the subject. The Lord Milford I have made by taking a yellow may that had lost its wings and tying on two scarlet feathers, thus making a fly with yellow body and hackle with scarlet wings, which proved a good fly.

I quote authorities from notes taken since 1892 from different books and papers read. In "American Game Fish" Dr. J. A. Henshall says: "The best season for fly-fishing for black bass in the central and northern States is in May and June, also September and October."

Hallock's *Sportsman's Gazetteer:* "Black bass from Sept. 15 to Oct. 31 are found in water (rivers) 2 to 4ft. in depth near boulders out in the stream."

In *American Angler*, W. C. Harris, speaking of East Branch, N. Y., says: "In dusk of evening as late as Sept. 15, if weather is mild, the bass feed in shallow water and take flies with avidity." In the same journal a writer, speaking of black bass of the Potomac River, tells of fly-fishing in September by several Washington anglers with ibis and brown hackle, and states that about all are bait fishers in this locality. This was in June;

In the *New England Magazine*, writing of New England bass, Charles F. Danforth says: "In lakes and ponds, after spawning on the shoals or along the shore, he may be found in the same localities through July. Then, as the weather becomes warmer, he retires to deeper water, visiting the shoals and shores at night and morning for food. In September look for him on the shoals and reefs, where he stays the most of the day, unless in shallow water. Later in the fall, in October and November, these fish begin to congregate on sunken reefs and around logs and rocks in very deep water, and hibernate and lie dormant."

Shooting and Fishing says, Sept. 3: "At Lake Madison the bass are rising to the fly early and late in the day. * * * The bass taken are small-mouth."

In FOREST AND STREAM, Oct. 17, E. Hough reports: "Mr. G. Harris has been having some late fly fishing for bass, taking ten nice ones one day last week in the Kankakee River near Davis, Ind.; he used scarlet ibis."

I wish readers would give their experience, stating what part of September and October they found the best time, naming flies and circumstances under which the bass were taken I am inclined to think that bass fly-fishing in the autumn would be better on rivers than on ponds; that the late afternoon would be best; that from Sept. 15 to Oct 3 would be the best time, and that the larger bass will not take flies.

LORD MILFORD.

The Kankakee River.

KANKAKEE, Ill., Jan. 5.—The fishing in the Kankakee River has been first rate the past season, better than usual. Something out of the ordinary was fishing on New Year's Day. Mr. J. Willman thought he would try his luck on that day and caught four black bass that weighed over 8lbs. total weight. The weather had been quite warm for a week; New Year's was cloudy and rainy. He has had fine sport the past season, some of his catches running as high as thirty-five and forty fish in one day, mostly black bass—some fine salmon, 4 and 5lbs. One of his nicest strings was of seventeen black bass weighing 38lbs. He knows every hole in the river.

A F. O.

"Men I Have Fished With."

MR. MATHER'S next sketch will be printed in our issue of next week, Jan. 30. The subject will be Francis Endicott.

"Angling Talks."

WE have a very few copies of George Dawson's "Angling Talks," a series of chapters of entertaining chat about men, fishermen, fish, fishing and fishing places. Cloth, 50 cents. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston.

Feb. 22 to 25.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-first annual show, New York. James Mortimer, Supt., Room 813, Nos. 66-70 Beaver street, New York.

March 2 to 6.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

March 10 to 13.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's eighth annual show, Chicago. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 17 to 20.—Kentucky Kennel Club's show, Louisville, Ky. J. A. Reaves, Sec'y.

March 17 to 20.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's bench show. Louis Steffin, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

March 23 to 26.—Baltimore Kennel Association's second annual show. Dr. G. W. Massamore, Sec'y.

BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB.

THE eighth annual winter meet of the Brunswick, Me., Fur Club was held at Brunswick, Jan. 11–16. The absence of any snow on the ground had a great deal to do with the attendance, the hopelessness of anything like a successful or satisfactory week of fox hunting under the existing circumstances being apparent to all. With the ground frozen as solid as a rock, with a sandy dust flying into the air on the slightest provocation, with the thermometer hovering around zero mark and with a strong wind blowing, it was slight matter for wonder that many members stayed at home and prayed for snow instead of venturing out into the wide world with the idea of landing finally in Brunswick and of being in at the death of one of her red foxes

Still there were several that came to Brunswick, and, if the weather was bad for fox hunting, spent a pleasant few days under the roof tree of Brunswick's popular hotel, the Tontine. Among the number were: Dr. A. C. Heffenger, president of the club, and W. A. Bragdon, of Portsmouth, N. H.; N. Q. Pope, of Portland, Me.; A Macgregor, of Poland, Me., a gentleman who has charge of Mr. Pope's kennels at Poland, and who knows as much about hounds, their ailments, etc., as any man living—at least that's my opinion of Mr. Macgregor based on information and belief. G. R Hunnewell, of Lewiston, Me., was also on hand, as was C. L. Higgins, of Bar Harbor. Others present were Bradford S Turpin, of Roxbury, Mass.; R. D. Perry, of Philipston, Mass., the club's M. F. H.; Noel E. Money, of Oakland, N. J.; J. H Gaffney, of Petersham, Mass.; Chas. L. Wellington, of Waltham, Mass.; S. Williams, of Maldonville, Mass.; T. H. Gledhill, Lewiston, Me.; Marshal Parks, of Bradford, N. H., and others whose names slipped my memory and my pencil.

Being unable to leave New York earlier than Monday night, I missed not only the annual meeting and election of officers, but also the first day's hunt and the competition for the meerschaum pipe presented by Mr. Perry to the club, the pipe to go to the party telling the best hunting story during the evening sessions of the week. For a report of the annual meeting I am indebted to Mr. Turpin, the club's secretary.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the club was held on Monday evening, Jan. 11, in the "Green Room" of the Tontine Hotel. Dr. A. C. Heffenger, of Portsmouth, N. H., president of the club, occupied the chair. Bradford S. Turpin, of Roxbury, Mass., secretary of the club, performed the duties of his position as usual.

After the reading of the secretary's and the treasurer's (W. A. Bragdon) report, three new members were elected. These were: Chas. P. Wendell, of Portsmouth, N. H.; C. L. Higgins, of Bar Harbor, Me.; A. Macgregor, of Poland, Me.

Election of officers resulted as follows: President, Dr. A. C. Heffenger; Vice-Presidents, L. O. Dennison, Waltham, Mass.; O. F. Joslin, Oxford, Mass.; E. A. Graves, Brunswick, Me.; Secretary, B S. Turpin; Treasurer, W A. Bragdon, Portsmouth, N. H.; Master of Foxhounds, R D. Perry, Philipston, Mass.; Executive Committee, Dr Heffenger; A. G. Hall, Brunswick, Me.; Noel E. Money, Oakland, N. J.; A. B F. Kinney, Worcester, Mass.; George E. Carr, Holliston, Mass.

The following committees were also appointed:

Field trials: R. D. Perry; H. W. Stetson, of Brunswick; and L. O. Dennison.

Committee on judges: W. A. Bragdon; S Knight, Jr., of Brunswick; and G. E. Carr.

The annual field trials of the club will be held on Oct. 25 next, and Barre, Mass., was named as the scene, provided satisfactory arrangements can be made.

Medals for competition at these trials were promised as below: Endurance, W. A. Bragdon; hunting, Dr. A C. Heffenger; trailing, N. E. Money; speed and driving, O. F. Joslin. N. Q. Pope also donated a medal to go to the winner of the Derby.

It was also decided that the Brunswick Fur Club should give a special prize—a gold medal—to be awarded to the best American foxhound, dog or bitch, shown at the next bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club in New York.

President Moore, of the Buckfield Fur Club, of Monmouth, Me., who was present at the meeting, tendered a cordial invitation, on behalf of his club, to the members of the Brunswick Fur Club to attend his club's annual meeting at Canton the following week. President Moore also urged that the Brunswick Fur Club take action with a view to the better protection of foxes. A motion was made and carried that a committee of three be appointed to go to Augusta and to act in conjunction with a like committee from the Buckfield Fur Club for the purpose named. The committee appointed was: F. H. Wilson, H. J. Given and F. E Roberts, all of Brunswick.

Another feature of the evening's business was the presentation of a meerschaum pipe to the club by R. D Perry This pipe was donated as a prize for the best hunting story told in the "Green Room" during the week of the club's meeting. The meeting, having no further business before it, adjourned in order that the competition for the pipe might be commenced.

First Day's Hunt.

As nearly as I can gather, twenty-three hounds were taken out the first day, Tuesday, Jan. 12. These were owned as follows: Dr. Heffenger's Torment and Joe Forest; Noel Money's Welsh foxhounds Medlar and Madcap, both fifteen-months-old puppies; N. Q. Pope's Clay, Samson and Strive; W. A. Bragdon's Doc, Sancho, Scot and Gypsy; Marshal Parks's Billy; C. L. Wellington's Dot; T. H. Gledhill's Badge; J. H Gaffney's Goss and Sport; Dr. Fred Wilson's Wanda and Drake; R D. Perry's "little white hound" (I never knew her by any other name); C. L Higgins's Don; S Williams's bitch, and a handsome dog known to me and others as the "Thompson boys' dog;" he was a Brunswick dog, as were also Dr Wilson's hounds.

The hounds were taken out about a mile along the Durham road, a trail being struck a short distance beyond the standpipe. This fox was jumped and the hounds did their best under the adverse circumstances to keep him moving Other foxes were also jumped, the pack soon getting split up, a few hounds finally landing in what is known as the "thousand acre" swamp, where one or two of them made a night of it. One of the foxes made a circle or two around by Rocky Hill, but no one managed to get a shot at him or any other fox that day; thus the pool for the first fox was carried over until the second day.

During the evening a special meeting of the club members present was called to order by Dr. Heffenger, the president of the club. The object of the meeting was to consider the advisability of paying all entrance fees at the annual field trials into the club's treasury with a view to defraying the expenses of the trials. A vote on the subject was taken and a motion to the above effect was carried unanimously, the general opinion of the club seeming to be that if a man would not run his hounds for medals and certificates, the trials could get along without him.

All the club's meetings during the evenings of the week were held in the "Green Room," a room the walls of which were hung with pine and spruce boughs until not an inch of the paper underneath was visible. The resinous odor of the pines was delicious, that is, until the dozen or more cigars had gotten in their fine work. In regard to the decorating of the room, this was only one proof of the interest taken in the club and its guests by the management of the Tontine. Mr. L. P Huntoon, the proprietor, and Messrs Harmon Orr and George Knight, the clerks, all did their utmost to make things comfortable. (I want to go there again.)

Second Day.

It was just about 5° above zero when we started out on the second morning. The wind was not so strong to-day as it was on the first day, but there was enough of it to make it hard to hear hounds when they got away down wind. It was far pleasanter, too, to hug the sunny side of a stone wall instead of standing on a runway and freezing to death. One fox was killed to-day, Mr. Higgins, the new member of the club from Bar Harbor, being the lucky man As nearly as I could learn, he killed the fox in front of Mr. Perry's Clinker, a black hound that was not out on the first day, and Billy and Dot, two hounds that were never far apart

We started out to-day with only eleven hounds: Billy, Dot, Clay, Samson, Sancho, Scot, Badge, Goss, Sport, Clinker and Medlar. Dr. Wilson's hounds and "the Thompson boys'" dog were not taken out to-day. Of the others that started on the first day, the following were still missing at roll call on this Wednesday morning: Torment, Madcap, Strive, Doc, Gypsy, Don and Mr. Williams's hound

The bulk of the pack went with us to Rocky Hill, but Messrs. Wellington and Parks walked out from town, and Billy and Dot soon had a trail that turned out satisfactorily later on At Rocky Hill a hot trail was struck and the fox was jumped in less than no time. Being a stranger in the country and a complete stranger to the hounds, it was a little hard to know what to do and to tell what hounds were doing the best work when they did come my way. As I want to tell the story of this and Thursday's shoot in detail next week, I will only say that thanks to good luck and to Rich. Hunnewell's guiding hands I had lots of fun and saw about all there was to be seen—except foxes. I heard a good story too about Noel Money's fox hunting in the vicinity of Lewiston last fall, but that story will keep a day or two and lose nothing if I can help it.

Several foxes were jumped to-day, there being apparently no lack of them around Brunswick. A special feature of the day was a sight race that was enjoyed by Noel Money, Turpin and, I believe, Perry. It was late in the afternoon when Money spied what he thought was a fox crossing behind a house about 100yds. from him. It was a fox, and Sancho, who had just come up, saw that it was just what he had been looking for. The sight race started at once, with the fox well in the lead and apparently gaining at the start. He went straight for the river, a mile and a half away, and disdained to enter a wood until he had covered that distance, although he had plenty of chances to do so By the time he took to the woods Sancho was close at his brush. Other hounds joined in and it was only a short while before he went to ground.

The evening session in the Green Room was marked by the narration of some excellent hunting stories, Dr. Wilson being answerable for more than one good one, among the number a goose story.

Third Day.

It is only necessary at present to mention briefly the happenings of the third day's hunt. The thermometer was down to zero, but there was no wind to speak of, making it much more favorable for hearing the hounds. Twelve hounds and twenty men made up the attacking force. The men were: N. E. Money, S. Williams, Jr., R. D. Perry, A. Macgregor, W. A. Bragdon, C. L. Higgins, M. Parks, C. E. Wellington, E. H. Bragg (a new arrival who hailed from North Sidney, Me.), Fred H. Wilson, E. B. Nickerson, H. J. Given, Oscar Nason, Ed Toothaker, Fred Shaw, Will Stetson, S. A. Knight, two of "the Thompson boys" and Edward Banks.

The body of the pack, consisting of the following hounds, were thrown in at Rocky Hill: Clay, Samson, Scott, Doc and Sancho. These hounds had a fox going at once, and carried him well over to South Durham, bringing him right up to the main body of men who had gone in the second wagon with Billy, Dot and Medlar, starting in at Coffee Hill, near a cross road known by various titles. Billy, Dot and Medlar had a good trail, and were working up to their fox when the other pack could be heard running to the northeast; Medlar harked to them and had lots of fun while Billy and Dot stuck to their trail and jumped their fox, taking him over to the village of South Durham. What became of them after that I cannot say, but I understood they had a fox going (along with other hounds) in the "thousand acre swamp" when the shades of night had fallen.

Dr. Wilson came out with his two hounds, Wanda and Drake, and "the Thompson boys" came along with him, birnging their hound. They arrived on the field rather late, but were in evidence when it came to the final round-up and "apple social," near Coffee Hill.

The story of how Billy stalked Will Stetson, how Nickerson missed the fox, the trials of Doc Wilson when his hounds were working out a cold trail and other people would bother them, the hunting of the bob-tailed black fox by some of us, etc., all this shall be told.

The proprietor of the Tontine, Mr. Huntoon, made this evening one of the pleasantest of the week. Besides unlimited music from the throats of City Marshal H. E. Teal, of Lewiston, and Ed Snow, assisted by others with good lungs and tuneful vocal chords, Mr. Huntoon sprung a surprise on the boys by calling them about 10:30 to a supper of steaming hot clams, dragged that very day from the bottom of one of the arms of Casco Bay.

Fourth Day.

Business compelled my return to New York on this day; Noel Money also had to leave for the city at 11:25 A. M. A snow squall was holding out hopes of an inch or two of snow when we left, but as far as I can learn hopes were about all that it amounted to.

Bragdon and Macgregor did not go out with the hunting party this morning, but went on a hunt after some of their missing dogs about 10 o'clock. When the hunting party left the hotel at 7:30, nearly all the dogs that had been missing the night before were still absent. Clinker, Orator and Linda were all that were ready to start; Billy, Marshal Parks's dog, arrived at the hotel just as the team was starting, so he was taken along to make another. Billy's firm friend, Dot, was still out. I am indebted to Mr. Ed. Toothaker for the following brief review of the day's sport:

"Threw in on the high hill west of where we ate the apples yesterday afternoon, given the name of Coffee Hill by members of the club. Our dogs were Clinker, Linda, Billy and Orator. They winded a fox on the side of the hill, and drove him for one hour toward the northwest. They separated out there, and came back with two foxes ahead of them. At 10:45 Rob Perry shot at a fox ahead of Clinker, and scored a miss, Clinker quickly driving the fox to ground. Billy, Linda, Orator and Dot (who had joined the pack) sent their fox to earth at 1:30 in the same burrow that Clinker had previously driven his fox.

"At 2 o'clock the boys were called together and it was decided to dig the foxes out. Securing the proper tools, we started for the den, which is the same den into which a fox was driven on Wednesday by Mr. Graves's Hunter and an unknown hound. We dug until dark, and then, securing a lantern from a resident farmer, and building a large fire at the mouth of the den, kept on digging until 7 P. M., when the tunnel caved in upon us, nearly pinning Capt. E. B. Nickerson and Perry's hound Orator. Thinking it dangerous to dig further, we started for home, reaching the hotel at 8:10."

A postscript to the above letter states that the meerschaum pipe was awarded to Dr. F. H. Wilson for his story of the "three geese he didn't get." Mr. Toothaker also adds that Capt. Nickerson has started a cheese factory at Coffee Hill.

EDWARD BANKS.

Irish Terrier Club of America.

BOSTON, Jan. 12.—The Irish Terrier Club of America has been organized. The following officers were elected: President, Oliver Ames; Vice-President, W. L. Beadleston; Treasurer, Samuel D. Parker, 50 State street, Boston; Secretary, O. W. Donner, 70 State street, Boston. The governors of the club are: Oliver Ames, W. L. Beadleston, Samuel D. Parker, O. W. Donner, G. M. Weld, Edward Brooks, B. L. Sackett and W. A. Thomson.

The outlook for the club is very encouraging, a large number of applications for membership having already been received. Printed club rules and other particulars can be obtained by application to the secretary.

O. W. DONNER, Sec'y.

THE C. F. T. C.'S TRIALS.

THE field trials of the Continental Field Trials Club were run at Tupelo, Miss., commencing on Jan. 11 and ending on Jan. 15. Tupelo is situated in northwestern Mississippi, at the junction of the Mobile & Ohio and Kansas City, Fort Scott & Birmingham railroads. The surrounding country is admirably adapted to field trial purposes, the fields being large, with wide stretches of open and cover, with gentle hills and vales all spread before the eye so clearly that there was no difficulty experienced in observing the work of the dogs, whether they were far away or near. With all their natural advantages, the grounds had some serious objections, first of all being the scarcity of birds, after which came the annoying interference of wire fences and large ditches. As to the birds, certain signs, such as empty cartridge cases lying here and there on he grounds, wounded birds and broken bevies, denoted that there had been shooting done instead of preserving.

The resident sportsmen did all they could to make the visitors welcome and comfortable.

The horses were of a much higher grade than those put in service at the average trials, and the charges for them were reasonable.

While there was some bad weather in the way of heavy rainstorms, it interfered but little with the competition. There was a fair sprinkling of visitors, among whom were T. P. Mingst, Evansville, Ind.; P. T. Madison, Indianapolis; G. E. Griswold, St. Paul; Dr. M. F. Rogers and W. G. Bias, New Albany, Miss.; A. P. Gilliam, Stanton, Tenn.; J. N. Seale, Jackson, Tenn., and a number of others.

The judges were Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus, Toledo, O.; Messrs. W. S. Bell, Pittsburg, and B. Waters, New York. The dogs were given a most thorough trial and the awards were well received.

As to the quality of the competition, both stakes were excellent, the Derby being exceptionally strong both in respect to the number of starters and their high class of work.

Progressive euchre parties in the evenings served to divert the field trial contingent most happily, and this new feature evoked much praise. The prizes were all of a useful character, so that the diversion combined the amusing and the useful. All the prizes were paid promptly, and the consensus of opinion was that the trials were eminently successful in every respect.

All Continental prizes and expenses were paid in full.

The Derby.

An excellent lot of dogs competed in the Derby. After the winners had been selected, there was as good material left as is to be found in the winners of the average Derby. Of course there were a few ordinary performers, but the percentage was small. What with the unmistakable scarcity of birds, the lack of information as to the grounds incident to the first use of them for field trial purposes, and the obstruction to the running caused by wire fences, the competition was excellent.

Pin Money, first, ran well in every heat. Her performance was consistently good throughout. She ranges wide and fast, takes her range with good judgment, stays out well at her work, and is sweetly obedient and observant of the gun. She is a merry, pleasing worker, style good, and her pointing and locating are sharp and accurate, both on bevies and singles.

Dave Earl pressed Pin Money very closely for first. His range was wide and fast, his judgment excellent, and his point work clean and accurate, save for two errors in his first heat. His second heat was an admirable display of skillful finding, rare judgment and sharp point work.

Josie Freeman, third, was a most resolute competitor, diligent in searching, and a very successful finder. She also was skillful in her point work. She fell off somewhat in her last heat in range, but she made a very close competition for the honors. She is a bitch of rare excellence.

Count Gloster divided fourth with Rodfield's Boy. He has good judgment in searching the likely places, is a successful bird finder, and fairly free from error in his point work, though some false points and flushes lowered his rating. His range is not always uniform, though he was always industrious. He worked unremittingly in the interests of the gun.

Rodfield's Boy displayed an excellent nose, and some of his point work was admirable; but he would self-hunt at times, and was difficult to handle. He knew how to find birds, but at times forgot that his work was not for his own pleasure.

The stake was open to all pointers and setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895. Purse, $500: $200 to first, $150 to second, $100 to third, $50 to fourth; $10 forfeit, $10 more to start.

There were nineteen starters, drawn in the following order:

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liv. and w. pointer bitch Rupee (Delhi—Selah), C. E. Buckle, handler, with P. H. Essig's b., w. and t. setter bitch Saragossa Belle (Gleam's Pink—Maud), J. H Johnson, handler.

Mayfield & Gude's b., w. and t. setter bitch Josie Freeman (Antonio—Nellie Hope), J. A. Gude, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t setter bitch Olivette (Eugene T.—Beryl), C. Tucker, handler.

H. S. Smith's l. and w. pointer bitch Ripple (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot), J. H Johnson, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Count Gloster (Eugene T.—Gloster Girl), C. Tucker, handler.

J. P. Green's b., w. and t. setter dog Sarsfield (Rodfield—Opal), J. H. Johnson, handler, with T. W. O'Byrne's b. and w. pointer dog Moerlein (Rip Rap—Belle of Ossian), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

Theo. Goodman's b., w. and t. setter dog Dave Earl (Count Gladstone—Dan's Lady), J. H. Johnson, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b. b. setter bitch Pin Money (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), C. E. Buckle, handler.

H. R. Edwards's b., w. and t. setter bitch Rod's Pell (Rodfield—Opal), Geo. Gray, handler, with S. P. Jones's b., w. and t. setter dog Hurstbourne Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple), D. E Rose, handler.

Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. setter bitch Caroline (Antonio—Countess Rush), J. H. Johnson, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter bitch Merry Maiden (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine), C. Tucker, handler.

T. W. O'Byrne's liv. and w. pointer dog Redskin (Louis Bent—Fleety Fay), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with John T. Mayfield's (Agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog Rodfield's Boy (Rodfield—Sue Gladstone), owner, handler

J. J. Kinnane's b., w. and t. setter dog Gleam's Roy (Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent), J. T. Mayfield, handler, with H Ames's b., w and t. setter bitch Christina (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R), D. E Rose, handler.

H. Ames's b., w. and t setter bitch Guenn (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), D. E. Rose, handler.

Monday.

The weather was clear, bright, and with a temperature invigoratingly cool without being uncomfortable. The day was not productive of an abundance of birds. The bevies found were far fewer in number than they should have been, and empty shotgun shells found in parts of the grounds would seem to indicate that there had been shooting, though ostensibly the grounds were preserved. Nevertheless the dogs made an excellent showing.

First Round.

RUPEE AND SARAGOSSA BELLE started at 9:02. Belle showed medium range and fairly good judgment in beating out her ground. She made a good find and point on a bevy. Rupee showed but fair work on scattered birds, but her range was narrow and purposeless, and she came in often to her handler. She seemed to be in a frivolous humor. Down 35 minutes.

JOSIE FREEMAN AND OLIVETTE began at 9:42. Josie took a cast in bottom and pointed a bevy; Olivette coming up backed nicely and without any prompting. As her handler came up she broke her back, pressed in and flushed. Josie pointed a bevy in the bottom of a ditch and made two points on the scattered birds in corn. She showed very good range and was speedy, but she was lacking in style, having no tail action. Her work on birds was accurate and quick. She was ordered up at 10:28, and Olivette was sent on alone to work on some marked birds. On a single she pointed it well, but broke her point and flushed it bunglingly. Up at 10.33.

RIPPLE AND COUNT GLOSTER were cast off at 10:39. Each one scored a bevy point, finding nicely and locating quickly. Ripple made two sharp points on scattered birds. She ranged fairly wide, though narrower at the last part of heat, and beat out her ground with fair judgment. Her work was spirited. Count was industrious, range medium, save for a wider cast now and then. He showed good judgment. Both were industrious. Up at 11:24.

SARSFIELD AND MOERLEIN began at 11:24. Sarsfield marred a good point on a bevy by breaking shot and chasing. He did some sloppy work on another bevy. He was difficult to handle. His natural ability to find birds was good, but he lacked finish. Moerlein's performance was commonplace throughout. Up at 12:22.

The party next went to lunch.

DAVE EARL AND PIN MONEY started at 1:36. Both dogs ranged wide and fast, covering a great deal of ground with excellent judgment. Dave made two points to which nothing was found, Pin Money backing nicely. They were ordered up at 2:23. No birds were found. Some unfavorable ground was worked. Wire fences obstructed the course frequently. The excellent searching powers displayed kept both dogs in the second series.

ROD'S PELL AND HURSTBOURNE ZIP were cast off at 2:30. In the open in sedge the dogs came on birds. Owing to cover the judges could not see the work till the dogs had set, Zip down wind of the birds, Pell up wind of them, so that it seemed as if the former was pointing, the latter backing. Sent on, Pell next pointed nicely a bevy near the edge of a ditch. Up at 3:11. Both were diligent, Zip the better in range and judgment. It was a good working heat.

CAROLINE AND MERRY MAIDEN began at 3:15. The heat was marked throughout by an excess of false pointing and no true pointing. They struck the trail of a bevy, which they were unable to locate. On the scattered birds marked down they succeeded no better. Up at 4:11. Maiden was the better ranger.

REDSKIN AND RODFIELD'S BOY started at 4:22. Rod was lost for some minutes. Brought together and sent on, Rod pointed a bevy; Redskin backed. Rod made a point on a single, which flushed wild. Sent on, Rod pointed at the foot of a hill. Redskin about 20yds. ahead crossed the trail and pointed, then roaded awkwardly to a point on the bevy a few yards ahead; the find was Rod's. Rod made two good points on singles. Up at 5:05.

Tuesday.

The morning was clear and pleasantly cool, with a cloudy sky. Later a breeze sprung up. The day was good throughout for work. Birds were too scarce for satisfactory competition. The most diligent work was rewarded with meager finding. The second round was continued.

GLEAM'S ROY AND CHRISTINA were cast off at 8:32. While they made a competition of fair merit, they were not equal to several others in the quality of their work. A bevy was seen to flush from a hollow where both dogs were out of sight of the judges. On the scattered birds Christina pointed, and a moment afterward Roy pointed or backed. Up at 9:50, after a long search without finding till near the close of the heat.

GUENN, the bye dog, began at 10:03. Down about 30 minutes. She found two bevies which she pointed nicely. Her manner of work was pleasing. Her range was middling, speed good and she worked industriously.

Second Round.

Ten dogs were kept in this round.

JOSIE FREEMAN AND HURSTBOURNE ZIP were cast off a 11:07. Both pointed a few yards apart in woods or backed each other, or one was pointing and the other backing, but circumstances indicated that it was Josie's point; however it was as to the dogs, there was a bevy of birds close by the dogs which was flushed when they were ordered on. On the scattered birds Josie pointed nicely. Zip made two flushes, Zip was running in poor form, showing over caution and but moderate range. Josie ran fast and wide. She pointed in good style, but while she carried herself well she showed no tail action.

RODFIELD'S BOY AND ROD'S PELL were next to run, but the latter being absent Sarsfield was called up to run instead. They were cast off at 12:10. Boy pointed a bevy, then in drawing on he flushed it. Sarsfield secured a point on two remaining birds. At times they were both difficult to handle. On some scattered birds of a bevy in woods each secured two points. Next Boy roaded nicely to a point on a bevy by a fence, the work of both dogs on these birds being very good indeed. Each next secured a point on singles. Boy had much the better of the heat in range, judgment and point work. Up at 1:15.

The party went to lunch.

SARAGOSSA BELLE and COUNT GLOSTER were started at 2:17. Some indecisive work was done on two birds on a ditch bank. Count half pointed at the same time Belle was in the ditch. A single bird flushed from the bank not far from the dogs. Belle came out and backed Count, the latter then steadying to a point, to which Tucker flushed a single. Sent on, Count pointed a single well and made two flushes on singles which were partly excusable. Next he made two points to which there was nothing. Sent on, Count found and pointed a bevy nicely, and on the scattered birds in woods he made one point, Belle two. Up at 3:27. Both ranged fast and wide, though Count shortened his range a few times, while Belle maintained hers well to the end. On birds Count had the better judgment, and also the better judgment in seeking in the likely places. Belle ran a very commendable heat. Both ran in better form than in first round.

RIPPLE AND PIN MONEY started at 3:42 and ran till 4:32. The latter was troubled with a lame hindleg, but she ran gamely nevertheless. Both ranged fast and wide, Pin Money the better in range and judgment. Pin Money found and pointed two bevies and made two points on singles. Ripple made a point on singles. The point work was clean and accurate.

DAVE EARL AND GUENN started at 4:37, and ran till 5:05. Dave found and pointed three bevies, the last of which was roaded a long distance before it was located and pointed. He ranged wide and fast and intelligently. Guenn was industrious, but entirely outclassed.

Wednesday.

The morning weather indications were that the heavy rains of the night were not ended, but a start was made nevertheless. Rain set in soon after the start was made, and gradually settled into a steady downpour. As the round had been begun in the rain, it was decided to finish it, so that the conditions would be alike for all concerned.

Third Round.

PIN MONEY AND JOSIE FREEMAN started at 9:02 and ran 15 minutes in a steady rainfall. Pin Money went with her usual dash and range. Josie fell off from her range of preceding heats, though still fast and diligent. No birds were found.

RODFIELD'S BOY AND RIPPLE were started at 9:38. Boy broke away from control twice. The second time he kept away from his handler till he secured a point on a bevy, the judges in the meantime waiting till he was brought back. Ripple in the meantime was ordered up to await his return before a start was made on some scattered birds marked down in woods. When sent on together Boy pointed a single and it flushed wild. He next flushed one and pointed a single which was a few yards behind him. Sent on, Boy pointed at the edge of woods. Ripple backed, broke her back and both drew swiftly into woods, and in about 100yds Ripple flushed a single, then pointed the bevy. Up at 10:23. Ripple ran in much lower form than in her preceding heats. She seemed to be in a frivolous mood during a large part of the heat, giving more attention to bird seeking toward its close. Boy showed a good nose, but at times he would self hunt, and often when ranging at the correct distance he was disobedient and more inclined to range at his own pleasure than that of his handler. There was a cessation of the downpour in the beginning of the heat, but it soon began again, and was raining heavily at the close.

DAVE EARL AND COUNT GLOSTER were started at 11:02 and ran 25 minutes. Dave cut out the range after the first few minutes, he seemingly disliking the wet till he was well into it, when he was unconcerned. He took wide casts and led Count out several times, though the latter was going well and seemed to like the rain and the heavy going. A bevy flushed by one of the handlers was followed. Count dropped nicely to a point on it. Dave ran close by him a moment afterward and also pointed. An effort was made to find the scattered birds again without satisfactory result This heat ended the stake.

The All-Age Stake.

This stake had twelve starters, exceptionally good dogs, drawn to run as follows:

H. B Ledbetter's b., w. and t. setter dog Marie's Sport (Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent), Geo. Gray, handler, with D. E. Rose's (Agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog Domino (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), D E. Rose, handler.

T. T Ashford's liv. and w. pointer dog Von Gull (Kent Elgin—Fannie Croxteth), D E. Rose, handler, with H. H. Edwards's b., w. and t setter dog Harwick (Topsy's Rod—Opal), Geo. Gray, handler.

J L Adams's liv. and w. pointer dog Crackerjack (Lad of Rush—Cyclops), J. H. Johnson, handler, with W. H. Beazell's b , w. and t. setter dog Harold Skimpole (Whyte B —Nettie Bevan), Geo Gray, handler.

R. V Fox's b , w. and t setter dog Tony's Gale (Antonio—Nellie G.), J. H Johnson, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' b , w. and t. setter dog Rod's Chaff (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl), A C. Waddell, handler.

A L. Shonfield's b , w and t. setter dog Leo Noble (King Leo—Minnie T.), N. B Nesbitt, handler, with R. V. Fox's b., w and t. setter dog Forzando (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush), J. H Johnson, handler.

N. T. de Pauw's liv. and w. pointer bitch Sister Sue (Jingo—Rooney), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with C. P. Mingst's b. and w. setter dog Æolia's Rex (Antonio—Columbia), J. Mayfield, handler.

This stake was open to all pointers and setters which had never won first in any All-Age Stake in any recognized field trials in America. Purse, $500: $200 to first, $150 to second, $100 to third, $50 to fourth. Ten dollars forfeit, $10 additional to start.

Nearly all the dogs had achieved fame in former competitions, and were an exceptionally high class of dogs.

Harold Skimpole, winner of first, made an excellent competition, sustaining his work well in every heat. He was very closely pressed by both Marie's Sport and Tony's Gale. He carried himself with dash and spirit, was quick and correct in his bird work, and in range he covered a wide scope of ground. He worked to the gun withal and was obedient.

Marie's Sport, second, at one time seemed the winner, but he fell off in the class of his first work, was disposed to stay in the woods too long at the end of his casts or when out of sight, and he frittered away some time on worthless scents now and then in his last two heats. He also shortened his range occasionally in those heats. Nevertheless he showed himself to be an excellent dog, his best work being admirable, and the margin between first and second was not wide.

Tony Gale, third, also was a very strong competitor for first. His range was wide, and his speed fast; his bird work

was good, though marred by inaccuracy once in a while, and he was not properly obedient at all times.

Fourth prize was won by Von Gull, a pointer of merit. Some of his work was of real brilliancy, but it was not sustained in other than one heat. He displayed an excellent nose, pointed and roaded with a high head, and ranged wido at times, though his average range was medium.

The work of all the winners was conspicuously dashing, and of an order rarely se n at a field trial. There were no gross errors made by them. Only by the most thorough trial were the winners determined, as will be noted from the length of time and the number of times the dogs were run.

Thursday.

Clouds light and heavy obscured the sky during the day. The temperature was moderately cool. Muddy, heavy grounds were a consequence of the Wednesday's heavy downpour of rain, and added somewhat to the difficulty of the competition. Birds apparently were not moving much in the morning hours. There was much obstruction to the running of several heats, caused by the long wire fences.

First Round.

DOMINO AND MARIE'S SPORT began at 9:16. Both dogs started industriously and ranged wide and fast, Sport the better in judgment, and he sustained his performance to the end of the heat Domino feel off in speed the latter half of the heat. He made one point to which nothing was found. Sport found and pointed two bevies. Up at 10:29, with the heat decidedly in favor of Sport.

VON GULL AND HARWICK were cast off at 10:40. Both started their work in excellent form, Von showing the more judgment and knowledge. Both were found backing each other apparently. Ordered on, Von started promptly, while Harwick held his point stanchly. Nothing found. Sent on, Von pointed a bevy nicely and was backed In woods on the scattered birds, Von made a rare exhibition of sharp, accurate point work on singles, going at them with a high nose and locating swiftly at the first effort. He made four points in succession, one of which ended with a flush as he moved to get the wind a bit better, and as he wheeled rapidly on a fifth he slipped, fell over on his side and the bird flushed. Harwick failed to score a point, though he backed prettily. Sent on, he made a point to which nothing was found His judgment seemed faulty as to the meaning of scents. Up at 11:15.

CRACKERJACK AND HAROLD SKIMPOLE were cast off at 11:24. Harold seemed disposed to waste time working on worthless scents betimes, and did not take his range with the best of judgment. He dropped to a point on a bevy, and Crackerjack backed to caution. Sent after the scattered birds; Harold pointed a bevy in woods and Jack backed. Next he pointed a single bird, which flushed wild. He was ordered up at 12:01, and Crackerjack was sent on alone to work on some scattered birds in woods. He pointed a single well. He was difficult to handle. His range was wide and he ran at good speed. Up at 12:06.

The party waited about an hour for the lunch wagon to arrive, failing which the competition was resumed.

TONY GALE AND ROD'S CHAFF were cast off at 1:10. The heat was in parts cramped a great deal by wire fences. Chaff dropped to a point in the open field; Tony backed; nothing found. Sent on, both were found set in sedge grass, the indications being that Tony was pointing the bevy and Chaff backing. Sent on, and again after ranging a while, both were found on point, so that it was difficult to determine which had made the find. Chaff moved on to locate, flushed a bird excusably, then roaded accurately to the bevy and pointed it. Tony backed at will. On the scattered birds in woods Chaff made two points. Tony was the better ranger, though Chaff made a good showing. Up at 1:57.

The lunch in the meantime had arrived, those entrusted with the delivery of it having missed their way

FORZANDO AND LEO NOBLE began at 2:45 Leo was lost several minutes in the early part of the heat. He pointed a bevy in a half hearted manner, though close on it, and Forzando passing by him refused to back, excusably so, as Leo was wagging his tail. Forzando passed close to the bevy, then passed on. Sent on, Leo pointed; Forzando backed; nothing found. Leo often worked out of bounds, and was difficult to handle. Forzando had a medium range, and his judgment in beating out his ground was ordinary. Up at 4:05.

SISTER SUE AND ÆOLIA'S REX were cast off at 4:07. Rex pointed a bevy, Sue roaded on the trail of it some moments after the point was made. On the scattered birds Rex pointed a single nicely, Sue making game at the same time. Sue roaded a long distance on a rabbit. She made a point next on a single bird. Rex pointed a bevy, Sue backed, crawled on her back till she passed by and stole the point. Sue pointed a rabbit and Rex backed to order. Sent on, both were found on point on a single bird. Up at 4:52.

Rex displayed the best nose and judgment. Sue frittered away much time on false scents. Her work was mixed, a little good work with many faults.

Friday.

Another downpour of rain on Thursday night made the grounds muddy on the high grounds and both muddy and sloppy in the lowlands, but a clear sky most of the day and moderate warmth made good conditions for bird finding. It was the best day of the trials so far as numbers of birds and good work on them are concerned.

Second Round.

TONY GALE AND DOMINO were started at 8:42. Both ranged fast and wide, Tony the better in judgment and the wider in range Both recognized scent and made game rapidly and earnestly, but they failed to locate. Sent on, both were casting wide. Tony found and pointed a bevy nicely in open sedge. It flushed wild before Domino could be brought up to back. On the scattered birds, Domino pointed, moved on and a single was flushed by a horseman afterward. Tony pointed near a ditch in cotton. Domino, called up, joined independently in the point The bevy was afterward flushed across the ditch. Tony pointed a single. Each made a point to which nothing was found. Up at 9:11. Tony classed higher in every way than Domino.

HAROLD SKIMPOLE AND LEO NOBLE were started at 9:23. Leo soon pointed a bevy and Harold backed, and here his advantage ended, for Harold quickly disposed of his chances thereafter. Harold next pointed a bevy and Leo refused to back. Leo pointed in weeds; nothing found; next he flushed a single His range was poor. Up 9:39 Harold ranged wide and fast, his judgment was good and he completely overshadowed his competitor

MARIE'S SPORT AND ROD'S CHAFF were started at 9:47. Both pointed the same bevy in the open. Sent on, Chaff found and pointed two bevies well. Sport found and pointed two bevies, made two good points on singles, a flush on a single and a point to which nothing was found. Both backed well. Up at 10:42. Sport was the wider and better ranger, and seemed to be a bit weary at the end of his heat. He carried too much flesh for the best condition for running, though he made a very commendable competition.

VON GULL AND ÆOLIA'S REX started at 10:46. Von pointed; nothing found; Rex refused to back. Set on, Rex pointed a bevy and was backed nicely. Von pointed a single and Rex joined in the point. Von pointed in corn; nothing found. Rex pointed a bevy; Von backed. Von pointed sparrows. He ran a very inferior heat, showing but ordinary interest in his work and making errors of judgment in ranging and in pointing. Rex was wholly unreliable in back setting, and would steal the point on every opportunity. Up at 11:28.

Third Round.

TONY GALE AND HAROLD SKIMPOLE were started at 12:56. Harold pointed a bevy; Tony was disobedient and could not be brought in to back. On the scattered birds each made a point on a single. Next Harold drew to an excusable flush on a single. Sent on, there was a joint point on a single bird. Next both made game; nothing found. Harold pointed a bevy nicely. Both backed well. Tony was disobedient and hard to handle on single birds. Up at 1:26.

MARIE'S SPORT AND ÆOLIA'S REX were started at 2:06. The former outworked and outclassed Rex in every particular. Rex made a point to which nothing was found, joined in a point on a bevy found and pointed by Sport, flushed one bird and pointed another. Up at 2:55.

VON GULL AND ROD'S CHAFF started at 3:02. Von pointed a bevy, Chaff not near to back. The latter shortened his range and speed during this heat. Von was running in fairly good form. Chaff made much better than an average showing.

Final.

HAROLD SKIMPOLE AND MARIE'S SPORT were cast off at 3:38 Both dogs started well, going fast and wide, Harold maintaining his pace more uniformly, and going wider than his competitor. Sport pointed a bevy. At the same time Harold was lost, and was found in sedge about 300yds. away pointing a single. Sent on, Harold flushed a single. Sport contracted his range toward the last of the heat and was going slower. Harold was not going quite so strong at the finish as at the beginning. Up at 4:04, and the trials were ended.

WEST POINT, Miss., Jan. 18.—[*Special to Forest and Stream*]: The Champion Stake will be run next week, beginning on Tuesday. The judges will probably be W. S. Bell and N. Wallace. The pointer Derby was finished today. Winners: First, Young Rip Rap; second, Elgene; third, Ripple. Setter Derby begins to-morrow.

B. WATERS.

The New York Show.

THE premium list of the W. K. C. show is now ready and will be sent by Supt. James Mortimer, Nos. 66–70 Beaver street, New York. In our notice of the premiums last week the second prize of $15 was omitted from classes in which the first prize is $20. Entries will close Feb. 8. Of the premium list Mr. Mortimer writes:

We offer in most important breeds, including pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, collies, bull dogs and fox terriers (smooth), in open classes, $20, $15, $10 and $5 as first, second, third and fourth prizes. We have made field trial classes for all breeds of dogs that have taken part in field trials in the United States and Canada, including pointers, the different setter breeds and beagles; and have made an increase of twenty classes on that of last year, our present classification being 266 as against 246 in 1896, besides offering a special cash prize of $20 for the best exhibit of four of nearly every breed. The money prizes in St. Bernards amount to $480, pointers $430, setters $930, spaniels $690, collies and sheep dogs $470, poodles $275, bull dogs $370, fox terriers $520, and so on. Our actual cash premiums amount to nearly $8,000, a larger amount than we have given before, and twice as much as that offered by any other show on the continent of America.

The Westminster Kennel Club offers at the coming show a challenge cup, value $250, for the best exhibit of five couples of English foxhounds, the property of any recognized hunt club in the United States and Canada. Hounds to be entered in their regular classes, and shown with the huntsman or whip in livery. This cup will not be awarded unless there are two or more competitors, and must be won three times by the same club before becoming its absolute property.

Messrs. C. Albert Stevens and Perry Tiffany offer $20 for the best bull terrier stud dog shown with two of his sons, whose merits alone are to be considered, and which may be the property of different owners. This prize will not be awarded unless there are two or more competitors.

International Fox Terrier Club.

DETROIT, Jan. 13.—A meeting of fox terrier breeders was held at Detroit, Jan. 11, for the purpose of organizing a fox terrier club, which resulted in the election of the following well-known terrier fanciers: President, Chas. Backus, Detroit, Mich.; Vice-President, Thos. Ollette, Detroit, Mich.; Secretary and Treasurer, J J. Lynn, Port Huron, Mich.; Board of Governors: Geo. M. Hendrie, Chas. Backus and Thos. Ollette, Detroit, Mich.; Wallace Waken, Chicago, Ill.; Geo. S. Sinclair, Toledo, O; J. J. Lynn, Port Huron.

This club is sure of success, with a good list of membership on its books. It is proposed that during 1897 two shows shall be given, and after 1897 four shows a year shall be held. Specials will be offered at all the leading shows in the West. It was decided that the club would be known as the International Fox Terrier Club, which will of course take in its membership many Canadian breeders. The first show will be held at Port Huron during the spring months. Specials and championship cups will be added in the different Breeders' Stakes. J. J. LYNN, Sec'y.

Foxhound Trials.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 15.—The Hoosier Kennel Club has generously set aside to be competed for by foxhounds: $35 for best all-round dog or bitch, $10 for second and $5 for third. The trials to be held on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 5 and 6, on suitable grounds some distance from Indianapolis, and in a good fox country. Our red foxes are noted for their running qualities. Trailing, hunting, speed, endurance and fox sense, in fact all the elements combined in one dog as nearly as possible to make the perfect dog, the fox to be jumped wild on his native heath.

These points to be decided by three judges of known foxhunting experience.

Dogs to be eligible for this contest must be entered in the Hoosier Kennel Club show and pay their entrance fee, and be in their kennels at said show from Feb. 1 until Feb 6, unless competitors in the field, when they will be excused by the committee during the trials. An additional fee of $1 will be charged to competitors in the trials. Ten entries to fill. We find this necessary as a bar to many dogs that would otherwise be entered who lacked training and experience, and would be a detriment to the trials. Rabbit chasers will be penalized.

All classes of dogs will be largely represented at this show, and lovers of the foxhound and beagle want to see the hound classes head the list. Enter your dog and come along with him. Let's see who really has the best dog in Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois or Indiana.

Entries close Feb. 1.

Drop me a line and entry blanks will be mailed.

P. S.—The above, with exception that $30 will be given in prizes, divided $20, $5, $5, to be run on rabbits in braces, will govern the beagle trials.

F. W. SAMUELS,
Chairman Foxhound and Beagle Committee.

Milwaukee Show Abandoned.

MILWAUKEE KENNEL AND PET STOCK ASSOCIATION, Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 11.—It had been agreed upon to hold a show following Chicago, but as Louisville also claims the same dates so Milwaukee withdraws in favor of Louisville.

LOUIS STEFFEN, Sec'y.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desira ble

BICYCLE ADJUSTMENT FOR BOYS.

DR. EDWIN HOWES, of Louisville, Ky., gives some good advice to bicycle manufacturers with regard to wheels sold to boys. There is no sensible reason why the bicycle should not be a health-giving and invigorating means of exercise for boys; but, like other good things, it is open to abuse.

Dr. Howes writes:

"Cycling can be the healthiest or the unhealthiest of all exercises, as the rider chooses to make it.

"The abuses to which I refer are among the boys from ten to fifteen years, who are not capable of judging what is best for themselves. The fathers being ignorant of wheeling in most cases, and the agent thinking only of making a sale, allows the boy to select a machine to suit himself, regardless of hygienic effects.

"The boy invariably chooses drop handle bars and a high gear. The result will be a large crop of weak lunged or consumptive youths with valvular enlargement of the heart and a deformed personal appearance, *i. e.*, round shoulders and humped backs; the first and last condition being produced by the position necessitated by the handle bars (drop), the heart trouble by the high gear combined with the position of riding.

"A man's (or boy's) principal breathing is by or with the abdominal muscles, so that, when he is doubled up on the wheel, his lungs are not only compressed by the shoulders and chest walls, but it is impossible for him to inflate his lungs on account of the doubled-up condition of the abdominal muscles.

"The result of this will be congestion and consolidation of the spaces of the lungs, which will make weak lungs, if not consumption. Quick motion of the limbs of a child is natural, therefore not harmful. But nature never intended that a child should be put under a continual heavy muscular strain, such as is necessary to propel a high-geared machine.

"The effects of the high gear, combined with the cramped position of the lungs, which prevents a free flow of blood through them, will most certainly produce enlargement of the valves of the heart. The result of this injudicious selection and riding will become manifest in the next two or three years. The physicians will not stop to think that this is the result of the abuse of what should be a good, healthy exercise, but will simply attribute it to wheel riding in general, and will at once raise a great hue and cry against wheel riding through the medical and daily press, and in the families. You can judge the effect it would have on the wheel trade if the fathers were convinced by the family physician that it was detrimental to the health of their boys.

"I would suggest that you put a chapter in your catalogue incorporating these facts (and any doctor, after trying the positions and thinking on the matter, will say they are facts), with advice as to the correct way to ride a wheel. I would also suggest that you instruct your agents that they advise the fathers to select high handle bars and a low gear, informing them of the evil results likely to follow the other selection. The boys would then have to make their speed by fast foot movements, which will do them no harm."

Up to Date.

SOUTHERN resorts nowadays to be abreast of the times advertise their attractions from the wheelman's standpoint. The Florida resorts, for example, all have something to say in their descriptive pamphlets of the excellence of the roads or sea beaches in their immediate vicinity for cycling, or of the bicycle paths which have been constructed for the benefit of their patrons. Some of these hotels conduct riding academies under the supervision of competent instructors, and rental rooms in connection with hotels are now almost as common as bowling alleys or tennis courts.

That there is a reason for giving wheeling this prominent mention is shown by the illustrations from photographs which go along with the text, for in a large percentage of the cases where human beings appear they are shown in some relation to a bicycle. No sea beach scene seems complete without groups of cyclists, and the roads through the pine forests or under the palms are given perspective by the arrangement of riders in foreground and middle distance. To the traditional "boating, bathing and fishing" which appears in announcements of these hotels must now be added "wheeling."

Misdirected Ingenuity.

ONE of the recent inventions reported from the Patent Office is a combined mud guard, skirt holder and rest for bicycles. Its practicability may be judged from the fact that the attachment is made in the form of an eagle, in which the body serves as a mud guard, the wings as a skirt protector and the legs as a rest for the bicycle. The wings are attached to the body by spring hinges to prevent injury in case of a fall, while the legs are operated by a combination of levers and slide rods. It would be interesting to know just what the inventor had in view when evolving this monstrosity. He could hardly have expected that it would come into universal use, or even that a limited number of the attachments could be sold The vast majority of female bicycle riders are sensitive about their appearance, and we opine that it would not be an easy matter to find a single individual who could be bribed to ride the flapping eagle in public.

Were this an isolated case, an explanation would be forthcoming, but the records of the Patent Office teem with just such impractical devices, proving that misdirected ingenuity is common enough.

During a single period of three months last year 1,100 patents were applied for for improvements in connection with the bicycle. Tires alone were responsible for 550. Two hundred were asked for on features of general construction, fifty-six for saddles, fifty two for brakes, thirty-one for chain improvements, twenty-two for valves, twenty-five for lubricators, nineteen for locks, fourteen for devices for securing women's dresses, twelve for lamps, seven for bells, two for devices for carrying pipes and matches, and one for a luncheon carrier; while ice bicycles, chainless bicycles, hill climbers and other ideas figure largely.

It is estimated that two-thirds of all the patents issued are valueless to the manufacturer, and in the line of bicycle improvement no doubt the percentage is immeasurably greater. Take for example the item of tires. From the reports it appears that more were patented in a week than have been successfully introduced upon the market in the last six years, and it is the same way with the other classifications. Theories whose practicability have long since been exploded still continue to lure the inventive mind by way of wasted funds and energy to ultimate disappointment and failure. When we consider the great odds that oppose the introduction of articles of real merit, it is little wonder that so many fall by the wayside.

New Models.

THE new models for 1897 have a more finished appearance, as a rule, than any bicycles heretofore turned out. Flush joints have been adopted with remarkable unanimity, and the frames are more richly and smoothly enameled. The option of wood handle bars in place of steel is generally given, and improved crank shaft mechanisms all aiming toward simplicity of parts are almost universal. Manufacturers are also practically unanimous in condemning the old style of oil holes, which were frequently dirt traps, and improved methods of oiling are found in nearly all the new models. Attention has been given to the perfection of sprocket wheels, and there has been a general increase in their size, while either one or both sprockets are made detachable. Many manufacturers have adopted D-shaped tubing for the rear forks, which allows a greater clearance for the tire, and permits the use of larger sizes.

Ball retaining devices for bearings are common, while arrangements are made for adjustment independent of frame.

Considerable attention has been paid to improving the general appearance of the new wheels, and fork crowns, rims, spokes, handle bars, name plates, etc., show more pleasing lines than formerly. It seems to be the general policy this year to give the widest possible range in options. Brakes will be put on when requested, and special saddles and tires may be had without difficulty.

As a result, we will have handsomer and more perfectly finished bicycles, and the amateur will be better able to take care of his own wheel and keep it in good condition than heretofore.

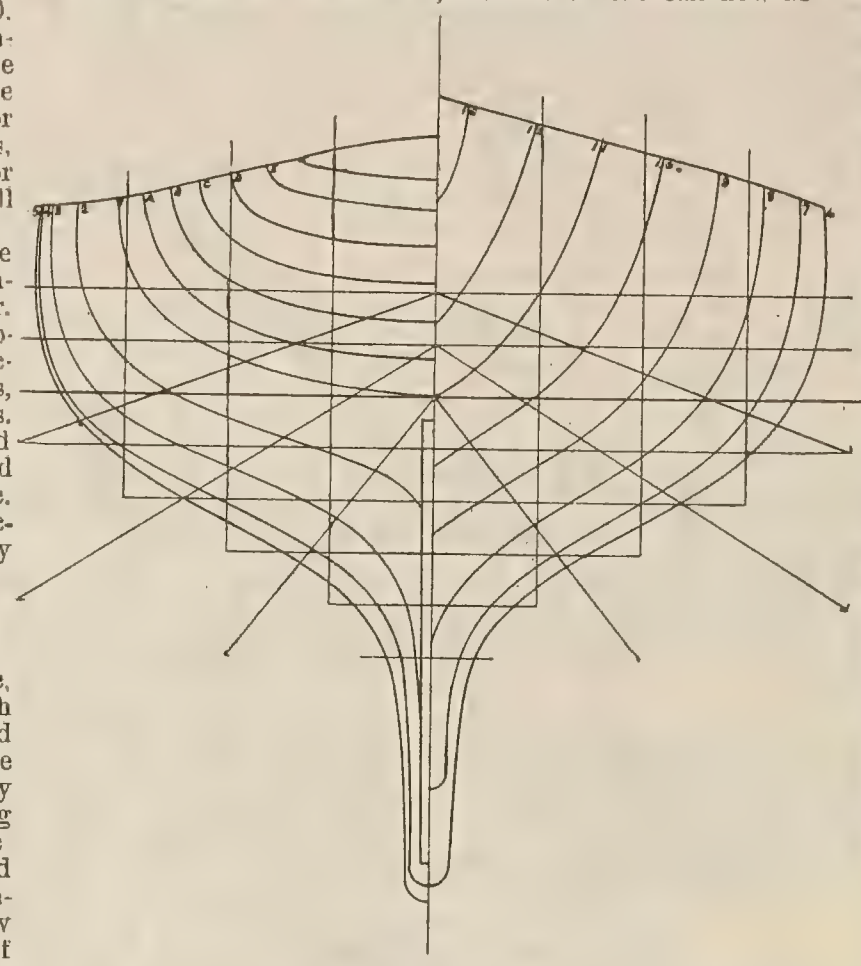
Yachting.

THE report of the race committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was prepared solely for the members of the club, and was not intended for publication. With the permission of the committee, however, we publish it entire for two or three reasons which will be appreciated by yachtsmen. In the first place, we consider this report a model for every club and race committee in the country, just such a clear and pointed statement as should be laid before every club at the end of each racing season, solidifying and preserving the observations and the experiences of the men who, not even excepting the racing owners, are most closely in touch with the racing work of the year. Invaluable as it is, this experience is almost invariably allowed to go to waste In any club, no matter how small it may be, which can boast of races through the season, there is the opportunity offered to the committee to make a report of this nature that shall at the same time bring home to the members the exact conditions of the racing, and shall excite a new interest in the sport.

The report is valuable in another way in that it bears on its face the evidence of the vast amount of work which is done, not in this club alone by any means, but in a great many clubs, for the encouragement of yachting and yacht racing; and, we regret to say, of the lack of support on the part of the individual owners of the club. Only those who have been concerned with such work can appreciate the amount of time and labor, all freely given, that is necessary to carry out a complete season's racing, especially with the trial and cup races of the past two years thrown in. That racing is in other than a flourishing condition to-day is, in our opinion, in no way due to the yacht clubs or to their active agents, the race committees. The present report shows a condition of affairs in one club which is almost universal and by no means a solitary instance. On the part of the club generous sums are appropriated for prizes and incidental racing expenses; on the part of the committee, time and labor are freely given in the preparation of a long racing programme, in the arrangement of details and the management of each race, in measurement, protests, etc. As stated by the committee in this case, the support from the racing owners, for whom all this work is done, is not what might reasonably be expected, and the result is too often a disappointment to the committee.

Apart from these general considerations, the report is valuable because it deals with a large number of the actual issues in modern yachting: the measurement question, the regulation of extreme features, the lack of interest in the larger and the growth of racing in the smaller classes, and kindred subjects. Its value in this respect is in no way impaired by the fact that it is suggestive rather than positive on many important points; that it indicates difficulties without providing at once practicable means of surmounting them. In this it is only in the position of many thoughtful yachtsmen, who fully appreciate the difficulties and drawbacks of the existing state of affairs in yachting, and yet are not clear as to an effectual remedy. We hope that this report will be the means of awakening, both within and without the club, a deeper interest on the part of individual yachtsmen in the many vital questions of the times.

THE Seawanhaka C. Y. C. has followed the Y. R U. in adopting the draft limits of the Larchmont and New York clubs. The summary of the race committee voices an opinion that is very general among yachtsmen, that in spite of obvious faults of construction, the amendment can now do little positive harm, and something better may be suggested before much building is done. It is worth while to note that the numerous yachts promised in October are not materializing now that the building season for large vessels is well advanced.



BODY PLAN.

IF the reports that are now current about Mr. Howard Gould's projected steam yacht are anything near the truth, this craft will be a fitting mate to the other great American steam yachts, Atalanta and Nourmahal She is to be a purely American craft, with all that the term implies in a steam yacht, beyond which we need not go into details. Mr. Gould has here an opportunity to help the cause of steam yacht designing in America and at the same time to save money. If he has really decided upon the general size and type of boat which he desires, let him institute an open competition among designers, limiting it, as it may please him, to those of purely American birth, to them and those of foreign birth resident in this country, or to all without regard to nationality. The cost of adequate prizes for such a competition would be a small item compared with the half million dollars or so that the yacht will cost, and which from appearances is more than likely to be wasted on a faulty design The value of such a competition as a stimulus to and a test of American designing should weigh strongly, in addition to the mere saving of money.

APROPOS of nothing in particular, but merely as a bit of private malice, the Boston *Herald* of January 10 makes the following statement: "In the last Cup race the Seawanhaka club's pleasure steamer got in the way of the Defender and Valkyrie III." The "*Herald* man" is in error in assuming that the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. owns the Old Dominion Line of steamers. The club chartered for the Cup races of 1895 the steamer Guyandotte, of that line, which was a long distance from the yachts on the occasion of the unfortunate collision. The offending steamer, Yorktown, of the same line, was run by its owners as a public boat in charge of her regular captain.

THE result of the special meeting of the Lake Y. R. A. can hardly be considered satisfactory, as matters are still in a very mixed condition. The proposal to limit the midship section has been adopted, with a smaller limit than desirable, but still the difference is not material. The sequel will appear to most yachtsmen as an absurdity; the opponents of this measure in the larger classes now appear as its champions in the smaller, and have succeeded in having the rule extended to cover them as well. Using the original arguments of the other side, that they wished to bar freaks and extremes and promote the building of wholesome and useful boats, they have proposed a minimum of 19 per cent. in the 27ft. class and 15 per cent. in the 22ft. class. Considering the patent facts that the extreme fin-keels could not carry the necessary displacement to float their fins and bulbs on a much smaller section, it may seem that these limits and the arguments in support of them were intended as sarcasm, but both were put forward soberly and in good faith. It will be interesting to watch the development of wholesome and useful yachts under such limits.

Another similar matter was no less amusing. The Hamilton delegates seriously defended the limit of 125lbs. as a fair average for the weight of crew on lake yachts. The absurdity of such statements in the actual presence of such men as Com. Lucas, Æmilius Jarvis, George Webster, George Goodesham, Elliott Mott, Com. Downey, E. A. Burroughs, Com. Hower and many more, never seemed to strike the advocates of light weight in yachting.

The proposal to measure with crews on board was unfortunately lost through the opposition of the Hamilton delegates.

Two new yachts of large size are now assured for the English racing, one for Chas. Day Rose and one for A. B. Walker. They will be of about 90ft. linear rating. The former will be designed by J. M. Soper and built by Fay & Co., at Southampton; the latter will be designed and built by Will Fife, Jr., at Fairlie.

MR. CLINTON H. CRANE, owner of El Heirie, has been in Boston during the past week arranging with Lawley & Co. for the construction of a 20-footer of his own design, the work now being under way.

A MODERN CRUISER.

THE handsome little craft which we here present, through the courtesy of the designer and builder, Mr. W. B. Stearns, of the Marblehead Yacht Yard, belongs to a class long since made familiar to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. It is interesting and instructive in the extreme to compare this finished design, with its artistic lines and light construction, with such experimental boats from the same locality as the first little Carmita and Witch, built nearly fifteen years ago and illustrated when new in the FOREST AND STREAM. With all their sterling qualities as safe and handy cruisers and single-handers, these little boats were crude in the extreme in model, construction and rig. The modern boat of the same type, of which the craft here shown is an excellent example, is in all respects a model, the same skill and care being expended upon her as upon the largest and most expensive yachts.

The present craft, now building at Mr. Stearns's yard, is intended for day sailing about Massachusetts Bay and for cruising on the Maine coast; for these ends the designer has aimed to secure a good, easy sea boat, with plenty of room below and on deck, a fair turn of speed, and ample strength for hard service through an indefinite period, as in the older and much heavier boats. In that secondary but indispensable attribute of a yacht, appearance, nothing has been sacrificed, and the design shows a notably graceful and shipshape craft, and one free from all freak features. For the intended use, a few inches of draft more or less is no objection, but if circumstances should call for it the draft might be somewhat reduced by a straight line for the bottom of the keel and the bulbing of the lead. The very easy profile has a special advantage in that the yacht is not liable to be brought up suddenly by nets, surface lines and similar obstructions that are so serious in the case of the fin type. The dimensions of the yacht are as follows:

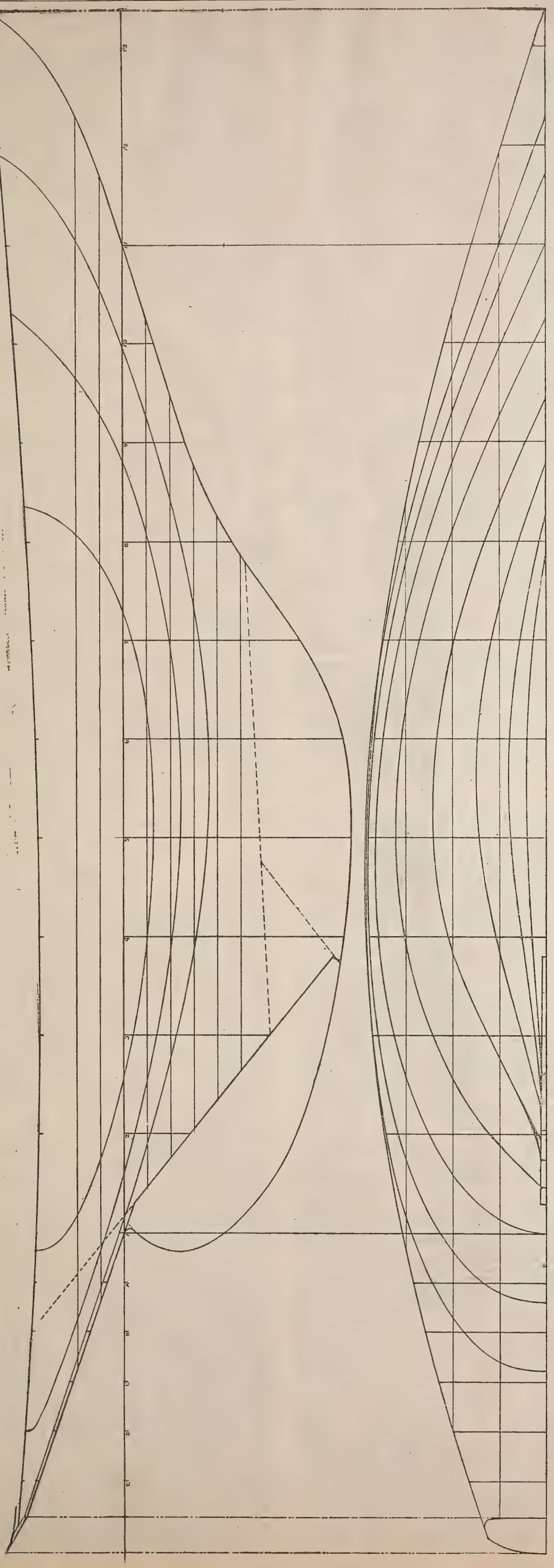
Length over all	32ft.	9in.
l.w.l.	21ft.	
Overhang, forward	5ft.	
aft	6ft.	9in.
Beam, extreme	7ft.	8in.
l w.l.	7ft.	2½in.
Draft, extreme	4ft.	10½in.
Freeboard, least	1ft.	9½in.
Sheer, forward	1ft.	1in.
aft		6in.
Displacement, long tons	3 48	
pounds	7,800	
Ballast, lead, all outside, tons	1,71	
pounds	3.840	
Sail area	499sq. ft.	
Mast, from stem at l.w.l.	5ft.	9in.
deck to hounds	26ft.	6in.
Boom	24ft.	9in.
Gaff	13ft.	8in.

The construction is fully illustrated in the plans The frame is of oak, with all bent timbers 1in. square, spaced 10in. Covering the lead keel are 2in. oak floors, with four steel strap floors extending 18in up the sides. Forward and aft of the lead the floors are of 1in oak boards The clamps are of oak, 1¼×2½in., with oak bilge clamps 3×1½in., bent in cold. The deck beams are part of white oak, ⅞×1½in., and part of red oak, 2×1½in. and 1½×1½in. The topstrakes are of white oak, bright finished; the remainder of the planking is of hard (yellow) pine, ¾in. The deck is of rift-sawed white pine, absolutely free from imperfections, ¾in. thick and 2in. wide, bent to deck line and fastened with blind nails and dowels.

The sides of the trunk are of oak bent to shape and the top is of ¾in. butternut with lipped seams, these and the deck seams payed with marine glue. The cabin joiner work is of mahogany and butternut, handsomely finished The forecastle is finished in white pine. The upholstery and furnishings are all of the best quality.

All of the blocks, turnbuckles, chain plates and deck fittings are of phosphor or Tobin bronze, from the yard's special patterns, and the iron work is of Norway iron, neatly forged and galvanized. The standing rigging is of best quality steel tiller rope, ¼in. diameter, with metallic splices on the shrouds and backstays, the headstay being seized back. The running rigging is thoroughly stretched and seasoned before reeving off. The sails are of special yacht duck, 6oz., unbighted, with cross-cut cloths except in the jib

The cabin is 8ft. 6in. long, with 5ft. headroom under companion and skylight, and 2ft. breadth of floor. It is fitted with two large and comfortable lockers, with wardrobe and sideboard at the ends of each. The forecastle is fitted with ice chest, dish lockers, shelves and folding berth. The cockpit is quite roomy, with wide seats inside the coaming, the seats also forming lockers for stowage. From the above general specifications, it will be seen that the yacht is remarkably complete in her construction and fittings, everything being of the best, and expense not being considered. The same boat of less elaborate finish, but with first-class workmanship throughout, can be built for about $1,200, which would not include cabin furnishings and cruising outfit. Unlike the original knockabout, this boat is not strictly ot a local type, but adapted for many places on both fresh and salt water, the sail spread and other details being, of course, modified as the conditions and intended use may demand. Mr. Stearns is a young Boston man whose tastes, even as a young boy, led him to designing, after studying under Prof. J. H. Biles, at Glasgow, he has established himself at Marblehead as both designer and builder, and, as this design shows, with much promise of success. The construction and sail plans will follow next week.



TWENTY-ONE FOOT CRUISING YACHT DESIGNED BY W. B. STEARNS, 1897.

Building from Sailing Models.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the Philadelphia Model Y. C. on Jan. 7 the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: Com., Wm. Porter; Vice-Com., F. Warren Snow; Sec'y Treas., Arthur B. Carles, 859 West street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The club is in a prosperous condition, having an enrollment of fifteen active members, nineteen sailing models and four steamers, with a magnificent sailing station on the Delaware, located at Beideman Station, Camden & Amboy Division, Pennsylvania R R., where all visiting model yachtsmen will be welcomed on any Saturday afternoon or Sunday after May 1.

In the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 9 it is stated that the American Model Y. C. is going to build a 20-footer from the best performing model yacht. This will not be the first thus built, as in 1889 Prof. Koenig, University of Pennsylvania, an enthusiastic model yachtsman and a member of the Philadelphia M. Y. C., had a small cutter (28ft. 6in. l.w.l.) built from the lines of his model Viking. There were no changes made, the lines were followed faithfully, and the result was a perfectly seaworthy cruiser, the owner and his son making the passage from Cooper's Point, Camden (where she was built), to Bar Harbor, Me., touching at Vineyard Haven, and shipping a man to act as pilot around the Cape. He was left at Marblehead and Viking proceeded to Bar Harbor, experiencing heavy weather coming around Cape Cod, but "never parted a rope yarn."

The owner stated that the only mistake made was in her sail plan. She was under-canvased. This defect was remedied the following summer, and for two years she held her own around Bar Harbor with boats of her class, eventually meeting an untimely end on the rocks in a fog, being sailed for the first time by a new owner. I merely call attention to the above facts to show that if the A. M. Y. C.'s boat is a success, she will not have been the first by eight years.

ARTHUR B. CARLES.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Columbia Y. C., of South Boston, was held on Jan. 6, the following officers being elected: Com., F. J. Powers; Vice-Com., Hiram Patterson; Rear-Com., George H. Lloyd; Secretary, W. C. Le Petrie; Clerk, Theodore O. Nicholson; Treas., A. E. Justice; Meas., Fred Pfund. Trustees: Charles J Rushton, Charles E. O'Donnell and Charles W. Nodwell.

The Old Colony Y. C., of Boston, has elected the following officers: Com., William Fessenden; Vice-Com., William V. Baker; Rear Com., Peter Schurch; Sec'y, George A. Hall; Treas., E. K. Pratt; Directors, the above and Samuel Ware, R. W. Davenport and H. E. Jipson; Regatta Committee: Samuel Ware, H. H. Linnell, Earl D. Gay, Charles A. Anthony and George A. Hall; Meas., Thomas Archibald.

The annual meeting of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was held on Jan. 13 in New York, the following officers being elected: Com., Charles T. Wills, slp. Daphne; Vice-Com., George G. Tyson, schr. Nirvana; Rear-Com., Robert B. Carpenter, schr. Glendoveer; Sec'y, Charles F. Stewart; Treas., Richard Outwater; Meas., W. O Bourne; Trustees (for three years): R. F. Downing and H. E. Doremus. Regatta Committee: F. S. Doremus, C. S. Somerville, Richard Outwater, F. Bowne Jones and Charles E. McManus. The amendments to the racing rules recommended by the Yacht Racing Union were adopted. The club has now 155 members and a fleet of 64 yachts.

The annual meeting of the Brooklyn Y. C. was held at the town quarters on Jan. 13, at which the following officers were elected: Vice-Com., Joseph L. Constant, slp. Alaris; Pres., P. H. Jeannot; Treas., William Graham; Sec'y, William Cagger; Trustees: Richard Neville, Albert Cluman, George C. Schafler, E. H. Chandler, S. S. Golding, William T. Murphy and John J. McCue; Regatta Committee: Frank L. Townsend, Louis Wunder and H. H. Stanwood; Membership Committee: A. S. Richoffer, C. H. Frost and Joseph N. Gaus Two amendments, to increase the dues and to abolish the office of president, were voted down. The retiring commodore was nominated for re-election, but not being now a yacht owner, the matter was postponed until a subsequent meeting in order that he might properly qualify for the office by the purchase of a yacht.

The annual meeting of the Williamsburgh Y. C., on Jan. 7, was held at the new club house, the following officers being elected: Com., James Schuessele; Vice-Com., John Lawes, Jr; Rear-Com, S G. Poole; Rec. Sec'y, William Martin; Cor. Sec'y, William Schlucher: Treas., James Northrop; Meas., William Stebbins; Steward, J. Phil Haffner; Sergt.-at-Arms, Warren Traver; Board of Trustees, James Lang, Chairman; Rheinhard Perino, Larry Rice, Michael Donnelly, Louis Rave; Regatta Committee: John Lawes, Sr, H. P. Schneider and John Engel.

The Lynn Y. C. held its annual meeting on Jan. 8, electing the following officers: Com., J. A. Clough; Vice-Com., R. J. Williams; Sec'y, P. E. Newhall; Treas., W. A. Estes; Directors—J. W. Haines, E. B. Newhall, W. H. Russell, R. J. Williams, W. H. Hollis; Regatta Committee—A. Larrabee, C. J. Blethen, W. H. Russell, C. D. Mower, C. A. Mansfield.

The Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. held its annual meeting on Jan. 11, electing the following officers: Com., E. L. Hopkins; Vice-Com., L. S. Knevals; Treas., H. T. Shriver; Sec'y, R. O'Gorman; Trustee, B. C. Lockett.

The annual meeting of the South Boston Y. C. was held on Jan. 6 at the United States Hotel. The reports showed a membership of 2 5 and a balance of $1,500 in the treasury. The arrangements for a new club house are progressing satisfactorily, and the club will be ultimately housed in a fine building on a new location. The following officers were elected: Com., C. F. Morrill, str. Navarch; Vice-Com., E. H. Lansing, cutter Thelma; Rear-Com., Mr. Bruce, slp. M. F. Swift; Sec'y, D. F. Carew; Treas., T. Christian; Meas., J. Bertram; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. T. G. Reed; Trustees—J. C. Merry, C. McKenna, H. L. Stickney; Regatta Committee—F. H. Borden, J. H. Corrigan, G. P. Field, N. B. Stone, E. B. Walbridge; Finance Committee—A. Fuller, W. H. Godfrey, D. Kinnear.

The Hudson River Y. C. held its annual meeting on Jan. 12, electing the following officers: Com., E. Langerfeld; Vice-Com., D. W. Chute; Sec'y, A. G. Buchholz; Treas., E. S. Peets; Meas., W. Arndt; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. D. B. Spence; Steward, J. T. Hufnagle; Trustees—Dr. E. J. Ranhofer, A. G. Roussell, T. H. Hall, W. Arndt, W. Lutters, M. Schnellbacher, J. O'Shaunnessy, T. Henderson, Dr. D. B. Spence and E. S. Peets.

The annual meeting of the Hull Y. C. was held on Jan. 9, the following officers being elected: Com., Wm. H. Crane, str. Senator; Vice-Com., Harry B. Torrey, cutter King Philip; Rear-Com., William O. Gay, knockabout Tautog; Sec'y, William Avery Cary; Ass't Sec'y, Caleb Nichols; Treas., John L. Amory; Meas., William E. Sheriffs; Executive Committee: James R. Hooper, Joaquin J. Souther; Membership Committee: Loring Crocker, Jr., Herman W. Friend; House Committee: T. E. Jacobs, Norman F. Greeley, Charles A. Cooley; Regatta Committee: T. E. Jacobs, Louis M. Clark. The club adopted the measurement rule of the Mass. Y. R. A. It has now a membership of 294.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Y. C. was held on Jan. 8 at the Rowe's Wharf club house, Boston, Com. Edwin P. Boggs presiding. The following officers were elected: Com., Edwin P. Boggs; Vice-Com., Nathaniel L. Francis; Rear-Com., Louis M. Clark; Sec'y, John S. Clark, Jr.; Treas, Charles G. Cutter; Directors: Henry W. Savage, John Shaw, Robt. C. McQuillen, Jacob A. Barbey, Jr.; Meas., William E. Waterhouse; Ass't Meas., Charles H. Dodd; Race Committee: William S. Crosby, C. Edwin Bockus, William E. Robinson, Albert E. Schaaf, T. W. King; House Committee: George M. Whitcomb, A. M. Blinn, Albert W. Randall, Lyman Sise, Louis C. Whiting. Com. Boggs's re-election is for the fifth time. The club has a membership of 250.

The Cleveland Y. C. held its annual meeting on Jan. 13, electing the following officers: Com., Geo. H. Worthington; Vice-Com., Percy W. Rice; Rear-Com., W. R. Huntington; Sec'y-Treas., Burton D. Munhall; Meas., O. P. de Mars; Ass't Meas., David Moore; Surveyor, Henry Richter; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. E. E. Beeman; Board of Directors—Geo. H. Worthington, Percy W. Rice, W. R. Huntington, Dr. E. E. Beeman, Wm. L. Otis, John Barth, Jos. Leon Gobeille, R. D. Aikenhead, H. K. Lyman, J. R. Miller, G. H. Gardner, Richard Carleton, John Harkness Brown, F. G. Overbeke and Burton D. Munhall; House Committee—Messrs. Aikenhead, Otis and Overbeke; Regatta Committee—Messrs. Gardner, Overbeke and Huntington; Auditing Committee—Messrs. Miller, Brown and Gobeille. Com. W. J. Connors, of Buffalo, was elected an honorary member of the club.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.

THE annual meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held at the town club house, 19 East Twenty-second street, New York, on Jan. 12, with Com. Rouse in the chair. The ordinary routine business of the annual meeting, the reports of officers and committees, election, etc., was carried through, the following officers being elected: Com.. Henry Clark Rouse, schr. Iroquois; Vice-Com., S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, slp. Indolent; Rear-Com.. Henry A. Van Liew, steam yacht Aquilo; Sec'y, Charles J. Stevens; Treas., Walter C. Hubbard; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Valentine Mott, M.D ; Fleet Chaplain, George R. Van De Water, D.D.; Race Committee: Oliver E. Cromwell, D. Le Roy Dresser, Walter C. Kerr, Charles A. Sherman and C. W. Wetmore. Trustees: William Foulke, Walter C. Hubbard, Walter C. Kerr and Bayard F. Foulke. Committee on Lectures and Entertainments: Clarence Goadby, Herbert L. Satterlee and Walter T. Owen; Committee on Lines and Models: John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith and W. P. Stephens. Law Committee: Alfred Ely and F. de P. Foster.

The retiring secretary, Mr. H. W. Hayden, has held the office for three years; except in this office and that of rear-commodore but few changes appear in the officers and committees. The trustees announced the election of Messrs. T. A. Lord, S. T. Shaw, P. T. Dodge, Chas. Olmstead and Wm. Phelps Eno, making the present membership 359, with a fleet of 194 yachts. As part of the miscellaneous business, the club accepted with thanks several recent donations; Com. Rouse has presented a very fine crayon portrait of the late Robert Center; Mr. Cornelius Roosevelt, one of the old members, presented a handsome oil painting, by A. Cary Smith, of the first Corinthian match between the sloops Addie V. and Vision in 1875; and a non-member, Mr. J. S. Muckle, of Philadelphia, tendered to the club in a gracefully worded letter a silver cup as a special prize for the winner of the trial races of the club in the 20ft. class next summer. The club formally adopted a pattern for a hat ribbon, of blue with small white stars.

The various reports showed a much more prosperous condition of the club's affairs than at the end of last year. The sub-committee on club boats and transportation presented a very complete and satisfactory report covering the work of the year in its department The location of the club station, on an island, involves at best a heavy expense for steamer and launch service, and makes the matter of transportation a difficult one. It would appear from the report that much has been done toward a satisfactory solution of it.

The proposed amendments to the racing rules, to conform to the amended rules of the Sound Y. R. U., were passed without discussion.

The most important feature of the meeting was the report of the regatta committee, a lengthy document, but nevertheless listened to by all present with an attention seldom accorded to papers of this sort. The report was accepted with a vote of thanks to the committee for the report itself, as well as for its work during the year, and ex-Com. Benedict made a motion, which was carried, that a sufficient number of copies for distribution to yacht clubs and others who might be interested should be printed and distributed at his personal expense. We give the report in full, as follows:

Annual Report of the Race Committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club for the Year 1896.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12, 1897.

To the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club:

The following specified races were sailed under the auspices of the club, and under the direction of the race committee, during the yachting season of 1896:

RACES.

Dates.	*Description of Race.*
May 30, Decoration Day	15ft. class and club catboat race.
June 6, Saturday	Club catboat race.
June 13, Saturday	Club catboat race.
June 20, Saturday	Club catboat race.
June 22, 23, 24, 26	International challenge cup trial races.
June 27, Saturday	Annual race.
July 4, Saturday	Club catboat race.
July 11, Saturday	Club catboat race.
July 13, 14, 15	International challenge cup match races.
July 18, Saturday	Alfred Roosevelt Memorial cup race.
July 18, Saturday	Club catboat race.
July 25, Saturday	Ladies' club catboat race.
Aug. 1, Saturday	Club catboat race.
Aug. 8, Saturday	Club catboat race.
Aug. 15, Saturday	Club catboat race.
Aug. 22, Saturday	Club catboat race.
Aug. 29, Saturday	Commodore's and Rear-Commodore's cups race.
Aug. 31, Monday	Robert Center Memorial Cup, and Special 20ft. class race.
Sept. 5, Saturday	Club catboat race.
Sept. 12, Saturday	Club catboat race.
Sept. 19, Saturday	Club catboat race.
Sept. 30, Wednesday	25ft. sloops race.

SUMMARY.—Number of races sailed, 27; number of yachts starting, 211; number of prizes awarded, 46; value of prizes awarded, $2,640.

PRIZES.—Through the generosity of individuals, your committee have been enabled to offer, in addition to the regular club prizes, the special prizes mentioned below, for competition during the past yachting season:

Commodore's Cup, value $500, presented by Com. Rouse; won by schr. Colonia, Aug. 29, 1896.

Vice-Commodore's Cup, value $250, presented by Vice-Com. Cruger; won by schr. Elsemarie, June 27, 1896.

Rear Commodore's Cup, value $250, presented by Rear-Com. Tod; won by Hera, Aug. 29, 1896.

Robert Center Memorial Cup, value $500, presented by Mrs. M. C. Ludlow; won by schr. Colonia, Aug. 31, 1896.

First prize ladies' club catboat race, presented by Com. Rouse; won by Mrs. D. Le Roy Dresser, July 25, 1896.

Helmsman's prize for trial races, presented by Capt. T. C. Zerega; awarded to Charles Olmstead, Esq., sailing Riverside.

Helmsman's season prize club catboat races, presented by C. A. Sherman, Esq.; won by D. Le Roy Dresser, Esq., May 30 to Sept. 19, 1896.

Your committee desire to record their personal appreciation of the generous spirit which prompted the giving of these prizes, and recommend that the thanks of the club be formally extended to the several donors.

Comments on Races.

DECORATION DAY RACE, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1896.—The principal race for the opening day of the club's racing season was appointed for the 15ft. class, with the view of giving an early impetus to the racing in that class, in anticipation of the trial races set for June 22, 23 and 24, to select a defender of the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup in the match with the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, which was to follow on July 13, 14 and 15.

There were eight starters, namely: Hope, Trilby, Willada, Two Step, Paprika, Olita, Gnome and Terrapin, and the race was won by Hope, Capt. Arthur Iselin; with Trilby, Capt. G. G. Tyson, second.

TRIAL RACES TO SELECT THE DEFENDER FOR THE SEAWANHAKA INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP, JUNE 22, 23, 24, 1896.—On the first day of the trial races there were twenty-nine starters, which is believed to be the largest number of yachts ever started in a single class in these waters. Many widely different and some extraordinary types were represented, and there was every evidence that the event had aroused widespread interest, and had greatly stimulated originality and ingenuity in design and rig.

The number of starters diminished somewhat on the second and third days, but on each day it was sufficiently large to afford a most interesting and beautiful spectacle. Five of the contestants, namely: Riverside, Capt. G. G. Tyson; Ideal, Capt. H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.; Vesper, Capt. Paul Butler; Paprika, Capt. Sherman Hoyt, and El Heirie, Capt. C. H. Crane, were selected, because of the excellence of their performances in the three races, to compete again on June 26 in a final contest. The races were sailed in a variety of weather conditions, ranging from calms to fresh breezes, so that the committee were able to select the yacht which seemed to them under all conditions to be the best performer. The result was the choice of El Heirie, owned and designed by C. H. Crane, Esq., of this club, and sailed by him and his brother.

The entry of such a large fleet was conclusive evidence of the lively interest in small yacht racing aroused by the establishment by this club of its international challenge cup, and of the popularity of the 15ft. class, which has practically been created by this club. Your committee regard these small classes as the nursery for future Corinthian yachtsmen, and recommend that they should be liberally recognized during the coming season, both in the number of racing events and in the allowance of prizes.

ANNUAL RACE, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1896.—In this race there were fifty-five entries and fifty starters in thirteen classes, ranging from the 95ft. classes of schooners, represented by Colonia and Emerald, to the 15ft. class, in which there were seven starters. The largest number of starters in any class was eight, in the 30ft. special class.

The Vice-Commodore's cup was offered for schooners of 75ft. racing length and over, competed for by Colonia, Emerald, Iroquois, Amorita and Elsemarie, and won by the last named.

The number of entries and starters was larger than in any annual race ever held by the club, and it promised to be a most interesting contest. Unfortunately, however, the breeze, which was light at the start, fell to a calm before the completion of the second leg of the triangular course, and the result was a tedious drift and a fluky and unsatisfactory contest. Only about one-half of the starters finished, many of them not until after 8 o'clock in the evening. Had the weather conditions been favorable, this race would have been the most successful one in the recent history of the club. The number of entries and the interest aroused evidence the beneficial effect upon the club's racing, of its association with the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound, to which special reference is hereafter made.

SEAWANHAKA INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP MATCH, JULY 13, 14, 15, 1896.—Won by Glencairn, the representative yacht of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, against El Heirie, in three straight races. Glencairn was the property of Com. James Ross, of the challenging club, and was sailed by G. H. Duggan, Esq., with F. P. Shearwood, Esq., as crew, members of that club.

Prior to the race a long correspondence had been conducted between your committee and the sailing committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. of Montreal, relating to the conditions and details of the proposed match, and the final agreement governing such details is found in the documents hereto annexed.

Messrs. Duggan and Shearwood were received upon their arrival as the guests of the club, and facilities for transporting Glencairn from Morris Dock (the place of consignment) to Oyster Bay were provided by the club. The privileges of the club were extended during their visit to Rear-Com. Fitz Gibbon and J. C. C. Almon, secretary of the sailing committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

The match was sailed on the three consecutive days, under conditions varying from the lightest airs to a fresh southwest breeze and a sharp squall, and the decided superiority of Glencairn under all conditions of weather and on almost every point of sailing was conclusively proved. The match was lost to a faster yacht, and not because of any want of care or skill in the preparation or handling of the defender. Great praise, indeed, is due to the captain and crew of El Heirie for the patience and care with which every detail of preparation was made, and for the seamanship and steadiness with which they sailed a losing match.

No doubt Glencairn is the fastest craft of her dimensions and sail spread ever produced on this side of the Atlantic, and represents the most extreme development of power on a given waterline yet attained—a type which her designer, it may be remarked, emphatically condemns, and which has to some extent been legislated against in the regulations for the coming match.

After the match our Canadian guests were given an opportunity to see the start of the postponed Larchmont annual regatta and to participate in the Alfred Roosevelt Memorial cup race, on Saturday, July 18. In the evening of that day a dinner and reception were given to them at the club house, and the international challenge cup was tendered by Vice-Com. Cruger, who presided at the dinner, to Mr. Duggan as the representative of his club. This was the last formal incident of the match.

Upon the conclusion of the match a challenge was immediately issued on behalf of the club by Com. Rouse for a match to be sailed in the season of 1897. A copy thereof is annexed hereto.

This challenge has been ratified by the club, accepted by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. for the 20ft. class, and will be sailed about the middle of August next on Lake St. Louis, St. Lawrence River, near Montreal.

After full correspondence and personal conferences with Messrs. Duggan and Hamilton in New York, the conditions governing the match for the coming season have been agreed upon in every detail, the trial races to select the representative yacht of the club have been set for July 12, 13 and 14, and your committee have issued and distributed to the yacht clubs of the country a circular giving extracts from the Declaration of Trust, the regulations governing the match and a full programme for the trial races.

Simple as the regulations governing the match seem to be, the limits of sail and draft, and the details of measurement, were agreed upon only after the most elaborate discussion of every phase of the questions involved; and it is believed that the result will be productive of a type of yacht more wholesome and satisfactory than Glencairn and most of the American 15ft. class.

Several 20 footers are already designed and in course of construction, and it is hoped that members of the club will specially interest themselves in encouraging the building of others to compete for the honor of representing the club on the St. Lawrence.

While we regret the defeat of the American yacht, and the consequent loss of the cup, in every other respect the match has been a source of the greatest satisfaction. It was conducted upon a high level of fair, generous and considerate rivalry, without a single incident occurring to mar the pleasure of the event. We also desire to place on record our appreciation of the liberal and sportsmanlike spirit exhibited by the Canadian committee in arranging the details of these matches and our pleasure in the establishment of such cordial relations with the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. The match of 1896 may well serve as a model for future matches.

ALFRED ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL CUP RACE, SATURDAY, JULY 18.—For the last two years this race has been opened to all yachts belonging to the club of 50ft. racing length and under, and has been sailed over the inside course, starting and finishing off the club house. While this regulation has admitted of the entry of boats of great disparity in size, which under recent racing conditions might not ordinarily come in competition, and for some of which the course is perhaps not well suited, the purpose has been to bring into the contest especially the racing yachts in the harbor of Oyster Bay which belong to the old friends of Alfred Roosevelt, whom he often met in friendly contests, and to sail the race in the waters with which he was so long associated, with the view of identifying the event more fully with his memory. We think that this result has been effected, and that the interest thus aroused has made the event really a memorial.

This year the race was won in a smart breeze by El Heirie after a most remarkable exhibition of speed. We feel sure that to all the other participants the disappointment of failure to win was lightened by the feeling of gratification that the prize had gone to our associates of the El Heirie, who tried so ably and conscientiously to save the challenge cup for the club.

COMMODORE'S CUP AND REAR-COMMODORE'S CUP RACE, SATURDAY, AUG. 29, AND ROBERT CENTER MEMORIAL CUP RACE, MONDAY, AUG. 31, 1896.—The first of these races was appointed for a time which it was thought would best suit the convenience of racing yacht owners near the close of the season; and when, after this date had been fixed, the Robert Center memorial prize was placed at the disposal of your committee, it was believed that by bringing these two events together the value of the prizes awarded and the affectionate interest attaching to the memory of Robert Center would result in a large number of entries. Special invitations by letter were sent by your committee to the owners of all the eligible schooners from New York to Boston, and no effort was spared to make these events successful. The result was a disappointment. In each contest only three schooners were entered—Colonia, Emerald and Amorita in the first, and in the second Amorita, Colonia and Ramona.. In view of the importance of these events, the conclusion seems to be clear that the superiority of Colonia over her competitors, which had been so effectually established in the earlier events of the season, had outweighed substantially the other considerations which your committee believed would lead to a conspicuously successful event.

CLUB CATBOAT RACES, SATURDAYS, MAY 30 TO SEPT. 19, 1896.—The offering of the Sherman cup for the helmsman winning the highest percentage of races during the season aroused decided interest. Fourteen races were started, two failing for lack of wind. Many of the contests were most spirited and interesting, and the series was greatly enjoyed by the contestants. It is to be noted, however, that the number of helmsmen who tried for the prize was altogether smaller than it should have been. It seems to your committee that these races deserve more liberal support than they have received, and that if members generally had appreciated the pleasure which was afforded, the patronage would have been much larger. The conditions governing the cup were so arranged that a participant in only three races might have won the prize, and thus regular attendance was unnecessary. We intend that the catboats shall next season be put in thorough racing trim, and that these races shall be made more of a feature than ever before.

In this connection it may be stated that on every Saturday during the season, unless some more important event had been previously announced, your committee offered a prize for the local yachts in the harbor, and that only once was this offer availed of, namely, on Sept. 26, when Meteor, Nameless and Secret sailed. It is a matter of much regret that the persistent efforts we have made to establish successful Saturday racing among the local yachts have met with so little encouragement.

RACING RULES.—The experience of the past season has more than ever emphasized the probability that racing in the larger classes, both of sloops and schooners, will continue to be limited to a very small number of contestants, if indeed it does not cease altogether, unless some legislation can be secured which will correct the faulty tendencies of recent racing designs and establish some basis upon which the older and more wholesome type of yachts can meet the extreme racing types of the season with at least the *possibility* of occasional success.

On Sept. 17 last Com. Rouse addressed a letter to your committee, a copy of which is annexed to this report, emphasizing the importance of this subject and suggesting, among other things, a formula for a modification of the present rule of measurement, by which the features of excess of depth and overhang fore and aft over the normal would be taxed, and advising that the matter be taken up; the incidental purpose being that this club, which had originated a rule of measurement so admirable at the time and until lately so satisfactory, should, when that rule seemed no longer adequate, take the initiative in reforming it, and formulate and propose the adoption of a new or modified Seawanhaka rule of measurement. Your committee acted at once on this suggestion and called the expert designers of the club to their aid. Conferences were held and the elements and difficulties of the problem were evolved and thoroughly analyzed, starting with the formulæ proposed by the commodore and Mr. Irving Cox as a basis. Meantime it became known that a modification of the racing rules, merely imposing certain arbitrary class limits upon draft of hull, was about to be adopted by the New York and Larchmont yacht clubs. Feeling that a comprehensive and scientific revision of the rule of measurement which this club would be willing to propose, with the expectation of general adoption and permanence, involved so much consideration and difficulty that it would be impossible to formulate a satisfactory conclusion in time to influence the winter's building or to secure its general adoption to govern next season's racing, your committee have thought it wise to acquiesce for the present in the action taken by the clubs referred to, which has since been followed by the Yacht Racing Union, and not to attempt immediately to prepare a new rule of measurement. We feel, however, that the active consideration of the subject should be pursued with the definite purpose in view above referred to. To that end it is our intention to formulate a rule for practical trial in the next annual race and possibly in some special events, which, if found to be satisfactory, may then be proposed for general adoption. The recommendation made by the commodore in his letter, above referred to, that if a race be not started promptly at the designated hour it shall be started only on the half hour or even hour thereafter, falls within the jurisdiction of the race committee and will be adopted in next season's racing. The other recommendations of the letter, not specifically touched upon, will receive full consideration at a later day

Annexed to this report are certain amendments and additions to the racing rules which have been adopted by the Yacht Racing Union, the most important of which regulates draft of hull, and has just been alluded to

Touching this amendment, while it does not seem to be a correct principle to limit arbitrarily any dimension, and while the limits fixed seem too liberal, if the object be to discourage the present extremes of the canoe body and fin keel type, and on the other hand to be comparatively unfair to the keel type, in that the draft of centerboard is unlimited, yet your committee feel that for the sake of uniformity and harmony with the Union and the clubs that have already acted in the matter, these objections should not prevail against it.

The amendments reducing the number of classes and abrogating time allowance seem to us in the line of improvement. The same may be said of the minor changes which need not be specifically alluded to.

Your committee therefore recommend the adoption of the amendments as proposed. In concluding this subject, it may be said that the Yacht Racing Union has adopted the restrictions on draft for the sake of uniformity and as a temporary expedient only, and not because it believes that a permanent and satisfactory solution of the problem involved has been reached.

GENERAL REVIEW.—The organization of your committee has continued with but one change since January, 1895, and we feel that it is not inappropriate at this time to review briefly our administration and to allude to some of the purposes which we have had in view. At the time of our appointment racing had fallen to a low ebb, and the club was in danger of losing the position of influence and respect which it had so long occupied. It seemed to us that the trouble lay largely in the want of co-operation with other clubs and in the neglect to cultivate the racing in smaller classes, the school of development for the Corinthian or amateur spirit which the club was founded to promote. We sought, therefore, for opportunities to return in this regard to the best traditions of the past. It happened, fortunately, that a movement was on foot for an organization of the clubs of Long Island Sound into a union for the promotion of the interests of yacht racing. While the credit of originating this movement does not belong to your committee, it so happens that its members have been instrumental in aiding the organization of the Yacht Racing Union and that the chairman of your committee has been the chairman of the Council of the Union, and we have continuously given to it our active support. From timid beginnings the Union has come to a position of acknowledged strength and influence. We need not dwell upon the results that have been accomplished in establishing uniformity of racing rules and numbers, harmonious arrangement of dates for open races, and in the general stimulus given to the sport, but desire only to emphasize the fact that the cordial support of the Seawanhaka Club, its considerate treatment of its younger and less powerful associates in various matters and its hospitable attitude have won for it the confidence and esteem of its fellow members in the Union, with the result that on their part they have generously contributed to the support of our racing events and acknowledged even a greater sense of obligation to us than is perhaps our due. Thus the purpose alluded to, of establishing co-operation with other clubs, has been accomplished. A continuance of this policy is strongly recommended.

We are also indebted largely to good fortune for throwing in our way an early opportunity of re-establishing the club as a patron of Corinthianism.

As you will remember, in January, 1895, a letter from England was received, addressed jointly to several members of the club and of the New York Canoe Club, suggesting an international race in the so called half-rater or 15ft. class. Your committee eagerly and promptly accepted the suggestion, as affording the opportunity which was needed. Quick and generous response was made to the appeal for subscriptions, and the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup was established under a formal declaration of trust, which was framed in the spirit of generous encouragement of international competition in the smaller classes. The history of the matches which followed need not be again alluded to. We feel that the result of the establishment of this trophy has so far been indeed remarkable. A great class has been established, which, even if it does not develop further, has certainly afforded great pleasure and aroused the liveliest interest; new problems in designing have arisen and been solved, new ideas evolved, and above all the true Corinthian spirit has been aroused, as is most strikingly exemplified in the history of last year's defender, designed, superintended in every detail of construction and fitting, and sailed by her youthful owner; and also in the rapid development of young boys to a degree of seamanship qualifying them to compete with men of long experience and established reputation as racing helmsmen and sailors.

While the club certainly has reason to congratulate itself on the results that have been accomplished in the directions indicated, yet the club's racing as a whole has fallen far short of the success which should have attended it. To some extent, no doubt, this is due to the unfortunate business conditions which have prevailed for the last three years, and to the effect of the progressive cost and refinement of construction, and to the development of extreme and undesirable types in racing yachts; but it seems to us that it is also largely due to a want of interest on the part of the members of the club. There have been races and prizes enough to make a brilliant yachting season, if only the members of the club generally had lent the aid of their attendance and enthusiasm.

It is a fact that they have not done so, and that the measure of success which has attended the club's racing has been due more largely to the members of other clubs than to our own.

It seems to us that the difficulty lies largely in the fact that many members of the club who were active racing men a few years ago have more or less withdrawn from the sport, and their places have not been filled by younger men, and that the great necessity of the club is young blood—boys in their early enthusiasm for the sport, who will be easily inspired by the best traditions of the club, and whom a few years of association and experience will qualify to take the places of leadership in the conduct of the club's affairs. We hope the importance of thus developing our membership will be realized, and that an earnest effort to that end will be made.

We annex hereto a statement of receipts and expenditures of the committee. Respectfully submitted.

OLIVER E. CROMWELL, Chairman,
D. LE ROY DRESSER,
WALTER C. KERR,
CHARLES A. SHERMAN, Secretary,
CHARLES W. WETMORE,
} Race Committee Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C.

The Lake Associations.

As previously announced, the annual meeting of the Council of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, with the special meeting of the Lake Y. R. A. and the Council meeting of the latter body, were held on Jan. 16, at the Tifft House, Buffalo, N. Y. A number of yachtsmen from the different Lake ports arrived in Buffalo on the previous evening and were entertained at dinner at the Hotel Iroquois by the Buffalo Y. C., Com. Hower presiding at the table.

The meeting of the Y. R. U. Council was called to order at 10:30 A. M. on Saturday, with Mr. Jarvis as temporary chairman. Those present were: S. H. Jones, of Toledo; E. W. Radder, Cleveland; E. H. Ambrose, Hamilton; Com. Hower, Buffalo; Æmilius Jarvis, Toronto, and E. A. Burroughs, Rochester. The first business after the reading of the minutes was the election of permanent officers, Mr. Jarvis being nominated and unanimously elected chairman. Mr. Radder was nominated for secretary, but refused to accept the office, nominating Mr. Fry, of Toledo, who was finally elected. Applications for membership from the Interlake Y. R. A., of Lake Erie, and Lake Y. R. A., of Lake Ontario, were considered and accepted.

The following amendments were then taken up in order:

AMENDMENTS NOTICE OF WHICH HAS BEEN GIVEN BY THE INTERLAKE YACHTING ASSOCIATION.

1. That the following be added to Rule XIV. as Section 4 thereof: "In yachts of the first and 52ft. classes one guest or owner may be carried; he shall not, however, assist in working the boat; also a cook and waiter if regularly employed during the season."

2. That Rules IV., VI. and VII. and Definition II. be amended by adding the words, "or brought to the Lakes after that date," after "1896," in each of these rules.

3. That the word "immersed" be inserted before the word "midship" and before the word "vertical" in Rule IV.

4. That the following be added to Rule XIV., Section 3: "but no yacht under and including the 42ft. class shall carry more than two professionals."

5. That Rule III. be amended by striking out the second paragraph of Section 2 and substituting therefor, "All yachts shall be measured for load waterline length with the same number of persons on board as constitute her crew, or in the absence of any person a dead weight of 150lbs. to be used."

The first and second were passed as printed; the third was then taken up. Mr. Jarvis proposed a different wording of the clause relating to the coefficient of the midship section, as follows: "The largest transverse section shall be taken as the midship section, and the parallelogram shall be taken to the lowest part of the vessel at this point, or forward of it. Of any greater depth which may be found aft of this point, one-third shall be added to the depth of the circumscribing parallelogram." He also introduced a new provision, that the Council may require that any yacht built prior to Nov. 6, 1896, and which shall fall below the limit of midship section called for in her class, shall give extra time in proportion to the formula established for the special 34ft. class of the Larchmont Y. C. In the case of Canada, with a coefficient of 28 per cent., the proposed standard being 35 per cent., the measurement would be increased 7 per cent., making an extra allowance to Zelma, with a 35 per cent. section, of 4½m. in 30 miles. This was carried, after a discussion, by a vote of 4 to 6, Messrs. Andrews and Burroughs, both under instructions from their clubs, voting against it.

The consideration of the fourth amendment was postponed until after the L. Y. R. A. meeting, and the fifth was taken up, in connection with the proposal of the Royal Hamilton Y. C. to limit the average weight of crew to 125lbs. Mr. W. P. Stephens was present, and on motion he was requested to give his views on the question of measurement with or without crew. After a great deal of debate the meeting adjourned at 12:50, to meet again in the evening after the meeting of the L. Y. R. A.

Immediately following a meeting of the Council of the L. Y. R. A. was held, most of the yachtsmen, not being engaged in this meeting, taking the opportunity for luncheon in the hotel.

The special meeting of the L. Y. R. A. was called to order at 2:30 by President Ambrose, there being present delegates from the Rochester, Oswego, Victoria, Royal Canadian, Royal Hamilton, Buffalo, Queen City and Kingston clubs. The Buffalo and Kingston clubs have just joined the Association, and as it was known that they would vote with the Royal Canadian Y. C., an objection was made to their recognition on the ground that they had been elected after and not prior to the annual meeting; but it was not sustained. The amendments to be considered were as follows:

AMENDMENTS NOTICE OF WHICH HAS BEEN GIVEN BY THE LAKE YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.

1. That Section 2 of Rule I. be struck out.

2. That the second paragraph of Section 2 of Rule III. be amended by substituting "1?5" for "150" and adding the following to such paragraph: "But any yacht built prior to Nov. 7, 18 6, which by reason of being required to measure with crew on board shall exceed the upper limit of the class in which she has previously sailed shall be permitted to continue to sail in such class provided her measurement has not been increased since that date, but shall give time allowance from her actual r. l., notwithstanding any provision to the contrary in Rule VII."

3. That Section 3 of Rule III. be amended by striking out the words "fore side of the mast" in the second paragraph of measurement "J" under head sails, and substituting therefor "heel of the spinnaker boom when shipped in its place."

4. That Rule IV. be amended by inserting after the word "yacht" in the second line "over ?7ft. r. l.," and by striking out the words "extreme draft wherever found" and substituting therefor "draft at such section."

5. That the following be added to Rule V., Section 2, "except as provided in Rule III., paragraph 2."

6. That the following be inserted in Rule VII. after the word "other" in the fifth line: "except as required in Rule III., paragraph 2."

7. That the word "built" be substituted for the word "launched" in Rules IV., VI. and VII., and in Definition II.

8. That the following be added to Rule IX., Section 2: "A yacht chartered for the season shall be considered the property of the person or persons chartering it."

9. That the following be added to Rule XI., Section 3: "The regatta committee may in their discretion suspend this rule in the case of special races."

10. That Section 3 of Rule XIV. be amended by inserting after the word "yacht" in the first line "of 3?ft. r.l. or under," and striking out "and must be manned by Corinthians, except that any yacht may carry and use her regular professional crew."

11. That Rule XXX. be struck out.

12. That the following be inserted as Rule V. and the present Rule V. be numbered as Rule VI., etc.: "The frame, timbers, keels and planking in all wooden yachts built after Nov. 7, 1?96, or brought to the Lakes after that date, shall be restricted to the minimum sizes fixed in the table below;" and that the Council be recommended to employ an expert to advise on said table, and that the table, when prepared in this manner and notification of its approval given to the secretary by two-thirds of the members of the Council, be inserted in the said rule and become part thereof.

13. That Definition II. be amended by inserting after the word "section" in the last line "and size of timbers, keels and planking."

The situation when the meeting was called to order was no less complicated, and the various parties no less hostile than at the annual meeting at Rochester last month. The Royal Canadian Y. C. supported several propositions that the area of the midship section of yachts in the 32ft. and larger classes should not be less than 35 per cent. of the coefficient, as determined by the formula devised for the Larchmont special 34ft. class, at the same time agreeing that no limit should be placed upon the two smallest classes, 27 and 22ft.; that existing yachts of the 3?ft. and larger classes whose sections fell below the limit should give extra time according to the Larchmont formula or some other; that all yachts should be measured with crews on board, the average weight of crew being 150lbs., existing yachts being retained in their present classes. Incidentally, the R. C. Y. C. representative carried a deed of trust under which the owners of Canada proposed to establish the cup won by her from Vencedor as a permanent challenge cup for international competition. With the R. C. Y. C. were the Queen City, Rochester, Buffalo and Kingston clubs.

The Hamilton men, representing the Royal Hamilton and the Victoria Y. C., were, from their statements, in a very different position from that which it was supposed that they occupied at the Rochester meeting. It would appear that they are very strongly in favor of the restriction of the midship section according to the method proposed by Mr. Jarvis, and that they are in every way in favor of discouraging extreme types and encouraging a wholesome yacht. In evidence of this they went even further than the other party in proposing to restrict the coefficient of section in the 27 and 22ft. classes, naming a limit of 19 per cent. in the former and 15 per cent. in the latter. These figures were based on the two Hamilton boats, Hiawatha and Carull, both fin-keels, and the latter a Dyer boat of the extreme fin type, practically the same as Koko, whose lines have appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM. In addition to this, they proposed a minimum of 33⅓ per cent. for the larger classes and 30 per cent. for the 32ft. class. The amendment carried at Rochester by the Hamilton and Oswego delegates provided for a zigzag series of standard sections for each class, these standards being taken from existing boats of various types and ages in the Royal Hamilton or Royal Canadian yacht clubs. As it was practically necessary that the standards adopted by the L. Y. R. A. should also be adopted by the associations of the other lakes, the utter absurdity of the original amendment is plain on its face. The new proposal was more reasonable, with limits of 33⅓ per cent. and 30 per cent., but at the same time was inferior to the original proposition of 35 per cent. in the 32ft., 37ft., 42ft. and first classes.

In the matter of measurement of waterline, the Hamilton delegates opposed strenuously the proposal to measure with crew on board, and in the event of its passage were prepared to fight for a reduction of the limit to 125lbs. per man, instead of 150. These matters had already been the subject of dispute in the two clubs, the Royal Hamilton and the Victoria, the majority favoring them and binding the delegates rigidly to support them; the discussion in one club reached a point where it threatened to disrupt it, and one club had resolved to leave the Association in case its amendments were defeated. The position of the united delegates was that they would go no further under any circumstances than what they considered the compromise amendments offered by them.

The Oswego Y. C. had also held a meeting and instructed its delegate on two points: one being to introduce and support to the last a resolution that in future international races there should be no restriction whatever to the midship section except by mutual agreement; the other being the amendment to Section 10, by which professionals are freely allowed in all classes, except at the stick in the 32ft., 27ft. and 22ft. classes. So far as the limitation of section in all classes is concerned, the sentiment of the Oswego Y. C. seems to be in favor of no restrictions whatever on these points, the encouragement of the extreme fin-keel machine, and the employment of professionals both at the stick and about the deck, the club being in accord with Commodore Berriman, of Chicago. In order to secure the support of the Hamilton delegates for the resolution as to the unrestricted midship section in international races, the Oswego delegate pledged himself to vote for all of the proposals of the Hamilton club.

It is simply impossible to give even an outline of the discussion and action through the four hours' session of the Association; proposals of all kinds were brought forward, amended two or three times, and then voted down. The only motion which was carried unanimously was that of Sec. 12, calling for the establishment of a scheme of minimum scantling. The proposal to measure with crews aboard was voted down by the Hamilton and Oswego delegates, failing to obtain the necessary two-thirds vote, and the Oswego proposition as to international races came to an early end in the same way.

Com. Owain Martin, Queen City Y. C., offered several amendments in favor of limitations of scantling and the requirement of certain minimum weights of ballast in the smaller classes. Com. Martin stated in his remarks that the proxies given by the Queen City Y. C. delegates to the Rochester meeting only empowered the holder to oppose the restriction of section in the 27ft. class, and that the holder had exceeded his powers in voting on them against the restriction in the larger classes.

The situation soon resolved itself into a deadlock, the key being the Oswego delegate. He had fired his gun, the amendment calling for an unrestricted midship section in international races, with the aid of the Hamilton men; but it had missed fire, being voted down by a considerable majority. In return he was pledged to all of the points of his colleagues, and they held him to his pledge, thus preventing the other side from obtaining the two-thirds vote. A recess was taken for general lobbying, but apparently to no purpose, and it looked as though the meeting would adjourn with matters in such a state as would seriously impede the success of the general union on the Lakes. At about 6 o'clock an agreement was finally reached, that the coefficient should be 33⅓ per cent. in the 32ft. and higher classes, 19 per cent. in the 27ft., and 12 per cent. in the 22ft. The meeting then adjourned.

At 7:30 the Council of the Y. R. U. reconvened to complete its work by acting on the postponed amendments. It was resolved that Mr. W. P. Stephens be employed to draw up a scheme of scantling for all classes. The cup won by Canada was presented to the Union under conditions which we will give next week.

Canoeing.

Canoes for the Paddling Trophy.

KINGSTON, Ont., January.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am glad to see that Mr. Scott is not content to leave his motion regarding the dimensions of a paddling canoe to the tender mercies of the regatta committee, but has appealed to canoe men generally through your columns.

The object of the A. C. A. is to encourage the canoeist to learn all there is to know about canoeing, and if this object is to be attained his admission to the races at the meet must be made as easy as possible. Under present conditions those of us who do not possess a racing canoe, by which I mean a boat that is of no earthly use outside of a race, will hardly find it worth while to go into training if winning races is our aim. On one point, however, I do not entirely agree with Mr Scott. Where the canoes used are serviceable boats it may be very interesting to paddlers to see which one will develop most speed under the same conditions. Builders have, under the existing rules, constructed their boats either for speed or safety, but in not more than two or three models have the two qualities been combined, although nothing more desirable can be imagined on a cruise than a canoe which will carry two men and a light outfit and still be propelled with a minimum of exertion. The general idea of a cruising canoe is that of a decked boat too slow to sail races in; but, in Canadian waters at least, most of the cruising is done in open canoes, so that a fast boat of large carrying capacity is what is most needed. Such a craft can be built at a cost well within the means of every canoeist.

I think an exception should be made in the case of the "club fours paddling" event, because a 16ft. canoe, even with a depth of 14in., is hardly suitable for four men to paddle in, and the same objections do not apply to this as to the other races. It is not necessary that the canoe for this event should be owned by an individual, while it is desirable that a club should possess a boat capable of standing a good sea when manned by more than two men.

It must be evident to everyone who has attended the meets that the number of entries for the paddling races is ridiculously small when compared with the number of men in camp who can paddle, and it can do no harm to try the experiment for two or three years of restricting the races to safe, serviceable canoes. It is the opinion of all the racing men and practical canoeists with whom I have spoken that this class of canoe cannot be built of less dimensions or weight than those proposed by Mr. Scott.

R. EASTON BURNS.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Arthur T. S. Clay	Boston	——

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday orrespondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Police Revolver Shooting Notes.

ON Jan. 12 and 13 the picked men from the first and second platoons of the New York police force met at the school for revolver practice in the Eighth Regiment Armory in competition to decide the captaincies and a composition of the two teams for the first six months of 1897. Three strings of five shots each were fired, and in each platoon the man making the highest score was appointed team captain. Following are the scores:

FIRST TEAM - FIRST PLATOON.

Jan. 13.	Rank.	Precinct.	Total.
Henry J Ebermann	Ptl	11	214
John Leddy	Ptl	34	202
Henry Schryver	Rds	4	199
Wm H Ward	Ptl	29	198
Henry J Stennes	Ptl	12	197—1,010

FIRST TEAM—SECOND PLATOON.

Jan. 12.	Rank.	Precinct.	Total.
Milton Woodbridge	Rds	35	216
George Brown	Act Rds	C O	203
John Townsend	Sergt	24	197
J J McNally	Sergt	27	196
George H Eckhoff	Ptl	10	182—994

As a result of the competition, Patrolman Henry J. Ebermann was appointed Captain of the First Platoon team, and Roundsman Milton Woodbridge Captain of the Second Platoon team.

In view of the fact that Capt. Petty and his assistants are barred out, Roundsman Woodbridge, with the highest score of the competition, 216 out of a possible 225, is virtually champion of the department.

Patrolman Ebermann has challenged him to shoot for the championship, and the match will probably take place at the time of the Sportsmen's Exposition. Sergt. Townsend is also a crack shot, but has not recently been shooting up to his usual form.

It has been decided to give medals to all members of the police force who qualify as marksmen or sharpshooters. The marksman's medal will be given to those who qualify by scoring 65 out of a possible 75 at 15yds. (Creedmoor target, 4in. bull), and the sharpshooter's emblem to those making 70 out of a possible 75 at 20yds.

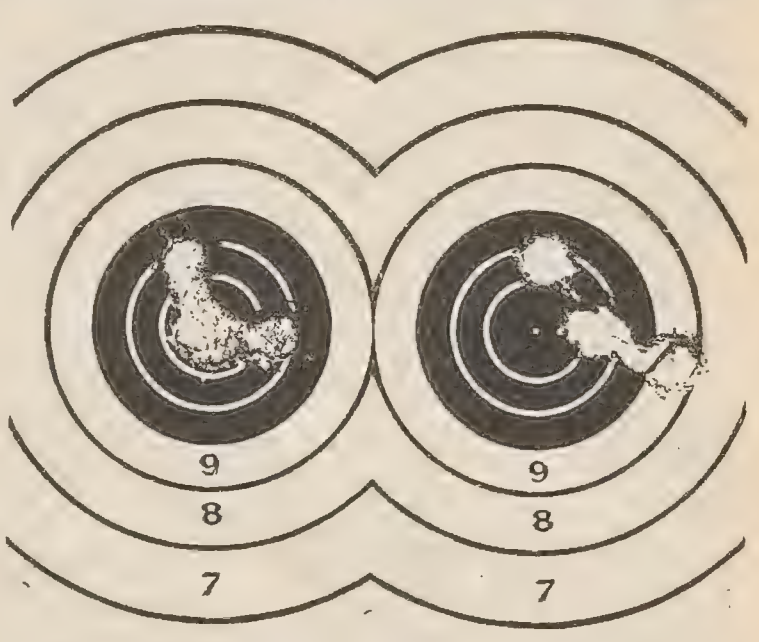
Hereafter all teams representing the department will be chosen from the lists of those qualifying as sharpshooters. All matches will be at the 20yds. range, 4in. Creedmoor target, and four consecutive strings of 5 shots each will be fired by each man making a score of 100, the individual highest possible. Only the regulation police revolver with a length of barrel not exceeding 4in. exclusive of cylinder and plain open sights will be permitted. The regulations also call for plain open sights and a trigger pull not less than 3lbs. The regulation cartridge will be used.

Accidental shots count in the score, and no excuses are accepted except in case of misfires. Shots touching lines count for highest value in scoring.

On Monday, Jan. 18, teams from the Thirty-fourth and Thirty-eighth precincts shot a friendly match at the Armory.

Pocket Revolver Scores.

LAST week mention was made of some extremely good scores made by Capt. Petty at 10yds. with the new .32cal. police Colt, 4in. barrel and plain open sights. Through an oversight the targets which should have accompanied the note were omitted. We print them herewith without additional comment:



Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 10.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target, 7-ring black. The day was a perfect one for good scores, and as a result some top scores were made. Capt. Gindele made two more 90s, and Wellinger made a clean score of 88 and also a 91 to his credit. Strickmeier is coming to the front, and bids fair to be one of the cracks. Roberts has three scores for the gold medal to day. Payne wins the gold badge.

Gindele.																					
9	9	8	9	7	9	10	10	10	10—91		10	9	10	6	10	9	9	8	10	9—90	
10	8	8	10	6	8	8	10	9	10—87		10	7	7	10	7	10	10	10	9	1—87	
Payne.																					
8	9	10	9	9	8	7	7	8	8—83		10	9	7	9	9	7	6	9	9	8—83	
6	7	6	8	10	10	10	8	8	8—81		9	9	10	10	7	8	7	8	9	4—81	
Wellinger.																					
8	8	9	9	9	9	8	9	9	10—88		10	10	9	10	9	10	9	0	9	6—91	
10	8	7	10	9	10	10	9	6	9—88		10	9	9	9	7	7	8	9	8	7—83	
Heidkamp.																					
8	8	7	6	6	10	10	6	6	8—75		9	9	7	6	7	8	7	8	6	7—74	
5	8	8	6	7	8	10	8	9	7—77		10	6	4	6	8	10	5	8	6	7—69	
Roberts.																					
8	10	8	7	8	10	9	8	6	10—84		7	10	7	8	9	10	9	6	9	10—84	
5	9	9	8	9	7	7	9	8	10—81		7	7	5	9	10	8	7	10	7	9—79	
Topf.																					
7	8	7	5	8	10	4	4	6	8—67		7	6	3	9	8	9	6	8	3	7—66	
9	7	5	9	7	7	5	5	8	5—66		8	4	7	8	7	8	3	9	4	5—63	
Drube.																					
10	10	8	6	5	8	8	8	8	7—78		9	7	9	6	8	9	9	8	9	9—83	
7	8	9	5	9	7	6	6	10	10—77		6	6	9	8	8	8	7	6	6	9—73	
Lux.																					
7	5	8	6	7	10	6	9	6	6—70		10	5	6	8	9	5	6	3	8	9—69	
6	6	6	10	6	5	7	5	10	7—63		5	6	6	9	3	8	5	10	5	6—63	
Strickmeier.																					
10	9	8	9	8	8	6	6	10	9—83		9	8	8	7	9	9	8	9	7	7—81	
8	10	9	9	8	6	6	9	4	10—79		10	10	7	8	5	5	5	10	8	7—75	

Columbia Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 12.—The opening shoot of the Columbia Club was held yesterday at Shell Mound, and much enthusiasm existed. The annual meeting for election of officers, adoption of programme, etc., was held on the 8th inst. Dr. L. O. Rodgers was re-elected President; M. J. White, Vice-President; F. O. Young, Secretary (reëlected); E. Hovey, Assistant Secretary; A. B. Dorrell, First Shooting Master, and J. E. Gorman, Second Shooting Master. The programme is a long and varied one. Medals are offered for target rifle, military rifle, .22cal. rifle, pistol and revolver. The medals are all made of gold and vary in value from $15 to $100. In addition, cash premiums from $5 to $25 are given on all targets to second, third and fourth men at the end of the year. Ladies are hereafter to be admitted to full membership. The club is developing some fine shots, and at all-round shooting would like to shoot any club in the United States. A resolution was adopted at the annual meeting extending the thanks of the club to the FOREST AND STREAM for publishing our scores. Scores of to-day's shoot:

Rifle, 200yds., class medals, for members only, 10 shots: Champion class—F. O. Young 54, D. W. McLaughlin 59, F. E. Mason 80, A. H. Pape 86, S. Ingalls 161.

First class—E. Jacobson 62, O. Bremer 74, H. Hellberg 99, A. Gehret 109, J. E. Klein 127, A. B. Dorrell 159.

Second class—J. E. Gorman 66, F. H. Bushnell 77, M. J. White 100, G. M. Barley 114.

Third class—H. J. Wicker 64, A. Hintemann 111, C. F. Waltham 149, W. Unfred 170, G. Manuel 172.

Rifle, re-entry, all-comers' matches, Bushnell medal, 3-shot scores, best ten scores to win, cash prizes: A. H. Pape 9, 11, F. O. Young 15, H. J. Wicker 20

Glindemann military medal, 10-shot scores, best ten scores to win, cash prizes, military count: E. Hovey 46, F. H. Bushnell 46, F. O. Young 45, C. F. Waltham 49, L. Barrere 42

Young rifle record medal, 10-shot scores, best single score to win: A. H. Pape 57, A. Gehret 65, F. E. Mason 74.

Pistol, 50yds., class medals for members, 10 shots: Champion Class—E. Hovey 39, A. B. Dorrell 42, F. O. Young 50, E. J. Gorman 50, A. H. Pape 56, C. M. Daiss 66.

First class—D. W. McLaughlin 74, Capt. J. E. Klein 78, E. Jacobson 84, M. J. White 84, F. E. Mason 85, A. Gehret 91.

Second class—G. M. Barley 59, O. Bremer 98, F. H. Bushnell 97.

Third class—A. Hinteman 85, R. W. Forest 132, H. J. Wicker 140, J. R. D. Gruff 151, W. Unfred 169.

Re-entry, all-com ers' matches, Blanding medal, 3-shot scores, best 10 scores to win, cash prizes: J. E. Gorman 9, F. O. Young 12, 12, F. H. Bushnell 11, A. B. Dorrell 26.

Carr revolver medal, any revolver, 6 shots, best 10 scores to win, cash prizes—C. Roberts 56.

Diamond pistol record medal, 10 shots, best single score to win—F. O. Young 39, E. J. Gorman 43, C. M. Daiss 46, A. H. Pape 47.

Roos .22-caliber rifle medal, 50yds, 5-shot scores, best 10 scores to win, cash prizes distributed on flags (shots in the 1in. center)—Mrs. L. J. Crane 16, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 16, Mrs. M. J. White 18, S. Ingalls 12, 12.

ROEEL.

Rifles and Pistols at the Exposition.

A NEW feature will be introduced this year at the Sportsmen's Exposition in the shape of contests for rifles and pistols. The plan of action will be decided this week, meetings having been called as follows: Committee on pistol contests, Thursday, 3 P. M.; committee on rifle contests, Friday, 3 P. M. The meetings will be held in the Sportsmen's Association's new quarters, 377 Broadway, corner Broadway and White street, tenth floor.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

Jan. 20-21.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Jan. 21.—BRANCHPORT, N. J.—Elkwood Park inaugural shoot.

Jan. 22.—YONKERS, N. Y.—Tournament of the Harriott Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

Jan. 23.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Shoot for the E. C. cup. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

Jan. 23.—RUTHERFORD, N. J.—Invitation handicap sweepstake, 20 live birds, $15 entrance, birds included. Shoot will be held under the auspices of the Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Jan. 25-29.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second Texas Midwinter tournament. Targets and magautraps. $2,000 added. Under the management of J. M. George, Albert Steves and O. C. Guessaz, at San Pedro Springs grounds. Open to the world.

Jan. 29.—YONKERS, N. Y.—Tournament of the Harriott Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

Feb. 8-20.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live-bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

Feb. 10.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Second contest for the *Recreation* cup, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

March 13-17.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap (live birds), at Elkwood Park. $1,000 guarunteed in the main event, all surplus added. Entries close March 20

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

April 21-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

May 26-29.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

It is by no means unusual for a shooter to protest some decision of the referee. Two cases came to our notice quite recently: One occurred at Detroit, Mich., on Jan. 6, in the Renick-Corbett match, reported in our issue of Jan. 16; the other was in the Winston-Mosher match at Yardville, N. J., on Jan. 16, when Winston protested against the scoring of a dead bird to Mosher, as mentioned in our report of that match given elsewhere in these columns. What strikes us as peculiar is that protests should be lodged when there is no tribunal before which such cases can be brought. The American Shooting Association, the organization under whose rules most of the matches in this country are shot, is dead. It would be quite feasible for the Sportsmen's Association to appoint a committee to criticise and decide protests made in matches shot under the set of rules it proposes to issue; but until there is some such tribunal it would be well for shooters to remember that the referee's decision "shall be final." At present, if the referee gives a decision any of you may think improper and not warranted by the facts, the only satisfaction you can enjoy is to tell him what you think of the decision in language couched only in terms formulated by books on etiquette. What the referee says, goes! See?

We regret that the programme for the Audubon Gun Club's first annual midwinter tournament at Buffalo, N. Y., reached us too late for any notice of it to be of benefit to the club. We regret this fact more particularly since the club has been kind enough to give FOREST AND STREAM a free advertisement in its programme, thus showing that it recognizes the good FOREST AND STREAM has done for it in the past. The tournament is open to all, but the club has also arranged a programme of five events each day open only to those who average 75 per cent. and under. The Rose system will be used, but the club reserves the right to change back to the "old system" whenever it may deem it advisable to do so. This applies only to target events. On the last day, in the live-bird events, the "old system" will prevail, but we presume the "droppers" will be watched.

On our way to Brunswick, Me., last Tuesday (Jan. 12) we met O. R Dickey at Boston, Mass. Dickey was looking just as well as ever, and inquired a good deal about the new grounds at Elkwood Park. The winner of last year's Grand American Handicap says that he will be on hand when time is called to start the Grand American Handicap of 1897. The Boston shooters display quite an interest in live-bird shooting considering that the laws of the State forbid the trapping of live birds. We also had a talk with Capt. Wadsworth, of the Boston Shooting Association, and it is more than probable that Capt. Wadsworth, Dickey and two or three friends will visit Elkwood Park the latter part of February for the purpose of looking over the grounds and doing a little live-bird shooting.

The Louis C. Kistner Gun Club was organized Jan. 12 with the following members: August Kistner, President; George Froeligh, Vice-President; Louis C Kistner, Secretary and Treasurer; Conrad Kistner, Trap Manager; George F. Back, Score Keeper; Samuel Winternitz, Wm. L. Ruhe, Albert Rose, George Young, Dr. Smith, Adam Young, John W. Buchta, Wm. Penn, Chester B. Lewis, C. Schlunis, Chas. Winternitz, Dr. George McAby, Dr. W. Roberts. The club will hold weekly live pigeon shoots at their grounds, Kistner's Locust Grove.

We regret to state that Eddie Hill, of Trenton, N. J., is dead. Our informant, Charlie Zwirlein, does not mention in his note to us the cause of his death, nor the date. Eddie was one of the best shots in New Jersey, and was but very little short of being in the front rank. It was always a pleasure to see him shoot a match; his quiet, gentlemanlike behavior being in marked contrast to that so often displayed by others.

Shooters in the vicinity of New York should not forget that the Elkwood Park's inaugural shoot takes place on Thursday next, Jan. 21. Messrs. Daly & Chanfrau, managers of the grounds, have arranged a programme to suit the occasion. A better opportunity of seeing the grounds and viewing the workings of all three sets of traps could not be offered. Bad weather would be but a slight bar to thorough enjoyment of the day's sport, still it is to be hoped that the day will be fine.

The testimonial shoot to Neaf Apgar gotten up by the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., on Jan. 16, was a pleasing success to its promoters. It is no easy matter to get thirty-nine shooters together nowadays, unless solid cash inducements are held out to them. Yet that number put in an appearance and shot along merrily, simply for the purpose of showing Neaf that they appreciated his labors in the past for the benefit of trap shooting

On Jan. 9 Hawkins and Hood Waters shot a race with Gent and Jones on the grounds of the Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association, of which all four shooters are members. The conditions as originally decided upon were: 25 live birds per man, losing team to pay for the birds and a wine supper. At the end of the 20th round, however, Gent and Johnson withdrew, being hopelessly out of the race. The scores for the 20 birds were: Hood Waters 19, Hawkins 19—38; Gent 12, Jones 16—28.

The Interstate Association's offer to hold a tournament at Lewiston, Me., during the coming summer has awakened the enthusiasm of the members of the local club. While at Brunswick, Me., during the past week, we had the pleasure of meeting G. R. Hunnewell, one of the moving spirits in matters of sport in that city. Mr. Hunnewell told us that he and the other members of the club would make that shoot the banner one on the Interstate circuit for 1897.

Lee Helgans, of Brooklyn, N. Y., did some good shooting at Dexter Park, L. I., on Jan. 13. The occasion was the monthly shoot of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club. Helgans, Tom Short and James Bennett had tied for the club badge with 7 straight. On the shoot-off miss-and-out Bennett retired after losing his third bird. Short and Helgans kept scoring bird after bird until Short lost his 14th bird, having run 20 straight; Helgans scored his bird, making it 21 straight for him.

The shooting committee of the Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N. J., has organized for 1897 as follows: George Ricardo, Jr., captain; John R. Banta, secretary and treasurer; Robert B. Smith, president, chairman. Following are the fixtures: Regular club shoot, every Saturday; Oritani cup handicap, once a month; Oritani badge handicap, twice a month.

In New York city the tide of business is steadily flowing up-town. The W. Fred Quimby Company has now gotten in the stream and has floated up to 310 Broadway, one door below the W. R. A. Company. The firm will occupy one-half of the large store now bearing the name of "Conroy's," and will have ample room for its display of Smith guns and Hunter bicycles.

The Baker Gun Company, of Batavia, N. Y., will have two good representatives on the road this year. Their names are C. A. Damon and John Carraher. Charlie Damon will be well remembered in Western cities as the popular representative of the Burgess Gun Company, of Buffalo, N. Y.

At the regular annual meeting of the Greenville Gun Club, of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border League, held on Tuesday, Jan. 5, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. C. A. Miller; Vice President, Mr. King; Secretary, J. M. Reed; Assistant Secretary, Wm. F. Krighler; Treasurer, Ernest Whitmer; Directors, C. B. Shrom and J. A. McNary.

Mr. Haywood, representative of the Haywood-Spalding sporting goods house, Denver, Col., was one of the spectators at the Winston-Mosher match on Saturday, Jan. 16, at Yardville. On his way back, and while leaving the train at Jersey City, he was "touched" for his pocketbook, which contained the nice little roll of $98 in bills.

In our last issue we announced that the Auburn (N. Y.) Gun Club claimed the dates of June 8-11 for the annual shoot of the New York State Association. Auburn promises some good things, and there is no question but what all those good things will materialize under the guiding hands of Messrs. C. W. Tuttle, Geo. Corning, Jr., etc.

The migration of shooters to San Antonio, Tex., began last week. Ferd. Van Dyke, Rolla Heikes and O. R. Dickey have started for the Midwinter tournament, taking in the Limited Gun Club's sparrow shoot at Indianapolis. The trio will probably be heard from when the Hot Springs tournament starts on Feb. 8.

The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., elected the following governing committee at a recent meeting: L. Thomas, W. R. Hobart, I. H. Terrill, Asa Whitehead and J. H. Dawson. Mr. Thomas is president of the club, W. R. Hobart secretary-treasurer, and I. H. Terrill manager.

The West End Club, of Richmond, Va., will probably accept the offer of the Interstate Association for a tournament in that city. The schedule of dates for the Interstate circuit is not yet completed, but will be given to the public as soon as possible to avoid all clashing of dates.

Jim Elliott is certainly shooting live birds in great form. He did not have much margin to play on when he met J. D. Gay, of Pine Grove, Ky., on Saturday last, Jan. 16. Scores of 93 to 96 are good ones, no matter what class of birds were trapped. Elliott stood at 31yds., Gay at 29yds.

Manager Shaner, of the Interstate Association, writes us as follows: "In response to numerous inquiries for information relating to the Grand American Handicap tournament of 1897, I desire to state to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that programmes containing detailed information will be ready for distribution on Feb. 10.

The first four entries for the Grand American Handicap are: No. 1, Old Hoss; No. 2, Sandy McPherson; No. 3, W. S. King; No. 4, J. G. Messner. All the above are from Pittsburg, and it is safe to say that the Smoky City will be represented by at least as many more shooters when the event itself is shot off.

The Harriot Gun Club, of Yonkers, N. Y., will hold shoots on its grounds on Jan. 22 and Jan. 29. Both live birds and targets will be trapped. The club's grounds are at Oak Hill Park. The secretary of the club is G. Banyer, and further information can be obtained from that gentleman.

On Wednesday, Jan. 13, Rolla Heikes and J. L. 147 Winston shot a friendly race at targets on the grounds of the Climax Gun Club at Fanwood, N. J. The conditions were: 100 targets, expert rules, one man up. Scores were: Heikes 81, Winston 79.

The Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago, has elected officers as follows: President, W. S. Cutler; Treasurer, Henry Levi; Secretary, R. W. Rixford; Captain, J. A. Ruble; Directors, F. E. Adams, J. C. Murphy and George Groll.

The King's Smokeless Gun Club will give their second annual tournament at East St. Louis, Ill., on May 26, 27, 28 and 29, the week following the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, of Kansas City. W. Benckman, Secretary.

The following officers have been elected for the year 1897 by the Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club: President, Joseph A. Bourke; Vice-President, Com. Edw. Spott; Secretary, J. H. W. Fleming; Treasurer, Edw. F. Bourke.

Justus von Lengerke is getting a little practice preliminary to entering for the Grand American Handicap. He shot well in the miss-and-outs at Zwirlein's after the Winston-Mosher match, scoring 17 out of 19 on good fast birds.

The invitation handicap live-bird race at the Boiling Springs Gun Club's grounds on Jan. 23 (Saturday next) promises to be a popular event. Entries must be made to Gus Greiff, at 8 Murray street, not later than Thursday, Jan. 21.

George Mosher made a good race of it with Winston for the Du Pont trophy. His score of 45 out of the last 50 looks very well on paper, but was even better than it looks, judging from what one hears as to the birds George drew.

King's Smokeless will be well represented at San Antonio. Miltl Lindsley, Wanda, Tom Keller, Jack Parker and John H. Mackie will all be there when the time comes for the first event to be started.

The West Chester Gun Club will give an all-day live-bird shoot on Thursday, Jan. 21, at the club grounds, West Chester, Pa. Shoot will commence at 10 A. M. F. H. Eachus, Secretary.

The Cleveland Target Company's advertisement in this week's issue tells another tale: Magautraps will be used at the New York State shoot at Auburn next June.

JAN. 19. EDWARD BANKS.

Oritana Field Club.

HACKENSACK, N. J., Jan. 9.—The regular shoot of the Oritana Field Club was held here to-day. Event No. 1 was at 15 known and 15 unknown angles, Nos. 2, 3 and 4 were at unknown angles, and No. 5 was at 5 pairs, unknown traps and angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	30	10	15	10	10	Targets:	30	10	15	10	10
Ricardo	17	7	11	..	..	Belden	15	6	9	1	..
Blauvelt	17	7	11	7	4	Raymond	20	6	10	2	6
Conklin	19	..	..	..	1	Anderson	..	4	6	..	..

ROB ROY.

Le Roy Gun Club.

LE ROY, Pa., Jan 11.—The Le Roy Gun Club was organized here to day, with the following officers and members:

Robt. B. Holcomb, President; James Holcomb, Vice-President; Samuel D. Loyd, Secretary; Anson B. Carney, Treasurer; Clarival H. Holcomb, Chas. Whipple, Andrew Percival, Martin Morse, Chas. Dodge, Clarence Selleck, L. W. Quick, Chas. Walbourn, S. W. Harris, B. F. Smith, Rolley Holcomb, Artie Kelley, Scott Fellows.

We owe our existence as a gun club to B. F. Smith, who has worked for quite a while to get a club together. He has been visiting here for the past three months, and has done considerable practicing at the traps.

Most of us have never shot over traps before, and some never saw them. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	25	Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	25
R E Holcomb	6	5	9	6	9	16	A Kelly	6	5	4	6	9	16
S D Loyd	3	4	7	5	6	12	J Holcomb	4	5	11	8	7	15
C H Holcomb	5	6	8	6	7	14	A Carney	..	..	7	4	5	..
Rol Holcomb	5	6	9	5	6	17	M Morse	..	..	8	..	..	..
S Fellows	..	..	..	4	3	..	C Walburn	..	..	5	..	..	..
A Percival	4	3	8	5	7	..	C Selleck	..	..	8	..	..	..
C Dodge	4	6	9	6	8	13	F Baxter	6	7	12	..	9	..
L Quick	7	6	9	7	9	17	B F Smith	7	8	14	9	10	23

Team race, thirty targets per man;

Quick 18, R. E. Holcomb 19, Dodge 20, C. H. Holcomb 20, B. F. Smith 27; total 104.

Kelly 24, Rol. Holcomb 19, J. Holcomb 16, A. Percival 17, Baxter 25; total, 101.

Match, fifty targets, unknown angles, A. S. A. rules, Smith to score 44:

Smith.....1111111111111100111111110 - 23
1111111101111111111011111—23—45

Jan. 14.—B. F. Smith shot a match against birds to-day, he to score 44 out of 50 for a bet of $25. The conditions were, 50 birds from two King traps, set 10yds. apart, unknown traps, 30yds. rise. Smith won his match by one bird. The score:

Smith.....22022022222222222222222—23
x2222222222222222220202—22—45

S. D. LOYD, Sec'y.

West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Jan. 7.—We have started 1897 with weekly contests for two cash prizes, each prize to be won three times. To-day was the first contest, J. S. Taylor winning first and Dickson and Wood tieing for second. Another prize was also shot for at the same time. This was one of Laflin & Rand's silver kegs of W-A powder. Taylor won this, but as he won one of these trophies at our fall tournament in 1896, he kindly returned this prize to the club, and the same will be shot for on Jan. 14. The handicaps were awarded by Capt. J. A. Wood and gave general satisfaction. Scores were:

J S Taylor (4).1111011011110111101110111111101111111111111111111—43
0111 — 3—46

Capt Wood (8).1010111011110111110111011111111111111001101111011—40
11011100 — 5—45

A Dickson (14)1100101001111110111001100111110111110101101111111—36
10011101011011 — 9—45

A Leicht (12)..1110011010101110101011011011011011010111101111000—33
110101111011 — 9—42

Stanbrough(6)1111010111101111111110110111010000000010111111101—34
011000 — 2 36

J Rhodes (8)..0011111110111011111000111000111101110000101101101—32
11100010 — 4—36

Scott.....0101001010011000111110010100101011111101100110000000—24
11111110101111 —14—38

Jova (16).....0111100111000111111011000111000011100101011000001 1— 26
0101101111001011 —10—36

*Dr Mitch'll(10)1111111111101110111000100011011001011011001111111111—35

* Did not shoot handicap.

D. BROWN.

Greenville Gun Club.

GREENVILLE, Pa., Jan. 1.—The New Year's Day shoot of the Greenville Gun Glub was one of the most successful in the club's history. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15
Keck	5	7	6	10	6	9	4	9	9	..	..	5	..	..	3
Hamor	4	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Speir	5	5	..	7	..	..	4	..	..	9	4	..	..	..	10
Brown	6	6	4	2	6	..	2	7	..	8	6	..	..	..	6
Reed	2	3	2	4	..	..	3	..	..	4	5	..	3	..	6
Chase	6	7	7	4	..	4	..	5	..	5	..	5	..	..	9
Com	8	8	7	..	6	8	6	6	8	7	5	..	6	5	9
Russell	1	8	7	4	8	8	4	5	8	3	7	..	..	..	11
Taylor	..	..	..	5	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Miller	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harrington	..	..	..	..	4	4	5	8	..	..	7	..	..	..	9
Whitmer	..	..	..	..	8	6	8	..	7	8	9	..	8	..	14
Henlein	..	..	..	..	5	..	5	6	6	3	6	..	..	..	..
Grauel	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	10	8	..	7	..	6	8	12
McNary	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	6	..	7	..	8	..	7	9
McMurray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	3	5	6	7
Keag	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	12
Winans	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	5	..	..	..
McDowell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	4	..
Ellsworth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	3	3
Templeton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	5
Blackman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	8
Ash	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	6

No 15 was the club shoot for prize cup.

J. M. REED, Sec'y.

Charley Grimm on Championships.

CLEAR LAKE, Ia., Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your trap editor evidently thinks there is danger of trouble in regard to championships at live birds. Now I don't see how there can be any, nor why there should be any. He also says there is only one champion target shot in the United States, and that is true; all intelligent people here in the West concede this. The Schmeltzer trophy, or the Kansas City medal or trophy, as you choose to call it (and, by the way, the Kansas City medals are quite numerous), I understand represents the championship of America at reversed pull on targets; that is the way I read it somewhere, and that is the style that it is shot at.

Now then, for live birds we have the cast iron medal that Jim Elliott, Jack Brewer, Dr. Carver, myself and others helped to pay for, and pledged ourselves that it should hereafter represent the championship of the United States, and thus settle all disputes; for it was then and there that several claimed the championship of America, and also of the world; and the shooters put it up to settle this. I don't see how they can claim anything else for it now.

Then there is the Du Pont trophy, representing the championship of America with Du Pont powder, which is proper. Also the Kansas City *Star's* medal; I don't know just what it does represent, but it might be called the Star medal, or the Championship of the Stars. Your editor might think it all right to shoot for the two medals, not knowing the circumstances, but under the existing circumstances, as he will find them if he looks the matter up, I don't think he wants a new medal recognized every year or at every shooting match; too much like cutting their heads off with a hatchet. This would be pulling the live bird championship into the quicksands deeper, would it not?

C. M. GRIMM.

Joplin Gun Club.

JOPLIN, Mo., Jan. 10.—Below are the scores made on live birds to-day. All our shooters are amateurs on live birds, hence the comparatively low scores. The birds were a good lot, there being very few sitters among the lot. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Birds:	10	25	10	..	..	Birds:	10	25	10	..	..
Van	10	22	9	5	4	Cox	10	20	8	4	1
Best	6	21	..	0	..	Webster	6	17	7	2	..
Bryant	3	21	7	5	1	Horn	7	20	9	0	..
Sumner	5	20	10	5	4	Freeman	..	15	..	..	..
Morgan	9	20	7	5	5	Wetheral	..	..	..	0	..
Sergeant	9	23	10	1	2						

Nos. 4 and 5 were miss-and-outs.

W. G.

The South Side Gun Club,

Of Newark, N. J., has made an innovation. Hereafter the price of targets will be one cent each, and the governing committee hope that the increased attendance will prove the truth of the saying, "Large sales and small profits." Few clubs have better facilities for shooting than the South Side, either in convenience of access or promptness in service. So come along, boys, buy 100 empires for $1 and help the club to prove that a 50 per cent. reduction these hard times is a good thing for all.

W. R. HOBART, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Jan. 9.—Noel E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co.; his other-in-law, Mr. Kennard; Capt. Haywood, of Denver; Capt. anmer; J. L. 147 Winston, of the Austin Cartridge Co., and H. S. elles, of Spaldings, had a pleasant afternoon's sport at the Elkwood Park traps to-day. Sweeps were shot at both pigeons and ackbirds, and as the scores given below show, the number of blackds that escaped from the shooters was rather more than a fair erage. Sweeps at pigeons resulted as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
inston	2222—4	222222—6	2020202022— 6
elles	2222—4	222222—6	2022020222— 7
aywood	1220—3	112210—5	1222220021— 8
anmer	10 —1	1220 —3	2112221200— 8
oney	...	.....	2222222222—10
ennard	...	.....	0002221002— 5

Sweeps at live blackbirds were shot as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
inston	0	0022022200—5	2222002022— 7	20	22
aywood	2112	2211212101—9	2222121111—10	22	10
anmer	0	.....	.....	0	0
oney	2120	1001121011—8	.....	..	..
ennard	0	200000w	.....	..	..
Vinston	0	.....	.....	..	..
ranmer	10	.....	.....	10	21
Kennard	1220	.....	.....	..	..
elles	.....	.....	0212011200— 6	..	..

* Re-entries.

Jan. 16.—Nineteen events were shot off this afternoon at Elkwood rk. No. 1 was a 10-bird event, Patten and Toland being the only es to shoot out their scores. Nos. 2 and 3 were 5-bird events; the in No. 3 was shot off, Toland and Ellison dividing at the end of the st round of the ties. The tie in No. 18 was shot off in the next ent, Hoey winning at the end of the second round. Scores were:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
tten	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	1	4	4	7	2	8	1	3
bey	3	4	4	5	1	1	2	5	7	7	1	1	3	7	1	7	3	2	
land	9	3	4	3	2	1	1	2	6	8	6	3	3	2	3	3	8	3	3
ily	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	2	1	1	5	2	1	..	..
lison	1	4	4	0	2	0	0	1	5	0	4	3	4	4	3	2	6	3	1

147 VERSUS MOSHER.

Jan. 16.—The match between John L. 147 Winston and Geo. A. sher, of Syracuse, N. Y., representative of the Syracuse Arms mpany, manufacturers of the Hollenbeck gun, took place to-day Yardville, N. J. The contest, as every shooter knows, was for the ssession of the Du Pont trophy, won by Winston from George Roll, Chicago, last December on John Watson's grounds. It will be remembered that there was some slight disregard of the conditions verning the challenges for this trophy when the Mosher challenge as made public, the irregularity having been quite unintentional on e part of either Winston or the challenger. This deviation from e rules, which prescribe that each challenger shall notify E. I. du nt de Nemours & Co. of his intentions, was passed over by the mpany in its anxiety to throw the competition for the cup "wide en," and to do away with any suspicion of an intention of making e challenges for the trophy a sort of "close corporation" business. further mistakes or irregularities are possible now. Mr. H. P. llins, the company's representative from Baltimore, Md., made an nouncement to-day that no challenges would be recognized except ien made in the regular way; that is, by depositing a forfeit, and tifying the company or its representative in due form. No chalge would be recognized if made upon the grounds after a match r the trophy, unless the challenger himself was present. (The ove is as the matter was reported to us by our representative.)

For to day's match Charlie Zwirlein had provided 250 all-blue birds, all in size and clean as to wings and tails. There was absolutely wind to help the birds at all, but still some of them left the traps th a rush that caused several ciphers to be registered on the score eets. Mr. H. P. Collins acted as referee on behalf of the company. It was generally supposed that Mosher would be an easy victim for s antagonist, but the result shows that when he once struck his it he pounded out 45 out of his last 50; and that too when he was pelessly in the rear. The luck of the birds decidedly favored Winon; 147 himself is authority for that statement. As a matter of ct both men had 58 birds that showed an outgoing tendency, but osher had ten twisters as against seven that fell to Winston. Dividg the best birds into "fast," "very fast" and "screamers," the ore sheet handed to us tells the following tale: Winston, 12 fast, 10 ry fast and 1 screamer; Mosher, 12 fast, 16 very fast and 2 reamers. Winston's total of 87 might have been slightly increased d not his affection for the figure 7 mastered the accuracy of his m. Mosher's 85 was a good score under the circumstances, espeally when his disheartening start is taken into consideration. ouble figure runs were: Winston, 16, 16, 15, 11 and 10; Mosher, 17 d 14.

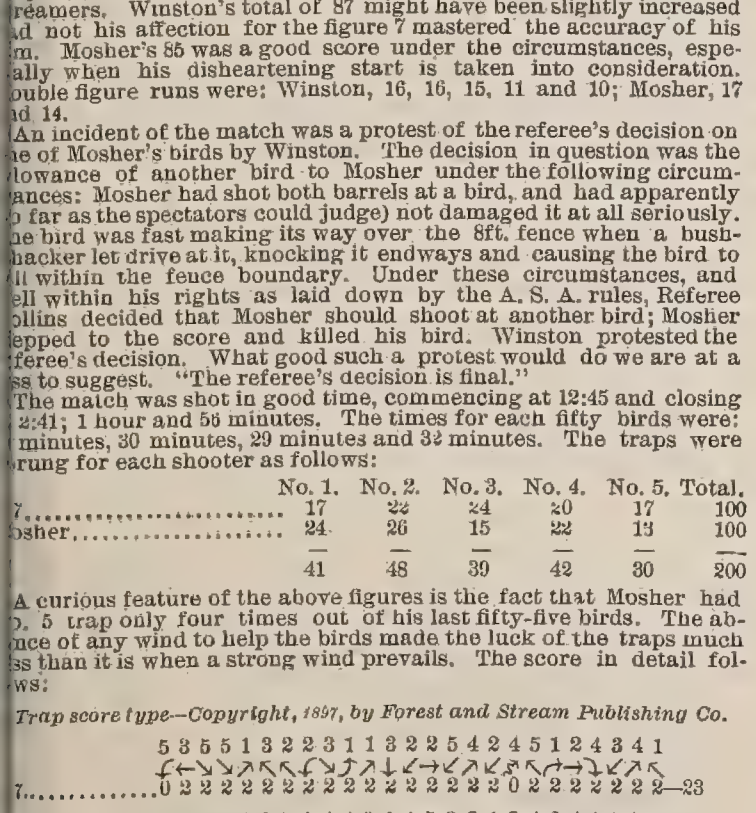
An incident of the match was a protest of the referee's decision on ne of Mosher's birds by Winston. The decision in question was the lowance of another bird to Mosher under the following circumances: Mosher had shot both barrels at a bird, and had apparently far as the spectators could judge) not damaged it at all seriously. he bird was fast making its way over the 8ft. fence when a bushhacker let drive at it, knocking it endways and causing the bird to ll within the fence boundary. Under these circumstances, and ell within his rights as laid down by the A. S. A. rules, Referee llins decided that Mosher should shoot at another bird; Mosher epped to the score and killed his bird. Winston protested the feree's decision. What good such a protest would do we are at a ss to suggest. "The referee's decision is final."

The match was shot in good time, commencing at 12:45 and closing 2:41; 1 hour and 56 minutes. The times for each fifty birds were: minutes, 30 minutes, 29 minutes and 32 minutes. The traps were rung for each shooter as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
7	17	22	24	20	17	100
osher	24	26	15	22	13	100
	41	48	39	42	30	200

A curious feature of the above figures is the fact that Mosher had . 5 trap only four times out of his last fifty-five birds. The abnce of any wind to help the birds made the luck of the traps much ss than it is when a strong wind prevails. The score in detail fols:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



Other sweeps were shot as below, each being a miss-and-out; retry allowed in first round:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
von Lengerke	120	12212220	21222221
W Morfey	220	0	2220
eidman	0	1220	22122220
ibell	222	.....	.....
arrison	220	.....	.....
eidman (re-entry)	20	.....	.....
orfey (re-entry)	...	12222222	.....
irlein	...	22222121	22220
inston	...	2222220	.....
E W	...	10	.....

THE APGAR TESTIMONIAL SHOOT.

Jan. 16.—The Apgar testimonial shoot, gotten up by the Boiling rings Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., was a thorough success, notwithstanding the fact that the weather was damp and unpleasant. The attendance was good, thirty-nine shooters taking part in the various events shot off during the afternoon. It is a hard matter to get any shooters in New Jersey to put in an appearance at the traps any time before noon; hence, although the shoot was announced to commence at 10 A. M., it was well on to 1 P. M. before there was a full squad on hand. From that time until it was too dark to see a target flying over the meadows there was some rapid work at the traps. Almost 4,000 targets were thrown before the word to quit was given.

Among those who came to pay their respects to Neaf were: Dr. Mason, H. P. Dain and J. B. Halsted, from Peekskill, N. Y.; Noel E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co.; Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand (W-A) Powder Co.; Colin R. Wise and a strong delegation from Passaic, N. J., including Capt. Hall, C. F. Lenone, Bowes, Coman, etc.; Frank Butler, from Nutley, N. J., with regrets from Miss Annie Oakley at her inability to be present; Eddie Collins, G. H. Piercy, A. R. Strader and L. Piercy, from the Endeavor Gun Club; J. S. S. Remsen, from Brooklyn, N. Y.; Warren Smith, of the Maplewoods, and a goodly number of the home club.

Scores ruled high, but W. H. Huck was the only one to make a 25 straight. L. Piercy, the fourteen-year-old son of G. H. Piercy, distinguished himself by scoring 24 out of 25 in event No. 10, and leading the whole of the 30 entries in that event! Everything was done by the club to make matters comfortable for Apgar's guests; the luncheon set out in the club house by Mrs. Rock, wife of the club's superintendent, playing an important part in the proceedings of the day.

In the last four 25-target events the seven highest totals for the 100 targets were: Collins and G. Piercy 91, Edwards and Mason 89, Warren Smith 88, Wise 87, Dain 85. Ed Taylor shot well in every event he took part in with the exception of No. 10; he attributes his improvement in form to the use of a certain load of his firm's W-A powder, loaded by the W. R. A. Company to a formula prepared by Ferd Van Dyke after exhaustive tests of the same at the company's works at New Haven. Noel Money shot in something like his old form when he "tried" real hard, and was as pleased as Punch to find that he could break 24 out of 25 occasionally. Jack Halsted was not in form at all, but his running mates, Mason and Dain, held up the Peekskill end in great shape. Warren Smith, president of the Maplewood, N. J., Gun Club, has been somewhat of a stranger at the traps for a long time; that he has not forgotten how to shoot is shown by his score of 88 out of 100. Taken altogether, the gathering was a very pleasant one, while the large attendance shows that Neaf is as popular as ever.

Owing to Ferd. Van Dyke being called away to attend to business for the Winchester Co., the team match arranged for to-day could not take place. The teams were: Van Dyke, Apgar and Wise against Remsen, Piercy and Edwards. Rolla Heikes had also intended to try his hand against time for 100 targets, but had to send his regrets owing to similar business arrangements with his company. Rolla's absence was a serious loss, several spectators having come to the grounds for seeing how the "daddy of 'em all" could break targets.

The scores in to-day's events were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	25	25	20	25	10	15	15	20	25	25	25	25
Edwards	24	21	17	22	..	12	14	18	22	22	23	22
N E Money	23	24	16	21	..	15	11	16	17	22	22	16
Wise	20	18	9	20	..	9	..	19	21	21	22	23
Joy	19	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Apgar	..	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jeanneret	..	..	6	..	..	..	8	10	..	..	..	..
Huck	..	..	..	19	..	13	..	15	21	..	25	18
Halsted	..	..	..	..	9	9	8	16	18	16	15	20
Mason	..	..	..	..	9	12	15	19	24	22	21	22
Dain	..	..	..	..	10	12	13	18	21	20	21	23
Taylor	..	..	..	..	9	15	13	19	22	19	24	..
Adams	..	..	..	..	7	12	..	17	20	23	23	..
Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	..	14	17	15
Strader	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	17	17	17	16
Frank	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	18	18
Paul	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	18	20	w
Harding	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	19	20	13
Baron	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	21	18	..
Remsen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	22	24	..
W Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	21	23	21
James	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	21	..
G Piercy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	23	24	22
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	23	24	22
Laurance	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	3	..	..
Bowes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	17	16	17
Just	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	11	..
Hutchinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..
De Wolf	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	16	18	18
L Piercy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24	..	22
Butler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	15	..
Hall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	17	..
Guy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..
Zeno	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..
Black	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	14	18
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	21	..
Lenone	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	17	20
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4
Lancom	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	19
Coman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20

No. 3 was at 10 pairs; No 9 at known traps and angles; all other events were at unknown angles.

Event No. 13 was one of the regulation "moonlight excursions" that usually bring such shoots to a close. It was too dark to see the targets, and several referees were required to accurately report the result of each shot. The conditions were 25 targets, unknown angles. The scores were: Apgar 19, Wise 18, Edwards 16, G. Piercy 14, Strader 13, Lenone 11.

EDWARD BANKS.

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

Jan. 9.—The Bergen County Gun Club held its weekly shoot on its grounds at Hackensack this afernoon. The day was bright and pleasant, and the home talent made a good showing, both as to numbers and in enthusiasm. Thirteen shooters faced the traps, and about 1,500 targets were thrown. The best scores on 25 targets were as follows: Horton 16, Van Keuren 21, Warner 13, Johnson 16, Packard 13, Ward 16, Jackson 18, Gardner 13, Chaffee 15, Lefferts 21, Banta 19, Bell 13, Brackett 15.

Under its new management this club is making an effort to get out some of the Hackensack field shots and to get them interested in trap-shooting; so far it is meeting with success. The assistance the club has received and is receiving from expert shooters, the members of other clubs and from the sporting goods houses, has infused it with considerable ginger and with quite a perceptible spirit of emulation among its members. When it is stated that (with only two or three exceptions) all the above-named shooters are less than 60 per cent. men and many are less than 50 per cent. men, the scores recorded are very creditable. By continued energy on the part of the management and the co-operation it is receiving, this club will at no distant day have among its members a home talent composed of new men in good substantial numbers, men to whom any good club man would gladly extend the right hand of fellowship. It will be a long time before they (the new men) can successfully compete in a long race with the expert trap-shooters of the old-established clubs, and we have much to learn from the old men; but we are in the field to learn all we can, and before long some of the old experts will smell our powder mighty close behind them.

E. G. HORTON, Captain.

A Prominent Sportsman.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 31.—Speaking of newspaper work reminds me of a brilliant bit that was pulled off here in Chicago last week. The trap editor of an esteemed contemporary, or one of the trap editors, wound up a column of wisdom by quoting what a "prominent sportsman" of this city had said in corroboration of the position of the aforesaid trap editor or editors. The remark of the "prominent sportsman" had no quotation marks about it, nor anything else to convey the idea that it was not produced at first hand. But it did have a familiar look about it, and I looked in the columns of a daily paper here printed some days before that, and there found the original. Nothing very strange about this, of course, for all newspaper men know it is wise to take one's own no matter where it may be found, but the funny part of it follows. The suppositious sportsman in any good newspaper handling should have had a local habitation and a name. I found the reporter of the daily who had written the interview with the "prominent sportsman," and he admitted with a grin that there wasn't any such a man; that he had, in the parlance of the perfesh, "faked" the interview with the aforesaid "prominent sportsman" which the Chicago sporting paper had faked from him. This is a very easy way of getting news and facts, and an easy way, albeit not quite a new one, of finding support for one's own beliefs. But I beseech the trap editor or editors of the paper in question not to so afflict us. The great and good individual known as the "true sportsman" has had many sins committed in his name. Let us give the "prominent sportsman" a better show than that, and let us depart from such old and gauzy schemes of saving labor and dispensing with the truth. A newspaper should occasionally dispense the truth, not dispense at it or with it.

E. HOUGH.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

HERRON HILL GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 11.—Two interesting matches were shot to-day on the grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club at Davis Island. The first was between McPherson and Farmer, the result being a tie on 84 out of the 100 birds they each shot at. McPherson was clean out of form on the first 50, scoring only 39 to Farmer's 42. In the second half Sandy pulled up well, and scored 45 to 42. At the end of the 75th round he was only 1 behind Farmer, but went to the front when the latter lost his 78th and 79th birds. The score was a tie at the end of the 97th round, and when Farmer lost his 98th bird it looked as if Sandy was bound to win; he made it a tie by losing his last bird. Scores:

McPherson	2222222000222222222022—	21
	2222022200222020002222222—	18
	2222222222222222202222222—	24
	2222203222022222220121220	21—84
Farmer	2120022222204001222222122—	20
	2222202202222222222022222—	22
	2222022222222222202022222—	22
	2200202222220222222222012—	20—84

Fargo and Strong also shot a 50-bird race, Fargo winning easily by 5 birds with a score of 48 to 43. Fargo made a great run and looked like scoring his 50 straight; he spoiled his chances by dropping his 48th and 49th birds. Scores:

Fargo	2211212212212112222212222—	25
	2222222122222222222222001—	23—48
Strong	2222222202312221212122212—	24
	1102222202120220012220122—	19—43

Jan. 12.—Parker and Large shot a team race to-day for the suppers and the cost of the birds, their opponents being Moyer and Colt. The Parker-Large combination was a winner, Colt being badly out of form. The conditions were 15 live birds per man. Scores:

Parker	110110111111001—11	Moyer	011111111011111—13
Large	111111010110111—12—23	Colt	101100100011010— 7—20

Two other events were also shot, as below:

No. 1, 15 live birds: Parker 13, Moyer 12, Colt 11.

No. 2, 10 live birds: Moyer 9, Parker 9.

CROSSLAND VS. EWING.

Jan. 13.—Doc Ewing and John M. Crossland shot a race to-day at 25 live birds per man for $50 a side. The match took place on the old fort grounds, Marshall avenue, Allegheny. Crossland won by 23 to 18, Ewing having four of his birds fall dead out of bounds. The birds were a good lot of flyers. Scores:

Ewing	22111•021120111222••0122•—	18
Crossland	2122212222202212222211220—	23

AT BEAVER.

Jan. 13.—An interesting target shoot took place to-day at Beaver, the contestants being Elmer Jones, of that city, and E. L. Dunham, of Rochester. Both men are members of the Rochester (Pa.) Gun Club. The match was at 25 bluerocks each, Jones winning by a single break. Scores:

Jones	1111111111111111111011110—	23
Dunham	1111111111111111011010111—	22

Olathe Gun Club.

OLATHE, Kan., Jan. 1.—The Olathe Gun Club is an organization that knows how to enjoy itself. To-day the members turned out in force and faced the traps in a team-race made of "picked-up" sides. Many of the shooters had never shot at a target prior to to-day, while some of them said that they had never fired a gun off in their lives. No excuse was taken once the sides were chosen, so the boys went at it until it was too dark to see the targets. When the scores came to be figured up it was found that Captain Stevenson's team was winner by five targets, Captain F. Hodges's team scoring 135 to 140. Full scores follow, some of the shooters being unable to complete their scores on account of darkness:

Captain Stevenson's Team.

J Stevenson	1111111111111011001011111—	21
B Lipscomb	0110110010110111111111101—	18
H Iles	0100100010000010010100000—	6
W R Walker	1110011010001000010111110—	13
W D Hendrix	1001010001100101111110100—	12
A J Clemmans	1001100111100110111001100—	14
John Carpenter	1010011001100001110010010—	11
W A Mitchell	0001000000000000001000000—	2
B Bechler	0000110000000110000000001—	5
A E Moll	0000010100101010101001000—	8
W Morrison	0000000100100101111010000—	8
Dr Williamson	0000000000110101111100001—	9
Joe Kelly	0000000000	— 0
W Lemon	0000010000	— 1
W Thavis	0000000000	— 0
F Hamilton	0001011010	— 4
John Cosgrove	1011110111	— 8
Jim Cosgrove	0000000000	— 0—140

Capt. Hodges's Team.

F Hodges	1011111111100111111111011—	21
G Wilkenson	0010010000001110010001000—	8
C Thomas	1110111001000111011110111—	17
J Mitchell	1001010000011100010001000—	8
C Pettyjohn	0000000000000000000000001—	1
J B Bruner	0010000100111111000000000—	8
Geo Hodges	1010101111010011110011111—	17
L Thiel	0000000000100000000000000—	1
A Rankin	0010001100000100001110101—	9
Geo Abbott	0000000001000000000100100—	3
C Sprague	1001101000000000000010000—	5
Ray Walker	1111101100111001101001010—15	
S C Bloomer	0000010000010106011011101—	9
Ed Adair	0000110010000000009080000—	3
E D Warner	0001000001	— 2
Jim Orr	0000000101	— 2
John Woods	0001000110	— 3
Bert Gilbert	0000000111	— 3—135

During the evening thirty-eight members of the club and guests sat down to a banquet served at the Hotel Olathe, Capt. Hodges presiding. There was much interest evinced in the future of the club, and it may be taken for granted that much good resulted to the club from the carrying out of to-day's programme.

F.

New Haven Gun Club.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 13.—The members of the above club held their regular monthly shoot this afternoon. This being the first shoot of the year, a large attendance was expected, but the cold weather kept away a number. The main event was the handicap at 30 singles for three merchandise prizes, with scores as follows:

		Hdcp.	
Van Dyke	1111111101111111111111111111—	29	0—29
Ortseifer	1110110110111111111111111011—	26	2—28
Stevens	1111101111011111111011111111—	27	0—27
Potter	0111111111111011001111111101—	25	0—25
Hazel	1011111010110101010110111000—	19	5—24
Bassett	0101001101001111101011110010—	17	7—24
Reggiori	1001111001111110001001100011—	17	6—23
Whitney	1111111101101001011111111011100—	22	0—22
Bement	1110101111111000100001111011100—	18	4—22
Bristol	0011011110111111110010110100 11—	19	0—19
Clock	0111010010101111110011000001 10—	15	3—18
Clark	0100011010111100011101101001 01—	16	0—16

Following this was a team race with Van Dyke and Potter as captains.

Potter's team: Potter 17, Ortseifer 16, Whitney 18, Clock 14, Bennett 13, Bement 11, Bassett 14; total, 103.

Van Dyke's team: Van Dyke 17, Stevens 18, Bristol 13, Kegelmeyer 11, Clark 17, Hazel 16, Reggiori 9; total, 101.

W. H. HAZEL, Sec'y.

Garden City Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 16.—The Garden City Gun Club held its club shoot at Watson's Park to-day. A number of live-bird sweeps were also shot. Scores:

Club shoot, Class A:

A Kleinman	1012112111—9	McFarland	2011102222—8

Class B:

Gillespie	0221012221—8	Smith	1022201202—7
Amberg	0202121222—8	Bedford	2100121111—8

Class C:

Levi	1022222030—6	Wilcox	2011101122—8

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
A Kleinman	02202—3	11111—5	11212—5	.....
McFarland	11122—5	02111—4	21222—5	22221—5
Smith	22112—5	20112—4	00011—2	.....
Gillespie	11100—3	20211—4	21200—3	12212—5
Edwards	00001—1	.....	.....	.....
Rexford	01112—4	22122—5	.....	.....
Levi	22102—4	.....	.....	.....
Wilcox	21222—5	.....	.....	.....
Neal	21122—5	01222—4	.....	.....

Event No. 5, 50 targets: Kleinman 39, Amberg 33, Rexford 22.

ON LONG ISLAND.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.

Jan. 1—At the regular monthly shoot of the Unknown Gun Club, held to-day at Dexter Park, 21 members took part in the club event. Of this number six scored 7 straight. Scores were as below:

M Brown (28)	2111121—7	Wm Sands (26)	0222220—5
H Houseman (28)	2211122—7	Dr Moore (26)	0201222—5
W G Skidmore (26)	1212112—7	P J Sweeney (26)	1202102—5
H Knebel (26)	1122111—7	G Selig (25)	01•2011—4
J O'Hara (24)	2122111—7	B Jennings (25)	1102200—4
J F Knebel (22)	2112122—7	W Siemering (25)	2000121—4
Dr Schwartz (28)	2111201—6	A C Runkin (24)	0012102—4
J Akhurst (25)	1121220—6	R Smith (25)	0230•00—3
J Hyde (29)	1011011—5	D Timke (21)	0001102—3
E A Vroome (29)	1110 10—5	H von Staden (23)	1•10100—3
J Bohling (26)	1012202—5		

ROCKAWAY POINT ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Jan. 11.—The Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club, a trap-shooting organization composed of New York and Brooklyn shooters who hold their monthly shoots at Rockaway Point, L. I., during the winter months, held its annual meeting and election of officers this evening. The foll wing offi ers were elected: President, Joseph A. Bourke; Vice-President, Major Edward Spott; Secretary, J. H. W. Fleming; Treasurer, Edward F. Bourke. The treasurer's report showed that the club was in excellent condition financially.

M'ALPIN DEFEATS WORK.

Jan. 12.—George S. McAlpin added another victory to his already long string by defeating George Work in a 200-bird match shot to-day on the grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club. The boundary was a short one, only 30yds.; this, added to the strong gale from the northwest that sent the birds away from the traps at an immense rate of speed, is the chief explanation of the otherwise low score. Taking the birds at their best, and also taking into consideration the extra good quality of George Mott's pigeons, McAlpin must surely consider himself lucky to have won from Work with the score of 151 out of 200, no matter how strong the wind was.

Work started out badly, losing 5 out of the first 8 shot at. Although he then pulled himself together and made a run of 13 straight, he was barely in it at any stage of the game, although he certainly had many chances of gaining on McAlpin time and again. The fact that the best he could do at any time was 19 out of 25 shows that Work is not in anything like his true form. His one big score at the Riverton grounds is about the only good shooting he has done this season.

McAlpin, on the other hand, has been making a record for himself in the past few months, and has done some extra good work with the gun. The short boundary to-day had unquestionably a great deal to do with the low scores, the number of "dead out of bounds" being respectively: McAlpin 13, Work 11.

The most interesting point of the match was at the end of the 93d round. Work was then 7 birds behind. McAlpin with 4 consecutive misses quickly reduced that lead to 3 birds, the score at the end of the 100th round standing 74 to 71 in McAlpin's favor. Although McAlpin lost his 101st bird, still further reducing his lead, Work once more began to lose birds in quick time, and was never again within good hailing distance. Scores:

G S McAlpin (30)	2222210221022222210222?2—22
	2'2202•22222222•022101222—20
	20202122•2•20221•'22•2••2—17
	1022•0202?0101202?0•00??2—15
	0222022220221?2•0?1212222—20
	2022221022?02?02 222222•—20
	2?22221222 2222 0•22•20?2?—21
	2210022110.020?2?20220022—16—151
George Work (30)	•20?•20•122?2?2?2?2?20?0—18
	2222?0?2?•2?02122042 2 00—18
	0?2 00?••2222?222?2?202222—19
	2••2022002200022022?2?22—16
	20?2020022?2?2?2?2?2?2?022—19
	0222222.0 0?2002222 00222—18
	2?1021••'.00?22002?2?202 ?2—17
	1?22•22210002?2?110?20?200—17—142

PHENIX GUN CLUB.

Jan. 12.—Nine members of the Phenix Gun Club took part in the monthly live-bird shoot of the club held this afternoon at Dexter Park. The club event is at 15 live birds, and the badge this afternoon was won by Moses Chichester, who scored 14 out of his 15. He was closely pursued by W. Hughes, who scored 13, losing his 8th and 13th birds. Scores were:

M Chichester	111111102211121—14	J Smith	0111122021211101—11
W Hughes	111221.01212021—13	J C Henry	0?2?001022?1211—10
J Akhurst	2201112210121?0—12	P Gardner	0?01100201120?1— 9
D Freleigh	0011100?1?11111—11	Dr C B Parker	1 0.000001100.0— 6
A Botty	0122202221210.0—11		

At the annual meeting of the club, held last night in the club's rooms, 232 Court street, Brooklyn, the following officers were elected for 1897: Pres., David Freleigh; Vice-Pres., Moses Chichester; Sec'y, J. H. Chasmer; Treas., John Akhurst. One of the members, Abram Rutan, having resigned from the club, Dr. C. B. Parker was elected in his place, the membership of the club being limited to 10.

ERIE GUN CLUB.

Jan. 13.—The regular monthly shoot of the Erie Gun Club was held at Dexter Park to-day. Four shooters scored all their birds in the club shoot, as below:

Chas Plate	1222222—7	J H Plate	21?0?22—6
H Dohrmann	2222212—7	Geo Fuchs	1011111—6
Chas Murphy	1111121—7	Harry Blackley	1011011—5
John Plate	2122111—7	Bernard Plate	2100012—4
Henry Muller	1102112—6	Gus Shufeld	20.0220—4
H Jankowsky	?0?2122—6	Jacob Schmidt	2?00?••—3

Jan. 14.—The annual meeting of the Erie Gun Club was held this evening at 352 Van Brunt street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and the following list of officers for 1897 was elected: President, Frederick Gref; Vice-President, Henry Dohrmann; Treasurer, Chas. Plate; Secretary, Chas. H. Luhrssen.

PARKWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Jan. 13—The Parkway Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its monthly club shoot this afternoon on the club's grounds near the Old Mill, Jamaica Bay. Lee Helgans and Tom Short did some good shooting before Helgans finally captured the club's badge. Scores follow:

	Club shoot.	Tie.
L Helgans (30)	2222222—7	2222?222222?222—14
T Short (28)	1212111—7	1222112221?210—13
J Bennett (30)	1122222—7	110 — 2
H J Bookman (30)	1202111—6	
H Bramwell (28)	12?2222—6	
H J Selover (25)	2212011—6	
D S Van Wicklen (25)	2211011—6	
John Wye (25)	1112201—6	
Anthony Botty (30)	0?102?2—5	
W R Selover (28)	2120110—5	

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Jan. 14—The annual meeting of the Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn, was held this evening in the club rooms, 361 Flatbush avenue, the president, Abel Crook, being in the chair. The election of officers for 1897 resulted as follows: President, Abel Crook; Vice-President, William R. Brixey; Secretary-Treasurer, John A. Carney; Trustees, Dr. A. Eddy, Dr. W. Wynn, L. T. Duryea, James E. Orr, Charles W. Wingert and William Siebert; Official Scorer, W. H. Lair. The presentation of the Brixey cup to the winner, W. H. Lair, was to have taken place to-night, but owing to Mr. Lair being confined to his home through sickness, the presentation was deferred to a future date.

The system of handicapping adopted for the ensuing year is as follows: Class A men, 29yds. and upward; class B men, 29yds. and below. There will be prizes donated by the club for competition in both classes.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

Jan. 15—The New York German Gun Club, an organization which holds regular monthly live-bird shoots at Dexter Park, held its annual meeting and dinner this evening at 12 East Eighth street, New York city. The following list of officers were elected for the ensuing twelve months: President, August Schmitt; Vice-President John W llbrock; Treasurer, John P. Dannefelser; Secretary, G. A. Leutheusser; Captain, Fred Sauter; Auditing Committee, Wellbrock, Sauter and John Rockey; Handicapping Committee, John Schlicht, J. P. Dannefelser, Fred Sauter, J. Wellbrock and G. A. Leutheusser.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Jan. 16.—The regular weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held on Dyker Meadow to-day. The club shoot, which was at 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, was won by Deacon, with 24 breaks to his credit. Sweeps Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were at targets, unknown angles; Nos. 5, 6 and 7 were at 5 pairs. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Gangler	8	9	8	8	6	7	..	Deacon	..	6	7	7	7	5	..
Fleet	8	6	7	3	4	5	..	J A Bennett	..	10	7	9	6	8	3
D C Bennett	9	5	9	9	5	6	..	Thompson	..	9	7	10	6	9	3
Shepard	3	8	5	2	..	..	..	O'Brien	..	..	..	..	6	5	7	4
P E G	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	Frost	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Parr	4	..	..	..	..	..	..								

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Jan. 16.—There was a good attendance at the target grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club, Dyker Meadow, Bay Ridge, this afternoon. Eleven members took part in the club shoot at 25 targets, known traps and angles. In this event Donley Deacon took first honors in Class A with 24 out of 25. Five sweeps at 10 targets each, unknown angles, and one sweep (No. 6) at 5 pairs, were also shot. The scores are given in tabulated form below, No. 1 being the club shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	10
D Deacon	24	..	6	7	7	7	5	D C Bennett	16	9	5	9	9	5	6
F Thompson	21	..	9	7	10	6	9	Dr Shepard	15	3	8	..	..	..	..
J Ganghen	21	8	9	8	8	6	7	Dr Pool	14	3	..	..	..	..	..
Dr O'Brien	21	..	..	..	6	..	7	E G Frost	9	..	..	..	4	..	..
C C Fleet	20	8	6	7	..	4	5	E G Parr	7	4	..	..	..	..	..
J A Bennett	19	..	10	7	..	6	8								

CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Jan. 16.—There was plenty of shooting this afternoon on the Bay Ridge grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn. Eight events of 25 targets each were decided, 7 members of the club taking part in the sport. Nos. 1, 2, 5 and 6 were at known traps and angles; Nos. 3 and 4 at unknown angles; Nos. 7 and 8 at expert rules. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
G C White	15	15	20	15	14	18	15	..	Pickett	..	..	..	..	11	10	..	..	8
L Hopkins	8	..	12	10	..	11	..	12	G Notman	..	..	..	..	16	20	10	16	
Werleman	7	3	11	6	9	8	10	10	C A Sykes	..	..	..	..	14	21	17	..	
D Geddes	..	..	17	13	..	16	17	15										

Arlington Shooting Association.

ARLINGTON, N. J., Jan. 6.—Eight members of the Arlington Shooting Association participated in the regular monthly competition to-day. Conditions: 25 single targets each. The scores:

F Walters	0110111010111111111111101—20
Herrington	1111011010111111111161011—20
R Woods	1011111110100001111001011—16
A Crawford	0101111000110?001111?00001—12
W Lawrance	0001001010111010010111101—12
J Simpson	1001010010101001100100010—10
N Rogers	0001?0000111?0000 101100— 8
Montgomery	0?0?0011001010?00100000000— 5

H. FRAPWELL, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

H. F. B., Boston, Mass.—There is no reason why wild rice would not grow in your locality. See answer to J. P. C., Jr.

G. B. HILLERS—Grand American Handicap was shot at Dexter Park twice: April 5, 1893, and April 6, 1894; at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., April 3–5, 1895; and at Elkwood Park, N. J., March 24–26, 1896.

ENGLAND, New York City. Please inform me what kind of rifle is most used for hunting in Africa? Ans. Double express rifles are commonly used for big game in Africa, though American repeating rifles and the new small-bore smokeless rifles are coming into more general use.

J. P. C., JR., Council's Station, N. C.—1. We see no reason why your wild rice did not grow unless it is that your seed was old. Wild rice seed soon loses its vitality, and it is always safest to plant in the early fall, as soon as the fresh seed can be obtained. Beginning with the latter part of September, you will always find the names of a number of reliable dealers in our advertising columns. 2. The bezoar stone found in deer is a calculous concretion which frequently appears in the intestines of certain ruminant animals, which used to be regarded as an antidote for poison, and a remedy for eruptive diseases.

J. A., Frankford, Pa.—1. Would you consider a 12-gauge gun, weight 7lbs. 13oz., reliable for shooting swans, geese and ducks? 2. The gun was targeted at 40yds. on a 30in. circle, loaded with 1⅛oz. of No. 7 Tatham chilled shot, 89grs. Du Pont's powder; each barrel threw 245 pellets in the circle. What kind of a target would you call that? 3. Would 32in. barrels have the advantage over 30in. for close and hard shooting? 4. Would there be very much advantage in having a 10-bore, weight 9 to 9½lbs., over the above-described gun for the above game? 5. Also, is it advisable to use light buckshot in a gun heavily choked? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. Good. 3. No; aside from the fact that they would burn heavy charges of black powder somewhat better. 4. For ducks, geese and swans the heavier gun is to be preferred. 5. Buckshot may be used in a choked gun, provided they chamber properly. Lay on a table the number of buckshot comprising a layer in one of your shells and invert your gun barrel over them. If they fit tightly or wedge it would not be safe to shoot them.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The New York and Florida Limited.

A THROUGH route to southern Florida is afforded by the Florida Short Line, via the Pennsylvania R. R., Southern Railway, Florida Central & Peninsular R. R., and the Florida East Coast Railway. The new New York and Florida limited train reduces the time nearly two hours over previous running time, and makes the 1,000-mile journey in less than twenty-eight hours.

From winter to summer in a day's luxurious journey! From snow to the tropical palm in a day, with the fatigue of traveling having been rendered almost impossible by the wonderful management of one of the world's most progressive railroads. It sounds like an impossibility—a leaf from a fairy tale—but that is what the winter schedule of the Southern Railway Company means. Leave New York at noon to-day and to-morrow afternoon, at 4:40, you step off this superb Limited Pullman Vestibuled train at St. Augustine in a garden of flowers, and within view of the most beautiful hotels on this continent.

Unceasing and untiring in its efforts, the Southern Railway, with its ambition to provide absolutely perfect transportation between the North and the South, has, with its '96-'97 schedule, added another chapter to railroad history. Beginning Jan. 18, the Limited, between New York and St. Augustine, composed exclusively of a dining car, sleeping car, compartment car, library and observation car, will leave New York daily, except Sunday, at 12:10 noon.—*Adv.*

The J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co.

THE J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company and Wiebusch & Hilger, Ltd., announce that by mutual agreement the relationship of manufacturer and agent for many years existing between them is dissolved.

Hereafter Mr. Charles Folsom, 79 Chambers street, will be the New York agent for the Stevens Company.

The London, England, office of the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company is 960 Tabernacle street, Finsbury, E. C.—*Adv.*

The Theory of Success.

THE New York Central management evidently proceeds on the theory that the more care there is taken of a traveler the more he will travel—witness its "Limited" trains, block signals, free attendants and the comfort and luxury surrounding one from beginning to end of a journey on "America's Greatest Railroad."—*Adv.*

A Treat for Artists.

THE autumn scenery of the Hudson River and Mohawk Valley lends additional charm to a trip over the New York Central at this season. Fourteen fast trains every day between New York and Buffalo and Niagara Falls.—*Adv.*

WHEN YOU GO SOUTH to the great Texas midwinter shooting carnival at San Antonio, or to the Arkansaw Traveler's annual winter tournament at Hot Springs, Ark., remember the Missouri Pacific R. R. When you go South for a bit of the best shooting in America, to the Texas Gulf Coast or the Indian Nations, remember the Missouri Pacific R. R. Elegant through trains out of St. Louis, with all the luxuries of modern travel. Special tournament rates. Address H. C. Townsend, G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.—*Adv.*

CINCINNATI, Indianapolis, St. Louis reached quickest and most comfortably by the superb Southwestern Limited of the New York Central.—*Adv.*

A MODEL LIFE INSURANCE REPORT

THE first of the large life companies to publish its annual report for several years past has been the New York Life Insurance Company. This year it appeared in the afternoon papers of Jan. 9, with ample details of income, disbursements, policies issued and paid, and a complete list of its bonds and stocks owned. The list comprised 257 lots, with full particulars of name, date, rate of interest, date of maturity and market value. Of these securities the Company holds $113,446,867, over $10,000,000 of which are United States bonds.

We refer to this feature of the report at length because we think the Company is wise in thus taking the public into its confidence. A great corporation that appeals to the confidence of men—that asks them to place in trust with it funds for the maintenance of their families when they themselves shall have passed from earth—must give some tokens of being worthy of confidence. A great Life Insurance Company claims to have millions of dollars invested—nearly two hundred in this case—and it increases a man's interest and confidence at once when the Company says: "Here are our investments; look them over and see if they are not worth all we claim for them." The Company prints this list for distribution, together with a full description of every piece of real estate owned by or mortgaged to the Company. These lists are sent to any policy-holder who asks for them, and are freely used by agents in soliciting business.

The legitimate fruits of such methods in the management appear in the other portions of the report. Although 1896 was a hard year for business men generally, for reasons which are well known, yet the New York Life reports over $121,000,000 of new insurance paid for during the year, and an increase of paid-for insurance in force of over $27,000,000, the total in force on Jan. 1 being over $826,000,000. The total income for the year was over $39,000,000, total payments to policy-holders over $18,000,000, total assets Jan. 1, 1897, over $187,000,000, of which over $26,500,000 was surplus. The total number of policies now in force in the Company is about 300,000.

Another noticeable feature of the report is a comparison of the figures of the Company five years ago, when President McCall took office, with those of the present time. This comparison shows an increase of $61,000,000 in assets, $11,500,000 in surplus, $7,000,000 in annual income, and $251,000,000 insurance in force. The substance of a great company—greater than some that are fifty years old—has been added to the New York Life in the brief space of five years. Probably the most potent factor in the Company's growth has been the liberality of its policy contracts.

Five years ago it introduced the Accumulation Policy without restrictions of any sort, and with the one condition that the premiums be paid as agreed. During the past year the Company has added an annual cash surrender value feature to this policy, its aim being that its policies shall embody the best there is in life insurance. An Adjustable Accumulation Policy for sub-standard lives was also introduced in 1896, which provides insurance for those who are unable to pass the rigid examination necessary for acceptance on the ordinary plan. One of the new features introduced five years ago was that of loans to policy-holders upon their policies, after a certain number of premiums have been paid, and the Company publishes the statement that during 1896 it loaned direct to 4,250 of its policy-holders, on the sole security of their policies, upward of $3,000,000, at 5 per cent. per annum, without fee or other charge. Five years ago the Company's loans upon pledge of bonds and stocks were $4,551,000, and upon its own policies $521,700; now the loans upon pledge of bonds and stocks are $984,200, and the loans upon its own policies are $6,996,391.97. It is thus carrying out in good faith the declaration of President McCall when first elected, that he should "aim to conduct an administration of the policy-holders, by the policy-holders and for the policy-holders."

The Company's Accumulation policy, first announced in 1892, is now issued with guaranteed cash values or annual loans in any year after the third; allows a month's grace in the payment of all premiums after the first; provides for a reinstatement during the five months following the month of grace if the insured continues in good health; is automatically non-forfeitable after three years' premiums have been paid; is incontestable after one year and payable immediately upon approval of proofs of death. This policy contains no restrictions upon the insured, the one condition being that the premiums be duly paid.

Life insurance was never more important than now and the policy contracts were never so favorable to the policy-holder. If competition has not lowered the cost of insurance, it has at least provided a better article, in proof of which one has only to compare the iron-clad contracts of a few years ago with such a policy as that outlined above.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR 10 CTS. A COPY
SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 5.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

Jacksnipe Coming In. "He's Got Them" (Quail Shooting). Vigilant and Valkyrie. Bass Fishing at Block Island.

The plates are for frames 14 x 19 in. They are done in twelve colors, and are rich in effect. They are furnished to old or new subscribers on the following terms:

Forest and Stream *one year and the set of four pictures*, **$5.**
Forest and Stream *6 months and any two of the pictures*, **$3.**
Price of the pictures alone, $1.50 each; $5 for the set.

Remit by express money order or postal money order. Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

ON A FISHERMAN.

A fisher, while he angled in a brook,
A dead man's skull by chance hung on his hook;
The pious man in pity did it take
To bury it, a grave with 's hand did make;
And as he digg'd, found gold; thus to good men,
Good turns with good turns are repay'd again.

Alexander Brome, 1664.

SNAP SHOTS.

AMONG the interesting game protective and game exploiting schemes of the day is the one just entered upon by the Province of Quebec. The system hitherto in force has been to exact a license fee from resident sportsmen, a permit to kill birds and animals costing $30; one to trap fur-bearing animals $25, and one to kill only birds $20 Under the new order, the entire unoccupied territory of the Province suitable for fishing or hunting will be divided into tracts of territory varying from 20 to 400 square miles each, and these individual tracts will be leased to sportsmen at certain fixed annual rentals. The leases will carry with them the exclusive right to hunting and fishing, and to trapping the fur-bearing animals. One who leases a tract of land for hunting purposes will control it absolutely, having the right to fence it, to employ wardens for keeping other people off, and in every way to maintain his exclusive privilege upon it. The non-resident license being abolished, the lessee of a tract will have the privilege of inviting all his friends to share in his privileges without cost to him or to themselves. The Government will give such protection as its newly organized service will secure to protect the lessee in his exclusive rights. A Government survey is now in progress marking out the boundaries of the territory which is to be leased, and the several lots will be sold at auction in March or April of this year. The territory comprises all of Labrador, a part of Gaspe and a portion of Ottawa Superior. So far as the Quebec authorities shall be successful in renting their wild lands they will convert their territory into one vast game preserve made up of individual tracts, upon which, as each club or individual shall protect his own grounds, better protection will be secured for the entire area than could ever be attained if the wild country were to be controlled by the Provincial authorities alone.

Scientific circles in Europe are shaken to their foundations, their centers and their peripheries, over the discovery of a learned psychologist. This psychologist has discovered that fishes possess the faculty of remembering, and this discovery brings grief and perplexity in its wake. The trouble lies here: It appears that all investigators of mental phenomona are unanimous in believing that the seat of the memory lies in the coating of the brain; hence a brain without a coating cannot possess the power of remembering. But the brains of fishes have no coating, hence fish cannot have memory—and yet they do. The learned psychologist believes that his investigations demonstrate that a fish remembers the prick that he has received from the hook, and may remember an individual who has fed him, as well as the place and the time where he has been accustomed to receive food. He implores the observations of other persons interested in fish to confirm or disprove his belief. What now are the other, presumably not less learned, investigators of mental phenomena going to do about this? Obviously only two courses are open to them to choose from: Either they must demonstrate that the learned psychologist is in error and that fishes have no memory, or they must acknowledge that they are wrong in their conclusions and that the seat of the memory is not in the coating of the brain, but is somewhere else. Until they have done one or the other of these two things scientific circles will continue to be shaken. Meantime we think that many of our angling readers will agree with the conclusions of the learned psychologist.

One of the most successful fish stocking enterprises lately entered upon is the transferring of fish from the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal to the waters of the Potomac River. This, as we have already recorded, is under the direction of Dr. Geo Massamore, of Baltimore, the Chief Deputy Game Warden of Maryland; and the work has been well done. Thousands of fish, comprising white perch and black bass, have been taken from the canal, whereas otherwise they would have been seined unlawfully for market or would have perished as the canal dried up in the spring. The work is receiving high commendation, particularly from the anglers of Washington, who are warm in their praises of Dr. Massamore's management of it.

Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Chas. W. Dabney, Jr., has prepared a plan for the consolidation into one great department of science of all the existing several Government bureaus which are maintained at public expense for the promotion of science and the development of the country's resources. These include the Department of Agriculture, with its Bureau of Economic Mammalogy and Ornithology, and the Fish Commission. Mr. Dabney's argument for the proposed change is that such a reorganization and placing of the different bureaus under one head would add to their individual and collective efficiency.

One of the first bills introduced into the Utah Legislature by a female representative was a measure to forbid the wearing of high hats in theaters; the Governor of Utah or some other Western State was importuned by a woman to introduce into his message a recommendation to forbid the wearing of corsets; New York has a bill to punish by imprisonment or fine anyone who publicly mutilates, tramples upon, or otherwise defaces or defiles the flag of the United States or the flag of the State; and Maine has a bill proposing the license of sportsmen's guides. One may readily appreciate and sympathize with the motive which probably is at the foundation of the proposed guide license law. The commissioners of Maine are quite well aware of the systematic and prevailing lawlessness of guides and sportsmen in the woods in the close season. The guide license system would involve on the part of the guide returning from an excursion to the woods a detailed statement of the happenings of the trip with respect to time, locality and game killed; and under the system the guide would be made responsible for any violation of the law committed with his connivance and consent. It is readily to be understood that if this rule were in operation it would go far toward putting an end to such unlawful game destruction. The average guide would not be so ready to kill a moose before the season opened, that he might preserve its head for the sportsman who came in after the law was off; nor would he be so willing to conduct a visitor into the woods in close time, that the employer might himself do the unlawful deed, if he knew that upon his return out of the wilderness he would be compelled under oath to make returns of what had been done.

For instance, we have the names of several individuals who with their guides killed moose in Maine in 1896 before the the law was off; we saw the other day a photograph of one man and his guide standing beside a moose they had killed in September. Now these men went into the woods and killed their game, and in defiance of the law, only because they were confident that the employer could escape from the State without detection. If the guide had been compelled to make a sworn return of the circumstances, we are sure that in the case of this particular individual who had himself photographed with his illicit booty the killing never would have taken place. As a game protective measure the proposed license system has very much in its favor, and it is possible that if it were to be proposed and were to be adopted purely as a game protective expedient it might be upheld by the courts as a constitutional measure. We have by no means yet determined fully in this country what may or may not be done for game protection. The decisions of the higher courts are all in favor of giving State authorities almost unrestrained power to hedge about the killing of the game with rules and regulations as strict as those which a private individual may exercise for the protection of his own live stock.

Aside from the purely protective aspect, however, the license system may have little said in its favor. The contention that a guide's occupation is one of skill and responsibility, in a degree calling for a license as a test of fitness, is idle talk The guide's is not a skilled occupation demanding civil service examinations and merit systems. The work of paddling a canoe, packing duffle across a carry, building camp and cutting firewood, no more ranks with the skilled arts than do the guide's home farm work of raising potatoes, foddering stock, churning and chores.

As for the reports which licensed guides would be required to give of their doings and the doings of their employers in the woods, these would be hardly less distasteful to the law abiding sportsman. Such a system of rule, regulation, inspection and detail would rob an outing of its satisfaction. For what is the chief compensation of a plunge into the woods, a free holiday of wildness in the wilderness, if it lies not in the throwing off of conventionalities and restraints? The invigoration of body and spirit comes not of the ozone and the sunlight alone, but of the abandon as well. It is this delicious freedom—freedom, not lawlessness—which is menaced by a proposed system calling for official details of the trip There is danger that with our multitudinous statutes governing the minutiæ of sport, with our artificial and fantastic and often in a growing degree ridiculous code of what is and what is not truly sportsmanlike, we are likely to forget the fine old arts of shooting and fishing. If we must regulate our every coming and going by meddlesome rule, impertinent regulation and a wet-blanket code, the peculiar delight of the woods will have been lost to us forever.

Things will have come to such a pass by and by that a man will have to show a civil service certificate before he can tell a fish story.

There has recently been established in this town a society for the reviving of ancient mysteries, and it is given out that a temple will be built at an enormous cost as a fitting shrine for the oracles and priests of the new order. The most ancient mystery in the world probably is how that grouse got away. It is one which has puzzled and baffled successive generations of mankind from the time of the cave dwellers down through the flint-spear, sling, arquebus and flint-lock stages to our own hammerless and smokeless arms of to-day.

Senator Sanger has introduced in the New York Senate a bill to repeal Section 249 of the game law, permitting the sale of game all the year around. This is the most important game measure of the entire list likely to come before the Legislature this session. It should have the support of sportsmen throughout the State; and one effective means of showing this support would be for each interested citizen to address his Senator and Assemblyman urging the passage of the Sanger repeal bill.

It will be recalled that the New York (city) Association for the Protection of Game has come to an understanding with the marketmen by which the two interests agree to a compromise as to game selling. The proposed seasons for possession and sale as assented to are: For venison, Aug. 31 to Oct. 31 for deer killed in the State, and Aug. 31 to March 1 for venison from other States. Wildfowl, April 1 to Sept. 1; quail, Oct. 1 to March 1; woodcock and grouse, Aug. 16 to March 1. This involves an opening of the quail season one month earlier than now, and an extension of the selling seasons of all game named beyond what the statute would provide if the laws were amended simply by the repeal of Section 249. The State Association at Syracuse the other day refused to unite with the city society in approving such a compromise.

The tenth annual banquet of the Megantic Club in Boston last week was, as always, a most enjoyable occasion. The banqueting hall was elaborately and fittingly decorated with trophies of the hunt; the attendance of members and guests was large, and the after-dinner speaking was most happy in its spirit. The Megantic membership is full, with many on the waiting list; the club's possessions are being improved every year, and the organization is in a prosperous and flourishing condition.

STORIES OF AN HEROIC AGE.

THE RETURN OF A WAR PARTY.

A Reminiscence of Charley Reynolds.

IT was in the autumn of 1875 that we were traveling westward across the buffalo-trodden plains of Montana. The days were hot and dusty, and on this day especially we had started very early. It was a long, hard march, but we pressed on, for we wanted to make Camp Lewis that night, and it was yet an hour or two before sundown, when the cottonwoods that fringed the Warm Spring Fork of the Judith River began to be seen. On the hills beyond and to the north of the point that we had headed for we could see far off many feeding animals, and as we drew a little nearer the different colors showed that they were not buffalo, but were either horses or cattle. We knew that there were no cattle in the country and that these could only be horses, and Indian horses, and that somewhere near at hand there must be a big camp. Charley Reynolds and I talked it over as we rode along, and decided that the Indians were probably Crows, though it was possible that they were a camp of Blackfeet, or even of Prairie Gros Ventres.

When we rode down into the valley where the white tents of the soldiers shone, and crossed the creek to the solitary building occupied by Reed, the post trader, we learned that the camp was one of 300 lodges of Mountain Crows, who had moved in only the day before. They had come just in order to take a hand in the excitement of the last twenty-four hours.

For several days a small war party of Sioux had been hovering around the soldiers' camp and trying to drive off the Government mules. As this was an infantry post, the soldiers could do nothing except look on at these attempts and guard their stock as carefully as possible. Two days before the eighteen Sioux had made another dash. They failed to get the mules, but had succeeded in driving off some horses belonging to Reed and to some men who were stopping with him. They had also killed a couple of recruits who were fishing at a big pool in the river quite close to the post.

One of the men at Reed's was Yellowstone Kelly, and when the Sioux were charging down on the camp, with one or two others he had run out to try to drive in the horses. The Sioux were too quick for them, however, and they had been obliged to content themselves with firing a few shots at the enemy at 500 or 600yds. distant, and then had seen the horses rounded up and driven away into the hills.

This was the story of the loss of the herd as Kelly told it to me afterward. He said: "We had just finished eating dinner when one of the boys in the store yelled: 'Indians, boys! Hostiles!' At the cry we grabbed our rifles and cartridge belts and rushed out of the cabin. Along the foothills, stretched out in loose order, we saw about eighteen or twenty Indians riding at an easy gallop in the direction of the pony herd, about three-quarters of a mile distant. Most of them had blankets wrapped closely around them, over or under the shoulders, and their every action was graceful as they rose and fell to the movement of their swift and agile ponies. They were so near that we could see their motions and could tell that their faces were turned toward us. They seemed to be watching our movements with an indifference that was very irritating. All this we saw at a glance.

"With us were two Prairie Gros Ventres—modest, unassuming young men, for Indians—who were stopping at the trading post for a few days. They had seven or eight ponies in that herd, and I suppose it flashed across their minds that they would have to give an account of those ponies when they returned to camp. Although our own ponies were safely cached in a coulee, I know that we—that is, Jack Mail, John Lee and myself—were instantly seized with a strong desire to frustrate the purpose of the Sioux. We all raced madly to cut them off. But running afoot at full speed just after eating is very disastrous to wind, and we never got closer than about 500yds. to the war party, who watched us, but kept on their way.

"As they bunched up a little before rounding up the herd, we threw ourselves on the ground and popped it to them with our rifles. It seemed as if some of the shots must have told, but the Indians paid no attention to us, and rounding up the herd struck for the foothills. Then we turned and plodded back to the cabin, but the Gros Ventre boys, who had followed our actions, rose from the ground and set out after the Sioux at full speed, and the last I saw of them they were rising a distant hill, still going along at the same steady dog trot."



WOODCOCK.

From the original photograph.

Not very far from Reed's two villages of Mountain Crows were camped, one being a day's ride to the northward, the other not so far to the west. To the first of these camps Kelly and another man rode to try to get the Crows to follow the Sioux, but for some reason the Indians declined to move. Long Horse's camp, however, which was further to the west, heard of the raid and at once moved up near to the post, and about 150 warriors started out on the trail of the Sioux. It was the horses of these Crows that we had seen on the hills. There were about 5,000 of them, and among them many spotted horses and mules. The pursuing warriors had not yet returned to the village when we arrived at the post.

Charley and I were hot, dusty and tired from our long ride, and the rush of the cool waters which flowed down from the mountains and by the camp was very attractive to both of us, and we agreed to go up the creek a little way and take a swim. Two or three kindly disposed individuals called out after us that we had better look out or we might lose our hair, as the recruits had done the day before; but we had our rifles with us and thought that we could take care of ourselves.

We went up to the deep pool where the recruits had been fishing when they were killed, and saw on the bank just above the pool the poor fellows' graves. It took but little time to strip and plunge into the sparkling water, and the pool was deep enough to swim in. It was delightfully fresh and cool, and we were swimming about, now and then dipping under like a couple of ducks—or perhaps geese—that had long been deprived of water, when suddenly on the bank above us a shot sounded, and we pulled for the shore and for our guns.

We seized our rifles and cartridge belts and looked for cover. There was no time for dressing, and with guns and belts in hands we crossed the stream, climbed up the bank and peered over it on the other side, where the two graves were. What we saw there at once showed that there was no danger for us. Galloping down the valley, and flanked on either side by a man dressed in superb war clothing, rode a naked Indian on a naked horse, carrying in his hand a pole to the end of which was tied a stretched scalp, the long hair of which blew out behind him in the breeze. His face was painted black and he was singing a song of war and triumph. The men who rode beside him were clad in shirts and leggins of white buckskin. Long war bonnets of eagle's feathers hung down behind them and blew out over their horses' hips. As they rode they sang, and as they sang they fired shots in the air. They were the *avant couriers* of the returning and triumphant war party.

We watched them down the valley, and then returning to our clothes dressed and clambered up on the bank just in time to see men, women and children swarm up the valley from the camp to meet the returning warriors, who now began to appear over the distant hills and to come down toward their home. On either hand the sight was a fine one. The women of the camp who had relations in the war party had bundled on all their finery and arranged themselves on either side of the valley so that the warriors could pass between them. Buckskin dresses heavily trimmed with elk teeth and beads and red cloth and fur, and painted robes, that today would be worth a small fortune, were common here. Many of the men carried bows and arrows, but there were a few sawed off needle guns, a few old Henry rifles, and a good many muzzleloaders. If the clothing of the women was fine, that of the men who were coming back from war was much finer. Before starting out in pursuit of the enemy the Crows had had time to dress and paint themselves and their horses most elaborately, and each man was equipped in his finest war costume.

The Mountain Crows a stark and sturdy race, the men big and fine looking as any Indians I have ever seen, except perhaps among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Their hair is long and often hangs down so that it rests upon the back of the rider's horse, and you can imagine that these splendid men attired in all their finery made a good appearance as they rode down toward us. They came in little groups. Eight, ten or a dozen would be clustered about some man who bore a scalp upon a pole; others went before, behind and on either side of some man who held an enemy's rifle. The captured war ponies ran loose among the throng, neighing to each other in shrill tones. From each group came the sound of singing, now loud, now low, and the burden of the 150 voices mingled with the high-pitched chant of the onlook-

ing women was pleasing and full of melody. All about us, as we stood there viewing this savage procession, were the men, the women and the children from the camp. Some of them sang, others chatted excitedly, while others still stood silent, impressed by the pageant and glorying in it.

Asleep in the arms of a sturdy Indian at my side lay a tow-headed baby two or three years old, as fair as any white child leading an outdoor life would have been. After the procession had passed I touched the Indian's shoulder and questioned him by signs, asking him if the baby was *Psá ra ka*, to which in reply he signed yes. As he turned to go the child awakened, yawned and stretched itself, and when it looked at me its eyes were as china blue as of the blondest baby in America. It was hard to believe that the infant had a drop of Indian blood in it veins, and I wondered if it might not be a captive or a stolen white child.

The procession passed on and the throng of onlookers duly trailed away in its wake, as, in the city, street boys follow close upon the heels of marching soldiers. We too were turning to go, but as I paused to light my pipe I glanced up toward the hills again and saw that something else was coming. Down the narrow trough of the valley walked a shock-headed Indian boy clad only in a shirt, leading a mule, and on the mule's back was a bundle done up in a green blanket. Not far behind the mule rode a man and woman and a well-grown boy. This was the body of Long Horse, the Crow chief, who had been killed in the battle and was now being brought back to the camp that he had ruled; and those following him were his father, his mother and his brother. Very melancholy were the songs of mourning which floated to us through the clear air, at first in disjointed quavers, but later, as the group drew nearer, in the connected form of a mourning chant.

We turned and walked down the valley toward the post not far from them, and as the mule with its burden passed the trading post the old man and his wife drew up and dismounted by the side of a wagon standing there. Each drew out a butcher knife, and the old man, resting the forefinger of his left hand on the pole of the wagon, chopped off the finger, and then remounting rode away. The old woman hacked off two fingers from her left hand, and then drew the knife three or four times across her head from crown to forehead, gashing it deeply so, that the blood followed the knife and streamed down over her countenance.

"There, you see," said Charley, as we watched the pair ride away, "these people are truly sorry for their friends who die."

It was an hour later, and we were still lounging at the store talking to Reed and Kelly, when the young brother who had been following Long Horse's body strode into the store, and, resting his left forefinger on the counter, chopped it off with his butcher knife and then went away.

So now in the Crow camp there was mourning for their loss, tempering the joy that came to them through the defeat and death of their enemies; and there were no public rejoicings over their victory until Long Horse had been buried.

The next morning early Charley and I got into the saddles and continued our journey, and we saw no more of these Crows. Later we heard from Yellowstone Kelly that Long Horse had been buried near the post in a lodge, that before it many horses had been killed for him to ride in the land of the shadows, and that over the fireplace in the burial lodge hung the scalp of one of the Sioux taken on that eventful day. GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

TREASURE HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see that the columns of your paper are being taken up with treasure-hunting stories, and as I have been one of the hunters I can contribute my mite to the general fund. All the fools are not dead, and until that dismal day arrives treasure hunting will be followed.

Something like a year ago a half-breed Indian woman opened up an alleged silver mine some miles north of the city. She had some trouble with her title, which called in the services of myself and another illustrious attorney whom we will call the Judge. That resulted in our learning the history of the treasure. According to her story, she was the daughter of Chief McIntosh, who sold the tribal lands of the Creeks in Georgia to the United States Government. McIntosh was half a white man, and being a thrifty individual thought it a pity that so much good stuff should be wasted on redskins, and immediately departed for the territory, taking his family and, in a moment of forgetfulness, the treasure with him. But for some reason the Indians objected to the proceeding, and following him up eliminated him, but not till he had buried the treasure, consisting of 112 kegs of gold coin. She and Harry McGee, her cousin, were the sole surviving heirs of McIntosh, and held the secret. She had a map showing the location of the treasure at the junction of two creeks, the landmarks being a mountain, four white oaks, two walnuts and two Indian mounds. It was only eighteen miles away, so we concluded we would investigate.

At the appointed time she came with another woman we will call the Widow, and two of her miners, H. and M. The Judge and I made up the rest of the party. A trip of half a day over the worst of hill roads brought us to the promised land, only to find the place cultivated in a crop of cotton which had been lately gathered. A little negotiation with the owner, a thrifty Dutchman, arranged the question of search and board for the party, and then began the search. Harry McGee was to have met us there, but was conspicuous by his absence then and at all times, and I have never been satisfied of his existence at all.

The map was very accurate and showed Mamelle and Nowlin creeks, Pinnacle Mountain and all the other landmarks; but the trees were gone and the mounds had been plowed to the level. After long search we found traces of two stumps, and Mrs. Mack, our half-breed, located the spot. The Judge was an old Dakota miner, and by this time he had the jimmies. He and the miners went to work, while I directed the strategic part of the campaign, and during M.'s resting spells watched him make love to the Widow, who seemed no way averse. They were evidently at work on an Indian mound, for they dug up pottery, arrow heads, dead Indians and other relics; but no gold met our anxious eyes. Mrs. Mack and the Widow then held a consultation, at which we poor white trash were not allowed to be present. The result was that she announced that she could not locate the treasure in the absence of the landmarks without the help of McGee, and that M. and the Widow must go to his camp across the Arkansas River and bring him. M. would have gone to the devil if the Widow was going with him, and they took the team and departed, while the rest of us prepared for a day in the country waiting for their return. And it rained and we stayed in doors and lived on *kraut*.

About 9 o'clock the next night M. and the Widow returned. They had not found McGee, who was reported to have gone to the Territory, but brought back a female traveling fortune teller about the size and general appearance of a Dutch tobacco hogshead with a pumpkin on top for a head. She immediately went into conference with the women, while the rest of us said, "Bless it, we will hope." Hunting with a map was one thing and hunting with a fortune teller quite another. The women had all retired for a consultation, a sun dance or something like that, and after a while we were summoned to the presence of the freak. She delivered us a monologue about how she could summon spirits from the vasty deep, and how she had found a strayed mule in Argenta, and then proposed to find the treasure for $500 cash in advance. I had been elected spokesman and informed her that we were not as big fools as we looked, and that all we would do was to pay her $500 if she found the treasure, and if that did not suit her she could walk back where she came from, as she could not have our team. She was too fat to walk, and she consented to my terms after calling down on us the vengeance of her spirit guides for our obstinacy. I will say in passing that the aforesaid vengeance has not yet materialized.

The next morning came cold and foggy, and we proceeded to the field. The old girl waddled around it like a walrus on a piece of ice, and said a dark-complected man with long hair had been on the ground and his magnetism bothered her, and also that mine was very bad, and unless I left the field she would do nothing. So I took the boys out of the field and left the women in full possession. Our full-blown daisy then made some cabalistic figures on the ground, called the spirits—who were evidently busy somewhere else—and then called us back. She pointed out two stumps about 300*yds.* apart and said the treasure was on the line between them and about 3ft. deep. The state of my health did not require that I should take out any of that red clay, but the Judge and the two miners were full of the true mining spirit that goes out every morning with a brown-stone front in its eye and comes back at night with an empty belly. So they soon had the ditch laid out and went to work. All day they labored, and when night came the ditch was done and the daisy was $500 short.

The next day Mrs. Mack proposed to go to some rocks sculptured with hieroglyphics and get new landmarks. But there are some things I know, and one is when I have had enough treasure hunting and *kraut*. The rest went to look for the rocks and found them with undecipherable inscriptions on them, they said, and spent two weeks more in the search. What happened in that time I only know by hearsay, but for myself I am persuaded that three days' treasure hunting is an ample sufficiency, and that I can make more money replevying a blind mule than I can at that business. I am persuaded that treasure hunting is not my forte. UNO.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 19.

TIM, INTEGER VITÆ.—II.

THE railroad town of Deming had just sprung into existence. Slowly but surely the reign of the teamster was passing away in the great Southwest. Tales of the Santa Fe and Red River trails would soon live only in the traditions of nation building. I was a thorough "tenderfoot" on my way to Silver City. Thence as some passing whim in my search for health might direct me. The trip to Silver was a business proposition. That finished, my time was my own. Others had found strength and wealth in this unexplored country, old in the legend of Spanish padres and prehistoric Pueblos; why should not I?

It was with a mingled feeling of relief and disgust that I landed in a low, one-story building—hotel, lunch room, dance hall, gambling dive and office of the Silver City Forwarding Co. A freighter was going out in the morning and would be glad of company, so Manager Martin informed me. I looked around the throng of miners that were blowing in their hard-earned dust, of raw-boned, cursing bull-whackers and cowboys, of bedizzened Mexican women, of flashy faro dealers and poker sharps.

"Will you please point out the man?"

"Oh, you won't find him here. The cuss never drinks, and he's as hard to deal with as chaparral. If you strike him right he may take you for nothing. If you don't, he'll charge you a sackful, but he'll do anything in reason so long as there's money in it."

Through the livelong night there were riotous sounds of fights and carousings. The pistol crack was lost in the shrill accompaniment of harmonica and fiddle. Laughter and imprecation went side by side. As the sound of revelry died away I fell asleep. It was bright morning when I awoke. On all sides the frontier settlement was surrounded by a waste of sand, relieved on the north and west by gigantic yuccas that seemed palms in the allurement of distance. A hasty breakfast, followed by a few inquiries, brought the news that my charioteer had not yet put in an appearance, but all arrangements for my transportation had been made. I would walk along the trail to the northwest, leaving him to follow. So long as I kept the track we could not miss each other.

It was comparatively cool when I started. The air seemed life-giving from the mountains, not scorching from the deathly desert. At all events, it was in marked contrast with the foul atmosphere of the night. In half an hour I had reached the yucca grove. Yesterday amid the snows of the Raton Range; to-day in flowerland! Was there ever a more marvelous change? The sun rose higher and the heat became intense. I lay beneath the shade of a huge pyramid of creamy bells and waited. Up to this time there had been a strange dearth of animal life, but now long, spotted lizards came out, basked in the glow, and peered at me with their jeweled eyes. A tarantula wabbled toward me and I gave the gentleman right of way. After this I thought it unsafe to doze, not knowing what the tawny sands might bring forth. Tired nature, however, was not to be balked, I nodded, rested my head in my hands and—

"Hello, thar! I guess you're the feller I'm ter take ter Silver!"

The speaker pulled up his two span of mules and stuck his head from the dirty canvas protection of a prairie schooner. His red hair, yellow from years of exposure; his weather-beaten countenance, lank form, all seemed familiar, but where I had seen him I could not tell. After the outfit had resumed its course he opened the conversation.

"Wha're ye frum, stranger?"

"New York."

"Oh! I didn't know but yer come frum Noo Jarsey. No 'fense in askin', only I like to know the fellers I pack."

I looked him square in the eye, and the remembrance of that June day on the headwaters of the Raritan came to me like a flash.

"Tim!"

"Walt!" Then he paused, afraid to ask the question that was uppermost in his mind. "Hev ye seen Cynthy lately?"

"I saw her Christmas Sunday, singing in the choir just the same as ever. All the other faces were new, but she looked as sweet as she did twenty years ago—only a little older"

"Thank the Lord for that! It's jest the way I dream uv her on a Sunday arternoon. I kin see old hilltop an' her a-comin' frum meetin' ez plain ez ef it was right afore me eyes. She ain't married yit?"

"No, nor even keeping company. They say in Mendham that she's waiting for some one to come home to her."

"Waal, I guess she won't hev ter wait much longer. Say, Walt, I'm powerful glad ter see ye, powerful glad. Yer trip won't cost ye a durned cent, an' ef ye ain't tew busy I'll show ye the pootiest ranch in the mountains. Guess Cynthy 'll be tickled when she sees it," and he chuckled to himself at the very thought.

"What have you been doing, Tim, all these years?"

"It's a long story, boy, an' I don't talk much; but I almost feel like I wuz hum at seein' ye. Cynthy knows, but she don't say much nuther. Let me see. Ye know I never c'u'd git ahead tew hum, so I jest bucked the traces an' started West. I had enough ter git to Chicagy, an' then, bein' ez I war dead broke, I 'listed. They sent me daown to Tennessee, an' I wuz with Thomas tew Nashville; but the war didn't last long arter thet. Then I went over tew Missoury an' built me a cabin in the Ozarks. I trapped fur a couple o' winters, but thar ain't no money in trappin', an' besides it ain't a life fur a civilized human. Arter I'd saved a little stuff I bought a mewl team an' tuk ter freightin'. Been at it ever sence, allers keepin' ahead uv the railroads. That pays best. Four years ago I tuk up a little walley on the San Francisco River, between Silver an' Fort Wingate. Pootiest spot on 'arth. I kin raise garden sass an' sech, an' ye've got all God's kentry fur a range. Why, the deer come right tew yer door tew git a drink. Then I begun ter put my money inter stock, an' naow I hev two hundred head of beef critters, ez pooty ez ever wuz loaded on the keers. The only trouble is the ranch is tew plaguey close tew the Apaches ef they should ever break loose."

"But don't you get terribly lonesome?"

"Not so awrful. Ye see, I'm a-workin' fur Cynthy. The first thing I hear in the mornin' is the birds a-twitterin' 'Cynthy, Cynthy,' an' last thing at night is the water runnin' past my cabin still a-singin' 'Cynthy, Cynthy.' When I git tired uv meself I take a load of stuff tew Silver or tew the post. Miners an' sojers hez hard cash an' is free-handed. Mostly when I git lonesome is when I'm tew the camps. Sometimes it's plagued cold uv nights, an' in summer the hot sand sifts inter yer blankets most uncomfortable like. Then the boys comes out an' they sez, 'Come in, Tim, an' hev a little red licker an' a time with the gals, an' be sociable like.' But, somehow, I allers thinks to meself, 'What 'ud Cynthy say?' an' so I stay outside."

It did not take long to transact the necessary business in Silver City. Tim kindly waited for me, and then we started for his mountain-walled paradise. For a day and a half we journeyed slowly over the desert, which gradually became more rocky, but all the time with a heavy up grade. About noon of the second day vegetation changed. Yucca and cactus gave way to oak chaparral. There were signs of verdure in the cañons above us. New flowers bloomed beside the trail; new birds were building their nests and the breezes came fresh from unseen snowbanks. At 3 o'clock we halted at Oak Springs for lunch. To my surprise Tim belled one mule and hobbled two more.

"We'll git a deer in an hour. Thar'll be plenty a-feedin' araound afore long. This 'ere spring runs dry in April, but naow it's a reg'lar game presarve. It's only a short drive over the divide, and by noon we'll be hum."

Dinner over, Tim drew out something that betokened the same old hunter. It was a .40 90 Ballard. He knew that I had its mate among my traps. Our route led up to the pines, above which was glistening whiteness, but on the lower side they were fringed with succulent grama grasses and evergreen laurel.

"You jest lay here an' keep your eye peeled. I'll go yender an' wait for 'em. Don't wait on me an' don't get flustrated," with which parting injunction he stole, noiseless, out of sight.

It seemed as though I kept one position for an hour. My body was immovable, but I craned my neck and scanned every favorable nook. Then I heard a rustle behind me, followed by a clucking gobble. I looked. There were a drove of hen turkeys enjoying themselves and probably awaiting the coming of their leige. It was a great temptation, but I thought Tim would not like it, especially as he was stuck on getting venison.

A hundred yards or so from my stand was a cliff overhanging the trail, down which I expected the deer to appear on their way from upland glade. A movement on the rock caught my eye and completely diverted attention from the turkeys. A big, lithe, tawny object was crawling to the edge, crouching, quivering and switching his tail with expectancy. He saw something that I did not. It was my first view of a mountain lion. Drawing as fine a bead as possible, I blazed away. There was none of the fiendish shriek of a wounded cat of which I had heard so much, only an aimless spring into the gorge below. As he fell a doe bounded with a crash from the thicket and ran between Tim and myself. In the excitement I forgot that I needed not only a fresh shell, but that I should have ejected the empty one. So I foolishly

pulled the trigger as the crack of Tim's gun brought the young lady to the ground.

"You missed entirely," said Tim, as the smoke cleared away.

"I did not."

"Why, man, can't ye see thar's only one hole?"

"In the deer? Yes, but I've got a lion."

"The devil you have! Where is he?"

"Just up the trail."

The Rocky Mountain terror was too badly injured to get up, but he clawed and spit most horribly as we approached. Tim said that as he was my meat I should give him his *coup*. This time I remembered to put in a cartridge. This lion incident raised me 50 per cent. in Tim's estimation, and he offered me a ranch as good as his own if I would only join him permanently.

What a supper we had that night; what a breakfast in the morning, and with what glee Tim harnessed his mules for the last stage of the journey! It took but a short time to get over the divide, and then we swung down the long cañon of the upper San Francisco. The trail wormed in and out so that we could see but a few rods ahead. Suddenly Tim reined in his leaders. From far below came the sound of several men singing a wild cowboy song. Then we caught the refrain:

"She's a most attractive creature.
She is known both near and far;
An' she's called by those as love her
The Rose of Rocky Bar."

Tim seemed worried.

"That's the M. J. outfit drivin' aout thar steers when they orter be drivin' 'em in. I wonder what's up?"

We were not kept in long suspense. Great, gaunt, wide-horned Texans blocked our way. We halted for them to pass. The drivers did not wait to be interrogated.

"Better turn back, Tim; the 'Paches hez broke out again. More'n likely they'll strike your ranch to-night. If you hurry you kin round up a few head, maybe, an' get out with them. We ain't got time ter stop."

On sped the mules down the cañon at breakneck speed. If it had not been for the excitement I should have been terrified into jumping from my seat.

"We can see the ranch from the next turn," said Tim, slackening pace as he spoke. "Good God! what's that?"

The turn was made, but instead of cabin and stacks there was smoke and flame and the brutal yells of demonized savages. Tim grasped his field glass.

"Ef it warn't fur you an' Cynthy I'd go daown an' fight them Injun devils. We can't turn 'raound har, an' ef they see the wagon kiver we're gone. Take yer knife an' cut loose them leaders. Thar' used to ridin', both on em. Don't try to save the harness. Thar's a saddle in the back end. Git it. I kin ride bareback. Take yer gun an' fifty shells an' anything ye kin pack on ye. Be spry! We ain't got no time ter lose."

Even while he was talking it was done, and he and I were mounted, headed back on the Silver trail. As we started a louder shout proved that the wagon was discovered. Tim did not seem to care. He turned, shook his fist at the approaching Apaches; he was safe, for they were a full half mile away—and, for the first and only time in my acquaintance with him, I heard him utter a curse. Then we galloped back. Passing the cow punchers we gave them the startling news, but did not pause to see its effect. On, on, on! Half an hour's rest at Oak Springs for the mules to water and get a bite, then boots and saddles again, back over the desert that we had traveled so joyously the day before. It was in the gray of dawn that our steeds brought us into Silver. The news of the raid was before us. The whole camp was alarmed, and fugitives were constantly arriving from their herds or prospect holes.

"Walt," said Tim, as we dismounted, "the stage is jest a-goin'. She's full inside, but you kin climb on top. Thar naow, not a word! I'm a-goin' back tew save what I kin. I'll hev a hum fur Cynthy yet. Tell her—" A tear stood in his eye. "Tell Cynthy that I wuz powerful glad to see ye—powerful glad."

One pressure of the hand and Tim had disappeared in the crowd as completely as though the ground had swallowed him. A whip crack! I was riding back to Deming, the railroad and civilization. SHOSHONE.

AS IN THESE SIX STATES, SO THROUGHOUT THE UNION.

From Indiana.

I INCLOSE my check for another year's subscrip ion to FOREST AND STREAM. Although a little late, I had no thought of not renewing; could not do without it. Fred Mather's "Men I Have Fished With" has alone been worth the yearly subscription. JOHN G. MOTT.

From Ohio.

Your card of 18th inst. advising me that my subscription to dear old FOREST AND STREAM has expired is at hand. I am "chained to business," hence am compelled to do the next thing—read your delightful, entertaining and instructive journal. Push along extension of Yellowstone National Park and send FOREST AND STREAM with unfailing regularity, for which I inclose check for $4.

L. B. YAPLE.

From Kansas.

As I get old the reading of your delightful paper grows more and more interesting. My children gave me for Christmas "Uncle Lisha's Shop" and "Sam Lovel's Camps," both of which I had read in FOREST AND STREAM, but was glad to get them in book form. I wish I could thank Fred Mather for his late letters. They breathe the kindly spirit of fellowship. I love him for the friends he has made. O. S. WOODWARD.

From New York.

I inclose check for renewal of my subscription. To live without the weekly treat I get from this paper would be worse than to have to live on one meal a day. JNO. BOULTON SIMPSON.

From Maine.

Inclosed I send check for $4 to renew my paper. This will make twenty years I have been a constant subscriber and reader of FOREST AND STREAM. T. H. WYMAN.

From Pennsylvania.

ERIE, Pa.—Inclosed please find $1 for six months' subscription for the old paper. It's hard times, and I'm out of work; but I have taken and now have every number since 1880. F.

Natural History.

BENDIRE'S LIFE HISTORIES OF N. A. BIRDS.

ORNITHOLOGISTS everywhere have extended a hearty welcome to the second volume of Major Bendire's great work, which appeared some little time ago. Yet it is not the ornithologists only, but everyone who is interested in birds or in facts about natural history, who will wish to see this second part of the work.

Like its predecessor, this second part is published as a Special Bulletin of the United States National Museum, and, like the first volume, it bears the title, "Life Histories of North American Birds, with Special Reference to their Breeding Habits, Nests and Eggs." Of course, Major Bendire is best known to a large section of the public as an oölogist, but nowhere in this work has he confined himself to this branch of his subject. Instead of this he gives us life histories, and as a part of each life history has to do with the reproduction of the species, we are of course given a full account of the breeding habits, the home and the eggs.

The processes of reproduction, though they occupy only a short time, may not be separated from the general account of the bird's life. The same law that brought about the development of life upon the earth decrees that life shall continue here until such time as it shall have ceased to play a useful part on the fragment of the universe which we know. As the existence of the individual is brief, the continuance of the life of any species depends wholly upon its reproduction of its kind, and it seems certain that the reproductive function is the most important one of life; that it is the chief end of the species.

Among our wild birds the whole existence of the individual is a preparation for this function and its accompanying duties. The spring is spent in finding the breeding place, in nest building, and in bringing forth the egg; the summer in caring for and rearing the tender young; the autumn in recuperation from the fatigues of the breeding season and in a deliberate journey toward the winter home; the winter in resting and in accumulating vigor.

Major Bendire's first volume contained, as will be remembered, the game birds and those which are commonly termed rapacious. Thus the grouse, partridges, turkeys, curassows, pigeons and doves shared the volume with the vultures, eagles, hawks and owls. It is about four years since we called attention in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM to this important work, which contains the only modern biographies of the species noticed, so far as we are aware.

The present volume carries on Major Bendire's work from the parrots to the grackles, and thus covers about 200 species and sub-species, the groups treated being the parrots, cuckoos, trogons, kingfishers, woodpeckers, goatsuckers, swifts and hummingbirds, fly-catchers, larks, crows and jays, starlings, blackbirds and orioles. The volume contains more than 500 printed pages, together with seven beautiful lithographic plates. It is a large quarto.

Major Bendire's very extensive knowledge of the species described is supplemented by testimony and notes from his very wide circle of friends and admirers among ornithologists all over the country. He has thus brought out and published in its pages almost everything that is known about any species up to date.

Though perhaps it has not the same popular interest, the present work fully equals in importance the earlier part, and it undoubtedly represents considerably more labor than that, for the reason that the number of species considered is greater, and that many of them are but little known, and so require much time and investigation in order to give anything like a complete history of the life of the species.

These splendid volumes are not only enduring monuments to Major Bendire's energy, patience and assiduity in the accumulation of material, but they also show how much a man may accomplish in his leisure moments, if his devotion to the occupation of his leisure is real. Major Bendire has been all his life a soldier, yet it is not as a soldier that he has made himself famous, for while Bendire the soldier may be forgotten, Bendire the ornithologist will have an enduring remembrance. It is unfortunate that the second of these volumes could not have appeared earlier, but it is well understood that this is not the fault of the author. He was prepared to furnish in quick succession the material for this and other volumes, if only the meshes of governmental red tape could have been untangled or cut. The delay has been a real loss to science.

It is certain that the demand for this most valuable work will be very great, and the completion of the second part has laid ornithologists under fresh obligations to Major Bendire.

Some time ago in FOREST AND STREAM we were permitted to print Major Bendire's extremely interesting paper on the magpie, and those of our readers who remember this, as well as the extracts printed from his earlier volume, can appreciate the charming style in which these biographies are written. There is about them nothing that is sentimental. It is a plain, straightforward statement of facts, chiefly the recording of observations, though now and then the author does announce his own beliefs, especially when they are at variance with those of other observers. Although they are in no sense sentimental, at the same time these biographies are full of feeling, and no one can read them without coming to share with Major Bendire his love for the birds he has studied so long.

We cannot convey what this charm is in any other way so well as by quoting one of the biographies which Major Bendire has given us, and for this we select the first in the book, the Carolina paroquet. This species possesses an exceptional interest on account of the rapidity with which its numbers are decreasing. The day is not far distant when it will be extinct. Major Bendire says:

"The range of the Carolina paroquet, the only representative in the United States of this numerous family, is yearly becoming more and more restricted, and is now mainly confined to some of the less accessible portions of southern Florida, and to very limited areas in the sparsely settled sections of the Indian Territory, where it is only a question of a few years before its total extermination will be accomplished. Formerly this species had quite an extensive distribution in the United States, ranging from Florida, the Gulf, and the South Atlantic States generally, north to Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Nebraska, and casually even to Michigan and New York, while west it reached to Texas and eastern Colorado. It was especially common then throughout the entire Mississippi Valley and the heavily timbered bottom lands of the larger tributaries of the stream.

"With the more general settlement of the regions inhabited by these birds, their numbers have gradually but steadily diminished, and even as early as 1832 Audubon speaks of their not being nearly as common as formerly. As late, however, as 1860 they were still comparatively numerous throughout the Gulf States and the Mississippi, Arkansas and White River valleys; and I well remember seeing large flocks of these birds throughout that year in the vicinity of Fort Smith, Ark., and near several of the military posts in the Indian Territory.

"At present it is very doubtful if the Carolina paroquet can be considered a resident anywhere excepting the localities already mentioned, and it is rapidly disappearing from these, especially the Indian Territory. Occasionally a pair are still seen in southern Louisiana, and as late as the fall of 1891 Mr. Thurman S. Powell saw a couple at the Linchpin camping grounds, Stone county, Mo. Although rather restless birds at all times, they can generally be considered as residents wherever found, roving about from place to place in search of suitable feeding grounds, and usually returning to the same roosting place, some large hollow tree, to which they retire at night, hooking or suspending themselves by their powerful beaks and claws to the inner rough wall of the cavity.

"Previous to the more extensive settlement of the country, their food consisted of the seeds of the cocklebur (*Xantheum strumarium*), the round seed balls of the sycamore, those of the cypress, pecan, and beechnuts, the fruit of the papaw (*Asimina trilobata*), mulberries, wild grapes, and various other wild berries. According to Mr. J. F. Menge, they also feed on the seeds extracted from pine cones, and those of the burgrass or sand bur (*Cenchras tribuloides*), one of the most noxious weeds known. They are also rather fond of cultivated fruit, and in Florida they have acquired a taste for oranges and bananas. They are also partial to different kinds of grain while in the milk. Mr. Frank M. Chapman states that while collecting on the Sebastian River, Fla., in March, 1890, he found them feeding on the milky seeds of a species of thistle (*Cirsium lecontei*), which, as far as he could learn, constituted their entire food at that season. He says: 'Not a patch of thistles did we find which had not been visited by them, the headless stalks showing clearly where the thistles had been neatly severed by the sharp, chisel-like bill, while the ground beneath favorite trees would be strewn with the scattered down.'*

"According to the observations of Mr. August Koch, published in FOREST AND STREAM, Sept. 24, 1891, they also feed on the red blossoms of a species of maple (*Acer rubrum*). In the vicinity of Fort Smith, Ark., during the fall and winter of 1860–61, I frequently saw flocks of these birds in osage orange trees, which attain a large size here, biting off the fruit and feeding on the tender buds; here they were also accused of doing considerable injury to Indian corn while still in the milk, and many were shot for this reason, and there is no doubt that they do more or less damage to both fruit and grain.

"Although clumsy-looking birds on the ground, it is astonishing how readily they move about on the slenderest limbs in trees, frequently hanging head down like crossbills and redpolls, nipping off the seed bulbs of the sycamores, etc., and swinging themselves, with the assistance of their powerful beaks, from the extremity of one branch to another.

"Their flight, which is more or less undulating, resembles that of the passenger pigeon, and again that of the falcons; it is extremely swift and graceful, enabling them, even when flying in rather compact flocks, to dart in and out of the densest timber with perfect ease. Their call notes are shrill and disagreeable, a kind of grating, metallic shriek, and they are especially noisy while on the wing. Among the calls is one resembling the shrill cry of a goose, which is frequently uttered for minutes at a time. Formerly they moved about in good-sized and compact flocks, often numbering hundreds, while now it is a rare occurrence to see more than twenty together, more often small companies of from six to twelve. When at rest in the middle of the day on some favorite tree they sometimes utter low notes, as if talking to each other; but more often they remain entirely silent, and are then extremely difficult to discover, as their plumage harmonizes and blends thoroughly with the surrounding foliage.

"They are most active in the early morning, and again in the evening, while the hotter parts of the day are spent in thick-foliaged and shady trees. They are partial to heavily timbered bottom lands bordering the larger streams, and the heavy cypress swamps which are such a common feature of many of our Southern States. Social birds as they are, they are rarely seen alone, and if one is accidentally wounded the others hover around the injured one until sometimes the whole flock is exterminated. This devotion to one another has cost them dearly, and many thousands have been destroyed in this way.

"Mr. E. A. McIlhenny has kindly furnished me with the following notes on their habits as observed by him in southern Louisiana, where the species was still comparatively abundant a few years ago, but has now nearly disappeared:

"'The Carolina paroquet may be looked for in this section about April 25, or when the black mulberries begin to ripen. This fruit seemed to be their favorite food, and in the morning from sunrise to about 7 o'clock, and in the evening from 5 o'clock to sunset, at which hours they feed, they were to be found in the mulberry groves. They spent the rest of the day and roosted at night in the live oak timber. In the morning, just before sunrise, they mounted the tallest trees, congregating in small bands, all the while talking at a great rate. As the sun rises they take flight for the nearest mulberry grove, where they partake of their morning meal amidst a great amount of noise. After they have eaten their fill they generally go to the nearest stream, where they drink and bathe; they then go to some dense oak timber, where they pass the heat of the day. After they get in the oaks they rarely utter a sound. In the afternoon they go through the same performance, with the exception of going to the water.

* Proceedings of the Linnæan Society, New York, for the year ending March 7, 1890.

" 'The flight of the Carolina paroquet, once seen, is never o be forgotten; it is undulating, somewhat like the wood-ecker's, but very swift. While on the wing they chatter nd cry continually; this cry sounds like *qui*, with the ising inflection on the i; this is repeated several times, he last one being drawn out like *qui-i-i-i*. These birds re rarely met with in the summer, and I do not think hey nest here. They are most plentiful in May and Sep-ember. In the fall they feed on the fruit of the honey ocust, and are then more often seen on the ground.'

"The total extermination of the Carolina paroquet is nly a question of a few more years, and the end of the resent century will probably mark their disappearance. ivilization does not agree with these birds, and as they ertainly do some damage to fruit in sections where they till exist, nothing else than complete annihilation can be ooked for. Like the bison and the passenger pigeon, heir days are numbered.

"Considering how common this bird was only a few ecades ago, it is astonishing how little is really known bout its nesting habits, and it is not likely that we will e able to learn much more about them. The general pposition is that they breed in hollow trees, such as ypress, oak and sycamore, and that they nest rather arly in the season, while others think they nest rather ate. There are two eggs in the United States National luseum collection, No. 17,709, in rather poor condition, hich are entered as having been taken in St. Mary's arish, Louisiana, March, 1878. I have endeavored to btain some further particulars about them, but have een unsuccessful. One egg, laid in captivity by a bird in he possession of Mr. R. Ridgway, was deposited in Au-ust, 1877, and another in July, 1878, and one in Septem-er, 1883. There are also a couple of eggs in the collection f the American Museum of Natural History, New York ty, collected by the late Dr. S. W. Wilson, of Georgia, hich I believe are genuine; these are said to have been aken on April 26, 1855, from a hollow tree, the eggs being eposited on a few chips in the cavity; the exact locality here they were obtained is not given, but the collection as chiefly made on St. Simon Island, and in Wayne and cIntosh counties, Ga.

"Mr. William Brewster, of Cambridge, Mass., ever alert obtain new information of the habits of our birds, hile on a visit to Florida elicited the following, published him in the *Auk* (Vol. VI., 1889, pp. 336, 337), which is ell worth inserting here. He says: 'While in Florida uring February and March, 1889, I questioned everybody hom I met regarding the nesting of the parrakeet. Only ree persons professed any knowlege on this subject. he first two were both uneducated men, professional unters of alligators and plume birds. Each of them laimed to have seen parrakeets' nests, which they de-ribed as flimsy structures built of twigs and placed on the anches of cypress trees. One of them said he found a st only the previous summer (1888) while fishing. By eans of his pole he tipped the nest over, and secured o young birds which it contained. This account was widely at variance with what has been previously corded regarding the manner of nesting of this species at I considered it at the time as a mere fabrication, but terward it was most unexpectedly and most strongly rroborated by Judge R. L. Long, of Tallahassee. The tter gentleman, who, by the way, has a very good gen-al knowledge of the birds of our Northern States, as-red me that he had examined many nests of the parra-et built precisely as above described. Formerly, when e birds were abundant in the surrounding region, he ed to find them breeding in large colonies in the cypress vamps. Several of these colonies contained at least 000 birds each. They nested invariably in small cypress ees, the favorite position being on a fork near the end a slender horizontal branch.

" 'Every such fork would be occupied, and he has seen many as forty or fifty nests in one small tree. Their sts closely resemble those of the Carolina dove, being milarly composed of cypress twigs put together so osely that the eggs were often visible from the ground neath. The twigs of the cypress seemed to be pre-rred to those of any other kind of tree. The height at hich the nests were placed varied from 5 or 6ft. to 20 or ft. Mr. Long described the eggs as being of a greenish-hite color, unspotted. He did not remember the maxi-um number which he had found in one set, but thought was at least four or five. He had often taken young ds from the nests to rear or to give to his friends. He ew of a small colony of parrakeets breeding in Wau-lla Swamp, about twenty miles from Tallahassee, in e summer of 1885, and believes that they still occur ere in moderate numbers.

" 'It seems difficult to reconcile such testimony with the tements of Audubon, Wilson and others that the Caro-a parrakeet lays its eggs in hollow trees. It may be, wever, that, like the crow blackbird and some of the ls, this parrot nests both in holes and on branches, ac-rding to circumstances; at all events the above account s seemed to me to rest on evidence sufficiently good to rrant its publication.'

'It is quite possible that the Carolina paroquet, from exceedingly social nature, was compelled where very merous to resort to open nesting sites from necessity, suitable cavities are rarely found in sufficient quanti-s close to each other to accommodate any considerable mber of pairs. We find this to be the case with *Bol-rhynchus monachus* (Boddärt), the green paroquet of raguay, Uruguay and the Argentine Republic, which spends its nests from the extremities of branches, to hich they are firmly woven. Mr. Gibson describes their sts as follows: 'New nests consist of only two cham-rs, the porch and the nest proper, and are inhabited by ingle pair of birds. Successive nests are added until ne of them come to weigh a quarter of a ton, and con-n material enough to fill a large cart. Thorny twigs mly interwoven form the only material, and there is lining in the breeding chamber even in the breeding ason. Some old forest trees have seven or eight of ese huge structures suspended from the branches, while e ground underneath is covered with twigs and remains fallen rocks.'*

"Another species, the Patagonian parrot, *Conurus pata-nus* (Vieillot), found in the Argentine Republic and in tagonia, excavates its nests in perpendicular banks, like r kingfisher; while the ground parrakeet, *Pezoporus rmosus* (Latham), of Australia, nests in tall grass.

"Although nearly all the species of this numerous family st in hollow trees, as stated above, there are exceptions to this rule; and it is quite probable that some of our Carolina paroquets nested at times in Florida as Judge R. L. Long described, and again both in communities in large hollow trees, and singly, as Alexander Wilson states, all of these different assertions being probably correct.

"We have no positive information about the number of eggs laid by this species in a wild state.

"Dr. Karl Russ, of Berlin, Germany, in his interesting article on this species in his work on "Die Fremländischen Stubenvögel, die Papageien" (Vol. III., 1879, pp. 221–236), mentions several instances of the Carolina paroquets breeding in captivity in Germany, where the eggs were depositied in June and July, two being the number laid; but in his "Handbuch für Vögelliebhaber" he gives the number from three to five, and he describes these as pure white, fine grained, very round, and quite glossy, like woodpeckers' eggs, measuring 38 by 36 millimeters, or about 1.50 by 1.42in.

"Mr. Robert Ridgway's birds would not use the nesting boxes provided for them, and both females deposited their eggs on the floor of the cage; they were laid in July, August and September respectively. None of these eggs can be called round; they vary from ovate to short ovate, and are rather pointed. They are white, with the faintest yellowish tint, ivory-like and quite glossy; the shell is rather thick, close grained and deeply pitted, not unlike the eggs of the African ostrich (*Struthio camelus*), but of course not as noticeable. Holding the egg in a strong light, the inside appears to be pale yellow.

"These eggs measure 36.32×26.92, 34 54×27.18, and 33.27×26 92 millimeters, or 1.43×1.06, 1.36×1.07, and 1.31×1.06in.

"The deep pitting is noticeable in every specimen, and there can be no doubt about the identity of the eggs. The other eggs in the collection, about whose proper identification I am not so certain, and whose measurements I therefore do not give, have a much thinner shell, and do not show the peculiar pitting already referred to. There is no difficulty whatever in distinguishing these eggs from those of the burrowing owl or the kingfisher, both of which are occasionally substituted for them."

*Argentine Ornithology, Vol. II., 1889, pp. 43-46.

ANOTHER OTTER AND HIS WAYS.

LANSING, Mich., Jan. 20.—Tommy, the tame otter, was caught on the Sauble, in northern Michigan, and owned by a saloon keeper at Grayling. He was a great pet with the village people, and visited the kitchens of that quiet little burg with a constantly increasing regularity. His regular beat up and down the Sauble for a distance of three or four miles afforded him abundant opportunity for fishing and hunting. In town he was a great friend with every dog and cat in the village. He would play with them on the streets for hours at a time. Once in a great while some cat would offend Tommy, and then the scene would be changed instanter. Tommy would grab the cat by the back, and in much less time than it takes to tell it the cat and Tommy would be under water in the Sauble, and that was the end of the cat. Tommy never had time to fool with a cat after it was dead, but he would hunt up another cat and have his play spell out.



THE RECORD MOOSE HEAD.

Dogs Tommy liked, and he spent all of the time playing with them that he could find dogs willing to put up fun for him. One day a big bull dog happened along when Tommy was playing with some of his home dog talent, and the bull dog, not familiar with the Grayling pet, picked Tommy up and nearly killed him before he could be choked off. Tommy soon got over his scrap, and was on the lookout constantly for the big bull dog. One day the bull dog came to town again, and right in the middle of the village he met a dog with a chip on his shoulder, and the fun began. Just as the fight was well under way Tommy put in his appearance, and while the town dog held the bull dog down to business Tommy nearly ate him up. He would rip great mouthfuls of flesh out of him, and pull and lug him about till he had about killed the dog, when the town boys took Tommy off.

It would be hard to make a Grayling man believe that an otter had not a first-class memory for matters and things. Tommy knew all of the fishermen up and down the river, and was always ready for a fishing trip when an opportunity offered. He could catch more fish than all of the town fishermen put together, and when he was one of the party and had got all that he wanted to eat he would catch fish to supply the whole crowd. One day he broke his record and landed a big trout that weighed nearly 3lbs. When the party moved they would take Tommy into the boat, and he would curl up under the seat, but when the boat stopped he was out and in the water like a flash.

Tommy often went hunting and fishing alone, and on one of his excursions he was shot by a man who says he mistook Tommy for a wild otter. While the man knew Tommy well and saw him almost every day, yet he shot him, and the shooting led to a big law suit, for Tommy had lots of friends.

If anybody doubts the truth of the life history of Tommy, and believes that what I have told about his doings is not true, and he will write to Mr. Alexander, lawyer, at Grayling, he will furnish him enough material regarding Tommy and his doings to fill a big book. I have two more otter to write you about. JULIAN.

COMMUNICATION AMONG ANIMALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson has done the students of the ways of animals a service the value of which does not seem computable at present, but which is very great in any event. The idea of a newspaper edited by wolves will not lie idle, and to the mass of testimony that will be added to Mr. Thompson's I hasten to call attention to other and quite similar bureaus of information, namely, the traces which otter and mink leave of their presence, usually conspicuously on rocks, logs and other elevations, but frequently in the grass and bushes led to by regular and well-trod runways.

Now that Mr. Thompson has called attention to odors as a means of communication, the strong scent of muskrats around caves or bayous and on streams has special significance.

In this connection I would like to ask, why is it that a school of whales sporting in the ocean near the surface suddenly and all together lift up their tails and disappear? By what means are the whales able to do this all together? Schools of whales covering twenty-five square miles have been seen to dive simultaneously when unalarmed, so far as could be known, and a similar thing may be witnessed in schools of minnows. What tells them to?

And how do young birds know what to do in migrating time? Birds that wouldn't know Florida from the South Pole and who never saw snow travel south with the rest, only birds that were willful remaining behind to freeze their toes. How do these birds talk to each other, as they certainly must do? They don't rub bills, as dogs rub noses, before going somewhere. There are certain "call notes" heard in the fall that may appear a partial solution, just as the robin sings "I'm in love" every spring. Bluejays get up alongside of each other in the spring and don't make a noise hearable five rods away, though they do make some subdued sounds, love talk, most likely.

To my mind there is nothing more interesting in nature than the methods by which her creatures talk to one another, and now that Mr. Thompson has called attention to it I hope the FOREST AND STREAM will sift the matter as deeply as may be. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

A GEOLOGICAL MAP OF THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

THERE has recently been printed, under the supervision of the United States Geological Survey, folio No. 30 of the Geologic Atlas of the United States, which is the Yellowstone Park folio. This embraces the greater part of the Yellowstone National Park, and, while not a complete geological map of the Park, it yet does cover that portion of the reservation which is of especial interest to geologists.

This folio will be of very great interest as well to many people who read the FOREST AND STREAM, and who have visited or hope to visit the National Park. It contains five pages of description of the geography and geology of the region by Mr. Arnold Hague, geologist in charge; one page on the Igneous Rocks, by Mr. J. P. Iddings; a number of remarkably handsome half-tone pictures of characteristic Park scenery, two contour maps of the central portion of the Park, extending from near the northern boundary south almost to the head of Jackson's Lake, and two geological sheets covering the same portion of the Park, so colored as to indicate the different geological formations and mineral deposits which appear in the various localities.

As will be remembered, the geological work of the Park for a good many years has been under the charge of Mr. Arnold Hague, who has long been known to our readers as an enthusiastic well-wisher of this great pleasure ground. He has been assisted by Professors Weed, Iddings, Pirsson, and by others whose names are well known to FOREST AND STREAM readers. Thus it is certain that the scientific details of this map have been attended to by men eminently qualified to perform the work.

On the mechanical side this folio deserves high praise, and in this respect it is probably the best that has ever been issued by the United States Geological Survey, as from our point of view it is the most interesting.

Mr. Hague has long been at work on a monograph of the Yellowstone Park, and when this is issued there will be published with it a map of the entire Park.

Indian Mounds in Tennessee.

KELPIE writes from Grand View, Tenn.:

"Towstring is not far from the mouth of White's Creek, where we went to look for Indian mounds and ducks. The ducks had gone South, but the mounds were there, and we saw seven, some of which had been excavated, some not. Within ten miles of this point are a large number of mounds scattered along the Tennessee, and I should have been glad to spend a good deal of time among them had it been convenient. It is a good chance for somebody."

The Record Moose Head.

LAST week we gave some particulars regarding the giant moose head which is here illustrated from a photograph made by FOREST AND STREAM. The spread of horns is 70½in., and the weight of the skull and horns 68lbs. The horns are rather light in color, and curiously fluted. The head belongs to Wm. W. Hart, the New York taxidermist, and will be mounted and exhibited by him at the coming Sportsmen's Exposition.

Twenty Years.

HEREWITH find my check for $4 in payment of another year's subscription of your most estimable paper. This makes twenty years that I have been permitted to sit at your table and sip the wine of your vintage. How the months and years have glided away, and with them taken so many of the bonny lads that were our cherished companions in forest and on stream! How many of the guests of '76 are still at your board? R. S. IREDELL.

OHIO.

Men I Have Fished With.

THE DETROIT JOURNAL, EDITORIAL ROOMS, Jan. 20.—I am deeply interested in Fred Mather's reminiscences, which are of a high order of merit, and one of the best features you ever offered.

W. J. HUNSAKER, Mg. Ed.

Game Bag and Gun.

A WINTER CAMP ON WADLEIGH BROOK.

Part I.

ONE day last November a New York doctor himself in need of doctoring, a farmer from that part of Lake Champlain where the Adirondacks and Green Mountains come closest, a business representative of a great fence company manufacturing the one and only elk high, fawn tight and buffalo strong fencing for parks, and lastly a FOREST AND STREAM man, came together by prearranged plan in the waiting room of the Boston & Maine Railroad in Boston, bound for the northern Maine forests.

The doctor, the farmer, the fence expert and the newspaper representative dumped in one colossal pile their blankets, rifles and the miscellaneous assortment of boots, moccasins, heavy clothing and camp duffle that figured in their baggage and exchanged greetings, while the omnipresent station loafers debated among themselves whether they were "recruits for Cuby" or "only another lot of North Pole cranks."

It was a cold, raw day—that Nov. 21—and the air had a penetrating chill that suggested snow, resembling in this respect the corresponding day in 1895, when the writer left Boston at the same hour and with the same purpose in view. Then the snow had begun falling a little before noon, before Portland was reached, and continued all the afternoon and evening and well on into the night. History repeats itself, and in this case the parallel was striking.

At a corresponding point on the journey before Portland was reached, one of the party looked up from the game of cards we were playing, in which the train boys' cinnamon wafers were utilized as chips, and announced that it was snowing, and when Portland was reached the ground was already white.

Here we had hoped for a chat with Mr. Harrie B. Coe, of the Maine Central, who but for the exigencies of a presidential election would have been a member of our party, and who afterward was of invaluable service to us in the recovery of some lost baggage, but fate willed otherwise. North of Portland the snow fell merrily as per schedule, and at Bangor there was already a venturesome sleigh or two on the streets. This was the first snow of the season of any consequence, and we couldn't help feeling that it had been precipitated for our especial benefit.

In only one respect did our journey differ from that of the previous year, in that instead of a cold, cheerless wagon ride from the main line of the Bangor & Aroostook R. R. to Patten, we went this time by train. Otherwise the snow was about the same as last year. We enjoyed equally good hotel accommodations at the Patten House, and Herb Brown was on hand with the same intelligent team of black horses to take us back to camp.

Sunday morning dawned bright and cold, with a shrewd wind blowing across the open fields through which the first part of our journey lay, and the road blown bare of snow for long stretches, which necessitated traveling on wheels instead of runners.

At noon we stopped for dinner at Louis Cooper's house, twelve miles from Patten. Mr. Cooper has accommodations for sportsmen both here and at a camp on Sebois Stream, a few miles away, and those who come for deer rarely go away disappointed. In summer there is good fishing in the two Shin Ponds, which are no great distance off. The next cleared land is at Sebois House, ten miles beyond. This is kept by George Cooper, a brother of Louis Cooper, and here we spent the night. Under favorable conditions we might have gone through to Trout Brook Farm, ten miles further, in one day, but we had struck particularly bad traveling. The road had been worn deeply by heavy toting, and in places was full of water covered by ice that, while not strong enough to bear buckboard and team, was sufficiently thick to make it both hard and dangerous work for the horses pulling through.

In this respect the following day saw a condition of affairs still worse. The horses were obliged at times to plunge through mud holes, breaking through viciously tough ice and sinking to their bellies at every jump. Under such conditions it was no wonder that they fell down repeatedly and were badly cut by the ice, and that we were the best part of a day in going ten miles. The remarkable thing was that we got through at all.

That was a cold ride, but in the woods, despite the fact that the thermometer registered 20° below zero, the air did not feel so chill as it had in the open country at the start of our journey.

Big Game vs. Small Guns.

At Sebois House we met Frank McKinney, who has a camp at Hay Lake in a good moose and deer country, six miles or so south of this point. McKinney is the man who killed a bull moose last fall with a .22cal. Stevens pistol, shooting the short cartridge and a charge of smokeless powder.

He heard the moose coming, and standing behind a tree let him approach within 30ft. before firing. His first bullet went through the moose's heart, but the great animal stood perfectly still, apparently uncertain of his enemy's whereabouts, till McKinney had fired a number of additional shots, all hitting near the same spot. Then he started to run, and the hunter followed, firing at every opportunity, till finally the moose succumbed and fell. The shots varied greatly in penetration, some sticking in the tough skin on the side from which they were fired, while others went completely through the animal.

McKinney has the proud distinction of having killed his moose with the smallest regular cartridge made, and if any one wants to beat his feat he will have to try a BB cap or an air gun; but he is not the only man who has killed this king of our game animals with a pistol. Wm. Cuvrins, the lumberman, a year or two ago shot and killed a large moose with a .32cal. Smith & Wesson hammerless revolver, with a 3½in. barrel and the coarse factory sights. Cuvrins is a man who travels through the woods a great deal in connection with his business, and he is a first-class shot with either pistol or rifle. He killed this moose at ten rods and only fired one shot. McLain, Jr., at Sourdnahunk Lake, shot and killed a large buck this fall with a .22cal. pistol at a distance that would be a fair rifle shot. This deer was shot through the heart and went no further than if hit by a rifle ball. There is food for reflection in the possibilities of these little weapons in the hands of expert hunters.

Harvey's and Trout Brook Farm.

Five miles or so after leaving Sebois House we had our first view of the East Branch Grand Lake. This is a beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by hardwood ridges and good hunting country, and also affording a magnificent mountain view south toward Katahdin and the Traveler Range. At the head of the lake is Samuel Harvey's camp, and here we found deer tracks in the clearing right up to within 50yds. of the house, so thick that we thought they had been made by a drove of sheep. Harvey keeps no sheep, however, and his mutton is spelled with a v, except perhaps during the summer months.

Four miles further, having meanwhile crossed the East Branch of the Penobscot above the lake, we swung across the bridge over Trout Brook, were whisked up a hill and down again, and with the customary flourish drew up in front of the hospitable door of Trout Brook Farm, here nestled behind a perpendicular mass of trap rock. This is a favorite point for sportsmen, within striking distance of moose and caribou and surrounded by an unexcelled deer range. On our way out we found at this place two genial Worcester sportsmen, Messrs. J. D. Morton and C. A. Middlemas, who killed three big bucks in less than a week.

Jock Darling and Natey.

Here also we found Jock Darling and his grandson, Natey Fogg, than whom I doubt if the Pine Tree State produces a better hunter for his years, or a better camp companion. Natey is a chip of the old block and has the same natural aptitude for the woods that characterizes Jock. Like poets and other geniuses, woodsmen are born and not made; also with the woodsman it counts for a good deal to come from the right stock. I suppose Jock is descended direct from Robin Hood, and the strain is the same with Natey.

Jock and Natey had walked across from Sebois Lake, and at the farm secured a river driver's tent, 16ft. long, which was constructed like an Adirondack camp (or half of an A tent cut in two along the ridge) and a number of heavy quilts and blankets, cooking utensils and camp supplies.

We shivered a little at the thought of sleeping out in that tent, which was all front door and the epitome of open-handed hospitality to the elements; but we had a good deal of confidence in Jock and were ready to take his word for it that we would not be uncomfortable. Fortunately we had taken especial precautions before leaving to provide ourselves with an ample stock of heavy clothes and the warmest Jaeger underwear that could be purchased, and plenty of it; so that in the coldest weather we could wear two or three suits at a time. As an actual fact, we were more often too hot than too cold, and the time the mercury went down to 22° below zero the fence man got up in the middle of the night and, standing under the cold, glittering stars, shed a layer or two of his surplus clothes, remarking that the night was so warm he could not sleep comfortably as he was.

First Game.

That afternoon we all went out for a short hunt, and twenty minutes after leaving the house Dr. Wright got a shot at two deer. They were on the jump, however, when he fired, and he did not score. To the fence man fell the honor of securing the first game. It was the following morning, and we had almost reached the spot selected for our camp on Wadleigh Brook, half a mile in from the tote road, when Hoisington, who was walking ahead of the team, saw some fresh tracks crossing the road. He followed them a short distance to investigate, and presently saw a small buck standing under a tree 50yds. away, looking back over his shoulder. He knew that the deer was likely to take alarm at any instant, as he could hear talking and the noise made by the team behind; so he took a quick aim and fired. Several other deer near by dashed off at the sound of the shot, but the particular one at which he had fired fell within 40ft. of the spot where he first stood. The ball had entered back of the near shoulder and quartered through, breaking the opposite shoulder. It was an ugly wound, and though the bullet had missed the heart, it had killed much more cleanly than the average of such shots, and thus at the very start vindicated the effectiveness of the little 6½lb. .30-30 Winchester from which it was fired.

For supper that night we had juicy venison steaks, albeit not so tender as other cuts were later, but vastly preferable to anything else our larder afforded.

The buck was very fat, and I doubt if venison was ever more truly appreciated. We began at the hindquarters, and little by little, through the medium of the frying-pan and boiler, converted the various parts to our use, till every shred of flesh had been devoured and only the bones remained. It took us a little more than four days to accomplish this result.

In Camp.

Our camp was pitched directly in the old tote road up Wadleigh Brook, and if any future visitor finds a particularly smooth spot 12ft. or so in length in the road he will recognize our bed. Roads in this part of Piscataquis county are nothing to brag on as a rule, but we will back that 12ft. section to be equal to anything in the State, and we know whereof we speak, for we all labored individually for its improvement.

The foundation for our bed was of balsam fir boughs, and over this several sacks of straw were laid on, and on top of all a heavy quilt. The bed was about 7ft. in width, and the tent roof slanted upward from where it was pinned to the ground at the back to a height of 6ft. or so in front. Opposite and also at one end Jock erected wind breaks of boughs, supported by pole frameworks and slanting in toward the center, and on the fourth side a piece of burlap was stretched as a sort of door.

In the center of the open space between windbreak and tent the fire was built, and on cold nights the camp resembled a miniature volcano, belching a steady stream of fire and sparks from the opening in the top.

In daytime the moosebirds were a constant source of amusement about camp. They made themselves at home from the moment camp was pitched, and investigated our belongings with their characteristic easy familiarity. Soft things that they could swallow seemed to interest them most, and they sampled every such article from Pears's soap to "moccasine." These birds, though their confidence is constantly abused, never seem to learn distrust of man. They perch upon the lumberman's balanced stick just as confidingly as they did a hundred years ago, and when this backwoods humorist gives the other end of their seesaw a rap with his axe that shoots them 20ft. into the air they are just as much surprised as ever.

We let the birds eat their fill of the soap, for we had plenty of that, and anyhow soap was not altogether essential to our life in the woods, but it was different with the moccasine. Our boots and moccasins needed constant greasing both to soften them and make them waterproof, and we used it for a thousand other things as well, so our one box of this precious article was carefully guarded.

It was a specific for chapped lips and noses, though it must be acknowledged that it smelled better than it tasted, and this fact prevented our using it as butter when that staple gave out, although the question was seriously considered. It also proved a good gun grease, and we found it to be a superior lubricant for bullets when we came to reload some of our ammunition with light charges for partridges.

The Burnt Lands.

For a day or two we hunted about camp, seeing deer, but for one reason or another not meeting with success. Du Bois, while walking up the main tote road, saw two large bucks across Trout Brook, and wounded one very badly. This buck lay down almost immediately, proving the seriousness of its wound, but the approach of night obliged the hunter to leave it, and a snowstorm that followed obliterated the trail before morning.

The first good hunting day, however, all hands, including Jock, who, though in fairly good physical condition, has not since his long confinement in the hospital regained his old hardiness, set out for the burnt lands. A mile and a half up Wadleigh Brook from our camp we had our first view of them, and here we jumped a large deer that went bounding off up a hillside fifty rods away.

At this point the party separated. Natey, Dr. Wright and Du Bois crossed the brook with the intention of working along the north side of the burnt mountain, and then circling back and striking the brook near the upper dam; while Jock, Hoisington and myself were to hunt the country nearer the brook and perhaps eventually circle around outside the others.

Shortly after the parties separated we jumped three deer that ran east through the big open. As we watched them disappearing 500 or 600yds. away, looking for all the world like good-sized rabbits, we suddenly heard a volley of shots, and realized that we had driven them on to the other party.

That night around the camp-fire they did not seem particularly anxious to tell about the occurrence, but they finally acknowledged shooting in self-defense at some deer that tried to run over them. They said they were satisfied to have frightened the deer off and to have escaped the threatened assault, but there was a certain tone of aggravation in their remarks that belied their words. Later, at the station restaurant in Bangor, the Doctor was noticed critically examining some murderous looking clubs carved from birch roots. He said he was thinking of sending one to Natey, but no doubt he was also regretting the fact that he did not have one along himself that day in the burnt lands.

Jock soon gave up the hunt, as the walking was hard and his strength not equal to the task.

Hoisington and Natey, while hunting independently, both found fresh tracks of several moose, and in each case a large one was among the number. Both followed their game till dark, and saw signs of recent feeding, but neither got a shot.

None of the rest of us saw moose tracks, but while making my way back to camp late that afternoon I stopped a fair-sized buck with a bullet through the neck.

The Small-Bore Hunting Rifle.

Much has been said and written regarding the value of the small-bore smokeless powder rifle as a hunting weapon. Personally I am a firm believer in its effectiveness, though I do not by any means go to the extreme of calling it the best hunting rifle on the market. There were two .30-30s in our party, both carbines with shotgun butts and Lyman sights, weighing 6lbs. and 6oz. apiece. These guns with the soft nose ammunition possess tremendous hitting power, considering the light weight of the bullet, great accuracy, and an extremely flat trajectory, and moreover are free from any annoying recoil. Smokeless powder and steel-jacketed bullets have made possible the former paradox of accuracy combined with flat trajectory, and killing power in connection with lightness. Smokeless powder also makes possible short barrels, for the ignition is much quicker than with black powder, and as I like a carbine on account of its ease of handling in the woods, I have an additional reason to be grateful to the new compound.

Accuracy of sighting is of course dependent on the distance between sights, but as I use Lyman sights I can afford to shorten my barrel considerably and still preserve a sufficient distance for all practical purposes.

The .30-30 carbine will shoot into the same mark at 100 and 125yds., and at 200yds. the drop is so slight that a sight well up on the animal is sure to count. Owing to the flip of barrel these carbines shoot higher at 125yds. than they do at 25. At short range they shoot an inch or two low. So much for trajectory. As to striking force, the results obtained in actual service were thoroughly satisfactory. I have already mentioned the effect on Hoisington's deer. The other deer mentioned had a hole torn directly through the spinal column that one could put his whole hand into. In view of the trifling size of the bullet the result was nearly incomprehensible. Minute fragments of lead were scattered everywhere buried in the bone, but no single piece of any size except the steel jacket could be found, though the skin on the opposite side was not broken, showing that the ball had gone no further. The bullet apparently had exploded, and every separate grain of lead and steel had joined in the work of destruction.

In the case of the caribou which Mr. Hoisington killed later on a different effect was observed. Here the ball, mushrooming on a rib, had torn a hole through the animal's heart that would easily have permitted the passage of a silver dollar.

J. B. BURNHAM.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAINE GAME AND FISH.

[From the report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game for the year 1896.]

Moose.

IT would seem from the best information obtainable that more moose have been killed this year than in any one year for a great many years previously, notwithstanding the fact that no cow or calf moose can be legally taken. This is due mainly to the largely increased numbers who have hunted them.

We are convinced that in order to preserve the moose from extinction more stringent laws for their protection should be enacted.

The visiting sportsmen, or hunters from out of the State, come to us in ever-increasing numbers. Skilled guides are employed, a tent is pitched or camp erected in their very home, and weeks—and sometimes months—devoted to their capture by one hunting party, and it is not therefore surprising that with this vast outlay of money and time devoted to their capture, the bulls are becoming increasingly scarce.

Nor are these efforts confined to the close season. Hundreds and hundreds of hunters visit the haunts of the moose in August and September, and during the "calling period," kill their game, hide it till October, and then bring out the head alone, leaving the carcass to decay in the forest. Any law calculated to remedy this state of affairs will have the hearty approval of the commissioners.

The rich poacher cares nothing for a fine, so long as he can secure a good head, and August and September are very favorable months for their operations. Our forests are so vast that no system of wardenship could be arranged to successfully stop summer killing. The law should step in and do it. Complaint was made and a warrant issued for one of this class of poachers in October last, and a requisition for his arrest and return to Maine was asked for of his Excellency, Gov. Henry B. Cleaves, on the Governor of Massachusetts, to which State he had gone after killing a moose in September. This procedure had never before been tried in the history of the enforcement of the game laws. His Excellency, Gov. Cleaves, without hesitation granted the requisition, and it was duly honored by the acting Governor of Massachusetts; thereby the poacher was brought before our courts for trial, plead guilty and paid the usual fine—$100 and costs. This object lesson has taught the rich poacher from other States that he is not safe from arrest and trial even though he may escape arrest while within our borders, and it is believed will have a very wholesome effect.

A leading manufacturer in Pennsylvania writes: "I have spent $500 in hunting for moose legally in your State and have not seen one yet." And this man is only one in many hundreds who have done likewise, and so long as we have moose in our forests people in large numbers will come to hunt them lawfully, spending their money freely, and to prevent unlawful killing nothing should be left undone that we can do.

Large as the State of Maine is, extensive as our forests are, as much game as we have, our State is not big enough, our forests are not extensive enough, we have not and cannot have game enough for seventy-five millions of people.

Every railroad running our way, every steamboat line running our way, every newspaper in the State, and many out of it, every hotel, hunting camp, and nearly every guide, have been for years and years advertising the great opportunity to shoot moose, caribou and deer in our State, and the ease with which this could be done. The photograph of every moose killed is taken and sent all over the country; expositions are yearly held in New York advertising this in the same way, and the result is that each year sees a very great increase of hunters over the preceding year, so that this year at least 25 per cent. more came than ever before, and if the weather had been favorable for hunting there would not have been a bull moose left in Maine suitable or fit to kill.

We have been giving three months in the year in which to kill our game, and, with the enormous amount of advertising which is being done and has been done, the result is that there is no boy now but what dreams of the time when he can kill his moose. Something must be done, or else in a very short time not a moose will remain; there will be only the echo of his last "call" to remind us of his former existence.

Caribou and Deer.

There is no question but that at least 10,000 deer have been killed in Maine during the year 1896, quite a proportion of them by our own citizens. This is not merely guess work, but based on actual count of the numbers transported by the common carriers, and records kept by various sporting proprietors scattered over the State.

Deer are now found in each of the sixteen counties of the State, and there seems to be no great decrease, notwithstanding the great numbers killed. In some localities, however, there is a marked decrease owing to the fact that but slight, if any, attention has been paid to the game laws by residents and non-residents alike. Complaints have been made in several instances to us by farmers that their crops had been destroyed by deer. In each case reported to us we have requested to be furnished with the exact facts and a statement of the amount of damage done. We are convinced that the damage is not great, though, doubtless, very annoying.

From the best information obtainable, from the most reliable sources, the caribou is fast disappearing, and will very soon be practically extinct, unless a close time, for a series of years, is put on them, or more stringent laws enacted for their protection. Summer and winter killing has accomplished this. Every effort should be made to preserve this species of our big game, because of its vast importance to our citizens.

We are aware that this expression of opinion as to caribou, and possibly deer, is not in accordance with what the public has been led to believe from various statements from guides and others published in the press of this and other States.

Guiding has become a regular occupation by a large number of our people. Three dollars a day and board is the regular price paid for their services. At least 1,500 men are thus employed. Hunting camps are everywhere where fish and game abound; attractive circulars are sent broadcast by their proprietors, and an ever increasing multitude is attracted to our State.

Ten thousand, at least, visited the Rangely region this year; more than 50,000 souls have come to Maine in 1896 to fish, to hunt, to enjoy our unparalleled scenery and climate in spring, summer and autumn; more than $5,000,000 have been expended by them along our railroads, in our hotels, pay for guides, etc. It is an industry Maine can ill afford to lose. Business prudence and foresight demand that every means in our power be employed to retain it. This can only be done by propagating our fish and protecting our game. The Department of Inland Fisheries and Game is one of the greatest and most important departments in the State. It takes the whole time and attention of at least two members of the Board. The correspondence connected with the office is something enormous, coming from all sections of the Union. A clerk should be provided for the Board, as well as an office, and most liberal appropriations made to successfully carry on the work of our fish hatcheries and adequately protect our game. Only in this way can we hope to preserve our game from utter extinction and continue to reap these rich harvests.

Wardens.

There are forty-eight commissioned inland fish and game wardens in the State, all under bond for the faithful discharge of their duties. We have employed, nearly constantly, twenty, at an average salary of $2 per day and expenses, all that the means at our command would permit, but this number is entirely inadequate. The vast area of our fishing and hunting grounds renders it utterly impossible that this number can adequately protect the fish and game from the depredations of the poacher. More prosecutions for the infractions of the fish and game laws have been instituted this year than ever before, and more convictions had. Public sentiment is, more and more, in favor of a thorough enforcement of the laws.

As stated, guides receive $3 per day and board in most instances; to be a successful warden, especially to protect the big game, one must be a thorough woodsman, familiar with the woods and the hunting regions, and also familiar with the methods of poachers. In order to get the best we must pay as much, at least, as is paid for guiding. This we have been unable to do on account of lack of funds, and have consequently been unable to do as much as ought to be done. We have devoted practically our entire time to the work during the year.

Inland Fish.

We have the pleasure of reporting a larger run of trout and salmon this fall than for many years, resulting in our securing more eggs for replenishing our waters than ever before. Notwithstanding the largely increased number of anglers from abroad, as well as those we have at home, there seems to be a plenty, if not an increase, left to keep our fishing good for years to come. This result seems to us to be owing in a great measure, if not entirely, to artificial propagation and protection.

We have visited the spawning grounds of these fish in many localities, grounds that we have been familiar with for many years, and, from what we saw at Rangeley and other places, can see no diminution in numbers on their breeding grounds.

The landlocked salmon have thrived and multiplied wonderfully in many new lakes and ponds where they have been introduced within the last ten years—in some of these so much so that we have been able to procure a goodly number of eggs from these fish. They grow very fast, and in good waters, with plenty of feed, very large—in some cases attaining a growth of 12lbs. in six years. We believe they are to be the coming and favorite inland fish in Maine. They are now caught more or less, and increasing year by year, in nearly all our large lakes and ponds. There are hundreds of ponds in Maine adapted to these fish which we are stocking as fast as our limited means will allow. They will live in warmer water than the trout and thrive with the pickerel, but the lakes to be successful should contain deep, pure water.

We have no doubt that in many of our lakes there is a lack of suitable food, more especially for the young fry, also affecting their growth as they advance in life. We believe many of the newly hatched fish starve for lack of suitable food. Those that do survive are apt to be stunted and do not grow to be handsome fish. The smelt hatches at about the time the young salmon begin to feed, and is so small they readily swallow him. They are as eager after them as a cat after a mouse. We have dipped them in a pail of water, turned them in our hatching troughs with young salmon. They would hunt them till they caught the last one.

It is a well-known fact that the amount of fish you can raise in a pond depends on the food supply. The same rule applies to fish as to the number of cattle you can raise in your pastures, depending entirely on the crop of grass you make grow. This is of vital importance, and can in a great measure be improved by the introduction of the fresh-water smelt.

Every lake and pond should be stocked. We shall do it so far as we are able, but it is too large a job for us without help. It can be done very easily by collecting the eggs in the brooks when they run up in the spring to spawn. They adhere to the grass, moss, sticks and stones by thousands. They can be packed in damp moss or sphagnum and carried to the waters needed, and placed in the running waters of some tributary near the pond or lake. They will hatch in a few days and the job is done. We would suggest that any person interested in the fishing in any pond or lake see that it is stocked with smelts the coming spring. They spawn in the spring about the time the ice goes out. We shall do this so far as we are able, but without help it would take us several years, as there are only a few days in spring this can be done.

The run of salmon at Sebago this fall was the largest we have ever known, not only in numbers, but in size of the fish.

Black Game and Capercailzie.

The above-named birds, known to the Swedish language as "orre" and "tjader," are said to be very fine game birds—very fine for table use, and particularly adapted to the climate of the State.

After consulting with our Swedish friends, and also with Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., whose long residence in Sweden had given him opportunity to study the habits of these birds, we decided to import a few of each variety and liberate them in the forests. Accordingly, in the fall of 1895 three males and four females of each kind were ordered. They were shipped early in February of this year, but three of the larger kind—the capercailzie—failed to arrive.

Whether they died on the passage and were thrown overboard, or were lost in some other way, we have never been able to learn. We simply know that we received but two pairs of that variety. The others came as ordered, and the eleven birds, all apparently strong and healthy, were liberated on the last day of February in the forest in the northern part of New Sweden.

That a part of the black game has survived is certain, for they have been seen or heard repeatedly—once very recently. One young bird of this season's hatching has also been seen, showing that they have bred, which leads us to believe that the introduction of these birds can be made a success.

Of the capercailzie we can say but little, as their habits of going into the deep forest has doubtless been the reason for their never having been seen, excepting in one instance, about two weeks after they were liberated. The people of the Swedish colony were very much interested in the success of the experiment, and voluntarily organized a system of police surveillance to protect them. They also carried grain for food into the woods and distributed it near the place where the birds were freed. The birds evidently appreciated the kindness, for tracks in the snow showed that they came back for it.

It was intended to repeat the experiment of importing and liberating a few of these birds again this fall or winter, but welearn through correspondence thatsome of our sister States are anxious to try the same experiment, and have been enough more active than we to be able to "corner the market," and none can be bought. Perhaps it is just as well; however; another season will demonstrate more conclusively whether or not our climate is suitable for them.

DAYS AFIELD.—II.

A FRIEND rang me up on the telephone this morning and said: "Why didn't you tell the truth about those dogs?"

"I did."

"You failed to describe a good thing they did and polished up the bad."

"Did I? How will this do? The next afternoon we took Rab out with a good dog and found seven coveys: I one; Rab four, which he pointed; the good dog two, which he flushed. The Professor shot thirteen birds, and I—"

"What rot!"

Central here informed me that 880 Franklin had rung off.

It was the last afternoon of our hunt, and we wanted some birds. Ben, Sr., and Donald have been saved for it. Let me say here, parenthetically, men but seldom shoot over a better pair. No puppies these; one full-aged and wise, the other just coming into his prime—fresh, eager, fast, and yet steady—evenly matched, independent, good noses. We shall see some birds this afternoon, Professor, if there are any.

Ben takes up over the hill; Donald goes around, and both are skirting the woods. That stop must have strained your back, Ben, as you were going as fast as a dog could go, side to us. Now you are rigid, with head toward the woods and tail toward me. I saw it; there was but one motion to stop, and yet your momentum has turned you around. Donald comes on, and at 50yds. sees that he is beaten and stops with a look of resignation. I almost fancy he says to himself, "You have me this time, old man, but look out."

No flushing, and away go the birds as we walk in; most of them cross the ravine and settle in the woods on the opposite hillside.

After reloading our guns we go toward the corner of the fence, when Ben shows signs of game. "Look out, Ben." Donald comes with a rush which almost upsets the older dog, cuts a circle, leaps the fence and comes to a snappy point in the sedge. This covey makes for the same place to which the other has gone, and we are anticipating something to do when we get over there.

It is a pretty piece of woodland in which to shoot—tall oaks, a few pines and cedars and but little underbrush.

Donald goes as though he intended to drive every bird out of the woods in two minutes (one if possible), but he has no such intention. He loves to hunt in curves and circles and to come to his point from a full gallop. Sober Ben knows what is in the air, or rather among the leaves, and goes at it a little more cautiously.

"Point, George."

Sure enough, Ben has one just in the edge of the laurels. "Go ahead, I have a bird of my own over here." Donald has stopped. Further up the hill, and the ball is open.

"Get behind a tree, Squire Green; shot will fly around here rather promiscuously, and I dislike to look out for more than one man."

It's "Whoa," "Bang," "Missed" or "Fetch" until the guns are hot.

It's a question whether Ben, Sr., with that quick-stealing, snake-like movement of his, will find more than Donald, with his rapid gallop, quick turns and sudden stops. No mistakes (by the dogs) now; birds are everywhere. That is a pretty piece, as the Professor, stopping for breath, orders Ben to fetch, and he comes to a full point within a yard of the dead bird,

"Professor, there is a live one there."

Sure enough, and Ben has two to retrieve.

"Donald, what have you?"

A pair, and to me a lucky accident, to the birds a calamity. He brings the first, has secured the second and is coming toward me, stops and points with the dead bird in his mouth.

"Good fellow."

He knows how badly I shoot and seems more than anxious to do his part to help out the bag.

It is just as easy to tell which dog found the next covey as it is to tell who shot the single bird that fell, as five or six quail go whirring over the pine tops. Certain it is that Ben was perhaps two feet nearer the birds. It is equally certain that both dogs saw the fall, as the poor little thing came tumbling out of the bunch of feathers that were left floating in the air, and apparently each dog thought it was his bird—and Ben, Sr., gets it.

We feel too much elated to correct this little break very seriously; secretly, I am afraid that Donald is vowing "that next time if that old chap gets in ahead of me he will be smart."

This bunch is too small to follow. Down a ravine, up over a hill, across an old field, and the broad valley of the river—creek rather—or, as the natives of New Jersey would pronounce it, "crick."

In the sedge and pine we find birds again, and one of them seems to have met with an *accident*, as he cannot keep up with the others, and Donald sees it. "Never mind the dead ones, you can pick them up; I will get that fellow." I half believe he will. The bird is 10ft. in the air, and the dog, with leaps and rushes, almost reaches him. I whistle and call. No attention to me; he must have that bird. I blow and yell; finally lay down my gun, climb the fence and hill and, after a chase that exhausts my breath, catch that dog and lead him in no gentle manner to the place where he should have dropped.

When I get through, the Professor, who generally has a camera along, regrets he left it behind this time. He would "just like to show that picture to my wife. I would have to buy a new dog, as Donald would never be permitted to accompany me afield again if she could see that." Dear old Professor, as though no one had ever seen you tan a dog.

A brief stop at a spring and we go after the scattered birds, and find them. What an afternoon, and what a splendid ending to the old year and to our vacation.

Before climbing into our upper berths of the sleeper on our way home that night, we congratulate ourselves that while we have birds to give away, we have no dogs for sale.

G. B.

THE SQUIRRELS, THE RIFLE AND NIGHT.

TUPELO, Miss.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While in this place I met Dr. M. F. Rogers, of New Albany, Miss., whose broad fame as a sportsman is so well known that to enlarge on it now would be to tell a twice-told tale. While we were talking over old times and new, and times which were of neither, he, in his engaging manner, said to me: "By the way, did you ever hear of Br'er Hough's schooling in Mississippi as to the best manner of squirrel hunting in the night time? No. Well, it was a real good thing, but somehow Mr. Hough forgot to incorporate it in his charming sketches of the "Sunny South." However, it was not treating the public right to leave out such an important incident, inasmuch as while using the pen of the historian he should tell the whole history; but no doubt Mr. Hough's modesty restrained him from dealing with such incidents as would bring him too conspicuously and too perpetually in the center of the stage. I would have written this true tale myself to FOREST AND STREAM save for the fact that I write but little now for publication, yet I tell it you not in confidence.

"The scene is laid in Bobo's camp, in the middle of his bear garden in Mississippi. Among the stars present were Bobo, Mr. E. Hough and Mr. Lamar Fontaine. These three are the heroes of the story, and it is not essential that the names of the others be mentioned, as if they were it might seem that they were stealthily introduced as witnesses.

"Mr. Fontaine is famous throughout the South as soldier, jurist, sportsman and poet. He is ingenuously versatile in any calling, but in poetry he achieved fame at one effort, for after unremittingly fighting the enemy three days and nights in the late debate at arms between sections which are now good friends, he sat him down on a log, laid gently the finger tips of his right hand on his brow, and thought deep and long, then returned calmly to camp, and by the flicker of the camp-fire, and to the music of cannon, he wrote that immortal masterpiece 'Beautiful Snow.' Some of these accomplishments may have been his brother's, but it is to be assumed that he could have had them had he cared for them. As a practical joker he has no superior in the world. His fertility in inventing cunning devices to inveigle his victims into his dead-fall jokes is surpassed only by his skill in executing what he has planned. With the rifle he is a master, in practical shooting or the wonders of fancy, spectacular performance.

"Well, at the end of a hard day's hunting for bear, which was all the harder from the timorous, inoffensive little creatures doing their utmost to avoid being blown to pieces by so many big guns, the whole party sat in contemplative and reminiscent mood about the camp-fire with the single exception of the mighty Bobo, who in negligee recline was engaged apparently in slumbering.

"A moment of silence came wherein Mr. Fontaine arose from his seat, donned his hat, and then with the most nonchalant air picked up a .22cal. rifle, tested its action, was satisfied, and started for the door.

"Mr. Hough had been furtively eyeing the strange actions which no one seemed to notice other than himself. His curiosity impelled him to ask Mr. Fontaine whither he was going. 'Going squirrel hunting,' was the sententious reply.

"'Squirrel hunting! What, this dark night?' said Mr. Hough in astonishment.

"'Of course,' replied Mr. Fontaine in a tone of indulgent tolerance and an air as became one gentleman informing another of facts the latter should know, but didn't, 'our very best squirrel hunting is in the darkness of the nighttime at this season of the year, and the best weapon, in fact the only successful one for night hunting, is the rifle. Don't you really know anything of this lovely sport?'

"'But how do you see to shoot?'

"'Oh, it has to be learned by experience,' was the laconic answer.

"Mr. Fontaine then strode into the thick of the black night. The members of the party resumed their gaze into the camp-fire. Conversation flagged. A calm contentment pervaded the company save for one who seemed restless and alert. A rifle cracked in the woods. 'That's a dead squirrel,' said one. 'Fontaine never misses,' remarked another. Some minutes passed, when in another direction the rifle was heard, *crack—crack—crack.* 'That fellow was running,' said one of the company. 'It's dead now, anyway,' said another. 'Wonderful gift for a man to have,' said a third, 'and it is no wonder he was so famous for night work in the army.'

"And so it continued for a half hour, when footsteps were heard approaching, and Mr. Fontaine, bunch of squirrels in hand, walked in with the matter-of-fact bearing of the man who has done the deed so many times that he has ceased to think of it with any warmth. The party showed no surprise and but little interest, save Mr. Hough. He entered into the matter with much spirit. His admiration for so mighty a hunter could not be contained. He eulogized him, praised his skill and commended his success. The company did not show the responsiveness befitting the occasion, so he shook the mighty Bobo, saying, 'Awake, awake, and view the marvels of the night and the wonders our good friend hath wrought with his trusty rifle in the darkness. Behold this bunch of squirrels which fell to his nocturnal eye!'

"Bobo awoke suspiciously easy, and said, 'Sonny, you have told us that you killed grizzly bears in the Rocky Mountains, killed ducks and geese in Texas, deer in New Mexico, shot all over Louisiana, killed buffalo and fished all over the world, and yet you break in on my slumbers to have me admire a bunch of squirrels which are cold and stiff and perhaps fly-blown, for they were killed three days ago with a shotgun.'

"A singular merriment thereupon pervaded the party.

"'That is a very good story,' I ventured.

"'That is not a *story*,' said the doctor in a tone of mild rebuke. 'That is a fact, for Bobo told me himself. Ask Mr. Hough about killing squirrels at night.'"

THE CHIEF.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fatal Affray on the Tolleston Club Grounds.

JAN. 22.—On the morning of Jan. 20 the daily papers of Chicago flamed with deep headlines descriptive of a sudden fatal affray that had occurred the day previous upon the preserves of the Tolleston Club, of Chicago, near Tolleston, Ind., where this well-known and wealthy club has large holdings of marsh lands, used for the purposes of a duck-shooting preserve.

At different times these columns have held descriptions of the determined efforts of the neighboring small landowners, and other less worthy persons, to treat this private property as their own—efforts which the club has always successfully combated within its legal rights. In these troubles of the past two or three determined trespassers have been roughly handled after refusing to leave the grounds. One or two suits for personal damages have been brought against the club, usually only to be dropped later. Suits have been brought to prove that the club marsh was open land belonging to the State of Indiana, and all sorts of trials have been heaped upon the silent and plucky clubmen who have tried to hold a little wild nature intact thus near to the city and to the hordes of unthinking and desperate men who wish to use as their own that which belongs to others. At one time two men who had formerly been in the employ of the club as watchmen pursued a quarrel outside of the club grounds and away from the club jurisdiction, and were both shot and killed by a man who was attacked by them, and who made a good case of self-defense, in which he was upheld by the club. Again, a year ago last October, two of the club watchmen who were crossing the marsh after dusk were waylaid and shot from ambush by unknown parties, whose identity the best detective energy has since been unable to discover. One of these men was Frank Whitlock, head warden, who was concerned in the affray of this week, and who was shot in the breast and seriously wounded at that time, his watchman's star being dented and bent by the load of shot which struck him in the breast and knocked him down. The other man was named Treagar, and he also was badly hurt, though both recovered in time. This latter was the last of the serious troubles upon this marsh, and it was enough to put the watchmen upon their guard, and to teach them how serious might be an encounter with the class of men who make the common and most dangerous poachers upon that property.

Serious as had been these earlier troubles on the club grounds—troubles which the club has always deplored, but could never avoid—the affair of this week was at once seen to be the most important one that has ever occurred there. Four men were reported to have been shot, two with probably fatal results and the others seriously. Three of the men acting as wardens were arrested, or rather gave themselves up at once; the fourth, Frank Whitlock, being then and now still at large. The prisoners were taken to the jail at Crown Point. It was at first reported, and indeed is asserted now, three days after the affray, that a mob was forming in the neighborhood determined to lynch the watchmen and then to march upon the Tolleston Club buildings to destroy them with dynamite and fire. This latter is a sample of the lawless and incendiary talk common in that neighborhood, where hostility to the "city sportsmen" is a part of the creed of life. Of course nothing will come of that. Meantime the Tolleston Club has engaged the services of W. A. Foster (the attorney who defended the Anarchists here), and has taken prompt steps to see the thing to a speedy legal end. Numbers of arrests are now being made among the poachers who were engaged in the fight, and the result will probably be that all the parties engaged in the affair on either side will be apprehended and held in custody until the matter can receive attention in the courts. The cases will probably be removed from the seat of local prejudice and tried in the courts of La Porte, in the same county.

The facts of the case as developed by careful investigation seem to be as follows: A party of men living near the club grounds—numbering in all fourteen or fifteen men—banded together and went upon the club grounds for the ostensible purpose of spearing muskrats. Just why so large a body of men should go together for the hunting of muskrats they can themselves perhaps better tell. It looks rather as though they were expecting or looking for trouble. At any rate, they were seen by the club watchmen, ordered off and refused to go. In the subsequent fight, in which the four watchmen were engaged with three times their number of trespassers, firearms were used, it is alleged, freely on both sides, with the result that one of the watchmen's party, John Blackburn, was slightly wounded in the head, while three of the trespassers—Frank Koster or Costick, Theodore Pratt and Alvin Bothwell—were shot. Koster was shot with a rifle in the hands, it is alleged, of Frank Whitlock, head warden. Pratt was shot seriously in the legs with a shotgun in the hands, it is said, of Barnum Whitlock, son of Frank Whitlock, who also shot Bothwell with the second barrel of the same gun, injuring him about the legs, though less seriously. The poachers assert that the men were all running away when they were fired upon by the wardens, but the latter testify very differently from that. At latest reports it is stated that Koster will die, and that Pratt's life is also despaired of; but all these reports lack confirmation, for there is obvious effort to work up local feeling and to array the resident population against the club men. It is likely that not more than one fatality will result. This, if the result should be so unfortunate, will be admittedly at the hands of Frank Whitlock, who was himself shot and nearly killed by men of this same stripe about a year ago, as above mentioned. (The poachers say it was Blackburn, and not Whitlock, who shot Koster.) Whitlock certainly had license to feel a bit timid and a bit vindictive toward the trespassers who have so long harassed the wardens and members of this club. It has been no unusual experience for wardens and members to hear rifle bullets singing near them when they have been out upon the marsh. It is commonly known that it is dangerous for a warden to go out upon the marsh alone or unarmed. Threats against the lives and the property of the club men have become too common to be noticed. It may be said, therefore, that when Whitlock saw this large body of men who had evidently come for trouble, he had every season in the world to go armed suitably for such trouble as his duty seemed sure to bring upon him. The facts as recounted by the club superintendent do not indicate that the watchmen acted hastily or in hot temper, or that they were too early with their fire. While the poaching element say that they had no weapons but their rat spears, and inflicted no wounds except with those weapons, the testimony of the wardens is directly contrary to this, they claiming that the men who came on the marsh all, or many of them, had revolvers in their pockets, and that they used them. The circumstances of the shooting are given as follows by the club superintendent, Wm. C. Kunert, in his report to the club officers, written immediately after the affair:

"TOLLESTON, Ind., Jan. 19.—To E. F. Daniels, President, and officers and members of the Tolleston Club, of Chicago: Dear Sirs—This 19th day of January, 1897, the attention of Frank M. Whitlock and Barnum Whitlock was called by me (Wm. C. Kunert) to a large crowd of poachers in the center sloughs, so Mr. F. M. Whitlock did not think thas it was safe to go up to a big crowd of poachers and attempt to order them off. So they asked John Blackburn, Charles Blackburn and Albert Taylor to go along also. George Hacker and I were spearing in the center sloughs; the rest of the boys were on the north shore slough. I assisted the boys over the river in my boat, and they went toward the place where the poachers were. There were but very few words passed between the poachers and the boys when the poachers attacked the boys with their spears, and a few seconds later one of the poachers drew a revolver of .38cal. out of his overall pocket and shot John Blackburn in the head, making a scalp wound about 3in. long. Barnum, having a 10-gauge shotgun, shot this man who shot Blackburn. Then another poacher had a .32 Winchester pointed at Charles Blackburn's breast when 12ft. away from Blackburn. F. M. Whitlock, seeing this man pointing the Winchester at Blackburn, threw a shell in his Marlin Rifle and shot the poacher in the hip. Then the poachers agreed to get off and take their wounded companions along. I was about fifteen rods from where this took place, and to the best of my knowledge, and seeing how it was done, the boys were justified in doing what they did or they would all have been killed, for those poachers have made their threats right along.

"On Jan. 12, 1897, Charles and John Blackburn were spearing in the center sloughs and came across six poachers. They bid the poachers the time of day and asked them if they did not know that they were trespassing on the Tolleston Club's property, and then the poachers threw off their belts and wanted to fight. Furthermore, they always have some boys along to carry a shotgun or a rifle for them, and as the two Blackburns were insulted by the poachers, without a word to the boy, he had his shotgun in readiness to shoot. And the same six that insulted the two Blackburns were in this large crowd to-day. Also was Wm. Lohman. Lohman came across to where Geo. Hacker was spearing, and Geo. Hacker told or asked him (Lohman) what he was doing on the marsh, and Lohman told him (Hacker) that he was going to have everybody arrested who walks on the marsh in Sections 19 and 20.

"It is quite a sad affair. The boys thought life was worth fighting for, and they were right; for I was close enough to see the fight from beginning to end."

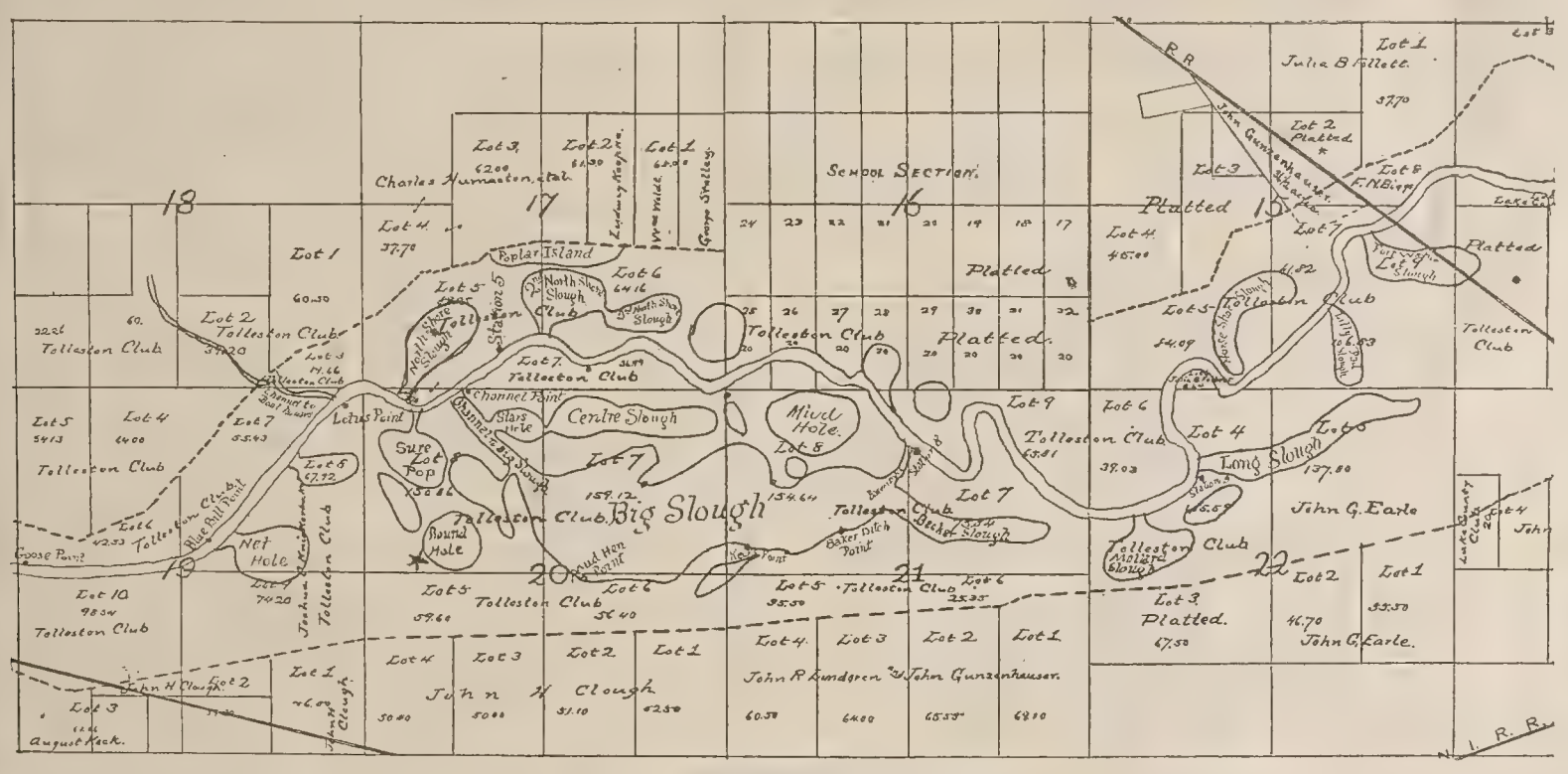
Kunert says the man Koster was shot in the hip. Really he was shot through the shoulder or upper part of the chest, and when the ball struck him his hand fell down and struck upon his hip, so that Kunert thought he placed his hand upon the wound. The report as given above does not show that Koster was shot while endeavoring to get away. Young Whitlock seems to have been careful to fire at the legs and not at the bodies of the men engaged in the affair, and this he says he did not do until he thought it was to save the life of the others, among whom was his father. Out of all these conflicting stories the slow process of the law will later sift the approximate truth. In any phase the matter is deplorable enough, to none more so than to the club members who have so long stood silently the opprobrium of an unpopular enterprise, and who have sought to hold their rights only by due and careful process of the law.

History of the Tolleston Club.

Probably no sportsmen's club in the United States has been called upon to make a hotter fight to uphold the trespass law than the Tolleston Club, of Chicago. Its membership is made up among some of the wealthiest men of Chicago, mostly middle-aged or old business men fond of an occasional day afield. The club property is fairly at the door of the city of Chicago, and is surrounded by a loose population not always of a worthy description. The conservative and intelligent methods of the club have always kept these marshes well stocked with game. The methods of the general public have long ago entirely depopulated the marshes outside the Tolleston marsh, and the shooters who believe in the right of all men to the wild game have for years been endeavoring to kill off the game of the Tolleston marsh also. It is impossible to tell how much trouble this has cost the club, or how much money it has expended in the continuous fight against this lawless element. The members of the club are very proud and quiet, and little gets into the public ear about the club's doings unless some case of especial prominence comes up. Really there ha been enacted here for some time the beginning of tha great fight which will eventually have to be settled

America, the war between open shooting and the idea of the game preserve. The lesson of this war may be clearly read in the situation on this once famous marsh of the Little Calumet. Outside the Tolleston Club grounds there is no shooting. Inside there is shooting of very good sort.

For the benefit of those asking a clear view of the affair at the Tolleston Club a map of the grounds is appended, made for FOREST AND STREAM this week from copy furnished by the secretary of the club, Mr. Geo. Manierre. On this map may be seen a heavy dotted line surrounding the portions marked as marsh and water. This dotted line indicates the original U. S. Government Survey, made in 1834, when all this land was part of the public domain. The part of the old Calumet Marsh within these dotted lines was marked as "impassable morass," and it remained as part of the public domain. Under the Swamp Lands acts of 1850 this land was resurveyed in 1870, and was then meandered and so thrown open for entry under the United States land laws pertaining to such lands. The State of Indiana, within whose borders this land lies, never attained title to these lands at all. They were taken direct by patent of the United States. The Tolleston Club obtained its lands, 2,300 acres in all, in 1873, taking title direct from the United States, or in case of some lots by mesne conveyance from the United States. To-day you may see a stack of these old land patents in the archives of the club, bearing the signature of "U. S. Grant, President of the United Stases," these



MAP OF TOLLESTON PRESERVE.

patents running in some cases to a man who at once conveyed them to the Tolleston Club.

Meantime other parties had also taken land near by, and after a time the State of Indiana cast eyes upon this land. Certain parties, among these John H. Clough, whose land may be seen adjoining the club grounds upon the south, brought suit against the club, claiming that as riparian owners they owned all the land, not only up to the old survey line of 1834, but clear up to the middle of the stream of water made by the Little Calumet River. This claim, if allowed, would deprive the club of much of the property it has held so long; but as a matter of fact the Supreme Court of Indiana did approve this riparian ownership position, its decree giving Clough ownership clear up to the middle of the stream. In this, however, the Supreme Court of Indiana ran against the Supreme Court of the United States, to which the case was at once taken by the hard-fighting Tolleston Club. The latter expects that the United States will back the patents as originally issued, and hence believes that it will win the suit. As it stands, of course, Clough does not own the land beyond the line of the 1834 survey, and he cannot own it, no matter what the decision of the Indiana courts, until the Supreme Court has decided that he does so own it. This it may or may not do.

These facts all bear upon the case in hand, in which trespassers were ejected from this debated ground. Reference to the map will show a star (*) marked upon it close to the pond hole called the "Round Hole." This is where the shooting took place. (It was within a short distance from this point that Whitlock and Treager were shot a year ago.) Then fourteen men who made up the invading party came across the marsh from the east on a line from the "Mallard Slough" and across the "Big Slough," all the country being covered with ice outside the running current of water. The men were seen by the watchmen, as described, from a point near the club house beyond the "North Shore Slough," and on the opposite side of the river, which latter they crossed as stated in a boat. The encounter, it may thus be seen, took place at a point which is upon the disputed Clough land. The poachers claim they were on their neighbor Clough's land. The club claims that this land does not belong to Clough at all, and cannot except as the title pends in the Supreme Court. It may be supposed that a very pretty legal situation all around is involved, and it is not likely that we shall for some time hear the end of this complication.

All the officers and members of the Tolleston Club are grave and troubled over this affair, and over the misrepresentations to which they have been subjected by one-sided press reports from the scene of the trouble. They have been asked, "How many men have been killed by the club watchmen?" and all that sort of thing. As a matter of fact, the club has never sought any trouble with the poaching element at any time. It has killed no man. It has lost two watchmen killed and had two others shot nearly to death, to say nothing of the attempt made this week to shoot others of the men engaged in protecting the club property, which has been owned for nearly twenty-four years. The Tolleston Club has not been aggressor in any case, but has refused to allow lawless persons to run over it and its privileges. That the club is intensely unpopular on this account is not to be denied, but this unpopularity is something to which any sportsmen's club must submit.

President E. F. Daniels when seen expressed his deep sorrow over this unfortunate affair, and gladly gave the FOREST AND STREAM representative every aid to a full understanding of the facts. Mr. F. A. Howe, ex-president of the club, a man very much beloved and for many years continued in the office of president by the club, also spoke in terms of regret of the matter. Mr. Howe gave details as to earlier troubles upon the marsh, and set forth clearly facts which have never been made public. Mr. Geo. Manierre, secretary of the club, shared the same feeling, and also aided cheerfully in getting at all the information. Mr. C. D. Peacock, the club treasurer, in response to inquiry writes very kindly that he is not in possession of any facts except those embodied in the superintendent's report. The tone of these men and of other Tolleston members interviewed upon this sad occurrence is that while they deplore the affair, they do not in any sense feel responsible or at fault in it. It goes without saying that their watchmen will have the best of legal defense, and that no pains nor money will be spared in carrying this matter to a finish.

At this writing Frank Whitlock is still unfound. He is thought to be in Chicago. Koster, the man most seriously shot, is at this time still living, and it is hoped by all that his injuries may not be fatal. The ball passed through his body. Koster, or Costick, is a young Pole, a farm hand in the employ of Wm. Lohman, leader of the party of alleged poachers. Henry Nimitz, a farmer and one of the party, says that the following were also of the party: William Lohman, Lawrence Koudyker, John Bothwell, Alvin Bothwell, Rand Bothwell, Floyd Bothwell, William Johnson, John Johnson, Frank Costick, Charles Prott, Theodore Prott, Herman Guntzell, Alvin Nicholson.

It is charged by the club men that this raid was deliberately planned and carried out, and that the intention was to precipitate a fight. It is claimed that the animus of this and the names of the real leaders of the movement will come out at the trial. Feeling at this date of writing continues very intense.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Some Experiences with the Stump Bear.

OKANOGAN COUNTY, Wash., Jan. 7.—A short time ago I returned to the Okanogan from my annual vacation, and I found that I had got a long way behind in my newspaper reading, and nothing pleased me any more than your editorial on the "Stump Bear."

Now that the stump bear has been given a place in the bear catalogue, I presume that it will be in order to give the FOREST AND STREAM family some of the hairbreadth escapes we have had, the number we have seen and been chased by, and all the particulars pertaining thereto.

In 1860, when father and I went to Georgia Gulch, in Colorado, while father was prospecting I put in my time hunting. We had taken our wagon apart and made a cart; as there was quite a lot of open country around there, I found it very convenient and could bring my game home and readily sell any surplus. On one of my trips I was accompanied by Mr. J. and Mr. W., who claimed to be good hunters and had killed a great many deer, yet seemed to be very much afraid of bears. The first day out the boys each got a deer and they were highly elated. The next day they got another deer apiece and I got a very big buck and one small sheep. We reached camp in time to go down on to a stream we called Eagle River. Here we camped under a big spruce tree and picketed the oxen in a meadow near by.

As we had been very successful thus far we were feeling fine, and many were the stories told around the camp-fire that night. After forming plans for the morrow I took my blankets and went and laid down by one of the oxen, a habit I had been following ever since we had left the Missouri River. I was soon sleeping soundly, and do not know how long I had been asleep when I was awakened by the dog barking, and soon I heard two shots fired in quick succession. Then in a few minutes I heard six more. I got up and dressed myself and grabbed my rifle and revolver, and waited for further developments, which soon came by the boys hollering to me to come there, that a bear had taken possession of camp and had them up the tree, and they did not have their shot pouches. The poor dog had stampeded. I went up toward camp very cautiously. The boys kept telling me that they could see the bear, and that it was just above camp. I was soon able to get the object that I could see up between me and the horizon, and then I could see that it was nothing but a very large stump bear. I could not help laughing at the boys for their mistake. I built up the fire, then they come down, but it was quite a while before the dog came back to the fire. He showed by his actions that he was thoroughly frightened, for every few minutes he would look toward the stump and growl. I went back to my bed and slept until day began to break, then I got up and went to camp and started the fire. Soon the boys were up, and although they tried to make me believe that they had put up a job on me, I told them that it was too transparent. One of them had a very nice knife and said that it cost $5 in the States, and that he would make me a present of the knife if I would not say anything about the stump bear. I told him all right. We examined the bear very closely that morning, but could not find a wound on it.

Not many years ago, while up in the Clear Water country, Mr. Odle and I went one Sunday to see if we could locate a raspberry patch I had visited a few years before. When we had got near the place we picketed our horses and started up the ridge, and had gone but a short distance when I called his attention to what at first I thought was a stump, yet it looked very much like a bear. While we were looking it got down from a sitting posture to its natural way of locomotion. I jerked out my revolver, but Mr. O. begged me not to shoot. The bear ran around the hill and I after it. Mr. O. ran toward the horses. I soon come in sight of the bear, which had stopped at about 75yds. I took a shot at it and crippled it very badly. I ran up near to it and shot it in the head, then I went back and hollered for Mr. O. He could hardly believe that I had killed the bear, and was very nervous about going up to it. It was about two years old. And thus ends the first chapter on the stump bear. Next!

LEW WILMOT.

Ontario Water-Killing Deer Law.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Jan. 19.—A great deal of dissatisfaction having resulted from last year's amendment to the game law, whereby the killing of deer in the water was prohibited, the Forest and Stream Club, of this city, called a meeting some weeks ago, to which all interested in the premises were invited, irrespective of their membership in the club. Mr. W. H. Biggar, president of the club and member in the Ontario Legislature (in whose Province the subject lies) for this constituency, presided, and there was a thoroughly representative gathering. The subject was thoroughly discussed in all its bearings, and it was shown conclusively by reports from various parties of hunters that the prevention of water-killing had had the effect of causing much greater destruction than formerly among the deer herd, owing to the wounding of hundreds of the animals which escaped to die a lingering death. The following resolution, in which will be found embodied the objections which had been found as the result of experience against last year's change in the law, and suggestions for its further amendment at the session of the Legislature, which will open on the 10th of February, proximo, was submitted to the meeting:

Whereas, The effect of the law preventing the water-killing of deer has been shown by the experience of this season to be dangerous to human life by reason of large numbers of inexperienced persons who would otherwise have a clear view of their surroundings being inclined to shoot at moving objects in the woods, supposing them to be deer, with ofttimes fatal results; and

Whereas, to prevent the killing of deer in the water or to prohibit hounding would virtually confine the hunting of deer to professional hunters and settlers, and shut out from such enjoyment the great majority of the people who might so desire; and

Whereas, The result of the present law has been to cause the wounding of many deer which could not be secured, and which no doubt died a lingering and painful death or became prey to wolves;

Therefore, It is resolved that this club respectfully requests that the law may be so altered as to permit the killing of deer in the water as formerly; to limit the number of deer which each hunter may kill to one in each season, and to provide that venison shall not hereafter be sold, under a heavy penalty.

This resolution was referred to an able committee, who after some weeks' consideration adopted it with virtual unanimity, and decided to present them to the Game Commissioners. President Biggar stated that should the Commissioners refuse to recommend the resolution to the Legislature, he will embody it in a bill which he will introduce. When it is considered that our deer country is heavily wooded, rocky and rough in the extreme, and abounding in lakes, it will be seen that it is a fair compromise, and will be highly effective in preserving the deer. The slaughter caused by unskillful marksmanship in the woods; the limiting of the hunter to one deer; but above all, the stopping of the sale of venison, could not have other than a most salutary effect in the way of protection. At present there are men in this region who boast of killing and selling as many as sixty deer in a season. By stopping the sale, as suggested, the occupation of those butchers would be gone.

So great is the extent of the territory to be covered, so difficult is it to secure information from the people in the deer range as to infractions of the law, that our game wardens' duty is no sinecure, but they have done as well as could be expected so far, and will no doubt do better in future, as the people become educated to their interest in the matter. The following paragraph from this day's issue of the Toronto *Globe* will be found of interest in this connection: "The chief game warden for the northern district made an important seizure of moose skins at Orillia last week, and has notified the department to this effect. No names are given, but instructions have been given to prosecute the parties who had them in their possession."

R. S. BELL.

Maine Guide License Scheme.

BOSTON, Jan. 23.—Late reports say that the Maine guides are decidedly down on Commissioner Carlton's bill that they must be licensed. The Rangeley Guides' Association is reported to be against the measure to a man, and so decidedly against it as to have decided to send a protest to Augusta. Several members of that Association have written the newspapers protesting against such a measure, and asking why guides should be required to take out licenses, at cost to themselves, any more than men who work at lumbering, farming or any other employment. Besides they declare that the law does not propose to grant them anything in return. It does not increase their powers for fish and game protection. It simply requires them to look out for fires and make themselves obnoxious to the people whom they guide by being obliged to make returns to the State concerning names, fish and game taken, and grounds hunted and fished over.

The Rangeley Lakes newspaper, published at Rangeley,

and an organ of the interests of that region, ridicules the whole scheme and winds up its criticism with: "Bah! we want none of it!" The Bangor papers have, some of them, scathed the measure unmercifully. Boston sportsmen whom I have met are decidedly against the bill. I met a gentleman to-day who annually spends his vacations in Maine, going twice a year, when possible. Formerly a citizen of that State, he goes to his native town. An old friend accompanies him on his fishing and shooting trips. He does not pretend to be a guide, going with his "friend from Boston" mainly for love of the sport. His Boston friend pays him something for his time, because he cannot afford to leave his farm for nothing; has to hire a man in his place. Who shall decide in such a case as to whether the country friend is a guide? Must he take out a license or be subject to a fine, under Commissioner Carlton's bill? There are many just such cases. Indeed, the guides who make a business of guiding are not many. They work a little while in the spring and fall, accompanying one or two parties for a couple of weeks or more. Must they take out licenses? "Make the best of the guides wardens," the sportsmen say, "and nobody will object. But a sweeping law that every man working for hunters and fishermen must be licensed will not go down."

The very latest reports from Augusta say that the friends of fish and game protection are getting so many remonstrances against the guide license measure, already introduced into the House, that they are seeing that it will be of little use to pass such a bill. They are reported to be ready to consider a compromise measure, and for that reason will propose a hearing where the interests of the guides may be represented. They know that a measure to which the guides and everybody working for sportsmen are hostile can be of very little use. They begin to see the folly of attempting to tax the guides without any returns. SPECIAL.

Rhode Island Game.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sportsmen report a scarcity of water fowl in Narragansett Bay and its tributaries this winter, and the cause of the non-appearance of the bird is attributed to the fact that the weather has not been cold enough so far this winter to drive the wildfowl from their Northern haunts to lower latitudes. Nearly every winter from Dec. 1 until early in the spring Narragansett and Mount Hope bays are fairly alive with black ducks, bluebills, coots and whistlers, and sometimes these water fowl are seen in large flocks, often covering several acres of water surface about the bays and harbors. The birds find good feeding places in Narragansett Bay, and they would undoubtedly have made their appearance here in as large numbers as they have in recent years but for the fact that the winter has not been severe enough in higher latitudes to prevent them from obtaining food necessary to exist. So few wild ducks have been seen here so far this season that sportsmen feel that it is a sure sign of a mild winter.

A local sportsman of nearly a quarter of a century's experience, and well informed on the subject, reports that with the close of the shooting season rabbits and quail are more plentiful than for several previous years. Quail, he says, were especially plentiful, and with an open winter next season's shooting in Bristol county and contiguous sections of Rhode Island and Massachusetts should be good. Partridges are scarce, and there is but little prospect of much of this game next year.

The trout hatchery at Carolina recently supplied the Pennsylvania Forest Brook Trout Association with 100,000 trout fry.

While walking along a suburban road on Jan. 5 I thought I heard the note of a bluebird, and was soon gratified by seeing the welcome visitor flitting about among some scrub cedars. Bluebirds and robins were reported from Pawtuxet Valley on the 8th. The weather was unusually warm for several days. On the 15th I noted several small flocks of fox sparrows. Others were seen on the 16th, as well as snowbuntings. W. H. M.

The Cheat Mountain Club.

THE annual meeting of the Sportsmen's Association of Cheat Mountain for the election of officers was held at Hotel Duquesne at 8 o'clock Monday evening, Jan. 18. The election resulted as follows: President, W. M. Kennedy; Vice-Presidents, U. Baird, Nathaniel Ewing, W. S. Edwards, W. G. Brown, S. B Elkins; Secretary, Dr. W. F. Robeson; Treasurer, Theodore Sproull; Naturalist and Surgeon, Dr. W. J. Riggs; Board of Directors, C C. Scaife, George Shiras, 111; H. P. Pears, James H. Stewart, A. P. Tallman, J. M. Bell, M. C. Miller.

The report of the treasurer showed the corporation to be in an excellent financial condition, with a larger surplus than at any previous time. It was decided to purchase several hundred acres of land contiguous to the club house at Cheat Bridge, West Virginia. A survey will also be made with a view to converting certain swamp lands into a lake. The Association voted to indorse the efforts of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association to have a State game commission created on the lines of the State Fish Commission for the better protection of game in this State. Chinese pheasants introduced upon the preserve have thrived and multiplied. The club will place 3,000,000 trout fry in the waters of Cheat River during the coming season.

The Association intends to fix a date for some time next summer when a reception at the club's preserve will be tendered to the brethren of the fraternity not members, and the sportsmen's press, of which occasion FOREST AND STREAM will receive due notice and its representative a cordial invitation. DEACON.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 20.

Deer, Pheasants and Hares in Connecticut.

EAST HADDAM, Conn., Jan. 20.—It is $100 fine to shoot deer in Connecticut. A says that if a deer gets into a field of young corn and destroys it, or any crop, you cannot shoot him or collect damage, but must let him keep right on and suffer the damage. B holds that you can either shoot the deer to save the crop or collect damage from the State, as no law is constitutional that obliges a citizen to suffer damage with no means of recovery in such a case.

If you will kindly put us right on this subject we shall be very thankful.

Pheasants are becoming quite numerous in this locality; also Canada hares, which have strayed from the preserves of F. C. Fowler, of Moodus. In Westchester, just north of Moodus, pheasants were so numerous the past season that they did serious damage to the crops, and the farmers were obliged to shoot many of them. F. A. C.

[There is nothing in the Connecticut deer law which provides, as some other game laws do, that game may be killed if it destroys crops. You might save your corn from the deer by building a fence around it, or by exploding giant firecrackers and waving a red flag to frighten the deer away, or by erecting as a scaredeer a sportsman's effigy with a gun, or by a dozen other devices and expedients not necessarily fatal to the deer.]

Pheasants in Vermont.

NORTH FERRISBURG, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The pheasants of which I spoke in my note in your issue of Jan. 23 are called golden pheasants here, and were imported by W. S. Webb, of your city, from England, for stocking his Shelburne farms, situated about eight miles from here on the shore of Lake Champlain.

He has also imported (from Michigan, I think) several hundred quail, which are doing well and are already scattered over this part of the State.

I saw by a State paper a short time since that he had delivered to the gamekeeper here three different kinds of game birds, the largest of which when mature weighs 14lbs. and is much the same as a wild turkey.

He has furnished a large number of pheasant eggs to parties, that these birds might be started in different localities. Too much cannot be said in Mr. Webb's praise for his untiring efforts in trying to build up the game supply of the State.

I am very glad to see that our paper is doing all it can to stop the sale of game, and surely I think that could every man who uses a gun read the FOREST AND STREAM for a year we would have many less poachers and pothunters than now. FERRIS.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

A MEMORABLE TROUT SUPPER.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have followed up Fred Mather's reminiscences with great pleasure, and particularly enjoyed his graphic sketch of our old friend Chas Hallock, whose photograph will make an admirable frontispiece for the gallery of "Old Forest and Streamers" which you propose to give us in a "New Year's number *some day*"

I have been still more delighted with Mr. Hammond's description of old days in Holland, for it has recalled to my mind old scenes and old friends, long passed to "the happy hunting grounds," or in other ways lost sight of. Geo. Ashmun, Frank Bowles, D. B Wason and "Uncle" Aaron Howe I can see again now, and of George Ashmun I have particular memories. I never shot with him, though he once gave me a handsome black setter, which unfortunately would not stay given and insisted on returning to his old master; but he was one of "the men I have fished with," and I well remember his splicing the tip of a rod for me up at Greensboro, Vt., said tip having been broken by a fall in climbing down from the top of an old-fashioned stage coach to the slippery steps of the country tavern.

Another of my recollections is the eating of some superb trout, of his catching, in the taking of which I did not share, as follows:

In the spring of 1854 Col. Hazard, the proprietor of the celebrated powder mills at Enfield, Conn., discovered some large trout feeding in the pond which supplied his mills, and invited Mr. Ashmun and Chester Harding, the artist, who was also an expert angler, to come down and catch them, and also asked several other Springfield gentlemen to come down at 6 P. M. and eat them, feeling justly sure of the success of the fishermen. Both feats were duly performed, and I remember those trout yet.

It is so long since that I cannot recall all the guests, but I think that the coach in which I went down contained also Hon. David A. Wells, the well-known writer of political economics, now of Norwich, Conn.; Samuel Bowles, the founder of the Springfield *Republican;* and Mr. John L. King, a son-in-law of Mr. Harding. It was a dark and rainy night, and we went down in a covered coach, but the cheerful house, the warm welcome and the delicious dinner are things never to be forgotten. I believe Mr. Wells and myself are the only survivors of the party.

I was very busy in those days building and operating a large cotton mill at Indian Orchard, one of the suburbs of Springfield, and did not get much time for either shooting or fishing, though I managed to slip off for a few hours once in a while with my rod to the North or South Branch of Mill River, which supplied the water shops of the Springfield Armory, and in which there were a few good trout left, though it was severely fished.

Then the little Bircham Brook, which was entirely in Springfield and fell into the Chicopee River, between Indian Orchard and Chicopee Falls, usually gave me a few good breakfasts, and some sport for an hour or two in the afternoon every spring; and there was another little brook on the north side of the Chicopee River, in the town of the same name, and one in Ludlow, which yielded fair toll on an annual visit. There is a great stretch of level "plain land" on the north side of the river, stretching over Willimansett and South Hadley, which was a favorite resort for upland plover in August, and I occasionally got one or two of them, and have shot them so fat on grasshoppers as to burst open when they struck the ground in their fall if I had dropped them from a high sweep overhead, as they circled round. They are a hard bird to approach, though, and hardly pay for the trouble of looking up.

So much for recalled reminiscences. VON W.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXX.—Francis Endicott.

TEN years ago there was no sportsman more widely known in New York city and vicinity than the genial gentleman whose name heads this article. He was then in his fifty-fourth year and was a strongly built man of medium height, with a stamp of sorrow on his face from a domestic affliction the year before, from which he never recovered. He had fished with all the clubs that have their great houses on the islands in Martha's Vineyard, shot bay birds at every beach about Long Island and was one of the most frequent guests at Bill Chadwick's famous resort on Squan Beach, N. J., since 1850, when Tom's River was the most famous place for fish and game within 100 miles of New York

Having said this, I hardly know how to say more, for he was the most intimate companion I ever had, and my love for him was greater than that of a brother. To strangers he was rather cold and dignified, always wearing a "Prince Albert" coat and a high hat, but rare old Jack Falstaff said: "Thine, * * * Jack, with my familiars; John with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John with all Europe;" and it was my privilege to be a familiar and call him "Frank."

With Rosaline I could say:

"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

In the sketch of ex-President Arthur it was told how I fished with him and Mr. Endicott in 1862, but the exciting events that followed, when we were making volumes of history every day, obliterated, or at least dimmed, their names on memory's tablet; but chance threw us together nearly twenty years later, and it seems strange how it came about. His father died in 1848, and before he was twenty he became head of the firm of Endicott & Co., lithographers, which did that fine work for the twenty volumes of "The Natural History of New York," in 1842, of which De Kay's volumes of Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, etc., are well known.

There had been annual contests at fly-casting at the New York State Sportsmen's conventions since 1866, but they were small beginnings with only two entries in each until 1871, when there were five contestants. Two years later I attended the meeting at Batavia to see what such a contest might look like. Four men entered, and the judges had no way of measuring the casts, but awarded the prizes as they thought best. The next year, 1874, at Oswego, they measured the lines after the casts, and on this false basis made the first report of distance cast. I attended many contests and made notes, which are now before me. In 1881 the State tournament was to be held at Coney Island, and the president, Mr. Abel Crook, asked me to superintend the fly-casting. I would, if permitted to carry out my ideas of reform and make the affair a perfectly square contest, which I plainly said had never been held in the State. Permission was given and we went ahead, to the utter dismay of some casters of great reputation. It was the first great contest where there were six classes and twenty-eight entries. In the bass casting, "Cuttyhunk style," appeared the name "Frank Endicott, Richmond County Protective Association," and the record in FOREST AND STREAM of June 30, 1881, says: "Mr. Endicott was awarded the fourth prize for the accuracy with which he cast, in addition to the third given him for distance."

After the labor of the day was completed I said to Mr. Endicott: "This is the first time I have ever seen a weight or bait cast from the reel, and it was very interesting."

"You've never fished for striped bass then?"

"O, yes, at Albany, with sturgeon spawn bait for small bass, and at the Great Falls of the Potomac with fly and bait for larger fish, and fine, gamy fish they are."

"Yes," said he, "but for grand surf fishing, for bass weighing from 10 to 40lbs., you should go to the islands in Martha's Vineyard, or down to Montauk Point."

And I met him frequently for a year afterward, and the pleasure of his company grew on me, and somehow we managed to meet frequently, by accident. One day in a rambling talk of fishing he mentioned losing his rod and rations at the Great Falls of the Potomac, and how a soldier from a neighboring garrison had saved his life with hardtack and salt horse.

I looked him over. There was the man who had slipped on the rocks twenty years ago, of whom I told of in the last sketch; the same sad eye, erect figure, silky hair and the long "dildalls," as we called long side whiskers in those days, to distinguish them from the short "Burnsides." I asked: "When did this happen?"

"In the fall of 1862. Why?"

"Nothing, only I heard a story like that from a man who served in a regiment there; he was a sergeant at that time. Would you know his name if you heard it?"

"No, I don't think I would, although I met him later and he dined with my friend and me in Washington. Those old times are so long ago and events came so fast that one can't remember every chance acquaintance."

"The sergeant's name was the same as mine, and I went down from the falls in the hack with you to Fort Alexander, and afterward met you and your friend at the regimental su ler's, when swords were substituted for corkscrews."

"No!"

"Yes!"

"Shake!"

And there began a friendship with one of the most lovable men that I ever knew, a man of whom the late Martin B. Brown, printer of the N. Y. *City Record*, and a member of the Cuttyhunk Club, once said: "A man who could not love Frank Endicott couldn't love anybody." And I most heartily agree with him. He became my *alter ego.*

As an all-round genial sportsman he knew more anglers and shooters in New York city than any man in it. A walk with him on any street was a continued interruption of salutations and chats on fishing or shooting. Under the *nom de plume* of Ted Grayson he contributed charming sketches to *Porter's Spirit of the Times*, then the only journal in America which touched field sports. In the early day when Old Bill Chadwick was younger than he is now his hostelry on Tom's River, N. J., was the most famous of all nearby resorts for sportsmen from the great city, and around its fireplace the events of the day were discussed. There was grand fishing in Barnegat Bay, ducking and bay bird shooting along the sandy beaches, and brant were plenty in season. In the later days when I accompanied him to Chadwick's there was still good sport there, but over it hung the pall of tradition. "You should have been here thirty years ago, when George Gelson killed thirteen brant with one barrel," etc. I knew Gelson slightly, a man then of eighty years, who still shot an 8 bore and was known in New York city as "the bald eagle of Currituck."

After the tournament at Coney Island Endicott and I organized the FOREST AND STREAM anglers' tournament, which held its only contest on Harlem Mere, Central Park, in 1882, and then became the National Rod and Reel Association, and held tournaments until 1889.

He kept the lithographing firm running for many years after the death of his father, but soon after losing his wife his children left the Staten Island home and moved into the city, but he took a room in a very unpretentious hotel and remained on the island, where he could fish when inclination agreed with the tide. His room was a museum of arms and fishing tackle, as well as the library of a scholarly man, and after a day's fishing we often sat looking out on the bay, where we could see the ocean steamers from the Narrows until they were lost in the direction of the great city and exchange stories of fishing and shooting, or smoke in reverie. He seldom fished in the Bay above the Narrows; his favorite grounds were in the Lower Bay and the Great Kills, taking boat at Gifford's and going out far or fishing near, as he thought best. Our fishing there was mainly for weakfish and kingfish, but sometimes we tried for bluefish in Raritan Bay. He knew the grounds for miles around, and his knowledge of where to find the weakfish, whether the smaller school fish or the big yellow-finned tide runners, in all kinds of weather and stages of tide was remarkable.

Mr. Endicott, like his friend Gen. Arthur, was an epicure; perhaps not "of the first water," let us say of a prime vintage, for they were *connoisseurs* in wines as well as in all other things which are esteemed by the *bon vivant*, and in the two last months of each year, while he lived, we met at a little French restaurant and ordered a roast grouse, chicory salad and Burgundy; the grouse to be in the oven only twelve minutes, and the *chapon* in the salad to have an extra rub of garlic. This chicory was not the kind which grows like a carrot, but the French sort, sometimes called endive; and while we are talking of this salad I will tell you what I learned from Endicott about it. The *chapon* is a bit of dry bread 2in. square that has been rubbed with a clove of garlic, and then the latter is thrown away and the *chapon* is tossed among the leaves, which have been treated to salt and oil only. Most persons get enough garlic from this slight contact with the bread, but we saved the *chapon* for a *bon bouche* and divided it fairly. Whenever I wander up Fulton street, especially in the grouse season, it seems as if Frank Endicott must be coming to meet me at the little café, which is now no more.

From him I not only learned much about salt-water fishing, but also how game should not be cooked. At our first grouse dinner he noticed that I was a little shy of the very rare interior, and he overcame my crude ideas and taught me that the bird was cooked to perfection, and then I came to know how not to cook some birds. This is a thing which requires education, and I was a long time in getting mine, and have been longer in trying to educate a few household cooks who may appreciate rare beef, but draw the line on rare birds; but let me tell it as my mentor told me, as near as his words can be remembered:

"In the cooking of game birds," said he, "it is necessary that all the white-meated ones, like our Northern partridge and quail, should be well done, so as to show no bit of rare meat, just as a turkey or chicken should be cooked. But, my boy, with the dark-meated birds such cooking is ruin, the distinctive flavor of the meat is lost You know, of course, that the ruffed grouse is called a 'partridge' in New York markets, while the prairie chicken of the West is the only 'grouse' that the market and the café knows. Well, the first of these birds needs to be cooked to the bone, and the latter only well browned on the outside, just as fish should be thoroughly cooked and beef lightly. Ordinarily a French *chef* has little knowledge of cooking game birds; he may cook venison well, because it requires the same treatment as mutton; but his idea is to devise some sauce with a flavor that will destroy the individuality of a game bird. Don't trust him to cook one without special instructions unless you know he understands this."

I was getting some new ideas about good cooking of game, and somehow they seemed to accord with the plain cooking of my hunting and trapping life, when it often seemed that there was a lack of "dressing" and sauces.

He continued: "Take a canvasback duck, for instance. If it has fed upon wild celery it is the finest aquatic fowl in the world, unless we include the redhead, which robs it of its dainty after its long dive for it; but let some cook roast it for half an hour and it might as well be a barnyard fowl, especially if it is stuffed and 'seasoned' so as to destroy the delicate natural flavor. If a canvasback is to be cooked at home, let them roast it in a hot oven full fifteen minutes if women are your guests; but only twelve if they are sportsmen epicures; but in both cases it must be served hot The oven must be hot and the bird heated through and served on hot plates, or it is wasted."

Another thing which this epicure taught me was to relish the bitter flavor in the backbone of a grouse after there was little else left. This can only be had by sucking on the dorsal vertebra, and it is said that in England some men carry this bone in a vest pocket for weeks and refresh their memories with a pull at it; but it is true that there is an agreeable bitter in the backbone of a grouse when you can't get another bit of satisfaction out of the bird. Yet this man whom I have extolled as an epicure was, or pretended to be, fond of roast possum, that omnivorous, fat-laden critter which feeds on what comes handy, just like the hog, the coon, the bear and man, whether it be fish, flesh, fowl or blackberries.

In my Long Island home there were two permanent boarders who never missed a meal nor paid me a cent. Their names were Keno and Trouble, and their idea of enjoying life was to make it miserable for rats, cats and possums. Regularly, about midnight, these terriers were let out before going to bed and their voices told me if they had treed a possum or if it was only a cat. In the latter case they came reluctantly at call, but if it was a possum they renewed their yelping after I had pulled on boots and started with a lantern for the game. I had told all this to Mr. Endicott and told him that I gave the long snouts to the darkies. Just how many I sent him or how many possum dinners we had down on Staten Island is not on record, but if not exactly feasts of reason there was always a flow of soul and wit. It may be possible that a dislike for all fat meats led me to revile the succulent possum while eating a small portion of it out of compliment to the host; that's the most likely solution, for I once told Frank, who was extolling the merits of a roast sucking pig, that I'd as soon eat a baby. Now, in justice to the taste of my friend and to the possum, I will say that the portion of the tongue, which he impartially served to each guest, was truly a gastronomic delicacy, little, but oh, my! Frank once delivered this after-dinner rhapsody over the remains of a possum:

"Oh! rare marsupial with the tail prehensile,
Would that I had the fervid pen or pencil
Thy virtues to depict—suffice for me
That thou hast brought such guests to dine on thee.
There are who say—may Satan's pitchfork toss 'em—
That none but Southern darkies eat the possum.
But we will cling with simple faith to thee,
As clings thy tail to the persimmon tree,
Immovable as earth—thou pansy blossom!
Thou flower! Thou miracle of gr(e)ase! Oh!!

"POSSUM."

In the last year of his life he wrote me the following, dated Jan. 28, 1890: "I have been very sick, weak and debilitated from nasal hemorrhages—have had some fainting spells and am somewhat weak on my pins, otherwise I would have inflicted you with my presence for a few days as per your kind invitation. I am the victim of a conspiracy between my children, my brother Munroe and a local physician, and the result is that I am ordered away to the Adirondacks for change of air. But what I wish to say to you, my dear boy, is this: The trouble in my throat is, I think, malignant, and as a consequence fatal. Ever bear me in your kind remembrance; I am not afraid of the grim enemy."

As I had seen him within a month and had eaten a grouse and venison chops with him, and promised him a possum or two before long, the above letter seemed strange. He was not a complaining man, and he appeared to be in robust health. He wrote me jolly letters, and I forgot that his health was bad. My busy season came on, and in May I learned that Dr. Russell had taken him to the Adirondacks, and we exchanged weekly letters. On July 24 he wrote from Benson Mines, near Carthage, N. Y., as follows:

"I have been here two weeks, loafing, vegetating, resting and blue-moulding. Have been too weak to do much fishing until yesterday, when I went somewhat further from the



FRANCIS ENDICOTT.

From a photograph sent to Fred Mather, June, 1888.

house (half mile) and caught twenty four trout, none weighing over ¼lb., most of them being about 7in. long. The trout are small in Little River, as they call this beautiful trout stream, but are very game. However, if you catch nothing, fly-casting is, like virtue, its own exceeding great reward. The stream is delightful for casting, no overhanging bushes nor other obstructions, and is strung with beautiful pools on whose surface you can see an occasional dimple made by the troutlings, or the bolder whirl of the larger trout. * * * Not much sport, you may say, but to me the brook and the trout were like a dream of past days. My chum, Dr. Russell, has just returned from a little stroll to the inlet of Cranberry Lake—eight or ten miles. Wish I could have been with him! He reports the fish much larger, but the accommodations bad. He brought home a trout which weighed 1½lbs. dressed, and we promptly had it boiled for supper, with egg sauce. A large trout is a sublimated salmon! * * * I have gained somewhat in strength, but my throat still continues to be painful, and does not yield to the balsamic odors of the hemlocks, nor the tender ministrations of the black flies, punkies, mosquitoes and deer flies, which are very assiduous in their attentions."

This letter alarmed me. Between the lines I read that my dearest friend was really in danger of passing away in some lingering manner. If he were killed by any accident of flood or field, there would have been a shock devoid of pity. Few men care to be pitied, a brave one never does. As his most intimate friend I had seen many exhibitions of his moral courage, and now came that display of the highest quality of courage, the unflinching facing of the enemy who bears "Victory" on his banner, without the excitement of battle or "the pomp, pride and circumstance of glorious war."

Then I tried to be funny and fired letter after letter at him, filled with such conceits as I could muster, and hope they did him some good. The summer passed and the doctor brought him back to Staten Island. Late in September he dictated a letter saying that his troubles had increased, and wound up by saying: "I did intend to go down with my friend and chum, Dr. Russell, and see you, but cannot. I must have misrepresented you to him in some way, for he seems to want to know you; come down soon." Evidently his sense of humor had not left him, but the fact that the letter was dictated was alarming, and I would go at once On looking at the letter again there was a marginal note from Dr. Russell, saying: "If you want to see your old friend again in life, come at once."

He was very weak, and as I kissed him he asked his son George to raise him up while he told me a funny story of the woods, at which he laughed so heartily that he dropped back in a faint and we feared he had gone. Brave fellow! He never complained, and he retained his pleasant manner during several visits. Early in October he was removed to the Hahnemann Hospital, in New York city, where he died on Nov. 14, 1890.

Francis Endicott was born in Baltimore in 1834, and was a descendant of the Puritan, John Endicott, "who in 1628, with his wife, Anne Gower, and that determined company of a hundred or so, followed the Plymouth pilgrims and founded Salem, in the New World, the famous Massachusetus Bay colony." Hawthorne, in his "Twice Told Tales: Endicott and the Red Cross," vividly pictures the old Puritan Governor slashing the red cross from the flag with his sword and resolutely ordering: "Beat a flourish, drummer, in honor of the ensign of New England. Neither pope nor tyrant hath part in it now." The famous Endicott pear tree, planted in Danvers in 1632, is still standing on the old farm. Gilbert Endicott, grandson of the Puritan, located in Stoughton, now Canton, Mass., and there on the old farm Frank's grandmother lived, and in his young days he frequently went there for trout fishing and shooting.

Spice forbids writing many anecdotes of this genial sportsman, which not only show the turn of his mind but would be interesting to the general reader. Perhaps they may be written next week, but in closing this the sad lines of Eugene Field come up:

"O trees and hills, and brooks and lanes, and meadows, do you know
Where I shall find my little friends of forty years ago?
You see, I'm old and weary, and I've traveled long and far;
I'm looking for my playmates; I wonder where they are!"

FRED MATHER.

ANGLING NOTES.

John Mowat.

MANY readers of FOREST AND STREAM will learn with unfeigned regret that the grand old man, John Mowat, is no more: that, as he would have expressed it himself, he "crossed over the river" on the 14th of this month. On that day I received a telegram from Mr. Archibald Mitchell: "Our friend, Mr. Mowat, died this morning at 8:15. Was conscious to the last."

The last letter Mr. Mowat wrote me was dated in October, and contained some MS. for this journal, which was printed soon after, being his last contribution to FOREST AND STREAM. This column has told of the accident to Mr. Mowat on the Restigouche River last year, and how a log on which he was sitting with Mr. Archibald Mitchell became loosened and rolled over him, injuring him internally. His first conscious words as Mr. Mitchell was conveying him in his own canoe to a nearby farmhouse, where medical aid was obtained—for Mr. Mitchell's canoe had been smashed by the log after it passed over Mr. Mowat's body—were that he was glad that the accident had not happened to his companion, and that expression may be taken as an indication of his character. His last letter to me was so full of hope that I looked forward to seeing him in the spring. He said: "I do wish I could have met you in Montreal, but I was very sick, so much so that I had to be carried to the car. I am a good deal better, and since coming home have found out the cause of the trouble. The log in passing over me bruised the kidney, but the doctor says he will have me all right before spring. This has put new vim into my seventy-five years, and I may kill a salmon yet."

He mentioned the leasing of fishing privileges in New Brunswick, which will take place in March next, and closed his letter in these words: "I fully expect the few spots now available on which a fish can be had" (a "fish" with Mr. Mowat was always a salmon) "will pass out of the hands of the holders this season, but I expect to meet you next spring on the old Restigouche."

But this was not to be. In the death of Mr. Mowat I believe we have lost the man best informed about the Atlantic salmon in Canada. For more than fifty years he has been familiar with the Canadian salmon rivers, most of the time acting in an official capacity under the Fisheries Department, storing up knowledge of the habits of the fish such as it was given to but few men to possess. Of this knowledge he gave freely, and every one of his letters to the writer was like a fresh chapter in a book, ever interesting, ever charming, ever new and instructive, and always of the fish and fishing he loved so well. Once when he sent me for FOREST AND STREAM a paper on the habits of the moose I was rather surprised, but I believe the readers of this journal pronounced it one of the best papers on the animal published, the result of long and close observation.

Four years ago Mr. Mowat wrote me of the circumstances connected with the naming of the Princess Pool on the Restigouche River, the salmon stream which he regarded with more affection than any other in Canada. For a long series of years Mr. Mowat escorted every Governor-General of Canada whenever there was a State visit to the salmon rivers. When Lord Lorne and H.R.H. Princess Louise visited the Restigouche, the stream had been reserved for them by Messrs. Fleming and Brydges, and as usual Mr. Mowat was the escort of the royal party, and I will tell the story in his own words:

"When on the way down the river Her Royal Highness said to me, 'I am not yet tired of fishing, please stop the boat (Great Cæsar's Ghost) where you think we can have some sport.' I did so at the mouth of Chain Rock Brook, half a mile or so below Indian Pool. Lord Lorne, the Duke of Argyle and his daughters left us there, going down in their bark canoes, leaving the Princess, Lady MacNamara, Carpenter (detective), two Indians, myself and the boat's crew.

"The Princess called me and said she would be ready to go when I thought it time. The day was warm, with south wind, and toward afternoon clouds began to rise. About 4 o'clock I called the Indians, and the Princess was ready. I took the stern of the boat, turning out one of the men, rather against her will, as she requested me to sit down. I told her I wanted to manage the canoe myself. We soon got up to the ground, about 250yds. above the fall of the Hero Rapids. After anchoring the Princess handed me her fly book, saying: 'You know best which fly is most likely to kill.' Not finding a fairy, I put on a fly of my own, a middling-sized brown. First fish broke hold before anchor was raised; second fish did the same before it came to gaff, and this seemed to disappoint her very much. I said as the sun lowered the fish would take hold better, and just then we had a slight shower with some wind, and cooler. It was then about 6 o'clock, and the Princess struck a fish which held, and was landed in eleven and a half minutes, and was 24lbs. in weight. Next fish was foul-hooked behind the gill cover, and took twenty-two minutes. While playing her fish, she said to me: 'Don't be afraid to tell me if I do not handle them properly. I should have killed the last one quicker; he was only 22lbs., and I found he would go through the rapids.' I said: 'You hold very hard; your cast could bear no more.' Our next fish was a 26-pounder, and the fourth and last a 27-pounder, which I gaffed out of the

canoe when within 15yds. of the rapids, at 8 o'clock in the evening. We could have killed another, but the midges were plentiful and we concluded to quit. On our way to the barge the Princess said to me: 'If you had been with me all the time we would have made a much larger score (about thirty fish), and if I come again you must promise to go with me.' I then told her that the pool had no name, and asked her permission to name it the Princess Louise Pool, and so it was named. I must say that few anglers could handle a fish with Her Highness. She used a heavy English 18ft. rod, and her strong right arm (after the fish had made his second run) would lift his head clear of the water."

New men may come on the Canadian salmon rivers, but no one will ever entirely fill the place of the genial, kindly, loyal, unselfish, simple Scotchman, John Mowat, a pioneer salmon fisherman, who made friends to retain them always and who now mourn his loss.

Landlocked Salmon of Europe.

In a personal letter from Mr. Siegfried Jaffé, a noted German fish breeder, he tells me something of the European landlocked salmon, a fish that I have heard credited with many good qualities not possessed by our own landlocked salmon, until I once regarded it as something to be desired, like the Philosopher's Stone, and perhaps with as many mythical qualities. Anyway, Mr. Jaffé wishes very much to try the ouananiche in German waters, and describes one of his lakes and says: "The lake seems to be so appropriate for stocking with your landlocked salmon that I will defer stocking it with other *salmonidæ* for another year, hoping in the meantime to obtain some eggs from America. I have tried our own landlocked salmon (*Salmo hucho*) here twice. They are from the Danube and never go to sea, but somehow deep, quiet water does not seem to do for them, though it does well in the long, deep reaches of the Bavarian rivers If at any time you care to try the *Salmo hucho*, and will tell me, I will be glad to send you a consignment. They are not adapted for feeding the fry artificially. The *hucho* salmon is a nearly white meated fish, very good eating, but not a sporting fish."

I had to read that over two or three times, and then put my reading glass on the letter to make sure I read aright. Not a sporting fish! Well, our landlocked salmon is a sporting fish from the day it is born until its death. To continue from the letter: "The reason why I should like to try ouananiche and *purpuratus* [the redthroat trout] over here is that I have been so well pleased with the results the other kinds of American *salmonidæ* have given me, that I think they will do well too. The rainbow and *fontinalis* do very well here, and it may interest you to have the remarks concerning them which I have put on the inclosed sheet.

"The quinnat (Pacific salmon) is still in its first season with me here, but continues to do well. The fish in the yearling breeding ponds are now 6 to 7in. long. I have had reports, inclosed, showing that some I gave away for Bavarian small highland lakes have grown to 8in. fish.

"The prejudice against the quinnat is still great over here, caused no doubt from the results of the first consignment made by your Fish Commission to Europe in the 70s. They turned out unsatisfactorily, that is to say, the fish when they arrived at breeding age were subject to very bad fungus and peeled skin and scales easily, but I have no doubt this was owing to wrong treatment. The quinnat, which with us in the first season took on silvery scales that came off easily, is a very early ripening fish, and we must be prepared to give it large range early in the second year.

"We tried last year some experiments with Swiss char (from lake of Zug). The fish does not exceed 1½lbs. in its native waters. The fry did not do as well as *fontinalis*, but there was a good proportion of yearlings, although they did not feed as greedily as *fontinalis*, and I would consider the fish a doubtful acquisition; ova very small, smaller than from two-year-old *fontinalis*. I have also, after infinite trouble, obtained this year a small consignment of Russian char, a very big lake trout running up to 28lbs. in its native waters. The eggs are taken the end of August and they are fully hatched by now (the letter is dated Jan. 1). The ova is unusually large, larger than salmon ova (*Salar*) and nearly as big as from the quinnats, and the fry are beautifully strong. I will report on this fish, of which I have great hopes, as the season goes on." At another time I will give the notes on our rainbow and brook trout in Germany.

A Cinch.

There are some things done better in New Hampshire than in other States For example, when Fish and Game Commissioner Wentworth was elected to the New Hampshire Senate he was made chairman of the Senate committee on fish and game; and when at the same election Commissioner Hughes, his colleague on the Commission, was elected to the Assembly, he was made chairman of the Assembly committee on fish and game. If they do not have some good fish and game legislation in New Hampshire this winter it will be no fault of the chairmen of the two committees.

A. N. CHENEY.

"Angling Talks."

WE have a very few copies of George Dawson's "Angling Talks," a series of chapters of entertaining chat about men, fishermen, fish, fishing and fishing places. Cloth, 50 cents. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 1.—INDIANAPOLIS.—Hoosier Kennel Club.
Feb. 3-5.—BOSTON.—New England Kennel Club.
Feb. 22-25.—New York. Westminster Kennel Club.
March 3-6.—ST. LOUIS.—St. Louis Kennel Club
March 10-13.—CHICAGO Mascoutah Kennel Club.
March 17-20.—LOUISVILLE.—Kentucky Kennel Club.
March 24-27.—PITTSBURG.—Duquesne Kennel Club.
March 30-April 2.—BALTIMORE.—Baltimore Kennel Association.
April 7-15. STOCKTON.—Stockton Kennel Club.
April 14-17.—LOS ANGELES.—Southern California Kennel Club.

Champion Stakes at West Point.

WEST POINT, Miss., Jan. 26.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* Five have qualified to start in the Champion Stakes: Delhi, Marie's Sport, Minnie T., Harold Skimpole and Tony Boy. The weather is extremely cold and stormy. The stake was declared off to-day, the money to be divided pro rata among the starters after deducting the expenses.

B. WATERS.

United States Field Trials.

THE results arrived at in the Pointer Derby, the Setter Derby and the All-Age pointer stakes are given below:

Pointer Derby.

Starters: T. W. O'Byrnes's dog Redskin, C. S. Shoop's bitch Aloysia, H. H. Mayberry's bitch Alabama Girl, Del Monte Kennels' dog Tony Works, George H. Smith's bitch Diana, T. W O'Byrnes's dog Moerlein, J. S. Crane's bitch Firefly, H. S. Smith's bitch Ripple, Bar Harbor Kennels' dog Young Rip Rap, T. T. Ashford's bitch Elgine, Del Monte Kennels' dog Tick's Kid

Winners: First, Young Rip Rap; second, Elgine; third, Ripple.

Setter Derby.

Starters: P. M. Essig's bitch Saragossa Belle, W. R. Holliday's dog Billy T., J. P. Greene's dog Sarsfield, Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' bitch Pin Money; F. R. Hitchcock's dog Tory Rustic, Fox & Blythe's bitch Caroline, H. Ames's bitch Christina, Theo. Goodman's Dog Dave Earl, Avent & Thayer's dog Peconic, C. P. Jones's dog Hurstbourne Zip.

Winners: First, Pin Money; second, Christina; third, Dave Earl and Tory Rustic (divided).

All-Age Pointer Stakes.

Starters: Ashford & Adams's dog Von Gull, N. T. de Pauw's bitch Sister Sue, H. K. Devereux's bitch Virginia, Del Monte Kennels' dog Tick Boy, Bar Harbor Kennels' dog Young Rip Rap, F. W. Dunham's dog Elgin's Dash, Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' dog Delhi, H. S. Smith's dog Ripsaw, Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' dog Tippoo, J. H. Johnson's dog Crackerjack, Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' dog Nabob.

Winners: First, Tippoo; second, Young Rip Rap; third, Elgin's Dash.

The judges were: Dr. George Ubanks, of Birmingham, Ala., and Mr. J D. King, of Jackson, Tenn. The trials commenced on Jan 18.

Challenge Class Prizes.

NEW YORK, Jan 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A merchant does not expect to increase his business by lessening the inducement to visit his store. This, however, is just what many of the dog shows this year are doing. Owing, I presume, to the slim entries in the challenge classes last year, they have offered only one prize therein for each sex. (I am only alluding to setters, having no interest in any other breeds.)

How many entries would they get if there were one first prize instead of first, second, third and fourth offered for open class dogs? And what do they get in the open classes even with the inducement of four prizes? Certainly not many entries, and those of a quality not comparable to the challenge dogs. For there are very few fine dogs "coming on," sad as it makes me to acknowledge it. The most of them have already won their way into the challenge ranks, which now actually outnumber, in good dogs, the open classes.

Now I take it that the mission and object of dog shows is, or ought to be, to draw out quality as well as numbers. And especially is this true of the large shows, such as New York's, Boston's, etc. They can afford to and should set the pace for the smaller exhibitions. Both numbers and quality are to be found in the challenge setter ranks. Offer four grades of challenge prizes and the good dogs there will come out. Let them adhere to one first prize, and the exhibitions in the challenge classes are likely to be the one dog that is usually the winner—such as champion Kildare in Irish setters. Many an owner of challenge setters, while conceding the superiority of some particularly fine specimen, would exhibit his really fine animals because he expects to beat every other entry except this one. But I don't think you'll find many men pay $5 entry fee, and more for expenses, for the doubtful honor of having their dogs unnoticed. As they can't win the first prize (and don't expect to) and there is *only one prize*, they'll keep their dogs at home. Offer four prizes and give them a chance to win something in a class where it is an honor to win anything, and they will send them. I have a letter before me now, from another State, where an owner of two fine Irish setters in the challenge classes says he did not enter them in Boston and will not in New York because there is only one challenge prize and Kildare and Queen Vic will take it. And he acknowledges their superiority, too. If economy be necessary, drop the puppy classes. No pups not having had distemper ought to be allowed in shows, for they merely spread disease and do no good to the breeds. Economize these, but increase the inducements to draw out the best dogs, which happen to be mostly in the challenge classes, and the quality as well as numbers will be kept up. Reduce challenge prizes to one, and only mediocrity (after the acknowledged champions grow old) will be the result. The practical importance of the matter to all lovers of a good setter makes me earnest.

SETTER.

Mascoutah Club Show.

THE premium list of the Mascoutah Kennel Club show, Chicago, March 10–13, has been issued. The judges will be:

St. Bernards, mastiffs, bloodhounds, Newfoundlands, greyhounds, deerhounds, Russian wolfhounds, poodles, beagles, dachshunde, Dalmatians, whippets, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous, Mr. H. W. Lacy.

Pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, foxhounds and Chesapeake Bay dogs, Major J. M. Taylor.

Collies and Old English sheep dogs, Mr. Henry Jarrett.

Great Danes, Dr. Nicolai.

Fox, Boston, bull, Black and Tan, Irish, Scottish, Skye, Bedlington, Dandie Dinmont, Yorkshire and toy terriers, Mr. T. S. Bellin.

Bull dogs, Mr. E. A Woodward.

Pugs, Mr. A. E. Pitts.

Cocker, Clumber, field, Irish water, Blenheim, King Charles, Prince Charles and Ruby, and Japanese spaniels, Mr. E. M. Oldham.

Entries will close Feb. 20. There are, in addition to the regular premiums of $15, $10 and $5 in the larger classes, $10, $5 and $3 in others, and $5 and $3 in others; there are kennel prizes ranging from $25 to $10, and numerous specials. The list will be sent on request by Secretary J. L. Lincoln, Mascoutah Kennel Club, Chicago.

The Gould Cup.

WEST POINT, Miss., Jan. 24.—The absolute All-Age competition for Gould cup was awarded to Tippoo without competition, Tony Boy being sick.

B. WATERS.

National Beagle Club.

A QUARTERLY meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held in New York on Jan. 19. Members present were: H. F. Schellhass, J. W. Appleton, G. B. Post, Jr., A. W Post, George Laick, G. Mifflin Wharton and George W. Regan. Voted that minutes be read at the adjourned meeting, subject to call of the chair. The executive committee then went into session with the above members present.

It was voted that the field trial committee should be excused. The secretary was instructed to secure ribbons for the prize winners of 1896 field trials. Voted that a bronze medal be presented at the Mascoutah Kennel Club show for the best beagle in the show. Open to members of the National Beagle Club of America only. It was requested that the judges be selected from the club's official list of judges or from members of the club. Three names were dropped for non-payment of dues. Voted that the Futurity committee send out blanks for the 1898 Futurity.

Pittsburg Show.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 24.—The Duquesne Kennel Club is booming matters for the big Pittsburg Bench Show, which will take place March 24, 25, 26 and 27, in the Marshall building, Penn avenue. At the annual meeting last week the following officers were elected: John M. Chaplin, President; Dr. J. S. Phillips, Vice-President; W. E. Littell, 69 Federal street, Allegheny, Secretary; W. R. Sewell, H. M. Breckenridge, Bernard S. Horne, J O'H. Denny, Frank H. Denny, John M. Chaplin and Dr. J. S. Phillips, Board of Governors. These make up the bench show committee.

E. M. Oldham will superintend. The judges will be Major J. M. Taylor, C. H Mason and James Mortimer. The entry list will close March 13. Secretary Littell will mail the premium list about Feb. 1. It will contain 163 classes against 130 last year. The cash prizes aggregate $500 more than last year. The specialty clubs offer an unusually large number of special prizes. The show building this year will have superior ventilation, heating and lighting. The Pittsburg show follows Louisville and precedes Baltimore.

CROMBIE ALLEN.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

THE BEGINNER AWHEEL.

SCENE—A Ninth avenue express train on the Elevated road, New York. Enter Mr. White, an old-time wheelman (number 'leventy-'leven in the L. A. W.), who takes a seat beside Mr. Brown, just graduated from the cycling academy. Grasps his hand warmly, and received but a feeble response.

"Glad to see you, old man, but what makes you look so badly? You aren't ill?"

"No, it's all due to that confounded bike; I took a ride yesterday."

"So did I. Hope I don't look as if I had lost my best friend in the world."

"You don't; you look as if you took life easily, and enjoyed it. That's where we differ. Life is a burden to me just now, and it's all due to that blamed wheel."

"Got a suit for damages on your hands? Did you kill anybody yesterday?"

"No, confound it. Wish I had I was mad enough to kill some of those blathering scorchers if they had given me the chance."

"Never mind, you'll be scorching some of these days yourself. But tell me about it. It'll relieve your mind."

"Well, you see, yesterday was a nice day, and I thought I'd take a ride out on the Boulevard and around Grant's Tomb. Knew it was Sunday, but never thought there'd be much of a crowd out at this time of year."

"You thought it would be a good chance to get a little whack at the real thing, eh? Unlearn a few of your riding school lessons?"

"Yes, but I was hardly prepared for what happened. Before I'd gone a block I fancied something was wrong with the adjustment—wheel seemed to kind of drag, you know—and when I got off a great big ruffian with a loud, glaring sweater ran square into me from behind."

"Stopped in the middle of the street, did you?"

"Yes, I guess I had as much right to the street as anybody—that tough was from the Bowery. His talk was an inarticulate jumble of slang and chopped-off words. He said, 'What t'ell' and 't'row' for throw, and 'eart'' for earth, and wanted to fight me."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, I tried for a while to argue with him. Told him that he'd been guilty of criminal negligence in scorching with his nose down to his front wheel in a position that rendered it impossible for him to see what was ahead of him. Of course, as I had no eyes in the back of my head I didn't as a matter of fact see what his position was; but then, you know, I argued that he wouldn't have run into me if he had been looking."

"You stopped rather suddenly, didn't you?"

"Yes, but he had the whole width of the street to turn out in; yet the fellow had the impudence to say that I was responsible for his bloody nose, and that I had deliberately thrown myself in his way—just as if I would do such a thing for the sake of being run into, and lamed so that I haven't been able to sit comfortably in my saddle since."

"What was the upshot of the affair?"

"A big crowd collected, and some of the people suggested that we fight it out and indulged in various witticisms at my expense. One man said that I had made a good beginning and had drawn first blood. Another said I should claim a foul, as I had been hit below the belt. Then a policeman came sauntering along, and the beastly ruffian that had made all the trouble got on his wheel and scorched down the Boulevard, and as I'd only been awaiting an opportunity to get rid of his nasty personalities, I left too, going up the Boulevard.

"I'd lost all pleasure in my ride, and would have gone home if it hadn't been that the fellow who ran into me went that way, and I had no desire to encounter him again."

"Hard lines, old man. I hope that was the end of your difficulties."

"Not by any means. What between thinking of crushing things I might have said to that Bowery thug if I'd only thought of them at the time, and wishing I hadn't come out—and I tell you Sunday is no day for a gentleman to ride, there's sure to be a crowd—I didn't watch very well where

I was going, and the first thing I knew I ran into another blooming idiot who showed up directly in front of me so suddenly that I couldn't avoid him."

"Threw himself right in your track, eh?"

"No, he was there all along. He slowed up because he wanted to turn into Eighty-sixth street."

"Didn't he give you any signal?"

"Signal! He had a little tinkling bell that you might have heard with an ear trumpet. I remember thinking at the time that a bell that didn't make any more noise than that was more fit to put around a poodle's neck than as a signal on a bicycle."

"You heard it then?"

"Yes, but before I could get over the first ridiculous impression it produced the bump came, and both of us went sprawling on the cross town car tracks. I tell you I had a narrow escape for my life. The horses of an east-bound street car were almost on top of me, and if the driver hadn't pulled them up mighty quick and put on his brake instanter I guess I wouldn't be here now to tell you the story."

"No doubt your heirs would be suing the horse car company, and preparing to give you a decent funeral."

"Glad I saved them the trouble. I can assure you I thought of them first in the matter."

"So you escaped with your life and went on your way in search of new adventures?"

"Yes, but first I waited a while to see how they would untangle the mass their cars had gotten into. You see a northbound Boulevard car was coming along at a good rate, and when the Eighty-sixth street car stopped to keep from going over me, the other car ran plumb into it and knocked it sideways up against a lamp post. A third car coming west on Eighty-sixth street tried to get by the other two and jammed the Boulevard car, so that not one of the three could be moved. It was the most interesting lock-up you ever saw, and I never would have believed it could have happened if I hadn't been there and seen the whole thing."

"And I suppose you pride yourself on being the cause of this interesting blockade?"

"Me? Why, I wasn't the cause of it. It was the other fellow, as I took particular pains to explain."

"Pardon the error. But how did they separate the cars?"

"I didn't wait to see, the whole thing took too long. Why, man, they had a jam of cars on the Boulevard reaching to 110th street, and—"

"From the mention of 110th street, am I to infer that you continued your disastrous course on up the Boulevard to that point?"

"See here, old man, you may be a hoary chestnut at wheeling, and perhaps you have been riding since the days when you had to carry your road along with you because the League hadn't yet taken up its arduous duty of making them for all mankind; but I want you to understand that I won't take any of your freshness."

"But really, I am curious to know if you got as far as 110th street!"

Before Brown could answer the guard pushed back the door with a bang, and putting his head inside the car unhitched his hoarse voice long enough to say "Warr'n street!"

"My station," said White, and he rushed for the door, calling back as he went, "I suppose, old fellow, that this will be 'continued in our next'?"

"No," replied Brown, speaking to himself, for his friend had disappeared, "not while the editor has a blue pencil back of his ear. To be exact, it will be 'concluded in our next.'"

DAN DALY.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public.*

A SPECIAL meeting of the New York Y. C. was called for Jan. 26 to hear the report of the special committee appointed to consider the desirability of the club taking action for the formation of a national yachting league. As the committee was made up largely from men who were known to be hostile to the scheme, an adverse report is looked for.

YACHT DESIGNING.—XIII.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

[*Continued from page 55.*]

THE subject of marine drafting, to say nothing of the broader subject of designing, is one that can be properly taught only by personal instruction, with its accompanying questions, explanations and discussion. In order to remove as far as possible the difficulties incident to such a treatise as ours, the writer and his readers not being in personal communication with each other, we shall welcome suggestions and inquiries that will tend to bring out any points that may be omitted, or to clear up any that are not perfectly clear. There is one important fact that we have in no way overlooked or underestimated. In the case of a teacher and his pupils in a class engaged in the study of drafting, it is almost invariably the case that each pupil has completed a course of preparatory study which has fitted him for the more advanced stages of the course. In the case of the present series of articles, many of our readers approach the subject with no previous knowledge of it, making it essential that we should cover at the same time both the preparatory and the more advanced work. The college student who has fresh in mind his geometry, trigonometry and descriptive geometry will find little difficulty in understanding every detail of a design, such as that in Plate I. There are many among our readers, however, who are thoroughly skilled in boat handling, and perhaps know more or less of building, but have no idea whatever of what such a drawing is intended to convey, or how to interpret it. We have endeavored thus far to take up the different points in a logical sequence which is not quite the order in which they are customarily found; and it may appear that some important points have been omitted when they are merely deferred to a more appropriate place.

Two questions have come to us this past week in relation to Plate I.: why two parallel lines are used in the sheer plan to outline the extreme end of the counter, and why the curved line marked C S, or cross seam, is shown, in all three plans? The outer of the two parallel lines, that to the left, marks the extreme limit of the under side of the sternpiece, the line just inside and above it is the continuation of the buttock line across the face of the sternpiece. The line marked cross seam shows the edge of the after face of the sternpiece, the joining of this face with the main surface of the counter. It sometimes happens, as in Vigilant, Colonia and Navahoe, that the fair surface of the hull is carried out even aft until it intersects the deck, forming what is termed an *elliptical stern*; but the usual custom is to cut off the end of the counter, as in Plate I., by a separate surface, sometimes vertical, but generally on a *rake* or angle. The edge of this surface where it joins the main surface of the hull is called the cross seam.

We spoke in the previous chapter of the various methods of numbering the stations; in the design by Mr. Stearns, published last week, it will be noticed that the numbering begins on the after end of the l.w.l., which is called No. 1 station, and runs forward, the stations in the counter being lettered. This system has the important sanction of very general use among both designers and builders on the Clyde, but apart from this, the reverse system, with the fore end of the l.w.l. marked No. 0, is preferable.

We have seen in the previous chapter how certain lines of a design may be drawn in straight in one or even two of the plans, but are curved in the third. The process of constructing a design begins with the laying off of the various straight lines on the three plans; the second step, in which we begin to outline the actual form of the yacht, being the drawing, according to the judgment of the designer, of the curved lines such as the level lines, deck line and side line in the half-breadth plan, the keel line and sheer line in the sheer plan, and the stations or sections in the body plan.

The third step is called *fairing the design*, and includes the adjustment of each of the three designs until every curve is *fair*, and at the same time every one of the intersections, possibly a couple of hundred or even more, is absolutely correct within the limit of accuracy which the draftsman has determined is suitable for the nature of the work.

The term *fair* is a very common and useful one to the designer and builder, signifying a line or a surface which is of one true and unbroken sweep throughout its whole extent; the degree of curvature may vary from even a straight line to a circle of comparatively small radius, but if the changes of curvature are gradual and continuous the line or surface is considered *fair*. The reverse of *fair* is a line or surface which is broken by angles, short, abrupt curves, or curves which join together, or with straight lines, without being truly *tangential*. It may be as well to explain here that a *tangent* to a circle or other curve is a straight line which just touches it without cutting; similarly, two curves are *tangent* to each other when both have the same straight line as a common *tangent*, thus flowing easily into each other without a break.

A vessel is said to be *fair* when all the curves of her surface are true, one part sweeping into another without break or angle. A drawing is said to be *fair* when not only every curve is true, but when every measurement of one plan can be checked off exactly in its appropriate place on one or both of the other two plans. Before this end is attained the aspiring amateur will probably have reached the conclusion that he has mistaken his vocation, and that he is not destined to be a successful designer.

Strictly speaking, a drawing that would pass as perfect must be *fair* in two ways: In the first place, it must show a solid that is properly proportioned and whose surfaces are easy and flowing from end to end; in the second place, the various curved lines in each of the three plans must be *fair* in themselves, and their measurements must check off correctly in all three plans.

To secure this double end a number of auxiliary lines, mostly *fore and aft* or running with the length of the vessel, are used. From their length and their positions on the surface of the vessel, most of these lines are long and of easy curvature, making them more easily drawn than the level lines, and they also mean more to the draftsman.

The most useful of these lines are the *diagonals*, of which three or four at least may be used to advantage. A *diagonal* is a line cut from the surface of the hull by a fore and aft plane vertical to the end planes of our original box, but inclined to the bottom and back. The *traces* of such a plane are shown in D 1 in each of the halves of the body plan in Plate I. It will be noticed that the *diagonal* follows closely the lines of the plank edges, and crosses each section at as nearly as possible a right angle. In locating the *diagonals*, the body plan is first partly completed, perhaps half of the section being drawn in, and then three or four straight lines are drawn across it on each side of the center line, each being as nearly as possible *normal* to the curve of each section where it cuts it (a *normal* line is one perpendicular to a *tangent*). It will not be possible to draw a straight line which shall be absolutely *normal* to the curve of every section where it cuts the section, but a fair average position is taken. One *diagonal* is usually run across the *topsides*, in the position D 1, serving to fair the upper part of the body; another is run to cross the *turn of the bilge*, to secure perfect fairness in this important place; and a third about the *hollow of the floor*. In different models the positions will be altered, as will appear later.

A look at the lines in Plate I. will show that in the *fore body*, that portion of the vessel forward of the *midship section*, as shown in the right hand half of the body plan, the upper *diagonal*, D 1, is very nearly *normal* to all the sections, though in the *after body* it is by no means *normal* to Stations 13, 14. In the *after body*, D 3, through the hollow of the floor, is also nearly *normal* to every section, while it is but slightly inclined in the *fore body*.

It is easily possible to draw a line or lines that shall be truly *normal* to every section at the point of intersection, and such a line is called a *dividing line*. It is evident that it will not be a straight line in any one of the three plans. The *dividing lines* are true lines for the plank edges. The *diagonals* may be considered as approximate *dividing lines*, much more easily handled and more useful. In Plate I. they are shown only in the body plan; the true curves of the lines, as will appear in the next plate, are drawn on the sheer or half-breadth plans, or more probably between the two, as a matter of convenience.

They may be set off in three ways, as follows: First, the *expanded diagonal:* The distance from the middle line of the body plan to each section, measured along the *diagonal*, is set off from some suitable base line on its proper section, giving a number of points through which a curve may be drawn. Second, the *horizontal ribband line:* The distance of each intersection of section and *diagonal* is measured horizontally, and set off from a base line on the proper station; this line is usually drawn in over the level lines in the half-breadth plan. Third, a similar projection is made by measuring the *heights*, instead of the *breadths*, from the body plan, and setting them off on the proper stations in the sheer plan. The *expanded diagonal*, which is the most useful, is sometimes called the *line of heads and heels of timbers;* as, in the old system of framing by sawn timbers made up of short lengths, two sets of such timbers fastened side by side making up each frame, the joints of the heads and the heels of these various timbers were placed on the *diagonal lines*.

One very important use of the diagonals is in connection with the beveling of the timbers or frames of the hull, these lines being so nearly in a normal plane that the bevels taken on them are quite accurate

Another series of lines that, while perhaps not quite as indispensable, is still very useful, is that known by the double term of *bow lines* and *buttock lines*. The traces of the auxiliary planes, by which these lines are cut, are found, of course, in the shape of straight lines in both half-breadth and body plans; in the former parallel to the base line, in the latter parallel to the middle line; the planes themselves thus being vertical and parallel to the sheer plan. The lines themselves are found in the shape of fair curves in the sheer plan, as in Plate I., the curvature being quite abrupt forward and usually very easy aft That portion of such a line in the *fore body* is called a *bow line*, and that portion in the *after body* is called a *buttock line*. So far as strict accuracy of nomenclature is concerned, the proper term for the whole line would seem to be *bow-buttock line*, as we have lettered it in Plate I. Although the "*bow*" end of this line is always run in on the sheer plan, owing to the obliquity of the intersections, this part of the line is of little real value; but the after end, the "*buttock*" line, is very useful indeed, both in the original drafting of the lines and in the subsequent fairing.

The number and spacing of the bow-buttock lines is a mere matter of conventionality; three at least are generally used, spaced at equal distances. We have found by experience that it is very convenient to use three, as shown, and to space them at *equal intervals* of one-eighth of the extreme beam of the vessel. This brings the principal one, the *middle bow-buttock line*, about where it should be; and it has the further advantage of making it easily possible to enlarge the beam of the design. Suppose, for instance, that it was desired to widen the design in Plate I. so as to give a yacht 1ft. more beam, the other dimensions being unchanged. We would first draw a line in the half-breadth plan parallel to the base line and distant from it one-half of the required new beam; similar vertical lines being drawn at the same distance in the body plans. Now we will divide this new half-breadth into four equal parts, and draw new *bow-buttock lines* through the points of division in each plan. This done, the intersection of each *level line* with one of the original *bow-buttock lines* in the half-breadth plan would be squared out to a corresponding point on the new *bow-buttock line;* and in the same way the intersections of the sections in the body plan would be squared out to the new lines in that plan. Through the points thus obtained the new *level lines* in the one plan and section lines in the other could be run in, with the certainty that they would give a fair design of the required enlargement. If more than the three bow-buttock lines are needed, as sometimes happens, extra lines can be run in between the original ones, this being frequently desirable for the full length of the counter between the line B B 1 and the middle line.

The *inclined waterline* is of comparatively little use in fairing, but it is worth plotting, at least for the sake of comparison with the same line in other designs. It is supposed to be cut from the hull by a plane similar to the *diagonal planes*, but passing through the L.W.L. in the sheer plan, and inclined at some special angle to the *normal* or upright L W.L. plane. This angle is usually that at which the plank sheer will be awash at its l owest point; it may vary from 15 degrees in a wide, shoal boat, up to 30 or even more in a narrow boat with high freeboard; in the present case it is 25 degrees.

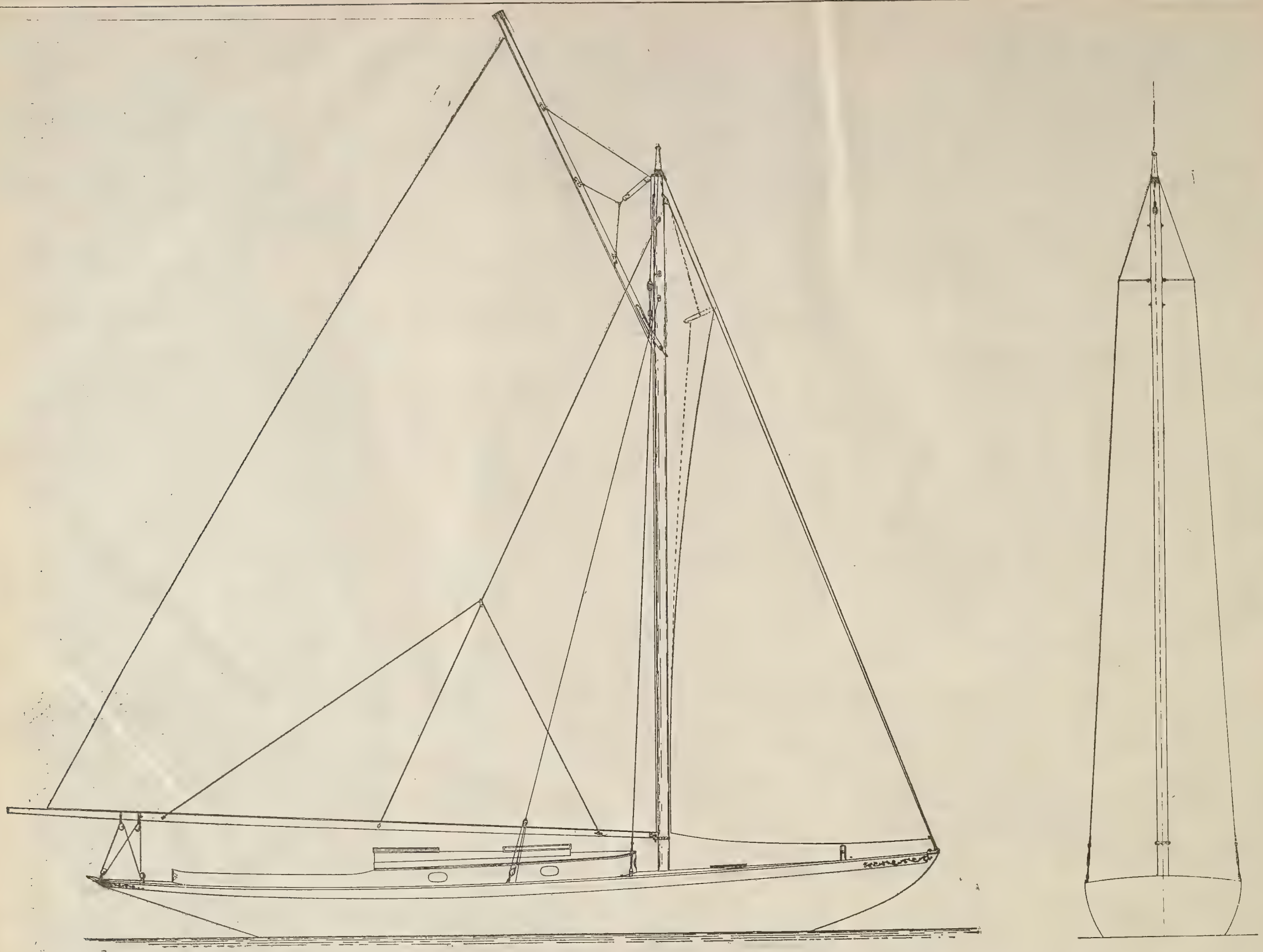
The normal L.W.L , with the yacht in the upright position, is of course symmetrical in its two halves, and but one side need be drawn, the L.W.L. of Plate I. The inclined L.W.L , however, is by no means symmetrical, and *both* sides must be drawn. Taking first the fore body of the yacht, as on the right hand in Plate I., it will be plain that if the vessel be heeled about the axis of the L.W.L. plane one side will go down while the other rises. Supposing the yacht to be thus inclined, the line marked *Im L.W.L.* will show where the surface of the water cuts the various stations in the topsides; and the line *Em L.W.L.* will show the similar intersections on the other side of the yacht. The former series of intersections, carried through both fore and after body, give us what is called the *immersed L.W.L.* or the *lee list line;* the latter give the *emersed L.W.L* or the *weather list line*. In Plate I. these lines are shown in the sheer plan, projected according to the third method described for the diagonals: by measuring the height of each intersection of the inclined line in the body plan with the different sections, and setting it off above the base line in the sheer plan on the proper station. This method shows one important point that has been much misrepresented of recent years: that in smooth water the mere heeling of the yacht, even to a great angle, does not increase the length of the waterline forward, the lengthening aft being much less than commonly believed.

The usual method of drawing the *inclined waterlines* or *list lines* is the same as the method for the *expanded diagonal*, the breadths from the middle line to the intersection of each station in the body plan are taken along the two lines representing the immersed and emersed sides, and then they are set off from any convenient base line on the proper stations.

The Payne Yacht Bill.

IN the Senate on Jan. 20 the House bill for the protection of shipbuilders of the United States was taken from the calendar, explained by Mr. Frye (Rep , Me.), and passed without amendment.

The bill provides that yachts belonging to a regularly organized yacht club of any foreign nation which shall extend like privileges to the yachts of the United States shall have the privilege of entering or leaving any port of the United States without entering or clearing at the Custom House thereof or paying tonnage tax; provided that the privileges of this section shall not extend to any yacht built outside of the United States, unless such ownership or charter was acquired prior to the passage of this act. And it repeals Section 11 of an act entitled "An act to abolish certain fees for official services to American vessels," approved June 19, 1886, so far as the same exempts any yacht built outside of the United States and owned, chartered or used by a citizen of the United States, from the payment of tonnage taxes.



TWENTY-ONE FOOT CRUISING YACHT DESIGNED BY W. B. STEARNS,—SAIL PLAN.

An Exceptional Case.

IN the interest of fair sport it is gratifying to think that the Choctaw-Penguin dispute, to which we have alluded at times during the past season, is a very exceptional case. It is also gratifying to know that the Atlantic Y. C. has not shirked a most unpleasant duty, but has dealt firmly and boldly with the case.

We hope that this action of the committee will avoid any possible necessity for adding to the *fin de siècle* term, "government by injunction," a similar one, "protest by injunction." The following official statement of the regatta committee recounts all the points of the case, as well as the final decision:

"The committee does not at this time attempt to consider many of the points originally contended for by the owners of Choctaw and Penguin, among which were:

"First—Whether Mr. Brightson's 'protest was sent to the committee before 6 P. M. the day succeeding the race,' as provided in Racing Rule XXVI.

"Second—Whether the races on June 6 and 13, being continuing races of legs of race, a protest under said Rule XXVI. should be construed to mean before 6 P. M. June 6 or 6 P. M. June 13.

"Third—Whether under Rule XXV. 'they should disqualify any yacht, should it come to their knowledge that she has committed a breach of the rules,' even if not protested

"The regatta committee does not consider that under Article XII. of the constitution 'it had the power to decide all questions that may arise in the sailing of races,' * * * and that 'there shall be no appeal from the decision of the committee.'

"The committee considers that the agreement made by the owners of both Choctaw and Penguin with this committee at the hearings of June 17 was a full and complete waiver of all points of contest between them, whether of construction of by-laws or rules, and it was agreed that there was to be a new race under the measurements of Mr. Hyslop in lieu of June 6, and that if Mr. Hyslop's measurement did not show a sufficient difference to change the results of June 13, then that race should stand as a race to the credit of Choctaw.

"The owner of Choctaw failed to do as he agreed and his boat was not measured. The Penguin was measured as agreed.

"Later, for Sept. 5, the club having elected a measurer meanwhile, it was deemed advisable to give Choctaw another opportunity to respond, and so avoid all possible quibbles, and to secure an absolutely fair race it was determined to have both boats measured by Mr. Hill, the measurer of the club, on the morning of Sept. 5, the day designated for the contest, and the race of June 6 to be resailed or sailed off on that day. The race of June 13 should stand to the credit of the Choctaw, if Mr. Hill's measure showed she was entitled to it.

"Thus the committee considered it was giving Mr. Strong, of the Choctaw, an opportunity to redeem his reputation, and in reality a second chance, which perhaps had been already forfeited, but to which Mr. Brightson agreed.

"Mr. Brightson, for Penguin, complied with the committee's instructions, had his boat measured, and presented her for the race. Mr. Strong, for the Choctaw, not only failed to comply, but, through an attorney, served an injunction restraining the committee from sailing the race.

"The regatta commitee decided that by reason of no measurements of Choctaw having been made as first agreed, and later as ordered, and the violations of both agreement and order having been made on the part of Choctaw, and by reason of its failure to present itself for races, as ordered by the regatta committee, the said committee hereby award the races of June 5 and 13 to the sloop Penguin, George E. Brightson, owner, and award the Adams cup as the prize therefor.

"In view of the action of the owner of the yacht Choctaw in securing an injunction where, under the constitution of the club, there was no appeal, the regatta committee thinks that a full and searching inquiry should be made to prevent recurrence of such action, and to determine whether those who, by affidavits, secured the injunction, or the attorney who represented Mr. Strong, or Mr. Strong himself, either or all of them, have 'acted in a manner unbecoming gentlemen, or injurious to the name of the club,' as specified in Chapter XIII., Section 2, of the by-laws, and the regatta committee asks the club to direct the trustees or a special committee to fully investigate and report for the action of the club, as specified in Chapter XIII. of the said by-laws.

"The regatta committe directs that this decision be forthwith sent to the owners of the Choctaw and Penguin, to the chairman of the board of trustees, and presented to the club at it its next meeting for action on the last clause."

(Signed) JOHN L. BLISS, Chairman,
DAVID E. AUSTEN,
WILLIAM L. GERRISH,
G. W. MCNULTY.

The German Emperor's Cup for the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

A MEETING of the committee appointed by the German Emperor to arrange the conditions for the match for the silver cup which he has designed as a yacht racing prize to form part of the celebrations this year in honor of Queen Victoria's sixtieth year of reign met on Jan. 8 at Grosvenor House, Grosvenor street, to settle the conditions. There were present the Marquis of Ormonde, Vice Com. of the Royal Yacht Squadron, in the chair; Sir Edward Birkbeck, Sir Edward Sullivan, Baron von Senden (Berlin), Admiral von Eisendecher, Geheimrath Prof. Busley, Mr. Richard Grant (Cowes), Mr. R. G. Allan (Glasgow,) and Mr. Dixon Kemp.

The chairman proposed that Mr. Richard Grant should be honorary secretary of the committee. This was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Dixon Kemp proposed, and Admiral von Eisendecher seconded, that the match for the cup, as far as racing yachts are concerned, be sailed under Yacht Racing Association rules and time allowances, and that cruising yachts shall be specially handicapped on the scheme adopted for the Queen's Cup by the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, the handicap to be determined by a sub-committee, from which there can be no appeal. This was unanimously agreed to.

It was further agreed that three yachts should start, or no race: that the entries should close with Mr. Richard Grant, at Cowes, at noon on June 1, and that the match be started from Dover on June 23, at noon.

The following were appointed the sub-committee to carry out all the arrangements: Admiral von Eisendecher, Marquis of Ormonde, Mr. R. G. Allan, Prof. von Busley, Mr. Dixon Kemp and Mr. Richard Grant.

It was further agreed that Mr. Grant should convene the meeting of the sub-committee for the day he considered most convenient.

The Marquis of Ormonde proposed that the following resolution should be adopted and sent by telegram to the German Emperor:

"That the best thanks of the Jubilee cup committee be conveyed to His Majesty the German Emperor for his generous gift of the Diamond Jubilee cup and for his continued support of yacht racing."

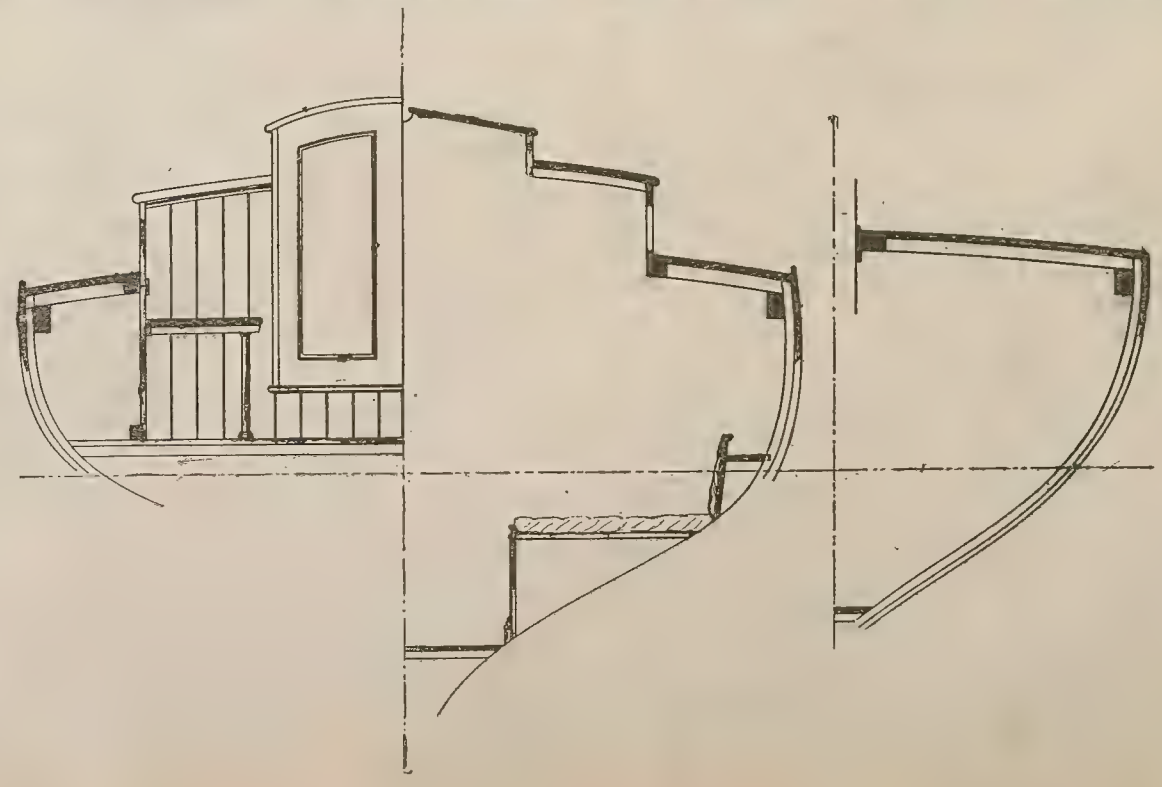
The resolution was seconded by Sir Edward Birkbeck, and carried by acclamation.—*The Field.*

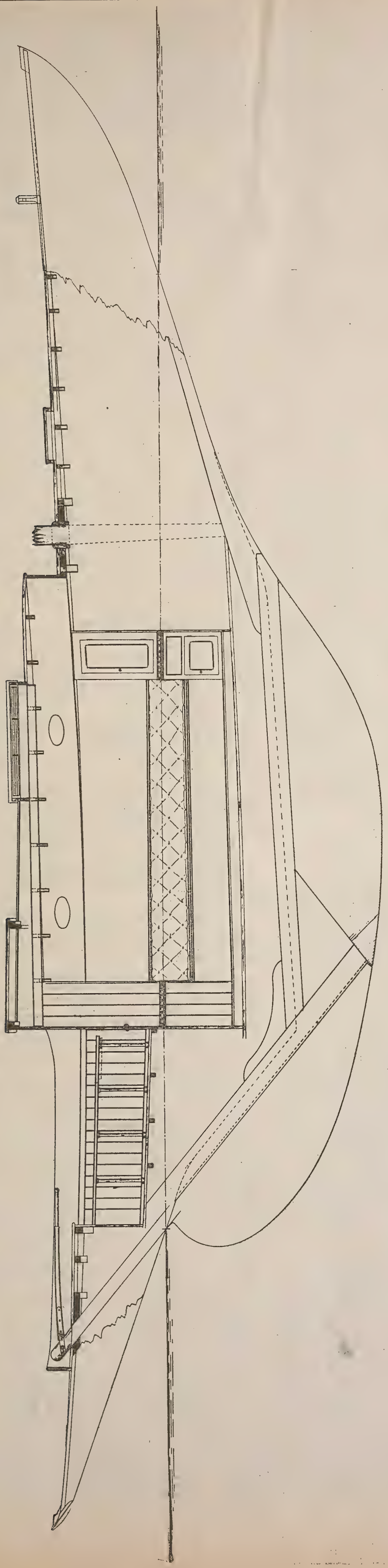
Another "One-Design" Class.

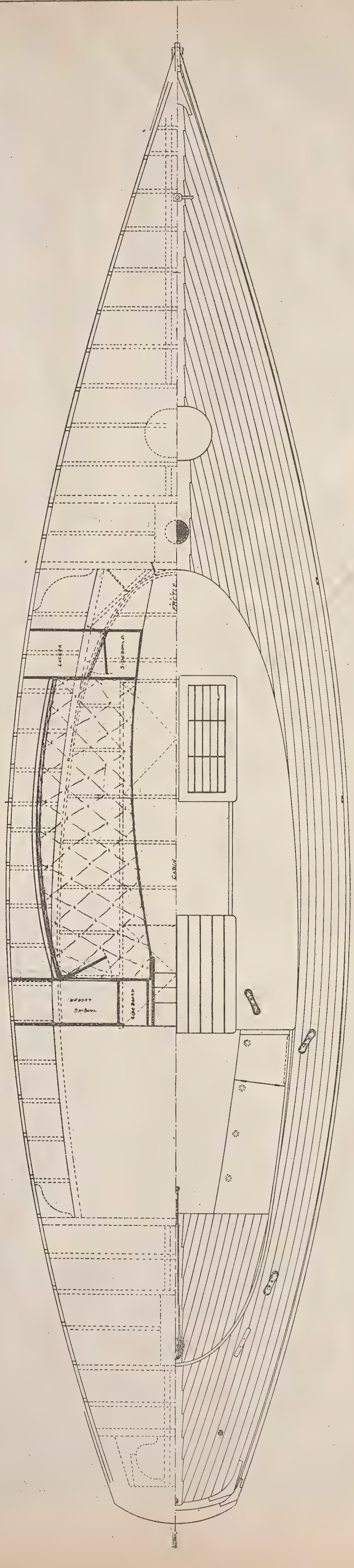
THE Bray Sailing Club will be strengthened this year with a new class of sailing boats entitled droleens. The boats will be miniature copies of the American catboat, their dimensions being: Length 12ft., beam 6ft., and transom 4ft. 7in. They will be rigged with a standing lugsail of 100sq. ft., and in addition will have a spinaker of 60sq. ft. The boats will be all from one design, and will be cheaply put together, the hull and spars costing the modest sum of £9. The planking will be of $\frac{5}{16}$in. spruce, timbers of steamed American elm, ¾in. by 1½in., spaced 5in. center to center, with a round fastening between each timber. The hull will be strengthened throughout in every likely spot for straining with grown knees. The centerplate is of galvanized iron, its area being 3.6ft., and it is pivoted in a slot 2ft. 3in. long. The keel is at right angles to the stem, but 8ft. 6in. aft it rockers 6in. to the under side of the transom. The hulls are being put together by Foley, of Ringsend, and the sails are being made by Madder, of Wyvenhoe, their cost being £1. 8s. The club thinks that these boats are most suited to resist the strain of a mast in the bow and live ballast on the weather gunwale, while at the same time giving more room, and being much drier than a narrower boat. Whether its aspirations will prove true is a question which time alone can safely tell.—*The Field.*

A Modern Cruiser.

THE accompanying illustrations show the accommodation and sail plans of the little yacht described last week.







TWENTY-ONE FOOT CRUISING YACHT DESIGNED BY W. B. STEARNS, 1897.

The Massachusetts Y. R. A.

THE *Boston Globe* comments as follows on the action of the Mass. Y. R. A. in regard to its 17ft. l.w.l. class: At a meeting of the executive committee of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, held recently, it was declared that the vote of the Association at its meeting Dec. 21, extending the limit of the fourth class to 18ft., was illegal. The secretary was instructed to notify all the delegates of this action, and also that the motion for a change in the limit had been withdrawn. This disposes of the matter permanently, and the limit of the class remains at 17ft., as established in October.

This action of the executive will be good news to yachtsmen who have already built, or are intending to build, in the fourth class. The motion was originally made on the supposition that several Seawanhaka 20-footers and comparatively few Y. R. A. 17-footers would be built, but since it has been shown that the reverse is the case, and that no 20-footers are in sight, while nearly a dozen of the others can be counted, the maker of the motion cheerfully withdraws it, and hopes to see the 18ft. class fulfill all the promises of sport it now gives. So the 17-footers are all right for at least another season.

And the class is indeed a promising one. Lynn alone will contribute at least five new boats to the class, while last year's champion, Alpine, is being remodeled and improved in the effort to retain her championship honors. Rumors of a couple of new boats come from further down the North shore, while Boston will contribute quite a fleet, prominent in which will be C. B. Pear's Ripple and H. H. Linnell's new one of his own design. Harold Faxon's Gnome may also be fairly ranked as a new boat in the class, since she has been given a new and larger sail plan, and will be sailed with three men instead of the two for which she was originally designed when intended for the Seawanhaka 15ft. class. She was tried under her new rig last fall, and was shown to be much faster under a gaff mainsail than under her original leg of mutton.

[Gnome has never carried a leg o' mutton rig.—Ed. F. & S.]

The latest announcement of a new boat in the class is one for C. D. Mower, of Lynn, head draftsman for designer Arthur Binney in this city. The boat was built last fall by Mr. Mower from his own designs, and was launched prior to Dec. 31, 1896, so as secure whatever time allowance may come her way. She proved well able to carry her sail, and he hopes for a good record the coming season. The boat is 25ft. over all, 15ft. waterline without her crew, 7ft. 5in. beam, and 7in. draft. She is lightly built, and has only ⅛in. planking. She carries about 550ft. of sail in a jib and mainsail rig. Her board is a wooden one, with about 100lbs. of lead on the bottom. She is a well-turned model, with a bilge inclining toward hardness, and but little flare to the topsides. Her fore and aft lines are very easy.

The Sound Y. R. U.

THE following notice has been sent out by the Long Island Sound Y. R. U.:

OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF COUNCIL, Y. R. U., }
38 Park Row, New York, Jan. 18, 1897. }

NOTICE TO REPRESENTATIVES.

Dear Sir—A copy of the FOREST AND STREAM of the issue of Dec. 26, 1896, containing a report of the general meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound, held Dec. 19, 1896, is mailed you under separate cover. This report should be placed in the hands of the chairman of the regatta committee of your club.

Action should also be taken by the club as soon as practicable on the amendments to the rules adopted by the Union at that meeting. Copies of the amendments for club distribution can be obtained from Messrs. Thompson & Co., printers, No. 55 Dey street, at $2 per hundred.

The Council recommends the following changes in the amendments to the rules adopted at the last general meeting:

Alter addition to Rule II., Section 2, by striking out the words "All yachts in the 30ft. and lower classes," and substitute "yachts in classes 25ft. and under of sloops and all classes of catboats."

Strike out Section 3 of Rule III., reading "Yachts launched prior to Nov. 1, 1896, not exceeding the limit of the 30ft. or lower classes by more than .5 of a foot, and that have not been increased in sail area measurement since that date, shall sail in such class."

Alter Section 3 of Rule XII. by striking out the words "in classes 30ft. and under" and substitute "in classes 25ft. and under of sloops and in all classes of catboats."

The Council finds that it will be expedient to place yachts in the 30ft. class of sloops, cutters and yawls under the same regulations that govern classes above 30ft. This will make it practical and desirable to eliminate the provision allowing 5ft. excess in this and lower classes. To dispense with the necessity of calling a special meeting of the Union to act upon these changes, the Council asks for a mail vote of the representatives. You are therefore requested to notify the undersigned on or before Monday, Jan. 25, whether you are in favor of their adoption or not.

The Council reports that the Corinthian definition has been amended to read as follows: "Corinthianism in yachting is that attribute which represents participation for sport as distinct from gain, and which also involves the acquirement of nautical experience through the love of sport rather than through necessity or the hope of gain. In this respect the following general definition is given: No person who follows the sea as a means of livelihood or who has accepted remuneration for his services rendered in handling or serving on a yacht shall be considered a Corinthian yachtsman."

Applications for dates for special races for the season of 1897 should be submitted to the Council before April 1.

The Council should also be furnished before that time with a list of the sailing yachts in your club that will require racing numbers for the coming season. It is intended to issue a list before the commencement of the racing season of all yachts to whom racing numbers have been allotted. On account of changes in the lettering of the classes new numbers will have to be allotted for this season. The list of yachts should comprise the following information: name, owner, address, rig, 1896 racing length, cabin or open.

FRANK BOWNE JONES, Sec'y of Council.

The Lake Associations.

UP to the time of going to press last week we were unaware of the sequel to the long fight on Lake Ontario from the time of the Rochester meeting up to the close of the special meeting, which only adjourned after dark on Saturday. As stated last week, this meeting was followed later in the night by a second session of the Council of the new Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, which was unable to complete the work begun at the morning session until it was known what action would be taken by the L. Y. R. A. in the matter of the limitation of midship section and also that of measuring the l.w.l. and that of Corinthian crews. As told last week, the L. Y. R. A. meeting resulted in the adoption of a minimum section of 33⅓ per cent. for the 32ft. and larger classes, 20 per cent. for the 27ft. class and 12 per cent. for the 22ft.; in the rejection of the proposal to measure with crew on board, and of the admission of professionals, both as helmsmen and crews, except in the former capacity, and in the 32ft., 27ft. and 22ft. classes. These amendments were no more acceptable to the Lake Erie representatives than to the Ontario men outside of the Hamilton Oswego combination, and when they came up at the night meeting of the Y. R. U. Council they were all rejected, the Council retaining the original rules concerning the disputed points, with one or two additions, the result being:

First, that the area of midship section in all classes recognized by the Y. R. U. shall not be less than 35 per cent. of the parallelogram—the 22ft. class is not recognized, but the 27ft. class is. Second, that the Council shall have power to impose an extra allowance on existing yachts which fall under the limit. Third, that all yachts shall be measured with crew on board, existing yachts which do not exceed the limit by over 5ft. being retained in their old classes, but giving time for the excess of measurement. Fourth, that all yachts in the 42ft. and smaller classes shall be steered by Corinthians, and that not more than two professionals may be carried in any crew.

The Council then named the following yachts as subject to special allowance: Vencedor, Canada, Vivia, Eva, Hiawatha and Myrna. All of these are of reduced section, Canada being 28 per cent., Hiawatha 19, Eva 32, and Vencedor probably about 22 per cent. The latter was included in the list only because she has within the past two weeks been enrolled in the fleet of the Victoria Y. C., of Hamilton.

The final action before adjournment was the presentation by Mr. Jarvis, on behalf of the owners of Canada, of the silver cup won by her last summer, to be held by the Y. R. U. as a perpetual challenge trophy under the following conditions:

To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting:

Whereas, we, the undersigned, are owners of the yacht Canada and of the cup hereinafter mentioned, and members of the Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto; and

Whereas, our said yacht Canada did on the 26th and 27th days of August, 1896, off Toledo, O., in an international sailing match with the yacht Vencedor, of the Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, Ill., win the silver cup hereinafter mentioned; and

Whereas, we are desirous that said cup shall be preserved as a perpetual international challenge cup for friendly competition between representatives of yacht clubs of the two nations bordering on the Great Lakes, and to encourage the building of larger fleets by fostering class racing, and that the same shall be known as the "Canada's Cup."

Now know ye, and these presents witnesseth, that we do hereby give, grant, bargain, sell, assign, transfer and set over unto the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, to their successors and assigns as trustees, the said silver cup, in trust, to preserve said cup as a perpetual international challenge cup for friendly competition between sailing yachts, representatives of yacht clubs of the two nations bordering on the Great Lakes, and subject to the following rules and conditions:

(1) That said cup shall be known as the Canada's Cup.

(2) That any yacht belonging to any of the yacht racing associations on the Great Lakes affiliated with the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes shall be entitled to challenge for the cup, provided that such challenge shall be made and match sailed in accordance with the terms and provisions of this instrument.

(3) The cup shall be held by the club to which the winning yacht belongs, and such club shall be responsible for its safekeeping.

(4) Should the club holding the cup at any time go out of existence or should the association to which such club belongs withdraw from the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, it shall hand over said cup to such club eligible to hold the same as above as it may elect, upon the written demand of the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, their successors and assigns.

(5) Matches for the cup shall be limited to yachts belonging to the so called 42, 37 and 32ft. class of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes as such classes exist at the time of this instrument. But should in the future the method of classification in the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes be altered, or should the said union go out of existence, the classes in which matches for the cup may be sailed shall only include yachts of substantially the same size as represented by the above mentioned classes—*i. e.*, yachts having a load-waterline length between 25 and 40ft., the same being fixed from time to time by the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, and should said union go out of existence, by the Lake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Ontario, and in the event of said association going out of existence, by the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto

(6) All matches shall be sailed under the sailing regulations of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, and in the event of the said union going out of existence, under the sailing regulations of the Lake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Ontario, and in the event of said association going out of existence, under the sailing regulations of the challenged club, but subject to the provisions of this instrument.

(7) All matches shall be sailed between a single yacht on behalf of the challenging club and a single yacht on behalf of the challenged club.

(8) The challenging club shall give ten months' notice in writing, naming the dates for the proposed races, and no races shall be sailed between the 15th day of September and the 15th day of June. At the time of the giving of the challenge it must be stated the class in which the match is to take place, subject to the rights given in Clause 11.

(9) The challenging and the challenged club shall each name its representative yacht by written notice to the other at least one week prior to the races.

(10) The match shall be decided by the winning of not less than two out of three or three out of five races, as may be agreed on between the clubs interested.

(11) The club holding the cup shall have the right to name the class in which the race is to take place for a period extending over three matches only.

(12) The challenged club must accept a challenge duly made under the terms and provisions of this instrument within sixty days of its receipt or surrender the cup to the challenging club.

(13) The course shall be an open lake course, having at least 15ft. of water over its entire length, and shall be leeward or windward and return, and triangular.

(14) All races shall take place under the management and auspices of the club holding the cup.

(15) The club challenging for the cup and the club holding the same may, by mutual consent, make any arrangement satisfactory to both as to dates, course, number of trials, management of races and other conditions that do not alter the sense or spirit of this instrument, and may also waive the ten months' notice mentioned in paragraph 8.

(16) For the first race the Royal Canadian Y. C. shall be deemed the holders of this cup, and, in the event of the Royal Canadian Y. C. selecting the yacht Canada to defend the cup in the first race, the representative of the challenging club shall not be required to fulfill Rule No. 4, restriction on area of midship section, page 16, rules of Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, and, in this event, in place of 35 per cent. 28 per cent. may be substituted, being the percentage of the area of the yacht Canada's immersed midship section of her beam at load waterline multiplied by her extreme draft.

And we, the undersigned, the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, do hereby accept the above trust.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seals, and the Royal Canadian Y. C. has hereunto set its corporate seal and the hand of its commodore and secretary, this 16th day of January, A.D. 1897.

GEORGE GOODERHAM,
GEORGE H. GOODERHAM,
S. F. MCKINNON,
J. H. PLUMMER,
F. J. PHILLIPS,
JAMES ROSS,
ÆMILIUS JARVIS,
} Donors.

Fifteen-Footers on Lake Ontario.

THAT Hamilton will lead the rest of the Dominion in the matter of half-raters next season seems now almost assured. F. E. Walker, vice-com. of the Victoria Y. C., started the interest in this type of boat when he acquired by purchase the possession of the slippery Sothis, believed by many to be the fastest boat in her class afloat, not even excepting the international champion, Glencairn. Other yachtsmen, however, did not propose that Mr. Walker should have a walkover in half-rater competitions, and a number of them early in the fall began preparations to build in this class, with the result that already three or four boats, whose owners have championship aspirations, are completed, while others are well under way.

Of those finished the most likely appearing is one now lying in the Bay street shop of L. H. Bastien. She is a creation of G. H. Duggan, designer of Glencairn and Sothis, and was built by Mr. Bastien for T. J. Carroll, of the Hamilton Brass Mfg. Co. She has been christened Ethel, and will fly the burgee of both the local yacht clubs.

Ethel is a typical half-rater, as may be seen by reference to the following dimensions and particulars of construction: Length over all, 23ft.; l.w.l., 12ft. 6in.; beam, 6ft. 3in.; draft, 6in.; draft with centerboard, 5ft. 6in.; mast, 20ft.; sail area, 300sq. ft.

The sail plan calls for a greater mainsail, jib and a spinaker, all of the best India silk. The boat is finished in natural wood, ship-lapped and smooth, the hull being white enameled. The weight, exclusive of spars and rigging, is exactly 350lbs. The spars, which are hollow, weigh 40lbs., and the running and standing rigging, all of the lightest possible material, when in position will add but 25lbs. to the weight of the boat.

The construction is as follows: Frames of oak, ⅝in.×⅜in.; planking of cedar, ⅜in. in thickness; deck of cedar, ship-lapped and finished naturally, $\frac{5}{16}$in. in thickness.

The centerboard and rudder, which are now being cast expressly for Mr. Carroll, are to be of bronze, light and durable.

As has been previously stated, there are to be a number of races arranged for boats of the Ethel type next season. The R. H. Y. C. and V. Y. C. will probably each schedule three events in this class, and arrangements are well under way to bring off five special events of $50 each exclusively for half-raters.—*Hamilton Herald.*

Lake Minnetonka.

THE Chamber of Commerce syndicate, headed by Hal P. Watson, skipper of the white-hulled sloop Marie, has ordered from Arthur Dyer, of Deephaven, a first-class sloop to be ready for launching as soon as the ice is out. The new craft is to be practically the same over-all length as Marie, but what her beam will be or whatever peculiarities are to enter into her construction will not become apparent if Dyer can help it until the boat is put afloat. A well known yachtsman, who may be expected to know as much of the plans as any one except the owners, asserts that Dyer is intending to introduce an even more startling innovation in yacht construction than the divided stern in Peet & Dunwoodie's phenomenal Tartar. The sensational career of the latter craft last season was a surprise to nearly everybody, including her owners. She did not surprise Peterson apparently, for very early in the season, before the trial races with Kite had been sailed, the Excelsior man said he had something that would make the critics open their eyes. Tartar did everything her builder claimed she would do, and nine out of ten yachtsmen believe that nothing will be put up this season, either at Deephaven or Excelsior, that can show the black-hulled craft a lead. At all events, Messrs. Dunwoodie and Peet are quite satisfied to nail their colors to Tartar's masts for this year at least.

The Chamber of Commerce syndicate intended building a new racing boat last year, but it was put off until it was too late, and Marie did duty instead. In the new boat just ordered the purpose is, of course, to get something that will beat Tartar, and certainly Dyer will put forth every effort to produce the fastest boat ever turned out of the Deephaven yard. None of the details of this contract, closed yesterday, can be learned. Hal Watson, when asked about the matter this morning, said that he didn't know what material was to be used in constructing the new boat, as the whole thing has been left to Dyer. The syndicate is offering a bonus for a boat able to perform certain necessary feats during the season of 1897, and if Dyer succeeds he will get a fancy price for his work.

There is a healthy rumor that Peterson has been commissioned by a Minneapolis yachtsman to construct a boat able to beat Tartar, and that the Excelsior man has accepted the commission. When asked about the matter, Peterson simply says that he has several orders in, but that he is not at liberty to talk about any of them. He seems to believe, though, that Tartar can be beaten out of the same yard, and very likely Capt. Peet will not have such an easy time in the coming season as many of his friends anticipate for him. So far there are only three first-class sloops under order for next summer, but six or seven of the one-rater class will be ready for launching in April.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

On Jan. 19 the members of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. listened to a very interesting lecture, the first of a series of three, by Commander Casper F. Goodrich, U. S. N., the subject being "The Sailor in the Revolution." The other two will deal with the sailor in the war of 1812 and the sailor in the rebellion.

The American Y. C., of Newburyport, Mass., has elected the following officers: Com., Charles H. Shackford; Vice-Com., William Balch; Rear-Com., G. W. Rodigrass; Sec'y, E. N. Follansbee; Treas., H. W. Bayley; Meas., E. P. Durland; Delegate to Massachusetts Y. R. A., H. W. Little; Executive Committee, C. H. Shackford, William Balch, E. N. Follansbee, H. W. Bayley, E. G. Wordwell, H. W. Little and L. P. Balch; Regatta Committee, H. W. Little, D. P. Page, A. T. Gould, L. W. Rodigrass, James F. Chase.

The American Y. C., of New York, held its annual meeting at Delmonico's on Jan. 19, the following officers being elected: Com., Charles A. Gould, steam yacht Neaira; Vice Com., William A. Hearst, steam yacht Buccaneer; Rear-Com., William H. Butler, steam yacht Forget-Me-Not; Sec'y, Thomas L. Scovill; Treas., William Porter Allen; Fleet Surgeon, Charles I. Pardee, M. D.; Meas., Charles H. Haswell; Consulting Engineer, George W. Magee, U. S. N.; Trustees (to serve three years), F. R. Lawrence, Wiliam H. Parsons and William Porter Allen; to serve one year, J. Howard Wainright and Charles I. Pardee, M.D.

At the annual meeting of the Dorchester Y. C., on Jan. 13, the following officers were elected: Com., Franklin L. Codman; Vice-Com., Arthur Merritt; Sec'y, Frank A. Dewick; Treas., George H. Collyer; Meas., Clifton W. A. Bartlett; Directors—Hartford Davenport, Wm. H. Swift, C. H. Nute, Franklin L. Codman, Arthur Merritt, Frank A. Dewick, George H. Collyer; House Committee—Hjalmar Lundberg, W. F. Abbott, Henry D. Wing; Membership Committee—James F. Moody, Charles F. Hosmer, Fred P. Hayward, G. A. Critcherson, Frank A. Dewick; Regatta Committee—John F. Small, C. B. Pear, Arthur P. Nute, Theodore Hallett, Oliver F. Davenport.

At the annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, on Jan. 13, the following officers were elected: Com., Clement A. Griscom, schr. Alert; Vice-Com., Joseph de F. Junkin, schr. Columbia; Rear-Com., Dr. Hobart A. Hare, schr. Elfin; Sec'y, Addison F. Bancroft; Meas., George Herbert Millett; Race Committee: Addison F. Bancroft, Isaac W. Jeanes, Henry S. Jeanes; Committee on Admissions: Charles H. Brock, Alexander Van Rensselaer, G. Herbert Millett, Brereton Pratt, Frank H. Rosengarten; Trustees (to serve for three years): Joseph de F. Junkin, Brereton Pratt, George H. Kirkpatrick, Alfred C. Harrison. These with the following constitute the full board: Clement A. Griscom, Edgar T. Scott, John W. Brock, Russell E. Tucker, Addison F. Bancroft, Robert K. Neff, Wm. L. Elkins, Jr., Richard P. White.

Murray & Tregurtha, South Boston, Mass., report business fairly good, considering the present general depression. They have recently shipped a 5 H. P. gasoline motor to North Carolina, and a 41in. Tregurtha boiler to Buenos Ayres, South America. Among contracts at present in hand are a 33ft. cabin yacht, schooner-rigged, equipped with a 10 H. P. gasoline motor, for Mr. George Skene, to be used at Chatham, Mass.; a set of machinery consisting of 12 H. P. compound engine and Tregurtha boiler, for a high speed launch for Mr. Ernest H. Rogers, of Brookline; a 41in. Tregurtha boiler for Mr. G. C. Stickney, of Beverly, and a 10 H. P. gasoline engine for Mr. W. H. McLeod, of Boston.

Adrienne, schr., designed by Stewart & Binney for members of the Southern Y. C., and successfully used for several years about the Gulf of Mexico, has been sold to Chas. E. Graham and J. A. Kelsey, New Haven Y. C. On the voyage from New Orleans to New Haven she was overhauled by a revenue cutter under suspicion of being engaged in filibustering, and later she put into Miami, Fla., where she will remain until April.

The annual meeting of the Chicago Y. C. was held on Jan. 16 at the club house of the Chicago Athletic Association; the following officers were elected: Com., Fred W. Morgan; Vice-Com., Frank K. Bull; Sec'y and Treas., Charles H. Thorne. Executive Committee: Com. Morgan, W. Vernon Booth, Charles E. Kremer, Elliott Durand and James H. Channon. The offices of fleet captain and fleet surgeon will be filled hereafter by the executive committee.

Under the laws of the Chicago Y. C. all of its members must be members of the Chicago Athletic Association. The dues are merely nominal, $1 a year, and no initiation fee is charged. This is amply sufficient, as the club's expenses are also nominal only. The membership now numbers 90, but a large increase is anticipated during the coming season.

On Dec 21 the Peoria Y. C., of Peoria, Ill., was organized with the following officers: Com., Lee Harrison; Vice-Com., W. A. Jones; Sec'y, C. A. Weiberg; Treas., E. J. Cressy; Board of Directors—Lee Harrison, chairman; W. A. Jones, secretary; F. C. Howe, H. S. Miller, E. N. Armstrong, W. A. Sheehan, Joseph A. Weil. The club has ten sailing yachts and eight launches, and will add several 15 footers to its fleet.

The Winthrop Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Geo. E. Leighton, slp Hyperion; Vice Com., Arthur W. Chesterton, cat Myrtle; Sec'y, Charles G. Bird; Treas., Luther T. Harrington; Meas., Harry Hutchinson; Directors—Clarence H. Billings, Edgar A. Cook, Lyman S. Meston, Chas. A. Heney; Regatta Committee—Jas. R. Hodder, John MacConnell, Jr., Wm. I. Kelley, Lyman J. Gillies, Samuel J. Wilde; Membership Committee—Harry W. Hall, Harry O. Riggs, Wm. W. Fordham, Frank H. Richardson, Wm. H. Mirick, Minot H. Beacham, John G. Cuthbertson, Albert S. Richards, Joseph L. Rankin. The club has a membership of 225. It has adopted the Massachusetts Y. R. A. rules.

Lawley has five orders on which he has not yet started: one 14ft. centerboard knockabout, two 14ft. cruisers, one 21ft. knockabout, and the Crane Seawanhaka 20 footer. The wooden keel and stem and sternpost for the composite steamer have been got out, and the steel keel and floor plates are being got out in the mill. The Peabody 21ft. knockabout is nearly in frame, and shows a sharp-floored boat with some "tumble home" to the topsides. The lead keel is very much bulbed. The Burgess 24-footer is planked and smoothed and the cabin house is partly on. The deck will be covered with canvas. A 23ft. mahogany launch for A. E. Lockhart's steam yacht Starling is planked in the boat shop. The 25ft. mahogany launch built for the Hermione is completed, and is a beauty in design, workmanship and finish. Her 5 H. P. alco-vapor engine is in a small cockpit by itself aft, leaving a clear forward cockpit nearly 12ft. long.

Fenton & White, of Manchester, who are building the racing 24-footer for A. H. Higginson, have received an order for a 24ft. cruising knockabout from a Boston yachtsman. The boat is from the designs of E. U. Jewell, a well-known Corinthian skipper, and is his first venture into the field of design in a large boat. She will be 42ft. over all, 8ft. 6in. beam and 6ft. 2in. draft, with a sail plan of about 1,000sq. ft. In the matter of long ends, as well as in some other ways, she will differ from present knockabout models, and hence should make an interesting boat. She will have a good cabin, with 6ft. of head room under the cabin house, and will be used in Boston and Marblehead waters. The Higginson boat is in frame, and is a very promising looking article.—*Boston Globe.*

Sovereign, steam yacht, Mr. C. D. Borden, is wintering at her builder's yard, Erie Basin, where her Babcock & Wilcox boilers are being replaced by others of the Sarrow type.

Clermont, steam yacht, A. Van Santvoord, is being lengthened 15ft. forward.

In March next, an exhibition of yachting and shipping will be opened at the St. Petersburg Aquarium, under the auspices of the Neva Y. C., of which the Grand Duchess Xenie Alexandrovna is patroness. The exhibition is being supported actively by the ministers of marine, finance, imperial domains and railways, and will be very extensive in character and scope. There will be fourteen sections, comprising twenty-eight classes of exhibits, including historical exhibits, ships, motors and machinery, rig and equipment, life-saving apparatus, yacht racing, navigation and such like items. An important feature of the exhibition will be the assembling of the first Russian congress of yachtsmen, which will, in all probability, awaken much enthusiasm in the breasts of the yachting fraternity, and may lead to further developments in the sport in Russian waters. The entire business of the exhibition is in the personal control of the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, who is honorary commodore of the Neva Y. C.—*The Field.*

On Jan. 14 the Savin Hill Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., A. W. B. Foster; Vice-Com., W. F. Bache; Rear-Com., W. F. Scott; Sec'y, A. A. Swallow; Treas., C. A. J. Smith; Meas., J. E. Robinson; Directors—W. H. Besarick, Homer Methot; Membership Committee—E. L. Bragg, C. H. Conant, G. L. Fitz, L. E. Noble, G. E. Stone, Loring Sears, A. A. Swallow.

The annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, was held on Jan. 13; the following officers being elected: Com., Nathaniel C. Nash; Vice-Com., Herbert H. White; Rear-Com, Winthrop A. Harvey; Sec'y, Everett Paine; Treas., J. B. Rhodes; Meas., John W. Dunlop; Executive Committee Francis A. Seamans, John F. Cole; Regatta Committee—David C. Percival, Jr, Herman Parker, C. Edgar Finney, Wm. B. Stearns, George W. Mansfield; Membership Committee—Herman Parker, Arthur K. Simpson, Daniel W. Lane, Joseph W. Hodgkins; House Committee (three years), Joseph W. Hodgkins; Board of Judges—Wm. W. Keith, W. I. Palmer, Arthur K. Simpson, Wm. B. Stearns, Albert E. Smith.

The Commonwealth Y. C., of Boston, has elected the following officers: Com., Edward Marley; Vice-Com., C. L. Ellis; Rear-Com., L. D. Lyons; Sec'y, John Nolan; Treas., C. H. Wilson; Meas., J. F. McKee.

We learn from the *Field* that among Mr. Watson's latest orders is one for a 1,200-ton steam yacht for an American owner.

The new steam yacht designed by G. L. Watson for Robert Goelet, of 1,750 tons, will be named Saldanha.

Empress, steam yacht, has been sold to A. Schwartzmann.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Police Revolver Scores.

ON Jan. 20 the first and second teams from the two platoons of the New York Police Department met for practice at the revolver school in the 8th Regiment Armory. For some unknown reason Warner and Adams on the second team of the second platoon went to pieces in their shooting.

The conditions call for three strings of 5 shots each on the Creedmoor target (4in. bull) at 10yds. Scores follow:

FIRST TEAM FIRST PLATOON.

	Precinct.				Total.
Ebermann	11	71	70	70	211
Leddy	34	69	68	67	204
Schryver	4	66	66	63	195
Ward	29	66	62	62	194
Stenner	12	71	69	65	205

SECOND TEAM—FIRST PLATOON.

Illich	38	67	65	65	197
Dowling	38	66	63	62	191
Mason	20	69	64	61	194
McCarrick	18	72	70	69	211
Kolle	24	Absent.			

FIRST TEAM—SECOND PLATOON.

Woodbridge	35	71	71	70	211
Townsend	24	68	67	66	201
McNally	27	65	65	65	195
Brown	C O.	66	64	64	194
Eckhoff	10	67	64	62	193

SECOND TEAM—SECOND PLATOON.

Cain	9	63	60	60	183
Warner	20	56	52	50	158
Adams	23	53	45	43	141
Freidenburgh	24	70	67	67	204
McMahon	11	61	62	61	183

Rifle Contests at the Sportsmen's Exposition.

THE Sportsmen's Association has decided to promote a series of contests for .22cal. rifles during the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition, the contests to take place in Madison Square Garden.

The committee in charge of the tournament is composed as follows: H. D. Muller, chairman; Gus Zimmerman, C. G. Zettler, B. Walthers and Edward Banks, the latter being secretary of the committee. At its first meeting, held on Friday, Jan. 22, the committee decided to visit the Garden on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 26, for the purpose of choosing a location for the ranges on which the contests will be carried out. It also decided to issue a personal invitation to the captains of all rifle clubs in the vicinity of this city to attend the next meeting of the committee for the purpose of arranging a programme that would be satisfactory to the majority. This meeting will be held at 3 P. M., Tuesday, Feb. 2, in the rooms of the Sportsmen's Association, Room 1,009, 377 Broadway.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in these columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Jan. 29.—YONKERS, N. Y.—Tournament of the Harriott Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

Feb. 8-20.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live-bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

Feb. 10.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Second contest for the *Recreation* cup, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

Feb. 12.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—100-target handicap event, unknown angles, $2 entrance, targets extra at 1 cent each. Shoot commences at 10 A. M. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

Feb. 12.—NEWARK, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Forester Gun Club. Targets. H. E. Winans, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—All-day shoot of the New Haven Gun Club. Targets. Wm. H Hazel, Sec'y.

Feb. 22. WISSINOMING STATION, P. R. R., Pa.—All-day shoot of the Florists Gun Club, of Philadelphia. Targets.

Feb. 22.—PARKERSBURG, W. Va.—All-day shoot of the Mountain State Gun Club. Targets. Leo Epstein, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—NEWARK, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Forester Gun Club. Targets. H. E. Winans, Sec'y.

March 13-17.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap (live birds), at Elkwood Park. $1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added. Entries close March 20

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament.

April 14-16.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

April 21-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

May 26-29.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—MONROE, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

B. F. Smith, late of Buffalo, N. Y., has taken root at Leroy, Pa. The first thing naturally that Smith turned his hand to after locating in Leroy was the organizing of a gun club. He has succeeded admirably in his efforts, and is now busily engaged weaning the affection of his pupils from black powder to nitros. In order to show the boys what he can do with the latter, he has recently shot a couple of races at 50 targets each, and has broken 45 each time. In a race for a silver trophy on Jan. 19 he won with 24 out of 25. Smith is still shooting his old Baker gun, and is pushing King's Smokeless and Peters's shells on behalf of the companies manufacturing the same.

A glance at our Fixtures column will show that the Interstate Association has made arrangements for tournaments as follows: Baltimore, Md., April 14-16; Monroe, La., June 9-10; New Haven, Conn., July 14-15; Lewiston, Me., Aug. 4-5; Montpelier, Vt., Aug. 25-26. It was a wise move of the Association to open its target season at Baltimore, Md., as that tournament will, without question, prove one of the drawing cards on the Interstate's circuit for 1897. Dates have not yet been claimed for Richmond, Va.; Nashville, Tenn.; nor Portsmouth, N. H.; but these three cities will probably round out the circuit of eight tournaments decided upon by the Association.

The name Bradley that appears in the scores made at Elkwood Park on the opening day will hardly be familiar to many of our readers. Mr. Bradley has not done much live-bird shooting outside of his own club's grounds; but his name will be a little more familiar to readers of FOREST AND STREAM when we mention that he is the hero of the Edgar Murphy-Bradley match shot a year ago at Carteret, when Murphy conceded his opponent 10yds. and was defeated easily, although he shot a good race. The conditions were: Murphy 30yds., Bradley 20yds. and 10 dead birds. Score: Murphy 83 out of 93, Bradley 93 out of a 100, including the first 10 dead.

Mr. Hyatt L. Frost, of Indianapolis, Ind., in sending us an account of the sparrow tournament in that city, makes the following note: "J. A. R. Elliott, O. R. Dickey, S Glover. E. D. Fulford and B. A. Bartlett, the Eastern contingent; R O. Heikes, Ralph Trimble and J. H. Mackie, of Ohio; and George C. Beck, J. W. Cooper, J. H. Trippe and Royal Robinson, of Indianapolis, left for the San Antonio shoot at 7:05, Wednesday evening, in a special sleeper via St. Louis. At that point they will be joined by Harvey McMurchy, T H. Keller, J. L. Winston, Jack Parker, C. E. Willard, and probably several others."

We recognized the "Ready," "Pull," of R. A. Welch at the Elkwood traps on Thursday last much more quickly than we did his features. It is two years since we saw Mr. Welch shoot a live bird, and indeed during the past two years he has been almost an absentee from any shooting grounds. His ability for knocking down fast birds does not seem to have deteriorated in the least. He is shooting as well as ever, and that's saying a good deal, because on his day he is a dangerous man for anybody to go up against. Thursday, Jan. 21, was one of his days.

The second contest for the New Jersey amateur championship cup will be held on the Bergen County Gun Club's grounds, Hackensack, N. J., on Wednesday, Feb. 10. The club will also hold a 100 target handicap race on Feb. 12, Lincoln's Birthday, the conditions being unknown angles, $2 entrance, targets extra, at 1 cent apiece. A good lunch will be ready for the club's guests, and the boys may be trusted to look after everybody's comfort in their usual hospitable manner. Shooting commences each day at 10 A. M., the main events being commenced at noon promptly.

The Florists Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., one of the most energetic and thriving gun clubs in the State, has arranged to hold an all-day shoot at targets on Washington's Birthday at its grounds, Wissinoming Station, P. R. R. The programme will be one of "popular prices," and Will K. Park informs us that some specially interesting features will be introduced.

Arthur Bunn, of Singac, N. J., will have a live-bird shoot at his grounds Jan. 30, Saturday of this week. The chief event is a 25-bird handicap, $10 entrance, birds extra at 25 cents each, Rose system; if 12 entries or more, 4 moneys. The handicap will commence at noon sharp, but entries will be received up to the end of the fifth round. Bunn's birds are always good, so that a man who can shoot will stand some show to pay his car fare.

The Arkansaw Traveler's first annual live-bird tournament, advertised to take place at Hot Springs, Ark., Feb. 8-20, is in good shape. The programme states that $700 cash will be added to the purses, and that "no trophies, no plunder, nothing but cash," is on the list. The programme is a decidedly interesting one and a pleasing souvenir of a famous watering place.

The Knoxville, Tenn., Gun Club and other shooting organizations in Tennessee are doing their best to put a stop to the practice of exporting live quail out of the State. This pernicious practice has grown to such a magnitude that quail are now quite scarce where a few years ago they were numerous enough to suit a game hog. And this scarcity is not the result of "freeze-outs," but of netting.

"George McAlpin is shooting a great gait just now." That is a sentence we have heard so often of late that it comes to mind whenever we stop a moment to think out some driver or twister. Could we drop our Drivers and Twisters with the ease and regularity that marks McAlpin's efforts in that line, we'd be the king pin of them all.

Fred Quimby is making an extended tour through the Western cities and will hardly be back in New York much before the first day of March. It is quite a comfort to be able to go into Fred's store now without first being forced to remove one's spare cigars from their accustomed resting place in the right hand upper vest pocket.

The Elkwood Park grounds were given a thorough trial on Thursday last, the rain of the previous night having been almost heavy enough to merit the title of deluge. Although every inch of the new grounds is "made ground," shooting went on just the same as if the soundest turf surrounded the club house.

During the second day of the Erie (Pa.) Gun Club's tournament, Jan. 14, Harry Kirkover, of the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., was slightly wounded in the right eye by a stray shot from a pothunter's gun. Owing to the accident Mr. Kirkover was unable to take part in his club's tournament the following week.

In a copy of the Harrisburg (Pa.) *Call* of Jan. 15 we notice an account of a small live-bird shoot that took place at Ephrata, Pa., on the previous day. The most interesting part of the report (to us at least) was the fact that Billy Fieles's name appeared in every event. That fact is interesting, because it shows that Billy is still on deck with the boys when business permits.

Bad weather marred the opening day of the Buffalo tournament, Jan. 18. The attendance was quite small, only 11 shooters taking part in the 13 events shot during the day. L. V. Beyer won the honors of the day with great ease, no one else being able to get near him. The strong wind was fatal to high scores.

T. W. Morfey's open letter to Winston, accompanied by the solid backing of a $50 forfeit, should recommend itself to Winston. An agreement was made between the two on Jan. 16 to shoot on some date between March 1 and 10, but no forfeit was put up. As Winston has expressed some doubts as to Morfey's tackling him, the latter has thought it better to post a forfeit and thus make the matter binding on both parties.

Roll Organ and W. P. Mussey have been in New York city on business. While here they found time to run out to Larchmont on Friday, Jan. 22, and see the Duryea-McAlpin match. It was a cause for regret on our part that business engagements on both sides prevented our meeting either of the above able representatives of Western trap shooters. The fates are unpropitious sometimes.

Noel Money is getting back into form again, judging from the way he smashed targets at Hackensack, N. J., on Saturday, Jan. 23. It was hard shooting too, as the wind blew a gale from the northwest. In the E. C. cup shoot he was the winner with 48 out of 52 shot at. T. W. Morfey was right after him with 45 out of 51.

Regardless of the letter from the attorneys of Elliott Bros., Kansas City, Mo., warning Phil Daly, Jr., not to use the traps now in position, as it is claimed they are similar to some in use at Kansas City for which a patent has been applied for, shooting will take place every Saturday, as announced, and from the traps now in position.

A 100 bird race was shot at the Larchmont Y. C.'s grounds on Jan. 20 between J. P. Knapp and H. Sanford, both standing at the 30yds. mark. The match resulted in a tie, each scoring 87 out of 100. The New York *Herald*, commenting on the shoot, says: "The weather was not favorable, and most of the birds were drivers." Favorable for what?

T. W. Morfey is no longer in the hotel business, having sold out his interest in the Eagle Hotel, Paterson, N. J., recently. It is more than likely that Morfey will be on the list at some of the large tournaments this season.

The scores made at the Indianapolis (Limited Gun Club's) tournament show that sparrows do not stand much chance with the crackerjacks unless there is a gale blowing and no snow on the ground.

In writing to us on another matter, Wallace Miller, of Austin, Tex., pays a high tribute to Jim Elliott's prowess as a shooter of live birds, and asks: "Where are all the gang that were looking for his scalp at Chicago last summer?"

The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., will hold all-day shoots at targets on its grounds, Newark, N. J., on Feb. 12, Lincoln's Birthday, and Feb 22, Washington's Birthday. On Feb. 12 Jesse James and Melrose Hayes will shoot a race at 50 targets, expert rules, for a side issue. This race will commence at 10 A. M.

J. J. Hallowell, of Tucson, Arizona, president of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association, was in great form at the recent State shoot held in Prescott. The boys of the circuit of 1896 will remember Tucson well, and will be glad to hear that his right hand and his right eye have not forgotten their cunning.

The Mountain State Gun Club of Parkersburg, W. Va., has elected the following officers for 1897: President, John Hogan; Secretary-Treasurer, Leo Epstein; Captain, Bob Clark. The club will have an all day shoot on Washington's Birthday.

The New Haven, Conn., Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot on Washington's Birthday. Particulars can be obtained from W. H. Hazel, secretary.

This week may be said to inaugurate the preliminary skirmishes prior to the breaking out in the target tournament line that will not come to pass until the month of April is fairly upon us. The boys will be cracking the blue rocks this week at San Antonio, Texas, under the supervision of the Big Three.

The Boston, Mass., Gun Club has arranged a series of prize handicap events to commence Jan. 27 and end on May 5. Each event is at 21 targets, viz.: 10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs. Shoots take place every week and the best six scores out of the fifteen shoots to count.

The Jeannette Gun Club, a New York organization that holds its live-bird shoots at Guttenburg race track, Hoboken, N. J., has elected the following officers for 1897: Pres., C. F. Offerman; Vice-Pres., C. Vagts; Sec'y, Wm. P. Rottmann; Treas., C. N. Brunnie.

Gus Nowak, one of the most popular men in the ranks of the Emerald and Hell Gate gun clubs, of New York city, has become the proprietor of the Boulevard Hotel, Westchester, N. Y.

The third annual amateur championship of the Larchmont Y. C. will take place on the club's grounds, Jan. 29-30, on the arrival of the 9 A. M. train from New York. The contest is at 100 live birds per man, $100 entrance.

The Bergen County Gun Club will send a team to the Endeavor Gun Club's grounds, Marion, N. J., on Saturday next, Jan 30, to compete with a team from the home club. The team race will be commenced at 1 P. M.

The programme for the Grand American Handicap is well under way, and will be ready for distribution by Feb. 10.

The Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club intends to have some live-bird shooting on its grounds on Washington's Birthday.

Capt. A. W. Money is not expected home until the middle of February.

JAN. 26. EDWARD BANKS.

Morfey to Winston.

PATERSON, N. J., Jan. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One week ago to-day I was present at the Winston Mosher match for the Du Pont trophy at Yardville, N. J. On that day Mr. John L Winston told me that he would shoot me a match at 100 live birds for $100 a side on his return from the South, the match to take place between March 1 and March 10. Notwithstanding the fact that I said that I would shoot him such a race on either of the grounds he named—Zwirlein's or Daly's—he made a bet with me of a $5 hat that I would not shoot him. I understand also that he openly expressed his opinion during the evening of the same day that I would not shoot him the above match.

To show Mr. Winston, therefore, and anybody else interested, that I mean what I say, I hand you herewith $50 forfeit to bind the match on the above terms, viz: 100 live birds per man, $100 a side, 30yds. rise, whatever boundary he wishes according to the grounds he names (Zwirlein's or Daly's), the match to be shot between March 1 and March 10.

The above is really an acceptance of Mr. Winston's own proposition, but as he always prefers to be challenged to challenging, I am willing to accommodate him to that extent. Let him now put up or do the other thing. T. W. MORFEY.

[Fifty dollars forfeit received.]

The Hot Springs Tournament.

THE souvenir programme of *Arkansaw Traveler's* first annual live-bird tournament, to be held at Hot Springs, Ark., Feb. 8-20, is a good and sufficient excuse for the long silence of John J Sumpter, Jr., promoter of this shoot. It is a dandy, and contains much food for thought on the part of those who contemplate attending the same. It is hard to see wherein Mr. Sumpter could have made any change for the better. The list of events is small, it is true; but what does that amount to? Miss and-outs, whether $5 or $2 entrance, are always acceptable and easily gotten up to suit shooters. So don't let the small number of events worry you. There'll be plenty of shooting and plenty of birds for all.

The first point we always make for in a programme is the page containing such matter as may be covered generally under the head of "General Information." This time that page is headed "Notes of Interest," but it means just the same. Extracting briefly, as space and time are limited, we would say: Black powder and 10-gauge guns are barred; A. S. A. rules will govern, and the referee's decision is to be *final under all circumstances;* handicaps range from 25 to 33yds; King's automatic traps used and birds trapped at 25 cents each; guns and shells to be shipped in care of Thompson & Kelly; shooting commences at 9 A. M.; post entries ($5 extra) taken up to the end of the fifth round, etc. We would specially make a note of the fact that entries for the big event, the *Arkansaw Traveler's* handicap, must be made by Feb. 15, each entry being accompanied by a forfeit of $5; balance of entry money, together with the price of the birds, to be paid before going to the score. The following is a list of the scheduled events:

Preparation Day, Feb. 8.—No. 1, 10 birds, $5. three moneys, no handicap, birds included; No. 2, miss-and-out, $2.

Feb. 9.—Arlington Hotel handicap, 25 birds, $10, birds extra, $100 added, five moneys.

Feb. 11.—Fifteen birds, $10, five high guns.

Feb. 12.—Eastman Hotel handicap, 25 birds, $15, birds extra, $100 added, five moneys.

Feb. 15.—No. 1, 7 birds, $5, four high guns; No. 2, 10 birds, $10, four moneys, class shooting.

Feb. 16.—*Arkansaw Traveler's* handicap, 25 birds, $25, birds extra, $500 added. (The programme omits all mention as to how the purse is divided.)

If we know anything, and grave doubts have arisen on that point, it seems to us that Mr. Sumpter has done well in arranging a programme that is likely to catch everybody; and which, while giving them lots to talk about and plenty of shooting, will not take up a great deal of the two weeks of the tournament, but will allow ample time for any bluffs that may be called being settled then and there. The *Arkansaw Traveler's* head has proved itself to be perfectly level.

Trap Notes from Hartford.

HARTFORD, Conn., Jan. 25.—The Colt Gun Club held its annual meeting to-day and elected the following officers: President, J. A. Pitkin; Vice-President, Fred Bishop; Sec'y-Treas., M. F. Cook; Instructor, F. Risley. The Executive Committee are the above, with L. C. Grover added. The club has moved to new grounds and has built a new club house and inclosed the trapping pit. New traps with electric pulls have been put in. Being in the city limits, and only one and a quarter miles from the City Hall, the center, makes it the handiest grounds possible. The club has a membership of 150, with a good balance in the treasury.

The club holds bi-monthly shoots for a gold medal. The following scores were made at the last shoot at 25 targets:

Bishop 23, Cook 20, Risley 22, Sexton 20, "McGinly" 21, Alger 19, Pitkin 21, Putnam 19, Burbidge 17, Goodwin 16, Colt 15, Green 14, Storrs 12, Carter 14, Keho 5, Nichols 12. M. F. COOK, Sec'y.

The Midwinter at San Antonio.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Jan. 25.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* All day long there has been a fierce norther raging, and at the request of all the visiting shooters the tournament was postponed until to-morrow. This is the coldest weather experienced here in years. The ground is covered with ice and sleet and the wind is blowing a gale, while the thermometer is down to 19. All the hotels are crowded with shooters and the entries will exceed those of last year. Eleven full squads have entered for to-morrow, and if the weather moderates the entries will reach ninety. PAUL R. LITZKE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

TUCSON, Ariz., Jan. 12.—The morning of Jan. 9 dawned bright and clear at Prescott, and gave promise of a perfect day; but ere the hosts of Arizona were drawn up in battle array before the traps, dark, lowering clouds hung all around, and gusts of wind swept over the grounds, while rain, snow, and occasional hail appeared at intervals. However, the Prescott boys had made arrangements for the bodily comfort of visiting sportsmen by the erection of a large tent, in which there was ample room for all guns, ammunition and shooters. The grounds are well located, and although the old-style rope pull was used it certainly gave the best of satisfaction.

The visitors were: J. H. Holmes, F. N. Scofield, M. E. Morin, M. B. Chubb and J. H. Aitken, Phœnix; K. L. Hart, C. Weber, F. Wilding, O. E. Connor, C. P. Hart and J. J. Hallowell, of Tucson. The occasion of the visit of this aggregation of talent and gall to Prescott was the annual battle between the gun cranks of Arizona for the possession of three very handsome medals, representing the four-men team championship, the individual blue rock championship, and the live-bird championship. As the shooters were being driven to the grounds in the morning there were more blue-rocks smashed than Paul North could turn out at Cleveland in seven years, and more straights made than Rolla Heikes ever dreamed of; but as the day waxed old the target factory was not enlarged, and the slumber of the man from Dayton had not been broken.

The boys from Tucson started in at a swinging clip, and thanks to the fact that Capt. Hallowell personally tucked each one of his team into his respective downy couch the night before, they kept it up all day and landed the blue rock medals. The individual badge was won only after a hotly contested race and a shoot-off between Holmes and Hallowell, but the team badge was won by the handsome margin of 20 birds, with the total score of 163 out of 200, each man shooting at 30 singles and 10 pairs.

The morning of the second day was devoted to target shooting, and the weather was fairly good, but threatening clouds spoke badly for the live-bird contest to come off during the afternoon. The supply of live birds was very limited, and one event had to be cut out of the programme entirely. The other one was shot in an almost continuous drizzle of rain, making the birds heavy and slow. Very little interest was manifested during the shoot, as hard drivers were few and far between, none of the stops were phenomenal, and not more than a half dozen birds were above the ordinary run. The shoot was finished in semi-darkness, and the two tied for the medal with 15 straight decided to shoot it off at some future time. Not so, however, the three tied on 14; they, trusting to luck and awkwardness, decided to shoot in the dark, and had the pigeons been blue a clean score (of misses) would undoubtedly have been made. Hallowell finally succeeded in killing 4 out of 5 and landed a fine gun case. Jackson, of Prescott, killed 3 and got 200 loaded shells; while Hart, of Tucson, killed 2 for a Thurman blouse. Thus ended the fourth annual tournament of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association. Who shall say it was not the best, for we all had a splendid time, were treated royally, and had the best and squarest referee on earth.

The Prescott Gun Club tendered to visiting sportsmen one of the best and most elaborate banquets which it has been my fortune to attend. This, combined with the thorough hospitality of everyone we met in Prescott, from the solitary pioneer who met us at the train at 2 A. M. to the last parting handshake in the rain when we left, made it an occasion long to be remembered.

The toasts which were responded to were as follows: Arizona Sportsmen's Ass'n, J. J. Hallowell; Arizona Quail, F. N. Scofield; Sonora Pigeon, M. B. Chubb; Live Bird Badge, J. H. Holmes; Team Badge, C. Weber; Cactus Buck, M. E. Morin.

After the banquet a meeting of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association was held, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., J. J. Hallowell, Tucson; Vice-Pres., C. Weber, Tucson; M. E. Morin, Prescott; Corresponding and Recording Sec'y, K. L. Hart, Tucson; Treas., J. H. Holmes, Phœnix.

The next annual tournament was slated for Tucson, at such time as the club located there should set.

TARGET SCORES.

Scores in the target events shot on both days were as below:

	First Day.					Second Day.				
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	1	2	3		
Targets:	15	20	25	50	20	15	20	25	Shot at.	Broke	Per cent
Hallowell	13	17	23	44	18	13	18	23	150	171	80
Weber	12	17	20	45	17	13	18	19	190	161	84.7
Holmes	12	16	23	37	16	13	17	22	190	156	82 1
Ferguson	14	17	20	38	18	13	14	21	190	155	81.6
Scofield	13	18	21	36	17	12	18	20	190	155	81.6
Stephens	14	16	20	40	15	12	17	20	190	154	81.5
Wilding	13	16	21	40	15	9	19	20	190	153	80.5
Jackson	9	13	22	34	..	10	20	19	170	127	74 7
Chubb	11	14	19	35	16	11	14	20	190	140	73.7
Morin	8	16	19	33	12	11	16	20	190	136	71.6
Barnhart	9	14	18	..	15	10	16	..	115	82	71.3
Hill	12	16	22	31	12	10	13	18	190	1 4	70.5
Frantz	6	12	20	..	13	11	16	19	140	97	69.3
Conner	10	16	21	34	9	9	14	18	190	131	68 9
K L Hart	11	12	16	..	16	10	12	19	140	96	68.6
Andrews	9	13	19	..	9	11	12	16	140	89	63.6
Aitken	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	14	60	36	60
Mauderfeld	7	11	..	..	..	9	12	16	95	55	57.9
C P Hart	7	10	..	..	11	5	10	15	115	58	50.4
Marks	..	..	..	..	8	7	..	..	35	15	42.8

Scores in the team championship—30 singles and 10 pairs—were as below:

Tucson Team

Hallowell	1101111111111111111111101111110	—27
	11 11 11 11 11 11 01 10 11 10	—17—44
Weber	1111010111111111111111111111111	—28
	10 11 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 11	—17—45
Wilding	1101111111101111111111111100	—26
	10 10 11 11 11 11 10 10 01 10	—14—40
Conner	1111111101110101011100110101	—22
	11 11 00 10 00 11 10 10 10 11	—12—34—163

Prescott Team.

Ferguson	1111111010111111111111011111111	—27
	01 10 01 10 01 10 10 11 10 10	—11—38
Stephens	1111110101111111111111011111111	—27
	11 00 11 11 11 01 10 10 11 00	—13—40
Jackson	1111111011101111110111111101101	—25
	00 11 10 00 10 11 00 10 10 10	— 9—34
Hill	1101111110110101100011101100	—19
	10 10 00 10 11 11 11 10 10 10	—12—31—143

Phœnix Team.

Holmes	1111011111110011111000101111	—23
	10 10 10 11 10 11 10 11 10 11	—14—37
Scofield	0101101111111001011111111011	—23
	01 10 11 11 11 11 10 11 10 00	—13—36
Morin	0001011111111111111101011I111	—24
	01 00 10 00 11 00 11 01 00 11	— 9—33
Chubb	1111110011111111110110111110	—25
	10 01 10 11 00 11 11 01 00 10	—10—35—141

The scores in the event for the gold championship badge at live birds follow, all standing at 28yds. rise:

Hallowell	11121•211211111—14	Harnhart	111210122•21112—13
K L Hart	2212121211112o2—14	Weber	021111202122101—12
Chubb	•221022122••121—11	Stephens	1•022111•2022?0—11
Conner	2101210?2011112—12	H D Aitken	22122001•022222—11
Holmes	1111222212?22112—15	J H Aitken	2220112201?0•00— 9
Morin	0011000w	Jackson	1210111112111111—14
Hill	1002012121111?2—12	Ferguson	1102122210?2210—12
Scofield	1111111121121?1 —15	Andrews	21•22?00?022222—11
Hastings	•2222•211210•12 —11	Frantz	121122•21012111—13
Wilding	2110211110?2212—13		

TUCSON.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

GOOD SHOOTING ON DAVIS ISLAND.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 20.—There was some capital shooting to-day on the grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club. W. S King and McPherson ran 25 straight in the big race, Anson being only one behind with 24:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
W S King	1111222222222222222222222	—25 2222222—7
S McPherson	2222221222212222222222231	—25 22220?0 - 5
Anson	2222222222222222?022222?23	—24 212?221—6
A H King	2222222222222222?220?222?—	23 2022212—6
Jacque	2222222222?200222?222222?2	—23 122?222—7
J G Messner	2222220222222222200?2?022?	—21 2222222—7
Hofmeister	2102102110010200201211010	—15 1210?01—5

M'PHERSON DEFEATS CROSSLAND.

Jan. 22.—Sandy McPherson was in good form to day and won from Crossland in a 50-bird race on the Herron Hill Club's grounds, Davis Island, by a score of 46 to 44. Scores:

S McPherson	20222122222222222222202	- 23
	1?222222?2?022?2?212?2?022	—23—46
J. Crossland	1220221120?2212?2?01222222	—22
	1210221?2?2221?2?11?022220	—22—44

Sparrow Tournament at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 20.—The Limited Gun Club opened its sparrow shoot under very unfavorable auspices as far as weather conditions were concerned. The first gun ushered in a fine snow, which a half hour later developed into a very heavy snowfall; this continued to 12 o'clock, when it again changed to a penetrating drizzle, and this at 2:30 o'clock had again changed to a heavy snowfall. The walks were kept well cleared, but still all was bad under foot—nothing but slush all the time. The snowfall amounted to nearly 6in., and thus the sparrows so trying to the eyesight where the ordinary dark background exists were made comparatively easy so far as seeing was concerned. And as is usually the case with pigeons, the sparrows did not fly so well as when ground is not covered with snow. The slight wind was favorable to incomers, of which there were a large number, the greater number, however, being crossing shots.

The six programme events were run off by 2:30 o'clock. In these the money was divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Two extra 15-bird sweeps were shot, with a division of the purse into four moneys; 1,405 birds were trapped in all; 15 traps were used and squads of five men shot rapid fire. Each shooter faced one of three unknown traps. The surroundings were conducive to rather high scores, but this should not materially detract from the shooting, which was excellent. In the 25-bird event the first squad averaged 96 per cent., and the entire score averaged 93.5 per cent.; in the 20-bird event the total score averaged still better—95 per cent.

The following table shows the first day's scores, and also gives the averages of the shooters:

First Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Entrance:	$4	$6	$8	$4	$10	$8	$4	$4			
Birds:	10	15	20	10	25	20	15	15	Shot at.	Scored.	Av.
Ed Voris	10	14	18	10	24	20	15	14	180	125	96.2
E D Fulford	9	14	20	8	25	20	15	15	130	126	96.9
J A R Elliott	8	14	20	8	23	20	14	15	130	122	93.1
R O Heikes	8	15	20	6	19	20	15	15	130	123	94.6
G C Beck	10	12	18	6	24	20	13	..	115	103	89.6
S Glover	9	14	19	7	24	18	14	13	130	118	90.8
B A Bartlett	9	10	19	8	25	19	14	14	130	118	90.8
T Parry	8	9	16	..	..	19	12	14	95	78	82.1
O H Hampton	9	10	15	9	..	17	13	..	90	78	81.1
O R Dickey	6	14	19	9	23	17	..	..	100	88	88
G G Roberts	8	14	..	..	..	..	12	..	40	34	85
J W Cooper	6	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	25	18	72
Dr Moore	8	11	..	..	..	..	15	..	40	34	85
R Robinson	7	11	..	..	..	..	..	12	40	30	75
G H Crawford	..	11	..	..	..	14	12	..	50	37	74
H Murphy	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	15	12	80
J H Mackie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	9	60

Second Day.

The weather conditions to-day were decidedly improved. No rain or snow fell, and it was colder, while a wind from the southwest reduced the number of incomers The shooting was difficult, but yet not what the usual breeze from the above quarter gives us The scores below show that the pace set by the crackerjacks was a hot one:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6			
Entrance:	$4	$4	$10	$6	$8	$8			
Birds:	10	10	25	15	20	20	Shot at.	Scored.	
Heikes	10	7	23	14	19	20	100	93	
Elliott	10	7	22	15	18	18	100	90	
Dickey	7	9	25	15	17	17	100	90	
Fulford	9	8	24	13	14	15	100	83	
Bartlett	8	6	23	14	15	18	100	84	
McVey	9	5	23	14	13	17	100	81	

No. 2 was at 5 pairs; No. 5 at 10 singles and 5 pairs.

NOTES.

Although E. D. Fulford killed one more bird in all the events than was scored to Ed Voris, they tied in the programme events and divided first and second average money, $15 each; J. A. R. Elliott took third average money, $7.50, although Heikes beat him out for average in all events.

Ed Voris really failed to kill only two of his birds, three of his lost birds falling dead out of bounds. He carried off quite a bit more of the money than any other shooter, and this fact made him feel pretty well, and he talked enough to disclose the fact that he had never challenged anybody in his life and yet had shot 46 individual matches, and lost but 3 of the 46. One of the lost matches was when he shot one barrel against the other man's two barrels, and yet he was beaten only 2 birds in a 100-bird match. Mr. Voris came very near to giving O. H. Hampton a chance for revenge for a previous defeat at sparrows; matters came so nearly to a climax that $40 was put up by Mr. Hampton, but was withdrawn shortly afterwards; it all seems to depend on Mr. Hampton.

When I expressed the hope to J. A. R. Elliott that he and J. L. Brewer would yet lock horns, Mr. Elliott indicated that "Barkis is willing" if the race be shot on a neutral ground.

The absence of A. W. du Bray was remarked early in the day by many of the shooters. His absence from a tournament of the Limited Gun Club would cause almost as much comment as the absence of its efficient secretary, Royal Robinson. It was therefore with much pleasure that the appearance of Du Bray about 2 P. M. was noted. He did not do any shooting, as he was attending strictly to business in order to be able to leave for San Antonio, Texas, with the rest of the boys.

It is more than three years since Jim Elliott has been in Indianapolis. His presence on this occasion caused quite a lot of talk in regard to the result of his recent match with J. D. Gay, of Pine Grove, Ky. Mr. Du Bray undoubtedly voiced the sentiment of all Kentucky shooters when he said that, though Old Kentucky had been defeated, such a defeat with such a score was no disgrace. For his last 400 live birds shot at Gay has averaged better than 95 per cent.

Rolla Heikes had a slice of his usual well-deserved luck, carrying off the biggest pot of the day on 15 straight alone in the first 15-bird event; the purse was about $30.

HYATT L. Frost.

Altoona Gun Club.

ALTOONA, Pa., Jan. 21.—The annual handicap shoot of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club took place on New Year's Day at the club's new grounds near Lake Mont. This handicap is an annual feature among the members of the club and is usually well attended. This year, however, the attendance was light, but the enthusiasm was as great as ever and a good day's sport was had. The weather was fine with the exception of a high wind that blew across the traps from west to east, helping some of the right-quarterers to a gait that the boys could not gauge. The birds were a good lot, there not being more than half a dozen out of the 240 shot that refused to fly or leave the trap immediately after being released.

After the handicap was over a miss-and-out and two 5-bird events were decided. In these Sands shot in great form, killing all his birds in grand style. Booky carried off the honors in the handicap, killing 14, the lost bird falling dead out of bounds. Following are the scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Kotty (30)	↙↗↖↙→↘↙↙↘↗←↓↓↖↗	
	2 2 1 2 2 0 1 • 1 1 1 2 1 0 0	—11
Christy (30)	↗↘↘←↙↘↙↖↘↙↘↙↙↘↙	
	2 0 2 0 1 1 1 1 2 2 0 1 2 1 1	—12
Sands (30)	↑↙↓↙→↙↙↘↙↙←↙↖←←	
	2 0 2 2 • 0 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2	—12
Booky (28)	↙←→↓↘↘←↘↙↙←↗↙↘↙	
	2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 • 1 1 2	—14
W E Bell (28)	←→↘↗↘→←↖↘↙↘↓↖↘↙	
	1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 0 • 0 1 1	—12
Forney (26)	→↙↗↗↙↘↖↓↙←↘↓↖↘↗	
	2 1 0 2 2 2 0 0 0 0 1 2 0 1 0	— 8
Doerr (26)	←←→↙↘↙H↙↘↗↙↙↑→	
	1 1 2 0 2 1 1 1 0 1 2 1 1 1 1	—13
Bastian (28)	↖←↘↙↙←↘↗→↙↙→↖←←	
	0 2 2 1 0 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1	—13

Sweeps were shot as follows:

No. 2, 5 birds, $2. two moneys: Kotty, Roher, Bastian and Sands, 5; Christy and Bell, 4; Booky 3, Barley 2.

No. 3, same: Bell, Sands and Roher, 5; Booky and Bastian, 4; Kotty and Christy, 3; Fay 2.

No. 4, miss-and-out: Sands and Bell, 8; Bastian 7, Kotty 2; Christy, Booky and Roher, 1.

W. S. B.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Erie's Midwinter Tournament.

ERIE, Pa., Jan. 20.—The Clover and Pope midwinter tournament was held at Massassauga Point, Erie, Pa., Jan. 12, 13 and 14, and aside from disappointment in the matter of attendance was a very successful and enjoyable affair. The weather was clear and cold enough to keep the shooters hustling when at the score, and made the shooting both at live birds and targets all that could be desired. The birds were first class, being a selected lot, and the targets were thrown as difficult as possible and tested the skill of all shooters present. While this is the first effort made in Erie for years to hold a tournament of this kind, it will not be the last. The ball is started, and there is no place in the country with better facilities for holding a first-class tournament than we have here, and I think those in attendance at this tournament will bear us out in that. It is our intention to give another tournament in the spring that will give all trap-shooters in this part of the country a first-class time. The many shooters wending their way to Indianapolis, San Antonio and Hot Springs, the present centers of attraction to the trap-shooters all over the country, caused many of our friends to deprive themselves of the pleasure of attending our tournament who would otherwise have been with us on this occasion.

Among the visiting sportsmen present were: Sim Glover and Wride, Rochester, N. Y.; Ed Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; D. A. Upson, Cleveland, O.; B. A. Bartlett, Harry Kirkover and Norris, Buffalo, N. Y.; E. D. Kelsey, East Aurora, N. Y.; Robert W. Ewalt, Warron, O.; A. Smedley and Mr. Lay, Oil City, Pa.; I Ware, Dunkirk, N. Y.; Thos. Poy and Keck, Kane, Pa.; Fred Shelley, Sheridan, N. Y.; Whitner and J. M. Reed, Greenville, Pa.; Bixby and Jones, Beaver, Pa.; O. J. Marsh, Westfield, N. Y; Wood and Smith, Cincinnati, O.

Sim Glover shot in excellent form and held himself at the top all through the tournament. Sim is shooting a Parker gun and Schultze powder loaded in U. M. C shells, and is doing great credit to himself as well as doing the boys, as he earnestly and busily walks down the line knocking out clean scores one after another, and then walks up to the cashier's office and invariably gets first money alone. He then in a very complimentary way says to the cashier, "You are the quickest figurer and the best man in the cashier's office I ever saw at a tournament," closing by saying, "and that's no kid, either." E D Fulford, representing Francotte guns, was feeling good, looking fine and shooting to perfection; but was so busy selling guns that he hardly kept up to his usual form. Ed sold four guns in Erie, and has other sales under contemplation, and says that Erie is all right. There is probably no man in the world who understands loading shells better for all purposes and conditions than E D. Fulford to get any desired pattern or penetration. He was loading his shells here for the sparrow shoot at Indianapolis. His first barrel will be loaded with 4drs. of Schultze, with a complicated arrangement of wadding, and 1½oz. of aqua ammonia instead of shot. He will shoot this in a cylinder-bore gun, which will fill the air through the whole boundary with a suffocating mist. Should this load possibly fail, he will then steadily use his left, which I think is loaded with hemp or canary seed; at least the whole combination is sure death to the sparrow. Capt Bartlett was shooting in fine form and attracting the attention of all by his rapid work with the Winchester gun, which company he represents.

During supper time on the third day there was some very exciting live-bird match shooting going on over the sumptuously loaded board served by our host, Mr. John F. Parke. Propositions, with conditions such as would draw the last cent from any shooter's pocket with a strong string tied to it, were offered, accepted and rejected. The table was covered with money, the floor with feathers, and the room filled with referees and stakeholders. After quietness was restored, and after it was found that the management had still on hand 700 choice live birds immediately at their disposal, it was agreed to declare all matches postponed.

Scores in the target events were as below: Nos. 1-6 were shot on the first day, Nos. 8-13 on the second day, and Nos. 15 and 16 on the third day. Nos. 7, 14 and 17 were live-bird events, the results of which are given below the target scores. No. 16 was a two-men team race, 20 targets per man, $4 per team. The scores were: Buffalo, F. D. Kelsey 18, B. A. Bartlett 17—35; Greenville, Smith 17, Clover 17—34; Rochester No. 1, Glover 18, Pope 15—33; Rochester No. 2, Fulford 18, Wride 15—33; Dunkirk, Shelley 17, Jones 12—29; Greenville No. 2, Keck 15, Carn 10—25. Other target scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	8	9	10	11	12	13	15	16
Targets:	10	10	20	20	20	20	10	10	20	20	20	20	25	20
Glover	9	9	19	18	18	18	7	10	20	20	20	19	21	18
Bartlett	7	10	17	15	17	16	10	8	18	18	17	16	23	17
Norris	7	9	15	18	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pope	6	9	14	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	14 15
Skelly	5	8	..	..	14	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	17
Clover	9	7	17	16	16	16	8	9	17	16	18	17	23	17
Burr	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Reblett	..	3	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Poy	..	5	13	12	15	10	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Upson	10	18	17	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wride	..	7	12	8	15	12	5	5	14	14	15	12	15	..
Sigel	..	3	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fulford	..	7	18	17	17	17	10	9	18	18	17	18	23	18
Ware	..	7	13	15	13	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ewalt	..	..	..	..	..	15	7	7	17	13	18	17	..	..
Kelsey	..	..	..	..	..	16	10	6	17	15	18	18	22	18
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	9	16	18	17	16	..	..
Lay	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	6	10	11	12	10	..	..
Smedley	..	..	..	..	..	16	7	8	13	13	..	15	..	..
Bixby	..	..	..	..	..	15	6	2	9	9	8	11	14	..
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	..	..	..	12	..
Whitner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	17
Keck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15
Carn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10

Live-bird scores were as follows:

Event No. 7, 10 birds, $5: Fulford and Ware 10, Upson and Clover 9, Bartlett and Glover 8, Pope and Poy 7, Wride 6.

Nos. 14 and 17 were at 10 and 20 birds respectively, No. 17 being the contest for the E. C. Powder Company's cup. The cup was won by Glover with 20 straight. Scores:

	No. 14.	No. 17—E. C. Cup.*
Fulford (32)	2222222222—10	22222022222?22221001—17
Bartlett (30)	1221222122 10	2221021?1221121111020—17
Glover (32)	2211221220— 9	21?2222?2222212112111—20
Kelsey (20)	2011111112— 9	1112012212?0?121?221—18
Clover (30)	2222202222— 9	9211221212220222 022—18
Wood (31)	2122222122—10	
Carn (28)	22?0021120— 7	2201001002221221101w
Lay (28)	02101200w	
Smedley (28)	2?10122200— 7	
Bixby (28)	0022210021— 6	0002201?0222?01210w
Wride (28)	1112111122—10	
Fay (28)	0011101020— 5	
Ware (30)	0200202222— 6	
Poy (28)	2221020220— 7	
Pope (30)	2222212122—10	2222101222011201212—17
Kirkover (31)	22222w	
Ewalt (30)	1120011000— 5	
Bacon (28)	1011210022— 7	00212222001012221 0w
Childs (28)	1202111222— 9	1112112211222122?0002—17
Smith		2212212122222201222?—19
Kavanaugh		2.2222222?0001220?2w
Reed		122?0001102129?2w
Rodney		0201212222222?2210?02—16

* The following also shot in the E. C. cup shoot: Derby, 11 out of 17; Koehler, 11 out of 17; Keck, 2 out of 5.

A. P. P.

Bronx River Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—Two members of the Bronx River Gun Club met on Saturday last at the club's grounds (Miller & Zorn's), Baychester, N. Y., to decide the ownership of class A medal. This medal becomes the property of the member winning it the greatest number of times during the year. On summing up at the end of the year (1896) it was found that F. Pringle had won the medal four times, C. H. Zorn had also won it four times and tied M. Herrington for it once; the latter had previously won the medal three times. It was therefore only necessary for Zorn to defeat Herrington to become the owner of the prize, and his failure to defeat Herrington would make all three, viz.: Pringle, Zorn and Herrington, a tie with four wins each to their credit. It being too dark to shoot at the conclusion of the regular event, it was decided to postpone the shooting off of ties until Jan. 16, 1897, on which date Zorn and Herrington met and shot off their tie. The conditions were 25 targets each, unknown angles. The scores:

M Herrington	1111111111011111111111101—23
C H Zorn	1101011111000111110111111—19

Mr. Pringle not putting in an appearance, Zorn and Herrington shot two sweeps of 5 pairs each, which resulted as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Herrington	10 11 11 11 11—9	11 11 10 10 11—8
Zorn	00 11 10 w	01 11 10 01 00—5

The ties between Pringle, Zorn and Herrington will be shot off at the next regular club shoot, which will take place on the last Saturday in this month (Jan. 30).

B. CRUGER, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

OPENING DAY AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Jan. 21.—The inaugural shoot at the Elkwood Park new grounds took place to-day in bright, blustery weather. It was just the weather to make the shooting hard, the northwest wind driving the birds away from the traps whether they wanted to go or not. Late yesterday afternoon it commenced to snow, but during the night the snow turned to rain, a perfect deluge of water falling in the early hours of the morning. The effects of the heavy rain were no cause of worry to the management at Elkwood Park, except in the matter of transportation from the Branchport crossing to the grounds; and yet that was both easy and cheap—stages at 10 cents a head being provided in numbers ample enough to meet all demands.

Once at the grounds, it was as pleasant inside the big club house as one could possibly wish. The building was warmed both naturally and artificially, the sun's rays and the heat from the stoves being almost more than enough to make it comfortable. Upstairs was the café and restaurant, all four sides of it glass. Seated at the tables on the southern side of café, it was possible to eat one's dinner and also watch the shooting at the No. 2 set of traps. Downstairs only the left wing was used as a depository for shooters' coats, guns, satchels, etc., the belongings of the eighteen or twenty shooters present scarcely making a show owing to the ample accommodation provided.

Only two sets of traps were used, the number of those who wanted to shoot being insufficient to warrant the use of more. Different events were shot off at the same time on Nos. 1 and 2 set of traps, and in some instances the shooters entered in both events; yet so near together are the scores of the two sets of traps, owing to the "clover-leaf" formation of the three sets, that little or no delay was caused by permitting entrance in both events. There was no delay in trapping birds, the underground system in use at Elkwood Park being more than equal to the occasion. This feature of these grounds is worth more than passing mention on this occasion, and it is an absolute fact that no shooting at all could have taken place on the Elkwood Park grounds to-day had the old conditions of trapping been in use; being all "made ground" of a light, sandy-loam nature, and saturated by the downpour of the previous twelve hours, it was considerably more than "hock-deep" when one got off the boardwalks.

THE ATTENDANCE A DISAPPOINTMENT.

The attendance was a disappointment to us. We had looked for a far more representative gathering than we found at Elkwood Park on our arrival. Philadelphia and the Riverton Gun Club easily carried off the honors, both in point of numbers and in shooting. Among those from Philadelphia were: R. A. Welch (winner of the first Grand American Handicap), T. S. Stokes, Junius H. Davis, C. H. Edwards, Leonard Finletter and Count Gustav Langen. New York was represented by Noel E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co.; Justus von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold (U. S. agents for Schultze); G. S. McAlpin, of Carteret; D. Bradley, of the Larchmont Y. C. and New York Athletic Club. Other shooters were: T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J.; W. R. Patten and Woolley, of Pleasure Bay, N. J.; A. L. Ivins, of Seabright, N. J.; Dr. J. G. Knowlton, of New York city, etc. Among the spectators were: Marshall Herrington, of the Laflin & Rand (W-A) Powder Co.; Aaron Woodruff, Hank White, "Uncle Billy" Hughes, etc. Fully a couple of hundred spectators, including several ladies, were present during the day.

The birds were a good lot, leaving the traps very quickly and being aided very much by the strong wind that blew over the grounds. Coming out of the northwest, it made a nearly straightaway wind on the No. 1 set of traps, the set facing toward the Inn. On the traps that faced south, the No. 2 set of traps, it was a strong left quartering wind that swept the birds off to leeward at a rate of speed that baffled nearly all calculations. Many a bird that struggled up wind escaped through errors made in calculating the "drift" of the shot in such a strong breeze. The difference between the two sets of traps was remarkable. On the No. 1 set birds went down wind very fast, but did not twist to any great extent. Many birds also quartered and fought up against the wind toward the club house, affording the easiest of marks. Occasionally a screamer would leave the traps, and then there was generally trouble. On No. 2 set it was different; birds jumped into the air, twisted and turned down wind in a style that baffled all of the shooters; it was just about as hard shooting as any we have ever seen.

THE PATTEN CUP.

The principal event on the programme was the competition for the Patten cup, a valuable trophy presented by Mr. W. R. Patten, of Pleasure Bay. This contest was at 25 birds, $25 entrance, handicap, birds extra, and was open only to members of the Hollywood, Philadelphia, Riverton and Carteret gun clubs; and to members of Tuxedo, Westchester Country Club, Westminster Kennel Club and Larchmont Yacht Club. Only eight entries were obtained for the event, and six of these hailed from Philadelphia, New York's only representatives being D. Bradley and G. S. McAlpin. Harold B. Wallack acted as referee.

McAlpin lost a good bird in the first round, the pigeon going down wind and getting over the boundary before coming to the ground. Bradley and Finletter both lost birds in the next round, Finletter's being as hard a bird as left the traps during the day; it was a dark blue that sneaked out of No. 5 trap before it was half open and then streaked away for the boundary, never leaving the ground more than a foot. In the third round Count Langen, of the Riverton Gun Club, scored a lost bird, Mr. Edwards of the same club losing a very hard bird in the fourth round. Mr. Davis drew a good one in the fifth that beat him out, although he scored many a harder bird afterward. Thus at the end of the fifth round only two men, Stokes and Welch, were straight. Stokes lost a fair bird in the next round, McAlpin and Bradley both drawing very hot ones and scoring ciphers. This left Welch in first place, a position he never relinquished, running out with 25 straight, a score that, although not unmarked by luck in the draw of the birds, was one that any one could feel proud of, as the list of 25 kills included some excellent pieces of work with the gun on very fast birds. Mr. Welch was placed 1yd. in by the handicappers, receiving a yard the best of it from Stokes, McAlpin, Davis and Finletter. We suppose his handicap was figured on the basis of the shooting he has been doing of late, viz., practically nothing at all, as he has not been doing much shooting for a couple of years. On that basis we think the handicappers were by no means at fault, notwithstanding his record of to-day. Welch on his day is a remarkably dangerous man for anybody to meet, and to-day was his day. He was favored in the draw of the birds perhaps, but he used his first barrel with the precision and quickness that marked his efforts in past years; many a screamer was cut down before it had more than gotten under way, and again many a bird that had jumped into the air and twisted off to the east (down wind) was centered with the first barrel with wonderful quickness. His "ready" and "pull" were given with his old-time vigor.

To return to the Patten cup contest: Edwards retired in the 15th round with 10 kills to his name; McAlpin followed suit in the 18th with 13 kills, Davis also dropping by the wayside with 15 out of 20. Stokes withdrew in the 24th round with 19 kills, leaving Welch with a straight score, and Finletter with no misses, and Bradley and Count with 4 misses each. This quartette scored their 25 birds and ended with 25, 23, 21 and 21 respectively. The conditions of the cup were: 50 per cent. to first and cup; 30 per cent. to second and 20 per cent. to third high guns. Welch and Finletter took their respective portions, Bradley and Count dividing third money.

Before leaving the record of the Patten cup, mention must be made of Bradley's 22d bird; it was a good hot one that was knocked to the ground and was apparently a certain dead bird for him; when the dog got to it it rose and flew back over the boundary, falling dead just outside. Welch's 24th bird nearly spoiled his straight score, as it went off to the boundary and fell just against the low wire fence that marks the 50yds. boundary.

The scores in this event are given below:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Patten Cup.

R A Welch (29)....↑←↔←→↑$↑H↓↑↙←HH←←↑←↑→←↖↗↑
2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

F Leonard (30).....↗↖↑↙↑→↖↔→↑↑←→←↑↙↑→→→$→→↑←
2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—23

D Bradley (28).....↙↖↑↑←$←↙→←←↑↑H→H↑↑↗←←↑↓→←
1 0 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 0 2—21

Count (26).....↓↑↑←↖↗←←↑↑↑→↑↑↙↑←$←↑↑←←↑←
2 2 0 2 1 2 1 1 2 0 2 1 1 0 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—21

T S Stokes (30).....↓↑↑↙↙←↑↑↑↓←H↑↑→↗↑←→↗↑↑↑↖↑
2 2 1 1 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 1 0 w

J H Davis (30).....↗→↑↘←↑←H↖↙↑→H↑←↑↑→↓↑
2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 1 0 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 1 0 w

G S McAlpin (30)....↗←↓↑↖$↗←$→↑←↑→↓↑$←
● 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 0 w

G H Edwards (29)..↑↙↑$↘↓→↑→↓←H↑↑←
1 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 ● ● 2 w

OTHER EVENTS.

Several miss and-outs, $5 entrance, and three other sweepstakes were shot, the latter being: 10 birds, $10; 5 birds, $5; and 15 birds, $15, all at 30yds.

The last-named event was shot on No. 2 set of traps, the representative of FOREST AND STREAM acting as referee on this set. This event was almost the last for the day, and was finished with the sun about three-quarters of an hour high. The birds were a really excellent lot of flyers, and were directly responsible for the comparatively low scores made.

THE 15-BIRD RACE.

Morfey went to the score first and drew a hot one that fairly beat him out; Count lost one in the first round also. Count, Davis and Woolley also lost their birds in the second round, Woolley's being a piece of extremely hard luck, the wind fairly carrying his dead bird just over the boundary fence into the cornfield. Edwards lost his 3d bird dead out of bounds, Woolley, Stokes and Morfey all drawing very fast birds in this round. Welch, Stokes and Finletter broke their straight scores in the 4th round, Finletter having a good hard bird to kill. Welch's loss was the result of a piece of carelessness on the part of the shooter; he simply paralyzed a swift white bird from No. 5 trap that went down wind to the left, knocking it all in a heap just to the left of No. 2 trap, where it lay on its back, its head doubled up under it. Welch thought that one barrel was enough, although the bird was trying to turn over, so opened his gun and left the score. When the retriever got to the bird, the pigeon managed to get into the air and flew over the boundary before dropping to the ground, where it was gathered; the judicious placing of a second barrel on this bird might have landed Welch closer to first place. Count and Stokes lost birds in the 5th round, Patten being the only man left with a straight score at this point of the game.

Patten spoiled his score in the next round (6th) by having a fast left-quarterer drop dead out of bounds. Woolley scored a miss in this round on an easy bird, shooting behind it with both barrels. In the 7th round Count lost another bird and retired; Stokes drew a good one and made a great stop on it. In the next round Davis and Morfey lost birds, Morfey's miss being one of those unaccountable pieces of shooting one often sees—but not when Morfey is at the bat. The bird was a left-quartering incomer and fairly sat in the air while Morfey plunked both loads at it; as soon as the second shell had been discharged the bird concluded it had had enough and turned off down wind without a feather injured. It was one of the luckiest pigeons we have been made acquainted with.

The 9th round was an interesting one, five out of the eight men still in the race losing their birds. To make up for this piece of work, the next 11 birds were scored dead, and then Stokes lost his 11th, a fast one that was too good for the shooter. Davis lost his 11th bird and Edwards scored a miss on a fast circling incomer to the right in the 12th round. In the 13th round Welch and Woolley each lost a bird dead out of bounds, Welch's being an extremely hard bird to kill, as it fled for the boundary. Davis and Finletter scored losses in the 14th round, Finletter's bird falling dead out of bounds. In the last round Welch lost a driver that put him in second place; Edwards also lost a driver, thus shooting himself into the 11 hole and out of the money; Davis also drew another screamer and made his second consecutive cipher.

The conditions were: Three high guns, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Thus Morfey and Patten divided first and second moneys with 13 each, while third money was divided between Welch, Stokes and Finletter. The scores in this event were:

Sweepstakes, 15 birds, $15, three high guns:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

T W Morfey.....↗←←↑←↙↖↙↗↓←←↑←↙
0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—13

W R Patten.....↙→↓↑↖←↗↗↙↘↑←↑↑↓
1 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—13

R A Welch.....↓←↑↖↖←↗→↙↙←←?↙↑
1 2 1 ● 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 ● 2 0—12

T S Stokes.....←→↑↙↙←↙↙←↖↖←↑↑↑
1 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2—12

F Leonard.....↑←↑←←↑←←↙↑←↓↓↑←
2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 ● 2—12

G H Edwards.....←→↙↓↓←↑←↑←←↘↓←↑
2 1 ● 1 1 1 2 2 0 1 2 0 1 2 0—11

W Woolley.....↗↖←↗←↙↙←←→←↖↙←
2 ● 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 ● 2 w

J H Davis.....↑↰↓↑←↓↗↖↗→←↓←←↑
2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 0 2 0 1 1 0 0—9

Count.....←↓↓←↓↓↗
0 0 2 1 0 1 0 w

Sweepstakes were shot as below, No. 5 being a 5-bird event and No. 6 a 10-bird event; all the rest were miss-and-outs, $5 entrance:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Stokes (30)	220	22120	22220	222	21100	0112122220—8
Finletter (30)	0	21220	212 222	...	.....	10.2222202—8
Welch (28)	110	1211221	2112122	...	11222	.....
Davis (30)	2222	2222222	.....	...	22222	.....
Edwards (30)	2212	2221122	.....	...	00102	.....
McAlpin (30)	210	2222222	2222222	...	.....	.....
Von Lengerke (28)	1112	1120	22210	...	01122	.....
Count (27)	2120	220	10	...	00201	.....
Patten (26)	.....	.....	2222120	...	20210	0212102220—8
Money	.....	.....	.....	0	.....	1000021002—4
Morfey	.....	.....	.....	220	22022	.....
Ivins	.....	.....	.....	220	.....	0002011020—4
Cooper	.....	.....	.....	0	22122	2220202022—7
Bradley	.....	.....	.....	220	22202	.....
Money (re-entry)	.....	.....	.....	122	.....	.....
Knowlton	.....	.....	.....	...	22222	.....

	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.
Stokes	221212	220	2221222221	210
Finletter	212220	222	.....	22220
Edwards	210	...	.....	122122
Morfey	22210	0	.....	222222
Patten	0	212	0	222122
Count	2220	0	0	20
Patten (re-entry)	222222	...	20	.....
Morfey (re-entry)	.....	220	.....	.....
Count (re-entry)	.....	20	0	.....
Von Lengerke	.....	...	2221211222	.....
Daly	.....	...	20	.....
Money	.....	...	0	.....
Welch	.....	...	2221121111	1110
Davis	.....	...	.....	20

SUBURBAN GUN CLUB, OF ELIZABETH.

Jan. 16.—The Suburban Gun Club, of Elizabeth, held a little live-bird shoot to-day. In addition to three sweeps, a 50-bird match was shot between W. E. Ross and H. K. Tooler, both of this city. Ross won by 41 to 35. W. Parker acted as official scorer, and also looked after Ross's interests, Aaron Woodruff handling Tooler. Nate Astfalk was referee. The scores in the sweeps were as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Dr Eaton	12200—3	00010—1	..
Chas Ross	10000—1	.....	..
Alexander	00010—1	.....	..
G W Coyne	00200—1	.....	..
Turner	12023—4	02200—2	10
Waterbury	21010—3	.....	0
Greiff	.....	12212—5	..
Folsom	.....	21220—4	0
Woodruff	.....	21222—5	20
Chartrand	.....	12100—3	0
Donnelly	.....	22212—5	11
Astfalk	.....	11212—5	..

Greiff and Chartrand re-entered in No. 3, but lost their birds again. Score in the Ross-Tooler match was as below:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

H K Tooler....1 2 3 5 3 4 4 2 3 3 4 1 2 1 2 2 3 4 3 3 2 4 4 4 3
↖↗↗↙↖↙↘→→↰↗↘↙↖↙↖↳↗↰↖↙↙↙↖↑
2 0 0 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 1 2 0 2 2 2 0 2—16

W E Ross....5 3 1 1 2 1 3 3 2 3 3 3 2 4 5 4 2 3 4 2 3 4 3 4 5
↖↙↘→↘↰↖↘→↙↖↗↙↙↖↗↘↖↗→↙↙↗→
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 2 0 0 1 2 0 2 2 0 2 0—19—35

Wm E Ross....5 5 3 1 5 4 5 1 4 3 1 4 1 1 2 2 4 2 2 4 2 3 5 4 2
↗↘↗→↙↖↘↗↙↙↗↖↙↖↗↘↙↰↘↑↘↘↙↘→
2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 0 0 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—20

3 3 3 2 5 1 4 3 3 3 3 5 5 3 1 5 1 5 3 5 4 3 1 3 1
↗↖↖↗↖↙↗↖↗↗↑↙↙↙↗→←↘→↖↙↙↙↙↖
0 0 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2—21—41

E. C. CUP AT HACKENSACK.

Jan. 23.—The cup presented to the Bergen County Gun Club by the American E. C. Powder Co. was contested for to-day for the third time on the grounds of the club, near the depot of the New York, Susquehanna & Western R. R. The day was unfavorable for target shooting, as a gale from the northwest swept across the Hackensack meadows and played all sorts of tricks with the targets. In the cup race Noel Money shot like his old self, and carried off the cup with the good score of 48 out of 52. Morfey also made a rattling good score under the conditions, running 24 out of his first 25 and 20 out of the second string. Money, Morfey and Brocket, the latter a beginner of promise, were the only ones to shoot out their handicap allowances, as no one else had any show against Money's total. The totals made in this race give some idea of the conditions under which the event was shot. Edwards, the scratch man, made a poor showing in this event, scoring 34 out of 50. The Bergen County boys made things very comfortable for their members and guests, and "set up" the lunches in a very pleasant manner. If everybody did not get enough shooting it was his own fault, as the traps were kept busy all the time from 11 until dark. The club will hold a handicap target race, 100 targets, unknown angles, on Feb. 12. Scores in the cup race were:

N E Money (2)11110110111111111111111111111011111111111011111111111—46
11 — 2—48

T W Morfey (1)11111111111111101111111111111100111111111111010011—44
1 — 1—45

Brockett (13)..1100100111111111101111001111000111101001100110101—33
1111101101111 —11—44

M Herrington (3)..10111101010100111101011111001110111011011111101111—36

Ed Taylor (2).....11111011111101111110110011100111011100100010111111—36

F S Edwards (0)...10111001010110010100111111011101101110111011011111—34

R Snyder (9) .....11001010001110101111011110111011110011111111101010—34

Warner (11).....10111010101111110100011111111101010100001110101011—32

P Adams (5).....11110001100110111000110100110111010110101111101111—30

T Bell (2).....01111010100110110101111101110011010110011110000110—30

Steele (12).....01111110010101110000011011110001010110010001111111—29

Van Keuren (10)..11110100010101010110101110010111001011001100110—28

Whyand (13).....10109110010000101000101110001100101001111011110010—24

Scores in the sweeps shot during the day were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	25	10	20	15	15	20	10	10	10	20	25	25	25	10
N E Money	20	8	12	12	13	19	9	9	10	17	..	18	21	..
T W Morfey	19	9	15	13	12	..	..	..	5	..	..	20	..	..
F S Edwards	23	10	14	14	14	18	10	9	9	18	..	21	22	..
M Herrington	17	8	13	11	10	17	5	10	7	..	..	..	13	..
Ward	..	5	10	8	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Van Keuren	..	5	11	9	9	12	7	..	..	11	15	..	..	..
Ed Taylor	..	..	..	..	9	15	8	..	..	..	..	..	20	..
H D Warner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	15	..	..	..	8
Brackett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	15	..	14	..	9
R Snyder	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	6
C O Gardner, Jr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	16	..	..	5
T Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
P Adams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	19	..	..	..
Whyand	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	15	..	..	..
Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	10	20	..	..	..
Raymond	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	19	..	..	..

EAST SIDE GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Jan. 20.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the East Side Gun Club, of Newark. Event No. 1 was at 8 live birds, $2.50 entrance; Nos. 2 and 3 at 15 targets per man, known traps and angles. Scores in the live-bird event were:

Perment	11111111—8	Erhardt	10101110—5
Thomas	11111111—8	Laufenberg	11000111—5
Koegel	10111111—7	Bitz	10100111—5
Leuthauser	10111111—7	Reiboldt	10101100—4
Hilfers	01011111—6	Neigart	01110001—4

Two 15-target events were shot after the live birds had been disposed of. Scores were as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Leuthauser	111111100111110—12	110010010111111—10
Reiboldt	111110011110110—11	100111111111011—12
Koegel	111110111110100—11	100101111011001— 9
Thomas	110110111101001—10	.....
Bitz	111011010111000— 9	111110001111111—12
Schork	011011011000111— 9	011001001111010— 8
C Neigart	111111000001010— 8	110110000000000— 4
Erhardt	111000010001010— 6	010011110010100— 7
Perment	010000011101010— 6	110101010001101— 8
Lutz	001001001100011— 6	.....
Laufenberg	111011000001000— 6	.....
Henry	101000000010011— 5	.....

THEO. LEUTHAUSER, Sec'y.

A Saturday at Larchmont.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—A long list of events was decided to-day on the grounds of the Larchmont Y. C., 15 events being shot and 427 pigeons trapped. Of this number 253, or about 82 per cent., were scored, the number of dead out of bounds, owing to the 21yds. boundary, being extremely large and fatal to the chances of many a shooter. The scores in the 5 bird events, two high guns, and in the miss-and-outs were as below, a glance at the scoores tellIng what was what:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
H Butler	22●2●	●11●	12010	00111	21021	111111222
J P Knapp	12222	2202●	022222	20221	20222	12110
G S McAlpin	21222	111121	2222●1	●2●	21122	122122222
G Magoun	2201	222220	20122●	21201	02010	20212
W H Stafford	2202	222222	02220	22222	2222●	222●2
H B Wright	....	.....	●12●	22201	01021	222122●
F G Moore	....	.....	.....	.....	2200	212222221
L T Dwyer	....	.....	.....	.....	.....	211222222
Dr Wynn	....	.....	.....	.....	.....	222220

	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11.	No. 12.	No. 13.
Butler	22112●	0	●	.....	.....	...	....
Knapp	212●	222222	2122	20	1122120	20	...
McAlpin	2222●	222222	2●	22222	2212222	212	221
Wright	22222●	222222	●	12220	2122222	222	120
Stafford	2220	0	2222	220	2222222	20	222
Moore	220	0	2220	0	22●	...	...
Wynn	110	122222	2111	22221	221222●	12●	...
Duryea	210	0	1122	22122	20	...	...
Magoun	.....	.....	0	.....	.....	...	...

	No. 14.	No. 15.
Wright	2222120	22221222
Stafford	2222222	21222●
McAlpin	1222120	2212222●

Trap at Leroy, Pa.

LEROY, Pa., Jan. 19.—The newly organized gun club of this city held a shoot to-day for a silver trophy donated to the club by its secretary, Mr. S. D. Loyd. The contest was a handicap affair, the number of targets shot at by each individual ranging from 25 to 50. The handicaps were arranged by B. F. Smith, S. D. Loyd and R. Holcomb. B. F. Smith won the trophy by breaking 24 out of his 25, but was closely pursued by Messrs. R and C. Holcomb, each of whom broke 23 out of 37. There would have been seven or eight more entries had the weather been more favorable; as it was, the air was bitterly cold and penetrating. Scores were:

B F Smith (0).....1111111111111111111110111 —24

R Holcomb (12)....1010111010101011011011101010100110 1 —23

C Holcomb (12)....1110101011011100110111011000111001110 —23

T Morse (19).....1100010001110101100011011000110000010110111 —22

C Dodge (20).....1000011011001101101011100101000100000101001 01 —20

C McCreary (12)...0011010111001011000110110101100101100 —19

S D Loyd (25).....0001001100100110000110010110100001101010100010010 0—19

R Blowers (25)....0001000001110111010010011000001001000011100001011 01—19

BUFFALO B.

Interstate Tournaments for 1897.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Up to the present time the Interstate Association has made arrangements to give tournaments as follows, and claims dates accordingly: Baltimore, Md., April 14, 15 and 16, under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association; Monroe, La., June 9 and 10, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club; New Haven, Conn., July 14 and 15, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club; Lewiston, Me., Aug. 4 and 5, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club; and Montpelier, Vt., Aug. 20 and 26, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

Rising Sun Gun Club.

RISING SUN, Md., Jan. 19.—The Rising Sun Gun Club, of this place, held a shoot to-day. The main event was at 25 bluerocks per man, and below are the scores made by the 8 highest guns:

A Keen .....0011111111110011111101111—21

J Gifford .....1100011011111110111111101—19

H England .....1111111110111111111111111—23

J Hartenstine .....1011111111111111011111111—23

S Terry .....1011111111111011101111111—21

D Letts .....1011111111111110100101111—20

W Martindale .....1111111101110111111111011—22

H Alexander .....0010111001111111111101110—18

H. L. WORTHINGTON, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.

Jan. 19—The Emerald Gun Club's monthly shoot was well attended, as usual, twenty-eight members taking part in the club shoot, three guests making the number that faced the traps at Dexter Park this afternoon total thirty-one in all. There was just enough wind to make the birds a fairly strong lot of fivers, and in consequence only two of the thirty-one, E. J. Clark and Gus Nowak, were able to make straight scores. Among the twenty-eight members of the club were two new ones, J. S. S. Remsen and H. F. Burns Remsen was shooting a new gun, and found that it suited him very well, as he scored in practice and in the main event just 31 out of 35.

The monthly gatherings of the Emerald Gun Club are always most enjoyable, while the friendly rivalry among the members makes each shot of interest. Although our score does not show the number of birds that fell dead out of bounds, it should be noticed that Charlie Dudley's straight was spoiled in the 8th round by a bird that barely got across the boundary. Tom Lewis (an assumed name, by the way) shot about five different guns, and his score by no means represents his real capabilities.

The full score in the club shoot is given below, the manner of handicapping the members by both distance and by points being shown. (N. B.—Each shooter must score more birds than shown by his handicap points before adding anything to his record for the yearly prizes):

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	Points.	
E J Clark (A, 29)	7	↗↗↗↖↘→↴↴↗↖ 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—10
R Phister (A, 29)	7	↗→→↗←↰→↗↖↗ 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2— 9
J S S Remsen (A, 29)	7	←↑T→↗↗↶↗↶ 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2— 8
Tom Lewis (A, 29)	7	↗↰↰↗↘←↗↗ 0 2 2 2 2 0 0 0 0 2— 5
M Herrington (A, 28)	7	↗↖→↴↗←→↖↗→ 1 1 1 2 0 1 2 2 2 2— 9
Tom Short (A, 28)	7	↖↖↗↶↗↗↘↗↖ 0 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 1 2— 8
Dr G V Hudson (A, 28)	7	↖↖↗↷→↖↖↘↱→ 2 1 2 0 2 0 1 2 0 2— 7
Gus Nowak (A, 28)	6½	↗↗↴↖↘↘↘↖↘← 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2—10
C F Dudley (A, 28)	6½	↖↶↶→↗→↖↴↰↖ 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 0 1 2— 9
H P Fessenden (A, 28)	6½	↖↖↖↗↰↙←↘↰↘ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2— 9
F W Place (A, 28)	6½	↗↖→↱↗←↘↓↖→ 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1— 9
W Sands (A, 28)	6½	↗↗↶↘→→↴↗↖ 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2— 9
E A Vroome (A, 28)	6½	↖←↙↗→→↗←←→ 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 1 2 0— 8
J H Moore (A, 28)	6½	↗↗↗↴↖↖↗→↗↘ 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1— 8
G E Loeble (A, 28)	6½	→↗↴↘→↗↘↖←↱ 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 1— 8
O Mulcahy (A, 28)	6½	↴↖→↗↗↰↖↘↗↶ 2 2 2 0 1 2 0 2 0 1— 7
C Steutzle (A, 28)	6½	↙↶↙↘↖↗←←↙↗ 2 2 0 0 1 2 0 1 0 0— 5
J Banzer (A, 28)	6	→←→→↖↗↗↙→↘ 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 0 1 0 2— 7
R Regan (A, 28)	6	↙↙↘↱↘↖↙↗↙↶ 0 2 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 1— 4
W Amend (A, 28)	5½	↘↖↴↘↗→→↘↖↴ 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 0 1— 8
B Amend (A, 28)	5½	↖↗↗↖↗←↘↘↘↴ 2 0 2 1 0 0 2 1 2 0— 6
J Woelfel (A, 28)	5	←→↴↖↗↙↗↖↗↗ 0 2 2 0 0 2 0 0 2 2— 5
T F Codey (B, 26)	4½	↖→↗↘↘↖↴↴↴↴ 0 2 0 2 0 1 2 0 1 2— 6
Dr Richter (B, 25)	5	→↰↗↙↘↙↗↘↗↑ 0 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 0 2— 7
Emil Weiss (B, 25)	5	↗↗↶↴→↖↗↖→↗ 2 0 2 0 0 2 2 1 2 1— 7
G K Breit (B, 25)	5	↗↴↴↗↘↰↗→↗↘ 0 2 0 0 1 0 2 2 0 1— 5
G B Hillers (B, 25)	5	↶→↶↗↗↙↗↖↖→ 1 0 0 0 0 1 2 0 2 0— 4
H F Burns (B, 25)	5	↴↘↴↗↗↴→↴↘↙ 0 0 0 2 0 1 0 0 2 2— 4
*F S Edwards (28)		↗↴→↖→↖↗↗↖↴ 2 0 1 1 2 0 1 0 1 1— 7
*W Jaeger (28)		↴→←↴↗↙↙↓↗↘ 2 0 1 0 0 2 2 1 0 1— 6
*T B Ford (28)		→↖↗↘↰←↘↴↴← 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0— 2

* Guests.

EDWARD BANKS.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

Jan. 20.—The first shoot of the year of the New York German Gun Club was held to-day at Dexter Park. There were thirteen shooters on hand to take part in the club shoot at 10 live birds. Three of the thirteen tied on 9 each, and on the shoot off miss-and-out Koenig won on the first round, both Dr. Hudson and J. Schlicht losing their birds dead out of bounds. Scores made in the club shoot and in a 3 bird sweep shot after the main event were as follows:

	Tie.	Sweep.
B Koenig	2	211—3
Dr Hudson	•	111—3
J Schlicht	•	
F Sauter	.	101 2
H Thamforde	.	
E Doeinck	.	102—2
J P Dannefelser	.	100—1
H Leopold	.	...
J Oehl	.	...
M Banden	.	...
J Wellbrock	.	200—1
A Radle	.	...
P Kronsberg	.	252—2
H Meyer	.	...

The following list gives the records for 1896, and shows the number of points handicap, and also the total number of points scored by each contestant in the nine club shoots held during the year. The first ten on the list received prizes at the annual meeting held Jan. 15:

	Handicap.	Points.		Handicap.	Points.
J Wellbrock	5½	15	M Banden	4½	4
H Thamforde	5	8	S J Held	6	4
Dr Hudson	6½	7	H Nobel	5	3
J Schlicht	5½	6½	J Oehl	4	3
F Sauter	5	6	A Schmitt	5½	3
J Smith	5	6	E Doeinck	5½	2
H Leopold	5	6	A Lucas	3	2
E Radle	4½	5½	A Leutheusser	3	2
J P Dannefelser	5	5	A Busch	5½	½
P Garms, Jr.	5½	4½	B Koenig	5	1

The annual election of officers also took place on Jan. 15, the following list of offieers being elected for 1897: President, August Schmitt; Vice-President, J. Wellbrock; Secretary, A. Leutheusser; Treasurer, J. P. Dannefelser; Captain, F. Sauter

A. LEUTHEUSSER, Sec'y.

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB.

Jan. 21.—Five members of the Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn, put in an appearance this afternoon at Dexter Park, to take part in the first regular monthly shoot of the club for 1897. J E Lake scored 8 out of 10 from the 28yds. mark and took first place. W H. Dean, a guest of the club, ran his 10 birds straight. Scores were:

J E Lake (28)	0301211121— 8	J Grace (28)	••10210000— 3
Dr Eddy (28)	1•120•1110— 7	*W H Dean (20)	2112221121—10
Wm Allen (29)	22112•100— 7	*J Williams (25)	0001110112— 5
Wm Selover (30)	12•220120— 7		

*Guest.

FALCON GUN CLUB.

Jan. 22.—The Falcon Gun Club held its first monthly shoot for 1897 at Dexter Park this afternoon. Seven members competed for the club's prizes, J Vagts and J. Herrmann tieing for first place with 6 kills each. Falcon Gun Club rules call for gun below the elbow, second barrel kills to count as a half.

J Vagts (25)	1111011—6	C Doscher (25)	2102101—4
J Herrmann (25)	1011111—6	H Van Staden (25)	0111020—3½
J Bobling (25)	1011111—5½	J Moller (27)	0112001—3½
J Meyer (28)	1111010—4		

Trap Around Buffalo.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 18.—The regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, of this city, was held at Audubon Park on Saturday. The attendance was poor compared to what usually greets these weekly gatherings, but the quality of the shooting was decidedly good. Nos. 3 and 4 were the club shoot and the Gold Dust powder events respectively. In respect to the latter event the Buffalo *Courier* has this to say in its issue of the 17th inst.: "As was expected, the special Gold Dust powder shoot was the event of the day, and it was very hotly contested. Although the prize was won by the donors, Burkhardt Brothers, they kindly allowed the second best men, of which there were five, to shoot for its possession. Among them was one who not very long ago won the beautiful W. & A. silver powder flask, and he vowed that he would win this one also. In the shoot-off, which was a miss-and-out affair, it took only four rounds to decide that the Gold Dust belonged to the same man who made good his vow, Mr. Leonard Bennett. President Reid made the presentation speech in a few well-chosen remarks for the occasion, after which Mr. Bennett, who had been anxious to see his prize, opened the package and found not powder for shooting purposes, but in its stead a well-known brand of washing powder. Everybody now has the laugh on Mr. Bennett, but he has threatened to get even with some one, particularly Georgie McArthur, whose fertile brain hatched the scheme. The Class A badge fell to the lot of Charles Burkhardt with a straight score. This makes his fourth claim. Edward Reinecke was again successful as last week and won the Class B badge for the second time. Alderman George Zoeller was again the winner in Class C."

Scores were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	20
E C Burkhardt	8	14	24	15	14	18
Norris,	8	14	20	13	14	16
C S Burkhardt	10	13	25	14	15	13
L W Bennett	10	15	23	13	14	20
A Coombs	..	..	21	..	..	..
B Tolsma	..	..	17	11	..	..
G McArthur	9	12	20	12	11	14
G Zoeller	5	15	21	13	11	17
E Reinecke	..	..	20	11	..	..
L Fries	9	14	15	10	11	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	20
U E Story	..	8	19	10	..	..
J A Kennedy	..	8	13	10	10	12
J J Reid	..	9	19	11	..	10
E N McCarney	..	11	20	13	10	14
W Hines, Jr.	..	14	20	11	14	..
E P Reynolds	..	9	12	8	6	..
J H Johnson	..	11	18	13	..	..
J J Schneider	..	..	..	14	8	10
A Rossiter	..	..	..	..	12	..

MIDWINTER TOURNAMENT.

Jan. 16.—The first day of the Audubon Gun Club's first annual midwinter tournament opened most inauspiciously, a high wind blowing all day. But few local shooters put in an appearance and only one or two from out of town were on hand. L. V Beyer, of Rochester, N. Y., took part in twelve events and came out easily on top. The scores in the thirteen events shot during the day are given below in tabulated form:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
L Beyer	7	9	6	8	9	7	13	12	9	..	8	10	11
Geisendorfer	4	7	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fay	6	5	7	4	..	..	..	..	5	4	4	6	4
Baker	4	8	8	5	..	..	7	6	3	4	..	6	5
Poole	..	..	..	..	6	9	9	6	6	5	..	5	..
McCarney	..	..	..	..	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Estes	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C S B	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	9	5	..	9	9	10
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	4	..	..	..	..	..
H Wheeler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	4	3	..	4	7
Norris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10 and 12, 10 targets each; Nos. 7, 8, 11 and 13, 15 targets each.

The Elliott-Gay Match.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 16.—J. A. R. Elliott and J. D. Gay, the latter hailing from Pine Grove, Ky., shot a match to-day on the grounds of the Kentucky Gun Club, of this city. The conditions of the match were as follows: 100 live birds per man, $10) a side; Elliott to stand at 31yds. and to use a Winchester repeating shotgun; Gay to stand at 29yds.; winner to take the gate receipts. Elliott won by 2 birds with a score of 98 to 96.

The day was warm and pleasant, but there was no breeze, and the atmosphere was hazy. The prominence given to the match by the caliber of both shooters; and by the big scores that have lately been made by both men, brought out a large attendance of spectators. Mr. Irby Bennett, of the W. R. A. Co., looked after Elliott, the same office being performed for Mr. Gay by Mr H. J. Lyons. The referee was Mr. Geo C. Beck, of Indianapolis, Ind; official scorer, John Morton; trap-puller, Claude Kelley. The match commenced at 1:39 P. M. and finished at 3:40 P. M., occupying just one minute over two hours. The traps fell to the contestants as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Elliott	12	18	22	24	24	100
Gay	31	13	21	21	14	100

Elliott shot a Winchester repeating shotgun, Winchester factory-loaded ammunition, Leader shells, 48grs. E. C., 1¼oz. No. 7; Gay shot a Parker gun, U. M. C. Smokeless shell, 3½drs. Hazard, 1¼oz. No. 7. Gay's shells were loaded by Emile Pragoff, of Louisville, Ky.

As will be seen from the score, Gay lost his 14th and 22d birds, both dead out of bounds. High runs were: Elliott, 44, 46; Gay, 13, 21, 21, 34. The detailed score given below tells the story of the match as to flight of bird, trap, etc.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

JAR Elliott (31)	3 2 1 2 4 2 3 5 3 5 2 2 4 3 1 1 2 1 3 4 3 3 5 1 5	↑↖↙↖↖↙↙↖↖↙↙↖↖↖↙↗↘↘↑↙↙↖ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25
	2 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 5 2 5 2 2 5 4 4 1 2 4 1 1 4 4 3 3	↘↙↘↗↖↖↘↖↙↖↙↘↖↗↖↙↙↗↘↙↘↘ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2—24
	5 2 3 5 3 3 5 5 5 4 4 1 4 5 3 3 2 5 4 5 5 5 5 3 5	↖↙↖→↘T↙↖↙↘↗↘↙↘↘↖↙↗↑←↘↖←←↑ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25
	2 4 3 3 3 2 4 4 5 3 5 3 5 3 5 5 1 4 4 2 2 1 4 2 1	←↙↘↓↖↖↘↙↙↙↙↘↘↙↘↖↙↘←↖↘↙ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 6. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

Jacksnipe Coming In. "He's Got Them" (Quail Shooting). Vigilant and Valkyrie. Bass Fishing at Block Island.

The plates are for frames 14 x 19 in. They are done in twelve colors, and are rich in effect. They are furnished to old or new subscribers on the following terms:

Forest and Stream *one year and the set of four pictures*, **$5.**
Forest and Stream *6 months and any two of the pictures*, **$3.**
Price of the pictures alone, $1.50 each; $5 for the set.

Remit by express money order or postal money order. Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

Many pleasures leave a sting behind them. Not so this fascinating pastime. It is as harmless as it is invigorating, and as healthful as it is harmless. There are many things for which I am grateful, but for few things more than for my passion for angling, and the reasonable leisure always vouchsafed me to gratify it. George Dawson.

RICH IN PROMISE.

THERE is rich promise of good things for FOREST AND STREAM readers in the weeks that are to follow. Here is a partial list of some of them:

The Flying-Fish Fleet.

A graphic and picturesque description of fishing for flying-fish beneath the tropic sun, off the island of Barbadoes in the Caribbean Sea. This will be given in our next issue, and in the same number will be found the conclusion of Mr. Hough's

Tramping and Camping in the Sandhills.

To discover this wild country close at hand for midwinter exploration was real genius; not less happy was the spirit to make exploration of it and to describe it for these columns. In the same number will be the first of two papers descriptive of

The Elkhorn,

the black bass stream frequented by the anglers of Frankfort, Ky. The writer is "Old Sam," of the Kingfishers; and his chapters deal both with the fishing which has made the Elkhorn famous for generations, and with the fishermen who have done their part in making it renowned.

In subsequent issues will be given, among others, the following:

The House by the Lake.

Some winter pictures of a boyhood home in the far-away woods of a Northern State. By Frederic Irland.

Canoeing in South America.

Adventures on the Parana River, one of the largest in the world. By J G. King.

Hunting on the Spanish Main.

A naturalist-sportsman on the line of the Nicaragua Canal. By J. F. Le Baron, late engineer in charge.

Mud Turtle.

A day in camp with Uncle Lisha, Sam Lovel, Joseph and Antoine. By Rowland E. Robinson. This is to be enjoyed best by those who have read in these columns or in book form Mr. Robinson's "Uncle Lisha's Shop," "Sam Lovel's Camp" and "Danvis Folks."

The Florida Everglades.

Describing a visit to a Seminole village on the occasion of the celebration of the Hunting Dance. By J. W. Stranahan.

A THRIFTY CONCERN.

THERE is one chapter of the history of the New Jersey non-resident game law system which should not go unrecorded. It has to do with a "game protective" association of thrifty individuals who worked their game covers for what was in them in a way that would have made a political henchman swell with admiration.

They applied the spoils system to game protection with a logical thoroughness that has rarely, if ever, been equaled. Quick to grasp the opportunity for exacting tribute from New York sportsmen afforded by the non-resident law, they imposed the customary fee for non-resident membership in their association; but this was only a formal preliminary. Game as known to the statute books was scarce in their territory, and they realized that few real sportsmen could be induced to contribute to their funds by purchasing membership. They had nothing to offer that would tempt such men. They knew, however, that New York, as every great city, has a large class of shooters to whom the game laws are a nuisance, and on this class the association resolved to prey. They let it be understood that non-resident gunners who joined their organization would be exempt from arrest for shooting song and insectivorous birds, a privilege, by the way, always enjoyed by their local members.

This inducement for a time worked satisfactorily for the spoils protective association, but after a while the novelty wore off, and their friends, the licensed lawbreakers from New York, ceased paying their assessments.

Confronted by this emergency, the association resolved on new tactics. There is nothing so characteristic of true genius as the ability to turn apparently disastrous events to personal profit, and this illustrious organization, instead of being cast down by their threatened loss of revenue, used it as a stepping-stone to new success.

They stopped issuing non-resident memberships, which insured exemption from arrest, and instead issued orders to their constables to "lay for" any and every non-resident shooter who killed robins or other birds in defiance of the insectivorous and song bird clause in the game laws.

This might have seemed like reform to persons ignorant of the real intention of the measure, but it was only another shrewd scheme of the spoils game protectors for exacting tribute. The law had long been so openly disregarded that shooters who came into the territory of the association had come to regard it as a dead letter. Consequently there was rich plunder for a time from the element whose sacrifice had been decided upon. These men were given free rein to shoot all day in company with members of the association, who openly disregarded the law, but at night the sheep were separated from the goats at the ferry to New York, and while one set of shooters were fleeced for large sums, the other set laughed in their sleeves and congratulated themselves on their shrewdness.

Naturally this state of affairs could not have continued forever, and it is interesting to speculate what new plans this admirable society might have devised for plucking their friends across the river, had not their charter been revoked by the repeal of the New Jersey non-resident laws.

Certain it is that, while they had it, they worked their franchise for all it was worth from a financial standpoint, and that it was generally understood that the association was not in business for its health.

SNAP SHOTS.

There is one passage in the report of the New York Fish Commission which will be read with decided satisfaction. It is the paragraph in which the Commissioners urge the repeal of Section 249 because it puts a premium upon crimes in sister States and is a menace to the game of New York. This vicious provision was incorporated in the law by trickery, and New York cannot permit it to remain as a part of her game code without injury to her own interest and her disgrace among other States affected by it. There is a bill now before the Legislature, introduced by Senator Sanger, for the repeal of the section. It should have the instant and unhesitating indorsement of the Legislature. We trust that every reader of this paragraph resident in New York may make it his business this week to do his part toward securing the repeal of this section by communicating with his representative at Albany.

"Mountain mutton" is a name often used for venison, when it is served out of season. "Albany beef" is a Hudson River name for sturgeon. Rabbits in Maryland are often called "Charles county pork" because of the large number of them there killed for market. In New York city restaurants the common quail-on-toast appears in the menu cards as "English quail *sur canapé*" or as "royal birds," to shield the illicit serving in close season or in what was the close season when there was one. In these times there is no particular reason why all game, no matter where killed, nor when, should not figure on bills of fare under its proper name; there is not the most remote probability that a restaurateur or hotel proprietor would ever find himself involved in trouble with a game protector. For instance, the Waldorf Hotel's supplies of ruffed grouse, shipped in hundred lots by a market hunter, of Smithville Flats, up in Chenango county, would never be interfered with, whether they appeared as New York partridges or as Dahomey pheasants.

In our game columns is reported the death of a Rhode Island fox hunter at the ripe old age of ninety-two. We have before now commented upon the relation of sports of the field to longevity. The annals of sportsmanship are filled with instances of sportsmen of ripe years who have maintained their strength, health and activity far beyond the allotted span; such men are found in every country. One of Mr. Gladstone's friends is a Mr. Stivens, now in his seventy-eighth year, who for sixty years has been collecting birds which he has preserved to the number of 1,800 specimens, and with every specimen a story, so that one might go far to find a richer fund of gun talk. In France last year a certain farmer named Hanin took out his seventieth annual shooting license. M. Hanin is in his eighty-eighth year and claims to have been a sportsman for a longer period than is indicated by the numbers of his licenses, for he went shooting long before such a thing as licenses were known in France. We have frequently had occasion to allude to the hearty old age of venerable sportsmen in our own country, notably those two companions who for so many decades have made their annual expeditions into the Maine woods. Many more years of field and stream to them all!

We commend to the guides of Maine our report of the Adirondack Guides' Association, whose annual banquet was held last week. In the presence of such an attendance of guests not less than in its own membership the Association makes a powerful appeal for general recognition and indorsement The purpose of the Adirondack organization is to secure precisely the ends sought by those promoters who would establish a license system in Maine. Both movements are indicative of the growing magnitude of the guiding interest. This going of men into the woods for fish and game involves an annual expenditure enormous in the aggregate for the services of helpers of various sorts; and the army of guides, packmen, axemen, boatmen and laborers, as Mr. Colvin has classified them, is growing with every year, so that before long we may expect it to equal in numbers, even if it shall not surpass, the European force of gamekeepers, gillies and beaters. Every movement undertaken by the guides to improve the *personnel* of their membership, to increase their efficiency and to add to the satisfaction of their patrons, will have the hearty indorsement and co-operation of those who owe to the woodsmen so much of their success and pleasure while in the wilderness. The time is none too soon to lay broad and deep the foundations for permanent systems for the control and improvement of the guide service in Maine, the Adirondacks, the St. Lawrence River and every other popular resort.

A correspondent complains that more and more narrowly with each recurring season he finds the lines drawn which bound the opportunity of the shooter who has not privileged access to posted fields. His complaint is well founded as to the main fact that the practice of preserving lands is growing. This is, however, not always and everywhere an unmixed evil. In many sections the trespass sign keeps off the shooting rowdy, yet works no hardship to the sportsman, who readily finds permission to shoot the grounds. Courtesy of bearing is an open sesame to fair fields where the truculent gunner finds his way barred. The same rules apply here as in other walks of life. Most men grant favors where favors are appreciated. And as for the curmudgeons who warn off gunners out of pure cantankerousness, they too have their place and use in the economy of nature; their very contrariness works to the ultimate benefit of the sportsman, for birds will fly across boundaries, and the overflow from Surlyman's farm will keep stocked the whole country round.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TIM, HIC JACET.—III.

Years roll on. Once in a while, as I sit by the camp-fire or dream amid more luxurious surroundings, come faint, sweet memories of my comrade, whom I have come to regard as an incident in my variegated life. I picture his hope crowned with success and I can see the cheerful fire in a New Jersey farmhouse.

A sweltering July day was drawing to a close. I was tired, thirsty, disheartened. My companions, two burros and a saddle horse, the latter noted for safety rather than for speed, were in the same mental and physical condition. I was among the Buckskin Mountains in northern Arizona, for the purpose of quietly investigating certain copper propositions in which I had been offered an interest. I had arrived at an age when I preferred solitude to company, and regarded life as a fake and this copper claim as the biggest fake in it. At the rate I had traveled I should have reached water by 3 o'clock. Now it was 5 o'clock and no sign of the precious fluid. No sign? Yes, there was. Old Jack forgot his weary bones and Jill her pack. They pricked up their ears and ambled down the trail, renewing their youth like the eagle. Bursting through the bushes, I saw Jacob's Lake.

It was useless to try to head those donkeys. Sultan wanted a drink even worse than they, their desire being in the positive, his in the comparative, and mine in the superlative degree. As soon as this want was supplied and my servants showed an inclination to return to duty, I spied on the further side of the pool a log cabin. Thither we proceeded. It was scrupulously neat, from the bed on the floor to the chunks of glistening ore that capped the topmost log. The sole occupant was a dog, toothless, half blind, and decrepit with the infirmities of age. A prospector's home in very deed! Here we could find shelter and food for man and beast. It was all we needed.

Where was the owner? There was a small dump on the hillside to the south. From somewhere near it came the sound of a pick upon the rocks. That solved the problem. I took the packs from the burros, unsaddled and hobbled Sultan, and started in the direction of the noise. The hole was not deep. In the light of the western sun every crevice seemed to sparkle. The worker did not see me. He was evidently old—bowed with age. His stroke was feeble, but each one told. His long gray hair kept silent rhythm with the swing of his arms. My shadow fell athwart him; he glanced up, laid aside his tool and said:

"Stranger, give me a hand outer har. I'm powerful weak."

"Why, Tim, can this be you?"

"Yaas! I'm Tim, but who be you?"

"Walt! Don't you remember Walt?"

"Walt! Walt who?"

"Why, Walt that was with you when the Apaches burned your ranch on the San Francisco."

"Oh! bless my soul, boy, why of course I know ye. My old eyes ain't ez good ez they wuz twenty year ago. An' so you're Walt! Waal, I've struck it at last."

I gave him the helping hand, and together we went to his cabin. He was not inclined to be talkative, but when the supper dishes were cleared away, and the pine logs burned brightly on the hearth, he essayed to speak. It was passing strange! That which he still anticipated I had won, and it had left me. I called myself young, but for me life was a memory. He was old, yet to him life was a glorious prospect.

"Walt, I've traveled a weary bit sence I seen ye. Couldn't save a thing at the ranch, so I tuck ter prospectin'. Footed it through Colorader an' Utah an' Arizony, but now I've got a claim that pays. See har!"

"He moved his bed, and lifting a trap door disclosed a cache made of an old packing box. There were specimens of ruby copper, horn silver, antimony and auriferous quartz, from which the precious metal could be picked with a pine sliver. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he closed the outer door and brought from the same hidden receptacle four tomato cans, each filled with shining flour and altogether worth enough to take him back to the States and provide for his declining years.

"Got this daown tew the river. Went daown Powell's trail an' struck a bar. Can't be worked only at low water, an' it's powerful hard work gittin' up an' daown, but thar's lots more thar—more'n in Wells, Fargo's bank. I'll give ye a p'inter afore ye go. Maybe ye'd like to hunt it up. Ye see, I've struck a good lead out har, an' I b'lieve it'll bring a-plenty. I'll give ye a quarter ef ye kin sell it. I won't go daown tew the river no more. What! ye're goin' tew look at the Copper Queen? This is a hull lot better. I'll go over with ye in two or three days ef ye kin content yerself har, shootin' deer an' partridges. Thar's piles on 'em. Then, bein' ez ye hevent no 'bjections, I'll travel back with yer ter Saliny, an' take the keers for hum. Guess Cynthy'll be powerful glad tew see me. Cynthy's a good gal."

The next morning bright and early our little camp was astir. Tim told me where to go, and gave all the necessary directions to avoid getting lost in this unmapped region, where every swale looks like its neighbor, and each tree is the exact counterpart of every other tree on the mountain side. As I was going after grouse, I took only a shotgun. The birds proved elusive. There were plenty of them, but they were high in the trees; not on the ground, as I had anticipated. They would lie close to some dead limb or hidden away among the long pine needles until I had passed. Then they would dart away with a deriding whir. In spite of their wariness I managed to secure a brace.

The charm of the day lay not in the hunting, but in the rambling. The fragrance and beauty of phlox and shy mountain lily were new to me, and when I reached the brink of some injutting chasm that yawned down to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado I could only sit and feast my eyes on color, immensity and distance. It was late in the afternoon when I returned. Tim hailed the grouse with an exultant whoop, and through the evening he was the very personification of happy old age. I had not time to put in a word. Story after story of work and adventure fell from his lips, and these were interspersed with sundry details of the domestic felicity that he and Cynthy were about to enjoy.

On the second morning, deer meat being on the bill of fare for dinner, I took the rifle. Not having far to go, Tim allowed me to sleep late. I had traveled perhaps half a mile when a muffled report startled me. Then I remembered that Tim was going to put in a shot about 10 o'clock. Presently a buck sprang up scarce ten rods away. He hesitated before he leaped. The hesitation cost him his life. After bleeding, I concluded that he was too heavy for me to pack to the cabin; so I drew and hung him, intending to bring up Jack after dinner.

It was hardly noon when I built the fire and put on the coffee pot. There was no sound from the mine. I called Tim; no answer. What was the matter? I climbed the hill and looked into the hole. There he lay, his legs buried in a mass of earth, a cruel rock on his breast. In an instant I was kneeling beside him. His heart beat. He was breathing. With superhuman strength I uncovered him and bore him out and down to his humble bed, and made him as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. It was seventy miles to the nearest settlement, and thrice that distance to a surgeon. Through the whole of the afternoon I sat by him, moistening his parched lips, binding his mangled limbs, and dressing that horrible wound in his side. At length, as the shadows grew long, he opened his eyes and recognized me. He made an effort to point beneath him to his treasures.

"Fur Cynthy," he said. I understood and nodded, for I could not speak. Longer and longer fell the time marks from the pines. The breathing had become fitful and labored. The sun was setting. Once more his eyes opened, but they were looking far beyond the mountains of Arizona.

"Cynthy!—Cynthy—love!—I've—come—home."

There was a rattling in his throat. The breathing grew fainter and fainter. The limbs stiffened. A long gasp; the muscles relaxed. I was alone. Tim had indeed gone home—to the land of eternal youth, the only country where his hopes could be realized, his dreams come true, where he and Cynthy should be never parted.

I lighted two candles and washed the blood-stained body. About his neck I found a silk cord and a locket in which was a tress of hair—faded now, but once as brown as the glittering chestnuts that fall from the frost-opened burrs on a New Jersey hillside. I put the relic back. It was sacred. Then I laid him out as decently as I could, moved the bed and took the treasures from their receptacle. Among them I found a pasteboard box containing letters, all postmarked Mendham and dating back to the summer of the Apache episode. Their predecessors must have been burned with the cabin.

With the first streak of dawn I tore up a portion of the cabin floor and made a rude box. Next I dug a grave in the soft ground by Jacob's Lake, and, after taking a wisp of the matted gray hair, I buried Tim. Upon his coffin I placed his rarest specimens. How they glistened in the first rays of the sun. They were his. No other eyes should ruthlessly pry into their secrets. Upon the long mound I placed a board with this inscription: "Tim ——, a native of New Jersey, died July 23, 1896." The spot will be respected. Once more I climbed the hill and staked off his claim and posted the necessary location notice, his name first, mine second. Then I left, not for the Copper Queen, but northward. In my saddle bags were the letters, the gold and the lock of Tim's hair.

Near the village of Mendham is an old red farmhouse. It is Christmas Eve. Amid the merry throng of young folks sits a silver-haired woman. She has spoken scarcely a word in four long months. She has sufficient money to be considered rich by her friends and neighbors, but she does not realize it. The laughter seems to disturb her. She rises to leave.

"Do stay, Aunt Cynthy, just for to-night." She does not notice the pleading of her little grandniece, the pet of the family. The little one, still entreating and unperceived, follows her to her desolate room. She sees the lonely woman take from her trunk a box and from the box a lock of gray hair, and, half sobbed, half whispered, as Aunt Cynthy kisses it, the bare walls echo the words:

"Dear Tim!"

Shoshone.

PODGERS'S COMMENTARIES.

San Francisco, Jan. 23.—In my commentaries of Dec. 20 I made mention of the troubles and tribulations of our shooting clubs in their fight against the poachers who have organized themselves under the title of "The Game Protective Association," a most farcical designation. It should read non-protective, inasmuch as they are the gentlemen who proclaim that every man has the right to shoot anywhere and everywhere he pleases, and, I might add, irrespective of seasons. Well, they have had to throw up the sponge at last. They have found it kicking against the pricks, and have withdrawn their arks from the outskirts of the clubs' grounds; couldn't stand the law and the clubs' breechloaders, and are going to have the Legislature pass laws to knock out the clubs' privileges, or failing in that are going to have the supervisors of the county pass an ordinance forbidding all shooting at any season, which is of course ridiculous. It is a clear victory for the clubs as it stands, and will continue to stand, at which every sportsman will rejoice.

I believe I mentioned also that there was rumor that an earthquake had destroyed Robinson Crusoe's Island, and that this was generally believed, but it turns out to have been given on the authority of the captain of a schooner sent from Valparaiso with a cargo of supplies for the colony on the island. The captain said he could not find the island, and it is not surprising, considering that he was drunk for three weeks, and finally found his way back to Valparaiso, and asserted that the island had disappeared, goats and all; and not a vestige remained. As a general thing, gentlemen in that condition see a great deal more than really exists, but in this case it was reversed, so your correspondent who is describing the Islands of the Pacific for the Forest and Stream can take up San Fernando in its course, as not one of the has beens, but as still in existence, to verify that good old tale of Robinson Crusoe's adventures. It is not an uncommon fact that gentlemen who have been out until the small hours have difficulty in finding the keyhole, but for a navigator not to be able to find a large island near the coast in a three weeks' search speaks loudly for the staying quality of South American mescal.

When I have charged ladies with devoting an entire day to the subject of dress, without a moment's interval, they have retaliated by saying that men can spend a whole evening discussing dogs and horses. I chuckle to myself that they never struck on fishing and shooting. I am reminded of it in perusing the endless discussions on those subjects in the Forest and Stream, although one would imagine that the subjects would have been exhausted in the years the paper has been published. Yet the discussion goes on with as much regularity as if just begun. It is wonderful, this flow of "wise saws and modern instances," apparently endless, and yet we who have had our experiences and are not yet satiated continue to read them with as much interest as if the subjects were new. Speaking of which, here am I, one of those unfortunates, "chained to business," who has to peg away at the desk when "the boys are knocking over the mallards and canvasbacks within an hour's ride of the city, and in two hours' distance whacking away at the steelheads (salmon) and bagging ten or fifteen in a day's fishing, almost from the steps of the hotel—10 and 15-pounders fresh from the sea, and such fighters! It was not so many years ago that I have shot many a canvasback from a pond a square or two from where the United States Mint now stands and a little beyond where Uncle Sam is spending a million on a post-office. I read daily of Sam Jones's and Bob Smith's return from the marshes, two hours from the city, grumbling at the scarcity of game, bagging only fifty brace of mallards and canvasbacks in a whole day. Poor fellows! and the newspapers talk about the passing of more stringent laws for the protection of game, on this evidence of its growing scarcity. Every Sunday there are probably from 500 to 1,000 ducks shot on these marshes, and yet we howl about there being no longer any game in the country.

I was reading in the Forest and Stream recently of an expedition of a couple of gentlemen in Greenland, who spent a week floundering through snow, mud and water, having to swim rivers, being nearly frozen to death as well as starving, and losing their way, and with not a feather or a hoof to show for it. Great Scott! thinks I to myself, can men be so demented, when in three or four days' riding in a palace car they can strike a country where deer will nearly run over them, and a climate where they can camp out eight months of the year without an umbrella? And as for fishing, what is the matter with the west coast of Florida or Catalina Island, just below us, where fish from 1lb. to 300lbs. can be caught off the wharf in front of the hotel, with a pretty girl either side of you, to bait your hooks (or hers) while fishing for *you*, in a matrimonial sense? If ever a demented community needed missionaries sent out to enlighten it, it is yours.

Speaking of fishing and fish stories, I am reminded that in rereading Mr. Prime's book, "I Go a-Fishing," which I picked up the other day, he says on page 267 that "one day off Block Island, in a boat with some other gentleman, I caught 300 bluefish in three hours." If he had said "*we*," I should not have laid the book down and figured up that it was just one and six-tenths fish a minute, for three hours in succession. It makes me feel small when I have often been four or five minutes landing a big bluefish in the boat, or a salmon in from half an hour to an hour.

Walking down Market street this morning, I stopped as usual to look into the gun shop display windows to see what was new, and was admiring some beautiful .12 and .20-bores, and wondering when the happy day was coming when I could afford to buy every new gun that came out, and add to my seldom used collection, some of which have not smelt powder for many moons. Just then along came a friend, one of these matter-of-fact fellows who consider shooting and fishing frivolous amusements, and said, "What are you looking at?" "The beautiful jewelry in this window." He peered into the window, saying, "I don't see any jewelry." "Don't you see those beautiful guns?" "Guns! You don't call those things jewelry, do you?" "Yes, I do, and I would like to be able to buy every one of them." "What for? You could not use all of them." "Perhaps not; but I would have them in a glass case to look at." "Oh, pooh! What nonsense. I would not give 10 cents for the entire lot."

I said to myself, "'Lives there a man with soul so dead,' who had no more appreciation of a beautiful gun?" My friend added that he had never shot a gun in his life. Just think of such a man going through the world, never catching a fish or shooting a bird! I never see a split-bamboo that I don't want it, although I have a dozen that I have never used, and many a month's house rent invested in guns.

In the earlier days, when times were better, I set out to collect every new thing in the gun line—repeaters, etc.—until the new inventions came along so fast that I had to throw up the sponge, and my den looked like an armory. And when one day I grumbled at my wife monopolizing my special closet, as all married men have experienced, and said, "Have you a thousand dresses that you can't leave me a chance to hang up a single coat?" she replied, "I will bet you a new dress against another gun that you have three guns to my one dress." I accepted the challenge, and, by George! I had to pungle for that new dress. I was not after any more bets, and meekly hung my coats on nails in odd corners and never said closet again—the common experience of any man who ever tackles a woman on her extravagance. In this instance it led me, out of curiosity, to take an inventory of my armory, with the result that I announced to my friends that I was keeping a gun store, and proceeded to sell off guns galore, until I had reduced my stock down to a baker's dozen, mollified my conscience, and increased my bank account. But I still hang on to my split-bamboos, stowed away in sly corners where they do not attract attention, and only take them out when the Madam is down town shopping. She might challenge me for another bet, on bamboos this time.

Podgers.

Sealing Guns in the National Park.

Guns carried through the Yellowstone National Park are sealed by the authorities in charge, when their bearers enter the Park, and are subject to inspection from time to time. The sealing is done by wrapping red tape about the hammer and trigger and sealing it with sealing wax.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Tramping and Camping in the Sandhills.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 16.—Last week I spoke of the proposed little trip of exploration through the sandhill country lying at the foot of Lake Michigan, that somewhat restricted but rather wildish wilderness which is the nearest approach to Chicago of uninhabited country. The trip in reality was interesting in reality as it seemed in anticipation, and much to my pleasure I was not obliged to make it alone. On the way down to the Calumet Heights Club house, which was to form the starting point and base of operations, I met my friend Mr. A. C. Patterson. At first he declared that business matters would prevent his going, but the nearer the time came for starting the more fidgety he became, and finally at 10 o'clock of the evening previous to the start he flung aside his civilized overcoat and civilized business fears and declared openly for the enterprise. For an hour therafter he was busy in constructing a pack sack, which he evolved ingeniously from a grain bag and an old pair of braces. Another hour was spent in getting together his blankets, old clothes, etc. By that time it was midnight and time for every one to go to bed at the club house, but we sat up a while and talked over the prospect of our winter walking trip until we had very little time left for sleep.

As soon as Mr. Patterson had expressed his determination to go we acquired a prospective third member of our party in the form of Dick Turtle, who happened to be at the club that evening. Dick also called for a grain bag and pair of suspenders, and began to pile in a heap near by the clothing and outfit he deemed necessary for the trip. He soon had enough stuff heaped upon the floor to load a hayrick, but yet could not see how he could dispense with a single article. As we laid aside one by one his articles of heavy clothing, his fur coat, his blanket-lined trousers, etc., etc., and explained to him how pleasant it was to sleep on a snowbank with nothing on but a pair of overalls, Dick's courage began to wane perceptibly, though he insisted stoutly that if he said he would do a thing he would certainly do it, and that his promise settled it once for all. Midnight saw him bound to walk through to Michigan City, but the morning found him with different views, and the last we saw of him he was curled up on the bed asleep. He bestowed a hurried morning anathema on Michigan City after a brief look out of his window at the gray and wintry dawn. The prospect was not altogether cheerful, one must admit, for the sandhill country in winter time is not the most inviting ground in all the world.

When Mr. Patterson had arrayed himself for the walk he presented an appearance not calculated to inspire confidence in the bosom of one chancing to meet him of a dark night. In stature Patti is above 6ft. and built like a hired man. About the chest he measures 4 or 5ft., and, without jesting, his "mobility," as the doctors call it, or the expansion measurement of his lungs, is a trifle over 6in.—a measurement that is simply phenomenal, as any physician will tell you. The accuracy of Patti's assertion that he could "swell up" 6in. about the chest was proved by measurements we made that night at the club house. Patti is a dark man, a son of Scotland probably somewhere in his ancestry, and he sports a black beard which would do credit to Lafitte or some other pirate king. As equipped for business Patti wore canvas and corduroy over wool and chamois, and surmounted his head with a peaked little hat, which he probably took away from some hobo or other and which had an unspeakable trampish look about it still. As he strode along, with a staff in his hand, a tin pot at his belt, an axe at his side and his little pack resting lightly somewhere on his broad back, he would have made a picture for an artist in search of the original gypsy king. He is so big and strong that he does not stoop forward when he carries a pack, but just stands up straight, with the pack dangling from his shoulders unnoticed. It may be seen that I had a good companion for a trip like this, and that the best of his attributes was the thoroughbred quality of actually leaving the wire when the word came to "go."

Patti carried in his meal bag pack a pair of light little blankets, an extra sweater, a loaf of bread, a vast beefsteak, some bacon and some salt and pepper. This does not sound as though it weighed much, but it is bigger than one thinks till he has carried it. In my own pack I had a pair of double blankets, a sweater, some eatables of about the same weight as Patti's, and also the little tent upon which we had staked our comfort for the winter camp. This tent was of my own design, and I modeled it somewhat upon the lines of Nessmuk's shanty tent which he describes in his book, "Woodcraft," though I could not quite agree with Nessmuk in some of the features suggested. Our tent, instead of being 4ft. wide, was over 6ft. wide in front, and about 4½ft. wide at the rear. It was 4ft. high in front and about 18in. in the rear. Nessmuk made a frame for his tent, building it neat and trim of nicely nailed boughs of exact length and equality. I did not figure to do this, for it was never my luck to find such nice sticks in the wood when I wanted them. I had little guy ropes of twine set on at the corners on my tent, for I could not take any interest in a proposition which commanded me to make a carpenter's frame and tack the tent over it with carpet tacks. This would be all right in the summer or when one had plenty of time, but it did not coincide with my own experience of camping in the winter. When it is cold and dark, and your fingers are stiff, and it is coming on night and you still have a back log and a bed to accumulate, one does not grow enthusiastic over the carpet tack idea, at least I don't. So we concluded to depend on a tent stretched a little more quickly and rudely. As to which more anon, as they say in the novels. The material of the tent was brown silesia, of which material they tell me ladies make linings for their gowns. It was very light, the whole tent not weighing over 3lbs.

So far we had had a very easy trip in getting up to the edge of our wilderness. The only difficulty had been experienced in getting out of Chicago. As I did not intend to come back to the club house after heading for Michigan City, I left my office already dressed for the woods. No one who has not tried that can know what it means. As I stepped out of the office door, clad in greasy overalls and short jumper, with a tin cup hanging at my belt, a shocking bad hat on top of my head, and an old pair of German socks, with rubbers, constituting my footwear, I realized all at once what a figure I must have made. There was no cab at the foot of the building, and I had to walk half a block to get one, and by the time I got into it there was a crowd around the cab window—one of those asinine city crowds that assemble to watch a safe go into a window, or a fallen horse get on its feet, or a gentleman get into his cab. One silly fellow stuck his head in the cab window and asked me if I was "the bicycle fellow that was going around the world." I just missed him. I told the next one that I was the man and that the cab was my bicycle, at which he looked vague. Anyhow I got away, perspiring and red, and not a little irritated. From this it may be seen how disreputable and undeserving of confidence Patti and I both looked when we pulled out from the hospitable club house. Patti had worn his store clothes down to the club, and, after his happy-go-lucky fashion, had not figured how he was going to get at them again after he got to Michigan City. As a matter of fact, he had to run the gauntlet of the crowds when he got off at Chicago, and then had to take train down to the club house again, some thirty miles; for we were about thirty miles away from the club house and sixty-five miles away from Chicago when we reached the end of our march.

We had a slow time getting away from the club in the morning of our start, but at last got ready. The club wagon was going down the beach a little way with Mr. Carlisle and Dr. Davis, two members of the club, and Patti and I concluded to ride along, and so take his big camera, which was too heavy to carry with us on the trip, but which could be sent back with the wagon after we had made some pictures among the hills. It was about noon when we reached a part of the country where we thought the scenery would be good for our purposes, and here we spent a couple of hours in tramping over the wild sandhills in search of good views. We discovered, within six miles of the club house, a lake over three miles long and some forty or fifty rods wide, one of the odd, winding, deep sloughs or seepage channels which in places mark this strange sandhill country. Still further toward the east is a smaller series of water holes, running along parallel to the lake among the hills, and offering good-looking duck grounds. Indeed these inland sloughs are at times great resting and feeding grounds of the mallards, which drop into the quiet and unvisited spots when the wind is high and when they are pounded off the neighboring marshes and lakes. We thought that Long Lake, as this main inland body is called, would make a great place for a small cottage, to be used as a shooting box for two or three members, on a plan somewhat like the cottages at the Calumet Club, such as those of Messrs. Marks, Wilde and Harlan, or Mr. Spalding, at all of which we were entertained by the gentlemen and ladies on the evening of our visit at the club. Patti and I romanced about the cabin we were going to build in there next summer, far from the haunts of man. In fact, a man dropped down into that country might as well be in the heart of the mountains, so far as the looks of things would go. I venture to say that a camper who goes into these sandhills at any season of the year will meet fewer people and see fewer signs of civilization than he will in the bulk of the Adirondack country or along the main traveled roads of Maine. If I wanted to lose myself I would as soon chance it here as in Wisconsin. I never did go into the upper woods of Wisconsin but that I saw somebody about every day, but Patti and I only saw two persons in our two days and a half of walking, and they were out on the lake beach. Half a mile back in the hills, and one might as well be a thousand miles from Chicago. It is a most surprising situation that of this Chicago wilderness.

In our photographic work we climbed hills probably over 200ft. high; bare, wind-swept dunes whose sandy faces were made of frozen compound, hard as iron and slippery as glass in spite of the sand. From such a point of vantage the view was a grand one. On one side would lie the big blue water of the lake, with its long, curling line of white breakers, extending as far as the eye could reach on either hand. Below stretched the falling slopes of sandhills of lesser size, rolling off in long white and black billows into the deep woods. All the earth was sand, but sand with some principle of life, for it supported a thin mat of vegetation. On some reaches the black pines were big and dense, now and then lining cañons and hillsides as rugged and gloomy as one would ask in the mountains. Again the sand would sweep in a wide sea of white, blinding to the eye and dropping gradually down to the lake level, for all the world like a big glacier. In spots the dunes had a sheer face up which no one could climb, and over their crests swept always a curling wreath of sand, sliddering down upon the further side and always building, so that always there might be tearing down. In some places the sand had swallowed up the short oak trees, burying them alive up to their necks. Again the sepulture had gone further, so far that death had come to relieve the suffering of the trees, from whose cold corpses the sand blast had stripped the vestments and even the limbs themselves. Up above the white, shifting, writhing surface, the straight dead stumps stood, devoid of a limb or worn half in two by the incessant current of erosion, the deadwood in places smooth and polished by the constant friction. One corner of the world we found thus, the very abomination of desolation, covered with the stumps of what had been the forest, which now stood up hopeless and pitiful. Here we paused, and at one tall spire of dead pine Patti sat down and gazed up meditatively. "I reckon this is the end of the world," said he, "and this is surely the North Pole they are always trying to find." So here we made a picture, showing this pole arising straight up out of the waste and cheerlessness. This view we named the "FOREST AND STREAM expedition in the act of discovering the North Pole." Few expeditions of any purpose have done more than that. If any future expeditions ever do discover the North Pole, methinks they will find tacked upon it a copy of FOREST AND STREAM, describing where the best walrus fishing may be found.

We found the forest very heavy in some parts of this upper part of our wilderness, most of the trees being pine, with a good sprinkling of oak and other hard wood. Cedars and junipers clung on to the high bluffs with precarious hold, such as their adventurous souls most love. Over and through all these many trees was the sighing and hissing of the wind, which makes the music of the outer air. Between one wooded slope and another there might be a stretch of a quarter of a mile, down in the bottom of which might lie a deep gully, asking a lot of slipping and sweating to explore. Yet further down and to one side perhaps an odd and deep little pocket in the earth might be scooped out, a little cuddy-hole of a place, where the wind never came, and in which one could only hear a faint and far-off talking, away up above him in the air. In such places we saw fallen logs and small wood, with good pines standing not far away. So we looked upon the land and saw that it was an ideal one for winter camping. We knew that we should have all the essentials for comfort, and though our friends guyed us and told us we would soon be back at the club house that night, we both knew that we would not be there, but far away in some sheltered little hollow back of a big fire, whose heat would be reflected into our open-faced camp, and where the pine boughs offered us a bed high above the frozen ground. Therefore we exulted, and ran up and down hills, and did a great many things which made us perspire and get hungry. I had not been hungry for a month before. Patti, I think, is always hungry, and that is how he came to grow so big.

They tell me that in the summer time the sandhills harbor all sorts of creeping things, including many lizards. I did not know that the lizard ever lived so far north. Yet I saw many cactus plants in this country, which also was a surprise. No one would naturally believe that the cactus was native to Illinois, yet it is. So is the lizard and the flea, both of which creatures one is fain to associate with Florida or some other seaboard sandy region. We did not see any fleas or lizards, nor indeed any other game of consequence, except one ruffed grouse, a big owl and a rabbit or two. The snow was scanty on the sandhills, so that we could not do much tracking, but we saw some skunk tracks, and a few tracks which were faint, but which we took to be fox tracks. We heard that a couple of foxes had been seen near the place where we made our pictures by some fishermen who live on the beach in a tiny sand-buried cabin. We could not find any sign of wildcats, though we had heard of these animals having been seen within the last five years, as well as a few wolves. From the tops of our tallest peaks we could see a wild panorama of hill and slough and marsh and stream, country which offered even at this late day of the century a cover suitable enough for any or all such game. We could at places get a view of several miles, and far as we could see we could discover no house or sign of human beings. Always the blue and white and gray of dune and forest and snow patch reached on and on, backed by the regularly rolling lake and covered by the sky, now grown gray.

As we stood at the top of one of the tallest dunes we heard faint in the distance the sound of wild geese, unmistakable note and one of always compelling interest. One of us honked in answer and soon drew the long line over us, honking and clamoring and dropping to the note. Then they spied us and sped on out over the lake, over which they began to settle down, in those wild, headlong, reckless gyrations by which geese show their exultation at finding rest, and their skill at dropping out of the air from half a mile of height. It was a curious and interesting sight to see their tumbling, until finally they were all down and hid in the tossing of the blue water. At right angles to the flight of the geese, up and down the beach, streamed always a long and solemn procession of gulls, great, gray, fearless fellows, breasting the wind steadily and with unvarying flight. These birds had abandoned the water and were flying directly over the tops of the first row of high sandhills back from the beach several hundred yards, this for some reason best known to themselves.

Our driver had left our team in a sheltered little valley where the sun was warm and the wind was not felt, and here we gathered for our lunch. We built a fire, made some coffee and had a pleasant little partnership meal. Then about 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon we packed the camera back in the wagon and said good-by to our companions who were to return to the club house. As they drove off up the iron beach they waved their hands to us, and then Patti and I turned off with our packs on our backs, really now on foot and hourly further from our base of supplies. We tried to think ourselves very bold men, bound on a very dangerous quest. Several of our friends of the usual practical turn of mind had asked us what we wanted to take such a fool trip for anyhow. Patti told them he was going because I had asked him to, and I told them I was going because I was naturally foolish anyhow. They all shook their heads very gravely, still not comprehending and pitying us very much. We had no gun with us except a six-shooter. We were not hunting or fishing. We were not going anywhere. There was no money in it. There was no great amount of comfort in it. Obviously it must be two very crazy men who would leave a good bed and a warm fire at such a time and go off into the woods for nothing. Yet Patti and I did not worry about this. We only walked and felt good, headed by the compass, northeast by north, for Michigan City, twenty-six miles away. Our starting point was exactly at the foot or the head of Lake Michigan, and our course was in a wide curve, around the toe of the lake and northeast up its further side from Chicago. We had heard that there was such a place as Michigan City, but had no reason to believe it more than a rumor so far as any evidence was concerned. We had heard that it was located on the lake, but how could we be sure of that unless we saw it actually so? We had heard that the sandhills were yet wilder further in, but how could we prove this unless we tried it? We had heard and seen that persons could camp out in winter and be comfortable, but how could we know that they could do this if they had along with them only what they could carry on their own backs? Obviously there were things enough to be seen and to be established. There were purposes enough for our trip. At least so it seemed to Patti and me as we humped it along over the sand in the gray, thick light of the fading winter afternoon. It grew colder and we grew hungrier, and the wind was keener and stronger, but we felt that we ought to go at least five miles further before going into camp that night, or else rest under the charge of being very inefficient explorers. So we hit off a gait of about four miles an hour, and gradually the masts of the wreck of the schooner on the beach at the club house grew fainter and its hull more indistinct. At length the sun grew dimmer and our watches said it was getting toward 4 o'clock. As our first camp was an experiment, we decided to hunt up a good place and go into camp. So we crossed the high ridge of sand lying next to the beach on which we had been walking, and headed into the sheltered and broken country in search of a place we might call home.

E. HOUGH.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Natural History.

A COYOTE PARTNERSHIP.

The pronghorned antelope is the swiftest animal on the plains, and yet the coyotes catch a good many of them just by running them down. This sounds like a paradox, yet it is quite true, and is explained by the cunning of the wolves and the habits of the antelope.

A single coyote who undertook to run down a single antelope would get tired and hungry before he accomplished much, but when two or three coyotes are together it is quite a different thing. The coyotes do not all run after the antelope together. They take turns, and while one runs the others rest, and so at last they tire the antelope out.

If when it was started the antelope ran straight away, it would of course leave all the wolves behind, those that were resting even more than the one that was chasing it, but the antelope does not run straight away. Instead it runs in large circles, and this enables the wolves to take turns when chasing it.

When three or four prairie wolves decide that they want antelope meat for breakfast, one of them creeps as close as possible to the one they have selected, and then makes a rush for it, running as fast as he possibly can so as to push the antelope to his best speed and to tire it out. Meantime his companions spread out on either side of the runner, and get upon little hills or knolls so as to keep the chase in sight. They trot from point to point, and pretty soon, when the antelope turns and bigins to work back toward one of them, this one tries to get as nearly as possible in its path, and as it flies by the wolf dashes out at it and runs after it at the top of its speed, while the one that had been chasing the antelope stops running and trots off to some nearby hill, where, while the water drips off his lolling tongue, he watches the race and gets his breath again. After a little the antelope passes near another coyote, which in turn takes up the pursuit. And so the chase is kept up until the poor antelope is exhausted, when it is overtaken and pulled down by one or more of the hungry brutes. Of course the coyotes do not catch every antelope they start. Sometimes the game runs such a course that it does not pass near any of the waiting wolves, and only the one that starts it has any running to do. In such a case the pursuit is at once abandoned. Sometimes the antelope is so stout and strong that it tires out all its pursuers.

Yet they catch them more frequently than one would think, and it is not at all uncommon to see coyotes chasing antelope, although, of course, to see the whole race and its termination is very unusual. Often if a wolf running an antelope comes near to a man he gives up the chase and that particular antelope is saved. It is a common thing for a coyote to chase an old doe with her kids just after the little ones have begun to run about. At that time they are very swift for short distances, but have not the strength to stand a long chase. In such a case a mother will often stay behind her young, and will try to fight off the coyote, butting him with her head and striking him with her forefeet. He pays little attention to her, except to snap at her, and keeps on after the kids. Several times I have seen a mother antelope lead her little ones into the midst of a bed of cactus, where the wolf could not go without getting his feet full of thorns. If the bed is small the wolf will make ferocious dashes up to its border, trying to frighten the little ones so that they will run out on the other side and he can start after them again, but usually the mother has no trouble in holding them. I have several times killed young antelope whose legs had been bitten up by coyotes, but which had got away.

One hot day last summer a gang of section men were working in a cut in a railroad west of here, when suddenly a big buck antelope ran down one side of the cut, across the track, and up the other side. His sudden dash into their midst startled the men, and while they stood looking up where he had crossed a coyote suddenly plunged down the side of the cut, just as the antelope had done. The readiest of the section men threw a hammer at him, and the wolf turned and scrambled up the bank that he had just come down and was not seen again.

Two or three years ago I camped one afternoon near Rock Creek, and as there was very little feed we turned the horses loose at night to pick among the sage brush and grease wood. Early in the morning, before sunrise, while the man with me was getting breakfast, I started out to get the horses. They were nowhere to be seen, and I climbed to the top of the hill back of camp, from which, as it was the only high place anywhere about, I felt sure that I could see the missing animals. Just before I got to the top of the hill an old doe antelope suddenly came in view, closely followed by a coyote. Both of them seemed to be running as hard as they could, and both had their tongues hanging out as if they had come a long way. Suddenly, almost at the heels of the antelope—much closer to her than the other wolf—appeared a second coyote, which now took up the running, while the one that had been chasing her stopped and sat down and watched. The antelope ran quite a long distance, always bearing a little to the left, and now seeming to run more slowly than when I first saw her. As she kept turning, it was evident that she would either run around the hill on which I stood or would come back near it. At first I was so interested in watching her that I forgot to look at the wolf that had stopped near me. When I did so he was no longer at the place where he had stopped, but was trotting over a little ridge that ran down from the hill and watching the chase that was now so far off. He could easily have run across the cord of the arc and headed the antelope, but he knew too well what she would do to give himself that trouble. After a little, it was evident that the antelope would come back pretty near to the hill, but on the other side of it from where she had passed before, and the wolf which I had first seen chasing her trotted out 200 or 300yds. on to the prairie and sat down. The antelope was now coming back almost directly toward him, and I could see that there were two wolves behind her, one close at her heels and the other a good way further back. The first wolf now seemed quite excited. He no longer sat up, but crouched close to the ground, every few moments raising his head very slowly to take a look at the doe, and then lowering it again so that he would be out of sight. Sometimes he crawled on his belly a few feet further from me, evidently trying to put himself directly in the path of the antelope; and this he seemed to have succeeded in doing. As she drew near him I could see that she was staggering, she was so tired, and the wolf behind could at any moment have knocked her down if he had wanted to, but he seemed to be waiting for something. The wolf that was following him was now running faster and catching up.

When the antelope reached the place where the first wolf was lying hidden, he sprang up and in a jump or two caught her neck and threw her down. At the same moment the two wolves from behind came up, and for a moment there was a scuffle in which yellow and white and gray and waving tails were all mixed up, and then the three wolves were seen standing there, tearing away at their breakfast.

I had been so interested in watching this thing, which after all had not taken more than ten or fifteen minutes of time, that I had forgotten all about the horses. It only needed a moment's looking to see them a short distance down the stream, and before I had got to them and brought them back to camp I heard Bill's voice singing out for breakfast. I was so much interested in the intelligence shown by the coyotes that I do not think I felt the least sympathy for the antelope. Even if I had wanted to help her I could have done nothing, for she was so tired that the coyotes could easily have caught her after I had gone.

There are other wild creatures that catch the antelope occasionally. As I have said before, the golden eagles often kill them when they are quite young, although if any old ones are near they will fight the birds, keeping them from catching the young ones. Once in winter I saw an eagle attack two kids. They were feeding at a little distance from a large bunch of perhaps 1,000 antelope. At this time the young ones were seven or eight months old, and so quite large and strong. The eagle had been sitting somewhere on the hillside, and flew down over the kids to pounce on one of them. They immediately began to run to the herd, and when the eagle made a dart at them they both stopped, reared on their hindlegs, a good deal in the position of the unicorn that we sometimes see fighting for the crown, and struck at the bird with their forefeet. Perhaps he was not very hungry, but at all events this turned him and the kids ran on. He made two more swoops at them before they reached the herd, and each time they fought him off in the same way by rearing up and striking after him. Of course when they got in among the other antelope the eagle left them and flew away.

As I have elsewhere explained, the Indians, before they had horses or firearms, used to catch antelope in traps. These were built something on the same plan as their buffalo traps. The people built a long, straight fence, which almost came together at one end and was very far apart at the other. At the ends of the fence where they almost came together the Indians either built a corral or dug a deep pit, which they roofed over by slender poles, on which they put grass and dirt. Now, you have heard that the antelope is very inquisitive. If he sees anything that he does not understand or can't quite make out, he is very likely to go up closer to it, so as to see what this object really is. The Indians took advantage of this weakness of the antelope, and by means of it decoyed bunches of them into the space between the widely separated ends of these two fences. Other Indians were hidden behind the fence, and as soon as the herd got started down between these wings the Indians near the end of the fence ran out and got behind the antelope, which were then forced to run down toward the pit or the corral. If it was a pit, they broke through the roof in running over it, or they ran into the corral, where they were killed by the Indians, who were hidden near by.

Down in Utah and Colorado, southwest of here, I have seen in several places the remains of these fences and corrals. I do not know that the Indians hereabouts ever caught the antelope in pits, but men who have lived up North with the Blackfeet, the Bloods and the Piegans tell me that up there they used the pits instead of the corrals.

Geo. Bird Grinnell.

Brünnich's Murres and King Eider in Virginia.

Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I take great pleasure in notifying the ornithologists and others interested of the capture of Brünnich's murre (*Uria lomvia*), one on Dec. 17, 1896, and one on Dec. 19, 1896, at Cape Charles, Va., by A. L. Whitaker and Carmen Skidmore respectively; and on Jan. 2, 1897, of a specimen of king eider (*Somateria spectabilis*), by Joseph Fields, at Cape Charles, Va.

My brother shot the first Brünnich murre, and the king eider was taken by a friend of mine with whom I was duck shooting at Mr. Isaac Skidmore's, Northampton county, Va.

These specimens were exhibited at a meeting of the Delaware Valley Ornithological Club, Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia.

I have the above specimens, and claim the latter to be the most southern recorded capture of the king eider.

Would it not be wise for our sportsmen who are duck shooters to have any strange or unknown specimen identified? Many valuable notes are lost by this oversight.

Wm. L. Whitaker.

Murres in Quincy Bay.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noticing that Brünnich's murre have been seen in large numbers in Cayuga Lake, I want to say that in Quincy Bay, within five miles of Boston, Mass., last December, a great many of these birds were seen, and some shot by different gunners.

Old gunners say that in thirty years' experience they have never seen these birds in the bay before. W. P. W.

White-winged Crossbill.

Thompsontown, Pa., Jan. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The accompanying bird rose from my barnyard with 200 or 300 English sparrows. Twenty-one birds fell before a charge of No. 12 shot, and the crossbill with the sparrows. Is it a true crossbill or a hybrid with sparrows? I should think the pugnacious foreigner would have driven the native away. Juniata.

[It is a young white-winged crossbill (*Loxia leucoptera*). His death shows what bad company may lead one to.]

New Orleans Audubon Monument.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In connection with the reproductions of Audubon's birds, which you are publishing let me call the attention of your readers to a very interesting sketch of Audubon's life by Mrs. Bradford, of New Orleans.

The book is very attractive in form, and sells for $1. The entire proceeds of its sale are to be given to the Audubon monument fund, for the purpose of erecting a monument to the great naturalist in Audubon Park, New Orleans. I inclose description of the book from the New Orleans *Times-Democrat:* "Mrs. Bradford's sketch of Audubon, daintily bound and illustrated, and printed in clear, attractive type, appears in time to rank among the charming gift books of the holiday season. Originally read before the Quarante Club, of this city, the sketch was received with warm interest; and Mrs. Bradford is now actuated by a public-spirited motive in giving her work a permanent form. The erection of a suitable monument to the great naturalist has long been one of her dreams, and it is her hope that the proceeds from the sale of the book may, as she modestly expresses it, 'prove the cornerstone' of this worthy enterprise. The author justly remarks: 'Our country is at last rapidly refuting the traditional charge of the ingratitude of republics to their noblest sons. * * * We of the far South must not be behindhand in this great movement. Undismayed by difficulties and discouragements, we must earnestly strive to do like honor to our illustrious dead, and ennoble and beautify our parks and public places with lasting memorials in bronze and marble—grand object lessons of their lives and deeds.' In a fluent and graceful style Mrs. Bradford relates the history of Audubon's life—that life 'more instructive than a sermon, more romantic than a romance'—showing excellent taste and judgment in the arrangement of her material. The author has had special opportunities to study her subject, as Audubon was a valued friend of her parents, and the home of her childhood contained many treasures in the shape of stuffed birds and portraits, the handiwork of the naturalist whom Louisiana proudly claims. His was a career crowded with incident from start to finish, and the varied episodes of his checkered fortunes are as graphically described as can only be done by a biographer who draws information from more sources than the mere printed page.

"The book in itself is well worth reading, and it receives a double value from the author's motive in giving it to the public. It is to be hoped that her aspiration may soon be realized. We trust the day is not far distant when among the grand old oaks, and near the mighty river he loved, patriotic hands will place a noble statue in bronze of the great naturalist of Louisiana, a familiar figure as he was in life, in hunter's dress, with dog and gun by his side."

Any of your readers who feel inclined to contribute $1 will be contributing to a very worthy object, and at the same time will receive an interesting little memento of Audubon. Alexander Maitland.

Blue Coat vs. Yellow Coat.

The greatest enjoyment of a camping trip to a lover of nature does not always arise from the large amount of game killed or the large number of fish secured—but from the little things that happen, which many people would call trivial, but to one who has formed the habit of observation are full of life and interest.

The freedom from care and worry, the hearty goodfellowship which exists, and the fact that the struggle for the Almighty Dollar is largely eliminated, are some of the factors that make a camping experience so enjoyable, as well as benefical.

I remember an interesting incident that happened while camping a few years ago. I had been out a good portion of the night before jack-hunting after deer, but had come in shortly after midnight without any success—and right here I would like to say about this method of hunting that while I have never fired at a deer when jack-hunting without killing it, my experience has been that the deer stands more chance of escaping than the hunter does of securing it, and especially is this true on bodies of water that have been much hunted in this way. However, I am perfectly willing to give up jack-hunting if they will "call off the dogs"—but I have wandered from my subject! Not feeling very ambitious, I strolled away from camp along the trail that led down the lake, and coming to a convenient log sat down to enjoy the solitude and stillness of the woods. I had left my gun at camp—a very foolish thing to do, especially in a country where big game abounds. Hearing a slight noise to my left, I moved along on the log so I could discover the cause of it, and there witnessed a very novel combat. The noise increased as I crept nearer. A big, burly fellow in a shining blue coat was having a great tussle with a smaller antagonist, a little yellow and brown chap, whose lithe, supple movements and bull dog tenacity made the fight less unequal than it seemed at first. After the fight had lasted a short time, it became evident that Blue Coat had had enough, and was now only too anxious to get away; but in spite of his utmost endeavors the little yellow fellow kept his grip and pushed the fight with the utmost fierceness. The big fellow was soon done for, and his efforts became weaker and weaker until they ceased altogether. Mr. Yellow Coat seemed none the worse for the battle, and though his adversary was nearly twice his size he picked him up and flew away with him to his nest in a not far distant bush.

The victor was a yellow hornet, and the vanquished blue bottle fly. W. Grant.

Bluebirds on Long Island in January.

Bay Ridge, Long Island, N. Y., Jan. 27.—I wish to advise you of what to me is the unusual presence of bluebirds (S. S.). Yesterday, the 26th, I heard the well-known note of this bird. At first I was inclined to be skeptical, but upon its repetition I investigated, and was surprised to discover a pair of them in a low dogwood, seemingly in good health and spirits. Last fall your various correspondents were lamenting the scarcity of these birds, while with us during late September they were unusually abundant, coming and going in fair-sized flocks until well on into October. I may mention that a red-headed woodpecker has wintered for three years in our vicinity, and from his loud chattering yesterday I infer he was as much surprised as myself over the bluebirds, for he followed them as they flew off at my approach. Wilmot Townsend.

Game Bag and Gun.

A WINTER CAMP ON WADLEIGH BROOK.

(*Continued from page 86.*)

Part II.—A Change of Base.

A WARM spell followed our hunt in the burnt lands, and from 20° below zero the thermometer rose to 50° above. Under the influence of the warm air the snow rapidly disappeared, and when freezing weather came again the hunting was very noisy. We had eaten up almost everything in camp and resolved upon a change of base. Accordingly, on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 29, we moved over to the Trout Brook Lumber Camp owned by Messrs. Dudley & Currins, and the following day Jock, the Doctor and myself went on to Sourdnahunk Lake for a few days' sojourn at McLain's camp.

Sourdnahunk.

Eight moose had been accounted for at Sourdnahunk Lake this season up to the time of our arrival, two of them having been killed only a few days before by the McLain's.

These were large bulls, one having a spread of horns of 55in., and the other 47in. They lay just where they had fallen within a few rods of each other, back on a hardwood ridge no great distance from Thissel Pond. One great bull had careened over backward when hit, but fortunately had not broken his horns.

McLain's camp, which has been but recently opened for sportsmen, is well built of small peeled spruce logs set vertically and battened with strips of bark. The roof is of spruce bark, which gives the camp a more picturesque effect than is common.

The McLain's, father and son, are successful trappers, and last year took 112 "saple," besides "black cat" or fisher, mink, fox and otter.

In one corner of the sitting room is a reminiscence of bear, in the shape of a heavy No. 5 Newhouse trap which has one jaw snapped in two and a spring missing as the result of tackling the wrong bear. The bear that wrecked that trap and got away must have been an unusually powerful animal. Near by is a shed moose horn, picked up by Joe Francis, that is abnormal in that it has a tine 4 or 5in. long starting from the back edge of the palm and running parallel with it.

At Sourdnahunk I saw a black cat in a tall stub, but though I tried to prevent its escape the big weasel succeeded in getting out of the tree before I could reach the base. It dropped so quickly that it seemed to go faster than the falling bark dislodged in the scramble.

Another day, while returning from a bog over toward Telos Lake after sunset, a buck deer sprang out of a fir thicket directly toward me. I was going along at a slashing gait at the time, making plenty of noise, and when the deer appeared he was within 30ft. on the jump. It took him but a second to wheel and disappear, and as my rifle sights were full of snow I did not get a shot. It is an open question whether the deer on hearing my approach thought it was another buck and wanted fight, or whether he got a baffling scent, and ran onto me when trying to escape.

The traveling was very noisy during our stay at Sourdnahunk, and though we saw plenty of sign we got no game.

Couldn't Break a Game Law if he Tried.

Despite the reports from Maine that partridges have been scarce this year, we saw an unusual number. I had loaded some light ammunition for this game, with 5grs. of black powder and the 85gr. S. & W. pistol bullet, and found the charge very accurate and satisfactory except for the fact that it was difficult to seat the ball in the shell without loading tools, as it was a trifle too large. On Dec. 1, as I was returning to camp, I saw six partridges budding in birch trees. They were all close together, and the chances seemed good for killing two with one shot. Accordingly I drew out the cartridge in my rifle barrel and attempted to substitute one of the light charges; but the shell jammed, and do what I would I could not get it in the barrel. I tried in succession half a dozen cartridges, and each one stuck when about two-thirds way into the barrel.

It was an extremely cold day, the thermometer being considerably below zero at the time; and the trouble was evidently due not only to the fact that the shells had been expanded by firing, but also to the contraction of the rifle barrel, as I proved afterward by inserting without difficulty all the cartridges when the barrel was warmed. I did not want to use a regular cartridge, as my stock of ammunition was very low, so I left the spot without killing any partridge.

Ten minutes later a spruce partridge flew up from under my feet into a low tree, and sat there stupidly regarding me.

I was still a little mad at losing the others, and I resolved to have this one for revenge, though I really did not believe he would be very good eating, being an old, bird; so I cut a sapling 10 or 12ft. in length and fastened at the end a noose made from an old moccasin string, and carefully dangled it in front where he could stick his head into it.

The partridge bobbed his head backward and forward and sideways in a self-important way, looking at the noose as if he were critically examining it over the top of a pair of spectacles, and finally stuck his head squarely into it. The same instant I yanked, but as luck would have it the partridge got too far into the loup, and before I could get my hands on him he had slipped through and escaped.

That night I related the incident, and was reminded that it was the 1st of December and that the partridge season was over—facts which had not occurred to me before.

Mr. Goodman, the scaler, who was sitting the other side of the stove, slapped his thigh and remarked:

"By George, I know now why it was I missed that partridge to-day when I threw my axe at him. I couldn't break a game law if I tried."

Geography.

None of the Maine maps give much detail regarding the Trout Brook country. The headwaters of streams which serve to indicate the watersheds are misplaced, while such lakes as Little Sourdnahunk, which is about three-quarters of a mile in diameter, and Thissel Pond, which measures



MAP OF THE WADLEIGH BROOK HUNTING REGION.

five-eighths of a mile in its greatest dimension, are not set down at all. None of the maps show the deep bay on the north side of Sourdnahunk Lake known as Caribou Cove, and on all I have seen the roads are not given as used at the present time. For instance, the approach to Sourdnahunk Lake at present is by the well-traveled tote road up Trout Brook, but this is not shown on the maps, while on the other hand the disused route from Webster and Telos lakes down to the lower end of Chesuncook still appears. Of course these tote roads are constantly changing, and it is a difficult matter to keep track from year to year of those which are passable for teams, but with regard to the natural features it is different, and it is surprising that better maps do not exist.

The rough map printed herewith is intended to show some of the features of interest to sportsmen not given elsewhere, and will serve to illustrate the narrative. The dotted squares are six miles across.

In a general way it may be said that the country lying south of Trout Brook and between that stream and the East Branch is a continuous mountain range that finally culminates in Katahdin, 5,250ft. in height. This is the only mountain region of any consequence in Maine, and its scenic attractions are noteworthy. From Grand Lake (Matagamon) and the west end of Sourdnahunk Lake the views are particularly impressive.

North of Trout Brook there are no mountains worthy of the name, and the country resembles other parts of the State, with characteristic bogs, low ridges, dead water streams and lakes.

Sourdnahunk Lake lies on a high plateau well up toward Katahdin. By right it should empty into East Branch waters, but instead it has taken upon itself the vastly more difficult task of discharging its waters into the West Branch of the Penobscot. Its outlet, Sourdnahunk Stream, has cut a passage through the southern enflanking mountains, and rushes down wild gorges in tumultuous fashion, falling hundreds of feet in a few miles. There is nothing like this stream in Maine, and nowhere can such scenes be witnessed as occur there in May, when Messrs. Dudley & Currins start their log drive. The stream at best is the personification of untamed fury, but add the thousands of great spruce logs that go tearing along with it, shooting down over falls like bolts from some great catapult, and disappearing in boiling chaldrons below or splintering on the adamant rocks that oppose their passage, and you have a picture of reckless passion that appalls the beholder.

The lumbermen have three dams with an aggregate head of 36ft. of water behind, and when a jam forms this great wall of water is sent hurling down upon it with a force for smashing and tearing that is absolutely resistless. Under ordinary conditions the water is let run at regular intervals for a few minutes at a time.

Besides their Trout Brook Camp Messrs. Dudley & Currins have two camps on Sourdnahunk Stream, but they have almost finished their operations in this country, and another year will no doubt move elsewhere.

In mentioning the natural features of this region, the burnt lands of Wadleigh Brook should have a prominent place. These lie mostly north and east of the brook from Burnt Mountain on the south almost to Blunder Pond on the north, and extend in a northeasterly direction pretty well over toward Second Lake. In some places they have been burned over half a dozen times, and are so open that one can see half a mile at a stretch; but as a rule the ground is grown up with small trees, maple and birch and poplar, tha teffectually prevent an extended outlook. These burnt lands are the natural summer home of moose and other game, but by December everything has moved into the surrounding green timber.

The First Caribou.

Early in December the caribou begin working down the mountains, and leaving their sprawling trails along the frozen streams and bogs of the Trout Brook country. They had been very abundant on Katahdin during the fall, feeding on the mosses above the timber line, and a lumberman named Rodgers, who has camps well up toward the summit, reported that he had seen as many as eighty in one herd.

Caribou are stupid, and their flesh is not highly regarded as food, and it is a noteworthy fact that they are despised by many of the native hunters, who sometimes shoot them down from pure wantonness, piling up their carcasses as long as the animals are in sight or till their ammunition is exhausted.

The morning of Dec. 3 Hoisington, Du Bois and Natey, who were again in camp on Wadleigh Brook, discussed their plans. Du Bois said: "Natey and I will go across Trout Brook and kill a deer," to which Hoisington responded: "Well, I guess I'll go up toward the burnt lands and get a caribou."

Strangely enough, both predictions were fulfilled to the letter. Du Bois got a large doe within a few hours after leaving camp, and in even less time Hoisington had killed his caribou.

The thermometer hung on a nearby tree registered 18° below zero at 7:30, when the hunters left camp. Thinking that Wadleigh Brook would be well frozen, Hoisington re-



HOISINGTON'S CARIBOU.

solved to go up on the ice. There were some thin places on the rapid stream, however, and soon after leaving camp he got his feet wet. He quickened his pace to start the circulation and prevent freezing, and the snow on the ice creaked so loudly in the frosty air that it seemed next to impossible to surprise any game. However, as he rounded a bend in the stream he saw a deer standing on the bank in plain sight looking at him, but before he could fire the deer had turned and plunged into the woods. This served as a warning to go more cautiously, and as subsequent events proved was a very lucky occurrence. Game was afoot that wintry morning, and, like the hunter, found that the brook afforded an easy means of travel.

When less than a mile from camp Hoisington suddenly saw the antlered head of a caribou regarding him from the concealment of the tall grass and bushes growing on a point above. The same instant the animal whirled around to run, but just as quickly the little smokeless powder gun spat out its veto, and down he went, shot through the spine just back of the shoulder blades. The caribou tried to rise, but a second shot, fired for safety, pierced his heart, and he was dead when the hunter reached the spot. The caribou was a bull with a very compact and pretty set of horns. The antlers were just ready to drop, and when he fell one was loosened and came off. After dressing him Hoisington returned to camp and later went out to drag him in on the ice. This time he had no rifle with him, and while sitting on the caribou's body resting he saw a big buck with five points to a side come out on the ice only a few rods away and paw and strut and dare anything to fight him. It was highly aggravating to take the old buck's "sass," but there was no help for it, and finally the buck got tired and went away.

Return to Wadleigh.

On the 3d of December Dr. Wright and myself started

back for our camp on Wadleigh Brook by a rather roundabout way. We crossed Little Sourdnahunk Lake on the ice, and by paced measurement made it three-quarters of a mile in diameter. The lake is oval in shape and beautifully situated among hardwood ridges. Half a mile further is Thissel Pond, an equally pretty sheet of water and only slightly smaller. East of both ponds and forming the apex of a triangle drawn from them lies a good caribou bog, which is perhaps a mile long, but so grown up with trees that no extended view can be had. This bog is in the Trout Brook watershed emptying into East Branch waters. Thissel Pond by its outlet flows into Webster Lake, and so on into the East Branch, while the waters of Little Sourdnahunk Lake eventually find their way into the West Branch of the Penobscot.

Additional interest attaches to this spot from the fact that a brook that takes its rise a short distance west flows into Telos Lake, formerly on the watershed of the St. John River, but now connected by canal with Webster Lake and the Penobscot.

Beyond Thissel Pond the descent is rapid almost all the way to Webster Lake. Thissel Brook, which we followed, is a tumbling trout stream with steep banks, wooded for long stretches with a beautiful growth of beech, maple, birch and other hardwoods. Along in the afternoon we came out on a bog which extends on both sides of the main stream for a mile or more, and which reaches back also along tributary streams from east and west. Here we jumped a large buck, who went bounding away over the brown bog grass in plain sight for some distance. Below the dam on Thissel Brook we ran across a moose track which had been made probably within an hour, but it was growing late and we had no time to spare following it.

About sunset we sighted Webster Lake through the trees and took a short cut across on the ice to the dam. Below the dam we found fairly good walking on the old tote road, but the snow was deeper than any we had previously encountered. A mile beyond the dam we sighted some old deserted lumber camps on a hill above the road, and thought at first they were Finch's camps, where we expected to spend the night, but we soon discovered our mistake.

For a mile further we plodded along in the darkness without any encouragement, but at the end of that distance we struck a recently traveled road and knew we must be near our destination. At this point the road crossed Webster Brook, an angry-looking rapid stream 60ft. in width, and we were uncertain on which side the camp lay.

We decided to try the south side first, and as luck would have it found the camp only a few hundred rods away. And never were weary travelers more glad of shelter. The Doctor's beard and eyebrows were covered with ice, our trousers frozen to board-like stiffness, and our bodies chilled by the arctic cold.

The Big Buck that didn't Get Away.

Next morning we got an early start. Finch's Halfway Camp is situated on the outlet to Hudson Pond, and a good road follows the brook up to the pond, a distance of about a mile. The pond is half a mile across and contains several rocky islands, on one of which Jock Darling saw a caribou last winter.

He tried to shoot it as it trotted away, but his Bullard refused to go off. How the caribou ever got on the island is a puzzle, as its sides are as steep as a church roof where they are not perpendicular.

It was our intention to cross from Hudson Pond directly to the burnt lands, which are no great distance off to the southeast, without going near the main Blunder Pond (Mr. Finch, who has lumbered in this neighborhood, informed us that there are at least three small ponds of this name), as the country immediately around the pond is said to be very thick and swampy. Accordingly we lay our course a little east of south along the side of a hardwood ridge where the walking was good. While traveling along this ridge we unexpectedly ran directly on to a large buck coming toward us. We opened fire, and each of us managed to get in a couple of shots before he disappeared. Subsequently we found that three of these shots had hit him, but unfortunately all had gone low. We followed up his trail a short distance, and noting but little blood decided to leave him alone for a little while and investigate an old moose trail that we happened on. This led us to a thick growth of balsam fir, where we found fresh sign of three other moose.

The moose had evidently gone into winter quarters here, for beds and signs of feeding were on all sides. There was one large bull among them, how large I hesitate to say; but he had refused to go between trees in places where one could almost have driven a team of horses through, and his track, where the snow had thawed out of it, looked like an elephant's.

The snow was crusty, and it was a practical impossibility to get up to a moose in such thick growth, so we reluctantly left the yard, hoping to come back the next day if the conditions should be more favorable.

Taking up the buck's trail, we followed very cautiously, and would have succeeded in getting a shot as he rose from the spot where he had lain down had it not been for an untoward incident, which set him off on the jump. Previous to this he had been going west and had carried us within hearing of the groaning ice on Blunder Pond, but now he started directly down wind in an easterly direction. Every step he took in this direction brought him somewhat nearer our camp on Wadleigh Brook; so after consultation we decided to follow him up, knowing that, as he had our wind, he would keep going as long as he could stand. And so we followed along, constantly hoping that he would shape his course more to the south, which would have suited us exactly. Instead, however, he veered if anything more to the north, and led us a long and weary chase. It was 9 when we first saw him, and not till 2 that afternoon did we get close enough for the *coup de grace*. Meanwhile he had adopted every tactic known to his tribe to throw us off his trail, passing through bands of other deer, and walking over every piece of bare ground he could find. Once he had succeeded in getting eight or ten caribou to walk all over his trail, so that in places it was completely obliterated, but it was easy work to follow it here compared to times when it passed over bare places where the ground was hard frozen or rocky.

Successful tracking is largely a matter of elimination, and at times the only way a trail can be followed is by considering all possible courses and striking out the less likely ones.

On our way to camp after sunset that night we jumped a moose on the edge of some green timber. Below us on the hillside we heard a thump, thump, that sounded like some one chopping, as he went off on a sharp trot. A moment later we came across the track, which proved that he was a big one.

It was three hours after dark when we reached camp, and we had gone through some vile holes to get there, but all was forgotten in the pleasnre of the reunion with the other members of the party, and the big fire and generous supper.

J. B. Burnham.

[To be concluded.]

NEEDLESS ACCIDENTS.

Ottawa, Canada.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is a pity that there is no means of legislating in the direction of protecting life and limb from eccentric shooters, who year after year add to the already long list of those who meet death by accident.

In the neighborhood from which I am writing three men have this season been shot dead at sight, and three others severely wounded by shooting companions. In five cases these unfortunate people were mistaken for deer, and in the sixth a hasty gentleman mistook his friend's game bag for a hare, and while literally puncturing the bag distributed the balance of the charge in various parts of his friend's body.

It is unhappily a fact that many of those who carry guns and visit woodland and swamp in pursuit of animals and birds know little of the use of the weapons they carry or of the appearance of what they are pursuing. They are, perhaps, also young and excitable, and have just reached that condition of nervous eagerness which makes the conclusion easy that anything stirring near is the game they are seeking. Hence it is that the tyro from the city goes bravely forth in pursuit of deer and later in the day maims or kills some relative or friend, and what might have been a pleasant outing is suddenly turned into a tragedy. Yet these oft-repeated "sad accidents" seem to convey no warning, for each succeeding season brings fresh records of the doings of these reckless shooters.

A man in the woods does not look like a deer, a hare, or a partridge; but a vivid imagination may regard him as being any of these, and then comes the possibly fatal shot. For my own part, I confess that a deer to me in the woods is a very distinctive object. When I see one I do not mistake it for my friend John Smith, or *vice versa;* and I have no fear that John will suddenly regard me as a buck, and tickle me in the back of the neck with his Winchester. John is cool, quick, keen-eyed, and a sportsman, and never pulls a trigger without good and sufficient reason.

Another awful man to meet is he who cares not in what direction his loaded gun is pointing. Sometimes it is carefully nursed in the hollow of his left arm, while the muzzle is uncomfortably close to the pit of your own stomach; the next moment he is behind you "at the trail," and quite liable to lodge the charge in the small of your back. I never stay long with this kind of shooter, and it is poor consolation to remember that whatever other damage he may do the creature rarely shoots himself.

The class of blundering idiots who "didn't know it was leaded" are unfortunately to be found everywhere, producing accidents which, while often fatal, are sometimes fantastic.

Take, for instance, the case of the man who blew into the muzzle of his pistol, at the same time placing a lighted match to the nipple. It was, of course, his last experiment, as was also that of the gentleman who put a blind shrapnel shell into his stove and waited for results. There is, too, the brother who snaps what he regards as an empty gun at his sister and so sends her to a premature death, and thus through scores of needless fatalities caused by people who ought never to be allowed to touch firearms is yearly told the story of criminal carelessness.

Rideau.

[To which it might be added: For further particulars see daily papers. Any day will do.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Death of Charles Kern.

Jan. 30.—One of the best known figures of Chicago sportsmanship passed away on Monday last, Jan. 25. After many months of suffering Mr. Charles Kern yielded to the disease which had been sapping his life forces and passed away quietly at his own home among his family and friends. Mr. Kern was twice the president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, and was for many years president of the Audubon Gun Club, of Chicago, the old guard of Chicago sportsmanship, made up in good part of old-time trap-shooters. Mr. Kern was sixty-five years of age. He was a native of Bavaria and was eighteen years of age when he came to America. He entered early into politics, and was only twenty-one years of age when he ran for sheriff, being defeated in his campaign. He sought further offices, and in 1890 was elected County Treasurer of Cook county. He was a great secret society and association man, and had a wide circle of friends. He leaves a widow and two children, whose circumstances should be comfortable, as Mr. Kern was reputed to be of considerable means.

The Michigan Warden's Work.

The new Governor of Michigan, Mr. Pingree, has recently found occasion to criticise the work of the State Fish and Game Warden, Mr. Chase S. Osborn, of Sault Ste. Marie. While not resenting this sharply, Mr. Osborn finds occasion to make reply in the columns of the Detroit *Tribune*, as follows:

"'I spend half of my time in the field, the rest of the time directing the operations of the deputy wardens from my office.'

"During the twenty-three months Mr. Osborn has been game warden of Michigan he has investigated 1,800 reported violations at an average cost of $6 a case; that is, Mr. Osborn or his deputies have looked into this number of cases. Of the total number there have been 1,007 cases tried in court, out of which there were between 800 and 900 convictions. From fines and license fees the revenues of the office amounted to $27,000, while the expenses were only $10,500.

"'I claim,' says Mr. Osborn, 'that the work I have done has been more than the combined work of any four game wardens in the country, and it has been done only by hard, constant work.

"'As to the showing made by the revenues and the expenses, I am very proud of it. The first two years of my predecessor every case tried cost on an average of $27, while the average cost during his last two years was about $22. The average cost of each case during my term of office has been $10 40.'"

In Town and Out.

Mr. W. P. Mussey, of Chicago, who has for some days been in the East, New York city and elsewhere, is expected to return soon.

Mr. W. Fred Quimby, of the Empire Target Company, and universally known in the sporting goods trade, is in Chicago this week. Mr. Quimby has charge of the elegant and extensive exhibit of bicycles made by the Hunter Arms Co. at the Chicago cycle show this week. In this he is assisted by Mr. Alex H. Waud. The Hunter exhibit was the rounding up place of a great many sportsmen during the week.

Mr. George A. Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Co., is in Chicago for a few days on a Western business trip. Mr. Mosher is looking well and as amiable as usual.

Mr. Louis Erhardt, of Louis Erhardt & Co, Atchison, Kans., is in Chicago this week with a large and comprehensive smile. Mr. Erhardt says he would have been glad to be at the San Antonio shoot, but is glad he missed the blizzard there. He is pleased with the temperature of Chicago, which was only 20° below zero this week.

E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

The New York Association.

Lyons, N. Y., Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dear Sir—It may be of interest generally that you publish the names of those who are to serve on the committees of the N. Y. State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game for the ensuing year. I therefore take pleasure in handing you the list of both the Law and Legislation Committee and the Auditing Committee as appointed.

Legislation and Law Committee—Robert B. Lawrence, chairman, 35 Wall street, New York city; Percy S. Lansdowne, 735 Mooney Building, Buffalo; C. B. Lapham, Canandaigua, N. Y.; George R. Peck, Auburn, N. Y.; W. E. Huston, Lockport, N. Y.

Auditing Committee—F. J. Amsden, Rochester, N. Y.; Aaron Mather, Honeoye Falls, N. Y.; Charles Curtis, Auburn, N. Y.

The Legislation and Law Committee will immediately take up the work of pushing the recommendations passed at the recent meeting of the Association, and which I believe were correctly published in last week's issue of your valuable journal.

We desire the hearty coöperation of all sportsmen throughout the State, whether members of the State Association or not, in urging prompt legislation along the lines set forth in the resolutions by the meeting at Syracuse. Never before in the history of the Association has there been so united a feeling as to what course of action should be pursued, and with earnest work on the part of all interested much good may be accomplished this winter. The Association strongly demands the abolishment of hounding for deer; the abolishment of netting and spearing in the inland waters of the State; the one open season for partridge, woodcock, rabbits and squirrels from Sept. 15 to Jan. 1; and makes a strong plea against local legislation; further than this we earnestly hope that we may secure the repeal of Section 249. I know the Forest and Stream will do all it can to aid us in the work, and trust that every sportsman in this State will take a personal interest, and that every member of the Legislature may be importuned and brought to see the necessity of right action. Do not leave the work for others. There is enough for us all to do if we would preserve the game in this State and further the replenishing of the many lakes and streams which have all but been depleted through the abuses of the past.

W. S. Gavitt, Pres.

Fowl in Hog Island Bay.

Keller, Va., Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your publication of the 23d inst. I find an inquiry from Mr. O. D. Foulks, Stockton, Md., who asks: "Where are the ducks?" It affords me much pleasure to give what light I can to our friend in regard to the duck supply in Hog Island Bay. Brant and black ducks have been plenty there since November till now. We see persons from Upshires Neck (which is the mainland boundary of Hog Island Bay) almost every day, and are informed by them that the bay is swarming with wildfowl to such an extent that their sleep is actually disturbed at night by their chattering.

In years gone by I shot a great deal in our seacoast broadwaters and narrows, and especially in that of Hog Island, and under the most adverse circumstance I always killed a good bunch of birds every day, while not infrequently our day's shooting would amount to several dollars. Since then the chances should be better, as our bays are patrolled night and day by police boats to prevent trapping, night shooting and the use of guns above a certain size. I am informed that this regulation is already showing its good effects in the increased quantity of birds.

To secure good shooting, the quantity of birds is not more a question than to know their habits—this must be well understood. The late William Doughty, of Hog Island, or Capt. Nathan Cobb, of Cobb's Island, would always place themselves in such a way that the birds were bound to go to them. It is therefore, with shooting men, a matter of the first importance to secure practical men as guides. We no longer shoot at all ourselves, but will be glad to direct sportsmen who may be visiting our shores to good, experienced guides. This done, there is no doubt but that good results will attend their coming to the eastern shore in search of game.

T. G. E.

Monadnock Club.

The Monadnock Club has been organized to promote interest in fishing and shooting parties near Mt. Monadnock, N. H. The club has acquired grounds on Lake Contocook and built a club house, which will be open from April 1 to Nov. 1 to its members and visitors. The locality affords excellent fishing and shooting. The club numbers twenty-five members, and will gladly receive others.

The officers are: James S. Milner, President; Charles D. Bete, Vice-President; Frederic W. Bashforde, Treasurer; J. Frank Hayes, Secretary; Wm. E. Leake, Captain. Address in city, 136 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, or East Jaffrey N. H.

Maine Guide Licenses.

It seems that Fish and Game Commissioner Carlton, of Maine, is disposed to modify his guide license bill a good deal, and that the pressure has been so great against it that he has come out in the newspapers in defense of it. He says, over his own signature, in one of the papers, that he is willing to waive the matter of license fees if the guides will pay for their own badges. He also declared that the bill is not framed to interfere with the friend or farmer who presumes to accompany a sportsman on a fishing or shooting trip. He says that steamboat captains, into whose hands the hunters and fishermen visiting Maine trust their lives, have to have a license, then why should not guides who take care of the same sportsmen in the woods be licensed? He does not say that he would license every railway engineer, fireman, conductor or brakeman for the same reason. Neither does he propose that stage, buckboard or carriage drivers should be licensed by the State. Yet they all presume to take care of the visiting hunters and fishermen. His principal line of defense for his bill is that it is impossible to stop summer shooting with the means now provided, and that licensed guides will do it. He does not say where the cook or the hired man leaves off and where the guide begins. He is very fair about the matter and invites a full hearing at Augusta on Wednesday, Feb. 3. The railroads in that State have generally granted half fares to that hearing, and it promises to be one of great interest. The best sportsmen with whom I have talked agree that there can be no real objection to empowering the best of the guides to enforce the fish and game laws, but that a general license law for all guides or persons working for sportsmen would be a great failure. They also say that some law that will prevent the guides from shooting game for sportsmen, and to sell to them, will save more game than is killed by summer shooting.

SPECIAL.

Where the Wild Horse is a Nuisance.

Wild horses are getting to be quite numerous again on the flats in the Texas Panhandle and in Beaver county. They are very troublesome, as they lead away the horses belonging to the cow men and grangers, and when a domesticated horse once gets with a wild bunch it is an all day's job, and sometimes it takes several days, to catch him. The laziest old crowbait alive, or the gentlest family horse, after associating for a few days with these mustangs, seems to forget his raising; all the old-time wildness of his forefathers seems to crop out in him, and although formerly he may have allowed himself to be caught anywhere, he will not then permit a man to get within half a mile of him. About the only way to recover a horse of this kind is to run the entire bunch down and corral them, or rope the ones wanted. Nearly all our stockmen have lost horses in this manner, and the mustang, instead of being looked upon with respect and with covetous eyes, as in the past is now considered an intruder and a pest, and is shot down whenever opportunity offers. Since horses became so cheap there is no object in catching mustangs, and this once valuable representative of the best friend of man is now classed in the same category as the coyote and other "varmints."—*Beaver (Oklahoma) Herald.*

Thinks it not of Vital Interest.

Boston, Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inquiry and replies as to "Who Owns the Game Killed by the Guide," in your late issues, cannot be to most of your readers a matter of vital interest.

To those others we might suggest the usefulness of the guide in preventing them from losing their way; in taking them to correct grounds, that they may not waste their vacation in tramping a country where no game is to be found; in teaching them the habits of the birds and in handling the dogs; in showing them where they may not correctly use the gun, and explain how it happens that the birds get away so often; in assisting them in many ways, as carrying the lunch and the extra shells, in marking the dead birds and the live ones.

So that perchance those others will reach that point where, when the guide turns up with his gun, either the guide or his gun remains in camp, and it won't matter much which.

Special Hackle.

Bears Killed in Maine in 1896.

Bethel, Me., Jan. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received letters from the treasurers of ten towns bordering on the unbroken forests of northern Oxford county, replying to my inquiries as to how many bounties they had paid on bears the past season, and find they aggregate fifty-one killed. Bethel is the banner town, having secured fourteen. Newry killed ten, and Gilead eight, and Roxbury seven.

H. T. Stiles, of West Bethel, shot six running loose in the woods, they being the most killed by any one man in these parts. Two years ago there were eighty killed in these towns; last year only a few.

J. G. Rich.

Deer in Southern New Hampshire.

Manchester, N. H., Jan. 29.—The Legislature is now in session. We hope to see a bill passed to prevent killing deer in the southern counties. There have been quite a number seen in the city limits, and some have been killed very near here. We have a large amount of second growth of hardwood, miles in extent, that is good cover for deer; and in a few years they would be quite plenty if they could have full protection. Jug the man that kills a deer near here within the next five to ten years.

H.

Sportsman (to Snobson, who hasn't brought down a single bird all day)—"Do you know Lord Peckham?"

Snobson—"Oh, dear, yes; I've often shot at his house."

Sportsman—"Ever hit it?"—*Punch.*

Farmer—"You've shot my cow!"

Dooley—"Be gobbs, an' I told ther grocer mon as plain as cud be to give me *bu-r-r d* shot!"—*Puck.*

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The Most Peculiar Thing he had ever Noticed.

A correspondent who wrote from Currituck, N. C., the other day, tells of the untoward fortune of duck shooting there during his stay, and winds up with a good story:

"I have been most of the time aggravated almost beyond endurance by the wildfowl. We have had nothing but summer weather, warm and lazy-like; there are plenty of birds, but they would not decoy well, but congregate in large rafts in the middle of the Sound, every once in a while rising in vast clouds, and such honking and quacking you have never heard. As I am writing I can hear them at it; sounds like a half dozen country schools let loose for recess at the one time. Within the last three days we have had some cold, stormy weather, consequently more birds and better prospects. I noticed particularly one large flight of sprigs with a few bunches of redheads. There are a great many swans here, and from the house one can at any time see a thousand of them sitting on the bar less than a mile away, looking for all the world like a big snow bank.

"One of White's guides, a nephew, told me a story the other day while in the blind that deserves a place in your 'That Reminds Me' column. I wish you could hear the native twang with which the story was told. I had asked him what was the most peculiar thing he had ever noticed while gunning. 'Wal, I'll tell yer. We was a-setting out in the Sound a-shooting and I noticed a canvasback a-comin' from the no'th right smart, and then I seed another canvasback comin' from the south and he was flying right peart. The sun was a-shinin' just so as one bird never noticed the other, and pretty soon they come together crash and fell in the water. I went and picked them up, both stone dead. They was both split open clean from their bills down their breasts, and that's gospel truth.'

"I suggested that the medal at Washington was his if he would only claim it, but as the idea seemed to kind of hurt his feelings I have not pressed it too much."

W. E. Sawyer.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

Boston, Feb. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The members and guests of this Association, 180 of them, assembled at the Copley Square Hotel last Saturday evening to discuss a good dinner (tickets $3), review the work of the year and enjoy an evening of right down good-fellowship—all of which they did in a large degree. Col. Rockwell presided and the special guests were Governor Wolcott; Hon. Winslow Warren, Collector of the Port; Judge Edgar Aldrich, of the U. S. District Court; E. B. Haskell, Esq.; Hon. Hubert Williams, Fish Commissioner of Connecticut; A. W. Robinson, president of the Megantic Club, and Geo. H. Lyman, Jr. Others present were ex-President B. C. Clark, ex-President Geo. W. Wiggin, Hon. W. F. Ray, J. G. Ray, Hon. J. Q. A. Field, Wm. H. Sweatt, A. D. Thayer, Charles Stewart, Dr. J. T. Stetson, J. Russell Reed, Waldron Bates, J. S. Duncklee, Sidney Chase, E. T. Barker, William Almy, Geo. O. Sears, W. F. Almy, Rollin Jones, John N. Roberts, Chas. G. Gibson, E. E. Small, Sidney Chase, Alexander Pope, N. L. Martin, Dr. W. J. Brigham, E. C. Norton, Dr. G. H. Payne, Secretary Kimball, H. D. Litchfield, W. B. Hastings, H. F. Coleman, Benj. F. Stevens, A. R. Brown, H. G. Kyser, S. W. Rich, C. M. Blake, Hon. Robt. S. Gray, E. E. Allen, W. B. Kehoe, J. Payson Bradley, C. F. Munroe, Chas. A. Allen, Warren Hapgood, J. N. Akerman, Hon. A. B. R. Sprague, Mayor of Worcester; B. V. Howe, Dr. E. W. Branigan, A. A. Glasier, John E. Hall, Thomas Hall, C. M. Bryant, Dr. Robert M. Read, L. W. Sumner, W. K. Churchill, Wm. C. Thairlwall, Wm. F. Bacon, Edward E. Hardy, Loring Crocker, Dr. J. W. Ball, Henry J. Thayer, Dr. W. H. Tobey, E. P. Wilbur, C. W. Dimick, Chas. F. Proctor, S. A. Lincoln, Chas. S. Lewis, Geo. Rimbach and Walter M. Brackett. The dining hall was very elaborately decorated, the walls being hung with handsome skins, while fine heads of moose, deer and caribou were very much in evidence. The dinner was an excellent one and was made up largely of the most tempting specimens of fish and game. Tom Henry's orchestra played and the company joined in singing several of the popular songs of the day. When cigars were reached President Rockwell opened the speech making.

Col. Rockwell's Address.

Although this is not an occasion for "business" in the ordinary sense of the word, but is for other purposes, useful in their way—and well understood by you—yet following the established and appropriate custom, I shall very briefly pass in review the events of the past in which this Association has had an agency or exerted an influence. The story of 1896 is short, but important. There were presented to the Legislature several measures which engaged the attention of your officers, and were watched with their usual assiduity and circumspection, especially by your president, Mr. Clark, your counsel, Mr. Reed, and your secretary, Mr. Kimball. Two only were of such importance, in respect to the general policy of our laws, as to require mention. In neither case, I am glad to say, was any injurious enactment secured; and the defeat of the propositions was exactly in line with the purpose of this Association as avowed, and, as I believe, consistently maintained—to serve the interest of the community as a whole, as distinguished from private interests, whether of the mercantile sort or of the kind imputed to amateur sportsmen. The two matters to which I allude were the propositions to reduce the length limit of lobsters, and to permit the sale of game at all seasons of the year irrespective of the legality of its possession. Neither of these matters need to be argued here. You thoroughly understand the pernicious nature of both propositions. Notwithstanding that the Legislature was induced by the pressure of private interests to approve the short lobster bill, that bill failed to become a law through the wisdom and firmness of the executive, Acting Governor Wolcott.

We trust the lobster question is not to be reopened at present. It has been with us for twenty years; and though the benefits of restrictive legislation have been amply demonstrated, I personally believe much larger and more beneficial results might be obtained by increasing the present restrictions. It is, however, agreed that it would be unwise to seek for any such legislation at present.

The scheme of the game dealers to open the doors to the practically unrestricted sale of game in Massachusetts at all seasons, whether illegally exported from other States or not, was successfully resisted. It would seem that it ought to be impossible to revive it, in view of the stringency of the laws of other States, even of those having a much larger commercial interest than Massachusetts in the disposal of game.

Massachusetts law already gives the dealer privileges unknown to the other States, and to extend them cannot fail to work disastrously.

Carrying our retrospect back over the twenty-two years of our existence, we are able to take satisfaction in the measure of good work done, and of evil successfully resisted. As a few of the elders will remember, this Association was first called the "Anglers' Association." It was formed by a coterie who had in view at the time a very limited field of labor as compared with that which we now cover. The objects named in their charter were simply and only "the securing and enforcing proper restrictions upon the taking and killing of fish, shellfish and bivalves, and the promotion of fishculture." Their first campaign was devoted to nothing more nor less than the protection of the smelt fishery. That fishery was in danger of extermination so far as Massachusetts was concerned, but the Anglers succeeded in saving it, and to-day the smelt is found in our waters in profusion. The community, which prizes this fish so highly, certainly owes to our predecessors a meed of gratitude for their disinterested labors in this case. In succeeding years came beneficial action as to trout and lobsters; and later still came the change to our present title, and the enlarged field of labor and increased scope of usefulness as to game.

It is needless to parade those details which would cover the statistics of the work which has been done, or to estimate the value of the faithful and zealous labor of those who have had your cause in hand, to say nothing of your constant support and help as a body, and of the considerable sums of money expended. To sum up results would be to say that conditions as to the laws and their enforcement are greatly improved; and that the public sentiment, which must make the present laws and their enforcement realize their full fruits, and make possible further advances in the same direction, has been educated to the point where we can confidently appeal to it in support of any wise and conservative measures.

While we hope and believe that during the current year it will be expedient to rest contented upon the ground we now hold, it is certain that the work of this Association is not done. Even the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission, which is generally deemed a pretty conservative body, have pointed out in their recent report evils to be remedied and objects to be gained in the line of our policy.

Our Association has been the subject of various criticisms, which, if I were to place in groups, I should say were, first, that we have done too much, and second, that we have done too little. From my knowledge of the history of the Association from the start, I am able to state my belief that the first criticism is unfounded, and if there is any ground for the second, it is not because the officers for the time being have refrained from attempting to gain an advanced position when there was any decent prospect of success. As to the execution of the laws, if, as some believe, more energy would be useful, I express my belief that that is not properly our field. The policy of the State is so thoroughly settled, and the public sentiment is so far crystallized in its support, that it appears to me that police duty should be done by the constituted authorities, with only such auxiliary aid from us as any body of good citizens should give in like cases.

This leads me to say in conclusion, that I hope and believe one great result has been accomplished, or so nearly accomplished that we can rely upon its helpfulness in our future work, and that is, that we have attained that strong position as a moral force in the community for which we have striven during all these years. I had occasion to say at the recent dinner of the Megantic Club, when we were alluded to as a "sister organization," that while I recognized the family relation and was proud to acknowledge it, I considered the relation something different; that is to say, that their organization—one of the best, most useful of its kind, and collaterally giving assistance to our work—was essentially a private organization, with private interests predominating, and general interests subordinate thereto; while we have no private interests to serve, except as they are incidental to a few individuals. We have suffered sometimes defeat, and many times delay, in our public work from the imputation of selfish motives. We were said to be a club of sportsmen, working for laws and restrictions for our personal benefit. It has been idle for us to protest to the contrary, or to point out the fruits of our labors in measures manifestly in the general interest. To-day, however, I believe a better understanding exists, and while we could hardly be credited with pure altruism, we may claim to be esteemed for what we have done and what we are. It should certainly be our aim in the future to establish ourselves in a position to confidently anticipate the public support; to make for ourselves the reputation of laboring for results which have no taint of self-interest, but are absolutely consistent with a sound and permanent public policy.

Gov. Wolcott was received with great enthusiasm, as he has a very warm place in the hearts of the members of the Association. He spoke feelingly of the objects of the men who had made the Association a power in the matter of fish and game protection, and he had no doubt that it would continue in the good work. Hon. Winslow Warren, collector of the port, followed with an entertaining talk, taking occasion to refer to the arbitration treaty, and claimed for Massachusetts a large share of credit in that most beneficent work. E. B. Haskell, Esq., the well-known editor and proprietor, with President Rockwell, of Ellerton Lodge at the Rangeleys, made a humorous speech from the fisherman's side. At this point Mr. Warren Hapgood

claimed the attention of the company, and proceeded to present ex-President B. C. Clark with an exceedingly life-like oil portrait of himself, by artist W. W. Churchill. Mr. Clark made a feeling response. Brief speeches were made by Hon. Mr. Williams, Fish Commissioner of Connecticut; Arthur M. Robinson, president of the Megantic Club; Geo. H. Lyman, Esq., and Dr. Heber Bishop. The affair would not have been complete without some surprises sprung upon the party by Dr. Bishop, and they came in due course. First, what purported to be a big pie was brought in and placed in front of the president. Upon the cover being removed a couple of baby lions from the Zoo were taken out and led up and down the table, apparently wondering what it was all about. Next the Mexican midget Princess Chiquata appeared and made a tour of the head table, shaking hands with each guest. She requested the Governor to name her pet wolf cub, and he promptly said "Massachusetts." The whole affair was a most enjoyable one, and the evening was well advanced before the festivities were brought to a close. Wm. B. Smart.

ADIRONDACK GUIDES' ASSOCIATION.

Saranac Lake, N. Y., Feb. 1.—On Wednesday evening, Jan. 27, the fourth annual meeting and banquet of the Adirondack Guides' Association took place at the Opera House in the village of Saranac Lake, the metropolis of this mountain and lake region, now famous as a resort of health and pleasure seekers. No such interest has before been manifest in matters pertaining to the Adirondacks as was shown at this meeting. The large hall was packed with men and women from throughout the entire wilderness, and representatives from Malone, Plattsburgh, Albany, New York and Boston were also in attendance. The speakers included clergymen, lawyers, doctors, hotel men and railroad men, all of whom have a mutual interest with the guides in the preservation of the woods and waters, the game and the fish.

The Adirondack Guides' Association is an organization composed of competent, well-equipped and trustworthy guides of the Adirondack wilderness, and, as associate members, of men who are interested in the protection of the game and the fish of the Adirondacks. This organization guarantees to the tourist and sportsman, if he engages as a guide a member of the Association, a man who has a thorough knowledge of the vast Adirondack forest, of its various routes from place to place, and of the habits of its denizens of game and fish; who shall be properly equipped and trustworthy in every respect. Not only this, but such employer is aiding, by his employment of a member of the Adirondack Guides' Association, the most practical means of protection to the Adirondack forests ever yet proposed. The forests can best be protected by those residing within their borders, and especially by those who are interested in their preservation, that their means of livelihood may be retained. Long before the tourist or sportsman reaches the Adirondacks he will have been informed through newspapers, magazines, circulars and notices that such an organization exists; that its members are men who are content to perform the duties devolving upon them, and that they are pledged to the protection of the forests and all that pertains to them. They will know also where to find these members, and it is but natural that a sportsman or tourist should engage, in preference to all others, a man backed by a guarantee like that of the Association. Thus membership in the Adirondack Guides' Association is in itself a credential than which no man can have a better. Guides only are admitted to membership. The associate membership is, however, open to all those interested in the objects and purposes of the Association. Many of the most prominent citizens of New York State have been enrolled. Among them are State officials, hotel men, prominent physicians and attorneys, members of the press and of the various Adirondack clubs.

The president of the Association, Mr. Oatman A. Covill, of Saranac Lake, called the meeting to order. After the minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved, and the reports of the secretary and treasurer were accepted, letters from the honorary president, Hon. Verplanck Colvin, of Albany, were read by Mr. Seaver A. Miller. Mr. Colvin in his letters made a number of valuable suggestions, and among other things spoke of a new method of hunting in the Adirondacks which he believes greatly increases the destruction of deer. This is the free importation of hounds and dogs from all portions of the settlements. At the beginning of hounding, if not earlier, a great number of strange dogs are turned loose in our great deer preserves in such a manner as to secure the greatest results for "pot-hunters," or men who are more desirous of destroying the deer than of enjoying some weeks of camp life, with its rest and health, in the exhilarating atmosphere of the woods. A party of men from the settlements, loaded with guns and ammunition, leading a pack of dogs, and staying but a few days in the wilderness for the purpose of killing deer, are not beneficial to the country, but are destructive not only to the deer, but to the business in which the guides themselves, the hotels, railroads, etc., are engaged. He said there are plenty of hounds now in the Adirondacks, indeed it is quite likely there are too many for the good of the deer, and believed that the importation of hounds from the settlements for the purpose of wholesale slaughter is one deserving earnest consideration and correction. Parties thus coming and going in a hurry often lose their hounds and the dogs are left in the woods. If they are not picked up by a guide, or do not starve, they may run to and fro from settlement to settlement, hunting whatever they can find and doing much harm. In some sections a pack of hounds have been found in the woods away from settlements and without known owners. Such wild dogs, said Mr. Colvin, may become as injurious as wolves. He suggested that the remedy probably consists in placing a tax, to be collected at each railroad depot where dogs are imported, and believed that if this tax could be appropriated to the improvement of trails and to an old age fund for disabled woodsmen, from $1,000 to $10,000 might be obtained from this tax on imported dogs and applied to good purposes.

Another matter which Mr. Colvin believed should be urged upon the State authorities is the importance of acquiring large areas of forest land in the central portion of the wilderness, and particularly the reservation by the State of the shore lines of all the beautiful lakes, so as to prevent their disfigurement and the destruction of the timber by lumbering along such shores. He said also that it was essential that the guides in all the several sections of the Adirondack region should act together, and that only those who are reliable men and thoroughly good guides should be on the list of membership; that to be a first-rate guide is to be thoroughly acquainted with a large extent of the country; to have and to furnish a good boat and rifle, fishing tackle, tents, and a hound, if need be, while all should be skillful and capable cooks; that there are many men in these days who claim to be guides and yet have not the local knowledge or any knowledge of woodcraft, or of the forests, streams, trails or carries, and do not furnish either boats, guns, fishing tackle or tents, and cannot cook or chop wood, yet they claim to be guides and demand the same compensation as guides. He believed this to be unjust, but it is a situation which the guides are forced to meet, and it seemed to him that it would be proper for them not only to make up their list of regular guides, fit to be employed by sportsmen, travelers and tourists, and receive a daily compensation of $3 due a guide, but that they recognize and designate other classes of labor, noting that the mountain guides, though not furnishing boats, are thoroughly regular in their employment, inasmuch as they carry heavy packs and all the baggage of their employer over the mountain ranges and to the summits of the high peaks, a work fully equivalent in labor to the use of a boat.

Mr. Colvin suggested that they designate this secondary class of labor as: First, packmen; strong, healthy men, who can carry burdens and do the heavy work under the direction of the guides. Such men can generally be hired at about half the pay of the guides, and should be selected by the guides with a view to the labor which they are called upon to perform. The packmen need not necessarily know the trails, nor have any special training in woodcraft, but should be physically men of strength and endurance. Second, axemen; in a large party in camp, where much wood is to be cut for the camp-fires or cooking, or where log camps are to be built, the guides can generally hire for their parties good axemen who are not members of the Guides' Association, and will not claim the same pay as members, and thus will not create the idea among many men that they are guides simply because they are employed at the same time with guides to help them in their work. In a similar way other laborers, boatmen, etc., may at times be hired by the guides to assist in the labor of the camp; and probably by making definite these positions of packmen, axemen, boatmen and laborers, the attempt on the part of untrained, unskillful and incompetent men to take parties into remote sections of the wilderness to procure for them deer or trout may be avoided.

In accordance with the authority vested in him by the constitution and by-laws, the honorary president named the following from among the associate members as honorary trustees: R. Babcock, W. S. Durant, Dr. A. G. Gester, Col. A. G. Mills, J. J. Broome, G. O. Shields, of New York; A. N. Cheney, Glens Falls; Hon. Verplanck Colvin, of Albany; Ulysses S. Grant, San Diego, Cal.; R. H. Kissell, Morristown, N. J.; Senator G. R. Malby, Ogdensburgh; Schuyler Merritt, Stamford, Conn.; Hon. Warner Miller, Herkimer; Samuel J. Tilden, New Lebanon, N. H.; W. C. Witherbee, Port Henry; William R. Weed, Potsdam.

Dr. John C. Russell, president of Saranac Lake village, then delivered an address of welcome to the Association. He congratulated them upon their healthful growth and prosperity and the influence for good they were exerting in Adirondack affairs, and expressed the hope that they would continue to hold their annual meetings and banquets in this village. The doctor then introduced the Rev. Walter H. Larom, who delivered a strong and practical address, which was listened to with close attention. The reverend gentleman said that in his position he was often thrown among guides and also with their employers; that it had been his privilege to obtain either permanent or temporary employment for many of their number, and that he had yet to hear of a dishonest Adirondack guide. He suggested that the Association adopt some sort of a dress for its members, which would be entirely representative of the region and of their vocation. Mr. Larom spoke about thirty minutes, and his remarks were frequently punctuated with applause. Frederick G. Paddock, Esq., district attorney of Franklin county, was the next speaker of the evening. The Association has made application for incorporation, and Mr. Paddock proceeded to explain the effect of the corporation laws as to the liability of members and the responsibility of officers joining in such reorganization. The district attorney said that in his official position hundreds of violations of the fish and game laws were presented to him annually, but that a member of the Adirondack Guides' Association had never yet appeared before him as such an offender.

The Hon. Geo. A. Stevens, ex-Member of Assembly from Essex, was introduced, and spoke in a particularly pleasing manner twenty or thirty minutes. Mr. Stevens said that there was a peculair fascination for him in that word (guide), for had not he himself for several years guided the sportsmen across lakes, over carries and through woods in search of the deer and fox, and to the favorite haunts of trout to lure from their deep abode the wily fish? He spoke of the Adirondacks as the "Switzerland of America," and the need of wise and practical legislation and careful guardians, such as the members of this Association had proven themselves to be, to preserve them forever in their present beauty and grandeur. Mr. Stevens believed that the guides were better fitted than any other men for game protectors, and believed that it would be a step in the right direction should the Legislature or the chief game protector appoint them as such.

Dr. Carter McV. Tobey, of Boston, was also one of the speakers. Dr. Tobey spoke particularly of the movement on foot to increase the New England tourist travel in the Adirondacks this coming summer. He said that the Boston & Albany R. R. had promised to put on a through sleeper to Saranac Lake if the N. Y. C. would agree to take it from Albany; that the Fitchburg Co. have promised to put on a day chair car to run direct to Plattsburgh via Rutland and Whitehall if the D. & H. will take the car from Rutland.

The Doctor requested that a letter, general in its character, signed by the members of the Association, be addressed to H. Walter Webb, of the N. Y. C., asking that the Adirondacks be given a through sleeping car from New England by connecting with the B. & A. at A. Should the enterprise succeed, he believed it would add thousands to the number of tourists who will be in the mountains during the summer of 1897, and put many dollars into the pockets of the Adirondack guides.

The Rev. C. J. Sevell, of the Baptist Church, spoke of his pleasant experiences with Adirondack guides, and said he had never met a more worthy and honorable body of men. There was a diversity of opinion regarding the game laws, but the majority believed it would be for the best interests of the Adirondacks, the sportsmen and the guides should hounding be entirely abolished, and the open hunting season be extended into October.

An adjournment was made to the rooms below, where a sumptuous banquet was prepared, in which some 200 guests and members of the Association participated. After banqueting and story-telling for an hour and a half, the meeting was again called to order by the president. A resolution was unanimously adopted to incorporate the Association, and a committee appointed to attend to the necessary proceedings.

The election of officers and reorganization were taken up and the following were regularly and duly elected officers of the Association for the ensuing year: Honorary President, Hon. Verplanck Colvin, of Albany; President, Warren J. Slater, of Saranac Lake. Vice-Presidents: Thomas Healy, of Saranac Lake; Douglas Martin, Paul Smith's; Albert Billings, Lake Placid; Warren Cole, Long Lake; C. C. McCaffery, Saranac Inn; James McBride, Moody; E. L. Scrafford, Fulton Chain; C. W. Blanchard, Blue Mountain Lake; and John Hinkson, Childwold. Secretary, E. E. Sumner, Saranac Lake; Treasurer, Oatman A. Covill, of Saranac Lake. Executive Committee—For Saranac Lake: Marshall Brown, Wm. Ring, Geo. Mussen; for Paul Smith's: Ross Hays, Ezra Bruce and Tom Redwood; for Lake Placid: Miles Kennedy, Geo. Alford; for Saranac Inn: Justin Farrington; for Blue Mountain Lake: Espen Jansen (Denmark); for Long Lake: Charles W. Robinson; for Duane and Meachem Lake: Halsey Sprague; for Fulton Chain: Ben Parsons, Wm. Burke; for Childwold: H. B. Marden. Local Committee: Marshall Brown, Hiram S. Moody, Geo. Mussen, Peter A. Solomen, Benj. Moody, Geo. Johnson, Wm. Ring, Warren Bryant and Calvin Brown.

A motion was carried that the officers compose the board of directors for the year. Among the names added to the list of associate members were: Francis S. Bangs, Landon Carter, W. Dallas Goodwin, J. S. Ehrich, John H. Sprague, R. Babcock, Edgar Logan, all of New York; William Linton Landreth, M. C. Paul, Phila.; Rev. Sheldon M. Griswold, Hudson; Robt. T. Wilkinson, Poughkeepsie; Francis K. Kyle, Troy; Rev. Walter H. Larom, of Saranac Lake; Washington Wilson, Elberon, N. J., and Henry C. White, New Haven, Conn.

It was a late hour when the convention finally adjourned, after voting to hold its fifth annual meeting at Saranac Lake on the third Wednesday in January, 1898.

Seaver A. Miller.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

Francis Endicott.

Concluded.

Going down Broadway last week I met an old angling friend, who asked: "When are you going to write up Frank Endicott?"

"The sketch of him is now in the hands of the printer; just left it with the editor, but there was so much material on hand and so many reminiscences in memory that some were left to be told afterward. If you have an anecdote or two of him let me have it; you knew him so well that you must have some of his stories of fishing adventure."

We stepped into Conroy's to get out of the roar of the street, where conversation was hard labor, and after assuring the salesman that we did not need fishing tackle in midwinter, my friend said: "Some years ago, after a day of good bass fishing on Greenwood Lake, we were comparing notes by the hotel fireplace and talking of the successful flies, baits and places where the black bass were most likely to be found in that famous water, when Mr. Endicott came in from the supper table, for he had been fishing at the farther end of the lake and was late. Harry Pritchard was there and asked: 'Wha' l-l-luck t t to-day, M-m-mr. Endi-c-c-cott?' He said: 'Harry, if you were as drunk as my boatman was, you would be able to talk better than that. I thought we never would get home to-night; I found a bottle half full of whisky, emptied it overboard and replaced the liquor with water, but he had a reserve somewhere. I was casting a minnow with my back to him, and noticed that he fumbled long in the bait car alongside the boat for a live minnow, but thought he might be selecting a bait of a medium size, as I had requested. Then while replacing a lost hook and getting a knot out of the leader, I was dimly conscious that he was using the tin cup as a bailer, and after getting ready and waiting what I thought a reasonable time I again asked for a bait. My boatman replied: 'All ri', Mis'r Endicott, they's sca'ce, an' I'm bailin' out the wasser so's to fin' 'em;' and I'm a sinner if he wasn't trying to bail out the bait car!"

That reminded me, and I said: "You know how Frank loved a good dinner and what a judge he was of one well cooked and served. He was an authority on a mayonnaise dressing for a salad and once said to me, as I essayed my 'prentice hand at mixing one: 'Fred, that is good; it is more than good, it is excellent. Call the waiter and have him send it up to Bellevue Hospital, where they need mustard plasters; but, my boy, you forgot that what we need is a salad dressing. Vinegar and mustard are useful things in their way, especially when the object is to raise a blister as a counter-irritant, but in a dressing of this kind you should bear in mind the fact that the object is not to dress leather, but to tickle a human palate and help a human stomach to digest those difficult things which we call vegetables. Pour on the oil, but drop on the vinegar, that is the first grand rule for a salad dressing." And that is a rule which I never forgot, and which years of practice has confirmed, and I can now distinguish a salad dressing from a mustard plaster.

Tom Conroy had listened to these stories, and after some reflection remarked: "Mr. Endicott came in here many years ago with a friend from a far-off region whom he had often visited and shot and fished with, and now wished to entertain on his first visit to New York. His friend selected what he needed and they went away. The next morning Mr. Endicott came in the store and he looked tired and disgusted. Naturally, I asked after his friend and he said: 'He's all right; I took him to the theater, and in remembrance of the many courtesies he had shown me in his home among the trout streams and the quail grounds I thought I

could never do enough to entertain him, and so after the theater I took him down to Delmonico's, and, handing him the menu and suggesting certain delicacies and a bottle of barzac, my guest told the waiter that he would like ham and eggs and a glass of beer!' I imagine, continued Tom, that the next friend from the quail grounds of North Carolina or from the trout streams of the Adirondacks that Frank Endicott entertained would be led down to Fulton Market and stuffed with clams."

There was a charm of easy wit about my friend which, backed as it was by a generous course of reading, classical and other, rendered him an entertaining companion and correspondent, and while I have some of his serious poetical efforts of no mean order, *me judice*, I take more delight in his attempts at jocularity, in which I was the object of his assumed wrath: "Your old friend —— has got the theosophical bee in his bonnet, and has gone clean daft. He bored me for an hour about mahatmas—things that you are not capable of understanding—but I will tell you they are not fish, and so you don't have to know anything of them. He says we've all been on this earth many times in different forms, and perhaps we have; but you, you rascal, if you had been with us, you would have irreverently alluded to Nat. Goodwin's song, 'We've all been there before, many a time, many a time;' but I listened with more respect than you would have done, and our friend looks upon me as a possible recruit to theosophy. When I got home I thought this all over, and while musing on it over a pipe the following thought came up in rhyme:

" 'When first I met you, Fred, one time,
Ten thousand years or more,
When ganoids moved among the slime
Along old Egypt's shore:
A reptile crawled from out the Nile
And bit a stork that flew;
I was the bird that soared the while,
The ugly cuss was you.'

"Bring down some blood worms and we'll have a day with the striped bass, and I'll forgive you the mean trick you served me several centuries ago."

In his early boyhood, when he used to go down to shoot and fish at the old homestead at Canton, Mass., he once took down a new Westley Richards double gun, which delighted the eye of an old native who used to shoot with the boy. The fine lines and exquisite workmanship delighted the old fellow, who fondled it, brought it to his shoulder and then felt the smooth working of the locks. Turning to the youth, he asked: "What did she cost ye, Frank?"

"It cost just $100 landed in New York."

The old man looked from the gun to the boy, drew a long breath and exclaimed: "Whew! It's my opinion ye orter have a gardeen 'p'inted over ye. A hundred dollars; well, I swan!"

Mr. Endicott was a natural mechanic as well as an artist, and he showed me two split bamboo fly rods which he had made in the early 70s, metal ferrules and all, and they compared favorably with the professional work of that day. He also tied flies when the fancy struck him, but he agreed with me that it was much cheaper to sit down and smoke and let some other fellow make the rods while the girls tied the flies, and the only physical and mental exercise necessary to get the best rods and flies was to remember in which pocket the purse was carried and to count out the sum required. I once had a trifle of mechanical skill, and evidence of it hangs in my den, but it was never directed to the making of any kind of fishing tackle, which can be bought so much better than any amateur can make it, not to mention the time he could more profitably put to other use. There's a heap of stuff written about taking the materials for fly tying with you and then trying to imitate the fly that the fish are rising to on that particular day. Pardon me for the digression—my old friend Endicott would sustain me if he was on earth—but my advice is to go and buy an assortment of flies of different forms and colors, paying attention to the sizes of the hooks for the waters they are to be used in and the probable size of the fish to be caught there, and taking plenty of them, and you should have something near any kind of fly that may rise, as well as some equally good nondescripts.

Mr. Endicott invented the first fly-book in which the gut snell was kept straight by stretching. It is still on the market and bears his name. I once asked him if he ever got any money out of it. "No," he replied, "I didn't expect to get any, but I patented it to keep others from claiming the invention; no doubt the makers of it have made something, although the papers were not drawn broadly enough to keep off infringements, and of course other forms were soon on the market."

In his later life he was a frequent guest at the fishing clubs at Newport, Cuttyhunk, Squibnocket, and other resorts in Martha's Vineyard, where the striped bass of salt water are taken of large size; and he wrote up this sea sport for *Harper's Magazine* and for "American Game Fishes" (1892), which was in press when the genial angler had crossed the Styx. But among the famous bass resorts mentioned he never matched the big bass he took in 1876 in the surf at Squam Beach, N. J., which weighed 47lbs., and was safely landed after a long fight on a sandy beach. He used to take his son George with him on fishing and shooting excursions as soon as he was old enough, and on these trips they were more like old chums than father and son, and under such a tutor the young man grew up to be a finished and scholarly sportsman.

Last week I related how my friend kept up his spirits, and joked with me while actually dying. To me this increased my admiration for him, for I have seen many men die in many ways, and somehow disliked to hear a man snivel and whine at the inevitable. No man dreaded to be born, and death is a corollary of birth; divested of suffering it should—but you know as much of this as I do, perhaps more. But what led to this train of thought was the fact that after I had seen my friend for the last time, his brother, Mr. George Munroe Endicott, of Boston, came to see him, and asked if he was not tired of the diet of milk which had been ordered by the doctors. "No," said Frank, "I like it, for I have been used to it. I once lived on milk for a whole year."

"How was that? I don't remember your having been ill before. When was it?"

"No, you can't remember it, Munroe," said the dying man, "it was so long ago; it was the first year of my life." These anecdotes show the man as I knew him, gentle, brave and cheerful; three qualities which are absolutely necessary to make a man beloved by those who knew him intimately. Frank Endicott's word was a bond, and as he voluntarily promised to wait for me upon the banks of the Styx a few years, provided there were the ghosts of fishes in it, he will meet me there. "But," said he, "if you wait too long, or the ghostly fishes won't rise to my ghostly flies, I'll just pay your ferriage to old Charon and wait for you beyond the further shore."

Long after the old friend of my boyhood, Port Tyler, was dead, Frank and I were fishing for weakfish off Staten Island, and while waiting for a bite I told him some stories about the old trapper and market-shooter, remarking that he had missed a great deal in not knowing him; but in telling how the old man used to cook young quawks and 'pokes and declare that they were good, he said:

"Perhaps they are good, I can't say; but when you talk of birds for the table, my boy, the woodcock, snipe, grouse, some kinds of duck, as well as a few that are not strictly game, such as meadow larks, wild pigeons and others, are, by nature of their food, so superior to any of the fish-eating waders that they are not to be mentioned in the same day."

I was fixing a fresh shedder crab on my hook, and after casting out and getting the line in shape for a run said: "Confound you! I did not say that Old Port compared young quawks and 'pokes with the birds you have named; I only quoted him as saying they were good, and by 'good' we understand them to be fairly palatable, just as this ham sandwich and cold chicken is good. You don't wish me to understand that every blooming thing that's good to eat, including those greasy possums that I've tried to enjoy out of compliment to the very excellent dinners which you have given, where there were real good things before and after your *piece de resistance*, were to be ranked with game?"

"No," said he, as he removed a weakfish from the hook and reached for a shedder. "But you were speaking of the shitepoke as a table bird, and there was no occasion to go off and abuse the possum, of which, by the way, you always eat your portion, and no one ever claimed that either the 'poke or the possum was in that high class of bird or mammal life which we call game. I'll tell you about the quawk as a table bird. Bill Chadwick swears by 'em, and once when George and I were shooting down on Tom's River we killed a couple and also a 'poke, and took them up to Chadwick, who not only cooked them, but insisted that we should actually eat 'em. With all respect to your old friend Port Tyler, I don't hanker after any more. Bill said the quawks were not young enough to be good, and I believe him. George sampled the 'poke, and declared the flavor to be equal to any axle grease which he had ever smelled, and Chadwick thought possibly the bird was too fat. George thought so too, and as far as I was concerned the verdict was satisfactory. No doubt a 'poke properly stuffed with any of the commercial fertilizers would be an improvement on Chadwick's simple cooking."

One of his conceits was to get up "a thirteen dinner" after the manner of the famous Thirteen Club, of New York city. Something prevented my attendance; it was early for possums and he substituted roast sucking pig. I have a diagram of the table, a copy of which was at each plate; with the name of Burrows, host of the Nautilus Hotel, at the head and Endicott at the foot, were arranged the names of the following well-known Staten Islanders: J. Wells, Harry Jones, Dr. McDougall, C. S. de Forest, George Buckingham, Raymond Brown, C. Peck, Col. Wm. Patten, J. J. Kenney, E. J. Cunningham and Fred Jones. In the middle a skull and crossbones rested on a tablet containing the date "Nov. 29, A.D. 1888," and below all was the black flag, with the death's head, so dear to those who served under the pirate captain of the last century, the terrible Jolly Roger. Now mark the sequel of this braving of superstition. Fred Jones, who took my place at the dinner, was an athlete and a member of that once great baseball team known as the Giants. Within a month, so Frank informed me, that man's bull terrier was chewed up by a mongrel dog, and a dozen soft crabs which he had bought in Fulton Market were not only lost, but his best coat was ruined at the same time by the way he sat down in a ferry boat.

"It may be all right to fly in the face of old sayings," I remarked to Frank, "but I'm awfully glad that I missed that Thirteen Dinner. You remember that Falstaff says: 'There is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death,' and don't you remember the story of the old Dutchman whose dog howled at night and in the morning paper he read to the doubting Katrina: 'Dere vos a man died in Philadelphy,' how about that? I tell you, my boy, 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

He looked at me, more in sorrow than in anger, and replied: "Such superstition as this would be funny if it were not sad. To quote Jack Falstaff's saying is very bad authority for a belief in fate. The Dutchman's dog is, however, a howling argument in favor of your evident belief in fatalism, but somewhere I have read.

" 'Tis writ on Paradise's gate,
Woe to the dupe that yields to fate.

Give me another shedder crab, my bait is gone."

In September, 1887, Mr. Endicott wrote me from Chadwick concerning the bluefish there: "The sport of casting in the surf is grand and fish are plenty, but not of large size, running from 3 to 5lbs. Raymond Brown is here with me, but for some reason he wants you; why, is more than I can tell. He is wild over this surf fishing, and as Chadwick says the run may last two weeks, you should come down and see some fishing—real fishing, I mean—but don't put yourself out to do it, for there is a mill-pond near you, and when you want to fish you can dig some worms, get a string, bend a pin and capture the noble sunfish near the dormitory where you pass your time."

This was a challenge—a taunting and aggravating one that could not well be passed—and while we were casting in the surf of New Jersey there was a lull in the run of small bluefish, probably caused by a school of larger ones, and then Raymond Brown landed an 8-pounder. Endicott was busy with something, and I played it on him as a specimen from the mill-pond at Cold Spring Harbor. The school of big fish struck off up the coast and we continued to get the smaller ones, but the worm had turned, and vengeance was mine.

In July, '89, he wrote: "Staten Island is a good place for striped bass. There is a place which I discovered and kept to myself for a number of years, but was indiscreet in giving it away to a friend, who in turn let in a whole lot of his friends. You cannot do worse, so come down and share my bed and bass grounds. Come to-morrow; don't try to make any other date for the bass to bite, for you are apt to forget the angler in the wretched fishculturist that you are. You seem to think that fish should want to feed when you offer food, as you do to your tame trout bred in the troughs, but the wild striped bass has some knowledge of tides and does not govern his appetite by your arbitrary rules. Go to Mr. —— and get a lot of worms; the 'blood worm' or 'white worm,' that is the only bait for striped bass on Staten Island; the sand worm will not do. If you find that blood worms are not in stock, send out and get them no matter what they cost. I know that you don't value 5 cents more than a farmer values a yoke of two-year-old steers, but get the worms if you have to sell a bond. Please take this seriously, if you can so consider any proposition, for you might as well offer a bait of carpet tacks to a striped bass on this beach as to try them with sand worms. Shedders are of no account, shrimps have no call and only blood worms are in demand." We took a few bass, the largest weighing 9lbs. and the smallest something less.

In 1882 Mr. Endicott organized the National Rod and Reel Association, which held annual tournaments in Central Park, New York city, and which did so much to popularize fly-casting and bring forward experts whose records were most wonderful, and were at first received with doubt in England. He was its president for many years, and by his personal magnetism held it together years after cliques were formed and elements of discord were developing. These he held in check with a tact that never gave offense to any who were gentlemen, but his firm hand came down on any mug hunter who deserved it, and as membership was open to any who wished to join, this firmness became necessary. The Association did not live long after he resigned because it required a great amount of labor to keep it going, which to him was a labor of love, to which he could devote his whole time, if necessary."

This is a rude picture of a man whom I was proud to call my friend, and to whom I could quote Hamlet's saying:

"Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart,
As I do thee."

FRED MATHER.

NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

THE preliminary report of the New York Commission of Fisheries, Game and Forests for 1896 contains a summary of the work done, with a number of suggestions and recommendations, some of which here follow:

During the fiscal year ending Sept. 30, 1896, this Commission has hatched and planted in public waters in the State 191,726,678 fish of various kind, all the eggs having been taken from stock fish at the hatching station ponds, or secured from wild waters in the State. The fish were hatched and distributed at a total cost of 19.6 cents per thousand. The cost per thousand in previous years has been as follows: 1894, 30 cents; 1893, 48 cents; 1892, $1.11.

Output for the Year.

One of the most important items in the cost of hatching and distributing fish is the rearing of fingerlings (eight months old) and older fish.

Within the year we have reared and planted 130,400 trout of eight and ten months of age, and 14,585 trout from twelve to eighteen months of age, or a total of 144,985 trout above the age of what are commonly called fingerlings. Previous to the date of the organization of this Commission, the printed reports of the fisheries work in the State made scarcely any mention of the rearing of fingerling fish, as practically all the fish hatched were planted in the fry stage as soon as they were hatched, and before they required to be fed. In addition to the fish hatched and distributed from the State hatcheries the United States Fish Commission contributed to the State 27,417,533 fish and eggs, the eggs being hatched at the State hatcheries, making a grand total of 219,144,211 fish of all kinds planted in State waters during the year.

Authority to Close Waters.

We would again most earnestly recommend that power be given to this Commission to close waters for a term of years, not exceeding five, when in the judgment of the Commissioners it is necessary to close streams for nursery purposes or to establish or re-establish fish in such waters. Already similar commissions of sister States have this power by posting printed notices on the banks of waters it is desired to close.

Three New Fish.

During the past year the Commission has obtained from the New Hampshire Fish Commission a number of adult sunapee trout and planted them in public waters in this State. This is a famed fish, found only in two lakes in New Hampshire and one in Maine, and is the highest type of game fish and one of the most delicate of food fishes. We have also obtained from the United States Fish Commission 75,000 eggs of the steelhead trout from the Pacific coast, and hatched and planted them in State waters. Another new fish obtained during the past year, from a lot of eggs sent to the National Government by the Swiss Government, is the Swiss lake trout. These three new species, having been obtained and planted in the waters of the State since the last session of the Legislature, have no protection under the law, and it is most desirable that a close season be provided for them similar to the close season already provided for the native brook and lake trout.

Salmon in the Hudson.

Since the year 1882, plants of Atlantic salmon fry and yearlings have been made in the waters of the upper Hudson River annually, until the total plantings amount to about 3,500,000, and the Government has furnished 100,000 eggs to be hatched and planted the coming spring. Dams and falls in the river have prevented the salmon on their return from the sea ascending to their natural spawning grounds, where they were planted as baby fish, and they have been obliged to seek clear water and gravel beds wherever they could be found together for spawning purposes. Where these spawning grounds were located was not determined until last autumn, when it was found by this Commission that salmon were running up Livingston Creek on the left branch of the Hudson, below Linlithgo Station of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, where they found clear, cold water and gravel bottom in what was once a famous trout stream. It is the intention of the Commission to visit this stream when the spawning season of the salmon again comes around and capture the fish on their spawning beds, now plainly to be seen, and take the eggs artificially for the purpose of hatching them and planting the young higher up the main river. In spite of the law to the contrary, it has been found that the salmon were speared on their beds or while making their way up Livingston Creek to

their beds, and it is recommended that the stream be closed to all fishing for a term of years to enable the Commission to use it for the purpose of a nursery stream for young salmon and breeding ground for the adult fish.

In this connection it is again urged that means be provided to open the upper Hudson River to the salmon by building fishways in the dams and over the falls between Troy and Luzerne.

Eels and Trout Spawn.

Fish of all kinds are spawn eaters to a greater or less extent, but the eel is more destructive of spawn than any other fish, as it does not spawn in fresh water, and is ready to prey upon both the fall and spring spawning fishes.

At night, when the lake trout are spawning on a shoal in mid-lake, the eels are present in vast numbers to eat the spawn as fast as it is deposited by the trout. Section 143 of the game law provides that "eel-pots of a form and character such as may be prescribed by the Commissioners of Fisheries may be used in any waters not inhabited by trout, lake trout, salmon trout or landlocked salmon." We would ask that this Commission have power to use or authorize the use of eel-pots in all waters, whether inhabited by trout or not, for it is in trout waters particularly that eels are proving destructive to young fish.

Black Bass.

We would again most earnestly recommend the absolute necessity for a shorter close season for black bass if the fish is to be saved from practical extermination in State waters. The applications each year call for millions of bass, and the supply is limited to a few thousands. Black bass spawn through the month of June, and the present open season begins on May 30. Not satisfied with catching black bass in June, when they are spawning or brooding their young, a comparatively new mode of destruction is being practiced by fishermen. As cold weather approaches black bass congregate on shoals in deep water, where they partially hibernate during the winter months, and there the fishermen resort and catch the fish, stupid from the low temperature, in vast numbers. We would recommend that the close season begin on Oct. 15 and extend to July 1 following. We would also recommend that the law which now applies to the waters of the St. Lawrence River be made to apply to all other waters in the State, namely, that no black bass shall be taken under 10in. in length, and that not more than twelve black bass shall be taken or possessed by one person in one day; or twenty-four bass by two persons fishing together.

Black bass cannot be propagated like trout and pike-perch; and there is no opportunity for getting stock fish except from waters which already show the effects of over-fishing, and which the Commission is now called upon to restock. It is only by protecting the black bass during their spawning season and by other restrictions, and having the law rigidly enforced, that we can hope to preserve this fish from practical extermination.

The Legislature has already passed a law limiting the catch of black bass to be taken by one person in one day, and we would recommend that a similar law be passed to regulate the number of pounds of trout to be taken in one day by one person, so that not to exceed 10lbs. of brook trout nor 20lbs. of lake trout may be taken or possessed by one person in one day.

Section 249 should be Repealed.

Section 249 of the game law should be repealed, as it puts a premium upon crime in sister States that have non-export game laws, as most of them have, and is a menace to the game in our own State, and makes it difficult to convict game law violators who kill our game out of season. This section permits the sale of game at any season of the year, if it can be proved that the game "was shipped from a point at least 300 miles distant from the State of New York." All that is necessary to traffic in game under this section is to violate the laws of other States, for the close season of all the States is practically the same, and once the game is within our borders it can be sold openly for twelve months in the year. Not only is the State in the position of a receiver of stolen goods, but the law operates against our own game. Courtesy and justice to other States, and the difficulty of protecting our own game with this law in force, demands its repeal, and we earnestly recommend that it be striken from the statutes.

Nets in Lake Ontario.

Net fishing within the mile limit should be absolutely prohibited throughout Lake Ontario. Chaumont Bay and the adjoining bays at the head of the St. Lawrence River are natural spawning grounds for black bass and other fishes, and act as feeders to and nurseries for the St. Lawrence River, and we know of nothing that would do more to improve the fishing of the St. Lawrence than to protect these waters a mile from the mainland and the islands at that end of the lake. There is no good reason why exceptions should be made of any portion of the water within the mile limit. On the other hand, there is every reason why these waters should be protected as well, if not better, than at any other point on the lake.

Game Seasons.

We also recommend that the open season for deer shall not exceed forty-five days, and that hounding and jacking be prohibited. Although the hounding season was shortened one-half last year, there were probably as many deer killed as during the year before, and we believe the only way to preserve the deer is to prohibit hounding entirely, at least for a term of years.

We further recommend that the woodcock and grouse season shall not open before Sept. 1 in each year, and that it shall close not later than Nov. 30.

The present law provides the same close season for black and gray squirrels, hares and rabbits. We would recommend that a separate section be provided for squirrels and that the season for hunting shall begin Sept. 1 and close Dec. 1.

Game Laws in Brief.

The *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Maine Ice-Fishing.

Boston, Jan. 30.—The storm and blizzard of last week has put a stop to ice-fishing for the present on all the ponds in New England. Such fishing for pickerel, ostensibly, was being carried on to excess in many sections. No snow on the grouud, or the ice, made the work of getting to the ponds and cutting the holes very easy; the ice withal not being very thick. The residents about some of the ponds and lakes in Maine have taken alarm at the excessive fishing, even for pickerel, besides the fact that landlocked salmon and trout in many cases fall an easy victim to these pickerel catchers. From Lake Auburn there is noted considerable complaiht that the fishermen take all they can get, whether pickerel, salmon or trout; though the salmon and trout are strictly forbidden by law. For this reason the commissioners have granted a hearing in regard to fishing on Lake Pennessewassee, in Norway. Evidence at the hearing showed how great the value of the lake was for fishing, but that it had been greatly over fished, and that stocking with landlocked salmon and trout was likely to prove a failure unless so much ice-fishing was stopped. The commissioners decided to close the lake and its tributaries to all fishing for four years from Feb. 11, 1897. It is suggested that some of the Winthrop, Monmouth and Readfield ponds should be regulated in some way. The ponds in Belgrade are also being badly over fished. Special.

Black Bass for Rhode Island.

Providence, R. I., Feb. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In his annual message to the General Assembly last week Governor Charles Warren Lippitt had the following to say concerning inland fisheries:

"The season of 1896 has been remarkable for the quantity of food sea fish in the waters of the State. The abundance of cod and mackerel has been unprecedented. From Newport to Burrillville 70,000 young trout have been distributed among the inland waters of the State. There have been received from the United States Fish Commission 2,000 large-mouthed black bass. A preserve for both the large and the small-mouthed black bass has been secured in the town of Westerly, from which the other parts of the State will be supplied in the future."

David Mowry, one of the oldest men in northern Rhode Island, died on Jan. 25 in the ninety-second year of his age, having been born June 5, 1805. During his younger days he was one of the most famous fox hunters in that section of the country. W. H. M.

"Angling Talks."

We have a very few copies of George Dawson's "Angling Talks," a series of chapters of entertaining chat about men, fishermen, fish, fishing and fishing places. Cloth, 50 cents. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 22-25.—New York. Westminster Kennel Club.
March 3-6. St. Louis.—St. Louis Kennel Club
March 10-13.—Chicago Mascoutah Kennel Club.
March 24-27.—Pittsburg.—Duquesne Kennel Club.
March 17-20.—Louisville.—Kentucky Kennel Club.
March 30-April 2.—Baltimore.—Baltimore Kennel Association.
March 30-April 2.—Kansas City.—Kansas City Kennel Club.
March 3-April 3.—San José.—Santa Clara County Poultry and Kennel Club.
April 7-10.—Stockton.—Stockton Kennel Club.
April 14-17.—Los Angeles.—Southern California Kennel Club.

THE U. S. F. T. C. TRIALS.

The United States Field Trial Club's trials began on Monday, Jan. 18. The judges were Dr. George Ubank, of Birmingham, Ala., and Mr. J. D. King, of Jackson, Tenn. They worked industriously and zealously to bring out the winners, but they erred sadly in permitting too loose and disorganized a competition. The dogs and handlers were often widely separated, thus working on distinct territory, which split up the heats, made them much more difficult to judge, and encouraged a great deal of fast and undignified riding. The handlers were mounted, and in some heats the dogs could not beat out the ground properly and keep ahead of the horses. There was too much hurry and scramble, fast walking, fox trotting, galloping. The finding dogs were not protected in their efforts to locate and point, the competing dogs being freely permitted to go in at such times and hustle for the points, and this generated much scrambling, some old-time jockeying and bad temper on the part of the handlers. The judges also erred in taking up the dogs at the end of the time limit as a rule, whether there had been anything definite or not in the way of competition.

During the first three days the need of more grounds was apparent. The grounds themselves have deteriorated in value for field trial purposes. When first secured they were insignificantly under cultivation, and were practically all open. Now they are largely under cotton cultivation, and wire fences are so numerous as to be seriously obstructive, since they disarrange and interfere with the competition. Also, the birds are unevenly distributed, owing to large areas of cottonfields being bare and the sedge being burnt off.

There was a very good attendance of visiting sportsmen, among whom were Edward Dexter, Buzzard's Bay, Mass.; Philip M. Essig, Natchez, Miss.; W. S. Bell, Pittsburg; B. Wostriakoff, Moscow, Russia; J. H. McIlhenny, Avery's Island, La.; H. H. Mayberry, J. J. Odom, T. W. O'Byrne, H E. Smith, N. Stanley, L. Brandes, F. W. Dunham, Birmingham; B. Forbes, Pensacola; A. C. Waddell, Waverly, Miss.; Dr N. F Grinstead, Cairo, Ill.; R. R. Morgan, Peter Lesh, Thos. Bond, J N. Seale, Jackson, Tenn.; H. B. Ledbetter, Farmington, Mo.; Geo. W. Hull, C. A Draper, F. J. Trost, Toledo, Ohio; Walter Holliday, Prairie Station, Miss.; Prof. Edmund H. Osthaus, Toledo, O.; L. W. Blankenbaker, Louisville, Ky.; C. E. Smith and E E Posey, Mobile; N. Wallace, Farmington, Conn.; W. F. McCarley, Jackson, Tenn., and others.

The weather was mixed, pleasant and unpleasant, favorable and unfavorable.

The club held several meetings during the week. It was decided to hold trials in North Carolina at a place to be selected by a committee, and the winter trials were fixed for Jan. 9, 1898, at West Point, Miss. All the stakes are to be mixed stakes, excepting the Derby to be run at West Point, which will be a pointer Derby and a setter Derby. The cash prizes will be the same as are given this year. The winners of first prizes in All-Age stakes are not eligible to run in the club's All-Age stakes. The application of the Union Field Trials Club was laid upon the table. The secretary was ordered to pay the West Point land-owners of grounds the old indebtedness of the Southern Field Trials Club.

Following is the new Board of Governors: N. T. Harris, E. Dexter, P. M. Essig, St. M. M. Mundy, W. S. Bell, J. M. Avent, W. B. Stafford, T. T. Ashford, J. N. Seale, P. Lorillard, Jr, H. S. Smith, Hobart Ames, Geo. Crocker, J. A. McIlhenny, H. M. Ledbetter. Several new applicants were admitted to membership.

Officers: Norvin T. Harris, President; Edw. Dexter, First Vice President; H. S. Smith, Second Vice-President; W. B. Stafford, Secretary-Treasurer.

A resolution was passed by the board of governors recommending that the club's trials in 1898 follow the Continental trials. This was with a purpose to have the club alternate their dates hereafter.

The complications arising from running two stakes in one, the All-Age Setter and Amateur stake, as mentioned hereinafter in the report of that stake, should be a warning to clubs to avoid such complications

The Pointer Derby.

There were eleven pointers in this stake, run as follows:

T. W. O'Byrne's l. and w. dog Redskin (Love's Kent—Fritz's Fay), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with C. S. Shoop's l. and w. bitch Aloysia (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), Geo. Gray, handler.

H. H Mayberry's liv. and w. bitch Alabama Girl (Von Arrow—Lady Mill), D. E. Rose, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' liv. and w. dog Tony Works (Tick Boy—Lulu K.), Frank Richards, handler.

Geo H Smith's liv. and w. bitch Diana (Count Graphic's Pat—Bessie Croxteth), W. M. Hindley, handler, with T. W. O'Byrne's b. and w. dog Moerlein (Rip Rap—Belle of Ossian) N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

J. S. Crane's liv. and w. bitch Firefly (Rip Rap—Clipaway II), G o. Gray, handler, with H. S. Smith's liv. and w. bitch Ripple (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot), J. H. Johnson, handler

Bar Harbor Kennels' b. and w. dog Young Rip Rap (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot), Geo. Gray, handler, with T. T. Ashford's liv. and w. bitch Elgine (Kent Elgin—Julia Paine), J. M. Avent, handler.

Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. dog Tick's Kid (Tick Boy—Lulu K.), a bye, Frand Richards, handler.

This stake was for pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895. First $250, second $150 third $100. Two forfeits of $10 each, and $10 additional to start.

This stake was on the whole a poor one, the winners being, with one exception, the only dogs which made a competition worthy of the name. Being so commonplace, extended comment is unnecessary.

Young Rip Rap, winner of first, made quite a meritorious competition. He displayed a good nose and excellent judgment, was a successful finder and a good ranger. He was given a more severe trial than was any other dog in the stake.

Elgine, second, did not make an even competition, though in her second heat she made an excellent exhibition of good finding and pointing. She had a fast pace and ranged well.

Ripple, third, ran an excellent race, and, taking her work all in all, she was very close to second. She ranged fairly wide and fast, and was quite reliable in her bird work.

The judges placed the dogs quite right, though in reaching their decisions they, in my opinion, erred in taking in Tick's Kid instead of Firefly. However, this did not affect the result. They also erred in taking into the stake a dog which did not belong in it, as is mentioned hereinafter.

Monday.

The grounds were heavy consequent to the heavy rains of Saturday night and Sunday. Birds were in abundance in parts of the grounds; in others scarce. With the exception of the competition of four dogs, the work was distinctly flat and inferior.

First Round.

Redskin and Aloysia began at 8:47. They started in a frolicsome manner and did not begin real work for some minutes. Birds were in abundance throughout the heat, and the work was far short of the opportunities. Although birds were found in abundance, it was not from any good seeking on the part of the dogs. Up at 9:25. Redskin made the better competition. Their range was less than middling.

Alabama Girl and Tony Works were started at 9:25. Tony ran in greatly improved form over that displayed in former trials. Nevertheless the heat was commonplace. Their range was medium. Both pointed well and both were none too reliable in backing. Up at 10:08, with no chance to win.

Diana and Moerlein, cast off at 10:15, proved to be commonplace performers. Diana made several flushes on bevies, and Moerlein pointed one. Range close. Up at 10:58.

Firefly and Ripple started at 11:14. Firefly flushed a bevy excusably across wind in woods. Ripple pointed a bevy in corn, Firefly joining independently in the point. Ripple pointed twice on scattered birds and flushed once. Up at 12:06. This was the first work of any real merit as a competition. Both dogs ranged well at good speed and beat out a fair range. Ripple was the better.

Young Rip Rap and Elgine began after lunch at 1:14. Rip had the better of the heat in every way, though Elgine showed merit enough to be taken into the second series. Rip pointed a bevy, Elgine backed to order, pushed forward and seemingly disturbed Rip; he moved on and flushed the bevy, Elgine close up with him at the time. Rip pointed in a plum thicket and was steady to shot; Elgine not near. Elgine took a long cast to the left and found nothing. Rip took a cast to the right and pointed a bevy nicely. The dogs were brought together. Rip made three points in succession on the scattered birds. He displayed good nose and judgment. Elgine pointed a bevy and made a point on the scattered birds. Up at 2:05. Both were good rangers, Elgine the wider, though not with the best judgment. Rip was the better finder and the better on birds.

Tick's Kid, the bye, was run with a setter, which was an error of judgment, since it was first of all a pointer stake, and second, a dog which was not entered in the stake had no right to be dragged into it. The stake within itself afforded all the competition that was necessary. The judges were at first disposed to run a dog which had already run, but it was held by some handlers that such dog might go on and run much better than it had done in its first heat, an

argument which if admitted embodied every reason why such dog should be run again instead of smothering it. However, the setter made a very satisfactory exhibition of what a setter can do when striving for a low standard, so that no harm was done. They started at 2:16 Down 38 minutes The heat was very commonplace.

Second Round.

Four dogs were taken into this round, which was correct as to the right number, but incorrect in that Tick's Kid was brought in instead of Firefly, which had shown much more dash, spread, range and endurance, and better capacity for bird work.

RIPPLE AND ELGINE began at 3:08. It was an excellent working heat. Elgine stole some work from Ripple, but nevertheless her work showed good capability. She was none too honest in backing, but she proved to be a finder and accurate and capable in point work. She pointed three bevies, one of which Ripple was roading accurately, and which Elgine pointed by crossing in ahead, and made six points on singles, one of which was divided with Ripple. The latter pointed a bevy accurately; another bevy flushed wild as she was accurately roading it, and she made seven points on singles, one divided with Elgine. Both were fast and fairly good rangers. Up at 3:47.

TICK'S KID AND YOUNG RIP RAP started at 3:56. Rip pointed on the trail of a bevy flushed in the prior heat. At the same time Kid pointed a bevy. The dogs were then widely separated, and after some minutes were brought together. Rip made two points on scattered birds. Kid ranged moderately well in the beginning of the heat, but had almost quit working in the last of it. Rip Rap had the advantage in every respect. Up at 4:45.

YOUNG RIP RAP AND RIPPLE began at 5:03 and ran till 5:16. Rip drew very skillfully about 100yds. up wind and pointed. Ripple was not held in, as she should be according to rule and usage, and she secured a point on the bevy by cutting across the corner. Rip had the better of the heat. He had been given a very severe trial, inasmuch as he ran three heats very close together.

This ended the running in the Pointer Derby.

The Setter Derby.

There were ten starters in this stake, drawn to run as follows:

P. M. Essig's b., w. and t. bitch Saragossa Belle (Gleam's Pink—Maud E.), J. H. Johnson, handler, with W. R. Holliday's b. and w. dog Billy T. (Revenue—Daisy Bondhu), F. Richards, handler.

J. P. Greene's b., w. and t dog Sarsfield (Rodfield—Opal), J. H. Johnson, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b. b. bitch Pin Money (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), C. E. Buckle, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. dog Tory Rustic (Count Gladstone IV.—Rhoda Rod), J. M. Avent, handler, with Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. bitch Caroline (Antonio—Countess Rush), J. H. Johnson, handler.

H. Ames's b., w. and t. bitch Christina (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), D. E Rose, handler, with Theo. Goodman's b., w. and t. dog Dave Earl (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), J. H. Johnson, handler.

Avent & Thayer's b., w. and t. dog Peconic (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Phryne), J. M. Avent, handler, with S. P. Jones's b., w. and t. dog Hurstbourne Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple), D E. Rose, handler.

The conditions were the same as those applied to pointers in the corresponding stake.

More running of the best dogs was done than is necessary, and the judges made the mistake several times of ordering the dogs up at the expiration of the time limit, and before any definite results were established, which made it all the harder to determine which were the best dogs at the late stages of the competition.

Pin Money won first on a performance below her best form, and with none too much to spare Still she possesses all the admirable qualities described in previous reports, marred as they were by a patchy performance.

Christina, winner of second, made a good competition, though her work averaged far below that of Dave Earl She ran an excellent race in her last heat, and it seems as if that led to an overvaluation of her competition. In their first heat Dave outworked her positively While she ran a very pretty heat with Pin Money all her point work was built on Pin Money's finds. She ranged prettily to the eye, but worked her ground with poor judgment, and often turned in toward her handler at the end of her casts. She would have made a passable third.

Dave Earl and Tory Rustic divided third. The former ran a heat with Christina, in which he beat her thoroughly. In his heat with Pin Money neither had much to show in the way of bird work; and in his heat with Tory Rustic he had a decided advantage, Tory not making a single find, and his only point—after the dogs were ordered up once and sent on again for a moment—was on marked birds. Tory, in his heat with Caroline, was outworked by her, both going slower at the end of the heat. In his heat with Hurstbourne Zip the latter thoroughly beat Tory, whose work was far below the opportunities presented, and he was going slower at the end of each heat excepting the last one. In my opinion, the winners should have been Pin Money, Dave Earl and Christina, in the order named.

All the dogs which ran at Tupelo were not running up to the form displayed at that place.

Tuesday.

The weather was cool and favorable for good work. Birds were found too plentiful in a small part of the grounds and entirely too scarce in a large part of them, and also there was not sufficient grounds for running without pressing closely on ground already covered. The competition dragged monotonously many times, and many heats were lacking in definite results. The handlers and dogs were often separated, which made matters indecisive and hard to manage. This was the result in most instances of permitting one handler to go on working his dog when the competing dog was pointing. Also the judges erred in permitting one dog to break in on the work of another when roading, thus often depriving the finding dog of the full merit of his find, or all of it, and at least marring it.

First Round.

SARAGOSSA BELLE AND BILLY T. were cast off at 9:05. Billy distinguished himself by flushing several bevies in succession. He made a point on one bevy so close to it that it was a wonder how he accomplished the feat. Belle ranged fairly well. The heat was a very poor one. Up at 9:42.

PIN MONEY AND SARSFIELD were cast off at 9:47. Pin pointed a bevy on bare ground close by a plum thicket. She probably saw the birds, for she made a jump in and flushed the bevy. Pin roaded to a point on a bevy. Sarsfield pointed scattered birds. Pin was not running up to her best form. She seemed to be idling on small birds in some of her running, and her range was less than her best. Sarsfield went fairly well, but was hard to handle. Up at 10:26.

CAROLINE AND TORY RUSTIC were started at 10:32 Each one found and pointed a bevy well, and on singles Tory made one point, one flush, and he made a point to which there was nothing found. Caroline made two points on singles. Both ranged fairly well, both going slower at the end of the heat, the advantage being with Caroline. Up at 11:04

DAVE EARL AND CHRISTINA were started at 11:12. Dave apparently flushed a bevy by a hedge, but it was impossible to determine definitely whether he was guilty or not. Christina made two flushes excusably on singles. Each found and pointed a bevy. Dave apparently found and pointed a bevy in woods The dogs became separated, and were worked widely apart for some minutes. Dave's bevy was followed, and he located and pointed it again. In the meantime Christina made two points on singles. Both were fast, fair rangers, Dave the better slightly. Up at 11:50.

PECONIC AND HURSTBOURNE ZIP were started at 11:59. Peconic took a cast and pointed a bevy nicely, holding his point till his handler came up. At the same time Zip in another field made game, and roaded the bevy to a flush. The ground was quite bare. Sent on, Zip pointed at the same moment the bevy flushed. On the scattered birds Zip roaded, Peconic went in ahead and stole the work. Peconic made a point on a bevy, and later made a point which had nothing to it. Zip was over cautious, and when on game was disposed to feather and point on slight cause. He was slow when working on scent. In range he was medium. Peconic made a fairly good heat of a patchy kind.

The party went to lunch.

Second Round.

Six dogs were kept in, and of these Hurstbourne Zip hardly deserved further consideration, while on the other hand Caroline, left out, should have been kept in. She had made quite as good a showing as Tory Rustic, if not a better

PIN MONEY AND DAVE EARL were started at 1:36. Both made game and pointed, Pin at length locating and pointing the bevy The ground was rough, and wire fences added greatly to the difficulties of the running. Pin pointed, rounded, and moved on Earl coming up, pointed the bevy. Both were fast and covered a reasonable range, yet neither was working up to best form. The heat was a close one.

PECONIC AND CHRISTINA started at 2:38. Christina flushed a bevy up wind. Peconic made two false points, and Christina backed nicely. Christina pointed a bevy, and was steady to shot. Peconic pointed in woods; nothing found. Christina pointed a single. Up at 3:36, and soon afterward Peconic flushed a bevy. Both were going slow at the end of the heat, though both worked diligently. Christina had the better of it. Her range was faulty in that it was poorly planned, and she crossed the same ground too often.

TORY RUSTIC AND HURSTBOURNE ZIP began at 4:07. A large number of birds were found in this heat, not so much from good seeking as from working a stretch where birds were plentiful. Zip pointed and Tory backed; nothing found. A bevy was seen to flush, but the cause of it was hidden from view. The birds were followed. Zip pointed, moved on to locate, and Tory was sent in and took the point on a bevy. The birds were followed and Zip pointed them in corn. They were again followed. Zip pointed scattered birds in woods. Tory was out of sight in woods from the judges and it was claimed that he pointed a bevy. Zip pointed two singles and Tory pointed a bevy and flushed a single. The dogs were working distinctly apart most of the time during the heat. Up at 5:07. The quantity of birds found added nothing to the excellence of the performance. Zip was over cautious, would point prematurely and was slow in getting to his birds. Tory was the wider ranger. His point work was less than the opportunities.

Wednesday.

A most unpromising weather outlook confronted the field trial party. Heavy banks of storm laden clouds covered the sky, and the grounds were saturated with water from the steady rainfall of the night. So unfavorable was the weather that the start was deferred till after lunch The birds were extremely difficult to work upon. They ran from the points and were in the humor to take long flights. A great many birds were found notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions. A raw wind blew all the afternoon.

Third Round.

The six dogs of the second round were all kept in and run over again. Hurstbourne Zip and Peconic could have been very well left out, as they had made a much more inferior competition than the others. Further running added but little to the knowledge already gained of the dogs' capabilities.

CHRISTINA AND PIN MONEY began at 12:52. Pin found and pointed two bevies and made one point on a single bird. Christina made two points on singles; she backed well. Both ranged well, there being but little difference in that respect. Pin proved the better finder, and her work on birds was the more skillful. All the point work that Christina secured was through the finds of Pin Money.

DAVE EARL AND TORY RUSTIC were cast off at 1:29. Earl pointed on a side hill, drew by the bird, which was flushed afterward. He was held on point some moments, so that the inaccuracy was excusable. Tory pointed in woods; nothing found. Sent on, Dave pointed in open. A single flushed close by. The birds were scattered about. Johnson beat about, but failed to flush. Several birds were flushed near by after the dogs were sent on. Dave was taking a cast close by a bevy, and a horseman at the same time rode up and the bevy flushed. The dog could hardly be blamed for the flush. The birds were followed and were not found. Up at 2:03. Mr. Avent complained that his dog had not been on birds, which was not the fault of the judges nor of the birds, as the latter had been found during the heat. The dogs were sent on again, and in a few yards each pointed the birds. Both ranged wide and fast, Dave the speedier. Tory made no find during the heat, and made but one point on scattered birds.

PECONIC AND HURSTBOURNE ZIP began at 2:10. Each found and pointed a bevy. Zip made a point to which nothing was found, and Peconic made two with a disposition to make more He seemed to be tired and off his nose at the close of the heat. Both were going slower at the close, though the heat was not fast at any time, and was poor throughout. Up at 3:01.

The heat closed the competition of this stake

The All-Age Pointer Stake.

There were eleven starters, run as follows:

Ashford & Odom's liv. and w. dog Von Gull (Kent Elgin—Fannie V Croxteth), D. E. Rose, handler, with N. T. de Pauw's liv. and w. bitch Sister Sue (Jingo—Roony C.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

H. K. Devereux's liv. and w. bitch Virginia (Little Ned—Pearl's Dot), George Gray, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' b and w. dog Tick Boy (King of Kent—Bloom), Frank Richards, handler.

Bar Harbor Kennels' b. and w. dog Young Rip Rap (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot), George Gray, handler, with F. W. Dunham's l. and w. dog Elgin's Dash (Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno), D. E Rose, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liv. and w dog Delhi (Rip Rap—Queen III.) C. E Buckle, handler, with H. S. Smith's b. and w. dog Ripsaw (Rip Rap—Croxie Kent), owner, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liv. and w. dog Tippoo (Rip Rap—Monterey), C. E. Buckle, handler, with J. H. Johnson's liv. dog Crackerjack (Lad of Rush—Cyclops), owner, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b. and w. dog Nabob (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus, handler, a bye.

This stake was for all pointers which had never won a championship stake nor more than one first prize in an all-age stake in any public field trial in the United States. Forfeit, $10; $20 additional to start.

Tippoo made a very good showing on the whole, though not putting the intelligence in his work that Young Rip Rap showed, nor did he show the latter's ability in handling his birds, and Elgin's Dash also excelled him in that respect. Rip Rap showed the highest quality of any dog in the stake.

Tippoo and Elgin's Dash were very close competitors for second and third, range and pace being something in favor of Tippoo, while Dash was the better on birds.

The winners wese Tippoo, Young Rip Rap and Elgin's Dash, placed in the order mentioned.

Ripsaw and Nabob were the competitors for the Dexter cup, which was for amateur competition. The competitors in the amateur competition were restricted to club members who were amateurs. Ripsaw won. His first heat was far inferior to Nabob's, and he had no advantage in the second heat, so that he was hardly entitled to the win.

First Round.

VON GULL AND SISTER SUE started at 3:18. Von pointed a marked bevy by a ditch. Sue backed. Sent on, Von pointed some remaining birds. Sent on, soon Von pointed a bevy in the open, Sue pointing a separated part of same bevy. Sent on, each found and pointed a bevy. Von pointed a single; Sue pointed twice on singles. Up at 4, with the heat largely in Von's favor, though Sue ran fairly well.

VIRGINIA AND TICK BOY began at 4:13. Tick ran stiffly and slow till birds were found. Virginia found and pointed three bevies in quick succession. Each made two points on scattered birds. Virginia had much the better of the heat in every way. Up at 4:45.

Thursday.

The sky was overcast and the air was full of a raw dampness. The afternoon proved more favorable, the sun shining now and then for a few moments and the weather changing to milder. Some new and additional grounds on this day were secured, which improved the conditions greatly. More birds were found, and there was an improved competition in general.

YOUNG RIP RAP AND ELGIN'S DASH began at 8:51. Dash found and pointed three bevies, and was roading another when it flushed wild. He made one point to which nothing was found. The dogs were separated a great deal during the heat. Dash showed excellent ability in pointing bevies and singles. Rip also showed similar ability, and had some advantage in range and thereby covering more ground. He found and pointed two bevies and made three points on singles. Up at 9:36.

DELHI AND RIPSAW started at 9:42. Delhi found a bevy and pointed up wind of it. He moved on to locate. Ripsaw was closer to it, moved on and pointed it. Ripsaw made a point on a single bird. He pointed a bevy, then went willfully in and flushed it. Delhi made three points on singles. He pointed a bevy in open sedge which his handler failed to flush by not walking out far enough in front. Ripsaw pointed, moved on and a single flushed. Both were moderate rangers. The heat was a poor one as a whole. Up at 10:20.

TIPPOO AND CRACKERJACK began at 10:30. Crackerjack was first to point, then Tippoo joined. Both were up wind of the bevy; sent on, the bevy flushed down wind of them. On scattered birds Crackerjack made a point and a flush, Tippoo a point. Both were fast and wide rangers. Up at 11:07.

NABOB, the bye, was run with a setter, Ranée. On some marked birds Nabob made a shaky point. Next he made two good points on scattered birds. Next he pointed a single, moved on and the bird 0. Nabob backed, but indifferently well. Next he pointed a single and than made two flushes, one of which was excusable.

Lunch was next in order.

Second Round.

Six dogs were kept in, the judges selecting the right dogs nicely. Ripsaw and Nabob were kept in merely to decide the cup competition. Tick Boy, being ill, was withdrawn.

VON GULL AND VIRGINIA were started at 1:09. Von flushed some scattered birds, pointed well twice on singles, made two points to which nothing was found, and pointed a bevy. He idled often during the heat, trifled on false scents and made a very ordinary showing. Virginia pointed two bevies, one of which she found when sent on to work on scattered birds, and she made a point on a single. She showed some indecision on point, though she pointed accurately. She beat Von Gull quite thoroughly in range and speed. Up at 2:14. Virginia did not run equal to the form displayed in her first heat.

YOUNG RIP RAP AND SISTER SUE started at 2:22. Sue roaded to a point on a single bird in weeds. Next she pointed a bevy The dogs were working separately. Rip took a long cast and pointed a bevy in woods, holding his point stanchly several minutes till his handler came up. Each flushed a single. Sent on, Rip found two bevies in succession. Sue backed his last point on a bevy, crept by and stole the point. Sue pointed a bevy, held it and scored a point on the bevy. Rip ranged wide, fast and with judgment, proving a good finder. He showed excellent skill in locating and pointing bevies. Sue had no further chance in the competition. Up at 3:22.

Tippoo and Elgin's Dash were cast off at 3:28. Tippoo took a long cast to the right and pointed a bevy nicely. Dash roaded into a bevy and flushed it—a careless piece of work. On scattered birds in woods some very rapid and good work was done. Tippoo made eight points on singles and one flush, while Dash made two points on a divided bevy, one point on another bevy and ten points on singles. This big score of points does not necessarily denote a superiority accordingly. No other brace had such an opportunity to make such a number of points. The birds were scattered about in a timber island, and while the dogs took advantage of the opportunities, the latter were exceptionally favorable in every respect. Most of the work of the afternoon was on ground secured in the morning and which had not been run on before this week. Tippoo had the wider range, and had a trifle the better speed, but on birds and the manner of handling them he was outworked by his competitor. Many of Tippoo's points were secured when the dogs were separated. When they were together, Dash proved himself the better. Up at 4:30.

Nabob and Ripsaw were retained in the competition to decide the cup Soon after being cast off, Nabob made game close in to a bevy and flushed a bird. He nosed about when he should have pointed. Ripsaw coming up soon afterward pointed at the same place. Nabob backed, broke back and both dogs moved on and the birds flushed. Sent on, Ripsaw pointed a bevy, drew on by it, Nabob drawing ahead on back at the same time; the latter caught scent, pointed the bevy stanchly while Ripsaw continued roading. Sent on, both made game near the edge of woods in an open field and failed to locate the bevy. It was flushed by horsemen a short distance away. The birds were marked down in a cornfield. Each dog secured a point on singles; then both drew together to a point on scattered birds. In woods Nabob made three clean and sharp points on singles, Ripsaw one point. Then on the last bird Ripsaw pointed; Nabob made a crawling back, following up Ripsaw's handler as he went in to flush. Ripsaw jumped in on what seemed to be a wounded bird. This demoralized both dogs. They nosed eagerly for the bird; Nabob scented it, jumped to capture and the bird unharmed flushed and flew away. The heat abounded with errors. Both dogs seemed to be strange to their handlers, and Nabob was certainly so, as he hardly knew his handler when the heat began. Up at 5:18. The judges decided that Ripsaw won.

Friday.

The weather was delightfully clear and pleasant. Birds were found in abundance at times; at other times there was a dearth. Wire fences seriously interfered with the running and the heats were disarranged a great deal by them. There was a good deal of hard riding at times, too hard to be any part of sport with pointers and setters.

Final.

Tippoo and Young Rip Rap started at 8:49. Rip soon made a point on a single bird. Tippoo took a long cast and pointed two straggling birds of a bevy. Sent on, he pointed more straggling birds of the bevy, which apparently was running. Rip took up the trail and roaded to a point on the rear of the bevy. The dogs were ordered out of the woods. By sheer disobedience Tippoo went back, while Rip went on properly to order. Tippoo got a point on a single in the meantime. Sent on, Rip pointed birds in the open; Tippoo came in ahead and pointed the same birds. Tippoo next pointed a single, and Rip made a point; nothing found to it. Tippoo flushed part of a bevy, then pointed the rest. Sent on, Rip pointed a bevy in open sedge; Gray sent him on to locate better; he lost scent, and Tippoo coming in pointed the bevy. Tippoo had the wind; Rip did not. The find was Rip's, and Tippoo had no right to interfere while Rip was locating his birds, but this rule was repeatedly violated at all stages of the trials. Sent on, Tippoo pointed a bevy in the open. The birds were followed. Rip made two points on singles, and Tippoo was unsteady to wing. Up at 9:52. Rip, though ranging well, was going a bit gingerly. He showed the better class of work on birds. Tippoo ranged fairly well, but was lacking in judgment in beating out his ground, and was handled with difficulty.

Mr. Buckle marred a long and courteous career as a handler by loudly proclaiming to the judges, when Tippoo pointed a certain bevy, that Rip Rap had worked over the same ground. It is far from nice in any handler to announce what he deems to be defects in his competitor, besides therefrom the implied inability of the judges to understand matters unless they have them explained to them. A handler never seems more at his best than when minding his own affairs.

This concluded the running of the All-Age Pointer Stake.

The Setter All-Age Stake.

There were sixteen starters, and of these several were entered more particularly for the Harris cup, the competitors being limited to club members who were amateurs. The competition for the Dexter and Harris cups was decided in the regular competition in the stakes. The dogs were drawn to run as follows:

N. T. Harris's b., w. and t. dog Tony Boy (Antonio—Laundress), D. E. Rose, handler, with Fox & Blythe's b., w. and t. dog Tony Gale (Antonio—Nellie G.), J. H. Johnson, handler.

H. B. Ledbetter's b , w. and t. dog Marie's Sport (Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent), George E. Gray, handler, with E. A. Burdette's b., w. and t. dog Cincinnatus Pride (Cincinnatus—Albert's Nellie), Frank Richards, handler.

P. M. Essig's b., w. and t. bitch Saragossa Belle (Gleam's Pink—Maud E.), owner, handler, with Tabasco Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Tabasco Boy (Medoc—Fay), owner, handler.

I. Hoagland's b., w. and t. bitch Ránée II. (Gladstone's Boy—Buena Vista), D. E. Rose, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Rod's Chaff (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl), A. C. Waddell, handler.

H. R. Edwards's b., w. and t. dog Harwick (Topsy's Rod—Opal), George E. Gray, handler, with Jackson & Denmark Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch L'llian Russell (Philip Gladstone—Lou K.), J. N. Seale, handler.

P. M. Essig's b., w. and t. dog Rod's Top (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), owner, handler, with L. S. Thompson's b., w. and t. bitch Novelist (Woodhill Bruce—Novelty), W. F. McCarley, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. bitch Tory Luna (Roi d'Or—Tony Diamond), W. F. McCarley, handler, with P. M. Essig's b., w. and t. bitch Lillian Hall (Jean—Sister Sue), owner, handler.

L. Shonfield's b., w. and t. dog Leo Noble (King Leo—Minnie T.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with W. H. Beazel's b., w. and t. dog Harold Skimpole (Whyte B.—Nettie Bevan), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

Tony Boy won first on an excellent competition. He made a well sustained showing throughout. He was difficult to manage at times, but proved to be a good finder, and his point work was sharp and true. In pace and range he was excellent.

Tony Gale, second, was a wide, fast ranger, was successful in finding and pointing, though at times he pointed old or false scents, or dwelt on them too long. Still the fault was not serious and marred his work only. He was a very strong second.

Marie's Sport, third, showed excellent capabilities, but was running in poorer form than at any time this season. His bird work was lacking in its best trueness and quickness, and his range was not so regular nor so wide as in his best previous competition.

For the Harris cup, a competition for amateurs, there were entered Saragossa Belle, Tabasco Boy, Lillian Russell, Rod's Top, Novelist, Tory Luna and Lillian Hall, seven of the sixteen starters. Rod's Chaff was also entered for the cup, but was later withdrawn. Of these but three were retained in the second round, namely, Novelist, Lillian Russell and Tory Luna. It was apparent in their heat that Novelist was beating Lillian. This would leave only Novelist and Tory Luna in the competition for the cup, and both these dogs were handled by Mr. W. F. McCarley, so that whichever of the two won Mr. McCarley was the winner of the cup. Luna had run excellently well, and under expert handling was presumably a dangerous competitor for a place in the money. Tory Luna is owned by Mr. F. R. Hitchcock, and was in charge of Mr. J. M. Avent. The latter asked permission to withdraw Luna from competition for the cup, retiring her amateur handler and permitting himself to handle her as a professional. Judges and club members were doubtful as to the correctness of such a change. An open field board meeting was called in the middle of the heat between Tony Gale and Cincinnatus Pride, delaying the heat for some minutes and taking one judge nearly a half hour from his duties. The board of governors decided that Luna could be withdrawn from the amateur cup competition, her amateur handler could retire, she could be continued on in the regular competition, and Mr. Avent could handle her. The judges objected to the board's ruling, and Mr. King declared that he would retire from the judging rather than be a party to any such doings. Thereupon another meeting of the board was called, and it was decided that the matter be left with the judges. The judges announced that the cup competition must be run to a finish, after which Mr. Avent could handle Luna. Mr. Avent strongly objected, and called the judges' attention to the fact that the board had passed on the question, and that they should go on with the running. He was informed that Luna must compete for the cup. He said it was a great injustice to his employer, Mr. Hitchcock, who had paid him $100 on her account, and had also paid $30 entrance money, if he were deprived from competing under his handling. He was informed that being so employed he should have handled her from the start himself, and that any hardship, if there were any, flowed thus from his own acts in permitting her to start in charge of another. He then said her amateur handler had returned to town to take a train. His attention was called to the fact that the train time was nearly three hours later, and that there were several on the grounds who intended to take the same train. He asked if he could have some other amateur handle her, and the judges assented. He then stoutly maintained that the judges in so assenting to a change of handlers had virtually consented to his handling her. They demurred. He said then he would have to withdraw her. The judges were prepared to start the heat with Minnie T. as a running mate, when some dilatory tactics were used. The theory of the opposition seemed to be that the judges would back down at the last moment. The judges again prepared to start. One of the handlers impatiently asked the judges if they were ready. "Cast off your dogs" was the answer, and the heat began. After some minutes the secretary informed the judges that Mr. Avent had consented to have Luna handled by an amateur. The judges informed him that Luna was no longer in the stake. Mr. Avent later lodged a protest against the action of the judges.

As to the conditions of the amateur competition, it was to be a part of the regular stake, to be decided as an incident of the regular running. The special purpose of it was to swell the entries of the All-Age Stake. No extra fee was required above the regular one. The point raised by Mr. Avent was merely a bit of sharp play to try for the regular prizes after it was certain his friend had the amateur prize won to a moral certainty. Had he cared to do so, he could have learned all details before starting. The amateur competition was an integral part of the regular competition, so that no partial withdrawal of a competitor could be made. A dog must needs stay in entirely or go out entirely. The judges decided quite correctly, and could they have heard the words of commendation and praise bestowed on them by a majority present, they could not have felt less than gratified in addition to the satisfaction of having had the pluck to maintain what was right. Most of the debate was in public, and some of it was not in the best of temper.

Novelist won the Harris cup.

First Round.

Tony Boy and Tony Gale began at 9:59. Down 32 minutes. Each soon scored a point. Tony Boy took a wide cast and found and pointed two bevies. Gale in the meantime pointed a bevy. Gale made three points on singles. Each dog had good speed, Tony Boy the wider range.

Marie's Sport and Cincinnatus Pride ran 37 minutes, beginning at 10:37. Pride pointed a bevy and Sport joined in point. Sent on, Pride pointed a bevy and each made a point on the scattered birds. Pride, separated from his competitor, roaded to a point on a bevy, and next made a flush on a single, a point on another. Sport made two points on singles and one flush while working alone. Sport was not running in his best form. Pride ran him a very even heat, and in bird work had the better performance. Both had fairly good range and good speed.

Ranée and Rod's Chaff were cast off at 11:58. Down 30 minutes. Both made game. Chaff pointed, Ranée refused to back. They roaded about, but failed to locate. One of the handlers flushed the bevy, which was not followed, though it went into woods close by. As the heat stood there was nothing definite.

Harwick and Lillian Russell were cast off at 1:32, after lunch. Harwick found and pointed two bevies, and made a point on a single. Lillian made two points on singles and a point on a bevy. Harwick was sharper in his work and had some advantage in speed. Both ranged well. Up at 2:07

Rod's Top and Novelist began at 2:10. The latter was the better worker in every respect. She made a good showing in finding, locating and pointing, and was exceptionally steady to wing. She found and pointed two bevies, and made a point on scattered birds and one flush. Up at 2:37.

Tony Luna and Lillian Hall ran 33 minutes. Luna found and pointed sharp and well, doing good work both on bevies and scattered birds Her range and speed were good. Lillie made a commonplace showing.

Leo Noble and Harold Skimpole began at 3:38. Harold made some pretty work on single birds, he pointing twice sharp and precise and flushing one Leo in the meantime flushed a bevy. Sent on, each found and pointed a bevy. Leo flushed twice. Up at 4:10. Harold made the better competition in every respect.

Second Round.

Marie's Sport and Tony Boy began at 4:20. Up at 5:18. The heat was a hard heat to follow, and was so broken by many turnings and twistings and obstructed by wire fences that it was unsatisfactory. Tony pointed a bevy. Sport 200 or 300yds. away pointed; nothing found, but it was said that a bird flushed from the point. Sent on, in about 200yds. Sport dropped to a point in cornfield, and a few birds were flushed to it. Tony crossed in about 50yds. ahead and pointed a single. Sent on, Tony pointed a bevy. Sport was lost for a few moments and was found pointing a bevy. Tony went in and pointed the same bevy. Rose went in and flushed the bevy as if it were his dog's find and point, something he had no right to do. Sent on, Sport pointed some remaining birds of the bevy. Sent on, the handlers called point in a thicket dense with switch cane and brush. It was said that Tony waded to a flush on a bevy Sport pointed; Tony backed; nothing found; footscent probably. The bevy was followed. Sport pointed in the open. Boy backed and held back to caution. A plover flushed some yards away and other than it there was nothing found. Boy pointed some scattered bird which when flushed were again followed. Boy stopped to a flush, pointed and some remaining birds were flushed to his point. Sport roaded a single which flushed, and lit on the overhead limb of a tree 20ft. from the ground. Boy roaded on the same trail, pointed where the bird flushed; the bird flew from the overhead limb, and there was much wonderment expressed that he could point a bird so far overhead. Both took a cast up the bottom. The handlers called point, and when a judge reached the scene both dogs were pointing the same bevy. There was no one with the dogs and handlers for some time save one judge, and he reported three single bird points for Tony Boy and one for Sport. Up at 5:18. Tony Boy was quicker in his work, was not given to pointing on footscent and was a better ranger.

Saturday.

The weather was clear, cool and favorable for good work.

Novelist and Lillian Russell began at 9:00. Lillian flushed a bevy down wind, pointed a bevy, made five points on singles and two flushes. Novelist found and pointed three bevies, made five points on singles and had the better range and speed. Lillian made an excellent competition and was very skillful herself. Up at 10:00.

Tony Gale and Cincinnatus Pride were started at 10:13. Gale outclassed Pride in every particular except point work on birds. His range was wider; he had better pace and finding abilities. Gale found three bevies and made one point on a single. Pride made one bevy point and one point on singles. Up at 11:15. The board of governors met while the heat was being run, one dog being up, the other working, and there was some delay caused by the meeting. The matter under consideration was the question raised by Mr. Avent in respect to Tory Luna

Another meeting was held after the heat ended, the particulars of which are given in the introductory.

Harold Skimpole and Tory Luna were the next brace, but the latter was withdrawn and Minnie T. was brought in as a running mate Harold pointed two bevies well He next pointed; nothing found. He next flushed some birds of a bevy, then stopped to a point on the remainder. On singles he made a point and a flush. He next flushed an outlying single, then pointed the bevy. His range was but fairly good.

Final.

Tony Boy and Tony Gale began at 1:41. Each made game and pointed; nothing found. Each found and pointed two bevies Gale pointed a single in plum thicket. Boy at the same time pointed near same place. Sent on, a bevy flushed suspiciously near Boy in the open. Up at 2:32. Boy had a slight advantage in the heat. There was too much hurry and hustle and fast riding for good work or proper method.

This ended the stake.

Absolute of Derby.

Young Rip Rap and Pin Money, Derby winners, were started at 2:42. It was an excellent heat in every particular, both dogs doing admirable work. They ranged wide and fast, found well, and their point work was clean and accurate. Pin Money found four bevies and made five points on singles. Rip pointed three bevies and made three points on singles. Pin's work on birds was sharper than Rip's. It was a very excellent competition.

Challenge Class Prizes.

New York.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to "Setter's" article of last week on "Challenge Prizes" in dog shows, I have received the inclosed reply from Mr. Mortimer, superintendent of the coming New York show, to a letter from me asking that three prizes be offered there in challenge setter classes. I therein showed Mr. Mortimer by his catalogues of 1893, '94, '95 and '96 that the average entries of the first three years were: Of Irish setters, 11 challenge, 27 open, 12 pups, 17 novice; and of Gordon setters, 11 challenge, 18 open, 10 pups, 7 novice; but that in 1896 the puppy entries fell off to four of each breed, while those of English setter pups fell off from seventeen to five; thus indicating that owners had tired of sending their little fellows to almost certain death from distemper contracted at the shows. The other classes in 1896 held up to their average pretty well.

I hope that no motion will prevail to amend our A. K. C. rules as to challenge classes so as to imitate English customs. All our present regulations need is to make challenge wins attainable only upon competition (*i. e.*, at least two in a class)—three wins with such competition to make a championship. This will prevent a "walkover."

I look upon this matter of attracting our challenge winners to exhibitions as important, if the quality of our shows is to be kept high. Why, even the novice classes have three prizes, although mostly composed of dogs that probably can't win in any other class. JAMES B. BLOSSOM,

Pres. Gordon Setter Club; Vice-Pres. Irish Setter Club.

(Mr. Mortimer's letter to Mr. Blossom, referred to above, is of the same tenor as his letter in another column, excepting the following paragraph: "I shall give notice at the next meeting of the American Kennel Club of the desirability of making the classification at shows held under its rules similar to that at shows held under English Kennel Club rules in England, whereby a dog does not outlive its usefulness from a show point of view.")

NEW YORK, Jan 30.—Kindly say in your next that the Westminster Kennel Club has decided to give a second prize of $10 in all challenge classes containing three or more entries.

Our list of special prizes (offered by the different specialty clubs and from private sources) has been largely increased, so that in numbers and value it exceeds all previous records. Our entries close on Monday, Feb 8.

JAS. MORTIMER, Supt.

U. S. F. T. C. TRIALS.

The All-Age Absolute.

AFTER the Derby Absolute was decided on Saturday, Jan. 23, the All Age winners were next in order of competition for the Gould cup. Mr. Rose, the handler of Tony Boy, objecting to running him, as the dog was ill. Mr. Buckle raised no objection, and the judges decided to postpone the running of the All-Age Absolute till a time in the following week. The secretary so posted the announcement later on the club's bulletin board in the hotel, and it stood thereon for several hours. Later in the evening the judges most inexplicably decided that Tippoo had won by the default of Tony Boy. It is regrettable that they should have blundered so badly at the finish. There was no default on the part of Tony Boy, for he was on the ground, and the judges personally examined him, accepted the circumstances as they then were, and announced the contest for the next week. Aside from this, they could not award the cup on the grounds presented in their decision—that is, the default of Tony Boy—for one of the conditions governing the cup is as follows: "The absolute trial for the Gould cup must be of at least one hour's duration in the Derby and two hours' duration in the All-Age Stake," etc. It is clear that this is a mandatory condition, and if not complied with there is then no contest. In the Tippoo-Tony Boy case there was no contest, so that the cup's ownership remained unchanged. Mr. Geo. Gray, the holder of the cup, refused to deliver it to the club, as he very correctly and justly claimed that there had been no contest for it at the U. S F. T. C. trials. Once admit the win by default, and a principle would be introduced which would weaken the competition for the cup, and make the honor of winning it of but little valne.

F. T. C. A. Meeting.

AT a meeting of the Field Trial Champion Association, held at West Point, Miss., Jan. 26, Messrs. Dexter, Bell, Buckle and Stafford present, with a sufficient number of proxies to make a quorum, it was decided that owing to the blizzard, and that with the consent of the parties interested, the champion stake be declared off. Entries for 1898 for those eligible at that time close on Dec. 15, 1897, and the stake is to be advertised in October of that year. A committee was appointed, Mr. Dexter, chairman, to engage three judges, who are to be announced when the stake is advertised.

The Champion Stake.

We live in a swift age, one of rapid thought and action, and of the things which are swift a field trial is not the least. The Champion Stake, however, was a record breaker. For a sudden beginning and a quick conclusion no field trial contest ever equaled it. It is regrettable that a stake with possibilities so great and interests so important should have been so neglected and so mismanaged. Instead of arranging for the Champion trial months ago, as should have been done, no action was taken until recently, when in a perfunctory manner the announcement was made that the Champion Stake would be run on Feb. 16. This was entirely too short a notice to the parties interested, the intervening time being too short in which to prepare the dogs and make other necessary arrangements. Aside from this, the date was badly chosen, inasmuch as the Champion Stake, if it be a success, must follow closely after the last trial of the circuit, so that it may secure its chief support from the trainers already on the grounds, and also that the visitors already present may attend it.

It is not a stake which can be run successfully on dates distinctly separated from those of the main trials by an important interval of time.

However, after thoughtlessly fixing on the February date, the Champion Association learned at West Point, Miss., what it should have known months ago as a matter of common knowledge that the Champion Stake must be run soon after the last trials. A meeting of the Association was held on Monday, Jan. 18, and it was decided that the stake be advertised in the sporting press that week, and that the entries should close two days later—that is, on Jan. 20; in other words, the entries closed before the public could learn of the change of date, or even read the club's advertisement. Nothing so stupid or incompetent could well be imagined. The time fixed for running the stake was Jan. 26. It was held by some that the U. S. F. T. C. All-Aged Stake, being open to all-aged winners, really filled all the needs of a champion stake, which proved not that there was no need of a champion stake, but that it is a grave mistake to have one man the secretary of two clubs. Had there been a secretary of the Champion Association with any pride or interest in the Association's success, the stake would not have been arranged, advertised, judges engaged, entries closed, and the stake declared off, all in the space of a few days.

There was something of a quandary in respect to judges. Mr. W. S. Bell, who was a visitor at the trials, consented to act as one judge. Mr. N. Wallace, of Farmington, Conn., another famous and popular judge, was telegraphed to. He happened to be at Asheville, N. C., and he also consented; and the third one engaged was Mr. J. N. Seale, a popular sportsman of large field trial experience.

Still the Champion Stake was only such in name under the circumstances, for only a few people knew it was to be run at all and only a few could possibly know it. The Association then could only secure its support from such dogs as were in touch with its elbows.

As a result there were but five starters, dogs already present on the grounds. On Tuesday morning, Jan. 26, the weather was extremely cold; Mr. Seale had sent word that he could not be present. There was little interest manifested in the stake, and those directly concerned held a meeting and decided to declare it off for that time. After paying the U. S. F. T. C. $25 for the grounds at West Point, on which the stake was to have been run, and paying the expense of judges, etc., those who were ready to start had about $25 per starter returned to them on a *pro rata* division of the entry fees.

TOHO.

OF all the different fallacies which have encumbered the training of the dog for field work, none has been more assiduously commended than the teaching of "toho," a term used to denote that the dog is to stand still when he hears it uttered. It is held forth as an aid to pointing.

Much that is fallacious is perpetuated by imitation. One generation accepts on trust the beliefs and teachings of the preceding generation. Writers are loth to run counter to the world's teachings even in matters of fallacy, so that when they needs must write they write up old matters over again. Old ideas are presented in new combinations and in new dresses. Out of the great mass of writing there is but a fraction that is new, original and independent. Much of it too is speculative or impractical. It is much easier to write of a thing as one thinks it should be than to investigate and learn of it as it really is. And thus it comes that to separate the sound article of literature from the rubbish is a slow process and a matter of much time.

Nearly all writers on training teach that the dog should be taught to stop to command, and thus establish a sure and positive method of making him stop stanchly on his point. It is assumed that there is a close relationship between the stop to order in the proximity of game and a true point on it. To the novice such idea is convincingly plausible. He does not consider that a dog may stop to order in the immediate vicinity of game and still have no more idea of a true point than would a horse which stopped under similar circumstances. In either instance the stop is made to command as a matter of obedience. The dog does not refer the act to extraneous objects, whether they are birds, rocks or cabbages

In practice the trainer who requires the dog to obey the order "Toho!" when he is drawing on birds does much to spoil his work.

Experience is the only correct practice. It involves failure and success. The dog can only learn from it the different degrees of intensity in the scent, whether cold or hot, foot or body scent, and he can only acquire by experience the skill in pointing and roading, and the purposes of the gun. A mere mechanical stop to order conveys to the dog no more experience in the details of point work than would a lecture to him. He must have the practical experience with the coincident training. He will make errors. They are inseparable from his progress. It is only by error and correction that he can learn what to avoid. To assume that there is any system which will start a dog into work to the gun without error and with the skill which comes from experience is to assume what is contrary to nature in the phenomena of all organic life, and in practice to adopt what is palpably absurd and inefficient It is absurd because when an inexperienced dog is making game the handler does not know whether it is near by or far away. To bawl out "Toho" is to give the order at a venture. If the dog obeys he does not know why he stops, so far as the birds are related to it. He may suppose that he is checked for following the scent, a much more direct and logical conclusion than that he should know the "toho" referred to some birds but remotely in evidence.

The order "toho" is uttered at a time when there should be quiet. When a dog is roading and doing his best it is the height of stupidity to bawl out orders to him. Such alarm the birds, balk the dog and disgust the looker-on. The dog's progress is broken, he imperfectly comprehends his trainer's purposes, and he loses confidence in himself and his teacher.

Only by having all the parts of field work taught as they actually occur in practice can the dog learn them properly. Each detail is then learned as it exists and as it relates to all others. He cannot know what constitutes a mistake till he has made it. He avoids them when he has experience enough and consequent teaching to perceive their harm. He adopts the methods which are most conducive to accomplish the desired results.

Reject the "toho." Teach him to go to his birds on his own judgment. If he flushes willfully, punish him; if through mistake, ignore it. The dog will make mistakes in using his nose. His judgment will at times be faulty; and in this he differs not from his master. To teach "toho" to either or both would add nothing to the skill or experience of either, or to the purpose. The experienced trainer concerns himself not with toho. The amateur who attempts to teach it expends first much pains to teach it, and has something which is valueless when taught.

Snap and the Carriage.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Snap (a dog belonging to a young lady friend of mine—a dog who named himself by snapping at everything which came near him in his puppyhood) is very fond of riding out in state. He would be taken out oftener did he not want the most prominent seat in the carriage His mistress's mother is more apt to take him than is his mistress. A mutual friend described to me a few days ago Snap's mistress's mother crying out to her as their carriages passed—they both taking advantage of a fine day for a drive: "'How do you do? I didn't know you!' And," said the narrator, "she didn't know me because Snap sat erectly on her lap, hiding all in front of her from her view; she could only see to the right and left." Snap's mistress was present when this story was told, and laughed as heartily as any of us, so I have presumed that I might repeat the story. All this I tell that may be understood an habitual action of Snap. He has a good faculty of time, and will watch about on the grounds until the carriage is rolled out of its house. Then he will get on a seat and wait. He knows thoroughly well who is disposed to allow him to go riding, and who is not. When his mistress's mother appears he quivers and wriggles all over with joy. When the mistress comes he slinks back, gives every evidence of disappointment, and then plainly begs to not be compelled to get to the ground, and manifests all of his graces of look, attitude and action in the hope that his mistress's resolve will give way. It is very amusing—the nervous anxiety with which he regards the path from the house to see who is coming for to-day's ride—so amusing the men about have more than once fooled him. They would roll the carriage out. Snap would jump in and begin his vigil upon the path from the house. When they had enjoyed the show long enough they would (to Snap's disgust) roll the carriage back under cover again. But he soon "caught on," and now will not get into the carriage unless he is sure from certain indications, such as bringing out the horses, that a ride is coming off. In all this Snap shows that within his woolly personality there is an individual—a conscious, self-conscious, rational individual. Think of how many several persons and things he is as fully aware as any human being could possibly be—his mistress, her mother, the men about, the horse, the carriage, and so on. Then he is able to put things together. He knows from indications when the carriage is going out and when it is not. Though he can not hitch the horses up, he knows what hitching up means as well as anybody does. Snap has a rational soul. CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

ROSSVILLE, S. I.

Dogs and Music.

WESTGROVE, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly inform me whether the effect produced on dogs by music is pleasurable or the reverse. In other words, does it cause them to howl from pleasure or grief? And if they do not enjoy it why is it that they make no apparent effort to escape from it—in fact, seem in a great many cases to rather seek the society of the musician? To sum up, do dogs love music or not? HERO.

[Certainly dogs like music, and they howl in unison or discord for that reason.]

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Exhibitors should bear in mind that the New York bench show entries close on Feb. 8. Premium lists and all necessary information can be obtained of the superintendent, Mr. James Mortimer, 813, 66–70 Beaver street, New York.

Spratts Patent have issued a most attractively gotten up calendar for 1897, the illustrations of dogs by R. H. Moore being a particularly pleasing feature. Much valuable information concerning dogs is conveyed in every page.

The act of the U. S. F. T. Club in barring first prize winners from its All-Age Stakes is one of common sense. It learned from experience what it could have learned months ago had it read the available information on the subject and digested it properly.

The report of the U. S. F. T. Club's trials, published in full in our columns this week, failed to reach us in time for publication last week, owing to delay of the Southern mails caused by bad weather.

Mr. N. Wallace, of Farmington, Conn., who was engaged as one of the judges of the Champion Stake, was *en route* to West Point, Miss., on the train which was held up on a branch of the Southern Railway, near Eldridge. The robbers did not attempt to rob the passengers, their efforts being confined exclusively to the express car. Mr. Wallace describes the scenes as both serious and amusing. Passengers were secreting their valuables in frantic haste in places they thought most secure. The news agent, in a momentary fit of valor, drew his revolver, but on reaching the passenger coach he most generously offered it to an inactive passenger and urged him to go forward and participate in the trouble. We interviewed the news agent on the return trip, and he countered by saying that there were some sportsmen aboard during the robbery who tremulously took their shotguns out of the cases, and notwithstanding that they shook badly they succeeded in getting the guns put together. They then remembered that their ammunition was all in the baggage car. A lady who had watched the brave display remarked: "You gentlemen no doubt are a sure thing on little birds, but you do not amount to much on train robbers."

A complication which may be of some interest to the amateurs who were engaged in the Amateur and All-Age stakes of the U. S. F. T. C. is that they now fill the requirements which constitute a professional, that is, they have run in a public trial with professionals for money prizes, the very grounds on which objections were raised against Capt. A. C. Waddell handling in the Amateur Stake.

Much praise was bestowed on the Continental Field Trials Club's trials, run at Tupelo, Miss. Since that event the club has received a large number of applications for membership, which will be acted upon at the club's annual meeting at Chicago during the week of the Mascoutah Club's show.

The governors of the Baltimore Kennel Association met recently and elected the following officers for the year: Col. Henry D. Loney, President; Leonard M. Levering, Vice-President; William P. Riggs, Secretary; and J. Chambers Weeks, Treasurer.

The resignation of Mr. P. T. Madison, as secretary of the Continental Field Trials Club, has been accepted and Mr. W. S. Bell, Pittsburg, has accepted the office *pro tem.*

The Rev. R. O'Callaghan, LL.D., died suddenly on Jan. 9. In the United States he was famous as a breeder of Irish setters, and many of the fine imported Irish setters were from his kennel. He was a talented divine, an influential member of the English Kennel Club, a keen sportsman and accomplished athlete, and had the love of all who knew him.

The Avent protest, lodged by Mr. Avent against the judges ruling that Tory Luna could not run in charge of other than an amateur handler till the Amateur Stake of the U. S. trials was finished, was very properly dis-

allowed. The matter is treated more at length in the report of the trials.

The Mobile & Ohio Railroad Co., through the general passenger department, of which Mr. E. E. Posey is general agent, has issued a circular in the interest of sportsmen which deserves more than a passing notice. Three field trials were to be held on its line: the Continental at Tupelo, Miss.; the U. S. and Champion trials at West Point, Miss. All agents from St. Louis to Mobile inclusive were instructed to sell tickets at the rate of one fare, all tickets for return passage being limited to fifteen days from date of sale. The further instructions were added: "You are requested to assist the sportsmen as much as possible by seeing that their camping outfit, dogs, etc., are carefully and promptly handled, and by rendering them all the service you can. Dogs and camping outfit will be carried free in baggage car as customary, provided they are delivered to and received from the main baggage men at the baggage car door." All these liberal concessions to sportsmen were thoroughly appreciated, the large attendance of visitors and their kind words being ample praise.

Dr. H. T. Foote, New Rochelle, N. Y., informs us of the death of champion Bromfield Sultan (20,668) after a short illness. His bench show career in England was exceptionally successful. Dr. Foote imported him six years ago, he then being two years old. He won over forty first prizes in England and met with but four defeats, which were attributed to lack of condition.

Leed's Barry, the famous St. Bernard owned by the Swiss Mountain Kennels, died recently from injury to the intestines caused by a large piece of glass which he had swallowed.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Mr. Erwin M. Beale claims the name Earl Jingo for pointer dog Iphwed April 8, 1896, by Jingo—Pearl's Dot.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is partic ularly desirable.

THE BEGINNER AWHEEL.

[*Concluded.*]

Scene—A Ninth avenue express train on the elevated road, New York. Enter Mr. White (Number 'leventy-'leven in the L. A. W.), who takes a seat beside Mr. Brown, recently graduated from the bicycling academy.

"Howd' do, old man? You were telling me yesterday of your experiences when you tried wheeling on the Boulevard instead of around the inner periphery of a riding school. How do you like the change, and did you ever get up to 110th street? I am anxious to know."

"If you will permit me to answer one question at a time, I will say first that I should like wheeling on the Boulevard immensely provided the course was kept clear of street cars, vehicles and other bicycle riders; and secondly, that I not only reached 110th street, but rode far beyond."

"You surprise me. I thought the doctor when he suggested your taking up cycling cautioned you to take only the shortest rides."

"Quite true; but then, as Fred Mather—beg pardon, Balzac—says, 'I can resist anything but temptation.' When I got to 110th street I felt pretty well played out, but just then I happened to notice a fellow riding along abreast of me that I recognized as a man who had been in the cycle school at the same time that I was there. I had always felt a little jealous of his abilities as a rider, and I made up my mind at once that he wasn't going to pass me. 'Not on your life, you greenhorn!' I said to myself. 'You can't show a rear tire to me.'"

"So you determined to give him a taste of your dust instead, eh?"

"No, not exactly. I didn't care to pass him, only show him that I was his equal in every respect, and that he couldn't pass me."

"I see."

"We rode along at a constantly increasing pace, one next the car track and the other next the curb, neither letting on that he had recognized the other, till we got to the 125th street cable road crossing. Here we were scorching at such a rate that I confidently expected to be arrested by one of the cycle policemen for fast riding. I can tell you, though, he would have had to sprint to catch us!"

"But I thought you were opposed to scorching. Yesterday you couldn't say enough against scorchers."

"Yes, I know, my dear fellow; but then it is different when we do these things ourselves. Besides, it was hardly my fault, for I never should have ridden so fast if it hadn't been for the other fellow."

"True, I forgot him. Every one seems to have conspired against you."

"Well, I am sure I didn't scorch from the love of it. I was so tired out when we came to climb that hill beyond the car track that I would have given up and walked home if it hadn't been for the aggravating way in which the other fellow hung at it."

"His action was highly provoking."

"I could see all the time that he wasn't enjoying himself. Going up that hill he worked not only his legs, but his whole body as well—sort of pumped along by a series of contortions—while his bicycle wabbled from side to side as if it were drunk. Wasn't having a much better time of it myself, but then I would have died sooner than give up first."

"What a fool the other fellow was!"

"That's exactly what I thought all along. 'Why don't you turn off somewheres, you blanked ass?' I kept saying to myself."

"Saying to yourself of yourself, I suppose."

"No, you blockhead, I was referring to the other fellow. We crossed Spuyten Dyvil bridge and rode on out Broadway without another rider within half a mile of us, and yet neither of us showed by any sign that he was conscious of being in company. By that time we had lost some of our ginger, and instead of trying to be a good yard ahead I was content to feel that I had a foot the advantage of him."

"Are you sure he didn't have a little the advantage of you at times?"

"No doubt he may have thought so. He certainly needed some such encouragement to keep him going."

"Well, we rode all the way to Yonkers that way without exchanging a glance, and when we got there I was content to know that I led him by an inch. My spirit was worn, but not broken. An inch isn't much of itself, but where a principle is involved it counts for a good deal."

"I applaud the sentiment, but how in the world did you ever manage to stop? If both of you were as obo-couragious in your determination to do or die you might be riding yet."

"I am coming to that immediately. Beyond Yonkers, as it happened, neither of us knew the road. By chance we turned up the wrong street, and the first thing I knew we had run plumb up against a stone wall, part of the Aqueduct, I believe. It was the end of the street, and we could go no further."

"Well, no doubt you turned around as if you were doing a perfectly natural thing and kept yourselves company in some other direction."

"That is exactly what we did do. He turned to his right and I turned to my left; we changed sides of the street and rode back again, and though we just avoided colliding by a hair's breadth we never even looked at each other"

"You didn't ride all the way back to New York that way?"

"No, fortunately not. We failed to find the street we had come on, and by mistake rode straight down to the river. It had grown dark meanwhile, and just as we were executing a flank movement to go back up the hill a policeman came along and arrested us for not having our lamps lighted. Neither of us would stop, and he jerked the other fellow off his wheel first, so I felt that I had won.

"We made it up between ourselves at the station house, and incidentally with the police. The first thing I asked him was where he had been going when I met him. He was still a little touchy, and he said, 'You write down the answer to that too, and we will exchange papers.' I was willing, and when we came to read them will you believe it, both said 'Grant's Tomb'!"

There was a creaking of the door, and the guard put his head inside the car long enough to say

"Warr'n street!"

"My station," said White.

Dan Daly.

CHICAGO CYCLE SHOW.

The annual Chicago show of the National Cycle Board of Trade was in progress during the entire week. Opinions are divided as to the success of the enterprise this year. Some dealers were discouraged by the smallness of the attendance, which was much lighter than was fairly to be expected, and by the infrequency of sales of their goods. Such manufacturers say there is no good purpose served by holding these mammoth exhibitions. Others are quite as enthusiastic in favor of their continuance, and it is not likely there will be any change in the original purposes of the association. The truth is that the cycle show, as every form of business and amusement, has been affected this year by the hard times in this section of the country, the like of which has rarely been seen here, in spite of all efforts made to cover up that fact. It was the hard times which made persons so unready to buy wheels, and which made them apparently unwilling to come out to see the great show. Of itself, the show was a magnificent affair. The vast Coliseum building is perfect for such a convention of manufacturers, as it was perfect for a great political convention. The interior was handsomely and expensively decorated, and was a great panorama of mingled artistic and business display. There was hardly a leading industry of the country connected with wheeling goods which was not represented at the show, and that right royally. All the mechanical, technical and professional side of bicycling was shown in its most alluring and fascinating form. It was a gr at and interesting object lesson, one appealing to the masses of the people, for it is the masses and none less who do the buying and riding of the bicycle to-day. The wonderful invention, with all its development and all its improvements, was shown, a thousand fold, and many were the thousands who noted narrowly each little variation from the features of the past in the way of improvement and perfection. Space fails to make any extended description of the show, or to speak in detail of the new things which were offered to the cycling world. The newspapers are really helpless when it comes to covering an affair like this, because the cycle show takes the place of all the newspapers as a vehicle of information. At it the professional may learn what is ahead for him, and the amateur may jostle shoulders with him in front of the latest tire, the cushion frame, the newest lamp, the new crank hanger, or the pretty girl in risky costume who hands out literature to the public. Great is the cycle show, as is the horse show or the dog show or the flower show. How shall we do without it? Therefore let not hard times cause the promoters of this fixture to be cast down, or to plan a discontinuance of that which has been so well and happily begun. H.

Chicago, Jan. 30.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the Forest and Stream *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public.*

The report of the special committee of the New York Y. C. on the question of the proposed yacht league is about as positively unfavorable as it could possibly be made; a conclusion not entirely unexpected from the make-up of the committee, the majority of the members being known from the outset to be strongly opposed to the scheme. The report, which we publish in full, is a lengthy document, and enumerates a large number of reasons why the New York Y. C. should stand by itself in yachting, and aloof from all smaller and inferior clubs. Its adoption by the club places that body positively and publicly in the position which it has for so many years maintained in a less pronounced way: of opposition to all advance and improvement in yachting. To the extent that it defines thus clearly and positively the position of the New York Y. C., the present movement whatever the result may be, has not been altogether a waste of time. It makes plain to all yachtsmen what has thus far been fully appreciated only by a comparatively small number who have been engaged from time to time in the past sixteen or eighteen years in the work of improving and unifying the various rules of yachting.

In behalf of the report, it must be said that it is in a way comprehensive, and certainly most positive. It deals with three main points: the formation of a national union of yachtsmen, the formation of a union within a certain limited territory, and the position of the New York Y. C. as related to all other American yacht clubs. In discussing the details under each of these heads there is no sign of doubt or uncertainty; the conclusions of the special committee, like those of the club's regatta committee, are final beyond possibility of discussion or appeal.

The reasons for the summary rejection of the first proposition, as very briefly stated by the committee, are two: if carried out successfully, the plan would result in the formation of a very large national association; and this association or "league" would be composed of many heterogeneous elements. In this respect it would only be like many existing associations in this country and abroad, composed of numbers of persons brought together through a common interest in one general subject—not necessarily in the same minute details of a subject. Such unions have long existed among scientists, professional men and sportsmen; in many cases they have proved successful in spite of innumerable obstacles which could not exist in the present case; differences of race, religion, politics and other material points being sunk by common consent, and all meeting on a neutral field for the common good. Leaving out of the question the innumerable secret orders, composed of large numbers of most heterogeneous human elements, nearly all of the recognized sports, such as wheeling, tennis and canoeing, have found it not only possible, but highly advantageous, to form national or very large local associations.

We have realized from the first that the task of carrying out the scheme proposed and elaborated by Mr. Lovejoy, even with the assured co-operation of the New York Y. C., would not be an easy one, or a matter of a single season; but would require no small amount of good judgment and patient labor. At the same time we cannot see that it is in any way chimerical or impossible of itself. We know of nothing in the composition of the average yachtsman that unfits him for such harmonious association with others of his kind as is found in other sports and more serious pursuits.

On one point the report is discreetly silent: it does not intimate the future policy of the New York Y. C. in its attitude toward the gradual union of American yachting interests outside of the club, and we can only hope that it will be nothing more serious than *laissez faire, laissez aller;* but, in any event, it is beyond question that the unifying influences so strongly at work for a few years past will continue to grow, and that it is only a question of time before a union of the Atlantic and Lake clubs is formed; this extending later to include all American clubs. The visible feeling among many clubs and individual yachtsmen, the great progress made in a very short time after long years of apparently fruitless work, and the constantly extending efforts toward local union on Long Island Sound, Massachusetts Bay and the Great Lakes, all point to the one conclusion. The New York Y. C. and its committee to the contrary, all the tendencies of the times are toward the consummation of the work which they have pronounced impossible, when all that can fairly be said against it is that it is difficult.

In its hasty and sweeping dismissal of the proposed scheme, the committee has framed a most complete indictment against the existence of the New York Y. C. itself, as opposed to smaller and differently constituted clubs; it is preëminently "composed of so many heterogeneous elements, and, by reason of its mere size, so unwieldy that no good results can be expected from it." One might search in vain for a more apt and fitting characterization of the New York Y. C of to-day. Its membership is composed of men who are yachtsmen, heart and soul, but who have no voice in the club because they are no longer yacht owners; of men who are owners of racing yachts, but who are similarly disfranchised because their craft are of the small sizes that still race rather than the larger sizes that no longer race; of men who control the destinies of the club by virtue of the ownership of craft long obsolete even for cruising; of men who never were yachtsmen and men who never will be yachtsmen; of men who, by recent purchase of a steam yacht, are instantly qualified to make rules for racing yachts, of which they know nothing. What is the record, in the way of "good results," from this unwieldy body of over 1,200 members, whose destinies are decided by votes of from twelve to twenty-five men at its meetings?

In disposing of the second point the committee covers more ground, three separate objections being made. The first of these is that the work proposed has already been partly done, so there is no necessity for completing and perfecting it. It is true that the efforts of the smaller clubs, in which they have not even had the sympathy of the New York Y. C., have resulted in the establishment of a partial uniformity and harmony of action. At the present stage these can neither be considered complete nor permanent; they are results almost entirely of individual work within the different clubs, of time and labor freely given to club committees and inter-club conferences as the result of a devotion to the interests of yachting at large It cannot be expected that the labor thus given in the hope of establishing sooner or later a permanent union with the necessary officers will be available for all time. With a few more such efforts to discourage them as the present one on the part of the New York Y. C., even the most enthusiastic of workers may find reasons for withdrawing. The work is partly done, there is no disputing that; for this very reason, if no other, it is incumbent now that the clubs should come forward officially and recognize it, the New York Y. C. first of all, if it is what it aspires to be, the *premier* yacht club of the Western Hemisphere, even the Royal Squadron of America.

The second objection is that there would be a final court of appeal from the decision of club regatta committees, and that this final court might be unfairly constituted. The first point is one of the strongest on the side of the proposed scheme; it is a clearly recognized fact that the club regatta committees, those of the New York Y. C. not excluded, are by no means infallible either in judgment or absolute fairness, and that injustice is at times done to racing owners, with no possible appeal. It would be to the advantage of every fair and competent regatta committee in the country if its decisions could be passed upon under certain conditions by the right sort of superior tribunal; at least the intent of the committee would be justified, even though an error were shown in its judgment, and it would relieve the committee of much responsibility. As to the rac-

ing owner, it would give him a protection that he not only is entitled to from the erroneous decisions of a committee which naturally will not admit that it has done wrong, but that he too often needs. It would be by no means impossible to find instances, even within the New York Y. C., where the regatta committee, "with an intimate knowledge of facts derived from personal observation," to quote the report, has made a wrong decision, from which the injured party has had no appeal whatever.

As to the composition of the final court of appeal, four men elected for terms of four years each, one withdrawing each year, the very highest honor in the gift of the national league, we have little fear that unknown and improper members of small clubs would be selected, or that any serious abuse of so prominent an office, even if it should by chance occur, would be long tolerated. The publicity that would be given to the decisions of such a body in the important cases appealed to them would be a decided advantage in raising the standard of racing ethics.

In the event of such an international dispute as may arise at any time, it is easy to see how much superior the decision of such a national court of appeal, composed presumably of the pick of American yachtsmen, to that of a club committee, elected for a year, and possibly involved as an interested party in the original dispute.

The third reason is that the power to amend the rules of yachting would be transferred from the individual clubs to the national body. This in itself, we believe, will be generally recognized as an important advance. The committee very properly says: "Changes in racing rules and in classification should, in our opinion, be made with the utmost deliberation, and only when their advisability or necessity is clearly established, and then with due regard to all existing interests." This proposition will commend itself to all yachtsmen; the day has gone by for such hasty and unfair legislation as, for instance, the changing of the deed of gift of the America's Cup; and it is generally recognized that changes of rules must be made only when they are clearly necessary, and then carefully, deliberately and publicly. This is exactly what the details of the proposed scheme call for; all proposed changes will be framed by competent persons, advertised in advance of the meeting at which they will be acted upon, and thoroughly discussed by a large number of representative yachtsmen, the delegates from the many clubs. There will be no possible chance for one club, for instance, to call a special meeting at three or four days' notice and make radical changes in its rules, nor for any clique to lobby through a new rule that shall bar a winning boat.

The objection of the committee on this point is weak in the extreme; it might be that the national body would be controlled by the small yacht interests, and they might make rules unsuitable for the large yachts. Such a contingency is remote enough and could easily be prevented; but as a matter of fact there are to-day practically little other than small yachts concerned in the racing. With the exception of four schooners all the racing of last season was confined to small yachts of not over 50ft. racing length. The great events of the year, which are supposed to bring out the full strength of the New York Y. C. fleet—the June regatta, the August cruise, and even the Goelet cup race itself—were confessed failures through the lack of adequate entries.

One of the serious problems of the day in yachting is the restoration and maintenance of racing in the classes of 70ft r.l. and upward. The various larger clubs that profess to devote themselves primarily to this branch of the sport have one and all failed utterly within the past five years in enacting rules which should promote general building and racing The most serious obstacle to-day in the way of general inter-club racing in the larger classes is the nominal existence of the 90ft. class, created by the New York Y. C. to defend the America's cup, a type of yacht too large and costly by far for other than the special work for which it was produced; but by its existence even in the present moribund condition, and by the possibility of its revival at some future day, discouraging the establishment of a smaller and thoroughly practicable size of a racing cutter.

When it comes to what may be called the personal objections to the proposed league, the committee gets on very thin ice, beginning with the excuse that the New York Y. C. has never been a purely racing organization, but one whose members take a broader interest in the sport of yachting. What American clubs can be classed as purely racing organizations, or what exist for other objects than the New York Y. C.? Certainly not the Eastern, the Larchmont, the Seawanhaka or the Atlantic. We are surprised at such a statement deliberately put forward as an argument by the gentlemen composing the committee. The New York Y. C. has always aspired to be a leader among these clubs in all the varied fields of yachting, racing first; and it has gone further in claiming preëminence through its many races for the America's Cup. There is no doubt whatever, the committee to the contrary, that the present prosperous condition of the club, with a membership of over 1,200 as compared with 400 in 1885, and with a large surplus to its credit instead of none at all at the former date, is due solely and entirely to the series of international races which began in 1885 and has continued to the present time. The history of the club for the ten years from 1875 to 1885, and from that date to the present, shows just how much it owes to racing.

The future of the club depends on its racing, and that alone; let it abandon racing, or let the recognized control of racing pass to the possession of another club or a national body, and the New York Y. C. must drop, in spite of its fleet and its membership, into a subordinate and unimportant position as compared with the live racing clubs.

It requires no great discernment to appreciate the fact that the demand of the day in American yachting is for the improvement and advancement of racing methods, and that those clubs which endeavor to meet this demand will take the lead in yachting. The New York Y. C. has decided that it will have no part in this work.

The intimation that the club has higher aims than mere racing, and the assumption that to the club is due the credit for such vessels as Margarita, Varuna, Arcturus, Yampa, Intrepid, Namouna, Fleur de Lis, White Ladye and Mayflower, that fly its burgee in foreign seas, add nothing whatever to the force of the committee's arguments. Just as the encouragement of racing is purely *club* work, the building and running of cruising yachts is purely *individual*, and independent of the clubs. If the New York Y. C. went out of existence to-morrow there would be just as many cruising yachts afloat, under one burgee or another, as there are to-day. One thing the club has done for cruising within its home waters, and an excellent thing too, the establishment of the numerous local stations; outside of this it has done nothing, and that a score or so of its 1,200 members indulge in offshore cruising is due solely to their individual preferences, and not to the encouragement of the club.

The suggestions that the club must submit its racing rules and classification to others in the event of joining a league sounds well, but will not bear a close analysis in the light of history. Outside of the legislation relating to the America's Cup, for which the club is entitled to whatever of credit may pertain to it, and to the heavy responsibility as well, what rules has it made, for itself or others? The principle of measurement by length and sail area was first introduced in this country by the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. After it had been put to a practical test by that club, the New York Y. C. went so far as to adopt it in a mild form. After some years the club made another step forward and adopted the present form, already thoroughly tested by many small clubs as well as its originators.

The first uniform classification of racing yachts among the large clubs, adopted in 1887, originated outside of the New York Y. C., and was merely adopted by it after being perfected elsewhere. The present classification by racing length was proposed and perfected by the other large clubs in 1889, but its adoption was deferred for years on account of the uncompromising opposition of the New York Y. C., which only died out with the advance of time. The rules adopted last fall were framed by the Larchmont Y. C. and merely adopted by the New York Y. C. Outside of the America's Cup, it would be difficult to find a detail of modern yachting rules which originated within the New York Y. C., or that was adopted by the club without serious opposition and long delay even when proved to be beneficial. In the face of this record it is idle to talk of surrendering its autonomy and its law-making power to other clubs.

The defense of the regatta committee as a tribunal of last resort is offset by the experience of many clubs, the New York included, to the effect that a committee of three, elected for a term of one year, is not the proper composition of a court of last resort which may be called upon to pass judgment on its own acts and errors. The questions which arise in modern yachting, local as well as international, demand some higher and less interested tribunal than the ordinary club regatta committee, however capable, fair and honest it may be; and the proposal to establish such a body is one of the great points in favor of the scheme which the New York Y. C. has condemned.

The objections conjured up, that the club might be robbed of its date for the June regatta or even the Goelet cup race, are purely fanciful. The experience thus far of the different organizations shows that, while disputes arise at times, the general tendency is to recognize the established rights of all parties in the matter of fixtures and similar details. The attitude of the committee seems to be one of fear and apprehension that this proposal is but a trick of the "small" clubs, jealous of the power and position of the great New York Y. C., to get it within their grip and rob and degrade it We regret that the committee could not have taken a broader, a more liberal and more progressive view of the entire situation; that would have led it to very different conclusions.

The Proposed Yacht League.

THE special meeting of the New York Y. C. called to receive and consider the report of the special committee on the proposed national league of yachtsmen met at the club house on Jan. 26 with Com. Brown in the chair. The following report was read and adopted, after which the meeting adjourned.

To the New York Y. C.:

At a special meeting of the New York Y. C., held on Dec. 22, 1896, the following resolution was passed:

"*Resolved*, That a committee of seven, one of whom shall be the commodore, be appointed by the chair, for the purpose of considering the advisability of action by this club for organizing a yacht racing league, the object of which league shall be to establish uniform co operation of measurement, classification and racing rules, the promotion of yacht building, the encouragement and development of the sport, and the preservation of yachting history and racing records. And that said committee report back to the club at a special meeting to be called for that purpose."

The undersigned, having been appointed a committee under said resolution, do respectfully report that at its first meeting your committee, after perfecting its organization, gave a hearing to Mr. John F. Lovejoy, who at the meeting of the club at which this subject was brought forward had made the principal argument in support of the proposed measure.

Mr Lovejoy laid before the committee certain suggested rules for the constitution of a yacht racing league, being the same rules which were read by him at the meeting of the club, and explained in detail the objects sought to be effected by the proposed measure and its general scope and plan.

The principal objects which those who favor this movement hope to attain through its instrumentality are the encouragement of yacht racing, the promotion of yacht building, and the establishment of uniform classification and racing rules.

The general features of the plan suggested include the formation of a yacht racing league, to be composed of American yacht clubs in good standing, having each not less than fifty members and not less than fifteen yachts enrolled upon its books, and to be governed by a written constitution.

The proposed constitution contains provision for the representation of clubs, members of the league, by delegates; representation being apportioned among the several constituent clubs to a certain degree according to their respective numerical membership.

The active participation in the league by each club is effected through the delegates representing it. The principal function of the delegates is to elect the officers of the league. These officers consist of a council of twelve and a supreme council of three, in addition to the executive officers, the president, the secretary and the treasurer.

The functions of the council may be summarized as follows: To pass on applications for membership, to control the general policy and finances of the league, to make or authorize all necessary contracts, to appoint an official measurer, to frame and modify rules, subject to the action of the supreme council, to assign dates for the racing events of the season, and to enforce penalties for violation of racing rules.

The supreme council is to have power to decide all questions submitted to it by the council, or protests submitted to it by the regatta committee, or by a member of any club in the league.

The constitution further provides for the division of the membership into four districts, to be known respectively as the "Eastern District," the "Gulf District," the "Lake District," and the "Pacific District," each district to have local officers, who are to perform their respective duties in subordination to the general officers and rules of the league.

From this brief description of the proposed association some idea of its extent and scope may be gathered.

Your committee have been unable to ascertain the number or the numerical strength of the clubs which would be eligible to join such a league, but they are informed that in a part only of the Eastern District—namely, that portion extending from Pennsylvania to Maine—there are enough clubs which would be expected to join it to make an aggregate membership of over 10,000.

From this it is readily seen that if the proposed plan were to be carried out to the full extent suggested, so as to embrace yacht clubs in all parts of the country, on the Western and Gulf coasts and on the Great Lakes, it would result in the formation of a league composed of many hundred clubs, with many thousand members.

Your committee are of the opinion that on the face of the proposition such an organization could not be successfully formed, and that if formed it would be composed of so many heterogeneous elements, and would, by reason of its mere size, be so unwieldy that no good results could be expected from it.

If the question referred to them were simply whether it is advisable for the New York Y. C. to take the initiative in a movement to bring about a league of such a character, your committee would have no hesitation in arriving at an adverse decision upon this ground alone, without considering those advantages or disadvantages which might attend an attempt to form a league of less extravagant dimensions.

They feel, however, that to condemn the project on this ground alone would hardly be just to those who have expended so much time and thought upon a proposition the only purpose of which is to advance the interests of yachting, and it is manifest that the objection above stated, which your committee consider an insuperable one as applied to a scheme of the proportions indicated, would become of less and less force as the scope of the proposed enterprise might be curtailed.

It may well be said that while such an objection might be fatal to the adoption of a scheme which contemplated bringing all the yacht clubs in the country into a single league, yet if the scope of the scheme were to be limited or cut down so as to embrace a much smaller number of clubs—as, for instance, only those clubs in the Eastern district, or in only a part of the Eastern district—this objection would lose its force in direct proportion to the curtailment of the scope of the plan; and that finally a point might be reached at which it would be outweighed by the advantages to be secured from the association.

It therefore seems proper that your committee should report its conclusions with reference to such modifications as might be made in the proposed plan in the direction indicated.

We are thus brought to consider whether the object sought to be attained by the suggestion in question would be to any, and if any what, extent brought about by the formation of a league upon the lines suggested, but confined within more moderate limits than are proposed in the plan laid before us, within, let us say, those portions of our seacoast lying between Pennsylvania and Maine.

Laying aside for the moment those considerations which apply with peculiar force to the New York Yacht Club, and which will be referred to in a later part of this report, and dealing only with the general question thus presented, your committee begs to submit the following views:

First—The objects of the association are to bring about uniformity in classification, uniformity in racing rules, and uniformity in the construction of rules and in decisions thereon, and by these means to encourage yacht building, and generally to promote the interests of the sport of yacht racing.

The principal clubs within the district mentioned are the New York Y. C., the Eastern, the Larchmont, the Atlantic, the Seawanhaka, and the Corinthian, of Philadelphia.

Recent movements in this direction have already brought about, in large degree, uniformity of classification and of racing rules among these clubs, and it may be reasonably expected that within a comparatively short time all these leading clubs will have established uniformity among themselves in these particulars So far, therefore, as concerns those classes of vessels which belong to these clubs, and in which they are interested, these desired objects may be regarded as already attained, and in the judgment of your committee the classification of the racing code concurred in by these clubs would become the standard classification or code. Such a classification would control designers, and all new vessels may reasonably be expected to be designed with reference to it.

Your committee are, therefore, of the opinion that there is no urgent demand for the formation of an association of the character proposed. Its main objects may be regarded as having been for all practical purposes already accomplished.

Second—The means by which uniformity in construction of racing rules and in decisions thereon is proposed to be obtained is by giving to the supreme council of the league power to rehear and finally decide all protests which may be brought before it by the regatta committee or by any member of any club who may feel aggrieved by the decision.

Undoubtedly this, or some similar device, is the only means by which a uniform rule or decision could be attained through the instrumentality of a league or association, but in the judgment of your committee it is open to very grave objection.

As such matters are now regulated, the decision of the regatta committee of each club is final as to all events which take place under the auspices of such club.

The members of the regatta committee are present in person at races, and thus possess in a great majority of cases the very important advantage of being themselves witnesses of the occurrences upon which they are called to pass judgment.

To give an appeal from such a body to a council who could only hear the case upon the evidence of others, and to make the decision of such council final, would be to transfer the ultimate decision to a tribunal which would probably be no better fitted, by knowledge and experience, to make a proper disposition of the case, and which would certainly be deprived of what has always been found of incalculable advantage in reaching a correct conclusion—the intimate knowledge of the facts, derived from impartial personal observation of the occurrences in dispute.

Your committee cannot but feel that any system which would subject the ultimate tribunal which is to decide all racing protests to so great a disadvantage would be found to work far less satisfactorily than the system now in use.

Again, even after curtailing the dimensions of the proposed league to a minimum, it would still be composed of so many different clubs, with memberships so varied in character, with vessels so different in class and size, and with such diversified interests in yachting, that it would be impossible to be assured of the election to the supreme council of members who would be recognized by the larger clubs as thoroughly fitted for their positions. It is not unreasonable to suppose that club politics and rivalry would make themselves felt; that differences would arise between the few large and the many small clubs, and that the latter, being by far the more numerous body, would insist upon a proportionate representation. And while we do not mean to assert that there are not as competent judges to be found in the smaller clubs as in the larger, it must still be true in the nature of things that as a general rule the membership of the larger clubs should include by far the greater proportion of yachtsmen qualified to discharge these important and delicate functions.

Third—Another very important element in the scheme of the proposed league is that which confides to the league the absolute power to make changes in the racing rules.

Much of what has been said under the last head is equally applicable to this.

Changes in racing rules and classification should, in our opinion, be made with the utmost deliberation, and only when their advisability or necessity is clearly established, and then with due regard to all existing interests.

To confide this important and vital function to a league which might be controlled by a majority consisting of clubs having memberships and fleets interested only in small boat racing would, in the judgment of your committee, be exceedingly unwise.

Your committee expresses no opinion on the question whether an organization or association on the lines of the proposed league, but confined wholly to those clubs which are interested chiefly in small boat racing, might not result in important advantages to its members.

For the reasons above given your committee are, however, of the opinion that the formation of a league such as proposed, consisting indiscriminately of the large clubs, or those whose fleets are composed of vessels of the larger classes, and the small clubs, or those which are chiefly interested in small boat racing, is inadvisable.

There are other reasons which, in their judgments, make it inadvisable for the New York Y. C. to take the initiative in any such movement, or, indeed, to participate in it to any degree.

It is manifest that this club could not consistently promote the formation of such an organization unless it were willing to become itself a member of it, and to this we think there are insuperable objections.

The New York Y. C. has never been a purely racing organization; if it had been it may well be doubted if it would ever have reached its present position.

From its early beginnings the club has shown a marked partiality for deep-water cruising. While it has wisely fostered an active interest in racing, it has not existed for that alone. Its splendid fleet of cruising vessels bears witness to the broader interest which its members have taken in the sport.

It would require cogent reasons indeed for such a club to surrender its autonomy to the control of others; and yet this is what the proposition under consideration means for the New York Y. C.

If it should join a league such as that now proposed, it must submit its classification and racing rules to the manipulation of others.

Its regatta committee, no longer a tribunal of last resort, must become a mere agency for the transmission of protests to a higher power for decision—a power, too, constituted, not by the act or vote of the New York Y. C., but by the votes of innumerable small clubs, whose membership is practically without limit, and whose only limit is that placed upon the size of their vessels.

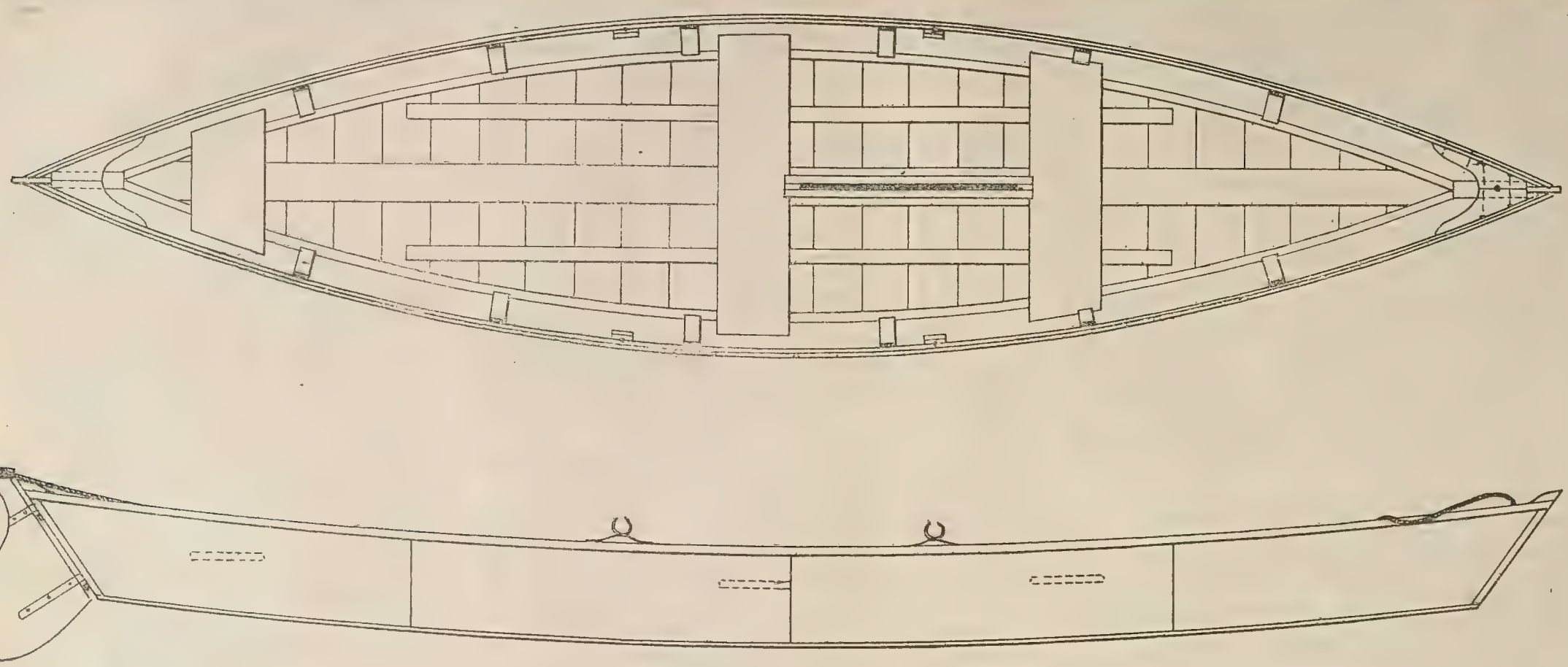
Its events must no longer be within its own control, but it must conform them to the dates fixed by this higher power.

Under the terms of the constitution submitted to us, its June regatta might be changed against its protest, or the date for the race for the Goelet cups might be altered by the same supreme power.

Even its right to discipline its own members would be taken away from it, for it is a part of the proposed scheme that the power to enforce the penalties for violations of racing rules should be vested in the council.

In the opinion of your committee it has everything to lose and nothing to gain in becoming a member of the proposed league.

Your committee therefore report, as their conclusion, that it is not advisable for the New York Y. C. to take any action toward the or-



ST. LAWRENCE RIVER "SKIEF."

ganization of the Yacht Racing League mentioned in the resolution under which they were appointed.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

Edward M. Brown,
S. Nicholson Kane,
James D. Smith,
E. D Morgan,
Louis Cass Ledyard,
C. Oliver Iselin,
Clarence A. Postley.

Dated New York, Jan. 20, 1897.

The Payne Bill.

From the Marine Journal.

If the President of the United States does not take advantage of his constitutional right to veto to-day (Saturday, Jan. 30) House bill 8,038, it becomes a law, and next Monday morning our readers can congratulate themselves upon the fact that hereafter if the Anglo-American millionaire desires to build, purchase or charter a foreign yacht she will have to enter and clear at the Custom House, pay tonnage dues, in fact, be amenable to the laws that govern all foreign built vessels, which is practically prohibition, as no yacht owner would subject himself to this annoyance, to say nothing of the expense. The bill referred to amends the revised statutes. The amendment is in italics and reads as follows:

"Section 4,216.—Yachts belonging to a regularly organized yacht club of any foreign nation which shall extend like privileges to the yachts of the United States shall have the privilege of entering or leaving any port of the United States without entering or clearing at the Custom House thereof or paying tonnage tax, *provided that the privileges of this section shall not extend to any yacht built outside of the United States and owned, chartered or used by a citizen of the United States, unless such ownership or charter was acquired prior to the passage of this act.*"

This bill originated with the *Marine Journal* upon the earnest solicitation of some of the most influential of our patrons. Congressman S. E. Payne, chairman of the House committee on Marine and Fisheries, introduced it and championed it through the House the first session of the Fifty fourth Congress. Senator Wm P. Frye, chairman of the commerce committee, would have got it through the Senate during the same session had it not been for the determined opposition of a member of the Senate who was at last through Senator Frye's earnest efforts prevailed upon to withdraw his opposition, thereby enabling the latter to pass the bill last week, soon after which it went to the President, who, we hope, will sign it; if not, it is the opinion of those interested that he will allow it to become a law without his signature

This is a very important bill in the line of shipbuilding, which includes skilled labor in nearly 3 0 different industries, all of which are largely indebted to Senator Frye and Congressman Payne, who never lost an opportunity to advance it to its final passage. The part the *Marine Journal* took in the matter was a pleasant duty it owes its constituents, and is another one of the many bills that we have advocated in the interest of the merchant marine, and the licensed officers of the United States that have become fixed on the statute books for all time, we hope. American designers and American builders can furnish our millionaires with a better yacht than they can get abroad; hence this new law can do no American any injury; it will simply oblige the Anglo-American to pay a handsome revenue into the Treasury of the United States if he cannot exist outside a British built craft.

We would not rob our contemporary of a tithe of the credit which it assumes for this most cowardly bill. Every true American should blush at the knowledge that American shipbuilders, after failing utterly in the attempt to compete in quality with their rivals of the Clyde, have gone to Congress with a cowardly plea for special legislation that should protect them from a fair and open competition on the part of men whom they thus acknowledge are more skillful than themselves.

Thus far we have been unable to learn just what the effect of the new law will be, and we believe that no one yet knows; it will probably take several suits at law to determine some of the questions now in doubt. It is possible that the bill may act as its promoters intend: to exclude all foreign yachts, both sail and steam, from American waters; to prevent even such instructive and profitable experiments as the racing of Minerva and Clara. On the other hand, it is possible that the framers of the bill have overreached themselves, and that it may fail entirely in achieving its principal objects.

In any case it is a sorry exhibition of the skill and spirit of the American shipbuilder of the end of the century.

Society of Naval Architects.

Under date of Dec. 21, 1896, the president of the Institution of Naval Architects, 5 Adelphi Terrace, London, W. C., invited the Society of Naval Architects to visit England toward the commencement of next July, to attend an international congress of naval architects and marine engineers, in London, under the honorary presidency of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, to celebrate the sixtieth year of the reign of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria.

By direction of the council, given at a special meeting held on Jan. 21, President Griscom has accepted this invitation for the society.

Members who propose to attend the congress are requested to notify the secretary, Francis T. Bowles, at their earliest convenience.

The executive committee, charged by the council with such detailed arrangements as may be necessary, will further communicate through the secretary with members who signify their wish to accept the invitation.

The Compartment System in Early Vessels.

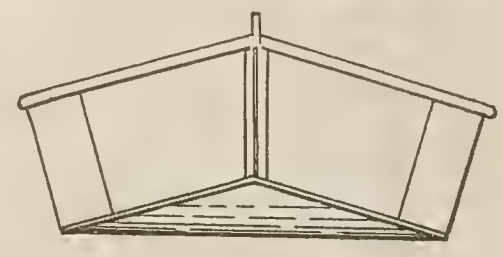
Editor Forest and Stream:

In looking over some old books lately I have come across descriptions of early compartment vessels, which may be of interest to readers of the Forest and Stream.

Marco Polo, writing early in the fourteenth century, is said to credit the Chinese with this system of construction in their river junks. We know that Le Compt, the Jesuit, writing in 1690, says of these same vessels and their builders: "They divide them into five or six apartments, separated by good partitions, so that when they touch at any place upon a point of rock only one part of the boat is full, while the others remain dry and give time to stop the hole."

The most curious description of this compartment system is that given by Dampier in describing a trading junk. Writing under date of May 21, 1687, then being in the Bay of Siam, the captain records that they fell in with "a great junk that came from Palimbar, a town on the island of Sumatra. This vessel was of the Chinese make, full of little rooms or partitions like our well-boats."

On June 25 of this same year Dampier anchored off the northeast end of St. John's Island. This island lies "on the



south coast of the province of Quantung or Canton in China." Here Dampier boards another junk and gives a full account of her:

"She was built with a square, flat head as well as stern, only the head or fore part was not so broad as the stern. On her deck she had little thacht houses like hovels, covered with palmeto leaves and raised about 3ft. high, for the seamen to creep into. She had a pretty large cabin wherein there was an altar and a lamp burning. I did but just look in and saw not the idol. The hold was divided in many small partitions, all of them made so tight that if a leak should spring up in any one of them it could go no farther, and so could do but little damage, but only to the goods in the bottom of that room where the leak springs up. Each of these rooms belongs to one or two merchants, or more, and every man freights his goods in his own room, and probably lodges there if he be on board himself."

Knowing John Chinaman's large care for his person and goods, it is a question whether the bulkhead was first introduced to protect the ship or the merchant and his venture.

A. C. Stott.

Stottville, N. Y., Jan. 26.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

W. B. Stearns, of Marblehead, yacht designer and builder, is the promoter of a class of 16-foot racing fin-keels of moderate cost, designed for racing and afternoon sailing in Marblehead Harbor. The boats will be 22ft. over all, 16ft. waterline, about 5ft. 6in. beam, and about 4ft. draft. They will carry 250sq. ft. of sail in jib and mainsail rig. The promise of quite a number of orders in the class is a good one, and the racing of the boats would make interesting sport. Parker H. Kemble has agreed to offer a special cup for the boats if five are built, and C. F. Lyman will offer a second cup if ten are built.—*Boston Globe*

C. H. Olding & Bro., of Fall River, are building for their own use from designs by F. T Wood, of that city, an open racing cat of 33ft. over all, 2ft waterline with crew on board, 10ft. extreme beam and 8ft. 5in. beam at waterline. The hull draws but 6in. The centerboard is of wood, weighted with about 75lbs. of lead, and is 8ft. 6in. long, with a drop of 5ft. 6in. The boat's least freeboard is 16in. She will have no outside keel or deadwood, and will steer with a balanced metal rudder. Her model is on the same principle as the ½-raters Paprika and Question. She will have a sail area of 735sq. ft., the sail dimensions being as follows: Foot 32ft. 1in., head 20ft. 9in., hoist 21ft. The spars will be light and the mast will have a headstay, backstays and shrouds with spreaders. In construction the boat will be very light. The keel is of spruce, 9in. wide and 1¾in. thick, strengthened vertically by sills 1ft deep and 1⅜in. thick. The frames are of oak, sided 1in. and moulded ⅞in., and spaced 9in. on centers. The planking is $^{11}/_{16}$in. cedar and the deck is of $^{7}/_{16}$in pine, covered with canvas. The boat will be raced in the Fall River Y. C.'s 18' to 21ft. catboat class.—*Boston Globe.*

The Brief's" Illustrations.

I have just been comparing the subjects of field illustration in the *Game Laws in Brief* with the Frost outing water colors which have recently been canvassed about the country, and was struck with their typical characteristics. Of course the Frost collection is exclusively field pictures; but if a stranger from the planet Mars should desire a typical album illustrative of American sport, he would hardly find so many phases of it in so small a compass as the thirteen photos at the end of your compendium.

Charles Hallock.

Canoeing.

THE ORIGINAL ST. LAWRENCE SKIFF.

There is, or was at one time, a good deal of dispute as to what was, or is, the St. Lawrence River skiff, "only" or otherwise; but I think that no one who knows that river from the Long Sault to the Gulf—and that is no small distance—has the slightest doubt as to what was the original "St. Lawrence River skiff," or indeed as to what is the typical rowing craft of this great water. They have canoes and half-raters and other abnormal creations of degeneracy on the St. Lawrence about Montreal; and pilot boats, yawls and most villainous dingeys about Quebec; but aside from those exotic colonies of modernity the craft in almost universal use on the "river" is the "skief." In my opinion the "skief" was not invented for use on the river, nor indeed has the river greatly affected the form of the "skief," for the French-Canadian is not an inventive person. He is prone to believe that what was good enough for his father is good enough for him, and his great great-great-grandfather probably brought the idea of the "skief" from the Breton river sides when as a forced or free colonist he came to New France in the long ago picturesque time of Louis XIV.

Be that as it may, the "skief" is a mighty good boat, and to this day when it comes down to business, when big stretches of the river have to be crossed among the drifting floe ice of spring or the "Fraseal" of winter, when a November gale on Lac St. Peter has to be faced, it is almost always the despised green-painted "skief" with the pin oars that is selected for the work—not the varnished, lapstreaked skiff from "up the river," with her fancy woods, spoon oars, and general piano finish.

The "skief," as the accompanying sketch shows, is the river's sister of the ocean's dory, but as used on the St. Lawrence she is always flat-bottomed, without other frames than a few stiffening battens nailed to her sides, and fitted with short ash pin oars The sides are generally one single piece of clear white pine, and in the actual boats, while the stern is nearly perpendicular, the stem has a strong rake. The bottom is always planked athwartship without caulking, and is never painted, so that the swelling of the wood may keep the boat tight.

The "pingeys" of the raftsmen are big skiffs, the sides being built up to 3 and 4ft in height, generally lapstreak of rough fashion. There are but few of these most picturesque craft in existence now. The Caughnawaga Indians still use them, and Big John still takes his "big boat" through the steamer channel upon occasions; but apart from this they are numbered with the Durham boats and "Northwest" canoes.

Not so the "skief." All along both sides of the river, from the Long Sault to Quebec, every farmer with a river frontage, every other villager, and every fisherman and riverman has his "skief." Every "pin flat" (and there are still lots of these almost prehistoric craft afloat), every barge and schooner has her "skief," and nearly all the fishing and shooting on the river is done from these boats.

Mr. Wickstead's drawing is of a "skief," but a modernized and symmetrical "skief," such a skiff as we would all like to own; and still I doubt whether in essentials she would be one whit better than one of the Varannes boats, that can be bought for $1 a foot, paint included.

When the French-Canadian riverside man uses a sail in his "skief" he uses a little rag of a sprit sail, a rough, oblong, blanket-shaped thing, and the mast is generally stepped amidships. I never saw one of them attempt to ply to windward in these craft, and in fact the "Chambly canoe" is the only French-Canadian craft that has any pretensions to weatherliness. The "pin flat" and the "barge" are only intended to run before the wind, although the "barge" now carries a gaff sail. I think it was originally a lateen or settee.

That is all I know about cows, "skiefs" I mean, but their color, which is variegated, but generally green. In this they fall far behind the "pingeys," which were red, or the "pin flats," which are frequently blue, with fine big black eyes to see out of. When the drawings of the "pin flats," "pingeys," "Durham boats," "Chambly canoes," "north shore canoes" and "barks" that Mr. Wickstead has promised for this series are completed, I will have something more to say about these cattle; but, like little Tommy, "I now says no more; compositions is done for this week." Retaw.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 24.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association to-day. Conditions: 200yds., strictly off-hand, at the standard target, 7-ring black. The poor scores to day were due to a b inding glare from the snow-covered ground and a tricky wind. The scores:

						Gindele.															
8	10	10	10	6	10	10	8	9	9—90		8	8	9	8	10	8	8	10	9	10—88
9	9	8	8	10	8	6	8	10	9 85		8	6	10	5	10	10	8	10	7	10—86
						*Hake.															
8	5	5	5	6	6	6	6	5	6—58		5	7	4	4	7	5	9	5	6	7—59
5	7	6	9	5	8	6	6	5	6—62		7	4	8	4	4	4	4	9	7	6—57
						Payne.															
7	9	8	6	8	9	6	5	6	10—71		4	8	9	8	6	6	10	6	7	7—71
7	7	6	6	6	8	7	8	8	8—71		5	5	6	5	9	9	9	4	8	10—70
						Roberts.															
9	7	8	10	9	10	8	7	6	4—78		8	7	6	8	10	10	8	7	9	8—81
8	7	8	8	7	9	7	7	6	7—74		9	9	6	5	9	8	8	8	6	5—73
						Wellinger.															
7	9	6	10	6	9	8	8	7	9—76		10	5	9	9	10	7	8	8	7	7—80
8	7	5	7	9	7	4	10	7	10—74		6	6	7	4	9	9	7	6	9	7—70
						Drube.															
8	10	8	6	6	10	9	9	7	4—77		8	8	4	8	8	6	10	10	8	7—77
10	7	7	7	7	7	7	6	9	8—75		8	7	7	7	7	8	7	7	9	4—71
						Hasenzahl.															
9	9	9	10	6	9	10	8	5	9—81		10	7	6	6	8	7	6	8	7	7—72
6	6	6	7	7	6	8	9	8	7—70		7	5	5	9	9	7	7	5	7	9—67

* Military Rifle.

West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Jan. 23.—Below are the scores made for the rifle prize at our range:

Sneed	5	7	6	3	5	5	7	7	7	7—59
Scott	4	10	5	4	7	4	6	10	4	4—59
Shaw	4	6	6	4	10	4	8	6	5	3—56
Harrison	6	8	4	7	5	4	7	3	5	4—53
Haviland	3	4	3	8	4	4	4	6	7	5—48
Brown	4	4	5	3	4	5	7	5	3	3—43

W. A. KIDD, Sec'y.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in these columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Feb. 8-20—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live-bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

Feb. 10.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Second contest for the *Recreation* cup, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

Feb. 12.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—100-target handicap event, unknown angles, $2 entrance, targets extra at 1 cent each. Shoot commences at 10 A. M. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

Feb. 12.—NEWARK, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Forester Gun Club. Targets. H. E. Winans, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—All-day shoot of the New Haven Gun Club. Targets. Wm. H Hazel, Sec'y.

Feb. 22. WISSINOMING STATION, P. R. R., Pa.—All day shoot of the Florists Gun Club, of Philadelphia. Targets.

Feb. 22.—PARKERSBURG, W. Va.—All-day shoot of the Mountain State Gun Club. Targets. Leo Epstein, Sec'y.

Feb, 22.—NEWARK, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Forester Gun Club. Targets. H. E. Winans, Sec'y.

March 13-17.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap (live birds), at Elkwood Park. $1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added. Entries close March 20.

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open to-all tournament.

April 14-16.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

April 21-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

April 28-29.—RICHMOND, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

May 26-29.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—MONROE, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

It seems that a mistake was made in crediting the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., with the promotion of the tournament held recently in that city. The following letter is from a member of the Audubon Gun Club who prefers to remain anonymous: "I notice that in your issue of Jan. 30 you state that the midwinter tournament at Buffalo, N. Y., was under the management of the Audubon Gun Club. This is an error, as the Audubon Gun Club was in no way connected with the management of said tournament, it being given under the management of Mr. William E. Garbe, and was held at Audubon Park. I would like to state further that all tournaments held by the Buffalo Audubon Club have been successful, and undoubtedly had the one in question been under its management it also would have been a success, as the club numbers 125 enthusiastic members. By making this correction you will confer a favor on a number of members of the Buffalo Audubon Club."

The Brooklyn Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is a new organization. We have received the following notice in regard to its opening shoot: "The opening shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club will be held at its grounds, Enfield street, near Liberty avenue, Brooklyn, on Saturday, Feb. 13. Sweepstakes will be the order of the day, and shooting will commence at 10:30 A. M. Lunch and loaded shells on the grounds. Take Kings County Elevated and ride to the end of the road, which is within five minutes' walk of the grounds." The Brooklyn Club is an organization specially gotten up to further the interests of trap-shooting in Brooklyn and New York; it is composed of energetic members who will leave no stone unturned to make the future of the club a success.

Next week will be a busy one at the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J. On Feb. 10 (Wednesday) the second contest for the New Jersey amateur championship cup will be shot off On Friday, Feb. 12, Lincoln's Birthday, there will be a 100-target handicap race, unknown angles, entrance $2, targets extra at 1 cent each; there will also be optional sweeps on each 25 targets. A full programme of events will be scheduled for each of the above days; shooting commences on both days at 10 A. M. The contest for the cup and the handicap race will be started at noon on their respective days. The club will follow its usual (almost unusual for this part of the country) custom of entertaining its guests at lunch during the shoot.

The quality of the birds at Larchmont cannot be cavilled at. They were a splendid lot, "as good as ever were trapped." They were of the class known as Gilbert match birds, being specially selected by Messrs. Gilbert, of Philadelphia. The price to the shooters may seem a little steep to some people, viz., 90 cents a pair, but they were actually worth the money, being all alike, all good and nearly every one of them a bird that required the best of work to stop it within bounds.

R. A. Welch won the Larchmont Y. C.'s amateur championship cup on Jan. 29-30 by scoring 92 out of 100 birds at 30yds. rise and 21yds. boundary. His nearest competitor was G. S. McAlpin, who was second with 84, a difference of 8 birds. This shows how well Welch must have shot, particularly when he could reckon among his competitors George Work, Fred Hoey, C. A. Macalester, Edgar Murphy, T. S. Dando, L. T. Duryea, Dr. Wynn, F. G. Moore, H. B. Gilbert, etc.

Manager Elmer E. Shaner announces that the Interstate Association will hold a two days' tournament at Richmond, Va., April 28-29, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club, of that city. This makes another good city on the Association's list for 1897, the tournament in the capital of Old Virginny promising to be one of the best on its circuit for this season. Richmond should draw shooters from Washington, Charlotte, Lynchburg, Charleston, S. C., and any amount of other convenient points.

The boys had a cold deal as regards weather at San Antonio this year. Even the warmth of the greeting and the hospitality tendered them by the Big Three could hardly atone for the uncongeniality of the weather. Southern hotels are scarcely ever well fitted to resist the attacks of thirteen degrees of frost. That's good, brisk weather for our climate, but for the South——! And Ferd Van Dyke went down with a light spring overcoat!

The Warren, O., Gun Club held its annual meeting and election of officers on Jan. 19. The following list of officers was elected for 1897: President, C. L. Schoonover; Vice-President, L. F. Craven; Secretary, R. W. Ewalt; Treasurer, George H. Jones; Captain, E. A. Biery. Last year was a very satisfactory one to the club, and another season fully as satisfactory is anticipated for 1897.

The Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club has elected the following officers for 1897: President, Sheriff G. T. Bell (re-elected for the third time); Vice-President, W. C. McDonald; Secretary-Treasurer, R. H. Fay; Captain, J. F. Killits; Directors: J. H. Davidson, W. E. Bell, W. W. Wilson, Ed. Kottman, W. B. Sands, H. F. Forney and J. F. Killets.

The Baltimore *Sun* of a recent issue is answerable for the announcement that at the forthcoming Interstate Association tournament in that city, April 14-16, there will be two days at targets and one day at live birds. Substantial added money attractions are promised.

Sweepstake shooting at live birds takes place every Saturday afternoon at Elkwood Park. Shooting commences at 1 P. M., so that it is an easy matter for anybody from New York or vicinity to get to the grounds in plenty of time. Tickets should be bought to Branchport station on the New York & Long Branch Railroad.

It has been stated that New York was poorly represented at Elkwood Park on the opening day. As a matter of fact, Fred Hoey was at home sick, Edgar Murphy was in Philadelphia on business, while George Work is taking little interest in shooting owing to his being so seriously out of form.

Miss Annie Oakley and Frank Kleinz, of Philadelphia, will shoot a 50-bird race at Yardville, N. J. (Zwirlein's grounds), on Feb. 22. Kleinz has met Miss Oakley twice in live-bird matches, defeating her once and tieing the second time with 45 each out of 50 shot at.

The Riverton Gun Club, of Riverton, N. J., has elected the following officers for 1897: President, J. C. S. Davis; Vice-President, C. M. Moody; Secretary, Moncreiff Cleland; Treasurer, J. C. Jones; Board of Governors: J. C. W. Frismuth, E. B. Showell, S. B. Stinson, H. B. Powell and T. S. Dando.

The Gilbert cup, offered for competition on the Carteret grounds by H. B. Gilbert, is now the propeety of G. S. McAlpin. He won it for the third time on Wednesday, Jan. 27, tieing with Hooper on 10 straight. In the miss-and-out to settle the tie McAlpin won in the second round.

On the way home from Larchmont on Friday evening the following team race was arranged: McAlpin-Murphy vs. Work-Macalester. The conditions are 100 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, 30yds. boundary, Westminster Kennel Club grounds. No date was fixed for the match.

Joe Baker's win of the Boiling Springs handicap live-bird shoot on Saturday, Jan. 23, came somewhat in the nature of a surprise. A score of 20 straight, even from the 27yds. mark, is a good one and is something that Baker may well be proud of.

Twelve 15-target events make up the programme for the Washington's Birthday shoot of the Mountain State Gun Club, of Parkersburg, W. Va. The Rose system of dividing purses will be used.

The Peekskill, N. Y., Gun Club will hold a tournament this spring. Dates will be chosen and the programme announced in due time, plenty of notice being given to avoid clashing of dates.

The officers of the Upland Gun Club, of Philadelphia, for 1897 are: President, John W Hulme; Vice President, Holmes Seaman; Secretary, Harry Rowe; Treasurer, Henry Flounders.

The Elkwood Park programme for Feb. 22 is a good one and should attract shooters to the new grounds. It is published in full elsewhere in these columns.

FEB. 2. EDWARD BANKS.

The San Antonio Midwinter.

ALTHOUGH the full report of the San Antonio, Tex., midwinter tournament has not come to hand, we are able to give some little details about the first and second days' shooting that may prove of interest.

On the first day the weather was extremely cold for a point as far south as San Antonio. To keep the boys warm two large fires were kept burning in rear of the scores, although some of the old standbys were strictly in it as usual. Taking the figures given in the San Antonio *Daily Express* of Wednesday, Jan. 27, we note that of those who had shot out their scores in the eight 20-target events, Heikes, of course, was in the lead with 151 out of 160. Parmelee was second with 149 out of 160. Heikes's total was made up of three straights, three 19s and two 17s.

The following figures show how the leaders stood: Heikes 151, Parmelee 149, Dickey 143, Sergeant and Fulford 142, Grimm 141, Elliott 140, Wallace Miller 139, Glover 137, Gilbert 136, Van Dyke 132, Powers 131. McMurchy was clean off his form, if the figures given are correct, as his total for the 160 shot at is only 119.

The same authority quoted above states that Dr. Carver and C. W. Budd were both in bed with the grip. It adds sententiously: "They brought it here." Winston, whose total does not appear at all, was the luckiest man of the day, winning first money alone in No. 3, his straight netting him $55.

On the second day there were five 20-target events and the contest for the Schmelzer trophy on the programme. The *Daily Express* of Jan. 28 says: "Heikes, as usual, heads the list with 97 out of 100" in the five 20-target events. Royal Robinson, secretary of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, shot a great gait, scoring one straight and three 19s out of the four 20-target events he shot in. Fulford, Bartlett, Gilbert, Powers, Sergeant and Sexton all made 90 per cent. or better.

The contest for he Schmelzer trophy was not finished when darkness came on, some of the shooters having to finish their scores the next morning. Of those who had finished, Heikes led with 82, Sergeant and Sexton were next with 79, Calhoun had 66, and Sumner 63. As matters stood at the end of the second day, Fulford had to break 19 out of 25 to beat Heikes, Charlie Young and Ferd. Van Dyke having to break 22 to perform the same feat. The contest is at 100 targets, reversed order, and the targets at San Antonio were thrown far and fast, the angles of No. 1 and No. 5 being very acute.

A MIDWINTER SPECIAL.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Feb. 2.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The midwinter tournament closed on Saturday, Jan. 30. The weather throughout was wretchedly bad; it sleeted, snowed, hailed and rained alternately. Heikes won first average on the first day with 94.3; on the second day he led with 97 per cent.; Parmelee won first average on the third day with 93.7; Gilbert was first on the fourth day with 94.1. On the fifth day Heikes was again in the lead with 93 per cent. For general averages on all five days Heikes is first with 92.2; Fulford second with 89 8; Parmelee third with 89.2. Heikes, Young and Van Dyke tied on 82 for the Schmelzer trophy. Royal Robinson won the E. C. cup. PAUL R. LITZKE.

At Watson's Park.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 20.—The monthly live-bird shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, of this city, was held at Watson's Park to-day. A handicap of misses as kills is allowed each member of the club. All start in at 30yds. in January, fresh handicaps of yards being allowed in following shoots. To-day's scores were:

O von Lengerke (1)	2222222222222222	15+1	—15
F R Bissell (3)	1101211111222221	14+3	—15
C S Wilcox (2)	1201112221111112	13+2	—15
J M Gillespie (2)	1011112012201212	12+2	—14
W H Dupee (2)	2022222210220000	10+2	—12

Practice scores to-day were:

Dupee	21121222210220012211000211221	—24
Gillespie	2102211111222022	—14
Barto	1020110112211212	—13
Wilcox	2122112211	—10

Jan. 22—R. Kuss and Dr. Liddy shot some practice birds to-day. Kuss scored 65 out of 75; Dr. Liddy 26 out of 30. Scores:

R Kuss	2222112122221112221111122	—25
	2110121221212222102222102 2	—22
	2220202012222200201021221	—18—65
Dr Liddy	1212022022122212211012101111111	—26

Jan. 30.—The members of the Garfield Gun Club held their monthly live-bird shoot at Watson's Park to-day. The scores made are given below:

J P Hicks (30)	0112112021112122221 1	—18
J von Lengerke (30)	2220102222202222222 2	—18
J M Young (28)	1120102210012101111 2	—15
F M Fish (27)	2211011211100222211	—17
C E Comley (27)	2001010222110121111	—15
E E Neal (30)	2222201102121222122	—18
D E Russell (25)	0012000200101020022	— 8
S Palmer (30)	2222122222102121202 2	—18
G E Goodman (27)	1012221210221212122 2	—18
R W Wright (30)	2112212112112212210	—19
R Kuss (30)	1212000122111211121	—17
Dr Liddy (30)	2112120012011102212 1	—17

The men below were not present at the December shoot, so shot their December scores to-day:

Von Lengerke	2222222220222222222 2	—19
D E Russell	2120010000200001002 0	— 7
A W Wright	2111222101122111122 0	—18
E E Neal	2222122222221211122	—20

RAVELRIGG.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 27.—The Rochester Rod and Gun Club held an all day's tournament to-day on the Cobb's Hill grounds. The programme called for ten regular events, which were shot off. No. 7 was a free merchandise contest with twelve prizes. The cold weather and high wind kept a large number of well-known marksmen from the neighboring towns away. The shooting of Davis, Byer, Stewart, Borst and Foley was very good. The prizes were won in the following order: Byer first, Tassell second, B. Richman third, Davis fourth, Borst fifth, Redmond sixth, Ward seventh, Bates eighth. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	10	25	15	10	10
Borst	7	10	10	8	10	8	20	14	9	7
Tassell	7	10	10	9	11	10	23	12	7	6
Lowe	4	7	12	8	12	7	21	10	..	..
Byer	9	8	12	6	12	8	24	14	9	8
Wyness	7	9	13	8	11	6	20	9	..	..
Ward	9	9	14	7	13	8	16	12	8	7
Hicks	10	..	..	..	..	..	23	..	..	..
A Rickman	..	3	11	8	11	8	20	14	5	..
Stewart	..	..	11	10	13	10	24	13	9	6
Gardner	..	..	13	6	9	..	22	10	..	..
B Rickman	..	..	..	8	9	..	22	12	..	..
Davis	..	..	..	..	13	9	21	14	9	9
Bates	..	..	..	..	..	5	12	..	6	..
Foley	..	..	..	..	..	9	20	13	..	10
Bolton	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	14	7	10
Schleyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	9	9	7
Redmond	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	5	..
Meyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	7

The tournament was arranged and managed by E. D. Hicks.

DE WITT.

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 29.—P. F. McKeon and Grant Nichols, members of the Cobweb Gun Club, of this city, shot a 50-bird race to day on the grounds of the club at Baychester. There was a foot of snow on the ground, and a strong northwest wind blowing directly over the traps. The birds were a good lot of strong flyers and took a lot of stopping, the white ones in particular being hard to see. Both men shot in excellent form, tieing with 45 each. The tie will be shot off some time in February. In the 29th round No. 2 trap broke, the match being finished by mutual consent with 4 traps only. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	1 1 3 4 5 3 2 5 4 3 2 1 4 4 4 3 2 2 4 2 4 2 1 5 1	
	↗↖↑↑→→↑→↗↗↑↖↖↙↘↗←→↙↙→↙→↗	
NicLols	2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	—23
	2 2 3 3 3 1 3 4 5 1 3 1 4 3 5 1 5 1 1 3 5 3 3 1 3	
	↗↘→→↗←→←→←↗↖↘↗←↖↗↓↙↘↙↙↖↙→	
	• 1 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 1 2 2 2 2	—22—45
	2 4 5 2 2 1 4 5 5 4 3 3 2 2 5 1 1 2 2 4 3 2 2 3 4	
	↖↖↖↑↑↗↘↘↑↗↖↘↓↓↶↘↙←↗→↖↗←↑↓↗	
McKeon	0 1 • 2 2 0 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2	—22
	5 2 1 2 5 4 4 4 1 3 1 3 5 4 3 4 5 1 3 5 4 1 5 4 4	
	↘→↖→↗→↙↘←←↖↗↖→↗↗↘←↖↓↖↖↗↓↘	
	2 2 • 1 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2	—23—45

Another match was also shot during the afternoon, the contestants being McDonnell and Elliott, both members of the club. The conditions were 15 birds per man, McDonnell wagering his gun against the cost of the birds. The match was a close one, McDonnell just managing to retain his gun by the narrow margin of 9 to 8. Score:

McDonnell .....110012200201022—9 Elliott.....111002002001021—8

Washington's Birthday at Elkwood Park.

ELKWOOD PARK, Long Branch, N. J., Jan. 30.—Please announce in your trap-shooting columns that on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, there will be live-bird shooting all day, commencing at 10 A. M., or rather on the arrival of the 8:30 train from New York, *via* Central R. R. of N. J., foot of Liberty street.

No. 1, the Washington: 15 birds, $10 entrance, 3 moneys, Rose system. Professionals 32yds., amateurs 30yds.

No. 2, the Long Branch Handicap: 10 birds, $5 entrance. Handicaps from 25 to 30yds. Those at 25 and 26yds. allowed 2 misses as "no birds"; 27 and 28yds., 1 miss as a "no bird." High guns; ties, miss-and-out. Allowances do not run on ties.

No 3, a star miss-and-out handicap, $1 entrance. Contestants can re-enter as often as they wish by paying double previous entry. Handicaps from 27 to 32yds. Open to all.

Trains stop at Elkwood Park: Central R. R. of N. J., from New York, 8:30 and 10:45 A. M.; Penn. R. R., 9:10 A. M. Returning, leave Elkwood Park: Penn. R. R., 5:51 P. M., and Central R. R. of N. J., 6:54 P. M.

Purchase railroad tickets for Branchport and return.

DALY & CHANFRAU, Managers.

Herriott Gun Club, of Yonkers.

YONKERS, N. Y., Jan. 29.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Herriott Gun Club, of this place, on the grounds at Oakhill Park:

Thomas Mack	1111111111111111111110111—24
Geo Banzer	1111011101111111111111000—20
Otto Henn	0111111111111010111011001—19
Jake Brenner	1110111010001111111111100—18
Wm Fisher	0001000111110110111010101—14
Joe Switzer	0000011010000111110000011— 9
John Hine	1000001000000001110000000— 6
Henry Meyer	0000010000000010000000000— 2

GEO. BANSER, Sec'y.

Detroit vs. Windsor.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan 23.—Teams from Windsor and Detroit met to-day and shot a friendly race at live birds for "the suppers." Windsor had to "set 'em up" as shown by the following score:

Detroit.		Windsor.	
Mercier	2122222220—9	Youngblood	2120112210—8
Weisse	2222020222—8	Pierser	1022120021—7
Marks	1022012210—7	Chevin	2000221010—5
Brady	0022110222—7	Droullard	1000020020—4
Wood	0020222120—6—37	Gerard	0001100010—3—27

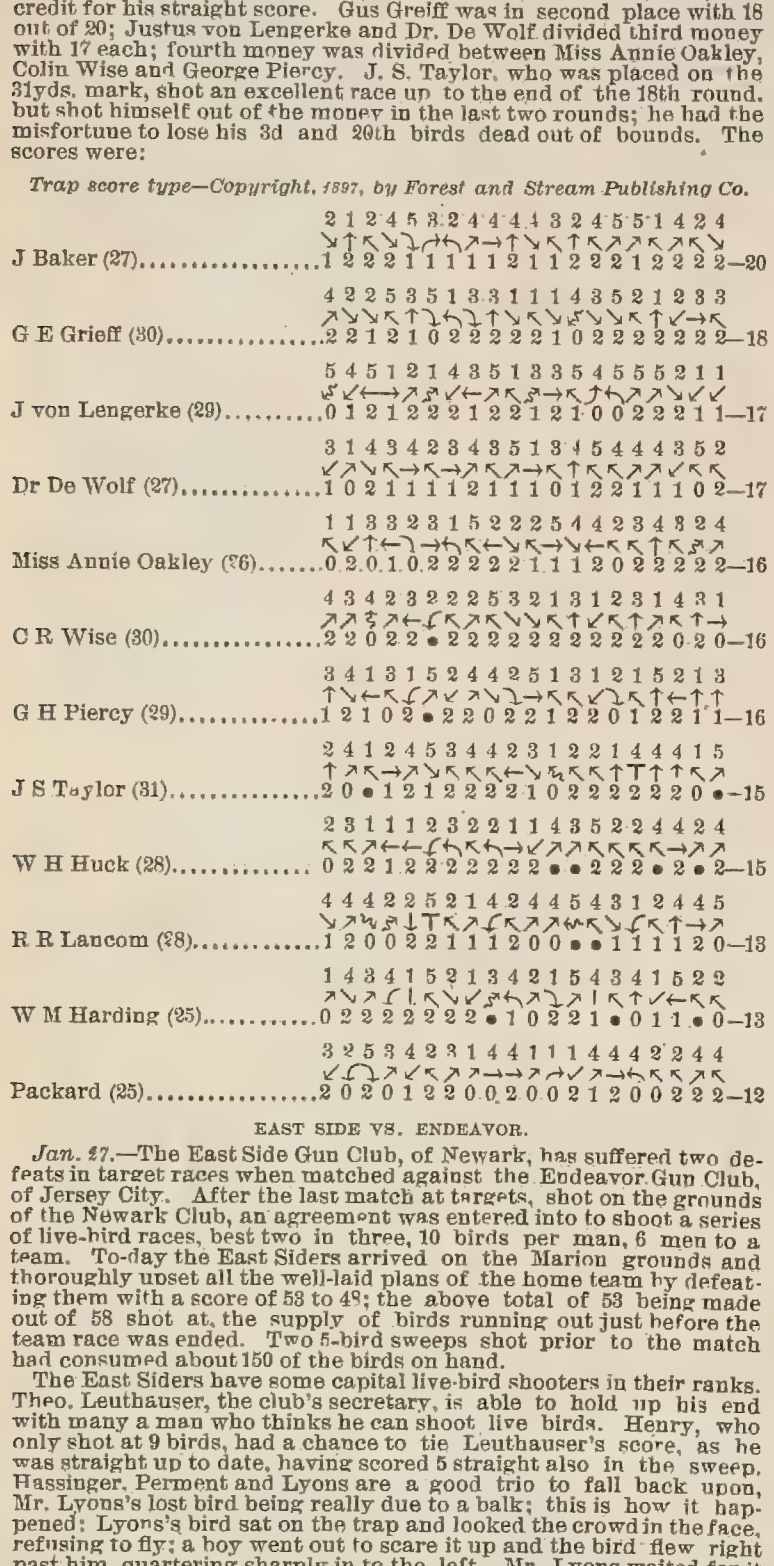
L. G.

IN NEW JERSEY.

BOILING SPRINGS HANDICAP.

Jan. 25.—The 20 bird handicap race shot to-day on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, was favored with excellent weather for live-bird shooting. The wind from the northwest almost reached the dignity of a gale, and swept the birds from the traps in a manner that caused much trouble to the majority of the shooters. Joe Baker was lightly handicapped and was also rather favored in the luck of the birds, but nevertheless he deserves great credit for his straight score. Gus Greiff was in second place with 18 out of 20; Justus von Lengerke and Dr. De Wolf divided third money with 17 each; fourth money was divided between Miss Annie Oakley, Colin Wise and George Piercy. J. S. Taylor, who was placed on the 31yds. mark, shot an excellent race up to the end of the 18th round, but shot himself out of the money in the last two rounds; he had the misfortune to lose his 3d and 20th birds dead out of bounds. The scores were:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



EAST SIDE VS. ENDEAVOR.

Jan. 27.—The East Side Gun Club, of Newark, has suffered two defeats in target races when matched against the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City. After the last match at targets, shot on the grounds of the Newark Club, an agreement was entered into to shoot a series of live-bird races, best two in three, 10 birds per man, 6 men to a team. To-day the East Siders arrived on the Marion grounds and thoroughly upset all the well-laid plans of the home team by defeating them with a score of 53 to 48; the above total of 53 being made out of 58 shot at, the supply of birds running out just before the team race was ended. Two 5-bird sweeps shot prior to the match had consumed about 150 of the birds on hand.

The East Siders have some capital live-bird shooters in their ranks. Theo. Leuthauser, the club's secretary, is able to hold up his end with many a man who thinks he can shoot live birds. Henry, who only shot at 9 birds, had a chance to tie Leuthauser's score, as he was straight up to date, having scored 5 straight also in the sweep. Hassinger, Perment and Lyons are a good trio to fall back upon. Mr. Lyons's lost bird being really due to a balk; this is how it happened: Lyons's bird sat on the trap and looked the crowd in the face, refusing to fly; a boy went out to scare it up and the bird flew right past him, quartering sharply in to the left. Mr. Lyons waited for it to get well away from the boy before firing, and really had no room to kill it in; had he refused to accept it, Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., who was acting as referee, would most certainly have allowed him another bird. Mr. Lyons is well known in the vicinity of Albany, being a prominent member of the West Side Gun Club, of that city.

On the side of the Endeavors Carl von Lengerke did some good work, scoring 19 out of 20, his single lost bird being a dead out of bounds. Harry Welles was responsible for 9 out of 10, some of the birds he drew being good fivers. Lott, who is at present handicapped by having no gun to shoot live birds with, pulled himself together in the team race and scored 8 out of his 9.

The birds were a mixed lot, many of them being rattling good flyers. The conditions on which they were furnished to the shooters were generous enough: 25 cents each and the shooter to have his own dead birds. The afternoon was a pleasant one so far as a sociable gathering of sportsmen was concerned; there was, however, too much nip and snow in the air to make it entirely pleasant for shooting. It was good to hug the stove now and then—when one got the chance, that is to say. A return match will be shot soon on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club under precisely similar conditions as to number of men on the teams and number of birds per man. Scores in to-day's race were:

East Side Gun Club.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
T Leuthauser	2212221222—10	20222—4
*K Henry	2111222?2 — 9	11212—5
W Hassinger	2212211210— 9	22022—4
F Perment	1121?20211— 9	20111—4
L E Lyons	2221021111— 9	11121—5
J Fisher	2020212222 — 7—53	.....
Endeavor Gun Club.		
C von Lengerke	122?2?2211— 9	21212—5 22222—5
H S Welles	2?20222222— 9	..... 20222 4
J B Lott	1210112222 — 8	20012—3 22012 4
F S Edwards	2122120101— 8	22212—5 11?00 3
G H Piercy	2?2102122 — 7	02112—4 2 00? 3
E Collins	1020221220— 7—48	12122—5 .....
Mulvaney		00211—3 10222 4
Ed Taylor		21010—3 .....
A R Strader		00211—3 12121—5
J Dustin		11122—5
J S Remsen		22220—4
Reiboldt		22212—5
Erhardt		10201—3
L Thomas		01011—3

* Henry, Fisher, Lott and Piercy only shot at 9 birds each.

ORITANI FIELD CLUB.

Jan. 23.—The regular competition for the club's badge took place this afternoon on the grounds of the Oritani Field Club at Hackensack. This competition is a handicap affair, 30 singles per man, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at, 15 known and 15 unknown angles, the allowance being shot off at unknown angles. Raymond was the winner of to day's event, Bell, the scratch man, pushing him hard for first honors. The weather was decidedly unfavorable for target shooting, a strong wind causing the targets to take most erratic flights. In the table of scores made in practice sweeps, No. 5 was shot under similar conditions to those that govern the badge contest. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*30*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*30*
Raymond	4	8	4	..	25	Bell	..	..	..	..	8 ..
Blauvelt	8	8	5	6	16	Ricardo	..	..	..	..	6 ..
Belden	5	5	6	4	17	Snyder	..	..	..	..	5 ..

Scores in the club badge contest:

Raymond (5) 1111100110011011010101010010101111111 —23
Blauvelt (7) 1100?0101010010000110001100011?000101 —14
Belden (8) 0000?10101101011101010010?0?01010000000— 3
Bell (0) 1001011100011111111110111111101 —22
Snyder (5) 0100101011101111100110100111001011 —20

J. R. Banta, Sec'y.

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.

Jan. 30.—Below are the scores of the shoot on the Marion grounds on the above date. The afternoon was a very pleasant one. It was a return visit of the Bergen County G. C. for the one that the Endeavors paid them on New Year's Day, and I wish to say that the Endeavors were royally entertained on that occasion. The return visit was very much appreciated by us, and was also gratifying, as it shows some return of what we have worked for as a club, viz., to bring about a good feeling between the different clubs in this vicinity. The shooting was very hard on account of the wind and light. The main event was a team race selected from both clubs by Capts. Jackson and Piercy, the members of each team being from either club. The scores in this event were:

Jackson's Team.

Apgar	0110101011110101011111010—16
L Piercy	1011011111111110110101111—20
Addams	0111111101110100100101110—16
Boaytaum	0100110010100101001110110—12
Jackson	0001111101100111111000001—14
Post	1010000 10110010100010010—10
Warner	1011101101100000100010000 -10
Horton	00001000 0110001111011000 -10
Raymond	1010111111111011001111111—20—128

Piercy's Team.

Taylor	1000100100011011001000011—10
C von Lengerke	0111111111111111101111110—22
Strader	0111001101111001111101010 - 16
Dustin	1110011110110101111101101—18
Billings	0010010110111100111111100—15
Ingram	0110101010011100010111111—15
Hatfield	0010000001001000111100100— 8
G H Piercy	1110111011011011011101101—18
Johnston	1110010011111111101000111—17—139

Sweeps were also shot as below, all events being at 15 targets, unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
N Apgar	11	12	11	10	13	11	Horton	6	4	7	9	..	..
G Piercy	15	11	11	14	13	11	Post	8	..	..	..	6	..
P Adams	9	11	..	11	10	..	Ingram	12	..	10	10	..	10
E Taylor	15	12	..	8	10	..	Gardner	..	10	..	..	6	6
C von Lengerke	14	10	14	9	13	9	L Piercy	..	12	10	14	..	..
Billings	9	11	10	..	8	..	A R Strader	..	..	9	11	13	9
Dustin	11	8	11	10	9	..	Hatfield	..	..	..	4	5	..
Jackson	11	12	4	11	..	7	Child	..	..	..	..	..	2
Raymond	12	9	9	..	10	14							

A. R. Strader, Sec'y.

HANDICAP AT SINGAC.

Jan. 30.—There was a 25 bird handicap at Bunn's grounds, Singac, to day The seven entries found good birds to shoot at, particularly in the last half of the match, when Arthur Bunn produced some of his hummers. The scores of that part of the match show that the shooters were up against some fast birds. Scores:

		No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
N E Money (29)	2221222222•2222222222100 21	....	12221	22 2121121
A Doty (28)	220021222 12121222?102220 -21	210	21110	.. ..
VonLengerke (29)	11111111212•0012•2101?22• —19	1120	21110	.. ..
G Hopper (29)	2220202222212222000•22222—19	....	0	22 0
T W Morfey (31)	2222222222?•2222002020020—18	2222	22220	20 1122210
Johnson (28)	1201001002000010000•2110— 9	....	.....	.. ..
E Morgan (28)	1•2222202002•00 w — 8	....	0	.. ..
Smith (28)		2222	20	10 22220

CLIMAX GUN CLUB.

Jan. 27.—The regular monthly shoot of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N J., was held to-day at the Fanwood grounds. Scores were:

Dolman (7)	1101101111111101110401111101101 —25
Woodruff (2)	1101111111111111111110101 —24
Brantingham (1)	1110101111110111101111111 — 22
Swody (6)	0111111011000110101101110011111 —21
Scott (5)	1011001001110101111111011011 —21
Manning (1)	0101001110111111111011111 —20
Singer (9)	1000001111111110010110100111C00110 —19
Sisty (10)	0111000?0100011101110110010010100O—16

ON LONG ISLAND.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Jan. 23.—The fortnightly live-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held this afternoon at Dexter Park. Five members of the club put in appearance, while seven other shooters took part in the afternoon's sport as guests of the club. The club shoot was shot as a miss-and-out by the guests of the club, while Dr. Parr and E. G. Frost, who tied in 1896 for the class C prize, agreed to shoot off the tie in this event. Both men tied again on 7 out of 10, and shot off that tie miss-and out, Parr winning in the third round. A 5-bird sweep was also shot with nine entries, J Gaughen being the only man to score his 5 birds. Scores were as below:

	Club shoot.	Tie.	Sweep
J Gaughen	2222222202— 9	...	22222—5
C Furgueson, Jr	20?22•2222— 8	...	.....
Dr Parr	02220•2222— 7	2 2	.....
E G Frost	2012222002— 7	2 0	.....
F A Thompson	22?022•010— 6	...	02221—4
*J Tiernan	1212211222—10	...	020 0—2
*Gildersleeve	1212221221—10	...	12•11—4
*Jennings	•	...	110•1— 3
*Knebel	0	...	00211—3
*Moore		...	10121—4
*Brown		...	11120—4
*Selover		...	11102—4

* Guests.

Jan 30.—The following scores were made to-day on the target grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club at Dyker Meadows. In the club shoot M. Van Brunt was high with 21 out of 25, known traps and angles. Scores:

M Van Brunt	1001111110111111101111111 - 21
J Gaughen	1000111111100?1111101111—19
F A Thompson	1011111111011010111111001—19
G E Nostrand	1111101110001101101111110 -17
J A Bennett	1110101010100111111101101—17
A A Hegeman	1011110001100111110?01111—16
Conny Furgueson	1111100010100011011111110—16
H L Colt	0100100110100110011111001—13
C W Fleet	C000110100110001000C001110 - 9

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Gaughen	7	4	8	8	5	6	8	Hegeman	7	4	8	3	6	8	8
Nostrand	7	5	5	.	.	.	.	Furgueson	..	..	8	5	..	6	7
Thompson	5	8	9	8	7	9	8	Fleet	..	..	6	4	4	6	6
Bennett	7	5	4	5	4	8	..	Van Brunt	..	..	8	9	5	8	7
Colt	8	7	2	7	6	3	..	Howard	..	..	..	..	..	6	5

No. 4 was reversed angles and No 5 was at 5 pairs. All the rest were known traps, unknown angles.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

Jan 16.—The regular monthly shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, of New York City, was held at Dexter Park this afternoon. The attendance was very good, twenty-seven members putting in an appearance at the score. Class A men stood at 28yds., Class B at 26yds. Scores were:

Class A.

Eugene Doeinck	23•••00212—5	Conrad Webber	2022121121—9
Gus Nowak	0?•110 •0 - 5	Henry Forster	212212?0.0—7
Fred Trustel	2122202211— 9	Ernest Metz	0010222212—7
John H Voss	12122101•0 7	Fr Bauer	20?2001•0?—5
Edward Paynter	001?100212—6	J Himmelsbach	1000110 00—4
Phil Woelfel	?200022220 - 6	John Krub	0000002010—2
William Sands	10:002•?22 - 6	J P Daunefelser	2111222022—9
Emil Steffens	2012•0?112 7	Emil Peterson	1022102221—8
L T Muench	••20 1001?—5	Richard Regan	1002001111—6
John Schlicht	•011002002—4	Chas Lacey	120?212102—8
Daniel Valenti	2?11220221—9	Albert Knodel	••11001602—3

Class B

H Alsheimer	00••010102 - 3	J Newman	2021100200—5
L Stetzle	0120?21120—7	E Marquard	2000001100—3
Dr Richter	11•1020.02 - 6	J H Moore	0120002001—4

CRESCENT A. C. VS. GARDEN CITY G. C.

Jan. 23.—The strong wind this afternoon spoiled the scores in the return match of the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, and the Garden City Gun Club. The match took place on the grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club at Bay Ridge, the wind having a clean sweep across the waters of New York Bay. The conditions of the match were six-men teams, 25 targets per man, known traps and angles. Scores were:

Crescent A. C.

J S S Remsen	0011110110110100110110111—16
D C Geddes	0100001111111101110111010—16
A R Fish	1100101011010101010101111—15
Grant Notman	1011110010001101011010110—14
C A Sykes	1110011100010011010111000—13
G C White	0011110001100001101101010—12—86

Garden City Gun Club.

J R Wood	0010101101111101111101101—17
N Floyd, Jr.	1110011100010011100010101—13
J L Lawrence	0011011111111000101000000—12
G L Hubbell	0001100100100011101010010—10
D D Breck	0000000101010100110110000— 9
N T Lawrence	0100000000100000111100000— 6—67

Jan. 30.—The following scores were made to-day on the Bay Ridge grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
J S S Remsen	20	18	16	21	19	18	W P Pickett	..	..	13	..	11	..
H C Werleman	11	8	10	..	11	8	D Geddes	..	..	11	13	18	17
L C Hopkins	9	4	10	..	8	..	W A Stake	..	..	..	..	17	23
C Sykes	..	14	15	..	17	21							

Nos. 1, 3, 5 and 6 were at known traps and angles; Nos. 2 and 4 at expert rules.

Trap Around Philadelphia.

HOW THE FLORISTS FARED AT NORRISTOWN.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 20.—Twelve members of the Florists Gun Club, of this city, went to Norristown, Pa., this afternoon and met a like number of marksmen on the grounds of the Penn Gun Club, of that city. On the way to the shooting grounds the Florists were a very jolly crowd, but oh! what a difference in the evening. Penn 240, Florists 201. On the return home they were hardly to be recognized as the same crowd that had occupied one-half of the smoking car. On the return they occupied the whole train, each one trying to get as far away from his brother marksmen as possible. There was S. P. Life, who managed by dint of good luck to break 20. Will claims that the snowflakes looked as big as snowballs when they would light on the gun and obscure the sight, and in trying to find the target would pull himself off the score. And where was Capt. George Anderson? He was not on the train. It is believed that he walked home, as it would give him more time to think of "how they didn't do it." John Burton had nothing to say. Ed Reid buried himself in a paper and nobody dared approach his corner. They were all thinking the same think. What will the Penns do to us when they shoot the return match? It snowed to-day and they scored 240. What will their score be if it does not snow? What have we run up against?

And the Norristown boys said they were sorry that the Florists could not shoot better, and that they had beaten them so badly, but somehow or other the targets would collide with the shot and the referee would have to call it a dead bird. Nevertheless the victors were jubilant, and only regretted that the victims could not remain longer. Jake Yost says that he has another team back in the woods that can lick the tar out of to-day's team, and when they shoot the return match he will bring down his team of backwoodsmen.

Some two weeks ago the Florists Club challenged the Penn Club to shoot a series of three matches. The Penn Club won the series last year, "and it was not necessary to shoot the third match to do it" Therefore, knowing a good thing when they see it, they promptly accepted the challenge. The conditions are: 25 inanimate targets per man, 12 men on a team, A. S. A. rules, known traps and angles. The score:

Norristown Gun Club.

Ritter	1111111111111110111111111—24
Weidman	1111111111011111111111111—24
J Yost	1111011111111111101101111—23
Gross	1111111111111111011011111—23
Kohl	0111101111111111110111011—21
Derr	1111100111011111101111101—20
Zimmermann	0111111101111010101111111—20
Smith	1011101101111011111111010—19
P Yost	0100101111101111110111110—18
Cassell	1001010111101001111111110—17
Franklin	1000001110101101111110111—16
Kerper	1111000110011101011000101 -15—240

Florists Gun Club.

A B Cartledge	1111111111111011110100 11— 21
S P Fife	111 1011010111 0111 01111 20
Colflesh	1011110111110010111111111—20
Ball	0101111110011111111111001—19
Burton	1111111110011011110011011—19
Anderson	0011110 0111111111110110—18
H Ward	1100100011011111111110011—18
Reid	1001101001001101111110111 - 16
T Cartledge	0000100000111110111 0110 - 13
Styer	1001100 0010111 0 0110110 13
G O Bell	0100110011101101610011—13
Craig	0100111010001001010010011—11—201

Jan. 23.—A 20-bird, four-cornered shoot was contested on the grounds of the Stockton Gun Club, Stockton, N. J., this afternoon. The marksmen were: A. Vincent, S. Leaming, M. La Rue and H. Vorhees. The conditions were 20 birds each, A. S. A. rules, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. It was the original intention to shoot at 25 birds each, but at about the 15th round some person opened the crate and allowed about 20 birds to escape. At the end of the 10th round Leaming was picked for a winner, but at the close of the match La Rue was one bird ahead. The birds were a fine lot of good starters, and a great many started off on a zigzag course which baffled the marksmen and made the shooting very erratic. Leaming was very fortunate in drawing several easy birds in the first 10 rounds, but his last 10 birds were faster and he shot in the same erratic form as the others. Vorhees was unfortunate enough to have 5 birds fall dead outside, some of them only a few feet over. The score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

J. K. S.

Trap Around Buffalo.

AUDUBON'S GUN CLUB'S MIDWINTER.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 20.—The scores made to-day on live birds brought to a close the midwinter tournament of the Audubon Gun Club, of this city. The attendance was not what had been expected, but was better than on the preceding days. Scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
E C Meyer	02012—3	20122—4	1221221—7	00101001?2—5
F D Kelsey	22222—5	21210—4	1225122—7	2102111221—9
Sweet	02210—3	10120—3	.....	.....
L V Beyer	21211—5	22222—5	1112020—5	0110011222—7
Hammond	12122—5	10021—3	.....	.....
Johnson	00022—2	.....	.....	.....
Geisendorfer	22102—4	12021—4	.....	.....
Poole	..	10011—3	1212111—7	.....
Taylor	....	22221 5	2212020—5	.....
E C Burkhardt	....	.....	2121112—7	1?11022212—9
Warren	....	.....	1221222—7	2112022222—9

	No. 5.	No. 6.		No. 5.	No. 6.
Sweet	10220—3	11121—5	Laughlin	11001—3	12202—4
E C Burkhardt	11212—5	12110—4	Huebbers	12101 -5	12121—5
Krotz	11112—5	12110—4			

No. 7 was another 5-bird and resulted as follows: E. C. Burkhardt and Krotz 5, Sweet and Huebbers 4.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 27.—Messrs. Brooks & Klipfel have donated a medal emblematic of the inanimate target championship of the city of Buffalo. The first contest of the series that is to decide the ownership of the medal took place to-day at Audubon Park. The attendance was small, owing chiefly to lack of advertising. E. C. Burkhardt tied with Alexander on 42 out of 50. On the shoot-off at 25 targets each, Burkhardt won with 22 to 18. Scores were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	*15*	*10*	*50*	*15*	*15*	Targets:	*15*	*10*	*50*	*15*	*15*
E C Burkhardt	13	7	42	15	14	Norris	..	10	41	13	11
Alexander	13	6	42	9	9	Tolsman	..	..	41	..	..
C S Burkhardt	9	9	39	14	13	Krotz	..	..	35	12	11
McCarney	10	5	35	..	..						

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md, Jan. 27.—A match was shot to-day on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association between Sims and Bond. The conditions were: 100 live birds per man, $100 a side, Sims at 30yds. and Bond at 28yds. Sims was unable to allow his opponent the 2yds., meeting defeat by 8 birds, with scores standing 88 to 80 in favor of Bond. The match grew out of a statement made by Sims that he could give any man in Anne Arundel county 2yds., and beat him out in a 100-bird race. Another match will be shot in the near future between the same parties, both men standing at 30yds. To-day's scores were:

Bond	1022111211222212121?22122—24
	1111221112?2111001101122?11—23
	2112210•1220112102111?0•1—19
	2021221121111110111121021—22—88
Sims	1010202?•12•0121121120022—17
	1221222210121012111111022—22
	2110110210•2221212012?011—19
	2221220212120212112222101—22—80

Larchmont's Amateur Championship.

THE third annual contest for the Larchmont amateur championship took place on the shooting grounds of the Larchmont, N. Y., Y. C., Friday and Saturday, Jan. 29-30. The weather was all against large scores, a strong northwest wind that reached the dignity of a gale about midday on Friday forming an extremely large factor in the matter of scores. Time after time, too often in fact for an accurate record of such happenings to be kept, birds were swept out of bounds with the wind under their wings. A 21yds. boundary may be all right on slow birds, but on birds such as were trapped at Larchmont on the above dates the element of luck far too heavily discounted skill A swift right-quarterer from No 5 trap was no second barrel bird. It had to be a center with the right or the chances were it would be over the boundary whether the second barrel did its work or not. The totals, barring Welch's 92, look decidedly ragged, but every allowance must be made short boundary line, strong quartering wind and the very best birds obtainable. The winner's 92 is a splendid record to look back upon, and was the result of extraordinary precision with the first barrel. Welch won the cup by fairly and squarely outshooting his opponents, never letting an easy one get away from him and scoring many a screamer that looked like a streak as it left the traps.

KNAPP WON IN 1895.

The Larchmont amateur championship was first inaugurated in the winter of 1895, the contest being held on Jan. 11-12. At that time the club's 50yds. boundary was in use, and J. P. Knapp won the trophy and the title with a score of 95, scoring 49 out of his last 50, the lost bird being one that he had knocked to the ground with his first barrel and neglected to put in his second, as it looked so safe. When the dog went for it the bird rose and fell outside the boundary before being gathered. George Work was second with 90, Louis Duryea running into third place with 89. In that year there were six other entries: Capt Money, Dr. W. Wynn, Fred G. Moore, C. Furgueson, W. S Edey and E. C. Potter.

EDGAR MURPHY IN 1896.

In 1896 the contest took place on Jan. 10-11. On this occasion there were fourteen entries: Edgar Murphy, C. A. Macalester, J. P. Knapp, Louis Duryea, George Work, H B. Gilbert, Yale Dolan, Fred G. Moore, Fred Hoey, E. F. Thomas (of Denver), W. A. H. Stafford, W. G. Brokaw, W. S. Edey and J. B Ellison. At the close of the 100th round Murphy and Macalester were tied with 92 each, Murphy winning on the shoot-off. Knapp ran into third place with 90, Duryea taking fourth money with a total of 89, the same total that he made in 1895. The club's 50yds boundary was used and, as in 1895, all stood at 30yds. Both the above matches were refereed by the late John S Hoey.

THE CONTEST OF 1897.

The number of entries this year were larger than in 1896. Although the number of shooters only reached the same total as last year, viz, 14, the entry list was larger, and at least one more shooter would have been on hand had not J. P. Knapp been prevented from taking part in the shoot owing to the death of a near relative. Mr. Knapp's absence was felt very severely, as he has been the moving spirit in all three contests; in fact, it is to him alone that the Larchmont amateur championship really owes its being.

The event is open only to members of certain clubs, among them being: Westminster Kennel Club, Tuxedo, Country Club of Westchester, Larchmont Y. C., Carteret, Riverton Gun Club, Philadelphia Gun Club, New Utrecht Gun Club, etc The list of 14 entries was as follows: Carteret: George Work, Fred Hoey, G. S. McAlpin, W. A. H Stafford and R. A. Welch; Larchmont: W. Wynn, L T. Duryea, Fred G. Moore, E. G Murphy and A. Marshall; Country Club: H. B. Gilbert; Riverton Gun Club: T. S. Dando; Philadelphia Gun Club: C. A. Macalester; New Utrecht Gun Club: C. M. Meyer. Scanning the above list, it will be noticed that outside of Knapp, of the Larchmont Club, and Leonard Emletter, of the Riverton Club, all the more prominent amateurs of clubdom were represented at Larchmont on Jan. 29-30.

CONDITIONS OF THE SHOOT.

The conditions of this year's shoot were materially altered from those that had governed the previous contests. In the first place, the boundary line was reduced to one of 21yds. in place of the 50yds. boundary that had governed the first two contests. Second, the conditions under which men were "called out" were changed, and this change was the cause of some slight difficulty. The clause read as follows: "At the end of the 50th round shooters with 10 misses are out if lower than 8th place; at the end of the 60th round shooters with 12 misses are out if lower than 8th place; at the end of the 75th round shooters with 15 misses are out if lower than 8th place. Thereafter the referee will retire shooters 'with a privilege' when advisable to hurry he finish." The wording of the above paragraph is plain enough, but the fact that some of those who were shooting had not read the conditions carefully caused some little dissatisfaction for a time. It had been supposed that those who were out under the above ruling would be eligible to shoot up provided they had any chance of getting in for money Such had been the custom in previous contests. This year, however, the shooting committee of the club decided to make the change as above in order to facilitate the shooting off of the event.

Under this clause C. A. Macalester, Fred Hoey, C. M. Meyer and W. A. H. Stafford were retired at the end of the 50th round—the first day's shoot Mr. Marshall retired voluntarily at the end of the 34th round. Edgar Murphy was dropped at the end of the 60th round, the other eight men still in being ahead of him, he being in ninth place with the total of 15 misses out of the 60 shot at. When it was seen that both Macalester, Hoey and Murphy would have stood a show to get at any rate part of second, third or fourth money, the three above named protested at not being allowed to shoot up. The shooting committee, however, decided to stick to the programme, a copy of the conditions having been furnished to each entry. It may seem a little arbitrary to make such a ruling, particularly as the event is one of two days' shooting, and a bad start may often be atoned for by a good piece of uphill shooting (for instance, Murphy's work on the second day in '96). Still there was nothing unfair in the matter; due notice had been given, and all entries shot under the conditions named. It was a case of "the same for all."

As a point of interest, it may be mentioned that Fred Hoey and Macalester would have had to score 45 out of 50 on the second day to get a portion of fourth money, while Edgar Murphy would have had to kill 37 out of the last 40 to get a portion of that same money. All three contracts would have been hard ones, judging from what the other shooters did and the way the birds were flying.

WEATHER AND THE BIRDS.

As stated above, the weather on the first day was all in favor of the birds. On the second day there was nothing like the wind of the first, but still the birds showed that the Gilberts, of Philadelphia, had done their part in fulfilling the contract for furnishing "Gilbert match birds." The pigeons were a marvelously good lot; all-blue, clean of wing, tail and feet; slim built, and with that racy air that makes a really good bluerock look the thoroughbred that he is. The way they left the traps on the second day, with a wind that quartered in from left to right, was something astonishing. A glance at the detailed score will show that right-quarterers (drivers and incomers) far outnumbered the left-quarterers each day. No. 5 trap was a deadly one; right quartering birds from that trap were too swift for the judicious use of the second barrel when the first had failed in its work. It was a case of pit-pat, and if the "pit" didn't do its duty "pat" had small chance to score the bird. For our part, we don't feel much warmth toward a 21yds. boundary, particularly under such weather conditions as existed on both days at Larchmont; the element of luck in the draw of traps and birds entering too largely into what should really be a contest of skill only as far as possible.

On Thursday, Jan. 28, it looked very much as if the Larchmont shooting committee had made an unlucky choice of dates. A 24-hours' snow, that did not stop falling until well on toward night on the 28th, had buried everything a foot deep. Friday morning broke cold and clear, with a temperature of about 15°, perhaps less, and with a strong wind from the northwest that drifted the fine snow before it in a way that made it take all sorts of curious shapes when it fell to leeward of any house, fence, rock, etc. By noon the force of the wind had reached somewhere in the neighborhood of 30 miles an hour, but toward evening the wind dropped with the sun. Saturday was as pleasant a day, barring the extremely frosty nature of the air, as one could wish. There was a wind, but it never reached the class of that which prevailed on Friday. In addition to this, it had veered several points more to the north, blowing directly into the left eye of the shooter as he stood at the score, the traps facing about nor'nor'east.

The energy of the management of the shoot was well shown by the expedition with which every particle of snow had been removed from the infield. On the arrival of the 9:03 train from New York over the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., Fred Knof, the club's manager of the shooting grounds, had everything in readiness, the ground inside the 21yds. boundary being entirely clear of snow, with the exception of a patch in the extreme left hand corner near the deadline. This clearing off of the snow did its work, and the birds were not bothered in the slightest by the conditions that usually prevail after a heavy snowfall. They did not find themselves suddenly released in a dazzling waste of snow; hence they left the traps with a readiness that could not have been obtained otherwise.

It is impossible to review the match in detail. Our trap score tells the story aptly, and each shot can be followed intelligently by noting the number of the trap and the flight of each bird The number of the trap is necessary in order that a proper conception of each bird's flight can be made. A circling incomer to the right from No. 1 trap is a totally different kind of a bird to shoot at to one that leaves No. 5 trap and follows the same direction A few comments on the shooting of each man will, however, not be out of place.

R. A. WELCH, THE WINNER.

With the solitary exception of the Elkwood Park inaugural shoot on Jan. 21, we have never seen Mr. Welch do any shooting to amount to much since the Pennsylvania State shoot at Altoona, Pa., in 1894. On that occasion he carried all before him, winning the State championship after a hard struggle, and scoring during the day a total of 81 out of 83 shot at. At Elkwood Park he won the Patten cup with 25 straight, and also won more than an average amount of the sweeps shot on the same day. At Larchmont he shot in as good form as ever, his excellent first barrel standing him in good stead on many a hard bird. It must not be supposed that Welch cannot use his second barrel; several magnificent kills were credited to him that were due entirely to a well and quickly placed second, after the first had been behind or under the bird. His "Ready" and "Pull" were given with an energy and earnestness that show his evident steadfastness of purpose to score the bird. His whole frame (not a large one by any means) is jarred when he gives the cautionary word and the signal to pull the trap. An impression is abroad that Welch was favored in the luck of the birds. It may be that he did have somewhat the best of it on the first day, but there was not one of his thirteen competitors who did not own up frankly that he won the cup and the title strictly on his own merits. His double figure runs were 18, 37 (20 at the end of the first day, and 17 at the commencement of the second day), 12 and 1[illegible]. He shot a Purdey hammer gun, 48grs. of Schultze, with $1^{3}/_{16}$oz. of No. 7½ and No 7

GEORGE S MCALPIN.

The winner of second honors was 8 birds behind Welch when it came to a finish. McAlpin's score of 84 was the direct result of some very good shooting. Many of his shots were of the phenomenal order, and showed that his present position in the amateur trap shooting world is not due to chance or luck. George McAlpin has, like everybody else, his peculiarities. As good a companion as one can wish for, full of life and always ready with a joke, and just as willing to take as to give one, when shooting pigeons and "down to business" he is somebody else, all seriousness and full of nerves. His keenness for the sport is shown by his promptitude at the score He followed Dr. Wynn, and as soon as the doctor left the club house to take his place at the score McAlpin was right after him, a yard behind. Taking his place at the head of the two steps that led down off the platform to the score, his back against the pulling house, he watched the doctor's performance silently. When his turn came he stepped down to the score with a delicacy of step that might make Loie Fuller envious. Without being irreverent, we might mention that he reminded us of the Amalekite Agag, who walked "delicately" when he came face to face with his Jewish captor. And at the score everything had to be just so; his mustache was stroked, his right hand rubbed on the outside of his black Norfolk jacket, and the stock of his gun given just the proper "outside edge" twist before being placed against his shoulder. Then came the cautionary signal, "Are you ready," in full As soon as Fred Knof had answered back "Ready," McAlpin's gun was put up to his cheek three or four times and then slightly dropped. A pause of five or six seconds ensued while he stood motionless in that attitude, and then came the word "Pull" loud and clear. The instant the trap opened his eye caught it, and up to his cheek went the gun, and as a rule down came the bird Notwithstanding his run of 19 straight in his first 25, we think he shot in really better form during the last 25, when he totaled 23 out of 25, with one dead out of bounds Both of the two lost birds may be attributed to his extra care, Dr. Wynn having dropped his birds in the same rounds, and McAlpin only needing a kill to make him a tie for second place. His 83th bird should have been scored, but his anxiety probably had much to do with his shooting behind it, as it came in to the left from No. 2 trap, as easy a shot as one could wish for. During his last 25 he was like himself, all mirth and full of chaff, joking all the time. His double figure runs were 19, 12 and 10 He shot a Purdey gun, with 48grs of Schultze and 1¼oz. of No. 7½ and 6.

WILLIAM WYNN.

Probably no one outside of Edgar Murphy did more to create fun at this shoot than Dr. W. Wynn, of Brooklyn, who, despite his sixty odd years (may we be pardoned for mentioning his age!) held his own in second place, and only yielded it late in the day to George McAlpin, who beat him out by 1 bird. The Larchmont grounds are favorites with Dr. Wynn, and it is on them that he has done his best shooting, running 50 straight on one occasion recently. In last year's contest he was well up at the end of the first day, but fell down in the last 50. His score of 83 on the present occasion was the result of some good work with the gun, his first barrel nearly always doing the work, the second being used "for safety." Naturally he had many rooters who "pulled" for him when he went to the score. Whenever a bird got away from him, which was not very often until the last string of 25, there was a small chorus of lamentations from his rooters, who were far more distressed than the doctor; he, after missing a bird, was more likely than not to look after it and sing "Good-by, Sweetheart," coming back from the score with a joke on his lips. His single double-figure run was one of 18. His gun was a Parker, loaded with 47grs. of Schultze and 1¼oz. of No. 7 in both barrels.

H. B. GILBERT.

H. B. Gilbert owed his position as fourth in the race to a steady piece of work on his last 25 birds. After losing the first 2 in that string, the 77th bird falling dead just over the boundary, he settled down and pounded out 23 straight, the longest run made on either of the two days He got a bad start in the race, scoring only 17 out of his first 25, and also seemed in danger of going to pieces between the 70th and 80th rounds of the match. He was plainly out of form in the earlier stages of the match, and complained of his health a good deal. On the second day a change of guns worked well, and his one regret was that he had not made the change to a longer stocked gun earlier. He stands very erect at the score, and one would think that he handicapped himself very seriously by placing the outside of his left foot from the heel to the toe tight up against the slat that marked the 30yds. score. Taking that position and placing our left foot in precisely the same way that he did, we found it decidedly hard to swing in the direction of No. 1 trap. Gilbert is really an excellent shot, and fully deserved the position he took in the race. His double-figure runs were 23 unfinished and 12. He shot a Purdey gun, with 48grs. of Schultze and $1^{3}/_{16}$oz. of No. 7.

LOUIS T. DURYEA.

For the past ten years there has not been a more consistent shooter in the amateur circles of New York than Louis Duryea. His record of third in 1895 and fourth in 1896, each time with a score of 89, shows that Duryea (or Davenport, as he usually calls himself when shooting) is strictly in it. This year he dropped out of the money on his 98th bird, and finished one behind Gilbert with 81. On the first day he shot steadily, scoring 20 and 21 respectively out of his two strings of 25 each On the second day he had the misfortune to break the gun he was shooting, and had to take his second gun, the change probably causing him the loss of some of the birds that got away from him between the 71st and 77th rounds inclusive. In those seven rounds he dropped five birds, three falling dead out of bounds. His 65th bird was lost owing to his neglect of a caution of the referee's. In the 66th round he could not pull the right trigger. The referee tried it, and found that it would not pull off, but that the left was all right. The gun was opened and an empty shell put in, but again the trigger would not work. After opening it once or twice again it seemed to be all right, but the referee warned him that the gun was defective and that he must abide by the consequences if he persisted in using the gun, and it went back on him again. He was allowed another bird under the club's rule (a very proper one) that a defect of the gun should be treated as a defect of a shell. He killed his 66th and 67th birds, but the gun failed again on the 68th, and he had to take a lost bird, which he did without a murmur, walking away from the score without even making a remark. His double-figure runs were 20 and 14. He shoots a Francotte gun, and 48grs. of Schultze with 1¼oz. of No. 7 shot.

GEORGE WORK.

The shooting capabilities of George Work are so well known that very little of interest can be added to that of which mention has been made so many times in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. A finished shooter, with an easy style and a lightning second barrel, he is, when in form, as good as the best, amateur or professional. He made a name for himself when in England last year, and won more honors probably than any American who has ever shot on the grounds at Hurlingham or the Gun Club, Notting Hill. At present he is having an off time and doesn't seem to be able to pull himself together. His own words are: "I don't know where I'm shooting." At the start of the race he shot in his true form and ran 18 straight before losing a bird. He then finished his first string with 24, a great total on such birds and in such a wind. He looked all over a winner. Then came a break and he dropped 4 out of his next 5 birds, finishing with 19 out of the second 25 and a total of 43 out of the 50. On the second day he shot very raggedly, making inexplicable misses on easy birds, interspersing them with star kills that called forth rounds of applause. He finally retired at the end of the 96th round with 76 kills to his name. His two double figure runs were 18 and 11. He shot a Churchill hammer gun loaded with 51grs. of Schultze and 1¼oz. of Nos 8 and 7½.

T. S. DANDO.

The left-handed representative from the Riverton Gun Club made a fair start with 20 out of his first 25, but dropped down to 18 in the second string, just managing to tie for eighth place and thus earning the right to stay in the race on the second day. He shoots ordinarily with his gun well down from the shoulder when calling "Pull," and does not put it up until the bird is well on the wing. He thus handicapped himself 2 or 3yds. on the fast birds he drew on the first day, many of his lost birds being distinctly attributable to this habit of his. In his third 25 he ran 22, drawing several very hard birds, but killing them well. He held his gun to the shoulder and pinned his fast birds as easily as his slow ones. He asked permission to retire at the end of the 90th round, with a total of 70 out of the 90 to his credit. In his last 15 birds he drew some corkers, but made a bad mess of his 83d, an easy bird. He made a run of 13, his solitary double-figure run. He shot a Smith gun, 50grs. of Schultze and 1¼oz. of Nos. 7 and 6.

FRED G. MOORE.

Ill luck seems to pursue Fred Moore when shooting for Larchmont cups The grounds do not appear to suit him, and on this occasion he retired at the end of the 86th round with 22 misses out of 86 shot at. At the end of the first 50 he was in 6th place with 40 kills and several dead out of bounds. He scarcely seems able now to get into his old form, and it is only occasionally that he gets into one of his winning streaks. He shoots quickly and does not take long when he is at the score. Throwing his gun to his shoulder, he swings rapidly but rather stiffly from No. 5 to No. 1 trap and back to No. 3; then jogles his gun (we can't think of the proper word) once or twice up and down over No. 3 trap. Next comes a sharp "Are you ready?" with the word "Pull!" right on top of the puller's "ready" On both days he made several extra good kills, but never seemed to be favored with any "of the luck." He made one run of 15 straight between the 33d and 49th rounds. He shot a Purdey gun, 48grs. of Schultze and 1⅛oz. of No. 7.

EDGAR GIBBS MURPHY.

The life of the shoot was the "ex-champion," Edgar Gibbs Murphy. It seems a pity that a man of such shooting abilities as Edgar Murphy will not, does not or cannot always keep himself in practice. He is nearly always now an unknown quantity owing to lack of practice. He seems, too, to take less interest in his work than any other shooter. His "abandon," as he would probably term his behavior at the score, is refreshing, but a little more care for the matter in hand would frequently add another notch to his total. But Murphy shoots best when he is made to shoot and when he is in a real shooting match At Larchmont he was out of form and shot a gun that did not seem to suit him, while he was certainly using too small a charge of powder to be effective on the class of birds trapped for him. Time and again he filled the birds with shot, but he had not enough powder behind the shot to do sufficient damage. The natural result was "dead out of bounds" more times than once. With his title to defend, it is hard to realize how he could have come to the score voluntarily handicapped; pattern is not much good on fast driving birds unless you have penetration as well. He made one run of 11 straight in his second 25, and finished the 50 with 39 kills. At the start on the second day he lost 4 out of his first 10 and retired under the rules with 15 misses against him. He shot a Francotte with 44grs. of E. C. and 1¼oz of 7½ and 7.

CHARLES A. MACALESTER.

C. A. Macalester has been before the shooting public so long, and his shooting reputation is so firmly established, that he would not lack supporters in any match that he might enter into. As a match shooter, he has probably had no equal, in amateur circles at least. Last year he tied with Edgar Murphy on 92 out of 100 for the Larchmont cup, and lost on the shoot-off after a slice or two of hard luck. His start in this year's race was enough to dishearten anybody; his first bird, a fast right-quartering driver that towered as it rose from the traps, was closed up with both barrels, but fell stone dead a foot or two outside the 21yds boundary. This misfortune seemed to be a piece of bad luck in another way. He appeared to be so determined to watch Nos. 4 and 5 traps that he practically left Nos. 1, 2 and 3 to look after themselves; the birds from these traps thus gained somewhere in the neighborhood of 3yds. on him, with a result that was disastrous several times. In his second string he took in all the traps and scored 21 as against 16 for the first 25. Under the rules he was declared out at the end of the first 50. That he was not shooting in form is shown by his score, 9 being his highest consecutive effort. He shot a Purdey gun, 52grs. of E. C. and 1¼oz. of 7 and 6½.

FRED HOEY.

Fred Hoey was another of those who were declared out at the end of the 50th round. In Hoey's case it looked very much like a piece of hard luck, as he started very badly, losing 10 of his first 25 birds; after such a streak as that he might well have been excused had he gone to pieces, but he did not do so; on the contrary, he ran 22 out of his last 25, just landing below eighth place and being declared out. On the second day he shot in several miss-and-outs, and showed all his old-time skill, scoring 36 out of 39 shot at. As some explanation of his break on his first 25, it should be stated that he drew No. 5 trap 11 times and No. 4 trap 7 times out of the 25, a total of 18 out of 25. No 5 was the most dreaded trap of all, with No 4 a close second. The reason of this, with the wind as it was and with the short boundary, is obvious. Hoey made one run of 10. He shot a Churchill hammer gun, with 49grs. of Schultze and 1¼oz. of No. 7.

C. M. MEYER.

At times a most brilliant shot, C. M. Meyer, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, made his debut in the prominent amateur trap-shooting circles under unfavorable conditions on this occasion. The fast birds, short boundary, and perhaps the feeling that he was handicapped by both these things, brought about his downfall Those who know Chris Meyer, and those who have seen him shoot, know that 34 out of 50 is not his form, no matter how good the birds may be. After losing so many birds early on in the race, he seemed to lose interest and to be in need of some one to jog his elbow. He made several good stops with both first and second barrels, and showed that he could handle a gun with considerable ability. It is safe to prophesy that this will not be his last appearance in public. He shot a Greener, with 49grs. of Schultze, 1¼oz. of No. 7.

W. A. H. STAFFORD.

In pigeon shooting matters the fates are rarely favorable to W. A. H. Stafford. It makes no difference whether he is shooting in a match or in sweeps, if there is a good one "in the box" it will be dealt out to Stafford. He can shoot well, but a continued run of hard birds will tell, no matter how well a man shoots. Some are bound to get away, and on Jan. 28 there were several that did. During the past twelve months Stafford has improved very much in his form, and has learned a good deal that will be of use to him in future. On Friday he seemed to be shooting rather listlessly just as if it were a foregone conclusion that he wouldn't be in it. The 21yds. boundary seemed to bother him not a little, particularly when it came to a bird from No. 5 trap. No 2 trap was, however, the trap that seemed to come to him with a persistency that was remarkable. Out of 50 times at the score he drew No. 2 just 22 times, and No. 5 ten times. He shoots a Purdey gun, 48grs. of Schultze and 1¼oz. of No. 7.

ALFRED MARSHALL.

No man can work and shoot. Mr. Marshall's score is another proof of the truth of that saying. He retired early in the game, dropping out at the end of the 34th round. He had too much to do to permit of his paying strict attention to shooting, his position as chairman of the shooting committee placing all the responsibility for the successful running of the shoot upon his shoulders This was an especially hard task in view of the enforced absence of J. P. Knapp. Marshall is comparatively a beginner at the trap, and will unquestionably be heard from again. He shoots a Parker gun, 48grs. of Schultze and 1¼oz. of 7½ and 6.

HOW THE TRAPS FELL.

As stated above, the luck of the traps was a big factor in making or marring many a score. The following figures will therefore be perused with more than the ordinary amount of interest that is usually attached to such statistics. Nos. 5 and 4 traps were the worst to draw on Jan. 29-30.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Welch	24	20	16	21	19	100
McAlpin	19	24	19	17	21	100
Wynn	17	22	25	12	24	100
Gilbert	19	23	22	14	22	100
Duryea	16	22	24	19	19	100
Work	18	22	21	11	13	96
Dando	13	17	20	20	20	90
Moore	16	11	21	15	23	86
Murphy	10	17	12	11	10	60
Hoey	13	6	4	11	16	50
Macalester	14	8	9	6	13	50
Meyer	11	10	9	13	7	50
Stafford	7	22	9	2	10	50
Marshall	9	8	6	5	0	30
	206	232	218	177	233	1,066

From the above figures it will be seen that it took 1,066 birds to settle the match. Dividing 1,066 by 5, the average per trap would be 213 and a fraction; thus No. 3 was about an average, while Nos 5 and 2 were both slightly over the average, and Nos. 4 and 1 both under the average, No. 4 being a notable delinquent. Taking it altogether, the run of traps evened up very fairly, but individually there were

some instances where traps fell irregularly, notably in the cases of Hoey and Stafford.

THE OFFICIALS.

The officials to whom the shooting committee entrusted the running of this shoot were: Referee, Edward Banks; official scorer, Jacob Pentz; blackboard scorers, first day, L. H. Schortemeier and H. P. Fessenden; second day, W. W. Watrous; trap puller, Fred Knof. The Messrs. Gilbert, father and son, of Philadelphia, who provided the birds, were both on hand, Mr. Gilbert, Jr., personally superintending the catching, crating and handling of the birds. The retrieving was done by the club's setters, Don and Snipe. To Mr. Alfred Marshall, chairman of the shooting committee, the successful carrying out of all the plans of the committee is entirely due. Although he openly expressed himself as determined that he "wouldn't be caught in the same box again," the Larchmont Club cannot afford to allow him to stick to that resolution at its fourth annual championship shoot.

THE SCORE IN DETAIL.

Conditions: 100 live birds per man, $100 entrance, 30yds. rise, 21yds. boundary. Cup valued at $250 and 40 per cent. of the purse to the winner ($560), 25 per cent. ($350) to the second, 15 per cent. ($210) to the third, 10 per cent. ($140) to the fourth, and 10 per cent. to the club.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

R A Welch....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

G S McAlpin...2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 0 • 2—21

W Wynn.....1 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 • 1 2 2—23

H W Gilbert...2 0 0 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 • • 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0—17

L T Duryea....2 2 2 2 2 2 0 • 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—20

George Work..2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2—24

Edgar Murphy3 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 • 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 0—19

C A Macalester• 2 2 2 2 0 2 • 2 0 2 0 0 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 0 0 2 2 2—16

Fred Hoey.....0 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 0 2 0 2 0 2 2 0 0 0 2 2—15

C M Meyer.....2 2 2 • 2 • 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 • 0 1 0 0 2 2 • 2 2 0—15

W H Stafford..0 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 0 • 0 2 0 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 • 0 2—14

A Marshall ....0 0 1 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2—15

— 4—19

After the championship contest had been decided several miss-and-outs were shot off, the following being the records made in the same:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No 4.	No. 5.	No 6.	No. 7
Work	222	21210	2111	20	10	122	2220
Gilbert	2 0	22222	0	20	0	220	22211220
McAlpin	222	20	0	2222	222222	222	1222w
Hoey	20	22222	2222	2222	222220	220	22222222
Stafford		20	0	220	222122	0	0
Watrous		2220					
Moore		0	20	2222	220	222	2 222222
Bradley		0	20				
Wynn			2220	1110			
Butler			220	20	22210		
Marshall			0	10	220	0	220
Hooper				20	211112	20	

Two other sweeps, both miss-and-outs, were shot as follows:
No. 8—Gilbert and Hoey 5, Moore 4, Stafford 0.
No. 9—Gilbert, Hoey and Stafford 2, Moore and Marshall 1, Watrous 0. EDWARD BANKS.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Jan 29.—The Boston Gun Club inaugurated its winter prize series to-day at Wellington, Mass., with a most successful afternoon's shoot, an attendance of seventeen marking the event. Absence from the traps for several months had considerable effect on the scores, but the shooting was none the less enjoyable, and as the scheduled dates progress practice will insure a remedy in this direction. The new Boston Gun Club disappearing target was tested for the first time and aroused considerable interest as an aid to snap-shooting. The target appears for but an instant behind a screened aperture, and the card representation of bird in flight records the pattern of gun if quick and active sighting has been made. The cards make nice souvenirs, and for a first attempt some good results were obtained. It is intended to offset the stiffness and precise method of the average trap-shooter, whose gun must be placed to shoulder and cheek and everything ready for his "Pull," all of which prevents a successful day in the brush when his turn comes for field outing.

With gun below the elbow this practice for quick handling of gun is the best yet.

Entire shooting as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	5	6	5	10	10	5	6	10	5	5	6	6
Sewall (15)	5	3	2	2	7	5	2	3	7	..	4	3	4
Nichols (16)	8	5	3	1	7	4	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Benton (14)	1	1	4	0	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spencer (16)	9	5	..	..	8	6	4	4	7	..	..	..	..
Miskay (17)	..	2	4	3	8	8	4	3	7	..	..	..	..
Wyman (14)	..	1	..	..	..	2	4	1	6	..	..	..	..
Kirkwood (16)	..	..	..	..	1	..	7	4	3	..	2	..	..
Horace (15)	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	2	1	..	2	..	..
Dove (16)	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	5	2	10	2	3	2	1
Needham (15)	..	..	..	..	..	3	6	4	1	4	3	1	..	..
Underwood (15)	..	..	..	..	..	2	6	4	0	6	..	4	2	1
Hardy (15)	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	3	3	5	..	1	2	1
Harris (15)	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	5	2	6	..	3	..	..
Payne (15)	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	1	0	7	1	2	2	0
Du Pont (15)	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	3	2	7	1	..	..	..
B Smith (23)	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Williams (15)	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	4	..	..	..	..	..

Events 1, 5, 6 and 9, known angles; 2, 7, 9 and 11, unknown; 3, 8, 12 and 13, pairs; 4 and 10, disappearing targets.

Prize match, winter handicap series, 21 targets, 10 known angles, 5 unknown, and 3 pairs; distance handicap:

Dove (16)	0111111111—9	11111—5	10 10 00—2—16
Miskay (17)	0111110111—8	11011—4	11 10 00—3—15
Spencer (16)	0101111001—6	10111—4	10 10 11—4—14
Hardy (15)	1111110110—8	00111—3	00 11 01—3—14
Kirkwood (16)	1110110011—7	11011—4	10 10 01—3—14
Harris (15)	1100100101—5	11111—5	00 11 00—2—12
Needham (15)	0101100111—6	11101—4	00 10 00—1—11
Sewall (15)	0011001011—5	11000—2	11 00 01—3—10
Underwood (15)	1011100101—6	11011—4	00 00 00—0—10
Du Pont (15)	0100001011—4	00111—3	10 00 10—2—9
Wyman (14)	0010100000—2	11110—4	00 00 01—1—7
Payne (15)	0000001001—2	00001—1	00 00 00—0—3

Williams, Nichols, Benton and Horace withdrew. BOSTON.

Hastings Gun Club.

HASTINGS, Neb., Jan. 22.—Five members of the Hastings Gun Club competed to day for the Laflin & Rand Powder Company's silver trophy. After shooting off a couple of ties, Creeth became the owner of the trophy. Scores were as below:

	Trophy shoot.	Tie.
Creeth (10)	1011111000111111111111110111100—24	(5).1111110001011101—10
Holzworth (7)	1111011111111111111101111101111—27	(3) 1011110111111101—12
Bernhard (7)	1101110110101111111101111101111—24	(3).1101011011110010—10
Averill (16)	0100001110103010000011001011100—12	.....
McKinney (10)	1001110110101100000010011101110—16	.....

Creeth and Holzworth shot off their tie on 15 each, and Creeth won with 10 out of 15 and 5 added; Holzworth withdrew in the 13th round with 9 out of 13.

The following match at 15 singles, expert rules, and 10 pairs, was then shot:

Holzworth	1110'0111111111	10 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 11—31
Duer	1111101001101111	11 11 11 01 11 11 11 11 01 11—29
Lawson	1111011011111110	11 11 00 10 11 10 11 11 10 11—27
Lyman	1001000010001110	11 10 10 10 01 10 11 11 00 11—18

SECRETARY.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

G. H. B., East Providence.—Will you be kind enough to inform me if wild rice will grow in a salt marsh? Ans. Yes.

A. P., N. Y. City.—Kindly answer through your valuable paper whether or no a dog without a pedigree can take a prize at a dog show. Ans. Yes. American Kennel Club rules say that for entry a dog must be listed or registered. Listing, 25 cents; registration, $1. Pedigree not required for listing.

S., Toronto.—Kindly inform me where is the most important field trial held for setters in America. Ans. There are three which rank about equal in importance—the Eastern Field Trial Club, the oldest in American, with grounds at Newton, N. C., S. C. Bradley, Secretary, Greenfield Hill, Conn.; the Continental Field Trials Club, W. S. Bell, Secretary, Pittsburg, Pa.; the U. S. F. T. Club, W. B. Stafford, Secretary, Trenton, Tenn.

C. H. M., Nantucket.—My six-months-old beagle has a place on her side like little spots in it. I take the FOREST AND STREAM after getting the dog, because of everything that I get hold of I like to know all. Ans. First scrape the spot with a blunt knife, then apply tincture of iodine every day till skin becomes sore; after this apply an ointment made of equal parts of zinc and tar ointments till the spot is quite healed. If you think it necessary you might treat the dog for worms.

LONG ISLANDER, Beliport, L. I.—Will you kindly let me know through your paper the best way to soften up a deer skin? Ans. The skin should be tanned. Soak first in four gallons of cold soft water to which has been added one-half pint of soft soap, one-half ounce of borax, one-half pint of salt, and three-quarters of an ounce of sulphuric acid—this latter being to set the hair. Leave the skin in the mixture three or four hours, and then take out and thoroughly clean the flesh side. Stretch and work over a pole when drying, and finish as described in answer to E. N.

E. R., Port Huron.—Please give me a few pointers on shooting with both eyes open. Ans. There is no essential difference between the manner of shooting with two eyes open and shooting with one. The manner of holding the gun and sighting are practically alike, and either can be learned only by practical experience. This on the assumption that both eyes are alike sound. If one eye has a different focus from the other, or one eye is much stronger than the other, or has an imperfect lens—all common infirmities—there may be such an aberration of vision in looking along the line of sight that shooting with both eyes open is impracticable.

A. E. P., St. Paul, Minn.—I have a fine Gordon setter bitch, now two and a half years old. Do you think she is too old to be broken to hunt? She is a very intelligent dog, and will mind me like a child. If I had the time I am sure I could teach her 'most anything, but I have not. Will it pay me to try her or would you advise getting a puppy and break it? She has not been spoiled in the field. Ans. Your bitch can be broken, not having been spoiled by bad handling. It may be a bit more difficult to accomplish her schooling, but with a dog of an obedient disposition there is no more trouble to train at two and a half years than at a year. You will find the whole matter fully covered in "Modern Training," price $2, or "Training vs. Breaking," price $1, both for sale by us.

E. N., Westchester, Pa.—Can you, through your columns, give me a simple and thorough method for tanning the skins of muskrats? Ans. Mix 1oz. of pulverized oxalic acid and half a pint of salt in two quarts of cold, soft water. Submerge the skin and let it soak for an hour. Then take it out of the liquor and scrape it clean of all pieces of flesh and fat that remained after it was stripped from the rat. Replace in the tan liquor for three hours more. Then wash in cold water, and when nearly dry stretch it and work over a smooth stick held between the knees until it is soft and pliable. To secure extra softness the skin may be treated by thoroughly rubbing in on the flesh side a mixture of one part soft soap, one part neat's-foot oil, and one-half part alcohol. When drying the skin should again be stretched and worked.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Florida Travel.

FOR the last ten days the tide of travel has turned toward Florida, Aiken, Augusta and western North Carolina. The superb service offered to winter travel this season by the Southern Railway has induced many to visit the charming resorts of the South, which are so easily reached in such a short time. The New York and Florida Limited leaves New York daily except Sunday at 12:10 noon—a most magnificent Pullman vestibuled train of dining, stateroom and drawing room, compartment, sleeping, library and observation cars, reaching Jacksonville the following afternoon at 3:30, and St. Augustine one hour later, 4:30.

The schedules are so arranged this winter to give the Florida travel a "limited" train from the East to St. Augustine, reaching its destination before night, attached to the New York and Florida Limited, and a Pullman drawing room sleeping car, New York to Augusta, which arrives at latter point following morning at 11:20 after leaving New York. Connections are also made at Trenton for Aiken—a few minutes' ride. Two other fast trains are operated to Florida, Aiken, Augusta, New Orleans and the Pacific coast, with through sleeping car service. For information call on or address New York office, Southern Railway, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

Boats Wanted for the Nashville Exposition.

MR. WM. HAWKES, of the Chamber of Commerce, Nashville, Tenn., writes FOREST AND STREAM as follows:

"I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for many years, and on this account have had mailed you a bird's-eye view of our approaching exposition. I am a lover of guns and boats—the latter we have some difficulty in getting down here, there being no one handling them in this country. When I refer to boats I mean canoes, light ducking boats, etc. I think if some of your builders could be induced to make a display, the result would prove to their advantage."—*Adv.*

Through Car Service—New York to Nashville, Tenn.

COMMENCING on Sunday, Jan. 24, 1897, the Pennsylvania and Southern inaugurate a through Pullman Sleeping Car Line between New York and Nashville, Tenn., via Washington, Asheville and Chattanooga. The new line passes through the scenic Western North Carolina, the "Land of the Sky," and gives the most excellent service between New York and Nashville. The through car will leave New York daily at 4:30 P. M. For further information call on or address New York office, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

Calendar.

THE Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Adrain, Mich., sends us a neat calendar illustrated by a half-tone reproduction from a photograph of a landscape in which the Page fencing figures in the foreground. The picture is a very attractive one, showing a smooth, rolling pasture bounded in the distance by a dim range of hills.

If we are not mistaken this is a part of Mr. Rutherfurd Stuyvesant's place, at Allamuchy, N. J.

According to the caption, there are "twenty miles of Page on this farm."—*Adv.*

Monitor Vapor Engine and Power Co.

THE Monitor Vapor Engine and Power Co., of Grand Rapids, Mich., have recently issued a new descriptive circular of "Monitor" and "Mogul" marine engines. These engines require no Government inspection, and are cleanly and easily cared for. They are built in various sizes from ¾ up to 16 horse power, single and double cylinder.

The Monitor Co. are also builders of launches.—*Adv.*

The American Boat Building Co.

THE American Boat Building Co., St. Louis, Mo., issues a catalogue descriptive of knock-down boats, launches, pleasure boats, etc. This company is prepared to furnish in the knock-down anything from a 10ft. canoe to a large launch or sailing yacht. H. W. Stone is superintendent and designer, and Fr. Siebert mechanical engineer.—*Adv.*

Fred Medart.

FRED MEDART, of St. Louis, Mo., sends us his catalogue descriptive of fine pleasure boats and power launches. Associated with him are Wm. C. Callan and C. C. Pittman. They turn out a full line of cruising and cabin launches, as well as sailing yachts, pleasure boats, canoes, etc.—*Adv.*

TENNESSEE'S CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION opens at Nashville, May 1, 1897. It will be another "White City" second only to the World's Fair at Chicago. It promises to be ahead of this in one respect, namely, that on the day of opening all the buildings will be complete and exhibits in place.

The shortest route to Nashville is via the Norfolk & Western Railway, which offers a choice of three routes, namely:

Route No. 1—By the famous and beautiful Shenandoah Valley route via Luray Caverns, Grottoes, Natural Bridge, Roanoke, Bristol, Knoxville, Chickamauga—Chattanooga National Military Park and Lookout Mountain.

Route No. 2—By steamer to Old Point Comfort or Norfolk, thence all rail via Petersburg, Lynchburg, Roanoke, Bristol, Knoxville, Chickamauga—Chattanooga National Military Park and Lookout Mountain.

Route No. 3—Going via Route No. 2 and returning via Route No. 1, or *vice versa*.

These routes offer the very best opportunity to visit Nashville and the best, most historic and picturesque part of the South at the same time.

For descriptive matter, excursion rates, further information or tickets, address L. J. Ellis, Eastern Passenger Agent, 387 Broadway, N. Y.—*Adv.*

WE would like a copy of FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 5, 1891 (Vol. xxxvii, No. 16), for a contributor who has in it a story.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR 10 CTS.-A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1897. | VOL. XLVIII.—No. 7. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

Jacksnipe Coming In. "He's Got Them" (Quail Shooting). Vigilant and Valkyrie. Bass Fishing at Block Island.

The plates are for frames 14 x 19 in. They are done in twelve colors, and are rich in effect. They are furnished to old or new subscribers on the following terms:

Forest and Stream *one year and the set of four pictures*, **$5.**
Forest and Stream *6 months and any two of the pictures*, **$3.**
Price of the pictures alone, $1.50 each; $5 for the set.

Remit by express money order or postal money order. Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE
346 Broadway
NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING
Present Entrance on Leonard Street

Wherefore, let us be thankful that there are still thousands of cool, green nooks beside crystal springs, where the weary soul may hide for a time, away from debts, duns and deviltries, and a while commune with nature in her undress. Nessmuk.

MAJOR CHARLES BENDIRE.

MAJOR CHARLES BENDIRE died on Friday of last week in Jacksonville, Fla., whither he had gone from his home in Washington. His death was not unexpected, as he had long been ill with a malady known to be fatal.

Major Bendire was a native of Germany. His father was a forester, and it was amid the scenes and surroundings of his boyhood days that those tastes were imbibed for the study of natural history which were destined later to dominate his life. Coming to America in the fifties and entering the army, he was commissioned from the ranks in 1854; in 1864 he was breveted First Lieutenant for gallantry at Trevillian Station, Va., and more recently as major for bravery in action against the Indians of Cañon Creek, Montana, in 1877. He was retired from the cavalry in 1886 for disability in the line of duty, and from that time devoted himself to perfecting his great collection of the eggs and nests of North American birds. To this work his leisure hours on the frontier had been given for many years, and the fruit of his industry was the collection, unequaled for scope and quality, which he presented to the Smithsonian Institution, and which is now deposited in the National Museum. After his retirement from the service he held the position of curator of the collections of eggs and nests in the Smithsonian.

From 1886 to the time of his death his one absorbing ambition was to carry out to its conclusion the great task which he had set for himself as a genuine labor of love, the series of volumes of the "Life Histories of North American Birds, with Special Reference to their Breeding Habits and Eggs." To this he gave his enthusiastic and assiduous devotion. Of the work projected on such a large and comprehensive scale two volumes have come from the press as Special Bulletins of the Smithsonian Institution. That Major Bendire should not have lived to complete the undertaking will always be deplored by the scientific world. In that portion of the work accomplished he has left an enduring monument.

Major Bendire was of a simple and ingenuous nature, one which endeared him to his associates. With the frank bluntness of the man of the frontier he had the tender heart of a woman, and his unselfishness and thoughtful regard for others were the characteristics by which he was best known. It is told of him that when he was in a company where any one person either through bashfulness or for other reasons appeared to be neglected, it was to such a one that Major Bendire would devote himself; in such little things may we find the key to a man's life.

THE GENUINE AND THE IMITATION.

PROPINQUITY to nature often develops a love of it among men, each according to his individual bent of mind, as in the sportsman, the poet, the naturalist, the artist, the musical composer; or those who, feeling nature's grandeur and appreciating her bounty, though unable to give expression to their feelings, adore mutely and partake gratefully.

Many residents of cities and towns who are not favored with such direct association, yet who, the impulse being strong within them, catch their inspiration from those who have knowledge and experience of nature's great handiwork, never rest content till they too have delved deep into nature's bounties.

And though each one has learned his lesson apart from his fellows, he has learned it truly, for they all will have a common understanding and noble enthusiasm when they meet, distinct from the misunderstandings and lack of common purpose which are peculiar to the artificial lessons taught in the institutions of man's creation.

So many people there are who have a genuine love of the natural in recreation, of the wholesome sports of shooting and fishing, camping and sailing, touring through the wilderness seeking healthy adventure or studying nature's histories, that association with such sterling characters excites a desire in others, who are not sportsmen, to appear as such; for in every class of society there are those who are mentally or physically indolent, or, unfortunately, deficient in true perception of life, yet who are so vain that they wish to appear as being proficient in any interest which appears dominant with their class for the time being; yet any effort toward genuine accomplishment or enthusiasm is to them the least of considerations.

The veneered pretender is met with in every interest in life, particularly in art, literature and sport; but it is as pretension specially relates to the latter that we refer to it here.

With the genuine sportsman, the love of nature and nature's sports is not a fashion. His convictions and his loyalty change not from the beginning to the end. Infirmity of body, or the restrictions imposed by business cares, may prevent him from material enjoyment of his preference, but his enthusiasm and love never wane. And there is such a multitude of genuine sportsmen in society, whose accomplishments are so respected, and whose example is so approved, that the imitation article has come into being, for there is nothing of true worth but what has its imitation.

It is sufficient to the artificial sportsman that he will seem to be in the fashion, therefore his sporting character is largely made up of exteriors, manifested generally in elaborate paraphernalia and nicety and profusion of tailoring detail, and much theoretical talk; so that, as an inheritance from the artificial sportsman, if any one appear in garments of resplendent newness with equipments to match, there is ground therefrom for suspicion that a fashionable career of sportsmanship, ephemeral in its brevity, has just begun, though the suspicion is not always well founded.

The artificial sportsman soon wearies of manly, practical sportsmanship, as is to be expected of one whose interest is a sham. His interest is the interest of fashion, the interest of exteriors, not the genuine interest of the genuine sportsman. Sportsmanship being popular, the sham sportsman wished to be in the popularity. His efforts are to catch the eye of the multitude—to go out alone in pursuit of sport, as does the genuine sportsman, he cannot do and be happy. The creature of fashion reverses the tenets of true sportsmanship, for he assumes the appearance of a sportsman that he may gain such importance from it as may be.

The true sportsman preaches the doctrine of sport for the good of his fellows, with no thought of self in it. To him rod and gun, garments of beautiful make, and all the appliances of his art may be a delight to look upon, yet he always considers them as but a means to his pleasure and enjoyment, and they always have reference to their practical usefulness. Exterior appearances are to him neither the beginning nor the end.

And thus it comes that the sportsman who is so as a matter of fashion is soon discovered, is a su ild contempt, and has an ephemeral career, unless he be one of the rare few who, beginning as a matter of fashion and engaging in the practice of sport, develops into the genuine article.

A GOOD WORK.

THE address of President John P. Haines, delivered at the last annual meeting of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is filled with valuable information concerning the interests of the Society and its practical workings.

The statistics incorporated in his address give much specific data of the stupendous and beneficent work accomplished by the Society, though, as a matter of course, they afford but a faint idea of the vast routine, with its infinity of detail, inseparable from the duties of the Society. In 1896 there were prosecuted 709 cases in the courts, as against 952 in 1895; the fewer cases, as Mr. Haines explains, being a result of the increased vigilance of the officers of the Society, and not due to any laxity on their part, as might thoughtlessly be inferred. Their vigilance and activity resulted in the almost total suppression of cock fighting and dog fighting in certain sections where they once flourished, and this in turn materially reduced the number of prosecutions.

The disabled animals, temporarily retired from labor by the Society, numbered 3,207; and the horses, mules and other large animals which were permanently disabled and in consequence humanely destroyed, numbered 3,254.

The number of small animals which were homeless or disabled past recovery, and in consequence were humanely destroyed, was 73,197; and 583 disabled horses and other large animals were removed from the streets by the Society's ambulances. The cases investigated reached the large total of 37,035.

The dogs received at the shelter numbered 27,587, and of these 3,049 were returned to their owners and 654 were placed in desirable homes, thus disposing of them in the best manner permitted by the circumstances. Of the large total of 43,263 cats received at the shelter but 7 were returned to their owners, and 163 were placed in homes.

This made a total of 70,850 dogs and cats captured, cared for, provided with homes or humanely destroyed. It demonstrates the great and good work done by the Society and the necessity of its existence. The immense numbers of the common species of dogs and cats of little or no value, and their boundless fecundity, result in vast numbers of vagrant, predatory animals, which would soon become an intolerable nuisance to the public were there not a force in action to keep them in check. This work is done by the Society, and yet so silently and thoroughly done that the public at large knows but vaguely of it.

Of the shelter work of the Society, Mr. Haines states that no other part of its interests has been more appreciated, and that letters are received from all parts of this country and from abroad in respect to it. The shelter and its purposes have been thoroughly adopted and approved by the people of Brooklyn and New York. Other cities also have adopted it, though Mr. Haines looks forward to greater improvements with more time and experience for guidance.

The Society has purchased a site for permanent headquarters at the northwest corner of Madison avenue and Twenty-sixth street, and it will determine in the near future whether to build with a view to the future growth of the Society's needs or more economically to meet the needs of the next few years only.

SNAP SHOTS.

Boston now shares with Chicago the pride and privilege of the possession of a rare collection of books on angling. In 1892 Mr. John Bartlett, whose book of "Familiar Quotations" is so well known, gave to the Harvard College library his large and valuable collection of books on angling, numbering over 1,000 volumes, with nearly 300 pamphlets; the works are in several languages. The collection has just been catalogued and is now accessible to the public. It is a noble gift, and Mr. Bartlett is deserving of the gratitude of all anglers for having thus placed the collection where it will be kept intact for all time.

Washington has a new society, the District of Columbia Game and Fish Protective Association, with Com. R. D. Evans as president. One purpose of the movement is to secure a law to prevent the sale of game in Washington during the close seasons for neighboring States.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE FLYING-FISH FLEET.

Far to the South, where the gentle northeast trades course over the heated water, lies the coral island of Barbadoes. It stands boldly to the eastward of all the Caribbean Islands, and is distant only a few hours' sailing from Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Bequia and the Spanish main.

In certain seasons of the year drift carried out to sea by the powerful current of the Orinoco reaches this island and occasionally the remains of huge alligators, lizards and poisonous serpents, which live in Venezuela, are cast upon the shore.

The geological formation of Barbadoes is most interesting, it having in some ancient period consisted of a solitary submerged volcanic peak. The coral insects constructed a broad terrace entirely around this peak, and then came a gigantic convulsion of nature which upheaved the whole mass to a height of 60ft. Again the coral polyps builded; another terrace grew, and once more the mass was raised. But this was not the end, for another terrace was formed and upheaved, and at the present time a fourth is in process of construction by the same diligent little creatures. Upon approaching the island the spectator at once observes the symmetrical order of these terraces, though they are now much eroded and their lines distorted by the throes of nature.

Barbadoes is the most healthful of all the West Indies, and has one of the most equable climates in the world. To these hygienic virtues has been ascribed its popularity as a place of recuperation for the fever sufferers of less favored localities. It has always been a British colonial possession and two English regiments are garrisoned here. Being the most densely inhabited pastoral spot of land in the world, every acre of its surface is cultivated to the highest possible extent to support this immense population. Verdant fields of cane wave over its undulating terraces—immense patches of yams, eddoes and cassava flourish in its valley, while narrow roads of white coral lead to quaint old colonial mansions almost hidden among stately groves of mahogany and royal palm trees.

Its freedom from serpents and noxious insects, its perfect drainage and strict sanitary laws, its cool, balmy breezes and refreshing showers, make it a place of quiet, healthful rest to the invalid fleeing from the rigors of a northern winter; while its wealth of curious shells and beautiful corals, its strange fruits and flowers, its brilliant birds and queer animals, its busy plantation life and interesting character studies, are a never failing source of entertainment to northern visitors.

In the surrounding waters of this delightful region the flying-fish makes his home, the dolphin disports himself and huge sea birds sail majestically over the water, preying on both. Out on the coral reefs which guard the shore thunders the majestic surge of the constant trades, sending its milk-white spray across the mussem beds to lave the feet of the towering cocoanuts fringing the beach. The vicious barracuda, the sharp-toothed mackerel and the lumbering shark lurk among the coral caverns near shore, while schools of bonitos, sinnets and jacks play in the open water over the shallows.

The flying-fish loves deep water and is found throughout the length and breadth of tropical seas. He is fond of feeding near the gulf weed of the sargassos, and deposits his stringy, glutinous spawn on its yellow branches. Vessels bound from New York to the Caribbee Islands upon reaching the "horse latitudes" sometimes encounter vast quantities of drifting weed, strung out into long ribbon-like patches, about an eighth of a mile apart. Among this golden weed, with its delicate leaves and globular seeds, exists a curious family of cuttle fish, crabs, mollusks and small fishes. Upon these the flying-fish preys and they in turn devour its spawn. Every plunge of the steamer as she plows through the blue tropical waters frightens dozens of flying-fish into the air, where they scatter in all directions, with the sunlight glistening on their gauzy wings.

The flying-fish of the Atlantic attains a length of nearly 1ft., and a breadth between wing tips of 11in. He has a round, compact body, about 1in. in diameter near the pectoral fins or wings. There is also an auxiliary pair of ventral fins or wings, not nearly so large as the pectoral pair. The wings are formed by a thin, transparent membrane stretched over a delicate, bony framework, and are either black, white, or mottled with both. The upper half of the entire fish is a metallic blue in color, while the lower portion is a nacreous white. Black, prominent eyes, a small, prehensile mouth, forked tail, dorsal and anal fins, complete the picture of one of the most interesting little fishes in all nature's vast aquarium.

In flight he darts from the water to a height of 20ft., and goes scudding away before the wind, beating the air rapidly with both wings and tail. He sails straight away for 1,000ft. or even more, occasionally touching the crest of a wave, and seeming to gain a new impetus by the contact.

The flying-fish fleet of Barbadoes is the largest in the West Indies, and during the fishing season between December and June it takes an immense number of these fish, which furnish a cheap and abundant food supply for the Barbadians.

The boats are ungainly open craft, crudely built, with naked ribs of mahogany planked with yellow pine. Rigged with leg-of-mutton mainsail and large, flat jib, they are fairly good sailers, and are managed with no little skill and dexterity, notwithstanding their makeshift equipment of burnt out ropes, patched sails and unwieldy ballast. Every boat carries one or more heavy lines for large fish, some small flying-fish hooks, a shark hook, and two nets of ½in. mesh stretched over a round bamboo hoop 3ft. in diameter.

Down to the beach in the early dawn come the fishermen from their dilapidated huts amid the cane and cocoanut clumps. Great, brawny fellows they are as they stand ready to plunge into the boiling surf through which they must swim to reach their boats. Out over the reef through the intricate channel glides the boat. The red glint of the morning sun tinges its sails, the northeast trades fill the bellying canvas, and soon scores of boats are putting out into blue water from behind every palm-fringed bay and protecting headland. The trolling line is now trailed out astern, and its swivel-rigged hook spitted with a shining fish goes spinning around as an attraction for kingfish, gunnet, barracuda or Spanish mackerel.

The boat moves swiftly out over the submerged coral gardens, past the redfish shallows where live the snapper, blackjack, covalle, velvets and ningnings, old men, old wives, drummer-boys, chubs, pudding-fish, queen mullets, hinds, congerees, whip-rays, niggerheads, butterfish, soapfish, rainbows, cooks, barbers' grunts, inkfish, horse-eyes, parrot-fish and dozens of other interesting fishes most wonderfully made and brilliantly colored.

Sometimes a hawk-bill tortoise or a green turtle is seen lying asleep on the surface of the water. Then the skipper runs silently alongside, and before the unwieldy monster can dive beneath the wave his flipper is fast in a slip noose and he is hauled aboard.

The shore birds and lazy, croaking pelicans are left astern; the red-roofed houses, the green hills and valleys, the whirling windmills, are all merged in a hazy band of emerald on the horizon, while our crew begins to search the water for drift, weed seeds, spawn, sea birds and other signs of fish.

A group of whales are feeding under our lee, and the deep roar of their blowing reaches us over the heaving water. The little calves are sportively inclined and broach repeatedly into the air, while the old bull and his cows sound the bottom for insect life on the deep sea banks. Barbadoes has a whaling station, and many of these mammals are taken every winter and resolved into oil, whalebone and fertilizers. The flesh both of the whale and shark is eaten fresh and in a cured state by all the West Indian Islanders.

We are now approaching the flying-fish ground, and a few black and white Mother Carey's chickens suddenly descend upon us and dart to our outstretched hands for bits of food.

A bos'un bird makes an ineffectual attempt to carry off our spinning fish astern, while a "break" of flying-fish scatter in all directions as we plow through a long line of ocean weed. The command to lower away is sung out by the skipper, the tiller is jammed hard down, and as the



THE FLYING-FISH.

boat comes to the wind the halyards are run, stays cast off, jibboom inrigged, mast unstepped, and we lie rolling broadside on in the huge regular swells.

Some stale fish are now macerated and the "mash" hung over the side in a sieve-like basket. As the boat is drifting to leeward this "scent" goes out to windward, producing a calm or "slick" in which the flying-fish begin to gather in increasing numbers.

Two or three dart to the boat, then shoot away again at its slightest plunge, only to return with others and begin a closer inspection. They come nearer and nearer in growing numbers, until at last, as if deciding that this ungainly monster rolling on the deep is their natural protector, they nestle up to its sides and swim in droves around it. The fish are now "good" and ready to be "dipped." This is done at bow and stern by the net men, who scoop them gently into the boat two or three at a time. Hold a small bit of fish over the side and a dozen will immediately hover about your hand, swimming over and under your fingers in their eagerness to gain the tidbit.

Flying-fish are divided according to size into pinfish, weely-whistles, youngsters and patriarchs. Only the latter come to the boat, and are classed as spawn and milt fish. Guineamen are a large species of flying-fish, some three or four times heavier than the patriarchs, and cannot be lured into the net. They are very gamy when taken on the line and generally break into flight over the boat. The bewildered angler then finds that he has hooked a fish, but is playing a bird.

The fish now swarm around the boat like little chickens, and over 2,000 are lying in a glistening heap on the ballast.

An abandoned whale carcass is drifting up to us from leeward, sending out a broad slick or band of oil in all directions. A multitude of Mother Carey's chickens are hovering over its exposed surface, while a vicious throng of barracudas and sharks tear at the blubber underneath. As our boat drifts by the carcass these scavengers of the ocean make an attack on our school of flying-fish, sending them panic stricken into the air in all directions. Sharks thus gorged to repletion with whale blubber do not take the hook; but the fishermen are so imbued with the spirit of vengeance that they maim and injure them with the utmost ferocity. They lure them to the side of the boat by means of a flying-fish attached to a string, and thrust their keen blades up to the hilt in their sides, dyeing the water for yards around with a crimson flood. The savage brutes, excited by their own blood, tear each other in fury, but at last retire, leaving us to pursue our way in peace.

Sometimes the fishermen are seriously annoyed by a fleet of Portuguese men-o'-war. These curious gelatinous animals look like pinkish, transparent balloons floating on the surface of the water. Long, purple streamers trail behind them, and amid this "rigging," as the sailors call it, live a number of sailorfish or men-o'-warsmen, who accompany the man-o'-war on all its cruises. When the man-o'-war is cast ashore its crew of sailorfish become perfectly frantic and perish of starvation, unless shipped by another man-o'-war.

Woe to the fisherman who in the process of dipping comes in contact with these streamers or rigging. They seem to produce an almost instantaneous paralysis of the nervous ganglia by their contact. The muscles strain involuntarily, the parts touched burn intensely, the sufferer screams with agony, and it is several hours before he finds relief.

The flying-fish fisherman's dinner depends on his success as a netter, otherwise a dry crust or two is his sole refreshment. As the sun approaches the meridian a fire is started on the iron ballast in the bottom of the boat, a black pot slung amidships, and soon a fine chowder of flying-fish, yams, garlic and red peppers is sending its savory odor out over the water. How the skipper enjoys this part of the day as he sits in the stern, smoking a short black pipe. The netmen are bringing in the fish at every dip; the vertical sun is pouring his torrid rays down on their naked bodies. Their perspiring, oily limbs gleam like polished ebony as they sway back and forth over their work. Fleecy cumulus clouds float overhead and are mirrored in the seas beneath. Nothing disturbs the silence of this noonday calm but the splash of the boat as she rides the swell, or the harsh croak of sea birds as they circle in the air.

But a contrast is soon forthcoming to this picture of the skipper's masterly inactivity and enjoyment of his surroundings, for his trained eye has discovered two cobblers bearing down from windward. Now cobblers are huge sea birds, and by their actions indicate the presence of dolphin. If their flight be lofty and circling, they are said to be "searching;" but if they sail close to the water and dart repeatedly to its surface, dolphins are near at hand. The cobbler dashes at the exposed back of the dolphin when he appears at the surface and gashes out pieces of flesh, which he devours.

A sight like this arouses the crew into immediate activity, for a "cloud" of dolphin is encountered only once or twice in a whole season. Anxious glances are cast to windward at the approaching cobblers. The boat is cleared for action. Each man is assigned his station by the skipper, and all stand with quickened pulses eager for the fray.

The shark is the bull dog of the sea, but the dolphin is its hound. He is long and narrow, with blunt head, brilliant eyes, powerful tail and a leathery skin dotted with blue. He weighs from 20 to 40lbs. and can change color like a chameleon. Lithe and powerful, he scours the sea, the very personification of grace and activity. The frantic flying-fish darts into the air and skims like a flash light for a thousand feet, but the dolphin follows swiftly beneath like a dark shadow and rends his exhausted prey as it sinks on the crested wave.

The excitement is now at fever heat, the flying-fish begin to run wild, dark shadowy forms are seen to windward and the fishermen mumbles his "obeah" to give him luck; for on his success depend many necessities for wife and child, tobacco, rum and feast day money. Suddenly our flying-fish break from the water in a silvery shower. The cobblers and sea gulls pursue them in air, the dolphins surround them beneath the wave. At the first taste of blood the dolphins have turned to a bright orange yellow and are now said to be in their "biting colors."

Both ends of the big line are worked with all possible celerity. The bait scarcely touches the water ere a dolphin strikes and is drawn aboard, while the rest crowd around the boat in a dense pack as if eager for the hook. The dolphins in the boat keep up a ceaseless hammering with their tails, battering everything breakable into a shapeless mass and bruising the fishermen severely. They present a beautiful sight in their dying moments, changing color rapidly from blue to purple, orange and yellow; while overhead a noisy flock of sea birds look down on the scene and mingle their cries in the general hubbub. Over fifty dolphins are taken in ten minutes, when suddenly they become frightened and vanish to be seen no more, leaving a panting exhausted crew covered with blood from head to foot, but supremely happy.

There are other moments of happiness to the flying-fish fisherman, but none that he enjoys so much as when catching dolphin. Very rarely he meets with a "sea navy," or large congregations of all kinds of large fishes, including blackjack, kingfish, gunnet, barracuda, dolphin, shark, porpoise, bonito, billfish and albecore. For what reason these fishes assemble in such vast numbers is not known. They crowd together closely and churn the water into foam for an eighth of a mile in all directions. When a sea navy is "hailed" the fisherman endeavors to get his boat into the pack and then he can fill it, for at such times the fish are ravenous. A large albecore will weigh 300lbs., and it takes the whole crew to handle him. After an hour's hard playing he is drawn alongside, and if there are no sharks around the best diver on the boat goes overboard and puts a sling around its tail, thus assuring its capture. In a sea navy sharks often throng around the boat and nip off half of each fish as it is drawn aboard.

About the middle of the afternoon the boats commence to make sail for home, and hundreds of sails are soon seen dotting the water in all directions.

There exists great rivalry among them as to which shall put their fish ashore first; and many a victorious boat comes surging up to the wharf under sweeps, with dripping canvas and exhausted crew.

A ragged, unkempt crowd of women quickly transfer the catch to round baskets and start off in all directions through Bridgetown, with their burdens poised on their turbaned heads. Many of these women will trot off at a swinging gait, carrying a burden of 100lbs., and traversing a distance of fifteen miles or more before their last fish is sold and the last cry sounded of "Fe-e-sh he-e-e-r."

The Barbadian fisherman is very superstitious. All his goings and comings are governed by signs; all his ventures controlled by traditions brought from darkest Africa in old slavery days. He strictly observes all sacred days of whatever creed. His imagination pictures "duppies" walking upon the water and weird figures waving in the sky, which augur good or evil to his welfare. Strange sounds come to him over the water, and the waves eddy and swirl under the influence of submarine monsters. His real perils, however, are many, and the woman often waits in vain for his homecoming. The hurricanes of the summer season destroy many boats and engulf their crews. Waterspouts rise suddenly out of the sea and rend in fragments his frail craft.

He is obliged to pick his homeward way with the greatest nicety and precision, past hidden reefs, through intricate channels, in all kinds of weather, by day and by

night. Sometimes in the gloom of midnight he pilots his way through the home channel, guided only by the noise of the surf breaking against the reef on either side. Should he mistake the way by a few feet huge combers grasp his boat and hurl it with relentless force against the jagged coral.

But though his perils be many, and his hardships great, he loves his calling and enjoys his triumph with hook and net. Like all sailors, he drinks more grog than is good for him, and smokes an excessive quantity of vile tobacco. He is wont to gather at the wharf after the sun has gone to rest, and spin his yarn and dance a reel with the rest of his mates. Under the benign sky of the tropics, in a land of perpetual summer, he pursues his way, improvident, careless, untrammeled, save by the cares of a moment.

One who sailed these blue waters with him day by day during the tropical winter will store up in his memory many exciting experiences with shark and dolphin; innumerable pictures of mountainous waves, breaking surf and intricate channels.

He will recall the beautiful coral garden beneath the water where he peered into hidden caverns, with their wealth of curious shells, sponges and coral.

As he sits before the fireside of his northern home and the snow and sleet beat against the window, he will remember with pleasure the days spent with his friends, the flying-fishermen on the surface of the beautiful Caribbean.

Harry Higgins.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Tramping and Camping in the Sandhills.

(Continued from page 103.)

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 29.—After leaving the wagon on the afternoon of our first day out, Patterson and I walked about five or six miles, as nearly as we could estimate it, before deciding to go into camp. It was at that time well on toward 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and as there was a keen wind blowing the night bid fair to be a cold one, so that we needed a sheltered place, with plenty of wood close at hand. As we were now out of the region of the small sandhill lakes, we knew that we should be obliged to get water from Lake Michigan. This meant that we would be forced to carry water in our tin cups from the beach up over the line of bluffs which skirted the shore—a continuous line of hills 100 to 150ft. in height, and covered on the lake side with a coating of frozen ice almost as slippery as glass. Finally we hit upon a depression in the line of bluffs, over which it was possible to make a way into the wooded hills beyond. We followed up this long ascent, and were gratified to find that on the landward side it broke sharp down from the summit, making a long, steep pitch of loose sand, which ran sheer down into a sheltered little hole of a valley. Moreover, we could see below us a vast log, which offered advantages as a back log, and could also see various little clumps of junipers and pines, which assured us of a good bed. Sliding down the face of the sandhill, which, being the side toward the sun, was thawed out and therefore yielding, we found ourselves some 75ft below the surrounding summits and quite sheltered from the wind, which we could hear roaring and whistling above us, sending long curling sand spits down the long white bank behind

We found that our back log was a big pine tree nearly 3ft. in diameter which had fallen half across our little valley. Unfortunately its stubby limbs still held it a foot or more above the ground, so that we feared that we should lose some of the heat of our fire We soon piled up the open space, however, with smaller logs in a way which satisfied us on that score, and then we set about pitching our tent. The latter, as I have stated, was a small affair, but still we had difficulty in finding a place large enough to offer us floor room, as our back log was unfortunately located on something of a side hill. But we went to work with our axes and hands and soon dug out a place large enough for the tent, and then we gave an imitation of two men putting up a tent in a hurry. In a jiffy we had two forked poles driven into the sand, each a little over 4ft. high and about 7ft. apart. Across these we threw another pole. At the back of the tent the little twine guy rope of the corner was tied to a convenient tree. The other corner having no tree handy, we drove down a stake for it and thus soon had the four corners of our tent supported, so that our little house in the woods began to take on the appearance of a home. The open front of the tent was only about 8ft distant from the fire and the roof sloped back cozily, although the lightness of the material gave it a good deal of a sag, which we sought to remedy by means of long boughs. Then we cut us some little logs, placing one at the back of the tent and one on each side, so holding the edges of the tent firmly to the ground without the necessity of any tent pins. After putting these logs in place, we scooped the sand over them from the inside of the tent and completed an air-tight joint all around the tent by heaping up the sand in a ridge about the tent outside We now had a structure wind proof, so far as this flimsy fabric could be. The fire was to be our front door As this fire would be apt to burn a hole in our tent, and as, moreover, it looked very much as though we might have a snowstorm, we proceeded to thatch our roof with green pine boughs. Then we hauled up some dead trunks of trees for firewood and had our tent all complete excepting the bed. While Patti now went to the lake after water I set out after juniper boughs for a bed. I found a clump of these wiry tttle trees growing in long, curved, fan like branches which spread out from a common center. By cutting off these branches close to the ground I got a complete feathered bed spring about 3ft. long and 1½ft. wide. Dragging down several bundles of these branches, I thatched the entire floor of the tent three layers deep with them, putting the convex side of the branches up.

This made a deep and springy bed, and quite took away the cold and clammy feeling which the wet sand had given to the interior of the tent up to that time. Later on Patti and I spent half an hour or so covering up this preliminary frame work of our bed with little tips of pine boughs cut from small trees which we dragged up to the tent, Thus by taking time and pains we got a very good and comfortable bough bed.

I noticed that it took Patti a long while to get the water at the lake, and when finally he came crawling gingerly down the hill with a cup in each hand he explained the reason of the delay. He had run against a whole lake full of water, but had found it almost impossible to get any of it. The breakers were running high, but by the time they had spread out into shallow wavelets high up the beach it was impossible to dip up a tin full of water, and such as could be obtained was mostly sand. Patti's ingenuity, however, was equal to the occasion. He lashed the quart cup to the end of his staff, and taking up a position on a high cake of ice waited for the waves to come in. Meeting each wave with his tin cup held as far as possible in front of him, he would grab off what water he could and then run back up the beach as fast as he could go ahead of the incoming wave, which even then sometimes overtook him and splashed halfway up to his knees. Thus, by great diplomacy and industry, he finally managed to get the two tins full of water. We had no water pail, having reduced everything to as light a basis as possible; but the absence of such a vessel under the circumstances put us in rather a ludicrous plight. We were both warm and thirsty from our exertions, and one quart of water apiece, to last for the entire evening, we found to be pretty short rations, including as it did the water for making coffee, with the incidental spillings and boilings over. Before lying down to sleep I was so thirsty that I thought I should not be able to rest though I could not relish the thought of going out in the cold wind over the sand ridge and wrestling Lake Michigan in the dark for the drinks. We found about a tablespoonful apiece left in one of the cups, and it tasted very good.

All these little operations required considerably more than an hour, and it was quite dark when we called the camp complete, and proceeded to build a fire. This Patti accomplished by striking a single match, which shows that he was something of a woodsman, as indeed he is. (We only used three matches on the trip.) As we wanted to cook supper first, we built only a very small fire, and before supper was ready we were both pretty well chilled through. One can very well keep warm in the winter time camping out so long as he is walking or engaged in continuous exercise, but as soon as he ceases to work and sits down he comes to realize that he is not in a steam-heated parlor. But we soon had our coffee boiled and our beefsteaks broiled. Meantime we had pulled on our sweaters and spread out our scanty store of blankets in the tent. We now heaped up the fire with brush



"PATTI," OF THE FOREST AND STREAM EXPEDITION.

and limbs of resinous pine and soon had a crackling, roaring fire, which lit up the dark little valley gloriously and warmed to the uttermost the little brown house in front of it. So Patti and I sat in the door of the house and fell upon our supper joyfully, soon feeling as warm and comfortable as we ever had at home. "This is not so bad," said Patti; "we'll sleep here all right to-night" So saying, he cut off another goodly slice of beef and wiped his knife on his leg. (Patti has a beautiful pair of canvas pants which show plenty of service. He values their grease and grime spots as much as an old smoker does the color on his meerschaum. Being a careful and methodical man myself, I always wipe my knife when eating on my left trouser leg, so that my own canvas unspeakables are a shade darker on that side than on the other)

We had a good supper that night, except that we did not have coffee enough—less than a quart for the two of us. There was not snow enough to melt, and we both dreaded the trip to the lake. We found that the half of a big apple each allayed our thirst somewhat. By 9 or 10 o'clock we were ready to go to bed, which was a very simple operation, as neither of us removed any of our clothing. We were both tired, and could have slept the night through without waking had it been possible to build a fire which would last all night. In this sort of camping it is simply a question of fire. If one has a lodge or tepee he needs only a small fire, but we could not carry so large a house as that, and of course in an open-front tent one would freeze to death without a big fire all the time. I went to sleep at about 11 o'clock, and the first thing I knew it was 2 o'clock in the morning; but meantime Patti had been up twice, so he told me, to build up the fire. From that time to 6 o'clock I tended fire two or three times. In sleeping out in this way it does not seem to cost one much sleep to get out and build up the fire, for as soon as he lies down again he falls asleep and stays asleep until the next cold chill runs up his back. Really we had a pretty good night of it all in all. We found the theory of our little tent all right, and once or twice in the night we congratulated ourselves on our comfort, as we lay and listened to the wind roaring high above us.

We had proved to ourselves that two men can go on a walking trip and carry on their backs all that they need to make them comfortable in zero weather. This is something which has been proved many times before, but, as I have remarked earlier, we felt ourselves in need of a trip, and so thought we would prove it over again.

In the morning we had a breakfast very much like the supper we had the night before. We did not hurry to get away, as we had no place in particular to go to and nothing to accomplish but to have a good time. Taking a trip into the hills about our camp, I paused at the top of a ridge and looked down upon our hidden valley. Rarely have I seen in any country a wilder bit of nature. The ragged sandhills have an indescribably wild look to them, and for all the look of the place had to do with it, we might as well have been 1,000 miles beyond the jumping-off place. The hills were here covered with a scattered growth of pine and oak, the country being a continuous succession of sharp ridges and valleys. It had the look of a good game country, and indeed there are a few remnants left of different species native to these hills. An inquisitive gray squirrel made us several visits during the morning, and as I stood high above the place and looked down at the smoke curling up from our rough looking little camp this same squirrel came sidling down the hill close up to the back of the tent. I called to Patti that he had a visitor, but at the shout the little fellow turned and scuttled up the almost perpendicular face of the sandhill at a gait which seemed well nigh impossible. I stood there on the hill for some time looking at our camp. Still higher up above me the wind was raging furiously. The sky was gray and snow was falling, adding to the light covering which had come down during the night. From beyond the rim of the sand bluffs came the boom of the surf of the inland sea. Inshore, along the top of the high bluff line, and not over 100yds. from our tent, there passed a long line of great gray gulls, flying slow and silent, like spirits of an impending storm. There is nothing cheerful or peaceful in this country. The whole scene is one of forbidding desolation. Rebellious and repellant indeed must be that hand which at the very gate of the city of Chicago has kept away the house of the settler and almost kept away the foot of man.

It was about 10 o'clock when we shouldered our packs for the continuance of our journey. Far down the beach we espied a tiny speck which in the course of an hour we made out to be a house, still some miles away. It was about noon when we came up to this house, and found it to be a fisher's cabin occupied by two boys, who told us that they made a sort of a living by their gill-net fishing throughout the year. The take, which consists mostly of lake herring and perch, they peddle out among the farmers back beyond the sandhills.

From these boys, who were the only human being we saw on our trip, we learned several interesting things. At this point a strong stream of water from the inland marshes has broken through the restraining rim of sandhills and empties directly into Lake Michigan, somewhat after the fashion of the Grand Calumet River. No member of the Calumet Heights Club had ever explored the country so far away as this from the Calumet club house, nor had we ever heard of this stream of water, which is not marked on any map. We learned that it was only about three or four miles to the head of the stream, which was near the town of Porter, on the Michigan Central Railroad. Our fishermen friends told us that there was once, long years ago, an attempt made to establish a village at the mouth of this creek, and that the place was called "City West," in distinction to the town of Michigan City, only about nine miles away. The creek had no other name except the general one of "City West Creek," so we thought it would be best to call it Patterson's River. We named our first camp Camp Calumet, it being the prerogative of all explorers to change the names of things as given by the people who were there ahead of them.

Upon receiving the information that Michigan City was only nine miles further on, Patti and I were very much surprised and annoyed, for it appeared that we would soon run out of country at this rate. We learned that we must have walked six or seven miles the first afternoon and about as far this morning. We resolved to walk more slowly, as we did not want to end our trip until the following day.

I presume the correct way to explore this sandhill country would be to plunge into the middle of it and walk across the hills, not taking advantage of the smooth and hard highway offered by the beach. This would certainly make the enterprise difficult enough, as a man with a pack would have trouble in traveling more than eight or ten miles a day in such a region. On the beach we found that we could travel at the rate of twenty miles or so a day with perfect ease, allowing plenty of time for morning and evening camping operations. As we had only limited time for our trip, and did not know much about the country, we stuck to the beach most of the way. On this day we found the character of the country changing very rapidly. From points on the high bluffs we could see that the sandhill region was narrowing down toward a point. The pine trees were disappearing, being replaced by thickets of scrub oak. The beach was much narrower, more covered with pebbles and fenced in by much higher and steeper bluffs. At times we would walk for half a mile without finding a place where it would be possible to make the ascent of these icy bluffs. A little after 1 o'clock, finding a depression where we could get through, we concluded to stop for lunch, as we were now getting dangerously close to Michigan City. Accordingly we searched out a sheltered nook under the lee of a big sandhill and made a transient camp, with a big log as a shelter. Again we carried water from the lake in diminutive supply, and again we made a meal much like those preceding, for appetite waits always on the winter tramper. As we had no logs at hand, we were at a loss to see how to cook on the sharp side hill, where our fire was built. There was no place to set a frying-pan or a coffee tin in such way that it would not spill its contents. Patti remedied this state of affairs by cutting a long crotch out of a green pine limb. Across the fork of this he put his frying-pan, and retaining hold on the end of the limb, he thus had a handle to his pan and a cooking range all in one. Thus we fried bacon without spilling or burning, and thus we made coffee; the green limb, placed flat down over the fire, not burning through before our cooking operations were concluded.

As we continued our walk along the beach that afternoon we noted again the great number of wrecks and hulks which line the edge of Lake Michigan at this part of its shore line. There were fairly dozens of them, or pieces of such, all nearly buried in the sand, which rapidly covers up anything left exposed to the wind. We supposed that most of these fragments came from lumber schooners or fishing boats, such as often come to grief on this stormy water. Obviously many of them had lain here for many years, the ends of the timbers in some cases being worn smooth by the cutting sand blast. All sorts of things are found on the beach, odds and ends of wreckage and objects which seem to come from the land side of the lake. Thus we saw many paving blocks which at first we thought were worn by the action of the wate, but which later we discovered to have been actually

used in some street pavement, probably in the city forty miles north of there, whence the waves had carried them by some process of their own.

As we could now begin to see unmistakable evidences of civilization in the shape of certain red-painted roofs close at the water's edge, and deemed this to be Michigan City, we were obliged to go into camp very early this day. It was before 4 o'clock when we began to look for a place to get through the hills into a locality suitable for camping. While Patti stayed down on the beach waiting for the signal to go after water, I went up on the ridges to prospect for a camping spot. I found an elegant little flat-bottomed valley, far down below the summits of the sandhills, but unfortunately could not discover any good back log in it, nor any pine trees for purposes of bedding. In fact we were now almost out of the pine country, and into an oak region, where camping was a more difficult matter. I left this valley and wandered on a quarter of a mile, finding several spots which had advantages, but which also had drawbacks. Incident upon this search, I found myself at the summit of the highest sand peak of that part of the hills, a veritable mountain, which we took to be the high peak our fisherman had told us was called Mt. Tom. Opposite to this, and beyond my little valley, I could see a second high peak; and this, later on, Patti thought it would be well to call Mt. Jerry. So we called them Mts. Tom and Jerry, and camped between them. For search as we might we could find no better spot than my valley, and it was late and getting extremely cold before we settled upon the spot.

We had a lovely camping spot here, the little valley being a flat glade which wound off picturesquely through the hills. At its back was a sharp and high sandhill of pure white sand, while on either side timbered hills sloped down more gently, the bottom of the valley, some 80 or 100yds. in width, being covered with scattered oaks of second growth about 6in. in diameter. On a side hill about 50yds. from our tenting spot was a great dead and seasoned oak, 18in. through, from which we determined to construct our back log. In order to do this we were forced to cut it in two, or rather in three, and for this work we found our camp axes quite too light and insignificant. I would advise anyone going on a winter trip to take a good long-handled axe along if he took nothing else, for on the axe all his comfort will depend It took me nearly three-quarters of an hour to gnaw that great trunk in two, for it was hard as iron; and I was forced to cut down into it with a "double chip" in order to drive the cut entirely through the log While I was at this annoying work, Patti was getting water and gathering boughs; and then we joined forces and lugged the monster log to place, and went on about putting up the tent.

This time we took a bit more care with our tent, for it looked like snow, and moreover we thought it would be warmer if the roof were stretched tighter so that the heat would be reflected down more evenly. So we put up a regular frame for the tent and stretched it over this frame, not "tacking it on with carpet tacks," but holding it down as before by side logs and sand. We got it up in very good shape, but our bed was not so good as it was the night before, since the pine trees were so few and so far from us We cut and hacked and broke down a vast amount of fuel, mostly of well-seasoned oak, accumulating a vast wood pile; for it was now very cold, and we knew we were in for a bitter night. How cold it really was I cannot say, but during the evening when one of us wanted a drink he discovered that the water in the tin cup at the corner of the tent was frozen nearly solid. This was within 8 or 10ft. of the fire, though not exposed to the direct rays of the fire. The surroundings being unfavorable here for a camp, we were a long time—over two hours—getting things into what seemed to us comfortable shape. We were not so tired as we had been the night before. Already the air and exercise were beginning to do their work for us, so we could see that a few days of this sort of thing would harden us up nicely.

It was an hour after dark by the time we got all our domestic arrangements concluded and had our smoking supper on the fire lit spot between the fire and the tent. To the light of the fire we were able to add further illumination, for during the day Patti had, by strange good fortune picked up on the beach a half length of stearine candle, which had come from no one knows where on the common carriage of the lake. This candle we placed at our table, making for it an excellent candle stick from a split pine bough, the sharpened end of which we stuck down in the sand that constituted the table cloth. In silence, but with great celerity and precision, we ate our evening meal of bacon beefsteak, brown bread and coffee, finishing it off with a fine red apple for dessert. Then we said it was good, wiped our knives each on that spot of his trousers leg as hereinbefore designated, and relapsed into ease and dignity for an hour or so before retiring for the night.

The wind had by this time risen to a gale, and, worst of all, it came twisting down a little side gully in such a way that it blew the smoke right into our tent instead of away from it. With a bit of the muslin of which the tent was made we put up a rude side wing, which broke part of the wind away, but at best this was insufficient, so we had rather a bad time of it after we lay down to sleep Patti was so big that as he lay flat on his back his nose just cleared the roof of the tent, and the smoke, following down the slanting roof, would stream directly into his eyes, so that he was glad to pull the blanket over his head. In the morning we found our throats full of smoke, so that our voices had a harsh, piratical sort of sound, in good keeping with our general make-up Of course neither of us washed his face or hands, and it does not occur to me whether or not the subject of a comb was mentioned. With water so hard to get as we found it in Lake Michigan, one isn't going to waste any of it in washing.

It was very cold that night, but strangely enough it grew warmer toward morning, the wind then lulling somewhat. We both were up often during the night building up the fire, and we found our great stack of dry wood none too large. By morning our big back log was burned entirely through, and we had to lap the ends to get a good reflector out of it. All the little solid trees which we had dragged up to camp were burned through again and again, and we were forced to go out for wood for the breakfast fire. When it comes to keeping a fire the size of ours going for twelve hours straight, it requires a lot of wood. Once in the night I felt Patti shivering in his sleep, and so got out and piled on some wood upon the fire. At another time I awoke with a good strong shiver running up my own back, and as I got out into the sharp night air to hustle up some wood for the fire I was seized with a vigorous chill which sent me howling back to the blankets. This, however, does not hurt any one, and teaches him not to be too lazy or to wait too long after the warning of the first creeping feeling up the back. In a camp such as this it is no good to curl up tighter in the blankets and try to get warm that way. We did not have blankets enough for that, but had to depend absolutely upon the fire. I should think a well made fire was good to last an hour or two hours, according to the kind of wood used. Of course if men would take turns standing fire watch it would be possible to sleep in perfect comfort until time to go on watch, but we were too sleepy to do this, and so let it average itself, which it did with something like approximate evenness, I suppose, each one getting up to fix the fire perhaps four or five times during the night, as nearly as he could remember, and not keeping track of the times he did so when asleep.

In the morning when we broke camp we marched to the top of "Mount Tom" and had a good look over the wide strip of rough country about us. The lake was quieter now and lay wide and blue below us. Almost at our feet, it seemed, we could see the buildings of Michigan City, about three miles away. Between us and the town there were the same long, deep gullies, the same white sand dunes and the same scrubby timber to which we had now become accustomed. Across this country we started for our last little march. To our surprise it was impossible to find a place on the lake side of the sand dunes where it would be possible to slide or scramble down to the beach without too serious a risk of injury. We kept along on top of the ridges until at last we found a shallower gully which led down to the beach. Then we pressed on toward the red roof of the life-saving station at the town.

All along the upper edge of the beach for a distance of more than half a mile at this part of the lake shore we found soft ground with water oozing up through it. This we discovered to be a series of the seeping springs peculiar to this sandhill region. Not far from this trickle of water we saw a high and regular bank of fine gravel, graded as regularly as though terraced for a lawn front, and running back some distance until swallowed up in the all-devouring sand, though leaving a perfectly flat surface large enough for the building of the finest residence. This odd eminence was some 30ft. above the level of the lake. The front of this gravel bank or bar was many hundreds of yards long where plainly visible, and it seemed even and flat-topped all along. Perhaps geologists could show how the big glacier which came down across this country at some distant day dropped here the fine pebbles it had been carrying. Then the sand blew all over the gravel bar and covered it up, no one knows for how many miles of its course, along what is now the lake shore Thus a dam was made between the spring waters of the country inland from the lake. Further up the lake, in the direction from which we had come, the spring waters and marsh waters were headed back by the wide sandhills and herded together into large streams, the Grand Calumet, or the little creek which we called Patterson's River. At this point, where the reach of sandhills was narrower, and where the gravel bar was least covered by the sands, this inland water had strained through the vast natural dam, trickling through the wide gravel bar and so seeping out at its foot upon the lake side of the ridges. At least this was good enough geology for us, and we wondered how long it would be before another river broke through the sandhills and give the perch and suckers a chance to run up into the grass lands in the spring. According to my own earlier explorations, made along the Little Calumet some years ago with Alex Loyd, and continued last summer with Dr. Hollenbeck, of Westville, Ind., we were now at a point about twelve miles north of the head of the Calumet River, the same distance from some fine bass fishing, and not any further than that from a lot of interesting little creeks, all of which pitch down the sharp front of the big dam the glacier left still further inland, to keep the Kankakee River from running into Lake Michigan, which it has for a long time been trying its best to do.

It was about 11 o'clock in the morning when we arrived in Michigan City, and were able at length definitely to confirm the unauthenticated rumor that this town is located on Lake Michigan. Of course, since we could lay claim to this, we felt as though we had really discovered the place, although we found there a Government lighthouse bearing the cut stone inscription "1858" There may have been a few people along through here at that time, but as a good many of them are probably dead or have moved away from the place it was time the place was being discovered again, so we discovered it.

As we went up the street of the sandy little city, people came to the windows and looked out at us, and on the street folks paused to stare at the tramps who wore axes and knives and carried packs and coffee cups. We sneaked into the depot waiting room as quickly as possible, but were hunted out there by the reporters of the two rival newspapers, who wanted to know if we were surveying a railroad, hunting for moonshiners, or what, anyhow. When we told them we were out for fun they shook their heads with doubt and apparently thought we were joking "What would you do that for in the winter time?" they asked. I'm sure I don't know what they said about it, but I don't believe they believed the truth.

A good many of our friends have asked us since what made us go out tramping around that way and lying out in the snow in the winter. 'What did you get?' they say, and then "What did you go for?" Yet others ask how much game we saw. We saw one rabbit, one grouse, one squirrel and a few tracks. Not a very big net result if that were all. But Patti and I figured it out that that wasn't quite all.

E. Hough.

1205 Boyce Building, Chicago.

Shall the State Propagate Game?

We think that it is no more than fair that the State now make an appropriation for the establishment of a game hatchery for the purpose of propagating game. What might be done is only conjecture at present, because the propagation of game has never yet been well attempted in this State. The State could easily afford to appropriate $10,000 and go into the business of rearing game birds—the birds to be given to regularly organized and incorporated game clubs for purposes of stocking. As it is now, certain private individuals pay for the liberation of game birds in various localities. Why not the State? The State helps the fishing interests; why not the game interests? Pheasants can be propagated, quail can be, white hares can be, and perhaps other game and game birds. It is singular that the State has never attempted to restore moose to the Adirondack region.

All of these ideas are possibilities and would be interesting experiments for the State to undertake.—*Auburn (N. Y.) Advertiser.*

AMID FAMILIAR SCENES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is a charm in squirrel hunting that exists in no other kind of hunting. It takes one into the woods when nature is in her most pleasing mood, and it revives the enthusiasm of long-past boyhood. It has been said that squirrels are boys' game. It may be so; but what is the sportsman but an overgrown, dignified boy? His first lesson began with squirrel hunting, and, though he may have come to regard it as insignificant compared with his higher education, he looks back lovingly and longingly to the old days, and would return to them if he could.

And as the squirrel season is the first to arrive, it gives the sportsman an excuse to go into the woods with his gun. He has been so long "chained to business," and the fever has taken such a firm hold of him, that he is glad of any excuse that will bring relief and a day spent in the pursuit of his pet enjoyment.

And he will naturally seek his favorite haunt. Every sportsman has a favorite haunt, and that is the one he usually selects for his first day's outing. So when the 1st of last September ushered in the squirrel season I gladly took the morning train to spend the day among old familiar scenes, and an hour's ride brought me to the sleepy little village which, but for the barking of good-natured dogs that brings the women and children to the windows when a stranger passes through, would seem deserted. Where the "men folks" keep themselves I have never yet found out, for it is seldom that I see any, always, of course, excepting Uncle Lisha, as I have come to call him, the village shoemaker, who sits facing the door of his little shop, the better to see and greet passers-by. An honest and good-natured little old man is Uncle Lisha, who lives at the end of the town. I have not missed a September visit to this place in twelve years, and have come to anticipate the old shoemaker's greeting and chat as one of its pleasantest features. He sometimes wonders at my persistent returns after so many unsuccessful trips, but I have never tried to satisfy his curiosity. The axiom, "It is not all of hunting to hunt," would not do it and might cause a complication of ideas in the old man's mind that would be still harder to disentangle, so I evade the question and note the change, if any, that a year's time has made in his locks and wrinkled visage. The kindly beam in his eye never fades, though his stoop may be more noticeable than when I first saw him. Kind old man, I would not see him any older nor younger. In the vernacular of the present day, "He's all right."

The old covered wooden bridge which spans the romantic little stream just beyond is not the least of the many attractions of the place. One time it was painted red, and may have been considered a prettier bit of architecture than it is now, but the ravages of time and weather have left but few traces of its gaudy coat in the less exposed parts, and its lichened archways and weather-worn sides have for my eyes a greater picturesqueness than any modern structure. It echoes my footsteps with hollow but not unpleasant sound as I pass through it, and once did friendly service as a shelter when the raging storm came upon me. Some day the old bridge must be torn down and a modern one will replace it. If that occurs during my time I shall be sorry to see the change.

A beautiful stretch of winding road, hedged on either side by rail fences, intertwined and overgrown with briers, with here and there by way of variety a wild apple or crabapple tree, makes the journey a pleasant one. No fence is so picturesque to my eye as an old rail fence. They are associated with the memory of my boyhood days, when I vainly chased squirrels upon them, or played in the corners, and the days seemed brighter and longer than they do now, and no woods seems complete without its surrounding rail fence. Few country roads nowadays have the old time picturesqueness. One can hardly find one to expose a dry plate on without including in the view a row of telephone poles, or worse, a barbed wire fence.

The walk seems short—though it is a little more than a mile—when I reach the fork of the road where stands a moss-grown, vine-covered old house, the home of two elderly maiden sisters whose acquaintance I made on the occasion of my first visit, twelve years ago, when I stopped for a drink of water on my return from the woods. They call me "the city man," and are not surprised at seeing me when I stop now to inquire of their welfare, and, instead of water, I am welcome to a glass of cold, sweet milk or buttermilk, as I choose, by going to the spring house for it. It is as cozy a place to live as two such old ladies know how to make it, and one can readily imagine how much more pretty it may be earlier in the season, when the beds of flowers and vines of honeysuckle and hollyhocks are in full bloom. I wonder how many more times I shall greet them. They have both passed their sixtieth year, yet live alone and care for their little home better than most younger persons would. They are comfortably possessed of worldly goods, and in their simple, Christian life, with the aid of hired help when needed, keep the place as snug and trim as heart could wish. I am on such intimate terms now that I venture to banter them on their partnerless life, and with a good deal of old-time coquetry am assured that "they are fully able to take care of themselves a while yet," and I guess they are; but I hear there is a romance connected with their past, and I must find out what it is on my next visit. If they won't tell me, perhaps Uncle Lisha will. I wish them many more years of their simple, happy life.

It is here I turn from the road and cross a wide field to the woods that I know so well. Just inside I discover the new stump and fresh chips and brush pile of what last year was a noble oak tree, and looking further my eye is greeted by others, and I detect vacant spaces in every direction. The sound of a chopper's axe falls unpleasantly on my ears and a sense of gloom overtakes me. I feel as though I should not have my gun with me lest I do the chopper harm. I do not want to see the despoiler of my old friends, the trees, and I avoid his direction. I go on to the other side and reach my customary resting place. The old log against which I leaned my back the first time I came here and dozed into sleep while watching a hickory tree near by has flattened to a soft and spongy mound. I recline upon it now and retrospectively recall that beautiful September day as vividly as though it was yesterday. I do not know how long I had slept when a falling piece of bark struck my hat a sharp blow and awoke me. Overhead the hoarse *chirr-r-r* of a gray squirrel drew my attention, and

without thinking of my gun I sat quietly watching him. He sat on a branch close to the trunk, with his bushy tail curved over his back, cocking his head first to one side, then to the other, apparently listening for an answer. It soon came from a distance, and then I heard the patter of his approaching mate, who would advance a short distance and stop, but soon advance again, the one in the tree continuing to bark and *chir* while the other kept silent, but advanced cautiously until, with a bound almost directly over me, it struck the tree 6ft. from the ground and scampered upward. I reached carefully for my gun and placed it to my shoulder without rising, and almost lying on my back awaited an opportunity to shoot. I watched them come together and could have killed them both with one shot then, but they seemed so happy in their meeting that I relented and continued to watch their actions. Like two playful puppies they gamboled about each other, first one chasing, then the other, up to the top of the tree and then down, until they seemed to tire of their sport and crouched on the limb, facing each other not more than a foot apart. Now was my time, but the gun was carefully laid on the ground and they were safe. I know that I could not have boasted with a good conscience of killing two such pretty creatures so easily. It would seem like potting chickens in a barnyard. I lay quiet a while longer, but they did not seem inclined to move, and I got up and walked away. As I arose, watching them, they seemed surprised, but flattened out on the limb so closely that I could hardly see them.

I cross a field to another and larger woods, and tramp over the old route until late in the day, and see but little change since my last visit. The chopper has not been here. May he never come.

Walking along the edge of the woods, I hear a clatter in the leaves and see a mother quail struggle frantically along the ground, apparently wing-broken, and making desperate efforts to escape; but I know her trick, and watch her little brood glide under the leaves so rapidly and silently that it requires a quick eye to detect them, and then the mother rises like a flash, and is out of sight in a second. I have marked one of her darlings under a big leaf and gently pick it up. I stroke its pretty brown coat and it makes no effort to escape from my hand. I almost wonder how any one could be so heartless as to shoot anything so pretty, while I gloat over the prospect of a day in pursuit of them with my dog two months hence. How inconsistent is human nature. I put it down and watch it glide away and hide again, and am careful to avoid stepping where others may have hidden.

I turn now to go to the station, for it is getting late, and I want to reach there in good time. As I go down the hollow a ruffed grouse booms out from beneath an old log, and instinctively my gun comes to my shoulder, but I do not shoot. If it were a month later I would try very hard to get you, old fellow, though it is doubtful if I could the way you go, and there are so many trees in line of sight when my gun comes to my shoulder that you seem safe enough. I have no sympathy for a ruffed grouse. They are too tantalizing, and give me no show.

I strike the road above the fork and quicken my pace. I pass the home of the maiden ladies and receive a pleasant nod; the old bridge re-echoes my footsteps, and Uncle Lisha inquires of my luck.

I reach home refreshed and satisfied. The day has been beautiful, and the visit furnishes food for retrospection.

I shall go again next year perhaps before squirrel season opens, and I will make some shots, but they will be snap shots with the camera; the gun will remain at home, and I will have game that will never become stale—"Uncle Lisha's Shop," the old bridge and the maiden ladies' home.

About the squirrels? Oh, I didn't see any. J. H. B.

Natural History.

CURIOUS RATTLESNAKE POISONING.

A LOWELL, Mass., correspondent sent us a newspaper cutting the other day, remarking, "I see almost every week accounts of persons killing rattlesnakes for the skins and oil, but nothing of this kind It looks to me as though the snakes must have been through dogwood, ivy, or something of the kind." The report related that Mr. Louis B. Bailey, of San Mateo, Fla., had shot a rattlesnake and cut its rattles off. Not long afterward his face and hands began to swell, became inflamed and were very painful. The symptoms were in some respects like those of poisoning with ivy. After a time the pain ceased, the swelling went down, and the occurrence was almost forgotten. More recently Mr. Bailey shot a rattlesnake, which, however, he did not touch with his hands, but on the day following his face and wrists were again badly swollen.

We forwarded the report to Dr. De Witt Webb, of St. Augustine, who in turn communicated with Mr. Bailey and wrote: "I send you a letter from Mr. Bailey. He is known as a perfectly reliable man, and so it would seem as if there were some people who were so susceptible to the poison that they might be affected even by a dead snake, although it has generally been held impossible. In the cases referred to by Mr. Bailey it does not appear that there could have been any spitting of the snake, as sometimes happens. I was told last night of a case of a boy who cut off the rattles of a snake and suffered from it. Otherwise I never heard of anything like it.

"I will see Dr. Vedder, who knows more about rattlers than any man in Florida, I guess; who feeds them, so to speak, out of hand, as when those he keeps in captivity refuse to eat he takes them out of their cages, and holding them by the neck, gently stuffs the food down their throats. He has been twice bitten during this pleasing employment, but both times without serious injury, as he ligated the limb and bled out the wound at once."

Mr. Bailey writes: "The first snake killed was in March, 1896 It was about 7ft. long and had thirteen rattles. I handled it only enough to cut the rattles off, put them in my pocket and started home. At the time I experienced a little nausea. The following day my left eye was entirely closed, my right hand swollen, and there was a little eruption on both wrists. I was treated by Dr. D Eaton, of Palatka, and recovered in about five days from the effects of this poisoning.

"Again in August I came across another rattler, and having a short-handled axe in my hand, I struck and cut it in two parts As I struck the snake hissed and rattled. Within fifteen minutes afterward my left eye was swollen, also my cheek. My hands and wrists troubled me exceedingly with itching and stinging sensations, and were swollen as before.

"It is believed by some people that the poison was from the breath of the snake, and as I was perspiring very freely at the time it may account for the quicker absorption of the poison than before."

There is a belief among some persons that, in addition to the venom ejected by the rattlesnake through its fangs, these animals have the power to throw off a "dust" which is poisonous and affects people in their neighborhood. It is well known that at times snakes exhale a strong odor, to which some people are much more sensible than others. We know a person who is able to smell a rattlesnake if it is near him, and has often detected the presence of the reptile in this way. The whole subject is an odd one and worth investigation.

Robins Wintering in New Jersey.

SOME of your correspondents seem to think it strange that song birds should appear in this north latitude (40:30) at this season of the year. On Feb. 3 a song sparrow was seen and heard, while not 100yds. distant a robin was seemingly answering. On the 5th inst. in the woods south of Metuchen a downy woodpecker was seen circling the trunk of an old apple tree, while on top of a nearby white oak a bluejay was chattering away. There was an 8in. covering of snow upon the ground at the time.

Thousands of robins winter in the cedars and tangled underbrush adjoining the fresh-water lakes on Sandy Hook, and on warm days they can be seen flying in every direction, seeking a change in their menu of cedar berries.

Probably but few of your readers are aware of the existence of the fresh-water lakes on Sandy Hook. I inclose a view of Round Pond. These lakes extend north and south nearly two miles. The ocean surf breaks on the shore an eighth of a mile to the eastward, while Sandy Hook Bay is only a few hundred yards to the west. Many wild ducks seek the shelter of these lakes during storms, while thousands of song birds find sufficient food and good shelter in the dense mass of weeds that line the shores. WILD HONEY

MILHURST, N. J.—I saw four bluebirds here a few days ago. L.

White Coons.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last September, while at Rosenbaum's Lake in the early morning watching for turkeys, I saw out on the dry bed of the lake a white object, which at first I thought a white crane sitting down with its neck stretched out. But after advancing nearer, and the sun just coming up, I discovered that it was a large white coon.

On returning, after running into a flock of nice turkeys and procuring a fine young gobbler, I met a local hunter, Andrew DAVIS, and told him the white coon story. He and a neighbor went the next morning to the place designated, and saw the white coon and another one with it. They watched until they got through feeding and went into their den, which was a large cypress tree near by. Then the men cut into the tree and captured both coons The creatures are as white as snow, all except the edges of their eyelids, which look as if wrapped with red flannel. C. R. SCHAER.

Woodpeckers and Bluebirds in Maryland.

ELLICOTT CITY, Md., Feb. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a matter of interest to bird lovers is that a redheaded woodpecker has wintered in and about my house, making its headquarters in one or both of two holes or nests from which several broods of these woodpeckers have been hatched. Jan. 7 I noted the first bluebird, and as Pat would say, "That was a pair;" Jan. 10 two pair, and Jan. 20 three pair in a field somewhat remote from where I saw two pair ten days previous.

If I am not mistaken this is about the earliest date I have ever reported, and would seem that my "arrivals" may have been, like my woodpecker, "stay-overs."

SAMUEL J. FORT, M.D.

Birds in the Northwest.

LATONA, Wash., Jan. 22.—Have noted the following birds as wintering here: Robin, golden woodpecker, sapsucker, blackcaps, meadow lark, purple grackle, Canada jay, bluejay, crow, raven, several small birds of the chickadee family and the water ousel.

Grouse are very plentiful, both the ruffed and the blue varieties. Deer, bears and other large game holds its own and probably always will in these woods.

Yacht clubs on the Sound are looking forward to some interesting events for the coming racing season.

EL COMANCHO

A Horned Doe.

DR. J. D. USHER writes from Louisiana: "I read with interest the articles in regard to hornless stags. Did any of your people ever see a deer doe with horns? There was one killed near here a few years since which had horns with twenty-one points. The party who killed it was an old hunter and a reliable man"

There used to be in the FOREST AND STREAM office a doe's head with horns.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A Mountain Bear Hunt.

ONE morning when farmer Avery went to feed his hogs he found that a bear had broken into the sty during the night and scared out the pigs. Hastily apprising some of his neighbors of the fact, a company of seven were soon ready to go in pursuit of bruin, whose tracks led them to a deep cañon, down which they sent the dogs. The hunters then divided and went down the hillside on either side of the gulch.

Finally the dogs began a terrible fuss and the boys thought they had found found the bear, when their courage, which had been slowly ebbing as the hunt progressed, left them altogether, and every man made for a tree. "Long Hungry" Wilson, one of the braves, fastened on to the first tree he ran against (a 10ft. pine), and yelled to the others, "Climb a tree like me, boys," when the poor, scared fellow had merely thrown his arms around the tree and sat down on the ground!

And it wasn't a bear, either—just a little family row among the dogs. WALROD.

CALIFORNIA.

Game Bag and Gun.

A WINTER CAMP ON WADLEIGH BROOK.

[*Concluded.*]

Part III.—Bringing In the Game.

DEC. 5 was our last day in camp. We got an early start and went up the brook four miles to the spot where the buck killed near the upper dam (which was the fourth on the brook) was cached. Hoisington and Du Bois took the job of dragging him to camp on the ice, and Dr. Wright and I set out across country for our buck.

The night before we had come out on the brook two miles below this point, but snow had fallen since then and made it impossible to retrace our trail. It seemed like a hopeless task to try to find the deer miles back in a country full of hummocks—meaningless ridges—and absolutely devoid of any striking natural features to serve as landmarks, but neither of us would give up while there was a ghost of a chance of success.

Laying our course by instinct, we struck off in a northeasterly direction through a part of the burnt lands of which neither of us had any previous knowledge.

The general character of the burnt lands was the same here as elsewhere. The ground was broken into low, parallel ridges running for the most part northeast and southwest. These ridges are almost devoid of soil, and the slaty understratum is frequently exposed, its covering of bennes having been consumed by fire. Narrow strips of lowland between the broader ridges are frequently swampy and wet, and here the forest has escaped the fate that was its lot elsewhere. These belts of green timber furnish a retreat for scattering deer and moose during the day, though probably the larger portion of game at this time was in the main body of forest surrounding the burnt area.

Game trails invariably run along the ridges in the prevailing northeast and southwest directions, and the walking is, of course, easiest on these trails. Everywhere are fallen trees, but these are mostly branchless stubs and lie flat on the ground, making the traveling easier than it would otherwise be. As a general thing these trees have fallen parallel with the course of the ridges, which no doubt accounts for the uniform direction of the game trails.

A three-mile tramp brought us about noon to a spot that seemed familiar. The country had assumed a rougher and more irregular character, and the ridges had lost their uniformity and were disjointed and peaky. We stopped for a moment in a little hollow where the snow was deeper than was the rule on the open ridges, and a depression that the recent storm had failed to quite obliterate attracted our attention. Dr. Wright kicked the snow with his foot, and there under its white covering we saw a few crimson spots of blood, proving that the deer had passed that way.

A short distance beyond we crossed a little ridge, and there sure enough was the buck hanging up against a birch tree just as we had left him. It was like finding a needle in a hay stack to go to that deer, and we felt rather proud of our achievement.

The buck measured 8ft. 4in. as he hung, and he was very fat. We estimated that he would dress 220lbs., and probably we were well within the limit. He had a very pretty set of antlers with a spread of 18in.

It was dinner time when we reached the buck and we were hungry. Accordingly, Dr. Wright broiled sections of the buck's liver, while I skinned out the head and fore quarters.

Afterward I shouldered the hams, which, together with the skin, weighed 67lbs., and the doctor took the head, axe and my rifle, which was the only one we had along, and we set out for camp, six miles away by the shortest course we could take.

Caribou Curiosity.

Two miles from the spot where we killed the buck we came out on the isolated bog which lies northwest of the burnt mountain. We walked through this in a southwesterly direction to take advantage of the smoother traveling afforded, and when near the end of the bog spied two caribou forty or fifty rods away.

In a jiffy we had dropped our loads, and just about then the caribou sighted us and ran up a little nearer to investigate. We had their wind, and feeling confident that they would give us a better chance for a shot, waited, crouching down behind some low bushes, the only cover that offerred.

The doctor wore a red toboggan cap, which seemed to interest the caribou immensely. They trotted first to one side and then to the other to try and get a good view of this. Red caps evidently were a novelty in the burnt lands. The cap had not been intended to decoy caribou, but had rather been taken along to neutralize the effect of a leather hunting coat which was a good deal the color of a deer. Hunters are sometimes mistaken for game by their companions, with distressing results, so the doctor adopted the precaution of wearing the cap as a distinguishing feature, warning us not to shoot at "red-headed deer."

The caribou ran up within easy shooting distance, and at 80yds. I let drive at the biggest one, who immediately wheeled and ran. I rose to my feet and fired twice more, and at the last shot the caribou went down in a heap. All three shots had taken effect, but all had gone low, and when we examined the animal we found the only way I had gotten him was by actually shooting his legs off.

Subsequent tests proved that at 100yds. my rifle shot about 5in. low. I am ashamed to acknowledge this fact, but it is only justice to the gun to do so. Up to 100yds. the rifle would hit an animal the size of a deer, though not in any necessarily vital spot, but beyond that distance the error was so magnified that it was not possible to score. This fact explained two misses that had bothered me a good deal—one at a fox at 100yds. and the other at a deer at about 200yds.

At 40yds. the error was comparatively trifling, and this was the distance at which I killed the buck mentioned earlier in the narrative.

Of course, no hunter should go into the woods with an improperly sighted rifle, and excuses do not count for much.

It had taken me a month to get the sight I wanted on the gun, and not till an hour before leaving for the woods was the job completed.

It was understood that the rifle needed testing, and so no blame attaches to anyone else.

Arrived in the woods, it was found that most of our ammunition had gone astray with some lost baggage, and so the two .30-30 men had to share. This left so few rounds to the individual that I decided to rely on a comparison with the other rifle, which had been carefully sighted at various ranges; consequently the error.

With a bearing on the ranges at which game is killed in the woods, it is worth noting that in three out of five cases animals were hit and secured, shot with a rifle whose range for all practical purposes was limited to 100yds.

The caribou which I had killed was a large bull, but unfortunately his antlers had already been dropped.

Apparently he had but just lost them, as the scars on his head were fresh. The second caribou remained near the first after he had fallen, and at one time I was within 30yds. of it and could easily have killed it. By the time Dr. Wright reached the spot, however, he had gone.

Moose and Caribou Sign.

On our way back to camp we ran across a number of fresh moose tracks, including some very large ones. This was the third occasion that day when we had seen fresh moose tracks, and all were in or on the edge of green timber. One large track had passed near the spot where the first buck was cached.

Soon after striking the trail left by Du Bois and Hoisington when dragging their game down Wadleigh Brook on the snow-covered ice, we noted the tracks of two caribou which had come along more recently. These caribou had sniffed the depression left by the body of the deer, and with singular hardihood followed the trail down the brook. For a mile or more as we followed we saw where they had treaded its every turning, influenced no doubt by a morbid curiosity, but just before camp was reached they had turned aside and gone into the woods.

Later we learned that another band of caribou, numbering three or four, had crossed the road earlier in the day a hundred yards below the camp. There was no question then that caribou were present in numbers.

We left Trout Brook Farm for the outer world the following day, slipping along at a rapid pace over 6in. of newfallen snow. Though late in the season and time for them to be going into winter quarters, the deer were still moving about a great deal, and we were never long out of sight of fresh tracks.

Once while going down a hill, with the horses trotting for all they were worth to keep ahead of the coasting sled, we ran right into a herd of a deer, which scattered in all directions. A large doe stood within a few rods of the road, in plain sight as we passed, and she waited until Brown had pulled up the horses and some of the party drawn out their rifles and loaded. Then she wisely concluded she had seen enough, and made tracks after the others.

At Trout Brook Farm we said good-by to Jock and Natey, and also to Du Bois, who stayed behind a few days longer in hopes of getting a moose. In company with Natey he went over to Sebois Grand Lake, but the lumbering operations in that neighborhood had temporarily driven out all the moose and he came home without accomplishing his object. It was during this expedition, however, that he secured the odd burl that is illustrated.

A Remarkable Burl.

This burl grew on a cedar tree near Carry Brook, at the upper end of Sebois Grand Lake. It measures about 1ft. in diameter, and with the thin section of tree that accompanies it weighs 12lbs. Its chief peculiarity consists in its form, which resembles a product of the mineral kingdom rather than the vegetable, being distinctly crystalline. There are in all nineteen points clustered in concentric circles of six and twelve about a central point, suggesting in a general way a quartz crystal.

The points themselves seem to be largely composed of bark, and a knife can be pushed down a considerable part



A REMARKABLE BURL.

of their thickness without encountering much resistance. An interesting characteristic is the parallel ridges running around the points, which appear to be annular rings, and which would undoubtedly be pronounced such were it not for the fact that the annular rings have not heretofore been found in the bark of trees. None of the Maine lumbermen had ever seen anything like it, and this remarkable burl promises to prove interesting to scientists.

News.

On our way out we met Mr. D. M. Burley, of Newburyport, Mass., and B. F. Shattuck, of West Newton, Mass., going in on a hunting trip. When we saw them they were undecided whether to go to Sourdnahunk Lake or camp on Wadleigh Brook, but decided later to choose the latter. Under date of Jan. 11 Jock Darling writes regarding their movements and also mentions some woods news of interest. He says:

"The Burley party went to Wadleigh Brook and camped by the old camp near the burnt land. I stopped with them one night. I took a big bull moose track near the burnt mountain and followed it across the brook in sight of their tents. Their party saw several moose tracks that day in the eastern part of the burnt lands, but no one met with success. That night it snowed and the next morning I went back to Trout Brook. The Burley party did not get any moose, but got deer and caribou. I saw ten caribou run across the road in front of me. I shot once and my gun refused to work until they were out of sight.

"A large moose was killed near Dudley's camp below the lake (Sourdnahunk) a few days after you left, by a sport. He went in by way of Norcross, and followed the lakes and river up to Dudley's camp, and afterward came out by way of Patten. Mr. Dow and wife came out from Sourdnahunk with four deer and a moose. Mrs. Dow claimed the moose. Mr. Finch brought out a good moose head a few days after you left."

Mr. Finch, mentioned in Jock's letter, is the lumberman at whose camp on Webster Brook we stopped over night



SOME SOURDNAHUNK GAME.

on our way back from Sourdnahunk Lake. Mr. and Mrs. Dow were camped at Sourdnahunk Lake at the time of our visit there, and we had the pleasure of calling on them at their comfortable quarters in Dudley's old camp on Caribou Cove. The sportsman mentioned by Jock as having killed a large moose was Mr. W. B. Cabot, of Brookline, Mass., who, with his friend H. E. Janes, of New Rochelle, N. Y., dropped in at the FOREST AND STREAM office one day in the latter part of December.

Mr. Janes is also a successful moose hunter, and the graphic account of his scrap with a Milnocket moose, published in January, 1895, will be remembered by all who read it.

Mr. Cabot went in from Norcross early in December. He walked up North Twin and Pemadumcook lakes on the ice as far as the Ambejegis Carry to Milnocket, and then took the land following the old Sourdnahunk road. The first night he stopped with Chas. Hale, who has fitted up an old lumber camp near the carry. The next day he walked eighteen miles to Irving Hunt's camp, at the mouth of Sourdnahunk Stream, and the third day twelve more to Kimball's camp (Dudley & Currins) on the stream five miles below the lake. The traveling was good the entire distance. Most of his hunting was done from Kimball's camp, and his moose was killed on one of the foothills of Katahdin at a considerable elevation. This moose was a big fellow, and showed fight after being wounded. No doubt we shall have the story from Mr. Cabot himself.

Some Sourdnahunk Game.

Mr. John Jackman, who is an exceedingly good professional photographer, and also express agent at Patten, sends me the photograph of game which is reproduced herewith. This game—two moose, one caribou and two deer—was killed by the McLains in the neighborhood of their camp at Sourdnahunk Lake. The moose were killed two hours' walk from camp. Three were found in company, all bulls. Of the two killed the largest stood 6ft. 4in. to the top of the shoulder, and dressed a good 800lbs. This one had, however, the smaller antlers, the spread being but 47in. The other moose had a spread of 55in. by Mr. Jackman's measurement, and one palm was 29in. long. These moose have already been referred to in a previous article. Both were unusually fine specimens, and would hardly bear out the statement that Maine moose are degenerating. Including the bulls bagged by Mrs. Dow and Mr. Cabot, ten moose were killed in the immediate neighborhood of Sourdnahunk Lake during the hunting season just past.

A Book by Jock Darling.

When anyone inquires who is the best posted man on game and hunting in the State of Maine, the chances are that he will be told Jock Darling. For half a century Jock has been hunting and laying up a stock of knowledge concerning things of interest to all who love the woods that would be impossible to duplicate. Now he has determined to put down some of these things in a book, and it is safe to say that this book will be a valuable contribution to sportsmen's literature. It will also be good reading, for Jock never talks unless he has something to tell, and he has the ability to make what he writes interesting. The book will be something in the nature of an autobiography, but its keynote will be the art of woodcraft, and its foundation the life of the wild woods.

Roughing It.

In New York, as I write these lines, the thermometer stands at perhaps 12° above zero. Last night it went down to 5° above, which is the lowest temperature recorded for the winter. Every one is shivering and asking if it is cold enough to suit the other fellow, and no one is happy except the coal dealers. The newspapers devote columns of space to telling about the cold wave, and harrowing stories are printed of the sufferings of individuals exposed to the hyperborean blasts.

All this sounds well enough for people who live in New York, but 5° above is a long way from freezing the mercury, and is not very sensational when compared with the cold in the Pine Tree State.

On the 23d of November the thermometer registered 20° below zero at Sebois House, in Penobscot county, Maine, at 8 A. M. The day before McLain, Sr., had gone from his camp on Sourdnahunk Lake down to the dam in his canoe, but that night the lake, which is four miles long, froze over, and the next morning Mr. Goodwin walked the same distance on the ice. Hunters coming down Pemadumcook Lake in canoes were frozen in and had to go ashore on the ice, and one of the steamers on that lake was caught and icebound in a few hours' time.

From Nov. 23 to Dec. 5 we had a great deal of zero weather. Once at our camp on Wadleigh Brook the thermometer dropped to 22° below, and on another occasion to 18° below. The brook is a rapid trout stream, but it froze in places to the bottom, and one could walk its whole length on the ice. Sometimes the water running over the top of previously formed ice constructed artificial icebound channels for itself, and on Thissel Brook we walked on old ice a foot or more below the surface of the running stream.

Yet despite the cold we suffered no hardship in camp, and it was no uncommon thing to see the man who feared the cold most before starting come in glowing from a tramp in the cold air, and standing in the open front of the tent divest himself of the last stitch to put on dry underwear for the night. At night we put on all our surplus clothes to sleep in, reserving something especially warm to wrap our heads in, and nobody ever complained of the cold except the men who slept on the ends. When morning came and the rebuilt camp-fire warmed things up again with its cheerful glow, we would pile out, and sitting on the edge of the bed undress for breakfast, thus reversing the usual order of things.

It was a happy life and a healthy one; and there is not one of the party who does not feel physically benefited by the experience.

In all we killed five deer and two caribou. The caribou were both bulls and the majority of the deer were bucks. Each member of the party individually had secured his own game and was satisfied. J. B. BURNHAM.

QUEBEC HUNTING LEASES.

QUEBEC, February.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with great interest your editorial of Jan. 30 last respecting hunting in the Province of Quebec and the privileges which strangers may acquire therein.

AS FOREST AND STREAM stands in the first rank among American sporting papers and as those who wish to obtain fishing and hunting territories in our country apply to you for information, I consider your opinion of great value. I therefore take the liberty of correcting a mistake in your article of Jan 30 under the heading of 'Snap Shots." This mistake, due perhaps to want of clearness in the explanations I gave you when I had the pleasure of seeing you in New York, bears upon an inaccurate interpretation of our game and fishery laws. In that article you say: The non-resident license being abolished, etc.

This statement is exact only in part. Persons who, under the law permitting the Government to divide up the wild lands of our Province into hunting territories, lease a lot of 20, 50, 100 or 400 square miles, will be complete masters of their territory. They will, throughout the whole extent of the lots or sections so leased, have the exclusive right of hunting, and may invite their friends to go and hunt on their lots or sections without having to pay any other yearly sum than that exacted from them on the signing of the lease.

However, I must add that non-residents who have not leased a hunting territory, and who wish to hunt on Crown lands not under lease, will have to pay a license as in the past, the value of which is not fixed by law, but will be determined by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council.

In other words, Mr. Editor, if any person, whether he be a resident or a non-resident, leases a hunting territory in our Province, he will have the exclusive right to hunt throughout the duration of his lease. He will be at home for all hunting purposes, and may invite whomsoever he pleases to share his pleasure or his trade, without having to pay any other sum than the amount of his rent, and without his friends, partners or employees having to obtain a license.

This applies to fishing as well as to hunting. The same laws apply to clubs. All the members of such an association owning hunting territories, whether they be residents or non residents, will have the right to hunt on the club's hunting territory without the club or any of its members having to spend any other money than that required for the yearly rent.

Of course, and I take the liberty of repeating it, every non-resident who has not leased a territory, and who has no invitation to hunt on a leased territory, will have to obtain a permit, as required by law.

I hope I have expressed myself with sufficient clearness.

I am convinced that American sportsmen will take advantage of the opportunities offered them by the new game law, and will hasten to secure lots and sections so well adapted for the pleasure of hunting and for obtaining furs.

Applications are already coming in from all sides. Several hundreds of miles have already been leased to your fellow countrymen. We would be happy to see American sportsmen participate in the movement. We know and admire their aptitudes for hunting and fishing. We know their wonderful spirit of enterprise and the jealous care they exercise in the protection of fish and game.

Thus, as I said in Boston at the Megantic Club dinner, where I had the honor of representing the Minister of Lands, Forests and Fisheries, there are no more desirable tenants for us than American sportsmen. Our population, to whose

prosperity they so largely contribute, will give them a hearty welcome; and I am happy to be able to state again here that the Government of the Province of Quebec will grant them every facility and afford them every protection.

L. Z. Joncas,
Supt. Fisheries and Game, Province of Quebec.

FLORIDA GAME AND FISH.

Anthony, Fla.—The lands of Marion and adjoining counties afford as fine partridge or quail hunting as any that exist. Travelers new to the country are often surprised to see a covey run away from the road on the approach of a vehicle.

Ducks are in fair quantity, though not abundant.

Several small droves of wild geese have been reported in the small ponds in the "flat-woods," a few miles east of this place. S.

Gulf Hammock House, Levy County, Fla., Feb. 3.—The hunting and fishing in this section are now at their best. Yesterday two parties started from here on a hunting trip. No less than eleven deer were seen, and numerous wild turkeys. Anyone who knows how to hunt this wily game is sure of good sport. The regular hunters only go out when meat is wanted for the table or for local consumption, as the law recently passed prohibits market shipments beyond the county limits—a law that has had the best effect in preserving the game. Quail are so numerous as to be regarded as scarcely game birds.

After the severe weather the fish are ravenous. Two persons left the hotel on a fishing trip and came back with twenty-eight sheepshead, averaging 2lbs. apiece and some running as high as 4½lbs. In addition to these ten or twelve black bass were caught from 1½ to 5lbs. in weight.

No alligators have been killed during the last few days, but a day or two of warm weather will assuredly bring them out on the banks. The North Carolina wood duck has made its appearance, and several good bags of this beautiful fowl have been obtained. Gray ducks and mallards are thick, and the teal are just beginning to come in. Redfish and weakfish are abundant and are in splendid condition.

The big backs of the tarpon have been seen in the river, a sure sign that this king of fish will be here shortly in large numbers. Altogether the sporting outlook was never better than at present. C. B. Wingate.

Sarasota, Fla., Jan. 30.—Mr. C. B. Tyler, of Rhode Island, left the Hotel De Soto Tuesday, Jan. 26, drove twelve miles, camped out all night, and shot on Wednesday seven wild turkeys. One gobbler weighed 25lbs., the rest averaged 12lbs. each. Mr. Tyler also shot twenty-two quail and eleven jacksnipe, and returned Thursday at 4:30 P. M.

A good day out fishing was also done by Mr. C. H Atwood, of Rhode Island. He left the hotel at 8:30 Wednesday and sailed to the new pass, three miles distant, and caught one channel bass, 14½lbs.; four bluefish, average 3lbs. each; two redfish, 12lbs. each, and with rod and reel captured a shark that measured 7½ft. and weighed 232lbs. It took Mr. Atwood two hours to land the shark.

The weather is somewhat cold, but prospects are warmer. Geo. H. Mackie.

THE MAINE GUIDE LICENSE.

Boston, Feb. 6.—Fish and Game Commissioner Carlton's guide license bill now promises to pass both House and Senate at Augusta, Me., almost without opposition. The hearing on the matter came off on Tuesday, according to announcement, and though the railroads generally offered half fares, the guides did not turn out. But the people turned out and filled the hall, even to the galleries. The Rangeley guides, who all along have been reported much opposed to the measure, were scarcely represented at all at the hearing. Capt. Fred. C. Barker, the well-known proprietor of the Bemis and Birches camps, was there, but did not oppose the measure, though scarcely believing in it. Moosehead guides were represented by counsel, but made no showing of opposition to the measure. The guides' side of the matter went by neglect, in fact. Commissioner Carlton earnestly advocated his bill before the Committee on Fisheries and Game, involving the whole matter in the general cause of fish and game protection and its value to the State. He was followed by George D. Bisbee, who has so many times been a successful advocate of the cause of fish and game protection before the courts of that State. He dwelt at length upon the value of fish and game to the State, though not a sportsman himself. He was followed by others, each advocating the guide license measure and the appropriation of $40,000 per annum for two years for the carrying on of the work of the Commissioners. At the close of the hearing the committee reported the guide license measure with but one dissenting vote, that of the chairman from Rangeley, and the appropriation of $40,000. The next day the measure came up in the House and came very near to being rushed through that day. But a representative, from Rangeley I believe, asked for delay to allow consideration, suggesting that so good a measure could afford to wait a while. On his motion the matter was laid on the table.

Commissioner Carlton is greatly in earnest about the measure; thoroughly believes in it, evidently. So kindly is the feeling toward fish and game matters in the present Maine Legislature it is probable that almost any bill the Commission might ask for would be granted. The appropriation of $40,000 will be made, without a doubt, though it is only a few years ago when E. M. Stillwell and Henry O. Stanley were sat down upon for asking an appropriation of $10,000 when they were receiving but $7,000, and working without salary. Commissioner Stanley also thoroughly believes in the measure. He says it is the best move that has ever been made in fish and game legislation, and that with the $40,000 a year appropriation fish and game protection and propagation will be in grand shape in Maine. The other members of the Commission are much pleased with Commissioner Carlton and his energy.

Commissioner Stanley writes me that I am mistaken about ice fishing on Lake Auburn; that none has been allowed for years. But I have a complaint very direct from that locality that pickerel were being taken, and that if a salmon or trout "came along" it was received without informing either the commissioners or wardens. He also says that ice fishing has been stopped on the Winthrop ponds, except on Annabessecook.

Well, let the Maine Commissioners have the guide license measure if they so greatly desire it. If licensing guides will make them refuse to countenance summer shooting, then license them by all means. But will the making out of returns to the Commissioners—returns of the game shot and fish caught—show where the law has been broken? If a guide has suffered or encouraged a moose to be shot in close time, will it appear so on his returns? Will the real names and residences of the parties guided always appear in these returns? Honestly, will not the new law work this way: We who have been into the Maine woods for years, own camps there and never allow guns to be taken into the woods in close time, not even by our guests, will be subject to all the nuisance of being noted and returned? But will not the Bill Joneses, John Smiths and other aliases go down there the same as ever? Who does the illegal shooting in Maine? Do the regular visitors there, who are as much interested in the fish and game as the Commissioners themselves, shoot out of season? From the Boston end I know that the illegal shooting is done by the men who go down there under assumed titles, and who care nothing whatever for Maine or her game further than to kill a deer or moose to brag about at home.

One power the Commission has, or could have by asking the State for it, and the wonder to me is that so much of a power has never been taken possession of: Make a law forbidding the having in possession of guns and rifles in the game country in close time. Forbid, by law, the carrying of firearms into the woods in close time. The Maine Central Railway and the American Express Co. would undoubtedly refuse to transport guns in close time if enjoined to do so by the Legislature. Would not such a law be more likely to stop summer shooting than the mere making of guides take out a license at a cost of $1, wearing a badge and making out returns? Can game be killed without guns?

Special.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Game Law Matters in the West.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 6.—Rumors have gone out from the neighborhood of the Tolleston Club, where the sensational shooting affair took place, reported in Forest and Stream two weeks ago, that the Tolleston Club was about to give up the idea of holding its preserve any longer, as the opposition was becoming too strong There is absolutely no basis for any such rumor, as the club will do nothing of the sort, but will continue to hold its own and no more, as has been its custom in the past. A secret meeting of the Tolleston Club, some thirty members present, was held at the Sherman House, Chicago, this week, during which this and allied matters were discussed, and a statement of the condition of the wounded men was made to the members. There has not been, and will not be, any weakening on the part of the Tolleston men, who feel that they were invaded by lawless men determined upon trouble. The course of the courts will settle all the mooted questions pertaining to the affair. All the wounded men are reported doing as well as possible.

Mr. F. A. Howe, long time president of the Tolleston Club and always interested in its welfare, writes to this office and expresses the thanks of himself and other club members for "the precise story printed in Forest and Stream" about his shooting affray. He says: "I have read every line carefully, and note that you have only represented facts as they exist. This is all that we or the public should care for."

Illinois County Warden Bill.

There has been introduced into the Legislature of this State a game law measure known as the Game Warden Bill, this being quite aside from the general game law bill, which has also been introduced both in the House and in the Senate. The framers of this joint movement to improve the game laws of the State are Messrs. Baird and Bortree, of the National Association. The main feature of the first-named measure is the attempt to raise a protection fund by means of a system of county licenses. It is the purpose to levy a county license of $2 for each non-resident shooter, a man not needing any license to shoot in his own county. It would seem that the framers of the bill have for the time abandoned the notion of taxing the gun, and have taken ground just this side of that position, the gun license across the line from one's home county meaning practically the same thing as a gun tax. By means of this county license the believers in the bill think a fund can be raised which shall support a warden in each county. The latter may arrest without warrant when he detects violation of the law. Such wardens shall receive no salary (here again is departure from the salaried warden idea which lately obtained along with the gun tax project), but "shall receive fines, proceeds from the sale of game and money derived from licenses to hunt." The distribution of the latter moneys is made by the State Treasurer, who handles the license fund for the payment of the wardens according to the population of the respective counties. All this shows the modern movement toward better game protection, though it is highly improbable that the Legislature will move along lines within 100 miles of this bill.

N. G., B. and F. P. A. Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association will be held at Kalamazoo, Mich., Wednesday next, Feb. 10, to take up further the work it has laid out in game law matters for this and other States. A preliminary meeting for some of the Chicago members was held at the office of the president, Mr M. R. Bortree, on Monday last, or rather was called for that date, but did not attain a quorum. It was called again for last Thursday. Nothing except plans for the work were taken up. At the annual meeting there will be discussion among those present in regard to the best way to improve the game laws of those States whose conditions and interests are closely allied, as, for instance, those of Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The Wisconsin law as now proposed will be criticised as faulty in many regards. Again the question of duck egg destruction will be taken up, this time with added zeal. Mr. Bortree has discovered in Mr. Omer Maris, an intelligent Illinois gentleman, who has recently returned from the Alaskan gold country of the Yukon, a fund of information upon matters in the far north. Mr. Maris says that the Esquimaux do gather and sell and export duck eggs in considerable quantities, and also have a pleasant fashion of killing nesting birds. They prepare large amounts of smoked goose breasts, and as it injures a goose to cut off and smoke this part of its anatomy the loss of life among the wildfowl is great. Mr. Maris says the Esquimaux are docile and obedient people, and are quick to respect the mandates of the white men, so he thinks they will stop selling eggs and smoked fowl when told not to do so The extent of the interest in shipping and selling eggs is not stated by Mr. Maris, but it appears from his story that the wild ducks have a hard row to hoe, as it were. Mr. Maris is the author of a very interesting series of letters, which appeared in the Chicago *Record*, descriptive of the gold country of the far Northwest.

The following are among other topics which will be taken up at the annual meeting of the Association.

1. Uniform game and fish laws for the United States and Alaska, which shall be divided into four sections, with a uniform open season in each section.
2. Uniform license, the best thing for game protection, as well as for farmers in general.
3. The best method for procuring and enforcing good game and fish laws.
4. Can a general game and fish law be enforced in Alaska, and in what way?
5. Has the time come when the sale of all game should be prohibited throughout the United States? If so, how can it best be accomplished?
6. What can be done to the women of America to discourage the practice of wearing the dead bodies of American song birds on their hats?

The above would seem to offer room for discussion enough to fill up a day or two without trouble. It is hardly likely that the Association will have time enough left to take much action toward attaining, securing or enforcing any of these measures, the executive phase of such matters being ordinarily, I am advised, in the National Association left to providential supervision. There is much reason in the main purposes of this Association, though it makes the common mistake of beginning at the top and not at the bottom of its undertaking—in Alaska instead of Indiana. We have heathen a-plenty near at home. Among those present at the meeting at Kalamazoo will be the able hustler James Fullerton of Minnesota; Wisconsin's live warden, Mr. Ellarson, and the successful State warden of Michigan, Chase S Osborn. These are practical workingmen, and may get down to the executive part of the business, which is the only part that amounts to anything in game protection or anything else.

Against South Water Street.

The game law proposed by the framers of the county warden act will, among other new clauses, have one cutting down the selling season for the Chicago game markets to Jan. 1, instead of Feb. 1, as it now stands. The attempt is to make a shooting and selling season beginning at September and closing at Jan. 1; thus cutting off all spring shooting, and establishing dates easily understood and of wide enough range to afford sport for all. Of course Illinois game will not be sold at all. The Jan. 1 date will of course be fought by South Water street, whose merchants have tried to get the date extended to March 1, and have also undertaken to have the market thrown open for the entire year. Out of all these conflicting interests we shall perhaps get a bill somewhat similar to the one we have now. The truth is that the Illinois game is not worth making much fuss about, as it has nearly all been marketed; but if the men of Chicago and of Illinois would really do themselves and the sportsmen of America some actual and practical good, let them fire the first gun in the Illinois fight in favor of the abolishment of the sale of game in the great Chicago markets. When they have stopped that absolutely, they have solved the question at a stroke. Anything short of such a prohibitory measure has the disadvantage of leaving loopholes for evasions of the law. It is well known that the dealers constantly violate the law during the closed season; but if they could not legally at any time of the year buy a head of game, they would have no stock on hand to dispose of surreptitiously.

Investigation along South Water street on Feb. 2 showed little game left exposed for sale (although the dealers have till Feb. 5 to dispose of game that shall be on hand). The closing date is apparently well observed this year. There have been enough convictions here in Chicago to make the dealers afraid to be open and bold in their illicit transactions. They are all well educated. But the expression "apparently well observed" no doubt fits the case closely. About next July we shall see waddling down from the steps of some of the swell clubs of the city certain sleek and well-fed looking individuals who will confidentially advise their friends that the "owls" were very good. The word "apparently" is well chosen. The man of South Water street carrieth not his heart upon his sleeve.

Ducks and Cold Weather.

The extreme cold which prevailed last week over the greater part of the North drove all lingering fowl far down into the South. It is of course understood that many of the ducks, especially the mallards, have no definite winter range, but work up as far North all through the winter season as the local conditions make possible for them. Thus the cold snap last week drove all such birds from those portions of Missouri and Arkansas which had not frozen up already. In Louisiana the flight of fowl since the cold spell is reported to have been very great. I should expect to hear of very heavy shooting on the Texas Gulf coast.

Louisiana duck hunters have adopted the practice of baiting the pond holes and other feeding grounds from which the natural feed has been killed out. Mr. Robert Saucier, of New Orleans, is reported to have found oats a very good artificial food for wild ducks. Rice, corn, etc., have been the foods customarily used in that locality, but Mr. Saucier found the crops of many birds killed by himself to contain the oats, which accordingly he took to be good feed.

Members of the New Orleans Duck Hunters' Club, whose grounds are at Rigolets, have also found it necessary nowadays to bait their feeding grounds, and by this means have recently made fair bags.

Big Prosecutions in St. Louis.

The following interesting information is in the Associated Press dispatches of this evening:

"St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 6.—Game Warden Henry has instructed ex-Judge Claiborne to apply for warrants against 750 game dealers and restaurant keepers in this city, who, it alleged, have violated the law by selling game during the close season.

"The managers of ten of the principal restaurants and dealers in game in the city have been selected to bear the brunt of the first prosecution. They will be brought into court to-morrow. A similar prosecution in Illinois recently cost one dealer $30,000."

The last statement of the above is seriously incorrect. Allusion is no doubt made to the once famous Kewaunee case, in which action was brought against H. Clay Merritt, of Kewaunee In the lower courts some decisions were rendered favorable to the sportsmen, but all such cases were appealed, and the cases have never been passed upon as yet by the upper courts. Attorney Ladd, of local connection with the cases, has now ceased to answer letters of inquiry

regarding these cases, and has no doubt grown weary of the work of prosecuting for nothing, the sportsmen behind the first cases having long since ceased to produce any funds. These cases were mishandled from the start, and thus the cause of game protect on much injured. In spite of the wrong manner in which they were brought, however, they might still have won had there been any united action upon them among the city sportsmen who secured the first seizures of the freezer game. The men who began the action had not funds enough or patience enough to carry on the work for fun, and therefore, so nearly as can be at this writing determined, the cases are now left to take care of themselves. This means that they will in all probability be dismissed in due time. That means again that the sportsmen of Illinois have lost that best chance they ever had to deal an effective blow at the cold storage interests in this State. This case if won by the sportsmen would have been a precedent of inestimable value in later litigation of similar nature. Warden Blow, Attorney Baird, Attorney Ladd and Mr. Bortree, who were interested in the beginning of the cases, seem to have been able to start the ball rolling, but not to keep up the motion to the end of the alley. It is only the end of the alley that counts when it comes to fighting the whole cold storage interests of this State. Let us hope the St. Louis cases will be prosecuted more vigorously and persistently than the Kewaunee cases, which did not result in the actual fining of the guilty party to the value of $1, although it resulted in much talk. In the ordinary game law case there is a blinding flash, a deafening report and a dense and heavy volume of smoke. But there isn't any leaden messenger of death sent crashing through any game dealer's business system. Would this might be elsewise.

E. Hough.

TRAINING ADIRONDACK DEER DOGS.

[We print the following letter, which has come to us from an Adirondacks writer, not because we consider that it pictures a particularly enticing form of "sport," but because we believe that it describes accurately the mode there employed for teaching dogs to work on deer. It is the midwinter making ready for the midsummer tragedy of dogs, lake, boat, deer and Deer-slayer with his rope.]

* * * Those pups have got to be trained to run deer this year, and there is just one way to do it, but fortunately that way has more sport to the hour than any kind of doings we know of. When the snow gets good and deep, say along in late January, just after the thaw, we strap on our snowshoes, half a dozen of us, and with one rifle in the party and a couple of likely pups we go off up-stream somewhere in one of the big swamps in which the deer are yarded. It don't take long to have a buck going; though it is better to start a doe, because they blat louder when the dogs get hold of them. Then the best shot in the party draws down on the started deer as soon as he can and bores a hole in its pouch or breaks a leg—anything, so that the beast will still be able to run away and bleed well.

The pups are then put on the trail, and we never saw a pup that couldn't follow such a one as that It's more fun to see two pups on a trail like that, and to hear their joyful, far-reaching bay, than it ever is in the fall, because the cold air some way gives the bellow a clearer tone, and the leaves of the trees, since there aren't any, do not obstruct the traveling of the sound at all. I like to lean up against a tree at such a time and listen to the sounds about me—the cracking of the trees, the swaying sigh of the branches, the *chic-a-dee-dee-dee* of the birds and the eager shouts of my companions as they flounder along the trail behind the dogs. Then comes the deer's last effort; you hear it plunging through the bushes, hear the crust crack beneath it, and at last comes the sound that tells of the end of the race—the deer's blatting when the dogs seize it—that's a sound to make a fellow's heart bound, I tell you. One never hears it in the fall running, because then the dogs cannot get in their fine work, and the deer do not cry out when in the water, even hit with an oar.

When the deer yard has a lot of the animals in, half a dozen races or so are had in a day—not long ones, but enough to give the dogs a taste of it. Another day like that and the pups will run the deer without their being wounded first—at least that is the experience of all the Adirondack woodsmen I know.

Of course it is against the law to run deer in the winter, but how can we train our dogs if we don't? A dog trained in the fall on bare ground isn't true, nor will it hold the trail till the deer goes to water. It is all right that we should do so, to our minds, because the city chaps kick a bare ground trained dog out of camp and get the cruster, and pay the owner well.

Lem Lawson.

Seaberry Settlement, N. Y.

Forest-Fire Lanes and Fires.

Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Apropos of the recent article in your paper upon a bill which had been introduced in the Legislature of New York providing for the cutting of lanes through the woods to prevent the spreading of forest fires, I can only say that, in my humble opinion, your views are, as usual, entirely correct. Aside from the difficulty of disposing of the trash and light stuff which such a cutting would be sure to leave upon the ground, aside from the difficulty of keeping such a swath free from second growth, aside from the unsightly character of such a blot upon the face of nature, the whole scheme would not only entail enormous expense, but would be worse than useless. The framer of that bill had evidently not seen fire run through green land, where the pines and spruces grow thick. I have.

Last spring—which was an especially dry one in the Provinces—I was fishing a branch of the Tusket River, in Nova Scotia. Late in the afternoon a fire—which some idiot had started with the intention of a "new burnt" for moose hunting in the autumn, and which had, I think, exceeded his wildest expectations—came roaring down through a tongue of heavy pine timber which extended from the edge of the barren ridge which ran parallel with the river almost to the water's edge. About 200yds. back from the river, on the opposite side and across a bog, the pine and spruce timber began again. As my guide and I were in no danger, being some distance above the fire, and fearing that we might get into trouble if we left the water, we stood and watched it. The sight was one of the grandest I have ever seen, and the roar of the flames was something appalling. As we stood gazing a cloud like, dun-colored mass of vapor, which we took to be smoke, but which I suppose was a volume of gas generated by the intense heat, went sailing away across the river, and just before it reached the tops of the pines on the other side of the water, between 200 and 300yds. away, burst into flame with a loud roar, and in less time than it takes to write it the fire was raging in the tops of the trees on the east side of the river.

Now where, I ask, is there any merit in the lane theory if, in case of fire, large bodies of gas can travel through the air, and, bursting into flame, can ignite timber standing hundreds of yards away? The idea may look very well on paper, but in practice I feel sure it won't work. Wadleigh Brook.

In the Gatineau District.

I read with a great deal of interest the letter entitled "Camp Blair," by A., of Haddam, Conn., in Forest and Stream. To one who has lived for some years on the confines of the Laurentides and who each day looks from a distance of a few miles on the beautiful Chelsea Hills, and whose chief delight is a day or a week, as the case may be and circumstances permit, wandering among their lakes and streams and hills, gathering wild flowers, catching trout or bass, shooting ruffed grouse, or simply "just doing nothing," according as the time or season will permit, these experiences of others have a peculiar charm.

The natives and residents of this Gatineau district are not many of them as anxious for the observation of the fish and game laws as we would like to see them.

There are still too many of them who can see a good deal more sense in gaffing a barrel of trout off the spawning beds in October than in whipping a stream all day in May or June for a basketful, and they have other like playful pursuits, and that is the reason why we expect those who know better to set them a better example, and there was one reference in A.'s letter which I did not like.

He arrived in camp, from his own story, on the afternoon of Sept. 10, and "for four or five days * * * with trout and partridges enough to supply the table," etc. Now, is A. aware that in the Province of Quebec the close season for ruffed grouse extends to Sept. 15, and that he has been breaking the game laws, which I will do him the credit to say, from the general tone of his letter, I can hardly understand that he would willfully do.

St. Hubert.

[While we are slow to make excuse for law violations in the woods, we can in this instance say for A. that his offending was due to that ignorance which excuses no man.]

Game in Western Pennsylvania.

Greenville, Pa., Dec. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game in this part of the State is becoming scarcer year by year, and it is high time that something is done to protect it while there is a little left. My own observations for the past eight years or more prove this fact to me. In the first place, the long woodcock season has played havoc with ruffed grouse, because hunters, under the pretext of woodcock shooting, kill the young grouse, and when the grouse season opens most of the grouse have already been killed off.

The woodcock which are bred in our covers on account of the long season are killed off, so that very few are left to return to their breeding grounds in the spring. I think that scarcely a dozen were killed south of town the last season.

Quail are becoming more common than a season ago. They were all frozen out four seasons ago, but if the winters are not to be too severe they will increase so that in few seasons they will be plenty.

Duck shooting is not what it should be; year by year the decrease of water fowl along the Shenango River and the marshes near Conneaut Lake is clearly to be seen. I think that the spring shooting is the fault of this and should be prohibited, not only in this State, but in every State, if we wish to have water fowl shooting.

Squirrels are scarce, in fact in some localities they are a thing of the past. Rabbits are not as plenty as they might be on account of the ferrets, which are used by many of the hunters.

I think that the hunting season should be shortened and the sale of game prohibited. It is better to have a brief season with an abundance of game than to have a long season and no game. H. P. B.

Shooting with Two Eyes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Possibly my experience in learning to shoot with both eyes open will benefit E. R. I found that the muzzle attracted the attention of my left eye to such a degree that it was impossible for me to sight the gun properly with both eyes open.

To overcome this trouble I simply grasped the barrels with my left hand at such a place on the fore end that the hand acted as a blind, thus shutting out the muzzle from the left eye. This will bring the left hand where it properly belongs—well along the barrels.

After a little practice E. R. will find that both eyes are free to follow the game, but that only the right eye will be used in sighting the gun. Legality.

The Virginia Game Supply.

Pine View, Va.—The open season has closed with more rabbits left over than has been known since 1878, and with more wild turkeys and pheasants than usual. Bob White has also increased very much; the little fellow has one more year to increase in unmolested, by which time I think he will be again with us in his old-time plenty.

Fox hunting has been attended with but little success this season. Last summer's storm left so much fallen timber that sly reynard has things very much his own way.

Squirrels are very numerous along the Rappahannock.

W. L. C.

New York Seasons.

Cato, Feb. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Forest and Stream to day, over the signature of the president of the New York State Association, is the proposed demand for the one open season for grouse, woodcock, rabbits and squirrels, Sept. 15 to Jan. 1. This is the best law we could have, as a great many grouse are killed by rabbit hunters in January and February. I think the increase of grouse in this section last fall was due to the short open season on rabbits in 1895.

J. K. R.

New Jersey Game.

The coming year's prospect for game in the section where I am now—several miles west of Freehold, N. J.—is very encouraging, as there are near us one large whole covey of quail and several quite large remnants of other coveys also. A greater number of rabbits has been left over than the local hunters were at first aware of; so, taking it all in all, the outlook is very bright. L.

Iowa Needs a Warden Force.

Nevada, Iowa, Jan. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Forest and Stream of Jan. 23 your correspondent, who signs himself as One Who Observes the Law, gives a true statement of the condition of the game and game laws of Iowa. We have excellent laws for the preservation of game and fish, but the game laws are practically a dead letter. As E. H. S. states in the same issue, Mr. Delevan has done excellent work in enforcing the fish laws, but could do much more if he had more assistants and more liberal appropriations. What Iowa needs for the preservation of her game and fish is a fish and game warden for each county. Each county warden should then have the power to appoint a deputy in each township in his county. The deputy should be some farmer interested in field sports, and could be paid by giving him one-half the amount of fines collected for game law violations in his township.

If our sportsmen's clubs would take hold of this matter at once and all work together, something might be accomplished. Our member of the Legislature from this city, Representative J. F. Reed, is a great lover of field sports, and is a reader of Forest and Stream. If this letter should fall under his observation I hope he will give it more than a second thought. Nevada is the county seat of Story county, the home of both Representative J. F. Reed and Senator Boardman, both of the State Legislature; also the home of our county sheriff, Mr. A. K. Banks; and yet no respect whatever is paid to the game laws. Game, both in and out of season, has been exhibited in our meat markets and sold in open violation of the law.

J. C. Briggs.

Square Muzzle Gun.

Guns have been in use about 600 years, and in all that time manufacturers have not deviated from making them with a cylinder bore. About twenty-five years ago experimenters found by making the inside of the barrel a little smaller right at the muzzle (called a choke-bore), it increased the effectiveness of a gun's shooting very much.

A few days ago, Dr. A. S. Kennedy, of this city, thought he would try an experiment on his choke-bore Winchester repeating shotgun, by making the round barrel square at the muzzle. He had previously talked of the plan with a number of gun experts, and though none of them had ever heard of such an idea, they were all unanimous in the belief that a gun with a square muzzle would soak a load of shot all over a sap-brush.

Well, the very first shot was an immense surprise, for no round-muzzled gun had ever been known that gave such penetration, and made such a close, even pattern at the same distance, as did the gun with a square muzzle.

The whole secret lies in the fact that the four flat sides of the barrel, beveling inward toward the muzzle, simply shovel the load into a compact bunch, as it leaves the gun, without the tearing pressure made by a round choke.

The doctor has applied for a patent on square-muzzled shotguns, and though he has had no opportunity yet to test the same principle applied to round nozzles on hose pipes, he believes it would greatly increase the distance a stream of water could be thrown.—*Auburn (N. Y.) Advertiser.*

Winter Game Notes from Iowa.

Nevada, Ia., Jan. 28.—We have had a very mild winter up to the night of the 23d, when the thermometer indicated 22° below zero; last night the mercury reached 24° below. This will be pretty hard on the quail. On Jan. 5, while out rabbit hunting, I was very much surprised to see six mallard ducks arise from a small pool of open water. I have since heard others speak of seeing wild ducks in this vicinity. I do not remember of ever seeing or hearing of ducks staying here so late before this winter. Rabbits have been more numerous than ever before. There have been thousands of them killed in this county. One of my neighbors shot two out back of my house on some vacant lots one night, and a few days later shot another in the minister's garden, just across the road from my house. I have seen a good many rabbits in town this winter myself, but do not shoot them, as I think it dangerous to discharge firearms in the city.

There are a goodly number of prairie chickens left over from last season, and the prospect is good for very fair chicken (pinnated grouse) shooting next autumn.

J. C. Briggs.

The Winter in North Dakota.

Fort Ransom, N. D.—We are having a fearful winter out here. The last week of October we had a terrific snowstorm, consequently lots of small birds got caught; the meadowlark in particular, and hundreds of them perished. Grouse are all on the Shyenne River, feeding on the rosebuds and other berries, as there is no feed on the prairie for them—everything is covered with snow, even the haystacks.

How the jack rabbits live I do not know; but they took all my apple trees except the stumps. Prospects are good next year for grouse and chickens. They were strong and wild on Sept. 1, and not many were shot. H.

Vermont Deer.

Waterbury, Conn., Feb. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some few weeks ago the writer saw an article in some paper stating that the Vermont Legislature were considering a bill to open the season on deer in that State for a short time next fall. Can you inform me if the bill passed, and if so what time was designated as such open season?

Charles E. Hall.

[The season will be the month of October; only deer having horns may be taken; one person may take only two deer; one carcass may be transported.]

Specimen Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have a specimen copy of this paper sent to a friend will be accommodated by sending us, on a postal card, the name and address to which he would like the paper sent.

That article by Pellets in Forest and Stream of Jan. 16 gave me the kind of keen pleasure which is the best kind to have these hard times, namely, that kind which produces one hearty laugh after another. George Kennedy.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ELKHORN.—I.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Within a short hour's ride of the State capital flows a stream—known little to the outside world of anglers or tourist travelers—that for gameness of its black bass, variety of scenery with which its alternating courses constantly delight and charm the eye, and for the days of memorable sport that have fallen to the lot of the eager angler is a veritable love stream to many Kentucky hearts. This is the famous Elkhorn Creek that, fed by the clear, cool springs of the Blue Grass region flows westwardly in its north and south branches till they unite at the Forks, and thence, with uncertain course, now this way, now that, after some miles of sinuous windings, finally enters the gorge of the Kentucky River, and mingles with the waters of that picturesque stream, twelve miles below Frankfort.

Where Elkhorn Creek got its name no one knows. Back along the line of pioneer days the first settlers on its banks, old enough to remember when deer and turkeys were seen on its hills and in its bottoms, knew it as the Elkhorn of still earlier pioneers. When Boone and Kenton ranged the canebrakes of its upper sources, or the rough hills near its mouth, they found plentiful evidences of the existence of elk; while the buffalo trace, as it is called, deep cut in the clay soil, ran straight away from Frankfort across its course to Big Bone Lick, showing the travel path of that now almost extinct denizen of the forest and prairie.

Perhaps some tragic incident in the early discovery of the stream, or some fertile fancy in the gossamer of frontier romance, or, more likely still, a profusion of the shed horns of the elk, relics of earlier abundance of that noble animal, attached to the stream a name that is full of reminder of a past that can never come again to bless and cheer the hunter.

Be that as it may, there is no more lovely stream in all Kentucky—a stream brimming with picturesque delights and with blessed memories of red-letter days. Its long reaches of quiet, deep water, formed by the dams on its upper branches, are full of silver perch, that most delicate of fish for the table, with black bass and rock bass in reasonable quantity. But below the famous Macklin Dam—a cemented, cut-stone structure arched against the current, and possessed apparently of an eternal stability—clear down the rugged defiles, and along the wider valleys to the Kentucky River, are the trysting places of the angler. Deep cut in the Silurian hills, the rocky channel of Elkhorn changes direction from sheer necessity at short intervals, the gentle valley sometimes abutting squarely against some towering, craggy cliff, beneath whose beetling brow the shadowy pools see little of the sun. In these tranquil waters, where the angry floods of the spring rises have swept out the loose stones and boulders, leaving only the greater rocks that have fallen from the hillsides and the concealed ledges, the bronzed warriors find lurking homes and cool retreats. Here they are safe from the seiner and the drag; but too often, alas! just such spots attract the attention and deadly explosives of the dynamiter.

At the foot of the deeper pools, which recur at short distances, are shoals and ripples, where the water splashes and sings merrily and musically in its swift gliding over the gravel and boulders, over the broken limestone shelves and around the jugged corners, until it finds rest in calmer depths, whose surface mayhap be freckled with sunshine sprinkled through the overhanging tree tops of some wooded dell. At the head of the pools in spring, and at their foot in the fall, the bass are wont to lurk and feed Yet when the trees are in scarlet scarcely a submerged rock or projecting shelf but has its hidden supply of the finny tribe ever on the alert.

Here and there are gravelly banks, sloping to the water, shadowed by thick-foliaged forest trees and edged with a carpet of green, velvety grass, making the most delightful picnic grounds for a day's outing. Then there are more extensive flats, near bubbling springs, for campers of longer stay.

The bed of Elkhorn Creek is formed largely of the flat layers of bird-eye limestone that outcrop everywhere along the valley of the Kentucky. These layers or ledges project along the sides or far into the pools—either o'erhanging the ledge beneath, or the soft clay between has washed out, producing deep recesses where the fish lie secure from attack in summer and free from the dangers of floods in winter. These secret dens are where the blue and mud-cat invariably stay, coming out at nightfall to hunt their prey in shallower water. Here they rest reasonably secure from all enemies until the two-legged "assassin," stick in hand, prowls along their rock home, stoops down till sometimes a battered hat over a pair of fierce eyes alone shows above the surface, prods with the stick carefully under the ledge till it touches something that moves, reverses the stick, feels again and then sends the sharp, barbed steel hook deep into the fish, drags him out and "puts him in de bag."

Sometimes this style of "assassination" is carried on with the naked hand, in which case the owner not infrequently finds himself in touch with snake or turtle.

The rocky shallows, full of pebbles, gravel and fragmentary stones, afford splendid breeding spots for the smallmouth black bass, found here in all the strength and beauty of his active nature He has exclusive possession as against his large-mouth relative. This fact, with the abundance of food supply—minnows, crayfish, helgramites, etc.—prevented the ceaseless, skilled efforts of hundreds of anglers in all the years back from making the fishing of Elkhorn Creek a memory only. True, the number of the fish has diminished much and the average size has sadly lessened in the thirty years since first I cast a hook in its attractive waters; but during the past year many fine strings have been taken and there is sport yet for the angler who loves his art and knows how to apply it. A red letter day in this particular we shall note later on.

To the intrepid, artful, gallant warrior bass of Elkhorn Creek—the gamest of game fish according to its size—fighters while strength lasts, full of expedients and daring—is due, as we honestly believe, the raising of a crop—or two generations, if you please—of as fine anglers within daily reach of its waters as ever cast a hook or wet a line. Educated with the best of tackle—a Milam reel and a Kentucky cane rod, with lines slender and strong—they waded among the boulders on the smooth, slippery ledges, patiently and gently drew the minnow about and across the retreats of the bass, and as coolly fought the battle out with the hooked fish as if his escape would not add another beat to the heart that was throbbing quickly enough within the breast

When one of these old veterans took a bee line for the creek or was seen standing about its pools there was a grim certainty that there would be ultimate need for the frying-pan at home. The novice, the water splasher and the minnow killer could only look on and grow green with envy or despise himself for his lack of knowledge. How often has the hungry imitator watched one of these veterans—fixed his bait on the hook just as he had it, got the same kind and size of minnow from the bucket, edged up close, let out the same quantity of line, fooled around the same spot, and then—with a ghastly grin and on all-overish-mean feeling watched the "old man" yank 'em out, while his own bait was haunted with neglect, and his line lay limp and listless. No use, mere wishing doesn't catch fish any more than it controls men; it is knowledge, experience, patience, skill, that does the work in one case as in the other.

Among the famous fishermen of Elkhorn Creek—"men I have fished with," or most of them—was Gen Geo. B. Crittenden. He seemed intuitively to know just where the bass ought to be and just what kind of food would tempt an appetite when not specially edged. He never seemed so contented as when wading the waters of Elkhorn in his angles for bass, often standing for hours solitary and alone—his minnow, free of cork or sinker, led gently about the bottom, or left at will to search, apparently, for some finny monster with an appetite Even in winter, when some clear day warmer than usual would come, he would sometimes walk out to Benson, a tributary of the Kentucky near Frankfort, break the fringe of ice along the edge and wade in to fish.

Silent, thoughtful, reserved except to the few friends he cared to talk with, the last days of his life after the wreck of the Confederacy were spent mainly on Elkhorn in sympathy with nature, following his favorite pastime and at peace apparently with all the world. He never ate fish, and despised to catch a catfish.

He was the best creek fisherman I ever knew, and always insisted there were at least two days in the week when fish would bite His knowledge of fish and their habits, his extended travels and experiences of army life, and his close observation of nature in all its varying moods, made his talks ever delightful.

Another noted fisherman was Dr. Wm. Morris—a country physician—who was always after the biggest bass, and generally got them. A genial gentleman of the old school, hospitable and kindly, he sandwiched many a trip to the creek between visits to the bedsides of his patients. He fished without sinker generally, but moulded a bit of conical lead on the bottom of his cork to give weight for the throw-out. In the fall, long after frost came, he caught many big bass by fishing on the bottom. The odd days he would spend in his shop, hammering out steel tips for his friends or mending and oiling his tackle. He constructed his own minnow seines, and was an expert in giving them the proper length, depth, bag and lead line.

The hero of the "big bite," as heretofore told in FOREST AND STREAM, when a "shite poke" walked out from the grass, ascended his set pole with awkward balances and flew away unnoticed except for the nodding of the pole, causing him to exclaim "Thar's a bite!" was one of the best fishermen of his day. To Uncle Lee Watkins the creek was an open book, with rock and boulder and ledge and crevice and step-off plainly marked on the page. Selecting a spot for the day's sport, he would bait his hook with great care, and after a trial or two would land his minnow or "soft craw" at the proper place, ejaculate a satisfactory "just right!" plant his pole, fill his pipe with tobacco and begin a smoke of contentment as he watched the tremulous motion of his line. His waiting habit often brought a success in the size of his fish that more active anglers could only equal in numbers. Nor did he care for fish—he said his stomach "couldn't bear 'em."

There are those who were trained under the guidance of Uncle Lee Watkins who will swear to-day "he was the best fisherman that ever took the creek" And they are no mean judges of the Waltonian art—capable, in fact, were the old man alive to-day, to make him "hustle" to hold his own.

Then there was Thad Sullivan, who was said to know by name the fish of the creek from Knight's Bridge to below Peak's Mill. It is certain at least that when he saddled his horse, took his minnow bucket and started for the creek, the fish were sure to respond to his call to "come out of the wet." His favorite fishing grounds were about the Cow Pond in Gault's Bend, the head and foot of the Gar Hole, the long pool above Jackson's and the Meeting House Hole above Peak's Mill. And he had much of the hunter's instinct, for he was one of the first to know when the "blue-wings" were on the creek and the first to get 'em He enjoyed fishing as a woman enjoys shopping—with infinite zest—and no fish protector ever bore a more cordial hatred of the ways of the dynamiter and fish hog than he. He was sturdy in his defense of the rights of the honest fisherman and an earnest advocate of fish protection and propagation.

Dr. Ben Duvall grew up by the creek in earlier life and was ever eager to renew the angles of his youth. His skill in landing the bronze-backers was only less than his natural gifts in the diagnosis and cure of disease Removed to the city in later life, he seemed to yearn for the restful periods when he could break away from the rhythm of the pulse to the rhythm of the waters; from splints and bandages to the bend of the rod and the click of the reel. In his fading strength the presence of the creek gave balm to his spirit, and a sense of healing was wafted on the wings of the soft winds that came to him over the meadows.

In his last hours, when the end was only a matter of time, the subject of fishing was mentioned, and with sudden strength he rose halfway in bed, his eyes full of light and his cheeks aglow, and eagerly exclaimed: "Oh, Sam, we'll have one more good fish together yet!"

A near neighbor to Dr. Duvall in the early days was another splendid fisherman, Hillory Bedford, whose home crowned the hill top above the creek. A forceful mind and intelligent observation gave to his knowledge of the art more than ordinary value. His discriminative talks on the habits of fish, the freaks and foibles with which the art of catching the black bass was attended, the eager relish he showed in their capture, gave to his companionship a pleasure zealously sought.

Then there were Jeff Jones and Wick French, whose prowess on the Main Fork have long ago made their names household words with anglers and the synonyms for success.

Uncle Llewellyn Holton, now past the three score and ten, was long the "king bee" of the Forks as to all matters relating to why fish bite, when they will bite, where they stay, how they grow, how to induce them to come out of the water responsive to the call of a good angler, and why ignorant and presumptuous people can't catch fish.

We doubt not he has taken more fine fish out of the rocky pool at the confluence of the main and south branches than would fill a fair-sized corn crib.

When his success supplied more fish than the needs of his table and friends, he deposited the remainder in the large basin of his spring, where they swam in the pure waters till needed—some of them occasionally remaining all winter.

The basin was full of fine fish one winter, partly preserved for Christmas, when the night before Christmas a party of young fellows visited the spring during the quiet hours, when Uncle Llewellyn was asleep, and stole eighteen fine bass that weighed over 2lbs. each. They were taken to Ellis's famous restaurant in town, a choice company gathered, and a genuine "Christmas wake" was held, with fish as the center att action, till breaking day caused the company to scatter. To this day Uncle Llewellyn doesn't know who robbed him, though he carried a cigar, found at the spring, for weeks to find who smoked cigars like that.

Many years ago, when Judge Nutter (famous as the judge who adjourned court to see the elephant swim the Kentucky River) presided in the Franklin Circuit, Uncle Llewellyn Holton was summoned on the jury This was unfortunate, as he had just arranged with a party for a deer hunt in the Owen Hills. Coming to town on Saturday (court met the Monday following), he went to see Judge Nutter and laid the case before him, asking to be excused from jury service.

"Well, Llewellyn," said Judge Nutter, "I haven't eaten a real good fish for a long time—see if you can't find some and bring 'em to town Monday, and we'll see what we can do"

It is doubtful if Holton observed sacredly the Sunday following, but at any rate he was in town early Monday morning with a fine string of 2 and 3lb. bass, which were duly consigned to Judge Nutter.

Before court opened Holton edged up to the judge and remarked, "I reckon you'll let me off, judge—them was fine fish."

"Now, look here, Llewellyn," replied Judge Nutter, "if I were to let you go now it would look too much like bribery—I guess you'll have to serve."

All day long Holton served on the jury—but his heart was not in it. The matter didn't seem right to his square way of looking at things.

Just before court adjourned Judge Nutter beckoned Holton to him. "Llewellyn," said he, "I reckon we can get along without you—you can go"

Most of the older fishermen mentioned have crossed to the shade beyond the great river. Their footsteps no longer tramp the windings of the creek.

Then—"there are others"—disciples of the older class, apt scholars too, and full of the spirit of the fathers. No grass grows under their feet when the time comes to "go a-fishin'." Many of them are "past graduates" of Elkhorn and masters of the art of bait fishing—for the dainty, deceitful "fraud of the fly" has seldom dropped upon the crystal waters of that charming stream

The Elkhorn bass decline to feed upon such unsubstantial viands. They hold their noses as they pass by on the other side. They know well the juicy minnow, sucker, doe-belly, shiners, forked-tail and delicious steelback—soft and hard craws, angle-worms, grubs, crickets, grasshoppers and helgramites or "go-devils"—but these new fangled bugs, unlike anything on earth below or in heaven above, they will have them not.

Of the host of the present generation of anglers, some of whom can always be found upon the creek in the fishing season, there are those who could teach the "daddies" a few points in the art of angling Jimmie Gibbens, with his No. 8 Clark O N. T. thread line, playing a 3 pounder in his wild dashes for liberty, and finally landing him safely upon the bank, a gasping, exhausted captive, exhibits a skill that borders on the marvelous Sewing thread of the caliber mentioned is largely used by Frankfort fishermen in silver perch, bream and bass fishing but the awkward or inattentive will find it most reliable in the parting.

Dick Church takes front rank in the line of expert fishermen, and Henry Duvall knows every rock and ledge and water gap, from the mouth of the creek to Jones's Dam or Scott's Crossing.

Dick Morris grew up on the creek under the teachings of two generations of anglers, and the fish he has caught are like the sands for multitude. He is a member of the Kingfishers, as are Chas. C. Furr and Geo. L Payne, who find the bass of Elkhorn the "gamest of the game," agile acrobats and vicious fighters, if less weighty than their brethren of Carp, Echo, Manistique or Hubbard lakes of the North.

Dick Crutcher handles a rod and reel with that exquisite ease of action that denotes long and careful experience, a keen eye, and a certainty of doing the right thing at the right time. He is tireless and persistent in his angling outings, companionable and liberal in fishing amenities; and seldom is it that he returns homeward with a light creel—never an empty one.

No less successful and skillful is genial Ned Church, who lives near the Barbecue Spring, famous for its "fish fries" of the olden time. Ned is a whole acre of sunshine when he is on the creek—full of jokes, and with a keen appreciation of the humorous lines of a good fish story And withal he handles a rod to perfection. When Ned don't catch fish, they don't bite and won't bite.

In gathering numbers are other expert anglers, who handle line and reel and rod with infinite grace and skill—as Junie Todd, Jim Hawkins, Dr. Thompson, Oby Morgan, Lewis Craig, James Withraw, Will Culter, Jno. W Rodman, Geo. Darsie, (Red) Will Saffell and, we may almost add, the half of Frankfort's male population, to which class belong such resident fishermen of the creek as Joe Holton, Frank French, Nels Alley and Geo. Bacon.

The story of the expert fishermen of Elkhorn is not yet fully told, for what old Jim Butcher was to the Kentucky River, Jesse Hocker is to the creek—the king of colored anglers. With lunch bag over shoulder, and rod and minnow bucket in hand, he silently steals away to some spot where the fish stay and "yanks 'em in" with certainty and ease. Able to drop his bait in a tin cup at thirty steps, he finds no place too difficult to reach with his seductive hook. In the season it is doubtful which gets the most of his time, the creek or his shop.

Close up with Jessie, and sometimes disputing the front, is Andy Dennison, another expert colored angler. He supplies those who haven't time to get it with bait minnows and "craws." And withal he is a cook of no mean pretensions at fish fries and picnic parties.

Glorious old Elkhorn! Its memories grow sweeter as the years go by and the music of its rippling, sparkling waters as they plash and sing over the shallows, or move placidly through the deep pools in their onward course from the Blue Grass Meadows down to the junction at the Forks, thence by the wrecked dam at Steadmantown, on by the Barbecue Spring, by Indian Rock, by Knight's Bridge, through the sweep of Gault's Bend, on by the Meeting House Hole and Peak's Mill, till they mingle with the waters of the Kentucky—this music will ever linger as the most enchanting of strains in memory when the limbs no longer answer the call to wade their waters and when the tackle box is a victim of neglect. Possibly by that time, to most of us, the dear old creek will have felt the cold hand of utilitarian necessities, aided by the fish hog, the seiner and the dynamiter, and be in reality as in memory a dream of days that are done. Old Sam.

ANGLING NOTES.

American Trout in Europe.

For years past, in fact almost since their introduction abroad, the habits and characteristics of American trout, *fontinalis* and *irideus*, have been discussed in the angling papers of Europe. This discussion has been intermittent, and recently it has received a fresh impetus, judging from what I have read, principally in the *Fishing Gazette*. It is safe to say that neither of the trout, brook trout nor rainbow, is regarded as highly in England as is the common brook trout of Europe, the fish that we know as brown or Von Behr trout. Of our two fish, the preponderance of evidence in England seems to place the rainbow trout above the brook trout. In Germany also the rainbow is, I believe, considered the better fish as a game fish. In this country, when the rainbow is brought from the Pacific slope and planted in Atlantic streams it is quite apt to disappear after the second year; and in Europe it is almost a universal complaint that our brook trout will do the same thing, a habit which is not true of the fish as a rule in home waters.

Herr Jaffé is to day perhaps the foremost fish breeder in Germany, and he has sent me some notes in regard to our American trout in German waters, the results of his personal observations:

"Rainbow trout: They do well here up to the fifth and sixth year; they decay then rapidly.

"Plantings of yearlings in the lower deep levels of big sluggish streams have turned out well. Also those of two-year-olds in highland lakes; fish of 2 to 5lbs. have been taken after two years in both cases.

"Rearing: In the yearling and two-year-old stages blindness is rather frequent; the fish gets black and thick; next to no cases of blindness in the older stages.

"It is a frequent occurrence that the rainbows spawn here in *ponds* with just a small intermittent water supply, say a small trickle, and that their numbers increase in such cases.

"The great difficulty with the rainbow is the uncertainty of the egg crop. I have had cases of 10, 15 and up to 50 per cent. loss among perfectly good looking ova, and I know of the same from others. Cases of glassy (hard, clear) ova on extrusion are not rare.

"Char (*fontinalis*): Rather subject to intestinal inflammation at spawning time, but the great difficulty is still the rearing of the fry. A rapid fall of temperature puts them off the feed dangerously quickly. Egg loss as with the rainbow; not impregnated."

On a good many occasions I have, so far as was in my power, discouraged the planting of rainbow trout fry in the trout brooks of New York, simply because they disappeared from the streams, as a rule, after the second year; but during the past few years my opinion of the fish has changed materially, or rather I have concluded that the failures were more owing to the manner of planting the fish than to the fish themselves; for there can be no question about the game and table qualities of the fish, for they rise well to the fly, and jump above the water when hooked, after the manner of the black bass, which our common brook trout do not, in spite of the pictures showing them in the air with fly in mouth Perhaps we do not fully understand the rainbow trout yet, but I am satisfied that when we do, and the fish is properly planted in suitable waters, we will have in New York a most desirable addition to our game fishes.

The late Col. Marshall McDonald, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, told me that he had planted thousands of rainbow fry in the stream on which the Wytheville, Va., hatching station was situated, and they all promptly disappeared the second year; but when he planted yearlings of the same species in the same stream they remained. Now, it is entirely beyond my comprehension why yearlings should remain and propagate and the fry should disappear when they reached the age of two years. In some few streams the fish have remained when planted in the fry stage, and that is evidence that if the waters suit them and food conditions are right for them they will remain. Of one thing I am satisfied, that they are not the fish for small mountain brooks. In one stream in Saratoga county a few big rainbows have been caught in the lower part of a stream where the water is deepest and of good volume. That they are not trout for small streams anywhere one will be convinced by looking at the fish at the Bath hatchery which were caught when running up the hatching streams from the lake to spawn, for there are fish in the lot that weigh 10lbs. What Herr Jaffé says will be of interest and is evidence that if the rainbow trout are planted in the deep, still portion of a stream there is reasonable hope of their remaining if they find food in abundance:

"I can assure you that there is no gamer fish, nor any that will rise freer to the fly, than the rainbow The fish is in no way a competitor of the brook trout, and to plant it where the brook trout thrives would be doing the rainbow harm" ("brook trout," as used by Herr Jaffé, means the brook trout of Europe, or brown trout as we know the fish on this side of the Atlantic). "We have planted many thousands of them for trial in the upper shallow reaches of streams, and have always found the rainbow to slip down to the deep, slow reaches of the bigger streams, and to water generally too warm for brook trout. Here they stay and grow, and we now only plant them in similar waters or in lakes and reservoirs, which latter quarters they seem to like best. I have had them brought to me this autumn ('96)—a 3½lb. fish planted as a yearling in the spring of 1894, caught from the Ems, a river very much of the character of the Thames below London, but rather cleaner.

"Rainbow trout, as a glance at the mouth of a full-grown fish will lead one to expect, are nothing like as cannibalistic as *fontinalis* or *Levenensis*" (the Loch Leven trout, which in this country cannot be distinguished from the brown trout [*fario*], and which Dr. Day believed to be identical with it), "but they require a deal of food and should not be turned out into barren waters. I have found them do best in deep, warmish reservoirs, with plenty of shellfish food and sticklebacks, and here their growth is really good, ¼ to ½lb. as two-year-olds, 2 to 3lbs. as three-year-olds, and 3 to 7lbs. as four year-olds. At four years of age the rainbow seems to be fully matured, the growth afterward being small, although I have raised five-year-olds of 12lbs The peculiar thing about the rainbow is the extraordinary push they make between the second and third years, jumping often from ⅛lb. to 3 and 4lbs. in nine months; and what is more, the males do not grow at anything like such a rate as the females.

"Rainbows, on the whole, are very well behaved fish and quarrel decidedly less than brook trout, but when closely confined in big numbers and not carefully sorted they will of course develop cannibalistic tendencies.

"In one of my breeding ponds, of about one acre surface, I keep three and four generations of rainbows together without any thought of cannibalism developing, a thing I would not venture on with *fontinalis;* but they have much room and plenty of food."

During the past year several waters in the State have been planted with yearling rainbow trout, acting upon the principle advocated by Herr Jaffé, although his letter had not then been received; but experience seemed to point to lakes and the lower portions of big streams as the proper waters for this fish, but it will be a few years before the results will be known positively. If the rainbow can be established in waters easily accessible, where they take the fly readily, the territory for sporting fish can be doubled. Superintendent James Annin, of the Fisheries, Game and Forests Commission, is a firm believer in these fish, and as he is an accomplished fly fisherman he knows a game fish as well as any one in the State.

Fish Planting.

A letter came to me early in January which I put aside to quote from in this column, as it shows more than ordinary interest in the work of stocking waters with food fish, and an earnestness in the work which can be followed with profit by others who desire to establish the salmon family in fished out streams. The letter is written from Middletown, N. Y.:

"I made an effort last year to stock the Wallkill River with wall-eyed pike, planting 50,000. I think with a little effort we can make a success of it, as I now have quite a number of our local sportsmen interested in the undertaking. One of our local fishermen brought me for identification about Nov. 1 a couple of wall-eyed pike caught while taking bait fish, which were about 6in. long. This makes me feel that the planting will be a success.

"I have tried for four years to stock the Little Shawangunk with brown trout, and have, I feel confident, at last succeeded. Last spring for the first time I kept my fry in a small spring pond, and this fall I had trout 4in. long, which I turned loose into the stream in November—about 4,000, I think. I am convinced that no fry should be turned loose to shift for themselves until they are big enough to hustle for their own food.

"I think all streams could be more successfully stocked were this method adopted by the State; plant nothing but yearlings, and I don't believe the cost would be any more, if so much."

No one will dispute that streams can be more successfully stocked with yearling fish than with fry, but when my correspondent says the cost would not be any more, if as much, provided the State adopted this method, I fear he does not understand the situation. During the past fiscal year the State distributed 144,985 trout between the ages of eight months and eighteen months, and that certainly is a beginning in the right direction, and on Sept. 30 there were nearly 200,000 fingerling trout at the different hatching stations being reared to yearlings; so I can safely say the State has adopted this method so far as it can at present, for I find from looking at the reports of the old Fish Commission, previous to the organization of the consolidated Commission of Fisheries, Game and Forests, that no yearling fish were reared for planting in public water, except 150 sea salmon. If any one thinks that 100,000 yearling trout can be reared as cheaply as 100,000 fry they forget that fry are planted as soon as they are ready to feed, and that the rearing of yearlings practically dates from that time, and thereafter for twelve months the young trout must be fed and cared for daily. But it is not the cost of the food nor wages of the attendants that are the chief obstacles to overcome in rearing yearling trout; it is room and water. Only a portion of the hatching stations can rear yearling fish, and at these stations all the space and all the water is being utilized as rapidly as the means of the Commission will permit to this end. A certain amount of the water supply must be devoted to the stock fish, or there would be no fry or fingerlings; and the space and water that will accommodate and support a given number of fingerlings (fish of eight months) will not accommodate and support half that number of yearlings, so that there is a limit at each station to the number that can be received to become vigorous, healthy fish. Overcrowding will be fatal to the whole crop. If yearlings cannot be reared in perfect health, it is far better to plant the fry Anyone who will visit one of the hatching stations of the State, and observe the space required and the water necessary to raise a few thousands of yearlings in health, will not wonder that all the millions of trout hatched by the State are not reared to yearlings, and will see that it would be a physical impossibility at present. For instance, at the Pleasant Valley hatchery every gallon of water is utilized, and the capacity of the hatchery—stock ponds, hatching trough and rearing boxes—would not be as great as it is if it were not that the water is thoroughly aerated by artificial means. The plan mentioned by the correspondent can be followed to advantage by applicants for trout fry, and the fry reared in a small pond on the food found in the water if it is not overstocked. Such a pond should be constructed on a tributary stream to the stream to be stocked, and screened to prevent the escape of the fish. The trout will have many enemies (one snake was killed at Caledonia with sixty-four young trout inside of it) and there will be loss of fry under most favorable circumstances, but those remaining in the fall will more than repay the care and expense, particularly if the pond is used as a rearing pond each year. A friend in Vermont was most successful with a pond of this description, and his contributions to the main stream from his rearing ponds were important factors in restocking it. The question of food for the fish in any stream must not be overlooked, as it will be useless to rear yearlings or fingerlings if the food supply in the planted water is inadequate. A. N. Cheney.

AS TO CARP AND OTHER THINGS.

St. Louis, Jan. 30.—I have noted at various times articles in Forest and Stream and in other papers telling of the destructive habits of the buffalo and of the carp with reference to the spawn of other fishes There has been in the Chicago *Tribune* a number of communications telling how these fish have prevented the increase in game fish through the destruction of spawn.

Very likely the writer himself has made just such objections to the introduction of the carp, but on thinking the matter over he has about concluded that the carp and buffalo are scapegoats for other criminals. I am informed by the old settlers in this section that when they first came here the abundance of the buffalo was something enormous, and stocks at the present day do not compare at all with those of that period. They also state that the quantity of game fish existing in the same water with the buffalo was immensely larger than at present, and that no one ever imagined that the presence of the buffalo was destructive to the existence of game fish The characteristics of the carp and buffalo are so closely related and their habits are so similar that one may well doubt whether these fish are the cause of extinction of the game fishes; may it not be that they are the effect and not the cause; that they multiply and occupy the waters formerly occupied by the game fish which have been destroyed by the persistent and everlasting fishing of the market fisherman and his twin brother, the city fish hog.

This naturally brings up the subject of game protection, and I am pleased to note that an effort will be made at the present session of our Legislature to have the game laws so amended as to be really effective in the way of protection. A bill has been introduced which provides for an annual license of $1 to all parties who fish or hunt The fund thus collected is to go to defray the expenses of fish wardens. An appropriation from the State will also be asked for to enforce the law.

The present extreme cold weather will also do something toward preserving the fish supply, as all the rivers, lakes and sloughs are firmly frozen over. The extremely warm weather up to last week had enabled the net fishermen to pursue their business without any hindrance except from high water. It is a good thing nature does her share toward the protection of our fish, or the supply would soon become exhausted. Aberdeen.

A PICKEREL STOCKING EXPEDITION.

Far up on the summit of one of the roughest and most jagged peaks of the Bearfort range of mountains, in the northern part of Passaic county, N. J., 1,400ft. above sea level, stands the handsome and commodious club house of the Orean Park Association, with 33,000 acres of adjoining club land peculiarly adapted to a fish and game preserve. Here, four miles from the nearest habitation, four game wardens of the State of New Jersey held forth during the third week in November. Their mission was to net the Clinton and Oak Ridge reservoirs to obtain pickerel with which to restock Greenwood Lake, and thus infuse new blood in the much inbred and deteriorated fish of that beautiful lake. The wardens were known to one another as Handy Shot, Riley Water, Kersey and Nantuck They were accompanied by the commodore of a large two-horse truck, whose business was to navigate the steep mountain roads, transporting the nets and fish cans from one point to another, and who was dubbed Lay Low Punk.

The first day's work at the Clinton reservoir amounted to little, only a few yellow perch, suckers and several thousand chub being captured; these fish being deposited in Cedar or Orean Lake, a pretty expanse of water several hundred acres in extent in front of the association's club house.

When the day's catch had been deposited in the lake, a good, warm supper, prepared under the skillful direction of Mrs. Post, the lady of the house, was enjoyed, and the wardens gathered around the huge fireplace, where blazing white birch logs gave forth both light and heat.

The gray light of the new morn was just showing in the eastern sky when a yell that would have done credit to a Comanche Indian awoke the sleeping wardens. A peep through the window showed the form of Riley Water standing on the great rock in front of the house, waving his arms and shouting that the lake was covered with wild geese. The yell had the effect of bringing all the male inhabitants to the spot, but the only evidence of geese was Riley Water's word. Lay Low Punk made a tour of inspection along the dam, but upon his return tapped his head and, pointing to Riley Water, said "Daft."

When the morning meal of wild honey and buckwheat cakes had been stored away, the start was made for Oak Ridge reservoir, eight miles distant. A stop was made at Clinton reservoir to pick up the nets used the day before, and a flat-bottom boat, the only one in the neighborhood, was placed on Corneel's wagon and properly lashed for the ride over the steep mountain roads.

Upon arrival at the Oak Ridge reservoir and a suitable shore being found, the nets were unloaded and a haul was made, with only one little pickerel and several sunfish for the result. It was decided that the fish had taken to deep water, and the big State net, designed to fish in 15ft. of water, was got in readiness. The net was cast and both ends had been landed, and bets were being made upon the number of fish that would be caught, when the cork line began to sink, indicating that the net had caught in some obstruction.

Corneel declared that the bottom was formerly cleared farm land and he could not understand what held the net unless it was an old line fence.

Soundings were taken and it was learned that the net was held by the roots of a stump in 12ft. of water. Corneel then remembered the existence of an old apple orchard in that vicinity, but supposed that the old roots had been removed.

The wardens, wet to the skin, labored until the middle of the afternoon in a vain attempt to release the net, and then abandoned it, hoping that on the morrow, with the aid of chisels attached to poles, the roots might be cut away and the net saved intact.

The detection of Handy Shot waving his handkerchief at a short, stubby cedar tree in a distant field, which he had mistaken for a buxom female, caused a little merriment and somewhat lightened the feelings which had become gloomy on account of the ill luck of the day.

Dry clothes and a warm supper greatly raised the spirits of the boys, and the programme, arranged before the big fireplace after a pipeful of tobacco, was early to bed and early to rise for the morrow's work.

And bright and early it was that work was commenced

the next morning. In vain was the attempt to release the net by use of the chisels attached to the poles, and the net was finally cut from the cork line toward the bottom as far as one could reach, and then torn by main strength—fortunately all of the net was recovered.

A smaller net was then used at the head of the reservoir, and millions of chub and other small fish were captured and sent to their different destinations. The attempt to capture larger fish was then abandoned till a better season of the year. The nets were gathered together the following morning and the start made for the Newfoundland depot.

Thus ended the first attempt to capture pickerel from Oak Ridge and Clinton reservoirs for stocking purposes.

WILD HONEY.

Good Work by the New Jersey Commission.

THE New Jersey Fish and Game Commission have been very successful in obtaining game fish from the Delaware & Raritan Canal for restocking some of the depleted lakes and ponds of that State. The waters of the canal were recently drawn off, leaving many deep holes or basins filled with fish. These places have been netted and thousands of pounds of black bass, Oswego bass, pickerel and yellow perch have been captured. The pickerel, some measuring 20in. in length, went to Greenwood Lake. The bass were sent to Lake Hopatcong and the South Branch of the Raritan, at Clinton. The yellow perch went to New Egypt Pond, Ocean county, and also to Hartshorne's Pond at Freehold, N. J.

There still remains a large number of fish which the Commission will order captured and sent to lakes or streams most needing them. The present cold weather has greatly hindered the work.

Steelhead Enthusiasts.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Humboldt county, in this State, is the home of that king of game fish, the steelhead trout. During my last vacation I met two old gentlemen—one an Englishman, the other an Irishman—who have fished throughout Great Britain and the United States, and they pronounced the steelhead equal to any trout they had ever caught, for its game and table qualities In proof of this statement, these gentlemen undergo the inconveniences of a rough sea trip of 250 miles and the crossing of one of the roughest bars on the coast every year in order that they may indulge in their favorite pastime. T.

Three Fish on a Hook.

LAST week we noted the fact that Van Meigs caught two fish on one hook. Tuesday morning he repeated the act, this time a 12lb. pickerel swallowing a 1½lb pike which had been hooked. If we count the minnow which was used for bait we suppose we could truthfully say that Van had three fish on one hook.—*Fox Lake (Wis.) Representative.*

The New York Commission Report.

THE demand for the report of the New York Commission of Fisheries, Game and Forests for 1895 has largely exceeded the supply. The edition has been exhausted, and we understand that there are on file the names of several thousands of applicants for whom there were no books left. A second edition may be issued.

The Fishes near New York.

BEFORE the New York Linnæan Society, at the American Museum of Natural History, on Feb. 23, Mr. Eugene Smith will read a paper on "The Fishes of the Fresh and Brackish Waters of the Vicinity of New York City," illustrated with specimens.

Dr. J. A. Henshall.

DR. J. A. HENSHALL has taken charge of the newly-established United States fish hatchery at Bozeman, Mont.

"Men I Have Fished With.

THE continuance of Mr. Mather's series of chapters "Men I Have Fished With" will be given in our next issue.

The Natchaug Line and Reel.

MR. A. D. CHAFFEE, manufacturer of the famous Natchaug line, has hit upon the device of a winding reel, wound upon which, when it comes from the factory, the line is ready for transferring to the reel proper with the least possible trouble. The illustration in the Natchaug adv. shows what a happy trick it is. It deserves to make a hit. —*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 22–5. NEW YORK. Westminster Kennel Club.
March 3-6. ST. LOUIS.—St. Louis Kennel Club
March 10-13.—CHICAGO.—Mascoutah Kennel Club.
March 24-27.—PITTSBURG.—Duquesne Kennel Club.
March 17-20.—LOUISVILLE.—Kentucky Kennel Club.
March 30-April 2.—BALTIMORE.—Baltimore Kennel Association.
March 30-April 2.—KANSAS CITY.—Kansas City Kennel Club.
March 3-April 3.—SAN JOSÉ.—Santa Clara County Poultry and Kennel Club.
April 7-10.—STOCKTON.—Stockton Kennel Club.
April 14-17.—LOS ANGELES.—Southern California Kennel Club.

BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB.

Echoes of the Annual Meet.

DR. A. C. HEFFENGER, of Portsmouth, N. H., president of the Brunswick Fur Club, is eminently the right man in the right place. He can not only wield the gavel and bring a meeting to order in double-quick time, as well as furnish a good song or two with a rollicking chorus, but he also possesses the requisite qualities of generalship that go to make up an ideal president. Torment and Joe Forester, the two hounds that the president had along with him, are both good-lookers, but I had no chance to see them work.

The conditions under which the annual meet of the Brunswick, Me., Fur Club was held this year made it utterly hopeless to criticise hound work with any degree of fairness and accuracy. It was just such weather as is liable to make the best of hounds loafers. What was the use of trying to drive a fox without a particle of snow on the ground, the thermometer hovering around the zero mark and with a strong northwest wind blowing that made it feel even colder than it was. That hounds could do anything in such weather and under such conditions was what astonished me.

Mr. C. J. Gilman, a resident of Brunswick, did not brave the rigors of the wintry weather on a runway, but he nightly braved the atmosphere of the Green Room of the Tontine Hotel and killed more foxes and coons over the round table than anybody else. He made a bold bid for the meerschaum pipe, but failed to touch Fred Wilson's score. In the matter of hunting, fishing and the procuring of various articles of sea food Mr. Gilman is never "out of soundings" (as the commander of the Brunswick navy, Capt. E. B. Nickerson, would nautically put it). In fact, what Mr. Gilman doesn't know about Casco Bay, its clams, lobsters, inlets and outlets, is not worth knowing. Though Mr. Gilman publicly stumped me with many of his questions and theories, I bear him no malice; my hat is off to the gentleman.

Rich Hunnewell, of Lewiston (or rather South Danville), Me., is one of the sort of men whom one calls "Rich" on first acquaintance, no matter if his full name is Richard. Rich was present on the first two days of the meet, and on the second day I stuck to him because he wasn't everlastingly piling off after the hounds. He hunted foxes just as I like to hunt them when on foot. He'd sooner sit still and listen to the music than pound up and down in hopes of cutting off the fox; not but what Rich can run when he thinks he can beat the fox. He is the owner of a foxhound that is quite a wonder in its way, according to Noel Money, who has seen it work. And, by the way, Mr. Hunnewell told me a good story about Noel Money that runs somewhat as follows: Last October Noel was stopping for a few days among the foxes and ruffed grouse around Lewiston and was the guest of Mr. Hunnewell—I mean Rich. It happened that Rich had met with an accident that made him rather crippled in his movements, but he wanted to show Noel some sport. They drove out one morning with Rich's hound and three Welsh foxhound pups of Noel's, Meddler, Minstrel and Madcap. These four hounds had hardly been in the cover a couple of minutes before they struck a hot trail, and had the fox going in no time. Rich says the first thing he saw

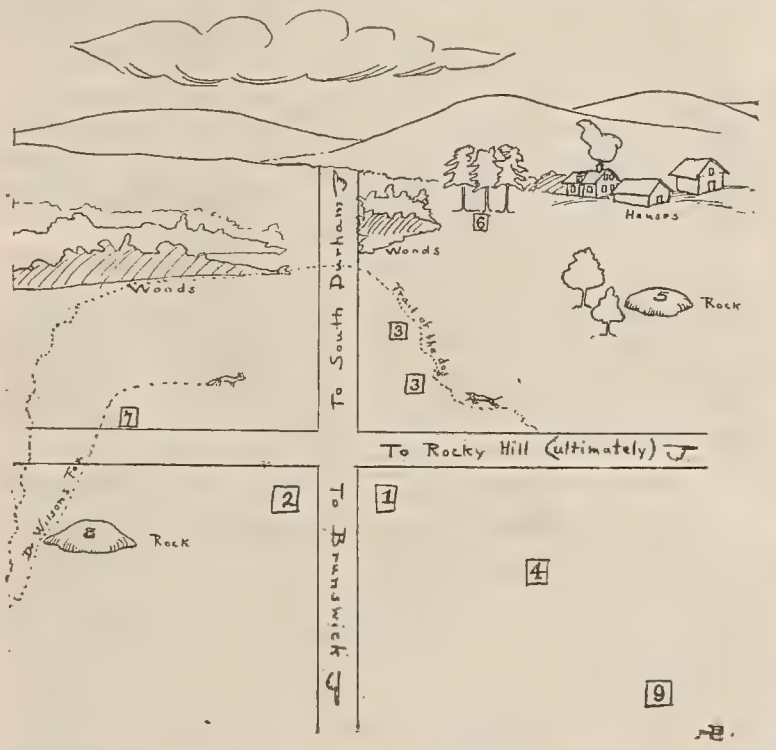


DIAGRAM OF THE BOB-TAILED DOG INCIDENT.

was the hounds streaming away over a hill with Noel Money just behind them. They soon ran out of hearing, but gradually he began to hear them coming round again, as the fox swung back for his original berth. At last he caught sight of the fox coming down a field pointing slightly to one side of him, so he hobbled away to cut him off if he could. Meanwhile he saw the hounds only a few rods behind the fox running like mad, and only one rod behind them, running as if he was tied to them, came Noel in practically the same position in relation to the hounds that he was at the commencement of the three-mile ring. Rich said to me, in speaking about it: "I thought I had a pretty fast hound until Noel came to hunt with me!" (N.B.—Rich killed the fox, and he and Noel got two more that day.)

Bob Perry, the M. F. H., can apparently walk all day and every day. He is here, there and everywhere, turning up at the most unexpected moments, and yet I never saw him move out of his fast walk on either of the days I was out with him and the hounds.

Noel Money went to New Brunswick from Oakland, N. J., to see what his fifteen-months-old Welsh foxhound pups would do with a Maine fox at this time of the year. The bad weather was a great disappointment to him, as it did away with all chance of good hound work. He also had another disappointment, one of the puppies, Minstrel, having been taken ill with distemper. Madcap and Meddler went out with the pack on Tuesday, Jan. 12, and Madcap never showed up at Brunswick again. Meddler, however, a fine-looking hound indeed, and one that bids fair to be as good as his father, Marquis, stayed by us and sang bass in great style whenever he got a chance to help drive a fox along. In regard to Madcap Noel Money has written me as follows: "Madcap, my bitch Welsh hound pup that you didn't see at Brunswick, as she and three other hounds that were with her on the last fox on Tuesday, Jan. 12, did not return for some days, has been found. She did not come back to Brunswick at all, but turned up on Sunday night at Rich Hunnewell's, at South Danville, where I had her last October. Rich heard a noise at the door in the middle of the night and went down to see what it was, and was awfully pleased to find Madcap trying to get in. He says she was not very hungry and looked well. Pretty smart for a pup to find her way there when I only had her there a week last October." Since getting the above letter I have had a talk with Noel, and he tells me that Minstrel, the flower of the flock, is dead, and that he has given Madcap to Louis Berry, who lives near Poland, Me., and who has been looking after the three pups. Meddler has come back to Oakland and will try to teach New Jersey foxes something under the tutorship of Marquis, Melody, etc.

N. Q. Pope's hounds, Clay and Samson, showed to great advantage each day I was out, and were indefatigable workers all the time. I can only speak of the hounds as I saw them work. On Wednesday morning the fox must have slipped by me in the brush within 50yds. of where I was standing on Rocky Hill watching the hounds carry the line over a piece of plowed ground. After getting the line straightened out the pack of seven hounds came along by me, the three leaders being Clay, Samson and Clinker, the latter Bob Perry's black hound; the others were, as I made them out, Meddler, Goss, Sport and Scot. Badge and Sancho had something going in the woods to the left of the road over Rocky Hill and paid no attention to the pack as it passed by them. I have an idea, but it is possibly wrong, as several foxes were on foot, that these two had nicked in ahead of a fox started by Billy and Dot, and that in a check later Clinker joined issues with that fox and helped to drive it past C. L. Higgins, of Bar Harbor, who achieved the distinction of capturing the only pelt of the meet. I cannot think that the fox killed was the one that was driven past Rich and myself, as two hours later Clay and Samson came back with a fox over practically the same ground as in the first run, only this time the fox swung to the right before entering the woods on Rocky Hill, and went to the woods on the banks of the Androscoggin River, giving us a pretty bit of hound work before the hounds were finally run out of scent or holed their fox.

J. H. Gaffney, of Petersham, Mass., has a couple of nice-looking hounds in Goss and Sport. Had the weather been more favorable and more encouraging for the hounds, Goss and Sport would have been able to do more toward decreasing the supply of foxes around Brunswick than the zero temperature permitted.

Billy and Dot, hounds owned respectively by Marshall Parks, of Bradford, Vt., and C. L. Wellington, of Waltham, Mass., were two old standbys on every day of the meet. On the third day, Thursday, Jan. 14, Billy got off a good joke on Will Stetson, of Brunswick. It happened this way—and here it is necessary to refer to our chart of the day's hunt (not drawn to scale): As nearly as I can remember, there were seven of us sitting in the sun eating our lunch to leeward of some pine trees at the spot maked 6 on the plan. Will Stetson had been sitting on a big rock on top of a knoll, marked 5 on the plan. No hounds were within hearing, and Stetson retired into one of the houses marked on the plan in rear of the rock, presumably to warm up a bit. While in the house he must have heard Billy giving tongue on a trail down the hill on the far side of the big rock, for we saw him (although he didn't know it) run out toward the rock with his gun at the "ready" and take his stand behind the first tree. Making up his mind that he would do better to be at the lower tree, he ran down there, and just as he got to the tree Billy appeared on top of the rock behind him, and took in the situation before baying to let Stetson know that he "saw him first."

The story of how we hunted a bobtailed black dog on this day is an incident worthy of note. The seven referred to above (Nickerson, Nason, Knight, Given, Toothaker, Turpin and self) were on our way along the road marked on the plan "To Rocky Hill ultimately," but were walking toward the point marked 1. Suddenly to our right we saw making off across the bottom of the meadow a small, dark object that we took to be a fox. It ran as marked in the plan, and stopped a moment behind an apple tree near the little houses marked 3; it then ran past the houses and turned to the left, sitting on its haunches as if listening for the hounds a moment or two before jumping over the two fences that line the road to South Durham, and then kept on through the woods. We prayed for some hounds to come, and blew a horn or two, but none came. Shortly afterward we saw two hounds running a trail of something away up the valley. Knight and Turpin, both of whom were a little skeptical as to the vulpine nature of the animal seen, sat down just below the house marked 4; Given ran off to get the hounds to lift them on to the "fox's" trail; Nickerson, Toothaker and Nason went over the bottom to the houses marked 3, while I went to the left to a rocky ledge to cut off the "fox" if it tried to make its original point (as we had reasoned it out). Whatever trail the hounds were then on (the hounds were Fred Wilson's Wanda and the Thompson boys' dog), it was a cold one, and Given had no difficulty, out of breath as he was, in taking them to the trail of the "other fox." As they refused to enthuse over the trail, we began to realize that something was wrong about our "fox," and gave it up.

Later we learned something more about our "fox." Noel Money and Bob Perry joined us at the point marked 1 on the plan. From them we heard that Dr. Wilson had been standing near the big rock marked 8, and that a fox had run within 10yds. of him, but that he had not seen it until too late. His hounds and the "Thompson boys' dog" had come up twenty minutes after the fox had passed, and were slowly puzzling out the trail when Money and Perry came along with a hound or two that paid no attention to the said trail, for good and sufficient reasons best known to themselves. Anyway, Dr. Wilson said something when he thought that Perry and Money were "bothering" his hounds. Just previously to this both of them had seen a little black bobtailed dog run through the woods, coming from the direction in which we had seen our "fox" depart. A few minutes later Dr. Wilson said something more when he saw "some blamed idiot" calling his hounds off the trail and taking them away to some other point. (Given was the "blamed idiot," innocent of all wrongdoing.) The whole made a delightful episode in the day's hunt, and furnished us with a hearty laugh or two while eating apples and having our photographs taken as we sat on the bank below the house marked 1 on the plan. The cross roads marked at that point is the place where we started in in the morning. What the name of the place is I can't say; the "boy in the red stockings" who lives there applied an opprobrious epithet to it.

W. A. Bragdon has a fine hound in Sancho, the only one of his four he had with him that came specially under my notice. Two of the four were out with Madcap, I think, and did not show up while I was at Brunswick, or if they did I didn't see them; Gypsy I know was missing at roll call. Mr. Bragdon is an amateur photographer of great skill; his photographs of hounds at work are, I am told by those who have seen them, works of special merit. I wonder how that photograph of the hunting group taken Thursday afternoon turned out.

This is what Rich Hunnewell says (Jan. 26) in a letter to Noel Money: "We have a foot of snow, with a crust on it that will bear a man nearly all the time, while the light

snow on top makes fine running for fox dogs, and foxes are plenty. The snow has blown off some of the hills, but more is liable to come at any time. The sleighing is fine. I would like you to take old Marquis and come on here for a week or so. I can go out with you now and we will have a bang-up time." By way of explanation, I would say that Marquis is a Welshman of blue blood, and the daddy of Meddler, Madcap and the late lamented Minstrel.

Capt. E. B. Nickerson carries a double-barreled 8-gauge gun on his hunting trips. The gun weighs about 17lbs., and each of the huge brass shells in the chamber is loaded with 10drs. of black powder and 3oz. of BB shot, or something like that. When the commander lets the gun off everybody for miles around is aware of the fact. On Thursday I was away off by myself, doing just as everybody else was doing—sitting on a rock enjoying the music of the hounds, who were driving a fox around in a piece of woods to my left. Suddenly I heard the report of Nickerson's gun, and waited for the signal that told of a kill. None came, and I realized that the old story would come up again, "Too far off." It did, and this is how it was told to most of us: "I was standing still listening to the dogs," said Capt. Nickerson, "when I heard a partridge getting up behind me. Then I heard a couple more jump, and two or three more got up after them. Wondering what made them jump, I turned around and saw a fox making for the woods across a bottom. He was 'too far off,' but I shot well ahead of him in the hopes of turning him, but he kept straight on. No hounds were after him; at least, none came up while I stood there waiting for them to come." Later a report was started, based upon hearsay evidence alone, that the fox was only 35yds. from Capt. Nickerson when his gun went off. This is barely credible, as it was with this gun that he made his record bag of "thirty-seven small birds and three geese" at one shot! (The point marked 9 on the plan shows where Nickerson shot at the fox.)

Edward Banks.

[Since writing the above I have learned that Messrs. N. Q. Pope and McGregor have lost Clay. On Jan. 24 Mr. Pope's hounds, kenneled at Portland, Me., under the care of McGregor, got started fighting in the yard, and before Mac could get to them Clay had been choked to death. Mac's feelings can be better imagined than described. For my part I look upon the death of Clay as a loss to the Brunswick Fur Club, for he was just about the "best o' the bunch." The following is a short review of the hound and his capabilities, furnished me by a friend who has seen the dog work and who knows what he is talking about: "Clay was a Goodman hound and was bought in Kentucky by N. Q. Pope. In every respect he was a grand hound; would generally lead any pack and had a beautiful voice. He tried out far and wide for a trail, and when he struck one always worked very quickly up to his fox. On the bench he won many honors, and but for his death would have been at the New York show. He was nicely marked, black, white and tan, with rather a white face; and although about nine years old did not show his age at all."]

THE BOSTON SHOW.

The thirteenth annual show of the New England Kennel Club, held in Mechanics Building on Feb. 2 to 4, will be a memorable one in the annals of the club, in that it is the most successful show it ever held. Good weather favored the show from first to last, and so good was the attendance that at the close of the second day financial success was almost a certainty, and at the close of the show the balance on the right side of the accounts was said to be better than that of any other show in the club's history, and the number of visitors which attended the show on the first day was greater than that of any other one of the club's show days. The wisdom of selecting an earlier date, one free from entanglement with those of the spring outdoor amusements, was demonstrated by the success of this show. Last year on the dog show dates the base ball season opened, there was a people's holiday also, and the balmy, fine weather of the springtime enhanced the outdoor attractions to such a degree that the dog show suffered an undeserved neglect. Good winter weather favored the show this year, but it was bad weather for country picnics and base ball games.

The poultry show occupied the hall on the week preceding. In consequence, the dog show benching, which this year was done skillfully and well by Spratt Patent, was delayed. The erection of the benches was not begun till Monday night, and the finishing touches on Tuesday morning delayed the commencement of the judging. The judging of the regular classes was not finished till Wednesday evening. As to the awards, they were on the whole quite well received, though there was a little dissatisfaction here and there in particular cases, as there has been and will be to the end of shows; but in one instance, that of the foxhound judging, the dissatisfaction was well grounded. The judge probably could have done better had he stopped thinking and started guessing. However, his knowledge seemed to be greater and more uniform in respect to the poorer hounds, or rather his best fancy seemed to be opposed to the best dogs. In justice to him it may be said that he never posed as a judge of hounds, and the club is not free from blame in making its arrangements for the foxhound judging. A number of foxhound entries were withheld in consequence of the unsatisfactory arrangements, and of this the club knew, so that it merits rebuke for giving such shabby judging talent in return for the support bestowed. The Boston show is the greatest foxhound rallying point in the East, it being a center of foxhound interests, as Kentucky is in the West. A cheeseparing policy or a makesnift arrangement in respect to judging the New England foxhounds is not treating them with the consideration they deserve, nor is the club thereby doing justice to itself.

Mr. Chas. H. Mason judged bloodhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards, Great Danes, beagles, bull dogs, bull terriers, poodles, Scottish terriers, Skye terriers, whippets and miscellaneous class.

Mr. James Mortimer judged Boston terriers, collies, Old English sheep dogs, deer hounds, wolfhounds, Newfoundlands, Irish terriers, dachshunde, bassets, French bull dogs, Bedlington terriers and Dandie Dinmont terriers.

Mr John Davidson judged pointers, setters, greyhounds and Chesapeake Bay dogs

Mr. German Hopkins judged fox terriers, black and tan terriers and foxhounds.

Mr. T. Farrar Rackham judged all toys.

Spratts Patent benched and fed the dogs in a most satisfactory manner.

The members of the committee were indefatigable in their efforts to perform the infinity of duties assigned to them. Mr. E. M. Oldham superintended the show and did it well. The lunch given to the exhibitors on Tuesday surpassed any of like generous attentions given by the club in past years. The room was large, the tables long and every seat was filled. On Wednesday night the club gave an entertainment to some invited guests

The quality of the entries was excellent, taken as a whole, and the total, which, of course, included some re-entries, was 942.

"The Club Cup," a special for the best dog or bitch in the show, all first prize winners to compete, the competition for it to be judged by all the judges on Wednesday, excited intense interest It was won by Messrs. L. & W. Rutherford's fox terrier Warren Sentence.

Col. Magnus Shult's trained Great Danes performed some heavy capers each day, which served to entertain the visitors.

Foxhounds were a fairly good lot, though in numbers they were much less than they might have been. They were very unskillfully judged Songster had a walkover in the class for English dogs and bitches. American foxhounds, puppy class for dogs and bitches, had three entries. Stormer, first, was coarse, lacking in symmetry, and was hardly deserving of a mention. Second went to Song Maid, excellent in legs, feet, neck and good symmetry; though a bit lathy, by far the best hound in the class. The novice class, for dogs and bitches, had four entries. First went to Rawleigh, plain in head and a fair hound otherwise. Second went to Flash, a strong bitch, good in quarters, back, shoulders, neck, but lacking in general symmetry. In the field trial class, three competed. Big Strive, a well known winner, was rightly placed first. Rock, second, is coarse in head, good in body and stands pigeon-toed. Flash the reserve, is coarse in head. There were seven entries in the open dog class, one absent. Duke, a former winner, took first. Joe Blackburn took second, and Rawleigh, first in novice class took third. The reserve went to Rock. There were five in the open bitch class Fashion, first, is ordinary and lacking in character. Flirt, second, is an excellent hound, though showing a trace of English; and Flash, third, is a superior hound, of good muscular development, symmetrical and having good hound character. The reserve went to Song Maid. In the challenge class for dogs and bitches, Femur, slack in build, was placed over Big Strive, which was as wrong as it could be, and Femur had no competitor in the champion's class.

Chesapeake Bay dogs had nearly all their support from the Oak Grove Kennels. Judy and Dimple, the only competitors in the open bitch class, were first and second in the order mentioned. Bret, a light built dog of fair quality, had no competitor in the dog class. Deacon, in excellent condition, had no competition in the challenge class.

Pointers were a fairly good lot as a whole, though mixed as to quality, as is commonly the case. Duke of Kent III., a small, weedy puppy, was lucky to receive first without competition in the puppy dog class, a single letter being more than he merited. In the corresponding bitch class Zella Strideaway took first without competition. She is light in muzzle, plain in head, but a fairly good bitch otherwise. There were six which competed in the novice class for dogs and bitches. Kent's Kate, first, is straight in stifles; good body, neck, shoulders and symmetry. Furlough Bloom, second, is slightly open in feet, rather heavy in shoulders and skull; still she is a good bitch. Third went to Betty M., light muzzle, heavy shoulders and too round in formation. Queen of Monocacy, reserve, is out at elbows and plain in head. Ightfield Diana had a walkover in the field trial class. There were eight in the open class for dogs, 55lbs. and over. Roswell, first, has a coarse head and is slightly coarse generally, rather long cast and a trifle cowhocked. Furlough Mike, second, was shown in good condition, and beats Roswell in head, neck, shoulders, legs, feet and general symmetry. He was protested after the judging on the ground of under weight, but the protest was disallowed. Dusty Way, third, was too thin in flesh; ears set too high; skull heavy; toes turn out; quite a good dog nevertheless King of Lynn, reserve, carries a lot of lumber. In bitches, 50lbs and over, six competed. Urada, first, is quite a good bitch, though open in feet, shoulders too heavy and head not clean cut Second went to Furlough Bloom, second in novice class; and third went to Ightfield Diana, a very sound bitch. Kissaway, the reserve, is light in muzzle, heavy in shoulders and back. Molton Banner had a walkover in the heavy weight challenge class, and Josie Bracket won over Alice Leslie in the corresponding class for bitches The open bitch class light weights had six entries. Brighton Flossie, first, is heavy in flews, but is quite a good all-round bitch. Kent's Kate, already mentioned, won second; and third went to Cyrene, light in bone and muzzle; she is symmetrical. Lady Bang II., reserve, is heavy in shoulders, but possessed much merit. There were six competitors in the class for dogs under 55lbs. First went to Straightaway, a trim-built, symmetrical dog, sound in legs and feet, body well shaped, and good quarters. Ned, second, is light in body, ordinary in head, and was shown too thin in flesh. Furlough Druid was third, and Chaucer, a coarse dog, was reserve In challenge bitches, light weight, Lady Gay Spanker won over Miss Rumor; and in challenge dogs Shotaway beat Ridgeview Comet. The champions' class had two entries, Lady Gay Spanker and Molton Banner, the former winning easily.

English setters were a fairly good lot. There were two dog puppies, Lem Bondhu and Roger Bondhu, first and second, both ordinary; Constance had no competition in the bitch puppy class. There were five competitors in the novice class for dogs and bitches. Ruby D. III., a pretty, symmetrical bitch, excellent in legs, feet, body, neck, carriage of tail, but rather narrow in skull, took first easily, Knight Templar, second, stands perceptibly out at elbows, is light in bone, is symmetrical, and has excellent setter character. Robins Cora, reserve, has a light body, is under-sized and about average in merit. Montell had no competitor in the field trial class. There were six in the open dog class. Count Dick, first, is a good, large dog, though he is marred by throatiness and might be better in short ribs. Robin Goch, second, is coarse in head, though a passably good dog otherwise; and third went to Knight Templar. Freckled Monk, the reserve, stands in at elbows, is flat in ribs, and is generally slackly built. There were six competitors in the open bitch class. Ruby D. III. won first easily. Robins Juno, quite a good bitch, took second; and Monk's Nun, both former winners, took third. Cactus and Maid Marion were without competition in their respective challenge classes, and Albert's Ranger was alone in the champions' class.

Irish setters were not strong in numbers, and in respect to quality they were only fair. One puppy was shown. In the open dog class Rockwood II. took first. He is a little long cast and light in body, fairly good in head, color, legs, feet, neck and general symmetry Garnet, second, is short in muzzle, but otherwise is well built, and was very close to first in merit. St. Elmo, third, was thin, flat in ribs, and ordinary in quality. Robert, reserve, was ordinary. There were but two bitches in the open class: Duchess, a good, muscular bitch, quite well made, and Lady Rockwood, second, light in build and leggy. Kildare and Queen Vic took the honors without competition in their respective challenge classes.

Gordon setters were fairly well represented both in numbers and they were of fair quality. An ordinary puppy took first without competition in the dog puppy class, and Pinemont took first over Fannie R. in bitch puppies. The latter was the superior of Pinemont in every way save color. There were nine dogs in the open class. King B., not in first rate condition, took first. Second went to Dwight Grouse, head heavy, color good. Grouse W., third, has a short, heavy head and is lacking in symmetry He is only average in merit. The remainder of the class was ordinary. There were eight in the open bitch class. Dwight Bee, first, is narrow in muzzle and ordinary in symmetry Queen B., second, has a light muzzle, light head, is thick through shoulders, short in neck Monk, third, carries ears badly, is heavy in shoulders, light in muzzle and has a smudgy tan. The class was of middling quality at best. Heather Lad won over Count Noble in the challenge class and the challenge bitch class had no entry. Heather Lad had a walkover in the champions' class.

Spaniels were a rare good lot, and the entry was a large one, numbering with re-entries about eighty-six.

Beagles also were strong both in numbers and quality, numbering seventy-five. There were eleven in the dog puppy class. Thornwood, an excellent puppy, though a shade too long cast, won first with something to spare. There were four bitch puppies. Nine competed in the novice class Thornwood won first easily; second to Truman, light in hips and waist, a trifle out at elbows and light in bone, yet a good beagle. Third went to Thelma, wide in shoulders, out a bit at elbows; good beagle character. There were five in the field trial class, first going to a good beagle, Francis; second going to Nell R., a good beagle, though too full sprung in ribs There were ten in the class for dogs over 13in. Trump It, first, a good beagle, light in waist, and in pasterns he might be better. Florist, second, is not first-rate in front; and Ringwood, third, is better in legs than first and second winners, and is more symmetrical, though a bit light in chest. These three were very close in merit. There were seven in the bitch class over 13in. Nell R. won first, and Lady Glenwood, wide in front, took second; Thelma third. Little Wonder, in dogs, 13in. and under, took first. He is light in quarters. Roving Mike, second, and Leader, third, were fairly good beagles. Laick's Roy, reserve, is heavy in shoulders Bitches, 13in. and under, had nine entries. Frances, first in field trial class, won, and Marjory, wide in ribs, took second. Dotsey, third, is light in body, but far inferior to Marjory in beagle character. Challenge classes for dogs and bitches, 13in. and under, had each but one entry, Razzle and Evangeline. In challenge dogs, over 13in., Ringleader won over Sherry, and Lonely won over Daisy Corbett in the corresponding class for bitches. In the champions' class Ringleader was defeated by Lonely. She shows age and is hardly equal to Ringleader in merit.

LIST OF AWARDS.

FOXHOUNDS.—English 1st, Bragdon & McGregor's Songster.—American—*Puppies:* 1st and 2d, N. Q. Pope's Stormer and Song Maid. Res., Blue Mount Forest Kennels' Wantige.—Novice 1st and 2d, Walker & Hagan's Rawleigh and Flash. Res., Dr. H. T. Thurber's Neida.—Field Trials Class—1st and res., Walker & Hagan's Big Strive and Flash; 2d, G. E Carr's Rock.—Open *Dogs:* 1st, N. Q. Pope's Duke; 2d and 3d, Walker & Hagan's Joe Blackburn and Rawleigh. Res., G. E. Carr's Rock. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Walker & Hagan's Fashion and Flash; 2d and res., N. Q. Pope's Flirt and Song Maid. Challenge—1st, Dr. H. T. Thurber's Femur.—Champion—1st, Dr. H. T. Thurber's Femur.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, H. Wachendorf's Lola.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—Open—*Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Judy and Dimple. *Dogs:* 1st, H. McAllister's Bret.—Challenge—1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Deacon.

POINTERS.—Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, G. H. Boothby's Duke of Kent III. *Bitches.* 1st, F. S. Eaton's Zilla Strideaway.—Novice—1st, F. J. Lenoir's Kent's Kate; 2d, G. J. Gould's Furlough Bloom; 3d, R. C. McQuillen's Betty M. Res., Monocacy Valley Kennels' Queen of Monocacy.—Field Trials Class 1st, G J Gould's Ightfield Diana.—Open—*Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st, C. Heath's Roswell; 2d, G. J. Gould's Furlough Mike; 3d, F. E Clark's Dusty Way. Res., E. W. Foot's King of Lynn. *Bitches* (50lbs and over): 1st, F. J. Lenoir's Urada; 2d and 3d, G. J. Gould's Furlough Bloom and Ightfield Diana. Res., H H. Graves's Kissaway.—Challenge *Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st, Glen Rock Kennels' Molton Banner. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, G. J. Gould's Josie Bracket. Res., E. M. Beale's Alice Leslie.—Open—*Bitches* (under 50lbs): 1st, Mrs. A. K. Armstrong's Brighton Flossie; 2d, F. J. Lenoir's Kent's Kate; 3d, G. W. Lovell's Cyrene. Res., A. Lavery's Lady Bang II. *Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, A. Burlingame's Straightaway; 2d, Glen Rock Kennels' Ned; 3d, G J. Gould's Furlough Druid. Res., E. P. Mason's Chaucer.—Challenge—*Bitches* (under 50lbs): 1st and res., G. J Gould's Lady Gay Spanker and Miss Rumor. *Dogs* (under 50lbs): 1st, G. W. Lovell's Shotaway. Res., G. J Gould's Ridgeview Comet.—Champion—1st, G. J. Gould's Lady Gay Spanker.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, H. A. Belcher's Lem Bondhu; 2d, D. Belcher's Roger Bondhu. *Bitches:* 1st, Warwick Kennels' Constance.—Novice 1st, J. E Borden's Ruby D III; 2d, R. W. Cunningham's Knight Templar. Res., D. J. Peters's Robins Cora.—Field Trials Class—1st, H. L. Keyes's Montell. Open—*Dogs:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Count Dick; 2d, D. J. Peters's Robin Goch; 3d, R W Cunningham's Knight Templar. Res., C R. Hickox, Jr.'s, Freckled Monk. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Borden's Ruby D. III; 2d, D J. Peters's Robins Juno; 3d, Oak Grove Kennels' Monk's Nun Res., H. L. Keyes's Blue Mist. Challenge *Dogs:* 1st, J. Brett's Cactus. *Bitches:* 1st, H. Pape's Maid Marion.—Champion—1st, Warwick Kennels' Alberts Ranger.

IRISH SETTERS.—Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, F. C. Whiting's Rex.—Open *Dogs:* 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Rockwood II.; 2d, G. A. Tenney's Garnet; 3d, S. Coulson's St. Elmo. Res., R. W Ropes's Robert. *Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Duchess; 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Lady Rockwood. Challenge *Dogs:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare. *Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Queen Vic

GORDON SETTERS.—Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, Wanoosnoc Kennels' Ranger W. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Pinemont; 2d, C. T. Brownell's Fannie B Open *Dogs:* 1st, C. T. Brownell's King B.; 2d, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Grouse; 3d and res., Wanoosnoc Kennels' Grouse W. and Wanoosnoc Prince. *Bitches:* 1st and res., J. R. Oughton's Dwight Bee and Dwight Sarah; 2d, C T. Brownell's Queen B.; 3d, Woodbury Kennels' Monk Challenge—*Dogs:* 1st, J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad. Res., Miss S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble.—Champion—1st, J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad.

SPANIELS.—(American Spaniel Club Classification No. 1, Field Spaniels, over 28lbs.)—Challenge. *Dogs:* 1st, Dr. S. J. Bradbury's Drayton Warwick Res., H. P. Mullens's Woolton Baron. *Bitches:* 1st, R. P. Keasbey's Moonlight Belle. Res., M. A. Viti's Scandal.—All Breeds (over 28lbs.)—Champion 1st, Miss A. Green's Dennis.—Field Spaniels, Black (over 28 lbs.)—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Bishop; 2d, M A. Viti's Royd Monarch Res., Miss A. Green's Wardlesworth Sweep *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Myrtle; 2d, Miss A. Green's Zulu.—Any other Color (over 28lbs.) *Dogs:* 1st, H. P Mullens's Woolton Wonder. *Bitches:* 1st, R. P. Keasbey's Gypsey Belle Cocker Spaniels, Black or Liver (not over 28lbs.—Challenge—*Dogs:* 1st, J. H. Herbertson's Pickpania; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Middy. Res., Mepal Kennels' Commodore. *Bitches:* 1st and Res., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Dart and

Gabrielle; 2d, Mepal Kennels' Woodland Princess.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Gaiety Girl; 2d and Res., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Ruth S. and Goldie S.—CHAMPION (all Cockers)—1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Miss Waggles.—BLACK (not over 28lbs.)—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Douglas's Havoc; 2d, J. P. Willey's Paro; 3d, Brookside Kennels' Figi. Res., Dr. C. D. Hinmon's Jimmy. *Bitches:* 1st, Brookside Kennels' Brookside Miss Phyllis; 2d, Mepal Kennels' Miss Jerry; 3d, C. C. Moulton's Ida B. Res., J. P. Willey's Lady Jumie.—RED OR LIVER (not over 28lbs)—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Raven R; 2d, Brookside Kennels' Brookside King. *Bitches:* 1st, Brookside Kennels' Red Dollie; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Miss Squeers; 3d, Bayview Kennels' Bayview Meig. Res., S. W. Mallory's Lady Buff.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, A. P. Ricketts's Lortan; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Pepper; 3d, S. W. Mallory's Robert Bruce. Res., W. T. Payne's Wyo. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, W. T. Payne's Tansy and Elska. Res., Brookside Kennels' Woodland Trilby.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Cupid S.; 2d, Brookside Kennels' Figi; 3d, G. Douglas's Parron Res., S. W. Mallory's Robert Bruce. *Bitches:* 1st, G. Douglas's Woodland Countess.—CLUMBER SPANIELS *Dogs:* 1st, H. Jarrett's Major Gilfeather. *Bitches:* 1st, H. Jarrett's Susie.—CHALLENGE—1st, H. Jarrett's Glenwood Greeting.—IRISH WATER SPANIELS—CHALLENGE—1st, Miss A Green's Dennis.

BEAGLES.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Lewis's Thornwood; 2d, Waldingfield Beagles' Bachelor; 3d, J. Caswell's Titus *Bitches:* 1st, Waldingfield Beagles' Havoc; 2d, J Caswell's Melody. Res., Glenwood Beagle Kennels' Rhoda Glenwood.—NOVICE—1st, J. Lewis's Thornwood. 2d, Hempstead Beagles' Truman; 3d, C. S. Wixom's Thelma.—FIELD TRIALS—1st, Glenwood Beagle Kennels' Francis; 2d and res., G. F. Reed's Nell R. and Mag R.—OPEN—*Dogs* (over 13in.): 1st, C. S. Wixom's Trump II; 2d and res., Hempstead Beagles' Florist and Truman; 3d, J Lewis's Ringwood. *Bitches:* 1st and res., G. F. Reed's Nell R. and Mag R.; 2d, Glenwood Beagle Kennels' Lady Glenwood; 3d, C. S. Wixom's Thelma. *Dogs* (13in. and under): 1st, C. S. Wixom's Little Wonder; 2d, Weeks & Turner's Roving Mike; 3d, Hempstead Beagles' Leader. Res., Protection Beagle Kennels' Laick's Roy. *Bitches:* 1st, Glenwood Beagle Kennels' Frances; 2d, Waldingfield Beagles' Marjory; 3d, T. Shallcross's Dotsey. Res., G. F. Reed's Snifter.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs* (13in. or under): 1st, C. S. Wixom's Razzle. *Bitches:* 1st, C. S. Wixom's Evangeline. *Dogs* (over 13in.): 1st, J. Lewis's Ringleader Res., C. S. Wixom's Sherry. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Lewis's Lonely. Res., C. S. Wixom's Daisy Corbett.—CHAMPION—1st and res., J. Lewis's Lonely and Ringleader.

DACHSHUNDE.—PUPPIES—1st, Venlo Farm Kennels' Senator Puck.—NOVICE—1st, Worth Kennels' Choc'let; 2d, James L. Little, Jr.'s, Zigzag.—OPEN—RED—*Dogs:* 1st, Worth Kennels' Ray K.; 2d, Joseph Lythgoe's Janty. *Bitches:* 1st, Worth Kennels' Cocoa; 2d, Joseph Lythgoe's Jeanne.—ANY OTHER VARIETY—*Dogs:* 1st, J. L. Little, Jr.'s, Zigzag. *Bitches:* Worth Kennels' Choc'let.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st, Weeks & Turner's Turk.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

At a meeting of the Kentucky Kennel Club last week several changes were made in the list of officers, some of the original being unable to accept on account of business not permitting them to give the club's affairs the proper attention. The revised list of officers is: Gen. John B. Castleman, President; Roger D. Williams, First Vice-President; Henry J. Cary-Curr, Second Vice-President; Francis J. Hagan, Secretary; Luke O. Cox, Treasurer; Bench Show Committee—W. S Applegate, chairman; Francis J Hagan, Lewis Barret, St. Marc M. Mundy and Al. F. German; Directors—Gen. John B. Castleman, R D. Williams, H. J. Cary Curr, L. O. Cox, Francis J. Hagan, Dr. Alex. Harthill, M. M Mitchell, J. A Reaves, Morris Belknap, C. W. Depauw, Arthur G. Langham, L. Barret, W. S. Applegate, St. M. M Mundy, Al. F. German.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, on Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8 P M. Business to come before the meeting: 1. Reading of minutes. 2. Discussion of our relations with the A. K. C and appointing of delegates to their annual meeting. 3. Non-payment of prize money at the late Montreal show. 4. Other business.

A local show will be held in New Haven next week.

Mr. Caldwell informs us that a sweepstake, $25 entrance, was arranged at Boston between himself and Messrs. Ritchie, Hunnewell, Rutherfurd, Carnochan and Foote. Of the three wire haired bitches which constitute the entry of each, the produce of this year is eligible to compete in the sweepstake which will be decided in 1898.

The Manitoba Field Trials Club will hold its annual meeting this week, and will arrange in all probability for a field trial this year. If trials are held in Manitoba this year the Northwestern Field Trials Club will give a diploma (costing $25) similar to the one won by Jingo; entry fee or entry and starter fees to be divided.

The annual meeting of the Gordon Setter Club of America will be held at Madison Square Garden on Monday evening, Feb. 22, at 7:30 o'clock, for the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may then come up. Mr. L. A. Van Zandt, the secretary, requests members to send to him their annual dues ($5) and the names of those to be proposed for membership.

The annual meeting of the St. Bernard Club of America will be held at Madison Square Garden, New York, at 8 o'clock, P. M., Feb. 22.

The annual general meeting of the Irish Terrier Club of America will be held in Madison Square Garden, at 3 P. M., Feb. 23.

The Alabama Field Trials Club has issued a circular announcing the postponement of its field trials till Feb 15, and the closing of entries till Feb. 14 The M. & C. R. R. will make a rate of one fare for the round trip to and from the trials, and the L. & N. the same, or one and one third fare. The club extends a cordial invitation to sportsmen to attend.

The premium list of the Kentucky Kennel Club can be obtained of the secretary, Francis J. Hagan, 317 Fourth avenue, Louisville, Ky.

The annual meeting of the A. K. C. will be held in the Madison Square Garden, Feb. 24, at 2 o'clock P. M.

A number of cash specials have recently been added to the Mascoutah Kennel Club's premium list, for Gordon setters, mastiffs, pointers, poodles and dachshunde. Additional classes have been made for poodles as follows: 143A, challenge curly dogs; 143B, challenge curly bitches. Class 144 is changed to challenge corded dogs and bitches. The prize for challenge Italian greyhounds, class 272, is $10. Beagles will be judged by Major J. M. Taylor.

The election of officers of the Associate Members of the A K. C resulted as follows: President, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.; Vice President, H. G. Trevor; Secretary, Fred E. Lewis. Delegates: A. C. Wilmerding, H. K. Bloodgood and G W. H. Ritchie. At the committee meeting, held recently, Mr. T. J. Farley, of Albany, was disqualified. The Pacific Kennel Club has disbanded, and turned over its assets to the Olympic Gun Club, and the latter has applied for admission to the A. K. C.

At the Pittsburg show a valuable silver cup will be offered for the best dog in the show, besides a number of cash and other special prizes.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

THE ART OF PEDALING.

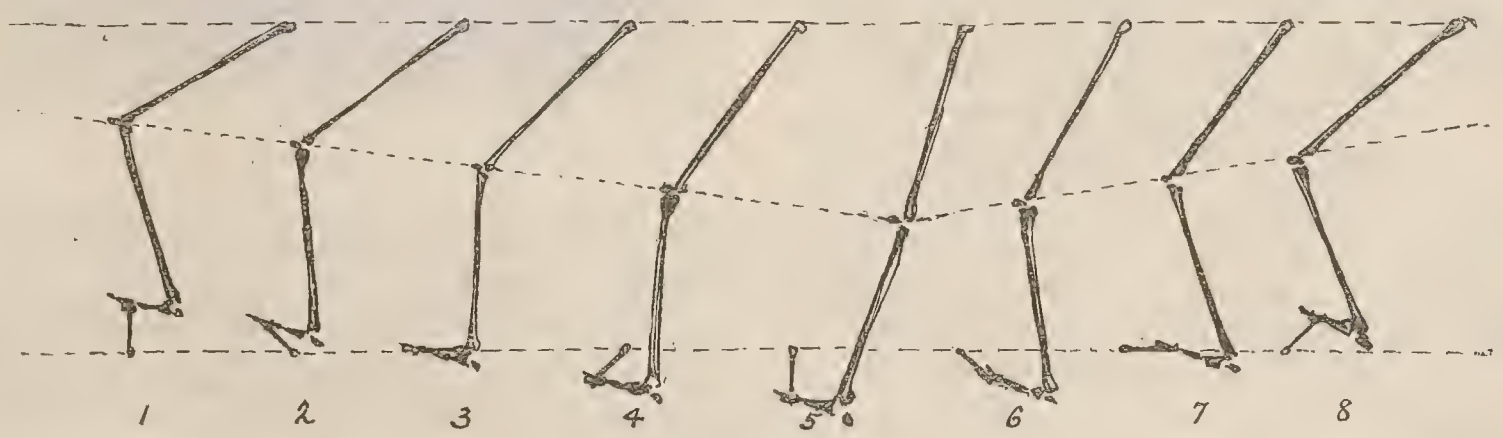
A NOVICE wonders why it is that some riders go up hill without apparent exertion, while he is straining every muscle in his body to accomplish the ascent, and even then perhaps fails to reach the top without dismounting. His bicycle wabbles from side to side of the road and there can be no question but that he is exerting a much greater muscular effort than the other men; and yet, as if by magic, they slip by him, riding smoothly and easily.

Similarly, against head winds, and even under favorable conditions, the novice finds that the experienced riders have an advantage over him in ease of riding and freedom from fatigue that he cannot explain on ordinary grounds.

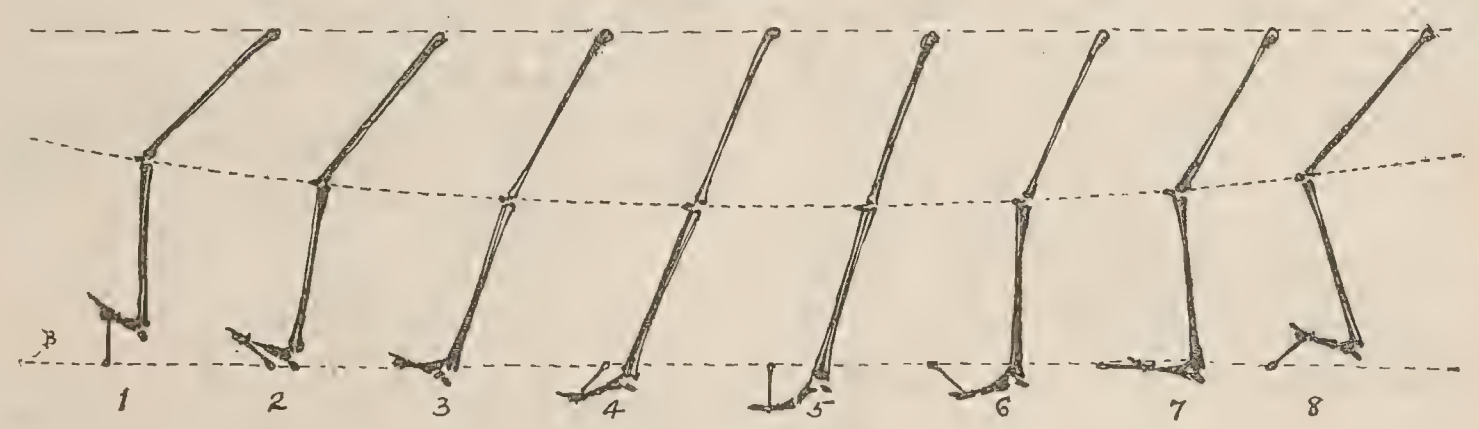
Of course a portion of this superiority lies in the hardened muscles and better judgment of the experienced rider, but much the greater part is due to skill in pedaling.

Good ankle motion is the secret of all good riding, and it is indispensable for hill climbing or conditions where the exertion is great and continuous.

The accompanying diagrams are intended to show the difference between good pedaling and bad, and to demonstrate the way in which power is gained by proper ankle motion. The first shows the incorrect way—characteristic of unskilled wheelmen—in which the rider propels his machine by a series of flat-footed thrusts. The other diagram shows the proper style, in which, through the medium of ankle motion, the propelling power of the rider's legs is exerted continuously instead of by fits and starts.



I. THE WRONG WAY.



II. ANKLE ACTION.

In order to clearly appreciate the point at issue, we must consider for a moment the principles of crank-driven mechanisms Take for example a grindstone which is fitted with a handle of the type usual in such machines. Turn the handle slowly and it becomes evident that the power exerted to do this may be divided into a series of direct forces. Suppose you are standing behind and a little above the grindstone, with the handle at its highest point. First thrust the handle away from you, and the force expended is, roughly speaking, a forward horizontal one. Then press it down, and you have a downward vertical force. Then before it quite reaches its lowest point draw the handle toward yourself, and the force is a backward horizontal one. Lastly, lift it over the relative dead center, and you exercise an upward vertical force.

Thus, to turn the grindstone properly we see that the force must be expended in four directions: first forward, then downward, then backward, then upward.

The same principle exactly, viz., of keeping up the application of power all around, should be adopted as far as possible when riding a bicycle.

It is not possible of course to copy it in full, as the upward pull is impracticable, but three of the four motions may be duplicated. A monkey has the entire series at his command, and should make a good bicycle rider.

Lacking his foot grip, man has to make up for it by intelligent cultivation of the use of the ankle joint, the object being to exert throughout as great a part of the revolution of the pedal as possible, a force which shall tend to propel the bicycle. As the author of the volume on cycling in the Badmington Library remarks, "Good ankle work even in its least developed stage prevents the rider from holding down when the lowest point is reached, a trick which very often has much to do with the notable slowness of a promising looking rider."

Referring to the diagrams, it will be noted that in both the positions of the hip of the rider and of the crank axle are always in the same horizontal lines.

This is essential, as the distance from saddle to crank axle is fixed. It will also be noted that in each case the suppositious saddles are adjusted at the greatest height consistent with the different styles of riding. In all other respects, however, the diagrams differ.

In the first, the knee follows a jerky and ungraceful course, which can best be represented by a succession of angles, and at the height of the stroke it reaches a point several inches above the position of the knee in the second diagram.

This jerky and excessive knee action alone would condemn the first method as compared with the second were other reasons lacking. The main fault, however, is to be found in the position of the foot and ankle, which is directly responsible for the other fault just noted. Here in the first diagram we see that in all positions of the stroke the foot occupies practically the same position relative to the horizontal dotted lines, since planes passing through the sole are parallel. The only force for propulsion that can be exerted is downward and is limited to positions from 1 to 4 inclusive, while the stroke is really effective through 2 and 3, or only one-quarter the entire revolution of the pedal.

It will also be noted that, as the leg is further from a straight line here than in the corresponding positions in Fig. 2, the thrust of the leg, even at its most effective points, must be less powerful than where the second style of riding has been adopted.

As most wheelmen have two legs, and as the force for propulsion of each leg by the flat footed method is extended in some degree through one-half of the revolution of the pedal, it is perfectly possible for the rider to get along under ordinary conditions without ever acquiring a knowledge of scientific pedaling On smooth, level surfaces the lack of this accomplishment is not seriously felt but bring the rider up against a hill or a head wind and at once he finds himself heavily handicapped. The bicycle loses the momentum imparted to it by the effective part of one stroke (positions 2 and 3) before the opposite pedal can be brought into position for the following stroke. The rider strains every muscle to overcome the dead points and exerts a force greatly in excess of that which is actually required, and as a result either fails in his effort or is unnecessarily exhausted.

Now turn to the second diagram and note the great advantage the wheelman has when, instead of riding flat footed, he acquires a proper control of his ankle action. Here by simply raising and lowering the heel a "kicking" and "clawing" control of the pedal is obtained that extends the stroke through nearly three quarters the revolution of the crank. This is a tremendous increase of power, and effectually obviates dead centers The resultant motion of the knee is easy and graceful, and readily falls in with the curve suggestive of a wave line, as indicated by the dotted line, while nowhere is the leg greatly bent or its most effective muscular power sacrificed.

As an actual matter of measurement the knee rises and falls 50 per cent. less with proper ankle motion than when one is pedaling flat-footed.

In the second diagram the stroke may be made effective from positions 1 to 6 inclusive, though as an actual matter of fact few riders possess so great a scope. As the pedal begins to rise at the latter part of the stroke (positions 7 and 8) the heel is sharply dropped, so that it is ready at 1 for an effective forward kick. Then follows a simultaneous straightening of the ankle and knee joints that is the essence of power in 2, 3 and 4

At position 5 a backward "clawing" motion begins, which helps to lengthen the stroke, and which is continued through 6. Finally at 7 the heel is quickly dropped to prepare for the following stroke.

The greatest power is of course available in positions from 1 to 4 inclusive, and this is the part of the stroke that tells most effectively in hill climbing. With a firm grasp on the handle bars, which greatly increases the force of the thrust, the full strength of the rider is effectively expended for the propulsion of the wheel, while dead points are obviated by the subsequent clawing action.

AN EASY ROAD TO RIDING.

AN old sea captain, who wants to learn to ride a bicycle, but who is somewhat timid about beginning, as the result of a two-minutes' trial on his son's wheel some time since, has devised a plan that he intends shortly putting into operation, which he believes will rob cycling of its terrors to the beginner.

At the Sportsmen's Exposition two years ago this old gentleman saw in operation a "home trainer," made by placing three wooden rollers in such a position that they support the wheels of a bicycle. These rollers are pivoted so as to turn easily, and when an expert rider mounts the bicycle he can pedal away at a great rate, and get all the exercise he wants while staying in one place, as

the rollers take up all the motion imparted to his driving-wheel.

The bicycle on the rollers is of course influenced by the same laws that govern it on firm ground, and will only stand up as long as pedaling is continued.

The home trainer made a deep impression upon the captain's mind, and he believes that in connection with the "breeches buoy," used for bringing shipwrecked sailors to land, the device will afford an easy road to the art of bicycle riding. He intends rigging such a machine in the cellar of his house in Brooklyn, and will support himself by a rope from the ceiling directly above his bicycle, which will be placed upon the rollers. The rope will be just long enough to permit his resting on the bicycle saddle, but when the wheel slues sideways or develops any of the numerous idiosyncrasies peculiar to it, he will be held aloft by a firm hand, as it were, and preserved from the unpleasant consequences of a fall. The length of rope will be just sufficient to enable him to sit on the bicycle when it is in a strictly orthodox position, and as long as all goes well he can pedal as correctly as any one.

The moment anything goes wrong, however, his weight is thrown on the breeches buoy and the fractious bicycle is brought up with a short turn. It is pleasant to contemplate the old gentleman's enthusiasm in the matter, and no doubt we will soon meet him on the Coney Island Path or on the Boulevard, a finished wheelman.

Bicycle Postal Route.

Before the days of the first transcontinental railroad important mail used to be carried by pony express Relays of horses were in waiting along the 1,900-mile trail from St. Joseph, Mo , to Sacramento, Cal., and mail went through in about eight days. The charge was $5 per letter.

In Australia to-day under similar conditions bicycles do the work of horses. A bicycle postal route has been established between Coolgardie, in the center of the gold fields, and Dundas, its port of entry, a distance of 280 miles. Letters and telegrams are carried backward and forward in small letter boxes strapped to the back of the machines at a charge of one shilling and five shillings respectively, the rider making one trip a week each way. The country is arid and infested by highwaymen, and a water bottle and weapons are essential to the wheelman's outfit.

RICH IN PROMISE.

There is rich promise of good things for Forest and Stream readers in the weeks that are to follow. Here is a partial list of some of them: In our next number will be given the second of two papers descriptive of

The Elkhorn,

the black bass stream frequented by the anglers of Frankfort, Ky. The writer is "Old Sam," of the Kingfishers; and his chapters deal both with the fishing which has made the Elkhorn famous for generations, and with the fishermen who have done their part in making it renowned.

In subsequent issues will be given, among others, the following:

The House by the Lake.

Some winter pictures of a boyhood home in the far-away woods of a Northern State. By Frederic Irland.

Canoeing in South America.

Adventures on the Parana River, one of the largest in the world. By J. G. King.

Hunting on the Spanish Main.

A naturalist-sportsman on the line of the Nicaragua Canal. By J. F. Le Baron, late engineer in charge.

Mud Turtle.

A day in camp with Uncle Lisha, Sam Lovel, Joseph and Antoine. By Rowland E. Robinson. This is to be enjoyed best by those who have read in these columns or in book form Mr. Robinson's "Uncle Lisha's Shop," "Sam Lovel's Camp" and "Danvis Folks."

The Florida Everglades.

Describing a visit to a Seminole village on the occasion of the celebration of the Hunting Dance. By J. W. Stranahan.

Where to Hunt in Florida.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If you have any friends who purpose going to hunt this winter in Florida, I shall be glad to recommend to them a guide with whom I have always had the best of sport. In addition to being able to show plenty of the feathered game of his section, he is a noted deer hunter, and he now writes me that he has some fine dogs. Florida.

(Our correspondent is a reliable man, and speaks very highly of the guide he refers to. Anybody who contemplates a trip to Florida can obtain the name and address of the guide by writing to F. S., care of Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 346 Broadway, New York.)

Weights of Moose.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have bought and read your paper for many years. Recently a discussion has sprung up among my friends as to the weight of moose. They have killed them all the way from 200 to 2,000lbs. Will you give us some record weights in your Answers to Correspondents? S. H. S.

Skis and their Use.

Editor Forest and Stream:

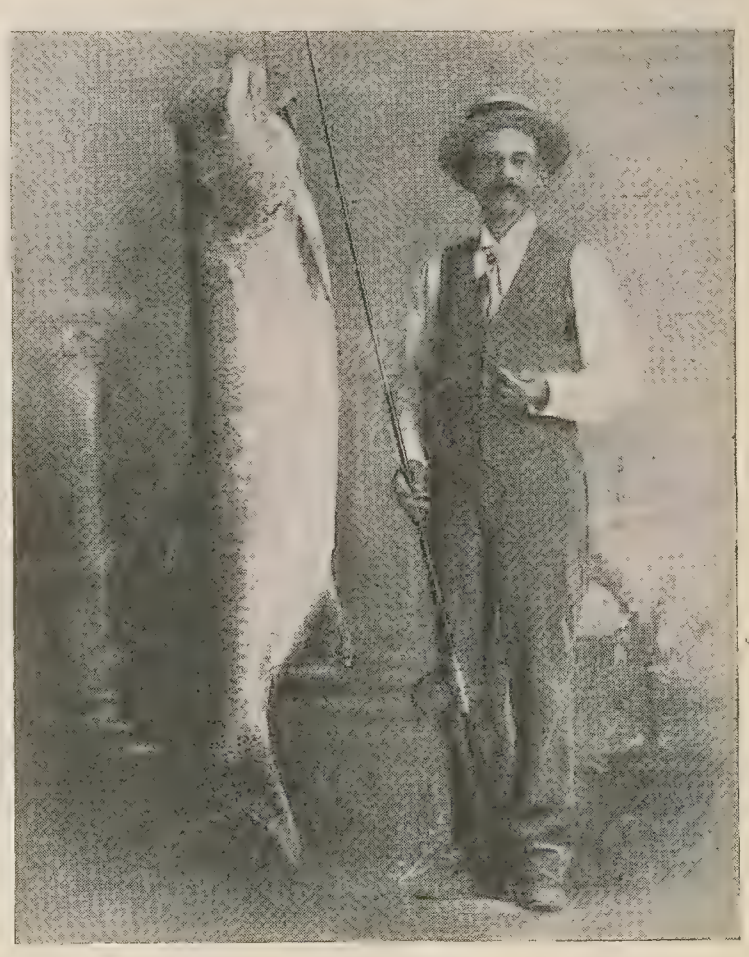
On the subject of *skis* and their management—can some of your readers explain a few things to show how this *ski* coasting act is done?

Is a pole necessary, and to what use is it put?

Is it possible, with a pole or any other means, to steer a *ski*, or change its course, or brake it in any degree when coasting a hill?

How are two *skis* on two feet, and influenced only by a toe strap, to be induced to hold true, to not toe in and clash, or not toe out and separate indefinitely?

If, in coasting, the start is on soft snow and there shows up a strip of hard, smooth crust, what prevents the *skis* doing the balance of the trip riderless? And *per contra*, if



A TEXAS TARPON.

railroad speed is attained on hard snow and soft snow is encountered, why shouldn't there result a distance record-breaker as a header?

Readers are led to think from published accounts that cross country trips are taken, even in mountainous districts, and great hills coasted with no previous knowledge of the locality or the particular hill, amid flying snow and with a gasp for breath, and after a moment of extreme exhilaration and suspense, lo! the safe arrival.

The interjection here is: What of the trees standing or fallen, the big rocks, or even the patches of sweet brier or blackberry, that might have been there directly in front?

It wasn't luck that saved him every time, we suppose; so who will tell of the science that makes this hazard a pleasure, with not too many grim smiles over recollections of close calls that might have sent the coaster off a flying *ski* on to a never-stopping toboggan? Novice.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the Forest and Stream *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its column continuously for years.*

FIXTURES.

MAY.

31. Harlem.

JUNE.

5. Knickerbocker.
12. Douglaston.
19. Larchmont, spring regatta.
26. Seawanhaka-Corinthian.
28. Stamford, special.
29. Indian Harbor, special.
30. Corinthian Fleet, special.

JULY.

1. Horseshoe Harbor, special.
2. Sea Cliff, special.
3. New Rochelle, annual.
4. Larchmont, annual.
6. American, annual.
10. Riverside.
17-24. Larchmont, race week.
28. Stamford.
31. Sea Cliff.

AUGUST.

7. Indian Harbor.
14. Hempstead Harbor.
21. Horseshoe Harbor.
28. Huntington.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Huguenot.
4. Larchmont, special.
6. Larchmont, fall regatta.
11. Larchmont, special.

YACHT DESIGNING.—XIV.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

[*Continued from page 93.*]

Thus far, as in Plate I., we have considered the three plans in the relation in which they originally stood to each other, as adjoining parts of the box surrounding our model. This arrangement is not a convenient one, and in actual practice a different one is followed. It is always easier to draw a line which is concave with respect to the draftsman than one which is convex; and for this reason the half-breadth plan is reversed from the position shown in Plate I., the middle or base line being placed on the side toward the draftsman, the lower edge of the paper, and the deck line and level lines being further from him, as in Plate II. In all drawing the draftsman's body may be considered as the center of a circle, and his arm as the radius, swinging freely in a circular sweep. In marine drafting, where so many of the lines are curves, it is easier and more natural to draw them in this way than in the reverse; and it is also more natural to stand as it were at the center rather than outside the circle to scan and inspect them. The half-breadth plan then is commonly placed near the lower edge of the paper, with its base line next to the draftsman.

It is often desirable to draw in a full deck plan, showing both sides instead of one; the full breadth giving to the eye a more correct idea of the true proportions of the deck. When this is done the right hand side of the deck is shown on the near side of the middle line, its outlines being of course convex to the draftsman; and the left hand side, with the level lines, is shown as in Plate II. The right hand half may be finished up to show either the arrangement of hatches, skylights and other deck fittings, or the construction of the deck frame.

Between the half-breadth and the sheer plans a space is usually left for the diagonals (expanded), the inclined waterlines, and any similar lines. If the curve of areas is plotted, it is also placed here.

The body plan, which in Plate I. was shown in two parts, is in actual practice always drawn in one, the two halves on opposite sides of a common middle line, the bow half on the right hand side. It is always located at the same height on the drawing as the sheer plan, in order that a T square may be used to transfer the heights from one to the other.

A common plan, and a very good one, is to make the body plan a part of the sheer plan, Station 6 of the latter being taken as the middle line of the body plan. This lessens the length of the drawing and makes it more compact, and at the same time diminishes the chances of error through imperfections of the T square and the edge of the board. It is less confusing to the beginner to keep the two entirely separate, but the practiced hand finds it easier to have the body plan at the center of the sheer plan, both directly under his eye and hand.

It must be admitted that a complete set of lines is complicated, even to the expert, and simply bewildering to the novice. In Plate I. the eye fails to catch the really essential curves of the vessel, being distracted by the rectangles formed by the numerous auxiliary lines. In order to bring out in the necessary relief the principal lines, it is customary to use inks of different colors, and much may be done in this way to lessen the apparent complication of the drawing. There is no common standard for such coloring, but each designer follows his own fancy to a great extent. In the course of practice we have worked out a method which seems to answer the purpose, but which we will only mention briefly here, leaving it to be described in detail in its proper place later on.

The framework of the drawing (the base lines of the three plans), the stations in the sheer and half-breadth plans, the level lines in the sheer and body plans, the diagonals in the body plan, are drawn lightly in red ink; these lines being laid off very accurately as soon as the dimensions of the yacht are finally decided on. Five of these lines, it must be stated, are drawn in blue instead of red: the l.w.l., the middle line of the body plan, and the stations at 0, 6 and 12 in the sheer and half-breadth plans. In this way the eye can locate instantly the most important lines, the l.w.l. and the stations at each of its ends and its middle. It will be found a great help, both in sketching in and fairing, to have these lines in blue standing boldly out from the red. The bow-buttock lines in the body and half-bredth plans are drawn in green. This framework being completed in ink at the outset, it is not destroyed in the necessary erasure of many parts of the design in the succeeding processes, as would be the case if it were left in pencil until all the lines were completed. When this latter stage is reached and the final inking in begins, the deck line, sheer line, side line, etc., are drawn in black, the level lines in the half-breadth plan in blue, the l.w.l. and all below it being solid lines and the upper level lines being *broken*. The stations at 0, 6 and 12 in the body plan are drawn in blue, the others in black; the bow-buttock lines in the sheer plan are drawn in green, the expanded diagonals in green, and the inclined l.w.l. in blue. By this method, the fine red lines being less conspicuous than the other colors, the numerous straight lines of the drawing do not dominate everything else, as is the case in Plate I.; but the keel line, sheer line and deck line stand out boldly in black, the l.w.l. is clearly seen as the upper one of the solid blue lines in the half-breadth plan, and the diagonals, bows, buttock lines, etc., appeal to the eye without the distorting effect of the many straight lines.

Of course it is impossible to follow this system in a paper or book other than by costly supplemental plates; but we have endeavored to obtain a similar effect in the numerous designs published in this paper. The arrangement followed to that end is shown in Plate II., precisely the same plans and lines as Plate I., but arranged in a different way. In this drawing nearly all of the straight lines are omitted, but in every case the positions are plainly indicated, so that they may be drawn in if needed. The upper level lines in the sheer plan are merely indicated at the extreme sides of the drawing, thus throwing the topsides out in relief. The lower level lines are shown only within the limits of the hull; as few straight lines as possible are shown in the body plan, and in the half breadth plan only portions of the stations and the bow-buttock lines are used, to show the under-water as distinct from the out-of-water body. The upper level lines in this plan are *broken*, the l.w.l. and the lower level lines being *solid*. The bow-buttock lines in all three plans are a combination of dashes and dots. The No. 6 station in the body plan is a broken line, to distinguish it from No. 7, which is of very similar contour and liable to be confused with it, the two crossing.

Three new lines are shown in the drawing: a *dividing line*, a *horizontal ribband line*, and *a line of heads and heels of timbers*. The former encircles the vessel at the *turn of the bilge*, and is *normal* to or at right angles with each of the stations in the body plan. Its other projections, expanded or on the sheer and half-breadth plans, are not shown. The *horizontal ribband line* is the true projection on the half-breadth plan of the upper diagonal, No. 1. The *line of heads and heels of timbers* is the true projection of the same diagonal on the sheer plan (in the previous paper it was incorrectly stated that this line and the *expanded diagonal* were identical). Similar lines may be drawn in the sheer and half-breadth plans for each of the other diagonals.

The expanded diagonals and the inclined waterlines are laid off from the line representing the greatest half breadth of the vessel as a base line; this line not being drawn in full in the plate, but only indicated by its extremities.

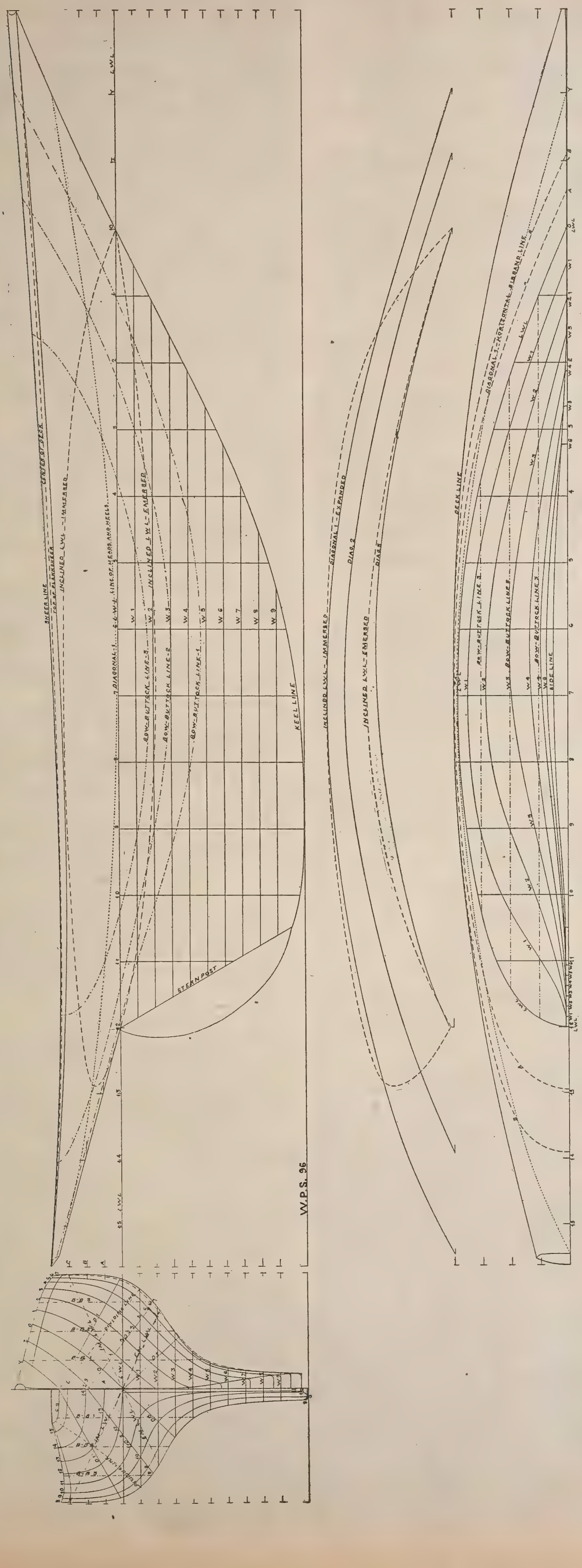
There are two very important lines which have not yet been mentioned, the *rabbet line* and the *bearding line*. Where the design is made to the *inside* of the plank, both of these are essential from the start; and in vessels of the old type, with a keel and deadwoods distinct from the hull, the rabbet line is quite as important as any in the vessel. In the modern yacht, however, the rabbet line is properly a part of the *construction* and not of the *form;* and, as we have started out to deal only with the form of the exterior surface of the vessel for the present, both of these lines may be left to a later consideration, as their introduction here would only be confusing.

The various lines thus far enumerated include all that are of material use in yacht designing, but it is necessary that the student should become thoroughly familiar with the nature and use of each.

A comparison of plates I. and II. will show the superiority of the latter in displaying prominently and clearly the really important lines of the hull.

[To be continued.]

On Jan. 28 the steam yacht Argo was sunk in collision with the fruit steamer Albert Dumois, her bows being stove in. Two guests on the yacht were drowned: Messrs. H. P. Herter and F. Blassini.



YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The report that Will Fife, Jr., was to design and build a large racing cutter for A. B. Walker is officially contradicted.

The fine steam yacht Eugenia, which was recently built by Messrs. Hawthorne & Co., Leith, to the order of Mr. J. Gardner Cassatt, of Philadelphia, underwent her official trials in the Firth of Forth on Jan. 6. The new boat proved herself to be not only a fine vessel, but also an excellent sea ship. She is luxuriously fitted up, and is provided with all the latest appliances for a vessel of her description. Eugenia has been fitted out for a Mediterranean cruise, at the conclusion of which she will proceed to New York.—*Yachting World.*

On Feb. 1 the New Rochelle Y. C. held its annual meeting, electing the following officers: Com., Henry Doscher, cutter Banshee; Vice-Com., Eugene Lambden, slp. Twilight; Rear-Com., Joseph Fallert, slp. Wanita; Sec'y, O. W. Meyrowitz Treas., B. B. Strong; Meas., E. H. Kingsland. Trustees: W. P. Montague and W. N. Bavier (three years), Henry Andruss (two years). Regatta Committee: Charles P. Tower, P. A. Meyrowitz, J. R. Thomas, A. P. Weston and J. C. Lippencott. Membership Committee: H. H. Todd, A. S. Cross and Philip J. Krackehl. Law Committee: C. W. Voltz and J. F. Lambden. Com. Henry Andruss, who has held the office for so long, positively declined a renomination.

The Staten Island Y. C. held its annual meeting on Feb. 1, electing the following officers: Com., Chas. F. Hicks; Vice Com., William E. Horn; Treas., E. S. Simonson; Sec'y, Edward S. Seguine; Meas., Adolph Panick. Trustees: Charles Winsch, Matthew Taylor, Jr., and Howard Hitchcock.

On Jan. 19 the cutter Britannia sailed from the Solent for the Mediterranean, Ailsa following the next day. Ailsa, after her experience of last season with the Riffian pirates, carries a complete armament of Martini-Henry rifles and revolvers, and some 2,000 rounds of ammunition.

Fra Diavolo, steam yacht, owned by the late Prof. Hermann, in winter quarters at Greenport, N. Y., has been seized by United States Marshal Henry I. Hayden, for a claim of $604.50 made by Samuel P. Hedges, for supplies and services rendered.

The Gravesend Bay Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Robt. H. Sherwood; Vice-Com., Edmund J. Bates; Rear-Com., Herman Heidelberger; Meas., Richard W. Rummel; Pres., Cornelius Furgueson, Jr.; Vice-Pres., Thomas Cleary; Treas., Lawrence F. Wilson; Rec. Sec'y, James W. Wakelee; Fin. Sec'y, Charles W. Kennedy. Trustees: Chas. W. Morgan, Constantine Schubert, Walter L. Bryn, Frank A. Bolles, William E. Johnson, Henry W. Pfalzgraf, Albert A. Ehrlich, William Morgan, J. Hudson Riley, Edward Lohman, and Messrs. Morse and Hamilton. The club now has 136 members; a movement is under way to build a suitable club house before the season opens.

H. M. Crane, brother of C. H. Crane, of El Heirie fame, has placed an order with Lawley for a fin-keel for the Seawanhaka 20ft. class. It is understood that she will be tried against the centerboard which has already been ordered by C. H. Crane, and that the faster of the two will be the one to compete in the Seawanhaka trial races, or if the previous trials are not satisfactory both will enter the contests for the selection of a challenger. The Crane brothers thus show themselves wise in not putting their eggs in one basket and in having a fair trial at the vexed question of fin vs. centerboard. Both boats are sure to be interesting ones, and will be closely watched in their performances.—*Boston Globe.*

The Stamford Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Howard C. Smith, steam yacht Halcyon; Vice-Com., Frederick M. Hoyt, cutter Syce; Rear-Com., Walton Ferguson, steam yacht Ava; Treas., Charles H. Leeds; Sec'y, A. H. Smith; Fleet Surgeon, Samuel Pierson, M. D.; Meas., I. Franklin Wardwell; Chaplain, Richard P. H. Vail, D. D. Directors: Henry K. McHarg, Schuyler Merrit, Albert C. Hall, Edward C. Hoyt, Malcolm R. Pitt, James D. Smith, E. E. Bruggerhoff, Stewart W. Smith, Alfred S. Pitt and Frederick W. Lockwood.

The annual meeting of the New York Y. C. will be held on Feb. 11.

Mr. Thomas Fleming Day, who has the unique faculty of writing technically correct sea poetry, is about to issue under the title of "Songs of Sea and Sail" a collection of his verse. An extra fine edition, to be sold by subscription only, will be printed. The price is $2; orders may be sent to Mr. Day at 155 Broadway, New York.

The Philadelphia Y. C. held its twenty-second annual meeting on Feb. 3, the following officers being elected: Com., Francis Shunk Brown; Vice-Com., M. R. Muckle; Rear-Com., J. J. de Kinder; Secy., A. L. English; Meas., P. H. Johnson; Harbor Master, Sylvester Bookhammer; Surgeon, W. Joseph Hearn, M. D. Trustees: Samuel F. Givin, J. Lewis Good, William Annear and Robert P. Thompson. Regatta Committee: George T. Whitaker, George D. Gideon and George W. Fite. The annual regatta will be sailed on June 12.

A yacht club under the name of the Wollaston Y. C. has been formed at Wollaston, Mass., the officers being: Com., Frank Burgess; Vice-Com., A. T. Barstow; Rear-Com., E. Hardy; Fleet Captain, Henry Nelson; Treas., Chas. F. Marr; Sec'y, S. L. Willis; Fin. Sec'y, C. W. Page; Meas., F. W. Green.

Mr. J. C. Meyers, American Model Y. C., has submitted to the club a model for a 20-footer for the contest already mentioned. The dimensions are: Over all, 32ft.; l.w.l., 19ft.; beam, 7ft. 6in.; centerboard, 270lbs. The model is to a scale of 1in. The club will make an extensive exhibit of model yachts at the Sportsmen's Exhibition.

The annual meeting of the Atlantic Y. C. was held on Feb. 8, the following officers being elected: Com., Geo. J. Gould, steam yacht Atalanta; Vice-Com., Frederick T. Adams, schr. Sachem; Rear-Com., Benjamin H. Whitlock, auxiliary schooner Hildegarde; Sec'y, David E. Austen; Treas., Geo. H. Church; Meas., George Hill; Trustees—J. Rogers Maxwell, Philip G. Sanford, Alexander P. Ketchum, Newbury D. Lawton, Thomas L. Watson and Henry B. Howell; Regatta Committee—Newbury D. Lawton, David E. Austen and George W. McNulty; Committee on Membership—Louis F. Jackson, Spencer Swain and Henry W. Banks, Jr.

The annual meeting of the New York Y. R. A. was held on Feb. 3 at O'Neill's, in New York. The following officers were elected: Pres., A. J. Prime, Yonkers Corinthian Y. C.; Vice-Pres., E. Langerfeld, Hudson River Y. C.; Sec'y, George Parkhill, Columbia Y. C.; Treas., Robert K. Murray, New York Athletic Club. Executive Committee: Alex. F. Roe, Jersey City Y. C.; Joseph Ellsworth, Bayonne City Y. C.; John Kursteimer, Audubon Y. C.; Thomas G. Roach, Pavonia Y. C., and J. A. Styles, Tappan Zee Y. C. The Association now includes the following clubs: Columbia, Hudson River, Jersey City, Newark, Pavonia, Tappan Zee, Yonkers Cor., Kill von Kull, Greenville, Bayonne City, Audubon, Tower Ridge, New York Athletic, Ossining, Gravesend Bay and Yonkers. The following resolution was adopted: Resolved, That Com. A. J. Prime, of the Yonkers Cor. Y. C.; Com. E. Langerfeld, of the Hudson River Y. C., and George Parkhill, of the Columbia Y. C., are hereby appointed a committee to confer with the committees of other yacht racing associations, with full power to act as they may deem best in the matter of forming a national yacht racing association, for the purpose of establishing uni form rules and regulations.

The Seven Seas.*

THE latest of Mr. Kipling's volumes has brought up anew two questions that have already been discussed in connection with his earlier works: Is Mr. Kipling a poet? and are his rhymes poetry? These are very important questions, to the author at least, and possibly to the whole world of letters; but for ourselves we are well content to leave their decision to posterity, to accept the talented writer for what he most certainly is—a keen, close observer of the world at large and a master of word painting in the English language—and to cruise with him over "The Seven Seas":

"Coastwise—cross-seas—round the world and back again,
Whither the flaw shall fail us or the Trades drive down."

The new book is a collection of some forty poems, many of them connected with the sea, while some belong to our old friends, the "Barrack Room Ballads." All are good, but the sea unquestionably has the precedence over the land, and the best in every sense are those relating to it.

The first and the most pretentious of the collection, the "Song of the English," is a powerful piece of writing in varying measure, made up of several songs, the "Coastwise Lights," "The Song of the Dead," and others. While from its nature it appeals directly to the subjects of the Queen, no one can read it without appreciating its spirit.

The "Last Chantey" is verily a song of the sea, with a swing and vigor that goes straight to the heart of the sailorman. It is the prayer of all the millions who have followed the sea since the beginning of time, for its preservation through all eternity:

"Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Crying: 'Under heaven there is neither land nor lea!
Must we sing forevermore
On the windless, glassy floor?
Take back your golden fiddles, and we'll beat to open sea.'"

* * * * * *

"Sun, wind and cloud shall fail not from the face of it,
Stinging, ringing spindrift, nor the fulmar flying free;
And the ships shall go abroad
To the glory of the Lord,
Who heard the silly sailor folk and gave them back their sea."

There is nothing here of the smooth and flowing qualities of Byron and Barry Cornwall, nothing that lends itself more than readily to the declamation of the schoolboy; but the measure is strong, rough and vigorous, as befits the theme, and the result is a new song of the sea that is likely to find a permanent place beside others that have become classic.

"The Merchantmen" is a fine poem in similar plain and salty strain, the song of humble merchant ships of all classes and ages through their long lives of peril, work and disaster:

"By sport of bitter weather
We're waltry, strained and scarred
From the kentledge on the keelson
To the slings upon the yard.
Six oceans had their will of us,
To carry all away—
Our galley's in the Baltic,
And our boom's in Mossel Bay.

* * * * * * * * *

"Let go, let go the anchors!
Now shamed at heart are we
To bring so poor a cargo home,
That had for gift the sea?
Let go the great bow-anchors—
Ah! fools were we, and blind—
The worst we baled with utter toil,
The rest we left behind.

"Coastwise—cross-seas—round the world and back again,
Whither the flaw shall fail us or the Trades drive down;
Plain sail—storm sail lay your board and tack again—
And all to bring a cargo up to London Town."

In "McAndrew's Hymn" Mr. Kipling ventures into a comparatively new field, and one in which, from the nature of things, he can have spent but a brief time in the course of his busy life. That he should handle familiarly and accurately the bewildering technicalities of steam engineering, old and new, is wonderful enough, but that is a small part of it all; he has gone far deeper and imbibed the whole spirit, as though he had spent all his days in the shop or the engine room. The old Scotch engineer is indeed a wonderful character creation: a mixture of technical skill, religious fanaticism, dry humor and kindliness of heart, thinly veneered with a skin of misanthrophy; and his soliloquy is perhaps one of the cleverest things that Mr. Kipling has yet produced. One must not only read it, but study it through and through, to come at a full appreciation of its merits; stray quotations can in no way do it justice, but there are many odd parts that can well stand alone:

"Lord, thou hast made this world below the shadow of a dream,
An', taught by time, I take it so—exceptin' always steam.
From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy hand, O God—
Predestinati n in the stride of yon connectin' rod.
John Calvin might ha' forged the same—enormous, certain, slow."

* * * * * * * * *

'My engines, after ninety days o' race and rack an' strain
Through all the seas of all Thy world, slam-bangin' home again,
Slam-bang too much—they knock a wee—the crosshead-gibs are loose.
But thirty thousand mile o' sea has gied them fair excuse."

* * * * * * * * *

"—the auld Fleet Engineer,
That started as a boiler whelp—when steam and he were low,
I mind the time we used to serve a broken pipe wi' tow.
Ten pound was all the pressure then—eh! eh!—a man wad drive;
An' here our workin' gauges show one hunder' fifty five."

* * * * * * * * *

"We'll tak' one stretch—three weeks an' odd by any road ye steer—
Fra' Cape Town east to Wellington—ye need an engineer.
Fail there—ye've time to weld your shaft—ay, eat it, ere ye're spoke,
Or make Kerguelen under sail—three jiggers burned wi' smoke;
An' home again, the Rio run: it's no child's play to go
Steamin' to bell for fourteen days o' snow and floe and blow—
The bergs, like kelpies overside that grin an' turn an' shift,
Whaur, grindin' like the mills o' God, goes by the big south drift.
(Hail, snow and ice that, praise the Lord, I've met them at their work,
An' wished we had anither route, or they anither kirk.)"

* * * * * * * * *

"An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves;
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,
Till—hear that note?—the rod's return whings glimmerin' through the guides.
They're all awa'! True beat, full power, the clangin' chorus goes,
Clear to the tuner where they sit, my purrin' dynamos.
Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
To work, ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed.
Fra' skylight lift to furnace-bars, backed, bo ted, braced an' stayed,
An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made;
While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says:
'Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the pr ise!'
Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs an' mine:
'Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!'"

* * * * * * * * *

"Oh, for a man to weld it then, in one trip hammer strain,
Till even first-class passengers could tell the meanin' plain!
But no one cares except mysel' that serve an' understand
My seven thousand horse-power here. Eh, Lord! They're grand—
they're grand!"

It goes without saying that such a poem as this is entirely too technical for the average reader, whose enjoyment and appreciation of it are limited to odd parts, but to the engineer who can appreciate it as a whole it is a wonderful exposition of the intricacies of his science. Any industrious writer might learn from books to handle the terms with fair accuracy, but there is nothing in the books that teaches a man to understand and appreciate the wonderful music of a great ship, or to love his engines as sentient beings.

We all know the Bolivar, of evil memory,

"Just a heap o' broken plates
Puttied up with tar."

* * * * * * * *

"Over loaded, under-manned,
Built to founder."

In "The Mary Gloster" Mr Kipling introduces us to the "merchant prince" who built and owned the Bolivar and others of her kind; and who on his deathbed reviews his long career from 'prentice boy to the owner of shipyards, ships and titles. A pleasant retrospect it is:

"Lord, what boats I've handled—rotten and leaky and old;
Ran 'em or—opened the bilge-cock, precisely as I was told
Grub that 'ud bind you crazy, and crews that 'ud turn you gray,
And a big, fat lump of insurance to cover the risk on the way.
And the others, they duren't do it; they said they valued their life
(They've served me since as skippers). I went—and I took my wife."

The last dying vision of the man makes a fitting ending to such a life:

"Down by the head an' sinkin'. Her fires are drawn and cold,
And the water's splashin' hollow on the skin of the empty hold—
Churning and choking and chuckling, quiet and scummy and dark—
Full to her lower hatches, and risin' steady. Hark!
That was the after bulkhead—she's flooded from stem to stern—
Never seen death yet, Dickie? Well, now is your time to learn."

Many of the poems have the truly musical quality for which others of the writer's works are already noted, a swing and a rhythm which suggests a good chorus. The military portion of the work is introduced by a quaint and comical bit of verse, "When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre," and then we meet our old friend Thomas Atkins, "Back to the Army Again." This poem, the "Bird of Prey," "Sappers," "Cholera in Camp," and others, are in a familiar strain, most of them with a chorus. There is, however, no lack of variety throughout the book; the tragic and comic, the grave and gay, the idle chorus and the tale with a moral are there to charm the reader by their contrasts.

*The Seven Seas." By Rudyard Kipling. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price $1.50.

The 30ft. Special Class.

APROPOS of the statements made of late in several papers that Vaquero held the record in the 30ft. special class for last season, it is but fair to state that the first honors in the class go to Asahi, her record being fifty starts, twenty-four firsts, thirteen seconds and five thirds. Asahi is owned by Bayard Thayer, and was sailed in all of her races by Capt. Nat Watson, who had previously raced Pappoose, Sayonara and Constellation for Mr. Thayer.

Canoeing.

PADDLING CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was very pleased to notice in your last number that Mr. Scott had brought up the vexed question of racing canoe regulations. This is a subject that should be thoroughly discussed, because I believe there is to be a revision of the present unsatisfactory A. C. A. rules.

Mr. Scott proposes to use one class of canoe for all the races, and he thinks that the number of entries and the interest in the paddling races will be increased thereby. In my opinion he has not presented his arguments quite fairly, nor drawn his conclusions correctly.

The four paddling events mentioned by Mr. Scott require at the most three canoes, because the only difference between the single open canoe and the tandem open canoe is a weight of 5lbs., so that the canoe can be built to the lower weight (50) and ballast carried for the tandem race.

The idea that one man must bring a fleet of canoes is misleading. Suppose our one man wishes to enter all the races; he cannot enter the tandem with any hope of success without a partner, who, let us hope, will pay half the expense on the canoe. Neither will he do well in the fours race without three companions, each of whom will pay one-quarter of the expense on the canoe. He will have to pay the whole expense on the canoe for the trophy, but he can use the tandem canoe for the singles. Then, to sum up, he would have to pay the expense on what would equal one and three-quarter canoes if he wished to enter all the races under the present rules.

Mr. Scott's plan would involve paddling the fours in a 16ft. canoe, and no one ought to know better than himself that this is quite unreasonable. Surely he has not forgotten the fours race at the meet of 1895, when the Northern Division canoe filled and sank on the last half of the course, and he and I had to swim to shore for a canoe with which to pick up the remainder of our crew. A four crew should go faster than a tandem, that anyone will admit, yet it cannot do so in a 16ft canoe. Again, if a 16ft. canoe is to be used for a fours man crew the men in the crew must all be light, so light that a man of 150lbs is barred out if success is to be attained. In the vicinity of Montreal 16ft. canoes are used for the fours. The rule reads: 'Canoes must not be less than 12in. deep,' etc., the result being that canoes are built 14 or 15in. deep, and special contrivances are used to keep out the water, so that in fact one canoe cannot be used with advantage for tandem and fours even there. Besides it is not unusual for several of the crews to sink in spite of all the precautions. A year ago the A. C. A. rules were made to allow a 20ft. canoe for the fours. The Toronto C. C. had two built to that length They have given every satisfaction. They are very fast, seaworthy, and little more expensive than a 16ft canoe.

Mr. Scott is strongly of the opinion that the trophy paddling race should be paddled in his "standard" canoe, and he considers that this would be a fair test of a paddler's ability However, before the present rules are changed a very thorough expression of opinion should be obtained from men who have paddled in the trophy race in former years. I for one do not believe that it is advisable to use a larger and heavier canoe for this event, because in so doing an immense advantage would be given to a man of great strength and little skill. At the same time the speed would be very much reduced, and although some may not consider this an argument, yet it is universally seen that in all kinds of racing there is a tendency to make use of anything that will give greater speed, and this tendency does not entirely arise from a desire to get the better of a competitor, but also from the love of going fast, which everyone possesses.

There has certainly been a lack of entries for the trophy paddling in the last two years, especially in 1895, when there were only two, but in that year the race was paddled in canoes of the size advocated by Mr. Scott.

Several years ago, when entries for the trophy paddling race were plentiful, racing canoes were used, and not longer ago than 1894 there were five of these canoes on Toronto Bay. I do not think, therefore, that the regulation for the canoe used in the trophy paddling race has had anything to do with the lack of interest in that race. The interest in any kind of sport rises and falls from time to time, and I feel sure that the interest in the A. C. A. trophy paddling race is now rising Last summer there were several entries, and next summer there will probably be more.

After attending the Muskoka Lakes Association and the A. C A meets last summer, and talking over the subject of canoe regulations with several paddlers, Mr. D. H MacDougall and I drew up a set of rules, which appeared to meet the requirements very well, and which did not conflict greatly with the rules in force at present in several localities

The canoes are divided into three classes, and each race commonly in use is assigned to its proper class.

The proposed regulations are as follows:

Class I.—The canoe must not be more than 16ft. long, less than 28in. beam, nor less than 9in deep.

Race for the class: Trophy paddling

Class II.—The canoe must not be more than 16ft long, less than 30in beam, less than 12in deep, and must weigh at least 50lbs.

Races for the class: Single paddling, tandem paddling, hurry-scurry, ladies' paddling, ladies' tandem, mixed tandem, novice paddling, tail-end race, upset race, tilting, gunwale race.

Class III.—The canoe must not be more than 20ft. long, less than 12in. deep, less than 30in. wide, and must weigh not less than 75lbs.

Races for the class: Club fours, tug-of-war.

From a glance at these rules it is seen that the Class II. canoe is the all-round canoe, such as any canoeist possesses, and this canoe is suitable for most of the races.

We have been careful to classify the minor races which are left in doubt in the A. C. A. Year Book, and which caused some trouble last summer. The class III. canoe is good for cruising, as well as fast, and suitable for either three or four men. Three men with this canoe can easily distance a tandem.

There is one more thing I would suggest, that some official A. C. A. hurry-scurry race be devised. This race is generally defined as a run, swim and paddle. At most places where canoe races are held it is very inconvenient, if not impossible, to hold the race in this form. This has led us at Toronto to adopt the following for the hurry-scurry: Competitors start kneeling in ordinary position; on the firing of a gun they must stand up and paddle; on second gun they jump out and swim, towing their canoes; on third gun they climb in and finish paddling on the gunwale. This form of hurry-scurry has been found very satisfactory wherever it has been tried, and we think it should be officially adopted.

I may mention that we sent copies of the above rules to the commodores of both the A. C. A. and the M. L. A. last October.

R. O. KING.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

Canoeing in New Zealand.

THE following letter recently found its way to the secretary-treasurer of the American Canoe Association from the other side of the world, as the result of a magazine article by Mr. D'Arcy Scott, of Ottawa:

CHRISTCHURCH, New Zealand, Dec. 10, 1896.—*Secretary, American Canoe Association:* In the August number of the *Massey Magazine* I notice an article on the objects of your Association. Being an ardent canoeist, I shall take it as a favor if you can give me some information regarding your club, especially the camp rules and the dimensions of your canoes. We have no canoe club here, but there are a great many canoes on the rivers about Christchurch, mostly of the Rob Roy pattern. A few have been built after the style of the birchbark, but these are noticeable chiefly for their scarcity. We have some rivers eminently fitted for canoes, but few seem to avail themselves of the opportunities afforded by nature.

My brother and a friend are about to take a long trip, and I understand that they will be the first white men over the route. They will go up the Wanganui River to its source, then by portage to Lake Taupo, and then down the Waikato River to a point near the sea, where they will pick up the railway and proceed to Auckland. For the greater part of the distance they will be traveling through the Maori King country. The canoe they are taking is a canvas one, built after the birchbark pattern. These canvas canoes seem to be the best for most of our rivers, as rapids and snags abound. Wooden canoes seem to break up too rapidly, and they will not stand the knocking about that they are necessarily subjected to in these rivers.

Mr. Scott's article has inspired me with a hope of forming a canoe club here, and any information will be most acceptable.

E. H. T.

American Canoe Association.

THE annual meeting of the executive committee of the Atlantic Division, A. C. A., will be held at the Astor House, New York city, on Friday evening next, Feb. 12, at 8 o'clock sharp.

The important question of holding the annual division camp as a four days' cruise upon the Delaware River from Easton to Delanco, and a camp upon the beautiful site at the latter place for the remaining three days of the week, will be taken up and disposed of. All the Division members are most cordially invited to be present.

JOSEPH E. MURRAY, Vice-Com. Atlantic Division.

The Trophy Paddling Race.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read with interest the letters in the late issues of your paper on this subject, I beg to add my quota to the discussion.

The suggestions made by Mr. Scott I believe are in the right direction, and would meet with hearty approval in many quarters were he to except the club fours, as suggested by Vice-Com. Burns.

To more fully meet the object aimed at by these changes, I would suggest that the regatta committee be instructed to make the race with a turn.

This would prevent the building of fin-keel boats, such as have sometimes passed muster as paddling canoes. The following reasons occur to me as to why the change in dimensions and making the race with a turn should be tried:

1. Ability to turn easily is an essential of a good paddling canoe and canoeist.

2. The interest in the race would be greatly increased to the spectators, who will be able to see the start, turn and finish.

3 The number of contestants would probably be increased, as a well-finished ordinary canoe would not be seriously handicapped by competing against one specially built for the race.

4. Starting and finishing from the same point would be more convenient for the contestants, as they would not be compelled to paddle a mile away from the camp and wait for some one who paddles slowly to the starting buoy. The waiting would be done on shore.

CLUB 4

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Small Calibers at the Sportsmen's Exposition.

THE Sportsmen's Association, as already announced in these columns, has appointed a committee to carry out its plans for championship contests for .22 short caliber rifle during the week of the Exposition at Madison Square Garden, March 13-20 This committee consists at present of H. D. Muller, Chairman: Edward Banks, Secretary; B. Walthers, Gus Zimmerman, C G. Zettler, G. W Plaisted and R. Busse.

The committee has met a few times and has adopted a programme which it believes will meet the views of riflemen. Before finally adopting the same it will be submitted to a meeting of the captains of the various rifle clubs in this vicinity. This meeting will be held on Feb. 16 at the rooms of the Association, room 1,009, Nos 377-379 Broadway, at 8 P. M. It should be remembered that the championships provided for in the programme do not conflict with any similar titles, but are "Sportsmen's Association's championships, 189 ".

The entrance fee for the "Individual Championship" is $5, which sum includes a season ticket of admission to the Garden during the Exposition The proposed programme is as follows:

Sportsmen's Exposition, Madison Square Garden, New York city, March 13-20, 189 . Open competition for .22 short caliber rifles.

PROGRAMME.

Individual Championship match, open to all, 100 shots, off-hand, 25-ring target, to be shot in strings of 10 shots, only one entry allowed each competitor. Any .22 short caliber rifle allowed. Entrance $5, including season ticket of admission to the Sportsmen's Exposition. Competitors can shoot their 100 targets during the week as they desire. Distance, 100ft. exact

Prizes: First, trophy and $20; second, $25; third, $20; fourth, $15; fifth $12; sixth, $10; seventh, $10; eighth, $9 ninth, $3; tenth, $5. Each winner can take either his cash prize or its value in a trophy.

Individual match, open to all; entrance for tickets of three shots each, 50 cents; off hand. Re-entries unlimited, but only one prize obtainable by any one competitor. Two best tickets to count To be shot on 5-ring target. Any .22 short caliber rifle allowed. Distance, 100ft. exact.

Prizes: First, $40; second, $30; third, $25; fourth, $20; fifth, $15; sixth, $12; seventh, $10; eighth, $10; ninth, $9; tenth, $8; eleventh, $8; twelfth, $8; thirteenth, $7; fourteenth, $7; fifteenth, $7; sixteenth, $6; seventeenth, $6; eighteenth, $6; nineteenth, $5; twentieth, $5; twenty-first, $5; twenty-second, $4; twenty-third, $4; twenty-fourth, $4; twenty-fifth, $3; twenty-sixth, $3; twenty-seventh, $3; twenty eighth, $2; twenty-ninth, $2; thirtieth, $2

Premiums: For the best five tickets, $5; for the second best five tickets, $4; for the third best five tickets, $3

Zimmerman trophy: Mr. Gus Zimmerman will donate a special trophy, to be competed for on the Zimmerman target, and under special conditions that will be announced later.

RULES.

All targets will be counted and entered by the official scorer as soon as shot, and will be returned to the shooter. The referee committee will decide all matters pertaining to any doubtful score.

A shot must cut the ring to count.

Suitable rifles and ammunition will be furnished free to all competitors by the Zettler Bros., who will have charge of the ranges.

The referee committee is as follows: Chairman, Gus Zimmerman; C G. Zettler and R. Busse; Official Scorer, Geo. W. Plaisted; Sec'y Tournament Committee, Edward Banks; Chairman Tournament Committee, H. D Muller.

The call for the meeting on Feb. 16, above referred to, is worded as follows, the circular being addressed to the captains of as many of the local rifle clubs as possible:

NEW YORK, Feb. 8 — Dear Sir: The Sportsmen's Association has decided to promote a series of contests for .22cal. rifles, to take place at Madison Square Garden during the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition, March 13-20, 189 ; and has appointed the following committee to carry out its objects: Chairman, H D Muller; Secretary, Edward Banks; Gus Zimmerman, C G. Zettler and B. Walthers

This committee at a meeting held on Jan. 22 named you as delegate for your club, and now asks your earnest co-operation in its efforts. For this purpose it requests that you will attend a meeting of the committee, to be held Feb. 16, 189 , at 8 P M., in the rooms of the Sportsmen's Association, room 1,009, No. 377 Broadway.

The special object of this meeting will be to adopt a programme for the above tournament. Yours truly,

HENRY D. MULLER, Chairman.
EDWARD BANKS, Secretary.

P. S —If you are unable to attend in person, send a duly accredited representative for your club.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 24.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held its regular semi-monthly contest, open to all comers, to-day on Shell Mound Range. The records made were as below:

Rifle, 200yds., re-entry matches, F. H. Bushnell medal, three shots to a score: A. H. Pape 9, 10, 11; Dr. L. O. Rodgers 10, 10, 12; F. O. Young 10, 11, 13

William Gildemann military medal, 10 shots; military count: F. O Young 49, J. E. Gorman 48, E. Hovey 46, E. Jacobsen 43, H. J. Wicker 39.

Young rifle record medal, 10 shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 50, H. J. Wicker 60

Cash prizes for most flags during the month: A. H. Pape 5, F. O. Young 3, Dr L. O. Rodgers 2.

Pistol, re-entry matches, 50yds., Gordon Blanding medal, 3-shot scores: F. O. Young 5, 9; C. M. Daiss 7, 9, 9; J. E. Gorman 9; A. B. Dorrell 10, 13.

Howard Carr medal, for any revolver, 6-shot scores: J. E. Gorman 30, 33, 37; F O. Young 35, 36, 37, 33, 40, 44; S. Roberts 40, 41, 41; M. J. White 53, 53; Dr. J. J. Giusti 99.

Diamond pistol record medal, 10-shot scores: J. E. Gorman 38, 40; C. M Daiss 41, A. B. Dorrell 42, F O. Young 44.

Achille Roos .22cal medal, 5 shots: Ed Hovey 11, 12, 12; S. Ingalls 12, 13; A. B. Dorrell 12, 13; H. J. Wicker 13, 20, Mrs. L. J. Crane 17, 19; Mrs. M. J. White 19.

ROBEL.

West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Jan. 31.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association in the contest for the Mascroft rifle. Sneed, with a score of 69, wins the second heat as below:

Sneed	6	8	8	7	7	4	8	8	7	6—69
Harrison	8	5	5	9	6	5	9	6	8	4—65
Scott	8	5	10	5	4	4	8	9	7	5—60
Dickson	5	6	6	6	5	4	6	4	5	5—52
Brown	2	5	4	5	6	4	2	6	4	6—45
Shaw	0	0	4	2	0	0	3	2	0	0—11

W. A. KIDD, Sec'y.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in these columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Feb. 12.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—100-target handicap event, unknown angles, $2 entrance, targets extra at 1 cent each. Shoot commences at 10 A. M. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

Feb. 12.—NEWARK N. J. All-day shoot of the Forester Gun Club. Targets. H. E. Winans, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—All-day shoot of the New Haven Gun Club. Targets. Wm. H Hazel, Sec'y.

Feb. 22. WISSINOMING STATION, P. R. R., Pa.—All-day shoot of the Florists Gun Club, of Philadelphia. Targets.

Feb 2. PARKERSBURG, W. Va.—All-day shoot of the Mountain State Gun Club Targets. Leo Epstein, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—NEWARK N. J.—All-day shoot of the Forester Gun Club. Targets H. E. Winans, Sec'y.

Feb. 27. HACKENSACK, N. J Contest for the E C. cup, on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

March 4.—YARDVILLE, N J.—Inaugural handicap, 20 birds, $15, birds included, at 25 cents each; handicaps 28 to 33yds. Open to all.

March 16-19.—BAYCHESTER, N Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed. Open to all. Nobody barred.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap (live birds), at Elkwood Park, $1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added. Entries close March 20

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open to-all tournament.

April 14-16.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

April 22-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

April 28-29.—RICHMOND, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 11-13. PEEKSKILL, N. Y Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

May 27-29.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

June 3-4.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y

June 9-10.—MONROE, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

July 14-15. NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Fred Gilbert won the first contest for the Du Pont trophy and chose to defend his title to it on Watson's grounds. Claridge won the trophy last August, and Malone and Roll had to meet him on the Baltimore Shooting Association's grounds. Roll took the trophy from Baltimore, and Winston tackled him and won the trophy on Watson's grounds Winston in turn made George Mosher come down to Zwirlein's grounds, Yardville, N J., to shoot for the cup on Jan. 16 last. Winston then said openly that any Western man who challenges will have to come to Zwirlein's or Phil Daly's, and that any Eastern man will have to go to Chicago with him He made the announcement so that there need be nothing said after any challenge had been made. The conditions made by the E. I du Pont de Nemours & Co. regulating the holding of the trophy very properly give the holder the right to name his own grounds. Where is there anything unfair in Mr. Winston's statement as announced? As the matter stands, we can see no earthly reason for the following wail from a Western contemporary: "If this pronunciamento is allowed to stand, it really means that Winston will receive no more challenges for the emblem, and therefore will be able to hold it until it is redeemed by the Du Pont company for their next tournament, and will virtually bury all interest in the trophy for the next four or six months We hope the Du Pont Company will take a positive stand in this matter and insist that Mr Winston play fair with those who may wish to compete for the trophy. If an Eastern man should challenge him for it, there would be no sense in or good reason for Winston taking the race to Chicago, and he should not be permitted to do so as long as there are so many good shooting grounds in the East If a Western man challenges Mr. Winston for the trophy, and the holder is making his home in the East, he would have a perfect right to require the challenger to come to some Eastern shooting grounds to shoot the match; but if, on the other hand, Winston should be located in the West at the time he received the challenge, he should be required to shoot the match on some convenient Western ground. The Du Pont Company, when they gave the holder the right to name date, grounds and number of birds in a match—if in excess of 50—never for a moment, we are positive, expected that the holder of the trophy would take any unfair advantage of a would-be competitor, and they should at once give Mr. Winston and all others to understand that schemes of the kind mentioned, to hold the cup, will not be permitted."

The programme for the Cobweb Gun Club's tournament during the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition is now well under way and will soon be made public. The main event is, of course, the live bird handicap, the "Cobweb handicap," 15 birds, $15, birds extra, $500 guaranteed. As a means to entertain its guests, the club proposes to hold a ball on the night of the day when the above event is shot (Friday, March 19), to which all visiting shooters will be made welcome by the club. In guaranteeing $500 in one purse the club is making a big bid for the attendance of all local shooters as well as those from a distance. Handicaps will range from 26 to 33yds. The handicap committee chosen by the club is as follows: J. M. Taylor, Jacob Pentz, Will K Park and the trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM. The tournament will be managed by Neaf Apgar, who will have full charge of making things hum on both target and live-bird days. Average moneys for best aggregates in all target events will be distributed daily, while the club will deduct only 2 cents a target from the purses. This fact shows as plainly as possible that the club is not after the shooters' money.

Mr. E. A. Wadsworth, secretary of the Catchpole Gun Club, of Wolcott, N. Y., writes as follows: "A gun club was recently organized in this place with fifteen charter members. The veteran, Uncle Ben Catchpole, was elected president of the club, a fact that augurs success for the organization. This club will commence work immediately and will hold regular weekly shoots."

The Salem (N. Y.) *Review-Press* of Jan. 22 contains the following item in regard to the new gun club organized in that city: "Salem is to have a shooting club. A number of sportsmen gathered in the Ondawa House on Wednesday evening, and the subject was discussed thoroughly. Dr J H Maguire was elected chairman of the meeting and J Gibson, Jr., secretary, and after the enrolling of members the following permanent officers were elected: J. M. Williams, Pres.; H. Lant, Vice-Pres.; Wm. L Campbell, Sec'y; M. Johnson, Treas. Committees were appointed as follows: by-laws and constitution—W. L. Campbell, Rev J F. Donahue, C. Whitcomb; buildings, grounds and traps M. Roberts, H. Robertson, A Baker; birds—Dr. H. S. Blackfan, Dr. J. H Maguire, Dr. Madison, B Austin, J. A McDowell, S Burgess, H Lant, G. Robertson, D. Connor; entertainment—H B Cruikshank, Wm. M. Dundon, J Gibson, Jr. The field back of the railroad track above the Main street crossing will be used, and the committee on buildings, etc., have already made arrangements with W J. Cruikshank for the erection of a field house. The name of the club and the by-laws will be adopted at the next meeting. It is expected that there will be a shoot here within a few weeks."

A Minneapolis daily of Feb 1 has the following item: "The Watertown (S. D.) Gun Club held a meeting recently at the office of French & Slawson. By-laws had previously been adopted, and this meeting was for the purpose of electing officers and perfecting the organization. The following officers were chosen: President, Lee Stover; Vice-President, J. A. Gilchrist; Secretary, Lew French; Treasurer, W. O Fraser. A committee, consisting of John Ogg, Charles Berner and Will Warner, was appointed to solicit membership The fees for admission to membership were fixed at $1.50 This covers the total cost of membership, no provisions having been made for assessments. Trap-shooting with clay pigeons will become a feature of the club's work.

The Brooklyn Gun Club's opening day is Saturday next, Feb. 13. The Brooklyn Club is a new organization that has arisen from the ashes of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The Brooklyn Gun Club occupies the same grounds over which the Vernons used to shoot, and it would be hard to find any grounds more conveniently located in the city limits than those of the club at Liberty avenue and Enfield street; they are within five minutes' walk of the terminus of the Kings County Elevated R. R. On Feb. 13 the club will lay itself out to give its guests a good time and plenty of shooting. Lunch will be served on the grounds, and shooting will commence at 10:30 A. M.

An interesting match was scheduled for Thursday, Feb. 4, on the grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L I The contestants were W. A. H Stafford, of Carteret, and C. M. Meyer, of the New Utrecht Gun Club. Mr. Meyer missed connections with the 10:50 train at Thirty fourth street ferry, thus blocking the match. Stafford, accompanied by W. W Watrous, was on hand and shot a few birds. The form that he displayed showed that Meyer would have had a big contract on hand to win the match. Out of the 20 or more birds shot at by him, he scored all but one, and that one fell dead just over the 30yds. boundary, but within the 50yds. fence.

We stated in "Drivers and Twisters" last week that Miss Annie Oakley would shoot a match at 50 live birds with Frank Kleinz on Feb 22 at Yardville, N J. We also stated that Miss Oakley had met Kleinz on two previous occasions, being defeated once and tieing on 45 each the other time. Our authority for the above statements was Frank Butler. That there was an error somewhere is made plain by the following letter from Mr Butler, dated Nutley, N. J., Feb. 5: "Kindly correct and save a fight. Annie Oakley and Frank Kleinz only shot one match, and that was at Reading, Pa., in March, 1889, before about 5,000 people. They tied on 45 each, and as she sailed for Paris two days later there was no chance to decide the tie."

The Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., has gotten out a programme for its all-day shoot, Feb 22, consisting of ten 10-target events and two 15-target events; the entrance fees in the 10-target events range from 50 cents to $, and in the 15 target events are $1.50. The Rose system will be used in dividing purses. Targets thrown at 1½ cents each. To get to the grounds at Wissanoming take Frankford trolleys on Third or Fifth streets, with exchange to Wissanoming line; these cars carry the shooters to the grounds Trains over the P. R R. land shooters at Wissanoming station. Shooting commences at 10 A. M. The grounds have a sky background.

Monday of this week, Feb. 8, was "preparation day" at Hot Springs. A 10 bird race, $5 entrance, and a miss-and out, $2, were the two events on the programme. To day, Tuesday, Feb 9, the Arlington Hotel handicap, 25 birds, $10, birds extra, $100 added, is the main attraction. On Thursday, Feb. 11, 15 live birds, $10, five high guns, is scheduled; and on Friday, Feb 12, the Eastman Hotel handicap, 25 birds, $15, birds extra, $100 added, occupies the programme. The main event of the meeting, the *Arkansaw Traveler's* handicap, 25 birds, $25, birds extra, $500 added, is set for a week from to-day, Tuesday, Feb. 16.

A club for the protection of fish and game and for the promotion of trap-shooting has been organized at Butler, Pa., under the name of the Butler Gun Club. The following officers have been elected for the next twelve months: President, Harry Colbert; Vice-President, I. E Starr; Secretary Treasurer, Ed E Gumpper; Captain, Joseph Weisentine; the above, together with J. L. Colbert and C. H. Miller, will form a board of directors. The club has a membership of 39.

We learn that there is little likelihood of the Work-Macalester versus Murphy-McAlpin match taking place. There is, however, a good prospect of a match in the near future between Edgar Murphy and G. S. McAlpin, 200 birds per man, 30yds. rise, 30yds. boundary, for a substantial stake. This match would be of more than passing interest, as McAlpin has met and defeated pretty nearly all the best men in this section. It may be noted also that Philadelphians are willing to make a match between R. A. Welch and McAlpin.

Charlie Zwirlein writes that he will shoot a return match with Lee Helgans at the Yardville, N J., grounds on March 4. On the same day there will be a handicap sweepstake, 20 birds, $15, birds included at 25 cents each, handicaps ranging from 28 to 33yds. This handicap will be known as the Inauguration handicap.

The attraction at Elkwood Park Feb. 12, Lincoln's Birthday, will be the Lincoln handicap, 10 birds, $10, handicaps 25 to 33rds. High guns. Shooting will commence at 12.30. On Saturday, Feb. 13, the Asbury handicap will be started at noon. The conditions will be 15 birds, $15, handicaps from 26 to 31yds.; high guns.

The Yantacaw Gun Club, of Nutley, N J., has a field day on Saturday of this week, Feb. 13. Mr Frank Butler and his wife, the latter perhaps better known as Miss Annie Oakley, are both members of the Yantacaw Gun Club. Miss Oakley will take part in the events on the programme. As announced last week, she will shoot a 50-bird race with Frank Kleintz on Zwirlein's grounds, Yardville, N. J., Feb. 22.

The newly organized gun club at St. Johnsbury, Vt., is getting well under way, and will have everything running smoothly by the time spring is here. Some of the members will probably be heard from at the Interstate shoot at Montpelier, Aug. 25-26

Frank Coleman, a member of the Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club, an organization that holds its monthly shoots at Rockaway Park during the winter months, did some good shooting at the last shoot of the club, held Feb. 1. In three individual matches with R. Woods he was the winner each time. The contests were at 25 targets per man.

The shooters of Pottstown, Pa., have organized a gun club under the title of the Oak Leaf Rod and Gun Club. The club has a membership of 32 to start with, and has elected the following officers: Pres., M. Swavely; Vice-Pres., H. Y. Wolf; Sec'y, H. F. Rhoads; Treas., H. L Minter; Financial Sec'y, A. R. Dillecker.

The New Haven, Conn., Gun Club has gotten out a nice little programme for its Washington's Birthday shoot. Six 10 target events, five 15 target and one 20-target events go to make up that programme All purses will be divided into four moneys under the Rose system. Refreshments will be served free to shooters; $10 in gold will be given away to the four best averages. Shooting commences at 9.30 A. M.

At a recent meeting of the Hamilton, Ont., Gun Club it was resolved that the next annual tournament of the club, to be held in December, shall be open to the world, with the object in view of securing the attendance of several of the crack American wing shots. An attractive programme will be arranged for the occasion, with cash prizes offered aggregating not less than $1,500.

The Hazelwood Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., holds open shoots on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month, shooting commencing at 2 P. M. each day sharp. To get to the grounds, take Second avenue cars to Johnson avenue. Everybody is invited to attend these gatherings of the club.

At the annual meeting of the Yanticaw Gun Club, of Nutley, N J., the following were elected officers for the ensuing year: Robert H. Deakin, President; A Orhtman, Vice President; Ed. Macy, Treasurer; John Hopkinson, Secretary; Dr. De Wolf, Field Captain.

The Peekskill, N. Y., Gun Club claims the dates of May 11-18 for its annual spring tournament. This tournament will follow right after the Newburgh, N. Y., shoot, and will be managed by Neaf Apgar; both these facts should signify a good attendance.

The Forest Gun Club, of Philadelphia, held its annual meeting on Friday evening, Jan. 15. The following list of officers for 1897 was elected: President, Stephen J. Holmersall; Vice-President, Arthur Baum; Secretary-Treasurer, Wm. Morison; Field Captain, Thomas Rowcroft; Official Scorer, Chas. Riotte.

Saturday last was about as bad a day for shooting in this part of the country as one ever meets with, even at this season of the year. The northeast wind blew a gale, while the rain—a cold rain, too—came down in torrents. Coming from the northeast, it was naturally right in the face of the shooter. Those who wear spectacles, and we know of some who do, labored under a handicap unknown to their more fortunate brethren.

J. S. S. Remsen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the winner of the first contest for the *Recreation* cup at Hackensack, N. J., last December, leaves for Florida on the 11th. He remains North just long enough to try for the cup on the 10th, and will do his best to make it "two straight." He will, however, meet some warm company, judging from the list of entries already received by the management of the club.

Frank Class, of Morristown, N. J., and John Rehrig, of Allentown, Pa., will shoot a 50-bird race on the Duck Farm Hotel grounds, Allentown, on Feb. 15. The John F. Weiler Gun Club, of Allentown, will also hold its merchandise shoot on the same grounds on Feb. 22.

While paying close attention to the doings of the cracks at Hot Springs, Ark., and to the near approach of the Grand American Handicap, shooters should not lose sight of the Cobweb Gun Club's tournament, held at Baychester, N. Y., March 16-19. A purse of $500 is not guaranteed every day, particularly in an event of "15 birds, $15, birds extra."

A figure 9 in the place of a figure 7 makes a big difference. The pigeons in the Larchmont Amateur Championship were 70 cents a pair, not 90 cents, as it was made to appear in last week's Drivers and Twisters.

The Ohio Trap-Shooters' League will hold its annual tournament at Springfield, Ohio, June 2-4. The annual meeting of the League will be held at the Arcade Hotel on the evening of June 1.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., will have an invitation live-bird shoot on Feb. 22. The club is going to make this shoot specially attractive.

The Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association has decided to use magautraps at its annual shoot, Kansas City, Mo., May 17-22.

There will be live-bird sweeps at Dexter Park, L. I., on Friday next, Feb. 12. All sweeps open to the world. Shooting commences at 10 A. M.

The Interstate Association will give a tournament at Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 15-16, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

The East Pittsburg, Pa., Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot at targets on Feb. 16. All purses will be divided on the Rose system.

Feb. 9. Edward Banks.

Chicago Clubs.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 6.—The Cook County League held a special meeting last Saturday night; present, members of five clubs; President A. W. Adams in the chair. Vice-President J. H. Amberg having resigned, Mr. H. Levi, of Garden City Club, was elected to that office in his stead. It was decided to pay the secretary $25 a year for his labors, and to pay a scorekeeper $2.50 for each half day's work in the league contests. It was voted that no individual or club should be eligible to more than one prize during the season, except in case where an individual wins the highest class average prize for the season. Two amendments to the by-laws were adopted, these having been earlier stated when offered for consideration. As amended the articles read as below:

Art. I, Sec. 1. All contests for trophies shall be between teams of six men who are members of the same club, in their respective classes. One or more teams may be entered by the same club in either class.

Sec. 2. Class A to consist of members whose individual average in their club shoots for the past season shall have been 80 per cent. or better.

Sec. 3. Class B to consist of members whose individual average in their club shoots for the past season shall have been 70 and up to 80 per cent.

Sec. 4. Class C to consist of members whose individual average in their club shoots for the past season shall have been 60 and up to 70 per cent.

Sec. 5. Class D to consist of members whose individual average in their club shoots for the past season shall have been below 60 per cent.

Sec. 6. If a club has not sufficient men of one class to form a regular team it may combine its men as follows: Three class A men and three class C men to form a class A team; four class A men and two class D men to form a class B team; three class B men and three class D men to form a class C team, or any combination of class men to form a team; providing the grand average of any team shall not be above the limit average of the class entered.

Sec. 7. Each team shall pay an entrance fee at each shoot of $1.50 to the treasurer of the league, to be used for the purchase of suitable prizes.

Art. II. The contests for the prizes shall be held monthly from April to December, inclusive, on the grounds of the clubs composing the league, each club drawing for its turn. Any club, however, may exchange with another club with the consent of the governing committee. All contests shall be held on a Saturday and commence at 1 P. M. sharp.

Directors of the Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, met Friday to take preliminary steps for the annual meeting, which will be held Feb. 22.

E. Hough.

How they do it at Carleton, Mich.

The boys at Carleton, Mich., have many ways of getting a crowd together for a day's sport with a shotgun or rifle. There are many devotees of both weapons in that city, and both contestants and spectators congregate in good numbers when a tournament is on hand. The turkey shoots held last December were remarkably well attended, notwithstanding the bad weather. There were several ways in which a man might win a turkey:

First, by shooting at an 8in. bullseye at 200yds. off-hand and making 10 points, or 12 points at a rest, in one shot with a rifle.

Second, by going into a team of ten or fifteen members, shooting once each and making the highest number of points in one shot with a rifle.

Third—By shooting with a shotgun in a team at a mark, and putting the greatest number of shot into it.

Fourth—By going into a team and shooting live pigeons, the one killing most taking the prize.

Fifth—By forming a team of eight or ten, and shooting at bluerocks thrown from a trap, etc. In all events the shooter had to pay 10 cents to enter.

With such a varied programme it is not hard to imagine that the scorers were kept busy from the time the shoot commenced until it was too dark to see a stationary target or a flying bluerock, animate or inanimate. The reports of the shoot furnished us by our correspondent show that the ventures were entirely successful.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Feb. 4.—The regular weekly shoot of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club was held this afternoon. Ed Williams won the club shoot with 20 out of 25. In a sweep at 30 targets per man H. Perkins was ahead with 25 out of 30. Scores were:

E Williams	1111011100111111011110111—20
W Perkins	0100111101111010111111111—19
A Traver	1011111000111010111101111—17
W D Briggs	1111100101011111101101100—17
F S Eastmead	0010101011011100101110110- 14
A Vonderlynden	0101011001110001101010101—13
H Reynolds	0100100111110010000110001—11
W Manney	1001110001010000100011010—10
F Horsefall	1000100010010010001101010— 9
L Carpenter, Jr	1101000000110100100 0010— 9
H King	0000000000101000110001001— 6

A sweep at 30 targets resulted as below:

W Perkins	1011111101111111111100111111110—25
F S Eastmead	0011101011111111101011011111110—22
Ed Williams	1110100001110111111100011111011—20
A Vonderlynden	1110101101001101101101110001—19
H King	0101010110000001111011011011—17
A Traver	0010010111111011001 01w —11

Secretary.

Team Race at Rochester.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 3.—The only shooting of interest this week was a two-men team race between Borst and Byer against Norton and Foley. The shooting was very hard on account of the high wind. Foley's team should have won by about 10 targets. Scores:

Borst's Team.

L V Byer	1111011111111111101111011111101111111111101111101101—43
Capt Borst	1111110011111110111111011011110111010111110011101111—39—82

Foley's Team.

Capt Foley	1111111111101010101011111111011100111111111110111111—41
Norton	1111101110111101001101101110110100111111111111001—37—78

De Witt.

Championships and Championships.

In our issue of Jan. 23 we published a communication from C. M. Grimm, dated from Clear Lake, Ia., Jan. 16. In a personal letter that accompanied the communication referred to Mr. Grimm asks us to make some comments thereon. That request must be our apology for thrusting upon the notice of a long-suffering public a few remarks on the cast iron championship and other emblems of a similar character and purpose. In making our comments, it would perhaps be best to go back a bit and remind our readers of the circumstances that gave birth to the badge known as "the cast iron championship."

On Monday, Nov. 12, 1894, there was a small gathering of "champions" in Chicago. Among the number were J. L. Brewer, Dr. Carver, J. A. R. Elliott, C. W. Budd, C. M. Grimm, etc. On the date mentioned these gentlemen, none of whom could get hitched up as they wanted to in individual matches, acting, we believe, on a suggestion of Dr. Carver's, put their heads together and agreed to purchase a badge of no intrinsic value other than the great title attached to it; to put up $50 apiece, and to shoot for this badge, its title, and the purse, everything to belong to the winner. This arrangement was arrived at on Monday, and the date set for the decision of this championship battle was Thursday, Nov. 15, three days later. The grounds, of course, were the Watson's Park grounds. Jim Elliott at first refused to go into such an arrangement, but was talked over, and shot along with the rest when the day came. Geo. Kleinman, R. S. Mott and Eddie Bingham were the other contestants for these championship honors. It will not be forgotten that Geo. Kleinman came out of the rut and won with 91 kills, Brewer being second with 89. Later Dr. Carver challenged Kleinman and won the badge on a forfeit, owing to Kleinman's health giving way. The next and only other contest for this badge was shot on Dec. 23, 1896, when Charlie Grimm defeated Dr. Carver in a race that was remarkable for the high scores made. Such, as we understand it, is the history of this little badge

After making the above comments it is scarcely likely that we would have thought it worth while to add anything further, except to reiterate our suggestions to Elliott and Grimm that they go to work and make one trophy out of the cast iron badge and the Kansas City *Star* cup, a trophy that has actually as much claim to championship honors as its rival. It may be that its claims are even greater, as the contest for this cup was thrown wide open and plenty of notice was given to the shooters of this country—something that was entirely lacking in the conditions under which the cast iron badge was shot for. In one respect both badge and cup are alike, so far as we are aware: There is no string to either of them. In both instances it is only a case of put up your $100 and challenge for one or the other. It is now necessary, however, to run to greater length. The following, clipped from a cotemporary, is our excuse:

"A cotemporary suggests that Charlie Grimm and J. A. R. Elliott shoot a series of three races for the cast iron medal emblematic of the American championship on live birds, and the Kansas City *Star* cup, and whichever wins to rivet the cast iron medal to the cup, thus making one emblem. And then, in the same issue, speaking of the Schmelzer & Son's inanimate target cup, which is sometimes spoken of as a championship emblem, says there is only one champion at inanimate targets, and only one inanimate target championship trophy; that Rolla Heikes, of Dayton, O., is that champion and the E. C. cup the trophy. Why not as well suggest that the holder of the Schmelzer cup and Mr. Heikes shoot a race for the target championship and the winner join the two trophies together and make one trophy; as is suggested to do with the cup held by Mr. Elliott and the American championship medal held by Mr. Grimm? If the E. C. cup is the only inanimate target championship emblem of America and Rolla Heikes is the champion—a proposition that we readily accede to—then is the cast iron medal the only live-bird championship emblem of America and Charlie Grimm, of Iowa, the champion live-bird shot of this country, so long as he holds it. A trophy with a string tied to it cannot be a national trophy, and as the cast iron medal and the E. C. cup are the only trophies untrammeled by special conditions they are the only American championship emblems now open for competition."

We are not to blame if our cotemporary sees an analogy between the claims of the rival live-bird championship emblems and the claims of the E. C. championship cup and the Schmelzer trophy The conditions of the E. C. cup are 50 singles, unknown angles; 50 singles, expert rule, one man up; and 25 pairs. The conditions of the Schmelzer trophy are 100 targets, reversed order. The conditions of the cast iron badge and the *Star* cup are precisely the same: 100 live birds, $100 a side. The E. C. cup is emblematic of the championship of the United States at targets, the conditions embracing the three styles of shooting most generally adopted. The Schmelzer trophy is stated to be emblematic of the championship of the United States (or the world, we forget which) at targets thrown at known angles from traps pulled in reversed order. The cast iron badge and the *Star* cup *both* claim to be emblematic of the championship of the United States at live birds

The modest suggestion that we made to Elliott and Grimm, and which has brought down the above rebuke, was made with a view to clearing the live-bird championship atmosphere a little. We now make that suggestion for a second time, and urge a careful consideration of its merits upon both the gentlemen concerned.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

CROSSLAND DEFEATS M'PHERSON.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 28.—J. N. Crossland, of the Hazelwood Gun Club, and S. McPherson, of the Herron Hill Gun Club, shot a race to-day on the grounds of the Hazelwood Gun Club. The match was at 50 birds per man, and was won with ease by Crossland, his opponent retiring in the 40th round, hopelessly defeated. The birds were a rattling good lot, and were aided by a strong wind. The temperature was about zero. Considering everything, Crossland shot a great race. Scores were:

Crossland	2202222202202202202202—19
	2222222202222222222202222—23—42
McPherson	2022 0222220202220000220—14
	2202022020202w —9—23

John McNeil, Pres't.

EAST PITTSBURG GUN CLUB.

Jan. 30.—The January shoot of the East Pittsburg Gun Club was held to-day. The contest is a 100-target handicap race for a cup presented by the E. C. Powder Co. Peters, with a handicap allowance of 10 extra targets to shoot at, was the winner with 88 breaks. Mack, one of the scratch men, was next with 85, Uncle John being third with 82 out of 100. Scores were:

Peters	1011111111001111111111100111111111111111111111011—44
	1110100101010011011111110110011111111011111111010 1—36
	1101011111 —8—88
Mack	1011111111111101101111111111011111111111111110101111 —43
	0101110111111101111111111011111111111111111110100—42—85
Uncle John	0111111111011011111111111111111111011110011011111101—42
	1111111110111111110101010011111111110111101101011—40—82
Ferguson	1111100110111000110111101101011111001111111011101—36
	1111011111101101011001110111111010111101101111110 0—37
	1001110019 —5—78
Gallup	1101011010101101110111111111011111110011000101010 11—34
	0011100110111011010100111111110011011110011111111 1—35
	1111 —4—73
Benton	1111111110000110011011011111111011111111011010100 10—35
	0110011110111011011110111100111111111100111111110 11—37—72
Koethe	0111100011101110011111000111111000101110011010101 11—31
	1100101000111111101111100111011010100100600111111 1100—30
	11010010111 —7—68

Meyer Defeats Bradley.

New York, Feb. 5.—C. M. Meyer, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, shot a 100-bird race to-day with D. I. Bradley, a member of the Larchmont Gun Club, on the grounds of the latter club. The conditions as to rise and boundary were 29yds. rise, 21yds. boundary. Bradley started well with 23 out of 25 to Meyer's 21, but the score was a tie at the end of the 46th round, Bradley leading by 1 at the end of the first half owing to Meyer losing his 50th bird. The score was a tie again in the 70th and 96th rounds. From this point Meyer walked away, winning by 1 bird after losing 3 out of his last 5, viz., 96th, 99th and 100th. Scores were:

D I Bradley	2222221222222211121121?•1—23
	2121121112•2221•21•101222—21
	1211•12222•2122102?0102222—?0
	2•22•2212222210221210?212—21—85
C M Meyer	1222012220?201122122022212—21
	2221202222121•2222222210—22
	122•2122212221•212222022—22
	2222?022222212122221200—21—86

Miss-and-outs, $5 entrance, were shot as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
D I Bradley	20	210	1122	1112	222
C M Meyer	2•	21220	•	2222	2•
C C Hibbard	?0	12221	1112	?0	..
H Otten	22	0	1210	0	120
L Meyer	21	11120	2110	2210	220
Giavinnini	..	.....	.....	.....	220

IN NEW JERSEY.

ELKWOOD PARK'S SATURDAY.

Jan. 30.—Eleven events in all were decided to day on the Elkwood Park traps. No. 11 was the contest for the W. A trophy, W. Patten being the winner in the 10th round, the contest being shot in series of 5 birds. At the end of the first series five out of the seven entries had killed all their birds. In the second series Hank White chased Patten right home, losing his 10th bird after a long string of one-barrel kills. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 7, 8 and 9 were miss-and-outs; Nos. 4, 5 and 6, "Jersey sweeps," viz., 4 birds, $3; No. 10 was a private 5 bird match. Dr. Knowlton also shot at 25 birds for practice, scoring 19 out of the 25. Cannon shot at 7 practice birds and Daly at 5, both men scoring all. The scores in the sweeps were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
J G Knowlton	20	210	..	....	1222	1222	..	....
W Cannon	20	220	0	1112	2102	2000	..	....
F E Heyer	2220	0	22	1111	0112	1101	20	110
P Daly	2222	0	20	0202	....	2022	21	0
H White	2122	10	..	2111	1000	....	0	....
W H Green	2222	112	0	0120	0120	2011	..	....
*P Daly	....	0	..	....	....	....	..	2122
*W H Green	....	...	20	....	....	....	..	....
*W Cannon	....	...	10	....	....	....	..	....
A Seymour	....	...	..	...	1020	1212	22	2120
W Patten	....	...	..	....	....	....	20	2222

* Re-entry.

	No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11.
Patten	0	.....	122?222222
Heyer	20	.....	11121102
Seymour	1122?112	.....	222220
Daly	12222222	22012	02020
Patten (re entry)	2222220	.....	.....
E C Landis	.....	21122	.....
White	.....	.....	2211111110
W Conklin	.....	.....	12111202
Knowlton	.....	.....	1120

Feb. 3.—The Central Gun Club, of Long Branch, N. J., now holds its live-bird shoots at Daly's grounds, Elkwood Park. To-day was its first shoot on these grounds. In the competition (event No. 1) for the Elkwood medal, E. W. Price was the winner with 10 straight, nobody else being even close up. In the three miss-and-outs the handicaps were: Price 30yds., Daly 29, Van Dyke, Cubberly and Seymour 28. Scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 8.
E W Price (29)	2121121222—10	22	22	10
A P Cubberly (29)	0220121201— 7	0	0	0
J L Price (27)	0120211210— 7	..	..	...
T Riddle (26)	0200221121— 7	..	..	....
J Van Dyke (29)	2220202200— 6	20	22	220
A Seymour (28)	0111120001— 6	0	20	220
P Daly, Jr (29)	0220021200— 5	20	0	211
Cubberly (re-entry)	.....	10	..	...
Seymour (re-entry)	.....	20	..	...

Feb. 6.—The following scores were made on No. 2 set of traps at Elkwood Park, a northeast gale and heavy rain sweeping across the traps from left to right. Scores were:

	Elkwood Handicap.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Money (28)	.0122?21121—9	20	122	22	0	0	1110
Patten (27)	.220:022222—8	222	0	20	21	221	222212222220
M Herrington	.2222202222—9	20	0	0	..	...	.....
Morfey (30)	.2222020222—8	220	111	10	10	120	112111122212
Daly	.....	222	20	21	..	...	.....
D Bacon	.....	...	220	0	..	...	.....
Patten *	.....	...	220	..	..	...	.....
Herr'gt'n *	.....	...	20	..	..	...	.....
Money *	.....	...	...	..	22	122	.....

* Re-entry.

	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11.
Money	022200221	010222	222	122211	0
Morfey	202002 02	120220	220	0	2110
Herrington	20?222222	120122212 12	...	.....	....
Patten	2222120202	2222202202	122	0	2223
Bacon	02?220202	2101210100	...	.....	....
Daly	.....	1221222210	220	.....	1120
Morfey (re-entry)	.....	.....	...	221222	....
Patten (re-entry)	.....	.....	...	212110	....
Money (re-entry)	.....	.....	...	.....	1121

	No. 12.	No. 13.	No. 14.	No. 15.	No. 16.
Money	10202	.....	20	22	0
Morfey	02001	.....	122	20	12120
Bacon	.....	00020	...	..	.....
Patten	.....	22000	220	20	0
Money (re entry)	.....	.....	...	..	1221112
Patten (re-entry)	.....	.....	...	..	2222220

ARLINGTON SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.

Feb. 3.—The regular monthly shoot of the Arlington Shooting Association was held to-day under unfavorable conditions, a strong gale from the northeast making the shooting very hard. Mr. Walters's low score is due in a measure to the strong wind, but is also partly due to the fact that he was trying a new gun. Scores:

M Herrington	1111011110011001111111001—18
A Schuler	1101011011010001001111011—15
F Walters	1011001010031010110111110—14
Sickles	1101010100111110000000110—12
Crawford	1000110100001101010001011—11
Simpson	1000101011000100110100100—10
Montgomery	0000000100010110000100110— 7
A Stratton	1000000110000100310000110— 7

H. Frapwell, Sec'y.

AT ZWIRLEIN'S.

Feb. 4.—The following scores were made to-day at Zwirlein's grounds, Yardville, on targets:

No. 1, match at 50 targets a side, losing side to pay far all:

C Allen	1111101111011101110111111—?0
W Taylor	1101110111100301010011103 1—15—35
T Harrison	1101110111111111111100110—20
G Cubberly	1111110111111111101110101—21—41

No. 2, match at 100 targets a side, losing side pays for all:

G Giberson	1111101110110101111110011110011101101010100101110—31
H Wycoff	1110111110110111111111111101111011111111111101—43—77
G Cubberly	1111111111011110011111101111111101111111111111101—44
T Harrison	1111011111111110111101101110110110111111111111111—43—87

In a sweep at 12 targets, 50 cents entrance, the following scores were made: Harrison and Allen 11, Taylor and Francis 9, Williams 8, Thomas 7.

C. Allen and T. Harrison then shot a match at 25 targets for the price of the targets, Allen winning with 23 to 21.

Live-bird scores were shot as below:

Match: J. Duble vs. T. Harrison, 25 live birds, $25 a side, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary:

Duble	?020022222021202222222?0—19
Harrison	0102222022220220232220222—19

Tie will be shot off later. C.

At Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—Both targets and live birds were shot at to-day. In a 100-target match Wright beat Chas. Antoine by 92 to 91. In a 25-target match Goodrich beat Glover by 23 to 15.

Bennett and Wallace shot a live-bird match, 50 birds per man, Bennett winning easily by 43 to 30. Scores:

Wallace	1102120001122011020•11100—15
	1022?021220001111001001110—15—3
Bennett	2211111221111211112220112—24
	0011101111011222221011201—19—43

Practice:

Hollester	1012211122111222 1201 —18
Comley	1111012112210211101221220—21
	1012211100011110100101110—16—37
Wright	2212122122202222012222222 — 3
Goodrich	1112211110 — 9
Bush	21222 — 5

Ravelrigg.

ON LONG ISLAND.

ZWIRLEIN DEFEATS HELGANS.

Feb. 5.—Chas. Zwirlein, of Yardville, N. J., shot a 50-bird race today with Lee Helgans, of Brooklyn, N. Y., on the grounds of the Parkway Gun Club. J. Bennett was referee. At the end of the 50th round the men were tied on 45 each. The tie was shot off at 10 birds, Zwirlein winning with 10 to Helgans's 9. Scores:

Zwirlein	2111202221111211111110223—23
	1211222122021222202112202—22—45
Helgans	2122201221202221211120122—22
	2201222022221222221121222 1—23—45

Tie:

Zwirlein	2122122212—10	Helgans	1220111222—

The Second Midwinter.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Jan. 31.—The first big target tournament of the season of 1897 closed yesterday after a week of the most villainous weather experienced in this part of Texas in years It has become a proverb here that it never rains except there is to be a shooting tournament, a baseball game or horse racing, or any other outdoor sport, which is likely to bring to the city a number of visitors. The visitors who came here the past week evidently are not very much impressed with the climate, and are loath to believe that they ever have anything else at Santone but rain and mud in the winter time. Had these parties attended last year's tournament they would have formed a different opinion.

That the success of the second midwinter did not exceed that of the first is no fault of the projectors, but is entirely due to the elements, and when these are taken into consideration it is a wonder that it did not prove a failure. But it was very far from being such, the visitors outnumbering those of last year, and with favorable weather it would have been a brilliant success Everything had been done, as the management supposed, to insure the comfort of the visitors, but the weather upset all calculations and was the cause of no little adverse and unjust criticism. Such a protracted spell of bad weather occurs only occasionally, and we of the South are never prepared for it. Had the conditions been anything like those of last year the preparations would have been amply sufficient, and the skeptical few would not have had any cause for complaint. As it was, the management spared no pains to make it pleasant and agreeable for the visitors, and anything that would add to their comfort was provided. Great fires were built at the score to enable shooters to keep warm, while a good fire was always kept roaring in the stove that furnished warmth for the shooters in the building that was also the restaurant, where good meals were served to order at all times of the day. This building was not of the substantial kind that they have in the North, so that during extreme cold spells it is difficult to keep it warm.

THE GROUNDS

The tournament was held at San Pedro Springs, a pleasure resort just within the city limits; the buildings are such as are generally found at such resorts in the South. The grounds are easy of access, as electric cars run right to them. Here again a circumstance arose that was no fault of the management and could in no way be overcome by them: The electric line that runs to the park has a double track all the way, but the city was improving the street that led to the grounds, and the car people were only permitted to use one track, as the other was torn up for the present, and the cars had to meet at a given point; this made them few and far between. No such complications existed when the management made arrangements for the use of the grounds, so it could not be censured for this.

Two magautraps were in position, and these furnished ample shooting for all, as it is an easy matter to throw 10,000 targets a day from two of these traps. There was also a set of five expert bluerock traps, which were only used in the Schmelzer trophy event. The building where the shooters congregated was situated some distance from the score, and this made the duties of the squad hustler a little more arduous. The screens were painted green, and artistically decorated with hunting scenes, which were much admired by the shooters; the dogs and birds that appeared on them were well executed. Fulford was very much taken with them, and requested permission to take one of them back to Utica, a request that was readily granted; but Fulford left rather suddenly the night the shoot closed, and doubtless forgot his intentions. He at first informed me that he would attend the Hot Springs shoot, but changed his mind at the last minute. The background was extremely difficult and deceptive. Straight ahead was a heavy growth of low bushes about the usual height a target is thrown, while to the right was a long row of big trees that extended for quite a distance. Then again the traps faced southwest, and if the sun shone it was right in the shooters' eyes from about 2 o'clock until it disappeared. As previously stated, magautraps were used, and taking into consideration all the difficulties that had to be overcome, they worked very well, and threw plenty of targets, many more than could have been thrown from any set of five traps. Paul North looked after them, of course.

Unfortunately Albert Steves was sick, as were also several of his children, and for this reason he was unable to be at the shoot all the time. Thus the management of the tournament devolved on Joe George and Oscar Guessaz, and it is needless to say that they had their hands full, and were kept busy answering questions and seeing that everything was kept moving smoothly They were ever on hand, the first in the morning and the last to leave the grounds, while at night they were at the hotels mingling with the shooters.

Robert Tendick was squad hustler, and despite his 289lbs. of avoirdupois performed his duty well, though along toward the close of the week he complained of his feet being tired. Leo Ferlet filled the arduous position of cashier in a very acceptable manner; his experience of the previous year stood him in good stead. His assistant, a gentleman whose name I have forgotten, was both capable and courteous; he, too, saw service a year ago.

The daily papers published a very concise and authentic report of the tournament, something that is rarely the case with dailies. Mr. Hank Dyer, who did the work for the *Express*, is thoroughly familiar with the sport, being a shooter himself and a writer of considerable ability.

TRADE REPRESENTATIVES.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. had a number of representatives present. They were Rolla O. Heikes, Dayton, O.; J. A. R Elliott, Kansas City, Mo.; B A. Bartlett, Buffalo, N. Y.; Ferd. V. Van Dyke, Dayton, N. J.; J Hildreth, Jr., New Haven, Conn.; Wallace Miller, Austin, Tex. The Peters Cartridge Co. and the King Powder Co. were represented by T. H. Keller, Plainfield, N J.; Jack Parker, Detroit, Mich.; J. H. Mackie, Cincinnati, O. The Du Pont and the Hazard Powder companies had Herbert Taylor, St. Louis, Mo ; Ralph Trimble, Covington, Ky., and Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia , present. Parker Bros.' interests were taken care of by A. W. du Bray, Dayton, Ky., and O. R. Dickey, Boston, Mass. Harvey McMurchy, Syracuse, N. Y., was furnishing information about the L. C. Smith gun, representing the Hunter Arms Co.; C. E. Willard, Hartford, Conn., was there to represent the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Co.; E. D. Fulford took care of Von Lengerke & Detmold and Schultze Powder; U. M. C. Thomas, Bridgeport, Conn., looked out for the U M. C. Co.'s shells and ammunition; J. L. Winston, Washington, Ind , said a good many things about Austin Powder; Paul North, Cleveland, O., explained the merits of the magautraps to those who were interested

OTHERS.

Richard Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis.; Chan. Powers, Decatur, Ill.; W. W. Peabody, Jr. (Wirt), Cincinnati, O.; Col. Bill Settle (Little Sure Shot), of Madisonville, O.; W. G. Sergeant, Joplin, Mo.; T. F. Norton and J. J. Cornett, Kansas City, Mo.; George C. Beck, Jno. Cooper, Royal Robinson, E. H. Tripp and Dr. O. H. Britton, Indianapolis, Ind.; John J. Sumpter, Jr , Hot Springs, Ark. (the Original Arkansaw Traveler); J. H. Fletcher, Little Rock, Ark.; F. S. Parmelee, G. W. Loomis, Plumber Read, G. E. Brucker, Wm. Krug, Omaha, Neb.; C. D. Linderman, Adams, Neb.; R. D. Leach, Tripp, S. Dak.; C. L. Funk and L. G. Morse, Pueblo.; A. D. Mermod, Cañon City, Col.; Capt. J. S. Sedam, Denver, Col.; C. A. Young, Springfield, O ; J. W. Sexton, Leavenworth, Kan ; A. H. Barlow and Geo. Stevenson, Waterville, Kan ; C. H. Calhoun, Weir City, Kan.; C. M. Sumner, Galena, Kan.; Miles Miller and J. A. Jackson, Austin, Tex ; Dr. A. A Forsythe, Monroe, La ; John Conner, Knoxville, Tenn.; Dr. J. L. Weller and Sim Glover, Rochester, N. Y.; W. F. Norman, Greenville, Tex.; K. M. Moore, Farmersville, Tex.; F. M. Faurote, Dallas, Tex ; J. J. Hallowell, Tucson, Ariz.; C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.; C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; P. L. Murphy, Philadelphia, Pa.; Cecil Kennard, Isle of Skye, Scotland; J. B. Kennard, Gonzales, Tex.; G. W. Gish, Dennison, Tex.; H. P. Dens l (Pete), Marshallton, Ia ; M. L. Evans, Emerson, Ia.; A. F. Wilson, Hearn, Tex.; John Ellis and Hutchings, Jr., Galveston, Tex.; Dr. W. F. Carver, Chicago, Ill.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

There were no average prizes, but it might be of interest to some to know in what order their respective idols finished. Only those who shot through the entire programme are included in the list given below. This is an exceedingly small one—just 18 The Schmelzer trophy contest played havoc with the percentage of several, though with none so much as with Bartlett, who only scored 60 in this event. This brought his general average down to 81.4, while had this event been omitted he would have an average of 84.1. Ralph Trimble did not shoot in this event, and, of course, his name is not on the list; his general average though is about 90 for all events he participated in. The standing of the 18 who shot through the programme is as below. Heikes, as usual, heads the list, with Fulford second and Parmelee third:

	Shot.	Broke.	Ave.		Shot.	Broke.	Ave.
Heikes	890	821	92.2	Young	890	758	85.1
Fulford	890	809	89.8	Dickey	890	751	84.3
Parmelee	890	794	89.2	Sexton	890	745	83.9
Glover	890	781	87.8	Elliott	890	739	83
Grimm	890	776	87.1	Loomis	890	739	83
Gilbert	890	776	87.1	Calhoun	890	735	82.5
Sergeant	890	765	85.6	Parker	890	735	82.3
Van Dyke	890	761	85.4	Jackson	890	731	82.1
Merrill	890	760	85.3	Bartlett	890	725	81.4

First Day, Jan. 26.

There was nothing gained by postponing the shoot, in so far as the weather conditions were concerned, only that it made all of the shooters willing and anxious to shoot, regardless of the fact that the ground was covered with ice and sleet, and quite a little of the latter fell during the early part of the day. The raw wind that blew from the north only added to the discomfort of the shooter and made the shooting harder. Blowing directly from the score, it caused the target to dip, and to this factor alone not a few of the ciphers are to be attributed. The cold, too, necessitated plenty of warm clothing, and this naturally hampers the shooter. It was late before a start was made, and there not being any protection for the shooters at the score, the shoot dragged, for just as soon as the shooter finished his score he would make a run for the building that stood in the rear some distance away to get by the fire. This made it difficult to get the squads to the score in proper time, and the large number of entries also made it impossible to finish the day's programme. Only six events were shot out. The other two were begun, but only about eight squads shot out

When the eight 20-target events that constituted the day's programme were finished Rolla Heikes showed up in front with an average of 94.3, just two birds ahead of Parmelee, whose average was 93.1. Then came Trimble with 5 birds less, having just 90 per cent. Dickey and Bartlett were fourth, while Sergeant, Elliott and Fulford were tied for fifth position. Winston was the fortunate shooter of the day, as it fell to his lot to make the only straight in event No. 3

The table below shows the position each shooter finished in, and in addition to the names that appear in it Fletcher, Lee, Ed Steves, Krug, Kennard, Sedam and Lucas shot in one event, making in all seventy-seven shooters that participated during the day. The largest number of entries in any event was seventy-four. The programme consisted of eight 20 bird events.

FIRST DAY'S SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
Heikes	20	19	17	17	19	20	20	19	160	151	94.3
Parmelee	17	18	19	19	20	19	18	19	160	149	93.1
Trimble	19	20	18	17	19	17	17	17	160	144	90
Dickey	17	17	19	20	20	16	17	17	160	143	89.3
Bartlett	18	16	19	16	19	20	18	17	160	143	89.3
Sergeant	17	18	17	18	18	16	19	19	160	142	88.7
Elliott	18	16	19	19	17	18	18	17	160	142	88.7
Fulford	19	18	9	17	17	17	17	18	160	142	88.7
Grimm	17	18	18	19	19	18	20	17	160	141	88.1
Parker	15	20	18	16	19	16	17	18	160	138	86.8
W R Miller	19	17	19	17	19	15	16	17	160	139	86.8
Glover	18	17	18	15	18	18	18	15	160	137	85.6
Calhoun	13	16	17	19	18	17	18	18	160	136	85
Piety	19	15	18	19	17	17	15	16	160	136	85
Gilbert	20	17	17	18	17	14	16	17	160	136	85
Taylor	19	16	17	16	..	..	..	..	80	68	85
Robinson	16	19	17	14	18	17	14	18	160	133	83.1
Cornett	18	15	15	16	17	18	18	16	160	133	83.1
Merrill	15	17	17	13	16	17	18	19	160	132	82.5
Van Dyke	16	19	18	13	17	15	16	18	160	132	82.5
Powers	19	16	16	11	19	15	16	19	160	131	81.8
Faurote	16	17	17	15	19	14	16	17	160	131	81.8
Stevenson	15	18	19	14	16	17	16	15	160	130	81.2
Young	17	13	17	17	17	18	17	14	160	130	81.2
Monroe	12	17	17	18	16	17	16	17	160	130	81.2
Leach	16	17	16	16	19	18	16	12	160	130	81.2
Hallowell	17	17	16	17	19	15	15	13	160	129	80.6
Cooper	18	14	18	16	14	16	14	19	160	129	80.6
Winston	15	16	20	15	14	17	15	16	160	128	80
Norman	19	15	17	15	17	16	14	15	160	128	80
Linderman	14	17	16	16	14	17	19	20	160	127	79.3
Loomis	14	19	13	13	17	18	18	14	160	126	78.7
Murphy	14	15	19	15	15	15	18	15	160	126	78.7
Partington	12	16	16	16	18	16	..	..	120	94	78.3
North	17	15	11	13	19	19	14	17	160	125	78.1
Jackson	18	16	14	16	16	12	15	18	160	125	78.1
Connor	17	18	16	17	15	15	11	..	140	109	77.8
McCormack	17	17	12	18	13	15	17	15	160	124	77.5
Sumpter	15	16	18	16	14	18	16	11	160	124	77.5
Sexton	13	14	16	16	15	18	15	15	160	122	76.2
Bruckner	16	11	15	13	18	13	20	16	160	122	76.2
Foster		15	13	15	16	17	..	..	100	76	76
Wirt	15	15	15	17	15	12	17	15	160	121	75.6
Barlow	16	16	16	12	18	18	10	16	160	121	75.6
Morse	13	17	15	19	14	16	14	13	160	121	75.6
A Steves	..	..	13	18	14	16		..	80	60	75
Weller	16	13	16	13	17	12	17	16	160	120	75
Tripp	13	16	14	11	18	18	15	15	160	120	75
Moore	15	12	15	16	16	16	16	14	160	120	75
Guessaz	13	18	14	13	16	15	12	18	160	119	74.3
Critzer	10	15	15	15	17	19	13	15	160	119	74.3
McMurchy	16	11	16	11	18	18	15	14	160	119	74.3
Fritz	13	12	13	20	13	15	17	16	160	119	74.3
Funk	17	14	11	15	19	15	10	16	160	117	73.1
Keller	16	14	13	16	11	16	17	14	160	117	73.1
George	14	15	14	15	14	16	15	13	160	116	72.5
Mermod	14	14	14	15	15	15	..	..	120	87	72.5
Rooney	17	12	12	15	16	12	..	..	120	84	70
Beckham	13	13	12	15	15	14	..	..	120	82	68.3
Beck	15	15	14	12	15	12	11	14	160	108	67.5
Whitworth	14	9	15	15	15	12	..	..	120	80	66.6
Pete	16	15	13	13	12	9	11	17	160	106	66.2
Ellis	10	12	15	14	13	13	17	12	160	106	66.2
Sumner	12	13	17	13	11	12	15	12	160	105	65 2
Plumber	17	15	13	14	11	14	11	9	160	105	65.2
Mackie	15	13	11	11	16	12	12	15	160	105	65.2
U M C	12	9	14	13	14	13	12	15	160	102	63.7
Hildreth	5	13	12	11	11	9	..	..	120	61	58.3
Fish	13	10	13	8	15	13	9	11	160	92	57.5
Keerson	15	7	11	12	..	..	..	..	80	45	56.2

Second Day, Jan. 27.

When day dawned the sky was overcast, but later on the sun came out and it remained clear the rest of the day. The wind still blew strongly from the north, and was cold and penetrating. The thermometer was down to 17° above zero, while under foot it was damp and disagreeable from the sleet that fell the day previous. Under these circumstances it was a hard matter to get the shooters out early; therefore it was again impossible to finish the day's programme. The two unfinished events of the day previous were first shot out, and then the day's programme proper was begun. This consisted of five 20-target events with $50 added to each, and the Schmelzer trophy contest, a 100-target race at reverse order, entrance $10. The total purse, less the price of the targets, went to the winner of the previous contest, J. W. Sexton, of Leavenworth, Kan. There being 27 entries, this netted him the neat sum of $189. The management also added $75 in this event, which was divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; none of this went with the trophy, however In this event five expert traps were used—bluerocks, of course. These were set to throw a very hard, low bird and with the assistance of the wind frequently flew 90yds. and over. To this more than anything else the low scores are to be attributed.

In the first string of 25 Fulford and Young led with 22; when each had shot at 50 Fulford was still in the lead with 43 In the next string of 25 he again scored 21, and led Sergeant, his nearest competitor, by 2 targets. Young and Van Dyke were next, 3 targets behind Fulford. At this stage of the game it looked a good deal like a cinch for Fulford. Heikes had only scored 58 out of his first 75, and was generally considered out of the race.

It was nearly sundown when the first squad started to shoot their last string of 25, but even in this uncertain light Heikes pounded out 24, and went out with a total of 82. Sergeant only scored 17, and finished with 79, as did Sexton, the former winner. It had now become too dark to go on with the contest. So some one suggested that the scores made by the squad just finished should be rubbed out and shot over again the next morning; naturally Heikes protested, and justly so Then an effort was made to have the next squad shoot out their score, but Fulford had left the grounds, and operations were suspended until the next day.

The first thing the next morning the contest was resumed, and it was only necessary for Fulford to score 19 to win; but this he was unable to do, as 17 was the best he could do, and this made his total 81. Van Dyke and Young both scored 21 in their final string, and tied with Heikes for the cup on 82. Fulford and Elliott divided first money on 81. The tie for the cup was not shot off, but will be at some future tournament. Heikes, Young and Van Dyke each own a third interest in it now.

In the sweeps Heikes again made the best average, scoring 97 out of 100; Sergeant, Robinson and Fulford were next with 92. Then came Powers and Bartlett with 91. The others followed in the order shown in the table. The first five rows of figures are the scores made in the sweeps; while the four last ones are the scores made in each string of 25 in the trophy contest, with the total scored last. In all seventy shooters took part in the events of to day.

SECOND DAY'S SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot at.	Broke.	Ave.	Cup Contest.	Tl
Heikes	20	20	19	20	18	100	97	97	20 19 19 24	82
Sergeant	20	18	18	18	18	100	92	92	21 19 22 17	79
Robinson	19	19	20	19	15	100	92	92	.. ..	..
Fulford	18	19	17	19	19	100	92	92	22 21 21 17	81
Powers	18	20	20	18	15	100	91	91	16 21 18 19	74
Bartlett	19	18	17	19	18	100	91	91	19 14 16 11	60
Gilbert	17	17	19	20	17	100	90	90	19 21 14 23	77
Moore	18	19	16	19	17	100	89	89	.. ..	..
Faurote	19	18	19	19	14	100	89	89	.. ..	..
Trimble	20	18	16	17	18	100	89	89	.. ..	..
Fritz	19	18	17	16	18	100	88	88	.. ..	..
Critzer	16	20	16	18	18	100	88	88	.. ..	..
Cornett	16	17	18	20	17	100	88	88	.. ..	..
Merrill	15	18	17	18	20	100	88	88	16 20 19 24	79
Sexton	14	17	20	20	17	100	88	88	21 19 18 21	79
Dickey	17	18	19	17	16	100	87	87	16 20 21 19	76
Glover	16	15	17	18	19	100	87	87	17 21 19 22	79
Jackson	16	17	17	17	19	100	86	86	15 17 17 15	64
Elliott	17	16	20	17	16	100	86	86	20 18 22 21	81
W Miller	17	19	16	16	18	100	86	86	.. ..	..
Loomis	16	16	19	17	18	100	86	86	21 16 21 18	75
Grimm	17	18	20	15	16	100	86	86	21 19 20 20	80
North	20	18	18	16	14	100	86	86	.. ..	..
Tripp	18	16	19	15	18	100	86	86	.. ..	..
Du Bray	..	..	..	18	16	40	34	85	.. ..	..
Sumpter	17	17	17	18	16	100	85	85	.. ..	..
Van Dyke	16	19	16	18	16	100	85	85	22 21 18 21	82
Parmelee	18	17	17	16	17	100	85	85	17 22 20 24	79
Leach	17	18	18	16	16	100	85	85	.. ..	..
Norman	18	15	17	18	16	100	84	84	18 19 16 ..	..
Linderman	17	14	19	16	18	100	84	84	.. ..	..
McMurchy	16	17	17	..	..	60	50	83.3	.. ..	..
Calhoun	15	13	16	16	20	100	83	83	14 19 19 14	66
Young	13	18	17	18	17	100	83	83	22 20 19 21	82
Wirt	16	18	15	17	17	100	83	83	.. ..	..
Morse	16	14	19	16	17	100	82	82	.. ..	..
Sedam	18	18	19	15	17	100	82	82	.. ..	..
Keller	15	15	18	17	17	100	82	82	.. ..	..
Monroe	18	15	16	18	14	100	81	81	18 17 20 ..	..
Murphy	17	18	16	15	15	100	81	81	.. ..	..
Guessaz	15	17	..	16	16	80	64	80	.. ..	..
Mackie	13	17	15	17	18	100	80	80	.. ..	..
Parker	15	17	19	12	17	100	80	80	18 17 16 20	71
Winston	18	15	15	9	18	94	75	79.7	16 21 17 20	74
George	14	14	17	18	..	80	63	78 7	19 16 15 15	65
Britton	17	15	15	15	..	80	62	78.5	.. ..	..
U M C	18	15	17	14	14	100	78	78	.. ..	..
Piety	15	14	18	15	16	100	78	78	.. ..	..
Stevenson	16	15	15	17	15	100	78	78	.. ..	..
Weller	17	16	12	16	16	100	77	77	.. ..	..
Sumner	15	18	14	12	17	100	76	76	15 14 16 18	63
Beck	13	16	18	14	14	100	75	75	.. ..	..
Brucker	12	17	16	14	16	100	75	75	.. ..	..
Funk	16	17	16	17	9	100	75	75	16 16 16 14	62
Cooper	12	12	17	18	15	100	74	74	.. ..	..
Pete	16	18	15	12	13	100	74	74	.. ..	..
Hallowell	12	15	14	15	18	100	74	74	.. ..	..
McCormack	15	16	15	13	..	80	59	73.7	.. ..	..
Evans	12	11	18	15	16	100	72	72	.. ..	..
Whitworth	..	..	..	15	16	11	60	43	70	.. ..
Barlow	16	13	8	14	18	100	69	69	16 19 17 20	72
Plumber	11	15	16	17	10	100	69	69	.. ..	..
Taylor	14	15	10	15	..	80	54	67.5	17 16 17 ..	..
Beckham	15	14	12	..	..	60	41	68.3	.. ..	..
Kieran	10	16	..	11	..	60	37	61.6	.. ..	..

Third Day, Jan. 28.

Notwithstanding that it was cloudy, this really proved to be the best day of the week. The wind had abated, and the cold had moderated considerably. This made everybody feel better, and more shooting was done, though it was impossible to finish the programme, which consisted of eight 20 target events and the unfinished events of the previous day.

Parmelee was at the head of the list to-day with an average of 93.7, while Heikes had to be content with second place, with 92.5; then came Glover, Young and Merrill in the order named. The entries held up very well, as sixty-nine shooters participated during the day. The table below only shows sixty-five names, but Gish, McCormack, Hildreth and Kennard also took part, though only shooting in one event, or failing to make an average of 60 per cent. Fifty dollars was added in each event.

THIRD DAY'S SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Parmelee	20	19	18	17	20	18	18	20	160	150	93 7
Heikes	19	20	19	18	17	18	19	18	160	148	92.5
Glover	20	18	18	17	17	19	19	19	160	147	91.8
Young	19	17	18	17	19	18	19	19	160	146	91.3
Merrill	20	19	18	17	17	18	18	18	160	145	90.6
Fulford	18	18	16	19	18	16	20	19	160	144	90
Trimble	17	17	20	9	19	19	17	16	160	144	90
Loomis	16	18	17	18	16	20	19	19	160	143	89 3
Powers	18	17	19	16	19	19	18	17	160	143	89.3
Winston	16	16	14	19	18	18	20	18	160	142	88.7
Van Dyke	16	20	14	19	19	17	19	18	160	142	88.7
Sexton	17	20	18	18	16	17	17	18	160	141	88.1
Gilbert	14	17	19	20	19	16	19	17	160	141	88.1
Sergeant	15	17	18	17	19	17	19	18	160	140	87.5
Dickey	18	16	19	17	18	15	20	17	160	140	87.5
Leach	16	16	19	16	15	19	20	18	160	139	86 8
Whitworth	20	14	18	17	19	16	19	16	160	139	86 8
Robinson	18	16	18	14	17	17	19	20	160	139	86 8
Jackson	19	15	14	19	19	16	18	19	160	138	86.8
Faurote	18	16	15	17	19	18	19	17	160	139	86 8
Beck	18	16	19	18	18	15	16	17	160	137	85 6
Morse	19	17	17	17	18	18	14	16	160	136	85
Calhoun	19	16	17	16	17	18	17	16	160	136	85
Guessaz	17	16	..	18	..	18	16	18	120	102	85
Bartlett	15	19	17	18	15	18	16	17	160	135	8 .3
Sumpter	15	17	18	17	19	17	17	14	160	134	83 7
Keller	16	17	18	15	18	14	19	17	160	134	83 7
Grimm	16	18	16	15	20	16	14	19	160	134	83.7
Mackie	16	15	14	18	19	17	18	17	160	134	83.7
Stevenson	17	14	19	17	16	17	..	..	120	100	83.3
Fritz	17	14	16	16	17	16	17	18	160	131	81.7
Linderman	17	14	18	16	18	17	16	15	160	131	81.7
North	17	16	15	16	17	17	17	16	160	131	81.7
W Miller	15	15	17	18	17	17	14	18	160	131	81.7
Elliott	15	18	19	18	11	12	16	17	160	129	80.6
Piety	19	16	16	9	18	17	17	17	160	129	80.6
Parker	15	14	17	15	15	18	19	15	160	128	80
Mesmod	16	15	19	17	14	12	..	17	140	112	80
Tripp	15	17	16	20	17	13	13	16	160	127	79.3
Cornett	15	20	17	14	12	16	..	..	120	94	78 3
Foster	..	..	..	18	14	15	..	..	60	47	78 3
Sedam	18	13	13	17	16	19	13	16	160	125	78.1
McMurchy	16	15	14	19	16	17	14	14	160	125	78.1
Monroe	15	17	18	15	15	16	16	12	160	124	77.5
Critzer	17	15	19	17	14	12	12	16	160	122	76 2
Hallowell	16	14	16	17	15	13	15	16	160	122	76 2
Moore	17	13	17	12	15	16	19	12	160	121	75.6
U M C	16	14	12	12	15	19	16	16	160	120	75
Murphy	13	10	15	16	12	15	19	20	160	120	75
Norman	16	15	13	16	15	18	12	14	160	119	74.3
George	16	16	14	17	15	14	15	11	160	118	73.7
Cooper	12	14	16	12	14	14	17	19	160	118	73.7
Partington	16	17	14	13	..	..	.

part. Ellis, Norton and Arfort are the ones whose names do not appear in the list; these shot only in one event.

FOURTH DAY'S SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	20	17	19	19	18	17	50	170	160	94.1
Fulford	20	13	20	20	19	18	46	170	159	93 5
Heikes	18	16	18	20	18	19	48	170	157	92.3
Trimble	14	18	20	19	19	20	47	170	157	92.3
Grimm	20	20	19	19	16	16	46	170	156	91.6
Foster	..	..	18	19	19	.	45	110	101	91.8
Powers	17	18	20	18	17	19	46	170	155	91.1
Monroe	17	18	20	18	17	19	46	170	155	91.1
Winston	18	17	18	19	18	19	45	170	154	90.5
Van Dyke	19	18	19	17	18	18	41	170	158	90
Partington	20	17	17	18	..	..	..	80	72	90
Sexton	18	19	18	17	17	18	44	170	151	88.8
Young	16	19	18	16	17	18	47	170	151	88 8
Glover	19	17	17	18	18	17	44	170	150	88.2
Tripp	18	17	19	17	14	17	48	170	150	88.2
Robinson	16	18	18	13	16	18	50	170	149	87.6
Murphy	19	19	19	18	17	15	42	170	149	87.6
Jackson	17	17	18	19	19	17	42	170	149	87 6
Bartlett	16	18	16	18	18	19	44	170	149	87.6
Whitworth	16	19	20	15	16	16	42	170	148	87
Calhoun	18	18	17	20	18	16	41	170	148	87
Merrill	19	16	15	19	20	19	40	170	148	87
Sergeant	17	19	14	18	6	18	45	170	147	86 4
McMurchy	14	18	14	14	20	19	48	170	147	86.4
George	16	18	18	16	6	19	41	170	147	86 4
Parmelee	20	16	18	12	18	19	44	170	147	86.4
Piety	14	17	18	18	0	17	43	170	147	86.4
Willard	17	17	17	..	..	..	..	60	51	85
Moore	18	16	17	18	19	15	42	170	145	84.7
Linderman	15	18	1	0	16	16	42	170	144	84.1
Parker	18	17	16	6	1	16	44	170	144	84.1
Leach	17	17	1	16	17	1	43	170	142	83 5
Guessaz	17	16	19	16	1	16	44	170	142	83.5
McCormack	..	..	..	..	14	1	42	40	7	83 3
Faurote	19	14	13	16	17	17	46	170	141	82 9
Dickey	18	18	17	16	18	18	40	170	140	82.3
Wirt	15	20	20	18	19	16	37	170	140	82.3
Loomis	17	15	17	18	15	17	41	170	140	82.3
Critzer	17	1	15	16	16	17	42	170	139	81.7
Mackie	17	15	19	15	15	17	41	170	139	81.7
Norman	17	15	16	15	18	14	43	170	138	81.
Cooper	15	15	18	17	18	15	40	170	138	81 1
Beck	18	16	17	16	16	13	40	170	137	80.6
Morse	18	15	18	12	17	16	40	170	136	80
W Miller	16	17	18	14	16	14	40	170	135	79.4
U M C	15	20	13	16	15	16	35	170	135	79.4
Elliott	16	14	15	13	16	15	45	170	135	79.4
Cornett	17	17	14	20	15	13	37	170	133	78.2
Taylor	15	14	13	16	16	17	37	170	128	75.2
Funk	16	10	11	15	17	17	42	170	128	75.2
Sedam	15	9	17	18	15	15	39	170	128	75.2
Brucker	14	14	17	13	14	18	..	120	90	75
Beckham	..	..	17	13	.	..	..	40	30	75
Keller	15	16	17	16	14	14	35	170	127	74.7
Hallowell	14	13	13	16	16	18	36	170	126	74.1
North	15	16	16	12	.	..	36	130	95	73.5
Weller	14	16	19	16	10	12	..	120	87	72.5
Fritz	16	12	18	13	17	17	39	170	122	71.7
Evans	..	..	..	15	14	14	..	60	43	71.6
Hutching	12	16	12	13	..	..	40	130	92	71.5
Kennard, Tex	..	13	..	17	..	12	..	60	42	70
Hildreth	13	9	..	..	..	..	39	90	61	67 7
Sumner	12	14	13	11	14	14	34	170	114	67 5
Settle	16	14	14	18	7	11	34	170	114	67.5
Hutchings	13	11	..	..	16	..	..	60	40	66.6
Pete	14	16	10	13	11	11	35	170	110	64.1
Gish	11	14	13	10	8	10	27	170	93	54.1

Fifth Day, Jan. 30.

After six days of bad weather one would naturally suppose that the weather man would take some compassion on the shooters and at least give them one fair day. But those who entertained any such anticipations had them speedily blasted, for of all the bad weather the shooters experienced this was the worst. About 10 o'clock it began to drizzle, and this soon turned into a steady rain that afterward became drenching. In a very short time all those who were exposed to the weather were soaked to the skin, there not being any protection at the score.

The programme consisted of ten 20-target races, with several unfinished events carried over from the day before. This made a big day's shooting, but one that could be accomplished if an early start was made and the weather did not interfere. Owing to the heavy rain it was decided to discontinue for the day after 7 events had been shot, but here again a contentious few objected, claiming that they had not come all the way to Texas to sit around and watch it rain. Still none of the kickers shot it out, but very prudently stayed under the shelter of the building. The shoot continued, and as the entries kept falling off it was possible to finish by dark. The last event had only 31 entries.

The water had submerged the wires of the battery and they became short circuited. Hence it became necessary for Paul North to mount his iron horse himself and trip the birds by hand when the shooters called "Pull." Oscar Guessaz performed a like duty at the other trap, and these two looked more like two drowned rats than human beings when the shoot was finally over. In addition some of the help employed by the management rebelled on account of the rain and refused to continue work, so Joe George was forced to act as scorer, while Albert Steves performed the duties of referee, and some of the more compassionate shooters also rendered their assistance in various capacities. The events were finished at last and the management heaved a sigh of relief. They had kept all their promises and fulfilled all their obligations to the shooters, but were unable to overcome the elements.

The averages show Heikes first with 93, Fulford second with 91 McMurchy and Glover next with 90.5. McMurchy shot in something like his old-time form, but it was very imprudent to shoot in such weather, especially after being as sick as he was two days ago. The added money to-day amounted to $530, $50 in each event.

Despite the disagreeable weather fifty-nine shooters took part in the events of the day. Settle, Krug and Hildreth failed to make an average of 60 per cent., and their names are not in the table below.

FIFTH DAY'S SCORES

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	20	19	19	18	20	19	16	17	19	19	200	186	93
Fulford	18	19	17	17	20	17	19	18	18	19	200	182	91
McMurchy	18	16	19	18	19	18	19	19	17	18	200	181	90.5
Glover	18	19	19	18	20	19	19	16	18	15	200	181	90 5
Grimm	17	16	18	15	20	19	19	19	20	16	200	179	89.5
Bartlett	17	19	19	16	19	14	20	17	18	18	200	177	88.5
Piety	17	19	18	18	18	16	17	17	18	18	200	176	88
Parmelee	18	16	17	18	17	20	16	18	19	15	200	174	87
Leach	18	16	19	16	20	17	17	16	17	17	200	173	86.5
Trimble	20	18	17	19	18	17	16	16	17	15	200	173	86.5
Gilbert	19	16	20	16	17	17	16	15	15	18	200	172	86
Moore	19	18	18	13	17	16	16	..	..	..	140	120	85.7
Parker	20	16	19	13	14	17	18	20	18	16	200	171	85.5
Loomis	19	17	17	17	18	17	17	16	14	17	200	169	84.5
Merrill	18	18	15	15	20	12	19	18	14	19	200	168	84
Jackson	19	17	18	12	16	18	18	18	18	14	200	168	84
Van Dyke	20	19	20	18	18	13	15	17	13	14	200	167	83.5
Miller	18	16	16	18	19	14	17	16	17	16	200	167	83.5
Sedam	18	18	18	15	19	12	..	..	..	..	120	100	83.3
Elliott	17	19	17	17	13	15	17	16	18	17	200	166	83
Young	20	16	19	16	18	17	17	16	17	10	200	166	83
Calhoun	19	16	17	16	18	15	13	16	19	17	200	166	83
Sergeant	17	19	19	16	13	12	19	16	17	17	200	165	82.5
Dickey	20	16	13	16	18	15	18	17	18	14	200	165	82.5
Monroe	19	19	18	16	14	15	14	..	..	..	140	115	82.1
Linderman	13	16	17	16	19	15	16	18	19	15	200	164	82
Guessaz	16	16	14	17	18	17	16	14	19	16	200	163	81.5
George	17	17	16	18	18	13	16	18	14	11	200	163	81.5
Fritz	17	19	16	11	17	16	18	14	..	..	160	128	80
Norman	14	16	12	19	17	17	17	.	..	..	140	112	80
Mackie	16	18	18	14	16	12	18	..	..	..	140	112	80
Powers	19	17	18	15	17	13	14	14	16	w	180	143	79.4
Winston	19	16	16	15	16	13	..	..	..	..	120	95	79.1
Sexton	16	18	11	17	17	14	17	16	16	16	200	158	79
Wirt	17	15	15	15	15	16	16	18	15	15	200	157	78.5
Hallowell	17	19	17	16	14	17	18	13	13	12	200	156	78
Tripp	15	16	17	16	16	16	18	11	w	..	160	123	76.5
Murphy	16	18	16	15	w	13	13	16	..	..	140	107	76.4
Beck	19	15	19	20	18	14	16	16	14	..	180	151	75 5
Cooper	18	15	17	14	15	13	14	..	..	..	140	104	74.4
McCormack	17	15	15	12	15	15	..	..	..	..	140	89	74.1
Whitworth	12	15	13	9	14	8	19	16	17	14	200	147	73.5
U M C	18	14	15	10	16	..	..	..	..	..	100	73	73
Brucker	16	13	12	17	16	13	w	..	..	..	120	87	72.5
Funk	17	14	16	12	17	16	17	16	..	14	180	129	71.7
Morse	15	16	17	11	11	..	..	16	..	..	120	86	71.6
France	13	18	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	57	71.5
Cornett	12	17	16	..	12	10	18	12	13	..	160	114	71.3
A Steves	16	14	15	12	16	12	18	11	14	..	180	128	71.1
Hutchings	15	16	15	16	11	13	13	..	..	..	140	99	70.7
Robinson	17	17	13	11	14	12	..	..	..	..	120	84	70
Foster	..	..	..	..	15	17	16	9	13	..	100	70	70
Faurote	15	16	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	55	68.7
Critzer	13	10	15	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	54	67 5
Plumber	10	11	13	11	16	15	17	13	..	..	160	106	66.2
Kennard, Tex	11	14	12	12	..	..	..	11	17	..	120	77	64.1

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Never have we seen so many sick shooters at a tournament! Charley Budd and Dr. Carver fared the worst. Charley arrived on Friday and was able to practice a little, but was taken down Sunday and was never able to shoot a gun during the tournament. He left for home on Feb. 1 still very sick; Grimm accompanied him, and under his care he should be able to make the trip. Charley hopes to be well enough to return to Hot Springs in time for the big handicap.

Dr. Carver had to go to bed immediately and was never able to visit the grounds. We saw the Doctor Monday at the Government Hill Club's shoot and he appeared rather thin. He intended to depart for Chicago the next day and had given up the idea of going to Hot Springs.

Tom Norton also belonged to the hard luck crowd; he was sick all the time the shoot was in progress, but managed to shoot in one event, the E. C. cup race.

Grimm, McMurchy, Dr. Britton and several others were also on the sick list part of the time. McMurchy very imprudently shot on several days when he should have remained at the hotel.

John J Sumpter, Jr., was on hand with a supply of programmes and a few of the souvenir badges that he proposes to give to those who attend his shoot. Of course he was telling what a good game he had prepared for the boys. Some people don't eat turkey, and that's why the programme did not please everybody, so all of them will not be at the feast, especially the sure thing crowd.

On Saturday at preliminary practice Gilbert broke 9 targets out of 100.

Chan Powers wore a nice new shooting suit especially designed for the occasion, and also shot a brand new Parker gun.

U M C., as is habitual with him, wasn't saying much, but he knew just how many were shooting U. M. C. goods, and then to vary the monotony he went out and broke a straight.

Paul North shot like a novice for several days. Then he changed guns, using Fulford's single barrel Francotte, and with it he managed to keep in the money right along, and finally made a straight.

There we two Kennards at the shoot, neither of whom knew the other was in existence. The one was from England and the other a Texan. To designate one from the other they were dubbed English Kennard and Texas Kennard respectively.

Wirt was unfortunate in scoring 15s; he scored this number oftener than any other shooter, and as the 15s only got in for money twice, it was not a very remunerative hole. On the fourth day he developed quite a streak, however, getting two straights together and making a run of 51 straight.

On the fourth day of the shoot a very singular occurrence took place. A flock of sandhill cranes flew high over the shooting grounds, and as soon as the shooters perceived them they opened fire on them, though they appeared to be far out of reach of any shotgun. Capt. Bartlett, as soon as he saw them, cut a shell so that it would act as a concentrator, as did Glover. After a number of shots had been fired at them the crowd was amazed to see one of the birds begin to totter, collapse and fall to the ground dead. The distance this bird was killed was variously estimated at 150 up to 250yds. Such a shot seems incredible, but this was witnessed by more than a hundred people. The charge of shot had struck it just at the base of the neck and had severed the jugular vein and the wind pipe, but had not broken the neck; a large ragged hole was torn in the skin. As soon as the bird fell considerable contention arose as to who had fired the fatal shot. Glover proclaimed very loudly that he had performed the wonderful feat, while Capt. Bartlett was equally convinced that he had fired the fatal shot, and to substantiate his statement one individual avers that he saw the shell in its flight, and also saw it strike the bird. Furthermore, the color of the shell was red, and everybody knows the color of a Leader shell, while that of a Trap (the kind that Glover was using) is green. Be this as it may, the skin of the crane is now stretched over a dummy in Critzer Bros.' store.

It will be a surprise to a great many to see that John Conner only shot on the first day. He was called home by telegram, and his case was not one of gunshyness, as lack of form never causes him to quit.

In the future Frank Parmelee will be known as Li Hung Chang. This is the result of having his hair cut and wearing a crusher.

Van Dyke missed a good chance to make a killing; on the last day in the second event he ran 19 straight and then dropped his last one. It eventually turned out that this bird was worth about $50, for no one made a straight.

Ralph Trimble was the lucky man at the shoot, notwithstanding that Heikes outshot him by at least 4 per cent. Ralph quit about $50 ahead of Roll.

The Government Hill Club, an organization composed of the officers stationed at Fort Sam Houston, got up an informal little shoot Monday afternoon for the entertainment of the shooters who were yet in the city. It being a beautiful day, all those who remained accepted the invitation. The following were present: Heikes, Bartlett, Elliott, Trimble, Dr. Weller, Glover, Taylor, Dyer, Mackie, Keller, Robinson, Tripp, Beck, Cooper, Winston, Dr. Carver, Tendick, Stone, George and myself. Capt. Foster and Lieut. Whitworth seem to be the moving spirits in the club, and all those who attended spent a very pleasant afternoon.

We are authorized to state that so far as the Big Three are concerned there will be no more midwinter shoots at San Antonio. They claim not to have developed any bristles, but know when they have enough.

If the bird that has been producing the single standard eggs in Texas has been stifled, there is no one to blame but a few narrow-minded, contentious shooters whose kicking propensities have thoroughly disgusted the Big Three. Financially the shoot was not a success, and in addition to their time and labor they will have to make up a deficiency. This they do not object to, but they do not believe in being censured for things they could not overcome.

After the tournament quite a number of the shooters went down to the coast to shoot ducks. Mr. W. W. Peabody, Jr., took down in his special car Richard Merrill, Chan. Powers, William Settle, Frank Parmelee and Oscar Guessaz.

Hildreth, of the Winchester Arms Co., did not get into the money very often, but this gave him little concern. What interested him most was the number of pumps in use at this shoot.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

John F. Weiler Gun Club.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Feb. 2.—The John F Weiler Gun Club, of this city, held its regular shoot to-day on the grounds of the Duck Farm Hotel. The scores made in the different events were shot under unfavorable conditions, snow falling all the time. Below are the results in to-day's events:

S Weiler	1111110111111011111011101110101111110001111101011101—38
H A Acker	0101101110100101111111101110111011111101101000000—31
L G Grammis	1111010010000001011110010010111101001111010111000—27
O Griesemer	1010000100110001001011010001110111110000001010101101—22
F Miller	0110011000101000101001011110110110010000001001010101—21
B Jeam	1001110000000100100100000010001000100100010011—13

The above event was shot as two events at 25 targets each. A sweep at 5 live birds per man resulted as follows:

J F Weiler	22112—5	S Weiler	01221—4
O H Acker	21202—4	C Kramlich	11202—4
A Griesemer	10121—4	A S Weiler	12102—4
Ed Minnich	04112—4	B Meyer	10121—4

The medal event resulted as follows:

O H Acker	1010110111101111111111—20
C Hohe	0011100000001010001100001— 8
C Kramlich	1010101011100101011011110—15
A S Weiler	0110110111001111111010101—15
Ed Minnich	1111001111101111110001001—18
C Erdman	0000001000001010110010010— 7
Ed Jeanes	1100001000001110101101—13
A Griesemer	0110000100000000001000111— 9
H Acker	0000000000000000000001— 1
Fred Miller	1010011010010011110010000—11
O Griesemer	0000011000010000010000—4
S Weiler	0111101101001101110111111—17

A. GRIESEMER.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Feb. 3.—The inclemency of the weather to-day prevented the usual attendance at the Boston Gun Club's grounds. A terrific wind blew the entire afternoon and the shooters present were kept tolerably busy endeavoring to do three things at once: retaining their equilibrium, their head gear and pointing their gun in presumably the right direction. That a successful combination was not effected the following scores will bear testimony to, yet all consoled themselves with the fact that some of the misses were excusable. All are anxious to try again and only wait for a fine day to prove that the expected improvement, like Christmas, is coming. It only required a snow accompaniment to recall two occasions of a year ago, when the shoots were held in out-and-out blizzards. Hence there was something to be thankful for. Shooting as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	5	5	10	5	6	10	5	6	6
Harris (15)	4	1	7	4	3	5	4	0	..
Shaw (15)	2	1	4	3	2	9	2	4	5
Payne (15)	1	0	1	2	1	2	4	2	..
Williams (15)	1	..	..	..	..	2	4	1	..
Greener (15)	..	..	3	2	2	2	2	3	..
Dennison (15)	..	..	5	3	2	3	3	2	..
Miskay (17)	..	..	3	4	3	8	3	3	..
Needham (15)	..	..	..	2	1	4	2	3	1
Horace (15)	..	..	..	..	..	3	3	2	..

Events 1, 2, 3 and 6, known angles; 4 and 7, unknown angles; 5, 8 and 9, pairs.

Second contest, handicap prize series, 21 targets, 10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs:

Shaw (15)	1111011111—9	01100—2	10 10 11—4—15
Miskay (17)	0111111101—8	10101—3	10 11 00—3—14
Harris (5)	1011001100—5	11101—4	00 00 00—0—9
Dennison (15)	1110000000—3	01011—3	00 00 11—2—8
Payne (15)	0100000100—2	11110—4	00 10 10—2—8
Horace (15)	1000100010—3	10011—3	01 00 10—2—8
Needham (15)	1010010010—4	00000—0	00 10 11—3—7
Williams (15)	0001000100—2	11011—4	00 10 00—1—7

Greener withdrew.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 30.—The regular weekly shoot of the Buffalo Audubon Club was held to-day under perfect weather conditions for target shooting. The attendance felt the effects of the favorable weather and was exceedingly good. The scores in all the events ruled high, and in the medal shoot L. W. Bennett made a clean score of 25, winning the Class A medal for the third time and adding another notch to his score of wins for the "straight-score" trophy.

F. N. Alderman won B Class badge, and W. H. Woodbury won C Class. The feature event was the monthly cup shoot, which is a handicap affair, hand caps ranging from 8 targets to 3 targets, of which no shooter can be credited with more than 25. There were five ties in this event—Forrester, Ald. Zoeller, L. Fries, E. Reinecke and Wm. Hines, Jr. In the shoot-off Ald. Zoeller won, making a clean score of 16 straight.

Scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	25	0 s	15	15	10	20
E C Burkhardt	9	14	23	24	12	13	8	17
Norris	7	15	21	23	10	13	10	16
C S Burkhardt	7	13	20	22	10	13	8	..
Forrester	7	13	16	25	12	10	..	..
Swope	6	11	22	24	13	15	10	15
Stacy	9	12	20	21	14	14	9	15
Waltz	6	13	21	29	10	11	6	11
Sandy	..	10	15	23	9	9	7	13
G Zoeller	..	12	19	26	10	13	7	..
B Talsma	5	..	20	23	..	..	..	..
Alderman	..	..	21	24	12	11	9	18
W Storey	..	..	17	22	12	..	..	..
W Hines, Jr	..	..	21	26	..	..	10	..
E McC'ney	..	..	10	19	14	9	..	9

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	25	0 s	15	15	10	20
E Reinecke	..	..	..	18	28	..	..	..
Hammond	..	..	..	21	22	12	..	..
A Coombs	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
L Fries	..	..	..	14	27	..	..	..
J J Reid	..	..	..	17	23	11	12	6 15
E W Smith	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..
J E Lodge	..	..	..	17	20	..	..	..
L Bennett	..	..	..	25	..	14	12	9 18
Reynolds	..	..	..	17	20	..	..	..
McArthur	..	..	..	17	18	10	12	7 10
Woodbury	..	..	..	16	..	8	10	9 ..
J Beck	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	9 19
McCarney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6 ..
Tidler	..	..	..	..	13	8	5	.. ..
Skiro	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	.. ..

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—Below are the scores of our monthly live-bird shoot. The day was bright and clear, with a light breeze blowing. Owing to the ground being covered with snow white birds were very hard to see. In the tie for the class C medal, the tie being shot off at 3 birds, Mr. Barker won with 2 to President Bage's 1. Scores were:

	Medal Shoot.	No. 1.	No. 2.	Tie.
Gus Greiff (A, 30)	12221—5	21122—5	13•22—4	1211•—4
C Zorn (A, 30)	20121—4	12222—5	.....	.....
E Miller (A, 30)	21001—3	.....	.....	.....
P F McKeon (A, 30)	0•201—2	11210—4	•1121—4	11112—5
C Donnelly (B, 28)	22222—5	01110—3	.....	.....
A Elliott (B, 23)	12022—4	11210—4	.....	.....
G Barker (C, 27)	01010—2	00211—3	.....	.....
A C Bage (C, 25)	20200—2	.....	.....	.....
G W Thompson (Z, 25)	20011—3	.....	.....	.....
R Hughes (Z, 25)	01200—2	.....	.....	.....
J Duncan (Z, 25)	0•2••—1	.....	.....	.....
C Walters (Z, 25)	••00•—0	.....	.....	.....
*W Cashan (5)		00200—1	.....	.....
*J M Baker (30)		21220—4	21121—5	.....

* Guests.

Two matches for the price of the birds were shot as follows, McKeon settling in the first match and Baker in the second:

First match:			
Cashan	1111000211—7	McKeon	10•1•0122w—
Second match:			
Greiff	1112212221—10	Baker	2121202122—9

G. W. THOMPSON, JR., Sec'y.

Carleton Rifle Club.

CARLETON, Mich., Feb. 1.—The Carleton Rifle Club holds bi-monthly shoots at its range in this city. These shoots are held on the first and third Tuesdays in every month. At our last shoot, held under superb weather conditions, with the exception of an irregular wind that bothered the shooters a little, some fine scores were made. J. Orion and L Richards each made 20 consecutive bullseyes on the American standard target, 8in. bull, 200yds. Scores were:

Members' record, rest match:											
J Orion	10	9	12	10	9	12	10	9	12	12	—105
	12	11	9	8	9	9	8	9	12	9	—96
L Richards	9	11	9	9	12	10	9	9	11	10	—99
	8	12	8	8	12	9	9	12	9	11	—98
Jas Osborn	7	6	9	7	10	8	10	9	8	8	—82
	7	6	8	9	7	11	7	7	11	7	—79
All-comers' off-hand match:											
Joe Foye	2	9	5	8	7	5	3	7	7	7	—58
John Smith	9	7	8	4	8	6	5	7	4	4	—57
Frank Ross	7	4	6	9	5	5	6	3	6	5	—56

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

L. B. M., Canada.—The import duty on firearms brought into the United States is 30 per cent., *ad valorem*.

W. S. L.—The record tarpon is probably Senator Quay's fish of 263lbs. We shall print the others very shortly in our angling columns.

ANTOKEE, Toledo, O.—From time to time much interesting information has appeared in your columns in regard to venomous reptiles. Not knowing much about these creatures, though sometimes hunting in their domains, I would like very much to know how heavy a legging or bootleg should be to resist the fangs of a rattler or cottonmouth. Will some brother of the field and woods having knowledge on this subject kindly inform me through these columns? Ans. Ordinary leather or canvas leggings will be a protection.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Acme Engine.

THE Rochester Machine Tool Works are noted not only for their marine engines, but also for general utility engines of various types. The *Independent* of Jan. 28 has the following to say with regard to Acme Engines:

"There are thousands of readers of the *Independent* who need and can make excellent use of the Acme Automatic Engine. For a thousand and one things it is essential; the pumping of water, for small boats and yachts, for use by farmers in cutting and steaming feed, sawing wood, for churning and running separators; for printers for driving presses, etc., for gentlemen owning country places where it is necessary to draw and raise water into tanks to supply houses and grounds and for almost any number of businesses the Acme Engine is essential. They are built in all sizes, from one-half to six horse power. They do not require a skilled engineer to run them, and they are adapted for either kerosene, wood or coal. They are small, compact and very effective. They have been sold in nearly every country of the world, and the manufacturers, the Rochester Machine Tool Works, of Rochester, N. Y., are continually receiving the highest testimonials from persons who have used them, but whom they have never seen. The Rochester Machine Tool Works will send to any one, upon application, their illustrated catalogue and price list."—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR 10 CTS A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 8. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

Jacksnipe Coming In. "He's Got Them" (Quail Shooting). Vigilant and Valkyrie. Bass Fishing at Block Island.

The plates are for frames 14 x 19 in. They are done in twelve colors, and are rich in effect. They are furnished to old or new subscribers on the following terms:

Forest and Stream *one year and the set of four pictures*, **$5.**
Forest and Stream *6 months and any two of the pictures*, **$3.**
Price of the pictures alone, $1.50 each; $5 for the set.

Remit by express money order or postal money order. Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

I trust indeed that the day will ere long arrive when all true sportsmen will set their faces steadily toward game protection, and as steadily against those false brothers of the gun who, crying out "protect, protect," yet lose themselves no opportunity, when unsuspected or unseen, of slaughtering for the bag and for the brag, at all risks, in all manners, and at all seasons. Frank Forester.

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

IN our issue of next week, Feb. 27, will be given the fifth in the series of half-tone reproductions of Audubon's famous bird portraits, from the rare first edition. It will be of the American golden plover. The list of plates already printed and to come includes:

THE BLACK DUCK, Sept. 26, 1896.
THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN, Oct. 24.
THE CANVASBACK DUCK, Nov. 21.
THE WILLOW PTARMIGAN, Dec. 19.
THE AMERICAN GOLDEN PLOVER, Feb. 27, 1897.
THE SHOVELLER DUCK.
THE REDHEAD DUCK.
THE PURPLE SANDPIPER.

PENNSYLVANIA AND THE PLATFORM.

THE State Game Commissioners of Pennsylvania have proposed to the Legislature a new game code, one provision of which makes unlawful the taking of game for sale, its sale within the State or export out of the State. This is a righteous measure, and it should have the warm support of every sportsman in the State. The market-shooter is out of his place in history. He has had his day. Game is no longer, in sound public economy, an article of traffic. We shall rejoice to see Pennsylvania by the adoption of such a law make good the ending of the professional hunter's industry within her borders.

NOCTURNAL PROTECTIVE COLORING IN ANIMALS.

To the *American Journal of Science* for February Prof. A. E. Verrill contributes an article on "Nocturnal Protective Coloration in Mammals, Birds, Fishes, Insects, etc., as Developed by Natural Selection." The paper is full of interest and suggestion, and is likely to lead other observers to contribute facts bearing on this question.

Very much has been written concerning imitative and protective coloring in these various groups as seen by daylight, but little or no attention had been given to their colors as seen at night until the subject was brought up some time ago in a paper read before the American Morphological Society by Prof. Verrill, of which the present article is an abstract. Prof. Verrill shows that many of the colors which are protective by day are still more so under moonlight or starlight. It is evident that in the case of all nocturnal animals protection is much more needed at night than it is by day. Such animals as rats, mice of various sorts, moles, shrews, some herbivorous animals, and other creatures belonging to many different orders, lie hidden during the day, and only venture forth to seek their food during the night. Such animals require protective coloring in order that they may escape the notice of other animals that prey upon them. In the same way many of the animals that capture those just mentioned need protective coloring in order that they may escape the notice of the creatures that they prey on, and may succeed in capturing them.

So it is that many small nocturnal mammals belonging to many groups are gray or brownish-gray in color, and so are protected at night, when they are abroad, although this coloring would be a positive disadvantage were they to be abroad during the day, for it would be in sharp contrast to the grass in which they live and on which they feed. The common meadow mice, which are very dark gray, can hardly be seen even in a bright moonlight and in localities where they are very abundant, and when the numbers close at hand are so large that the sound made by their teeth in eating can be distinctly heard. Many of the nocturnal carnivorous animals are black or very dark in color, and so are extremely inconspicuous at night, although they would be readily seen in daylight.

The same principle will apply to many birds, reptiles, fishes and insects, many of which are very active at night, and by day conceal themselves in holes, or hide in thickets or in the grass. But it is not only nocturnal creatures that need protection at night, for many which are active during the day rest at night in exposed situations, where, if observed, they might be destroyed by enemies. Small birds roost in trees, bushes or reeds. Small fishes rest at night on the bottom, or among sea weeds, grass or stones. Both are thus exposed to the attack of nocturnal predaceous species.

Often it is true that the same color is equally protective at night and by day. Examples of this are found in the green plumage of birds that live among foliage, and in the gray and brown colors of birds and mammals that live on the ground, among rocks or dead leaves and on the trunks of trees. The white colors of some birds and mammals in winter, and in arctic or alpine regions, are other familiar examples. Some colors, however, which are not at all protective by day are eminently so at night. Black and brown are colors protective by night and not by day, since in the black shadow cast by the moonlight a dark animal becomes invisible. This invisibility is often increased by the presence of stripes of light color on a dark ground, which look like patches of moonlight falling across a dark shadow, and thus serve to break up the outline of the body of a bird or beast which otherwise might be recognized. Transverse bands of black or dark brown on fishes, and black fins and tails, have the same effect of weakening and confusing the outline of the body. Where fishes rest among eel grass or seaweed these dark marks look like the shadows and shaded surfaces of the weeds. The striped colors of the tiger and the spotted patterns of the leopard, jaguar and panther, which live in thickets and jungles among straight canes or twisted shrubbery, have the same effect of making indistinct the outline of the animal's body even by day, and the effect would be still greater by moonlight or starlight.

Among insects numerous examples of coloring, evidently protective at night, might be cited, and these can be explained only on the basis of natural selection. Such coloring may, or may not, be more or less protective by day. Often it appears to be the reverse of protective. Many butterflies, for example, are brightly colored and in no way match the objects among which they live. Species that are black or dark blue, striped or blotched with light yellow or orange, and those that are spotted or striped with red, orange and black on the upper surface of the wing, are conspicuous whether flying or at rest. Their active habits and acute senses no doubt give these species a measure of protection by day. When resting at night, with wings folded, the colors of the under surface of the wings usually harmonize very perfectly with that of the flowers on which they rest. Certain butterflies have silvery spots on the under surface of their wings, which, when they are resting at night, look like the dew drops which surround them.

Many nocturnal insects that live on the ground have colors that are protective only at night. Many of these hide themselves during the day, so that no protection is then needed. Other insects, which are abroad during both day and night, have acquired green or yellowish colors, which are protective at all times to such as live among grass or foliage. Examples of this are seen in katydids, green grasshoppers and others.

As a rule, patches, stripes or spots of strongly contrasting light or dark colors are more likely to be protective by moonlight than by day, whether on birds or fishes. We know less about reptiles, but among the nocturnal amphibians protective coloring certainly occurs. Some of our native black salamanders are conspicuously blotched or spotted with white or light yellow.

The whole subject is one of very great interest, and it is remarkable how little is known about it.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE results of the last trials of poachers in the Yellow stone Park are very satisfactory—as much so as some of the earlier ones were discouraging. Of the two men arrested, one named Decker was shown to have had no gun and was in the Park only as an assistant to help the real criminals pack out their meat. He was therefore acquitted, and properly enough, since though he was an accomplice, it was hardly worth while to treat him with the severity which his offense merits. It is wiser to work up the punishments gradually on these offenders rather than to enlist sympathy in their behalf. The other man arrested, George Scott by name, is an old offender, who claims to be a hardened and desperate man, but is not. Scott was sentenced to six months in jail and to pay a fine of $200—an eminently fitting punishment. He may perhaps take the pauper's oath and so escape the fine, but he will have to suffer the imprisonment, which will undoubtedly do him a great deal of good and will make his friends and neighbors do a large amount of thinking. This is likely to make them and others pause before killing Park game again. There is little doubt that this same Scott has killed buffalo in the Park, and in any event he is entitled to no sympathy.

At a book sale in New York last week a copy of Walton and Cotton's "Angler," in two volumes, extended to four by the insertion of six hundred and fifteen illustrations, was sold for $460. Walton is a book which readily lends itself to extra illustrating, and it has often been devoted to this purpose. The illustrations suitable are practically endless. In portraits one might begin with Walton and Cotton themselves, their friends and contemporaries, and follow with all the famous anglers down to the "Men I Have Fished With." Of fishing localities which might be pictured, from waters frequented by Walton to those of our own country, there would be no end. Pictures of fishes make up another branch; and then the field of angling sketches, engravings, prints and drawings, stretches out illimitably. Once the extra illustrating mania takes possession of the possessor of a two-volume Walton, he has a life work before him. It is the first step that counts.

The scheme of imposing a license tax for the privileges of shooting and fishing is constantly gaining ground as a game protective expedient. It has reached its most advanced stage in Maine, where the plan of imposing a stiff tax on sportsmen's guides is now under discussion by the Legislature. In other States it takes the form of a heavy fee exacted from non-residents, while citizens go free or are taxed in a nominal sum only. The principle underlying the system is that those who profit most directly by the shooting and fishing resources of a country should contribute toward the maintenance of the supply. Tax the sportsman, say the license advocates, and devote the funds so provided to warden and protector services. Another impelling motive is to keep the foreigner, the non-resident, out of the State. This rule holds more especially in the Canadian Northwest, although in the Province of Quebec there is no desire to exclude sportsmen from the United States, but, on the contrary, inducements are held out to bring them in. The various license systems already prevailing in some of the Western States have not been in practice long enough yet to afford a sound basis for determining their utility. It may be said that everything which diminishes the number of shooters decreases also the amount of game destroyed; and yet this wholesome result may be entirely offset by unrestrained slaughter on the part of native shooters.

The National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association convened in annual session in Kalamazoo, Mich., last week, twelve members present, and adopted the customary regular annual resolutions respecting wildfowl eggs in Alaska. They appear to be hopelessly daft on duck eggs.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HUNTING ON THE SPANISH MAIN.

A Naturalist-Sportsman on the Line of the Nicaragua Canal.

BY J. F. LE BARON, C. E.,

Late Engineer in Charge of the Nicaragua Canal.

The Nicaragua Canal, as laid out and commenced, crosses the American Isthmus through the southern part of the Republic of Nicaragua, and on the boundary line between that country and Costa Rica.

The country through which it passes is necessarily the lowest between Cape Horn, on the south, and the northern limits of Alaska. The canal line is located through swamps, lagoons, river beds and lakes; but immediately adjacent thereto the volcanoes and rocky spurs of the Cordilleras rise to heights of over 5,000ft. Commencing on the eastern side, the canal passes through the coast swamps and up the valley of a small stream called Deseado; crosses a spur of the Cordilleras into the valley of the San Francisco River, a small stream, from which it passes into the San Juan River, which it follows to Lake Nicaragua. The San Juan River is a large stream, averaging over a quarter of a mile in width; and Lake Nicaragua is an inland sea, seventy-five miles long by thirty wide, and with a depth of over 100ft., and it is elevated 102ft. above the level of the sea.

The most impressive fact in connection with this canal is that a vessel of 900 tons has steamed out of New York Harbor, passed down the coast to Nicaragua, ascended the San Juan River, crossed Lake Nicaragua and anchored on the western side at the proposed canal entrance; and from the mast-head the smoke of steamers on the Pacific, only thirteen miles away, could be plainly seen, and the greatest elevation of land intervening was only 45ft.! This shows how near nature has come to making a canal between the two oceans, and how little remains for man to do.

The writer lived for over two years on this strip of land between the two oceans, in charge of the surveys and work of the canal, and is familiar with every foot of it, and with its fauna and flora, its climate and seasons.

The width of the Isthmus between the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific Ocean at this point is 120 miles, but the line of the canal is diagonal, and the distance by the located line is 169 miles in round numbers.

The climate of the two sides of the Isthmus is essentially different. On the east side the northeast trade winds blow almost incessantly from the Atlantic, laden with moisture which is condensed and precipitated upon striking land, and the result is a hygrometric condition which is not exceeded for moisture by any country on the globe, with perhaps the exception of parts of India. Rain gauges were set up and carefully kept under my direction, while I was on the Isthmus, at various places on the line, the result showing that at Greytown, the eastern terminus of the canal, there was an annual rainfall of 296in.

On the west coast, between Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific Ocean, the climate is entirely different. The rainfall is only about 57in. a year and there are regular rainy and dry seasons, whereas on the east coast there is no regularity in this respect. As they say at Greytown, "It rains every day and every other day it pours." The reporter of the N. Y. *Herald*, who accompanied the party, wrote to his paper in January that it had rained so far every day, but the old inhabitants of the place assured him that there would not be as much rain next month, presumably, as he thought, because February had fewer days.

The eastern slope of the Isthmus between the Caribbean Sea and Lake Nicaragua is covered with an almost impenetrable tropical forest as dense and unexplored as the forests of the Congo in Africa, so graphically described by Stanley. Between the sea and the lake there are no settlements whatever except a few straggling huts of Indians and negroes on the immediate banks of the San Juan River, and the small village of Castillo, clustered around the old Spanish fort, where the Nicaraguan Government maintains a custom house, or *resguarda*, with a small company of soldiers.

All the rest of that immense territory, 100 miles in width and extending northeast and southwest for 700 or 800 miles, is an unbroken and unexplored wilderness, without a road or even a cattle trail, and inhabited only by a few scattered tribes of Carib Indians and direct descendants of the Aztecs. In this great forest the wild game roams undisturbed and unmolested except by a few India rubber hunters, who penetrate it in search of rubber, which they pack on their backs.

The narrow strip, however, between the great lake and the Pacific is covered with farms or haciendas and dotted with groves of cocoa, mangoes and oranges, and numerous villages and all the large cities of the Republic are situated on this strip.

The line of the canal was divided into sections, and a surveying party of twenty men assigned to each section of about four to six miles. On the eastern side every foot of the line had to be hewed out of the virgin forest, which was so dense that the sun could not be seen at midday, and the vines and thorny palms and tree ferns grew so thick that a person could not penetrate it at all without a machete, or what the Jamaicans call a cutlass, in one hand to clear the way. Only on the tops of the highest ridges and hills would the vegetation permit a sight of an object 25ft. away as large as a man. In most places a man was as completely lost to view if he stepped 10ft. off of the picket line as if he had been swallowed up in the ocean.

In this forest, the foliage of which was never dry, but always dripping with water from the almost incessant rains, we established our surveying and later our construction camps, and where the surveyors worked like moles tunneling through the green walls and arches of vegetation, and in which they were wet to the skin in five minutes after entering by the water dripping from the leaves shaken by their passage. Transportation to the camp was by canoe up the river and its affluents, as near as possible to the camp, and the rest of the way on foot. No mules or horses could be used, owing to the depth of the swamps and the steepness of the slippery red clay hills.

At first we had five camps distributed on the line and later twenty-eight. It was the duty of the writer to visit each of these camps as occasion demanded and lay out and supervise the work. Besides this he was constantly engaged in making explorations to discover new and better routes in all directions. This duty gave him most excellent opportunities for discovering and securing all the kinds of game that abounded in the region, and he always went accompanied by a chosen and trusty Indian guide and two or three macheteros, or men with machetes, to carry the provisions and guns. The last always consisted of a Winchester .45-90 and a double-barrel Remington breechloader, No. 12 gauge.

The animals met with on these excursions consisted of the tapir (*Elasmotherium bairdi*) or American elephant, called by the Nicaraguans the "dauta;" the peccary (*Saginо*) or jobili (wild hog), called by the Nicaraguans chauchas and by the Caribs warri (two varieties); the puma or South American lion (*Felis concolor*); the tiger or North American panther (*Felis onca*); the ocelot or spotted leopard (*Felis pordalis*); the sloth; three varieties of monkeys: viz., the great black Congo monkey, the red or gray monkey (most common), and the white-faced monkey.

In the rivers and lagoons were great numbers of manatee or sea cows, but being so thoroughly aquatic in their nature they were rarely seen. Also occasionally an armadillo, large gray rabbits, a small gray squirrel, not much larger than our Northern red squirrel; a species of marsupial resembling an opossum, but as large as four or five of our Southern opossums; the pisote (*Nasua socialis*), an animal resembling a raccoon, but larger; and a small antelope, of a species unknown by name to the writer, probably *Cervus rufus*, which was found, very rarely in pairs, in the dense woods.

The rivers and lagoons abounded in immense crocodiles differing in a marked degree from the Florida alligator, and often growing to a length of 20 to 25ft., and very savage.

On the plains north of Lake Monagua and on the west coast are large herds of deer, but few are found on the immediate line of the canal. I found also some otter, called "water dogs."

Of birds there were great variety. The first in importance as a game bird is the wild turkey. Of these there are three varieties, all called turkeys by the natives. The largest is the curassow, called "pavon" and oco (*Penelope hocco*) by the natives—a noble bird, the male a glossy blue-black and the female a chocolate brown, each often weighing 20 to 25lbs. Then there is the tree turkey (*Penelope cristata*), very common, and excellent eating, called "pavo" by the natives; and there is also a smaller but similar species, not so numerous, called "chochalaca."

The mountain hen, a species of grouse or pheasant (*Perdix Mexicana*), was very abundant, and the pretty little California quail, also was very numerous.

In the lagoons near the coast I found a large duck—as large as a brant goose—called there the royal duck, which is shot there the year round, and in the interior the long-legged or stilt duck, a kind of teal. In the fall and winter I shot in the lagoons and in the harbor of Greytown blue-wing and green-wing teal and gadwalls; also sickle-bill curlews, peeps or least sandpipers, and brownbacks or grass birds. On the Tipitapa River and Lake Monagua I found great numbers of water turkeys or darters, and white and blue herons, and egrets; and the woods are fairly alive—especially near the San Juan River—with green parrots, paroquets, and the gorgeous red and green mocacus, called by the natives lapas (*Psittacus mocao mocrocercus*); also toucans and banana birds, which last build great hanging nests as large as a half-bushel basket. They build in colonies, and a tree on the borders of the river is often seen with one or two dozen of their great nests hanging from the topmost branches like a crop of crook-neck squashes or gourds. The small songbirds, fly-catchers, vireos and hummingbirds are a legion.

The tapir or "dauta" is semi-aquatic in its habits and is generally found in the swamps or wallowing in the water. Those of Central America are larger than those of South America that I have seen, and they are of a uniform mouse color, without the white bands of the East Indian variety. They belong to the order *Pacherdemota*, having a very thick skin that lies in folds over the body. On the back of the neck the skin is fully 1¼in. thick, and like that of the elephant and rhinoceros is nearly bare, having only a few scattering hairs. The adult animal will weigh as much as 1,200 to 1,500lbs. They swim and dive with great facility, going long distances under water, and when pursued utter a trumpeting cry like an elephant. Although so clumsy in appearance, they can climb the steepest hills and run with remarkable swiftness, like the rhinoceros. I shot three of these immense animals while on the Isthmus, and in each case from my boat while traveling from one camp to another through the labyrinth of creeks and rivers.

Our camps were generally located on the bank of a river or creek, in order to be convenient for supplies and communication, and when I went on a tour of inspection I traveled in a steel canoe, of which the company furnished twenty-two, made to order in New York and brought out with us. These canoes were propelled by paddling, as the natives are more expert with a paddle than an oar, and I always had a crew of five canoemen—four paddlers and one steerer. I sat in the center of the boat, with my gun on one side and rifle on the other, ready for use in an instant.

The first tapir I shot as he was swimming the San Juan River near our headquarters camp. I had been down the river about six miles all day, making a sextant survey of a part of the river, and was returning to camp just before dark. The men were paddling up against the strong current, when they saw the animal swimming in the river and making for the little island on which our headquarters was established. He was quite near the island when we first saw him and we were slowly creeping up the river close under the island. He saw us and turned to recross the river, the current of which was rapidly bearing him down upon us.

One of our physicians, Dr. Salinas, a native of Nicaragua, was with me, and we both had our Winchesters. The Doctor had a new rifle, which he had just ordered from the States and had never used, but in his hurry and excitement he got a cartridge jammed in the mechanism and could neither open nor shut it, and was obliged to be an unwilling looker-on.

As the animal turned and was swimming powerfully for the other shore I fired at about 200yds. distance and struck him on the nose, only his head being visible above the water. He dove under water at once, but the strong current swept him down on to us, and when he rose he was not more than 100yds. away. I immediately fired again, without hitting him, in the gathering gloom. He turned and made for the island. I immediately threw in another shell, and this time I hit him square in the head, he being about 75yds. off. He sunk at once close to the shore, and the bubbles showed that he had lodged in the branches of a tree that had fallen into the stream. We brought the boat over the spot, where the water was about 9ft. deep.

My trusty Indian guide, Leocardio Ruiz, who always accompanied me, was equal to the emergency, however. Quickly stripping off his clothes, he took our sounding line, cut off the lead, and with one end of it in his hand he dove overboard and attempted to fasten it around one of the animal's legs. The first time he was unsuccessful, but he came up and reported that he had found him. The next time he went down he succeeded in putting a half hitch around one of the hindlegs, when we all took hold and hauled the creature to the surface.

It was now quite dark, and we were unable to propel the boat against the current with the carcass dragging astern. We therefore run the boat ashore, and the men jumped out and pulled him up to the bank. We then cut down two small trees and rolled them into the water, placing the ends on the boat, so that at last, by the united efforts of seven men, we rolled him into the boat. The weight sank the boat nearly to the gunwales, but we only had about 300yds. to go to our camp. The water being low in the river, the banks were fully 12ft. high, and we had to rig a block and tackle to an overhanging tree to raise the huge beast up to the top of the bank.

All hands lived on tapir steak for the next few days, and we distributed the meat to all the camps, where it proved a welcome change from canned meats and salt junk. The flesh of the tapir is coarse in texture, but is sweet and juicy, and was much relished by all.

The Doctor never heard the last of the unfortunate trick his new rifle played him on this occasion. He got the cartridge out of his rifle before the game was hauled ashore, but too late to get a shot.

There were forty young men in the expedition, who had all provided themselves with various kinds of rifles, and there was a constant fusillade of shots for practice around the headquarters, the favorite mark being an empty salmon can set on a convenient stump.

My chief clerk and commissary was an old paymaster's clerk from the navy, and the shooting annoyed him so much that he frequently complained to me about it. I never joined in these target practices, as I and my rifle were well acquainted through years of use in the swamps of Florida.

"Well," said the grizzled old veteran, "the captain ain't much for shooting tin cans, but when he wants meat he gets it."

The capture of my next "dauta" or tapir was a very commonplace affair. I was returning in my canoe from an inspection of a camp on the Dauta River, and we were silently paddling down the narrow stream, when just as we rounded a low point, covered with tall grass and cane, I caught a glimpse of the mouse-colored back of a "dauta" in the grass. The next second the boat shot round the point, bringing the beast in full view, which started with a tremendous rush for the thick woods. My rifle was at my shoulder in an instant, and I gave him a shot behind the foreshoulder. The next moment the boat shot up into the grass on the shore and the men jumped out with a rush, and there lay the quarry breathing his last, not 20yds. away. We skinned and quartered him and took the meat to camp.

A few weeks later, when coming down the San Francisco River, I discovered a tapir swimming down in midstream. He trumpeted and dove. The men plied their paddles with a vim that made us gain on him rapidly, and when he rose he was not over 100yds. off. He made directly for the shore and I fired at his broad back twice as he was climbing out on the bank. We immediately landed and followed the trail about 50yds. up the bank, finding him dead. As it was late, we left him there for the night, sending a party after him the next morning, who cut him up and brought him to camp. It proved to be a big bull and the meat much stronger and tougher than the female's.

One dog I had had an exciting encounter with two of these animals at the same place. I had been up the river inspecting the line, and had been joined by the chief engineer, who had come out from New York for a two weeks' visit to the work.

I had left my boat and entered the boat with the chief engineer to return to headquarters, leaving my gun and rifle in my boat with my men. We had started in our boat in advance of the other boat, which was waiting for some of the men, when as we floated quietly down the stream we espied two tapirs enjoying a bath in the river under an overhanging tree. The water was low and the banks were high and steep, and the two animals started as soon as they saw us, swimming and diving down stream, searching for a low place in the banks by which to escape. They uttered their shrill trumpeting and swam with great rapidity, but we rapidly gained on them. We had no firearms aboard, our only weapons being machetes. On such expeditions, in that country, I always carried a sharp-pointed machete, or short sword, in my belt. The animals kept ahead of us for fully a half mile, sometimes not two boat lengths away, when they found a depression in the left bank, where a small creek entered, and both made for it. Our men redoubled their exertions, and we arrived there not 5ft. behind them. As one of them dove under the boat to reach the little creek on the other side, I plunged my sword into his back. The water was tinged with blood, but they escaped up the creek and disappeared in the tall grass of the savanna, nearly overturning the boat as they passed under it.

These animals are very powerful and very ferocious when brought to bay or when accompanied with their young ones. They make tremendous rushes at an enemy and seize him with their mouth and flexible proboscis and stamp him to death with their heavy, pillar-like forefeet, which have hoofs like a bull, two hoofs on each forefoot and three on the hindfeet.

I once surprised one in a deep arroya in the hills, but he climbed up the almost perpendicular sides and disappeared before I could cock my rifle and get aim on him. How

ch a heavy, massive, clumsy-looking animal could do it ould never understand, for the banks were fully 30ft. gh and I had to pull myself up by the bushes to get out d found it no easy job. The tapir seized hold of the pling with his proboscis and pulled himself up and went like a whirlwind, crashing through the underbrush and eaking down saplings as thick as a man's fist. These imals resemble in some respects the elephant, the rhiceros and the hippopotamus. They live on grass and uatic plants. It is said by the natives of Central Amerto conquer the puma and tiger, who often seize their ng ones. The female tapir, at such times, rushes ford and seizes the puma with her proboscis and tramples o death under her massive forefeet.

The wild hog or peccary (*Dicotyles labiatus*) is very numerin this part of the Isthmus. They are about 3 to 3½ft. g and weigh about 75lbs. They go in large droves of eral hundred and are very savage. The old boars have y formidable tusks, and do not seem to fear anything. ey often surprise the lone hunter and oblige him to nb a tree for safety. So dangerous are they that orders re issued to the surveying parties never to go away m camp without a gun. The company furnished a gun l ammunition to each party. One day one of the par- disobeyed these instructions and went off to work hout taking any firearms with them. They encountered rove of these animals, which charged on them, and they re all obliged to drop their instruments and climb trees, ere they were forced to stay for several hours, all the e watched by the drove, who rushed squealing around foot of the trees, mad with rage.

ortunately another surveying party, returning to camp before dark, found their comrades in this unpleasant dicament. Being well supplied with guns and revolvthey opened fire on the herd, and killed fourteen before y could be driven off and the men in the trees could ne down.

hey emit a strong musky odor, and the location of a ve can often be determined by the scent long before y can be seen in the thick woods.

ne day I was making an extended exploration for the ation of a dam, accompanied only by my Indian guide, en we scattered a drove of "warri" or peccaries. I was ed with my Winchester and my guide carried my Remton breechloader. We cautiously advanced toward n and soon came up with them in some thick underwth. By standing perfectly still, each behind a large about a dozen or two paces apart, and peering carey into the bushes, we soon saw them advancing toward

When I first saw them the foremost were not more than ds. away. Waiting for a good opportunity, I fired and nded one, which immediately began to squeal loudly. s brought all the herd grunting and squealing up to the nded one, and I kept pumping in shells and firing, cking over a hog at about every shot. The Indian ned up to me, much excited, and said we must climb a , as the drove was advancing on us.

ure enough on they came, the old boars in front, snapg their tusks like castanets and grunting savagely. could see their long front, as much as 50yds. wide, all ds on toward us. They seemed to be puzzled to know ere the deadly volleys came from, for they could not us, as we kept out of sight behind the trunk of the ge tree from which I had begun firing. They would ne forward a few steps, stop, snap their tusks and mp their feet, then glare all around in search of the my. We had full belts of ammunition and kept up a dy fire. When within about 50ft. of us they sheered to the right, giving us good broadside shots. The ods seemed to be full of them, to judge by the noise y made. As fast as one fell another from behind would ply his place.

he situation was beginning to look ominous, when denly, without any warning, they took to their heels, hing off through the forest with a great squealing and nting and crashing of brush.

hen we sallied out and counted up the slain—thirtyen dead and dying. It was a close call for us, for if y had once seen us they would have charged us, and if ammunition had given out we would have had to ded on our machete swords, and I was assured by the lian and others that they would rush up and tumble r each other to get at you, the smell of the blood of se killed apparently making them ten times more cious. We took one hog to the boat and went to p, and I at once sent a boat back which brought them loaded to the gunwales. They have a musk gland on top of the back in front of where the root of the tail ht to be, which must be cut out, or it renders the whole cass rank and strong. They are excellent eating after ing this precaution. They have no tail whatever. like the tame hog, they do not have fat all over the y, but the meat is more like venison in appearance and e than anything else.

When we commenced firing there was a large company monkeys on the trees overhead, which fled chattering ay at the first shot. They were the red and gray iety. These monkeys—the red monkey—are exceedly numerous and very bold, often swinging by one d or tail directly over your head and breaking off gs and branches and throwing them at the intruder, ttering and scolding all the while at a great rate.

he men often shot them (the red and gray ones) to eat, he Jamaica negroes, of which we had many in our par- as boatmen and oxmen, were very fond of them for d.

he mother monkey carries her young one on her back il it is about half grown, and the men often shot the ther in order to secure the young one for a camp pet.

was once witness of a very pathetic scene, which wed the strong maternal instincts of the mother mon-, and an intelligence almost equaling a human being: e of the assistant engineers shot at a female monkey rying a large young one on her back, but, his aim being d, he shot the baby instead. The mother felt the baby's ns, that were clasping her around the neck, relax, and mediately stopped and took the baby in her arms ctly as a human mother would do. She looked inquirly in its face and stroked its head. She pressed it in arms and fondled it to her bosom, and with one hand for the wound made by the rifle ball. When she nd it she tried to stop the flow of blood by picking off ves and bits of moss and trying to press them into the und. But the struggles of the poor dying baby grew weaker and weaker. In vain did the poor distracted mother hug the little form and pat it with her hand, then start and run along the branches and leap from tree to tree to overtake the herd that had gone chattering away in fright. Then she would stop again, look down reproachfully at us, who were following along on the ground; then take the now dead and limp baby and look inquiringly in its little face, then with one arm clasping it to her breast start off again, then stop and hold her hand on the wound and look wildly around.

It was the most pathetic pantomime—there in the deep shade and solemn stillness of those primeval woods—that I ever witnessed. She would chatter and "talk" to the baby like a human being, and the wild, frightened, yet reproachful manner in which she looked around her seemed so natural and so much like a human mother that it only wanted words from her that we could understand to complete the resemblance.

Suddenly a shot rang out. One of our men following us some distance behind had fired at a turkey. The shot so startled the monkey that she dropped her dead baby and leaped off over the branches and was soon out of sight on the way to her companions. The scene produced such an impression on us both that we turned back feeling as if we had committed a murder, and both of us took an oath never to shoot any monkeys of this so human-like variety.

The great black Congo or howling monkey (*Nycetes*) is quite a different creature, being more like the baboons; and while the red monkey is sprightly and intelligent, and makes an interesting pet, the Congo is sluggish and stupid, and the white-faced monkey is vicious and hard to tame.

The latter come down to the ground very often, but it was remarked by all that the red monkey was never seen on the ground in a wild state, and it was an open question how they ever obtained water to drink. The Congo or howling monkey also always stays in the tops of the highest trees, and will often be noticed from the river lying apparently asleep on the topmost branches, looking at a little distance like some peculiar fruit in the tree.

They get their name of howling monkey from their habit of howling at sunset and just after, and it is truly astonishing how so comparatively small an animal can make such a terrific roar, resembling a lion in a small way.

I have often had newcomers who had just arrived and joined the expedition come in alarm to my tent to know what animal it could be that made such a frightful roaring; and one party of new men barricaded their camp with provision boxes and logs, expecting to be attacked by some unknown but hideous monster during the night. They are quite harmless, however.

While passing in our boats up and down the narrow streams, where the branches meet overhead in an arboreal arch, we often espied numerous turkeys on the trees overhanging the stream, and shot numbers of them. They were generally the "pavo" or tree turkey, and excellent eating. When picked they are nearly as large as the "povon" or curassow, but the body and neck is longer in proportion. I never saw them on the ground; but the curassow, on the contrary, is more often found on the ground, but when alarmed they take refuge in the trees and are easily approached.

The mountain hens and quail are very numerous, and fine sport could be had with a good dog. Their meat is white, and they are very plump and fine eating.

One day my dog, which was a long-bodied, short-legged Dutch hound, treed four pisotes, an animal resembling somewhat a raccoon, but larger and longer-bodied. They have the rings of dark fur on the tail like a raccoon. They were very tame, and I shot them all and took them to camp, where they proved to be good eating.

The great tree lizard, the iguana, abounds on the Isthmus, and I have often shot them measuring 8ft. in length. They have an alarming habit of dropping suddenly from an overhanging limb into the water directly alongside a boat which might happen to be passing beneath them. Such a large creature falling from a height of perhaps 20 or 30ft., without any warning, into the water, often barely grazing the sides of the boat and throwing the water in a shower all over the occupants, has a startling effect. They never are seen again after striking the water, and must be able to swim under water for long distances. We often shot them and found them delicious eating, and their eggs are a great delicacy. They are a truly hideous and ferocious-looking creature, but harmless.

Pumas, tigers and leopards are very numerous in these forests, and are much dreaded by the natives.

I was once sitting down resting after a long tramp, with my back against a large tree at the crossing of two picket lines, and my rifle lying across my knees, when suddenly a beautiful ocelot, or spotted leopard, stepped noiselessly into the path, about 50yds. in front of me, and stood still. To bring my rifle to my shoulder and fire was the act of an instant, and simultaneously with the shot the leopard bounded 5 or 6ft. into the air and fell with a terrific snarling and roaring into the bushes by the side of the path. I fired again twice at the animal as it lay writhing and snarling on the ground, and soon had the satisfaction to see it stretch itself out and lie still. I did not venture to approach it for some little time, but contented myself with watching it closely, with my rifle ready for another shot. At last I cautiously approached and found it quite dead. It measured 7½ft. from the nose to the tip of the tail, and was splendidly marked with small black spots on a white ground. The skin now adorns my study.

Some of the pumas are as large as a half-grown African lion.

In a future article I will speak of the fishing on the coast and in the fresh-water lakes and streams of the interior.

Goshawk in Michigan.

NORVELL, Mich., Jan. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the morning of Jan. 3 I shot and killed a fine specimen of the American goshawk or black-cap hawk. My natural history book says this bird is rare and scarce in north and east North America. It came to the poultry yards and pounced down on a Plymouth Rock rooster, having him in its talons when shot. The fowl escaped the charge of No. 6 shot and ran away. I have taken the bird to Kief, the noted taxidermist, and had it mounted in fine shape. It weighed 3lbs. when shot. H. H. R.

[The goshawk is nowhere very common, yet it is not especially rare. It is distributed over northern North America at least to the Rocky Mountains. It is one of the most audacious and fierce of our hawks—one of the few that is not regarded as useful.]

IN IDAHO MOUNTAINS.

ONE morning late in August the Major and I stepped out into the deep, hot dust of an Idaho town. We looked out on what can be seen in a hundred other frontier towns. Straight away stretched the broad village street, beginning in the prairies and losing itself again in the prairies. On either side scattered, square-faced buildings. Here and there a loitering man, red or white, a stray pony or two, and a few swine were the only assurance of life, excepting of course the saddled ponies which stood at the railing before the two or three houses where by such token roulette, faro and whisky might safely be inferred. The scent of sage was in the air, and a pair of wheeling plover, questioning with sharp cry the intruding train, made buoyant our hearts for the day of freedom ahead. We were on the threshold of a trip into the mountains for big game, and here we were to meet our guide and a prearranged outfit; and John Hall, trapper, Indian fighter, deputy sheriff and guide, stepped forward to greet us even as our eyes were noting what is already told.

Typical of the characters developed in our Western country before railroads and immigration, Hall stood before us, a man of forty-five years, his medium height cut down a trifle by rheumatism; a restless, clear blue eye; grizzled, stiff mustache; shiftless, easy speech, which had hardly outgrown a Yankee drawl; a pair of legs which were shambling whether carrying him afoot, and equally when loosely flung about his pony, toes straight out; a grin which seldom subsided and often became a laugh, but never failed to disclose the absence of front teeth. This man commended himself at once as the survivor of rough experiences; and he was. As a boy of twenty, emigrant from the East, he started freighting to the Black Hills. Shortly promoted to the shoes of a massacred predecessor in the mail service between army posts in the Sioux country, those amiable stoics scarred him for life with their arrows. Next and ever since a trapper and nomad, following the retreating frontier, the outer edge of civilization has at length caught him and harnessed him to her service as an officer of law, where a gun is still as good as a court precept in sustaining the law's majesty. But behind this man were two entities, important as a true part of Hall himself and because of the part they later took in our adventures—two dogs, mother and son: Nell, a mongrel collie, mature, demure, with knotted muscles and a quiet air of experience which showed instantly the dog drilled to any experience likely to come to a frontier dog; Jack, her son, a bold, courageous young dog, spoiling for novelty and excitement. "Jack," thought I, "you have not yet had your baptism of porcupine quills."

In twenty-four hours our small caravan was headed for the hills—eight ponies, two wagons, a teamster, a cook, Hall, the Major and myself. The first camp was pitched in the pines by a little pond, already possessed for the night by great numbers of sprigtail and mallard. From their numbers we levied toll enough to put off the day of salt pork famine. Early the following morning we struck up the shoulder of the first foothill, sending the team to a rendezvous agreed on, and by noon were in the heights, where blacktail and elk roam and fatten. Alas! we read the story of roaming Indian hunters in the numerous tracks of unshod ponies, in the smouldering camp-fires and burning forest, and in the scattered game. Clearly we must pass through and beyond their desolating path.

For four days we drove and an added day we packed, until on the evening of the fifth day we laid our burdens down at the confluence of two streams, assured that the ruthless red men had not yet worked their annual havoc in the country about, although they came fast on our heels, as the future disclosed.

During the few days just passed Hall showed us a trick in the use of a collie dog which deserves commemoration. Moving as we did along the ridges, there were often disclosed on the hillsides and in the narrow draws below us patches of poplar and other cover, promising harborage for game. Digressions through such cover were impossible, and Hall was not a man to do unnecessary work. Out of just such necessity, often before presented in his trips, John had evolved an effective labor-saving plan, and his dogs were part thereof, as you shall hear. He first found a dislodged rock and summoned his eager dogs to his side. They were persuaded easily, for they had come to look on what was to follow as a rare sport. Tipping the 50 or 100lbs. of stone over the hill's edge, the dogs were cried on to the novel chase. Off they went, yelping in full chase at the heels of the revolving meteor. Fast and faster rushed the wild, amazing chase, the stone bounding like a frightened deer, loosening other stones in its career, and dogs and stones beclouding with dust the hillside in the mad flight; Jack especially snapping and yelping so close to the deadly missile that one's blood curdled in fear for his life. Finally all would disappear into the "poples" and their course thereafter be traceable only by the path the stone cut in the mowed trees. My astonishment at this unheard of method of "hounding" deer so overcame me that at first I hardly stopped to consider how effective a "beater up" the combination made, until at one trial there bounded out away from the pursuing bedlam four blacktails, one of them carrying as fine a head as ever sat on a mule deer stag. Thereafter until poor Jack got caught under this car of Juggernaut, I restrained my mirth at the dusty comedy to save my strength and profit by Hall's wit.

When camp was shaped for the night I slipped off to the water's edge, partly for the company, partly to see the rich sunset reflections on its surface as the stream hurried on toward the rainbow west, but shadowy forms in the still water of a deep pool sent me hurrying for the hollow steel rod which the Major had brought with him. At the first cast of brown-hackle and miller I was fast to a trout. In the next thirty minutes I had stretched out on the sand five fish, only one of which fell short of an even 2lbs. in weight. I confess with shame—and at times since with longing—that I did not once again wet a line during our week's stay in the camp.

On the next evening Hall and I sat ourselves at sunset by a spring hole where ample evidence was of recent use by deer and elk. The spot afforded full view of long stretches of mountainside. Our horses grazed in the rich pasture at the brow of a ridge a mile away. The sun was down, twilight was not yet dim, and a quarter-full moon hung free from the hill toward which we faced. My attention was caught by one of the horses which was separated from its companion and was feeding across the stream from the others and high up on the mountain. As we watched it work slowly down the hillside, its lowered head and curious gait led to closer scrutiny. After puzzling a little we turned the glass on it and discovered that our horse was bear and

big bear too, headed down hill toward the beaver swale along the river.

We started with coat tails flying to intercept our "horse" short of the willow thicket. It was a mile and a quarter to traverse. Now, John had rheumatism, as I have related, but he had besides incipient asthma. His creaking back and gaspings for breath grew fainter to my ears as we raced along. I missed them more and more as I drew near the point where we hoped to renew the shaggy vision. There seemed a lessening honor in "breasting the tape" first against so badly handicapped a competitor. My chivalry conquered, and I tarried, permitting my appreciated friend John to overtake me on its further shore.

Together with faithful Nell we passed along a game trail in the willows to an opening which again gave us full view ahead. A quick survey showed that the bear had just dragged his or her dripping body over the stones on the bank, and into the willow jungle. Nell, reluctantly obedient, followed in, but came hurrying back to refuge with us.

I closed the episode then and there by declining to disturb a bear big enough to be a horse, and a grizzly bear, as it later proved, which was within the shelter of a dense jungle, and protected as well by the partial moonlight; and I now frankly say that my head was leveler than yours, my bold reader, who would have fought it out at close quarters for the sake of glory.

In another paper I will introduce other bears, and a story of how the Indian hunts elk—perhaps. TWINKLE.

QUAIL AT SEA.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, Jan. 10.—Southern California is indulging in self-congratulations, and with good reason. Last winter the rain was much below the average, resulting in a late and short season; but this year nature has smiled broadly on the land. The first good rain came pouring down early in November—nearly 3in. in some localities; sufficient to clear the atmosphere, lay the dust and penetrate the ground for 1ft. or more. A few days later it cleared, leaving the lofty peaks white with snow, the lower range with freshened verdure.

In what seemed a few days indications of green appeared along the by-ways and unused streets; groves that had not been ploughed for years took on a verdant look, the hills caught the infection, and old barley fields volunteered and sent up delicate green sprouts. Each day the color grew and when the warm sun poured down after the clearing off the alfilaria made such rapid strides that soon the land, like magic, had put on its winter coat of green.

In two weeks another drenching rain came, and, for the first time in several years, the Californians claim, a typical winter—a winter when by the 5th of December the country presented the appearance of a beautiful green lawn.

The beauty of this early winter is perhaps better appreciated at sea among the islands, especially at Santa Catalina. Here the mountains rise like points of emeralds in a setting of azure, the water that ripples against their base being a rich and indescribable blue.

Approaching the island from the mainland, it is seen to be a mountain chain twenty-two miles in length cut by myriads of cañons that wind down to the sea, outlined in darker greens by the deep shadows that seem to lie restless under the constantly changing sunlight. There are no forests, and few large trees; but the eastern slope is covered with low trees and shrubs, wild lilac, various oaks, wild cherry, sumac, manzanita and others.

Santa Catalina is a natural game preserve, and when stocked with deer and elk will present ideal conditions for the sportsman. At present it abounds in quail, doves and wild goats, which afford good sport. The little town of Avalon, which lies on the southeastern shore on a placid bay, is the headquarters of sportsmen. Here are the hotels and cottages of the winter and summer visitors, the natural conditions calling to mind San Remo.

At one of the hotels a score of sportsmen are discussing quail shooting. Several have just returned from a goat hunt, and relate wonderful stories of game shot across deep cañons, and venturesome climbs along the precipitous western shores. They tell the newcomers that to find the best quail country the upper island must be climbed, and the following morning the horses are brought out and the hunt begins.

The trail leads directly back of Avalon, winding up the sides of the cañon, every turn revealing new attractions. In and out, facing deep cañons where the descent is several hundred feet sheer; now facing the sea or the distant and interminable hills and mountains, the climb is slowly made, finally ending at the summit, a broad, undulating plateau. The horsemen walk to the edge and look away over the sea. To the east lie the distant mountains of the Southern Sierras, the loftiest peaks capped with snow and seemingly hanging in the air, while to the west is the limitless ocean, with the flat-topped island of San Nicolas twenty miles away.

Plunging down a little cañon the riders go; pushing through patches of wild rose; now in the bed of a brook beneath an arbor of willow. The horses stop and snort as a roar of wings suddenly breaks the stillness, and scores of brown plumed forms go whirling over the brush into the thick cover of the mountain side.

The quail country has been reached, and not far beyond, where the cañon widens out beneath the shadow of a range of hills, is Eagle Camp, the mountain headquarters of sportsmen in the isle of summer. Leaving the horses in the care of the Mexican guide, the hunters were soon walking down the cañon in the warm January sun. Mountains and hills stretched away on every side with no suspicion of the sea, yet a mile away it lay, its saline odors blowing in to mingle with the perfume of the island wild flowers.

The cañon or Middle Ranch, as it is called, gradually widens out, carpeted with green, with here and there patches of cactus and groups of trees. Along the stream grows a hedge of willows, and breaking through the barrier the mouth of a small diverging cañon was seen. Ten steps through the chaparral and there rose on the air the welcome notes of the quail, then across the green gorge a responsive call.

Quail shooting in California differs somewhat from that of the East. The most successful method at Santa Catalina is to move on the flock as quickly as possible, separate and then take the birds as they rise. This course was pursued, and presently through the brush, in the midst of a cactus patch, the flock could be seen. It was the opportunity of a lifetime for the pot-hunter. The birds were standing perfectly still in attitudes of attention, listening to the warning of the cock in the distant brush, who had doubtless seen the enemy and was uttering his warning and defiance with all his power. But the flock, in fancied security, stood a moment and then began feeding in the sand. The males are beautiful little creatures, with a jet black throat and white stripes down the sides of the head, the breasts gleaming with an almost iridescent tint of blue, while from the top of the head rises a jaunty crest of eight or ten feathers that are enlarged at the upper end and incline forward. This ornament is subject to great changes of position. When the birds stop to listen it is cocked bravely in the air, but when they run it seems to drop forward in a languid manner. The crest of the hen is much smaller and inconspicuous.

The little birds have all the decorative beauties of the pheasants; the upper portion of the abdomen being a rich golden brown, the lower portion black, and each feather richly colored and edged with black. On the back of the neck are numerous eye spots, while down the side of the cheek are two pronounced white streaks—too choice and beautiful a creature to shoot if one continues long in contemplation.

Very soon the notes of the cock changed to a short, sharp call, which was answered by the flock, and then with a sudden movement they ran, and the hunters, guns ready, rushed into the open. R-r-r-r-r! came the roar of wings, and scores of dark meteors seemed shooting through the air, plunging into the brush which lined the cañon; while others rose over the green slopes as though over a rising sea and disappeared. It was then that the guns took them right and left, the frightened birds scattering in every direction. Some turned and flew into the lowlands behind the sportsmen, others flew higher into the range. Skirting the ridge, some on one side and some on the other, the hunters picked up the individual birds, which rose sometimes almost underfoot, darting away with marvelous rapidity.

It was difficult to find the quail in the brush, and when well scattered and they were rising rapidly there was always the temptation to drop several if occasion offered before the first was secured. Retrieving was impossible in such a place and dogs are not employed.

One by one the birds were started and finally the flock was driven into another cañon; later they were seen to rise, a faint black cloud, skim over a green divide, for a single second hover in the air and then drop out of sight behind the barrier of green. Up the cañon the sportsmen slowly followed, starting the bluebirds that plunged down into the green abyss with discordant cries, until the ridge was reached. A long steep slope extended down to the ocean, cut here and there with cañons, into one of which the birds had gone.

The afternoon fog in fleecy masses was sweeping in, blowing up the cañon, where it was rapidly broken up. Up through the mist came the roar of the waves as they broke sullenly on the rocks a thousand feet below, while now and then the harsh bark of sea lions told of the herd below.

Taking one of the many zigzag trails which the goats had cut, the hunters entered the brush that here covered the slope. Presently out of the depths were heard the notes of a male quail, and further on the answering call.

The birds had joined other birds and soon they began to rise all about, the sharp crack of the guns reverberating down the cañon, starting others.

Late in the day, with well-filled bags, the quail hunters returned to Eagle Camp, fully agreed that nowhere had they found so novel a quail country as this unique island, where the winter has all the agreeable features of a summer.

CATALINA.

A FRONTIER INCIDENT.

I NEVER expected to write this story for various reasons, but a man who lives in the East asked me to tell something about the frontier life of twenty years ago, and so I will tell something that is very vivid to me, for I can remember the day as if it were yesterday, and it happened in 1873.

I went to Colorado in '72, and formed a kind of partnership with a man on Trinchara Creek, thirty miles east of Trinidad. The spring of '73 came, and I concluded to buy cattle and stay there. About the 1st of June Texas Allen landed a bunch of cattle on the West Carriso, forty miles east of the Trinchara. The Cheyennes had broken out from Camp Supply, Indian Territory, and came west, killing ranchmen when they could catch them, which was seldom; for they ran when they could and fought when cornered in a cheerful way, which must have been discouraging to a respectable Indian gentleman who was out after hair.

My partner was gone to Pueblo, and New York and I were alone on the ranch. York was a nice boy, twenty-one years old. His real name was Addison J. Whitman, and he now lives somewhere in Colorado. He had been in Texas and Colorado for three years, always on the frontier, and was able to take good care of himself on all occasions. From what I have seen of him I think he enjoyed fighting. Now, I don't and never did, and I always try not to be there the day the war comes off, but I have been unlucky all my life in that respect. I went to Colorado for my health and not to associate with Indians or rude people.

Every few days we heard a new Indian story and knew that there must be several small bands near us, but we saw none, and finally one morning York said, "Let's go to Carriso and see those cattle. I don't think that we'll see any Indians;" and so we started early one morning. We were mounted on two little Texas stallions that were tough and fast. York had a Spencer carbine, .56cal., and forty-two cartridges. I had a Sharps .45-70 and only had ten shells loaded, but I thought that was plenty. It was a lovely day, and we rode slowly along the Buffalo Road, so called because it was made by the Mexicans, who went east every year to hunt buffalo.

After we had gone eighteen miles I saw something that looked like some crows flying low just over a ridge about two miles away. They did not look just right, and so I tried the field glass on them. It was the heads of five Indians who were riding to cut us off. I passed the glass to York, and he looked. "Shall we go ahead or shall we turn back?" said I. It was safe to turn back, but we were boys, and so we decided to make a run for Chagnau Cañon, and then make a stand if we had to. The Indians had to make three miles to our two to cut us off, and we commenced to lope our horses. Faster and faster we went, and then we fool boys had a horse race then and there, and forgot the Indians till after I had beaten York's horse badly, and he yelled to me to slow up. We galloped across the cañon side by side on panting ponies, and here came the Indians behind us, strung out and coming at a run. They were a mile away, but we had run our horses almost down.

There was a little mound on level prairie just after we crossed the cañon, with a patch of scrub oaks on it that was about 30ft. in diameter. "We must make a stand here," said York. So we rode into the brush, dismounted, hobbled and tied our horses in the center of the patch and crawled to the edge. The scrub oak was nothing but bushes, not high enough to conceal our horses entirely. The Indians could see their heads and the horns and cantles of the saddles showed. They saw where we were and circled south and then east; but they kept about 400yds. away. I suppose they thought that we wanted to go east, and that they had cut us off. I had a good look at them as they passed us on the south. There were three that looked like young men, and one old fellow that had a muzzleloading rifle. The fifth did not look like an Indian. He was yellow, and had short hair that I think was kinky. All wore moccasins and leggings. Four wore blankets and dropped them when they commenced fighting us, and their copper skins shone as if they were grease. They had long hair that floated in the wind as they rode fast. The other fellow had a shirt and an old blue coat. When they charged us he swore at us in English. The others howled. They were all mounted on little thin hammer-headed Indian ponies, but they ran better than they looked. They only had three guns; two were rim-fire Henry's, and one was a muzzleloader. When they hollered they made me terrified. It's the worst and most savage noise I ever heard, and now I felt that they would get us sure. I wished I had loaded more cartridges. I wished I had stayed in Hartford, Conn. I thought how much nicer it was to read a dime novel about Indians than to be where I was.

I told York some of these things and he laughed at me, and said: "See me take that big buck next time he rides past us and cuts up his fool monkey shines." The Indian was circling around us, lying on the side of his horse away from us, and had cracked away at us several times. The next time he came past York cracked away three times at him, and the last shot hit the horse in the neck. Down he came and the Indian turned several somersaults, struck the ground hard, bounded up, and ran off on foot. Then the four others charged us, and I had to shoot. I did my best, and York kept banging away; and though a good many arrows came whistling close to us, and I heard the purr of several balls, they did not touch us, and we made it so hot for them that they turned and rode off, but we did not touch them either.

Then they got together at about half a mile away and consulted, and I plunked a ball right through the bunch and they scattered like a flock of quail, and I had only five cartridges left. Then they separated and came up on all sides, and when we had made them go back I had only two cartridges left. I told York that the next man I fired at should not be over 20yds. I told York also that I knew we would both be killed, and he said he knew better, and said he liked it. But he didn't.

The wounded pony had got up and was eating grass. He had a hole through his neck that I could see through, where York had hit him. Pretty soon an Indian ran in and drove him away, but he was weak and reeled as he went, and York shot twice at the buck, but did not touch him. They got the saddle off the horse, two got on one horse, and they all rode away toward the southwest. I don't know why they quit us, but they did.

We soon mounted our horses and rode east at a slow lope, and York told me not to say anything about the fight when we got to camp, for he was ashamed of our shooting and besides the Texans might say we were liars. I did not feel a bit good till we got to Texas Allen's camp and found twenty cowmen well armed, and then all was well. But I have never been without fifty loaded cartridges since then.

This is a dry tale and seems not well worth telling, but, my boy, if you had been there and heard those gentlemen yell, I don't believe you would have liked it any better than I did. W. J. D.

Natural History.

WOLVES AND COYOTES.

BROOKLYN.—In days long gone by I have watched the large gray wolves that follow bands of buffalo, and their actions while on the move so closely resemble the fashions of a war party of wild Indians marching across the breaks of a rolling prairie country that the sight has more than once afforded me entertainment. There was little amusement, however, in watching a war party, but more of concern and anxiety.

The wolf will trot along the sheltered edge of a ridge or swell of land, pausing now and then to peer about him and survey the country, his companions meanwhile (and I have seen them in packs of fifty or more) trotting noiselessly on in advance, with uplifted heads in movement of wild grace that was significant of the roving habit, fixed with the remorseless craving to satisfy the inner wolf.

The "Okshena Dutas"—red boys of the plains—imitative by instinct, utilize professionally the sly proclivities of the wolf, fox and panther.

I once came suddenly upon two gray wolves at a buffalo carcass. They instantly broke away in opposite directions, paused a moment at the exact distance to take a wild look at me, then disappeared in the gulches.

At another time we were pursuing "bad" Indians, who had counted *coup* on Custer and his men. The pursuit had reached the Yellowstone River, and Bull Eagle, with most of his tribe, was on the opposite side. Our half-breed interpreter, Billy, had managed to parley with three or four wild-eyed Sioux braves, who had been hanging on the flank of the column, and three of us rode up in a friendly way toward them. In response to Billy's promises they waited for us, but when we were almost close enough to shake hands the wild instinct of the savage nature, never in repose, flashed out on a sudden, and they broke away in the same manner as the wolves, only they kept their eyes on us as their swift ponies carried them away. Our commander was a little bit mad, thinking an important conference had been interrupted; but it turned out all right.

At that day—1876—wolves had become very scarce in Montana, and, as a consequence, the buffalo and other game increased in numbers. In the few years that followed the cessation of active hostilities, the buffalo had dis-

appeared before the accurate aim of the professional skin hunters, who came into that country from the South.

It is in stormy weather that the wolf appears to be in his element; the unearthly chorus, ringing all the changes of the gamut, startles the hunter in camp or the traveler by night. A wolf delights in getting on some point of rock in a storm and howling in unison with the blast that sweeps through the gulches or cañons of the foothills. The wild dogs that infest Indian camps howl in chorus like the wolves, and it requires an expert to distinguish between the two.

About twenty-two years ago Flat Willow Creek, which runs south of the Judith Basin, Montana, into the Musselshell, was a pretty wild-looking country. We pitched camp there one winter's day in a very respectable and commodious-looking Sioux war house, built, tepee fashion, of dry poles and chinked fairly tight with broken slabs and sticks of cottonwood. We were after wolves, foxes and beaver.

In the afternoon I sallied out by myself to take a look at the country. Before me were the dark gulches of the Musselshell, topped by cedar-covered buttes that looked far away toward the Yellowstone. Crossing some little prairies and creeks, I came to a flat that had once been the home of a village of prairie dogs, and on a rise beyond it I saw a buffalo cow standing alone.

I maneuvered for some time to get close enough for a shot. When I looked again the cow had lain down. The point was rather difficult of approach, and I was crawling along low ground, when I saw two large wolves trot up to the cow in feint of attack, the cow getting up and lowering her head to repel them. It was then that I saw she was lame in one leg. The wolves sat down in the most impudent way and watched her. I presume these wolves had followed the cow some distance.

After a while they left the cow and trotted around to where I was partly concealed, and surveyed me with great curiosity from several points, coming within 15yds. or nearer. I made no move for fear of disturbing the cow. I did not care about the wolves, although they were about as large as any I had seen. I have never heard of wolves attacking people in the Northwest. They soon left me and returned to the cow, and edging a little closer I pulled up my .44 Winchester and shot the cow back of the shoulder. She fell a short distance off, and approaching I saw, about 100yds. away, some standing, some sitting, about twenty or more large wolves.

They formed a very pretty picture on the gray prairie, that was almost wind-swept of snow. They were not the dirty gray buffalo wolf, but seemed to be more of the timber species, with tawny markings, some approaching to creamy white. What surprised me was their utter unconcern as I came into view. They were lined up in a row, as if they had been bidden to a feast, and were not particular as to the manner in which it was served. I proceeded to satisfy them. Laying my gun and belt on the ground, I disemboweled the cow, cut and slashed the meat in the usual way, and loaded the carcass with about three-eighths of an ounce of strychnia. My audience took an unusual interest in the work of preparing this bait, but scarcely moved from their first position.

I surmised that this was not the first time they had posed as spectators of a meat-carving diversion, and that they had probably followed the Indians on a buffalo hunt. Though uninvited guests, I felt that their appreciation should not pass unrewarded. When I had finished cutting up the buffalo I gathered my gun and belt and retired from the scene as I came.

A day or two later as we rode that way their beautiful carcasses covered the prairie, and we secured twenty-two fine pelts. L. S. KELLY.

MAINE.—I am greatly pleased with the recent papers treating of the wolf and coyote, and hope for many more such. I have had but a comparatively small experience with the vermin, and that in the dim past; but these articles call up the scenes so vividly that I cannot resist the desire to recount it.

From earliest recollection the howling of the big gray wolf was occasionally heard on winter's nights in the back settlements where I was living in Vermont, although at that time their number had dwindled, but there were still enough to cause considerable loss of small stock, and to cause much anxiety to foot travelers by night. I saw my first wolf in a trap that I had set for foxes. I was out on a look at traps ere it was fairly daylight, and at the first trap I saw what I took to be a large dog, as it lay curled up in the shade of some brush. I had taken one dog that gave me great trouble to release with safety to myself, not caring to dispatch it. On this occasion I crept up, guarding myself with a forked sapling. I wondered at his lying so still, never moving a muscle or looking up, but on getting near there came to the nose a smell so rank that I instantly recalled what I had heard said about the wolf. I stepped back and pried his head up and got one furtive glance from his eye, and then knew my quarry and released him in a manner I had not intended for a dog. Several years later, in the same section, I shot a wolf that was chasing a hound. It was close up and had gashed the sides and rump of the hound, which was giving vent to the most agonizing yelps. Why the wolf had not killed the hound, as he was quite able to do, was curious; he just seemed to be torturing it as a cat will a mouse. The hound, seeing me, approached seemingly for safety, and seeing me a little later the wolf faltered, so that the space between enabled me to clear the hound with the charge of coarse shot that laid out his pursuer.

My next experience with wolves was in Maine forty odd years ago. With two companions I moved to the vicinity of Moosehead Lake. It was in September, and before pitching on a place for the ensuing season's trapping we decided to have a whirl with the moose, which were as "thick as spatter" then. Joe Morris, father of the guide, Charles Morris, lately so prominent before the public, entertained us a couple of days at his snug camp at the foot of the Northeast Carry on the West Branch of the Penobscot, and directed us to Lobster Lake as a good spot. I shot a calf moose on Lobster deadwater and took along the hindquarters, camping the same night at the head of the lake. We turned up the birch and spread blankets ready to turn in ere it was sunset, for we were dead tired. Just then a wolf howl was started in the direction of Katahdin, which was immediately answered from a quarter far away. Soon there was howling apparently from scores of the brutes, and all seemed centering upon us and fast approaching. We discussed the situation nervously, our skins goose-fleshing, I remember. As the brutes came together on the low bank, where a deep moose path led away to "Little Lobster," not more than ten rods from our position, in a huddle and plainly enough to aim at, we sent in a volley from two rifles and a Queen's arm loaded with buckshot. We had gotten the canoe into the water for a hasty departure in case our shots did not disperse them. The howling ceased, but the snapping of jaws, the snarling and crunching of bones, was quite as disturbing. It was not long, however, until all was again quiet, when we made all snug again for the night and turned in. Next morning by daylight we visited the spot. The pucker brush and moss was trodden down for several rods, with flecks of blood and a quantity of hair, but never a bone or bit of remnant.

The number killed and wounded we could only conjecture, and I dare say it amounted to six or eight; enough at least to satisfy those living for the time.

I have had less intimate acquaintance with the coyote. Fifty years ago Uncle Sam had a scrap with Santa Anna down in Mexico, in which I joined, carrying a Springfield flintlock in case it was needed. At Vera Cruz we found the coyotes most plentiful. There during the vomito season the coyotes held high carnival on the dead soldiers. A trench was opened every morning for the dead, which were but slightly covered, and soon as night shut down an army of coyotes commenced their gruesome feast. Ere daylight all had departed to the sandhills and chaparral. A visit to the trench disclosed what would have been a sickening sight to a tenderfoot. Arms and legs were exposed, stripped of flesh, and bodies in many instances dragged out, some reduced to skeletons; and this was of nightly occurrence. On several occasions when on guard I was surrounded by large droves of the brutes. Often they approached in a solid mass within a few paces, snapping and snarling, thirsting for my blood, but too cowardly to strike. There was a constant flashing of heat lightning, giving the yellowish-white brutes a ghostly look. I was not afraid, but kept them stirring pretty lively. And how I did want to unhitch on the crowd with the load of lead, one bullet and three buckshot; but that was not in the play. I did, however, on one occasion take a rise out of them when I hurled my musket with fixed bayonet as a lance, when it found a lodgment in one, and came near getting me into trouble by losing the bayonet, it having been wrenched off in the brute's struggles and carried away; but the rest of the pack saved it by devouring the maimed one then and there, and the weapon was found at my daylight return to post.

ALLEGASH.

THE WILD ANIMAL INSTINCT OF DIRECTION.

How do our migratory birds know north from east, and south from "nor'-nor'west, two points west," in a strange country on a cloudy day or in a dark night?

Evidently they do—at least as a general rule. Occasionally one may get lost. I have heard of such, but I have never yet seen a wildfowl of any of the migratory species which did not appear to know the direction in which to go in order to reach its next place of habitation quite as well as I knew the road to mine.

I have for many years watched such birds when on their regular flights. I have seen them arrive and depart in angular-shaped battalions, sometimes stopping, sometimes not. When they stopped, their action in stopping showed no caprice. They stopped just as if that was a regular stopping place on a predetermined line of travel; and when they left, after feeding and resting for a day or a week, more or less, I could see no more signs of hesitancy as to which way they would go than I have felt myself when, at the end of a day's shooting, the bait-bottle got empty, the shadows grew long, and nightfall was at hand.

Is there anything in human experience which tends to throw light on this question? Let us see.

Occasionally while traveling, like Job's satan, "to and fro in the earth," I have ended a day's journey after dark at a place I never visited before. Invariably in the morning, even though it be cloudy or before sunrise, I instinctively and often unconsciously fix in my own mind the points of compass. This is north, and yonder is east, the place or direction of sunrise, provided the sun retains the good habits which characterized his movements the last time I saw him. And generally I get it right, though if I were called on to explain the reason I could not for the life of me tell how or why. But sometimes I get it wrong, and when it is wrong the impression or conclusion thus instinctively formed is as lasting and as ineradicable as if it were right. I never in such a case can get the points of compass straight without stopping to think.

To illustrate: About ten years ago I became a member of a shooting club away up in central Wisconsin. On my first trip there I arrived at the club house by wagon about 10 P. M. on a starless and moonless night. In the morning I was out on the club house porch before sunrise, and while looking out across a small lake which was covered with quacking, swearing ducks, it took me only about ten seconds by the watch to decide in my own mind that I was looking due west. The fact was that it was due south; and though I have shot on those waters two and three times a year from that day to this, when I am there south to me is west, and the sun invariably rises not near the western terminus of the Atlantic cable, as it ought, but somewhere a little east of the center of the arch of the aurora borealis. And when my vigilant and watchful guide whispers "Mark west," to warn me of a bird coming from that direction, I invariably look somewhere which isn't west, and the bird don't stop. Sad, isn't it?

Now, all this leads me to suggest that probably our barbarous ancestors of some thousands of years ago—say along back toward the glacial period, or possibly earlier—had this instinct of direction well cultivated and developed; if not as much so as the migratory animals, as least sufficiently to enable them to follow with certainty any predetermined point of compass without any necessary reference to landmarks or skymarks; that they could fix their points of compass anywhere and at any time—on the tundra of Siberia, the steppes of Russia, the prairies of America, or in the forests of darkest Africa. But in the rise and growth of civilization, with compasses, charts, maps and weather vanes, with roads, streets and fences laid out and located in defined directions, with rivers and trout streams whose every curve is plotted and labeled, with known landmarks always in sight, man has little use for and seldom has occasion to use the instinct of direction. He has ceased to cultivate it, and is gradually losing it. What is left is simply the residual remains of an old instinct for which he now has but little use, and which, being seldom used, has lost its infallibility.

Now that this faculty of unconsciously trying to fix points of compass is an instinct, and not a matter of reason or judgment, will appear from a single consideration.

An error of judgment, once corrected, is dropped, and ceases to be an element of control in respect of one's actions. The original error disappears, except as a recollection, and the mind is thereafter guided in its volitions by the correct facts. But when a man gets wrong on his points of compass, no amount of correction will ever eradicate from his mind the erroneous impressions formed. He may learn, as a matter of fact, that he is wrong, but the instinctively formed error will never depart from him. And this is just where an error of instinct seems to differ from an error of judgment. Some different principle of mental operation seems to be involved.

Now my next suggestion is this:

That the migratory animals have always retained and still possess this instinct of direction which civilized man has almost wholly lost. If so, then which way to go when on a migration is not with them a matter of judgment or observation, but of instinct. They probably have no more hesitancy about the direction of their migration than a honey bee has as to the shape of its cell. And, by the way, the honey bee shows a like instinct of direction, when, after flying here and there, zigzag, back and forth, every which way, over several miles of territory in gathering plunder from the flowers, it will, when loaded, strike a "bee line" for its hive. So the seals will go through the unmarked, trackless waters of the Pacific for a thousand miles or more, and pull up at the Pribylov Islands with as much accuracy as an ocean liner. So also with the carrier pigeons. And any one who has tried to lose a worthless dog or an obnoxious cat by sending it off miles from home, shut up, sightless, in a bag or basket, has satisfied himself on finding it back home the next day that its instinct of direction was too much for him.

From all which and sundry other considerations, I am strongly inclined to the view that all animals have an instinct of direction and locality by which they are unconsciously guided in their ordinary movements—that the migratory birds, when the time comes for a migration, do not have to stop and think which way they will go. They just get up and go, and unless misled by influences they are not familiar with, as the glare of a lighthouse lamp, they never make a mistake or get lost. They may be frightened and become confused, as by being frequently shot at, but once "beyond the danger line," their instincts regain control and they will resume their journey in a direct line for their ultimate destination, and that too without stopping to think which is the right way.

The actions of some animals, particularly ducks and bees, would suggest the possibility that this instinct of direction operates most readily when the animal is disassociated so far as may be from local surroundings; in other words, that landmarks are a hindrance rather than an aid in getting the right direction. The honey bee, when ready to return to its hive, rises some distance from the ground, and after swinging around two or three times, usually in rapid and apparently angry flight, it strikes its course and is off like a bullet. The carrier pigeon is said often to act in the same way. So far as we can judge, both the bee and the carrier pigeon take their course without guidance from local surroundings, for they act just the same way in localities they never saw before as where they are perfectly at home.

The same habit prevails among many of the wild ducks, when, after feeding and resting, they resume their migratory flight, they commonly rise high and for a few minutes or seconds soar around, gradually gathering in flocks of some size, strike their course and go. From these facts I infer that their guiding instincts work best and more freely when local landmarks are left partially "out of sight."

But possibly all this is bosh, but I do not think so. Who knows? SHAGANOSS.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

A Horned Cow Elk.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Apropos of the discussion concerning hornless bucks, I send you a sketch that I made from life in Paris last December. It represents a double, semi-antlered, female elk. The history of the specimen I do not know, but I saw her many times in the Jardin des Plantes. On the right side of her head there is no trace of an antler; on her left are two small but perfectly distinct antlers. She is a large, well-formed animal, and in all respects other than the possession of antlers is all that a model doe elk ought to be. ERNEST SETON THOMPSON.



DOUBLE SEMI-ANTLERED COW ELK.

In the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. Drawn from life by E. S. Thompson

SLOAT HALL, Tappan, N. Y.

Pelican in Niagara River.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Feb. 8.—On Nov. 5, 1894, an American white pelican (*Pelicanus erythrorhnchos*) was taken in Niagara River near Buffalo and mounted by taxidermist Grieb. Mr. James Savage, of Buffalo, reported the above to me in February following, and also sent me the wishbone taken from the specimen. J. L. DAVISON.

Owls and Game Birds.

Owls have played sad havoc with the game birds of this section during the last two months. In the district of Saanach scarcely a pheasant is left, and in that district over 100 owls have been killed. In this city and district fully 200 have paid the penalty for their marauding instinct, and 500 would be a low estimate for the number of owls killed on Vancouver Island alone.

From the east coast and southern mainland and from the neighboring State of Washington come the same reports of devastation. Owls have simply swooped down on the land like an army of locusts, and are devouring everything in their way, pheasants, grouse, quail and domestic fowl, and even house cats, very unlikely subjects for owls to tackle, but two well-proven charges for this crime are against these prowlers in this city.

In this army of invasion some half dozen species are represented, but the one most in evidence is the dusky horned owl (*Bubo virginianus saturatus*).

Sportsmen of course have been waging a war of extermination, and the number killed for the whole Province would probably reach 1,000.

The question is now, what brought this army here? Indians and wise old men predicted a cold winter, but these predictions have fallen far short of the truth. In fact, the winter has been extremely mild, and at the present writing flowers are in bloom in the gardens. Cold weather may have driven these birds down from their northern homes, but it does not follow that cold weather is going to follow them. This influx, however, is in my experience unprecedented.

John Fannin.

Victoria, B. C., Jan. 18.

How does the Flying-Fish Fly?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, Mr. Harry Higgins, who writes so interestingly of the flying-fish in your issue of the 13th inst., has evidently had unusual opportunities for observing the movements of this fish while it is in the air. Having seen it only from the deck of a steamer, I have never been able to determine to my own satisfaction the exact manner in which the pectoral fins are employed after the fish leaves the water. It is my impression, however, that they are used as parachutes, not as wings, and that whatever movement occurs in them is a fluttering vibration due to the resistance of the air. In extended "flights" the fish apparently derives fresh motive power by striking the crest of the wave with its tail; it also usually seems to leave the water from the face of a wave. It has been my experience, therefore, that in calm weather, when the sea is smooth, comparatively few flying-fish are seen, and that they sail but a short distance; whereas when the sea is at all rough flying-fish are far more numerous and their "flights" are much longer.

Doubtless your correspondent can give us some valuable information on this subject, and I should also be glad to have him describe the "croaking" note of the pelican, to which he refers.

Frank M. Chapman.

American Museum of Natural History, New York City, Feb. 10.

Brünnich's Murres in Northern and Western New York.

Lockport, N. Y., Feb 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the occurrence of Brünnich's murres (*Uria lomvia*) is being noticed in your columns, I will add what little information I have on the subject.

Two years ago I received a letter from Mr. George Sheley, a young man residing on Red Lake, in the town of Theresa, Jefferson county, N. Y., in which he stated that "on Nov. 8, 1894, he had killed four queer-looking ducks," and on describing them said "that their bills were black and the shape of crows' bills." I wrote him that his ducks were undoubtedly murres, but that I had never known them to occur so far inland, and asked him to send me one of the heads and feet. He did so, and also a pair of wings. I readily identified them as of Brünnich's murres. About this time I received a call from Mr. James Savage, of Buffalo, who informed me that three Brünnich's murres were taken on Niagara River on Dec. 9, 1894, and a short time since I received a letter from Mr. Savage saying that on Dec. 19 last five birds of this species were taken near Buffalo. Two years ago I also saw three specimen skins of this species taken on Lake Ontario, in Orleans county. The first Buffalo record of Mr. Savage, I think, is the earliest reported of this species in western New York.

J. L. Davison.

The Woodcock's Whistle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read many articles in Forest and Stream concerning the woodcock's whistle, and writers differ in regard to the manner of producing it. Harris No. 1 has made a recent test by holding the bird up by the bill, while Harris No. 2 says it comes from the throat. Like the Harrises, I too was desirous of knowing and took a wing-tipped bird home to make a thorough test; but I only found him to utter a quack, as Harris No. 2 described; and was almost as ignorant as when I commenced my investigation until August came and the birds were moulting. I was very much surprised to find a bird which flushed with a whir and no whistle at all; others in flushing would whistle for 20 or 30ft. and then stop; still others uttered no sound during their short periods of flight. Now, if the whistle was made by the rotary movement of the wings, as Harris No. 1 describes, how could the woodcock stop whistling while on the wing? No singing bird will sing while moulting, neither will a woodcock whistle, so by this observation I am convinced that the woodcock utters a quack, as Harris No. 2 describes, in starting, and then the rotary movement of the wings increases it to a roll, which makes that beautiful whistle that every true sportsman loves to hear.

Taxidermist.

Pennsylvania.

Birds Winter Visitants.

Report from Framingham, Middlesex county, Mass, to Feb. 5, records: No redpolls, no grosbeaks, no snowflakes, one snowy owl, two goshawks. The season is remarkable for the abundance of this last species. Notices of its presence are coming in from various parts of New England. I should say twenty at least have been shot in eastern Massachusetts. It is about fifteen years since I have had it reported in this vicinity. A flight similar to this is stated to have occurred in 1860.

F. C. B.

Game Bag and Gun.

DECOY STORIES.—I.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My reputation for veracity among my fellow sportsmen has been seriously impaired, if not entirely destroyed, by my insisting upon the truth of the following experience that befell me last Thanksgiving Day: My boy of fifteen and myself were indulging in a few days' outing at a little club house on the Potomac a short distance below old Gunston Hall. The weather was fine, in fact, too fine for our purposes, as we were after ducks. Early in the morning we put out, off the old historic Hallowing Point, dear to many duck hunters, about forty new wooden decoys, as handsome as I ever saw, and then took our positions in the blind, full of those feelings of exhilaration and expectancy which all true sportsmen are bound to feel in some degree, even when all favorable conditions for sport are dead against them. After a few hours' waiting in came a bird, which my boy knocked down prettily and with much enthusiasm retrieved, but which proved to his disgust to be nothing but an old merganser, or saw-bill, known in these parts as a "fisherman," a bird, I need hardly add, of large size and of beautiful plumage, but absolutely unfit for the table.

The incident over, we waited and waited, with no results until finally, leaving the decoys in position, we went back to the club house, prepared and ate a luncheon, and then took a stroll back into the woods and fields on a tour of inspection, when, finding our heavy clothes rather oppressive under the sun's rays, we concluded to return to the blind, where we were sure to find it more comfortable because of the light breeze that was coming over the water. On arriving at the blind, we noticed that one of the decoys was positioned some 25 or 30yds. from the others. My first thought was that it was adrift, and I was about putting out in the skiff to recover it when I noticed that it did not change its position, although the tide was running quite briskly. Could it have floated off and become again caught? Could it have dragged its anchor that long distance while the others remained undisturbed? These and other theories were being discussed by us, when suddenly over our heads from behind there passed a dark shadow, which on our looking up proved to be made by a large eagle, and as we gazed upon him he sailed out over the straggler decoy about which we had been solicitous, poised himself for an instant, and then settled down suddenly, and with outstretched talons grasped the poor, helpless wooden thing and rose with it until the leaden anchor showed at the surface of the water, when for some reason, perhaps because of the discovery of his mistake or because of the sudden and unexpected increase in the weight of his burden, this king of birds dropped his quarry into the water with a splash and scuttled across the river as though to keep a suddenly remembered appointment.

When we had partly recovered from our astonishment my boy remarked, "Well, if that isn't a pretty bird for a national emblem! What a fool!" while I could only express my admiration for the discernment and good taste of my excellent friend John P. (thorough sportsman as he is) in selecting such life-like deceivers for his fall campaign.

It is mainly because this selfsame John has once or twice looked curiously at me while hearing me recount this adventure to others that I have been moved to address this communication to you, in the hope that some one of your many readers may have had a similar experience, which he will kindly relate in your columns, and thus bring my narrative within the bounds of what most of my friends would claim to be reasonable probability.

Melville Church.

SHOOTING MALLARDS IN ICE HOLES.

Late in the fall or very early in the spring very excellent shooting may be had at times in ice holes. These holes are found in running water, or at what are generally known as air holes. When the weather has been cold and prairie ponds are frozen, driving the ducks from open land to timber, naturally at this time they seek water wherever it may be found. They fly through the timber and over the trees in constant search for open water—places where experience had heretofore taught them that water and feed could be found in plenty. Their flight is slow, their search thorough, and they are not unrewarded, for they find a spot where water may be had.

When they find a place like this they alight in great numbers. The quantity lighting in the hole depends on the number of them coming. This hole, like an omnibus, always has room for one more. After the hole is filled they become generous, and wishing to make room for fresh arrivals, they crawl out and sit on the ice, quacking vigorously, or with craws distended with corn, fruits of the last overland trip, sit on the ice pruning themselves and sleeping the time away. Their loud calls vibrate and course through the still woods, carrying welcome music to the alert ears of the hunter.

He marks the direction, and stealthily proceeds to locate them. Then some noisy duck, having partaken too freely of corn, and feeling the effects of its fermentation, raises her voice so loudly that he marks the spot where they are located. He shows his open palm to his dog, and thus conveys to him warning for great caution. The dog understands this signal and crouches close to the earth. Those two friends stand silently behind a projecting tree, the hunter debating in his mind whether to step boldly out and rout the birds or attempt by crawling to get a sitting shot. He decides on the former, and when he steps out in open sight is seen, and with a grand roar that fills the woods with its volume the birds arise in fright, and in pairs and flocks, both great and small, fly away. The dog looks askance at his master, questioning the propriety of routing such an immense flock without firing a shot, but a reassuring pat on the head and he silently acquiesces to the judgment of his master.

The ducks are loath to leave a place like this, and soon begin to return—they will not keep out. Coolly the hunter knocks them right and left; the dog is in an ecstasy of delight. Constant exercise has caused his blood to rush through his veins. He comes and goes in and out of the water, his brown coat glistening with ice, forming brilliant beads in the sunlight; then he marks the course of a wing-tipped drake as it tries hard to follow the flock and falls from 100 to 200yds. from the shooter. Away he goes, over ridges, brushpiles, and frozen sloughs, and soon returns, the drake in his strong jaws, its good wing beating against his nose, and delivers it to his master.

When a man finds a place like this he has found a mine which is exhaustless for that day. If he intends staying in the neighborhood he should hunt some other place similar to this—hunt them on alternate days, and his shooting will be good each day. It is advisable to scatter corn in the hole and around the edges on the ice, but plenty in the hole if the water is shallow. The birds will soon discover this, and come often; and if the hunter is a good shot, will tarry long. As fast as killed, set up the dead ducks for decoys; keep on until you have a good-sized flock. No fear of having too many—the more the better.

In building a blind, advantage must be taken of locality. If in timber secrete yourself well, with a good open place to shoot through. Better have an indifferent blind with a good place to shoot through than one where you find you cannot shoot without interference of limbs. Should you find the shooting must be had in an exposed pond or river, where a shore blind cannot be made, your ingenuity will be taxed to hide yourself, and you must depend as much on quietness and patience as on a blind. Should the ice be strong enough to bear you, build a wall 10 or 12in. high of ice or snow to conceal you. A little hay, a rubber blanket spread over it, cover yourself with a white cloth, wait patiently; it's a splendid place for contemplation, especially if the thermometer registers down about zero; you can drive away the coldness by thinking of Turkish baths, strawberries and cream, and the church sociables you enjoyed the past summer.

One writer, speaking of ice-hole shooting, says a good way to build a blind is, "take a barrel, chop a hole through the ice so the barrel will slip through, nail pieces of scantling on the sides of the barrel, fill the barrel with water until it sinks down far enough, then bail the water out, first cutting narrow edges through the ice, push the scantlings down, give them a half twist and they will hold the barrel where wanted. Put in hay and push snow against the sides and top of the barrel to hide it, and the blind is complete." No doubt this would work, but it would hardly pay to go to so much trouble. The only good way is to shoot from the shore, as first mentioned; any other manner has drawbacks that will more than offset the pleasure derived.

Never take any chances in trying to get duck shooting around ice. Better not get a shot than attempt to get to some place where there is a flight, and then take chances of breaking in. If you haven't a boat or a good dog, you know you cannot get the dead birds without retrieving them yourself over ice that might be weak; turn your back to that hole and walk away—you have no right to take any such chance, and no wise man will do it. Death by drowning is said to be an easy death. If, then, you prefer death in this way, choose summer time; the water will feel decidedly more pleasant and flowers are much cheaper.

G. L. R.

GAME PROTECTION.

The question of better protection of our game will soon be brought up before the New Hampshire Legislature. Speaking of this section of the State, the supply of ruffed grouse has been fair. Woodcock seem to grow scarcer each year. Both the woodcock and grouse are hunted to death and grow wilder every year. As for my hunting, I have not tried or worked hard to make large bags. Six birds in a few hours has been my best score, with a total of some sixty-five grouse and a dozen woodcock. The time has been, and not long ago, when I would kill as many in a week; but I got enough, as many as we cared to eat and a few to give away. I am now giving my time to the foxes and hope to thin them out to some extent before spring with the old-fashioned hound I have. The first eight foxes he started were killed.

A few deer are wandering about our woods. A three-year-old buck was killed early in November a few miles from here, and a few days since while hunting grouse I jumped a deer twice. Doubtless during the present winter a close season for a number of years will be put on deer in this part of the State. In a recent number of the Manchester (N. H.) *Mirror*, which has a department devoted to shooting and fishing under the heading of "Sport," the editor says: "The men who are shooting our grouse for the market are the ones who need checking. Stopping the sale of game, as advocated by Forest and Stream, will do more to preserve our birds than any law we are likely to pass. When the Forest and Stream came out boldly, saying, 'The very best protection of game will be to stop its sale at all times and in all places,' many sportsmen thought such a measure would be of great benefit, but that it would be almost impossible to pass and enforce such a law throughout the country." I predict the time will come, perhaps not until the next generation of sportsmen are in the field, when we of to-day will be blamed for not insisting upon such a law. Mr. R. E. Robinson, in his story of New England fields and woods, speaks of the present century as one of extermination.

In the first half of the present century the buffalo of the Western plains were apparently inexhaustible. The skin hunter got in his work, and they are practically exterminated. The elk and antelope bid fair to follow the same course. Dr. W. F. Carver told me a few years since that in a trip across the plains he saw but seven antelope, while on the same grounds not many years before he had seen thousands, and killed I won't say how many.

The moose of Maine and the Provinces, while they cannot be slaughtered as easily as the large game of the Western plains are being hunted and killed to such an extent that unless rigid measures are taken in time the day will come when the moose hunter of the future may consider himself lucky should he even see an old track.

One of Maine's oldest and best known guides could tell a story, if he would, of moose killing in years past. How the moose in that region lying between Patten and Oxbow, in Aroostook county, were killed for their hides alone. How one man on snowshoes hunted up the yards, shooting everything he found, and his partner following on his trail did the skinning.

Caribou, according to accounts, are growing scarcer, with possibly the exception of Newfoundland. Caribou, as I have found them, were not hard to kill, but it was usually very uncertain about finding them. The question which seems to be now before the commissioners of Maine is what to do to better protect the moose. It is proposed to shorten the open season and to prevent, if possible, hunting by proxy, which some men calling themselves sportsmen are doing. It certainly is easier to stay in camp and hire guides to do the hunting and killing, and the latter are more likely to succeed if well paid. A large amount of money is left annually in

Maine by hunting parties, and of the number who go with hopes of killing a moose only a small percentage succeed. Making the open season for November only will lessen their chances to a great extent. I hardly think a moose caller in the State would promise to call a moose in November, and should there be no snow the still-hunting would not be much better. Many sportsmen who are well aware of the uncertainty of moose hunting under present conditions would doubtless prefer to give up such hunting trips should they consider their chances to be materially lessened. They are absolutely certain to spend a good deal of money, and most of them want a chance of getting something to show for it.

There are quite a number of sportsmen who have been successful in moose hunting, and many of them keep on hunting each season. Why would it not be a good plan to shut down on the men who have already killed a certain number of moose, say two or three. At present there are none too many moose to supply those who heretofore have never killed one. I saw a claim made for a certain gentleman who had been to the Maine woods often enough to know something about hunting large game. The claim was that he held the champion record of his State as a moose killer. A champion record at the target or traps is well enough, but to aspire to a championship for killing animals as large as oxen—well, I would advise any such an individual to devote the rest of his days to hunting rabbits. Seriously, however, I think it would be a good plan to shut down on every man who has killed a certain number of moose. There would not be much trouble in knowing who had; about everyone who has killed a moose has told of it so often that all of his friends and acquaintances have got sick of hearing about it. It might, however, put some fellows in a hole, who have brought out the head and horns of a bull, claiming to have killed it, when in reality it was killed by proxy. What do you say, you who have been successful?

C. M. Stark.

Dunbarton, N. H.

REPORT OF THE MARYLAND GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

Baltimore, Jan. 21.—*Mr. President and Members of the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association:* In accordance with Article VI., Section II., of the constitution, on behalf of the executive committee, I herewith submit my annual report on the condition of the Association. This, like many similar organizations, has had many obstacles to overcome before it was established upon a permanent basis. The greatest difficulty encountered was that of confidence, as it was believed by most of our sportsmen and anglers that the organization would not be permanent; that the officers and promoters of the Association would soon lose interest, and in a short time the Association would lapse into a quiet sleep.

In soliciting members, some would reply, "We will wait and see what you do.' Others would answer, "What is the use? You will not be able to accomplish anything. We have belonged to similar organizations and have never seen any results except failure to do anything." That there were just claims for such assertions we do not deny; but a great mistake was made in estimating the determination of the officers and members of the Association to make the organization permanent and successful.

It is gratifying to know that after an existence of two years it has been demonstrated conclusively and unmistakably that the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association is a success and has come to stay. A glance at the roll of members will disclose the fact that the membership is largely represented by the leading citizens of Maryland of every vocation, which in itself must inspire confidence. While it is encouraging to report that the membership is gradually increasing, it is to be regretted that there are hundreds of sportsmen and anglers in this Sta e who are not members, but ought to be. It is to be hoped that every sportsman who pulls a trigger and every angler who wets a line, residing in this State, will come and dwell with us. We believe it will be well for them to do so. The necessity for an organization like this has long existed. It has been apparent for years that unless restrictions were placed upon the wholesale destruction of the game and fish supply of Maryland, by the enactment of proper laws and the rigid enforcement of the same, the supply once so bountiful would soon be a thing of the past.

This Association does not want to prohibit. It wants to restrict and regulate the killing of game and catching of fish to a proper limit by proper means and at proper seasons, and insists upon the enforcement of the laws, so that all citizens will have equal rights, which must evidently redound to the welfare of all, whether they shoot and fish for pleasure or for profit. It has been very difficult to enforce the game and fish laws in the past; but when this Association, following the example of other States, had an act passed by the General Assembly last year creating a State game warden, with power to appoint deputy game wardens, the problem was solved. Governor Lowndes appointed Mr. J. Olney Norris State game warden, and by his energetic methods Mr. Norris has an organization of 135 deputies throughout the State, and never before have the game and fish laws been so rigidly enforced and generally observed. The game warden's department is in perfect harmony with the Game and Fish Protective Association. Since the organization of the department last June there have been about seventy-five arrests for violations of the game and fish laws. Convictions followed in nearly all cases.

We deem it but just to call attention to the splendid services rendered by Capt. Wm. J. Keen, of the State Duck Police. Capt. Keen has performed his duty faithfully and fearlessly, making more arrests for violations of the ducking laws this season on the Susquehanna flats than the whole force has made for years. Mr. J. Olney Norris, the State game warden, and his efficient deputies, co-operated with and assisted the duck police in every way possible.

Mr. Norris supplied able counsel to be in attendance upon almost all prosecutions for violations of the duck and fish laws. This was necessary on account of the many repeals and amendments in the duck and fish laws, in order that a careful and correct presentation of the law was made, and besides it would have imposed a great deal of extra work upon the State's prosecuting attorneys, particularly for Harford county, where so many prosecutions took place at a considerable distance from the county seat, and not accessible by railroad.

It is the consensus of opinion of the executive committee, and we believe of every member of this Association, that the game laws of this State should be as nearly uniform as possible; that the fish laws in the tide water districts and the Chesapeake Bay ought to be amended to regulate the size of meshes for all kinds of nets, regulating the size of rock bass and perch taken, making it compulsory that all fish caught in nets under the lawful size be put back into the water. The ducking law needs remodeling, or an entirely new law would be better, made so plain and simple (without granting special privileges to any class), so that the law can be correctly interpreted by anyone. This we believe can be done by conference and arbitration of all parties interested, through their representatives, in convention, some time before the meeting of the General Assembly next January. This will bring about good will and harmony among the box shooters, the bushwhackers and the shore shooters. A law of this kind will benefit all elements, whether they gun for pleasure or for market, and especially the latter class. All our Association desires is that the laws be faithfully observed. This the duck police and the game warden will attend to Another very important matter is a uniform State law for the protection of the world-renowned Maryland diamond-back terrapin. This delicious luxury, once so plentiful and profitable in Maryland waters, is fast b coming extinct, and it is imperative that diamond-back terrapin be properly protected in order that they have a chance to recuperate. The apprehension, speedy trial and conviction of James H. Butler for poisoning 3,000 English phea-ants and several hundred fowl on the property of Bowley's Quarter Ducking Club was one of the most important things accomplished during the year. It was a dastardly act and a severe blow at the private rights of clubs and game preserves. This Association determined to ferret out the guilty party or parties at all hazards. The secretary was empowered to leave no stone unturned in working up the case. Detectives were employed and after a month of tireless, skillful work, the guilty party was arrested, and is now serving a three years' term at "Jessup's Cut."

Another very important scheme that was so successfully carried out under the auspices and direction of this Association was the seining of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal for the purpose of transferring the bass to the Potomac River, and the destruction of all carp caught; 12,500 bass were put into the river, 5,000 white perch and over 1,000,000 small fish of various kinds, such as the bass feed on. It is but just to say that without the co-operation of the Washington anglers, composed largely of the Blue Ridge and Woodmont Rod and Gun clubs, the scheme could not have been carried out. The anglers of Washington not only contributed the bulk of the funds, but assisted in every way possible. Hagerstown also did nobly.

The Blue Ridge, Woodmont and Hagerstown Rod and Gun clubs are all auxiliary clubs of our Association. Col. G. L. Nicholson, general manager of the C. & O. Canal, not only gave permission to seine the canal, but rendered valuable assistance in many ways. Col. John J. Brice, U. S. Fish Commissioner, furnished four men from his department, equipped with seines, rubber suits, etc. Capt. Harron, who had charge of the men from the Fish Commission, rendered valuable service. Having been authorized by the executive committee to take charge of and superintend this work, I want to return my thanks in this report to Col. Nicholson and Commissioner Brice for their kind attentions and for the very valuable services rendered me.

Our Association now has 201 individual members and six auxiliary clubs representing 120 members. It is hoped that a united effort be made to double the membership at this meeting.

Very respectfully submitted,

Geo. W. Massamore, Sec'y-Treas.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Feb. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find clipping from local press regarding the annual meeting of the National Game and Fish Protective Association as held in this city on the 10th inst., the attendance to which being very slim.

We have had some good cold weather and plenty of snow, but our quail have pulled through o. k. so far. I saw a flock of about a dozen blackbirds on the 10th inst.

Ben O. Bush.

The Kalamazoo *Press* report runs:

The third annual meeting of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association was called to order by President M. R. Bortree, of Chicago, at the Burdick House Wednesday afternoon. Committees on credentials, amendments to the constitution, memorial to Congress, memorial to the New York Legislature and memorial to the State Legislature were appointed, and A. L. Lakey and M R. Bortree were appointed a committee to draft a skeleton bill to prohibit the destruction of wild water fowl eggs in Alaska.

At the evening session the several committees reported. The memorial to Congress regarding the bill now pending to amend the interstate commerce law so as to prohibit the shipment of water fowl eggs, had also a clause relative to the destruction of song and plumage birds for commerce.

The memorial to the Legislature of New York State was adopted. It petitions the Legislature to amend the game law which now allows game to be received and offered for sale in the markets of that State, contrary to and in violation of the laws of many other States.

The committee on uniformity of game laws recommended a union close of season in each of the following five sections of the country:

All that proportion of the United States east of the Mississippi (Minnesota excepted) and north of the Ohio River, and bordered on the south by the southern boundary of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

All that portion of the United States east of the Mississippi and south of the boundaries mentioned in Section 1.

All that portion of the United States west of the Mississippi, including Minnesota, and north of the southern boundary of Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho and Oregon.

All that portion of the United States west of the Mississippi and south of the boundaries mentioned in Section 3.

It was resolved that the Legislatures of the different States and Territories appoint committees to confer with each other in the respective sections, to accomplish this desirable uniformity for the lasting protection of the game and fish of the United States.

A. L. Lakey made a report in the form of an amendment to the national game laws, making it unlawful for any one to take the eggs or molest or destroy the nests or breeding places of any wild waterfowl, any game or any song bird in Alaska, or in any territory or on any waters owned or controlled by the United States

The following officers were elected: President, A. L. Lakey, of Kalamazoo; Vice-President, M. B. Davis, of Waco, T x.; Secretary, C. E Brewster, of Grand Rapids; Treasurer, J. P. Barnum, of Prairie du Chien, Wis.; Attorney, F S. Baird, of Chicago; Executive Committee: M. R. Bortree and George W. Strell, of Chicago, and M. W. Ellis, of St. Louis.

The constitution was amended so that associations and clubs shall alone constitute the membership.

Kalamazoo was made the permanent headquarters of the Association. The Association will take out a national charter under the laws of Michigan. The charter fee will be $5. St. Louis will be the next place of meeting.

Dr. Morris Gibbs read a paper on the destruction of song and plumage birds for mercantile purposes—for use in ornamenting ladies' hats. Five thousand copies were ordered printed, to be sent to women's clubs and societies throughout the country.

President Bortree gave an excellent retiring address.

The following members of the association were present at the Kalamazoo meeting: M R. Bortree, F. S Baird, G. W. Strell, Chicago; A. L Lakey, Dr. Morris Gibbs, C L. Cobb, G W. Locke, George C. Hall, Kalamazoo; J. W Gebhart, Three Rivers; C. E. Brewster, Grand Rapids; C. H. McGurrin, Kalamazoo; L. G Palmer, Grand Rapids.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Left out the Clam.

The report of the New York Commission of Fisheries, Game and Forests is an admirable volume, and I wish to thank Mr. A. N. Cheney, State Fishculturist, for a copy which he has been good enough to send me. I am pained to note, however, that while the habits of the Virginia deer, the ruffed grouse, the red fox and many other game creatures are described and set forth at great length and with much precision, no mention whatever is made of another game animal, of which Mr. Cheney himself is qualified to speak with familiarity and authority, as being of habitat adjacent, contiguous, or identical with the territory falling under the scope of the above mentioned compendious work. Need I say that this is that humble but meritorious game bird, the clam?

Squirrel Story True.

My friend, the Chief-with-two-Stomachs, and his friend, Dr. Rogers, have made joy over a squirrel story in which I am supposed to believe that squirrels can be killed after night, and they say, moreover, that the "story is true." Of course it is true! To this story I demur. That is to say, I admit each and every allegation, but deny ground of action thereon. The Chief hath had wide experience at night, but hath evidently not yet seen all the things seeable. If he thinks for a minute that Mr. Lamar Fontaine, Capt. Bobo, or any one of many Mississippi hunters cannot kill a squirrel at night, he is advised wrongly in the premises. Nay, more; they even kill far larger animals, such as opossums, coons, etc., etc. As I may prove by Capt. Bobo, I have seen a bear killed at night, and with no lantern near. The Chief is led astray by his friends, who are putting up a job on him. If he thinks squirrels cannot be killed at night, I was going to say I would bet him the suppers I could show him they can; but on deliberation I think I would better not make that wager—I couldn't afford to lose it.

Dog with a Wooden Leg.

Chicago has a dog with a wooden leg. This animal is a fox terrier belonging to Mr. C. Raymond, who lately had an expert maker of artificial limbs fit a cork foot to the front leg of the dog, the right foot having been cut off in an accident. The terrier at once expressed great joy at this improvement upon the former order of things, and is now pursuing its daily avocation of killing rats with even more than its pristine celerity and gusto. There is no use trying to get ahead of Chicago. Has New York, for instance—or *par example*, as we say in Chicago—a dog with a wooden leg?

Chicago Fat Dog.

Far in the north of China there is a certain breed of dog much beloved of mandarins and other club men fond of good living. It is called, so says a Chicago daily paper, the "wunk" dog, this name in Chinese being descriptive of its highly edible qualities. A good fat "wunk" will weigh some 40lbs., and will give basis for an almost incredible amount of fine, rich soup of extremely nutritious sort. The "wunk" dog is fed altogether on grains, and never eats meat of any kind. It is a mute, inglorious sort of dog, a non-sporting class all by itself, whose mission in life is not to learn to labor and grow strong, but simply to eat cracked wheat and cream, and thus dream through the golden hours of life until called hence by the soup-seeking chef of wealth and luxury. We are reported to be practically certain of having a Chinese "wunk" dog at the coming Chicago dog show. Let other cities cease in the mad struggle to surpass Chicago. Has New York, for instance, ever had a "wunk" dog? To repeat, we trow nit.

Smartweed Seed for Ducks.

Mr. F. A. Howe, of this city, many years president of the Tolleston Club and always an active member, tells me something of the efforts made by that organization to supply feed for the wild ducks. The club has for a long time made a custom of putting out corn on the feeding grounds of the birds. Wild rice is native to the club marsh, and the club has planted wild rice to great extent to increase native stock. It is a singular fact, to which attention has earlier been called, that the wild rice of Tolleston Marsh is in a fair way to be destroyed by the carp of the Little Calumet River. These fish fairly swarm in those waters, and run out into every slough and bayou over the rice marsh as far as they can get, wriggling themselves fairly out of water sometimes to get at the wild rice roots and grain. The carp have killed the rice over acres and acres of this country. Mr. Howe has carefully studied the habits of these fish. He says that in the winter time they do not burrow in the mud, as is sometimes asserted, but go to the deepest water they can find. Here in some deep hole of the river they will swim round and round in hundreds and thousands, not feeding at all, but losing weight through the winter season. He says that a fish that would weigh 12lbs. in the summer may weigh only 8 or 10lbs. in the winter. The carp are the first fish to run in the spring, and as soon as the waters open they are out all over the marsh seeking for anything they can find to eat. As soon as the spawn of other fish is deposited the carp at once suck it up. They eat the germinating seeds of wild rice which has been planted or which has fallen into the water. They eat the feed which has been put in the shallow water

for the ducks, and in fact leave desolation behind them, almost incredible as such an assertion may seem when speaking of so harmless an animal as a fish.

It is well known among all duck hunters that ducks, especially mallards, are very fond of the seed of the plant known as the smartweed, there being only a few other varieties of food which they prefer to this. Mr. Howe has been experimenting with smartweed on the Tolleston marshes, where he has been planting it for some years. It has sprung up in great luxuriance over the flats, and in places makes a dense thicket higher than one's head as he sits in his boat. At first Mr. Howe got this seed, a bushel or so at a time, chiefly from the flaxseed companies, at whose works it is separated with the other seeds from the flax. The flaxseed men told Mr. Howe that it was too expensive to separate the smartweed seed from other weed seeds mixed with it in the refuse, but Mr. Howe told them to go ahead and do the best they could, and so obtained a few sacks last year. He tells me now that he has bought a ton of this seed, which will be planted on the Tolleston marsh. The seed is, of course, not quite pure, but there will be enough to make a great showing. The beauty of this smartweed is that the carp do not disturb it, and Mr. Howe feels some exultation over the fact that he has discovered the means of outwitting one of the most insignificant, but one of the most dreaded enemies of the club, that great North American nuisance known as the German carp.

Elk at Jackson's Hole.

Recent dispatches from Wyoming state that more elk are wintering in Jackson's Hole than for many years past. They have been traveling in thousands from the Snake River to the Gros Ventre Hills, and it is estimated that 15,000 head of elk have been seen in one herd.

"The Black Duck."

Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Winnipeg, Man., continues his quest for information in regard to the "black duck," and this time I think his request will result in something definite. Under date of Jan. 21 he writes to me: "My dear Hough: I read your remarks about the black duck in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 9, and to find if the duck that breed at Big Lake and Lac la Biche are really the same kind of black duck found in Ontario, I wrote Mr. W. H. Cooper, of Edmonton, to send me one It arrived to-day and I am sending it on to you. He had only one, a female, and on comparing it with the female black duck shown in reproduction of Audubon's original picture (FOREST AND STREAM, issue of Sept. 26) I fail to find any difference Anyway you no doubt have killed lots of black duck and will readily see if this is one. It may be, as Mr. Wells says, of some other kind, but it is certainly not found in Manitoba. Anyway, tell me the name of the specimen sent you. It was killed 1,000 miles north of Winnipeg."

The duck mentioned by Mr. Johnson arrived safely, and when I took it out of the box I at first thought I had a canvasback. It needed no second look, however, to tell the difference between those birds, although the duck was as large as a hen canvasback and something of the same color. The head was slightly disfigured, but it could be seen that the bill was a sort of cross between that of the canvasback and that of the bluebill. There was not the slightest resemblance between this bird and that one called "the black duck" in this country and Ontario. On looking up the Audubon portrait of the "black duck" I could not agree with Mr. Johnson on the similarity of his bird with that portrait. The Audubon portrait shows clearly the marsh duck head, just as this bird shows the unmistakable deep-water head. It is true, the Audubon reproduction shows a very dark body color for the black duck, and also shows a touch of white at the tip of the wing coverts. This touch of white would be more realistic could there be shown also the green color above the white tips, though this is impossible outside of lithographic reproduction. This is probably the misleading part of the picture, for Mr. Johnson's bird has white tips to the feathers just where the white is shown in the black and white portrait of the Audubon reproduction.

I took the bird to the Chicago Academy of Sciences and laid it before their ornithologist, Mr. Frank M. Woodruff, who at once told me that it was the female of the velvet scoter (*Oidemia fusca*). This is a maritime species, perhaps locally called "black duck" in some regions. I had never seen this bird before, and Mr. Woodruff said it was rarely found in this region. He showed me in the collection a specimen of the same bird which was shot on the Meredosia Flats of the Illinois River by J. G. Parker. This bird was valued very much. Another specimen of the same family, a fine male of the white-winged scoter (*Oidemia deglandi*) was killed by Mr. Woodruff himself on Nov. 2, 1895, from the Government pier, not far from Lincoln Park. Thus it seems that Chicago is not to be behind the world in the matter of weird fowl. Mr. Johnson can now rest assured that his so-called Manitoba "black duck" is a base fraud, and no black duck at all. Doubtless before this time his mind has been set quite at rest by seeing in the FOREST AND STREAM the excellent portrait of the black duck printed from the photograph in the issue of Jan 23. In that picture, better than in the Audubon reproduction, he can see the distinguishing peculiarity of the real "black duck" (*Anas obscura*), and can see how like a mallard it is, whence its sometime name, "black mallard."

Rare Birds at the Academy.

While I was at the Academy of Sciences Mr. Woodruff showed me some other birds rare in this locality and much prized on account of the fact that they were collected in this country. There was a good specimen of the auk or guillemot (Brünnich's murre), which was killed at Forsman, Ind., Dec. 1, 1896, by a market hunter, who sent it into South Water street, Chicago, with some quail. What the bird was doing down there, inland in Indiana, is difficult to tell.

Mr. Woodruff recently shot on the lake shore, off Lincoln Park, a fine specimen of the kittiwake gull, a bird practically unknown in this country. This specimen he prizes very much. Among other specimens unusual in this country is a turkey buzzard which was killed in Cook county, Ill., thought to be the only one seen in this region. (I have often seen them in Iowa at this latitude.)

More rare and valuable than the Cook county turkey buzzard is a specimen of the genuine northern raven, a bird scarcely seen this side of Alaska (*Corvus corax principalis*). This specimen was killed by Mr. Woodruff at Meredosia, Ill., Nov. 11, 1892. He sent the specimen on to the Smithsonian Institution for confirmation, and was told that he had a treasure of a bird, worth at least $100.

Yet another bird rare in this neighborhood was collected by Mr. Woodruff recently at Miller's Station, Ind. This was a robin snipe in full plumage At the same place, which is but about thirty miles from Chicago, Mr. Woodruff killed a good specimen of the beetlehead or black bellied plover. This bird looks something like our golden plover, but is larger. It is rare in this country.

While we were looking at the case containing these different specimens of birds I saw near some specimens of our ordinary jacksnipe another jacksnipe which fairly made my eyes start out of my head. It was a perfect giant, a monster of a jacksnipe, exactly similar in every way to our jack, but at least a third larger, with bill and legs in proportion. I had never seen such a jack as this, and Mr. Woodruff smiled at my enthusiasm before telling me that it was killed in South America, where it seems that all jacksnipe grow that big. I think I shall move to South America.

The Meat Dog Again.

From time to time I have said so much about the meat dog that readers of FOREST AND STREAM might be pardoned for kicking against any more of him. Although they might be justified in this, I feel myself that if I shall ever be able to say anything to discourage the perpetuation of the slab sided, cowardly, short-winded, scanty-brained, tissue paper imitations of dogs known as field trial performers, I shall after all not have lived in vain, whatever the majority of my friends may think about that. This time I think I have really found a meat dog, and I append a letter from Mr. George McDougall, of Butte, Mont, which describes him. The only suspicious thing about the matter is that Mr. McDougall is willing to sell the dog. I never knew a man who had a real meat dog who would sell him at any price If I had a meat dog and was broke, I might eat him, but I would never sell him. Probably Mr. McDougall is only joking about selling this dog, and therefore the advertising editor will overlook his statements about price, etc., which do not strictly belong next to pure reading matter like Chicago and the West. The public will please note what Mr. McDougall says about "entertaining letters." This marks him as a man of great discernment and judgment. He goes on to say:

"For the last three or four years, every time I have read one of your very entertaining letters in FOREST AND STREAM I have felt impelled to write you—not that I have anything particular to say, but just to tell you how much I enjoy your communications. Shake!

"About meat dogs. I have just the one your friend wants—a pointer; will soon be two years old—but I don't feel much like parting with him unless for a whaling big price, for who knows when I will get another? I forget your exact requirements, as it is a long time since you published your specifications in full; but as to being run over by a wagon, will you count a rather heavy, two-seated surrey loaded with your most obedient and 'the lady that owns me,' two heavy saddles, 50lbs. dog biscuit, about 50lbs. of ammunition, three guns, three valises and a couple of gunny sacks of clothing and general dunnage, about 50lbs. of oats, an 8×10 wall tent, and old Twister (greyhound, about 75lbs.) reposing in his most dignified style on top of the load—will that go for a wagon within the meaning of your specification? We were starting on a trip about 130 miles south, and had got about ten miles from Butte. It was a beautiful, crisp September morning. The aforesaid meat dog, Sam (good, old-fashioned name), and three greyhouds were following the wagon, and we were going through some very likely jack-rabbit ground. I was afraid Sam would put one up, which might make it bad for the greyhounds—I had no fears for him, nothing hurts him—so I tied him behind the wagon with a nice, light greyhound lead. It was his first experience at being led behind a wagon, and he is so consistent a conservative that each new experience is considered by him *casus belli*. The result was that he tried to haul the wagon around by the hind axle, the hind wheel went over him, and I was out a good lead. But he followed me the rest of the way—120 miles, or thereabout—hunted on an average every other day for five weeks, followed me home and arrived here in the best of spirits, a little thin, appetite fine, and pretty nearly as hard headed as ever. It took five days of steady pounding to make him point, two more to make him stand to shot and wing, and a couple more to wait till told to retrieve. I never hammered a dog so in my life, and think I would have failed to break him then had it not been that my hunting chum shot him accidentally as he was breaking after a bevy like a quarter-horse. He did not know it was an accident, and came back very humble and with such a respect for the report of a gun that I had very little more trouble with him. It made me wish I had shot him a little before. Of course the shot did not hurt him—nothing does. This fellow is now a perfect meat dog, has a great nose, understands the habits of chickens, grand retriever, ranges to hand fairly well, though he would much rather pick his own range, distrusting my judgment about such things; not a very good galloper, being of the old-fashioned, heavy build, but strikes a lively canter and keeps it up week in and week out. He bites all tramps, the Chinese washerman, the butcher, baker, groceryman and other visitors who are not aristocratic enough to suit him; will run a jack with enthusiasm, though a shot in the air will stop him since he acquired his respect for the gun; helped the hounds to kill a coyote and did most of the fighting after he got there, which was a little late; won't ride in a wagon unless tied down and cross hobbled, with a boy to hold him and pound him on the head with a club, for he regards it as waste of valuable time in which he might be hunting, and will only back a dog in whom he has complete confidence—with others he investigates for himself. Now, I am not trying to sell this fellow particularly, but your friend can have him for $150, though I had a little rather he would think that too high. He has no pedigree, or what he has is not long enough to get tangled in the sagebrush. His sire is Sam, a good chicken dog, and a handsome fellow, who came from the Lord knows where; his dam is my Lit, a good chicken dog, but worse to handle than he is, and never was thoroughly broken. She was got by a 'dog,' don't know his name, parentage, ownership or previous condition of servitude, but he was said to be from Johnny Wise's kennel, though Johnny denies it. Her dam was from Old Dominion's kennel and had a kind of a pedigree, and there you are. I have lost my job in the court here—new administration did not want me—and don't know where I will be this fall; but if I am here, I now invite you to take a hunt with me between Aug 15 and Oct 15. The game will be sage chickens; I will take you where you can kill 200 in a day, if you can shoot straight enough and walk far enough, or you can ride if you are too lazy to walk, and I will not kick if you fill Sam's hide so full of shot that it won't hold water—it won't hurt him and may do him good—and the aforesaid 'lady that owns me' will cook sage chickens for you so that you will swear they are as good as blue grouse, and help you to kill them and handle Sam into the bargain. Only one season of his future is behind him, but it was a good one, full of hard work and tribulation for both him and me.

"About jack rabbits. This is where I reside, so to speak. I am a candidate for the position of purveyor of jack rabbits to the crowned heads of Europe and America. I can furnish jacks till you can't rest—good, husky blacktails, price $1 each, f. o. b. Market Lake, Idaho. They had a drive down there last month and killed thousands. I was invited to attend and offered transportation, but could not go. About a year ago they rounded up over 2,000 and shipped them to Salt Lake City in hog cars to be distributed to poor people. Send in your orders and the jacks will be forthcoming."

I submit that the above is about the nearest we have come to a real meat dog for some time, and it would give me great pleasure to shoot over him and shoot at him, as it would remind me of old times with my old dog. We used to use him to pattern our guns on, and he really enjoyed the sport very much. In regard to the sage hen shoot, I am glad to have the invitation. I was shy an invitation for August, though I think I have all the rest of the year covered with invitations to shoot, fish or camp out from New Brunswick to old Mexico and from Maine to Montana. I am rapidly endeavoring to so arrange my affairs that I shall not have to work any more.

Protecting Rabbits.

Mr. G. G. Kuykendall, of Carmi, Ill., writes to FOREST AND STREAM upon the subject of game laws as below, and there is a general justice in what he says, although it may yet be difficult to secure a game law on rabbits. The farmer is a man too little considered by those usually asking for stricter game laws, and it is gratifying to see this interest among Illinois farmers in the matter of game protection, and to note that they realize the scarcity and the impending extermination of the game which was once so abundant on their land. Mr. Kuykendall says:

"In order to give the sportsmen of this State some idea of the views and wants of the farmers of this part of the State with regard to protecting the little remnant of game we have left, I write this letter so the sportsmen who help to frame our game laws may know the likes and dislikes of the farmers. We would like to be able after the open season is over to keep men, both black and white, that care for no law nor any one's rights, and would kill if they could every mite of game that is left by the farmer and his friends for next season's supply—all such we want to be able to keep off our farms.

"Fifteen months ago four prairie chickens came to my farm. I was feeding cattle and they wintered on the farm, and in the spring nested across the line on my neighbor's farm. He and I agreed that we would protect them if we could. When the broods were grown we had twenty-four. We had little trouble during the open season, but since the close season the negroes and the class of white men that I spoke of come on to our farms pretending to hunt rabbits, but in fact are hunting and shooting chickens and quail. I have chased several away, but failed to get near enough to them to know them or afterward to learn who they were.

"If the law would protect bunny at the same time it protects birds, then the plea of hunting the rabbit would be done for.

"If the rabbits become destructive to young trees or shrubbery of any kind let the law allow the farmer to destroy the rabbits. I have talked with many of the farmers on this subject and they all think that so long as the hunting goes on all winter, professedly to kill rabbits, our supply of birds will continue to decrease."

Killing Things and Protecting Things.

So much as above for new and rapid ways of killing things. We do not hear so much about new and desirable ways of increasing and protecting things. Man seeks always to destroy, and trusts always to nature to furnish something for him to destroy. Only thinking men are the ones who stop to reflect that even nature can protest and finally go on strike. All sportsmen of thoughtful methods to-day realize that we must protect the game or soon have none to shoot at. One of the earliest men to reach this conclusion and to advocate his view has been Mr. Charles Hallock, whom some day I think we shall be calling Sir Charles, as the only man in America such a title would suit and would not spoil. Mr. Hallock always believed in uniform game laws, and he is still at his old idea, and has out a printed scheme for a system of game laws to cover the entire country of the United States. He divides the country as Cæsar did ancient Gaul, into three parts, or "concessions," as follows:

Northern Concession.—The following named States comprise the Northern Concession, to wit: The six New England States, the Middle States the two Virginias, Ohio, Kentucky, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Kansas, Nebraska, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado, to the summit of the Continental Divide.

Southern Concession.—The following-named States comprise the Southern Concession, to wit: North and South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, Indian Territory and New Mexico, to the crest of the Continental Divide.

Pacific Concession.—The following-named States constitute the Pacific Coast Concession, to wit: Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Nevada, Utah and Arizona.

The law as submitted for each "concession" is, for the most part, stringent enough and wise enough to please any sportsman. There is one concession, however, and a very important one, which Mr. Hallock has left out, and that is the concession which our friends the game dealers will not be likely to make to the sportsmen when they see this "Hallock code" approaching them some dark night. We are told that a cat may look at a king, and that there is no law forbidding a mortal to gaze, therefore it is perhaps not illicit to long for uniform game laws. Heretofore we have mostly been obliged to take it out in looking and longing, not as yet having acquired the consent of his majesty the game dealer to do more than look and long.

E. HOUGH

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

He Might Establish an Endowment Fund for those Descendants.

INCLOSED please find $10 for FOREST AND STREAM for three years—Jan. 1, 1897, to Jan. 1, 1900. Hoping that some of my descendants will duplicate this subscription for the years 1997 to 2000, I remain, fraternally yours,

G. E. W.

THE MAINE GUIDES' SONG.

From the Lewiston Journal.

THE proposed law, whereby Maine guides must register, secure a license by the payment of $3 and wear badges when engaged in their business, has ruffled these free-and-easy Leatherstockings. They protest in breezy fashion, especially to that clause whereby they are required to keep a record of game seen, game killed, fish caught, etc. A brand new Maine hunting song is respectfully suggested to these recalcitrants, who ought to assist Commissioner Carleton in his reforms.

We're off, we're off to the noble greenwood, ha, ha, and eke likewise, he, he.
It's perfectly awful, but still we are lawful, authorized guides are we.
Oh, say, is the duffle all tight and all right? Have you looked it carefully o'er?
Look out for the gun, for we have only one, but of typewriters we must have more.
For we're off, we're off to the good greenwood, with our badges and licenses too;
With our legalized, authorized permits and modernized orders of what we must do.
We *must* keep a list of the game that is missed and of critters that scamper away.
We've got to keep tab whenever we nab a buck or a moose as we stray.
And when we start out with a party to guide we're ordered to write out a census,
With ages and names, square as old truthful James; and woe if a slip-up prevents us.
So, hurrah for the wood, we will try to be good and describe all that crosses our way.
We'll study stenography, typewriting, photography; we'll scribble away all the day.
We'll try to deserve it—the license we got; our badges we'll wear on our breast.
We'll write of our rambles, our tussles, our scrambles, enumerate flies and the rest.
And if we've permission, or if the Commission would like for to have us inform,
We'll halt bucks and ewes and solicit their views on the question of tariff reform.
Then hurrah for the wood, we are going, last call; do you want to go with us for fun?
Take another typewriter; as the pack must be lighter, I guess we won't need the old gun.
For I think when they see us with license and badge a-jotting down points, as I've said,
The deer that we're after will double with laughter and squirm in a fit and fall dead.

BOSTON, Feb. 13.—The guide license bill has passed one reading in the Maine House at Augusta with scarcely a dissenting voice. But Hinckley, of Rangeley, has asked for delay until Thursday, the 18th, that he may offer an amendment providing that men simply working for sportsmen temporarily shall not be obliged to take out licenses. As the bill now stands, "any person engaging in the business of guiding, as commonly understood," is liable to a fine of $50 if he does so without a license. SPECIAL.

Maine Moose Protection.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The moose is the largest game animal and the most valuable, and, unfortunately for him, the only animal which can be called from his most secure places in the forest by the use of the bark horn. The experienced guides can so closely imitate the call of the cow moose that the bull can be brought within a short range of the hunter's rifle. They are so much sought after that the ambitious hunter had rather kill one moose than fifty deer. Furthermore, there are so many more experienced guides and hunters now that with very little trouble they can locate almost every bull moose in Maine.

If a bull moose having a good head of horns is worth $100 to the hunter, I think he would be better worth $1,000 to the State of Maine to be left in the wilderness for five years for breeding purposes. If the bull moose is allowed to be exterminated, of what use is it to protect the cows? Protect all moose while there are some to protect—don't wait until they are exterminated before taking action. If there is not a continued close time put upon moose at once I sincerely believe there will be none left to protect when the Legislature meets again.

It is no reason for saying that moose are plenty that so many have been killed of late by the numerous hunters, and by poachers in the deep snows, where the moose are so perfectly helpless. That so many have been killed is reason enough that they should now be scarce. There are 1,000 hunters who go to Maine for the purpose of killing a moose or other large game now, where there were fifty twenty-five years ago; and the guides are becoming more familiar with the forest since it has become so easy of access.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago moose could be found all over the large forests in Maine, now there are very few places in Maine where they can be found at all.

Put a close time on all moose for five years, and a fine and imprisonment for the killing of any; half the fine to go to the informer.

On all other game shorten the open season the month of December. Permission to hunt in that month brings very little money into the State, and the dangerous slaughter in the snows of that month should be prevented. A fine should be imposed upon any one carrying firearms into the woods during close time. That will protect the game in the State of Maine, I believe, better than any other measure.

The deer and smaller game are so plenty they will afford the hunter good sport for a number of years to come if they are properly protected, and if a more liberal appropriation could be made by the Legislature for the protection of the fish and game, it would enable the Commissioner to do the work that is so much needed at the present time.

D. H. BLANCHARD.

BOSTON, Feb. 8.

Ducks in Maryland Waters.

STOCKTON, Md., Feb. 4.—When I wrote on Jan. 10 there had been no redheads and very few blackheads, and as far as I could hear the same lack existed all the way to the capes. I had letters from three gentlemen who had been to the Broadwaters; they reported lots of coots, south-southerlys and black ducks, but few bluebills and no redheads. Another gentleman stopped here over night coming from there with the same report. As he had to take the 10:10 train North the next morning, I had him out on one of the islands by daylight. We put out a few decoys for cub-heads (a nice-sized duck, always fat, called whistler and jingler on the Chesapeake and golden eye North), and were back by 9:30 with seventeen ducks, well satisfied with the two hours' shooting. I state this to show that as far as I could learn there were few redheads below previous to Jan 10.

On Jan. 23 I was at the landing when one of the oyster boats came in. Capt Tom said: "Say, boss, you ought to be out there now," pointing to the shoals, "it is alive with ducks and all redheads." I asked him if he would go out if I got my gun and shells. As it is only a quarter of a mile to my house, I was soon back. He had my box on board, and about 150 decoys, so we were soon under way. Going out I saw bunch after bunch coming down the eastern channel and crossing to the upper shoals, which was evidence enough to me that they were northern ducks. It was after 4 o'clock when I was all fixed in the box. Tom was to sail up the birds, come back in half an hour, run down the drift of dead ducks and gather them. The ducks when routed came in great bunches of hundreds, made no offer, and in fact took no notice of the decoys. However, by the time Tom got back I had down thirteen redheads, all single ducks or pairs that had turned out of the big flights.

I was pleased with the show, and that night telegraphed to some gentlemen in New York who were waiting for such news. Sunday night the wind came out from the northwest, and blew a living gale up to the 27th.; then changed to the east, with snow. That night the wind went back to northwest again, blowing very hard for four days, freezing up every creek, cove and the great bay itself from shore to shore. Feb. 2 the wind turned to the south, warm; on the 3d and 4th it blew hard from the east, but still warm, bringing in a big tide; and on the 5th every particle of ice was gone from the bay. Some little could be seen where the ice had piled in shallow coves, but aside from this everything was clear.

Now it seems perfectly plain that these ducks come from the North in front of this most severe storm. I was out on the shoals this morning; there are a great many ducks there already, the majority, as far as I could see, being redheads. All these seem to be coming up from the lower shoals, showing that they will not stay South, but are anxious to begin their northern flight again. I saw also a few bunches of brant and plenty of geese. Yesterday I killed five jacksnipe, the first this year; they were thin and very wild.

O. D. FOULKS.

Bob White in the Northwest.

LATONA, Wash.—Ranchers in the island counties of the State are not in love with dogs to any great extent, and the way hounds disappear down there makes deer hunters keep shy of those parts. This is a good thing, for hounding deer in the island country would in time exterminate the deer on all the islands of the lower sound, and this the ranch owners do not see fit to permit.

On the islands are many fields of oats, wheat and other small grain. Some parties procured a number of Eastern quail several years ago and liberated them on the most favorable spots. This year I saw Bob White in the Seattle markets as a result. The birds have multiplied and spread over a good section of country. The average Siwash has no idea of sport, but he knows how a Hudson Bay musket will scatter shot, and he never wastes a load. Result—Eastern quail at 15 cents per head in open market in Seattle. "Where do you get them?" "On, down on the islands," answers the butcher. W. S PHILLIPS.

Spring Shooting in New York.

TROY, N. Y., Feb. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following excerpt was clipped from yesterday's legislative proceedings:

"Senator Krum, extending the open season for killing of plover, jacksnipe and other similar birds from April 1 to Dec. 31, instead of from July 1 to Dec. 1."

If this is the sort of legislation that is to be advocated by the chairman of the committee on game laws, we may expect very little of good to be accomplished in the way of game protection at this session, notwithstanding the advanced position taken by the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commissioners in their recent report to the Legislature. Senator Krum's bill is wrong in principle, and should not become a part of our game law. M. SCHENCK.

Louisiana Quail.

OPELOUSAS, La., Feb. 1.—We have just been experiencing a dreadful spell of weather. We had sleet and snow and the whole country was covered with a white surface. Freeze after freeze followed and business and farm work were stagnant. Exposed horses, cattle, etc., suffered terribly. A change for the better took place night before last, and yesterday we had rain and lots of it, which served materially to thaw and melt the cake of ice on the ground.

Those who have been out afield have killed good bags and it is reported that quail were never more plentiful. A party of three gentlemen sportsmen (?) from New Orleans were here a few weeks ago and they, in company with a local trap shot, bagged about 1,200 quail in a week. This is what you call slaughter in the first degree, and if such work continues very long we will have little game left. T. A. J.

A Bag in Up-Country China.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My friend C. J. Ashley, of Shanghai, China, long a subscriber to your paper, advises me, under date of Jan. 11, of his return from his annual up country hunt. The party, four in number, were away eleven days, making a bag of 554 pheasants, 26 ducks, 18 deer, 14 geese, 20 teal, 10 woodcock, 50 partridges, 7 hares, 1 fox, 1 wolf—701 victims.

J. K. D.

"How Birds Affect the Farm and Garden."

THE Forest and Stream Publishing Company requests us to say that Miss Merriam's paper will be supplied at cost by that company for general distribution. We make the statement with the greatest pleasure; and we hope that this little tract of thirty-two pages may have the widest possible circulation. In every sense of the word it is a useful and instructive tract. It does not indulge even in sentiment, though sentiment, as distinguished from sentimentalism, is a highly moral thing. The object of this tract is to state solid facts which ought to be known concerning the uses of birds in the economy of nature, and their special utility to the farmer and the gardener. The author takes up seriatum a long list of American birds, and shows the peculiar utility of each in the destruction of insects which are prejudicial to the plant life from which the farmer and gardener make their wealth; the inference following, as a matter of course, that the bird in question ought to be carefully protected by all who are engaged in agriculture and horticulture.—*Our Animal Friends.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ELKHORN.—II.

ONE bright October morning in the past fall, when the sun began to peep above the hills near the big trestle, Jimmie Gibbons wended his way to the Midland Depot. He had made up his mind—as he often does—to go a-fishing. And where else could he go at that time of year—when the rains had retired from the front and taken on a season of abstinence and the rocks were showing in the smaller streams—than to Elkhorn. Old Harrison, his colored porter, had borne his bucket of minnows to the depot ahead of his arrival, and from time to time was adding a little more fresh water, to liven them up, from the hydrant under the baggage room. It was a choice lot he had selected for the day's sport—quick, active fellows, 4 and 5in long.

With wading boots in hand, a cold lunch stowed away in his pockets, a slender cane rod of exquisite taper and elastic, steel-like temper, a No. 2 Milam reel holding a supply of Clark's thread wound from a No. 8 spool, and with that inevitable one-half pint flask of "wrath" for sudden cramps, Jimmie Gibbons entered the depot just two minutes ahead of train-starting time, in the best of spirits. He thinks it awful funny to give the train the benefit of a minute or so of time, in the vague impression that it is going to get away before he arrives. But one day when his watch was wrong, or a customer talked too long, and he saw the rear end of the train stealing away up the long grade, it wasn't half so funny as it usually seemed. On this particular morning—the 21st of October—being on the bright side of two minutes, he had nothing to grieve over and much to expect. Stowing his minnow bucket and himself and tackle in the baggage car, the train was soon climbing the 100ft. grade under the labored pulsings of the engine. On the right were the precipitous slopes and rough blastings of the big cut, while to the left the hillside was strewn with the *débris* of shattered rock, cast aside to make way for the passage of the iron horse. Below lay a peaceful valley, bending as the rainbow, with Frankfort as its bag of gold at one end and the other terminating on the Kentucky below Lock No. 4.

The Buffalo Trace Trestle, with its slender columns, crossed, the summit a vanishing height to the rear, a quick transit over Elkhorn Bridge and its adjacent trestle, a short stop at Elkhorn Station, and scarce twenty minutes have elapsed before the whistle announces Switzer Depot.

This is the favorite stopping place for scores of fishermen, for close by is the creek and the long, deep pool of Jones's Dam. The dam is in plain sight from the depot, and the old mills, growing rickety with age, and turned to ignoble uses as tobacco barns form a quaint picture of the vanishing age. The rotting logs of the dam, with here and there a great gaping rent on the lower face, made by the winter floods, portend only too vividly when there will be a roar, a cracking of timbers, a great rush of waters, and Jones's Dam will be a thing of the past; while the miles of deep water, brimming with fish, will go tearing away to the Kentucky River.

Thousands of beautiful and toothsome fish have been caught in Jones's Dam—mainly silver perch—and there are thousands yet that swim in its miles of cool, clear, placid waters, broken only by the ripples brushed up by the inconstant wind.

Close by Switzer Depot, nestling under the brow of the hill, and only a stone's throw from the rustic creek bridge, is the hospitable home of Uncle Billy Bristow, where tired fishermen find a hearty welcome; soft, clean beds, and an old-fashioned Kentucky meal that my mouth waters now to think about. His attentive wife knows when the corn pones are browned to a nicety and crisp with sweetness; when the fish are done to a turn, and the chicken tenderest, with its juices basted in butter gravy; and adding fresh buttermilk from the churn that stands ever ready for duty in the back porch, there floats in suggestive lines a vision of the old plantation days before the war. When I invaded those piled plates of corn pones, and drank the rich buttermilk flaked with ungathered tidbits of butter from the stone churn (such diet is too rich for city folk now), involuntarily my thoughts ran back to the long ago, when the Kentucky farmhouse was the home of hospitality and comfort.

Most of the incidents that gave attractiveness to that time are gone now, or are going fast—the simple things, whose presence gave cheer and content—the suppers of short'nin' bread and fresh sweet or buttermilk, with golden butter without age; the big fire-place and huge mantlepiece; the crane in the chimney, with hooks pendant for the kettle; the broad, stone hearth; the blazing fire of hickory against the big back-log; the coals drawn under the oven and sprinkled over its heavy top; the yeast bread in the pan drawn to the corner to get its "rise" for the morning meal; the ebony cook bustling with importance to have things in shape to please the house folks; the barefooted pickaninnies sitting in the corners, grinning and giggling, and anon scrouging for the best seats, their toes making prints and furrows in the ashes, and occasionally "het up" with a live coal—well, well, *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.* If we sit still we will get run over in this utilitarian age—this rushing, grasping, practical age, when pleasure itself is too often, alas, made a business, cut to lengths and widths.

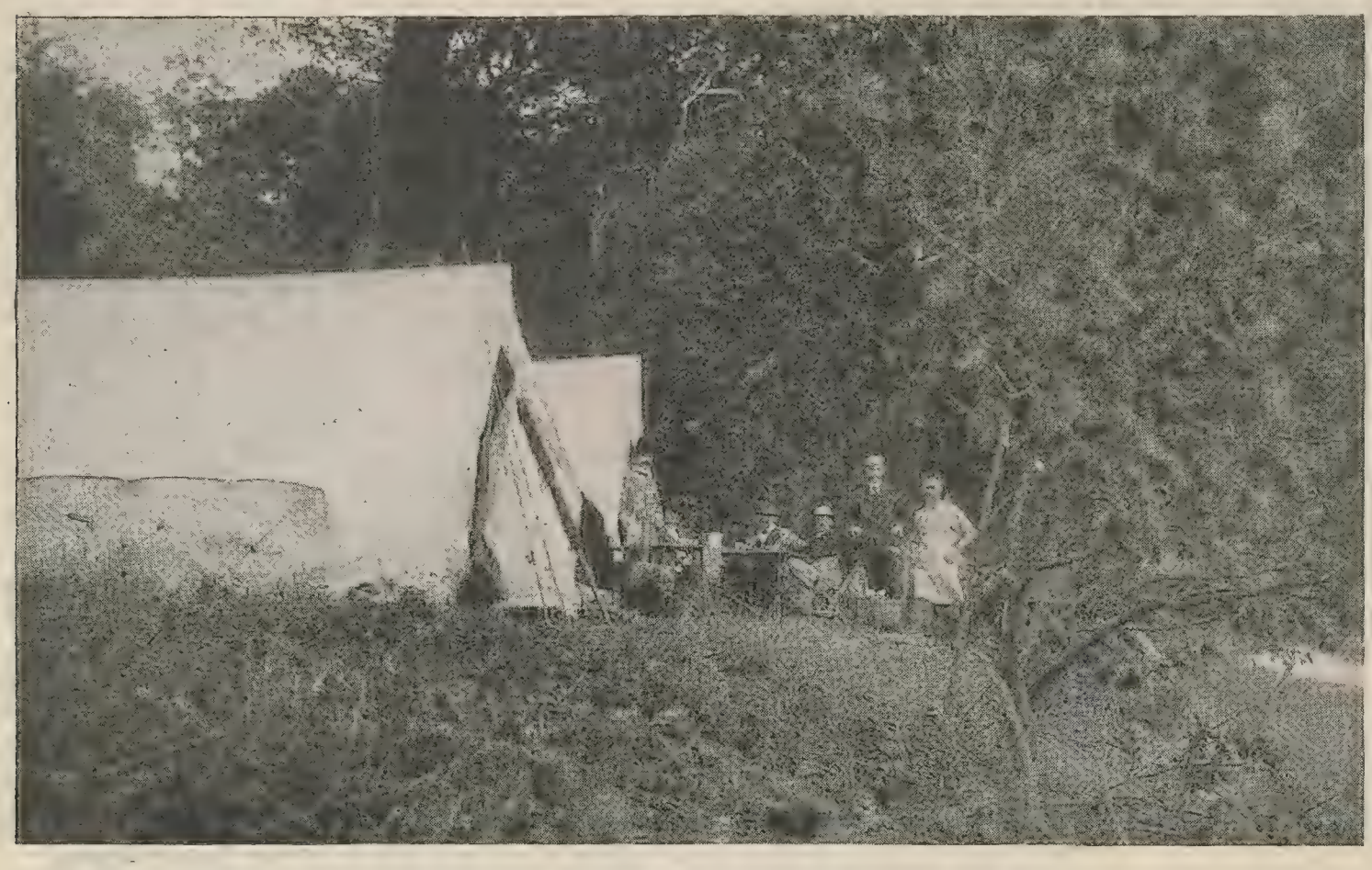
But we must not lose sight of our friend Gibbons, who has alighted from the train, gathered his traps, and is starting westward down the track toward the branch that enters the creek at the foot of the Pump House Pool. The sun was now well up in the east and its genial warmth started the blithe chirrup of the crickets under almost every stone. The brown grasshoppers that lay in the warmer dust of the pike, that ran parallel with the track, at intervals would spring up in the air and go through that stationary fanning of the wings that we presume is part of their daily physical exercise. This athletic performance was greatly facilitated by the quick step of Gibbons, who was eager to reach the creek and test the temper of the bass.

Turning to the left beyond the rustic bridge that spanned the branch, and following the farm road by a tobacco barn, it was but a few steps till the glistening waters of Elkhorn, as they broke sparkling over the shoal at the foot of the Pump House Pool, caught his eager eyes. This Pump House Pool, next below Jones's Dam, gets its name from a wind mill pump, located on its south bank, to supply water to a farmer's stock on the heights adjacent. The upper end of the pool, which latter is quite broad and generally shallow through its length, has detached fragments of brush

which have become fastened in the mud of the bottom, while the lower end is rocky and the bottom rough and uncertain. These conditions make favorable grounds for silver perch and catfish near the head and for bass at the middle and lower end of the pool.

But to-day our friend ignored utterly the charms of the Pump House Pool, and quickly submerged his minnow bucket in the clear waters of the pool below, changing the water several times as soon as the minnows began to show a disposition to raise a racket under the influences of the life-giving oxygen and pure water.

Much has been said and written on the subject of keeping minnows alive—a desideratum hungered for by all fishermen. It takes just two things, in our judgment, to preserve the graceful little darlings for later immolation by their larger brethren: pure, cool water and fresh air, the oxygen of the latter performing its life-giving office through the medium of



ON THE MAIN ELKHORN, NEAR STEADMAN'S DAM.
Photo by Dr. W. E. Baxter.

the former. The devices for providing these necessities are various as the ingenuity of the mind, but the few common devices accessible to all are most in demand.

No good fisherman will leave his minnow bucket sitting on the bank in moderately warm weather while he is dabbling in the pool to get a bite. In hot weather it would indicate idiocy. Nor will he place his bucket in the water top up and bottom down. Nor will he empty out all the warm water, after a long walk or travel, and fill his bucket with water from a spring at a temperature of 50° to 55°. Much less will he submerge his minnow bucket, filled with water at moderate temperature, in water that is warmer.

The minnow bucket should be kept always in the water, lying on its side or top up-stream; the changes of water should be gradual and frequent during the late spring and early fall, when the water approximates the hot atmosphere.

Agitation has kept thousands of minnows alive, when stillness meant sure death. When we suspect danger, even during the walks from pool to pool, we violently shake the bucket; and traveling to the creek by train, we make it a duty to shake the bucket at intervals.

Years ago, accompanied by Dr. Morris and Dick Morris, we started on a fishing trip to lower Elkhorn. Our minnows, in two buckets, were placed in a meal sack, and the latter slung saddle-bag fashion across the horse that Dick rode. The trip was on horseback over a rough road, and the creek five miles away. When we arrived at the creek there wasn't water enough in the buckets to cover the minnows. It was merely a mixture of froth and foam, and the minnows packed close as sardines. Yet, after a few minutes' submersion they all recovered and were lively as crickets.

Another instance of the fact that it isn't the supply of water that always preserves minnows, but rather its condition, occurred the past summer when I took seven buckets of minnows along for a fortnight's outing on the creek. These buckets I submerged in running water at the foot of a riffle, on their sides, tops up-stream, and 1ft. or more under the surface, the spot shaded by forest trees. I saved scarcely a bucket for use in the next three or four days, though the dead minnows were thrown out each morning. I attributed the loss to the warmness of the water, and the fact that the hogs were rooting daily on the shoals for crawfish, helgramites, snails and mussels, keeping the creek milky with impurities in its low stage.

Jimmie Gibbons keeps his minnows the summer and winter through in a barrel in the rear of his store, freshening the water when needed from the hydrant. It is a capital plan, and may be well followed by others.

When Jimmie had livened his minnows with the fresh water of the creek, he waded diagonally across the head of the pool to a gravelly bar 2ft. under water, and extending along the bank to where a rocky shoal broke the waters at the lower end to form a second pool. Taking a lively steel-back minnow from the bucket, and inserting the point of the No. 2 Cincinnati bass hook upward through the lower lip till its barb appearing through the upper lip denoted a secure fastening, he gently dropped the bait a few yards out in the stream, where the eddies of the riffle smoothed away in the deeper water. As the tremulous line, unweighted with sinker and unretarded by cork, followed the wanderings of the minnow along the bottom, suddenly there was a slight twitch, as if the minnow found reason for a change of base; the line straightened out and steadily started down stream.

Gathering up his slack, taking the rod firmly in his right hand while the left guarded the reel that no knot form nor loose end catch the handle, he lowered the tip toward the water, and when the right moment seemed to press decision with a few gentle turns of the reel till the tightening line caused the angler to "feel the fish," he struck firmly. Not too hard, for the No. 8 Clark's thread was never made for death-dealing blows nor the fierce strokes of amateurs. Quick as a flash the hooked captive started for the sunken ledge on the opposite side, but the steady strain of the rod caused him to change his purpose, and like a flash he went out of water. A big one surely, the heavy splash in the water and widening circles attested as he went down again. The line seemed slack and inert for a moment, and the fear sprang up that in the vigorous leap the hook had been shaken loose. But no, as the reel gathers in the thread there is resistance at the end, and again, with rapid movements, the fighting begins. Swift drives for the ledge and again for the rocks at the lower end are mingled with short, sharp dashes below the surface as the gallant small mouth seeks to shake from his jaws the offensive hook. The water, where he touches the bottom and its sifted mud layer gathered by the fall leaves that have settled in drifts, becomes discolored, and following his rapid circles boils to the top.

Electric thrills pulsate the nerves of the angler as messages to tell of the battle that is more to the conception than the sight. The rod bends in graceful obeisance to the vaulting turns and erratic sweeps of the gallant warrior, who seems to realize well that life trembles on the issue.

But fight as he may, gallantly and gloriously, the skill of the angler and the elasticity of the rod are wearing his strength away; his circles are lessening, his tugs are weaker, his dashes grow short with broken energy, and drawn resistingly to the top, as becomes a true warrior, he shakes his head in defiant despair at the captor who has wrought his ruin with that insignificant No. 8 cotton thread—and he a full pound and three-quarters small-mouth.

It was an auspicious beginning. Stringing the bass, Gibbons selected another active minnow and threw across to the



GIBBONS AND HIS FISH.

edge of the sunken ledge whose outlines were visible through the semi-transparent water, slightly colored by a recent rain. This ledge ran diagonally down the stream, ending beneath the bank below, abrupt in its declivity and shaded by a row of sycamore and elm trees. Scarce had the minnow disappeared when there was a swirling in the water, followed by a subsidence of the wavelets and an inactivity that brooded doubt, with danger. Giving time for the wary fish to swallow the bait—a time that nobody can teach, but is only learned as the fruit of long experience aided by the promptings of intuition—Jimmie gave the fatal blow and started the fight and fish. The battle was short, for the contestant was only a half-pounder and soon wearied of the unequal strife.

Three more small-mouth bass were taken along this ledge and two among the boulders at the lower end of the pool, making seven splendid fish, ranging from ½lb. to 1¾lbs.—all captured within the hour after reaching the creek.

There was a lull in the biting and a change of locality suggestive. Wading close by the southern bank, whose covert of willows, alders and weeds made bank travel impossible, and keeping out of the deeper water that threatened to inundate his boot-tops, the angler crossed the narrow, exposed rocky creek bed that was covered at high tide, and sought the temptations of the next pool. Slightly longer, it was almost a duplicate of the first, with submerged rocky ledge, gravelly bottom, shoaling gradually on the south side, and rough rocks and boulders at the lower end, terminating at a water gap.

Near the head of the pool was a tongue of land reaching out halfway the stream from the south bank, affording excellent vantage ground for casting and a good landing place for fish indisposed to "come out of the wet."

The same good luck attended the angler here as in the first pool, and half a dozen nice fish were landed as fast as hook could be baited and the frisky fighters persuaded to change their habitat. There was one spot at an angle of the ledge and opposite a big rock on the bank that seemed especially productive. The minnow would scarcely touch this fruitful spot when his interest in life lost force through the attentions of some watchful small-mouth, eager with appetite.

Several good ones had been led out and away to swell the growing string when the temptation of an extra-sized minnow brought to the timely strike a resistance that portended trouble.

There was a lusty dash down the creek that seemed aimed for the water gap, 30yds. of line were unreeled ere it was deemed wise to check the bold ranger, and then as the line grew taut and the rod bent under the strain the bass broke water in a shower of spray, "shook his jaws" (regardless of Dr. Ellzey), and disappeared for further battle below the surface. It was a grand, an exciting battle, for he promised upward of 2lbs. to the scales. After a fight full of gallant effort and fruitful in resource, his strength yielded and he was drawn toward the bank, and then—there was a sudden parting between hook and fish, and the latter had business elsewhere. The big ones, you know, always get away. A moment later, as if in recompense for the loss, a bass of over 1lb. was landed.

Fishing the pool downward to its lower end, bass after bass was added to the string. They were on their feed with a hunger that seemed rapacious. Below the water gap was a short, rocky pool that yielded three bass of over 1lb. each, with several of lesser weight. A touch of hunger suggested the noon hour, and the bank being shady, the angler concluded to dispose of his lunch. Casting his baited hook well out in the creek, he set his rod with the aid of a couple of stones, emptied his pockets and was getting away with an enticing spread, when the click of the reel sounded its alarm. Halting in his repast, he quickly transferred the disturber to a domain of restricted liberty. The meal resumed, a second interruption occurred, and finding lunching in peace impossible, he fished with one hand and ate his meal in sections from the other.

The afternoon was spent in a long and rough journey over a rocky path down the right bank of the creek to a longer and wider pool than had yet been visited, and in the return journey over the same ground back to the starting point. The lower pool yielded its quota of sport, and when the declining sun in warning shadow beckoned him to the train from Elkhorn's enticing waters, there was weariness of weight to flagging footsteps in his string. Over thirty bass that weighed 21lbs. was the score—truly a red-letter day! Several days later, over the same ground, he caught fifteen that weighed 10½lbs., all with No. 8 Clark's O. N. T. thread. With the same slender line he took, several years ago, a 5lb. bass from Lost River, near West Baden Springs, Ind.

The bass of Elkhorn are not in average the monsters of the Northern waters—though 3 and 4-pounders are by no means rare—yet in every inch and in every ounce they are full of fight and pluck, and every line of the body speaks of symmetry and strength and motion.

Jimmie Gibbons is a most enthusiastic fisherman, a foe to seiners and dynamiters, and a warm advocate of fish protection and propagation. The singing of the reel is to his ear the sweetest of music, the leap of the bass in furious fight the most charming sight to his eyes, and as he talks of fish and fishing he will involuntarily rise from his chair and with that peculiar inimitable outward motion of his left arm send out the imaginative lure to the very spot where the wary bass lie in ambush.

OLD SAM.

[Old Sam writes of the illustration: The camp was made a year or so ago near Steadman's dam, close by the creek, shown slightly on the right of the picture. The party on the left with Derby hat is Dr. Baxter, inventor of a most excellent camping outfit in compact form for carrying by hand. The one on right is Zach Merritt, the cook. Next, with cap, is Geo. L. Payne, one of our "Kingfisher" gang; next in order are Jack Murphy, Jake and Lewis Cox.]

The Silkworm Gut Supply.

WE have received from Robert Ramsbottom the following report:

In reporting upon the gut crop of 1896–7, I have to announce a diminished production of the shorter lengths, mostly used by the American market and the Continent. The diminution amounts to about one-third of the crop, and later in the season will have the effect of hardening prices.

Of the ordinary kinds for the English market there is an average crop, but of the two extremes (finest trout and heaviest salmon) the supply is by no means equal to the demand, and great difficulty will be experienced in filling orders as the season advances, the more especially now that America and the Continent are taking increasingly large quantities.

The quality this season is fully maintained and leaves little to be desired. Prices for the present remain practically unchanged, but an upward tendency will probably be shown before the earliest shipments of next season's crop.

The Michigan Netting Law.

LANSING, Feb. 10.—Attorney-General Maynard has just rendered his decision upon the subject of spearing fish in Michigan:

"It is unlawful for any one to catch or kill, or to attempt to catch or kill, in any inland lake, fish, with the exception of when a hook and line is used. A person found upon the water with a spear, net, trap, set line, artificial light, dynamite, powder, or any explosive, that shall be deemed *prima facie* evidence of a violation of the law, and he may on conviction be fined $25 or imprisoned in jail thirty days."

In 1893 the Legislature sought to change the law, but the Supreme Court decided the law as amended and passed to be unconstitutional, and the provisions of the old law remain in force. There has been some misunderstanding regarding the exact provisions of the law, and the Attorney-General has made the decision public to correct any false impression upon the subject.

JULIAN.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXXII.—Billy Shaw.

Among men who occasionally go a-fishing there is a class of jolly old roosters to whom a fishing trip means enjoyment of various kinds, the least of which is the capture of fish. Billy was easily in this class, but not one of those who make an angling trip an excuse to cover a spree, and then try to save their reputations by buying a lot of fish and sending presents to friends as trophies of the angle. There are such men, and most of us have known them. As they do not come under the head of fishermen nor anglers, I write no more of them. Billy loved good company, and plenty of it. He was not a Walton to sit by the river bank alone, and contemplate while watching his cork or quill go down; but I'll try to introduce him to the acquaintance of readers of Forest and Stream as a fairly good fellow.

The idea of an introduction in this way is not original. A few days ago I met my old army comrade, Judge W. E. Slocum, now of Brooklyn, who said: "I want to thank you for introducing me to some interesting men. I had not the pleasure of knowing Francis Endicott in life, but I know him now, and thank you for the introduction." The Judge gave words to a thought that I could never have expressed. The idea in these sketches has been to show you the man, and not to tell fishing stories of more or less credibility. With this understanding between us, permit me to introduce to your notice Mr. "Billy" Shaw.

His tombstone, for he is dead, probably has the name of "William Shaw" upon it; but I will affirm that I knew this man from childhood, and never once heard him called William.

As a chronicler of some facts which may have partly escaped the note book, but have left an imprint on the gelatine film of memory, it becomes necessary to refute an insinuation of Judge Slocum that "All the 'men I have fished with' are dead;" and the inference which it implies. He is ten years my junior.

My earliest recollection of Billy is that he was the only child of a poor widow, living in Greenbush, and that he had to hustle to help support his mother as soon as he was old enough. He took an occasional part in our tumbling in the bark pile back of the tannery of Ruyter & Van Valkenburgh, but was rather too closely knit for somersaults and never got near the head of that class. He was about my age and once or twice went down with our party to fish in the island creek, the Popskinny, as we spelled it. A trifling thing fixes this in memory. John Atwood said: "Look at Billy Shaw's line! He's got his hooks below his sinker, just as if he was a-fishin' offen the dock and the current would hold the baits up." We were fishing from the bank with hand lines in quite still water and naturally his baits lay on the muddy bottom. Swinging the sinkers around, we would cast out 30ft. into the middle of the creek, and the hooks, being above the sinkers, would rest near but not on the bottom. Billy was green at fishing, but altered his rig and learned a lesson.

Billy's little café in Albany was in full blast when I returned to Albany in 1865, and it was famous for its oysters, and once while one of his men was opening some Shrewsburys a trifle faster than I could dispose of them he asked:

"How are you getting along now?"

"Slowly, Billy; I'm getting a few pounds of meat on my bones and can walk without a cane, but will never be good for much."

"Come along with us on our annual fishing trip; we'll be away for four or five weeks, maybe six, and it'll help you more than to stay here and mope around."

"Can't do it, Billy. Why, I can't walk a mile on pavements, and a rod among briers and vines would do me up. No, no! Couldn't think of it."

"You needn't walk a rod on shore, for we've got a schooner and will tow down the Hudson to New York, then up the East River and sail up Long Island Sound and fish for bluefish down about Orient Point, Plum Island and other places. The schooner can accommodate ten and there's only six to go, seven with you. How's them oysters?"

"Fine! This is the only place in Albany where Shrewsburys are kept. My miserable stomach can digest them because they have not been plumped in fresh water, but it refuses freshened oysters."

"Last week," said Billy, "there was a man from Schenectady came in and called for oysters. He didn't ask for any particular brand; just said, 'gi' me a dozen,' and the oyster butcher opened him a nice, fat Shrewsbury. He kicked up a row and I went to see what was the matter. 'See here,' sez he, 'you don't s'pose I'm a goin' to eat an oyster that's got the janders, do you? Look a-that!' I explained that the oysters from the Shrewsbury River, in New Jersey, were always tinted by the yellow clay of the river bed, and told the butcher to open the gentleman some East Rivers or other white oysters. While he was eating the other oysters with great satisfaction Erastus Corning and a friend came in and called for Shrewsburys. The man from Schenectady watched them closely and saw that every oyster they ate was yellow. He paid the cashier and then said to me, 'I'll be durned ef I didn't think them isters had the yaller janders, an' you was tryin' to play 'em off on me 'cause I come from the country.' Next day he came in and said: 'Gi' me some o' them yaller isters, I forget the name of 'em,' and he came here every day while he was in town. But how about the fishing trip; will you go?"

"When do you start, who is your cook, and will you take a doctor along?"

"We will leave Albany on the 3d of July; Sam, our cook, will be the doctor, and he is a very highly colored man. If your blooming stomach can't stand his cooking you can cook for yourself. You needn't eat a thing on the whole trip if you don't want to, but it'll do you good to see us eat. You've been discharged and haven't got to report to any duffers, so come along."

A week later the stanch schooner Rainbow left Albany in company with a big tow of barges and canalers for New York. The dwellers in towns along the river who were awake saw a fine display of fireworks from the schooner, and as I sank to sleep about midnight the last thing I remember was hearing Shaw say: "No, sir! We won't hoist the Jolly Roger until we get to Long Island Sound. Who ever heard of a pirate ship being towed by a steamboat?"

The next morning we arranged things in the hold, where there was plenty of space to hang up clothing. Four of the party were old acquaintances and the others soon were. It soon appeared that I was a member of a gang of pirates who were to strike terror to the people of Long Island, and that the owner of the schooner and his son—who were the working crew—were to be pressed into the service after passing the fort on Throgg's Neck and entering the waters of the Sound, which we did two days later. It was also evident that the party had been selected for some musical ability, as "Capt. Kidd's Minstrels" held their first rehearsal the next evening.

Leaving the tug after saluting the fort with our port gun—which also did duty as the starboard gun, if required—the Jolly Roger was run to the fore and saluted with cheers. It was an enormous one, made of black bunting with the white skull and cross-bones neatly sewed in, and large letters saying "No Quarter," over very small ones, "to Fish," added. On the mainmast was tacked:

A List of ye Pirates.

J. H. Norton, clam opener, weather regulator and fiddler (crab).

Billy Shaw, first fish liar, splicer of the main brace, middle man and interlocutor.

Ben Van Voast, keeper of the Jolly Roger and of the cribbage board; also second fiddler, if he can play "Old Dan Tucker."

Frank Quackenbush, assistant fish liar, chief of the horse marines, compass oiler and manipulator of the tamborine.

F. M., keeper of the log, head eel skinner, custodian of the keel and tormentor of the banjo.

George Van Allen, anchor polisher, grub destroyer, juggler of the bones, heel twister and jigist extraordinary.

C. F. Bell, bell boy, pie biter, keeper of the seal (if we get any) and basso profundioso.

Sam, head galley slave, concocter of lobscouse, maker of dundyfunk, originator of plum duff, and audience of the troupe.

Old Joe and young Joe, supernumeraries, wigglers of the tiller, letters-go of the jib and custodians of the sheet rope.

Orders.

1. Any pirate giving quarter to any dogfish, whale or spider crab, or a quarter to any native for bait, unless the native is watching his clams, shall have no plums in his duff during the voyage.

2. Any one using any appetizer except bilge water before breakfast shall have his elixir confiscated for the benefit of the crew.

3. No one shall sleep more than twenty hours out of the twenty-four.

4. No one shall use Sam's brush without his permission, and any pirate who shall use charcoal for drawing charts on Sam's face shall be blackballed.

5. No one shall mention hooking a big fish unless he can show him on the deck. Put up (your fish) or shut up.

6. Any pirate heard speaking of the hold as "down cellar," or of the deck as "upstairs," shall be forced to splice the main brace.

7. None of the company shall throw the skipper overboard in a gale and take the helm unless we are in danger.

8. When the water is rough every pirate must heave when the skipper sings "Heave ho!"

The fishing was good and we struck a big school of bluefish in Plum Gut one day and took nearly 300 in about five hours, the fish averaging about 3lbs. each. Our stores needed replenishing and we sailed around to Greenport, sold the fish to a dealer who sent them to New York that afternoon, and we laid in fresh eggs as well as other good things and then tied up for the night. In fact we sought a harbor most every night in order to stretch our legs on shore. But there is no harbor between Port Jefferson and Orient, something like fifty miles, and twice we anchored near the smaller islands.

When the nights were fine, as most July nights are on Long Island Sound, Capt. Kidd's minstrels held a performance—with white faces—on deck, mainly for their own amusement and incidentally for that of any rats which might be about the wharves. Our quartette was very good, Quackenbush having a pure tenor voice that was well known to Albany churchgoers of that day, and he had also sung in English opera with the Caroline Richings Company. As I sit writing this I feel incompetent to tell you what a gigantic mountain of fun we had! When Van Allen came on deck in knee breeches and shoes with parchment soles, sprinkled a little fine sand on the cover of the hatch, and doubled and trebled every kink in the lyric that the banjo sang, old black Sam, our permanent audience, would scream: "Look a-dah! Listen to dat little double while he's weedin' cawn! Now he kivers taters, fust single an' den double, an' by golly he tribbles em! Um, um, I t'ink I hab see' some jiggin' in ole Varginny, but dat ah boy he beats 'em all, he do, fo' a fac'. Yah ha! He make more music wid he foot dan der banjer, I golly!"

Sam was a good specimen of the old-time Southern darky—happy and improvident. Always anxious to get a dollar, and in as great haste to spend it. His pay on the pirate craft was not large, but his tips for special service and the princely wave of the hand when a pirate said, "Keep the change," were beyond the dreams of the most avaricious pirate of our fleet. In answer to my question Sam said: "Yes, sah! I does make a few dolla's in de summah season, sah, but somehow I'se nevah lucky at faro, pokah nor policy, sah, an' I'll tell yo' dat ah policy is a game dat I'm allus gwine to beat, but somehow de right numbas doan cum out. Las' winta I played de washwoman's gig, fo' 'leven fo'ty-fo', 'leben times, an' each time two ob de numbas cum, an' it was de same wid de nigga gig, nine, ten, nineteen, an' I 'sult de dream book, but I specs I's hoodood."

"Sam," said I, "why don't you put away a dollar in a bank once in a while, so as to have something to bury you, as you have no family nor friends?"

"Lordy, Miss'r Fred, dat's no use to me! What I want save money to bury me fo'? When I'se dead de Boa'd o' Health dey bury me; dey doan leave no dead colo'd folks layin' 'roun'. No, no, dey'll take cah o' me. Yah, ha!"

Days passed, we took no note of time. Billy Shaw once remarked: "Some old duffer once said, 'Time was made for slaves,' but he forgot to include setting hens, for it takes just twenty-one days to hatch a chicken." In my capacity as "keeper of the log" there seemed to be no log to keep; for we hadn't been near a sawmill, and if there had been a saw log floating in our vicinity and we could have captured it I would have done my best to keep it. How can a fellow keep what he hasn't got? As the head eel skinner I was alert, but no eels were caught; and as the "custodian of the keel" I—but there's no use in bragging. The keel came back in good order and spoke for itself.

On Sundays we had plum duff, and for the benefit of benighted inlanders who have never been outside of Sandy Hook it may be well to say: "Duff" is a sailor's word for pudding, and is merely Jack's mispronunciation of "dough," which in years agone he rhymed with "enough." See, Mister? "Plums," of course, is English for what we call "raisins," and there you are. Billy Shaw said: "Plum pudding and plum duff are one and inseparable, now and hereafter. *Plumbibus pudding, epluribus duff.*" On other days a dessert of some kind, to my relief; for a heavy, boiled lot of indigestible dough, whether you call it a plum pudding or give it the more sailor-like cognomen of plum duff, is a gastronomic abomination.

One morning Billy Shaw was detected in eating some of the bait clams before breakfast. He was promptly seized, bound and brought before Norton, the clam-opener. He pleaded guilty, but craved indulgence because he had not swallowed the shells. Mercy, tempered by extenuating circumstances, prevailed, and Billy was permitted to live and be restored to his family without the stain of crime upon him. Pirates are partly human. They have feelings the same as sand worms and mud turtles, and we didn't propose to blast the life and business prospects of Billy Shaw in Albany on account of a few miserable clams. Of course he had violated the rules, and we could have killed him and fed him to the sharks, and no right thinking man would have said that we did wrong; but there was a spark of humanity left in the breast of every pirate, which said: "No, I druther put up fur a bushel o' clams, an' all the salt, vinegar an' peppersass 'at goes with 'em, 'an to have Billy Shaw sent home dead for vi'latin' some rules about eatin' clams!"

We anchored and fished for blackfish, as we called the tautog, sea bass or anything that chose to bite; and before we had been out a week the fun of filling some pirate's bed with sea spiders, starfish or clam shells seemed to lack variety. The crew settled down to serious business. Old Joe, our skipper, made us a speech one morning, and he said: "Gentlemen; I'll call ye gentlemen ef you do try to be pirates, fur I hain't seen ye do nothin' disrupable, an' I hain't got much knowledge o' how pirates act. But I don't think some things is fair. Now, I've sailed ye, an' Black Sam has cooked fur ye afore, an' he's as good a cook as any schooner carries; but the goin's on o' this trip is diffrunt. You've allers used me well, but I don't think you're fair on Sam. Of course if some one cuts up Mr. Shaw's suspenders and slips 'em in the bean soup when Sam ain't a-lookin', he can't help it; but it hurts his rippitation as a cook when the soup comes on the table and the pieces of suspenders is found in it. Now, I like fun fustrate, an' I don't mind a handful of curled hair taken out of a cushion ef anybody wants it, but to find it mixed in the hash hurts Sam's rippitation, and I don't see no fun in it. Besides, it spiles the hash. That's all, gentlemen, I ain't got no more ter say."

Capt. Joe's speech was applauded and Van Allen offered a resolution that anyone who should introduce any foreign substances, not generally used as food, into the soup or hash, should be considered an ungentlemanly pirate; and that in future if buttons, combs, suspender buckles, gold watches, or other valuable articles should be found in the soup they were to be the property of the finder.

Quackenbush and Norton had been fishing for sea bass in one of the small boats and had been gone all day. The weather was fine and there was no fear for them, but with the tenor and first violin gone there was no minstrel performance as we lay at anchor in the Sound. They came aboard unheeded in the night, for these careless pirates simply put lights in the rigging, as law requires, and went to sleep. Such combined carelessness and respect for law is not on record in the annals of piracy.

In the morning they told of finding a dead man floating near them and how they towed him into Port Jefferson harbor, as the nearest place to get rid of him, and then turned him over to the coroner, but they must be back at the inquest to relate the particulars. So, with "A yo heave ho, and a rumbelow" our mud hook came up and the Rainbow stood in for the harbor with the morning breeze.

The poor fellow belonged near the harbor, was a hard-working bayman who had somehow fallen overboard during some momentary dizziness perhaps, but he had been missed for nearly a fortnight; the tides playing him to and fro. There was a weeping widow and several small children, and they were in desperate want. Their bread winner had not been winning for some time, yet Sam managed to fill up the children and the pirates added a little cash to the fund that the charitable people of the place chipped in, and then a merchant suggested that we give an entertainment for the benefit of the family of the dead man in the town hall. Capt. Joe cheerfully gave up his cushions for wigs and the thing was done. "Capt. Kidd's Minstrels" made their first and only appearance in public on this occasion. I have no programme and can only recall that the features of the evening were the rendering of "The Lost Child," from the opera of "The Bronze Horse," with its echoes, and a tenor song by Quackenbush about a father who did not come home when "the clock in the steeple struck one," and a sub-cellar lament by Bell because he was rocked in some cradle of the deep. The banjo obligato was perfectly horrible, yet we escaped with our lives and Shaw turned over some money to the widow. Perhaps it is due to her intercession that we left the place without molestation.

As the first fish liar, Shaw exacted a promise that none of us would contradict any yarns that he and his assistant, Quackenbush, might tell in Albany. We agreed; and as the keeper of the log it gives me pleasure to say that I have never heard a man doubt the fish stories told by any member of the piratical crew that infested Long Island Sound during the century of which we write.

While returning home up the Sound we dipped the Jolly Roger and fired a gun as we passed Execution Rock and light, in honor of some pirate or two who were hanged there in the long ago. We knew at the time the names of our predecessors who danced upon the wind over that lone rock, but really I was a pirate for such a short time that I

may plead it as an excuse for forgetting the names of those ornaments of the profession. No names come up now but those of William Kidd, who was no more of a pirate than we were, and who was unfairly hanged in London; and Babe, who, I think, met the same fate on Bedloe' Island in New York Harbor, where the Liberty statue now stands. Babe was a sure enough pirate, but never attained the reputation that Kidd did, who wasn't even an amateur pirate.

Returning to Albany in 1874, I wandered up in Beaver street to find Billy Shaw. His business had been closed out and a man told me that he had died same months before. Van Voast died soon after, and Bell contracted a fever in Texas, where I sent him to hatch salmon, and died on his way North. Of the others I know nothing. Billy left a widow, but no children. I can see him now, a small man with a thoughtful face, which to those who knew him seemed to be concocting some joke. He was not a man of keen nor of subtle wit, for it needs some learning to polish and perfect such a mind, but he was a man with a love of harmless fun and with a coarse humor which can best be illustrated by his getting Bell to sing that lugubrious basso song, "The Old Sexton," and as he sang the words:

"He stood by a grave that was newly made,
The sexton leaned on his earth-worn spade,"

Shaw would interpolate a clog step: "Rat-a-tat-a-tat-tat, rat-a-tat," and so on throughout that dismal ditty. He was not much more of a sailor than I when it is rough, and I can heartily say with Douglas Jerrold:

"Love the sea? I dote upon it—from the beach."

FRED MATHER.

ANGLING NOTES.

Women Anglers.

On every suitable occasion I have for many years advocated angling for women, particularly fly-fishing, and when they have placed themselves in competition with men, or rather when from force of circumstances they have been so placed, I have noticed that they occupy a position close to the front, even if they do not fill the first place. I think it was only last year that I mentioned in this column that a summary of salmon fishing in Ireland showed that the largest salmon killed the previous year was killed by a woman. Readers of this journal will recall the fact that the record tarpon killed with rod (for I believe Senator Quay's fish was not) was killed by a woman. In looking over the notes made by John Enright, the world's champion fly-caster, of salmon over 40lbs. in weight killed at Castle Connell, Ireland during the season of 1896, I find that the largest fish weighed 46lbs., and that a fish of 44lbs., which came very near the top, was killed by Mrs. A. C. McCorquodale. Women as fly-tyers excel, and why should they not excel as fly-fishers? One experience always appears before my mind's eye whenever I think of women as anglers.

I was at Parmachenee Lake in Maine, when John Danforth was proprietor of Camp Caribou, and before the property passed into the possession of the Parmachenee Club. My neighbor at the table was a young woman who had accompanied her husband to the camp over the carries, one of them six and a half miles, and once there had seemingly nothing to do but read or stroll about the small island, nearly covered by the camp buildings and the standing trees, while her husband was at one or another of the back camps, where the fishing was better than in the lake about the island. I thought her sympathy with her husband's sport, which led her, as it were, to sacrifice herself in her devotion to him, most charming, and I was sure that there was a harp and a halo awaiting her as a saint in another world, if not in this. My face was burned after a trip up the Magalloway River, and my neighbor prescribed cold cream and furnished the cream, and I was sure I could see the halo growing about her head. I felt much sympathy that I could not express that she should be doomed day after day to be confined to that island, watching alone, with nothing to do but watch the sky or read a book, while all the men were away enjoying the best of fishing. One afternoon I started after dinner with my guide to go down to Black Cat Brook, which comes into the river below the lake, and I said to my neighbor, who had not only prescribed for my burned face, but had furnished me with fly oil when I had none of my own, "I regret exceedingly that you have no inclination to fish, for as the sun goes down I think the trout will be feeding." I am not sure about the precise words in which I made a general ass of myself by offering her a seat in the boat provided she had been fond of fishing, but she smiled like a saint, and I went off like a selfish beast, taking it for granted that she cared nothing about fishing.

There is no occasion for me to refer to my fishing journal to find what I caught that afternoon, for I remember well that I caught all the trout that it was proper for me to kill, and that one fish weighing 2oz. under 2lbs. jumped from the water twice after it was hooked on a Montreal fly. That was one of the very few brook trout that I have known to jump out of the water after it was hooked.

Returning to camp about sundown, I was very well satisfied with myself, and Marshall Linnell, the guide, was quietly paddling the boat along the shore when, as we rounded a point and got a view of the lake nearly opposite the camp, where a brook came in from the east, I was astonished to discover a woman standing in a boat and casting a fly like a past grand master of the art. Marshall must have been as surprised as I was, for he ceased paddling and in silence we watched the caster. It was my neighbor and she was alone and unconscious of spectators, and made a most charming picture of independence and skill as she cast her flies as gracefully as it is possible to imagine. It was not tournament casting, it was fly-fishing in the highest degree of excellence, and it was catching as well as fishing. I would have been glad had there been some back way for me to sneak into camp by going around one of the mountains, where no one could see me. I had actually felt sympathy for this woman because she had no inclination to fish when big trout were to be had for the casting, and doubtless showed it in my manner when I had given her an invitation with a string to it to go fishing, and here she was fishing equal to the best of the anglers gathered at the camp, and far more gracefully, and she did not require a guide or the assistance of any man to paddle her boat or land her fish. My self-satisfaction oozed out at my fingers' ends and I hope that I showed it, and as boldly as I could I congratulated my fair neighbor upon her skill and went on to camp. I can always recall the picture of the fair fly-caster, and the lesson that this incident taught me will remain as a warning never to take it for granted that a woman cannot fish because she does not parade the fact after the manner of men who fish.

Parmachenee-Belle.

The Parmachenee-belle is one of the best flies ever tied that does not pretend to represent an insect of some sort. Mr. H. P. Wells has told how he came to design the fly during a nooning with that prince of woodsmen, John Danforth, on one of the Maine lakes near Parmachenee (not Parmacheene, as it is so often spelled), and that it is perhaps as much like the belly fin of a trout as anything else.

I have found the fly good for trout and black bass, and a standard fly in many waters. Last year I found that the fly was considered one of the very best for trout in the waters of the Triton Club.

Last season the steelhead trout were for the first time planted in the waters of New York State, having been brought from the Pacific coast and hatched by the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission. The fry of the steelheads were planted on Long Island and in Lake George, and the question is often asked if the steelheads are a game fish and if they will take the fly.

A Canadian salmon fisherman, who has caught the steelhead in British Columbia, says they take the fly readily, and on the hook are as game as a salmon in a Canadian river.

A correspondent of *Land and Water*, writing from British Columbia, says: "I do not think the trout in the rivers of interior British Columbia feed very much, if at all, on small fry. I have never noticed them striking at them as do the trout in England, and out of several hundreds which I have seen opened I have never observed anything like a small fish inside them. They appear to be full of larvæ and salmon roe. Neither have I seen a trout over about 1lb in weight rise to a natural fly; and I think the big ones only take the artificial fly, like Jack-Scott and Parmachenee-belle, presented to them as salmon do in the old country, viz., out of curiosity. The Parmachenee-belle, by the way, is a very killing fly in British Columbia waters, although it would scarcely attract the trout in England."

If the steelheads have a fondness for the Parmachenee-belle they will find the lure ready for them when they have grown to catchable size.

Sunken Flies for Big Trout.

One expression in the article I have quoted brought back to me a matter I had almost forgotten. This is the expression: "Neither have I seen a trout over about 1lb. in weight rise to a natural fly."

Before I went to Maine Mr. Wells told me that he had never known of a big trout taking a fly on the surface. I think he said a trout over 2lbs. in weight. To catch the big trout the fly must be allowed to sink 1 or 2in., and then drawn beneath the surface. I practiced this style of fishing at Parmachenee and at Rangeley almost entirely, for I was sure Mr Wells had investigated the matter thoroughly, as it is his custom to go to the root of any subject, and naturally all the large trout I caught were caught in this way; but from the time I did my last fishing in Maine I cannot recall that I deliberately made a practice of fishing with a sunken fly. In Canada, where large trout grow, I never thought of sinking the flies (in Maine I used but one fly), but fished them on the surface, and the fishing was good enough. If it is my good fortune to fish on the Triton Club tract next September I will try and remember to try one good-sized fly and sink it below the surface to see if it will take larger trout than when the fly is drawn on the surface.

Brown Trout.

A correspondent, Mr. E. W. Raymond, writes: "Will you give us, through Forest and Stream, information in regard to German lake trout? Do they require about the same feed and temperature of water as our native lake trout, and to what size do they generally grow? with any other information in regard to them."

There is no fish that I know of called the German lake trout. The first eggs received in this country of the common brook trout of Europe came from Germany, and the fish, now quite common in this country, are sometimes called the German, or German brown trout. Brown trout is the name commonly applied to the fish in England, although they are called yellow trout in Scotland. In Germany they are called brook trout. If this is the fish, and without further information I must assume that it is, they require practically the same food as our native brook trout, but more of it, as they grow faster and to a greater size. They will bear a slightly higher temperature than our native brook trout and it is not good policy to plant the brown trout in small streams with our native trout. The European fish grows to a weight of over 20lbs. and in this country has been called a cannibal; but this is also true of our native brook trout under the same conditions that make the brown trout a cannibal. Mr. Marston—and there can be no firmer advocate of the brown trout—"Walton's trout"—says: "To attempt to stock American streams with brown trout which are already stocked with native brook trout seems to be unnecessary, if not unwise. * * * In England the finest trout are found in the slow streams watering the richest parts of the country, streams flowing through old-fashioned villages and quaint country towns. The better cultivated the land and water is, the better the trout will thrive. * * * Given fairly pure running water and our trout do well anywhere if they have a good supply of food."

This I consider the best information that can be given in regard to the brown trout. Too often the mistake has been made of planting the brown trout in small mountain trout streams. They are a fish of rapid growth and require an abundance of food. If planted in large, slow-flowing streams, or in lakes from which the native trout has been fished out and the conditions have changed to make it unwise to restock them, the brown trout will doubtless prove satisfactory.

Texas Tarpon Fishing.

Some months ago I quoted in this journal from some letters written by my friend, Mr. William D. Cleveland, of Houston, Tex., concerning tarpon fishing in Texas waters, and Forest and Stream reproduced a photograph of Mr. Cleveland and a tarpon which he caught foul-hooked after a long struggle. At the close of one of the letters I suggested that the Texas method differed apparently from the one employed in Florida, for Mr Cleveland referred to a float on his line, and intimated that he might with profit to all concerned explain his method of fishing in Texas.

I have just received a letter from Mr. Cleveland, in which he says: "My business has kept me so constantly occupied the past season that I have had no time to write even about tarpon fishing. I have had a number of outings after tarpon since writing you, and have caught several, and wish I now had time to give you a full description of one big fellow of about 156lbs. that I got hold of. His antics were far beyond those of any other tarpon that I have hooked, and after he had run under my boat two or three times and jumped over my head as many times more, I concluded that it was wiser to stand up in the boat, so if he struck me it would be in the legs and not in the head. I had rowing for me a Mexican whose complexion was somewhat darker than my own, and when the fish first jumped over the boat between me and him he turned as white as a sheet, and I actually sympathized with the fellow as he sat shivering with fear, almost unable to handle the oars as he was directed. This fish jumped clean out of the water on to the bank and rolled back twice. I lost him at last by his running around some bridge timbers and breaking the line. I did not know how they did fish for tarpon until a friend sent me a St. Louis paper with an account of Florida tarpon fishing in it. They do not fish for tarpon in Florida as we do here, for I never before heard of fishing on the bottom with dead bait, such as is mentioned in the article. Besides, I do not think it would give as much sport as trolling or still-fishing with live bait. I use a regular tarpon rod and reel such as I have described to you. Just above the leader in still fishing I attach a cork which keeps the live mullet near the surface of the water, and when the tarpon takes it, it is with such a splash and with such force that it makes the blood tingle from the tip end of the toe nails to the tip end of the finger nails and the tip end of each particular hair. Besides it is so startling that one never entirely recovers during the whole fight of the fish. It is the same way in trolling, the bait is near the surface and you have the same experience. I believe one would have more success fishing the way they do in Florida (that is, they would land more fish because they would more certainly hook them securely than in the method we employ), but I would rather catch a dozen tarpon on my hook, play them for half an hour and lose them, than to have the trouble and work of landing one, because after half an hour or so it becomes very hard work and the sport is pretty well over."

Black Bass Through the Ice.

My friend Dr. Jno. D. Quackenbos sends me a newspaper clipping, with what is apparently a telegraph item, dated Exeter, N. H., announcing that Wm. E. Robinson while fishing through the ice at Little Pond, Kingston, N. H., caught a small-mouth black bass of 4½lbs. in weight. The item gives further information as follows:

"So far as recorded, this is the first black bass ever caught through the ice in winter, and scientists have declared that the bass hibernates, burying in the mud and there remaining dormant until spring.

"Dr. Henshall in his treatise declares that he has yet to learn of a black bass ever caught through the ice, except in the early spring when the ice was breaking up.

"Dr. D C Estes, a Minnesota authority, and G. C. Scott declare to the same effect, and a Smithsonian Institution report says black bass are never caught in winter."

The person who pruned that item could not have been a constant reader of Forest and Stream, or he or she would have known that, in spite of the authorities quoted, a great many small-mouth black bass have been caught through the ice. It is true that black bass congregate in the fall as cold weather approaches, and pass the winter in a partially dormant condition, but not necessarily in the mud. They have been known to bury themselves in the mud, but as a rule, if the conditions obtain, they gather in bunches among boulders or broken rocks in deep water. They have been found in a hollow log in the water, but it does not follow that they always resort to hollow logs. Fishermen who know where the bass congregate on the deep shoals can and have caught them through the ice, as I related in this column a year or so ago, and it is for this reason that the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commissioners have recommended a close season for this fish to end on Oct. 15.

The bass can be caught if the baited hook is placed before their noses even when they are hibernating, as it is called; but they afford no sport. Only last fall, in one of the New York lakes, the largest catch of black bass of the season was made after the bass had gone into winter quarters, and it was so the fall before, and it was about that time that the large string of big bass was caught through the ice, as I related. I have never caught black bass through the ice, for I never fished for them at such a time; but I did once fish for them just before the ice formed. It was with Mr. Cleveland, whose letter I quoted in the preceding note. For several years we had been to Brant Lake, in northern New York, for black bass; but one year we spent the summer in West Virginia and in the fall went to Maine, and finally to Lake Champlain; so that it was late in October and quite cold when he said he would like to go to Brant before he turned back to Texas. We both realized that it was far too late for good bass fishing, but the journey was a pleasant one, with the fall foliage one mass of brilliant color, such as is not given to a Texan as a home attraction, and we packed our fishing tackle and started.

When we reached the "bass pavilion" of Uncle Ben Hays the fishermen had long before deserted it, and the fishing was over for the season.

We fished the waters, with which we were perfectly familiar, a whole day without getting a single bass bite, and the next day I began sounding the lake to find a mass of sunken rocks and thus half a day was spent, but we found what we were searching for, and in the afternoon began to fish. Baiting our hooks with minnows, we lowered them into the crevices of the rocks or between the big boulders, and finally we got faint nibbles, and that was all we did get; but such nibbling and mouthing of minnows I never knew before that day by any kind of a fish. Besides minnows we had for bait larvæ of the darning-needle, which had been sent to a fisherman at the hotel, and arriving after his departure Uncle Ben had kept them in wet "eel grass" and turned them over to us after we arrived. Baiting our hooks with the "what is it," as the larva was called, the same nibbling was practiced down among the rocks by the bass until one wearied of it. It was nibble and strike, nibble and strike, nibble, nibble, nibble! Once in a while we would hook a bass, and when this happened the fighting, game black bass would come to the landing net with just as much play as a dead and salted codfish. There is nothing about this kind of fishing which even remotely resembles sport; it is meat hunting pure and simple, and if a man is starving and can get food in no other way he would be foolish not to avail himself of feeling for bass in the rocks with a hook. It is burning the candle at both ends with a vengeance to catch black bass through the month of June when they are spawning and brooding their

young, and then descend upon them in the fall when they are congregated in winter quarters and pull them out like so many leaden weights, so sluggish that they can scarcely wriggle their tails in protest at the outrage.

Black Bass Planting.

While on the subject of black bass, I wish to call attention to the applications made to the State for this fish. I have already noted that millions of black bass are applied for each year when the State at best can furnish but a few thousands, for they are not hatched artificially. An applicant fills out his application for perhaps 10,000 bass and gets 100 or 200 adult fish, enough to thoroughly stock a lake ten miles long, if the bass are protected during the breeding season and the law as to size of bass killed is observed; but the next year the same man will put in another application for more bass for the same water, and I presume if the fish were furnished the application would appear annually, just as a shooting club might turn out each season enough quail to furnish the members of the club with quail shooting for a season and renew the stock by purchase each succeeding year. The State has not got the bass and cannot get them to stock waters annually, and there is no need of such stocking. A lake in this State which has furnished the largest black bass of the small-mouth species ever caught, and probably tons of bass of all sizes, during the past twenty-eight years was stocked with thirteen little bass about 4in. long. Not for twenty-six years after it was originally stocked did it receive another contribution of black bass, but it furnished many fish for stocking other waters and was fished as few lakes of its size (one and one-quarter miles long) have ever been fished. A. N. CHENEY.

Black Bass in the Northwest.

LATONA, Wash.—The extremely high water of the fall wrought havoc among the trout in some sections of the State. A friend lately from Snohomish county tells me there were places where this game fish had been left stranded in the fields by the overflow.

About seven years ago the fish commissioners planted a number of large-mouth black bass, crappie, perch, sunfish and catfish in lakes Union and Washington; and last year all of these fish were very much in evidence. The native fish are rainbow trout in both lakes, and they seem as plentiful as ever in spite of the inroads which the bass must make on their numbers.

Lake Union has produced some bass already of 4 and 5lbs., caught with live minnow or spoon.

Lake Washington is twenty-five miles long and about four to six miles wide, with the best of bays and best of feed for bass, yet they have not been caught to any extent in this lake—probably because of its size.

I have heard several times of grayling in Lake Washington too, but have not been able as yet to locate them. Ex-Mayor Phelps, of Seattle, says he has caught them in several parts of the lake, and there is no reason to doubt the statement. Other parties have also told me of catching them, yet I have never caught one nor seen one that was caught there.

W. S. PHILLIPS.

Landlocked Salmon the Coming Fish in Maine.

COMMISSIONER O. H. STANLEY writes: "We had the largest run of trout and salmon to their spawning grounds last fall I have ever known in Maine; also the largest fish, especially at Sebago; we took in our weir several salmon that would run over 20lbs.; I think the average would come up to 8lbs. We have got as many salmon eggs as we can hatch and feed the young fry until October at all our hatcheries. Salmon put in an appearance last fall in many new waters, ponds that I am happy to say I stocked myself. The coming fish in Maine is to be the landlocked salmon. He will thrive with the pickerel and live in higher temperature than the trout. All he needs is plenty of pure water and smelts for food. He is king on the hook as well as for the table. He also knows enough not to take every bait that is offered him. I have even known him to refuse the Stanley smelt sometimes; but that is rare. We now have some very fine bass fishing in Maine, which attracts many anglers here. One thing is curious: where the black bass have been put in pickerel ponds, which were good trout waters before the introduction of pickerel, the bass have thinned out the pickerel and the trout are coming back in considerable numbers. I don't think they interfere with the trout at all."

"Angling Talks."

WE have a very few copies of George Dawson's "Angling Talks," a series of chapters of entertaining chat about men, fishermen, fish, fishing and fishing places. Cloth, 50 cents. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 22–25.—NEW YORK. Westminster Kennel Club.
March 3–6.—ST. LOUIS.—St. Louis Kennel Club
March 10–13.—CHICAGO.—Mascoutah Kennel Club.
March 24–27.—PITTSBURG.—Duquesne Kennel Club.
March 17–20.—LOUISVILLE.—Kentucky Kennel Club.
March 30–April 2.—BALTIMORE.—Baltimore Kennel Association.
March 30–April 2.—KANSAS CITY.—Kansas City Kennel Club.
March 3–April 3.—SAN JOSÈ.—Santa Clara County Poultry and Kennel Club.
April 7–10.—STOCKTON.—Stockton Kennel Club.
April 14–17.—LOS ANGELES.—Southern California Kennel Club.

FOX HUNTING IN ILLINOIS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Fox hunting in Illinois is not what it used to be a great many years ago. Then when a fox was started the horsemen and dogs were bothered with no fences, especially wire ones, which are so troublesome now, although we had to contend with swamps and wild grass. The swamps now are tilled.

The hunt which I am about to relate occurred Jan. 23, 1897. We were to start from Fairview Farm at 8 o'clock A. M. The morning was fine and warm, the sun shining, the snow about 3in. deep and melting, and a southwest wind was blowing.

The boys arrived in due time with eight dogs, four of which were owned by L. W. Green, Jr; two were Kentucky hounds and two were imported hounds; three were owned by R. Sandusky, one imported and two were Ohio bred. One was owned by George Baum, all of Indianola. There were twenty-two horsemen. No guns were allowed.

We started north and struck a fresh track. The hounds took the fox three miles east to Indianola. He then turned in a cornfield, making a complete circle and getting the best of us by about ten minutes by back tracking. He then went west to where he started from all the time keeping in the cornfields when possible and running diagonally to the route. Then he made another turn north, going west through a large hedge, and here we first saw him.

We had ridden north when the dogs turned west through the fence into the cornfield. We therefore turned west, and as we did we saw him about 100yds away making a circle south and around us. There were six of us in that squad, the remainder of the party being scattered over a section of land. When he was sighted everybody gave chase. He ran southwest to a large ditch, thence down the embankment one-half mile, with four of us only 50yds from his brush and yelling worse than a band of Apache Indians. He ran the length of the cornfield, about one-half mile, turned east and south to the railroad, shook his brush in the air and bade us good day. Then began the hard running after a scared fox.

He went down the railroad nearly to town, through the meadow to the timber, straight for the Little Vermilion River, which he swam; then over hills, hollows, through pastures, cornfields and barnyards, till he came to the high grade of the railroad. The dogs were then about one and one half minutes behind the fox and twelve miles from the starting point as the "crow flies," so we were told by a farmer who lived near. Here is where the fox got in his work and where he got his title, "Cunning as a fox." He mounted the grade, took a look back over his shoulder, then trotted over the trestle, 200yds. in length and 40ft. high, came down the same side of the track at the other end of the trestle, and made his circle toward home. Here he threw the dogs off the track, but we made a circle of one-half mile and found it, and were hot after him again, with a loss of fifteen minutes. We then ran him back through the same country, but he began to get tired and to hunt the bunches of cattle and horses, and run through barnyards to throw the dogs off the scent, but he was found every time without much delay. We ran him to the timber, up the Little Vermilion River again, and came in sight of him crossing a plowed field. We ran him one-fourth of a mile across this and a white spotted hound, Rowdy, took the lead by sight and ran up to within 10ft and couldn't gain any more, so it seemed; but as soon as the fox struck the smooth ground along the plank fence then Rowdy began to crawl up on him, inch by inch, until within 100yds. he was only about 2ft. from his tail, and both dog and fox lying low on the ground and going like the wind. A few jumps and reynard tried for a hole in the fence, and then it was all up. Rowdy struck him like a cyclone and both rolled over and over in the snow, and by that time Rowdy's brother from Ohio was with him and the chase was over. Out of twenty-two men who started in the chase with eight dogs, only nine men were left and four dogs. The distance traveled was about thirty-five miles.

Manitoba Field Trials Club.

WINNIPEG, Man., Feb 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A regular meeting of the club was held this afternoon at the Hotel Manitoba, President Simpson in the chair.

The resignations of S. B. Borradaile as second vice-president, and John Wootton as secretary-treasurer, were then read and accepted. The following officers were then duly elected: First Vice-President, John Wootton; Second Vice-President, Wm. C. Lee; Secretary-Treasurer, G. B. Borradaile, Winnipeg. Four new members were elected by ballot.

It was decided to have the same stakes as last year, viz., Derby and All-Age stakes, each $250, and also an Amateur Stake, open to all amateurs residing in Canada.

The entrace fee to Derby and All-Age stakes will be $10; to start, $5 additional. A committee of three, including the president, were elected to secure a judge.

JOHN WOOTTON, Sec'y-Treas.

Irish Setter Club Meeting.

NO. 1813 DE LANCEY PLACE, Philadelphia, Feb. 11.—The annual meeting of the Irish Setter Club of America will be held at the Madison Square Garden, New York, during the W. K. C. show, on Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 12 o'clock.

GEO. H. THOMSON, Sec'y-Treas.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The entries of the last W. K. C. numbered 1,409 Those of this show greatly exceed the former, the total being 1,667, divided among the different breeds as follows: Mastiffs 10, St Bernards 153, bloodhounds 13, Great Danes 51, Newfounds 4, Russian wolfhounds 18, deerhounds 13, greyhounds 27, English foxhounds 11, American foxhounds 17, Chesapeake Bay dogs 7, pointers 92, English setters 60, Irish setters 56, Gordon setters 33, field spaniels 37, cocker spaniels 82, collies 107, English sheep dogs 8, poodles 91, bull dogs 86, French bull dogs 19, bull terriers 70, Boston terriers 119, dachshunde 52, beagles 64, Irish terriers 57, Scottish terriers 16, fox terriers (smooth) 80, fox terriers (wire-haired) 40, Bedlington terriers 11, Skye terriers 4, Dandie Dinmont terriers 2, Black and Tan terriers 25, white English terriers 1, whippets 4, schipperkes 3, Pomeranians 3, Maltese terriers 6, Yorkshire terriers 15, toy terriers 8, pugs 22, toy spaniels 47, Italian greyhounds 4, miscellaneous 9.

We are informed by Dr. J. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., that a bill embodying some radical changes concerning the licensing and ownership of dogs was presented to the Connecticut Legislature, and in turn referred to the Judiciary Committee. He asks that the interested residents of each district exercise their influence with their Representatives and Senators to secure the passage of the bill. Briefly stated, the bill provides that all dogs registered in the A. K. C. S. B. shall be licensed for $1.15, and bitches so registered shall be registered for the sum of $5.15 A special license, to be issued on payment of $25, to be known as a kennel license, shall be issued to breeders of registered dogs, said license permitting the licensee to keep not more than ten dogs, and exempting from the license law all puppies under twelve months. Every person owning a dog shall appraise the same upon the tax list at its actual value, and any person stealing or killing any dog so listed, except that killing may be justified by doing it in self-defense, or if the dog is actually engaged in worrying sheep, shall be liable for the value of the dog so killed, or shall be punished by fine and imprisonment the same as if the dog were a domestic of like value. The sum at which the owner lists his dog shall be *prima facie* evidence of its value in either a civil or criminal prosecution.

Further special prizes have been added to the premium list of the Mascoutah Kennel Club. The St. Bernard Club of America offers the Waters challenge cup for the best American-bred St. Bernard, and two silver cups, one for best stud dog with two of his get, and one for best bitch with two of her progeny. The Butterfly Bench Show Association offers three medals, one each for best sporting dog, non-sporting dog, and best terrier.

The W. K. C. announces that additional valuable specials have been offered by the Boston Terrier Club, the English Bloodhound Club of America, the Bull Dog Club of America, the Brunswick Fur Club, and others, for spaniels, poodles, French bull dogs, beagles and Irish terriers.

There will be an annual meeting of the Irish Setter Club of America in Madison Square Garden, Thursday, Feb. 25, at 12 o'clock M., for the election of officers and the transaction of business. The secretary, Mr. Geo. H. Thomson, 1813 De Lancey Place, Philadelphia, requests that members send in their annual dues ($5) and the names of those who are to be proposed for membership.

The annual business meeting of the American Pet Dog Club, the secretary, Mr. T. Farrer Rackham, writes us, will be held at the Lincoln House, New York city, on Wednesday, Feb. 24, punctually at 2:30 P. M. The election of officers and other important business will take place.

Mr. John Wootton, of Manitou, Mass., writes us that the outlook for the Manitoba trials on chickens is good, andt hat he expects to see a much larger entry list this year than last.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

THE NATIONAL CYCLE SHOWS.

AT the great cycle show held in Chicago a few weeks since six acres of floor space were devoted to the exhibition of bicycles, while in the New York show, which has just come to a close, nine acres were given up for the same purpose. The individual exhibits at each place counted well up among the hundreds, while the attendance was reckoned by numbers that ran up to six figures.

The Drift of Affairs.

At both New York and Chicago the same tendencies were marked. One that appealed to the manufacturers was that national cycle shows, at least at the time of year they are now held, have ceased to be of very material profit to the exhibitors as far as direct returns are concerned. This was especially true of the Chicago show. Agents who formerly came to purchase stock for the ensuing year's trade have been conspicuous by their absence. The shows are no longer great marts of trade, for by the time they are held dealers are already stocked, and those who visit the show are no longer susceptible to argument. They come rather to renew old friendships or to become personally acquainted with the men with whom as a result of previous negotiations they are to do business during the year. This condition of affairs, though of gradual growth, has taken expression this year in a way that is not to be mistaken, and exhibitors in general have had to be satisfied with the indirect returns that come from the advertising of their product through the shows themselves and through the newspaper notices that are given of them.

Approaching a Standard.

Another general tendency noted at both shows was the growing conservatism of the manufacturers, which was exhibited not only in the lack of sensational features in their product, but also in business methods. There is a marked disposition to get away from all that is impracticable, and to solidify and simplify methods and manufacture. It has become an established fact that a man who promotes a machine out of the recognized and generally accepted type comes to an untimely and disastrous end. The effect of this conservatism is to conform bicycles more and more to a certain fixed type that embodies what is best in the opinions of the majority of manufacturers. Though minor details are found in endless variation, most of the chief features of cycle construction show a remarkable uniformity.

The length of wheel base in the models exhibited this year, for instance, shows much less variation from the average than heretofore, and moderate sizes of tubing for frame construction are the rule

The practical absence of chainless bicycles from the show demonstrates as well as anything this conservatism. No doubt the manufacturers have all given the subject of turning out such wheels due consideration, and very possibly some of them will add chainless bicycles to their line in course of time, but so far none of the prominent manufacturers have shown any undue eagerness to rush into the business.

The Racer no Longer Supreme.

A commendable tendency, which is very marked in some quarters, is the attention paid to the feature of comfort in cycling. Wheels are being made with a greater clearance between forks to permit the use of larger tires, and tires are made heavier and of larger diameter than heretofore. Hygienic saddles are very much in evidence, and no one will hereafter have cause to complain that he cannot procure a safe and comfortable saddle. A year ago there were many who said that existing saddles of the fence rail type were good enough for anybody, but the popularity of the double point of support styles is good enough evidence that they were mistaken. Common-sense ideas will prevail, and comfort and strength are more carefully considered each year by the manufacturers.

The big tires are intended to reduce the jar of riding over rough surfaces, and another improvement with the same end in view is the cushion frames. No less than a dozen manufacturers in the New York show had wheels fitted with an unobtrusive pneumatic cushion frame device.

Simplifying Construction.

Another feature that has the almost universal support of the exhibitors is the simplifying of the mechanism of their wheels. All aim to make the taking apart and assembling by amateurs as easy as possible. In the matter of cranks, for instance, nearly every manufacturer had some improvement to show to permit taking them off without the use of too much violence. The bearings also are generally supplied with retaining devices, and the matter of adjustment is made less difficult.

Odds and Ends.

Wooden handle bars are one of the features of these shows of recent development. Now anyone can have them as an option on his wheel. Wood at present is exclusively used for rims, and in ladies' wheels it enters largely into the construction of chain and wheel guards, and there seems to be a slight tendency toward its use for bicycle frames. More wooden bicycles were shown than chainless types. In all these machines, however, metal wheels were used, probably because they are to be had cheaper than wooden spokes and hubs.

Few gear cases were in evidence. Gear cases conduce to the comfort of the rider and make possible wet weather wheeling, and inasmuch as their use would tend to extend the wheeling season, which for the majority of riders is practically limited to the summer, manufacturers should encourage their use. One reason why more gear cases are not seen is the difficulty of attaching them to wheels of American manufacture. If our bicycle builders would make some provision for gear cases more would be in use, and riders generally would come to recognize their advantages for muddy or dusty roads.

A number of new brakes were exhibited. One was operated by compressed air; another by twisting one of the handle grips, while others still became operative through the act of back pedaling. A novelty in the line of mud guards was a hollow rubber roller, which runs on the rear wheel and causes the mud to fly backward, instead of over the rider.

The Future of National Shows.

Just now it looks very much as if we had seen the last of national cycle shows. Chicago's was unsatisfactory from the exhibitor's standpoint, and New York only partially redeemed herself. If changes there be, however, it is more likely to be in name than in actual substance; and whether "national" or not, New York and Chicago will undoubtedly have as great cycle shows in 1898 as in 1897.

At the annual meeting of the manufacturers' board of trade on Feb. 10 the following resolution was passed:

"*Resolved*, That it is the sense of this meeting, that the National Board of Cycle Manufacturers discontinue its annual national cycle exhibition is deemed advisable by the board of directors, and in place thereof it encourage and sanction local cycle shows under terms and conditions prescribed by the board of directors upon the following general lines:

"Sanction and encouragement to be given first and preferably to local cycle boards of trade.

"A percentage of the gross receipts of all local cycle shows to be paid to the National Board of Trade of Cycle Manufacturers for its maintenance and increase of its usefulness.

"The conduct and terms of such local cycle shows to be in conformity to such rules, regulations and provisions as the Board of Directors of the National Board of Trade of Cycle Manufacturers may prescribe.

"Sanction to be granted only for such local shows as commence not earlier than the last Saturday in February and terminate not later than the first Saturday in April of each year

"Spaces to be of uniform size, and no exhibitor permitted to occupy more than two spaces. Price of space to be adjusted in accordance with location."

The New York Cycle Show.

The New York cycle show of 1897 was held in the Grand Central Palace of Industry, Forty third street and Lexington avenue, Feb. 6–13. This is New York's third national cycle exhibition, the two previous shows having been held in the Madison Square Garden.

The accommodations for this year's exhibition were not nearly so good as at the Garden. The various exhibits were scattered over four floors instead of being concentrated on one, and owing to the intricate construction of the building it was often a very difficult matter to locate any particular exhibit. In the center of the Palace of Industry is a large court, which is open from the second floor to the top of the building. Access to the various floors can be had only at the east end of the building, and the elevator accommodations are very poor.

The second floor was the central part of the exhibition of bicycles, and on it most of the leading firms were represented. Occupying the central position in the Court of Honor was the Board of Trade exhibit, which was also the central feature of the Chicago show. This was a pagoda-shaped pavilion erected on a broad pyramidal base and surmounted by a huge golden dome crowned by a bicycle supporting a cluster of incandescent lights and surrounded by a number of other illuminated wheels. In this pavilion were exhibited medals and trophies won by champion cyclists. Nearly 800 spaces were given up to the exhibits as against 650 at Chicago.

Yachting.

The story which we reprint this week from the Boston *Transcript* is but one of many of the same tenor now circulating through the American press. If those Canadians who have opposed the Royal Canadian Y. C. in the amendment of the racing rules are possessed of any national pride, it must be gratifying to them in the extreme to know that through their efforts their countrymen and fellow yachtsmen are now being advertised through the States as a lot of sharpers. We know of no good whatever which has come from this unfortunate and unnecessary quarrel, while no end of harm has been done to the good name of Canadian yachtsmen through the widespread circulation of such stories in the American papers.

The Forest and Stream is desirous of reporting as fully and accurately as possible the races of the Sound Y. R. U. during the coming season. As an aid in this work we shall be glad to receive at as early a date a possible the books of the different clubs, announcements of fixtures, race programmes, etc.; and in particular names, measurements, racing numbers, etc., of yachts, both old and new. We should like, with the assistance of the Y. R. U. officers, to be able to compile before May 30 a practically complete list of yachts and owners for the Sound racing.

We learn from our Chicago correspondent that there is no likelihood of a challenge from Chicago yachtsmen for the Canada cup. This is to be regretted, as a race this year would do much to help yachting on the lakes. It would also attract the interest of salt-water yachtsmen to the sport on fresh water. There being no race for the America's cup this year, an international race on Lake Ontario would, after the race of 1896, draw many Eastern yachtsmen for the first time to this beautiful inland sea; whereas, should such a race occur in the same year as one for the America's cup, it would pass almost without notice. While thus far no challenge has been sent from Chicago, the Chicago and other American papers have not hesitated in accusing the Royal Canadian Y. C. of being afraid of a second trial; and if correctly quoted, the owner of Vencedor is responsible for the same accusation.

We have little doubt that if the owner of Vencedor is willing to try for the second time to defeat Canada, and is willing to build a yacht to her class, 42ft., and with the same minimum of section, 28 per cent., the holders of the cup will waive the ten months' notice and make a match. The odds in this case, of building to beat a known boat, would be on the side of the challenger; but we believe that the Canadians are good enough sportsmen to disregard them and make a match.

If Chicago yachtsmen are really in earnest in their desire to retrieve the honors lost last year, they can at least put the matter to a test by a fair and bold challenge to race Canada against a new Chicago boat.

As stated elsewhere, there is a prospect that Chicago will send a yacht to the trial races of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. We hope that this report is true, not only because the presence of a Western yacht will add materially to the interest in the races, but because the visit of a Western yacht to New York waters will have a beneficial effect at home. We would like to see as contestants in the trial races half a dozen of the best representatives of the fine racing fleets that have been built up of recent years on Lake Geneva, Lake Minnetonka, Pewaukee Lake, Fox Lake and other Western waters. The glory that would follow even a successful performance in the trial races would well repay the effort to build and race the yacht.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

The annual meeting of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was held on Feb. 1, with Vice-Com. Fitzgibbon in the chair; the following officers being elected: Hon. Com., Sir Donald A. Smith; Com., James Ross; Vice-Com., A. F. Riddell; Rear-Com., Harry Abbott, Q. C.; Hon. Sec'y, W. A. C Hamilton; Measurers: D. A. Poe, R. Fitz Gibbon and H. K. Wicksteed. Executive Committee: A. Pringle, W. Barclay Stephens, F. S. Martin, J. E. Schultze, H. G. Eadie, E. Kirk Greene, W. McLea Walbank and G. H. Duggan.

A vote of thanks was tendered the retiring officers, and, as a mark of appreciation, the Hon. Sec'y-Treas., Mr. W. A. C. Hamilton, was presented with a suitable souvenir for his valuable services to the club.

The secretary-treasurer presented a long and very satisfactory report, in which the following allusion is made to the international races:

"True national pride may readily be expressed on the splendid victory of Com. Ross's bonny craft, our club's flagship. She was designed, built, owned and sailed by Canadians, everything in, on or about her being strictly Canadian from stem to stern. She easily vanquished all yachts of other Canadian designers, besides joining El Heirie in beating some of the most able yacht designers and builders in the world.

"Before leaving this glorious result of our club's first attempt at international contests, we would record our appreciation of the cordial hospitality extended by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. to our representatives and members attending the races. We note the kindly feeling expressed in this organization's annual report, and congratulate ourselves on having the opportunity to further cement the existing pleasant relations, notwithstanding the evident keen rivalry.

"The club had representatives at Brockville, Lake of Two Mountains, Valois and Ogdensburg, who more than held their own against all comers. At Ogdensburg and Lake of Two Mountains kind hospitality was shown our members, sufficient to require no second bidding to bring us to their shores again."

The following summary of the racing of the 15ft. class for the season was given in the report:

	Starts	Firsts	Seconds	Thirds	Fourths	Disabled	Withdrew	Disqualified.
Glencairn, Com. Ross	3	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Viva, C. H. Routh and A. W. Shearwood	15	..	1	3	2	1	1	2
Mischief, Arthur Hamilton	13	1	3	2	2	2	..	..
Shanet-a-Boo, Rear-Com. Fitz Gibbon	15	..	2	2	2	1	1	..
Otowynn, L. J. Smith	2	..	..	..	..	..	2	..
*Anita, H. G. Eadie	13	2	3	2	1	..	1	1
Bantam, J. C. C Almon	14	..	3	1	..	3	4	1
Sothis, G. H. Duggan and F. P. Shearwood	12	7	..	3	..	..	1	..
Titania, W. M. Kirkpatrick and J. H. Prissick	15	1	2	1	1	1	..	2
Osma, E. S. Clouston	5	..	1	..	..	..	2	..
Sais, D. A. Poe	6	..	..	..	..	1	3	..
Nouya, R. R. Wallace	6	..	..	..	..	1	..	..
Gyascutis, A. L. and H. R. Drummond	3	..	..	..	..	..	3	..
Windward, C. O. Clark	6	..	..	..	..	..	2	..
Missie, Rev. Hy. Kittson	8	2	1	..	1	..	..	..
Oneida, L. H. Dinning	5	..	..	1	..	..	1	..

* Won Hamilton challenge trophy.

Work is now under way in the club on a large number of 20-footers. The club will build a new house on the present site.

New York Y. C.

The annual meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Feb. 11, the following officers being elected: Com., J. Pierpont Morgan, steam yacht Corsair; Vice-Com., Lewis Cass Ledyard, schr. yacht Montauk; Rear-Com., August Belmont, cutter Mineola; Sec'y, J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch, M. D. Regatta Committee: John C. Barron, Theodore C. Zerega and W. Barton Hopkins. Committee on Admissions: Edward M. Brown, C. Oliver Iselin, Lewis Cass Ledyard, W. Butler Duncan, Jr., and James A. Wright. House Committee: Edward E. Chase, Frank M. Cronise, F. H. Davies, C. L. F. Robinson and C. Alfred Grymes. Library Committee: Fordham Morris, Arthur H. Clark and A. V. H. Ellis. Committee on Club Stations: William H. Thomas, Frederick H. Benedict, F. Augustus Schermerhorn, L. Vaughan Clark, Tarrant Putnam, Frederick P. Sands, Frederick Grinnell, John P. Duncan, Amzi L. Barber and Edward R. Ladew.

The secretary's report showed a membership of 1,217 and a fleet of 328 yachts. The date for the annual regatta was fixed, Thursday, June 17. The date for the cruise was not decided on, but Mr. Ogden Goelet offered again two cups costing $1,000 and $500 for schooners and cutters, to be raced for as usual off Newport during the cruise. An invitation was read from the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound inviting the New York Y. C. to join the Union; it was referred to the special committee on the proposed yacht league.

The following amendments to the racing rules were presented:

Rule 1 to be amended to read as follows:

Section 4. The maximum draft of any yacht when in racing trim shall not exceed that specified for her class in the following table, exclusive of centerboard, except as hereafter mentioned. But this limit shall not apply to any yacht in existence at the time of the passage of these amendments when racing in the class in which she was classified prior to that time. This exemption, however, shall not be so construed as to permit a vessel launched prior to Oct. 22, 1896, to increase her draft beyond the limit allowed for her class.

Sec. 6. Any yacht which has her measurement increased for the purpose of sailing in a class above that in which she would sail according to the last official measurement taken prior to Nov. 1, 1896, shall not be entitled to any time allowance from other yachts in that class.

Rule 4 to be so amended as to read as follows:

Sec. 4. At least two yachts must start in each class to entitle a yacht to a prize of full value. Should a yacht obliged to sail alone in her class, go over the course of her class, she shall be entitled to a prize of one-half the value of the regular prize, and upon the same shall be inscribed "Sailover prize."

Sec. 5 (new). Any yacht alone in her class may sail in the class next above, but in such case such yacht shall assume and be entered as of the mean racing length specified for the class in which she so enters; but this shall not be so construed as to permit a single-masted vessel or yawl to enter a schooner class.

Rule 16—To be so amended as to read as follows:

Sec. 8. An overlap is established when an overtaking yacht has no longer a free choice on which side she will pass, and continues to exist as long as the leeward yacht, by luffing or the weather yacht, by bearing away, is in danger of fouling. The owner or representative of an overtaking yacht intending to claim an overlap shall notify the overtaken yacht to that effect by hailing her.

Sec. 14. If an overlap exists between two yachts when both of them, without tacking, are about to pass a mark on the required side, then the outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark, except as provided in Sec. 15. A yacht shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap and thus force a passage between another yacht and the mark after the latter yacht has altered her helm for the purpose of rounding.

Sec. 15. When two yachts in maneuvering for the start both on the same tack, one to windward and one to leeward, and the weather yacht being freer than the leeward yacht should the leeward yacht be close hauled on the wind, and before an overlap has been established, the leeward yacht shall have the right to hold and maintain her course, even if thereby the windward yacht should be forced on the wrong side of the starting mark.

Sec. 16. When a yacht is approaching a shore, shoal, pier, rock, vessel, or other dangerous obstruction, and cannot keep clear by altering her course without fouling another yacht then this latter shall, on being hailed by the former, at once give room; and in case one yacht is forced to tack or to bear away in order to give room, the other shall also tack or bear away, as the case may be, at as near the same time as is possible without danger of fouling. But should such obstruction be a designated mark of the course, a yacht forcing another to tack under the provision of this section shall be disqualified.

The amendments to Rule 1 and that to Rule 16, Sec. 1, were passed; the amendments to Rule 4 and Rule 16, Sec. were lost; and the others, to Rule 16, Secs. 14, 15, were referred to the regatta committee. The following new members were elected: I. Cox, Dr. A. G. Brower, L. C. Wachsmuth, Ensign O. P. Jackson, U. S. N.; Lieut. G. A. Calhoun, U. S. N.; Lieut. Wm. H. Driggs, U. S. N.; A. V. Soper, W. L. Elkins, Jr., Lieut. T. D. Griffin, U. S. N.; W. T. Lawson, Lieut. J. D. McDonald, U. S. N.; Ensign J. Bradshaw, U. S. N.; J. Cotting, C. McK. Leoser, M. S. Barger, A. Marshall, N. Hathaway, N. Witherell, Surgeon M. Guest, U. S. N.; Gen. T. W. Hyde, T. Beckwith, Lieut. K. Rohrer, U. S. N.; C. A. Andresen, Lieut. R. H. Galt, U. S. N.; E. S. Woodward, F. A. Dallett, A. Schwarzman and Surgeon L. Morris, U. S. N.

The Yacht Racing Union.

The council of the Y. R. U. held its monthly meeting on Feb. 8 at the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. house, a number of important matters being under discussion. In deference to the requests of owners of the special 30-footers, it was decided by a mail vote to allow these boats to be measured without crews and to carry the same crews as in 1896, but to be steered only by amateurs. In the matter of courses, the use of triangular courses exclusively is recommended, to be sailed twice or three times, the distances being: A schooners, 30 miles; single stick yachts, first, 70ft., 60ft., 51 classes, 25 miles; 43ft., 36ft., and 30ft. classes, 20 miles; 30 cats and 25ft. sloops, 15 miles; 25ft. cats and 20ft. sloops, miles; and the 20ft. and 15ft. cats and 15ft. sloops, 10 miles.

It was decided to retain the present system of starting signals; but where each class is to be started separately from the gun the class letter shall be displayed on a large white sphere at the masthead of the committee boat. Mr. John Hyslop was elected official measurer of the Union, and the Forest and Stream was named as the official organ for the publication of all notices, etc. Arrangements were also made for the preservation and compilation of racing records.

It was decided to invite the New York Y. C. to take representation in the Union, and also to renew the invitation previously given to the Larchmont Y. C. The Atlantic Y. C., now having no station on Long Island Sound, is nominally disqualified for membership in the Union, but a conference of the two bodies will take place very soon, the Atlantic Y. C. now having a special committee for the purpose of conferring with other clubs as to future union.

A special committee of three, Messrs. E. Burton Hart, P. Tower and Sec'y Jones, was appointed to visit Boston and confer with the executive committee of the Mass. Y. R. A.

Possible Chicago Boat for Eastern Races.

There is a vague rumor out in Chicago this week, with a certain amount of confirmation, though not sufficient to warrant of a decisive announcement of it as news, that there will be a one-rater built in the West, at or near Chicago, this spring, which will go East to compete in the Seawanhaka Y. C. trial races. The boat would go by rail from this city, and should the owner conclude to carry out his present unformulated decision the building of the boat would be hurried from now on, so that the boat could be tried on Western waters before going East. The possible skipper has not yet given any order for the boat, and does not care to have his name announced, but tells me he may see fit to do this. It is much to be hoped that he will do so as this would be something of a novelty in boating matters. No Chicago craft has gone for these races, and the notion of such a competitor is one very hard to relinquish. I can go so far as to say that should this gentleman build this boat he will prove himself to Eastern men a competitor worthy of their friendship and of their best efforts in the contests. Should the boat go East there will be a large and enthusiastic Chicago contingent go with it, and thus there would be a pleasant rivalry between the two cities, of that sort which among sportsmen makes friendships of the most lasting nature. Let us hope the young Chicago yachtsman will conclude to build and sail this chicago boat for the honor of the city.

E. Hough

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

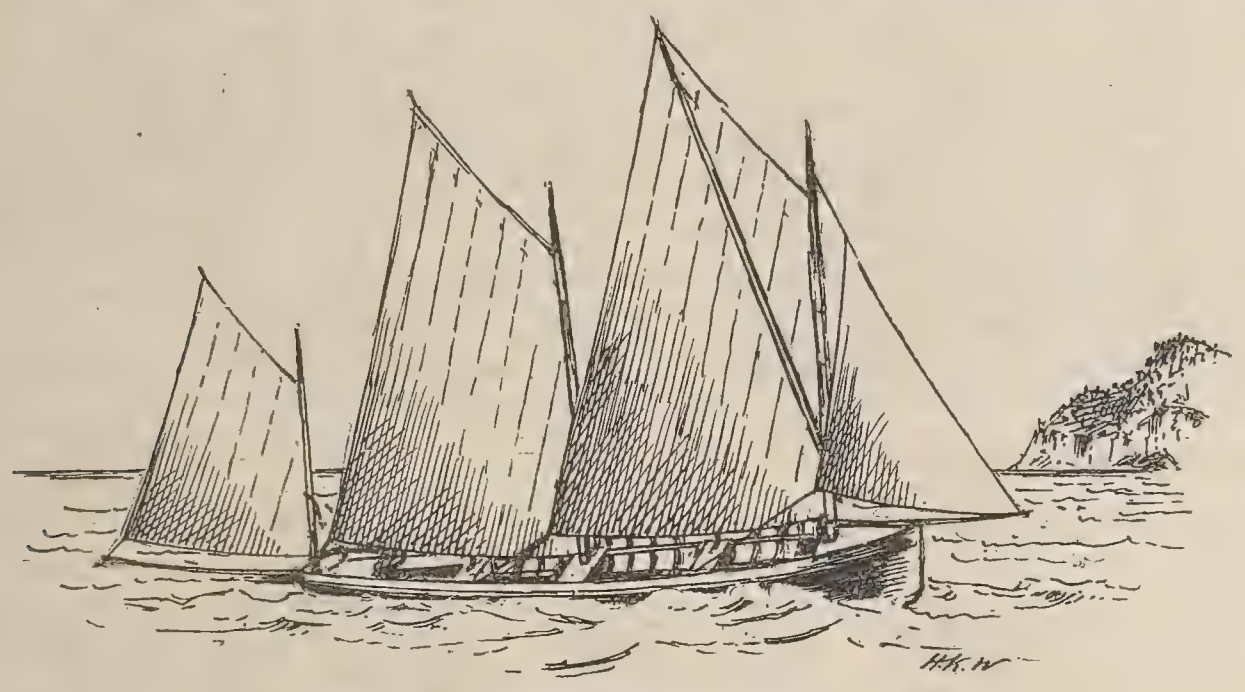
The Quebec Pilot Boat.

THE Quebec "pilot boat" is to the lower St. Lawrence what e catboat is to Great South Bay and similar localities, and e is interesting as being a direct importation from Brit-ny. She is the *chasse marée* of the French Channel ports, odified to a certain extent by the climate and conditions of e lower river, but only to a comparatively small extent.

The *chasse marée*, speaking broadly, is a lugger with very uff ends above water, a big displacement, and varies in ze from an open boat to a craft big enough to cross the tlantic. The "pilot boat" is never too big to permit of her ing handled on shore by her crew, and the boats are ways beached at low tide. The larger craft of the river e the universal schooner, the typical craft of America in ite of the sloop, and perhaps an adventurous pin flat.

The pilot boats are not rigged with the lug, and the rea-n for this is not hard to find. The lug requires for its effect-e use a big crew, and a big crew is not available in the lower . Lawrence any more than on any other American water-ay. I take it for granted that why no localized American aft carries a lug rig, and that why so many of their Europ-n prototypes do is mainly because men were and are more entiful, and cost less in wage and share, in Europe than on is continent; as it is with an engine lathe, so is it with a il; the American has had to invent something that would the work with the least possible amount of labor, and the ld countryman," to use a Canadian colloquialism, has not.

The pilot boats are powerful craft of about three beams length, built on a straight plank keel, projecting 9 to 10in. low the garboards. They are very full fore and aft above e waterline, and have what used to be called a lifting bow, nd good big quarters. Their deadrise is of about 15° with



THE QUEBEC PILOT BOAT.

hard bilge, and they are heavily and strongly constructed, enerally carvel, but if lapstrake it is of the heaviest and rudest description, the full thickness of plank being carried ver the lands. This is typical of all the French-Canadians' apstrake constructions.

One very funny part of their outfit is the leg that keeps hem upright when they go ashore. It is an iron bar hackled to the gunwale, with a shoe on the bottom to keep t above the mud.

The rig is as shown in the sketch, and while it is much cut p it is still about as simple, effective, and has as low a cen-er of effort as a rig can have. The boats are very stiff and veatherly, and the stone ballast goes up to the windward hen it blows, so that they carry sail hard; but if it blows arder, as there are no reef points, there can be no "haul out nd tie down." The mainsail is doused, then if the breeze she blow some up," in comes the jib, then the jigger sprit omes out, then the sprit out of the foresail, and by that ime nothing but a pilot boat and a 4,000-tonner have much usiness to do on the lower St. Lawrence.

One little peculiarity of the rig is worth noticing: the miz-en is stepped off the center to let the straight tiller come nboard, and it does not seem to do them any harm.

The boats are strong, seaworthy and weatherly to a degree, ccidents being unknown, and yet the lower river is no looming picnic ground; and they have a great reputation or speed, as have all local boats of this class that possess the nore necessary good qualities enumerated. RETAW.

The Lake Yachtsmen.

FOR a journal which is as a rule both well informed and air-minded, the Boston *Transcript* has, in the following, chieved a collection of misstatements which almost entitle t to the local supremacy in this peculiar line of misrepres-ntation and undeserved abuse:

"It looks now as though the formation of a lake yacht rac-ng association, on which pretty much depends the future f international racing on the Great Lakes, would be a diffi-ult matter. The Canadians interested in racing on the reat Lakes appear to be a grasping and obstinate set of nen, and although the Americans have made some impor-ant and as a good many of them think uncalled-for conces-ions, it is not thought that the rules which have thus far een put forward will be adopted by the four associations of which the union is to consist. If the reports of the proceed-ngs which have been sent on here are correct, the American achtsmen on the Great Lakes must be a particularly guile-ess and unsophisticated set of men, and entirely wanting in he astuteness which has so often been shown by their breth-en of the salt water in international racing arrangements. The races last year were sailed under conditions which made hem practical gifts to the Canada. There is no question hat she is the better boat of the two, but the arrangements were such that the Vencedor could not have won if she had een proportionately better than the Canada. At one of the ecent meetings for the formation of the union, one of the ules which was presented by the Canadians, and was only ejected by the Americans after an elaborate consideration, vas one providing that the midship section of all new boats hould be 35 per cent. of the load waterline multi-lied by the extreme draft. The Canada's midship sec-ion is 28 per cent., so that it can easily be seen just bout how much chance there would be to build a boat nder such a rule which would beat her. This rule was inally rejected, and a set of rules which was not much better vas adopted. These rules provided that the percentage of he midship section of the new boats should not be less than hat of certain boats which were cited, one for each class, nd every one of which was a Canadian. This rule is not nly unfair, but impracticable, as it would be almost impos-ible for American designers to secure the measurements of he Canadian boats. The general opinion of the Americans n the Lakes is that the Canada people do not want to race or the cup again."

There is in the above hardly a single statement which is within hailing distance of the truth, and the whole tenor of he article is most unjust and misleading. The races last year were sailed under conditions willingly agreed to by the Chicago yachtsmen, who at this late day cannot evade the blame for their defeat by pleading the "baby act." If the Chicago papers are to be believed, as well as the statements of Western yachtsmen, Lake Michigan has nothing to learn from the East. Apart from the purely local skill, amateur and professional, it has now the services of the real designer of Vigilant, Gloriana, Niagara and Defender, as well as of one of the best of Defender's crew. After the boasts made last winter of the superior skill of the men who were making the match, designing the yacht, and who proposed to and finally did sail her, it is idle to cry over having been outmatched as well as outsailed by the other side, which said little or nothing, but went to work quietly to meet the challenge in the best possible manner.

The match from the start was an uneven one; it could not be otherwise under the circumstances, but the only ones to blame for it were the Chicago men, who held back their intended challenge until their yacht was partly built, and then sought to force the other party into a special size and type which was not only most undesirable in itself, but in which the challenging party would have a very great advantage over the challenged. The refusal of the Canadians to build after the Niagara class and type made a race impossible except by some special arrangement, and such was made after due discussion and deliberation by the challengers, some of the most experienced yachtsmen of Lake Michigan. Not only the Vencedor party, but the Canadians as well, were bound by set limits from the signing of the agreement early in the spring; the latter came to the line in August with waterline and sail area within the limits; the former was prepared to sail on a shorter waterline than agreed, and to carry a larger clubtopsail. The agreement explicitly called for Corinthian crews, and Canada was manned throughout by amateurs; while two of Vencedor's crew, offered as Corinthians, were rejected by the judges because they were professional yacht sailors, their places being finally taken by others.

If their own word is to be taken, the Chicago yachtsmen are neither guileless nor gullible, but a particularly sharp and wideawake set of men; here is the evidence of one Chicago journal, given when the race was first proposed: The Lincoln Park Y. C. is "a club of paramount standing with Larchmont, Atlantic, Seawanhaka or even New York on tidewater, and just a little bit higher up the shrouds and better stayed than any individual club of the Lake Y. R. A. (Ontario)."

The statement of the *Transcript*, that the proposed rule was "that the midship section should be 35 per cent. of the waterline multiplied by the extreme draft," would indicate that it had paid no attention whatever to facts or common sense, but had merely jumbled up a lot of statements that might serve to create ill feeling between Americans and Canadians; such nonsense as this is of itself enough to discredit the whole article. The rule regarding the midship section was proposed by some Canadian yachtsmen and indorsed by many of the American members of the Lake Y. R. A. as fair and sensible. But one American club opposed it, the real serious opposition being from two Canadian clubs; and this purely for local and personal reasons. The action of these clubs at the Buffalo meeting in advocating the proposed rule with but a small difference in the size of the coefficient, proves that they had no real quarrel with the principle involved. The dispute is in no sense an international one between American and Canadian clubs, but purely a local quarrel between Toronto and Hamilton. It was through the American clubs on Lake Erie that the proposal was retained in the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, just as it was through the influence of a few Canadians that it was opposed in the Lake Y. R. A.

The midship section of Canada was made public early last season, long before the race, by her owners, and has been published in the FOREST AND STREAM, as well as in many other American papers. The proposal to take for the standard certain Canadian yachts was made by the opposing party; and was finally reconsidered and killed by the action of the men whom the *Transcript* so severely condemns.

These same "grasping and obstinate men" have from the first agreed to exclude their yacht from any advantages she might gain by the passage of the amendment which they proposed in furtherance of what they believed to be the interests of sport on the lakes; and they have also given to the new Union, which they have aided to found, the cup won by them last summer as a perpetual challenge cup. This, as the first holders, they are now ready to defend from any qualified challenger within the terms of the deed, as recently published.

The local quarrel on Lake Ontario has done enough to hurt yachting on the Great Lakes, and there is no need whatever for such articles as this in American papers, tending to stir up ill-feeling between men who have for years worked and raced together without a thought of which flag they were under for the time being. We hope that the *Transcript* will at least take the trouble, as it easily may, to inform itself of the real facts and to make amends for its incorrect and unjust statements.

A National Union.

THE failure in the New York Y. C. of the proposed national league scheme by no means settles the question, and it is evident that the influences to which we have frequently referred are now working very strongly toward a union of considerable extent. Whether or no any actual union of the Sound and Eastern clubs is made this spring is a small matter, it is now plain that the parties concerned, both exceedingly prosperous in their home work, are in harmony on many points, and tend strongly toward a union. The position of the three large New York clubs, the New York, Atlantic and Larchmont, with regard to the Y. R. U. is still uncertain; the Atlantic Y. C. at least is in hearty sympathy, and only a nominal obstacle to its membership exists. The Boston *Globe* discourses very fairly and sensibly on the question of one union of the coast clubs, as follows:

In spite of the refusal of the New York Y. C. to join the movement for a national association of yacht clubs, the movement goes steadily forward, while at the same time the plan grows steadily in favor with clubs which do not have to support the burden of being the premier yacht club of the country.

Which is as it should be.

Even if it cannot at once secure uniform measurement and classification rules, or even if such uniformity can never be entirely brought about, a national association can benefit the sport in many ways, and bring the yachtsmen of the country into closer and more friendly relations than at present.

If a club does not care to join at present, the remedy is to make so good an association that the club cannot afford to stay out; particularly if the association requires no surrender of strictly club rights, but simply asks a lending of influence in ways which will benefit all the clubs.

Uniformity in sailing rules is, for instance, one of the things which a national association could bring about with advantage to itself and to all of the clubs affiliated with it. Time was when the New York Y. C. was considered the model for all others, but with the growth of other clubs and the spread of racing the clubs have struck out for themselves, and have found that practical experience counts for more than prestige.

The sailing rules are indeed very nearly uniform at the present time, but they still differ in several vital points, and if these points could be made uniform by mutual agreement a standard would be established which even a premier club could not afford to ignore.

With all the clubs in one association, the possibility of future uniformity in measurement rules would be largely increased, for comparisons of the advantages of various rules could be systematically made and intelligently discussed. It is possible, owing to varying local conditions, that no uniform rule could be found for boats of under 30ft. waterline, but certainly a uniform rule for boats over that length does not present such difficulties, while in any event the effort at uniformity is well worth the making.

The question of joining a national association will be brought before the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts the coming week, at a conference to be held in this city between the Association's executive committee and a special committee from the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound. The proposition for a conference comes from the New York people, and should result in an interchange of ideas which will be of advantage to both organizations.

So long as the Massachusetts Y. R. A. is not asked to change its present measurement rule, any action of its exexutive committee looking to a national association would doubtless be approved by the clubs now having membership in it But even if they did not express approval finally, they would undoubtedly like to hear the arguments pro and con for a national association, so that the conference cannot fail to be worth the time taken for it.

The way toward a national association will be made much easier by a general recognition of the fact that no immediate action is possible in the matter of measurement and classification. No club or association has to-day a rule which it can confidently support as satisfactory for local or universal use. For the present at least, and until some better rule is proposed, there is no necessity for a difference as to which of several imperfect rules is the better. A great many important ends may be attained by the immediate formation of a union; but the question of measurement may well be left to "local option." It should ultimately be possible to devise a rule, or perhaps two rules, for yachts over and under 30ft., that would be applicable to every club, large and small, throughout the country. The universal adoption of such a single or double rule, however, would of necessity be gradual, several years at least being required before all the clubs were obliged to conform to it.

In the meanwhile there is plenty to be done in the uniting of the different associations and clubs, the unifying of the racing rules, and the concerted effort to discover a new and better measurement rule.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

At Tebo's Docks, South Brooklyn, the steam yacht Sultana, J. R. Drexel, is fitting out for a cruise to the West Indies. The steam yacht Buccaneer, formerly Unquowa, has also fitted for a cruise to Cuba. Her present owner, W. R. Hearst, has refitted her most elaborately below. Lasca, schr., Gen. James S. Watson, is nearly ready for a cruise to the Mediterranean. Coronet, schr., after her long cruise to the Pacific, is again in the basin.

A yacht club has been recently organized at Osterville, Mass., on Cape Cod, under the name of the Osterville Y. C. The officers are: Pres., A. B. Robbins; Vice-Pres., M. C. Crocker; Com., Herbert Crosby; Vice-Com., Wilton Crosby; Sec'y-Treas., Alexander Till.

The French yachting journal, *Le Yacht*, of 55 Rue Chateaudun, Paris, publishes a very large and complete list of works on yachting, navigation, etc., in different languages, published or sold by it.

The Sibbick 52-footer Samphire will this year meet a new rival in the Mediterranean, where she now is, in the yacht launched on Jan. 9 at the works of A. le Marchand, at Havre. Luciole III. is a fin-keel of the modern type, with long overhangs—a very handsome craft, to judge from her photos. Her owner, Mr. L. Viton, of Bordeaux, is an enthusiastic racing man. The new yacht is one of the largest racing yachts recently built in France. Her design and construction, as in the case of the very large number of smaller yachts, bear witness to the wonderful advances which the French have made in recent years.

Marietta II. has been renamed Llewellyn by her present owner, Alfred Carr.

Some San Francisco yachtsmen are now planning to build half a dozen yachts from the designs of Myra, skipjack, published in the FOREST AND STREAM. Quite a number of boats have already been built from this design in different places, giving great satisfaction to their owners.

Mr. Archibald Hogg, N.A., has recently issued through the Tyne Printing Works, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Eng., a useful little book of "Tables for Constructing Ships' Lines." The tables, which are adapted to commercial work, passenger and cargo steamers, etc., are intended to enable the designer to secure quickly and accurately any required displacement, coefficient of fineness, position of C.B. and areas of sections. By their use the design may be rapidly roughed out, with a certainty that these main elements will be correct. There is also included a formula for wetted surface.

On Feb. 1 the Southwork Y. C. elected the following officers: Com., Joseph Peoples; Vice-Com., Thomas Platz; Rear-Com., William Johnson; Sec'y, John O'Shea; Ass't Sec'y, R. Bennett; Treas., J. Wilhelm; Measurers: B. Wilson, T. Murray, C. Brown, R. Bennett; Trustees, E. Dealy, B. Wilson, R. Murray; Steward, Harry Quinn.

The Hudson River Ice Yacht Club has elected the following officers: Com., Archibald Rogers; Vice-Com., James Reynolds; Sec'y-Treas., John Hopkins; Meas., Thomas Newbold. Regatta Committee: Guy C. Bayley, Chairman; Archibald Rogers, H. Livingston, Thomas H. Ransom and Charles W. Swift.

On Feb. 8 a meeting of yachtsmen was held at Oshkosh, Wis., and it was decided to attempt the reorganization of the Oshkosh Y. C.

Atlantic Y. C.

THE annual meeting of the Atlantic Y. C. was held on Feb. 8 at the Waldorf, with Com. Gould in the chair. The following officers were elected: Com., George J. Gould, steam yacht Atalanta; Vice-Com., Frederick T. Adams, schr. yacht Sachem; Rear Com., Benjamin M. Whitlock, auxiliary yacht Hildegarde; Sec'y, Col. David E. Austin; Treas., George H. Church; Meas., George Hill; Trustees, J. Rogers Maxwell, Philip G. Sanford, Alexander P. Ketchum, Newberry D. Lawton, Gen. Thomas L. Watson and Henry B. Howell. Membership Committee: Louis F. Jackson, Spencer Swain and Henry W. Banks, Jr. Regatta Committee: Newberry D. Lawton, Col. David E. Austen and George W. McNulty.

The report of the secretary showed a membership of 400 and a fleet of 234 yachts. The following amendments to the rules were passed:

In Rule 6, Sec. 4, substitute the word "minimum" for "mean."

In Rule 10, at the beginning of the rule, substitute the word "prizes" for the words "sail-over prizes," and add at the end of said rule the words, "in classes in which three or more yachts start a second prize shall be awarded to the second boat, and in classes in which five or more yachts start a third prize shall be awarded to the third boat."

In Rule 22 substitute for all that portion of said rule following subdivision 6 the following:

"The preparatory signal for the start of the regatta shall be given at the time stated in the circular of the race, or at any even quarter of an hour thereafter. The yachts shall be started in divisions to be announced in the circular of the race. The preparatory signal shall be a blue peter, to be displayed for ten minutes, which shall be the preparatory interval for the start of the first division.

"The signal for the start of the first division shall be a red ball, displayed at the expiration of the preparatory interval. The signal for the start of the second division shall be two red balls, displayed five minutes after the signal for the start of the first division. The signal for the start of the third division shall be three red balls, displayed five minutes after the signal for the start of the second division. If necessary to start the fleet in more than three divisions, additional signals for the other divisions will be announced by the regatta committee in the circular for the race.

Rule 24, Sec. 14, was also amended so as to read:

"When two or more yachts, in maneuvering for the start, are on the same tack, should the leeward yacht be close-hauled on the wind, prior to and at the time of an overlap being established, such yacht shall have the right to hold her course, even if thereby the windward yacht should be forced on the wrong side of the starting mark."

The final steps have been taken for the carrying out of the removal of the club to a new station on Norton's Point. A most eligible site has been obtained, and a large and comfortable club house will be built, with a basin for the yachts. A special steamer service between the station and the city will be established. Vice-Com. Adams repeated his gift of last year of two cups for sloops and catboats. A vote of thanks was passed by the club to Mr. John L. Bliss, of the regatta committee, for his labors during the past season.

Chicago and Western Yachts.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 13.—It is thought among the yachtsmen of Chicago that the season of 1897 will be an unusually busy one for this city. There is a strong movement on foot for the consolidation of all the Chicago yacht clubs into one organization, to be known as the Chicago Y. C. Effort would be made to take into this club the smaller bodies of yachtsmen who have boats on the inland lakes of the Wisconsin summer country, Oconomowoc, Pewaukee, Geneva and other lakes, where a great number of Chicago men are interested. Should all these men come into the central organization, there would seem a fair chance to unite elements which are now in some cases affected with discordance, and to build up a stable interest for these waters, where heretofore yachting has been but a spasmodic sport at best.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

CRUISING INFORMATION.

IN the early days of the American Canoe Association systematic attempts were made to collect and distribute information such as is needed by cruising men. Such a scheme as this was at the very foundation of the Association, Mr. N. H. Bishop, the organizer of the A. C. A., having long been devoted to a study of American waterways. At a time when cruising was more general, about 1883-4, many were found to furnish information as to waters on which they had cruised, and there was quite a demand from men about to cruise. As the interest in cruising decreased, racing alone claiming the time and attention of the leading canoeists, this work was of necessity neglected, and for ten years nothing has been done. The present officers, the commodore in particular being a cruising man, have decided to attempt the revival of the scheme, and to that end have just sent out the following circular:

GALT, Ont., Jan. 10, 1897.—Fellow Canoeist:—It has been suggested to the executive officers that the general interest of the canoeist in the Year Book of the Association could be increased by the publication of a "Cruiser's Guide." We wish to publish the names of those who have an acquaintance with the several waters suitable for cruising, and also are willing to supply information to intending cruisers concerning those waters.

If you can assist us in this object, we would be pleased to have you fill out the accompanying schedule and return it as soon as convenient to the address of the Secretary-Treasurerer, Galt, Ontario, Canada. Thanking you in advance, I am yours truly, (Signed) JOHN R. BLAKE, Sec'y-Treas.

While we would like to see the scheme succeed, if only as an indication of a general interest in canoe cruising, we can foresee several difficulties, the main one being the small number of men who cruise enough to need such information for themselves or to obtain it for others. The experiment may be tried in a way by publishing in the Year Book a list of canoeing waters and the men familiar with them; but to go into the matter on a really adequate scale, by publishing a yearly guide, would involve an expense out of all proportion to the good to be derived.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Pistol Shooting at the Sportsmen's Exposition.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—The coming revolver tournament, to be held under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association and during its third annual exposition, March 13-20, at Madison Square Garden, is designed to be the national standard championship contest that will test the question: "Who is the best pistol shot in America?" The man selected as director of the tournament at the Sportsmen's Exposition is Captain James S. Conlin, of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club. The general committee of the revolver tournament consists of Dr. C. T Adams, Chairman; Capt. J. S. Conlin, Shooting Director; Capt James C Summers, Secretary; Gen Bird W. Spencer, Commissioner; A. P. Andrews, Major W. R. Pryor, W. C. Southwick, Guy E. Robinson, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Dr. H. E. Westbay, Col. Leslie C. Bruce, A. C Gould, Dr. Reginald H. Sayre, Dr. W. J. Furness, C. L. Lewis and B. C. Williams

The prizes to be contested for are not yet specifically defined, but will include artistic and valuable trophies representative and emblematical of the important contests in which their recipients must prove victorious.

The tournament will be conducted in a gallery constructed according to improved and approved methods, after suggestions developed out of Captain Conlin's thirty years' connection with shooting, and the committee's combined experience. The gallery will be located in the basement of the Garden on the Twenty-sixth street side, the butts located toward Fourth avenue. Power fans will clear the smoke away, and there will be a space suitably decorated and containing an unrivaled collection of souvenirs and illustrations of shooting contests, where the interested public can view the shooting for the American championship. Western frontiersmen, Southerners with a hereditary handiness for pistols, and the gallery cracks of the East, will commingle in a friendly rivalry, and all try to put thirty bullets into the smallest space.

There will be three principal matches, designated as "Police," "Military" and "Any." These will be subdivided into team and individual matches. In addition to this classification, it is proposed to have a press match for individual journalists and teams representing different journals, and possibly press clubs.

The police are taking a great deal of interest in their end of the tournament, and in the departments of Pittsburg and Baltimore, it is reported (as well as New York), they are practicing for the coming contest. The guardsmen of different States, as well as regular army men, will compete, and the naval reserve has been heard from, and teams representing Philadelphia, Boston and New York will compete in the military tournament.

The committee on rules and regulations has reported, and printed copies can be obtained by addressing Secretary-Treasurer J. A. H. Dressel, at the new offices of the Sportsmen's Association, 377-379 Broadway. The rules are twenty in number, and provide for the service of three officials of the tournament. These are designated as statistical and financial officer, range officer and officer of the day. All the shooting is to be at 50yds., and the rules and qualifications are sufficiently strict to insure that the American champion will be proud of a distinction hereafter not easily to be won.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 7.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, standard American target and German ring target. Capt. Gindele made the fine score of 94:

German ring target:

Gindele	22	21	23	23	23	22	24	21	22	23	—224
Payne	22	19	19	19	24	22	24	22	19	22	—212
Wellinger	20	21	22	21	23	19	20	21	21	18	-206
Topf	23	5	12	13	16	11	12	23	12	20	156
Lux	22	15	22	20	14	16	23	20	18	23	—193
See	17	24	19	19	17	23	19	21	23	20	203
Hasenzahl	17	24	21	25	22	23	17	22	23	22	—216

Standard target:

Gindele	10	10	10	10	6	8	8	10	10	9-91
	9	9	10	10	8	9	10	9	10	10-94
	7	9	10	9	10	10	7	8	9	10—89
Payne	10	9	6	6	8	9	9	9	10	9—85
	7	7	9	8	4	7	6	10	9	7—74
	7	6	7	6	8	10	8	3	7	9—71
Trounstine	6	5	8	4	10	6	7	3	4	7—60
	7	4	7	8	6	4	7	10	8	5—66
	9	4	4	4	9	9	7	4	7	5—62
Wellinger	9	8	10	10	7	8	10	8	8	10-88
	8	8	10	10	9	9	6	5	8	6—79
	7	6	8	6	8	9	8	8	9	8—77
Topf	10	7	4	8	10	10	5	8	2	5-69
	8	4	7	4	7	10	7	4	5	5-61
	10	6	7	3	1	7	7	9	8	6-64
Lux	6	10	8	9	6	5	6	6	5	6-67
	4	6	8	9	6	3	9	5	9	6—65
	9	4	4	7	5	5	10	9	4	7—61
See	5	9	9	10	9	5	4	6	7	8—72
	8	7	7	4	6	8	9	9	6	8-72
	7	6	6	5	6	9	8	8	9	6-70
Hasenzahl	9	9	10	7	10	7	8	9	6	6-81
	10	10	8	9	7	7	6	6	8	9 80
	7	7	10	10	6	6	8	10	9	10-83
Strickmeier	7	9	8	8	3	9	7	9	8	10-78
	7	9	9	7	9	8	5	6	8	7—77
	7	8	8	7	9	9	10	8	7	6—74

Rifle Notes.

THE contests for the .22 short rifles at the Madison Square Garden, March 13-20, during the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition, will undoubtedly be of great interest to riflemen throughout the country. Valuable prizes will be offered for competition, the list published in last week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM giving a foretaste of the good things in store for those who can hold well and steadily. The Zimmerman trophy contest will be specially interesting

On Monday, Feb. 8, Charley Zettler, of Zettler Bros.' rifle gallery, had an experience that was a startler About 2:30 P. M two strangers came into the gallery and gave him to understand that they wanted to see which of the two was the best shot. As neither of them knew a thing about a rifle, Zettler loaded and cocked it for them. Each fired 10 shots, and by some means one of them got a bullet somewhere near the center. He won. It was not until the last shot was being fired by the loser that it was seen what he was doing: He was holding the gun and pointing it down the range; with his eye glued to the telescope at the side of the tunnel, he waited until he caught sight of the target through the telescope, then he pulled the trigger!

Here's a hint for proprietors of shooting galleries where business is slack: "Taking a hint from a Louisiana drummer, a Tampa, Fla., proprietor of a shooting range, where business had become slack because people were tired of firing at a negro's head, had a new target made representing Weyler, with the bullseye over the heart. Immediately Cubans and their sympathizers swarmed about his place, forming in line to await their turn at the rifles. Some of the excitable ones offered a bonus to be allowed to stab it and to beat the effigy with clubs."

Rosenbaum was in Great Form.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Feb. 4.—A 100-shot match was decided on the range of the Hudson Rifle Club to-day. Capt. H. Mahlenbrock and Wm. Rosenbaum, both members of the Hudson Rifle Club, were the contestants. The match was for a small side bet and the "refreshments." Rosenbaum shot in great form, and put up 2,433 points out of a possible 2,500. His 100 shots were so many consecutive bullseyes, and his score of 2 433 is the highest ever made on this club's range. Rosenbaum beat his opponent by 31 points, Capt. Mahlenbrock scoring 2,402. The conditions were 25yds., 25-ring target, ¼in. rings.

Some time ago Mr. Michael Dorrler shot a 50-shot match on this range and scored 1,211, or an average of $242\frac{2}{5}$; he is considered to be one of the best gallery shots in the country. Rosenbaum's average in his match with Mahlenbrock was $243\frac{3}{10}$; Mahlenbrock's $241\frac{1}{5}$.

Androscoggin Gun Club.

LEWISTON, Me., Feb. 4.—The members of the Androscoggin Gun Club, of this city, made the following scores to-day in the contest for the Doten medal, each man shooting at 25 targets:

Medal shoot: G. R. Hunnewell 25, Rich 24, Anderson 23, Cobb 23, Joslyn 22, Doten 20, Godfrey 19, Brown 18, Nason 17, Dexter 16, Andrews 16, Smith 15.

Considering the fact that the boys have not been doing much shooting this winter, the above scores compare very favorably with those made elsewhere. Hunnewell's 25 straight is his first essay over the traps since he got hurt last August. R.

Revolver Shooting in England.

ONLY the heavy charged ammunition as used in England will be allowed at Bisley this year, and no competitions will be held for any but .44-cal. or larger revolvers. This will prevent any comparison being made between the United States, or in fact any other country's military revolver, and the English large caliber, heavily charged one.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Feb. 22.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—All-day shoot of the New Haven Gun Club. Targets. Wm. H Hazel, Sec'y.

Feb. 22. WISSINOMING STATION, P. R. R., Pa.—All-day shoot of the Florists Gun Club, of Philadelphia. Targets.

Feb. 22.—PARKERSBURG, W. Va.—All-day shoot of the Mountain State Gun Club. Targets. Leo Epstein, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—NEWARK, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Forester Gun Club. Targets. H. E. Winans, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—ELKWOOD PARK, N. J.—Full programme of live-bird events. Shooting commences at 10:30 A. M

Feb. 22.—MARION, N. J.—All day shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. A. R Strader, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—All-day shoot of the Limited Gun Club. Targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Target shoot of the Pittsburg Gun Club. Elmer Shaner, Sec'y.

Feb. 27.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Contest for the E C. cup, on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

March 4.—YARDVILLE, N. J.—Inaugural handicap, 20 birds, $15, birds included, at 25 cents each; handicaps 28 to 33yds. Open to all.

March 16-19.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed. Open to all. Nobody barred.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap (live birds), at Elkwood Park. $1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added. Entries close March 20.

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament.

April 7.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Third contest for the Recreation cup, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club, Cup contest at 12 noon sharp. C. O Gardner, Sec'y.

April 14-16.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association.

April 15.—YOUNGSTOWN, O.—First tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo H. Jones, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

April 21-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

April 27-30.—FONDA, Ia.—Tournament under the management of Geo. E. Hughes and C. R. McCord. Live birds. $800 added money.

April 28-29.—RICHMOND, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 11-13.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—SAVANNAH, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Forest City Gun Club.

May 20.—GREENVILLE, Pa.—Second tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo H Jones, Sec'y.

May 26-29.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

June 2-4.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—MONROE, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 10.—NEWCASTLE, Pa.—Third tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

July 14-15. NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H Jones, Sec'y

Aug. 5-6. MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Ferd Van Dyke reached New Jersey on Monday, Feb. 8, and was in New York for a few hours on Tuesday before leaving for New Haven. Van was feeling good, and seemed to be quite satisfied with his experience of Texas and northers combined. He spoke in high terms of the way in which the Big Three carried out the programme, despite all drawbacks and despite climatic conditions that might well have made a stouter combination quail. The ownership of the Schmelzer cup—for which Van, Heikes and Charley Young tied—was not decided at San Antonio, but will be shot off at some date that will be set to suit all three of the claimants.

The result of the Greiff-Ross match shot on Friday last, Feb. 12, on the grounds of the Cobweb Gun Club, at Baychester, N. Y., came somewhat in the nature of a surprise It was not so much the big score made by Ross as it was the poor showing made by Gus Greiff that surprised us. The birds were not good ones; they couldn't be good with the weather such as it was—a northeaster full of snow and sleet blowing right in from the traps. No birds could fly well under such circumstances; they were almost bound to be incomers; but still fast incomers are about as nasty a bird as any one wants, especially if they have the wind under their tails. The difference in the totals does not accurately represent the shooting capabilities of the two men. Ross shot a great gait, but Greiff was away out of form. The score was something like 93 to 79.

F. Sinnock, the winner of the cup at Hackensack, N. J., on Feb. 10, is a young shooter who hails from Newark, N. J., where he is a member of the Forester Gun Club. Sinnock shoots regularly with his own club on the Newark marshes, just west of the embankment where the Lehigh Valley crosses the Pennsylvania main line. On this occasion he was shooting a Winchester repeating shotgun for the third time, and was naturally pleased with the result of his combination of such a gun with W-A powder and leader shells. A score of 94 out of 100 is good on any kind of targets, and is fast enough to trot in any company. He broke 46 out of 50 at known angles and 48 out of 50 at unknown; in the latter he lost his 25th and 26th targets, each time spoiling a 25 straight.

The monthly shoot for the Portage county (O.) championship E. C. cup and the handicap championship badge was held at the Ravenna Gun Club grounds on Tuesday, and was a very interesting affair, shooters from different parts of the county contesting, some of the new shooters making it interesting for the older ones. These shoots are held on the second Tuesday of each month, and are at 50 targets, unknown angles. The cup was donated by the E. C. Powder Co., and the gold badge by a friend of the club. Mingo, of Ravenna, won the cup, score 47; Spiers, of Atwater, the handicap championship gold badge. Crail and Madone divided first purse, Kellogg won second, Schweitzer third. The contest was witnessed by a number of people who seemed to enjoy the sport, and especially the marvelous shooting of George S. Paine. Mingo's load, score 47 dead, was 8¼drs. of E. C. powder.

Tom Morfey, of Paterson, N. J., is doing some practice work on targets on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club at Hackensack, N. J. Morfey is fast coming up in target shooting, and is harder to beat in a match than in a sweepstake. He will naturally "come on" faster now than heretofore, as he is getting more and more interested in smashing targets. His 91 out of 100 on Feb. 12, in a strong nor'easter, with sleet and snow to bother him, was a really good performance, particularly as he shot an uphill race from start to finish. Griffiths, of the home club, gave him a hard tussle until the last target had been shot at.

The Androscoggin Gun Club, of Lewiston, Me., is a club of which we and the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have heard but little. The doings of this club will attract more attention from now on, from the fact that the Interstate Association will give a tournament at Lewiston on Aug. 4-5 next under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club. We publish this week a record of the scores made by members of this club in a medal contest, a regular club shoot of 25 targets per man. A straight, one 24, two 23s and a 22 is a pretty good record for any club to boast of. The natives will evidently not be very easy when Aug. 4-5 comes on deck.

We thought it was well understood that Capt. A. W. Money was not coming back to this country until the middle of February at the earliest. We note consequently with much surprise that one of our cotemporaries states that he has returned and that he showed to great advantage over the Elkwood Park traps on Saturday, Feb. 6. As a matter of fact, it was Noel F. Money, "one of the Money Bros.," who was at Elkwood on that date, and who, with M. Herrington, of the W-A powder, divided the honors of the day.

Elsewhere we give a review of the programme for the Grand American Handicap meeting at Elkwood Park, N. J., March 23-25. We have extracted freely from the programme because it is all good reading, and besides being of interest to shooters and intending participants in the Grand American Handicap, is worth noting by club secretaries and others who care to study literature on tournaments and how to get up a programme. We look upon this programme as the masterpiece of such efforts on the part of the Association.

The Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League, an organization that was started last year, and that met with great success at its monthly team shoots, starts out this year with a very good prospect of beating its last year's record. The schedule of its dates shows: April 15, Youngstown, O.; May 20, Greenville, Pa.; June 10, Newcastle, Pa.; July 2?, Meadville, Pa.; Aug. 19, Warren, O. The attendance at its five monthly shoots last season averaged 60.

The North Side Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., will hold a shoot on Washington's Birthday at its grounds, Marshall avenue, Allegheny City. The regular programme commences at 1 P. M. sharp, preliminary practice commencing at noon. All purses will be divided under the Rose system. The club members will also compete for one of the W-A trophies, presented by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co.

The Interstate Association's circuit for target tournaments for the season of 1897 is now completed, the Association having arranged for a tournament at Savannah, Ga., on May 19-20. We can trace the hands of the Palmetto Gun Club's boys in this matter, the Charleston shooters having had two Interstate tournaments held on their grounds. The Savannah shoot will be a popular one.

Neaf Apgar has gotten a new gun and has struck his old gait, pounding out straights and "all-but-ones" with the regularity that marked his work in the past. In the first three strings for the *Recreation* cup at Hackensack, N. J., on Feb. 10, he knocked out two 24s and one 25! The targets may not have been thrown "60yds.," but no one else could duplicate his efforts.

Secretary Royal Robinson writes that the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., will hold a shoot at targets on Washington's Birthday. The programme will consist of 15-target and 20 target events alternately; the entrance fees will be $1.50 and $2 respectively; four moneys in the 15 target events and five moneys in those of 20 targets. Shooting commences at 9:30 A. M.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. are in the market with a new shell, to be known as the New Rival. It is specially designed for black powder, and is made of an excellent class of paper, with a primer hole well and clearly cut, thus insuring perfect ignition. Its color is olive green, so that it will readily be recognized from any shell now on the market.

The Penacook (N. H.) Gun and Rifle Club is a new organization in New England, having been organized on Feb. 2 with a membership of 25. Dr. A. H. Hoyt is the club's president; Guy H. Hubbard its secretary. The club has grounds for both rifle and shotgun, and commences life with bright prospects of success.

From the communications we have received during the past three or four weeks, it looks as if every gun club of any size was going to have an all-day shoot on Monday next, Washington's Birthday. Times may be hard, and the boys may not shoot quite as many shells away as they used to do, but when it comes to a holiday they'll all be there.

We are making notes of the fixtures we announce, and also of the space we devote each week to running notes of coming shoots sent us by parties interested in booming such affairs; we are also making notes of those who remember us when the shoot is over and our services no longer needed. "We'll never tell," but—we'll do some thinking.

Harry Coldren, of Reading, Pa., and John Rehrig, of Leighton, Pa., shot a race on Feb. 9 at 50 live birds per man, $100 a side. The match took place on the Spring Valley shooting grounds, at Reading, the birds furnished being strong flyers. The match was a close one throughout, Coldren finally winning by a margin of 1, the scores standing 44 to 43.

The Donaldson medal, a badge for which members of the Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., have competed 93 times, was finally won on Tuesday, Feb. 9, by C. D. Ball, after a tie with George Craig, both men having 4 wins to their credit. On the shoot-off Ball was an easy winner.

R. S. Waddell, general agent central States for the Du Pont and Hazard powder companies, and also for the Sycamore Powder Co., of Nashville, Tenn., was in New York last week and paid a visit to this office. It was our loss that we were absent from the city when Mr. Waddell called.

The Pittsburg (Pa.) Gun Club will hold a target shoot on Washington's Birthday, on the Marshall avenue grounds, Allegheny City. The W-A trophy, presented by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., will be shot for, shooting commencing at 1 P. M. Elmer Shaner is secretary of this club.

A new gun club has been organized at New Canaan, Conn., under the title of Engleside Gun Club. Only a temporary organization has been effected; permanent officers are to be chosen on Monday next, Feb. 22, the date of the club's first target shoot. Mr. A. S. Bunnell is secretary *pro tem.*

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., will hold an all-day shoot at targets at its Marion grounds on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. The monthly prize shoot of the club will be held in connection with this shoot. Traps ready by 10 A. M.

There will be a four days' tournament at Fonda, Ia., April 27-30, under the management of Geo. E. Hughes and C. R. McCord. The programme will consist of live-bird events, $800 in cash being added to the programme.

Billy Fieles has organized a gun club at Christiana, Pa., and has already gotten together more than a squad of shooters. Something must have been wrong with Billy at the new club's shoot on Feb. 4. His scores were not those of a couple of years ago.

Jim Elliott and Charley Grimm have not come together as yet. Maybe we shall hear something after the Grand American Handicap of 1897 has become a part of our trap-shooting history.

Alfred and George W. Clay, of Austerlitz, Ky., hold a shoot on Feb. 17 at crows and targets on the grounds of the Bourbon Gun Club, near Paris, Ky.

Some of the boys are getting lots of practice for the Grand American Handicap. They are keeping the traps at Hot Springs, Ark., busy all day and every day.

The third contest for the *Recreation* cup will be held at Hackensack, N. J., April 7, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club.

Elkwood Park will have a full programme of live-bird events for Washington's Birthday.

FEB. 16. EDWARD BANKS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

Feb. 13.—So far as the weather was concerned, this was an excellent day for the initial shoot of the newly organized Brooklyn Gun Club. There were, however, too many counter attractions to-day for a large attendance of shooters to be looked for. In addition to this, there had been a great deal of shooting around New York during the past week. Still a dozen shooters on hand insures a good afternoon's sport, and that was just what the boys had at the traps of the Brooklyn Gun Club. The traps worked well, and threw the targets "out of sight." It was real hard shooting, the targets flying far and fast, while the trappers lined them up and down the screen in a way that made the shooting very difficult. The dazzling whiteness of the snow under the rays of a hot sun caused temporary breaks in the shooting of many a man, and targets would occasionally steal a march on the boys. The lay of the ground, too, makes the shooting naturally harder than at most places: To the left it slopes off abruptly into a small-sized ravine, while to the right it rises gently; right-quarterers seem to be rising fast, while left-quarterers appear to have a much flatter trajectory than they really possess. Right quarterers were shot *over* and left-quarterers shot *under* with a regularity that some of the shooters found very depressing.

The shoot was run by Messrs. John Wright, Theodore Baron, and the club's secretary, Eddie Morehouse. Everything went off smoothly, not a hitch occurring anywhere, not even in the matter of lunch, the latter article disappearing with a smoothness and rapidity that showed appreciation. Among the shooters were Neaf Apgar, J. G. Grier, of Dunellen, N. J.; Dick Phister (Woods), Platt Adams, Edward McAdam, H. J. Knebel, Billy Mills, F. S. Edwards, etc. Team races and sweepstake shooting made up the programme for the afternoon, scores in the team races being as below:

No. 1, team race, 15 targets, unknown angles: Edwards's team: Edwards 12, Mills 11, Baron 10, Woods 8—41. Apgar's team: Apgar 13, Grier 10, Adams 8, Patterson 2—35.

No. 2, same conditions: Edwards's team: Edwards 13, Baron 10, Mills 7, Grier 7—37. Apgar's team: Apgar 13, Woods 10, Adams 8, J. Patterson 1—32.

No. 3, fifteen targets, known angles: Edwards's team: Edwards 13, Baron 12, Woods 11, Mills 9, Wright 6—51. Apgar's team: Apgar 13, Grier 13, Adams 13, McAdam 13, Henry 9—61.

No. 4, same again: Edwards's team: F. S. Edwards 13, P. Adams 11, K. J. Henry 11, R. Woods 9, T. Baron 7—51. Apgar's team: John Grier 13, N. Apgar 12, E. McAdam 10, W. Mills 9, J. Wright 6—50.

A special feature of these team races was the way in which Nos. 1 and 2 were decided, the boys naming them "FOREST AND STREAM Razzle Dazzles." The way they were managed was productive of much fun, nobody knowing on which side he was until the whole score had been shot out. Edwards and Apgar were chosen captains, and two numbers (1 and 2) were put into a hat, the captains drawing a number each without showing what they were. Slips numbered 3 to 8 were then put into the hat, the other six shooters each drawing a number and putting it into his pocket also without looking at it. As soon as the scores had been shot, a general "show up" followed, those having the numbers 1, 3, 5 and 7 being on one side, and Nos. 2, 4, 6 and 8 being on the other side. In each case the losing side paid for the winners' targets. The other team races, Nos. 3 and 4, were ordinary "pick-up sides."

In tabulated form the other scores shot to-day were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15	15	15	10	10	10	10	25
Apgar	8	8	6	8	13	11	..	..	..	..	5	6	..
Baron	5	6	4	7	..	..	13	..	6	6	..	..	..
Wright	5	9	..	..	4	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Edwards	..	7	8	10	11	12	..	..	..	..	8	6	22
Adams	..	5	5	7	7	10	8	10	6	8	6	5	.
Woods	..	..	5	5	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Green	..	..	..	6	10	11	..	10	..	..	5	5	18
Mills	..	..	..	5	10	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
Knebel	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McAdam	..	..	..	..	8	6	10	10	6	5	..	..	..
Platt	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Richards	..	..	..	..	7	10	11	10	7	6	2	..	..

Nos. 1 and 2 at known angles; No. 3, expert rule; Nos. 11 and 12 at 5 pairs; all others at unknown angles.

ERIE GUN CLUB.

Feb. 10.—The Erie Gun Club turned out strongly this afternoon, the occasion being the regular monthly live-bird shoot of the club at Dexter Park. John Plate, of Class AA, was the only man to score all his 7 birds. Scores:

John Plate (AA, 28)	1112222—7	J Schmidt (B, 27)	0021120—4
H Dohrmann (AA, 28)	0012212—5	G Fuchs (B, 27)	0?0?11—4
C Detlefsen (AA, 28)	1011200—4	B H Plate (B, 27)	0100?2—4
H Muller (A, 28)	2100212 5	Fred Gref (B, 27)	0020?2—3
H Blackley (B, 27)	0?2?012—5	G Schuf-ldt	011?20?—5
W Roberts (B, 27)	200?022—5	C Runge	1020011—4
H Jankowski (B, 27)	1110202—5	C H Luhrssen	0000?2—2

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.

Feb. 11.—The regular monthly live-bird shoot of the Unknown Gun Club was held this afternoon at Dexter Park. Sixteen members took part in the shoot, four of the number making clean scores, as below:

Dr Schwartz (25)	1112121—7	John O'Hara (25)	2021201—5
John Bohling (26)	2211212—7	Frank Ibert (25)	1011?0—4
William Sands (25)	2222222—7	Gabriel Selig (25)	1220100—4
H Boemmermann (25)	1122111—7	John Akhurst (25)	0?00?2—4
E A Vroome (29)	2121011—6	John Knebel (22)	1100210—3
Moses Brown (28)	1112101—6	J B Voorhees (29)	0021002—3
Dr Moore (26)	1221220—6	Henry Knebel (26)	0001102—3
Robert Smith (25)	0211111—6	A C Rankin (25)	1020100—3

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Feb. 13.—The New Utrecht Gun Club held its regular shoot this afternoon on its target grounds at Dyker Meadow. Seven members shot in the club event, D. C. Bennett winning the Class A badge with 25 straight, and Fleet taking the Class B badge with 18. The club shoot conditions have been changed from those which prevailed last year; the conditions now are unknown angles, handicap allowances of extra targets to shoot at, the members being divided into different classes. A full afternoon's sport was had, everything being in favor of good scores, with the exception of a strong glare from the snow. Scores were:

Club shoot, 35 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowance:

D C Bennett (A, 25)	1111111111111111111111111 —25
J Gaughen (A, 25)	1101111111011111111000111 —20
J A Bennett (A, 27)	1111101111101001011011101111 —19
F A Thompson (A, 25)	1101100311111011100111111 —18
P A Grace (A, 27)	1100001111001001001000010 —10
C C Fleet (B, 27)	11 0 0 10100 0 0111011100111—16
T A Smith (B, 25)	0 01001110 0 100111100000 —10
*W H Thompson	0101111001100011011101111 —16

* Guest, shot at 25 targets.

Other sweeps were shot as follows, No. 7 being at 5 pairs and all the others at unknown angles, 10 targets in each event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	15	25
G C White	18	..	..	..	20	11	10	..
A R Stone	17	..	..	..	20	19	11	..
C Sykes	15	16	15	17	..	..	..	..
W J Pickett	6	14	21	20	14	..	3	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	15	25
L Hopkins	2	4	16	17	6	..	4	..
E H Lott	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	14
G Hoefer	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	8

CRESCENT A. C., OF BROOKLYN.

Feb. 13.—The Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, expected a visit from a team of the Princeton College Gun Club, but the expected did not happen. The members of the home club had an afternoon's shooting, a number of matches and sweepstakes being decided. Nos. 3 and 4 were handicap events, handicaps of misses as breaks being allowed. In No. 3 C. Sykes shot at scratch, allowing Pickett 5 misses as breaks and Hopkins 12; in No. 4 Sykes allowed Pickett 4 and Hopkins 11 misses as breaks. In the other events everybody shot from scratch. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
D C Bennett	7	8	7	10	9	8	..
W Thompson	7	7	9	9	8	..	..
J A Bennett	6	5	5	5	8	8	..
P A Grace	6	3	4	6	4	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
F Thompson	5	9	4	6	6	7	5
C C Fleet	4	6	6	7	5	6	3
J Gaughen	..	..	..	9	7	7	8	9
T A Smith	..	..	..	3	8	10	7	5

New Guns for Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 13.—Within the past month Louis Jordan, a rising and already popular gunmaker of this city, received from the old country a consignment of arms possessed of more than ordinary interest to sportsmen. Of these guns there were twenty-four in all, most of them going out at once on special orders for which they were made. At this writing only seven out of the twenty-four are left. Of the lot eight were fine ejectors, from $50 to $225, many of these very highly engraved and admirable specimens of the gunmaker's art. Three of the guns were three-barrel arms, rifle and shot, the barrel of the rifle underneath. These were as practical three-barrel guns as one is apt to see, and the surprising thing is that they weighed not over 7¾lbs. One of these was made for Dr. C. E. Fuller, of this city, who is highly pleased with the little gun. The other guns are $90 or $100 grade guns, not so highly finished, but very attractive weapons.

The interesting thing about the guns above mentioned is their extreme lightness in weight. I do not think a gun out of the twenty-four was so heavy as 7lbs., yet they are guaranteed to resist any charge of the strongest nitro made, to any point possible in any other gun. This fact is due to the material used in the barrels, the new material known as the Krupp special steel, which in reports once printed in FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. Armin Tenter was shown to possess a singular toughness and strength, combined with great lightness in bulk required to attain all the desired qualities of a perfect gun barrel. Mr. Jordan, who has relatives in the great factories of Fr. Krupp in Essen, Germany, has been fortunate enough to secure the agency for America for these barrels, and already has had many inquiries from gunmakers as well as individual sportsmen of this country. Should all continue to go well with Mr. Jordan, he should make a success of this new line of trade. He is a skilled and artistic gunmaker himself, and received the World's Fair diploma for hand made guns of highest excellence.

The guns shown in the Krupp barrels are delightfully neat and light. It seems the tendency of the day to use lighter and lighter arms both in rifles and shotguns, and some of these little fellows were beauties. The Krupp barrels are set on the breech block in a peculiar way. It seems this metal will not stand brazing, so the barrels are set on the block by means of a dovetail joint of great strength and absolute rigidity, solder only being used to make the joint watertight. This arrangement of the barrels gives a wide and strong look to the arm, which indeed is a sturdy weapon, light though it may be. In color the Krupp steel is blue, unfigured, resembling the Crown steel or Whitworth fluid steel in appearance. Mr. Jordan has had requests to fit such barrels on other actions, but owing to the peculiarity above mentioned of fastening on the barrels to the breech block, he does not counsel this, as the job does not suit his eye when so made. Louis Jordan has long had a good clientage of his own in this city, but has not thought upon going out of local trade so much until he was lucky enough to make this arrangement for the agency of the Krupp steel barrel. I understand this came about through the fact that Louis Jordan had an uncle at court. It is at times a very good thing to have an uncle. As a matter of local pride, Chicago is glad that Mr. Jordan had this uncle, and so brought to Chicago this interesting addition to the useful and beautiful improvements the gunmakers of to-day are continually bringing forth for those pampered beings, the sportsmen. Mr. Jordan had a regular levee on the day when the guns were unpacked, his shop being filled with shooters admiring the new guns, which are something of a novelty here as yet.

E. HOUGH.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 10.—The Rochester Rod and Gun Club held a tournament open to all to-day. There was match, prize and sweepstake shooting. The programme called for eleven events. No. 6 was a free prize contest, five prizes, each a 1lb can of Gold Dust Smokeless powder with measure. The ties were shot off and won as follows: Byer first, Meyer second, Davis third, East fourth, Dr. Weller fifth.

After the programme was shot off there were two matches shot. The first was between Davis and Byer. The second was a three-cornered match, winner to take the money. Mr. Davis is a new and young shooter of 130 lbs., and carries a chip on his shoulder that corresponds with his weight. Some of the old heads tried to knock it off, but Davis has a nerve of steel and can point the gun like an expert, puts up the money, smashes the targets, walks in and picks up the money, puts it in his pocket, and smiles.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	10	10	10	10
Borst	8	7	7	7	8	17	7	7	6	..	..
Auston	7	4	6	7	6	15	..	9	8	8	9
Davis	8	8	1	9	7	15	7	5	9	9	..
East	8	3	8	5	7	14	8	7	6	..	7
Mann	7	6	6	7	7	13	..	..	..	..	..
Gardiner	6	4	6	8	..	17	9	..	..	..	..
Quirk	..	7	8	9	..	12	10	..	..	..	..
Wride	..	6	8	8	9	16	..	..	..	..	..
Byer	..	6	9	7	7	17	7	6	5	..	..
Weller	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	6	4	9	9	7
Hicks	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..
Meyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	7	7	8	9	..
Bolton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	5	6	9
Pulsefer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	4	..	3	2

Special matches:

	First Match.	Second Match.
Davis	1111111111—10	1111111101— 9
Byer	1101111101— 8	1011011111— 8
Meyer		1111110100— 7

DE WITT.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

HERRON HILL GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 12.—A fast lot of birds were trapped to-day at the grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club. Seven shooters took part in the 15 bird race, Alex. King and Anson being high with 14 each. In the 7 bird event Strong was first alone with a straight. Scores:

Anson	2012 2222222222—14	0 211 2—6
W S King	2121?0 2?02 2—12	2102122—6
A H King	2221? ?222202222 —14	2220122—6
McPherson	2222 0?20?2?012—12	2 002 0—4
Strong	22?0?00?2222?00— 8	2?21212—7
Young	20222?122221110—13	1011022—5
John J Sims	20222?222220212—13	22 ?0?2—5
Lewis		2100201—4

HAZELWOOD GUN CLUB.

Feb. 13.—A good shoot was held to-day on the grounds of the Hazelwood Gun Club, the weather being fine and the birds a splendid lot. Scores were as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Messner	2212222222—10	2202?212?2—9	22222?2?2?002?0 —13
Crossland	10 2221213— 9	2?2222 0?2— 9	2112220000?1?02—10
Munson	1101111222— 9	02 22 2 2 22—9	2022?2200200000— 6
Bralton		2202200?02 - 6	
Wilbert		2000221124—7	0220012002?2122—11

Elkwood Park's Programme.

BELOW is the programme for Elkwood Park on Saturday, Feb. 20, commencing at 12:30 P. M.; Brookdale handicap, 10 birds, $10, handicaps 26 to 31yds., high guns. Sweepstakes on the other two sets of traps.

For Washington's Birthday, Monday, Feb. 22, the following programme has been arranged, shooting commencing at 10:30 A. M.:

No. 1, Star miss-and-out, $1.

No. 2, the Washington: 15 birds, $15, 3 moneys, Rose system; professionals, 32yds.; amateurs, 30yds.; ties, miss and out.

No. 3, Long Branch handicap: 10 birds, $5; handicaps from 25 to 31yds. Those at 25 and 26yds. allowed 2 misses as "no birds;" 27 and 28yds. 1 miss as a "no bird." High guns, ties, miss-and-out; allowances do not run on ties.

Western Trap.

"SPORTING" NEWS.

CHICAGO, Feb. 13.—Advice was privately received in Chicago last Monday, Feb. 8, that Mr. Daniel Stuart, a magnate of present residence at Carson, Nev., where he contemplates holding at an early date a carnival of slugging, in which Mr. Corbett and Mr. Fitzsimmons will be leading actors, has just decided to give also a two days' tournament at pigeons, adding the neat sum of $1,000 to such sweepstake money as shall seem expedient for the shooters present. He expects to attract a great many prominent gentlemen shooters from Chicago, New York and other large cities. This is perhaps the first time on record when a live-bird tournament and a prize fight have been advertised as joint attractions. The juxtaposition even in the types will hardly please a great many who do not interpret the word "sport" perhaps quite as Mr. Daniel Stuart does.

E. HOUGH.

The last issue of *Harper's Weekly* contained some excellent reproductions of portraits taken during the recent Larchmont amateur championship shoot, Jan. 29-30. The positions at the score of both Murphy and Macalester are characteristic, while Dr. Wynn's picture shows him as he appeared 100 times on the two days—just before he stepped to the score to shoot. There are a few remarks in the same paper regarding the shoot itself. The remarks are signed by Caspar Whitney. One of the criticisms passed upon the shoot is rather interesting. It runs thus: "Considering that the prizes apart from the championship trophy, were certain percentages of the sweepstakes made up from taxing each entry $100, the average sportsman will be perplexed by the 'amateur' description of the affair. It is no clearer to me than it is to him. If in pigeon shooting men may compete for a purse and be called amateurs, it will be interesting to learn what conditions describe the professional." It is always rash to jump at a conclusion, but on this occasion the conclusion is forced upon us that Mr. Whitney has not only not studied the subject which he essays to criticise, but is also palpably ignorant of what constitutes an amateur or a professional.

Hot Springs Tournament.

Hot Springs, Ark., Feb. 8.—The opening day of the tournament was not productive of a large attendance, but this was not to be expected as this tournament is to be a prolonged one. The weather too had a tendency to keep the entries down. This morning it was cloudy, and the atmosphere was bleak and raw; but in the afternoon the sun came out and made it much pleasanter. Another thing that added pleasure to the shoot was a telegram from Wirt announcing that he, Parmelee, Merrill, Powers and Settle would be with the boys to-morrow.

At no time during the day did the entries run high, the largest number in any event being fourteen. In the first event Sharp, a novice, gave the boys a surprise. He borrowed a gun from Hughes, and with it knocked out a straight, all one-barrel kills, cutting up first money with Bartlett. The second event, a miss-and-out, was productive of quite a shooting match between Sumpter, Heikes, Bartlett, Du Bray and Elliott. There were twelve entries in this, and all went out rather early, though Winston managed to stay 11 rounds. After his departure the five first mentioned proceeded to have it out. The birds in this event were rather ordinary, being somewhat, like the shooters, hampered by the weather; but it is seldom that we see such scores put up by five men, even on ordinary birds After each of the five had killed 20 straight from the 30yds. mark, Elliott proposed that they go back 4yds. in order to finish it. If Jim thought he had any the best of it here he soon had this illusion dispelled, as his very first bird came very near going out, being in by only about 1ft. Then he got down three more, and the others did the same; but his 25th, a fairly fast one, went out of bounds. No sooner had Jim been disposed of than the others decided to cut up the money. There were two other events, another miss-and-out and a 10-bird event, both handicaps, the scores of which are given below:

The feature of the day was the fine shooting of Capt. Bartlett; he shot at 52 birds and scored all but one of them, the lost one falling dead out of bounds. Du Bray also shot in fine form, losing only one out of 35 shot at.

No. 1, 10 birds, entrance $5, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.: Sharp 10, Bartlett 10, Murphy 9, Winston 9, Parker 9, Du Bray 9, Dickey 9, Sergeant 9, Heikes 8, Houston 8, Ellis 7, Hughes 7, Taylor 6.

No 2, miss-and-out, $2: Sumpter, Heikes, Bartlett and Du Bray, 25; Elliott 24, Winston 10, Keller 8, Parker 6, Houston 4, Ellis 2, Murphy 2, Dickey 1

No. 3, same: Winston, Ellis, Murphy and Bennett, 8; Heikes 7, Bartlett 5, Parker 4, Wallace 3; Sumpter, Keller and Dickey, 2; Norman 0.

No. 4, 10 birds, $5, three moneys, handicap: Norman (27) 10, Bartlett (30) 10, Bennett (29) 10, Murphy (29) 10, Sumpter (30) 9, Wallace (28) 9, Heikes (31) 8, Keller (28) 7, Parker (30) 7, Dickey (31) 6, Ellis (27) 5, Winston (30) 5

Second Day, Feb. 9.

This was the day set for the Arlington Handicap, but the weather again kept the entries down. The false hopes that had been awakened in the shooters' minds were all dispelled when they awoke in the morning and found the sky overcast and the same bleak wind that blew most of the time at San Antonio once more very much in evidence. At times the sun managed to break through the clouds, but only for a little while, so it had scarcely any effect on the temperature. The shooters were late getting to the grounds, so to warm up matters a little a miss-and-out was started. This had twenty entries, but was not a very long drawn out affair and lasted only six rounds, when only six remained. These six—Parker, Elliott, Heikes, Bennett, Wirt and Powers—agreed to divide the $40.

THE HANDICAP.

Immediately upon the conclusion of the above the handicap began with twenty-four entries. Of these only one, Norman, killed straight; he is a beginner and was therefore given the 27yds. mark, and was also exceedingly fortunate in drawing easy birds. There were three 24s: Parmelee, Merrill and Settle. Parmelee shot in good time and in good form, and the only bird he lost was a fast outgoer which managed to avoid both loads. Merrill got off wrong, as he lost his first one, a fast one similar to that which threw Parmelee down. He afterward atoned for this by shooting a good, steady pace, and made several brilliant stops of exceedingly fast birds. His seventh was the fastest of the lot and was killed far out by a good second. Settle also shot in a very smooth style, his first was very effective and nearly always well placed.

His only lost bird, a dead out of bounds, was not a very hard one; he drew a number that were much faster, all of which he scored. Capt. Bartlett, Sumpter, Bennett and Houston scored 23. Bartlett, who had shot so brilliantly the day before, had the bad luck to lose his 1st bird dead out of bounds, and that by less than a yard; it was a rapid driver, and though hit hard with both loads went out. His 16th bird did the same thing, but this one went much further. Sumpter shot along in elegant style, going straight up to the 15th round, when he missed a rather slow one, that lingered at the trap. Then he settled down to that fast pace he had displayed all along, until his final bird, which was a very rapid incomer This miss was excusable from the fact that it was a black bird and nearly dark when the miss occurred. This round proved disastrous to many. Bennett is an assumed name, and is the colors that a deaf mute shooter from St. Paul sails under. This shooter has a style that is very captivating, and his judgment is such canas only come by long experience. His two losses were dead out of bounds. The first was one of the slobbering kind, but the second was of the hard luck order, an instance where the bird was too strong for both loads and struggled out. Houston, the other 23, is another inexperienced shooter, and on the strength of this was given the 26yds mark. Both his losses were clean misses. The first was a quartering towerer that doubtlessly was undershot, while the other was a fast outgoer.

In the 24 hole were Heikes, Wirt, Powers, Keller and Elliott. Heikes's three losses all got away without any apparent injury, and only by the greatest streak of luck was his 15th scored to him. This bird, a towerer, acted very peculiarly; it flew straight away and when almost out of bounds came back, circled around over the grounds, but was never out of bounds, and finally started back for the dead line, and when all but out suddenly collapsed, much to the satisfaction of the shooter, who had already left the score. Powers is another one who avoided the 21 hole; he lost two birds dead out of bounds, one of them a fairly fast one. Wirt had two dead out of bounds, but missed rather an easy one along toward the last, just as he was expecting to go out with 23. Keller scored 22 and was well satisfied with his showing, and with any kind of luck would have had two more added to his total; two dead out of bounds his score shows, and both very close to the boundary. The cipher in his score represents one of the hardest birds that was trapped in the entire 600, and only got out on account of bad light. Elliott is the remaining 22; his first miss occurred on a very fast driver, but the second was a rank easy incomer. The dead out of bounds was a good hard bird, the kind that any one will miss any time. Sergeant, Hughes, Du Bray and Leach wound up with 21.

THE BIRDS.

As is usually the case in these events, the birds were a mixed lot, some fast ones and some poor ones, but the most of them only fair. For a while there were some very good ones, and then came some soft ones, and then at the close, as it was nearly dark, a fast lot was sprung on the boys that caused lots of trouble, and several missed just when some of them were figuring on going out with one more to their credit.

Arlington handicap, 25 birds, entrance $10, birds extra, 5 moneys, class shooting:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Norman (27)..... 4 3 4 4 4 4 5 5 4 2 2 3 2 1 5 2 1 1 5 4 1 4 5 5 4
2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

R Merrill (30)..... 4 5 4 2 4 5 2 3 4 5 3 1 3 4 4 5 1 2 3 4 4 3 1 2 1 2
0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

F S Parmelee (32).. 3 4 5 5 4 2 4 2 5 4 2 3 3 5 1 1 4 5 4 3 2 3 1 3 2
1 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

W H Settle (27).... 4 1 1 5 3 3 4 4 4 2 4 4 1 4 3 3 5 4 5 1 5 4 4 4 2
2 ● 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2—24

B A Bartlett (33)... 3 4 5 1 4 5 3 1 4 2 4 1 4 4 5 1 2 1 3 4 5 4 4 4 5
● 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 ● 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2—23

Bennett (30)..... 2 3 3 1 5 4 3 3 3 4 1 2 3 5 5 1 3 4 4 5 2 1 1 5 3
2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 ● 2 ● 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1—23

Houston (26)..... 1 4 2 5 5 4 1 3 5 3 2 3 2 3 2 3 4 4 5 3 5 4 1 5 5
1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 2—23

J J Sumpter, Jr (30). 4 2 1 1 4 4 3 4 5 2 3 1 1 3 1 4 5 1 1 2 4 3 2 3 4
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—23

J A R Elliott (33)... 5 1 3 1 3 5 2 2 4 4 2 1 4 2 4 4 1 3 2 5 3 2 3 4 5
2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 ● 1 2 2—22

R O Heikes (31)..... 5 2 3 5 4 3 1 3 3 1 2 3 5 4 1 2 3 4 4 1 4 1 2 1 4
2 0 1 0 1 2 1 1 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—22

T H Keller (28.)..... 4 3 3 2 1 1 1 1 4 5 3 3 4 1 1 2 4 4 3 1 1 5 4 2 3
2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 2 2 1 2 ● 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 ● —22

C M Powers (30)... 3 5 4 5 4 3 1 1 2 3 4 4 4 5 3 1 4 4 4 3 2 2 5 2 1
2 2 2 2 2 ● 0 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22

Wirt (27)..... 4 5 2 4 5 4 1 4 1 5 1 4 5 4 3 1 3 5 3 3 1 3 4 4 3
2 2 2 2 2 1 1 ● ● 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 1—22

A W du Bray (29).. 1 4 3 5 4 5 5 3 5 3 1 1 3 3 4 3 1 3 3 5 3 3 4 2 3
1 2 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0—21

G W Hughes (27)... 3 3 3 4 3 1 5 3 3 5 4 4 4 4 3 3 2 1 1 2 4 5 1 4 2
2 2 0 2 2 2 ● 2 2 ● 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1—21

Leach (29)..... 4 3 4 1 2 1 3 4 4 4 5 4 1 1 1 2 1 2 3 1 4 2 1 4 3
● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—21

W G Sergeant (27).. 2 5 4 2 5 4 4 4 2 4 2 4 5 2 4 3 3 1 3 1 3 2 3 4 3
0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2—21

O R Dickey (30).... 3 2 3 1 2 4 3 3 3 5 4 1 4 4 5 3 4 3 3 5 3 3 3 5 3 4
0 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 0 2 ● 2—20

Wallace (28)..... 5 3 3 5 4 5 4 1 4 1 1 1 3 2 1 5 4 5 4 3 3 2 3 4 5
1 2 0 1 2 ● 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 1 ● 2 2 2 2 1 2 ● 2—20

J Ellis (27)..... 2 4 1 4 1 5 2 4 2 1 1 3 3 5 4 5 3 1 3 3 1 3 5 3 5
2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 ● 2 2 0—19

J Parker (30). 3 5 2 2 3 4 3 3 4 3 1 1 4 3 5 4 4 5 1 2 3 5 4 5 4
1 1 2 1 1 ● 1 ● 2 1 0 2 0 1 0 2 2 2 ● 2 2 1 1 2 2—19

P L Murphy (29)... 1 4 2 2 2 4 4 3 4 4 3 4 5 3 2 2 4 3 3 2 1 2 3 1 1
2 ● 0 2 2 2 ● 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 ● 0 ● 2 2 2 1 ● 2 2 1—18

Sharp (27)..... 3 4 4 5 3 4 4 3 2 3 2 3 5 4 5 4 5 1 4 3 1 1 1 4 3
0 1 2 2 1 1 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 0 1 0 2 1 0 2 0 1 2—18

J L Winston (31)... 2 1 3 2 4 1 4 4 1 2 3 2 3 1 3 1 1 1 4 4 1 2 5 1 3
2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 0 ● 2 ● 2 0 2 2 2 2—17

Third Day, Feb. 10.

There was nothing on the programme for to-day, and the forenoon was spent in practice, and three miss-and-outs were shot by McDonald, Leach, Winston and Werk; in each of these Leach managed to stay, and the last one he landed all by himself. About noon Winston got into his elements again; for some time, in fact, ever since we met him going to San Antonio, he has been talking matches, so finally to-day he got on one with Murphy, but not exactly to his liking, as it was a one-barrel game, 25yds. rise, gun below the elbow; yet he won by 2 birds. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Winston..... 3 5 4 4 2 2 4 3 2 4 5 4 5 3 4 3 5 3 4 3 2 3 3 4 2
1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 ● 1 1 1 1—22

Murphy..... 1 3 1 5 5 3 1 4 5 3 2 5 2 2 5 3 2 5 3 4 4 1 5 3 2
1 ● 0 1 1 ● 1 1 1 1 ● 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 ●—20

Miss-and-out, $2, handicap rise, re-entry in the first round:

Powers (30) 20, Du Bray (29) 20, Settle (27) 20, Sergeant (27) 18, Winston (31) 17, Werk (26) 15, Wirt (27) 14, Norman (28) 11, Parker (30) 10, Heikes (31) 8, Dickey (30) 8, Ellis (27) 6, Bartlett (30) 5, Merrill (30) 2, Murphy (29) 2, Sumpter (30) 1, Leach (29) 1.

Wirt, Bartlett and Merrill re-entered after missing their first birds.

After the match the above miss-and-out was shot, which proved to be very interesting and was finally divided by Powers, Du Bray and Settle with 20 straight When it was shot down to seven men Winston asked for a divide, as his shells were exhausted, but to this the others would not agree. He lost his eighteenth dead out of bounds, and the next round proved disastrous to Sergeant After each of the remaining ones had killed 20 straight they decided to divide.

The weather again was very unfavorable, being dark and threatening and not any too pleasant.

Paul R. Litzke.

Fourth Day, Feb. 11.

There was only one event on the programme to-day, a 15-bird race, entrance $10, five high guns. This was not shot until some time after dinner. By agreement Winston and Murphy were to shoot two matches to-day, one at 10 o'clock in the morning and one in the afternoon. Notwithstanding that this has been the worst day of the lot so far as weather was concerned, both principals were on the grounds at the appointed time ready to begin the match. Winston again selected the birds, but the mean, wet, drizzling rain that was falling made easy birds of most of them. Murphy won the toss and the match. Owing to the poor quality of the birds, which is mainly attributable to the weather conditions, there was little of interest in the match. Murphy led off, scoring a kill, and continued to do so until he had stacked up 25 straight. Murphy's best bird was his 20th; this was a very fast twisting quarterer, and was well killed by an excellent second. Winston shot well, killing all his hard birds, which were not numerous. The bird that cost him the match was a rank easy incomer that was hit too far back with the first, while the second did no damage, being used with poor judgment. It came almost straight in, and Jack made a great effort to catch it, but it got over the dead line. He came very near losing another one, his 21st, a very fast twisting incomer, that fell almost on the dead line. His best birds were his 8th and 24th, both of which were well killed.

Conditions were 25 live birds, $25 a side, loser to pay for the birds, Winston at 30yds. and Murphy at 28:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

P L Murphy (28)... 3 2 1 3 3 3 1 2 3 5 2 4 1 2 4 1 3 2 5 1 4 1 4 4 4
1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2—25

J L Winston (30)... 1 4 3 4 3 2 3 4 2 4 5 5 4 2 3 5 4 1 4 3 5 3 2 3 5
1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

In addition to the programme event, two other events were shot, a 10 bird race, $5, three moneys, and a $2 miss and-out. The scores of the 10 bird race are given below. The miss-and-out, which had seventeen entries and two re entries, was cut up by Sergeant, Parmelee, Parker, Wirt and Sumpter on the sixth round. The 15-bird event had eighteen entries; five scored all and divided the $112. In this event everybody stood on the 30yds. mark. Sumpter did the best shooting to-day, scoring 30 out of 31; his lost bird was one of the best trapped during the shoot. Scores in the 10-bird event were as follows:

Ten birds, $5, three moneys, class shooting: Murphy 10, Wirt 10, Merrill 10, Sumpter 9, Settle 9, Powers 9, Norman 8, Bennett 8, Ellis 8, Leach 8.

The totals in the 15-bird event were as below: Sumpter 15, Bennett 15, Heikes 15, Norman 15, Du Bray 15, Ellis 14, Bartlett 14, Powers 14, Merrill 14, Wirt 14, Settle 14, Parmelee 14, Leach 13, Dickey 13, Murphy 13, Winston 13, Sergeant 12, Wallace 9.

Fifth Day, Feb. 12.

After a long time those shooters who made their trip South have at last experienced the pleasure of shooting on one day of sunshine. The weather is absolutely perfect, the only thing lacking being good wind to aid the birds in their flight. Just to start the ball, a $2 miss-and-out was shot, with everybody on the 34yds mark. The birds in this event were like the weather, and it was not a long-drawn out affair. At the end of the 3d round Bartlett, Parmelee, Settle, Elliott, Sumpter, Parker, Merrill and Du Bray were all of the 20 starters that had stayed, so it occurred to Jim Elliott that it would be a good idea to divide. This was agreed to.

EASTMAN HOTEL HANDICAP.

This event, like the Arlington Hotel Handicap, had twenty-four entries. Of this number only one scored straight, and the lucky one was the promoter and manager of the tournament, John J Sumpter, Jr. All through the shoot John has been shooting in great form, having lost only one bird out of his last 6 ! In his present form he is a hard man to beat, but he had some good luck connected with his shooting to-day; not that he drew all easy birds, as he got his share of the good ones, but his 18th bird, a fairly fast one, showed no effects of the loads sent after it, and looked like a lost one as it flew straight away; when it was almost out, it circled, came back toward the score, and toppled over close to the dead line. Had it kept on its course it would certainly have fallen out of bounds. This time there were only two 24s, Merrill and Leach; Merrill seemed booked for a straight, but after he had grassed 21 he slipped up on a bird that should have been scored with the second at least. This bird towered when it left the trap, and Merrill undershot it, but it turned and came back so as to present an easy incoming shot; this is where it should have been easily killed, but the second never touched it, though the first had done the damage, as the bird afterward fell from the roof of the pavilion. Leach also lost his bird dead out of bounds; this was a good fast one, and after it had gone out it fell on the hillside and rolled back in.

As will be seen, Norman, the winner of first in the Arlington Hotel Handicap, failed to get in for money, but he was moved back 2yds. and 4 of his 5 lost birds were dead out of bounds.

Conditions, Eastman Hotel Handicap, 25 birds, $15, birds extra, five moneys; first $138, second $115, third $92, fourth $69 and fifth $46.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Sumpter (30)..... 2 3 1 5 4 3 2 2 1 3 4 4 4 1 4 4 1 2 4 5 4 3 3 4 4
2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2—25

Merrill (30)..... 5 5 4 1 5 2 2 3 2 2 4 1 3 3 2 1 1 1 1 4 2 4 1 3 1
2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 1 2 2—24

E H Leach (28)..... 3 3 5 3 1 2 3 1 4 5 5 1 2 4 4 5 5 5 4 3 4 4 2 1 3
1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 ● 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

Sergeant (27)..... 5 4 2 4 4 4 4 5 5 3 3 1 3 4 1 5 4 2 2 4 3 2 3 4 3
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—23

Wirt (27)..... 4 3 4 1 2 1 1 5 2 4 4 3 3 4 5 3 1 4 3 4 5 4 2 5 4
0 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2—23

Dickey (29)..... 1 1 3 1 1 4 4 4 4 4 5 3 4 4 5 2 1 1 2 2 5 3 2 4 1
2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

Bennett (30)..... 3 3 4 2 5 3 2 3 4 2 5 4 5 4 2 1 2 4 1 1 5 4 5 4 4
1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 0 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 1 2 2 1 1 1—23

Heikes (31)..... 2 1 2 3 4 5 1 3 3 5 5 1 2 3 3 1 3 2 2 4 4 2 1 2 3
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2—23

Elliott (33) 1 4 5 5 5 3 4 4 3 1 1 4 2 3 4 5 5 5 3 3 4 5 2 2 2 4
2 0 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

Settle (28)..... 3 4 2 3 3 2 2 3 3 3 4 1 1 2 3 4 1 3 5 4 2 2 5 4 4 3
2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2—23

Bartlett (33) 1 3 1 1 1 4 2 5 3 1 3 3 4 4 4 3 5 1 1 5 2 1 2 2 3
2 1 1 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22

Powers (33) 2 4 4 4 1 5 4 5 5 5 3 3 4 1 4 3 4 3 3 3 3 1 1 4 4 4
2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—22

Parmelee (32) 3 1 3 4 3 5 4 5 2 1 4 2 3 5 2 4 1 4 2 1 2 3 5 1 4
1 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0—22

147 (30)..... 4 5 5 1 5 4 4 3 3 3 5 3 5 3 2 2 4 3 4 4 1 4 3 3 5
0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 ● 2 2—22

Houston (27)..... 2 2 3 1 2 1 4 3 1 4 2 1 4 4 3 2 3 3 3 4 4 4 3 4 4
1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 0 2 2 1 1 0 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22

Ellis (30) 4 1 2 2 3 3 5 4 2 5 3 1 2 1 4 1 5 5 4 2 3 3 1 2 2
2 ● 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22

Hughes (27) 4 4 3 5 3 3 3 4 1 4 1 3 1 3 3 5 2 2 1 5 3 2 2 2 1
1 2 2 2 1 1 2 4 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 1 1 ● ●—21

Du Bray (29)..... 4 4 4 2 3 5 1 3 1 2 5 2 3 2 4 5 5 4 1 3 5 3 3 2 2
2 0 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 0 1 0 2 0 1 2 1 2 2 2 2—21

Parker (30)..... 5 4 2 3 1 4 1 1 3 4 3 2 3 1 2 1 3 4 4 5 3 2 3 1 4
0 2 ● 1 2 1 0 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 ● 2 1 2 2—21

Norman (29) 5 3 3 2 2 5 3 4 2 4 3 1 5 5 3 2 2 2 3 3 3 5 2 3 4
2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 ● 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 ● ● 2 2 2 2 2 2—20

Murphy (29)..... 4 1 3 3 2 4 2 1 2 1 2 4 3 3 3 4 3 4 2 4 1 3 2 4 3
1 1 2 1 1 1 2 ● 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 0 0 2 1 2 1 2 1—20

Wallace (28)..... 4 4 5 1 2 1 2 4 2 5 4 2 3 1 3 5 1 2 4 2 5 3 2 5 3
2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 2 1 1 2 0 1 0 ● 2 1 1 0 1—20

Werk (27)..... 3 4 4 1 1 4 2 3 4 4 2 5 1 5 5 1 2 4 4 3 3 2 2 1 4
0 0 2 0 ● 2 1 0 1 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 0—18

Callender (28)..... 4 5 5 2 3 4 2 4 4 3 3 4 4 3 1 3 4 5 2 3 2 4 4 5 3
1 2 2 2 2 2 1 ● 1 ● 2 ● 2 1 0 1 ● 2 2 0 2 1 0 0 2 -17

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Feb. 10.—The Poughkeepsie Gun Club held its regular monthly meeting this evening. At the meeting articles of incorporation were signed setting forth that the club is organized and incorporated for the purpose of advancing field sports and for the protection of game in Dutchess county. During the meeting a communication was read from the secretary of the New York State Association announcing that the Poughkeepsie Club would be accepted as members of the State Association. This will give the club the privilege of sending five delegates to the next meeting of the State Association. It was decided to extend an invitation to the local clubs along the Hudson River to attend the sweepstake shoot at live birds to be held on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, on our grounds. The Poughkeepsie Gun Club will shoot a match of twelve men on a side with the Marlborough Gun Club on the former's grounds, Thursday, Feb. 18.

Feb. 11.—The following scores were made at the club's regular weekly shoot, held to day:

J M Spencer	011111001111111111111111—22
W J Perkins	111111111101111101011011—21
A L Traver	010101011101111111111111—20
H Valentine	111011010011111011111111—20
F Wood	011011100011111110111011—17
H Sisson	110110100101110110010011 -14
E Williams	011011001100110011000101—13
L Carpenter, Jr	101000010000111011010111—13
W D Briggs	010101110011001101010111—12
P Briggs	101100000101110000001101—11
H King	000001011010000011010110 - 8
G Van Wagnen	000000000100001101011011O— 8

W. J. Perkins, Fin. Sec'y.

The Grand Prix at Monte Carlo.

The Grand Prix du Casino was decided at Monte Carlo on Feb. 2. Signor G. Grasselli (an Italian) won first prize, about $4,000 and a trophy An Englishman, Hon. F. Erskine, and M. Horodetzki, a Russian, divided second and third prizes, a sum of about $3,500. M. A. Poizat, a Frenchman, won fourth money, $900. Eleven tied with 11 out of 12 shot at, four of the eleven missing their 12th birds. On the shoot off, miss-and out, Signor Grasselli won in the 5th round. The Americans, Messrs. Crittenden, Robinson and J. O'H. Denny, retired in the 11th and 5th rounds respectively with two misses against them. There were 118 entries in all, the conditions being as follows:

Grand Prix du Casino of £-0), added to a sweepstakes of £8 each; second received £1·0 and 25 per cent. of the entries; third £80 and 25 per cent.; fourth £40 and 15 per cent.; four birds at 26 mètres, eight at 27 mètres; the winner in 1895 to stand back 2 mètres, previous winners 1 mètre; three misses to put out; 118 subs.

Signor G. Grasselli shot a Greener gun and Walsrode powder; Hon. F. Erskine, a Boss gun and Schultze; M. Horodetzki, a Russian gun and Schultze.

IN NEW JERSEY.

SECOND CUP SHOOT AT HACKENSACK.

Feb. 10.—An entry list of 16 in a 100-target scratch race is something for the Bergen County Gun Club to be proud of. The second contest for the *Recreation* cup, emblematic of the amateur championship of the gun clubs of New Jersey, took place to-day on the grounds of the above club, 16 men entering for the race This club may be young in years and experience, but it does nothing by halves, and as a result of its work it can look back to to-day's contest as its banner shoot to date. There was only one thing lacking to-day to make the management of the shoot all one could ask, and that was an insufficiency of help E. G. Horton is a man who has only the normal quantity of limbs, and it is hardly fair to expect him to do everything, even to carving the turkey, spreading bread and butter, pouring out coffee, taking entries for new events and squaring up old ones. The club should not ride a willing horse to death. (This is written and will appear without Mr. Horton being aware of it. We might add that he never uttered a single kick all day.) The referee was as usual, C. E. Dawson, and had his good eye with him. The puller and the trapper boys all worked hard and did a great deal to make the shoot an easy one to run. There was a slight rumbling of a mutinous nature when empty stomachs grew numerous behind the trap screen. A brief rest and some solid refreshments soon made the sky bright again. Apropos of the turkey, it is only right to mention that the club "set up" an excellent lunch free of all charge, making the shooters its guests in deed as well as in name.

Among the shooters were F S. Sinnock, the winner, from the Forester Gun Club, Newark; Neaf Apgar, of the Climax Gun Club, Plainfield; Harry Thurman, of Philadelphia, Pa., shooting as a member of the Climax Gun Club; J. S. S. Remsen, the winner of the cup at the first shoot in December last, a member of the Bergen County Club; Noel E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Company; T. W. Morfey and Chris Wright, of Paterson; Job Lott, of New York - the last four being also members of the Bergen County Gun Club; F. S. Edwards, of New York; Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company; M. Herrington, of the W-A Powder; G. H. Piercy, of Jersey City; the last four are members of the Endeavor Gun Club. Theodore Baron, representing Von Lengerke & Detmold, and a member of the Boiling Springs Gun Club; J. G. Lindzey, of the Dunellen Gun Club; C. F. Lenone, of the Passaic City Gun Club; J. R. Banta, of the Oritani Field Club; Hexamer, a shooter whose club's name we cannot recall. The above list makes a formidable one even for New Jersey. Gus Greiff, W. H. Huck, Dutchy Smith, Tom Brantingham, Warren Smith, etc., were absentees.

Sinnock, the winner, shot an excellent race and landed in the lead by one target, though it looked as if Apgar should have won the cup hands down. Sinnock shot a Winchester repeating shotgun, Leader shells and W-A powder. His victory, therefore, was gratifying to Ed Taylor and Marshall Herrington. Neaf Apgar, of course, shot Austin powder and a Smith gun. Harry Thurman shot Noel Money's gun and Au tin powder, as he came to the grounds totally unprepared to take part in the contest. Edwards shot a Winchester and E. C. powder in U. M. C. factory-loaded Smokeless shells. The score, as furnished us, shows a 25 straight for Sinnock in the last string; this is an error, as he lost his first target. The only 25 straight was made by Apgar in his third string. The score book also shows Edwards's total carried out, 23 for his last string, while the detailed score gives him three misses: his total is thus 91, if the score is correct (and the detailed official score goes in this case, of course). Remsen broke badly in his first and last strings, but scored 47 out of his middle 50.

The conditions were 100 targets per man, $2 entrance, optional sweeps of 50 cents on each 25. The 100 targets were thrown 50 known and 50 unknown angles, the known angles being shot first. Banta arrived late and only shot 50 targets at unknown angles. The winner of the race scored a win for the cup, the second receiving $5 and the third man saving his stake. The cup is to be shot for five more times, the shoots taking place in the months of April, June, August, October and December. The man winning it the greatest number of times to become the owner of it. The scores are higher than at the first shoot for the cup, Remsen winning then with 84. But the targets were thrown much harder on that occasion than they were to-day. Though the sky was clouded, there was no wind to play tricks with the targets, everything being in favor of good scores. The background is by no means an easy one, targets thrown low and to the right being hard to gauge accurately. Scores in detail were:

```
F Sinnock....1111111101111111101111111111111111111101111101111111 - 46
             1111111111111111111111111001111111111111111111111111 - 48—94
N Apgar.....1111111111111111011111111111111111101111111111111111 - 48
             1111111111111111111111111101111011111111111111111111 - 45—93
F S Edwards..1111101111111111111111111111111011111111111110111101—46
             1111101111111011111111111111111111111111111111111111—45—91
H Thurman...1111111111111111111111011101111111111111111101111011—46
             1111111100111111111111111011011111110101111111111111—44—90
J S S Remsen.1011101111111101111111011110011111111111111111111111—44
             1111111110111111111111111111111101011101111011111111—45—89
N E Money...1110111101111111111111111111101011111111111110111—45
             0011111010111011111011111111111111111011111011111111—42—87
T W Morfey..1011111111111111000111111110001101111111111111111101—41
             1111111010011101111111111111111111111111111111111111—45—86
Job Lott.....1111110111111111011101111111110111111101111111111—45
             1111111111110010111111011101010101111111111011111—41—86
G Fairmount.1111011110101111101110010101101101011011111111111—39
             1111011111110111111111111101111101111111111111001—44—83
Ed Taylor ...0101110111111101111111100111011110111101111110010111—39
             1111111101111101111111011101111111101111101111010—43—82
Hexamer.....1111111011111111101111111111011111111111011101111—44
             0101111111110001111111100111011111111111011100011—38—82
T C Wright...1111011111101111000110110111110011011111111101111—39
             1001101111111111111011010111111111111111111111110111—43 82
M Herrington.1101101001011110101111011111010111111011011111111—38
             1110111111111100111110111001110111101111111111101—41—79
T Baron.....1010111111111110101110111111110111111101111100111—41
             1111011010111010111011011111111111101010011110011111—37—78
J G Henry....1000110111111011111110111111111111111101101111110111—39
             0110111110001110111010101011011111110111111110111—36—75
C F Lenone...1111110101110110101100010100011111011101110111011100—33
             1111110111010110011101111110001111010010000111111—34—67
J R Banta.....0101111011110111110110111010011001000101011111111—33
```

In addition to the 100-target race for the cup, a long list of sweeps were also shot off. Apgar followed up his good work in the long race by scoring 57 out of 60 in three 20-target races. Scores were as below, twenty-seven shooters taking part in the day's sport:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	20	15	20	20	20	20	20	10	20	15	20	25	20	10
Edwards	19	14	18	20	18	18	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Money	17	13	16	19	17	19	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Morfey	15	12	17	19	17	17	19	9	18	11	19	21	15	8
G Piercy	15	12	18	18	20	17	19	6	14	13	16	19	15	6
Herrington	17	8	14	16	16	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sinnock	18	12	16	16	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J M Taylor	12	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lenone	12	..	11	14	11	13	13	8	..	4	..	10	..	-
Hexamer	17	..	16	17	14	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Barron	19	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lott	18	..	15	19	18	18	18	9	16	..	18	..	..	..
Thurman	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Banta	..	..	..	..	..	15	14	16	4	19	11	14	16	..
Remsen	..	..	..	..	..	17	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wright	..	..	..	..	..	17	15	13	7	17	..	16	..	..
Blauvelt	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gardner	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Apgar	..	..	..	..	..	20	19	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lindzey	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	16	10	14	16	..
Van Keuren	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	20	14

Ed Taylor shot in No. 5, scoring 19; Brackett in No. 6, scoring 16; Prest in No. 7, scoring 4; in No 8 Johnson broke 7, Coe 3 and Ward 7.

Over 3,700 targets were thrown during the day.

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

Feb. 12.—Lincoln's Birthday, Feb. 12, was pitched upon by the Bergen County Gun Club as a suitable date for a trial of a 100-target event, handicap, unknown angles, on its grounds at Hackensack. The date may have been suitable as such things go, but the weather experienced by those who went to shoot at Hackensack was the sort that makes outdoor sports closely resemble hard labor. It will shorten matters, and be just as effective, if we extract from the New York *Evening Sun* of this date the following in regard to the weather:

"This city experienced the third big storm of the winter to-day. Nearly 6in. of snow had fallen at 3 o'clock this afternoon. Much of it came down in the form of sleet, turning into snow of the consistency of coarse salt as it struck the ground. To the layman it seemed like hail that would turn naturally into rain in a short time, but Local Forecaster Dunn explained that hail and sleet, though each will sting like a hornet when driven by a gale, are born of essentially different meteorological conditions. He held out no hope of relief before to-morrow. A high northeast wind, gradually increasing to a gale, prevailed all day. Shipping was warned all along the Atlantic Coast to stay safely in port. Travel was delayed in the morning, and snow plows and sweepers were kept busy all day clearing the lines of steam and surface railroads. The temperature remained stationary at about 21° all day, nd no material change is expected before to-morrow."

With such conditions to combat against, it was really a wonder that any good scores were made. Tom Morfey's 91 and Griffiths's 89 were a great deal better than they look on paper. The driving snow and sleet drifted into the left eyes of the shooters, and made the breading of left-quarterers considerably a matter of luck. If a snowflake didn't hit one in the eye at the critical moment it was all right; otherwise, and it was all wrong. Neaf Apgar was in trouble from the start; he is a south paw and naturally, under the conditions, made heavier weather of it than the starboard handed craft. He faced the sleet and snow, while the others humped their backs to the gale.

The trapper boys stuck to their work bravely, and it was entirely due to the amount of hot coffee poured down their throats that none of them were frozen in their nests. Referee Dawson's task was about as unpleasant as it could be, but he held the fort, and dealt out "dead" and "lost" with his usual impartiality. The puller has a neat little house, in which he accommodated the scorer, J. H. W. Fleming, the energetic secretary of the Rockaways and Cuckoos, who kindly consented to take charge of the score sheets.

The handicap was one of allowances of extra targets to shoot at, and every man's handicap was based upon a calculation to bring him as close as possible to 92, that figure being named as the highest possible, unless some shooter broke more than that number out of his first 100 targets, in which case such number would be the highest possible. Morfey came within 1 point of not needing a handicap at all, but Griffiths needed every target he was allowed to shoot at. Bell got into second place with an allowance of 11 to shoot at, while Louis Piercy, who dropped 3 out of the 10 allowed him, broke 90 and won third money. The purse, as is necessary when a highest possible is named, was divided under the Rose system. Scores were:

```
*TWMorfey(5)01111110111111111001111111111011111111111111111111—45
            1111111111111110111111101111111111111111101111111101—46
            1                                                 — 1—92
G Griffiths (5).0111111111111111111111111111111111111110110110111111—46
            1101110111111111111101111111111111101111101010111111—43
            10011                                             — 3—92
T Bell (11) ....1110011111111011011011100110111111111111111111111111—42
            1111111010111111111011111111110111001001101101111111—40
            10111111011                                       — 9—91
L Piercy (10)..1111011111111111101010111111110111110111111111110010—41
            1011111111111111101111111110111110101111111110111011—42
            1111100011                                        — 7—90
G Piercy (7)...1001101001110111111111111111110011110010111111111011—38
            1111111111111111111001111111100111111111111110011111—44
            1101111                                           — 6—88
Job Lott (8)...1010011111111101111111111111111100101111111111101011—41
            1110100011110111111111111101111111101110111111C0011—39
            11101111                                          — 7—87
F Edwards (0)101111111011000111110111111111111111111011101111111111—42
            1111111101111111011101111111111111111111101100111111—44—86
N Apgar (0)...1001111110110001111111111011111111101101011111101101—39
            1111111101111101101011111101111111111011111111111111—43—82
*J Banta (18)..1110000110110011100110001011011111111110101010110110—31
            0010110111000111011110111111010100111100110110101—32—63
Jackson.....0110101000010101001100011000111000010001100111111—22
            0011111111111010001011110111001110011011011001—33—55
Warner.....1000100000100101110111000010001011000001000000100011—18
            1111111101010010010000101000311010100000110010000l—22—40
```

* Morfey only shot at one of his allowance. Banta did not shoot his handicap, as he had no chance to win.

Sweeps were shot as below, all events being at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	20	20	20	15	25	25
Banta	8	7	9	6	..	5	7	6	4	..	13	10	..	..	17	..
Weber	6	..	3	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Griffiths	8	8	8	7	8	..	9	6	9	22	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gardner	4	..	..	..	..	5	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Ward	5	..	..	..	..	7	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bell	..	8	7	9	6	..	7	7	6	..	..	..	16	11	..	..
Morfey	..	7	7	10	7	..	6	6	5	23	16	17	17	11	21	..
Jackson	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	15
Warner	..	7	..	..	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Post	..	..	6	..	6	7	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Edwards	..	..	..	10	7	..	10	8	10	23	18	17	18	7	24	22
Apgar	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	21	15	19	15	..	..	..
G Piercy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	15	17	16	8	13	18
Lott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	17	15	13	9	22	21

About 2,500 targets were thrown to-day notwithstanding the heavy fall of snow.

A STORMY DAY AT BOILING SPRINGS.

Feb. 6.—None but cranks would have turned out to-day. The wind blew a gale from the northeast, driving the heavy rain before it in sheets, and yet, simply because it was the regular monthly club shoot, fourteen members of the Boiling Springs Gun Club put in an appearance at the club's grounds, at Rutherford, and went out to shoot their scores in the 50-target handicap race that constitutes the club's regular monthly cup event. Platt Adams was also on hand, but he had better sense than to go out and risk pneumonia, grip and rheumatism for the sake of a cup and other honors that go with it. Huck shot a great race and scored 44 in the best of styles. Edwards, who was shooting a strange gun and wearing rain-washed spectacles, was next to him with 39. Frank, with 5 handicap, was next with 38; Greiff (scratch) and De Wolfe (5) were in fourth place with 37. The scores made were as below:

```
Lewis (15)....1100001000010100101001101100110101111001000110110—24
              00111111110011                                  —10—34
James (6).....1011110111110001010100010001001100111110011001010O—26
              001100                                          — 2—28
Edwards (0)..0011010111111111111O.0101110111111111111111111111000  —39
Huck (0) .....1101111110111111101111111111101010111111111101111   —44
Frank (5).....0011001110110111011100011101011111101110011011011—33
              11111                                           — 5—38
Lane (15).....0011101110111111100100010101010111000111101101O 01—29
Barron (2)....1110311010001011111111111101111010011111111101101O0-35
              01                                              — 1—36
DeWolfe (5)..1010011100111101110111111110001111001010111111101100—37
              11110                                           — 4—41
Wise (0).....1011010001110111101011010000001101111111011111000O  —31
Greiff (0) ....1110111111111111011001001111111111111111111111000000  —37
Jeannerette(8)01110J011111111111010011001100011111011010010O100-35
              10111010                                        — 5—40
Just (15).....,0000000000001001011011010101101101110111000011001—21
              001011000100030                                 — 4 -25
*Snow.....1030000011010000000000011                           — 6
*Cutler.....0010010010011000000010011101                      — 9
```

* Lane did not shoot his handicap. Snow and Cutler only shot at 25 targets each.

YANTICAW GUN CLUB.

Feb. 13.—The first open shoot of the Yanticaw Gun Club, of Nutley, N. J., took place to-day and was quite well attended, as the scores show. The object of the shoot was to get better acquainted with out-of-town shooters and to have a good time. We succeeded very well, and when the weather gets more settled and warmer we are going to try it again. We tried to hit upon a day when there were no other attractions, but as there are a great many gun clubs and only four Saturdays in this month it is not possible to get "first place alone." Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	15	15	15
Greiff	14	8	8	8	10	10	7	7	12	10	10
De Wolfe	13	7	8	7	8	11	9	8	11	11	11
Schneider	6	6	6	5	7	11	5	7	13	8	6
Huck	15	..	..	9	8	13	..	..	13	13	12
Smith	9	6	7	6	7	11	2	6	14	10	..
Dawson	10	5	8	7	5	12	5	6	10	11	..
Butler	7	6	4	6	5	..	7	5	9	..	..
Macy	9	5	4	5	3	11	6	5	9	..	..
Berg	7	4	4	..	3	..	6	3	11	8	..
Jeannerette	6	..	..	5	5	14	..	..	10	10	5
Dinnock	..	8	9	9	9	11	..	..	14	13	.
Wambold	13	..	..	6	8	12	..	..	10	13	..
Michael	6	..	..	6	5	11	..	..	11	..	..
Delafield	4	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	5	4
Deakin	..	4	7	..	..	..	4	3	..	..	..
W Smith	12	..	..	7	8	13	..	..	10	..	..
Sawyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
Ray	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4
Norton	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

JOHN HOPKINSON, Sec'y.

PASSAIC CITY GUN CLUB.

Feb. 10.—The annual dinner of the Passaic City Gun Club was held this evening at the Hotel Martin, University place and Ninth street, New York city. It has been customary for the members of the Passaic City Gun Club to hold these annual dinners at this time of the year and in this hotel. Previous efforts in the same line have proved successes, and the annual dinner of 1897 was just as successful as any of its predecessors. The attendance was large and influential. Among those present were:

Colin B. Wise, president of the club; Hon. Andrew McLean, R. B. Tindall, Dennis W. Mahoney, H. K. Beatty, Walter Kipp, George T. Welch, W. S. Clearwater, Ed T. Ivimy, A. M. Ferguson, E. M. Kevitt, Ira A. Cadmus, J. H. Platt, Hon. William F. Gaston, W. McDonald, B. Abbott, L. F. Schulting, John Jelleme A. W. Shaw, A. McAllister M. J. Coman, John H. Bowker, John H. Capstick, A. W. Clapp, ex-President John H. Hall, John Alexander, T. Van Tassell, G. G. Farnham, Chris Kelly, Adrian Norman, John J. Slater, Richard Morrell, Jas. A. Parker, Orrin Van Derhoven, Noel E. Money and the trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM. Messrs. Mahoney and Van Derhoven are representatives of the press in the city of Passaic, N. J.

The president, Mr. Wise, acted as toastmaster, making a few short remarks when introducing the speakers, who responded in the following order to the various toasts: "The Club," Hon. William F. Gaston; "The Sportsman," Hon. Andrew McLean; "The Press," Dennis W. Mahoney; "The Committee," ex-President John H. Hall; "Drivers and Twisters," the representative of FOREST AND STREAM; "Sport of All Kinds," Noel E. Money.

It is unnecessary almost to remark that the dinner was A No. 1. With Capt. Hall as head of the committee, the creature comforts of the guests were scarcely likely to be lacking. The menu is sufficient commentary on this point:

MENU.

Vin.

Cocktail. Huitres.
Olives. Celeri saucisson.
Ch. Courbiac, '85. Tortue verte, claire.
Red snapper, sauce Genevoise.
Sauternes. Bouchées Toulouse.
Superieur. Filet pique, à la Martin.
Nid de pommes souffle.
Pommery sec. Asperges, sauce Hollandaise.
Mumm. Sorbet Montmorency.
Caille Casserole au Genevie.
Salade Panachee.
Liqueurs. Fantaisie Parisienne.
Cigars. Gateau Regent.
Cigarettes.
Fromage. Fruits. Mendiants.
Café.

FORESTER GUN CLUB.

Feb. 12.—The scores given below were made to-day by members of the Forester Gun Club. Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 12 and 15 were at known angles; Nos. 2, 9, 11 and 13 at reversed order; No. 14, expert; No. 6, 5 pairs. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	25	25	20	10	10	20	10	10	10	20	25	10	10
Hayes	9	9	17	19	14	4	8	..	..	9	8	..	..	..	..
J Fleming	8	6	17	17	12	3	9	12	9	9	7	14	18	5	7
Wambold	10	7	20	..	..	5	9	17	..	10	8	..	..	..	..
Winans	4	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	5	..	5	..	..	..
D Fleming	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	7	6	9	14	19	7	8
Sinnock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	20	..	..	..

H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

Detroit Yacht Club's Shoot.

DETROIT, Mich., Feb. 9.—I send you the score of the Detroit Yacht Club's shoot at Bell Isle Park on the ice in front of the club house. The Detroit Yacht Club has a membership of about 300, and at the last meeting of the club, as there are a large number of the members who are fond of shooting as well as yachting, the club appointed a committee to ask permission of the Park Commission to shoot on the ice in front of the club house. The permission was granted. The club requested W. H. Brady to manage the opening shoot, and on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 3, several extra events were shot, and in all 1,905 blue rocks were thrown. The club was so well pleased with this first effort that it has decided to give a club shoot every Wednesday afternoon as long as the ice lasts. After the shoot the boys were treated to a nice little spread prepared by Mr. M. Kramer. You will appreciate that the club house is built on Bell Island, or the city park, consequently they will not be able to shoot on the Park Grounds proper. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	15	15	25	15	15	10
Scotten	6	5	6	5	5	6	9	4	3	5	8	8	13	10	11	3
Avery	8	6	9	6	7	6	6	7	12	9	7	..	19	..	..	..
Marks	2	6	8	6	5	8	4	6	8	8	12	8	9	..	..	..
Menier	6	10	6	8	7	5	6	7	8	6	12	9	..	..	..	..
Cabinaw	6	6	5	7	1	4	4	6	8	6	..	10	..	8	10	..
Brady	8	4	6	7	4	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
Weisse	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	6	..	..	..	..	..
Tristan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	6	9	..	14	..	..
Kline	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	11	8	6	9	15	..	..
P Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	13	5	13	11	18	11	13
Morris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	12	..	..	6	10
Corbett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	5	10	11	12	12	..
Brossy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	..	..	..	..	..
Wallich	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	14	8	..
Boyd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	..	10	10
Stolle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	..	7	..
Hall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	14	9
Schmidt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	9	..
Turnbull	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..
Doran	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
Rohrig	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Kramer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Habel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..

No. 16 was at 5 pairs.

DETROIT.

Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League.

WARREN, O., Feb. 4. The spring meeting of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League was held in the city of Warren, O., to-day. The following cities were represented: Meadville, by Messrs. Ergot and Kride; Greenville, by Messrs. Henlein and McGary; New Castle, by Messrs. Weakland and Andrews; Youngstown, by Messrs. Ewalt and Jones; and Warren, O., by R. W. Ewalt and Geo. H. Jones.

The tournaments held by this League the past year were the largest held in the Middle States, the attendance averaging sixty, and the prospects are most flattering for still greater success the coming season.

The Remington Arms Co., Cleveland Target Co., King Powder Co., E. C. Powder Co., U. S Smokeless Powder Co. and Du Pont Powder Co. have made the League handsome donations to assist in making the list of prizes attractive.

At the monthly tournaments given by the League each city will be represented by a team of five men, who will compete for the trophy cup and prizes. Before and after these contests sweepstake shooting will be shot, open to all.

The following dates were chosen: Youngstown, O., April 16; New Castle, June 10; Greenville, Pa., May 20; Meadville, Pa., July 22; and Warren, O., Aug. 19.

GEO. H. JONES, Sec'y.

An Interstate Team Race out West.

WE have received the following interesting item from Ogden, Utah, dated Feb. 6:

"Arrangements for a team shoot between a Utah and Montana team of four men each have been perfected and articles of agreement signed. The match is to be shot at Ogden, Utah, Feb. 22-24, for a purse of $800. A. S. A. rules to govern; each man to shoot at 100 live pigeons.

"The members of the Montana team are: John F. Cowan and M. Wright, of Butte, and James Conley and D. D. Twohy, of Anaconda. The Utah team consists of J. M. Browning, M. S. Browning, G. L. Becker and A. P. Bigelow, all of the Ogden Gun Club.

"The match has been arranged with a view to increasing the interest in trap shooting throughout the West, and it is expected that many of the trap-shooters west of the Rockies will be present, as reduced railroad rates have been obtained. There will be no difficulty in getting a fine lot of fast birds, as they are largely raised around Ogden.

"It is expected that two days will be consumed in shooting the match. The third day will be devoted to sweepstake shooting, and a general good time is promised to all who attend."

Hyde Park Gun Club.

HYDE PARK, N. Y., Feb. 9.—Several members of the Hyde Park Gun Club met this afternoon on the club's grounds, Lover's Lane, for the purpose of taking part in some events at target shooting. The day was a fine one for the occasion, the sky being clear, the sun warm, and not a breath of air stirring. The traps faced east and the targets were thrown against a sky background. Several spectators were present to watch the shooting. The scores made are fair, as, with one or two exceptions, all are novices at the traps. The scores in the 25-target event were as follows:

```
Baker.....11111111111101001111011110—20
Russell.....10111111101111111110011110—20
Blumfield.....01000111111011101001011111—16
Hover.....11010111011001111000000000—11
Bethsworth.....01110011111001001000100001—11
Leonard.....01010010001000011101100000— 9
Wicker.....01100010100000000000011011— 8
Rogers.....00000110001100010000011000— 7
Zepf.....00000000000000000001100001— 3
```

SECRETARY.

Grand American Handicap.

THE PROGRAMME.

THE programme for the Grand American Handicap is now ready for mailing, and advance copies of the same have been received by FOREST AND STREAM. In drawing up the programme the Association has been at great pains to make it a popular one. There are some new features on the list, features that we think have been very happily chosen Owing to the extra length of the reading matter in the programme, as well as to the number of important points touched upon, it is almost impossible to do more than give a review of its contents. Intending shooters should lose no time in writing to the secretary or to the manager for a copy of the programme, as there is sure to be a big rush for them. The secretary's address is John L. Lequin, P. O. Box 605, 44-48 Cedar street, New York city; the address of the manager is Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market. Pittsburg, Pa.

THE INTRODUCTION

is really a review of the past Grand American Handicaps, and as such will be of interest and must be allowed space in this issue. It runs as follows:

"The Interstate Association, in presenting the programme for this, its fifth annual Grand American Handicap, feels that it should do something more than make an ordinary announcement. There are reasons for this—good reasons. A few figures will tell the story.

"On April 5, 1893, the Grand American Handicap was inaugurated with an entry list of just twenty-one shooters. The tournament was held at Dexter Park, L. I. Of the twenty-one shooters four tied on 23, and shot off miss-and-out, Robt. A. Welch, of Philadelphia, winning in the fourth round. His handicap was 28yds. The others who tied him were Noel E Money (28), George Work (30), and Ferd. Van Dyke (30). There were three moneys, divided as follows: $477.50, $163 50 and $ 11; a total of $755 in the purse.

"The second annual Grand American Handicap was also held at Dexter Park, L. I., the date being April 5, 1894. That the event was growing in popularity is plainly shown by the fact that the entry list numbered fifty-four. Of this number, Capt. A. W Money (30) and T. W. Morfey (28) each scored 25 straight, tieing for first and second moneys. On the shoot off at 10 birds each scored 8 and tied again. They then shot off miss-and-out, Morfey winning in the second round. F. G. Moore (29) won third with 24. The total purse was $1,335.

"The third annual Grand American Handicap was decided at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., on April 4-5, 1895. Once more there was a marked increase in the number of entries, 61 shooters sending in their names, 58 of the number competing; 3 paid forfeit. The total purse was $1,520—a large enough purse to satisfy anybody. Of the 58 shooters 3 scored 25 straight - J. A R. Elliott (33), Frank Class (32) and J. G. Messner (25) On the shoot-off at 10 birds Messner won with 10 straight; Elliott was second with 9, his lost bird falling dead out of bounds; Class scored 7.

"The fourth annual Grand American Handicap was decided at Elkwood Park, N. J., on March 25- 6, 1896. The entry list was a most gratifying surprise to the Association. From 61 in 1895 it had sprung to 109 in 1896 - a number greater than ever before in the history of trap-shooting in this country paid entrance money in an event of this kind. An entry list of 109 shooters in an open-to-all handicap at 25 birds, $25 entrance, birds extra, broke all records. The division of the purse, no doubt, had much to do with the increased list of entries, and something will be said on that point later. Only 5 men forfeited, so that the actual number of shooters was 104. Of that number not a man went straight. Eight tied on 24, while 13 were tied with 23 for the last 6 moneys. The purse under the system of division of moneys adopted by the Interstate Association providing for 14 moneys, high guns. On the shoot-off O. R. Dickey (29) won in the 6th round with a total of 30 out of 31. Messner, the winner of the previous Grand American Handicap, was handicapped at 29yds., and finished 11th. The total purse reached the great figure of $2,710.

"From the above figures, and trusting also to other attractions fully set forth later, the Interstate Association feels every confidence that its annual Grand American Handicap will continue, as heretofore, to hold its place as the leading live-bird event of America."

The next point touched upon is

THE SELECTION OF GROUNDS.

This portion of the programme deals with the choice of Elkwood Park for the second time in the history of the Association, and gives reasons why such choice was made. It closes with the following short paragraph: "Rain or storm, the Grand American Handicap of 1897 will be shot in comfort, and with the perfect system for rapid work in shooting off events possible with such appointments as are now in position at Elkwood Park, it will be feasible to shoot off the Grand American Handicap in one day unless the entry list reaches a mark higher than that of 1896."

Then comes the

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE MAIN EVENT.

So important are they that we extract them in full:

"Twenty-five live birds, handicaps ranging from 25 to 33yds., 50yds. boundary, with a dead line at the 33yds. mark; $1,000 divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to the three highest guns. All money in the purse in excess of $1,000 will be divided among high guns other than the three first. The number of parts into which the surplus money will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received; entrance money $25; $1,000 guaranteed by the Interstate Association, and all surplus added. Regular entries must be made on or before March 20, 1897, and must be accompanied by $10 forfeit; the remaining $15 may be paid up to the last shot of the second round. Penalty entries may be made after March 20, up to the last shot of the second round, by paying $35. Entries will be received at the New York office, John L. Lequin, Secretary-Treasurer, P. O. Box 605, 44-48 Cedar street, New York, N. Y."

The next page contains the

FIRST DAY'S PROGRAMME.

There are four events on the schedule, calling for a total of 39 birds. The conditions of the Nitro Powder Handicap are changed, and it must also be noted that all events are high guns, *not class shooting* In order the events and their conditions are as follows:

Elkwood Park Introductory: 7 birds, $5 entrance, birds extra, 30yds. rise, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. High guns, not class shooting.

Nitro Powder Handicap: 15 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, handicaps 25 to 33yds. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received, as is fully explained elsewhere in this programme. The handicaps contestants receive for the Grand American Handicap will govern in this event. High guns, not class shooting.

Branchport Sweepstakes: 10 birds, $7 entrance, birds extra, 30yds. rise, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent High guns, not class shooting.

Sportsmen's Delight: 7 birds, $5 entrance, birds extra, 30yds rise, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. High guns, not class shooting.

SECOND DAY'S PROGRAMME.

The programme for the second day as usual consists of one event only—the Grand American Handicap, the greatest event of the kind in the country, and an annual affair. The division of the purse is on the same system as last year, the trial in 1896 proving so extremely satisfactory. Shortly, the system is as follows: $1,000 is divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. among the high guns; the surplus is divided on the basis of two additional moneys for every ten entries over fifty. If there are more than forty entries (the number necessary to fill), but not more than fifty entries, the surplus over the guarantee of $1,000 will be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to the 4th, 5th and 6th high guns respectively The system is very fully explained, and provides for entries up to 150 With that number of entries there would be altogether twenty-six moneys. The explanatory article closes thus:

"Briefly summarizing the foregoing, it will be noted that the purse will be divided in accordance with the number of entries received; the three high guns in any case receiving respectively $500, $330 and $200 By this division two places are created for every ten entries over fifty. It is not possible for fourth money to exceed third, and the moneys would seem divided in such manner as to be just to all. For instance: If there are fifty entries, fourth gun would be entitled to $75, while eighth gun would just save entrance. If eighty entries, fourth gun would receive $190, and the twelfth gun $50. If 100 entries, fourth gun would get $195, and the 16th gun $45. It should be remembered that the Grand American Handicap is not class shooting, and high guns will win."

THIRD DAY'S PROGRAMME.

Shooting commences this day at 10 sharp, the first business being the completion of the Grand American Handicap if it is carried over from the second day. Then come three more events, all interesting ones:

Consolation Handicap: 15 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, handicaps 25 to 33yds. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received, as is fully explained elsewhere in this programme. Winners of money in the Grand American Handicap will have 1yd. added to their handicap. High guns, not class shooting.

Long Branch Scramble: 10 birds, $7 entrance, birds extra, 30yds. rise, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. High guns, not class shooting.

Auld Lang Syne Sweepstakes: 7 birds, $5 entrance, birds extra, 30yds. rise, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent, High guns, not class shooting.

As stated above,

ALL EVENTS ARE HIGH GUNS,

the Association having been tempted to change the old order of things. We recommend this change to the careful consideration of all shooters, and we venture to say that the vast majority will coincide with FOREST AND STREAM'S expressed opinion that the change is for the better. The Association has this to say on the point: "The Interstate Association being a progressive organization, and familiar with the requirements of such an event as the Grand American Handicap tournament, has deemed it best to make all events high guns. In making this change the Association has not moved without much thought. It has, however, been plainly shown time and again, at both large and small tournaments, that under the old system of class shooting a man 'could kill them all' and yet come out worse off in pocket than another who had missed one or more birds. This error the Association is attempting to correct and yet make this shoot a popular one with shooters. A careful perusal of the conditions governing each event will show that everything has been prepared with great care."

In the 15-bird events the system of dividing the purses will be on the same plan as in the Grand American Handicap—2 moneys with 1 to 10 entries; over 10 entries, 2 moneys additional for every 10 entries. In the 10-bird events and in the 7-bird events it will be "high guns, pure and simple"

THE GROUNDS DESCRIBED.

The description of the grounds is very full and ample. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM'S trap columns have already been made aware of the many excellent features of these grounds. In the reading matter on this point in the programme will be found the cut showing the location of the grounds which has made our readers familiar with the same. The arrangement of the club house, the facilities for trapping birds, etc., all this is treated of fully and makes good material for a programme.

The shooting rules will be those of the Interstate Association (Hurlingham rules revised) No guns larger than 12-gauge will be allowed, and all guns over 8lbs. in weight will be barred. Other points are as follows:

In order to expedite the shooting a contestant missing two birds in any event, except the Grand American Handicap, must drop out, with the privilege of re-entering in case he has a chance to win any portion of the purse. In the Grand American Handicap it will be three misses out with the same privilege Shooters calling "no bird" on birds slow to start will be charged for same, providing they prove good flyers. All ties must be shot off at the original handicap distances. All contestants will shoot their score at the same traps.

Birds will be extra in all events. When entering for any event the shooter must pay for all birds called for in that event, in addition to the entrance fee. Money will be refunded for all birds not shot at on application to the compiler of scores, who will furnish rebate tickets that will be redeemed for cash at the cashier's office

HANDICAPS.

Messrs. Jacob Pentz, of *Shooting and Fishing;* Edward Banks, of FOREST AND STREAM; J. M. Taylor, of *American Field;* W K Park, of *Sporting Life*, and Elmer E. Shaner have been appointed a handicapping committee, and will handicap all contestants from 25 to 33yds. Half yards will be given wherever such course is deemed advisable.

In order to place all contestants on an equal footing, handicaps will not be announced until the evening of March 22, the day on which the committee meets.

HOW THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP WILL BE SHOT.

The manner of shooting the Grand American Handicap this year, and in fact all events scheduled for the tournament, is as follows: Shooters will be called to the score in turn, shooting their first bird at No. 1 set of traps; as soon as a shooter has shot at his first bird, he passes on to No. 2 set and shoots at his second bird on that set; he then shoots at another bird at No. 3 set and passes into the building through the right wing, waiting until it is time for him to go out and shoot at his 4th, 5th and 6th birds, and so on

In case the Grand American Handicap entries are so numerous that it is impossible to finish in good light on March 24, the referees shall stop the shooting at any time they may deem it necessary; in this case the shooting will commence at 10 o'clock, sharp, Thursday, March 25. Positively no entry will be taken, nor shooting up allowed, after the end of the second round. A contestant missing three (3) birds must drop out, with the privilege of re-entering in case he has a chance to win any portion of the purse. The Interstate Association reserves the right to refuse any entry.

ADMITTANCE TO ELKWOOD PARK.

An admission fee of 25 cents will be charged each day All contestants in the Grand American Handicap will receive a badge which will admit them to the park free during the entire tournament. Any shooter who is not a contestant in the Grand American Handicap will have the 25 cents paid for admission refunded (at the cashier's office) upon his making entry in any sweepstakes event.

COMFORT OF THE SHOOTERS

The comfort and convenience of the contestants, as well as the spectators, has been looked after carefully, inasmuch as the entire club house is closed in with glass front and heated throughout. The left wing, located within a few yards of the traps, will be reserved for the exclusive use of shooters, where they can witness the sport when not actively engaged in it.

COMPILER OF SCORES.

The office of compiler of scores will be filled by Mr Edward Banks: His services last season in a similar capacity are a sufficient guarantee of excellent results on this occasion Mr. Banks also will act as press representative.

FREE HACKS.

Conveyances will meet trains at the Elkwood Park stopping place and carry shooters free of charge to club house. Shooters are requested to make sure that they ride in the conveyances provided by the Elkwood Park management and show admission badge to conductor.

LUNCHEON.

A warm and substantial lunch will be served each day in the club house for the sum of 50 cents. Shooters desiring meals *à la carte* can secure same at Elkwood Inn.

SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

The Interstate Association having arranged for space at the Sportsmen's Exposition, in Madison Square Garden, New York, March 13 to 20 inclusive, entries for the Grand American Handicap will be received there during the period named. This will be a convenience to many shooters who contemplate taking part in the tournament.

The concluding pages of the programme contain a railroad time table, directions how to get to Branchport, and a full list of hotels, with their rates, number of rooms, etc. From the above extracts it will be seen that the work of getting up this programme has been no sinecure.

WHERE TO SHIP YOUR SHELLS.

This small point, small at least in a live-bird tournament, has been overlooked apparently. We can take it upon ourselves to say that all guns and shells shipped in care of Daly & Chanfrau, Elkwood Inn, Branchport, N. J., will be taken care of by those gentlemen, and will be delivered at the grounds free of charge.

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N Y., Feb. 6.—It rained hard here all day, but the steady downpour did not prevent 15 members of the Audubon Gun Club from taking part in the various events shot at the regular weekly shoot of the club this afternoon. In the club badge event, No. 3, Norris and L. W. Bennett tied for the Class A badge; on the shoot off Bennett won; Reynolds and Coomos were the winners in Class B and Class C respectively. Scores were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
E C Burkhardt	9	14	22	12	13	15	8	13	A Coombs	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..
Norris	7	13	24	10	13	15	15	14	McCartney	..	..	18	9	11	11	11	13
C S Burkhardt	8	12	21	12	13	13	12	13	Swipes	..	..	15	9	10	6	7	13
L Bennett	10	13	23	11	12	13	13	12	Waltz	..	..	20	10	12	12	12	11
Hines, Jr.	..	10	19	13	13	12	10	..	Reynolds	..	..	19	..	13	..	..	..
B Tolsma	9	10	20	..	..	..	..	..	G Brandle	7	13	..	6	..	..	..	..
W R Eaton	..	..	9	..	..	8	..	..	Fidler	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
									Simon	..	..	..	14	8	..	..	..

Event No. 1 was at 10 targets; 2, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, 15 targets; No. 3, 25 targets.

Michigan Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich., Feb 4 —Below are the scores made to-day on the grounds of the Michigan Gun Club. The conditions were 10 birds, 30yds., 50yds. boundary, $5, three moneys. Scores:

Marks	2222222222—10	Youngblood	1022011201— 7
Weisse	1221222021— 9	Mercier	2222222222—10
Renick	2222122121—10	Wood	2220 02121— 8
Brady	2221121222—10	Scotten	2201 2012— 8

DETROIT.

New Haven Gun Club.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 10.—The New Haven Gun Club held its second monthly shoot of the year to day. There was quite a large attendance, twenty members taking part in the different events. We also had as guests Messrs. Gaines, Parker and Davis, of Meriden, who shot along with the club. Mr. Davis distinguished himself by breaking 8 in a sweep at 5 pairs and tied for first place. In shooting off the tie he held out well, but finally succumbed to Stevens. Messrs. Parker and Gaines also shot well, Parker breaking 14 out of 15 at reversed angles.

The members of the home club did some good shooting, as will be seen by the following scores. Trap shooting has been practically dead for the last year or two through this State, but we expect to make things hum the coming season. Scores:

No. 1, 15 targets, reversed order: Parker 14, Clark, Whitney 13, Van Dyke, Bennett, Stevens 11, Cowel 10, Gaines 9, Gormley 8, Davis, Reggiori 7.

No. 2, 5 pairs: Davis, Stevens, Van Dyke, Gormley 8, Stevenson, Whitney 7, Ortseifer 6, Clark, Bristol, Cowel, Kelly, Washburn 5, Gaines, Reggiori, Parker, Merriman 4.

In the handicap the scores were:

Handicap, 30 targets, 15 known and 15 unknown:

		Broke.	Allow.	Tot.
Bement	001111111111111111110111111111	27	4	30
Stevenson	101101110111101111101111111111	25	5	30
Kelly	001111111111011111011101111111	25	3	28
Van Dyke	111110111111110111011111111111	27	0	27
Clark	111011111111111101011111111111	27	0	27
Bristol	101101110111111111111111111011	26	0	26
Ortsifer	111011111111011101111100011111	24	2	26
Cowel	111111011111111110110 01101111	25	0	25
Merriman	101011111 0 1101110301011111110	21	4	25
Bennett	111011101010111001100000111111	18	6	24
Washburn	0 0 001111110001 0110101001100	16	8	24
Reggiori	100100101110000011101111110010	18	6	24
Whitney	111101010111111011111111110011	23	0	23
Brown	001100110010110000101 0111011	15	8	23
Stevens	101111110 011111101111101101010	23	0	23
Potter	111111111011111100101011100011	22	0	22
Gilbert	100111011210101116001011110 10	19	3	22
Strong	111101110000100011110100011111	17	4	21
Kegelmeyer	000110001000000000010000010000	5	10	15
Gaines	011101111110100114111111101111	24		
Parker	011011010111110111100111111111	22		
Davis	101111000110011111101011111101	20		

Ties on 20 shot off miss-and-out, Stevenson winning in the 2d round Ties on 27 shot off also miss-and-out, Van Dyke winning in the 8th round. Scores in the team race were as below:

Team race, 20 targets, known angles:

Clark's Team: Clark 19, Van Dyke 18, Stevens 19, Cowel 19, Ortseifer 16, Gilbert 14, Strong 14, Stevenson 17, Kegelmeyer 9, Washburn 13; total 158.

Whitney's Team: Whitney 19, Potter 18, Bennett 15, Bristol 13, Kelly 19, Merriman 11, Bement 14, Brown 10, Reggiori 12, Bassett 15; total 146.

G. W. HAZEL, Sec'y.

Ft. Dodge versus Dayton.

FT DODGE, Ia., Feb. 8.—Five members of the Ft. Dodge Gun Club went to Dayton to-day to shoot a match at live birds with the same number of men from the Dayton club. We were nicely entertained by the Dayton Gun Club until the time for the match, 9 A. M., when we were taken to the club's grounds, which are nicely laid out and well furnished. The club has a house, a covered shooting stand, five expert target traps with electric pulls, five King live-bird traps, a wire fence boundary for live birds, and in general an equipment which would do justice to a far larger team. The club members are men whom it is a pleasure to meet, and are shooters of no small ability. The day was cold, dark and about as "ornery" weather as could have been made to order. Notwithstanding the efforts made to keep the club house warm, the shooters were all handicapped by the cold. The birds were a fine lot, only two failing to fly when the traps fell, and one of these was found to have been hurt; the other rose promptly on being flagged The shoot was nobody's game until the finish, though at one time Dayton was seven birds in the lead. Ft Dodge made a strong finish and won by one bird

This is the second match between the clubs, Ft. Dodge winning both by the narrow margin of 1.

Conditions: 20 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, A S. A. rules. Score:

Dayton Team.

O W Norman	02022 22220222222200—15
F Corey	20221022220220 2.022— 14
C D Waterbury	20 00000 020 020002— 6
C F Cole	200 222 2222222200 02 —15
W E Kinney	10220222220000 0000)—10—60

Ft. Dodge Team.

A J Reynolds	20210022 02022202220 —13
C A Bryant	21202 220 02202000 22—11
H F Carter	20120200022202122—13
J F Drake	22102020020002 2022—13
R Christen	02 02020 2 2220022 23—11—61

C. A. BRYANT.

Trap at Norfolk, Va.

NORFOLK, Va., Feb. 8—On Feb. 5 several of our shooters had a shoot at live birds and targets. The following, clipped from the *Virginian* of this city, of Feb. 6, tells the story of the live-bird shooting:

"At 2:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon a number of crack shots gathered in the old field opposite the Catholic cemetery and participated in a shooting match, in which birds as well as targets were used. The participants were: Messrs. Hurst, Fulford, Peed, Lambert, Smith, Barnes and Garrett, of Norfolk; Messrs. Gallagher and White, of Portsmouth, and Captain Cranmer, of the schooner Lydia B. Roper."

The score was as follows:

Capt Cranmer	1020222020— 7	J E Barnes	11100 — 3
W E Hurst	1111111122—10	W N White	20022 — 4
J E Fulford	1222220000— 6	P J Gallagher	2 200 — 3
L W Lambert	22222 1222—10	Blackburn	222 000002 — 5

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

F. C., Lehigh, Ia.—Address secretary A. K. C., 55 Liberty street, New York.

W. P. F., Jr., New York.—We do not know where to refer you for skye terriers; no breeders are advertising these dogs.

B., Hartford, Conn.—Give me the address of the American Spaniel Club. Ans. Rowland P. Keasbey, Sec'y, 874 Broadway, New York.

SUBSCRIBER, Rio, Wis.—Where can I secure an official record book of thoroughbred dogs of the United States? Ans. Address Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh, secretary A. K. C., 55 Liberty street, New York.

McK., Detroit, Mich.—Is it the accepted theory among sportsmen that imported pointers and setters lose to a considerable degree the sensitiveness of their nose by reason of the ocean voyage? Ans. Such a theory is not even promulgated by men who have any correct knowledge of the matter. It would be quite as unreasonable to advance a theory that the dog, by reason of an ocean voyage, has impaired eyesight, or hearing, or tasting, or feeling, all of which are functions of the senses, as is the power of smelling.

G., Fort Wayne, Ind.—Is it permissible for a pointer dog to have any erectile power at the base of the ears? Or is this feature an indication of poor breeding? The feature referred to above seems to be quite universal according to my own observations, although Points of Judging say "without any tendency to prick." Ans. All pointers and setters have more or less erectile power in the ears, which they frequently employ when in the act of listening. At other times they should hang correctly in place. The standard refers to ears which are naturally set too erect, or prick-eared.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Mardi Gras—New Orleans.

THE Southern Railway, the direct line between New York and New Orleans, announces one fare, round trip rates, from Washington to New Orleans. Tickets for sale on Feb. 26 to March 1 inclusive, and good to return within fifteen days from date of sale. The time between New York and New Orleans is thirty-nine hours, and the service is perfect in every respect. Dining and sleeping cars on the limited trains. For further information call on or address New York Office, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No 9. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE

346 Broadway

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

Most boys as naturally take to the rod and gun as young ducks to water. Encourage them in this if you would instil into their minds self-respect, self-confidence, an ardent love of nature; and develop in their young muscles such vigor and endurance as will enable them to defend themselves and their country in battle; and in peace to drive the hungry wolf from their doors. D. W. Cross.

FOREST RESERVATIONS DOUBLED.

ALMOST a year ago, in March last, we announced the appointment by the Secretary of the Interior of a forestry commission, consisting of experts nominated by the National Academy of Sciences. This commission was to go into the field and study existing forest conditions, and then to report as to these conditions, and to recommend what the Government ought to do in order to conserve and to increase our forests, and to make them of the greatest benefit to the country. The commission, as will be remembered, consisted of Professors Charles S. Sargent, Oliver Wolcott Gibbs, Alexander Agassiz, General Henry L. Abbott, Professor William H. Brewer, Mr. Arnold Hague and Mr. Gifford Pinchot. An appropriation of $25,000 was made by Congress to enable the Secretary of the Interior to meet the expenses of the commission's investigation and report on the inauguration of a national forestry policy for the forested lands of the United States.

The members of this body, except Prof. Agassiz, spent part of the summer in the field, traveling over much of the territory west of the Missouri River, and after their return to Washington undertook the collation of their observations and the preparation of their report. This was submitted some little time ago to the Secretary of the Interior, and by him was transmitted to the President with certain recommendations. As a result of this, the President on Monday last signed and promulgated thirteen proclamations, establishing thirteen additional forest reservations, containing in the aggregate 21,379,840 acres.

These reservations are scattered over a wide extent of territory, extending from the outlying mountain ranges in the plains country east of the Continental Divide to the Coast Range of the Pacific slope, and from the boundary line between the United States and Canada south to southern California.

The reservations so established are described briefly in the following list:

The Black Hills Reservation embraces the central portion of the Black Hills in South Dakota, with an area of more than 967,000 acres.

The Big Horn Reservation embraces both slopes of the Big Horn Mountains, including almost 1,200,000 acres.

The Teton Reservation covers nearly 830,000 acres, south of and adjacent to the Yellowstone Park Timber Land Reserve. This includes the Teton Range and Jackson's Lake.

The Flat Head Forest Reservation embraces both slopes of the main Rocky Mountain Range in northern Montana, from near the line of the Great Northern Railway, northward to the International Boundary. Its area is nearly 1,400,000 acres, and it includes in its eastern portion the lands purchased from the Blackfeet Indians by the treaty ratified by Congress June 10, 1896.

The Lewis and Clarke Forest Reservation embraces both slopes of the Continental Divide in Montana and extends from near the line of the Great Northern Railway south nearly to the 47th degree of north latitude. It has an estimated area of about 2,900,000 acres.

The Priest River Reservation includes portions of northern Idaho and northeastern Washington, and has an area of 645,000 acres.

The Bitter Root Reserve comprises 4,100,000 acres in Montana and Idaho, including the Bitter Root Mountains, tributaries of the Clear Water River, of the Salmon River and of the Snake River.

The Washington Forest Reserve extends from about 120° west longitude nearly to 122°, and from the International Boundary south to about the 48th degree of latitude, and embraces nearly 3,600,000 acres.

The Olympia Forest Reservation includes the Olympian Mountains, and embraces nearly 2,200,000 acres.

The Mount Rainier Forest Reserve is an enlargement of the old Pacific Forest Reserve by 1,267,000 acres, making a total of 2,234,000 acres.

The Stanislaus Forest Reserve is in the summits of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California, and includes about 700,000 acres.

The San Jacinto Forest Reservation in California embraces 737,000 acres.

The Uintah Forest Reservation is in northern Utah, and includes the northern slopes of the western part of the Uintah range.

These proclamations more than double the area of our forest reservations, and will be of incalculable benefit to the Western country. We have at last a basis for a satisfactory system of forest preservation.

The work done by the commission deserves the highest commendation, and amply justifies all that was said about its composition at the time of its appointment. It may be added that this work, admirable as it is, might however, have gone for nothing if it had not been for the intellligent appreciation of the subject shown by the President. His mind early grasped the importance of the preservation of our forests with intelligence and firmness, and he has shown himself earnest to do all that lay in his power in behalf of this subject. In fact, without the encouragement which the commission has received from him, it may be conjectured that the report and the recommendations now acted on would have been very much less sweeping and so less valuable than they are.

Everything that has so far been done by the commission merits the highest praise. It now remains for Congress to enact such laws as shall carry out the recommendations, which will, no doubt, be found in their report when it is published.

PROTECT THE GRAND CAÑON.

WITH each recurring session of Congress come fresh attempts to raid the National Park. These raids sometimes take the form of throwing open a section of it to settlement, or of running a railroad through it, or again of establishing a monopoly in connection with some special feature of the Park. There are always plenty of people collected in Washington who are ready to use this reservation—or for the matter of that any other possession of the Government—to further their schemes for making money. Such ambitions have perhaps nothing criminal about them, yet certainly when they take the form of destroying the attractiveness or the usefulness of the possession in question they are infringements on the rights of the public, and must be opposed by those persons who have the public welfare at heart, and by Government officials whose duty it is to look after the public interests.

The most recent of the attempts to injure the Yellowstone Park is an old one, revived now, and being pushed with vigor in the Interior Department—the project to put an elevator in the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone River, immediately below the Lower Falls. By means of this it is proposed to carry visitors to the Falls from the level of the upper river down into the bottom of the cañon. As we have said, this project is an old one, and it has more than once been denounced by the superintendent of the Park and by those who take the deepest interest in the reservation. It is difficult to imagine any scheme which would more effectually destroy the strange, wild beauty of the Cañon of the Yellowstone. The great charm of this marvelous piece of natural scenery—unequaled anywhere in the world—is that no evidence of man's handiwork is to be seen in it. To interrupt the purity of this scene by an elevator shaft, by an inclined railway, by an engine house and a tall chimney vomiting forth black smoke, would be actually to destroy the beauties of this scene. To do this would be a crime.

It is understood that application for a lease of land on which such structures shall stand and for permission to build them has been made to the Secretary of the Interior. What action might have been taken on the matter is unknown, for the new secretary of course can have but little knowledge of the Yellowstone Park. Fortunately the revived scheme was discovered by a gentleman of Washington who is one of the oldest, most watchful and warmest friends of the Yellowstone Park, and was by him brought to the attention of Senator Vest. On Feb. 16 Senator Vest introduced in the Senate a resolution, which by unanimous consent was considered and agreed to. The resolution reads:

"*Be it resolved*, That the Secretary of the Interior is requested to communicate to the Senate whether any action has been taken, or is contemplated to grant to any person or persons the privilege of erecting a steam plant, elevator or other appliances on the Yellowstone Cañon in the Yellowstone Park, for the purpose of conveying persons from the top of the cañon to the bottom; and the Secretary of the Interior is further requested to withhold any action in the premises until it can be determined by Congress as to the propriety of the granting of such privilege."

The resolution will undoubtedly bring out the facts in the matter, and will lead to a discussion of it which is very much needed. Usually a little publicity is all that is required to bring about the downfall of projects which are to benefit individuals at the expense of the public, and we shall be glad to have this one fully discussed.

There are many persons of the sternly practical sort who would be glad to build mills of different kinds all along the Yellowstone River, to take out the water from above the falls to run these mills, and to run the waste from the mills down into the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone. There are persons who would think the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone well destroyed if it brought to their pockets a single dollar, but the value of this cañon is not to be measured in dollars and cents. We have in this wonderful piece of natural scenery one of the acknowledged marvels of the world, and anything that defaces or interferes with its naturalness is entirely to be condemned, and if possible to be prevented.

The strongest friend which the National Park has in the United States Senate is Senator Vest, and he may be trusted to stand now, as he has always stood, sturdy in his defense of the Park. He will do all in his power to oppose this act of vandalism and to prevent the ruin of this grand piece of scenery. The present wonder and impressiveness of the Yellowstone Cañon are felt by all who visit it. It is real nature, and indeed the whole charm of the Park is due largely to the fact that few evidences of civilization are seen there. All who are interested in retaining somewhere in this country one little bit of real nature will be glad to lift their voices in support of Senator Vest in his efforts in behalf of the Park.

AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

IN this issue is given the fifth in the series of half-tone reproductions of Audubon's famous bird portraits, from the rare first edition. It is of the American golden plover. The list of plates already printed and to come includes:

THE BLACK DUCK, Sept. 26, 1896.
THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN, Oct. 24.
THE CANVASBACK DUCK, Nov. 21.
THE WILLOW PTARMIGAN, Dec. 19.
THE AMERICAN GOLDEN PLOVER, Feb. 27, 1897.
THE SHOVELLER DUCK.
THE REDHEAD DUCK.
THE PURPLE SANDPIPER.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE SPANISH MAIN.—II.

Fish and Fishing in Nicaragua and Costa Rica.

BY J. F. LE BARON, C. E.

The fish found along the eastern coast and in the inlets of Central America resemble in general those of Florida and the Gulf of Mexico. Like the Florida inlets, these waters teem with innumerable numbers of the finny tribe.

In Nicaragua, where I was stationed for over two years in charge of all the operations of the Nicaraguan Canal, I organized a crew, gave them a boat, and procured a 300ft. seine from New York. At this time I had twenty-eight camps of engineers and laborers, some of them containing over 100 men, at work on the line of the canal, including the dredges and snag boats. This fishing crew of three men kept these camps and my headquarters supplied with all the fish we could eat.

I noticed the following varieties: Mullet, 25 to 30in. long; crevalli or jackfish; rovalli, or "snout," as it is called in Florida, called by the Nicaraguan guovina; the rockfish (*Labeax lineatus*); kingfish (*Humbrina alburnnis*); redfish (*Coracionus*); drumfish or el tambor; the porgie (*Sogrus*); the mackerel (*Scomber colias*); the grouper, or, as they call it, "garupa" (*Serranus*), and many others.

There also occur in these waters several varieties of sharks (Spanish, *tiburon*), the sawfish or *peje sierra* (*Pristis squalus*), the hog fish (*Helops*), the eel (*Murœna auguila*), the barracuda (*Sphyrœna barracuta*), the tarpon or *grande ecoile*, and many others having only Spanish or Indian names whose scientific names I do not know.

In the fresh-water streams I found the guapote, which is the same as the big-mouthed black bass, called trout in Florida; also the zavolo and the zavolete (*Aloza*), the former of which grows to enormous dimensions (and is believed to be the tarpon, but I am not sure); the barbudo (*Cyprinus barbus*) or barbel; the tigrilla, the mojarra, etc., etc.

In Lake Managua they catch great quantities of a small white fish which they call sardines and which they dry in the sun, and which form in this condition a considerable article of trade. They consist of several mixed varieties, such as *Tetragonopterus*, *Antheinichtys*, etc., etc.

A very singular fact is noticed here, and that is that Lake Nicaragua and the San Juan River swarm with immense sharks and sawfish, which have not lost any of their voracity by their life in fresh water.

I saw great numbers of hammerhead sharks at the confluence of the San Carlos and San Juan rivers, fifty miles above the salt water.

There is a *Resquada*, or custom station, at this point, where I stopped several days while examining the site for a dam across the river, and in company with the officers of the station frequently bathed in the river; but while doing so we kept a sharp watch for the back fin of the monsters, and when we saw one approaching we at once beat a hasty retreat from the water.

This is the only place on this continent where sharks have been known to ascend and live in fresh water. They have been noted in the waters of the upper Nile and one other river in South Africa.

It is extremely dangerous bathing in the waters of Nicaragua. Not only are the waters—fresh as well as salt—teeming with voracious sharks, but there are great numbers of immense crocodiles from 12 to 20ft. in length, which are very bold and vicious. I lost two of my men on the canal, who were seized and devoured by crocodiles while bathing. One was a Jamaica negro and the other a Swede. The negro was bathing on Sunday in the harbor at Greytown in front of the receiving camp when he was seized and dragged under. His cries brought 200 men to the shore, who were in the camp. Many of them had rifles and revolvers, but the saurian dove at once, dragging the unfortunate man under water, where he soon drowned. The reptile rose again with him in his mouth after a little while, but it was seen that the man was dead. Several shots were fired at the animal, which dove again with the man's body, and neither was ever seen again.

The crocodiles of Central America are very different from the alligators of Florida. They are lighter in color, attain to fully double the length of the alligator and have a much sharper snout. The upper jaw is hinged, which is not the case in the alligator, so that they can throw it up at right angles to the body. They have a peculiar habit when sleeping on the sand banks of lying in the sun with the mouth wide open, the upper jaw standing. I have often seen them lying in this way on the sand banks in the San Juan River and the harbor of Greytown.

They differ from the alligator also in the manner of depositing their eggs, which they lay in the sand like a turtle, without making any nest whatever. The Florida alligator, on the contrary, makes a large nest of sticks and grass, often 10ft. or more in diameter, in the marsh or raised out of the shoal water of the morass.

I have never heard of the eggs of the alligator being eaten, but the eggs of the Central American crocodile are largely used as food by the Indians and negroes. The crocodile is much more ferocious and dangerous than the alligator.

The manatee or sea cow (*Manatus americano*), that cross between a fish and an animal which is supposed to be the origin of the fabled mermaid, is very numerous in the lagoons and rivers of the east coast of Central America. Their meat is very good eating, and is a staple article in the market of Greytown. The flesh is white, sweet and tender, somewhat resembling veal.

When we first arrived in Nicaragua we were told by some officers of the navy, who had been in the country on former canal surveys, that there were plenty of fish in the streams, but that they would not bite, and could not be caught with hook and line.

It did not take us very long to thoroughly disprove the latter statement. At first I was inclined to believe it, after making numerous unsuccessful efforts with different kinds of bait, but I saw the quiet pools in many places swarming with fish, and shot several, finding them excellent eating. Instead of giving up the matter I called to my aid one of my Nicaraguan servants, and with the camp doctor—a jovial Englishman, long a resident of the country—we started one day in a boat on the San Carlos River in Costa Rica to try our luck. Under the skillful tuition of the native we had no difficulty in capturing a fine string of guapote (pronounced warpote), identical with the black bass of Florida. We caught also several barbudos, or barbels, a good pan fish.

I had previously appointed a camp hunter for each camp, and I now supplied him with hooks and lines, and was pleased to find that the chiefs of the different camps reported a good supply of fresh fish brought in, which was a very welcome addition to the bill of fare.

On one of my numerous excursions to reconnoiter and map the country I ascended the Trinidad River to Lake Maniti in Costa Rica. This stream is an affluent of the river San Juan just above the Serapigui, about thirty miles above Greytown. The upper part of this river that empties into the Maniti Lake is a mere creek about 25ft. wide, and just where it debouches into the lake I had rare sport with a spinner on a long line trolling behind the boat, catching eight very large *guapote* or black bass from 20 to 32in. long in less than half an hour. I used no bait on my spinner except a red flannel rag. The fish were very gamy, often leaping clear out of water, and required skillful playing to kill.

The boats that we used were galvanized steel canoes, of which we had twenty-two, from 15 to 22ft. in length, made to order in New York and brought out on the ship with us. They had no rowlocks, but were paddled; the natives of that country not understanding the use of oars, but using the paddle to perfection.

My boat's crew always consisted of four men and a cockswain or *capitan*, who steered. All our traveling was done in these boats and in steamers on the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua, there being no roads whatever in the eastern side of the country. The small streams are all filled with logs, fallen trees often extending clear across and completely barring navigation. Sometimes we were obliged to take all our provisions and camp equipage out of the boats and haul them around on the bank; at other times, when the log was not too large, we would cut it in the middle and it would then sink sufficiently to allow us to pass, but generally we would haul the bow of the boat as far up on the log as possible, putting all the weight in the stern, the officers also sitting in the stern, to raise the bow. Then, when the men had hauled the boat as high up as possible, all the weight would be shifted to the bow, the officers standing there also, when the men, jumping overboard and standing in the water, would raise the stern and launch her over the log; the weight would be distributed again and we would continue our voyage. I crossed in this way, ascending the Trinidad River, fifty-five logs in a distance of ten miles. With wooden boats, or any less strong than the excellent steel boats furnished us, this would have been impossible, as the boat's back would have been broken and the seams opened; but these boats stood this work for over two years, until the bottom was actually worn through. Add to these troubles the fact that it generally rained twenty hours out of twenty-four every day, and some of the discomforts of canoeing in that country can be appreciated. This is on the east side of the great lake, or the country between the lake and the Caribbean Sea, where the rain gauges that I established and had measured every day recorded a rainfall of 298in. per year. On the western or Pacific slope the climate and country are entirely different, our rain gauges showing only 57in. of rainfall per year, and where good roads exist and the country is inhabited, and not like the eastern slope, a howling wilderness, without a single road or even a cattle trail for 100 miles. There are a few settlers on the immediate banks of the San Juan River, but none whatever back from the river.

At Castillo rapids there is a little town of perhaps fifty people, clustered around the old massive stone fort that was built by the Spaniards in 1673, and here the Nicaraguan Government maintains a custom house (Greytown being a free port) and a garrison of twenty-five or thirty soldiers.

At these rapids there are great quantities of the voracious fish called *zavolos*, or savages, from their ferocity. They will rush in a school at anything thrown overboard from the steamers, and it appeared an easy matter to catch them, so I got out my rod and line and baited with a piece of meat from the cook's galley and tried it. At the first throw a dozen fish from 1ft. to 2ft. in length rushed for the bait, and although I hooked one at once I was unable to land a single fish, for they would tear the hook and be off before I could play them or haul in. Several of the other passengers on the steamboat tried also, but with no better success. These fish are so voracious that they will attack any person in swarms when bathing and bite any part of the body they can reach.

While I was in charge of the surveys for the canal I had my headquarters on a small island in the San Juan River, called San Francisco Island, about forty miles from Greytown. While here I had some fish traps made and set in the river, and we caught quite a number of fresh-water crayfish about a foot in length and quite similar to a lobster, but lacking the large claws. We found them very nice eating.

I saw numerous tarpon in the river here, and one day I concluded to try and harpoon one. I had among my boatmen a Carib Indian, who, like all of that tribe, are very skillful boatmen and fishermen. I had provided myself with a good "lilly iron," a kind of fish spear so made that when a fish is struck the stick is detached and floats off on the water, the line being fastened to the spear head. We took about 200ft. of large line, about the size of a clothes line, to the end of which was attached a float or buoy made of bolsa wood, which is as light as cork, and which grows abundantly all along the river banks in that country. Thus equipped we entered a canoe and paddled out in the stream, which was about a quarter of a mile in width at this place. The Carib stood in the bow with the harpoon ready poised, scanning the water, while I slowly and noiselessly paddled the boat from my seat in the stern.

It was not long before he saw the silvery sides of a tarpon gliding across the bow of the canoe, and he launched the harpoon with so true an aim that the harpoon pierced the side of the fish, which gave a tremendous leap and rushed off, making the line spin out as if shot from a cannon. The Carib instantly threw overboard all the line and the buoy, which the immense fish dragged off, making it spin through the water as if dragged by a locomotive. Now up the river the buoy went, then across and back, the beautiful fish often jumping 6ft. or more out of the water in the vain attempt to free himself from the line, his sides glistening in the sunlight like burnished silver. But the harpoon held, and the weight of the drag and loss of blood began to tell on him, and gradually we could see by the slower movement of the buoy that he was succumbing. We picked up the harpoon stick and watched him, and for fully an hour he kept up the fight against death. Sometimes we thought he was dead and moved toward the buoy, but he would gather his energies and start off again, apparently as lively as at first. More than a dozen times he leaped clear of the water, falling back again and dashing the spray high into the air, and darting off with an almost indescribable velocity. At last, however, the float lay quiet upon the water, drifting down toward us with the current, and we paddled up to it and drew it in, finding the noble fish dead. We drew him into the canoe, not without some trouble and danger of capsizing, and returned to camp, where we found him to measure 6ft. 2in. in length, and very fair eating. The scales measured 2½ by 3in. each.

The object of the buoy is to give the fish play, and to drag him back and so tire him out. If the line had been fastened to the canoe he would have speedily overturned it, and probably have torn out the harpoon in his first tremendous rush. There is probably no gamer or more energetic fish than the tarpon. I have harpooned sharks, sawfish and big drumfish weighing over 1001bs., and jewfish of double this weight; but nothing that I ever saw so much resembles the embodiment of electrical energy as a tarpon. The fish in shape and general appearance resembles an immense herring.

The disciples of Izaak Walton will find abundant sport in Nicaragua and Costa Rica, and the naturalist will be rewarded by many unique specimens. The fishing in Lake Nicaragua is excellent, and one can stand on the beach at Greytown, as I have done, or on the rocks of Brito in the Pacific, and catch small fish, such as rockfish, sailor's choice, etc., in abundance. In the Caribbean Sea, off Greytown, I have had fine sport catching crevalli by trolling behind one of our tug boats.

We incidentally killed a great many fish with dynamite in the Descado and San Francisco rivers when engaged in blowing up logs to clear the channel for our steamboats to reach the canal line, among which were many strange and, to us, unknown varieties.

Great numbers of green turtles are caught in the Caribbean Sea, and they formed a staple article of food with us. I fenced off a part of the harbor at Greytown and bought these delicious turtles by the hundreds, keeping them in the "crawl" thus made until wanted to send to the camps in place of beef, which was difficult to obtain there, and more costly. We obtained their eggs also in large numbers. They are round, with a soft, membranous shell, about the size of a pullet's egg, and we became very fond of them for the table. It is impossible to boil them hard, like a hen's egg.

The fishing in Lake Nicaragua is very fine around some old wrecks at Fort San Carlos, and the small, cold streams falling from the mountains contain many small but fine fish; but I did not see any trout.

Natural History.

THE GOLDEN PLOVER*

(*Charadrius pluvialis*, Linn.).

The golden plover spends the autumn, winter and part of the spring in various portions of the United States, appearing in considerable numbers both along the coast and in the interior, and not infrequently on our highest grounds. A much greater number, however, proceed in severe winters beyond the limits of our Southern States, and the partial migrations of this species are much influenced by the state of the weather. They are more abundant along the sea shores of the Middle and Eastern districts, from the middle of April to the beginning of May, whereas in autumn they range over the interior, and more especially the Western prairies. In the early part of May they congregate in immense flocks, and commence their journey toward more northern regions, where they are said to breed.

The account which Wilson gave of this species refers in part to the bull-headed plover (*Charadrius helveticus*), although his figure cannot be mistaken for that of the latter, even in its first autumnal dress. But the editor of the second edition of Wilson's work has rejected the golden plover as an American bird, although he might have frequently seen it in the very markets of Philadelphia. The Prince of Musignano corrected this error in his valuable "Observations on the Nomenclature of Wilson's Ornithology." Mr. Selby, in speaking of the golden plover, gives it as his opinion that the bird so called in America differs from that of Europe. This opinion, however, I cannot consider as correct, as I have seen and examined the golden plovers of both countries, and have found their manners, tone of voice and appearance precisely similar.

This bird moves on the ground with sprightliness. When observed it often runs with considerable rapidity to some distance, suddenly stops short, nods once or twice, vibrating its body at the same time, and if it should imagine itself noticed it often lies down and remains crouched until the danger is over. At the time of their departure from the north, and while on the sands or mud bars on the sea shore, they often raise their wings as if to air them for a few moments. While searching for food they move in a direct manner, often look sideways toward the ground, and pick up the object of their search by a peculiar bending movement of the body. They are frequently observed to pat the moist earth with their feet, to force worms from their burrows. In autumn they betake themselves to the higher grounds, where berries as well as insects are to be met with, and where they find abundance of grasshoppers.

When traveling to a considerable distance, the golden plover flies at the height at from 30 to 60ft., in a regular manner, with considerable velocity; the flock, when large, forming an extended front and moving with regular flappings, an individual now and then uttering a mellow note. Before alighting they often perform various evolutions, now descending and flying swiftly over the ground, then curving upward or sidewise, closing and extending their ranks, until the sportsman is often tired of watching them; and, after all, the flock, just when he expects it to alight, may suddenly shoot off and fly to a distance. When they alight

* From "Audubon's Ornithological Biography."



AUDUBON'S PORTRAIT OF THE AMERICAN GOLDEN PLOVER.

within shooting distance, the moment their feet touch the ground is the critical one, for they are generally in a compact body, and almost immediately afterward they disperse. I have often discovered them, while flying from one place to another, suddenly check their course for a moment or two, as if to look at the objects below, in the manner of curlews.

While at New Orleans on March 16, 1821, I was invited by some French gunners to accompany them to the neighborhood of Lake St. John, to witness the passage of thousands of these birds, which were coming from the northeast and continuing their course. At the first appearance of the birds, early in the morning, the gunners had assembled in parties of from twenty to fifty at different places, where they knew from experience that the plovers would pass. There stationed, at nearly equal distances from each other, they were sitting on the ground. When a flock approached every individual whistled in imitation of the plover's call note, on which the birds descended, wheeled, and, passing within 40 or 50yds., ran the gauntlet as it were. Every gun went off in succession, and with such effect that I several times saw a flock of a hundred or more reduced to a miserable remnant of five or six individuals. The game was brought up after each volley by the dogs, while their masters were charging their pieces anew. This sport was continued all day, and at sunset, when I left one of these lines of gunners, they seemed as intent on killing more as when I arrived. A man near the place where I was seated had killed sixty-three dozens. I calculated the number in the field at 200, and supposing each to have shot twenty dozens, 48,000 golden plovers would have fallen that day.

On inquiring if these passages were of frequent occurrence, I was told that six years before such another had occurred immediately after two or three days of warm weather, when they came up with a breeze from the northeast. Only some of the birds were fat, the greater number of those which I examined being very lean; scarcely any had food in their stomach, and the eggs in the ovaries of the females were undeveloped. The next morning the markets were amply supplied with plovers at a very low price.

I have again applied to my friend William Macgillivray for an account of the manners of this species during the breeding season, which I now lay before you:

"The golden plover is in many parts of Scotland, but especially in the Northern Highlands and in the Hebrides, a very common bird. When the weather begins to improve toward the end of spring these birds may be seen flying over the shores or fields in their vicinity at a great height, in loose flocks, which now extend into a wide front, now form irregular angular lines, move with a quiet and regular flight, frequently emitting their peculiar soft notes, and at times uttering a singular cry, somewhat resembling the syllables *courlie-wee*. These flocks are leaving their winter haunts and returning to the inland moors, over which they disperse in pairs. In the beginning of May, should you traverse one of the dreary heaths, you will often hear the plaintive cry the plover, mingling perhaps with the feeble cheep of the dunlin or the loud scream of the curlew. Before you have advanced to any considerable distance there may come up and alight on some mossy knoll beside you a male clad in his beautiful summer vesture of black and green. You may approach him within ten paces if you are inclined, and in some districts it would be easy for one to shoot many dozens of them in a day at this season. After incubation has commenced the females seldom make their appearance on such occasions. Whether the males assist their mates at that time or not, they certainly do not forsake them. The nest is a slight hollow in a tuft of moss, or on a dry place among the heath, irregularly strewed with fragments of withered plants. The eggs, of which the full number is four, are placed, as usual in this genus, with the small ends together. They are much larger and more pointed than those of the lapwing, being at an average 2½in. in length and 1½in. in their greatest transverse diameter. The shell is thin and smooth, of a light grayish-yellow or cream color, irregularly spotted, dotted and patched with dark brown, and sometimes having a few light purple spots interspersed, the markings larger toward the broadest part. The young leave the nest immediately after they burst the shell, and conceal themselves by lying flat on the ground. At this period the female evinces the greatest anxiety for their safety, and will occasionally feign lameness to entice the intruder to pursue her. I have several times seen one fly off to a considerable distance, alight in a conspicuous place, and tumble about as if in the agonies of death, her wings flapping as if they had been fractured or dislocated. The eggs are delicious, and the young birds when fledged not less so.

"When the young are able to fly the plovers collect into flocks, but remain on the moors until the commencement of winter, when they advance toward the pasture lands, and in severe weather betake themselves to the low grounds near the shores. During continued frosts they feed on the sands and rocky shores at low water, and in general during the winter remain at no great distance from the sea.

"When a flock alights at this season on a field the individuals disperse, run about with great activity, and pick up their food. Sometimes one finds them so tame that he can approach within 15yds., and I have often walked around a flock several times in order to force them together before shooting. In windy weather they often rest by lying flat on the ground, and I have reason to think that at night this is their general practice. In the Hebrides I have often gone to shoot them at night by moonlight, when they seemed as actively engaged as by day, which was also the case with the snipe; but I seldom succeeded in my object, it being extremely difficult to estimate distances at night. The numbers that at this season frequent the sandy pastures and shores of the outer Hebrides is astonishing.

"The golden plover, although occasionally addicted to wading, evidently prefers dry ground, in which respect it differs essentially in habits from the *Totani* and *Limosæ*. It frequently probes the moist sands, and in summer the dry cow dung on the moors and upland pastures is seen perforated by its bill. It affords delicious eating, and in my opinion is scarcely inferior in this respect to the woodcock."

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

RANGE OF THE ANTELOPE.

Fort Assiniboine, Mont., Jan. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Antelope are never seen in the vicinity of this post under ordinary conditions. Early last November there was a snowfall of nearly a foot without drifting. This was followed by about five weeks of the most intensely cold weather, the thermometer going down to 40° below and ranging below zero all that time. Toward the end of this period large droves of antelope moved into Milk River valley for the food and shelter which they could not find in their usual haunts. They were in this part of the country something over a week when the weather broke, a "chinook" carried off the snow in forty-eight hours and nearly all the antelope vanished. A railroad man who is also a sportsman told me that he believed there were 40,000 head in Milk River valley between Havre and Glasgow—125 miles—that a band of them was seen every half mile. I saw six bands within three miles of this post and caught two individuals with my greyhounds. These antelope were slaughtered unmercifully; you could buy them at considerably less per pound than beef. For several weeks a band of several hundred were in a large field, four miles square, several miles from Havre. For all I know there may be some there yet; I know that some apparently had not been able to get out after several weeks. There are a few small bunches and scattered individuals that are still occasionally seen a few miles from the post.

Now as to their usual distribution. Last summer I had occasion to accompany a detachment conveying a band of Cree Indians to the Canadian line from the vicinity of Helena to Coutts, near the Sweetgrass Hills. I carefully inquired about game and found antelope rare during summer along Sun River and the Teton, but reasonably plenty in winter. Between Teton River and the Marias River I personally saw none, but several large bands were seen by our detachment North of the Marias, especially between the railroad and Canadian line, they were more than plenty. I suppose I saw a dozen small bunches in the course of an afternoon. I learned that they were always plenty in the vicinity of the Sweetgrass Hills, and was told by members of the mounted police at Coutts that they could find antelope any time without much trouble On returning to this post the detachment went to the eastward of the Sweetgrass. Antelope were not hunted, but one was killed and a number seen.

I later spent a month hunting in the St. Mary's Lake country. On the return of the detachment from there, the line of the railroad was followed. Between Blackfort and Chester, about 100 miles, antelope were common, although a large surveying party was said to have driven most of them out of the country. I know of the presence of a few antelope on Sage Creek, twenty miles to the west of here; and a sheep man on Milk River, about twenty-five miles west from here, told me he roped several fawns last spring.

In 1895 I served at Fort Yates, N. D., about sixty miles below Bismarck. I heard that antelope were reasonably plenty a day's journey back from the river, and I saw a tame one in Mandan at that time. I am told by officers here that antelope were plenty on the Fort Buford Reservation, N. D., recently abandoned, and understand that they are plenty during the fall and winter south of Glasgow. I believe antelope are plenty on the great plains north of Milk River, from its source to its mouth, but they keep well away in the bad lands and breaks and are seldom seen This country is the "abomination of desolation," without wood or water, absolutely rather than relatively, and with ordinary winters, which will not drive them from their usual haunts, the extermination of antelope in that section is far distant.

Edward L. Munson, Ass't Surg , U. S. A.

PRAIRIE DOGS OF THE PLAINS.

While conducting scientific investigations in the West a few years since I became interested in the prairie dogs (*Cynomys ludovicianus*) of the arid plains, especially in southwestern New Mexico and Arizona

So much has been written by various authors that a description is unnecessary. Some facts were obtained by me which I have not seen mentioned by others, and many which other writers have chronicled, are here recorded mainly because of their value as corroborative evidence.

In southwestern New Mexico these animals certainly abstain from the use of water, unless it be during the short rainy season, and I have no direct evidence that even then this animal makes use of its opportunities and uses it. It is believed by some that the prairie dog receives a sufficient amount of moisture from the grasses and other plants on which it subsists to answer all demands for water.

If this be the case, however, it could thrive without any water; for it has been demonstrated by long continued observations by me that the plants on which it lives contain such a small amount of moisture as at least to amount to practically nothing as such.

At certain seasons of the year the prairie dog becomes very fat; but where it gets sufficient food for this, especially at these times of the year, is rather difficult to say.

The villages vary from those containing only half a dozen holes to those containing tens of thousands and extending unbroken over a stretch of country seven miles in length. Such an extensive village exists on the plains west of Cook's Peak, in southwestern New Mexico.

Not infrequently the traveler will find old, abandoned villages with perhaps not a single living occupant; or at most, not more than half a dozen inhabitants.

At times a large village will quite suddenly become depopulated, and for no apparent reason. This phenomenon I have personally observed, and could find no good cause for it; neither could old plainsmen, who had observed the same thing, throw any light upon it.

It is sometimes the case, however, that a few families of prairie dogs will for some cause leave the old village and start an independent one of their own; and sometimes the place they select will be located in a narrow, stony valley or gulch, among the foothills bordering the plains.

During the late fall and winter the prairie dogs become very fat, as just stated, and their skins fine. In some cases during these periods large numbers are trapped for their skins and oil, both of which are said to possess considerable commercial value.

Stockmen generally look upon the prairie dog as an unmitigated nuisance, and use every known method to destroy them. During 1889-92, while I was in New Mexico, thousands were destroyed by various methods, poison being the most successful. The most barbarous and inexcusable method employed, however, was to fasten several large fishhooks into a board and place it in the entrance of their holes. In coming out the dog would meet with no difficulty from the obstructions, but on entering the burrow would invariably be impaled on these hooks, and being unable to extricate itself would be left there to die of starvation or to be eaten by its companions; for although a true rodent, the prairie dog is also under certain circumstances carnivorous in its habits, as I have abundant evidence to show.

It is often noticed that with a species which has a very great geographic range, especially in latitude, those individuals existing in the one extreme will exhibit in habits some quite marked departure from those of the other extreme. It is of interest, however, to note that with the prairie dogs their general characteristics and habits are identical—so far as I have observed and learned—throughout the great range occupied by them, and which extends from the prairies of the British possessions on the north to the distant plains of Mexico.

This being the case, I cannot do better than to quote a few statements regarding their habits from the excellent paper on the subject by Mr. Vernon Bailey, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, in its annual report for 1887: "The prairie dogs feed on grasses and various kinds of weeds indigenous to the regions occupied by them.

"Their holes run down at an angle never far from 45°, and seem to go straight in at that pitch for about 8 or 10ft. at least. (I often observed them to extend nearly, if not quite, straight down for the first 3 or 4ft.) The holes are usually smaller at the opening than further down; the entrances are slightly flattened, so that the two diameters are not alike.

"In most cases the dirt is thrown out of the hole all around, instead of in a pile on one side. It then forms a cone like a volcano around the opening, the rim varying in height from 10in. to less. The quantity of dirt thrown out varies much; at some places there may be two cubic yards of it, while at other places there is none.

"The earth is very hard at the edges of some holes, and forms a sharp rim around the hole. The animals are very shy. When they see you they run to the nearest hole, and then sit up like a gopher and watch until you approach within forty rods or less; then they dodge down the hole, or sometimes crawl part of the way in and continue to watch until you are quite close, but if shot then and killed they will slide down beyond all reach.

"When they are sitting up at a distance watching you, they keep up a chippering that is almost exactly like the bark of a very small dog, but is faster.

"While barking they keep their tails flapping up and down very fast, and also when they are running and when they start down a hole. In very many cases in these towns quite a large number of animals under ordinary circumstances occupy various holes, but have one hole which appears to be home, and to which they usually run if scared; and on reaching it they will all usually stand up straight around its margin to watch you, and when six or seven are there they certainly present a comical appearance.

"When six or seven go into one hole, generally the last one stays out and barks until approached quite near, when he too dodges in; and as you come nearer he gets lower down in the hole until almost out of sight, but keeps barking and flapping his tail until he thinks the danger is too near, then with a parting shake of his tail down he goes.

"When they run into their holes they will often come out again in a few moments, or perhaps not for an hour or even half a day. So far as my own personal observations go, they do not hibernate, at least not in their southern range."

In only one or two cases during my long series of observations on this animal did I observe the burrowing owl to live with them, and never did I see a rattlesnake in any of their villages.

Clement L. Webster.

Iowa.

AN INTERESTING PET.

Some years ago, while out in the mountains, I came across the works of a little animal that interested me very much. These occurred along the borders of mountain streams and wet, grassy places, and consisted of holes in the banks, trails under old logs, and always with places in the immediate neighborhood where grass and weeds had been cut down and packed away, and although I have since noticed these signs in many different parts of the Province, I have never been able to satisfy myself as to the identity of the author until about a year ago, when I was out after caribou.

We had climbed to the summit of the mountains between Adams and Shuswap lakes, and for two days had worked our way through a tangle of down timber and scrub pines till we finally came out on an open stretch of grassy land, which was to be our camping place during our stay in the mountains.

We pitched our tent beside a small stream, which, coursing its way down from the timber toward the open land, only showed itself at intervals from beneath a raft of moss-covered roots, fallen trees and brush. Here again I saw the work of the little "haymaker," as I called him, and I made up my mind to make his acquaintance before leaving. We were camped about 20ft. from one of the open places in the creek, and next morning the Doctor and guide had started out after caribou, and while I was standing by the fire watching this open space a flash of gray darted round its upper end, rested on a piece of rotten wood, dipped its hands down into the water and commenced with very rapid motions to wash its face. This done, it turned its head one side, listened for a few moments, then lowered itself on all fours and started to feed on some weeds that grew on the edge of the stream. The mystery was solved. I identified my little "haymaker" as the sewellel or bank beaver (*Aplodontia leporina*).

My gun was within easy reach, but the first motion I made toward it he was gone like a flash, and I never saw him again or any of his friends during our stay.

In September last a friend of mine in Seattle sent me a live specimen of this interesting little animal, and it did not take us long to become great friends. I kept him in a box with wire netting front, divided into two apartments, one for his eating room, the other for sleeping in. I made his bed of excelsior, in which he would bury himself so that no part of him was visible. In the morning when I went to feed him I generally had to whistle to get him out, when he would come with a rush, and shaking himself clear of the excelsior he would spring up the wire netting, hanging on by his long claws and making his lips go as if he were saying, "Now bring on your grub." I fed him on grass and dandelion. Of the latter he was very fond, and his mode of eating was very comical. He would grasp the dandelion by the lower end, slap the stalk once or twice into the dish of water which was kept in the cage, then starting at the lower end he would feed it in through the side of his mouth till the top or seed was reached. This he would throw away. I tried him

on apples, carrots and turnips, none of which he appeared to care for. When through with his meal he would very often wash his face, and his motions, though very quick, were strangely like those of a human being. He was very fond of play, but if a stranger came up he would scurry off to his bed. I never heard him make a sound.

It was my intention to take his photo and send it with this, but the other morning on reaching the museum the first news I received was that the little beaver was gone. He had eaten a hole through the wire netting and escaped.

Victoria, B. C. John Fannin.

BURLS AND THE CAUSE OF THEM.

The nature of burls is a subject that has not been so closely studied as it deserves. These curious and frequently valuable monstrosities on trees have, however, a law unto themselves by which they and the origin of them may be satisfactorily explained. In these woods of the Blue Ridge, where insects and birds and burls abound, the burls may be studied with interest and satisfaction to those who like myself permit their minds to have no rest until the true inwardness of what they see is discovered. This is a region of burly trees, not only both for the very common knots which go by the name of burls, but as to that other meaning, size or bulk. For here we have sassafras 30in. in diameter, poplars 9ft., chetsnuts 7 or 8, and the common laurel large enough to saw into boards, and as well trees with burls as large as flour barrels, and in some cases as sugar hogsheads. Being of a restless sort of mind, and always wanting to know the reason for things, I have studied these excrescences on the trees and have learned that they are due to various causes. The woodpeckers often start this abnormal growth; sometimes it is the nature of the trees themselves which are given to these deformities more easily than others, from the curly nature of the fiber of the timber, but mostly the cause is some injury by birds or animals which starts the curious growth.

Now your correspondent, to whom we are indebted for the drawing of a curious burl, is not exactly right when he says the bark of trees has no annual rings as the wood has. It is the habit of trees to make an annual layer of new wood, between the old wood and the bark, and one-half of this annual layer goes to make wood, and the other makes bark. This may be proved by the simple examination of the bark of some trees in which the bark has distinct annual rings, as in the redwoods of California, in which it is very conspicuous. But as the trees grow in size the outer layer of the bark cracks and forms the rough bark, as the inner layer is formed inside. Then the outer bark scales off and drops from the trees, in the way every woodsman who studies this growth discovers with as much ease as he does in regard to the annual rings inside the bark. Now when a bird—as the woodpecker, rightly called a sap sucker on account of its sucking the sweet sap of the newly formed annual ring of alburnum of the tree—bores holes in the hickory, which has almost as sweet a sap as the sugar maple, and the pine as well, whose inner bark is so sweet that the boys cut it out and eat it for its sweetness, the bird is after this soft alburnum, which in time forms two layers—one of bark and one of wood. Then the injured bark, in the effort of nature to heal the wounds, grows to excess around these rings, forming in time just such burls as the one described by your correspondent. Of course this new diseased growth takes on abnormal forms and in many cases just such forms as this. I have seen hickories of large size with burls around the tree several inches deep, and of such curious texture as when sawn and turned in a lathe will make beautiful ornamental work, the disturbed growth often penetrating quite through the wood.

I cannot refrain from mentioning another common mistake made by persons interested in fishing and fish. This is the common belief that fish are valued as food for the phosphoric acid they contain, and are consequently excellent for persons whoes brain needs stimulating. It was a most happy *double entendre* of that genial soul Mark Twain (who by reason of his name perhaps has a habit of making these double barreled jokes) when he remarked in response to a weak-brained youth who asked what size fish he might reasonably eat at a meal to strengthen his brain, was ordinary that a moderate sized whale might do for his breakfast. Now whether the youth's brain was weak, as some might believe, or the fish was falsely alleged to be overflowing with phosphoric acid, and consequently this impossible supply of it was needed on account of the small quantity of phosphorus in it, Mr. Twain never said. But reasoning from the truth of the matter, we must believe that the reply to this inquiring youth was really intended to mean that it was a mistake to think that fish are so well furnished with this element, or the brain either; for it is a fact that these common beliefs are wholly unfounded. The popular thought as to fish is based on the fact that stale fish often exhibit a phosphorescene when seen in the dark. This, however, is due to some molecular disturbance, much similar to the newly discovered Roentgen rays, which come from the vacuum tubes in which precisely this same light is seen. It is the light of the firefly, or glowworm as well, a light without heat, and precisely the same as the woodsman is familiar with in rotting wood. It is not due to phosphorus at all; and it is a well-known fact that the bright light following a ship at sea, lighting up the wake of it in a calm night like a brilliant flame, is simply due to the vast multitude of organisms in the water, which glow when disturbed as the glowworm does on land.

There is still one thing more I have to say, which is that your interesting correspondent Mr. Hough ought to take another name, which, as in the case of Romeo, would not change his interesting character nor the piquant flavor of his letters. It is exasperating to have to discuss the pronunciation of this gentleman's name with your readers, who visit us here in the summer in pursuit of sport. Says one, his name should be pronounced as "How," for bough is pronounced that way. But, says another, rough is pronounced ruff. Yes, says another, cough is pronounced coff. And another insists that dough is pronounced do, with a long o, and so on. Why does he not write Huff, and have done with this heart-breaking difficulty? H. Stewart.

Unusual Ducks in Currituck Sound.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While shooting on the marshes belonging to the Narrows Island Club, of Currituck county, N. C., I killed on Feb. 2 a young male European widgeon (*Anas penelope*).

During this day many widgeons were flying over the Big Pond in Brant Island, where I was shooting, but scarcely any of them manifested any disposition to alight in the pond or paid any attention to the decoys or to the calling of the boatman. They were what the boatman called "trade birds," that is to say, were making long flights from one point to another. Once in a while, however, a little bunch would come down toward the pond and would cut over the decoys, and in this way I secured a few. The specimen in question was a single bird flying quite high up, and was shot under the impression that it was an ordinary widgeon. It was not until the boatman retrieved it and brought it into the blind that I realized what it was.

The specimen has been preserved.

On the same day I shot here a hybrid duck—evidently the product of a mallard and black duck. This specimen in general coloration resembled the black duck, and was supposed to be such until brought to the blind. It was then seen that the upper part of the head down as far as the eyes was iridescent green, but a dark green, like the top of the head of a highly-plumaged black duck; not a bright green like a mallard. The lower neck and breast were suffused with a tint of rufous, the feathers being chestnut with dark centers. The speculum was bordered in front and behind by a broad, white star. The upper and under tail coverts were glossy black. This specimen and the one killed later showed the recurved upper tail covert characteristic of the male mallard.

A week later, Feb. 9, I killed at Pillentary Pond another of these hybrids. It was not precisely like the first, but differed from it chiefly in having the under tail coverts mottled, much as in the black duck, and in having the scapulars of the precise color of those of the male mallard, and the plumage of the shoulders and belly freckled with dirty gray. Both these birds bore a slight resemblance to Audubon's figure of "*Anas bimaculate*," but the body color was very much darker throughout.

These birds are not specially remarkable, yet are perhaps worthy of record. George Bird Grinnell.

Game Bag and Gun.

PHEASANT MANAGEMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In accordance with your kind request I have the pleasure to hand you a few notes on the management of pheasants, premising, however, that there are no hard and fast rules, beyond what common sense dictates. Climate, soil and other conditions vary so greatly according to locality, that what may be a necessity in one case will be unnecessary and even detrimental in another.

One thing is certain, viz., that pheasants have come to this country to stay, their introduction and propagation having long ago passed the experimental stage. Still I cannot say that every rood of ground in the States will afford them suitable accommodation and be acceptable to them as a future dwelling place; so many people have turned what might have been from the outset a pronounced success into an utter failure, from crude ideas about the nature and needs of these birds. They have thereby caused many others to consider them merely as an exotic toy, to be admired in aviaries, where they demand the utmost care, rather than as a hardy and prolific game bird, to which should be given the free range of the countryside, and which will in return afford splendid bags to the sportsmen each recurring year.

I ought, of course, to state here, for the benefit of those whose knowledge of pheasants may be but slender, that I am now referring only to those breeds which are used for sport, as distinct from the remainder, whose only claim for attention is founded on their gorgeous plumage, and whose fitting place is behind the wires of the aviary. These occupy, however, the longer list, and comprise such beauties as the gold, silver, Lady Amherst, Elliott, Impeyan and argus pheasants, to mention only a few of the best known. But to these I shall not allude further in this letter.

Now to hark back; when speaking of pheasants for sport four distinct kinds only are understood, viz.: the old English dark-necked pheasant (*Phasianus colchicus*), the Chinese pheasant (*Phasianus torquatus*), the Japanese pheasant (*Phasianus versicolor*) and the Reeves pheasant (*Phasianus reevesii*); also one hybrid, the English ring necked pheasant, which is the cross between the two first-named breeds. The Japanese and Reeves pheasants are not commonly used for shooting, and the pure old English bird is but little known in the States, though the chosen variety throughout the length and breadth of Europe. In the States the hybrid English ring-necked pheasant and the Chinese are alone propagated for the stocking of preserves, and everywhere in the Northern, Central and Eastern Territories the former has rightly taken the first place. I will not now enter upon the consideration of the points that cause the Chinese bird to be less suitable for sport than the English ring-necked pheasant, as I want to commence without further delay my remarks on their proper management as game.

I have already remarked that not every place will be naturally found to be or can be made a fitting abode for pheasants. They have their likes and dislikes the same as everything else in this world, and their choice of a favored spot is often unaccountable and not amenable to any human explanation, and *vice versa*. They are essentially a woodland bird, but there must be plenty of arable land in their vicinity, where they can feed on the fallen grain and scratch in the stubble for insects. In the daytime, especially early in the morning, and again as the shadows lengthen of an evening, they will be found roaming over the fields in their search for food. At these times if disturbed they will wing their flight back to their leafy shelter or "scoot" for the protection of the nearest hedge. It is useless to put out pheasants where their natural food is not abundant, for they will not remain there to starve. They will not inhabit large forests any more than open expanses. Much, of course, can be done to render a very unlikely place entirely acceptable to them, in the former case by clearing open spaces or forming glades where crops of buckwheat or millet can be grown for their delectation and support. If, on the contrary, the land is bare of any trees, spinneys must be planted to hold the birds, affording warmth in the winter and shade in the summer, besides roosting places at night. They will at once make their home in and never leave any wooded hollow, where cedars and other evergreen trees abound, through whose depths runs a never-failing stream, and which lies amid fields of grass and grain. Such is an ideal harborage for them, where their every want will be supplied.

I am often asked whether it is better to begin by buying eggs or birds when desirous of establishing a head of "long-tails" in a preserve. This is a question that no one can satisfactorily answer without a fuller knowledge of the circumstances and surroundings of the locality than is generally to be gleaned from a letter or a brief, perhaps vague, description. When the experience of these birds is not large and the amount of the initial expense is of secondary consideration, I would, as a rule, recommend the purchase of birds as the easiest and surest mode, due common sense being used and advice asked, and when given followed out.

There are, needless to say, two ways even of putting out pheasants in a wood or coppice: a right and a wrong. Never let them loose in the daytime, when, being frightened, they will fly and run till their strength fails them, and they finally come to a halt on a distant neighbor's land, never to return to yours. On the contrary, carry them of an evening to the selected thicket, and at some spot where the shade is densest open gently the case containing the birds and retire. They will then, finding themselves at liberty, seek at their ease repose on some bough close by. With the dawn they will investigate all the nooks around, and if satisfied take up their abode there permanently. Should such change of domicile happen between the late autumn and the early spring, it is advantageous to scatter grain in some glade or favorite resort to insure them a sufficiency of food, however deep the snow may be lying, and thereby save them from encountering icy breezes in the open. A pheasant has no objection to cold even when it is far below zero, but it does detest those cutting arctic blasts that would shave a brass monkey. To still further secure their attachment to the place, I would recommend the making of a small wire inclosure, open at the top, among the trees, in which to place the birds after cutting or pulling out the feathers of one wing. It is only necessary to extract the cut quills five weeks before the date desired for liberation from the pen, by which time the lost plumage will be renewed, and meanwhile the strangers will have become perfectly at home in their new surroundings.

The same man must each day give them their food and water till they are full-winged again, when they will fly out of their pen for exercise in the exuberance of their spirits. The scene of their captivity will continue to have an attraction for them for some time, being a species of cupboard love, and they will haunt its vicinity in hopes of finding food till frosts are past. The date of their self-release should be timed for the commencement of the breeding season, that is to say, about the first days in April, as such occupation will be an additional tie to the spot. The great point to remember is to thoroughly establish your stock on the place, to get the nucleus of your pheasants permanently attached there. Certainly some birds more enterprising than others, or preferring more elbow room, may wander away; but if your pheasants have once taken a liking to the place, and gone through a nesting season there, very few will seek other quarters if properly thinned down by the gun. It is an utter waste to turn out pheasants in a large forest, through which they will wander for miles on end, with no inducement to halt anywhere. They will never be found again, any number short of many thousands being swallowed up by such a vast, wild expanse.

I should have mentioned that in trying to set up a stock of pheasants no efforts will be fully repaid, no success will be perfect, unless a determined and continued onslaught is made on their foes, furred and feathered. The brook so necessary for their comfort is the lurking place of the mink. The grateful shade of the trees harbors hawks and owls, and many a brood will be left motherless, and many a hen be bereft of her young, unless all such depredators be ruthlessly exterminated.

Now let us turn our attention to the alternative manner of providing a head of pheasants for a preserve, namely, by hatching their eggs under fowls and rearing the progeny by hand. Volumes have been written on this most interesting subject, and I can now but briefly sketch out the main rules within the limits of this letter. Well, if this course is adopted one important fact must be remembered: that these birds only lay during two months in the spring, and the early laid eggs are the more fertile and their chicks the more easily reared. So, having decided to buy eggs, procure them as early in May as possible, a sufficiency of barnyard hens being ready against their arrival. Bantams are quite unnecessary, as they cannot cover more than seven to nine eggs apiece. Any hen with clean legs, not weighing more than 3lbs., will do equally well, so long as she is not clumsy, sits well, and can easily cover fifteen eggs. If the nests cannot be made on the ground, put a large, thick sod at the bottom of each, slightly hollowed out, with a wisp of straw suitably arranged around it. The ventilation must be plentiful and all the surroundings clean and sweet. Do not place the eggs under hens in close, dirty, smelling houses. Air penetrates the shell through the pores, and a foul atmosphere will weaken and often destroy the embryo. Leave the hen during the period of incubation as much alone as possible. If she is a good mother no one can teach her her business; if a bad one, remove the eggs at once to the care of a better. Should any be broken in the nest, wash the others well in warm water and remove every particle of stale yolk; and do the same should the hen foul her nest, as some close sitters do. If a hen when incubating becomes restless, do not wait till she has finally resolved to abandon it altogether, nor try to induce her to change her mind. It is a sheer waste of time, and what is far more serious, a waste of the entire nestful as well. At once, therefore, remove the eggs to another hen—not another hen onto the eggs. Sometimes a hen will suddenly give up sitting, but never during the night time, when sleep compels her to crouch down on her charge. So if the round of the sitting hens is made early each morning, and one be found tired of her duties, the eggs can be placed under another before any harm will have come to them. When the embryo has once attained any size its life-retaining powers wax stronger each day, so that after the first fortnight they can remain on a warm day neglected even for hours without any more deleterious results than a slight delay when the date for hatching comes round. The duration of incubation for pheasants' eggs is twenty-four days. As soon as the eggs begin to chip shut the hens in, leaving no crevice, because the young ones will run as soon as dry and try to escape. Let the hen remain absolutely untouched till all the eggs have hatched and the poults are strong and dry. The day previous to hatching I always go round each nest, and by gently shaking the eggs I can tell the good from the bad. The addled ones I remove, so as to leave more room for the fledgelings. Before quitting this point let me warn against using an incubator—a sure means of wasting money, time and expletives.

We must next direct our attention to the place where the rearing operations are to take place. It is as well to choose a field in close proximity to the covert which the birds are destined to inhabit later on. The soil should not be of a damp, wet-holding nature; on the other hand, if it is sandy it may be too hot and void of an abundance of insect life, which is absolutely essential. Nothing is better than a field

on a gentle slope, bearing a good crop of clover and timothy. The poults must be well protected from the broiling rays of the sun, and the clear stems of the clover do not clog the young birds with wet to their exceeding detriment in rainy weather or when the dews are extra heavy. It is all important to keep the rearing field free from intruders of every kind, so the space needed should be inclosed with wire 8ft. high, the lower portion being snake and vermin proof. In this inclosure coops should be placed 15yds. apart every way, a narrow path being mown to connect each. The coops are constructed of thin planks, 2ft. square on the ground, with a sloping roof 20in. high in front and 10in. at the back. The front of the coop should be barred with lathes sufficiently wide apart to allow the young birds till two months old to pass between, but close enough to retain in confinement the maternal hen.

Everything being in order and the little pheasants being strong and lively, remove them and their mothers in baskets to the rearing fields and place them in the coops. In front of each coop construct little yards, a broad plank high, 2ft. wide and 3ft. long, in which to confine the little creepers till they have learned their mother's call and are strong enough to make their way through the grass. These yards are only required for the first two or three days, and when dispensed with the coop must be daily moved onto a fresh piece of turf.

As regards the food of the young pheasants, fowls' eggs must be their chief sustenance. There are many ways of preparing them. The easiest way and certainly as successful as any is to boil them hard and when cool hash them up, shell and all, quite small. Then add some bread crumbs, or, what will save an immensity of trouble, the finer portion of Spratts patent game meal, slightly soaked in water. Thus an excellent food is ready. Some people prefer to give custard made with sweet unskimmed milk and eggs, from which the whey has been expressed. But this is slightly more troublesome to prepare After a fortnight the food need not be given quite so fine and a little well-boiled rice and chopped lettuce can be mingled with it. Some barley and corn meals should be sifted over the other ingredients, enough to make the mixture neither sloppy nor too floury, but of a crumbly consistency. When the birds are a month old add some meat to the other food, and if more bulk is required some boiled potatoes pressed through a colander. During the first month the food should be given six times a day, and the frequency reduced by degrees to three times a day at ten weeks, when whole grain can be substituted for the last meal each evening This is a brief account of how to feed the young birds till they are old enough to leave the maternal care and fly away to the woods. Then they will be able to support themselves for the remainder of their existence, till a charge of No. 5 causes it suddenly to cease.

When first put in the coop the hen requires no more food than is given to her young ones, as she must teach them to eat. Afterward a handful of soaked grain can be given to her every day.

The giving of water to young pheasants is a very much debated subject. It is unnecessary in damp weather, but when the days are hot and dry I consider it a *sine qua non*. The water must be fresh drawn, given in a china saucer, and only left for the birds to drink of for ten minutes.

Of course, where an unlimited supply of ants' eggs can be got regularly, nothing exceeds their perfection as the principal article of diet, but it is dangerous to commence giving them if the quantity obtainable is doubtful, for the young birds find them so appetizing that they will not touch any other food when once accustomed to this, and will often pine away sooner than accept other sustenance, which would otherwise have contented them.

A much vaunted but entirely overrated article of nutriment are maggots. They are quite unnecessary considering the extremely offensive operation entailed in procuring them, and if needed on a large scale the neighborhood of the charnel house becomes perfectly pestilential. I once essayed to rear some thousands of young pheasants on this diet, and as half a dozen dead horses a week were required, I rendered the life of everybody, including my own, unbearable for a radius of a mile round. In addition, the maggots must be very carefully prepared or they will scour the poults, and so do more harm than good.

I have forgotten to mention the chief ingredient in the pheasants' food, viz., common sense. The exercise of this quality and scrupulous cleanliness in everything connected with the birds far outweigh experience alone.

The last subject is the diseases that young pheasants are liable to. Their chief complaints are four in number, viz., gapes, scours, blindness and cramp. In every case prevention is better than cure. If the ground is damp, low-lying, or is in any way not sweet and clean, especially if lately run over by fowls, gapes will infallibly annihilate the broods. The scours are caused by ill-prepared food, either stale or sour, or put in dirty utensils. If too much food is given and allowed to lie in the sun the birds will soon sicken. Blindness is generally the result of an insufficiency of shade, and cramp comes after wet where there is no natural drainage. Young pheasants will never recover entirely from any attack of these four destroying agencies, even if their lives are saved. So again I urge to avoid giving any excuse for the presence of such pests

In these few notes, which I trust will prove of use to those anxious to stock their demesnes with these superlative game birds, I have carefully avoided all really controversial points, and have tried to give as much information as possible within a brief space. Needless to say, I have not been able to enter at length into details, or been able to give all my reasons, or fully discuss the pros and cons. Nor have I been able to attend to the many nostrums advocated as infallible for pheasants, nearly all of which are needless. Only remember that till the down on the occiput is replaced by feathers, young pheasants are more delicate than chickens; but that when once approaching maturity, they will undergo severities of climate that would exterminate the hardiest barnyard fowl.

In the winter time I have often over a thousand pheasants on an open, exposed field, the snow lying 1ft. and more deep, and the thermometer ranging about zero, and never a bird sick or sorry. No greater proof can be given than their success in Vermont and Nova Scotia, where I have sent lots of these birds for stocking preserves I have written the above for sportsmen who may desire to rear a more or less considerable head of pheasants, not for the mere dilettante who potters around a coopful of poults, and at the end of a few weeks proclaims his experience, as often wrong as right *urbi et orbe* for public admiration and guidance. The rearing of pheasants is not a new art, but was reduced by our grandfathers, and by generations before them, to a regular system. I have occupied myself with the practical management of these birds for over a dozen years and am still learning, taking world-wide authorities as my guide, backed by experience. I shall be glad if the knowledge I have gained and sketched in outline above may be of some slight service to all good lovers of sport. VERNER DE GUISE.

MAHWAH, N J.

CATCHING A DEER.

NEW YORK, Feb 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It isn't everybody who can put salt on a bird's tail, neither is it everybody who can get their hands on a deer's tail, providing the deer is running at large in the full possession of his powers and understanding. When such a feat is accomplished, therefore, it is worthy of mention, and particularly when the facts of the case are so well substantiated as the deer-catching episode in which Mr. Champaign (spelling not guaranteed), of Whitehall, N Y., took part.

Last week I was in Whitehall talking with Mr. C. B Pike, the spoon bait manufacturer, when a little man ran by the front door, his coat tails flying and evidently in a hurry. Mr. Pike no sooner saw him than he exclaimed, "There's Champaign, the Frenchman, that caught the deer on South Bay," and he sent one of his clerks after him post haste, so that I could hear the story from his own lips.

Meanwhile Mr. Pike volunteered a few words of explanation.

A few weeks previously he had been hunting rabbits on a mountain overlooking the South Bay of Lake Champlain, which was frozen from shore to shore, and on whose surface a number of men were fishing through holes in the ice, when he saw a deer dash out of the woods, pursued by a cur dog. The deer ran toward the fishermen, and, as luck would have it, came so close that one of them, the Frenchman Champaign caught it.

Here Champaign appeared in person in tow of the clerk. He was a swarthy little French-Canadian of wiry build, with a scrubby black beard, and very voluble. During the conversation which followed he never stood two consecutive seconds in the same spot, and as he became interested in his recital he gesticulated like a man fighting flies. They say a Canuck couldn't talk with his arms cut off.

Yes, he had caught the deer, he was willing to acknowledge. "Not bad for a hol' man fifty-five years hol', eh? An' Ah'll tell you he kicked to beat the band when Ah get a-straddle of 'im, now didn't he, Mr Pike?"

Then he of the effervescing name proceeded to go into detail.

"Ah see him comin' at me, and Ah jumped out an' waved me 'at, an' the deer he slipped an' fell out like a wet towel on the ice.

"He was so far from me"—Champaign indicated a distance of about 10ft. to the door. "No, little mite furder," and he moved back about 6in

"His legs slip out in front, an' Ah think Ah'll have 'im, but he jumps up and come right for me Ah stepped to one side, an' as he went by Ah grabbed 'im by the tail an' down he went, and down Ah went too. That deer had the biggest tail Ah'll ever see, eh, Mr. Pike?" and Champaign indicated its size in the manner of fishermen describing their big fish.

"Yes, sah, his tail was 3ft. long. The deer he shook me once, but Ah got 'im again by the tail an' held 'im till Ah got a-straddle. He couldn't hurt me none, for Ah had on this big coat and these lumberman's leggin's So Ah took ma belt from around ma coat that held it together an' Ah stopped the deer's front legs, an' then Ah took some string and I tied his hindlegs together, and when Ah look up there was mos' fifty men standin' all around, looking at me an' the deer; but Ah got him all alone, didn't Ah Mr. Pike, hein? Den Mr. Pike he tell me Ah'll better let the deer go —'gainst the law to have deer in January. Ah'll didn't want to keel 'im, Ah wanted to take 'im home an' tie 'im up an' keep 'im. But Mr. Pike he said, 'Better let 'im go' He was fat, an' wasn't he pretty! He'd weigh over a hunderd dressed Sleek as a calf, but Ah didn't want to keel 'im. If Ah'd been there all alone Ah wouldn't have taken my knife an' cut his throat. No, sah, not me.

"Some of those mens said Ah caught 'im because he was too tired to stand, but when Ah'll let him go he went over the tops of those bushes like a bird. Den when he got to the edge of the woods he stopped and looked back over his shoulder. Wasn't he pretty! You wanted to raise your gun and keel 'im yourself, now didn't you, Mr. Pike.

"Ah'll wish Ah hadn't let 'im go! Ah'll never catch another deer by the tail like that, not me; no such luck! eh, Mr. Pike?" J.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Story of a Book.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 12.—When I was a boy I had a book. It was the first book I ever really and truly read. Of course I read in the "readers" at school, passing from the "Primer" up through the "First Reader," "Second Reader," "Third Reader," "Fourth Reader," and even the "Fifth Reader;" but I went through these literary collections of Mr. McGuffey's not because I wanted to, but because I had to. I also early in youth gave great delight to my good parents by assiduous reading of the Scriptures, until it was by chance discovered one day that I was confining my studies entirely to the Old Testament, more especially to those portions which described the fighting and great battles between the contending kings. The first book, then, that I ever really and truly read was this one that I have now in mind. I began upon it when words of more than one syllable were stumbling blocks. By the time I had gotten so far along as Mr. McGuffey's "Fourth Reader" I had quite gone through this book from front to back. Then I read it through again, again and again, until by the time I was ten or twelve years of age I had read it I should not like to say how many times.

It was a rather big book for a little fellow to handle, so I used to put it on the floor, pound it out flat with my fist, and then lie down on my stomach and read it by the hour. I read the covers off it, made of stout leather though they were, I read the yellow Indian off from the back read the title page off, read the frontispiece away; and page by page read the entire book away, until after a while it had vanished into thin air, going no one knew whither Before this time had come, my dear mother had sought to preserve the book by sewing together the stout leather backs where they had broken apart at the creases. Seeing that this would not do, the dear old lady made for the cover of the book a handsome backing of black and red checkerboard velvet, which I remember was constructed from a frock I wore before I got into the "First Reader," and which was, in our family, considered to be a very swell affair. Gradually I read away this cover also, and so on until, as I have said, the book was gathered unto the good fairies who produced it It made no difference; its contents were in my head. By day I rehearsed the actions of its chief characters, practicing the loading of my (wooden) rifle while running at full speed, *in lo* Lewis Whetzel, or acquainting myself with the best way of detaching the scalp from the head of a foe, said foe often being improvised from a turnip which had its leafy top on. By night I dreamed and shivered as the thrilling scenes of the book flitted before my eyes. From that day to this the book has been mine, although gathered back unto the fairies.

This wonderful book bore the title on its back, "The Great West." The time when I read it was twenty-five years or so ago. Fremont was then but lately done with making his explorations across the Rocky Mountains. How I regretted that I had not been old enough to go with Fremont! How I wished that I had been a backwoodsman back in Ohio and Kentucky, with Kenton and Boone and Louis Whetzel! Even then, twenty-five years ago, it seemed to me that there had departed the glory of the "Great West," of which this book spoke so thrillingly. The book told the story of arms and of men. It had not a dull page within its covers. Hunting, trapping, fighting, exploring the ways of man in the primitive backwoods times of the West, such were the themes treated. As I absorbed these stories into my boyish heart, they came to have too great an influence over me, so that, as I have since told a friend, I could never tell whether I inherited from my father or from this book the love for the outdoor life which has since then kept me from being president of the United States, and later led me into trying indeed feebly and ineffectually, to learn about and write about that "Great West" whose spirit whispered from the first printed page I ever loved

By industry and perseverance my parents succeeded in preventing me from becoming an Indian fighter and trapper, and induced me to go to school. All this I write not in an egotistic vein, but simply to tell the story of this book, as shall presently appear. After I came out of school, it seemed necessary for me to make some sort of a bluff at making a living. Thus gradually, and more and more as the years passed by, my idolized book faded away from my mind; that is to say, its incentives faded, though its records remained somewhere in the basement of that funny thing we call the brain. From time to time as I went back to the old home I would think of the book and ask about it, but no one could give any trace of it. It had been gathered to the fairies. I could find in the slough near the old homestead the tall weeds which used to furnish spear shafts for us boys when we played at being Indians; and I could find on the prairie not far away dark green places which might have been the very spots where we kindled our midnight campfires, around which we played at being hunters, thrilling meantime with secret fears of the darkness which compassed us about I could find all the places in the hazel brush thickets where I used to do the scouting act; but I could not find my book.

By and by, as I grew older, there seemed to come into life a stronger demand for the thing tangible and not the thing imagined. I knew I had my book in my head, but I wanted to hold it in my hands. I wanted to see the yellow Indian on the back, the buff-colored picture in the front, in which an Indian stood upon the hill and looked out sadly over the settlement of the white man now extending into his wilderness. I wanted to see the strange old woodcuts, the picture of the emigrant family, with their white-topped wagon and their wayside fire; the picture of the white woman chopping off the heads of Indians as fast as they were intruded into her cabin door; the picture of the prairie dog town on the plains, and that of the wagon train bound for the further West I wanted to see the rusty leather of the cover, and the yellow of the pages, and the turned-down corners which marked the tracts especially good. Alas! I could not find my book. It was gone absolutely. No one could tell me where I could secure a copy. The best librarians of the country failed me so far as I was able to make inquiry. I could not learn who wrote the book, or who published it originally, and could give no one more accurate description than that the name of the book was the "Great West," and that it was the most wonderful book ever written.

Thus year after year passed, and finally I came to believe that my old-time friend had perished off the face of the earth Sad commentary on the glory of letters, for it seemed to me that if this book could not survive, then certainly all books must die.

It chanced that within the past three or four years I was reading one of the monthly magazines, and dropped upon an article by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt upon "St Clair's Defeat." Now it chanced that the story of "St Clair's Defeat" was one of the choice bits of my old book, according to my notion, and although I had not read it since I was ten or twelve years of age, I should say, I knew the whole story—all about the reeking scalps, the bloody retreat, the man hid in the tree top, and every little detail of the like. Something in this magazine article, which I do not at this time exactly recall, convinced me that the writer had either seen my old book or some of the original books from which mine was perhaps compiled. I was almost tempted to write and ask the author if he knew any place where I could get a copy of my book, but never did so, and so went on a few years more groping about in the dark. I asked all the writers on Western topics whom I knew if they had ever heard of a book called "The Great West," but not one of them had ever seen or heard of it. Then, a couple of years ago, I met Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, editor of the "Story of the West" series of books published by D. Appleton & Co. Surely, I thought, this is the man to find me my book. Mr. Hitchcock pleaded ignorance, but undertook to do all he could in the search. Finally he sent me a letter from Mr. George C. Hurlbut, of the American Geographical Society, of New York city. This letter bears date of Jan. 16, 1897, and is addressed to Mr. Hitchcock, but the writer has no satisfaction to give. He says: "I am sorry to say that I am unable to aid you in the search for the book on 'The Great West.' It is not in this library, and I have not succeeded in tracing it." Mr. Hitchcock promised to look further, but I had no further word from him.

At about this time I happened to pick up a copy of *Shooting and Fishing*, and in it saw a contribution over the name of Horace Kephart. As I had earlier found this name to be always attached to something good, I read the article, which had to do with rifle shooting in the early backwoods time. As I read along I struck a paragraph from the first few words of which there flashed forth an instantaneous picture of the whole. I could have said it almost word for word. I could have told about this snuffing the candle in the dark with the rifle. I could have told how the backwoods rifleman used

to rest his rifle lightly against a tree stump when taking a rest shot, sometimes making a soft pad of moss for the barrel. In yet another article I had confirmation of what I knew was a certainty. This man, Horace Kephart, had read my book! Yet, though he gave due credit to the sources of his information, he said not a word about "The Great West," but credited one Dodridge as being the author of the book from which he gave his extract Dodridge I did not know, and indeed I did not know Mr. Kephart, but I sat down at once and wrote him a letter in care of the paper in which his article appeared. All I knew was that Mr. Kephart was a delightful writer. He might live in New Zealand, New England or Mesopotamia, for all I knew. But I knew that he would write to me, and I knew that when his letter came my quest would be ended I should again, in some way, see and take in my hands this wonderful book I had read when yet a boy!

What Mr. Kephart would write all readers may easily guess, and I think he will not therefore object if I use his very words. They gave me the only thorough knowledge I had of my book after all; for while I knew all the Indian fights in it I did not know even its date of publication. Here is what Mr. Kephart said:

"Mercantile Library, St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 1.—I have known you long and intimately in the happy hunting ground of Forest and Stream. Your quest for the first book you ever read shall not go unrewarded. I know just how you feel about it, for it was only a few months ago that my mother found and brought me the first book that I ever read —poor, battered and thumbed old "Robinson Crusoe"—the identical copy that I used to take out into the little cottonwood grove and read over and over, while I played Robinson and was Robinson on that prairie sea. Good Lord! it was nearly thirty years ago! and I suppose the unbroken prairie of my recollections has long since been cut up into farms.

"Your book was entitled 'Historical Collections of the Great West,' and was compiled by Henry Howe. It was first published in Cincinnati in 1851. Later editions were dated '52, '53, '54, '55 (at Greenville, Tenn.), and '73. I have the latter before me, and the quotation from Dodridge is on pp. 227–8. Within a few days I hope to have the pleasure of sending you a copy of one of the early edition .

"Whenever you visit St. Louis, please drop in here and let me show you some other books. The Mercantile, of St. Louis, is the only library that makes a specialty of wildcraft. (Ask Fred Hild, or Cheney, or any other of your Chicago librarians what that means, and I'll bet a box of primers they can't tell you.)"

So it seemed Mr. Kephart was a librairian who knew the desirablity of having in his library the most wonderful book in the world.

When I got his letter I at once wrote him again, glad to find him—as I had half suspected him to be—a man curious in literature, as well as a sportsman by instinct I begged him to tarry not, but to send me the oldest and dirtiest copy of my book which he could find, for that I must have it, no matter what the cost. Before my letter had reached him there came into my office one morning a bundle well wrapped in dark-brown paper; before the expressman had thrown this bundle on the table I said: "It is my book!" I knew it. I could feel it. It was the identical copy I had read out of existence years ago It had come back to me from the fairies! I could feel it speak as I cut the twine and tore off the wrapper.

It was my book. I have it. It lies in my lap as I write these lines about it. Money cannot buy this book. The best that my best friend can do about it is to come here and read it under my immediate supervision. I shall have a large pocket made in my overcoat for it This book, as I wrote to Mr. Kephart, shall be prized and kept forever, with the long old muzzleloading rifle which my father gave to me, a treasure kept since his own boyhood.

It was delicate of Mr Kephart that he gave me a gift of this book. I do not know where he got it, but in some way he communicated with the fairies and had them give it back to me. It was the same copy, I am sure, which I had when I was a boy. The backs are ready to fall off, and are pieced with pasted leather The mahogany and brown of the cover is the same, and the deep stamping on the leather is identical. My yellow Indian with his bow is still faintly visible in this materialized book, about as he was at perhaps the fiftieth reading of the passing of the book, more than a quarter of a century ago. The picture of the aged pioneer sitting under a yellow lithograph vine and fig tree is the same. The ambitious buff lithograph of the Indian and the city is there unfaded. Page by page I turn through, and from every one speaks some familiar sentence. Personally I presume my memory is not better than the average, but I find I remember this book almost in toto. So much for the vividness of youthful impressions. So much, too, for the glory and dignity of the theme handled in this book, one indeed worthy enough to engage a man's interest or to direct his efforts. As for Mr. Kephart, I simply cannot thank him, and am not going to try. He could not have given me a greater pleasure.

It seems that my book was something of a work in its time, and it met the large sales that it deserved. My copy, which is the fourth edition, has at the top of the title page the suggestive words, "Fortieth Thousand." The full title page reads as follow:

(Fortieth Thousand.)
HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS
of the
GREAT WEST.
Containing
Narratives of the Most Important and Interesting Events in Western History—Remarkable Individual Adventures—Sketches of Frontier Life—Descriptions of Natural Curiosities—To which are Appended Historical and Descriptive Sketches of Oregon, New Mexico, Texas, Minnesota, Utah and California.
BY HENRY HOWE,
Auther of "Historical Collections of Virginia," "Historical Collections of Ohio."
Illustrated with Numerous Engravings.
VOLS. I. AND II.
Cincinnati: Published by Henry Howe at E. Morgan & Co.'s, No. 11 Main street. 1854.

I have rambled so far in my story, which is perhaps not so interesting to others as to myself, that I shall not have any time to describe in detail the character of this book, which is indeed an interesting and a standard publication. But we may judge of the whirling march of civilization in the "great West" since the day when this book was printed if we look at one or two things mentioned in its pages. Thus I find that the author states gravely that in 1850 the "entire white population of the State of Minnesota" was about 8,000. It says, "St. Pauls (sic), the capital, is 327 miles above Galena, Ill., and eight miles below the falls of St. Anthony. It is principally on a beautiful level plateau, about 8ft. above the Mississippi River, and has 1,200 inhabitants." (Minneapolis, it seems, was not then heard of.) We learn also that the Great American Desert has an existence. We hear that there has really been a project formed of building a railroad across the continent! Of this our author says: "A project more gigantic than any that has yet been achieved in the world's history is now agitating the world's mind." He adds: "Upon the further question of the route to be pursued by the new road, the judgment of the country is far from being settled." And so the quaint, queer, delightful, fascinating old book goes babbling on about things which, God bless us! have been decided, passed by and forgotten, so fully are they taken into the daily knowledge of the millions. "The trappers of the Rocky Mountains," says the book, "are a genus by themselves The majority of them are French-Canadians or St. Louis Creoles!" And so on and so. But one dare not begin to thus make quotations from this book of the "Great West." It would run full and overflow the entire Forest and Stream with matter of which the readers of the paper would demand more, and then more. Here is a mass of the most valuable material for those who really wish to learn of that early West, which was really a West. With this one book a man could set himself up as an authority upon these topics, and this he might do with impunity if only he could claim age enough. As to anybody else's knowing anything about the book, that would be highly unlikely, for here I have been trying for twenty-five years to find some one who had heard of it, and so far have found but one. Of the 40,000 persons who had bought this work at the time my copy was printed, or rather of the many more than that, for each book is read of many men, and of the thousands who after that date read it, it would seem that all have died or have forgotten all about it. Only Mr. Kephart and myself are left; for I am not sure that Mr. Roosevelt ever saw this work, having perhaps had access to some earlier writers who were of service to Mr. Howe in making his book. I have never found any other trace of the work except as above noted. If there are among the Forest and Stream readers others who have seen this old book of the Great West it may please them to be thus reminded of it, and to know that a copy of it actually exists and is accessible. Mr. Kephart will show it at the Mercantile Library, of St. Louis, and I will show it here to any who may like to see it. It is one of the treasures of this place, and I am more than ever reminded of the Forest and Stream luck when I look at it. The fairies have brought the book and laid it down at precisely the right spot, here under the wing of Forest and Stream, the mother of all things pertaining to the outdoor air and to manly days, whether of to-day or of the past.

Illinois Sportsmen Meet.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 19.—Pursuant to call issued by the president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, some thirty members of clubs of this or closely adjacent cities met last evening at the Sherman House. Pres. C. E Felton was in the chair and Mr. F. R. Bissell, secretary of the State Association, was at the desk. The evening was given over to a general discussion of game law matters, this being the season when new measures come up for action in the Legislature. It is thought that the sportsmen have a very good chance to secure some legislation this year as they have in the Legislature a very good friend in the shape of Mr. H. D. Nicholls, a well-known Chicago sportsman who is willing to take hold and work for any good measure proposed by the craft. Other members are friendly to the sportsmen, and all in all it may be within the realms of possibility that something may result.

At the meeting word was had from Wisconsin that the shooters of that State looked to Illinois to do something in the way of abolishing spring shooting. This matter was discussed at length, and all present agreed that the shooting of any birds in the spring should be stopped. Yet it is well known to all who understand the Illinois game law situation that every member from the lower or river counties of this State goes to the Legislature already pledged to kill any measure looking to the abolishment of spring shooting. It will always be next to impossible to get a bill of this sort through, as the lower part of the State will kill it, though the upper part would be glad to see it go through

Warden Blow was present last night, and was approved by the members present. He will be up for the place of game warden again.

A committee of seven was appointed to draft resolutions for submission to Congress in support of the act already before that body to amend the Interstate Commerce Act in so far as to regulate shipment of game from States not having uniform laws. This committee will report later at call of its chairman, Mr. F. S. Baird, who framed the bill sent to Congress.

A committee of five was appointed, consisting of Messrs. R. B Organ, Wm. Doe, of Elgin; Warden Blow, H. H. Waters and F S. Baird, these retiring to draft resolutions in accordance with the sense of the call issued for the meeting, the main clause of which was in relation to non-resident license laws passed by other States. The committee reported a set of resolutions, which were adopted, the same given below. It would seem that Mr. Baird must have offered a minority report, as he is counsel for the National Association, whose predilection for non-resident licences is well known. The sportsmen of Illinois must of course shoot as non-residents if at all nowadays, so the position of the resolutions is a necessary one. But as to the "right hand of fellowship" to sportsmen of other States, one may be pardoned for believing the latter will not care much for the hand, because there is nothing in it, so to speak. Our game is all gone, so we can afford to make laws to protect it, and to invite others to help kill it. We don't want it. We can give the glad hand to anybody who does want it, more especially if there is a show for a swap with some other State not quite so far along in the road of civilization and wildernesslessness. The resolutions were as follows:

Whereas, In certain States acts have been passed which make license fees greater for non-resident sportsmen than required from citizens for permission to shoot in the open season; and

Whereas, Legislation in other States is being attempted to similar ends; and

Whereas, Sportsmen who secure licenses to shoot game are prohibited from shipping or taking the game they kill out of the State in which killed; and

Whereas, Many sportsmen in this State own property in the States where such unfriendly acts exist, or where such legislation is attempted, or are members of clubs owning or leasing property; and

Whereas, Such legislation has not secured much revenue, but has resulted as almost prohibitive to our sportsmen; and

Whereas, The sale of game in our markets would be free and uninterrupted but for the action of the members of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, which has for years devoted its best energies and its purse to prevent sale of game during the close season; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting of sportsmen of the State of Illinois, held under a call from the officers of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, that any legislation in any State which makes requirements from sportsmen citizens of other States more restrictive than those required from its own citizens is unfriendly, unsportsmanlike, un-American and wrong; and we respectively ask the sportsmen of such States as have such unfriendly laws to cause their repeal, and such as are endeavoring to pass such laws to cause their defeat.

Resolved, That the sportsmen of this State, through their State Association, have done all in their power thus far to further the interests of game protection by legislation and enforcement of the laws, by preventing the sale out of season of game killed in other States; and we declare to still continue that good work; but we are continually menaced by the assertion, if not the fact, that those who destroy the game of any State are not non-resident sportsmen, but generally local residents or those who are temporarily residing in game districts, and that such persons are not prosecuted by local authorities as they should be.

Resolved, That this meeting is not advised as to the merits of all the bills now before the legislatnre of this State, as several bills which have been introduced have not as yet been printed; but we express our unqualified favor of such bills as will reduce rather than extend the open season, make penalties for violation of the laws greater rather than less, better secure their enforcement by increasing the number of game wardens, and in other ways; and also that we extend the right hand of fellowship to sportsmen of States wherein laws do not discriminate against their fellow sportsmen in this and other States. We favor also uniform laws as to open seasons, one State with another, where the same is compatible with longitudinal lines or climatic conditions. We also ask the women of Illinois to frown upon all fashions which include the wearing of plumage which cannot be secured except by the destruction of birds.

Whereas, The outrageous and brutal methods pursued for years by the authorities of this city in impounding dogs merits the condemnation of each and every good citizen, and should not longer be permitted; and

Whereas, The Illinois Humane Society have prepared a bill, to be introduced in the Legislature of the State, with a view to correcting and preventing such brutality; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we give to the passage of that bill our best effort, or to such other bill as will better secure that result, if one be offered.

E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

WISCONSIN INDIANS AND GAME.

Spooner, Wis.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your valuable paper from time to time comments on the game laws in different sections of the country, except the State of Wisconsin, which is sadly in need of some law and its enforcement to protect game in this great game country from the market-hunters and Indians. I have patiently waited for some one to write of the slaughter of game, and of the protection game gets, but being disappointed I write you a few facts, trusting your paper will reach some of our legislators and show to them the immediate necessity of relief.

Who kills the game of Wisconsin? Not the white people, not the hunter that comes here from the different States to spend a vacation, targeting his rifle and trying for a deer; not the farmer, no. The Indian slaughters the game, especially the deer. The Indians kill the game because they are not interfered with. They kill it because agents of the various express companies have men who go to them and buy all the "saddles" they can get, offering them a few cents per pound for their venison, whether in or out of season, and paying them in money and wet goods. I know of there being 8,000lbs of venison bought by express agents on the Omaha line as late as the middle of January. This venison was killed by the Indians. It may seem strange to some why this goes on when there are game wardens, but the truth is the game warden is a side partner in this unlawful business. I don't mean to say all game wardens do this, but there are some who get the position for honor, while others get the position and try and do their duty.

What is the use of laws unless enforced? Stop the sale of game altogether. Give the game warden a salary. He may be a poor man with a family, and he can't afford to take the chances of leaving his position and hire a livery team to go in the country hunting for some one to make expenses and a living off of. He may arrest and convict, but if the party can't pay and is sent to jail, where does the game warden get his money? No money collected, nothing for his trouble. This, I say, is one of the reasons why the law is so rigidly enforced in the loafing places about town and around the fireside. Give the game warden a living salary, together with a per cent. of fines he can impose and collect, and stop the sale of game, and see how quickly our deer will multiply. The Indians say, "White man 'fraid to interfere with us; if he do we shoot 'em up."

There was a party of four Indians in northern Wisconsin this fall that killed and sold to market buyers over 240 deer. Now this is only in one locality, there being other sections where there have been as many killed as here, and all of which fell before the Indian's deadly aim. They kill them by the thousands. One Indian was known to kill fourteen in one day.

As to pheasants and grouse, they are rapidly going. The agent of the express company who bought the venison also bought and shipped 25,000 pheasants and grouse this season.

How long can any country stand this? Not very long.

I travel over the Omaha road often, and am well acquainted, and what I have just stated is fact.

In a recent issue of your paper I noticed an article signed Maine, which stated that there were no moose in Wisconsin. No doubt Maine is a sportsman and would like the information: that there are plenty of moose in northern Wisconsin.

Observer.

MAINE GAME INTERESTS.

Boston, Feb. 20.—After all, the fish and game protective and appropriation bill is not having the plain sailing it started off with early in the present session of the Maine Legislature. It seems the proposition to appropriate $40,000 a year for two years is causing the friends of other appropriations some alarm, since their beloved hospital, normal school, bridge and other schemes have all been split in halves as to appropriations, and they are getting even with the friends of fish and game who have dared oppose them. The bill has been called up in the House, where it was tabled, and amended by cutting the appropriation down to $25,000 each year for two years, instead of $40,000, as first proposed. The same amendment has passed in the Senate and the bill has been sent to its second reading. So it looks as though the Commission would get only $25,000 to spend for fish and game instead of the much desired $40,000. For two years past they have had $25,000 a year. The guide license part of the measure is also meeting with considerable opposition, and another hearing has been had before the committee, notwithstanding the House had already passed the bill to one reading. James Matheison, president of the Rangeley Guides' Association—seventy-five in number—appeared before the committee in opposition to the measure. He was faced by Commissioners Carlton and Oak, and though at a disadvantage is reported to have made a good showing. He told the committee that the guides did not desire to be registered nor to wear badges. It would be degrading and would be of no advantage to them. The law would not be generally obeyed, and it would only add to the work of the Commission to apprehend the breakers of the guide license law. He boldly asserted that Mr. Carlton was trying to "run things too fine." Mr. Carlton asked him sharply if the by-laws of his Association as first drawn did not favor breaking the game laws. Mathieson replied that they did not. Mr. Carlton charged that the guides had never aided the Commissioners in enforcing the game laws. Mathieson replied that the guides he represented were willing to do so, but did not desire to be under the ban of a license in their business. Other sections of the State might need a guide license law, but Rangeley guides did not. In the evening, after the hearing, Mr. Carlton is reported to have had several wordy interviews with representatives, guides Mathieson, Snowman and others. He intimated that threats from the guides would do no good. The measure is still on the table in both houses.

Representative Stetson, of Bangor, has presented a bill to help provide funds for the protection of fish and game in Maine. His bill provides that every non-resident who hunts in the State shall pay $25 for every bull moose killed, $15 for every caribou, and $5 for every deer; the money to become a permanent fund in the hands of the State treasurer for the protection of fish and game, the interest to be used only. Violators of the provisions shall be fined $50 and costs; this money also to go to the same fund. All game shipped shall be tagged by the Commissioners, stating that the law has been complied with.

Really the Commissioners would have to be numerous and present everywhere to put such a law in force. How would it do to hang every non-resident who dares to hunt or fish in Maine, seeing that his tribe is only willing to pay millions of dollars annually into the State, for which he gets a little game and a few fish? Inside of him there must be a mint of money hid, and if hanged by the neck till dead some of the money might drop out.

Some of the Boston lovers of the rod and gun are "swapping" fish and game yarns this winter in order to get ready for the spring campaign. In one business office, where considerable congregating is done, each man's name is posted when he tells a story. The biggest lie goes on top; that is, the teller's name. One man told the other day of a woodchuck which climbed a tree when frightened and the dog got between him and his den. Immediately the teller's name went up to the top of the list. But I confirmed the truth of the assertion and referred the disputants to the files of the Forest and Stream, where it has been established that a cornered woodchuck will take up a tree. Immediately Mr. J.'s name came down a peg. But he is not done with the boys yet, and tells of a squirrel, a red, that he clubbed in a tree when a boy. The squirrel's leg was broken. The next morning he was encaged in a box trap. But behold his broken leg was nicely wound with a tough blade of grass and ready to heal. The squirrel was allowed to depart and doubtless his leg did heal. Mr. J.'s name is up at the very top again. Can any of the readers of the Forest and Stream help him out? Do the squirrels set broken limbs?

Capt. F. C. Barker, proprietor of the Bemis and Birches camps, is always interested in keeping up the fishing at the Rangeleys. He has a spring, a couple of miles from Bemis, that is a natural trout hatchery. Naturally great numbers of trout thread their way up a little stream, through a meadow, to this spring to spawn. The stream and spring are closed to fishing, and over the spring Capt. B. has erected a building. During the breeding season hundreds of beautiful trout gather there and the eggs are deposited in the white sand and gravel in the bottom of the spring, which is some 15 or 20ft. broad. This is surely a natural hatchery, and is of great benefit, doubtless, to the fishing in Mooselucmaguntic Lake. Formerly net and spear fishermen were accustomed to carrying off the trout by bushels every fall. But now the spring is carefully guarded, a man staying in a little cabin there night and day. Capt. Barker was in Boston the other day with the matter in mind of buying 100,000 trout eggs of some one of the Massachusetts trout hatcheries, and putting them into his own trout hatchery. He is aware that many thousand eggs were deposited there last fall, but is quite certain that the capabilities of the spring and stream down to the lake are equal to many thousand more. Notwithstanding that the State is doing something for the Rangeleys in the way of landlocked salmon, he believes thoroughly in keeping up the supply of brook trout, the fish that are natural to those lakes and have given them so wide a name.

Mr. Fred C. Billings, Supt. of Buildings, of Somerville, had the good fortune to shoot a white fawn last fall in the Maine woods. He is having it mounted, and believes that he has a specimen that is rare. Certainly there is nothing of the sort in any of the museums in Boston, though one or two others have been captured in Maine in former seasons.

Now they are telling of a newspaper man, an amateur sportsman decidedly, who has just returned from a rabbit hunt among the hills of New Hampshire. He fired dozens of shots, banging away all day long at the cunning little white heads, but always just after the game had passed. Not a rabbit was secured for his bag, and he returned to his stopping place much disgusted. The next morning, as he was dressing, he happened to glance out of the frosted window into some trees in the lot. Great heavens! there were a couple of handsome birds right in the tree, in easy gunshot! He would not have to go back to Boston empty-handed now. Down stairs he rushed in his stocking feet, but with trusty shotgun in hand. He opened the shed door and bang! bang! went both barrels. One of the birds tilted slightly on its perch and then fell with a dull thud to the snow below. The other boldly stood his ground without so much as ruffling a feather. The hunter was only prevented from jumping into the snow barefooted to secure his prey by a laugh behind him. He had shot at a couple of old decoy ducks the boys had perched up in the trees. Already they were pretty well loaded with shot from other amateur sportsmen.

Special.

POISONING WOLVES.

Though never a wolfer by profession, I have learned a few things concerning the art of preparing poison baits for wild animals which may be of interest to those who live in the regions infested by gray wolves, and who are not already better posted in the business than I am.

The methods of the wolfer of the old days are unsuited to present conditions, for reasons which I will endeavor to give, and yet it is quite necessary for many a stock grower to understand the best method of procedure in his endeavor to destroy the ferocious brutes which prey upon his herd. The wolfer's business was to get wolf pelts, and his methods were not only very wasteful, but in the long run prejudicial to the business itself. Still we must give him credit for ingenuity and skill, for his plan of operations was the best for his time and circumstances, while we must look for a better one.

When a buffalo carcass was prepared for wolves by a skillful operator it was indeed a deadly affair, and a drove of the prowlers of the plains were sometimes turned toes up thereby in a single night.

But among other difficulties it was found that while some got just the requisite dose for quickly fatal results, others got their medicine on top of a gorge of good, nutritious food, and the poison being consequently a longer time in operating, the stricken animals galloped off over the plains, sometimes miles away, before death ensued; while, worst of all, some got only half enough to kill, and recovering therefrom were ever after shy of the wolfer and all his host. Some hunters were quite confident that these half poisoned brutes had a way of influencing other wolves to avoid the poisoned baits; so that the business seemed best on virgin soil and among unsophisticated wolves. The best plan for perfect work under present conditions seems to be to give each wolf just the necessary dose and on an empty stomach. This is a thoroughly practical scheme, though a laborious one. The best time is during cold weather, when food is scarcest.

The poison should be crystallized strychnine, first pulverized, and then an amount about equal in bulk to four or five grains of wheat placed in the center of a ball of lard a trifle larger than a hulled walnut. This should be done very carefully, not touching the lard with the fingers, in order that it be absolutely free from human scent.

In cold weather a mouthful of fat, lard or beef tallow is to the wolf what a piece of pie is to the urchin; and if there is nothing suspicious in the scent of it he will, urchin-like, take his dessert first. Consequently, when this little ball of frozen lard is dropped into his hot and empty stomach it is very quickly melted, and a fatal dose of poison has instant connection with the naked coat of the stomach. No fear of his eating now.

When everything is done just right it is really surprising how quickly this will kill. He must not have two doses, and if the bait be placed near open water it is best for the wolf which may have already eaten a hearty supper, thereby hindering quickly fatal results, for in that case a raging thirst is produced, the slaking of which is a death warrant.

Now take a fresh beef hide or a quarter of a dead horse or steer (if meat is used scorch it over a fire—it will smell further), chain it behind a light wagon, and travel. A few shreds of meat dropped occasionally—not too much—and the baits distributed along just so that each wolf will get but one, and where the bait is to be left let the hide or meat be dragged around a little extra, that the wolf will stop and smell around and not miss the bait, and you can rest assured that if your work is well done there will be mischief afoot.

In the Christmas number of Forest and Stream such an expedition is mentioned, resulting in the death of twenty-eight wolves and coyotes, but the plan of operations was not explained.

I was taught this plan, and witnessed its working upon red foxes in northern Minnesota about forty years since. The fate of one red fox is distinctly recollected. A light fall of snow kept record of his every movement.

He had taken the bait and apparently stood just long enough to lick his chops and pat himself on the shoulder over his good lunch when grief overtook him. Starting off for a dozen steps on a trot, his pace changed to three or four sidewise jumps, developing into a race of 200yds. in length and in the direction of a half circle, finishing with a few of the most prodigious leaps possible.

His last jump was his longest, and into this he threw all his soul.

This carried him across the road and head first into a big snowdrift, where stretched to his fullest length and buried to his hips, with hindlegs and brush projecting into the open air like the blaze of a camp-fire, we found him frozen solid.

Orin Belknap.

A Fox Hunt that Ends in a Lawsuit.

Pike Falls, Ont., Feb. 17.—On Monday morning last, as Mr. John Best was going to the woods to chop, he heard Red Tom Code's dog running a fox, so concluded he would take a hand in it himself. Returning to the house, he called his hound, and procuring his gun, started for the chase. The fox was running in Tom Moore's swamp back of the village, and in a very short time had no less than seven hounds after him, including Best's. Everybody keeps hounds around Pike Falls, as they are all fox hunters. After taking a couple of large circles the fox came Best's way, when he got a shot, wounding the fox, which by this time was hard pressed, as the running was good, about 2in. of soft snow on top of a crust. The fox on being wounded started directly for the village in hopes of something turning up so he could baffle the dogs. He had circled around the schoolhouse a couple of times when a son of Red Tom Code's sitting in a back seat heard the voice of Sport, his father's dog; and being a chip of the old block, could not restrain himself, but immediately, to the teacher's consternation, vanished out of the door, followed by the rest of the boys in school. The racket now began in earnest, and in less time than it takes to tell it the whole village, men, women and children, all joined in. The fox by this time had taken refuge in Ham Dunham's yard, where Miss Dunham eventually killed it with a pitchfork. Best came up and claimed and took the fox on account of having previously wounded it. When Ham Dunham came home his daughter related the circumstances of the killing, and he immediately started for Best's and demanded the fox, which Best refused to give up, and in consequence Dunham is taking it to the courts to find out who legally owns it.

The Colonel.

INTERCOMMUNICATION OF WOLVES.

Portland, Ore.—Forest and Stream, always replete with good things, presents something of unusual interest to sportsmen in its issue of Jan. 23

I have reference to the remarkable paper by Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson on Intercommunication of Wolves. It is a subject of great importance to all thoughtful sportsmen, and Mr. Thompson shows such a masterly knowledge of details and such a thorough study and investigation of the subject that I hope those of your readers who passed it by because they were not particularly interested in wolves will turn back and read it.

The fact that the paper is ostensibly devoted to an investigation of the instincts, habits and senses of wolves is not, to me at least, its most attractive feature. It is an able and scholarly introduction to the whole subject of intercommunication between the world of animate nature. For ages the learned have sought the "missing link" in the problem of life—the link next to man. For my part, I think there is no link missing in the matter of intercommunication between animals, and that it is not confined to varieties, species, classes or orders. From the oyster to mankind there is intercommunication, and those of different species and orders can and often do communicate, not by words or significant articulate sounds, nor by oral utterances, which usage has made the representatives of ideas among men, but by a more subtle, if more crude, method, which might be denominated a sixth sense. And while proud man, with his thousands upon thousands of words representing ideas, may communicate with his fellow man and even with some of the lower orders, he has no right to presume that he alone monopolizes the blessing of ability to communicate his ideas. It is my belief that without the ability in some form to communicate ideas, even among the lowest orders, life on this mundane sphere must soon cease to exist at all.

Who that has hunted and fished and observed will for one moment deny that he has discovered among all animate creation with which he has come in contact methods of intercommunication by which they are enabled to disclose to each other love, pleasure, fear, hunger, anxiety, desire and all the other sentiments and sensations fish, flesh and fowl are heirs to. Charles Darwin, Sir John Lubbock, Dr. McCook and others in their investigations of the ant discovered marvelous methods of intercommunication. And that daring professor who caged himself in the forest among the gorillas even discovered a language, not of words, it is true, but of sounds, which with the various inflections, intonations and accents enabled them to communicate their wishes and sentiments. Some of the Indian tribes are but little further advanced in their methods of intercommunication. There is the sign language by which nearly all tribes are enabled to communicate with each other. And too, among the Indians one word or articulate sound is made, by accent, intonation, etc., to express different ideas or modifications and variations of the same idea.

In the Chinook jargon, for example, the word *si-áh-may* may be so prononnced that it will indicate either near, far or very far.

Among the lower orders instinct plays a most wonderful part. In fact, instinct is a higher faculty than reason in many respects. But who can define instinct in that finer sense to which Mr. Thompson has called our attention? It has been defined as "the operation of the principle of organized life by the exercise of certain natural powers directed to the present or future good of the individual," but I think that Mr. Thompson has shown us that an element of reason is mixed in with the instinct that enables wolves to intercommunicate. That being true, it is probably likewise true to a greater or less degree in the intercommunications of all other animate existence.

S. H. Greene.

[As to "the daring professor," it is stoutly denied by persons cognizant of the facts that he did cage himself among the gorillas.]

Maine.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to my belief of intercommunication of animals, I think the ideas given by Mr. Thompson are quite correct in many instances, although I should very much doubt the ability of an animal that scented danger at one point to communicate it at another. But even in that he may be right, as oftentimes in still-hunting deer you will find that when a deer in company of one that is killed passes through a section where there are others, all will be on the alert. Many instances that he mentions are quite correct, although a man in the woods thinks nothing about it, as it gets to be as common an occurrence as the street car passing is to the city man. I do not think the power of intercommunication applies to animals alone, but the birds and fishes have to some extent the same power.

R. A. S.

Texas Notes.

Petty, Tex., Feb. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The presence of an unusual quantity of small birds in this locality during the winter has been noted with much pleasure by me.

Among those most abundant is the slate-colored junco or snowbird. He is a jolly little fellow and may be seen at times when all of his feathered kindred have disappeared to find shelter from the raging storm. He is rightly called "the winter king." There are also an unusual amount of chipping sparrows here this winter; also I notice a certain kind of small bird which I am unable to locate, in size he is between the junco and meadow lark, and very much resembles the latter in color and marking; he has the same olive bolsters, black crescent in breast, and walks one foot at a time, same as the lark or quail. The males have a small tuft of black feathers growing out of the sides of the head back of the eyes and about ½in. in length. I have observed these little fellows in bunches of from ten to thirty or forty in number. I would be pleased to know what their correct name is. [? Shore lark.]

We also notice an unusual number of crows this winter. There are great flocks of them, and their familiar cawing

almost makes one think they were in a timbered country.

I noted a couple of robins on the 13th in a small tree; this s an unusual thing, although I have seen them in goodly numbers in the upper cross timbers.

The much hated English sparrow has taken possession of our town and increased in numbers since 1893—when I first observed them here—until now they may be seen in large bunches. A large flock of geese passed near by town yesterday and I think they lit in a field near here.

The snows of last month proved very fatal to the rabbits cottontails), in that it furnished the farmers a leisure, and I am told that a great many were slaughtered. I know of one party of four persons who killed thirty-five of these little animals one evening in about two hours' time. I have also heard of some large bags of quail, a party of three shooters killed over 100 birds in one day. F. E. W.

New York Game Law.

Albany, Feb. 20.—The forty fish and game protectors in the employ of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission have just concluded a session of several days' duration. The meeting was called to discuss the best means for forest preservation and the protection of fish and game in the several counties in the State. The following are some of the amendments to the fish and game law approved by the protectors, and the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission will be asked to cause the amendments to be introduced in the Legislature:

"That no device except angling shall be placed, drawn or used for the capture of any fish in the waters of New York and Raritan bays, nor in any of the waters of the State adjacent to the county of Richmond or the county of Kings, except that shad may be taken by shad nets between March 15 and June 15, but such nets shall not be allowed to remain in the water from Saturday at sunset to the following Monday at sunrise. A violation is to be deemed a misdemeanor, and in addition a fine of $100 is provided.

"No garbage, cinders, ashes or refuse of any kind shall be thrown from any vessel into the waters of Kill von Kull, Staten Island Sound, Raritan Bay, New York Bay, Great South Bay, or Long Island Sound, or into the bays and harbors opening into the same, west of a line drawn from Old Field Point, due north to the boundary line between New York and Connecticut, and within two miles of the shore; and no starfish shall be thrown into any waters of the State. Whoever shall violate or attempt to violate the provisions of this section shall be guilty of misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of $200 for each violation thereof.

"That the season of brook trout should close July 15 each year in the southern tier of counties and in Wyoming county.

"That no black bass shall be taken from any waters of this State between Oct. 15 and June 30, nor during the open season between 9 P. M. and sunrise the following morning.

"That a uniform date should be made for the opening and closing of the season for partridges, squirrels, hares, rabbits and woodcock.

"That muskallonge shall not be fished for, caught or possessed, except from June 15 to Dec. 15.

"Prohibiting the use of snares or traps of any kind for the catching of hares and rabbits.

"That wild birds shall not be killed, caught or possessed at any time.

"Entirely prohibiting the killing of deer in Sullivan county, as well as the other counties in the Catskill Park region, and in the counties of Otsego, Albany, Schoharie, Broome, Chenango, Rockland and Orange.

"That every person killing deer in the State shall report the same to the town supervisor where the deer is killed within ten days."

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That our personal observation of the condition of the forests in northern New York and the extensive timber cutting now carried on there by the lumbermen and pulp wood operators leads us to firmly believe that unless the State acquires immediate ownership of that region these lands will cease to be of value as a reservoir for water supply, and that the thinning out and removal of the woods must result in the gradual extinction of game and disappearance of fish from our lakes and streams.

Resolved, That in the interest of guides, hunters, sportsmen and tourists who frequent the Adirondacks, and in the interest of all good citizens throughout the State at large, we earnestly recommend that the members of the Legislature give this subject their careful attention and appropriate the funds necessary in purchasing these forests by the State.

A resolution favoring an amendment to the law extending the open season for deer so that they could be killed from from Aug. 16 to Nov. 15, and to prohibit the killing of does for five years, was defeated.

One Warden to Iowa's 56,025 Square Miles.

Vinton, Iowa, Feb. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Forest and Stream of Jan. 23 a correspondent says we have no game wardens in this State, and wishes to know if something cannot be done to have a game warden in each county.

There is one game warden, whose duty it is to look after ninety-nine counties with an area of 56,025 square miles. He lives in Estherville, in the extreme northern part of the State; and it may be that the game laws are respected around that town, but they are not here.

I think a law could be passed placing a tax on each gun Good wardens can be hired for $50 a month. Many a trustworthy man is working for much less than that. I believe that a tax of from 50 cents to $1 on each gun would in many counties amount to enough to pay that sum. I would let each warden appoint his deputies, and would have them paid with one-half the fines in cases in which they are the informants. I would have each fine include $5 to be paid into a general fund, and this to be used to help pay wardens in counties where the tax is insufficient; and if this should not be enough, then the balance made up from some other State fund.

I believe that the open season for prairie chickens, instead of beginning on Sept. 1, as at present, should begin on the opening day for quail, Oct. 1. During the month of September many late chickens are weak in flight and have no show before the gun. With wardens in each county, I think it would not be necessary to have a close season for rabbits, as suggested. Farmers are not yet ready for that, but will favor any game protection law that does not interfere with the peace, happiness and welfare of their homes.

Mount Tom.

Adirondack Winter Deer Hounding.

Two deer, killed by hounds, are now lying dead on the ice of Lake George opposite the Waltonian Island. A third one is in a clearing on the east side near by. A little herd of six or eight does and fawns selected for their winter home a favorable spot near Dark Bay, in the town of Putman. The spot was well chosen, except they did not realize they were locating among the most notorious poachers in the whole State. As soon as the snows of January betrayed their presence, the war of extermination began, and has ended with the last one dead.

Would that I could send to the committee on game laws (now considering at Albany what the law shall be for years to come) a photograph of these poor dead does, both prospective mothers, as they now lie on the ice in sight of our village. Will they still persist in the attempt to make a "happy family" of hounds and deer? Had one of these deer been killed by a wolf or panther the bounty on such animals would have been doubled at once, while the hundred times more destructive hound is petted for his cruelty.

This same cruelty is being enacted throughout the whole Adirondack country wherever deer are to be found; but not a case in a thousand is ever heard from. The owner of hounds will not conform to the law. As a general thing, he is too ignorant to read its meaning, and is influenced by petty gifts and praise for his zeal by an unprincipled employer, who will use him while he may, and is sure to desert him when his hounds, for lack of care, get him into trouble. —*A. C. C. in Glens Falls Republican.*

"Holland."

The grand sketch entitled "Holland," by Shadow, Hammond, is the finest sketch of New England woodcock and grouse shooting that I ever saw published and I am an old sportsman of forty-three years' experience in the field. It is lifelike and real. D.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXXIII.—Benjamin Van Voast.

After the pirates returned to Albany they forswore piracy until the time should come for the next cruise to the bluefishing grounds. They dispersed, and were swallowed up in the whirlpool of civil life, just as the great armies of 1865 disappeared, without creating a ripple on the surface of society. Benny returned to his desk in my father's office, where I also held down a chair, the summer's tan faded from our cheeks, and if we held converse it was of invoices, vouchers, way bills, and things with which pirates have nothing to do. In fact a Western drover coming in to pay freight on several cars of cattle would never suspect us to have been pirates. Our disguise was perfect. It was only when we met at Billy Shaw's café that the past was mentioned.

Next spring, when the ice went out of the upper Hudson, there was the usual overflow of the bottom lands, and my naturally good constitution had repaired damages sufficiently to permit frequent trips to the muskrat grounds on the Popskinny with Port Tyler, who was after fur, while I needed the exercise which the sport brought. Perhaps it wasn't sport! I shot the little brother of the beaver, which we miscall a muskrat, for no other purpose than to exploit my marksmanship and kill something, to get out in a boat over the meadows and be in company with my beau ideal of a master of woodcraft, old Port Tyler. I did not want the game for food nor for its fur; yet the latter was utilized and life was not taken in vain. Not the highest form of sport? No, not the highest by long odds, but I spent every odd day in early spring at it, when business was not too pressing; and then there was always an eye out for black ducks and mallards when we were among the willows which marked the line where the creek was when the waters were down.

Benny wanted to go and see what hidden charm lay in shooting the musquash, and so we went down on the island one Monday night and slept in the hay of Rivenburg's barn with old Port. The questions that Benny asked about rats, snakes and other "varmints" showed that the whole business of camping was new to him. He was not at ease after we had eaten supper and had crawled under the hay.

"Mr. Tyler," he asked, "do snakes ever crawl up in the hay in these barns and bite people?"

"Not as I ever heerd of," Port answered; "the fact is that snakes never come out of their winter quarters until the days are warm, and even in the hottest weather they are quiet at night, an' besides, there's no harmful snakes about here anyway."

In order to soothe Benny I remarked: "What Porter says is true to a certain extent, but there are exceptions to all rules, and the snake that wallowed through the snow and killed the family which lived just below here, some ten years ago, was the exception; yet I hardly think any snakes will disturb us to-night, for the moon is in the south, yet we can't be sure."

In the morning Benny looked tired, and when Porter found a chance he said to me: "Your friend is afraid of snakes, and I tried to quiet him so's he'd sleep; but you went on about snakes wallerin' through snow, an' you know better'n that. There wasn't no family killed—now, honest, what'd you want to tell such stuff as that for?"

"To encourage and amuse Benny; that's what he came for. Fun is what he is after, and if he thinks that snakes are dangerous and are abroad while there's snow in the valleys, it's fun to let him think so."

After breakfast we started in three light boats over the meadows, making for every pile of driftwood where the game gathered for refuge after being flooded out in their houses and homes in the bank. Benny had not told me that he had never shot a gun, and his actions were funny. After giving him full directions about loading, for we used muzzleloaders in those days, he shot both barrels and then snapped a lot of caps at the swimming rodents, but the charges did not explode. In despair he rowed over to me to ask for advice and assistance. I snapped several caps on each barrel without effect, and then with the worm on the end of the ramrod drew the charges. In each barrel he had put the shot in first.

Porter remarked, "I guess your friend Benny ain't done much shootin', and if he puts his powder on top of the shot every time he won't get many rats. I'm a little afeerd to shoot with men as green as that, for there's no tellin' but you'll get a charge of shot into some part of your body where you don't want it. It's too bad that you drew the charges and show'd him how to load."

An apology was due to Port for bringing a man to shoot with him who had never handled a gun, but my excuse was that I had no idea Benny was so raw a recruit or I would not have brought him; for, like Porter, I knew that he was to be feared, and after this explanation we separated and kept our boats so far apart that there was no danger from Benny. He banged away all the morning, and when we assembled for the noon lunch he had three head of game, which he displayed in triumph as he joined us. "How many did you get?" he asked, and as the boats pulled up at the barn he looked at the piles in each and exclaimed, "Geewhilliken, what a lot!" He counted them and there were over eighty in the boats.

After a bite and a smoke we left Porter to "peel" his game, and Benny and I went forth again. In little bunches of sticks, straw, fence-rails and other flotsam which lodged against the willows, stakes and similar obstructions, the game would be found singly or in numbers, and would dive at our approach, leaving a wake that marked the course, but the necessity of their breathing gave opportunity to the gunner, and he must be quick or the breath would be snatched and his game be far away on the second stretch and out of distance. This, and this only, gave the shooting a slight claim to be called sport, if indeed it had any sort of claim to the title. It required a quick eye and a snap shot.

Perhaps two hours had passed and we had done much shooting around our district, for above and below us men were shooting, and it was not the correct thing to invade a neighbor's territory, and one could always return to a drift pile in half an hour and find it tenanted apparently with as many squatters as before, for these animals never take to the hills when drowned out of their homes, but remain near until the waters subside. I was floating, gun in hand, looking toward Benny waiting for a head to appear which I had hit once, when I saw him fire one barrel and then jump up and fire the other, while the frail boat slipped from under him and scooted away. He had somehow fallen on a pile of drift which kept him dry above the waist, and he evidently did not need the advice always given in the army to any fellow in difficulty: "Grab a root," which I involuntarily yelled as I went after and captured his boat. After getting him into his light scow again and bailing it out there was a gun missing, and after setting all the drift free from the old fence post which had collected it the water was too muddy to see the bottom, although only 30in. deep; but it couldn't go far, and I located it with an oar, and after many trials lifted the muzzle of the gun above water by clasping it with both oars, and we went to the barn, Benny very silent. There is no use in saying "I told you so;" it only exasperates the party of the second part. Let him alone to think it all over, and on this principle there was little conversation as we rowed our boats up to Rivenburg's barn, which stood on an elevation of some 2ft. above the highest flood recorded.

Porter was still at work and merely glanced at the game we brought, and I blew the water out of Ben's gun and snapped a lot of caps on it to help dry it, after wiping it inside as well as possible. "What's the matter with the gun?" Porter asked as he saw all this going on.

Before I could reply Benny broke in with: "Like a durned fool, I forgot that you both said that I mustn't stand up in the boat to shoot, and I went overboard, gun and all. I saw both of you stand up to shoot, and in the excitement of firing the second barrel I jumped up and went overboard." There was a pause. He had virtually said, "You told me so," without mental irritation at any one but himself, and we were still friends. He stood in his wet trousers, kicked a dead muskrat and continued: "This muskrat shooting isn't as much fun as I thought it was; let's go home." And so we took the largest boat, placed the skins in the bow, and Old Port and the unskinned game in the stern, while Benny with the bow oars after a while learned to keep a regular dip in unison with the stroke oar. Port kept on skinning and the dead (muskrats) steered by the dumb (Benny) went upward against the flood.

As soon as the ice dam at Castleton or above, on what the old Dutch settlers called the "overslaugh," breaks, the waters about Albany subside and the rich bottom lands emerge with a deposit of fertilizing leaf mould and other sediment which has come from the Adirondacks and the fertile Mohawk Valley. Then the perch begin to gather in those bayous which are called "creeks" on the upper Hudson, for the natives do not distinguish these from a brook, which is also a "creek;" the river herring run up to spawn in the cold waters, the bullheads emerge from the mud and the early fishing begins, or at least did begin before the railroad filled in the place which it formerly bridged and caused the filling of the creek by stopping the flow, and now there are few fish in the stream where we boys could in the early days catch more than we could carry.

Young Charley Bell, another of the amateur pirates, and I often went down there, and our tales of fishing awoke a desire in Billy Shaw and Benny to go along; so just as soon as the ice was gone, and the song sparrow began to rejoice that a portion of the springtime had come, even though not to abide permanently, we went down one pleasant afternoon and slept in the hay of Hotel de Rivenburg. Benny's mishaps had been fully related, enlarged and beautified each time they were told. "That's all right," said Benny, "I don't want any more shooting, but fishing is better sport. I'd like better to sleep home in a good bed, and come down here in the morning. What fun is there in sleeping in an old spook hole like this?"

"Fun!" said Shaw, "why, Benny, if you were at home you'd miss all this good company, you wouldn't hear the tree toads peeping, nor the owls singing, and besides all that you can study astronomy through the roof."

"Durn the peepers and the owls! The hay tickles my face, and the last time I was here a spider or a cricket walked over my face. Now, on the schooner last summer there were no spiders nor crickets to bother you after you went to sleep, and I like a civilized life."

"No," replied Billy, "there wasn't any spiders nor crick-

ets in the bunks on the Rainbow, but for choice I would have preferred them. How's that, Bell?"

"Well, yes, the crickets are larger and they sing; like you, I prefer the insect life of the barn, but tastes differ."

"Benny," said I, "to-morrow we will have breakfast and be fresh for the fishing by the time you could get yourself dressed and down at the Albany dock, and it gives us a good start. You talk as though you are sorry you came, and if so I'm sorry also."

This had its effect, and there was no more grumbling. He realized what a nuisance a grumbler is, and he and Bell sang, and we told stories of more or less probability and went to sleep. In the morning, as we stepped outside our hotel, there was Port Tyler frying a lot of perch and river herring. "I've got some gill nets down the crick," he said, "and I walked down the railroad, an' seein' your boat I took it and went down an' got some fish, for I ain't breakfasted yet. I see by the boat that ye hadn't been a-fishin' yet, and thought I might as well fry enough for all hands. An' there's Benny too, four on ye; well! if ther' ain't fish enough for all I'll go get some more. Why, Benny, I thought you'd got enough of the island creek on the last trip; goin' to try the fishin, hey?"

"Yes, I think I'm better at fishing than at shooting; but hold on! You've walked about four miles and then been down the creek after fish and cooked 'em; you sit down to breakfast and Bell and I will go to the nets and get more fish; he says he knows how to get them out of the net."

While they were gone we laid out our rations and breakfasted. We had calculated on hot coffee, but not hot fish, and on a chill March morning they were welcome. A little song sparrow warbled a melody from the willows, and we listened as it sang again and again. "It makes me feel bad now when I hear that bird," said Porter. "They used to sound cheerful like, an' I was allers glad to hear 'em, but since last week they make me solemn, somehow, an' I wish they wouldn't sing." No one made an inquiry, and after a pause the old man continued: "It was this way: When my nets are out in the spring I allers bring my gun along to pick up an odd duck or two or a muskrat, as long as their fur is in good condition. Well, I was a-rowin' down the crick, keepin' close to one side or the other so's to see around a bend afore anything sees me, an' I see a muskrat on a stump a-sittin' there an' a-cleanin' his face with his paws, jus' like there wasn't a gun within ten mile. He was a-kickin' in the mud afore he heard the gun go off, an' I rowed down an' reached him with an oar an' brought him in, washed him an' started on, when I see somethin' else a-kickin' in the mud under a willow beyond the stump. It was a little bird, and it had been in range of my shot, and there it was on its back, an' a-flutterin' its little wings in the mud. I lifted it on the blade of the oar and brought it to me, but there was blood in its nostrils, an' it died in my hand; it was one o' them pretty little singers." No remark was made, and he added: "Confound it! I wish I'd let that muskrat go; his fur wasn't any good, anyhow."

After the boys came back and had breakfasted we saw Porter lift his nets. He had three gill-nets across the creek, and took out several hundred "herring" (as the river alewife is there called), some perch, bullheads and two eels. These astonished me, as I had no idea that an eel could be caught in a gill-net, and his were of 2½in. mesh, made for the head of the herring; but Porter called my attention to meshes which were coated with eel slime where the fish had slipped through, "But," said he, "these eels have been a-fillin' up on angleworms durin' this high water, an' they're a leetle too stout to slip through easily, an' probably they ain't been in the net long. P'raps I'd a-got them other fellers if I'd a-been here a few minutes after they struck the net. Now these eels, they work along a gill-net to feed on the fishes that get caught in it, an' sometimes they get h'isted into the boat jes' like them two fellers, but mostly they eats the belly out of a herrin' or a shad an' leaves the rest. Now here's a herrin' all gone but his head and his upper parts. The eels seem to like the innards best, an' they'll spile a dozen herrin' in pickin' out the ch'ice parts, when I'd thank 'em to finish up one fish afore tacklin' another."

After this lecture on the habits of eels by a past master in fishology, while he removed the fish and left his nets to work for another day, we left him and went on. We fished from bank and boat, with both worm and minnow, and took a goodly lot of yellow perch, bullheads (catfish), and a few pickerel. It is the unexpected that always happens, and Benny Van Voast, the poorest fisherman in the lot—one who did not know how to put a minnow on a hook, nor how to cast it after it was put on for him—took the biggest fish of the day, a pickerel of 4lbs., which was 1lb. above any fish taken by the other pirates. I say "pirates," because we were all on that piratical trip to salt water the previous summer, and we had a right to the title.

As we rowed our boat back up the creek Shaw's attention was attracted by three gangs of poles, three poles in each, set with a noticeable regularity. "What are the poles for?" he asked.

"They're put out there to fasten boats to," answered Benny.

In an evil moment I was prompted to correct this false statement, or rather to enlighten Benny. That's my very weak point—the hope of enlightening the masses. They have never arisen in force and demanded enlightenment from me, and that's where they have missed it. I have tried to force knowledge upon them, and that's my failing. Benny had explained why the stakes were placed there. I did not know enough to keep my positive knowledge to myself, so I said, "No, Benny, those poles hold fyke nets in place; the two nearest together are the wings and the apex of the triangle is the bag of the fyke, or 'hoop net,' as some call it."

"Who sets that kind of net in the creek," asked Shaw, in a careless manner.

"They belong to Mr. Tobias Teller," said I. "He lives up here on one of the Teller farms, is a bachelor, but puts in his nets to get fish for his own servants as well as for the family of his brother, Mr. Jacob Teller, father of our friend Col. David, and it gives him fish in a fresher—"

"What!" exclaimed Shaw. "You don't say that these trap nets belong to Tobi' Teller! Turn around! We've got to see to them an' take 'em up, if we have to send all the fish we get out of 'em up to the almshouse." And, against my protest, I showed Shaw which pole to lift and how to untie the trap-cord and empty the fish into the boat. It was well that there were only three nets, or we would have been swamped with the weight of fish; but he emptied them all, and then tied to each bag-stake a card on which was written:

"This net was emptied by Billy Shaw, aided and abetted by * * *, members of the Society for the Preservation of Cruelty to Animals, for fear these fish might die in your net. If Mr. Tobias Teller will call on Mr. Shaw at his place of business he will receive all the satisfaction which he may get."

The load of fish from the nets, in addition to what we had, was a heavy pull after we struck the current in the river, but we reached Albany in time to send messenger boys with presents to every one we could think of, and left a lot to the man who took care of the boat. Mr. Tobias Teller dropped into Shaw's next day, as Benny expected he would, and there he saw a placard on which was painted:

"Fresh herring from the Teller farm.
Perch from Teller's fyke.
Bullheads skinned *à la* Popskinny.
Order quickly if you wish Tobias.
Tobi or not Tobi, that's the question!"

As he read it four of the pirates who had cruised Long Island Sound with the Jolly Roger at the fore, and who had lately extended their operations to the peaceful Popskinny, appeared from an ambush in an adjoining room, and gravely shaking hands with the old gentleman, asked in turn: "How's the fishing down your way, Mr. Teller?"

He bore the indignity like a Christian martyr and replied: "The fishing has been very good until yesterday. We have had enough for our families and farm hands as well as some to spare for the neighbors, but the fish must have deserted us, for the fykes were empty last night. But I just dropped in to eat a few oysters, and if you'll join me it will be a great pleasure. Waiter! five dozen raw and a bottle of Sauterne to begin with. By the way, boys, the next time you go down the creek on a fishing trip let me know and I'll join you, and if you don't get enough to suit you we'll raise the fykes."

"Not for me," said Benny, "I wouldn't eat a fish that came out of a net. I don't eat many fish, but those taken on my own line always have a flavor above all others." This sentiment met with a hearty commendation from the other three, yet in the "Song of Fairies" we read:

"Stolen sweets are always sweeter;
Stolen kisses much completer;
Stolen looks are nice in chapels;
Stolen, stolen be your apples."

Fred Mather.

"FOREST AND STREAM'S" BIG FISH RECORD.

A Provisional List of Big Fish of Various Species, Supposed to be the Largest of their Respective Kinds Captured or Possessed in America.

Salmon (*Salmo salar*), 54lbs.—Killed with fly in Cascapedia River by ex-President Arthur.

Small-mouth Black Bass, 10lbs.—Caught in Round Pond, Warren county, N. Y., by Nathaniel Parker, of Glens Falls, N. Y. Caught with rod and reel. The fish was 25¼in. long and 19in. in circumference. I put this fish first, as it was exhibited in public, and I weighed and measured it.

Reuben Seelye, town of Queensbury, N. Y., claims to have caught a small-mouth black bass in Glen Lake, Warren county, which weighed 11¼lbs., 25in. long and 21in. in circumference. Several people saw this fish, and in my opinion, after an exhaustive inquiry, there can be no question about the weight provided the scales were accurate, and the measurements of the bass seem to confirm the weight; but it was not weighed in public, as was Parker's fish.

Large-mouth Black Bass.—In the autumn of 1896, while I was making a call upon Gov. Morton in the Executive Chamber at Albany, he asked if he had ever told me about the big black bass captured in his lake at his country seat, Ellerslie, on the Hudson. I had not heard of the fish, and the Governor said that seven or eight years ago, soon after he bought Ellerslie, he had the lake on the property drawn down to clean it and find out what kinds of fish it contained. The chief capture was a large mouth black bass weighing 24lbs., and the Governor asked if I had ever heard of a fish of the species so large, and I said I never had from the waters of this State, although I believed that Florida waters had produced the large-mouth bass equaling or exceeding the Ellerslie fish in weight. He said I was not alone in never having heard of a black bass so large as 24lbs. from New York waters, because (and he laughed heartily) he had told the story a good many times to different people and none of them had heard of the like, and had even asked if he was sure of the weight of the fish. Mr. Walter C. Witherbee, who was present, told the Governor that he was entitled to the master degree as a fisherman, but he saw the point of the joke at once, and replied that he witnessed the weighing of the fish, and there was nothing fishy about the story except the fish, and when it was first placed before him he was prepared to believe most anything about its weight, as it was so large. The lake at Ellerslie has been in existence for more than 100 years, but Gov. Morton has no idea how the bass got into it, nor can I even guess when asked to do so. Last summer I noticed that the lake at Ellerslie was rich in fish food—particularly so—and probably the bass had little, if anything, to do but wax fat and large. I told the Governor that I should have to put his big black bass in the Forest and Stream big fish records, and I was particularly obliged to him, for I had no record of big black bass of the large-mouth species until he furnished one that would stand at the head for years to come.

Mascalonge, with hook and line, 47½lbs., caught in St. Lawrence River by John B. Spafford, Jr., and Capt. James Millward. The late Dr. Elisha Sterling, of Cleveland, O., speared a mascalonge in Sandusky Bay that weighed 80lbs.

Brook Trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*).—The employees of the Maine Fish Commission netted a trout in Rangeley stream that weighed 12lbs. and returned it to the water after weighing it.

I am aware that a trout of great weight was recorded in this journal as having been caught by an angler in the Rangeley Lakes, but I was there that season and an investigation convinced me that the fish weighed only between 9 and 10lbs. The weight of the 12lbs. fish is authentic, as I got it from Commissioner Stanley.

Mr. Charles Hallock has written of a 16lbs. trout from the Nipigon River, and I told in Forest and Stream what I knew of the claim for a 20lbs. trout caught in the Wayagamack Lake in Canada.

New York State never equaled the Maine and Canadian waters in the size of their brook trout. The largest fish taken with hook and line of which I have record was a trout of 7¼lbs., caught in a lake in the town of Moriah, Essex county, in 1895. Previous to that the largest record brook trout was one found in a dying condition in Loon Lake, in the Adirondacks. The fish is now mounted in the Loon Lake House, and when found was credited in the newspapers with a weight of 6½lbs. I saw the fish this season, and was told by Mr. Stevens, of the Loon Lake Hotel, that the trout weighed a little more than the weight given in the newspapers. This is now of no importance, for this fall a trout was found dead in Loon Lake with a hole eaten in the side of its head, as though done by a mink or other animal, which when placed on the scales weighed full 8lbs. The fish is being mounted and will be placed in the Loon Lake House. This is the largest trout of which I have knowledge ever caught or found in the waters of New York State.

Lake Trout (*Salvelinus mamaycush*).—The largest trout of this species ever reported to me as having been caught in the waters of New York was a fish of 53lbs. caught in Lake Kush-a-qua. I have no information as to who caught the fish, although I tried to get some details of the capture while at the lake last summer. While it was admitted that such a fish was taken from the lake, I could not even learn the name of its captor.

Striped Bass or rockfish (*Roccas lineatus*).—The largest fish of this species taken with rod and reel of which I have record is 64lbs., caught by W. R. Renwick, of the Cuttyhunk Club.

Pike, commonly called pickerel (*Lucius lucias*).—35lbs., caught in Lake Le Bouef, Erie county, Pennsylvania, by Charles Phelps.

Yellow Perch or ringed perch (*Perca americana*).—5lbs., caught by Pick Squires in Schroon Lake, N. Y.

While these fishes may not be in all cases record fish, they will serve as starting points to correct the records.

A. N. Cheney.

Pike-Perch in New Jersey.

The stocking of streams and ponds with pike-perch fry by the New Jersey Fish and Game Commission has proved a success in at least two instances.

The fry were received from the Pennsylvania hatchery at Corey on May 12, 1896, and about noon of the same day 50,000 were placed in Cedar Brook, opposite the Lehigh Valley depot at South Plainfield, about three miles east of New Market Pond, into which the stream empties. Another lot of 50,000 was placed in a small brook three-quarters of a mile from the pond at Lakeside, a settlement one mile south of Metuchen. As soon as liberated, the squirming little transparent bodies, with their prominent, bead-like eyes, much resembling tadpoles in size, darted here and there, finally seeking shelter under the edges of stones and pebbles on the sandy bottom.

The brook being inaccessible for the greater part of its length on account of the thick underbrush and briers, the growth of the fry was not noticed until Sept. 12, four months later, when, upon my stepping upon a piece of overhanging bank near the junction of the brook and pond, a number of fish 5 or 6in. in length darted from beneath to the opposite side, their dark, irregular markings, and olive-colored sides being plainly visible in the clear, transparent water, which also undoubtedly slightly magnified their size By stamping along the edge of the brook many other pike-perch were driven from their hiding places.

The only other fish in this lake at that time were seventy-three Oswego bass, measuring from 9 to 18in., placed in the lake a few months previous to the pike-perch, and innumerable dace and other bait fish, all other fish having been lost two years previous by the breaking of the dam, a permanent dam having since been built and the lake refilled by its many springs and streams.

A few weeks later a trip was made to Cedar Brook in company with Thomas Lindabury, yard-master of the Lehigh road at South Plainfield, and many pike-perch were driven from beneath the banks of that stream, all showing the same growth as their kin at Lakeside.

One million fry of the pike-perch were planted by the Commission in different lakes and streams of the State on that date, May 12.

Wild Honey.

Potomac Bass Fishing.

There will be no fishing for bass in the Potomac River and its tributaries hereafter above the Little Falls between April 15 and June 1 of each year, and the fish cannot be taken at any time other than by means of a hook and line or a dip net. The use of the trot or out-line, by which the fish supply in the upper Potomac has been almost decimated in the past, will be also illegal hereafter. The penalty for breaking any of these regulations will be imprisonment for not more than six months or a fine not exceeding $200, or both fine and imprisonment. This applaudable result is due to the recently organized District of Columbia Game and Fish Protective Association, of which Commander Robley D. Evans, of the navy, is president, and whose membership comprises the leading gentlemen sportsmen in Washington as well as in the surrounding States.

When the Association was formed the States of Virginia and Maryland had already passed laws containing the provisions enumerated in the opening lines of this article. To become operative, however, it was necessary for West Virginia to adopt the same law.

The executive committee of the local association, which consists of fifteen well-known sportsmen, took immediate steps to secure the requisite action by the Legislature of West Virginia, and at a meeting held last Monday night delegated Dr. Geo. W. Massamore, a member of the Association, chief deputy game warden of Maryland, and secretary and treasurer of the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association, to proceed to Charleston and urge the passage of the bill. Dr. Massamore was courteously provided with strong letters to members of the West Virginia Legislature by Senators Elkins, Faulkner, Gorman and other influential gentlemen, and when he reached the West Virginia capital he found the bill sleeping in a Senate committee. He was received with pleasant welcome by the legislators, and out of courtesy to him the bill was taken up out of its regular order and quickly passed through both houses. Dr. Massamore had an interview with Gov. McCorkle, who is an ardent sportsman, and it is regarded as certain that he will sign the bill.

The effects of this measure cannot be overestimated. It will mean the placing around the bass and all varieties of game fish, which are also enumerated in the prohibitive clauses of the bill, of perfect protection from the forays of pot-fishers, which have been so constant in the past, and will especially protect them during the spawning season, from April 15 to June 1. Mr. George L. Nicholson, the manager of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, who is a zealous sportsman and always eager to help anything that will seek to promote sport in its proper sense, will have all the canal walkers of the system under his control appointed deputy game wardens at a very early date, and, as these wide-awake, alert men virtually patrol the Potomac from Washington to its source, the persons who have heretofore kept up predatory warfare on the game fish in its waters will be compelled to give up their business. Heretofore it has been impossible for the State authorities of Maryland and Virginia and West Virginia to stop the lawbreakers in the river, because when approached by the officers of one State they would seek the shore of the State opposite and evade arrest. Under the new law, however, they will have no chance to continue this system.

Immediate steps will now be taken to have Congress pass a law similar to the one described, extending the protection from Little Falls, where the District begins, to the east line of the District, below Alexandria.—*Washington Star, Feb. 20.*

The New York Bass Season.

RHINEBECK, N. Y., Feb. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed some weeks ago the proposal of the New York State Fish and Game Commission to submit to the Legislature an amendment to open the season for black bass on July 1 and to close the same on Oct. 15. There seems to be good reason for extending the close term from May 30 to July 1, as the bass are at best only leaving their spawning beds during June, and during that month should be left undisturbed with their young; but as for putting the anglers of this part of the State into winter quarters on Oct. 15, I do not believe it should be done without a protest.

When I first noticed this proposition I wrote to Mr. Cheney, fishculturist, whose very interesting communications, under the head of angling notes, prove such a valuable acquisition to your paper; and he informed me that the contemplated change in the law was due to the fact that so many bass were slaughtered late in the autumn, after they had retired to the deeper waters for the winter. His reasons are fully set forth in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM (Feb. 20). While such may be the case in northern New York, this condition does not obtain in Duchess county, nor do I believe it does in any of the southern counties. The finest fishing days are throughout October. The great heat of July and August makes it difficult to coax the bronze-backer, and it is only during September and October that he is in "fighting form." I will promise my friend Cheney something better than "a dead and salted codfish" on his book if he will then urge one of our black bass to the test, for in the frosty October mornings they take the bait with one grand rush, rather than with "nibble, nibble, nibble." There is no retirement to deeper water in October in this section, but the fish are taken in the same quarters as in summer, and never in large numbers. I am no advocate of pot-hunting, and am always content if three or four grown-up fish come to the boat, sending those under a pound and a half back whence they came to grow some more. If I mistake not, your paper contains each year reports from lakes Mahopac, Greenwood, Tuxedo, etc , of good sport—not slaughter—in late October, and it does not seem reasonable to so amend the law that fishing in all parts of the State must cease on Oct. 15. It occurred to me that the interchange of opinion on this subject through the medium of FOREST AND STREAM, a journal so devoted and loyal to the highest interests of the sportsman, might bring about the correct result in the solution of the problem as to the closing of the bass season. Should it not be extended to Nov. 10 or 15 rather than closed on Oct. 15? A. LEE WAGER.

THE OUANANICHE AND ITS HOME.*

THIS is by far the most beautiful angling book printed in this country devoted to an individual fish. The author is widely known to Canadian and American anglers as a writer on fishing in the Provinces; and in this work he has given us the result of long and loving study and preparation. The chapters deal with the description, classification and habits of the ouananiche; sketches of camping and fishing experiences in its pursuit; and well-written descriptions of the country and its surroundings, which after all constitute so much of the ever-renewing charm of an angling excursion. The text has worthy presentation in all that beauty of type and printing and picture and paper and binding can contribute.

It is pretty clearly demonstrated in Mr. Chambers's book that the Indian name of the fish was not always pronounced uniformly by the aborigines themselves, and it appears that *wananish* represents as close an approximation to the Indian sounds as the English language can be made to furnish. Common names of fishes have about as little permanence as names traced on a sand beach between tides, and people who go fishing take the liberty of selecting for their favorites whatever designation strikes their fancy. Even the author in his charming descriptions lapses into the synonym "fresh-water salmon," and at other times characterizes the red-spotted Marston trout as a "bewitchingly beautiful leopard of Northern water," while the brook trout becomes "the leopard of the brook." These are mere straws, but they show which way the wind of popular nomenclature blows, and after all the names of fish are among the least important of their belongings.

As for the scientific name of the *wananish*, or ouananiche, that is another matter, and one that is to be settled by more nearly precise methods. If it be established that the *wananish* of Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Canada represent a single variety of the Atlantic salmon, it is more than probable that most ichthyologists will continue to associate with them the name *sebago*, first applied by Dr. Girard in 1854 to the little fresh-water form found in lakes in the southern part of Maine. It is useless to say, "There never was a variety *sebago*." That name was given to the *wananish;* the types of the description were preserved in the Smithsonian Institution, where they were examined and redescribed by Dr. Suckley in 1861. Both the original description and the account published by Suckley made mention of certain characters which will serve to distinguish the *wananish* from the Atlantic salmon.

The points of difference between grilse and *wananish* are well stated in Mr. Chambers's book by a quotation from Walter M. Brackett (page 17), showing that the eye of the *wananish* is much the larger, the profile rounder, the dark spots larger and much more numerous, the caudal peduncle broader and flatter, and the head larger in proportion to the body. On page 32 Mr. Charles G. Atkins still further distinguishes the *sebago* salmon from the sea salmon by (1) its diminutive size, (2) its leaner flesh, (3) its lower tone of color, (4) its less permanent sexual marks, (5) its greater liability to ovarian disease, (6) different habits of feeding, and (7) the larger size of its eggs and very young fry. Additional confirmation of the same nature is to be found on pages 20 and 21, whereon the author himself reviews the differential characters and quotes the excellent description by Mr. Creighton. The distinctive name is evidently based on some things that are more important than "different habits alone."

We cannot agree with Mr. Chambers in accepting the doctrine of the fresh-water origin of the common Atlantic salmon as if it were established by satisfactory proofs. This is distinctly debatable ground. As far as observations have been recorded the fish now reproduces in fresh water only, but it is impossible to tell how long that habit has characterized the species. Until the ancestral salmon has been found fossil in fresh-water deposits the origin of the common form in fresh water must remain an unproved theory. It is true that Prof. Cope has described a genus of salmons from a tertiary fresh-water lake, but it is not certain that the fossil belongs to the salmon family. It is also true that a museum in Canada has some undescribed fossil remains closely resembling the genus of Pacific salmons from tertiary clays of a river in British Columbia. But nothing is established with certainty upon this interesting subject and theories should not be too readily accepted. One thing, however, admits of no question: the name *Salmo salar* belongs to the sea salmon, and if a specific name be needed to distinguish the *wananish* from the migratory form, Girard's name is clearly available.

Why do the salmon go to sea? Perhaps most members of the family have possessed the sea-going habit from the infancy of the race as well as the infancy of the individual, assuming that reproduction has always taken place in fresh waters. It is certain that the sea provides abundant food and that the troublesome parasites and fungus, which make salmon life wretched in the rivers and lakes, disappear and cease to annoy in the salt water. There are serious drawbacks, however, for the marine salmon, in the form of seals, sharks and some of the large predaceous fishes which make life a constant struggle and render more endurable a periodical exchange of afflictions by a return to fresh water.

The pink color of salmon flesh appears to be poorly explained by reference to a diet of red crustaceans. Many fish of the family that never feed upon such animals still have pink flesh and many marine fish which are known to subsist chiefly upon red crustaceans have pale flesh. If observations count for anything the principal food of the salmon at sea consists of herring, capelin and sand launce. It is difficult to understand how such an explanation of the red flesh of salmon should have been so long accepted and repeated without contradiction.

It seems a pity that the author should have accepted so readily the idea that the golden trout, or Sunapee saibling, is an introduced species which should be looked for also in the St. Lawrence basin. A little closer search into the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, wherein the trout was very early and very fully described, should have satisfied him that the species is indigenous to Dan Hole Pond, N. H., and Flood's Pond, Me. That it will be found elsewhere is almost unquestionable; but there is no more reason for identifying it with the European saibling than there would be in considering it the same as the great red-spotted trout of Labrador or the Western Dolly Varden.

Since the author and the publisher have given to anglers and book lovers such a rare combination of entertaining text and superb illustration, it is an ungrateful task to call attention to some defects, which mar the beauty and to some extent destroy the usefulness of the work. The author should not have spoken of the "chub and other whitefish," for the first belongs to the *Cyprinidæ*, and the last, as he well knows, is a member of the salmon family. The brook trout is not *Salmo salvelinus*, but *S. fontinalis*. The doré is not a "near neighbor of the pike" in the sense of relationship, since it is a spiny-finned fish, while the pike belongs to the soft-finned order. *Unionidæ*, it seems needless to say, is a family name and not a "generic name." The whitefish of Hamilton River and other inland waters of Labrador, as also of the Décharge, may not be identical with the common whitefish of the Great Lakes. Judging from what is said of it by Mr. Chambers it seems more likely to be the Labrador whitefish (*Coregonus labradoricus*).

In "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment" the publishers have added another beautiful book to their long series of splendid publications. It is too bad, therefore, to see it marred by occasional examples of such proof-reading as, for example, *Salmo salvelinus marstonii* for *Salmo (Salvelinus) Marstonii* (pp. 255 and 270), David T. Jordan for David S. Jordan (p. 15), C. Brown Goode for G. Brown Goode (p. 334), Moutagnais for Montagnais (p. 114), Bastican for Batiscan (p. 277), *Exos lucius* for *Esox lucius* (p. 283), the Atlantic on the west instead of east (p. 122), *entomostracœ* for *entomostraca* (p. 81).

The utility of such a list of authorities consulted as the one beginning on page 331 is open to question. It is not an index of literature pertaining to the species mentioned in the book, and for the *wananish* it is far from complete. The student of the salmon family must search further and range more widely if he wishes to become possessed of an intimate knowledge of certain problems presented in "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment."

* "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment." By E. T. D. Chambers. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. 1896.

"Angling Talks."

WE have a very few copies of George Dawson's "Angling Talks," a series of chapters of entertaining chat about men, fishermen, fish, fishing and fishing places. Cloth, 50 cents. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 3-6. ST. LOUIS.—St. Louis Kennel Club
March 10-13. CHICAGO.—Mascoutah Kennel Club.
March 4-7.—PITTSBURG.—Duquesne Kennel Club.
March 17-20.—LOUISVILLE.—Kentucky Kennel Club.
March 30-April 2.—BALTIMORE.—Baltimore Kennel Association.
March 30-April 2.—KANSAS CITY.—Kansas City Kennel Club.
March 3-April 3.—SAN JOSÈ.—Santa Clara County Poultry and Kennel Club.
April 7-10.—STOCKTON.—Stockton Kennel Club.
April 14-17.—LOS ANGELES.—Southern California Kennel Club.

IN-BREEDING OF ENGLISH SETTERS.

A BELIEF has been steadily gaining ground among practical sportsmen that much of the old theory and practice of breeding English setters, in so far as it applies to breeding on certain old lines of in-breeding, was faulty and harmful. In the boom years of English setter breeding, when stud fees were high and one dog brought in a revenue equivalent to a good income, and when puppies had a fictitious value and were many times more valuable as a marketable product than they now are, the "science" of breeding was the pet phrase of all fashionable breeders, whether they were empirical in their practice, and beginners of yesterday as to experience, or whether they were wise and experienced. The native dog was designated as cold-blooded; the imported was blue-blooded or thoroughbred, both of which terms were used arbitrarily. The blue bloods became the fashion, and that, once established, no argument avails against it, and none is needed to maintain it. It lives till it dulls as a matter of fancy, then declines.

The "science" of breeding consisted chiefly in breeding to imported dogs, ones costing large sums and also commanding large sums for stud fees. Field trials and bench shows enhanced the value of the progeny. The commercial value of dogs was so great at that time that the matter of pedigree transcended all other considerations. Instead of selecting a pedigree with the sole object of producing really good field dogs, it was selected with a view to selling dogs. By breeding to dogs of a fashionable ownership and pedigree, the sale of puppies was assured if the bitch had any claim to a line or two of fashionable blood. The average purchaser seldom gave much attention to anything other than pedigree. Gradually, as the commercial value of pedigree became better recognized by many breeders, and as winners became more numerous, still more attention was paid to pedigree, and in particular to having the names of a large number of winners appearing in it. Some of the pedigrees so constructed were pleasing to look upon, though as to the dogs to which they referred so much could not always be truthfully said of them. The same sire might appear repeatedly in several generations. Such repetition was held forth as the multiplication of good qualities of the sire and the clinching of them in the progeny. Besides the good qualities, the matter of color was considered of prime importance; so much so that dogs other than black, white and tan were not approved, and some breeders went to the extreme of killing all puppies which happened to be of a color other than black, white and tan.

Now, there is no reason to disapprove of a fancy for color, or for the practice of breeding intelligently to winners. But either can be perverted or misapplied, or conducted in an unskillful manner.

The result of the in-and in-breeding was that many of the fashionably bred dogs were in time bred on very narrow lines of blood. The combination of breeding to construct a catchy pedigree, with a view to stud fees and the sale of puppies, resulted in the degeneration of certain families of dogs. Still it was difficult to secure a purchaser for any dogs, however good, if the fashionable pedigree were absent. It was much easier and incomparably more remunerative to deal in the dogs of fashionable requirement—goods already in demand and thoroughly well advertised—than it was to deal in dogs, however good their merit was, if it were unknown to the public or not desired by it. Dogs whose breeding was not fashionable were not profitable.

The effects of so much rank bad breeding under the shibboleth of "science" was that there appeared numerous undersized dogs, some mere midgets or weeds, many of them with extremely narrow heads and sharp noses. Many showed mental weakness, they being stupid, or whimsical, or, working with much diligence for themselves, they worked with little interest to the gun, even if they, ever understood its purposes. Many of them were weak in constitution, predisposed to disease, and with little power of resisting it when it attacked them. The mortality among the "scientifically" bred stock was enormous, yet so numerous were the breeders everywhere that the supply was equal to the demand; and notwithstanding the enormous losses from disease and death, the profits of setter breeding were great.

It need not be inferred that no good dogs resulted from such breeding, or rather, good dogs here and there were produced in spite of it. Such, however, were paraded in some instances as proof of the soundness of the "scientific" breeding. There might be one success and one hundred failures, but the one success was made to prove that the hundred failures were a part of good breeding. A native dog, though of pure breeding, sound constitution, high intelligence and great working ability, was considered a cold-blooded brute, while a dog, by virtue of a trip across the ocean, even though sent with the stigma of being a cull, was accepted on trust as being the true article.

Field trials, as they were run at that time, did much to perpetuate the incompetent dog, for the nursing and helping given him by his handler in a field trial were not properly considered as something apart from the dog's own performance, and sharp handling flourished for a while in consequence.

As the winner of every heat was announced after the heat was run, there was thus more available matter for advertising purposes; for John Doe could say that his dog beat Dick, which beat Sam, which beat Bob, owned by the illustrious sportsman, Mr. So-and-so, and as a matter of fact Dick, Sam and Bob might be of much or no merit, as the case might be. The short heats also helped out the inefficient performers.

The trials of the present day are run on much better and sounder lines. The judges generally give the winners a thorough test in an intelligent manner. Really good dogs are not run off their feet, as they were sometimes in the years gone by, and poor ones are dropped out on their own individual merit, instead of coming in on the inferiority of a competitor, as was the case when the heat system prevailed.

AN EIGHT HOURS' FOX CHASE.

The most exciting hunt of the season, if ever better, was had to day in Hack's neck, formed by the tributaries of the Chesapeake, Pungoteague and Nawadna creeks. These long, narrow necks of land, lying along the eastern shore of the Chesapeake Bay, formed by the many tributaries making up into the mainland, abound with small game, and especially the red fox, while in the creeks duck shooting is good.

There has recently existed quite a friendly spirit of rivalry during the hunting season between the Only and the Mappsburg clubs, each of which is known to have some very fine dogs, and to-day they threw their packs together, making a string of thirty, and assembled at the head of Hack's Neck to decide an unsettled question. Their combined packs started, and by 8 o'clock had reynard raised, and a little later under way. Off they went, at a terrific rate of speed, through swamps, over fields and meadows, well packed, giving the best of music in the world to the people of Hack's Neck, the 100 huntsmen and the surrounding country. The air being damp and still, the dogs might have been heard for miles away.

On they went, not making the shadow of a break or showing any signs of distress up until noon, when the fox, finding his case a hopeless one, and seeing that speed and endurance were unavailing, resorted to strategy, no doubt, by running a fence, leaving and making a cross double on his track in the rear of the dogs—a maneuver difficult for a pack to straighten up, and which occupied at least half an hour of time and gave reynard just so much rest. The old dogs, however, understood his tricks, and by making a broad circle again struck the trail, which by loss of time had become rather cold, and for a little while they had to work rather slowly.

This bother settled, the dogs were at once close on the heels of the fox, and for the next couple of hours the chase if possible became more intensely exciting than before. It was a sight fit for a king to behold, the fox many times running the public road, then in the open fields, giving constant view as he struggled to escape his pursuers, which would have been long before unavailing had the ground not been soft and muddy owing to the recent thaw; while the fox was an old coaster, not to be run down without a clear test of endurance. So the chase went on up to 2 P. M. with but one halt, to which we have referred.

Hack's Neck is twelve miles from the head to the extreme point adjacent to the bay, and this route had been made by the fox and dogs five times during the six hours already run (8 A. M. to 2 P. M.), during which time the pack had performed well, standing together and exhibiting fine qualities of blood and staying power.

The next two hours were very interesting, particularly in exhibiting endurance in the dogs. As we have said, the ground was in the very worst condition, especially in the fields, and now the pack began to strand, especially in dogs yet rather under age and those getting too old to stand a heavy strain, although the latter were still holding on, but far behind those of the pack yet going to the front.

The fox was reported with tongue out and brush dragging the ground, it being no hard matter to sight him at almost any time; the dogs still stranding until the pack was reduced down to eight or ten, three Black and Tans in the lead showing decidedly superior qualities of endurance. The club members were talking money on their respective dogs, now reduced to about equal numbers, riding right along with the remnant of the pack, yet holding on, cheering and forcing them to the front, ambitious whose should make the finish and be the first to tackle reynard, whose escape had long since been out of the question. Still a field for a mile and a half was dragged over, the fox being some little way ahead of the dogs, and could have been rode down very easily, if this were not against the rules of hunting; but on reaching the next woodland, where the dogs could get better foothold, the three Black and Tans brought the hunt to a close by the capture of an immense old dog fox, which no doubt had many times before evaded its pursuers.

The clubs of Only and Mappsburg may well be proud of having dogs of great endurance, which must be of a fine strain of blood. T. G. Elliott.

Keller, Va., Feb. 4.

AN UNKNOWN HERO.

Somerville, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I scarcely knew him more than one brief hour. His history and name were unknown to me. He was unwashed, unkempt, scarred and wayworn, but since the hour when his poor unloved life was so suddenly blotted out I have felt that earth held for me one true, unselfish friend the less.

The little that I know of him can soon be told. One day in October, 1896, I had occasion to visit a country town some thirty miles from Boston. I had planned to take the noon train back to the city, but, owing to some unforeseen complications in the business which had called me away, was unable to do so, and to my vexation I found myself stranded at one of the most unattractive of country stations, with a long two hours' wait before me. To pass this time in the dull waiting room, odorous of stale tobacco smoke and kerosene, was not to be thought of. A short distance down the track, however, I found a tolerably comfortable resting place in the shade of a half-grown maple. Here I settled down to re-read the morning paper. As I had already abstracted everything of interest from its columns, however, some hours before, this was not a particularly absorbing occupation, and my mind soon wandered from the printed page before me to ponder over certain business puzzles which had been claiming my attention for some days past.

So great was my abstraction that I lost all remembrance of my surroundings, till, through the mists of my reverie, I became conscious of a continuous, cool, moist touch on my hand, and came back to the present with a start, to find that I had for a companion a large dog, who was licking my hand affectionately. He belonged to no particular type. So far as I could determine, he was 'jist dog;" but to whatever station in life he was born, his best days were evidently long past, for he appeared now to be scarcely better than a tramp. But the one eye that looked up into mine from the poor forlorn face instantly riveted my attention. It was the most pathetic, beseeching eye into which I had ever looked. It seemed to say to me, "Be my friend. I am alone and homeless. I am nobody's dog." My heart instantly responded to the silent appeal. Notwithstanding the unattractive outward appearance of my canine companion, in some mysterious way I felt irresistibly drawn to him.

"Good dog," I said, "nice old fellow," stroking and patting his shaggy head till he went into raptures of delight, frisking awkwardly about me with an evident attempt at emulating his puppy days, long past. Presently he settled down by my side, seemingly perfectly content, with his head on my knee and his mournful eye looking gratefully up into mine. Every few moments he would give my hand an affectionate lap. Somehow I felt strangely drawn to the poor old creature, and really began to consider the possibility of taking him home with me, resolving to ask the agent, when I returned to the station, whether he knew anything of his antecedents, and if he were in truth as friendless as he appeared.

Suddenly upon the stillness broke the whistle and shriek of a locomotive close at hand. My friend, for as such I shall always remember him, who had been lying on the side furthest from the track, gave one leap to my other side, pushing me further away from the approaching train as he did so; then, without an instant's pause, sprang directly in front of the locomotive. A moment more, and the train was gone, speeding away into the distance, but my late companion, where was he? Gone forever from the world which had held so little of comfort for him, his poor life crushed out in an instant's time by the cruel iron monster. My eyes were unused to tears, but a strange blur came over my vision, blotting out the country landscape, and mercifully hiding from me the cruel red stains on track and wayside, and the mutilated remains of my poor lost friend. The station agent came leisurely down the track toward me.

"What's the matter? Dog killed?" he remarked coolly. "Well, he's better off; didn't belong to nobody hereabouts, just picked up a livin' here an there; a mighty poor livin' too, I guess 'twas, sometimes. I'll send Jim out to clear up the carcass," and he was gone again.

"Clear up the carcass!" How the words rankled in my sore heart! The carcass of what? Of whom? Of him who had nobly given his life to save mine. For so I believed then, and so I shall always believe. My theory is that when the train came upon us so suddenly he was seized with a quick terror for my safety, and that is why he sought to thrust me further from what he believed to be the oncoming danger. But when, my safety assured, he sought also to save himself, his poor blind eye played him false, the leap was taken in the wrong direction, and in an instant's space all was over for him. His death, coming in this way, touched me as deeply as though it had been that of some human friend, and, resolved that he should have a resting place worthy of his hero soul, I again sought the station agent, and arranged that he should be placed in a quiet corner of a little cemetery whose white turrets I could see gleaming in the distance. Over his grave now stands a plain white stone bearing this simple inscription:

AN UNKNOWN HERO,

Died October 13, 1896.

To this day I cannot think of him without feeling a choking sensation in my throat, and for his sake I always have a friendly feeling for all dogs who are homeless and friendless as he was, till the day when a painful death opened up for him a way into everlasting rest. E. Mayfield.

Amateur and Professional.

Louisville, Ky.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Forest and Stream of Feb. 6 I notice your remark that the amateurs who competed in the Combination Stake, which was for professionals and amateurs, have by so doing become professionals. I profoundly regret it if such is a fact. On looking up the names of the amateurs who competed, I find they were Messrs. Philip M. Essig, Natchez, Miss.; J. H. McIlhenny, Avery's Island, La.; W. F. McCarley, Jackson, Tenn.; and from my knowledge of those gentlemen I am absolutely certain that they never intended to become professional handlers. If they have become professionals, the U. S. F. T. C. was very careless, to say the least, in so arranging an amateur stake that it would make professionals of all who engaged in the handling of it. So improbable does it seem that I am inclined to think that there is some mistake about the matter. Surely the club would not arrange an amateur stake which would make professionals of the gentlemen who compete in it; and on the other hand, if a stake were so arranged, the gentlemen would not compete in it. A sportsman who runs dogs for pleasure and not for profit dislikes to be classed as a professional handler. If he makes his livelihood by some other business, he should not be classed as a professional. He may be classed as such on a mere technicality, but it is an injustice to him if the technicality does him a wrong. My own opinion is that, though running in an amateur stake which was run in the All-Age Stake, they remain amateurs still. Fair Play.

Manitoba Field Trials Club.

A regular meeting of the Manitoba Field Trials Club was held at Winnipeg on Feb. 8. All the members were present. The resignations of the Second Vice-President, G. B. Borradaile, and Sec'y-Treas., John Wootton, were read and accepted. John Wootton, of Manitou, was elected First Vice-President; W. C. Lee, of Winnipeg, Second Vice-President; G. B. Borradaile, of Winnipeg, Secretary-Treasurer. It was voted that the club offer the following prizes to be competed for at their annual trials at Morris, Manitoba, on Sept. 6, 1897:

Derby Stake, for setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1896. Entries to close July 1, 1897. Purse $250. First, $100; second, $75; third, $50; fourth, $25. $10 forfeit, $5 for starters.

All-Age Stake, for setters and pointers who have not won first place at any recognized field trials in any previous year. Entries close Aug. 1, 1897. Purse $250. First, $125; second, $75; third, $50. $10 forfeit, $5 for starters.

Amateur Stake, for setters and pointers (dogs eligible must be the property of amateurs residing in Canada; the following are barred: dogs having won first place at any recognized field trials in any previous year or whose owner may have trained for money; all dogs to be handled by owners or other amateurs). Entries close Aug. 1, 1897. $3 forfeit, $2 for starters. Prizes will be announced later. Pres. F. G. Simpson, Second Vice Pres. W. C. Lee and Sec'y-Treas. G. B. Borradaile are a committee to secure a judge. G. B. Borradaile, Sec'y-Treas. M. F. T. C.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

At the annual meeting of the American Fox Terrier Club, held in Copley Square Hotel, Boston, on Feb. 2, a list of governors for 1897 was elected as follows; Messrs. Rutherford, Cobb, Belmont, Rathbone, Ritchie, Belt, Carnochan, Foote and Hunnewell. Eight new members were elected. The present membership numbers forty-six. The next annual meeting will be held at the New York show in 1898. In the future the challenge cup will be put up during the year at the three shows that the governors consider most desirable, and the dog winning it twice will be proclaimed the American Fox Terrier Club Champion for the following year. In 1897 the cup is to be competed for at Boston, New York and Chicago. The Stud Dog Stakes will be left open till June 1 of each year. The Yankee Stakes have been changed to read from July 1 to July 1, instead of from Jan. 1 to Jan. 1. The Homebred Stakes, in case the N. E. K. C. in 1898 holds its show in February, is to be transferred to some other show and some other stakes substituted for it. Ten per cent. of the Stud Dog and Grand Produce stakes will annually be reserved by the club to pay expenses incurred by all the stakes.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Mr. A. B. Hughes claims the name Jim II for Irish setter, whelped Nov. 7, 1896, by Paddy P.—Borstal Norna.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

Packing on Bicycles.

In the current *Outing* Lieut. James A. Moss gives some details regarding the method of packing bicycles employed by the 25th United States Infantry Bicycle Corps, of Fort Missoula, Mont. It will be recollected that on the Yellowstone Park trip made by the corps an average of about 80lbs. of equipment and supplies to each bicycle was carried.

In describing the method employed, Lieut. Moss says:

"One of the first problems to be solved was a system of packing, which was devised as follows: The knapsack was strapped to the handle bars on the front of the bicycle; on the knapsack was carried the blanket roll, containing one blanket, one shelter tent half and the tent poles; the haversack was carried either on the front of the knapsack or on the horizontal bar, well to the front; the tin cup was secured under the saddle, and protected from mud and dust by a cloth bag; the canteen and cartridge belt were on the body of the soldier; every other soldier carried a rifle strapped horizontally on the left side of his bicycle; those not so armed carried revolvers, and had canvas luggage cases in the diamond of their wheels; every man carried thirty rounds of ammunition.

"To facilitate the packing of the rations, the flour, salt, sugar and coffee were carried in rubber cloth bags about 8in. by 20in., and stored away either in the knapsacks or the luggage cases; the bacon was cut into small chunks and wrapped in cloth. Can goods, such as corn, baked beans, jelly, deviled ham, etc., were generally carried in the knapsack.

"The cooking utensils, consisting of three dripping pans, one patented baker and one large coffee pot, were carried in a tin case attached to the front of the bicycle and resting on a frame.

"Every soldier carried in his knapsack one summer undershirt, one pair summer drawers, two pairs summer socks, one towel, two handkerchiefs, one winter undershirt, one pair winter drawers, one pair winter socks, one tooth brush and powder, one cake soap, one blanket, toilet paper. Every other man carried a comb and brush, and everyone carried in his haversack a knife, fork, spoon and meat can.

* * * * * * * * *

"On Aug. 15 we left for Yellowstone Park, *via* Fort Harrison, Mont., where we were to draw a fresh supply of rations. The following is a list of the provisions with which we started out: 5lbs. prunes, 25lbs. flour, 14lbs. sugar, 4lbs. ground coffee, 16lbs. bacon, 3 cans milk, 1½ cans syrup (18lbs.), 4 cans baking powder, 1 box pepper, 5lbs. rice, 2 cans jelly, 3 cans deviled ham, 10lbs. bologna sausage, 1 jar Armour's extract of beef, 2 cans chocolate, 4 cans corn, 6 cans baked beans, 5 cans salt.

"Besides this we carried medicines, tools, repairing material, tents, blankets, extra underwear, cooking utensils, arms, ammunition, extra bicycle parts, one pair extra tires, and a number of personal effects."

New York's Good Roads Bill.

Senator Higbie's Good Roads Bill, which has the support of the League of American Wheelmen and all who are interested in securing a uniform system of good roads throughout the State, provides for the appointment of a "State Highway Commission," to consist of three members, to be confirmed by the Senate, one of whom shall be a civil engineer. They shall serve for three, four and five years respectively, as the Governor shall order. Each commissioner shall receive $5,000 annual salary, and the commission shall have $10,000 for office expenses annually.

The commission shall determine upon the best method of constructing roads, and shall advise county, city, town or village officers of their conclusions. The commission shall hold a public meeting at least once a year in each county of the State and coöperate with highway officers throughout the State, and furnish plans and directions for improving public highways and bridges.

The road construction contemplated by this act being for a substantial and permanent roadway, the State Highway Commission shall cause plans and specifications of such roads or sections of such roads to be thus improved, to be made either for Telford, macadam, or good gravel roadway or other suitable construction, taking into consideration climate, soil and materials near by where the road or section is to be built or improved, and the extent and nature of traffic likely to go upon such road, specifying in each section or subdivision the kind of road a wise economy there demands. The improved or permanent highway or roadway of all roads so improved shall not be less than 8 nor more than 16ft. in width.

The commission shall designate what road improvements shall be subject to State aid. A Board of Supervisors, by a majority vote, or upon the receipt of a petition representing

two-thirds of the value of property, shall determine whether roads approved by the State Commission shall be improved. Upon the receipt by the State Highway Commission of a board's approval of any road improvement, there shall be advertisements for bids.

This proposed law is to take effect immediately, and provides for the levying annually of a State tax of one-tenth of a mill, to be known as a State highway tax. The money thus raised is to pay the State share of the expense of highway improvement. The tax provided in the bill would raise annually $436,000.

L. A. W. Measures.

AT the recent convention of the National Assembly of the League of American Wheelmen, held at Albany, matters of considerable importance were acted upon. A strong effort was made to have Sunday racing legalized, which took the form of a motion to allow divisional option in the matter. Representatives from northern California and some of the far Western States were particularly active in support of the measure. The motion was, however, defeated by a decisive vote, more than three-quarters of the delegates casting their ballots against Sunday racing.

An attempt to induce the league to admit professional wheelmen to active or associate membership, though supported by President Potter and ex-President Willison, was lost. A motion was, however, carried providing for both amateur and professional championships under league auspices. It was urged in support of the amendment that such a division was essential to satisfactorily determine the real champions in their respective classes each year.

Another important measure which was carried was the adoption of a resolution that all contests at closed college and school meets be decided under the rules of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association.

This amendment simplifies the relationship of the college organization with the league and removes a snag in the way of harmony that resulted from the allowance of certain stated expenses to college athletes contrary to the rules of the L. A. W.

An experiment, the results of which will be watched with interest, is the creation of a loan committee, consisting of the executive committee and the secretary and treasurer of the league, for the purpose of loaning funds from the big divisions to any of the smaller ones, with the object of aiding the latter in recruiting their membership and aiding in road improvement work.

Ex President Sterling Elliott will continue the publication of the league *Bulletin* for 1897. The next meeting of the National Assembly will be held in St. Louis in February, 1898.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

FIXTURES.

MAY.

31. Harlem.

JUNE.

5. Knickerbocker.
12. Douglaston.
19. Larchmont, spring regatta.
26. Seawanhaka-Corinthian.
28. Stamford, special.
29. Indian Harbor, special.
30. Corinthian Fleet, special.

JULY.

1. Horseshoe Harbor, special.
2. Sea Cliff, special.
3. New Rochelle, annual.
4. Larchmont, annual.
6. American, annual.
10. Riverside.
17-24. Larchmont, race week.
28. Stamford.
31. Sea Cliff.

AUGUST.

7. Indian Harbor.
14. Hempstead Harbor.
21. Horseshoe Harbor.
28. Huntington.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Huguenot.
4. Larchmont, special.
6. Larchmont, fall regatta.
11. Larchmont, special.

AS A most timely comment upon the hypocritical protestations of regard for the interests of the poor American workmen that have accompanied the arguments for the passage of the Payne bill, comes the interesting news that two of the great American shipyards are now preparing to build torpedo boats for the United States Government from English designs. The proposals for bids called for designs from the builders, without stipulation as to where such designs should be obtained, and two of the successful firms have managed to procure their designs in England, being unable to make them in their own drafting rooms.

Further than this, as a mere matter of economy, arrangements have been made by at least one of these firms to have all the drafting done at Southampton, England, where the wages of skilled draftsmen are much lower than in this country.

The FOREST AND STREAM has no objection to offer to the purchasing of designs abroad if better ones can be obtained there than at home. Such a policy is absolutely necessary in many branches of naval design, notably at present in ocean steamers and steam yachts. There is absolutely nothing to be gained by a nation in building worthless vessels. The first thing is to secure good designs, abroad if they cannot be made at home. What we do object to is the selfish and cowardly attitude of those American shipbuilders who are back of the Payne bill, who demand that the yachtsman shall be compelled to purchase at a high price at home what he wants, while they are allowed free access to the markets of the world for what they want. If the American yachtsman must not purchase a yacht on the Clyde, why should the American builder be not only permitted but encouraged by the Government to buy both brains and labor on the Solent?

The Payne bill will do nothing whatever for the American designer, the American draftsman or the American mechanic. Under such laws as now exist, and with the manner in which they are enforced, the shipbuilder is free to employ foreign labor of all grades, from that of the eminent naval architect, who makes long visits to this country when important new work of purely American design is under consideration, down to the riveter and caulker in the yard; in every department—the office, the drafting room, the shops and the yards—the foreigner has at least an equal footing with the native American. It is the men who are responsible for and who profit directly by this state of affairs who presume to dictate to American yachtsmen as to where they shall spend their own money. The most disgusting part of the whole business is the canting cry of patriotism and protection to American labor.

THE conditions of steam yacht building and torpedo boat building in the United States to-day are radically different. The American builders have proved by a series of costly failures that up to the present time they are unable to turn out a first-class steam yacht, regardless of cost or time; yachtsmen who wish a really satisfactory article being compelled thus far to go abroad for it.

In torpedo vessels such is not the case; one American firm, the Herreshoff Company, has for many years made a specialty of this class of work, increasing the speed and size in answer to the very moderate demands of the Government. Now that these demands have increased, the firm has shown itself quite capable of meeting them, as is proved by the recent remarkable success of the new No. 6, designed entirely by N. G. Herreshoff and built at the Bristol works.

Under the circumstances it would seem in every way both reasonable and just to discourage the purchase abroad of torpedo boat designs, when equally good ones can be produced at home; and, on the other hand, to permit yachtsmen to purchase abroad what they cannot obtain at home. The exact reverse of this is actually the case—the American builder is permitted by the Government to purchase what he wants where he can get it the cheapest, while at the same time he is granted an absolute monopoly in his dealings with his customers.

On Feb. 17 the Sandusky Y. C., of Sandusky, O., a member of the Interlake Y. R. A., held a meeting and decided to challenge for the Canada's cup, provided that the Royal Canadian Y. C. would waive the ten months' notice. It is proposed to challenge in the 32ft. class. There is little doubt that the holders will consent to waive the notice and make a match.

YACHT DESIGNING.—XV.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

[Continued from page 135.]

THE reader should by this time be fairly familiar with the nature and use of a marine drawing, enough so at least to enable him to study one intelligently. In order to enable him to make one, it is necessary to describe the various instruments and appliances of the mechanical draftsman, and their uses. Before doing this, however, we shall continue the present portion of the subject a little further in outlining the general method of constructing such a design as that shown in Plate II. This series of operations will demand a detailed and elaborate explanation later on, after the student has made good his claim to the title of draftsman, and is prepared to claim that of designer; but a brief review now will be of assistance in that it gives a broader view of the entire subject treated in these papers.

As stated in the opening chapters, the first step toward making a design of a yacht is to decide what sort of a craft is desired, of what rig, class and general type, and the principal dimensions. In this work the designer must be guided by his knowledge of vessels and by such actual yachts and published designs as are accessible as a basis of comparison.

These preliminary points being once settled, the next step is to make a sheer and sail plan to a small scale, from ⅛ to ½in. to the foot. A base line is drawn near the lower edge of a sheet of paper, and parallel to it, at a distance above it equal to the draft assumed for the yacht, a second line is drawn, the L.W.L. The proper length of L.W.L. is laid off on this line, leaving sufficient distance on the right hand for the projection of fore overhang and bowsprit, and on the left hand for the after overhang or counter and the boom. Vertical lines are drawn through the points denoting the ends of the L.W.L., the L.W.L. is divided into twelve equal parts, and other vertical lines are drawn through the points of division and at equal intervals in the overhangs. The lowest point of the side, the least freeboard, will be somewhere about Station 7, and at this point a light pencil line is drawn, parallel to the base line. The length of the fore overhang is then set off along the L.W.L. to the right from Station 0 and a perpendicular line drawn; on this latter is laid off the intended height of the stem above water. Similarly, the length of the after overhang is laid off on the left-hand end of the L.W.L., a perpendicular drawn, and the height of the taffrail is plotted. The sheer line may now be drawn in, after which the outline of the counter, usually a straight line, and the line of the sternpost, also straight. The round of deck amidship is laid off from the sheer line and the centerline of deck drawn in. Now the stem above water is sketched in, and the curve is carried down to the forefoot and then on to the keel, finally touching the base line, which represents the extreme draft. The rudder is next drawn in and then the centerboard, if there be one.

Now, by methods which will be explained later on, the area of the immersed portion of the sheer plan, the *lateral plane*, with that of the rudder and the centerboard, and the center of area of each, are calculated, and the common center of the three, the C.L.R., is plotted on the plan. The center of the hull alone and of hull and rudder without centerboard are also marked.

The next step is the construction of the spar and sail plan above the hull. The center of the mast, measured from the fore end of the L.W.L., is marked on the center line of deck, and a perpendicular is drawn. If the mast is to rake a little, as is often the case, a second line is drawn through the same point, on the center line of deck, but at a slight angle to the first, for the true center line of the mast. The rake of a mast is usually calculated at so much per foot of length; ¼in. per foot, or 3in. in 12ft., is quite moderate; the extreme, such as was seen in the original rig of the schooner America, as well as in the pictures of pirate craft that thrilled us in our boyhood, is about 2½in. to the foot.

The two sides of the mast (or rather of its projection) are now drawn in on each side of the center line, with the appropriate taper from deck to masthead and then up to cap or truck. Similarly, the bowsprit is drawn in, with the line of jib or forestay and bobstay. The outline of mainsail and jib are then drawn, and the areas and centers calculated, alterations being made in the dimensions of the two sails and possibly in the position of mast and length of bowsprit until the necessary area is obtained, with its center, the C.E., in the proper relation to the C.L.R., generally a little forward. In deciding on the total area of sail, the position of mast, length of bowsprit, boom, hoist and gaff, the designer will be guided by the dimensions and qualities of certain known vessels of about the same size, some of which perhaps carry even more sail and are amply stiff, while others may be overcanvased with a smaller sail plan.

Assuming that we now have about the correct amount of sail, and this suitably balanced over a hull with adequate freeboard and good ends, the next step is to complete the picture, for such this preliminary drawing really is. The double lines of the rail may be drawn in, the line of gold stripe, finished out with a light sketch of the carved trailboards at stemhead and on the quarter, the cabin house, companion, skylights and similar deck fittings may be sketched in, and the full details of boom, gaff, shrouds, halyards, etc., added. The idea of this work is to get at the outset as correct a picture as possible of the yacht as she will look when under way. As the picture nears completion, a close scrutiny will show where changes may be made to advantage; the sail plan may not be a graceful one, properly fitting the hull; perhaps some slight changes of proportion, making no material difference in area or balance, may greatly improve the looks. The sheer and the lengths and outlines of the overhangs, though seemingly fair and true when seen alone, may now demand some alteration to fit them to the other parts; and so through the whole design. The more accurate this drawing is, and the more complete in all of its details that appeal to the eye, the better may all parts be adjusted and harmonized to produce a handsome and symmetrical ship in both hull and rig.

It is sometimes the case that sufficient space is left on the right hand of the drawing, between the bowsprit end and the margin of the paper, for an end view of the yacht, showing the mast and the spread of the shrouds, the spinaker being dotted in, overlapping the mainsail plan. Space may also be left at the bottom of the paper for a full-breadth deck plan, on which the actual outlines of the entire deck may be sketched in and altered until the corresponding sweeps of the two sides appear satisfactory to the eye.

It is also convenient, perhaps on the back of this same sheet of paper, to sketch in the No. 6 or the midship section to a larger scale, ¼ or 1in. to the foot. To do this the base line is drawn as before, a little longer than the beam of the yacht, and a perpendicular is erected at its middle. The L.W.L. is drawn parallel to the base line and at a distance above it equal to the draft. The height above the L.W.L. to the top of the rail and top of deck are taken from the first drawing and set off to the proper scale at each end of the L.W.L., a line is lightly penciled through each, and the half beam at deck, as originally decided on, is set off along this line on each side of the vertical center line.

The width of keel at the bottom is next decided on and set off on the base line on each side of the center line. If the yacht has a metal keel, a rough calculation of its bulk and consequently of its weight will be necessary. If the extreme beam is greater than the beam at deck, it is measured off on the L.W.L. on each side and perpendiculars drawn upward from the L.W.L.

Starting at the deck, the outline of the section is now sketched in, continuing until it meets the bottom of keel. The outline of one side is next copied exactly on the other, the deck with its appropriate round is drawn in, also the cabin house or skylights. After an inspection of the drawing we can decide how far down the floor may be located, with due regard to space beneath for knees, deadwood, etc., for "footroom," in the form of breadth of floor clear of frames, locker fronts, etc., and for headroom under the deck, trunk or skylight. After the floor is thus located, the seats or lockers and any other necessary furniture may be sketched in.

Returning now to the sheer plan, we will sketch in very lightly in pencil the floor line, top of lockers, bulkheads, cockpit, etc.

We now have a craft of fairly good appearance and certain definite accommodation; on inspection it may appear that the latter may be further improved by small alterations to the midship section or sheer plan, and the work is continued until generally satisfactory results are obtained, when this drawing may be laid aside for some time.

The preliminary drawing has been made to some scale, ¼ or ⅜in. to the foot if it is a yacht of under 30ft. l.w.l., that will call for a sheet of paper about 24in. square. The main drawing, similar to Plate 2, will be to a larger scale, perhaps 1in. to the foot, from 3ft. to 4ft. long and of width in proportion. The base line is first laid off an inch or so from the lower edge of the paper; the ends of the L.W.L. are marked on it, also the extreme ends of the over all length, as taken from the first smaller drawing; the L.W.L. is divided into twelve parts and the necessary stations are drawn in at the points of division. The extreme half breadth is then laid off on the end verticals and a line drawn parallel to the base line. Just above this line is drawn the base line of the sheer plan, with the L.W.L. above and parallel to this. The heights of the sheer line and the keel line above the base line are now measured on each station of the small drawing and plotted to the proper scale on the large one. The outline of the sheer plan—that is, the sheer line, contour of keel and stem, sternpost, rudder and line of counter—are now drawn, care being taken to make all the lines perfectly fair. The deck line in the half-breadth plan is next drawn; if the deck plan has been drawn in the first drawing, the breadths at each station will be taken from this, otherwise the line will be drawn in by eye on the main drawing tangent to the line marking the extreme breadth at about Station 7, unless the topsides tumble home.

The midship or the No. 6 section is next drawn at the extreme left of the paper, where the body plan is placed in Plate II. The various level lines are now ruled in at the proper distances in the sheer and body plans, and the bow-buttock lines are ruled in at distances of one-eighth the extreme beam in the half-breadth and body plans.

The next step is to draw in the half-breadth plan the half-breadth of the fore edge of stem, bottom of keel, sternpost and rudder, the *side line*. The breadth at the bottom of keel is determined usually by the amount of lead or iron which it is desired to carry; the wider the keel, the lower the weight. The fore edge of stem is thinned down as much as possible, allowing for a stemband proportionate to the size of the yacht. The thickness of the sternpost adjoining the counter is usually governed by the size of rudder stock necessary to insure ample strength.

The side line being thus drawn in the half-breadth plan, it is next set off on the body plan, the height at each station being taken from the sheer plan, and the half breadth from the half-breadth plan. In this way a number of points are determined in the body plan: Stations 6, 5, 4, 3, etc., on the right side of the center line, and Stations 7, 8, 9, etc., on the left. The projection of the side line in the body plan is next drawn, a fair line through these different points.

Now we go up higher and deal with the deck line precisely as with the side line. The height, as at Station 6, is taken from the sheer plan and set off near the right edge of the body plan. The half breadth on the same station is taken from the half-breadth plan and set off at the height already marked, on the right of the center line in the body plan. Every station is thus dealt with until we have a row of dots on each side of the center line in the body plan. Through each of these rows of dots a fair line must be drawn; as the line of the rail should show perfectly fair when seen from dead ahead or astern, as well as from the beam and intermediate points. It will probably happen that a few of the dots—we shall henceforth give them their proper name of *spots*—will not accommodate themselves to a fair line passing through all the others. In this case we must make a small alteration in the sheer line of the sheer plan or the deck line of the half-breadth plan so as to alter the height or distance out of the *spot* in the body plan and bring it on the line. By this process of fairing we shall finally have the projections of the edge of the rail in all three plans show as fair lines.

We have now the general outlines of our solid figure, but there are many lines to be filled in. The first of these is the L.W.L. in the half-breadth plan; we already have it as a straight line in the sheer plan and also in the body plan. We have in the half-breadth plan the two ends of the L.W.L. at Stations 0 and 12, and we can get another point, its half breadth at station 6, from the midship section; this we transfer to Station 6 in the half-breadth plan, and through these three points we draw a long line, probably of very easy curvature forward and much more abrupt aft. The exact amount of fullness throughout the length of the line must be determined by the judgment of the designer and by inspection of known designs.

Having the L.W.L., we find two other steps open before us. In the fore body we will take No. 4 station; its upper and lower ends are already plotted on the body plan; we can obtain the half breadth on the L.W.L. from the line just drawn in the half-breadth plan, and this we will transfer to the L.W.L. on the right of the center line in the body plan. We now have three points on the frame at station 4, and through them we draw a curve somewhat similar to the midship section, but of course smaller in every measurement.

Now we will take the middle bow-buttock line in the body and half-breadth plans, straight in both, and we find, starting forward, that we have six spots: one where the bow line intersects the deck line and one where it intersects the L.W.L. in the half-breadth plan, both of which we project upward on to the sheer line and the L.W.L. respectively in the sheer plan; one where the bow line intersects Station 4 in the body plan, and one where it intersects Station 6, both of which are transferred to the respective stations in the sheer plan; and one where the buttock line in the half-breadth plan intersects the deck line, and one where it intersects the L.W.L., which we project upward on to the sheer plan. Now we can draw a fair line, full forward and much finer aft, through these six spots, the middle bow-buttock line in the sheer plan. The fore end of this line will probably be incorrect and require subsequent alteration, but that is of no consequence; the after end is most useful to us. It runs out fairly, showing a good shape to our counter, as can be seen by the eye; and this much being secured, we will go to Station 10 in the body plan, where we will set off first the half breadth on the L.W.L., as taken from the half-breadth plan, and next the height on the middle buttock line, as taken from the sheer plan, drawing the complete section through the four spots: at deck, L.W.L., buttock line and keel.

We are now rapidly building up a solid form from the many separate elements; the next step, after we have perhaps run in Station 2 in the body plan, is to draw the traces of two or three diagonals in the body plan and to plot from the various intersections the three expanded diagonals. If the preceding work has been done skillfully the diagonals will merely call for some minor alterations by way of fairing.

Following the diagonals, we will run in B level line in the half-breadth plan, and then W2, using every possible intersection in both body and sheer plans, on both stations, and bow-buttock lines. If these fair up properly we can run in the two remaining bow-buttock lines, and when they are faired, no easy matter in the bow, we can take all of the remaining stations of the body plan, running them in from the distances in the sheer and half-breadth plans, using all the intersections.

We have dealt only with the drafting processes; it is necessary in the course of this work to keep the run of the amount and disposition of the displacement, involving the position of the C. B; if this is done properly as the work proceeds, now that the drawing is finished the full and final calculations can be made with a certainty that they will result satisfactorily.

The main drawing being thus completed, we will take up the preliminary drawing; any alterations of the original plan that may have proved necessary in the course of the work are now made also in the smaller drawing, and it is finished up as a spar rigging and sail plan. The spars, standing and running rigging, blocks, cleats, tiller, turnbuckles, etc., are shown in their places in the sheer plan and also the deck plan below it, and the drawing is finally inked in and a tracing made.

It is not unusual, after making a rough sail plan to ascertain the general balance as compared with that of the hull, to begin with the main design, leaving the sail plan and similar details until this is completed. It will be found more satisfactory, however, to work as we have indicated, making the complete sheer and sail plan, if not the deck plan as well, to a small scale, and doing the thinking, sketching and most of the altering on this drawing, only taking up the principal drawing after all ideas have been thoroughly matured. The pictorial side of the drawing is no small aid in the production of a shipshape and sightly vessel; it is not enough that every line should be fair in itself, in the flat drawing, but each must do its part toward the production of a harmonious whole in the solid yacht.

The construction of a reasonably perfect design calls for a thorough familiarity with yachts and their qualities, a carefully trained eye, a knowledge of drafting instruments and appliances, and no small amount of skill and dexterity in their use. These last, at least, may be acquired by study and practice, and to them we shall next turn our attention.

The Payne Bill.

From The Yachtsman, Feb. 4.

THE passing of the Payne bill by the Senate can hardly be considered likely to benefit American yachting, though no doubt it is intended to have such an effect. The bill has it that a yacht built outside the United States, and owned, chartered or used by a citizen of the United States, must enter and clear at the custom house of every port that she may visit in the States. That the measure is not retroactive is its single small redeeming feature. Henceforth no orders for steam or sailing yachts will be given to British builders, nor will any of our yachts be bought or hired, save for foreign cruising perhaps.

How this is to benefit America is a matter best understood by protectionists, but of one thing we are certain, viz: that had this law always been in force in America, the great America's Cup would have been in direful jeopardy when Sir Richard Sutton took Genesta out to race for it. The lessons learned by American designers from Madge, Clara, etc., were learned well, and the result to-day is manifest. It is not, however, among sailing yachts so much that the effect of the bill will be felt as among steamers; and it is precisely in steam that America is deplorably astern of England, for the specimens of her steam yachts that we are accustomed to see in our waters are such as to readily explain the preference notably shown by wealthy citizens for British-built vessels.

How are American builders to have their wits sharpened by being prevented from seeing and studying the superior work of foreigners? And unless yachtsmen, or would be yachtsmen, have the opportunity of inspecting well-appointed and handsome vessels, it is not probable that they will be tempted into giving the protected builder an order.

The rush to the Clyde for steam yachts of late has, we have no doubt, been mainly due to the admiration excited for the work turned out by the Scotch designers and shipwrights—work with which America has absolutely nothing to compare, and which, in fact, she is incapable of producing.

The citizens of the States cannot be forced into throwing their dollars away among the builders, and it is questionable, therefore, whether the bill will have any effect in encouraging the industry that it seeks to cultivate. Men will be rather apt to say to themselves that, seeing the impossibility of getting the really good article that other nations have, they prefer to go without altogether.

It requires a strong and, if we may say so, a misguided sense of patriotism for an American to have a large steamer built at home, and the capacity of the builders to turn out a handsome and well-appointed craft is not likely to be increased by the knowledge that they have no competitors abroad.

The Payne bill has little indeed to recommend it. Even the builders find themselves hampered by the duties which they have to pay upon many of the most important materials required in yacht construction, and a better kind of Governmental help would surely be to relieve them of these burdens. At all events, this would be a real support, whereas the prevention of foreign competition can at the best be considered only a problematical boon.

But the thought of the millions of dollars which travel over the Atlantic to the pockets of British builders is one that no American legislator can regard with equanimity, and the Payne bill is a specimen more of short-sighted financial considerations than of far-seeing legislations. It will do the British industry little harm, but the same cannot, we think, be said of the American.

One-Design Classes.

ONE of the most instructive phases of British yachting is the rapid development of the one design classes in all parts of England, Scotland and Ireland, yachtsmen in each locality abandoning the existing rule and substituting some special regulations of purely local influence. Under such regulations there are growing up many separate families of small craft, most of them of excellent design and well adapted for their special locality and the demands of their owners.

It is much to be regretted that as good boats cannot be built under the regular measurement rule, as it is evident that the special and one-design classes appeal to the great majority of yachtsmen, even those who place racing among the chief charms of yachting. There is no avoiding the obvious moral of the success of the one-design classes: that comparatively few yachtsmen of to-day are really desirous of attaining the fastest yacht at the sacrifice of all other qualities, and that if all be restricted alike in the use of extreme features there will be more yachts and better racing.

One of the most important of the special classes thus far produced can only be regarded as a direct protest against the course of unrestricted racing on the Solent, where an extreme of design and construction has held full sway for several years Last year an effort was made by some of the Solent racing men, who had tired of building a new and more costly and less useful yacht every year, to establish a restricted class, to one design, and with rigid limits on extreme features both of design and construction. So successful was it that over a dozen boats were built by Messrs. White Bros., of Cowes, to their own design, the dimensions being: Over all, 32ft. 8in.; l.w.l., 25ft; beam 7ft. 6in.; draft, 5ft. The result was a fleet of smart little keel yachts of lasting construction and good accommodation. They have raced throughout the season and have proved most successful, the class being good for an indefinite time.

This year a similar, but smaller, class, to be called the Redwings, will be established, the yachts now being under way at the yard of Camper & Nicholson, Gosport; Mr. Chas. Nicholson, of the firm, being the designer. The dimensions are: Over all, 22ft. 3in.; l.w.l., 16ft.; beam, 5ft. 5in.; draft, 2ft. 11in. The boats are staunch little cutters, as shown in the accompanying drawing. The conditions under which the class has been created are as follows:

RULES.

1. A one-design small boat class has been established in the Solent, with the object of affording class racing that is not expensive, and giving the owner of a boat an opportunity of exercising his skill in designing her sails and rig. Sail area is limited to 200sq. ft., actual measurement of sails only. No spinakers are allowed in class racing as separate sails, but jibs may be boomed out.

2. Each owner will be provided with the sheer plan of the boat, with the C.L.R. marked.

3. Each owner will have to pay £1 a year to defray necessary expenses, any balance being devoted to the prize fund. There will be an entrance fee of £1 after twelve boats are ordered, which will also go to the prize fund. Applications for boats and for membership are to be addressed to the hon. secretary, and the names of applicants will be submitted to the members of the class for election. In such elections one black ball in five to exclude; five owners of boats to form a quorum, one vote one boat.

4. In all cases of voting there shall only be one vote per boat, except in committee, and no alterations and additions to these rules shall be made without a two-thirds majority.

5. A captain of the class shall be elected annually, who shall undertake the duties of hon. secretary.

6. The committee of management shall consist of seven owners or joint owners of boats; two to retire annually, who shall not be eligible for election for one year. They shall be responsible for the entire management of the class, and their decisions shall be final and binding on all owners. Two shall form a quorum to decide minor questions which may arise, and all vacancies shall be filled by general meeting.

7. There shall be no limit to the number of persons on board, but no paid hands are allowed in class racing.

8. The committee shall be responsible for the measurement of sails, and also that the sails are made of uniform material, which has been selected by the committee and is of red cotton; the hon. secretary will give information as to where it may be obtained.

9. No boat is allowed to have any alteration made to her hull or ballast, and any alteration rendered necessary by change of rig must be notified to the captain of the class.

10. No boat shall be allowed to start unless her sail area is certified by the committee.

11. Each boat shall carry when racing an anchor weighing 20lbs., and not less than twenty fathoms of 2in. grass rope cable and sufficient life-saving apparatus for her crew.

12. The following form the committee: Col. Moreton, Mr. F. Hardcastle, Capt. du Boulay, Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald, Mr. G. H. Harrison, Mr. H. C. Sutton. Mr. B. O. Cochrane, captain and hon. secretary, "Oakleigh," St. John's Park, Ryde.

13. The ownership of boats will be decided by lot.

SPECIFICATION OF BOATS.

Planking, yellow pine, ½in. full when finished.
Keel, English elm, 4in. thick, about 8in. wide.
Stem, English oak, 4½in. moulded, 3in. sided.
Stem timber, English oak, 3in. moulded, 4in. sided.
Bent timbers, American elm, ¾in. moulded, ⅞in. sided.
Clamp, yellow pine, 3½in. moulded, 1½in. sided.
Beams, white pine, 2½in. moulded, 1½in. sided.
Cockpit carlines, 2¼in. moulded, 2in. sided.
Coamings, English elm, 4in. above deck, fitted with outside capping.

Stern finishing chock, pitch pine. Covering boards, teak, 1½in. thick. Deck, white pine, ½in. thick, painted, and covered with unbleached calico painted two coats.

Six wrought iron galvanized floors.

Twelve oak beam knees, mast partner 3ft. long, and all timbers in this length to be 1in. × 1¼in., to take chainplates where required. One knee to be fitted where required for chainplates.

Rudder, English elm, blade with wrought iron straps and stem working in iron tube. Galvanized tiller fitted to head of rudder stem, with nut and screw.

Cast iron keel, 10cwt., fitted with 1in. and ¾in. through bolts, with nuts inside. Topsides and inside to be painted three coats, and bottom black varnished. All fastenings of copper.

White pine platform to be fitted where required.

Eyebolts each end of keel for hoisting out.

Boats to be delivered afloat in Portsmouth Harbor.

Length over all, 22ft. 1in.; length l.w.l., 16ft.; beam, 5ft. 5in.; draft, 2ft. 11in. Price £45.

The Royal Mersey Y. C., of Liverpool, has a class of centerboard boats, not of one design, but all built to certain rigid restrictions, as follows:

RULES FOR THE CLASS OF ONE-RATING CENTERBOARD BOATS.

Rating—Not to exceed 1-rating, as per Y. R. A. rule of 1895.

Time—No time allowance.

SPECIAL RESTRICTIONS.

1. The length on L.W.L. shall not exceed 22ft. nor be less than 20ft.

2. The draft of water, independently of centerboard, shall not exceed 3ft.

3. The centerboard shall be of iron or steel, not exceeding ⅜in. in thickness, and the exposed area not exceeding 10sq. ft.

4. The ballast, including C.B., shall not be less than 16cwt.

5. No fin or bulb, or any combination of either, shall be allowed. The sternpost shall be of wood, solidly attached to the keel and deadwood, and otherwise form part of the shape and structure, in every respect as in an ordinary vessel; and the longitudinal (or profile) section of the immersed portion of the vessel shall show a solid straight line from where the sternpost leaves the counter or truck to the after end of the lower edge of the keel, and from the after end of the lower edge of the keel to the fore end of the L.W.L. shall be either a straight line or show outside such straight line in a fair, continuous curve, without break or hollow from end to end.

6. The fore part of the rudder shall closely follow and be hung to the sternpost, and extend down to within not more than 2in. of the after end of the lower edge of the keel; but no part of the rudder shall project below the line of the lower edge of the keel.

7. The area of the deck shall not be less than 70 per cent. of the deck plan, and the waterways on each side shall not be less than 16in.

8. The planking shall not be less than ¾in. carvel or ½in. in clencher-built boats, and the deck planks shall not be less than ⅝in. thick, these in all cases finished sizes.

9. The framing shall not be less than 1½in. by ⅞in., or equal sectional area thereto.

10. The spacing of the frames shall not be more than 7in. in the clear.

11. The boats shall be measured with three hands on board, or a weight of 448lbs., at the measurer's option.

12. The owner (or his representative) shall submit to the measurer a public weighing machine weight note, certifying the weight of ballast and centerboard carried by his vessel.

Crew—No boat to carry more than three hands, all told, in any match of the club.

Helmsmen—To be members of the Royal Mersey Y. C. or Cheshire Y. C.

Life Belts—Every member of the crew while racing shall wear a life-saving apparatus, to be approved by the measurer.

Measurer, to be appointed by sailing committee, to measure and inspect the boats, and grant certificates of rating and qualification. Should the measurer not consider a boat to conform to these rules, the matter to be referred to the sailing committee, whose decision shall be final.

One of the accompanying cuts shows Ethilda, built and raced last year under these rules. She was designed for Messrs. Chas. Livingston and Geo. H. Warren, the latter at one time a member of the Eastern Y. C., of Boston, and owner of the cutter Stranger. At present the yacht is owned by Mr. Harold Forwood, until recently a resident of New York, and a member of the Seawanhaka and other clubs. The other picture shows a boat built for the similar regulations of a restricted class on the Menai Straits.

On the other side of St. George's Channel, at Kingstown, the Dublin Bay Sailing Club has just started a new class, to be called the "Colleens," to one design by the local builder, James Doyle. They are 22ft. over all, 17ft. l.w.l., 6ft. 6in. beam, carrying 250sq. ft. in a lug mainsail and jib, no spinaker. They are clinker-built and well put together, with floors of steel or gun metal, and all fastenings of copper or Muntz metal. The price of a boat complete is not to exceed £52 ($260).

Gilbert's Bar, Fla., Y. C.

THIS club was organized in October, 1895, with eighteen members. It now has a membership of forty-five. The club house is situated on a narrow strip of land, with the ocean on one side and Indian River on the other. It is one-half mile south of Gilbert's Bar House of Refuge and two miles north of Santa Lucia Inlet, and opposite Gilbert's Rocks as marked on the chart.

The club holds a field day every month, when there is a regatta and other amusements, followed by dancing in the evening.

The results of the last regatta, held Feb. 13, are as follows:

BOATS 12FT. AND OVER.

	Corrected.
Albatross	40 42
Zingan	37 59
Joker	38 28

Winner, Zingan.

BOATS UNDER 12 FT.

	Corrected.
Gull	48 43
Swallow	41 13
Belle	46 [illegible]
Ilderim	40 54
Eclipse	43 45
Beatrice	[illegible] 24

Winners: first, Beatrice; second, Ilderim.

The following are the officers of the club: Com., Hon. H. E. Sewall, Sewall's Point, Fla.; Vice-Com., E. C. B. Tyndall, Esq., Waveland, Fla.; Sec'y, Paul M. Astor, Esq., Waveland, Fla.; Treas., C. H. Racey, Esq., Waveland, Fla.; Meas., Capt. H. W. Bessey, Sewall's Point, Fla.

Chicago Yacht Matters.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 19.—Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, holds a smoker this evening at its commodious rooms. There will be plenty of good music and other entertaining features, among which will be some sparring matches of a purely amatuer sort. Columbia Y. C. has about 150 members, and is much of an athletic organization.

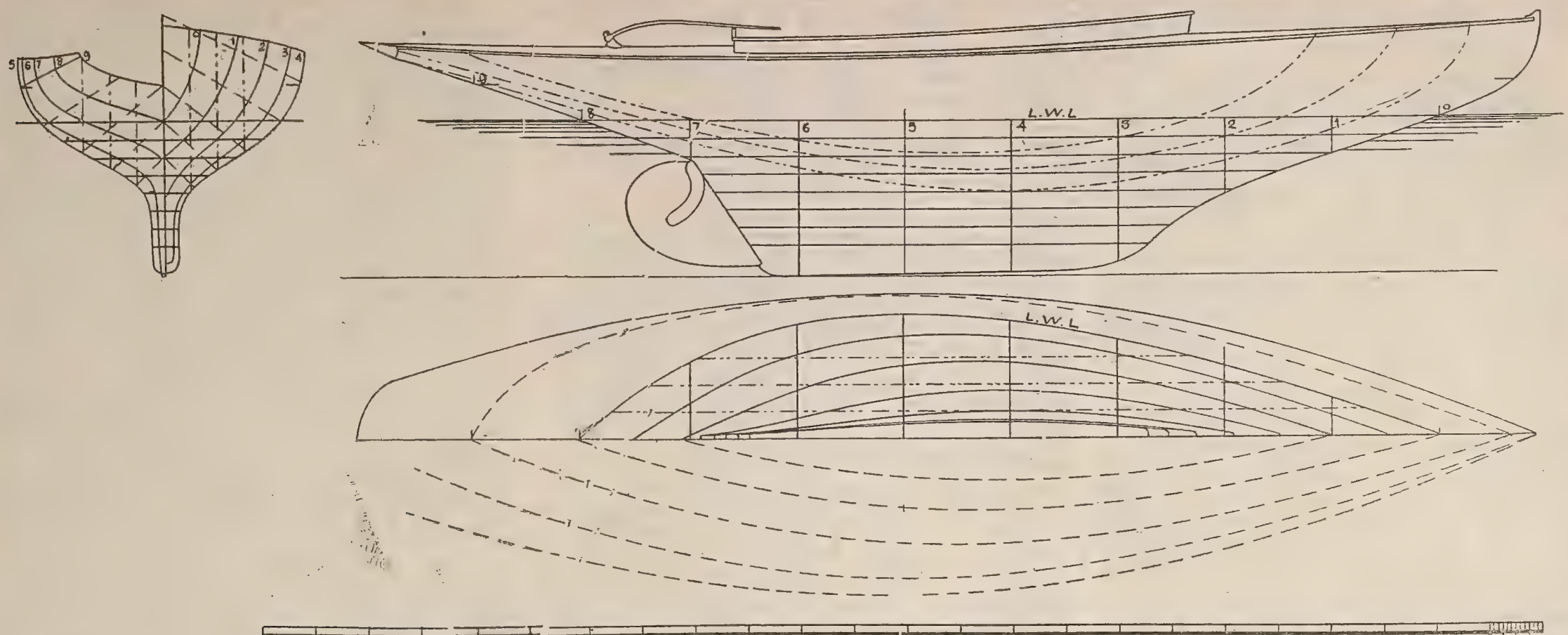
The First Battalion Naval Militia of Illinois offered an interesting entertainment at Central Music Hall on the evening of Feb. 17; Mr. H. G. Peabody, of Boston, Mass., delivering a lecture, finely illustrated with stereopticon views of yachts, Government warships, marine views, etc. On Feb. 24 Mr. Peabody lectures on "Historic Boston."

The yacht Tartar, the Peterson boat which trimmed up everything on Minnetonka and the White Bear chain last fall, has been bought by Walter Dupee, a young gentleman of this city, and will be sailed on Oconomowoc waters, Wis., next season.

Further word from the young Chicago yachtsman who talks of bringing a boat East for the Seawanhaka races indicates that he thinks more and more strongly of the idea. It is all a question of ability to get a design and a builder in time to turn out the boat. The gentleman is looking for both, and though by no means sure of success, is still hopeful he may get the work under way soon. There is talk that he may go yet further West before he settles on his plans, as he wants to see what is the last thing out Minnetonka way. There is nothing definite as yet determined in regard to the matter.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.



RED WING—"ONE DESIGN CLASS." DESIGNED BY C. E. NICHOLSON.

The Payne Bill.

DEPARTMENT CIRCULAR NO. 24.

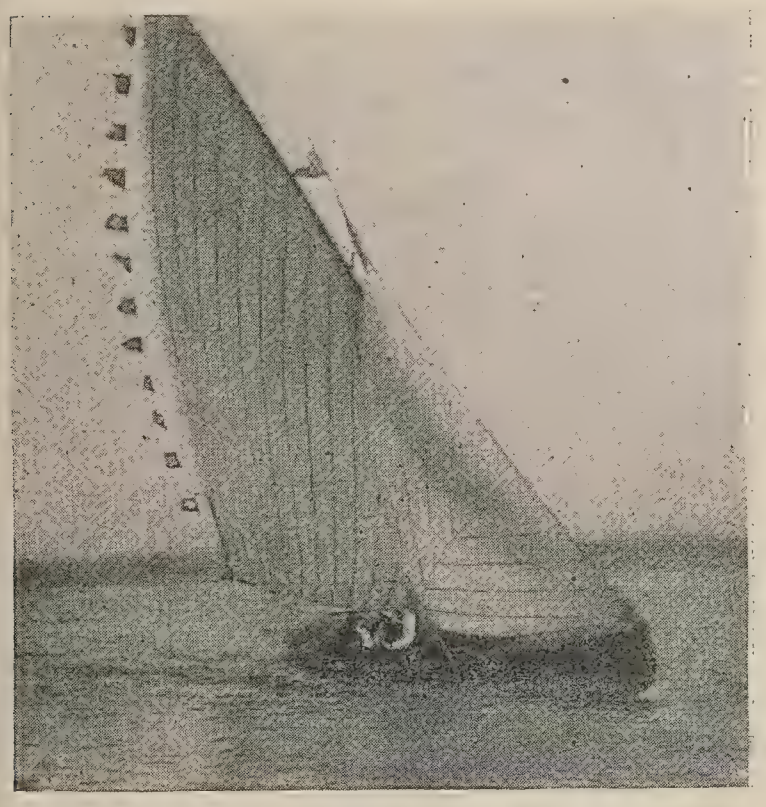
TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Bureau of Navigation, Washington, D. C., Feb. 10.—*To Collectors of Customs and Others:* The attention of the officers of the customs is invited to the act of Feb. 8, 1897, printed below. Under the statute foreign-built yachts owned, chartered or used by citizens of the United States, if the ownership or charter was acquired on or after Feb. 8, 1897, are subject to tonnage tax in the United States in the same manner as vessels engaged in trade. Action will be taken by you accordingly, whether or not the yachts are documented under the laws of any foreign country.

EUGENE T. CHAMBERLAIN,
Commissioner.

Approved:
S. WIKE, Acting Secretary.

Racing Records.

IN 1896 Mr. J. A. Brand sailed his new 18-footer Spruce IIIII. in fifty-four races, winning twenty eight firsts, eighteen other prizes, valued at £57 5s. 6d. The best record of the season in British waters is that of Kismet, Linton Hope's 18-footer, with forty-five starts, forty firsts, and five other prizes, valued at £315. The Sibbick 30-footer Tatters, owned by H. Welch Thornton, started in fifty-seven races; Phillippine started in fifty five, Satanita in fifty-nine, Britannia in fifty-eight, Ailsa in sixty, Penitent in fifty. Niagara started forty-three times, winning twelve firsts and eight other prizes, £340 in all. Penitent, for her fifty starts, won fifteen firsts and fourteen others, valued at £278; Saint, also in Niagara's class, started forty-two times, with twenty firsts and seven others, value £400. Ailsa won twenty-one first prizes thirteen others, and £2,020. Britannia won fourteen firsts, ten others, and £1,562. Satanita won six firsts and six others, value £545 Meteor II. started twenty-two times, winning thirteen firsts, four others, and £1,465.



ETHILDA.
Mersey Restricted One Rater.

A Racing 80-Footer.

THE *Field* says: "Mr. G. L. Watson has been intrusted with a design for a new racer, to come out about 80 linear rating, for the Duke de Abbruzzi, Italy, and to be built by Messrs. D. & W. Henderson. She is expected to be ready to make her debut at the opening of the Clyde fortnight. It is said that the duke will become a member of the Royal Clyde club, and be nominated for the Royal Yacht Squadron. Capt. Sycamore is to be in command, and the boat will probably be raced to the end of the season. Count Biscaretta di Ruffia will represent the duke on board the new racer, which is to be named the Bona." On the strength of the above, positive and exclusive information as to a new challenge for the America's Cup is now in order from American journals.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES

The Baltimore Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., E. L. Bartlett; Vice-Com., R. Ramsay; Rear Com., D. S. Fitzgerald; Sec'y, Dr. W. G. Foster; Treas., J. A. Smyser. Board of Governors—E. L. Bartlett, R. Ramsay, D. S. Fitzgerald, J. A. Smyser, M. G. Gill, Dr. W. G. Foster, W. Ancker. House Committee—I. T. Norris, M. G. Gill, F. T. Redwood. Regatta Committee—W. Ancker, E. D. Booze, F. W. McAllister. During the past year the club has made substantial improvements in the grounds and house at Curtis Bay. The membership is about 150, with a fleet of thirty yachts.

The Manchester Y. C., of Manchester, Mass., has elected the following officers: Com., R. C. Robbins; Vice-Com., W. A. Tucker; Rear Com., H. Blanchard; Sec'y, A. W. Stevens; Treas., G. N. Whipple; Meas., D. Fenton. Executive Committee—Ex-Com. A. M. Merriam, W. Burgess and G. Prince. Regatta Committee—G. M. Morgan, E. A. Boardman, Jr., J. L. Bremer, R. F. Tucker and A. H. Higginson.

The Eastern Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., H. W. Lamb; Vice-Com., G. F. Fayban; Rear-Com., A. Hemenway; Sec'y, W. S. Eaton, Jr.; Treas., P. T. Jackson; Meas., H. Taggard. Members of Council at Large—F. E. Peabody and G. A. Goddard. Regatta Committee—H. H. Buck, T. Nelson, R. E. Forbes, A. N. Rantoul and H. Taggard. Committee on Admissions—C. F. Adams, 2d, T. Parsons, G. Dexter, W. C. Loring and W. S. Eaton, Jr., secretary (*ex-officio*). House Committee—F. E. Snow, J. P. Loud, R. Saltonstall, F. Brewster and W. S. Eaton, Jr.

The Riverside Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., George G. Tyson, schooner yacht Nirvana; Vice Com., William A. Hamilton, launch Alcedo; Rear-Com., Frederick Gerken, steam yacht Wabeno; Treas., J. E. Peck; Sec'y, John G. Porter; Meas., E. Frank Lockwood. Trustees, to serve for three years: Charles E. Diefenthaler and William H. Fischer. Regatta Committee: Frank B. Jones, George B. Clark and Edwin Binney. Entertainment Committee: Walter G. Buxton, J. Cabot Varian and C. F. Stewart. Chaplains: Rev. George C. Houghton, Rev. Rufus S. Putney and Rev. F. R. Sandford. Fleet Surgeon, H. H. Tyson, Jr., M.D.

Messrs. R. Kidney & Son, of West Pere, Wis., issue a catalogue of steam and gasoline launches, skiffs, sailing boats, canoes, oars, etc.

One of the most interesting lectures yet given before the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was that of Theodore Roosevelt on "The Lessons of the War of 1812," delivered on Feb. 9.

The yachtsmen of Lake Minnetonka are busy this winter with plans for a new class of boat, similar to the Seawanhaka 20-footers, and some half dozen at least will be built. Owing to the lessened expense it is quite probable that the new boats will supersede the old "first-class" sloops with large crews.

Coronet, schr., Messrs. James, arrived at New York on Feb. 7, after a voyage of 114 days from San Francisco. The yacht sailed from New York on Dec. 5, 1895, for San Francisco; then left for Japan with a party to observe the solar eclipse of August, 1896, returning to San Francisco on Oct. 12 and sailing for New York on Oct. 15. Capt. Crosby, who has been with the vessel since her keel was laid in 1885, is still in command.

The racing two and one-half-rater of a few years ago, Manx Cat, Lieut. H. G. Tipping, has recently been converted into a steam launch.

At the annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., of San Francisco, on Jan. 27, the following officers were elected: Com., Alex. J. Young; Vice-Com., Carl Westerfeld; Sec'y, E. B. Lathrop; Treas., C. L. Barrett; Port Capt., John H. Keefe; Meas., H. H. Gorter. Directors: A. J. Young, Carl Westerfeld, E. B. Lathrop, C. L. Barrett, F. R. Cook, W. F. Fisher, J. H. Keefe. Regatta Committee: J. H. Hopps, P. J. Martenstein, T. J. Kavanaugh.

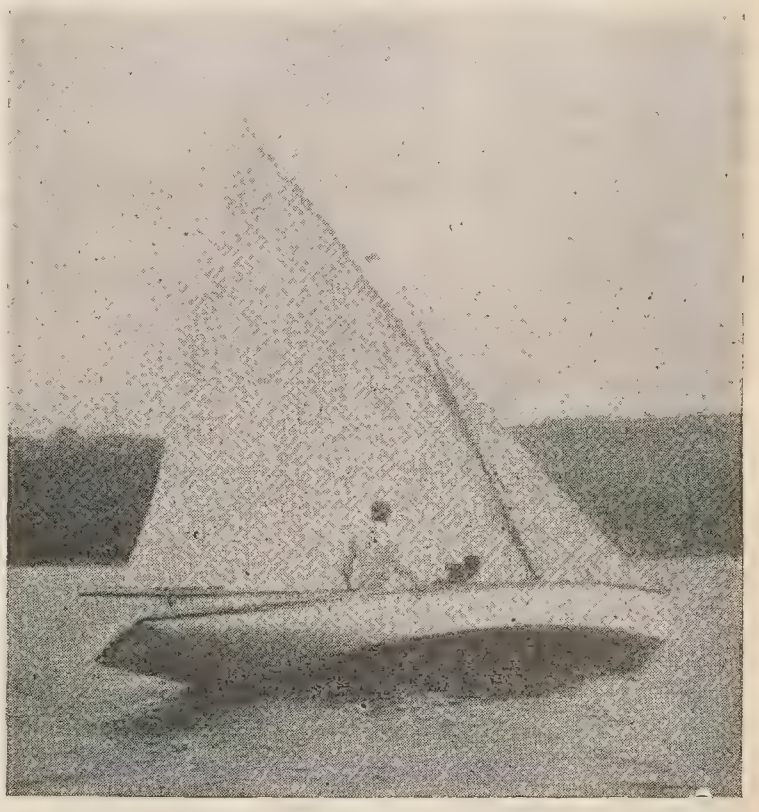
On Feb. 17 Nourmahal, steam yacht, J. J. Astor, sailed from the Erie Basin, Brooklyn, for New Orleans, where her owner will join her for a cruise to South America. On the same day Lasca, schr., Gen. J. S. Watson, sailed from New York for the Mediterranean, where her owner will join her.

The annual meeting of the Corinthian fleet was held on Feb. 17 at the Murray Hill Hotel. The following officers and committees were elected: Com., Charles W. Browne; Vice-Com., Clark A. Miller; Rear-Com., Guy Standing; Treas., Charles Chamberlain; Sec'y, William R. Corwine; and Meas., G. S. Pelham. Regatta Committee: Clark A. Miller, W. Irvine Zerega, W. B. Sutton. House Committee: Guy Standing, Samuel L. Smith, A. M. Hunter. Entertainment Committee: Guy Standing, E. Hanford Sturges, J. K. Pauw, Frederick Paulding, W. W. Hollingsworth. The secretary reported a membership of 100 and a fleet of seventy-one yachts. The annual dinner will be held at the Hotel Manhattan on March 1.

Last year the Pantasote Co. furnished a complete equipment of its upholstery to the cutter Meteor II. An order has recently been received for an outfit for the cutter Britannia, including everything in the way of cushions and similar upholstery. Pantasote has been thoroughly tested under all extremes of heat and cold, moisture and dryness, and found particularly suitable for yacht furnishing.

The annual meeting of the Larchmont Y. C. was held on Feb. 17, the following officers being elected: Com., Clarence A. Postley, schooner Colonia; Vice-Com., Edward S. Hatch yawl Huron; Rear-Com., Charles F. Ulrich, schr. Carlotta; Sec'y, Edward J. Greacen; Treas., William Murray; Meas., John Hyslop. Trustees: Harry M. Gillig, Augustin Monroe, to serve three years; Eugene L. Bushe, to serve two years; Oswald Sanderson, to serve one year. The membership is 561, with a fleet of 303 yachts. Various amendments to the constitution and by-laws were proposed, but not adopted. On motion of John F. Lovejoy, a committee of five was appointed to consider the invitation of the Y. R. U. to join that body.

The annual meeting of the Interlake Yachting Association of Lake Erie was held at Sandusky, O., on Feb. 13. The following officers were elected: Com., S. O. Richardson, Toledo; Vice-Com., Henry Look, Detroit; Sec'y-Treas., O. K. Schimansky, Sandusky; Rear-Com., George T. Bliss, Erie; Fleet Captain, W. L. Otis, Cleveland; Meas., J. W. Hepburn, Toledo; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. E. Beeman, of Cleveland. Regatta Committee: R. D. Potter, Toledo; Otto Barthel, Joseph Blessier, W. G. Bean, Detroit; and G. F. Anderson, Sandusky. The annual race meet will be held at Put-in Bay at a date to be fixed by the Regatta Committee. The rules of the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes were adopted. E. W. Radder, Cleveland; F. B. Hower, Buffalo; and S. H. Jones, Detroit, were elected delegates to the Yacht Racing Union. The Detroit Boat Club was admitted to membership.



MENAI STRAITS.
Restricted One Rater.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Munro, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Shadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	(Paid)
Herbert G. Johnson	Plainfield, N. J.	——

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Small Calibers at the Exposition.

PLANS FOR THE COMING TOURNAMENT.

THE Tournament Committee empowered by the Sportsmen's Association with the carrying out of the rifle tournament, to be held at Madison Square Garden during the week of the Exposition, March 13-20, has not let the grass grow under its feet. Though called together less than a month ago, all details as to ranges, programme, etc., have been arranged, and we are now in a position to give in full the plans of the committee.

FOR .22-SHORTS ONLY.

Owing to the conditions under which this tournament will be held, only .22 short caliber rifles will be allowed on the ranges, which are 100ft. in length. As there will be four targets, it is only fair to assume that these will be kept busy during shooting hours, 3 to 11 P. M. on March 13, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19. On March 20 all shooting will cease promptly at 9 P. M., in order that the committee may figure up the winners and distribute the prizes. Shooting on the bullseye target will close on Friday evening, March 19. All riflemen will readily understand why this is done.

VALUABLE PRIZES OFFERED.

From a perusal of the programme it will be seen that the list of prizes offered is a valuable one. Over $500 in cash will be distributed, and in addition to that sum two handsome trophies will also be donated.

The Zimmerman Trophy Match is one around which special interest centers. In this match Mr. Gus Zimmerman offers a very handsome trophy, a perfect work of art, to the winner. The conditions are special ones, and were drawn up with a view to placing it in the power of anybody to go in and win. No re-entries will be allowed in this match; only five tickets can be shot, each ticket being good for three shots; the two best tickets to take the trophy. The entrance fee is $2 for the five tickets. There is another feature about this contest that will attract the shooters. The special target to be used in this match is one which has never been used in gallery work in this country, but has, we understand, been tried on the continent of Europe. It is elliptical in form, the rings in consequence being slightly wider above and below the center than they are at the sides. In all other respects it is like the 25-ring target.

THE TOURNAMENT COMMITTEE.

The committee that has charge of the tournament is constituted as follows: H. D Muller, Chairman; Edward Banks, Secretary; Gus Zimmerman, C. G. Zettler, B. Walther, G. W. Plaisted, R. Busse, R. W. Dewey, H. Mahlenbrock, William Dalton, C. Boag, A. Ludwig, D. Meersse, Wm. Hayes and Ignatz Martin.

Further information as to rules, particulars of the various matches, etc., will be found in the

PROGRAMME.

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.—Open to all, 100 shots, off-hand; 25-ring target. To be shot in strings of 10 shots. Only one entry allowed each competitor. Any .22 short caliber rifle allowed. Entrance $5, including season ticket of admission to the Sportsmen's Exposition. Competitors can shoot their strings of 10 shots as they desire. Distance, 100ft. exact.

Prizes: First, a handsome trophy and $20; second, $25; third, $20; fourth, $15; fifth, $12; sixth, $10; seventh, $10; eighth, $9; ninth, $8; tenth, $5. Each winner can take either his cash prize or its value in a trophy.

CONTINUOUS MATCH.—Entrance for tickets of 3 shots each, 50 cents per ticket; off-hand. Re-entries unlimited, but only one prize obtainable by any one competitor. Two best tickets to count. To be shot on 25-ring target. Any .22 short caliber rifle allowed. Distance, 100ft. exact.

Prizes: First, $50; second, $35; third, $25; fourth, $20; fifth, $15; sixth, $12; seventh, $10; eighth, $10; ninth, $9; tenth, $8; eleventh, $8; twelfth, $8; thirteenth, $7; fourteenth, $7; fifteenth, $7; sixteenth, $6; seventeenth, $6; eighteenth, $6; nineteenth, $5; twentieth, $5; twenty-first, $5; twenty-second, $4; twenty-third, $4; twenty-fourth, $4; twenty-fifth, $3; twenty-sixth, $3; twenty-seventh, $3; twenty-eighth, $2; twenty-ninth, $2; thirtieth, $2.

Premiums: For the best five tickets, $5; for the second best five tickets, $4; for the third best five tickets, $3.

ZIMMERMAN TROPHY MATCH.—Open to all, five tickets of 3 shots each, entrance $2 for the five tickets; no re-entry. Two best tickets to count. To be shot on the Zimmerman special target. Distance 100ft. exact. Any .22 short caliber allowed.

Mr. Gus Zimmerman will present a handsome trophy to the winner of this match.

BULLSEYE TARGET.—Open to all, 3 shots per ticket, entrance 50 cents per ticket; re-entries unlimited. Any .22 short caliber rifle allowed. Distance 100ft. exact. Best single shot by measurement to count. Only one prize obtainable by any one shooter

Prizes: First, $20; second, $15; third, $10; fourth, $8; fifth, $7, sixth, $6; seventh, $5; eighth, $5; ninth, $4; tenth, $4; eleventh, $3; twelfth, $3; thirteenth, $3; fourteenth, $2, fifteenth, $2.

Premiums: For most bullseyes, $5; for second greatest number of bullseyes, $4: for third greatest number of bulleyes, $3.

All shooting on this target will close on Friday night, March 19.

RULES.

A shot must *cut* the ring to count.

All targets will be counted and entered by the official scorer, and will be returned to the shooter in case there is no dispute. The referee committee will decide all matters pertaining to doubtful scores.

Any sights, except telescope sights, allowed.

All questions in dispute, not covered by these rules, will be decided by the referee committee.

(Note—Messrs., Zettler Bros. will have charge of the ranges, and will furnish rifles and suitable ammunition free of all charge to competitors. All kinds of .22 short ammunition will be on hand.)

OFFICIALS.

Tournament Committee: H. D. Muller, Chairman; Edward Barks, Secretary; B. Walther, C. G. Zettler, G. W. Plaisted, R. Busse, Gus Zimmerman, R. W. Dewey, H. Mahlenbrock, William Dalton, C. Boag, A. Ludwig, D. Meersse, William Hayes, Ignatz Martin.

Referee Committee: Gus Zimmerman, Chairman; C. G. Zettler, R. Busse, H. Mahlenbrock, William Dalton.

Official Scorer: G. W. Plaisted.

For programmes, etc., address

EDWARD BANKS, Sec'y Tournament Committee,
FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 346 Broadway, New York City.

Police Revolver Scores.

The following scores were made by the police teams from the first and second platoons at their regular weekly shoot.

WILLIAM A. JONES,
Roundsman in charge, school for pistol practice.

SECOND PLATOON TEAM—FEB. 17, 1897.

Name.	Rank.	Precinct.	Scores.				
Milton Woodbridge	Roundsman	35	73	71	71	71	70
John Townsend	Sergeant	24	70	69	68	66	66
John J McNally	Sergeant	27	71	69	66	66	61
George W Brown	Act. R'dsman	C. O.	68	67	67	66	65
George H Eckhoff	Patrolman	10	67	64	63	62	58

FIRST PLATOON TEAM, FEB. 18, 1897.

Name.	Rank.	Precinct.	Scores.				
Henry J Eberman	Patrolman	11	70	68	67	66	65
John Leddy	Patrolman	34	70	68	64	64	63
Henry B Schryver	Roundsman	4	70	70	67	65	63
Wm H Ward	Patrolman	29	65	63	61	61	60
Henry G Stennes	Patrolman	12	68	67	67	66	62

West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Feb. 13.—Below are the scores made on our range to-day by members of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association in the competition for the Mascroft rifle:

Shaw	4	10	5	7	7	7	4	7	4	5—60
Scott	5	3	5	5	10	5	4	6	8	9—60
Haviland	6	5	7	5	6	9	5	5	6	5—59
Taylor	7	7	6	5	5	7	9	5	4	3—58
Sneed	6	5	9	6	5	6	3	4	7	7—58
Harrison	3	9	8	6	7	3	4	4	5	5—54
Higginson	6	5	8	5	4	6	4	6	5	5—54
Dickson	3	7	5	5	4	3	5	7	6	6—51
Gerow	7	7	5	5	4	3	3	4	4	7—49
Brown	5	2	7	5	3	5	5	3	4	4—43

W. A. KIDD, Sec'y.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Feb. 27.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Contest for the E. C. cup, on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

March 4—YARDVILLE, N. J.—Inaugural handicap, 20 birds, $15, birds included, at 25 cents each; handicaps 28 to 33yds. Open to all.

March 16-19.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed. Open to all. Nobody barred.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap (live birds), at Elkwood Park. $1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added. Entries close March 20.

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament.

April 7.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Third contest for the Recreation cup, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club, Cup contest at 12 noon sharp. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

April 14-16.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association.

April 15.—YOUNGSTOWN, O.—First tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

April 21-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

April 27-30.—FONDA, Ia.—Tournament under the management of Geo. E. Hughes and C. R. McCord. Live birds. $800 added money.

April 28-29.—RICHMOND, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 11-13.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—SAVANNAH, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Forest City Gun Club.

May 19-21.—CANTON, S. D.—South Dakota Sportsmen's Association annual. C. S. Seely, Sec'y.

May 20.—GREENVILLE, Pa.—Second tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

May 26-29.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

June 2-4.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—MONROE, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 10.—NEWCASTLE, Pa.—Third tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Paul North is great on books. His latest work is an essay on the magautrap, a prettily gotten up affair, with a picture of Paul in bicycle costume, mounted on a magautrap to show the elegant contour of his pneumatic calves, as an embellishment for the cover. And, speaking of the magautrap, we would like to say something about what we take to be the correct pronunciation of that awful word which has been precipitated upon the trap-shooting world by Mr. North: The word is compounded from the following three words: *maga*zine *auto*matic *trap*, the italicized letters in those words forming the whole. Hence as we read it, the word is magautrap, not "morgatrap," as it is often called. Anybody who wants to know anything about the "bicycle trap," or who wants a picture of Paul North, should write to that gentleman at Cleveland, O., and ask for a copy of his last book

While on his way home from the San Antonio shoot, Plumber Read, of Omaha, Neb., stopped off in Kansas City and took in the monthly five-bird shoot of the O. K. Gun Club, of that city, scoring 13 out of his 15 birds. But this is not what we started out to tell, which was this: While in Kansas City Mr. Read suggested that a team of eight men from the Omaha Gun Club would stand a good show of defeating a team of like number chosen from the ranks of the O. K. Gun Club. The members of the O. K. Gun Club seemed to think well of the proposition, and it is said that the first match is liable to come off about March 1 on the Kansas City grounds, the return match taking place a month later at Omaha.

The following incident occurred in the seventh round of the Grand Prix at Monte Carlo, Feb. 2 (we quote from the London *Field*): "Among those who killed well being Mr. A. Blyth (a very quick bird from No 4), Mr. Robinson (who grassed a quick bird with a fine second barrel), and Count Trauttmansdorff. The last named, however, had luck as well; for, after stopping a wonderful bird from No. 1 trap with his second barrel, the pigeon dropped sitting on the boundary fence, and it was just a toss as to which side of it he would fall. Fortunately for Count Trauttmansdorff the bird was gathered." The expression "dropped sitting" is rather a hard one to decipher, and opens up a world of conjecture.

The account we give in this issue of the shooting for the Grand Prix du Casino, at Monte Carlo, will prove of interest to all who care anything about live-bird shooting. It seems somewhat strange that with all the good amateur shots that this country can boast of, only two—Mr. Robinson, of California, and Mr. J. O'H. Denny—were on hand to do battle for the Stars and Stripes in the biggest and most international live-bird contest in the world. Mr. Denny killed his first three birds, but lost his fourth and fifth. Mr. Robinson stayed in until almost the last, ending somewhere around the 14 hole, with eleven ties for first place. Mr. Lorillard, who won the first contest for the Grand Prix (1872) is the only American who has finished first in this event.

Three times within the past week we have received letters from as many different correspondents asking us which set of live-bird rules limits the weight of guns. Rule 25 in the Interstate Association's rules is the only one so far as we are aware that limits the weight of gun. It says: " * * * No guns larger than 12-bore, or over 8lbs. in weight, shall be allowed." A. S. A. rules state positively that "the weight of all guns shall be unlimited." Neither Hurlingham nor the Gun Club rules limit the weight of the gun, but both sets of rules prohibit guns of larger caliber than an 11-gauge. The Grand American Handicap will be shot under Interstate rules, hence no guns over 8lbs. in weight will be eligible.

To the ingenuity of a Frenchman, Paul Giffard, says an exchange, is attributed a "miracle gun," a repeating rifle which requires no gunpowder. The projecting force is liquefied air, obtained under pressure at a temperature of hundreds of degrees below zero, thus representing an enormous expansive power. This rifle is much lighter in weight than the ordinary one, and the steel cartridge, 9in. long and as thick as one's thumb, contains 300 bullets, which may be discharged as quickly or slowly as one likes. There is no smoke, no flash, and only a sharp and low report. As soon as one cartridge is empty another can be screwed on instantly, 300 shots costing but 2½ cents.

As a direct outcome of the Ross-Greiff match, shot on Feb. 12 at Baychester, N. Y., when Ross scored 93 to Greiff's 78, a match has been arranged between Ross and Aaron Woodruff, of Elizabeth, N. J. When Ross meets the Elizabeth left-hander he'll know he's been in a shooting match by the time he gets through. Woodruff is about one of the best shots in this part of the country, although he has never yet been matched against any of those who may lay claim to the title of crackerjack.

A 100-target handicap race will be shot on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, Hackensack, N. J., on Wednesday, March 3. The conditions will be 100 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at, $2 entrance, targets extra at 1 cent each. Optional sweepstake of 50 cents on each 25 targets. The event will be started at 12 noon sharp.

Mr. J. H. Babcock, of McKee's Rocks, Pa., writes to us under date of Feb. 16 that a gun club has been organized at McKee's Rocks under the title of the Chartiers Gun Club. Mr. Thos. Dickson was elected president and J. H. Babcock secretary. The club has an enrollment of twenty-one members, with prospects for a large increase of membership.

The Osoma Valley Gun Club, of Salem, N. Y., sent us an invitation to be present at its opening shoot, to be held on Washington's Birthday, when pigeons and sparrows are to be trapped. FOREST AND STREAM makes its bow to the Osoma Valley Gun Club, and trusts to make the acquaintance of its members on some future occasion.

By the time this issue appears on the news stands most of the wanderers who went to San Antonio and to Hot Springs will have come home. Some few will have tales to tell of victories won, but the vast majority will only have excuses; and as for excuses, any old thing 'll do.

We hear nothing but favorable criticisms of the programme for the Grand American Handicap meeting. The arrangement of events, together with the system of dividing the moneys, seem to meet the wishes of those who shoot live birds.

The Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club has been doing good missionary work in the line of game and fish protection. Roger Van Gilder has something to say on this point in a communication given elsewhere in these columns.

Pittsburg, Pa., has a bad attack of what may be termed the "Grand American Handicap fever." The way the boys out there are talking, it looks as if Pittsburg would have about a dozen entries in the great event.

The contest for the E. C. cup will occupy the attention of the members of the Bergen County Gun Club and its friends at Hackensack, N. J., on Saturday next, Feb. 27.

No date has so far been set for the return match between Louis Duryea and G. S. McAlpin. The match, when shot, will come off over the Elkwood Park traps.

The eighth annual meeting and banquet of the Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, was held at the Sherman House, Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22.

FEB. 23. EDWARD BANKS.

The Cost of Trap-Shooting.

FOREST AND STREAM is always alive to the best interests of its readers. Every week its columns are full of good things, articles that fairly reek with life, and that take one back into the forests and to the banks of trout streams with a reality that makes a chained-to-business man forget his fetters for a few hours.

All such articles, alas! fall to the lot of other departments. In the Trap department we have to use our best endeavors every week to make the figures 1, 2 and 0, not to mention little black dots for "dead out of bounds," appear in the latest Paris styles, so that they will attract and hold the attention of the readers of that special department. Such being the case, it is easy to imagine what a perfect godsend such a "good thing" as Paradise Lost's essay on the decadence and cost of trap-shooting is to our department. The essay in question appeared in last week's issue of one of our cotemporaries. So refreshing is it in many of its essentials that we have thought it no discourtesy to our cotemporary to extract the letter *verbatim* and give it to *our* readers:

PARADISE LOST!

"WORCESTER, Mass.—Manufacturers and dealers must change their methods. They have done indirectly—and not so very indirectly, either—just what they have spent thousands of dollars not to do. They have killed public and general personal interest in trap-shooting, while all the time trying to encourage it. They have sent men out all over the country whom they have paid from $100 to $200 per month—traveling and hotel expenses included—to arrange tournaments and introduce their products, powders, shells, guns, etc., getting large crowds together to promote interest in the sport. And what have these men done? They have attended tournaments far and near; they have visited every gun club wherever opportunity offered, and have soon become more expert as shooters than any member of any club who did not devote his whole time to it. They have fostered the idea that there could be no enjoyment of the sport without sweepstakes, and then they have fleeced all comers. They have killed the goose which laid the golden egg. We have had a taste of it here. About a year ago a tournament was arranged which was largely attended by shooters from various parts of the country as well as by many local shooters, as many, in fact, as could be accommodated. The traps were kept going from early morning until dark. One man is said to have made $127 in one day. Of course those who went to see the crack shooters and get some of the sport themselves were out of pocket. If one gained so much, others must lose. Then they began to reflect. Another tournament was arranged a few weeks since. Under favorable circumstances it should have been as large as the first. When the time came only four persons were present. Three of those came from a distance to see how much more money they could make than at home; the other was the manager of the tournament. These men who travel on a salary, with all expenses paid, with guns and ammunition furnished free, can lose nothing as long as interest in the sport continues, and they have every chance to make much while it is the fashion to shoot for money.

AN EXPENSIVE SPORT.

"Another reason for the falling off in interest of shooters is the high cost of targets at tournaments. The managers say that targets cannot be thrown for less than 2 or 3 cents each, and when the price of the targets is taken from the amount won by any except those at the top there is nothing left. One Worcester club has maintained the price of 1 cent each for targets thrown for its members for the last six years, notwithstanding the cost has been at times nearly or quite double what they can be bought for now. Another club in the city reduced its price a year or two ago, and last year the oldest and leading club brought its price of targets down to 1 cent for each target thrown. Now, if shooters can have targets trapped for them at 1 cent each every week in the year, they feel that they ought not to be called upon to pay two or three times that amount on a few special occasions, when the cost should be less rather than more. They are not willing to pay the price, and they will not do so. The best loaded shells now cost 2 cents each, and if the target costs 2 or 3 cents more $5 is easily gone in a short afternoon, even if no sweepstakes are shot, and this is quite too large a draft on a poor man's pocketbook. Yet the poor man enjoys shooting quite as well as his more fortunate and more opulent neighbor, and will do quite as much of it if it be not too expensive.

PRICE OF TARGETS MIGHT BE LESS.

"The price of targets is now quite reasonable, but it might be less. It cannot cost as much to make a thousand targets as a thousand bricks, either for handling or material, and still a brick costs less than a target in most parts of the country, both in small and in large quantities.

"The price of ammunition must be reduced, too, before trap-shooting will again be as popular as it has been. One reason why the price of loaded shells has not been more largely reduced than it has is that too many persons have to make a profit on them. One firm manufactures the powder, another the shot, a third perhaps the wads, a fourth the case they are packed in, while still another must have a profit for loading. Then the dealer who sells to the shooter does not do the business for nothing. Taking all this into consideration, the wonder is that the price is as low as it is. Still, with the rapid-fire system, it is no trouble at all to use up 100 shells in an afternoon, and it is not impossible that we shall have to go back to the old-fashioned way of shooting: unknown angles, one man up, which, after all, afforded a great amount of enjoyment. PARADISE LOST."

The writer of the above letter has unfortunately for the welfare of his cause only taken into consideration purely local conditions. He states as a broad fact that applies to the whole country the conditions that exist in his immediate vicinity, and therein he makes a great

mistake. He should read the trap columns of each issue of FOREST AND STREAM and learn how every week new gun clubs are springing into existence, and how old clubs are being revivified by means of trap-shooting tournaments given under their auspices or in their immediate neighborhood. There is more target shooting going on to day than at any previous point in the history of the sport. There are more gun clubs in full blast, more targets are thrown every day, more shells are shot away each week, than at any time in the past that Paradise Lost can mention.

Instead of plunging into print, he should have first consulted the chief manufacturers of factory-loaded ammunition. They would have informed him that never before was there such a demand for "factory-loaded" ammunition. We refer to the U. M. C. Co., the W. R. A. Co. and the Chamberlin Cartridge Co. He should also have written to Paul North, W. Fred Quimby and other manufacturers of targets. The replies he would have received would have set him thinking as to where on earth so many millions of targets were shot at. Letters to the Du Pont, Hazard, E. C., Schultze, Walsrode, etc., companies, as to the output of smokeless powders, would have afforded him so much food for thought that he'd never have had time to sit down and write the above letter. He would have learned also that the proportion of smokeless powders loaded for the purpose of being used in the field was a mere drop in the bucket compared to the tons of that article loaded for trap-shooting purposes only.

LACK OF LOCAL INTEREST.

In short, Paradise Lost argues from a single failure of a local club in the line of tournament giving that trap-shooting has been killed all over the United States. As a matter of fact, the failure may really be traced to lack of local interest in the sport. Local interest can only be infused into any sport by the presence of one or two enthusiastic hard workers, for on one or two persons everything that goes to make the life of a club depends. And that one or those two will ultimately get tired of doing everything, with the natural consequence that trap-shooting locally suffers until a new Moses arises to lead the band.

Paradise Lost also argues that it has been the presence of paid experts at tournaments that has "killed the goose." We have had the pleasure of being present at many "amateur" tournaments, and have seldom found that they were much of a success. Of course there were exceptions, but we can name one or two clubs who have stated positively after trial of the "amateur only" tournaments, that nothing goes with them in future but "open to all." The reason for this action is not far to seek. There are plenty of amateurs, pure and simple, who are just as expert as the paid man—the professional. Those expert amateurs carried off the money just as the paid experts did; the "novice" got left, as usual, and the entry list dwindled to a pitch that became a farce.

The real keynote of the whole letter is struck when Paradise Lost states that "when the price of the targets is taken from the amount won by any except those at the top *there is nothing left.*" (The italics are ours.) The moral seems to be, "Get to the top; don't get what is left," or else don't shoot unless you can afford to lose, and lose with a good grace.

EXPERTS HAVE PAID FOR EXPERIENCE.

One point always seems to have been overlooked by men like our friend Paradise Lost: experts have paid for their experience, and in most cases—we speak feelingly—have paid dearly. It is the case in every walk in life, and will always be the case unless human nature alters greatly before the end of the world.

The man who knows a good horse when he sees it, and who also knows how to train it when he has bought it, is the man who gets the best of the persimmons; but he has paid for his experience. It's the same in yachting, athletics, everything, even in business. There will always be a select few on top, with a vast majority below them; and many of that vast majority can't or won't see why they shouldn't have just as much of the good things of this life as the select few.

KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT BRICKS ANYWAY.

Paradise Lost is in his element when it comes down to bricks. He says: "The price of targets is now quite reasonable, but it might be less. It cannot cost as much to make a thousand targets as a thousand bricks, either for handling or material, and still a brick costs less than a target in most parts of the country, both in small and in large quantities." We have never been in the brick business, neither have we had any capital invested in targets, and cannot therefore speak with that authority which seems to be Paradise Lost's prerogative. We would, however, point out to Paradise Lost that in all business transactions the questions of supply, demand and competition are very large factors in governing prices.

We quite agree with Paradise Lost that 1-cent targets will return enough profit to clear the expense of tournaments where no added money is offered. On that point we are glad to shake hands with him, because we have always been openly in favor of 1-cent targets at all club shoots and at tournaments where there is no added money.

NOT A POOR MAN'S SPORT.

The last portion of the second paragraph in Paradise Lost's communication to our cotemporary is written evidently under a misapprehension of the case. The dragging in of the poor man as a plea for increased cheapness of the sport is done by force. The poor man has actually no status in the matter. We have no right to mulct the manufacturers out of their means of livelihood and make poor men of them simply for the benefit of other poor men who want to indulge in a sport that is beyond their means. Trap-shooting is an expensive sport; it is one that costs money to its devotees. If a man cannot pay for 100 targets and 100 shells without depleting his pocketbook, he should divide that number in half or less if he *must* shoot.

There are many poor men who are just as fond of fast horses as any of those who are able to enjoy such privileges by reason of their wealth. But it would be just as reasonable to urge that 2:10 horses should be reduced to 10 cents apiece, and pneumatic-tired sulkies sold at the rate of 2-for-5, as to demand that manufacturers reduce the prices for guns, shells, targets, etc., in order that a poor man might enjoy a sport his purse cannot afford. Suppose some one should demand that boats like the Defender should be built and rigged for 49 cents each, or steam yachts like the Nourmahal sold for $1.99, in order that the "poor man" could go yacht racing! The crews would have to be paid in proportion, say engineers and captains at 5 and 10 cents a day respectively. Wouldn't there be a kick?

Surely Paradise Lost has lost himself indeed! "The price of ammunition must be reduced, too, before trap-shooting will again be as popular as it has been." Yet—"the best loaded shells now cost 2 cents each!" He must want the earth. EDWARD BANKS.

Calumet Heights and Eureka Records for 1896

CHICAGO, Feb. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you the following interesting showing of what some of our Chicago trap-shooters have been doing:

RECAPITULATION OF MEDAL SCORES IN CONTESTS ON TARGETS, CALUMET HEIGHTS CLUB

A Class.

Classified Target Contests.	10 Best Scores 250 Targets.	Total Shot at.	Total Broken.	Per cent. Broken.
A C Paterson	231	700	590	84.28
G C Lamphere	230	425	365	85.88
S M Booth	212	450	366	81.33
R A Turtle	...	175	99	56.56
G H Knowles	207	350	275	78 57
C D Westcott	192	250	192	76.80
H A Ferguson	...	50	37	74
Samuel Young	...	50	36	72
B Class.				
F A Hodson	...	150	109	72.66
A W Carlisle	...	200	122	61
C W Carson	...	25	18	72
E Copelin	...	125	90	72
J E Hinkins	...	100	53	53
G E Marshall	197	450	306	68
F S Lewis	...	100	61	61
S H Greeley	181	400	262	65.50
A T Whitman	...	150	96	64
P D Norcom	195	650	408	62.76
W Metcalf	203	625	458	73.28
J S Houston	177	250	177	70.80
Class C.				
John McMichaels	...	25	12	48
R B Carson	138	300	149	49.66
A P Harper	...	125	83	66.40
A C Black	173	400	229	57.25
L L Davis	109	275	115	41.81
A W Harlan	156	625	275	44
C C Chamberlain	164	475	256	53.47
J A Morgan	...	150	68	45.33
N O Mumford	...	125	51	40.80
C W Spalding	...	25	13	52
W A Wilde	...	125	65	52
G J Reid	...	50	24	48
H A Boedker	...	25	18	72
K Marks	...	25	8	32
H B Black	...	75	11	14.66
		8500	5496	64.68

35,000 targets thrown from May 2 to Nov. 26, 1896.

RECAPITULATION OF THE LIVE-BIRD CONTESTS FOR YEARLY TROPHY, CALUMET HEIGHTS CLUB.

A Class.

Handicap Events, 1896.	Total Shot at.	Total Killed	Per Cent.	Handicap Events, 1896.	Total Shot at.	Total Killed	Per Cent.
G H Knowles	50	43	86	Sam'l Young	5	1	20
A C Paterson	50	37	74	C W Carson	25	13	62
G C Lamphere	40	33	82.50	R A Turtle	10	9	90
Sam'l M Booth	30	25	83.33	H A Ferguson	10	6	60
C D Westcott	40	30	75				
B Class.							
A P Harper	30	22	73.33	A W Carlisle	20	16	80
W Metcalfe	51	39	76.46	Dr J O Hobbs	10	4	40
G E Marshall	51	36	70.58	F S Lewis	30	22	73.33
P D Norcom	31	25	80 64	F A Hodson	10	4	40
J S Houston	10	7	70	E Copelin	10	10	100
J A Morgon	21	16	76.17				
C Class.							
A C Black	22	13	59	H B Black	10	7	70
L L Davis	32	16	50	C L Dougherty	10	3	30
R B Carson	32	25	77.50	J Boedker	20	13	65
K Marks	15	10	66 66	J Fisher	5	0	
A W Harlan	32	11	31.25				

The Grand Prize, a silver tea set, was won by Geo. H. Knowles on the average of 93.33, on scores of shoots held Decoration Day, July 4th and Thanksgiving Day of 1896. Recapitulated by

A. C. PATERSON.

RECAPITULATION OF MEDAL SCORES OF TARGETS FOR THE YEAR 1896, EUREKA GUN CLUB.

A Class.

	Scores.	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
A W Adams	16	400	311	77.75
Ed Bingham	7	175	146	80.34
H H Frothingham	...	...	...	.....
L H Goodrich	21	525	374	71.23
O von Lengerke	9	225	166	74.22
W R Morgan	8	200	161	80.50
A C Paterson	16	400	306	76.25
C E Willard	1	25	20	80
Ed Steck	26	650	559	86
F P Stannard	20	500	437	87.40
Thos Marshall	...	...	...	.....
Guy Deering	7	175	127	72.05
Dr C W Carson	11	275	186	67.63
N W Holt	2	50	38	76
H F Carson	14	350	272	77.71
G C Lamphere	12	200	241	80.33
Dr F Liddy	7	175	137	78.20
W P Mussey	...	...	...	.....
B Class.				
E C J Cleaver	4	100	63	63
Dr R B Miller	5	125	95	76
W E Phillips	...	...	...	.....
W F de Wolf	15	375	246	65 60
H A Ferguson	9	225	159	70.66
O J Buck	18	450	298	66.22
Geo Airey	2	50	34	68
F Thacker	2	50	28	56
J L Jones	12	300	195	65
H L Thornburg	...	...	...	.....
A T Whitman	12	300	184	61.33
Geo E Marshall	8	200	121	60.50
S Matthews	...	...	...	.....
W D Stannard	14	350	277	79.14
E B Ellicott	...	...	...	.....
John Glover	12	300	237	79
E A Sheppard	4	100	77	77
F F Spreyne	7	175	110	62.85
Jos Lewis	4	100	66	66
Geo Taylor	...	...	...	.....
C Class.				
W A Jones	5	125	57	45.60
Dr C E Morton	15	375	215	57.33
A W Morton	4	100	58	58
J E Hinkins	3	75	44	58.66
W J Arnold	2	50	18	36
G V Weart	3	75	29	38.66
C F Sylvester	...	...	...	.....
E W Heath	...	...	...	.....
A H Peck	...	...	...	.....
H B Morgan	13	325	108	33.23
R B Carson	6	150	47	31.33
J H Long	3	75	16	21.33
J D Bisbee	...	...	...	.....

MONTHLY TROPHIES FOR YEAR, WON BY:

April—A, F. P. Stannard; B, O. J Buck; C, W. A. Jones.
May—A, Ed Steck; B, John Glover; C. Dr. C. E. Morton.
June—A, F. P Stannard; B, O. J. Buck; C, W. A. Jones.
July—A, Ed Steck; B, W. D. Stannard; C, none eligible.
August—A, H. F. Carson; B, none eligible; C, Dr. C. E Morton.
September—A, Paterson and Steck tie; B, W. D. Stannard; C, H. B. Morgan.
October—No one qualified.

E. C. cup won by Deering in June, Morgan in July, and W. D. Stannard in August, September, October, and so absolutely.

Chicago Traps.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 19.—Eureka Club, of Chicago, will hold high banquet and general good time next Monday evening, Feb. 22, at the Sherman House. Some business matters will be taken up at this the annual club meeting. The many trophies won by Eureka Club and its members this past season will be displayed, and an evening of fellowship will be enjoyed.

On Saturday (to morrow) and on Washington's Birthday (Feb. 22) the new shooting park at Evanston, under charge of J. J. Smith, will be put in use. Mr. Smith will run a live-bird and target park for the convenience of shooters who live in the upper part of the city and for the use of all comers.

Mr. W. L. Wells, of this city, author of the "Clover Leaf Field" design which was shown in FOREST AND STREAM early la t fall, soon after the big Du Pont shoot here, is wondering whether the clover leaf field of Elkwood Park, which is described in the Interstate Association handbook as the place for the holding of the Grand American Handicap, could possibly have been contemplated before the publication of his design. The park is spoken of as being so improved "in the fall of 1896," which might have been after Mr. Wells had made public his plan. Mr. Wells and myself may have been remiss in not seeing it, but so far have not noticed any credit given to him for the design; so probably it was a case of anticipation, or of two parties thinking of the same thing at once, independently of each other. Mr. Wells is a thinker, a man of ideas, and a very pleasant gentleman, though not seen at the traps. I think I violate no confidence when I say that though he has no patent on the clover leaf scheme, he was surprised to see it in actual use so soon. I reckon we might as well claim it for Chicago anyhow, and state once more that it is hard to get ahead of Chicago, which has ideas to burn, from each idea dependent a long forelock, which whoso runs may swipe and welcome. For instance, a lot of men from New York were out here last week looking at our electric elevated roads. I understand they are talking of putting in elevated railroads in New York. Naturally they came out to Chicago to see how it was done. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

WATSON'S PARK.

Feb. 16.—Match at 50 live birds:

J B Weaver.....2102112121201020001120221'01111111100002101110010002010121212012000112022'0111111110000210111001000 —105

S M Wilson.....0210020001111122021212021010020110000002000000022101122921201120022211010101201120010221011200102210001000100220100021011000111020221201120121111— 89

Feb. 17.—Audubon Gun Club. For club medals:

	Allowed.
F A Place	10201212112121 2—13—2—15
W Dupee	00?2122w
C S Wilcox	0100122200111112—10—2—12
W W McFarland	2202211211221 22—13—1—14
O von Lengerke	2022222022220 22—12—1—13
C B Dicks	0012200200122 20— 8—2—10
W P Mussey	2202212220222222—13—2—15
Gillespie	1221111211201 20—13—2—15
J E Price	2210110100210w
H H Frothingham	2220222222122 21—14—0—14
F R Bissell	1111122210122 22—14—3—15
W E Gray	1011020122010 00— 7—4—11
C Morris	0112220021012 01—10—4—14
F Hollester	1111121001201 21—12—2—14
H B Foss	0112000120121 00— 8—2—10

J H Amberg.....0101120000021 20— 7—2—9
C E Felton.....0011102221210 12—11—2—13
Ties on 15:
Place.....01110210w
Mussey.....022022222 20w
Gillespie.....1112102111112 2—13—2—15
Bissell.....0021210221 10w

Feb. 18.—W. R. Wright and O. von Lengerke and D. T. McClure and Chas. Thompson, 25 birds a corner, $25 a corner:

W R Wright.....2220202202112222202202022 2—19
O von Lengerke.....2220202222220002222202022 2—18—37
D T McClure.....2002022202200222122010123—16
Chas Thompson.....1120202222001122202210 20—17—33

Twenty-five bird match:

Chas Thompson.....1220111001012201120702220—16
O von Lengerke.....0222002202222022220222202—18

Fifty-bird match:

Wiley.....0001012022200200011111210002021222122121012122020011—33
Comley.....1211011111210000110210011102211112121211010112101111—38

Feb. 20.—Garden City Gun Club:

H Levi.....0101001100000 10— 5 Amberg.....0221212220202222—12
Gillespie.....1002210110111 01—10 Grimes.....2101202010200 00— 7
Wilcox.....1011200110210 10— 9

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Feb. 10.—The Boston Gun Club's third serial prize shoot was held this afternoon at Wellington, and was attended by eighteen shooters, all eager to take part in the programme of events. A better day could not be asked, just a little wind and not particularly cold, altogether the reverse of weather encountered on the previous meeting. The shoot developed into a partial reunion of the "winter crowd" of a year ago, and it was noticed that good-natured rivalry was as rampant as ever. Mr. Sawyer was the recipient of many congratulations on his reappearance after suffering a severe injury to his arm on the ball field some months ago. Winters was high in the match with 17 out of 21, knowns, unknowns and doubles, standing at 18yds. rise, gun below elbow. Events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	6	10	10	5	6	10	10	10	10	10
Gordon (17)	6	6	2	9	6	4	2	5	6	5	..	..
Miskay (17)	8	7	5	8	8	4	4	9	6	..	6	..
Woodruff (17)	6	9	1	6	6	5	2	8	5	5	8	6
Powers (16)	9	7	3	..	3	1	4	..	..	..	..	..
Sewall (15)	9	2	3	7	7	1	2	6	5	6	7	10
Winters (18)	8	10	3	9	8	4	5	6	8	8	..	7
Williams (15)	9	..	3	..	7	1	3	..	..	..	..	..
Mack (15)	6	..	1	5	3	1	2	2	2	..	2	..
Sawyer (16)	5	..	4	9	6	2	5	..	..	..	..	..
Spencer (16)	..	..	..	..	5	8	4	2	6	9	..	9
Hardy (15)	..	..	..	..	7	7	3	3	7	5	..	..
Paine (15)	..	..	..	..	2	5	3	3	4	6	..	4
Dove (16)	..	..	..	..	8	9	4	3	9	9	..	6
Harris (15)	..	..	..	..	9	8	3	3	5	7	..	..
Horace (15)	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	2	..	..	..	8
Nickols (15)	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	3	..	5	7	..
Benton (14)	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	..	..	..	..	..
Needham (15)	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	1	4	5	3	..

Events 1, 4, 5 and 8, known angles; Nos. 2, 6, 9 and 10, unknown angles; 11 and 12, reversed; 3 and 7, pairs.

Third contest, prize series; distance handicap, 21 targets, 10 known, 5 unknown angles and 3 pairs:

Winters (18)	1111111100—8	10111—4	11 10 11—5—17
Miskay (17)	1110.01111—8	11011—4	11 10 01—4—16
Dove (16)	1111110111—9	10111—4	10 10 10—3—16
Spencer (16)	1111011110—8	01111—4	20 20 00—2—14
Harris (15)	1111101101—8	10011—3	10 10 01—3—14
Sawyer (16)	1101011010—6	01001—2	11 01 11—5—13
Woodruff (17)	0001111101—6	11111—5	00 11 00—2—13
Hardy (15)	1110011101—7	11100—3	01 10 10—3—13
Nickols (16)	0001101111—6	11101—4	10 01 10—3—13
Horace (15)	1111110110—7	01111—4	10 10 00—2—13
Gordon (17)	1010010111—6	11011—4	10 00 10—2—12
Paine (15)	1101110100—6	10010—2	00 10 10—2—10
Williams (15)	1111010110—7	00100—1	00 10 11—3—11
Benton (14)	1010111110—7	11011—4	w —11
Sewall (15)	0111011110—7	00010—1	10 10 00—2—10
Powers (15)	1000000011—3	00001—1	10 11 10—4— 8
Needham (15)	1100000011—4	10101—3	01 00 00—1— 8
Mack	0110100000—3	00010—1	10 10 00—2— 6

Feb. 17.—Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 17, emerged bright and smil- from the general moisture of the previous week, and twenty shooters met on the Boston Gun Club grounds at Wellington to celebrate accordingly. The events progressed with the usual celerity and dispatch, and the misses appeared as frequently as of yore. Mr. Spencer placed a good 19 to his credit nobody else approaching his total to-day. Other shooting:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	6	5	6	10	10	5	6	10	10	10
Gordon (17)	6	5	2	4	4	8	6	3	2	9	7	7
Woodruff (17)	9	6	1	3	3	5	6	2	2	8	5	..
Johns (15)	6	3	2	3	4	2	2	2	1	5	2	..
Winters (18)	7	8	3	..	3	7	5	2	3	8	4	..
Willard (16)	5	2	4	2	3	6	5	2	2	5	6	..
Horace (15)	6	..	2	..	..	8	6	4	3	..	..	..
Sawyer (16)	..	5	2	4	3	3	6	3	2	5	6	5
Williams (15)	..	..	3	..	3	..	8	..	..	7	..	..
Spangler (16)	..	..	..	2	4	..	..	..	1	..	..	..
Dennison (15)	..	..	..	..	3	8	4	2	2	8	4	5
Spencer (16)	..	..	..	..	3	5	10	5	4	9	5	..
Miskay (17)	..	..	..	..	3	8	7	3	3	7	10	8
Greener (15)	..	..	..	..	1	6	7	3	2	5	8	..
Paine (15)	..	..	..	..	2	7	6	2	2	5	4	..
Harris (15)	..	..	..	..	3	7	4	2	6	6	3	..
Dove (16)	..	..	..	..	3	9	5	4	4	8	8	..
Powers (15)	..	..	..	..	1	5	4	4	2	7	4	..
Sewall (15)	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	3	3	3	4	7
Needham (15)	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	3	2	3	6	..
Walsh (14)	..	..	..	..	..	1	2	1	..	..	..	..

Events 1, 4, 6, 7, 10 and 12 known angles, 2 and 8 unknown, 10 reverse, 3, 5 and 9 pairs.

Fourth contest, prize series: Distance handicap, 21 targets, 10 known, 5 unknown, and 3 pairs:

Spencer (16)	1111111111—10	11111—5	10 10 11—4—19
Miskay (17)	1010101111— 7	10101—3	10 10 10—3—13
Dove (16)	1100011100— 5	11101—4	10 11 10—4—13
Horace (15)	0111001111— 6	11110—4	10 10 10—3—13
Greener (15)	1001111011— 7	01101 3	10 00 10—2—12
Harris (15)	0110100100— 4	10100—2	11 11 11—6—12
Gordon (17)	1111100001— 6	11100—3	10 00 01—2—11
Sawyer (16)	0 0 0101111— 6	01110—3	00 11 10—2—11
Winters (18)	0110111000— 5	11000—2	10 01 10—3—10
Woodruff (17)	1110100011—6	00101—2	10 00 10 2—10
Sewall (15)	1110 0 0000—4	00111—3	11 00 10 3 10
Paine (15)	1011110100—6	10010—2	00 10 10—2—10
Needham (15)	0 00101011—5	11010—3	00 10 10—2—10
Powers (15)	0100011010—4	11101—4	10 10 0 0—2—10
Willard (16)	0101001110— 5	01001—2	10 10 00 2— 9
Dennison (15)	1000011100— 4	01001—2	10 00 10—2— 8
Williams (15)	1010111111—8	w	— 8
Johns (15)	1000100000—2	00110—2	10 00 00—1— 5
Walsh (14)	0000001100—2	00010—1	w 3

D.

John F. Weiler Gun Club.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Feb. 15.—Below are the scores made to day on the grounds at the Duck Farm Hotel. Both targets and live birds were used. A special feature of the day was the 50-bird match between Frank Class, of Morristown, N. J., and J. Rehrig, of Lehighton, Pa. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	25	10	10	Targets:	10	25	10	10
Brey	10	..	10	..	H Acker	..	16	..	..
Hope	8	..	9	..	E Jeans	..	..	7	..
Miller	7	..	..	..	A Weiler	..	..	8	..
Acker	6	..	..	..	Erdman	..	..	6	..
Kramer	7	..	..	..	M J Hoch	..	..	..	8
Ulmer	7	..	8	..	W Barrall	..	..	..	6
S Weiler	..	19	..	..					

The two live-bird sweeps were shot as below:

No. 1, 10 live birds: O. Acker 8, J. Weiler 8, E. Ulmer 7, B. Hufort 6.

No. 2, 6 live birds: H. Mohr 6, J. Weiler 5, O. Acker 4.

The score in the Class-Rehrig match was as below:

F Class.....2200222220121222222202222—20
22222222220202202202122222—21—41
J Rehrig.....2200222012101022122222212—20
22201212221220212101011 20—20—40

A. GRIESEMER

Arkansaw Traveler's First Annual.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Feb. 17.—Little of interest remains to be told concerning the tournament which closed here yesterday. The attendance was hardly such as the promoter had reason to suppose—especially after the number of letters he had received from shooters all over the country assuring him that they would most certainly attend, and further would lend their hearty coöperation toward making the tournament a success, but nevertheless in this respect the shoot was hardly such. True, there are numerous causes that brought this about, but none of them figure so much in the result as the bad weather experienced at the Midwinter tournament at San Antonio, which was conducive of no little sickness among the shooters and a great deal of dissatisfaction; many who had intended to come from there to Hot Springs became disappointed and returned home. Then again that class of shooters who may appropriately be designated as the *sure thing crowd* did not like the handicap. The $500 added event looked alluring enough, and at first they displayed considerable avidity to have a try at it, but as the time approached for the event to take place, and furthermore as some of them failed to gather in the shekels they had anticipated at the Midwinter, they sniffed at the bait several times, backed away, and then crawled into their holes until something more easy should turn up. An even break with the producer is not what this crowd is looking for; they want at least 30 per cent. the best of it. Well, notwithstanding that the attendance was rather slim the tournament came off just the same, and the programme was carried out to the letter, just as though there had been a hundred entries. Financially this tournament was like its predecessor, the Midwinter at San Antonio. In addition to the time and labor spent, the promoter, John J. Sumpter, Jr., will have to make up a deficiency of about $300; and yet he is not cured, but speaks of holding another next winter on a more elaborate scale, of two weeks' duration—one week of targets and one week of live-bird shooting. Fortunately for Sumpter, he shot in great form and quit several hundred dollars ahead of the game. This in some measure will help make up the deficit. That 25 straight alone in the Eastman handicap, and again that remunerative 23 in the Arkansaw Traveler's Handicap, went to make up the bulk of his winnings.

WHITTINGTON PARK.

The place where the tournament was held is very suitable for this kind of shooting, but has one drawback: that of not being large enough to permit of the use of two sets of traps should such have been necessary. The background for pigeon shooting is good, except that on the left as the shooter faces the score there is a high mountain, on which the brush and rocks make a very deceiving background for brown or chocolate-colored birds, and also any dark colored bird that should choose to fly that way late in the evening. This very thing was responsible for several ciphers in the last round of the Arlington handicap. Aside from this, the grounds are perfectly level and afford a good view from all other directions. King's traps were used, and the trapping was done much faster than is usually the case at tournaments of this kind; something over 100 birds an hour were trapped without any special effort.

THE BIRDS.

Collectively they must be classed as a good lot; true, there were some poor ones and some exceptionally fast ones; such is always the case where large numbers of birds are trapped. About 4,500 were used during the shoot, a number which could have been much increased had the management desired. But trapping birds in Hot Springs at 25 cents apiece is like swapping dollars. Nearly all of the birds were bought in St. Louis and were shipped in hundred dozen lots, and each one of these consignments amounted to from $240 to $250. This includes express charges and coops. This left a very narrow margin to cover trapping and losses occasioned through dead birds and those lost in trapping, as well as those refusing to fly. Very little was realized on the dead birds, and only about forty dozen were disposed of at $1 a dozen. The balance had to be given away, as no place could be secured to store them. It has always been customary to charge 30 cents apiece for birds in Hot Springs, but so that no one should have any cause to complain that the management was charging too much they were trapped at about what they cost.

The first part of the tournament the weather was very disagreeable, but later on it turned out fine, and the last four days it was all the shooters could wish for.

VISITORS.

R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O.; B. A. Bartlett, Buffalo, N. Y., and J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., were the Winchester Repeating Arms Co representatives present. Then there was John Parker, Detroit, Mich., and Tom Keller, of Plainfield, N. J., representing the King's Powder and Peters Cartridge Cos., of Cincinnati, O. Herbert Taylor, of St. Louis, Mo., took care of the interest of the Du Pont and Hazard Powder Co. A. W. Du Bray, of Dayton, Ky., and O. R. Dickey, of Boston, Mass., were shooting Parker guns and talking about them. Then there was J. L. Winston, of Washington, Ind., to take care of the Austin Powder Co's interest. Tom Callender, of Nashville, Tenn., representing Laflin & Rand Powder Co. and shooting W-A. Then there was G. W. Sergeant, of Joplin, Mo.; Peter L. Murphy, of Philadelphia, Pa.; the one barrel champion, John Ellis, and George Hutchings, of Galveston, Tex.; W. F. Norman, of Greenville, Tex.; Houston, of Chicago, Ill; Bennett Charles Thompson and Wallace D. F. McClure, of St. Paul, Minn.; Dr. W. C. Portman, Jackson, Minn.; L. B. Schindler, Windom, Minn.; Wirt W. W. Peabody, Jr., and Emile Work, Cincinnati, O; W. H. Settle, Madisonville, O.; Richard Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis; Chauncey M. Powers, Decatur, Ill.; F. S. Parmelee, Omaha, Neb.; A. E. Leach, Tripp, S. D.

Sixth Day, Saturday, Feb. 13.

This was another blank day in so far as programme events are concerned, though it was by no means an uneventful one. Winston and Murphy shot another match, and once Murphy took a fall out of his opponent. Then Norman and Winston shot two target races, which resulted in each winning one. The first one each shot 50 targets, unknown angles, and this was won by Winston with a score of 41 to 38. The next time Winston allowed the first 10 of Norman's to be scored dead, or in other words shot at 50 while Norman only shot at 40 and then added 10 to his score. This one Norman won by 44 to 42. There was also a team match between Heikes and Bartlett on one side and Winston and Parmelee on the other. The conditions of the match were 50 singles and 25 pairs per man, and at this kind of game the Winchester men proved too much for the other combination, the final score being: Heikes Singles 46, doubles 42, total 88; Bartlett—Singles 45, doubles 34, total 79; team total 167. Parmelee led the other team by scoring—Singles 47, doubles 38, total 85; Winston—Singles 43, doubles 32, total 75, making their team total 160. This was purely an exhibition shoot, with nothing at stake. Heikes and Bartlett gave an exhibition of rapid and fancy trick shooting. Heikes broke 100 targets with five Winchester guns in three minutes and twenty-one seconds. Then Bartlett did his usual acts and several new ones. The trick of making kindling wood with a Winchester is a new one. Bartlett tosses up an empty box, as shells are shipped in, and he and Heikes cut it all to pieces with loads from their Winchesters, so that fire could readily be started with the splinters.

MURPHY VS. WINSTON.

The weather conditions were superb for a pigeon match, and this time Winston had really succeeded in selecting a good fast lot of pigeons, which were further favored by the weather conditions, as there was a good stiff wind blowing away from the score. Murphy was the first one to miss; this occurred in the 4th round, when a very hard fast one from No. 5 trap got away with the loss of a few feathers. Winston had a narrow escape on his 3d bird, which was missed with first and brought down by a great second within a few feet of the boundary line on the right. When 10 birds had been shot, Winston was straight, while Murphy had but a single loss to his credit. The 11th round brought disaster to Winston, as he lost a very fast left-quartering driver from No. 5 trap that fell about a yard out of bounds; his next bird, also an excellent one, was scored with the second, much to the surprise of all. Then followed another fast one, though it had an incoming tendency; it towered as soon as the trap was opened, missed clean with the first, but closed up like a knife with the second. Then came a fast driver that was well killed; but the next, similar to the previous one, though a twister, carried the shot that struck it over the boundary only by a few feet. All this time Murphy was not drawing duffers by any means. The 15th, which he missed, was an extra fast low driver. When Winston lost his 17th, it put Murphy 1 in the lead, but he evened up matters when he missed his 18th, a low twisting driver that was out of bounds with three beats of its wings. Up to the 23d round matters were even, but it was the 23d that lost Winston the match. This bird was a circling incomer, apparently an easy one, that got away unharmed When Murphy killed his 24th, one that was as hard as the best, Jack's chances went a-glimmering, as Murphy's last one was an incomer, and landed him a winner by 1 bird, the final score being Murphy 22, Winston 21.

The conditions of the match were 25 pigeons, for $25 a side, loser to pay for the birds, Murphy at 28yds. and Winston at 30yds. This concession virtually cost Winston the match, for 2yds. nearer would have scored all 3 of his dead out of bounds, neither of which was more than 10ft. out.

Here are the results, the number of the trap and the flight:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

```
                                4 4 2 4 3 2 4 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 3 3 1 5 3 3 3 3 4 5
                                ↓↘↗↗↗↖←↙↖↖↘↑↖↙↖↑↑↑↖↙←↗
Winston.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2—31
```

```
                                3 3 4 5 2 4 5 4 1 5 1 3 4 1 4 3 4 5 3 5 3 5 3 4 3
                                ↖↑↖↗↓→↶↘↖T↖↖→↗↑→T↑↑↗↖↑↙↗↘
Murphy.....2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22
```

Monday, Feb. 15—Seventh Day.

This was an ideal day for shooting, and as the target traps were still in position, also to vary the monotony, a couple of sweeps at this game were shot. Winston and Norman again got together; this brought about two matches, both at targets, in each of which Winston conceded the first 10 dead to his opponent. The first one resulted in a win for Norman by 46 to 39, and the other one was a tie, each having 46 to his credit; $5 a side was at stake oneach. Winston also matched Powers with Sergeant for $10 a side and the price of the targets, 50 targets each. This Powers won by 46 to 44.

The scores in the target sweeps were as follows:

No. 1, 20 targets, four moneys: Sumpter 20, Sergeant 20, Dickey 19, Powers 18, Norman 17, Winston 17, Merrill 17, Hughes 17, Leach 16, W. Wirt 15, Murphy 15, Settle 14, Bennett 14, McDonald 7

Event No. 2, same as above, three moneys: Powers 18, Dickey 17, Winston 17, Sumpter 17, Norman 17, Merrill 17, Sergeant 16, Wirt 14.

The programme events consisted of a 7-bird event, $5, four high guns, and a 10 bird race, $10, four moneys.

Dickey did the best shooting at live birds, scoring all of his birds, while Powers lost but 1. Hutchings, of Galveston, Tex., was a new arrival to day.

No. 1:

Sergeant	1121●12112—9	Murphy	2222220●21—8
Ellis	2211222022—9	Wirt	2012l112●1—8
Sumpter	222●212212—9	Bennett	●22●1●1112—7
Houston	1221211222—10	Wallace	2●22221111—8
Werk	2220122220—8	Portman	2222?22210—9
Settle	1●02112?01—8	Du Bray	2212●1●?●2—7
Merrill	12222222●2—9	Norman	20122 1122—10
Hutchings	222021 022—8	Winston	2222222?22—10
Powers	2210222222—9	Leach	002212.022—7
Dickey	1221122222—10		

No. 2:

Sumpter	2●22122—6	Dickey	1222222—7
Hutchings	0212012—5	Werk	1101002—4
Wirt	0211202—5	Du Bray	1222221—7
Powers	2221121—7	Leach	1222222—7
Ellis	1222202—6	Merrill	●121112—6
Settle	1●21221—6	Sergeant	2222122—7
Norman	2110202—5	Winston	2220202—6
Murphy	2●22220—5	Bennett	1212011—6

Tuesday, Feb. 16—Eighth Day.

ARKANSAW TRAVELER'S HANDICAP.

Up until Monday night John J. Sumpter, Jr., the promoter of the tournament, had confidently expected to see a number of new shooters arrive to take part in the handicap to-day and to contest for the $500 added money. This was the day that the Arkansas shooters had promised to put in an appearance, especially those from Little Rock and Pine Bluff, as well as the Memphis and Texas shooters. Not a single one came from either place, and yet there has not been a tournament at any of these places within the last four years that has not found the "Arkansaw Traveler" present and shooting through the entire programme.

Regardless that there were only twenty-three entries, the handicap was shot just the same, and the $500 were added as advertised. Therefore those who stayed for the big event had nothing to regret, and those who shot into a place received more than they put in.

As there were a number of shooters who wanted to leave on the 5:45 P. M. train, the event was started promptly at 10 o'clock, and was finished by 5 P. M. Sumpter was the first to the score, and spoiled the anticipations of his friends by losing his first bird dead out of bounds. This was a rank easy one that flew like a carrion. 147's good luck held out, and he drew a screamer as a starter that had just enough vitality to struggle out of bounds The 2d round was productive of four ciphers; Murphy, Elliott, Du Bray and Bennett all fell down on good birds. Round 3 put Wirt and Houston in the mourners' class, while Du Bray added one more goose egg to his score, Houston lost an incomer that looked easy, Wirt's was ordinary, but Du Bray's was one of the star birds of the race.

Fourth round Ellis missed a good one, and Houston increased his losses one more. Werk, Hughes and Callender were the straight men who lost in the 5th round, and each had a good bird. Li Hung Chang was the unfortunate in round 6, a fast outgoer proving too much for him from the 32yd. mark. Du Bray again drew a screamer and missed his 3d one. Dickey, Parker and Wallace failed to score in round 7. Dickey's was a slow incomer and got over the dead line, while the other two lost good fast birds. Leach now missed a very fast one, as did 147. Elliott missed a duffer of a circling incomer; so ended round 8. Round 9 saw Norman's prospects for first money spoilt, while 147 and Elliott missed their 3d, making two in succession. Parmelee and Bennett also had a loss chalked up to them. The 10th round found Dickey all but shot out, as he scored his 4th miss. Parker, Dickey and Hughes dropped their second one, and Hutchings marred his straight. Parker, Dickey and Hughes's were all incomers, but Du Bray and Hutchings's were corkers. Everybody got over the 11th round without a skip, but Houston and Hutchings could not survive the 12th. The unlucky 13th was fatal only to Wirt and Ellis, the former being dead out of bounds, and Ellis let an incomer get away.

Though Murphy had a bird scored to him that was clearly lost, he slobbered a slow quartering incomer, and as it was about to cross the dead line one of the boys who load the trap made an effort to stop it, but let it get by, though he succeeded in knocking it on the ground, where it would have crossed the dead line had not another boy grabbed it. This was a lost bird, and the referee at first decided it so, but changed his decision when Murphy protested. Eventually this proved very costly to the men who scored 24. Ellis missed again in the 14th round, but this time it was a fast driver that quartered slightly to the right. 147 went all but out, as he scored his 4th miss. Dickey got his 3d one, another incomer By the end of the 15th round Norman and Wallace had two misses, Hughes three, and Houston four. Hutchings lost the only birds in the 16th round, which made his total three. At this juncture the trappers sprung a lot of home-raised birds on the shooters, which brought grief to several of them; Sumpter, the first man on the list, got a screamer and sat down with a smile that was rather sad. Merrill was straight up to this point, but one of this lot threw him down; the best that he got was a strike. Werk got his 2d goose egg, Bennett his 3d, and Dickey and Hutchings their 4th. In the 18th round Powers, one of the few remaining straight men, lost a very fast towerer; Callender got a dead out of bounds, which made 2 for him; Werk got a cipher, making 3 lost for him; Houston got out of the money by having one die out of bounds, as this made 5 lost for him. The 19th round Settle, one of the two remaining straight men, mi-sed a driver, so this left Sergeant in for first all alone, with but 6 more to shoot at. Parker lost his 3d, Hughes his 4th and Hutchings his 5th, putting him out of the money too. Round 20 shows a dead out of bounds for Wirt and Houston, and a zero for Ellis and Hutchings, making 3 lost for Wirt and 4 for Ellis. Parker got his 4th loss and Hughes his 5th one, and all supposed this would put him out of money; thus closed the 21st round. The 22d saw Leach lose one dead out of bounds, and Wallace, Callender and Bennett missed. The expected happened in the 23d round, as Sergeant, the only remaining straight, missed a little easy bird that flew straight away and then circled, coming back from the dead line. The shooter ran from the score and tried to head it off, but it had plenty of life left, as it had been hit but slightly, and sailed over the grand stand This gave Hughes, who had lost 5, a chance for money if he killed out, which he did. Houston lost his 7th bird. Dickey missed his 5th one, and the loss of Werk's dead out of bounds made a like number for him; Hutchings, who was shot out of the money, also lost another one in this the 24th round. The final round brought on more trouble. Leach got a screamer from No. 4 trap that beat his 1st, but went down from the 2d; he started to retrieve it himself, then decided to let the boy go after it, but when the latter was yet some distance from the bird it gathered itself up and struggled out of bounds. Callender drew a high towerer that fell dead out of bounds, Parker missed a slow, easy one, Dickey had a good, strong bird fall dead out on the hillside, Werk too missed his last one, which put each of them out of money. Nobody made a straight; Settle, Powers, Merrill, Sergeant and Murphy scored 24 and divided first, $322.50, making $64.50 each; Sumpter, Parmelee and Norman finished with 23, and cut up $268 75, which made each one's pro rata $89 50. Leach, Wirt, Elliott and Wallace were those in the 22 hole; third money was $215.25, and paid each one $53.75 Twenty ones were more plentiful, no less than five Callender, Bennett, Ellis, Du Bray and 147—finishing with this total. Fourth money was $161.25, and each got $32 25. Two went out with a total of 20, Hughes and Parker; this paid better than 21 and exactly the same as 22; as fifth money was $107 50, each drew $53.75.

After the 10th round Du Bray did some great shooting, up to which time he had lost 4 birds, but finished out with an unbroken string of 15. 147 had to kill his last 11 straight to finish with the total he did. Neither he nor Du Bray drew many easy birds in the race.

The weather conditions were beautiful, though a trifle too pleasant, while the wind that prevailed was also very fitful, coming first from one direction and then another.

CONDITIONS OF ARKANSAW TRAVELER'S HANDICAP.

Twenty-five live pigeons each, entrance $25, birds extra, five moneys, class shooting, handicap rise from 25 to 33yds., $500 added money; 23 entries at $25 made up the purse of $1,075.

For the benefit of the statistical fiend the score, the flight and the number of the trap are given in the detailed score appended:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

```
                                2 4 4 4 2 2 4 2 3 2 4 4 3 2 2 3 5 5 1 2 4 5 2 2 3
                                H↑→↑↙↙←↖↖↖↘↙↑↑↑↑↗↖↑↖↑T→↗↖
Settle (28).....1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2—24
```

```
                                3 3 2 3 5 2 1 4 2 4 5 3 5 4 4 5 2 1 4 3 4 4 4 3 5
                                T↖↖ʕ↰ʕ↗↘↖↘→TH↖↖↖T↖→↖↓→↖→
Powers (30).....1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—24
```

```
                                2 4 1 5 4 5 2 5 1 3 3 4 5 3 3 4 1 3 3 5 3 2 1 1 4
                                ↖↖↖↖↘↖↖↖↑↗↗↗↘↖T↖↖↗↑↗HHʕ↗T
Merrill (30).....2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 ● 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2—24
```

```
                                4 3 2 2 5 4 4 3 2 3 4 4 4 3 3 1 3 4 5 5 1 2 1 4 5
                                H↗↑→↖T→H↖↗↗↗↖↖ʕHH↖↙HTʕ↘↖
Sergeant (27).....1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2—24
```

```
                                2 2 1 1 3 4 5 3 3 3 2 3 3 5 3 2 1 3 2 5 5 3 3 4 5
                                ↖ʕ↗ʕH↓↗↓↖↑↖↗↙↖H↖↑↖↑↘↙T→↖←
Murphy (28).....2 ● 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24
```

```
                                4 5 4 2 5 4 4 3 4 2 3 1 5 2 4 5 4 2 4 3 3 1 3 3 2
                                ↖↗→←↗↑←↖→↖↑↖↗↖↘↖↑→↗↗ʕ→→↓T
Sumpter (30).....● 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1—23
```

```
                                5 1 3 5 4 1 1 5 3 1 1 3 2 5 5 1 5 5 1 3 5 1 5 3 3
                                ↘↗↘↖↓↖↙↘ʕ↖↖↗↗→→↓ʕʕ↑←↖↖↖ʕ
Norman (28).....1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 0 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2—23
```

```
                                3 2 2 1 1 4 4 5 5 3 1 2 3 3 4 5 1 3 5 2 3 4 3 3 5
                                H↖↑↖↗↑↓↗↗↗↓ʕ↓↖↖↖↖↖↑TT↖T
Parmelee (32).....1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23
```

```
                                5 3 3 5 3 1 5 1 5 5 1 3 5 3 3 4 3 2 1 5 2 3 1 3 4
                                ←↜→↘↙↖↑↓↘↙↖↖↗↖↖↖↖↘↓T↖
Leach (29).....2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 ●—22
```

```
                                5 5 3 4 2 4 3 1 2 5 2 4 4 3 3 1 4 2 4 1 1 4 4 4 5
                                T↖↖↑↗↗↓↗↗↘↖↖↖↓↖↖↖↗↖↖↗↑↙↷
Wirt (27).....2 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 ● 1 2 1 1 2 2 ● 2 1 1 2 2—22
```

```
                                4 2 1 4 5 3 3 3 5 1 1 4 2 3 3 4 2 3 3 4 5 4 4 2 5
                                ↗ʕ↖↘↙↗↑HH↑↖↖↖↖ʕ→↑↗↑↙↘↗↗↗
Wallace (28).....1 2 1 1 2 1 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 1 2—22
```

```
                                4 5 4 1 4 4 4 5 5 4 3 3 3 1 5 2 2 3 3 5 2 5 3 3 4
                                ↗↑↘↘←↗↙↙↗↘↘↘H↙↙←↖↖↓↘↖T ʕ↖←
Elliott (33).....2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22
```

```
                                4 3 2 4 4 3 3 3 3 5 2 4 3 1 3 2 4 4 4 4 5 2 5 4 3
                                T↖↗↑↗←H↖↖↗↗T↗↖↑↑T↗↖↖↗↘↘T
Callendar (27).....1 2 2 1 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 ● 1 1 1 0 2 2 ●—21
```

```
                                3 5 4 1 4 1 5 4 5 3 3 3 2 1 3 4 1 4 1 4 3 5 3 5 5 1
                                ↘↑↘↖↙↗↑↖T↑↘↙↗↗↖↖↗H↖↖↘↑T↘
Ellis (30).....2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2—21
```

```
                                3 4 3 4 4 5 4 4 4 2 3 5 5 4 3 3 1 2 3 4 4 5 1 3 1
                                ↖↗↑↑↙←↗↘ʕ↑↑↗↖↖↘↘↗↙↙↘H↘↘↙↗
Du Bray (29).....1 0 0 2 1 0 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—21
```

```
                                3 3 3 1 4 4 2 5 1 2 1 3 1 4 1 5 1 2 4 2 1 3 5 1 2
                                ↖↑↖↘↙↖↘↘H↙↑↖↗→→T↖↖↘↖ʕ↘↘↘
Bennett (30).....2 0 1 2 1 2 1 1 0 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 1 0 1 2 1—21
```

```
                                3 3 4 4 2 1 1 1 2 5 2 3 2 2 1 1 4 3 4 4 4 2 8 3 5 5
                                ʕ↗↘↖↗↙↖↖ʕ↘↑←↖→↑ʕʕ↖←ʕ↑↙↗
Winston (30).....● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—21
```

```
                                2 1 1 4 3 4 4 5 3 2 2 5 3 2 3 3 1 3 4 1 3 4 1 1 4
                                H→↗↘←↗ʕ↙↖↖↖H↗↗↖↖↖↓→↑↖↗↗→↗
Parker (29).....2 1 1 2 1 2 0 2 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 0 2 0 2 2 1 0—20
```

```
                                2 5 4 4 3 5 3 4 3 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 5 1 4 2 5 4 2 3 3 3
                                ↖↙↖↑↑↘↑↘↖↙←ʕ↗↘↖→↖↑↘↘→↑→H
Hughes (27).....2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 1 1 2 ● 1 2 2 0 2 0 2 0 1 1 2 2—20
```

```
                                4 4 4 1 3 3 4 3 5 4 5 4 3 4 4 5 1 3 2 2 5 1 4 5 1
                                ↖↗↗←↗↖↙T↖↓↗↗↖←↘←↙ʕT↖↖↖↗↖ʕ
Dickey (30).....2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 0 1 2 1 0 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 ●—19
```

```
                                4 3 5 3 5 4 3 2 2 4 4 2 3 1 1 5 3 4 1 3 1 3 3 1 4
                                ↓↙↖T↖↙←↘ʕ↓↖←↗↑ʕ↖ʕ↑↗↘↖↑↖↓ʕ
Werk (27).....2 2 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 ● 0 1 1 2 2 0 ● 0—19
```

```
                                2 1 4 3 2 1 3 4 4 1 1 1 4 1 4 5 3 4 4 1 2 2 4 2 2
                                ↖↖←↖↖H↖T↖↗←T→↖↙↑↖↖↑↗↘↗↘→
Hutchings (27).....2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 0 1 1 1 0 0 2 0 0 2 1 1 0 1—18
```

```
                                3 1 5 1 3 3 5 4 4 3 3 1 1 2 4 1 4 5 4 4 1 1 2 4 4
                                ↓↑↙↗ʕ↖↖←↙↙↖↙↖↘←→↘↖↗↖↙←→
Houston (28).....1 1 ● 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 0 1 1 0 1 1 ● 1 ● 2 2 0 2 1—18
```

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

EAST PITTSBURG GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 16.—The all-day shoot of the East Pittsburg Gun Club, held to-day on the club's grounds, was a thorough success. There was a large attendance of shooters, and a good day's sport was enjoyed. In addition to the eight 15-target events, several 10-target events were shot; in these events Black Cloud made three straights, Hartmann two, and Prof. Briggs, Oliver, Nimrod, Mack, Motz and Born, one each. Scores in the 15-target events were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Prof Briggs	13	15	12	13	15	12	15	..	Drilie	..	..	..	..	9	13	..	12	8
Mack	9	12	11	12	13	14	13	13	Kee	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	11
Bl'ckCloud	13	13	14	11	14	12	11	..	Ferguson	..	..	..	..	9	9	7	..	12
Richie	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	Gurbaes	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Budd	10	11	11	12	13	12	13	11	Sterf	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Old Hoss	11	11	13	13	12	9	11	..	Motz	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	12	12
Moyer	12	9	11	10	..	..	..	..	Born	..	..	..	..	12	5	8	11	
Nimrod	12	13	12	13	10	11	12	..	Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	..
Oliver	13	14	14	13	15	13	..	..	Krop	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6
Green	7	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	Hartmann	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	
Anderson	7	..	11	6	9	..	..	..	Hauck	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	
Eyler	..	12	..	9	..	12	..	..	Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	
McCune	..	..	6	..	..	..	7	..	Shaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	

HERRON HILL GUN CLUB

Feb 17.—The regular monthly practice shoot of the Herron Hill Gun Club, held to-day at Davis Island, was well attended. The scores were not as high as usual, but some good work was done by the shooters. Scores in the five events decided as were follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Fargo	1222222112202221102222222—23	2222122	1011
Anson	2222222222221220222202222—23	0220	2212222
W S King	22222 2220220212222102122—22	2211221	12 0
A H King	2202221202022?2222?20222—21	2022220	2222222
McPherson	2211221?220 02102212220—21	2201222	2202
W H Wills	?0220?12?2112?222122?2011—21	.....	.....
Young	2202222?2221200221202?222—21	?201221	.....
Jacque	2200?222202220222??202222—20	2222222	2222202
C A May	.....	0210222	2222222
Bessemer	.....	0222021	202
Duffy	.....	1222121	022
Pierce	.....	.....	21010

	No. 4.	No. 5.
A H King	2222222	212222
McPherson	20	0
W S King	2221110	122222221
Fargo	2220	11111120
Anson	20	221222222
C A May	220	221122222
Duffy	?222121	20
Pierce	21220	0

Milt Lindsley removed to Ohio ostensibly to take charge of the manufacture of King's Smokeless at King's Mills. Such was his excuse to us for leaving the generous soil of New Jersey. It seems, however, that the manufacture of powder is not all that he is doing in the Ohio Valley; he is shooting live birds, and having whittled his gun stock at last into a shape convenient for his right cheekbone to repose upon, has struck a gait that has not only paralyzed his Cincinnati friends and rejoiced the hearts of those he left behind in New Jersey, but has also aroused every member of the handicap committee for the Grand American Handicap to the really sterling merit of this coming shooter. In a match at Hartnell, Ind., in company with some shooters from Cincinnati, he ran 25 straight without falling dead. In consequence of this work he has been challenged to shoot a match by W. Fred Quimby for a "steak," a private championship that does not conflict with either the Kansas City *Star* cup or the Cast Iron badge, and also for the price of the birds. The match will be shot the latter part of this month at Goodman's shooting park, Cincinnati.

The Grand Prix at Monte Carlo.

AT the present time, when the shooters of the United States are thinking about the coming Grand American Handicap, a few facts and figures about the twenty-sixth annual Grand Prix at Monte Carlo, shot Feb. 1 and 2, will be of more than ordinary interest. As told in last week's issue, the winner was an Italian, Signor G. Grasselli, who won out in the shoot-off, miss-and-out, with ten other competitors. The conditions of this great event are given again for the better understanding of the manner in which the event was shot:

"Grand Prix du Casino of £800, added to a sweepstakes of £8 each; second received £160 and 25 per cent. of the entries; third, £80 and 25 per cent.; fourth, £40 and 15 per cent.; 4 birds at 26 meters, 8 at 27 meters; the winner in 1896 to stand back 2 meters, previous winners 1 meter; three misses to put out; 118 subs.

Out of 118 entries there were nine who had previously won the Grand Prix: Mr. Roberts (1883), Baron de Dorlodot, Signor Guidicini (1886, 1890, 1893), Count L. Gayoli (1891), Count Trauttmansdorff (1892), Signor Benvenuti (1895), and M. Journu (1896); while Count L. Gayoli, who divided second and third prizes last year with M. Scribot, and two of the three who shared fourth prize—Signor Calari and Signor Oliva—were also among the competitors.

Of the above number, therefore, M. Journu, last year's winner, had to stand back 2 meters, the other eight previous winners being penalized 1 meter. Four birds are shot at 26 meters, that is about 28yds. 14in; the last are shot at 27 meters, or about 29½yds. On such birds as they usually have at Monte Carlo, an addition of 1 meter is something to take into consideration, while 2 meters is a heavy handicap. The boundary, which is a wire fence 40in. high, is 17 meters, or 18yds. 21¼in., in a straight line from the center trap.

That the Grand Prix is gaining in popularity is proved by the fact that this year's entry list of 118 beats all previous records. Up to this year the entry list of 105 in 1895 was the record; last year's list was 102. It seems to have been almost a matter of regret that the entries were so numerous, as the men who had to shoot toward the end of the list on the first day suffered a serious disadvantage in having to shoot in a poor light at the end of the 4th round. Four rounds only were decided on the first day, Feb. 1. The birds were "generally good, and there was just enough wind to help them, especially on the first day."

It is interesting also to note that the general average made on the 718 birds shot at in this event was a fraction under 67 per cent.; 237 out of the 718 were scored "lost." (These figures are exclusive of the birds shot at in the ties.) This will be specially astonishing to shooters of this country who are so accustomed to 25 straights. It is necessary to see the birds and grounds to properly appreciate the conditions.

On the first day the three first rounds were shot with 118 men on the list; but the 4th round, also shot on that day, had only 81 shooters, 37 having dropped from the list, either under the rule of 3 misses out, or retiring to facilitate matters with 2 misses against them. In the 1st round 39 of the 118 lost their birds; in the 2d round there were 41 lost birds, and 42 in the 3d round. In the 4th round 26 of the 81 still in lost their birds, 13 of that number retiring from the contest, leaving 68 to continue the shoot on the second day.

When the 5th round had been shot on Feb. 2, 22 additional ciphers were added to the score out of the 68 shot at, and 11 more men dropped from the roll. This left 57 in for the 6th round, and in this round 18 lost birds were recorded, 13 names being crossed off the list in consequence. In the 7th round 12 more men retired, 16 out of the 44 shooters losing their birds.

This narrowed things down considerably, only 32 out of the original 118 starters being in at the commencement of the 8th round. In this round 10 lost birds were scored and five more names dropped from the list. The 9th round started with only twenty-seven shooters and only 7 lost birds were scored, but those losses were fatal to the chances of six men, their names being taken from the list. This left only twenty-one to shoot in the 10th round. The birds about this period of the shoot were decidedly below the average, the correspondent for the London *Field* stating in connection with this round: "The 10th round brought out twenty-one shooters, but of these Signor Sani was put out of court by a second miss, his bird (a quick rising one), going clean away, and his was the only failure, the birds still being so bad that little credit attached to the killing of them. But Mr. Blyth, M. Moncorgé and Count Trauttmansdorff had their work cut out for them, as they got birds of better quality than most of the others."

In the 11th round, with only twenty left in, 8 misses were recorded, as "the pigeons were much better." These 8 misses were fatal to the hopes of six men who were dropped from the list. The other 2 lost birds were scored to Mr. Izzard, an Englishman, who is said to be one of the best inanimate target shots in that country, and to M. Moncorgé, a Frenchman; these misses were their first, each having killed 10 straight up to that round.

For a description of the 12th round, in which only fourteen took part, we must again quote from the report of the London *Field:*

"The 12th round was entered upon with every probability that the first prize would, as last year, not fall into the ties, but that, just as M. Journu then killed 12 running, one or more of the four who had not yet missed would again bring down their bird. But a regular 'funk' set in, for out of the first six who shot all but one missed, the failures including M. A. Poizat, to a bird flying low near the boundary; Count Trauttmansdorff, whose bird, a rising one, fell dead just over the rails; and Mr. Erskine, who failed to touch a low-flying bird from No. 4. Signor Danielli had not yet shot, so he had only to kill for the prize to be his; but the emotion was, no doubt, too much for him, as he clean missed a very easy bird. The excitement which ensued may be readily understood, for, with these 4 misses, the 7 others who had only failed once came in again, and here we were left with 11 good men and true who had killed 11 out of 12. They comprised 3 English (Mr. Erskine, Mr. Izzard and Mr. Berridge), 4 Italians (Signor J. Grasselli, Signor Riva, Signor G. Grasselli and Signor Danielli), 2 Frenchmen (M. Poizat and M. Moncorgé), a Russian (M. Horodetzki), and an Austrian (Count Trauttmansdorff)."

The miss-and-out to decide the contest was very short, Signor Grasselli winning at the end of the 5th round as follows:

Signor G Grasselli (first prize of £803 and objet d'art)	11111—5
Hon F Erskine (divided second and third prizes of £712)	11110—4
M Horodetzki (ditto)	11110—4
M A Poizat (fourth prize of £181)	11100—3
Mr Izzard	110 —2
M R Moncorgé	110 —2
Count Trauttmansdorff	10 —1
Signor Riva	10 —1
Signor Danielli	10 —1
Mr Berridge	10 —1
Signor J Grasselli	0 —0

A good idea of the excitement that prevailed at the close of the 12th round will be gathered from the following from the London *Field:* "The twenty-sixth contest for the Grand Prix du Casino was brought to a close about 4 o'clock this afternoon, amid a scene of excitement rarely if ever exceeded, for although up to the 12th round it did not seem probable that the competition would present any feature of exceptional importance, the collapse in that round of the four men who had alone killed all their 11 birds had an electrical effect upon the onlookers, and for a few moments the shooting was suspended, people scarcely realizing what had happened, or what would now be the course of events. The effect of the startling collapse was of course to let in the seven others who had killed all but 1, and so the contest ended in a brilliant 'barrage' (as the French call the ties) among eleven of the 118 original competitors."

Below are the scores of those who stayed in up to the 12th round:

Signor G Grasselli (Italian), Greener, Walsrode	111011111111—11
Hon F Erskine (English), Boss, S	111111111110—11
M Horodetzki (Russian), Russian gun, S	111111101111—11
M A Poizat (French)	111111111110—11
Count Trauttmansdorff (Austrian)	111111111110—11
Signor Danielli (Italian)	111111011111—11
Signor J Grasselli (Italian)	111111111101—11
Mr Izzard (English)	111111111101—11
Signor Riva (Italian)	111111110111—11
Mr Berridge (English)	111111011111—11
M R Moncorgé (French)	111111111101—11
Mr W Blake (English)	111101111110—10
Signor Fadini (Italian)	111110111110—10
Mr A Blyth (English)	111110111110—10
Signor Asti-Cesare (Italian)	11101111110 — 9
Mr Robinson (American)	10111111110 — 9
Signor S Lugli (Italian)	11111110110 — 9
Capt Brooke (English)	11101111110 — 9
Signor Castaldi (Italian)	11011111110 — 9
Signor Pederzoli (Italian)	11111010110 — 8
Signor Sani (Italian)	1111110110 — 8

The order in which the other 97 retired is given below in rounds as numbered:

Ninth round, 6: Signor Galetti (Italian), Signor Marino (Italian), M. de Villaviciosa (Spanish), Mr. Mackintosh (Australian), Count Lambertye (French), Signor Garabaro (Italian).

Eighth round, 5: M. de Maubenge (Belgium), Count de Montesquiou (French), Mr. Heygate (English), Lord Savile (English), Signor P. Nava (Italian).

Seventh round, 12: Col. Boswall-Preston (English), M. Desmonts (French), Baron Bianchi (Italian), Count Voss (German), Count Sibrick (Austrian), Mr. Anderson (English), M. Drévon (French), M. Journu (French), M. Verdavaine (French), Mr. Watson (English), Count de Robiano (Belgium), M. Lonhienne (French).

Sixth round, 13: M. Léon (French), Mr. Wingrove (English), Hon. W. Beresford (English), Grand Duke Peter (Russian), Signor Grandi (Italian), Count du Taillis (French), Baron de Montpelier (French), Mr. V. Barker (English), Signor Vaccari (Italian), Count L. Gajoli (Italian), M. Lebreton (French), Mr Hannay (English), M. D. Urzaiz (French).

Fifth round, 11: Signor Marconcini (Italian), Mr. Bullets (English), Count Dolfin (French), Mr. Oakeley (English), Mr. Walters (English), Baron de Brouilly (French), Signor Bellusci (Italian), Mr. J. Denny (America), Signor Majno (Italian), Signor Calari (Italian), Signor Bernaroli (Italian).

Fourth round, 13: Mr. Roberts (English), Herr Schœnbœrn (German), Mr. Nixon (English), Lord Lovat (English), Signor Peloso (Italian), Signor Oliva (Italian), Mr. Harding Cox (English), Signor Soldi (Italian), M. Pinson (Belgian), Signor Briasco (Italian), Signor Fantachiotti (Italian), Signor Casapiccola (Italian), Earl of Carnarvon (English).

Third round, 37: Signor M. Guida (Italian), Mr. Hall (English), Count Erdody (Austrian), Signor Bergogna (Italian), M. R. Gourgand (French), Signor Memmi (Italian), Mr. Chase (English), Herr Hans Marsch (German), Count Esterhazy (Austrian), Signor Guidicini (Italian), Mr. Thomas (English), Mr. Kennedy (English), Mr. A. Court (English), M. A. Ginot (French), M. A. Brasseur (French), Prince Schirinski (Russian), Baron de Dorlodot (Belgian), Signor Benvenuti (Italian), Mr. Callander (English), Signor Quairolo (Italian), Signor Colongo (Italian), M. Hoth (French), Count Le Marois (French), Signor Paolo Gazelli (Italian), M. Lo (French), Signor Fiachetti (Italian), Signor Ralto (Italian), Prince Poniatowski (French), Mr. Haydon (English), Signor Verri (Italian), M. Paccard (French), Signor Mainetto Ghido (Italian), Mr. Howard (English), Signor Crespi (Italian), Prince Bariatinsky (Russian), Mr. Yall (English,) Baron de Heeckeren (French).

Signor G. Grasselli, this year's winner, is one of three brothers who have been shooting at Monte Carlo, on and off, for several years, but he himself did not distinguish himself last season, though he killed 82 pigeons out of 117 and accounted for five out of seven in the Grand Prix.

The previous winners of the Grand Prix since its creation in 1872 are as under:

1872. Mr. G. Lorillard (U. S.).
1873. Mr. J. Jee (England).
1874. Sir W. Call (England).
1875. Capt. A. Patton (England).
1876. Capt. A. Patton (England).
1877. Mr. W. A. Yeo (England).
1878. Mr. H. C. Pennell (England).
1879. Mr. E. R. G. Hopwood (England).
1880. Count M Esterhazy (Austria).
1881. M. Camáner (Belgium).
1882. Count de St. Quentin (French).
1883. Mr. J. Rober's (England).
1884. Count de Caserta (Italy).
1885. M. L. de Dorlodot (Belgium).
1886. Signor Guidicini (Italy).
1887. Count Salina (Italy).
1888. Mr C. Seaton (England).
1889. Mr. V. Dicks (England).
1890. Signor Guidicini (Italy).
1891. Count L. Gayoli (Italy).
1892. Count Trauttmansdorff (Austria).
1893. Signor Guidicini (Italy).
1894. Count C. Zichy (Austria).
1895. Signor Benvenuti (Italy).
1896. M H Journu (France).
1897. Signor G. Grasselli (Italy).

It will be seen that since its foundation the prize has been won ten times by the English (but not once since 1889), eight times by the Italians, three times by the Austro Hungarians, twice each by the French and the Belgians, and once by the Americans.

Two other events were shot on Jan. 29 and Jan. 30 respectively. That on Jan. 29 was the

GRANDE POULE D'ESSAI.

For this event the number of entries exceeded all previous records for the same event. A total of 105 entries was obtained. The conditions were: Grande Poule d'Essai of £80 and a gold medal, added to a sweepstake of £4 each; second received £20 and 25 per cent. of the entries; third £12 and 20 per cent., fourth £8 and 15 per cent.; 25 meters, ties at 26 meters; 105 subs.

Mr. Robinson, the Californian, who finished 14th in the Grand Prix three days later, finished fourth in this event. The winners were: 1st, M. Horodetzki, Russian gun and Schultze powder, £187; M. Journu, Purdey gun, French powder, and Signor Calari, Scott gun and Schultze, divided second and third moneys, a total of £221; Mr. Robinson, Smith gun and Schultze, won fourth money, £71. M. Horodetzki scored 13 straight; M. Journu and Signor Calari, 12 out of 13; Mr. Robinson, 9 out of 10

LA PRIX D'OUVERTURE

Was shot on Jan. 30. As in the Poule d'Essai, the number of entries beat the record in this event, 106 entries being on the list. As the scores of the winners are something out of the way for Monte Carlo, it may be as well to quote from the London *Field's* report in regard to the quality of the birds trapped on this day: "The birds—which, as on Thursday, were English, and were trapped by Roberts—were (as a rule) good, and though the wind was not particularly strong they proved too good for a large proportion of the competitors, as may be gathered from the fact that forty missed in the first round, twenty-four in the second, and twelve in the third; the 106 competitors being thus reduced to thirty in a short space of time."

The conditions were: Prix d'Overture of £120 and a gold medal, added to a sweepstakes of £4 each; second received £30 and 25 per cent. of the entries; third, £20 and 20 per cent.; fourth, £10 and 15 per cent.; distance, 26 meters, ties at 27; 106 subs.

Count Trauttmansdorff lost his bird in the 11th round after he had run 10 straight, thus leaving only four in for the prizes. These were M. Verdavaine, Mr. Mackintosh (an Australian), Signor Calari and Signor Riva. Signor Riva lost his bird in the 16th round and took fourth money, £74. Signor Calari hung on to the 18th round, when his bird got away; he won third money, as on the previous day; his share was £105. Seven more rounds were needed before a decision was come to, M. Verdavaine and Mr. Mackintosh killing their birds until the 25th round. In that round the Australian lost his bird. This gave the gold medal to M. Verdavaine, the two shooters dividing first and second moneys, £344.

The guns and powders of the winners were: M. Verdavaine, Purdey and E. C.; Mr. Mackintosh, Greener and Schultze; Signors Calari and Riva both used Scott guns and Schultze powder.

Leroy Gun Club.

LEROY, Pa., Feb. 12.—The members of the Leroy Gun Club had a little shoot this afternoon, ten shooters taking part in the five events shot. No. 1 was at 15 targets, 50 cents entrance; first prize, a woollen sweater; second prize, 1lb. can of King's Smokeless. A. Kelly won the sweater and C. McCrawey the powder. Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 were at 10 targets each, 50 cents entrance, two moneys. The scores show some improvement, and all the members seem to be interested in the sport. The club will hold monthly prize shoots.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	10	10	10	10	Targets:	15	10	10	10	10
T H Morse	6	..	..	..	..	C McCrawey	10	4	..	..	6
L W Quick	8	5	6	6	7	E Kitchen	7	..	..	..	..
A Kelly	11	6	7	5	7	S D Lloyd	5	4	5	6	4
A Percival	7	..	..	..	..	R Holcomb	7	6	8	7	6
C Holcomb	9	..	8	9	7	Chas Mott	4	7	..	5	6

B. F. Smith did not take part in any of the sweeps, but shot at 50 singles, unknown traps and angles, and at 25 pairs just to show the boys what he could do with King's Smokeless. He broke 39 out of the singles and 45 out of the doubles. For the singles, the targets were thrown very hard; some low, some high, and up and down the screen. Scores:

Fifty singles, unknown traps and angles, and 25 pairs:

B F Smith.....11101111011111101111011011011100111110011111111011—39
11 11 10 11 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 11
11 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 00—45

On Feb. 22 B. F. Smith and C. E. Armstrong, of Troy, Pa., will shoot a match at 50 live birds, $100 a side, loser to pay for the birds. Smith stands at 30yds., Armstrong at 28yds. The match will be shot at Troy, and will commence at 2 P. M. There seems to be quite a lot of interest taken in this match, and Armstrong, who is well known around here, appears to be the favorite in the betting. S. D. L.

South End Gun Club, of Troy.

TROY, N. Y., Feb. 16.—Owing to the heavy snow and the unfavorable weather only four members turned out to take part in the regular monthly shoot of the South End Gun Club, of this city. The conditions of the contest for the gold badge are 25 targets per man, unknown angles, handicap allowances of misses as breaks. Capt. W. H. Jackson and J. E. Costello were scratch men and succeeded in breaking 16 and 18 respectively. H. B. Tucker, with 3 misses as breaks, scored 19 in all, while J. Sholan, of Watervliet, with 6 misses as breaks, scored 16. Mr. Tucker thus won the gold medal. All four shooters exceeded their averages for 1896 and obtained one point each. The executive board of the club has decided to award prizes to the members getting the largest number of points in 1897. Scores were:

H B Tucker (3)	01110110111000110111100111—16+3—	19
J Sholan (6)	11111111001100000000110000—12+6—	18
J E Costello (0)	11110111000111011100011111 —	18
W H Jackson (0)	11110011100111000111001111 —	16

W. B. CHRISTOPHER, Sec'y.

The Knoxville Gun Club.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 13.—The plan of our club contests for 1896, briefly stated, was as follows: The general average of each member of the club was determined from the preceding year. Taking this as each member's basis of shooting, the club offered to each member one-half of his target money in each club contest (consisting of two 20-target events) if he equaled said average. If each or any member exceeded this average basis the club offered as a special premium a certificate of merit valued at 25 cents, and to be redeemed by the club at the end of the year. Said certificate was subject to challenge by any member holding a certificate. To win the same each contestant must exceed his average base, and failing in same they tied regardless of scores made. Under these conditions the following members were the winners of the club contests for the year ending Dec. 31, 1896:

	Average base out of 20.	Target credit wins.	Certificate wins.	Shell.	Powder.	Gun.
J Cannon	18	10	4	Leader	E. C.	Daly Ejector
S Van Gilder	18	16	7	Leader	Du Pont	Smith Ejector
R Van Gilder	18	20	10	Leader	E. C.	Smith Ejector
T C Eldridge	16	22	17	Leader	Du Pont	Smith
H B Lindsay	16	21	14	Blue Rival	E. C.	Parker
F C Morris	16	5	2	Leader	E. C. DuP'nt	Scott Ejector
J C White	16	10	8	Leader	Du Pont	Parker
Daw	14	8	0	Leader	Du Pont	Parker
Leeson	14	2	0	Blue Rival	E. C.	Smith
De Pew	12	1	0	Blue Rival	E. C.	Smith

WORKING FOR THE GAME AND FISH.

The club has been very active during the last three years, working to educate the people to the proper understanding of game and fish protection. And to this end, that a fish hatchery has been located, about 100 miles from our city, convenient for the distribution of game fish in the pure mountain waters of adjacent territory. Laws making dynamiting and fish poisoning a felony have been enacted after many hours of labor by the active and zealous members of the Knoxville Gun Club.

The club also bought, April 10, 1896, ten hen and five cock ring-necked pheasants, planting them out on a preserve of some 2,000 acres. We have secured from the Legislature now in session laws protecting them against killing or capture for five years. The birds have propagated freely and give indications of prolific breeding.

The club also bought and liberated this month 200 live quail for restocking, so that the near future promises the members of the club the delights of the rod, dog and gun, such as but few are permitted to enjoy. This Legislature, we are now assured, will pass the non-export law, and prohibit the netting, trapping or snaring of quail. Much time, labor and zeal have been employed to accomplish such results, and we doubt not that the rewards for these endeavors will be rich when the good old dog makes a point.

R. VAN GILDER, Sec'y.

Glen Echo Gun Club's Shoot.

ROCKVILLE, Md., Feb. 13.—The third day of the Glen Echo Gun Club's tournament was the most successful of the shoot. The attendance was good, while a number of spectators were on the ground to view the shooting. Among those who took part were: Dr. Lupus and Charles Bond, of Baltimore; William F Wagner, of Washington, etc. The shooting was hard, so high scores did not prevail, but were rather in the minority. Mr. Bond was the only one to make a straight. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	20	20	25	15	15	25	20	20	25	20	25	15
Dr Lupus	17	15	21	13	13	21	16	16	22	17	22	14
W Wagner	15	18	16	12	11	19	18	14	21	17	20	13
C C Waters	14	15	16	10	8	15	..	11	18	..	..	..
Brown	14	..	19	..	..	22	15	..	23	..	..	..
C B Wise	13	..	15	9	..	13	11	14	17	..	17	10
Weatherald	8	..	8	4	..	11	..	..	21	10	13	..
Kidwell	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kelley	6	..	6	..	..	12	..	..	10	..	..	..
Moore	4	..	6	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	2	..
Mattingly	..	..	15	13	9	20	16	17	24	16	22	..
Mitchell	..	..	14	..	..	12	..	..	10	..	13	..
Watts	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	15	16	18	16	..
Holmead	..	..	..	..	10	22	11	..	..	..	18	7
Bond	..	..	..	..	..	18	13	18	17	20	21	11
Rothwell	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clifford	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	..	13	..	..
Geo Wise	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	9	9	16	..
Halpin	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	20	..	17	13
Lainhart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	..	..	..
Sheirer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..
McCormick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
Hyde	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Hahn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	16	..
Baltzley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	9
Roberts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	6
Drury	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..

ORIOLE.

Shooting at Memphis.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Feb. 9.—Great interest in pigeon shooting is being manifested by members of the Memphis Gun Club. We are practicing on the sly in the hopes that we may develop a Grand American Handicap winner before that important event occurs. Our old-time friend and genial sportsman, Irby Bennett, has been spending a few days with his Memphis friends, and we endeavored to entertain him with a live-bird shoot to-day, with following results:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Poston (29)	11111—5	1111111111101011111—18	1111111111—10	11101—4
Callendar (28)	11111—5	1●1111●11●011●●111●1—13	0111110101— 7	11111—5
Neely (28)	10111—4	11101111101●10000111—13	1●11●w	.....
Bennett (27)	11110—4	●011111110111111110●0—15	1111111110— 9	11011—4
Robertson (27)	11110—4	0110●1110111100110 11—13	1111111011— 9	01110—3
Duncan (28)	11011—4	1●1111111111111011—18	.....	.....
Graggs (28)	.....	.....	1101111110— 8	11111—5
Weaver (27)	.....	.....	1111111011— 9	11101—4

No. 5 was a miss-and-out, $1 entrance. In this event Bennett, Callendar, Graggs, Weaver and Porter all killed 3, and had to divide up. Robertson lost his first bird.

Of the above events, No. 2 was a team race; Poston, Duncan and Robertson shooting against the other three. Poston's team won by 49 to 41. In the scores the second-barrel kills were not marked.

We will have another shoot on Feb. 13, and will report results. Chief interest centered in the team race, which was thought to be about an even match, but the result was such as to fool the best posted. We have a number of good live-bird shots in Memphis, and can, we believe, make a good showing with any club in this section.

MEMPHIS.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 13.—The Maryland handicap, which has been postponed for two weeks, was shot to-day on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association. The conditions of this event were 20 birds per man, $10 entrance, birds extra, handicap rise. C. A. Macalester, Du Pont and James Malone tied for first place with 19 each, Coe taking second place with 18. Another 20-bird race, for the price of the birds, was shot between Macalester, Kingsbury and Whistler; Whistler had to pay for the birds.

A $2 miss-and-out was also shot, with the following result: Du Pont 7, Brewer and Macalester 6, Whistler 5, Kingsbury and Thomas 1.

In a 10-bird race the following scores were made: Macalester (30) 7, Thomas (28) 8, Green (27) 8, Kingsbury (26) 6, Whistler (25) 6, Du Pont (29) 9, Malone (29) 9, Hawkins (29) 10.

Scores in the other events were:

	Maryland Handicap.	No. 2.
C A Macalester (30)	22220 2222 2212122222—19	2102221210 2210021202—15
Du Pont (29)	11112111221210222112—19	.....
J Malone (28)	11212220221111221222—19	.....
Coe (28)	22222202221222221220—18	.....
Thomas (28)	11202221202220.0.0220—16	.....
Kingsbury (29)	10110201112111121220—16	1201011111200102211 1—15
Robb (25)	0 2:011121210001111 1—15	.....
Whistler (27)	10112101002212120202—14	2112001012021111 1010—14
Hawkins (30)	0112201100w	.....

Rising Sun Gun Club.

RISING SUN, Md., Feb. 9.—The Rising Sun Gun Club held its monthly shoot this afternoon. Keen won the medal with 24 out of 25. Scores were as below:

A. B. Keen 24, Hartenstine 20, J. Gifford 19, S. Terry 13, England 23, Clayton 12, Martindale 18, Worthington 17, Alexander 19, C. Kirk 16, Sterrett 15, Letts 17.

H. L. WORTHINGTON, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

ROCKAWAY POINT ROD AND GUN CLUB

Feb. 15.—The regular monthly shoot of the Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club was held to day at the club's grounds, Rockaway Park. The attendance was small, and only eight events in all were decided. Tom Lewis and Frank Baxter did the best shooting. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	25	25	25	Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	25	25	25
T Lewis....	7	13	8	10	..	21	22	24	J Jones....	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	.. ..
F Baxter..	6	13	5	4	..	21	21	20	J Tiernan .	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	17 14
F Coleman	5	9	..	..	6	17	..	20	E J Bourke	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15 ..
H P Scott..	..	11	..	..	5	..	..	..									

EMERALD GUN CLUB.

Feb. 16.—The last monthly shoot of the season of 1896-7 for the Emerald Gun Club, of New York, took place this afternoon at Dexter Park. The attendance was not as large as usual, but was still large enough to show that the Emeralds can turn out a goodly number of members at the finish of the season Five men went straight, among them Dick Phister, who thus lands in first place with the total of 93 kills out of 100 shot at in the ten monthly shoots that he has attended. The scores as a whole ruled high, and very few pigeons escaped the cracks. Below are the scores, showing the flight of each bird:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Job Lott (A, 29)	7	↗↗↗↖↗←↗↗↙ 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—10
R Phister (A, 29)	7	↗→↖↗↖↘→↙↖↗ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—10
Gus Nowak (A, 28)	6½	↖↘↘↖→↙↙←↖↙ 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2—10
J H Moore (A, 28)	6½	→↖↗↗↗↘↗↖↗↗ 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1—10
W Jaeger (B, 25)	4½	↖↘↖↖↙→↙→↗↗ 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2—10
G E Grieff (A, 29)	7	↗↗↖↗↗↗↗↘← 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2— 9
E J Clark (A, 29)	7	↑↗↖↖↘↑↗↗↖↗ 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2— 9
M Herrington (A, 28)	7	↑↗↙↗↗↖↖↘→ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1— 9
F W Place (A, 28)	6½	↘↗↖↖↖↓→→↖↘ 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 0 1 1— 9
R Regan (A, 28)	6	→↘↑↑↖↖↙↖→↘ 1 2 1 1 2 2 0 1 2 1— 9
B Amend (A, 28)	5½	↗←↗↗↙↗←→↑↗ 2 2 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 1— 9
W Amend (A, 28)	5½	↖↗↘↘↙↖→←←↙ 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2— 9
E Weiss (B, 25)	5	↑→↘→↗↗↙↗↗↘ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1— 9
T Short (A, 28)	7	↗↗↗↗↘↖↖↙↖↗ 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 0 1 0— 8
C F Dudley (A, 28)	6½	↖↗↗↖↗↗↖↖↗↗ 2 0 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 0—8
C Stuetzle (A, 28)	6½	↖↗↙←→↗↘↘↖↑ 2 2 0 2 2 1 1 2 0 2—8
W Sands (A, 28)	6½	↖↖↗↖↗↘↗←↖↗ 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0—
Dr Richter (B, 25)	5	↑→↗↗↖↘↖↖↗↗ 2 2 0 2 1 0 2 1 2 1— 8
Dr Hudson (A, 28)	7	↗→↗↑↗↙↖↘↖→ 0 2 1 2 1 0 1 2 2 0— 7
E A Vroome (A, 28)	6½	↑↙↖↗↗↖↖→↑→↘ 2 2 2 1 0 1 0 0 1 1— 7
H P Fessenden (A, 28)	6½	↓↗↑↗↙↗↗←↓↗ 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 0— 7
J Banzer (A, 28)	6	↓↗↗↗→↙↘↗→↗ 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 0— 6
J Woelfel (A, 28)	5	↖↗→↖↖→↙↗↗↘ 0 1 2 1 1 2 0 0 0 2— 6
T Codey (B, 26)	5½	↗↖↗↖↗↑↙↙↗↖ 2 1 0 1 0 0 2 1 0 1— 6
G B Hillers (B, 25)	5	↓→↖↗↘↖→↙→↘ 1 0 2 2 0 0 2 0 2 2— 6
H F Burns (B, 25)	4½	→→↙↗←↗↓↗↗↘ 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 2 0 1— 6
F Stopenhagen (B, 25)	4½	→↗↗↘↖↙→↖↗↖ 0 0 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2— 6
G K Breit (B, 25)	5	↑↗↗↖↖↗↘↗↙↘ 0 2 2 1 1 0 0 2 0 0— 5

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

Feb. 17.—The regular monthly shoot of the New York German Gun Club was held at Dexter Park to day. The attendance was very good, twenty-two members taking part in the club event, which was at 10 live birds. The birds were a more than ordinary lot and the consequence was that only one man of the twenty-two scored 9 out of 10, five others scoring 8 each. John Schlicht was the one 9, and he lost his first bird, but ran straight to the close. Scores:

John Schlicht (6½)	0121211112—9	J H Boesenecker (5)	1102120202—6
Dr Hudson (7)	0121022211—8	M Bondon (5)	0010121011—6
J Wellbrock (7)	2102110112 8	A Le Moult (5)	0103202020—6
F Sauter (6)	1010112122—8	P Garms, Jr (6)	1102111000—5
J P Dannefelser (6)	0112110121—8	H Thamford (6)	0001012020—4
Hy Oehl (5½)	1120220222—8	E Radle (5½)	1100002100—4
H Leopold (6)	10 1220010—6	B Koenig (6)	2010002100—3
F Kronsberg (5½)	0221200110—6	H Nobel (6)	0000010120—3

New members, unclassified:

Phil Moersch	1020101102—6	Rob Debacher	1100001001—4
Edward Hotz	0120120 20—6	Henry Meyer	2100000202—4
W G Meisenholder	1220000202—5	Jacob Bissinger	1020020000 3

Feb. 18.—The committee appointed at the annual meeting of the New York German Gun Club to apportion handicaps for the ensuing year made its report to-night, the list of handicaps reading as follows, all shooters standing on the 18yds. mark:

Seven points—Dr. Geo. V. Hudson, John Wellbrock, S. Julian Held, Philip Leibinger and Eugene Doeinck; 6½ points—P. J. Eppig, Geo. H Smith and John Schlicht; 6 points—J. P. Dannefelser, J. F. C. Elfess, Peter Garms, Jr., Bernard Koenig, Charles Lensus, Henry Nobel, W. H Pye, Fred Sauter, August Schmitt, Henry Leopold and Henry Thamford; 5½ points—Fred Kronsberg, August Lucas and Ernest Radle; 5 points—J. H. Boesenecker, Michael Bondon, Dr. Klein and A. Le Moult; 4½ points—Henry Oehl; 4 points—Jacob Bauer, Henry Greitner, Martin Goetz, Fred Huff, Edward Hotz, Wm. Kurzer, George Loewer, G. A. Leutheusser, John Racky, Hugo Sedlacgsk, Emil Stradtmann, Jacob Bissinger, Robert Debacher, Wm. G. Meisenholder and Philip Moersch.

FOUNTAIN ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Feb. 18.—There were good birds trapped at Dexter Park to day for the members of the Fountain Rod and Gun Club to shoot at. The club event is at 10 live birds per man, but W. H. Lair and Dr. Adfur Eddy were high with 8 out of 10. Dr Wynn was second with 7. The scores were as below:

W Lair (30)	2212202126—8	W R Selover (30)	2100211002—6
Dr A Eddy (28)	1120221110—8	W R Allen (29)	0022200224—6
Dr W Wynn (30)	2110202101 7	J E Lake (28)	0111002210—6

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Feb 10.—The New Utrecht Gun Club held its first shoot of the season at its old grounds, Woodlawn. The members turned out in good force, thirteen taking part in the club event at 10 live birds per man. C. Furgueson was the winner in class A with 9 out of 10; Gaughen in class B made the same score, being the winner in that class. C. D. Lohmann was an easy winner in class C. W. H. Thompson shot as a guest of the club. Scores in the club event and in the sweeps shot during the afternoon were as below:

Class A.

Cor Furgueson (30)	2222220222—9	W F Sykes (30)	2222211202—8
C M Meyer (30)	0222022222—8		

Class B

J Gaughen (28)	2022221122—9	F A Thompson (28)	2220222202 7
Conny Furgueson (28)	1202111210—8	J A Jones (28)	2002020222—6
D C Bennett (28)	2211202022—8	J N Meyer (28)	0220201020—5
J A Bennett (28)	2120122022—8		

Class C.

C D Lohmann (26)	2200201212—6	E G Frost (26)	0002002200 3
C E Lohmann (26)	1201200200—3	*W H Thompson (28)	2212210111—9

* Guest.

Sweepstake, 5 birds: Conny Furgueson 5, Gaughen 5, Jones 5, J. A. Bennett 4, F. A. Thompson 2.

Sweepstake, same: F. A. Thompson 5, Bennett 4, Jones 3, Conny Furgueson 3.

Sweepstake, same; C. M. Meyer 5, Conny Furgueson 4, F. A. Thompson 3, Jones 4, Cornelius Furgueson, Jr., 4, J. N. Meyer 4, W. H. Thompson 4, J. A. Bennett 3, D. C. Bennett 3.

CRESCENT A. C., OF BROOKLYN.

Feb 20.—In weather that was unfavorable for high scores, owing to the high wind that prevailed, seven members of the Crescent Athletic Club had a little practice preliminary to its two matches next week. On Washington's Birthday the club meets a team from Columbia College, and on Saturday, Feb. 27, a team from the Princeton College Gun Club will visit the Bay Ridge grounds. Scores to-day were as below, the events being shot as follows: No. 1, unknown angles; Nos. 2 and 7, known angles; the others, expert rules.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
D G Geddes	19	19	13	..	19	..	15	..	G Notman.	..	18	10	12	..	11	..	8
G C White	15	..	13	..	15	14	..	11	W P Pickett	..	18	..	13	..	..	8	..
L Hopkins	10	..	..	10	..	..	8	..	C Sykes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
H Werleman	7	6	..	6	..	..	13	5									

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB

Feb. 20.—The grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club are hard enough even in fine, still weather. With a wind blowing like it did this afternoon high scores were almost an impossibility. This not being a regular shooting day of the club, only a few members showed up for practice work. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
T Baron	6	8	8	5	4	7	..	6	..	4	5	4
J W Williams	5	5	5	2	3	2	..	5	..	2	2	4
T B Bartlett	2	2	1	2	1	..	5	..	3	..	..	2
F Patterson	..	1	1	0	1	..	3	..	2	..	..	..

No. 12 was at 5 pairs. All events 10 targets.

IN NEW JERSEY.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Feb. 12.—The heavy storm of snow and wind put a stop to any chance of a big entry in to-day's events. Only two shooters were on hand: L. T. Duryea, of New York, and E. Walters, of Saginaw, Mich. These two shot at 65 birds each, The first event was a 25-bird match, Duryea conceding his opponent 2½yds. as a handicap. Duryea won this event with 22 to 21. In the second match, under the same conditions, both tied with 24. They agreed to settle the tie by shooting off in strings of 5 birds; in the first string it looked as if Walters had it sure, but he lost his last bird. In the second string each scored all 5 birds. In the third series Duryea scored his 5 birds, while Walters lost his third. Below are the scores:

No. 1:

L T Duryea (29)	2222222220222215220111220—22
E Walters (27)	2201222221212222220010222—21

No. 2:

Duryea (29)	2222220212112121111112111—24
Walters (27)	2222121112112222220021112—24

Shoot-off in strings of 5:

Duryea ..... 22021 11112 11122 Walters..... 22120 22212 22022

Feb. 3.—The chief event on the programme for to-day was the Asbury Handicap, 15 birds per man, $15 entrance. Duryea, Morfey and Hank White tied with 14 each, and shot off miss-and-out; White lost his second bird in the shoot-off, and the other two divided the purse. It will be noticed from the scores that the handicaps were changed every event, winners being penalized, and losers being put forward. This is the rule at Elkwood Park, and it is one that is bound to encourage the weaker shots. To-day's scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
T W Morfey (29)	12 (30)	1 20 (30)	0 (29)	2222002222—8
L T Duryea (29)	0 (29)	2222121210 (29)	1122221 (30)	01122100
Marshall (28)	20 (28)	2221221222 (29)	22220 (29)	2022201222—8
Morfey (re-entry)	.....	(30)	122210	.....
H White	.....	.....	.....	(28) 1211001210—7
P Daly, Jr	.....	.....	.....	(29) 2022022222—8

	No. 5.	No. 6.
Morfey (29½)	0222220220—7	(29) 2222222222220222
Duryea (29)	1202220010	(29) 1221122221122022
Marshall (29½)	0022122122—8	(28) 2202222220020
Daly (29½)	2220200	(29) 1222202022222
White (28)	0102121221—8	(27) 1110222121212220
Heyer (28)	2211212101—9	.....
Walters (28)	0221100	(27) 2222010121 2011

	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.
Morfey (29½)	1222221112210	.....	.....
Duryea (29)	20	.....	.....
Marshall (28)	20	.....	.....
Daly (28)	0	1022122221—9	1122122222—10
Walters (28)	1112211222210	2011212101—8	1121212111—10
Conklin (28)	2222211121220	.....	.....
Daly (re-entry)	21212222222212	.....	.....

Walters and Daly decided the tie in No. 9 by a $5 miss-and-out. Daly won on the second round.

TERRY VS. DAVIS.

Feb. 15.—There was quite a large attendance to-day on the Oakwood Inn grounds, Nate Astfalk's new shooting grounds, to witness the live-bird match between William Terry and George Davis, both of Westfield. The conditions were 35 live birds each, $50 a side, 30yds. rise, A. S. A. rules. Terry was the favorite, but he could do no better than tie his opponent, each losing 12 out of the 35 shot at. The tie was not shot off, although Terry was very anxious that the match should be decided. Both men had plenty of chances to win; Davis lost his last 2 birds and Terry his last Scores were:

W Terry	1022222002122202022020 0220022022120—23
G Davis	2121220 2022022022202011201100 200—23

N. A.

M'ALPIN AND HOEY AT HOLLYWOOD.

Feb. 19.—G. S. McAlpin and Fred Hoey met this afternoon in a 100-bird race on the grounds at Hollywood, near Long Branch. The Hollywood boundary is less than 21yds., and in addition to this short boundary a strong wind blew directly from the shooter to the traps, carrying many a driver that was killed stone dead out of bounds, without the shadow of a chance for the shooter to have done better or quicker work. The scores are decidedly ragged and plainly show the effect that this short boundary had on the shooters. The birds, of course, were extremely fast, but five misses in succession, five losses out of six shot at, and five out of eight, seem to talk of something else besides fast birds, short boundary and dead out of bounds. It looks like the result of extra hurry to get in the second barrel if needed. McAlpin had 12 drop dead out of bounds and Hoey 11.

At the end of the 25th round McAlpin led by 2 birds. Then came a break on his part, 5 successive pigeons being scored lost; Hoey lost 2 of the 5 also, but ended up the 30th round with 1 to the good of McAlpin. Out of the next 4 birds Hoey lost 3, while McAlpin killed all and took the lead by 2 birds at the end of the 3 th round. When 50 birds each had been shot at the score stood 37-36 in favor of McAlpin. Both scored 19 out of the next 25, Hoey losing 5 out of his last 8 birds in this string. They thus entered upon the last quarter with McAlpin 1 in the lead.

The last quarter was a curiosity. Both lost their 76th birds, but McAlpin also lost his 77th and with it the lead, the score being a tie. Out of the next 8 birds Hoey lost 5 to McAlpin's 2, the latter again getting the lead, but this time being 2 ahead. The 85th and 86th rounds saw no change, both scoring their birds. Then McAlpin lost his 83th, 90th and 93d birds, the score being again a tie, as Hoey killed all his birds. Both scored their 89th birds, and they entered the 90th round tied. From this point McAlpin ran 6 straight, but Hoey lost his 91th, 91st and 93d birds, and with them the match, by 3 birds. Scores were:

G S McAlpin (30)	2220202220220222202222222—20
	00●●●2222222222222.0202?●—17
	2222●22?●0222222●202●22—19
	0 22222?●●2202●2?●2222?22—18—74
Fred Hoey (30)	222●2220 ●2222202202●?022—18
	●202?● 0●2222202?22222●22—18
	2022222?2222222222 2●0?022 0—19
	022.0●?0●022222222?●02002 —16—71

South Dakota Tenth Annual.

CANTON, S. D., Feb. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The tenth annual tournament of the South Dakota Sportsmen's Association will be held at Canton, S. D., on May 19-21, under the management of the Canton Gun Club. Open to amateurs only.

C. M. SEELY, Sec'y.

The return match at live birds between the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, and the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., takes place on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club on Thursday next, Feb. 25. The first match was shot at Marion and resulted in an easy win for the East Sides.

Trap Around Buffalo.

BISON GUN CLUB

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 9.—The Bison Gun Club gave a most enjoyable shoot to-day on its grounds, Walden avenue. It was an all day shoot, with a programme varied enough to please anybody; sparrows, targets and pigeons were trapped during the day. Below are the scores in tabulated form:

	5 sparrows.	10 targets.	10 targets.	5 sparrows.	5 sparrows.	5 sparrows	10 pigeons.	5 pigeons.		5 sparrows.	10 targets.	10 targets.	5 sparrows.	5 sparrows.	5 sparrows.	10 pigeons.	5 pigeons.
Cooper....	4	..	4	5	4	4	8	3	Danser....	..	..	..	..	1	1	..	3
Giesdorfer.	3	5	4	3	..	..	..	..	W H W....	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
Nowell....	2	3	9	..	..	..	..	..	Vine.....	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..
Werlin....	4	5	4	4	3	3	7	3	O'Hare....	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..
Storey....	2	4	6	2	1	2	4	..	Klink.....	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	4
Wheeler...	3	..	..	5	5	5	..	..	Beck.....	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	3
Segrist....	1	..	..	..	2	2	..	3	E C B.....	..	..	..	..	..	3	10	5
Bauman...	4	..	..	..	3	5	..	..	Krotz.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5
Oetton....	4	..	..	3	3	5	..	4	O'Leary...	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2
Anderson..	..	8	5	1	3	1	..	..	Collins....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2
McCarney.	..	..	..	..	3	3	7	1									

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

Feb. 13.—The regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club was well attended. In the club badge shoot, event No. 3, E. W Smith won the Class A badge; Story, the badge in Class B, and W. H. Woodbury the Class C badge. Capt Alex Forrester, who has been on the sick list for some time, took part in to-day's events. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	20	10	15	Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	20	10	15
J J Reid...	6	10	16	11	13	14	5	12	Norris	7	13	24	13	14	18	10	14
McArthur.	7	12	20	9	11	12	..	7	G Zoeller..	9	12	15	11	..	..	..	..
F D Kelsey	7	10	20	13	14	18	10	15	L Fries....	..	8	21	9	..	..	..	..
Waltz.....	8	8	17	9	12	15	8	10	A Coombs.	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..
Woodbury	9	12	21	13	13	..	..	..	Hines, Jr..	8	14	14	11	..	..	..	..
B Tolsma..	8	15	20	..	..	..	..	..	E W Smith	..	7	23	..	14	20	..	12
E O Burkhardt....	9	12	23	12	15	15	9	9	Sandy.....	..	6	19	12	9	14	8	..
Alderman.	9	13	19	10	13	14	7	13	Story.....	..	11	21	..	12	..	..	..
C S Burkhardt....	8	14	23	12	12	18	9	13	Reynolds..	..	8	13	..	7	..	..	..
Forrester..	10	15	23	10	13	18	9	15	Phillips....	..	11	19	..	12	..	..	..
L Bennett.	10	11	22	15	12	17	7	13	Flynn.....	..	9	12	5	8	8	4	3
									Hammond	..	..	..	10	..	18	..	..
									C L Swope	..	..	..	..	12	16	8	10

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 12.—Below are the scores made to-day on the grounds at Watson's Park:

Willey	0100211201120021101111111221111112111112—34
Comley	1221121011211221211111101110121111111110—37
Fish	2222022902220222011121001200012 —22

Feb. 13.—Long Lake Rod and Gun Club:

Russell (29)	1221010120—7	Neal (30)	2120122101—8
Thatcher (29)	1122022022—8	Striker (29)	2201210110—7

The following were the practice scores made to-day:

Adams	2022200012111001221221212 —19
Wright	22020 220202222220122112212200202010 11—29
Willey	0121200100000210012121001000 0 —14
Fish	1110102221201220 6101211010021 0 —19
Comley	0221(021011001110110011101 0100 —17
Hollester	1010.0110202211211 —13
Smith	2012201010 — 6
Striker	0.91221002 — 7
Neal	122.010222 — 8
Goodrich	021122222 — 9
Dering	2112102102 — 8
Levi	.102010 — 3

RAVELRIGG.

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, N. Y., Feb. 18.—The Auburn Gun Club has held its first practice shoot over its magautrap, with electric pull attachment, and is well satisfied with the scores made. In a team race, 8 men to a team, the scores were as follows:

No. 1 team: Corning 24, Garrett 24, Barnes 23, Whyte 22, Church 20, Gilmore 19, Cattle 17, Kennedy 17—166.

No. 2 team: Knapp 24, Hunter 23, Carr 22, Bris'er 21, Egbert 20, Goodrich 19, Tuttle 18, Steel 14—161.

The records made in all the other events figure up as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Tuttle	105	83	Cattle	50	32
Carr	110	96	Whyte	95	82
Knapp	85	79	Corning	85	79
Goodrich	60	45	Church	110	88
Egbert	35	27	Gilmore	50	33
Brister	40	31	Garrett	100	88
Steel	25	14	Barnes	60	46
Hunter	60	48	Alexander	36	29

K.

O. K. Gun Club, of Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 11.—The O. K. Gun Club, of this city, held its monthly medal shoot to-day at Washington Park. The weather was very unfavorable, but it did not appear to have much effect on the attendance. Eighteen shooters took part in the main event at 15 live birds, among the number being J. C. Plumber Read, of Omaha, Neb., who was on his way home from the San Antonio shoot. Hickman and McDonald both made clean scores. Gottlieb, McCurdy and Lamb each losing one bird. Scores in to-day's race were:

Hickman	2221122122221122—15	Ferguson	2120121011101112—12
C Herman	1012100111(2211—11	Everingham	1110111110121111—13
Gottlieb	0212111221212211—14	Phillips	1202020210111—11
McCurdy	1122122111011111—14	Grant	0212012112111122—13
Miles	1112022222012122—13	Bramhall	0021222012201211—11
W Herman	1212210121121101—13	McDonald	1221222211221122—15
Walden	2120121011221102—12	Mikado	2122020.00111221—12
Whittier	2221111212212200—13	Hubbard	1022111111111120—13
Lamb	2121120212121222—14	Read	1212221202102021—13

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

What a .30cal. Winchester Will Do.

THE Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., has printed for free distribution a leaflet descriptive of the powers of their new smokeless powder repeaters.

Mr. S. M. Emery tells of shooting deer at distances up to 425yds. without changing his sights, and probably not elevating a great deal from the point blank. No more wonderful advance has been made in the present century than in this matter of trajectory. It is only a matter of sixty years ago that as a result of experiments undertaken with the English service arm the soldiers were instructed to aim 1.0ft. above a man at 600yds. if they wished to hit him!—*Adv.*

The Savage Arms Co. Calendar.

THE Savage Repeating Arms Co., Utica, N. Y., has published a handsomely lithographed calendar, 10×14in. in size, entitled "Six Shooters." The six shooters referred to are six swarthy little savages (no pun intended), who, armed with bows, are executing a war dance about a pyramid composed of three stacked Savage rifles. A dusky maiden meanwhile plays an accompaniment on a tambourine.

Good reproductions are given of the Savage smokeless powder canister and Savage cartridges, of which latter four different styles are available in the same rifle.—*Adv.*

Lancaster's Guns.

CHARLES LANCASTER, 151 New Bond street, London, England, publishes a catalogue of high-class guns and rifles that is well worth sending for. This includes descriptions of Lancaster's famous single-trigger guns, ejectors and other hammer and hammerless guns for pigeon shooting, wildfowling and general shooting, as well as guns with one, three and four barrels, combined ball and shotguns constructed on the "Columbian" plan, and single and double-barrel rifles of various types.—*Adv.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. F., Philadelphia.—To answer your question in full we would need to write a lengthy article on dog training. "Training vs. Breaking," price $1, or "Modern Training," price $2, will give you the information in full. We can furnish them.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 10. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page vi.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

Jacksnipe Coming In. "He's Got Them" (Quail Shooting). Vigilant and Valkyrie. Bass Fishing at Block Island.

The plates are for frames 14 x 19 in. They are done in twelve colors, and are rich in effect. They are furnished to old or new subscribers on the following terms:

Forest and Stream *one year and the set of four pictures*, **$5.**
Forest and Stream *6 months and any two of the pictures*, **$3.**
Price of the pictures alone, $1.50 each; $5 for the set.

Remit by express money order or postal money order. Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

FOREST AND STREAM *will be glad to meet its friends at Space 73 in the Sportsmen's Exposition, at Madison Square Garden, on March* 13 *and the following week.*

But the scarcer the fruit, the more prized it is; and seldom have I experienced greater pleasures than when on the Florida Keys, under a burning sun, after pushing my bark for miles over a soapy flat, I have striven all day long, tormented by myriads of insects, to procure a heron new to me, and have at length succeeded in my efforts. And then how amply are the labors of the naturalist compensated, when, after observing the wildest and most distrustful birds, in their remote and almost inaccessible breeding places, he returns from his journeys, and relates his adventures to an interested and friendly audience. Audubon.

BIRD PRESERVATION ON THE FARRALONS.

IT will be a matter of congratulation to all who are interested in the matter of the preservation of our bird life to learn that the Lighthouse Board has acted on the suggestion made to it last October in FOREST AND STREAM, and has given orders that the traffic in birds' eggs on the Farralons shall cease. In the editorial referred to we said: "It would seem as if the simplest and most natural way to act in the matter would be for the Lighthouse Board to issue instructions to its subordinates all over the country to protect rather than to destroy the birds which may breed or have their homes near the lights kept by the various keepers."

The traffic in eggs carried on by the Greeks and Italians of San Francisco, who for many years have made a business of visiting the Farralon Islands and collecting the eggs by permission of the light-keeper, threatened to exterminate several of the species which formerly bred in countless numbers on these islands, and within the past few years a marked decrease has taken place in the abundance of several sorts of birds. It was high time that this destruction should cease, and the Lighthouse Board is entitled to great credit for the promptness with which it has acted in the matter. The Bird Protective Committee of the American Ornithologists' Union has also been active in the matter.

There was no good reason why orders such as have now been issued by the Lighthouse Board should not have been given at once, but we are so accustomed to have any dealings with the Government occupy years before any definite point is reached that it is encouraging to find now and then a body that is willing to act with reasonable promptness.

This was a question to which there was only one side The gathering of the eggs by the lighthouse keeper and his helpers was a perquisite—a business which they carried on at certain seasons in addition to the work of tending the lights. The light-keeper, however, is hired to do certain work; he and his assistants are paid for their time and their labor by the Government, and should not be allowed to engage in any outside avocations.

In the course of a year or two we may now hope to see the seafowl occupying the Farralon Islands in something like their old-time abundance. The action taken by the Lighthouse Board in this specific case is altogether to be praised. It may be hoped, however, that a general order of like tenor, applicable to all lighthouse stations on both coasts, will be issued before long, and when this is done a very effective force of bird protectors will have been appointed. The subject is one which is constantly growing in interest, and the United States Government should not be far behind the public in its action in this matter.

WHILE FISHES SLEEP.

SOME time ago, while Prof. Verrill was working with the United States Fish Commission at Wood's Holl, he made some very interesting observations on fishes while asleep, which have just been made public in an article in the *American Journal of Science*. These studies were unfortunately interrupted before as many observations had been made as was intended, yet the facts published are of very high interest. Perhaps the most interesting of the discoveries made was the quite unexpected one that a number of fishes have the habit of changing their colors at night and while asleep.

It can easily be understood that it was not easy to make the observations to be described. Most fishes sleep very lightly and are readily awakened by the least jar, or by anything which causes the water in which they are resting to vibrate, and the utmost care had to be taken not to awaken them. The fishes were in the Fish Commission's aquariums, and were observed usually between midnight and 2 o'clock A. M., after every one else had retired. The gas jets near the tanks were turned low, and it was necessary for the observer to use as much caution in studying them as the hunter exercises in approaching a moose. A heavy footfall, a sudden movement, or the sudden turning up of a gas jet was enough to awaken the fishes.

In many cases it was noticed that the change of color mentioned consists of nothing more than an increase in the depth and intensity of coloring, the pattern of the colors remaining the same. This is the case with several kinds of flounders. Those that are spotted or mottled with dark color show these dark markings in much stronger contrast with the ground color by night than they do by day. Several species of minnows, which are marked either with longitudinal or transverse bands of dark color, show these markings as a decided black at night. The same is true of the kingfish, in which the obliquely marked transverse stripes of dark color come out much more strongly and better defined at night than by day. The same thing is true of the black sea bass and of the sea robin. Several examples of the common brook trout were observed to become much darker at night than by day, but Professor Verrill was not sure that these fish were really asleep.

It is a well-known fact that trout, flounders and some other fishes have the power of measurably changing their colors even in the daytime to adapt them to the color of their surroundings. This power is possessed by other animals, as some frogs and toads and some reptiles. For this reason a darkening of color at night would be expected, even if the fishes were not asleep. All such changes are undoubtedly of a protective character.

There are certain fishes, however, which change their colors while asleep in a way much more remarkable than those already mentioned. Among these is the common scup or porgy. This fish, when active in the daytime, has a bright silvery color, with iridescent tints. At night when asleep its ground color is a dull bronzy hue, and the body is crossed by about six transverse black bands. As this fish rests in nature among eel grass and water weeds, this coloring, assumed when sleeping, is obviously protective. But when one of these fish was awakened by suddenly turning up the gas to its full height, it immediately took on the silvery colors of its daylight dress. This experiment was repeated many times on many individuals, and always with the same result.

A common filefish showed a change in color pattern when asleep. By day this fish is mottled with brown and dark olive green, and the fins and tail are a little darker than the body. But when asleep at night the body becomes pallid gray or nearly white, while the fins and tail change to a decided black. Among the rocks and weeds, where the filefish lives, these colors are in a high degree protective.

Besides his observations on color changes in fishes at such times, some odd positions in sleeping are mentioned by Prof. Verrill. The filefishes, for example, usually rested when asleep on the bottom, with the back resting at a considerable angle against the glass of the aquarium or against a stone.

The common blackfish or tautog has the odd habit of resting on one side, half buried among the gravel or partly under stones, and is often curved in strange positions. It is suggested that the flounders might have originated from some ancestral form, symmetrical like most fishes, that, like the tautog, had acquired the habit of resting upon one side, at first only while sleeping, but afterward continually, owing to the greater protection that this habit and its imitative coloring afforded. The one-sided coloring of the flounder and the changes in the positions of the eyes would gradually follow, in accordance with well-known laws.

On several occasions the common squid was observed while asleep. At such times it rests in an inclined position on the tip of its tail and the bases of its arms, which are bunched together and extended forward. The head and the forward part of the body are thus raised from the bottom to give room for breathing. The siphon tube is then turned to one side. At such times the color is much darker and the spots more distinct than when active.

THE NEW FOREST RESERVATIONS.

ON Sunday last, six days after the issuing of the proclamations setting aside the thirteen new forest reservations, the United States Senate adopted an amendment to the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill nullifying these proclamations, and opening to settlement the lands (some 21,000,000 acres) set apart as a forest reservation by executive proclamation of February 22.

This step on the part of the Senate seems difficult of satisfactory explanation. President Cleveland's action in this matter, following the report of the forestry commission of the National Academy of Sciences, was universally approved by the press and the public as wise and far-sighted. It is impossible that the Senate should know any more about the subject than the public does, and naturally it cannot know so much as the President, who by his action approved the recommendations of the forestry commission. The haste shown by the Senate by this attempt to nullify the President's action seems, therefore, extremely undignified, and by many persons will be attributed to a feeling of irritation toward the President. No such feeling should be allowed to interfere with the general good of the country. No harm can possibly be done by permitting these tracts of mountain and forest to lie reserved until the subject can have proper deliberation, and until the facts concerning the land reserved and the uses to which it can be put shall be considered in a calm and temperate way.

A large proportion of the Senate know little about the needs of the dry West, so far as water is concerned, and those who are ignorant on this subject are assuming a serious responsibility when they throw obstacles in the way of an improved supply of the water so greatly needed by the inhabitants of our arid lands.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the amendment inserted in the Sundry Civil Bill will be stricken out in one House or the other, and that these reservations may be allowed to stand until such time as the subject can have fuller consideration.

WHAT IS HE READING?

WHAT is he reading? What is your boy reading? It is a question to which is given attention for the most part spasmodic and brief; rarely does it receive the serious consideration and the careful thought it demands. Just now there is some discussion in the journals of the day respecting the influence of young people's literature upon plastic minds and characters; and in its degree and importance this formative influence can in no wise be over-estimated. Manly reading will work to the end of making a manly boy and a manly man. For a boy who is some day to be a man there is no better literature in all the world than that of the field, and the recreations of the field and the world of nature, with its charms, joys and delights. If a boy likes to read of shooting and fishing and camping and woods life, there is no need to worry about him. And most healthy boys do take to forest and stream literature. If your boy has such a taste, cultivate it; if he has not, do your best to instill it into him.

The Sportsman Tourist.

MUD TURTLE.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

In the morning, when eating breakfast, no plans were laid for spending the day, and after the meal no one made the usual preparation for departure, but all idled about the camp as if without a present object in life but the mere pleasure of existence.

The day was one to invite indolence, the sun bathing the earth in such a mellow warmth that it soon dispelled the morning chill and left no use but pipe-lighting for the fire, which burned with a lazy flicker of transient flame and lazier drifts of smoke jets from snapping embers and brands.

Unruffled by the breath of the sleepy air, nor broken at all save where some waterfowl languidly cleft its surface with a silent wake, lake and creek bore the motionless doubles of painted shore and reedy margin, and the deeper azure of far peaks and cloudless sky; while from the tranquil scene arose no busier sound of life than the lazy call of a duck or the faint noises of farms so remote that they seemed beyond it. Near at hand, but no more obtrusive, there was a drowsy hum of warmed flies and the slow chirps of crickets and the light scurrying of a chipmunk among the leaves.

"Wal, seh, boys," said Antoine, breaking the silence of the circle as he arose and stretched himself with a yawn, "dis was too pooty day for lose it. What all you goin' do wid it, hein?"

"It is a turrible neat day an' that's a fact," Joseph declared with unwonted decision, after a slow and careful contemplation of earth and sky. "An' I be thankful 'at we hain't obleeged tu waste it a-workin'. It allus did kinder seem tu me as 'ough 's if it was a sorter heavin' away o' the Lord's blessin's tu spend a ri'daown pleasant day a-workin'. Some 'at I misused that way years and years ago lays heavy on my conscience yet."

"Naow, Jozeff, don't be no harder on yourself 'an what other folks is," said Uncle Lisha, in mild sarcasm. "You must have an almighty tender conscience an' an almighty good mem'ry. I can't remember but precious few such misduin's tu lay up ag'in ye."

"Wal, the's more'n I wish't the' was," said Joseph, staring retrospectively into the smoldering embers as if they represented the cold ashes of the past. "It does seem 's 'ough it was weeked, most 'specially 'long in the fall an' winter comin' on, when the' won't be no rale pleasant days aou' door tu speak on, for a feller tu be a-breakin' of his back diggin' taters, a-humpin' up ag'n the blue sky, with his nose an' eyes tu dead tater tops an' naked sile, when ev'ything looks so putty all around, an' it a'most the last chance o' seein' o' it, or putty nigh, mebby. Then take it in the winter when the' does come one o' them kinder stray days 'at got left over aouten fall, er comes afore its reg'lar time in spring, a feller do' want tu be a-tunkin' at a tree julluk a woodpecker, an' lose all the good on 't, 'ceptin' what sunshine soaks intu his back. When ag'in come spring you jest wan' tu thaw aout an' git the good on 't yourself, an' not be tapped julluk a maple an' have your sap b'iled daown for other fo'kses benefit. Take it in summer, it's tew hot most o' the time tu work, anyway, an' when the' is a comr'table day it seems 's 'ough a feller ort tu jest lay in the shade an' see things blow an' grow an' git ripe erless go a-fishin', which I wouldn't in no boat of nary sect, not for ri'daown enj'yment, don't seem 's 'ough I would, not if they bit faster 'n you c'ld yank 'em."

"Dat was de bes' comfortable Ah'll can took in dis worl', me," Antoine remarked, while Joseph took breath, "jes' for feesh, an' hab de feesh do hees half."

"I don't s'pose it's sca'cely right," Joseph continued, "but sometimes it 'most seems 's 'ough I putty nigh wanted tu cuss the man 'at invented work; he sartainly did begin a tormented sight o' trouble."

"Not no gre't for you, Jozeff," Uncle Lisha commented, and went on to say, "I do' know as I hanker arter work, but if I hed me my tools here on a shoe tu mend, jes' for knittin' work, I cal'late I sh'ld enj'y myself tol'able well."

"Work kinder goes ag'in the grain when it interferes wi' huntin'," Sam said, thrusting a cedar twig into the dying embers and watching its tardy kindling, "but then the work gives a better relish tu the huntin' when you git it."

"Onc' Lasha spikin' 'baout de shoe mek me t'ink prob'ly Ah'll bes' was gat mah t'read-needle an' men' mah traowser," bending to inspect his frayed knees, "bah gosh! Ah wish mah clo's was grow up jes' sem lak you' skin w'en you tore it. Ah do' know all what Ursule goin' said w'en he see mah traowser all wore off so. Ah guess Ah goin' tol' him it 'cause Ah'll been pray for him an' de chil'en so much. It take good many pray' for go 'raoun' all of it, a'n't it? Wal, Ah guess Ah embroider mah knee." Then having got needle and thread and lighted his pipe, he sat down to the uncongenial task.

"Dis mek me rembler one—" he began, and then interrupted himself with a sharp indrawing of breath and an imprecation. "S-s-s-p, Sa-cre!" as he jabbed the needle point into his knee. "Dat mek me rembler one man Canada."

"Good airth an' seas! I was a-hopesin' you'd forgot him for oncte," Uncle Lisha shouted with such emphasis that it arrested the flow of anecdote. Antoine suddenly became silent and plied his needle with sullen diligence.

"Wal, you might as well trot him aout, Ann Twine," the old man said, moderating his tone, "th' won't be no gettin' red on him naow."

Thus encouraged, Antoine went on with his story, while his audience listened with more interest in the manner of his telling than in the matter.

"Yas, sah, dey was one man Canada, one tam, an' if you'll a'n't b'lieved it Ah can tol' you nem de place w'ere he live, honly Ah'll fregit now. One tam in de fall his waf was mek it new pair clo's all over, new shirt, new coat, new traouser, everyt'ing. De hwomans he feel putty plump 'cause he'll weave it all heese'f, an' cut it all up an' sew it togedder heese'f, an' he lak for look at hees mans w'en he gat all on for go on de market.

"One day w'en he go, jes' 'fore he'll ready for start, he'll hear hees leetly dog bark very hard in de hwood not more as leetly way from de haouse. He was terribly hunter mans, an' t'ink prob'ly de dog was tree up a coon. So he'll took hees hol' fusee an' run off for shot it a minute, an', bah gosh, w'at you t'ink?

"It was pant'er, hol' big feller, hugly lak meat-axe. But de mans he'll a'n't scare for run. He p'ant hees gaun an' pull it an' de flint jes' go 'pluck.' An' de pant'er jomp on de man, 'scroonch,' an' tore off all dat new clot's not more as two ninches wide. Oh, bah gosh, Ah'll tol' you haow dat hwomans was feel bad w'en she see it all spile up dat clo's she was be so troublesome for mek. Dat was too bad.

"Dar, sah," he said as he regarded his needlework with proud satisfaction and caressed the grinning stitches, "Ah'll b'lieved dat was mos' as han'some as if Ah'll had quiltin' party work mah knee. All Ah'll 'fraid for was Ursule t'ink Ah'll gat some oder hwomans for sew me up."

"Did the man get hurt much, Antwine?" Joseph inquired.

"De man? Oh, he was be keel, Ah b'lieve so. Wal, Ah guess Ah'll goin' han'some mah oder knee so hees brudder a'n't be shem of it. Onc' Lasha, if you want it Ah'll sew you clo's. Ah'll was be preffic tailor man, me."

When the last stitch was taken he sawed off the thread with his tobacco-clotted knife, put the needle carefully away, and then studied all the landscape with an undecided air as he said:

"Wal, Ah do' know if Ah'll go feeshin', or pick some wa'nut, or borry some happle, or go 'long up de crick for see wat Ah'll see. Ah guess Ah do dat," he said, coming to a decision as his eyes dwelt on the shaded level shore. "Any of it goin' 'long to me?"

"I guess I'll jes' laze raound tu-day," Uncle Lisha said after a little consideration, and Joseph after larger deliberation concluded to stay and help him, for "it seemed 's 'ough it was a consid'able of a hefty job o' sittin' raound for a man o' Uncle Lisher's years tu ondertake alone."

"If I had Drive here I'd set some o' these Lakefield foxes tu dancin' tu a Danvis tune," Sam said, studying the lay of the land with a careful eye, "jest tu see haow nigh I've guessed the runways. As it is, I believe I'll poke along up tu Mr. Bartlett's, an' take 'em a pair o' ducks."

Failing to induce any of them to accompany him, Antoine shouldered his gun and set forth alone along the shore of the creek, making stealthy approach to every marsh-locked pool that offered harbor to a duck, and searching every nut tree for squirrels. But the waterfowl were abroad and the squirrels at home, so he continued his quest beyond the imperceptible junction of the shores of creek and Slang. Now and then he was startled by a bittern springing in awkward haste from the marshy covert, or by a heron launching himself to stately flight from some still pool; but he did not care to chance the uncertainty of a flying shot on such poor game, nor did he discover anything worthy of capture till he came near the log causeway that formed the approach to the Slang bridge.

There he came upon a monstrous turtle scrambling along in a ponderous haste, the eldest patriarch of the marshes, bearing moss of a century's growth upon his venerable back. Antoine rejoiced at the discovery of such noble game and hastened forward to secure it, but the wary old turtle immediately faced him, and pivoting on its hinder legs met every attempt of his assailant to seize him by the tail with quick out-thrusts of the head and vicious snaps of the ugly jaws.

"Bah gosh, you'll a'n't felt very good-nachel, dis morny, a'n't it, Onc' Mud Turkey?" cried Antoine, with growing respect for his venerable antagonist. "Wal, Ah'll goin' give you somet'ing for bit a'n't so soft Ah was," and laying aside his gun he went in search of a suitable stick.

Taking advantage of this cessation of hostilities, the turtle retreated to the bare border of the marsh and began burrowing into the soft muck with such speed that he was more than half his length out of sight in it when Antoine returned after a very brief absence.

Laying hold of the turtle's tail, the stout Canadian tugged with might and main before the creature's obstinate resistance was finally overcome and he was drawn forth and laid sprawling helplessly on his back. One end of a stick was now offered him, which he seized savagely, and was dragged thereby well up on to the mossy bank, where Antoine took counsel with himself concerning the present disposal of his captive.

"'F Ah'll took you home jes' you was, you a'n't han'some for look, an' prob'ly dey a'n't t'ink you was fit for heat. But meat jes' han'some anybody, so Ah'll jes' honly took dat for mek you 'quaint of de boy. Ah'll was very sorry for you, Onc' Mud Turkey, but Ah'll obleege for cut you necks. You was took you' las' ride on you' hown foots, an' you'll a'n't pull some more leetly dauks by hees leg of it an' bit hole on hol' homans geeses prob'ly. Oh, a'n't you shem for do so gre't weeked?"

Thus hardening his heart for the execution, he drew out the turtle's neck to its fullest extent by the unreleased grip on the stick and severed it at one stroke, with little apparent effect on the creature's vitality, and proceeded to dress the meat, using the broad shell as a trencher whereon to bestow it.

Having completed this task and washed his hands, he felt need of the refreshment of a smoke and made preparation therefor, but then discovered he had neither matches nor punk, though he was provided with flint and steel for firing the latter. In this extremity, with appetite whetted the keener by disappointment, he looked about for the means of relief and discovered in a bushy clearing at no great distance a forlorn little cabin.

A whisp of smoke writhing from the low chimney promised fire enough to light a pipe and Antoine made toward it, bearing his spoils till he came to a safe place of deposit in a fence corner.

It was a squalid habitation, indicative of shiftless poverty. A path led to it, bordered on one side by some stunted rows of frost-bitten corn, on the other by hills of weed-choked potatoes, and close to the threshold a starved heap of pine roots, the sole miserable representative of a woodpile in the midst of the abundant forest. The place of missing panes in the single sash of the only front window was filled by a weather-beaten straw hat and a faded, tattered remnant of calico in some sort emblematic of the occupants, Antoine thought, when he entered after knocking on the sagged door that could neither be quite opened nor quite shut.

A tall, gaunt, hollow-eyed woman and a tallow-faced boy of similar habit and features sat smoking short pipes by a scant open fire, and turned their listless faces toward him without surprise, scarcely with curiosity, as he accosted them.

"Good morny, ma'm, dat was very nice day dis morny."

"Hm, I s'pose so," the woman assented dubiously in a dolorous, monotonous tone, "for them 'at's well 'nough t' enjoy it. We hain't, me an' Jul'us."

"Ah'll very sorry you a'n't felt better," said Antoine, with an expression of deep concern in his voice; "'f Ah could lit mah pipe Ah'll was felt better, me. Ah'll a'n't gat some fire."

He held forward his pipe to indicate his need, and the old woman poked the embers with a stick, hitching her rickety chair aside to make room for him. Antoine scooped up a coal and puffed diligently a moment before he asked:

"What was be de matter of it, ma'm?"

"O, it's the rheumatiz in my limb, an' Jul'us is peaked. No appetite for nothin' but terbarker. I s'pose it's me a-growin' old an' Jul'us a-growin' so fast—grows lak a weed, he does; la'ge of his age, an' sma't as he is la'ge."

She regarded her son with stolid admiration, while he, sucking his black pipe persistently, as stolidly received her praise of physical and mental growth and the visitor's hearty confirmation of it.

"Yas, ma'm, he'll was smart boy, lak steel traps, an' he beeg lak hosses. Ah'll b'lieved he be man 'fore you was, ma'm."

"I do' know haow in this livin' world he grows so, without no more nourishin' victuals," the fond mother continued. "We hain't had nothin' but pertaters an' johnnycake an' green corn t' eat for a fortni't. My limb has pained me so't I wa'n't able to arn nothin' duin' for the neighbors, an' he hain't able to work no time—it takes all his stren'th a-growin'—so we hain't hed no meat victuals."

"Dar was plenty dauk an' feesh," Antoine suggested.

"Haow be you goin' to get ducks without no gunner, nobody to shoot it?" she drawled, without changing her monotonous tone. "Er ketch fish when you ain't able? Fish hain't no nourishment neither, if you hain't no fat pork to fry 'em in."

"Dar was a lot of mud turkey," Antoine further suggested.

"Mud turkles!" the old woman exclaimed with expression of intense disgust in voice and features. "D' you s'pose we'd eat mud turkles? H'mp'! I'd livser eat snake!"

Antoine felt indignant at the starved crone's contempt of what he considered a choice delicacy, but inquired blandly:

"Prob'ly you'll a'n't lak cheekin pooty good, a'n't it?"

"Why, yes, me an' Jul'us can eat chicken, the white meat, if the' hain't no skin on't."

"Wal, naow, Ah'll tol' you, ma'm, dat was purty good lucky, 'cause you see Ah'll was gat some cheekin all dressed up dat Ah'll was carry to mah frien' on de camp, an' Ah'll be glad for give you some of it 'f you len' me dish for fetch it."

The old woman nodded assent, and pointed over to the table with the air of begrudging a favor. Taking a broken blue-edged plate from the table that was scant of everything but untidiness, Antoine went to bring the alms.

"Ah'll can't help it," he sighed as he knelt before the improvised trencher, and reluctantly selected a generous portion of the lightest colored meat.

"'F Ah'll goin' taught it for heat mud turkey Ah mus' beegin wid de bes'. A'n't he look jes' lak cheekin. Bah gosh, he was cheekin, honly he grow on mud turkey."

He carried his gift to the cabin and presented it to the old woman, who, after a critical inspection, began preparing it for the pot; while her son awoke to such interest in the prospective repast that he sauntered out doors, and with the dull axe pounded some pine roots into suitable lengths for the fire, which being kindled he sat down again to the restful enjoyment of his pipe and the growing fragrance of the seething stew. Antoine wished he might stay and see with what relish it was eaten now he was sure his half kindly deception was not suspected, but he could find no excuse for tarrying longer.

"Wal, ma'm," he said, as he dallied long over the fire with the relighting of his pipe, that he might inhale the odor of the pot, "you cheekin smell very good, an' Ah hoped he tas'e more better as he smell, prob'ly, an' Ah'll hoped you'll gat over your limb. Ah'll had one of it one tam in mah knee, an' he was very bad t'ing for had. An' Ah'll hoped you' boy grow long an' wide. Good morny, bose of it."

"Thank you, an' I'm obleeged to you," the old woman said, with some cordiality. "I s'pose you couldn't fetch a drawin' o' tea if you come this way ag'in?"

Julius withdrew his wrapt gaze from the steaming pot to cast an inquiring glance on the departing visitor, who went his way pretending not to hear the request.

Antoine took up the precious burden, which had been somewhat lightened by his generosity, and bent his careful steps campward, praying that he might fall in with nothing worth shooting, and compelled an answer to his prayer by refusing to see a chance for a shot. He would not look to the right when a partridge clucked and stirred the leaves with deliberate footsteps among the undergrowth close beside his path, nor to the left when an unsuspicious squirrel barked and squalled in the nearest hickory, nor turn his eyes toward the marsh to seek the cause of the bickering and splashing that was going on behind the screen of sedges.

So, without interruption, he came to where he saw the white tent shining like a welcome beacon among the trees. He presently found Uncle Lisha and Joseph basking in the sifted sunshine, the one trying to content himself with idleness, the other making no effort for the full enjoyment of it.

Antoine set down the shell of meat before them and exclaimed as he pointed proudly toward it:

"Dar, sah, Ah'll fetched you somet'ing for heat dat was victuals."

"Good airth an' seas!" cried Uncle Lisha in surprise, "where did ye git some fresh meat? You be'n where they was a-boocherin'? I ain't heard no squealin', an it ain't no pork nuther. What is 't?"

"No, sah, Onc' Lisha, Ah'll be'n butchy mase'f, an' he'll a'n't squeel nor beller, an' he was pork an' beefs, an'—wal, dey was fave kian's of it, but Ah'll fregit toder, 'cep' cheekin; Ah'll guees he was all gone prob'ly. A'n't you mek aout you min' of it, Zhozeff?"

"Wal, I don't seem to make aout ezackly," said Joseph, deliberating on all fours over the heap of meat and swaying and crouching in various points of observation. "Meb by it's beef, but I guess it's pork, an' I do' know but it's veal, some on't, an' like 'nough 't hain't nary one. I do' know."

"An' you'll was gat him 'baout raght, an' it was more better as all. It was mud turkey!"

Joseph recoiled upon his haunches aghast at the revelation, and Uncle Lisha exploded a snort of disgust.

"You'll a'n't want for stick you' nose up 'fore you gat it in you mout'," said Antoine, as he set about his cookery. "You a'n't w'en you smell heem, an' w'en you heat you be happy."

His companions watched him in a silence that was a protest against his operations while he put the meat in the pot and set it on the replenished fire, when after a final approving glance he relegated to them the further care.

"Ah b'lieved Ah'll goin' keel dauk over on de bay, me, an' if you'll was goin' loafer 'raoun' here you can jes' well keep de kittly bile, Zhozeff, an' Onc' Lisha keep you from heat all up of it," and when Joseph after pondering awhile did not refuse the duty, Antoine shouldered his gun and strolled out of sight among the trees.

When the sound of his departing footsteps could no longer be heard, Joseph started up with unusual agility and whispered wheezily, "Say, Uncle Lisher, it don't seem 's 'ough we orter eat that dumbed hejus riptyle jes' tu please him, does it naow?" The old shoemaker shook his head in decided negative, and he went on, "Wal, then, I tell ye what, le's take an' empty aout the consarned mess an' put in some duck meat in place on't; he won't never know the diff'ance. Seem's 'ough it wa'n't no more 'n sarvin' him right, seein' what a heaowdelow he made 'baout me a cookin' that bowfin an' wouldn't let me cook my own mud hen, which if it was of the mud specie was 'nough sight better lookin' faowl an' what a mud turkle is."

"I hain't no objections," Uncle Lisha said, "for I don't like the idee o' bein' 'bleeged tu eat what I don't want tu. But we won't heave it away; we'll jest hide it till we git aour dinner eat, an' the critter c'n sit up nights an' cook an' eat his'n if he wants tu."

The conspirators at once set about carrying out their plot, emptying the present contents of the pot into a pan which they hid inside the tent, and substituting therefor the fraud. Wings, skin and larger bones were rejected, and no flagrantly incongruous member put in except one gizzard, which Joseph popped into the bottom layer. When all this was accomplished in haste and fear of discovery, and the pot again set to boiling, the two sat down to tend it with more leisurely care, but were hardly settled in their seats when they heard cries of distress arising from below the cliff.

"Oh, Unc' Lasha! Here, Zhozeff, come fas' you can! Oh, Ah'll broke off mah leg, bose of it! Ah guess mah arm, prob'ly. Come, quick!"

Greatly alarmed, they hurried down the steep path with a speed so unwonted that it endangered their own limbs. They searched the foot of the cliff, expecting at every step to come upon the helpless form of their comrade.

"Ann Twine! Ann Twine! where be ye? Grunt if ye can't speak," Uncle Lisha called loudly, but no response came.

"Wha' d' the dumb fool wantu go an' tumble off o' there for? He might ha' knowed it 'ould pooty nigh kill him. Mebby he is dead, poor cre'tur'; I wish't we'd ha' let his turkle be jes' as he fixed it."

The most careful search failed to discover Antoine or any trace of him, and after a meditative silence Uncle Lisha broke out:

"Consarn his pictur', he be'n a-foolin' on us wi' his dumb French cadidoes. 'T wouldn't no more'n sarve him right if we hove him over the rocks an' his mud turkle after him."

"Er make him kerry us up on his back," Joseph suggested, as they toiled up the path. "Seems 's 'ough that 'd suit me tol'able well."

They rested themselves while they watched the pot, and in the middle of the afternoon Antoine returned, tired with tramping and sharp set for the aldermanic feast.

"Darned cunnin' caper, wa'n't it, a-hollerin' bloody murder the way you did?" cried Uncle Lisha, and wondered at the innocence of the Canadian's face as he answered in surprise:

"Me? Ah'll a'n't holler, but Ah'll felt holler all de tam, an' de more Ah'll smell dis de more Ah'll felt so. Ah guess it was loon you hear, Ah'll see one of it. Or wal' geeses, prob'ly; dar was big drove of it roos' on de lake 'tween de li'thaouse."

"Ann Twine," Uncle Lisha said sadly, "you be the lyinest sarpent I ever see."

The others watched Antoine furtively as he eagerly sniffed the steaming pot and peered into it, but they saw no shadow of suspicion on his intent face.

"Dar, sah, Onc' Lasha, an' too you, Zhozeff, a'n't you'll cure you foolish all de tam you been smell dat mud turkey git ready for heat? Oh, Ah tol' you he grea' deal more better as dauk an' he jes' tendry as cheekens," he continued, as he prodded the contents of the pot with a fork and then lifted it from the fire to the center of the table. 'Naow, Zhozeff, brought de plate an' de bread an' de pettetto, an' git ready for beegin. Come, Onc' Lasha."

"I can't help a spleenin' ag'in it, Ann Twine, but I'm goin' tu try it a hack, jest tu please you," said Uncle Lisha, taking his place with feigned reluctance, and Joseph followed in like manner, after performing his part in furnishing the table.

Each helped himself sparingly and took tentative morsels, while Antoine fell to with unquestioning faith and good appetite. The latter was so fully shared with him by his companions that they soon forgot their pretense of aversion and vied with him in the onslaught, and exchanged knowing winks when he extolled the excellence of the dish and smiled upon them in benignant triumph.

When hunger was appeased, Joseph began to be uneasy under the burden of his secret and troubled to know how to relieve himself of it, when Antoine gave him the opportunity.

"Dar, sah, Onc' Lisha, Zhozeff, naow you was be heat it, a'n't you willins for hown he was putty good, hein?"

"Wal, tol'able, when a feller's hungry 'nough not to be p'tic'lar," Uncle Lisha admitted, "but I don't call it nothin' stror'nary."

"Tu tell it jest 's 't is, Antwine," said Joseph, after due deliberation, "it r'ally don't seem 's 'ough it was a turrible sight diff'ent f'm duck."

"O, he a'n't, a'n't he?" cried Antoine. "O, Zhozeff, what for you a'n't talk sem you heat? You was heat more as you was in two day 'fore. Naow, what for you'll a'n't hown dat mud turkey was grea' deal more better as dauk, hein?"

"You won't go tu r'arin' up and gittin' mad 'f I tell ye?" Joseph asked, swelling with suppressed laughter and hitching a little nearer to Uncle Lisha, who was chuckling audibly.

"No, sah, Ah'll a'n't never git mad raght after dinny, 'special w'en he was mud turkey. Dat always mek me good-nachel," Antoine magnanimously declared.

"Wall, you hedn't ortu, 'cause you know you was consid'able uppish abaout me a-cookin' my mud hen an' haow you went on consarnin' a bowfin 'at I fried one time, an' it don't seem 's 'ough ary one looked wus'n a mud turkle or a eel, so it don't seem 's 'ough you'd ortu rare up much when I tell ye it haint nob'dy nor nothin' but duck we be'n a eatin'."

"O, he'll a'n't, a'n't he? Wal, he was putty good dauk," Antoine remarked, with imperturbable coolness.

"It wa'n't nothin' else, an' the way on't was, you see, me and Uncle Lisher kinder spleened ag'in that 'ere turkle so it didn't seem 's 'ough we could eat it, hungry as we was. So, arter you was gone, we jest emptied it aout'n the kittle an' filled it up wi' duck, which it is what you be'n a-eatin'. But we didn't heave away your turkle meat. It's in the tent yender, an' you c'n eat the hull caboodle on't."

The two conspirators curiously watched their victim, with the expectation of seeing him burn with wrath or wilt with shame, but he calmly continued the careful cleaning of his pipe without speaking until he assured himself of a free draft by vigorously blowing and sucking. Then grinning benignantly on them while he whittled and ground a charge of tobacco, he said:

"Wal, naow, Ah'll goin' tol' yo'. Ah was mek four peoples heat mud turkey to-day, an' dey a'n't know it. Fus', w'en Ah dress him up Ah'll fan' hol' hwomans an' hees boy; dey a'n't mos' got not'ing for heat, but dey can' heat mud turkey, oh, no. De good meat walkin' all 'raound a'n't quat good 'nough for it; dey mus' had cheekin, an' de hol' hwomans an' hees boy, dey was very satisfy. Den Ah'll brought de res' an', bah gosh, you was very kin' for cook it an' help me heat it, w'en Ah'll know you'll a'n't lak it for heat mud turkey."

"I tell ye, Ann Twine, it wa'n't turkle!" Uncle Lisha cried in some heat. We wouldn't eat the dumb stuff, an' so we changed it, jest as Jozeff says."

"Dat was so, for Ah'll see you do it, me. Yes, sah," he continued, complacently regarding their astonished faces. "W'en Ah go 'way Ah'll fregit mah pipe an' Ah'll come for gat it an' see you an' Zhozeff was fuss wid de pot, an' Ah'll hid behin' dat bush till you gat it all fix as you want it. W'en you'll hear me holler you'll a'n't fin' me, a'n't you? Dat tam Ah'll come back here quick an' Ah'll swap de meat ag'in, an', bah gosh, sah, you'll gat lot of dat mud turkey inside of you."

"Ann Twine, you're a-tellin' one o' your lies," said Uncle Lisha, incredulously. For answer Antoine brought forth the pan of duck from the tent and set it before them.

"Dar," he said, pointing to the gizzard conspicuously displayed on the top, "has mud turkey gat gizzar'? A'n't Ah'll see you put heem on de pot, Zhozeff? A'n't Ah'll see you poke for it when you heat, hein? Oh, you was lak de gizzar' very much, Zhozeff, but you'll a'n't fin' it honly but jes' de chip Ah'll put in for improve mah storee for be true," and after a moment's search at the bottom of the pot he fished out a cedar chip on the point of his fork and held it triumphantly before their faces, whose expression of blank amazement broadened to imbecile grins, while Antoine laughed uproariously.

"Oh, Onc' Lasha! Oh, Zhozeff! A'n't you putty smart for foolish me an' gat foolish you'se'f more as Ah was," and he pranced about in an ecstasy of triumph, while Uncle Lisha groaned in disgust.

"The dumb thing makes me feel crawly. I shall be a snappin' at ye fust ye know."

"Wait, Ah'll look see if de moss beegin for grow on you back, Onc' Lasha. Oh, don't you go crawl on de ma'sh," as the old man stumped down the path to the landing.

"Say, Antwine," Joseph said confidentially, "it don't seem 's 'ough the'd be any use o' tellin' Samwil. If you won't say nothin' I won't, an' we'll come it on him."

But when Sam came he stumbled upon the fresh turtle shell, and remarked as he kicked it aside:

"Hello! be'n a-havin mud turkle, hev ye. Wal, gi' me some if you got any left. I al'ays be'n wantin' tu try it."

Natural History.

SOME MORE ABOUT WOLVES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am very glad to see the life history of wolves come so prominently before your readers. There are several points that I should like to know more fully about.

In my experience the gray wolf is the only predaceous mammal in America that organizes in bands to circumvent a quarry too swift or strong for it. A partial exception to this is the coyote, our American jackal, which often hunts in pairs; but I never saw a case of more than two coyotes hunting together.

The ordinary howl of the gray wolf is its rallying cry; it means: "I've found meat, but it's more than I can handle alone; come on."

When wolves howl around a house at night, it is an attempt to drum up force enough to meet any emergency that the attempt to get food may give rise to.

The short yelping howls of the hunting wolves are to notify their friends that game is afoot, and also to drive said game, just as beaters shout in driving a cover.

The rallying cry of the wolf is sometimes described as discordant. To my ear it is a most melodious note—far finer and smoother than the tongue of the best hounds.

Those who consider the fox the acme of cunning have probably never had any wolf experience. The reason a fox maintains his existence in settled country is that he is a small animal and is subterranean in habits. If the wolf with its cunning were to adopt the underground habits of the fox, it would swarm wherever the country is rough, wooded or mountainous, in spite of settlers.



YUKON RIVER (ALASKA) MOOSE HEAD, OWNED BY W. F. SHEARD, TACOMA, WASH.

Mr. Sheard supplies these dimensions: Spread, 73¼in, with 40 points (three not showing in photo).

Firearms are the only things a wolf greatly dreads, and it is this dread, combined with the knowledge that all men in the West carry them, that makes the American wolf avoid a meeting with man.

In Europe, where it is the exception for men to go armed, the wolves abound and are dangerous to human beings in every country. This excludes only Holland; in every other country, even in France, a number of persons are reported each year devoured by wolves. In that country bounties on about 200 wolf heads are paid each year, and there is no perceptible diminution of the numbers.

In America I have never known an authentic case of wolves killing a human being, speaking, of course, from my own knowledge.

A map of the present range of the American gray wolf would no doubt coincide with the range of the deer—*i. e.*, the whitetail, or Virginian, in East and South; the mule and blacktail in the West; and the caribou in the North.

Aside from such purely artificial preserves as that on Long Island, I doubt if there is any deer country in America to-day without its due proportion of wolves.

In the woods near Tappan, N. Y., one dark night last autumn I several times heard a howl, which, if not that of a gray wolf, was a dog voice of the most exceptional kind.

It is extremely difficult to get measurements of our large wild animals. The will and the opportunity are rarely combined. But valuable service might be rendered if some of your huntsmen would record a large number of weights and dimensions. It is desirable to have:

Actual weight on a reliable scale or steelyard.

Total length from point of nose to end of bone in tail.

Total length of tail from insertion to end of bone.

Length of hindfoot from top of hough to point of longest claw.

Height at shoulder standing.

Length of head from tip of nose to point of occiput, or failing this, from the point of the nose to the tip of one ear, when the animal is quite dead.

There are three other measurements of value, to the artist at least:

Girth of chest.

Length from top of elbow to point of longest fore claw.

Length in a straight line from the point of the breastbone to the ischium, or bone which reaches the surface an inch or so below the insertion of the tail to one side.

As a rule the more measurements the better.

One point more: While there are numerous records of dogs and wolves crossing, did anyone ever know the hybrids to reproduce, either *inter se* or with either parent stock? I

have known this to happen in coyote cross dogs, but not with gray wolf hybrids.

I inclose a wolf story from the pen of E. H. Hickey. It appeared in the *Leisure Hour*, 1892-3. It bears all the internal evidence of truth, and is, I think, about the best wolf story ever written. I hope you will reproduce it.

ERNEST SETON THOMPSON.

A Wolf Story.

Instinct or reason, which, good sir? Oh, instinct in brutes, you say,
And reason only in lordly man. Well, think of it as you may,
I'll tell you of something not unlike to reason I saw one day.
Is it only men that are makers of law? Perhaps, yet hearken a bit.
I'll tell you a tale—say you if e'er you have heard a stranger than it.

It was many and many a league away from the place where now we are,
And many a year ago it happened in the land of the Great White Czar.
It was morn—I remember how cold it felt—but under a low pale sky,
When we moored our boat on the river bank, my companion Leigh and I.

And the plunge in the water unwarmed of the sun was less for desire than pluck,
And we hurried on our clothes again and longed for our breakfast luck;
When all of a sudden he clutched my arm and pointed across, and there
We stood up side by side and watched, and as mute as the dead we were.

We saw the gray wolf's fateful spring, and we saw the death of the deer.
And the gray wolf left the body alone, and swift as the feet of fear
His feet sped over the brow of the hill, and we lost the sight of him
Who had left the dead deer there on the ground uneaten, body or limb.
So when he vanished out of our sight we rowed our boat across,
And lifted the carcass and rowed again to the other side. The loss
For you, good Master Wolf, much more than the gain for us will be.
'T were half a pity to spoil your sport, except that we fain would see
The reason why with hunger unstanched you have left our quarry behind;
Red-toothed, red-mawed, forgone your meal; Sir Wolf, we'll know your mind.

Hungry and cold we watched and watched to see him return on his track;
At last we spied him atop of the hill, the same gray wolf come back,
No longer alone, but a leader of wolves, the head of a grewsome pack.
He went right up to the very place where the dead deer's body had lain,
And he sniffed and looked for the prey of his claws, the beast that himself had slain.
The deer at our feet and the river between and the searching all in vain.
He threw up his muzzle and slunk his tail and whined so pitifully,
And the whole pack howled and fell on him—we hardly could bear to see.
Breaker of civic law or pact or whatever they deemed of him,
He knew his fate and he met his fate, for they tore him limb from limb.

I tell you we felt as we ne'er had felt since ever our days began—
Less like men that had cozened a brute than men that had murdered a man.

—*E. H. Hickey in Leisure Hour.*

THE PANTHER IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE range of the puma or panther (*Felis concolor*) in British Columbia is confined almost entirely to the coast, including Vancouver Island, where its center of abundance seems to be located. It is found but sparsely east of the Cascades, where in many localities it was never known until a few years ago; and the Indians there who have seen one have no name for it, and hold it in terrible dread. It ranges along the coast of the mainland from our southern boundary to about 52° north, but is extremely rare in the northern portion of its habitat. On account of the great damage done by this brute to the farmers' flocks, the Government has increased the bounty from $2.50 to $7.50, and I here present a table showing the number of panthers on which the bounty has been paid for the last six fiscal years:

Years.	Panthers.	Years.	Panthers.
1890-91	47	1893-94	122
1891-92	71	1894-95	115
1892-93	89	1895-96	166

These figures do not represent the full number killed, as not a few are taken by sportsmen, who prefer to keep the skin intact rather than have it mutilated for the sake of the bounty.

I have never known a single instance where a panther has attacked a human being—that is, where such instance could be traced to a reliable source. Courage is no part of a panther's composition; as a matter of fact, he has no courage, as the animals he lives on are not taken in open combat, but by stealth and quickness of action—two qualities which no animal in the mountains possesses to such a degree as does the American panther. He is simply built on springs, and the ease with which he can cover distances is marvelous. The young are said to be spotted, but not always so, as I received two about a year ago that could not be over two months old that had no spots; and again I handled one about a year and a half old which showed the spots quite plainly.

According to our newspaper reports, few panthers are killed in British Columbia measuring less than 7ft, while 8ft. and 9ft. would not be unusual. I have kept a record of the lengths of panthers measured by me during the last seven years; of this number—118—the greater portion of which came under my notice in the matter of paying the bounties, one measured 7ft. 6in., while only ten reached the 7ft. mark. I have been very anxious to procure one of those big panthers, and five years ago I made an offer—which is still standing—of $20 to any one who would bring me a panther in the flesh, killed in British Columbia, measuring 8ft. This reward has been claimed twice, but in each case the measurement fell short from 1ft. to 10in.

Two years ago at Beecher Bay, about eight miles from this city, two girls, one fourteen, the other twelve years, were returning from school along a woodland trail, accompanied by a collie dog, when a panther sprang out in front of them and trotted on ahead. The dog immediately gave chase, and the nearest tree was not any too near for the panther, who tore up to a place of safety out of reach of this terrible little dog. The elder sister, who is an expert rifle shot, left the younger girl with the dog to guard the panther while she went to her home about a quarter of a mile distant for her Winchester. Returning, she killed the big cat with the first shot. It measured 7ft. 3in., and is now mounted in the Provincial Museum.

It is more than probable that panthers prey upon pheasants, though I have no evidence that such is the fact.

JOHN FANNIN.

ANOTHER GREAT MOOSE HEAD.

WE have received from W. T. Sheard, of Tacoma, Wash., two photographs of a moose head which far exceeds anything yet recorded. The horns are shown in one case with a tape line stretched across them, and in the other with a man standing by them. The tape line shows a measurement of 73¼in. The horns appear to be very even and as nearly as possible of the same length, the figure 37 in the photograph coming near the middle of the skull, between the two burrs. The horns are also about as wide in front as they are behind. On the whole, these antlers are most remarkable and ought to be seen by naturalists. We infer from Mr. Sheard's letter, which accompanies the photographs, that the horns are supported on the natural skull, for he distinctly says that the skull has not been cut.



YUKON RIVER MOOSE HEAD.

We illustrated the other day a moose head in possession of Mr. Hart, of this city, measuring 70¼in. spread. It is an interesting fact that both these large heads come from Alaska, but no hasty conclusions should be drawn from this fact. In all probability it means nothing more than that Alaska is the home of the moose, and a home in which it is but little hunted. For this reason the males have time to grow great horns—horns, as shown by the specimens in question, which are so large that they closely approach the Irish elk (*cervus megaceros*), that giant of the deer tribe which flourished in Europe so recently that its bones have not yet had time to become petrified.

A Submarine Contest.

ONE of the most novel and amusing contests ever recorded was a race between two edible crabs, each drawing an eel skin to which was attached the head of an eel.

The members of a club whose house boat was then moored at Spermaceti Cove, Sandy Hook, had caught a number of eels during the previous night, and while the tide was out and the sand flats bare the eels had been skinned and the refuse thrown over the side to be carried away by the incoming tide. With the tide came innumerable crabs (our scavengers, as they were called) looking for and carrying away every particle that would serve them for food, and it was very little that they ever left behind.

The tide had covered the flats to the depth of a foot when two crabs of apparently equal strength were noticed in the clear water wrestling with eel skins some 18 or 20in. in length. The attention of the several members upon the upper deck was attracted simultaneously and all interest was centered in the struggle.

The eel skins, after a few moments' exertion on the part of the crabs, were pulled clear of some clam shells which had fallen upon them, and the crabs, one darkly colored and the other of a lighter shade, started for a large patch of eel grass at the rear end of the house boat, about 40ft. distant. The struggle was against tide and the start was even.

Each crab held by its claw the tail of the skin; the head, forming a bunch at the far end, waved from side to side with the "swirl" of the current.

So much interest had now been taken in the race that the members began laying wagers as to which crab would reach the dark line of the grass ahead. The crabs seemed to be aware of the great attention paid them and they apparently put forth their best efforts to reach the line a winner.

Now and then the current would swing the head end of the skin against a small tuft of grass, the crab would then bury its legs into the sand and with a mighty pull clear its burden from the obstruction.

Thus the race continued for nearly twenty minutes, sometimes the dark crab would be in the lead and then the other would forge ahead. The interest grew apace and the wagers were doubled and trebled. The noise of the excited members on the upper deck had attracted the whole company before the race was half over, and those who witnessed the latter part of the contest became as deeply interested and excited as those who were in at the start.

When about 10ft. from the finish line the dark-colored crab was obliged to cross a small soft bottom patch, which lay directly in the path, and it could get but little foothold, its legs sinking in the mud.

The light crab here had the advantage and gained a lead of several feet before the dark crab again secured a good footing.

The finish line was only a few feet distant, and the backers of the light crab were in high glee over the position it had gained over its rival, and those who had staked their money on the dark colored racer were about to acknowledge their defeat, when a big blue-clawed crab paddled out of the eel grass and, seizing the head of the skinned eel, yanked the light crab and its burden several feet backward over the course it had traveled, while the dark crab unmolested slid sideways through the edge of the grass a winner.

If the pieces of coal and bits of wood hurled at that blue-clawed crab could have reached its back, its shell would have been crushed beyond recognition. WILD HONEY.

Flight of the Flying-fish.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 20 Mr. Frank M. Chapman wishes to know if flying-fish really fly. I am aware that there is a difference of opinion among naturalists in regard to this question, owing perhaps to the difficulty in being able to observe them at close quarters.

During many months' experience with the flying-fish fleet off Barbadoes I saw them rise from the water in all kinds of weather, and I emphatically assert that they do fly. They break from the surface at any part of the wave in calm or windy weather, in a billowy sea or a flat calm. If, however, they get up in the hollow of a wave they do not fly, and are often unable to surmount the impending crest.

I have taken them immediately from the net and placed them on the palm of my hand, from which they would fly to a distance of 300ft. or more with no impetus from me whatever.

If they get up in the teeth of the wind they invariably wheel and scud away before it. The end of their flight is caused solely by a cessation of the motion of the wings, and is simply a settling down or sailing like that of a pigeon.

I know that the flying-fish also vibrates its tail while in flight, and it is my opinion that he derives part of his motive power from this source. I have clipped the tail before starting them from the palm of my hand, and found that their flight is seriously interfered with in consequence.

One can also test the sustaining power of the wings by holding the fish suspended from the hook and line, and watching its movements. The motion of the wings is very rapid and extends through an arc of 45 degrees. The fish is exhausted by this motion in from ten to twenty-five seconds.

It is my belief that the moistening of the wing membrane has nothing to do with the flight of the fish. I have thrown them perpendicularly into the air to a height of 40ft., but this elevation did not prolong their flight, as they would always fall again swiftly when the wing motion ceased.

I do not wonder at Mr. Chapman's interest in this little fish, for he possesses many attractions in his flight and habits to delight and instruct those who can observe him.

HARRY HIGGINS.

Are Maine Moose Degenerating?

ONE of the stock arguments of those who favor a close season for a period of years on moose in Maine has long been that all the big bulls have been killed off, and that nothing but small moose remain, thus proving that the stock is nearing extinction. Without entering at all into the general discussion of whether absolute protection is needed at the present time or not, it might be well to submit a few figures which indicate that large moose are still met with in Maine While in Bangor last week I asked Mr. Crosby, the taxidermist, how the size of the heads which he received for mounting averaged as compared with previous years.

He replied that they were larger individually and in the average, and for curiosity's sake I got him to measure twenty of the largest heads, with the following results:

No.	Spread.	Points.	No.	Spread.	Points.
1	60in.	..	11	46in.	..
2	58in.	36	12	48in.	24
3	55½in.	39	13	50in.	..
4	60in.	28	14	48in.	..
5	54in.	24	15	49in.	..
6	52in.	..	16	48in.	..
7	59in.	25	17	52in.	..
8	48in.	24	18	45in.	..
9	57in.	..	19	56in.	..
10	59in.	..	20	47in.	..

This gives an average spread of over 52½in. for twenty heads killed in the hunting season of 1896. Argue from this any way you like. It may mean a round-up of the last moose in the State, but it certainly proves that the argument so freely used before the last hunting season, that the big bulls were all gone, is without foundation. J. B. BURNHAM.

Wild Life on Sandy Hook.

THE Sandy Hook country is a United States reservation, but I am sorry to say that no attention is paid by the authorties to gunning or trapping, either in the closed or open season I have destroyed a number of rabbit box traps, and most generally they were found in the vicinity of the life-saving stations.

There are more rabbits on Sandy Hook than in any other portion of the State, yet many are destroyed by cats which have been carried there by residents of the mainland. These cats have bred and become quite numerous, and are as wild as some of their kin of the West.

I have asked the State Commission as to my authority on a United States reservation, and the question has not as yet been satisfactorily answered.

Most of the violators of the game laws reach the Hook by means of boats, from New York as well as New Jersey, and the only way to capture them would be to arrest them within the reservation limits.

There are hundreds of large patches of ground that snow never reaches, and should the wind be blowing a gale the only evidence of that fact would be the roar of the surf, such is the protection afforded the birds by the thick cedars and sandhills. During the different seasons all the berries and fruits of this climate can be found growing there in abundance, the seeds having been dropped by the birds.

WILD HONEY.

Game Bag and Gun.

A BIT OF GOOD COVER.

GIVEN a bright, beautiful morning in late October, a fair retriever and plenty of time to accept the invitation that smiling nature held out, and a sportsman ought to have been happy. This was my opportunity in October, 1896, and I proceeded to improve the situation. I had looked in vain for cock in some favorite haunts, and had about abandoned hope of finding any until the fall flight, which in this locality, the Western Reserve, Ohio, does not usually take place until about Nov. 1. It was Nov. 3, I think, when I shot the first flight birds in '96. I had in mind a rough bit of second growth, perhaps eight acres in extent, where I had shot quail late in the season, but never had visited it early enough for woodcock. This ground was about three miles from the house, so I went up by way of the river bank, thinking I might pot up a stray duck, in which surmise I was disappointed, however. Occasionally a gray coat could be heard barking in the tall oaks, but I was not out for squirrels that day and did not molest them.

After about an hour's tramp the ground was reached, and I thought my pointer Ace looked ruefully at me after surveying the almost impenetrable thickets of scrub oak and blackberry bushes, several feet higher than one's head. In fact it was about the toughest cover I ever tried to hunt, and especially tough for a short-haired pointer. The long bushes had a very frequent and loving way of twining themselves about my neck at critical moments or leaving a bloody trail across my ungloved right hand. About two minutes after striking the cover Ace had a point, and as I urged him on a grouse rose clucking and perched on a limb over my head. I watched her a few moments, then flushed and was compelled to watch her go away unharmed (as the Ohio law of '96, while not prohibiting the shooting of grouse at this time, did forbid their possession before Nov. 10). We (Ace and I) then worked down the west side, where the ground seemed moist and suitable for cock, but not a bird did we find here. We then turned back and went up on the slope, where the ground was as hard and dry as a bone. This seemed to promise better, however, for Ace soon had a point in the thick bushes. I tried to urge him on to flush, but he would not budge, and I had to smash into the tangle myself, flushing a pair of cocks that went out on the other side unseen. I had their general direction, however, and soon had one in my pocket, but his companion gave us a longer chase. I finally flushed him from a brush heap covered with bushes and he joined his companion in my coat.

The next bird went out up the further side of a thicket without giving opportunity for a start. I marked him down in some ferns in short brush, and it was an easy matter to add him to the bag. I then called the dog and went over to the east side, where the brush was thicker if possible, but briers were less numerous. Ace soon discovered a taint in the air that interested him, and after roading some distance stiffened to a point. On walking in ahead of him a large bevy of half-grown quail rose, flying but a short distance, however. I let him work up a few singles to see if he possessed his good quail nose still, but he seemed thoroughly disgusted with me for not improving the many chances to break the law. After having our fun with the quail we started for the low fence running east and west and dividing the patch in two parts. Before reaching it I bagged another bird which rose wild and tried to get away over the tops of the trees. After crossing the fence we worked without reward for some time. I was following down the side of a small swale, keeping Ace on the other side. Finally I flushed a wild bird on my side, which went on ahead and crossed the swale, where I thought I marked him down in a jungle, I should call it. This was one of the worst places in the cover, and about the only way I could get through was to hold my gun above my head and push my way through like a snow plow in a drift. There was no such thing possible as a cautious approach, and I soon saw a brown body in the air, hustling for the woods on the west side. I did not "raise my gun," but lowered it from above my head and pulled both barrels in quick succession, but seemed to accomplish nothing but to accelerate the speed of the bird, which I watched out of sight. This I thought was the bird previously marked down, but it proved not to be, for I had taken but a few steps (or pushes) when the bird rose within easy shot and was gathered with his friends. I then coaxed Ace into the bushes and got out where I could see a little better, soon walking up a bird which gave me a straightaway shot which was duly improved. Just as this bird fell, another flushed by Ace attempted to cross in front of me, but was stopped with the remaining shell. In trying to mark down both birds as they fell I was a little uncertain of either, and they gave us a weary hunt before both were located. Ace did his best, but it is hard for a pointer to work in briers that a rhinoceros would shun. This seemed to be the end of birds in this vicinity, and as I was due at home at an early hour that day, concluded to take a look for the bird that escaped and then strike for home. The search was unsuccessful and I was soon homeward bound, promising myself an early return.

A few days later this promise was fulfilled, and we started in on the east side this time, getting a point on a pair of grouse almost as soon as we reached the grounds. I was obliged to let them fly away unharmed, but promised them my attention later in the season. Ace worked the ground thoroughly for a long time with no sign of birds when finally I heard the familiar whistle behind me and turned to see a cock heading for the fence and giving me a good cross shot. I swung in a little ahead of him and at the crack of the gun saw the top of a small tree topple over and thought the bird was lost. I was happily disappointed, however, as Ace soon came trotting out with the bird.

This reminds me of a day with grouse this fall, when I did not get the bird, or rather birds. I started in with three shots at grouse, and each time cut off a small tree in line with the birds, and they all got away. But that is another story. This solitary bird was all we could raise on the north side of the farm, so we crossed, and soon Ace had a point in the thickest kind of a brier patch. I tried to make him flush the bird, but he was immovable, and I had to crawl in ahead of him. The bird rose right at my feet and went back over my head too close to shoot, even if I carried one of those 20in. "bell-muzzles" which seem growing in favor with meat hunters of late. There was no such thing as marking down a bird in this cover, but I followed the direction of his flight. He rose wild the next time, and I scored a clean miss, but bagged him when he rose again. I put up another while going back where this one started, and bagged him with the second barrel. We found another up the swale that cunningly waited until I had passed him and then tried hard to get away behind me, but was a little too slow in his movements. Soon after Ace flushed one in some ferns at my right. I dropped him, but needed the second barrel to do it. He was only wing-tipped and fell in a villainous patch of briers, where, after a long, unsuccessful search, we were obliged to leave him. I secured one more down in the woods, and then thinking the ground all worked over, started for home. The only neglected spot was in the N.E. corner, and cover there was so light it did not seem thick enough to hide a quail. We swung around that way, however, on our way out, and were rewarded by bagging three woodcock in about as many minutes. This made eight this day, and seven the day before, which with the one lost was a total of sixteen for small cover of seven or eight acres. This may not be many when cock are thick, but was the best patch I had found in many moons.

Why cannot we have a little more grouse and cock shooting in our favorite paper, FOREST AND STREAM? Rise up, brother sportsmen, and give us your experience.

ADIRONDACK.

CAN HOWL TO FOOL A WOLF AND A WOMAN.

WASHINGTON STATE, January 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While mining on the Clearwater in 1868, one Sunday morning about the first of May I took my revolver and went over to the cabin of my partners, and proposed to go up on to the hills and kill some grouse. They got their revolvers and we started.

Here the blue grouse come every spring to raise their young, and as they were so plentiful, we did not consider that spring shooting was so bad as we do now.

While going up the hill we saw where a very big wolf had gone along very recently, and it had kept in the trail until we came to where the trail forked. It had taken the trail leading up the river. We stopped for a few minutes, and while we were standing there speculating on what the wolf could be doing there that time of the year we were startled by its howling. It was not very far away. I shall not attempt to describe the feelings of other people, but when that dismal wail broke out it made me shiver from head to foot. When the echo had died away I mocked it, and the echo of my howl had not ceased before the wolf answered me, this time with renewed vigor. Then I again answered it.

I said to the boys that if we would wait here a little while the wolf would come. They ridiculed the idea, and we started up the ridge after grouse. Soon I flushed one, which went up into a big fir, and we were trying to locate it when we were startled by the wolf's howling back to our left. It had come to find its mate. We ran up on to a small mound and sat down, and I howled—but low, fearing that the wolf might be able to detect the fraud. This time it did not answer, but in a few minutes we saw it coming, trotting through the small brush on the ridge. It came to where there was an old pine lying on the ground with the limbs rotted off, jumped on to the top and trotted down to near the root, and stopped and looked toward us. It had hardly come to a stand when I shot at it, and at the crack of my revolver it tumbled off from the log. We ran up to where it was, and as soon as it found it could not get away it sulked, wolf like. The boys finished it with their revolvers. We took the skin, and although it was not first-rate it would make a tolerably fair rug. On cutting the wolf open, we found several large pieces of venison that showed but little signs of digestion.

About a year after that time, going from Mount Idaho one morning, I had gone but a short distance when I saw where a very big wolf had come into the trail and had kept down the way I had to go for about a mile, then it had gone down into the fir thicket at the head of the cañon. Here my trail kept to the left, and when I got around halfway of the thicket I stopped my cayuse and howled, just to see if I could get an answer. The echo had not died away before the answer came, and such a howl! While I knew I was perfectly safe, there was that same feeling of dread that always passes through my frame whenever I hear a wolf howl, no matter where I am, and I started on and had come out on to the ridge in the open timber and was intending to howl again when I reached the divide; but just before I got to the divide my horse threw his head around and looked back. I stopped him, and turning around in the saddle I saw a very big gray wolf not more than 150yds. behind me. When I stopped it stopped too.

I started on; then it gave a howl, and I answered it rather low. On looking around I saw it coming, but it was very suspicious. Down on my trail there was a small branch to cross, and if I could get the wolf to follow me as far as that I could get close enough to shoot with a certainty of killing it. Every little while it would howl and I would answer it low. When I came to cross the branch it was about 200yds. behind me. When I got out of the brush and just over the turn of the hill I jumped off and ran back to within about 20yds. of where the trail came up out of the brush, and to one side, and here I sat down and waited. I did not have very long to wait when the wolf came out of the brush and stopped and looked ahead in the direction the trail went

I had my revolver ready, and it had hardly come to a stand when I fired. At the crack of the revolver it fell, tried to rise, but could not. I had shot it through the heart. I ran up and shot it through the head, and then went back and brought my horse and skinned the wolf.

One day a short time after this, when I had gone after our express, a big wolf came on to the opposite side of the river near the house and howled. The boys thought it was I, and called to me to come on, that I could not fool them. My wife said she knew that was a wolf. Her brother-in law asked her if she had ever heard Lew call a wolf. "No," said she. "Then," said he, "you can't tell." After dinner the boys went to work, and they saw where a big wolf had been along on the ditch; so when they came over that night she laughed at them about my howling. When I came home she told me that she knew it was a wolf. A few days after that, while up on the ditch, I gave two howls just to see if she really could tell the difference. When we came over to our dinner the women wanted to know if we had heard the wolf howling up on the hill. I asked my wife if it was really a wolf. "Yes, indeed it was," said she. "Then," said I, "madam, you cannot tell the voice of the big wolf from that of

LEW WILMOT."

FOR SUNDAY'S DINNER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After numbers of sportsmen have read in your good paper so many stories about hunters getting big game, such as moose, bears and deer, and of others getting big bags of quail, partridges, ducks and geese, an account of such a little event as a squirrel shoot must seem to them rather small potatoes; yet still there may be some who, like myself, don't often have a chance to get a whack at anything big in the line of game, that might be a trifle interested in an account of a New Jersey squirrel hunt, so for such I have written up the following:

One warm, still day in the latter part of last November I shouldered my rifle and struck off out west of Asbury Park some four miles distant and came to a big tract of swampy land covered with a heavy growth of pines, with a few large chestnut and oak trees scattered among them.

Not seeing any signs of squirrels there, I kept on through the woods about half a mile further and came to a slight knoll in the swamp heavily timbered with oak, chestnut and a few hickories, the knoll surrounded with many large gum trees with considerable underbrush among them; a good place for grays, thought I. While stealthily going along, all at once I heard one jumping among the leaves and soon saw it as it ran up the trunk of a big tree and stopped 6 or 8ft. from the ground.

Taking deliberate aim, I made a good shot and it dropped. Before I had time to gather the game, I heard the limbs rattle up in a tree at quite a distance away and saw another squirrel among the branches, running for all it was worth. Taking a shot at it, I made a clean miss. Then going on, I came to two bed trees standing some distance apart. Taking a position among the bushes so as to watch both trees, I waited perhaps twenty minutes or so, when all at once three big fellows put in an appearance on a gum tree about 100yds. away—too far for me to be sure of a hit; so I waited a little while longer, thinking that perhaps at least one of them might come near enough so that I could bag him. Just then out came a big fellow from one of the holes I was watching and sat on a limb, making a splendid mark against the blue sky. It was a lovely shot, being just about the right distance away, and one that I was not long in taking. Having neatly dropped that squirrel and put it in my pocket with the other, I took a look after the three, but of course found them missing. Then I sat down behind a big tree at a good shooting distance from where they were seen and waited a half hour or so, when on looking from behind my tree I saw one running on a limb of the gum. Carefully bringing my rifle to bear on him, I waited until the squirrel just stopped a moment, then pulled trigger and he tumbled, and he proved to be by far the largest one that I ever saw.

Having now three squirrels, all big fellows, enough for a first-class stew for Sunday's dinner, I concluded to put in a little time tramping through the woods, and if possible locating some other bed trees and places where the grays would most likely be found, so as to know where to strike for should I go in that vicinity on another hunt.

After strolling around for a while I found another place that looked rather promising; so seating myself on a partly decayed log, I watched and waited for a few moments, when along the ground came a squirrel and began to dig among the leaves at about the right distance for another splendid shot, which I deliberately took and got the game, thus making four big ones gotten with five shots. With the game in the pockets of my hunting coat, I started for home, and arrived there before night—in time to dress the game for Sunday's dinner—after having run the gauntlet of guying from my acquaintances, just the same way that nearly every hunter does while coming home and carrying game through a thickly settled place, something like this: "Lyon, how much did you give apiece for them squirrels?" "Say, which market did you buy them at?" "Did somebody give them to you or did you find them dead?" "Have they many more where you bought them?" and such like. Fellow hunters, we have all been there. On arriving home I felt as well pleased as if I had shot a much larger number.

By the way, my squirrel rifle is a Winchester single shot, No. 2, weighing 8½lbs., .32cal., rim-fire, long, with knife-blade and buckhorn or Rocky Mountain sights. I like a heavy rifle much better than a light one—seems as if one can hold it much steadier. The .32cal. is large enough for small game like squirrels at even quite a long distance away; besides, the ball doesn't tear the game like one of a larger caliber. I have also another rifle of the same pattern for target shooting, having Lyman sights, and takes a much larger cartridge.

A. L. L.

Rhode Island Ducking.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Samuel Hollaway, of Wakefield, caught a black bass in Worden's Lake through the ice last Wednesday that weighed 5½lbs.

According to the annual report of the Park Commissioners of this city, there have been presented to the menagerie at Roger Williams Park during 1896 one American white rabbit, four opossums, one steel-gray pony, one black goat, and a pair of moose. The last-named animals were captured in their native wilds.

Last Thursday Judge Bliss, Senator David S. Ray and Henry J. Pickersgill, of East Providence, went to the reservoir in Swansea to fish for pickerel, and succeeded in capturing but eight, but they were very large. Recently in the same pond Leon Donance, of East Providence, captured six pickerel which weighed 19lbs.

Capt. George H. Covo and Solomon H. Tyler, of Warren, made a successful duck-hunting trip to Rumstick Point Thursday morning and secured a large bag of black ducks. Capt. Covo employs live decoys, which he secures to the rocks by a string about 15ft. in length, which allows them to swim about the rock. The decoys, by their lively quacking and constant motions in and out of the water, attract the wild birds, which are shot from a boat on the shore covered with white canvas, resembling the snow-covered shore. Thursday morning an event occurred which is seldom experienced by a sportsman. Tyler had just tethered a decoy to the rock on the Point when a live duck alighted on the rock by his side, so close that he could have killed it with a club, and then deliberately waddled down the side of the rock and was slowly swimming away when it was shot by Capt. Covo. Hundreds of the birds passed the Point Thursday morning from all directions, attracted by the loud and constant quacking of the decoys, which are necessary aids in the prosecution of the sport. The decoys espy the wild birds a long distance off, and attract them by a continuous and vociferous quacking, seemingly knowing the object of their work.

W. H. M.

A PARRY SOUND DEER HUNT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About a year ago I sent you an account of a deer hunting expedition to the Parry Sound district, and as the game laws of Ontario have been amended since then, the experiences of my party and myself under the changed conditions may interest some of your readers.

The amendments are as follows: The killing of deer in the water or immediately after leaving it prohibited; each hunter to procure a license, in which he is described as far as age and color of hair and eyes are concerned, the license to cost $2; two coupons to be attached to each license and to remain so attached until the holder ships his deer after his hunt, when they are to be detached and one used as a shipping tag (they being of a suitable shape) for each deer. The licenses are signed by the licensees when issued and the coupons signed when about to be used, so that the signatures can be compared. The season remains as before, from Nov. 1 to 15, both days inclusive, and each hunter is limited to two deer, no questions being asked of a party as long as its total number does not exceed two per man. The fund raised by the license fees, or at least a large proportion of it, was used for the payment of deputy wardens, a large number of whom were sent into the deer hunting districts. A close watch was kept on the hunters and a good many convictions of transgressors were secured, so many that the chief game warden at Toronto has quite an armory of confiscated rifles in his office.

Though the law was violated here and there, decent hunters, of course, respected it, and the amendments were followed by the desired effect, as the following, clipped from the Toronto *Globe*, the organ of the Provincial Government, will show:

"Chief Game Warden Tinsley says that judging by all the reports to hand the new regulation forbidding the shooting of deer in the water has resulted in the diminution of killing this year by more than one-half as compared with last season. He does not think more than 1,500 to 2,000 deer have been killed, all told, while more than double that number of licenses were issued. From one station, Bracebridge, only forty-two carcasses were shipped out, while in 1895 there were more than 200."

I may add to this that many a hunting party, the members of which had formerly killed most of their deer in the water and had been very successful season after season, went home with very few deer or none at all. I know of four parties of four men each or over who did not get a single deer among them.

My party, as usual, was composed of six members, three of the original ones, Ed, John and myself, who had hunted together for seven seasons, and three new ones: Wales, who had had some experience, and two novices, Moore and my fifteen-year old son Kenneth, a very large and strong boy for his age. Moore was a good rifle shot and Kenneth a fair one. We had six dogs—four foxhounds and two beagles.

Notwithstanding the changes in the game laws, we were as successful as usual, partly because we had never made a specialty of canoe hunting and had nearly always killed as many deer by stil-hunting as by the help of dogs, and partly because we went further into the woods than most hunters, and deer were particularly plentiful in the neighborhood of our camp, which was twenty-three miles from the steamboat landing at Alunic Harbor

We reached Alunic Harbor on Oct. 29 at about 1 P M., had dinner at the tourists' hotel at that point, and about 2 P. M. set out for our camp. Our outfit was conveyed in the wagon of a German settler, Charley Lorentz, who lived about six miles from our camp and who had come to meet us. We walked the roads being too rough for comfortable or expeditious traveling in any kind of a vehicle, and walking was not particularly pleasant either, as it rained steadily all the afternoon. At about 6 P. M. we reached a small hotel, thirteen miles from our starting point, and put up for the night. We were off again bright and early next morning, the weather having cleared up, and reached our camp of the previous year within a couple of hours. It was situated on a lumberman's "cadge" road, one and one half miles to the west of the Government road, by which we had traveled most of the way and which ran northward. The cadge road ran parallel with and about a mile to the south of Pickerel River, but we found that some one had been kind enough to burn down our old shanty and also the bridge across the river on the Government road.

Though we had with us a tent large enough to accommodate our party, we preferred a shanty, and struck for another deserted lumber camp two miles to the west on the cadge road. On reaching it we found that some of the buildings had been burned, but that one inhabitable one had been left. We took possession of it, and went to work to prepare beds, set up our sheet iron stove, and make ourselves comfortable generally.

By Monday morning, when the season opened, we were ready for business, and went to work with the understanding that no fawns were to be killed except by Moore and Kenneth, who, having never killed deer, might commence with a fawn each if they could do no better. As it was raining hard, we left our dogs in camp and went out for a still-hunt between the cadge road and the river. Within five minutes after we left the road Kenneth had a fairly good chance at a large buck, which he jumped out of the edge of a small swamp about 50yds. away, and at which he fired two shots without effect. He saw the flags of four more deer before noon, but had not time to fire at any of them. No one else saw as many and no one got a decent shot except Ed, who killed a spike-horned buck.

A couple of fairly fine days followed and we were able to use our dogs—Kenneth and Moore each killing a fawn ahead of them, and Wales shooting another while still-hunting. Wales was put on trial when we reported at camp for breaking our rule *re* fawns, but he explained that when he fired he could see nothing but a head and neck, which he imagined were those of a doe. As he had shot the fawn through the neck close to the head, the verdict was "not proven" and he was let off with a caution. A very wet day following the fine spell, we crossed the river for a still-hunt in the burnt lands, or rather racks, on its north side. The "burn" was of some miles in extent and was a very rough piece of country. Here were alternate huge ridges of almost bare granite rocks and deep gullies. The timber in some of the latter had escaped the fire and was very thick. Moore jumped a large buck in one of the gullies and fired a snap shot at him, but missed; and Ed saw the deer a long way off making for the top of one of the highest ridges. Just at this time I happened to be ascending the ridge from the opposite side. I knew nothing about the whereabouts of the buck, but I was moving slowly and carefully, and keeping up a sharp lookout. When I got my head on a level with the top of the ridge I stood and watched for a few minutes, and finally saw something move behind an upturned root in a slight depression about 75yds. away. I was uncertain whether it was a deer or some dried ferns shaking in the wind, but I waited and was rewarded at last by seeing the head and shoulders of a large deer emerging from behind the root, but owing to the mist I could see no horns. I aimed behind the shoulders, fired, and then I could see nothing of the deer, but on going up to the root I found that I had dropped the buck in his tracks, my bullet having struck him close behind one shoulder and gone out through the other. He had a fine eight-point head and weighed 170lbs., dressed. I called Wales and Ed to my assistance, and we dragged him down toward the road, which was only a few hundred yards away, and hung him up.

We had no more luck that day, but on the following one, the weather having cleared, we put out our dogs and ran a large doe to Ed, who waited until she was quite close to him and then dropped her with a shot behind the shoulder. In the evening I went out still-hunting in the thick bush near the river. Finding a crossing where tracks were numerous, I sat down on a log to watch. After some time I saw a large doe approaching about 60yds away. When I attempted to raise my rifle she saw me and stopped. I stopped too, and we stared one another out of countenance for some time. At last she seemed satisfied that she was looking at nothing more dangerous than a stump or a rock, and again began to advance She passed behind a large tree, and I raised my rifle to my shoulder and waited for her. When she appeared on the other side I fired, but stupidly aimed behind her shoulder instead of at it, forgetting that owing to the angle at which she was approaching my bullet would range too far backward. When it struck her, she plunged through a thicket up the side of a ridge, and I fired a snap shot at her and missed. I went to her track and followed it up the ridge, finding that she was bleeding on both sides, my bullet having gone through her. Tracking was slow, as there was no snow, and I kept at it until dark without seeing her Next morning John and I resumed the tracking, but failed to find her; and just as we were making up our minds that she was lost, John saw from the top of a high ridge a spike-horned buck standing in a gully about 125yds. away, and shot him through the shoulders. The buck dropped, but struggled a good deal, and John gave him another bullet through his head, which settled him.

The buck made up for the loss of the doe, but I was greatly disgusted with myself. The shot I had at her was an easy one, but I would have felt better if I had missed her clean instead of wounding her fatally and losing her.

A couple of days later we had the best luck of our hunt. A few inches of snow had fallen, and the weather was rather cold. John put out a pair of dogs and made for the high ridges near the river. Just as he reached the place where I wounded the doe he jumped a grand buck and paralyzed him by a neat shot through the neck. Ed was close by, and helped to hang up the deer. Kenneth and I were posted on crossings in a deep gully which ran from the road down to the river He was near the river and I some distance above it on a comparatively high point between two swamps. A log road ran through the gully to the river. I shivered at my post until after 11 o'clock and was thinking of starting for camp, when a buck ran out about 5yds. from a thicket 50 or 60yds. away. He had apparently been scared by the dogs, but they were not running him, and he was keeping a better lookout ahead than he would have done if that had been the case. He saw me at once and turned back, and I had just time to fire a snap shot at his flag—evidently without effect. I stood where I was for a few minutes in a rather unpleasant state of mind, and happening to look down the gully was astonished to see the buck standing on the log road 125yds. away in the middle of the swamp. I could not see his head, but he appeared, from the way in which he stood, to be looking away from me and down the gully. I was shivering with cold, but managed to hold on him behind his shoulder, fired and he disappeared among the alders. From the way in which he plunged I knew I had hit him and went down to look for his track. Before I reached it Kenneth appeared, coming toward me. We struck the track almost together, found plenty of blood, and after following it about 40yds. came upon the buck, stone dead. My bullet had hit him about 10in. behind one shoulder and had gone out close behind the other. Kenneth explained that he had been on his way out to the road to go to camp when he heard my first shot, had stopped, but hearing nothing more had come on, and was about as near the buck when I shot it the second time as I was. The deer, being headed off on the runway, had evidently cut across the swamp rather than go back toward the dogs, had heard Kenneth just as he reached the log road, and was standing watching for him when shot. This was a rare piece of luck. Moore turned up just as we had got the insides out of the buck, and helped us to hang it up. While we were doing so the dogs came quite close to us with another deer, but apparently it heard us at work and turned off. Both bucks had ten-point heads. John's weighed exactly 200lbs. dressed and mine 185lbs.

During the next couple of days we had no luck. The weather became mild and wet, so that we could not use our dogs, and the snow crunched so loudly under our feet that still-hunting was useless, though we stuck to it faithfully, the only result being that John wounded a buck which he declared was larger than the one he had killed. It was scared toward him by Bob Lorentz, a brother of the German settler, who came in to have a day's hunt with us, and he had a long shot at it running through some undergrowth. He did not know where he hit it, but found that it was bleeding. He and Bob tracked it for some time, but the bleeding appearing to have ceased, they made up their minds that the wound was slight and gave it up

The weather clearing up, we got to work again with our dogs. Moore shot the largest doe of the hunt on a runway just in rear of an old camp. The dogs ran it within 50yds of him, and he made a neat running shot, boring it through the ribs from side to side. It fell when hit, but got up again and ran about 50yds. before it dropped, to rise no more. Wales killed a spike-horned buck, also on a runway, and Kenneth wound up the hunt by shooting a large doe at his stand in the deep gully below the place in which I killed my second buck. He saw the deer running toward him, and waited until it was opposite, when he bleated at her and she stopped, but with her hindquarters toward him and her head turned to look in his direction. Fearing that he would spoil good meat if he shot her through her hams, he aimed at her neck and only grazed it across its top. Away she went and he fired at her body, putting a ball through one of her hams and breaking the bone. This stopped her about 60yds. away, and he put two balls close together through her ribs and another through her head. This was shooting her full of holes with a vengeance, but the only hit that damaged any meat to speak of was that in the ham, and the performance was not bad for a fifteen-year-old.

It will be noticed that each member of our party killed the two deer allowed him by the game act, thus carrying out the letter of the law. As long as its spirit is respected and the members of a party kill no more than an average of two each no questions are asked, but whenever that average is reached it may be considered almost certain that some one has exceeded his limit and some one fallen short of it. We have reached the limit repeatedly in my party; but, though we have always tried to give the best stands to those who have been behind in the score of kills, we never succeeded in making it anything like even until last season, nor do I know of any other party that has done it in any season.

We had no time to spare to hunt anything but deer. There were bears in our neighborhood, but none were seen, except a small one that the dogs ran near Moore one day. He got only a glimpse of it and had not time to get his rifle off, and he did not think of following it to see whether the dogs treed it, which it is possible that they did.

Ruffed grouse were numerous and remarkably tame, but we did not get very many of them, as we shot at them only when we got chances to cut their heads off with rifle bullets. There would have been grand sport among them with a dog and a shotgun. We had a few of them hung up in one of the camp buildings in which we kept our provisions, and Wales, finding that something had meddled with them, got a mink trap, which Kenneth had brought with him, and set it below them. Next morning there was a mink in it and on the following one a skunk. It was an awkward customer to capture within a few feet of our grub. All except Wales were in favor of shooting it where it was, but he insisted that if not unduly hurried it could be led out of the building by the chain attached to the trap, and that it would do no damage. He persuaded us to let him try it, and he unfastened the chain and walked off, dragging his skunkship first out of the shanty and then down to the creek which ran through the gully. The skunk behaved beautifully until Wales put it into the creek and smote it on the head with a club, being careful the while to keep out of range of its business end. On being smitten the animal gave up the ghost, but not until it had given us proof that its perfume atomizer was in perfect working order, though it had forborne to put it into operation as long as it was handled quietly. We did not linger to admire it, but left it in the creek. Wales caught nothing more in the shanty, but Kenneth captured another mink by the creek, and besides them we killed nothing more except a couple of porcupines.

Ravens were very numerous, but though our deer were generally hung up where they were shot and not collected until shortly before Charley Lorentz came for them with his team, none of them were damaged except the buck which I shot on the burnt rocks. After snow had fallen Kenneth and I crossed the river to drag it out along the Government road to the remains of the burnt bridge. On nearing it we saw ravens flying away and found that they had just commenced operations on it and had eaten a small hole in one of its hams. Two or three of them followed us to the bridge, apparently to see what we did with the deer, but after getting it across the river and hanging it up with two others, which the balance of our party dragged to the same point, we fastened a handkerchief to a pole and set it above them. Though they were left there for some days, the wary birds did not meddle with them Charley Lorentz came to our camp a couple of days before we were ready to leave and took out a wagon load of deer, which he left in a storehouse at Alunic Harbor, so that when we broke up camp he was able to take the balance of our deer and our camp outfit in one load.

We were favored with fine weather on our way out, and reached Alunic Harbor without accident, and found Deputy Game Warden Labrash, a most efficient officer, on hand to see that none of the returning hunters, of whom there were several parties besides ourselves, had exceeded the limit. He examined all baggage for smuggled venison. In a box belonging to a party of three hunters he found a fawn, but as they had only five other deer, nothing came of it except that the fawn was ordered to be taken out and expressed in the manner laid down in the game act, which I have explained above.

Having passed inspection, we had our deer tagged and expressed and started for home, all hoping for another outing on the banks of the Pickerel River. W. P.

MILTON, Ont.

MAINE GUIDE LICENSE.

BOSTON, Feb. 28.—The Maine guide license bill is meeting with still more opposition. It is now plain that the matter came very near to being "sprung" before the guides were generally aware of its nature. It came up again before the Committee on Inland Fisheries the other day at the State House. At this hearing the Rangeley guides had two able attorneys to represent them—John P. Swasey and J. F. Holman. Holman argued that the bill was not called for, and put the guides under unnecessary restrictions and degradation. He put upon the stand Capt. F. C. Barker, of Bemis; Mr. Fuller, of Eustis, and Mr. Richardson, of Kennebago. The testimony all went to show that the guides are all opposed to the law. A remonstrance of 150 guides' names was presented from Moosehead and Aroostook county. The claim was that the names were nearly all guides; but the Commissioners, on examining the petition, declared that the names were those of only twenty-six guides. This brought out some bad feeling, and may lead to more. Witnesses were also put on by Commissioner Carlton to show that the guides are not all opposed to the measure. Mr. Nichols, of Foxcroft, declared that the guides in his section are now in favor of the bill and willing to have it passed. Altogether the chances of the bill being passed in its present form are growing less. Some new game protection measures have been proposed. The moose season will undoubtedly be shortened one month—December. Caribou may be included, but the deer law will doubtless remain as it is. Fines for illegal hunting and killing will be increased and imprisonment added. There are no propositions yet introduced to change the season on grouse, but it is proposed to increase the fine from $5 to $10 for each bird illegally killed or had in possession.

Joshua G. Rich, the veteran hunter and trapper, died at his home in Bethel, Feb. 17. His age was about seventy-seven years. In 1844 he went to Rangeley and made a home for his family at Haines's Landing, on Mooselook-

meguntic Lake, where he hunted and trapped for two years; then moving to Metalluk Point, on Mollechunkamunk Lake, where he remained for a number of years. Mr. Rich built the first public camp in the lake region. It was at Middle Dam, and he named it "Anglers' Retreat," which still clings to the resort there. Probably no hunter in Maine was better known than Mr. Rich. Later in life he studied a great deal, and delighted in writing admirable hunting and fishing adventures for publication. The readers of the Forest and Stream will long remember his very readable articles. The report of his death says that he is the last of the old Rangeley trappers to pass away. This is an error. R. B. McAlister, of Andover, is still hale and hearty, though nearly eighty. He has hunted many seasons with Mr. Rich, and can relate many thrilling adventures. Mr. Rich had a good legal mind and was greatly respected by his townspeople. He was for many years a justice of the peace, I believe. Special.

A NEW ENGLAND FOX HUNT.

A Newspaper Man Tells of his First Day After the Hounds.

BY HERBERT L. JILLSON.

The night's work was done and the boys upon the reportorial staff of the *S*—— sat about the dingy editorial room lazily, save for two who were over in one corner playing at chess The smoky incandescents shone brightly from under their heavy green shades, revealing a floor strewn with newspapers, crumpled manuscript, cigar stubs and burned matches. Upstairs the "chunkety-chunk" of the linotypes broke the stillness, and occasionally the bell above the night editor rang three times for copy. From below the sound of escaping steam and the smell of the stereotype room gave warning that the hour for printing the paper was not far distant. Outside the main thoroughfare was practically deserted. The last electric had whizzed down to the barn, and only a few midnight strollers attracted the attention of the cabmen who had night stands; but as yet none of the men in the newspaper office had begun to think of going home. The city editor had finished wielding the blue pencil upon the stuff that the new man had turned in. He came out of his den in his shirt sleeves and exclaimed, as he sank into a chair with a yawn: "We'll have a mighty good paper to-day."

All was quiet for a moment. The man who had brought in a "scoop" looked proudly about as he puffed his cigar. The man who hadn't done anything took the opportunity to tell how hard he had worked as he filled his cob pipe. Conversation began and drifted from one thing to another, and finally to fox hunting. The editor, who had been quiet, roused at this, and a funny smile overspread his face as he remarked: "How well I remember my first fox hunt in these old New England hills."

The fellows pulled up their chairs, relit cigars and pipes, and placed their feet upon the desks as the chief went on: "It was the fall following the summer that I became a member of the editorial force of this paper. I was full of enthusiasm for the business and hopes for the future. It was the time when I covered the whole city without exhaustion and traveled a mile to secure what could as well have been obtained by going one-quarter of that distance; when I carried one coat-pocket filled with note books, the other stuffed with daily papers, and had my vest-pockets bristling with pencils. I took occasion to inform every possible person that I was a representative of the *S*——, thought that reporters should be provided with a badge or uniforms to distinguish them from the ordinary people, and did many other things that a new man in the business takes such delight in.

"Well, upon the night in question I was just preparing to go home. It was midnight (I went home early in those days) when the city editor called out from his little room: 'Have we got anyone here who can hunt?' There was no response. The boys were all very busy grinding out copy. After a moment's hesitation I ventured the information that I owned a gun and had done some shooting.

"'You are just the chap,' said the editor, coming out. 'I want you to go with the Fur Company to morrow. It's the day of the annual fall hunt. Men and dogs will be here from all parts of New England. They start from the Lincoln House at 5 in the morning. Be there and the president will look out for you. Give them a good story.'

"Hastily gathering enough note paper to last a year or to cover a Democratic convention, I started home, delighted with the prospect of a day afield and the opportunity to write a big story, and way down deep in my heart I felt that it would not be at all strange if I should come back from the hunt with a pelt dangling from my belt.

"I hardly shut my eyes that night, fearful of oversleeping, and long before the hour for starting was up preparing for the trip. I was the possessor of quite an outfit beside a gun: a brown corduroy suit, canvas leggings, a cartridge belt and a sweater, which I donned A short time later I was down town eating a sirloin, with French fry and coffee, in the restaurant that kept open all night chiefly for the accommodation of the newspaper men. Some of the boys were there reading the morning papers. They looked my rig over in an amused sort of a way and poked a little good-natured fun at me. Hurrying through my meal, I went to the hotel The hunters were astir. Guns were being cleaned and polished, cartridge belts filled, lunches stowed away, and dogs fed and groomed. It was not long before several big barges rolled up to the doors and the hunters gradually piled into them. I got inside in company with several other scribes, men of experience. They looked my suit over, enviously, I thought. They wore ordinary business suits, and one was without a gun. It seemed absurd to me. They were busy getting notes; I was watching the hunters.

"A blast from the horn, and we were off for the meet. The barges rolled clumsily over the rough pavements, while the private teams sped off ahead. The city was quiet. Few people were astir; but now and then a newsboy or some sleepy workman with a dinner pail, oblivious to all about him, would hurry by. Out we moved into the country, further and further away from the city. Pass the busy farmhouses and up the hill, from which, away off in the east, the glowing sun could be seen struggling through a mass of purple clouds, tinging them with gold and making the dewdrops upon the grass sparkle like gems. The crisp, fresh, invigorating morning air sent a thrill through my veins. It seemed contagious. Men who had been snugly tucked away in corners roused themselves and looked about eagerly. The hounds sniffed the air, their eyes brightened and they yelped expectantly. The horses sped on over the road and we were soon at the farmhouse which was to be the headquarters of the hunt during the day. Everybody was astir. The genial host and his hired men were assisting the drivers in unharnessing the horses from the barges. The hunters were taking guns from cases, while the hounds tugged at their leashes and yelped impatiently. It was a splendid sight, I tell you; and it must have been magnified to my uninitiated eyes—the picturesque corduroy and canvas suits of the hunters, the gleaming guns, the blooded hounds with their glossy coats and mellow voices; all against a background of timber that, for aught we knew, held so much sport in store. Suddenly the president of the club got hold of me and called:

"'Here, Fuller! take this man in with you. He is from the *S*—— and is to follow the hunt.'

"Mr. Fuller drove up, and I was soon upon a rear seat of his light wagon, behind a spanking pair of bays.

"'We'll hurry down the eastern road,' said Fuller. 'The hounds are to be put in back of the house, and if they start a fox in that growth, as I think they will, he will run in that direction,' and with that we were off at a clipping gait. Hardly had we rounded the curve which hid the farmhouse from sight when a sharp yelp broke the stillness of the morning air. A chorus of yells followed it.

"'I told you they'd start a fox there,' said my host, and down came the whip on the backs of the bays. They jumped madly forward and we grasped our seats to keep from falling out as on we sped like the wind. The baying of the pack, now in full cry, came to our ears. It was great sport, I tell you!

"'The road is lined with good stands,' called Fuller; 'I'm going to drop you fellows out along the way, and if you wait patiently some of you are sure to get a shot, for the fox must come in this direction and cross this road.'

"Suddenly the horses were reined up with a jerk. 'Here, you, newspaper man!' called Fuller, 'get out and make for that oak on the hillside which stands just north of the cover. It's one of the best stands hereabouts. Nate Harrington has shot eleven foxes there.' So out I tumbled and started for the tree, loading my gun nervously.

"'Get where you won't be seen, keep your eyes open and be ready to shoot,' shouted my companion as he drove away.

"The grass was wet with dew and quickly soaked my shoes, but I heeded it not, for the baying of the hounds kept growing louder and nearer. I hurried on, stopping occasionally to listen and look. Reaching the oak, I concealed myself behind a neighboring bush. The baying was now loud and clear. At times it seemed to me that the fox must be in sight, so close did it sound. Then the voices would die away, only to come nearer again. This sort of thing continued for five, ten, fifteen and twenty minutes without change. I peered into the cover until my eyes ached, and held my gun ready to shoot until my arms were lame. There was apparently no change in the situation, and getting discouraged, I looked around. All along the road the hunters could be seen, some were hidden behind stone walls, others standing erect against trees. The hill was bristling with guns. They seemed to be waiting patiently for something and I wondered what, having come to the conclusion some time ago that there was no fox ahead of the hounds. The baying at my right continued, now strong, now weak, Frequently the sound of the dogs as they thrashed about in the dead leaves could be heard, so near were they; but no fox could be seen, and, knowing nothing of the nature of the animal to play about in an endeavor to throw the pack off the scent, I left my stand and started down the hillside for the road, determined at least to be where there were other hunters and some companionship. I had crossed the first stone wall and started through the opening field adjoining. The baying grew louder and louder, but I paid no attention to it, so frequent had been the change. Down in the road the hunters seemed greatly agitated. They were waving their arms frantically and seemed to be beckoning me. Thinking they wanted me to hurry, I started forward on a run, but they motioned to the rear, and stopping I turned slowly about.

"The fox had broken cover within a few rods of where I had been waiting so impatiently, and was dashing down the hillside, with the pack in full cry running at sight. Chagrined, I lifted my gun to fire, but realizing the folly of such an action lowered it and stood watching the magnificent sight, forgetting for a time my disappointment. Down the foot of the hill went the fox, a bit tired, to be sure, from his turning and twisting in the cover, but nevertheless in good condition for a long run yet. His tongue was out, and his handsome brush swayed to and fro as he jumped from hillock to hillock. Some twenty rods behind the pack was thundering along, frantic with delight at sight of the game. They looked more like a flock of bees than a pack of hounds, so closely were they massed. At the head ran a little black rascal—Dick Luther's Nigger—more fleet-footed than the rest. The dogs were gaining! Hunters forgot all about concealing themselves in the excitement, and jumped to their feet. They stood all along the path that the fox surely must go. There was no possible way of escape Turn which way he might now, and he would run under the barrels of half a dozen guns. On, on went, the dogs and the fox like the wind. The excitement increased as the chase drew nearer the hunters. Suddenly the little animal turned sharply and started up the hill under cover of a stone wall straight for a bunch of hunters. A rod more must be his last. Half a dozen men raised their guns to shoot. There was a puff of smoke from behind a rock at the left, and the report of a gun. Reynard staggered for a moment, but pulled himself together and leaped on up the hill. The dogs, now close at hand, were wild with frenzy. Another puff of smoke and report from the same location, a falter, a fall; but as the hunter started out from his ambush the fox regained his feet, and with a final supreme effort gained a rift in the ledge and disappeared. A score or more of hunters, most of them within gunshot, looked stupid. The baffled hounds bayed frantically at the hole; but the sly creature had escaped the hands of its executioners, probably to die beneath the earth.

"The hounds were leashed and a little chat ensued We learned that a fox had trotted out into the road near the farmhouse just after we left, and, while he stood gazing in wonderment at the unusual signs of activity, was knocked over. A short time after a trio of hunters had kicked a fox out of the corner of a pasture, which they shot easily.

"Then the hunt was resumed and the foxes were soon going in all directions; but the balance of the day, good sport as it was, offered no such excitement as the first chase. As the moisture dried upon the grass the sport grew dull, and an hour or more of uneventful riding was followed by a jolly lunch, after which came a cold bottle, cigars and fox hunting stories galore. The day's sport ended with a series of splendid drives at sundown. The hunters gradually found their way back to the barges and the city. In the evening came the hunt dinner. Six foxes lay upon the table at the head of the hall. And the dinner! Such a delicious spread I never hope to taste again. No man who has not spent the day afield can have any conception of how good the things were.

"My story? Well, it didn't contain as complete a list of the hunters and the dogs as the other fellow's, and the city editor asked how I happened to get left on them; but we reported that particular drive to the Queen's taste. I did many a hunt after that," remarked the editor as he put on his coat preparatory to going home, "and learned to love the quiet of the woods and the music of the hounds more than anything else on earth in the way of outdoor sport; but I never hope to as thoroughly enjoy a hunt as I did that one."

Then he lit his pipe, took his lunch basket, and with a cheery "good morning" went out as the newsboys were tumbling downstairs into the street with the morning papers.

THE X PLACE.

Texas, Feb. 22.—Snevets, with whom I usually go hunting, was mad because I had asked another party the time before. Snevets is sensitive, and didn't want to go, but when I told him that I had permission to go to the X place he reconsidered his determination and forgot that he was offended.

Snevets was pessimistic. All the way to the X place he contended that it would rain, he knew it would rain, and expatiated at great length upon the unpleasantness of shooting in the rain—but it didn't rain and we had a great day.

"Good mawning, sah!" said Mr. X, as I knocked at his door. "Good mawning! Come up to shoot my birds, have you?" Mr. X has very decisive views in regard to the first clause of the game law that we are trying to pass in this State, *i. e.*, that all game shall be considered the property of the State, and that killing thereof shall be construed to be a privilege, not a right. He says, "The game on my place is not the property of the State and never will be; it's mine, and I'll kill it in or out of season, as I like."

From which it will be seen that, in order to get the desired permission to shoot on his place, our game law proclivities had carefully to be suppressed, and our friend to be placated by reference to the fact that at any rate he kept market-hunters out.

"Just follow the hedge that begins here at the house until it comes back—this being a quadrilateral, it does—and by that time I will be ready and take you down in the valley," he continued.

We followed directions and the hedge, and we found the birds, two large, strong coveys of quail that looked as if they had not had a shot fired at them that season; and when we had worked the hedge round to the house again we found that we had—no, I won't say how many, as we did not have nearly as many as we should have had, but we had enough for a starter.

Then our friend Mr. X took us, or rather we took him, in our buckboard down in the valley. It was beautiful country to us, for most of this section of the State is flat, with hills rising all around the valley, from whose tops we could see the city, twelve miles away, with the sunshine glinting on each house top and projection of the roofs, the whole hallowed and softened by distance. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," says the poet, which one I really have forgotten; but if the poet had been with us he would not have lingered o'er the view, he would have done as we did—chased himself down into the valley to the hedges and the birds. We found them. Oh, didn't we find them! They would get out of the hedge in coveys that seemed, without exaggeration, to have 200 birds in them.

And we would shoot, and shoot, and shoot, and sometimes get one and sometimes not. Once I did actually kill three on the wing with a right and left; and then too, on one glorious occasion never to be forgotten, I wiped Snevets's eye, and Snevets almost had the sulks about it, until by some unforeseen accident I missed a bird which he killed.

This was because I had much the longer shot, and because I stumbled, and because I didn't see the bird soon enough, and because the gun was too dirty. I had several other reasons at the time, but I have forgotten them now.

Then we had dinner, consisting of breakfast bacon cooked on the end of a stick held in the flame. This would seem a rather unappetizing mess to the uninitiated, but to those who know there would be no mystery as to why we steadily cooked bacon, put it between two slices of bread, ate it and repeated the operation till we could hold no more.

Up to this time we had had fair success, but in the afternoon after trying the quail again we stumbled on to a pond full of jacksnipe—and then we had more fun. So did the jacksnipe to a certain extent; then Snevets wnaled his puppy most unmercifully because he wouldn't retrieve them, and I guyed him, and we had some more general good time.

And then we went home and distributed thirty-one quail and sixteen jacksnipe. And we hope we may go again.

Marion Warner.

Pennsylvania Game Laws.

New York, Feb. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your this week's issue contains notice of proposition to change game laws of Pennsylvania. I believe the woodcock season is a curse to the ruffed grouse. Why not make the woodcock season uniform with that of the ruffed grouse? I have hunted in Monroe county, Pa., for the past thirteen or fourteen years, and never have seen but one woodcock; neither have I seen any woodcock shot by any other hunter. I believe the woodcock (?) hunters of July and August shoot the young ruffed grouse.

Is it intended to prevent a hunter from bringing his game home with him? I reside in this city but always hunt in Monroe county, Pa

Why not limit the number of ruffed grouse which may be shot by one person in a season? F. W. S.

Brant Killed by a Lighthouse.

Keller, Va., Feb. 26 —After a dense fog on last Sunday night the keeper of Hog Island Light was pleased, on sauntering from his habitation at early dawn, to gather up 115 fine brant that had fallen within the grip of his luminous rays during the night. Thirty of the birds were wing broken, while the rest were stone dead. This beats gun practice out of hollow.

We quote from Chincoteague Bay: "Wildfowl, especially ducks, never so plentiful in our waters. Mr. Daniel Bowdoin killed 105 redheads this week, which he sold for $100."

T. G. E.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Game Law Matters.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb 27.—To-day I met Mr. H. D. Nicholls on the street and interviewed him in a doorway. Mr. Nicholls is a member of the Cumberland Gun Club, a sportsman well known in the city and recently elected to the State Legislature. Asked as to the prospects of a sportsmen's game law this season, he said that there was never a better chance for one, as all the various opposing elements were in a fair state of reconciliation for the time being. "It all rests with the sportsmen of the State, and more especially of the city of Chicago," said Mr. Nicholls, "as to what the future of a good game bill may be. If you men here in Chicago will agree as to what you want I think it not too much to say that there is a good opportunity to get the measure through at the Legislature. If there is any strong game dealer lobby at the Capital this year, I have not seen or heard of it. As to the game warden, I don't know who will be put up for that office; but I am assured that Gov. Tanner (our new Governor) will listen very attentively to what the sportsmen may have to say, as he realizes that they have studied this situation carefully and have the facts better in hand than anyone can have to whom the subject is entirely new. It seems that there is some divergency of belief among the Chicago sportsmen as to what the desirable features of a new bill should be, but if there should ever seem to be a consensus of opinion on these subjects, I can only say that I will do all in my power to further the measure agreed upon. There seems to be a better understanding of these matters in the Legislature now than there was a few years ago, and I think we have more than a fighting chance to get a rational game law enacted."

What the State of Wisconsin will do at this session of the Legislature is still a problem. All sorts of weird propositions are before the lawmakers. There is a bill up which would put a $30 license on all non-resident deer hunters, and a license of $25 on all hunters pursuing anything else but deer. This is not yet in a forward condition, but there is a strong feeling for a non-resident license act similar to that enacted by Michigan. Spring shooting is decried by certain sections of the State, but there is every probability that Wisconsin will hold to the childish, dog-in-the-manger position of allowing certain forms of spring shooting so long as Illinois does so. Should this be the case, it is altogether likely that many years will elapse before Wisconsin stops spring shooting. Do the gentlemen of that State reflect upon the difference in climatic conditions between the southern end of Illinois and the middle portion of Wisconsin, for instance? It will be a work of many years before the country precincts of southern Illinois will agree to a spring shooting law. Is it for that reason rational that the men of Wisconsin should deprive each other of their own shooting by the wasteful methods of shooting breeding birds in the springtime? This does not seem wise. The Wisconsin men should remember that the sportsmen of Illinois are not the ones who oppose most strenuously the passage of a spring shooting law, but that it is the shooters who are less entitled to the claim of sportsmanship. It does not appear rational for them to injure each other in their own State for the sake of waging war against men who do properly classify with themselves. The sportsmen of Wisconsin have for some time had far greater weight in the State Legislature than have the sportsmen of Illinois. They should remember their good fortune in this matter and not seek to wage retaliatory war against the sportsmen of Illinois, who are not the ones really to blame for the state of affairs, and who certainly are not to be accused of the geographical arrangement of the State, with its hundreds of miles of north and south extent, covering a variation of thirty days in shooting seasons, on more birds than one. The sportsmen of Chicago are always looked up to in the matter of game laws, and are criticised for not securing better laws, but do all the critics know the conditions under which the efforts at better laws are made by the Chicago men? They have to fight the whole lower end of this State, which is solidly arrayed against Chicago and the upper part of the State, and moreover they are obliged to fight the game dealers, those heathen near at home who constitute the chief menace to the Illinois game and the game of every Western State. Is it logical or right that the sportsmen of Wisconsin should "retaliate" against the sportsmen of upper Illinois? If Wisconsin had Chicago and "Egypt" on her hands, both at the same time, she might know grief. If she had a great game market, such as Chicago, Boston or New York, within her confines, she might better understand the difficulty of attaining what she knew was a desirable game law. The thing for Wisconsin to do is to pass just as strict a game law as she can get through, and not to make it any easier on account of what Illinois does or does not do. This is business, and business for her own men, who are the ones most benefited. There does not exist upon the statute books of the last State of the Union, not even among all the mass of freaks and absurdities of game law legislation, a more absurd and more puerile law than that which says Wisconsin will stop all spring shooting as soon as Illinois does. This is emphatically cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.

Ducks Coming In.

The question of spring shooting will come up for individual settlement very soon now for this season. The ducks have made their appearance in this latitude already. At Swan Lake Club they were observed in some numbers this week, and they have also been seen on the Kankakee in some numbers. A few parties have gone out for an early scout, and within the week, if the weather should remain mild, there will be many guns taken from their cases. A friend of mine says a game hog is the man who kills the game one wants to kill himself, and a spring shooter is a man who does what we would all like to do ourselves. How about this cynical look at good old human nature?

Shot in the Field.

Mr. Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., is in Chicago this week, having thus got this far north from the San Antonio Midwinter shoot. It is now thought that Mr. McMurchy will not be forced to suffer amputation of the leg which he had frozen in the Sunny South last month. While at San Antonio Mr. McMurchy and Mr. C. E. Willard dropped down to the gulf coast for a little shoot at ducks, quail, etc. At Rockport they met a friend, Mr. Suydam, late of Denver, who has discovered Rockport to be the place he long has sought, and who has settled there for a life of ease and healthfulness. Mr. Suydam took out the two Northern men and gave them a rare touch of sport which extended through duck and goose shooting, quail shooting, dove shooting, and angling for redfish at Aransas Pass, in all of which branches of activity they were very successful. Finally they went out for a quail shoot on the Coleman-Fulton Pasture Co.'s ranch, being joined in this by still another Northern man, an Ohio gentleman who is spending the winter in this Southern paradise. The latter gentleman proved a little bit excitable, and found occasion during the first fifteen minutes of the hunt to shoot a load of bird shot into the front part of Mr. McMurchy's form. The main portion of the charge, which was fired at a very close range, fortunately struck in the ground close at Mr. McMurchy's feet. A few pellets of shot dented his gun stock and a few struck him on the arm, penetrating his heavy corduroy shooting coat. Of these a portion went in to the bone of the elbow, but were extracted on the spot without trouble. One or two other pellets are carried as souvenirs of the occasion. It was very fortunate that the charge of shot did not strike Mr. McMurchy in the face, for had that been the case his eyes must surely have gone It is perhaps unnecessary to make comment upon an incident of this kind.

Personal.

Mr. A. Hirth, mentioned earlier as forced to leave his work at the tackle counter of Spalding's by reason of serious illness, is still a very sick man, though he has struggled down on two different occasions to his place at the store. Mr. Hirth is much pulled down, and will need many weeks of rest and recuperation before he will be himself again. There is no man in this city who could take his place, for his personal hold on the high-class tackle and gun trade of this city is something no other salesman of the West has ever approached. Both customers and friends, therefore, wish his speedy return to the place he has hardly left for a number of years preceding.

Mr. Thos. H. Keller, of the Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, is in Chicago this week, working on East after his Southern trip. Mr. Keller expects to save two or three of the fingers on the hand which was frozen during the blizzard in the Sunny South. He stopped for a look in at the Hot Springs, Ark., trap tournament, and then went out into Iowa for a business run.

Mr. Harry McKinney, of Janesville, Wis., one of the best canvasback shots around Lake Koshkonong, was in Chicago for a short time this week and called at this office for the purpose of offering confirmation of facts stated in regard to the artesian canvasback well on the Bingham homestead.

Dull Times.

There is general talk among the gun men and other traveling men that times were never so dull all over the country as they are this season. Gun stocks are allowed to run lower than ever was known, and all similar lines of sporting goods are equally inactive. It is hoped that warm weather may liven things up a bit and relieve the traveling representatives somewhat of the blue feeling they now experience.

Good Otter Season.

I have word from Fay L. Buck, a hustling young trapper of Manitowish, Wis., that the present winter has been a very good one for fur in his country. He says he trapped one month before Christmas and caught four beautiful otter, but has done no trapping since Christmas. Had he not been taken sick and laid up he thinks he could have caught at least a dozen otter this winter, for he has never seen them so plentiful as they were early in the winter. Fay is now running his line again and expects soon to have a little shipment of fur on hand.

Western Game Law Views.

At first sight it seems a far cry from Congress to Chicago, but really there was a bit of Congressional action recently which has a certain significance to Chicago men who have kept track of the game law movements of the day. Mention has been made in these columns of the proposed Baird amendment to the interstate commerce laws regulating the traffic in game so that it shall be unlawful for one State to receive game which was unlawful in the State from which it came, with other and further restrictions not at this time needful to recapitulate. In the debate on the oleomargarine bill in the House on Jan. 14 some features came up which are almost identical with those involved in the Baird amendment. The oleo bill was finally passed, 126 to 96.

"The bill says that all articles known as oleomargarine, butterine, imitation butter, or cheese not made exclusively of pure, unadulterated milk or cream, upon arrival within the limits of a State or Territory shall be subject to the operation and effect of the laws of such State or Territory in the same manner as though such articles had been produced in the State or Territory, and shall not be exempt by reason of being introduced in original packages or otherwise."

If Congress can do thus with the product of a State, why can it not do so with another? Why will these provisions not extend handsomely to the shipments of game made from one State to another? That is interstate commerce, and there is a good deal to it. Is it necessarily folly to suppose that a like amendment cannot be made to the interstate commerce laws as regarding game?

A Cry from Minnesota.

There comes to this office of FOREST AND STREAM a letter from Mr. G. W. Millhouse, of Minnesota, which properly belongs in the editorial rooms of FOREST AND STREAM, but which I take great pleasure in stealing. It is one of the strongest proofs yet offered of the wisdom of FOREST AND STREAM's editorial platform plank, now famous: "Stop the sale of game." It is an easy promise that the paper will do anything it can in furtherance of Mr. Millhouse's plans, and anyone who can help in this pioneer Western movement for the establishment of the "plank" will be doing good for sport in one of the few remaining Western States which have any game left. Mr. Millhouse's letter follows: "Reading the FOREST AND STREAM, I have become convinced that the only solution to the question of saving our game was your idea of stopping the sale of the same at any and all times, and any and all kinds of game; I firmly believe it and have been talking to Senator H. J. Miller, of this place, relative to the introduction of a bill to prohibit the sale of game in Minnesota.

"During the session of 1895 and 1896 he sounded some of the senators upon this subject and found quite an opposition from those districts in the northern part of the State where a great many of the poorer class reside, because they can partially subsist on the money obtained from the sale of the State's ducks, chickens, quail, partridges, etc. Now Senator Miller is strictly in line in this matter, he is himself an ardent and fair sportsman and believes this thing should be brought about. He has asked me to prepare argument in favor of this measure, and I, fearing that I cannot get all the reasons why in the best possible manner, turn to you, whom I know to be deeply interested, and ask that you prepare and send to me your very best effort to bring the Northern senators in line, and your strongest plea for the passage of this act. Will you help us? G. W. MILLHOUSE."

Planting Cottontails.

Mr. L. Kennedy, of Janesville, Wis., who deals in furs and that sort of thing, writes me that he has just received an order from Winters & Suess, of Negaunee, Mich., for 200 live cottontail rabbits, which are to be turned loose in the Michigan forests. Mr. Kennedy says he will send some rabbits, but hardly expects to fill the entire order. He says: "I have twenty cottontail rabbits in brush houses made for them. They are not inclosed by tight fences, but still they do not leave. I feed them corn and clover hay, and they seem satisfied where they are."

This is the first time I have ever heard of shipping cottontails for the purpose of putting them down as game. The winters in upper Michigan are very severe, and the big hares do better than the cottontail, but perhaps the little fellows will thrive in the Negaunee region. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

A MARYLAND WEEK.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In January I made a trip to Stockton, Md., where I was the guest of Mr. O. D. Foulks, and enjoyed a week of quail shooting far superior to what one could expect in these days of depleted covers. There were birds everywhere, and good-sized coveys at that, but they were not "easy"—quite the contrary, being large, strong, educated birds—seldom found in the open, and when so found taking to the densest cover at once, making the shooting of the most difficult order and testing the dog's nose and bird-sense to the fullest extent, all of which is the very acme of sport to one who goes for sport alone. The pot-hunter could hardly earn enough to pay for his shells in this country, as it is a succession of marsh, cornfield, rank sedge, cat-brier thickets, woods, and all that affords the quail the safest cover and a natural preserve. Nothing will prove disastrous to the birds here except the hardest of winters.

The people so far have been very generous in allowing sportsmen to shoot over their grounds; but how long this may continue is a matter of conjecture, though as a class they are the most generous, frank and unselfish people it has been my fortune to meet.

I enjoyed some of the finest shooting of my life over my pointer puppy Sam—now fourteen months old—a thoroughbred, and the gamest puppy I ever saw afield. Mr. F. raised and trained him for me as a personal favor, and with such success that the pup found all our coveys, all singles—and some in places where it looked impossible—and retrieved every bird shot; dead, wing-tipped or apparently lost, it made no difference, he found every one. He hunted day in and day out and made a practically errorless record. Needless to say, I now envy no man his field trial winner nor his meat dog. Mr. F. does not train dogs for the public, but he could do so with credit and profit to himself.

Mr. F.'s house faces Assateague Bay, famous for geese, brant and ducks, and where I have enjoyed many days of good duck shooting, as all the facilities are at hand for that sport in the way of sink box, decoys, blinds, etc.; but the wildfowl shooting has been poor this winter, for what reason none of the old gunners seem able to tell. Can it be that ducks are getting scarce? We were out one day and killed four, but could have done much better had it not been for the drifting ice. The bay is planted with the choicest of salt oysters, a goodly portion of which belong to my genial friend and thorough sportsman, Mr. Alfred Child, so that the best the bay afforded was none too good for us. Home comforts in the leisure hours, with a friendly acquaintance with all the neighbors, helped to pass all too quickly the bachelor's vacation—a week that will live long in memory as a time of pure and unalloyed pleasure, due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Foulks and his interesting family. And, best of all, I have the invitation to "come again." That is luck good enough to report to FOREST AND STREAM. BACHELOR.

Florida Hunting and Fishing.

PUNTA GORDA, Fla., Feb. 16.—Mr. Chas. A. Dean, of Boston, who has been cruising along the Florida West Coast in his launch Myakka, with headquarters at Hotel Punta Gorda, returned last night from a short hunting trip near Myakka. He came back with a snake story which I think will interest readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Just about noon, after a morning of fine sport, he raised a covey of quail. He wounded one, and his dog, a young pointer, followed the flock. Immediately after he heard a rattler, and soon saw the snake in a clump of bushes. It had been hunting too, and had its fangs fastened in one of the quail. Mr. Dean tried to call off his dog, but Jack was after quail. He ran in and pulled the bird right out of the snake's mouth. As soon as he could get a chance, and while it was coiling for another spring, Mr. Dean blew off the reptile's head. Later in the day he shot another rattler, even larger than the first. Mr. Dean usually carries with him materials for treating snake-bites by hypodermic injection. This day he had left his outfit at the hotel, and those were the first rattlesnakes he has run across this season.

Mr. Dean reports the game and fish as very plentiful along the West Coast this season. He and the other hunters keep the hotel larder well stocked with these delicacies, which are served at their tables nearly every night. As one Nimrod remarked, "That is half the fun of hunting from the Punta Gorda."

Mr. D. H. Moore and wife, of Ohio, got back the other day from a week's camping under the Florida pines. They were out in one or two severe rain storms. The last night for a little while it blew a regular gale, so that Mr. Moore and the two guides were obliged to hold on to the tent in order to keep it over Mrs. Moore. In the morning they found themselves in the midst of a veritable lake, and water within 2in. of the bottom of their cots. It quickly drained off, however, so they were able to get out without any difficulty. But this was only an incident and an experience. Both Mr. and Mrs. Moore thoroughly enjoyed their camping out, and only regretted that business called them home so soon. They brought in one deer, nine wild turkey gobblers and quail by the dozen. B. M. D.

New York Deer Laws.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The present game laws of New York that pertain to the deer seem very unsatisfactory in their present form, and the universal opinion is that they will be changed by the present Legislature; and it would seem to me that suggestions in the FOREST AND STREAM from sportsmen, giving their views of the matter, might be of great benefit to themselves as well as to the deer. There is no question that a law can be made that will in five years increase the deer in the Adirondacks tenfold or more, and at the same time not deprive the true sportsman of any of his pleasure, and also be of great benefit both to the hotels and guides. Have open season from Sept. 1 to Nov. 10, and hounding from Oct. 1 to Nov. 1, all inclusive, with a penalty of $100 or more for any person having a deer in his possession without head on or without horns, or for killing more than two deer in the same season.

Now we only get estimates of the number of deer killed each year. Have a law compelling each person killing a deer to report the same, with date and his place of residence, to the town clerk of the town in which the killing was done within ten days after killing, or pay a fine of $25 for neglect; the town clerk of course to receive recording fees for his services, and he to make a full report to the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests within thirty days after the close of the season. About one-third of the deer killed in 1895 (by Mr. Fox's report) were killed night hunting, all of which was practically over with by Sept. 10, and of the 1 233 deer reported killed a very large per cent., fully 75, were does that had young, and the killing of the mother was really killing two fawns at the same time; for at this season of the year they were too young to maintain themselves, so that the report of 1,233 killed night hunting in 1895 should read 3,081 if the real truth was known.

Stop killing the doe and you more than double your flock every year. R. F. MEECH.

The Sum of it is that it's a Pretty Good Country to Live in.

WABASHA, Minn., Feb. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is one chapter in Mr. Robinson's book, "In New England Fields and Woods," that I wish everyone who hunts might read; not that I think it would have any effect on some of the blood-seeking butchers who thirst for gore and the noise of a gun, but it would help to set a large number of young shooters to thinking and older ones as well I refer to Chapter XXXI.: "A Plea for the Unprotected." It fulfills to the letter my idea of the matter. I have for years made a practice of never killing or destroying anything from mere wantonness, and I have built my camp-fires for thirty consecutive years. The Bible says, "Let man have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle and over the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth over the earth." How few there are who do not abuse the blessed privilege of this law.

If there was only some one who could or would write as delightfully of scenes, events, birds and animals pertaining to our Northwestern States, it would also be intensely interesting; but writers having the characteristic talent of Mr. Robinson are rare indeed. But we must admit that there is a certain charm about old New England not equaled by any other section of the country, more particularly to those who passed their youthful days among the hills, as I did; for I caught big trout and shot squirrels in Massachusetts and New Hampshire before I was in my teens. However, for a right up and down hunter's paradise, as I have seen it for thirty odd years back, give me old "Star of the North" and the badger. WAPAHUSU.

In the Chicago Wilderness.

I READ with much interest the thrilling account of brother Hough of his adventures with his companion among the sandhills back of Michigan City. It was really sad to read of the sufferings of Hough and "Patti" on account of not having sufficient water in their camp while Lake Michigan was so near them. "Patti" has ceased to be a hero to me since he was unable to get sufficient water from the big lake for drinking purposes. Why did he not scoop out a hole in the sand and let the incoming wave fill it, and then he would have had sufficient water to fill his vessels. Or supposing that the waves froze as fast as they came in, why did he not take his little hatchet and chop off a piece of that big cake on which he was standing and carry it to camp? He could not spill it, and it is well known that melted ice produces water; besides, hot ice water in camp is a great luxury.

ABERDEEN.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ANGLING NOTES.

Pike Fishing in Long Lake.

CAN it be possible that there are no longer trout to be found in Long Lake in the Adirondacks?

Has the introduction of pike, the pickerel of New York, into that famous lake been the means of exterminating the last of the brook and the lake trout which once swarmed in the lake? It would seem so, judging from several newspaper items that I have read, or the fish law of the State has been violated openly, and the violation of the law widely advertised. Section 104 of the law forbids fishing through the ice in any waters inhabited by trout, salmon trout or landlocked salmon except in certain named waters, and Long Lake is not one of them. Whoever violates this law is guilty of a misdemeanor and is also liable to a penalty of $25 for each violation thereof, and $10 for each fish caught or possessed.

Mr. J. C. D. Kitchen is a "citified man" who is spending a portion of the winter at Long Lake, and he "writes to his friends in the city" much as an explorer would write home from a strange land: "The natives resort to bickering, deceit, lying, stealing and pettiness of every description, for cause if there be any, and if there is none simply to pass away the time." To give cause and to stir up the depths of this iniquity generally, Mr. Kitchen arranged a fishing contest, offering small prizes for the biggest fish and for the largest quantity caught by any one man. The narrative continues: "The fishing on the Adirondack lakes is done by drilling holes in the ice with a crowbar, through which the baited line is dropped and attached to a tip-up or arrangement of cross-sticks which causes a miniature flagstaff to arise and flutter a signal in the wind when there is a tug at the line. * * * These natives aren't a bit afraid of work," writes Mr. Kitchen, "not a bit! Why, they will lie right down beside it in this particular instance."

As an example of the aforesaid "bickering, deceit, lying, stealing and pettiness," Mr. Kitchen relates that it was found that the claimant for the prize for the largest fish had filled his "pickerel" with shot.

I do not know what Ed. Butler, Jerry Plumley, Dave Helms, Charlie Hanmer and other friends at Long Lake will think of Mr. Kitchen's analysis of the Long Lake natives, but that is a matter entirely aside from the fact that as a result of the fishing contest inaugurated by Mr. Kitchen he came into possession of 34 pickerel (let me see: $25 for each violation and $10 for each fish makes $365—quite a tidy little sum in these hard times, but that is what it figures, provided the trout have not all been caught out or eaten out of the lake to make Sec. 104 inoperative), weighing 170lbs., and sent them to the Knickerbocker Athletic Club in New York City.

Dr. John Todd.

Rev. Dr. John Todd, writing of the people of Long Lake in 1841, said: "Nearly in the center of the wilderness we came to a beautiful sheet of water, the Long Lake, which is about twenty miles long and from half a mile to three miles wide. It is studded with islands and surrounded by a heavy forest, and in the warm sky of summer seems like a fairy land. Scattered along toward the head of the lake we found a little community of eight or nine families. They are here alone, shut out from the world. The hunter's axe alone had marked the trees when they came. They lived in their little log houses, and their little boats were their horses, and the lake their only path. A pocket compass was used as frequently as by the sailor. They were skillful in taking the moose, the deer and the salmon trout, and these were their world." These people are no longer shut out from the world, now that fifty-five years have passed, and they may protest that the picture that Mr. Kitchen has drawn of them is not a true one.

The book from which I have quoted is entitled "Long Lake," and was published in 1845. Hallock first told me of it, and I searched so long and fruitlessly for it that I thought Hallock was mistaken; but I found he was not when a friend sent me a copy. I was particularly anxious to get the book, for I first met Dr. Todd in the woods. I was at a lumber camp on the Cedar River fishing, I think it was in 1859. One evening Dick Birch, the guide, came to the camp with a man he called Doctor. For some reason I assumed that he was a doctor of medicine and not a doctor of divinity, but why I do not know, except at that time perhaps the former were much more likely to be in the woods with rod and gun than the latter. That night I had a little misunderstanding with Dick Birch, which he did not know about for some time after. I had made a deer lick not far from the camp and one of the men spoke about it. Dick, without consulting me, said he would go out that night and watch the lick and perhaps get some venison for the camp. This did not meet with my approval, but it was my father's lumber camp and I could not say no without violating the laws of hospitality; so when Dick loaded his rifle and placed it in the storeroom shanty I drew the ball out of it and replaced it with a wad of paper well rammed down. Dick and the camp keeper went to the lick, and the Doctor, my boy friend and I went to bed.

Fishing in the Dark.

Our beds were over the storeroom shanty, and there were seven or eight in a row. The Doctor selected one, pulled the sheets over his face and began to snore. Such snores I had not heard up to that time, and it was more than I could stand, added to Dick Birch's attempts to kill my deer. There were two beds between the Doctor's and mine, and from my tackle box under my bed I got a lake trout line used for fishing at a buoy. The hook was a big one made by a blacksmith from a rat-tail file, and I unwound the line and crawled over the two beds, and hooked the hook through the bedclothes on the Doctor's bed. When I was back in my own bed I began to pull gently on the line until all was taut, and then gradually I pulled the bedclothes from the bed of the snorer. Suddenly the snoring ceased with a violent snort, and while I could not see, I could feel that two hands were making desperate clutches for bedclothes dissolving in the cold night air. It was evident that the bedclothes were secured and replaced in proper position, for the snoring was resumed at the old stand with unabated vigor. Then I pulled in the slack in the line, and finally pulled off the clothes as before. The snoring ceased, only to be resumed when the bedclothes were again captured. This was repeated over and over. Once the Doctor seemed to be feeling in the next bed toward which the clothes continued to slide, but he found nothing but undisturbed bedclothes. Another time after awakening with the usual snort it took him longer to arrange the clothes, and I heard a jingling of metal like a bunch of keys; and when the snoring was resumed it continued until morning, for when I pulled in the slack in my line I had lost my fish and my hook, for the line was parted by the cut of a knife blade.

The Round-up.

Remorse did not sit on my neck next morning when I heard Dick say he shot at a deer, but had no ball in his rifle; that it was the first time in his life that he ever did such a thing; that he could almost swear that he remembered taking the patch from the patch box, and putting the ball on it, driving it down; that he could not understand how it happened, etc. I could not face the Doctor at breakfast, for his case was different, and I was not sure but the laws of hospitality had become a little warped in the dark hours of the night. A few years later I was sent away to school, and my first Sunday in Pittsfield, Mass., I marched with the school to church, and when from behind the pulpit rose the head and shoulders of a man with short, stiff, gray hair, standing straight up, homely but kindly face, with keen eyes looking out through spectacles, I knew that Dr. Todd was not a doctor of medicine, and remorse not only sat upon my neck, but jumped on me with both feet. I patched it all up with the Doctor afterward, but not with the patch that Dick Birch thought he drove into his rifle around a rifle ball to kill my deer, as I considered the animal he shot at with a charge of powder.

Artificial Floods.

The English sportsmen's papers have recently been discussing the feasibility of producing floods in the salmon streams in summer by storing the water in the spring, when the snow from the hills about headwater lakes, particularly in Scotland, is melting and producing an over-abundance of water, and when the streams are low, and the salmon will not run, to let the water from the lakes down to create an artificial flood. Opinions on the subject seem to be about equally divided. One writer says that there will be no difficulty in storing the water and letting it down at times of drought through sluice gates, but it will avail nothing. "The red deer and the grouse might be rather astonished to see rivers running brown and flooded when the land was parched for want of rain, and none had fallen for weeks; but they would be about the only creatures to witness so strange an event except the sportsmen who caused it."

If he means by this that fish will not run on an artificial flood he is in error, for fish will run whether the flood is made by rain or by "tripping a dam" in time of drought. It is not so many years ago that good trout fishing could be had at times on the upper Hudson River, from The Glen north to the mouth of the Boreas River, but the best fishing was in the tributary streams when they were flooded by the lumbermen for driving logs into the main stream. At such times the large trout would run up into the tributary streams from the river, but the fishing was not good at the height of of the flood. When the water was falling after a flood was the time to fish for big trout. Thirteenth Creek, the outlet of Thirteenth Lake, which comes into the Hudson just north of the hotel at North River P. O., was famous for its flood fishing, and the trout caught were river trout. A man who lived just at the mouth of the creek was fond of fishing, and being on the ground, and knowing just when the flooded stream would be at its best, he was able to make some wonderful catches of big trout. I was once wading the upper Hudson with Dick Birch and fishing for trout, and when we got to the man's house Dick took me to see the live trout he had in a tank, and it was a sight worth seeing. To fish a flooded stream one must be on hand at the proper time. A friend, the proprietor of a stage line running to Schroon Lake, came to me late one afternoon to say he had just heard that a creek flowing into the Hudson had been flooded. He telegraphed for relays of horses along his line and we started about sundown and made a record drive to the creek that night, and early next morning we were fishing it; but the flood was over and we got only a few small fish, while others, two days before, caught large river trout.

A. N. CHENEY.

Still Harping on Carp.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—In the Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission for 1895 will be found a long article on the introduction of carp on the Pacific coast. In connection with this history the report gives many complaints of people in California, who state that these fish destroy the wild celery beds, which are the food of ducks, and destroy the spawn of game fishes. It is well to state in connection with these complaints that no evidence was produced to prove the truth of these statements, but the disappearance of the celery was laid to the carp without any investigation. The same is true in regard to the spawn of game fishes. The United States Fish Commissioner himself expresses doubts in the Bulletin as to the truthfulness of these reports, and intimates that a thorough examination of the stomach of carp is required before the question can be considered settled.

The Fish Commissioner states that the white bass introduced into the Pacific coast has flourished and is now very abundant. He also says that almost their entire food in fresh waters consists of carp, and hundreds of bass have been opened to make examination of their stomachs. Now, if the white bass will feed on carp, why will not the black bass do the same?

In this same report of 1895 will be found an illustration of the German carp, showing the peculiar arrangement of the scales. This recalls to mind the statement made by an Illinois correspondent of a Chicago paper, in which he told how the carp and the buffalo had crossed, and the result was a mongrel fish, with very few scales and a sort of leathery covering. Of course what he had seen was the German carp, and his reasoning is a fair sample of the other complaints made against this fish. As for myself, I have nothing particular to say in favor of the carp, but am anxious that the truth should be found out. Let some facts be given and not all theory. ABERDEEN.

Fly-Casting Indoors.

AT the third annual Sportsmen's Exposition, March 13 to 20, at Madison Square Garden, will be held an indoor fly-casting tournament. The committee in charge of this unique feature consists of P. Cooper Hewitt, chairman; William C. Harris, sec'y; James L. Breese, H. C. de Rham, Edwin Clark Kent, Robert B. Lawrence, William Kent, Charles Bryan, Frederick Engle, C. G. Levison, John G. Heckscher, Nathaniel S. Smith, H. W. de Forest, William B. Williams, P. Lorillard, Jr., W. R. Garrison.

Those who desire to enter the tournament will be furnished with the rules, entry blanks and all necessary information by applying to the Sportsmen's Exposition, Madison Square Garden. The fly-fisherman will cast over the surface of an artificial lake. For long casts they will have a clear stretch of water, but when the utmost *finesse* of putting the artificial insect just where the angler wishes it to go is attempted, the contest will be made difficult by semi-submerged branches of trees in the water and bushes irregularly disposed about the water's edge, where they are likely to prove metaphorical thorns in the impatient fisherman's flesh.

The fly-casting tournament will go on every afternoon and evening during the sportsmen's show.

The entrance fee for contestants will be $2 for one event, or $5 for three or more events. There will be eleven different contests, every one of which is bound to be interesting to all fishermen and to every spectator.

A Man We've All Fished With.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Regarding the excellent pen pictures by Mr. Mather of men he has fished with, he seems to have been a mighty fortunate individual, for all his fishing companions appear to have been thorough good fellows. Is it possible that he never went fishing with John Doe, who was never willing to row up-stream; who wanted the first cast at every favorable point; who took the biggest bait in the bucket; who would slap down his hook beside yours when you had a bite and was always grumbling when the fish did not bite fast enough to suit him! John Doe ought to be written up, and we hope brother Mather will run his gaff under him and hold him up to public view. John may not be a reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and again he may be, but we think he is known to all its readers. ABERDEEN.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXXIV.—Charles F. Bell.

CHARLES was almost like a son to me. One of the dreams or desires of early life was that I might have a son of my own, but it never came to pass. In imagination I would show him the secrets of angling, and be sure not to spoil him by sparing the rod, whether of ash or lancewood or split bamboo; yet a real son might not have cared for these things as the dream son did. My fondness for a boy naturally led to the companionship of the sons of other men, and Charley Bell was with me constantly for some eleven years, from childhood to man's estate. He grew up under my care and we were great friends. It all happened in this way:

Robert H. Bell was a wood carver in Albany, and was also foreman of one of the old volunteer fire companies. I made his acquaintance in 1862, when he was a captain in the regiment in which I served. He was then a man nearly fifty years old, and while we were in the forts about Washington he brought his family there, a wife and two sons. The eldest, and subject of this sketch, was then nearly ten years old. When we were sent to the front, in May, 1864, Captain Bell was wounded, and died a month later. It was in July of the next year that we took Charles on that piratical cruise with Shaw, and although only twelve years old he could sing very fair bass—a very strange voice for that age. Then he wanted to go fishing with me down the old Popskinny, and I longed once again to forget all about spearing and shooting fish, as learned in the West, and even to drop all ideas about fly-casting, which I had learned from Charles Hallock, and sit on the bank and pull 'em in hand under hand, in good old boy fashion. In the third one of these sketches it is related how John Atwood sneered at fishing with a pole by saying: "There ain't no fun in it, for you h'ist 'em out too quick with a pole. Throw that away and take off your float; rig yer sinker below the hooks, and when you get a fish haul 'em in hand over hand, and feel 'em wriggle all the way in; that's sport!"

Writing of this brings a desire to fish that way once more. Bait the hooks with good-sized worms, spit on the bait for luck, whirl the sinker three times by the right side and let it go just on the upward start to plunk in the water at the proper distance, running out the neatly coiled line at your feet, and then, taking in all slack, wait for a bite. Nibble and strike, nibble and strike; "I've got him!" And then haul in fast, with the fish sending electric thrills up the line, and all the while you are nerved up by wonder as to the kind of fish and its probable size. An eel of 2lbs. makes you think you've got the biggest perch that ever swam, and your heart beats fast until you see what it is, and then, with all your care, the beast puts knots in the line in a minute that will take you a long while to untangle, and you knock satisfaction out of him with your heel. Verily, looking back upon my life as an angler, there seems to have been no sport like this. Of course, you will say that the high strung animal which we call a boy enjoyed things which he would not care for half a century later, when he is a man and *blasé*. So be it. Have your own way, only let me enjoy the recollections. Our pleasures are in the past or are to come. "The good old days" are gone, but the boy of to-day will look back at the closing days of this century with regret in 1950.

Of course, no man could be about that island creek in those days without meeting with old Port Tyler. The bayou was only some six miles long, cutting in below Douw's Point, a mile or so below Greenbush, and coming out again above Castleton, and Port ranged it for fin, fur and feather most of the year. Summer was at its height. Pond lilies bloomed in bends where the current was not strong, elderberries were ripening and the milkweed pods were almost ready to burst. It was near noon; the fish were taking a rest, and Bell had wandered off after blackberries, while I lay in the shade of a willow and slept.

The early start, the generous snack, with the pleasant odor of the mud flats at low tide, had a soothing effect. If my dreams were peaceful it was because of the surroundings. If they suddenly changed to bursting shells and the cheers of charging hosts it was because Bell rushed in on me, calling out: "Get up and run; there's a wild man down there in the brush and he's got a gun!"

"What did he do? Did he say anything to you?"

"No, he only looked at me; but I saw the gun. He's a wild man sure, for he's got white whiskers under his chin. Oh, come on, let's go."

"Did he point his gun at you, or threaten you in any way with his whiskers?"

"No; but I was picking blackberries in the brush, and when I looked up he was on the other side of the bush with his face close to mine, and I never heard him coming. His eyes were like coals of fire and he was going to grab me, but I ran away."

The description was amusing, and while enjoying the boy's fright and lazily thinking what to say to him the "wild man" came to the willows where I lay and Bell bolted for the open field. I told Porter how he had scared my boy, and he laughed in that silent way usual to men who live with nature and said: "I was comin' up the crick and stopped to pick a few blackberries, when the boy came to the same bush. I on'y stood still and looked at him, an' was goin' to speak, when he seed me an' away he goes like a cottontail."

After a while Bell made a reconnoissance, and found the enemy smoking the pipe of peace under the willow, and he came in with some misgivings, but with an eye on those Horace Greeley whiskers. In his short life there had been nothing like those "lace curtains," as he afterward called them, seen in either military or civil life. It was this slight frame to the human countenance which had alarmed him. He crawled up and listened to the talk, which was upon the culinary excellence of young quawks, of which Porter had three, and Bell looked them over with great curiosity. In the immature plumage they resembled the adult poke, but Porter pointed out the fact that the young night herons had no dark patch on the side of the neck, nor buff stripes on the throat, although they were spotted with brown like their day-feeding relatives.

"Now these here birds is night feeders," said the old trapper, pleased to find one who took interest in questions which to him exceeded all others, "an' in order to help 'em get fish on dark nights—fur they've got to feed no matter how dark or stormy it may be—and when you can't see yer hand afore yer face they've got to see a fish in the water. Jess look at his long shanks with no feathers on 'em to get wet. That's so's he can wade out where he can watch fer fish, an' his long neck and bill lets him get down after 'em when he strikes. Ye see, he can stand up as high as a turkey, while his body ain't bigger nor a pa'tridge. His wings are big, and that makes him fly easy; but the p'int is how he kin see a fish in the water on a pitch-dark night. These here yaller patches o' down does it; they gives out a light like a bit o' fox-fire, and many a night I've thought it was fox-fire;* but when I've put the boat in to'ards 'em a quawk allers got up. But before he got up the light went out Now ye can see that when he stands in the water an' sort o' opens his wings—get down, here comes a shitepoke." He shot picked up the bird, showed the difference between the species, remarked that he didn't care to eat a poke, and settled down to his pipe, after his very long lecture on biology, although he would not have known what the word meant if he heard it. After he left us the boy said: "Mr. Porter knows a whole lot about birds, doesn't he?"

"Yes, Charley, he knows a whole lot about ev'ry living thing that he sees He would be a treasure to a closet naturalist. Tell me, what made you afraid of him when you saw him at the blackberry bush?"

"I dunno; he was so still. I was picking berries, and when I lifted my eyes there he was a-lookin' at me; and then he was so different from the men in the city. I can't tell you how it was."

In the fall it had been arranged that Porter and I should have a day with the ducks, snipe, yellow-legs, rail and sandpipers. Charley had a hint that he was not wanted, but when Porter and I met at the old barn in the evening, and had talked ourselves out before going to sleep in the hay, the boy turned up.

"Charley," said I, "what did you come down here for? You know you should be in school to-morrow. Are you sure that you asked your mother if you could come down?"

"Yes, sir, I have permission; and as to-morrow will be Saturday there is no school. I thought I'd be lonesome and I did want to see you shoot. Please let me go. I'll promise not to be in the way, and will keep back and not be a nuisance."

I was for sending him home in the morning, but Porter said: "Let the boy stay; he can take care of the boat an' set us ashore or across, an' it'll save us a walk back to the boat, if he'll on'y watch where we go an' keep well behind."

That settled it Porter had taken a fancy to the boy because of his interest in living things and a desire to know more than how to kill them. Looking back upon it, there seems no other reason for my liking him, outside the sentimental ones connected with his father's death and the fact that his open, honest way was attractive. There was a bit of water, then known as Dead Creek, which ran from the river up into the island, and we got our boat over into that and Charley pushed Porter among the rushes, where the rail congregated, while I looked for yellow legs and other shore birds. Porter said that the boy soon understood every signal, and his bag of rail was evidence of the success of the trip

In April, 1867, I got my first ideas of fish breeding from Port Tyler by seeing the strings of eggs of yellow perch hanging in the air on twigs when the spring freshets subsided. Porter said: "When the perch lays these eggs there ain't nothin' in 'em, but the he one comes along an' fills 'em up an' they hatch." Bell was greatly interested when I took some strings of eggs which had not dried, and he saw the fish move in the egg. We put a lot in a box and saw the fish swimming next day. A year later we fertilized some eggs and hatched them in the State Geological Rooms in Albany.†

This very bright and good boy had become my familiar, and when, in 1868, I bought a farm in western New York to engage in trout breeding he went with me. He was then fifteen years old and helped me make ponds, and in his enthusiasm brought in a great number of spawning trout from the adjoining brook. He went through the public schools and wanted more. I sent him to the academy at Brockport, N. Y., where he graduated in two years, and then wanted to study medicine. In the report of the American Fishculturists' Association, held in New York in 1873, will be found a paper by Charles Bell on the fecundation of fish eggs, in which he denies that the spermatozoa are distinguishable as independent organisms, instead of being merely free-moving cells. He attacked some of my theories, but he was my own boy and I admired his dash and his learning.

We all remember how Lord Byron hated Lord Castelraugh, and, when the latter cut his throat, the poet quoted from the reports: "'He severed the carotid artery,' my blessings on their learning.' In this spirit I read Bell's learned discourse on independent organisms and free-moving cells without giving an order to my hatter to enlarge my hat block; but there remained that personal pride which we take in the foot-ball team from our school, and which after all is only a personal pride—the team or the boy is part of our own personality, which, by the way, is the greatest thing on earth.

We lived a mile west of the village of Honeoye Falls, some sixteen miles south of Rochester, N. Y., and Charles studied with Dr. Brayton for a while and then got the notion that he would go to Albany to finish up, for, said he, "If I'm going to be a medical Johnny I've got to get where there is a chance to see the big medical Johnnies operate and hear them lecture. My studies so far are only preparatory to serious study, just the A B C of the business. There's nothing more to be learned here."

"At the Brockport Academy do the boys speak as disrespectfully of all the learned professions as you have now done of one which you hope to follow?"

"Yes, they've got names for all of them; you know that boys are not overburdened with reverence. What can you do to get me a job in Albany that will help pay for my schooling?"

I gave him letters and he went to the stock yards at West Albany and weighed cattle for some time, but in 1874 he learned that I was going to Germany with young shad and he wanted to go. My assistant had been selected by Prof. James W. Milner, then in charge of the shad work of the U. S. Fish Commission, and I begged to have Bell substituted. The other man I had never met, but as it was careful work, for the success of which I was partly responsible, I urged that I should name my assistant. Mr. Milner was with me, but the man had thrown up his business at his request and Bell did not go to Germany. Knowing his enthusiasm and care of all details, he was my choice. It would, however, have made no difference in the result. Mr. Anderson was as faithful and attentive as a man could be, but the young fish starved to death because they needed food which to-day we cannot supply.

Throughout the next winter the boy's letters to me showed a desire to get back on the trout farm, to go with me in the shad work and travel. There was less said about ambition to be a "medical Johnny," and reading between the lines it was plain that his ideals had changed. This is a very common thing with boys, as I have studied them, and myself. Reading Marryat's novels and Cooper's sea tales, I struggled to like plug tobacco, but failed. Robinson Crusoe seemed to live the right kind of life until "The Life of Charles XII., of Sweden," came in my way, and then the career of a soldier seemed to be the only desirable one. This in turn was knocked out by Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales," and I can at this late day understand how a boy just entering manhood may be undecided between several ideals The story of Whittington and his cat, or the yarn of Ben. Franklin walking Philadelphia streets, had the slightest inducement to emulate them. Few boys know their minds from year to year; why should I expect Charley to be an exception? Somehow he wanted to get back, I wanted him back, and he came.

In the spring of 1875 Prof. Baird wished me to make experiments in retarding the hatching of shad eggs, with a view to hatching them *en route* to Germany. Prof. Milner had met Bell, as I had taken him as an assistant to Des Moines, Iowa, with shad fry from the Hudson, and he assigned him to help me in experiments on the Delaware River,* but we did not feel satisfied with the trials when Mr. Milner telegraphed that two other men were ready to go with their apparatus. They went and failed. They knew of our experiments and hurried to get ahead, but we agreed to stay. The result was the "Bell and Mather Hatching Cone," which was the first thing that hatched fish eggs in bulk without the use of screens for layers of eggs, and the original is now in the National Museum.

After showing the new cone to Milner, Clark, Chase and other fishculturists who were hatching shad at South Hadley Falls, Mass., Milner asked if it was or would be patented. When we told him that it would not be patented because we had a prejudice against patents, having used the product of other men's brains in almost everything we handled, he said: "Well, you've solved the problem of hatching fish eggs in bulk." Bell had gone on with me and I was anxious to push him, so I gave him all the praise and credit possible; I didn't need any.

We had taken a lot of quinnat salmon from Niles, Mich., to Austin, Tex., in baggage cars, a long and tiresome trip, but the boy liked it, and when at the close of the shad hatching season of '75 I was sent to Tickfaw, La., with a lot of fry for the Natalbany River, and to collect the fishes of that region, Bell went to assist. Later in the year he was sent to Austin, Tex., to put up troughs and hatch quinnat salmon in a tributary of the Colorado. His last letter said: "The workmen here are slow. I've been working up to my waist in water and have a severe cold." The next known of him was when he staggered into the house of Prof. Milner, at Waukegan, Ill., on Nov. 30, delirious with typhoid fever, where he died four days later, aged twenty-two years. He lies in the Rural Cemetery at Albany, N. Y., his native city.

FRED MATHER.

---

* This is the name given to wood when it is in that state of dry rot which gives a phosphorescent light. Only those who have been in the woods at night, and have found a portion of a stump which has been protected from moisture, have seen fox-fire; but the writer has seen pieces which came as near being "light enough to read by" as he ever saw moonlight. He has read of brilliant moons, but never could read by one.

† An account of this will be found in the reports of the American Fisheries Society, and perhaps in the United States and the State reports. The volumes are not at hand as I write.

* See Reports U. S. Fish Commission for that year.

Penobscot Salmon.

MR. E. A. BUCK, of Bangor, Me., the man who makes the moccasins for Uncle Sam's red men, as well as hunting shoes of all kinds for sportsmen, is a dyed-in-the-wool salmon fisher.

The other day he talked of fish and flies and wound up by asking me if I had ever seen a "singed cat." I had seen a singed cat, but I failed to see what that had to do with salmon fishing till Mr. Buck kindly explained that he referred to a nondescript fly that had proved successful in the Bangor pool where others failed to get a rise. A singed cat is a dusky drab-colored fly that does not belie i s name, and a salmon must be in a pessimistic mood when he favors this diet.

Last year was a great year for salmon at Bangor. Mr. Buck said they came up the river in myriads, and probably twice as many were caught as during any other season in recent years. He thinks that the latter part of the run were cultivated fish, with which the river has been stocked. They were all young fish, averaging 5lbs. less in weight than the usual fish, and of a different shape and characterized by blunter snouts.

Mr. Buck caught his first salmon April 27 and his last June 18. The week from May 22 to 27 he took ten fish. On the 25th he took four. It was full moon and the time of big tides. He was out on the river on the last of the ebb, as soon as it was light enough to see, and at 5:30 stopped fishing, having landed three salmon that weighed 45lbs. After supper that day he went out again and took one 20lb. fish.

The pool is about five minutes' walk from Mr. Buck's house and only a little further from his place of business. Is any such sport to be found so close to civilization at any other place in the known world? J. B. B.

Pike-Perch in Missouri Waters.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 22.—Anglers in Missouri were treated last week to a genuine sensation in a press dispatch from St. Joseph, Mo., where there is located a State fish hatchery. The dispatch stated that some public-spirited citizens were to contribute funds, and that the Fish Commissioner at St. Joseph was going to hatch wall-eyed pike for introduction into the lakes and rivers in Missouri. The wall-eyed pike were to be obtained from Minnesota, and the consent of the Governor of that State and the Fish Commissioner were to be obtained to seine some Minnesota waters to secure the fish When one considers that there is no more abundant game fish in the waters of Missouri than wall-eyed pike, or as is commonly called "jack salmon," it is readily seen where the sensation comes in. Perhaps the Fish Commissioner at St. Joseph does not know that the jack salmon and the wall-eyed pike are the same fish, and that the proper name for it is the pike perch. Anglers of Missouri are to be congratulated that politics have no consideration in choosing Fish Commissioners in this State, but that they are selected for their knowledge of fish and fi-hculture. ABERDEEN.

"Angling Talks."

WE have a very few copies of George Dawson's "Angling Talks," a series of chapters of entertaining chat about men, fishermen, fish, fishing and fishing places. Cloth, 50 cents. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 10-13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club.
March 24-27.—Pittsburg.—Duquesne Kennel Club.
March 17-20.—Louisville.—Kentucky Kennel Club.
March 30-April 2.—Baltimore.—Baltimore Kennel Association.
March 30-April 2.—Kansas City.—Kansas City Kennel Club.
March 31-April 3.—San José.—Santa Clara County Poultry and Kennel Club.
April 7-10.—Stockton.—Stockton Kennel Club.
April 14-17.—Los Angeles.—Southern California Kennel Club.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

The twenty-first annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club was held in Madison Square Garden on Feb. 22 to 25.

The judges and their classes were as follows: Miss A. H. Whitney, St. Bernards and Newfoundlands; Mr. Chas. D. Bernheimer, Great Danes; Mr. Geo. E. Pollock, Chesapeake Bay dogs; Mr. Geo. Raper, of England, mastiffs, bloodhounds, greyhounds, English foxhounds, pointers, setters, Irish water spaniels, Clumber spaniels, field spaniels, whippets, pugs and toy spaniels; Mr. L. P. C. Astley, of England, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, collies, Old English sheep dogs, all terriers, schipperkes, Pomeranians, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous; Mr. John H. Matthews, bull dogs; Mr. R. D. Perry, American foxhounds; Mr. Geo. B. Post, Jr., beagles; Mr. H. W. Lacy, poodles; Mr. L. A. Klein, dachshunde; Mr. Andrew Laidlaw, cockers; Mr. Dwight Baldwin, Boston terriers.

There was a great deal of discontent over the awards in a number of classes, particularly in some of those judged by the talent from across the water.

Dr. H. Clay Glover attended to the veterinary requirements of the show in his usual satisfactory manner.

The benching and feeding was done by Spratts Patent, and well done; the new and brighter colored paint of the benching making a much more pleasing general effect.

Mr. James Mortimer superintended the show, and it is unnecessary to add that it was skillfully superintended.

Good weather prevailed, and the show was well attended. Every circumstance indicates that it was a financial success, as well as a success in all other respects.

The judging of the setters and pointers was received with much more than the ordinary complaints which are inseparable from dog showing, and there was ground for much of it. Those classed had a remarkably strong support, and it was generally expected that the foreign judges would give much better satisfaction than the home talent, but so far as the setters and pointers are concerned it was otherwise.

Foxhounds were but eighteen all told, English and American. Of the former there was but one, Songster, shown in the challenge class. There were seven in the open dog class, first going to Blackburn, a strong, symmetrically built hound, but rather short coupled. Pope's Samson, second, is somewhat loosely built and light in bone. Pope's Striver was a good third. The reserve went to a tidily built black and tan, Rice, excellent in shoulders, back, quarters, neck, legs and feet; plain in head. There were seven bitches. Flirt, a well-known competitor, won first. Flash, second, is lighter in build than Flirt, symmetrical, lean neck well set on good shoulders; feet a trifle open. Veracity, third, is heavy in head and strongly made. Frisky, reserve, is poor in head and of average merit otherwise. Challenge class for dogs and bitches had three competitors, of which Big Strive competed for specials only. Bowsprit, an excellent bitch in every way, took first; Duke, a well-known winner, taking second.

Chesapeake Bay dogs were treated rather harshly and rather unjustly, in that the first prizes were withheld, though the number and quality of these dogs were far above the average. There is no breed before the American public to-day which needs so much encouragement as does the Chesapeake Bay dog, so far as its bench show interests are concerned. In its special field it has a fame for excellent performance, and as a working dog it is much prized. To the bench shows the owners have not taken kindly. The dogs shown at New York are the best specimens which have competed at the bench shows in recent years, and nearly all had a first prize win to their credit. The dogs were in good condition. To withhold first under the circumstances was treating the owners most unjustly, as well as indicating that the judge was not so well informed of the situation as his position as judge would seem to indicate. Five competed in the dog class, and Deacon, shown in excellent condition, was awarded second prize. Beaver was awarded third. He is better in head than the winner, and is a much smaller dog. Five bitches competed. Lot, in good coat and a fairly good bitch, won second; third going to Dell, also a bitch of merit. No commended cards were given.

Pointers were in good numbers and quality. The Westminster Kennel Club had four of its famous pointers on exhibition, namely: King of Kent, Sandford Druid, Hempstead Daughter and Ightfield Tyne—all in good condition. There were five dog puppies. Brandywine, first, is long cast and light in barrel, straight in shoulders and stifles, slack built, good head and neck. Sir Donald, second, is flat-chested, in at elbows, feet turn out in front, fairly good in head. Rocket, third, is better in muscular development than first or second, and had also more symmetry and was better in legs, feet, body, neck, and had a fairly good head. The novice class had nine competitors. Fairview Jim, first, is good in head, is wide sprung in ribs, thin in thighs, yet is a fairly good pointer. Tick Kent, second, is light in muzzle, is better in legs than the winner, and stands better on them; body well shaped. Lad of Bang, third, is moderately splay-footed, too heavy in shoulders, excellent in back and quarters, symmetrical, and was better than first in many respects. Spot Gold, reserve, is light and thin. Open dogs, under 55lbs., had ten entries. First was won by Princess Boy, tending to legginess, though symmetrical. Sir George, second, is light in head, leggy, throaty, long cast. Third went to Fairview Jim, already mentioned; and the reserve to Straightaway, the winner of first at Boston. Omega, vhc., is quite a fair pointer. Dogs, 55lbs. and over, numbered ten. Sir Walter won somewhat easily. He is a smooth, sound dog. Heath's Roswell, second, is a bit heavy in head, not coarse, as we stated of him in our last comments on him. Furlough Mike was third. The reserve, King of Lynne, is throaty. Challenge dogs, under 55lbs., numbered three—Ridgeview Comet first, Shotaway second, Ridgeview Chancellor third. Challenge dogs, 55lbs. and over, was a troublesome class; for first Lad of Kent was awarded the prize in a walkover. He was shown in good condition. Molton Banner, his only competitor, was marked absent. Then Mr. Lewis, handler of Banner, presented the plea that Banner was not absent, and later the class was rejudged and Molton Banner was awarded first, which was quite as wrong as it could be; for first he was in bad condition, with some rather evident traces of mange, and second, Lad, is a better dog, though he has his faults. Mr. Geo. Jarvis, Lad's owner, protested against the rejudging, and the protest was allowed, the win then standing to Lad's credit. There were four bitch puppies. Zella Strideaway, first, is light in head and long cast. Furlough Maud, second, is light in muzzle, but otherwise is a well-made puppy, better than the winner in legs, feet, body and head, and also stands better in front. Dilwyn Belle, third, is commonplace. There were fourteen novice bitches. Fairview Meally, first, is not clean-cut in head, is flat in chest and stands in at elbows; in quality about fair. Belle of Eastchester, second, is a well-made bitch, shown a shade too thin in flesh, good in neck, a trifle too shallow in chest and plain in head. Ightfield Blossom, third, is heavy in shoulders, yet a good bitch. Mischief of Huntington, the reserve, is light in muzzle, too straight in shoulders and stifles. Furlough Bloom, vhc., is a smoothly made bitch, better in head, body, shoulders, chest, legs and feet than first or second. Westlake Startle, vhc., was symmetrical, but thin in flesh. There were thirteen bitches under 50lbs. Kent's Kate, quite a good bitch, won first. Fairview Meally was second and Belle of Eastchester was third, both already mentioned. Princess Trilby, reserve, is light in head and is throaty, otherwise quite a good bitch. Bitches, 50lbs. and under, had six competitors. Urada won first; she had the like honor at Boston. Ightfield Blossom was second and Furlough Bloom was third. Beggie, fourth, is heavy in shoulders and loosely built, is poor in head and wide in front. The challenge class for light-weight bitches had four. Miss Rumor was placed over Lady Gay Spanker, which was an error, and the reserve went to Brighton Flossie. In challenge bitches, heavy weight, Alice Leslie was placed over Josie Bracket, which was another error. There were two in the field trial class—Ightfield Diana and Strideaway, first and second in the order mentioned. George J. Gould took the kennel prize. Molton Banner was awarded the prize for the best pointer owned by a club member.

English setters were well represented in numbers, and mixed as to quality. Nine dog puppies competed. Arden Rod, a fairly good puppy, took first. Philip, Jr., second, has a light head. Braggelone won third. There were nine novice dogs; Orangeman, throaty, and loosely built, though a fairly good setter notwithstanding, took first. Paxtang II., a throaty, stockily built dog, took second. Knight Templar, third, is good in head, legs, feet, body, and was the best dog in the class. Rockingham II., reserve, has much merit. There were twelve in the open dog class. Freckled Monk, first, is slab-sided, heavy in movement, narrow-chested, in at elbows. Second went to Count Dick, a much better dog than the winner. Orangeman won third. Rambler, reserve, has a plain head, short neck, and is wide in ribs. Cactus, shown in good condition, had a walkover in the challenge class. There were seven bitch puppies. Suffolk Beauty was first, and Psyche, a good bitch, took second. Sappho, a pretty, light-built puppy, took third. There were seven novice bitches. Juno, first, is a good all-round bitch. Nellie Hunter, second, is short in muzzle, light in head, over-sprung in ribs, and about ordinary in quality. Blanche G., third, was the best bitch in the class. Nine bitches competed in the open class. Juno was first. Flower of Sulphur, second, is long cast, slack in loin, light muzzle, slightly throaty. Nellie Hunter took third. Laundress, fourth, is narrow in muzzle; she is a fairly good bitch. John Brett won the kennel special. Maid Marion had no competition in the challenge bitch class, and Montell beat Rodfield in the field trial class, though the latter excels the former in many respects.

Irish setters were fairly well represented in numbers, but in quality were about average. There were eight in the dog puppy class. Red Signal, first, is a little light in muzzle, fairly good head, and is a tidily built and symmetrical puppy. Parker, second, is an inferior specimen, an unnoticed dog, Guy Baker being far his superior. Hunter, third, is inclined to lathiness, but is far better than Parker. There were eleven in the novice class, first going to St. Elmo, good in neck, back and quarters; ears set on well, and his symmetry is superior. Kildare Swiveller, second, is straight in shoulders, faulty in head and was less symmetrical than St. Elmo. Pilot of Effingham, third, is a fairly good dog. Prince Elcho, vhc., was better than two placed in the money next over him. In open dogs there were eleven competitors. Shamrock O'More, first, stands in at elbows; is flat in ribs, head not clean-cut, and he shows some throatiness, but is a fairly good dog nevertheless. St. Elmo, second, is a better built dog than Shamrock. Third went to Kildare Swiveller, already noticed, and fourth to Pilot of Effingham. In the challenge class for dogs Kildare won over Finglas and Pride of Patsy, the latter being reserve. There were two bitch puppies: Bessie Thasmo and Belle Thasmo, first and second respectively, and both not above average. There were three novice bitches. Belle of Kildare, first, is throaty, but fairly good otherwise. Second went to Lady Lockwood, light in build and muzzle, and somewhat leggy; and third went to Molly Redstone, short in neck, and shoulders not well set. The open bitch class numbered seven. Trine, first, is a good all-round bitch. Belle of Kildare was second and Lady Rockwood third. Ruby Glenmore II., short in head, thin in flesh, won fourth. She would have shown much better had she been in condition. There were six in the challenge bitch class, Queen Vic carrying off the honors with much to spare. Duchess won second, and Delphine was reserve.

Gordon setters were about average in number and quality. There were two dog puppies, both very ordinary. Five novice dogs competed. Grouse Ranger won first; he stands on good legs and feet, has good black and tan color, and pleasing symmetry. Ladview, second, is throaty, faulty in head, and is moderately swaybacked. Brandy, third, was out of coat. Gordon, reserve, has a short, light muzzle, is rough in coat and lacking in Gordon character. There were eight in the open dog class. Doc, first, is throaty, but is a fairly good dog. Heather Bruce was a good second. His shoulders are well set, he has a good neck, though he is throaty; head rather plain. Forest Guy, third, is narrow in head and too heavy in shoulders. Jack Sharp, fourth, is poor in head and lacking in symmetry. There were two challenge dogs, Heather Lad and Heather York, the former carrying off the honors. Bitch puppies had but one entry, and that so faulty that it deserved nothing. Four novice bitches faced the judge. Mabel R., first, has a short muzzle, a light head, excellent neck, shoulders and quarters, and sound legs and feet. Princesview, second, is shallow in chest, light in body, small head, a very commonplace bitch. Brunhilda, third, is smudgy in tan and plain in head. This class was a poor one. There were eight in the open bitch class. Dwight Bee, first, is narrow in muzzle, but is a fair bitch. Sally Beaumont, second, is light in muzzle, plain in head and throaty. Venus, third, has a light muzzle, is throaty, plain in head, good in body, shoulders and quarters. Dwight Sarah, fourth, is a soundly made bitch. The reserve went to Princesview. Heather Bee won over Flomont in the challenge bitch class, and Flomont and Sallie Beaumont were first and second respectively in the field trial class. The kennel prize was won by James B. Blossom, and his Heather Bee captured the special for the best Gordon.

Beagles were a rare good lot and were strong in numbers. The judging was well done and gave reasonably good satisfaction. Nine appeared for judgment in the puppy class for dogs and bitches. Thornwood, an excellent beagle, though a little long cast, won first with something to spare. Churchman, second, is quite a sound dog, not so symmetrical and smoothly turned as the winner. Soda, third, is also quite a good beagle. There were ten novice dogs and bitches. Truman, first, is out at elbows, otherwise a soundly made, symmetrical beagle. Directum, second, is marred by a throaty, heavy neck, but is thin and sound otherwise. Wharton's Harkaway, third, is light in bone and his forefeet turn out, yet he is prettily formed. There were five in open dogs not exceeding 13in., and of these Leader was disqualified for being over size. Hector, first, in knees is a trifle faulty, but he is clean and tidy in build; a very sound dog all over. Thornwood took second and Young Royal third, the latter heavy in shoulders, light in bone and wide in ribs. Open dogs, 13in. and not over 15in., had thirteen competitors. Florist, first, is a finely formed, good all-round beagle. Lee III., second, is wide in front, pinched in muzzle, out at elbows, and has large feet. Robino II., third, is a strongly made dog, much better than Lee III. in every way; he stands on good legs and feet, has a well-shaped body, and is quite a good, sound dog. There were three challenge dogs, Ringleader taking first over Roy K. Bitches, not exceeding 13in., had nine competitors. Lonely II., heavy in shoulders, took first. Marjorie, second, is light in bone and wide in ribs. Eldred Briar, third, is deficient in short ribs. The reserve went to Beagle. Bitches, 13in. and not over 15in., had six competitors. First went to Oronsay Matron, a good all-round beagle; second to May R., well made, but lacking the symmetry of the winner. Frantic, third, was well made and more symmetrical than May R. Lady Glenwood, reserve, is heavy in shoulders. Lonely had a walkover in challenge bitches. Frank Forest won over Leader in the field trial class. The special for the best kennel was won by the Hempstead beagles. The special for the best beagle in the show was a closely contested prize. It was won by Harker, shown in much better condition than at Boston. He was closely pressed by Ringleader, the latter better in many respects, if not quite his superior.

AWARDS.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—Challenge—1st, Bragdon & McGregor's Songster.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, Walker & Hagan's Blackburn; 2d and 3d, N. Q. Pope's Pope's Samson and Pope's Striver. Res., J. H. Van Dorn's Rice. *Bitches:* 1st and res., N. Q. Pope's Flirt and Frisky; 2d, Walker & Hagan's Flash; 3d, J. Gibbs's Veracity.—Challenge—1st, Muske(under Kennels' Bowsprit; 2d, N. Q. Pope's Duke.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—*Dogs:* 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Deacon; 3d, Wm. Simpson's Beaver No 2. *Bitches:* 2d and 3d, Wm. Simpson's Lot and Dell.

POINTERS.—Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, C. P. Willcox's Brandywine; 2d Electric City Kennels' Sir Donald; 3d, R. A. Fairbairn's Rocket.—Novice—*Dogs:* 1st, Anderson & Wilcox's Fairview Jim; 2d, A. M. Hopper's Tick Kent; 3d, Electric City Kennels' Lad of Bang. Res., Dr. J. R. Daniels's Spot Gold.—Open—*Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st and 2d, W. G. Brokaw's Prince's Boy and Sir George; 3d, Anderson & Wilcox's Fairview Jim.—(55lbs. and over): 1st, W. G. Brokaw's Sir Walter; 2d, C. Heath's Heath's Roswell; 3d, G. J. Gould's Furlough Mike. Res., P. H. Andee's Kentish Lad.—Challenge—*Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st and res., G. J Gould's Ridgeview Comet and Ridgeview Chancellor; 2d, G. W. Lovell's Shotaway.—(55lbs. and over): 1st, G. Jarvis's Lad of Kent.—Puppies—*Bitches:* 1st, F. S. Eaton's Zella Strideaway; 2d, G J. Gould's Furlough Maud; 3d, Dr. J. E. Hair's Dilwyn Belle.—Novice—*Bitches:* 1st, Wilcox & Burtis's Fairview Meally; 2d, W. G. Brokaw's Belle of Eastchester; 3d, F. J. G. McArthur's Ightfield Blossom. Res., G Furguson's Mischief of Huntington.—Open—*Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, F. J. Lenoir's Kent's Kate; 2d, Wilcox & Burtis's Fairview Meally; 3d, W. G. Brokaw's Belle of Eastchester. Res., Tallman & Davenport's Princess Trilby.—(50lbs. and over): 1st, F. J. Lenoir's Urada; 2d, F. J. G. McArthur's Ightfield Blossom; 3d, G. J. Gould's Furlough Bloom; 4th, G. Furguson's Beggie.—Challenge—*Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st and 2d, G. J. Gould's Miss Rumor and Lady Gay Spanker. Res., Mrs. R. Armstrong's Brighton Flossie.—(50lbs. and over): 1st, E. M. Beale's Alice Leslie; 2d, G. J. Gould's Josie Bracket.—Pointers that have been placed in any public field trial in the United States or Canada—1st, G. J. Gould's Ightfield Diana; 2d, E O. Damon's Strideaway.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, L. D. Smith's Arden Rod; 2d, C. G Pierce's Uno; 3d, J. White's Braggelone. *Bitches:* 1st, G S. Raynor's Suffolk Beauty; 2d and 3d, A. Boote's Psyche and Sappho. Res., Glenwood Kennels' Beauty Bondhu II.—Novice—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Brett's Orangeman; 2d, E. E. Beach's Paxtang II.; 3d, R. W. Cunningham's Knight Templar. Res., H. Bartholomae's Rockingham II. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Boote's Juno; 2d, W. L. Harris's Nellie Hunter; 3d, W. H. McGarry's Blanche G.—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, C. R. Hickok and Mrs. L. McK Garrison's Freckled Monk; 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Count Dick; 3d, J. Brett's Orangeman; 4th, Miss E Rogge's Rambler. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Boote's Juno; 2d, J. Brett's Flower of Sulphur; 3d, W. L. Harris's Nellie Hunter; 4th, Eldred Kennels' Laundress. Res., D. J. Peters's Robin's Juno.—Challenge—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Brett's Cactus. *Bitches:* 1st, H. Pape's Maid Marion.—English Setters that have been placed at any public field trial in the United States or Canada—1st, H. L. Keyes's Montell; 2d, P. T. Madison's Rodfield.

IRISH SETTERS.—Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, H. A. Smith's Red Signal; 2d, E. W. Tynan's Parker; 3d, P. T. O'Neill's Hunter. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, F. M Thomas's Bessie Thasmo and Belle Thasmo.—Novice—*Dogs:* 1st, S. Coulson's St. Elmo; 2d, W. L. Washington's Kildare Swiveller; 3d, Effingham Park Kennels' Pilot of Effingham; Res., W. S. N. Tilden's Chief *Bitches:* 1st, W. L. Washington's Belle of Kildare; 2d, Woodbury Kennels' Lady Lockwood; 3d, Redstone Kennels' Mollie Redstone.—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, G Shippen's Shamrock O'Moore; 2d, S. Coulson's St. Elmo; 3d, W. L. Washington's Kildare Swiveller; 4th, Effingham Park Kennels' Pilot of Effingham. *Bitches:* 1st, D. E. Bowers's Trine; 2d, W. L. Washington's Belle of Kildare; 3d, Woodbury Kennels' Lady Rockwood; 4th, E W. Tynan's Ruby Glenmore II.—Challenge—*Dogs:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare; 2d, W. L. Washington's Finglas; Res., J. M. Bullock's Pride of Patsy. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Queen Vic, and Duchess; Res., J. B. Blossom's Delphinne.—Irish Setters that have been placed at any public field trial in the United States or Canada: 1st and 2d, J.

B. Blossom's Lady Alice and Bedford; 2d, W. L. Washington's Finglas.

GORDON SETTERS.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:*—1st and 2d, L. P. Braive's Taral and Dogget. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Pinemont.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, W. C. Gleason's Grouse Ranger; 2d, J. R. Oughton's Ladview; 3d, A. W. & C. R. Swain's Brandy; Res., Woodbury Kennels' Gordon. *Bitches:* 1st, John Redfield's Mabel R.; 2d, J. R. Oughton's Princesview; 3d, C. K. Clarke's Gunhilda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. B. Blossom's Doc and Heather Bruce; 3d, C. A. Stone's Forest Guy; 4th, C. E. Mather's Jack Sharp. *Bitches:* 1st, 4th and Res., J. R. Oughton's Dwight Bee, Dwight Sarah and Princesview; 2d and 3d, J. B. Blossom's Sally Beaumont and Venus.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad; Res., J. B. Blossom's Heather York. *Bitches:* 1st and Res., J. B. Blossom's Heather Bee and Flomont.—GORDON SETTERS THAT HAVE BEEN PLACED AT ANY FIELD TRIAL IN THE UNITED STATES OR CANADA: 1st and 2d, J. B. Blossom's Flomont and Sallie Beaumont.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, T. A. Carson's Mike C. *Bitches:* 1st, F. D. Baylay's Kittie O'Donnell; 2d, Miss A. Green's Venus.—CHALLENGE—1st, T. A. Carson's Marguerite. Res., Miss A. Green's Dennis.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, H. Jarrett's McGregor and Major Gilfeather. *Bitches:* 1st, H. Jarrett's Susie.—CHALLENGE—1st, H. Jarrett's Glenwood Greeting.

FIELD SPANIELS.—PUPPIES—2d, Miss A. Green's Berry Nell.—NOVICE—1st, H. P. Mullens's Woolton Dagmar; 2d, Miss A. Green's Darkest Africa.—OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Bishop; 2d, M. A. Viti's Royd Monarch; 3d and res., Miss A. Green's Wardleworth Sweep and Fashion. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Myrtle; 2d, W. A. McClellan's Princess Alice; 3d, Miss A. Green's Zulu.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, H. P. Mullens's Woolton Wonder. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, R. P. Keasbey's Gypsy Belle and Saybrook Cyprus; 2d, H. P. Mullens's Woolton Dagmar.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, H. P. Mullens's Woolton Baron; 2d, Dr. S. J. Bradbury's Drayton Warwick. Res., R. P. Keasbey's Coleshill Rufus. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, R. P. Keasbey's Moonlight Belle and Drayton the Shrew.

COCKER SPANIELS.—PUPPIES—1st and res., G. Douglas's Premier and Patron; 2d, F. McK. Robertson's Red Mollie; 3d, H. P. Mullens's Woolton Cherry.—NOVICE—1st, 3d and res., Mepal Kennels' Miss Jerry, Mepal's Floretta and Mepal's Beetle; 2d, G. Douglas's Premier.—OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st and res., G. Douglas's Havoc and Arab; 2d, Brookside Kennels' Figi; 3d, A. C. Wilmerding's Watnong I. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Brookside Kennels' Brookside Miss Phyllis and Woodland Belle; 2d, Mepal Kennels' Mepal Jerry. Res., C. & D. Priest's Trilby II.—RED OR LIVER—*Dogs:* 1st, F. McK. Robertson's Red Wonder; 2d, G. Bell, Jr.'s, Red Coat; 3d, Brookside Kennels' Brookside King. Res., H. N. Munn's Cardinal. *Bitches:* 1st, G. Douglas's Silk Gown; 2d, F. McK. Robertson's Red Nell; 3d, Raven Kennels' Baby Ethel. Res., Dr. J. H. Lyke's Commotion.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, W. T. Payne's Brown Hal; 2d, H. P. Mullens's Woolton Blue Gown; 3d, A. C. Wilmerding's Watnong Tommy. Res., Midvale Kennels' Bruton Bathbrick. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, W. T. Payne's Belle and Tansy; 3d, Brookside Kennels' Woodland Trilby. Res., F. McK. Robertson's Cora G.—CHALLENGE—BLACK OR LIVER—*Dogs:* 1st, J. H. Herbertson's Pickpania; 2d, Mepal Kennels' Commodore.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Gaiety Girl; 2d, Raven Kennels' Hamilton Jack. Res., Brookside Kennels' Red Dolly. *Bitches:* 1st, Mepal Kennels' Baby Ruth.

National Beagle Club of America.

A QUARTERLY meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the Madison Square Garden, Feb. 22. President Hermann F. Schellhass presided. The following members were present: Jas. W. Appleton, George B. Post, Jr., A. Wright Post, George F. Reed, Wm. Saxby, John Bateman, N. A. Baldwin, H. L. Kreuder, Jas. L. Kernochan, A. C. Pickhardt, L. C. Peters and George W. Rogers.

It was voted that the same futurity committee be appointed for another year, dating from Feb. 2, 1897; that no specials be offered at any show unless the judges be selected from the club's official list of judges or from the members of the club; that a bronze medal be offered at the Baltimore Kennel Club show for the best beagle in the show, opened to members of the N. B. C. of A. only; that the scale of points and standard be also revised, and the chairman appoint two separate committees of two practical breeders and owners of beagles, members of the N. B. C. of A., to consider the scale and standard and refer matters of difference to an umpire first to be agreed upon, and present a scale and standard at the regular meeting of the club to be fixed by the chair. A Produce Stake was submitted and voted that a committee be appointed by the chair to arrange the above stake on the lines submitted by Mr. Kernochan. The following were elected to membership: John Caswell, Boston, Mass.; Maxwell Stephenson, Hempstead, L. I.; R. H. Post, Bayport, L. I.

Meeting adjourned. GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

National Greyhound Club Meeting.

THE meeting was held in Madison Square Garden Feb. 25. There were present Messrs. H. W. Huntington, H. Nelson, L. C. Whiton, R. F. Little, Jr., J. L. Kernochan, C. F. Lewis, A. McGregor and Dr. Barr.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, H. W. Huntington; Secretary, R. F. Little, Jr.; Treasurer, L. C. Whiton; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Barr, J. L. Kernochan, H. W. Sharpless, A. L. Page; Delegate to A. K. C., H. Nelson.

The following were elected as members: Mrs W. W. Green, P. Daly, R. C. Brinkley, H. M. Nelson, F. Herring, F. Holy, H. S. Griffen, W. D. Griscom, Robert White, R. L. Lee, W. L. Andrus, Robert Walker, C. M. Higgins, G. H. Lambert, Dr. Behrendsohn, E. L. Kraus.

Executive Committee: H. W. Huntington, Dr. Barr, R. F. Little, Jr., L. C. Whiton, Dr. Lykes.

Treasurer's report was adopted as read.

The dues for 1897 were remitted to those who had paid dues for 1896. H. W. HUNTINGTON, Pres.

The Death of India.

MONTPELIER, Miss., Feb. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with much regret that I write you of the death of the pointer bitch India. The kennel has sustained a most severe and sad loss, and one that is almost impossible to replace. She was in whelp to Jingo, some of which died before birth and gave her blood-poisoning, which caused her death. She was by Rip Rap ex Dolly D., and won the Pointer Derby at West Point, Miss., in 1896. Really good pointer bitches are very rare and hard to breed. She was one of the highest class field bitches I ever saw, and this quality, combined with her rare form, constitution and character, made her one of the best and most valuable bitches in America. Her death is a general loss to the pointer interests of the country.

C. E. BUCKLE.

Collie Club Meeting.

AT a meeting of the Collie Club, held on Feb. 24, at Madison Square Garden, a list of officers was elected as follows: President, Jenkins Van Schaack; Vice-Presidents, J. Pierpont Morgan and J. L. Lincoln; Secretary, James Watson; Treasurer, J. D. Shotwell; Executive Committee, the above-mentioned officers and W. L. Stewart, W. T. Ford, R. McEwen, C. Y. Ford, J. A. Long, Henry Jarrett. A few revisions were made in the constitution, the most important one being that the dues of those elected to membership cover their indedtedness for a year so far as dues are concerned, beginning from the first of the month in which membership begins.

A. K. C. ANNUAL MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the A. K. C. was held in Madison Square Garden on Feb. 24; Vice-President Edward Brooks presided. There were present: Associate members (G. W. H. Ritchie and H. K. Bloodgood), American Fox Terrier Club (H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.), American Dachshund Club (L. A. Klein), American Scottish Terrier Club (James L. Little), American Spaniel Club (E. M. Oldham), Baltimore Kennel Association (William P. Riggs), Bloodhound Club of America (Dr. Alfred F. Stahl), Boston Terrier Club (L. A. Burritt), Collie Club of America (James Watson), Columbus Fanciers' Club (J. M. Taylor), Danbury Agricultural Society (G. E. Sears), Gordon Setter Club (James B. Blossom), Great Dane Club of America (Clifford Wood), Mascoutah Kennel Club (C. F. R. Drake), National Beagle Club (H. F. Schellhass), National Greyhound Club (Horatio Nelson), Pacific Fox Terrier Club (C. B. Knocker), Poodle Club of America (H. G. Trevor), Mohawk Kennel Club (W. T. Ford), Butterfly Bench Show Association (D. E. Waters), New England Kennel Club (Edward Brooks), Southern California Kennel Club (C. D. Bernheimer), St. Bernard Club of California (George Bargate).

The secretary announced the election of officers and delegates of the associate members as follows: President, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.; Vice-President, H. G. Trevor; Secretary, F. E. Lewis; Delegates: A. C. Wilmerding, H. K. Bloodgood and G. W. H. Ritchie.

The credentials of B. S. Horn, delegate of the Duquesne Kennel Club, not being in proper form, were rejected.

The minutes of the last meeting and of the financial report were accepted as published in the *Gazette*.

Officers were elected as follows: President, August Belmont; Vice-President, Edward Brooks; Stud Book Committee: James Watson, chairman, and Messrs. Schellhass and Knocker; chairman of field trial and coursing committee, H. F. Schellhass; Committee on Constitution and Rules: H. K. Bloodgood (chairman), G. W. H. Ritchie vice Dr. Foote, and Messrs. Watson and Schellhass.

For finance committee the present members were re-elected, excepting that Mr. L. A. Burritt was elected in the place of James Mortimer; Mr. A. C. Wilmerding is chairman. Messrs. Oldham and Bernheimer were elected members of the membership committee.

The credentials of Mr. R. McEwen as representative of the Canadian Kennel Club were read and accepted. The purpose of the representative was to arrange terms of reciprocal agreement, and failing better terms to close with the A. K. C. on the basis of the agreement rejected by the C. K. C. three years ago. With him was associated Dr. Wesley Mills. The aforesaid representatives were granted a hearing, and the A. K. C. appointed a committee of three to confer with a like committee of the C. K. C.

The report of the committee on constitution and rules, as published in the August and January numbers of the *Gazette*, regarding the amendments that were put over from the September meeting, was read, and after considerable discussion unanimously adopted. It was carried that the changes in the constitution take effect March 1.

As a reply to a communication from the Bull Terrier Club asking what rights they had in offering prizes at different bench shows, and whether the bench shows could accept such prizes from a suspended club, the following resolution was passed: "That no special or regular prize can be accepted from any person or club under suspension or disqualification."

The executive committee then met. The afore-mentioned delegates were present.

On recommendation of the committee on field trials and coursing meetings, the application of the New England Beagle Club to have recognized the wins of its first and second annual field trials, held respectively in 1893 and 1894, was granted.

The matter of holding a bench show by the California State Poultry and Kennel Association on dates which included Sunday, and which matter came up at the September meeting and was referred to the Pacific Advisory Board, was acted on by that body as follows:

Whereas, The California State Poultry and Kennel Association has already completed arrangements for holding its bench show on certain dates, therefore be it

Resolved, That the best interests of said Association demand that the dates claimed—viz., Jan. 9, 10, 11 and 12—be granted it, notwithstanding the fact that one of these dates falls on Sunday.

Resolved, That the Pacific Advisory Board, by the authority vested in it by the A. K. C., does hereby consent to the holding of said show in the city of Sacramento on Jan. 9, 10, 11 and 12, 1897.

On motion that report was accepted and placed on file.

The matter of the protest made against the bull terrier Harper Whiskey at the Stockton show, the ground of the protest being that the dog belonged to the judge, and that the dog was shipped to the judge, and that Mr. Heller had the shipping tag, and that he took off the tags, was disallowed. He was also protested on the ground of deafness. The Stockton Club did not sustain the protest. Mr. Heller appealed from their decision. The A. K. C. sent the papers to the Pacific Advisory Board for investigation, and that body reported that after a careful reading of the evidence submitted by both parties the board found that Harper Whiskey was the *bona fide* property of J. J. Sparrow at the time of his entry in the Stockton show; that the money was paid for the dog on the day before the entry was made, and that said entry was made within the legal time. The board found further that Harper Whiskey is so deaf that he cannot hear the ordinary commands, but the board could not decide whether or not such was his condition at the date of the Stockton show. The board recommended that as to the matter of deafness the appeal be dismissed and the award allowed to stand. The board further recommended that the forfeit money put up by Mr. Heller be returned to him.

The board's report was accepted and placed on file.

In another report the board by resolution decided against the recognition of the Olympic Gun Club and in favor of a kennel club. This resolution was, on motion, laid upon the table.

The report of the committee on membership was next taken up, and it reported three applications for admissson to the A. K. C. from clubs in California, namely, the San Francisco Kennel Club and the Olympic Gun Club, of San Francisco, and the Santa Clara Valley Poultry and Kennel Club, of San Jose. The application of the Olympic Gun Club was disapproved by the committee, as it did not qualify properly for membership. Some debate followed, showing the animus of the Olympic Gun Club toward a special kennel club in San Francisco. The report of the membership committee was accepted and its recommendations adopted, upon the ground that the Olympic Gun Club was not eligible to membership. On ballot, the San Francisco Kennel Club and the Santa Clara Valley Club were admitted to membership.

Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh was elected secretary.

The resignations of the Live Stock Society of America, the Washington City Kennel Club and the Northwestern Beagle Club were accepted.

Mr. Samuel Hammond's communication recommending the making of a new rule compelling specialty clubs to file each year a correct list of accepted judges and roll of membership with the A. K. C., and the communication from Mr. Chas. M. Bryant on the subject of making a new rule to govern all breeds of dogs where divided by the weight limit, were referred to the committee on constitution and rules.

The appeal of F. J. Rommell, Chicago, for reinstatement, was referred to the Stud Book committee. He was disqualified in 1893 on the matter of a pedigree.

In respect to the violations of the rules by exhibitors at Boston, the wins of the following dogs were disqualified: the pointer Alice Leslie; the setter Cactus; the spaniels Woolton Baron, Scandal, Middy, Commodore, Woodland Princess and Goldie S.; the bull terrier Starlight; the fox terriers Warren Safeguard and Warren Captious. The following violations were the fault of the N. E. K. C.: Bloodhounds Nenus, Clumber, Glenwood Greeting; fox terrier Thornfield Knockout; Scottish terriers Rhudunan, Wankie Tam and Wankie Diana. The above entries having been made correctly by exhibitors, the club's forfeit of $25 was forfeited.

The secretary was directed to notify the clubs in arrears that if their dues were not paid within thirty days from date they would be dropped from the roll.

The treasurer's report was as follows: Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1897, $3,256.97; receipts from all sources to date, $1,946.25; total, $5,203.22; disbursements from Jan. 1, 1897, $664.16; balance on hand, $4,539.06.

Nine clubs were reported in arrears. The Seattle Kennel Club informed the A. K. C. of the suspension of the bank in which its funds were on deposit, and promising to liquidate as soon as possible.

The membership committee approved the applications for membership of the Irish Terrier Club of America, the Kansas City Kennel Club and the Kentucky Kennel Club, and they were declared active members.

The following prefixes were granted: Abaco, Mrs. M. P. Dawson; Briar Cliff, E. J. & F. Becker; Bristol, Oliver Ames; Cherokee, W. S. Applegate; Diamond, M. M. Mitchell; Hudson, C. H. Mantler; Rodney, C. G. Hopton; Shiloh, W. Le Monnier; Woodbine, Frederick Jacobi.

American Spaniel Club.

THE annual meeting of the American Spaniel Club was held at Madison Square Garden Feb. 23.

The president presented the meeting the inclosed report of the executive committee, showing the work done by the committee during the past year.

Mr. M. A. Viti, as chairman of the committee on revision of by-laws, reported the following changes have been made: Article IV. to read as follows:

Section 1. It shall be the duty of the executive committee to endeavor to obtain suitable classes for spaniels at all bench shows, and that at such shows as agree to abide by the standards of the club, and appoint a judge who has been duly elected to the club's list of judges; the committee shall have full power to offer such prizes as they may deem advisable in addition to those given by the show authorities.

Section 2. At all shows adopting classification No. 1 the executive committee shall offer the following prizes: Cash specials for the best brace of field, Clumber, Irish water and cocker spaniels.

At all shows adopting classification No. 2 the executive committee shall offer cash specials for the best brace of field, Clumber or Irish water and cocker spaniels, and at all shows adopting classification No. 3 the executive committee shall offer cash specials for the best brace of all spaniels over 28lbs. and for the best brace of cocker spaniels. Provided, however, that the special prizes to be offered as aforesaid shall not be paid or awarded to any exhibitor unless at least two braces of spaniels shall compete for these prizes, and provided further, that the secretary shall so notify any show committee adopting the club's classifications.

At all shows adopting classification No. 1 the executive committee shall offer at least two challenge prizes, and at all shows adopting classification No. 2 the executive committee shall offer at least one challenge prize, in addition to the above cash special prizes.

Section 3. That these prizes shall be known as "American Spaniel Club special prizes."

In Article V., changing Section 1 so as to provide for the annual election of club judges.

Also by changing Article IX. to read as follows: "These by-laws may be altered, amended or suspended by a majority vote of the members present at the annual meeting of the club, provided ten (10) days' notice has been given to each member of the club of the proposed change. Notice of such alterations or amendments shall be sent at once to each member of the club."

The executive committee also reported that in future the words "over 28lbs. and under 28lbs." shall be stricken out wherever they appear, and that the spaniels be designated as field spaniels and cocker spaniels according to the standard of the club.

Some slight changes have been made in classification No. 1, copy of which is herewith inclosed.

Ballots were taken for an executive committee for the ensuing year, and the following gentlemen duly elected: E. M. Oldham, M. A. Viti, Dr. S. J. Bradbury, H. K. Bloodgood, R. P. Keasbey.

Meeting of the new executive committee was held immediately after the annual meeting. Mr. E. M. Oldham was elected president, and Dr. S. J. Bradbury sec'y-treasurer, and Mr. E. M. Oldham was elected delegate to the American Kennel Club.

The following motions were duly seconded and carried:

Whereas, R. P. Keasbey, Esq., has by diligent efforts efficiently served the club as its secretary for several years, and whereas Mr. Keasbey has declined a nomination for that office.

Resolved, That the thanks of the club be extended Mr. Keasbey for his services during the past, and that these minutes be spread upon the records of the club.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be offered to Dr. S. J. Bradbury for the use of his apartments by the executive committee for their regular monthly meetings.

The annual dinner of the club was held at 17 East Twenty,

second street, Zaughere, on the same evening, and was voted a great success by all present. The executive committee only hope that another year will see more present.

DR. S. J. BRADBURY, Sec'y-Treas.

Irish Setter Club.

THE annual meeting of the Irish Setter Club of America was held at the Madison Square Garden, New York, Feb. 25, at 12 o'clock; Dr. G. G. Davis in the chair.

Present: Dr. G. G. Davis, James B. Blossom, B. L. Clements, F. L. Cheney, Woodruff Sutton, Geo. H. Thomson, and by proxy W. L. Washington.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The treasurer's report, showing a balance of $68.46, was read and approved.

It was moved and seconded that the secretary be empowered to have the constitution and by-laws printed as amended, with the list of officers for the ensuing year.

It was decided to continue the standard for Irish setters originally adopted by the club.

It was also decided to offer a special prize of $10 to the Kentucky Kennel Club and $10 to the Baltimore Kennel Association for the best Irish setter in open classes that has been placed in any stake in a field trial, said setter to be owned by a member of the Irish Setter Club.

Mr. James M. Bullock, of Philadelphia, was elected a member.

A field trial committee, consisting of Messrs. Cheney, Clements and Thomson, was appointed, with power to offer such prizes at field trials and bench shows as in their judgment may be best calculated to further the interests of the Irish setter.

The following gentlemen were then elected to hold office for the ensuing year: President, Dr. G. G. Davis; Vice-President, James B. Blossom; Secretary-Treasurer, Geo. H. Thomson; Executive Committee: F. L. Cheney, Woodruff Sutton, B. L. Clements, Dr. William Jarvis and Ray Tompkins.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

GEO. H. THOMSON, Sec'y.

Gordon Setter Club.

THE annual meeting of the Gordon Setter Club of America was held in Madison Square Garden on Feb. 22.

The minutes of the previous meetings and the secretary-treasurer's report were approved. The president was empowered to make arrangements for and hold field trials during the coming autumn if in his judgment he should find sufficient support to do so. The president, Mr. Blossom, was continued as delegate to the A. K. C. The election of members during the past year was approved. It was resolved that the managers of dog shows be requested to increase the number and value of prizes in the challenge classes, so that the good dogs which were continually being buried therein might be resurrected to public competition by inducements at least equal to those offered to poor novices and poorer puppies. The following were re-elected officers and executive committee for the ensuing year: President, James B. Blossom; Vice-President, John R. Oughton, Dwight, Ill.; Secretary-Treasurer, L. A. Van Zandt; Executive Committee: C. C. Hendee, E. K. Sperry, Geo. Bleistem, E. H. Schusen.

Pointer Club of America.

THE annual meeting of the Pointer Club of America was held on Feb. 22, at Madison Square Garden, New York. Present: Messrs. Jarvis, Brush, Root, Mott, Blyth, James, Westlake, Knox, McSherry, Webster, Lewis and Pickhardt. Mr. J Roger McSherry presided. The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted. The treasurer's report was read and accepted.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, George J. Gould; Vice-President, Frederick S. Webster; Treasurer, C. F. Lewis; Secretary, W. H. Brush; Board of Governors: J. Roger McSherry, Thomas Blyth, R. E. Westlake, J. D. James, George Jarvis, James Mortimer; Delegate to the American Kennel Club, George Jarvis. Mr. Frederick G. Lenoir was elected to membership.

It was resolved that the Pointer Club of America shall offer a breeder's cup, the conditions under which it shall be competed for shall be regulated and determined by the board of governors.

E. F. T. C. Meeting.

A MEETING of the Eastern Field Trials Club was held in Madison Square Garden at 4 P. M., Feb. 23. Twelve members were present. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., President, in the chair. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and approved. The treasurer's report showed a balance of $65 in the treasury for the year ending Dec. 31, 1896.

The club's trials are to be held at Newton, N. C., on the club's preserve, beginning with the Members' Stake, Saturday, Nov. 13, to be followed with the Derby, open to all pointers and setters whelped after Jan. 1, 1896. The All-Age Stake is open to all pointers and setters which have not won a first prize in the open stakes of the United States and Continental trials. The purses in each stake are $600. The Subscription Stake is open to the world for pointers and setters. The heats in the first series to be two hours each. Purse $500. The judges selected are: Col. Arthur Merriman, Memphis, Tenn., and S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn. The third judge will be selected later.

S. C. BRADLEY, Sec'y.

Irish Terrier Club.

A RATIFICATION meeting of the Irish Terrier Club of America, which was organized in December, 1896, was held on Feb. 23, at Madison Square Garden, New York. Mr. Edward Brooks presided. Present: O. W. Donner, Edward Brooks, G. M. Weld, H. G. T. Martin, E. L. Beadleston, S. L. Sackett, W. A. Thomson, Morton E. Cobb, Bancroft C. Davis, M. Bruckheimer, Thos. Wise, Jr., Singleton Van Schaick. A constitution and by-laws was adopted, and an election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, Oliver Ames; Vice-President, W. L. Beadleston; Treasurer, S. D. Parker; Secretary, O. W. Donner; Board of Governors: Oliver Ames, W. L. Beadleston, S. D Parker, O. W. Donner, Edward Brooks, B. L. Sackett, G. M. Weld, W. A. Thomson; Delegate to the American Kennel Club, W. L. Beadleston.

The standard adopted by the club is the revision made by the Irish Terrier Club of Great Britain.

THE GOULD CUP.

MONTPELIER, Miss., Feb. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just received FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 6, in which your reporter ably describes one side of the question of the All-Age Absolute for the Gould Cup, which should have been run for at West Point, Miss., Jan. 23. I will endeavor to give another side, which the said reporter carefully ignores.

First: The holder of the cup had no right whatever to have the said cup in his possession, his time of holding it having expired, and it should have been delivered over to the secretary of the club before the competition.

Second: The said holder of the cup had no possible further claim on the same, as he was beaten in the All-Age Stake.

Third: In Rule I. of the U. S. F. T. will be found that the management shall be intrusted to the governors of the club, and with them lies the interpretation of all rules. They shall decide upon all matters not provided for in their rules.

I think it will be found in the minutes of the club meeting that evening that the judges did not decide that Tippoo had won by default of Tony Boy, as stated, but that it was so decided by the members present. I know Mr. Dexter presided at the meeting and declined to vote or have any say in the matter, he being the owner of Tippoo.

I believe in the case of all horse and yacht racing when one competitor fails to start the cup is awarded to the other. In the face of this, I would say that if the judges erred at all it was in not making Tippoo run over the course that day for the two-hour limit.

Of course I am aware that a win by default is a very empty honor, but the cup was awarded to Tippoo, and legally so, by the rules of the club, and in the face of the above I fail to see the right of the former winner to withhold the same.

C. E. BUCKLE.

[Briefly touching on Mr. Buckle's foregoing charge of an *ex parte* treatment of the matter of the absolute heat for the Gould cup at the recent U. S. F. T. C. trials, it is but fair to say that the cup matter was treated in the most impartial manner by us, and in accordance with the facts pertaining to it. As Mr. Buckle is a directly interested party, it is not a cause of wonderment that our impartial statement might to him seem to be partial when it was opposed to his personal interests and beliefs. Under such circumstances his letter might have been in better taste had it dealt with the matter on its merits instead of weakly pleading unfairness.

As the circumstances may not be known to every one, it may be well to review them. On Saturday, June 23, the All-Age running was finished. The Derby absolute was run. The All-Age setter and the All-Age pointer winners were next in order of competition for the Gould cup. Mr. Rose then announced that Tony Boy was ill, and therefore he objected to running him. Both judges made a personal examination of him. Mr. Buckle, who was near by all the while, then announced that he did not care to win the cup by default. The discussion and hesitation lasted some minutes. At last the judges announced that the heat between Tony Boy and Tippoo was postponed to some day in the week following. The party returned to town with this understanding. The secretary wrote it on the club's bulletin board and it so stood during several hours. We maintained in our report that there was no default on the part of Tony Boy under the circumstances. The consent of all concerned to a postponement of the heat till a day in the following week waived all question of default. That later the club or judges or both arbitrarily decided that Tippoo had won by the default of Tony Boy is no more pertinent to the matter at that stage than if the King of Ashantee had so decided it, since they had no authority to decide in that manner.

In his letter to Mr. W. B. Stafford, Secretary U. S. F. T. C., Mr. George J. Gould, announcing the gift of the cups, imposed certain conditions, among which were these: "The winner of the Pointer All-Age Stake and the winner of the Setter All-Age Stake to run a final trial for the trophy, the heat or heats not to be shorter than two hours, the judge or judges to insist on thoroughly broken dogs."

Mr. Gould specified that the trophies were offered under the "conditions and restrictions" specified by him.

It is palpable that the donor did not contemplate a win by default, and it is equally palpable that the U. S. Club so interpreted it when it incorporated the following in its rules: "The absolute trial for the Gould cup *must be* at least one hour's duration in the Derby and two hours' duration in the All-Age Stake," etc. This is a mandatory condition. This rule fully provides for the matter, contrary to Mr. Buckle's third objection, dealt with hereinafter.

Mr. Buckle makes his objections under three heads. The first one will now be considered. The holder of the cup had a right to hold it till there was competition for it again. The "conditions and restrictions" of the gift absolutely required competition for it. The U. S. Club's rules were mandatory in requiring competition. Now there either was competition or there was not. If there was, the cup could be awarded. If there was not, it could not. Mr. Buckle did not compete for it, and therefore he has no more standing in the matter than all others who did not compete. That he was qualified to compete makes no difference. Actual competition is what is essential. To be eligible is another matter.

Now as to his second objection, it may be said in reply that the All-Age stake within itself had no bearing whatever on the cup except in so far as to qualify a competitor for it. The cup had no relation to the determination of the All Age Stakes. It was distinctly detached from them. It applied only to the winners of them. The competition of the two winners for the cup related to the two winners and no other dogs. Whether the holder of the cup was or was not beaten in the All-Age Stake is entirely irrelevant. Until there was competition for the cup, the last holder of it was rightfully the legal holder. The competition in the absolute heat is the point at issue, and not what was done elsewhere.

As to the third objection, the club's rules undoubtedly govern its own affairs. The cups, however, were special prizes, governed by "conditions and restrictions" not in the club's rules, and yet they were "conditions and restrictions" to which the club had acquiesced when it accepted the trophies. Those special restrictions were paramount to the club's rules. They govern the trophies absolutely.

Mr. Buckle raises very indiscreetly the point that the management shall be intrusted to the governors of the club, and with them lies the interpretation of the rules, and that they shall decide on all matters not provided for in their rules. The implication is that they can do about as they please. However, the plea made by Mr. Buckle is irrelevant: first, because managing the affairs of the club is something distinctly apart from the judging; and, second, the whole question at issue *is* fully provided for in the rules. He thus is wrong in his understanding of the board's relation to the matter. If the board of governors rejected the decision of the judges in the matter, and took it upon themselves to decide arbitrarily as it best pleased them, they could place any dog in the stake as they pleased, overrule the judges as they pleased, and generally convey a most unpleasant implication of the extent and trend of their powers. And yet if they choose to act illegally, as Mr. Buckle holds they did do, it by no means follows that their ruling will be either respectfully heeded or obeyed. If the judges did not decide that Tippoo won, the board surely had no right to arbitrarily take the matter into their own hands.

The matter of horse and yacht racing is not analogous. If the horse or yacht owner waived his right to win by default, the case would then be analogous to the one under consideration.

In conclusion it may be said that once recognize the soundness of a win by default and the honor of winning the cup would not be worth a picayune.]

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The prize list of the Duquesne Kennel Club's fourth annual show, to be held beginning March 24, can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. W. E. Littell, Box 754, Pittsburg. Entries close on March 13.

Mr. S. B. Cummings, secretary of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, writes us that the association's next trials will be held on its preserve, Greene county, Pennsylvania, on Nov. 2 to 6.

At a field trial held recently at Aiken, S. C., Mr. H. B. Duryea, judge, Mr. F. R. Hitchcock's Tory Topaz won the cup offered by Mr. F. T. Moorhead. The number of entries and other particulars are not at hand, but it was a friendly local affair of the kind that could be copied with profit throughout the game country.

Mr. W. E. Littell, Secretary of the Duquesne Kennel Club, writes that Mr. L. C. Sauveur has resigned as judge at the Pittsburg show, and that his classes have been turned over to Mr. J. Mortimer.

Owing to delays in making arrangements for the show of field trial winners at the Sportsmen's Exhibition, the matter has been given over for this year.

"My Dog and I," a treatise on dogs, by H. W. Huntington, the latest work on canine matters from the press, contains the scale of points and description of nearly every recognized breed of dogs There are also special departments devoted to the dog in health and sickness.

The first field trials of the Alabama Field Trials Club were run on Feb. 15 at Madison, Ala. The judges were W. B. Stafford and W. B. Hamilton, Columbus, Miss. There were five starters in the Derby, namely, H. H. Mayberry's pointer Alabama Girl, T. W. O'Byrne's pointer Redskin, H. K. Milner's pointer Alameda, Ashford & Spencer's Otho, and T. T. Ashford's pointer bitch Balsora. Winners: First, Alabama Girl; second, Alameda; third, Balsora. In the Alabama Stakes there were four starters: F. W. Dunham's pointer Elgin's Dash, T. T. Ashford's Hessie D., W. J. Love's Love's Kent, and R. M. Ward's setter dog Brook's Gladstone. Winners: First, Elgin's Dash; second, Hessie D.; third, Brook's Gladstone.

A meeting of the committees of the A. K. C. and the C. K. C., in the matter of reciprocity between the two clubs, was held in the A. K C rooms, 55 Liberty street, New York, on Feb. 25, and no settled conclusion was reached. The C. K. C. was requested to formulate what it would concede.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

Wheeling for Trout in the White Mountains.

IPSWICH, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Frank and I had been at Jackson for two weeks on a fishing excursion. We had brought our wheels, for although the surrounding country is very hilly we thought that it would be easier to wheel than to walk, and much more economical than to hire a carriage every time we wished to go a-fishing.

Jackson is a summer resort in the White Mountains. It is a veritable fisherman's paradise, abounding in numerous streams filled with sleek, gamy trout.

One evening after a very fatiguing tramp through the Notch and Tuckerman's Ravine, I was sitting on the piazza of the hotel enjoying my cigar, when Frank came to me and said: "Ted, I have just been talking to Mr. Crawford, and he tells me there is excellent fishing at Glen Ellis Falls. I want you to go with me to-morrow. Will you?"

"Yes," said I; "but as it is a seven-mile jaunt and mostly up-hill work, we will need an early start."

"Is 4 o'clock too early?"

"Not a bit."

Having thus settled the matter, we left orders for an early breakfast and lunch to be put up, oiled our bicycles and put our tackle in order.

After a very short sleep, in fact it seemed to me as if I had just closed my eyes, there came a loud knock at my door. I hustled into my clothes and soon joined Frank.

On emerging from my room I heard some people moving about downstairs, and soon a carriage drove up to the door.

"What does all this mean, Frank?" said I.

"It means that some of the other guests have heard of our prospective trip and are going to follow us to the fishing ground," he replied.

"Well, in that case I don't need any breakfast," said I. "Is the luncheon and bait ready? Yes? Well, let's mount and get away."

At last we were under way and swiftly pedaling on toward our destination. After an hour's hard riding we arrived at the falls, and unstrapping our rods and lunch we hid our silent steeds in the woods.

We had been fishing nearly half an hour before we heard the hotel party. Their horses seemed very much worn out and exhausted, as if they had been urged in trying to catch

up with our wheels. The three men who composed the party soon appeared on the banks of the stream arrayed in long fisherman's boots, shooting jackets and large sombreros. We went up stream while they went down.

At noon Frank had twenty beauties, I had only seventeen.

While eating our lunch we saw a great dark cloud gathering overhead.

Frank remarked that he believed it would rain cats and dogs inside of two hours, but as the fish were rising freely we waited a little longer before turning homeward.

Just as we were taking our rods apart the party from the hotel came in sight. They had had poor luck, having only caught ten small trout for three rods.

"It's all your fault," they said. "You fished out the stream ahead of us and got all the best trout."

Naturally they were not in the best of humors. While talking to them we made fast our rods to our wheels and prepared to leave, but the hotel party were loath to go, hoping to retrieve their bad luck. Afterward they had reason to regret that they did not go when we did. Having got everything ready, we started on our downward journey. It was a thrilling coast! Not having on brakes, and not being able to hold back on the pedals, we had to coast. Down we flew, bumping over stones and swerving from side to side as we rushed on. Soon the lightning began to flash and small raindrops to strike our faces. The church spires of Jackson were in view, and there was only one mile more to go. Looking at Frank, who was ahead of me, I saw his wheel give a leap into the air; he went at least 1ft. above his saddle and I expected to see him fall, but he did not. By some miracle he regained his seat, steadied his wabbling wheel and continued on his way.

In watching him I had failed to notice a deep gully in the road made by the rain until too late. Now I was in the air, my wheel seeming to leap from under me. By luck I regained my seat and flew on.

Soon the hotel loomed up, and I managed to put my foot under the front fork against the tire, thus stopping slowly and gradually. I uttered a silent prayer of thanksgiving for my preservation and restoration to the comforts of civilization.

After we had been home for three hours, during which time it rained fast and furiously, the hotel carriage started for the party who had chosen to go fishing with a team rather than on wheels. Frank and I did not envy them their enforced stay in the woods, exposed to the fury of the elements.

THEODORE S. HALE.

Bicycle Tools.

AMERICAN riders, as a rule, like to ride with their wheels stripped of all encumbrance. Anything tending to detract from the appearance of their machines or to increase the weight is looked upon with disfavor. Even lamps and tool bags are dispensed with when possible.

From time to time we meet with ingenious riders who utilize the hollow space of the tubing for carrying the articles which commonly go into the tool bag. When the seat post is out there is a convenient receptacle in the center brace tube which can be utilized by fitting inside a long, narrow bag. The wrench, provided it is small enough, small hand pump, tire repair outfit, including plugs and tape, graphite, extra links for chain, etc., may all be carried in this bag, care being taken to wrap the metal articles so that they will not rattle. Sometimes the seat post itself is utilized instead of the tubing of the frame, but as a rule its inside dimension is too small to admit carrying the common tools.

The chief objection to this method of dispensing with the tool bag is that it makes too much trouble getting at tools. It offers an advantageous receptacle for extra nuts, links, or tire repair outfit, articles which are not often needed; but the pump and wrench should be where they can be gotten at more easily.

We are told that a combined pump and wrench that will shortly be put upon the market will have an important effect in doing away with the tool bag. The pump is a hand pump of the best type, which has an elliptical cross section, and which, while more easily carried in hip or breast pocket than the ordinary pump, has about double its capacity. The wrench fits inside, and is characterized by great strength and leverage, gained by the addition of the pump section. A screw driver is also incorporated in the tool.

A Pocket Bicycle.

A FRENCHMAN named Leguir, who is an enthusiastic bicyclist, and has untold trouble with train guards and baggage-men when transporting his wheel on the railways, has invented a pocket bicycle. This name is not to be taken literally; the bicycle cannot be folded so closely as to go into a man's pocket. However, each wheel, after the rubber tiring has been removed, may be taken apart in four sections and these sections clapped together as a fan would be, so that the whole machine goes into a case of about the size required for five or six umbrellas. M. Leguir carries the package with a shawl strap. A Berlin editor who went to Paris to examine the machine, with the intention of having one made for his own use, remarked after his return: "All very well, but we shall think a long time before trusting our own bones to this machine."

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

NOW THAT the building season is nearing its end, it must be admitted that the show of new boats is most unsatisfactory. When the proposed changes in the rules were before the clubs in the fall, stories were heard on every hand of men who were eager to build racing yachts, schooners, 70-footers and 51-footers, but who would be deterred if the limit of draft and similar measures were not at once rushed through. The rules as proposed were adopted, willingly in some clubs and unwillingly in others—and with the result that not one new keel was laid. The only racing yacht of even moderate size that will be launched this spring is the 51-footer Syce, F. M. Hoyt, and this yacht begun before the limit of draft was proposed. Later on in the year, too late for the racing, another yacht will be added to the class, the Fife yacht designed for J. B. Mills. Both of these yachts would have been built just the same, whatever the fate of the draft limit scheme had been.

In the smallest class, the Seawanhaka 20-footers, the indications are that quite a number will be built, and in the East the 17ft. l.w.l. class will be strong in new boats. In the West the 20-footers and 1-raters promise to be very popular, and a number of new boats are under way.

The next size, the "raceabout," or the *fin de siècle* perversion of the late knockabout, promises to be popular and numerous. The Herreshoffs alone have orders for four of these boats, Lawley's shops are full of both "raceabouts" and knockabouts, and other Eastern designers and builders are busy over the same classes. Some veritable knockabouts are on the stocks, but it is very evident that they must be essentially cruising and not racing craft.

The larger classes up to 30ft. or so promise to be well filled with new and old boats about New York and Boston as well, and the only racing of the year will be in these different small classes. In the large schooners the rebuilt Emerald will meet Colonia for what promises to be the final struggle of the pair.

The greatest activity in building is in the class of naphtha and other power boats of small to moderate size. Much has been done of late to develop the naphtha craft of 60ft. or so l.w.l., a size that gives fair accommodation and is capable of general cruising, and more of these boats are under construction than ever before. The demand for the smaller cabin launches of 35 to 40ft. is also very good; while the open launches of all kinds are quite as popular as ever.

In steam yachts proper very little is being done, some five or six yachts of moderate size, and no very large ones. Taken altogether, and considering the long prevailing depression in business, the outlook is not so bad as it might be; but as far as the revival of yacht racing in the large and medium classes is concerned, it is most discouraging.

THE meeting of the representatives of the Boston and New York clubs took place at the Boston Athletic Club on Feb. 22, there being present from the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts Messrs. Louis M. Clark, A. H. Higginson, A. T. Bliss, H. M. Faxon, T. E. Jacobs, Walter Burgess and N. B. Stone; and from the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound, Messrs. F. B. Jones, E. B. Hart and C. P. Tower. Pres. Clark occupied the chair, with Mr. Bliss as secretary. The question of a national association, and of its details, was thoroughly discussed, the opinion being in favor of some action, in spite of certain obvious obstacles. It was finally decided to call a conference of American yachting associations and clubs, to be held at New York on Oct. 1, 1897, with a view to the organization of a permanent national association.

As matters now stand in yachting, the Boston and New York associations have taken the best action possible in postponing immediate action just prior to the opening of the racing season, but at the same time determining on a definite and positive policy for future action. At the present time it would be impossible to accomplish more than a nominal union, with a few uniform rules and a general difference in the main point, the measurement rule. Seven months hence the conditions may be different; for one thing, the idea of union will be a familiar one to all interested. It is further possible that by that time some practicable suggestion for a new measurement rule may be produced; and also that the mischievous tendencies of a length rule with no tax on sail may be fully demonstrated in the East, thus paving the way for a more rational and modern rule.

The progress thus far in the direction of union, in spite of the wet blanket thrown by the New York Y. C., is most gratifying. The idea has been widely exploited and generally well received, yachtsmen have become interested in it and are now studying its possibilities. By the time of the conference the way should be open to organization on a permanent and fairly complete basis.

One-Design Boats for the Bristol Channel.

THE *Yachting World* of Feb. 12 publishes the conditions of a new one-design class established by the Penarth Y. C. on the Bristol Channel, all being built from a design by Harold Clayton. The committee has drawn up the following regulations, the object being to produce a wholesome and useful type of boat of limited cost, and yet capable of racing:

1. All boats to be built from the accompanying designs and specifications, and under the supervision of the designer.
2. Sail area limited to 200sq. ft., Y. R. A. measurement, to be distributed at the discretion of the owners. Sail area to be measured by official measurer of the class.
3. No boat is allowed any alterations of hull or ballast, and any alteration rendered necessary by change of rig must be notified to the committee.
4. Each boat shall be provided with either tanks or corks, so as to be rendered unsinkable with crew on board. All boats to be so tested by official measurer.
5. Sailing Rules.—(a) Y. R. A.; (b) crews shall be limited to two; (c) no paid hands allowed; (d) each boat shall carry when racing an anchor not under 15lbs. in weight and 15 fathoms of rope, also a life buoy ready for use.
6. Management of Class.—All members of the P. Y. C. shall be eligible as members of the class.
7. Gentlemen not members of the P. Y. C. may be admitted at discretion of the committee of the class on payment to the designer of his fee of £1 1s. for use of design, and shall be allowed to compete in all races.
8. A committee consisting of boat owners of class (one boat, one vote) shall be formed, which shall decide on all questions (other than racing) concerning boats competing in this class.
9. No alteration or addition to these rules shall be made without a two-thirds majority.
10. All races shall be sailed under the management of the sailing committee of the P. Y. C.

SPECIFICATIONS OF BOATS.

Keel—American elm, 6×1½in. amidships, tapering to fore end.
Stem—English oak, also apron.
Transom—American elm.
Timbers—Bent timbers, American elm, 1×½in.
Deck Beams—¾in.×3in. in middle and 2in. at gunwale, of white pine. Beams at each end of well to be of elm, with upright support underneath.
Center Case—Yellow pine, 1in., 5ft.×15in., slot ½in., with larger hole for bulb to come up.
Rudder Trunk—Brass pipe.
Planking—½in. full archangel spruce, picked wood, ten strakes a side.
Deck—½in. spruce, to be covered with calico and painted, the middle plank to be ¾in., and let in flush with the rest. Deck, 7in. round at the highest point.
Cockpit Carlins—1×2in. white pine joined to gunwale by half beams ¾×2in., 1ft. apart.
Rubbing Strake—American elm, 1×1½in., half round.
Coamings—American elm, 4in. high forward and 3in. high aft.
Samson Post—Oak, 2½in. square, to be fitted 4ft. from stemhead.
Mast Step—Block of oak to be screwed on to keel.
Cockpit Floor—½in. soft wood flooring, to be supported on six soft wood timbers, ¾in., to be butted against center case and screwed to skin of boat.
Moulds—Boat to be built on eleven moulds (a full-sized drawing of which will be supplied).
Fastenings—All fastenings to be of copper or brass.
Painting—Two coats of paint inside and one outside, to be supplied.
Rudder—English elm, ¾in.
Weight of Plate—80lbs., with bulb 180, made of ¼in. mild steel and galvanized.
Draft with Plate—4ft.
Price of Boat—£20. Estimated price complete, including sails and all fittings, 15 fathoms of mooring line and moorings, £30.

The Lake Yachtsmen.

WE have received copies of the new books of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes and the Lake Yacht Racing Association. The former thus far includes the following clubs: Buffalo Y. C., Citizens' Y. A. of Detroit, Cleveland Y. C., Detroit Y. C., Put-in-Bay Y. C., Sandusky Y. C., Toledo Y. C. and the West End Y. C.; all forming the Interlake Y. R. A. of Lake Erie; and the following clubs forming the Lake Y. R. A. of Lake Ontario: Bay of Quinte Y. C., of Belleville; Buffalo Y. C., Kingston Y. C., Oswego Y. C., Rochester Y. C., Queen City Y. C. and Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto; Royal Hamilton Y. C., Victoria Y. C., the latter two of Hamilton, Ont.

The officers are: Chairman of Council, Æmilius Jarvis, R. C. Y. C.; Sec'y, Frank R. Frey, Toledo Y. C. Members of Council: E. W. Radder, Cleveland Y. C.; F. B. Hower, Buffalo Y. C.; S. H. Jones, Detroit Y. C.; E. H. Ambrose, R. H. Y. C.; J. E. Burroughs, Rochester Y. C.

Thus far the Lake Michigan clubs have held aloof from the Union, some of the yachtsmen being opposed to the rules adopted by the yachtsmen of the other two lakes as to measurement, Corinthian crews, limitation of midship section and other important points. It is unfortunate that differences exist which prevent a union of all the clubs on the chain of lakes, as the interests of fresh-water yachting demand on all such a union as now exists on two. The rules of the Y. R. U. have already been published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

The officers of the L. Y. R. A. are: Pres., E. H. Ambrose, R. H. Y. C.; Vice-Pres., T. B. Pritchard, Rochester Y. C.; Sec'y, Frank M. Gray, R. C. Y. C. Council: F. B. Hower, Buffalo Y. C.; Frank Strange, Kingston Y. C.; R. A. Downey, Oswego Y. C.; Owain Martin, Queen City Y. C.; Rev. C. E. Whitcombe, Victoria Y. C. The rules of the L. Y. R. A. differ from those of the Y. R. U. only in that they recognize a 22ft. class and that the limit of midship section is less by 1⅛ per cent. owing to the action of some of the delegates, as already recorded.

The Imperial Yacht Club, of Germany.

WE have just received a copy of the very handsome year book of the Imperial Yacht Club, of Germany, one of the most elaborate books of the kind published. The illustrations, as usual, are a prominent and interesting feature, the frontispiece being a double-page illustration in colors of a painting by Hans Bohrdt of the Imperial yacht Meteor, winning the race of June 19, 1896. Meteor's dimensions are given as follows: Length over all, 123ft. 4in.; l.w.l., 89ft. 3in.; beam, extreme, 24ft. 1in.; l.w.l., 23ft. 4½in.; draft, 18ft.; sail area, 12,477sq. ft.; measurement by German Sailing Union rule 226.00, by Y. R. A. rule 101.9 L. R. Some excellent half-tone views are given of Meteor under way and in dock, and of her steam tender Evangeline. Other pictures are views of German yachting ports. Very full accounts of all the races of the season, and also of cruises made by the club yachts, are given. The collection of designs, which is always an interesting feature of the book, this year includes three small yachts, as these craft are now of special importance to German yachtsmen. Two bulb-fins, Luv and Hay, with the famous Sorceress, now owned and raced by a German yachtsman under the name of Cuckoo. His Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, is commodore of the club, and his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, is vice-commodore.

The Indiana Yacht and Boating Club.

WE have received from the Indiana Yacht and Boating Club, of Wawasee Lake, Ind., a very handsome pamphlet, containing a list of members and yachts, fixtures, etc. This inland club was founded through the exertions of one man, Dr. John F. Wright, of Columbus, Ind., an amateur designer, mechanic and sailor, whose work has been illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM. It is located far from yachting centers and from other clubs, and was formed under many difficulties; but it has now a membership of twenty-five and a fleet of eleven yachts. Races are held regularly through the season, the programme for 1897 being: Series for club trophy, July 6, 13, 20, 27, Aug. 3; annual fleet manœuver, Aug. 10; series for Wawasee Inn trophy, carnival week, Aug. 16, 18, 20. The officers are: Com., Dr. John F. Wright; Vice-Com., R. M. Fishback; Sec'y-Treas., J. K. Lilly, Indianapolis, Ind. Regatta Committee: W. P. Kappes, H. S. Hicks, J. K. Lilly. The book is illustrated by excellent half-tones, a portrait of Com. Wright, and views of the yachts and waters. The Wawasee Inn trophy was won last year by the 20-footer Problem, designed by Com. Wright.

The Mediterranean Races.

THE first day of the Mediterranean races, Feb. 20, was rainy and hazy off Marseilles. Ailsa, Britannia, Samphire and other yachts of various sizes started in a handicap race over a 24-mile course, three rounds of a triangle, for three prizes offered by the President of the French Republic, open to yachts of over 10 tons. Britannia won, with Ailsa second and Samphire third. The next day was clear, with a strong N.W. wind; the same course was sailed, Britannia beating Ailsa by 8 seconds in corrected time.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Interlake Y. A., of Lake Erie, was held at Sandusky, O., on Feb. 13, the following officers being elected: Commodore, S. O. Richardson, Toledo; Vice-Commodore, Henry Look, Detroit; Secretary-Treasurer, O. Schimansky, Sandusky; Rear-Commodore, George T. Bliss, Erie, Pa.; Fleet Captain, W. L. Otis, Cleveland; Measurer, J. W. Hepburn, Toledo; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. E. Beeman, Cleveland. Regatta Committee: R. D. Potter, Toledo; Otto Barthel, Joseph Bressler, W. G. Bean, Detroit, and G. F. Anderson, Sandusky. The association formally voted to accept membership in the Yacht Racing Union, and the following delegates were elected: W. Radder, Cleveland; F. B. Hower, Buffalo, and S. H. Jones, Detroit. The Detroit Boat Club was admitted to membership.

The decision of the courts by which the original verdict in the suit of C. C. Clark against Bayard Thayer, for damages in the collision of the schooners Idlewild and Constellation was set aside, has just been reversed by the Appellate Court, and the verdict of $4,500 for personal damages in Mr. Clark's favor stands, the allowance of $450 for damages to his yacht being set aside.

Another new yacht has been ordered for the Seawanhaka 20ft. class, to be designed by Gardner & Cox, for Com. Rouse and Colgate Hoyt, of the club. She will be a fin-keel, and will be sailed by Sherman Hoyt, who handled Paprika so ably last season. Mr. Cox and F. M. Hoyt, owners of the new 51-footer Syce, will sail this week for Bermuda, taking Paprika with them. They propose to race her against the smallest class of Bermuda boats.

The Kingston (Mass.) Y. C. has elected the following officers: Commodore, Capt. John C. Danes; Vice-Commodore, Capt. Nathan B. Watson; Fleet Captain, Capt. Justus A. Bailey; Secretary, Henry M. Jones; Treasurer, Lemuel R. Ford; Measurer, Edward A. Ransom; Regatta Committee: Commodore John C. Danes, Philemon W. Maglathlin, Waldo S. Cole, Harrison I. Cole and Edward A. Ransom; Executive Committee: Commodore John C. Danes, Alexander Holmes and Charles H. Drew. Dr. Wendell H. Adams was appointed fleet surgeon. The club has voted to join the Y. R. A. of Mass. and chosen Vice-Commodore N. B. Watson as its delegate. The club has a membership of 271.

The steam yacht designed by Watson for John E. Brooks, of New York, was launched at the yard of the Ailsa Ship Building Company, on the Clyde, on Feb. 18, being christened Andria by Mrs. Brooks. The yacht is of 440 tons, 161ft. long, 23ft. 6in. beam and 14ft. 3in. depth. When completed, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks will sail on a long ocean voyage.

The regular February meeting of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was held on Feb. 23, the following amendments being passed: To add a new Chapter V., to read as follows, and to change the numbers of all succeeding chapters: Chapter V.—A signal officer shall be appointed by the commodore, and shall have charge of making and returning colors and making and returning salutes and signals from the flagstaff at the club house at Center Island, and shall rank as captain. The amendment of the regulations on club uniforms will be moved as follows: Under the heading of "Full Dress Sleeve Ornaments," after the words "fleet captain," insert the words "signal officer." Under the heading of "Cap Ornaments," after the article on "fleet captain," introduce new article to read as follows: "Signal officer. Same device as for fleet captain, substituting the letters 'S. O.,' in silver, for the letters 'F. C.'"

B. B. Crowninshield has established himself in business as a yacht designer and broker, with an office at 31 State street, Boston, and already has several orders placed and others in prospect. One of the orders is for a racing knockabout, and after his experience in Vishnu Mr. Crowninshield should be able to turn out a fast one. The knockabout is for A. D. Irving, of New York, who spends his summers at Marblehead Neck, and will race the boat in Marblehead waters. She will not be a wide departure in any respect from previous models, but will be fined away to the limit, and will be of light construction. Her lead keel will not be bulbed, and her metal rudder will be hung on the sternpost in the same manner as Vishnu's. The model shows clean lines and a very easy form all around. Robert Saltonstall has ordered a 17ft. centerboard knockabout for use at Manchester. She will be designed solely for afternoon sailing. For Horton Bros. Mr. Crowninshield is designing a "splasher," for racing with the Nahant Dory Club. She will be 23ft. over all, 18ft. waterline, 7ft. beam and 9in. draft, with a big rig. Mr. Crowninshield has sold the sloop Vandal to C. F. Ayer. Also the 18ft. cat Elsa, built by Lawley last year for Sidney Burgess, to Charles Sargent, Jr. It is possible that Mr. Crowninshield will have a boat for his own racing in the knockabout fleet.—*Boston Globe.* [Mr. Crowninshield did his early sailorizing on the cutter Witch, whose lines were published some years ago in the FOREST AND STREAM, an excellent little boat in her day. We wish him all success in his new venture.]

The Roberts safety water tube boilers, after thorough trial, have found favor with the United States Government, as is shown by the following list of vessels in which they are now used: Snag boat Mandan, on Upper Mississippi River; dredges Ohio and Oswego, on Ohio River; Commandant's barge Minnie, Brooklyn Navy Yard; torpedo planter Dyne, Whitestone Station; revenue cutter Penrose, Pensacola Station; revenue cutter Tybee, Savannah Station; revenue cutters Scout and Guard, Puget Sound Station; revenue cutter Johnson, Detroit Station; War Department steamer Reid Whitford, Georgetown Station; War Department steamer Angler, Savannah Station; War Department steamer Gen. George Thomas, Newbern Station; U. S. Harbor Supervisor's steamer Scout, New York Station; U. S. Harbor Supervisor's steamer Alert, New York Station; U. S. Harbor Supervisor's steamer Active, New York Station; U. S. Harbor Supervisor's steamer Argus, New York Station. Roberts boilers are also used in the New York city police boat Inspector, the New York city dumping boat Cinderella, and the Quarantine Commissioners' steamer State of New York.

The Rev. F. L Humphreys, Morristown, N. J., has ordered of the Daimler Motor Co. a large auxiliary yacht. She will be 82ft. 6in. over all, 60ft. 9in. l.w.l., 12ft. 10in. beam, 3ft. 6in. draft. Two Daimler motors of 24 H. P. each are located abaft the midships, driving twin screws. Forward of the engine room is the main saloon, toilet roon, one stateroom and pilot house. Aft is a galley and the smoking room. The yacht will be schooner-rigged. A smaller yacht for F. Skinner, of Boston, is under way at the Daimler works. She will be 57ft. over all, 44ft. l.w.l., 9ft. beam, and 3ft. 9in. draft. She will have a Daimler 16 H. P. motor and will be schooner-rigged.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

THIS year the officers of the Atlantic Division propose to profit by the numerous disastrous experiments carried out by their predecessors in the form of division meets. In place of a fixed camp site and arrangements which were always expensive and usually very faulty, a cruising party will spend a week on the Delaware River, four days of cruising, ending with two or three days in camp at one spot. The novelty of the cruise should attract men to it, and we hope that the efforts of the officers will meet with the appreciation which they deserve. There must be still some cruising canoes in the various club houses, with the dusty remains of canoe kits and cruising duffle. Now is the time to get them out and overhaul them; the rendezvous at Easton is easily reached from New York and Philadelphia, a short trip by rail, and the river offers an easy course down stream. The most enjoyable canoe meets ever held in this country were those primitive and informal camps at Plum Point in 1884-85, camps which cost nothing to the general treasury, but which were successful both in attendance and in the true camp life which characterized them. With proper support from the members of the division, a similar meeting may be had this spring.

The North Shore Canoe.

THE Rice Lake canoe has become so widely known, and is in such general use, that it has usurped the name Canadian perhaps without just right, for there is another Canadian canoe which I think was developed long before the Rice Lake and which is a typical boat of the great river of Canada, the St. Lawrence.

Above the Long Sault the pleasure boats of the river are the St. Lawrence River skiffs, as built at Clayton, Gananoque, Brockwell, Kingston, and a modification of the Rice Lake canoe—boats developed by the English-speaking people who live upon its shores.

Below the Long Sault the boats are those of a simpler race, who "hold by the right of birth" to a degree that the English speakers do not, for the French-Canadians are by length and purity of descent more truly American than any other European people upon this continent.

The Rice Lake canoe, I am confident, has been developed not from the birch canoe, but from the log. This is a matter of dispute, I know, but I have traced the descent of the built boat of practically the existing model directly from a log canoe, have traced the history of that individual canoe and obtained the evidence of the oldest white settlers of the Trent districts. The Trent canoe would be a far more correct name for the boat in question than any now used, and I have no doubt whatever that the prototype of the Rice Lake canoe was the log canoe and no other.

There is, however, among the typical boats of the St. Lawrence a canoe that has been developed from the birch bark, and the best of the birch barks, and this craft is the North Shore canoe. The North Shore is that great stretch of wild



north land that lies beyond the St. Lawrence from below the island of Orleans to the gulf, where it merges into Labrador. Below Quebec there is a fringe of farms and villages on the river's bank, but gradually they thin down, until the ancient wilderness is only broken by isolated fishing stations, and nowhere is the wilderness very far away.

This wilderness, a stern north land, but not a barren, has been from time immemorial the country of the Montaignaics, the most easterly branch of the great Algonquin people; and the Montaignaics, like all their kin, are clever workmen and great hunters and trappers. Their canoes, in particular, are the best birch barks made—graceful, strong, seaworthy, and fairly well modeled. The French-Canadians, to a greater extent perhaps than any other of the European settlers of America, were content to learn of the Indians. It is probable, I think, that their hold on the soil, their prosperity in the face of adverse circumstances, and their astounding fecundity, particularly during the first quarter of this century, has been in great measure due to this. They adopted the birch bark canoe as their own from the first, and they have used it ever since, and continue to use it.

I would like to discover whether the white man has ever learned to build the bark, or has ever built it in any numbers. It would seem as if he never had, for as soon as the Indians begin to fall back before the clearing and birch barks begin to grow scarce, the white man seems to replace them with built boats. It was so on the North Shore at all events, but on the North Shore the built boats were as close a copy of the bark canoe as the builders could make them. This is the origin of the North Shore canoe.

The North Shore canoe is used principally of course on its native waters, from Quebec to Tadousac and beyond. And there it carries the mails, is surf boat, pleasure boat, fishing boat, everything and anything and a little more. Its lines are not ungraceful, but its construction is, and in this respect it is much inferior to the Rice Lake. The boats are clinker built, but the lands are not thinned down and the work is very coarse. They have about five streaks a side, ½in. stuff, and the timbering is heavy. The paddle is not relied on, as it is in the Rice Lakes, the pin oar being generally used.

A good many of these boats have drifted up the river, and they are so strong, stiff and seaworthy that they stand an unlimited amount of abuse. They are generally about 14ft. long by 32in. beam, but as each builder doeth what is good in his own eyes, and the use of a foot rule is not compulsory on the Shore, they are about any dimension, and might be classified in "fathoms" like a bark if they were built in large sizes.

RETAW.

Yonkers C. C. Dinner.

THE members of the Yonkers C. C. celebrated the eleventh anniversary of the organization of the club by enjoying a dinner at Bardin's Hotel, South Broadway, Yonkers, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 17. There were about forty present, including guests from the New York, Knickerbocker, Brooklyn and other clubs.

The menu cards were the work of the club artist, Mr. W. G. Wood, representing the Y. C. C. house, the A. C. A. and Y. C. C. flags, canoes and various emblems of the sport, together with an enticing list of good things.

Mr. Wood also painted little canoeing scenes in water color on the designation cards at each place. Beside each plate was a package of cigars and cigarettes, held together by a rope grommet. The Roman punch was served in the shape of canoes with a little Y. C. C. flag stuck in the end of each.

When cigars were lighted Com. Paul B. Rossire opened the speech-making in an appropriate manner, and then called upon Everett Masten, who told of the "Early History of the Club;" P. F. Hogan, of the Brooklyn C. C., who gave his version of "Jonah and the Whale;" Jas. K. Hand, of the Knickerbocker C. C., spoke of "The 1897 Meet;" Rev. W. M. Gilbert, chaplain of the club, told what he thought of canoeing, the club and its members; Gabriel Reeves, an ex-commodore, responded to the "Ex-Members." Mr. L. W. Seavey, of the K. C. C., spoke of his early canoeing; Mr. T. S. Oxholm told what he thought of the ladies; and Mr. H. Lansing Quick, Mr. Louis Simpson, Edwin A. Quick, F. W. Retter (president of the Palisade Boat Club, of Yonkers) and D. B. Goodsell were not outdone in eloquence by any of the others.

The speeches were varied with songs by Mr. Frank Taylor, of the Newburgh C. C., and instrumental duets by Messrs. Taylor and Hale.

The other diners were: Robert Peebles, of the K. C. C.; S. L. Cooper, C. C. Rossire, W. R. Haviland, Louis Hunter, Edward Muller, E. M. Underhill, C. B. Carling, A. D. Ballard, B. F. Barnes, J. J. Lawrence, Robert Edgar, W. R. Simpson, Samuel Raynor, E Russell Coles, Elliott Holbrook, J. E. Humason, G. I. Eddie, J. W. Fowler, Leo Shire, W. G. Wood, A. M. Reese, W. J. Moore and W. N. McVicar.

The arrangements showed that the dinner committee, consisting of Messrs. Hale, Quick, Holbrook and Fowler, had been selected because of efficiency.

The present officers of the club are: Com., Paul B. Rossire; Vice-Com., Thos. Hale, Jr.; Sec'y, D. B. Goodsell; Treas., Everett Masten; Capt., Elliott Holbrook; Lieut., J. W. Fowler.

The Atlantic Division.

THE executive committee of the Atlantic Division, American Canoe Association, has decided in place of the regular Division meet to hold a combined four-days' cruise down the Delaware River, from Easton, Pa., and three-days' meet at Delanco, N. J., at the end of the cruise. The programme is: May 27, rendezvous at Easton, Pa.; May 28, down the Delaware to Frenchtown, N. J.; May 29, to Trenton, N. J.; May 30, to Arlington, N. J.; May 31, to Delanco, N. J.; June 1 to 3, meet held at Delanco, N. J.

Washington Canoe Association.

THE Washington Canoe Association held its eleventh annual dinner on Feb. 22, many members and guests being present. Mr. E. S. Hubbard gave an exhibition of lantern slides. The officers are: Com., E. S. Exley; Vice-Com., R. J. Whitton; Sec'y, Dr. Charles A. Davis; Treas., I. P. Libbey. The association has a membership of 97. Some time in the summer a meet will be held down the Potomac, lasting several days, with races for canoes and yachts.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Will K. Park	Philadelphia, Pa	——
E. W. Crittenden	Philadelphia, Pa	——

NORTHERN DIVISION.

A. B. Cunningham	Kingston	——

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 14.—Notwithstanding a steady drizzle, there was a good attendance to-day at the medal shoot of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club. The records made were:

Rifle, 200 yards, re-entry matches, F. H. Bushnell medal, 3 shots. Scores: A. H. Pape 10, F. O. Young 10, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 12, D. W. McLaughlin 18.

William Glindermann military medal, 10 shots (Creedmoor count): F O Young 47, F H. Bushnell 47, E. Jacobsen 44, C. F. Waltham 42.

F. O. Young rifle record medal, 10 shots: F. O. Young 65, A. Gehret 74, D. W. McLaughlin 75, F. E. Mason 63, V. J. Lamott 171.

Class medals for members only, 10 shots:

Champion Class—A. H. Pape 56, F. O. Young 60, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 76, F. E. Mason 94, D. W. McLaughlin 204.

First Class—H. J. Wicker 57, O. A. Bremer 64, E. Jacobsen 87, A. B. Dorrell 88, L. Barrere 96, C. M. Daiss 100, H. Hillberg 109, A. Gehret 113.

Second Class—J. E Gorman 93, G. Schultz 107, F. H. Bushnell 113, G M. Barley 135, M. J White 162.

Third Class—C. F. Waltham 93, A. Hinterman 145, A. Kennedy 166, W. J. Unfred 205, V. J. Lamott 132.

Pistol, 50yds., class medals for members, 10 shots: Champion Class—C. M. Daiss 42, J. E. Gorman 49, F. O. Young 54, Ed. Hovey 56, A. B. Dorrell 63, A. H. Pape 65, L. Barrere 110.

First Class—Dr. L. O. Rodgers 55, M. J. White 62, F. E. Mason 67, D. W. McLaughlin 75, E. Jacobsen 101, Captain J. E. Klein 109, A. Gehret 132.

Second Class—F. H. Bushnell 72, G. M. Barley 72, O. A. Bremer 106.

Third Class—C. Roberts 64, Mrs. M. J. White 68, C. F. Waltham 112, W. J. Unfred 116, A. Hinterman 140, V. J. Lamott 183, R. W Fores. 202.

All-comers' re-entry matches—Diamond pistol record medal, 10 shots: F. O. Young 51, Ed. Hovey 52, A. B. Dorrell 61, J. E. Gorman 64.

Gordon Blanding, 3-shot scores—A. B. Dorrell 7, F. O. Young 8, J. E. Gorman 10, F. H. Bushnell 14.

Howard Carr, any-revolver medal, 6 shots—A. B. Dorrell 43, 38; C Roberts 45, 47.

Achille Roos, .22cal. rifle medal, 5 shots—Ed Hovey 10, A. B. Dorrell 12, 12.

ROEEL.

Carleton Rifle Association.

CARLETON, Mich., Feb. 16.—The Carleton Rifle Association held its regular shoot to-day on its range near this city. These shoots are held twice a month, on the first and third Tuesdays. To-day there was a good attendance of shooters and some capital scores were made. Below are some of the best scores made on the 200yds. range, standard target, 8in. bullseye:

Members' Record Rest Match

J Orion	12	11	11	12	9	10	9	10	12	12—108
	10	9	16	12	9	10	9	12	12	10—103
James Osborn	11	11	9	7	9	12	10	12	9	7— 97
	9	9	11	7	9	9	9	10	11	9— 93
John Cole	10	12	8	12	9	9	10	9	10	7— 96
	9	12	12	7	9	8	10	11	9	9— 96
L Richards	9	9	9	10	11	10	12	9	9	—— 95
	9	9	7	6	9	10	12	8	8	11— 89
Orva Harwood	9	11	8	9	11	7	8	8	8	11— 90

All-Comers' Off-Hand Match.

H Williams	7	3	6	6	8	6	8	7	4	5— 55
Joe Foye	8	7	3	8	4	7	4	4	3	6— 54

The Carleton Rifle Association has received a proposal from the Idaho Springs Rifle Club, of Idaho Springs, Col., to shoot a series of three or five match shoots under the following conditions: 200yds., off-hand, standard target, teams to consist of six or eight members, each team to shoot at its own range, scores and targets to be exchanged. The proposal will be accepted by our club. J. ORION.

Small Calibers at the Sportsmen's Exposition.

THE programmes for the rifle tournament, to be held in Madison Square Garden during the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition, March 13-20, are ready for mailing, and will be sent to parties desiring same on application to J. A H Dressel, secretary-treasurer Sportsmen's Association, Room 1,009 No. 317-319 Broadway, New York; or to Edward Banks, secretary Tournament Committee, care of FOREST AND STREAM, 346 Broadway, New York.

There is no change in the official programme from that published last week in these columns, with the exception of a note at the conclusion of the conditions of the Individual Championship match, which states that entries may be made to either of the above-named officials, or to any member of the Tournament Committee.

The conditions of the Individual Championship match give the entrance fee for the 100 shots as $5, including season ticket of admission to the Garden during the entire week of the Sportsmen's Exposition. Any person who is already a member of the Sportsmen's Association, and who is therefore possessed of a season ticket as above, will be entitled to compete in this match on payment of the entrance fee less the price of such season ticket.

The ranges will be open for shooting from 3 P. M. to 11 P. M. on each day of the Exposition, with the exception of Saturday night, March 20, when all shooting will close at 9 P. M. Competition on the bullseye target closes on Friday night, March 19.

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, Feb. 12.—The English National Rifle Association has just issued its report of the Bisley meeting for 1896. The revolver competitions seem not to have been quite as popular as in 1895. There were 3,379 entries as compared with 3,952 in '95, a decrease of 573.

The chief falling off was in the two series 3, the rapid-firing ones for military and "any" revolvers. These dwindled down from 560 and 748 respectively to 127 and 315, less than half of former entry lists. Mr. Winans has by practice become so expert at this that it is a foregone conclusion that he will come out on top as soon as he begins shooting, and this is most likely the reason other shooters have become discouraged. As this is, however, the most practical set of series for revolver shooting of the lot, it cannot well be dispensed with even if it is unpopular, as all difficult things generally are. Where the greatest increase in entries came in was at the disappearing series, which is too slow, and consequently easy. C.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 21.—The members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association were out to-day in good force. The weather being bad, good scores were the exception. Following are the records made on the Standard target, 200yds., off-hand, 7-ring black:

Gindele.

10	9	10	10	7	7	9	9	7	9—87		9	10	9	7	9	6	10	9	9	9—87
10	4	10	10	7	9	8	9	5	10—85		9	8	10	7	8	7	9	19	7	9—84

Payne.

8	10	8	9	9	7	8	7	6	7—79		7	8	6	9	6	9	8	6	10	8—77
3	9	8	7	9	9	7	6	9	8—77		9	8	6	7	7	6	6	10	7	9—75

Topf.

9	s	5	5	8	8	7	3	6	6—63		8	9	6	6	6	6	5	6	7	4—63
8	8	4	6	5	3	4	3	8	6—56		4	6	5	6	5	6	4	5	4	10—55

Wellinger.

5	10	8	9	8	10	10	5	9	10—84		6	9	10	16	8	9	8	6	10	7—83
7	7	8	9	7	9	5	8	10	8—78		8	9	7	8	7	10	6	6	8	7—76

Lux.

7	8	8	7	6	5	8	8	7	6—65		6	5	6	4	6	6	8	3	7	8—59
4	5	7	9	5	4	5	8	3	5—55		6	4	1	6	9	4	1	9	9	4—53

See.

10	9	10	6	6	7	9	6	10	10—83		9	5	10	8	6	9	6	7	9	9—78
7	8	10	10	9	8	7	6	5	7—77		6	10	9	7	6	8	8	5	8	9—76

Hasenzahl.

6	9	5	10	6	9	9	6	8	10—76		9	9	7	7	5	7	6	9	8	8—75
6	5	7	7	9	8	10	6	10	5—73		7	7	8	5	8	8	8	8	7	6—72

Strickmeier.

10	8	8	10	7	7	7	8	10	6—81		10	8	6	9	10	7	4	9	8	9—80
6	8	6	6	7	8	10	9	6	6—72		5	9	8	8	5	5	8	10	5	9—72

Drube.

2	10	10	7	6	4	6	9	6	9—70		5	4	10	5	4	6	6	6	7	7—60
5	9	6	10	7	5	7	6	3	6—65											

Uckotter.

7	5	6	6	1	9	6	9	7	5—61		4	9	4	4	7	5	7	3	6	5—54

Pittsburg Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 18.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Pittsburg Rifle Club on the 200yds. outdoor range at Wilkinsburg:

				Av.					Av.
Ittel	90	83	84	82—85	Hoffman	72	81	77	75—76
Kelsey	75	87	81	..—81	Lawrence	71	77	68	69—71
Brehm	82	79	79	81—80	Davis	73	68	59	61—65
Carlisle	77	74	74	81—77	Hepburn	64	63	57	61—61

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

March 16-19.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed. Open to all. Nobody barred.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap (live birds), at Elkwood Park. $1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added. Entries close March 20.

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament.

April 7.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Third contest for the Recreation cup, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club, Cup contest at 12 noon sharp. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

April 14-16.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association.

April 15.—YOUNGSTOWN, O.—First tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 10.—WINDSOR LOCKS, Conn.—All-day tournament of the Windsor Locks Gun Club. Targets. C. F. Cleaveland, Sec'y.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

April 21-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

April 27-30.—FONDA, Ia.—Tournament under the management of Geo. E. Hughes and C. R. McCord. Live birds. $800 added money.

April 28-29.—RICHMOND, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club.

April 28-29.—PERU, Ind.—Tournament under the management of J. L. Head.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 11-13. PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds.

May 12-13.—CONNERSVILLE, Ind.—Tournament of the Connersville Gun Club. Live birds. T. F. Thomas, Sec'y.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

May 18.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West End Gun Club. Horace B Derby, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—SAVANNAH, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Forest City Gun Club.

May 19-21.—CANTON, S. D.—South Dakota Sportsmen's Association annual. C. S. Seely, Sec'y.

May 20.—GREENVILLE, Pa.—Second tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

May 26-29.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

May 31.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters League tournament, under the auspices of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

June 2-4.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—MONROE, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 10.—NEWCASTLE, Pa.—Third tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

June 15-18.—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man. $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Secretary Charles Weeks, of the Canajoharie (N. Y.) Gun Club, writes that the Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League will hold a tournament at Canajoharie under the auspices of the above-named club on May 31. All events will be at targets.

Field Sports, one of our cotemporaries that is doing its best for sport on the Pacific slope, makes a grave error in its issue of Feb. 20: "With the opening of the trap-shooting season there promises to be a very general revival in the use of hand-loaded shells The belief is growing stronger each year that the best results at the trap can only be obtained by the use of carefully hand-loaded ammunition. The experts have recognized this for several years, and always go to the traps with shells of their own loading, or those loaded by some one in whose care and precision they have unbounded confidence, and their scores emphasize the correctness of their judgment." While the above might have been true a very few years ago, it is far from being correct for the condition of affairs at the present time. The experts are now to a very large extent using factory-loaded ammunition, without any apparent diminution in their percentage of receipts from the purses." In the same issue of this paper is given a sample of *Field Sports'* score card, Rose system. It is a cleverly gotten up affair, being practically a cashier's card as well as a score card. A footnote states that "these score sheets may be used for either live-bird or bluerock scores, under the Rose system, the ordinary percentage system, or class shooting." The last three words, "or class shooting," are misleading, as the Rose system is only one of several schemes for dividing purses in class shooting. All purses are divided under one of these two plans, high guns or class shooting. When it is class shooting there are several ways of dividing the purses: the old and inequitable system, the Rose system, Jack Rabbit, Pumphrey's system, etc. And the Rose system is the best of all, and keeps the boys shooting because it is equitable, reduces the winnings and losings, and prevents crooked work. FOREST AND STREAM found Mr. Rose, and Mr. Rose found the system. Some people may not like the system, but you all know why that is.

Mr. Edward C. Drawbaugh, of Shenandoah Junction, W. Va., writes under date of Feb. 22: "I inclose you a few items for your Drivers and Twisters column. There is a lively interest in trap-shooting circles, and I think this part of the State will furnish you with frequent batches of material for your trap columns this season." One of the items referred to reads as follows: "Dr. T. C. Stotler, of Shepherdstown, W. Va., has moved to Harper's Ferry and will practice his profession there. It will be remembered that the doctor usually manages the Morgan's Grove trap-shooting tournament, which is given by and is a feature of the Morgan's Grove Fair Association, at Shepherdstown, W. Va. Last year he was ably assisted by Dr. Fort, of Ellicott City, Md., in the management of this tournament. These shoots are affairs of some magnitude, and are much enjoyed by the local contingent as well as by shooters from a distance. It is hoped that this association will hold another tournament in connection with the fair this year, and that we will again hear the doctor asking his usual question, 'Have you entered this event? Dollar, please.'" Another runs thus, showing that trap-shooting is not dead in West Virginia: "There is a great deal of interest displayed in trap-shooting circles at Harper's Ferry, W. Va., which bids fair to blossom into a good-sized tournament at that point this coming summer. Walter Winters and Dr. Stotler have been grinding up a few targets for their own amusement. When Capt. Spencer, Shep. Gatrell and Charlie Cavalier hear of it, they will take a hand too."

Capt. A. W. Money arrived from England on Monday morning, Feb. 22, on board the steamship St. Paul. He had just gotten his baggage through the customs when he was met by Noel Money and C. Kennard, Noel's brother-in-law, both with a gun over their shoulders, being *en route* for the grounds of the Westchester Country Club. "You've got to come along and shoot," said they. Although in his best store clothes, Capt. Money didn't demur, but, picking a gun out of those he had along with him, went as he was bid. As it happened, there were three cups up for competition at the Country Club on that date. Noel Money won the first, Capt. Money the second, and Noel the third! Mr. Kennard left for Indian Territory on the Pennsylvania Limited on Friday morning. He expects to be absent on this trip for two or three months.

A correspondent, who for certain reasons desires to be known as "Gun Crank," writes to us from Cincinnati, O., under date of Feb. 23, as follows: "I notice in your issue of Feb. 20 a letter from your Chicago correspondent, Mr. E. Hough, in which he claims that certain guns in the possession of a Chicago gunmaker are of great interest because the barrels are made of a 'new material, known as the Krupp special steel, which in reports once printed in FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. Armin Tenner was shown, etc.' Now, Mr. Editor, how long does it generally take for a 'new material' to get out to Chicago? If I mistake not, gun manufacturers and gun dealers in cities in the East can tell something about this 'new material' Krupp special steel barrels are good, but 'new!' I don't think."

It seems a pity that pigeon shooting should be mixed up with prize fighting, but from what one reads such is going to be the case at Carson, Nev., on or about March 17. The Kansas City *Star* has quite a lengthy note on the subject in its issue of Feb. 22, and appears to rejoice in the fact that Stuart has announced something that reads like "$1,000 added," as that amount entitles him to call upon the *Star* to put up its cup (now held by Jim Elliott) for competition at Carson at the same time and place as "the fistic carnival" Calling the exhibition to be given by Corbett and Fitzsimmons a "fistic carnival" doesn't lesson the fact that it is simply a prize fight, something with which trap-shooting has nothing in common.

In our issue of Jan. 30 we printed an invitation from T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J., to John L. Winston to shoot a match on Winston's own terms, on Winston's own dates (March 1 to March 10), and on Winston's choice of grounds (Elkwood or Yardville), for $100 a side, the amount named by Winston. A forfeit of $50 accompanied Morfey's invitation. It will also be remembered that when the match was made, viz., on Jan. 16, nothing was put up, but Winston bet Morfey a $5 hat that he, Morfey, would not shoot. The "invitation" was, as stated above, published in our issue of Jan. 30, and over five weeks have elapsed since it appeared. When this issue makes its appearance there will be just one more week for Winston to make good his side of the case or buy the hat.

The Windsor Locks (Conn.) Gun Club will give an all-day shoot on Fast Day, April 16. The programme contains seven 10-target events, four 15-target events, a 20- and a 25-target event, making a total of 175 targets all told. The entrance fee for the whole programme is $15.15. Targets will be thrown at 2 cents each, with four moneys in all events. Refreshments are free to shooters, shooting commencing at 9:30 A. M. Anyone may shoot "for birds only." S. B. Douglas is president of the club, and C. F. Cleveland secretary. Messrs. F. L. Harvey, H. L. Cutler and Videon, members of the Windsor Locks Gun Club, were present at the New Haven Gun Club's shoot on Washington's Birthday.

The Jacksonville, Fla., *Citizen* of Feb. 20 contains the following item of interest from Tampa, Fla.: "The first live-bird shoot occurred at the hotel this morning, and it was very interesting. Pigeons were used at a 30yd. rise, with a 50yd. boundary, both barrels being used. Only three entries were made—F. Bacon, Boston; F. H. Brown, Connecticut, and Arthur Schleman, hotel guide. The score was: Bacon 9, Brown 7, Schleman 8. Guide Schleman to day sold Jack and Molly, his two finest pointers, to S. B. Sexton, of New York, for $300. The dogs are superb hunters, and after using them during his stay Mr Sexton became so much attached to them that he decided to purchase them."

Paradise Lost, the gentleman whose letter we criticised last week, and who is supposed to hail from Worcester, Mass., should cast his eye over our trap columns this week and then write his impressions of the decadence of trap-shooting with a new pen and another kind of ink. It seems a shame to mention the worthy name of the city of Worcester in connection with such an epistle. A city that claims V. D. Kenerson, J. T. Mascroft and W. L. Davis, not to mention lots of others just as good as her citizens, can, however, afford one Paradise Lost.

The 25-bird race shot on Saturday, Feb. 27, on the grounds of the Larchmont Y. C., Pelham Manor, N. Y., was won by Louis T. Duryea with 24, from the 30yds. mark. There were seventeen entries, six of the number tieing on 23 for second and third moneys. On the shoot-off (miss-and-out) for these moneys, J. P. Knapp, F. G. Moore and E. R. Laidlaw divided with 6 straight kills. The other three dropped out as follows: Justus von Leugerke in the 6th round, Col. Butler in the 5th round, and G. S. McAlpin in the 3d round.

For the information of some of our correspondents we would state that we have been informed that all handicaps for the Grand American Handicap will be figured on the 12-gauge basis, and that everybody using a 16 or 20-gauge will have to shoot at the distance awarded him. The reason for this is that the Interstate Association rules recognize no guns of any other caliber than 12-gauges. No gun over 8lbs. in weight will be allowed.

Programmes for the Cobweb Gun Club's shoot at Baychester, N. Y., March 16-19, during the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition at Madison Square Garden, are now ready and can be obtained by addressing the secretary, George W. Thompson, Jr., Cobweb Club 2277 Third avenue, New York City. The first two days are at targets, the last two at live birds, with the Cobweb Handicap, $500 guaranteed, as the *piece de resistance* on the last day, March 19.

Prior to leaving for the Indianapolis sparrow tournament and the Texas Midwinter, Rolla Heikes gave an exhibition of rapid work on targets with a Winchester repeating shotgun for the benefit of the Mutoscope Company, of New York Ferd Van Dyke stood by Rolla and loaded the guns as fast as they were emptied. Photographs were taken at the rate of forty to the second, and every one is as clear as possible. The whole thing will be shown at some date in the near future at Keith's New Union Square Theater.

Ferd Van Dyke, of the W. R. A. Company, will be one of the entries in the Grand American Handicap this year. Van was at Elkwood on Saturday, Feb. 27, and shot a few birds, incidentally scoring 15 straight in the handicap event on the programme and pocketing first money, $57. For the next few weeks Van will be in evidence at most of the important shoots around New York, being temporarily located in this city until after the Sportsmen's Exposition week.

G. S. McAlpin made an excellent score on Thursday, Feb. 25, at Riverton, N. J., when he defeated T. S. Dando, of the Riverton Gun Club, by scoring 80 to 73 out of 50 pairs of live birds, 25yds., 50yds. boundary. McAlpin's record for this season has been a remarkable one, his string of victories being almost entirely unmarred.

Memphis, Tenn., will have three entries in the Grand American Handicap; Irby Bennett says so, and as he has just returned from that city he should know all about it. W. R. Oliver, of the firm of Oliver-Finnie in that city, was in New York on Wednesday last. He spent the fore part of the week in New Haven with Mr. Bennett.

A new league of gun clubs has been organized in Connecticut for the purpose of furthering the interests of trap-shooting and increasing local enthusiasm in the sport. The objects of the league and its members is the subject of a note made elsewhere in these columns.

The tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club at Baychester, N. Y., during the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition, promises to be a popular one. The train service between New York and Baychester is very handy. Trains leave the terminus of the Third avenue elevated at a quarter before each hour, and it only takes fifteen minutes to run to Baychester.

A trap-shooting league has been formed from the clubs that shoot in the vicinity of Philadelphia, Pa. The chief object of the new league is to bring the trap-shooters in that vicinity into closer touch by promoting monthly team contests between the clubs composing the league.

The next contest for the E. C. cup, on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., will be held on March 27. This club will hold its anniversary tournament early in the month of June, and will make the shoot attractive by hanging up a little added money.

The rivers have been on the boom around Pittsburg, Pa., lately. Those present at the Pittsburg Gun Club's tournament last June can form some idea of the amount of water in the rivers from the fact that at one time 12ft. of water covered the place where that tournament was held.

The interest in this year's Grand American Handicap seems to us so much greater than in any previous year that we feel almost emboldened to prophecy a new record for the Interstate Association to brag about for the next twelve months.

Mr. J. L. Head, of Peru, Ind., writes us that he is promoting a tournament at that place for April 28-29. As told elsewhere in Mr. Head's own words, his object in promoting this tournament is to organize a league of the gun clubs within a radius of 75 to 100 miles of Peru.

Thursday, March 4, Inauguration Day, the following programme will be carried out at Elkwood, Park, commencing at 12:30 P. M.: McKinley handicap, 25 to 31yds., 12 birds, $15 entrance, birds included; high guns. Ties, miss-and-out. Sweeps at other two sets of traps.

The Unknown Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will hold its regular monthly live-bird shoot on March 11, at Dexter Park, L. I. After the club shoot the ties for last year's gold medal will be shot off.

The Connersville (Ind.) Gun Club will give a two days' tournament at live birds May 12-13. Programmes will be gotten out later and may be obtained of the secretary, T. F. Thomas, Falmouth, Ind.

Annie Oakley defeated Frank Kleinz on Saturday last, Feb. 27, at Yardville, N. J., in a 50-bird race by the score of 36 to 35.

The West End Gun Club, of Albany, N. Y., will hold its annual spring tournament on May 18.

MARCH 2. EDWARD BANKS.

Larchmont.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—There was an excellent attendance to-day at Larchmont, an attractive programme having been gotten up by Mr. A. Marshall, chairman of the shooting committee. The birds were a good lot, and several of the shooters found difficulty in stopping them within the 21yd. boundary. In the main event, a 25-bird handicap, Louis Duryea shot very steadily, running his first 24 straight, losing a twisting driver in the last round. Six tied for 2d and 3d moneys and shot off, with the result shown in the scores which follow:

No. 1, 5 birds, handicap rise, $5; 3 high guns, ties, miss-and-out: W. S. Edey (28) 7, G. S. McAlpin (30) 7, E. F. Thomas (29) 7, J. P. Knapp (30) 6, F. G. Moore (29) 6, W. A. H. Stafford (28) 4, J. G. Knowlton (29) 4, F. Muser (27) 3, Col. H. S. Butler (28) 3, B. A. Gould (27) 2, L. T. Duryea (30) 1, D. I. Bradley (28) 1, H. S. Redmond (27) 1.

No. 2, all at 30yds., two misses out, $10: G. S. McAlpin 20, L. T. Davenport 19, H. B. Gilbert 17, Fred G. Moore 15, Noel Money 11, E. R. Ladew 9, J. P. Palmer 2, F. Muser 1, H. S. Redmond 3, B. A. Gould 3, Col. Butler 5, W. S. Edey 3, D. I. Bradley 8, Dr. J. G. Knowlton 2, W. A. H. Stafford 6, E. F. Thomas 4, G. S. Hoyt 3, W. Hoyt 6

No. 3, 25 birds, handicap rise, $25, a cup valued at $50 to the winner, ties at 5 birds, seventeen entries: L. T. Duryea (30) 24, J. P. Knapp (30) 23, Fred G. Moore (29) 23, E. R. Ladew (28) 23, J. von Lengerke (29) 23, Col. Butler (28) 23, G. S. McAlpin (30) 23. Others who shot were: H. B. Gilbert (29), B. A. Gould (27), H. S. Redmond (27), Fred Muser (27), W. S. Edey (28), D. I. Bradley (28), W. A. H. Stafford (28), G. S. Hoyt (27), W. Hoyt (26), N. E. Money (29)

The shoot off for second and third moneys resulted as follows:

J. P. Knapp, F. G. Moore and E. R. Ladew (divided), 6, J. von Lengerke 5, Col. Butler 4, G. S. McAlpin 2.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 22.—The Rochester Rod and Gun Club held an open tournament to day. There were ten events on the programme, but rain interfered, and only seven events were shot off. No. 6 was a free merchandise event, with ten prizes, which were won as follows: Bolton first, Lane second, Hadley third, Gardiner fourth, Schleyer fifth, Rogers sixth, J Rissinger seventh, G. Dust eighth, East ninth, Ho Jack tenth. Mr. McClintock announced just before No. 6 event opened that he would give five 1lb. cans of King's Smokeless powder to the five high guns failing to win a prize. The five were Hicks, C. Rissinger, McClintock, Borst and Tassell. The scores of the day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	25	10	Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	25	10
Tassell	6	10	11	8	8	20	..	Gardiner	6	7	12	8	..	20	8
McClintock	5	4	11	7	3	18	6	Bolton	6	9	..	9	7	24	10
Borst	9	9	9	9	5	18	5	Rogers	..	..	..	7	5	3	18	7
G Dust	7	7	..	8	..	16	8	East	..	..	..	9	6	..	15	..
Elecut	0	0	..	0	1	6	2	C Rissinger	..	..	..	..	7	6	20	7
Hadley	8	7	10	6	8	21	..	Ho Jack	..	..	..	..	7	..	14	..
Burnett	..	..	..	10	6	5	..	J Rissinger	..	..	..	..	..	8	17	7
Killick	..	..	..	11	8	7	..	Schleyer	..	..	..	..	..	5	19	8
Lane	7	8	11	..	6	22	8	Hicks	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	7

DE WITT.

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., Feb. 25.—Below are the scores made by members of the newly organized Catchpole Gun Club, of this city, at the club's weekly shoot held this afternoon. The weather was very cold and stormy, and altogether unfavorable for trap shooting. Mr. Wride, a member of the Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club, was a guest of Uncle Benn's, and took part in the shoot.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Uncle Benn	0111001101—6	0111100011—6	1010111011—7
Fowler	0110010110—5	0011100000—3	1110010100—5
Wride	1100001101—5	1111011100—7	1011111101—8
Foster	0111011110—7	1001111010—6	1111110111—9
Olmstead	1100001010—4	0010011000—3	1000000011—3
De Witt	0111101111—8	.....	.....
Cosard	0101100110—5	0000110001—4	1111101101—7
Burke	0001100000—2	.....	.....
Wadsworth	1101001111—7	1111010010—6	1010110111—7
Valty	.....	1111010001—6	.....
Burnett	.....	.....	1100111111—8

E. A. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

English Gunpowders in America.

THE London *Field* of Feb. 20 contains the following upon the gunpowder situation in the United States as concerning English powders:

"We understand that it has been decided to amalgamate the American interests of the Schultze Powder Co., Ltd., and the American E. C. Powder Co., Ltd. This decision has been arrived at by reason of the undesirable state of affairs prevailing in the States at the present time. It is stated that this resolve will not affect in the slightest degree in the United Kingdom the interests of the Schultze Gunpowder Co or the original E. C. Powder Co. (the latter being entirely distinct from the American E. C. Powder Co.)."

Classification of Trap-Shooters.

PROFESSIONALS AND AMATEURS DEFINED.

PROFESSIONAL: Any person who makes his livelihood in whole or in part by shooting at the trap; that is, any person who receives a salary or remuneration in cash from a firm of manufacturers of sporting goods for shooting a certain make of gun, a certain brand of powder, or a certain shell, for the purpose of showing the merits of the same, is a professional trap-shooter. ALSO: Any person who shoots exhibition matches for gate receipts, or who receives pay for taking part in the same, is a professional trap shooter.

AMATEUR: All other trap-shooters who do not come under the above conditions are amateur trap-shooters.

A MUCH-VEXED QUESTION.

The definition of what constitutes a professional in trap-shooting circles has been a much-vexed question ever since the sport first came into existence. The rapidity with which "paid men" came into the field to take part in tournaments for the purpose of exploiting certain guns, powders and guns, started the ball rolling. It was kept rolling so fast that it has now acquired an impetus that needs summary treatment, otherwise the well-being of a most healthy sport, as well as health giving amusement, will be in danger of compassing its own undoing.

It has always been customary for FOREST AND STREAM to step into the breach and speak its mind without fear or favor. In every branch of sport its record is the same. Game hogs, pot-hunters, despoilers of the nati nal parks and reservations, game law breakers—all alike have felt the power of the press and public sympathy through the medium of the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. Yachting and Kennel have both done their part to bring about a more satisfactory condition of affairs in the world of sport most intimately connected with those departments.

And so with Trap. The dropper has been dropped upon until he has almost dropped out of sight. The adoption of the Rose system for dividing purses was first advocated in these columns, and it was a long time before others, seeing the handwriting on the wall, fell into line and whooped her up as if they had discovered something new. Skin games in the trap-shooting world and trap-and-handle matches have been scored heavily in the trap columns of FOREST AND STREAM, until such affairs are now almost out of date, or are only prosecuted behind closed gates and with the utmost secrecy, much after the plan adopted when a cock fight is booked to take place.

We have delayed defining

WHAT CONSTITUTES A PROFESSIONAL

for certain good and sufficient reasons. We may have run a risk of one or other of our competitors getting ahead of us in this matter by opening up a discussion in its columns, but this risk was fancied rather than actual, as there are some who always prefer to follow instead of going ahead and showing the way.

The definition given above as to what constitutes a professional has not been made recklessly. The question has been discussed in all its aspects and has been carefully considered, and we hold that the definition is concise, accurate and well turned. Of course there will be some who do not agree with us altogether, but we feel that they will form such a small minority that they may almost be left out of consideration. It must be understood, however, that we court criticism to the fullest extent. FOREST AND STREAM'S columns are open to all its readers, and nothing but good to the sport of trap-shooting can come of such a discussion.

"IN WHOLE OR IN PART."

The definition reads: "Any person who makes his livelihood in whole or in part by shooting at the trap. * * * is a professional trap-shooter." The explanation that follows in the definition seems to us to cover the ground, if any explanation of the above terms is necessary. A man's salary, that is, his means, or part of his means of livelihood, must be dependent upon his shooting at the trap for such an one to be called or classed as a professional. He must be paid a certain sum to be present at tournaments to show off guns, powders or shells, to come under the head of a professional.

The "gate money" part of the definition is self-evident, and needs no additional explanation.

We have heard it claimed that shooting or taking part in

SWEEPSTAKES FOR CASH

was enough to make a man a professional. If such were the case, then 90 per cent. or more of the trap-shooters of this country are professionals. But such a hypothesis is absurd.

If the fact that a man competed for cash prizes was sufficient to cause him to lose his amateur status, then Pierre Lorillard, August Belmont and others in the horse-racing world in this country must be professional racing men. Also the Emperor William of Germany, the Prince of Wales, Mr. Barclay, the Marquis of Ailsa, Mr. Edwin Gould, and others who race yachts for cash prizes must be classed as professional yachtsmen. Again, a man who plays a match or a three-cornered game at billiards with friends for a side bet of "a half" climbs at once into the same class with Ives, Slosson or The Wizard, although he may be selling gent's furnishings over a counter all day long, and every day of the year except Sundays and holidays.

That the L. A. W. has forbidden amateurs to race for cash prizes has nothing to do with trap shooting. Bicycling tournaments are few and far between, and no man competes in ten or a dozen events in one day for three or four days at a time, as in trap-shooting tournaments.

AN INCENTIVE IS NEEDED.

In all competitive contests of skill some incentive is needed to keep up the popularity of that sport Cups may do very well in some branches of sport, but trap-shooting is so constituted that cups are only possible as adjuncts; that is, to mark some one special event or circumstance. Some other incentive outside of trophies is needed to keep up the interest of the shooters, and to urge them on to improving their skill in the use of the gun. Hence sweepstakes, in very many instances for merely nominal sums, are shot at all, or nearly all, gun club shoots. The club shoot for yearly medals, or for a special cup, may have no sweep attached to it, but that is for the reason that an incentive to win the trophy or the badge already exists. In all contests there must be something to mark the winner, something to compete for; and in shooting at the trap under all conditions nothing fills the bill as satisfactorily as sweepstakes.

THE TITLE OF "AMATEUR"

has been misapplied more often probably than any other word used in a similar sense. It is frequently, we might say generally, applied to a man who is a comparatively poor shot. It should be remembered that trap-shooters are more properly classified as professionals and amateurs. These two classes may each again very aptly be divided into three sub-classes: experts, semi-experts and novices. Read the definitions of professional and amateur at the head of this article, and don't use amateur when you mean novice.

The question is now open to debate.

Greenville Gun Club.

GREENVILLE, Pa., Feb. 22.—The Greenville Gun Club held a shoot this afternoon. Among the events was a special match race, which has been looked forward to for some time and which was watched with a great deal of interest by local shooters. The match was 100 targets per team, 50 per man, between G. H. Grauel, Cam, J. A. McNary and C. E. Witmer. Although shot in a drenching rain the score ood:

Grauel	1101101111111111111011111010111111111111111111101101111—43
Witmer	1001110111110010101111100100110001010011000000000—25
Cam	1111100111111011100111011011101111111111110111111110—40
McNary	1101011111111111110111111000111111111111111101111000—40

Grauel and Cam won with the score of 83 to 65. Cam is the name which Dr. C. A. Miller adopts when shooting.

During the shoot Warren Taylor, of Sharon, a member of the team which represented this city in the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border League last year, was presented with a handsome gun case by the members of the club. Mr. Taylor will be a member of the team this year, which, by the way, will be a good one, if hard work and good management count for anything.

Weekly shoots are held by our club every Tuesday afternoon.

ROBERT E. BEATTY.

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Feb. 22.—A few members of the Harrisburg Shooting Association had a live-bird shoot to-day. The chief event was a 25-bird handicap, $25. No. 2 was at 5 birds, $5, one money; Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6 were $2 miss-and-outs; Nos. 7 and 8, 4 birds, $2. Scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Dennis (30)	11021211•12121112111••211—21	12220	20	1211
Conway (28)	0102212222012112120111021—20	01111	122	2112
Dill (30)	0222222222222022202:010112—20	10222	222	20
McCann (29)	1212010222202211222121001—20	00222	020	2210
Miller		12121	...	....

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Dennis	0	22211	1010	210
Conway	211111020	2110	2210	1222
Dill	222222022	11210	12.2	021
McCann	20	22111	0	...
Wilmot		.....	010	20

PENN.

Eureka, of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 23.—Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, held its annual meeting and banquet last evening, Feb. 22, at the dining hall of the Sherman House, some twenty-four members of the club present, President John G. Glover in the chair. The banquet was nicely served and proved a very enjoyable little affair. The tables were handsomely decorated, the club trophies occupying places of honor along the long board. Most conspicuous of these was the big Mussey Emblem, a great cup indicative of the club team championship of the Cook County League. This is a very fine bit of silver and worthy of the honorable title that goes with it. Mr. Mussey, its donor, was present as the guest of the club. Other trophies were the E. C. cup won by the hard-shooting Mr. Steck, and the *Shooting and Fishing* trophy won by the club in the State team contests. It was in evidence that the men of Eureka are handy with the shotgun beyond their brethren of this vicinity.

It was about 10 P. M. when the meeting was called to order for transaction of the club business. Secretary A. C. Paterson made his report at some length, and in satisfactory tenor. Treasurer O. J. Buck in his report showed that the club was in possession of some $900 worth of personal property and was out of debt, though the balance in the treasury was small. A number of minor matters were referred to the board of directors. The trophy committee reported. It was resolved to hold regular live bird shoots during the winter months hereafter, beginning in October and continuing until April, monthly. Suitable medals will be provided for A, B and C classes in these live-bird events, to go to the best averages in not less than four shoots of the season. A motion to lease a magautrap was laid on the table. It was resolved to extend the courtesy of 1-cent targets to any member of a Cook County League club in good standing, when such member should be a visitor at Eureka grounds upon any but a club contest day. It was voted unanimously that hereafter the Eureka Gun Club shall not at any future banquet allow the use of any wines or liquors on its tables It was suggested that ladies be invited to the next banquet. One new member, Mr Thos. L. Parker, was proposed for membership, his name going to the board of directors for their next meeting. One name, that of A. W. Morton, was dropped from the club lists for violation of Section 3 of the by-laws. It was arranged to employ a regular scorer during club contests, and all remaining matters were handed over to the directors, as the hour of midnight was by this time approaching. In the election of officers Dr. C. W. Carson was chosen President; F. P. Stannard, Vice-President; W. A. Jones, Secretary; E. M. Steck, Captain. (The offices of secretary and treasurer were by vote under the by-laws declared one.) The Board of Directors was chosen as follows: Messrs. J. L. Jones, J. G. Glover, H Carson, L. H. Goodrich, O. von Lengerke. The Classification Committee will be Messrs. C. W. Carson, E. M. Steck and W. D. Stannard. The Medal Committee will be Messrs. J. L. Jones, E. M. Steck and W. A. Jones.

The affairs of Eureka Club are in highly prosperous condition, and it enters upon the duties and the pleasures of another shooting season better equipped than ever in its history as a representative shooting club.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Marlboro Defeats Poughkeepsie.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Feb. 18.—Teams of 12 men each, representing the Poughkeepsie and Marlboro, N. Y., gun clubs, respectively, met to-day on the grounds of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club. The teams shot at 300 targets each—that is, 25 targets per man. The Marlboro team won by 15 targets; breaking 224 to 209. There was a large crowd of spectators present to witness the shooting. Mr. J. W. McDonald acted as referee. The scores in this race were as below:

Marlboro.

S Mills	1111111111111101111110111—23	
C W Frost	1111111111011111101111110—22	
T Rhodes	0111111011111111111101111—22	
C Bingham	1010101111111111111110111—21	
N T Kniffin	1101111111111010011111111—21	
F Covert	0110011110111111110111111—19	
J Rhodes	0011001110011110111111111—18	
A Fuller	1101111101110111001100010—17	
F Vail	0011111111111100010101100—16	
Millard	1011110111101110011000110—16	
H Wyatt	1110000101101010011110111—15	
E V Covert	1011110100000011111110010—14	224

Poughkeepsie.

W Corliese	1110111011110110111111011—20	
J Tallman	0111111101111111110110100—19	
W Perkins	1111010011100101111111111—19	
J M Godinez	1111110101110110111111100—19	
H Vonderlinden	1101111010111111010210111—19	
E Williams	1111001100010111101111111—18	
J M Spencer	1110011101001111100111011—17	
H Scott	1101001001001101111101111—17	
F Wood	1111011011011110010101010—16	
A Traver	1010111010101111101110010—16	
H Valentine	0100101110001100101111111—15	
H Sisson	1111000111010011011010010—14	209

W. R. PERKINS, Sec'y.

Trap Around Philadelphia.

FLORISTS' GUN CLUB.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 22.—The attendance at the Florists' Gun Club's shoot to-day at Wissinoming Station was affected by the bad weather, rain falling until about 11 A. M. In addition to the 12 events on the programme, several extras were also shot. In the table below we give the scores made in the programme events. Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 and 11 were at known traps and angles; the balance at unknown angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	10	10
Thurman	9	9	9	9	11	6	10	14	..	..	..	..
Torpey	7	5	7	7	11	9	7	13	8	6	8	7
Houpt	8	8	9	8	13	9	10	11	9	..	..	..
Cowan	9	8	10	9	13	9	8	12	7	8	..	..
Dillin	5	8	6	4	10	7	8	11	7	8	9	5
Anderson	9	6	9	9	11	7	9	9	9	9	9	10
Landis	8	8	8	6	11	9	7	12	..	..	..	..
Ward	4	4	..	5	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pechin	6	6	8	8	10	8	7	10	8	6	7	6
Burton	8	6	6	8	10	..	..	9	10	8	7	9
Evans	7	6	8	9	11	5	5	..	6	9	5	..
Life	7	7	8	9	14	6	4	..	..	..	..	..
Aiman	7	7	7	8	..	..	..	..	8	6	4	6
Woodstager	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	5
Doyle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	6	8
McKarahar	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	9	4
Daniels	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	..	..
Barrett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	7	8
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	3	4	3
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	3	..	5
Van Schaick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	6
Dorp	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	4
Carlisle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	4	4

Nichols vs. McKeon.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—Grant Nichols and P. F. McKeon, both members of the Cobweb Gun Club, of this city, shot a match to-day at the club's grounds at Baychester, N. Y., at 50 birds per man, Nichols winning easily, although the scores were both below the average. The pair met on Jan. 29 under similar conditions and shot a tie race, each scoring 45 birds. To-day was favorable for the birds, a strong northwest wind blowing directly over the traps; the sky was bright and clear. A good crowd of friends of both men were on hand to witness the match. E. Miller acted as referee, Fred Pringle as trap puller and G. W. Thompson, Jr., as scorer. Scores were:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	3	1	5	3	3	5	5	3	3	1	4	5	4	4	4	3	5	2	3	2	3	2	1	1	2								
Grant Nichols	0	2	1	2	2	•	1	2	1	2	2	•	1	2	2	1	2	2	0	2	2	1	2	•	2	—20								
	5	2	5	4	4	3	2	2	1	1	2	4	5	5	5	2	2	2	3	4	1	1	5	1	2								
	2	2	2	2	1	•	•	2	•	2	2	2	0	2	2	2	2	1	0	1	1	2	0	2	2	—19	—39						
	3	2	4	5	2	3	2	3	1	5	2	1	1	2	4	5	5	5	2	2	2	1	3	2	5								
P F McKeon	1	0	1	0	0	1	2	2	1	2	1	2	2	0	1	1	2	1	2	0	1	2	0	1	2	—19								
	2	1	5	3	4	4	5	2	3	3	5	5	4	3	5	2	2	4	3	3	4	5	1	3	5								
	•	1	2	0	1	2	1	1	1	0	2	1	0	1	2	0	0	1	0	1	•	1	•	2	•	—15	—34						

A small team race, two men to a team, 5 birds per man, 30yds. rise, was also shot, with the following result:

A Elliott	20122—4	J Elliott	02202—3
Cashan	•2201—3—7	H Hoffman	0•100—1—4

G. W. THOMPSON, Sec'y.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Feb. 22.—The Poughkeepsie Gun Club held an all-day shoot to-day at live birds, eighteen shooters taking part in the sport.

The shooters from out of town were: Dr Hill, Mr Hume and Mr. Myer, of Kingston; Covert, Rhodes and Kniffin, of the Marlboro team; Russell, Sleight, Wicks and Hover, of Hyde Park; Tallman and Foster, Millbrook; A. Tallman, Hopewell Junction; Jameson, of Clinton Corners, and Cramer, of Red Hook. The best shooting of the day was done by E. J. Foster, of Millbrook, who scored 30 out of 35 shot at. Nos. 1, 2 and 4 were at 5 birds, $2.50, three moneys, class shooting; Nos. 3 and 5, 10 birds, $5, three and two moneys respectively. Scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Varian	01111—4	20110—3	0021201100— 5	01022—3
Perkins	22210—4	22100—3	.....	....
Sisson	00000—0	.....	.....	01102—3
Condit	02202—4	22222—5	2020222220— 7	01221—4
A Tallman	00200—1	20000—1	0000002000— 1	....
Williams	12100—3	10000—1	.....	....
Cramer	01110—3	.....	.....	....
Jameson	10122—4	22201—4	0210200000— 3	21202—4
Spencer	02212—4	20202—4	.....	....
Foster	21121—5	11111—5	2102210102— 7	21111—5
I Tallman	11210—4	20110—3	1211112121—10	02202—3
Covert	....	01000—1	.....	....
Rhodes	....	00220—2	2102202202— 7	....
Meyer	....	.....	0200020100— 3	....
Hill	....	.....	2211212121—10	00001—1
Valentine	....	.....	1222212020— 8	01200—2
King	....	.....	.....	02102—3
Hume	....	.....	.....	21002—3

No. 5 was at 10 birds and resulted thus:

Valentine	2112000223—7	King	2220020000—4
Condit	2222220200—7	Foster	2122200111—8
I Tallman	2212001102—7	Traver	0210002201—5
Varian	2202000202—5		

About 1,000 targets were also thrown during the day, several sweeps being decided at targets.

Feb. 25.—Scores made to-day in our regular weekly club shoot were as follows, Valentine being high with 22 out of 25:

H Valentine	1111100111111111111101111—22
F Wood	1110110110110111111111011—20
W D Briggs	1111110101111100111111010—19
A Traver	0111111101101100011101111—18
H Vonderlyndon	0111111011011010101111110—18
G Van Wagnen	1101100110010001000000000— 8

W. J. PERKINS, Sec'y.

Tournament at Lockport, N. Y.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Feb. 22.—The Lockport Gun Club is not an old organization, but it held a tournament to-day that would have made a record for many an older club. Shooters were on hand from Buffalo, Rochester and Hulberton, among the visitors being many of the cracks Simon Glover, of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, was as usual high average for the day. In the team race the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, came out on top, defeating the Rochester by the narrow margin of 1 break, and taking the cup to Buffalo in consequence. Scores in the team shoot were:

Audubon No. 1—C. S. Barkhardt, Norris and Hammond—38.
Audubon No. 2—E. C. Burkhardt, Kelsey and Alderman—38.
Rochester No. 1—S. Glover, E. C. Meyer and L. V. Byer—37.
Bison G. C., of Buffalo—Seagrist, Wheeler and Banman—34.
Lockport No. 1—Ward, Covert and Atwater—31.
Rochester No. 2—Davis, Weller and Quirk—27.
Lockport No. 2—Burt, Welsher and Angevine—26.

The scores made in the sweeps shot in addition to the team race are given below in tabulated form:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	20	10	15	10	15	10
Glover	10	15	10	13	8	13	8	18	9	12	8	11	9
Davis	9	13	7	11	4	14	6	15	8	10	9	13	9
Weller	4	12	6	8	6	13	7	14	6	12	4	14	8
Quirk	6	11	8	11	8	..	7	..	6	..	..	..	..
Meyer	6	8	7	11	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Atwater	6	9	7	..	8	..	8	12	8	..	10	10	..
Covert	4	12	6	11	9	11	..	15	7	13	6	10	5
Byer	9	10	9	13	8	11	7	15	7	12	5	13	7
Angevine	7	7	3	..	..	..	..	10	4	..	..	..	..
Ward	8	12	6	9	9	9	8	15	9	12	6	13	8
E C Burkhardt	7	..	..	10	8	9	10	15	5	14	..	..	..
Kelsey	6	12	9	8	9	11	10	17	9	..	..	..	..
Wing	3	5	5	9	3	6	8	16	4	12	9	8	..
Alderman	7	9	2	5	7	12	..	14	6	..	..	..	..
Seagrist	3	4	3	8	5	8	5	11	..	..	..	..	..
Wheeler	7	11	6	7	7	8	..	18	..	15	6	..	..
C S Burkhardt	..	10	7	8	6	11	10	16	8	..	9	9	10
Tiddler	..	10	5	..	6	8	..	15	..	12	..	..	..
Welsher	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Burt	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Norris	..	..	..	15	6	10	8	16	10	12	9	10	7
Hammond	..	..	..	11	7	9	10	17	7	..	..	..	..
Wilson	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Baker	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	6	14	8	..	..	..
Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Lealer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
E Moody	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	7	..	..	12	6
McCarney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	5	6	9	13	7

A New League in Connecticut.

AN organization of gun clubs of the State of Connecticut has been effected under the title of Connecticut Trap-Shooters' Association. The idea of the organization is to have monthly shoots during the season on the grounds of the different clubs forming the Association, and to generally boom trap-shooting in the Nutmeg State. Among the clubs that go to make up the Association are: New Haven Gun Club; Colt Gun Club, of Hartford; Parker Gun Club, of Meriden; Windsor Locks Gun Club, etc. The first shoot will be held on the grounds of the Parker Gun Club at a date that has yet to be named.

The programme at all these joint shoots will be a uniform one, and the conditions of the tournaments will be as follows:

"On each ground where a shoot is held the club holding the tournament agrees to give as added money the sum of $15; $10 of this amount is to be contested for in a six-men team race, 40 targets per man, 20 at known angles and 20 at unknown angles, the money to be divided 60 and 40 per cent. to the two best team scores, the remaining $5 to be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to the three best individual scores in the team race; optional sweep of $1 on each 20 targets in the team race; one man from each club to constitute the managers of the tournaments, the managers to issue a uniform programme to govern all contests of this association; places for holding these tournaments to be drawn for."

The programme is as follows: No. 1, 10 targets, known angles, 50 cents; No 2, 10 targets, unknown angles, 75 cents; No. 3, 15 targets, known angles, $1; No. 4, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1; No. 5, team race; No. 6, 15 targets, known angles, $1; No. 7, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1; No. 8, 10 targets, reversed order, 75 cents; No. 9, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1; No. 10, 10 targets, known angles, 75 cents.

McAlpin Wins Another Match.

ON Thursday, Feb. 25, G. S. McAlpin went down to Riverton, N. J., and shot a race at 50 pairs of live birds with T. S. Dando, of Philadelphia, a member of the Riverton Gun Club. The conditions were two birds in each trap, 5 unknown traps, 25yds. rise. McAlpin shot strongly and won easily, scoring 80 to Dando's 73. McAlpin had three fall dead out of bounds, Dando lost 8 dead out. The scores were as below:

McAlpin (25)	11 11 11 01 11 •1 11 01 01 11 11 11 11	
	11 11 11 00 11 10 •1 11 11 11 11 11	—42
	10 1• 10 11 11 11 11 10 11 11 10 11 11	
	01 11 11 11 00 11 01 01 11 01 11 01	—33—80
Dando (25)	00 01 11 11 1• 11 11 11 11 •0 1• 11 •1	
	11 11 11 01 01 11 11 11 •1 11 11 10	—38
	10 01 10 00 11 11 00 11 11 11 11 11 10	
	10 10 10 11 1• 10 •1 11 11 1• 11 11	—35—73

Philadelphians at Thomasville, Ga.

THOMASVILLE, Ga., Feb 26.—Below is given the result of a 2-men team match shot to-day, the members of the teams being Philadelphians, who are now stopping at the Mitchell House, and who are well known in trap-shooting circles up North:

Dolan	0111111110111101111111111111111111111111111011111111—46
E F Toland	1111111101111111111111111111111111111111111110011110—46—92
C M Chapin	1101111101101111001111111111111101111111111111111—44
Schurmeier	1110111111111011111101111101100111111111110111111110—41—8

IN NEW JERSEY.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Feb. 20.—Eleven events in all were decided on the Elkwood Park grounds to-day. All were $5 miss-and-outs with the exception of Nos. 3, 7 and 11. No. 3 was the Brookdale Handicap, 10 birds, $10; No. 7 was similar to No. 3; No. 11 was a match at 5 birds between Messrs. Barker and Walters. Scores in all the events were as below, handicaps being readjusted at the end of each event, as usual:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
N Money (28)	2121220	(28) ..210	(28)..2222122122	(28½)..212210
L Duryea (29)	21212222	(29½)..12122	(29)..1212122221	(30) ..2112222
Morfey (29)	..12122120	(29) ..0	(29)..2222122222	(29½)..1221222
Barker (28)	...210	(28) ..12210	(28)..121020	(28) ..20
P Daly, Jr (28)	21222222	(28½)..2220	(28)..2122122210	(28½)..2220
E Walters	....	(28) ..2220	(28)..1122022212	(28½)..222120
*Morfey	....	22222	.....	.....
Seeds	....	.....	(28)..2012200211	.....
Kennard	....	.....	(26)..1002222121	(26) ..120
Fred Hoey	... .	.....	.....	(29) ..2222220

* Re-entry.

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Money (28)	0	(28½)..2120	(28½)..2212222222
Duryea (29½)	22122211110	(30)....0	(30½)..2222222122
Morfey (29)	22212222222	(30)....2220	(30)....12212220
Barker (28)	0	(28)....222210	.....
Daly (28½)	0	(28½)..222222	(29)....122222022
Walters (28)	22222122122	(28)....222212	(29)....2222221222
Kennard (26)	0	(26)....22110	.....
Hoey (29)	20	(29)....220	(29)....02112122
Money (re-entry)	22222222222	.....	.....
Barker (re-entry)	20	.....	.....
Daly (re-entry)	0	.....	.....
Kennard (re-entry)	0	.....	.....
Duryea (re-entry)	.....	121221	.....
Stewart	.....	.....	(25)....202211200

	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11.
Money (29)	220	(29) ..12	(29½)..0	....
Walters (29½)	220	(29½)..20	(29½)..22	(28)..2222
Daly (29)	1120	..	..	....
Morfey (30)	1222	(30) ..10	(30) ..0	....
Hoey (29)	2220	(30) ..0	..	....
Kennard (26)	1111	(26) ..22	(26) ..0	....
Barker	.....	(28) ..10	(28) ..22	(30)..2120

Feb. 22.—There was quite a good crowd of shooters to-day at the Elkwood Park traps. The programme, too, was an interesting one, and contained variety enough to satisfy anybody.

Event No. 1 was a star miss-and-out. The purse in this was divided at the end of the 14th round between five of the eleven starters. Of this five, Justus von Lengerke was the only one that had not lost a bird. Loening and Walters starred in the 1st round; Morfey in the 2d; Walters starred again in the 6th, Canon also letting his bird go in that round and starring. Canon had to do the same trick in the 7th round. From that point all killed out and agreed to divide as above.

No. 2 was a 10-bird handicap, $5 entrance. 27 and 28yds. men allowed one miss as no bird. Walters, Sanders and Muirhead lost their first birds and used up their allowance as shown in the score. Loening missed in the 3d round, Green in the 4th and White in the 7th, and used their allowances as shown in the score, White's allowance being of some use to him, as he shared in the division. The four 10s divided.

No. 3 was 15 birds, $15, three moneys, Rose system: Morfey, with 15 straight, took first money; Walters with 14 and Canon with 13 took second and third moneys respectively. This made the division just the same as it would have been under the old system.

No. 4 was at 5 birds, $3, three moneys. Canon and Walters with straights divided first and second. The tie for third was not decided until the 15th round, when Hank White outshot Morfey.

No. 5 was the same as No. 4. In this event the scores were: Canon (26½) and White (28) 5 (divided the purse, there being only two moneys). Wooley (28), Walters (28½) and Greene (28) 3, Morfey (29½) lost his first two birds and withdrew.

Scores in the first four events are given in detail below:

	No. 1, Star Miss-and-out.	No. 2.
T W Morfey (29)	20221222121222	(30)....22222220
E Walters (27)	01220221222211	(28)....002
J von Lengerke (28)	22112212111211	(29)....22211101
Baker (27)	20	(27)....2211121221
D Bradley (27)	21220	(27)....2222221222
Sanders (27)	21120	(27)....0010
H White (27)	10	(28)....2111211211
W Canon (26)	21122001211211	(27)....1221121221
W H Green (28)	12110	(28)....2210112222
Muirhead (27)	0	(27)....101100112
A Loening (27)	02222221122221	(28)....1101211120

	No. 3.	No. 4.
Morfey (30)	2212112222221222	(29½)....2202222211212210
Canon (30)	1011211022212211	(26)....12111
Walters (30)	2221202222222222	(28)....22222
Baker (30)	2022222222221010	(28)....11200
Sanders (30)	200200	(26)....20020
F E Heyer (30)	2222110002210	(28)....00
A Woody	.....	(28)....00202
H White	.....	(28)....011111111121112
Green	.....	(28)....011110

THE EAST SIDES WIN AGAIN.

Feb. 25.—The East Side Gun Club, of Newark, has now fairly turned the tables upon its opponents, the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, by making it two straight in the series of team matches at live birds arranged between these clubs. The Endeavors won two straight in the target team matches, so honors may be said to be even.

The East Sides are hard men to beat on live birds, the team again making an average of 90 per cent. Koegel shot well during the afternoon, scoring all his 18 birds. The shoot took place on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club, Ferry street, Newark. The birds were a mixed lot, some sitters among them, but some of these when started were as fast as one could wish. The weather was against the birds, being dark and damp. There was some hard luck in the matter of dead out of bounds, the visitors having rather more than their share of that article. Still the East Sides won, and won on their merits. The members of that club are also, in addition to being good live-bird shots, royal entertainers when they invite their friends to visit them. Scores were:

East Side Gun Club.	No. 1.	No. 2.
Koegel	2112122211—10	12211—5	111—3
Hassinger	2122110112— 9	12121—5	102—2
Leuthauser	1022112121— 9	11212—5	1•0—1
Fisher	2112202211— 9	12212—5	...
Perry	2101221121— 9	.....	...
Perment	2220211110— 8—54	.....	...
Endeavor Gun Club.			
Job Lott	2222222212—10	0•110—2	201—2
C von Lengerke	11211221•1— 9	12221—5	001—1
M Herrington	1•11212211— 9	12221—5	110—2
A Woodruff	0212122022— 8	01221—4	...
G H Fairmount	1•12121201— 8	21222—5	110—2
A R Strader	•10•2222•2— 7—51	12•22—4	212—3
Waldman	.....	01101—2	...
Erhardt	.....	00122—3	120—2
Reibold	.....	12201—4	211—3
Nugent	.....	01112—4	...
Hilfers	.....	10120—3	201—2
Lyons	.....	110•2—3	111—3
Billings	.....	12102—4	...

GRANT.

E. C. CUP AT HACKENSACK.

Feb. 27.—The regular monthly contest for the E. C. cup was shot at Hackensack this afternoon on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club. It was a lovely day, with a bright, clear sky, a considerable touch of frost in the northwest wind, but not enough strength in that wind to bother the steady flight of the targets. The number of entries for the cup was small, owing to the large amount of shooting that has been going on in this section during the past week. The winner was M. Herrington, who had the satisfaction of landing the E. C. cup with some of his company's W-A powder! Herrington's 25 straight in the second string of his 50 was a good piece of work, and his win of the cup with 47 out of 53 was both well-deserved and popular. Capt. Money, who seemed to have a good chance at the end of the first string, made a poor showing for him in the last 25. Sweeps and a 6-men team race, all at unknown angles, made up the programme for the afternoon. Capt. E. G. Horton as usual acted as entry clerk, squad hustler, second cook, host, etc., while C. E. Dawson straightened out many a kink in his vocal chords when it came to calling "Dead" or "Lost." The scores were:

Herrington (3)1101110111111101100111111111111111111111111111111111—45
101 — 2—47
G E Greiff (2).1111111100111110001111111111111111111101111111101111—43
01 — 1—44
Dr DeWolf (10)0111011011101110111011001101100111011100001111101—33
1111111011 — 9—42
F S Edwards(0)1111111001111110111111011111111111101100111011011111—41
T Bell (3).....1111111111101101110910100111111111001111101101111110—38
111 — 3—4

Capt Money(0)1111111110101111111111011010100011101111011101111—39
Ed Taylor (3).1100110111101111111110111111111101101110011101101101—38
100 — 1—39
HBlauvelt(10).0011110110101110011111010111000100100100110011110—29
B James (5)...1101110110110000100100101011110101101101110001000—27

A team race, 20 targets per man, unknown angles, was also shot between 6-men teams, captained respectively by Ed. Taylor and M. Herrington. Taylor's team won a close match by 85 to 83. Scores:

Taylor's Team.

Edwards.....11111111111111111111—20
De Wolf.....11111011010111111110—16
Money.....10110110111110111110—15
Taylor.....11101001100011111011—13
Blauvelt.....10110111100011110011—13
Horton.....00001100101011011000— 8—85

Herrington's Team.

Greiff.....11111111100111111111—18
Jackson.....11110111111111011110—17
Herrington.....10111110111111010010—14
Bell.....11111101011111010100—14
Banta.....11111111100101101010—14
Gardner, Sr.....01010100001000000101— 6—83

During the afternoon the following sweeps were shot, all at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	10	20	25	25
F S Edwards	9	10	9	10	9	10	15	13	15	10	10	20	19	..
Capt Money	..	..	10	9	8	13	10	10	12	6	8	15	19	16
M Herrington	5	7	..	6	7	8	..	..	12	8	..	14	..	..
Dr De Wolf	5	5	7	6	8	10	12	12	11	11	9	16	17	22
Ward	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ed Taylor	..	..	..	..	10	14	14	14	11	11	..	13	..	..
G E Greiff	..	..	..	..	9	15	13	13	12	12	7	18	18	..
B James	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
T Bell	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	13	9	12	..	14	21	18
H Blauvelt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	13	14	15
C O Gardner, Jr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	3	6	..	..
E G Horton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..
J A Hall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	18	
Post	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	
Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	17	12	..	

No. 12 was the team race.

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Feb. 22.—The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, held a pleasant shoot to-day and threw over 2,000 targets. The strong wind and the club's new expert traps proved too good a combination for the shooters. The scores given below fully prove that fact; when such shooters as Warren Smith and F. S. Sinnock (W-A) fell down, the game must have been a hard one.

No. 1 was at 10 known and 10 unknown; No. 2 at 10 unknown; No. 3, reversed; No. 4, same as No. 1; No. 5, 10 known and 10 reversed; No. 6, unknown; No. 7, 10 known and 10 reversed; No. 8, 10 unknown and 10 reversed; No. 9, known; No. 10, 10 known and 10 reversed; No. 11, unknown; No. 12, 10 unknown and 10 reversed; No. 13, 10 unknown and 10 known; No. 14, unknown.

The scores were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	20	10	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	10
J Fleming	12	8	13	9	15	13	15	10	3	..	10	13	9	4
D Fleming	11	4	9	10	13	11	8	9	13	11	13	..	14	6
H E Winans	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sewell	..	5	..	6	10	..	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wm Smith	..	8	11	12	11	13	11	13	12	17	..	..	12	5
Warren Smith	..	..	16	15	14	16	16	13	13	..	..	..	18	9
W A	..	..	19	14	15	13	17	16	15	17	..	..	15	10
J H Cummings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	6	..	..	..	3
Dr Cummings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	15	..	..	17	6
C M Hedden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	14	..	16	..	12	..
Dawson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	13	10	11	5
Partridge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	7	..	..	4	2
McQuoid	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	9	4
C Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	13	..	..	7
Tarleton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	10	..	..	..
Goode	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	1
Backus	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	3	5	..	..

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.

Feb. 22.—The Endeavor Gun Club held a shoot to day on its grounds at Marion. The attendance was small, every club in the vicinity having a shoot on this date. A special feature of the sport was a team race between 6-men teams, captained respectively by Carl von Lengerke and G. H. Piercy. The match resulted in an easy win for Von Lengerke's team by the score of 62 to 50. Scores in this event were as follows:

Piercy's Team		Von Lengerke's Team.	
G Piercy	100100101101010— 7	C von Lengerke	011011111111111—13
L Piercy	011011110110111—11	Asmus	101110111111011—12
Chambers	1010010110001101— 7	Proctor	011001011001101— 8
Creveling	0011101111011011—10	Billings	1001111011101110—10
Hepsley	1001010011101101— 8	Hatfield	011101111001101—10
Banta	0110010001101011— 7—50	Hughes	1000111101010111— 9—62

The following 8 events were also shot: Nos. 1, 2, 3, 7 and 8 were at unknown angles; No. 4, reversed; No. 5, expert rules; No. 6, 10 pairs. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	15	10	10	20	15	15	Targets:	10	15	15	10	10	20	15	15
G Piercy	6	11	14	4	6	15	12	7	Billings	..	..	..	7	5	..	9	9
Colgate	4	10	10	4	5	10	13	9	Asmus	..	..	..	6	6	..	9	11
Delafield	3	8	8	2	6	12	12	11	Hatfield	..	..	..	4	3	..	8	8
L Piercy	7	12	11	6	5	..	10	14	Metz	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
C v Lengerke	6	13	..	8	5	12	12	11	Eames	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..
Proctor	..	10	9	5	6	10	9	11	Hughes	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	6
Creveling	..	..	10	2	3	..	..	..	Banta	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Chambers	..	..	..	4	2	10	11	8	Hepsley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

A. R. STRADER, Sec'y.

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

Feb. 22.—The Bergen County Gun Club held a shoot to-day for a Winchester repeating shotgun. The event was at 30 targets per man, handicap allowance of misses as breaks, $2 entrance, re-entries allowed. T. Bell won the gun with a highest possible, made on his re entry. With his first chance he scored 29, tieing Van Keuren for the gun unless a highest possible had been made. Several sweeps were also shot during the day. All the scores are given below:

Bell (re-entry—3).....111111110011111111111111111111—28+3—31
Bell (1st chance—3).....111101111011010111111111111—26+3—29
Van Keuren (7).....010111110110111101011100111111—22+7—29
Everett (re-entry—8).....011101010011110011101111110111—21+8—29
Griffiths (1st chance—2).....101111111110111101011011111111—25+2—27
Everett (1st chance—8).....001011110100101010011011111101—19+8—27
Brackett (7).....101100111011011101101101011011—20+7—27
Lefferts (re-entry—6).....011101111110101110001101111011—21+6—27
Griffiths (re-entry—2).....111100111111001111111111101001—23+2—25
George Ricardo (3).....011011001111111100000111111101—20+3—23
Henry Craft (5).....000101110111101011011010101101—18+5—23
Lefferts (1st chance—6).....010001111110101101000000111001—15+6—21
Dr Blakeslee (10).....100010000111001100010100010010—11+10—21
Jackson (10).....011001001100000100100000110001—10+10—20

Other sweeps were shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Jackson	5	..	6	..	..	7	8	9	7	5	6	7	..
Craft	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ricardo	3	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Blakeslee	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	6	4
Van Keuren	7	14	..	7	8	9	7	4	..	..	4	5	..
Lefferts	8	..	..	9	5	6	8	8	..	..	..	5	..
Bell	9	11	..	8	8	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Everett	6	..	7	..	9	4	7	5	..	..	..	..	5
Griffiths	10	..	8	6	9	4	7	8	7	4	6	8	..
Brackett	5	..	8	4	7	..	..	..	..	5	6	..	6
Steel	8	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rubia	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Prest	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Warner	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	..	4	..
Ed Ward	..	..	8	6	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..
Chris Wright	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Russell	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pool	..	..	..	..	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mabie	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Post	..	..	..	8	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harding	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
Provost	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..

Nos. 1 and 12 were 50 cents entrance for a box of cigars. All events were at 10 targets except No. 2, which was at 15.

E. G. HORTON, Capt.

A TIE RACE AT PIGEONS.

Feb. 22.—The North Bergen Gun Club and the Hackensack River Gun Club met to-day on the grounds of the Hackensack River Gun Club, Bergen county, N. J., and shot a 6-men team race at 10 live birds per man. The race resulted in a tie, both teams scoring 47 out of the 60 shot at. Darkness prevented the tie from being shot off. The birds trapped were a fair lot. A. Greenleaf was referee and A. Gregory scorer. The scores were:

North Bergen Gun Club.		Hackensack River Gun Club.	
Hefflich	1211121122—10	Hexamer	2121011201— 8
Thourot	2122220022— 8	Outwater	1222211112—10
Parutel	1010202101— 6	Stuhler	1•22211101— 8
Grassdorf	010120•110— 5	Toot	1002222•10— 5
Harms	1112111201— 9	Kleber	1022122111— 9
Englebrecht	2101122222— 9—47	Jack	1201102022— 7—47

WM. HEXAMER, Sec'y pro tem. H. R. G. C.

DAVIS AND TERRY AT WESTFIELD.

Feb. 22.—Wm. Terry and George Davis, both of Westfield, shot a small race to-day at 15 birds. This race was a sequel to the tie match shot on Nate Astfalk's grounds, at Elizabeth, recently. To-day's match was shot at Westfield under the following conditions: 15 live birds per man, one trap, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, use of both barrels, $25 a side. There was a good gathering of spectators, among the number being: Fred Divine, of Utica, N. Y.; Chet Smith; Owen McVeigh, of Point Pleasant; John Davis, of Greenville; Nicholas Hollins and Alex Reid, of New York; Ellison Davis, of Perth Amboy; Iccas Lambert, Clarence Lambert, Scott Terry, W. Grogan (stakeholder), J. M. Singer, W. Chamberlain, John Miller, C. H. French, Thos. O'Neill, James English, John Marsh, John Robinson, Aug. Frantz, John Benner, etc.

In the match Terry outshot his opponent with ease, the match being over at the end of the 14th round, the scores standing then 13 to 11, as below:

Wm Terry.....2122112202222-13 G Davis.....22011221102120—11

After the above match had been decided a move was made to Benner's hotel, the Fanwood Road house, to witness a match at 15 live birds between the proprietor, John Benner, and Clarence Lambert. The conditions were: 15 live birds per man, $10 a side, loser to pay for the birds, Benner at 29yds., Lambert at 26yds. The result was a win for Lambert, the score after Benner had shot at his 14th bird standing 11 to 9 in favor of Lambert, who had only shot at 13 birds. Scores:

John Benner (29).02010220122110 - 9 C Lambert (26)...20210122112222—11

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Feb. 22.—The live-bird handicap, open to members only, shot on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club to-day, was a great success, 26 entries being marked on the score sheet. The event was originally fixed for 15 birds per man, but the birds ran short and the event had to be cut down to 14. Of the 26 entries A. A. Hegeman was the solitary straight when the end came. B. James and Collins (not Eddie Collins) were next with 13 each.

After the live-bird shoot, three target events were decided, Dr. De Wolfe easily carrying off the honors with 29 out of 30. Scores in the target events were:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles: Huck, De Wolfe, Frank and Baron 9, Hall, Laue and Coe 8, Lewis, Broshart, Harding, Palmer and Abbott 7, Beam, Wise and Jeanneret 6, Adams and Strader 5, Hutchinson 3.

No. 2, same: De Wolfe 10, Huck and Harding 9, Baron and Laue 8, Beam, Wise, Frank and Jeanneret 7, Adams, Abbott, Palmer, Coe, Strader and Collins 6, Lewis, Hall and Black 5.

No. 3, same: De Wolfe and Wise 10, Huck 9, Hall 7, Abbott, Frank and Jeanneret 6, Beam, Palmer, Broshart, Coe, Baron and Hutchinson 5, Laue and Lewis 4.

The scores in the live-bird handicap were as below:

A Hegeman (28)	11121122122122—14	Seeley (27)	....011•1021220111—10
B James (27)	212012122211121—13	P Adams (25)	....0211102202101l—10
Collins (25)	112201122211121—13	C R Wise (29)	...222•0222202202—10
Parsons (25)	....111101220122211—12	T Barron (27)	....202002222212112—10
G E Greiff (30)	..2121222102•111—12	F Hall (29)	.....22101•20210112—10
Abbott (26)	.....222211202011111—12	Burgess (25)	.....12202•20110212—10
Beam (28)	.... .111022222222202—12	Blauvelt (27)	.....002•2021221120— 9
Dr De Wolfe (27)	.10121122201111—12	S Palmer (27)	....210121211020000— 9
Mulvaney (27)	...2122222022212•2—12	Coe (26)	.....10101•22210021— 9
M Lewis (25)	.....11110022021122—11	W Harding (25)	..22100112•00002— 7
W H Huck (28)	..1•11212022011—11	Hutchinson (26)	.1110102•001010— 7
F Krebs (27)	.....2101222102•111—11	E Hollister (29)	...0022211200w — 6
Laue (27)	.....0120122222222O—11	A R Strader (27)	.00••••2212010•— 5

FOUR MONTHS' PROGRAMME FOR ELKWOOD PARK.

In addition to the week's shooting at Elkwood Park the latter end of March, the main feature of the week being the Grand American Handicap, Messrs. Daly and Chanfrau, managers of the new shooting grounds, have arranged a programme for the coming four months, the last event scheduled being the first summer handicap on June 26. Below is a complete list of these fixtures:

March 9—Preliminary handicap, 25 to 33yds., 25 birds, $10 entrance, high guns.

March 13—The Hoey cup handicap, 25 birds, $25 entrance, open to all amateurs 45 per cent. and cup to winner, 30 per cent. to second and 20 per cent. to third, high guns, ties at 5 birds, if not decided then miss-and-out; post entries; miss-and-out events on other traps. Shooting commences at 12:30 P. M.

April 3—Navesink cup, 30yds. all, amateurs only, 20 birds, $15 entrance, high guns.

April 10—Wolf Hill handicap, 25 to 33yds., 10 birds, $7.50 entrance, birds extra, Rose system.

April 17—Monmouth county handicap, 26 to 31yds., 20 birds, $20 entrance, birds included, high guns.

April 24—Spring handicap, 25 to 33yds., 15 birds, $15 entrance, high guns.

May 1—Floral handicap, 25 to 33yds., 15 birds, $20 entrance, birds included, Rose system.

May 8—The Kinnekeet prize, 30yds. all, 10 birds, $10 entrance, high guns.

May 15—Salvator handicap, 27 to 30yds., amateurs only, 25 birds $10 entrance, high guns.

May 22—Hepatcong handicap, 25 to 30yds., 10 birds, $12.50 entrance birds included, Rose system.

May 29—Pennsylvania Club cup, 15 birds, $15 entrance, professionals 33yds., amateurs 30yds., high guns.

June 5—Bird allowance handicap, 26 to 30yds., 15 birds, $10 entrance, contestants at 26yds. allowed 3 misses as "no bird," 27yds. 2 misses as "no bird," 28yds. 1 miss as "no bird," allowances to carry until used, high guns.

June 12—The Lakewood prize, all at 30yds., 7 birds, $7 entrance high guns.

June 19 Bird allowance handicap, 25 to 31yds., 15 birds, $15 entrance, birds included, 27yds. and under 2 misses as no birds, 29yds and under 1 miss as no bird, allowance not to run on ties, high guns.

June 26—First summer handicap, 25 to 31yds., 15 birds, $15 entrance high guns.

In these events all ties will be shot off at miss and-out unless otherwise stipulated.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Feb. 23.—Though but one day separate Washington's Birthday, an acknowledged New England trap-shooting holiday, and the Boston Gun Club's weekly shoot, yet a dozen sportsmen journeyed to Wellington this afternoon for the purpose of entering another prize score. Delightful weather rendered the shooting enjoyable, and several events were shot up till within a minute of train time. The convenience of the grounds for Boston people is a fact often commented upon and duly appreciated; a simple 10 minutes' ride in the train at an expense of 6 cents, with only a step from the train to the club's boarded walk, allows of shooting 15 minutes after leaving Boston, and it is quite possible for a business man to practice at 50 or 75 targets with the loss of only a couple of hours all told.

Horace and Gordon divided the honors in prize match.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	6	10	10	10	5	6	10	10	10	10	10	10
Gordon (17)	8	6	3	8	8	9	4	3	8	7	4	..	10	
Woodruff (17)	7	4	1	5	8	5	4	3	6	9	7	..	..	
Shaw (16)	7	7	3	5	4	5	2	3	7	8	6	8	4	
Paine (15)	4	6	3	5	7	6	3	1	5	3	6	3	8	
Benton (14)	3	4	0	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Willard (15)	5	2	3	1	5	3	3	0	6	4	7	..	3	
Miskay (17)	..	..	..	..	10	8	2	3	7	8	6	..	6	
Nickols (16)	..	..	..	..	8	7	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	
Spencer (16)	..	..	..	..	7	7	4	4	8	10	7	9	9	
Horace (15)	..	..	..	..	7	8	4	4	6	9	6	..	7	
Needham (15)	..	..	..	..	9	3	3	..	4	5	..	7		

Events 1, 4, 5, 6 and 9, known angles; 2, 7 and 10, unknown; 3 and pairs; 11 and 12, reverse; 13 and 14, known angles, use of both barre

Prize match, 21 targets, 10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs. Distan handicap:

Gordon (17)	0111111111—9	11110—4	10 10 10—3—	
Horace (15)	1110111011—8	11011—4	10 01 11—4—	
Spencer (16)	0111101011—7	01111—4	10 01 11—4—	
Needham (15)	1011111111—9	10110—3	10 10 10—3—	
Nickols (16)	1111001101—7	10111—4	00 11 10—3—	
Miskay (17)	1111110011—8	01100—2	10 11 00—3—	
Woodruff (17)	1101100100—5	01111—4	00 11 10—3—	
Shaw (16)	1100111000—5	10001—2	11 10 00—3—	
Paine (15)	1011001110—6	10011—3	00 00 10—1—	
Willard (15)	1000000110—3	11010—3	00 00 00—0—	

BOSTON

ON LONG ISLAND.

CRESCENT A. C. VERSUS COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

b. 22.—The 5-men team race between teams representing the ent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, and Columbia College was shot y on the Crescent's grounds at Bay Ridge. The home team easily by 36 targets, each man shooting at 25 targets, known and angles. After the team race a handicap event was shot silver cup, the trophy being won by Dr. Hall. Scores were:

Crescent Athletic Club.

Geddes	1111011111111011111110111	—22
Fish	1111101110011111111011111	—21
Hall	1111011111010111111110110	—20
Sykes	1101111101111101110110110	—19
White	1110011011101011001101000	-15—97

Columbia College.

Prentiss	1111001110111001101110110	—17
Coffin	1101001110111101010011010	—15
Knapp	1110001001110010110101102	—14
Tilt	1110001100100110110110011	—13
Mittendorf	1000001110011000111011001	—12—71

e Washington's Birthday Handicap resulted as follows, the allow- of extra targets to shoot at being shown in brackets after each ter's name;

B. Hall (0) 22, A. R. Fish (0) 20, G. C. White (2) 20, B. B. Tilt (4) . G. Geddes (2) 18, J. H. Prentiss (2) 16, Grant Notman (2) 16, J. napp (3) 16, T. R. Coffin (3) 14, W. Kitchen (0) 7.

BILLY MILLS'S BENEFIT.

b. 22.—The attendance of shooters to-day at Dexter Park showed igh appreciation in which the services of trapper Billy Mills are by those who shoot regularly at this popular resort. Billy put o guns to be shot for; Dr. Hudson winning the first, and Job and Henry Bramwell holding title to the other after a tie on the ound with Dr. Hudson. Scores in these events and in the three pstakes also shot are given below. The birds were an excellent flyers, and reduced the ranks of the entries in the gun shoots rapidly.

. 1, gun shoot, 7 birds per man: Dr. Hudson 7, C. F. Dudley 2, k Gildersleeve 2, John Wye 2, J. B. Craft 2, William Lair 1, Her- Otten 1, Walter Seaman 1, E. J. Clark 1, Henry Bramwell 1, Lott 0, Charles Steffens 0, Robert Packard 0, William Sands 0, G. Long 0, Owen Mulcahey 0, Emil Matson 0.

2, same:

Lott	12222222—8	Robert Packard	20	—1
ry Bramwell	21.22122—8	Walter Seaman	10	—1
udson	21222220—7	F K Gildersleeve	0	—0
Wye	1212220—6	Herman Otten	0	—0
Matson	1122210—6	William Sands	0	—0
iam Lair	22220 —4	George W Long	0	—0
n Mulcahey	220 —2	William Levens	0	—0
Dudley	20 —1	J B Craft	0	—0

3, 10 birds, 30yds., $5: Matson 10, Otten 9, Sands 8, Clark 8, 7, Seaman 7, Mulcahey 6, Steffens 5, Gildersleeve 4.

4, same: Matson 8, Steffens 8, Packard 8, Dudley 7, Otten 6, Lott nifel 3.

5, 5 birds: Lott 4, Steffens 4, Packard 3, Renifel 3, Otten 3, Mat- 3.

MASSAPEQUA GUN CLUB.

b. 22.—The Massapequa Gun Club held a live-bird shoot to-day mityville. The honors in the main event, a sweepstake at 10 birds, were divided by Harry Edey and George Schard, Jr., on 8 a. Scores were:

hard, Jr.	2222101221—9	D E Chichester	0220120122—7
Edey	1122011121—9	R D Feuschel	2010221021—7
hard	0221012212—8	T Carman	1111002210—7
uschel	1102210221—8	H M Burtis	1022011201—7
lsor	0122120121—8	W Powell	1100201022—6
Doud	1102201221—8	H H Klinker	0012000220—4

BAY SIDE ATHLETIC CLUB.

b. 22.—The Bay Side Athletic Club's shoot was won by Charles k, who scored 9 out of his 10 birds, as shown in the following e:

lark	2222121102—9	C Ruland	1102202202—7
ce	1012211022—8	G Hamil	2201020221—7
ox	1100221202—7	J Munda	1022001120—6
Powell	0221110201—7	W Poole	0220120021—6

ROCKAWAY GLASS BALL CLUB.

eb. 22.—At the holiday shoot of the Rockaway Glass Ball Club, to-day near Forsbach's Hotel, Union Course, the main event at birds was divided between D. R. McGlynn and James Leddy. res:

McGlynn	1111011011—8	Burt Laney	1011101011—7
es Leddy	0111111110—8	Jos Forschbach	0101111101—7
B Hillers	1101011011—7	Henry Starter	0.00001000 -1
Abrams	0111100111—7		

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

eb. 23.—There were 26 members of the Hell Gate Gun Club pres- this afternoon at the club's monthly live-bird shoot at Dexter k. So good were the birds that Fred Frostel was the only man to e his 10 birds. Three others killed 9 each. Scores:

Class A, 30yds., 7 Points.

ocinck	12201121—9	G Nowak	222•120212—8

28yds., 7 Points.

rostel	2212222212—10	P Woelfel	2011220222—8
Sands	2012212221—9	Ed Payntar	•021012001—5
Voss	2220122222—9		

28yds., 6½ Points.

chlicht	1220212201—8	L T Muench	2010220020—5
teffens	121•120122—8		

28yds., 6 Points.

Weber	2•10211222—8	J Himmelsbach	210•201102—6
orster	2202120121—8	Dr Bauer	•212022012—5
letz	2210201221—8	D Valente	1201002010—5

28yds., 5½ Points.

tegan	1220122022—8	E Peterson	01•2022010—5
Dannefelser	2220102122—8		

28yds., 5 Points.

Lang	2220201221—8	A Knodel	010020•120—4

Class B, 26yds., 4½ Points.

Ielzle	2201021221—8	E Marquardt	0120•02200—4
Richter	2202212022—8		

26yds., 4 Points.

ewman	2220•20210—6	M H Smith*	210210•201—6
Breit	20•2102010—5		
Guest.			

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

eb. 23.—The first shoot for the New Utrecht Gun Club's new Holi- cup was held to-day at Woodlawn, 10 members taking part in event. Jere Lott made the only 10 straight, and thus secured the win for this cup. J. Gaughen's gun broke down in the first nd of the cup race and spoiled his chances. One sweep at 5 birds shot before the cup race, and another shot after the big event ught the afternoon's sport to a close. As the club handicaps have yet been given out, all stood on the same mark (28yds.) in the race. Scores were:

	Club Shoot.	No. 2.	No. 3.
ott	1111211111—10	21200—3	1011•—3
ny Furgueson	1222022112—9	22112—5	12222—5
Thompson	0•121121•1—7	01221—4	22222—5
aughen	00122000•0—3	02222—4	....
Nostrand	•22•122001—6	.....	11121—5
Bennett	2•22122122—9	21112—5	21•21—4
urgueson, Jr	2•22212222—9	.....	•2222—4
Sykes	2122021222—9	.....	2!•10-3
Meyer	2221012220—8	.....	••121—3
Fleet	101002•201—5	.....	.....
Frost	.....	.....	0:0:0—2

eb. 27.—To-day was the regular target shoot of the New Utrecht Club at the Dyker Meadow grounds. Nine members took part the club shoot, which this year is shot under entirely different ditions to that of 1896. The conditions now are 25 targets, unknown les, allowance handicap of extra targets to shoot at. J. Gaughen F. A. Thompson, both scratch men, tied in Class A, Fleet win- in Class B. Fleet also had the honor of breaking more targets of his first 25 than anybody in Class A. Scores were:

Class A.

aughen (0)	1111011110001111C01110011 —17
Thompson (0)	0111011100110101101111110 —17
Pool (2)	1111000011101001001011111110—16
H Thompson (0)	0011101110111010011001011 —15
Bennett (0)	1011100010111000011100000 —11
Bennett (2)	0110010101101:0011001000010—11

Class B.

Fleet (2)	1111001001101100111111111100—18
O'Brien (0)	1001111010111110001111101 —17
Shepard (1)	1011100110011001110011110 —16

ix sweepstakes, all 10-target events, and all at unknown angles, re also shot with the following result:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
F A Thompson	8	10	7	6	5	7	D C Bennett	6	5	8	7	7	..
Dr Shepard	8	4	..	..	..	..	C C Fleet	5	5	6	8	4	4
J A Bennett	7	8	4	8	5	6	J Gaughen	..	8	6	9	10	8
W H Thompson	7	6	7	8	8	7	Dr O'Brien	..	..	7	7	5	7
G E Pool	7	7	6	..	..	..							

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

Feb. 27.—The regular monthly cup shoot on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club was held this afternoon, seven members competing. Dick Phister, whose shooting name is Woods, scored the first win for the trophy with 46 out of 56. The conditions are 25 known angles and 25 unknown; handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at. Scores were:

Baron (5)	1111111111111110001011111111010110110111111011110110	—40
	01110	— 3—43
Billings (15)	0110111111011101110001101011011001101000011000100	—28
	01100111007110	— 7—35
Adams (5)	1101110011111011010011001011111111011101101100111100	—33
	11110	— 4—37
McAdam (7)	1000011011000001011101001010110111111100000000101111	—25
	0110100	— 3—28
Woods (6)	1111001111111111111111011011110101001111101101111101	—41
	011111	— 5—46
Von Lengerke (3)	1010011110111111111101100111010100001101011100010 01	—30• — 2—32
Dr Littlefield (6)	1111001010101101111101111110103111011111010010011 0 011101	—32 — 4—36

Scores in the sweepstakes were made as follows, all events being at 10 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Adams	4	5	8	6	8	6	6	C V L	7	9	5	7	7	7	8
Woods	9	9	7	..	8	..	8	G Remsen	..	7	..	7	5	7	..
Baron	7	7	3	9	6	8	7	Dr Littlefield	..	..	4	3	..	..	6
Hadfield	5	..	..	..	..	3	..	McAdam	..	..	7	8	..	3	6
Billings	5	3	..	..	2	..	..								

T. BARON, Sec'y.

CRESCENT A. C. VERSUS PRINCETON.

Feb. 27.—After a couple of disappointments in the way of failing to meet, the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, met and defeated a 5-men team representing the gun club of Princeton University. The match was shot to-day on the grounds of the Crescent A. C., at Bay Ridge, and resulted in an easy win for the home team, although the scores of the winners were remarkably low. Below is the result of the match in detail:

Crescent Athletic Club.

A R Fish	1111101011111111111111011—22
C A Sykes	1000010101111111111111101—18
D G Geddes	0011001111011111101001111—17
Dr Hall	0111001100100111101001011—14
G Notman	0011001010101000100111100—11—82

Princeton University.

H W Canning	0101110011011111101111110—18
G E Brower	0000011101011101111111101—16
E L Kendall	1110001101001011110010101—14
W W Young	1101110101110000100011101—14
H S Paine	0010000101000100001100010— 7—69

Sweeps were shot as below, all events being at 25 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Lott	15	14	..	..	Geddes	..	..	17	17
Pickett	10	13	..	..	Sykes	..	..	15	14
Werleman	7	6	8	..	Notman	..	..	15	..
Hopkins	13	13	..	..	Fish	..	..	..	17
Hegeman	10	..	16	..					

Buffalo Scores.

BISON GUN CLUB

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 18.—The attendance to-day at the Bison Gun Club's shoot on the Walden avenue grounds was very good, 27 shooters taking part in the events shot during the afternoon. Esson and Wilson tied on 20 each in the badge shoot, event No. 7, and the tie will be shot off later. Scores in all the events were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*25*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*25*	*10*
Coper	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..
Ditton	5	..	6	5	6	3	14	6	Snider	3	3	..	..	4	..	6	..
Werlin	..	4	6	8	8	4	11	..	Siegrist	..	5	..	9	10	5	13	5
Kinner	7	..	..	3	8	3	11	..	Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
Norvell	5	7	..	6	9	5	13	..	Kam	..	..	..	8	7	..	14	..
Estes	4	4	..	..	..	4	11	3	Dawson	..	..	..	..	..	2	4	..
Wheeler	..	..	8	6	..	7	17	6	Eidener	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	7	..	2	9	Storey	..	..	5	6	11	6	11	..
Shorty	..	..	..	..	7	10	..	19	Bauman	..	..	7	8	10	5	17	7
Danser	..	..	..	4	8	6	12	7	Anderson	..	..	6	5	9	6	..	5
Lentner	..	2	..	..	6	4	15	6	Cook	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	1
McCarney	..	..	8	7	10	5	19	5	Cole	..	..	..	..	4	3	..	..
Esson	..	..	..	..	7	9	6	20	4	Krotz	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
Mignerey	5	..	..	4	8	..	9	..									

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

Feb. 20.—To-day's scores must be classed as good ones, owing to the high wind that blew across Audubon Park. In the badge contest McArthur won the Class A medal with 25 straight; U. E. Storey won in Class B, and J. E. Dodge in Class C. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*10*
E C Burkhardt	6	10	19	12	11	10	15	10	J Lodge	6	10	19	7	10	..	..	..
McArthur	6	9	25	13	10	11	19	7	Phillips	5	11	19	11	8	..	..	..
C S Burkhardt	8	13	22	12	14	13	19	8	B Talsma	5	8	18	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	5	9	14	7	12	8	13	4	A Coombs	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..
G Zoeller	9	9	17	..	..	..	..	..	Norris	..	13	20	12	11	13	..	..
Hanks	6	7	21	12	12	13	16	7	L Bennett	..	..	23	13	10	13	16	..
T Winslow	9	10	16	7	8	8	12	5	U E Story	..	..	24	9	7	..	..	..
Forrester	10	10	20	13	12	13	16	..	Hines, Jr	..	..	15	12	10	11	..	..
G Brown	9	8	14	11	..	..	..	..	McCarney	..	..	17	13	9	12	9	..
									C W	..	9	..	12	13	..	..	..

BROOKS & KLIPFEL TROPHY.

Feb. 25.—A programme of five events was shot to-day at Audubon Park. No. 2 was the last of the series of championship events for the Brooks & Klipfel trophy. E. C. Burkhardt won to-day's contest with 44 out of 50, and this gave him two wins, tieing him for the trophy with Warren. In the last three events this tie was to have been decided, but Burkhardt and Warren could not be separated, tieing in each event. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	50	25	15	15	Targets:	10	50	25	15	15
E C Burkhardt	7	44	23	13	11	A C H	5	41	..	12	14
Warren	9	41	23	13	11	McArthur	..	39	..	11	11
Norris	8	36	..	14	8	Anderson	6	35	..	10	10

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY AT AUDUBON PARK.

Feb. 22.—Five target events were shot to-day at Audubon Park, and also two events at live birds. The attendance was small, owing to several members of the Audubon Gun Club, of this city, being away from home, taking in the Lockport, N. Y., shoot. The scores in the live-bird events were:

No. 1, 5 birds: Oehmig, Floss, Huebbers and A. O. H. 5; Alexander 4; Du Pont and Geisdorfer 3.

No. 2, team shoot, 5 birds per man:
Du Pont 5, J. Soergel (captain) 4, Garbe 4—13.
G. Zoeller (captain) 3, Floss 3, Phillips 3—9.
Target scores were made as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*25*	*10*	*10*
George Zoeller	9	10	21	9	..	Huebbers	7	12	20	7	6
Oehmig	9	14	22	..	..	Phillips	7	11	18	6	..
Floss	9	11	21	..	..	Hines	.	11	18	6	..
Warren	8	13	23	9	8	E W Smith	.	7	15	8	..
Alexander	9	12	18	9	6	Myers	.	12	19	8	..
A O H	8	13	21	7	10	Rossiter	.	..	20	6	7
Du Pont	8	12	21	8	8						

Washington Heights Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—The Washington Heights Gun Club, of this city, held a live-bird shoot to-day at its grounds, One Hundred and Seventieth street and Kingsbridge Road. There were eleven shooters present, and each shot at 9 birds in the club event; E. Meckel was first with 8 out of 9, losing his last bird; Arthur Belden was second with 7 kills. The birds were a fast lot, and the dark background had much to do with the low scores made. Scores were:

E Meckel	111111110—8	F M Sherry, Sr	111100001—5
Arthur Belden	11110:101—7	R Romer	111000110—5
E Searles	111001011—6	George Moore	111001100—5
F M Sherry, Jr	111000111—6	C R Terwilliger	011110001—5
H W Oliver	001111011—6	George McKowen	001110110—5
John Hainhorst	111001101—6		

G. A. P.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

EAST PITTSBURG GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 16.—Below are the scores made at the tournament of the East Pittsburg Gun Club, held to-day on the club's grounds. The weather was fine and the attendance very good. Some good shooting was done during the day. Prof. Briggs, Mack, Oliver and Nimrod had some good scores to their credit, but Uncle John and Old Hoss were not up to their standards. The latter is probably saving his sand for Elkwood Park in March. Scores follow:

Events:	*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*	*8*	*9*	*10*	*11*	*12*	*13*	*14*	*15*	*16*	*17*	*18*
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	5
Uncle John	8	10	9	11	6	11	7	12	8	13	9	12	8	13	8	11	8	0
Mack	7	9	8	12	7	11	9	12	8	14	10	14	9	13	9	13	9	4
Prof. Briggs	7	13	7	15	10	12	..	13	9	15	8	12	8	15	7	..	..	..
Black Cloud	3	13	5	13	10	14	..	11	10	13	9	12	10	11	6	..	..	..
Old Hoss	8	11	6	11	8	13	7	12	7	12	8	9	6	11	..	..	..	..
Oliver	..	13	8	14	10	14	9	13	8	15	8	13	9	..	..	..	..	..
Moyer	8	12	7	9	6	11	4	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nimrod	..	12	7	13	9	12	..	13	10	10	9	11	9	12	..	..	..	..
Richie	6	9	5	8	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Anderson	..	7	7	..	7	11	9	..	6	9	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Green	..	7	6	..	4	3	5	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eyler	..	..	8	12	8	..	9	9	..	..	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
McCune	4	..	..	..	4	6	..	..	7	..	7	..	..	7	2	5	..	..
Ferguson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	9	6	7	..	..	..	12	8 11
Drylie	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	8	13	..	..	..	12	8	8	..	..
Sterf	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Gurbates	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	7	..	7	..	4	..	..	..
Krop	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	8	11	2	8	..	..
Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	..	..	..	11	5	..
Born	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	5	9	8	5	11	10	15	
Matz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	7	11	9	12	10	12	9	13	
Hartmann	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	10	15	10	9
Kee	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	..
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	7	10	7	..
Hauch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	11	7	7	5	..
Shaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	..	..	..	..

SWENSON, Sec'y.

NORTH SIDE GUN CLUB.

Feb. 22.—The shoot of the North Side Gun Club, held to-day on the Marshall avenue grounds, was a good one. The scores too were good under the existing circumstances. As announced, two trophies were to be competed for to-day, both silver kegs of W. A. powder presented by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co. to the North Side Gun Club and the Pittsburg Gun Club respectively. The conditions under which these trophies were shot for were as follows: The member of the North Side Gun Club making the highest total out of the first 50 targets shot at to win that club's trophy; the member of the Pittsburg Gun Club making the highest total in the second 50 shot at to win that club's trophy. John Shafer won the North Side's trophy with 43 breaks; Old Hoss won the Pittsburg Gun Club's trophy with 41, beating Elmer Shaner by 1 target. Scores in all events were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	25	Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	25
J Shafer	13	14	16	14	10	19	9	19	Edwards	..	..	6	..	..	..	13	10
R Lovett	13	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	Frazer	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Benton	11	8	17	8	12	18	12	15	Motz	..	..	..	15	15	11	16	12
Oliver	14	15	16	13	14	19	11	23	Carter	..	..	..	3	..	6	13	10
Old Hoss	12	13	16	13	15	13	10	18	Kelsey	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	14
E Shaner	12	12	17	11	11	18	10	19	Zimmer	..	..	..	..	..	13	15	17
Mac	12	11	9	9	10	14	11	19	S Shaner	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	12
Budd	13	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	Y'g Flicker	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	10
S Sanders	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	Captain	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	11

HERRON HILL GUN CLUB.

Feb. 22.—Owing to the wet weather, the attendance to-day at the Herron Hill Gun Club's grounds was only small. The 25-bird race was not shot on account of the weather, but several miss-and-outs and a 15-bird race were decided. Scores were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Strong	2112	0	2212222	1212122	1212220	1211120
A H King	2122	212	20	1220	2212221	12
W S King	211	2	12110	1222222	2211212	2221122
Bessemer	10	220	22220	2222222	2222222	2112122
Anson	12	220	1222222	1222212	2222222	2222222
C A May	....	...	.....	.....	.....	2022222
McPherson	....	...	.....	.....	.....	

	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.
Strong	2112222222222222—15	121210	22220
A H King	00 — 0	0	2222222 0
W S King	2222122222222021—14	21220	20 *
Bessemer	2222212222222222—15	222220	222222222
Anson	2222220212222222—14	0	0
C A May	0222222222122222—14	222222	20
McPherson	2022222222220 —12	221122	220
Fargo	2212222122122022—14	001	0
Hamilton	22222022221 —10	.....	221122222
McWhorter	12100 — 3	.....	222222222
Hofmeister	12020122122 — 9	.....	.....

HAZELWOOD GUN CLUB.

Feb. 22.—The programme at the Hazelwood Gun Club's grounds to-day was rather an unusual one. There were three main events on the card: one at sparrows, one at pigeons and one at targets. The scores in these events were as below:

No. 1, 25 sparrows:

Munson	1101110111100111101110111—19
Topper	0111011001110101010101011—15
Walton	1101010011111001010111011—16
Wilbert	1001110110101110110110110—16
Brotton	0011101111101011101101011—17
Porter	1100011010110110110101011—15
Crossland	0111111100111110111111111—21

No. 2, 20 pigeons, $10, 2 moneys:

Stilley	12110222•1122221222—18	Munson	2120121021022011221—16
Wilbert	2002110121212220020012—14	Brotton	0200212220022220212121—14
Walton	2122220200111002021l—14	Porter	0022202010220120121—13
Crossland	10•1122112221•21221—17	Bedell	2122022020212210221 2—16

No. 3, 25 bluerocks, $1.50, 3 moneys:

Conerton	1010110011100101100110001—13
Bedell	1101011000110011011011111—16
Walton	0001100111101101111010111—16
Wilbert	1011011010110011011001011—15
Topper	1100011011101101010001011—14
Stilley	1101110111011001110101111—18
Parsons	1110011011011100101110111—17
Crossland	1111111101111101111111011—22
Nopkins	1100110110011100111101111—17

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., Feb. 22.—The Pawtuxet Gun Club held a shoot to-day for 500 shells loaded with Hazard's Blue Ribbon. The shells, which were donated by the Hazard Powder Co., were divided into eight prizes, the winners being: First, Arnold; second and third, Sheldon and Whitaker (tied); fourth, fifth and sixth, Greene, Hammond and Root (tied); seventh and eighth, Badminton and W. Hawkins (tied).

Our next all day shoot will be on March 17, when we shoot for a keg of Du Pont's Smokeless presented to the club by the Du Pont Co.

To-day's scores were as below, several visitors taking part in the shoot:

F Arnold (30)	1010111111111101101110010110011 —21
W Sheldon (25)	1110011110111111101111101 —20
E Whitaker (25)	1101110111110110101111111 —20
S D Greene, Jr (25)	1101110111110110111110101 —19
F Hammond (25)	0111110011110011111101111 —19
R Root (31)	1001101100111111111010000010111 —19
H Badminton (30)	0111010010111101001011011101 —18
W Hawkins (32)	0111011011100101101111010001l000 —18
C Thunell (32)	0111101100001010111001010011110 —17
*S Brownell (25)	1010110110110011111110010 —16
A Hawkins (28)	0011010111011000111111100010 —16
Dr Wilson (25)	1010011111111010100000111 —15
J Cann (32)	0010110010100001011011110110100C0 —15
G Cann (31)	0100011000001100111101030100101 —14
C K Staniels (25)	1011011001000010011111001 —13
*F Latham (25)	0100110111010000111100100 —13
N Horton (35)	0030101100C0100101001000010011011011—13
W Crandall (25)	1000001101111000C01011010 —12
W Adams (33)	0101003010003100101100103010101000 —12
*Woodruff (25)	0110001111010100300101001 —11
W Mooney (25)	0000000111101011101110001 —11
H Horton (31)	0000000C0100000.01010011100101 — 9
L H Talbot (25)	1000100100100000011110000 — 8
A Lippitt (25)	1000000001000010001000100100 — 4
*Barstow	0101011111111111100001
*H H Moore	111101111111110

* Brownell, Latham, Woodruff, Barstow and Moore were visitors and not eligible to compete for the prizes.

Crandall, Mooney, Talbot and Lippitt did not shoot out their handicaps. Their allowances were 3, 3, 7 and 10 extra targets respectively.

W. H. SHELDON, Sec'y.

Washington's Birthday at New Haven.

THE New Haven (Conn.) Gun Club announced a few weeks ago that it would hold an all-day shoot on Washington's Birthday. For reasons that are immaterial the trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM deemed it advisable to go and see how shoots are run in the city that boasts of one of America's greatest universities. It is putting it very mildly to state that they know how to run things on the grounds of the New Haven Gun Club. The fact is, the members of the club's board of management are past masters in the art of hustling things and making it pleasant for the club's guests If there was a kick made during the day we could not name the party that made it, for we heard no kick registered. It was a pleasant shoot from beginning to end.

THE DULL GRAY SKY,

without a touch of sunshine all day, was enough to make shooting hard on almost any grounds. On the New Haven grounds the want of a good, bright sky was manifested in the totals made. The background is a hard one, particularly when the targets are thrown low; they skim across a slight dip in the ground and then rise above the railroad embankment and the distant hills; but by the time they have gotten above the horizon, they are about 45yds. from the score. They stole away time and time again in an almost miraculous manner; snap shooting was an impossibility, one had to be deliberate and hold true to break.

THE CLUB IS POPULAR.

The New Haven Gun Club claims about sixty active members, and of this number more than the ordinary proportion was on hand. There were thirty shooters in all that took part in the events, but of course many of that number were from out of town. Among the latter were Messrs. C. E Willard, of the Colt Gun Company; Pitkin, Burbridge, Bishop and Green, all of Hartford; W. F. Parker, of the firm of Parker Bros.; Gaines. Hull and Faupel, all of Meriden; F. L. Harvey, H L Cutler and J H. Videon, of Windsor Locks; Merritt, of Springfield, Mass ; Mills, of Bristol; U M. C. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Company, of Bridgeport; Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company, of New York; E. L Post, of Wallingford, and the representative of FOREST AND STREAM, from New York.

The home club had a strong contingent on hand in the shape of Ferd. Van Dyke, B. W. Claridge and Whitney, of the W. R. A. Company; Myron H. Clark, the president of the club; Bristol, Cowee, Stevens, Stevenson, etc. President Clark's shooting to-day was but another example of the fact that a man cannot do himself justice with a gun and at the same time hustle around, score, and do the thousand and one things that Mr. Clark did to help along the shoot. Mr. Bristol also was always in evidence, paying more attention to everybody's comfort than his own. His scores likewise suffered severely in consequence.

In the cashier's office everything was in the hands of Messrs. J. H Gould and W. H. Hazen, the latter gentleman being the club's energetic secretary. There was no ball up in this department, and the purses, all of which were of course divided under the Rose system, were paid out as promptly and accurately as one could possibly wish.

WHERE THE GROUNDS ARE LOCATED.

The club's grounds are located out near Schuetzen Park, right at the end of the trolley line, and are easy of access, cars running frequently—that is, somewhere about every 10 minutes. The distance is about 20 minutes' run from the center of the city (if you take the above route, which is the quickest). Should you be as unlucky as we were and take another route, it may be anywhere from an hour to two hours before you land up at Schuetzen Park. The conductor of the car we boarded at 8:55 knew all about it; could put his finger right on the grounds themselves; they were located out near Yale Field. Relying upon his information, we went along with him and were dumped at the end of *that* line without a soul in sight. A gun and a trip, the latter with 250 shells in it, are no light matter to tackle up a small hill, but it had to be done We did find some people a little way up the road who told us it was "about a quarter of a mile further." When we had covered that distance without hearing a shot fired, or seeing a person that looked like a trap-shooter, we held up a milk wagon; this was the result: "You want to be over that way about half a mile; it's on Chapel street You go up to the next cross road and keep that road until you come to Chapel street. Then turn to your right and you'll find it right ther ." We didas we were told, being at the mercy of the inhabitants. The day was a pleasant one for a walk, but we were in heavy marching order, and that 35lbs. of shells began to weigh more than double. We can also testify to there having been quite a snowfall some days previously. There's a drift up there—between Yale Field and Chapel street—that is likely to be in evidence for some weeks yet. There is also a little house 'up there" for which we have the kindliest feelings; it shelters an honest Danish lad, eight months in this country, who, when we found him, was hitching up a white horse to a light wagon. The Danish language being a strong point of ours, we stayed by the boy and in that wagon until we met a street car going cityward. It was 10:40 before we reached Schuetzen Park. Time, 1 hour and 40 minutes from the hotel. The return trip was made in less than 25 minutes.

AVERAGES FOR PRIZES.

The club donated $10 in gold as prizes for the four best averages, to be divided into four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Events 4-12 were counted as average events, a total of 125 targets. At the close Van Dyke and Stevens were tied for first with 112 breaks each; Whitney was next with 111, Claridge third with 110, and Edwards fourth with 106. Five others finished in the following order: Ed. Taylor 104, Burbridge 103, Pitkin 102, Merritt 99, Videon 97. It is hardly necessary to add that Ferd Van Dyke was tickled with the showing made by the Winchesters; out of the five men in for average prizes all but one, Stevens, shot repeating shotguns.

TRAPS WERE KEPT BUSY.

Some idea of the way in which the traps worked, and the promptness with which the shooters got to the score, may be judged by the fact that although it was a short day owing to the dull sky, over 4,200 targets were thrown from one set of 5 bluerock traps. This is good work indeed, as anybody who knows anything about running shoots will agree. There is another point about the scores that is worth noting, and that is the fact that only four out of the thirty shooters on hand shot at less than 100 targets; this shows that the boys were there to shoot, not to look on. The natural conclusion is that the Interstate shoot on these grounds next July will be a bumper.

BROKE OR LOST.

Events:	*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*	*8*	*9*	*10*	*11*	*12*	*13*	*14*			
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	15	10	20	15	15	10	15	10	15	Shot at	Broke	Av.
Van Dyke	10	7	10	14	9	14	5	19	13	14	10	14	10	11	181	160	88.8
Whitney	9	9	8	11	9	14	7	18	14	15	9	14	9	13	180	159	88.5
B Claridge	6	7	6	12	8	14	9	18	13	13	10	13	7	13	180	154	85.5
F Edwards	..	..	8	11	8	15	7	17	15	13	8	11	10	13	160	136	85
Stevens	3	7	6	14	9	12	9	19	13	15	9	12	..	..	155	138	88.5
Pitkin	..	9	8	14	8	12	10	18	11	12	6	11	..	..	145	119	82
Ed Taylor	7	10	5	13	9	14	9	17	14	11	5	12	..	..	155	126	81.2
J H Videon	..	10	9	14	8	13	7	17	12	12	6	11	8	..	155	124	80
E L Post	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	12	5	15	10	13	100	79	79
Currie	..	..	8	9	9	13	10	18	..	8	..	..	..	..	95	75	78.9
W F Parker	7	7	6	8	7	11	9	18	13	14	9	15	6	..	165	130	78.8
Burbridge	..	5	6	12	8	14	9	17	12	13	6	12	..	..	145	114	78 6
Bishop	..	6	8	13	8	15	6	18	13	10	7	13	..	..	145	114	78 6
Merritt	9	7	9	14	7	11	7	18	12	10	7	13	7	10	180	141	78.3
U M C	9	9	6	9	8	14	5	17	11	12	6	13	..	..	155	119	76.9
Gaines	8	..	10	13	6	11	..	16	11	13	6	8	7	..	145	109	75.1
Mills	8	7	8	12	7	11	7	16	11	9	..	..	..	..	140	96	73 9
C E Willard	..	4	10	11	5	11	8	..	11	14	7	10	..	..	125	91	72.8
Green	..	7	7	12	9	9	6	16	10	..	..	..	..	..	105	76	72.3
M H Clark	9	9	7	6	9	12	8	16	9	9	9	10	9	6	180	128	71.1
Hull	8	8	8	13	7	10	7	14	9	11	5	8	17	..	165	115	69.7
Cowee	6	8	7	7	5	15	5	12	11	13	8	12	9	6	180	124	68 8
Sexton	..	8	8	12	..	11	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	48	68.5
Stevenson	6	7	6	11	9	8	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	90	60	66.7
F L Harvey	..	6	8	12	7	12	4	14	8	6	6	10	10	..	155	103	66.4
D W Bristol	..	8	6	10	5	11	7	10	11	12	5	10	..	..	145	95	65.5
H L Cutler	..	8	6	9	9	12	4	11	11	8	6	8	..	..	145	92	63.4
Faupel	9	5	5	7	5	9	..	..	11	8	9	5	..	..	125	73	58.4
Crane	..	..	4	..	..	13	7	5	5	7	..	2	..	..	100	53	53
Avery	..	..	5	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	9	45

The above fourteen events were all at either known or unknown angles, with the exception of No. 7, which was at reversed order. This event was a stumbling block to many in the hunt for averages, and had a good deal to do with Van Dyke's position of tied-for-first, as he scored only 5 in that event.

A NOVEL MISS-AND-OUT.

Another event was also shot, the scores of which do not appear in the above table. It was a miss-and-out, 25 cents entrance, targets out of the purse. This event had twenty entries, but under the conditions that govern these events at New Haven the 5th round saw a division. The conditions were these: Everybody shot in turn at a straightaway from No. 3 trap; as soon as the first round was finished, the survivors stepped back to "the next joint in the platform," about 6ft.; this made the rise about 18yds. At the end of the second round the survivors stepped back another 6ft. toward the club house; 20yds. rise. At the end of the third it was a case of another 6ft. back, a rise of 22yds. When the fourth round was finished there were only four left in to go back another yard and stand against the club house; these four were M. H. Clark, F. Van Dyke, Gaines and Stevenson. Clark led off and missed; Van Dyke followed suit; then Gaines broke and received a round of applause that was renewed with vigor when Stevenson also broke and divided the purse. The scores were:

Gaines and Stevenson 5, Clark and Van Dyke 4, Cowee, Claridge, Edwards and Harvey 3, Taylor, Whitney, Parker and Post 2, Merritt, Hull, Stevens and Bishop 1, U. M. C., Cutler, Willard and Videon 0.

EDWARD BANKS.

John F. Weiler Gun Club, of Allentown.

ALLENTOWN Pa., Feb. 22.—The all-day shoot of the John F. Weiler Gun Club, held to-day at the Duck Farm Hotel grounds, was an entire success, 31 shooters taking part in the events, among the number being visitors from Reading, Lehighton, etc. Scores in all the events are given below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
H Porter	8	7	10	8	8	9	10	8	9	8
E D Jeanes	6	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A W Knauss	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Toole	5	6	6	4	5	5	4	3	7	6
O H Acker	7	5	7	6	5	8	6	7	5	9
C F Kramlich	4	..	6	..	..	6	9	..	..	..
J Rehrig	9	8	8	8	10	8	8	10	10	9
J Shaaber	10	8	8	4	7	6	7	10	8	7
J Bell	6	6	7	7	7	7	5	6	6	..
A S Weiler	8	..	6	..	6	..	..	..	..	6
H Andrews	6	5	9	9	5	6	..	6	..	..
J Irwin	10	10	6	7	8	8	8	8	9	10
J Heil	7	6	8	4	5	5	..	..	..	4
D Cooper	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
O S Hill	..	9	8	7	8	7	7	9	8	7
C Hoke	..	6	2	6	1	2	1	5	4	..
Wilson Desch	..	..	4	4	..	9	..	..	..	..
Shindle Weiler	..	8	9	4	8	4	..	..	..	..
A Griesemer	..	..	..	3	..	1	..	..	..	..
Ed Ulmer	..	..	..	6	3	2	7	5	4	..
H F Hausman	..	..	..	3	1	2	5	3	5	..
Allen Heil	..	..	..	5	8	7	9	..	..	..
O I Melot	..	..	..	..	9	7	8	9	8	8
H Acker	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..
E J Scheirer	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	7	4	7
L Fessler	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..
J S Hagey	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	..	5
P S Wendling	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	3	8
E Minnich	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	3
H Benning	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	5
O S Engleman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	3
J F Weiler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Dr A S Rabenold	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4

A race at 10 live birds, $5, was shot for a handsome onyx table with banquet lamp. The scores in this event were as follows, J. Rehrig winning the prize with 10 straight:

J Rehrig	11221 2212—10	Hy Andrews	1210000211— 6
P S Wendling	111212 210 — 9	Jno F Weiler	2210011000— 5
Hugh Porter	1:0121212 — 9	J Bell	0102101200— 5
O I Melot	202:2222 2— 8	P Toole	112 020020 5
J Irwin	2110120022 — 7	Dr Rabenold	00:.022202— 5
J S Hagey	10021220 2 — 7	O S Heil	0002011011— 4
J Shaaber	2100121010 — 6	Mulherin	1000010010— 3
E J Scheirer	1000122211— 6		

The race for boys only at 25 targets each resulted as follows:

Shindle Weiler	1111111011011110111110111 21
L Grammes, Jr	110111101 0310101110111111 18
O Griesemer	0000000000001010100011010— 5
Fred Miller	0001010101101000010003101— 9
A Acker	0101111011101111101011001—17
B Jeanes	100 010 10100000 0 01001'0— 7

ALLENTOWN.

Altoona Rod and Gun Club.

ALTOONA, Pa., Feb. 22.—The second all-day shoot of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club for the year 1897 was held to day on the Campus Ridge shooting grounds. The day was not favorable for trap shooting; dark, lowering clouds hung all around with just enough wind and rain to make the targets erratic and goose eggs numerous. The weather conditions, however, were the only drawback to the day's sport, as in point of attendance and a general good time the event was a success in every particular; 24 shooters took part during the day. There were present as visitors the following: Messrs. Wentworth, Earhart, Melley, Highberger, Dr. Hough and Capt. Kerr, from the Cresson Gun Club; and U. S Houck and Ike Greenberg, from the Huntingdon Club

This being the first target practice the boys have had since last fall, they were, of course, a little slow in getting on to 'em. This, combined with bad weather, accounts in a measure for the low scores made

The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Booky	9	7	7	5	7	4	6	8	7	6	7	5	8	6	8	8	6
Houck	10	9	8	6	7	6	7	4	7	6	6	5	8	4	6	3	5
Sands	6	5	6	7	6	6	5	7	5	7	6	7	5	7	7	7	5
Greenberg	7	6	6	7	4	4	4	4	9	6	7	7	5	5	6	6	5
Killets	7	9	8	6	8	8	6	4	7	5	7	6	5	6	7	9	5
Clover	5	9	6	7	4	5	7	6	6	4	5	7	9	4	..	..	..
Bell	9	8	..	5	5	7	..	..	..	4	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Earhart	1	5	5	..	6	..	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kerr	2	3	3	..	3	2	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wentworth	6	7	8	..	6	4	6	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Melley	1	4	..	..	2	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Highberger	2	6	6	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hough	6	..	6	4	3	6	..	..	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fay	..	..	..	6	7	4	7	7	4	7	5	4	..	..	8	..	..
Murray	..	..	..	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	6	6	4	..	6	..	..
Jim	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
Mulhollen	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	2	1	..	..	2	5	1	5	..	..
Brady	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fortney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	..	7	6	5	4	..
Greeley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	3	..	6	4	5	..	..
Tappan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	5	..	..	..
House	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	5	..	7	..
Barley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	5	..	..	..	..
Bowman	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

The averages made are given below:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Booky	170	114	67½	Hough	70	39	55⅝
Houck	170	107	63	Fay	100	59	59
Sands	170	104	6 1 4	Murray	110	54	49
Greenberg	170	99	55½	Jim	20	5	25
Killetts	170	113	67	Mulhollen	70	17	24¼
Clover	140	84	60	Brady	10	5	5
Bell	70	42	60	Fortney	60	30	50
Earhart	60	27	40½	Greeley	40	22	41
Kerr	60	17	28½	Tappen	20	10	50
Wentworth	70	41	58½	House	30	16	53¼
Melley	50	14	28	Barley	20	10	50
Highberger	40	20	50	Bowman	10	2	20

W. S. B.

Osoma Valley Gun Club.

SALEM, N. Y., Feb. 22.—The Osoma Valley Gun Club considers its initial shoot in every way a successful one. The day was not bad for shooting, there being little wind and no sun. The club was complimented on its grounds, and particularly upon its live bird traps, which were designed and made by its president, Mr. J. M Williams. The club hopes that it may at some future date be favored with a shoot given by the Interstate Association. To-day's scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
J M Williams (27)	11221	0011010	...	...	11•	.....	10
C Kilgour (25)	0	1202020	111	11•	0	1•	....
M F Roberts (30)	•	2110212	111	•	111	21221	2111
O Burgess (25)	110	2121011	...	211	10	10	0
J Smith (3)	2211•	2212111	0	110	0	0	1111
H Lang (6)	2120	•21011•	112	12•	221	22122	10
V Walburg (26)	0	0102111	0	1•	...	.....	....
J H Maguire (26)	20	0212020	111	121	111	.....	....
M Campbell (25)	0	0212102	...	...	...	.....	....
J Betts (30)	1222•	0122•1•	0	121	1•	11120	....
M B Roberts (26)	22221	2111110	0	112	210	21112	110
W L Thorn (30)	11212	1•22111	10	0	0	10	1111
Commodore	....	.....	10	20	...	10	....
Campbell	....	.....	110	0	110	.....	10
Tucker	....	.....	110	111	222	0	0
F A Smith	....	.....	112	...	...	1210	....
Geo Robertson	....	.....	111	0	0	11220	0
Brockway	....	.....	...	...	0	.....	....
Black Fan	....	.....	...	...	...	11211	....

No. 8 was another miss and out and resulted as follows: Lant 3, Burgess and Robertson 2, M. B. Roberts and Commodore 1, Mason and Baker 0.

W. L. CAMPBELL, Sec'y.

Trap at Lincoln, Neb.

LINCOLN, Neb., Feb. 22.—The Capital City Gun Club, of this city held an all-day shoot to-day at targets and live birds. The stock kept away visitors from out of town, but the home contingent turned out well. Event No. 9 on the target programme was a 15-target handicap for a Winchester repeating shotgun This event created a great deal of interest, and had the largest number of entries of any event decided to-day. Harley, Mockett and Young tied for the gun on 15 each. Scores in all the events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	10	15
Gardner	9	13	14	9	14	14	9	8	11
Hagerman	6	12	12	10	14	13	8	7	13
Green	10	14	14	10	15	..	8	10	..
Welch	7	13	12	6	11	..	9	..	12
Linderman	9	14	13	9	14	11	8	10	14
Rogers	10	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	13
Harley	6	11	14	9	11	..	7	..	15
Jones	..	..	9	9	8	10	8	9	14
Alexander	..	..	..	7	12	8	7	7	..
Mulford	..	..	..	..	..	11	5	..	14
Ray	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	13
Erb	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
Mockett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15
Denham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Bain	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15

There were four live-bird events shot during the day No. 1 was miss and-out, $1 entrance. At the end of the 7th round the purse was "eaten up by the birds," so the contest ended thus: Green, Gardner and Hagerman 7, Linderman 6, Jones 3.

The other live-bird events resulted as follows, No. 4 being a $1 miss and out, in which the purse was exhausted with four men tied on each. Scores:

	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4
Gardner	02222—4	20—1	222111
Alexander	21000—2	..	.....
Jones	2 22 5	..	.....
Ray	21222—5	01—2	121111
Rogers	20211—4	12—2	211212
Harley	22222—5	20—1	122212
Mockett	00122—3	..	.....
Denham	20120—3	..	.....
Lamberton	.....	..	222112

R. M. WELCH, Sec'y.

Proposed Trap-Shooters' League for Indiana.

PERU, Ind., Feb. 20.—It is my intention to open the trap-shooting season of northern Indiana with a tournament at this place on April 28-29 I have reason to believe, from the encouragement I have already received from the shooters in this vicinity, that the tournament will be one of the largest in point of attendance held in this vicinity in years, as well as one of the largest amateur tournaments that will be held in the middle West this season. I had the pleasure of attending a large number of tournaments in this vicinity last season, and a great many shooters spoke to me concerning the formation of a Northern Indiana Trap Shooters' League.

We have within 100 miles of this place more than 250 trap-shooters and it is with the intention of forming such a league that I am giving this tournament so early in the season. We should be able to secure a circuit of from twelve to fifteen cities within a radius of 75 to 100 miles thus rendering the distance the shooters would have to travel comparatively short. Such a league, with a short circuit, would certainly prove interesting, as well as furnish plenty of shooting for Indiana shooters and their neighbors.

I am now negotiating with a well known manager of tournaments to be present and look after the details of this tournament, and am taking plenty of time to prepare for the comfort and enjoyment of the shooters. My programme will be out the latter part of March

J. L. HEA

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

C. A. S., Florence, Mass —I have some plain braided silk line of good quality and want to make it waterproof; can you tell me what manufacturers use for doing this? Ans. 1. Soak it in boiled linseed oil and strip off superfluous residue by drawing the line through between the thumb and finger. 2. Or take two parts boiled linseed oil and one part best coach body varnish mixed together and warmed until it will singe a feather. Soak twice and rub once, the mixture being at a temperature not exceeding 100° Fahr. Finish and polish with paraffine candle.

W. P., Milton, Ont.—There are several methods which have been found to be successful The most successful methods are those which associate the report of the gun with something pleasurable to the dog. At meal time, when he is fed, a light load should be fired. The report of a percussion cap is sufficient at first. If he refuses to come forward and eat, remove the food and make no further attempt until the next meal time. This, if patiently persisted in, will generally prove effective. Or if you can shoot a rabbit or other small wild animal ahead of him, or where he can readily see it killed, then permit him to eat the entrails, a cure may be effected at once Or take him to a tournament and chain him in open ground where he cannot hide and he will become habituated to the noise sooner or later.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Disagreeable Weather Driving People South.

For the last two weeks the travel southward has been very large. The cold and changeable weather in the North has been doing the work. The principal resorts South are being rapidly filled, and the transportation lines in that direction have been doing an immense business. The Southern Railway system, whose northern terminus is at Washington, D. C., and penetrates every State South, operating trains from New York over the Pennsylvania to Washington, thence over its own rails, has made great improvements in railway transportation, in every instance looking to the comfort of Southern travel, and they are being rewarded by running their three limited trains daily from New York filled to their capacity. The service offered by this great system is equal to that offered by any railway on the American continents. Its limited train service to Florida, New Orleans and the Pacific Coast is perfect in every respect. Any one contemplating a trip to any points South, Southwest or the Pacific Coast should write the New York office of the Southern Railway, 271 Broadway, and secure complete information relating to schedules, etc., and descriptive matter of the charming country through which this great system takes you on a Southern journey.—*Adv.*

FROM SNOW TO SUMMER IN A LITTLE OVER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS is a quick and startling transition, but improved railway travel has accomplished it. Good roadbeds, handsomely-equipped trains, record breaking time make a trip from New York to Florida a pleasant one. The Atlantic Coast Line *via* Richmond is one of the most popular lines to the South In connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad it carries passengers in solid vestibuled, steam-heated and electric lighted trains, known as the "New York and Florida Special," from Jersey City to St. Augustine in exactly twenty-seven hours It also has fast through-car service to Aiken, S. C., and popular Georgia resorts. The bureau of information is at 229 Broadway, N. Y.—*Adv.*

Pleasure Boats and Canoes.

C. B. MATHER & Co., Rowley, Mass., publish a catalogue which includes a complete line of canvas and cedar pleasure boats and canoes (finished in various styles, decked or open, paddling or sailing), flat dories, clipper sailing dories, sneakboxes, yacht tenders, etc. The catalogue will be sent free to any address. - *Adv.*

St. Lawrence River Skiffs.

MESSRS WILBUR & WHEELOCK, of Clayton, N. Y., build a handsome line of pleasure boats at reasonable prices for honest work. Inquiries regarding prices, construction, etc., will be promptly answered and satisfaction guaranteed in case of purchase.—*Adv.*

Bow-facing Oars.

FRED A. ALLEN, Monmouth, Ill., issues a neat little folder of specialties, which, besides his well-known "bow-facers," include duck calls, decoy frames, game covers, brass shells, swages, etc. *Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No 11. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

Jacksnipe Coming In. "He's Got Them" (Quail Shooting). Vigilant and Valkyrie. Bass Fishing at Block Island.

The plates are for frames 14 x 19 in. They are done in twelve colors, and are rich in effect. They are furnished to old or new subscribers on the following terms:

Forest and Stream *one year and the set of four pictures*, **$5.**
Forest and Stream *6 months and any two of the pictures*, **$3.**
Price of the pictures alone, $1.50 each; $5 for the set.

Remit by express money order or postal money order. Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE
346 Broadway
NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

He who follows game with a camera, and who feels the satisfaction of matching his faculties against those of his game, will, however, derive a keen sporting enjoyment from his failures; and if he meets with success, great will be his pride and contentment. He will learn much about the habits of game which has escaped him before; and, not needing to use his rifle, his opportunities for observation will be more frequent and satisfactory. For myself, the few pictures that comprise the results of my hunting with the camera have brought me a keener enjoyment and a greater sense of satisfaction than the finest heads in my collection, possibly on the ground that we are disposed to value most that which has cost us most.

W. B. Devereux.

CONCERNING RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES.

A CORRESPONDENT who writes from Pennsylvania, where a proposition is before the Legislature to forbid the sale of game, bases an objection to the proposed law upon the misconception that it will take away from citizens "the same equal rights and privileges that they enjoy under the Constitution." No valid objection to the law forbidding the sale of game can reasonably be based upon constitutional grounds, for the courts have repeatedly upheld the right of the State to control the disposition and use of game after its reduction to possession, and the constitutionality of such statutes has been fully upheld. The latest of these instances, and the most important because the most decisive and far-reaching, was the Connecticut case recently determined by the United States Supreme Court, in which it was held that the State might extend its authority over its game so far as to prescribe the purposes for which the game might be killed and to prohibit its exportation to another State. Indeed, the whole fabric of game legislation may be said to be built upon the principle that the State confers upon the individual only a qualified right to take game and only a qualified possession in game after it shall have been taken. Nothing is more firmly established in game legislation than this constitutional right of the State even to game which has been killed and reduced to possession. The law not only prescribes seasons for killing, but seasons for selling, transportation and having in possession.

When we consider the purpose of such restrictive limitations and reflect how absolutely essential they are to any efficient system of game conservation, we shall not rebel at the principle involved, nor denounce it as a violation of our individual rights. Our "natural rights" are hedged about, restricted and abrogated in countless ways. Deprivation of full individual liberty with respect to game is by no means a peculiar hardship differing in principle from other deprivations and restrictions in various fields. If we cannot all do as we would with our game alive or dead, no more are we free from the law's control with respect to our cattle alive or dead. If the farmer's cows are afflicted with certain diseases the law steps in and destroys them; if he would market his veal before a certain age, the law seizes it; if he would convert his potatoes or corn or rye into whisky, the law prescribes certain rules with which he must comply; if he would build a house on his city lot, the law prescribes what he may build and what he may not. In short, in the control of his live stock, his crop, his lands and his houses, the citizen is subject to restrictions about which he might just as vociferously and just as reasonably complain on constitutional grounds as about the game and fish laws.

These restrictions are among the characteristics of society which distinguish the civilized man from the savage. All men may have been created free, but when the human animal comes to live in communities, the individual with his fellows, the common interest requires such a curbing of the pristine freedom as shall make society bearable and advantageous. The rule of the greatest good to the greatest number holds sway, and if the greatest good is found to require it, even the small boy who wants to snare a partridge for market must forego that particular one of his 'equal rights and privileges under the Constitution."

All of which has been said before, and all of which will be said again. For while the game laws do not differ in principle from other laws, no other statutes are more often denounced as unconstitutional; and of no others are violations so frequently excused as being assertions of constitutional privileges.

ADIRONDACK FOREST INTERESTS.

THE committee of the New York Legislature known as the Wagstaff committee, which was appointed last year to investigate the condition of the Adirondack forests, has made a report recommending that for the preservation of the water supply for the Erie Canal, the Champlain Canal, and the Hudson and Mohawk rivers the State should act at once in the acquisition of lands covering these watersheds.

The lands now included in the Forest Preserve are in disjointed tracts, with other lands lying between, and so separating them as to render difficult their due protection and seriously impairing the effectiveness of their purpose as a water reservoir. In accordance with the recommendations of the Wagstaff committee, a bill was introduced on March 1 by Senator Ellsworth "to provide for the acquisition of lands in the Forest Preserve," a defective title, by the way; for all the "land in the Forest Preserve" was acquired before it could be in the Forest Preserve; the meaning is, as set forth further on, to acquire land "in the territory embracing the Forest Preserve." The measure provides that the Governor shall appoint from the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests and the Commissioners of the Land Office, to be confirmed by the Senate, three persons to constitute a Forest Preserve Board, who shall serve without pay, and whose duty it shall be to "take such measures as may be necessary to acquire for the State land, structures or waters, or such portions thereof in the territory embracing the Forest Preserve, as defined and limited by the fisheries, game and forest law, as it may deem advisable for the interests of the State."

The board may take possession of any land, structures or waters, the appropriation of which it shall deem necessary for the purposes of the forest preservation law. The owner of such property is to be notified that his lands or waters or structures have so been appropriated; and thereafter, upon such notification, the property shall be deemed the property of the State. Claims for the value of property taken may be adjusted by the board if an agreement can be reached with the owner; otherwise they will be determined by the Court of Claims. The act appropriates for the purpose one million dollars.

The seizure of land is an heroic measure; in it the State has resort to the right of eminent domain. The justification of the step is declared to be found in the facts submitted by the Wagstaff committee, showing the necessity of immediate action. Gov. Black is understood to be in favor of the bill.

AN ENTHUSIAST.

AS A rule all sportsmen have a supreme faith that the particular sport they themselves pursue and cherish is the most wholesome, spirited and difficult of all sports to master in its full compass and refinement. To them the dullness of appreciation of others by no means affects the worth of their sport, though it may win a sympathetic feeling for nature's omission—that is to say, the lack of capacity to appreciate the beneficent and the recreative at their best.

The quail shooter extols the merits of broad fields, with stubbles, hedges, brush, ditches, fences and woods with glades and thickets, in which dwell his favorite bird, all of which furnish the setting for the galloping dogs, the find, the flush and the miss or kill. The ruffed grouse wins the praise of its devotees for its rare cunning and swiftness, the density of its habitat and the consequent high attributes in the way of woodcraft and skill required by man and dog. The woodcock, mystic bird of darkness and secluded haunts, has a following of enthusiasts who paint their sport in the delicate coloring of devout faith in the transcendental excellence of their sport above all others. And so it is with the fishermen as compared with the followers of the gun, and each class of fishermen against other classes.

And this supreme faith is a most admirable trait, for it is the true index of genuine enthusiasm and honest sincerity. To each, as his own peculiar choice of wholesome sport affords him the highest degree of satisfaction, it is the best, for however the manner of it may be, it is all sport.

But each kind of sport seems to evoke a different kind and degree of enthusiasm from its followers. The quail shooter will admit that there is much of good in ruffed grouse, duck, snipe, woodcock and chicken shooting, and *vice versa;* though the knight of the gun is often loth to admit any merit in the knight of the rod, and the latter has a pity for the coarseness of the work with the gun when compared with the gentleness and bloodlessness of his more refined pastime. And this is all good up to the time when the fisherman catches a ouananiche. His nature then changes; henceforth it is measured and bounded by things ouananiche. Others may describe the merits of other fish, or the thrill of pursuing birds with dog and gun. Their efforts are crude and inefficient. They are weak in details and lack persistence in the theme as a whole and in its parts. The true ouananiche fisherman is fired with his subject the moment it seizes him. He not only describes his battles in words—he lives them over as a reality. His being is changed, for no longer is the past sport a pleasant memory. It becomes on the instant a present reality. His ardor at the start of a reminiscence is greater than all other followers could work up as a climax. Each detail is a sweet morsel to be enjoyed bit by bit, for does the ouananiche leap out of the water ninety and nine times he describes each one of the times specially, showing how the rod bent and the line cut the water in that direction, and the butt of the rod was held in this direction, all at the same time, and how each moment had its peculiar emotional thrill; and at last the beauty was landed, its panting sides glistening in the light. And now follow in rapid succession the attempts to lure the next fish, each detail, each incident with the proper side notes appertaining; and then the glories of the ensemble—a store of ecstacy too great to be measured by hours or space. The apex of the pyramid of sport is the ouananiche. It is fine gold as compared to boulders. No fish or bird affords the afflatus for high color and sweet sound that it does. A ouananiche enthusiast is the most enthusiastically enthusiastic enthusiast in the whole realm of enthusiasm.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

THE Sportsmen's Exposition, which will open in Madison Square Garden in this city on Saturday of this week, gives every promise of supplying abundant interest and entertainment. In some respects—particularly in the collection of trophies and prizes—the display will excel anything before shown in this country. There will be revolver and rifle competitions for prizes, and fly-casting under conditions peculiarly favorable for record making. The projected bench show of field trial winning dogs has been abandoned.

The FOREST AND STREAM will welcome its friends at Space 73, where all to whom these presents may come are invited to call.

The Sportsman Tourist.

AMONG THE SEMINOLES.

THE Everglades of southern Florida are very well described as a trackless waste of saw grass and water with an occasional island, scattered through which are a few small villages occupied by the Seminole Indians. The most feasible route to travel to reach the Everglades from the East Coast is by the way of the Florida East Coast Railway to New River, which empties into the Atlantic Ocean 341 miles south of Jacksonville. New River is a broad, deep stream, and is navigable to a point within two miles of the Everglades, which are about fourteen miles from the ocean. The river affords great sport to the angler, as any fish from the shiner to a shark can be caught in its waters. At the head of navigation the river forks out into a forest of cypress, live oak and a great variety of other trees and shrubbery which borders along the edge of the saw grass.

With one of our Seminole friends we once made a tour of about fifty miles of this great unexplored wilderness. Seated in the bow of a canoe with our camera, we took a great many snap shots at some of the moss-covered cypress, giant live oaks and broad spreading rubber trees. The great number of narrow channels leading through the saw-grass requires a careful eye to follow the right one and not get lost in a saw grass pooket, or lake, where there is no visible inlet or outlet. There is no part of the United States which could be compared to the Everglades, except the chain of lakes in northern Minnesota between Duluth and Brainerd.

The Seminole Indian, who has held undisputed possession of the Everglades, are the only Indians in the United States who hold possession of their ancestral homes. They have successfully resisted all attempts to remove them. We venture the assertion, based on an experience of fifteen years among the Western and Southwestern Indians, that the Seminole Indian is the only pure-blooded tribe in the United States. A conservative estimate of their number would be about 700, and they are increasing gradually. Their form of government is pure socialism. Collective ownership of all the means of production and distribution is a great feature in their government. Honor and virtue are their strong traits of character. The council meets once a year at Big Cypress City, and all the men over thirty-five years of age are entitled to a seat. There is no head chief of the tribe, as the council selects a head man each year to preside over the council for the session. When the council adjourns the head man is just the same as one of the common members of the council, and all are guardians or officers of the law. Immorality is punished by death. Dishonesty and rascality are punished according to the seriousness of the offense. In some cases the tops or bottoms of the offender's ears are cut off or a scar like a letter X is cut on the forehead. Indians bearing these marks are not allowed to sit in the council. There are but a few which are marked in this way.

The council meets yearly in the little moon in June. After the council meeting is over, the Green Corn Dance, which is one of their annual festivals, takes place. The dance lasts from ten to fifteen days, and all the marriage rites are performed. The men are not allowed to marry under twenty-five years of age, and the women must be over twenty years old.

The dress of the Seminole is very picturesque. The men wear moccasins and leggings of tanned deer skins, which are fringed and beaded. Their coats and shirts are made of many colors of calico, frilled and pleated in a way which would be a credit to many a white seamstress. The men's hats are made by folding a shawl to about 4in. in width, and wrapping it around a framework of palmetto fiber like an Arab turban. The women as a rule go barefooted, and wear long skirt dresses and a waist or jacket similar to the Eton jacket which is worn by the white ladies.

The Hunting Dance is one of their annual festivals which takes place during the little moon in September, and lasts from four to ten days. We were given an invitation by Cypress Tiger, Old Doctor and Tom Ah-list-ah to attend their dance at Pine Island, which is about twenty-five miles from Stranahan's camp on New River. After packing a large basket of provisions, and laying in a supply of fancy colored calicos, thread, beads and some staple groceries, we started from Stranahan's store in true Indian style. J. G. Farrow, who is a guide in the tourist season and hunts alligators and otter in the hunting season, held the position of honor at the stern of the canoe, while I with a paddle of mammoth proportions furnished the motive power at the bow. As we were late in the day getting started, we were compelled, after going six miles, to camp at Robert Osceola's old camp on the south fork of New River. True camper's luck came to us during the night, as it rained in torrents and we had to use all available canvas for covers for our supplies and roll ourselves under the palmettoes for shelter. Daylight found us up, and after a hasty breakfast we started out determined to reach the island for dinner. The water at this season of the year is very high, and in many places small rapids are formed which call for more weight on the pole to propel the canoe. The saw grass, which grows high and rank, often made us change our course, but we arrived at the island at about 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

About 100 men, women and children were at the landing to meet us, as they had seen us coming for about a mile. After a general all-round handshaking our canoe was unloaded and the contents taken up the hill to Jackson Charlie's house, where the best quarters were placed at our disposal. This house is a very elaborate building, and is 75ft. long by 25ft. wide. It is built of lightwood posts and peeled cypress poles, and roofed with palmetto fans. The house is braced in a way which shows good mechanical ideas in its construction. There are three rows of tables about 3ft. high, 10ft. long by 5ft. wide, five tables in a row, and one large table at the end of the building, where the meals are served. The small tables are used for sleeping on, and during the day the house is a headquarters for all the village.

Soon after our arrival the never-failing *sofka* kettle was placed in the center of the large table, surrounded by large pots of strong *cofah* (coffee), baked *ah-hahs* (potatoes), baked *cusha* (squash), roast *echo* (venison), *pin-e-wa-tik-a-lege* (turkey pot-pie), boiled *sal-o-le-sok-ah-to se-na* (pork and beans), and a number of other dishes. A bell which was hung over the table was rung by Old Doctor's squaw, which was a signal to *humbugus-stah-ojus* (eat plenty). We took our seats in the circle, and after a few signs and motions by Old Doctor were made to know that we had the honor of starting the feast, which we did with a vengeance, for there is nothing which will create a good, hearty appetite like pushing a canoe with a pole for about twenty-five miles.

After dinner the usual smoking and visiting took place until about 3 o'clock, when we were given an invitation to witness a game of *tok-in-ha*. In the center of about an acre of cleared ground stood a pole about 50ft. high; 10ft. from the top of the pole a black ring was painted around the pole, about 5ft. from the ground the pole was hewed flat on two sides where the score was kept by marking with a piece of charred light wood. The game was played with ten men on a side and each man had two bats similar to a tennis or la crosse bat. The ball, which was about 3in. in diameter, was thrown in the air by the scorekeeper and a wild scramble began, accompanied by yells which would be a credit to a national game of football. The players were not allowed to touch the ball with either hand or foot, and the point in the game was to get possession of the ball and throw it and hit the pole above the black ring. Each hit counted a score, ten scores counted game The *tok-in ha* game lasted about two hours and was won by Tom Tiger's team by a score of 10 to 8.

After the ball game we went back to the pavilion and opened our store and sold and traded our small stock in a short time. After supper we made preparations for the dance. Arrayed in our best suit of Indian clothes, we were escorted by Old Doctor and old John Jumper to a seat where we could see and hear what was going on. The opening of the dance was announced by a series of yells, after which Tom Tiger went to the fire and, taking a burning brand, held it high over his head and made a short speech, which was vigorously applauded by all. A circle about 40ft. in diameter was then formed around the fire and the leader began singing and marching in a circle, keeping step to the time. There was no music except of a drum made by stretching a raw cowhide over a barrel head and pounded with two drum sticks. After a few dances we were invited to join in the alligator dance. There were seven women and seven men in this dance beside the leader. We took our places in the circle, and after a few words from Tom Ah-lis-tah, our leader, we joined hands with the dusky damsels and saluted the fire. The leader started the song, which reminded us of the first of the chorus in "The Sweet By and By," and at times a trace of harmony could be detected; but taken all together the singing is like chant music. The alligator dance lasted about thirty minutes, and we received many compliments for the good steps we made in it. The men were dressed in their finest clothing. The women, in addition to their fancy colored dresses, wore a piece of deer skin about 6in. wide which was mounted with five box terrapin shells which contained a number of small sea shells and sea beans and hard berries. This attachment was worn just below the knee and was held by tying or lacing it. The sound which comes from these shells while the women are dancing is similar to that of the rattle-box which is used to beat the time for a sand shuffle. The deer dance, the bear dance, the panther dance and several other dances were danced before the gray streak in the east came, and a short dance to the sun ended the ceremony for the night. We retired to our quarters at the pavilion and arranged our blankets and mosquito bar and were soon sound asleep.

About 9 A. M. the bell rang and we rolled out to find that we were the last ones up. After a refreshing bath in the fresh-water lake we ate breakfast and were kept busy the rest of the day answering questions and explaining the many customs and ways of other Indians of the West.

We remained at the island three days, and then having loaded our canoe with alligator skins and other things we had bought and traded for, we shook hands all round and started for home. Old Doctor was one of the last to shake hands with us, and bestowed the honorable title of Good-white-man-doctor on me, while Mr. Farrow received the title of White-man-good-hunter.

The Everglades afford a great field for the naturalist, botanist, geologist and historian. We may be able at some future day to give you a more definite idea of the country and its inhabitants.

J. W. STRANAHAN.



DR. JIMMIE TUSTANOGEE WITH HIS TWO WIVES AND THE CHILDREN.

From the "Standard Guide" to the Florida East Coast.

RECOLLECTIONS OF IOWA.—I.

"LULLED in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies!"

It is midnight! wife and baby in an adjacent room are enjoying the "honey-heavy dew of slumber," the south wind is sifting Oregon mist against my window, and I sit here gazing into the fire and reflecting.

You must know that our baby Jennie is now twenty-one months old, healthy as a wild rose and pretty as—but pshaw! was there ever a baby, white, black, red or yellow, that was not pretty? All babies are pretty to me—even a China baby. Yes, she is healthy and fine, but I am on the verge of nervous prostration every chilly night (and most of the nights seem chilly to me) since she had the croup one night nearly a year ago; so I sit up, look after the fires and watch the thermometer until the wee sma' hours nearly every night. It does beat all how idiotic us old fellows can be over a baby, particularly when the baby's mother was teaching it to call us papa.

The neighbor women say that croup never comes after midnight. So, when the "iron tongue of midnight hath tol'd twelve" a sense of relief comes to me, and generally I can go to bed and to sleep. But to-night I don't feel sleepy, and so I continue to sit here alone, gazing into the fire and reflecting. To-night I am thinking of old Iowa, and for some reason she, like Banquo's ghost, will not down. But while she has "driven sleep from mine eyes away," she is a good-natured ghost, and

"Invites my steps and points to yonder glade."

The seventeen years of life in Oregon, with all their ups and downs, seem like only a well-greased mental tramway for my thoughts to roll back to the scenes and incidents of my early life in dear old Iowa. God bless her!

In the year 1847 a young fellow by the name of Benjamin Greene, from Oswego, N. Y., was teaching school at Keokuk, Ia. By the decree of fate or otherwise he made the acquaintance of a Hawkeye girl by the name of Parmelia Sturges and married her. In February, 1849, they were blessed with a baby girl (wonder if she was sweet and croupy like the one next room), and Benjamin began to feel the responsibilities of a married life. Iowa was young then, Government land was plentiful, and Benjamin concluded to "go West and grow up with the country," setting an example which even Horace Greeley afterward referred to as the correct thing to do. He hitched his yoke of oxen to his prairie schooner, loaded his wife, baby girl and rifle into it, started up the Des Moines River, followed it until he came to old Fort Des Moines (now the capital of the State), at the junction of Main Raccoon River with the Des Moines; thence traveled due west twenty-one miles to the west bank of North Raccoon, where he took up some Government land and founded the town of Adel, now a prosperous village and county seat of Dallas county, one of the wealthiest and best counties of the State. It was a sort of trading post prior to his settlement there and known as Penoach (Indian for far away, as near as I can determine); but at father's suggestion the Indian name was dropped and the name of Adel adopted. He, with his wife, four married daughters, and a subsequent generation or two still live there. In fact, he is now living at the identical spot where he erected his cabin nearly half a century ago.

"And to-night he sits by the fireside
In a mansion quaint and old,
With his children's children around him,
Having reaped a thousandfold."

In 1850 they were blessed (?) with a boy, who still lives (thank God!), and now growing old in the land of the setting sun.

In the spring of 1852 grandfather Sturges loaded his earthly possessions, consisting in the main of wife, five children and his rifle, into a wagon and started across the plains, impelled probably by the same restless spirit that had led him westward from the Adirondacks many years before. After six months of weary toil, danger and privation, they at last settled on the banks of the Molalla in Clackamas county, Oregon, where now the ashes of dear old grandfather and grandmother are mingling in the dark union of insensate dust.

"In the heart of the grand old forest,
A thousand miles to the west,
Where a stream gushed out from the hillside,
They halted at last for rest.
And the silence of ages listened
To the axe-stroke loud and clear,
Divining a kingly presence
In the tread of the pioneer."

Obviously my recollections of what transpired prior to and probably for some time after Feb. 13, 1850, are rather vague and indistinct. To be exact, possibly I ought to reckon from Feb. 14. It has never been definitely determined whether I was born on the 13th or 14th, as our folks had no clock or other timepiece then, and fixed upon the 13th as the auspicious day only for the reason that none of the family, except mother, had retired for the night. However,

it might have been done in order to give me the advantage of an additional day on earth, or possibly in consideration of the luck that is supposed by some to cluster around the number 13.

Mrs. Warden, the first friend I met on my arrival home that fateful morning, has often told me that she knew I was born on the 14th, "because there was quite a peep o' day when I let my fust yell." However, a day or two, or even a year or two, doesn't cut much figure in some lives, and this is not intended as an autobiography except in so far as it relates to those scenes and incidents in Iowa's early history "all of which I saw and part of which I was."

The first thing I recollect "for sure" is carrying a bull pup home.

The difficulties I encountered in capturing the little fellow among the old boxes and barrels out in the back yard at our neighbor Beasley's made a lasting impression upon my young brain, aside from the exquisite pleasure I derived from the knowledge that I at last owned a pup of my own. That must have been in 1854, for old Cola lived fifteen years and died while I was away at college in 1869. He was strictly business and left a good record, not only as a farm dog, but in the matter of varmints. He was also one of the best retrievers on water fowl I ever saw, strange as it may seem. But he dearly loved to hunt prairie wolves, and in this connection I might add that the next in order of my distinct recollections is standing by the window and watching father come home from across the prairie in the winter time with two, three, four or more wolves hanging across his horse. He was a dead shot, as in fact were nearly all those frontiersmen, but he never used a gun in hunting wolves. His arms and accoutrements consisted of a greyhound, bull dog, hickory club and a rattling good horse His methods were simple and positive. The outfit would sight a wolf; the greyhound would speed away and overtake him and entertain him until the bull dog could get there, when the controversy was ordinarily soon settled. If the wolf happened to be unusually large and strong, the hickory club closed the arguments. Many and many a time I have seen father come home with all the wolves his horse could carry. Father never could resist the temptation to give chase to a wolf, no matter what the conditions or circumstances. In those days people that lived within five or ten miles of each other were regarded as neighbors. Over on South Raccoon, some six or seven miles from Adel, lived a family by the name of Hill, with whom our folks were on very friendly terms. The two families visited nearly every pleasant Sunday. Either we would go to see them or they would come to see us. I remember one bright Sunday in late winter of the early fifties father hitched up, loaded us all in and started over to Hill's for the usual visit. We had nearly reached our destination when a large wolf crossed the road, and having reached a respectful distance, stopped and looked at us. Father could not resist the temptation. He jerked the harness off old Nance, tied the other horse to the wagon, and away he went. Old Nance was no spring chicken at the business, and entered into the spirit of the chase with all the ardor of a three-year-old. There seemed to be trouble on the wolf's mind the way he spun across the prairie, and father seemed to be gaining on him when they disappeared over the ridge. Presently father returned leading the mare and holding his face, which was covered with blood and terribly disfigured. The mare had stepped into a badger hole, and in falling had struck father full in the face with one of her hoofs. That was more than forty years ago, and when I last saw father, ten years ago, that frightful scar was just about as much in evidence as ever. Doubtless it will go with him to the grave.

Probably the abundance of raccoons in the woods along North, South, Middle and Main Raccoon suggested the names for the streams. There were coons everywhere, and, by the way, the streams are not called Raccoon by the people living there—just plain Coon. I remember being out with father one day along North Coon Bottom among the elms and cottonwoods. We sighted a big nest of some kind up among the branches of a big cottonwood, and father figured for a long time on what it could be. To settle the question he sent a shot up through it, when out tumbled a big fat coon. We were bending over the victim and examining him when—spat! another big coon fell dead at our feet; a pretty good chance shot, was it not? There were plenty of fur-bearing animals in Iowa in those days—beaver, mink, musk-rat, coon, otter, and some bob cats, panther and bear. There were antelope and buffalo on the prairie not far west of us. Deer and wild turkeys were in abundance along all the Coon rivers, and doubtless they were equally abundant along other Iowa streams. When five or six years old I was out one day with a party of men after wild turkeys just above town. One of the party captured a young hen turkey alive and gave it to me. I took it home, put it in a pen, and tried very hard to raise it; but it declined to eat and soon died.

One July 4 in the early '50s exuberance of patriotism induced the settlers to hire a band of wandering Indians to give an exhibition war dance for the entertainment of their families and as a manifestation of patriotic sentiment that could not, under the circumstances, find expression in firecrackers and brass bands. I can only dimly recall the entertaining features of the dance, but the memory of the wind-up is quite vivid. The settlers became uneasy at the earnestness with which the Indians entered into the spirit of the entertainment, and finally hurried their families away and got their rifles in anticipation of trouble. The Indians took the hint and moved on.

Probably most of the older readers of FOREST AND STREAM are more or less familiar with the horrible outrages and massacres that occurred the following spring (March, 1857) at Spirit and Okoboji lakes, in northern Iowa, and at Springfield, in southern Minnesota. Chiefs Ink-pa-du-tah and U tanka-sa-pa (Black Buffalo) headed a band of about eighteen lodges of Sioux, who robbed the settlers and committed the most inhuman outrages, culminating in the massacres of the 8th and 9th of March, 1857. During the year 1856 a dozen or more families had settled about the lakes, while along the valley of the Little Sioux River at Smithland, Cherokee and Rock Rapids there were settlements. Ink-pa-du-tah and his band commenced their depredations at Smithland, and passing up the Little Sioux continued their depredations, killing stock, etc , but committed no murders until they reached the settlement at the lakes. There and at Springfield, a small settlement in Minnesota a few miles northeast, they killed forty-one, wounded three, and took with them as captives four women—Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Thatcher, Mrs. Marble and Miss Gardner. Twelve persons were missing, some of whose remains were afterward found. Of the four women taken as captives two were killed on their flight—Mrs. Howe and Mrs Thatcher. Mrs Marble and Miss Gardner gained their freedom some months afterward. The settlement on the lakes was entirely wiped out. Some of those bloodthirsty devils approached our settlement to within a few miles, and I well remember how father, during those trying times, walked the floor nights with his rifle lying across the table. And I remember, too, how the horseman dashed through our settlement crying at the top of his voice: "The Indians are coming! The Indians are coming!" And how Brady escaped from his captors and came into the settlement nearly or quite naked. Twenty years later, on the bank of a little stream in the Black Hills, I sat and listened to the details of that horrible affair from the lips of a Sioux that participated in the massacre. He seemed to thoroughly enjoy his own story in all its most horrible details, and my finger played with the trigger of my Ballard so nervously that my companion insisted that we should move on at once, for any bad break on our part would certainly have resulted very disastrously to us, as the Indians were quite numerous and very bold

About the time of the Spirit Lake massacre, father, in some trade with the Indians, secured a handsome little bay mare. That same evening I rode her after the cows. All frontier boys in those days almost literally left the cradle for a horse. At seven I was about as good a horseman as any of the Indian boys of my age, was a fair shot with the bow, and could skate and swim—all the accomplishments considered necessary to gain admission to the inner circles of the best society, particularly among the kids. The rifle and lariat belonged to our elders. Well, as the sun was setting behind the grassy billows of the west, I jumped, or rather, climbed "the pony" and started out across the prairie after the cows. Evidently the pony had been used by the Indians in hunting buffalo or stealing cattle (probably both), and was right on to her job. No sooner had I turned in behind the cows than the circus commenced. And talk about your Iowa cyclones! That pony could have given a cyclone cards and spades. Away went the whole outfit on the dead run. Not a creature was allowed to lag behind; and if one showed any disposition to weaken she was brought to a realization of what was required of her by a vicious bite on the rump that started the hair if not the blood. These evolutions were something new to me. They were not down in my code, and right at the start I came near losing my seat. Hold her I could not; she paid no more attention to my earnest efforts than she would have paid to the attack of a buffalo gnat, probably not as much. We were more than a mile from home, and I could plainly see that the programme meant the fulfillment of more than the ordinary circus advertises—three rings under one tent and something new and novel transpiring in each ring without delays. I dropped the reins and hung on to her mane for dear life. And let me say right here that I came in along with that circus, and sitting right up in the band wagon The cloud of dust that loomed up ominously in the west admonished father that something was wrong, and he came out to meet us, but he quickly got out of the way and let the procession pass, while his anger gave place to anxiety. I didn't see him for, I was otherwise engaged, and found no time to view the scenery or engage in conversation. When we reached the corral the whole thing was over with the pony in a second, and as for the poor cows you could have lassoed their eyes with a grape-vine, and I really do not remember whether their milk was saved that night or not. A strange feature of the whole business was the fact that mother and the girls could all pile on that pony at once and she would go along like an old sheep, but the moment a man bestrode her she was like a whirlwind let loose. She died from lockjaw after a fifteen-mile run after a wolf one sleety day of a winter late in the fifties, and there was mourning in our family—at least among the women folks. I felt bad enough, of course, but it wouldn't have been "manly" in me to cry, you know. Her colt, Gip, a bright iron gray, fell to me as a matter of course. A boyish claim of that kind is seldom disputed until later on. Ordinarily it is a case of "baby's pig and daddy's hog." But in this particular instance I asserted and continued to assert my claim to Gip with so much earnestness and confidence that it was finally conceded by everybody, even father himself. Gip was a dandy in his class, and I cannot remember the last time I rode him. He had some peculiarities, however, which I never felt inclined to encourage. He would carry me like the wind until he took a notion that he had gone far enough. Then he would stop And I might add that that stop was generally suggestive of the point of contact between a catapult and a stone wall. Ordinarily I could not bring myself to the same mental conclusion and physical condition simultaneously with his aforesaid conclusion and condition, and the result was that I would go over his head like a rocket. Then he would look at me in a knowing sort of way and go to eating grass. But if I stuck he would buck, and generally Gip came out winner. We were great friends nevertheless.

There was politics even in those good old Whig and Democratic days, and embryo Presidents (in their own minds) were just about as numerous as nowadays. I well remember at least a dozen of our old frontier neighbors, all of whom were thoroughly qualified (in their own minds) to fill any office in the gift of this great republic. There was Bob Bailey, O. D. Smalley, Jerry Perkins, L. D. Burns, Squire Babb, George B. Warden, two or three Millers and others, and even father was not averse to holding office when called, like Cincinnatus, from the plow. I think father was Dallas county's first prosecuting attorney, and I know that he was in the Legislature of the State two terms during the fifties. O. D. Smalley and Bob Bailey were both Democrats and warm friends. Perkins was a consistent Whig, and I remember that at one of the early elections Smalley and Perkins were opposing candidates for some office, county judge, I think. Smalley lived over on the Des Moines River, and had shortly before this election killed a very large bear. Some orator from Fort Des Moines had come up to Adel to present the political issues of the day from the Whig standpoint. He was very gushy and let the eagle soar pretty high. Incidentally he proceeded to give his friend Perkins a send-off for county judge, and Bob Bailey was correspondingly mad. "Gentlemen and fellow-citizens," said the orator, "it is with pride and pleasure that I take this opportunity to remind you, my fellow-citizens, that you have among you a gentleman and a statesman of whom you should feel justly proud, one who is most capable and willing to serve you in the capacity of county judge. I need not speak his name, fellow-citizens, for you all know of whom I speak, Jerry Perkins." Bob was getting madder and madder. "Fellow-citizens," continued the orator, "there is a man blessed not only with great learning, but with quickness of perception, great penetration of mind and the faculty of nice discrimination. He came among you when the country was young, when you needed bold and determined men; he drove back the howling wolf and killed the bear." Bob could stand it no longer. Bob was nothing if not dignified. He arose with all the dignity of a Roman senator and said: "Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of personal privilege. It wasn't Perkins that killed the bear; it was Smalley."

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Ore., February.

ON THE POTOMAC.

IF we take into consideration the great length of time which has elapsed since the lands bordering on and adjacent to the river Potomac have been permanently colonized and cultivated, in connection with its central and accessible location, there is no other river in our country which retains to such an extent its original features, or presents to the eye such a primeval aspect as this grand old historical stream. There are numerous points along its meandering course where jutting headlands or a series of rugged hills have been neglected and unimproved to this time, and are still crowned with some of the aged monarchs of the forest primeval. Many of the decayed and massive trunks of once towering oaks, whose foliage sheltered the aborigines, coeval with the earliest settlers, still remain, though bereft of vitality. The cause of the apparently immutable condition of those points spoken of may be accounted for in the immense extent of the domain of the early colonists, who selected from their countless acres the most accessible and easily cultivated, a practice which has been continued by their descendants. Consequently those neglected places which meet the eye of the tourist stand out in bold relief as mementos of the early days in the history of the Old Dominion.

If permitted to draw a simile in connection with the text of this article, I would say that the banks of the Hudson represent the progress and refinement of the present, while those of the Potomac retain unequivocal evidence and mementos of the past; representing the time and location where our earliest great statesmen lived, meditated and counseled together to devise and implant principles in the political body of our infant republic which would make its future, if possible, indestructible.

In fact, there is scarcely any portion of the river between Arlington and Wakefield that is not teeming with historic lore. Therefore it may be styled the classical river of North America with as equal propriety as that appellation has been conferred upon the Eurotas of Greece or the Tiber of Rome.

The above general description I propose to supplement with more definite details of personal experience about sixty years ago. As a great many incidents in connection with transactions of those halcyon days have, from the lapse of time, become dim, I concluded to revisit the localities with the view of restoring to memory some of the incidents nearly obliterated. Therefore, with anticipated pleasure of gazing upon and wandering once more amid those sylvan scenes of boyhood, I set out from Washington during the last days of October to accomplish my tour by crossing the Potomac. The first notable object which meets the eye on the Virginia hills is the stately mansion at Arlington. This fine old colonial edifice, apparently gazing down upon the Federal city, was once the home and patrimonial estate of G. W. P. Custis, the adopted son of George Washington, and more recently the residence of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the son-in-law of Mr. Custis, from whom the general inherited it. The spot is now in possession of the United States, and a part of it has been converted into a national cemetery.

The next point of interest in the tour, about six miles below Washington, was the ancient city of Alexandria, now sleeping on the banks of the Potomac, which sixty years ago was a scene of animation, and one of the principal business marts of foreign commerce. This city was also a center of social refinement from its earliest history. Among the prominent residents sixty years ago were many of the descendants of those who ardently and conspicuously contributed their wealth and intellectual ability to advance the revolt of the colonies from its conception through the darkest days of adversity to its ultimate triumph. A few of those family names are still fresh in my memory: the Herberts, Taylors, Brents, Fitzhughs, Lees, Dulanys, Fendalls, Thorntons, Vowells, and others. In addition to the *coterie* of brilliant resident magnates, there was a large number of distinguished transient visitors, whose frequent presence contributed greatly to the social intercourse of the city. It was here that the wealthy planters of the northern neck of Virginia, and also those from the Maryland banks of the Potomac, shipped the surplus products of their plantations—tobacco, grain, etc.—and received in return products of foreign climes. Those business transactions and familiar visits were carried on for years prior to the Revolution as well as subsequent thereto, and history informs us of the character and ability of the planters along the Virginia banks of the Potomac, and also of those residing on the green hills of Maryland adjacent to this majestic river; and in the catalogue of visitors to this ancient and hospitable city we find the name of Washington at a time when the site for the city which now bears his name was a howling wilderness. George Mason, the author of the bill of rights and of the constitution of Virginia, upon which the constitution of the Republic was founded; Col. Fairfax, whose plantation joined that of Mount Vernon, and who voluntarily abandoned his inheritance and title as one of the lords of England's realm to spend his days in the wilds of America; Philip H. Lee, the father of the late Gen. Robt. E. Lee, who, by his splendid horsemanship and heroic exploits during the Revolution at the head of his cavalry, acquired the significant title of Light Horse Harry; John Randolph, of Roanoke, the talented and eccentric Virginian who had the reputation of successfully answering in six words—"The Greeks are at your doors"—a speech which Mr. Clay was two days in delivering in favor of an appropriation for the suffering Greeks; in fact, all the prominent men who had occasion to travel north from the western or southern portion of Virginia necessarily came through Alexandria. Therefore we find emblazoned upon the pages of history numerous names of those who honored the city with their social familiarity, and whose fame will increase as years roll on.

In addition to the distinguished men who conferred honor upon the ancient city there are many interesting

historical objects still existing in tangible form; notably the ancient English church and the historical Braddock house, both of which are in good preservation. It was in this house that the unfortunate general called around him several of the Colonial Governors and also a few of the prominent provincials, among them Geo. Washington, although then only about twenty-two years of age, but who held a colonial commission as colonel, to consult with him in reference to measures necessary to prosecute the projected campaign against the encroachments of the French on English colonial territory at Fort Du Quesne, Pittsburg, to which place Washington accompanied him as aid-de-camp.

Although the troops were completely routed and Braddock was killed, yet the skill and coolness displayed by Col. Washington in saving the remnant of the army gained for him a military reputation which subsequently placed him in command of the army that gained us our independence. Incidents and historical events crowd memory, but admonished by time and space I forbear.

Then my course led to the margin of Hunting Creek, which I crossed a short distance above its junction with the Potomac, to which it is tributary, and also forms the southern boundary of Alexandria. It is over a mile in width at its mouth, and as it does not diminish nor contract perceptibly for two miles above, it occupies an extensive area, the entire bed of which produced a great abundance of the different aquatic grasses and other vegetable productions suitable for the various species of waterfowl which annually migrate hither. It always appeared to me that it was an especially favorite resort with them. I know it was the case with myself. Possibly mutual feelings produced reciprocal tastes. At any rate, we frequently met there, although I had but poor facilities to entertain them—nothing but a single-barrel with a flintlock. Double-barrels were not very plentiful, and percussion locks were a curiosity, and I do not think the inventor of the modern breechloader was born. Nevertheless I generally secured some of them. Of course, not by my skill as a wing shot—you know a sportsman scorns to boast, except perhaps when they go to Canada and catch some weighty salmon—but simply for the reason that I discharged my gun, if she did not snap, which was always expected, in the direction of the greatest number; consequently all could not escape. It was not the acquisition of the game, so easily obtained, which fascinated me with this magnificent feeding resort for all the various species of waterfowl known as divers; all of which were here, robed in their diverse and magnificent plumage, and apparently unrestrained in their natural habits and movements, which I greatly enjoyed, and which was the attraction to me. I have frequently, from a secluded position, watched them with delight for hours within close range, but felt no desire to disturb them in their interesting and graceful evolutions.

Adjacent to this famous feeding resort of the diving fowl, in fact, only separated from it by an embankment thrown up around the shores of the creek and river, there is an extensive tract of swamp and jungle, covering perhaps 500 acres, equally as attractive and prolific in food suitable for the various classes of non-divers, and also numerous species of birds and animals belonging to the progressive or evolutionary class of amphibians, a detailed description of which I will postpone for the next stage of my tour. At this point in past years I have frequently left with regret

"Where oft I have lingered and gazed with delight
On my feathered companions, in repose or in flight"

JAMES NORRIS.

HARFORD COUNTY, Md.

Natural History.

THE INTERCOMMUNICATION OF IDEAS AMONG THE LOWER ANIMALS.

I HAVE been interested lately in the question of the intercommunication of ideas among the lower animals because of some questions in biophilism which have been asked me, and because of what I have noticed from Mr. Thompson, F. E. W. and others in the Natural History department of FOREST AND STREAM.

That ideas pass from the mind of one animal to that of another there is no one, I take it, who even passingly sees animals (to say nothing of observing them) who will doubt when his attention is called to the matter, as most people's must be to anything relating to the orders of beings under man. But intercommunication is something more than communication. I communicate an idea to a person when I smile at him, frown at him, or make some passing remark. Intercommunication between that person and me begins when he returns an idea to me upon receiving mine. In the intercommunication of ideas reason is involved—the arrival at a conclusion, the adoption of means to an end. The common use of the word conversation conveys the notion of intercommunication of ideas.

In his "Introduction to Comparative Pyschology" C. Lloyd Morgan gives this story, "communicated to me," he says, "by my friend, Mr. Robert Hall Warren, of Bristol:" "My grandfather, a merchant of this city, had two dogs, one a small one and another larger, who, being fierce, rejoiced in the appropriate name of Boxer. On one of his business journeys into Cornwall he took the smaller dog with him, and for some reason left it in an inn in Devonshire, promising to call for it on his return from Cornwall. When he did so the landlord apologized for the absence of the dog, and said that some time after my grandfather left the little dog fought with the landlord's dog and came off much the worse for the fight. He then disappeared and some time afterward returned with another and larger dog, who set upon his enemy and, I think, killed him. Then the two dogs walked off and were no more seen. From the description given my grandfather had no doubt that the larger dog was Boxer, and on returning home found that the little dog had come back, and that both dogs had gone away, and after a time had returned home, where he found them."

Were it not for his "canon of interpretation," as he calls the measure to which he submits all facts (if they do not conform with which, the worse for the facts), Mr. Morgan would freely admit that between the little dog and his big friend Boxer there was intercommunication of ideas. This seems to me much more reasonable than that the little fellow only indicated to the big fellow that he wanted him to follow over weary miles, and that the big fellow did so blindly. Boxer went because he saw at the end of the way what he so dearly loved—a fight.

To show that dogs have the power to intercommunicate ideas—the power of conversation—allow me to tell a story which came to me from a Mr. Woodruff, of this State. There were two dogs at a summer hotel in the Catskill Mountains. They were once noticed to chase a woodchuck into a hole. To this hole there were two openings—one on each side of a stone fence. The dogs saw the two openings, and each of them took one and began digging. Because the day was hot and the work hard, because they saw that the stony character of the ground would not allow the sufficient enlarging of his opening to let the larger dog in, or for some other reason, the dogs simultaneously quit digging and met in consultation on the wall. When their plan was completed, the smaller dog, who had sufficiently enlarged the opening at which he had been working for the admission of his body, entered, while the larger dog took his station at the other opening. What took place in the hole I do not know. All that I know (on the very best evidence) is that the woodchuck soon appeared at the larger dog's opening, was nabbed, dispatched, and the two dogs had a great feast.

As to how these dogs carried on their conversation I cannot say, but that they did so there can be no doubt. They formulated a plan. Their knowledge of the plan was mutual. Their snouts were together as they talked on the wall. Their interchange of ideas may have been telepathic, if there be such a thing as telepathy, of which I am not sure.

CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

ROSSVILLE, Staten Island.

Montana Wild Life.

KIPP, Mont.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While hunting in the vicinity of St. Mary's Lakes last fall my friend Wm. Jackson found thirteen goats, all in a pile, which had been killed by a snow slide. They had been pretty badly mangled and crushed, but from the thirteen he secured seven perfect horns, of which he has made a very handsome gun rack.

Speaking of wolves, Mr. Joseph Kipp gave me a brief outline the other day of some he once saw which gives me an idea of what wolves were in this country before strychnine was introduced.

"In the fall of 1864," he said, "the American Fur Co., at Fort Benton, sent me with a stock of trade goods to winter with the Piegans, who were camped on the Marias River. Early in February a man was sent out to assist me, and I lost no time in going on a hunt with the Indians, for I had been cooped up in a lodge all winter and wanted a change.

"One day we ran a large herd of buffalo, which we found a mile or two north of where Cutbank Stream joins the Marias. I had a splendid horse, but as soon as I killed a cow I stopped, for that was all the meat I wanted, and more too. I had reached the herd some time before the Indians did, and when they saw me dismount one of them asked me to exchange horses with him, as he wanted to make a big killing. I let him have it, and tying his horse to the horns of the buffalo I proceeded to skin it. In less than five minutes the wolves began to gather about me. It was the running season, and each bitch was surrounded by a number of dogs playing and fawning about her, and quarreling with each other just like a lot of dogs. The wolves kept about 50 to 60yds. from me, but one coyote came up quite close, and a couple of kit foxes ventured up within 8 or 10ft. I felt a little uneasy to be surrounded by such a big pack, and considered for some time whether to fire at them or not. I had only four balls left and rather wanted to keep them. Finally, however, I did shoot at a big white dog, and not only killed him, but another one beyond. The balance of them, however, didn't pay any attention. Well, I only took the depouille and bossribs of the cow, and tieing them on behind my saddle, I rode off about 50yds. The wolves immediately ran up to the carcass, and such a snapping and clicking of teeth you never heard. In a very few minutes the cow was eaten up, and the bare bones dragged and scattered about. The wolves, as soon as the carcass began to be fairly well pecked, commenced striking out toward the northeast, and finally all of them went off in that direction, leaving only the kit foxes to keep me company. I cut off several bits of meat from the ribs tied to my saddle, and they would pounce on them almost before they struck the ground.

"In the old times wolves were much more numerous than coyotes, and to-day the conditions are directly the reverse. If wolves were so much sharper and difficult to catch than coyotes, as some people say, how does it happen that they are very scarce in the whole West, while coyotes seem to be more numerous than they were in the old times?"

J. W. SCHULTZ.

Early Birds, Early Spring.

SOUTH PORTSMOUTH, R. I., Feb. 26.—In this section it is no uncommon thing to see robins during the winter, as some few specimens stay with us throughout the year in the cedar swamps of Tiverton. I have many times seen single specimens in December, January and February, but they are never seen in any numbers except when they make their appearance during their spring migration, and when they do appear the farmers think that spring has surely come. In this we are rarely mistaken, for we seldom have much severe weather once the robins come in any numbers. One season, however, they got here ahead of time—the great March blizzard in New England—and large numbers of robins and blackbirds perished from cold and starvation, no doubt. Robins have appeared the earliest this year I have ever known them to during a period of thirty-five years' observation. Feb. 17 the first blackbirds were seen, and again on the 22d. Feb. 23 robins were heard, but not seen. Feb. 25 over a dozen were seen, and one was heard singing the same as during their mating time. Large flocks of blackbirds were also seen. We trust the little fellows are not mistaken in thinking it time for spring; but it is about two weeks ahead of their earliest appearance before as noted by me. WM. M. HUGHES.

Hardy English Sparrows.

IN St. Paul, Minn., English sparrows commenced building nests on Feb. 14. Hundreds of these hardy birds have weathered the rigors of temperature ranging from zero to minus 30°. One is seldom found frozen. A good many hug the lee sides of chimney stacks and steam-heated buildings, and so keep warm. They are a sturdy and vigorous lot, producing from three to five broods in a year.

Protective Instinct in the Kildeer.

LAST June, while traveling through the southeastern portion of Nevada, I was surprised to notice the avifauna that frequented every watering place. The chaparral was fairly alive with hooded quail, and road-runners that properly belong to a more southern climate were as common as rabbits. Just after crossing the line into Utah we struck a marshy level, kept constantly moist by the running snows of the Pine Valley Mountains. This flat was covered with kildeer, most of which were newly hatched. The shrieks of the parents and the baby cries of the goslings filled the air. I had no trouble at all in picking up a couple of the fledgelings and exhibiting them to the party. Their mother, instead of flying away with the rest of her brood, hovered about the carriage, darting in our faces in her anxiety to rescue her chicks. As soon as I put the little ones upon the ground, the mother came within 1ft. of my hand, and then dragged herself away exactly in the manner of the female partridge when endeavoring to decoy the hunter from her young. She trailed a wing, was lame of a leg, and seemed absolutely forgetful of her maternal duties. As I had never heard of this trick of the kildeer, I started to pursue her, and she led me a merry dance for a quarter of a mile. She took just the direction in which we were going, and it was not until the wagon rounded a bluff, hiding the flat from our view, that with the characteristic *scaipe* she returned to her charge. I hastened back as rapidly as I could. The bird's flights were short, and she remained for a few minutes on duty as a sentinel. Then with a low single note, almost like a cluck, she called her brood about her, and in another moment the swamp was as noisy as it had been before our arrival.

Is this trait common to the kildeer, or to any other of the snipe and plover? SHOSHONE.

A Doe with Horns.

TOPEKA, Kan., March 2.—In a recent issue of the FOREST AND STREAM I see an article on does with horns, and that letter calls out this note:

In the summer of 1887, in company with four gentlemen from Boulden, Colorado, I made a trip to Steamboat Springs, and while camped there had the good fortune to kill a doe with horns. We had made a trip about ten miles up the river after meat, and on the second day killed a small buck, and were returning to camp after a pack horse, when my companion, Mr. Geo. A. Andrews, and I noticed five deer across the cañon. They were so far off they did not seem afraid, and we watched them some little time and noted that one was much larger than the balance. Thinking to see them run I, fired at the largest, and by some chance killed it dead.

The horns of this deer were in the velvet, and more resembled the horns of an elk than a deer, being very heavy two point horns. Though I did not succeed in saving them with the velvet on, I did make a fairly presentable pair of horns of them, and now have them in my office.

This was the largest deer killed on the trip, and the largest I ever saw. It was all three men could do to hang it up. This was a barren doe and had never had young. It was so fat that great chunks of tallow came off with the hide on the rump, and was of more than passing interest to the settlers; in every respect being a perfect doe except the horns. H. W. SEERY.

A Muskrat Pet.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Yesterday I received a letter from my young friend, Mr. James Savage, in which he says: "A week ago, with my friends Mr. and Mrs. H. B., who are great out-of-door people, I was on a tramp to Stony Point. As we were crossing the field we saw a setter dog after some animal, and when we got closer we saw it was a muskrat. The rat was successfully standing off the dog; it sat on its haunches like a bear, facing the dog, and rushed at it every time the setter came near. We watched it for some time at close range and longed for our cameras. After awhile I went nearer and the rat came at me with a rush; I lifted it several times, hanging on to the toe of my shoe with its teeth. It was too good a specimen to kill, so when its attention was on the dog I put my foot on it and caught it by the tail; I had never handled one alive before, and I was ready to let go if it should turn on me. It was unable to do so and I soon had my captive caged in a watering can. I feed him apples, bread and vegetables, and think I can soon tame him; he feeds out of my hand now, but I don't dare handle him yet; will get some photos of him later."

If I receive a good photograph of Mr. Savage's new pet, I will forward it to FOREST AND STREAM. Have written Mr. S. that I shall expect an invitation to the feast when he gets his musquash in prime condition for the table.

J. L. DAVISON.

African Birds.

THE Field Columbian Museum has issued a Catalogue of a Collection of Birds Obtained by the Expedition into Somaliland, by D. G. Elliot, F. R. S. E., which is No. 2 of the first volume of the museum's ornithological series of publications.

The list covers 125 species—a large number, when we consider that ornithological collecting formed no part of the expedition's plan. This was to collect large mammals, and all the party's preparations looked to this end. Mr. Elliot remarks that there was no difficulty in collecting, for birds were both numerous and tame, and had the expedition been properly equipped for this work very large collections might have been made. The list is one of interest to all who are familiar with African forms of bird life, and the notes—in some cases quite full—which are given about the different species tend to popularize it. Several new species and subspecies are described.

The Linnæan Society of New York.

A REGULAR meeting of the society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History on Tuesday evening, March 23, at 8 o'clock, and a paper will be read by Mr. Eugene Smith on the Fishes of the Fresh and Brackish Waters of the Vicinity of New York City, illustrated with specimens, in the lecture hall of the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue.

Long Island Bird Occurrences.

EAST HAMPTON, N. Y., Feb. 17.—So far I have had mounted this winter one guillemot, two small auks, one large snow owl. The owl stands 23in. high and is a very fine specimen. E. B. MUCHMORE.

Game Bag and Gun.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

AMONG the birds I have mounted this fall is one that always carries me back to the golden woods of autumn, when the trees are shedding their richly colored foliage, getting ready for the coming of old Boreas. No other bird in my collection fills me so with the spirit of the woods or creates that longing to shoulder my breechloader and call the dog for one more tramp after its gamy relatives. I refer to that lordly ruffed grouse yonder that holds its head up like a king—and king it is of all its gamy tribe. Talk of the snap shot that dropped the darting woodcock just as it topped the trembling poplars; of the shot that sent the whirring quail heels over head into the grass at 60yds. from the gun—there was twice the pleasure and satisfaction in stopping that cunning old cock as he darted from behind yon pine to the dense thicket close to it. Picking it up carefully, you smooth down the feathers and store it in your game bag. Gladly would you restore it to life for the pleasure of hunting it again along the winding brook among the pines. The delicate penciling and rich blending of brown, black and gray on its back and wings match the beautiful leafy carpet of the forest. It belongs to the woodland, and has something wild and free about it that at once stirs your forest-roving propensities. Added to this, cooking does not destroy its gaminess. What epicure would not delight in a dinner of ruffed grouse properly fried in butter. Sad to say, some cooks stew all the taste out of it, but then the bird is not to blame.

There is a fascination about the pursuit of this bird that never loses its charm so long as the sportsman can handle a gun. Hunted, as it generally is, in the balmy weather of late autumn, through woods resplendent with all the glory of their autumn covering and along running brooks of clear water, there would be a fascination without the excitement of the chase, but added to which no other sport can surpass it.

No other tries the hunter's skill and endurance so much and none is so uncertain. In dense woods, or swamps where the underbrush is thick and fallen timber plentiful, it is no easy task to tramp all day and be constantly on the alert, so as not to lose a shot at this sudden riser. Along in the afternoon perhaps you have not seen a bird for some time; your vigilance relaxes, the gun is shouldered, and instead of watching your pointer, who ranges systematically ahead, you look for the best road, when whir-r-r-r, up goes a partridge some 20yds. and flies off into the next county, leaving you in derision to recover from the nervous start he gave you.

The bird is likely to rise at any distance from 5 to 50yds. from you, and does so generally when you least expect it. It must watch the shooter, and only rise when a tree or thicket intervenes, darting off with a loud whirring noise at a fifty-mile rate for less dangerous quarters. This judgment in timing its flight has saved many an old grouse. When put up from the far side of a log or thicket, it generally flies low until out of range. The speed of a frightened partridge is from forty to sixty miles per hour. I have often shot behind them when holding 6ft. ahead at forty yards. They fly nearly in a straight line from 100 to 300yds., according to the shelter and season, for they seldom stop in poor cover, and they fly further in the latter part of the season than in the earlier. They lie much closer in the bright and sunny days of September and early October than they do in the stormy, windy days of November.

Two different guns are needed for grouse shooting. The first, a cylinder bore, is suited for the early season, when the shooting is all at short range in dense cover, as its large killing circle increases one's chances greatly and does not mutilate the game. You may only see a gray streak in dense cover, but fire away, giving lots of lead, or the shot will go several feet behind. Hold above all birds that rise from the ground and below all that fly out of the tree tops. Keep both eyes open and fixed on the bird, and then if the gun fits the shooter it will come to place at once. Some sportsmen swing with the bird, and others hold ahead. Which is the correct or best method? Can the shooter keep his eye on the bird and trust to his arms to give the desired lead? Would some fellow sportsmen give their opinions on these important questions? No. 6 shot has an average velocity of about 840ft. per second for the first 40yds. Therefore it takes one-seventh of a second to go that distance, but in that time a bird going forty miles per hour will fly over 8ft. It also takes time to pull the trigger and for the shot to pass out of the barrel, so the lead at that range and speed would have to be at least 10ft.

To come back again to the subject of suitable guns, the second gun should have the right barrel modified and the left full chocked for late fall shooting, when the leaves are off and the birds rise wild and fly far. In September No. 7 shot is large enough, but later No. 6 will give more satisfaction. Whatever you do, don't fail to thoroughly test your gun with various loads, combinations of wads, sizes of shot and makes of powder, and when you have got the best load for your gun use that and no other. My gun handles 3drs. of powder and 1oz. of No. 6 shot better than any other load.

The shooter's clothing should be of some neutral tint, as a light gray or brown. It is better too light than too dark. In hunting this, the shiest of all game birds, make as little noise as possible, especially avoiding loud commands, etc., as the human voice is a source of terror to all wild game.

As for a dog, any real good setter or pointer will do, but it must be thoroughly broken. A wild, uncontrollable dog is worse than none at all, putting the birds up out of range, and often out of sight on ahead. If your dog is a retriever so much the better, for there is no harder bird to mark down than a partridge, and a wounded one will run and hide under a log or in some out-of-the-way place where you might hunt a week and not find it. I have a pointer bitch, Vic, which I take out and work on birds before the season opens to locate the coveys and get her in training. Her movements are controlled by the whistle and motion of the hand, and her bird sense, owing to long practice, is wonderful. She seems to know just where to look for the skulking birds. She ranges about 50yds. from me, depending, of course, on the density of the bush, quartering her ground carefully at an easy trot, with head not as high as some dogs, but meaning business every inch of it. As a rule, very few birds are flushed without her pointing, but on some days in late fall they will not let a dog get near enough to point. Her weight in hunting trim is just 45lbs., and no amount of work can tire her, which is more than can be said of many setters. Another advantage she has over her long-haired rival is freedom from burrs, which infest many of our best covers. A black or liver-colored dog is a constant source of annoyance, for even the pointing of a white dog will sometimes be overlooked in these dense thickets.

I must relate a little incident that happened on a partridge hunt this fall; for what hunter is not ever ready to tell of the wonderful feats his dog has performed? While passing through a small pine grove, the dog was ranging some 50yds. off on my right when she suddenly turned and pointed. It was a beautiful picture. Through the pines was a small creek, and beyond stretched a green meadow. There stood the dog as if chiseled out of marble, her head out straight in front and her tail straight behind, its tip trembling with excitement. Her eyes seemed to bulge from their sockets, while she measured each breath, lest she might disturb the hidden game. She was pointing into a small fallen pine which lay alongside one of the largest trees in the grove. As I approached she moved up a few feet in under the prostrate trunk, and there, with back arched under the trunk, came again to a point. Walking on tip-toe, I moved up on the other side, doing my best to get a view of the bird. As I came up opposite the standing tree Vic pointed again on the other side, and before I could take another step the partridge came round the trunk and burst into the air like a rocket, just passing within 2ft. of my face. Turning, I snapped at it as it disappeared in the thicket, but missed.

In this part of the country three or four birds in a day make a big bag, and we are often glad to get one, but one for every four shots fired is considered fair shooting, and I have known several hunters to tramp all day and fire from six to a dozen shots and then not get any. An additional charm is added to the sport by its uncertainty. Hunting ruffed grouse is like pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp. Where you most expect to find it it is not, but is hiding perhaps in some less likely part of the same woods. Although you missed the last three or four shots, still your hopes are high that perhaps the next one will count. Something was wrong with that last bird—the woods were too thick—the light poor—of course it was not your fault—and so you tramp on mile after mile after this phantom bird.

Don't let me mislead the reader to think that finding and hitting these birds are all chance and guess work; far from it. There is no other sport that so taxes the hunter's skill in shooting and woodcraft. The way our woods are stocked to-day the novice might tramp all day and not see a bird where the experienced hunter would bag two or three. In western Ontario it is found only in large, thick woods, a part of which usually is marshy, and through which a watercourse runs. It is always found in most abundance near water where the woods are thickest, and seems to have a partiality for pines. There are few better places than a pine ridge running along a stream or swamp. The birds feed upon the pine buds and roost among their sheltering branches. These birds stay in the same locality all the year round, but may be driven from one part of the woods to another by the sportsman, high water or a dearth in the food supply. The food consists mostly of buds of various plants, partridge berries and fruit, such as berries or grapes. The sportsman should never miss an opportunity to study their haunts and habits, and the better he understands them the greater are his chances of success. The spring of the year is a good time to discover their whereabouts by the drumming incessantly kept up in the mornings and evenings. If you can locate the nest or the covey of new-fledged birds, so much the better, as they are sure to be in the near neighborhood in the fall.

An article on ruffed grouse shooting would not be complete without at least one account of a hunt. Let me ask you to accompany my wife and me some hazy day in October. Starting from home about 9 A. M., we proceed south along a creek to the woods, which here run midway between the eighth and ninth concessions for more than a mile without a break, varying in width from one-fourth to three-fourths of a mile.

The winding Catfish flows through the eastern end of this wood, its narrow, shallow basin broadening out near the railroad bridge, where it is covered with long, coarse grass and dense willow thickets, making the finest woodcock ground in these parts. The woods proper consist mostly of large beech maple and elm, with here and there small pine groves, and plenty of undergrowth and down timber. The north and south edges are skirted by small streams, the southern one rising in a small swamp covered with dense willow thickets along the southwestern part of the woods. From the above description an old sport would at once pronounce it a great place for partridges, and so it was. In the early spring, while gathering sap, we could hear them drumming on all sides; and in late summer, while working my dog, I put up some ten or twelve in one covey, besides several other pairs and smaller bunches. In season the report of firearms is heard throughout the day, but, thanks to Dame Nature, she has placed the birds in such covers and endowed them with such cunning and power of wing that they still exist in spite of the persecution. One shooter told me that he went out one day and fired a dozen shots without getting any. In the early season I frequently fired six or eight shots without scoring. Pressing on along the creek through some dense beech thickets and small pines, Vic, slowly worming her way back and forth through the cover, suddenly turned and pointed. On our moving up a partridge disappeared like a shadow in the thicket beyond without giving any chance for a shot. Forcing our way through the briers, we found Vic pointing the same bird on the other side of the thicket. As she stood there, every muscle in her hard, lean body bulging out, we both agreed she was the finest and prettiest dog in the country. Whir-r! whir-r-r-r! away went the bird, keeping a dense thorn bush between itself and danger until out of range.

Upon entering the woods I noticed a black squirrel working in a tall bush, so leaving the dog with my wife, who had a hard time to hold her, I stalked on in front and secured two black beauties. We soon reached Catfish Creek, and followed it to the east end of the woods, flushing two more grouse. One from a tree top over my head seemed to dodge the shot as it went thundering down the creek. Across the creek was ten or twelve acres of dense, low woods and swamp, which we next carefully beat out, and here I made the shot of the day. We were slowly making our way over logs and brush through the thickest part of these woods when Vic suddenly turned and pointed. Up went a partridge some 20yds. to the right front, going like a cannon ball off to my right. The way it went through tree tops and missed limbs in its mad flight was surprising to us both. Off to my right was an open glade, and as the bird flew across I held ahead and pulled. The report was more like that of a cannon than a shotgun; I was hurled round, and my partner was scared out of her wits. "Did I get it?" "Are you hurt?" was her anxious response. "No; guess I must have pulled both triggers by the way it kicked," and so I had. The smoke shut out all sight of the bird after firing. Directing Vic to seek dead bird, I moved on in the direction of its flight. The faithful pointer showed game at the edge of a fallen tree, and we found the bird, a beautiful cock grouse, lying on the ground just as it had fallen, stone dead, with three or four shot in its back. The distance to where the dead bird was lying was some sixty odd paces. Smoothing down the feathers of this beautiful denizen of the forest, we put it in the game bag and went on.

"See, see the partridge, John!"

"Where? I don't see it."

"On the ground yonder, running along.'

But do my best I could not see it. The dog came up and pointed, and the bird flew off; but the cover was too thick to give me a shot.

"Why didn't you let me shoot it?" came rebukingly from my companion.

And indeed I felt guilty of uncalled-for selfishness; but men are selfish, especially in such circumstances. Shortly after she brought a big woodpecker down from a tall elm as slick as any man could. Give your wives a fair chance, boys. Don't laugh at and scare them when they first try to shoot, and they will soon take as much pleasure in it as you do. Why should the fair sex be denied the pleasant walk, exhilarating fresh air, calm excitement of a day afield? During last October and November she brought the dog and gun to school at 4 o'clock two or three times every week, and we went hunting in the neighboring coverts. These hunts shall be always treasured up in our memories as among the most delightful moments of our lives. The bag, usually a partridge or a rabbit, varied occasionally by a brace of quail or woodcock, bore no proportion to the amount of pleasure, which was greatly enhanced by having some one there to share it.

One evening when returning from one of these hunts along the creek the dog was lost to sight for some time in the dense thickets. I whistled, but she did not come; so concluding she was pointing, we stopped in a little glade surrounded by willows, and I got ready to shoot in case a bird came that way. Sure enough, on it came straight for our stand. Aiming high, I turned it with the right barrel and dropped it with my left. By the time I had reloaded and was ready to look for it my wife had returned with the grouse, and trembling with excitement held it up for my inspection.

"Isn't it a beauty? Won't you mount this one?"

To return to the subject. We hunted that woods through and ate our lunch sitting on a log beside the creek. After dinner we got more woodcock than partridges, for the thickets along the creek near the railway bridge are noted boring grounds of the longbill. The cover here is so dense that it is impossible to keep track of the dog, which in this case took good care of herself, flushing the birds if nobody came up when she pointed. It was not long before a partridge passed directly over our heads in its mad flight for cover. Swinging on it, my right was too far back, but the left brought it down amid a cloud of feathers in the very center of a bunch of willows. This dead bird also was pointed by Vic, who has been trained not to retrieve, her former owner using her mostly with other dogs which did that kind of work. A shrill, quivering whistle caused me to seize my gun and turn round just in time to make a snap shot as a woodcock disappeared in the willows, but without success. Stooping down, we half walked, half crawled under the thicket, bending the smaller bushes under foot and raising the larger with our hands until we came to another stretch of sod. Another cock rose and flew across at some 30yds. range. Missing with the right, I took a little more time with my left and had the satisfaction of seeing him turn over and fall like a wet rag some 40yds. away in a small maple. Without Vic we would have lost this one, as it looked for all the world like a bunch of dead leaves there under the willows and maples. How apt one is to shoot too quick, not covering the bird carefully enough, and consequently losing many birds and only slightly wounding others. In a great many cases I have missed with the right, but taking a little more time with the left killed the bird slick and clean. Nervous shooters are apt to get into the bad habit of snapping at everything as soon as they see it, making more misses than hits, and badly mutilating their game when they do hit it. To be able to make a good snap shot at the right moment is a great accomplishment, especially in grouse shooting, which of all shooting is the most snappy, but still there must be an approximately correct aim when the trigger is pulled to insure even a fair success. Well do I remember an amusing incident that happened while hunting with a friend from St. Thomas. We had tramped all day, and dusk found us approaching a small piece of swamp densely covered with willows. The dogs were working on ahead, when up went a large woodcock out of range. We marked it down at the far side of a small clump of willows that stood out by itself, and calling in the dogs advanced to the attack. To make a long story short, that bird got up within easy range and went nearly straight away, and may be going yet for all the difference our four shots made. And that was the last and largest cock of this season. Some farm hands husking corn in a neighboring field had the laugh on us that time. All sportsmen have their days off and days on. In the latter they run up big scores of straight kills if game is plentiful, and in the former big scores of easy misses, and the harder they try to shoot the worse the shooting. That must have been our day off.

To resume my narrative, we searched that cover thoroughly, flushing one more grouse, and adding a rabbit to our bag by way of variety by a lucky snap shot through a dense thicket. The shades of evening were settling slowly over the woods. The long, dark shadows of the pines extended across our path. Broad arrows of light descending through the scant foliage lit up the beautiful carpet of the forest. All the trees have donned their richest mantle, which now assumes a golden hue in the rays of the setting

sun. The sighing of the pines and the murmur of the brook combine with the numerous other sounds in a confused harmony the music of the forest so dear to the lover of nature. The robins are making the air resound with their chirping, as they congregate for the night in the beech thickets along the ridge yonder. Far away in the distance in the direction of the great cedar swamp comes the hoarse hooting of the owl, which is answered by a pair of screeching bluejays in the little pine grove by the creek. Small flocks of blackbirds are passing over in their long southward journey. A loud rapping from the elms on the higher land, varied occasionally by a still louder "whick-whick-whick," reminds us that a pair of great northern woodpeckers have been seen in the vicinity for a week or more. As we cross the creek on a fallen tree, some muskrats that have been sporting along its willowed margin disappear under water with a loud splash, a steady, advancing ripple marking their course to the holes in the banks. Silently emerging from a grove of pines, we are surprised to see a woodchuck sitting upon a hollow pine stump, into which he rapidly dives out of sight. Out on the commons the turtledoves are coming in in small flocks to their roosting place in the solitary trees that dot the pasture. All nature is alive and full of music. Crossing the fields, the sounds of the forest give place to the tinkling of distant cowbells, lowing of cattle, shouting of farm hands and barking of watch dogs. Trudging wearily on through wheat and oat stubbles, climbing fences and crossing brooks, we at last reach the house. Vic, business-like, retires to the kennel, and awaits her hard-earned evening meal. The gun is put in the corner to be cleaned the first thing after supper. Thus ended another hunt, the memory of which will frequently give us pleasure throughout the long winter evenings to come.

J. A. MACKENZIE.

ONTARIO.

HOURS IN THE BLIND.

The Start.

THE sky was overcast and black; wind northeast, temperature 28°; prospect of snow or rain during the day. I had eaten a good breakfast, had struggled into the heavy outer clothing needed on a day like this, and was just leaving the house when the clock struck 6. This was in good time, for the sun did not rise until 7, and it would take us less than an hour to get to our point.

Down at the boat house John was waiting in the skiff. Everything seemed to be there—guns, ammunition boxes, lunch kettle, my oil clothes—while from a little coop under one of the thwarts came the low chuckle of a live duck or two to be tied out with the wooden decoys.

The mast was stepped and we pushed out from the little dock, the wind caught the sail, the boat heeled over and began to glide swiftly along, with a pleasant ripple of water under the bow and a stronger gurgle under the stern. We had gone but a very short distance when the whir of wings and a splashing on the water warned us that we had disturbed some ducks, and a little later vociferous quacking above the marsh which we were skirting told of black ducks frightened from their reedy resting places. Now and then as we passed close to some point of land, the boat's way was checked for a moment as the tall growth of canes cut off the wind and the vessel resumeed an even keel, while the sail for a moment shook in the still air. Again, when the point was passed and the breeze was felt once more, the skiff heeled over and darted forward like a good horse touched with the spur.

Already the sky was beginning to grow light in the east when we heard before us the clear, trumpet-like calls of geese talking to one another, and a moment later the louder tones and the splashing of water, which warned us that the birds had taken wing. In an instant the air resounded with their clamor, and now we could see them against the sky before, above us, and on either hand—some of them almost within oar's length of us. Still the guns remained in their cases and still I smoked my pipe, while John still tended sheet and tiller, for the law of North Carolina provides that birds shall not be shot except after sunrise and before sunset, and we respect the law.

Soon the geese are gone, and now we can see against the sky long lines and wedges of canvasbacks and redheads winging their flight north or south to the feeding grounds, which pleases them best, while through the quivering air falls the ringing whistle of a thousand wings.

Such are the sights and such the sounds that meet us under the breaking day as we cross the Sound and enter a quieter bay, where the boat's prow touches the marsh and we have reached our ducking point.

The Land and Its People.

We had been sailing over the waters of Currituck Sound, from which the low sandy shore runs inland on a dead level for many miles. Much of this land is forest-covered, chiefly with tall trees of the Southern pine, whose straight, clean stems stand close together, often without any undergrowth, and remind one somewhat of the forests of the Northwest coast, if such small things may be compared with great. Here and there the land has been cleared and the stumps rooted out, the fields for a few years plowed and sown with corn or cotton or sweet potatoes, and then their cultivation abandoned when new growths of seeding pines spring up, and after a while the old fields start new forests again.

Most of the inhabitants of this country are to day small landholders—farmers during the summer and fishermen and gunners in winter. They are a kindly, well-disposed people, truly Southern in the deliberateness of their actions, in their courtesy and in their hospitality. Many of the most intelligent and well-to-do of them barely know how to read and write. Although the winter weather here is often very cold, the houses are not built for cold weather, the chimneys are on the outside of the house, and the edifice itself is perched on stilts above the ground; either piers of brick or sections of thick pine logs supporting the timbers of the frame. At intervals of a few miles at the edge of the road may be seen standing in the pine forest churches at which the people gather on Sunday, for they are most of them regular attendants at church, this being the only form of entertainment and diversion which they have.

In the corner of some lot along the road near each farm that one passes may be noticed tiny shingled pent roofs, 6 or 8ft. long and half as broad, standing a foot above the ground and supported at each corner by a post. For several years, as I passed through the country, I speculated as to what these might be.

These roofs are shelters built over the graves of the dead, and there is surely a deep pathos in this custom of protecting from beating rain and drifting snow the last resting places of the forms of those whom we love so well. Many a mourning mother in her comfortable home, her heart rent with the anguish of recent bereavement, has suffered an added pang, as the storm beat upon the house, at the thought that the dear form which she has so often held in her arms lies in a grave out of doors exposed to all the fury of the tempest. It is a sweet thought in these simple North Carolinans to erect these shelters over the dear ones who have left them.

Some of these roofs are new, some are now gray and weathered, and others still have fallen to decay and lie in little heaps upon the ground. The generation by which they were erected has passed away. There are left now no loving hands to tend these old time graves. Even the names of the dead are only vague memories or have been forgotten.

The dwellers on these little farms make fair livings from their produce, which they ship by rail or by steamer to a market; or if by chance their crops fail, they turn to the waters of the sound to supply them with food or with money. For his canvasback ducks the gunner receives $2 per pair, and the common duck and the fish find a ready market in a little city only forty miles away, which is reached by water transportation. So really the Sound is the people's salvation, and to-day, just as it did centuries before the white man's foot touched this continent, it supports those who dwell along its shores.

These men, between the gathering of their crops in early autumn and the preparing of their land in early spring, spend much of their lives on the Sound; so they are good boatmen and, as a rule, know all the sloughs, leads and channels in these waters. Many of them are good shots and from bush blinds and batteries kill, first and last, a great many ducks. They are also fond of hunting on the shore, chiefly with the aid of hounds, and sometimes follow the fox or drive the deer through lines of waiting men. They are a kindly people and easy to get along with, the worst faults of the worst of them being drunkenness and a failure to respect the game laws.

Of course, there is a large negro population here, though it is said to be only 25 per cent. of the whole for Currituck county. As a rule, the negroes have made very little progress since the war. They still fail to appreciate the necessity of economy and the saving of money; and eat, drink and wear all that they earn. The number of negroes who have accumulated property and become landholders in the county is very small.

The Waters.

Currituck Sound is a long and shallow lagoon two or three miles wide, separated from the ocean by a narrow sand beach. The Sound is bordered by low marshes, in which are many shallow ponds, leads, and creeks, and is dotted with islands, also low. All this low marsh land supports a growth of tall cane, which in summer is bright green, turning yellow in the autumn.

In ancient times—there are men still living who can remember it—the water had nearby connection with the sea. There were inlets through the sand beach and the tide ebbed and flowed through these channels. Beds of oysters, clams and scallops flourished here, and even now the boatman who is unfamiliar with the channels may sometimes run aground on the old shell banks whose life has long departed.

Still longer ago the primitive dwellers on this coast drew a fat living of shellfish from the waters, and to-day at many points on the marshes of the mainland may be found heaps of shells which represent spoils gathered from the waters and carried to the camps, where the shells were thrown away after their contents had been extracted. Perhaps investigation of these shell heaps—true kitchen middens—might yield implements of this primitive time which would be of real interest.

Tying Out.

The skiff's nose struck the soft marsh and Gunner sprang joyfully ashore, while the sail slatted furiously in the breeze. Then John ran forward, unshipped the sprit, rolled up the sail against the mast, and unstepping this and raising it on his shoulder, jumped ashore and carried it into the cane out of sight and left it there. I handed out on to the marsh the different articles needed in the blind, until at length nothing was left in the skiff except her furniture and the decoys. Then we carried the things up back of where the blind was to be made, and while I began to arrange matters there John returned to the skiff and pushed it off to put out his decoys.

These were piled in the skiff on either side of the centerboard trunk, and there were perhaps in all seventy-five of them The lines by which their weights were attached were 10ft. long. Using his pushing oar, John moved his boat about 20yds. from the point, and then, thrusting the oar down into the mud, tied his painter to it by a close hitch, and picking up the decoys began to throw them overboard. He rapidly unwound the line from each, and then holding decoy in one hand and the line about 2 or 3ft. above the weight in the other, he tossed them in all directions about the boat. It seemed to be very quickly and carelessly done—but there was no lack of care in it. When all that were needed had been thrown out it was seen that the head decoys were well up to windward of the blind, while the others were strung along from them to leeward, so that the last of the decoys were just a little to leeward of the blind. About opposite the windward decoys, but a little inside—toward the marsh—from them, were put the three wooden goose decoys. The finishing touch was to set out the live decoys—three in number, two ducks and a drake. For each live decoy there is a "stool," which consists of a sharpened stick 2½ft. long, surmounted by a circular or oval piece of board 6in across. Fastened to the stick which supports this board is a leather line 3ft. long and terminating in two loops, which are slipped over the duck's two feet and drawn tight so that the bird cannot get away, yet not so tight as to press unduly on the flesh.

Pushing his boat up to the head of the decoys and fastening it as before, John pressed the point of one of the duck stools into the mud until the little table on which the bird was to stand was 2in. below the water's surface. Then opening the coop, he took out the drake, passed its legs through the loops, drew them close and put the bird in the water. It flapped away from the boat with frightened quackings, but recovering at once, began to bathe and to dabble in the water. The boat was now pushed to the tail of the decoys, and the two ducks put out there. Then John pushed the skiff along the marsh, hid it behind a little point, and soon was heard coming crashing through the cane toward the blind.

Meantime I had not been idle. I had brought everything to the blind, had set up in the ground the four forked sticks which were to support the two guns, had taken off the gun covers, opened the ammunition box, loaded one gun with duck cartridges and one with those for geese, had fixed the chairs, had broken an armful of cane and begun to repair the blind. In a short time, with John's assistance, the work was all done and I was standing in the blind waiting for the birds to come.

This, then, was the condition of things: The wind was northeast and I was facing south. The leading decoys were a little south of east of the blind, and the tail ones about south. Any birds coming from east, south or west would swing out in front of me and lead up over the decoys, and I ought to shoot at them just as they were passing over the tail decoys. My two guns, loaded and cocked, lay across their rests, muzzles to the left. Behind me was my chair, into which I would crouch if birds appeared. My clothing was yellowish gray, harmonizing well with the surrounding vegetation. The top of the cane which formed the blind was broken off about breast high, so as not to interfere with the shooting.

As we approached the point in the morning we had disturbed a flock of 200 or 300 ducks and a small flock of geese, which had flown away unharmed to other feeding places. These birds we confidently expected would come back a little later, and now we began to watch for them with all our eyes. For a time, however, nothing came, and I studied the actions of the live decoys. These were having a very good time washing themselves, preening their feathers, and occasionally tipping up to feed on the bottom. After a while one and another of them swam up to its "stool" and clambered on it, standing there and arranging its feathers. From time to time the drake would call to the ducks and they would answer him, and when a buzzard or a blackbird passed over the water all three would call earnestly.

COUPLES.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MOOSE HUNT IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

FOR the history and geography of New Brunswick I must refer you to the books, but if you are interested in big-game hunting I think that the following tale (a true one) will interest you:

Three years ago I killed a bull moose way down in Maine, and I thought then that I should not care for any more moose hunting nights for many years to come; for in order to get him I spent many a long, dreary, cold night calling, cramped up in the prow of my birch-bark canoe, which I had entered before sunset and never once leaving it until after sunrise. Toward dawn sometimes it was an open question which I most desired to see: the sun rise and a cup of hot coffee or a bull moose.

But in spite of former hardships and privations the hunting fever came on again this fall, and on Sept. 10 I packed my traps and left for the wilds of New Brunswick to try new hunting grounds and to see if I could not break the record; for I had heard that there were monster moose up in that unknown wilderness.

I left St John, N. B., via the Intercolonial Railroad, which is advertised as "the fast line," in irony I suppose. After several hours' ride I got off at a little station, hired a team and drove twenty miles to the last settler's house, where I hired another team and drove some twenty miles more, still further from civilization, over an execrable road, so dangerous and so rough that I was often reminded of my latter end. At last we came to a river, and were glad at the prospect of a change in our mode of travel, though it did not prove to be any easier. We loaded all of our stuff into a couple of *pirogues* or dugouts, which were 28 and 30ft. long, and spent the better part of two days wading, poling, hauling (and I was about to add swearing, but that would not be true). With a little less water that so-called river would have made a very good road; yet in places it was deep, rocky and rapid enough, as we found out to our sorrow when one of our dugouts got capsized and we were obliged to plunge into the cold stream to save our clothing and provisions as best we could. The river was so full of trout, grilse and salmon that they fairly jostled each other, and I mourned over the fact that it was the close season and that I did not have my fly-rod. At the point where we left the river we pitched a shelter tent and stored some of our provisions, for we had more than we could carry in one trip. When the guide returned to get the things he found that bears had torn down the tent, eaten our pork, and had gone off with a jug of molasses and a stiff hat. After we left the river we made a long, hard day's carry of about ten miles, and pitched our tent at last, just at dark, in a balsam grove in the very heart of that vast, wild and unbroken wilderness, through whose trackless wilds the southwest and northwest branches of that splendid salmon river, the Miramichi, flows. We named our camp Camp Indian Devil, in honor of a mysterious lake by that name which was supposed to be within a few miles of where we were camping. This lake had never been seen by but one sportsman.

Early the next morning Arthur, my guide, and I struck out to look for moose signs and to select a good calling place from which to call moose some night. Unlike Maine, all the moose calling in N. B. is done on the land, and on that account is both more exciting and more dangerous. For if the enraged or wounded brute should charge upon you and you could not drop him before he reached you, it would probably be your last moose hunt, save in the "happy hunting grounds." But if in a canoe, and a moose should charge, you could easily slip away. I doubt if there is an Indian moose caller in the State of Maine who could be hired to call moose at night from the land, even if he were allowed to carry a rifle. My guide called many a night without a rifle. Toward the middle of the afternoon we found fresh tracks headed toward Lake Indian Devil, but as it was getting late and we had to find our way back to camp as best we could, for there was no trail through the woods, we decided to return to camp and to try again the next day to find the lake, and to come prepared for calling and to stay out all night.

The next morning gave every promise of a splendid night. The moon was at its full, and all signs pointed to a bright moonlight night, clear, cold and still, just the night for calling.

After taking a "bite," or "grabbing a root," as they say out in the Rockies, we began to get ready for the tramp and for an all-night call at the lake.

Since I had done a little pardonable bragging about my game hunting out in the Rockies, my guide took it for granted that I could tramp, carry a pack, rough it, and

sleep out nights (or try to) just as well as he could. And of course after what I had said I was obliged to keep up my end. We rolled up our blankets, putting in them some "grub" for a couple of meals and a small tin pail in which to 'bile tea." Arthur slung on his pack, took his axe and started. Putting my pack on one shoulder and slinging my Winchester rifle (.45 90, model '93) on the other, I followed. We struck right out through the woods without any trail in a southwesterly course, following our compass and the sun, all the while keeping our eye peeled for a large, smooth-barked, white birch tree (which were as scarce as moose) from which to make a horn to call with. We succeeded in finding one, though it took us out of our course and used up precious time. After making and trying the horn, we consulted our compass and hastened along as fast as we could, for we wanted to reach the lake a couple of hours before dark in order to select a calling place, study the wind and allow time for our scent to die out. As we were going through some thick underbrush I snagged a big hole in the bottom of my rubber boot, which was hard luck, for we had to cross a wet bog and to ford a stream, and the water felt as if it had just come from a glacier. Changing our course slightly toward the east, we left the woods and came out into a marsh, which grew more and more wet as we proceeded, and the trees smaller. We felt sure from these signs that we must be nearing the long-looked-for lake. It was almost dark and we had no time to spare. "There it is!" said Arthur, pointing through a small clump of pines to the right. I looked and got my first glimpse of Lake Indian Devil. It is a beautiful sheet of water, about one mile long by one-half wide, and in the shape of a pair of spectacles. It is entirely surrounded by heavy timber, except at the narrow neck of land from which we approached it. This neck of land led to or ended in what was really an island, and was marshy and dotted over with pine trees and bunches of hardhack.

We proceeded carefully lest we should scare any game which might be in sight on the shores of the lake. It was now past sundown. The full moon was just rising over the tops of the trees. It was clear, not a cloud in the sky, frosty and almost a dead calm. We were stealing along, speaking only in whispers, keeping out of sight as much as possible, and trying to reach the island, thinking that would be a good place from which to call; for it commanded a pretty good view in two directions, and the wind would be in our favor. We had almost reached the island, when we were startled by a peculiar noise just off to our right. We both stopped and listened. "There it is again!" whispered Arthur; "it's a moose." We realized we could get no further, and it was hardly safe to move; but we managed to creep on our hands and knees just a few feet and crouched behind a little bunch of hardhacks. Just as we got there we heard a tremendous splashing in the lake not over 200yds. off, and we listened almost breathlessly to one of the most ferocious battles between two mad bull moose which was ever fought by those huge and powerful brutes—the largest which roam on this continent. The uproar and confusion made by those two infuriated bull moose—those monarchs of the forest—was something terrific, appalling, never to be forgotten. It was a battle apparently to the death. As the bulls rushed together to lock their great antlers the splashing of the water and clashing of their horns could be heard for miles on that still, moonlight night. Oh, what would I have given to be nearer! At last one was driven off or killed, and all was deathly still again.

We waited a while and gave a low call; no answer. Then A. drew the horn through the hardhacks, making a sound similar to that which the moose makes with his antlers. Evidently the victor thought he heard another or a fresh challenge, for immediately he gave a grunt and started toward us. Then the excitement commenced again. He came straight on, grunting. I dropped on one knee to keep out of sight and to take steady aim. When he got to the edge of the woods, about 150yds. off, he stopped to listen and to peer out into the opening. Then he started off as if to circle us, when A. gave a low call. He turned and came grunting out into the clearing, but too far off for a shot at night. He stood there fully three minutes (I thought it was three hours) and never made a sound or move except to swing his great head from side to side. We expected to see a big one, but this fellow surprised us. He was immense. He really looked bigger than an elephant. It was a grand sight, those great antlers shining in the moonlight. I kept my rifle on him all the time, admiring him, hoping he would come nearer, and yet fearing I might not get him. We were afraid to change our cramped positions in the least, although I had one knee on the ground. That lump would come in our throats and we could hear each other breathe.

The tension of the muscles holding the rifle so long in that position and the excitement of the mind became painful, so that it was a positive relief when the moose moved back into the woods out of sight, and gave us a chance to change our positions a little But he was no sooner out of sight than I wished I had fired and taken my chance. I feared I should not see him again, and we both agreed that he was the biggest fellow in the woods. We could still hear him grunting as he stalked through the timber. Arthur broke a couple of dry sticks and rasped the horn on the bushes.

Immediately the moose gave a loud, savage grunt, and started for us. He was ready now for another fight, for he came faster and grunted louder. A. crouched on the ground and I dropped on one knee again with my rifle to my shoulder, determined to fire this time if he came in sight again. On he came, nearer and nearer, grunting and taking great strides. He was mad clear through, and evidently intended to make a charge upon us this time. The excitement was intense as we waited and listened and watched in the direction from which the bull moose was coming with all our ears and eyes. As he broke out of the woods he looked bigger than ever, perhaps because he was so mad and full of fight

On he came. I was in for it now, and must either get his pelt or he would have mine There was no shelter or tree to climb, and we had but one rifle. When within 50yds. he angled off a little, and fearing he might scent me I fired. He stopped and looked straight at me, as if undecided whether to charge on me or not. As he stood there his great antlers cast his body in a shadow. I fired three times more as quickly as possible. At that he turned and started for the woods. I jumped to my feet, and gave him two more shots before he got out of sight. I felt sure I had given him a death shot, or he wouldn't have stopped in his mad charge, though firing at night at that distance is uncertain. I expected to see him drop every minute, and when he disappeared in the woods I was terribly disappointed. I feared I had lost the biggest moose of the forest.

Soon after I thought I heard him breathing hard, and I whispered to Arthur, "He's my moose." We decided it was best not to try to follow him until daylight, for it would have been impossible in the dark woods, besides it was best to let him lie down and get stiff from his wounds.

We went onto the island, which was heavily timbered, groped our way about at midnight, built a fire, thawed out, "b'iled more tea," rolled up in our blankets and lay down on the ground beneath the big trees, and tried to get a little sleep.

I lay awake a long while watching the shadows in the woods made by the moon, the blue sky and the stars as they peeped down at me through the tall trees. At intervals all through the night the stillness was broken by a beaver striking his tail in the water. It sounded like a clap of thunder. At last I fell asleep thinking of Indian devils and wondering if I should find my moose in the morning. As soon as it was daybreak we started. We soon found the trail—as we supposed—but no blood, which was a bad sign. We followed the trail round onto the other side of the lake, and there in the water about 100ft. from shore lay my moose, a portion of his body and one antler showing out of water. We threw up our hats, shouted and danced, two of the happiest and proudest hunters you ever saw. After we had shook hands and danced again the serious question arose as to how we were to get those great antlers and scalp which were way out there so far from shore and in 4ft. of cold water. We made a raft, and by using it and wading we succeeded in getting our prize to the edge of the lake, where we soon took off his scalp and antlers. We were not mistaken about his great size. I found that I had put three bullets into him, two of which were dead shots. How he managed to go as far as he did was a mystery.

We had a lug, but finally succeeded in landing our prize in camp, where we had another jollification. You ought to have seen the boys' eyes stick out. They one and all agreed that it was not only one of the very largest, but also the finest moose head ever shot in New Brunswick. As I remember the measurements, the antlers had a spread of over 4½ft., width of blades 12 to 13in., and nineteen or twenty points. Both antlers were perfect and well notched. The blades were finely curved. According to New Brunswick custom, since I had killed a bull moose to the call at night, I must sing a song, which I did with great gusto amid shouts of applause. Since both the words and tune were original, I will spare your patience, fearing that I have taxed it too much already.

I also shot another moose and three caribou, but as Kipling or some one else says, that is another story.

Col. C A. Hopkins and E. B. Holmes, Esq., of Brookline, Mass., were with me. My guide was Mr. Arthur Pringle, of Stanley, N. B., who is one of the best moose callers and all-round guides in all New Brunswick.

To the ambitious hunter who seeks fresh and practically unlimited and unknown hunting grounds, big moose and big caribou, I recommend the New Brunswick wilderness, although difficult of access. Hoping you will brave the hardships and be rewarded as I was, I remain yours truly,

E. A. SLACK.

BROOKLINE, Mass., Dec. 1, 1896.

MAINE GAME LAW VAGARIES.

BOSTON, March 6.—One of the most peculiar pieces of game protective legislation asked for at Augusta, Me., this winter is a law to prevent the trapping of foxes. The promulgators of the measure are the lovers of fox hunting with hounds, and there are a great many of them in that State. The measure is reported to have originated with the fox hunters of Lewiston, Auburn and Buckfield. In these cities and that town are some of the finest strains of the foxhound to be found in the country. The lovers of following them declare that under the present practice of trapping foxes are rapidly becoming extinct. One petition from Lewiston and Auburn alone has over 1,000 signers, praying that the trapping of foxes be prohibited by statute. The measure will be bitterly opposed by the farmers outside of the cities, who are also generally poultry raisers. They have always regarded foxes as "varmints" of the worst kind, and have welcomed any method of destruction that promised to lessen their numbers. There are many trappers of foxes, themselves farmers, living in the sparsely settled and mountainous districts. Some of these trappers secure large numbers of foxes every season, disposing of their furs in the spring. There are numerous records of trappers taking forty, fifty, and even up to seventy-five and eighty foxes in a season. The hounders look with displeasure on such trapping, especially when going over the same ground with their dogs and not being able to start a single fox. Hence the bill to prevent trapping. The bill is being urged by the officers of the various fur clubs at Brunswick, Buckfield and other towns.

The guide bill is being more and more opposed. It seems that the guides are really awakening to the features of the measure, and are more and more opposed to it. One sensible guide, writing from Andover, Me., says that he is opposed to having to take out a license, and can see no more reason why he should be obliged to do so than to cut wood or haul logs. He says he is willing to obey the game laws, but is opposed to being registered or to being obliged to make out returns concerning the parties he guides and the sections he visits; says that the recording of the fish caught and the game taken would be giving the "whole thing away" for some other party to run over. He pronounces the whole measure the worst kind of a farce. As for wearing a badge, he says he wants nothing of the kind. If the commissioners insist on his wearing it he will wear it inside his bootleg. As for the guides making out returns, he says that not many of them are capable of doing so. He mentions an instance of a horse trade of his own with a fellow guide, who wrote him a letter. It was as follows: "Der Sur: mi hos ast $10025; yu hav hem fur that." He was able to English the letter; the guide wanted $125 for the horse, but considering this too much he sent $100 and got the animal.

But the guide license bill is really in a bad way, according to the latest reports. It has been before the Committee on Fisheries and Game three times. The last time it comes out shorn of the badge; with the compulsory registration made optional, though the Commission reserves the right to register any guides. It is also deprived of the clause calling for returns. Alas, for Mr. Carlton's great measure, if it must go through the Legislature in this way! The latest reports are that it is again tabled in the House.

Still the legislative cranks never give up. A lawyer, who ought to know better, has just introduced into the Maine House of Representatives a bill which proposes to make bicyclists take out a license in that State, in order to have the same rights as other people on the streets. No bicycle shall enter upon any road or highway without first having been licensed at an annual cost of $1. Ten cents of this money is to go to the town clerk and the balance to be used in repairing the highways and in keeping them in order. Why not make wheelbarrows pay a license fee? Then there are carts and drays; why should they go untaxed?

Another lawyer proposes to stop Sunday fishing. It has long been a peculiar feature of the Maine fish and game regulations that Sunday is a close time on shooting and hunting, but nothing is said about fishing. The lawyer's new bill proposes to make Sunday a close time on all fishing. This bill may pass, but the peculiar feature of it will be that no attention will be paid to it, unless in case of peculiar spite or desire to injure. Commissioner Carlton is also out with the following proposition: "Whoever on the Lord's Day fires or discharges any rifle, shotgun, pistol or other firearm, except as an act of necessity, shall be punished by a fine of $10 and costs of prosecution for each offense."

But the Seventh-Day Adventists are after this measure. They appeared at the hearing with considerable aggression. Two of them—one an elder and the other a layman—appeared with Bibles in their hands and cited holy writ to Mr. Carlton. It is reported that the bright Kennebec lawyer and fish and game commissioner, who is also a student of holy writ himself, found rather more than his match. The crowd which gathered at the hearing is said to have been decidedly entertained. The committee voted to report the bill, but with an amendment that it shall apply to cities and large towns only, lest it should be made illegal to fire a gun in the backwoods of Maine on Sunday.

SPECIAL.

IN UNHAPPY CUBA.

HAVANA, Cuba, Feb. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is a long time since I have written a line to FOREST AND STREAM, though my interest in it and the wholesome sports which it advocates and represents has not lessened. It is a long time, too, since I have fired a gun at game of any kind, and the pleasure I now have with rod and gun is one of memory only—a memory associated with a past time, when peace reigned throughout this beautiful and fertile island, and every one sought happiness and prosperity in such ways as best pleased him. But the present unhappy condition of Cuba, where life and property have undergone such wholesale destruction that desolation, grief and fear reign supreme, saddens the heart and destroys any zest for pleasure. Our domestic deer and quail are therefore little hunted now.

For many months there has been such a condition of affairs, one so sad that the inclination for sport with the gun is deadened, and so serious that one could not actually engage in sport even if so inclined. The horrors of war are visible everywhere. In a large part of the island, where once were peace and a flourishing people in a fertile land, there are now sugar and tobacco plantations laid waste and deserted, families scattered or partly lost, costly machinery destroyed or rusting into worthlessness, homes and buildings pillaged and given to the flames, and the cattle driven away or destroyed. And the destruction is constant and goes steadily on. It is now but a large fighting ground, with all the horrors and losses which come from war.

In the great war between the States the center of active warfare was so far removed from the people at large, and confined to such a small area as compared with the whole dominion, that the people witnessed but little of the active horrors of war. Most of them knew of war only as they read of it. Here we know of war as something at our very doors.

So it is that snipe and ducks can come here to rest at the end of their winter migrations with a safety unknown to them in times of peace. The favorite haunts of the migratory birds, hence a favorite shooting ground of those who used the shotgun, have lost their glories in the greater glories and greater griefs of present war.

Our winters are so mild and balmy that those from the States who spent their winter months here must now suffer a loss by being forced to remain at home. The range of the thermometer between November and March is from 70° to 80° Fahr., with an occasional though rare drop to 60°.

In reply to your inquiry concerning license, the following is a summary of the matter:

Our privileges in the legal use of firearms were subject to many restrictions, these requiring the payment of a tax which added materially to the revenues of the Government, and consequently served indirectly to protect the game. There were six classes of license: one for the use of all kinds of arms not otherwise prohibited, one for the use of firearms for the defense of rural property, one for the use of a pistol or revolver for personal defense outside of cities or villages, one for the use of pistol or revolver for personal defense inside of cities or villages, one for the carrying of a fowling piece and to use it, and one for fishing in rivers, lagoons, tanks and pools. Those concerning pistols and revolvers are restricted to the use of Spaniards, while those concerning the carrying of fowling pieces and fishing are free to all, though an honorarium in the form of a piece of gold may add greatly in reducing any possible friction. All licenses may be revoked at any time. The license fee permitting the carrying of a gun is $11 in gold, and for the privilege of shooting quail or deer on sight a second license must be secured at a cost of $11, making a total of $22 for the year. The shooter must secure a written permit of the landowner on whose land he desires to shoot, or must be accompanied by some one who has such permit.

Perhaps there may be a hope that in the near future the guns of war may be put by to rest, and the shotgun, whose use brings health and pleasure, may then again become the favorite weapon.

SPORTSMAN.

"The Great West."

A NOTE from Mr. Frank Henry Howe, a son of the author of the book "The Great West," tells us: "The book had a sale of more than 100,000 copies instead of 40,000. The author was the son of Gen. Hezekiah Howe, who published the first edition of Webster's Dictionary at New Haven, Conn.; and the first introduction to literature of Henry Howe was the carrying of the proof sheets of Webster's Dictionary from his father's printing office to the home of Noah Webster. Henry Howe died at Columbus, Ohio, in 1893, at the age of seventy-eight. In Appleton's 'Biographical Cyclopedia' can be found a sketch of his life; but a more complete sketch, with reminiscences of Henry Howe, can be found in the back part of the first volume of 'Historical Collections of Ohio,' which can be seen in the Chicago Public Library."

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The "Black Duck."

In regard to recent mention of the black duck breeding grounds, made in these columns by Mr. W. B Wells, of Chatham, Ontario, and Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Winnipeg, Mr. Geo A. Boardman, of Calais, Me , writes me as below: "In the last FOREST AND STREAM I see your remarks about what is called in the West the black duck. What the shooters in Minnesota call the black duck is our scaup duck (*Fulis marila*), called also here blackhead, also bluebill. Our Eastern black duck is only accidental in the West. I have been several seasons in Minnesota and one of the old duck shooters on the Minnesota bottoms shot one of our real black ducks, the first one he ever saw. I told him the name and got it mounted for him as a curiosity. This scaup duck is very plenty there and is a diving duck, not very good eating, and I have always heard them called in the West black ducks. They are of two sizes, same color, and I can see no difference, only size."

In this part of the West and in Minnesota and other sections I have often heard the bluebill called the "blackhead," "blackie" or "black jack," but never the black duck, which I fancy is locally restricted in this country. We never heard it called the scaup in this part of the West. Mr. Boardman speaks of its "two sizes." I think he will find the smaller duck called also the ringbill, and a clear distinction is made between the two in the shooting of this part of the country. I have never heard the real black duck or dusky duck called by that name in this part of the West, but it is commonly called the "black mallard," more rarely the dusky duck. In Ontario it is called black duck and mallards are called "gray duck."

Speaking of Mr. Boardman's "smaller" bluebills, I think if he had the two together he might see a difference in the marking on the bills between the ringbills and the bluebills. At first look the birds are exactly alike except, as he says, in regard to size. I speak now only from memory, not having the bird at hand for examination.

Mr. John G. Smith, of Algona, Ia., writes as below to add his quota to the black duck fund of information:

"I was very much interested in your 'black duck' article of Feb. 20. In my younger days I killed quite a good many black ducks on the meadows near Boston and on Cape Cod. I had a lot of live decoy ducks, which were quite well trained to call, and I always found the black ducks quite easy to decoy.

"I have seen three black ducks killed in northwest Iowa. In 1872 Hon. Perry Belmont killed one that came to a wheat field with a lot of mallards. When I picked up the ducks I was very much surprised, as I did not think they ever came West. That same fall my brother shot one that was with two mallards near Buffalo Fork, in this county. Some years after my brother and I were coming down the Des Moines River in a boat and he shot one that was with three or four mallards; two of these were drakes and one a duck. Their habits are very much the same as those of a mallard They have the same 'quack,' and their movements are alike. I have never known any to breed here.

"The velvet scoter (*Oidemia fusca*) is often killed in northwestern Iowa. They fly with the canvasbacks. I have never seen over two in a flock of canvasbacks, and think they must be strays. Their flight is a little different from the canvasback, and I have always found them in poor condition. When I am shooting and notice a strange duck in a flock I always try to kill it, and have let many a fine canvasback slip by while trying to shoot the stranger."

The Sixth Sense.

Some very interesting speculations are at times indulged in upon the question of a "sixth sense" in some of the lower animals, more especially the dog. Not a few philosophers say that in mankind this additional faculty is dormant, and will yet be evolved to the dignity of a separate sense. Allied herewith are all the separate questions of mind reading, telepathy, thought propulsion, etc., etc., which are things but barely dreamed of in our philosophy to-day.

The other evening down at the Calumet Heights Club a few of us fell to talking of these things, and the conversation took the form of relating such incidents as came to the mind of those present of evidence of a "sixth sense" in the dog, or some ill understood faculty by which that animal did things which would appear impossible did it rely entirely upon the recognized senses of touch, taste, sight, hearing and smell. One gentleman spoke of the case of a North Side butcher who owned a dog in partnership with a brother. The latter went to Joplin, Mo., and the dog was sent with him. Some weeks afterward the dog disappeared from the Missouri town, and after a time appeared at its accustomed haunts on the North Side in Chicago. He was gaunt and worn, but apparently glad to get back home. No one has ever been able to tell how he got there or how long it took him to make the trip. How he knew which way to travel is the question which bothers his owner.

I recalled the case of a friend of mine, a Mr. W. V. Smith, who lives out on Washington Boulevard, near Fortieth street, this city. Mr. Smith had a dog which did not please him, and he wished to get rid of it, the affection of the creature extending to personalities such as jumping upon a new pair of trousers with his muddy feet, etc., etc. Mr. Smith did not wish to kill the dog, and so resolved upon the less humane idea of turning it loose in the down town streets of the city. The dog had never been down town before, and Mr. Smith took him in on the Wisconsin Central steam cars. He turned him out into the cold world near the Board of Trade, and thought that he had at last solved the question of getting rid of the dog. That night when he went home the same dog greeted him at the front doorstep and planted a pair of muddy but affectionate front feet on Mr. Smith's trousers. I am glad to say that his owner gave it up then and there, and never tried again to lose the dog. The latter lived the remainder of his life in the family and died there of old age not long ago.

Yet another gentleman spoke of a dog which belonged to a member of the Calumet Heights Club, who lived at Blue Island. The latter place is a suburb of Chicago, some fifteen miles out on the Rock Island road. The dog was raised there, and had never been down town. The Calumet Heights Club is on the B. & O road, some thirty miles from Chicago, and perhaps nearly that far in a different direction from Blue Island. One day this gentleman took the dog into the city with him, as he was intending to go on out from the city to the club, and wanted to take the dog down to the club to leave him there for a time. At about dusk he arrived at the club, *via* Chicago, with the dog, and soon was comfortably engaged in having a good time, forgetting for a time that his dog was more of a stranger there than he was himself The dog came to the club house door once or twice before midnight and whined to be let in, but was repulsed and rebuked. Nothing more was heard of him at the time, and in the morning his owner could not find him. He left instructions for the dog to be tied up if found, and was forced to go on home without any word of his missing animal. When he got home to Blue Island he found the dog there ahead of him. There had been no possibility that the dog could know the way either to the city, to the club, or from the club to his home at Blue Island. It was a mystery how he knew which way to go, yet he did know.

Still another gentleman, Mr. L. J. Marks, who took part in the conversation, related a story quite as strange as the above. Mr. Marks said that some years ago he and Mr. Alex Loyd were engaged together one evening in an attempt to do some excavating about an old boat which had been wrecked on the beach about a mile or so from the club house. When they went out to their work they were accompanied by several of the dogs about the club house, among these two dogs belonging to Mr. Sam Booth, one of the club members. They dug away for an hour or so at the boat, which was half buried in the sand, and in the meantime the dogs busied themselves by romping and playing around in the sand. While this was going on it came time for the arrival of the railway train at the club station, which was something like a mile or more across the sand hills from where they were. The men heard the whistle of the engine presently, and in a few moments one said to the other: "It is just about time for the club wagon to be starting over from the station to the house." A moment or so after this all the dogs started off down the beach toward the club house on a stiff run. About a hundred yards or so from the place where the men were working three of the other dogs turned back and came back to the boat, and made no attempt to go on with the other two, which continued on a run to the house. These two dogs were those belonging to Mr. Booth. Before they started for the house they had both stopped, thrown up their heads and looked off over the hills toward the wagon road, which it was, of course, impossible for them to see in any part from that spot, and which was over a mile distant. Then, as though they had received word or heard a direct call, they started on the run and left their companions, who seemed to understand all about it. When they so started off Alex Loyd remarked quietly, "Don't you see, Sam Booth's on that train, and he's coming over in the wagon now." And this indeed proved to be the truth. Yet there was not any regularity whatever in Mr. Booth's visits to the club, and he never came oftener than once a week. No one knew he was coming that evening. Both Mr. Marks and Mr. Loyd agreed that the dogs must have smelled him and recognized the scent; or if that were impossible, that they must have known of his presence by some faculty unknown or unrecognized by man.

When Mr. Loyd and Mr. Marks made known their facts as above at the club house, there was some discussion over the matter, and all agreed that it would have been out of the question for the dogs to scent any human or other being at that distance. "I don't know about that," said the club keeper, who lives at the club the year round and who has charge of the dogs left there by members of the club. "I'm ready," he continued, "to believe even more than that. You know that we are not so very far from the city here, and once in a while some of the tougher elements of the city wander down in this direction. It is not unknown that a prize fight now and then is held in this wild country, near Whiting, Millers or some of these little way stations out of the ken of the city or county authorities. I remember that not long ago one morning all the dogs about this club house ran down on the beach, and all headed up the beach, standing there and barking like mad for two or three hours, their hair standing up on their backs and every motion showing them to be much excited over something, though they did not make any effort to leave their place or to run off after anything. I learned on the following day that a party of these prize-fighting toughs had come down by boat and had landed on the beach for their little entertainment early in the morning. This was at a point between four and five miles away; yet I know that those dogs smelled the men or knew about their being there through some channel of information other than that of scent. Of course it sounds unlikely, but these are just the facts."

This sort of thing sounds a bit uncanny to our ears now. To the ears of folk following us a distance of a century or so in time they may not seem so strange. A few centuries ago they burned dogs as witches sometimes because they did not understand dogs. We do not yet understand all about them, though we have ceased to burn them for what we do not understand.

Wisconsin Game.

Feb 13.—Mr. Val Raeth, business manager of the *Wisconsin Vorwärts*, of Milwaukee, Wis., has a long article in the columns of the Milwaukee *Sentinel* this week upon the subject of game protection in Wisconsin. Mr. Raeth thinks that the growing demand upon the State game requires immediate action if the game of the State is to be preserved in any considerable quantity. He is in favor of a State and non-resident license, laid for the purpose of raising a warden fund, all wardens to be paid salaries. He is not in favor of selling any game at all. In many of his positions he is sound, as for instance in his views as to the amount of game any one person should be allowed to kill or take from the State; but in his notion about spring shooting he takes up the fallacious tenet now prevalent in Wisconsin, that Wisconsin ought not to forbid spring shooting until Illinois does. This interstate watchfulness and jealousy is quite different from the idea of uniform game laws between the States, and is far less worthy. In the matter of non-resident hunting, more especially for deer, Mr. Raeth quotes FOREST AND STREAM as to numbers of deer hunters who visited the State last fall, and is of the opinion that between 5,000 and 6,000 deer hunters were out in Wisconsin the past season after deer, "and their number would have been increased to 7,000 had our Supreme Court not spoiled the game." He complains that non-resident hunters do not observe the State laws, but openly violate them, especially in the matter of using dogs, which is forbidden by the law. Mr. Raeth goes on to say the following words of warning and advice, words which non-resident hunters might do very well to heed, for it is to the interest of the non-resident hunter as well as the local hunter that the game be preserved, if both expect to hunt for it upon the same ground:

"During the last few years Wisconsin has been the most attractive territory for all kinds of hunters, because the States of Michigan and Minnesota and others demand of every non-resident hunter a license fee of $25. In case Wisconsin fails to do the same thing, most of the hunters of this country will abuse our ill-advised liberality, and within a few years game will be extinct in this State. The same would be the case with the fish in our lakes.

"Several Supreme Court decisions affirm that fish and game are 'common property,' therefore the State is duty bound to fix by law the share each one of us may have of these gifts of nature to mankind. At any event, no one has any right to pursue hunting as a business, and under no circumstances should the State any longer allow game to be considered an article of merchandise. If the 'market-hunter' cannot sell his game, he will be compelled to give up his murderous vocation, and if the Illinois fisherman (?) can only take 20lbs. of fish with him he will not rob our lakes of 445lbs. of fish at one fishing.

"If the privilege of hunting any kind of game in this State can only be secured by obtaining a permit from the State, and if shipment and sale is regulated as above suggested, it will only take a few years before the forests, swamps and lakes of Wisconsin will again be alive with fish.

"It is to be hoped that our legislators will enact a law in harmony with the above suggestions, in order to secure real protection for both game and fish."

"The Last of the Trappers."

A Chicago daily reporter found a good story the other day in the presence in Chicago of two trappers from Montana, near the Flathead country, who had managed to lose the trail in Chicago and wound up in the police court. These men were natives of New York, and were on the way back home for a visit. They either told the reporter, or he imagined it, that they were the last trappers in the West, and as such were entitled to respect. The story ended thus: "And then the last trappers of the West moved on toward the New York farm which the old man had left in 1845." This is sad. We have had the "Last of the Buffalo" a good deal. Are we now to have the "Last of the Trappers?"

Destruction of Illinois Birds.

In the report of the A. O. U. committee on protection of North American birds, published in January of this year, Mr. Ruthven Deane, member of the committee for Illinois and a well-known ornithologist of this city, makes mention of the fashion of decorating feminine headwear with plumage. He finds a great many such decorations made of chicken feathers dyed, but learns that egret plumes are much in demand. He does not think our song birds are suffering at the hands of the milliners, and goes on to say:

"Really the only destruction that is now going on among our native birds is evidently among the herons and egrets, and, while this has been on the increase for the present fashion of this spring (1896), the general opinion is that it will die out, not to return to the extent that has heretofore prevailed.

"I have recently been using my influence upon a number of ignorant country boys, who have annually made a great depredation among the herons in what is known as 'Crane Heaven,' on the Kankakee River, in Indiana, and, while my influence was only on a moral basis, several promised to desist from any wanton destruction this year. Two gunners would visit the heronry once or twice during the summer and slaughter from sixty to eighty great blue herons in a day, leaving them where they fell on the ground."

In a later communication Mr. Deane writes as follows:

"Fashion in feather ornamentation has not materially changed since I wrote you in detail in the spring. We occasionally see the heads or wings of some of our native species worn in their natural color, yet the tame pigeon and egret head the list in this section of the country.

"I wrote you before that I had endeavored to use influence in the protection of a certain 'Crane Heaven' on the Kankakee River in Indiana. During two trips in the past two weeks in that region I find, quite to my satisfaction, that no raids were made on the heronry last spring and summer, as had yearly been the custom of the native boys, and, I am sorry to say, some so-called sportsmen. My appeal may have done some good, but the fact that a bad fire played havoc in the woods near the heronry made the approach much more difficult. The location where the night herons bred, a long stretch of low 'pucker brush' bordering the marsh, was wiped out by fire, but the birds evidently found another favorable site, for they are much more abundant now than I have seen them in years."

Mongolian Pheasants.

Mr. H. F. Bosworth, of Milwaukee, is just back from an extended visit in New York and the East, and while in Chicago on his way home called several times at this office, though much to my regret I was out and did not meet him. I should have liked to ask how his big hatchery of Mongolian pheasants is doing this year. Mr. Bosworth, as has been mentioned in these columns, is the largest breeder of these birds in the West, and his interesting experiments have really passed the stage of experiment and reached the point of success long ago. I infer that the birds are doing well, as he still advertises the eggs for sale. Mr. Bosworth deserves much commendation for the plucky way in which he stuck to the work of establishing these birds in Wisconsin, in spite of backsets of a most discouraging nature.

ST. PAUL, Minn , March 2.—Weather at St. Paul moderate, but 2ft. of snow. Work of game wardens on illegal venison handling has been very effective this season. Moose abundant in upper Minnesota now, and when the law is off in 1898 there will still be enough to make sport sure. A local shoe store here shows what I have long ago schemed out, a rubber-soled moccasin, or a trapper's low rubber shoe with buckskin top sewed to it. This combines softness and waterproof quality and should make good snowshoe wear. At Montreal, Can., good snowshoes sell at $2 a pair; in Chicago and St. Paul we pay $5 and $6 for same quality. At Montreal the snowshoe and toboggan fad is falling off so one cannot buy a blanket coat in the whole city. Ten banks failed in St. Paul and Minneapolis in two weeks during the height of the hard times, and the depression is such that few persons are spending money in sport. Every other man in the twin cities wears a fur coat, yet fur dealers had a hard time this winter and one or two heavy firms assigned. Two genuine Indian painted buffalo robes, property of Maj. McLaughlin, Indian trader, are shown in Kennedy Bros.' windows at St. Paul. Ice fishing on Lake Minnetonka is illegal. Large numbers of crappies were sometimes taken in this way. A pike weighing 20lbs. 8oz. was taken by a lady in Minnetonka last fall. This is all the news I have time to know.

E. HOUGH.

1205 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

GOLDEN PLOVER DAYS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your reproduction of Audubon's pictures of birds is not the least of innumerable favors which you have done that part of the public that loves animated nature and field sports. As a member of that body, I wish to testify my gratitude for the rare pleasure which your enterprise has enabled me to enjoy in contemplating the work of the great naturalist.

The bird represented in the last picture published—the American golden plover—has long had a singular interest for me, and as I gaze on the counterfeit presentment which your artist has so admirably reproduced it awakens recollections that extend over many years, and beyond the Atlantic; for I have a distinct remembrance of seeing plover in a bag of game that was shot in Ireland a good many years before I was old enough to sight a gun—and I began young. The County Wexford (Ireland) was, and may be still for aught I know, a favorite place for the golden plover, and I absorbed some mighty interesting stories of sport with the birds on its fertile fields.

I exulted with the sportsman who told me of picking up thirty-six gray plover after getting in both barrels at the "plump" of a flock, and I sympathized with him as he related the incidents of an evening when, carrying a single-barreled duck gun (made by Anglin, of Wexford), he stalked an immense flock of plover on a meadow by means of a punt and a ditch that ran through the field, only to have the cap miss fire when the gun was aimed at 10,000 of the birds.

There was good sport to be had with plover up in this quarter of the State in my day, and although I have not seen a flock of the birds for a long time, the music of their plaintive call has not altogether faded from memory, and I would walk a mile or two—or wheel ten miles—any day to see a flock whirl by in its graceful gyrations. It is not for the purpose of earning the reputation of an "old inhabitant" that I recall the autumn day, so far back that that part of this city now covered with houses was a nursery, when with my "cutty gun"—a single-barrel—I lay in wait toward sundown for an expected flight of plover, and when a fine flock went over me had my gun miss. I used G. D. caps. A man who was beside me got in both barrels at easy range, and as the birds divided at the shot I thought that he had brought down the whole flock. Strangely enough, he did not touch one of them. It has been a mystery to me ever since, for they were nicely bunched as he fired. It was not far from that field that one day, as I was going out in an early snowstorm, a plover got up from beside a roadway ditch and I brought it down with a long shot. It was very fat, and why it had remained here so late was a puzzle to me.

I have heard from men who lived here when Rochester was but little more than a village that plover came every fall in countless numbers, and I can well believe it, for I saw them in pretty fair numbers myself. At a comparatively recent period large numbers of the migrating birds have been heard going over the city, and were either attracted and confused by the lights or were present in thousands, for their whistling could be heard for hours.

Thus it is that your picture of Audubon's plover brings to mind many an incident that long had slept, and many of them are not unpleasant to re-awaken. MUN.

PENNSYLVANIA'S PROPOSED LAWS.

STEVENSVILLE, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I desire through the press to express a few thoughts in regard to the proposed Pennsylvania game laws soon to be brought before our legislators, with the hope of eliciting opinions from other sportsmen throughout the State before the bill comes up for final action. Every good question has two sides, and while one side of the game law question has been thoroughly discussed, the other and equally as important side has been totally ignored.

Now while some features of the new law are in the right direction, and as such are to be commended, others are so much at variance with the thoughts and opinions, and so curtail the rights and privileges of our citizens, as to savor strongly of old English laws and class legislation, and as such would not command the respect and obedience of many of our people.

I am neither a market hunter nor a game dealer, and in my humble way have done my full share toward game and fish introduction and protection; but I don't want to enjoy a right nor a privilege under our laws that is not as fully accorded to the poorest and humblest in our Commonwealth. In the interest of common sense and fair play, what difference can it make in game protection whether the legally captured grouse, quail or woodcock is exchanged for tea, coffee or sugar, and by transportation goes on the table at Delmonico's to tickle the palate of a gastronomer; or finds its way through somewhat different channels into the shooting coat of the millionaire sportsman, to be served to his friends as proof of his own prowess? In either case the game supply is lessened to just the amount of the game taken; and whether it is taken by the pot-hunter and the yaller dog, or the well-dressed sportsman and the silken-haired setter, the injury to the game supply is the same.

A bill similar to the one now under consideration was introduced into our Legislature about a year ago, but after passing both branches was vetoed by our worthy Governor (much to his credit), who showed the courage of his convictions in the face of the most powerful organizations and opposition in the State.

That our present game laws need revision I do not deny. Summer woodcock shooting and September squirrel shooting should never have found a place on our statute books. Repeal them and add bounties on all vermin, whether furred or feathered; call for an appropriation sufficient to pay for the introduction and protection of a few new hardy species; let the State appoint suitable game wardens to see that the laws are not violated, and in spite of all legitimate shooting during our present open season game will more than hold its own against its enemy, man. In the "rural districts," where the game is reared and fostered, where the farmer's boy jealously guards the secluded fence corner or the brier-tangled thicket, where the wary grouse secretes her treasures; or the orchard, or the wide-open meadow, where the quail sends forth his cheery greeting to his patient spouse on her well-filled nest; or the rocky hillside interspersed with sumacs and alders, where the stupid cony rears her shivering young, the proposed law would be a dead letter, or if observed at all it would be through fear and not through respect for the law itself. What boy, with the sense of fairness for which every boy (and especially the American boy) is noted, would patiently guard and wait from the early spring, or the long midsummer, till the merry days of brown October, for the game to grow from feeble childhood to vigorous manhood, only to find its way into the game pocket of some well-dressed, well-dogged, well-gunned, wealthy sportsman? The grouse, the quail, the rabbit, means to him (when the season is fairly open) so many dimes for powder and shot, for pens, paper, pencils, stamps, and a hundred little things that are luxuries to the poor, and are of much greater value to him and more highly prized than the game that he cannot afford to eat and is not permitted to exchange, even for the necessaries of life. Would he save and protect for others that which he could not himself enjoy?

Would you, my fine city sportsman and misguided game protectionist? If not, can you ask more from the boy than you expect from the man? Further still, I deny the right of the State to say what disposition I shall make of that of which I am legally possessed, providing such disposition does not conflict, nor interfere, nor in any way infringe on the rights of others.

Make the open season as short as you please, make the penalties for violations of the laws as heavy as you please, but grant to every one under the State laws the same equal rights and privileges that they enjoy under the Constitution. W. W. MCCAIN.

DECOY STORIES.—II.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM a correspondent gives an interesting account of the pugnacity of an eagle in attempting to carry off a wooden decoy.

Last November our party of five enthusiastic duck shooters were encamped on Lake Nipissing. The weather had been simply detestable. It was rather mild and it rained every day, and a most impenetrable fog hung low down over the water, with not enough wind to move it. The ducks were not moving, and there were many vacant spaces on the sides of our house-boat which we had fondly anticipated to fresco with bunches of mallards and black ducks. When the fog would lift enough we could see a small bunch of bluebills out in the open water. They kept up a tantalizing acquaintance with us, but from constant shooting and disturbance gave all points and suspicious-looking "contraptions" a very wide berth when provoked to flight. This of course brought out various stratagems and devices to circumvent the wily Blue Williams. Two of the party, Harry K. and Will J., with infinite pains and trouble had constructed a good blind right out in the channel, where they smoked and impatiently watched their flock of decoys. That evening around the supper table at the usual experience meeting, and one of the very pleasantest features of our outings, Harry K. told us that, while watching the decoys during the afternoon, he heard a rushing sound, and upon looking up quickly he saw a large hawk descend from the sky with almost incredible swiftness and fasten his claws into a solid cedar decoy and lift it a clear 3 or 4ft. from the water, when he suddenly dropped it and flew away.

The next day and at the same place they noticed three widgeon drop in among their decoys and suddenly disappear under the water, when like a flash the same hawk dashed down and again grabbed a decoy, lifted it clear of the water and dropped it, then seize another, drop it, and make a dash at a third, and again flew away. This particular hawk evidently could count up to three, as he made three determined efforts to secure a meal.

The next day my brother and myself had gone about a mile distant from the locality of the previous day's encounter, and had got snugly hidden in a grass blind, waiting very patiently for a bunch of black ducks that we had raised to return, when we suddenly heard loud cries of alarm and distress above and opposite our decoys. Looking up quickly, we saw a great awkward blue heron coming toward us like the wind, with a large hawk right on top, worrying the agony out of him. We both sprang to our feet, which seemed to add to the poor crane's fright, for he dropped into the tall grass with an awful squawk. His tormentor paused a moment in surprise. My brother, who had been as intensely interested as myself, quickly caught the pirate with a charge of No. 5 chilled shot and ended the marauder's career. A local taxidermist set the bird up in good shape, and as he now looks down on me from his perch over my desk with those vindictive yellow eyes of his, I find myself wondering at the total of his record of game killed during his life. This specimen looks more like a falcon than the ordinary hen hawk, which at first we supposed it was.

Hawks were unusually plentiful last fall, an occurrence which several of your contributors have noticed.

KOSHEE.

GRAVENHURST, Ont.

Elk in Jackson's Hole.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—I send you a clipping from a Boise City, Idaho, paper of February date in regard to the elk in Jackson's Hole, thinking that such news would do your many readers good, and also showing how important it is to incorporate or include Jackson's Hole in the limits of the Park. I have been out there and know that much of the Park game is killed in Jackson's Hole. The game invariably winters in Jackson's Hole, as this place is more protected from the blizzards and winds than the Park proper.

ALFRED B. WINGFIELD.

The report says: "Thirty thousand elk are wintering in the Jackson's Hole country of Wyoming, according to the estimate of the game warden, who says that in one herd which he saw there were 15,000 of them, stretching over a distance of six miles. The sight, he said, surpassed anything he had ever seen, and utterly amazed him. The elks' trail over the snow was like flint ice, he said, so hard had the snow been packed down. The animals are seen by thousands any morning, moving along the Snake River from the Great Swamp to the Gros Ventres hills, and at night the wails of the calves straying from their mothers may be heard."

"Lancaster's Art of Shooting."

THIS work has been advertised as for sale by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. The consignment of books sent for us from England was shipped on the steamship Cambria, which was disabled and towed into port in the Azores last Saturday. Until further notice we shall be unable to supply the book.

BROWNIE'S REVENGE.

ONE afternoon in the golden fall,
Dame nature's fête for great or small,
In the land where sportsmen's hearts accord,
Of "sky-tinted water," *l'Etoile du Nord*,
Where woods take holiday attire,
And glorious thoughts thrill youth and sire,
A sportsman, worthy of the name
By gentle magic of his fame,
Was tramping the lowlands up and down;
"Brownie" they called him, all clad in brown.

Now 'mid beacon fires and colors blending
Of sumac, branch and vine, ne'er ending,
Through reeds and rushes of brownish red,
And nut-brown cattails with nodding head,
With dogs in rapid course he keeps in view,
As faithful their circling way pursue;
Watchful and cautious he threads his way,
With eagle eye for winged prey.
And stealthy now, by brambly thatch perchance,
The canines of royal blood advance;
Sharp cracks the nitro, left and right,
As swift from cover bursts in flight
A pair, cut down both quick and neat,
At once retrieved and at his feet;
Now he strokes the brown plumage of scolopax,
Admired by the eyes of retriever Max;
While, nervous and restless, pointer Don
Anxiously awaits the word "Hie on."

Then lies the way by slough and pool,
'Neath bending willows and shadows cool;
Where beauteous landscape doth surround,
On moss-grown log a seat is found,
Where oft his majesty the grouse
In muffled thunder calls his spouse;
A place to puff the fragrant weed,
In quiet, peaceful rest indeed.
Now on by trail through sedge and grass,
Toward wild rice fields and a famous pass;
And here in the open did Brownie spy
A stranger sportsman passing by;
"What luck," cries the stranger, curious no doubt,
For the other's game pockets were bulging out;
And the voice, as it echoed o'er the silent marsh,
To Brownie's ears sounded coarse and harsh;
And giving the fellow a second glance,
He guessed at once what he'd met by chance;
Then *-sotto voce*—"Think I know that jay,
He's none of my kind, but I'll meet him half way.'

For Brownie was a type of sportsman true,
Never talked of himself, as some you hear do;
And to boast of things his, and the score and the kind
Of game he had bagged, never entered his mind;
A natural woodsman and first-class shot,
He hunted for sport, and not for the pot;
In touch with nature's every whim,
And the autumn bird warbling its parting hymn,
When marsh and meadow take somber hue,
And days seem short and far too few;
Never sold a head of game in his life,
Gave the most to his friends and the rest to his wife.
He was rotund and jolly and full of fun,
And carried a sixteen featherweight gun.

In quiet voice he now replied,
Assuming tone quite dignified,
And his conjecture found quite true,
As distance shortened between the two;
For the hunter whom now he stood before
Was of the genus "pot," with a big eight-bore;
And Brownie, though not of a critical kind,
Sometimes abruptly spoke out his mind;
Although with the other not inclined to discuss,
He referred to the eight as a big blunderbuss,
And made other remarks that might have lent
Further material for argument;
For he had no use for one who would stoop
To kill all he could at "one fell swoop."

Now the stranger was not in a pleasant mood;
Neither in tune or accord with the solitude
Of marsh and meadow, and the fragrant scents,
Or the turtle dove cooing on yonder fence;
Neither light nor beauty, joy nor song,
Had charmed the way as he passed along.
To kill for meat was his heart's desire,
And nothing else could his soul inspire;
And the first thing this fellow proceeded to do
Was to tell of the bags he had made, not a few,
And the kills he had made with his wonderful gun:
'Twas the greastest "shootin' iron" under the sun.

Just then up the marsh there appeared in sight
A lone pair of teal coming in for the night;
Swift they come, down wind with bullet-like speed,
Heading on for a favorite place to feed;
Bang! bang! roared the eight as the pair whistled by;
Crack! crack! the sixteen. Brownie neat "wiped his eye,"
And as Brownie's dog Max went the blue wings to retrieve
He said to the other: "One would scarcely believe
That a little sixteen's up to that kind of biz."
Then he turned and strode off, with a grin on his phiz.

WAPAHASA.

Quail Shooting at Karnak.

KARNAK, Egypt, Feb. 1.—Day before yesterday with my *guide de la chasse* and a number of boys I went after quail, which are just begining to appear.

I flushed fifteen single birds, bagged six and shot down thirteen. Compared with our birds, they are easy. They flip up like rails from the corn grass. I hunted in half-grown wheat.

In a couple of weeks they will be very plenty in the lentil fields, and it is said that a fair shot can bag a hundred birds.

The way in which these birds fly would make an American quail blush to the roots of its feathers. RAMON.

Georgia Quail and Turkeys.

THOMASVILLE, Ga.—The Mitchell House here has a preserve of 10,000 acres especially set apart for the use of its guests, and nearly every day some of the guests bring in good bunches of quail. One shooter bagged five turkeys at a shot last week. SAYVILLE.

Ignorance of the Law.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While in the eyes of the law "ignorance of the law excuses no man," still I am positive that there are many violators of the game laws who would be rigid observers of the same were they not ignorant of them. The other day two young fellows from the city passed my house, and each carried a shotgun. Out of both side pockets of the coat of one of the young fellows hung the tails of a number of gray squirrels. The law on squirrels went into effect on Jan. 1, yet these young men made no secret of the success of their day's shooting. Stopped and questioned as to the locality where they had shot the squirrels, they proudly said that they had shot them in Warner's woods, a famous place for squirrels. When asked if they did not know they had broken the law and were liable to arrest, they answered that they supposed there was no law on squirrels. That the two young fellows who had the squirrels were honest and respectable could be instantly seen by glancing into their faces. I know a young man who saw two Italians passing through the village of Westville last November. One was a jolly, good-natured son of Italy, yet was showing openly a handkerchief half filled with small trout which he had netted in the Gaylor brook. Now, that Italian was unconscious that he had broken the law, otherwise he would never have laid himself liable to arrest by displaying the trout to every person he met.

Why would it not be a good thing if bills were passed by the legislatures authorizing their fish and game commissioners to see to it that every road leading out of the cities into the country be posted at regular intervals with framed copies of the fish and game laws?

As our country contains so many people who speak other than the English language, each notice should be printed in two or three different languages, so that the foreigners as well as the natives could be enlightened.

Besides the laws, each notice should contain a brief lecture telling why the fish and game should be protected, and pointing out the benefits to be gained by the people at large through such protection. Such an argument would open the eyes of many who never stop to think that it is possible for the game to entirely disappear should there be no restriction whatever placed on the killing of game and fish.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

CONNECTICUT, Feb. 24.

His View of It.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed an article or two in a FOREST AND STREAM I picked up headed something like this, "Who Owns the Game the Guide Kills?" "To Whom Does it Belong?" I read one of the articles, in which the writer says the guide claimed all the game he (the guide) killed. He could not have been much of a guide or he would have claimed all the game, the guns, dogs and camp outfit while he was about it. Any self-respecting guide ought to have everything. I am surprised that that guide did not take the gentleman's watch and clothing and hold him up for his bank account. I don't think that guide understands his business. A guide has no object in taking a gentleman on a hunt except to make all he can out of it. He may agree to go for $1.50 a day, or say $3 a day at the most—the money is no object. The guide's object is to get the man out and hold him up for all he is worth.

There are guides, though, who don't do business that way. They charge for their services a fair price, and not only expect to do, but do everything possible to make a gentleman's trip a success in every way. They never think of claiming anything they kill. They suppose that if they sell their time and services to a gentleman, anything they do, anything they kill (if the employer wants them to shoot at all), belongs to the party who hires them. They know or suppose they are out for his pleasure, not their own; that he hires them to show him the game he wants, not only the game, but anything of interest, from a flower or insect to a mountain or glacier. Such a guide's business is to please his patrons; he treats them as gentlemen and expects to be treated likewise. His efforts, time and best endeavor given, for the time he is paid for, to make the trip satisfactory in every way. If by chance it is not, he feels disappointed, usually more so than the person who hires him. He would not think of claiming any game he killed. In fact, come to think about it, I never heard of such a thing or read of it before I saw it in your paper. Is the gentleman who complained sure he had a guide with him?

G.

Yellowstone Park Game.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing under date of Feb. 24, from Gardiner, Mont., on the edge of the Yellowstone Park, reports: There have been several hundred elk just across the Yellowstone River from town, also about a thousand on Crevasse. Several were killed, but the State game warden came up and made an arrest, which put a stop to the hunting, and the elk are not molested any more. McCartney's field, which is just opposite Gardiner in the Park limits, has from seventy-five to one hundred antelope in it every day, and one could almost at any time stand in Sargent's store and shoot one. They are very tame. The sheep are in the cañon again this year, and elk are scattered all around. I hear that there are more elk in Jackson's Hole this winter than usual.

California Notes.

MURPHY, Calaveras County, Cal., Feb. 20.—I got a letter the other day from a friend who lives in the southern part of this State. In it he says: "We have just had a little rabbit drive out my way. About fifty guns were out and we got 500 of the long-eared pests." Pretty good.

Our quail season has just closed. Although this country has been very closely shot over during the last few years there is yet some good shooting to be had. We have two kinds of quail here—mountain and valley. The mountain quail live in the higher mountains most of the year and only come down here in winter. Our altitude is only 2,000ft. The valley quail are more numerous here during the autumn months than at any other time during the year. Five dozen to two guns is our best day's record.

There are a few ruffed grouse in the mountains north of here. But few are killed, however, as they are wary birds and know just where to hide in the thick timber. Some of this timber is over 300ft. in height.

Very few deer have been killed around here this winter. There has been but little snow in the mountains and as a result the deer were not forced to come down to feed. A favorite way of hunting with our sportsmen is to wait until the hills are covered deep with snow and then go for deer in the deep sheltered valleys where there is seldom much snow. A party of three in this way got twelve deer in a two days' hunt last winter.

The wild pigeons which were once so plentiful in this country are now almost extinct Ten years ago a good shot could bag a hundred in a day, while now you are lucky to see a dozen in a season.

We have some very good dove shooting here in the autumn months. Now our game is limited to jack rabbits and gray squirrels, and some good sport we have with them too. Two years ago over 1,000 gray squirrels were killed around this town.

WALROD.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXXV.—Pete.

IT took Pete a long time to learn that small, "no account" fish were as desirable as those which were large enough to eat, but what they were put into kegs of alcohol for he never did understand. The postmaster at Tangipahoa had recommended him as a darky boy who knew all the fishing places in the vicinity, and I engaged him to help Charles Bell and myself collect the fishes of that part of Louisiana whose waters flow into Lake Ponchartrain. He was a strong boy, quite dark, and was active when he wished to be, and he enjoyed the work.

This was in June, 1875. Prof. Spencer F. Baird was then the United States Fish Commissioner as well as the head of the Smithsonian Institution, and in his order he said: "After you deliver the shad fry in the river at such place as you may select, I want you to collect the fishes of the rivers and pools, keeping an eye out for trout."

"Trout in southern Louisiana, Professor?"

"Yes. So many letters have been received from citizens claiming trout are native there, and asking for more, that, while we have doubts on the subject, we can't deny their statements; and I want you to see if you can find a fish there which you will call a trout, and if so preserve it with great care." Then with a variety of fishing tackle fit for trout, bass or pike, Bell and I started on what not only promised to be, but was a most delightful trip.

Coming down on the railway, before we reached Tickfaw, the fact that we had live fish in the baggage car was known throughout the train, and visitors came to look. In conversation with a gentleman on the subject of trout, he said: "Trout are plenty in all these streams, sir, yet from what you say you seem to doubt it. I was raised in the North and have caught trout in Vermont, Canada and New York, and I know a trout when I see it." That should have been conclusive, but the sluggish streams filled with pond lilies did not look trouty. I've taken trout in waters where pond lilies grew, but always in the colder parts of the pond; and here we were in Louisiana. "Yes-sah," said Pete, "datta's a trout, sho 'nuff," as I landed a black bass of the big-mouth persuasion, and the old settler who was "raised" in the North declared it to be the same kind of a fish that he had taken in boyhood in the streams of Vermont. On returning to Washington I reported to Prof. Baird that I had fished diligently and had taken many fish which I called black bass, but which all the people about Tangipahoa called trout, and furthermore I had not seen a fish which I would call a trout. The Professor merely said, "I thought it would turn out so."

On this trip we did not see a small-mouth black bass, and the largest big-mouth we took weighed 8lbs. on the grocer's scales. Here let me get away from the story to ask why, in writing of the two black basses, we all agree to say "small mouth," while some of us use "big mouth" and others "large mouth" for the other fellow? There are always two sides to a subject, and a white native said to me: "I don't see what right you've got to come an' tell me that our trout are bass. They've always been 'trout' here, an' we've got as good a right to name 'em as yo' have." That was a clincher.

Tangipahoa could not only give us better accommodations in the matter of food and lodgings, but was nearer the Tangipahoa and Natalbany rivers than any other, and was therefore the place to make headquarters, and we captured Pete. The little village had perhaps 300 inhabitants, of assorted complexions, and we were genuine curiosities to them. There was no newspaper there; but the grapevine telegraph, which runs over the back fences in all country settlements, soon informed the people that two Northern men were there on all kinds of missions.

Pete may have been sixteen years old, but he felt several inches above his normal height when he started on our first trip with a bodyguard of half a dozen boys of all the shades between ebony and light molasses cakes. Pete in front with the air of a drum major, the boys behind carrying nets and pails, while Bell and I tried to live up to the dignity of traveling with an escort.

As we walked down the railway track Bell remarked: "We have done well in getting Pete. He may not do much, but he has a host of volunteers for us, and the Government gets the whole gang for Pete's half dollar a day. I don't know, though, but we could have got Pete for a quarter a day, and perhaps he would serve, like the volunteers, for the honor, if he was only put at the head of them."

"What you say is probably true, Charles, but we must not grind the faces of the poor, and the people of America would not bless us if we saved them that little sum. Again, if Pete served us without pay we would have as little control over him as he would have over his assistants."

"That's so; but I was only moralizing over the love of authority that many men have and which is exemplified in this negro boy. Yesterday he was only a common boy like the rest; you have given him position, and see how he has assumed an importance among his fellows and how they look up to him. You must admit that it is a true reflection of human nature, drawn in charcoal."

We had passed several pools beside the railway where excavations had been made to throw up the roadbed in this very flat country, and I should no more have thought of looking for fish in them than in the temporary ones in more hilly lands, but a little thought showed me that these pools were permanent. A swirl in one of them caused me to ask a question.

"Yes, suh," replied Pete, "dese pon's is full o' fish, but dey's no 'count, on'y little ones. W'en we comes to de ribbah we gets big ones."

Ordering a halt, the boys unloaded the small 15ft. Baird net and started in to drag the pool, which was not over 75×100ft. The result was a surprise. The long bag brought out a mass of fish life, and Bell made a rough assortment of it into the buckets and I went over them again. The supply of alcohol would not warrant keeping many specimens, and we were the sole judges, if not of the first class, of what was worth preserving.

It was practically midsummer in Louisiana, and the vegetation was rank, and I ask you to believe that the air was several degrees above what could be found in Alaska on the same day. Every darky boy was barefooted and bare-legged. We had seen many snakes slide into the pools by the railway, but had paid little attention to them. The fact that these darky boys waded in where the serpents went was to us proof that the snakes were harmless. In one haul we brought out a snake and I promptly held it under my foot preparatory to examining it, for I was on intimate terms with the dirty water snake of the North, having reached for him in a hole under a bank in my trout ponds, bringing it forth alive, striking me with its harmless teeth before I could twist its head off with the other hand. So you all see I was very well acquainted with the ill-tempered *Tropidonotus sipedon*, which lives on fish and frogs, and I thought this animal might be the same.

Pete called out: "Take cah, dah! Datta's a wawtah moccasin, an' he kill yo' if he bites yo'." And he was right. It was a very deadly relative of the Northern copperhead and scientists know it as *Agkistrodon piscivorus*, and yet those darky boys went into pools bare-footed where they knew this dangerous serpent lay, even after seeing it glide into the pool. This was a puzzle, especially as they were horrified to see me handle the snake after it was dead. I opened its mouth with a pocket knife, saw the poison fangs and pressed out the poison to make sure that it was a venomous reptile. The dark, vertical bars, in place of alternate blotches, proved that it differed from my Northern acquaintance.

Pete said: "Da moccasin he's good 'nuf w'en yo' don' 'sturb him. He git outah way ef he gotta chance, but w'en yo' put yo' foot awn him he bites, an' he p'ison sho 'nuff; he kill a da'ky boy las' year down 'bout Tickfaw, an' long time back one bit ole Massa Kya'ta (Carter) down by de big swamp, an' he put a hot nail in de hole an' drink a pow'ful heap o' w'isky, an' he doan die, but he leg got small an' he been ailin' since; can't eat no fat po'k, no possum, only cawn pone an' 'tatahs. How yo' gwine take bread in yo' han' w'en yo' had datta snake dah?"

"That's all right, Pete, I'll wash my hands before I eat; but if you are so afraid of this water moccasin, how is it that you boys go into these pools barefooted when you have seen snakes go in first?"

"It's dis yeh way: W'en you go slow de moccasin he git out yo' way. On de lan' he see yo', an' in de wawtah he heah yo', so w'en we go in de wawtah we go slow an' splash an' make noise, an' he go 'way."

Here was an interesting bit of snake lore from an unexpected source. An ignorant darky boy taught me something, and was so sure of his knowledge that he seemed to risk his life on it. I say seemed to risk his life, because from his point of view there was no risk so long as he exercised a proper care. He was a scientist in his way. He was afraid to touch a dead snake, but just what reward would tempt me to wade about barefooted in a pool where I knew deadly serpents were hiding I have never figured out. During our stay I watched the boys and found they had a system. If our larger 30ft. seine would sweep one of these holes beside the railway, it was done with boys on each bank; but if the pool was larger, they took it in sections, going slowly and making a great splashing. If we hauled out some snakes, they cared little about killing them; Northern white boys would have killed them all, but these boys seemed to live on peaceful terms with this very common reptile, which is also called the "cotton-mouth," from some reason unknown to me. Perhaps Pete expressed the feeling of indifference to killing them when he said: "W'at's de use killin' a few snakes w'en dey's so many in all de holes an' in de swamps?"

Bell and I complained to the landlord that our beds were not made. The first time we thought it a mistake, but when it occurred again we protested. He called a chambermaid and wanted to know. She looked indignant and replied: "'Deed I isn't gwine in datta room 'mong all dem snakes dey's got in dem glass bottles, to make any beds. Ise pow'ful sot ag'in snakes, I is, an' I dunno wot men's gwine 'roun' gettin' em fo'. Ef a man wants snakes in his room he can make hees own bed; I doan gwin dah. Um-m!"

And so it came to pass that Pete was duly installed as our chambermaid. He had no fear of pickled snakes, dead and well sealed up; and from the disfavor with which we were looked upon by the colored girls we thought it possible that Pete's services might be required to wait on us at table. Our mission was a mystery that no explanation could solve. We were under more suspicion than when, as pirates, we had cruised long Island Sound with the "Jolly Roger" at the fore. But then we proclaimed our mission and were understood; now we were suspected of having some occult purposes, the exact nature of which these colored people had no clear idea. There were glances and whisperings. At last Pete let it out.

"Dey sez 'at yo' Yankees comes yeah to get snakes an' fish to take up No'th to make all de cullod people slaves ag'in. Is dat so?"

The question was an honest one, and demanded an honest answer; but what could we say?

"Who says so, Pete?" I asked.

"All de gy'ls at de hotel who wouldn' make yo' beds, an' all de cullod people dey want to know wheffo you ketch snakes an' put 'em in bottles, an' dey tell me not to wuk fo' yo', cause you's bad."

"Anything more, Pete?"

"Yessah, dah's Massa Almy, a w'ite man up by de station, who says yo' is doin' bad t'ings an' ought to be stopped."

"Charley," said I, "this boy tells us a story which, read between the lines, means that we are looked upon as suspicious characters. He is honest and square with us be-

cause we pay him, but there is more back of it than he tells or knows. If we are ordered to leave the country for the country's good, we can easily and gracefully retire with all the honors; but, my boy, if it comes to a lynching party I should hate to die in so poor a cause. What d'ye think?"

Bell looked amused, and replied: "This thing is very funny. As for the talk of the hotel servants, that's nothing; I don't like colored servants anyway, and the further they keep away the better I like 'em. Let's go up and see this duffer, Almy, and talk to him, and find out what he's got to say; we may knock a lot of fun out of him if we work it right. I know the old excrescence very well, for I have talked astronomy to him, and when I told him that the moon was shaped like a clam shell and sometimes had only an edge toward us he said he knew that."

We sat on the steps of the railway station and talked with Almy. Suddenly he said: "I s'pose you don't believe in voodoos; most white men don't, but I've been studying voodooism, and I know they have a hidden power."

His remark being partly in form of a question and directed at me, I answered very truly that I had never paid any attention to it. With a look at me, Bell innocently asked: "How is the power developed, by gas, coal, electricity or solar heat?"

Ignoring the question of the young man, he said: "There's an old colored woman who lives close by here who has great power. After you go to bed, if she should mark a cross in front of your doorstep and you were the first to step over it, she would have power over you all your life. She could strike you blind, or dead, even if you were 1,000 miles away."

"Datta's so," said Pete, "de cullod people 'bout yeah's pow'ful shy o' her, an' w'en de kyars run offen de track—"

"Shut up, Pete," said Bell, "you'll find some o' them pickled snakes in your bed if you talk too much."

"This is a new and interesting subject to me, Mr. Almy," said I, "and I would like to investigate it. Suppose we try it! Let her make the cross before our door to-night, and I'll make Mr. Bell step over it the first one in the morning."

"All right," said Bell, "it's a go. Here's a $5 bill for the old gal in the interest of scientific investigation; no doubt the amount can be put in the expense bill and the result of the experiment be reported to the Government, after which we will receive the thanks of Congress for being pioneers in a new field of observation."

Pet sat with open eyes and mouth, gazing at the man who was willing to sacrifice himself for something beyond his power of understanding. Mr. Almy gazed awhile at a fence lizard which was taking a sunbath on the hitching post, and then, in a tone deeply tinged with regret, said: "I wouldn't let you do it for all the world! I s'posed you didn't believe in the voodoos, none of the white folks 'bout yere do, leastwise they say they don't, but I know better." Bell was disposed to knock a little fun out of this man by asking ridiculous questions, such as: "Could she make a marble statue change from a Roman nose to an ingrowing face?" but I looked at him in a manner that stopped his fun, and explained our mission to Mr. Almy, and he understood why we wanted fish and snakes.

After we left our new friend Bell broke out with: "Well, what's got you? It's the first time I ever knew you to refrain from working a mental curiosity for all there was in him. Perhaps I alarmed him, and there's more fun to be got out of him by your own plan. What are you reserving him for?"

"Charley," I answered, "there are a few other things to be got out of our friend besides fun. Professor Baird did not send us here merely to have fun; incidentally we may have a little, but primarily we must collect fishes for more learned men to study, and this man, Pete says, is the best man to shoot big fish with a bow and arrow that there is in this parish, and I want to see the work and get a look at the fish, thus combining duty and pleasure while we are learning something. But if we go at him to 'knock fun out of him,' as you incline to do, we make him our enemy at once. The man is intelligent on all other subjects than voodooism, just as you may know more than he gives you credit for. I tell you, my boy, one man is not a fair judge of another. He thinks he is, but he measures him by his own mental tape, on which the inches are very long. Every man sums up his fellows, but he has only his own measure by which to gauge them. As you suggest, we can get some fun out of his queer notions, but by ignoring these he will be valuable in other ways. Every man thinks he has the proper mental balance. He has no other to judge by. He thinks that many things in this world were unevenly divided, but knows that he got his share of brains. Let the man alone; he is seriously inclined, and what you may think funny when you are playing for my applause will not only exasperate him, but will make him an enemy. No one appreciates the unconscious humor of his theories on witchcraft more than I, but permit me to call your attention to the fact that the man who has the keenest appreciation of humor seldom laughs."

"That's true! There was 'Fat Jack' Evans, of Albany, who would laugh until apoplexy threatened, and when he got through couldn't tell the nub of the joke. But it is true that when you want to get a lot of fun out of some fellow who is really funny and doesn't know it, you mustn't laugh, or you'll queer the whole show."

Pete tracked a turtle and found its nest containing twenty-seven eggs. These we took to eat because he said they were good, but we did not care for them. We had seen soft-shelled turtles and a fine hard-shelled species over a foot in length, but we did not catch any. The people there spoke highly of the flesh of the latter, but were disgusted to know that we ate frogs. Pete was our mentor, and from him we got the local names of the fishes. My note book shows that the fresh-water drum of the Great Lakes is a "gaspergou." "Warmouth" is applied to several species related to the rock bass of the North, while the names red eye, goggle eye, etc., were applied to the same fishes, and the darky boys disputed over the names with the ardor of scientists. "Brim" and "blue brim" were no doubt corruptions of the English bream, and were large fishes of the sunfish type, growing up to 2lbs. weight, and there were many new fishes.

I had arranged with Mr. Almy to go down the river with him in a dugout and shoot fish with an arrow, leaving Bell to fish with Pete. That, however, is another story. When we finally left Tangipahoa and bade goodby to the few friends we had, Pete took from his head a thing which he was pleased to consider a hat and said: "Ise pow'ful sorry you is gwine away, an' if yo' come back nex' yeah I want tu wuk fo' yo'. I doan mine wot dem wimmen at de hotel say. Dey say you is voodoo Yankees 'cause you is got snakes in bottles, but Miss'r Almy he say yo' ain't hu't nobody, an' he know all 'bout the voodoo."

The engine whistled "off brakes," and Bell and I swung on board, waving farewells to Mr. Almy and Pete, with his bodyguard of darky boys; true and good friends, who stood and watched the train until it vanished in the distance. To those who value friendship merely in a commercial way Pete and Almy would be forgotten at the first curve of the railway. Often they come up in a backward glance and their memories are sometimes with me when musing on the pleasures of the past.

FRED MATHER.

ANGLING NOTES.

Undersized Trout.

MR. ALBERT C. CLIFTON, of Hague, on Lake George, N. Y., writes me the following letter under date of Feb. 18:

"I wish to call your attention to a practice now common on our lake of catching little lake trout of ¼lb. or ½lb. in weight. When they are of that size they have a habit of collecting in certain favorable spots in great numbers, and are caught with fine tackle by still fishing. The most noted place near us for this kind of fishing is at Anthony's Nose, where thousands were taken last season, not one in ten of which would weigh ½lb. As many as sixty a day were taken there last summer by one boat, and it is not unusual to see four and six boats on the spot at once. The only remedy I can suggest would be to make the limit at which lake trout can be killed and possessed nothing under 2lbs. in weight, with a penalty severe enough to deter the pot-fishers from catching the little fingerlings that they never contribute a cent toward placing in the lake. No sportsman would be seen with such fish in his possession, and no hotel at our end of the lake will buy them."

The first water in this State to be closed to trout fishing through the ice was Lake George. In the old days it was customary to fish through the ice for trout in season and out, for it was always the case that there was ice in the lake after the legal season opened, and it has been one long fight to prevent poachers from fishing for trout during the close season.

When the State began to restock the lake with lake trout the lake was nearly depleted of this fish, but after a few years' stocking the fishermen apparently set to work to exterminate the planted fish. The season opened April 1, and there was ice in the lake (for only once within the memory of man has the ice left the lake anywhere near April 1, as it does not generally go out until toward the last of this month), and the fish caught through the ice were little trout such as Mr. Clifton refers to. The markets were overstocked with these little trout, and an effort was made to stop it by prolonging the close season until May 1, as at present. It was the exception to get a big trout through the ice, and it was also the exception to get a small trout after the ice was gone. To be sure, after the ice was gone the fishing was mostly trolling, and through the ice it was necessarily still-fishing. Trolling was so successful that the old style of buoy fishing in spring and summer was practically abandoned. Within a few years I have known of cottagers who again resorted to buoy fishing, and from their own statements they rarely get a big trout at a baited buoy, fish from 1 to 2lbs. being the rule.

Brook trout cannot be killed legally under 6in. in length, and the same limit law applies to lake trout; but what may save the brook trout until some may spawn will not, when applied to lake trout, have any effect upon saving them. A young lake trout in the spring is long and slim, and if the limit of length at which they could be killed was fixed at 12in. it would place them in about the same class with the brook trout at 6in. It is difficult to fix the limit of fish to be legally killed by weight, and a length limit would be far better.

As Mr. Clifton says, no sportsman would be seen with one of these little trout in his possession; but in every community there are a few, or many, men who will, unless restrained by law, rigidly enforced, catch everything of fish kind that comes to their hooks and kill it. They have no thought or care about the future fishing in the water they despoil, they simply take everything in sight. The killing of fingerling fish does incalculable harm, and restocking in some waters will not replace the waste from this cause. Men who should know better have been known to bewail that there is a 6in. limit law for brook trout, because they like the baby trout to eat, fried brown, soon after they have absorbed the umbilical sac. Potatoes cut to the same size and fried brown in hot lard would be far better in every way.

For two years past there have been complaints that lake trout fishing in Lake George is poor, in spite of the fact that 500,000 trout fry have been planted annually for many years. It is not true that trout are not in the lake, for there are plenty of them to be seen even if they are not caught, but catching baby trout will not help the fishing. People complain about the fishing in a lake or stream and clamor to have it stocked, and as soon as the water is planted by the State there seems to be a competition as to who shall catch the greatest number of fish. A small lake in New York has been overfished without doubt, as it contains large black bass and people came from far and near to catch them. It was urged that the State should make a planting of black bass in this lake, and last year 100 adult black bass were obtained and sent to the lake by the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission. A man who has been active in having fish planted in the lake owns a hotel on its shores, and a week or two after the State had sent the 100 adult bass to restock it I saw in a newspaper that the professional fisherman employed at the hotel had caught sixty black bass in one day. Perhaps that lake will get another lot of bass from the State this year and perhaps not.

Everything that is not popular in these days is called old-fashioned, and I am old-fashioned enough that I would not attempt to stock any water with fish unless there is a sentiment in the community where the water is located favorable to the perpetuation of the fish. If people wish to catch black bass on the spawning beds and howl to the State for more, they would not get the bass if I were the State. If they caught the fingerling trout as soon as they are big enough to bite a hook, they would not get any more trout. There are waters enough in the State that need stocking or restocking where the sentiment favors just and adequate protection to the fish to keep up the supply, and let the spawning bed robbers and fingerling butchers think it over on the stool of repentance.

Last year I happened to be on the State fish car when it was loaded with yearling brook trout, some of them 8in. long. As they were being unloaded, a man looked into one of the cans and asked where they were to be planted, for he would like to go and catch some of them when the season opened a few days later; and from his manner I had no doubt he would do that very thing, had he found out where the fish were to be planted; and yet before he finished talking he condemned the commission that was planting the fish for not making the fishing better in that locality.

Trout, Black Bass and Pickerel.

Here is another letter received from a gentleman in Scranton, Pa:

"I notice in one of your FOREST AND STREAM notes something about black bass in trout waters. When I called on you some two years ago or so we were speaking of this in connection with a lake near here. This is a lake of 380 acres, 50 to 66ft. deep, spring fed, and unusually clear and cold. It was originally a trout lake. Some seventy years ago or so it was stocked with pickerel. Of course the trout disappeared. Then about 1870 it was stocked with black bass (small-mouth). Landlocked salmon and other species of fish were planted, but never seemed to come to anything. The black bass got the upper hand of the pickerel and pretty much run them out. Our Association, on my suggestion, started in to stock with shrimp, smelt and different kinds of food, and followed it up with different species of trout, principally lake trout about 4in. long, of which we put in some 3,000.

"This present winter a number of lake trout 4lbs. in weight have been taken through the ice. We have not yet proved much, but as far as it goes this would indicate that lake trout can take care of themselves as against pickerel and black bass."

The chief interest to me in this letter is the persistency displayed on the part of the writer and his friends to stock the lake in the face of adverse circumstances with the choicest fish, and apparently the lake trout were established only after the lake had been planted with fish food. Another point is that the lake trout were established by planting fingerling fish. It is not unusual to find lake trout, black bass and pickerel (*Lucius lucius*) in the same water, living without one interfering with the others. Lake George, already mentioned in this column, has always had pike, the so-called pickerel, lake trout and black bass, and never, so far as diligent inquiry can discover, has a trout been found inside of the black bass or pike except in one instance. In Upper Saranac Lake a lake trout was caught with a number of pike inside of it. In Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, there may be found common speckled trout, landlocked salmon, Sunapee saibling or golden trout, black bass, pike and pike-perch. The speckled trout are not as abundant as the golden trout or the landlocked salmon, but all the fish named are found in the lake. It is the speckled trout and the black bass or pike that fall afoul of one another as a rule, for all three may be considered shallow-water fish in contradistinction to the lake trout, landlocked salmon and golden trout, which may be termed deep-water fish. More and more I am inclined to think that brown and rainbow trout may be made to thrive in waters containing pike (provided food and temperature conditions are suitable) if the pike are netted at spawning time in the spring, and the trout planted are yearlings or older fish.

I have frequently referred to Loch Leven, in Scotland, which contains pike and the Loch Leven trout, and yet by netting pike the trout have increased in size and numbers, for carefully prepared statistics concerning the fish of the lake are published annually. That food for fish is one of the most important factors in establishing any species of fish there is no reason to doubt, and perhaps further experiments will demonstrate that we have held erroneous ideas regarding the habits of some of our fishes, because the conditions have not been what they should be or what they could be made to insure other habits.

Planting Lake Trout Fry.

The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York issued a circular giving instructions how to transport and plant young fish. In it occurs this passage: "Lake trout should be planted among boulders or rocks on a shoal in *mid-lake*, very near to deep water, into which the young trout soon find their way." The circular further says the trout may be planted on spawning bed shoals if other shoals are not to be found and the spawning beds are known. The reason for this distinction has been explained that eels and other fish resort to the spawning beds and the fry may be safer on shoals not used as spawning beds.

Recently I was talking with a professional fisherman, and he said the directions in the circular were correct, but they were not always carried out by those who planted lake trout fry, and he cited a planting of lake trout fry made last year on the shore of a lake. The fry were planted among the boulders near deep water, but on shore instead of in mid-lake. He said he caught perch on the shore in June that were filled with little trout, and this would not have been the case had the trout been planted as directed, for the perch spawn on the shores in May and do not resort to the mid-lake shoals until July, by which time the young trout would have found their way into deep water, and so they would not meet the perch.

The reason for planting the trout on the shore was that one of the men who planted the fish wished to make sure that the trout would be established near a cottage he owned on the shore. The man ought to have known better, as he has lived on the lake all his life, and has known of trout being planted since 1876, and they have always been found on the same grounds, no matter in which part of the lake they have been planted.

"Forest and Stream's" Big-Fish Record.

FOREST AND STREAM'S record of big fish is now in its infancy, but I expect before a year rolls around that additions and corrections of the record will bring out some big fish that have perhaps been lying dormant for lack of just such a record as FOREST AND STREAM has now provided to bring them before the public.

I have a letter from a gentleman in New York city, from which I quote: "Referring to your contribution to FOREST AND STREAM'S record of big fish, I would call your attention to the following facts, and perhaps by looking further into the matter you may get some information that will be of interest to you. Some time during May or June of last year a young man came into the office to order some goods, and showed me a very large mounted brook trout, which he was taking to somebody in Walton, N. Y. I asked him what it weighed and where it was caught, and he said it weighed over 10lbs., and was caught in the Delaware River near Walton. I have forgotten the name of the person for

whom the mounted fish was intended, but I believe he is a hotel keeper in Walton. In September, while at East Windham, N. Y., I was talking to some acquaintances about fishing and shooting, and mentioned having seen the large trout. Mr. Jerome Campbell told me he had been in Walton shortly before, and had seen the mounted specimen; and he also told me that a larger one, weighing, I think, over 12lbs., had been caught afterward by a carpenter who, having dug up some worms while digging post holes, thought he would try his luck fishing before going home. He tied a hook to his plumb line, and baiting with a couple of worms caught the big trout. This latter fish, I believe, was not mounted. Mr. Campbell told me that everybody in Walton was talking about the two big trout, and therefore you will probably be able to locate the persons interested and get a reliable statement and the exact weight of the two fish referred to."

The names of people were given in the letter for me to write to, but as I am going to Walton very soon I prefer to wait and investigate personally on the spot. Having heard that some salmon of about the weight given had been caught in the upper Delaware, I wrote to my correspondent asking if the mounted fish were not a salmon. He replied:

"The mounted fish to which I referred in my previous letter was certainly not a salmon, as it showed all the characteristic markings and spots of the brook trout, which had been touched up by the taxidermist. The fish was very broad and deep for its length, and the young man who had it said it was very fat when caught. When you go to Walton you will be able to locate the fish and get positive information in regard to its weight, also in regard to the heavier trout, which I was informed was also caught there."

Twelve pounds is rather large for a brook trout in New York waters, but the FOREST AND STREAM record has put me on the track of a larger one. I am not ready to spring all the facts on an unsuspecting public yet, for I am going to the lake where this bigger one came from when the season opens. At present it is sufficient to say that the lake is in the Adirondacks, or rather pond, for it is not large enough to be called a lake. I have known of some large trout being taken from it, and they were called brown trout. It is a planted pond, and all the trout so far caught have been large. The gentleman who planted it supposed he planted brown trout, as that is what he applied for. I went to it one year just after the ice was out, but caught nothing. Lately I heard of the "whopper" from the same pond. After my visit to the pond I was inclined to question the species of the fish, because of a photograph of a catch which showed marks which indicated that the fish might be brook trout; and a friend sent me a specimen, weighing about 3½lbs. dressed, which he said was like the other fish in the pond. The fish I received was a brook trout (*fontinalis*), and not a brown trout at all. Later I found that my friend had not seen the fish before it was sent to me. It was delivered at his house, and the man who caught it said it came from the pond, so he telephoned from his office to have it packed and sent to me. From this it will be seen that there is doubt about the species of trout in the pond; possibly the one can of fry planted may have contained both brook and brown trout, but that question my friend and I propose to settle the coming spring. One thing, however, is certain: a trout came from there which weighed 13lbs. 3oz., and the man who caught it and his wife will both swear to the weight. Another one weighed 11lbs. 7oz., and another one 7lbs. 4oz.

Naturally I am inclined to believe that the larger fish are brown trout, but nothing will determine that positively until an investigation is made to find what the pond contains. The man who caught the fish of 13lbs. 3oz. says that in the fall of 1896 he saw eleven trout in the stream in one pool, and that he thinks one of them would weigh over 20lbs. That fish is there yet, and it is the one my friend and I are going there to cultivate if possible. Personally I will be satisfied with one of 7lbs., but I wish my friend to add the biggest one to the FOREST AND STREAM record as his catch; or, better still, have his wife add it as her catch, and I hope it may weigh over 20lbs. A. N. CHENEY.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

UNCLE WILLIAM, one of old Virginia's big-hearted, jolly-dispositioned gentlemen of the old school, was out walking one Sunday afternoon in early June. For companions he had two younger men, who, like himself, were disciples of Izaak Walton. The day was perfect; soft breezes from the south gently swayed the newly-leaved boughs of grove and hedge, the emerald green of the pasture was liberally sprinkled with the bright yellow of the dandelion blossom, and the ear was pleased with the hum of busy bees and soft cooing of the turtledove, intermingled with the twittering song of birds.

Under these conditions it was not to be wondered at that the footsteps of our three friends followed the natural inclination of the fisherman's mind and led them to the banks of a small stream, on either side of which was a natural grove. In the rich loam under the forest trees myriads of wild flowers were in bloom. Gathering flowers, watching the antics of an occasonal squirrel or feathered denizen of the forest, these Sabbath strollers were enjoying themselves as only lovers of nature can under such circumstances.

As they paused beside the stream a school of minnows darting through the water caused them to forget the sacredness of the day and aroused in their minds the passion of their favorite sport.

Instinctively reaching back into his hip pocket, Uncle William drew forth a small line with hook attached, the others soon found pole and bait, and Uncle William, forgetful of all else but his favorite pastime, was soon engaged in extracting the hungry minnows from the stream.

All but the larger ones, which were 3 or 4in. in length, were returned to their native element About a half dozen of the largest minnows Uncle William concluded to take home with him.

As the sun sank near the horizon the angling was quit, and then arose the question as to how to get those fish home without attracting the attention of inquisitive eyes and gossiping tongues. The value of the fish was no consideration for taking them home, but Uncle William knew they would please his invalid boy. B. suggested tieing together the four corners of a handkerchief, placing the fish inside and then inserting flowers, so it would look to the observer that Uncle William was taking home some wild flowers with the roots attached for the purpose of transplanting. This plan was adopted, and proved all right until the party was nearly home. Passing through the town, many acquaintances who were on their way to church complimented Uncle William on his beautiful flowers. They were within a block of home, and were congratulating each other on the successful ruse for concealing the fish, when Mrs. K., a great lover of flowers, spied them passing her residence. Calling Uncle William, Mrs. K. asked what kind of flowers he had. "Oh! just some wild flowers," replied the old gentleman. "But let me see them!" insisted Mrs. K., reaching out her hand. With some misgivings, Uncle handed over the flowers. "Oh! oh! aren't they beautiful! How lovely they do smell! I will just take two or three for—ow! oh! mercy, goodness!" screamed the good lady, as one of the fish flopped out into her hand. The shrill, feminine screams of course brought the rest of the family and several neighbors, who smiled very audibly as Uncle William gathered up the fish and flowers from where they had been strewn by the frightened lady.

The next morning, when Uncle William went up to the office, the fish story had preceded him, and it took a goodly number of cigars to satisfy the boys. JOHN C. BRIGGS.

A Home-Made Rod.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "For account of whom it may concern" I want to tell those of your many readers who are interested in the capture of the wily bass of a most remarkable rod with which I did nearly all of my fishing last September in the waters of the upper Delaware. The original creation was the product of the fertile brain and skillful hands of that best of boatmen and fishermen, Millard F. Hauser. He has used one for two years past, and last autumn, on our first day out, he presented one to me, which with, I fear, rather a pitying air I decided to try, so that he would not feel hurt; the result being that for the next four weeks I discarded my cherished split-bamboos and dagama woods, and fished altogether with my latest acquisition.

As Hauser explained it to me, the method which he pursues in the manufacture of his rods is this: He procures the best pieces of Calcutta bamboo (the kind with the brown markings) which he can obtain, selecting one about 11 to 12ft. long and about 1¼in. in diameter at the butt. This he seasons on racks up against his kitchen ceiling for from four to six months. He then takes it down and gives it, at such intervals as may be necessary for perfect drying, three coats of fine coach body varnish. He then proceeds to wrap the rod over its entire length with best quality of black patent thread, of which it requires about 1,200yds. for a rod. This is followed by three or four more coats of outside varnish, each one of which is allowed to dry thoroughly before the next one is applied. The tip, guides and reel bands are put on in the usual way and their wrappings varnished, and the rod is done.

This method of treatment seems to work a radical change in the nature of the bamboo. It produces a rod which is elastic to a degree which will almost permit one to throw a fly with it, and it cannot be broken. I have seen Hauser with one of these rods and without a sinker cast a helgramite or stone catfish over 100ft., manipulating it as he would a fly rod, and I found no difficulty in casting from 80 to 90ft. The tip can be doubled back upon the butt with the absolute certainty that no fracture will result, and one can strike a fish as with a steel spring. Don't ask me why all this is. I don't know. I am simply giving results for which I do not pretend to account. The only objection to which I can see such a rod is open is its liability to take a "set," but this can be readily straightened out by bending it back with the hands.

Of course it does not lend itself readily to transportation by train, but where one is on the river from day to day, and the general method of locomotion is by boat, the length is no great inconvenience.

To the scoffer who "don't believe it" I can only say one thing, viz., try it.

I use the same fine line, leader, and carefully adjusted reel as hitherto.

As much of the fishing in the upper Delaware is done by "drifting," that is to say, by dropping slowly down through one of the long eddies, with your minnow or catfish 50 to 75ft. astern, and as on many occasions you will find that at the time that you want to strike your fish he is double that distance away, inasmuch as on seizing the bait they run *up stream* like a flash, it can be readily seen that a rod must have backbone to overcome the resistance of the water upon such a length of line. Many and many a time, despite the most careful handling, have my fine rods given way at the ferrules under the strain of striking a heavy fish under such circumstances, but I have never seen these rods suffer in any way.

Should any one of your readers care to experiment in this direction I should be pleased to have his experience.

WADLEIGH BROOKE.

Some More Large Fish Records.

CINCINNATI.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have spent a good deal of my time the last ten years fishing; generally having a month in the spring and a month each fall on Kinnikinnick Creek, a stream in Lewis county, Ky., fishing for bass and pike; and I generally have fairly good success. In the fall of 1895 I caught a large-mouth black bass that weighed 5¼lbs., and, being the largest one I had ever seen, I was very proud of it. But on Oct. 4, 1896, I caught on rod a large-mouth bass that weighed 8½lbs. and was 22⅝in. long, and 7½in. from back to belly. When I first weighed it I thought the scales must be wrong, so I sent it to Vanceburg, Ky., and it weighed 8½lbs. there, and four responsible men saw it weighed; I then sent it to Cincinnati and wrote them to show it to everybody and to weigh it. It weighed 8¼lbs. the third day after I caught it. I also caught quite a nice lot of pike: one 5lbs., two 6lbs., one 8lbs., one 10lbs., one 11lbs. Oct. 22 I caught three: one 6lbs., one 8lbs. and one 10lbs.

The oldest inhabitants of Kinney say that the 6lb. bass was the largest that they had ever heard of before I caught the 8½lb. one. GEO. C. WALKER.

The Adventures of a Mess of Minnows.

WHEELING, W. Va., March 2.—Last October, while bass fishing in the South Branch of the Potomac with a party of Wheeling and Washington gentlemen, we had our bait buckets carried away by a freshet. The water was very high and muddy for several days. When it fell we had a fruitless search for our bait.

In January one of the family with whom we had boarded saw through the clear ice one of our buckets, which he knew by the initials C. R. H. painted on it. Cutting through the ice, he fished it up and found all the minnows alive, in spite of their crowded quarters and rough and muddy journey.

Is this a hard living for minnows from 3 to 4in. long?

A. G. H.

Pennsylvania Trouting.

PATTERSON, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the trout season is approaching, a word from our section may be of interest to some of your readers. The streams of Juniata county have been nearly depleted by illegal fishing. Long before the season opens our streams are fished, and some vandals use fulminating caps and fuse, and destroy all the fish, little and big, in the holes where they use the explosive. Mr. Wells and I went fishing in Big Run, and only caught ten trout in a day's fishing. We were told by a young man we met that a party had taken out 150 trout by the use of explosives a few days before.

Licking Creek, which used to be one of the finest trout streams in our county, is fished in season and out of season by trout hogs, who sell their trout to hotels. They are not particular as to how they are caught, or the size of the trout. Unless some measures are taken to prevent this wanton destruction, in a very few years there will be no trout in our streams.

But notwithstanding the scarcity of trout the trout braggart is still in evidence. I have in my mind one who, like Abou Ben Adam, leads all the rest. In the following doggerel I have parodied the poem to describe his propensity; as I have left his last name blank, it may apply to others affected in the same manner:

Abou Ben ——, may his tribe die out,
Awoke one night after he had been for trout;
And there traced on the wall, to his surprise,
Were names of men who had told trout lies.
He saw their lies recorded, saw the size
Of trout they had caught with worms and flies;
He saw their measures taken good and strong,
None less than fifteen, many eighteen inches long.
He waited patiently to see whose catch was best,
And lo! Ben ——'s led all the rest.

SANCHO PANZA.

Anglers' Association of Onondaga.

AT the eighth annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of Onondaga, in Syracuse, last week, the committee in charge of ordering fish fry for the waters of this county reported that they had made requisition upon the State Commissioners in the name of the Association for the following: 500,000 pike fry for Seneca River; 500,000 pike fry for Oneida River; 5,000 trout, fingerlings, for Onondaga Creek; 1,000 black bass, yearlings, for Oneida River.

W. S. MacGregor, William Everson and M. J. French were appointed a nominating committee to name candidates for officers for the ensuing year and reported the following: D. H. Bruce for president; Henry Loftie for vice-president; J. E. Bierhardt for secretary, and Charles H. Mowry for treasurer; for members of the executive committee: L. A. Stevenson, M. H. Schwartz and W. S. MacGregor. The candidates were unanimously elected.

It was resolved that the name shall hereafter be "The Anglers Association of Onondaga," thus dropping the apostrophe from the name and changing it from the "Anglers' Association of Onondaga of Syracuse, N. Y."

The meeting resolved, after a spirited discussion, to indorse the bill now before the Legislature providing for special legislation for Oneida Lake in connection with the continuance there of a State hatchery and a bill providing for a bounty for the capture of nets illegally used in fishing.

The following committee was appointed to have charge of the arrangements for the fly-casting tourney to be held in the spring: Walter S. MacGregor, C. W. Smith, George B. Wood, Charles H. Mowry and W. S. Barnum.

Gov. Morton's Bass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 27 Mr. A. N. Cheney refers to a large-mouthed black bass taken from a pond on the premises belonging to Governor Morton, and which weighed 24lbs.

Mr. Cheney is very justly regarded as authority in all matters relating to fish, and unless the error in regard to this fish is corrected, the statement made by Mr. Cheney will very naturally be regarded as authentic, although the story is given by him simply for what it is worth.

It is enough to say that those who then were in the secret, and which has now become an open one, all admit that this fish did weigh 24lbs., but it happened to be a striped bass which had probably just been taken with a net from the Hudson River. It was photographed at the time and some of the photographs are still extant.

If I am correctly informed, the fish in question was never exhibited to Governor Morton, but a report was simply made to him that in drawing off his pond this fish was found, and that it was a large-mouthed black bass.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, no large-mouthed black bass have ever been taken in this county or in Ulster county exceeding from 8 to 9lbs. in weight. One was taken in Lake Mahopac some four or five years ago which was reported to weigh between 12 and 13lbs., but this weight has never been verified. J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, March 8.

Trout Fishing Conditions and Fish.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following may be of some slight interest to your readers:

The season was the last of May, 1896. Lakes east of Moosehead. Weather cold and raw, high winds, small chance for fly-fishing. Twenty-two fish caught, smallest weighed nearly 2lbs. Three only were caught on ordinary trout flies, the rest by trolling. Method used, a strong leader over two large black bass flies, and either small spoon or very small minnow strung on a large hook same way as when casting for bass. Two lines made up in this style simply with flies of different kinds, one with sinker, the other a surface line. By these measures my guide and myself were enabled to capture the fish.

The photograph I send is of the four larger ones, weights 6lbs., 5½lbs., 4¾lbs., 4lbs.; all handsome fish and good fighters; none taken on the spoon, several on the minnow. The rest struck the large bass flies well, as they were fairly deeply sunk. Casting the small flies over the same ground seemed to bear alone poor results. Cause was in all probability cold, windy weather and no natural flies on the surface. All fish taken were fierce biters. F. M. JOHNSON.

Mr. Conroy's Removal.

MR. THOMAS J. CONROY has removed his fishing tackle establishment from Broadway to No. 28 John street.

Trout Planted in New Jersey.

A CONSIGNMENT of 5,000 brook trout was received by the New Jersey Fish and Game Commission on Saturday, Feb. 27. The fish measured from 3 to 5in. in length, 3,000 being planted in north Jersey streams, 1,000 at Woodbury, and 1,000 were divided between several streams in the vicinity of New Egypt. None of the fish were lost in transportation. The Commission has contracted with Toledo, O., parties for a large number of adult pike-perch for stocking streams and ponds.

WILD HONEY.

A Trout Stream Threatened.

LATONA, Wash.—I am "down in the mouth" these days because the Government has got a fool idea into its head to build a ship canal right straight up my favorite trout stream from Salmon Bay into Lake Union! What right has the Government got to ruin a fellow's picnic that way? Guess I'll get out an injunction.

EL COMANCHO.

"Angling Talks."

WE have a very few copies of George Dawson's "Angling Talks," a series of chapters of entertaining chat about men, fishermen, fish, fishing and fishing places. Cloth, 50 cents. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 10-13.—CHICAGO.—Mascoutah Kennel Club.
March 24-27.—PITTSBURG.—Duquesne Kennel Club.
March 17-20.—LOUISVILLE—Kentucky Kennel Club.
March 30-April 2.—BALTIMORE.—Baltimore Kennel Association.
March 30-April 2.—KANSAS CITY.—Kansas City Kennel Club.
March 3-April 3.—SAN JOSÈ.—Santa Clara County Poultry and Kennel Club.
April 7-10.—STOCKTON.—Stockton Kennel Club.
April 14-17.—LOS ANGELES.—Southern California Kennel Club.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.

ST. LOUIS BENCH SHOW.

THE second bench show of the St. Louis Kennel Club opened at the Exposition Building Wednesday, March 3. On the opening day the weather was favorable. The attendance, especially at night, was very large, although the cash box was not largely benefited, as most of those in attendance came in on complimentary tickets, the club being lavish in their distribution—more so, it is said, than Boston, New York or Chicago. It is supposed here that all others will follow the swell set, and complimentaries were lavished on them. Last year this plan worked well. It remains to be seen if it will pan out so well this year.

The dogs were well in their stalls Wednesday by 12 o'clock, though some owners complained they had no stall tags sent them, and had to ask for their tags on arrival. The judging in four rings commenced at 1 o'clock Wednesday. Mr. Trickett, having the smallest class, soon finished his labors. Mr. Watson also finished his by Wednesday night, and left the same night for the East. Mr. Mason, Mr. Mortimer and Dr. Stahl having too many classes for one judge did not finish until Friday afternoon. The judging, with the exception noted in their respective classes, was as satisfactory as judges usually perform those arduous duties. In some instances the judges had to wait longer than necessary for the attendants to bring in the dogs. The judges, having passed on all dogs in the open and other classes, would often consume time by having the dogs brought in the rings a second and third time to award specials. The judges, having seen the dogs and passed on them once, could have taken their award sheets and gone over them and saved time in awarding the specials. The specials were given almost exclusively to the dogs owned in St. Louis. Five specials were mentioned in the regular classes sent out with entry blanks. The committees attending to the donating and collecting of the specials did not report the result of their labors until the Saturday before the show and after the entries had closed. These specials did not add a single entry to the show because no one knew anything of them when they made their entries. The club was clearly outgeneraled in the price paid for the Exposition Building, and paid dearly for their acts. The same building, your reporter was told, was rented for other purposes for the same length of time the club used it at two-thirds less, a saving of $1,000 to the club. We were also informed by one of the officers of the club that the club refused an offer of $1,000 bonus for the show, the party to pay all expenses of the show, which offer was declined. Another officer, who ought to know, said he had not heard of such an offer. Had one been made, however, he would have voted to decline it, as in his judgment the club would have done better by running the show itself.

There seems to be a wide difference of opinion among the officers of the club as to the best policy of running the club, and unless same is harmonized before another show is held, it will not be to the advantage of the club. The dogs were benched in the different naves of the exposition building by Spratts. The benches were too close together. There was no room for visitors to pass in the aisle between the benches with a moderate attendance; when a crowd, it was an impassable jam. The naves, being wide apart, were confusing to visitors. The building was comfortably heated, and lighted by arc lights when the weather was gloomy, which it was the second day of the show—the worst day, a steady rain falling all day and night that partly froze as it fell, which could not have made an outing less attractive, and the attendance reflected the weather for that day and night. The attendance on Friday and Saturday will have to be very large to pull the club out whole. Friday the weather was all that could be desired; quite a change from Thursday. Friday the attendance was better in the afternoon. The weather being favorable, a record breaker will have to be made on Friday night.

The local fanciers came up with about 400 entries, a good showing. The local greyhounds swept the decks, beating the cracks in the challenge classes when they went for the specials. The interest in this breed is very great here, St. Louis being quite a racing center. The total entries were 948, with the usual number of absentees.

There is much kicking in regard to the specials that go to the St. Loius owners. The St. Louis merchants donate these specials, it is true. The local exhibitors think they ought to have them, and the outsiders think they ought to be up open to all exhibitors; so there you are.

The pointer class was about the average run. No sensational new stars made their appearance. Mr. Geo Gould's kennel carried off the premier honors, capturing the kennel prize and first, dogs 55lbs. and over, with Furlough Mike, defeating a good field. Among the good ones he beat were Heath's Roswell and Ashford's great field trial winner Von Gull. The latter was shown in bad shape, looking as if he had been stuffed for the occasion, throwing him out of symmetry. In the 50lbs. and over bitches Geo. Gould won with Furlough Bloom, beating a fair field. In challenge class, dogs under 55lbs., Ridgeview Comet won, beating Shotaway. Lady Gay Spanker added another to her long list of wins. In the open dogs, under 55lbs., Mark Tapley, a young dog of excellent symmetry, won, his greatest defect being in head, that may improve with age. Furlough Maud won in the bitch class under 50lbs., beating a fair field. Von Gull shows much quality and pointer character. We thought him superior to Furlough Bang, placed over him. Bang was shown for all he was worth. Von Gull was handicapped on account of his condition. Sedalia Wid, third, open dogs under 55lbs., though a good dog, begins to show age, and ought to be retired from the bench. Molton Banner was first in challenge over 55lbs. Alice Leslie beat Josie Bracket, a decision we do not agree with.

English setters were not up to last year in quality. With Rodfield absent and Marie's Sport out of form, Cincinnatus Pride had an easy win in the open class, though he was shown too fat, and was soft in flesh. Your reporter thought Marie's Sport, though short of feather, ought to have been placed second over Santa Fé, placed second, beating him in body, legs and symmetry, equaling him in head; Santa having the best tail and the most feather—the latter, with some, like charity, covers a multitude of defects. He should have been placed over Count Seven (third), being superior in all points to Count. Cactus had no opposition in the challenge dogs. Flower of Sulphur, the only entry in the challenge bitch class, was absent. In the open English setter bitch class Minnie K. again scored first, with something to spare. Miller's Nellie, second, won first here last year in novice class. She is a nice bitch, full of quality, her head being her weakest point. Lady F., third, is only a fair bitch. The others in bitch class were a poor lot. Puppies were nothing that bid fair to make a sensation on the bench as they grow older.

In the field trial class Marie's Sport was the only one present. There was quite a number of absentees.

Irish setters made a better showing in quality than the English setters. Finglas seems to be invincible in the challenge class, and added another win to his already long list. Bessie Finmore beat Ruby Glenmore in the challenge bitch class. St. Elmo, winner of first in open class, is a good dog and won his first from a good field. Prince Elcho, second, shows Irish setter character enough to compete in hot company. Kildare Swiveler is another good dog, and in less hot company is liable to go higher. Timothy Titcomb, reserve, is a very fair dog. Like all of Mr. Morgan's dogs, he was handicapped by want of condition. Ruby Glenmore, reserve, is also a good dog. Letters were bestowed liberally in this class, showing it was a good one. In the open bitch class Bessie won, with something to spare. Belle Kildare, second, was closely pressed by a puppy, Blanche Finmore, about nine months old and winner of third; if she lives she will crowd the best. Niva, reserve, was only fair; the others were quite ordinary. In the novice class Blanche Finmore had an easy win. Moose is a very fair bitch, but does not belong in the same class as the winner of first. None were good enough for third. Bessie, reserve, is an ordinary bitch.

If we are to judge Gordon setters by those shown, they are going down hill. They did not compare with those shown last year; Heather Lad, in the challenge class, being the only good one, and he is nothing extra. No entries in challenge bitch class. In open dog class Dwight Grouse is a very poor specimen. Lad View, second, is not so good as the winner of first. Gordon, winner of third, is still a worse dog than winner of second. Of the others, the less said the better. In open bitch class, Mabel, winner of first, like the dogs, was poor. Dwight Sarah, winner of second, not so good. Rosalind, winner of third, still worse. In the puppy class for dogs those shown did not indicate the breed was being improved. Monx Carl won first; Don II., second. The Gordon setter puppy bitches showed a poor one in May Simmons, the only entry.

Beagles showed up well. These little musicians were out in strong force and were of good quality. In challenge dogs Ringleader scored another win to the many already won. Lonely was the winner in challenge bitch class. Dogs over 13in. found the winner in Ringwood. Newton Spot, second, is a good typical beagle. Karlo, third, is also a beagle all over. In bitch class over 13in. Lady Glenwood scored first; second went to Girl. Thorwood, the winner of first in class for dogs 13in. and under, is a typical beagle. Roving Mike, second, and Royal Dick, third, are both good hounds. In puppies, dogs, Thorwood scored first, Sherry Boy second. In bitches, puppies, Marvel was first, the only entry.

American foxhounds, challenge dogs and bitches, had only Big Strive. In open dogs, Hagan caught the judge's eye for first and second with Raleigh and Joe Blackburn, Judge Laughlin securing third. Bitches had Hagan & Walter's Flash show up winner of first; and a grand foxhound she is. If the writer was asked to select the most typical dog or bitch of any breed in the show he would select Flash. Second was won by a good bitch, Flashaway. Fashion, third, was also good. The hounds are better than usually seen at shows.

In field spaniels there was no entry in either dog or bitch class. In open class for dogs over 28lbs. (black) first went to Endcliffe Bishop, second to Endcliffe Ben, the only two entries. Both dogs showed well. In bitches over 28lbs. (black) Endcliffe Myrtle was the only entry. Field spaniels, open dogs, any other color, the only entry was Uncle Vic. The judge thought he was only good enough for third. No entries in field spaniels, open bitches, any other color, and in puppy class. Field spaniels, novice dogs and bitches: first prize withheld, second went to Monte Christo. Cocker spaniels, challenge dogs, black or liver: the only entry that faced the judge was Brother S., who won first.

P. H. BRYSON.

AWARDS.

FOXHOUNDS (American)—CHALLENGE *Dogs and Bitches:* 1st, Hagan & Walker's Big Strive.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Hagan & Walker's Rawleigh and Joe Blackburn; 3d, C. Campbell and Judge H. D. Laughlin's Bob. *Bitches:* 1st, Hagan & Walker's Flash; 2d and 3d, C. Campbell and Judge H. D. Laughlin's Fleek and Gypsy.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st, Glenrock Kennels' Moulton Banner. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, E. M. Beale's Alice Leslie. Res., G. J. Gould's Josie Bracket.—OPEN—*Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st, G. J. Gould's Furlough Mike; 2d, C. Heath's Heath's Roswell; 3d, T. T. Ashford's Von Gull. Res., G. C. Burleigh's Frassy. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, G. J. Gould's Furlough Bloom; 2d, F. J. G. McArthur's Ightfield Blossom; 3d, H. H. Mayberry's Alabama Girl. Res., Monocacy Valley Kennels' Queen of Monocacy.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, G. J. Gould's Ridgeview Comet. Res., G. W. Lovell's Shotaway. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st and res., G. J. Gould's Lady Gay Spanker and Miss Rumor.—OPEN—*Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, J. W. Scudder's Mark Tapley; 2d, G. J. Gould's Furlough Bang; 3d, M. Voorhees's Sedalia Wid. Res., R. B. Morgan's Sir Hector. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, G. J. Gould's Furlough Maud; 2d, G. W. Lovell's Cyrene; 3d, M. A. Brueggeman's Queen IV.—PUPPIES—*Bitches:* 1st, G. J. Gould's Furlough Maud; 2d, C. D. Ploeser's Princess Bonnie. Res., B. Reusch's Rippointa.—FIELD TRIALS—1st, T. T. Ashford's Von Gull; 2d, H. H. Mayberry's Alabama Girl.—NOVICE—1st, G. J. Gould's Furlough Bloom; 2d, T. T. Ashford's Von Gull. Res., J. W. Scudder's Mark Tapley.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Brett's Cactus.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. A. Burdette's Cincinnatus Pride; 2d, L. Rausch's Santa Fé; 3d, Atkins Bros.' Count Seven. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H. Kessler's Minnie K.; 2d, Cole & Barker's Miss Jimmie; 3d, C. Thoman's Lady T. Res., G. A. Wilkins's Adelina Patti.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, R. B. Morgan's Dan M.; 2d, R. B. Morgan's Platt M. Res., E. E. Ray's Doctor Ben. *Bitches:* 1st, R. B. Morgan's Jess M.; 2d, R. B. Morgan's Jeanette M.—NOVICE—1st, L. Rausch's Santa Fé; 2d, Atkins Bros.' Count Seven.—FIELD TRIALS CLASS—1st, H. B. Ledbitter's Marie's Sport.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, W. L. Washington's Finglas. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Eakins's Bessie Finmore. Res., W. L. Washington's Ruby Glenmore.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, S. Coulson's St. Elmo; 2d, R. F. Straine's Prince Elcho; 3d, W. C. Washington's Kildare Swiveler. Res., R. Morgan's Timothy Titcomb. *Bitches:* 1st, S. L. McBride's Bessie; 2d, W. L. Washington's Belle of Kildare; 3d, W. H. Eakins's Blanch Finmore. Res., Mrs. C. Darling's Neva II.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, H. C. Curtis's Dan Deronda. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Eakin's Blanch Finmore.—NOVICE—1st, S. Coulson's St. Elmo; 2d, Dr. H. J. Cummings's Moose. Res., S. L. McBride's Bessie.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Grouse and Lad View; 3d, Woodbury Kennels' Gordon. Res., R. Schmidt's Don Bruce. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Redfield's Mabel R.; 2d, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Sarah; 3d, P. Lauff's Rosalind. Res., R. Schmidt's Don's Libbie.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, C. L. Kruse's Monk Carl; 2d, Dr. J. Whitaker's Don II. Res., J. H. Schlachter's Chas. Simmons. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Schlachter's May Simmons.—NOVICE—1st, J. Redfield's Mabel R.; 2d, G. C. Kleinecke's Pansy.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. McAllister's Bret.

FIELD SPANIELS.—OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Bishop; 2d, E. W. Stern's Endcliffe Ben. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Myrtle.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 3d, Woodbury Kennels' Uncle Vic.—NOVICE—2d, T. J. Curran's Monte Christo.

COCKER SPANIELS.—BLACK OR LIVER—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Brother S. *Bitches:* 1st and res., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Gabrielle and Dart.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Goldie S. Res., Brookside Kennels' Lorraine.—OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Douglas's Havoc; 2d, C. G. King's Governor; 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Guy S. Res., Woodbine Cocker Kennels' Woodbine Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, Brookside Kennels' Woodland Belle; 2d and 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Lady Betty and Susanne. Res., G. Douglas's Woodland Countess.—RED OR LIVER—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Raven R. and Darby S.; 2d, Brookside Kennels' Brookside King. Res., G. Douglas's Red Spark. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and res., G. Douglas's Silk Gown, Edgewood Hebe and Rosa Belle; 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Hope.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Cupid S. *Bitches:* 1st, W. T. Payne's Belle; 3d, Brookside Kennels' Woodland Trilby.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Douglas's Premier; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Cupid S.; 3d, Omaha Cocker Kennels' Barney. Res., Woodbine Cocker Kennels' Woodbine Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, G. Douglas's Village Belle; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Jess R.; 3d, T. J. Curran's Susan.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Douglas's Premier; 2d, Omaha Cocker Kennels' Barney; 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Laddie R. Res., Miss L. Y. Wear's Peter. *Bitches:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Susanne; 2d, G. Douglas's Village Belle; 3d, A. B. Koenig's Missouri Belle. Res., J. E. Fleming's Bona Vera.

American Pet Dog Club.

THE annual meeting of the American Pet Dog Club was held on Wednesday, Feb. 24, at the Hotel Lincoln, Broadway and Thirty-second street, New York city, at 2:30 P. M. The following members were present: Mrs. Horace Stokes in the chair, Mrs. Stephen Barnum, Mrs. Walter Stanton, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. M. A. Cunningham, Mrs. C. Frederick Spalding, Mr. E. Morris, Mr. C. Frederick Spalding and Mr. T. Farrer Rackham. By proxy, Mrs. Thomas Barr, Mrs. Charles Beach, Mr. W. J. Pryer and Mr. J. W. Burkhart.

The treasurer's report was read, showing a substantial balance in hand, and was ordered on file. The following eleven new members were duly elected: Mrs. Robert J. Lowry, Mrs. Wm. Gulliver, Mrs. James D. Leary, Mrs. Daniel J. Leary, Mrs. Morrill, Mrs. E. A. Perkins, Miss Fielding Roselle, Dr. J. D. Brown, Capt. Robert J. Lowry, Mr. W. E. Taylor, Dr. Grosvenor Lowry.

The election of officers for the ensuing year then took place, with the following result: President, Mrs. Walter Stanton; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Stephen Barnum, Mrs. C. Frederick Spalding, Mrs. Robert J. Lowry; Treasurer, Mrs. Horace Stokes; Secretary, T. Farrer Rackham.

Trustees: Mrs. Wm. R. McKee, Mrs. Dudley Kavanagh, Miss Fielding Roselle, Mrs. Robert K. Pritchard and Miss Florence Gale.

The Executive Committee: President, Secretary and Treasurer; Mr. W. J. Pryer, Mr. C. Frederick Spalding, Mr. Edwin H. Morris and Dr. Brown.

Three new members were proposed, namely: Mrs. Anna Bernstine, Mrs. Marie Berth and Miss Sophie Berth.

The election of Delegates for the American Kennel Club was postponed, as also was the election of club's judges.

It was resolved that the secretary be instructed to tender a vote of thanks to Mrs. Stanton for the cordial and lavish entertainment given to the members of the club by her, at the state apartments of the Waldorf Hotel on Dec. 9 last. An adjournment was then taken, in order that the members might partake of the hospitalities extended by Mrs. Horace Stokes.

Gordon Setters.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a matter of interest to lovers of Gordon setters, please state that my Gordon setter dog Doc, winner of first in open class dogs, and my Gordon bitch champion Heather Bee won the special for the best setter dog and bitch, any breed, in the late New York dog show. The other contestants were the English setter dog champion Cactus and bitch Flower of Sulphur, and Irish setters champion Kildare and champion Queen Vic.

In Great Britain the Gordons often carry off the prizes for the best setters of any breed in the shows—a deserved tribute to the handsomest dog that walks on earth.

The silver vase which I won for the third time at the New York show, and which thus became my property, will be put up again by me for competition at coming New York dog shows.

I was much pleased to see so good an exhibition of Gordons, the best I ever saw, and hardly a poor one among them. In quality, I heard it remarked that they more nearly approached perfection than any breed of sporting dogs in the New York show. But there is room for improvement, and we breeders of Gordons must do our best to reach perfection.

As might have been expected, the number of entries in

the challenge classes of pointers and setters showed a great falling off at the New York show. If managers will give three prizes instead of one they will see the challenge dogs appear again at the exhibitions. I don't believe any other plan will bring out the good dogs that inevitably, after being so unfortunate as to win four first prizes, are buried in that tomb—the challenge classes. But getters-up of dog shows seem to think novices and puppies better entitled to encouragement.

Can nothing be done to make the exhibition less slippery? As it is now, a dog of free movement often slips on his side, while the stiff, ungainly and slow animals appear to better advantage. What a farce it is to start one's good dog on a run by the judges' order and have him slip and slide and actually appear inferior in action to a poorer specimen.

JAMES B. BLOSSOM.

Irish Terrier Club of America.

BOSTON.—Kindly mention that at the recent meeting of the Irish Terrier Club of America a rule was passed that no cropped Irish terriers born after March 1, 1897, can compete for any prizes offered by the club.

O. W. DONNER, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The secretary of the Baltimore Kennel Association writes us that, notwithstanding that the date of closing the entries has been changed to March 20, several entries already have been made. A number of new classes have been made and valuable specials also have been added.

We are informed by Mr. W. B. Wells, the honorary secretary of the International Field Trial Club, that his club's trials will commence on Nov. 16.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

WHEELING ON THE ICE.

NEW YORK, March 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Upon investigation I found out that there are very few wheelmen who know anything about cycling on the ice. Some old riders said that a bicycle wouldn't stand up on the ice; others that it was an impossibility to mount while on the ice. Some offered the suggestion that a little snow would help, as it neutralized the treacherous slipperiness of the ice; but others, who knew something of the combination, said that snow was the worst possible adjunct, and that the rider who trusted to it would land on his ear before he knew what had happened.

Each one of these advisers spoke positively, and presumably from personal experience, and it seemed a difficult matter to reconcile their statements with each other and with my own experience, for I had seen wheelmen riding over glare ice with apparent ease, and I had found a light snow give good holding to the tire.

Nevertheless they were all true—you can't ride or mount a bicycle on ice, and you can; you can't ride on snow-covered ice, and you can.

It is possible or impossible, according to circumstances, and the conditions are very similar to those governing riding on asphalt. Every wheelman knows that when asphalt is wet and covered with slime it becomes treacherous, and the same is true of ice. If ice is wet, it is slipperier than slimy asphalt, while if it is dry it affords almost equally good holding with dry asphalt. A slight dust of new fallen snow has the same effect as water upon ice, but if the snow is several inches deep, or if it has become a little "set" to the ice, it gives secure tire hold and admirable riding. A parallel might here again be drawn between ice and asphalt, for a foreign substance like sand makes asphalt slippery, as those who have tried turning a corner where a sprinkling of sand covered the surface know. There is plenty of friction between the tire and sand, but altogether too little between sand and asphalt, or between the individual grains of sand themselves.

These statements regarding riding on ice are made as the result of practical experience gained on a trip up the Hudson River the last day of February. C. M. D. and myself left New York on a morning train over the West Shore R. R. bound for the nearest point on the river where the ice would hold. Two weeks before I had seen men skating near shore at Haverstraw and horses on the ice at Peekskill, forty-two miles from New York, but there had been almost continuous warm weather since then, and we were therefore not unprepared to find the Hudson open water for more than sixty miles from its mouth.

The conductor told us that at Marlboro, a station eight miles above Newburgh, we would find the first solid ice. We had checked our wheels for a shorter distance, but we had no difficulty in arranging to have them left on the train till we wanted them. The train men were very obliging, and though running the first part of its course through New Jersey, the railroad made no charge for carrying our wheels.

Four miles above Newburgh we came in sight of the first promising looking ice. Below that point we had seen nothing but small fields of floe ice, or occasionally a narrow strip fringing the shore of some protected bay. But here the river was spanned from shore to shore, with only occasional disjointed pools of open water. The presence of these open places, however, and a certain patchy appearance of the ice itself, took away a good deal from our pleasure, for they indicated that the ice was rotten and hardly safe to ride upon. We were prepared for emergency, for C. M. D. had provided himself with thirty feet of ½in. rope, which he carried in his pocket, and it was understood that in any ticklish places the two of us should ride a good long distance apart to obviate as far as possible the danger of both going through at the same time. We were not bent on any foolhardy feat, but we were determined to be prepared in case of emergency.

At Marlboro stands the first of the Hudson River ice houses. The season had been disastrous for it, as far as the ice crop is concerned, and if I am not mistaken not a single cake of ice had been cut.

On leaving the train we were met by the pleasing information that the ice was not safe and that a man had been drowned the day before while attempting to cross the river. Despite this chilling information we determined to give it a trial, and shouldering our wheels we picked our way across the barricade of great rocks that protect the tracks at this point from the river, and a moment later were standing on the frozen surface of the stream A few inches below our feet ran the powerful current of one of the world's great rivers, cruel and merciless as only inanimate nature can be. All that upheld us from its frigid embrace was a thin shell of honeycombed ice, at no point thicker than 4in., and in many places worn to its last extremity. Here and there were open pools around whose edges the gently lapping waves, driven by a south wind, were constantly at work enlarging their domain, sapping little channels back into the field here and there, and undermining everywhere.

In the early winter water looks black as ink in contrast with snow ice. Now ice and water were so nearly assimilated that there was no contrast. A day or two would see boats sailing and ducks feeding where we were standing.

We mounted our wheels without the slightest difficulty and rode up the river before the wind, keeping as near the shore as the condition of the ice would allow.

A spin of a few hundred yards sufficed to show us that in ice we had found the finest riding surface that either of us had ever tried. Absolutely level and with a surface so smooth as to offer no jarring resistance whatever, the work of pedaling was reduced to a minimum, and one felt as if there was no limit to the speed he could attain.

Ice has a quality all its own. Asphalt is always disappointing as a riding surface, for its relative smoothness is offset by a certain deadness and drag. Ice, on the other hand, seems to possess life, and the longer one rides (judging from a limited experience) the lighter his wheel seems and the less the effort it to propel it.

It struck me that ice more nearly resembled a board floor as a riding surface than anything I had ever tried.

Quarter of a mile above Marlboro a little stream came tumbling down the side of a hill, and thinking that the ice further out would be safer than where it entered the river we steered well out from shore. An ominous cracking of the ice, however, warned us that we were trying a dangerous experiment, so at the first opportunity we swung inshore again. Everywhere the ice showed short radiating clusters of cracks that betokened its early break-up.

We rode on up the river till we were in plain sight of the Poughkeepsie bridge and no great distance from it. Then we turned about, though the ice looked good ahead, and we might have ridden to Albany or the Adirondacks as well as not, and riding leisurely along ate the lunches with which we were provided. It was no great feat to ride hands off on the ice, as we found it up near Poughkeepsie.

Passing Marlboro again, we came to a long wooded point terminating in a little rocky wart upon which was perched a lighthouse. The river was open outside the point, but we rode from the ice up on the shore, and could have crossed the point without dismounting had it not been for some undergrowth that barred our way. Below this point we found occasionally a little water on top of the ice, and in such places it required the most careful riding to prevent a fall. Despite our precautions, both of us went off on different occasions in places where we would not otherwise have chosen to dismount

Once I tried a pedal mount where the ice was wet, which resulted in an inglorious failure, though previously I had had no difficulty in so mounting.

Under the influence of a warm sun the ice gradually became slipperier, and at the same time the head wind we were breasting increased in force. Under these conditions it became difficult to mount at all, as one could hardly keep his footing while starting the wheel. Eventually we found a way out of the difficulty, heading with the wind while mounting and afterward turning to our desired course. We could turn all right, and if we went slow enough the shortest turns were negotiable.

Near an old brickyard C. M. D. picked up a cast horseshoe, which he carried with him for luck. Once when we had dismounted on some bad ice for the reason that we had gotten into a sort of *cul de sac*, without room to turn, he took this and with one blow drove it through the ice. We felt the need of something lucky then, as we gingerly made our way to the shore.

We rode down the river till open water from shore to shore was within sight, only a few hundred yards away, before leaving the ice. Then we took to the railroad embankment, and as a contrast to the unexcelled riding afforded by the ice had a taste of about the worst possible. Between the tracks it was soft enough in places to nearly cover our tires, and at such times riding over the ties was only a case of Hobson's choice.

Despite the poor track, however, we made fairly good time, covering the distance between some of the mile-posts in six minutes and eventually we made Newburgh just in time to catch the train we were anxious to get. It had started to pull out of the station as we rode up to the baggage car, but the baggageman signaled and stopped it, and we got our wheels aboard.

C. M. D. wrenched a crank loose while riding on the ties across an open culvert, but otherwise our wheels stood the ordeal nobly

Riding on the ice is a success from our standpoint, and next winter we hope to make up for sport lost through ignorance by long ice rides whenever possible. J. B. B.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

FIXTURES.

MAY.

31. Harlem.

JUNE

5. Knickerbocker.
12. Douglaston.
19. Larchmont, spring regatta.
26. Seawanhaka-Corinthian.
28. Stamford, special.
29. Indian Harbor, special.
30. Corinthian Fleet, special.

JULY.

1. Horseshoe Harbor, special.
2. Sea Cliff, special.
3. New Rochelle, annual.
4. Larchmont, annual.
6. American, annual.
10. Riverside.
17-24. Larchmont, race week.
28. Stamford
31. Sea Cliff.

YACHT DESIGNING.—XVI.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

[*Continued from page 174.*]

AN inspection of a thoroughly equipped drafting room, even of small size, with its assortment of revolving and lifting tables, drawing boards of different sizes, cases of instruments, splines, spline weights, blueprint frames and cabinets for paper and drawings, is calculated to discourage the beginner and amateur, who is apt to consider that all of this complicated and expensive paraphernalia is necessary to the production of a design of a yacht. Such, however, is by no means the case; an outfit of this kind simply means that time is money, and where much work is to be done it pays well to have the best possible tools and appliances, and plenty of them. So far as the quality of the work is concerned, the very best may be attained with a comparatively simple and inexpensive outfit, and with this, as we shall describe it later on, the average amateur will be well content. A great many of our readers will not care to cumber themselves with any more elaborate a "plant" than can be conveniently stowed away in a desk or drawer when not in use and handled within the limits of an ordinary table.

Those who have the space at hand, and who propose to make something of a permanent occupation or hobby of designing, will find it advantageous to establish themselves in some special corner, where they can keep a good-sized drawing board permanently in position, with shelves, cupboards and drawers handily disposed for instruments, etc., and if possible several large shoal drawers in which the drawings may be preserved without rolling. The plea of convenience and easy stowage is no excuse at all for the practice of rolling drawings, even blue prints and tracings If it is in any way possible, every drawing should be kept perfectly flat and smooth, never being rolled at all. When it is necessary to roll for carrying or mailing, the drawing on its return should be carefully rolled the reverse way and laid in the bottom of a drawer, with other drawings or a thin board on top to restore it to its original flat condition. The best drawer for this purpose is one not over 2½in. deep, otherwise the pile of drawings will be so heavy that it is difficult to withdraw the lower ones. Across the back of the drawer at the top is a light board about 10in. wide, to prevent the corners and backs of the drawings from turning up and thus being torn; on the front is a strip of wood 3 or 4in. wide, and hinged to the front, its weight serving to keep the front edges of the drawings down. A loose piece may be used in place of the hinged flap if preferred (Fig. 24). It is customary to roll a drawing with the face inward, but it is often better to roll it the reverse way, with back inward, the face protected from dirt by an extra piece of paper. When unrolled the drawing will then tend to lie flat through its own weight, when if rolled the usual way the ends will curl up, and weights or pins will be required to keep it even partially flat.

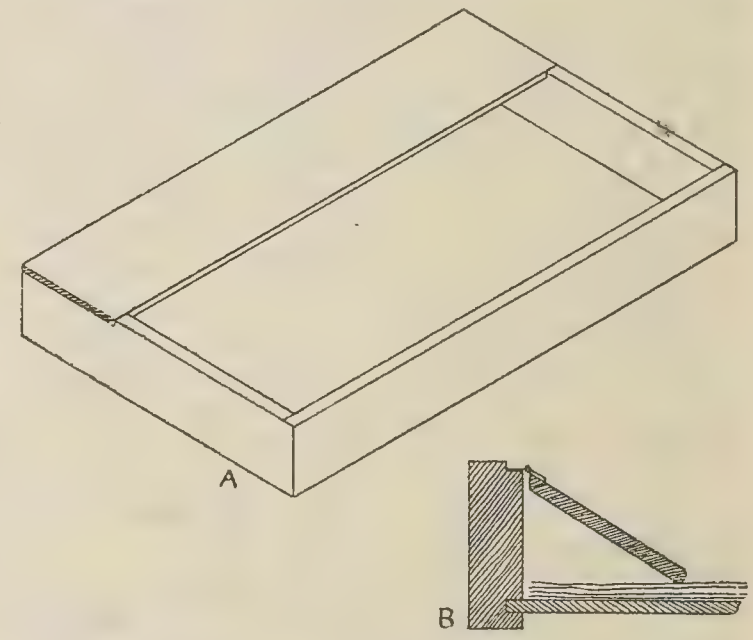


FIG. 24.

A—Drawer, with board across back.
B—Section of Drawer at Front, showing hinged strap.

A drawing represents a permanent record of some important fact, and is obtained only by the expenditure of considerable skill and labor. It is, then, worthy of careful handling when in use and careful preservation when out of use. However simple and plain it may be, it should be made neatly and carefully on a clean, flat piece of paper, with edges squared; even in the simplest and most hurried work there is no excuse for drawing in a slovenly way on odd scraps of paper of so poor a quality that it will not stand ordinary handling. The beginner is earnestly advised to make every drawing in such a way that he will not be ashamed to show it for inspection, and from the first to preserve all of his work. The habit of hasty and slovenly drafting is much more easily acquired than cured, and the amateur in particular is very likely to fall a victim to it, as he reasons that when once his yacht is finished the drawings will be of no further use to him. Even if this is the case (and if he continues the pursuit it is not likely to be) he will learn more rapidly and be a better draftsman in the end by practicing care and neatness from the first and doing everything in the best manner that he is capable of.

For professional designing, or for the amateur who has the opportunity and desire to make a permanent study of designing, the average size of paper for a design such as that in Plate II. will be about 4ft. long and 2ft. wide. A common scale of sizes established by yacht clubs for their drawings and models is as follows: For yachts of over 70ft. l.w.l. length, ⅜in. to the foot; over 46ft. and not over 70ft., ½in. to the foot; 46ft. and under, ¾in. to the foot.

A steam yacht of 200ft. length over all will measure about 48in. when drawn to a scale of ¼in. to the foot; a 90ft. l.w.l. cutter to a ⅝in. scale will also measure about 48in. over all, as will a 70ft. cutter to a ½in. scale, or a 46ft. cutter to a ¾in. scale. Going down to the smaller sizes, a yacht of 30ft. l.w.l. will measure about 48ft. over all, and a scale of 1in. is a convenient one for this size; a racing 20-footer of over 30ft. over all length will be nearly 48in. long to a scale of 1½in., and a 15 footer of about 23ft. over all will make the same length when drawn to a 2in. scale.

These are very convenient scales for the various sizes of yachts, and a *drawing board* and set of *splines* fitted to them will be ample for all ordinary practice. The lengths given

are those of the sheer and half-breadth plans, and do not allow space on the left of the drawing for the body plan, as shown in Plate II. If the length of the board will not allow of it being thus placed, it may be, as in many of the designs in the FOREST AND STREAM, a part of the sheer plan, No 6 station being the center line. This disposition of the body plan has the advantage of concentrating the whole drawing, and thus facilitating the work.

The advantages of working on a paper of this size—about 4ft. long, with a proportionate breadth of 2ft.—are that the small parts and fine lines are less complicated; quicker and more accurate work may be done with long than with short splines; the short curves, that are drawn with set curves instead of battens, may also be more accurately drawn on a large scale; and the final errors in laying down in the mould loft are reduced in proportion as the scale of the original drawing is increased. At the same time it is possible to make a drawing that is accurate and satisfactory in every way on a drawing board not over 2ft. long and 20in. wide; the outfit of *straightedges, splines, T squares,* paper, etc, being thus reduced to a much more convenient compass.

For the larger class of drawings a board about 5ft. long and 2ft. 6in. wide is ample.

A good light is one of the first essentials of the drafting room. The board should be placed near a window which faces the north, so that at no time of day is the sun directly on the drawing. The more light there is, from a skylight or side windows, the better (provided that it can be properly shaded), as on cloudy days, or toward the end of the day in winter, there will be none too much light at best. The light should fall from the left side of the board, and from above. In some situations a screen of white paper may be used to throw more light upon the board.

Drawing by artificial light is much more difficult, owing to the numerous shadows, and more trying to the eyes, and should be avoided if possible. The amateur, however, is often forced to do his drafting in the evenings. A good light of some kind, with a reflector, should be used, and in addition wax candles are most useful. Three or four of these, in perfectly clean candlesticks, may be placed directly on the drawing and shifted so as to light any particular spot.

The simplest arrangement for supporting the board is a pair of plain trestles, such as here shown (Fig 25), which

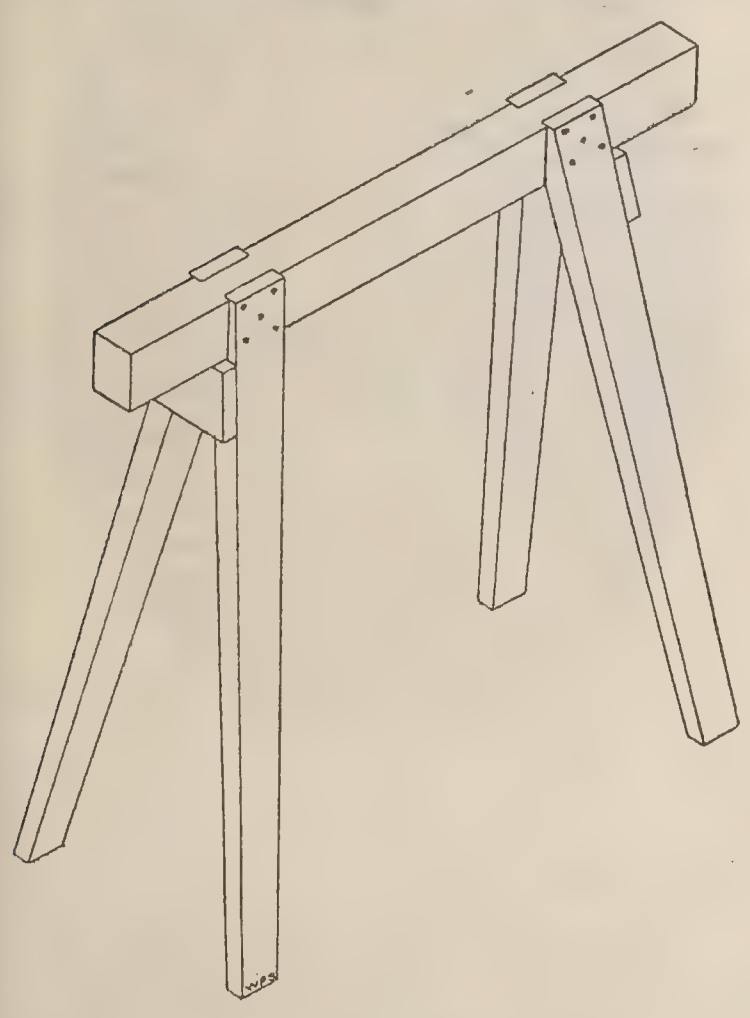


FIG 25.

Trestle, support for Drawing Board.

may be made by anyone familiar with carpenter's tools. The height may be such as to bring the surface of the board from 36 to 40in. from the floor, according to the height of the draftsman. A better plan is to use a table or a special stand about 30in. high, and on this a light framework to support the board. This framework may readily be arranged so as to be raised at the back, thus inclining the board toward the draftsman. On the table and under the drawing board is a space for weights, tools, etc., making it an easy matter to keep the board itself clear of all encumbrances (Fig. 26).

It is the general custom to use a board that is fixed both laterally and vertically, but no one who has once realized the comfort and convenience of a first-class adjustable drawing table will care to endure any longer the primitive fixed board. The writer has used for a number of years one of the smaller and simpler makes of adjustable table, with tilting top, but 20×24in.; this being large enough to support a drawing board 42×30in. The board was simply laid on the table, the slight ledge along one edge of the table fitting into a groove in the under side of the board. In using a dozen or more spline weights of nearly 5lbs. each, as was constantly done, some care was necessary, the clamp controlling the tilting of the top had to be set up tight, and the weights had to be distributed over the center of the table, and not all placed on one corner or one edge.

This table has more recently given place to one of newer and more elaborate construction, and greatly superior. The top is 48×30in., carried on a strong central standard, which permits it to turn freely. A hinged connection, with strong clamp between the top and standard, admits of the top being tilted and secured in any position, from the horizontal to the vertical. The standard is arranged with a strong spiral spring, which balances it and the top at any height from 34 to 44in. above the floor, and it can be clamped at any point within this range of height, either so as to revolve, or to be firmly locked to the base. Being mounted on castors, it can be moved at will, as light and other considerations demand; by day its place is in a bow window facing N E. by N.; in front of it below the front window is a shelf for splines and a lower one for weights; at the right is another shelf for the instrument case, inks, etc., with long scales, T squares and straightedges hung above on the wall. Beside it stands the smaller and older table, with top 24×20in., a convenient place for the small scales, tools, curves, etc., that would otherwise cover the drawing. When occasionally used by night, it is wheeled over under the rays of a wall lamp, with other lamps on a fixed table

When in use the top is clamped in any convenient position; for plotting and small measurements, or drawing body plan and details, it is raised to a good height, allowing the draftsman to stand erect or sit on a high stool. When drawing long lines it is lowered, and if these lines are near the further edge it is placed very low, so as to allow the draftsman to reach over easily. (In similar work at a fixed table a movable step 3 or 4in. high is necessary.) Sometimes the top is tilted slightly in lettering or figuring, and on occasion it is made vertical like an easel, the drawing being pinned fast.

At whatever height it may be, the top is in constant circular motion; when a measurement is taken from one part of the drawing, a mere touch turns the table and brings another part near to the hand; the turning of the top allows all

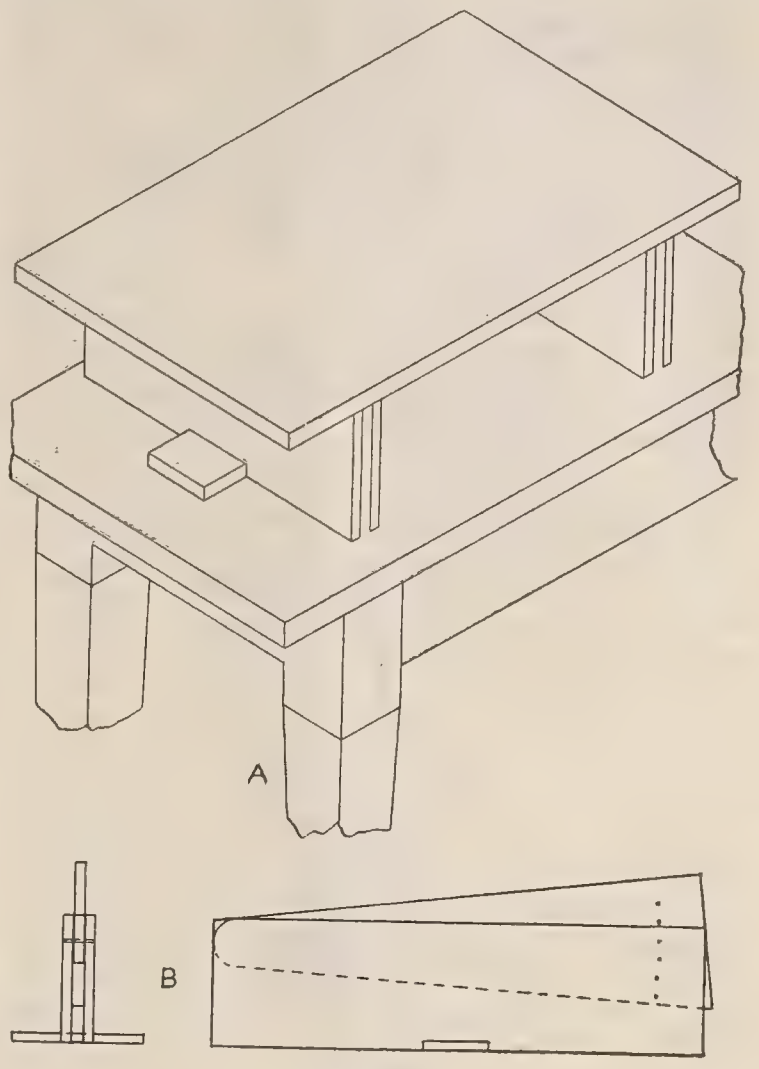


FIG. 26.

A—Drawing Board on Table.
B—Support for Board, center piece pivoted to raise at back.

curves, large or small, to be drawn from the *inside* instead of from the *outside,* as already described in a previous chapter. It also obviates the necessity of reaching all the way across the drawing to draw the lines at the top. One of its greatest advantages is the change of position which it permits the draftsman to enjoy; after drawing for an hour with the top at a certain height it may be lowered several inches, permitting a totally different position. Anyone who has spent ten consecutive hours over a fixed table will appreciate the blessings of this scheme.

The base being comparatively small, the spline weights cannot be thrown recklessly around, as on a fixed table, but if used with reasonable care there is no difficulty or danger in piling on 60lbs. or so of lead. It is a great convenience, too, when a spline is finally adjusted, to be able to swing the table until the light is thrown in exactly the right position along the edge of the spline. While the top is made as a drawing board, smaller boards can of course be used on it. The cost of such a stand, from $15 to $18, is a small item when much drawing is done and time is an object. It is not practicable to use a revolving top of over 48 to 50in. length, a slight disadvantage when the drawing is of the length we have given as desirable, but this is a small point against the many in its favor.

A Fresh-Water Challenge Cup.

THE Green Lake Y. C., of Dartford, Wis., is one of the many clubs established of late years on the numerous small lakes of Wisconsin and Minnesota, and devoted to the racing of modern yachts of the smaller classes. The inter-lake competition in the different localities is very strong, and every effort is made to secure the fastest and most improved craft. The following explains itself:

DARTFORD, Wis., Feb. 15.

The Green Lake Y. C., in its efforts to promote yachting intercourse between clubs on Wisconsin lakes, invite you to participate in a contest for a challenge cup, given by the club, under the following rules and regulations, viz.:

ARTICLE I. NAME.—This cup shall be called the Green Lake Yacht Club Challenge Cup, and is offered as a perpetual challenge cup for all inland lake yacht clubs of Wisconsin, to be contested for annually by representatives of these clubs. The following regulations shall govern all contests for the cup, wherever held:

ARTICLE II. CLUBS ELIGIBLE FOR COMPETITION.—The cup shall be subject to challenge from any organized inland lake yacht club in the State in good standing having not less than twenty active members and not less than three yachts, measuring at least 15ft. on the waterline, in ballast without crew aboard.

ARTICLE III. CHALLENGING.—Application for competition shall be made in writing from the secretary of the challenging club to the secretary of the club holding the cup, and shall be made not later than June 20 of each year. All contestants entering shall sign an agreement in duplicate to abide by the rules and regulations governing the cup, one copy of which shall be sent to the secretary of the club holding the cup and one to the secretary of the Green Lake Y. C., to be placed on record. Blanks can be had upon application to the secretary of the Green Lake Y. C.

ARTICLE IV. NUMBER OF ENTRIES.—Entries from each club, including the club holding and defending the cup, shall be limited to one boat, to be chosen by the club from its registered fleet.

ARTICLE V. NUMBER OF RACES.—The contests for the cup shall consist of three races. The first two shall be open to all challengers, and the third to the winners of the two previous races only. The boat winning two of the three races shall take the cup. One of these races shall be sailed over a regular triangular course, and the other over a course equivalent in length straight to windward or leeward and return, the course to be sailed being determined by the sailing committee on the day of the race, and the contestants notified not less than half an hour before the start of the race.

ARTICLE VI. DATE OF RACES.—The first race shall be sailed on the first Saturday of August of each year, the second and third on the Monday and Tuesday following, respectively.

ARTICLE VII. SIZE OF CONTESTING YACHTS.—The size of the contesting yachts shall not be less than 16ft. nor more than 25ft., racing length, as calculated by the measurement rule hereinafter specified.

ARTICLE VIII. COURSES.—In arranging contests for the cup, clubs shall provide courses of a length of at least eight miles and with a depth of unobstructed water over the entire course of at least 7ft.

ARTICLE IX. MEASUREMENTS.—The formula for determining racing length shall be as follows:

$$\frac{\text{L. W. L.} + \sqrt{\text{S. A.}}}{2} = \text{Racing Length.}$$

Yachts shall be measured without crew on board, but instead thereof, at the time of measurement, a weight of 150lbs. for every 4ft. or fraction thereof exceeding one-half of the load waterline shall be placed amidships to represent the crew.

L.W.L. (load waterline) is length on the waterline exclusive of any part of the rudder or rudder stock ascertained when the yacht is afloat, as above, with all fixed ballast in proper place and crew aboard.

S. A. (sail area) shall be the actual spread of canvas carried, calculated from measurements taken as per the rules of the Green Lake Y. C.

ARTICLE X. SHIFTING BALLAST.—After measurement, no shifting of dead ballast before or during a race shall be allowed. A weighted centerboard shall be considered fixed ballast. No outrigger or other mechanical device for carrying live ballast outboard shall be allowed

ARTICLE XI. TIME ALLOWANCE.—The time allowance shall be calculated by the Herreshoff tables.

ARTICLE XII. CREW.—The crew, exclusive of the captain, shall be limited to one man for every 4ft. or fraction thereof exceeding one-half of the load waterline length. Each contesting boat shall be sailed and manned entirely by active amateur members of the club to which the boat belongs.

ARTICLE XIII. STARTING.—The judges' boat shall fly flag ..... on the after staff upon leaving for the race course, said flag to remain hoisted until the race is finished or declared off.

The judges' boat, having been brought to the proper position at the starting buoy, shall fire a gun and hoist a flag ..... at the forward flagstaff. This signal shall remain in position five minutes. At the expiration of that time it shall be lowered and a gun fired, which shall be the signal to start.

The time of all boats shall be taken from the signal.

ARTICLE XIV. RACING COMMITTEE.—The racing committee shall consist of one representative appointed by each contesting club from its membership, they to choose from some regularly organized yacht club one additional member, who shall act as chairman.

This committee shall have general charge of races, the power to fix the starting time, the time limit, etc., for each race, and the appointment of judges and timekeepers.

ARTICLE XV. JUDGES.—The judges shall be invested with the usual powers of such officials and may postpone any race at their discretion.

ARTICLE XVI. REVERSION.—In case any yacht should disorganize, or fail to comply with all these rules while holding the cup, the cup will at once revert to the Green Lake Y. C., and the next contest for the same will be held on Green Lake.

ARTICLE XVII. ADDITIONAL REGULATIONS.—Sailing rules and regulations not herein especially referred to shall be in accordance with the rules of the Green Lake Y. C.

ARTICLE XVIII. AMENDMENTS.—In presenting this cup to the yacht clubs of Wisconsin for competition, the Green Lake Y. C. reserves the right to alter or change the regulations governing the challenging and sailing for the same.

GEORGE C. ELDREDGE, 240 La Salle street, Chicago,
WILLIAM J. STARR, Eau Claire, Wis.,
EDWARD ROSING, 115 Monroe street, Chicago,
CHAS. D. PEACOCK, JR., 197 State street, Chicago,
WILLIAM H. HASELTINE, Sec'y, Ripon, Wis.,
Cup Committee.

Biscayne Bay Y. C.

BISCAYNE BAY, FLA.—MONDAY, FEB. 22.

Eleventh Annual Regatta.

THE annual regatta of this most Southern of American yacht clubs, which was held on Feb. 22, was one of the most successful and enjoyable ever sailed on Biscayne Bay. The day was perfect, with a strong, steady breeze from the southward, and though the entries were few in number, there were enough evenly matched contestants in the several classes to make very pretty work. Besides the racing yachts, the vicinity of the course was dotted with a score of sail boats and launches from the great new Hotel Royal Palm, which has been erected and become the center of all interests in this region since my report of one year ago.

The racing course was from a stakeboat off the club house at Cocoanut Grove up the bay to the black buoy midway between Punch Bowl and Bear's Cut; thence to the inner Cape Florida Channel Buoy and thence home, making a 12-mile triangle. The first leg was run with lifted sheets; the second was a thrash to windward against a strong flood tide, and the third a run home.

Having become tired of complicated measurements involving mathematical calculations that required a professional knowledge of the subject, the regatta committee of this year returned to first principles, and doing away with restrictions as to crew, ballast or sail, based their time allowance on L.W.L. only. For this they allowed 1m. to 1ft. for each 10 miles, with results that proved satisfactory to all hands.

In Class A, which included schooners and yawls, there were but four starters; and in Class B (sloops) there were only five; but half a dozen other yachts, too timid or too indifferent to make formal entry, accompanied the racers over the entire course, and so added materially to the beauty of the show.

In the first class Com. Munroe's Utilis, which is preëminently the best all-round boat in these waters, easily dropped her own competitors, and in spite of her yawl rig made things remarkably lively for the sloops of her own size. Thus the whole interest of the race centered in the windward work of this speedy yawl and the sloops Pelican, owned by Paul Ransom, of Buffalo, and Widow, owned by Mr. Alfred Peacock, of Cocoanut Grove. The first mark was rounded by Pelican, Widow and Utilis in the order named. These three able boats were handled to perfection, and were so evenly matched that for the first half dozen tacks it was a question with the spectators as to which would cross the other's bow. At the end of the first tack Utilis led; then Widow forged to the front and held a short lead over Utilis, with a longer and ever-increasing lead space of open water between her and Pelican during the whole of the exciting thrash down along the outer banks to the second mark. This was approached by Widow and Utilis

within a biscuit toss of each other, with the former still in the lead.

In this work, however, Ralph Munroe, formerly of Staten Island, is too old a yacht sailor not to be thoroughly posted on all the neat points of the business. Thus, as they fetched close to leeward of the buoy and Widow stood off for a short tack, the Commodore made a pilot's luff, and, his boat fore-reaching handsomely, he spun around the mark with about 2in. to spare, and started for home well ahead of the bewildered Widow, who did not seem quite to understand how the trick had been done.

Utilis was not, however, allowed to enjoy this triumph unchallenged, for Pelican now started in, and after passing the plucky little Widow crept up inch by inch on the two-sticker until she was also finally passed, and the sloop headed the procession across the finish line. She was only three or four lengths ahead of Utilis, however, and was beaten by the latter boat in actual time by 13s. On corrected time she was also beaten 48s. by Widow, so that the latter now flies the championship pennant of her class for the year 1897.

The following table of elapsed and corrected times will show to those who care to study it the relative positions of the several yachts at start, finish and afterward:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A.				
Utilis	10 29 03	1 08 16	2 37 13	2 39 13
Allapatta	10 28 00	1 24 00	2 56 00	2 46 00
Alva	10 17 35	Withdrew	. .. ..	. .. ..
Mischief	10 22 05	1 39 10	3 17 05	3 11 05
CLASS B.				
Widow	10 26 45	1 12 00	2 45 15	2 38 25
Pelican	10 28 30	1 07 56	2 39 26	2 39 26
Augusta	10 22 47	1 23 56	3 01 09	2 57 33
Hornet	10 19 04	Withdrew	. .. ..	. .. ..
Mattie L.	10 22 45	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Black Jack	10 26 05	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..

Two days later the club fleet, to the number of a dozen boats, sailed up to Miami, anchored in line off the Royal Palm, and as soon as darkness set in decked themselves from waterline to trucks with hundreds of colored lanterns, at the same time enveloping themselves in a blaze of glory and red fire; all of which was but a prelude to the complimentary ball tendered to the members of the club by Manager Merrill, of the great hotel.

The fine yawl Flying Cloud, which, when in Southern waters, sails under the flag of the Biscayne Bay Y. C., arrived in the bay from the North on Sunday, Feb. 28, and is now at anchor off the Royal Palm in company with Lounger, Jupiter and Gipsy. Steam yacht Buccaneer sailed for Nassau on the day previous. O. K. CHOBEE.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

According to a recent report, Valkyrie III. will be fitted out very soon for the British racing season.

Vigilant, cutter, has been sold by Com. Gould to Percy Chubb, former owner of Queen Mab. Mr. Chubb will use her only for cruising.

The race for the town prize of 1,500 francs off Hyeres on Nov. 3 over an eight-mile triangle, twenty-four miles, starting in a light breeze, a fresh westerly wind made a good race, Ailsa beating Britannia by 7 min. Samphire won from Malgretout by 30 sec.

The officers of the Philadelphia Y. C. are: Com., Francis Shunk Brown, schooner Helene; Vice-Com., M. R. Muckle, Jr., yawl Julnar; Rear-Com., J. J. de Kinder, Zeeland; Fleet Capt., John S. Muckle, Carol; Fleet Surgeon, W. Joseph Hearn, M. D.; Harbor Master, S. W. Bookhammer; Meas., Philip H. Johnson; Treas., Samuel B. S. Barth; Sec'y, Abraham L. English, room 604, City Hall, Philadelphia, Pa. Regatta Committee: George D. Gideon, George T. Whitaker, Geo. W. Fite. Anchorage, Essington, Delaware county, Pa.

At the annual meeting of the Shackamaxon Y. C. on March 2 the following officers were elected: Com., Wm Gaun; Vice-Com., John Engle; Fleet Capt., Frederick Anderson; Fin. Sec'y, R. B. Murphy; Rec. Sec'y, Henry S. Anderson; Treas., James Slemmer. Board of Directors: John Engle, Wm. Gaun, Smith B. Edwards, Max Schladensky, Henry S. Anderson. Measurers: Wm. Cravin, R. G. Morgan, George Le Sage. The date of the annual meeting was changed from March to the first Tuesday in January.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

THE secretary-treasurer of the A. C. A. requests that all American canoe clubs having members associated with the A. C. A. will forward to him as soon as possible the name of club and list of officers.

Buffalo C. C. Dinner.

THE fourteenth annual dinner of the Buffalo C. C. was held at the Ellicott Club, on Friday, Feb. 26.

Were one to judge by the large proportion of the total membership present, the enthusiasm of the various speakers as to the future of the club, the promises which the several committees held out as to the growth and increased activity, the witty and eloquent responses to the several toasts, the many good songs and hearty choruses rendered, the gusto with which the club yell was given—an outsider would prophesy that before many seasons the burgee and deeds of the B. C. C. would be known from one side of the continent to the other.

For many years the club has struggled along with a very limited membership of a dozen genuine canoeists, but during the past two years this nucleus has gathered about itself a host of genial fellow spirits until to-day they have a full membership of 100, and before the season actually commences Sec'y Rosseel expects to raise the limit to 125.

This club, like the A. C. A., is international, as its handsome and commodious club house is on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie at Point Abino, ten miles by water from the city. There many of the most active spirits spend about four months of the year.

On account of the open water on which the club sailing is done, the sailing craft are slightly beyond the A. C. A. limits.

During the banquet Com. MacNabb outlined a scheme—which was so enthusiastically received that it is sure to become a fact—by which the club would become the possessor of ten or twelve duplicate 17ft. craft from the latest model from the shops of Gilbert, of Brockville, the noted designer and builder.

Com. MacKendrick, of the American Canoe Association, was present, and replied at length to the toast of the A. C. A., setting forth the aims of the Association and inviting the club to identify themselves therewith, which invitation was accepted in a most practical way by Vice-Com. Forbush placing in his hands twenty-eight applications for membership in the A. C. A., and before the party broke up many had expressed their intention to attend the '97 meet at Grindstone. The club owns two 25ft. war canoes, and we may expect to see a full crew paddling the B. C. C. burgee to the front in the war canoe race next August.

Success to the enthusiastic "Bisons" is the wish of their fellow-canoeists.

The Atlantic Division Meet.

AT the meeting of the Atlantic Division Executive Committee, held at the Astor House on Feb. 12, it was decided to hold a Division cruise and camp, commencing on Friday, May 28, and terminating the following Thursday, June 3, 1897.

Those participating in the cruise will meet at Easton on the Thursday evening before the day fixed for the start as above, which will enable all to get under way at a good hour the following morning. It is proposed to consume four days in making the run, with stops at Frenchtown, Park Island (the home of the Park Island Canoe Association), and Burlington Island, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights respectively. Full provision will be made by the cruising committee for lodging and boarding the participants at all stopping points along the river. On the Monday following the start, permanent camp will be made at Delanco, N. J., upon a beautiful site at that point, with excellent water available for sailing and paddling.

The cruising and regatta committee will issue a detailed circular about March 25, giving particulars of the cruise, its requirements in the way of boats and outfit, and a description of the interesting country through which the cruise will be made. To this the transportation committee will add directions for reaching the starting point, and getting boats and duffle to and from camp.

We hope that the Division's members will find in the novelty of this proposed cruise and camp sufficient attractions and advantages to induce them, whether they be novices or experts, to spend their Decoration Day holiday with us in large numbers, and thus make the event an enjoyable and memorable one.

Cruising and Regatta Committee: Alvin S. Fenimore; Robert J. Wilkin; Harry C. Allen, Chairman, 17 W. State street, Trenton, N. J.

JOSEPH EDWARD MURRAY, Vice-Com., Atlantic Division.

The Canoeists' Club.

THE annual dinner of the Canoeists' Club will be held at the Arena, No. 41 West Thirty-first street, on Saturday evening, March 20, at 6:30 o'clock. Members, and canoeists in general, who desire to attend are requested to remit $1.50, the cost per plate, to Mr. Thomas Hale, Jr., treasurer, No. 32 Nassau street, not later than Monday, March 15.

The officers of the Atlantic Division and the committees who have in charge the proposed Delaware River cruise and camp, from May 28 to June 3 next, will be on hand, so an excellent chance will be given for the discussion of this new and welcome departure in the Division's history.

Canoeing on the Connecticut.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A party of four is desirous of making a canoe trip down the Connecticut River from near Lancaster, N. H., to White River Junction. Can you give me any reference that will be of service in making the trip?

I would like to know especially what accommodations we would have for getting the canoes from Lancaster to the river. E. H. C.

LOWELL, Mass.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

FOR ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Mrs. G. C. MacKenzie	Elizabeth, N. J.	——
Miss Eva M. Wilkinson	Goderich, Ont.	——
Miss Ora Z. Wilkinson	Toronto, Ont.	——
Miss Jessie Clara Bell	Kingston, Ont.	——
Miss Ethel W. Macnee	Kingston, Ont.	——
NORTHERN DIVISION.		
William D. Hart	Kingston	——
J. E. Cunningham	Kingston	——
CENTRAL DIVISION.		
L. M. Proctor	Ogdensburg, N. Y.	——

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolvers at the Sportsmen's Exposition.

WE have received the following note in regard to the coming revolver tournament, to be held in Madison Square Garden during the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition, March 13–20:

"The coming national championship tournament, to be held during the Sportsmen's Exposition, which opens March 13 at Madison Square Garden, is assuming importance in English eyes, according to private correspondence just received here, principally because of its revolver contest. Entries from revolver shooters are coming in to J. A. H. Dressel, secretary-treasurer of the Sportsmen's Exposition, at 377 Broadway. They include the best crack shots of the Eastern States. The Eastern experts are turning expectant eyes westward for dangerous dark horses. The country is large, however, and unknowns here and there may have easily enough attained an unheard-of accuracy which will enable them to take the Sportsmen's Association's trophy."

NEW RULES FOR THE BISLEY MEETING OF 1897.

Capt. James S. Conlin, who has charge of the gallery at the Knickerbocker Athletic Club and who will also be director of the revolver shooting at the tournament referred to above, has received a letter from a famous revolver shot in England, who corresponds with him, but wishes not to be quoted on shooting matters. The writer stated that they are getting up a revolver club at Brighton, England, on the lines of the Knickerbocker's revolver club, and asked for information about building a range under cover, as all the revolver shooting in England is done in the outdoor clubs.

Capt. Conlin's correspondent reviews the new revolver shooting rules, not hitherto published in America, of the British National Rifle Association for the 1897 meet at Bisley. Mr. Conlin's friend criticises the association's prescription for revolvers because it prescribes weapons that are now generally recognized by military experts as most effective. He writes:

"The English National Rifle Association has just published its rules for revolver at Bisley for the current year's meeting. No gallery revolvers, sights or ammunition will be allowed this year (in former years there were two classes of revolvers, military and target or any, and similar prizes for each).

"The rules are very amusing, showing how very backward the English are, never adopting any improvement till it is ancient history in America, and thinking that everything English is best and nothing else worth even noticing. The rules say: 'The description of revolvers and ammunition admissible to the competitions at Bisley shall be such as are suitable for military purposes in the opinion of the Council of the National Rifle Association.' The rules then go on to give the details of the old English army revolver, not less than 44 cal., and so on, entirely ignoring the fact that this old revolver is obsolete in all other armies; the small caliber, nickel-coated bullet and small charge of smokeless powder are the only ones used by any other nation, but the Council of the English National Rifle Association calls them all unsuitable for military purposes, and forbids them to be used at Bisley in consequence.

"The competitions at Bisley, if ruled by a progressive council, would be the nursery and experimenting ground for all the latest inventions in firearms. The revolver competitions should be open to all revolvers and ammunition which are military regulation in any country, and in fact, more than that, any revolver which has penetration enough to kill a man should be allowed, so as to give an open hand to all inventors, whereas now competitors will be obliged to shoot old gas-pipes; they might about as well be told to use flintlock dueling pistols or matchlocks.

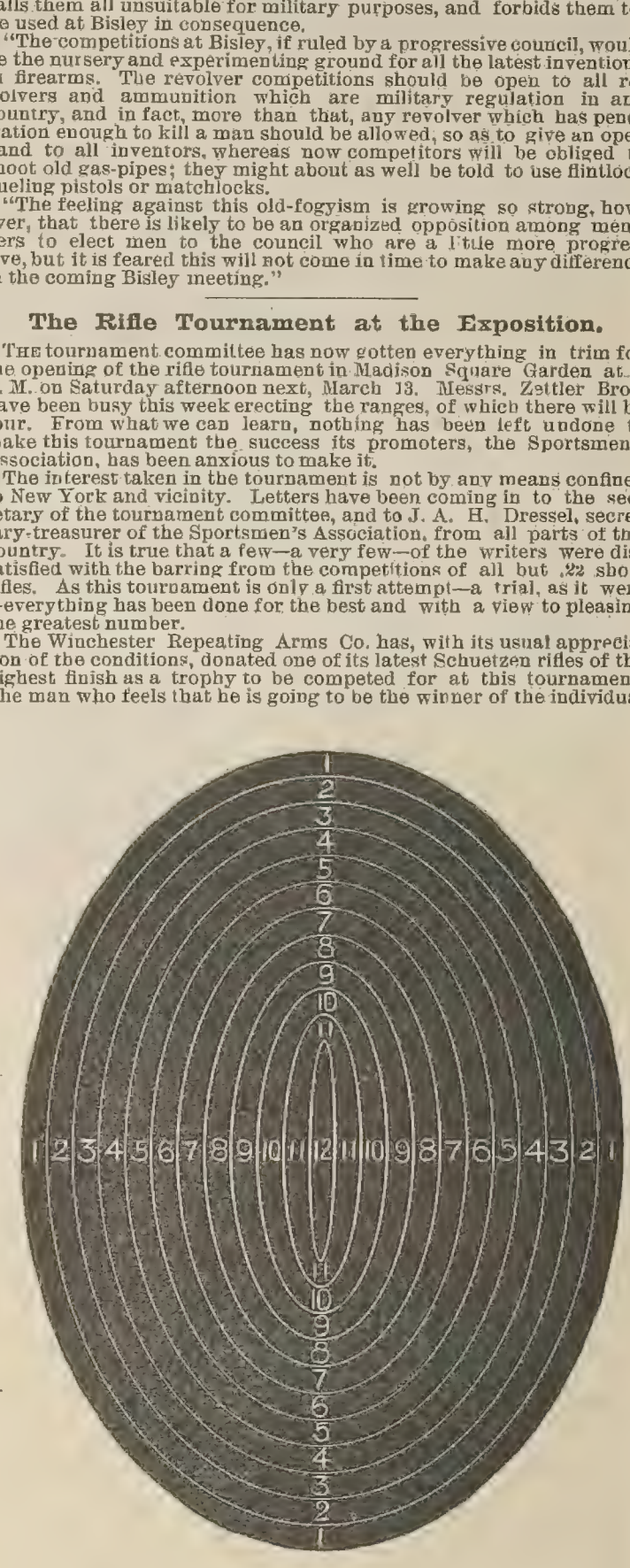
"The feeling against this old-fogyism is growing so strong, however, that there is likely to be an organized opposition among members to elect men to the council who are a little more progressive, but it is feared this will not come in time to make any difference in the coming Bisley meeting."

The Rifle Tournament at the Exposition.

THE tournament committee has now gotten everything in trim for the opening of the rifle tournament in Madison Square Garden at 3 P. M. on Saturday afternoon next, March 13. Messrs. Zettler Bros. have been busy this week erecting the ranges, of which there will be four. From what we can learn, nothing has been left undone to make this tournament the success its promoters, the Sportsmen's Association, has been anxious to make it.

The interest taken in the tournament is not by any means confined to New York and vicinity. Letters have been coming in to the secretary of the tournament committee, and to J. A. H. Dressel, secretary-treasurer of the Sportsmen's Association, from all parts of the country. It is true that a few—a very few—of the writers were dissatisfied with the barring from the competitions of all but .22 short rifles. As this tournament is only a first attempt—a trial, as it were—everything has been done for the best and with a view to pleasing the greatest number.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. has, with its usual appreciation of the conditions, donated one of its latest Schuetzen rifles of the highest finish as a trophy to be competed for at this tournament. The man who feels that he is going to be the winner of the individual



ZIMMERMAN SPECIAL TARGET.

championship match can look in the windows of the Winchester Co.'s New York store, 312 Broadway, and take a peep at this beautiful weapon.

Another trophy well worth winning is the Zimmerman trophy, the handsome bronze donated by Gus Zimmerman to the winner of the special match on the Zimmerman target. This trophy is also on exhibition in the windows of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. We give herewith a cut of the special target to be used in this competition. Remember that the conditions are: Open to all; five tickets of three shots each; entrance $2 for five tickets; no re-entry; two best tickets to count; to be shot on Zimmerman special target; distance, 100ft. exact; any .22 short caliber rifle allowed. The fact that no one person can fire more than five targets, no re-entry being allowed, makes it practically anybody's trophy. This is a truly sporting match, and will create probably more interest than any other on the programme.

Another fact worthy of note is this: All persons who are members of the Sportsmen's Association—that is, who are holders of season tickets of admission to the Garden during the Exposition—can enter for the Individual Championship match on payment of the balance of $3 instead of $5, season tickets costing $2 each. The simplest way, however, is to send in your entrance money of $5 to Edward Banks, secretary of the tournament committee, Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city; or to J. A. H. Dressel, secretary-treasurer Sportsmen's Association, Room 1009, No. 377–379 Broadway, New York city; or to any member of the tournament committee. That insures your getting your season ticket of admission that allows you to go in and out of the Garden as often as you want while the Exposition is open to the public.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 28.—Notwithstanding the gloomy day, the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club turned out in good numbers to-day. Some good scoring was done, notably by Mr Pape, who made 7 in three shots (Columbia target), and Dr Rodgers, who made 46 on the 10 shot record medal shoot.

Scores in detail:

Rifle, 200yds., re-entry, F. H. Bushnell medal, three shots: A. H. Pape, 7, 10, 10, 11, 11; Capt. Kuhnle, 10; Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 12; W. Glindemann, 14; F. O. Young, 15.

W. Glindemann military medal, re entry, ten shots, Creedmoor count: E. Hovey, 47, 46; F. O. Young, 46; C. F. Waltham, 45; M. J. White, 42, 41.

F. O. Young rifle record medal, re-entry, ten shots: Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 46; F. O. Young, 61; Capt. Kuhnle, 62.

Most flags during the month, cash prizes: A. H. Pape 6, F. O. Young 3, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 3, Capt. Kuhnle 2.

Pistol and revolver, re entry matches, 50yds., Gordon Blanding medal, 3 shots: F. O. Young 10, J. E. Gorman 11.

Howard Carr army revolver medal six shots: C. Roberts, 27, 35, 36, 41; A. B. Dorrell, 27, 35, 39, 40; Captain J. E. Klein, 51, 53.

Diamond record pistol medal, ten shots: J. E. Gorman 43, Ed Hovey 45, 52; F. O. Young 46, A. B. Dorrell 56.

Achille Roos 22-caliber rifle medal, 50yds., five shots: Ed Hovey, 11, 12, 12; A. B. Dorrell, 11, 12, 13; F. O. Young, 11, 13; Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 21; Mrs. C. F. Waltham, 19, 22. ROEEL.

Some Tall Scoring by Rosenbaum.

WE have received from an anonymous correspondent the details of a large score said to have been made by Wm. Rosenbaum recently. The totals for the 100 shots are very large, and we will gladly give our readers full particulars if our correspondent, who signs himself "Brooklynite," would comply with our regulations by sending us his name and address (not for publication), not omitting the name of the gallery on which the score was made.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

March 16-17.—SANDUSKY, O.—Tournament of the Sandusky Gun Club. Targets, pigeons and sparrows.

March 16-19.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed. Open to all. Nobody barred.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap (live birds), at Elkwood Park. $1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added. Entries close March 20 to John L. Lequin, Secretary-Treasurer Interstate Association, 44-48 Cedar street, New York city.

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament.

April 7.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Third contest for the Recreation cup, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club, Cup contest at 12 noon sharp. C. O Gardner, Sec'y.

April 14-16.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association.

April 15.—YOUNGSTOWN, O.—First tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo H. Jones, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 10.—WINDSOR LOCKS, Conn.—All-day tournament of the Windsor Locks Gun Club. Targets. C. F. Cleaveland, Sec'y.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

April 21-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

April 27-30.—FONDA, Ia.—Tournament under the management of Geo. E. Hughes and C. R. McCord. Live birds. $800 added money.

April 28-29.—RICHMOND, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club.

April 28-29.—PERU, Ind.—Tournament under the management of J. L. Head.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 11-13.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds.

May 12-13.—CONNERSVILLE, Ind.—Tournament of the Connersville Gun Club. Live birds. T. F. Thomas, Sec'y.

May 12-14.—WATERLOO, Ia.—Tournament of the Waterloo Kenne Club. E. B. Walker, Sec'y.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

May 18.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West End Gun Club. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—SAVANNAH, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Forest City Gun Club.

May 19-21.—CANTON, S. D.—South Dakota Sportsmen's Association annual. C. S. Seely, Sec'y.

May 20.—GREENVILLE, Pa.—Second tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

May 26-29.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

May 31.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters League tournament, under the auspices of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

June 2-4.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club.

June 8-9.———, ——.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—MONROE, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 10.—NEWCASTLE, Pa.—Third tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

June 15-18.—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The annual meeting of the Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., was held on March 2. The *Public Ledger*, of that city, of March 3 gives the following programme for 1897: "The annual meeting of the Florists' Gun Club was held yesterday afternoon at Horticultural Hall. The members present were: Charles D. Ball, A. B. Cartledge, John Burton, George Craig, Thomas C. Brown, John G. Carlisle, George Geoble, William K. Harris, George Anderson, J. William Colflesh, John Westcott and J. K. Starr. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: President, J. W. Colflesh; Vice-President, W. K. Harris; Secretary and Treasurer, A. B. Cartledge; Field Captain, George Anderson. Committee on Grounds: C. D. Ball, A. B. Cartledge and G. Anderson. Entertainment Committee: G. Geoble, Lemuel Ball and John Westcott. Handicap Committee: John D. Carlisle, T. C. Brown and J. K. Starr. The club has purchased two silver cups, which will be contested for at the twelve regular monthly shoots, under a handicap system, 50 targets, 25 known and 25 unknown angles. To qualify for the prizes each marksman must compete in at least ten of the twelve matches. A friend of the organization offered a silver cup, to be competed for once a month, but not on the regular club day. The conditions are the same as for the club cups, with the exception that a marksman winning it three times will become the final owner."

The organization of the gun clubs of Philadelphia, Pa., into a league, under the title of Trap-Shooters' League of Philadelphia, has become an accomplished fact. This is mainly due to the efforts of Mr. J. K. Starr, the secretary of the league, who has worked hard for the end he had in view, viz.: the organization of such a league for the purpose of booming trap-shooting in the City of Brotherly Love. There are 11 clubs in the league, a number that strikes one at once as being head and shoulders over any similar organization. This large membership goes to show that Mr. Starr has the confidence of the members of the different shooting clubs of Philadelphia, and also augurs well for the future success of the league itself. The following clubs are charter members of the new organization: Florists', Independent, Wayne, Frankford, Silver Lake, Forest, Glen Willow, U. of P., Norristown and Southwark. The first shoot of the league was held on Saturday last, March 6, on the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club, Wissinoming Station, P. R. R. The team shoot consists of teams of six men from each club.

Pittsburg, Pa., will have seven representatives in the Grand American Handicap this year. Old Hoss says so, and we never doubt his word. He'll be there, of course. We learn also from the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette* of the 6th inst. that the Herron Hill Gun Club, of that city, has chartered a special car for its shooters and their guests. Bill McCrickart's coming too.

The Waterloo (Ia.) Gun Club has decided to hold a tournament May 12-14. The following item from the Waterloo *Courier* of Feb. 27, mailed to us by Mr. J. C. Hartman, tells the story: "The meeting of the gun club, held at H. G. Bloeser's tonsorial parlors last evening, was well attended. The club has lost its genial president, Bob Smith, by reason of removal to Mason City, and the meeting was called to order by Vice-Pres. J. C. Hartman, with E. B. Walker as secretary. A vacancy in the office of secretary and treasurer of the club being declared, E. W. Coburn was elected treasurer and E. B. Walker secretary. It was decided to hold a three-days' tournament, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, May 12, 13 and 14, and the following committees were appointed: On Grounds—Dr. E. R. Shannon, E. W. Coburn, L. Van Vleck; on Live Birds—G. Place, G. Hackett, H. G. Bloeser, C. S. Choate; on Programme and Advertising—E. W. Coburn, J. C. Hartman. The club is anxious to secure permanent grounds, that a substantial club house may be erected and grounds laid out in proper style. This is a matter that has been deferred until the route of the electric railway to Cedar Falls is decided upon, when a site will be selected that will be easy of access from both cities. The grounds most in favor are on the big cut-off, and should the electric line cross the river at the park an effort will be made to buy or lease a few acres of land on this island for the club's use. The coming tournament will be held on the common east of the amphitheater at the Cedar River Park, if these grounds can be secured. As the shoot will be held nearly six weeks in advance of the Chautauqua season, it is thought that the permission of the park authorities can be readily obtained. Three thousand birds will be purchased, and the club hopes to make this the largest and most successful event of the kind ever held in Waterloo. Secretary Walker closed a deal this afternoon with a poultry dealer from Jessup by the name of Bennett for 3,000 live birds, all to be good flyers, to be delivered in Waterloo May 12.

Apropos of Upson's victory at Riverton on Friday last, we may as well tell the following story about him; it's good enough anyway: Upson is a keen shooter, and no one takes more pains than he does to shoot well. As a man at Knoxville in 1895 said of him: "He carries a whole fly-book full of sights with him!" One day last year he missed a target just when he wanted it, and the thought of that lost target haunted him. He woke up one fine morning and lay abed thinking over it. Suddenly he had an inspiration, and, getting out of bed in his night apparel, seized his gun and began pointing it at different objects in the room and out of the window. Now, as it happened, Upson was having the outside of his house painted, and right here's where the trouble began. The painter was climbing up the ladder to go to work, paintpot and brush in hand; he reached the level of Upson's bedroom window just as Upson was throwing the gun to his shoulder, pointing it out of the window at the ghost of that lost target. The sight of a man in his night shirt, pointing a shotgun slap at him, was too much for the painter. He didn't climb down the ladder, he simply fell off, paintpot and all; it was the simplest way after all, and two stories don't amount to much when there's a gun in question, even if it isn't loaded, so long as you don't know that fact. The rest of the story shall be told—by Upson himself.

The Cobweb Gun Club's tournament at Baychester, N. Y., March 16-19, is the next large event on the card for 1897. The first two days will be given up to targets; the last two days to live birds. Shooters should not overlook the fact that this tournament takes place at the same time that the Sportsmen's Exposition is in session, and that while they can spend the days pleasantly at Baychester, the evenings cannot be long, as the Garden will be full of attractions of all kinds for those who like guns, etc. Of course the main event of the tournament will be the Cobweb Handicap, $15, birds extra, $500 guaranteed. This event will be shot on March 19. The average money on the target days should get the boys out early. Two cents for targets and $50 average money shows that the Cobweb Gun Club is not after the shooters' money. All the club asks for is fine weather and plenty of shooters. It will make everything else pleasant. Neaf Apgar will see to the running of the tournament and will keep the squads busy breaking targets.

It is misleading and of no possible use for any newspaper to state that "J. L. Lequin, secretary of the Interstate Association, is receiving numerous entries for the Grand American Handicap." As a matter of fact, the entries to date are few in number, but are at least 800 per cent. greater than they were at the same date last year. Almost all intending competitors always hold off until the last week, and then entries come in with a rush. We believe that when the Sportsmen's Exposition opened last year there were just five entries for the big handicap. In the next six days the list went up to about 105! And we look for more than that number this year. Remember that entries for the Grand American Handicap close on March 20; after that date entries may be made up to the last shot of the second round by paying a penalty entry of $35 instead of $25. Send your entries, accompanied by $10 forfeit, to John L. Lequin, secretary-treasurer, 44 Cedar street, New York, N. Y. Don't forget to send your shooting name as well as the one you sign to your checks.

The Standard Gun Club, of Baltimore, has entered upon the tenth year of its existence. On March 1 last it held its ninth annual meeting in the office of Allen C. Chase, 2 Light street. The following officers have been elected for 1897: President, G. Gent; Vice-President, W. E. Buckbee; Secretary, E. H. Storr; Field Captain, John Devall. Messrs. W. T. Harvey, W. T. Clements and J. W. Eddell, together with the four above-named gentlemen, were chosen to form the board of directors for the club. The question of arranging a series of team races between the Standard Gun Club and other clubs was discussed. Messrs. Harry Ducker, John Devall and E. H. Storr being appointed a committee to arrange such matches. The regular shooting day of the club will be Saturday. Some improvements have been made at the club's grounds at Point Breeze, and the Standard Gun Club starts this year without a debt charged against it, and with its shooting grounds, club house, etc., in good working order.

Will Park wrote the following in last week's issue of *Sporting Life:* "The holder of the target championship of Ohio, the sparrow championship of United States and maker of best record for consecutive breaks on inanimate targets for the year of 1896 was in Philadelphia one day this week. He was not looking for trouble, but said that he would not run out of the way of it if it stood in his path." The party referred to is understood to be Dennis A. Upson, of Cleveland, O. Judging from the work of A. D. Williams (none other than D. A. Upson himself) at Riverton on Friday last, March 5, he was actually hunting trouble, as he didn't do a thing but beat them all out with a score of 94. That he found trouble is also shown by the fact that he retired on the following day at the end of the 86th round of his match with Louis Duryea when 6 birds to the bad. He acknowledged then that his name was Dennis.

Mr. Ledridge, of the *Switch and State Journal*, of Ogden, Utah was kind enough to send us an account of the Utah-Montana team race referred to elsewhere. As our other account was in type, and, as the scores were identical, we merely clip the following from Mr. Ledridge's account: "The Montana team was composed of four of the very best shots in that State: John F. Cowan, holder of the live-bird championship for 1894-5; James Conley, who has held both the live-bird and blue rock championship medals; Mat Wright, present holder of the live-bird championship medal; and D. D. Twohy, present holder of the blue rock championship medal of his State. The Ogden team was made up as follows: G. L. Becker, present holder of the Utah blue rock championship medal; A. P. Bigelow; John M. Browning, of national repute as the inventor of the new rapid-firing gun adopted by the United States navy, called the Peacemaker; and his brother, Matt. Browning."

"Where's Skinner?" said some one to us the other day. "Out West," said we promptly; but that was all we could say. It may have been a case of thought transference, or simply a coincidence, but anyway here's a letter we received Monday afternoon, March 8, from W. H. Skinner himself, the letter being dated from Phœnix, Ariz., March 2: "I am very happy to inform you that I have been connected with the above company (the California Powder Co.) since Jan 1, and have done very nicely for them. The company is one of the best on the Coast, or anywhere else. After working the Coast thoroughly I am coming East, and will see you and all the boys this summer. Our specialties are the 'C. P. A.' smokeless, for shotguns, and the 'Peyton Military Smokeless,' for all high power rifles." Now we know where Skinner is.

The following is from the Galveston, Tex., *News* of Feb 24: "After a prolonged lull in trap-shooting at Hanley's Park it will be revived and pushed with renewed vigor for the balance of the year. Some of the most active sportsmen have been out of the city for several weeks, which has made the attendance at the last shoots quite small; but the sportsmen have returned now, and a shoot has been arranged for to-day, which no doubt will be well attended. There is a movement on foot now toward the successful organization of a gun club. There is little doubt of the scheme being pushed to a successful termination, in which event the club will give a tournament at their grounds, which have been conceded by all who have seen them to be the best and finest equipped in the State, and excelled by few clubs in any State. Shooting will be commenced at 2 P. M. sharp."

The Utah team, composed of the "Four Bs," A. P. Bigelow, G. L. Becker, J. M. and M. S. Browning, can congratulate itself upon its great team total in its recent match with the Montana team. Scores of 95, 94, 93 and 90, making altogether a total of 372 out of 400, an average for the team of 93 per cent., makes what we believe to be a new record for team shooting at 100 birds per man, four-men teams. FOREST AND STREAM has to thank Mr. E. J. Ives, of Ogden, Utah, for the interesting account of this shoot which appears in this issue.

One of the New York dailies on Sunday morning last gave a description of the Duryea-Upson match on March 6 that reflected seriously upon Mr. Duryea's character. The account stated that he purposely missed birds for reasons which, if true, would class him with the skin-game pigeon-shooter, a class, fortunately for the sport, that is becoming rarer every day. To defend Mr. Duryea's reputation from the reflections cast upon it would be a work of supererogation, so far as Mr. Duryea's friends and those who know him are concerned. For the information of those who do not know him, however, we have not the slightest hesitation in classing the statements referred to as falsehoods of the rottenest description.

Among the twenty-three entries for the Grand American Handicap received by Secretary-Treasurer Lequin to date are the names of twelve Western shooters, who are coming East in a body under the guardianship of Mr. E. S. Rice, the popular representative of the Du Pont and Hazard powder companies in the West. One-half of this contingent will represent the Du Pont Co., the other half the Hazard Co. This friendly invasion should be a cause for warm congratulation on the part of the Eastern shooters; it is safe to prophecy that when Mr. Rice and his friends leave us they will feel that they have been at least the guests of men who know how to appreciate pluck, energy and skill (for they'll be skillful).

The following is from a New York daily of March 1: "By the way, the chappies who fought it out over the traps of the Larchmont Y. C. Saturday did not all abandon the foolish notion of not shooting in their own names, as had been promised for them. Joseph Palmer Knapp's gun name is still Joseph K. Palmer, and some of the others retain their *soubriquets*. The old idea that a gentleman must have a *nom de guerre* for every move he makes in sport was exploded long ago. In these days of enlightenment the theory is that a gentleman shouldn't do anything he would be ashamed of. If he can't do it in his own name he oughtn't to do it at all." We have yet to learn that a *nom de guerre*, *nom de plume* or "*nom de fusil*," adopted by any one, necessarily means that that party is ashamed of what he is doing. Simply saying that it does is no proof of the fact.

Tom Keller is back again in the city, and will be round about Broadway for the next month. He has his own tale to tell about the horrors of cold weather at San Antonio, but is not carrying about with him any kicks on other accounts, particularly in a business way. Milt Lindsley, he says, is so busy that he can't get into mischief, being at the factory about twelve hours per day. (Note—The 4:30 train from King's Mills has been taken off, so Mi't has to stay at the office or freeze to death until about 8 o'clock.) Keller also reports that he will make one in the list of entries for the Grand American Handicap, and trusts that this early declaration will not keep out many entries.

The management of the Carteret Gun Club has long contemplated moving house to other and more desirable quarters than its present location on the eastern shore of Newark Bay at Bergen Point (now Bayonne), N. J. Owing to the houses to the eastward of the grounds, the traps had to face about northwest, thus bringing the prevailing winter wind right in the faces of shooters at the score, and also causing trouble when a shooter drew a left-quartering driver late in the day, on account of the sun shining right in his eyes. It is now given out that the club will move to a convenient location on Long Island within a comparatively short space of time.

We learn that during the 100-bird race at the Riverton Gun Club's grounds on March 5 Mr. Dando, of the home club, had the misfortune to have his gun burst in his hands when firing at his 48th bird. The gun, we are told, was a Smith, but in the absence of any positive information as to how the gun burst, why it burst, what powder and how much was being used, it is manifestly unfair to lay the blame on the gun. A slight obstruction in the barrel often causes a gun to burst; but it is generally the gun that is to blame, if you listen to what people say about it.

There was a curious feature in the 10-bird sweep for a cup at Riverton on Saturday last, March 6. Morris, who received an allowance in the 10 birds of 2 misses as kills, was the only one to score a highest possible; he missed his 6th bird, but his allowance gave him a straight 10. Capt Money, Lou's Duryea, D. A. Upson, R. A Welch, T. S. Dando and J. H. Davis all tied on 9 each. Finletter lost 2 birds out of his first 5 and withdrew. George McAlpin missed 3 out of his first 5 and dropped out in the 8th round. Phil Daly, Jr., lost 2 out of 8 and retired. Hot company, and not a 10 straight among them!

The Worcester, Mass., Sportsmen's Club held its annual meeting, banquet and election of officers on Wednesday evening, March 3. During the evening President M. P. Roach presented W. L. Davis with a diamond scarfpin as a souvenir of his having held the L. C. Smith trophy during the season. The election of officers resulted in the unanimous choice of the old board, as follows: President, Maynard P. Roach; First Vice-President, John T. Mascroft; Second Vice-President, R. W. Walls; Treasurer, Frank M. Harris; Secretary, V. D. Kennerson; Executive Committee: the officers and Fred. Bucklin, A. W. Walls, E. W. Ide, George M. McLellan.

We had not met W. N. Drake, of the Maplewood, N. J., Gun Club, for many months until last week. Billy says that he has been too busy to do any trap-shooting, but adds that the South Orange Field Club has started trap-shooting again, and has some capital grounds for the purpose. Drake is just now booming an excellent style of hat for trap-shooting in warm, sunny weather, the hat being made by the firm of E. V. Connett & Co., of Orange Valley, N. J., with which firm he has been connected for some time.

J. Hildreth, one of the Southern States representatives of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, informs us that Mr. Faurote, the well-known Texas trap shot, has entered into partnership in the gun business, and will open up a gun store at Greenville, Texas.

The Sandusky (O.) Gun Club will hold a tournament at targets, sparrows and pigeons on March 16-17. In the target events bluerocks will be thrown from a magautrap. Some of the target events are open to amateurs only, but the majority are "free to all."

A party of New York shooters will visit Peekskill, N. Y., early in April to spend the day at Peekskill as the guests of the home club. The "Up-the-Hudson" boys are never backward at "go'ng visiting," so it is only fit and proper that the compliment should be returned occasionally.

Ferd Van Dyke has been shooting a rifle so much of late that he has scarcely gotten back into his old-time form at targets. He made a mistake, too, and acknowledged it, when he tried to break targets on Wednesday, March 3, with a live-bird load.

The Elkwood Park traps are growing in popularity daily (no pun). The facilities for rapid work in running off events, with a choice of three grounds to insure a "straightaway" wind, naturally attract shooters.

Wm. Renick, of Detroit, Mich., who won the Washington trophy at the annual shoot of the Pastime Gun Club, of Detroit, the other day, used a Smith gun, King's Smokeless and Peters's cartridges.

Don't forget that it costs just $10 more to shoot in the Grand American Handicap if you fail to enter on or before March 20.

MARCH 9. EDWARD BANKS.

Sherburne Gun Club.

SHERBURNE, N. Y., Feb. 23.—I have been taking your paper for two years, and as I am a member of the Sherburne Gun Club, I thought I would send you the scores made at Lake Earlulle to-day by our club. No. 3, the handicap event, was at 15 targets, the number of breaks being added to each man's handicap points. Miller, of Earlulle, won the cup by 1 point. Scores:

No. 1, 10 targets: Burlison 8, Dalrymple and Partridge 6, Hartwell 5, Miller 4, Bemis 0.

No. 2, same: George 9, Reynolds 8, Wilcox and Burlison 7, Shepardson 6, Miller and Stanton 4, Jackson 1.

No. 3, Handicap:

Miller (14)	1111110110C0111—	11+	14—25
Partridge (14)	0100111110111111—	10+	14—24
Hartwell (12)	1100011001011101—	8+	12—20
Burlison (8)	1011031101011111—	10+	8—18
Wilcox (10)	0001011101000111—	7+	10—17
George (8)	1111000000111101—	8+	8—16
Dalrymple (10)	0011C0100111000—	6+	10—16
Jackson (15)	0000000000C0100—	1+	15—16

GEORGE.

Acme Gun Club, of Washington, Pa.

WASHINGTON, Pa., March 5.—Below you will find scores made today by members of the Acme Gun Club, of this city. All events were at bluerock targets, and were shot at the Prigg range. It rained hard nearly all day, the events being shot between showers. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	5	5	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	5	5
C Baker	4	6	7	4	10	5	4	J Canan	5	5	6	7	4	3	2
J Prigg	4	6	7	3	1	..	..	S Weirick	6	6	5	4	6	..	..
J Jordon	2	2	..	..	..	..	..	W Weirick	4	7	4	..	..	..	..
M Prigg	6	8	7	7	4	1	..	D Baker	2	4	5	6	0	..	..
H Mackey	4	5	8	8	6	4	4	H Ward	..	2	2	3	0	1	0

H. T. MACKEY.

Utah vs. Montana.

A NEW RECORD IN TEAM SHOOTING.

OGDEN, Utah, Feb. 23.—An almost perfect day greeted the contestants as they faced the traps in the much-talked-of interstate match, for a purse of $800, between the Utah and Montana teams of four men each, which was finished to-day at the half mile race course, Ogden, Utah. Fairly good weather prevailed during the contest. The conditions were 100 live pigeons each at 28yds. rise, 5 ground traps, American Shooting Association rules.

As the match progressed it became apparent to all that the Montana men had undertaken a large sized contract, as the Utonians were shooting in great form. At the close of the first day the score stood: Utah 189, Montana 176, each team having shot at 200 birds; Utah thus having a lead that was almost too great to overcome. When the sportsmen from the Land of Copper entered on the last half of the match it was clearly written that they were outclassed, and that they would return to their Northern homes without the scalps of the Utes dangling in their belts. It is a satisfaction to the Montana delegation to know that they were shooting a score that should win under ordinary circumstances, but that the Utah men were putting up a mark that was almost phenomenal in team shooting. The birds were a very fair lot.

The guns used were as follows: A. P. Bigelow, Smith ejector; G. L. Becker, J. M. and M. S. Browning, Winchester repeaters; M. Wright and D. D. Twohy, Greener ejectors; John F. Cowan, Scott ejector; and James Conley, Smith hammerless (10 gauge), at 30yds. rise. All used Du Pont Smokeless, except Wright, who shot S. S.

Messrs. Browning Bros. used the late model Winchester repeater, which is a product of their ingenuity, and from an examination of their score it will be seen that they not only have the genius to invent, but that they are also consummate masters of the product of their invention. The gun used by Gus Becker attracted considerable attention and comment (not favorable, however, as it is not a thing of beauty), the gun in question being one of the ordinary grade Winchester lever action (also Browning's patent) and very much worse for wear, but it did not seem to bother Gus much to run up a score of 95 out of 100, which goes to show that a cheap gun will shoot very straight if held right.

Below is the score in detail:

Montana Team.

John F Cowan	2222•2222 02 2•222?•222 8—22	
	22?•?22222112 2• 1 22• 2 21	
	22 2222?222222 ?222222?2•? - 24	
	222 2200?2?22201112 2222 -?1	88
James Conley	(0122122?2022••2112122?32 1—20	
	21?22•2222122222 111 12 12—24	
	21?12120 1?• 112 01222210 21	
	02••12 ?2202?112?2221212??2—21	86
M Wright	2?12222220202?0221?12?1112—22	
	21?21 21 2?1 1?21 ?2011112—24	
	?2?211211210•11212010112—21	
	0 2?21012 0•?21 2122 0?22—20	87
D D Twohy	22•1••2222222222222?22?122—22	
	2212222011222?•211222010—21	
	(0122222?0•22212?2?02 222—20	
	2222?222•12222021?222222 —?3	—86—347

Utah Team.

J M Browning	22222?22•2222222222222202—23	
	2222221?222222212??2212212—25	
	?2222222?2?2012?2222?2?22?22—23	
	2?222222020•?211221?11222—22	—93
A P Bigelow	211?22?2?22?2?212?22122012—24	
	1212121112221112 22?212?11—25	
	1•2?12222222?12?1?12•1?22—23	
	2?2?12?1?2?22?•?•?222222?22 - 23	—95
M S Browning	2222222120 ?1?1220112?021—22	
	2?1122?2?2?221?22?12?22•?2—24	
	20?22221•2•0?2?2?2?2•?212 - 20	
	0?2?222?2 ?2?2?2?11?12?112—24	—90
G L Becker	2202211122121?211222?10?1—23	
	222 2 2•2?22?0?2?2?2?2?212—23	
	2?22?2?2?2?20?2?2 2??2?20 - 23	
	2?2?2?2?2?2?2?2?2?2?2?2?2?2?2	—25—94 - 372

The traps fell as follows:

Montana Team:	No. 1.	No. 2.	No 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
John F Cowan	11	14	23	19	32
James Conley	13	22	25	21	19
M Wright	18	15	25	19	25
D D Twohy	12	20	13	19	36
Utah Team:					
J M Browning	12	25	19	25	19
A P Bigelow	28	23	22	16	11
M S Browning	21	15	19	25	20
G L Becker	25	24	21	18	12

Below is a table showing concisely the flight of the birds drawn by each shooter, and also showing the proportion of each kind of bird such shooters missed. It will be noted that the draw was really remarkably even as a whole, taking team for team. Outgoers were quite numerous, the Montana team having 235 out of their 400 of that class; the Utonians drew the same number of the same kind. Thus 470 out of the 800 trapped in this match were outgoers; incomers were 123 altogether; the rest were 157 right quarterers and 50 left-quarterers. Table follows:

FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

Montana Team.

	↑	↗	↖	→	←	↘	↙	↓	Total.
J F Cowan	18	23	19	18	6	9	3	4	100
Lost	2	3	1	2	..	2	1	1	12
J Conley	21	20	13	19	9	8	3	7	100
Lost	4	3	2	2	..	1	..	2	14
M Wright	22	24	16	22	3	7	4	2	100
Lost	6	3	..	2	..	..	..	2	13
D D Twohy	26	23	10	23	7	8	1	2	100
Lost	4	1	2	..	..	4	1	2	14
Total	87	90	58	83	25	32	11	15	400
Lost	16	10	5	6	..	7	2	7	53

Utah Team.

J M Browning	18	18	17	22	5	14	2	4	100
Lost	4	..	1	1	..	1	..	..	7
A P Bigelow	25	24	14	17	8	6	2	4	100
Lost	3	1	..	1	..	..	..	..	5
M S Browning	20	24	19	16	4	7	5	5	100
Lost	3	4	1	..	..	1	..	1	10
G L Becker	18	20	18	20	8	8	3	5	100
Lost	1	2	..	..	..	1	1	1	6
Total	81	86	68	75	25	35	12	18	400
Lost	11	7	2	2	..	3	1	2	28

E. J. IVES.

Trap Around Buffalo.

BISON GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 26.—The Bison Gun Club held a shoot to-day at the Walden avenue grounds. The attendance was not as might have been expected had the event been more fully advertised. The special match between F. D. Wheeler and George D. Cooper at 25 sparrows per man, $25 a side, was won by Wheeler, who scored 24 to Cooper's 22. Other events shot were as below, Nos. 1, 4 and 5 being at 10 sparrows; Nos. 2 and 3 at 10 and 5 sparrows respectively:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Cooper	4	8	5	..	1	Alderman	8	9	5	6	9
Wheeler	8	..	..	..	..	Apfel	..	7	..	4	..
Siegrist	6	..	..	..	..	Bauman	..	9	3	5	5
Werlein	8	10	3	..	6	Dauser	..	..	5	5	5
Dawson	4	..	..	..	..	Mignerey	..	..	..	8	8
Ditton	2	6	5	3	..	Siegrist	..	..	2	..	..
Woodbury	3	8	..	..	..						

Who is Paradise Lost?

UTICA, N. Y., Feb 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Just read your answer to Paradise Lost. Put her there, old boy. That is good, sound reasoning; you hit the nail square on the head. It goes to prove what I said long ago, that the trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM is the right man in the right place. E. D. FULFORD.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read your issue of the current week, and have scanned the trap columns with rather more than my usual eagerness, because I thought I should find in them some apology from Paradise Lost, of Worcester, Mass., for that letter of his which you printed in the issue of Feb. 27. Am much disappointed in consequence at not finding any such reply. Who is Paradise Lost anyway? You handled him all right, but you kept your gloves on when you did it. Such men should be handled without any gloves, as they do harm to trap-shooting while professing to be working in its interests. 48 GRAINS.

Mountain State Gun Club's Tournament.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Feb. 23.—The Mountain State Gun Club, of this city, is destined to make a mark for itself, if a large membership composed of wealthy, gentlemanly, enthusiastic and first-class shots count for anything. This club has just been reorganized upon a thoroughly business and active basis. The present list of members is composed of sportsmen of influence and determination, who, possessing the means, are not to be deterred from carrying out any plan they formulate.

The opening shoot for 1897 was held on Washington's Birthday. It was the intention of those having the matter in charge to simply give a little club shoot, and as it had been raining steadily for days prior to yesterday, and as the flood was at such a stage that travel was almost at a stand till, it was not thought possible that any outsiders would be present. Judge the management's surprise when the following gentlemen arrived and registered at the hotels: H. E. Norton, of Ironton, O., representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; R. S. Waddell, of Cincinnati, General Agent Du Pont and Hazard Powder companies for the Central and Southern States; J. H. Mackie, of Cincinnati, representing the Peters Cartridge and King Powder companies; Ralph L. Trimble, of Covington, Ky., who so ably represents and looks after the interests of the trap-shooting departments of the Du Pont and Hazard Powder companies; W. L. Colville, of Batavia, N. Y., representing Gold Dust powder, was present for a short time to day. Other visitors present were Capt. A. W. West, Portsmouth, O.; P. Schlicker and S. Beer, of Marietta, O.; W. L. Gorham and E. O. Bowers, of Sistersville, W. Va.; J. E. Wright, of Wheeling, W. Va., and H. R. Nye, of Sharon, Pa. Had the weather been at all favorable some fifteen or twenty others would probably have been present.

The opening day (yesterday) broke cold and clear. At 8:30 A. M. the shooters were conveyed to the grounds, which are located on an eminence just back of town. It was a surprise to the visitors to note the general excellence of the club's grounds, and the completeness with which every requirement had been met as to screens, electric pulls, board walks, seats, a commodious club house, a warm dinner and other things necessary to their comfort, all of which tends to make trap-shooting an ideal sport. About noon it again commenced to rain so hard that the programme was finished by contestants shooting from under the club house eaves, which are built low and stand about 20yds. from the traps. With this handicap it was almost impossible to do creditable work; however, all events were finished, Trimble winning first average, closely followed by Wright and Mallory. Of the twenty-three men who took part in the programme events twenty used Du Pont Smokeless loaded in the Leader shell, and of the other three two used Du Pont powder in the Smokeless case.

By the unanimous consent of all present the shoot was continued to-day, and everyone congratulated himself on staying for to-day's programme. They were agreeably surprised by the management, who informed them before leaving that in a short time the Mountain State Gun Club would claim dates for a tournament in which sufficient cash would be added to draw all the shooters of prominence. Following are the scores as furnished me by Leon J. Epstein, the club's popular secretary:

Scores of Feb. 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Mackie	14	12	13	13	14	11	12	12	9	11	12	12	180	145
Norton	12	11	10	10	13	11	11	10	11	8	7	12	180	126
Trimble	14	15	14	14	14	12	12	13	13	12	13	14	180	160
Waddell	13	12	12	10	14	11	13	11	15	12	14	10	180	145
J F Mallory	12	13	14	15	14	15	13	10	12	12	13	11	180	154
Wright	10	15	13	15	13	13	15	11	14	10	13	14	180	156
Gorham	12	10	15	14	10	8	8	11	11	12	13	13	180	137
Cole	10	9	12	11	9	12	12	11	13	12	9	9	180	129
Kiser	8	13	10	13	12	10	12	13	11	12	11	12	180	137
F E Mallory	11	14	13	14	11	13	12	13	14	13	13	14	180	155
West	12	11	14	12	13	13	14	11	15	11	10	11	180	146
Clark	13	11	13	14	11	13	13	11	12	11	12	8	180	142
Bowers	11	13	10	13	11	11	12	14	12	8	10	10	180	135
S T Mallory	10	10	12	11	10	8	13	12	10	7	9	10	180	122
Crozier	10	11	9	12	13	10	6	12	11	..	..	..	135	94
Nye	11	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	32
Wallace	..	13	12	13	13	9	14	14	12	9	12	10	165	131
Schlicher	..	..	11	11	13	14	12	14	12	10	10	12	150	119
Alford	..	..	11	10	9	11	7	11	9	8	..	..	120	76
Beer	..	..	..	5	11	..	6	14	6	..	..	..	75	42
Stephens	..	..	..	..	10	12	13	10	12	11	12	..	105	80
E W Mallory	..	..	..	..	10	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	45	30

On the second or extra day, Feb. 23, sixteen events were decided, all being 15 targets except Nos. 15 and 16, which were at 25 targets. Below are the

Scores of Feb. 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Mackie	8	12	8	11	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Norton	11	10	12	13	13	15	14	10	9	14	12	11	10	13	20	22
Trimble	12	14	13	12	14	11	12	11	11	12	12	14	12	12	21	20
Waddell	11	13	12	15	13	13	9	10	15	13	10	11	11	10	..	..
J F Mallory	15	15	10	11	12	10	13	11	12	14	13	8	13	15	22	19
Wright	11	13	13	12	14	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cole	6	8	9	10	11	11	10	12	8	12	13	13	11	11	19	..
Gorham	8	13	14	13	11	15	13	12	11	12	12	13	13	13	20	22
F E Mallory	11	10	12	13	13	8	12	12	15	12	15	12	13	12	18	20
S T Mallory	11	10	7	11	10	10	11	14	10	7	10	12	9	10	15	15
Kiser	13	10	10	15	11	11	12	13	12	12	13	12	12	15	19	
Allen	9	5	8	8	6	11	11	7	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
E W Mallory	8	9	8	..	12	9	8	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Epstein	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wallace	12	10	12	14	12	9	11	12	11	13	12	13	10	9	20	20
Schlicher	..	10	9	9	9	9	10	11	12	12	9	12	8	12	..	..
Clark	8	14	11	12	12	11	14	14	13	15	14	10	..	..	..	..
Buckner	..	..	..	..	8	3	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Goodnoe	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
Oliver	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stevens	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hogan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Swiveller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	8	10	10	..	..
McVey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	15	..

The records of targets broken for number shot at were as below:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Mackie	90	60	E W Mallory	120	68
Norton	260	209	L Epstein	15	8
Trimble	260	213	Wallace	260	200
Waddell	210	166	Schlicher	195	132
J F Mallory	260	213	Clark	180	148
Wright	105	90	Buckner	45	19
Cole	235	164	Goodnoe	30	20
Gorham	260	215	Oliver	15	6
F E Mallory	260	209	Stevens	30	22
S T Mallory	160	172	Hogan	30	17
Kiser	260	192	Swiveller	70	50
Allen	150	82	McVey	45	34

LESTER.

The Clover-Leaf Field.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 27.—Last week I had occasion to make comment upon the Clover-Leaf Field idea, which it seems was put in use for the first time last fall at Elkwood Park, N. J. I mentioned the fact that the use of the idea seemed to be subsequent to the publication in FOREST AND STREAM of Mr. W. L. Wells's design, although of course I did not claim that the idea was taken from that design. To day I am in receipt of a copy of *Sporting Life* of Sept. 5, which says: "The clover-leaf field idea of arranging a ground for live-bird shooting so that three sets of traps can be used in small space is over three years old to members of the Riverton Gun Club, of Philadelphia. About three years ago Mr. J. E. Soule, a member of the Riverton Gun Club, of Philadelphia, had an idea of the clover leaf plan of arranging traps and had a splendid colored drawing made of the spacious grounds of the Riverton Gun Club, showing the arrangements of traps the same as Brother Hough has explained in his paper. The Riverton grounds are large enough for four sets, and could be connected with the main club house by an underground tunnel, although three sets will be enough to accommodate the members. This drawing has been hanging in the club house at Riverton for over three years. New ideas in trap-shooting are good things, but we supposed that the clover-leaf field was well known to most trap-shooters. The Riverton Gun Club has long had this idea under discussion, and had it not been for certain reasons would have used this plan three years ago, and if we are not very much mistaken they will use it before any other club in this country, as they have plenty of ground (over thirty acres) and are the leading live-pigeon shooting club in the United States. The clover-leaf field idea belongs to Mr. J. E. Soule, of the Riverton Gun Club, of Philadelphia."

I am glad to note the above comment, which has not earlier been called to my attention. It is in a way interesting, and adds a little news to the question of the clover-leaf field, but it is by no means ultimate or conclusive. The fact that the clover-leaf design hung in the Riverton club house does not constitute proof of publication. As a matter of fact, FOREST AND STREAM did publish it first. It has sort of formed a habit of doing that kind of thing. This I say with proper apologies.

But this is not what I was about to get at. To use a figurative expression, I observe the raise that *Sporting Life* makes of three years, and raise it back about three years better. When it comes to a matter of unpublished discovery of the clover-leaf field, Chicago still has slightly the best of it, though I did not know this until to-day, or the matter would have been published before this. I think that the columns of FOREST AND STREAM of some five or six years ago will show that about that time the sportsmen of Chicago were figuring on establishing a big shooting park out on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. Mr. P. S. Eustis, general passenger agent of that road, was interested in the project and it attracted a great deal of interest at the time.

Mr. W. L. Wells, the author of the clover-leaf design published in FOREST AND STREAM, was a member of one of the committees which made the investigation of the grounds. At that time he formulated this idea of the clover-leaf field for this big new park, and he spoke of this to Mr. R. B. Organ, Mr. W. P. Mussey and other prominent shooters. He also made a rough sketch of the design, and this sketch he to-day possesses.

Of course I do not wish to accuse Mr. J. E. Soule of plagiarism or anything of the kind. The idea was open to all, and could have been used by any one who learned of it. It is very possible that Mr. Soule never heard of it and evolved it from his own consciousness, just as Mr. Wells did. There may be something in this thought-wave or telepathy business. Mr. Soule may have unconsciously absorbed this idea in Chicago. He does not seem to have absorbed it before he came here. I cannot say positively whether his visit here was before or after this shooting park agitation in Chicago, but am of the impression that the columns of FOREST AND STREAM will show that he was here about that time or a little after it. On one point I am very clear: Mr. Wells thought out the idea himself and had no suggestion of it from any one else, for he so told me to-day. Of course my own interest in the matter is simply a news interest, as the idea is not mine in any sense of the word. E. HOUGH.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., March 3.—Though this afternoon turned up gloomy and wet, evidently fourteen trap-shooting devotees were undismayed at the prospects, for the 1:45 and 2:45 P. M. trains unburdened themselves to that extent, and shooting was continued up till 5 o'clock, when it began to pour in earnest. To add to the amusement, one of the fourteen appeared with a gun suitable for celebrating the President's inauguration, only as luck would have it, the time was a day too soon. The 5drs. of black powder made itself both seen, heard and felt, for the weather was exactly right to show up the disadvantages of black powder; and the boom in comparison to the 2¾ or 3drs. of nitro was terrific. Yet the user of some four-year-old ammunition stuck manfully to his task, and though not succeeding so well as with his regulation load of smokeless evidently enjoyed the sensation he created among the more peaceable and quiet nitro advocates.

Spencer was again high on the match. Straights were made by Miskay, Spencer, Gordon and Paine.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	5	5	6	10	10	5	6	10	10	10	10
Gordon (17)	9	5	5	5	8	9	3	3	9	7	5	10
Powers (15)	7	3	3	5	6	6	2	2	5	6	5	8
Woodruff (17)	7	3	1	2	6	7	4	2	10	9	5	8
Paine (15)	6	2	4	2	9	5	5	3	7	9	9	10
Shaw (15)	4	2	4	4	6	4	1	2	4	4	3	4
Banks (14)	2	2	4	0	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harris (15)	6	3	4	6	9	7	3	4	6	6	5	..
Mack (15)	5	3	4	3	2	3	0	1	2	4	4	..
Williams (15)	9	3	4	3	8	5	4	5	..	8	6	..
Miskay (17)	..	..	..	..	10	10	3	3	5	9	9	..
Spencer (16)	..	..	..	..	7	10	3	4	7	6	8	10
Needham (15)	..	..	..	..	..	7	3	0	7	4	6	4
Howe (17)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	6	..	..
Bertrand (14)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	8	4	..

Events 1, 5, 6 and 9 were known angles; 12 known, use of two barrels; 2, 7 and 10 unknown; 3 straightaways; 11 reverse; 4 and 8 pairs.

Sixth contest, prize series, distance handicap, 21 targets, 10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs:

Spencer (16)	1111111111—10	01011—3	111010—4—17
Miskay (17)	1111111111—10	10101—3	101100—3—16
Gordon (17)	1011111111— 9	00111—3	110010—3—15
Harris (15)	0111101101— 7	10110—3	101011—4—14
Williams (15)	0011101010— 5	11011—4	111011—5—14
Woodruff (17)	1110101110— 7	10111—4	110000—2—13
Paine (15)	1001100101— 5	11111—5	101010—3—13
Powers (15)	1111100110— 6	00011—2	101000—2—10
Needham (15)	1101111011— 7	10110—3	000000—0—10
Shaw (15)	0001001011— 4	00001—1	100100—2— 7
Mack (14)	1000000110— 3	00000—0	000100—1— 4

D.

Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 5.—The organization of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana has progressed far enough to be an assured success. The purpose of the league is to promote and elevate trap-shooting, and to bring about closer relations between the gun clubs of the State of Indiana.

The officers of the association are as follows: President, E. H. Tripp, Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind.; Vice-President, D. A. Meyers, Greensburg Gun Club, Greensburg, Ind.; Secretary-Treasurer, H. T. Hearsey, Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind. Executive Committee: Royal Robinson, Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind.; C. L. Bender, Muncie Gun Club, Muncie, Ind.; J. E. Sherwood, Bedford Gun Club, Bedford, Ind.; A. Livenguth, Lafayette Gun Club, Lafayette, Ind.; Frank Smith, Brookville Gun Club, Brookville, Ind.

The first annual tournament of the league will be held June 8–9, at a place yet to be named by a vote of the clubs. Please mention these dates in your paper among coming events.

In conclusion I beg to say that as secretary of this league I shall be very much pleased to hear from the different gun clubs throughout the State of Indiana. Our constitution and by-laws will be ready within a few days and I shall be pleased to send the same to any club in our State, or to any of our friends on the outside.

H. T. HEARSEY, Sec'y Trap Shooters' League of Indiana.

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, March 4.—The weather to-day was perfect for live-bird shooting, and the attendance at the Cobweb Gun Club's grounds, Bayrchester, was large in consequence. The winners in their respective classes were: Class A, M. B. McDonnell; Class B, Charles Donnelly; Class C, Charles Ditmar.

We have received quite a number of advance entries for the Cobweb handicap, March 19, 15 birds, $15, $500 guaranteed, birds extra; among the list of entries is the name of E. D. Fulford. Programmes will be mailed on application to the secretary, George W. Thompson, Jr., Cobweb Club, 2277 Third avenue, New York city.

To-day's scores follow:

Class A, 30yds. Ties at 3 birds:					
M B McDonnell	22222—5	112	F A Kerker	21102—4	
F Hendrick	22112—5	02	C Zorn	1202•—3	
P F McKeon	11110—4		E Miller	2011w	
Class B, 28yds.:					
Chas Donnelly	21111—5	122	Wm Cashan	22212—5	1•1
Class C, 27yds.:					
Chas Ditmar	10022—3	222	G Thompson	20000—1	
H Miller	00112—3	01	A C Baige	0••00—0	
G O Barker	02202—3	0•			

GEO. W. THOMPSON, JR., Sec'y.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., Feb. 27.—The scores given below were made to-day by members of the Pawtuxet Gun Club, who indulged in a little practice at the trap. A good illustration of what practice will do in this way can be seen in the scores made by Mr. Root, who is a beginner, never having shot at the trap before a month ago, and who has shot very little in the field. Mr. Root is a new member of the C. F. Pope Gun Company. The scores made were as below:

W H Sheldon	1111111111111111111111111—25
F Arnold	1111101110111011100111111—20
H Badminton	0110111110111011101011101—18
A Hawkins	0011001110111000110101111—15
W Horton	1111001111000000011010001—12
H Horton	0100000111000110110001101—11
R C Root	1011101011101111111101111101111101111101011001101—38
	1011001110111110011101101110110111010010110100011 1—32
	1101011100110111010111 —14

J. R. Sheldon, the seven-year-old son of W. H. Sheldon, made the following scores, using a .44cal. shotgun, the targets being thrown by hand:

Twenty-five singles	1111110111111011111111111—23
Five pairs	11 10 11 11 11— 9

PAWTUXET.

IN NEW JERSEY.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Feb. 27.—To-day's programme called out a good attendance at the Elkwood Park traps. Among those present were Irby Bennett and Ferd Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Frank Class and James Timmons, of Morristown, N. J.; A. L. Ivins, Hank White, Joe Baker, T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, etc. Ferd Van Dyke ran 23 straight before losing a bird, and during the afternoon scored altogether 29 out of 31 shot at. He was the only one to score 15 straight in the main event, No. 4, the Avenel handicap, 15 birds, $12, birds included. Ivins started badly, losing 5 out of the 15 shot at in the handicap; he then pulled himself together and shot in something like his old form, scoring 17 straight in the last two miss-and outs. Morfey shot well, but was unlucky, losing his birds at the wrong time. Class scored 32 out of 37 shot at. Scores in all events (everything being $5 miss-and-outs except No. 4) were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
T W Morfey (29)	2?2	.....	220	2222120212222?23—14
P Daly (28)	210	22220	120	2?222?122?12022—14
J Baker (28)	212	.....	221110	2111112112?02100—12
Irby Bennett (28)	...	20222	1220	.....
Frank Class (29)	...	.....	11220	1010122210?2122—12
F Van Dyke (29)	...	.....	222222	122222?21222222—15
H White (28)	...	.....	222211	120122111221211—14
A L Ivins (28)	...	.....	.....	022212021111100—10
Jas Timmons (28)	...	.....	.....	2220202222?22?20—13
Jones (28)	...	.....	.....	112210211.0?122—13
Hooper (28)	...	.....	.....	1020022221121?1—12

	No. 5.	No. 6.
Daly (28)	222220	(28)....112222222
Haines (28)	21112220	(28)... 0
Morfey (29)	222220	(29)....222222222
White (28½)	122120	.....
Van Dyke (29½)	220	(29½)..22222?0
Class (29)	22222222	(29½)..222222220
Ivins (28)	12222222	(28½)..222212222
Jones (28)	0	(28)....212?10
Walters (28)	20	(28)....22?0
Bennett (28)	20	(28)....2120
Baker (28)	0	(28)....0

March 3.—L. T. Duryea and H. B. Gilbert, both members of the Larchmont Club, New York, shot a 100-bird race on the new grounds at Elkwood Park to day. Gilbert practically lost the match in the first 25, when he could do no better than score 18 to Duryea's 21, being thus 3 birds behind. In the next 75 rounds they scored 68 to 67 in favor of Duryea. Scores were:

L T Duryea (31)	1122?02021202221221210222—21
	22?222?212211222312?11120—24
	1122022203122112222?11221—23
	2201211111202?0212122222?0—21—89
H B Gilbert (31)	0122220221202202220?10?220—18
	22?2222?222222222?2?202222—24
	1200121022221112202?21222—21
	?0?20?222?202222211122?211—22—85

March 4.—To-day the main attraction was the McKinley Handicap. In this event Daly was the winner. Scores were:

McKinley Handicap, 12 birds:

J Daly, Jr (28) ....221022122122—11 T W Morfey (29)...021121221020— 9
J G Knowlton (28)222022222?2022—10

Miss-and-outs, $5 each, were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Morfey	2	3	5	4	0	4	4	7	5	3
Daly	2	5	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	..
Knowlton	1	5	1	5	3	1	3	7	4	2
Conklin	1	4	..	..	1	..	..	5	..	..
Price	..	..	..	..	2	4	4	..	..	..

March 6.—The attendance at Elkwood Park to-day was not as large as might have been expected. A good list of events, however, was shot off, Walters doing the best work, scoring 22 out of 24 shot at. Scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Hyland (30)	2121222111222122110012122—22	002?221220—7
E Becker (28)	0112210110121110101001?1—18	1120?12202—8
F Becker (28)	0210002100?2102?2100012?00—12	02?0010000—3
Thomas (30)	1010222100002?1211w	

Seven miss-and-outs were shot by Thomas and Walters, the latter winning all but one.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Thomas (28)	21211020	0	0	0	2	1?1222210	110
Walters (28)	212?2021	2	1	2	0	221222222	222

ARLINGTON SHOOTING ASSOCIATION

Feb. 22.—Below are the scores made by members of the Arlington Shooting Association on the club's grounds to day (Washington's Birthday):

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
A Crawford	5	3	5	5	3	4	5	J Chatellier	2	8	5	4	..	7	2
R M Woods	5	7	8	6	5	..	3	De Mouth	1	6	3	5	..	7	2
J Sickles	9	7	8	6	4	..	5	Montgomery	0	1	3	..	..	..	..
Chasmar	0	4	3	1	..	..	4	Brock	0	0	..	..	..	..	..
Gibson	..	3	2	4	..	5	3	Rooney	..	..	0	..	..	..	..
F Walters	8	8	9	8	9	9	..	Crowell	2	..	..	..	.	.	..
M Herrington	6	6	6	10	..	8	6	King	0	0	0	..	..	..	..
Simpson	5	4	5	5	..	4	2	H Woods	4	4	2	..	..	..	..
Stratton	3	4	2	5	..	..	2	Bush	2	3	3	3	..	5	4

C. H. FRAPWELL, Sec'y.

ANNIE OAKLEY DEFEATS FRANK KLEINZ.

Feb. 27.—Below are the scores made to-day in the 50-bird match between Miss Annie Oakley and Frank Kleinz, of Philadelphia. Miss Oakley won by 1 bird. The birds were too much for the shooters, being a very fast lot indeed. About 300 people were present to see the match:

Annie Oakley	2222•?1•2?01•102220222022—18
	000121•?002222212212?•122—18—36
Frank Kleinz	2120010?2222221•022201021—18
	10020?21•012?022002222112—17—35

Note.—The above score was received too late for our issue of March 6. In mailing it to us Charlie Zwirlein says (speaking of the quality of the birds): "I would like to see some of the cracks from Carteret and Larchmont come up on March 4 and try some of the birds."

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

March 3.—The Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, announced a 100-target event for to-day's programme. The conditions were: 100 targets, unknown angles, extra allowance of targets to shoot at, $2 entrance, targets extra at 1 cent each, four moneys, Rose system; optional sweep of 50 cents on each 25 targets. That the conditions were popular is fully proved by the fact that fifteen shooters took part in the event, although the weather was far from promising. A fog, accompanied in the morning by a slight rain, hung over the Hackensack meadows and made the prospect as gloomy as possible. When the main event was about half over a strong but fitful wind sprang up and played havoc with scores. At times it was quite impossible to gauge the flight of the targets accurately, the bad light making it harder shooting than usual.

The position of Capt. A. W. Money at the close of the race was decidedly popular, and was well deserved, the Captain having spoiled a straight in the first 25 by losing his last target, and running 25 straight (the only one made) in his third string. With the aid of their handicaps eight out of those in for money drew down money out of the purse, quite a good showing notwithstanding the erratic shooting of some of the men. The handicaps were awarded by Messrs. Pentz and Horton, the latter the club's hard-working captain. Their figures were based upon a man's supposed percentage, and enough targets were added to be shot at to permit of his running up to 100, the highest possible of course, provided he shot up to his form. We recommend this style of handicapping in preference to any other, for the reason that it gives more men a chance to get in for money and take down something than any other system, but it would be totally inapplicable under any system for dividing purses other than the Rose system or the Equitable system. It might do if the conditions were "high guns," but altogether we nail our colors to the mast for the Rose system in all similar events.

The hustling work for this shoot was done as usual by E. G. Horton, aided by Van Keuren; C. E. Dawson, of course, was the referee, and time and again his best eyes were needed to see "small pieces" in the bad light. The fumes, too, from the gunpowder were annoying to the throat, the fog causing what little smoke there was to hang around the platform; hence Dawson's voice at the finish was not what it was at the start. The traps worked well, there being really very little breaking. The Bergen County Club has a capital set of trapper boys, who seem to enjoy their work, and who do it well and quickly. An electric bell from each trap gives warning at the score immediately a trap is ready after a broken target has been thrown and refused. The conveniences of this appliance, and the saving in lung power, are so great that it is strange more clubs do not install a similar system. The free lunch served by the club was, as usual, good and highly appreciated.

Among the shooters were P. H. Mason and Harry P. Dain, who had come down from Peekskill, N. Y., to take part in this shoot. Others present were Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co.; Ed. Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand W-A Powder Co.; Gus E. Greiff, of Von Lengerke & Detmold, the United States agents for Schultze powder; J. Hildreth and Ferd Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Neaf Apgar, shooting Austin powder; F. Sinnock, the holder of the *Recreation* cup, which he won on these grounds with a score of 94 on Feb 10 last; C. C. Hebbard, whose name is best known in connection with the Empire Target Co., although he is now keeping house at 310 Broadway, and sells L. C. Smith guns under Fred Quimby's instructions; Chris Wright, a rattling good live-bird shot, who hails from Paterson, N. J.; W. M. Smith, of the South Side and Forester gun clubs, of Newark; Van Keuren and J. H. Blauvelt, both members of the home club.

As stated above, Capt. Money won first place; his score, including his allowance, was 98. Close after him came Edwards (practically the scratch man) and Charlie Hebbard, tied for second place on 97; Neaf Apgar and Ferd Van Dyke tied for third on 94 each; fourth place was filled by Ed. Taylor, P. H. Mason and H. P. Dain with 93 each. Eleven of the entries went into the optional sweeps on each 25. These sweeps resulted thus:

First 25: Money first with 24, Edwards and Sinnock second with 22, Apgar third with 21.

Second 25: Edwards and Sinnock first with 24, Apgar and Mason second with 22, Van Dyke, Money and Dain third with 21.

Third 25: Money first with 25, Edwards second with 24, Van Dyke third with 22.

Fourth 25: Apgar and Taylor first with 22, Van Dyke and Wright second with 21, Edwards, Sinnock, Greiff, Mason and Dain third with 20.

The purses in the optionals were all divided under the Rose system. It will be noticed that in the fourth 25 nine out of the eleven in the sweep drew money.

In addition to the 100-target event several 10 and 15-target events were shot, somewhere in the neighborhood of 3,000 targets (bluerocks) being thrown during the day. Scores in the handicap event follow:

Capt Money, (12)	1111111111111111111111111101011111111110111110111101	—45
	1111111111111111111111111101011011111110011111011l	—44
	111011011110	— 9—98
F S Edwards, (8)	1111111011111111111011101111111111111111111110111111	46
	1111111111111111111101111001111111010111111011111	—44
	11111011	— 7—97
C C Hebbard, (15)	0111111011111111111011011110111010111111110111110	-41
	1111101111111111110111101111111111111101101011101111	—43
	111111101110111	—13—97
N Apgar (10).	1001101111111111101111110111111010111101111111111	—43
	1111100111111111111000111110111111111101110111111	—42
	1111101111	— 9—94
F Van Dyke, (11)	1001111001110111111111101101011111111100111111111	—40
	1111111111111111111011010101111111101111111011111	—43
	11111111111	—11—94
Ed Taylor (18)	1110111110111111000 0011101100101101101030010?0100101	—89
	1111111110111111111001110111111011101111111111111	—43
	1100111101011001?1	—11—93
PHMason (14).	1101110101101011111111110111011111111111111011111	—41
	1101111011111111111111000111110101111101110111011	—40
	011111101111111	—12—93
H P Dain (15).	1110101111101000110111111111111111111111101111100111101	—40
	1010101111010111111111111111011011011111100111111111	—41
	111011110111101	—12—93
F Sinnock (9).	1111111101110101111111111111101111111111111111111	—46
	1110011011111111100111111111111101111101001011111	—40
	110101011	— 6—92
C Wright (13).	1111001101110111111101110010110111101010111111000	—36
	1101111111111000110011011111111011101111111111110111	—40
	010?010110110	— 7—83
G E Greiff (12)	1101110011111011110101101111000111110111111011110	—37
	1111030111110101100001011110011111101111111111011	—35
	111111111111	—12—84
Van Keuren, (25)	1011110101110001011010010111010100011001110001100l	—27
	1101110011111111101011010111111111011111001111	—38
	011001110110011111010111	—17—82
W Smith (15).	0110110300011111101110111010010101101100001010111	—29
	0010110301100001010031101110010110101000010111111	—25
	0100?000001000011111101	—11—65
J Hildreth (19)	0010100000110001011110111110100001101111111111011	—29
	0110111100011110010110101001001000111111101111100	—20
	011000000000100 w	— 3—62
*J H Blauvelt,	0000011010001101101000110011111000?0100100010.0000	—20
	0111101001000010011031111101101111110000011101010	—28—48

* Blauvelt did not shoot his handicap. EDWARD BANKS.

WESTFIELD GUN CLUB.

March 4.—A new club was organized recently at Westfield, N. J., with a list of thirty-three members. The following are the officers of the new club: President, C. P. Wilcox; Vice-President, N. C. Sears; Secretary, G. W. Peek; Treasurer and Captain, W. H. Chamberlin. The club has not yet gotten its grounds, but will shortly have some as good as any in the State. The membership roll contains the names of men who have joined it with the intention of carrying out its objects, viz., for the purposes of encouraging trap-shooting and aiding in the better protection of the fish and game of the State of New Jersey.

A small practice shoot was had to-day, the following scores being made at 25 targets per man: W. H. Chamberlin 20, C. P. Wilcox 19, Chas. Burtis 12, W. Burtis 7, G. W. Peek, Jr. (only shot at 15) 10.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB SHOOT.

March 6.—The regular monthly club shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., was held this afternoon in dull weather. Notwithstanding the gloomy nature of the sky and the raw dampness of the wind 25 shooters took part in the club cup shoot, 21 out of the 25 being members of the club. Among the guests were Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand W-A Powder Co.; J. Hildreth, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; J. A. Banta and Capt. E. G. Horton, of the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack.

The club shoot is at 50 targets, 25 at known angles and 25 at unknown angles, allowance of extra targets to shoot at, the allowance being shot at unknown angles. Dr. De Wolfe, who has of late been striking a gait that is hard to beat when he has any allowance, won the cup with 47 out of 55 shot at, a good score under almost any conditions. Close behind him were four scratch men: Edwards 46, Van Dyke 45, Apgar and Greiff 44 each. Scores were:

Cup shoot, handicap allowance of extra targets:

Dr De Wolfe (5)	11111101111110111011111011111101011111111111011111	—43
	01111	— 4—47
Edwards (0)	0111111100011111111111111111111111111111111111111101	—46
Van Dyke (0)	1110011101111011111111111111111111111111111110111111	—45
Neaf Apgar (0)	0111111111111111010111101111101101111111111111111	—44
G E Greiff (0)	1101111111110111111111111101110101111111111101111111	—44
F Krebs (5)	1111111010111010011011001111111111011111111101111	—40
	11110	— 4—44
T Baron (?)	1111111111110110111011110011101101100111101111111	—40
	11	— 2—42
W H Huck (0)	1011111111110111111111111010110111111011010101111111	—41
*Ed Taylor	1111111111111010110111011000101111011110111111111	—41
S Palmer (5)	1110110100110101111010111111101111111101111110011011	—37
	10011	— 8—40
E Jeanneret (8)	1111011110C0011111011101100101111001111010111111001	—34
	11110101	— 6—40
*J A Banta	1100111111111111011111111111011110110010101011011111	—39
*E G Horton	0111011010111111111011011011001111011100111111	—37
L Marvin (15)	1100110311000300011111110100100011000111011110011001	—25
	111010111011110	—11—36
C R Wise (0)	1011010101111101111001110011010111101011101111	—35
A Hegeman (9)	11100 0001111111100101110101101100101111001110l100	—31
	001100100	— 3—34
P Adams (3)	0110111011001111110110111100111111010100110010C0110	—31
	001	— 1—32
*J Hildreth	1111111001001001110011010011110001001100111110101l0	—29
Cutler (15)	1010101001001030100001010011009101010001001C0010100	—20
	100100111100110	— 8—28
Snow (15)	1001010010111111001000010000001001111100110300101010010	—21
	10?101100001001	— 6—27
F Just (15)	0300000001000010 1110010100111101101030010110300010	—20
	010000011010310	— 5—25
Broshart	0011100000?0000000010030110C0107110111001111010110	—19
Black (8)	0110100103?0000010003000100011001101101001100100—17	
	00010000	— 1—18
B James	0111100011001100110100l110	—14
Hartman	0100000001101010010111011	—12

* Guests.

Broshart did not shoot his handicap allowance. James only shot at 25 known angles, having to leave on business; Hartman took his place and shot at the 25 unknown angles, this being his first essay at bluerocks.

Before lunch, and while waiting for the same to be gotten ready, Van Dyke and Edwards shot a little race at 15 experts and 5 pairs. Van won easily, taking lunch as his opponent's guest. Scores follow:

Van Dyke	111111111111111	11 11 11 11 10—24
Edwards	101111111110010	00 10 10 11 10—16

EDWARD BANKS.

Dutchy Smith's absence from the Jersey traps has been sorely felt for some months. Dutchy has been very ill indeed, but is now looking and feeling very much as usual. He has lost a little weight, we understand, some 30lbs or so, but that is causing him no anxiety, for, as he says: "Soon I get me some plenty, then maybe I give you some neither!" All of which means that he'll soon be smashing targets as usual and taking all the money.

Riverton Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 5.—Eight entries were obtained for the Riverton Gun Club's 100 bird race to day on the club's grounds at Riverton, N. J. Although J. P. Knapp, George Work and Fred Hoey were absent, as well as C. A. Macalester, the quality of the shooters ranked quite highly. Among the number were G. S. McAlpin and L. T. Duryea, from New York; D. A. Upson, from Cleveland, O.; T. S. Dando, Count Langen, L. Finletter, R. A. Welch and R. Toland, all hailing from Philadelphia.

Welch and Count Langen started off strongly, and at one time it looked as if Welch was going to duplicate his victory at Larchmont. He could, however, do no better than tie Duryea and Cleland for second money on 94. McAlpin lost his 99th bird, throwing him out of the money. The winner was rather a surprise party for the club men, D. A. Upson, of Cleveland, running out with 94 to his credit, scoring 47 out of each 50. Finletter finished very strongly indeed, scoring 54 out of the last 57 shot at, his 3 lost birds falling dead out of bounds.

The match was shot on two sets of traps, the "old grounds" and the "river grounds." The eight entries were divided into two squads of four each, one-half going to the "old grounds," the other half to the "river grounds." Thus Upson, Welch, Dando and McAlpin shot their first 50 birds on the "old grounds," Duryea, Langen, Finletter and Toland shooting their first 50 on the "river grounds." When the match was half over, the squads changed places. Judging from the scores there does not seem to be as much difference between the two grounds as is generally supposed. Below is a table showing the birds scored on both sets of traps:

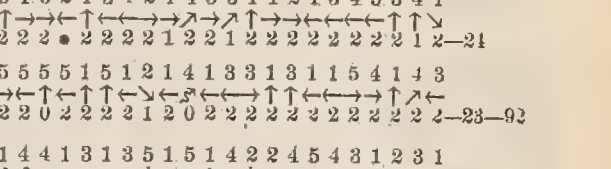
	Old Grounds.	River Grounds.		Old Grounds.	River Grounds.
Upson	47	47	Toland	44	44
Welch	47	45	Langen	40	46
Duryea	47	45	Dando	43	43
Finletter	48	44		——	——
McAlpin	46	45		362	359

An analysis of the above figures shows, however, that on the "old grounds" every shooter save one (Count Langen) either beat or equaled his score on the "river grounds." The claim of the members of the Riverton Gun Club that the "new" or "river grounds" are the harder of the two seems to be well founded.

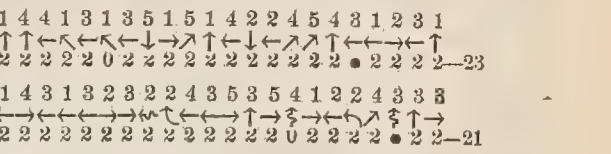
Scores in detail show flight of bird, number of trap as pulled, and result of each shot, as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

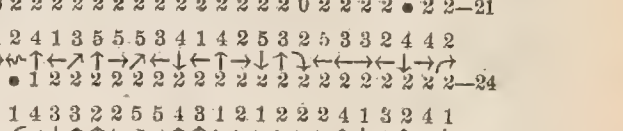
D A Upson (29).



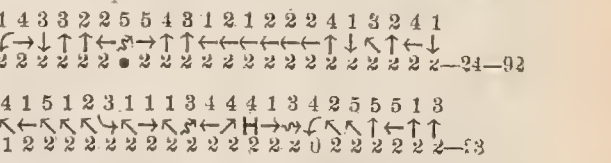
R A Welch (30).



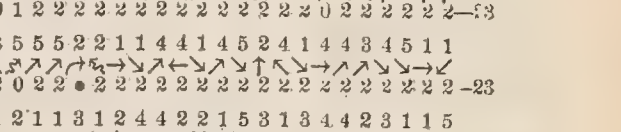
L T Duryea (30).



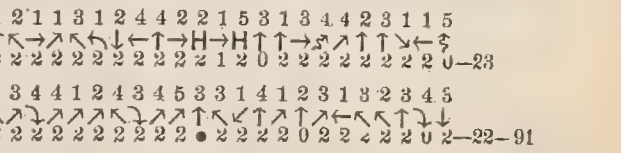
L Finletter (30).



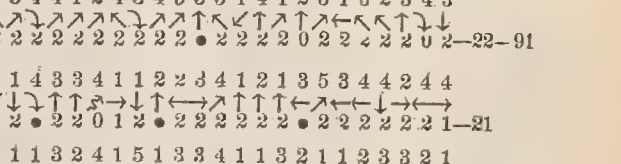
G S McAlpin (30).



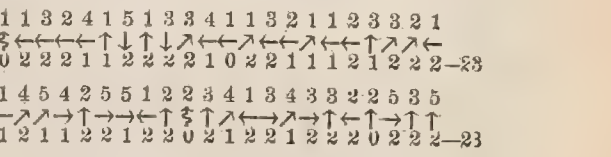
R Toland (27).



C't Langen (26).



T S Dando (30).



ON LONG ISLAND.

ACME GUN CLUB.

March 2.—The Acme Gun Club has been reorganized under its old name, and proposes to hold a target shoot at Dexter Park on the first Tuesday of every month. It seems hard to get Long Islanders interested in target shooting, and as a consequence only eight members took part in the club's first club event this afternoon. The scores were as follows, Job Lott winning with 18 out of 20:

Club shoot, 20 targets, known traps and angles:

Job Lott..11111111110111111101—18 J Banzer..10010011000011110001— 8
T Short....11111111101101110111—17 G B Hillers11010001100011001000— 8
E J Clark..11111111110100001111—16 H Lippack01010000000101010011— 6
W Sands..00111100100100100110— 9 J Linck....00100000000010100001— 4

CONEY ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB.

March 3.—Only six members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club turned out at Dexter Park this afternoon for the club's monthly live-bird shoot. The club event is at 7 birds, and in this event W. H. Lair (30) and Dr Raynor (26) tied for first on 6 out of 7. On the shoot-off Lair won with 3 to 2. Scores were:

W H Lair (30).....2102222—6 J B Voorhees (29).....1110220—5
Dr Raynor (26).....2022121—6 J Schlieman (28).....2010120—4
H Knebel, Jr (30).....1022110—5 H McLaughlin (27).....0101100—3

A 5-bird sweepstake resulted thus: Lair 5, Voorhees 5, Raynor 4, Schlieman 4, Knebel 3, McLaughlin 2.

CRESCENT GUN CLUB.

March 4.—There was a very small attendance at the monthly live-bird shoot of the Crescent Gun Club at Dexter Park this afternoon. Of the four members present, G. E. Loeble was the only one to make a decent showing in the club event at 7 birds, he winning the event with 6 out of 7, losing his last bird. Scores were:

G E Loeble.....2222220—6 L C Hopkins.....20001w
W J Passmore.....0200220—3 W D Gilman.....0200w

A sweep and team races filled up the balance of the afternoon, the scores in these being as below:

No. 1. Sweepstakes at 3 live birds, then miss-and-out, all 28yds.: E. H. Lott 2, L. C. Hopkins 2, W. J. Passmore 2, G. E. Loeble 1. Shoot-off, miss-and-out: Lott 1, Hopkins 0, Passmore 0.

No. 2. Team match at 3 live birds, $2, birds extra, all 28yds.: Loeble's team: G. E. Loeble 3, E. H. Lott 3, W. J. Passmore 1; total 7. Gilman's team: W. D. Gilman 2, John Sullivan 2, L. C. Hopkins 3; total 7. Shoot-off, 1 bird each: Loeble's team 3, Gilman's 2.

No. 3. Same. Gilman's team: W. D. Gilman 2, John Sullivan 3, L. C. Hopkins 0, Dr. Littlefield 2; total 7. Loeble's team; G. E. Loeble 1, E. H. Lott 3, W. J. Passmore 1, "Blind" 2; total 7. Shoot-off, same as above: Gilman's team 7, Loeble's team 5, withdrew on last round.

No. 4. Same. Gilman's team: W. D. Gilman 2, John Sullivan 2, L. C. Hopkins 1, Dr. Littlefield 2; total 7. Loeble's team: G. E. Loeble 2, E. H. Lott 1, W. J. Passmore 1, "Blind" 1; total 5.

No. 5. Team race at 3 birds: Dr. Littlefield 3, E. H. Lott 1; total 4. G. E. Loeble 3, Hopkins 0; total 3.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

March 6.—Warren H. Thompson, a new member of the New Utrecht Gun Club, won the club shoot to-day at live birds on the Woodlawn grounds after a shoot-off with C. Furgueson, both men having scored 10 straight in the event. Thompson won the shoot-off by scoring 2 to 1. The scores in the main event were:

Class A.

C Furgueson (30)....1222222222—10 J Gaughen (28).....2022022222— 8
W H Thompson (27).1122111112—10 J A Bennett (29).....0222022021 – 7
N E Money (29).....1011212222— 9

Class B.

Conny Furgueson(27)2210212221— 9 Dr Littlefield (30)....1011002022— 6
F A Thompson (29)..2010201122— 7

Two miss-and-outs and two 5-bird sweeps were shot during the afternoon, the results being as below:

No. 1, miss-and out: J. A. Bennett 3, Money 2, F. A. Thompson 1.

No. 2, same: J. A. Bennett 5, N. E. Money 5, F. A Thompson 2.

No. 3, 5 birds, club handicap: Money 4, W. H. Thompson 4, Conny Furgueson 4, F. A. Thompson 4, J. A. Bennett 4, John Gaughen 4, Cornelius Furgueson 3.

No. 4, same: Money 5, F. A. Thompson 4, Bennett 4, Cornelius Furgueson 3, Conny Furgueson 3.

CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

March 6.—The attendance at to-day's shoot on the Bay Ridge grounds was not as large as other shoots of the Crescent Athletic Club have proved to be in the past. Out of the seven events shot, four were merely practice shoots, with D. Geddes and H. C. Werleman as participants. Geddes made the best record of the day, managing to get to the top of the list in each event decided. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
D Geddes.....	17	16	19	23	21	21	23	C A Sykes....	..	..	..	..	..	15	19	19
H Werleman.	8	7	11	13	10	10	8	G Notman....	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	20

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

March 6.—Only two members of the Brooklyn Gun Club were present to-day at the club's grounds, Liberty avenue and Enfield street. These two were H. P. Toler and F. Floyd-Jones. To pass the time away they shot a race at 50 targets, Toler winning by 2 breaks. Scores were:

H P Toler.....00100111010100111110111010111110100111001111010010—29
F Floyd-Jones....10110110111010111010101011010110100101010100101000—27

EMERALD GUN CLUB.

March 5.—The annual meeting and election of officers of the Emerald Gun Club was held this evening at 9 Madison street, New York city. The officers elected for this year are: President, Wm. Amend; First Vice-President, Dr. Wm. Richter; Second Vice-President, Chas. Stuetzle; Recording Secretary, Emil Weiss; Financial Secretary, Jos. Banzer; Treasurer, John H. Moore.

The distribution of prizes, which was also a part of the regular business at this meeting, was made as follows:

Prize.	Points.	Average, Per cent.	Prize.	Points.	Average, Per cent.
1..R Phister....	23	93	8..Gus Greiff....	16	96
2..C W Floyd....	22	88	9..E J Clark.....	16	88
3..John Woelfel.	20	72	10..Wm Sands....	15	80
4..Gus Nowak...	19½	84	11..G E Loeble ..	15	80
5..H P Fessend'n	17½	84	12..Emil Weiss...	15	83
6..Wm Amend..	17½	80	13..F W Place....	14½	60
7..Job Lott.....	16	85	14..G K Breit.....	2	43

Mr. Breit's prize was donated for the lowest number of points. The club's boundary will now be 50yds. instead of 80.

Warren Gun Club.

WARREN, O., Feb. 25.—The Warren Gun club opened the 1897 season to-day with its first club shoot, the scores of which are given below. On account of the inclement weather—a blinding snowstorm driven by a gale of wind directly in the faces of the shooters—the scores are not very high.

At our last club meeting we decided to put up the elegant silver cup won by our team in the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border League contests last season for an individual trophy. It will become the personal property of the member who wins it five times. We have tried to equalize this contest by giving a handicap allowance of from 1 to 8 misses as breaks to some contestants. On this occasion it was won by E. A. Biery, who broke 21 out of 25 targets shot at, which with his allowance of 5 gave him the highest possible score.

Cup contest, handicap allowance of misses as breaks:

E A Biery (5).....1101110111111111101111110—21+5 - 26
J W Nonneman (0).....0011111111110011111111111 —21
A J Sutcliffe (5).....0101111011101110110011001100—16+5 - 21
C L Schoonover (0).....1100011011101011011111111 —18
R W Ewalt (0).....1111011110000111001111011 —17
H Miller (3).....0001111011001001111010110—14+3 –17
T G Dunham (2).....1000101010101011101101200 –13+2—15

Another 25-target event resulted as follows: Schoonover 20, Nonneman 18, Ewalt and Biery 17, H. Miller 15, Sutcliffe 13.

R. W. EWALT, Sec'y.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 24.—The team race at 50 birds per man, Johnson-Simm vs. Bonday-Jamison, was the main event on to-day's programme, the cup contest being again postponed until March 13. The first-named pair won the race with 79 to 76, Jamison losing his last 5 birds just when he and his partner looked sure winners. Scores were:

Johnson.....0202212102200202012222122212121022122222222220222202—41
Simm.....1222222212212222220•1122202120112010020202202120220 2 – 38—79

Jamison.....2212200222201222222222022202202221201222•120200000—36
Bonday.....2222202112012022211102002112 1••12221201222222202222—40—76

No. 2, 10 birds, $7 entrance, ties shot off in next event: Simon 9, Dupont 9, Jamison 7, Jackson 9, McCormick 9, Gent 9, Bonday 8, Malone 8.

No. 3, 7 birds, $5 entrance: Simon 7, Dupont 7, Jackson 7, McCormick 6, Gent 5, Bonday 6, Malone 4.

No. 4, $2, miss-and-out: Dupont 1, Jackson 3, Jamison 3, McCormick 1, Simon 2.

No. 5, same: Dupont 5, Jackson 1, Jamison 4, McCormick 3, Simon 6, Bonday 6.

Trap-Shooters' League of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 6.—The first tournament of the newly-organized Trap-Shooters' League of Philadelphia was held to-day on the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club at Wissinoming Station. Eleven teams competed in the team race, the teams consisting of six men to a team, and each man shooting at 25 targets, known angles. The race was won by the Independent Gun Club with 128 out of 150. In second place came the Penn Gun Club with 119. The Florists were third with 116. Scores were:

Independent Gun Club: I. Wolstencroft 23, H. Landis 23, W. Wilson 22, W. H. Wolstencroft 22, H. Ridge 21, H. Thurman 17—128.

Penn Gun Club: J. Yost 23, Wood 21, Ritter 21, Smith 20, P. Yost 19, Gross 15—119.

Florists' Gun Club: C. D. Ball 21, G. Anderson 20, S. P. Life 20, J. W. Colflesh 19, J. Burton 18, A. B. Cartledge 18—116.

Silver Lake Gun Club: Ford 22, Apker 21, Woodsteger 20, Vincent 18, Mink 17, Hahn 13—111.

Glen Willow Gun Club: J. Cowan 22, C. Weinman 19, W. Butler 17, W. Cowan 17, C. Sturm 15, J. Innes 14—104.

Roxborough Gun Club: G. McFalls 21, W. Free 19, J. Taggert 18, H. Blundin 16, R. Gilmore 16, G. Lancaster 14—104.

Southwark Gun Club: Thompson 20, Timme 20, La Rue 18, Stoffer 16, Leaming 15, O'Brien 13—102.

Forest Gun Club: G. G. Frances 20, Morison 18, Baum 18, Hothersall 18, Morgan 11, Van Nort 11—96.

Frankford Gun Club: H. George 18, J. Crowther 16, D. D. Mercer 16, W. Lesher 15, G. Radcliffe 15, B. Bourne 9—89.

U. of P. Gun Club: Kistler 18, Freed 18, Cooper 16, Tuthill 13, Steel 13, Conklin 6—85.

Wayne Gun Club: Soistman 22, Seidel 18, Treadway 15, Emory 12, Connell 9, Green 7—83.

Several sweeps were shot during the day, all events being either at known or unknown angles. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	15	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10
Angles:	K	U	K	K	K	K	U	K	U	K	K	U	K	K	K	U	U
Thurman ..	10	7	14	7	10	9	8	13	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Landis.	8	8	14	10	7	10	10	14	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ridge	8	8	14	8	10	..	..	12	14	10	..	14	9	8	13	10	8
Houpt.	10	8	13	8	10	9	8	12	..	8	10	12	6	8	..	..	..
Hothersall.	7	8	13	6	9	9	8	10	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Treadway	6	8	11	5	4	7	8	7	..	..	..	13	..	9	..	..	5
Burton	6	7	7	7	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Anderson	7	9	9	6	10	9	5	14	12	9	8	..	7	9	11	7	8
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	6	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ward	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	12	..	9	..	..	8	8	11	10	..
S P Life	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	..	..	7	9	11	9	..	..	..	..
Yost	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	13	10	7	..	13	7	..	..	..	..
Gleason	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ross	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	11	..	8	..	..	7	9	6	6	
P North	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Craig	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	..	..	..
Gross	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stauger	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Colflesh	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
W Wolstencroft	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
I Wolstencroft	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cowan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	7	..	12	9	8	13	8	9
La Rue	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	8	14	9	7	14	8	6
McFalls	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mink	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	..	7	..	..	3	..
Force	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
George	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	5	5	..
Bourne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	9	..	..	..	..
Ford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	13	10	7	..	7	..
Simons	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	10	10	6	6
Mack	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	5	7	..	..	..
Weiman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
O'Brien	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Harris.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	5	..	..	..
Kennedy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Butler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Vincent	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	6	..	10	8
Steel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	8	..	..	..
Morison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..
Van Nort	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Ball	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	..	..	..
Soistman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	12	7	..
Gilmore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	7	6	..
Tuthill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Kriss	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Brey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	3
Myers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..

J. K. S.

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 22.—A good many birds were trapped to-day at Watson's Park, several shooters trying their hands for the sake of practice. Scores made were as below:

Comley.....1121111111110111121211111211 1—29
2111210121111100121120220111001—23
Nusly.....2221012010222100210011211010 0—19
1001222101010110111101021 —17
Einfeldt.....0121000111210212110101011220—20
1010110001 — 5
Fish.....1020002010000210211022010300000—12
Barnard.....0020000100011110 — 5
Hollester.....1111111221111 12 —15
Schuchardt.....2021110211 — 8
Veder.....0021002001 — 4
Stannard.....0222002022 — 6

Feb. 25.—Practice scores:

E G Rice.....1122021120110110100202000 —15
Ed Bingham.....2221102212112211111122022 —23
A W Adams.....0100120121220211002022211 —17
H McMurchy.....1011021111222001112212111 —22

Feb. 26.—Practice scores:

Grimes.....2212212222122122 —15
Neal.....1202122221022220 —12

Feb. 27.—The scores made to-day by members of the Garfield Gun Club for the club's medal were:

R Kuss.....2201220201202110012 1—15
D E Russell.....0010222221020201001 0—11
S Palmer.....2102202222220120211—16
E E Neal.....2222221222222211020 —18
J M Young.....0101022001121220110—13
C E Comley.....1100021101211101201 2—14
Dr Shaw.....0011123122000011112 0—13
F M Fish.....0211011011120002 1211—14
T E Graham.....0 2222210022222211102—16
R W Wright.....2202202222222202222002—15
T P Hicks.....2121212101111210200 0—15

Extra scores for last month not being present:

Dr Shaw.....1122201120122021 1010 –14
T E Graham.....2122202012222022112 0 –16

Sweepstake shooting was as follows:

Hicks	11112—5	.....	.....
Palmer	00011—2	00220 – 2	1112211221—10
Steck	01000 – 1	.....	2121210202— 8
Shaw	20221 – 4	10122—4	.....
Fish	22102—4	0202w	.....
Comley	22111—5	11111—5	1111112120— 9
Wright	01202 – 3	22022 - 4	.....
Neal	21022—4	02002—2	.....
Kuss	21122—5	12212—5	1121121010— 8
Russell	00101—2	02111—4	0011011110— 6

March 2.—To-day Col. Glover and R. W. Wright shot a team race with Eddie Bingham and E. S. Rice, 25 birds per man, at Watson's Park. The colonel and Mr. Wright won by 39 to 37 as below:

Ed Bingham.....0120212110111101121011111—20
E S Rice.....0221010201022112102220120 –17—37

R W Wright.....2222022202002210222222222 – 20
Col Glover.....2222202202202002122021221 0 – 19 – 39

Practice scores were as follows:

Col Emory 1120200022000010102 2—10 Col Glover 1201101110 — 7
R W Wright 2222212220 — 9

March 3.—Fifty live birds per man:

E S Rice.....2222020120201010020220001222020001002202201012222 0—29
Dr Carver.....2 2011222202122202222220 0 2120021201102222212222211—41
Ed Bingham.....1222010121221112022211210 —21

March 4.—The following three-cornered match, 25 birds per man, was shot here to-day:

Dr Frothingham.....2222122022220001121222201—20
Dr Carver.....2222212221221112011112212 12—24
J H Amberg.....2112022221222220202 2 w

March 5.—Practice scores shot to-day:

E S Rice.....1002220200021101201120100—42
2021121010202110020022201—16
1120010000202102200102100—12—42
Dr Carver.....0210121212221121212202112—21
2121212121210102201222222—22
22211100 w — 6—48

March 6.—Scores made to-day by members of the Long Lake Gun Club were as below:

Long Lake Gun Club.		Long Lake Gun Club.	
E S Graham	2222022200— 7	Neal	2121221122—10
C Stricker	0000200201— 3	Thatcher	0220001100— 4
Russell	2220110201— 7		

Score for last month:

E S Graham.....2220222220—8

Practice scores were shot as follows:

B W Wright.....2202202222202202222202222202222—24
Doyer.....2222201121121121020 0 —16
Grover.....0221222222222122 —14
Hollester.....0121222101 — 8
De Wolf.....3012020101 — 6
Goodrich.....21111 — 5

RAVELRIGG.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

HAZELWOOD GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 27.—The following live-bird scores were made to-day on the grounds of the Hazelwood Gun Club:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Strong	2222222—7	2222222—7	2202002—4
Messner	2222222—7	2222222—7	2222002—5
Stilley	2022222—6	2222022—6	0022022—4
Anson	2121120—6	02210 w	.....
W S King	1102202—5	2211220—6	0222212—6
Crossland	1101202—5	2022202—5	2202022—5
Shaffer	1012110—5	1122210—6	2010101—4
McPherson	2022020—4	2202222—6	2220220—5
McClaren	.....	2221002—6	.....
Furgueson	.....	1002002—3	.....

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were 3 high guns, $5, birds extra.

March 6.—The shoot to-day on the Hazelwood Gun Club's grounds was a good one. The weather was fine and the birds very good flyers. Scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Messner	2222022222022222222220222—23	22022—4
Oliver	2220022222020222222020222—19	22202—4
Munson	0222222220202222220202222—19	.....
Wilbert	0202220022222002202020222—15	02220—3
Burchfield	2220222222200220202 2022 2—18	22222—5
Jack	0 0020020022200000222222—13	.....
Stilley	2222002022202202202202222—18	02022—3
Duke	2222000222200202220202020—14	.....
Crossland	2222022222020222222222222—21	22222—5
Keystone	....	22220—4

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Asheville and Hot Springs.

PARADISE is said to be "A place of bliss, a region of supreme felicity or delight." Better terms cannot be used descriptive of Asheville and Hot Springs, N. C., and yet the thousand attractions which exist there must be seen to be appreciated. Situated in the heart of the mountains, with the Smoky, Blue Ridge and Balsam ranges in sight, is "The Land of the Sky," and one of the most beautiful spots in the whole world. At a distance from Asheville, and forming a distinct outline against the heavens, stands Mount Pisgah in all its glory and magnificence. Western North Carolina is not a fairy land, but a country beautiful beyond description. In the trip over the Southern Railway to these charming resorts nature's panorama is unfolded, showing picturesque scenes of the grandest kind. It matters not whether you view the mountains or gaze into vast depths or sylvan glens, all you see inspire you with the glory of your surroundings. Asheville is 2,300 feet above sea level. The climate is delightful the year round. The air is never damp, and sunshine is prevalent. There is where the invalid, business man and pleasure seeker come to breathe the pure, invigorating mountain air.

A more delightful time of the year cannot be found than to spend the month of March in the mountains of western North Carolina. Protected by the ranges of mountains on all sides, the disagreeable March winds that are prevalent are avoided. The Southern Railway operates a most perfect through-car service between New York, Asheville and Hot Springs, leaving New York daily at 4:30 P. M., via Pennsylvania, reaching Asheville next afternoon at 2 P. M. and Hot Springs 4 P. M.

Full particulars regarding excursion rates to the resorts can be had upon application to the New York office (271 Broadway) of the Southern Railway, who will give you all information regarding the resorts located in the glorious mountains of western North Carolina.—*Adv.*

Land of Snow to Royal Palms

CAN be reached from New York within twenty-eight hours' ride on the most superbly equipped vestibuled train via Pennsylvania R. R. and Southern Railway. Three trains except Sunday every day in the week between New York and Florida. The peerless New York and Florida Limited leaves New York at 12:10 noon daily except Sunday, giving a most perfect service. This train is composed exclusively of Pullman dining, compartment, drawing-room, observation and sleeping cars, and is operated solid between New York and St. Augustine, reaching the land of palms before dinner next day; or you can leave New York at 4:30 P. M.; through Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars are operated between New York and Tampa; 12:15 A. M., through Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars, New York and Jacksonville. Connections are also made on above trains for Augusta and Aiken. The New York and Florida Limited also carries a Pullman drawing-room sleeping car New York to Augusta. New York office, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

SALMON AND TROUT FISHING LEASES.—Five-year leases of the exclusive right of angling on a large number of the best salmon and trout rivers and lakes of the Province of New Brunswick are to be let at public competition at the Crown Land Office, Fredericton, on Wednesday, March 24. The salmon rivers embrace the famous Restigouche, which is divided into eleven sections of five or six miles each; the Kedgwick, Patapedia, Upsalquitch, Jacquet, Renous, Dungarvon, Tobique and Green. Among the trout streams are the Pokenouche, Tabusintac, Bartibog and Upper Upsalquitch, and the South Oromocto Lake. Particulars may be had from D. G. Smith, Fishery Commissioner, Chatham, N. B., or Hon. A. T. Dunn, Surveyor-General, Fredericton.—*Adv.*

FROM SNOW TO SUMMER IN A LITTLE OVER TWENTY FOUR HOURS is a quick and startling transition, but improved railway travel has accomplished it. Good roadbeds, handsomely-equipped trains, record-breaking time make a trip from New York to Florida a pleasant one. The Atlantic Coast Line *via* Richmond is one of the most popular lines to the South. In connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad it carries passengers in solid vestibuled, steam-heated and electric-lighted trains, known as the "New York and Florida Special," from Jersey City to St. Augustine in exactly twenty-seven hours. It also has fast through car service to Aiken, S. C., and popular Georgia resorts. The bureau of information is at 229 Broadway, N. Y.—*Adv.*

Down the Shenandoah, but up Broadway.

THE Norfolk & Western Railway, Shenandoah Valley route, the most picturesque route to the Southern States, announces a change in the location of its New York office. No. 487 Broadway (telephone, 1875 Spring) is where J. E. Prindle, N. Y. Pass. Ag't, and L. J. Ellis, the Eastern Pass. Ag't, of the Shenandoah Valley route, have now hung out the shingles of the road they represent.—*Adv.*

Audubon's Birds.

DR. J. D. USHER, Sicily Island, La., advertises for sale copies of Audubon's "Birds of North America," and Audubon & Bachman's "Quadrupeds of North America."—*Adv.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NORTH WOODS FISHING PARTY, Brooklyn.—A young man desires to join either a hunting or a fishing party going to the North Woods.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 12. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE

346 Broadway

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

Bear-hunting, as a general rule, I do not think would appeal to most sportsmen. It is rather slow work, and one is often very inadequately rewarded for the time and trouble spent in hunting up bruin. There is hardly a portion of the mountains where there are not evidences of bears, but I do not believe that in any locality they are especially abundant. They have been hunted and trapped so long that those which survive are extremely cautious. In my experience there is no animal gifted with a greater amount of intelligence, and, in this region, the hunter's chief virtue, patience to wait and stay in one spot, is sure to be rewarded, sooner or later, with a good shot which should mean success. Archibald Rogers.

THE NEW FOREST RESERVES.

IN another column we print a letter from a Washington correspondent, who takes exception to a recent editorial in FOREST AND STREAM on the new forest reservations, and gives a number of reasons for his belief that the setting aside of these new reservations will work injury to the Western country and to its residents. This letter voices a sentiment which is widely extended through the West, and which is natural enough to people who imagine that their interests are threatened. The alarm manifested, however, is groundless, because it is based on an entire misapprehension of the facts.

When the National Academy was requested to nominate a committee of forestry experts, it was for the purpose of examining the forests of the public domain, and preparing a comprehensive plan for their preservation and care. The first part of this work has been done. The forests have been examined, and as a result the Commission has recommended the establishment of the thirteen reserves which we have enumerated. It is now continuing its work, and has passed on to the second portion of it, that is to say, to the preparation of a plan for the care of the forests. After this plan has been worked out, it will recommend legislation looking toward the preservation of the forests and such use of them as shall make them of the greatest value to the people of the United States, no matter where they reside.

In considering the recommendations of the Commission, it is worth while to remember that the men who compose it are those of the very highest rank in their various special fields of work. The Commission includes not only a trained forester, but also an engineer, a geologist, a botanist, a mining expert, a naturalist and a person familiar with our river systems. With hardly an exception these men have for many years been familiar with the Western country and its needs. Several of them have spent more than thirty years traveling North and South, and East and West, over prairie and mountain, from the Pacific to the Missouri River, from the Mexican boundary line south to Mexico. They are thus neither "pilgrims" nor persons dominated by a single idea, since they represent as many professions as they do individuals, and since each one stands high in his profession. It seems, then, reasonable to believe that such men will take a broad view of the subject of our Western forests, and will consider carefully not only how they may best preserve these forests, but also how they may best avoid working harm to persons of any class, or to the residents of any section.

Our correspondent, and the dispatches published from widely separated localities in the daily newspapers, talk about the injury to settlers, the injury to miners, and the injury to stockmen, that will be worked by the establishment of the forest reservations. We believe that these people are all wrong, and that they say these wild things merely because they do not understand the facts of the case.

We have it on the best authority—that of the Commissioners themselves—that the Commission will recommend that agricultural lands lying within the reservations named shall be excepted, so that the settler who wishes to do so may take up a claim of arable land within the reservation just as he might have done before the reservation was established; that miners will be allowed to prospect and to mine on the reservations, and to cut timber for use in their mines; that actual settlers will be allowed to cut such timber as they may need for domestic purposes—that is to say, for the building of houses and barnes, of fences and corrals, and for fuel. But we may feel confident that miners will not be allowed to burn the forests through carelessness or by intention, and that individuals will not be allowed to go on the public land and cut for commercial purposes the timber which belongs not to them, but to the people at large.

Thus it will be seen that the rights of no individual are to be interfered with; that no settler will be prevented from taking up a ranch; that no prospector will be hindered from searching for minerals, no miner from working on his claim. All the temper, all the speeches and all the resolutions which have been expended on this subject have been uncalled for. They have been shots fired at a phantom.

No one who has long been familiar with the Western country (and especially with the forests of Washington and Oregon) can be ignorant of the enormous damage that has been done by forest fires there, nor of the vast quantity of timber that has been cut on Government land, taken out, sawed and sold, without one penny of return to the general Government. It is to put an end to abuses such as these that the forests should be cared for. They are to be protected, not in order that they may not be used, but that they may be used, but used in an intelligent way, and so may become to this Government what they surely would be if they were in private hands: a source of income, a part of the material wealth of the people.

It is worth while in this connection to recall what has been the course of affairs in other forest reservations, set aside in recent years. In such reserves no settler has been disturbed, no miners have been interfered with. Instead of this, settlers have carried on their ranches; built their houses, barns, fences and corrals, and pastured their cattle on the reserves. Miners have prospected, established their claims, sunk their shafts, run their tunnels and timbered them. To none of these classes of individuals has any injury ensued because of the setting aside of the reservations.

It is necessary that such reserves should be established. This is the initial step in a system of forest preservation such as all intelligent persons must acknowledge that this country needs. No one's rights can be encroached on without legislation by Congress, and no legislation can be enacted without a full discussion, in which each section of our country will have a voice. Such alarm and apprehension as are expressed by our correspondent are uncalled for. It would be better for the people directly concerned not to get excited about things of which as yet little or nothing is known, but to wait until fuller information shall enable them to form an intelligent opinion on the subject.

In many communities there has been ill-considered agitation about these reserves, which does not at all reflect the sober judgment of the general public. It may very well be that much of this hasty talk comes from persons who "go off at half-cock," and make speeches and offer resolutions without at all knowing what they are talking about. It must be remembered though that the great body of the American people who are adults use intelligence and reason, and do not, like little children frightened by a stump bear, run shrieking away from a danger that does not exist.

We urge the people of East and West alike to take a temperate view of this subject of the new forest reserves and to await the final report of the National Forestry Commission before rushing to a conclusion that either the East or the West is to be ruined by the establishment of the reserves. *A priori*, the facts are all in favor of wise recommendations by a Commission made up of such men as is this one; and we venture to predict with confidence that in a few months those persons who are now making the most outcry about the injury likely to be done will be the most enthusiastic in favor of the plan which the Commission shall recommend.

FOR THE INDIGENT POOR.

IT has been left for a New Jersey assemblyman to take a step which will go far to compel for the game laws the sympathetic indorsement of all charitably disposed citizens; in one State at least no longer will be heard denunciations of game protection as a system unjustly devised and maintained for the benefit of privileged classes. Henceforth the game law of New Jersey may shine forth as a beneficent provision for a deserving part of the community. Mr. Ambruster has introduced in the Assembly at Trenton a bill which runs:

> It shall be lawful for the board, body or authority having charge of matter affecting the indigent but worthy poor to issue permits to said poor to shoot game, birds, rabbits, catfish and quail, in order that they may so provide for their sustenance and no longer be a charge on the municipality in which they live.

Is not one who is simply poor quite as much entitled as one who is both poor and indigent to gather a sustenance of wild game? Should the indigent poor have hunting privileges refused the poor? Moreover, if the indigent poor of New Jersey are ever to fill themselves with quail and catfish, Mr. Ambruster's measure should carry with it an appropriation for powder, shot, car fare, dog hire and mosquito lotion.

SNAP SHOTS.

We regret that the New York (City) Association for the Protection of Game should have considered it expedient to compromise with the market men as to Section 249 of the game law, permitting the sale of game the year around. As we understand the case, the Association was moved to recommend a compromise, because President Gilman, of the commission men's organization, gave out that he owned the legislative committees, and any new legislation approved by those committees would be only such as he, their boss, might sanction. Before accepting Mr. Gilman's representations, it would have been the part of prudence for the Association to inquire whether or not he really did carry the Albany committees in his pocket. There is a possibility that he was bluffing, and there is a probability that the Senate and Assembly committees would give honest consideration to the subject. Under such conditions, united action by the sportsmen of the State, as represented by the State Association, would prevail to win repeal of the iniquitous measure. As the case now stands, one hears it said at Albany that the New York (City) Association is for compromise, and that therefore compromise, and not repeal, is the expedient action. There should be no compromise. Section 249 should be repealed unconditionally.

The committee on the Fly-Casting Tournament at the sportsmen's show at Madison Square Garden is composed of anglers who are so devoted to the sport that they need little to intensify their enthusiasm. If anything was lacking, an incentive came for them in a telegram received Monday by Manager Frank W. Sanger from Horace Smythe, secretary of the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club, who triumphantly wired that Walter D. Mansfield, the club's president, had just broken the world's record for long-distance fly-casting during the progress of the club's tournament Monday. Mr. Mansfield's cast was 108ft. 6in., and was a single-handed cast.

The Baldwin bill in the Pennsylvania Legislature is an excellent measure in so far as it will provide a State game and fish warden and a force of deputies. There should be such executive machinery in Pennsylvania as in every civilized commonwealth. To leave the enforcement of the fish and game laws to an unsalaried fish commission is the poorest possible economy. We believe that the wiser plan would have been to make the warden wholly independent of the Fish and Game Commissioners. There is no necessary connection between the activities of fishculture and fish planting and the enforcement of the fish and game laws. The Fish Commission should not be taxed with the work of executing the statutes. To give them the appointment of wardens is to put upon them a thankless, burdensome, distracting and aggravating task, in which petty politics interfere with their proper work. However, the system provided by the Baldwin bill is so decidedly an advance upon the present situation that the measure should have the heartiest support of all good citizens. Fish and game law violations in Pennsylvania are disgracefully common; an end must be put to them; this cannot be done unless to do it be made the duty of some one responsible official. This is the purpose of the Baldwin bill. We trust that it may become law.

The Sportsman Tourist.

RECOLLECTIONS OF IOWA.—II.

"And did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life
And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds
That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forests crowded with old oaks,
Answer: A race that long has passed away
Built them. The red man came—
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce—
And the mound builders vanished from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie wolf
Howls in their meadows, and his fresh dug den
Yawns by my path. * * *"

THERE was plenty of novelty and romance in my early life in Iowa in the long, long ago. Now Iowa is regarded as one of the old States, and, if my memory serves me, statistics show that she produces more hogs and corn than any other State in the Union. Really it doesn't seem possible, for when I was a boy it was about all we could do to get hog and hominy enough to keep us through the winter. But I presume times are changed. Well do I remember the time when there wasn't a house or other evidence of civilization for a hundred miles northwest of our house. But then that was a long time ago, and the world keeps moving along, I suppose. Even the traditionary mound builders were forced to give way to the plundering red man of later times, and now the red man has given place to his pale-faced successor. Yes, he and his night of ignorance and superstition, in which he so delighted to revel, have given place to the light of intelligence and civilization.

Novel indeed, and in a sense romantic, were the early days in Iowa. Even going to mill in those days, when there were no roads, no bridges, no ferry boats, and scarcely any conveniences for traveling, was no small task where there were so many rivers and treacherous streams to be crossed. Such a trip was often attended with great danger. But even under these circumstances some of the more adventurous and ingenious ones in cases of emergency found the way and means by which to cross the swollen streams and make the trip. At other times again all attempts failed, and they were compelled to remain at home until the waters subsided, and depend upon the generosity of their more fortunate neighbors. The Ellis boys had been on their claim but a few months when it became necessary to go to mill, for although hominy was a pretty good substitute for bread, the corn they had brought with them was about out; and not only had they to go 100 miles to mill, but they had first to work to buy the grain. It was not unusual to be gone three or four weeks on such a trip. At the start, in this instance, North 'Coon, then out of its banks, had to be crossed. There was no ferry boat, not even a canoe, and wagons, yokes, chains and camp furniture had to be taken over on log rafts. The current was too deep for setting poles, and swept them a long way down stream. The wagon had been crossed and debarked in shallow water, the four oxen driven across, yoked and chained together, the traps loaded in, when the oxen, true to their reputation for stubbornness, took it into their heads to return to their stalls on the west bank. When they struck the main current it swept them, of course, down stream, and they soon became entangled in their chains and the floodwood. They struggled and strangled for a long time, until in fact they all save one seemed to have a through ticket. Old Ben would paddle for the west bank whenever he came up. Isaac Ellis, the youngest, finally stripped and swam to them, and with his pocket knife cut the bow keys, unyoked the oxen, and got them safely to land. About this time Isaac Ellis went west of the Missouri, hunted with the Indians, and supplied for some time several stations of the overland stage company with deer, buffalo and other wild meat. When last heard from he was with the Indians in British America. But here was an example of the difficulties and dangers to be encountered and overcome by those hardy frontiersmen of the early days in their efforts to supply themselves and their families with the very necessaries of life and keep the wolf from the door. Although too young to engage in any of these hazardous undertakings of pioneer days, it was one of my chief delights to sit quietly in a corner and listen to the stories and discussions of my elders regarding them. It has never been satisfactorily explained why it is that scenes and incidents of comparative insignificance transpiring in one's youth remain fresh in the memory, indelibly impressed upon one's brain for scores of years—yes, even until death—when incidents of greater importance transpiring quite recently vanish from memory as if they had never occurred at all. Possibly it is because "the morning of life is like the dawn of day, full of purity, of imagery and harmony," and while we shut the door against the setting sun

"In our remembrance blossom
The images long forsaken."

At any rate, nearly all the scenes and incidents of our youth are as fresh and well defined to-day as if they had occurred only yesterday.

I remember hearing William Ellis telling father how he and George Haworth set out to follow the Raccoon River on the ice from Fort Des Moines up to Stump's cabin, about twenty miles by land. After a hard day's travel of about twenty-five miles, they found themselves, when night overtook them, not more than half way to their destination. They attempted to cross the country, but for various reasons had to give it up, and they had to camp for the night. They had neglected to take matches (unpardonable in frontiersmen) and they had to either walk or in some way get a fire. They got a fire after the expenditure of a good deal of patience and powder by firing their guns into dry grass, and then they carried their fire to the timber a half mile away, where they spent the night with a reasonable degree of comfort. The relation of the incident made a lasting impression upon my young mind, and I cannot now recall ever being caught without matches.

There was game in abundance in that country during the time of which I write. Deer and elk were quite plentiful for some time after the first settlements were made, and there were some great hunters in those days as well, men who enjoyed the sport too as well as any of us do at the present time. The capture of elk calves was, in those early days, a favorite pastime. In these adventures John Wright was the leader. The outfit consisted of teams and covered wagons sufficient to convey provisions, camp equipage, etc., and to bring home the proceeds of the chase. Cows were taken along to furnish milk for the young elk, and sometimes the expedition would be gone a month or more. From Greene county to the headwaters of 'Coon was the favorite hunting ground. The hunting was done on horseback. First the old elk were found and then, with the aid of dogs, the calves. These were generally found in the tall grass surrounding the ponds that abounded in that part of the State.

When the calf found that he was observed he would spring from his hiding place and run for dear life, and if he was two or three weeks old it took a good horse to overtake him, among the bogs and ponds. Many a good horse was ruined. Sometimes a calf, if very young, was captured by springing upon it in its bed. On one of these excursions John Wright saw a dark object in the distance, which he, true to his nature, proceeded to interview. It proved to be a half-grown black bear, which took to immediate flight. John came up with it and, by a flying leap from his horse, attempted to grapple with it. As John landed the cub turned and received him warmly. John was now in his true element, and after a long struggle, in which one of his hands was badly lacerated, besides sundry other bites and scratches, he bound his captive and took him to camp. On this particular trip John captured at least twenty young elk besides his bear. The last heard of John Wright he had followed the footsteps of Isaac Ellis and disappeared among the Indians of the far Northwest. These elk were a sad disappointment to the settlers. They had theorized upon the subject and concluded that they could be made most useful domestic animals for the plow and cart, and possibly for the dairy. In size, form and general characteristics they were cousins to the reindeer. Their speed and bottom had been proven, and their meat was equal to or better than the ox. They could winter where a mule would freeze, and were easily domesticated. Take a young elk that never before saw the face of man, carry it in your arms a short distance, and it would follow you through fire and water. The theory was fine, but in practice the elk turned out to be unmitigated nuisances. They would not work at all, and wouldn't play only in their own way. In the early fifties much valuable time was spent by father and the others in breaking them to harness and saddle. Elisha Morris harnessed a span of two year-old bucks to a light buggy and started for some of the Eastern cities, where it was thought the outfit would command a good price. Eight days' drive took him to Oskaloosa, where he swapped the whole outfit for a horse, which he sold for $80. Lish said said they wouldn't work—"they were too much like an Injun."

Around home they were regarded as outlaws, going at their pleasure into fields and gardens and doing much mischief just out of pure wantonness. They seemed to know that a horse would stampede at sight of them, and they had lots of fun out of it. They would curve their necks, throw up their great horns, set their hair forward, and snort to make it more interesting, and runaways were very frequent. I well remember how Bilderback's elk over on South 'Coon scared father's team one day when we were going to mill, and how the horses in their fright tried to straddle a big jack oak, demolishing the whole outfit except father and me. When we saw the inevitable right in front of us father and I slipped out over the hind end gate and escaped injury.

At certain seasons of the year the males were as dangerous as mad bulls. A son of Dr. Rush at Fort Des Moines was attacked by one, his abdomen ripped open so that his bowels protruded, and for a long time his life was despaired of; but he finally recovered.

I cannot remember when I first began trapping prairie chickens. It must have been at least forty years ago. There were myriads of them. They were in the cornfields, in the wheatfields, in the buckwheat fields, in the grass—everywhere. During the autumn and winter they would gather in flocks of thousands. The first telegraph wire that was strung across the State passed our place. Only a single wire, it is true, but many chickens lost their lives on it by flying against it, and us boys used to go out along the line after school hours and gather up numbers of them. Father had large fields of various kinds of grain which I appropriated as my exclusive chicken preserve, and compelled the other boys to respect my rights, often by force and arms. I sold my chickens at the corner grocery at 50 cents a dozen, and was regarded by the other boys as the chicken king of the country. I did make lots of money, and to the best of my recollection never missed a circus that visited Fort Des Moines from the time I was out of my swaddling clothes. I remember one winter in particular. I think it was in the winter of '59 and '60. Father had a ten-acre buckwheat patch right by the house that did not mature properly, or at least it was not harvested, for some good and sufficient reason. During almost the entire winter that piece of ground was one living, moving mass of prairie chickens. And rest assured that I was not slow to reap where others had sown. I made the best that a nine-year-old boy could of the opportunity. Most of my traps were made of lath with figure 4 triggers, and four or five chickens at a clip in each trap was nothing unusual. But I had one trap made of rails with a wide shingle on a pivot at the top and an ear of corn suspended over it. The chickens would jump up on the trap and walk out on that shingle to reach the corn, when it would tip, let them down inside and fly back to place. I took twenty-three chickens out of that trap at one time.

It was about this time that I shot my first chicken. The incident is still quite fresh in my memory for various and obvious reasons, and I guess I will have to relate it. I have fired many, many thousands of shots at various kinds of game since that time, but I cannot now recall one that made a more lasting impression. Father had a No. 14 muzzleloader (of course it was a muzzleloader) that I had been taught to look upon as forbidden fruit. It generally hung high up on the wall—to lessen the temptation, I suppose. Well, on that auspicious day I had started out to my traps, when I came upon a vast flock of chickens on the side hill above the barn. They were very tame and manifested no disposition to fly, and it occurred to me that if I only had father's shotgun I would fix them plenty. It has been said that he who hesitates is lost. I hesitated. Then I stole back to the house, got up on a chair when no one was observing me, and took that shotgun down from the rack. Doubtless I felt somewhat as Adam must have felt on that inauspicious day when he took down the first apple in the Garden of Eden. But I had the gun at last—at last. The chickens were still there on the side hill, and very accommodatingly tame. I squatted down, slipped the gun well back under my arm so as to get my eye as near the rib as possible, aimed at the nearest chicken, shut both eyes and pulled. * * * It bursted both my lips, knocked my nose out of place, kicked me clear down hill, jumped on me and kicked me some more. I did not look for either gun or chicken, but gathered up my face and ran for the house. Of course mother sympathized as mothers do, and relieved me as only a mother can, but father said nothing. He simply put on his hat and went out. Presently he returned with the gun and a chicken, and remarked that I had made a good shot. I said nothing, but wondered then and have often wondered since whether it was really the chicken I had shot at. Father was a man of pretty good sense, and he saw that I felt that it was time for me to learn to shoot. So he proceeded to teach me how to load and handle the gun, and from that time on of course the gun was mine. As a matter of curiosity I wish that I knew how many chickens, quail, pheasants, ducks, geese, sandhill cranes, squirrels and rabbits fell by that old gun before it met its ignominious fate. Several years after I had assumed full and complete possession and ownership of the gun I was helping the hired man haul corn fodder from the field one winter's day, and had the gun along to shoot chickens off the corn shocks. It was part of my business to open and shut the gates, on which occasions I would leave the gun lying across the sled. Its time had arrived. The breech fell through between the cross bars of the sled, and before the team could be stopped it was twisted all out of shape and totally ruined. Guns were scarce in those days, and my lamentations were correspondingly profound and prolonged.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PODGERS'S COMMENTARIES.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 28.—I read the other day in the FOREST AND STREAM an article discussing whether fish had memories. I don't suppose it makes any very great difference to the community whether they have or not, but there are a great many readers of FOREST AND STREAM doubtless who will take an interest and give their experiences, for there is precious little above the waters or under them that the said readers do not know something about, and are full of "wise saws and modern instances," and we should like very much to hear from the cow counties what is known, pro or con, on this subject. For myself, to lead off in the discussion, I am inclined to think that fish have memories, and very good ones; for many a time when I have pricked a trout, notwithstanding all my efforts, changing flies and resorting to bait, trying all the allurements possible as he lay in his hole visible in the clear water, slowly vibrating his tail, and saying as plainly as a fish can say, "No, you don't, my love; you can't play that game on me twice; that hook was not pleasant." It was no use while he was cogitating over it to fool away the time, but next day, when I hoped he had forgotten all about it, and probably with a better appetite he would try it again; but it always seemed to me that he went very gingerly about it, showing very possibly a lingering recollection of the previous experiment.

Again, I have noticed in artificially raised trout in fish ponds that when the person who was accustomed to feeding them passes near the edge of the pond they would all rush toward him and follow him around, but did not do so when I walked along the path. They certainly recognized the man, and did not know me. Was it memory, or instinct, or reason?

To recognize is memory. Many people argue that all examples of intelligence in animals is instinct, wherein they are wrong. Do not horses, for instance, remember the hours at which they are accustomed to be fed, as is the case of every animal in a menagerie. I have seen instances where, when fish in an artificial pond are fed at noon, they would gather at the particular spot where they were fed some minutes before the time, awaiting their dinner. So, on the whole, I am of the opinion that fish have memories.

Our Legislature is again in session, and I see that the crank of a granger is attempting to get in his work, as usual. One bill was introduced giving permission to shoot quail at all seasons of the year; another to kill all the meadow larks, assigning as a reason that they ate all the grain and grapes. Why they did not include the boys who eat grapes, and apples as well, must have been overlooked. The granger begrudges the birds the waste of grain that is left after gathering, presumably, as that is the only time they do. Liberal-hearted are these gentlemen who introduce such bills. No wonder the Lord gives them short crops occasionally as a punishment for such meanness. But to the credit of the Legislature these bills were thrown out, and they passed a bill forbidding the shooting of robins at any time, which is commendable. Another bill was introduced repealing the close season on salmon, but that was squashed also, so we have hopes that the poachers are not going to have things all their own way this time. They are the lowest order of foreigners, Greeks and Austrians, who decry all laws, and are the roughest element we have; yet they find politicians who pander to their votes, regardless of the interests of the decent community. It is a source for congratulation that the present Legislature is starting off so well, and we hope our game laws will not be tampered with this session.

The legal fraternity is generally accused of possessing a superabundance or what in American parlance is termed "cheek," and they don't seem to deny it; but if proof were wanting of the hardness thereof, it was in evidence in a case that a few days ago occurred a short distance from the city. A lawyer and friend were driving along the country road in a buckboard where the quail were very abundant, when whack! came a stunning blow on the legal gentleman's cheek that made him see stars, and a small object dropped into the bottom of the wagon, which proved to be a quail, and as stone dead as a quail was ever seen. In flying across the road it had struck the gentleman fairly on the cheek and dropped dead, killed by the concussion. But what about the gentleman, say you. There is where the joke comes in. Beyond a brief lesson in astronomy and view of the constellations, it never phased him; but the quail paid for his ignorance of the predominating characteristics of the legal profession. A case somewhat parallel to that of the snake that bit the old woman, resulting in a dead snake. I may add that the quail met the usual fate of a client—had his bones picked.

The last number (Feb. 20) was particularly interesting, especially the description of "Hunting on the Spanish Main," by J. F. Le Baron. That is somewhat familiar ground to me, for I have crossed the Isthmus of Nicaragua several times, and by the same token I call the lake of Nicaragua one of the most beautiful lakes I ever saw, and I thought what a lovely time I could have with a trim little yacht, in which to cruise along its shores. Mr. Le Baron's allusion to the peccary or mule-footed hog reminds me of an episode happening to a friend in Tampico, Mexico, who was engaged to be married. The morning of the day it was to come off, he being debarred of the society of his lady love that day by reason of the necessary preparations for the ceremony, and taking his gun and strolling out of town to pass away the time intervening, encountered some peccaries, one of which he shot and wounded. This brought a large drove of them, which he found were decidedly belligerent, and perforce he had to take to a tree, which they surrounded, and persisted in remaining to guard. The time wore on with no signs of their departure. The evening shadows were falling. The wedding ceremony was to come off at 8 o'clock and how to get down from the tree was a question. He tried banging away at the animals, but that only made matters worse. The bride and friends were punctual at the church, but no bridegroom put in an appearance, and after waiting a full hour the bride went home in tears and mortification, under the impression that she had been jilted. The bridegroom had been seen going off in the morning with his gun, and becoming alarmed at his non-appearance, a party was organized next day to go in search, concluding some accident had happened to him. They found him still in the tree surrounded by his tormentors and rescued him. The explanation satisfied the bride, and the wedding came off all right that evening, but the poor man never heard the last of it.

A friend who went out for a day's shoot a few days ago came back in high disgust without a feather, and being questioned, said he found that every place that looked like good quail ground was posted; and as an evidence that the schoolmaster was abroad he put one of the notices in his pockets, which read as follows: "Doods with guns and fish poles are warned to keep off these ere premises.—JOE BUNCE. N. B.—I keeps a dorg."

Speaking of signs reminds me of that of a Chinese wash man, who evidently had employed some waggish "Meliky man" to paint it for him, reading: "Ching Sing, Washing, Pinking, Ironing, and all that sort of thing," and being at a loss for a finish, had added, "We may be happy yet." There was a sign on a Sacramento street miners' hostelry that read in the old days, "Rest for the weary and storage for trunks." In those early days it had a significance, as there were no express wagons or impecunious gentlemen to tote baggage from the steamers. Every ragged, seedy-looking chap you saw lounging around had a pocketful of gold dust, and scorned anything like work, hence every man had to shoulder his own traps, and by the time he reached a house of entertainment was quite likely to be "weary." The first time I landed here on the beach from the steamer, after paying $10 for landing myself and trunk, I looked around for help to carry it up a short distance to the shanty of a friend, and seeing a colored gentleman leaning against a pile of lumber, asked if he would take hold of one end. Rather to my surprise he complied, and when I asked how much I owed him he replied, "Oh, nothing, boss; I specks I has more money than you has," which I have no doubt was the case, after my enforced stay of six weeks in Panama. Those were the days when a man with a wheelbarrow or handcart could earn his $50 every day of the week. He would be a smart man to do it now in a month. PODGERS.

A STORY OF THE MATANZAS.

OTTUMWA, Ia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Fred Mather's most interesting and touching account of the trials, troubles and sad end of his venerable companion Geo. Raynor recalls to my memory an incident which happened to me during my rambles in Florida in the winter of 1876–77, which is of such a weird and uncanny nature that I have always refrained from telling it in public for fear of injuring my reputation for veracity. However, a few of my intimate friends have listened to my tale to the end, but their remarks have ground harshly upon my feelings, and it is some fifteen or sixteen years since I have related the incident for the last time. It was forgotten until Fred Mather refreshed my memory with his charming account of Geo. Raynor. My only reason for bringing the story before the public now is a desire to ascertain if possible whether or not there is any truth in it. I will give it as it was given to me by the victim one beautiful night in March, 1877:

I had but a few days left for my sojourn in St. Augustine, and intended to gather what shells and sea beans I could for distribution among my friends. In a small sailboat and with a fair easterly breeze I soon landed on St. Anastasia Island, at a place called the Divides. This is where the waters meet when the tide rises, flowing north from the inlet at Matanzas, and south from that of St. Augustine. To my right I noticed a clearing about half an acre in extent planted with vegetables of various kinds; at the end of it, among the dense and luxurious undergrowth of the island, stood a shanty built entirely of saplings and resembling the bamboo houses afterward seen in the Siamese village at the World's Fair in Chicago. I wondered how any human beings could possibly content themselves in such a house and such a place for any length of time, little dreaming of the terrible tragedy connected with it. Picking up my fishing tackle and an empty 50lb. flour bag which I had brought with me for a container of my findings, I started for the other side.

I had barely crossed over the sand bluffs when a cloud of mosquitoes embraced me, which made a hasty retreat compulsory. For some time I did not know how to overcome this difficulty. To travel half a mile through an atmosphere every square inch of which seemed to contain thousands of mosquitoes was simply out of the question. I thought of the flour bag—a bright idea indeed. I drew the bag over my head, carefully tucked the ends under my coat, stuck my hands deeply into my pockets, and boldly faced the music. Music? well, I guess it was! It seemed as if my head was inside a beehive filled with millions of enraged bees, and each of them humming a different dirge in a different key. I could just see enough through the bag to keep the path, and the speed I developed in crossing the island was something wonderful. I reached the end without any mishap, and as soon as I got over the bluff on the Atlantic side the mosquitoes gave me a mournful farewell and retired to the jungle. It seems they drew the line about 200ft., more or less, from the salt water. I have never been molested by them when close to the surf.

It did not take me long to secure all the shells and sea beans I needed, and to fill out the day I captured a lot of small fiddlers, and baiting my hook I started out fishing. But it was labor lost. The fish were not hungry, or the bait was not the proper kind; at any rate there was no sport in it, and I gave it up. My return trip was easy; not a mosquito appeared. Great was my surprise and chagrin when I found my boat missing, and in its place a rickety old flatboat with a short piece of board in its place for a paddle. Here was a fine situation to be in! Would I have to paddle this old tub twelve miles with that rough piece of timber? I had fully made up my mind that some unprincipled individual had willfully, premeditately, and with malice aforethought, exchanged craft with me, and I was compelled to wriggle out of the dilemma as best I could. Just then I noticed a man coming out of the shanty previously described. To him I explained my plight: "I found my boat gone and that miserable old scow in its place; some scoundrel has played me a fine trick; how am I to get to St. Augustine in that thing?" "H'm! I reckon nobody exchanged boats with you, mister; that old mud-scow belongs to me, and there was no boat here when I came at 2 o'clock this afternoon. You landed here with low water, and your boat went out with the tide. You won't lose it though. I see you had it on the north side of the Divide, and it has gone toward St. Augustine. Let us look around the bend; we might find her on the bar."

Well, we found her, but not on the bar; the mast had got caught in some overhanging branches close to shore, and in a very short time we had her back to the original landing place.

How to get it back to the city in a dead calm I did not know, and I mentioned the fact to my companion. "Well," he said, "if a hammock in my shanty will do you, you are welcome to it. In the morning you are sure to get a good breeze to go home with."

I gladly accepted his hospitality, joined him in his scow, and during an hour's good fishing got pretty well acquainted with him. There was something mysterious about the man that aroused my curiosity, and his actions toward me indicated that he was well pleased with my company.

After supper we lit our pipes and several smudges, and sat down in front of the house facing the river, to pass away a few idle hours in contemplating the beauties of a Southern moonlight night and to listen to the mockingbird's songs. We had drifted into that delicious, dreamy condition which overcomes a tired person just before going to sleep, when suddenly the hooting of a distant owl came floating over the perfect calm of the night. Immediately my companion jumped to his feet, put his hands to his mouth and imitated the call to perfection. Again and again he repeated it, and the owl came nearer and nearer, and more hoots came from other directions. Suddenly a shadow flitted over the ground in front of me, and looking up I saw the bird lighting in the brush. This was indeed amusing, and I broke out in a laugh. "Hush," he said, "keep quiet; I'll give you a concert such as you never heard before in your life." And he did. The owls kept coming, singly and in pairs, until we were surrounded with them. There must have been several dozen, and the hooting was kept up incessantly. In the midst of this weird concert he related to me the following story:

"I formerly lived in Milwaukee; my wife had a sister come to visit us whom I had not met before. An affection sprung up between us that outrivaled the one between me and my wife. The result was an elopement; we never stopped until we reached this spot, built this shanty, cleared what little ground you see here, and were happy and contented until a year ago last May. One day a stranger came to the house and inquired of my sister-in-law where he could find me, stating that he had been informed at St. Augustine that I was acquainted with the river and knew all the good fishing points, and he desired to employ my services. I was fishing; she pointed me out to him and told him to go down to the edge of the river and hail me and I would come after him. She had no more than uttered the words when quick as a flash he had his hands upon her throat and was strangling her to death. Then he came to the river's edge and hailed me; I rowed over, took him in, and turning around to sit down I heard the report of a pistol. That is the last I remember. When I partially regained my senses I realized that I was badly hurt and I tried to remember what had happened, but I could not. I was covered with blood and I felt numb, and was breathing through a hole in my throat. I had not enough strength left to raise either my head or my arms, and soon I again lost consciousness. Several weeks elapsed before I found myself again among the living, and from then on I mended rapidly and was soon able to be about.

"Meanwhile the assassin had been captured and held in jail for trial. I was the main witness against him. He confessed and pleaded for mercy; the verdict was imprisonment for life at hard labor. My wife in Milwaukee was acquitted by the court, as there was not sufficient evidence to establish her connection with the crime.

"Now all I am telling you," he went on to say, "with the exception of what occurred in the short time it took to row across the river after he had called me until I heard the shot, is the murderer's own confession. After turning my back to him to sit down to row the first bullet struck me in the head and made me unconscious, the second penetrated my shoulder, and the next my neck. Then he dragged me out of the boat, beat the top of my head into a jelly with a large cluster of oysters, cut my throat from ear to ear, rolled me into the river and then left."

"Great heavens, man!" I exclaimed, the cold chills running up and down my spine, "what are you telling me? If you were not dead before he rolled you in the river, how did you escape drowning?"

"Oh, yes, it seems miraculous; but that was really my salvation. The salt water stopped the flow of blood and kept me from bleeding to death. My face was probably not under water at all, and as the tide was going out I was soon left on dry land. My neighbor, who lives two miles north of me, found me late that afternoon, and with the help of others I was taken to St. Augustine. Come in the house; I will show you the proofs of my story."

I followed him, he lit a candle and gave it to me to hold, then he took a red bandana handkerchief from around his neck and raised his beard. There was a ghastly scar from ear to ear, the bullet scars were there also, and the top of his head was a sight to behold. The evidence was too strong to doubt his words, and I asked in amazement:

"But what had you done to this man? What was his motive in doing all this?"

"Well, you see, he was after my wife in Milwaukee, and she had promised to marry him as soon as she had proofs of our deaths; that was all."

The owls had disappeared, the concert was over, and we retired. I put in a very restless night, and was glad to get an early start in the morning.

If any of the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM has ever met this man or heard his story, I would be thankful to him if he would kindly inform me, either through FOREST AND STREAM or by mail, whether or not it is an actual occurrence. O. VON HOLTZSCHUHERR.

II.

The FOREST AND STREAM cannot undertake to investigate all the yarns told its fishing friends by the light of the Florida moon, and punctuated by the hooting of howls; but in this particular instance we have sought to vindicate Mr. Holtzschuherr's responsibility. His relation was sent to Dr. DeWitt Webb, of St. Augustine, who has written as follows:

III.

"ST AUGUSTINE, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The story is an o'er true tale, although strange to say I had never heard of it. The next day after the receipt of your letter I asked the man who drives for me, as we were riding, whether he knew about a tragedy that happened down the Matanzas River near the divide some twenty years ago. He said, yes, he knew all about it, and proceeded to tell the story substantially as your correspondent has it. The man's name was Keech, and he may be still living. The man who came so near killing him was named Newton, and was sent by Keech's wife from Milwaukee, she giving him the pistol with which to kill her husband. The evidence shows that the woman was shot in the back as she was standing before a glass combing her hair. I suppose she might have been choked afterward. Then when he had, as described, shot Keech and pounded his head to a jelly with a clump of oyster shells (and you know a clump of coon oysters would make an ugly weapon), he threw him in the edge of the water; and then wanting to make the job complete, turned him over and cut his throat. This brought his head out of the water, and the receding tide left him dry. The hemorrhage may have brought him out of his insensibility. Newton could easily have escaped if he had not stolen Keech's horse to ride away with; for, as he was passing George Carter's, Carter noticed the horse and went down to Keech's to find out about it, with the result of finding Keech in sorry plight.

"Newton was arrested and brought to St. Augustine for trial. Mrs. Keech was arrested at her home and brought to the State. Her lawyer fought for delay, so that Newton was tried and convicted before her trial, and on account of his confession was sentenced to imprisonment for life instead of being hanged. His conviction saved her, because as a convicted felon his evidence was worthless, and so she was acquitted.

"Another informant told me that Newton was shot while attempting to escape from confinement some years after. And strangest of all, he said that rumor had it that Keech, after leaving the neigborhood of St. Augustine, lived afterward with his wife in Jacksonville.

"How will all this do for a plain, unvarnished tale of love and blood? DEWITT WEBB."

Natural History.

THE WOODCOCK'S WHISTLE.

LOWELL, Mass.—I have read with much interest the articles from your many contributors concerning the whistle of the woodcock. I know very few men who have hunted this beautiful bird more than I have, covering a period of about thirty years, and while I have not yet learned all there is to know about this shy and mysterious creature, yet I have come into possession of many facts by close observation relating to his general habits and to others which are due to and contracted by change of locality.

I offer the above prelude to these few lines to show that, while differing from some of your correspondents, I feel a modest degree of assurance that many of my observations have been correct. If these few notes, covering so many years' observation about the woodcock's whistle, meet with the approval of the FOREST AND STREAM and its many readers, some time I might venture to air my views, which are due to observation, on some of the general and local habits of this singular bird, many of which are at the present time either in dispute or not generally known.

The young of the woodcock never whistle. I have seen and caught them during spring while following small brooks trout fishing, and have seen the mother bird early in the morning after a dark rainy night feeding her little ones. I have seen them when hardly able to fly, and when after a few yards of flight they would slowly sink to the ground, striking stones, sticks, trees or anything which might be in their way, just as young grouse do when learning to fly. I never saw a young bird that whistled.

The feathers on the wings grow out before they get strength to make rapid flights. When well along in the summer and the birds have grown strong of wing and are capable of swift flight, then like the old birds that can fly swiftly; they always whistle during rapid flight.

Most of your correspondents only recognize the fact that this bird whistles while rising. This goes far toward convincing me that most of them see him only when hunting, and that the less audible but distinct whistle which he makes during flight is overlooked or is not heard at all.

Many years ago, when mink pelts were worth $10, I used to put out my traps early in the spring before the ice was fairly out of the brooks, and often used to visit them at night, going over the whole line if the nights were on a big moon. Woodcock were frequently seen and heard, often flying so near that they would pass within an arm's length, and as they were all old birds at this season of the year, every one had his whistle with him, and was plainly heard, especially if the nights were without much wind.

During the summer months, while I have been in camp on the shore of lake or by the bank of some river, these birds have often been seen and heard while flying at night. Also when I was softly plying the paddle or fishing at night woodcock have passed so near that they could be reached with the paddle, and on nearly all of these occasions the

whistle, although not so loud as when rising in cover, was plainly and distinctly audible. Later still in the summer, after the family has grown up, they are in moulting, and if my observations have been correct do not fly or move around either by day or night so much as at other seasons of the year, but still he has his whistle with him then when in full motion.

Some twenty years ago, while I was hake fishing during a foggy October night off Wood Island Light, in Saco Bay, a woodcock paid us a visit, alighting on the deck of our smack. He immediately took flight again, but flew around and among our rigging several times, as though loath to leave a place that afforded a chance to alight. The night was still, and we could follow his course plainly by his soft, low whistle.

In my hunting this bird during many years hundreds of opportunities have presented themselves to hear the whistle other than when rising, a few of which I will relate. Once while hunting with the late Newell Abare, as true a sportsman as ever trod a cover, a woodcock was wounded badly by being shot in the head; in fact, the under mandible of his bill was broken nearly off at the base and was hanging. The bird seemed to lose his reason, and flew around back and forth over the cover in large circles, something like the manner of a bat. Sometimes he would come almost within the length of our gun to us, then he would work off at a distance, only to come back again. Curiously we stood and watched his singular flight. At all times when near his whistle was distinctly audible. I also noticed that in turning sharply, or when struggling for a greater height, the whistle varied by being louder. After viewing for a number of minutes this freaky and singular flight, I again shot, and ended the instructive exhibition.

Many times wounded birds have come to hand that were not wing-broken, and frequently have been held by the feet and allowed to beat their wings as in flight. On all such occasions the whistle was all right, and was in good condition so long as the wing beats lasted. The same birds have also been held firmly by the head and bill, and, like the other cases, so long as the wing beats were maintained vigorously his whistle was in the best of order.

When rising in tall cover and in much haste, as is usually the case when alarmed, his wing beats are quick and powerful, and the whistle which we all love so well is clear and sharp. After gaining the top of the cover and good headway, it softens down to a much lower key, and is heard best on still days or when a bird passes near by you.

Did any hunter ever hear a cock whistle when the notes were not in perfect time with his beating wings?

On one occasion, while hunting with a young friend, at the signal for a point I went over to where he stood, and he pointed at a cock only a few feet before the dog's nose. He wished to catch him alive, and while I stood guard in case of a flush, he laid down his gun and dropping on his knees plunged suddenly forward, and covered with both hands the much surprised woodcock. The many experiments that were tried, all of which bore a large crop of whistling in the best of condition, and all coming from his beating wings, would have satisfied any one. I could give many more cases, but I think that I have stolen from the leaves of my memory sufficient to account for the faith that is in me as to how and when the woodcock makes the air vibrate with the many varied notes of his tremulous whistle.

GEO. W. DEARBORN.

MASSACHUSETTS.

INTERCOMMUNICATION OF ANIMALS.

I HAVE read with interest the article by Ernest E. Thompson on "Intercommunication of Wolves," in your issue of Jan. 23. His statements regarding the odors of different animals, and that the odor of the same animal differs under different conditions, are all correct, and what all intelligent hunters have known for generations.

Signal Posts.

In regard to the amount of information which animals obtain from what he calls "signal posts," many of us would differ. These so-called "signal posts" are some prominent object, either a rock, bush, stump or mound near a game trail, or if in winter on the ice or shore of a pond or stream. No doubt wolves, foxes, dogs and other animals can tell by the scent where animals of their own species have been, whether they were friends or foes; of what sex and whether searching for a mate; but I doubt if they can tell much more by the scent left on these "signal posts." If they can tell where they came from and which way they were traveling, it is by smelling of the track and not by the scent left on the post. Of course the animal last at the post left his track, and, as Mr. Thompson states, any animal can tell which way a track leads. Going to the post, he finds the track, and gets his idea of whence the animal came and where he is going from the track and not from the scent on the post.

Animals do not find places entirely by scent, although in many cases the scent helps them locate the exact place more easily. In proof of this, set up a bush which you know to be perfectly clean on the ice near where foxes travel. The first fox which passes will go to it, after that any other fox will follow, but the first fox will go by sight because he expects to find that others have been there. Wolves do the same, and many a one has found the poison and met his death by investigating a "sign post" where no wolves had never been before.

All animals know where animals of their own kind will travel, and one who has hunted any animal a long time will get so that he in a measure partakes of the instinct of the animal he hunts, and can tell very nearly where it will travel and where to look for signs of it. Any good otter hunter canoeing on a strange stream can at once point out many places where otter slides will be found before he lands, and on lakes or ponds can locate them when long distances away. Any good mink hunter can tell you places where every mink will surely visit, even on streams he has never seen before. Those who hunt deer or foxes with hounds know that the runway where they ran fifty years ago, if left just as it formerly was, is the place where they will run to-day. I always judge that animals know as much about their own concerns as men do; and that what a man can find without scent an animal can.

Bears leave signs by biting prominent trees, usually near old roads or game trails. Every bear which passes leaves his mark. I know that they can tell where a bear has lately passed and how high he could reach (unless they cheat by standing on a log, as I have seen done), but I doubt if they find out more except by following the track. Squirrels and some animals of the cat kind leave their signs by scratching trees or logs of rotten wood. Fisher and marten will leave sign on prominent logs and rocks, but I believe that all this communication only tells that the animal has been there, with perhaps the sex and condition. The real communication is in an entirely different way, and one to us as yet unknown.

Animals, Traps and Trappers.

Mr. Thompson speaks of wolves learning about traps and poison, and teaching others. This is correct. Most animals (and in this term I mean to include not only beasts, but birds, fishes, reptiles and also insects) learn to know and shun, and teach others to shun danger. There are exceptions, as in the case of Canada and Franklin's grouse, but this is the general rule. The bear of to-day can only in rare instances be caught in the same way in which he could be fifty years ago in places where he has been trapped. For many years he has known enough to tear down the sides of the house around the steel trap, and in some cases to take hold of the clay and haul the trap out of the house. A bear which is well educated can discount any wolf ever born in the tricks he can teach a trapper. Many can now be taken only by setting the traps in water with scent, as is practiced in setting for foxes. Most fishers know enough to trip a log trap and steal the bait. Any one who tries to trap the common house rat will find that, although he may have a college education, he has still a good many things to learn. Fish learn to avoid nets. In Solomon's days he found that it was "in vain to set the net in the sight of any bird." Where mosquitoes are persistently hunted they learn to alight on dark objects to escape being seen.

Where telegraph lines have been long used, birds have learned to avoid them. As "dead men tell no tales," it is reasonable to suppose that all kinds of animated life (unless we except men) learn by the experience of others. The young ruffed grouse begins life where his parents left off. City nighthawks learn to use gravel roofs, and chimney swifts to use chimneys instead of hollow trees. But all these are only examples of learning from or communication with each other by scent, example or teaching.

Migrations of Bears.

There are ways of communication which are far more wonderful. While birds migrate at regular seasons, and from well-known causes, in their usual spring and fall migrations many animals, and some birds, migrate at irregular intervals over great extents of country and from no known cause. Take our black bears for an example. The first notice of one of these migrations is to be found in a book by John Josselyn, entitled "New England Rarities Discovered," published in 1673. In this he says (I have to quote from memory, not having the book at hand) that where he lived at York, Me., the bears sometimes traveled in great companies and crossed the river (probably the Piscataqua River) in large numbers.

The next migration of bears of which I have any sure proof was witnessed by my father some seventy years ago. Early in September a very large number of bears came to the east bank of the Penobscot River, in the town of Orrington, some seven miles below Bangor. The night was so dark that they could not be seen, but they could be heard calling to and answering each other, till just low water, when they took the water and landed on the Hampden side. In the morning it was found by the muddy tracks that a large number had crossed. My father saw three tracks across a single plank in a shipyard. Although a large body of men searched all day, none were seen, as they had kept straight on, traveling west.

Although my father, being a fur buyer, would have been likely to have learned if there had been other migrations, we heard of none till about thirty years ago, when an old hunting friend of mine, Mr. Henry Clapp, who is quoted in the article on bears in Cassino's "Standard Natural History," told me on his return from a hunt that he set out his traps in the fall, but found few bears till on going out one morning in November, after it had snowed the night before, it looked as if the country was full of bears. He counted the tracks of nine different bears, all going up one narrow valley. They kept coming for some days, all traveling from east to west, and not making any stop till it came time to den. He had his traps out very early the next spring, but as soon as those near by came out of the dens they at once resumed their march westward. Others followed from the east for a few days, and then there were no bears left in the county. If in either case any of these bears ever returned, it was in such scattered parties that no one was ever aware of it. Although I have bought bear skins by the thousand, and have always inquired of all the hunters, I have never known of any general migration since, although bears, like other animals, often move over small spaces of country in search of food. In both of these cases lack of food did not seem to be the reason for moving.

Migrations of Other Animals.

When I was a small boy, or over fifty years ago, the caribou were often seen in droves of fifty or more on Chemo Bog, only some fourteen miles east of Bangor. In a few years they all left, and not a caribou was left in Maine. For a good many years not a single one was known to be taken. In the falls of 1857, '58 and '59 I spent months in traveling over a large part of northern Maine, but never saw a caribou track, nor heard of one being seen. I heard of a few caribou being taken in 1860 and '61, and in a few years they became quite plenty. When they migrated it was said that they went east. It is quite certain that those coming back in 1860 and '61 came either from the north or northwest.

Lynx were so abundant that several hundred skins were sold in this market every year till about the last of the war, when in a short time all had left, so that not a single skin was offered for several years. Then they returned in such numbers that within a few years after the first came I was buying some 200 yearly. Red squirrels also frequently emigrate from east to west. I once in September counted ten red squirrels in the course of half a day's paddling, which were either swimming or out on leaning maples, and just entering the water, and which were all going west. I have also known foxes and rabbits, fisher and marten, almost entirely to leave a large tract of country in a very short time. In most or all of these cases there was no lack of food. I have known foxes in great numbers to appear suddenly. I once bought over 600, all taken within less than six months on a space less than ten miles by twenty. One farmer took sixty-five near his home. When the season closed they were said to be as plenty as ever.

In the same way some kinds of birds, notably owls, will all at once leave a large extent of country as if by a preconcerted arrangement, and all go in one direction. Some years the snowy owls come down from the north in great numbers all along the line from Maine to Dakota. In other years the hawk owls come, and a few years ago we had a great flight of the great gray owls, and a bird which had been so rare that previously I know of the record of but a single one ever being taken in Maine suddenly became abundant. The fact that the snowy and great gray owls, which feed on the same food, did not come in the same year, would indicate that food was not what they emigrated for, and in dissecting at least twenty snowy owls I found that all were in good condition. I have also known ruffed grouse and Canada grouse to migrate in large numbers, and as they subsist on entirely different kinds of food, and both can get all they need anywhere in the State, the lack of food certainly was not the cause of their coming.

I could also cite numerous instances of fish and insects, like locusts, grasshoppers, ants, caterpillars and others, all moved by a common impulse, moving over great distances and all going in the same direction.

These facts prove that animals of all kinds do by some means communicate over immense distances both of land and sea, and where there is no possibility that any individual can ever see others of its kind or see any sign to indicate that such a movement was contemplated. This is not only the case in America, but in all other countries, of which the migrations of lemmings in Europe is a striking example.

Warnings of Danger.

But besides this there is a communicating to move to escape danger or to go to new breeding grounds. Dr. Livingstone, whom every one who has read his writings will acknowledge both a close and scientific observer, and whose statements are reliable, says of antelope: "Have they a guardian spirit over them? I have repeatedly observed when I approached a herd lying beyond an ant hill with a tree on it, and viewed them with the greatest caution, they very soon showed symptoms of uneasiness. They did not snuff danger in the wind, for I was to the leeward of them; but the almost invariable apprehension of danger which arose, while unconscious of the direction in which it lay, made me wonder whether each had what the ancient physicians thought we all possessed—an archon, or presiding spirit." Those who have watched wild ducks much must have noticed the same thing. Whole flocks will begin to be uneasy and quit feeding when there is no chance to either see, hear or smell the danger.

There is positive proof that when a whale has been struck every whale within the range of a spy-glass will at once turn flukes, being in some way notified of danger in a second's time over a great extent of water. I have often seen every porpoise in sight go down as if by one motion when one was killed, and all those which were under water when they rose only gave a single short, sharp puff instead of the three slow long puffs which they usually give.

It is a matter of record that plover—and in some places ducks—when they have been shot at for years at points where they usually passed in their migrations, have changed their flight lines and made new paths through the air, which every flock followed. It is also well known that sperm whales, from being hunted, left their old grounds and sought new and remote places. Porgies also entirely left the Maine coast for years on account of being netted so persistently. Dr. Nansen tells us that on his voyage in a sealer to the south of Greenland the herds of seals all lay on the outer edge of the pack to escape the ice bears; but when he returned some years later to make his trip of exploration across Greenland, and was working his way in boats through the pack to land on the south end of Greenland, he found that the seals, from being hunted, had changed their grounds and were now on the inner edge of the pack, having concluded that the bears were less dangerous than men.

Now in all the cases cited these animals must have in some way communicated with others not only that there was danger to be avoided, but must have made each other understand the exact direction to be taken to avoid it.

If any one needs further proof that animals can communicate about meeting at a certain point at a long distance off which they have never seen, I will quote from A. Conan Doyle on page 464 of *McClure's* for March, 1897 (italics mine): "For breeding purposes the seals all come together at a *variable* spot, which is evidently *prearranged* among them, and as this place may be anywhere within many hundreds of miles of floating ice, it is no easy matter for the fisher to find it. The means by which he sets about it are simple, but ingenious. As the ship makes its way through the loose ice streams, a school of seals is observed traveling through the water. Their direction is carefully taken by compass, and marked on the chart. An hour afterward perhaps another school is seen. This also is marked. When these bearings have been taken several times, the various lines upon the chart are prolonged until they intersect. At this point, or near it, it is likely that the main pack of the seals will be found."

Now here is what seems to be positive proof of great numbers of animals, scattered over vast expanses, all being moved to meet at a certain well-understood point, which very few if any of them have ever seen. As it is an impossibility that any one of this vast multitude could a year beforehand have been notified by any "walking delegate" of the time and place of meeting, and certainly there can be no landmarks or "sign posts" in all this wilderness of moving ice to guide those coming from different directions to a given point, the only other reasonable explanation seems to be that in some way they are influenced by some kind of mental telegraphy, to which our nearest approach at present is telegraphing without a wire. If there is such an influence exerted in any way, then another mystery is as to whence it proceeds. Solomon says: "The locusts have no king, yet they go forth in bands." All these various kinds of animal life seem to have no leaders, but they all move at once in one direction, as if acting under the influence of one mind. I have stated the simple facts and leave it for others to theorize.

M. HARDY.

MAINE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

HOURS IN A BLIND.—II.

When Birds Came.

As I stood there watching the live decoys enjoy the water and their freedom from the coop, I heard John call "Mark to the east," and turning saw a single bird coming low over the marsh. Gently lowering my body until my head was hidden by the cane which formed the blind, I watched the simple bird's approach. John had given utterance to vigorous quacks, which had caught the bird's ear, and it had seen the decoys and was flying toward them. While it was still 100yds. distant the old drake saw it and saluted, and the ducks lifted up their voices in sonorous calls. This was too much for the lone black duck. He passed outside the decoys, well beyond gunshot, swung up into the wind, turned back, and with lowered flight and down-bent neck surveyed the decoys and prepared to alight. He swung over the live ducks and up toward the drake, and I jumped up, put the gun on him and pulled. Bang went the first barrel and bang the second; the duck climbed and climbed, and kept climbing; Gunner tore through the cane to see what had fallen and to bring in the bird; John made no comment and I said nothing either, though I had missed a shot that a ten-year-old boy ought to have killed.

I knew why I had missed the bird, though not how. I had let him get too far over the decoys and past me, and had shot at him when he was going away, and failing to allow for the velocity of his flight, had shot behind him. So my first shot for the season was a disgraceful miss.

I do not know how other men feel about missing, especially about missing easy shots, but it plunges me into an abyss of shame and mortification from which I do not easily emerge. At the best of times I am a very bad shot, and often my missing makes me declare that I will give up shooting altogether. When, however, the time comes for me to get an outing again, I forget all about my past misses and start forth as hopeful and as free from anxiety about missing as if I were a good shot instead of being a villainously bad one. So I mourned over this miss, and felt horribly ashamed that John, and even that Gunner, had been witnesses of my disgrace.

As I sat there thinking of this John whispered, "Mark behind," and, turning my head, I saw a pair of mallards—a big greenhead and a duck—almost over me. To grasp my gun and throw it to my shoulder seemed but a second's work; but in a second a duck can go a long way, especially down wind, and by the time the muzzle of my gun was pointed in the birds' general direction they had passed over us and were far beyond the decoys.

In desperation I fired both barrels, and again I heard Gunner rush to the water's edge, saw him look in vain for something to bring in, and saw the ducks like a pair of disjointed parentheses melt into the gray sky and disappear.

"Those two came badly, sir," ventured John. "Yes, they came badly," I replied, "but we ought to have been looking out for them."

Some little time elapsed without any further excitement, when suddenly—although we thought that we had been making good use of our eyes—a duck appeared quite close to the decoys, coming in as gently as one could wish. I very slowly bent to get my gun, resolved that this time, if it came, I would retrieve myself. On the bird came, looking only at the decoys; I rose up slowly, but he saw me and flared. I followed him, but gave the gun a little too much swing, and shot over him. Another miss.

Again despair seized me; and when a little later I missed an easy double at a pair of sprigs, which were alighting among the decoys, it tightened its grip. John said never a word in comment, nor did I. The trouble was too deep for words.

It is astonishing how much room there is in the air around a duck. I have seen the time when the birds were so thick in the air that it seemed as if it would be impossible to shoot a charge of shot through them without killing one or more, but how very easy it is to spare their lives. After a few more misses John seemed to feel that I stood in need of comfort and consolation, and ventured the remark that there must be something the matter with my cartridges. I was shooting wood powder, and he asked if the shells were not old ones. They were old; but I knew very well that if the gun was held right the cartridges would do their work well enough, and—though I say it myself—I was too honest to attempt to excuse my lack of skill on the plea of poor ammunition.

It was not until after lunch that I got my first bird. John and I had both become careless about looking out, for it seemed useless to see the birds, as I could not hit them. Suddenly a big black duck cut across the head of the decoys, and, not seeing it until it had got by, I threw up my gun and took a snap shot at it, and killed it dead. It fell on the edge of the marsh and Gunner brought it with much pride. John too was delighted, and assured me that the shot was a good one and that I was getting onto them now. I shook my head wearily, for I knew what an accident this success had been. Still I presume that I was unconsciously a little bit encouraged. At all events, we both kept a better lookout, and a little later, when three widgeons came by over the decoys, but not lowering to them, I doubled on a pair with the right barrel and killed the third with my left. This was a little better, of course, but still it did not give me much courage. A little later, however, when a pair of mallards came up the wind high up, and I killed both, I began to take heart and really to feel as if perhaps I could do something. The conceit was quickly taken out of me, however, by three widgeons, which stole in and alighted among the decoys unseen. These I missed on the water with the first barrel, and on the wing when they flew. They were not 25yds. from me.

It was still early in the day—only 2 o'clock—and there was time yet to kill a lot of birds if they kept coming and—if I could only hit them. But there did not seem to be much chance of my doing that. John was encouraging, however, and regaled me with anecdotes of the numbers of birds that certain men whom he had accompanied had killed in the afternoon; and especially of one who only a few weeks before, after a day of very bad luck, had in an hour's shooting just before sunset run his score up to over thirty. I anticipated no such good luck, but I determined to endeavor to use greater care in shooting; to take my birds earlier, to hold further ahead of them, and not to shoot unless I felt reasonably sure that I was holding on each bird about as I thought I ought to.

Meditating thus, I was watching the sky to the south and east, when suddenly I heard from John the grating call of the canvasback, followed by several loud honks, and sitting down I strained my eyes to see where the birds were to which he was calling. Peering through the stalks of the cane, I presently saw off to the right a single canvasback coming with the steady flight that distinguishes these birds from almost any other ducks. He was an old male, white and handsome, and was headed straight for the decoys. John continued to call, and the bird had evidently made up his mind to come. We had a few canvasback decoys out, and these with the geese were more likely to bring him; for, as is well known, canvasbacks will stool to geese as well as they will to their own kind. He came on swiftly and steadily, and at length, just as he was over the tail decoys, I arose, held about 2ft. in front of his bill and fired, and the noble bird fell. He had hardly struck the water before Gunner had plunged in, swam through the decoys and seized him, and in a few moments he was in my hand, and I was smoothing out his plumage and admiring the rich coloring of his head and neck, and the wonderful delicacy of his back plumage.

"Mark in front, high up," said John, before I had finished looking at the canvas. High up in the sky to the south of us I saw a pair of black ducks, which, in response to John's vigorous calls, and to the invitation offered by the live ducks, rapidly lowered their flight, took a quarter circle to the west, and then coming down to about 6ft. above the water flew confidently on toward the blind, one about 2ft. behind the other. I waited till they were over the last of the decoys, rose to my feet, and killed the first and then the second in capital style. They did not see me and never knew what had hit them. This was cheering.

From this time on until it was time to take up I shot fairly well—very well for me—and at night when we returned to the house I had twenty-two ducks, and believed that I had in some small measure effaced the feeling of contempt that John—and Gunner—must have for me.

I had other hours in the blind during my trip, and in some of them I did better than on this first day; in none worse so far as missing went, though often I came in with a less number of birds.

Men of the Marsh.

Now and then, while we were sitting in the blind, John and I would be joined by one of the club watchmen, whose time is devoted to patrolling the marshes, driving off poachers, preventing night shooting, and generally doing all in their power to preserve the shooting. These men are farmers in summer time, but during the winter are glad to earn what they can by watching the marshes; for this is a steady job, which pays much better than fishing or gunning. They are most of them old gunners, familiar from childhood with these waters and their islands, and with all the ways of the wildfowl. Constantly on the marsh and on the water, they know just where the ducks are "using," and what are likely to be the best shooting points on any given day. They are thus always consulted by the men who are going to shoot on the marshes under their charge, and their advice is usually taken.

The life of these watchmen is a lonely one. For six days in the week they live on the marshes in little houses built for them in the fall, but on Saturday afternoons they report at the club and then go to the mainland to spend Sunday with their families. Leading such a life, the watchman is delighted when one of the club members comes to shoot on the marsh under his charge, and often he spends most of the day with the gunner, helping his boatman to tie out and take up, assisting in retrieving the birds killed, and during the quiet times sitting in the cane with the boatman and gossiping. Some of them are silent men, but others are great talkers.

The subjects which the two discuss are varied. Of course the ducks and their actions are a fruitful theme, but home matters claim a good share of attention; the recent social events on the mainland, the last sermon of the circuit rider; farming, past and future; marriages, sickness and deaths.

I heard one of them tell John a story which will perhaps bear repeating. He said:

"I never knew tell the other day that coons went fishing."

"Why, of co'se they do," said John; "they mostly live on fish and crabs."

"No, that ain't what I mean. I mean fishing with a hook and line. The other day I was going up a little lead and I come to a bend, going slow and quiet, so's to see if they wus any ducks sitting in there. Just as I looked over the p'int I see an old coon a little ahead of me runnin' round on the beach this away and that away, like he was plum' crazy, and waving his paws. I watched him a little to see what he'd do, and pretty soon I see he was working around a little pool that had some minnies into it, and pretty soon he druv 'em up into a corner and he made a rush and swep' a lot of 'em ashore with his paws. I expected now to see him eat 'em, but he didn't; he just put 'em up where they couldn't get back to the water, and then he took one and trotted down to the water again. When he got there he stopped and looked about a little. When he found a place to suit him he stuck the minnie on one of his sharp claws and held that foot in the water. Pretty soon I saw from the way he acted that a fish was biting at the bait, and in a minute the coon jerked his paw out of the water and threw a little fatback out on the bank. He ran to it, carried it upon the marsh, and put it on a little patch of grass, and then went back and baited his claw with another minnie. Then he caught another fatback and put it up with the first one and then went on fishing again. He kept this up until he had caught quite a number, and at last when he carried a fish to where the others was lyin' on the grass he set up and put his hands on his knees and looked at the pile of fatbacks, and seemed to be studyin'. Then he laughed right out and said: 'Ha, ha, ha! seven. Enough for supper.' That made me laugh out loud, and the coon grabbed up his fish and run off in the marsh.'

"Huh!" said John. "Expect me to believe that?"

The lives of these marsh men are monotonous. The watchman rises with the dawn, and as soon as it is light clambers up to his post of observation—the roof of his house. This is only a one-story shanty, but standing here he can see over the cane which surrounds him and can look down into the larger bays, ponds and creeks which are within his jurisdiction. He can see if birds are sitting in these waters, and whether any are flying, and easily gets a notion of what is taking place in all the neighboring marshes. Day after day he watches the ducks, studying their habits and learning their ways, and no one can give better advice to the gunner as to where he should tie out.

Now and then a bit of excitement comes into the watchman's life, but it is excitement of a kind that he does not like. It is given in doses too strong for enjoyment. Occasionally the marshes are invaded by night shooters, who—with or without a light—scull up to rafts of sleeping ducks or geese and shoot them on the water, creating havoc in their close-packed ranks. When this occurs the watchman sallies out in his light skiff, and, knowing all the leads and short cuts, he usually has no difficulty in coming up with the poachers, whom he tries to drive away. On two or three occasions watchmen have been shot at by these gentry, though no one has ever been injured in this way. Several, however, have been badly frightened, and more than one has given up his berth under the stress of such a scare. Others, more courageous and wiser, put a bold face on the matter and give back threat for threat. Such persons the poachers speedily retreat from and avoid in future, for your true poacher is not a courageous animal. He does not enjoy a fight. Since the shootings that have recently taken place on these marshes the watchmen have taken to carrying shotguns and rifles about with them at night, and in the future the night shooters may expect a little shooting from the other boat.

Besides his work of guarding and patrolling, the watchman has little to occupy his time. Of course he does his own cooking, dish washing, wood chopping, and so on, and now and then he may be obliged to make a journey to the mainland for wood or water or provisions; but still he has plenty of idle time on his hands. Often he employs a part of this in trapping the minks, muskrats and coons which abound on the stands. The few skins that he may get he sells at the store, and the cash which he is paid for these goes a little way toward helping out the family living, or perhaps toward the expenses of next spring's farming operations.

Certainly these men are not the least interesting of the inhabitants of the marsh. COUPLES.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FOREST RESERVES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has been so uniformly my custom ever since your paper was founded to indorse the opinions of the editorial department in matters within the scope of its columns that to call up for question one of your paragraphs at this time creates for me a novel experience. But your editorial in the issue of Feb. 27 lauding the action of ex-President Cleveland and the report or findings of a forestry commission, by which vast areas of the public domain in the Northwest have been segregated and set aside—including several millions of acres in the State of Washington—as forest reserves, moves me to ask how such action of the executive will, to quote your words, "be of incalculable benefit to the Western country?"

The millions of acres included in the so-called Washington Forest Reserve and the Olympia Forest Reservation, while they include portions of the densely wooded foothills and slopes of the Cascade and Olympic ranges, also include the rock-ribbed sides, gulches and treeless summits of these mountains that are rich in mineral deposits. All of the rich minerals, including valuable quarry stone, abound in the country which a commission of experts say should be closed to the mechanic arts. Probably more than half of the land situated in this State that is included in this "forest" reservation, and thereby withdrawn from entry, is entirely destitute of merchantable timber, and contains at best a scrub growth fit only for mining purposes as fuel, while a large portion is a treeless, snow-covered region.

When I came to Washington a few years ago to make my home in the Pacific Northwest, I soon learned that the present as well as future development and wealth of this section of the United States depended largely on its timber and mineral resources, and I made an effort to become acquainted with some of the lands that are now embraced in the reservation order. Therefore in this connection permit me to say that capital has come freely into this State, seeking investment in the development of the mineral as well as timber values lying within the proscribed districts. Thousands of prospectors have located claims within their borders, and a large number of claim-holders have spent time and money, and risked life and health, in prospecting and in prosecuting assessment work necessary to secure patents from the Government to perfect their titles. To-day hundreds of men are threading the cañons of the Cascades and Olympics, defying the dreaded avalanches of snow incident to this time of year, prospecting for the precious metals, some of whom are struggling with poverty or meager "grub stakes," while others are backed by the liberal hand of moneyed capital.

The late act of the President will seriously embarrass the existing situation of affairs and check further development. Capital will become frightened into abandoning enterprises already entered into, and will seek other countries, where experts in forestry do not erect Chinese walls around mineral belts. The homes of hundreds of settlers are practically withdrawn, and all future settlement therein discouraged. Roads, mills, camps, trading posts, and all the means of developing a country rich in natural wealth are virtually prohibited, so far as the exercise of any liberties therein is concerned, notwithstanding the members of a forestry commission have reported their examination of the situation and recommended that the reservations will be beneficial.

Looking at the matter from the standpoint of a resident of the State from which this enormous area of valuable land is withdrawn from entry and practical use, permit me to ask you on what hypothesis you base your belief that the sweeping order of the President will redound to the incalculable benefit of the Western country? CAYUGA.

EVERETT, Washington.

[Our comments are given elsewhere.]

Manitoba Deer and Lumber Camps.

THE provincial authorities are determined to enforce the newly enacted law prohibiting the killing of deer in the Province for a period of two years. Last Wednesday Constable Cox made a raid upon a camp of hunters, who felt themselves secure when in the depths of the Riding Mountains, and arrested three men who have been in that country since last fall, and during that time, it is charged, have killed many animals. The heads and hides of the elk and moose were thrown out upon the snow to rot. Numbers of these were found by Constable Cox scattered about the bush. The meat was used for food and, it is thought, sold to lumber camps. The trio were somewnat surprised when Constable Cox dropped in upon them before breakfast, catching them with a supply of the meat on hand. The offenders were taken to Dauphin, where they appeared before Magistrate Smith, and were fined $50 and costs. Two of them were unable to pay, and were taken to Brandon jail to serve out a sentence of two months.—*Winnipeg Free Press.*

DECOY STORIES.—III.

GUILFORD, Conn., March 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent Melville Church, who writes in your issue of Feb. 20 in regard to an eagle trying to carry off one of his wooden decoy ducks on Thanksgiving Day, puts me in mind of an incident of a similar nature which occurred to me one afternoon in the latter part of October. I took a half dozen black duck decoys of wood, placed them in a salt hole out in the meadow back of the beach, and as the wind was blowing strong from the south, which would drive the ducks in from the Sound, I took my position back of a small bunch of beach plum bushes which I had stuck up in the meadow about six roods from the salt hole. The ducks did not come in as I had expected, but I watched until almost dark, when I saw quite a large bird coming over the beach straight for the salt hole; he hovered over the decoys for a moment, then down he came, grabbed one of the decoys and started off. Now I had no idea of losing my decoy in that way, and brought gun to shoulder in short order, and a half minute later I was hauling the decoy and bird ashore. It proved to be a large gray owl, what is called here the horned owl. I hope this will reach the eye of Mr. Church, for I think it will make him feel better. M. D. STEVENS.

LIFE AMONG THE LUMBERMEN.—I.

ASHLAND, Wis., Jan. 24.—"We haul no logs to-day. Dat snow come more like he spill out of the sky."

So spoke Ernest as he stamped the snow from his feet in that little old camp in the wilderness just sixteen years ago to-day. On the deacon-seat by the old heater I was pulling on my shoe-packs, ready for a long day in the pines. The cook came down the row of bunks, calling in no gentle voice: "Roll out! roll out!" emphasizing the call by shaking or pulling the extended feet of said occupants, whereat said occupants slowly changed ends, and crawling out of their warm beds with eyes still heavy with sleep felt for their footgear. The extent of their talk was a smothered *sacre* from a Frenchman and a *mavel* from a Swede—swear words of the different nationalities being the only speech heard.

The boss sat on the end of the seat next the cook's apartment quietly smoking. As I passed him on the way to the "wash sink" he caught me by the belt and pulled me to the seat beside him. "George," he said, "there's the devil to pay. The snow was too deep before to work the timber we are in, and now comes another snow of 18in. in a night. We'll have to quit that ridge, that's all; and go down near the river to some thick clumps, which I will cruise out as soon as I get time. But that isn't all. The cook tells me we are practically out of flour and meat. The tote train is due here to-morrow noon; but they'll never get here without help. We are the furthest camp up on the river, and I am going to take Jake with his four horses and narrow sled and start to meet them just as soon as we have breakfast. I'm going to leave you in charge. If it clears up, go out to the works with the loading team and bring in the tools. You won't starve; there is plenty of corn and oats ground together for horse feed, and the cook can keep you alive on that."

As he finished speaking the low door opened, and the teamsters came in, Jake in the lead, Kronquish in the rear. With them came a breath from the outer world, a little whirlwind of snow. "Whew!" said Jake, "worst storm I ever seen;" and he continued in a low, grumbling tone: "hard three-trip road anyway; and now the skidways are all buried, the cross-hauls and go-devil roads all filled up, it's going to be tough the rest of the winter."

Just then the cook called out, "Take it," and we all dropped into place around the table. With the exception of Ernest's chatter the meal was eaten in silence and quickly. The boss rising first said quietly to Jake, "Jake, put your team on the tote sled." Half an hour later the gloom of the tote-road swallowed them up, while yet no sign of daylight appeared. The crew, with the exception of Ernest and myself, crept into their bunks again, and were instantly sound asleep. Slowly daylight peered through the single light of glass over the door. Slowly the candle on the end of the table burned into the socket, fluttered and went out, at which I was forced to close the book I was reading; noting that day was at hand, I stepped out to see about the weather. It was, as Ernest had said, as though the snow was literally spilled out of the sky. It came in chunks, compact and hard, and struck the face with sufficient force to make the skin tingle.

"What will we do, Ernest? We are all but out of grub, and time will move slowly until they get more supplies in here. If we only had some ammunition we could get deer and plenty of partridges and spruce hens, but the cook shot away all the powder and shot last fall, and all the shells for the Winchester."

"*Bien*, we see. The cook he have a little powder left; I chew some tea lead and make some bullet, then we get a deer; we get him to-day, you see."

An hour later we were dragging slowly along the logging road in the direction of the "works." Arriving at last where the last trees had been felled the night before, we found numerous deer signs, where they fed on the small maples and ironwood that had been broken down by the tops of the pines in their fall. "Now," said Ernest, "we chop down maple; de deer hear him when he fall; then we keep still; maybe leetle while, maybe long time; de deer come eat de top; then we shot him."

We soon had a tree about 10in. in diameter smashing down among the alders at the edge of the swamp. Then we dug down beside and about midway the trunk, and spreading some pine boughs on the floor of our ambush settled down to wait.

I was fairly paralyzed with the cold, Ernest having placed a strict embargo on any movement whatever; and we were fairly buried in fast falling snow when Ernest whispered, "Listen! now I hear stick crack! Deer come sure."

A moment later out of the gloom of the swamp there appeared one, then two, deer, followed by two more. They came straight for the tree top, and almost before I had fairly noted the number the leader was within 20ft. Ernest poked the gun over the edge of the snow fort, there was a report, and I was scrambling along the tree trunk to where a stricken deer was floundering in the snow. It was a big doe and was dead before I reached her. "Ha, ha," said Ernest, "dem feller sleep in camp eat horse feed. We have meat for supper. We be plenty hungry too when we get camp."

Already the early twilight was falling, and by the time we had wallowed out to the logging road, dragging our deer, night was fairly upon us. We were likely to be, as Ernest said, plenty hungry before we reached camp, and to say truth I had in imagination eaten almost the whole of that deer before we finally came within sight of the rough comfort of the interior and heard the steak sizzling in the frying pan, while the cook, delighted with our success, sang as he sliced the coarse bread for our supper and did a bit of a dance on one of the smoother planks of the floor. Then with a few deft movements he placed a steaming heap of steak before us and we did eat. How the memory of that meal comes back to me. Your dwellers in cities, buried in piles of stone and brick and steel, with tables spread with everything good for food, will never know the sweet pleasure of eating until they have earned the meal to be eaten by a hard day's hunt, even though the meal so earned be corn and oatmeal bread and venison steaks. After supper the pipe, then oblivion; and as the sense of perfect relaxation and rest swept over me, the cook's voice sounded low and sweet as he sang, while rattling the knives and forks in the dishpan:

"Oh, remember the valley you're leaving,
How lonely and dreary 'twill be;
And remember the sad heart you're breaking,
And be true to your promise to me."

G. W. M.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DAKOTA SCREENINGS.

STRICTLY speaking, among screenings some grain should be found. It is doubtful if there is any wheat in this. I have been watching several jack rabbits start off trying to determine which hindleg they were lame in, but until I used my horse judging rule for lameness I could not decide. To tell which foot a horse is lame in watch carefully and pick your foot; it is always the other foot that is hurt. This works great on jacks.

Half-breeds as Hunters.

The North Dakota half-breeds are good sneak hunters, a good deal like coyotes, great on finding other hunters' cripples and dead birds. As deer, moose, elk and antelope hunters they are undoubtedly a success, but as goose, duck and crane hunters they are poor. From what I have seen of them their favorite way is to sneak up and take a pot shot or to "ground sweat" their birds. They sneak on to a bunch of birds on or near shore and try to get birds, geese particularly, where these birds water and rest, instead of going back to stubble fields and digging pits where geese are feeding morning and afternoon. The breeds walk the shores very much as the Sunday town boys do with their store clothes on, and shoot out over the open water at birds they cannot reach with BBs.

They are successful in one way at least, and that is in frightening all birds away, particularly geese, changing their feeding grounds, habits, elevation when flying, and hours of coming to and leaving water for stubble. What few birds are left soon scatter and leave that section; those remaining water at small, clear lakes and sloughs, and do not come in to big lakes until it is perfectly dark. The breeds kill one goose or other bird where a so-called city dude who knows his work kills a dozen; and they frighten away 100 where the city man would only drive away a few. Of course, the cities turn out all manner of shooters and sportsmen, but I refer to city men of some experience with the rare gift in man or dog called bird sense.

There is one point of similarity between the Sunday town shooter and the half-breed, and they are both consistent in it, and that is color; they are both great admirers of black as a color. They nearly all wear black hats, coats and trousers, and use powder of the same color. It is too bad that these black clothes people do not concentrate their forces for a purpose for the benefit of the farmer. At times rains are uncertain and much needad in the Dakotas; if these men would line up and fire altogether a number of rounds, as they do in a scattering way on a duck fly-way, the results would be marked. I believe the uncertainty of moisture would be over with; as rain makers they would be a success, and add greatly to the productiveness of the soil of the State.

In Texas and Wyoming the rain makers found that a severe sudden shock would sometimes produce a fog; if these men could be handled scientifically they might produce a shower whenever needed. The shock is then all right, and if they would use less old felt boot and binder twine for wadding it might make sharper reports; but the good old-fashioned thrum-rum hang-fire explosion is what gives them real joy. It is a good deal like the old muzzleloader squirrel shotgun that used to kill 'em dead at twenty rods every shot.

The breeds eat most anything. One day one of us shot a badger and left it on a plowing by the road, next day it was gone and doubtless furnished a meal for several. They will eat a badger poisoned by arsenic. They skin the animal and let it soak in water until all or most of the poison is out, and in a few days are apt to call around again to see if there are any more. This comes from a postmaster direct, who has given them more than one poisoned animal. Skunk is a warm favorite with them; they will eat any animal that gets drowned or stuck in a slough. Their food is limited when winter sets in and consumption kills many. Their clothing is poor and they have no buffalo robes, as in the past.

Last year we had lost several white cranes, that is on our way out we had planned to get some; on our way back we did not take any, and as the law says you must not, we did not. We were glad we did not get any. We had not marked four or five white sandhills with any bands like the carrier pigeons of to-day, nor put any leg seals on such as they put on a $50 China cochin pullet at the New York show. We had no left double upper cut, nor a single right under cut, such as they sometimes try to put on a razor-back shote in the overflow lands of Arkansas or on a sucking calf on the Montana ranges. Our crane were slick-eared crane all right enough. We had seen but very few, probably less than ten all the fall; one day we saw four, two old, two young. As a general rule they go four in a bunch, and it is nearly always an old pair with two young. Although wild, we saw they lit within a mile beyond a hill, and decided to try for one; so going as near to the hill as we dared and lying down, we sent driver and team around to try to get them to fly over us. They rose wild and flew too far to one side, but by straining the guns we managed to down the nearest one, a young bird showing light brown on body, wings, head and neck. About two weeks later, when together in a goose pit, with decoys out on burnt stubble, we heard cranes, and looking out through weeds without rising, we saw four white cranes watching closely before feeding. We could do nothing but wait. After about twenty-five minutes they began calling, showing that they had seen something and were on the lookout. It seems that our driver had seen them light and gave them time to rest, feed and look around before starting toward them to try and get them to fly within range of us. We could tell by their calls they were getting nearer, but we dared not move; at last they rose and we were up and ready for them, and got the four—two old, two young. The leader was winged and ugly, and no one cared to pick him up for several reasons; he could run 100yds. in about eleven seconds, and he could use his bill to advantage to himself. After chasing him on foot and with team we surrounded him and the driver made a lasso out of the reins and got a body hold first throw; the rest was easy. He weighed 20lbs. One young one weighed 17lbs.

There is one curious thing about the so-called snowbird, which winters in North Dakota. It is a small bird, about the size of the English sparrow and not unlike the female sparrow in plumage in summer. In the winter it turns nearly white; whether the feathers fade to white or are shed I cannot say. Natives say they fade to white. I have often noticed that after a cold spell with a flurry of snow I would see quite a few birds partly white, particularly white on wings, where a few days before I had not seen a white bird. This would seem to indicate that perhaps the weather quickly affects the color of their plumage. They go in immense flocks, and when snow is on the ground feed on weed seeds where snow is blown away, also on roads and on weed seeds falling on top of snow. MILWAUKEE.

THE ADIRONDACKS GAME LAW.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking over the suggestions from the fish and game protectors as a result of their late meeting in Albany, I notice some of the following recommendations to our State Legislature: First, that deer shall not be hunted with a dog for five years from June 1, 1897; second, the making of a uniform law as regards the open season for partridge, woodcock, squirrels, hares and rabbits.

In view of the fact that, according to the information of men that have given it considerable attention, deer are on the increase in most places in the Adirondacks and its surroundings, and that nine out of ten of the citizens who hunt deer prefer to hunt them with dogs, it would seem unnecessary to deprive a large majority of the sportsmen of the State of the privilege of their particular style of hunting, providing of course the deer are showing a healthy increase.

According to the report of Superintendent of Forests William F. Fox, and published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 16, 1897, there seems to be a general belief among guides and hunters that a great many deer die from starvation, as the following paragraph, taken from his report, will show: "In the vicinity where the carcasses were found all the foliage of the evergreens and buds of the hardwoods within reach had been devoured, and the deer under the protection of the game law had increased so rapidly within the last few years that there was no longer a sufficient supply of food for them all during the winter season." I have received the same information from some of the most prominent guides and hunters of Piseco, West Canada and Cedar lakes.

Now, as we understand them, the game laws are made, first, to afford ample protection for a healthy increase of game; second, that the greatest good and enjoyment shall accrue to the greatest number. And if Mr. Fox's report is true (which it undoubtedly is), what is the need of a change in the present law to one that will simply increase the suffering and mortality of the noblest game of our State Park.

It is a fact that all game near the Adirondacks is on the increase, unless it be perhaps in some place which is easy of access or near some thickly populated community. For instance, in our own particular county of Fulton deer are often seen where three or four years ago there were none. Any one taking the time and trouble will find that the decrease in some localities is largely influenced by being in the immediate neighborhood of some lumbering camp and when the deer are surreptitiously used to fill the capacious maw of some French-Canadian woodchopper. If hounding is so destructive, why is it that, according to the report of Mr. Fox, they are on the decrease in some localities of St. Lawrence and Lewis counties, where hounding is not allowed, and are increasing in some localities where hounding is allowed?

We mistrust that a great part of this agitation comes from people who never hunt deer, or more probably from the inveterate floater. I wish to say a few words in regard to the favorite style of hunting of some sportsmen, namely floating, or jacking, as some call it.

Assuredly there can be no more destructive and cruel way of hunting deer than for a man to paddle up to a deer while it is in the water and is fascinated with the light in the "jack," and shoot it down or perhaps wound it so that it crawls away into the woods and dies, and perhaps not only entail the death of that one, but of others that are depending on their mother for their sustenance, and consequently wander around and starve through the loss of that sustenance. But this is not the worst of this diabolical mode of hunting, for I have frequently been told while talking with men who prefer floating, that they have shot at as many as four different deer in the same night, and in one case a man told me he had killed three deer during the same floating.

And this, if done when the jacker prefers, which is during his summer vacation, is when venison is in its poorest condition, especially so soon after breeding season, when the does are yet suckling the fawns.

We would gladly recommend an amendment to the law (if it should be proven that the deer are decreasing) which would prevent any one person from killing more than one deer in a season; this would have a tendency to prevent the large parties who go to the woods for a general hunt, and after feeding on venison for from ten days to two weeks prevent them from having the privilege under the law of each bringing out a deer after the hunt is over, as can be done under the present law.

If there is any necessity for a change, why would it not be a good plan, instead of abolishing hounding altogether, to amend the law so that deer could not be killed in water while swimming, as is done to such a large extent at present. But instead must be killed on streams or runways, where they would have a greater chance for escape.

Now, in regard to the recommendation of a change in the existing laws on partridges, woodcock, squirrels, hares and rabbits. Where is there a place throughout the whole Adirondack region where there has not been reported an increase in the number of partridges? And if it is a fact that they are

on the increase, why change a law that is bringing such beneficial results? When have we ever had a better law than the present one on hares and rabbits? The idea of making the season for woodcock and hares the same. What man in the State would care to hunt hares unless they could be tracked on snow, or could be killed in front of the hounds?

It would be a much more sensible thing to stop the killing of woodcock altogether for two or three years, so that they could have a chance to increase in proportion to other game, as it is a well-known fact that they have been decreasing every season for four or five years.

But the best law that could be framed for the protection of game would be one that would forbid the sale of game altogether. This continual pecking away at the game laws where we have good and just ones already is unwise, as it puts everybody in an uncertainty as to what is the open or close season.

Would it not be more to the interest of game protection for those same people who are advocating a continual change in the game laws to use the same amount of effort to have a law and its necessary appropriation which would legalize the appointment of a deputy game protector in each township, so that the laws we now have could be more successfully enforced?

Would it not also be equally as wise for those same game protectors to show a little more zealous effort in enforcing the laws we now have instead of recommending so many radical changes?

I think it is the general opinion of the people who are interested in game protection that the laws we now have (with the exception of the law which allows the sale of game the year around under certain restrictions) are all right, and all that it requires is a more rigid enforcement.

CAYADUTTA.

NOT ALL ALIKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Could we analyze the emotions which causes various classes of men to go to the woods and fields for game, we would at once be able to divide these men into three classes, the distinctive features of each being the objective result to be obtained from the trip. Class 1st, the men who strive to obtain a material, tangible result in the shape of the coin of the realm.

Of the second class is the so-called true sportsman, who goes for a lark, a change, to gratify his vanity, and chief of all to bring back birds or game, no matter by whom killed, how killed or when killed, so long as the game is in his hand, and he can exhibit it and brag about it. The seventeen men from Ohio who went up into Minnesota and sneaked out with six deer belong to this class. What blessed things the memories of those seventeen must be stored with!

The third is the single-standard class. They go after game for the sake of the chase. The knowledge of the game's ways and the excitement of the chase are more than the mere result of bringing home a certain number of birds or heads of game. He will have none of the guide except to inform him of the lay of the land, the sign, etc , when in a strange country. But as to letting the guide carry a rifle, it is not to be considered.

Once I met a guide who claimed that he had been engaged by your correspondent, Mr. C. M. Stark, to go into the woods with him, but on putting in his appearance he saw that he was expected to leave his gun behind and instead to carry a big pack of goods, and he very promptly "threw up the job." This same man, by the way, is a curiosity in his way. Born and reared in a large manufacturing town, he had studied cheap hunting literature until he fancied himself a hunter. When I first met him he lived in the woods, eking out an existence by gathering spruce gum; too lazy and ignorant of the ways of the woods to hunt or even fish, he was squalid and filthy to the last degree, but made a brave effort to pose as an ideal woodsman to such greenhorns as chanced to believe his yarns. No doubt C. M. S. saw his true nature and would have none of him. Many of your readers who have been to the Franconia Mountains will recognize him in this description. To do him full justice would require quite a lengthy article, and I don't know but that I will try it some day—he is such a character, and it might serve to point a lesson to those young men who revel in cheap sporting literature.

To return to the sportsman of the second class—enumerated above—one of the greatest sinners against the law of sportsmen's ethics and against the common law are his wife, family and friends. About the first thing they utter after the first greeting on a return from the woods or fields is this: "What did you get?" As if this were the *ne plus ultra* of the sportsman's desires. However, a man in such a position and fearing the foolish nagging of his friends and neighbors, is sure to obtain game in some manner not truly in accordance with sporting ethics, if he cannot get it "straight," and thus we find that the blame can often be placed elsewhere than on the shooter himself. It is not the custom in all countries thus to judge the chase by its material results—quite the contrary in many parts of Europe, and especially among the high Alps of the Tyrol and Switzerland. Nowhere in the world is true sportsmanship so fully developed among the poorer and more ignorant classes as it is among the chamois hunters. Many and many a poor man will work hard for ten months in the year and the other two will chase the elusive chamois, securing perhaps two or three per season, which he invariably sells. He has the chance of killing deer, roebuck, etc., which when sold would fetch more than the chamois—but he never hunts them. It is his passion to hunt the chamois, and he loves it because of the very difficulties and dangers of the pursuit. These men are true sportsmen, whatever their shortcomings and however slender their purse.

How different are some we meet. "What ye got?" is the first question when such an one sees a man with a gun. It is he who killed the deer of Vermont on the crust until there were none left. It is he who skins the covers to the last partridge and the last rabbit, takes the game to the store and swaps it for goods, any kind, wet or dry. Would he eat bird or rabbit when he could get a few pennies' worth of store goods for them and salt pork worth only 8 cents a pound? Not he. He will lie awake nights thinking how to get that last rabbit that's running in the hollow five miles back. Often I have had a day in the woods with one of these critters, but invariably on bagging a bird its market value was considered first, trees and lovely landscapes were estimated as to how many feet of lumber could be extracted from them, and I well remember the smiles and knowing looks which were caused by my occasionally ascending a steep hill to view a particularly pretty sunset or sunrise. Of course a sunrise has no market value, and so there must be something wrong with the man who would ascend a hill to see it—and it not even worth one red cent.

MATTERHORN.

WELLS RIVER, Vt.

Maine Legislation.

BOSTON, March 13.—Mr. Frank Jones, of Portsmouth, who now holds the title of Hon., gave his annual fishing entertainment to fifteen of his friends, at Tunk Pond, Hancock county, Me., last week. The gathering was, as usual, first at Bar Harbor. The company included railroad men and politicians. Annually about the same company assembles, though but little fishing is done. But the hospitality of Mr. Jones is described as most bountiful.

A part of the famous guide license bill has passed both houses of the Maine Legislature, and will doubtless become a law. It has been amended so many times that it is not easy to give it in full text. But I believe that it is shorn of compulsory registration; guides may register, and the commissioners may require them to register. Compulsory badges are cut out of the measure, and compulsory returns to the commission are not required, unless the commissioners see fit to require them; doubtless in special cases. Such is the form of the bill, unless other amendments have been tacked on since reported to me. Other peculiar measures have suffered at the hands of the committee on fisheries and game. They have reported an appropriation of $750 to advertise the fish and game attractions of the State. Leave to withdraw has been granted to the petitioners proposing to regulate the number of pounds of pickerel and perch that might be caught. Legislation inexpedient has been reported on the matter of taxing non-resident sportsmen for game killed. The measure to prevent the trapping of foxes has also died in the hands of the committee; also a proposed measure to prevent the hunting of fur-bearing animals by non-residents. The asking of legislation to authorize the maintaining of private fish ponds has again failed in the committee. The commissioners are justly down on such ponds and the granting of special favors to their owners, especially the taking of fish in close time. The measure to prevent Sunday fishing has been branded "Ought not to pass" by the committee. "Ought to pass" has also been put on the measure for the repeal of a lot of obsolete and private fish and game laws.

But no attempt has been made to repeal the unjust measure that allows of ice-fishing or fishing before May 1 by residents of the State, while non-residents are denied that privilege. This measure works particular injustice at Sebago Lake, where the ice goes out in April, and sportsmen from Portland can fish legally, but Boston fishermen are liable to arrest.

SPECIAL.

From the Eastern Shore.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Brant are still pounding away at Hog Island light tower, the keeper having gathered into his fold over 100 one night last week, while scarcely a night passes that he does not get a fine bunch. The light at Hog Island is of the first order, revolving, thereby sweeping far out to sea, and when turning inland it lights up the bay for miles, the intention possibly being that the light may be seen in the Chesapeake Bay over the mainland, so as to be of service to vessels in that body of water too. However, is it not fair to conclude that this light will eventually drive from our waters not only brant, but our numerous supply of ducks of all sorts?

Brant are now on the flight from Southern waters, and are reported in great abundance and tame. Local gunners are doing better where shooting for market than ever before. Black duck shooting is never worth much after Christmas. We have shot a great deal in years gone by, and while finding the best of shooting during November, and especially in December, have found that after that month the ducks will pay scarcely any attention to decoys.

We met a friend during the week from Chincoteague who reported the very best of shooting there, redheads and brant being very plentiful.

The time is near at hand for the Northern flight of Atlantic coast birds, which will be plentiful through April and May along our coast. These months afford the very best of shooting. We will not undertake to give the names of the birds further than to say all sorts and kinds may be found. Stick a few decoys on the meadow and a few cedar boughs to hide in, and no fear need be felt as to the sport to be had. Many times, from the 50s to the 70s inclusive, have we battered among them until at last we have became tired of shooting, or possibly it was laziness, having to tote the birds for a considerable distance.

A word about fox hunting. It is a fact—so the boys say—that their dogs catch the foxes so quickly that there is no longer any sport in the chase. A few days since they raised a staving old male and picked him up in less than an hour, and this is the case almost each week. Talk about flyers, why, these dogs down here in Viginia fairly singe the grass, they go with such lightning speed.

T. G. ELLIOTT.

KELLER, Va., March 12.

A New Brunswick Moose Head Seized.

ST. JOHN, N. B., March 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose clipping I cut out of the St. John *Telegraph* of to-day's issue:

"During last fall Mr. Charles Church, of New Bedford, Mass., arrived in the city and proceeded to the vicinity of the Washademoak for a couple of weeks' outing. He procured the services of a man who is a hunter and taxidermist as a guide, and started to take in the Canaan River. Game Warden Samuel McDonald asked Mr. Church if he wanted a license, which is worth $20, and was answered in the negative. During the time Mr. Church shot a beautiful moose, and then the trouble began. He left the country for the States, and his guide started in to mount the head. The mounting of the moose head was finished about a month ago, and Chief Game Commissioner L. B. Knight being informed of the matter, ordered its seizure, which was accordingly done by Warden McDonald, and the head arrived in the city on yesterday's Pacific express, and was greatly admired as it was drawn through the train shed on a Dominion Express truck. Mr. Church got out of the country without paying the fine of about $80, and it has not yet been decided on what will be done with the head, which is one of the finest captured in New Brunswick."

You will notice that through trying to escape the license the person referred to has got himself into trouble, and no doubt should he visit New Brunswick again the wardens will be sure to watch for him. I saw the moose head referred to; it is a splendid specimen.

H. H. H.

The Man in the Hollow Tree.

MONTREAL, Can., March 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose clipping from the Montreal *Gazette* of 9th inst., containing our old, old friend of the bear story:

"A correspondent sends an account of an adventure with a bear in the county of Chateauguay. He had started on his return from Howick to Peasoup village with some tea, and, to save time, made a cut across the country and lost his bearings in the swamp. Climbing a pine tree stub to get a better look at the country, he found it hollow, and eventually fell inside. Here he might have remained to die, but that the place was already occupied. He felt something moving and saw the exit darkening. Putting up his hand, he caught hold of the hair of a bear and held on till the top was reached. Here the bear leaped to the ground and then proceeded to crawl into its lair among the roots again, where the correspondent killed it. Then he skinned the animal and also captured two cubs, one of which he gave to a friend on the Scotch Concession, and one to a peddler for 5lbs. of tea."

I think your collection of varieties of this yarn is pretty extensive by this time.

F. W. G. J.

[In a former issue was given the collection to which our correspondent refers. The story of the man in the hollow tree, whence he was liberated by a bear, was told in the Middle Ages, when bear stories were written in Latin, and it has been repeated at frequent intervals ever since in all lands the world over haunted by bears. It will outlast the wilderness on this continent; it may live long after the last "stump bear."]

Game in Central Iowa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read something that brought to mind some observations I made between July, 1879, and September, 1880, in central Iowa. In the fall of '79 I saw ducks and brant so plentiful among the cornfields bordering the Des Moines River, in Boon county, that the most insatiable might have tired of the slaughter. They drifted like clouds, and their quacking was incessant. I did no shooting, but frequently sat in the buggy and watched the flight. I was much amused one day at the antics of some sandhill cranes. There were about a dozen of them on a bared spot near a small lake, and they were having a game something like the leap frog of our boyhood days. I drove past them not over 200yds. distant, but they went on with the dance, apparently undisturbed by my inquisitiveness. Prairie chickens were much in evidence also. A farmer living between Ogden and the river told me that in midwinter they came to his barnyard and hayricks, and he could almost walk on them before they took wing.

Will some reader of FOREST AND STREAM tell us how it is there now.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Probably a Red-Throated Diver.

NORFOLK, Neb.—Fast fall while hunting ducks on Lake Quinnebaugh, Nebraska, my friend, Mr. Geo. A. Smith, who accompanied me, shot a bird that puzzled us to classify. In size it was a little smaller and with head and bill shaped exactly like the common loon, but the colors and markings were entirely different, the back and wings being of a slate color and the breast white; in flight it resembled the speckled front brant somewhat, and for which bird Mr. Smith mistook it when he fired. Only one person at the lake at the time claimed ever to have seen the bird before, and he called it a gray loon. I am sorry now that the bird was not saved for identification, but unfortunately it was mutilated by some animals and so thrown away.

Ducks and geese were both wild and scarce last season; though lacking in numbers, they made up for it in variety, as we killed ten different kinds of ducks in the first fourteen shot.

H.

[The bird probably was the young of the red throated diver (*Urinator lumme*)]

Rhode Island Game Wardens.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 15.—A meeting of the Rhode Island Fish and Game Association was held last Wednesday to take measures to notify the city and town clerks of the law providing for the appointment of the game wardens in April. After some discussion it was voted that the secretary notify all city and town clerks of the law and ask them to take action on it. Last year thirty-six were notified and twenty-two replied. It was announced that the revised game laws that are being drafted would be presented to the General Assembly at its next session.

Bluebirds and robins have been reported as individuals in various parts of the State during the past few days, also several flocks of blackbirds.

Flatfish have commenced to bite, the first catch being reported at Bullock's Point steamboat landing on Thursday, when Hezekiah Bunn, of Riverside, caught several, one weighing 2lbs. 4oz.

W. H. M.

Ducks in Massachusetts.

Gov. WOLCOTT has vetoed a bill exempting coots and other fowl, and has given his reasons as follows:

"The purpose of the first is to exempt from all legal protection at any season of the year certain of the so-called duck species, therein described as white-wing scoters, commonly called coot, sheldrake, old squaws and loons, it being illegal under existing law to kill these birds between the dates of April 15 and Sept. 1. These birds have little or no marketable value, and their presence in our waters affords pleasure and interest to many, and the right to destroy them during the entire year instead of during seven and one-half months, as now permitted, would, in my opinion, materially increase the enjoyment of few and the profit of none."

By this action the Governor has placed sportsmen under renewed obligations for his sensible exercise of the power of veto as applied to game legislation.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

QUEBEC GAME AND FISH TERRITORIES.

DEPARTMENT OF LANDS, FORESTS AND FISHERIES, Quebec, March 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several of your fellow-countrymen who are no doubt desirous of acquiring exclusive hunting and fishing rights in this Province over certain sections which our laws allow the Government to lease out, after having previously erected them into hunting and fishing territories, frequently write me for information.

I hope you will allow me to make use of your paper to answer their questions, as it is read throughout the United States by all sportsmen, and by publishing my answers you will convey information not only to those who write directly to us, but also to all to whom the same may be of interest.

I will be as brief, as concise and as clear as possible, answering each question put to me.

1. To whom must applications for leasing a hunting territory, a salmon river or any lake be sent?

Always to the Commissioner of Lands, Forests and Fisheries, at Quebec.

2. On what conditions can leases be effected?

The conditions vary according to the extent of territory, its proximity to means of communication, and the intrinsic value of the territory whose lease is applied for.

3. In what parts of the Province are the best lakes for fishing and the best salmon rivers?

The best salmon rivers are those of the Gaspé Peninsula and Labrador, which flow into the St. Lawrence on the north and south. There are also some which flow into the Saguenay. All these rivers are well known to American fishermen.

The best lakes for fishing are those in Labrador, in the Lake St. John district; in the counties of Ottawa and Pontiac, in the district of Temiscouata, and in the region north of Montreal. They contain an abundance of speckled trout (*Salmo fontinalis*), gray trout (*Salmo confinis*), touladi, bass, etc.

4. In what parts of the Province of Quebec are the best hunting territories situated?

In Labrador, the counties of Ottawa and Pontiac, the Temiscouata region, the county of Charlevoix, the Gaspé Peninsula and the Matapedia Valley, where there are numbers of moose, caribou, red deer and smaller game. Moose and red deer are found in abundance, especially in the counties of Pontiac, Ottawa, Montcalm, Terrebonne, Temiscouata and generally throughout the region comprised between Lake Temiscamingue to the west and the Saguenay and Lake St. John to the east. There are a good many also in the Gaspé Peninsula and the Shick-Shock Mountains.

Caribou, both woodland and barren ground, exist in large numbers, the former in rear of Quebec, about Lake St. John, in Temiscouata, and in Saguenay as far as Newfoundland, Labrador; the latter in the upper regions of Canadian Labrador, adjoining the vast plains of Hudson's Bay.

Woodland caribou are especially abundant in the counties of Saguenay, Charlevoix, Montmorency and Chicoutimi on the north, and in Gaspesia and the Shick-Shocks and Temiscouata on the south shore of the St. Lawrence.

Canadian Labrador—that is to say, that portion comprised between the Saguenay on the west and the 57th meridian on the east—contains the most valuable fur-bearing animals, from the shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the south to the parallel of 52° 10' on the west and near 56° on the east. In this region are found the marten, pekan, beaver, gray wolf, black bear, mink, wolverine, lynx, black fox, silver fox, cross fox, otter, etc.

5. Can the lessee of a hunting or fishing territory invite his friends to come and hunt or fish with him without their being compelled to take out a permit or pay for a license?

Undoubtedly. For all hunting and fishing purposes during the open season the lessee is master of his own territory, and may invite whomsoever he pleases to share his pleasure and amusements without his guests having to pay for licenses, whether they do or do not reside in the Province.

6. What rights are conferred by the lease?

The lease gives the lessee the exclusive right to fish and hunt in the territory leased to him during the open season.

7. What extent of territory can be leased for hunting purposes?

A hunting section cannot be greater than 400 square miles, but there is nothing to prevent any individual, company or club from leasing several sections. Sections of 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 100, 200 or 300 square miles can also be leased.

8. What is the cost per square mile of hunting territories?

Everything depends on the location of the land selected, but it cannot be less than $1 per square mile. If the territory contains a considerable number of large game, such as moose, caribou and red deer, and if it is easy of access, as much as $10 per square mile may be charged. The territories most easy of access are those along the Canadian Pacific, the Temiscouata, the Pontiac, the Gatineau Valley, the Intercolonial, the Grand Trunk and the Lake St. John railways.

By the Canadian Pacific one can reach the region north of Montreal and the upper Ottawa. The Pontiac and the Gatineau Valley railways run through territories containing considerable numbers of large game. The Temiscouata takes the hunter into the center of a region where caribou and red deer abound. The Intercolonial gives easy access to the Matapedia Valley. The Grand Trunk takes one through the Eastern Townships, where there are also great numbers of large game. The Lake St. John Railway runs through the district of that name, which is already so advantageously known to the public. The Jardins, in the county of Charlevoix, are reached by the steamers of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. and by the colonization roads opened by the Government. Labrador is reached by steamers running weekly between Quebec and the north shore of the St. Lawrence.

Of course, in a letter like this I am compelled to restrict myself to general information, but I will always be at the disposal of those who may wish for more details. Moreover, I will in a future letter revert to this special and very important subject.

9. For how long are the leases?

They cannot be for less than two nor for more than ten years.

10. When, where and to whom are the rents paid?

The rent is paid on signing the lease and every year afterward at the same date, at Quebec, to the Commissioner of Lands, Forests and Fisheries.

11. Can the lease be transferred?

The lessee may sublet, sell his rights or transfer his lease; but such transfer or sale is subject to the approval of the Government.

12. Have the lessees the privilege of cutting timber needed for building their houses, for fuel, etc., on lands belonging to the Crown?

Yes.

13. Have lessees the right to take to the United States the game killed or fish caught by them?

Beyond a doubt, provided the hunting and fishing have been within the open season.

But, Mr. Editor, this letter is already long enough. Next week I will answer other important questions bearing on the subject.

L. Z. JONCAS,
Superintendent-General of Game and Fisheries.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME AND FISH WARDEN.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are working for the defeat of a bill entitled "An Act to appoint a Game and Fish Warden, and to prescribe his power and duties," now before the Legislature. If enacted one warden will be appointed to the office by the Governor, who reports to the Governor, Auditor-General and State Treasurer, and is not responsible in any manner to the Game and Fish Commissioners. He appoints all deputy wardens and apparently handles all moneys relating to his work, without the power of veto by the Commission. The powers delegated to him are dangerous and may prove inimical to the fish and game interests. The Fish Commission has accomplished too much good work for any friend of fishculture or protection to assist in striking a blow which will certainly impair or destroy their future usefulness. M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

In comment upon the above communication, Mr. James H. Worden, ex-president of the State Sportsmen's Association, writes as follows:

Editor Forest and Stream:

This article in many instances is misleading; in order to justify the action of the supporters of this measure, and that every citizen of this State may have an opportunity to judge of the merits of this act, I mail you herewith a copy of the bill. Will you kindly publish the bill, that every citizen having an interest in the protection of both fish and game in this State may have the opportunity of examining its provisions, enabling him to intelligently address the member and senator of his district for or against the passage of this act.

As one of the supporters of this act, I hope the widest publication of the two communications will be given the weekly and daily press of this State, that the sentiments and wishes of the people of this State may be voiced on this subject.

During the past ten years the Board of Fish Commissioners of this State have had appropriated to them $204,000, $42,000 of which was specifically appropriated to them for water bailiffs; and I believe it would be interesting to many citizens of Pennsylvania if the writer of the article referred to would have kindly made some authentic statement of the number of arrests and convictions secured, the number of cases of violations, etc., investigated, and the amount of fines imposed and collected as the result of this expenditure, rather than to have made the sweeping assertion "that the Fish Commission had accomplished too much good work for any friend of fishculture or protection to assist in striking a blow which will certainly impair or destroy their future usefulness."

There is no one who has a higher personal regard of the ability, integrity, honesty of purpose and usefulness as citizens of this Commonwealth than the writer of the gentlemen composing the Board of Fish Commissioners. But I do claim that their system of protection is antiquated, selfish, inoperative and expensive, which I propose to prove by this article.

Notwithstanding the fact that a large majority of the citizens of this State interested in both the protection of game and fish are dissatisfied with the present system, they insist on continuing it upon a more elaborate and expensive method by asking the State to empower them to appoint a water bailiff in each of the sixty-seven counties, at a fixed salary of $10 each per month and reasonable expenses.

Computing this at the lowest possible fixed basis, it will create an annual expense of not less than $17,000, or three and a half times greater than at present, and this for the protection of fish alone.

The game and fish warden act, now known as the Baldwin act for the protection of fish and game, which, as your readers will see, limits the annual expense to the State to $6,000 and furnishes 212 fish and game protectors. A secretary for both the Game and Fish Commissioners, whose duty it is under the direction of these two commissions to render their annual reports to the Governor in detail, establishes an office in the State to which every citizen can appeal for any information desired relating to game and fish, and to which they can report any violations of the game and fish laws, which, under the provisions of this act, must be promptly investigated. All the appointments of the warden are made subject to the approval of the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners in joint session met; he handles no money except that which is paid to him and his deputies upon warrants, which must be verified under oath. His plenary powers are just to all law-abiding citizens; the person who willfully violates the game and fish laws of any State is an outlaw, and the powers conferred to meet such violations must be strong enough to place the warden on a physical par with the violator. To attempt to combat this upon the feeble score that he might not use the powers delegated to him with discretion at times is as absurd as it would be to oppose the appointment or election of certain other necessary officials. There is little doubt that on the passage of this act the Governor would soon have a list of eligible, capable men from which to choose.

An act similar to this has been in successful operation in Michigan for the past ten years, and I quote a brief synopsis of the workings of this act, taken from the fifth biennial report of the State game and fish warden of the State of Michigan, in which he reports for the years 1895 and 1896 as follows: Violations investigated, 1,738; arrests made, 1,007; convictions secured, 814; amount of fines and costs, $12,831.33; seized $100,000 worth of illegal nets—all of which was accomplished at a cost to the State of Michigan for the years 1895 and 1896 of $10,506.90. And to offset this the State's receipts arising from prosecutions, etc., were $12,831.33, or $2,324.42 more received by the State than the cost of conducting the operations of this system.

Kindly compare this system with the one now being operated by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. Draw your own conclusions from an impartial standpoint as to which you consider the best system.

Believing there are none who recognize more keenly and considerately the very creditable work that has been accomplished in the past by the Fish Commissioners in propagating and distributing certain game fish and food fish than does the writer and the many supporters of the Baldwin act, we do claim, and that without fear of successful contradiction, that the Baldwin act does provide a better system of protection than the one now being operated to the detriment of this valuable Commission and the people of this State.

There is no system of successful protection, that has ever been operative, that did not require the personal attention of some one to direct the work of the department. Quoting from the State warden of Michigan, he says: "Whatever success the warden has had is due to the fact that he has devoted his personal attention to the work, conducting prosecutions both in justices' and circuit courts, where local prejudices or other causes made it seem desirable to appear in person, and endeavoring not to shirk his share of the disagreeable work of tramping through the woods for violators, or spending nights upon lakes and streams to catch netters and spearers. A chief who takes no personal interest in his work will not inspire the proper zeal in his subordinates, and, in my opinion, the law should compel the warden to give his whole time to the office, having no other business." This the Baldwin act does.

It is beyond the province of the acts creating the boards of game and fish commissioners, serving as they do without compensation, to either expect or compel them to give their personal attention to the proper patrolling and prosecution of this work.

The purport and intention of the Baldwin act is not to destroy the usefulness of these two commissions, or in any manner to interfere with their good work, and it is unfair and unjust to assume that the Governor of this Commonwealth would appoint a person who would be antagonistic to the workings of these two commissions; but, on the contrary, is it not fair to presume that he would zealously guard against the selection of such a person, and aim to appoint one whose every effort would be to assist them in every particular.

By an act of this nature we unite every organization, association, club, corporation and individual interested in the protection of our game and fish. In doing this we also create a more advanced, less expensive and more successful system of protection, and will also harmonize and cultivate a uniform interest in which all will aid in furthering the work of these departments. It is with the purest motives and the most honest convictions that we submit this communication for the consideration of the public and the friends of better protection. JAMES H. WORDEN.

The Game-Warden Bill.

An act to provide for the appointment of a game and fish warden, and to prescribe his powers and duties.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, etc., that from and after the passage of this act, it shall be the duty of the Governor to appoint some person, a resident of this State, game and fish warden. Said warden shall hold office for four years, or until his successor has been appointed and qualified, unless removed for cause by the Governor; he shall receive a salary of $1,800 per annum, payable monthly, and shall also be reimbursed his actual expenses necessarily incurred by him while engaged in the performance of his duties, to be paid on the warrant of the Auditor-General, monthly, on the approval of his vouchers therefor.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of said game and fish warden to devote all his time to the position to which he is appointed, and he shall not be engaged in any other business or vocation while filling this position. He shall be secretary of the boards of game and fish commissioners, and he shall occupy as his permanent headquarters the room assigned the game commissioners at the Capitol in Harrisburg; it shall further be his duty to collect, classify and preserve all such statistics, data and information as in the judgment of either board will tend to promote the objects of their department. He shall take charge of and keep all reports, books, papers and documents which shall in the discharge of their or his duties hereunder come into their or his possession, or under their or his control. He shall make the annual reports to the Governor as required under the direction of the game and fish commissioners.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of said game and fish warden to seize all nets of illegal mesh found in use in the waters of this State, and all nets and other fishing apparatus or appliances found in use in violation of the laws of this State; and to enforce the statutes of this State for the preservation of all insectivorous and game birds and game mammals; and to enforce all other laws of this State for the protection and propagation of birds, game and fish, now in force or hereafter enacted; and to bring or cause to be brought, and to prosecu e or cause to be prosecuted, actions and proceedings in the name of this Commonwealth to punish any parties for the violation of said statutes and laws. Such actions and proceedings may be brought in the name of the Commonwealth in the like cases, in the same courts and under the same circumstances as they may now or any time hereafter be brought by any individual or by the presecuting attorneys of the several counties, under and by virtue of any laws now existing or hereafter enacted.

SEC. 4. Said warden may make complaint and cause proceedings to be commenced against any person for the violation of any laws for the protection or propagation of game or fish without the sanction of the prosecuting attorney of the county in which such proceedings are commenced, and in such case he shall not be obliged to furnish security for costs. Said warden may also appear for the Commonwealth in any court of competent jurisdiction in any case for violation of any of the laws for the protection or propagation of fish or game, and prosecute the same in the same manner and with the same authority as the prosecuting attorney of the county in which such proceedings are commenced.

Said warden shall have power to search any person, and examine any boat, conveyance, vehicle, fish box, fish basket, game bag or game coat, or any other receptacle for game or fish, when he has good reason to believe that he will thereby secure evidence of the violation of the law; and any interference or hindrance, or attempt at interference or hindrance, with such search or examination shall be *prima facie* evidence of a violation of the law by the party or parties who hinder or interfere with, or attempt to hinder or interfere with, such search and examination.

Said game and fish warden shall at any and all times seize and take possession of any and all birds, animals or fish which have been caught, taken or killed at a time, or in a manner, or for a purpose, or had in possession or under control, or have been shipped contrary to any of the laws of this State; such seizure may be made without a warrant.

Any court having the jurisdiction of the offense, upon receiving proof of probable cause for believing in the concealment of any bird, animal or fish caught, taken, killed, had in possession, under control, or shipped contrary to any of the laws of this State, shall issue a search warrant and cause a search to be made in any place; and to that end may cause any building, inclosure or car to be entered, and any apartment, chest, box, locker, crate, basket or package to be broken open, and the contents thereof examined by said game and fish warden.

All birds, animals or fish, or nets or fishing appliances or apparatus, seized by the game and fish warden shall be disposed of in such a manner as may be directed by the court before whom the offense is tried, or by any court of competent jurisdiction.

Said game and fish warden shall not be liable for damages on account of any search, examination or seizure, or the destruction of any

nets or fishing apparatus of any kind, in accordance with the provisions of this act.

SEC. 5 Said game and fish warden shall have the same power to serve criminal process as sheriffs, and shall have the same rights as sheriffs, to require aid in executing process. Said warden may arrest, without warrant, any person or persons caught by him in the act of violating any of the aforesaid laws for the protection or propagation of birds, game or fish, and take such person or persons forthwith before a justice of the peace, or any other magistrate having jurisdiction, who shall proceed without delay to hear, try and determine the matter; and the same proceedings shall be had as near as may be, as in other criminal matters, triable before a justice of the peace, or any other magistrate having jurisdiction. Such arrests may be made on Sunday, in which case the person or persons arrested shall be taken before a justice of the peace or any other magistrate having jurisdiction, and proceeded against as soon as may be on a week day following the arrest.

SEC. 6. Said warden shall, in the month of December in each year, file in the office of the Auditor-General an account in writing, stating the days and parts of days spent in the discharge of his duties, the kind of service rendered, and the places where rendered, and the expenses paid and incurred in the time of the discharge of such duties, that said amount as claimed had actually been expended and he had in no wise received return therefor, which account shall be verified by the oath of said warden stating that the same is correct and true in every particular.

SEC. 7. Said warden shall, at the close of each calendar month, file with the secretary of the Commonwealth a report in writing and in detail stating the service performed by him during the last preceding month, including an account of the suits commenced at his instance, as herein provided for, the disposition made of the same, the result of any brought to trial; the amount of fines collected from each case, and the condition of any undisposed of, and any other particulars he may think proper; and no payment for services performed or expenses paid by said warden shall be made until he shall present to the Auditor General, in addition to the usual oath of performance and payment, a certificate from the said secretary of the Commonwealth that he has made the report required by this act. The secretary of the Commonwealth shall cause the monthly reports of said warden, or so much thereof as may be of interest to the public, to be transmitted annually to the Legislature when in session.

SEC. 8. Said game and fish warden shall have the power to appoint deputy game and fish wardens, by and with the consent of the boards of Game and Fish Commissioners, in joint session met, who shall have the same power and authority herein provided for the game and fish warden himself, subject to the supervision and control of and to removal by the game and fish warden. Said deputy game and fish wardens shall receive $3 per day for each day actually spent in the discharge of their duties, under the direction of game and fish warden, and their actual expenses necessarily incurred when so employed; said $3 per day and expenses to be paid monthly on the warrant of the Auditor-General, on the approval of itemized vouchers thereof, verified under oath and certified by the game and fish warden; but the number of deputy wardens shall not exceed ten, and the total amount certified by the game and fish warden, and approved by the Auditor-General, for compensation and expenses of deputy wardens in any one year, shall not exceed the sum of $3,000. Said game and fish warden shall also have the power to appoint in each county not to exceed three residents thereof as county game and fish wardens, who shall have the same powers in their respective counties as herein provided for the game and fish warden himself, subject to the supervision and control of and to removal by the game and fish warden. The said county game and fish wardens may be employed by individuals, clubs, corporations interested in the enforcement of game and fish laws, and shall receive such other compensation as may be allowed and approved for by the county commissioners of their respective counties.

Any person who hinders, obstructs or interferes with, or attempts to hinder, obstruct or interfere with the said game and fish warden, or any deputy or county warden in the discharge of any of his duties, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof shall be fined not less than $10 nor more than $50, shall be confined in the county jail until said fine and costs are paid, provided that said imprisonment shall not exceed thirty days.

THE CEDAR RIVER, IOWA.

THOUGH nearly one-half a century has elapsed since the settlement of that portion of Iowa (especially Mitchell, Floyd and Chickasaw counties) through which the Cedar River flows, it still retains much of its picturesque scenery and ideal camping grounds.

Boating, bathing and fishing are still pleasurable pastimes, and the adjoining prairies hold forth inducements to the sportsman in the way of jack rabbits and prairie chickens; while the wooded sections are frequented by the quail, pheasant, cotton-tail, gray and fox squirrels. Ducks and geese, in their migrations both spring and fall, furnish good shooting, often lasting several days during their flights.

Charles City and all of the towns and villages along this stream from its source (sixty miles north) and as far south as Waterloo (fifty miles south) have their flouring mills and various water-power companies All the dams that cross the Cedar this whole stretch of 120 miles have no runways for fish; thus their natural habit of running up in time of June and spring freshets and dropping back during the summer and autumn months is balked. Although there is a law that requires all corporations to place fishways in their respective dams, up to the present time it has not been enforced.

Native game fish, pike, pickerel, bass (black and rock), are yet quite plentiful considering these impassable barriers and the wholesale slaughter with spear, which was lawful up to four years ago.

The State Fish Commissioner caused to be placed above the dam some five years ago a few hundred Oswego bass and crappies and their growth and yearly increase are quite noticeable. Specimens of the bass have been caught weighing 4lbs. One year ago 25,000 wall-eyed pike eight days old were placed below the dam.

Splendid strings of pike and bass were taken from these waters last season. Pike are more numerous below the dam. Twenty-nine that weighed 65lbs. were caught the first week in October. During the freshet in June the largest wall eyed pike known to this region was caught with bare hands by a Mr. Jennings; weight, 16½lbs.

Notable among the fish taken in 1896 were eleven pike weighing 62lbs., and two black bass, one of 6¼ and the other 6½lbs. The two big bass were taken one day apart, and in the same place, eighty rods above the dam, in 9 or 10ft of water. The 6½lb. bass took the second prize of $15 offered by the Black Hawk County Fish Club for the next largest bass caught in the State for '95, whether a member of their club or not.

The very best fishing for black bass in this region is at Floyd, six miles above Charles City. There is good water for three miles above the Floyd Dam, and it is here that parties camp for weeks during the summer. Great ledges of limestone, 40 to 60ft. high, alternate along its shores. In many places these walls are so abrupt and free from soil that nothing but the gnarled, scrubby red cedar can find root here. Most of the fish taken are caught with rod and line. The silk phantom and the gang-hook spoon are used, while soft crabs are in demand for bass fishing in July and August. The chub and shiner constitute the principal bait for the majority for all kinds of fish.

The best catch of the season was made by Dr. Sitzer, with a casting rod, using a small patent frog. His remarkable catch has already been published in FOREST AND STREAM (Oct. 17), namely: six black bass, weight 18½lbs., in forty-five minutes. These bass were caught by wading and casting 100ft. below.

Over 2,000 bass were taken last season at Floyd, aside from a goodly number of pike.

An active game and fish club, with a salaried warden, will, we hope, do away with unlawful hunting and fishing as practiced in this section in the past. VANE SIMMONDS.

ANGLING NOTES.

Signs of Spring.

"ABOUT these days," as Josh Billings used to say in his almanac, the angler begins to watch for signs to determine whether the spring is to open early or late. For months in this region his eyes have been directed chiefly downward to see where he placed his feet that he did not get a fall on the icy sidewalks; but now he is looking aloft to see if by chance the bright sun, high in the heavens, has induced a robin to wing his way north and perch with the sparrows in the leafless trees, while it looks over the situation, and the snow, to decide whether it is rushing the season or not. All the long winter the angler has taken things as they have come—snow, sleet, rain, frost, have meant nothing to him, except that he must put on extra clothing, or a mackintosh, or carry an umbrella; but now it is different, for he watches the snow banks to see how rapidiy they diminish, and he looks at the thermometer with interest, and turns the paper to "Old Probabilities" to see what is going to happen as to weather in the near future, and when the street gutters are running full of water he thinks of how the trout brooks are breaking up and running bankful with rain water and melting snow.

We know what Tennyson said about a young man's fancy in the spring and the fuller crimson on the lapwing's breast, but he seemed to know nothing about the fever in the blood of a man who is not young which indicates the approach of spring as surely as the livelier iris on the burnished dove. That glorious fever which no one dreads and for which there is but one cure. The symptoms are always the same, and every one can diagnosticate his own case and save a physician's fee. A mild symptom is when the angler looks into the tackle shop windows, but this is not an infallible sign of the spring fever, for he is quite liable to look in at any time of the year; but if this is followed by an overhauling of fly-books one may look next to see him going over his rods and other tackle, and if he gets out his fishing clothes and shoes the fever is near its height. He will turn to the fishing department of FOREST AND STREAM to see what its correspondents may have to offer as to probable indications regarding the opening of the waters in different sections, and he will peruse the advertisements of tackle dealers to see what they have to offer that is new. Then he will send in an order for some flies and leaders, perhaps a new rod or reel, and when they are received he will be in what may be considered a critical condition, and the spring fever is consuming him, and he must go a fishing or lose a lung, as that is the only remedy known to the *materia medica* which will abate this peculiar and ever recurring fever. What a delicious remedy it is, and what large doses of it one can take without the slightest protest, and how efficacious it is to cure other ills than the spring fever, for the list is larger than the list of ills that the patented cure-alls are so familiar with When I saw the sparrows watering on Washington's Birthday I pitied the poor things for not having a better knowledge of this northern climate, but yesterday two grasshoppers were found kicking their heels in the sun on the south side of a barn, and before I write another line I must look at an old pair of fishing shoes that gave out in Canada last fall and which I have not thought about since.

Florida Fishing.

With the approach of the season when fishing will open in the North the Northern angler who cannot avail himself of winter fishing in the South takes less interest in the fishing in Florida waters; but two of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commissioners of New York, Messrs. Charles H. Babcock and Hendrick S. Holden, have been taking a short vacation in the South, and have distinguished themselves by excelling previous records in kingfishing. Mr. Holden's father, Mr. E. F. Holden, and Wm. J. Gillette, of Syracuse, constituted the remaining members of the record-breaking fishing party. The largest fish weighed 20lbs., and was caught by Mr. E. F. Holden, but the average weight of the catch was 10lbs. Commissioners Babcock and Holden are accomplished fly-fishermen, with decided preferences for the trout of the Adirondacks and Canada and the ouananiche of Lake St. John and the Saguenay, but Mr. Babcock tells me the kingfish on a reel makes one's blood tingle, and the sport is fast and furious when a big school is found. Both gentlemen are very enthusiastic about their Florida fishing, and say they never saw such a sight as on the day that they caught the big kingfish at Miami. Fish would jump 10 or 15ft. out of the water, and when one fish was hooked the rest of the school seemed to follow it until it was landed or it was cut into bits by a shark.

Never do I hear of kingfish fishing but I think how, inadvertently, the late Prof. Goode made me steal some other man's thunder by ascribing to me in his book, "American Fishes," what some other man had written. The trouble is I do not know who this other man may be, nor did Prof. Goode when I called his attention to the error. He says: "Its great gameness (the kingfish), its beauty of color and form, and its excellent flavor, Mr. Cheney assures us, caused the loyal citizens of New York in colonial days to call the species the 'kingfish,' and in former times, when it was abundant in New York Bay, the kingfish and the small striped bass were the crowning glory of the old-time fishing."

I regret that I never wrote anything of the kind, nor did I write what is credited to me in the same chapter later on about tackle and the manner of fishing for kingfish. I have always expected that some one would accuse me of pilfering his "instructions," for I had a copy of the book in my possession for some time before I discovered the error and informed Prof. Goode of it. He intended to make a correction if the book ever reached a second edition, but now it will never be corrected by the author.

Mr. Rowland Ward, of London, probably the most eminent man in his profession as a taxidermist, writes me that he will sail the middle of March for this country with his wife to try the tarpon fishing in Florida. Mr. Ward had heard of tarpon fishing in this country and had seen a mounted specimen, but did not quite know how to set about getting to the tarpon grounds, so he wrote to FOREST AND STREAM and got in return full sailing directions, and it is to be hoped that he will be successful in killing some tarpon when he arrives, as did another Englishman who came over and outfitted himself with tarpon tackle in this country at the suggestion of this journal.

Fish Laws.

Every winter there is an increasing number of amendments to the game law of New York, good, bad and worse. It is a big State, and it is a difficult matter to reconcile all interests, aside from the selfish interests.

One bill that I noticed this winter had in it a clause that permitted spearing in one of the interior lakes when the fish in the lake were on their spawning beds, and I was told that the bill was introduced at the instigation of a fish and game club, as they claimed that the fish—whitefish—could be taken by no other means. This bill got a great start toward final passage, when it ran against a snag of some sort It was whispered in Albany that Gov. Black had a fine new pen and penholder, with a supply of ink, on purpose to veto the bill when it came to him for approval. However this may be, the spearing clause was stricken out of the bill without any opposition that I could hear of. I have the best possible authority for saying that Gov. Black is as much interested in the fishery interests of the State as he is in its forestry interests, and I believe that no bad fish and game legislation will meet with his approval, however well it may be concealed in verbiage.

A bill has just been introduced by Assemblyman Eldridge, of Warren, which forbids trolling or fishing in Lake George from a steam or naphtha launch. This measure was recommended by the Fisheries Commissioners because there was almost a universal demand for such action by the residents of the region around Lake George. The claim has been made that some few owners of steam yachts catch more trout and bass, fishing to make big records for publication, or to have the fish photographed, than the occupants of a dozen rowboats, and that such fish, caught ostensibly for sport, are turned over to the guides, to be sold for their own benefit; and that in this way over a ton of trout found their way to market in one season from one steam yacht. Naturally the rowboat fishermen conclude that they are outclassed, for they cannot skim the lake with rowboats as can the owners of steam craft. In the fall the steamboat owners can fish pretty much all the desirable shoals in the lake in one day, while it would be difficult for one rowboat to cover one hundredth part of the water in the same time.

A. N. CHENEY.

Salmon Reported Taken Through the Ice.

HADDAM, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the last of February I felt that some fresh fish fried brown in pork fat would taste very good; and as a couple of young friends of mine had informed me that they had some fine bait fish, I told them I would furnish transportation to Cedar Pond if they would do the work; and this arrangement being satisfactory, we went fishing through the ice. I do not think it is right to catch any kind of fish in this State in the winter except eels, and would be glad if it were prevented by law, but you know the lines, "We know the right and oft approve it too," etc. This was my case exactly; so we went fishing. We caught thirteen pickerel and four yellow perch—no large ones, but all of fair size, and when cooked as aforesaid they were good; in fact, they were very good.

Now, if this were all there was to the trip, I should not trouble you with it, but we had a very enjoyable day—saw numerous rabbit tracks in the snow, and several places where three or four partridges had crossed the road; and got sight of one cock partridge that looked as large as a small turkey, as he stood broadside to us, with head up and outstretched neck, with the snow for a background. These things were pleasant to see and assured us that when the autumn comes again the alders, the white birches and the sumacs will not be tenantless. May we be there to see.

At noon we went to a farmhouse near the pond, and the good old lady gave us a table on which we spread our lunch, and she kindly added a pitcher of excellent cider with which to moisten it. And now comes the part which induced me to trouble you: One of my young friends who is a hunter and a fisherman told me how last December, while fishing with "tip ups" through the ice on Salmon River, he saw a "flag" go up, and on taking hold of the line he felt that he had a very large fish, and pulling carefully he raised a salmon about half its length out of the water when it dropped off, as it was not hooked at all, but had held to the bait fish to be raised thus far. He said he thought it would have weighed as much as 8lbs. I had supposed that salmon left the freshwater streams before winter set in, and did not know that they would take a minnow bait, though I must confess I am not up on salmon. Perhaps Mr. Cheney will tell us all about it. By the way, did not the Carman River trout that I tried to tell FOREST AND STREAM about several years ago deserve a place among your big fish? Was the fish too big or the story too thinly authenticated? As I remember the story the trout weighed 13lbs., and I believed it then; and I think I gave names of people then living at Brook Haven who could confirm the account. A.

[We do not recall the statements regarding the reported 13lb. fish, but it is safe to assume that it was not a brook trout. Can our correspondent give more specific information?]

The Striped Bass Record.

SOUTH PORTSMOUTH, R. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noting in a recent issue the weight of a striped bass for which was claimed, as far as known, the record weight of large fish of that species, I would state that on July 11, 1882, a striped bass was taken chum fishing on Sachuest Neck, R. I., with rod and reel by Wm. M. Hughes, of South Portsmouth, R. I. It was weighed at the market of Wm. Lawton, of Newport, in the presence of Chas. Lawton, Albert Gash and Daniel R. Connell, and was found to weigh, after cleaning, 67lbs. There is no doubt that this fish would have weighed over 75lbs. undressed. This fish has always been known as the record fish for Newport, and, so far as known, is the largest fish taken in this section, concerning which the facts and weight of the fish can be substantiated.

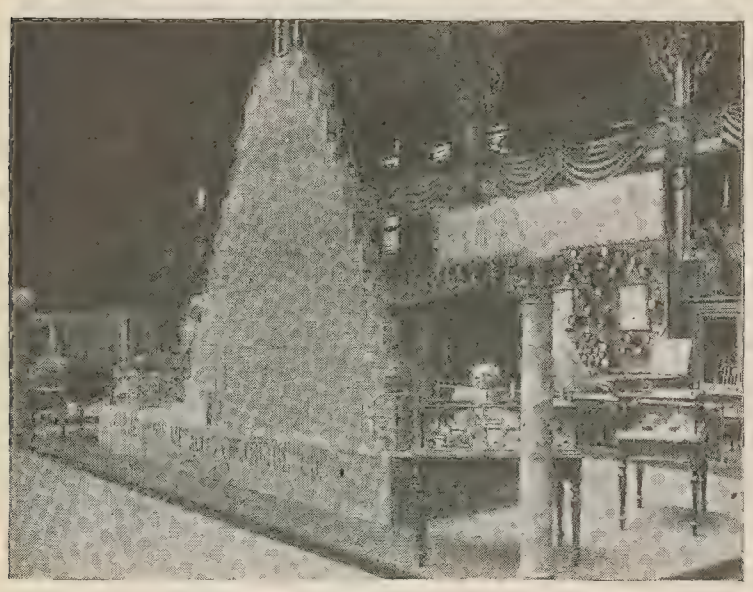
WM. M. HUGHES.

P. S.—Dr. D E. Cone, of Fall River, Mass., saw this fish weighed, also Dr. McBurnie, of Philadelphia, Pa., before carrying to Newport, and it then weighed 67½lbs.

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

The third annual Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden, this city, is in progress as the FOREST AND STREAM goes to press. The exhibits are manifold and interesting, and are attracting large throngs of visitors. We give to-day a review of the principal exhibits. The thirty odd illustrations afford a capital example of the possibilities of the illustrated journalism of to-day. The work was necessarily done in a rush. The photographs were taken in one day and developed and printed by night; and the prints were given to the engravers early the following morning for reproduction as the half-tone engravings



UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY.

which are presented herewith. By this expedition it was possible to supply in the mid-week of the Exposition admirably comprehensive and accurate pictures of the individual exhibits. From these illustrations and with the text accompanying them readers who did not visit the show may gain a very satisfactory notion of just what it was.

The Exposition opened last Saturday with sixty exhibits in place. There is a noticeable divergence of the character of the exhibition this year from that of the original one; the show of 1897 is not so closely confined to the sports of the rod and gun as was that of 1895, although it is clearly manifest that the real interest centers about the gun displays, the powder exhibitions, and the hunting boats and the field equipments. One feature of the present Exposition is the largely increased number of trophies and prizes shown by representatives of all branches of sport, including rowing, fencing, swimming, yachting, la crosse, running, football, tennis and athletic sports in general; there are extensive collections of such trophies shown by individuals and societies. There is also a novelty in an exhibit of live game birds, including snow, Canada, Hutchings and blue geese; black brant, black ducks, mallards, domestic call ducks and others; and Mr. Verner de Guise shows English ring-neck pheasants, dark-necked pheasants and Mongolian pheasants. The rifle-shooting contests are attracting decided interest and promise to be a success exceeding the anticipation of the promoters. There is also revolver shooting, and fly-casting contests are held afternoon and evening over a miniature pond provided on the south side of the Garden.

The attendance at the Garden has been very satisfactory in number, and there is a noted improvement in its character. Many trade representatives are here and the Exposition has proved a meeting ground for dealers and sportsmen from far and near.

U. M. C. Company.

In arranging for a display of its manufactures at this year's exposition, the U M C. Company, of Bridgeport, Conn., devised something in the way of an exhibit that is not only novel, but decidedly striking. The arrangement of



LAFLIN & RAND.

the different kinds of goods manufactured by this company is bound to attract the notice of all visitors to the Sportsmen's Exposition.

The location and the amount of space occupied by the firm this year is precisely the same as in the expositions of '95 and '96. This year, however, the black and gold pagoda-like structures that held the U. M. C. Co.'s goods in those years are absent. In their place is a mammoth lozenge-shaped pyramid composed entirely of cartridges in the original packages, that is, in the paper boxes that contain 100 cartridges, and which are so well known to trap-shooters generally. The base is built of the green paper boxes containing Trap shells. The next few steps are built of the white paper boxes, lettered in red, that speak of the Smokeless shells inside. Next come the maroon boxes with Nitro shells, followed step by step by boxes of Acme, Black Club and High Base in order named. The whole is capped with more of the green boxes of Trap shells. The pyramid bristles with ammunition for rapid-firing guns from 1-pounders up to 12 pounders.

The pyramid occupying a square space, but being lozenge-shaped, there are necessarily four small corners to utilize. And here again the display is simple but effective, the pyramidal style being adhered to. Each of the four corners is occupied by a miniature pyramid of wads in the original packages, and each pyramid is surmounted by a glass globe filled to the brim with samples of the wads that go to form the base such globe is resting upon. The four kinds of wads represented are: white felt, field, pink-edge and black-edge.

The four corners of the space occupied by the U. M. C. Co. are marked by gilded pillars; on the top of each pillar is an electric light of high power, whose rays are softened by being inclosed in a ground glass globe. Each corner also contains a glass showcase tastefully arranged, and each distinctively of its own kind. No. 1, for instance, shows samples of the various kinds of military rifle ammunition manufactured by the company; No. 2 is devoted solely to sporting rifle ammunition; No 3 exhibits shells for shotguns, loaded and sectionalized to show wadding and powders used; No 4 shows the immense variety of caps and primers still in use for the firearms of the world. That showcase, No. 4 contains an excellent object lesson on the old adage of "many men, many minds," and we might add, "many guns"

In addition to the brilliant lighting obtained from the electric lights all over the Garden, and the lamps at each of the four corners of the space occupied by the company, an electric sunburst (no other name is so appropriate), hanging just above the apex of the central pyramid, adds greatly to the effectiveness of the U. M. C. Company's exhibit during the evening sessions.

It is unnecessary to add that Mr. J A. H. Dressel, the secretary-treasurer of the Sportsmen's Association, and also a representative official of the U. M. C. Company, is nearly always in evidence around the company's exhibit. But the exhibit itself is directly in charge of "U. M. C." Thomas,



CLEVELAND TARGET COMPANY.

the company's ballistic expert at Bridgeport, Conn., who is always on hand, and who is untiring in his efforts to explain the nature of his firm's exhibits to those interested in the same. We believe the originality of this year's exhibit is due mainly to Mr Thomas's consideration of this matter. Mr. Herbert F. H. Dressel, son of Mr. J A H. Dressel, assists Mr. Thomas in looking after the exhibit.

Laflin & Rand Powder Company.

In the space occupied by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co. are two very catching exhibits. The first is a working model of the entire plant of the company at Wayne, N. J., known as the Wayne Powder Works. The buildings and machinery are so faithfully reproduced in miniature that it is possible under the tuition and guidance of Mr. John Lyon, the master mechanic of the company at Wayne, and the gentleman whose deft fingers so skillfully framed the model, to pass, as it were, with the raw material from building to building until it finally becomes the finished product for blasting purposes for which this firm is noted. At Wayne nothing but blasting powder is manufactured. At Newburgh, N Y, and at Schaghticoke, Rensselaer county, N. Y., the company's black powders for sporting purposes are manufactured. The firm's W–A Smokeless powder is manufactured at Pompton, N J, under the superintendence of Capt. Aspinwall. Thus, in looking at Mr. Lyon's model of the Wayne Powder Works, it is just as well to remember that one is not looking at a reproduction of the entire plant of the company, even if those works do cover a great deal of ground and do employ about 125 hands. Mr. George Paterson, who has the superintendency of the entire operating plant of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., makes his headquarters at Wayne.

After the model mentioned above, the second article of great interest is the beautiful rock of crystallized saltpeter, the interior of which has been hollowed out to admit of the whole being suffused with the rays of an electric light inclosed in a red globe. The effect is very beautiful indeed, the formation of the crystals being bold and rugged.

The remainder of the exhibit of this company is mainly made up of kegs indicative of the many products in the powder line manufactured by the company. The company's W–A always attracts attention from its peculiar features. As one lady expressed it: "It looks more like something good to eat than gunpowder!"

Visitors to Laflin & Rand's exhibit will be greeted by Ed Taylor, late of Cincinnati, but now, we are glad to say, of Jersey City, N. J. Mr. Taylor and Mr. John Lyon, whom we have referred to above, have charge of the exhibit.

Cleveland Target Company.

The Cleveland Target Company occupies the same position this year that it has done in past expositions. The articles exhibited by this firm, the makers of the bluerock target, may be briefly and effectively enumerated as follows: One magautrap; four barrels of bluerock targets, draped with yellow and black cloth; four expert bluerock traps, and Paul North. If we have omitted anything we are not altogether to blame; for, small though the number of articles exhibited may sound, the magautrap and Paul, or Paul and the magautrap (we don't care which way you put it), are sufficient to keep one's attention from anything else while in their vicinity.

An examination of the magautrap will show at once that changes, though slight perhaps, have been made in the construction of the trap. The attachment of an electric pull is the greatest improvement of all; but the magautrap as a whole looks far more businesslike than it did last year. So popular has "the bicycle trap" become that Paul North and the Cleveland Target Company will have to look out next



HAZARD POWDER COMPANY.

year for a novelty. Speaking of the number of traps now leased and in use by clubs, Mr. North informs us that his company cannot keep pace with the orders received. It may be as well to mention also that the Brooklyn Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the Yanticaw Gun Club, of Nutley, N. J., have each leased a magautrap and will shortly hold special shoots for the purpose of introducing them to the trap-shooters of New York and vicinity.

Of the expert bluerock traps, and of the bluerock targets themselves, nothing new can be said; all shooters know what these articles are, what they are like and what they can do. As for the black and gold drapery, Paul says he has to have that, as it suits his complexion.

Hazard Powder Company.

The Hazard Powder Company's exhibit is in the hands of John L. Lequin, secretary-treasurer of the Interstate Association, also secretary of the Hazard Powder Company; and of E. S. Lentilhon, assisted by B. H. Norton, the company's popular representative in the New England States.

The chief feature of this exhibit is the working model of a single-wheel rolling mill used in the process of mixing the ingredients of black powder. This mill attracts lots of attention and is an essential part of the company's exhibit. The back wall of the space occupied by the company is artistically decorated with kegs showing the varieties of powders manufactured by the company, among the black powders being its Electric, Duck, Trap, Kentucky Rifle and India Rifle (the latter for export). Of course readers of FOREST AND STREAM very generally know that the company's smokeless shotgun powder is the Blue Ribbon. They will be reminded of this fact by the draperies of blue ribbon that deck the showstand, on which one can see the raw material and the finished product, a brick-red, which it seems almost a misnomer to call "Blue Ribbon." It is perhaps in these exhibits of raw materials and manufactured products that most people take the greatest amount of interest; it is certain anyway that they are worth far more than a mere cursory examination.

It will not do to close this notice of the Hazard Powder Company's exhibit without mentioning that a portrait showing the familiar features of Col. Hazard, the founder of the Hazard Powder Company, forms part of the decorations in



VON LENGERKE & DETMOLD.

the rear of the exhibit. The artistic and effective arrangement of the many colored kegs of powder upon this wall is mainly the work of Mr. Lequin, the company's secretary.

Von Lengerke & Detmold.

An exhibit which, from the very variety and excellence of the articles displayed, is bound to attract and hold crowds of interested spectators, is that furnished by the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, 8 Murray street. During the evening the joint signs of E. C. and Schultze powder, in incandescent lamps on a white and gold ground, are certain to catch all eyes. Once caught, there are other things to look at.

This firm makes a specialty of Francotte guns, and these guns need looking at only once to take the fancy of a lover

of shotguns. All sorts and grades of these arms are on view: single or double 8-gauges down to 41-gauges; hammer or hammerless; $80 or $500 grade; all works of the gunsmith who knows his business. Among the noted guns on view at this stand are two which respectively own Edgar Murphy and J. P. Knapp as master, and which, under the guidance of these prominent amateurs, made records to be proud of, winning the Larchmont amateur championships in 1895 and 1896. The gun exhibit is a large portion of this firm's display, but there's plenty more.

On the other side of the stand is what we generally call "John Wright's department," viz , the fishing tackle exhibit. And this year, as in the past, John Wright has laid out some of the prettiest pieces of work ever put together by a fisherman. From tarpon rods, the gradation can be followed by



M. ABBOTT FRASER.

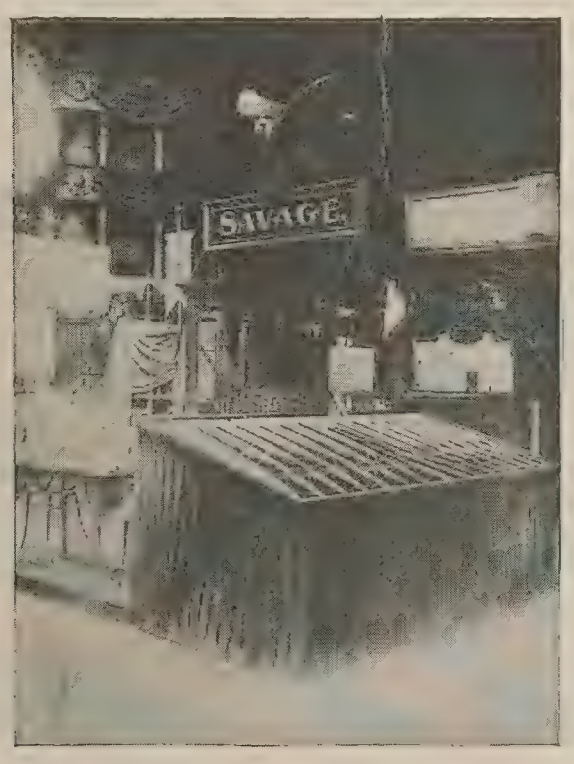
steps until one comes to the delicate fly-rod that seems more like a toy than an article intended for practical purposes. The handles of these rods form no unimportant feature; they are of various kinds: solid cork fitted to the hand, as it were, while others have the usual round handles of cork, lapped with fine-drawn silver wire. Thoughts of Izaak Walton and *his* rod and of the present day farmer's lad with his bean pole flit through one's mind as one examines these highly finished specimens.

Another show case on "John Wright's side" contains samples of flies; silkworm gut in the raw and the finished article looped for use; Vom Hofe reels; spinning baits, etc. The special feature of this case is what looks to us like the tiniest rod and reel ever made; the rod is a split-bamboo with two tips, and it almost makes one's eyes ache to think of threading a single strand of silk through the rings.

At the end of the exhibit next the cross aisle is a full set of Mott's disappearing traps, with electric pull attachment; everything being in working order and an exact duplicate of the sets now in use at Elkwood Park. This part of Von Lengerke & Detmold's exhibit will attract special attention from this cause, intending competitors in next week's Grand American Handicap being sure to take more than passing interest in the working of these traps.

Speaking of traps reminds us that Von Lengerke & Detmold have on exhibition—loaned to the firm by the courtesy of Miss Annie Oakley—the first set of regular sparrow traps ever made in this country so far as we are aware of. These little traps are for all the world like miniature King's pigeon traps, and are painted green. They were made some twenty-three years ago, and were presented to Miss Annie Oakley by Frank Kleinz, of Philadelphia. Looking like toys, they are still perfectly practical little pieces of workmanship. Miss Oakley (Mrs. Frank Butler), who will make her headquarters at this exhibit, will undoubtedly be glad to show them to all interested.

Samples of E. C. No. 1 and of E. C. No. 2, and also samples of Schultze powder, together with cans of the same powders, cartridge cases, gun cases, and in fact all that a shooter



SAVAGE REPEATING ARMS COMPANY.

needs, go to make a delightful whole in the form of the exhibit of Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold. The exhibit is in charge of Justus von Lengerke, who will be assisted in answering questions by John Wright, Carl von Lengerke, Gus Greiff, Theodore Baron and Eddie Morehouse.

While in England last December, Justus von Lengerke made the acquaintance of the European woodcock. Two beautiful specimens of the bird were brought home by Justus in the flesh and mounted in remembrance of his trip. Although kept on ice, having been killed two weeks previous to their arrival in America, they weighed about 16oz. each on the scales in the store at 8 Murray street.

Savage Repeating Arms Company.

A neatly arranged glass case in space No. 72 displayed a full line of the Savage repeating rifles, both sporting and military, the identical rifle which successfully contested for the arming of the New York National Guard being one of the number shown. It is in excellent condition. A plate of ⅝in. steel practically illustrates the terrific power of the .303-caliber sporting rifle. It is perforated with numerous clean-punched holes, made by the soft-nosed bullets fired from this rifle. The great penetrative power is shown in a log in which is embedded a Savage .303 bullet, its course parallel with the grain of the wood measuring 46¼in. The different effects of the jacketed and soft-nosed bullets are shown in the wood; the latter spreading and showing more destruction along their path, but penetrating less. Besides the display in the glass case, a number of finely finished Savage sporting rifles are exhibited on a slanting, silk-covered table. Mr. Arthur Savage, the inventor, is in charge.

Bridgeport Gun Implement Company.

The B. G. I. Company's exhibit will be found at the Fourth avenue end of the Garden on the Twenty-seventh street side. Last year it will be remembered that the company was located about midway of the Garden on the Twenty sixth street side. Changed though the location is, the exhibit is soon found, the space chosen being well adapted for showing off the specialties of this company's goods, and attracting the attention of the public.

Shotgun enthusiasts and riflemen all need tools for their guns or rifles, and the B. G. I. Co. has made it its duty to find out what is wanted and then to supply that want with the best articles obtainable. Its show cases reveal what a variety of implements are actually needed by all classes of shooters.

The panels on the walls of the exhibit display considerable taste in the arrangement of the different articles exhibited. One panel contains loading tools for shotguns, such as all kinds of powder and shot measures, the micrometer measure being used interchangeably for all nitro or black powders and also for shot; a variety of closers (or crimpers, as they are very often called) are also on view on this panel. Another panel shows all kinds of cleaning rods, with scratch brushes, wool swabs, expansion felt swabs, twisted wire bristle brushes and field cleaners. Re-cappers, de-cappers, extractors, wad-cutters, etc., make this panel a neat one. The third panel may be called the rifle implement panel; it shows all varieties of cleaning rods for rifles, together with the necessary tools for casting bullets, pocket oilers, etc.



BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT COMPANY.

The B. G. I. Company's exhibit is in charge of Mr. H. B. Cannon, who will, with the aid of his assistants, gladly give any information in his power to those who want to know anything about the goods manufactured and sold by the B. G. I. Co.

Winchester Repeating Arms Company.

The conclusion is obvious, taking the name of the above firm as the basis of our conjecture, that the exhibit of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. at this year's Sportsmen's Exposition deals mainly with "repeating firearms," their ammunition and tools generally. Such, of course, is the fact, but Mr. David Daggett, the gentleman who has charge of the exhibit, shows also a lot of single-shot rifles, light-weight, weighing 5½ to 7lbs. each, that take the fancy of many small-bore enthusiasts.

The firm's specialty, however, is really its repeating rifles and shotguns, and many beautiful specimens are shown, the most beautiful perhaps being a .45-90, model 1886, that lies in one of the glass cases at the base of the main exhibit. It is the highest class sporting rifle made, is inlaid with gold, silver and platinum, while the stock and forearm are exquisitely carved and engraved. This rifle is a take-down, and is priced at $400. There are also other specimens of sporting rifles, all highly finished, and listed at from $400 to $80, any one of which the firm feels it no disgrace to attach its name to.

This year the Winchester Repeating Arms Company is making a specialty of light-weight rifles. Among the number shown to us by Mr. Daggett was a .45-70, model of 1886, that weighed only 7lbs.; other light-weights which we examined were the .38-50, .32-40 and the .32-38.

Another feature of the Winchester Company's exhibit are the new model half-magazine take-downs, which are made in any caliber and only weigh from 6½ to 7lbs. The handling of these rifles shows at once the vast difference between one of the heavy-weights and these new works of the New Haven firm. The advantage to a man who has to carry a rifle over mountains all day in having a light-weight instead of a heavy-weight is something that has to be tried to be appreciated fully. An extra pound at the end of the day weighs about four times that amount before camp is reached.

In Schuetzen rifles Mr. Daggett has something new to show. Matted barrels are not new, perhaps, but the coarse matting, done by special machinery, is something that no other firm in this country can boast of so far as we are aware. The company exhibits three new styles of matted barrels on this kind of rifle.

The company manufactures and exhibits other things besides repeating rifles and shotguns. In one of the show cases is the small sword-bayonet adopted by the navy; this little weapon is equally fitted for a trenching tool, a tobacco knife, to slice a beefsteak or cut a junk of salt pork, or to be used as a weapon to do a foe to the flag. It is little, but—!

Speaking of the navy naturally brings us to the "Lee straight-pull" rifle adopted by the U. S. N. This weapon lies on a table alongside the new model '95 and excites quite a lot of interest. It can be used as a repeater or as a single-shot, and is the most modern rifle in the way of military makes. The model '95 was tried very highly before the New York State Commission appointed by Gov. Morton to choose a small arm for the National Guard of the State. The records made by this rifle before the board are told in full in a pamphlet of which there are always some to be gotten at the Winchester Company's exhibit. Some of the catalogues are well worth carrying away as souvenirs, being works of art in the half-tone line.



WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY.

In sights the company exhibits a variety that is puzzling to any but experts. The chief curiosity in this line is a seven-leaf express sight for use in South Africa, the big game country of the world for the twentieth century.

A show case right alongside the main aisle shows some exceedingly pretty and fanciful stocks fitted to rifles of superb workmanship. Among the woods used are California redwood, teak, bird's-eye maple, English, Circassian and American walnut.

The two show cases that mark the corners of the space occupied by the company abutting on the cross aisle show different kinds of military and sporting rifle ammunition, and a variety of shotgun ammunition, with shells loaded and sectionalized to show wadding, etc. The specimens in these cases are samples of some of the things not already mentioned that are manufactured by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. at its New Haven, Conn., works.

To assist him in answering questions, etc., Mr. Daggett has a large force, among the number being the champion target shot of the world, Rolla O. Heikes, who shows the repeating shotgun he handles so effectively to all who want to look at it. Others around the exhibit are Capt. B. A. Bartlett, an excellent shot with either rifle or shotgun; J. Hildreth, one of the company's representatives in the South; W. L. Cameron, its representative in Canada; W. Maynard, from the New York store; Mr. Clark, from New Haven, who has charge of the advertising department, and Mr. Irby Bennett, late of Memphis, now of New Haven; and others.

Before closing this necessarily brief review of a capital exhibit, we must remind readers of FOREST AND STREAM who are fond of trap-shooting to go to the Winchester exhibit and see, with the aid of the mutoscope, how rapidly and effectively Rolla Heikes snuffs out targets.

M. Abbott Fraser.

Entering the Garden from the Twenty-sixth street side and passing east along the north aisle, we come to the exhibit of M. Abbott Fraser, of Boston. Here are to be seen a great



H. H. KIFFE COMPANY.

number of heads and hides and of well-mounted birds, of which perhaps the most interesting are a pair of capercailzie, male and female. A snowy owl, remarkable for its unspotted plumage, is another striking bird.

Dressed hides of Virginia deer, caribou, and a buffalo robe hung over the rail surrounding the space, make an effective barrier between the aisle and the wealth of skin rugs and mats within the space. Among these a black wolf hide is noticeable.

The heads are those of deer, moose, caribou and one musk ox, which, on account of its size, we take to be a cow. It is remarkable for its blackness.

The H. H. Kiffe Company.

The H. H. Kiffe Co., manufacturers of and dealers in

firearms, fishing tackle and sportsmen's supplies, exhibited at space 17, which was decorated in red and maroon. The stand was in charge of Manager Disch, of the New York store. The principal exhibit was of fishing rods, including Kiffe's $1 split-bamboo, and also a split-bamboo weighing 4½oz. and retailing for $3.

A self-opening penknife was also shown, the blades opening and shutting under the influence of an electric current.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company.

The interesting exhibit of E I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. is in the able hands of Mr. Pierre Gentieu, the gentleman who has filled the same position so courteously at previous expositions. Mr. Gentieu has reason to feel pleased with the general appearance of the exhibit this year. Occupying precisely the same space as last year, the nature of the exhibit and its character are necessarily much the same. A change, however, has been made in the upper part of the white and gold framework that adorns the rear of the ex-

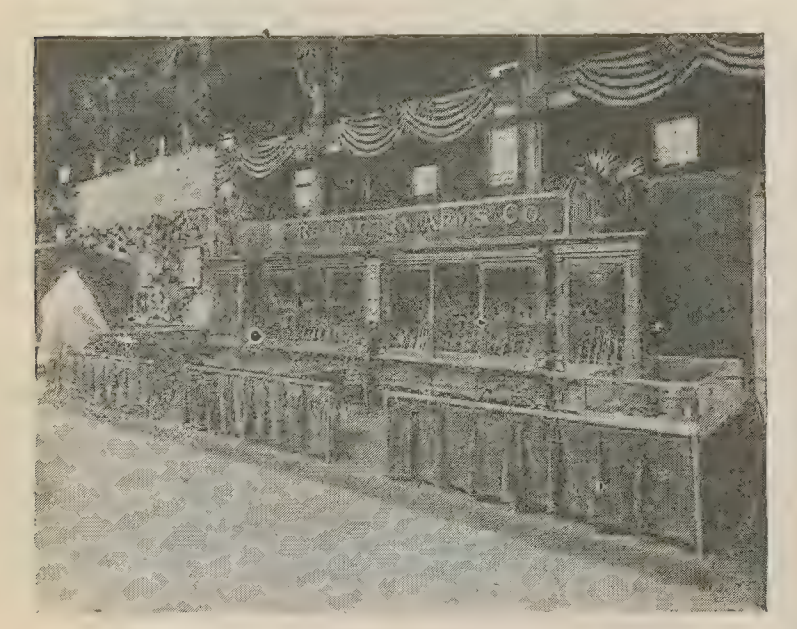


E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO.

hibit, and the change is for the better. The scroll work with the name of the firm and the age of the company—1802-1897—in gold letters on a white ground, call one's attention rather forcibly to the fact that one is looking at the exhibit of probably the oldest powder company in the United States; ninety-five years in one place—Wilmington, Del—may be said to be a record in the powder making line.

Until quite recently the firm of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. was noted among shotgun men chiefly for its Eagle Ducking Nos. 1, 2 and 3. In the last two or three years it has rapidly forged ahead and now puts on the market a nitro powder that has found considerable favor, known as Du Pont's Smokeless. Trap-shooters all know of this powder, and probably there are some who think that the manufacture of this powder is the chief part of the products of the Du Pont Co. They have only to come to the exhibit this year to learn that actually the manufacture of nitro powders by the firm is but a drop in the bucket when compared with the blasting and black shotgun and rifle powders made at the Wilmington powder works. The nitro powder works, it will be remembered, are located across the river from Wilmington at Carney's Point, and are as complete as any similar works in the country. The kegs that adorn the rear of the exhibit tell the tale of what this company manufactures both at Wilmington and at Carney's Point.

The show case on the left of the exhibit is surmounted by a pretty piece of crystallized saltpeter. Below it are the two grades of charcoal used, the black and the red, together with the raw material (willow wood), a card announcing that only the branches of the tree are used for making charcoal. Still further below are the three ingredients for black powder: charcoal, sulphur and niter. Other articles displayed in this case are: Sphero hexagonal and cubical powders for high power rapid-fire guns; service gun cotton; smokeless powders for the new .30cal. rifles; samples of blasting powders; shot-



REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY.

gun shells, loaded and sectionalized so as to show the wadding and powder; also the raw material for and the manufactured article known as Du Pont's Smokeless. This case contains a great deal in a comparatively small space.

Remington Arms Company.

As might be expected, the exhibit of the Remington Arms Company is in charge of Mr. H. B. Cannon. Scatter-gun men and riflemen will find much to interest them among the goods under Mr. Cannon's care. For shotgun devotees there is primarily the Remington hammerless ejector, several beautifully finished specimens being on view. These guns are really worth far more than a casual inspection, and it will well repay a shooter to spend a few minutes with Mr. Cannon and his assistants at the Exposition.

Riflemen don't need to be told what they will find in the exhibit of the Remington Arms Company. The company's factory at Ilion, N. Y., turns out some perfect specimens of high class Schuetzen rifles, and some of those Schuetzen rifles are on view. In the show case with some of these Schuetzen rifles are several innocent-looking derringers, one of the best pocket defenders in the world. Some of the specimens on view are finished so exquisitely that they look more like toys than deadly weapons.

Military rifles also form no unimportant portion of the

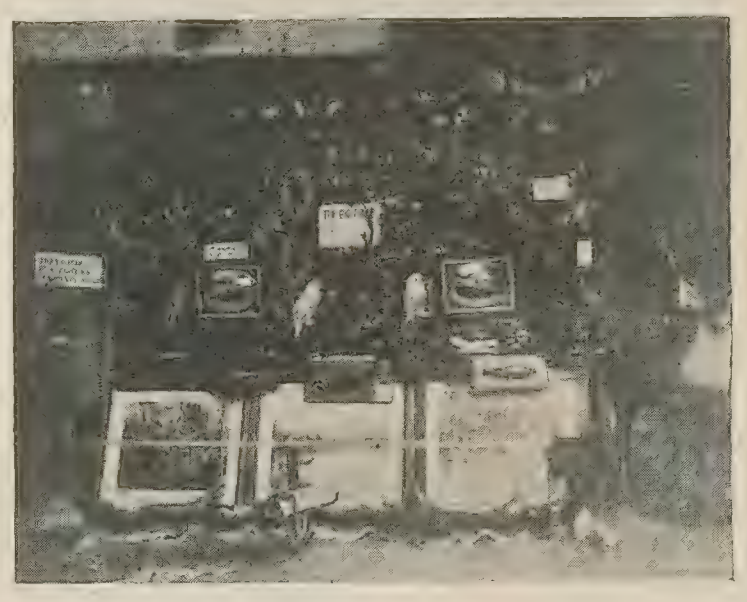


FRED SAUTER.

Remington Arms Company's exhibit The Remington military rifle is too well known for FOREST AND STREAM to devote much space to mentioning that part of the exhibit The steady march of improvement in firearms is one of the favorite subjects of conversation with all shotgun and rifle cranks. The effect of this march can be seen in the Remington Company's exhibit, the guns and rifles shown there now being capital instances of the strides that have been made in the past few years by the gunsmiths of the New World.

Fred Sauter.

At the east end of the Garden, in the space occupied last year by Messrs. C. G. Gunthers' Sons' cabin, is the large and varied exhibit of Fred Sauter, of New York. This ranges from fancy pieces and wolves and wildcats holding card receivers up to a large grizzly bear and a pair of mounted beaver kittens. A leaping deer is an excellent piece of work,



S. L. CROSBY—MAINE STATE EXHIBIT.

and so too is a leopard cat which has just sprung on the back of a fawn.

Among the interesting birds shown by Mr. Sauter is one of which we should like to know more. It is an unusual prairie hen, and is reported to have been obtained from Knapp & Van Nostrand, market men, of this city. It differs widely from the ordinary form of prairie chicken in having the ground color a bright tawny, almost a fulvous, which seems to blend into the black bars, the edges of which are thus made less distinct than in the common form. Can this pos-



W. W. HART & COMPANY.

sibly be a heath hen? If so it would be interesting to learn where it came from. The birds still remaining in Massachusetts are so few now that the killing of each one should be known. Before long we will be searching for their skins, as we do now for those of the great auk and the Labrador duck.

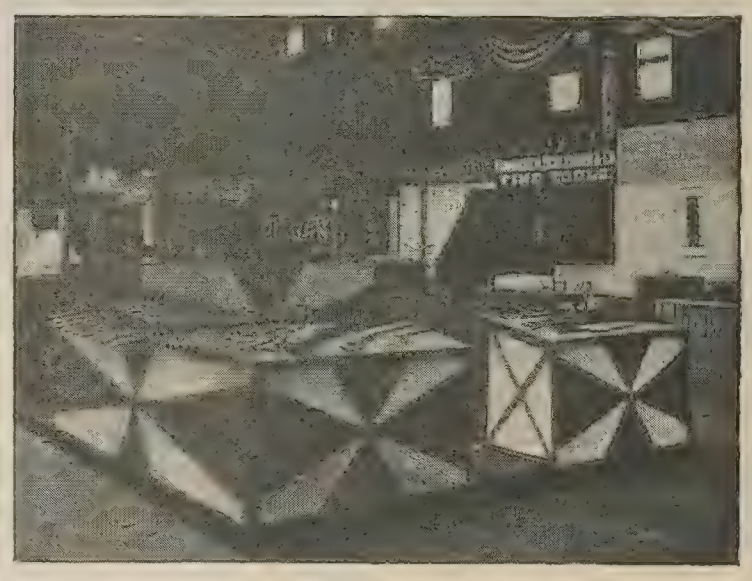
The Maine State Exhibit—Sumner L. Crosby.

Maine did herself credit as usual. Miss Crosby's contingent of guides were fully imbued with the idea of advertising the matchless game resources of their native State, which has become the Mecca in the East of all good sportsmen. Features of the exhibit were a log camp and a bough lean-to. With these the chief interest was shared by a fine exhibit of mounted game and game heads, the work of Maine's widely known taxidermist, Sumner L. Crosby. A unique background, effectively used for setting off the largest single grouping of heads in this exhibit, was made of balsam fir boughs, whose fresh green tint contrasted to the best possible advantage with the subdued color of the game.

A big buck from the Aroostook, mounted entire, was a forcible illustration of the size this game attains in Maine; also of the fact that the big buck does not always get away.

This old fellow had been raked the entire length of his back by a rifle ball. Mr. Crosby also had a large caribou, which was extremely well mounted, and a number of fish, including some very large trout. His big moose heads attracted a great deal of attention.

There were four of these and each had an enormous spread, the group averaging upward of 60in. These heads



STEVENS ARMS COMPANY. BAKER GUN COMPANY.

were also remarkable for the broad palmation of the antlers and number of points, as well as symmetry of proportions.

W. W. Hart & Company.

This exhibit occupies a great deal of room, and includes a number of ambitious pieces. We spoke last year in terms of high praise of the group of tigers, which still remains the most striking and probably the best group shown in this space. There is a cage which contains a tigress lying down, with a cub sitting up beside her. It is an excellent piece of work The roaring lion, and a group of two brown bears playing with two cubs, have been spoken of before. Both are good. While we have never seen a calling moose, we are disposed to give high praise to this figure. The anatomy of the body is well done, and judging this piece by what we have seen of whistling elk, the attitude is good. In this exhibit is a large musk ox head, and the great moose head which we measured some months ago and described in these columns. There is a good head of a calling mule deer, and an excellent bear's head. Two groups in this exhibit, each representing a panther fighting with a grizzly bear, attracted much attention, and many comments were heard about them.

The Baker Gun and Forging Company.

The Baker exhibit was found at space 91, in company with the exhibit of the Stevens Arms Company Mr. J. F. Carraher was in charge. Col. W. T. Mylcrane, secretary of the company, was also present at times during the week of the exhibition. Four lines of guns were shown, a hammer gun listing at $25, a hammerless with ordinary safety listing at $30, and a hammerless fitted with the special Baker block safety listing at $35, and lastly the "Paragon" pigeon gun, listing at $80. This latter gun had fluid steel barrels and was as handsome a gun as one could desire both in outline and also in point of checking and finish. Baker guns range in weight from 7 to 9¼lbs.

The block safety gun shown had exactly the same lock plate as that used in a hammer gun. In a sample gun it was



THOS. W. FRAINE.

cut away to show the working of the lock mechanism, which is remarkable for simplicity.

There are only four pieces to each lock: the main spring, sear spring, sear and hammer. The back safety is always in front of the hammer, except at moment the trigger is pressed, and effectually guards against premature discharge resulting from accidental or other causes. Of course these guns are provided with the ordinary safety in addition, but as the block safety works from the trigger the use of the gun is in no way complicated.

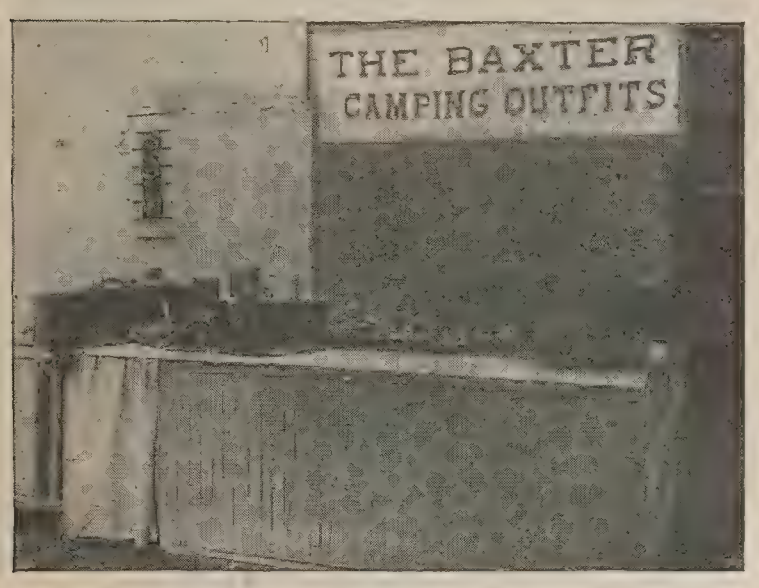
All Baker guns are bored for nitros, and all are targeted with nitros.

Thomas W. Fraine.

Mr. Fraine's exhibit is one of the smallest in the Garden, but what it lacks in quantity it makes up in quality, for it is

extremely choice. We spoke last year of the admirable work shown in this exhibit in the face modeling of the caribou, and this year Mr. Fraine shows four heads, representing three species, which call for high praise. One of these is a big mountain ram's head, turned, in which the profile of the face and the modeling of lips are excellent; a ewe, summer killed, is also very good, and shows a great deal of feminine character. A Virginia deer head, turned, also shows this sex character very admirably. A white goat's head, long and solemn looking, is a fine piece of work. Mr. Fraine, who we believe was the first man to depart from the stereotyped position of the mounted head and to turn the face a little to the right or left, has brought out a new idea in shields. The moose head referred to is mounted on what appears to be a slab of yellow rock, and a Virginia deer's head on an irregular rough shield of dull green, with pine boughs in dull gold overlying the green background. The fish shown here are excellently done. Trout of four kinds are shown, one a great rainbow trout sent on by the Flint & Pere Marquette R. R. Co., and caught near their line.

About the Maine cabin are a number of deer, moose and



W. E. BAXTER.

caribou heads, a mounted caribou, shown last year, and a number of other small pieces.

In the trophy room are a number of heads, none of them calling for special mention except a great white wolf's head, which from its label we may conjecture to have been brought back from the Barren Grounds by Mr. Caspar Whitney. Here too is a pair of extraordinarily abnormal elk horns.

Taxidermy.

The exhibits of taxidermy at this year's show present a number of features of interest. All over the Garden are to be seen the conventional deer, moose and elk heads used for decorative purposes, but it is to the displays shown by the various taxidermists that special attention has been called. There certainly has been a great advance in this art during the past few years, and while of course there remain in the trade not a few of the old-fashioned "stuffers," who in mounting an animal are satisfied if they turn out something that looks like a pillow on four sticks covered with the neatly smooth hide of the animal in question, there are others who really strive to follow nature and who model all the anatomy of the beast that they are mounting with a care which almost equals that taken by the sculptor. Indeed there is one taxidermist in this city—Mr. Storck—who, following out this idea, has produced at least one admirable figure in bronze. We had occasion last year to call attention to this artist's work as then shown in the admirable group of tigers in W. W. Hart's exhibit, and which he again exhibits this year.

Sculpture and taxidermy are arts closely akin. The one is carried a little further than the other, but only in that the actual covering of the bird or animal is laid over its perfectly modeled body. In both arts there is always the danger of depicting too much action, since violent action implies the completion of the act. Repose or very slow motion may therefore be much more successfully attempted than violent action, although the temptation to the ambitious artist is always strong to strive to carry out his conception of some



PARKER GUN COMPANY.

striking act, as a panther springing on a deer or wolves pulling down a buffalo.

Parker Brothers.

The gun exhibit of Parker Bros. is on the same space occupied by them at last year's exposition. This year, however, it is differently arranged, the guns being displayed on two diamond-shaped racks and a circular one which revolves. They rest nudely in their racks, beautiful works of art, fine workmanship and utility, enveloped only in the many glories that so strictly appertain to the old pioneer American gun. Being in plain view, with no obstruction to interpose, is much to their advantage, as the closer the inspection the more thoroughly is the observer impressed with the perfect fitting, the elegant engraving, rich material used in the construction, artistic designing, and their general excellence.

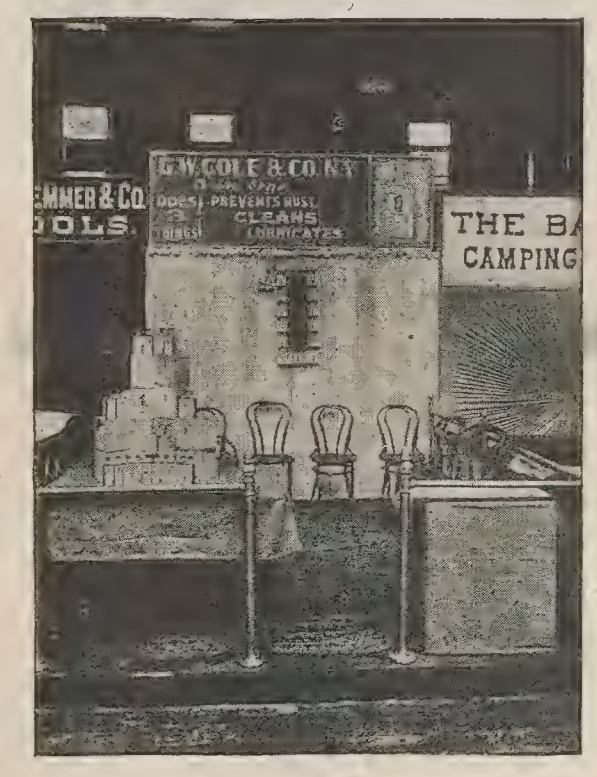
There are displayed in all eighty guns, ranging in price from $50 to $400. In gauges they are from 8 to 20, and in weight from 5¼ to 14lbs. The smaller bores are models of combined elegance and lightness, and withal they are practically useful far beyond common knowledge. These dainty, racy small-bores attract a great deal of attention, particularly from the ladies, who are yearly becoming more and more interested in outdoor sports. Every gun in every detail, even to the most trifling, whether concealed or not, is sharply and cleanly finished, each part fit-



SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES.

ting to its fellow with absolute precision. The barrels are in different kinds of material, durable, highly finished and pleasing in their artistic lines. The Whitworth fluid steel guns, which have so conspicuously won their way to the front on their merits in the past two years, are of course the *piece de resistance* They are superb weapons, being made of the very best material throughout, beautiful and artistic in design, and embellished with the highest skill of the engraver. In balance, workmanship, design and shooting capabilities they are all that the most fastidious shooter could wish for.

Capt. A. du Bray is looking after the exhibit, and is delighted to chat with his friends and with the endless stream of admirers of the Parker gun who constantly engage his



G. W. COLE & CO.

attention. His enthusiasm never wanes, and for his faith in the excellence of the Parker gun he is ever pleased to produce proof in the gun itself. No one can hear him "talk gun" without being a gainer.

Baxter Camping Outfits.

The above title is displayed over a space devoted to samples of different kinds of camp outfits of marvelous compactness and ingenious construction. The Convertible Table Kit Case, only 7in. in thickness and 11×30in. otherwise, carries an outfit for serving from one to twelve persons and cooking for them. The case, which has many of the appearances of a traveling case, is so cunningly devised that when



A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

opened and set up it forms a table with legs and braces complete. In the metal articles—stove, pans, covers, etc.—no solder is used. All the parts are stamped out whole with special dies. The stove is a wonder of collapsable legs, telescopic stove pipe; an oven for baking, the heat of which can be regulated as desired; a grate and an ashpan; and in it are packed nicely a whole array of utensils, a bread pan, dish pan, skillets, wire broilers, flesh fork, basting spoon, butcher knife, coffee boiler with detachable handle and spout, water bucket, soup kettle, salt, pepper and sugar boxes, six coffee or soup cups, and six each of spoons, dinner plates, knives and forks, and a tablespoon, cake turner, dipper cup, can opener and folding tripods for extra use in cooking.

Two movable gas burners are so designed that they can be used in the house with the outfit either for boiling or baking, thus economizing in time and fuel and giving the stove a broader utility in both home and camp life. All the parts are most thoroughly made.

For compactness, thorough workmanship and practical usefulness, these outfits are deserving the consideration of all who have an interest in outdoor life, or who desire a compactly useful outfit for the home. Dr. W. E. Baxter is in charge, and is pleased to display to all the practical usefulness of his outfits.

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

Confine themselves this year to a display of golf goods. Their exhibit occupies an advantageous position at the east end of



GAS ENGINE AND POWER COMPANY.

the center aisle, and is characterized by an extremely harmonious and pretty arrangement, reflecting credit on the good taste of Mr. J. W. Curtis, who is responsible for it.

The setting of the exhibit represents a putting green, while around the back and sides are shown clubs and irons, balls of imported and domestic manufacture, and caddy bags, as well as shoes and golf coats of striking pattern.

All of the clubs shown are of Spalding manufacture. The shafts are of the finest selected woods. The very best English and Scotch workmen are employed, and in many cases the English models have been improved upon.

"Linkers" or captive golf balls, devised for home training, were an interesting feature in the display. The golf ball is attached by a cord to a machine provided with a dial that records in feet the distance an untrammeled ball would be likely to travel as the result of a stroke.

The exhibit was in charge of Mr. C. S. Cox, but at the time of writing these notes Mr. H. S. Wells was more particularly in evidence.

G. W. Cole & Company.

Messrs. G. W. Cole & Company exhibited their well-known "3 in 1" compound at space 113, which was decorated with a color scheme in red, white and blue. Prominently displayed was a clever reproduction of their trade mark done in small bottles.

As most sportsmen know, "3 in 1" is invaluable for cleaning the residue of smokeless or black powders from guns.

It is the cleanest thing of the kind to handle, and in the case of guns only one application is necessary at the time of cleaning, as it is an effective rust preventive. In addition to cleaning and preventing rust, the compound is of value as a lubricant, and is especially useful for application to the mechanism of repeating rifles or the locks of shotguns.

"3 in 1" is used by the principal gun clubs, and the manufacturers have as yet to receive any reports that are not complimentary to their product. They have testimonials from upward of 300 gun clubs.



W. H. MULLINS.

During the show from 10,000 to 15,000 sample bottles will be given away. Sportsmen who are not so fortunate as to be present may secure samples by inclosing a stamp for postage to G. W. Cole & Co., 111 Broadway, New York.

Gas Engine and Power Company.

The two handsome and graceful boats shown by the Gas Engine and Power Co., of Morris Heights, N. Y., are the Diana, a 25ft. launch of 4 horse-power, and an 18ft. boat of 2 horse-power. They illustrate the degree of perfection attained in the construction of modern power launches and pleasure boats. Naphtha launches have become known the world over, and the models shown by the Gas Engine and Power Co. prove them to be well worthy of their broad reputation for beauty of lines and finish. There is also shown a triple expansion marine engine of the company's make.

Marlin Firearms Company.

The Marlin Firearms Co. occupies space No. 58, the same that they occupied last year, wherein they are receiving calls from a host of their friends. Their display is notable for both excellence of quality and good taste in the manner of exhibiting it. No attempt is made to exhibit a complete collection of their large line of guns, but there is enough variety of different calibers, styles and exquisite finish to delight the heart of the most fastidious rifleman. Among the seventy-five repeaters shown are many novelties and original patterns. The taste for artistic ornamentation, which this company has done so much to develop and foster, has reached such a stage that the company shows finer and more expensive work than ever before, and the larger part of the exhibit is a masterpiece of the artistic. The hand engraving is elaborately beautiful, and contains pictures of the large and fierce animals from the tiger and the elephant of the East to the



MARLIN FIREARMS COMPANY.

better known American specimens, the moose, caribou, elk, deer, etc.; and the little .22cals. bear engravings of the game for which they are used, the squirrel, grouse, rabbits, etc. The most expensive have the central figures and general outlines in inlaid work of gold, silver, platinum and aluminum, giving pleasing color and tone when contrasted with the dark polished steel or the rainbow hues of the case bordering. For those preferring the quieter style there are designs with embossed figures relieved with backgrounds of scroll work, leaf designs and beaded surfaces, offering a tempting variety, while the man with limited means sees much to admire and use in the neat line engraving, highly decorative, but inexpensive withal, and the sterling material and workmanship. Circassian walnut, brought from southern Europe; American walnut, with the beautiful feathery effects found in its stumps and crotches; bird's-eye maple with its delicate figures, and the sycamore with its snakeskin appearance are used in the woodwork.

These rifles are in all weights, lengths and sizes, the extreme of smallness being a well-tried take-down which has seen service in the Rocky Mountains in the hands of Mr W. A. Wright, well known as Mr. Carlin's guide. It is a .30 smokeless, 18in. barrel, holds four cartridges, and weighs a trifle over 6½lbs. It has the appearance of a large field glass when in its 19in. case, and, though thus appearing like a toy, Mr. Wright declares that it will kill grizzlies or moose as clean and quick as the larger rifles. For deer and smaller



NEW YORK YACHT, LAUNCH AND ENGINE COMPANY.

animals he has a similar barrel in .25 that he uses on the same stock and action. The exhibit also contains an assortment of their pocket revolvers, samples of the Marlin Rust Repeller, and a variety of rifle sights. Mr. Harry Marlin is in charge.

Schoverling, Daly & Gales.

Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales had a very complete exhibit of sporting and athletic goods, shown to good advantage in spaces 59 and 60, facing the center circle of the amphitheater. The exhibit was in charge of Mr. T. W. Stake.

Perhaps the feature of greatest interest was a case of Charles Daly guns, valued at $8,000, and said to be the most costly similar exhibit in the Garden. This case contained fifty guns, ranging in price from $100 to $400, a number of which were made especially for the Exposition.

Something new in the shape of a hammerless three-barrel Daly gun attracted a great deal of attention, both on account of its beauty of finish and also because it is the first three-barrel hammerless ever constructed. Guns of this type will be ready for the fall trade.

A very fine line of fishing rods of their own manufacture was also a noteworthy feature of this exhibit. These rods listed at prices ranging up to $40, and some of the dainty little split-bamboos ran as light as 2oz.

Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales are agents for the Horton Mfg. Co., and a full line of Bristol steel rods was shown. This included some very handsome rods with pearl handles and oxydized silver finish.

They are also agents for Wright & Ditson, and exhibited tennis goods bearing the trade mark of that well-known firm. A very complete assortment of golf clubs of their own manufacture was also shown. Mr. A. J. Green had charge of the fishing tackle department, and Mr. Dennis Singleton tennis and golf.

Martin Automatic Reel Company.

The Martin Automatic Reel Company, of Ilion, N. Y., exhibited their automatic reel at space 71. The exhibit was in charge of Mr. G. W. Warren. Mr. H. W. Martin, the inventor and patentee, was also present. Various styles of 25 and 50yd. reels, both plain and engraved, were shown. The finer reels were handsomely engraved and finished, and marked with monograms or special designs at the option of the purchaser.

From the time of its invention, six years ago, this reel has been in the hands of experts, and as a result of practical tests it has been improved till to-day it is perfect in detail—a good, strong, serviceable reel of remarkable merits. In it the automatic principle is carried further than heretofore, while the best features of the ordinary reel are also embodied It can be made free-running for casting, and has an adjustable brake which acts as a drag.

As an automatic reel the main spring can be wound or unwound without touching the line, thereby producing any tension desired on a long or short line. This is accomplished by turning the main spring drum, which is provided with a milled edge. The spring may also be wound by drawing out the line in the usual way. Catching or entangling the line is entirely obviated by an ingenious device of housing the line spool.

An entirely new and important feature in this reel is the friction clutch, which permits the line being drawn out after the main spring is wound up to its full tension, thus effectually guarding against the danger of breaking. This feature practically gives command of an endless spring, as the line can be drawn out to any length whatever, and afterward returned automatically up to the extent of the spring; after



COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS COMPANY.

which, if more line is to be taken up, the main spring may instantly be wound by a few turns of the drum.

The reel has received the highest recommendations from expert anglers, who have used it during the past two years. The parts are interchangeable, and each reel is fully guaranteed.

J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company.

The J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co. occupies a space with the Baker Gun and Forging Co., a little to one side of the center of the Garden. They display nearly a full line of their products—rifles in different calibers, weights, lengths, designs and purposes. There are take-down models for the convenience of the traveler and for convenience in having different caliber barrels adjusted to one stock. There are light bicycle rifles, delicately slender, yet thoroughly effective for practical use. There are detachable skeleton stocks so made as to require no room for packing them; others of rare wood were of most pleasing design and rich elegance of finish.

Among the lot are some Schuetzen rifles, elaborate of stock and butt plate, the heaviest rifle being about 14lbs. in weight, and having a record of placing ten shots within a 2½in. circle at 200yds. From that heavy weight are rifles of different weights down to 4½lbs., all, however, whether cheap or expensive, having in common the same quality of barrels, perfect rifling and accurate powers of shooting.

Another rifle is neatly fitted with telescopic sights. The smaller models of pocket rifles, in 10, 12, 16 and 18in. barrels, weighed only 2½lbs., and are in .22, .25 and .32cals. They are provided with light skeleton butts. The Favorite rifle, which retails for the small sum of $6, has the same quality of barrel and rifling as is furnished with their finest gun.

Gallery pistols of the Gould, Lord and Conlin models also are in the exhibit. One, a Gould model, is elegantly finished in gold and pearl, and exquisitely engraved. There are delicate, slender pistols, weighing but a few ounces, made for bicyclists and for target practice, and still smaller pistols of 3½in. barrels and 7oz. in weight.

The rifles are laid on inclined tables and make a most interesting display of the guns whose accuracy has a world-wide fame. All the details of shotgun and Schuetzen butt plates, palm rests, different kinds of sights, designs of stocks, styles of barrel, mechanism, etc., for target or field use, are in evidence. The exhibit is in charge of Mr. Charles Folsom, who has charge of the company's New York office at 89 Chambers street, New York.

Heublein & Bro.

Messrs. Heublein & Bro. show an assortment, in original packages, of creature comforts for home and woods consumption.

New York Yacht, Launch and Engine Company.

This exhibit comprises a 21ft. mahogany-finished launch, with 2 horse-power Wing marine gas engines; 16ft. mahogany-finished yacht, tender or rowboat; 4 horse-power Wing marine gas engine; 25 horse-power Otto marine gas engine; Foster reversing propeller wheel and three cases of outward thrust propeller wheels.

The Wing marine gas engine is an innovation for power in small boats; while combining all the features of other gas engines, it has several points for which superiority is claimed. Bearings and working parts are all outside, and can be gotten at readily. Working parts of electro sparking device are also outside of engine, and, not coming in contact with heated gases, last longer. In gas engines this part of the mechanism is the one to give trouble, but with the arrangement of the Wing any complication from this



INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION HEADQUARTERS.

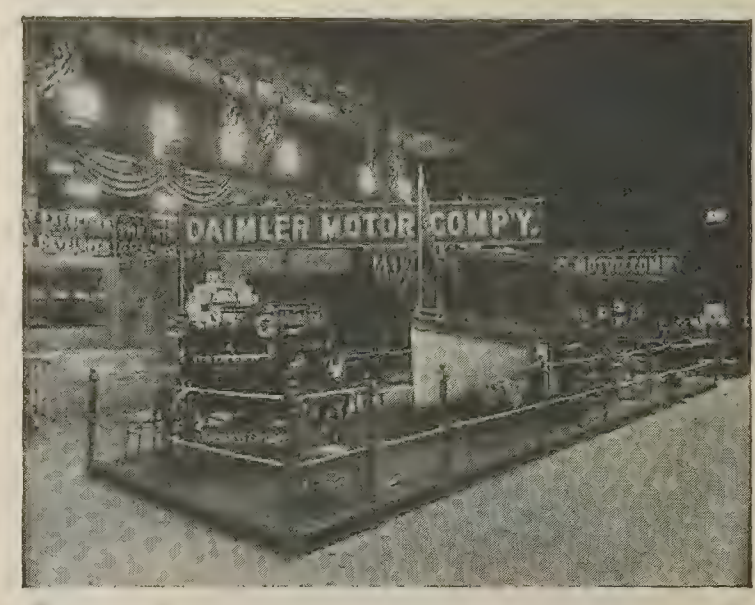
source is done away with. The impulse is taken on the upward stroke, thus avoiding the jar. There is no complicated noisy reversing gear, the Foster reversible screw being used. There is no odor from this engine. It is very small and compact, and gives great speed to a boat. With this engine the center of gravity can be very low down in the boat.

The Case propeller wheels, here shown, have never failed to show greater speed on the steamers to which they were fitted than any propellers ever before tried. The Case wheel throws all theories to the winds, says that the rearward thrust is mechanically and scientifically unwise, in that it is not against solid, but against receding water, whereas with the outward thrust the resistance is always against solid water, and the cant of his propellers toward the hull instead of from it, or forward instead of abaft a perpendicular line, is so radical, and yet so successful, that the experts are completely nonplussed.

The Daimler Motor Company.

The commanding feature of the exhibit of the Daimler Motor Co., of Steinway, N. Y., is the launch Maud, which in model, workmanship and machinery is in all respects a beauty. The boat is 33ft. in length, 8ft. beam and of 2½ft. draft. The propelling machinery is a 7 horse-power Daimler motor, burning gasoline, and giving a speed of nine knots an hour.

There are also shown Daimler stationary kerosene



DAIMLER MOTOR COMPANY.

motors and a horseless carriage, after the model of those which were in the recent French horseless carriage competition.

The Daimler motor for marine purposes has been proven not only to develop great steady power and speed, but also to be a safe, clean and economical medium for boat-propulsion. It has no boiler or coil, does not carry high pressure, and therefore is not subject to Government inspection, nor does it require a licensed engineer or pilot. Anybody, after a few hours' instruction, is able to operate it, as it requires very little attention, and its simplicity of construction enables everybody of ordinary intelligence to be his own engineer.

Mullins's Boats.

The showing made by W. H. Mullins, of Salem, O., comprises a line of his patented stamped and embossed metal "get there" safety duck boats, "double-ender" pleasure rowboats and yacht tenders. There is a yacht tender of aluminum 11ft. long, 46in. beam and weighing 80lbs. The same boat is made in manganese bronze, weight 145lbs., and in galvanized steel, same weight. All of the Mullins boats are made each in the three metals, the manufacturer recommending the aluminum craft for inland waters, and the manganese bronze for salt water; this bronze is the same metal that was employed for sheathing the Defender up to the waterline.

The Mullins boat which gets the most notice and awakens the keenest interest is a "get there" ducking boat, equipped with one of Frank Lawrence's grass boat blinds. This is a



FOREST AND STREAM'S EXHIBIT.

combination calculated to put one within shot of the wariest and wisest of wildfowl. Of Mr. Frank Lawrence himself, who is in charge, it needs not be said that as a grass-suit duck hunter he has had such experience that at this particular time duckdom is rejoicing that he is chained to business in the Garden as an expositor of the merits of the Mullins craft.

"Forest and Stream."

The FOREST AND STREAM occupies space No. 73, near the center of the Garden. Its exhibit this year is confined very closely to the journal itself. The space is arranged as an office, in which the series of bound volumes for the twenty-four years occupies the central place. Among the



MARTIN AUTOMATIC REEL COMPANY.

pictures shown is a striking water-color painting of Michigan grayling by Mr. R. Porteous. There are two original drawings by W. Townsend, in his happy vein of picturing wildfowl, entitled "Here They Come" and "There They Go." Mr. Townsend found his suggestion for these in one of the bright sayings of a FOREST AND STREAM writer that it takes two to shoot ducks, one to say "Here they come" and the other "There they go." The series of extremely interesting wild game pictures shown is the work of Mr. E. Hofer in the National Park. The animals photographed comprise buffalo, deer, elk and antelope, and the series as a whole is deserving of careful study. The diploma received by the FOREST AND STREAM at the World's Fair is shown. The south side of the space is devoted to the use of the American Model Y. C., who make a most interesting display of models and winning boats, a detailed description of which will be given in our yachting columns next week.

There were also shown bright and early Wednesday morning copies of the FOREST AND STREAM with these thirty-one half-tone illustrations of the show.

Colt's Patent Firearms Company.

The exhibit of the Colt's Patent Firearms Co. this year is substantially that of previous years. Mr. C. E. Willard, of course, is the presiding genius. The cases contain a full and handsome assortment of Colt's revolvers from that historic and always interesting relic, the original arm of 1836, up to the police model made for the New York force in 1896. The rifle display shows a number of handsome models, among which the white stocks, Mr. Willard tells us, are particularly favored by the fair visitors.

Tatham & Bros.

Messrs. Tatham & Bros., of Beekman street, New York, show a complete assortment of their well-known patent finish drop shot and chilled shot. The chilled shot is specially adapted for use with nitro powders, as its superior hardness enables it to retain its spherical form, and insures greater penetration.

Le Roy Shot and Lead Works.

The Le Roy Shot and Lead Works displayed shot of their manufacture to good advantage on the sides of a pyramidal structure erected within a gold and ebony pagoda at space 56. Sixty sizes of drop, buck and chilled shot were shown, ranging from balls weighing over 1oz. apiece down to microscopic dust shot counting from 3,000 to 5,000 to the ounce.

The exhibit was in charge of Manager O. D Delano, assisted by Assistant Manager R. Sheldrick.

The Interstate Association.

THE Interstate Association is in the Garden for business, like the rest of the exhibitors. It has, however, nothing to exhibit except perhaps its manager, Elmer E Shaner, who sits at the desk and receives entries for the Grand American Handicap.

Our illustration shows the space the Association occupies when tenanted by Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, president of the Association; and Messrs. A. W. du Bray, Elmer Shaner and U. M. C. Thomas.

Fly-Casting at the Exposition.

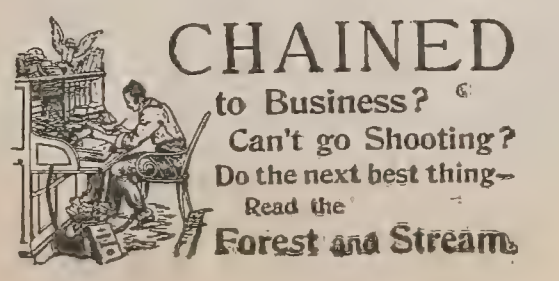
Fly-casting was begun on Monday and will continue through the week. The programme for the contests is:

Wednesday, at 3 P. M.—Bass fly-casting contest for distance only, open to those who have never made a record of over 70ft. in any contest. At 8:30 P. M.—Bass fly-casting contest for dis'ance only, open to all.

Thursday, at 3 P. M.—Single-handed trout fly-casting contest for accuracy only, open to all, distances 50and 65ft. At 8:30 P. M.—Switch casting contest for distance, open to all.

Friday, at 3 P. M.—Obstacle casting for distance, open to all. At 8:30 P. M.—Obstacle fly-casting contest for accuracy and delicacy, open to all. Casts will be made under bushes.

Saturday, at 3 P. M.—Single-handed long-distance trout fly-casting contest, open to all. At 8:30 P. M.—Single-handed long-distance trout fly-casting contest, open to all. Rods not to exceed 11ft. 6in. in length.



The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 24-27.—PITTSBURG.—Duquesne Kennel Club.
March 17-20.—LOUISVILLE.—Kentucky Kennel Club.
March 30-April 2.—BALTIMORE.—Baltimore Kennel Association.
March 30-April 2.—KANSAS CITY.—Kansas City Kennel Club.
March 31-April 3.—SAN JOSÈ.—Santa Clara County Poultry and Kennel Club.
April 7-10.—STOCKTON.—Stockton Kennel Club.
April 14-17.—LOS ANGELES.—Southern California Kennel Club.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.

THE CHICAGO BENCH SHOW.

THE eighth annual bench show of the Mascoutah Kennel Club was held in Battery D, on March 9 to 12. There were 904 entries catalogued, though there was an unusually large percentage of absentees.

The judges and their classes were as follows:

St. Bernards, mastiffs, bloodhounds, Newfoundlands, greyhounds, deerhounds, Russian wolfhounds, poodles, Boston terriers, dachshunde, Dalmatians, whippets, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous, Mr. H. W. Lacy; pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, foxhounds, Chesapeake Bay dogs and beagles, Major J. M. Taylor; collies and Old English sheep dogs, Mr. Henry Jarrett; Great Danes, Dr. Nicolai; fox, bull, Black and Tan, Irish, Scottish, Skye, Bedlington, Dandie Dinmont, Yorkshire and toy terriers, and French bull dogs, Mr. T. S. Bellin; bull dogs, Mr. E. A. Woodward; pugs, Mr. A. E. Pitts; cocker, Clumber, field, Irish water, Blenheim, King Charles, Prince Charles and ruby and Japanese spaniels, Mr. E. M. Oldham.

There was a good attendance, which was noticeably fashionable.

The sporting classes had the following

AWARDS.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—NOVICE—1st and 2d, Walker & Hagan's Flash and Joe Blackburn.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Walker & Hagan's Joe Blackburn and Raleigh. *Bitches:* 1st, Walker & Hagan's Flash.—CHALLENGE—1st, Walker & Hagan's Big Strive.—LOCAL—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Krueger's Loud.

POINTERS.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, H. F. Gillette's Blucher; 2d, T. Donoghue's Dan Kent *Bitches:* 1st, G. J. Gould's Furlough Maud; 2d, T. Donoghue's May Kent. Res., H. F. Gillette's Flora.—NOVICE—1st, Electric City Kennels' Lad of Bang; 2d, G. J. Gould's Furlough Bloom. Res., F. G. McArthur's Ightfield Blossom.—OPEN—*Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st, G. J. Gould's Furlough Mike; 2d, C. Heath's Heath's Roswell; 3d, Electric City Kennels' Lad of Bang. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st and 2d, George J. Gould's Ightfield Diana and Furlough Bloom; 3d, Fred. J. McArthur's Ightfield Blossom. Res., Monocacy Valley Kennels' Queen of Monocacy. *Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, T. G. Davey's Brighton Joe; 2d, Monocacy Valley Kennels' Springside Faust; 3d, A. Burlingame's Straightaway. Res., G. J Gould's Furlough Bang. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, G W. Lovell's Cyrene; 2d, W. H. Vittum's Nellie Croxteth II.; 3d, G. J. Gould's Furlough Maud. Res., T. G. Davey's Brighton Lucy.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs* (Heavy-weight): 1st, Glenrock Kennels' Molton Banner.—(Light-weight): 1st, G. J. Gould's Ridgeview Comet. *Bitches* (Heavy weight): 1st, G. J. Gould's Josie Bracket.—(Light-weight): 1st, G. J. Gould's Lady Gay Spanker.—LOCAL—*Dogs:* 1st, H. B. Morgan's and C. A. Carlisle's Izzer Ranger. *Bitches:* 1st, C. C. Hess's Bessie Ranger; 2d, R. F. Van Dorn's Flirt Ranger.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss F. Grey's Trouble; 2d, J. T. Williams's Noble Litt, Jr. Res., Mosiman Bros.'s Duke of Chicago. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. E J. Westcott's Lady Lucifer; 2d, Mosiman Bros.'s Queen of Chicago. Res., C. C. Daly's Queenie.—NOVICE—1st and 2d, W. B. Wells's Selkirk Iris and Selkirk Atilla. Res., Claremont Kennels' Paul Bo, Jr.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. B. Wells's Selkirk Dan; 2d, P. T. Madison's Rodfield; 3d, E. A. Burdett's Cincinnatus Pride. Res., W. B. Wells's Selkirk Atilla. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, W. B. Wells's Luna, Selkirk Iris and Selkirk Lit. Res., Claremont Kennels's Sousie.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Real English Kennels' Cactus.—LOCAL—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss F. Grey's Trouble; 2d, L H. Worst's King Rea. Res., Dr. A. W. Cooper's Roos II. *Bitches:* 1st, E. A. Burdett's Abbotsford Marion; 2d, D. C. Coleman's Queen Mark.

IRISH SETTERS.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. D. Blackburn's Chicago Grouse; 2d, Dr. T. L. Fenn's King Red. Res., J. R. Mullaly's Mardo, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Eakin's Blanche Finmore; 2d, F. S. Thomas's Bessie Thasmo.—OPEN *Dogs:* 1st, S. Colson's St. Elmo; 2d, R. F. Straine's Prince Elcho; 3d, A. Carmichael's Lord Elcho, Jr. Res., G. A. Le Bean's Pat G. *Bitches:* 1st, W. L Washington's Belle of Kildare; 2d, J. M. Bullock's Lady Rockwood; 3d, Claremont Kennels' Sally Gold. Res., W. H. Eakin's Blanche Finmore.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Claremont Kennels' Chief Red Cloud. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Eakin's Bessie Finmore.—LOCAL—*Dogs:* 1st, J. J. Hennessy's Prince Elcho, Jr.; 2d, C. B. McKibbin's Bones *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. T. L. Fenn's Fanchette; 2d, J. S. Wall's Belle of Orange.

GORDON SETTERS.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. O. Lindley's Maximo Gomez; 2d, J J. Budlong's Tom View. Res., Highland Kennels' Kent Junior. *Bitches:* 1st, W. O Lindley's Anita Requena; 2d, Highland Kennels' Lady M. Res., L. P. Higgins's Maggie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Grouse; 2d and 3d, Highland Kennels' Louis S. and Highland Boy. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Highland Kennels' Fly M. and Highland Beulah; 3d, J R. Oughton's Dwight Sarah. Res., J. Redfield's Mabel R.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad. *Bitches:* 1st, Highland Kennels' Highland Yola.—LOCAL—*Dogs:* 1st, W. O. Lindley's Maximo Gomez. *Bitches:* 1st, W. O. Lindley's Anita Requena.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—1st, H. McAllister's Bret; 2d, E. R. Pike's Beverly Jack.

BEAGLES.—*Puppies:* 1st, J. Lewis's Thornwood; 2d, Venlo Farm Kennels' Sova.—OPEN—*Dogs* (over 13in.): 1st, J. Lewis's Ringwood; 2d, J. L. Alabaster's Tony W. *Bitches* (over 13in.): 1st, Venlo Farm Kennels's Sova; 2d, Glenwood Beagle Kennels' Lady Glenwood; 3d, L. Steffen's Wild Rose. *Dogs* (13in. and under): 1st, J. Lewis's Thornwood; 2d, Weeks & Turner's Roving Mike. *Bitches* (13in. and under): 1st, Waldingfield Beagles' Marjory; 2d and 3d, G. D. Weldon's June Clover and June Leader.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Lewis's Ringleader. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Lewis's Lonely; 2d, Guy D. Welton's Kitty Clover.

SPANIELS—FIELD.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. S. J. Bradbury's Drayton Warwick.—OPEN—*Dogs* (Black): 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Bishop. *Bitches* (Black): 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Myrtle. COCKERS—OPEN—*Dogs* (Black): 1st and 2d, C. Douglas's Premier and Havoc; 3d, C. G. King's Governor. Res., Western Japanning Co. Kennels' Sound Money. *Bitches* (Black): 1st, Brookside Kennels' Woodland Belle; 2d and 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Susanne and Lady Betty. Res., E. Glassco's Lady Pearl.—RED OR LIVER—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Raven R.; 2d, Brookside Kennels' Brookside King; 3d, G. Bell, Jr.'s, Red Coat. Res., W. F. Carson's Barneys. *Bitches:* 1st, G. Douglas's Silk Gown; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Hope; 3d and res., G. Douglas's Rosabelle and Edgewood Hebe.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, A. MacAuley's Major. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, W. T. Payne's Belle and Tansy; 3d, Brookside Kennels' Woodland Trilby.—CHALLENGE—BLACK OR LIVER—*Dogs:* 1st, J. H. Herbertson's Pickpania; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Middy. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Dart and Gabrielle.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Goldie S.; 2d, Joe Kennedy's Hamilton Jack. *Bitches:* 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Gaiety Girl; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Ruth S.—LOCAL—*Dogs:* 1st, F. H. Sturdy's Red Mindo. *Bitches:* 1st, F. H. Sturdy's Trilby; 2d, Western Japanning Co Kennels' Bonnie Buff.

Central Beagle Club.

SHARPSBURG, Pa., March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Central Beagle Club will hold its quarterly meeting in the Exposition Building on March 25, at 8 P. M., in the office of W. E. Littell. It is hoped that all the members will attend. The judges are to be elected for the coming field trials, and other important matters will be presented to the club for action.

L. O. SEIDEL, Sec'y.

The Late Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale.

Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, of Cloverly, near Whitechurch, England, died suddenly on Feb. 24. He was conspicuous in canine matters in England and elsewhere, field trials in particular gaining his stanch support. Twice he sent a string of setters and pointers to this country to compete in the field trials.

The *Field* (London) has the following to say of this late eminent sportsman:

"By the sudden death of Mr. Arthur Pemberton Heywood-Lonsdale hunting, shooting, and the amusements of country life generally have lost a consistent and liberal supporter. The deceased gentleman, who was born in 1835, early in life manifested a decided liking for athletic exercises and field sports, and when he went to Eton soon joined the 'Wet-bob' division, and, being exceptionally powerful, was selected as a candidate for the Eton eight at a rather earlier age than usual.

"Late in the 70s Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale succeeded to the Cloverley estate. A former Lord Kilmorey, who hated the sight of a hound, had, at enormous cost, surrounded Shavington Park with a high wall to keep out hounds and foxes. Scarcely had the wall been built than it occurred to Lord Kilmorey that he had been guilty of a rather foolish and slightly unsportsmanlike act, so he proposed to demolish his wall; but this the trustees would not allow. By the irony of fate the place passed into the hands of an M.F.H. The Shropshire Hunt has experienced several ups and downs. In fact, the Shropshire country has been divided and subdivided again and again. Formerly there were two packs, the North and South Shropshire, but the country was eventually united, and at a somewhat critical period in the hunt's history Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale agreed to become the late Lord Hill's successor, and he gladdened all hearts by announcing that he would hunt the north country at his own expense. In what had been the south country foxes had in many places led a somewhat precarious existence, but subsequently Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale, in the most gracious manner possible, offered to bear the cost of hunting the south country by Shrewsbury, if the covert owners would undertake to preserve foxes. In Col. Cotes and the late Mr. Bibby fox hunting had always found good friends, but in some parts foxes were not as plentiful as might have been wished. Still the deceased gentleman bore the whole cost, carrying on the hunt in the most liberal manner. Until the time of his death Alfred Thatcher was huntsman, and though toward the close of his career he was not a particularly bold rider, yet in kennel he was absolutely first-rate, and perhaps no pack in England were keener drawers than the Shropshire. The men were capitally mounted, it need not be said; and, in every particular, the hunt was, thanks to the master's liberality, carried on in first-rate style. As a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, it has been determined that the hounds shall not hunt again this season."

Continental Field Trial Club.

THE annual meeting of the Continental Field Trial Club was held in Chicago in the week of the Chicago show. The President, Major J. M. Taylor, in the chair. A quorum was present. The minutes of the previous meeting were dispensed with. Fifteen names were presented and admitted to membership. A committee was appointed to print the by-laws.

The club will hold trials on chickens in the Northwest. Location, date and judges to be announced soon.

Trials on quail will be held in Mississippi—most probably at New Albany—in January, 1898, following the trials held by the United States Field Trials Club at West Point. The judges appointed for the quail trials are Messrs. N. Wallace, E. H. Osthaus and W. S. Bell.

The resignation of P. T. Madison was accepted.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Major J. M. Taylor, President; W. S. Bell, Secretary-Treasurer. Directors: George Ewing, H. K. Deveraux, T. G. Davey, E. A. Burdette, C. A. Draper, R. H. Merrill, F. H. Perry and R. V. Fox.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The Baltimore Kennel Association, energetically up to date, has provided new classes for poodles: one for challenge bitches, one for novice dogs and bitches, and another for champion dogs and bitches. A challenge class has been provided for Boston terriers, challenge dogs and bitches, and another for novice dogs and bitches. For dachshunde, a class for challenge dogs and bitches has been added. A class has been added for American-bred Irish terriers, dogs and bitches. Numerous club trophies and specials have been added to the special prize list. The secretary reports that entries are coming in lively and that the club's prospects are very good.

Entry blanks for the Futurity Stakes (1898) of the National Beagle Club of America can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. George W. Rogers, 208 West Eighty-eighth street, New York.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

A BICYCLE RECONNOISSANCE.

AS A test of the practical utility of the bicycle for fast service over rough roads, the reconnoissance from Fort Omaha, made by Lieut. W. R. Abercrombie, of the regular army, last June, is of interest to all wheelmen. The following particulars are taken from the official report as published in the current issue of the *Army and Navy Journal:*

The route selected was from Omaha, Neb., to Chicago and return, a distance of 1,142 miles; and the reconnoissance was made in obedience to a special order from Col. J. C. Bates, post commander at Fort Omaha.

Lieut. Abercrombie selected as companions Serg. Geo. M. Schofield and Corp. Gustav Lindquist. These men were chosen as possessing pluck and endurance, though neither of them was a skilled wheelman, the ride being intended in a measure to test the possibilities of green men.

The three men went into training five weeks before the start, drilling every morning and riding every afternoon. They covered from twenty-five to seventy miles daily over a broken country and carrying full equipment. After each ride they were rubbed down with a mixture of equal parts alcohol and witch hazel, and the lieutenant took especial pains to see that their stomachs were kept in good condition, concerning which he remarks: "A man can ride with a disabled hand or foot, but when his stomach goes back on him his services are valueless as a courier."

By June 1 the party were in excellent condition. The method for carrying equipment and rations included the use of a canvas carrying case to fit into the diamond frame, and a wire frame attached to the handle bars on which to secure an extra coat or any other small, light parcel. The weight of the packed bicycles averaged 50lbs., which included blanket, half shelter tent, one change of underclothing, one revolver and rations, as well as one spare chain, two pedals, two tires, two tubes of cement, and a few bolts, distributed equally.

From May 20 to June 7 it rained nearly every day, so that when the time came for the start the roads were in the worst possible condition. Bridges were down and travel by ordinary methods was at a standstill. Nevertheless the first day out the reconnoissance party covered eighty-six miles. They left Fort Omaha on June 10 at 5:30 A.M. On reaching the valley of the Missouri they found the lowlands a vast lake of mud. Ordinarily a beautiful garden spot, the heavy spring rains had completely covered the young corn and grass with a layer of wash from the surrounding terrain. The distance across the valley is about nine miles. In describing the situation Lieut. Abercrombie says: "On inquiry we learned that there had been no travel across the bottom for two weeks, as some of the bridges were washed out; the mud was more than belly deep for horses, and there was no bottom for wagons. But on pushing forward we found the crust formed on the mud would hold up our broad pneumatic tires, with the exception of two places, where we cut brush and walked over in mud and water up to our knees."

Further along on their route they found three bridges gone in a short distance. With the aid of some farmers they felled trees and thus succeeded in crossing. For ten miles they encountered broken trees, which had been blown down on the road a few days before their arrival. In summing up for the day, the lieutenant says it would have been impossible for a horseman to have gone over the route which they traversed on their bicycles.

The following day rain interfered with their progress to such an extent that after riding forty-five miles on the road they were obliged to take to the railroad track. "This was a new experience to me," says the lieutenant; "I did not believe the machine would stand the constant shock of bouncing from one tie to the other, and when a trestle presented itself a new complication to dismount and walk meant to lose time, and to cool off and stiffen up. So these were ridden, although the vibration of the handle bars at times where the ties were a little more than the regulation distance apart was terrific. It was remarked by each member of the party that, had their opinion been asked as to whether a machine could be ridden loaded over such a road, they would have said positively no; and as I look back now upon the ride I can scarcely realize that such a delicate-looking machine as a bicycle could withstand such rough usage. But as there was but one route left open for us, we took it, and averaged over nine miles an hour."

Their last day's run was made on the 15th, from Clarence, Iowa, to Dixon, Ill., a distance of ninety-nine miles. As showing the stuff these riders were made of, it is worth noting that the last fourteen miles of this run were made in sixty-five minutes over hilly roads, and that the men finished in good condition.

On June 17 the reconnoissance party arrived at Major-Gen. W. Merritt's headquarters in Chicago at 11 o'clock A.M., having traveled a total of 588½ miles over rough and muddy roads in seven days, an average mileage of eighty-four per day. On the return trip the riders found the roads in better condition, and were able to cover ninety-three miles per day. The daily average for the entire journey of 1,142 miles was eighty-eight miles.

To appreciate this record it must be borne in mind that it was made with machines weighing 50lbs. apiece. The best previous time from Chicago to Omaha is given by the lieutenant as an average of fifty-eight miles per day.

"On arrival in Chicago, I found that the constant jar over the rough roads had about used up my forearms; and as we had made the trip in twenty hours less than the professional record, and in three days less time than it was expected, I rested until the 20th inst."

The lieutenant is of the opinion that there are only two conditions where a bicycle is valueless as a means of transportation to a trained rider, namely, in sand devoid of any vegetation, and in soft, unpacked snow. He advises that in packing the load be carried as near the ground as practicable, and recommends for a cooking outfit the aluminum field kit designed by Lieut. Preston, of the Ninth cavalry.

Finally he says that, as a result of four years' experience, he is satisfied that he can pick out a detachment of fifty men from the Second U. S. Infantry that can ride 1,000 miles in ten days over ordinary country roads, if properly trained and provided with proper rations, wheels and equipment.

Compare this with the average limit of endurance of seasoned cavalry, which is given as twenty-five miles per day (Upton's Cavalry Tactics, page 477), and it will be seen that the bicycle has given man an immense advantage for covering ground, which will prove of vital importance in case of war.

WHEELING NOTES.

The ability to ride a bicycle has a commercial valuation nowadays if it is coupled with the proprietorship of a wheel. The sign "Wanted, boys with bicycles" is not uncommon in New York.

Mayor Strong, Colonel Waring and General Collis, of the Public Works Department, have all agreed to do what they can to remedy the evil of the present method of sprinkling New York's streets. Magistrate Simms, the spokesman of a committee from the associated cycling clubs, which waited upon these officials, put the matter rather forcibly when he said that the streets having asphalt pavement were flooded morning, noon and night during the summer, with no discrimination or common sense, and kept continually in a slimy, slippery condition dangerous to the life and limb of all bicycle riders. It is perfectly possible to have an asphalt street in ridable condition without the dust flying, and equally feasible to leave a narrow strip unwatered for the benefit of wheelmen.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

FIXTURES.

MAY.

31. Harlem.

JUNE.

5. Knickerbocker.
12. Douglaston.
19. Larchmont, spring regatta.
26. Seawanhaka-Corinthian.
28. Stamford, special.
29. Indian Harbor, special.
30. Corinthian Fleet, special.

JULY.

1. Horseshoe Harbor, special.
2. Sea Cliff, special.
3. New Rochelle, annual.
4. Larchmont, annual.
6. American, annual.
10. Riverside.
17-24. Larchmont, race week.
28. Stamford
31. Sea Cliff.

AUGUST.

7. Indian Harbor.
14. Hempstead Harbor.
21. Horseshoe Harbor.
28. Huntington.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Huguenot.
4. Larchmont, special.
6. Larchmont, fall regatta.
11. Larchmont, special.

Supplement to "Small Yachts."

THE six years that have elapsed since the last revision of "Small Yachts" by its author, the late C. P. Kunhardt, have wrought wonderful changes in yachting the world over. While the broad principles so clearly set forth by Mr. Kunhardt in the work which has proved by sad chance his only monument remain unchanged, their application under different influences and conditions has produced an entirely new fleet of yachts in all classes, small and large. As a fitting supplement to the original work, the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. has issued a new volume, uniform in size of pages and plates, and containing some 200 pages; the work of Mr. W. P. Stephens, the present Yachting Editor of the FOREST AND STREAM.

The new book contains the complete working drawings of some thirty-five yachts and sailing boats, from the modern 46-footer down to the sailing dinghy; all types, keel, fin-keel, semi-fin and centerboard, being represented.

In answer to the general demand for complete, accurate and specific technical information which is constantly made by yachtsmen, the plans have been made as complete as possible, so as to serve for working drawings even for the young amateur. The dimensions, elements, etc., are given in full, and whenever possible the history of the yacht, with her performance, alterations, etc., is also given.

Especial attention has been paid to all details of construction, the tables of scantling and the descriptions of methods of working being lengthy and elaborate, as a guide to those who desire to build their own craft.

Some of the more important modern types which are treated in detail are the knockabout, the small racer and cruiser of the Scarecrow and La Gloria type, designed by Mr. Stephens, both fin-keel and centerboard; the skipjack, the single-hander cruisers, several of Mr. Wicksteed's best designs being given, and the Cape Cod catboat in different stages of development. The original "Scarecrow" rig is also described in detail.

The book is prefaced by a very complete summary of the measurement rules now in use in this country and Great Britain, including the new linear rating rule, with directions for measuring both sails and waterline, and for marking the latter.

The governing idea throughout the work has been to make a complete and thoroughly practical guide for amateurs or for builders unfamiliar with modern models and methods; and from the large number of examples presented in its pages one can build almost any type of small craft that may be desired.

The Skipjack up to Date.

(Republished by request.)

THE modern *fin de siècle* flyer, such as so many sailormen now covet, is a most expensive luxury, in even the smallest sizes expressed by a fraction of a rating, and quite beyond the means of the average boat sailor. The little craft here illustrated has the merits of cheapness, easy construction, well within the powers of the amateur builder, and of fair speed and good performance; added to which she has a sheer plan that might easily be mistaken for something much more elaborate and expensive, and an up-to-date appearance that will commend her to many. She was designed and built by Mr. W. F. Nason, of Georgetown, Mass., who writes us as follows:

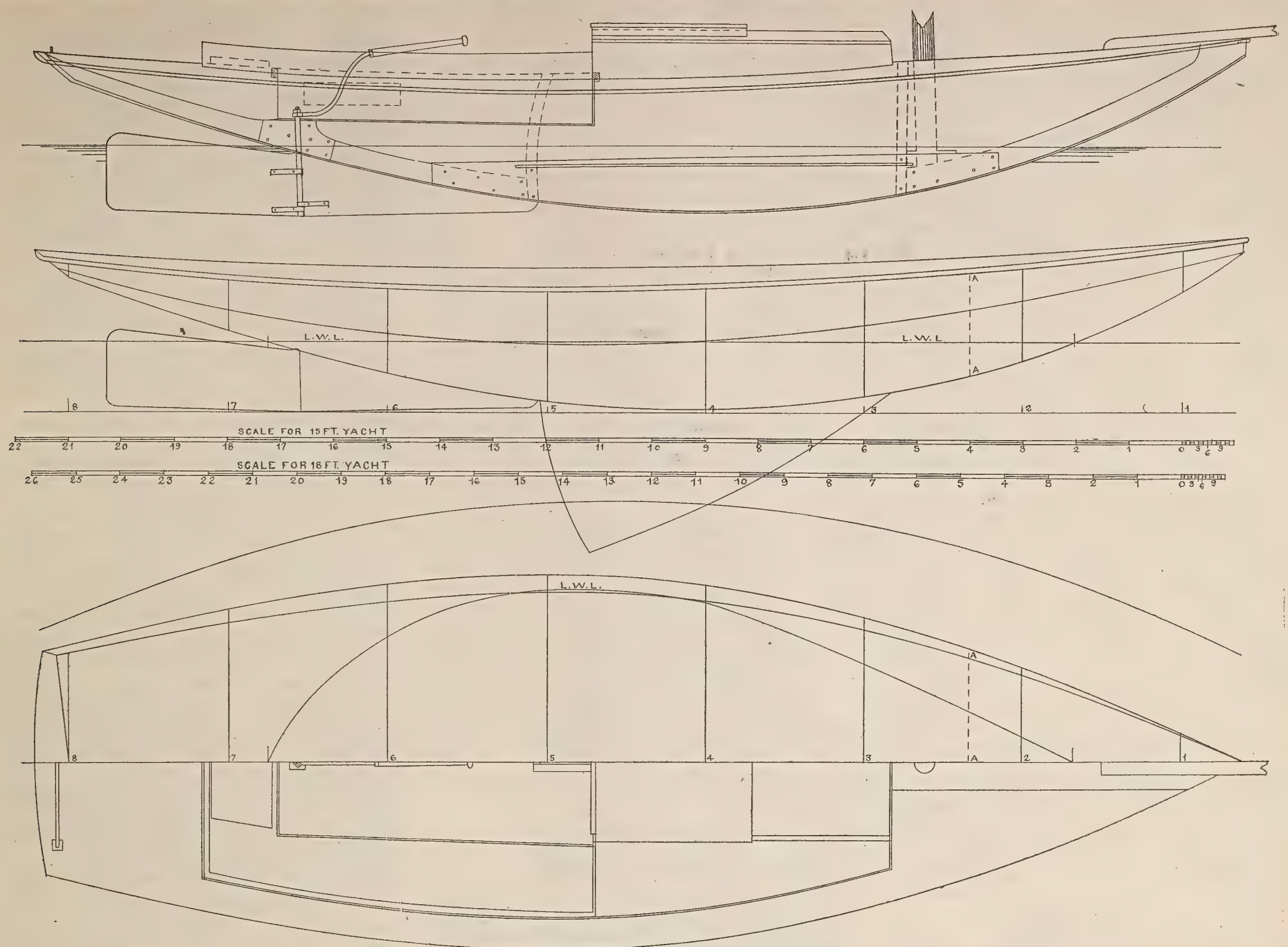
Editor Forest and Stream:

The inclosed plans show the Myra, a 15ft. cruiser, built by my brother and myself in the summer of 1893; her performance has been so satisfactory, and the construction is so simple and inexpensive, that a description may interest some of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. I have been a reader of your paper since 1883, and the many designs which have appeared in it have been a source of pleasure and information to me. "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs" taught me to build my first round-bottomed boat, and since then I have built several others, all of which have turned out well. The 15ft. Wizard, in particular, is a fast boat, winning the second class championship of the American Y. C., of Newburyport, for two seasons, and being first in her class in the Gloucester open regatta for two seasons.

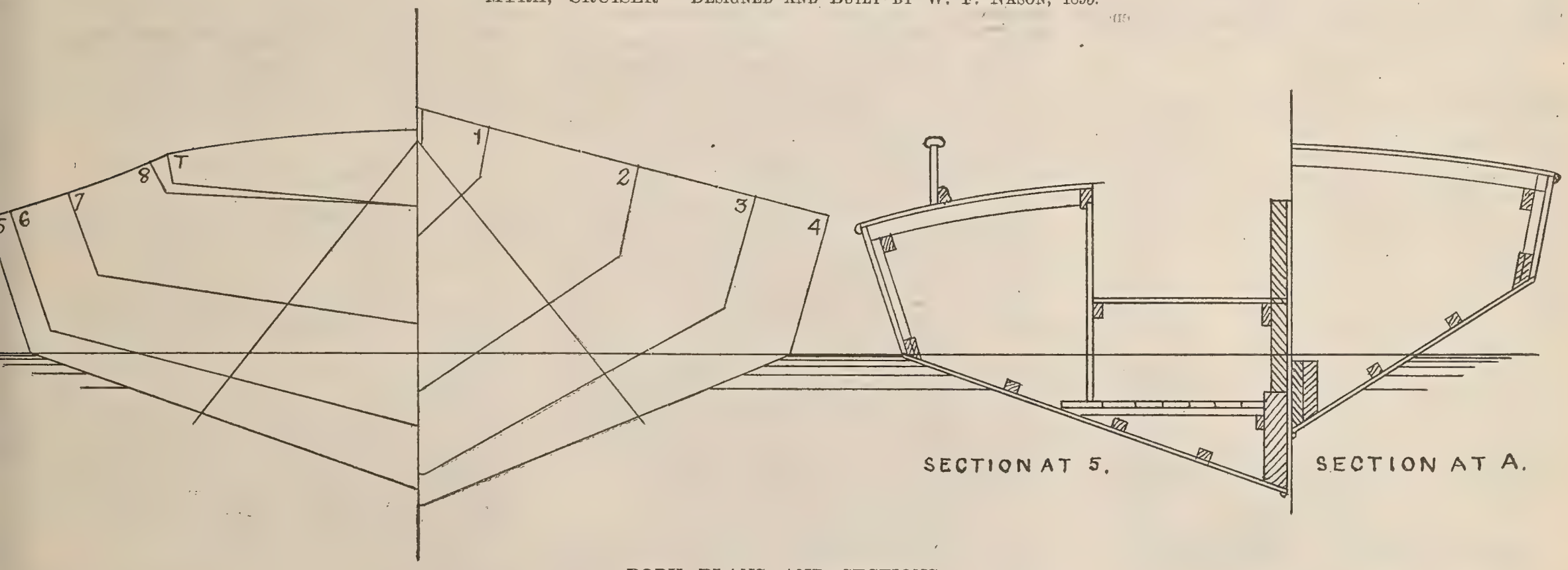
Myra was not built for racing, but is faster than most of the working boats about Newburyport; she steers easily on and off the wind, and is easy in a chop. My expectation was that with such a bow she would pound in a chop; but she is quite as easy as other boats of her draft.

The construction will be understood from the drawings. The keel is formed of the bed pieces of the centerboard trunk, which extend 2ft. fore and aft of the head ledges; the stem and stern pieces being scarfed in between them. The bed pieces are 2×12in., the stem and stern 2×5, all of oak. Along the chine, where the sides and bottom meet, is a bilge stringer of hard pine, 2½×1¼in., into which are mortised the side timbers, 1×⅞in. The planking is of white pine, ⅝in., the bottom plank laid thwartships and stiffened by three strips of hard pine running fore and aft between the bilge and keel. The topsides run fore and aft in one width each. The deck and top of house are ½in. pine, canvased.

The cabin being small, necessarily the large amount of dunnage carried is stowed about the cockpit, a space on each side opening into cabin, a door in each side of the cockpit



MYRA, CRUISER—DESIGNED AND BUILT BY W. F. NASON, 1893.



BODY PLANS AND SECTIONS.

near the after end giving access to the space at the sides, while a deck hatch, inside of the coaming, leads to the space in the counter. Beneath the cockpit are two large drawers, which pull out into the cabin. The cockpit and companion are covered by a tent, and a party of five have been accommodated on the three days' trip, though three is the usual number.

The original intention was to carry from 300 to 400lbs. of ballast with a crew of three, but the boat has been sailed mainly without ballast. In this trim she is by the stern as compared with the design, but seems to sail better than when ballasted and trimmed just to the lines. With her closed cockpit and 21in. deck it is possible to heel her to a point where her speed is hindered, with no fear of a capsize As the design is quite capable of enlargement to 18ft. l.w.l., we give two scales for both 15ft. and 18ft. l.w.l., the respective dimensions being:

	15ft. l.w.l.	18ft. l.w.l.
Length, l.w.l.	15ft. 2in.	18ft. 2½in.
over all	22ft. 10in.	27ft. 4in.
Overhang, bow	3ft. 3in.	3ft. 10½in.
stern	4ft. 5in.	5ft. 3in.
Beam, extreme	7ft. ¾in.	8ft. 6in.
l.w.l.	6ft. 6in.	7ft. 10½in.
Draft, hull only	1ft. 4in.	1ft. 7in.
with board	4ft.	4ft. 10in.
Freeboard, least	1ft. ½in.	1ft. 3in.
Sheer, bow	11½in.	1ft. 2in.
stern	7in.	8in.
Mast, from fore end l.w.l.	2ft. 9in.	3ft. 4in.
deck to hounds	16ft. 6in.	19ft. 10in.
deck to truck	22ft.	26ft. 2in.
diameter at deck	5ft.	5½ft.
Bowsprit beyond end, l.w.l.	8ft. 6in.	10ft. 2in.
diameter	2¾in.	3½in.
Boom length	20ft. 6in.	24ft. 6in.
diameter	2½in.	2¾in.
Gaff, length	15ft.	19ft. 10in.
diameter—egg-shaped	2×3in.	2½×3½in.
Mainsail area, sq. ft.	315	455
Jib area, sq. ft.	73	104
Total	388	559

The cost of material was about seventy-five dollars; this includes rigging and cloth for sailing, my brother and myself doing all the work, including making the sails.

The sails are made of heavy drill, and have three battens of hard pine ⅞in. in diameter running through pockets at the rows of reef points. Without the battens, perhaps heavier cloth would be needed, say 6oz. duck.

The centerboard is of wood. A metal board would be better, perhaps; but would add to the cost.

The cabin gives good room for two persons to sleep in, one on each side of centerboard trunk. Four have slept there, and seven took refuge there during a thunder-shower. How they stowed themselves I do not know, for I was not there. The height is scant, hardly enough to sit upright on the floor under the companion slide. I think the house could be made 6in. higher at after end without hurting the sailing qualities much.

I had the top of the house arranged so that by unscrewing the bolts with which it was fastened it could be lifted up to give as much height as needed; but I never raised it, as with the tent over the cockpit I had room enough, and found no occasion to take the extra trouble. The cockpit is covered with canvas on sides and bottom, and painted, and is drained by holes into centerboard trunk. Some persons object to the bottom being planked athwartships, saying that it increases the resistance, and doubting the strength of such a construction; but I think the difference in resistance is but little, and as for strength I have sailed her in a strong wind with seven persons aboard and sailed with all the cloth she could lug with four men to windward, and I cannot see that she has been strained in the least. In sailing with other boats to windward I find that she can lay about half a point closer than most of them, and not forget to foot also; this I attribute to having rather more lateral surface for her size than most boats, and to the sails, which on account of the battens are very flat. The jib has a sprit from stay to clew like a Cape cat.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas, John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila, Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.



SAIL PLAN OF MYRA.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Chas. H. Anthony	Gouverneur, N. Y.	Gouverneur.
W. E. Cook	Gouverneur, N. Y.	Gouverneur.
H. H. Haile	Gouverneur, N. Y.	Gouverneur.
A. N. MacNabb	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
F. S. Thorn	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
Lyman T. Coppins	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
C. P. Forbush	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
Frank R. Rosseel	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
C. Howard Williams	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
J. Palmer Pears	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
Alfred C. Faul	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
Allan I. Holloway	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
Paul Jarvis	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
Benj. W. Fenton	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
Robt. H. Feary	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
E. E. Wayland	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
J. C. Milsom	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
E. E. Coatsworth	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
Geo. L. Kelley	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
Raymond F. Brown	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
Fred B. Matthews	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
F. P. Gordon	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
Geo. J. Bailey	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
E. P. Hussey	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
E. W. Dunston	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.
E. D. McCarthy	Buffalo, N. Y.	Buffalo.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., March 7.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association:

Two hundred yards, off-hand, standard target, 7-ring black:

Gindele.

8 9 10 8 10 8 5 10 7 8—87 6 8 10 7 8 9 9 10 9 9—85
8 9 9 8 9 8 10 8 7 6—82 9 7 7 8 9 10 7 6 9 9—81

Hake.*

5 7 6 6 3 10 6 5 10 4—62 4 4 4 9 8 5 5 6 4 4—53
3 8 6 3 3 5 4 9 7 5—53 6 4 6 5 7 7 1 7 3 5—51

Trounstein.

9 10 8 6 5 5 6 10 9 9—77 9 8 10 8 6 5 7 7 9 5—74
5 6 3 8 8 6 9 6 7 9 67 6 7 6 6 8 8 9 6 4 5—65

Nestler.

9 10 9 10 8 5 9 9 8 10—87 8 10 7 7 6 7 9 10 9 8—81
8 9 6 8 8 9 8 6 10 7—79 8 7 9 5 7 8 9 10 6 9—78

Payne.

10 10 7 9 7 10 10 8 9 6—86 9 7 7 10 9 7 8 10 7 8—81
9 8 10 7 5 8 3 9 7—80 8 7 6 8 9 9 8 10 8 7—80

Roberts

6 8 8 9 10 10 8 8 10 10—87 10 10 7 8 10 8 7 6 10 9—85
7 5 8 9 9 7 8 9 8 10—80 8 8 7 7 7 10 7 7 9 9—79

A. Lux.

8 8 5 9 7 4 9 8 10 10—78 9 5 8 6 8 10 3 10 9 10—76
7 6 9 5 8 7 3 9 4 10—70 7 10 7 5 7 5 6 7 7 7—68

Hasenzahl.

7 7 10 10 8 10 5 10 9 9—85 10 9 6 6 7 10 9 9 10 8—84
10 9 6 10 5 9 7 7 8 9—80 9 9 9 7 6 7 5 8 9 7—76

See.

6 9 10 9 10 7 7 8 6 9—81 9 8 5 6 8 8 7 7 10 9—80
7 8 9 10 6 8 7 7 7 10—79 10 7 9 6 9 7 7 9 6 8—78

Strickmeier.

4 8 7 10 5 10 7 9 10 6—76 9 7 6 4 8 16 6 10 4 10—74
8 8 8 7 7 4 6 10 6 9—73 8 8 6 10 10 7 4 5 5 8—71

Uckotter.

7 4 8 9 4 2 6 2 2 6—50 2 1 8 10 2 8 4 10 2 3—50
8 8 3 5 5 5 5 4 4 2—50 5 3 4 4 5 4 6 4 3 8—46

Fahler.

8 6 9 7 6 8 8 8 5 10—75 6 9 9 6 9 5 10 4 5 7—70
8 4 8 8 8 6 8 4 7 8—69 5 3 5 6 4 6 6 9 8 6—58

* Military.

Small Calibers at the Sportsmen's Exposition.

THERE can be no question as to the ultimate success of the efforts of the tournament committee appointed by the Sportsmen's Association to carry out its plans for a rifle tournament at the Exposition now open.

The tournament opened at 3 P. M. on Saturday afternoon, March 13, and will continue until 9 P. M. on Saturday evening next, March 20. The bullseye target competitions will close on Friday night, in order that all targets may be figured up and premiums and prizes paid by the time the Exposition closes for good.

The ranges, which are in the basement on the Twenty-sixth street side of the Garden, are in charge of Messrs. Zettler Bros. and an able corps of assistants, while the official scorer, Mr. George W. Plaisted, handles the tickets and cash in a manner that can only be obtained by long familiarity with such tournaments. From the moment the competitions were declared open, the ranges, of which there are four, have been kept busy. Competitors also stood in line waiting their turns, so that the popularity of the affair cannot be gainsaid. The system of checking targets, entering scores, etc., is very complete. In fact, there is nothing to be improved, and nothing left undone that could have been accomplished by the committee in the brief time it has had at its disposal. The officials are:

Tournament Committee—H. D. Muller, Chairman; Edward Banks, Secretary; Gus Zimmerman, B. Walther, C. G. Zettler, G. W. Plaisted, R. Busse, R. W. Dewey, H. Mahlenbrock, William Dalton, C. Boag, A. Ludwig, D. Meersse, William Hayes, Ignatz Martin.

Referee Committee—Gus Zimmerman, Chairman; C. G. Zettler, H. Mahlenbrock, William Dalton, R Busse.

Official Scorer—G. W. Plaisted.

It is of course utterly impossible to give any idea of how the scores are running. In the individual match and in the continuous match the competition will be very keen indeed. The Zimmerman trophy is a popular contest also, and the actual winner will not be known until the last minute. The two trophies offered, the Schuetzen rifle by the W. R. A. Company, and the Zimmerman trophy by Gus Zimmerman, attract a lot of attention, and aid materially in spurring competitors on to fresh efforts.

The ranges are open from 3 to 11 P. M. each day of the week with the exception of Saturday night, March 20, noted above.

Rosenbaum's Good Shooting.

HAVING received the desired information as to the identity of our correspondent who had neglected to send us his name and address, always required to insure publication, we gladly give the following account of some good shooting done by Wm. Rosenbaum, a member of the Miller Rifle Club, of Hoboken, and also a member of the Hudson Rifle Club, of Marion, N. J. The account runs as follows:

"The shooting was done in practice at the Brendel Gallery, 52 Throop avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. No sighting shoots were fired. The scores per string of 10 shots, off-hand, .22 short rifle, Zettler 25-ring target, were: 249, 245, 250 (full score), 247, 247, 247, 249, 248, 246, 244, a total for the 100 shots of 2,472 points out of a possible 2,500."

In shooting the above score we learn that Mr. Rosenbaum was using a Ballard rifle and W. R. A. Co.'s .22 short ammunition.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

March 16-19.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed. Open to all. Nobody barred.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap (live birds), at Elkwood Park. $1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added. Entries close March 20 to John L. Lequin, Secretary-Treasurer Interstate Association, 44-48 Cedar street, New York city.

March 30.—BROOKLYN, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. Targets from a magautrap. Grounds located at terminus of Kings County Elevated in Brooklyn. Theo. Baron, Sec'y, 8 Murray street, New York.

April 7.—PORTLAND, Me.—Annual spring tournament of the Portland Gun Club. Harry A. Chisholm, Sec'y.

April 7.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Third contest for the Recreation cup, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club, Cup contest at 12 noon sharp. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

April 10.—WINDSOR LOCKS, Conn.—All-day tournament of the Windsor Locks Gun Club. Targets. C. F. Cleaveland, Sec'y.

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament.

April 14-16.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association.

April 15.—YOUNGSTOWN, O.—First tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 16.—BRIDGEPORT, Conn.—All-day shoot of the Bridgepor Gun Club. Targets. V. A. Blakeslee, Sec'y.

April 17.—NUTLEY, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Yanticaw Gun Club. Targets from a magautrap. Shooting chmmences on arrival of 9:52 train from Chambers street, New York.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

April 21-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O, C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

April 27-30.—FONDA, Ia.—Tournament under the management of Geo. E. Hughes and C. R. McCord. Live birds. $800 added money.

April 28-29.—RICHMOND, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club.

April 28-29.—PERU, Ind.—Tournament under the management of J. L. Head.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 11-13.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds.

May 11-14.—WATERLOO, Ia.—Tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club. E. B. Walker, Sec'y.

May 12-13.—CONNERSVILLE, Ind.—Tournament of the Connersville Gun Club. Live birds. T. F. Thomas, Sec'y.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

May 18.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West End Gun Club. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—SAVANNAH, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Forest City Gun Club.

May 19-21.—CANTON, S. D.—South Dakota Sportsmen's Association annual. C. S. Seely, Sec'y.

May 20.—GREENVILLE, Pa.—Second tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

May 26-29.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

May 31.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters League tournament, under the auspices of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

June 2-4.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club.

June 8-9.— —— ——.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—MONROE, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 10.—NEWCASTLE, Pa.—Third tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones. Sec'y.

June 15-18.—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 17-19.—TORONTO, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000. Open to all. Write for programmes.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

It seems after all as if Jim Elliott and the Kansas City *Star* cup were going to be present at the "fistic carnival" at Carson City on St. Patrick's Day. Such an opinion is warranted by the following dispatch from Carson, dated March 12, that appeared in the morning papers of the 13th: "J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, dropped in from the evening train with a small arsenal in his grip. He is enthusiastic over the trap-shooting tournament. Stuart to-day deposited the $1,000 purse in the Bullion Bank. The shoot will commence at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning, March 16, and entries will close at noon. One thousand birds have been ordered by express from San Francisco, and there will be some sweepstakes shot off on Monday afternoon on the race track adjoining the big arena." We regret Jim's actions for two reasons: First, because we do not believe in making trap-shooting part of a "fistic carnival," alias prize fight; second, because his presence at Carson on the above date will preclude his attending the Grand American Handicap. Should he decide to attend the latter event, the greatest of its kind in this country, he could hardly be expected to do himself justice after the weariesomeness of a trip from Carson to this city.

The following invitation has been issued by Gus E. Greiff, captain of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., to the captains of the clubs mentioned in the letter: "You are cordially invited to take part in a 3-men team shoot to be held on our grounds, Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J., on April 10. Conditions of same are as follows: One team from each club only, $10 entrance, 50 targets per man, known traps, unknown angles. Money to be divided, four teams or more, two moneys; six teams or more, three moneys. If you will be a participant in this event please let me know. This shoot is open to the following clubs: New Utrecht G. C., Brooklyn G. C., Peekskill G. C., Newburgh Rod and G. C., Bergen County G. C., Endeavor G. C., Climax G. C., South Side G. C., New York Athletic Club, Blooming Grove Park Association, Passaic City G. C., Yanticaw G. C., Dunellen G. C. and Leonia G. C. Entries will close April 8. The team shoot will commence on the arrival of the 12 o'clock train from New York, Erie R. R., foot of Chambers street."

That was quite a team race last Thursday (March 11) on the Bergen County Gun Club's grounds at Hackensack, N. J., Van Dyke and J. Hildreth; Edwards and W. L. Cameron, and Tom Keller and B. Waters. In the pool sold before the race Edwards purchased Van Dyke and Hildreth for the large sum of 80 cents; Keller and Waters were sold as second choice to Frank Hyde for 70 cents; Edwards and Cameron went for 60 cents, and proved dear at the price. Keller's team won easily, thanks to the steady shooting of its rank and file, who outshot its captain both in style and total After the pool had been sold, Keller went to Hyde and told him that if he didn't let him have a half interest in the pool he'd "trun him down." In self-defense Hyde took Tom's 35 cents, and the two whacked up the profits. The high wind made the shooting very difficult, but Van Dyke was quite equal to the occasion. At the start in a practice sweep he ran 20 straight, and followed it up with 24 out of his first 25 in the team race, finishing with 90 out of his 100.

The Bridgeport (Conn.) Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot at targets on April 16. Mr. V. A. Blakeslee, secretary of the club, writes that the shoot will be open to all. The programme contains seven 10-target events and five 15-target events. The club will donate $15 to go to the four best averages in Events 3 to 10 inclusive, this schedule calling for just 100 targets to qualify for average money; $5 extra will be given to the shooter or shooters making 90 per cent. in the last eight events on the programme. Shooting commences at 9:30 A. M. The following are the directions as to reaching the grounds: "Take Stratford avenue trolley, Washington Bridge, Paradise Green or Avon Park car to the road on the east side of St. Michael's Cemetery; follow down, turning into the right at the first house on the right to the finest clay-bird grounds in New England."

The following item from the London *Field* of Feb. 27 will be of some interest: "Although paper has been put to a variety of strange uses, few people would be inclined to believe in its successful application as a material for gun barrels. Nevertheless it has been reported that this is now done, and that Herr Krupp has recently made several field guns of paper for the use of the German infantry. The great virtue of these paper cannons would seem to be their extreme portability, for they are stated to be so light that a man may carry one with ease. It will not seem to be matter for much surprise, therefore, if some experiment were now to be made in the direction of paper barrels for shotguns. While, doubtless, there would prove to be several objections to the use of paper for such purpose, it is conceivable that some advantages would, on the other hand, be derivable. Provided that absolute safety could be assured with them, there is still one objection to the employment of paper as a material for shotgun barrels which might prove to be well nigh insuperable, and that is, that by reason of their extreme lightness the recoil would be so much more severely felt as to become almost unbearable."

Mr. E. B. Walker, secretary of the Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club, sends us the following note of interest: "The Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club will give a four days' shoot, May 11–14. We have contracted for 3,000 live birds, and will run two sets of traps continuously, one for live birds and one for targets. We shall do our level best to make this one of the largest and best shoots ever held in the State. Our facilities cannot be excelled anywhere, as we have one of the finest shooting parks to be found, only five minutes' ride on electric cars from the heart of the city, with hotel and railroad accommodations second to none. We shall give two of these shoots annually and aim to make it pleasant for all who come. Our club is incorporated and composed of thorough gentlemen and sportsmen."

Last week we mentioned in Drivers and Twisters that Mr. E. S. Rice, the Western representative of the Du Pont and Hazard powder companies, was coming East to the Grand American Handicap with a strong team, consisting of a dozen able handlers of the shotgun in the West. The entry book for the Grand American Handicap now shows the following twelve names in accordance with the above: Grimm, Gilbert, Chan Powers, Dick Merrill, Eddie Bingham, Dr. Carver, Tom Marshall, Charlie Budd, Dr. Williamson, H. Dunnell, W. Dunnell and E. Vories. What an interesting feature of the week it would be to see a match shot between this team of twelve and a similar number from the Eastern States! Couldn't such a match be shot on March 26? It would create as much interest as the Grand American Handicap itself.

There's more fun to the square inch in the mutoscope exhibit in the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s stand at Madison Square Garden than in anything else in the whole sportsmen's Exposition. It's worth a great deal to look inside and see the wonderful reproduction of Rolla Heikes using a couple of Winchester repeating shotguns, and doing some quick work on bluerocks with Van Dyke as his assistant. We're not going to spoil sport by entering into details, but go and see it for yourselves, and don't take your eyes away until you see Rolla "fudge" when the magazine of his gun was empty and he didn't know it. Van didn't loaf at all either when one of the guns was empty.

The Brooklyn Gun Club, whose grounds are located at Enfield street and Liberty avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., has decided to lease, and put in position at once, a magautrap. On March 30 it will celebrate the installment of the "bicycle trap" by holding an all-day shoot, the main feature on the day's programme being a 100-target event, handicap, of course, the entrance fee being $5, targets included. The addition of the magautrap to the equipment of the club makes it one of the most complete in this section. As this will be the first time a magautrap will have been used in the vicinity of New York city, it is safe to predict that there will be a good attendance to pay respects to it on its debut.

Dr. E. R. de Wolfe, captain of the Yanticaw Gun Club, of Nutley, N. J., writes us as follows under date of March 12: "The Yanticaw Gun Club, of Nutley, has just set up a magautrap on its grounds and will give a shoot at targets on Saturday, April 17. The main event will be a handicap at 50 targets, $3 entrance. We have the first magautrap in this locality, and we hope the shooters will come and see us and break a few targets over the new trap. Lunch will be furnished on the grounds. Shooting will commence on the arrival of the 9:52 A. M. train from Chambers street, New York."

Descriptions of shooting matches are bound to have a certain sameness about them. It is a hard matter to see wherein they can be made really interesting unless one is gifted peculiarly in the matter of similes. For an instance of the latter case take the New York *Sun's* report of the Edey-Mackay match: "Mackay made his first miss on his 4th bird, a driver with the speed of a gull, but made up for it by a sensational kill in the 5th round of a wonderful towerer which rose straight in the air as though blown out of a cannon!"

Mr. D. F. Harlan, secretary-treasurer of the Newcastle, Pa., Gun Club, writes, under date of March 9, as follows: "An election of officers of the Newcastle Gun Club was held on the evening of March 8, and resulted as follows: President, E. D. Reis; First Vice-President, W. L. Johnston; Second Vice-President, R. W. Cunningham; Secretary-Treasurer, D. F. Harlan; Captain, W. H. Hill. Directors: Dr. G. W. Greene, Charles Mathews and J. O. Sutherland."

The R. A. McCready Company, of Toronto, Can., informs us that it will hold a tournament on Aug. 17–19, and asks us to claim the above dates. The company writes: "We intend giving a large shoot at artificial birds exclusively. The amount to be $1,000, and open to all. We ask shooters to send us their names for catalogues." We have written the company to learn whether the "$1,000" is guaranteed or added, as there is quite a difference between the two conditions.

The Interstate Association has quite a large space reserved in Madison Square Garden for the accommodation of its manager, Elmer Shaner, and intending competitors in the Grand American Handicap. A large sign warns all shooters that entries cannot be received, without a penalty, any later than Saturday next, March 20. All handicaps will be awarded on March 22, and will appear in the morning papers of March 23. The list of entries is growing quite nicely.

The annual exhibition of sporting goods now on view in Madison Square Garden is worth a visit for anybody who can find time and money to spare. Outside of the articles on exhibition, it is more than worth the trip to meet old friends from all over the country, who keep dropping into the Garden. This exposition beats all its predecessors in every way.

What sort of a gun does Charlie Grimm shoot anyway? One of our cotemporaries says in its last week's issue that he is coming "to New York city, to be present and participate in the Grand American Handicap at Elkwood Park, where he expects to meet the crackerjacks with the shotgun of the entire country." "The shotgun of the entire country" should be a corker.

At the last club shoot of the Cleveland, O., Gun Club, held on March 4, only four members took part. G. E. W., none other than the son of Ralph "Redwing" Worthington, was high with 24 live birds out of 25, his 20th bird dropping dead out of bounds. Elliott scored 22, Latham 21, and Bodie 19.

With the Sportsmen's Exposition in full blast and with the Grand American Handicap at hand, it is hardly to be wondered that one runs up against champions at every street crossing on Broadway from the As or House to Twenty-third street.

Nate Astfalk is going to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, March 17, by holding a live-bird handicap, 25 birds, $10, birds extra, handicaps from 27 to 33yds. Astfalk's grounds are located a short way out of Elizabeth, N. J., at Oakwood Inn.

The Bergen County Gun Club announces that the regular monthly handicap shoot for the E. C. cup will be held on Saturday, March 27. The next shoot for the *Recreation* championship cup will be held on the same grounds on April 7.

It is hard to tell who is doing the most smiling just now: J. A. H. Dressel, John L. Lequin or Elmer E. Shaner. The entries for the G. A. H. are rolling up so fast that they've quit guessing "How many entries 'll we have?"

The Portland (Me.) Gun Club announces that it will hold its spring tournament on April 7. All events will be at targets, and the tournament will be managed by Mr. Harry A. Chisholm.

MARCH 16. EDWARD BANKS.

Acme Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, Pa., March 12.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Acme Gun Club, of this city, at the Prigg range. The day was very windy, making the targets hard to hit. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	20
C Baker	7	8	7	7	6	7	7	6	7	16
H Mackey	5	8	5	8	7	6	5	5	9	12
J Canan	..	5	5	6	7	5	6	8	7	..
D Baker	4	5	2	4	6	3	5	7	7	16
W Wylie	..	..	5	8	7	5	6	6	9	13
A Logan	..	..	5	6	6	3	..	5	9	..
J Wylie	..	..	..	..	8	5	4	9	8	..
W McCalla	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Charlton	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

H. T. MACKEY.

IN NEW JERSEY.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

March 6.—To-day was the regular club shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. The cup was won by Dr. De Wolf with a score of 47 out of 55, the Doctor receiving a handicap allowance of 5 extra targets to shoot at. Several sweeps were also shot during the afternoon, all events being at unknown angles. The scores in these events were (Note—The detailed scores of the cup shoot appeared in our issue of March 13.—ED.):

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	10	15	20	25	Targets:	10	15	10	10	15	20	25
Edwards	10	15	9	9	10	17	22	Wise	..	..	5	8	..	..	.
Van Dyke	8	15	9	10	14	15	20	Palmer	..	..	5	4	13	17	..
Adams	7	10	5	5	..	..	..	Apgar	..	..	8	9	11	15	23
Baron	9	13	7	10	10	17	22	Paul	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Taylor	8	14	6	7	..	..	..	Horton	..	..	4	6	..	..	..
Hildreth	7	10	4	4	10	..	..	De Wolf	..	..	8	7	15	16	22
Greiff	9	14	8	..	..	..	..	Snow	..	..	4	7	..	..	..
Lewis	7	8	..	6	..	..	..	Cutler	..	..	6	6	..	..	..
Huck	8	13	9	9	12	..	..	Banta	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Hegeman	..	10	9	6	..	..	..	Coman	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
E Jeanneret	..	8	5	8	..	..	..	Bowes	..	..	..	..	10	..	..

MARCH 4 AT YARDVILLE.

March 4.—The announcement that Charlie Zwirlein would give a live-bird shoot to-day at Yardville drew a crowd of shooters and spectators to his grounds. Twelve entries were obtained in the Inaugural Handicap, a really good list when the number of other attractions scheduled for to-day is considered. The quality was unapproachable, some of "the best in the land" were there. The birds too were as good as any that Zwirlein has ever trapped. A glance at the scores in the 20-bird event will tell what sort of birds they were. Miss Annie Oakley was one of the entries, and she had the honor of being the only straight at the end of the 8th round. Welch was the winner of first money ($50) with 18 out of 20; Brewer and Class divided second ($36) on 17 each; Houston took third ($24) with 16.

Events 1 and 2 were $2 miss-and outs for the sake of a little practice. These resulted thus:

No. 1: Welch and Kleintz 6, Cubberly 5, Zwirlein 3, Rothacker 2

No. 2: Welch and Kleintz 3, Rothacker and Zwirlein 2, Cubberly 1.

The Inaugural Handicap is given in detail below, and also the scores made in Nos. 3, 4 and 5. No. 3 was a $2 miss-and-out; No. 4 was at 5 birds, $5; No. 5 was a $5 miss-and out. Scores in these events follow:

Inauguration Handicap, 20 birds, $15.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
R A Welch (30)	12112	12012—4	2120
J L Brewer (31)	0	22222—5	2222
Frank Class (30)	0	02202—3	20
Houston (28)	.....	.....	....
Frank Kleintz (30)	20	12211—5	0
Geo Cubberly (30)	0	21100—3	0
Jas Timmons (22)	20	02222—4	0
Weidmann (28)	.....	.....	....
Miss Oakley (27)	.....	12200—3	20
C Zwirlein (30)	120	10022—3	1220
J Rothacker (28)	0	22010—3	120
Doc (28)	.....	11202—4	0
*Rothacker	220	.....	....
*Cubberly	0	.....	....
*Brewer	22222	.....	....
*Class	0	.....	....
†Cubberly	21120	.....	....
†Class	1220	.....	....

* Re entry. † Second re entry.

TEAM RACE AT HACKENSACK.

March 11.—Some little talk on Tuesday morning, March 9, resulted in a very pleasant afternoon's sport to day on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, at Hackensack. To make a long story extremely short, Ferd Van Dyke and J. Hildreth, both of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company (the latter being one of the company's Southern salesmen), constituted one team; F. S. Edwards and W. L. Cameron (the latter one of the W. R. A. Company's representatives in Canada) made another team; and Tom Keller (with Peters's cartridges and King's Smokeless) aided by B. Waters (a gentleman who styles himself a "novice") made up the third team. The conditions were: 100 targets per man, unknown angles, lowest team to pay for the targets.

It was a lovely day, but there was a strong wind blowing that spoiled many a good calculation. Targets dipped and scooted just when they should have gone straight, and that caused a lot of trouble. If any race ever caused more genuine fun, we have yet to hear of it. The result of it all was that Keller and Waters (the order should more properly be reversed) walked off with first honors, leaving the other teams far in the rear. No records were broken, at least none to boast about. The following scores tell the tale:

Keller's Team.

B Waters.....1111100101101111000110111111101111111111111000101—37
1111111001011111011010111100011101110111110101111—37—74
T H Keller....1011011000101111111011111111100101011101111100101—35
0101111110111011111111110100000101111100111111111—37—72
146

Van Dyke's Team.

F Van Dyke....1111111111111111101111111101111111011101111111111—46
1111101111111101111111101111111111101011011111111—44—90
J Hildreth.....0111000010001011001000010101110100011001010000 1—21
0100101001000011000001101000110100001000100001—16—37
127

Edwards's Team.

F S Edwards..1101111111101 .1111101111011011111011111111110110—42
0101111111111111101110101111111101111111111111—43—85
W L Cameron0110100101010001100000001100100000001100100000000—15
1110000001110000101001011000000111111100090100010—20—35
120

The following also shot along for practice, some of them also entering in the optional sweeps:

Clayton.....1111111100111111111101111111011111111111110011111111—44
0111111111001110111111101001 w —67
Fairmont.....1101111101111111111101111111011111011111101111111—43
1111110101011111110101111101001111110111111111111—41—84
Hyde.....1111110111011111111101101111111111110011110110 1—42
1110110111111111100100101111111010101011011111101—37—79
Stern.....1110011000111111110501100101000100011111000011110 0—27
0100111111011111100000110101001111001011111101011—31—58
Billings.....1101101111110111111100011010100001100010000010 01 —28
Horton.....1110110101011010111001111 01 —17

The following sweeps were also shot, all events being at unknown angles except Nos. 7 and 8, which were at expert rules:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	15	25	20	Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	15	25	20
Edwards	9	13	18	13	13	12	24	18	James	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Keller	7	..	w	..	..	..	..	..	Hildreth	5	5	8	9	..	..	..	..
Clayton	8	11	14	12	..	..	19	17	Cameron	1	3	7	..	..	..	..	..
Fairmont	8	11	14	14	13	10	14	17	Hall	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hyde	6	11	16	14	..	..	..	..	Van Dyke	..	..	20	14	13	14	..	..
Waters	7	6	16	8	..	..	..	..	Horton	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Billings	6	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	Stern	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..

EDWARD BANKS.

CLIMAX GUN CLUB.

March 10.—The regular club shoot of the Climax Gun Club was held this afternoon at the club's grounds near Fanwood. Scores ruled high, the totals made by the first squad (Van Dyke, Keller, Goodman and Singer) being pretty nearly a record. Out of the 100 targets shot at by this team of four, prior to the shooting of the allowances, the team scored 94 at unknown angles. The scores in detail were as below:

F Van Dyke (25).....1111111111111111111111111 —25
T H Keller (25).....1111101111111111111111111 —24
J Goodman (32).....1111111111111111110011111111010 —28
J Singer (31).....1111111111111101101110111111110110 —29
J Darby (32).....1111011101111011010111111111101 —26
T Brantingham (26).....1001101111111111011111111 —22
Scott Terry (30).....1111110011011111010011100111111 —27
C Lambert (10).....0111000001011111101111011010110110 —22
Chamberlain (10).....1111110101011011100101101100111011001—22
Chas Lister.....(0001110011001000110011100w
Stephenson.....1000111001101010111001111w

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

March 9.—Nine events were shot off to-day at Elkwood Park. All were $5 miss-and-outs with the exception of Nos. 4 and 8. No. 4 was the preliminary handicap, 25 birds, $10, three high guns; No. 8 was 10, $7, two high guns. The tie in No. 5 was shot off in No. 6, and the tie in No. 7 was shot off in No. 8.

Some big scores were put up to-day: Smith ran 36 straight before missing a bird, and made a total of 56 out of 60 shot at during the day. Wilson scored 63 out of 68 shot at; Daly, 60 out of 66; Capt. Money, 57 out of 63. The large totals rolled up by Smith and Wilson would not excite so much astonishment were we at liberty to give the voting names of those two shooters.

The events in detail were as below:

No. 4, preliminary handicap, 25 birds, $10:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Smith (28)	2222211122122112122222112220—24	(28).2222	(28½).212	(29).22212
Daly (28)	1121202222222222312212222—24	(28).1220	(28)...10	(28).22210
Money (28)	1222111222221212222220112—24	(23).210	(28).. 110	(28).20
Wilson (29)	2121222212222212200220121—22	(29).2222	(29½).212	(30).22222
Morfey (29)	2221222221210022200222222—21	(29).0	(29)...120	(29).0
Heyer (27)	1212221220102221220111011—19	.....	(27)...10	.....
Walters (28)	2220222220220100002120w	.....	.....	.....
Doty (27)	22212222202002w	.....	(27)...0	.....

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 8, 10 birds, $7.	No. 9.
Smith (29½)	0	221220	(23½).12112	(28).1111211121	(28)...0
Wilson (30½)	212122212	22210	(30½).12221	(30).0222221211	(29)...122
Daly (28)	221111212	212121	(29)...11222	(28).1122222112	(29½).0
Morfey (29)	2220	10	.....	.....	...
Money (28)	111222212	121122	(29)...110	(28).1121111122	(28)...20
Walters (28)	220	10	(28)...0	(28).1022122222	(29)...122

The Art of Scoring.

THE art of scoring! It may sound strange to some people to hear scoring spoken of as an art; but such it is nevertheless. Accurate scoring under the pressure of the rapid-fire system—particularly with a squad that goes through its work without delay—is a rarity rather than the rule.

Ideal scorers are born; others are made. Some men are naturally accurate and quick in their thinking qualities; others need training. The former are "born scorers;" they are the men who can take squad pad after squad pad, fill them out with 1s and 0s, return them to the cashier's office and never have a kick registered against their work. A club that has a man of this class has a treasure indeed. We always like to go to a tournament given by a club that announces in its list of officials an "official scorer." We know then that the club numbers among its members one who is known to be accurate in his scoring; his capacity for such accuracy has been deemed worthy of official recognition.

A MOST IMPORTANT POSITION.

Nothing makes or mars a tournament more readily than good or bad scoring. Everything else may be "all lovely;" the lunch good, sky bright, weather warm and dry, entries large, etc.; but if the scoring is bad, the club gets a black eye and its tournaments are looked askance at in the future. A man likes to get what he breaks, and as a rule he deserves every target from which a "perceptible piece" has been broken. It is seldom that one hears of it when what should have been a 0 has been changed into a figure 1; but one always learns when "they've given me a miss when I broke it all to pieces!" For this reason the position of scorer is one of the most important in the list of officials for a club shoot or a tournament.

The position, however, is one that should not be so hard to fill. The usual feeling unfortunately is that "Anybody'll do for scorer." We wish to impress upon club secretaries and upon the management of tournaments that "anybody" won't do. A good scorer is quite as necessary to the success of a tournament as a good referee. Where a blackboard score is kept, an accurate man for the "manifold pad" is not so necessary as when no blackboard is used, for the simple reason that "the blackboard goes," the manifold pad being checked up to correspond with the scores as shown on the board.

BLACKBOARDS SHOULD BE USED

whenever practicable. In our article on "Programmes and Tournaments," which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 24, 1896, we wrote: "Shooters can see their scores being chalked up on the blackboards, while no one except the manifold man himself knows what he is doing to the scores; he may be one or two men behind, and no one any the wiser." The additional cost of a blackboard man for a tournament is nothing when compared with the additional satisfaction secured to the shooters. The blackboard too should, wherever practicable, be placed to the left of No. 1 score, and at right angles to the line of the score. This enables every shooter to see the figures at any time without bothering the next shooter, and he is also able to scan the 1s and 0s as he walks up the line from No. 5 to No. 1. The season for tournaments is almost upon us, and we need, therefore, no excuse for placing this matter once more before the readers of our trap columns.

AS A HINT TO SCORERS

we would suggest that it is impossible to pay attention to two things at the same time, and do both satisfactorily and accurately. Scorers should always remember that it is the *referee's* business to look at the targets and decide whether they are broken or lost; it is the *scorer's* business to keep his eye on the score sheet, and register on it the decisions of the referee. An occasional glance from the sheet to the line of shooters will quickly inform him whether he is right as to which man's turn it is to shoot. He has nothing to do with watching the targets. Show us a scorer who, when a squad is at work, keeps lifting his eyes from the score sheet to watch the targets, and we will show you a man who will sooner or later hear a strenuous and perfectly justified kick against the figures as shown on that sheet.

Scorers should be placed where it is perfectly possible to see the shooters when at their respective positions, as it is sometimes necessary for him to check himself by finding out if the man whose turn it is to shoot is the man to whom the result of that shot would be scored. When a blackboard is kept, the manifold man may be placed with his back to the shooters, but should always be able to see that he and the blackboard man are "together."

If the above suggestions and hints accomplish anything in the line of better scoring at club shoots and tournaments, every inch of space devoted to the subject in these columns will have been well worth the time spent in writing and the money expended in the cost of typesetting.

Vagaries of the Old Percentage System.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE AT UTICA.

A FEW days ago we received the following letter from John W. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., relating a curious coincidence that occurred in the division of moneys under the old system in a 10-target event:

"UTICA, N. Y., March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you the scores made in a 10-bird event shot here on Saturday last in which there occurred something I never saw nor heard of before. There were twelve entries at 50 cents each, targets taken out of purse at 2 cents each, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Four men broke 9 and divided $1.44, that is, each man drew 36 cents; three men broke 8 and each got one-third of $1.08, that is, 36 cents each; two men broke 6 and divided 72 cents, or 36 cents each; one broke 5 and drew 36 cents. Thus out of the twelve entries there were ten in for money and each drew 36 cents."

The scores referred to were: M. Mayhew, Cole, Barker and Corbett, 9; Borland, E. D. Fulford and Tunnicliffe, 8; Wirt and Nought, 6; Jevons 5, Carey 4, Peckham 3.

While we have never seen an exactly similar occurrence, we have had our attention called more than once to cases that are on all fours with the above. One case happened quite recently. It was also a 10-target event, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. There were five 9s, three 8s and two 7s, hence each man drew the same proportion out of the purse. The question that naturally arises when discussing such cases is this:

HOW CAN SUCH A SYSTEM BE DEFENDED?

How can any system of dividing awards for skill, supposedly according to merit, be defended when that system permits of a 50 per cent. man receiving the same reward for his work that a 90 per cent. man gets, as was the case in the sweep at Utica? We recall an instance where at Memphis last May there were about seventy entries in a 25-target event; out of the seventy odd entries about twenty-two broke 22 and each got about $1.25 for the $3 entrance; 21s were scarce and each man in that hole got a fair return for his money. The "upper classes" were all right, and it was the hope of getting into the upper classes that kept the boys shooting. It may be that for such tournaments as the Memphis, the E. C., Knoxville, Du Pont and Hazard tournaments of past years, the old percentage system may be more popular on account of the "chances." We never have liked the old system, and we have yet to see *on paper* and *in cold type* any positive and plausible defense of its workings. Won't somebody come forward and oblige us? We will guarantee him all the space in our trap columns that he can fill, even if we have to present his story in serial form.

IT IS DIFFERENT WITH THE ROSE SYSTEM.

With the Rose system it is a totally different thing. The system, while it always rewards skill proportionately, does not permit of "large pots alone;" does not permit of large winnings; for all practical purposes it does away with dropping for place and the evils incident to pooling of interests. There is much that can be said in defense of this system. Much has been said in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM on behalf of the system, and every word has told. The result is patent to all. Programmes are constantly coming to hand with the announcement that the Rose system will be used in dividing purses. For the first two months of 1896 we could have counted such programmes on the fingers of one hand, and not have needed every digit at that. Both hands are not sufficient this year.

There must be some solid reason for this great growth in popularity. There is also a reason why the system is not popular with some people. Neither of these two reasons is hard to guess if you'll only think a moment or two after reading the above.

ON LONG ISLAND.

ERIE GUN CLUB.

March 10.—The Erie Gun Club, of Brooklyn, had a good turnout of members at its monthly live bird shoot held this afternoon at Dexter Park. The club event is at 7 live birds per man, and only two shooters, Fred. Gref and Charles Plate, were able to kill straight. The scores were:

Class AA, 28yds.: Charles Plate 7, Henry Dohrmann 6, John Plate 6, M. J Elsasser 5.

Class A, 28yds.: Charles Runge 6, Henry Mueller 4, John Schmadeke 3, Harry Jankowsky 2.

Class B, 27yds.: Fred. Gref 7, George Fuchs 6, William Roberts 5, Jacob C. Schmidt 4, C. H. Luhrssen 4.

Class C, 26yds.: John H. Plate 6, Henry Degenhardt 2.

The second event was a sweep at 3 birds per man, all 28yds., class shooting, ties miss-and-out: C. Plate, F. Gref, G. Fuchs and J. H. Plate, 3; Dohrmann, Runge, John Plate, Elsasser, Schmidt and Schmadeke, 2; Robert 1, Jankowsky 0.

Miss-and-out for first money: Charles Plate, 1; Gref, Fuchs and J. H. Plate, 0.

Miss-and-out for second money: Dohrmann, John Plate and Schmadeke, 3; Runge, Schmidt and Elsasser 0.

PARKWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

March 10.—Seven members of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club took part this afternoon in the club's monthly live-bird shoot near the Old Mill, Jamaica Bay. John Wye (26yds.) was the only straight 7 in the club event. Scores:

Club shoot, 7 live birds, handicap rise: John Wye (26) 7, James Bennett (30) 6, Henry Bramwell (30) 6, D. S. Van Wicklen (26) 5, H. J. Selover (26) 5, G. Torborg (26) 5, George Wenzel (28) 4.

Other events were shot as below, John Wye and James Bennett doing the best shooting:

No. 1, 3 birds: James Bennett 3, John Wye 3, Henry Bramwell 2, Henry J. Selover 2, David S. Van Wicklen 2, George Wenzel 1.

No. 2, same: John Wye 3, James Bennett 2, Henry Selover 2, David S. Van Wicklen 1, George Torborg 1, Henry Bramwell 0, George Wenzel 0.

No. 3, same: John Wye 3, James Bennett 3, David S. Van Wicklen 3, Henry J. Selover 2, Henry Bramwell 2.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.

March 11.—There was a large attendance this afternoon at Dexter Park, the occasion being the regular monthly club shoot of the Unknown Gun Club. There were 19 entries in the main event, the club shoot at 7 live birds each. Of the 19 not one scored a straight; 5 tied for first money on 6 each and divided; 10 scored 5 each and shot off miss-and-out, Kneble, McGuinness and Sweeney dividing at the end of the 1st round. After the club race ex-Judge James B. Voorhees and E. A. Vroome shot off their tie for the yearly medal donated for last year's contests. The conditions of the shoot-off were 3 birds each, then miss-and-out. Vroome won by scoring his 3 birds, his opponent losing 1 of his 3. Scores were:

J. B. Voorhees (29) 6, Dr. Moore (25) 6, Wm. Sands (26) 6, J. Akhurst (25) 6, H. Boemermann (25) 6, E. A. Vroome (29) 5, J. F. Knebel (28) 5, G. Selig (25) 5, Dr. Schwartz (29) 5, M. Brown (28) 5, L. Loue (26) 5, P. J Sweeney (26) 5, P. May (25) 5, J. O'Hara (25) 5, J. Henry (25) 5, H. Knebel, Sr., (26) 4, R. Smith (25) 4, E. Hauff (24) 3, H. von Staden (23) 3

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

March 13.—The semi-monthly target shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held this afternoon on the Dyker Meadow grounds. The members took part in the club shoot, F. A. Thompson winning the shoot in Class A, and Dr. O'Brien being easily winner in Class B. The high wind that swept across the traps made the shooting hard, and good scores therefore almost an impossibility. Scores were:

Club shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowances:

Class A.

F A Thompson (0)	1111111011101111001111110 —20
M Van Brunt (0)	1111011111001011100111011 —18
J Gaughen (0)	0111101111001111101011001 —17
W H Thompson (0)	1101101101101100111100111 —17
J A Bennett (2)	1101100110111010110100011110—16
P E George (2)	1001100100101010111100010001—13
Platt Adams (0)	1100010100101010010011011 —13

Class B.

Dr O'Brien (0)	1111011101101100111111011 —19
C C Fleet (2)	1110011101010100010101101 —15
Dr Shepard (1)	0110100011010010101010110001 —12

Other sweeps were shot as below, all 10-target events and all at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
F A Thompson	10	7	5	4	6	4	4	7	DrShepard	..	4	6	5	4	6	..	7
Adams	8	8	8	6	7	5	7	5	P George	..	..	..	1	5	5	4	6
Gaughen	7	7	7	9	7	9	9	4	W H Thompson	..	..	..	7	8	7	10	7
Van Brunt	..	8	8	4	7	7	9	7	Dr O'Brien	..	..	..	8	7	8	8	8
J Bennett	..	4	8	8	6	9	9	..									

No. 9 was the same conditions and resulted thus: Bennett, Gaughen and W. H. Thompson 8, Adams, O'Brien and F. A. Thompson 7, Fleet 2.

CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

March 13.—A team representing the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, shot a race to-day with the Columbia College team at the Williamsbridge oval. The Crescents won by 83 to 70. In the absence of the regular members of the team, shooting at the Bay Ridge grounds of the club was only desultory. The following scores were made, all events being at 25 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
W P Pickett	15	18	13	17	19	E F Wendelstadt	..	6	10	..	..
L C Hopkins	8	8	9	12	16						

INDIANS AT DEXTER PARK.

March 13.—The Indian Gun Club held its regular live-bird shoot at Dexter Park this afternoon. Ten members took part in the team race, the sides being captained by George Long and Frank Buckman. Long's team won by 5 birds, each man shooting at 10 birds. Scores were:

Team race, 5-men teams, 10 live birds per man, 28yds. rise all:

Long's Team.		Buckman's Team.	
Jas Smith	2111110111—9	J Chasmer	1211111220—9
Thos Short	1020122012—7	M McGinnis	1210011012—7
H S L Molloy	•11•21•1•1—6	J L Robertson	1011111000—6
A Appleyard	2011•00111—6	J B Craft	02000••011—3
G W Long	•10011001•—4—32	F A Buckman	00200•002•—2—27

Androscoggin Gun Club.

LEWISTON, Me., March 11.—The contest for the Doten challenge cup took place to-day on the grounds of the Androscoggin Gun Club. Mr. Hunnewell, the holder, was second in this match; G. W. Cobb winning with 25 straight. Mr. Hunnewell won it at the last shoot with a similar score of 25. Fifteen members took part in to-day's contest, which was held with a high wind blowing and with deep snow on the ground. Scores were:

G R Hunnewell	1111111101011111111111111—23
G W Cobb	1111111111111111111111111—25
N Taylor	1111111111011110111111101—22
Godfry	1111111010111111110110101—20
H E Doten	1111101111110011110111011—20
F Bean	1111111011111101111111111—22
F Cain	1111101111100111011111111—21
Geo Collins	1111111110011111110111010—20
E F Fields	0101111011111111111111111—21
S E Joslyn	1011100110111011111111111—20
Dexter	0111010111101101100110111—17
O E Nason	1001019111110110110101011—16
Hammond	0111101111100110111001000—16
A F Noyes	1111100111111101111101111—21
I Moore	0111011100011110110110011—16

SEC'Y.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., March 6.—In a practice shoot to-day by members of the Pawtuxet Gun Club two events of interest were decided. The first was the match given below between R. C. Root and W. H. Sheldon. The second was a bit of practice work by Mr. Root, who shot at 50 singles and 29 pairs. His score of 44 out of 58 in pairs must be classed as excellent work when it is considered that he is actually only a beginner at trap-shooting. Scores were:

Match: Unknown traps and unknown angles, 25 targets per man, use of both barrels, Sheldon at 21yds., Root at 16yds.

Sheldon	1220111112011111101022111—20
Root	1012101210100221100211101—17

In practice Root shot at 50 singles and 29 pairs with the following result:

Singles	11101110111001000111110110011101110111000111000111—32
Pairs	11 01 00 01 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 10 11 11 10 10 10 00 11 11 01 11 11 11 11 11 00 11 11 —44

W. H. SHELDON, Sec'y.

New Haven Gun Club.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 10.—Inclosed please find scores of our regular monthly shoot for March. The members turned out well, twenty taking part in the team race. J. B. Savage and M. H. Clark were chosen captains, and each selected a man in turn, Savage having the first choice. As it happened, the teams were very evenly divided, Savage winning by the close margin of one break.

In the 30-bird handicap race Callahan and Stevenson tied for first, Bement, Potter and Kelly for second, while Savage took third all alone.

Judge Callahan shot exceptionally good, breaking 27 out of 30, and going 20 straight in the team race.

A number of extras were shot for practice both before and after the main events, in which Potter, Stevenson, Whitney and Cowee did good work.

Over 2,000 targets were thrown, which is pretty fair for an afternoon shoot.

Team shoot, 20 targets, known:

Savage's Team.		Clark's Team.	
Callahan	11111111111111111111—20	Whitney	11011111111111111111—19
Potter	11111111011111111111—19	Cowee	11111100111111011111—17
Currie	10111101111111111111—18	Kelly	11011110111101111111—17
Savage	10111011111111111101—17	Gould	10111000111111111111—16
Stevenson	11111110011101111111—17	Hazel	11110011101111110110—15
Strong	10111010011111101011—14	Bristol	01011110111110101111—15
Reggiori	10100111110001110111—13	Hubinger	10110111111110100110—15
Sherman	01010000111100111101—11	Clark	11101110101100100110—12
Bennett	11010001100011001110—10	Bassett	11010010100101011010—10
Robertson	11001100010010000100— 7	Washburn	00110110001010101100— 9
	146		145

Thirty targets, 15 known, 15 unknown:

		Allow.
Callahan	11110111111111101010111111111111—27	+ 4—31
Stevenson	11111111111101111110111011011—26	+ 5—31
Bement	01101011101111101111011111111—24	+ 4—28
Potter	11111111111101111011111111111—28	+ 0—28
Kelly	01101100111111111111011111111—25	+ 3—28
Savage	11111111111111010111111011111 —27	+ 0—27
Reggiori	11111011000101110111110000111—20	+ 6—26
Treat	01010000010111110011000111100—15	+10—25
Whitney	01111111110111011111111110101—25	+ 0—25
Bassett	01001010111100010111011001101—17	+ 7—24
Washburn	11011010111100100101111010000—16	+ 8—24
Bennett	10010111110111100010100110001—17	+ 6—23
Cowee	11111111110111010001101011111—23	+ 0—23
Bristol	01111101101111111010110111110—23	+ 0—23
Strong	00111111001111110010001110100—18	+ 4—22
Currie	11100001101111010101111011111—21	+ 1—22
Clark	00110100111011111101101101111—21	+ 0—21
Gould	01010111111111001100001110010—18	+ 3—21
Sherman	10010111110010101110110110101—19	+ 0—19

G. W. HAZEL, Sec'y.

Sherburne Gun Club.

SHERBURNE, N. Y., March 11.—The Sherburne Gun Club held an all-day shoot to-day. One of the events was a match between J. F. Paddelford and L. D. Brainard, 30 live birds each, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. Brainard won with 24 to 22. Scores were:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

J F Paddelford. ↖↙↑→↗↙↙↘↙↙↙↓↓→↑←↘↙↙⟷↙↘↘→
1 2 0 1 1 1 2 0 1 • 1 0 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 0 2 1—19

↙↗↙↗↗
0 1 1 2 0 — 3—22

L D Brainard. ↘↘↗→↙↑↙↓↑↙↗↑↓↙↙↙↗↘↗↙↗↘↗↗↗
2 2 • 2 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 0 1 2—20

↘↘↗↙↗
2 1 1 0 1 — 4—24

In the above match D. L. Atkins was official scorer and C. Dart rap-puller.

Six events at targets were also shot, fifteen men taking part in the events. Among the out-of-town visitors were: Shepardson, from Poolville, N. Y.; Case and Brooks, of Norwich, N. Y. The scores given below might have been better, but the wind blew hard from the south right across the traps, making the shooting hard for new men at the trap. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Paddelford	10	10	9	9	10	9	George	7	6	..	..	..	..
Brainard	8	10	9	7	10	..	Roland	1	5	4	..	4	..
Brooks	6	6	6	8	7	..	Linch	1	4	3	..	..	3
Case	7	4	6	3	3	7	Atkins	3	4	6	..	4	..
Sprague	6	5	..	4	..	..	Hartwell	5	8	6	..	7	..
Abrams	8	4	5	3	6	7	Parmintor	8	9	5	..	..	7
Shepardson	5	9	5	6	5	6	P Akyns	4	5	3	..	2	..
Dart	3	5	4	6	..	..					GEORGE.		

Trap Around Pittsburg.

EAST PITTSBURG GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 27.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the East Pittsburg Gun Club in the regular monthly shoot for the E. C cup. Eight men took part in the shoot, which is a handicap affair, 100 targets per man, unknown angles, allowance of extra targets to shoot at. Ferguson, with an allowance of 10 extras, shot steadily, scoring 42 out of each 50, and 7 out of his 10 extras, winning the cup with plenty of room to spare. His nearest antagonist was Uncle John, who scored 82 from scratch. The weather was clear and bright. Scores in detail follow:

Sharrard (0)	11110001010111101101101110110110001011111111111111	—36
	11111100110111011111111111111111111111111111	—45—81
Koethe (11)	11111110000110110111011011100110111000111011011100	—32
	01111111001110111111010101101001110111011111111111	—38
	10101011101	— 7—77
McCune (30)	11110000101111001011110000111101101011011011101110	—32
	11101110001101110001010101000111000010010110000110	—26
	10010	—12—70
Gurbates (25)	01110010001111100001111110101111111111010010110110	—31
	11011011011001110001101111111111011101011111010101	—35
	11110011101010000100101 1	—13—79
Ferguson (10)	11011011011111101110111111111111110011111101111111	—42
	01111011111111101100111101111111111011111111111011	—42
	0110001110	— 5—89
Gallup (4)	11010011000110111001111111101001100111111111111111	—36
	11111011111111110001011001100011011001100011111110	35
	0111	— 3—72
Uncle John (0)	00101101100110111111111110111111111110111111111111	—41
	11101101111111111111111111111111111111101010100110	0—41—82
Williams (16)	11110011101100001111111101111100111111111111100011	—37
	00111011001110001111011011110001111111111100011111	—34
	1101001111000101	— 9—80

SWENSON, Sec'y.

Trap Around Buffalo.

BISON GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 4.—The Bison Gun Club held a shoot to-day on the Walden avenue grounds. Some good scores were made, Wheeler being ahead with 105 out of 125 shot at. In the badge shoot, No. 5, Wheeler and Storey tied on 22 each for the class A badge; this tie will be shot off later. G. R. Vine won the class B badge, Jay Brown winning the badge in class C. Event No. 7 was at 5 pairs. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	20	25	10	10	10	10	15
Siegrist	4	..	9	12	12	6	4	4	..	..
Esson	5	..	11	14	9	5	7	..	..	..
Estes	6	..	..	13	19	..	7	..	..	..
Ditton	5	..	8	7	15	4	..	..	..	..
Werlin	..	7	11	12	14	8	5	8	9	10
Wheeler	..	10	12	18	22	8	8	8	8	11
Storey	..	5	11	16	22	7	6	8	6	..
Wilson	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..
Mignery	..	..	11	14	17	..	7	6	8	14
Dauser	..	..	7	12	13	5	1	4	5	8
Vine	..	..	..	..	16	4	..	6	..	..
Bissell	..	..	5	..	8	2	..	3	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Hager	..	3	10	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
McCarney	..	..	..	17	18	5	4	7	8	10
Wrench	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	3	..	..
Brown	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Talsma	..	8	13	13	..	8	..	6	..	..
E B	..	7	8	10	..	4	4	6	5	7

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., March 10.—Fifteen shooters journeyed to Wellington to-day for the regular Wednesday afternoon shoot of the Boston Gun Club. This was the seventh in the series of fifteen, and the interest is growing with each succeeding contest. Five have already placed six scores to their credit, and as many more have five; six scores composing the prize total, the remainder of series will be devoted wholly to improvement with the regular attendants. Mr. Spencer was high to-day both in the match and percentage, and is certainly at present shooting somewhat above his handicap. His early scores not justifying any change, his handicap distance holds good for this series, as the rules admit of no alteration after three competitions by the shooter.

Below are complete scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	5	6	10	10	6	10	10	5	6	10	10	10	10
Gordon (17)	7	3	2	6	6	3	8	9	4	3	9	9	9	8
Sheffield (15)	7	4	1	6	8	2	8	7	2	4	6	8	5	8
Sewall (15)	8	3	4	10	5	2	7	9	2	2	6	8	7	1
Paine (15)	7	3	3	8	7	4	8	6	4	3	6	7	5	7
Mack (14)	5	1	2	3	3	3	.	4	2	1	4	4	2	..
Benton (14)	5	2	1	6	6	1	5	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spencer (16)	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	5	5	9	9	7	8
Ball (15)	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	1	1	3	2	..	..
Porter (15)	..	..	.	..	..	..	6	4	2	3	5	5	..	..
Miskay (17)	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	4	5	7	9	7	..
Harris (15)	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	2	5	9	5	..	..
Winters (18)	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	5	4	7	9	8	8
Nickols (15)	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	3	3	0	..	..	..	..
Needham (16)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	1	2	7	5	5	7
Horace (15)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	3	..	..	8	..

Events 1, 7, 8 and 11, known angles; 2, 5, 9 and 14, unknown; 3, 6 and 10, pairs; 4 and 13, reverse pull; 12, known angles, use of both barrels.

Prize match, 21 targets, 10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs, distance handicap:

Spencer (16)	1111101111—9	11111—5	11 10 11—5—19	
Miskay (17)	0111111110—8	11110—4	11 11 10—5—17	
Winters (18)	1011111101—8	11111—5	10 11 10—4—17	
Gordon (17)	1011111111—9	11101—4	01 10 10—3—16	
Horace (15)	0111110011—7	11110—4	10 10 10—3—14	
Sheffield (15)	1111001110—7	00011—2	10 10 11—4—13	
Sewall (15)	1011111111—9	10100—2	10 10 10—2—13	
Paine (15)	1010111100—6	11101—4	10 10 10—3—13	
Harris (15)	0000100011—3	01010—2	11 11 10—5—10	
Porter (15)	1010000101—4	00101—2	01 10 10—3— 9	
Needham (15)	0011100110—5	00010—1	00 10 10—2— 8	
Ball (15)	1010010110—5	01000—1	10 00 00—1— 7	
Mack (14)	1000100110—4	01100—2	00 00 01—1— 7	
Nickols (16)	0110001000—3	10101—3	00 00 00—0— 6	
Benton (14)	1011000000—3	w	D.	

W. S. Edey vs. C. H. Mackay.

A MATCH that created a lot of interest among the clubmen of New York city was that which was decided on the grounds of the Country Club, Westchester, N. Y., on Thursday, March 11. The principals were W. S. Edey and Clarence H. Mackay, of California. The conditions of the match were 100 live birds, 30yds. rise, 30yds. boundary, Edey conceding three misses as kills. Under such conditions, and as Mackay has been shooting very well of late, it was thought that Edey had the worst end of the match. Mackay is only a new man at the traps, but is developing into a first-class pigeon shot.

At the start it looked odds on Mackay, the first 25 showing 22 to 19 in his favor. The second 25 was 20 to 19 in favor of Edey, the difference in the scores at the half being 41 to 39 in favor of Mackay. From this point Edey settled down and did the best work of the match, running straight until the 75th round, making in all a run of 28 straight. Such shooting as that usually has its effect on a match, and in this one it made all the difference in the world. Mackay lost his 51st and 55th both dead out of bounds, and the score was thus a tie. Then he lost his 56th, 61st, 64th and 70th, giving Edey a lead of 4 birds. Both men lost their 75th birds, so the last string of 25 was entered with the scores showing 63 to 59 in favor of Edey.

It began to look like anybody's race when Edey lost his 77th, 79th and 80th birds, Mackay meanwhile killing his birds. This reduced Edey's lead to 1 bird only, with 20 more to shoot at. Then came a fatal break on the part of Mackay; he lost his 81st, 82d, 83d, 86th and 87th birds, Edey also losing his 85th and 87th birds. Thus Edey again had his lead of 4 birds. With but 5 birds to shoot at Edey had just a lead of 3 birds, enough to make it a tie. Mackay, however, lost his 95th and 99th, making Edey's lead 5 birds, and giving him the race with a margin of 2 kills.

The race was refereed by Fred. G. Moore. Edey handled himself, but G. S. McAlpin handled Mackay. The scores show that Edey scored 80 out of 100, with 10 dead out of bounds. Mackay scored 75, with 7 dead out of bounds. Scores were:

W S Edey	20•22222212?•20222•21022l—19 221•212?1222•2221••2•2221—20 22222222222222222122220—24 202•02227•2022022020222222—17—80
C H Mackay	22202022222020202203212222—22 22222022222227•02020222220—19 •221•02222•22•22222•22220—18 22222000220022220202•2202—16—75

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

A. S., Philadelphia.—The breeders of Great Danes and wolfhounds do not furnish the necessary information by advertising, hence we are unable to furnish it as you desire.

H. A. W., Troy, N. Y.—My setter is troubled with lice I can find nothing that will kill them. Will you please tell me what to use? Ans. Rub all over the dog a mixture of equal parts of kerosene and cottonseed oil, wash off in a day or two. Also well wash and scrub the kennel, and sprinkle sulphur all about it.

A. K., Williamsport, Pa.—I have been approached by a friend in regard to procuring for him an old rhyme, which refers to an old country divine who was fed by his parishioners on rabbits until he got tired and broke out in a poetical effusion, which winds up that he does not want any more rabbit on his plate, etc. Now could any of the FOREST AND STREAM people help us out and give us the whole rhyme? The same would be thankfully received. Ans. It was Dean Swift, who was partial to rabbit. Knowing this, two ladies, with whom he was invited to dine, set before him a rabbit dinner, at the conclusion of which he returned thanks in this vein (we quote from memory):

"Rabbits hot and rabbits cold,
Rabbits young and rabbits old,
Rabbits tender and rabbits tough,
We thank the Lord we've had enough."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Thomas J. Conroy.

T. J. CONROY has moved back to the neighborhood of his old place of business after an experience of several years on Broadway. His new address is 28 John street, which is only a stone's throw from lower Broadway, and at the corner of Nassau street.—*Adv.*

For Field Shooting

The "Vena Contracta" gun, which is a 20-gauge gun shooting 12-gauge cartridges, is meeting with considerable favor on the other side of the water. Its chief advantage is light weight combined with extraordinary killing power. A gun weighing about the same as an ordinary 20-gauge is said to possess the killing power of a 12-gauge without increased recoil or other disadvantage. Sportsmen who are interested in this gun may obtain further information by addressing the manufacturers, Messrs. Joseph Lang & Son, 10 Pall Mall, S. W., London, Eng.—*Adv.*

FROM SNOW TO SUMMER IN A LITTLE OVER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS is a quick and startling transition, but improved railway travel has accomplished it. Good roadbeds, handsomely-equipped trains, record-breaking time make a trip from New York to Florida a pleasant one. The Atlantic Coast Line *via* Richmond is one of the most popular lines to the South. In connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad it carries passengers in solid vestibuled, steam-heated and electric-lighted trains, known as the "New York and Florida Special," from Jersey City to St. Augustine in exactly twenty-seven hours. It also has fast through car service to Aiken, S. C., and popular Georgia resorts. The bureau of information is at 229 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR 10 CTS A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No 13. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

ON A FOWLER.

With reeds and birdlime from the desert air
Eumelus gather'd free, though scanty, fare.
No lordly patron's hand he deign'd to kiss;
Nor luxury knew, save liberty, nor bliss.
Thrice thirty years he lived, and to his heirs
His reeds bequeathed, his birdlime and his snares.

Isidorus.

"THE HALLOCK CODE."

THAT is an extremely interesting scheme which has been formulated anew by Mr. Charles Hallock. It is a code of game laws so devised that certain belts of territory, embracing all States which lie within corresponding isothermal lines, shall be governed by laws prescribing uniform open and close seasons. For the purpose of practicable grouping Mr. Hallock designates contiguous States in what he terms concessions, as follows:

"NORTHERN CONCESSION.

"The following named States comprise the Northern Concession, to wit: The six New England States, the Middle States, the two Virginias, Ohio, Kentucky, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Kansas, Nebraska, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado, to the summit of the Continental Divide.

"SOUTHERN CONCESSION.

"The following named States comprise the Southern Concession, to wit: North and South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, Indian Territory and New Mexico, to the crest of the Continental Divide.

"PACIFIC CONCESSION.

"The following named States constitute the Pacific Coast Concession, to wit: Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Nevada, Utah and Arizona."

We have said that the scheme has been presented anew, because it is in general scope by no means novel. The plan of uniform game seasons for adjoining States has been cherished by Mr. Hallock for almost a quarter of a century, and his suggestions to this end were originally promulgated in the FOREST AND STREAM more than twenty years ago. In the early 70s he was, in these columns, preaching the doctrine of uniform legislation, and was engaged in an enterprise of generous scope to give form and force to the idea.

It was about that time that one of the earliest in the series of national sportsmen's associations was formed, and shortly thereafter came an international association, comprising a membership extending from Newfoundland to Texas, and from Vermont to California, and embracing not only prominent sportsmen, but many noted naturalists and scientists of the United States and Canada. Never before had there been collected such a noble array of names; never has there been one since; we question if ever there will be such again. If the most distinguished list of sponsors, if the most advanced scientific attainment, if the abundant lore of naturalist and warm enthusiasm of sportsman could ever avail for the purposes of the movement, one would think that they might have been powerful here. Committees were appointed to study the habits, breeding times, legitimate open seasons, and to supply various other data considered essential to the preparation of an adequate legislative system of protection. But absolutely nothing ever came of it all. This international association was in character and extent of membership a giant to the pigmies which have succeeded it in the series, down to the grotesque Kalamazoo, Mich., concern of our own day. But it never made any progress beyond the "whereas" and "therefore be it resolved" stage; no national sportsmen's association ever has done more than this, nor in the very nature of things ever can.

Although the influence of the national association and of the international association was decidedly beneficial, since it stimulated interest in game protection throughout the country and prompted the organization of numerous State and local associations to engage in the good work of enforcing the laws and awakening public interest in the cause, neither of these did anything whatever of a practical nature toward putting into effect a system of uniform game laws.

Many years have passed since that first movement. At this time, when Mr. Hallock brings out again his plan of uniform legislation, the conditions are far different with respect to public appreciation of the merits of game protection. We have made prodigious advances since the early 70s, and it might be thought that we had reached a stage where Mr. Hallock's scheme would be given a very different reception and when it might possibly be put into effect. A study of the conditions as they exist to-day, however, we regret to say, will show that we are as far as ever from the possibility of a game law system providing for uniform seasons throughout States included within the same isothermal lines. Only in rare instances have advances been made from the local and county game protective legislation, which obtains in many States, to a broader system of a uniform code for the entire individual State. Until we can agree, as sportsmen of an individual State, on a law which shall give satisfaction throughout the entire borders of that State, it is foolish to talk about adopting a law for two or three States or any number of States so contiguous. In all the larger commonwealths the sportsmen are at odds as to what they themselves want in their several localities. In New York, for instance, where a uniform game code was adopted in 1892, the Legislature has been flooded annually with measures from counties and towns asking special exemptions for restricted localities. The same principle holds elsewhere. The first step toward a realization of Mr. Hallock's scheme would be a system of State laws throughout the Union which should provide for each individual State uniform seasons throughout its own territory.

There have been various conferences of the fish and game commissioners of certain groups of States—in Boston, for instance, representing New England, and in Minneapolis, representing Minnesota and its neighbors—but nothing has ever come of these movements.

We have the heartiest sympathy with Mr. Hallock's projected system. It is based on sound reason. A law which adequately protects quail in their breeding season in one State would quite as effectively protect them during the same season in a contiguous State. The Hallock code is, in its general outline, a code of common sense. We believe that in the end it will be adopted, although there is a moral certainty that no child born in this year of grace will live to see it.

The lesson for every individual sportsman, every village protective club, every county and State association to learn is that the present, immediate, most pressing and most effective, efficient and valuable work we can put our hands to in this field is the enforcement of our own game laws in our own town, county and State. The place to begin is at home. The work for us now is home work.

But it is so much more attractive—because so much easier—to dream about uniform laws to govern the whole blessed Union, and which shall enforce themselves by the might of their own perfection.

NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE publication of the first annual report of the New York Zoölogical Society marks the end of a year and a half of energetic and successful work.

Briefly, the history of the Society up to the present time is this: The act of the New York Legislature incorporating the Society became a law April 29, 1895, and an organization was effected during the summer of the same year. Some time was spent in the consideration of available sites, and a committee of three experts was requested to come to New York and report on this subject. In April, 1896, Mr. W. T. Hornaday was engaged as director of the proposed zoölogical park, and after a careful study of all the proposed sites, on May 21 application was made to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund of New York city for an allotment of land, consisting of 261 acres in South Bronx Park, to be used as a public zoölogical garden. This application has been approved by the public press and by the New York Park Commissioners, and it is believed will be favorably acted on by the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund within a few days. If the grant shall be made, the city of New York will have made the first and most important step toward setting on foot by far the largest zoölogical garden in the world.

Up to this time nothing has been done looking toward the acquiring of money to carry on such a park, the directors very wisely believing that until the city, by giving the institution a habitation, had done its part, the question of funds might be set on one side. So soon as the matter of site is settled, the Society will set about the work of raising the $250,000 which it needs in order to begin operations.

The objects of the New York Zoölogical Society as set forth in this report are:

First—The establishment of a free zoölogical park, containing collections of North American and exotic animals, for the benefit and enjoyment of the general public, the zoölogist, the sportsman and every lover of nature.

Second—The systematic encouragement of interest in animal life or zoölogy among all classes of the people, and the promotion of zoölogical science.

Third—Coöperation with other organizations in the preservation of the native animals of North America, and encouragement of the growing sentiment against their wanton destruction.

Certainly these are objects which will receive the approval of all intelligent persons. The executive committee rightly places first the establishment of the park, since it is only by this means that the great public can receive the enjoyment and instruction which it ought to be the main object of such a society to furnish. Such a park should contain collections kept under conditions as nearly like those of their native homes as possible, with abundant room for the animals to roam, yet not so much room as to enable them to hide away out of sight of the visitor. The purpose then is to make this park stand midway between the small zoölogical parks of Europe, where the animals are confined in small pens, and the great private game preserves where they can conceal themselves in the forests and can seldom be seen. To such a purpose the site chosen by the Society is well adapted, for it is greatly diversified in contour, and admirably furnished with trees, underbrush, open glades and rocky hillocks.

It will naturally be the first object of the Society to bring together a series of North American types, and of these the great game animals will be the first chosen. Buffalo, moose, elk, mountain sheep, caribou, antelope, the various deer and—if the climate will permit—the white goat will be secured. Bears, wolves, foxes and other mammals less in size will find their place here. The abundant water areas offer every opportunity for the care of wildfowl of every description, and in open spaces and closed aviaries there will be many sorts of land birds as well. The more striking exotic animals, though they will be secondary to the native forms, will in time be gathered here.

It is the purpose of the Society to devote especial attention to the matter of labeling the collections, realizing that, when this is done as it should be done, the value of any collection is quadrupled. With the labels will no doubt go maps giving the geographical distribution of the species.

The question of the issuing of publications is one which is as yet far in the distance for the New York Society, and its consideration may be postponed for the present. It believes that its collections ought to be made available to all artists and sculptors, and that thus they may have an indirect educational influence of very great value.

By increasing the interest in our different wild animals, the establishment of such a park should stimulate the forming of new game preserves all over the country. Fortunately many such preserves exist to-day, but it is greatly to be desired that their number should be increased. It is only by the establishment of such preserves that many of our wild animals can be preserved from extinction. If an adequate system of forest reservations and forest protection shall ever be established in this country, this will do much to preserve the game, but the adoption of such a system does not seem to be imminent.

The aim of the zoölogical society is to establish a free zoölogical park in New York for the benefit of the whole public. As its collections are to be open to the public practically all the time, it can hope to derive no revenue from admission fees, but must depend on the public spirit of wealthy citizens. It requires $250,000 to put the park in shape to receive collections and to purchase its animals. It requires also a large membership whose annual fees shall meet its current expenses. As yet it has never made any effort to increase its list of members; but so soon as its site shall be allotted, and when its purposes and its needs are known, it cannot be doubted that a large number of persons interested in science, in sport, and especially in that class of our population which is to derive the greatest benefit from such a park, will be anxious to join the Society and to contribute to its needs. Its objects are most praiseworthy, and it is entitled to the cordial support of the public.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TALES TOLD BY THE CAMP-FIRE.—I.

BY AMATEUR.

SOME tales have been told by the light of the wood fire in the shades of the mighty woods, now so rapidly becoming a thing of the past, and under the clear night sky, which seem worthy of being preserved. But how? The writer knows of but one way, and that is, if you think as he does: to embalm them in print.

Six of us had gone out to Hoy's Wilderness in Maryland for a three weeks' hunt back in 1884. Hoy's Wilderness was the favorite hunting grounds of old Meshack Browning, the great Maryland bear hunter, who killed more bears than I care to mention. Originally, most likely, a swamp, it has to a certain extent dried out, and is, or was, a mass of trees, briers, heavy grass, undergrowth, and all that goes to make it what it is called: a wilderness. Here and there are log cabins, but at long distances apart, and who built them or occupied them no one seems to know, and no one cares. They are tenanted from time to time by parties of hunters such as ours, among whom is a sort of unwritten law that on breaking camp whatever may seem to be useless to those vacating the premises shall be safely stowed away in the cabin, to be used by any one coming thereto and needing the same. Thus it was that when we went into our cabin our guide found in a cupboard two bottles of whisky, a 2lb. canister of powder, a bag of shot, two or three boxes of gun caps, a ham in canvas and in good condition, a lot of empty shells for shotguns, and two sets of reloading tools, one 10 and the other 12-gauge, besides a lot of miscellaneous other things. None of these were used by us, but the supply was increased when we left.

Our guide, who was going away as soon as he saw us safely housed, to return, however, from time to time during our stay in the cabin, remarked to us as we were fixing up:

"I want to tell you fellers this isn't the safest place in the world, for you all seem so mightily tickled with it. Back in 1878 I brought two young fellers here, and I've always been mighty sorry that I did bring 'em. They were nice young men. You must bear in mind that there's painters in Hoy's Wilderness, and they're just as savage and dangerous as any animal anywhere in the world. These two young men were from Pittsburg, Pa., and they had a good outfit, but they weren't woodsmen. After I'd left 'em they got along all right, till one evening seemed like an awful storm was coming up; the sky was getting overcast, and occasionally you could see a flash of lightnin'. They were standin' in the door there, when they heard a cry that sounded off yonder in the woods like a woman or a child in distress. They looked at each other, and one said:

"'That's surely a child. We can't let a child be out in such a storm, and the youngster doesn't seem far away. I'm going out to see what's wrong.'

"'No,' said the other, 'we'll both go.'

"'No, we won't;' said the first. 'You're the cook this week, and you git supper and I'll go out and find the youngster; and when I get back we'll all have something hot to eat.'

"He was about starting off without any gun or any other firearms, when his partner told him he'd better take a gun. And he did take a .44 Remington rifle, rim-fire, and half a dozen or so of cartridges besides the one in the gun, and left to hunt the child.

"The other went ahead getting supper, and finally sat down and waited, and waited, and kept on waiting. Meantime the storm blew around, the clouds drifted away and the moon came out. The young feller that was left here in the cabin hadn't heard any more of the child, except once after his partner left him, and then he noticed that the sound seemed further away than it had been. He set here and played cards with himself—there is a sort of a card game that I've seen fellers play all by their lone selves, an' seem as much tickled over winnin' the game as if they was playin' for money and had won a whole pot, but I never could get the hang of it; mebbe some of you fellers can play it. Well, he set an' played that game till about 10 o'clock an' more, an' then bein' religiously inclined he read a chapter out of the good book, said his prayers, took a drink o' whisky and went to bed, leavin' the supper set out so that when his partner came in he'd have somethin' to eat.

"When he waked up in the mornin' his partner wasn't there, so he ate his breakfast, and was powerful uneasy, because I had told 'em there wasn't another cabin nearder 'n twenty or twenty-five miles off into the wilderness; and you know it's about twenty mile back to where we started from this mornin', and them fellers and I started from the same place.

"Well, he got so troubled in his mind that he took his gun, a Winchester of 1873, filled up the magazine, an' took a lot o' cartridges an' started out after his partner. They had a dog with 'em that belonged to the missing man, an' he turned this dog loose, an' the dog started off right on to the trail, an' led him an awful round, so that he was really lost, but he managed to keep with the dog, and the dog kept the trail. At one place back here in the woods, some place, I don't know exactly where, he saw blood and hair of an animal, and the dog got very much excited, and from time to time he saw more blood, but not all the time, and the dog kept on the trail, till at last the feller found the trees an' things lookin' familiar, an' about a half a mile up yonder in the woods he walked out on to a monstrous big painter dead as a door nail, and under the painter was his partner, and he was dead as a door nail too.

"When he found his partner in that condition he felt powerful discouraged, but he managed to roll the painter off of him, an' he picked him up an' carried him here to this very cabin, and here he found me, for I'd agreed to come back occasiona ly, just as I have with you fellers; an' I felt scandalous when I saw him come luggin' in his dead partner, and when he saw me he just fainted clean away. Well, I got him to, but he was ravin' crazy. I took him and the corpse home with me, an' then I came back, and skun the painter, an' I have the hide at home, an' my old woman uses it for a bed quilt in extra cold weather. Friends come an' took 'em both away, the dead and the livin', an' I do hear tell the live feller's into a 'sylum up in Pennsylvany, a ravin' man'ac; an' I do hear too he got well an's a-keepin' a store in Pittsburg; but he's lost all stomach for the woods, an' if anybody asks him to go huntin' or shows him a gun he goes off an' gits drunk as liquor 'll make him. I dunno which is so, but havin' pious notions into him I 'spect the last tale's true an' that he's a storekeeper.

"Now you fellers remember, there ain't any women wanderin' round loose, nor no babes in the wood, sitiated in Hoy's Wilderness, an' if you hear any of 'em hollerin' in distress you'll know it's a painter, an' house yourselves up, an' keep away from it. That's all."

[SECOND TALE TO BE TOLD NEXT WEEK.]

SECOND CRUISE OF THE CURLEW.

THE Skipper, the Surgeon and the Soldier had many anxious thoughts about certain ducks they had seen flying over the trees and dropping behind them on a little island in Story River. The appearances seemed to indicate that there must be a small pond there, and if it should prove true it would be a good place to sit calmly down in improvised stands and knock them over as they came in.

So these thoughts finally crystallized into a fixed determination to go again. The Curlew was accordingly provisioned and the trip undertaken. The Clerk was too busy and could not go, but the other three had a look of stern determination about them, and it boded no good to any ducks that might come in sight. The breeze was fresh and fair down the harbor, and the expedition made sail and departed. The run to the mouth of Station Creek, with the help of wind and tide, was quickly made. Two reefs were taken in the sail to prepare for the windward work in the creek, but the declining sun took the wind with it, and at dark an anchorage was found at the 'Doctor's cross over," so named because the enthusiastic Surgeon saw a few birds flying across the marshes at that point on the first cruise, and his ardent soul imagined that the flight would go on forever. They did not find it so, although the Soldier paddled about until it was too late to see and picked up a few birds. It was with sighs of deep content that the party gathered at the supper table, richly stocked with Elliot's choicest efforts, and tobacco tasted good that evening, while the guns were cleaned and put away in readiness for another day.

The other day dawned fair, warm and calm. Light zephyrs, a little tide and the oars took us nearly through the creek to Trenchard's Inlet, but an adverse tide and night came together, and we anchored, ate and slept, like honest people. On this day we made acquaintance with the Dutchman. This person was the skipper of a light draft old trading sloop, hailing from Charleston. When we first found him he was ashore in the mud on one side of the creek, and we smiled superior and kept afloat. We were struggling against the tide with a light wind, and advancing very slowly. He hailed us with a Scandinavian brogue, and we had some conversation, christening him the Dutchman. He was a person gifted with great tenacity and a way of engineering his old sloop through a creek that was amusing. He soon got his craft afloat, and then taking the bank on the best side of the river, he and his crew with poles soon overhauled us, and we were left behind. When we could get a leading breeze we could beat the Dutchman, but when the breeze fell the Dutchman could beat us. Finally, however, we anchored side by side at dark, after a snail's race lasting several hours.

In the night at the turn of the tide the Dutchman weighed his anchor and went on his way, while we slept the sleep of contented hunters and remained where we were. At daylight we tried again and made Story River in good time, struggling with an adverse tide and a capricious wind. As we approached the suspected island an intense nervous expectancy seemed to possess the ardent souls of the Surgeon and the Soldier. They smoked freely, filling their pipes frequently. They searched the sky, the water, the marshes. They marked the flight of every duck in sight, and at last they could stand the delay no longer. They tumbled into one of the boats and pulled vigorously up the river, in ent upon spying out the land. Soon they disappeared among the marshes, leaving the Skipper to beat the Curlew slowly up the river, until the falling tide left her on a mud flat and there was no more to do.

Then arose the thunder of the guns from the direction in which the gunners had disappeared, and the frequent discharges seemed to indicate that they had found "meat." As the sun declined they returned with ducks galore and stupendous appetites. The tide floated the ship, and she was worked up to a convenient anchorage, and Elliot made us happy with one of his Delmonico dinners. Suspended in the rigging, the ducks looked finely and made a brave show, and the Surgeon chuckled to know that his observation was corroborated by finding an ideal duck pond and ducks in it. Tobacco was balmy after dinner, and reminiscence and anecdote were pleasing and inspiring. Solid sleep followed after, and all trouble vanished with the echoing resonance of the Soldier's snore.

The next morning dawned gloomy and windy, with rain in the air. Nothing better could be imagined for ducks. After breakfast the party prepared for action. The Skipper encased his ponderous limbs in long rubber boots (built especially by Goodyear and launched on *ways*), unfolded his enormous oil coat and "sou'wester," reached down his old 10 bore Parker "Destroyer," and announced that he was ready. He rolled into the boat with Jerry and the party started. Fortunately the pond was not far from the landing and soon all hands were in stands about it, with the gentle Jerry for retriever. Soon the fated ducks began to come in, and for about four hours the shooting was as good as one could wish. Imagine, if you can, a small pond, just large enough to shoot across, and to be covered in every part by three or four guns. Around this the lofty pines, through which half a gale of wind was whistling, while the underbrush came to the water's edge, making good shelter. The sky was lead-colored and threatening, while frequent showers drove slanting over and through the trees. A long drought had dried up many of the ponds, where the ducks were accustomed to go, but this one had water in it. The three shooters were snugly placed on the weather side of the pond, and there you have the situation. If you, Mr. Editor, in your sanctum on the slippery side of Broadway can map out a more favorable chance, or combination of chances I would like to hear how you do it. It was a great day, and I fear I shall not see another like it for some time. Later we visited the same pond on another cruise and found—but that is another story and must await its turn.

Well, the ducks came in, "sometimes one in a flock and sometimes two single ones," as a man on Cape Cod once described it, but very few ducks that dropped in that pond that forenoon escaped alive. It was fine. The Skipper's old Destroyer was clearly "in it" until the ammunition failed, and then the party returned, well loaded down with prey. The satisfaction with which the hunters absorbed food and other comforts was heightened and intensified by the appearance of the rigging, where ducks hung "solid."

Once, when the Skipper went down to the lower end of Paris Island after beach birds, he took a camp stool and Bennett, a faithful adherent, along. Deliberately planting the seat on a prominent point, with Bennett lying on the ground behind, and lighting the pipe of peace, he awaited prey. It came. Flock after flock of small birds came whirling in, and shot after shot knocked them out, until Bennett, tired and panting from picking them up, remarked: "For de Lawd's sake, Cap'n, don't shoot any more. You got anuff now."

That was the way we felt after our great duck shoot; so the next morning we filled away for home, happy and contented, and arrived safely, and served out the "meat" among our friends. Verily, "out of doors" is better than "in the house."

C. H. ROCKWELL.

U. S. NAVAL STATION, Port Royal, S. C

ON THE JAMES.

THE title of this article is suggested by the extremely interesting communication in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 13 by James Norris, headed "On the Potomac." The James, in no less degree than the Potomac, from Newport News to Point-of-Fork, teems with historic interest, and deserves to be styled, equally with the Potomac, a classic river of America. Born and reared almost on its very banks, for the half century of my existence it has been the stream which has afforded me the greatest enjoyment when seeking recreation with rod and gun. But it is not with the intention of giving my personal experience that I write, but to mention facts which are not generally known to your readers, which I am sure cannot fail to interest refined and intelligent persons of the class to which it is evident that Mr. Norris belongs. I shall not refer to great historical figures like George Washington or Robert Edward Lee, neither will I mention such well-known places as Jamestown or Westover; but I will confine myself to my own little county, Goochland, and mention only the people who have dwelt here; not that we arrogate to her any superiority in this regard over the other twenty odd counties which border on the James, but because I desire to tell something that is unknown to most of your readers, and because if one little community, which is but a fair sample of the entire region referred to, can make such a showing, that of itself will go far toward sustaining the claim to distinction asserted on behalf of the James.

Goochland is a small county, with an area of about 300 square miles, situate west of Richmond, and bounded on the south for forty miles by the James. There are in the river numerous islands, which make it a favorite resort in the winter season for geese and ducks; and its fertile lands and beautiful scenery have ever made this portion of the valley of the James a favorite residential section for the wealthy and refined people of Virginia. As an illustration of the beauty of the country naturally, I send you a sketch of Snowden, the seat of the late Richard Selden, Esq., situated in the western part of the county, made by the Hon. John S Wise and appearing in his forthcoming book, entitled "Diomed." The very names of the families who formerly dwelt along this valley—viz.: the Pleasantses, Bateses, Randolphs, Seddons, Seldens, Stanards, Flemings, Carters, Skipwiths, Harrisons, Bollings and others—were the synonyms of social elegance and refinement. In all the broad field of periodical literature of to-day there are no more brilliant writers than were two men raised here: John Hampden and Hugh Rose Pleasants. The former was the darling of the old Whig party of Virginia, and his early and tragic death—he was killed in a duel—created a profound sensation over the State.

Upon the eastern borders of Goochland, and on a hill above the river, is historic Tuckahoe, the seat of the Randolphs, and the home of Thomas Mann Randolph, a governor of Virginia; and near the old colonial dwelling house is still to be seen the schoolhouse in which Thomas Jefferson went to school. In the same quarter of the county James Pleasants, another governor of Virginia in the days of her wealth and prosperity, was born and raised; and not far off there was born Gen. Nathaniel Massie, one of the early pioneers and distinguished men of the State of Kentucky.

Higher up, and on the banks of the river, is Sabot Hill, the home of the late James A. Seddon, a distinguished lawyer, a member of Congress of the United States, and a secretary of war of the Confederate States. Still higher up was the residence of Judge Stanard, one of the ablest and most learned judges who formerly graced the bench of Virginia's highest court, and whose luminous opinions fill many a page of the published reports of the decisions of that court. And upon the same old plantation, on an eminence above the river, a solitary tree now marks the spot where the home of the Bateses once stood. Here there was born and reared a man who became a lawyer, one of the most distinguished of his day. There is now in Lafayette Park, St. Louis, a monument dedicated to his memory. His name was Edward Bates. He was a distinguished judge, a governor of the State of Missouri, and attorney-general of the United States under the administration of Abraham Lincoln. Thus in time of great civil upheaval, when the country was divided between two great contending parties, and when the services of the ablest and best intellects were called for in the councils of state, this same little community furnished a cabinet officer to the Government of the Confederate States and a cabinet officer to the Government of the United States.

Two miles west of Belmont, the seat of the Bateses, and in an old colonial house, a part of which is still standing, and which is still owned and inhabited by the descendants of the Englishman who settled on the place in 1685, there was born a youth who in early manhood went forth to the then far backwoods to make a home and fortune. He became a citizen of the State of Mississippi, and there attained to great eminence, holding many public positions; among others he was a senator in the Congress of the United States, and governor of Mississippi, and one of the counties in that State was named after him. His name was Walter Leake.

Still further in the western part of the county an old Dutch roof mansion stands to day, which was the residence of a distinguished physician. He was a poor boy who educated himself so thoroughly that he became an accomplished classical scholar. In course of time he became the family physician and personal friend of Thomas Jefferson, and when that great man became the rector of the University of Virginia he had become so impressed with the abilities of his friend, the physician, that he twice tendered him the chair of medicine in that institution. The physician was Dr. Andrew Kean.

When the late war broke out there dwelt in Goochland one whose mortal remains now rest in Hollywood, that lovely

city of the dead, west of Richmond. David Bullock Harris was a distinguished graduate of West Point Military Academy, possessing virtues and talents of the highest order. He was engaged in civil pursuits, where he was amassing wealth, but although he was opposed to secession, when his native State called her sons to arms he left all and entered the "tented field." He served with great distinction as an engineer officer, and was the man who had the magnificent fortifications constructed at Charleston which defied the Union forces by land and sea until Sherman came up in the rear. In 1864 he was promoted to the rank of brigadier or major-general and sent to take command at Charleston, but was immediately seized with yellow fever and died.

And thus I might go on and give the names of others, women as well as men, citizens of this little county, who attained eminence, and made their mark on the world's progress, but I will content myself with one other instance, and that from the gentler sex.

Not far from my summer residence in this county, and upon an old colonial road called the "Three Chop" road, a patch of briars and an old chimney alone remain to indicate that a dwelling once stood there. Here there dwelt in former days a tavern keeper, who had a little daughter, a bright and attractive child, upon whom he lavished his love. She became a gifted and accomplished woman, and in the course of time met Mr. James Madison, then Minister to France. He addressed her and she became his wife, and when he afterward became the president of this republic she was for eight years the mistress of the White House, and all contemporaneous writers agree that, being possessed of an attractive person, a cultivated mind and exceeding grace and charm of manner, she fascinated all who came within her reach. Such is the brief story of little Dolly Payne.

And so this beautiful valley and lovely river is not only dear to us for the happy hours we have spent in hunting along its banks and fishing in its waters, but for its nobler associations Our past is not a "dead past," as some would have you believe; but it is a storehouse rich in examples of all that is loftiest and best in human nature, from which we may draw inspiration to meet the conflicts and vicissitudes of life, which inevitably lie before us, with strength and courage.

M., OF NORTHSIDE, VA.

IN IDAHO MOUNTAINS.—II.

(*Continued from page 144*)

THERE were other appearances of that bear which Jim and I had abandoned at the willow jungle, as told in your issue of Feb. 20, and this paper is to touch on one or two of them; but in the first place I am tempted to relate an evening's experience with elk which had some especially picturesque incidents.

The mountain south of camp was lofty and precipitous. Its shoulders were grown deep with rich pasturage and sparsely timbered. Its top a park-like mesa with scattered timber. Deep gulches seamed the face it presented to the river, and here the shelter and lingering moisture favored a heavy growth of both timber and underbrush. This shade drew most of the life on the mountain as refuge from the midday sun. Nell, Jim and I ventured into the deepest of these draws one afternoon about 4. I am not aware that we had any very definite purpose. The spot was wild and interesting in itself; it was tracked and marked with signs of varied wild life; it was dark already with the shadow of its western edge. There was mystery and uncertainty at every advancing step. Here was uncorrupted primeval nature. It would have fitted my mood perfectly to have left our rifles at camp, but we didn't. The habit of being prepared to kill is viciously persistent when once acquired; and few there are, in my experience, who put it aside for the more rational pleasures of quietly walking as an animal disposed to be friendly among other animals of equally kind disposition; but, as I say, we had our rifles—Jim's, a single-shot, rusted gun, with a cartridge of indefinite age in its barrel; mine, an orthodox Winchester, heavy as a sky-scraper.

We proceeded quietly along the game trails, stopping occasionally to unlimber a rubber drinking cup and wash out our mouths, dried in that parching air.

A Steller's jay, I remember, found us out and was greatly amused at our appearance; at least his voice seemed to laugh and his bearing was certainly gay. The plain, uncrested, gray jays were there too, bearing the air of tramps and mendicants, as they always do. Not that the Rocky Mountain jay is ever less than a jay—and that always means a certain briskness and debonair air—but they, like our own Canada jay, are the poor relatives, with serious temper and earthy ambitions, as compared with others of the family—about the difference that marks the Chinaman from the Frenchman.

Bruin too was about—not visible, but signs of his housekeeping were frequent. At one spot lay in the path two or three quarts of service berries, with which some youthful stomach had been overloaded.

As we approached the summit, elk sign was fresh and plentiful. It was hardly a surprise, therefore, when a well-antlered bull lumbered up from his lair and, obeying the inexorable law of his nature, broke away up the hill. A snap shot or two, and he was gone to the eye, but present to the ear in a long train of fading crashes through the timber. Nell was after him like a flash, yelping like a gatling gun. A crimsoned leaf found in the path of the flight placed on us the duty of following to the death, despite the lateness of the hour. When we had made our labored way to the crest of the mountain, Nell's faint barking, now intermittent, told of the stag at bay; not for long, however, for almost at once the elk turned again from his pigmy pursuer, and this time stopped not, but passed out of hearing for good. In the meantime the sun was down, the moon was up, we were some miles from home. We turned down the bed of a small stream into a ravine other than the one from which we had just come and started for home. Nell joined us shortly. Suddenly from directly behind us there came the sharp challenge from an elk's whistle. This was taken up and answered from across the gulch. Again it sounded from behind us and nearer. It was a chance quickly seized by Jim. From somewhere out of his ungainly face there came the voice and the language of a belligerent, defiant, love-lorn elk. In instant answer came reply from the hillside above us, and now so near that his footsteps were audible. Then silence, and in the darkness above the fancy pictured that stalwart, proud figure, listening like a knight of old for the summons which might tell him exactly the location of his rival. Again Jim sent up his treacherous challenge, at the same time cautioning me to be ready and shoot on the count of three when the elk appeared. This time no answer came, but a plunge and a clatter, and then there stood before us in the moonlight, his silhouette set into the western sky line, this bristling champion.

The rest of the story is one of shame, and should be quickly told. At the count of three we fired point blank, with no sights visible in the darkness. I felt like a midnight assassin when that gallant figure rolled almost to my feet, stone dead. His head I have, and I suppose when the question is asked I still say in cheap sportsman pride, "I shot it;" but I am glad of the poor satisfaction of knowing that the bullet we dug from that body does not and never could fit my gun.

Our experiences with bruin were of a desultory and inconsequent kind for some days after the first meeting. Once the Major had brought him out of cover for a hurried reconnoissance by mistaking his movements in the hemlock for those of a little band of elk, known to be near; but he vanished as quickly as a seal's head in a smooth sea—it was a trick he had. But there came a day when he multiplied himself by seven and showed up at all points of the compass at once. It was this wise.

The rascal, Time, had taken from the Major the activity of youth. He was burdened with those leaden pounds which weigh down too often the sporting spirit of fifty and over, and so handicapped the Major had missed his share of the game. To set the scales even, a game drive was determined on, of which the Major was to be the sole beneficiary. Conditions favored the plan. A broad, open gulch seamed the mountain from foot to crest on a line which bisected, or nearly so, a great stretch of timber. Game traveled back and forth from cover to cover across this space. The eye of a man placed here could have within its field everything which attempted the passage. The Major was accordingly seated in comfort at a point of vantage. His spectacles were fresh dusted for the doings of that day; his rifle cleaned and recleaned; his field glasses drawn and placed by his side. So was he left, like the dauntless band at Thermopylæ, to hold his pass. Jim, the cook and myself started on our detour to get on to the mountain side a mile below. The plan was for Jim to take the bottom, the cook the middle and myself the top. Then to advance toward the Major's position, storming like Populists.

We did that very thing. We had that hillside moving like a Roman chariot race inside of five minutes. Elk, coyotes, red deer, blacktails, owls, bears got up and dusted from that bedlam like fire horses when the button is pressed. Jim's Sioux war whoop almost stampeded me, and as various beasts passed me they carried their ears and eyes cocked back toward those awful screeches. I escaped being tramped to death, and at length reached the extreme upper end of the Major's gulch.

Now it came to pass that on three occasions during the progress of our tantrums back in the cover the Major had indulged in clusters of from two to five shots, so that now that I was through my part of the work I hurried to see the results to show therefor. When I came within eyesight of the Major's countenance I beheld almost a stranger. A man stood before me who clearly had passed through impressive experiences. I should think any man might carry a similar expression who had suddenly lost his mother and simultaneously seen the ghost of Julius Cæsar. I called from afar: "Major, what did you get?" He took off his glasses, slowly wiped them, and made no answer. The query was repeated; still no reply. I was now almost at his side. He slowly arose to his full stature and still in partial trance; addressing his own thoughts as much as me, he said, "I have had an exceedingly interesting afternoon." I made no further effort to force his story, but moved with him down to where the ponies were tethered. Slowly the Major began to note his surroundings, and finally sat down on a stump, repeating his former remark, "I have had a most extraordinary afternoon." This time it was a prelude to a connected recital of the happenings of the afternoon:

"I was lying on my side, facing your direction, when a pebble rolled by me, coming from behind. I turned my head and looked into the face of our bear. He stood about 50yds. off, looking at me. I took careful aim at his neck and fired. He vanished behind a log. I was sure of my aim and felt that I had my bear. So sure was I that I circled around, scanning with my glasses every possible bit of near cover. No bear was ready to be skinned, so far as I could see. So finally I decided to close in, and bethought me that I must lower my sights for closer shooting. When I started to do so, I found that they were sighted at 300yds. I had of course overshot; but I dropped them nevertheless, and followed on in a forlorn hope of another glimpse. Not a sign, and I returned to my lookout almost blind with disgust. While still in this mood there appeared in the edge of the woods opposite another bear, followed by a second and a third—an old cinnamon and two cubs. Everything was forgotten in the new excitement. I drew on the old one and fired, a second, a third shot, before they cut for shelter. Each shot fell short and stirred the dirt under them." At this point the Major almost sobbed as he added: "I had left my sights at 50yds. and I was shooting nearer 300."

We waited in sympathetic silence for him to resume and tell us where he had buried the three shots still unaccounted for. He turned to me: "A few moments before you came out on the path you were following there appeared three of the scaredest bears that ever ate berries—again an old bear and cubs. She hesitated a moment, and then turned down the steep, wet bed of the half dry rivulet. Her cubs followed; none of them could keep their footing. In tandem style they half slid, half fell the 20ft. or so which brought them to secure footing. To keep them in view, I jumped a little hollow and emerged into full view. My rifle was at my shoulder before I found that the jar of the jump had loosened and jolted from its frame the right glass of my spectacles. My sighting eye could no longer tell a rifle sight from a cholera germ. My left eye witnessed and reported to me the progress of that flock of bears on to cover. I fired, of course, and possibly hit one of the Tetons. I shifted to use my left eye, and finally coaxed a cartridge to explode by a left-handed shot I felt as congenial to the attempt as John Milton might trying to write 'Peck's Bad Boy.'"

The Major confided to me at a later day that on the night following he had dreamed that his sleeping bag was a stock yard, occupied by some thousands of bears, whose skins he had contracted to turn into rugs. Not a bear could he catch or shoot, and he was awakened finally when on the point of being trampled to death under these 10,000 plantigrades.

Some sporting recollections grow vivid with time. Until I am afloat on the Styx I shall bear with me this unfading picture: An ardent sportsman, out of luck, sitting expectant and hopeful where possibly his fortune might turn. His chances fortified with field-glasses, eye-glasses, and three beaters carrying a Sioux war whoop. Then bombarded with bears, his pet game, as June bugs bombard a street light; fairly put to it to keep from under foot; the spectacle infused with a touch of vaudeville in the shape of an ursine ballet down a wet slide; he meantime seizing each chance to shoot, with sights just a bear behind, until at last, and after a half century of practice right-handed, he fights three bears with a left-handed rifle and a left handed eye-glass.

TWINKLE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF IOWA.—III.

"Work, feed thyself, to thine own powers appeal,
Nor whine out woes thine own right hand can heal."

LABOR'S pathfinders were these frontiersmen. May the blessings of a grateful nation forever rest upon them! The unwritten histoey of their toils and trials, their joys and sorrows, their disappointments and successess, would fill all hearts with admiration, sympathy and thankfulness; admiration for their courage, sympathy for their distresses, and thankfulness for the sacrifices they made for the generations to come. And yet, though unwritten, that history is not wholly lost. Like the Icelandic sagas, these tales are handed down from generation to generation, and let us hope that they will continue to be handed down as long as such examples "allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way."

"No age hath been, since nature first began
To work Jove's wonders, but hath left behind
Some deeds of praise for mirrors unto man."

And the deeds of praise left behind by the American frontiersman have done more in our nation's great school than all else combined to gain for our country the enviable position it now occupies in the great family of nations that controls the world and moulds its progress.

They taught themselves and their children to labor and love mankind. Energy, honor, integrity and purity of character were the indexes to their lives. While generous, they were exacting. To be a man or woman among them meant labor, labor, labor. While the men hunted and tilled the soil the women spun, and wove, and rocked the cradle. They worked in happy harmony, and in joyful chorus sang:

"We never know want, for we live by our labor,
And in it contentment and happiness find."

Old Pete was the best horse I ever knew. He was a powerfully built roan, full of energy, and was never known to balk. Pete laid the foundation of father's competency. He was there when I arrived, and for twenty years afterward. Father hauled flour from Oskaloosa, seventy-five or eighty miles down the Des Moines, to Sioux City, more than 100 miles west of us on the Missouri. He drove three horses, two on the wheel, and old Pete on the lead; and Ben Bennett used to tell some rather remarkable stories about father and old Pete. There were no roads to speak of, and there were innumerable bottomless swales and mudholes on father's route. As a natural consequence father was stuck most of the time. Ben said that he had watched father get out of these holes a good many times down on the Walnut Creek bottoms, where he lived. He said that when father found that he was stuck good and fast he would unhitch all the horses, put old Pete out on hard ground, tie a rope around his neck, run the rope back between Pete's legs and make it fast to the end of the wagon-tongue, and give Pete the word. Doubtless if Ben was telling the story in these days of the kodack, he would simply say that father touched the button and Pete did the rest.

Now while Ben was a good citizen, and a hard-working, industrious man, and with all due respect for his reputation for truth and veracity (which was not ordinarily regarded as the best), and his desire to pay a high compliment to Pete's energy and integrity, the undeniable facts were that when father got stuck he had to follow the good old plan of toting the flour out on his back, and reloading it after the empty wagon had been pulled out; and there is every reason for believing that if there had been any such thing in those days as a good roads club, father would have been a charter member. But time and toil did their work, and Pete became broken down, blind and helpless. Even then it was truly pitiful to see the old-time, unconquerable energy and ambition of Pete's nature manifest themselves. He would try to appear "just as young as he used to be," and hurt himself against the fence or shed. Father dug a grave up in the orchard, led poor old Pete into it, put his arms around his neck, bade him an affectionate farewell and shot him. When father turned away he remarked: "There lies the truest piece of horseflesh God ever made, peace to his ashes!" Of course we all felt as if some member of the family had died, but then that was a long time ago; and now old Pete, with all his good qualities, is only a fading memory,—and with the passing of the present generation even that will be forgotten. "We bury love, and forgetfulness grows over it like grass."

Of course father always carried his rifle with him on these long, lonesome trips. A pioneer without his rifle with him was not a pioneer. I have known them to even take their rifles to church with them. A pioneer and his rifle were as inseparable as is a Comanche Indian and his horse. You know that if a Comanche wants to go a mile on business he will ride if he has to go five miles to catch his horse.

Father would always stop to see us both going and coming on these trips. We were a kind of halfway house, and so he always kept us well provided with game, particularly venison, turkeys and chickens.

I did not appreciate then, neither can I find words to express now, the lonely, dark hours mother outlived during these trying days of the early frontier life. Left for days and even weeks without the protecting arm or comforting influence of her husband, with her father, mother, sisters and brothers beyond the plains and mountains, with two, and later three, four and five little children at her apron string, subject to all the infantile aches, pains and diseases, without medical assistance, without experience or sympathy—left alone "to watch and weep and pray for all." Then add the fact that the country was infested with Indians and ravenous wild animals, and mother's lot seems to have been hard indeed. Well do I remember the tears and sorrow that she tried in vain to hide. And so I feel constrained to say that the pioneer mother's love was—

"The love of many prayers and many tears,
Which changes not with dim declining years."

Panther Creek, a tributary of South 'Coon, just west of us a few miles, was the scene of many of my boyish hunting exploits. About all the trapping I ever did, too, was on this stream. It was the outlet of Pilot Lake in the northwest corner of the county, and was a favorite resort of otter and mink. Billy Ludington and I had a great deal of sport

there trapping, to say nothing of the good hunting we found. In the earlier days it was also a favorite resort of panthers and bears. It got its name from the comparative abundance of panthers, and I used to hear a great many yarns about encounters with these ferocious creatures along the banks of classic Panther Creek; but I think it was John Wright's experience with a panther out there that finally gave the name to the stream that still abides with it, and probably will even until the end of time. He, with his brother in-law, Green bury Coffin, were out on a hunt in that vicinity, and were strolling along through the tall grass and underbrush, when they suddenly came upon a very large she panther, which at once showed fight They were both brave men, fully accustomed to such dangers, and they at once appreciated the fact that their only hope was in boldness and caution. They were too close upon her when discovered to retreat, and they had to face the music or do worse. Wright in particular was a most fearless hunter, and delighted in close communion with fierce, wild animals—the closer and fiercer the better. He threw up his rifle, drew a bead on her eye and sent a bullet through her brain, and turning to Coffin, who had admonished him to "be careful," remarked: "I am always sure of my aim when I have to be." And I guess that John was about right, for he certainly was a remarkably cool and brave hunter.

Speaking of panthers reminds me of a little incident that occurred later on, after I had got out of knee breeches and felt big enough to go home with the girls. Uncle Billy Pitt and old Queen, his pointer bitch, had treed a panther over on the east side of the river, not far from our place, but the panther had unfortunately escaped and was terrorizing the whole neighborhood, killing calves, sheep, etc. Now it so happened that my best girl lived just a mile east of the river, and I had been bracing up pretty strong of late and seeing her home from church every Sunday night. There was undue hilarity and a provoking amount of winking and giggling among the other boys and girls after this panther story got a good start, and even mother and sisters smiled quietly, for it seemed to be the prevalent opinion that the panther business would in the end abbreviate a certain courting affair, and possibly break off entirely certain Sunday night promenades through the woods east of Adel. I myself had seriously considered the subject—had even laid awake of nights contemplating certain probabilities and possibilities. But I couldn't stand the nagging of my well-meaning friends, nor the snickers of my envious rivals; for I had claimed to be brave, and besides, Puss was the prettiest girl in the whole settlement, and there were plenty of boys ready to take advantage of any weakness on my part or discomfiture that fate might have in store for me.

Sunday night came, and with it church and Pussy. I was there. I had made up my mind to go home with Puss that night if it took the hair off. Puss too was brave, like all frontier girls, and gratifyingly willing, and I thought I observed a twinkle in her eye as we passed out of the door, when she saucily threw her head back and surveyed the observing throng. It was as if to say to them, "My fellow is all right and don't you forget it;" and I felt—or tried to feel—correspondingly brave and manly. And so we started on our jaunt with lights steps and brave hearts. At least I am quite sure that Pussy's heart was brave. It was a long tramp, and we didn't get to her home until 11 o'clock. I wanted to kiss her awfully bad that night, and felt that I was entitled to a kiss for my bravery; but someway I couldn't pucker up the courage to ask her. Honestly, I believe the dear little creature would not have objected that night if my bravery had manifested itself in the proper way.

Without the coveted kiss I bade her good night, turned away into the dark and struck out for home, whistling along (possibly to keep my courage up), with eyes and ears wide open and every nerve in its proper place and ready for duty. I hadn't gone far before I heard something pattering along in the brush near the trail, and my bravery seemed to be oozing out at the ends of my hair. I stopped and listened. It stopped. Then I walked faster, stopped suddenly and listened. It took a few steps after I stopped and then it again stopped. I heard it very plainly and saw, or imagined that I saw, two balls of fire peering at me from the adjacent brush. To say that I was scared is expressing it very modestly. I stooped down and picked up a couple of good-sized stones and proceeded on my way in fear and trembling. At last I came to 'Coon Hill, where, as I felt sure, the tragedy would be enacted, if at all.

The night was one of those proverbially dark nights when one "couldn't see their hand before them," and the intense darkness and stillness impressed me as being just the proper thing for such bloody work. Lord! but I was scared. If I could have got out of that scrape then with a whole hide I would have been willing to take a solemn oath that I would never go home with Pussy again, even if the boys and girls tied tin cans to my coat tail. But I was in for it and had to see it through whether I wanted to or not. I had nearly reached the bottom of the hill when I thought that I discovered a very dark spot in the middle of the road right in front of me. It hadn't been raining and I could not recall any wet spots on the hill, and I was in something of a quandary. I hesitated. I involuntarily stooped down and mechanically put out my hand—and put it right on to something warm and hairy. I had always been regarded as a pretty spry lad, and on this occasion my agility found ample opportunity to display itself. I leaped into the air, kicked with both feet simultaneously, fired both rocks at once and let a yell out of me that would have put an Apache to shame. Away went the other member of the conference howling with fright and pain, for my kicks had been well if not wisely placed and my other ammunition had not been expended in vain. Then I discovered that the object of my dread and unwarranted abuse was only a lost hound that had evidently been sizing me up and finally concluded to come out in the road and make a friend of me—only another example of the distressing consequences that too often result from misplaced confidence.

As I have stated, Panther Creek was the outlet of Pilot Lake, a prairie lake of considerable size in the northwest corner of the county. And some of my fondest recollections cluster about that lake. From a slight eminence near our ouse we could see away off to the northwest the top of a lonely tree. I had been told by hunters and trappers that it was the top of a large, solitary elm that grew on a small island out in the center of Pilot Lake, and after I had come into possession of the No. 14 muzzleloading shotgun mentioned in a preceding chapter I used to sit for hours on the hill and gaze wistfully at the top of that tree and wish that I was there.

One pleasant autumn day father and I took the wagon and went over on Miller's branch after a load of wood. The elms, cottonwoods, oaks and maples were shedding their leaves, the squirrels were gathering their crops of nuts, the Indian summer's sun smiled pleasantly down upon us, and all the sweet things in nature seemed to be conspiring to promote peace on earth and good will toward men, boys in particular. Even the sad leaves and yellow grass

"Whisper'd of peace, and truth, and friendliness unquell'd."

"So you want to go to Pilot Lake, do you?" said father, interrogatively.

"Yes, sir," I responded with spirit. I felt like saying "You bet,' but I knew full well that such an expression would not be calculated to improve my chances.

"Well," said father, "we will hurry things up a little and go next week."

I was very happy, and during the following week worked with a spirit that I had seldom manifested before.

Knowing, as I did in a degree, the wants and necessities of a camp on the prairies, I had everything in readiness when the auspicious day arrived. A covered wagon, a spanking span of bays, father's rifle, my shotgun, necessary ammunition, a few cooking utensils, some kindling wood and provisions, and two hopeful sportsmen constituted the outfit. Father was a nervous, pushing sort of a man, and when the wagon was comparatively empty he always drove on the dead run. I recall distinctly our departure from home on this occasion. I was sitting in the bottom of the wagon on some hay holding the guns, father was standing up in the front leaning far out pushing on the lines and putting the bud to the spirited horses, and the outfit fairly flew across the country, as if trying to escape from a wild prairie fire. We had but about twenty miles to drive to reach the lake, and we reached our destination quite early in the afternoon. As we drove up on the ridge that overlooked the lake a large eagle dropped out of the elm that grew on the little island out in the lake and slowly sailed away, creating much uneasiness among the water fowl in his line of flight. And talk about water fowl!

That was thirty-five years ago next November. I have hunted more or less ever since then all through the Northern and Northwestern States, but never since have I seen gathered together at one time and place so many or such great variety of water fowl. There were white cranes, swans, sandhill cranes, pelicans, brant, geese and ducks of every variety, and in such vast numbers as would seem incredible to the younger generation of sportsmen. After unhitching the horses and tying them at the feedbox behind the wagon, father fired a shot to start the game. Prior to this the air had fairly quivered with the movements of the restless birds, but now, as the shot rang out over the lake, there came a roar as of a mighty storm, and the sky was fairly darkened with their numbers.

As an evidence of their vast numbers, standing there in plain sight and in the broad light of day we killed quite a number before the flocks had passed out of range, armed as we were with muzzleloaders. I remember that father at one shot with his rifle brought down two white cranes, while I got three snow geese with a right and left. Then we went down by the lake and hid in the tall grass and shot until night shut down, and we had about all we could carry to the wagon. Of course, we did not use decoys. At that time I had never heard of such a thing as a decoy, and I doubt whether father had. That night as we lay under the wagon we talked of the prospects, which seemed bright indeed, and father seemed to enjoy the trip as much as I did.

Some time in the night father awoke me and I started up, chilled to the very bone. The wind had whipped around into the northwest and a November blizzard was upon us. For the balance of the night we walked to keep from freezing. The air was alive with birds going and coming, and their varied calls were incessant and confusing. Peep of day revealed a frozen lake surface, and the birds had in a measure vanished, having doubtless pulled out for warmer climes. It was awfully cold and disagreeable, and I was about as anxious to go home as I had been to come. And so ended my first trip to Pilot Lake; but I shall never, while I live, forget the sight that met our gaze when we first looked down upon the placid waters of this lonely prairie lake.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

Natural History.

INTERCOMMUNCATION OF ANIMALS.

LATONA, Wash.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson has made some very interesting comments and drawn some very reasonable conclusions in regard to wolves, and as a hunter of them I wish to say he has described what every still-hunter has observed, not only among wolves, but among all of the lower tribes.

All animals, birds, bugs and fishes do, without doubt, have means of communicating intelligence not only to their own kind, but to others as well. Of that there can be no doubt in a hunter's mind.

All of the senses are undoubtedly used, but sight, smell and hearing are the principal ones.

Moose, deer, antelope, ducks, geese and many other species locate each other by a call, alarm their fellows by a call or a motion, have a war cry, another when in pain, and another when they are in trouble and need help.

This fact calls into being the birch bark horn for a moose call and makes it possible to make and sell duck calls, which a great many men use to make a noise with, not knowing that this little instrument will give the alarm note as well as the "good-feeding" note. Therefore, duck hunters, listen and learn to distinguish this peaceful note from all others, and then be sure you can imitate it, tone, inflection and all, if you would make the call of practical use

We all know how a bunch of Bob Whites scatter when flushed and we all know that they get together again soon if not disturbed. That is intercommunication. We also know that if one robin finds a good feeding ground he begins to whistle in a way that is not a simple song of gladness and that soon there are two robins, then a dozen there. That is another phase of the same thing.

Let a bluejay or a crow find an owl in some dark nook. Immediately there is a hue and cry raised by this one bird, and in a very few minutes there are numbers of his fellows on the wing, hurrying to get there in time to help fight that owl. The cry is plainly a battle call, and every bird that hears it knows there is going to be a fight just as soon as the numbers warrant it. That is intercommunication and with a vengeance.

Yet let the bluejay or the crow discover anything that means danger, as plainly as the sight of a man with a gun, for instance. Again the screams and racket as he hurries away and everyone of his fellows likewise places distance behind him without stopping to question the cause of the alarm calls. He knows from the sound that whatever his friend sees is dangerous to him and a good thing to get away from. So does the squirrel among the leaves hunting hazelnuts, and he scurries up a gnarled oak and peeps down, silent until he knows the danger is past. All other birds hear the same alarm and skip into darkening thickets, where they are better hid. A rabbit, out for an early nip of vegetation, hears the call and nips no more, but pops into a convenient brush heap for cover. The bluejay has told them all to hide.

Now let the hunter stop and remain perfectly quiet, making neither sound nor alarming motion. Soon the squirrel slips down, and begins his work of hunting and "cacheing" nuts again. One by one birds begin to hunt their food and twitter softly to each other, the bluejay slips back among the branches, talking to himself, and fairly puffed up with curiosity and importance.

These are only a few instances of the intercommunication that everyone who goes into the woods and observes his surroundings knows without doubt takes place daily.

Of course, different species have their own way of getting at these results, but they all communicate more or less with their own kind and with others; and wolves have become very proficient, because they must be so or die by the hand of man. EL COMANCHO.

THE ANTELOPE IN MONTANA.

FORT ASSINABOINE, Mont., Feb 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From a recent conversation with James Parotti, the game warden for this (Choteau) county, I gathered a few facts which may be useful to you in your work on the distribution of antelope. He is, of course, familiar with the distribution of game in this county, but is also well informed as to its abundance throughout the State generally. He informs me that antelope can be found at the following points during the entire year, besides which a good many—according to the severity of the weather—move in from Canada every fall:

Rocky Springs, near the Canada line—Many small herds.

Sweetgrass Hills—Large numbers of antelope.

Antelope Springs, south of Bear Paw Mountains, near Cow Creek—150 to 200 head.

Landusky P. O , south of Little Rockies—Plentiful.

Sage Creek, twenty-five miles from Havre, west—Several small bunches.

Milk River, twenty-five miles from Havre, west—Several small bunches.

North of Chinook, about twenty miles—A number of small bunches.

Old-man-on-his-back Butte, thirty-eight miles northeast—Large bands.

Old Benton and McLeod trail—Scattered bunches anywhere.

Augusta, on South Fork of Sun River—Scattered bands.

Poplar Agency, Fort P. ck Reservation—Fairly plenty.

Southeast of old Fort Claggett, on Missouri—Plenty.

Musselshell county—Plenty.

Between the Musselshell and Billings—Plenty.

Antelope Hill, near Blackfoot, Deer Lodge county—A few. This is west of the Rockies.

Lower Yellowstone—Scattered bunches.

North of Havre thirty miles, on Willow and Battle creeks—Plenty.

North of Glasgow—Scattered bunches.

Mr. Parotti has been in this country as hunter and guide for nearly twenty years. He tells me that the fearful winter of 1893, when the thermometer registered 61° below in this post, killed off four-fifths of the antelope—that they starved to death by thousands on account of the deep snow. He found, after that winter, what he estimated were 900 carcasses where the antelope had drifted into a deep ravine and evidently had no strength to get out. Before that time antelope were plenty through here, but that winter killed nearly all off. While they were shot by thousands, the number so destroyed was only an insignificant fraction of the total. He tells me that these antelope, like those which drifted in this winter, probably came from the Red Deer River country, 250 miles to the north of here. He has hunted in that country, and reports antelope there in immense bands, the country unsettled, and few to molest the game. He believes that a large majority of the antelope now in Montana during the winters drift in from across the Canadian line. EDWARD L. MUNSON.

NORTH CAROLINA BIRD NOTES.

I AM spending the month of March in the suburbs of Asheville, N. C., a fact of no consequence whatever, except so far as it gives me an opportunity to speak about the birds I have seen here.

During the last week in February the weather was very cold and windy. Ice formed every night and once snow fell. On the 27th an immense flight of robins appeared and large numbers were shot. We at the North feed them on cherries, strawberries, etc., for our Southern brethren to shoot and feast on. There are thousands of robins now all along the banks of the Swannanoa River, which flows through Biltmore, George W. Vanderbilt's vast estate of 100,000 acres. They are on their journey northward.

Yesterday I saw a flock of crow blackbirds (purple grackles), and to-day a flock of redwing blackbirds, going north.

On Sunday the cackle of a flicker (*kee yer! kee-yer!*) sounded from the tall trees somewhere near the house, and while trying to get my eye on him I noticed a pair of yellow-bellied sapsuckers. A common bird here is the little white breasted nuthatch, which runs up and down the trunks of trees in close proximity to the house, apparently fearless of human beings It is found in company with the lively little chickadee, whose saucy investigations are pushed to the utmost limits of familiarity. Two species of the chickadee are found here, *Parus atricapillus* and *P carolinensis*, the latter being smaller, but not otherwise differing noticeably except in its call notes.

In my rambles in the neighborhood I have observed such birds, common to the North, as the crow, bluejay, bluebird, junco or snow bird, American goldfinch or yellowbird, cardinal grosbeak, chippy, song sparrow and field sparrow, whose liquid notes are so inimitable. But by far the most interesting bird to me is the tufted titmouse, an active little blue-gray, 6in. rascal, who is afraid of nobody, and spends one-half his time by day in seeking food and the other half in telling you so in Latin from the highest tree tops. At

first his shrill *peto, peto, peto* is rather musical and pleasant. After having heard it for ten minutes or so it becomes a trifle monotonous, and at the end of a half hour you wish you had a gun. Two hours afterward, coming back that way, you are likely to hear the same bird doing the same thing with a pertinacity that would be admirable if the results were marked by some variety.

The month of March so far has not been favorable for ornithological research. Rain has fallen about every other day or night. The woods are wet. The roads are simply awful; and the feathered host in Florida and Georgia, except the robins and the blackbirds, seem to be content to bear the ills they have rather than fly to others that they know not of, unless perhaps by instinct or experience.

J. L. KEARNY.

FOREST HILL, Asheville, N. C., March 18.

WILD BIRDS AT THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.

To many visitors to the Sportsmen's Exposition the most interesting thing there was the exhibit of live wild birds sent by Mr. Treadwell, of Long Island, and Mr. Verner de Guise, of Mahwah, New Jersey. As many of these birds were of kinds unfamiliar to many sportsmen, they were examined with the greatest curiosity and interest.

The wildfowl shown by Mr. Treadwell included two coops each of brant, of Canada geese, of snow geese, and of Egyptian geese; one each of blue geese, Hutchins geese, black ducks, mallards, white call ducks and Cayuga ducks, these last being varieties of the domestic duck. Mr. De Guise showed several coops containing a large number of pheasants, both the ring-necked and the old-fashioned English pheasant (*P. colchicus*), together with a coop of prairie chickens—pinnated grouse.

The admirable condition of the birds shown was remarked on by all who saw them. Their plumage was as smooth and bright as that of wild birds, and the wildfowl were very tame and showed no uneasiness or alarm when closely inspected. This was hardly the case with the gallinaceous birds, which we may suppose to be less accustomed to confinement in small inclosures. Some of the ring-necked pheasants strove to push their way through the wire netting at the back of the cages, and for a time the pinnated grouse tried to get out. As soon as cloth was placed over the wire at the back of the coops these efforts ceased. It is certainly an interesting thing that there are in this country two large establishments like those of Messrs. Treadwell and De Guise, where wildfowl and gallinaceous birds are bred successfully. This and the effort made by many wealthy men to establish large game preserves are tendencies of the present day in America which are very suggestive.

Intimation of Spring in Texas.

PETTY, Texas, March 12.—The black martin (the harbingers of spring) are here; I noticed two on Feb. 23. There was a wind and rain storm on the night of the 21st, and early on the morning of the 22d I heard the familiar note of these welcome little companions and saw a couple of them circling about their last year's residence, as if to see that all was well before taking possession of their summer home.

The wildfowl have begun their northward journey: a great many wild geese, brant, etc., passed here this week.

The red-breast robin has been with us in goodly numbers during the last few days, but they seem to be possessed of a restless spirit. They do not remain here in summer. The season when Bob White will have the cloak of the law thrown around him is near at hand, and I will rejoice to see it come.

F. E. W.

Papers on Tropical Mammals.

Two papers by Dr. J. A. Allen, of the American Museum of Natural History, just received, treat of collections of mammals made in Costa Rica and in Mexico. The first represents material a large part of which has been contributed to the American Museum either by Messrs. Alfaro and Cherrie personally, or by the Costa Rica Museum. The material consists of about 300 specimens, and represents sixty-five species. Besides this additional material has been received recently. The present paper enumerates sixty-six species of animals, of which seven species and one genus are new.

The second collection, Dr Bullers's collection of Mexican mammals, numbers over 300 specimens, and represents fifty-five species, of which sixteen were determined as new to science.

Birds and Locomotive.

A FORT COLLINS, Col., press dispatch recently reported that as the Denver passenger train was coming from Loveland last evening in the midst of a big snowstorm and fog, the locomotive enccuntered a drove of snowbirds which drove at the headlight with such violence that the glass guard was broken and the light extinguished, and the train came from Russell Creek to Fort Collins in darkness. The birds were killed by the score by striking the cab and pilot, and fell into the engine and tender and floor of the cab, falling so thickly that the fireman scooped them up with his shovel and threw them out. When this place was reached at least 100 dead birds were taken from the locomotive and tender.

Snake and Hawk.

THOMASVILLE, Ga., March 15.—A few days ago Dr. Hodgeman, of New York, and two friends were out shooting quail. While eating lunch they saw two hawks sailing well above their heads. One of the gentlemen said, "I am going to take a shot at the lazy one." He did so, and the hawk sailed on. A short time after, something fluttered to the ground near them. On going to the spot they found a hawk with a small snake tightly wound around the hawk's neck and the lower jaw of the snake set in the body of the hawk.

After killing the snake in order to release the hawk, they killed the hawk because every hunter does. SAYVILLE.

New York Game Laws.

ALBANY, March 20.—The Governor has signed Assemblyman Hobbie's bill prohibiting the hounding of deer for ten years in the towns of Dresden and Putnam, in Washington county.

Also Assemblyman Post's, allowing the shooting of web-footed wildfowl from floating devices, boats propelled by hand and sail boats, in Long Island Sound, Great South Bay, Gardiner, Shinnecock and Peconic bays.

Game Bag and Gun.

HOURS IN A BLIND.—III.

A Windward Point.

THE desirable wind for point-shooting is one quartering from behind the gunner. This gives the birds abundant room to swing over the water and to come up to the decoys, offering a good shot to the man in the blind. Sometimes, however, it happens that after one has tied out with the wind just right and everything apparently favorable, the wind will haul more and more in front of him, or may shift suddenly, so that it blows directly on the point and in the gunner's face. One result of this is that his decoys, instead of riding in a long line head to tail, swing around and now sit in the water side by side, their bills of course facing the wind. Worse than this is the fact that the fowl which come in can no longer swing over the water, but if they wish to alight to the decoys must swing over a marsh and come from behind the gunner and so over his blind. Thus they are quite certain to see him, or at least some of the strange objects that he has brought into the marsh; or if they do not see him, at least they come from behind him, and he is obliged to twist around and shoot at them when they are coming toward him and nearly over his head. For most men, I think, shooting of this sort is very difficult, and usually when such a shift of wind takes place it is better for the gunner to take up and to move—if such a course is practicable—to some other point, where the wind is right.

One of the chief difficulties that I find in shooting at birds that come in from behind the blind is that a large proportion of them come quite low, and so are not seen until they are almost upon the gunner. By the time he gets his gun to his shoulder the bird is likely to be almost within arm's length If now it flares and goes directly up in the air the shot becomes an easy one; but if, on the other hand, it keeps on over the gunner's head he has to twist around and is very likely to shoot hastily at a straightaway, swift-flying bird and to miss it.

I have never yet shot in a blind with a remarkably good shot—a man who took all chances and killed a very large proportion of his birds. I know that there are such men, but it has never been my fortune to see one of them shooting wildfowl.

Sometimes a bunch of birds coming low over the marsh at a tremendous rate of speed unseen may pass over a man's head with a sound which resembles the escape of steam from a large locomotive, and which, coming so unexpectedly, has a tendency to frighten one out of several years' growth. In my limited experience, canvasbacks and blackheads are the worst offenders in this respect, though occasionally an old black duck coming low down over the blind will startle one by the rustling of his feathers. On several occasions I have had a white headed eagle come so near the blind that when I rose and shouted at him I could plainly hear his feathers creaking against each other as he threw himself over nearly on his back, and scrambled through the air to get way.

Passers-by.

It surprises one, though, of course, it is only natural, to see how many birds there are, which are not wildfowl, that come close to the blind entirely unsuspicious of its occupant. Hawks and sometimes, during gray days, owls hunt over the marsh, eager to prey on the blackbirds and sparrows whose haunt is here. Gulls often pass near the decoys, and occasionally one sees flying through the air a loon or a cormorant. Sometimes one of the latter may be seen perched over the water on a stake of some deserted bush blind. Eagles and buzzards, of course, and the ever-present crow, are constantly searching over the marsh and over the water, looking for dead and wounded ducks.

From the many ducks and geese that are so lost to the gunner the eagles and the buzzards no doubt gain a fat livelihood, and the clean-picked skeletons of wildfowl surrounded by the feathers are frequently seen in the marshes.

Besides these, in and among the reeds live blackbirds, sparrows, marsh wrens and rails, any of which will venture close to the blind. Sometimes a little Carolina rail in its peregrinations along the water's edge will even walk into the blind, and gaze at its occupant with bright, dark eye, uncertain what he may be. It is amusing sometimes to see two or three men and a dog go crashing through the cane in hot pursuit of one of these little birds, who must laugh to himself at the clumsy efforts made by his pursuers to capture him.

Often a little whisp of snipe of two or three individuals pass within gunshot of the blind, or a single bird, like a bullet from the sky, may drop on some nearby point of the marsh, and run briskly about over the mud at the water's edge, probing with busy bill for food which is hidden beneath. In like manner now and then a killdeer plover or a pair of yellow-legs may fly in from beyond the marsh, and hurry along over the mud as if greatly pressed for time.

Herons, of course, are abundant in the marsh, and are of three sorts The night heron—in New England called quawk—and the bittern are seen less often here than the great blue heron, which in these parts is known by an apparently unmeaning name—"forty gallons of soup." This bird is common here, and often comes close over the blind or alights in the water near it.

It is interesting to watch one when it is fishing. Its huge wings and long straddling legs make a great commotion over the water when it alights, though there is no splash when it puts its feet down. The moment that it has folded its wings, however, it straightens its legs, neck and body, and for a long time stands bolt upright, absolutely motionless, looking for all the world like a straight, weathered stick standing out of the water. In this position it resembles anything rather than a bird, and its attitude is extremely ungraceful. The position and the entire absence of motion are due, I suppose, first to its desire to see whether any enemy is in the neighborhood; and second to give its prey, which may have been frightened by the shadow of its passing body, time to recover from this alarm.

After a period of stillness which may last five or six minutes, but seems to the watcher much longer, the heron, still holding its neck straight and stiff and its bill pointed somewhat upward, takes a cautious step and then stands still for a moment. Then, seemingly reassured, it moves on with slow, careful steps, its head turned a little on one side, evidently searching the water for its food. It does not take the conventional heron attitude until it sees some little fish that is within reach. Then very slowly it draws in its neck and darts out its strong, keen bill, and usually captures its prey; not always, however, for I have several times seen one miss his stroke.

These are big birds, and birds too that one seldom has an opportunity to kill, yet it always seems to me a pity to shoot at them. They can be eaten, to be sure; yet no one who has ducks and geese to eat would be likely to prefer heron. Unless the gunner has some use for it, it does not, to me, seem worth while to kill any bird. Life is something so mysterious that it should not be lightly destroyed, and I have no sympathy with the wantonness which leads many shooters to try their guns on every robin, swallow, nighthawk or bat that may fly near to them. This is commonly done "for fun," or to see "whether I can hit it;" but it is all wrong.

Strangers from Afar.

Besides the birds of all sorts of which I have spoken, and the water fowl, which are so conspicuous, and of which the lucky gunner secures a few, there are killed here occasionally birds that are altogether unexpected.

One of the most unusual of these was secured some years ago by a local gunner, who of course did not know what it was, but shot it because it looked so strange. This was a dovekie, or little auk, a bird of the arctic regions, which is said to breed in Greenland, and which occurs in small numbers in winter off all the North Atlantic States. It is rarely seen south of New York, and for all I know its North Carolina occurrence may be a record.

The white brant, or snow goose, is found here every year in small numbers, one large flock living on the outer beach not very far from the Currituck Lighthouse. These birds do not seem to associate with the common gray geese, but keep by themselves, and feed largely on the marsh instead of in the water. Sometimes I have sailed within gunshot of this flock of 500, and their white heads appearing over the short marsh grass, which hides their bodies, have a very curious appearance. When fairly alarmed, they spring into the air and fly away with sharp, cackling cries, much less musical than those of the common Canada geese. They are seldom killed, I believe.

Now and then among the birds brought in by the gunners will be seen a curious duck, unlike anything known here, and which the ornithologist at once recognizes as a hybrid—something which is not very uncommon among the duck family. I have killed a male hybrid which was manifestly a cross between a mallard and the pintail, and have seen more than one hybrid between the black duck and mallard.

I have heard of two or three strangers from Europe having been killed in these waters. These were English widgeons, usually found associated with the American bird and recognized as something strange only after they had been killed and retrieved.

The Hairy Crown.

An abundant bird on the waters of Currituck Sound is that locally known as the hairy crown. This is the bird called in the books the hooded merganser. I have never seen these birds so abundant anywhere as they are here, and flocks of from 75 to 100 are sometimes seen. More often, however, the companies are much smaller.

If you see these birds coming a good way off, they will very likely fool you by their manner of flight, and you will at first say "Blackheads," and then "No, canvasbacks." Perhaps it will not be until they are almost within gunshot that you disappointedly exclaim: "Hairy crowns." These birds, though commonly they do not pay much attention to the decoys come up without the least hesitation if they make up their minds to come, and alight in the water, swimming about with lowered crest and diving for food, quite unconscious that the decoys are shams. If you stand up in your blind and raise your gun they erect the crest in token of suspicion, and then may dive and swim under the water for a long way, or perhaps jump up and offer you a shot. It is only their swift flight that makes them hard to hit, for they fly very steadily. Sometimes, when a little flock is flying across at a distance, they can be called to the decoys by an imitation of their note, which is something like that of the blackhead—a guttural, grating croak.

The male hairy crown is a beautiful bird, with his elaborate livery of black, white, tan and delicate gray, but as hairy crowns are commonly regarded as worthless for eating, they are often allowed to pass unharmed by the gunner unless he is shooting for count, when he will try to knock down those that come to him, as each one retrieved counts as a duck.

The redbreasted merganser is much less common here than the hooded, but occasionally drops in among the decoys. Its local name is sawbill. The goosander I have never seen here, nor do the men with whom I have talked about it appear to know the bird.

Calling Down a Goose.

During much of the day the music and clamor of the geese, softened by distance, fall upon the gunner's ear. It may be that in some channel not far from him great numbers of these birds are resting on the water talking to each other, and often flocks of traveling birds pass up and down the Sound, calling to each other or answering the salutations of other birds at rest. Often too a sailboat, passing through a great raft of geese, will put all the birds on the wing, and they rise in a thick cloud of dark specks against the sky, looking like a swarm of bees. When these birds have been so disturbed they often break up into small companies and fly here and there in different directions, seeking new resting places.

The man who sits all day in his blind is likely to have some of these moving flocks of geese pass near him, and sometimes they may fly so close that he will have an opportunity to shoot into them, and to pick a bird or two down from the sky. If he has a couple of goose decoys in the water, and if his boatman is a good caller, his chance for a shot is, of course, much better. It is extremely interesting to see the boatman call down a goose and to watch the actions of the deluded bird as it swings lower and lower in wide circles, and at length, with outstretched neck and hanging feet, comes up over the decoys to join its supposed comrades at their head. When the bird is distant the men fairly shriek out their calls, but as it gets nearer and nearer their voices are lowered, their heads are bent toward the earth, perhaps they place their hands or their hats in front of their mouths. The conversations which they hold with each other and with the goose are no longer shrill and loud-voiced *honks*, but are chuckling confidences which the supposed geese on the water are sharing with one another. The incoming bird still calls with loud, sonorous tones, as if anxious to attract the attention of the wooden decoys, but as he gets nearer and nearer the talk of the men becomes still lower, until at last, when the gunner jumps to his feet and levels his arm, it ceases altogether.

Let no one imagine that because the goose is a great bird nearly 4ft. long and apparently of slow and unwieldy flight it is a matter of course that he will kill him. I confidently assert that there is nearly as much room in the air around a goose as there is around a duck, and unless your gun is carefully held you will shoot behind the bird. If you miss him with your first barrel you are very likely to miss him also with the second, which is likely to be fired with undue haste. If, however, your first barrel has done the work, and he falls to the water, your boatman is certain to offer you cordial congratulations which will warm the cockles of your heart.

Often it may happen that, while the goose does not come down to the decoys, he will alter his flight and pass over the blind within long range. In such a case your shot may perhaps fail to break any bone and yet may mortally wound the bird, which, after making a wide circuit or a long flight, will at last come to the water stone dead. COUPLES.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE AMONG THE LUMBERMEN.—II.

(Continued from page 226.)

ASHLAND, Wis.—As usual, Ernest was awake first in the morning, and came over to my bunk, which I had built separate in the far corner of the camp. He struck a match and lighted the candle, stuck it in the hole bored in a protruding log at the head for a candlestick, the sizzling of the match starting me broad awake.

"Well, Ernest, how's the weather; snowing yet?"

"You bet he snow. He keep on leetle longer he bury the camp. I make snowshoe to-day out of deer hide we get yesterday, so we can go after more. Snow too deep for walk; teenk have to make snowshoe for sled for haul log and snowshoe for horse hox."

By the time Ernest had finished this speech I had dressed sufficient for investigation. I could barely open



"AN OMINOUS GROWL, DEEP AND ANGRY."

the door far enough to squeeze out, so great a weight of snow was there against it. I turned my face upward and felt the flakes fall, soft and silent as down. It had changed from the hard pellets of the day before and added to the depth faster than ever. The temperature had grown much warmer during the night, and I remember that as I stood there with the snow to my hips and falling steadily on my upturned face, there crept over me a sense of security and comfort, and to this day I cannot look out on a fresh fallen snow without something of the same feeling. Most people, I am aware, are wont to regard the snow as the winding sheet of earth and associate it in their minds with the cheerless things of life. To me it is a wonderful blanket, soft and warm, to cover the sleeping earth, coming and growing, like the fur on her creatures, when she needs it, and keeping safe the germ of life in green to bloom against her awakening.

But what is to be the outcome of this affair? was my next thought. A new sense of responsibility came over me. I was "in charge." To me the crew would look for the conduct of affairs until the return of the boss. It was apparent now that the storm was something serious, and that the arrival of the tote team was likely to be delayed considerably longer than expected. The main thing, I judged, was to provide food, if possible, and keep the men until the roads were open and we could get into thick timber and finish our winter's work. Luckily for me, I had able counsellors in Ernest and the cook; and besides I was only turned nineteen years of age. At that time of life most of us are pretty apt under difficulties to alight, like the proverbial cat, "on our feet." So, feeling as though the matter was not so very serious, I got back into camp, and finding the cook up we held a council.

It was decided first that we should devote our energies that day to making snowshoes, in order that we might get abroad, and if necessary get down the river if grub was likely to fail and no supplies reached us. Accordingly the crew was routed up and each man was instructed to make some sort of vehicle for snow transportation. Kronquist started in on *skis*, and the rest of the crew, with the exception of Ernest, followed his lead. It was tough work getting the material, although plenty was at hand within a few rods; but, as Ernest put it, "we have to swim" in order to get anywhere.

Toward evening Ernest, with my help, had completed two pairs of serviceable rawhide snowshoes, and we started up the logging road to see what we might see. Only a faint depression showed where the road had been. A short way from camp we came to where a band of three deer had crossed, and the snow was so deep they left a trail which looked as though small saw logs had been dragged along the surface. It was growing dusk, and as it was extremely exhausting work to make headway even on snowshoes, we were about to turn back, when something attracted Ernest's attention. He was a few steps in the lead, and I saw him stop, pull off his mitten, and hold his gun ready, looking intently off to the right. I shuffled silently up and whispered, "What is it?"

"Something ump. Don't know what. We go see.

A few more steps and we caught sight of an animal making as good time as possible through the soft snow. A few strides, a tap on the nose with the poll of the ax and a dead porcupine lay stretched out for our inspection.

"Him all right," said Ernest, "he good for eat like pork. I cook him. You see."

"But what's this?" I say. "Something has been afoul of our porky; his neck is all chewed up and that is why we caught him. What could it be?"

Ernest took one look, and without making any reply started on the back track of the porcupine. I cut a slit in the throat, cut a crotched blue beech one branch short and sharpened, which I jabbed in between the lower jaws, and dragging the carcass started after. I came up with Ernest under a huge birch, his gaze directed first among the branches, next to the ground underneath.

"You see, de porky feed here. You see where he peel the bark and eat the bud. Then you look here you see where something try to eat *him*."

There was a trail from here which we took up and followed. It led us in a roundabout way to the roots of a huge fallen pine and into a hole which seemed to extend into the body of the tree. Ernest walked the length of the trunk, came back and said: "I think it be the dev'. He in there; he can't get out only here; no hole in de top. You take off your snowshoe, get on top and pound along the tree. If he come out I shoot him."

I did as requested, and hammering along the trunk was startled when about 30ft. from the root to hear an ominous growl, deep and angry, and seeming to issue from some hidden place deep in the ground.

"Well, Ernest," I cried, "if it is the devil, as you say, he must be a big one; he certainly has voice enough for an elephant."

Ernest replied in a tone of voice which instantly commanded my attention, "You hustle back here, cut de lil pine quick, stick him in hole. We have to go for camp. You know where de road be?"

I understood in an instant. It was nearly dark. After following the trails to the fallen pine I could not tell, to save my life, in which direction the road lay. Neither could Ernest. Our only chance was to take the back track and take it soon. I quickly had the small pine down, and logging it into three sections we jammed them into the hole as tight as we could and started for the logging road. I know not if I should ever have reached it alone, but Ernest proved a sure guide and led me safely out. Once on the road, Ernest delivered himself: "I not sure dat de dev', but I t'ink he be dat. He try eat de porky. No bear, no wolf try dat. We see to-morrow. If we stay to get him to-night we have to stay until morning. Better we go camp, sleep, come back early, he all right. He no get away."

Night had completely fallen now, and we settled down to a steady swing, making as good time as possible, but finding it slow, hard work. All at once as I turned to look at Ernest I saw frost on his long black mustache and said to him: "It's growing cold. Feel the frost on your whiskers?"

"Dat so. Now he stop snow pretty quick." He stuck his forefinger in his mouth and held it up over his head to catch the direction of the wind. "The wind from north now," he said. "He grow cold fas' the snow he stop."

We soon had evidence that a change was truly at hand. The storm thus far had been accompanied by little or no wind, and the silence of it I cannot describe. It was simply absolute, intense, oppressive. But now there ranged first through the forest a mighty sigh, then each tree and shrub seemed to shiver from its topmost branch to its root, and a deluge of snow plumped down from above to be swallowed up in the ocean of snow beneath; then the pine tops started the music and soon the whole woods orchestra was in full play, the music growing in volume as the wind rose.

Getting back to camp, we found a game of poker in full blast, and a little black Frenchman had won nearly all the tobacco in the wangan. The cards were put away for supper, and were not brought out again. The boss would not allow them to be played in camp, and I considered it my duty to administer affairs as nearly as might be as they would be if he were present. After supper Ernest skinned and dressed the porcupine, and the cook brought out his guitar, while a young Swede produced an old violin, mellow and sweet of tone; and striking up a lively tune we soon had a quadrille formed, and danced the blues and discontent out of the camp.

When 9 o'clock came I went outside and found that the storm had ceased, the stars were shining, the trees were singing in the north wind, and the frost nipped hungrily at my ears. As I stretched out in my bunk and lighted the candle to read for a few moments before sleep overcame me, my thoughts returned to the animal we had left imprisoned in the hollow pine, and it gave a zest to the anticipations for the morrow G. W. M.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WILD GOATS IN THE ROCKIES.

WHILE the buffalo have disappeared and the elk are getting scarce, there are still lots of wild goats in the main range of the Rockies; also in the Selkirk and Cabinet ranges, which form a sort of stepping-stone to the western slope of the Rocky Mountains and give to northern Idaho, western Montana and southern British Columbia its grand scenery.

There are several reasons why the goat is not hunted so very much, chiefly because the savage hunter thinks that it is too much like work to hunt for goats on a lofty mountain; it is so much easier for the tenderfoot, fresh from the city, to hire a man to show him something to shoot where he does not have to climb mountains.

The head of a wild goat properly mounted makes a very satisfactory trophy, the slender black horns curving backward very prettily; the hide makes a very tasteful rug; the hair is very long and snow white.

As a general rule wild goat meat is very poor eating, being tough and rather strong; a young kid, however, is fair food. The proper time to hunt the wild goat is in the early spring, fall, or, if you like hard work, follow them up the mountains in winter. If you shoot a goat then you get a prime hide and good horns.

To return to a hunt I once indulged in with my old friend Col. Wroug.

We pushed up to Fort Steele, British Columbia (which is a small town of possibly 100 inhabitants lying at the very foot of the Rockies), from Borum's Ferry, Idaho, by way of the old Moyra Trail, a distance of 125 miles through the mountains; the scenery along this trail is superb. At night we camped on the banks of the Moyra River, a beautiful mountain stream about 160 miles long. Trout abound in this river. I have known four men to catch 900 in three days.

Our outfit consisted of a saddle and pack horse apiece. Besides six-shooters, the Colonel carried a .40-65 Winchester, and I carried a .45-70 Winchester; we also took a good dog apiece.

Arriving in four days and a half at Fort Steele, we camped there a day to report at the Canadian custom office and to lay in a fresh supply of grub.

The next day we struck down the Tootenai River to Bull River, twenty miles north, crossing this stream at the old pack bridge, which spans the river at the falls (which are grand, the water tumbling almost 90ft. straight down). We continued on up Bull River, crossing Iron Creek at its mouth, about five miles above Bull River Falls. Here we came to the end of the trail; however, we continued on up Bull River twelve miles further till we found good feed for our horses, and there we made our permanent camp.

All this sounds very easy, but as a matter of fact it was very hard work after we left the end of the trail; we were almost three days making the twelve miles. We had to use our axe all day in order to get our horses through the fallen timber. We forded Bull River whenever we could in order to save work with the axe, but we could not do it very often, as the river is very swift, and the probable loss of a pack horse with our blankets and grub was a little too serious a matter for us.

On our way up we found lots of bear sign, and big fellows too, judging by their tracks. The Colonel saw one black bear the day before we reached our final camp. The day we arrived at our destination, after fixing up camp and hoppling the horses so that they could not leave us, the Colonel went back about half a mile on our trail, where we had noticed a big log jam in Bull River, to try and get a mess of trout for supper. I took my rifle and dog up the mountain back of camp to look for signs of goat, and hoping to get a grouse or so for food.

Going about quarter of the way up and then around the side of the mountain, I came to what I should judge was a good-sized creek in the spring time, but now it was almost dry, here and there 15 or 20ft. of water. This creek lay below me and south, dividing the mountain I was on from the next one. Going down the mountain to this creek, I found to my surprise that these little pools of water were alive with trout, which had evidently been caught there as the water went. Going to one end of one of these pools, I drove the fish up to the other, and then told my dog to catch them, which he did by grabbing them in the shallow water and throwing them out on the gravel. At this novel way of fishing it only took a very few minutes to have a good mess, which I strung on a stick and lay on my trail to take on my way back. I then proceeded up the creek bottom.

I had not gone more than a quarter of a mile when I noticed a goat trail. It was a very old one, probably one that they had used for years coming down to water. On examination, I found that their hoofs had actually worn a trail in the solid rock almost 2in. deep.

I looked around carefully to see if there were any goats still using the trail, and to my joy I found that there had been some there very lately.

This was all I wanted to know that day, so I hastily retraced my steps back to camp, picking up my fish on the way. My dog found three grouse for me on the mountain. I promptly shot their heads off, as the heavy bullet from my rifle would have torn the bodies all to pieces.

As I had my rifle and eight trout to carry, I gave the birds to my dog to bring in, and struck camp just in time to escape building a fire, for according to camp law the first man in camp builds the fire.

The Colonel had succeeded in landing thirty-three trout in an hour and a quarter, but he could not see how I had caught mine without a hook or line.

Around the camp-fire that night we discussed our plans for the next day. We decided to get an early start the next morning and follow up the goat trail that I had found. Waking up a little before daylight the next morning, I quickly rolled out of my blankets and we soon had breakfast. Shortly after daybreak we were on the move. At first we walked pretty rapidly, but when we were near the goat trail we moved along more carefully; arriving there, we made an examination of the tracks at the foot of the trail and found that there had been some goats there since my visit the night before.

The tracks ran up the rock trail to the south, so that after making sure that our guns were all right we started on up the trail, which was very steep, so much so that we had to use our hands climbing up. Upon our arriving at the top the trail became very dim; however, we pushed on, the country being very rough and rocky, with almost no vegetation in sight. Soon we halted at the foot of a poin

of rocks about 50ft. higher than the rest of the country, and while my companion remained where he was I went up to take a look around. Peeping carefully over the top, I saw at not more than 100yds. from me five goats, three lying down and two standing; one of the two that was standing was an old "billy;" he was evidently on the watch. I quietly withdrew my head and motioned to the Colonel to come up quietly. After he had had a peep we held a consultation, with the result that I should shoot the old "billy" while he shot the other one that was standing.

We were to shoot the first round concealed, and then stand up and cut down the rest if possible.

The first part of our plan worked to perfection, for we shot the two standing dead the first shot, both bullets finding a heart. The remaining three goats quickly jumped up and started running, first one way and then the other. My companion and I each crippled one, but the third goat made good his escape. We each took after a wounded goat; both of them were quickly out of sight, the country being so rough. Our dogs then came into use. My dog held the track well, and in about a quarter of a mile I jumped my goat and had the satisfaction of knocking him over while on the run. The Colonel was as successful as I, although he had to go further before he could get a shot.

It took us just an hour to take the heads and hides off.

Thinking that was enough for one day, we struck back to camp.

We camped there four days, and in that time got thirteen goats. We would liked to have stayed longer and had a shot at a grizzly bear; but it was almost time for snow, and we were about 100 miles from home. We returned in six days by the old Moyra Trail.

Henry Chauncey Cryder.

IN THE BIG THICKET.

The Big Thicket is a dense forest, covering a territory about fifty miles long and from ten to twenty miles wide, situated about seventy-five miles east of Houston, Texas. It abounds in game of many kinds, from the gray squirrel to the black bear, and is regarded as among the best, if not the very best, hunting grounds in Dixie.

This forest is sparsely settled, a large portion of it being so overgrown with brush and vines and semi-tropical plants as to be uninviting to the settler; while large portions of it at certain seasons are partly or wholly submerged. The few typical inhabitants within its borders give most of their time to hunting in general, and deer hunting in particular. These hunters have packs of hounds finely trained to hunt either the deer or the bear, for the bear is not uncommon in this wilderness.

Hunting the wild turkeys, or, as the natives invariably call them, the "gobblers," is a common employment of these semi-aboriginal people.

A more generous, hospitable folk never lived. Their hospitality does not partake of that characteristic at Delmonico's and Sherry's, but is far more genuine and unselfish, though expressed in rough, ungrammatical speech and devoid of the superfluities of etiquette. These brusquely unique people have a special welcome for the stranger coming among them, bearing the rifle and the fishing rod. They are ready to camp with him, and to pilot him through the semi-tropical jungle to the best camping grounds, and where the game abounds.

To reach this Eldorado of the hunter and fisher you go via the Southern Pacific Railroad to the lumber city of Beaumont, eighty miles east of the "magnolia" city—Houston, Texas. From Beaumont an hour's ride on the Sabine & East Texas Railroad brings you to the village of Kountze. Here you can obtain all the necessities for a hunting trip, including guide, dogs and provisions. Within fifteen miles of Kountze the promised land of the hunter is found. Though it may not be "a land flowing with milk and honey," it is one abounding with all that fills a hunter's soul with the keenest enjoyment. To relate the adventures, the defeats and the successes of a typical hunting party in the Big Thicket is the purpose of this article.

Our party was made up of Capt. A. F. Wilson, of Hearne, and Col. A. M. Rhodes and myself, of Bryan. This trip proved to be "the hunt of our lives," as one of our party expressed it.

Our Captain and our Colonel—we give them in their ranking order—reached Kountze at 10:30 Sunday morning, while the high private of the expedition, your humble servant, went before to assist in clearing the way for the coming of mighty experts with rifle and shotgun. Our preparations for the plunge into the wilderness were soon completed, and after partaking of a splendid dinner at the Borber Hotel, which by the way would be a credit to a much larger town than Kountze, we were on the way full of enthusiasm and expectation. At Kountze J. K. Salter and D. H. Hart, old-time residents of this region, joined us. We reached camp at late bedtime that night. Though we were weary with the journey, our eagerness for the fray on the morrow was as keen as ever. Our camp was soon laid out on the banks of a small stream known as Pine Island Bayou, surrounded by an almost impenetrable wilderness. A cheerful fire soon lighted up the surrounding gloom. Our horses were cared for, the tent was spread, and soon we were renewing the inner man with a generous supply of bread, broiled bacon and strong coffee.

Refreshed with supper, we discussed plans for the hunt, and finally agreed upon them. Guns were oiled and put together, shells examined, hunting jackets put within easy reach, and we were prepared for a daylight start.

Of course we swapped camp stories. The Captain and the Colonel tried to say witty things and the Colonel even tried to sing, while the High Private got behind a tree and laughed, which was echoed by the mournful owl, whose peace had been disturbed by the attempts at song, while the hoarse, regretful cry of the coyote filled the forest with what were to us sounds strange and weird.

Our lungs expanded; our anticipations were rekindled, and we began to realize that sense of freedom which only comes to man when he is away from the pomp and power of crowded city and populous mart. We caught something of the thought that in camp "all fallacies are detected, all ranks leveled and all distinctions done away with." Around our camp-fire titles and worldly distinctions were as unreal and vague as the shadows cast athwart the tree branches by the ever-flickering flame. All were hunters, and good will and strong appetites predominated.

"Well, boys," remarked Capt. Wilson, "I can tell you as soon as we make the first run to-morrow whether we will have good or bad luck on this hunt.

"How's that?" asked several.

"Well," replied the Captain, "if we kill the first deer we jump we will have good luck, but if it gets away from us we will have bad luck all the way through."

"How do you make that out?" some one asked.

"I have never seen it fail; I have been on a hundred hunts and it has always come out that way."

Some were disposed to attribute the Captain's statement to a tinge of superstition, while others, more considerate, were inclined to give it consideration. Hunters, as a rule, are inclined to believe the weird, strange and improbable. No one scarcely claims to be a successful hunter who is not to some extent superstitious. The man who would go deer hunting on the "change of the moon," or the fisherman who would fish on the "full of the moon," or either who does not believe in signs, omens and "rabbit feet," will never be called great among his fellows. But we had no chance to test the Captain's statement, as the sequel will show.

By the first streak of day all hands were up, breakfast was put out of sight, horses were saddled and the start was made for our first drive. By unanimous consent Mr. Hart, or Dennis, as he is called, was selected as leader. He seems instinctively to know every step of the pathway blind or clear through the wilderness. The compass, considered a necessity by most hunters and travelers in the Big Thicket, is a superfluity to this true woodsman. Ask him, when and where you will, as to the location of camp, and Dennis will point his long finger with unerring accuracy in the direction of the grub box. He knows every crossing, or how to go around all the "bad thickets," and where to cross all bay galls; but neither he nor any other living man can tell which way a deer will run when started by dogs.

It was decided that we should not take stands, but would breast-hunt; that is, one man would take the dogs in the center and the other hunters would flank him on either side, stationing themselves about 100 to 200yds. apart. At a signal from the driver, as the man with the dogs is called, each one moves slowly forward in line. The plan provides that if a start is made and the deer doubles or turns back some one is almost sure to get a shot. Moving out in this order, Dennis in charge of the dogs, we had gone but a short distance from camp when the dogs struck trail. It was soon evident, however, that it was a cold trail. So eager were all for a run we began to wish the driver would blow off and try a fresher trail. But the dogs kept working it, and by the time they had gone half a mile

"The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste,"

and then the sport began. The deer led off directly from the drive, and according to previous instructions from the leader all hands followed. Before they had gone far, however, our crowd was in bad, bad shape, and about half of them did not know "straight up."

The Big Thicket is what its name indicates. It is simply a big thicket, having the appearance of a dense swamp, though a large part of it is high land, which is dry except after big rains There being but little fall to this land, the surface water is slow to run off.

In places the undergrowth is so thick as to be difficult to travel either afoot or mounted. In many places there are what are called "openings," but they are known only to those who are accustomed to hunting in this region. The stranger who attempts to make his way without a guide through these thickets finds his progress impeded by vines, briers, brush and palmettoes, which in some places grow 10ft. high. But this description applies only to a portion of the thicket. In places one can lope a horse for miles without any obstructions; in others by picking his way and with the liberal use of the hack knife, the *vade mecum* of the Big Thicket hunter, he can make fair headway. Such is the extent and density of these "bad thickets" that the compass is not always to be depended upon, and in some instances gets one into a mess, or rather into a thicket, out of which he must cut his way. Still I can advise no one not familiar with these woods to go into them without a compass, hack knife, and perhaps a balloon and a few days' rations may be necessary.

In less than thirty minutes the dogs were out of hearing and our hunters were scattered in every direction, some trying to get out of unusually dense thickets, some trying to back track themselves to camp, while others, more venturesome, were wandering around trying to ride up a fresh deer. After having been out of hearing more than an hour the faint cry of the hounds was heard. They were evidently returning. We quieted down, as each man was on the alert. On come the dogs, each moment getting nearer and their barking more distinct. Each man decided that the deer was coming directly to him; that he was in the right place.

But all were mistaken except the scribe. I had stationed myself in an open glade near the edge of a thicket, and by the time the dogs were within half a mile of me I heard the deer coming. Strange as it may seem, the longer the dogs run a deer the further it will get from them. This fact is well known to all old deer hunters. When he was within about 60yds. of my covert I gave him my first barrel, which only seemed to cause him to move more rapidly. My second shot did the work, and I then knew that if there was anything in Capt. Wilson's "sign" we had begun a lucky hunt, as the first deer started lay dead before me. The calls were then blown, and all the hounds were soon congregated about our first trophy. The condition of our stomachs and the place of the sun indicating dinner, we decided to return to camp, where our deer was turned over to the cook. Our appetites intensified by the morning's work, added to by the cook's culinary skill, provided us with a dinner fit for the gods.

Soon we started out again. This time the programme was changed. We took stands on an old road a short distance below our camp. Dennis with fresh pack of dogs went below us about a mile to drive back. This time, as before, I was fortunate enough to be in the right place. I had hitched my horse and had just seated myself on a "horsing log" waiting events, when I saw three deer making a bee line for me. I let them come to within about 40yds. when I fired. My first barrel brought down the deer nearest to me, and before the others had made many jumps a second one sunk to rise no more. The third deer, after making a few bounds, stopped short in a small thicket. Hastily slipping a shell in each barrel, the only ones I had, I cautiously started in the direction of the halting monarch of the woods. Before I got within safe range of it it started.

By this time the dogs had started another deer, so I moved back to my stand. Luck was with me, I was again at the right place, and soon I saw another fine fellow bounding toward me. When within about 80yds. of me, and when the deer was near the edge of a dense thicket, I let drive at it with my remaining load, but missed.

At the report of the gun the deer turned toward me, and ran up within 30ft. of me and suddenly stopped. There I stood with an empty gun, with the deer looking at me. At once I had an attack of what is known among hunters as the buck ague. Unless one has had such an attack, no description could aid you to understand what it is. After standing there full two minutes (it seemed like a month to me) the deer started off.

The dogs were soon there, but all my coaxing and scolding could not stop them. On they went, and our day's hunt was over.

Taking the two deer to camp, we turned in for the night, each to recount his adventures of the day, and to tell how near he came to getting a shot and just how it happened that he burnt no powder. All were tired and hungry, but anxious for the next hunt. Our supper that night was enough to tempt the appetite of an epicure. We had venison cooked in several ways, with necessary accompaniments and condiments, besides a delicious stew of gray squirrels, some of our party having shot several that afternoon.

The Big Thicket abounds with all manner of game—squirrels, rabbits, coons, opossum, wildcats, turkeys, panthers and black bears—and it was decided that the bear should be our main object on the morrow. To this end Mr. John Jordan, the celebrated Big Thicket bear hunter, agreed to meet us with his bear pack the next morning. He was promptly on hand with a pack of the finest and most vicious looking dogs I ever saw. There were specimens of nearly every color, size and breed. I wish I could describe this man as he is. About 5ft. 10in. high, weighs about 250lbs., with dark, short-cut hair and blue eyes which "sparkle and dance" as he recounts his many hand-to-hand conflicts with bruin, he looks what he is, a dangerous adversary for man or beast, and a livid scar extending from his ear to the lower part of the chin shows that some biped has had the temerity to "tackle" him, but 'twas no use; he is still hunting bear.

The day he joined us he was dressed in a pair of ducking pants, leather leggings and a short jumper of the same material, and with a broad leather belt, to which hung a long hunting knife. On his head he wore a long cone shaped cap made of coarse cloth, around which near his head was a roll about 3in. in diameter, also made of cloth and tufted with wool—this in case while running a bear he runs against a tree or limb, to prevent injuring the tree or limb. He is entirely illiterate, that is to say, he doesn't "know a letter in the book," but, as the American lady said to the British colonel, "He can make his mark." He has made his mark on more black bears than perhaps any man living. In hunting bears he uses a .44cal. Winchester rifle, and, as he expresses it, "when near enough to his game he just pumps lead into him until he quits kicking."

Before starting on the bear hunt that day Capt. Wilson took me aside and inquired as to the percentage for and against bagging a bear on this hunt. He was told the chances at this season of the year stood about one in four for a start and one chance in ten for a shot if the bear is started. At this season of the year the bears are poor and can run as long and as fast as a deer, and they invariably keep in the worst thickets; consequently, to get a shot is the exception, not the rule. Later in the season, when they are fat, they will run but little, sometimes not at all; then they either tree or fight on the ground until they are killed. It is then royal sport to hunt them. The Captain at once decided to jump the bear hunt and go deer driving with several of us who, having had some experience in bear hunting and knowing how slim the chances to bag game were, had concluded not to accompany the bear hunting party.

After the bear hunters were well out of sight we turned loose a few of the deer dogs and started in quest of more deer. We had gone less than 200yds. from camp when the dogs struck a running trail, and before they had gone very far we knew that the game was afoot. We at once spread out and began pursuit. Capt Wilson turned to the left and had but just gotten out of sight when we heard his gun, and the welcome three blows of his horn were sounded which told us that the race was over. The deer, two in number, after running straight ahead for about half a mile, doubled back on Capt. Wilson, who downed them both in one, two order, so that they fell within 10ft. of each other. These were the best shots of the hunt, as we all declared. We were back to camp with two fine deer, a doe and yearling, in less than an hour from the time we had started, bringing our score up to five. Some of the party continued the hunt for deer, others brought down a lot of squirrels, while some kept camp and indulged in a little draw, "just for fun, you know."

During the day several chances at deer were had, but no more were bagged.

Our bear hunters returned about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. They were hot, tired and hungry and not very amiable, having only blank shots to their credit, and having, as Col. Rhodes, one of the party, expressed it, "not found a ball-headed thing." He further declared they had gone through places so thick that he had to 'lift up the brush to bat his eyes." This closed our second day's hunt.

That night we welcomed to our party J. R. Davenport and Berch Pedigo, of Kountze. They brought with them a few fresh anecdotes.

Before sun up we were out. For hours every deer we started ran wrong, and it seemed that no one could get in the right place, until finally a fine buck "ran over" Mr. Davenport, who promptly prepared the game for transportation to camp, making number six. Several of the party had shots during the day, but Mr. Davenport was the only successful man.

That night Capt. Wilson and I tried our luck fire-hunting, and by 12 o'clock returned to camp with three fine deer, Capt. Wilson having killed two and his companion one.

The next day only one deer was taken. Some of the party went fire-hunting at night, but returned as they went, without any deer. Friday proved to be the typical bad day that it is always said to be, for nothing was killed larger than a gray squirrel.

Saturday morning Capt. Wilson and I went prospecting, looking for a good place to hunt that night. As our dogs were all about run down, we decided that all hands should rest that day and be fresh for an all-night fire-hunt, which would close our hunt for this trip. Accordingly during the day we "looked out" our route for the night, and as soon as it was dark four lamps were lit. Capt. Wilson, Col. Rhodes, Dennis and myself each carried a lamp, and in order to keep from getting lost it was arranged that Dennis should take one side and I the other, while Capt. W. and Col. R. should

occupy the center of the line. Proceeding in this order, we had gone but a short distance when Col. Rhodes began to shoot, and continued shooting until six or seven shots were fired.

This being his first fire-hunt, Dennis at once decided that he had found a bunch of cattle and was shooting them, thinking they were deer. So Dennis started toward Rhodes as fast as his horse could run, shouting at the top of his voice, "Stop that, sir. Quit shooting them cows." But Rhodes kept blazing away.

When Dennis got in good speaking distance of him he again imperatively ordered him to stop, and reminded him of the value of cattle, and suggested that it would take all the money in camp to pay for them; but the Colonel turned on him with a look of scorn and contempt that would have paralyzed a Yankee tin peddler, and quietly yet with great emphasis informed him that he (Dennis) was a "bald-headed fool." "Why, sir," said he, "I have been shooting deer, sir - wild red deer, sir; and I have the face of the earth covered with their dead bodies, sir. So you will kindly keep your mouth shut, sir, and assist me in getting these dead deer together; and if you please, sir, don't leave me too far, as I do not now just remember the direction to camp."

And sure enough he had killed three fine deer, and had wounded two more, one of which we secured later in the night.

About 11 o'clock that night Capt. Wilson killed one of the largest and finest deer we got on the hunt. I got four shots, but no meat. When we reached camp it was near daybreak, so without going to bed we began preparations for our departure to civilization. By noon we were in Kountze again, congratulating ourselves upon the results of our hunt. Our list was: one turkey, fifteen deer, and over 300 squirrels.

This was indeed a hunt never to be forgotten. We had perfect weather, plenty to eat, good water to drink, and good luck. Not a man was sick, mad or hurt on the trip Some very poor shooting was done, principally by the writer, but for which we would have bagged twenty five deer. This fall we plan to visit the Big Thicket again. While we may get more game, we don't expect a better time, as this was the "hunt of a lifetime." W. H. NALL.

BRYAN, Texas, March.

THE PENNSYLVANIA LAW.

DILLINGERSVILLE, Pa., March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of March 13 I read an article from the pen of W. W. McCain, of Stevensville, Pa., regarding the proposed game laws of Pennsylvania. I should like to ask Mr. McCain some questions regarding his views as to who protects our game. Mr. McCain rightly says that every good question has two sides. This is very true. Are we then to take for granted that that of Mr. McCain's pot hunter with the yaller dog, whom he seems to protect, is the best side of his question? The man who laughs at game laws and game protective associations? I think it is a fact pretty well known by the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM that the main cause of our game decreasing is supplied by these market-hunters with their yaller dogs. I can point out if need be several parties, who shoot for the market, who would exterminate the last quail in the State for the paltry sum they would derive from doing it. If Mr. McCain wishes to uphold this sort of yaller-dog gentry, all very well; but there are thousands who do not, and will not.

I have lived the greater part of my life in the country, have observed the ways of most all sorts of men who gun, and have come to the conclusion that the worst men on our game are those very pot-hunters. The meanest sneak under the sun is this very game butcher, who loafs around country stores and taverns, waiting until the game season opens to sneak around the fence corners and get in his murderous work on the coveys of quail as they sit huddled together. Is this the kind of men Mr. McCain thinks will protect our game?

Now as to the millionaire sportsmen Mr. McCain speaks of, in all my travels afield with dog and gun in thirty-five years I have met with none. How many has Mr. McCain met? I should also like to hear from other sportsmen, through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, how many millionaire sportsmen they have met afield.

As to the bill Mr. McCain speaks of that his worthy Governor vetoed, I know all about that bill; it was signed by 75,000 sportsmen (much credit to them). I am proud to say I also signed the same bill, and to day I signed another bill sent me by Dr. B. H. Warren, State Zoölogist, of a like nature. I know it is the desire of every true sportsman of Pennsylvania, whether he be rich or poor, to see the game of his State protected from the yaller dog pot-hunter. I ask Mr. McCain who was benefited by his worthy Governor vetoing that bill? Was it the 75,000 sportsmen who wished to stop the sale of ruffed grouse, or was it the pot-hunter with his yaller dog? Our game can never be protected from extermination so long as the mighty dollar is attached to it; as I have very often heard said: "Field sports were made for a gentleman's recreation and a loafer's business" Mr. McCain seems to have some grievance to settle with the owners of silken-haired setters and a good-fitting suit of corduroy. Oh, jealousy, thou art a corker! I have some wire-haired pointers and silken haired setters—the kind Mr. Hough calls 'meat dogs'—and I really like them much better in the field than those yellow dogs It looks to me as if Mr. McCain was favoring the pot-hunter. Does he not know that it is the well-dressed, well-dogged, well-gunned sportsmen, whom he despises, who restock the farms of our State most every year with game birds, and pay the farmers' boys to feed and protect these game birds during the deep snows of the winter? It is he who goes to the trouble and expense of having live quail shipped from the West and liberated, and perhaps when fall of the year comes around he does not kill a dozen birds out of the hundreds he has put out. Who was benefited by restocking these farms? and why could our well-dressed sportsmen not kill more than a dozen birds? Because they were not there to be killed? It was the same old story, the pot-hunter and his yellow dog got ahead of our well dressed town sportsmen and pot-pied the whole coveys on the ground.

I trust that the time is not far distant when the sportsmen not only of Pennsylvania, but of every State, can say, "We all of us now have worthy governors, who believe in FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank; Stop the sale of game." L. W. MAZURIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few words, please, in regard to "Pennsylvania's Proposed Law." I have always stood squarely with both feet—No. 9s—on your platform plank. Therefore I would take exceptions to the way in which your correspondent W. W. McCain states the situation.

According to Mr. McCain, there are but two classes who kill game, the "millionaire sportsman" and the "farmer's boy" If such were the case, there is no doubt but the game "would hold its own against its enemy, man;" and something such are the conditions that it is proposed to bring about by the prohibitory clause of the proposed new law.

If he had desired to be fair, would he have ignored the class who kill at least nine-tenths of the game taken in this locality? I refer to the market-shooter. And he cannot plead ignorance in justification. Some twenty years' experience as a country merchant, during which time he has taken the game brought in—although he denies being a game dealer—and furnishing in exchange the "tea, coffee or sugar," and the "hundred little things that are luxuries to the poor," and doubtless at a good profit to himself, has not left him without an accurate knowledge of who kills most of the game. I could name at least half a score of individuals, with whom both he and I are personally acquainted, who go out as soon as the law is off and there is a market for the game killed, and make an every-day business of shooting solely for the money there is in it. And Mr. McCain will doubtless remember how he, as a dealer, ordered an 8-gauge gun for one of these market-shooters, as he—the shooter—wanted a gun with which he "could mow all the brush out of the way." Another of these market-shooters was loud in his denunciation of the law passed by the Legislature two years ago; and when he heard that the Governor had vetoed the bill he exclaimed: "Good! Now I will have the last bird this fall." Such is the spirit of the market-shooter—"I want the last grouse as soon as I can get it; it's worth three shillings."

The game forms one of the chief attractions of the rural districts that should be preserved as long as possible. The county of old Susquehanna still furnishes plenty of excellent cover for that king of game birds, the ruffed grouse, and the conditions are much the same in most of the counties of the State. Remove the price from his head, stay the barter, eliminate the principle of "for revenue only" and he will furnish inspiration and sport, not only for ourselves, but for our boys, yet too small to handle a gun, but whom we shall expect, should this bill become a law, to enjoy better shooting in the years to come than we have known in the past.

This rant about farmers' boys in game matters makes me tired. When any one wants special privileges for himself he feelingly pleads their cause. When any one wants to extenuate his own violations of the laws their lawlessness is cited. After years of life on the farm, surrounded by boys of all ages, sorts and conditions, I conclude that farmers' boys are just as conscientious, law-abiding and self-respecting as the boys of country merchants or any other class; and they are second to none in their knowledge of the habits of game, and many of them are well posted and fully abreast of the times in all matters pertaining to field sports. And they are ever ready to welcome any genial, whole-souled sportsman from the town or city who shoots wholly from a love of the sport and the scenes with which it brings him in contact; and they will aid such an one in every way in their power. But for the dude sport, who cares more for the "pistol" he carries in a side pocket than for his smooth-bore; or the dead beat, who cares nothing for the rights or property of others, only intent on the shilling the game will bring—for such they feel a pardonable contempt.

As to the action of the Governor two years ago, we think he made a mistake both from the standpoint of the sportsman and politician, and he doubtless has realized it ere this. As between the cold storage men and the sportsmen of the State, 75,000 strong, there is no comparison. He most certainly made a mistake when he vetoed the bill on constitutional grounds that had been repeatedly passed upon by the higher courts and sustained.

We most sincerely hope the bill now pending will become a law, for to "stop the sale of game" will do more toward its preservation than all the laws now on our statute books. In fact, it is the only thing that will prevent its utter extermination and that within a very short time. BON AMI.

SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, Pa.

DUCK-HUNTING PORKERS.

YOU of course know what a game hog is, and doubtless in your rambles afield have met many of the two-legged variety, but did you ever happen to come across one of the four-legged breed? An experience I had upon one occasion will, I think, bear repeating.

I was sitting in a blind, built far out on the open meadow, near Custer's Broadwater, Va. An eighth of a mile away there was a depression in the marsh, where the cat-tails and a few low bushes formed a thick cover, used by a dozen or more disreputable porkers as a sort of headquarters in which to spend the night after their fatiguing work of hustling all day along the water's edge for soldier crabs, dead fish, etc.

The evening before I had remained late, and on returning to the yacht failed to remove all my birds from the box, where I had placed them on top of the decoys. There were, if I remember aright, some half dozen calico-backs (*Arenaria interpres*) overlooked, and these were not discovered until the next morning, when, the blind being reached, I started to set out my decoys. They were certainly odoriferous, but nevertheless I utilized them by placing them in as natural positions as possible among the decoys. A gentle air breathed rather than blew across from left to right, and being directly to windward of the depression mentioned above, the rank perfume of the dead birds floated slowly down to where the hogs reposed. You know how one's eyes are continually wandering about in his vicinity at such times. Well, as I glanced over there for at least the hundredth time, I saw an old pig waddle out of the reeds and stand with head in my direction in such a lazy, trampish attitude that my curiosity was mildly aroused as to what he purposed doing. Presently he raised his head and appeared to sniff the air; then slowly, with a hitchy sort of gait, due no doubt to sciatica or rheumatism from sleeping on a damp bed, he started in the direction of the blind; never halting, never hesitating, he hitched along until perhaps half the distance was covered, when another equally trampish looking porker came out, and after repeating the same preliminary action of the first he also came on after. I could not conceive what they were up to, the idea of their following up a scent for such a distance never entered my mind, but so it was.

Number one soon arrived, and stalking without hesitation among the decoys deliberately ate up the dead birds lying there. He took them all in, and then nosed carefully about for more, being joined by number two, who had arrived by this time.

Slowly and thoroughly they quartered the ground. Fearing their presence among my decoys would not prove much of an attraction to passing birds. I arose and shouted to them to move on. It was laughable to see the effect my sudden appearance had upon them; one of them actually squatted on his hams for a moment, so great was his surprise.

They could not run apparently, so they hitched off in the same woebegone and dejected manner as they had approached. There was actually not enough spunk between them to put a curl in the tails that hung down perfectly limp and unkinked.

I have heard of hogs following the trail of crippled wildfowl on the marsh, but this is the first instance of their following a scent that had ever come to my notice. They were truly a fine pair of "dead game sports."

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

BLUEJAY CAMP.

FOR months Sam and John had been planning a camp hunt for ruffed grouse (pheasants we call them). The fates seeming propitious, Monday, Oct. 26, was chosen for the trip. The place chosen was a wild locality, where the timber had been cut several years ago, and was about ten miles from Sam's house. As it was accessible by wagon, we were not forced to scrimp ourselves as to outfit. We took two tents, a sheet-iron stove for cooking on, an oil stove for use in the tent, boards for a bunk, a lot of straw for a bed and lots of blankets. One wall tent was used for a sleeping room and an A tent as a living tent. We intended the dogs to sleep in it, but they preferred the open air.

Warren had volunteered to go along and tend camp, as he was not able to do much hunting; so he and his brother Jim took the wagon and outfit around by the road, while John hunted up the creek with his two dogs, Pard and Gleam; reaching the appointed place about 12:30 with five pheasants. As the boys had not yet arrived with the wagon, he looked around for a place to locate a camp. He found an ideal place across the creek, about 200yds. from the road, from which it was hidden by second-growth pine and hemlock trees. There was an old clearing of about three acres, perfectly level and dry, with plenty of wood and water handy.

The boys arrived about 2 o'clock, and after cooking and eating dinner Jim returned with the wagon, and Warren and John proceeded to set up the tents and get to housekeeping. This took them until nearly dark, but when they had finished they had the satisfaction of knowing that everything was in shape for comfort.

The next morning they were trying to choose a name for the camp, when a bluejay lit on the topmost twig of a big dead pine about 75yds. from the tent.

"That would be a nice shot for my Winchester," remarked Warren.

"You couldn't hit him in twenty shots," replied John.

"Just see if I can't." So saying, Warren picked up his .38 Winchester, took a quick sight, and at the crack of the gun the jay bounced off the limb, and came tumbling to the ground. A fine shot.

"Bluejay Camp," says John, "we'll have a christening when Sam comes."

John then took the old dog, Pard, and went for birds, while Warren washed the dishes and prepared a couple of birds for dinner. When John returned at 1 o'clock with a couple of pheasants he found Sam just arrived, he also having got a couple of birds on his way up. By the time the camp had been christened dinner was ready. The birds that Warren had cooked were so good (as were also our appetites) that after dinner we were more inclined to lie in the sun than take any violent exercise. After smoking our corn-cobs and resting, we started out about 3 o'clock. Sam took his dog Tony and went up the north branch of the creek, where he found a bunch of birds among the little pines, and bagged a couple of them. One of them, which he crippled at the first rise, gave him a great chase up and down the side of the mountain before he finally captured it.

John took the pup, Gleam, and went down the creek below camp, where he got stuck in a windfall where the big pines and hemlocks had overgrown with briers, laurels and pine and hemlock shrubs until it was impossible for anything without wings to get through.

If there is anything exasperating it is to have a pheasant burst out of a tree above your head while you are attempting to crawl under a fallen tree, and have a snag caught in your coat collar, a big brier gripping your ear and your gun tangled up in a laurel bush. He didn't have a feather to show when he got back to camp, but his temper seemed unruffled. "I'm used to it, you know," he said, and Gleam couldn't tell what actually had occurred down there in the windfall.

In the forenoon following they hunted out a strip of woods where they had found birds plenty the year before, but did not find many, and those were very wild. They only brought in a couple. In the afternoon they went up the North Branch, where Sam found the covey the day before. While going up an old timber road hedged on both sides with pine and hemlock shrubs, Tony flushed a bird ahead and just around a sharp turn in the road. Sam, who was ahead, made a break to get a shot as it crossed the road, but the bird turned and flew right in his face. Seeing him just as it was about to strike him, it nearly fell through itself as it set its wings and pitched into the hedge beside him. John made a quick snap into the brush and knocked a wing off it. He retrieved it himself and Sam said he mouthed it badly, besides breaking shot.

A little further along the dogs found a bunch of five or six birds down beside the creek, but the leaves were dry and noisy, and they all got away behind the pines before we could get a shot.

After the birds were all gone, a black squirrel jumped, or fell, from a tree, striking the ground beside Sam, and made off on the ground. Sam shot at it, but it ran up a big tree. While they were looking for it in the tree it fell to the ground dead. John declared it got dizzy and the fall killed it; said it had vertigo or something of that kind, as that was the second time it had fallen from a tree in a few minutes.

We retraced our steps to camp, Sam getting another bird on the way in, and arrived hungry and tired, as usual. The next three days were put in in similar manner, and Saturday morning came too soon, when we had to break camp and return home.

The weather had been too warm and dry for good hunting, but we had reasonably good success and an immensely good time; and we bade good-by to Bluejay Camp, with many pleasant memories and a resolution to repeat the experience next year if possible. Mc.

Eagle Rock, Pa.

LAKE LE SAULMER, WISCONSIN.

This is one of the choice spots for a party of sportsmen to pitch a tent. The site is reached by a wagon road from Fifield, on the Wisconsin Central Railway, distant sixteen miles. The road follows in part the trend of the Flambeau River, whose sparkling waters tempt the traveler to camp on its bank and angle for the lovely muskalonge that sports beneath its surface. Here and there a wily deer has crossed the road and left his footprints in the moist earth, and now and then partridges strut away and are lost to sight in the shrubbery. The quacking of ducks may be heard on the river, and a more home-like sound—that of the tinkling of bells—comes to our ears as the evening shadows lengthen, and straggling bands of horses and cattle gather in some nearby chopping to spend the night. Lake Le Saulmer, nestled among the wooded hills, empties its surplus waters into the Flambeau River a mile away. An old lumber road parallels the outlet and connects with the wagon road, making it convenient to camp at the outlet of the lake. Patches of pine and hardwoods alternated originally, and as the former has been cut out there remains dense forests of hardwood and extensive choppings. Near the railroad a few of these choppings have been cleared, but the soil is thin and a few crops exhaust it. Game seems in little danger of extermination from the clearing up of this section of country; but as for the Indian, who can prevent him from trading summer pelts for "drinking liquor" and feeding his pappooses and curs on tainted venison? From his reservation he roams and camps at will all over northern Wisconsin and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, and, summer or winter, in season and out of season, his hunting instinct acknowledges no law. Le Saulmer is three miles long by about a half mile wide, and is one of a chain of lakes that affords first-class sport for the angler.

From our camp at its outlet a beautiful picture presented itself as the morning's sun shed its bright rays on branch and shrub, bringing to view millions of dewdrops that scintillated like purest gems in their settings of green, purple and gold. The view extended from the crown of the surrounding hills to the placid bosom of the lake—the diamond superb of the cluster. All the while black bass were jumping for an October breakfast and pine squirrels were chattering among the branches. We caught black bass within 40yds. of our tent with frogs taken from the rushes in the outlet 20ft. from our door.

Following the outlet some 300yds. we found two pools hemmed in by high wooded hills and resembling in form a pair of eye-glasses. One could easily throw a pebble across either of them; but we took some fine bass from them when the air was too raw to angle with comfort on the more exposed waters of Le Saulmer.

There were ten of us in camp, five of whom had at some time in the past killed a deer! Each of the ten would like to kill at least one deer before breaking camp, so after a surfeit of fish and a few dishes of bear steak from the quarter of a black bear trapped by a settler in a logging camp a mile away, we planned a drive hunt. Rain had been falling in showers every now and then for the two days intervening since we had pitched camp, and our short excursions into the forest sufficed to give us an idea of the lay of the land and of the feeding places of deer, but only one of the party had seen game, and he failed to get a shot. Since the deer were not stirring much of their own accord, we decided to form a line and see if we could not persuade them to show themselves. Down the wagon road some three miles, where the river makes a horseshoe called the Big Bend by local sportsmen, there is a chopping that extends from the road to the river, a distance of probably two miles. Here nine of our party formed in line about 75yds. apart and started slowly for the river. We had no dogs, neither were there men on runways. I was on the extreme left and following the timber line, and had crossed a small ridge, when I heard Hutchens, who was next to me, and who had reached the top of the ridge where it ran obliquely up toward the river, exclaim, "Oh! oh! oh!" and then followed the report of his rifle three times in succession. At the same instant I saw the outlines of a buck as he loped off through some shrubbery.

About 100yds. ahead the chopping turned to the left and the ground sloped down toward the river. If the buck attempted to make the timber I would get a shot as he crossed my front, and I prepared to improve the opportunity. He was going from me, but no doubt winded danger off to the right and turned toward the timber. He crossed a slight elevation where the shrubbery did not cover his body, and here I caught a lead on him and pulled trigger. He vanished in the smoke from my rifle and I hurried forward to see the result of my shot, and to try for him again if he was still going. When I reached the mound some 90yds. distant, over which he disappeared, I could see no deer. I saw where the ball from my rifle had clipped some twigs, and there were the tracks of the buck, showing where he had lumbered off among the logs and stumps, covering 20ft. at a bound. But five of these mighty jumps were all he was able to make, for yonder he lay, a magnificent creature with six points to each horn. The boys came up, and we decided not to attempt to take the buck to camp whole, so I proceeded to dress him while they hunted on the river. I left the pelt on the saddles and divided the fore-quarters, making loads for three men. I found my ball had gone through the heart above the center. Hutchens, probably on account of being on the ridge above the deer, had missed, but he has the right stuff in him, and instead of being jealous, as the manner of some is, remarked: "George, I tell you I was glad to hear your gun crack."

The boys jumped a deer soon after they left me, and got some shots at long range; but soon returned, and we started for camp. Southwest of camp were miles of forest, with very little pine. Occasionally we came to an opening where a few large trees had been cut, letting in the sunlight, and a tangle of briers and grasses covered the ground, making a good feeding place and cover for game. These large stumps made fine platforms from which to watch for deer. They were away ahead of a leaning tree or slippery log, from which one may tumble, with no certainty as to how he will strike the ground.

One day our man Headington was resting on one of these stumps. I shall accuse him of resting, for he confessed that he was sitting down on a large pine stump, lost, not as to locality, but in meditation. After a time (which is very indefinite) he heard a slight rustling of the leaves behind him, and turned to see what was causing the disturbance. He was not a little surprised to see a fine doe loping away through the forest. This was Charley's one opportunity. Had he the experience in woodcraft that he has in merchandising, he would either have remained motionless until the deer came by and in front of him, or have turned so slowly as to excite the deer's curiosity instead of frightening it. About a mile further west Hutchens got a shot at a brown bear one evening and wounded it. He followed a while, but had to give over on account of darkness, and it was quite late when he reached camp.

We went out next morning and trailed a half mile or so further by an occasional drop of blood, but as the day advanced and the leaves became dry the trail petered out, and we gave up the chase. Hutchens picked up a wad of brown hair where the bear had stood when he shot, and that was the first evidence we had that there were brown bears in Wisconsin.

Just south of where we trailed the bear I did some very poor shooting one day, and while it is not to my credit it will suffice to "point a moral and adorn a tale." I was following the bent of my inclination and alone, as my habit is, and was approaching a hill. Off to my right was what I took to be a tamarack swamp, and beyond probably was Round Lake, a great lake for muskalonge. Ahead and to the left was to all appearances dense forest. I was at the foot of the hill or ridge when crash! went something over the crest. I sprang forward and bounded up the hill, expecting to see a deer before it got out of range, nor was I disappointed. On the hill I ran into a tangle of logs and brush that a fire had charred, and by the time I could extricate myself from this surprise another one confronted me in the shape of a lake at the foot of the hill. Partially around the lake to the left were a number of dead tree trunks standing among piles of fallen trees and growing shrubs, and through this went like a gray streak what I verily believe to be the largest buck I ever saw. Before I could find a hole in this obstruction the buck was past it, and on a bit of prairie theat joined the lake. He was about two-fifths of the way around the lake, and without taking my eye off him I commenced shooting, holding higher each time after seeing that my shots did not take effect. I sent a fifth shot after him as he went into dense green woods beyond the lake, and then for the first time was brought to a realization of my error. It was not 200yds. across the lake. I had "overshot the mark."

One day when I was doing camp duty Headington and Hoover came in from fishing in one of the small pools before mentioned and reported hearing strange sounds in the forest beyond not unlike the wailing of some wild animal. I had put away the breakfast dishes and had a pot of squirrels stewing. The boys said if I wished to go and look for the brute they would stay at camp until I returned. I took my Winchester and started, passing Gable, our luckiest fisherman, taking a string of bass at the pools, and beyond entered an old chopping. The shrubbery was tall and dense, furnishing good cover for game, large or small. However, I soon came to more open ground, and here a partridge arose and sailed away. A few steps further and a deer jumped and stood showing its outline in the shrubbery about 75yds. distant. At the crack of my rifle it fell. This was getting interesting, even if I had not found the brute I was looking for. I walked down the slope to my deer and found it to be an early fawn. As fawns are liable to be found in pairs, I stepped upon a large pine stump against which my deer had fallen, to take a survey of the field. I was scarcely erect when crash! went a deer on an adjoining hillside. It lit in an old tree top, and the next bound would be behind a clump of evergreens. I threw my gun ahead, thinking to catch it on the jump, and here an amusing thing occurred. As it launched itself forward a limb or pole, on which its hindfeet chanced to rest, broke, and it fell backward on its haunches with its forefeet in the air. I was no better prepared for this than was the deer, and though I pulled my gun around, before I was able to get a bead and press the trigger the deer let itself down and with one bound was out of sight. Once behind the clump of pines, it escaped over the hill. I then shouldered my fawn and made my way by easy stages to camp, having been absent two hours.

About this time our friend in the lumber shanty trapped another bear, and I went over to see it. It had a slender body and large limbs and feet, and in color were was a reddish yellow. I took it for a young brown bear, but it was unlike any bear I had ever seen both as to form and color, and though the woods may be full of them, to me it presented a rare and racy appearance. G. W. Cunningham.

Indiana.

Early Rhode Island Woodcock.

Providence, R. I., March 22.—Town Clerk Angell, of North Providence, had in his possession on Wednesday last (17th inst.) a woodcock said to have been picked up dead in that vicinity. It is regarded as a singular circumstance that a woodcock should be in these parts at this season of the year, and two theories are advanced to account for it. The condition of the bird was good except the eyes, which were sunken so as to be practically gone, and this led some to think that the bird was killed late in the fall, and had lain in some spot where favorable conditions prevailed for keeping the body until the recent warm weather carried away the snow and ice. Judge Andrews, who is well posted on the habits of game birds, thinks the more probable theory is that the bird is a very early comer from the South, which arrived during the warm spell, and perished by reason of the present cold snap freezing all the available food supplies, the woodcock being a feeder upon worms and the like, which it extracts from the ground by means of a long bill. W. H. M.

[There is nothing very remarkable in the occurrence. Woodcock are among the earliest birds to arrive in spring, and have been found in New Jersey and southern New York in February. They commonly reach us in March. May it not be that this particular bird killed itself by flying against some obstacle, and that this would account for the condition of the eyes. Of course, this is only a guess, but an examination of the specimen should enable one to determine the cause of death.]

ADIRONDACK GAME INTERESTS.

Saranac Lake, N. Y., March 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As is usual at each session of the New York State Legislature, numerous amendments are being offered to the game laws. In my opinion, what we need is not so much new fish and game laws as the enforcement of those now on the statute books. It is an open secret that in some portions of the Adirondacks the game laws are flagrantly violated each year. This is not, however, the fault of the chief game protector, but it is because of the lack of a sufficient number of resident game protectors, so that each locality may be thoroughly watched and the game protected from "pot-hunters."

The Adirondack Guides' Association includes the best guides from nearly every portion of the Adirondacks, and it seems to me proper that the game protectors for this region should be chosen from among its number.

I believe that killing deer in the water should be utterly abolished, and that if hounding is permitted at all, shooting on the runway only should be allowed. I think that the majority of both sportsmen and guides are agreed that the killing of does and fawns is inhuman, and should be condemned by law, and that jacking is, as a rule, a wanton and indiscriminate method of hunting deer.

I believe that anything that will preserve the game of the Adirondacks, and increase the deer, birds and fish, will be beneficial to the region, and to the business of the railroads, hotels and guides. I do not believe with some that we have too much wild game in the country, neither do I believe that the game is likely to die of starvation owing to the increase of numbers; but, on the contrary, I think that the country is capable of supporting a vastly greater number of deer and of other game than at present inhabit it, and that if the game can be protected so as to increase and not be rendered timid by noisy pursuit, wild animals will be more likely to become visible; and thus persons who are fond of wild creatures and love to see them occasionally upon the lake shores, or in the woods or in the forests, may have the pleasure of looking at them from time to time.

If this can be done it will prove a great attraction, and bring each year more people into the Adirondacks.

Seaver A. Miller.

Western Spring Shooting.

Nebraska City, Neb., March 12.—Prospects for spring shooting are perceptibly brightening in the West. The unusual amount of snow and rain has filled up the lakes and sloughs of the prairie States in a most satisfactory manner, and ducks and geese will find abundance of water everywhere. Already the advance guard has put in appearance, and quite a number of birds have been killed. As has been usual for two or three years now, the flight is mostly up the Missouri River, but all along the course of the stream they are dropping out into the sloughs, and the sportsmen are beginning to haunt the air holes

Speaking of air holes reminds me that a few weeks ago I read an article in Forest and Stream on the subject of shooting mallards in air holes that had a strangely familiar sound, and sure enough, the other day, in looking through Leffingwell's "Wildfowl Shooting," I saw the article entire. Your correspondent, G. L. R., should be more careful in cribbing other people's thunder. Forest and Stream is hardly the paper in which to steal articles without detection.

It is a little early as yet to make predictions, but I believe the shooting this spring will prove exceptionally good, both for ducks and geese and snipe as well, though the large number of water holes may scatter the birds somewhat.

W. R. H.

Stop Spring Shooting.

Wabasha, Minn., March 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Language cannot express the feeling, bordering almost on contempt, with which the true sportsmen of the Northwest regard the attempt of the poor deluded mortals that are arguing in favor of spring shooting. Their arguments are all so thin that they will not hold water for a moment, and are purely from a selfish point of view. They cannot advance the first theory in favor of it, and it would seem as though they were not endowed with the necessary amount of brains required to discriminate in matters pertaining to the protection of game. All true sportsmen are not in favor of spring shooting, as they see that it is directly opposite to what game protection is expected to accomplish. Verily the "great American game hog" is still abroad in the land, although, thank God, he is slowly dropping out of the ranks year by year, which gives promise of ultimately accomplishing something in the way of game protection. If anyone wishes to "get back at" me for these few broad assertions let him come on. Nature's laws, truth and right are all on my side on this question, and they are "mighty and must prevail."

H. B. Jewell.

Connecticut Deer.

Haddam, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Two deer were seen on the east side of the river in this town last fall: one a four-prong buck and the other a full-grown doe. They were seen separately and at different times. These deer were seen on a sort of promontory between the Connecticut and salmon rivers, a section of 1,000 or 1,500 acres of timber swamps and ravines, and less frequented than much of the Adirondacks, and there are many similar tracts of land in this and other towns of the State. Several reports have been published of deer having been seen in different parts of the State during the last year or two, and it is fair to presume that at the end of the close period, viz., Oct. 1, 1903, somebody will have the pleasure of hunting this big game within the limits of this small State. A.

Guns in the Woods in Summer.

Eustis, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been suggested that the law should prohibit the carrying of guns into the wilderness in the close season. To do that would be to kill the flavor of the whole trip for a large part of our best company. Many a sportsman takes his rifle, large or small, on a fishing trip, and has his best fun at the old log bulkhead back of the camp, spattering lead into the bullseye, or (just out of it) breaking in his sights and his gun (also his shoulder), and planning just how he'll do the business next fall, when he comes back to get a bull moose, a caribou, two deer, and the old bear and two cubs that ate up his landing net full of trout that hung on the back of the camp one night. H.

Michigan Goose Flight.

PLAINVILLE, Mich., March 11.—Wild geese going North, lots of them. Robins last week; probably wintered near here. S. B. Negus, of our place, has a fine specimen of the great horned owl alive; no use here, maybe some one would like it. J. H. M.

Weights of Deer in Maine.

EUSTIS, Me.—I am surprised at what are called large deer in Florida. Our Maine bucks go as high as 270lbs. dressed; those of 260lbs. are quite numerous; and those of 230lbs. to 250lbs. are common. H.

Sea and River Fishing.

FLY-CASTING AT THE EXPOSITION.

Special Report for Forest and Stream.

RATHER more than a year ago Mr. J. J. Hardy, of England (then the champion salmon fly-caster of the world), wrote me a letter, which I quoted in this journal, suggesting that the conditions under which fly-casting tournaments in England were held required to be changed materially to eliminate certain objectionable features, which we on this side characterize as fakes. He mentioned the black-leading of lines to prevent their sinking before they were recovered on the back cast, and that a fine and lighter line was spliced to and behind the casting line to enable the caster to shoot the casting line to a greater distance than if his line was all of the same size. At the time I said this was all new to casting tournaments on this side of the water. Particularly he mentioned that in the champion classes in England, in which rodmakers contested, rods were specially made for the contests, and were not such rods as were used in ordinary fishing. The tournament held in Madison Square Garden last week was the first fly-casting contest to be held in this country since I quoted from the letters of Messrs. Hardy and John Enright, the present world's champion salmon caster, and for the first time a black-leaded line was used in this country. It was, however, used but once, although the use of it was traceable to the information furnished by Mr. Hardy's letter, printed in FOREST AND STREAM. As to the fine light line back of the casting line, it has never been used here to increase the length of the cast.

It is true that in some cases rods have been specially made for casting tournaments, but in other cases ordinary fishing rods have been used in making record casts. The special construction consists in making the rod stiff enough to lift the heavy line used in the tournaments. In one instance in the recent contest a "C" line was used on a 5¼oz. rod, but usually a "D" line was used, whether the rod was 5¾, 7 or 10oz. in weight. The rod used by Mr. Hawes in his record salmon cast of 138ft. at Central Park some years ago was an ordinary fishing rod with which Mr. Hawes has killed salmon before and since the tournament. The rod with which Mr. Leonard made his champion cast of 106ft. was a rod of 10oz., 11ft. long. It has an independent handle of maple, which makes the rod a little heavier than it otherwise would be. The rod used by Mr. Cooper Hewitt in his cast of 100ft. 5½in. was 10ft. long and 5¼oz. in weight. The cast was a switch cast. Mr. Leonard, who was second with an overhead cast of 100ft. 3½in., used a rod of 10ft., weighing 5¾oz. In giving weights of rods it should be stated, for purposes of comparison, whether the rods had solid reel plates or not; but some of them had solid plates and some had reel rings only. In a rod of about 5½oz. the solid reel plate weighs ½oz. more than the rings, and in heavier rods the difference is ¾oz. There were no rods used at the tournament, and I think I handled them all or nearly all, that could not be used in ordinary fishing, although some of them were stiffer than would be necessary if lines of smaller caliber were used on them, and the most of them were ordinary fishing rods made for fishing purposes only. To be sure, such rods were unduly strained when the heavy salmon lines were lifted again and again to be cast with all the power of the caster's arm, but I believe not a single rod was broken.

Any one reviewing the records found in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM will notice that some wonderful casts were made and many records were smashed, and yet the reader may feel that there has been a falling off in form of some of the previous record makers. It must be remembered that this tournament was held early in the season, with little or no opportunity for practice, as the blistered hands of nearly every contestant testified, and it was held indoors for the first time under conditions which were novel. For instance, when Reuben Leonard was casting about 100ft. overhead, his fly would strike the flags decorating the balcony boxes behind him on his back cast nearly every cast, and he told me that when he made his record cast of 106ft. he felt his line going smoothly behind him, and concluded that his fly and leader had gone into one of the boxes. All the overhead casters had the same thing to contend with, and the switch casters had to contend with the spectators, who would get in the way and be caught in the loop of the line.

Hiram Hawes has used in all his previous tournaments, and in fishing, a slow tapered rod; but in the dead air of the Garden he could not get his fly out as he could if he had had a quick tapered rod. I noted his casting for him one day in practice and he cast 102ft. as clean and neat as possible with a rod of 7oz. On the other hand, Leonard always used a medium tapered rod, and he had no difficulty, as his records show, in getting out his line when there was nothing in the way behind him. It will be noticed that when it came to accurate casting around and under obstacles the long-distance men got a shade the worst of it.

Some of the cleanest, neatest casting done during the week was done in practice before the crowd gathered to almost lap over the edge of the tank. Mr. T. B. Mills's cast of 110ft. 9½in. was a most wonderful performance, and it is a matter of regret that he should have lost his fly and failed to score his world-beating cast; but Mr. Leonard has cast 111ft. in practice, overhead, with single-handed rod; and Mr. Cooper Hewitt has cast 112ft. in practice, so that it need not be feared that record-breaking in fly-casting has come to an end, whether the next trial shall be made indoors or in the open air.

When the next tournament does take place it is to be hoped that the rules will provide that switch casting will not compete against overhead casting, for it is like matching a trotting horse against a side-wheeler; and make the classes for rod makers and tackle dealers separate from the classes for amateurs and fishermen pure and simple. In this latter suggestion I am glad to say one of the best-known tackle dealers, who as a fly-caster is very near the top, fully agrees with me. Fly-casting tournaments can be made very popular, as witness the attendance at the Garden, but give the club men and fishermen generally a chance to win without the risk of two or three champions walking all over them.

A. N. CHENEY.

There were in each class three prizes, a bronze, a silver and a gold medal.

Casting was done in the afternoon and evening. It proved to be a decided attraction, and was closely watched by large numbers of spectators. The casting tank was made of wood, with a metal lining. It was 78ft. long, 10ft. wide, and contained 2 to 3in. of water only, enough for the purposes of casting. Continuing from one end of the tank and level with it was a wooden platform 40ft. long, on which was a small movable box-shaped platform 1ft. high. This served for the contestants to stand on when casting, and for the long casts was moved back from the end of the tank. Rules, results and records are given herewith.

Rules Governing the Contest.

Rule 1. The contests shall be governed by two judges and a referee. In case of disagreement the referee shall decide.

Rule 2. Arrangements shall be made by the judges so that they may accurately determine the point at which the fly falls.

Rule 3. All persons competing for prizes shall pay an entrance fee as follows: $2 for one event or $5 for three or more events. Post entries may be made, but no entry allowed after contest commences.

Rule 4. The order in which contestants shall cast shall be determined by the judges. The contestants must be ready when called upon by the judges.

Rule 5. The leader and fly in each contest must be intact at at the time of record by the judges.

Rule 6. After the contestant has taken his place upon the stand the time shall be allowed from the time the contestant says "ready." The first cast thereafter shall count. The longest cast during the five minutes succeeding shall be taken as his record for distance.

Rule 7. The rod must be held in one hand while casting.

Rule 8. The barb and point must be removed from all hooks used.

Rule 9. Trout flies of the usual Professor type, not smaller than No. 12 or larger than No. 8, shall be used in the contests, unless otherwise specified.

Rule 10. Time will be allowed, in cases of accident, to make repairs, at the discretion of the judges.

Rule 11. All other difficulties arising shall be decided by the judges.

SINGLE-HANDED LONG-DISTANCE TROUT FLY-CASTING CONTEST.—Open to those who have never cast more than 75ft. in any contest. Judges: James L. Breese, T. B. Stewart; Referee, W. C. Harris. Rule 1.—The rod must not exceed 11ft. 6in. in length. Rule 2.—The leader must be of single gut, and exceed 9ft. in length. Rule 3.—Straight forward and back casting only allowed. Rule 4.—One fly shall be used.

1. W. G. Levison.....57ft. 3. J. von Lengerke.....29ft.
2. Dr. H. L. O'Brien.....49ft. Victor R. Grimwood..25ft.

SINGLE-HANDED LONG-DISTANCE TROUT FLY-CASTING CONTEST.—Open to those who have never cast more than 60ft. in any contest. Judges: H. C. de Rham, D. T. Kennedy; Referee, Dr. S. M. Nash. Rule 1.—The rod must not exceed 11ft. 6in. in length. Rule 2.—The leader must be of single gut, and exceed 9ft. in length. Rule 3.—Straight forward and back casting only allowed. Rule 4.—One fly shall be used.

1. C. M. Roof.....67ft. Dr. H. L. O'Brien.....53ft.
2. H. S. Wells.....66ft. W. C. Spencer.....52ft.
3. Wallace G. Levison...54ft.

LIGHT ROD SINGLE HANDED FLY-CASTING CONTEST FOR DISTANCE ONLY.—Open to those who have never cast over 65ft. in any contest with a rod of 5¾oz. or under. Judges: A. N. Cheney, G. P. Morosini, Jr.; Referee, T. B. Stewart. Rule 1: Rod not to exceed 5¾oz. in weight. Rule 2: Leaders must be of single gut, and exceed 9ft. in length. Rule 3: One fly only shall be used.

1. C. G. Levison.....74½ft. H. L. O'Brien.....66ft.
2. H. S. Smith.....68½ft. D. Brandreth.....65ft.
3. Clarence M. Roof....68ft. D. T. Kennedy.....61ft.

LIGHT ROD SINGLE-HANDED FLY-CASTING CONTEST FOR DISTANCE ONLY.—Judges: Thos. B. Stewart, Clarence M. Roof; Referee, Robt. D. Lawrence. Rule 1: Rod not to exceed 5¾oz. in weight. Rule 2: Leaders must be of single gut, and exceed 9ft. in. length. Rule 3: One fly only shall be used.

1. P. C. Hewitt...100ft. 5½in. 3. Thos. B. Mills....83ft. 6in.
2. R. C. Leonard..100ft. 3½in. Hiram Hawes.....78ft.

BASS FLY-CASTING CONTEST FOR DISTANCE ONLY.—Open to contestants who have never made a record of over 70ft. in any contest. Judges: A. N. Cheney, T. B. Stewart; Referee, R. C. Leonard. Rule 1: The leader shall exceed 6ft. in length. Rule 2: One No. 4 fly shall be used, and will be furnished by the judges.

1. E. R. Hewitt.....79ft. 3. D. Brandreth.....68ft. 6in.
2. C. H. Mowry.....72ft. W. C. Spencer.....53ft.

BASS FLY-CASTING CONTEST FOR DISTANCE ONLY.—Judges: T. B. Stewart, H. O. Stanley; Referee, C. G. Levison. Rule 1: The leader shall exceed 6ft. in length. Rule 2: One No. 4 fly shall be used, and will be furnished by the judges.

1. R. C. Leonard..101ft. 6in. Chas. B. Mills.....92ft.
2. H. W. Hawes.. 98ft. 3½in. E. R. Hewitt.....75ft. 6in.
3. P. C. Hewitt... 95ft.

SINGLE-HANDED TROUT FLY-CASTING CONTEST FOR ACCURACY ONLY.—Judges: T. B. Stewart, W. C. Harris; Referee, W. S. Allerton. Rule 1: After the contestant has signified his readiness he shall make five consecutive casts at a mark. The distance at which the fly drops from the mark at each cast shall be noted and the sum of all these distances in feet and inches added together shall be subtracted from 100. The contestant having the highest average shall be declared the winner. Rule 2: One fly only shall be used. Rule 3: The leader shall exceed 6ft. in length. Class 1: The distance shall be 65ft.; Class 2: The distance shall be 50ft.

	50ft. Accuracy.*	65ft.
W. H. Hammett	85	....
D. T. Kennedy	91.5	93.5
D. Brandeth	89	....
C. G. Levison	87.5	83.5
Thomas B. Mills	77	85.5
H. W. Hawes	81.5	91
R. C. Leonard	90.5	92
E. R. Hewitt	87.5	89.5
C. M. Roof	84.5	....
Casper Hewitt	90	87

* Fractions of a foot are given in decimals.

Awards.

Class 1: First, D. T. Kennedy, gold medal; second, R. C. Leonard, bronze medal. Class 2: First, D. T. Kennedy.

SINGLE-HANDED LONG-DISTANCE TROUT FLY CASTING CONTEST.—Judges: R. N. Parish, Dr. C. M. Nash; Referee, W. C. Harris. Rule 1: The leader must be of single gut, and exceed 6ft. in length. Rule 2: One fly must be used.

1. R. C. Leonard.....106ft. C. G. Levison ... . 73ft.
2. Thos. B. Mills..... 91ft. Clarence M. Roof.... 72ft.
3. D. T. Kennedy..... 76ft.

OBSTACLE CASTING FOR DISTANCE.—Judges: T. B. Stewart, D. T. Kennedy; Referee, R. N. Parish. A horizontal bar shall be placed in front of the contestant at a distance of 30ft., and 9ft. from the water level. Rule 1: The leader must be of single gut and exceed 6ft. in length. Rule 2: One fly must be used.

1. E. R. Hewitt.....75ft. P. C. Hewitt.....69ft.
2. R. C. Leonard ....74ft. 9in. D. Brandreth.....60ft. 6in.
3. Hiram Hawes.....69ft. 6in.

OBSTACLE FLY-CASTING CONTEST FOR ACCURACY AND DELICACY.—Judges: R. N. Parish, John P. Elton; Referee, Harry R. Harris. Details of conditions and rules to be left to the judges. There will be placed on the left side of the tank (which is 10ft. wide) a bush overhanging the water 3ft. and above the surface 3ft., distance from the casting platform 30ft.; also another bush under like conditions on the right side of the tank, distant from the platform 40ft. The contestant who places the fly most delicately and nearest the side of the tank to take first award.

John T. Landman...38⅞ft. Hiram Hawes.....45½ft.
R. C. Leonard.....39⅝ft. P. C. Hewitt.....36 9-10ft.
D. Brandreth.....36 9-10ft. E. R. Hewitt.....36ft.
Clarence M. Roof....24 9-10ft.

Awards: 1st, Clarence M. Roof (first for accuracy); 2d, E. R. Hewitt; 3d, D. Brandreth.

Brandreth awarded first honors for delicacy.

SWITCH CASTING CONTEST FOR DISTANCE.—Judges: Robert B. Lawrence, Nash T. Smith; Referee, T. B. Stewart. An obstacle will be placed back of the contestant in a manner prescribed by the judges. Rule 1: The leader must be of single gut and exceed 6ft. in length. Rule 2: One fly must be used.

1. R. C. Leonard.....91ft. 6in. 3. C. H. Mowry.....62ft. 6in.
2. P. Cooper Hewitt. 90ft.

SINGLE-HANDED LONG-DISTANCE TROUT FLY-CASTING CONTEST.—Judges: Robt. B. Lawrence, S. M. Nash; Referee, J. L. Livingston. Rule 1: The rod must not exceed 11ft. 6in. in length. Rule 2: The leader must be of single gut and exceed 9ft. in length. Rule 3: Straight forward and back casting only allowed. Rule 4: One fly shall be used.

1. R. C. Leonard....105ft. 6in. Thos. B. Mills.....90ft.
2. Hiram Hawes.... 98ft. 6in. John T. Landman.82ft. 6in.
3. P. Cooper Hewitt 95ft. 6in. N. S. Smith.....78ft.

ANGLING NOTES.

Women at the Sportsmen's Show.

A NEW YORK newspaper, in giving an account of the opening of the Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden, says: "The old dictionaries do not give a feminine for gunner, and the 'brothers of the angle,' beloved by Izaak Walton, cared little for women save the milkmaids, who would slake their thirst from the brimming pail-; but in these modern times the women are as prominent in outdoor recreations as men."

It is lamentably true that in the days of Izaak Walton the women of that time cut no particular figure as devotees of angling, or if they did there is no record of the fact; but all that is changed for the better, as is shown by the concluding sentence that I have quoted. If the writer had stopped there I would not have written this note, but he goes on to say: "There were as many women as men at the show last night, and the makers of guns, fly-rods, athletic goods, boats and launches cater for the women's trade fully as much as for the custom of their brothers. This medley of the sexes in search of the latest novelty in their particular sporting fad gave animation to the gathering." What I object to is the word *fad*, and I deny that women as a rule follow any branch of sport as a fad. Let us see what a new dictionary says about the word: "Fad, n. A trivial fancy adopted and pursued for a time with irrational zeal; a matter of no importance, or an important matter imperfectly understood, taken up and urged with more zeal than sense; a whim; a crochet; a temporary hobby." If there are any women who have taken up sport, such as angling or shooting, as a fad, I do not know of them. I do know, however, many earnest, sensible women who have taken up sport, in one branch or another, seriously and for their own profit and pleasure, and who pursue it as faithfully and intelligently as any man, and who are as accomplished in the field as the men. There is a letter on my desk received within the past twenty-four hours, and it says: "I send you a newspaper clipping. Present it to every one interested for me," and I know of no better way to present it to every one interested than through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and here it is:

"The open season hereabouts for upland game (grouse, quail, etc) is over, but the markets and stores are full of these birds, presumably from other States. The law which permits the sale of birds at this time of year if killed outside of the State is a great boon to the market-shooter If I sell the storekeeper ten couple of quail shot in New York or New Jersey, and he tells the law that he bought them from a man who killed them in Japan or any other old place, what are you going to do about it? Stop the sale of game out of season, no matter where shot, gentlemen, or you will have no game to sell in a few years."

The writer of the letter who sends the clipping says further:

"There is no doubt that this is the only way to preserve the game, for just as long as game can be sold openly just so long game will be killed secretly out of season and sent to market from this State (New York) under cover, and once in market it appears as game killed 300 miles beyond the borders of the State. We have got to face the consequences of this very bad law (Section 249), and the sooner we do it the better for our game."

The writer of the letter is a woman, one of the bravest little women that it is my good fortune to know, and she is always battling for the welfare of the fish and game of the State. She knows the difference between good laws and bad laws, and if half of the men who claim to be sportsmen had her energy and were possessed of her unselfish interest in the fish and game, and had acquired the same knowledge in the field that she has of what is absolutely necessary to preserve the game, the bad laws would be wiped from the books. If one should meet this refined, womanly woman at some great social function in town—thoroughbred to her finger tips—one might imagine perhaps that sport would be with her a fad; but change the environment to the country of forest and streams, and with double gun, rifle or rod she asks no allowances from the men, but stands at the scratch, whether the game be deer, bear, fox, birds or trout, and then it would be a brave man indeed who could look into her honest eyes, sparkling with enthusiasm, and tell her that she considered sport a trivial fancy. When she tells you that there is something loose in a law that provides that "No person shall kill or take alive more than two deer in any season," and yet three men may go into the woods and kill six deer while two of the men do not fire a gun, the criticism does not arise from the fact that she considers deer shooting a temporary hobby. When she says, "Much as I love deer shooting, I would willingly hang up my guns in the gun room to remain unused rather than have the slaughter of the past few years continue," it is not a whim. Standing on a runway while the hounds were running a fox, a deer appeared before her, started by the dogs; she said: "I was watching for a fox, but I wanted that deer, for my deer hunting had been most wretched during the deer season; but as I brought my gun to my shoulder it flashed into my mind that the deer season had closed, only a few days, to be sure, but closed, and I lowered the gun and watched the deer until it passed out of sight."

I hope some day to be permitted to tell of a score she made trout fishing. The trout can be numbered on the fingers of one hand, but many an angler with frosted paw would be exceeding glad to mark the weights of the trout in his fishing record as his own catch. Secretly I have, in my heart, long

regarded this friend of mine as a "dead game sportsman," never striving for a feminine equivalent for the term, although I have hoped to refine the language of the thought somewhat before I gave it speech. When I think of this perfect type of a gentle, cultivated, womanly woman, who pursues sport for health and pleasure, and rears her children to be manly men and refined women, while they follow her example—and I know there are others in the world like her—I naturally dissent from the expression fad as applied to women in the "Medley of the Sexes," and I will let the men defend themselves.

Striped Bass.

A gentleman in New York city has written me the following letter: "I address you in behalf of an old and valued friend, whose pursuit for more than thirty years has given me a great deal of genuine sport and pleasure, and, from what I believe to be inadequate protection, will not much longer frequent the waters of the State in the numbers he has—the striped bass. The only reference to the fish in the laws of our fisheries and game is Section 121, relative to length of striped bass which may be taken. I was informed that a law or section of law was to be passed near the close of last winter's session of the Legislature (but for some reason or other was hung up) for the better protection of striped bass. I am satisfied from my own observation and the reports of, I may say, hundreds of hook and line fishermen who persistently fish for the salt-water striped bass, that their numbers are lessening yearly. There have been good reasons for placing Section 121 in the law, and it meets with approval, because a fish of less than 8in. in length would be of small or no account as food to any one. It is the unanimous opinion; however, of all with whom I have talked that the method of taking this fish at any time other than with hook and line should be considered illegal in the waters of the State. I have seen these fish in September and October say 12 to 14in. in length, beautiful and symmetrical in their dimensions; and in the following January fish of the same length are full of spawn, with an increase in depth from dorsal fin to belly of 2in. or more. These fish are taken from the waters of the State by other devices than hook and line.

"It is said that the striped bass of salt water has become a high-priced fish because of its scarcity, and the poorer classes of our community cannot afford to buy. It inhabits our local waters, and the neighborhood of Croton Point, in the Hudson, is considered one of their best spawning grounds, and they are taken here when they should not be by fishers for the markets. If the capture of these fish was prohibited for a term of years it would doubtless tend to multiply their numbers and bring prices within the reach of all who desire this splendid food fish; but do you not think that a law should be passed by the present Legislature prohibiting the capture of striped bass in the waters of the State at any season except by hook and line, and make a close season from November to the following May, or such other safe dates as to cover the spawning season?"

There is a bill now before the Legislature, introduced by Mr. G. W. Meyer, Jr., 30th Assembly District of New York city, which provides a close season for striped bass from Jan. 1 to May 1 following, and the 8in. limit of length is retained. The bill was introduced as No. 516, read once and referred to the committee on fisheries and game, reported from said committee with amendments and ordered reprinted (No. 1,159), and placed on order of second reading as amended. It seemed to be the opinion in Albany that this bill would finally pass.

It is my opinion that all food fishes which spawn in the fresh waters of the State, or in brackish waters of the State, should be protected during their breeding season, but it has long been an open question when the striped bass did spawn in our waters. The United States Fish Commission says: "They spawn in the late spring and early summer, some of them in the rivers, others probably at sea, although this has not been definitely ascertained."

The striped bass has been hatched artificially first by Holton and afterward by True, I think; but my recollection is that those hatched in North Carolina (and this is where they were hatched) were hatched in July, but my memory may be in fault as to the time. If I am anywhere near right, the close season provided in Mr. Meyer's bill will not cover the spawning season in New York waters. My correspondent speaks of striped bass having spawn in January, but it does not follow that the spawn is anywhere near ripe at that time. Brook trout have spawn in May, but it does not mature until the following October, and there is a vast difference between ripe and unripe trout spawn. Striped bass eggs are smaller than shad eggs, but the fishermen themselves should be able to throw light on the spawning season without reference to the size of the eggs. Since the foregoing was written I find that it was Maj. T. B. Ferguson who hatched striped bass in North Carolina, and they were hatched in May, 1879. The eggs hatched in twenty-four hours.

There should be a close season on striped bass from May 1 to June 30.

Fish Food in Nevada.

The report of the Fish Commissioner of Nevada has just been received, and under the heading "Fish Food" I find that the Commission has planted crawfish for trout food in some of the waters of the State. "On the same day I deposited five dozen of the larvæ of the salmon fry (*Corydalis*). I investigated for results in the fall of 1896 (a year later, for they were planted in May, 1895) and found the *Corydalis* in large swarms."

Large swarms from a plant of five dozen! Just see what the possibilities are in this line. But are we to understand that this is *Corydalis cornutus*, alias the helgramite?

A. N. Cheney.

Mr. Mott's Salmon.

There was shown in the Forest and Stream's exhibit at the Sportsmen's Exposition last week a Restigouche salmon taken at Dawson's, on the Restigouche, Canada, June 10, 1896, by Mr. Jordan L. Mott, Jr., of this city. The fish weighed 40lbs., and Mr. Mott's time in killing it was 45 minutes. It is a handsome fish, and attracted much attention.

North Carolina Striped Bass.

Swansboro, N. C., March 11.—Striped bass or rockfish were in evidence at Swansboro on March 5. Eighteen were caught which averaged 12lbs. apiece, and sold for 75 cents each. C. H.

Florida Tarpon.

Punta Gorda, Fla., March 18.—Mr. John Caswell has landed five tarpon here this week. F. F. F.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXXVI.—Mr. Almy.

I had often heard that it was thought to be great sport to shoot fish with a bow and arrow in parts of the South, especially in Louisiana, and now the opportunity offered to take part in it. Others had confirmed what my darky boy Pete had said about Almy being an expert at this sport, and in conversation he said: "Down the river there are places wide and deep where there are big fish, worth shooting at, and it is easy enough to float down twenty miles, but it's all paddle coming back, and while the current is not strong, it is not fun to paddle a dugout that distance up stream. Can you paddle?"

"Yes, I can paddle, and keep the paddle on one side of the boat and never take it out of the water, if necessary; I wouldn't propose to go if I couldn't paddle, for two are enough on such a trip, but I've got a better scheme. We'll go down, do our fishing and then get a wagon, take the canoe to Ponchatoula and put it on a freight train for home. How will that suit you?"

"Good! How long do you want to be gone?"

"We'll stay out two nights if the mosquitoes will permit. You get ready to start in the morning, after breakfast, and I'll send all the provisions that we want down to the boat, if you'll have something to protect them from sun and rain."

As we left Tangipahoa the morning was cool and delightful. A light rain in the night had discolored the water a little, but the little river was not high. Mockingbirds were rejoicing in the fullness of life, each trying to beat the other in some difficult run or trill. The soft cool of morning and evening was delicious here, but the noon was torrid. We protected our faces and hands with tar and oil from the clouds of punkies, gnats, mosquitoes, gallinippers and an unnamed host of hungry phlebotomizers which thirsted for the last drop of blood we had. But while our exposed surfaces were well defended, our thin clothing was easily pierced, and so we made smudges of fungi in two iron pots and made the best of it.

Almy was greatly interested in my outfit of flies, fly-rods and reel. He wanted to look the fly-book all over, handle the gut leaders and play with the reel. The rods he did not think much of, from the scant attention he paid them, but after the inspection was completed he said: "Let's see you catch a fish with them things." He watched the process of rigging up and of casting with great interest, and when a black bass took one of the flies and bent the rod he got excited and called out: "Let me get hold of the line! He'll break that little pole! Pull him in now!" and a whole lot of other advice. When I lifted a 3lb. bass in the landing net he simply said, "Golly!"

I unhooked the fish and let it go, much to Almy's surprise, for in this land of plenty he had never thought that there was need to spare what was not required for use. He agreed that it was a sin to kill an animal when its flesh or skin could not be utilized, unless the animal was injurious to man in some way. He wanted to try fly-casting for bass, and while I feared for my tackle, I had a reserve in case of disaster. He promised to keep cool if he hooked a fish, and to obey my orders. The rod was ash and lancewood, and it troubled him to cast its length of 9ft. without fouling it. I put the canoe ashore and taught him how to get out about 20ft. of line, and we started out into the river. After a few casts he hooked a fish, and checked and gave line as I ordered. After a short fight he reeled the fish up near the boat, and as I said, "Hold still, keep him there!" and moved to put the landing net below him, Almy tried to lift the fish into the boat pole fashion; the fish made a dive as the tip broke, the reel sung until the bass reached a tree top, where it took several turns around a limb, snapped the gut leader and escaped. I saw the fish, and judged it to weigh about 4lbs. Almy had a lesson in handling light rods and a lecture on the use of landing nets. A spare tip replaced the broken one and he brought a small fish to the net.

By this time the air was warm and close, as nothing stirred along our crooked and heavily wooded stream.

We went ashore to cook dinner. Wishing to see as many fish as possible in these strange waters, I put out two lines to the bottom, one baited with a big earthworm and the other with the tail of a crayfish, and soon had two fish in the boat; the worm having taken a big black sucker which Almy called a "black horse," and the crayfish captured a spotted catfish. "These," said Almy, "are the two best fish in the river, better than trout or buffalo." The sucker might have weighed 5lbs., and the other perhaps ½lb. We fried them, and I agreed with my friend. They had not the weedy taste of his "trout," which I preferred to call a "big-mouth black bass," nor were they as muddy as the buffalo. We had good salt pork for frying, and unless you use sweet oil you can't beat it much.

The river was so full of fish that you could catch a dinner in a few minutes, so we fished along and released the fish as we caught them, and I made a note of the species and their local names. The dogfish of the Great Lakes was a "bowfin," the fresh-water drum was "gaspergou." The name of "bass" was replaced by "perch," and "sun perch," "red-eye perch," etc, were common, but I was surprised not to find our common yellow perch there. Neither did I find a pike, except a little fish of 6in. much like our Northern brook pike. About 4 P. M. the river broadened to a quarter of a mile, and about a mile down we made our camp on a low point and prepared for the night. We found a dry knoll, covered our provisions in the end of the canoe, which was raised on a log to keep dry in case of rain, cooked supper, gathered fire wood and drift boards to make a shelter alongside the canoe, spread our rubber blankets under them and lay down.

Almy was a good woodsman, was quite intelligent, and, with the exception of his belief in voodooism, as related in the last chapter, there was no sign that he was "off," or, as Bell would have expressed it, "had rats in his garret." All day long I had been interested in the abundance of life. Snakes, turtles and frogs glided, slid and plunged into the water; strange birds called, sung or flitted; kingfishers rattled and dove, while bitterns, herons and other birds croaked, drove stakes or pumped thunder. The wealth of fish and reptile life brought an abundance of the solitary birds which feed upon it.

Now as an old camper and campaigner, who from 1854 to 1865 and slept more nights under the open sky than under a roof, I thought I knew a whole lot about the sounds of night; but on that point of land, surrounded by swamp and lake near the coast of Louisiana, it seemed as if the echoes of all the night sounds I had ever heard had come back and focused right there on that June night. Owls innumerable, and apparently of all the sizes that owls are permitted to be, screeched, laughed and hooted; night-herons "quawked," gurgled and fanned the air with their wings; shrill cries from other wading birds, to the deponent unknown, added their voices to the night's discord. I've tried to think of something to say of the voices of the frogs in this happy frog land, but, like that historic man who was famed for profanity and was dumb when the boys pulled the tail-board out of his wagon load of apples when going up hill, I can say: "I can't do justice to the subject."

We found a breeze come up from the southeast about sundown and that meant freedom from mosquitoes and other insects, for they can't stand against a light wind. "Almy," said I, "this is delightful; will it last all night and allow us to sleep in peace? I don't mind the racket, but I'm a sinner if I want to be tormented all night and get up in the morning too weak from loss of sleep and blood to enjoy the fishing."

"Yes, it is seldom that we don't get a sea-breeze here. We are only about ten miles from Lake Maurepas, which empties into Lake Ponchartrain, and not over fifty miles from the Gulf of Mexico, and it's open water most of the way to the southeast; you know that New Orleans is between Ponchartrain and the Mississippi, and we could paddle there easily to-morrow."

Giving assent to his assumption of my geographical knowledge, which I had probably possessed in schoolboy days, but now relearned, I turned the talk to the racket about us by saying: "There is a frog here which makes a rattling sound like bone 'clappers.' I never heard it anywhere except in Kansas, do you know what it is?

"No, I don't, but it is probably one of the small kinds. Do you know that there are several kinds of frogs, and that some never grow big?"

"Oh, yes; in the North we have the big bullfrog, which may be green or brown, and the spotted meadow frog with a yellow vest, the tree frogs, which we miscall "toads," and rarely a small swamp frog, with long legs and a white line running back of its eye. An old friend, who shoots and traps for a living, tells me that this little frog makes a clacking noise, but I never heard it in New York."

"That may be the little fellow that does it. I've seen 'em, but never heard 'em peep. That darky boy, Pete, says you eat frogs. Is that so?"

"Sure, and I'll cook you some to-morrow."

"Me? I wouldn't eat one for a farm."

"Say, what do we want of these boards over us? It's starlight and ain't a-goin' to rain."

"Don't you remember when we was a-comin' down the river I called to you to look out when a shitepoke, as you call 'em, was flying over—we call 'em thunder pumpers from their noise—an' once you dodged an' had a close call? Well, these quawks are 'bout as bad, and you noticed how they foul the shore. They cross this point further down, as a rule, but it is well to be careful."

In the morning the boards bore evidence to Almy's wisdom when camping in Louisiana swamps. A few large cumulous clouds were floating lazily in the air, and we were now to try the new sport of shooting fish with the bow and arrow before the sun got too warm. A long bundle of canvas was untied and the implements taken out. A fine cedar bow, 6ft. long, strung with a cord of rawhide, several ashen arrows about 3ft. long, and a light iron spearhead are the whole outfit. This spearhead has a flat, sharp point, behind which is a hinged barb, which lies in a recess until an attempt is made to draw it from the body of a fish, when it spreads out like the "toggle" of a whaler's harpoon, the arrow complete weighing about 4oz. There is a socket on the spearhead into which the wooden arrow fits so loosely that it falls out and floats when a fish is struck, while a light cord which is fast to the spearhead holds the fish.

After breakfast we shoved off and paddled out into deep, open water. There was no perceptible current here in the broad water, and not breeze enough to ripple the surface and prevent seeing the fish. Slowly paddling along and watching the water over the side of the boat, I never saw so many live fish anywhere—fishes of various shapes and sizes, from minnows up to gars 5ft. long. "Shoot a gar, Almy," I said.

"No use to shoot a gar in the back, your steel will glance off his hard scales. A little later in the day they'll be floating at the surface, and then if you can get the arrow into its gill it's the only chance. Turn up by that tree top. Steady, stop!" And drawing the arrow to a head he let it go and it struck the water about 8ft. from the boat, the wooden shaft floated up, and by the running line it was evident that a fish was struck. Gradually checking it, he gently pulled in a "black horse" sucker of some 6lbs. I had shot fish in Kansas with a rifle, and speared them in Wisconsin, but this sport evidently required the same care in judging between the place the fish really occupied and its apparent position, the refraction being greater the further away the fish happened to be, and it required more skill to speed the arrow to the mark than to hurl the spear or shoot the bullet; therefore it was more sport.

The water was not very clear, and while I could see straight down in the shade of the boat, one could not see far in the water at an angle, and it was interesting to hear Almy discourse on the character of bubbles. The surface was dotted with those little bubbles that come from gases in the mud or from minute insect life which seem to simmer on the surface, but he was watching large ones and commenting on them.

"See that string of small bubbles slowly moving toward us?" he asked. "Well, that's a turtle working in the mud, and the air comes out of the mud and the bubbles seem to hang on long before bursting, but here to the left are brighter bubbles that come up swift and in patches; they break at once. There's fish feeding there, but unless they leave the bottom we can't see 'em. Paddle over the other side, in the bend where the weeds are, and we'll try it there." We found open places among the weeds and lily-pads and I watched Almy kill several fish, including a big gar which he struck in the gills, as he had explained. His marksmanship at varying distances and degrees of refraction was excellent. He wished me to try it and I did, but my admiration for his skill increased with every shot I made. Finally I said: "Almy, there's a soft-shelled turtle crawling under the boat, shall I try him?"

"Yes, plug him when he comes out on the other side."

I shot and fastened the barb in him and he began to

burrow in the mud. This gave the animal a purchase that strained the line to the danger point; the water was too deep to dislodge him with the paddle, and in my anxiety I appealed to my companion.

"Put a strain on him," he said, "don't let him gain another inch an' mebbe he'll get tired or mebbe the line will break; try it that way a while."

"If the line breaks your spearhead is lost."

"Never mind that, there's two more in the bundle. I want that turtle to take home, it's all the game we can take, for fish will spoil."

I checked all progress at the other end of the line, and waited until the muscles which were working in the mud might tire. The hope was vain. I think he would have been there hanging on until the close of this fading century if I had not become weary of inaction. My friend offered no suggestion, but was contemplating nature and perhaps revolving in his mind the mysteries of voodooism. The fact that if the line should part we might survive the shock gradually dawned, and from a passive resistance I slowly put an aggressive strain on the line, and it yielded. The enemy evidently was not "wishing for night or Blücher," but for a firmer anchorage than river mud, for there was no sign of muscular exhaustion when he came on board and made our acquaintance.

No more shots with an arrow for me. I had a record; you may call it an accidental one if you wish, but still a record; and if the laurels were thin I can console myself with the thought that they're much thinner where there isn't any.

Mr. Almy had not only opened up a new sport, but had taught me several things, especially about the character of bubbles coming from a bottom of soft mud, and in turn I could show him the relationship between aquatic larva of insects and their adult forms.

The morning was passing, the faint breeze expired and we returned to camp to sit in a smoke which just permitted us to exist, while it drove off our insect enemies. I often wonder if they suffer more than we from a stifling smoke, or if we brace ourselves to stand it, knowing that they are suffering as much, but that if we hold out a while the enemy will retreat and leave us in possession of the field. It's a question of pluck and endurance, especially the latter, with us; for if the smoke lets up for a moment the enemy will make a dash for your blood. With the man it is merely a question of two evils, smoke or mosquitoes, and he chooses what he thinks to be the least. Not so with the insect. If she—here I take off my hat to say that those people whom my boy, Charley Bell, if he were alive, would call "the scientific Alecs" have recorded that it is only the female mosquito which sings and bites—if she, I say, relinquishes the field it is because she is driven from it by a force that is irresistible, there is no choice in the matter.

The metamorphosis of the dragon-fly and the mosquito were unknown to Almy, and he listened to a discourse on them with great interest, but when I brought in a lot of enormous frogs, dressed and cooked them, he looked disgusted; but after seeing the polish which I put on their bones he sampled them, and I had the satisfaction of teaching a man who lived near the great Southern marshes to eat their greatest delicacy.

Somehow we had avoided the subject of voodooism, just as you avoid mention of politics when you know that your friend doesn't agree with you, and it seemed to me that a belief in the supernatural powers of some old colored woman was part of his religion, and recalling the fact that my own New England ancestors, two centuries ago, believed in witchcraft and preached against it made me lenient on this subject. He was a poor unlettered man, they were educated clergymen of the Church of England, and he knew as much about it as they did.

In drawing Almy out I found that he came from Tennessee and had drifted South as railroads were built, but his desire to shoot and fish prevented his getting steady employment. As we smoked he said: "Sometimes, in the fall, I hire out to the rice planters to shoot rice birds and go away for a month or two. These 'ere birds come down from the North in great flocks and destroy the rice crop. I take a dozen or more darkies out and try to protect the crop of some planter while the rice is in the milk state. We shoot into the cloud of birds, but it don't seem to stop 'em from coming on. If the flocks come down on a rice field when it is in the milk stage, and they are allowed to feed for ten minutes, there's no use to try to harvest that crop, it's been gathered. Of course we pick up some birds and send them to market, and they are fat and fine. You mightn't believe it, but they get so fat that they can hardly fly, and in some places the darkies hunt them with torches and clubs at night and send thousands of dozens to market. The light blinds them and they flutter down, too fat to fly, and are picked up by hand or killed with a switch. In the winter the birds thin out, the rice fields give no food and they scatter."

Ah, me! And this was one of my favorite song birds, the bobolink! In the North the male is handsome in its summer plumage, and its hilarious song has been likened to "striking the upper notes of a piano at random." In boyhood days I have shot them, and I hope to be forgiven. In New York markets they are called "reed birds," and I wish to say that I never bought one, but have on several occasions sent the birds back untouched—on principle—when they were served at formal dinners. If the Southern rice planter finds it necessary to kill the bobolink as an enemy to his crops, no man can object; he has a right to do it; and then you will please remember that the male bird is in sober gray feather, and has no song to cheer the rice planter when he devastates his acres. That shows the reverse of the picture.

The Hallock game code, recently published, puts these elegant song birds among those which should not be protected, and I protest! A short time ago a Southern clergyman, resident in New York city, was fined for shooting robins, and in defense said he "did not know that they were song birds." He was right; no birds are song birds after the mating and breeding season has passed; then the males change plumage and only use call notes.

For the benefit of my Southern friends, I wish that they could know the "villianous rice bird" as we know it—sailing over the meadows with its wings in a tremble of nuptial joy and pouring forth its soul in a song that the mockingbird could not imitate. Some poet has written a song beginning:

"Tinkle, tinkle, Mr. Nincomb,
I am merry Bob o' Lincom."

But that was a merry song, and not at all to my purpose. There was another one which treated of the bird and gave words to its song, among which were "winter seeble," and went on to relate its death by a gunner. I would surely inflict the quotation on you if it was on memory's shelf, and therefore you may rejoice. Bryant has given the bird fame in his "Robert of Lincoln," and there we rest the case of this particular bird and go back to the swamps of Louisiana.

We got some frogs to take home, some new minnows to put in alcohol, and then a darky with his mules took our dugout to the railway, and so on "home" to Tangipahoa. Bell and Pete met me at the station, and the darky opened his eyes when he saw the frogs, and as he preceded us to to the hotel he sang:

"Sittin' awn de po'ch in de light ob de moon,
I took de banja down fo' to play a little tune;
De grasshoppas sing an' de crickets all dance,
De frogs try to jine 'em, but dey didn't get a chance.
Den get along, gals, doan yo' see me comin'," etc.

FRED MATHER.

ARE TROUT GROWING CRAFTIER

Editor Forest and Stream:

Did you ever know of a true angler who felt that his life was rounded out, unless when his hair had become gray and his step less buoyant he could once more visit the stream he had first waded and where he felt the thrill which he enjoyed as he took his first trout with the fly? And did you ever notice how frequently after years of experience he looks for the same success he enjoyed when a novice, and departs sadly disappointed, perhaps never to return?

It is true that every pool is there just as it was, and every boulder is as familiar to him as when he slipped and slid around them or fell over them in his youthful enthusiasm, thirty or forty years before, for he could not forget them if he would; even the gurgle of the stream is familiar to him and seems more sweet than any he has heard since.

The hills with their wealth of laurel or rhododendron were never so beautiful in his eyes, for to the angler the love of nature grows stronger every year.

Thus far he lives his early experience over again, and here he stops.

It is true that the stream has not the flow of water it formerly had. The trout have become depleted from different causes, but this depletion should reduce his catch only proportionately; for with one-fourth or one half as many trout in the stream he should, with his present skill, bring back in his creel at least one-fourth or one-half as many as formerly.

The same ground is gone over, each pool and rift is fished with a skill unknown forty years ago, and yet a fish is rarely taken fit to put in the creel.

When the sun is low and the mountains cast their deep shadows over the valley and stream a few trout are taken, but not as they could be taken in the evening fishing years ago.

If the angler thinks that perhaps the stream is too low, yet if he waits till a generous rain raises it to its former state and tries again, he will have but little better success.

If this is not the experience of all, it is certainly that of most veteran anglers who have returned to fish the streams of "their first love."

The question arises: What has caused this change? And there seems to be but one answer.

In streams which are constantly fished the trout of each generation become more shy than those of the preceding one, and they transmit this increased shyness through their ova to their young, that is, the young fish begins where the parent left off.

Forty years ago the large trout were quite as easy to catch as the small ones, and now it is as difficult to catch a fingerling as a large fish.

This increased shyness must then have been born in the fish and therefore transmitted by the parent fish.

The above views have been given on account of a question asked by a scientist in England a few weeks ago, and which was substantially this: Whether the apparently increasing intelligence of some kinds of fish is the result of a greater instinct or because fishes may possibly have the power to communicate with each other by a sort of fish language, and he asked for replies to his question.

Every angler who has made as frequent and thorough tests as the writer knows that fishes cannot hear any sound emitted above the water, although it has been suggested that they may be able to hear sounds emitted beneath its surface; and if such is the case, then if there is any force in the suggestion made by our English friend, we may fairly assume that when some successful angler deftly drops his artificial fly at the head of a pool, some wily trout, which has barely escaped an unwilling translation into the realms above the water, will rush around the pool and whisper into the ears of the other trout which have not learned wisdom by a like experience, telling them that "that thing is a delusion and a sham."

Until further light is thrown on this subject we prefer to adopt the theory that the increasing shyness of trout is simply another illustration of the fact that the law of heredity applies to fishes as well as to animals. J. S. V. C.

POUGHKEEPSIE, March 17.

A Record Mahopac Bass.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM space at the Sportsmen's Exposition was shown a small mouth black bass, loaned by Messrs. Wm. Mills & Son, which was the occasion of much interested comment. The fish was taken in Lake Mahopac, Putnam county, N. Y., on Sept. 7, 1896, by Reuben Miller, a guide and farmer. Mr. Miller was fishing at the time near A. H. Dean's Dean House, and his bait was a 7in. perch. The bass weighed 8lbs. Shortly thereafter Mr. Miller took several other fish of the same species, weighing from 5¾ to 7¼lbs.

The taxidermist has given the big fellow a yellow eye; but by nine out of ten black bass fishermen no notice of this peculiarity of the mounted specimen would be taken.

Aughvick Club House.

COWAN'S GAP, Pa., March 21.—The club house of the Aughvick Valley Fishing and Hunting Club was destroyed by fire supposed to have been started by an incendiary. United States Senator Boies Penrose, Speaker Boyer, Congressman Mahon, Pension Agent George W. Skinner and a number of prominent Philadelphia and Pittsburg politicians are members of the club

SOME BASS RECORDS.

CINCINNATI, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In November of 1896 a small-mouth black bass, weighing 7lbs. 2oz., was taken by Robert Bartells, of Somerset, Ky., in the Cumberland River at Punkin Hollow Mill, six miles from Burnside. He used a Bristol steel rod of 10oz., a Natchaug silk line and a silver reel of his own make, and a live minnow for bait. It took him just eleven minutes to bring it to net, and while battling for freedom it fought with the vigor of a three-pounder and jumped five times out of the water.

It was kindly sent to the Cuvier Club by the fortunate piscator, and has been very skillfully mounted by our taxidermist, Prof. Drury. Really it is not a very gracefully proportioned bass, for overgrown fish seldom are; but it has the strong, muscular proportions, broad tail and razor-like fins which make this fish the royal king of the rocky reefs. Mr. Bartells has given me a catalogue of the catches he made last fall of the small-mouth black bass in the picturesque Cumberland, and it runs as follows:

Oct. 1—Thirty bass, weighing 40lbs., from 1 to 3½lbs.; eight of 3lbs.

Oct. 7—Forty-two bass, weighing 69lbs., from 1 to 3lbs.

Oct. 15—Sixty-four bass, weighing 84lbs., from ¾ to 3lbs.

Oct. 26—Eighteen bass, weighing 26lbs., from 1½lbs. to 7lbs. 2oz.

The next largest I have heard of, and that is authentic, is the one caught by Capt. H. H. Tinker, of the Cuvier's, in Lake Erie, near Put-in Bay, weighing 6lbs. 2oz.

There was one caught, which to be in unity should have preceded the above, at the mouth of the Grand River by J. O. Sawyer, of Grand Rapids, which weighed 6½lbs., and was a royal beauty of its mail-clad race, being perfectly symmetrical from head to tail, and a fighter that came near gaining its liberty.

Now comes John L. Stettinus, of this city, a very enthusiastic angler, who about a decade ago caught one at Put-in Bay that weighed 6lbs. So overjoyed was he with his prize that he at once discontinued his sport, packed up, and hurried home. On his arrival he forthwith gave a supper to a few of his most intimate friends at the St. Nicholas, which cost him an even $100. He now angles for striped bass at Cuttyhunk Island nearly every season, and is very successful at it.

A short time ago Col. W. B. Smith, of this city—and a royal good fellow, too—was up at Green Lake, Wis., angling for the bronze-backers, and while there heard no end of talk about the capture of 7 and 8lb. small-mouth black bass. Wishing to secure some of the big fellows, or else fracture the romances so freely related, he posted up a notice offering $200 for an 8lb. small-mouth black bass, $150 for a 7½-pounder, $100 for a 7-pounder.

This, he said, was the last he heard of the big bass, and he thinks the notice is there yet, and if so, will adhere to the offers he then made.

We hear of a great many big black bass being caught, but they are generally weighed on their own scales, and with enlarged optics.

Of the big-mouth bass there are many that run up to 12 and 15lbs., if not over. We have one in our museum that weighs 13lbs., and was caught in Southern waters, but the 7lbs. 2oz. small-mouth black bass of Mr. Bartells is the largest we ever heard of that was caught by hook and line.

ALEX STARBUCK.

LATER.—I have another big small-mouth black bass for your record, weighing 7lbs. 1oz., that was caught in Honey Creek, a tributary of the Little Miami, that pours into the Ohio River some ten miles east of this city. It was caught a few years ago by Attorney G. W. Hardache, formerly one of our State senators. He is an enthusiastic angler, and takes his outing every year for that bull dog fighter of the rocky reef. ALEX STARBUCK.

ONE DAY'S SPORT.

ALL our writers, with that happy faculty, inherent in all humankind, of losing sight of the disagreeable incidents in the pleasure of recalling the enjoyable happenings connected with an outing, present the bright side only.

At the risk of being designated a crank, dyspeptic or pessimist, I intend to depart from the beaten track and relate a little experience illustrating the opposite side of the question, feeling sure that many of the brotherhood of sportsmen will recognize a true picture of the discomfort that in some form has fallen to their own lot.

It was at Andover, Me., where I was spending a two weeks' vacation in company with a friend, Mr. C. O. Poor. Sept. 30 being a rainy day, we made arrangements to drive on the following morning to the south arm of the Rangeley Lakes, sixteen miles distant, to try for some black ducks, a large flock being reported at that place.

We were up early, eagerly scanning the sky, which showed favorable signs of clearing, and congratulating ourselves on the prospect, we hastily harnessed, got our traps together and started; so did the rain. But having got under way, we made up our minds we would finish the trip, rain or no rain, at the same time hoping that it would clear up.

With intermittent energy the rain continued, however, until we had reached our destination; in the meanwhile securing a grouse which ran from the road into the bushes, where, after vainly shooting in an attempt to make it rise in self-defense, I was compelled to blow its head off at a distance of about 20ft.

Arriving at the lake, and putting our steed up at a shanty near the road, we procured a boat from Mr O. S. Syke, who has charg of the South Arm Hotel, and had nicely started across the lake when the rain commenced to fall in volumes that would have caused Noah to put in a couple of extra life preservers

We pottered around the lake for a little while, seeing but one duck. He flew into a little cove and mysteriously disappeared, for although following directly after him we could not find a feather of him.

By this time we were thoroughly soaked, and concluding that we had ducking enough in both senses of the word we landed and prepared for the homeward journey.

With clothes wet and clammy, sixteen miles in a cold rain, mud 6in deep, an old horse, open wagon, harness breaking twice, causing delay in repairing it, and you have a description of our four hours' ride.

"It is not all of hunting to hunt," and if one does not believe this saying, let him take a trip like the above and he will be convinced.

I was so thoroughly convinced during that ride that on reaching home, or rather Andover, I packed my grips, intending ake he first train to New York the following

day, inwardly resolving that this should be my last shooting trip. But after a smoking hot supper and an evening passed before a grand old fireplace with one of Andover's fairest daughters, wiser counsels prevailed, and I concluded to remain to the end of my allotted time.

Amply was I repaid for so doing, as, taking the same route under more auspicious circumstances a few days later, and camping at the Upper Richardson Pond, we spent the pleasantest days of the season.

If the editor does not think this account of the unpleasant portion of a sportsman's outing disqualifies me from the ranks of true sportsmen, who in theory should be above such trivial annoyances, and refrains from consigning this narrative to the tender mercies of the waste basket, I will furnish an account of the pleasurable part of the camping experiences of two novices.

I must confess, however, that I am no lover of discomfort, even though it be in the pursuit of my favorite recreation.

A BANK CLERK.

"Angling Talks."

WE have a very few copies of George Dawson's "Angling Talks," a series of chapters of entertaining chat about men, fishermen, fish, fishing and fishing places. Cloth, 50 cents. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

March 24-27.—PITTSBURG.—Duquesne Kennel Club.
March 17-20.—LOUISVILLE.—Kentucky Kennel Club.
March 30-April 2.—BALTIMORE.—Baltimore Kennel Association.
March 30-April 2.—KANSAS CITY.—Kansas City Kennel Club.
March 31-April 3.—SAN JOSÉ.—Santa Clara County Poultry and Kennel Club.
April 7-10.—STOCKTON.—Stockton Kennel Club.
April 14-17.—LOS ANGELES.—Southern California Kennel Club.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.

THE INHERITANCE OF MUTILATIONS.

VERSAILLES, Ky.—Since the publication of Dr. Lockwood's experiments in breeding tailless mice, it rather seems accepted as true by the profession that a mutilation has but to be inflicted on an indefinite number of successive generations to insure its heredity. While this is indisputably proven regarding mice, yet facts within the observation of all cause one to doubt whether the same is true with other animals. The dehorning of cattle has been practiced for quite a time, yet I have known no hornless offspring of dehornutated ancestry. My own family has occupied the same lands for nearly a century—four generations. Each in succession has marked hogs with the same mutilation of the ears Yet none has seen a single pig born with mutilated aural appendages. And it is conceded that our stock hogs are of the same general ancestry on one side, improvement being sought by changing the sire, which also invariably suffered the same mutilation.

The custom of cutting off the tails of young lambs, which is as old as the settlement of this State, was brought hence from Virginia, where it obtained since her colonization, coming thence from England, extending I do not know how far back—at least to the era of Little Bo-Peep. I have made careful inquiry of both breeders and buyers of sheep, and have learned of but two instances of lambs born without tails. Since I have myself observed more than a like number of tailless calves at birth, I fairly reason that these were freaks of nature rather than instances of the heredity of mutilation.

These examples afford fair grounds for belief that the mouse is less tenacious of racial characteristics than any other of the lower animals affording means of observation regarding the transmission of mutilations, if indeed they do not absolutely show that the inheritance of mutilations is a legacy peculiar to the mouse among all the lower animals. That there is no such inheritance in the human race we have a proof as indisputable as can be imagined.

While the inheritance of mutilations seems exceptional, and even disproven regarding many animals from fairly extensive observation and experiment, the transmission of mental impress is much more susceptible of proof. Mr. Railey, a noted horseman of this county, had a mare and a stallion both well trained in the "high school" and "park" gaits. Their sires probably had received the same education; I know nothing as to their dams I have seen a colt of these two go "high school" in the pasture of his own free will and inclination, before he ever knew bit or rein. The sire in question became the property of Mrs. Joe Emmet, and is, I think, to be seen in your city to-day.

Another instance of this kind of heredity has been seen by all. What is known as the "pointing" or "sitting instinct" in dogs is but the development through heredity of that ecstatic pause that the presence of quarry excites in beasts of prey. It is to be observed to a slight extent in all members of both the dog and cat family. The pause or "crouch" of the lion or tiger before springing is not so much for pose of limb for that purpose as it is the transient hypnosis from imminence of prey. This hypnosis of sight or ecstatic expectancy, developed by education and fixed by heredity, is surely the most reasonable explanation of the distinguishing characteristic of our bird dogs It has had no development in the cat for sufficient reasons. She is the most uncivilized of all domestic animals. What she originally was and what she is now are one and the same, except as influenced by environment. The cat is unsusceptible of education. Such things as further her physical needs she takes advantage of, not from the influence of man, but merely as she would have done had she found the same conditions in nature. As I have seen elsewhere mentioned, she will rub her back against a man's legs as formerly against a tree, prefers the shelter of a fireside to that of the forest, food freely bestowed to the chances of the chase; but in native instincts she is in no wise changed or developed from her aboriginal state, and even in color constantly tends to the mottling of the mingled lights and shadows that proved her protection in the pristine forests.—*S. M. Worthington, M.D., in Medical Record*

[The learned gentleman may be very strong on lambs, mice, dehorned cattle and horses, but he is weak on dogs and cats; and his knowledge of the hypnosis of the tiger and lion is open to question.

The purpose of the dog in capturing his prey is to secure a food supply. He is a superficial observer indeed who would claim that the tense muscles and intent alertness which obtain during the moments the dog endeavors to locate his prey by his sense of smell indicate a state of hypnosis. The extraordinary agility displayed by the dog in his effort to capture his prey so soon as he has located it proves that pointing is but a preliminary pause for information and preparation to spring and capture.]

AN IMPROMPTU FOX HUNT.

ILION, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Probably the reason we hear so little of the beagle outside of field trial reports is that the owners of those grand little dogs are kept too busy following them to write of their sport. No one who has spent one day behind good ones will class them with the prize-juggling spaniel. Other dogs have had their historians telling of the rare sport of some days' hunt, but the praises of the beagle have yet to find a competent chronicler.

Probably the most interesting hunt we have had this fall is our impromptu fox hunt, although we have had many rabbit hunts and succeeded in bagging quite a few. We left Ilion about 4 o'clock in the morning and did not arrive at the hunting grounds till after 9, quite a trip for a rabbit hunt, and all the way on the cars too. We turned the dogs loose about 9 o'clock and at 11 we had not seen our first rabbit. The dogs would start them all right, but the snow was light and very dry and it seemed impossible for them to hold the scent for any distance. About 11 o'clock, as we were crossing a ridge between two swamps, Dime, the pride of the pack jumped a fox and away she went, closely followed by Bessie and Dime's Dolly. Dime was originally used to hunt foxes and she never loses a chance to give one a race unless she is too busy with rabbits.

The noon sun was warming up the snow and made the running fairly good. The way those dogs made that fox run was a caution, and for just four hours and twenty minutes they kept him going.

Soon we heard a short, sharp bark quite near us, and Saxby said, "There! they have put him in his hole." He then fired his gun to call in the dogs. Soon we saw Dime come out of the woods and across the open ground toward us, with Bessie close behind. One of the party said, "I don't see Dolly She must be lying down somewhere on the track." He probably thought so from the fact that she was between four and five weeks in whelp. But Saxby said, "Don't you worry about Dolly; she has got to have her bark in the hole too. She isn't far away." Soon he said, "See that!" We all looked where he was pointing and were able to see something white moving above the top of the weeds. It was Dolly, and she had her flag up too.

They are all small dogs. Dime is just enough over 13in. so she has to run in the 15in. class, and Dime's Dolly and Bessie are both in the 13in. class. They all ran at Oxford, Mass., at the field trials last November.

Little Dolly has run her last race. She died while whelping last month, and no dog in the pack can take her place. She was the most promising puppy of the lot and the pet of all who knew her.

After we had disposed of the fox or rather after the fox had disposed of us, we repaired to the swamps, and soon had the rabbits going in great shape until darkness compelled us to think of home. Do you suppose you could get those dogs to come in? Well, I think not. We had to catch every one of them and put them on the chain and fairly drag them away. Now let some other admirer of the beagle tell us what their dogs have been doing this fall, and let the public know that the staunch little beagle is capable of giving as fine a day's sport as his severest critics demand. What is more inspiring to the true sportsman than the music of the beagle orchestra in full cry, even if he don't get a rabbit.

J. D. R.

FOX HUNT IN UPSHIRE'S NECK.

VIRGINIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Only and Mappsburg packs, after recuperating from their heavy run last week in Hack's Neck, again came together to-day, in order that the important sporting matter might be fully settled as to the best qualities of their respective packs. The points to be considered were speed, staying qualities, strain of blood, and greater degree of skill in readily finding the track when coming to a check, besides many other fine point that go to make up an animal fit for the enjoyment and sport of man.

The hunt was one of great excitement, though it did not last near so long as hunts frequently do. From the time of raising the fox until his capture was 2 hours and 59 minutes by the watch.

To give a better idea of the hunt made to-day, it seems important before going further to give a brief description of Upshire's Neck. This is a long strip of narrow, very rich farming land laying between Matchapungo Creek and Hog Island Bay, some ten to twelve miles long and averaging about a mile in width, abounding in small game, with plenty of red foxes in addition.

We raised the fox on the Davis farm at 7 A. M. about five miles from the south end of the neck. The dogs were as gay as larks, and went straight for reynard at a terrible rate of speed south, the riders following, but failing to keep in distance, the dogs running two lengths to their one. The point of the neck reached, the fox doubled and was met running north, making fine time, leading perhaps by a half mile. The pack was up almost instantly, well together, passing us as it were a shadow, so to speak, at which stage of the hunt two black and tans belonging to the Mappsburg pack and two of the Only pack were the first to mount the inclosure of the Fentress farm. Ames's bitch Music and one imported were the next. The dogs were soon out of sight and hearing, the riders following at all possible speed.

When some five or six miles north we met the fox that had been out of the neck. As was afterward reported, he made a circle of perhaps ten miles through the country, and was returning again down the neck, in fact, was already on the Bowdoin farm. At this stage of the hunt, an hour and a half having already elapsed, there was but trifling odds beween the dogs and the fox. as between then and when last seen, the latter showing no signs of distress, while the dogs were well packed, running with great speed, making the damp atmosphere resound as it were the rushing of mighty waters. It is not possible for one not there present to witness the sight to realize this grand exhibition of the efforts of pursuers and pursued. The first were obeying the laws of instinct without the possibility of gain, while the other instinctively knew that his only hope of escape depended upon the means given him by nature—speed and endurance.

The dogs passed on south, where the fox again doubled at the point, following the Broadwater shore north to the Bowdoin farm, where being closely pressed—the hard turf giving the dogs better foothold—he shied from his course and crossed the Bowdoin farm; this being the first time, to our knowledge, that the dogs had sighted him. Even now he was seen only by the leading dogs, and was too far away to perceptibly accelerate their speed.

The chase continued to offer every interest connected with the sport, the dogs going north up the neck, crossing farm after farm, and the horsemen in full pursuit. Passing again out of the neck, the fox made a circuit, as before, and finding himself hard pressed was soon back again. On sighting him we found that he was badly broken up, exhibiting a strong tendency to "linger." The two black and tans had, unfortunately, been ripped almost to their vitals by a barbed wire fence on the north run, and were not with the pack, but the rest were making good time and quite well together. None had stranded, while it was apparent that the chase was now drawing to a close. But a short time elapsed before a black and tan bitch belonging to Ames had the credit of being the first to pass sentence on poor reynard. The entire pack, however, must have been close up, as the fox was torn into jiblets

The same grounds will be hunted on Wednesday next

T. G. ELLIOTT.

Dogs for Packing in Alaska.

SOME time ago an Alaska trader visited the city looking for dogs. He spent several days here, and left with six lusty canines which he had purchased at very reasonable rates. He said he wanted the dogs to take to Alaska and make common carriers of them, dogs being the only animals that can stand the grief of a trip up the Yukon, and be good for anything when they get there. Eskimo dogs are, of course, preferable for this purpose, being intended by nature for such use, but Eskimo dogs are scarce and expensive, so ordinary dogs are used to take their places and answer very well. All that is required is a long-haired dog big enough to haul his share of a sledge, and sufficiently young and intelligent to be capable of learning the business. Such dogs command a good price, a fact which many men who are now working extra hours for money to feed household pets will be glad to learn. There has been more or less inquiry for dogs in Portland and the cities of the Sound every spring. This year, however, the development of the mines on the Yukon has taken so many miners into the mining district that the demand for pack animals is greater than ever, and the dog market is likely to be very brisk before long.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Pet Dog Club.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., March 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the American Pet Dog Club, held at the Hotel Lincoln, Broadway and Fifty-second street, New York city, on March 10, the club elected as its judges for the ensuing year Messrs. Morris, Rackham, Mortimer, and Miss Whitney, and as delegate of the American Kennel Club Mr. T. Farrer Rackham, East Orange, N. J.

Three new members, Mrs Anna Bernstein, Mrs. Marie Barth and Miss Sophie Barth, were elected and ten new members were proposed. Other business of importance was transacted and the club is in a most flourishing condition.

T. FARRER RACKHAM, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

A Pittsburg friend kindly sent us the following clipping, which recounts the devotion and intelligence of a dog: "Thomas Cain, residing on Hamilton avenue, Brushton, his wife and three children were saved from burning to death early yesterday morning by a dog. Fire broke out in the house about 4 A. M., when they were asleep, and they were only awakened in time to make a hasty escape by the dog barking, howling and scratching at the door of Mr. Cain's room. The house was destroyed. It was valued at $2,000, and $160 which Mr. Cain had in a bureau drawer was also burned."

The National Pet Stock Association, organized for the promotion of the interests of the pet stock at fairs and live stock exhibitions, has issued a circular in which it calls the attention of breeders to the need of united action and the success which comes from it. Full particulars can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. G. P. Reynaud, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Under date of March 17, Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, writes feelingly of his friend: "Only those who knew the late A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale intimately knew what a great, big, kindly heart he had. Manly sports have indeed lost a friend. The Shropshire hounds, which he had kept and hunted at his own cost, and English field trials have lost a most beneficent encourager and supporter. I cannot better illustrate his kindheartedness than by quoting a line from a letter he wrote me when Mr. Braelsford last came to this country with his dogs; he said: 'Mr. Braelsford, as you know, is getting well up in years. Please, Mr. Johnson, do all you can for him to make his labors as light as possible, and spare no expense in doing so.'

"When I think of Mr. Dexter, Mr Lorillard, and other great American sportsmen—and wish we had more like them—and then, when I remember Mr. Lonsdale, I don't think it any reflection to say, 'He was the greatest Roman of them all.'"

Mr. G. B. Borradaile, Honorary Secretary of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, Winnipeg, has sent out the following information in a circular letter to the club's patrons: The following arrangements have been made in order to prevent expense, trouble or delay at any of the customs ports of entry, viz.: Neche, Pembina and Gretna. All dogs that have been duly entered in any of the Manitoba Field Trials Club events are allowed to enter Manitoba and remain for ninety days free of all duty. In order to benefit by this arrangement, an accurate description of each dog, giving name, breed, sex, color, event entered in, owner's name, name of person having charge, and line of railway traveling by, must be mailed to C. G. Borradaile one week previous to date of arrival at port of entry.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Docking Dogs.

SOME time ago a special committee was appointed by the Kennel Club to inquire into the method and procedure in the matter of "docking" or cutting the tails of dogs, specially with reference to the old English sheep dog and the schipperke. Of the latter it had been said that the tail was not docked or shortened in the fashion usual with terriers, but when it was born with a tail on the entire appendage was torn or gouged out, in order that it might appear to have been originally produced without a tail. Unscrupulous dealers sold such dogs as naturally born tailless and led their purchasers to believe that all schipperkes, if "thoroughbred," were so born. No doubt considerable cruelty in this docking was practiced on the schipperke, although the members of the English Schipperke Club disputed the charge, to which they gave an "emphatic and unqualified denial," saying that "a greater calumny had never been uttered against a respectable body of fanciers." In their memorial to the sub-committee, already alluded to, and a meeting of which was recently held, they prayed that the docking as practiced in their humane manner should not be interfered with.

There is no doubt that "gouging" or "carving out" the tails was in practice in Belgium, the home of the variety, but that if it had ever been done in this country such a case had not been known to the club; its members were, moreover, quite willing to fall in with any suggestion toward stopping the practice where it existed. The chairman of the sub-committee pointed out to delegates representing the two English schipperke clubs that their description of the dog stated explicitly "that the tail of the schipperke should be absent," and this not only induced its breeders to remove the whole of the tail, but such a statement was calculated to lead the public to believe that schipperkes were born without tails. Considerable discussion took place, and in the end the delegates of the English Schipperke Club and the St. Hubert Schipperke Club adopted the following memorial to the Kennel Club: "The members of the above clubs, with a view to the settlement of the docking question, have agreed to the following alteration in their rules and standard of points, namely, to substitute and add to the description dealing with the tail the following words: 'Tail, if not naturally absent, may be docked, and a stump of 2in. is not objected to; but "carving" or "gouging out" is not permissible, and shall disqualify.'" This was signed by Mr. B. W. Moore and Dr. Freeman, the delegates, and it will be laid before the full committee of the Kennel Club in due course.

No doubt the agitation had arisen on account of what had been practiced on the schipperke, but as a representative of the old English bobtailed sheep dog had been invited to the meeting in question, the club in its interests was represented by Mr. Parry Thomas. The chairman, Mr. J. W. Ross, pointed out that at a general meeting of the Kennel Club it was stated that the practice of gouging or carving out the tails of schipperkes and old English sheep dogs was common; that such a practice was obviously a cruel one, and that in consequence of this the sub-committee had been appointed. The meeting was prepared to receive and report whatever the representatives of the clubs present by their delegates might wish to place before them, and in framing their views he would remind them that they must not lose sight of the fact that there were gentlemen in the club who advocated the entire abolition of docking in any shape; in fact, one member of the sub-committee, Mr. Edgar Farman, held a strong view in favor of its total discontinuance. The whole matter would be laid before the full committee of the Kennel Club to be dealt with. Mr. Parry Thomas, in stating the view held by his club, emphatically denied, on behalf of his colleagues, the allegation that old English sheep dogs' tails were either carved or gouged out, and that to leave a stump 1½in. or 2in. long was an improvement rather than a detriment. He had not come prepared with any written statement, but was quite ready to reduce the substance of his remarks into writing for the use of the committee. His club were prepared to pass a rule so as to prevent the possibility of such a practice as had been alluded to being resorted to in connection with the old English sheep dog.

Wheeling.

In a Flat.

IN the appartment house in New York where I live there are six flats, all occupied by small families, with in no case more than three adult members. Yet there are nine bicycles in commission at the present time, with prospects of two more to be added in the near future. More than 50 per cent. of the occupants of the house, including both sexes and all ages, are riders, and practically all the able-bodied adults are embraced in this classification. Besides the bicycles, the rolling stock of the flat includes two baby carriages and one child's tricycle.

Our flat is not one of those "go-as-you-please" apartment houses. It is conducted on the principle that wheeled vehicles, like dogs and cats, must be subject to carefully drawn up rules. The legislation in this particular instance requires that they shall be left in charge of the janitor when under the communal roof, and under no circumstances shall they be taken to the individual apartments of their owners to imperil wall paper and track up the halls.

This rule, while not especially obnoxious to the tenants, has given the janitor in question some sleepless nights. Last year he only had four bicyles to look after, and found ample room for them in the passage to the coal bins, but with nine and the prospect of two more in a few days things are different.

To accommodate the nine he has fitted up with racks a storeroom that formerly came in very conveniently for some of his own personal needs; but as it is, the place is overcrowded and there is not room for a single additional wheel on the floor.

Fortunately the room has a high ceiling, and the janitor hopes to solve this riddle of domestic economy by persuading some of the wheeling contingent to suspend their bicycles from above. The two newcomers are to have drop-frame wheels, and as he couldn't ask a lady to take the less desirable position, he is using considerable diplomacy to make some of the original male preëmptors of desirable spaces see the desirability of moving higher. To help out his scheme he says he will call those who elevate their wheels the "athletes," as distinguished from the "cripples," who use the ground tier.

He will also throw in one free clean up for every one of the upper story wheels, and guarantees that the tires will last longer, as they are relieved from the weight of the wheel for the time being.

With us the cycling season began Feb. 21, and wheels that had not been ridden since Thanksgiving came out that day.

Only two bicycles were in commission all winter, but there was remarkable unanimity in bringing the others out for Washington's Birthday. DAN DALY.

Ran into a Deer.

A YOUNG woodsman had a curious adventure the other night in the wild woods of Morehouseville, up in the Adirondacks. He was riding along the road on a bicycle. His lamp was lit, and the light it threw was powerful.

Suddenly in the road ahead, half way down a hill, a form loomed up in the light thrown by the lamp. Two turns of the pedals showed that it was a deer, which, hearing no sound and seeing nothing but the light, had been literally jacked, as much as ever a deer was jacked from a boat along a backwoods stream. The sight flabbergasted the young man, and then, before he thought to jump off, he hit the deer fair in the side and doubled it up in a heap.

Of what followed the young woodsman has no distinct recollection. He got mixed up some way with something. For a brief instant he felt deer hide under his hands, then something hit him in the side and he went over into a ditch among the briers.

By and by he got up and examined his wheel. The handle bars were bent and some spokes needed straightening. The lamp was dented in several places, but would still show a light, the glass having been untouched. When he got things somewhat straightened out he began to examine the road. There was a place that looked like a deer's rolling place, with the imprints of a man's hand in the middle. A long mark showed where the deer's hoofs had slipped in the dirt. The deer was not to be seen.

Only once before in that part of the Adirondacks has a man succeeded in laying hands on a deer while the ground was bare, and that man was young Frank French, of Morehouseville. A deer was watching Henry Cook one day up on the Indian river, and French, who had no gun, sneaked up behind the deer, and grabbing it around the throat choked it to death.—*New York Sun.*

THE BUFFALO AT VAN CORTLANDT.

NEW YORK, March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The other day I took a spin on my wheel out to Van Cortlandt Park to see the buffalo which have been loaned the city through the courtesy of the Corbin estate.

The route followed was Seventh avenue to the Harlem River, Sedgwick avenue, Kingsbridge road and Broadway to Mosholu avenue, and then a short turn east on the latter to the north end of the game inclosure. The distance from 155th street is about six miles.

Mosholu avenue has lately been macadamized and the wheeling on it was the best encountered after crossing the Harlem. This is not saying much, however, for the other roadswere in vile condition, owing to heavy travel; and in places where the frost was still in the ground it was much easier to ride over the grass at the side than on the roadway proper.

Mosholu avenue is all that could be desired, from the wheelman's standpoint, even at this the worst possible time of year, and it was a comfort to get upon its smooth, firm surafce and feel the bicycle run easily once more.

The day I had chosen for my trip was not by any means an ideal wheeling day. It had rained only the day before, and a mist hung over the landscape indicating that Old Probabilities still had something up his sleeve in the way of moisture. There was, however, a compensation for the poor roads and sloppy riding in the prospect. To my mind no view is so charming as when it is given the imaginative cast that comes from a misty atmosphere, which blots out parts of the distance and makes others more suggestive while throwing into relief the foreground and middle distance. A clear atmosphere means death to perspective on any but a vast scale, but with mist the most commonplace landscape assumes unexpected beauties. In England, photographs, owing to the moist, rain-laden atmosphere, and also the appreciation of its possibilities by the photographers, frequently have the quality of paintings and stand in a class by themselves. The main features of the picture are properly accentuated, while the great art of leaving out irrelevant details has due recognition.

I had been keeping a sharp lookout for the buffalo while pedaling along the avenue, which at first passes through a piece of woodland; but not till the open land toward the eastern edge of the paddock was reached did I get a sight of them.

The entire herd, numbering twenty-five great animals, was grouped on a point of the hillside 200yds. away, some standing, some lying down.

As it happened, when I first saw them all were motionless; but presently one old bull, whose herculean proportions were not lessened by the luminous medium through which I saw him, began fighting a small tree with lazy thrusts of his ponderous head. Nearer at hand was a herd of a dozen European roe deer lying close together in a little weedy depression in the open hillside, looking like weather-worn rocks, and suggesting by their clustering proclivities a covey of quail.

A few hundred yards east of where these deer lay was a thick copse, swampy in its lower portions, through which runs Tibbitt's Brook. If the deer had been of our native Virginia stock they would undoubtedly have been found in this cover, and not out in the open within a stone's throw of a traveled road. But the European deer come from a long ancestry of park-bred animals and are used to being looked at. They are well adapted for parks, but in October afoot in the woods I should want different game.

The buffalo and deer are in charge of a Scotchman, who is known as Billy Morrison. He has been bred in taking care of animals in parks, and his charges and he are on the very best of terms. The buffalo cluster about him, and even the monarch McKinley eats from his hand. In America we do not breed gamekeepers any more than we do park deer, consequently we have to import them.

Morrison is afraid that the buffalo will get mired in the bottom down by Tibbitt's Brook next summer. Buffalo, it seems, need a lot of watching in parks, and are constantly in mischief.

Perhaps if we go on with our parks and our buffalo, the descendants of these animals several hundred years hence may be more tractable and more amenable to their environment. It is hard to make park animals in one generation from the stock that roamed the plains and knew no limit to their wanderings beyond the climatic one imposed at the beginning of the world.

With the advance of spring and the coming of better roads the avenues of the northern part of the city will soon be black with wheelmen.

The buffalo inclosure can easily be reached either from Jerome avenue on the east or Broadway on the west, and a sight of the game will well repay any one who has the sportsman's instinct.

How the buffalo will enjoy the opening of the cycling season remains to be seen. J.

The Cycle in the Army.

AN officer in the U. S. Army, and one who has evidently given much thought to the subject, writes the following:

"It seems to me that the War Department has, in its road maps and the continued scouring of the country by cyclists, a means of acquiring a knowledge of roads and of the country such as has never before existed in the history of nations. Many of the officers are most desirous of using the bicycle officially, but its adoption requires the creation of a special body of men and a special appropriation. These can only come through Congress, and Congress should be made to see the necessity. Army officers cannot advise, solicit or attempt legislation—it is against the regulations. The matter should be worked up in all papers. In one trip I covered 780 miles in eight days, examining roads between New York city and Washington, D. C., and the neighborhood of several cities. Returning, I went from Washington to New York in twenty-five hours' actual riding, about thirty-two hours on the road—a distance of 250 miles, or longer than most of the lines crossing the campaign grounds in many great wars.

"There is no question as to the desire to use the bicycle, but our army is small, and all these things come through appropriations. I believe that such a collection of information should be gathered and stored, and that it would prove invaluable in war. All road book information is just what is wanted by troops—kind of road, hills and grades, streams and bridges, taverns, towns and villages, etc. Add to this a very slight description of the country, and one has a mounted reconnoissance map. Much of this information may reach the Government through General Stone, but it would be well to have it reach the army also.

"A light battery marched from Fort Hamilton to a point well up in New York State. Had they then possessed the New York Division maps they would have been very useful, and, in fact, much information was obtained from a district bicycle map on the return march. When I arrived at a post a few years ago, not one of the officers save myself rode the wheel. When I left every one had a bicycle. General Miles takes a great interest in the bicycle, and I know that if it is possibe it will be regularly issued soon."

Out of Date.

THE other day an Irish youth appeared on the Boulevard astride of a machine of the old "hobby horse" type, designed to be propelled by thrusting the feet against the ground. He had probably resurrected it from some forgotten scrap pile, but the fact that it was antiquated and ridiculous did not for a moment seem to enter his head.

The notoriety which he at once achieved, for it was Sunday and the street crowded with a gay throng of cyclists of both sexes, did not feaze him in the slightest degree, and he held his head as high as if he had been riding a wheel enameled with diamonds and rubies instead of mud and rust—the object of envy instead of derision.

The wheels in his machine were a good, long distance apart, connected by a flat, springy backbone, and this he utilized for carrying passengers.

Piloting his machine to a place where there was a sufficient incline for coasting, he took aboard four small boys, three behind hugging each other closely to keep from falling off, and one in front riding on a sort of bowsprit projection that stuck out a foot or more.

One boy ran behind and gave the thing a start, but in his enthusiasm he nearly brought about a catastrophe, for at the last moment he tried to jump aboard himself, and only the most skillful steering of the captain and most desperate clutching and hanging on of the crew prevented a spill.

Later in the day machine and rider took a long run down the Boulevard in tow of boy mounted on one of the old high frame "ordinaries," and seeing the two together it was hard to say which of the prototypes of the modern bicycle looked the most out of date.

A Bicycle Fox Chase.

RATHER a novel experience was enjoyed by two cyclists lately. When out for a spin they espied a fox and gave chase. After a rough ride across country, they ran the fox down, killed him, and triumphantly carried home the brush. This incident, which is enough to lift the hair of all sportswomen with horror, was not after all so terrible as it sounds—because it happened at Serpentine, Australia.—*The London (Eng.) Wheelman.*

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

BY the recent final decision in the Conqueror case, yachts which sail to this country on their own bottoms are not, up to the present time, dutiable under the tariff laws. This larger class of vessel has recently been specially dealt with by the new Payne bill, which pretends to prohibit their use in American waters when owned by American citizens.

There has been thus far, we believe, no specific provision in any American tariff law for a duty on yachts, but those imported in large vessels have been classed as manufactures of wood, or wood and metal. In the new tariff bill now before the House, a specific duty of 35 per cent. is proposed for "Yachts," but it is not stated whether this is to apply solely to small craft or to all sizes. It makes little difference, however, as after the American yachtsman had paid his 35 per cent. duty he would still have to answer to the new Payne law, under which he could not sail her without incurring fresh penalties every day.

YACHT DESIGNING.—XVI.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

[*Continued from page 215.*]

THE drawing board, whether a fixed table top or a movable board, should above all things be perfectly flat or a trifle convex on top. The former is the better, but a certain amount of warping can hardly be prevented, and a slight convexity is of little account; a concave board, on the other hand, is something to be rigidly avoided, as the *straight-edges* and *triangles* will not lie flat upon it. The best material for a drawing board is white pine, as it is known according to American usage, the same wood being known as yellow pine in England. It is no longer an easy matter to obtain this wood of the quality required for yacht's decks, models and drawing boards—clear, sound, soft, cutting freely—the wood that the traditional Yankee of a generation back delighted to "whittle." What is found to-day in most lumber yards is hard, streaky and more or less filled with gummy sap. This latter defect is of itself enough to con-

demn the wood for drafting purposes. It must be dry, straight-grained and absolutely free from gum. For mere temporary use a wide board, or two pieces glued together, may be planed up and battened across the back or along the edges; but we do not recommend such a makeshift except for the extra boards that come in handily for small odd jobs when the main board is in use. A good drawing board is a

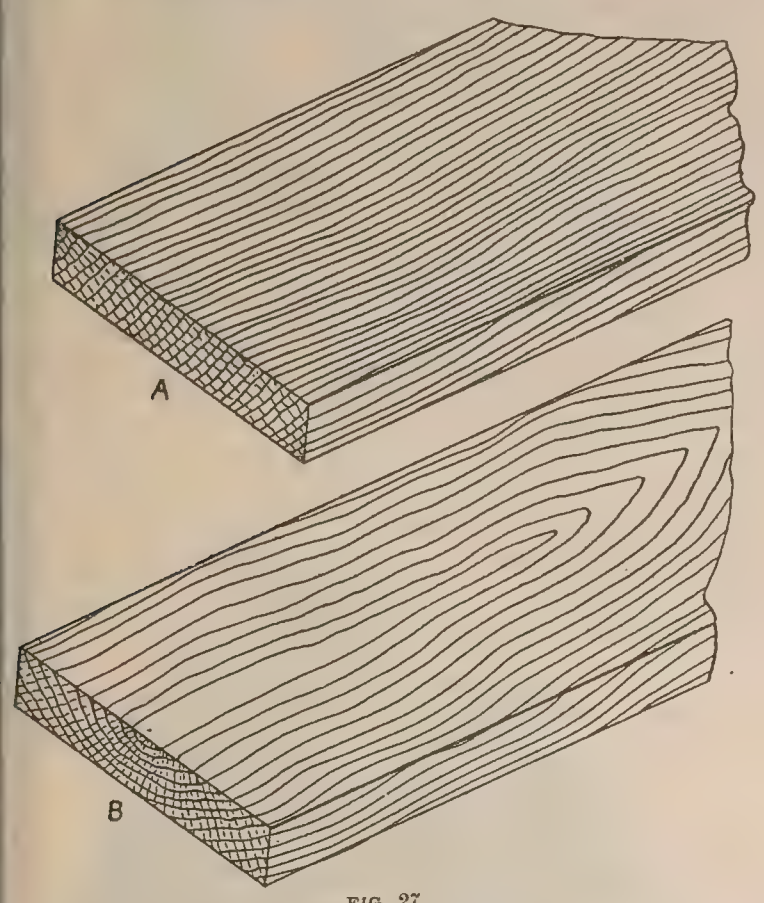


FIG. 27.

A—"Quarter-sawn" or "comb-grain" board.
B—Heart or "leaf-grain" board.

source of joy to its possessor; with reasonable care it will last many years, and in selecting or making one some special trouble to get the best is justifiable. The material should be carefully selected, of quarter-sawn or comb-grain Fig. 27 (*a*) rather than the leaf-grain (*b*). After being dressed on both sides to a little greater thickness than that proposed for the finished board, one side of the board is marked across with a pencil (Fig. 28) and it is then ripped into strips about 2in. wide. The edges of each strip must then be carefully finished with a jointer plane until they are straight and square.

Before gluing together, each piece should be inspected and all arranged with reference to the grain. The first strip cut from the board will be laid with the marked side up; the next strip will be turned over, the marked side being down; and so in alternation through the strips cut from the two or

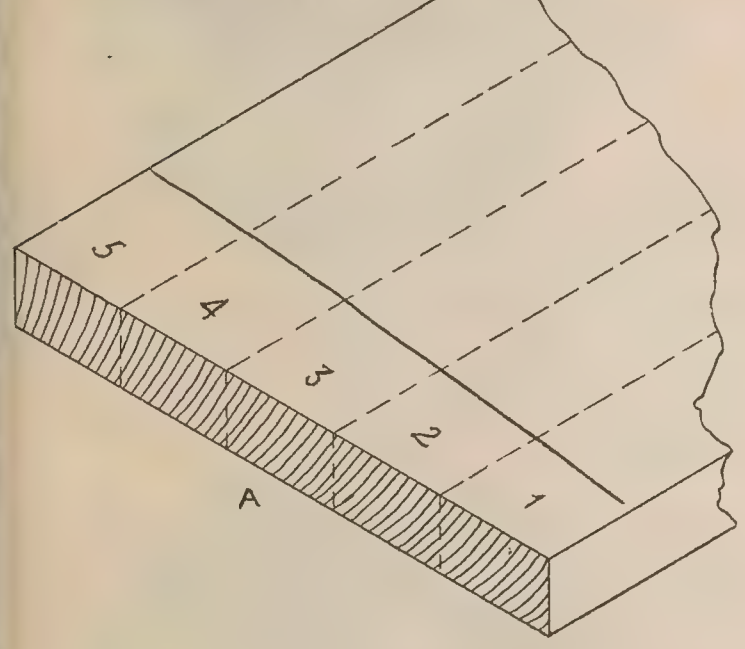


FIG. 28.

A—Board marked for sawing.
B—Strips sawn and rearranged.

three boards necessary to make up the required width. The reason for thus reversing each alternate strip is that the tendency of one side of the original board to warp more than the other will have little effect on the truth of the assemblage of strips when glued up. Now the strips may be inspected as to the longitudinal grain, and the ends reversed if necessary, so that the grain in each piece on the side which is to be the top will run in the same direction. The advantage of this will be seen when it comes to the final planing up of the top and bottom, the plane cutting smoothly without ripping up the grain. Each strip being thus perfectly square and straight and the grain properly arranged, they are glued on the edges, well clamped together, and allowed to dry.

In order to give the necessary strength to the board, as well as to prevent it from warping, cleats are fastened to the back, or some similar means adopted. As the board is certain to shrink in width, some provision must be made in fastening the cleats, one common plan being to cut two dove-tailed gains across the lower side of the board, Fig 29 (*a*), in which a piece of hard wood (*b*) of corresponding taper is snugly fitted. This piece is screwed on top of a deeper piece (*c*), stiffening the board. In shrinking the board slides on the upper strip. To lessen the tendency to warp, a wide groove is sometimes cut in the middle of the lower side of each strip before they are glued up (*d*)

In another style of board, wide, flat battens are used, with screws through them, one screw in each strip. To allow for contraction, the screw holes in the battens are made oblong, and a brass plate is put under the head of each screw, the strips thus having freedom to slide a little distance A round-headed screw, with a common brass washer about 1in. diameter, will answer.

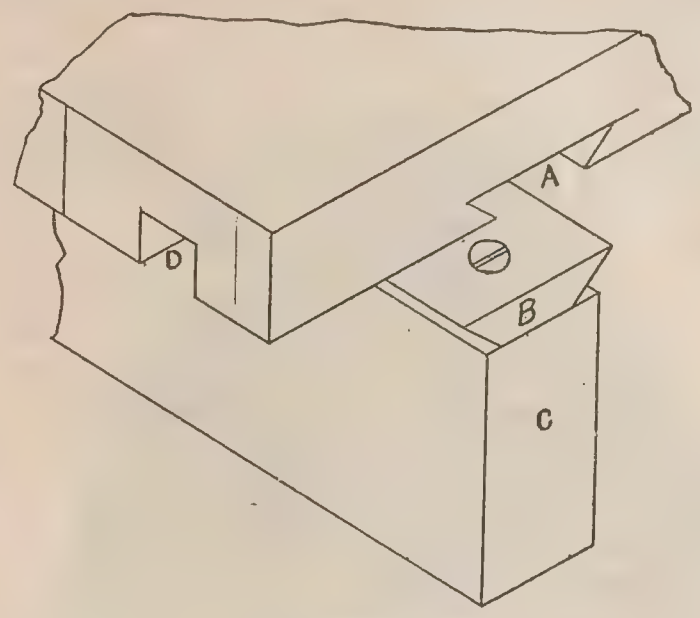


FIG. 29.

A—Dovetail gain in board.
B—Strip to fit dovetail.
C—Stiffening cleat.
D—Grove to prevent board from warping.

To those who, like ourselves, prefer a board with both sides smooth and unobstructed, we can recommend another plan Before the strips are glued together, several straight lines are marked across them from side to side, and holes are bored from edge to edge, long iron screw-bolts being run through these holes, Fig. 30 (*a*). After the board is dry and the bolts set up, two strips of mahogany may be got out, one for the front and one for the back edge; recesses are bored in each to cover the heads of the bolts on one edge, and the nuts on the other, and they are screwed on with ordinary wood screws (*b*). From time to time, as the board dries and

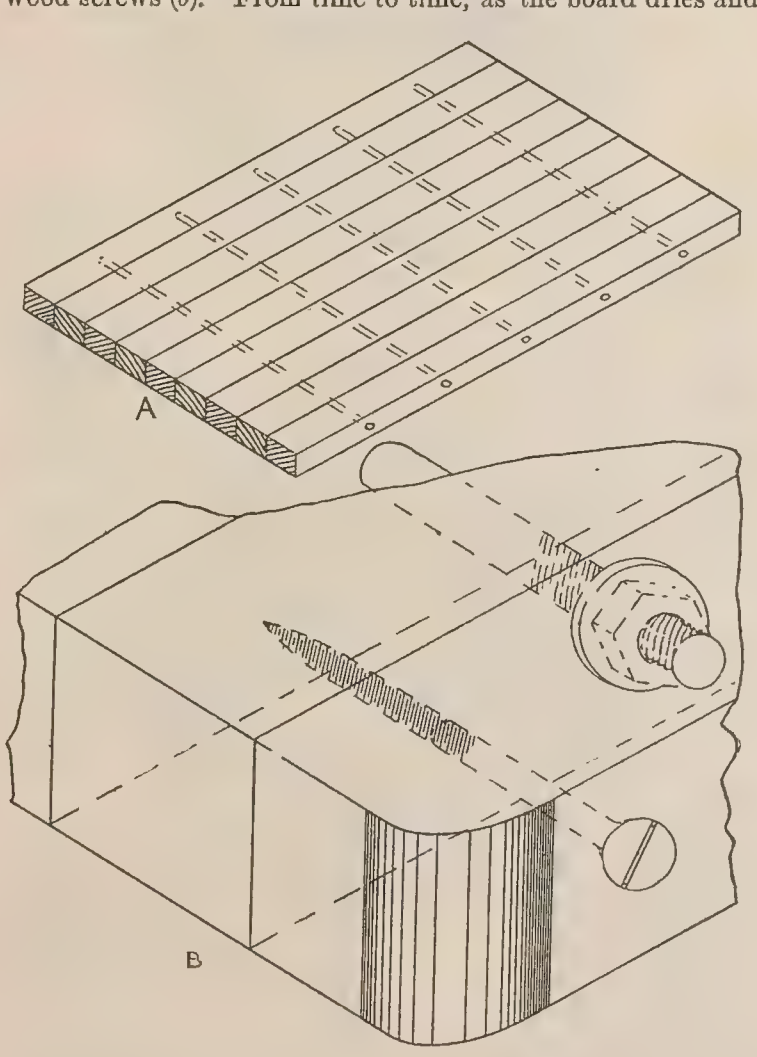


FIG. 30.

A—Board bored for bolts.
B—Corner of board, showing end of bolt covered by outer strip.

shrinks, the strip on the back may be removed and the nuts set up tight. When this shrinkage has gone on, as it will, until 1in. or so of the rod projects beyond the nut, all the nuts may be removed and a new strip of pine added the nuts being set up, and then the mahogany strip replaced. For a board 50 by 30in., five bolts of $\frac{3}{8}$in. round rod, with hexagon nuts, are necessary; for a smaller board, $\frac{1}{4}$in. rod will be heavy enough Such a board is light, and may be used with either side up; if it should warp a little the convex side can be used. With a little care in turning it over from time to time, and protecting it with a cover when not in use, it can be kept quite true.

We have still in use a light traveling board made twenty years ago, 27×20in., and $\frac{3}{4}$in. thick. Instead of the screw bolts, each strip was mortised, $\frac{1}{4}$×2in., near each end, and a strip of sound hickory, $\frac{1}{4}$×1$\frac{3}{4}$ in., was run into each slot, of course not being glued or fastened, except in the first strip, which was of soft Spanish cedar. This board is light and straight and very convenient to handle (Fig. 31).

After a board is glued up and the two sides faced off smooth and true, the two edges are jointed up straight, square and perfectly parallel. Then the ends are trued up at right angles to the edges, making a perfect rectangle of the board. Like the famed exploit of the second mate of the ship Guyascutus, this truing up of the four sides and angles of a board "ain't much of a thing to talk about," but it is likely to prove "a ticklish thing to do;" and when done, the truth of the work cannot be guaranteed for any length of time. It is very nice, in theory, to be able to use a T square at will from either of the edges or sides of the board, knowing that all lines will be parallel or perpendicular; but

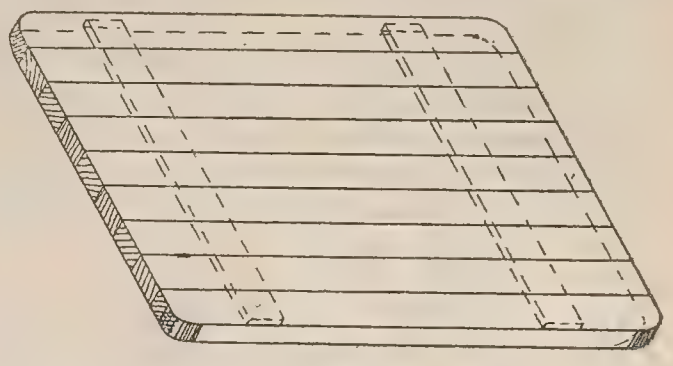


FIG. 31.

Small board with hardwood battens inside.

in actual practice the draftsman may well be content if he can keep the left hand edge and the near side of the board perfectly straight and at right angles, so that his square may be used from either. The corners may be slightly rounded, as at (*b*) Fig 30. The surfaces of the board should never be oiled; they may be left as they come from the plane, or they may be finished with shellac varnish. When they become dirty or roughened in any way, they may be rubbed down with fine sandpaper, using a flat block of wood around which the sandpaper is wrapped. When not in use, the board should be stored on edge preferably in a dry place, but not subject to the direct heat of a stove or the sun. Several small boards of different sizes are desirable in addition to the main drawing board for small work, especially tracings, which may need to be left on the board in position for some time, work going on meanwhile on the large board.

Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Company.

THE new annual catalogue of the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Company, of Ogdensburgh, N. Y., is a marked improvement in appearance as well as make-up over previous publications of the company, the letterpress being printed in a pleasing shade of green, with a very artistic cover of sage green. The company is this year devoting itself almost entirely to the larger and finer grades of sailing boats and small yachts, and it is to these popular craft that most of the book is devoted. They are described in detail as to model, construction and rig, and a very large number, including all types and many sizes, are listed. The different models are fitted for light or heavy centerboards, fixed or movable fins, etc., according to the intended uses of the purchaser. The rigs described vary in area from those for single-hand work up to the racing 20-footer or larger, and in style from yawl to cat, lugger and sloop.

Among the new models is one that promises to become deservedly popular, an all-round sailing boat, double-ended, 16ft. over all, 14ft. 8in. l.w.l., 4ft. 3in. beam and 6in. draft, an entirely new design with thoroughly modern lines, intended to take the place of the wider canoes and of the skiffs and other rowing boats fitted with sails. She is of course a single-hander and a cruiser, but will carry a party of half a dozen for a sail, and is useful for cruising, sailing, fishing or any similar purpose.

In the way of rowboats all of the best models have been retained and a new one added, a reproduction of the pleasure boat used on the Thames, in England—a very handsome and comfortable craft for pleasure rowing, picnic parties, etc. The company lists a large line of power launches for yacht tenders and of larger sizes, and also the Wing Marine Gas Engine, for which it is agent.

During the past year large additions have been made to the stock of patterns for yacht brasswork and fittings, and the company is now prepared to furnish anything that may be wanted in this line. By special arrangement it is the sole agent in the States for the new fittings made by the Yacht Co. of Canada, as used on Glencairn, Sothis and other 15-footers, these now being made for both 15 and 20-footers. An important addition to the book is found in the many excellent pen sketches of yachts under way. The book is more than a mere catalogue, and may fittingly be classed as a handbook of modern small boats.

The American Model Y. C.

AN interesting feature of the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit was the display of model yachts arranged by the American Model Y. C., of Brooklyn. At the top of the partition was placed the model yacht Star, owned and sailed by George W. Townley, present holder of the club's challenge trophy. On the floor in her cradle was the model yacht Wave, owned by Messrs. Cogswell & Thompson, of the Wave Crest M. Y. C., holder of the *Outing* cup. Both of these were complete sailing models, fully rigged.

The half models were eight in number, of which four are for the 20ft. class competition. One of these, by O. L. Gray was a fin-keel; the other three, by J. C. Meyers, Com. J. H. Lane and Frank Nichols, were centerboards. Two of these models were of galvanized iron and showed very neat workmanship. There was also a display of club flags and a group of portraits of the officers of the club.

The American Model Y. C. has recently received a challenge from the Wave Crest Model Y. C. for a second race for the trophy, which the latter club failed to capture last season. The race will probably be sailed on July 4. On March 28 a race will be sailed for the *Outing* cup; Mabel, O. L. Gray, A. M. Y. C., having challenged the holder, Wave Messrs. Cogswell & Thompson, Wave Crest M. Y. C.

Portland Yacht Club.

PORTLAND, Me., March 19.—Herewith I nclose notice of March elections: The annual meeting of the Portland Y. C. last evening was largely attended. The annual reports of the officers and committees showed that the year had been a prosperous one for the club. Officers were elected as follows: Com., J. W. Bowers; Vice-Com., C. W. Bray; Sec'y, C. F. Flagg; Treas., C. F. A. Weber; Meas., A. M. Smith. Trustees—W. Senter. J. C. Hamlin, C. W. Bray. Regatta Com.—A. M. Smith, R. S Rand, J. C. Fox, W. F. Haddock. House Committee—W. W. Goold, P. I. Jones and J. C. Fox. The total membership is 278, a gain of 28 during the year. There are 67 yachts enrolled, a gain of 3. During the year two bonds have been retired; this reduces the debt to only $550. Hon. W. W. Thomas and J. S. Merritt, Esq., were elected honorary members. The matter of the date of the annual cruise was postponed to the April meeting. The date of the challenge cup regatta for first-class yachts was fixed for June 26.

CHAS. F. FLAGG.

The Skipjack Myra.

WATERVILLE, Me., March 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When I looked through my FOREST AND STREAM to-day and found you had by request republished the plans of Mr. Nason's Skipjack Myra, it occurred to me that perhaps you might like to know of some who had already built from the drawings as first published more than two years ago. I happened to buy that paper and received so much value from it that I have not missed one since, and now consider the FOREST AND STREAM a fixture.

I built my boat from the lines given, and as it was my first attempt at the business you may be sure I followed them pretty closely and made the boat as strong as I knew how. As a result I have a good boat, that is not expensive, that sails well and handles as well as the best of them, and is tight and comfortable in every way.

I have used her for two years in one of the Belgrade ponds and expect to use her again the coming summer in the same place.

Mr. Nason says he sails his boat mostly without ballast, but I use 800lbs. of iron in mine and find it about right for our kind of sailing. C. R. CASWELL.

The Mediterranean Races.

ON March 12 the racing was off Cannes, with wind light N.E., course 24 miles. Britannia won the prize, 1,000 francs, offered by A. B. Walker, owner of Ailsa. The latter yacht was beaten by about 5m. On March 15, in a fresh N.E. wind, the two started for the Bennett-Goelet cup. During a long luffing match in the first round Britannia poked her bowsprit into Ailsa's mainsail and both withdrew. On March 17 the two again started from Cannes to Saint Tropez and return, 49 miles, the prize being offered by Pres. Faure. The wind was fresh from the south, and Ailsa won by 10m. The Bennett-Goelet race was resailed on March 19 in a good S.E. breeze. The course was four turns of an 8-mile triangle. As it was necessary that three yachts must start, Mr. Goelet entered the small rater Serina. Ailsa won, beating Britannia by 8m.

A Cruising Schooner.

THE former owner of the fin-keel cutters Paralos and Palmyra, previously illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Wm. F. Palmer, of Malden, Mass., has now on the stocks at Wood Bros.' yard, East Boston, a new cruiser of somewhat similar type. She will be 47ft. over all, 34ft. l.w.l., 13ft. beam, 5ft. 4in. draft, with long and shoal fin of iron, some six tons in weight. The chief peculiarity of the yacht is her rig. She will carry a mainmast near the middle of the L.W.L., with a single jib on a club. This combination of full lines, fin-keel and schooner rig, should make a very roomy, handy and generally useful cruiser. Palmyra is now on the sale list, to make way for the new yacht, which will soon be afloat.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

If there were any doubt of the increasing popularity of yachting in the small classes, not only in this country, but in Great Britain, one need only take into consideration the steady growth in the number of builders making a specialty of small craft. This is perhaps the more marked in Great Britain, where owners are not only calling for a greater number of boats, but are demanding each year a higher degree of knowledge and skill in design and construction. To meet this demand men who have gained distinction as amateur designers are now taking up designing as a permanent profession. A conspicuous illustration of this is the announcement of the formation of the Burnham Yacht Building Co., at Burnham-on-Crouch, England, of which Mr. G. Umfreville Laws, A. I. N. A., is managing director. For several years Mr. Laws has had unusual success as an amateur designer of small racing craft, and where his boats have been in capable hands they have invariably made reputations for speed and seaworthiness. In the design and sailing of racing canoes Mr. Laws is without a rival in Great Britain. Last year, with his canoe Prucas III., he swept everything before him, winning the British Canoe Association challenge cup, and easily placing himself at the head of British canoe sailors. Associated with him in his new vocation is Mr. J. A. Youl, a canoeist and yachtsman who has an enviable record for skill in the handling of small sailing craft. The works in Burnham are in charge of H. C. Smith, of Oxford yawl fame, whose business at Oxford the new company has taken over. The sailing course at Burnham is one of the very best in Great Britain for small raters. Four yacht clubs are located there, including the Royal Corinthian and the London Sailing Club. As many as 150 yachts may be found there at almost any time during the racing season. To appreciate the great popularity of small yachting in Great Britain one need only bear in mind the fact that it is by no means an uncommon thing for a successful small rater to win sixty prizes in one racing season.

The New Haven Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Henry S. Parmelee; Vice-Com., T. W. Hammer; Rear Com., George F. Eaton; Sec'y, Frank W. Guion; Treas., Geo. E. Dudley; Meas., Edward P. Avery; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. W. Hawkes; Members of the Board of Trustees—George A. Maycock and Joseph D. Sargent; Regatta Committee—C. W. Rawson, F. N. Kinney and C. W. Webb.

It is announced from Halifax that the silver cup presented to the Royal Halifax Yacht Squadron by the Prince of Wales in 1860, for annual competition among members, is to be made a prize for an international yacht race, under the express approval of his Royal Highness. The race is to take place at the entrance to Halifax harbor each year, and is to be open to the Royal Yacht Squadron of Great Britian and all recognized yacht clubs of Canada and the United States. The first contest is to take place during the summer of 1897. The rules governing the annual event are to be similar as far as possible to those governing international yachting contests.

The Buzzard's Bay Yacht Agency has now in hand a fleet of one-design boats for members of the Yale Cor. Y. C. They will be of the Question type, 22ft. over all, 15ft. l.w.l., 6ft. 3in. beam and 6in. draft, with 350sq. ft. of sail. The club will race them off New Haven.

Palmyra, fin-keel, is now offered for sale by W. F. Palmer. This yacht was illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 1, 1896. She has a very large cabin, with aft headroom, on a draft of 4ft. 8in. She was carefully built under her owner's supervision, and is in all respects an admirable cruiser.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Moses Colon	Auburndale, Mass	Wawbewawa.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

F. C. Howe	Peoria, Ill.	Peoria.
S. Pearson	Peoria, Ill.	Peoria.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

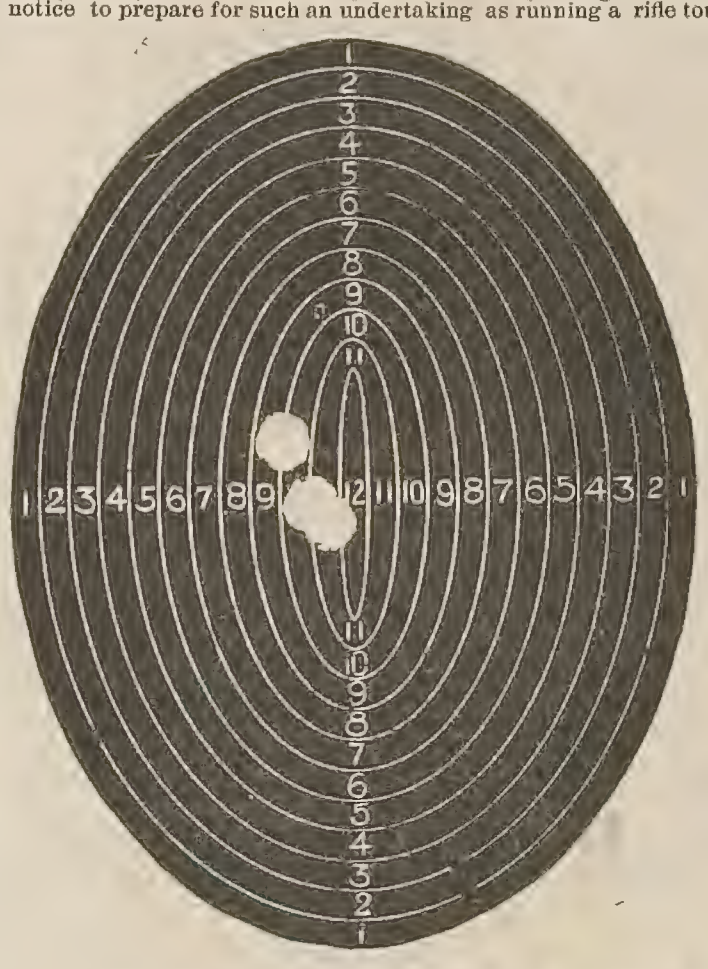
Tournament at the Sportsmen's Exposition.

DORRLER WINS THREE FIRSTS.

THE tournament for .22 short caliber rifles at Madison Square Garden, New York city, held under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, March 13-20, is now a thing of the past, and will go down on the records of the Association as "Mike Dorrler's Tournament." The veteran Jerseyman from Greenville more than upheld his reputation as one of the best men in the country with a .22 short, by placing three firsts out of a possible four to his credit. He won first in the Individual Championship 100-shot match, gaining thereby the title of "Madison Square Champion, '97," together with a cash prize of $20 and a splendid Schuetzen rifle of the highest finish, manufactured and donated for the occasion by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn. He also won the handsome bronze trophy donated by Gus Zimmerman (himself a rifleman of more than national reputation) to the winner in the contest on the Zimmerman target. Dorrler, however, did not earn this victory easily, as he had to go up against a total of 66 that stood to the credit of Chas. Horney. This total Dorrler could not beat on his 5 tickets, but he managed to tie with his very last target. On the shoot-off Dorrler put up 67, beating his own 66 and winning the trophy, as Horney's "two best" were but 58. Dorrler's third first was in the bullseye competition. It is a coincidence worthy of note that in this contest also he had to go up against a bullseye made by Chas. Horney, a shot that measured only 18 degrees. On Saturday night (his lucky night) he made a shot that measured only 16 degrees, and thus went two points ahead of Horney's shot.

HOW THE TOURNAMENT WAS RUN.

The facilities for running such a tournament in Madison Square Garden are none of the best, space being limited and the ventilation far from what could be desired. The tournament committee had many things to contend with, the main thing being lack of due notice to prepare for such an undertaking as running a rifle tournament on a large scale really is. Under the circumstances the committee had to throw itself upon the indulgence of its guests, and ask them to make the best of what it had to offer them. The chief point lacking was the scarcity of ranges it being impossible to locate more than four ranges in the space apportioned to the committee in the basement of the Garden.



DORRLER'S WINNING TARGETS IN THE SHOOT-OFF OF THE TIE FOR THE ZIMMERMAN TROPHY.

The ranges were in charge of the Zettler Bros., two men who are too well known among riflemen of this continent to need any further comment on our part. Geo. W. Plaisted was behind the cashier's desk and handled tickets and cash during the entire shoot. Save for the necessary interval for supper, Mr. Plaisted was never absent from his post, selling tickets, raking in the cash and shaking hands with old and new friends. Nicolaus Mingst, under the supervision of Messrs Zettler Bros., built the ranges, and his work was all that could be asked.

The tournament committee having charge of the arrangements was constituted as follows: H. D. Muller, chairman; Edward Banks, secretary; Gus Zimmerman, B. Walther, C. G. Zettler, G. W. Plaisted, R. Busse, Ignatz Martin, R. H. Dewey, William Dalton, H. Mahlenbrock, C. Boag, A. Ludwig, D. Meerse and William Hayes. Mr. Muller made an indefatigable chairman, while Gus Zimmerman, R. Busse, William Dalton and Charlie Zettler were always on hand to do their part of the work in running the tournament. Barney Walther, D. Meerse, C. Boag, Ignatz Martin and other members of the committee were also willing at all times to give a helping hand. There was also plenty of assistance forthcoming when the department behind the cashier's desk was in need of it. The thanks of the committee are specially due to Mr. C. Gensch, of Madison, N. J., for his very able assistance as a volunteer for the clerical work of keeping the records of scores made.

A FINANCIAL SUCCESS.

This tournament, known as "The First Annual," was only an experiment. The Sportsmen's Association realized that something in this line was needed, and that contests of this sort are always of benefit to any branch of sport; hence it decided to call together a committee and set it to work. The venture was (to the Association at least) an unknown quantity. The first day's work, Saturday, March 13, was a revelation to the officers of the Sportsmen's Association, and the fact that the week's tournament was a thorough financial success is none the less pleasing to them.

It will not be out of place to state here that the entire receipts of the rifle tournament will, after all expenses have been paid, be held in trust by the Association until March, 1898, when it will be placed at the disposal of a new committee, to be appointed for the purpose of managing "The Second Annual." We make this statement in order that there may be no misapprehension on this point, it not being a part of the Association's policy to rob Peter to pay Paul. Plans for the tournament in 1898 have already been formulated, and for the information of out-of-town riflemen we may also state that the programme will contain several new features, such as contests for .22 long rifles, telescope sights, team matches, and so on. We might also add that the number of ranges will run into double figures. It will be a Schuetzenfest indeed, a fitting forerunner to the great gathering of riflemen at Glendale Park or wherever the National Schuetzenfest will be held during the summer of 1898.

THE REFEREE COMMITTEE.

An important branch of the management of this tournament must not be overlooked. That was the referee committee, made up as follows: Gus Zimmerman, chairman; R. Busse, Wm. Dalton, C. G. Zettler and H. Mahlenbrock. As might be expected, when men of the class which competed in this tournament are shooting for prizes, the duties of this committee were extremely light. The few knotty points that did arise were decided quickly and equitably. A fair field and no favor was the motto which the committee nailed to its masthead, and it lived up to the terms of that motto.

Nothing more remains to be said in regard to this tournament before passing on to a review of each contest separately. It was a success in every respect, but—wait until March, 1898!

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

The contest for the Sportsmen's Association's championship was naturally the most interesting feature of the tournament. An entry list of 46 was large enough to satisfy the expectations of the tournament committee, 50 being the outside limit to be looked for. Among the 46 were pretty nearly all the best shots with the .22 short rifle who live in the vicinity of New York city. Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, the northern part of the State of New York, etc., were also in the hunt. Hartford, Conn., and Syracuse, N. Y., were both represented in the prize list for this contest.

Early in the week L. Buss, of New York city, set the pace by putting up a total of 2,381, and for some time this total was not passed by any competitor. On Wednesday afternoon Michael Dorrler, of the Greenville (N. J.) Rifle Club, and Fred C. Ross, of the Zettler Rifle Club, of New York city, both commenced their strings. Dorrler did not finish that night, but quit after firing five strings of 10 shots, the total for the 50 shots giving him an average of a fraction better than 242. Ross fired his 100 shots on Wednesday, beating L. Buss's total by 2 points only. Up to the end of his eighth string he had an average of almost 240, and it was confidently expected that he would leave a mark of at least 2,400 for Dorrler to go after. The unexpected happened, and Ross fell to 235 and 229 in his ninth and tenth strings, his total reaching 2,383.

On Friday evening Dorrler set to work again and fired his remaining 50 shots. The regularity of his shooting showed true championship form: only once did he drop below 240, and that once was in his ninth string, when he had the match practically won and the first prize and the trophy cinched. The Greenville men were happy, and the members of the other clubs plainly showed how popular Dorrler is with riflemen by applauding his work to the echo. His average for the 100 shots was 242.1. His 10 targets, shown in these columns, tell their own tale.

L. Flach, of the Zettler Club, the fourth man, started in with a 238, but spoiled his average with two consecutive strings of 231 on his second and third targets. In his next two strings he pulled out two 240s, but fell to 234 in his sixth string. Scores of 241, 238, 240 and 239, to close with, brought his total up to 2,372, 9 points behind L. Buss for third place. Flach shot his string of 100 shots early in the tournament. L. P. Hansen, of Jersey City, shot very steadily and averaged 236, his total carrying him into fifth place. W. Rosenbaum, one of the best shots in the Miller Rifle Club, of Hoboken, N. J., and the Hudson Rifle Club, of Marion, N. J., took sixth place with 2,357, his total being a great disappointment to many of his friends, who had looked to Buffalo Bill for a better average. It is only fair to Rosenbaum to state that he was busy all the week assisting in running the revolver contests, which were held on the same dates as the rifle tournament. George Purkess, of the Greenville, N. J., Rifle Club, stepped into seventh place late on Saturday evening, his total being 2,345. At one time it looked as if he would land still higher up the list, but totals of 228 and 227 in his sixth and eighth strings put a damper on such hopes. Greenville, however, was quite satisfied with first and seventh places in the championship contest.

H. M. Pope, of Hartford, Conn., arrived at the Garden late in the week, but lost no time in getting on to the Ring target to find out how he was "holding." He finished in eighth place for the 100-shot match with an average of 233.9. Dr. Stillman, of Syracuse, N. Y., finished in ninth place, 2 points behind Mr. Pope. G. D. Wigmann, of Newark, N. J., made a total of 2,333, taking tenth and last place in the list of prize winners in the Individual Championship contest. Below are the totals of the winners:

THE TEN PRIZE WINNERS.

M Dorrler, Greenville, N. J.	238	240	240	246	245	
	243	244	242	239	241	—2421
F C Ross, New York city	240	239	239	241	245	
	235	239	241	235	229	—2383
L Buss, New York city	236	238	237	240	236	
	236	242	234	241	241	—2381
Louis Flach, New York city	238	231	231	240	240	
	234	241	238	240	239	—2372
L P Hansen, Jersey City	238	234	236	236	237	
	236	238	240	239	232	—2360
W Rosenbaum, New York city	247	225	237	236	241	
	237	238	232	234	240	—2357
G Purkess, Greenville, N. J.	235	238	238	235	235	
	228	235	227	242	232	—2345
H M Pope, Hartford, Conn.	234	230	236	239	231	
	235	228	234	234	238	—2339
Dr Stillman, Syracuse, N. Y.	228	229	233	231	241	
	233	233	238	238	233	—2337
G D Wigmann, Newark, N. J.	226	235	233	232	233	
	230	236	228	236	234	—2333

RIFLES AND AMMUNITION.

The following table shows the rifle and ammunition used by each of the above ten prize winners:

	Rifle.	*Ammunition.*
Michael Dorrler	Stevens Ideal	U. M C.
Fred C Ross	Ballard	Peters.
L Buss	Ballard	W. R. A.
Louis Flach	Ballard	W. R. A.
L P Hansen	Ballard	W. R. A.
W Rosenbaum	Ballard	Peters.
George Purkess	——	W. R. A.
H M Pope	Winchester	Peters.
Dr A A Stillman	——	W. R. A.
G D Wigmann	Ballard	W. R. A.

OTHER RECORDS OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

The scores made by the thirty-six competitors who did not get a place in this match are given below in full:

S W Burton	17	199	206	196	216	
	200	213	200	229	214	—2090
R Busse, New York city	226	235	227	228	230	
	236	240	233	236	230	—2306
S Buzzini, New York city	220	228	225	229	230	
	232	231	225	229	217	—2260
H Bookman	219	219	218	203	Retired.	
John Corrie, 12th Regiment Armory	225	228	222	231	237	
	229	234	236	236	232	—2310
P di Jorio, New York city	217	229	226	Retired.		
W C Damron, Brooklyn	218	225	207	218	223	
	222	228	227	225		
W Dalton, New York city	226	224	211	217	208	
	212	221	231			
J G Dillin, Radnor, Pa.	232	217	230	226	217	R't'd.
D H Fanning, Brooklyn	196	184	182	192	172	
	216	223	199	203	223	—1990
J Facklamm, New York city	215	222	225	228	227	
	225	229	231	220	241	—2246
W C Gannon, Boston, Mass.	224	227	234	236	234	
	233	226	225	221	234	—2294



DORRLER'S WINNING TARGETS.

C Gensch, Madison, N. J.	226	233	233	229	231
	234	224	234	231	230—2305
A F Hofmeister, Pittsburg, Pa.	222	215	217	209	230
	230	Retired.			
W A Hicks, New York city	231	228	231	229	229
	220	238	229	231	232—2298
H W Hawes, Central Valley, N. Y.	227	233	229	233	233
	236	234	225	231	229—2310
A C L Hofmeister, Pittsburg	236	242	237	227	241
	234	227	224	218	230—2316
Chas Horney, Brooklyn	234	238	227	233	234
	232	237	228	229	234—2376
D Johnson, Boston, Mass.	212	209	228	219	233
	227	232	220	238	227—2245
H D Muller, New York city	225	225	217	227	228
	225	218	218	222	226—2231
Chas Meyer, Brooklyn	210	206	226	219	202
	206	218	214	210	213—2124
E Minervini, New York city	222	240	236	228	230
	236	236	235	229	231—2316
Ignatz Martin, Brooklyn	233	228	223	230	229
	231	235	236	238	232—2325
F E McCord, Rochester, N. Y.	232	235	231	230	225
	233	250	Retired		
L Reali, New York city	224	221	229	224	232
	230	228	216	228	222—2254
Chas Rein, Brooklyn	219	232	232	231	221
	228	223	217	233	231—2272
P Scloaggie, New York city	239	235	222	229	227
	220	219	242	223	239—2305
M P Skinner, Brooklyn	167	194	216	205	204
	191	185	205	212	204—1983
H M Spencer, Dunmore, Pa.	235	237	234	230	234
	232	225	235	222	232—2316
W P Uhler, Harlem, New York city	231	227	233	235	228
	223	217	226	228	223—2276
H Van Hagen, New York city	200	195	182	189	197
	196	199	176	207	212—1953
S M Van Allen, Jamaica, L I.	209	229	223	219	Retired.
G P Williams, Newark, N J.	221	227	225	232	230
	231	237	228	238	229—2293
G Worn, Brooklyn	231	229	230	236	233
	232	238	230	231	236—2326
R J Young, Montclair N J	227	227	230	231	Retired.
J Bodenstab, New York city	213	220	215	Retired.	

The conditions of the above match were:

Open to all, 100 shots, off-hand, 25 ring target to be shot in strings of 10 shots, only one entry allowed each competitor, any .22 short caliber rifle allowed, entrance $5, including season ticket of admission to the Sportsmen's Exposition. Competitors can shoot their 10 strings during the week as they desire; distance, 100ft exact. Prizes: first, trophy and $20; second, $25; third, $ 0; fourth, $15; fifth, $12; sixth, $10; seventh, $10; eighth, $9; ninth, $3, tenth, $5.

BULLSEYE TARGET.

The bullseye target was a great favorite during the entire seven days of the tournament. The conditions of this contest were:

Open to all, 3 shots per ticket, entrance 50 cents per ticket, re entries unlimited, any .22 short cal. rifle allowed, distance 1,000ft. exact; the best single shot by measurement to count, only one prize obtainable by one shooter. Prizes: First, $20; second, $15; third, $10; fourth, $8; fifth, $7; sixth, $6; seventh, $5; eighth, $5; ninth, $4; tenth, $4; eleventh, $3; twelfth, $3; thirteenth, $3; fourteenth, $2; fifteenth, $2. Premiums: For most bullseyes, $6; for second greatest number of bullseyes, $4; for third greatest number of bullseyes, $3.

Originally the conditions read that shooting on the bullseye target would close on Friday night. After the programme had been issued it was found perfectly practicable to measure all bullseyes shot each day on the following morning, prior to the commencement of the shooting for that day at 1 P M. This left it possible to continue bullseye shooting up to within a short time of closing the ranges for good on Saturday evening, March 20. Each day's record on this target were posted on the bulletin board. For a long time—in fact, up to the very last minute—Charlie Horney's bullseye of 18, made early in the tournament, stood in first place. When it came to measuring up the bullseyes made on Saturday (the last day of the tournament), a shout proclaimed that Michael Dorrler had passed Horney's mark with one of 16. This gave Dorrler and the Greenville boys first place in the bullseye contest

In the fight for the premiums for most bullseyes H. D. Muller, chairman of the tournament committee, was easily first with a total of 186; J. Facklamm, of New York city, came next with 124, and Gus Zimmerman third with 96.

BULLSEYE WINNERS.

A list of fifteen prizes, given below, was offered by the management, and these prizes were awarded as below:

1.	M Dorrler	16	9.	H M Pope	22
2.	Chas Horney	18	10.	Ignatz Martin	23
3.	L Buss	18½ Tie.	11.	Wm Lemke	23½ Tie.
4.	J Facklamm	18½ Tie.	12.	L Flach	23½ Tie.
5.	Gus Zimmerman	19	13.	J Bodenstab	23½ Tie.
6.	J Rebham	19½	14.	Vogel	23½ Tie.
7.	L P Hansen	20½	15.	P di Jorio	26
8.	H D Muller	21			

THE ZIMMERMAN TROPHY.

As announced in the programme, Gus Zimmerman, the chairman of the referee committee, donated a handsome bronze trophy for competition at this tournament. The conditions agreed upon for this contest were as follows: Open to all, 5 tickets of 3 shots each, entrance $2 for 5 tickets, no re entry, 2 best tickets to count, to be shot on Zimmerman special target, distance 100ft. exact, any .22 short caliber rifle allowed.

Under the conditions it was anybody's match. The target was a peculiar one, having the same characteristics in a measure that belong to the man target, a line shot having more value than a side shot An illustration of this will be seen from the winning targets of M. Dorrler, given herewith.

In this contest nothing really dangerous was made until Friday night, when Charles Horney made 66 out of a possible 72. He was congratulated all round and looked upon as an almost certain winner. On Saturday evening, about 7 o'clock, however, M. Dorrler got to work on the Zimmerman target and rolled up 66—34 and 32—as his "two best." This tied Horney's total and a shoot-off for the trophy was necessary. The committee decided that Messrs Dorrler and Horney should shoot off under the same conditions that the original match called for, viz: 5 tickets of 3 shots each, best two to count. On the shoot-off Dorrler won easily with 67 (34 and 33) to Horney's 58. Thus in the shoot-off Dorrler beat his first score.

A casual examination of the Zimmerman target may give some people the idea that it is not a hard target. As a matter of fact only one shooter out of all those who shot in this contest made a highest possible. His name was P. Uhler, of Harlem, New York city, and the next best he could do was a 20! (Note.—The first time the Zimmerman target was tried in the Zettler 75ft. gallery range by Gus Zimmerman himself he made a 36, then a 31, and something lower the next time.)

M. Dorrler thus placed himself at the head of the list once more, and made a record of three out of four for him and the Greenville Rifle Club.

SCORES OF ZIMMERMAN TROPHY MATCH.

M Dorrler	32	34—66
Chas Horney, Jr	31	35—66
H Holges, New York	31	33—64
Ignatz Martin, Brooklyn	30	33—63
J G Dilion, Pennsylvania	31	31—62
Louis Buss, New York	27	34—61
H Kraus, Jersey City	26	34—60
L P Hanson, New Jersey	31	31—62
M Herrington, New Jersey	28	29—57
A C L Hofmeister, Pittsburg	27	28—55
Chas E Gensch, New Jersey	27	28—55
Wm C Collins, New Jersey	27	30—57
John Corrie, New York	26	29—55
Louis Flach, New York	25	27—52
B A Barlett, New Haven	26	28—54
R Busse, New York	23	31—54
J Facklamm, New York	23	25 48
Wm Rosenbaum, New York	29	30 59
H M Pope, Hartford	29	30—59
F C Ross, Brooklyn	25	28—53
Chas Rein, Brooklyn	25	27—52
Dr A A Stillman, Syracuse	27	28—55
W P Uhler, New York	20	36—56
G D Wiegman, New York	27	28—55
Barney Walther, New York	24	26 50
John Rebhan, New Jersey	24	29—53

Shoot-off:

M Dorrler	33	34—67	Chas Horney, Jr.	25	33—58

CONTINUOUS MATCH.

As usual, the Continuous Match was a favorite competition. An extremely large number of tickets was sold, and the rivalry was very keen up to the close of the ranges at the end of the tournament. The conditions were:

Open to all, entrance for tickets of 3 shots each 50 cents, off-hand, re-entries unlimited, but only one prize obtainable by any one com-

petitor, two best tickets to count, to be shot on 25-ring target, any .22 short caliber rifle allowed, distance 100ft. exact.

Prizes: First, $50; second, $35; third, $25; fourth, $20; fifth, $15; sixth, $12; seventh, $10; eighth, $10; ninth, $9; tenth, $8; eleventh, $; twelfth, $8; thirteenth, $7; fourteenth, $7; fifteenth, $7; sixteenth, $6; seventeenth, $6; eighteenth, $6; nineteenth, $5; twentieth, $5; twenty-first, $5; twenty-second, $4; twenty-third, $4; twenty-fourth, $4; twenty-fifth, $3; twenty-sixth, $3; twenty-seventh, $3; twenty-eighth, $2; twenty-ninth, $2; thirtieth, $2.

Premiums: For best 5 tickets, $5; for second best 5 tickets, $4; for third best 5 tickets, $3.

L Buss, of New York city, achieved the distinction of being the only one of all those who tried their hands in this match to make a highest possible of 75. With a 75 and a 74 he stood head and shoulders over the next two, Gus Zimmerman and L. P. Hansen, who had a 74 and a 73 each to their credit. Ignatz Martin was in fourth place with 146, while Fred Ross, M. Dorrler and D. Johnson were tied for fifth place on 145.

For the premiums the competition was decidedly warm, particularly on the last two days, when the riflemen were hard at work trying to better their scores. In this part of the match Gus Zimmerman was ahead with a total of 263 for the five best tickets, an average of 72^{3}_{5} per ticket. D. Johnson was next to him with a total of 361, an average of 72^{1}_{5}. In third place for premiums were Dorrler and L. Buss (tied) with 359, an average of 71^{4}_{5}.

The winners were: L. Buss 149, Gus Zimmerman and L. P. Hansen 147, Ignatz Martin 146, M. Dorrler, F. C. Ross and D. Johnson 145, A. C. L. Hofmeister 144, W. C. Damron, L. Flach, G. Purkess and H. M. Pope 143, P. di Jorio 142, R. Busse and G. P. Williams 140, W. Dalton, H. D. Miller, Van Allen and E. Minervini 139, C. Gensch, Charles Horney and W. Rosenbaum 138, J. Dillon and J. Boag 137, G. D. Wigmann 136, G. Worn 135, C. Boag, Hy. Holjes, P. Uhler and W. C. Gannon 133.

SCORES OF CONTINUOUS MATCH.

Louis Buss, New York	74	75—149
Gus Zimmerman, New York	73	74—147
L P Hansen, Jersey City	73	74—147
Ignatz Martin, Brooklyn	73	73—146
M Dorrler, Jersey City	72	73—145
D Johnson, Boston	72	73—145
F C Ross, Brooklyn	72	73—145
A C L Hofmeister, Pittsburg	70	74—144
W C Damron, Brooklyn	70	73—143
Louis Flach, New York	71	72—143
Geo Purkess, Jersey City	71	72—143
H M Pope, Hartford, Conn	71	72—143
P di Jorio, New York	69	73—142
R Busse, New York	70	70—140
G P Williams, Newark, N J	69	71—140
Wm Dalton, Newark, N J	68	71—139
H D Muller, New York	69	70—139
S M Van Allen, Jamaica, L I	69	70—139
E Minervini, New York	68	71—139
C E Gensch, New Jersey	67	71—138
Chas Horney, Jr, Brooklyn	69	69—138
Wm Rosenbaum, New York	68	70—138
J G Dillon, Pennsylvania	67	70—137
Jos Boag, Jersey City	66	71—137
Geo D Weigman, Newark	68	68—136
Geo Worn, Brooklyn	66	69—135
C Boag, Jersey City	66	67—133
Henry Holges, New York	66	67—133
W P Uhler, New York	64	69—133
W C Gannon, Lowell, Mass	62	71—133

Premiums for best 5 tickets:

1. GZim'erman, 74 73 72 72 72—363
2. D Johnson, 73 73 72 72 71—361
3. { M Dorrler*, 73 72 72 71 71—359 / L Buss*, 75 74 70 70 70—359

* Tie.

EDWARD BANKS.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap (live birds), at Elkwood Park. $1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added. Entries close March 20 to John L. Lequin, Secretary-Treasurer Interstate Association, 44-48 Cedar street, New York city.

March 30.—BROOKLYN, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. Targets from a magautrap. Grounds located at terminus of Kings County Elevated in Brooklyn. Theo. Baron, Sec'y, 8 Murray street, New York.

April 7.—PORTLAND, Me.—Annual spring tournament of the Portland Gun Club. Harry A. Chisholm, Sec'y.

April 7.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Third contest for the Recreation cup, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. Cup contest at 12 noon sharp. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

April 10.—WINDSOR LOCKS, Conn.—All-day tournament of the Windsor Locks Gun Club. Targets. C. F. Cleaveland, Sec'y.

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open to-all tournament. $750 added money.

April 14-16.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association.

April 15.—YOUNGSTOWN, O.—First tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 16.—BRIDGEPORT, Conn.—All-day shoot of the Bridgepor Gun Club. Targets. V. A. Blakeslee, Sec'y.

April 17.—NUTLEY, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Yanticaw Gun Club. Targets from a magautrap. Shooting chmmences on arrival of 9:52 train from Chambers street, New York.

April 19.—HINGHAM, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Hingham Gun Club. 100-target handicap. G. O. Henderson, Treasurer.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

April 21-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

April 27-29.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club. Two first days, targets; third day, live birds.

April 27-30.—FONDA, Ia.—Tournament under the management of Geo. E. Hughes and C. R. McCord. Live birds. $800 added money.

April 28-29.—RICHMOND, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club.

April 28-29.—PERU, Ind.—Tournament under the management of J. L Head.

May 4-6.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. Live birds and targets. F. C. Whitney, Sec'y.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 11-13.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds.

May 11-14.—WATERLOO, Ia.—Tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club. E. B. Walker, Sec'y.

May 12-13.—CONNERSVILLE, Ind.—Tournament of the Connersville Gun Club. Live birds. T. F. Thomas, Sec'y.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

May 18.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West End Gun Club. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—SAVANNAH, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Forest City Gun Club.

May 19-21.—CANTON, S. D.—South Dakota Sportsmen's Association annual. C. S. Seely, Sec'y.

May 20.—GREENVILLE, Pa.—Second tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

May 26-29.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

May 31.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters League tournament, under the auspices of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

June 2-4.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club.

June 8-9.—PERU, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—MONROE, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 10.—NEWCASTLE, Pa.—Third tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

June 15-18.—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man. $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 17-19.—TORONTO, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000 guaranteed. Open to all. Write for programmes.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Tom Divine and Frank Poston, both of Memphis, Tenn., are prevented from coming to the Grand American Handicap on account of the heavy floods along the Mississippi. Milt Lindsley also, who manufactures King's Smokeless away off in Ohio, has a pitiful tale to tell in the following letter: "I fully expected to have had the pleasure of meeting you before this, but I find that we are to a great extent the creatures of chance, and many times we are obliged by force of circumstances to change our plans. Our little river here, which furnishes the power for the plant, is usually a very well-behaved little stream; but for some reason or other (I don't know of anything we had done to provoke it) it got on a terrible rampage on the 5th inst., overflowed its banks, and in fact raised 5 or 6ft. higher than it was ever known to do before in its history, or, in other words, in the memories of the oldest inhabitants. The result was that it came very near washing us out of existence, and at any rate we were thoroughly baptized; there isn't any doubt about that. It looked at the start as though it would be months before we could ever get to running again, but as the water went down and we began to clean up, we found things not as bad as they looked, and we are now in hopes of getting started up within a week. Owing to this capricious little river flooding us at this particular time I am denied the pleasure of visiting New York during the sessions of the Sportsmen's Exposition and the Grand American Handicap, and I assure you that I regret it very much. I wish that you would kindly remember me to all of the boys you meet, and explain to them why I am not on my old stamping ground at this particular time. By so doing you will confer a great favor."

On the first day of the tournament at Baychester, N. Y. (the Cobweb's tournament), the purses were divided under the Rose system. On the second day, according to programme, it was put to a vote which system to use. The "old system" was chosen by a majority that showed that the system was unpopular with some people. As a matter of fact the crackerjacks don't like it; they make no bones about saying so, but we have never yet heard any sound arguments used in favor of the "old system" as against the Rose system, and we have never denied the use of our columns to the other side. On our way down to Baychester on the morning of the Cobweb Handicap, we made this proposition to a whole carful of shooters, some of the disgruntled ones being in that same car: "Place yourselves on record, and state on paper your reasons for upholding the 'old system.' Let people read your arguments in cold type. You shall have all the space in FOREST AND STREAM that you want, and we'll file a bond not to use a blue pencil on a single word or phrase." We think this is a fair offer, and one that should be accepted if there is any valid defense to make. Surely we'll hear from them now?

This is what we hear from Lou Erhardt in regard to his tournament, April 14-16: "Will you please add in Fixtures that $750 added will be distributed among the purses at our shoot? Our programmes will be out on March 20, and we shall be glad to forward them to any one who writes for one. We will add $750 cash, no merchandise. There will be eight events, each 20 targets, $2 entrance, $25 added to each purse. Five equal moneys; open to everybody; professionals, manufacturers' agents and any one receiving benefits from manufacturers will shoot at unknown angles, amateurs at known angles. We will run three sets of traps, no magautrap. We will shoot the programme on two sets and keep the other set for open sweeps. The $750 will positively be added, rain or shine. We will shoot on our new grounds in the baseball park on top of a hill, with a background that is perfect; nothing but heaven and clouds to shoot against; $50 per day will be divided as average money among the five high guns. We hope and expect to duplicate last year's entry list, when the entries ran over 100."

The following dispatch to the Chicago *Times-Herald* of March 17 tells us all we want to know of pigeon shooting in connection with prize fighting (note the excuse for "calling off" the championship event!): "CARSON, Nev., March 16.—Owing to the delay in the arrival of the morning trains the championship event was declared off and a series of sweepstake shoots and a match race between J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, and A. J. Bigelow, of Ogden, were substituted. In the sweepstake shoot, in which Champion Elliott declined to enter, A. P. Bigelow, of Ogden, won first money in the first one on 10 straight kills, while 'One-Barrel' Murphy, of Philadelphia, and Joe Barnett, of Albuquerque, N. M., tied for second money. On the second sweep Murphy won on 10 straight kills, Joe Barnett won second money on 9 kills, and G. L. Becker, of Ogden, won third. The 50-bird race between Elliott and Bigelow followed, and the champion won out handily by 47 to 42."

J. S. S. Remsen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has returned from his Southern trip, having spent some pleasant weeks at Palm Beach, Fla. While at Palm Beach he shot some matches, winning a 50-target race on March 6 with 42 out of 50. His nearest competitor was W. G. Brokaw, who scored 39. Remsen's prize in this event was a handsome set of steins. On March 10 he shot a match with Mr. Brokaw, winning it by 26 to 20, each man shooting at 28 targets. On March 11 he won the Grand Prix of Hotel Royal Poinciana, a very handsome trophy presented by W. G. Brokaw. The race was a handicap affair, Remsen being the scratch man. He won with 41 breaks out of 50; the second on the list was C. Pratt, who broke 40 out of 65, his handicap of extra targets being 15. On the whole Brooklyn was well represented at Palm Beach this winter.

Dick Swiveller was a visitor at the office of FOREST AND STREAM last week. He didn't find us in, as we were making our home temporarily in Madison Square Garden. (It seems so natural to call W. L. Colville, of the Gold Dust powder, "Dick Swiveller," that that name will have to go this time.) When we did fall across him in the Garden he had lots to tell of his ten weeks' trip. He showed us also some samples of the new issue of Gold Dust, which is as hard as any powder we ever handled. He claims it is just what all the boys need, and adds that they'll find that fact out very shortly. Jack Fanning has come from San Francisco for the Grand American Handicap; he will receive a warm welcome at the hands of all the many friends he made while in the East last summer.

Tom Keller was all over the Garden during the Exposition; it was hard to tell where you'd meet him next. The basement, where the rifle tournament was held, was about the last place one would have expected to meet Keller, but he was there. Then we had to find out what brought him down there. That was an easy matter as soon as Fred Ross began shooting, for he used Peters's ammunition. When Ross rolled up 2,383 out of 2,500 Tom was satisfied, and said, "We're in it again!" When Dorrler, who used U. M. C. ammunition, topped Ross's score with 2,421, Tom wasn't feazed, but said: "We're out, but we've three in the first ten."

Elmer Shaner tells us that the programmes for the Richmond (Va.) Interstate tournament will be out next week. He adds that the Richmond shoot will surprise us in regard to the number of entries. We are looking forward to meeting several old friends there, such as Col. Anthony and John W. Todd, of Charlotte, N. C.; H. C. Bridgers, of Tarboro, N. C.; Fonda, and E. Rastus Gilmer; the Lynchburg boys—Terry, Dornin, Scott, Moorman, etc.—and goodness only knows how many more. You can't surprise us on that point.

The three sets of traps at Elkwood Park have got the boys figuring as to what is the best thing to do in the Grand American Handicap in case there's a strong wind and they get 27yds. The wind would probably be a straightaway on one set of traps and an incomer on one of the others. A close-choked gun would be all right on the straightaways, but would be like a rifle on incomers. What's a fellow at 26 or 27yds. to do under those conditions?

The extremely large entry list for the Grand American Handicap of 1897 breaks all records in the line of live-bird events. A glance over the names of those entered in this great event shows a marvelous improvement in the caliber of the shooters over that of any previous year. All the good ones are entered; scarcely a crackerjack is missing, outside of Harvey McMurchy, and, we should add, with all due humility, the only Milt Lindsley.

Mr. J. L Head, of Peru, Ind., writes us that Jack Parker will manage the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League shoot in Peru on April 28-29. Mr. Head adds that Jack Parker, being a manufacturer's agent, will not take part in the sweepstake events, but will see that everybody else gets all the shooting he wants.

The Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, of Burlington, Vt., has elected the following list of officers for 1897: President, E. E. Morgan; Vice President, W. L. Stone; Treasurer, W. S. Phelps; Secretary, J. S. Denning; Captain, L. O. Harding. Board of Directors: J. G. Burns, H. E. Spear, Dr. H. E. Colvin, F. H. Owens and B. H. Eagan.

Billy Crosby, of the Baker Gun Co., of Batavia, N. Y., attended to business all the week at his firm's stand in the Exposition, but took a run down to Elkwood Park on Saturday, March 20, the last day of the show. His score of 25 straight from the 30yds. mark would be a good one for him to duplicate in the Grand American Handicap this week.

The Sportsmen's Exposition of last week was the general meeting place of all the shooters in the vicinity of New York city. They came there for various reasons: To see the guns, etc.; to meet old friends and to make new ones. There was plenty to see in the gun line, because the art of the gunsmith is not retrograding in this country.

The programme for the Interstate Association's tournament at Baltimore, Md., under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association, is a good one and is bound to draw a crowd. The local club adds $450 to the purses, and that's quite a big sum of money now that the days of "$3,000 added" seem to have passed away.

The R. A. McReady Company, of Toronto, Can., informs us, in answer to our letter of the 15th inst., that "the purse of $1,000 is to be divided in various matches, and is guaranteed. It is arranged in such a way that the shooters who can shoot will come out with a good, fat purse." The Toronto tournament will be held Aug. 17-19.

The trials and tribulations of a member of a handicap committee are many. His joys are few, but there is one thing that he does like to hear, and that is a good solid kick from a man who should have had 29yds., but who got 28 and then wasn't satisfied.

There was always a crowd of shooters around the Winchester stand during the Exposition. And why wouldn't there be? With Rolla Heikes, Ferd Van Dyke and Capt. Bartlett as drawing cards, the company was right in it.

Drivers and Twisters may be a little poverty-stricken this week Don't blame the trap department, but lay it up against the Sportsmen's Association and its rifle tournament at Madison Square Garden.

The Iowa State Sportsmen's Association will hold its annual tournament at Des Moines May 4-6. The programme will contain a list of events for both live birds and targets. Mr. F. C. Whitney, of Des Moines, is secretary, and will furnish all necessary information.

The Hingham (Mass.) Gun Club will hold a tournament at its grounds on April 19. The chief feature of the programme will be a 100-target handicap event.

Several New York shooters will visit the Peekskill Gun Club on April 1, leaving the Grand Central depot at 10:30 A. M. The Peekskill boys promise to give a good time and a pleasant afternoon's shoot to all who attend on that date.

EDWARD BANKS.

MARCH 23.

Chartiers Gun Club.

MCKEE'S ROCKS, Pa., March 13.—The anxiety with which the members of the newly organized Chartiers Gun Club looked forward to today, the day appointed for their initial shoot, terminated in a delightful day's sport. A better day could not have been made to order; the light was excellent and the grounds as fine as anyone could wish for. If any excuse is required for the vast quantity of goose eggs shown in the score, it may be said that some of the members had never shot at a bluerock before, and the rest either very little or were out of practice. But the enthusiasm is only intensified and there is a determination to improve, so that the coming trap season may develop some surprises.

The club boasts of the youngest member, to its knowledge, of any trap club, in the person of Master Fred Haas, twelve years old, who shot a little 24-gauge gun and stood up like a veteran at 16yds., and whose attitude and determination augur well for a successful career as a trap shot. This was his first attempt at the trap, but he has all the gameness of his father, who in his day was no slouch.

The attendance was not up to expectation, but promises well for the next shoot.

The score follows, all events being at unknown traps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	15	15	10	Targets:	15	15	15	10
Thos Dickson	3	6	4	3	W C Clarkson	..	3	7	4
The Secretary	11	12	13	7	J W Onstott	..	10	5	7
Frank Bibb	7	9	4	2	J R Zinkhan	..	4	7	..
Thos Bryan	6	8	6	5	Fred Haas, Jr	..	3	2	..
W H Shaffer	2	6	14	9	J A Williams	..	..	10	..
Frank Babcock	..	7	3	6	Miles Bryan	..	..	0	1
J A Graham	..	7	10	..	S Benner	..	..	5	5

J. H. BABCOCK, Sec'y.

Shoot at Audubon Park.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 17.—Thirteen shooters were out and did first-class work. E. C. Burkhardt carried off the honors, making several clean scores. He was closely followed by Werlin, Francis and Krotz.

The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	15	20	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	15	20	10	10
E Burkhardt	10	10	10	..	19	7	9	P G Myres	9	8	9	..	..	..	..
C Werlin	8	9	8	11	16	7	8	Francis	..	9	10	12	13	9	6
Coppins	8	8	6	..	11	7	..	Norval	..	6	8	..	..	..	..
Seigrist	8	7	8	12	17	7	8	Daucer	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Krotz	10	9	7	..	..	..	..	Geisdorfer	..	7	7	12	14	9	7
Snap	7	..	..	..	..	8	..	Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
W Woodbury	8	9	7	12	..	4	7								

No. 8, 5 live birds, entrance $2, two moneys:

E C Burkhardt	21222—5	Krotz	01211—4
C Werlin	11022—4	Snap	22002—4
Coppins	11122—5	Geisdorfer	20202—3
Seigrist	11222—5		

E. C. BURKHARDT.

Those Western Tournaments.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 18.—ADDED MONEY LATER.—For some time the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have seen this announcement in the Fixtures column in connection with the dates of the Nebraska State tournament. This week Mr. R. M. Welch, the efficient secretary of the association, writes me to change this a little and insert $1,000 added money. This is the same amount added by the association last year, and will doubtless have the effect of drawing a large number of sportsmen to Lincoln. Much local interest is being manifested, and the club has a membership of over 100, which alone should insure a good entry list. Lincoln Park, the place where the tournament will be held, should be an ideal place for holding a shoot, with ample room for three sets of traps, all Empire, which will be used. There will be eight events each day. Another thing that will insure a good attendance is that Airy Lou Hardt's shoot, which is always well attended, will be held the preceding week, thus enabling those who come from a distance to attend both shoots with very little additional cost. Airy isn't saying much, but those who know him are satisfied that when his programme is out the inducements will consist of added money in sums sufficiently large to draw shooters from cities other than those in the immediate vicinity of Atchison. Write Lou for a programme, which always contains much of interest.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Rochester Two Days' Tournament.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 18.—The Rochester Rod and Gun Club will hold a two days' tournament—April 13 and 14—at bluerocks, to be thrown from one of the Cleveland Target Co.'s new magautraps.

JOHN B. MULLAN, Sec'y.

Grand American Handicap.

ALL preliminaries for the Grand American Handicap have been concluded. So far as can be seen nothing has been left undone to make the running off of this shoot as smooth as possible. Messrs. Daly & Chanfrau, managers of the Elkwood Park grounds, and Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, have apparently covered every point. In the matter of help, Mr. Shaner has the following list of assistants: Referees—Harold Wallack, Long Branch, N. J.; Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., New York city; and Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co. The official scorers are: J. K Starr, Philadelphia, Pa; J. Vone Emmons, of Long Branch; John O. Regan and Howard W. Gray, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The position of Compiler of Scores is filled by Edward Banks, of FOREST AND STREAM. W. J. McCrickart is squad hustler and general intelligence department. B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co., and J. Meyerhoff, of Hartley & Graham, will take care of the cashier's department.

In order that all contestants may understand how things are being run, and what to do, the management has issued the following

INSTRUCTIONS TO SHOOTERS.

The right wing of the club house will be reserved exclusively for shooters.

Winners of money in any event must apply to the compiler of scores for orders on the cashier for the money due them. No money will be paid out by the cashier except on receipt of such an order.

Shooters who have rebates coming to them, for birds not shot at, must apply to the compiler of scores for rebate tickets, which will be redeemed for cash at the cashier's office.

In order to facilitate the shooting, and to prevent delay through calling up a contestant who has dropped out in any event with two or three misses to his credit, officials will be placed at the entrances to Nos. 1 and 2 sets of traps, whose duty it is to ask a shooter who has missed a bird in the current round whether it is his second or third miss. All contestants will oblige the management by furnishing the information asked for by these officials.

Shooters must supply themselves with "no bird" tickets, which can be obtained at the cashier's office. These tickets are also good for "byes" or tie birds. Unused "no bird" tickets are redeemable for cash at the cashier's office.

Rule 13 of the Interstate Association rules, relating to the time limit for gathering a bird, and rule 19, which permits a man to gather his own bird, or to send a man for it, *have been abolished.* All birds will be retrieved by dogs, the dog being released *the moment the bird touches the ground.*

The entry list is an extremely heavy one. It breaks all records and leads last year's Grand American Handicap by 30, and also leads the Du Pont Handicap shoot by 14 entries. At Monte Carlo this year the entries for the Grand Prix were 118, so the Grand American Handicap of 1897 may be said with truth, and without any risk of being gainsaid, to oreak all previous records. Below is a list giving the order of shooting, each man's handicap, name and address:

THE ENTRIES.

Order of Shooting.	Handicaps.	Name.	Address.
1	27½	A W du Bray	Dayton, Ky.
2	29	Wm Dunnell	Fox Lake, Wis.
3	32	Charles M Grimm	Clear Lake, Ia.
4	32	J A R Elliott	Kansas City, Mo.
5	29	Bessemer	Pittsburg.
6	27½	W D Stannard	Chicago.
7	27	Irby Bennett	New Haven.
8	29	J G Messner	Pittsburg.
9	29½	J S Fanning	San Francisco.
10	28	H L Landis	Philadelphia.
11	28	E C Meyer	Rochester.
12	27	O D McElroy	Pittsburg.
13	27	Chas Jones	Baltimore.
14	29	Noel E Money	Oakland, N J.
15	29	F W Cooper	Mahanoy City, Pa.
16	29½	Neal Apgar	Plainfield, N J.
17	27	James M Green	Washington.
18	32	Dr W F Carver	Chicago.
19	27	C T Bodie	Cleveland.
20	28½	Gus E Greiff	New York.
21	29	F D Alkire	Woodlyn, Ohio.
22	26	Paul I Clark	New York
23	27	Tom Farmer	Pittsburg.
24	27½	J S Paddelford	Sherburne, N Y.
25	27	Old Hoss	Pittsburg.
26	30	C A May	Pittsburg.
27	30	D A Upson	Cleveland
28	30½	Rolla O Heikes	Dayton.
29	27	Henry See	Newark, N J.
30	28	B Le Roy	Campello, Mass.
31	27	Fred Clayton	New York.
32	30½	C W Budd	Des Moines, Ia.
33	27	M Moccasin	New York.
34	29	C Furgueson, Jr	Brooklyn.
35	28	Clem Marsh	Scranton, Pa.
36	27½	John Glover	Chicago.
37	27½	M Herrington	New York.
38	28	J S S Remsen	Flatbush, N Y.
39	26	E B Puck	Boston.
40	30	Dr J L Williamson	Milwaukee.
41	26	W L Shepard	Chicago.
42	28	J Hamilton	Pittsburg.
43	30	Fred Gilbert	Spirit Lake, Ia.
44	29½	F V Van Dyke	Dayton, N J.
45	30½	F S Parmelee	Omaha.
46	29	Carl von Lengerke	New York.
47	27	Stricker Johnson	Baltimore.
48	28½	Charles Steffens	New York.
49	27	T D Hooper	New York.
50	26	U M C Thomas	Bridgeport.
51	27	H W Johns	Philadelphia.
52	30	147	New York.
53	30½	R A Welch	Philadelphia.
54	30	Chauncey Powers	Decatur, Ill
55	27	Dallas	Cleveland.
56	28	W R Patten	Long Branch, N J.
57	27	Geo L Pieroy	Jersey City.
58	28	Chas Woolley	Long Branch.
59	29	A H King	Pittsburg
60	2½	Jos M Baker	Ridgefield, N J.
61	28	W Fred Quimby	New York.
62	27½	Geo A Mosher	Syracuse.
63	29	A L Irvine	Red Bank, N J.
64	28	Hon Thos Marshall	Keithsburg, Wis.
65	27½	H C White	Little Silver, N J.
66	28	Sandy McPherson	Pittsburg.
67	28½	B A Bartlett	Lakewood, N Y.
68	29	S T James	Newburgh, N Y.
69	27½	Dr G V Hudson	New York.
70	27½	William Wagner	Washington.
71	27	J H Covington	Easton, Md.
72	30½	Sim Glover	Rochester, N Y.
73	27	Thomas Howe	Hingham, Mass.
74	28	Brucker	Omaha.
75	27	J R Wert	Long Branch.
76	28	Richard Phister	Brooklyn.
77	26	Lloyd Taylor	New York.
78	28½	Allen Willey	Hadlyme, Conn.
79	27	Conny Furgueson	Brooklyn.
80	27	J H Shafer	Pittsburg.
81	28	The Scribe	Detroit.
82	28	Jas R Malone	Baltimore.
83	27	R S Waddell	Cincinnati.
84	28	Harry W Thurman	Germantown, Pa.
85	26	W H Sanders	New York.
86	27	A C L Hofmeister	Pittsburg.
87	26	Chicago	Chicago.
88	27	E C Burkhardt	Buffalo.
89	30	R Merrill	Milwaukee.
90	28	W S Eddy	New York.
91	28	F G Moore	New York.
92	28	Chas Zwirlein	Yardville N J.
93	29	Ed Voris	Crawfordsville, Ind.
94	27	B H Williams	Detroit
95	29	Arkansas Traveller	Hot Springs.
96	28	Capt A W Money	Oakland, N J.
97	29	Geo Cubberly	Yardville, N J.
98	27	Theo Leuthauser	Newark, N J.
99	28	M M McMillan	Mahanoy City, Pa.
100	30½	W R Crosby	Batavia, N Y.
101	28½	J von Lengerke	New York
102	27	A C Monies	Scranton, Pa.
103	27	J C Haskell	Lynn, Mass.
104	29	C S Guthrie	Pittsburg, Pa.
105	27	Col J T Anthony	Charlotte, N C.
106	27	W A Hammond	Richmond, Va.
107	27	W H Hyland	Tarrytown, N Y.
108	28	Joe Coyle	Lexington, Ky.
109	28½	Ralph Trimble	Covington, Ky.
110	27½	E D Rike	Dayton, Ohio.
111	29½	J M Browning	Ogden, Utah.
112	29	Phil Daly, Jr	Long Branch, N J.
113	29	E F Thomas	Denver, Colo.
114	27	C W Reed	Passaic, N J.
115	27½	F E Hyer	Colt's Neck, N J.
116	28	J G Knowlton	New York.
117	29	Harry Dunnell	Fox Lake, Wis.
118	26	J R Blamey	Holyoke, Mass.
119	28½	Fargo	Pittsburg.
120	29½	T W Morfey	Paterson, N J.
121	29	Harry S Coldren	Reading, Pa.
122	30	O R Dickey	Boston.
123	28	Charles Matzen	New York.
124	28½	Seth Clover	Erie, Pa.
125	28	Ed Bingham	Chicago.
126	27	B V Jackson	Staunton, Va.
127	27	W M Thompson	New York.
128	27½	E A Geoffrey	Newark, N J.
129	28	F Frank Kleinz	Philadelphia.
130	27½	Tee Kay	New York
131	27½	C F Arno	Syracuse, N Y.
132	28	J A Applegate	South Amboy, N J.
133	28½	A Dukes	Pemberton, N J.
134	27	A Marshall	New York.
135	27½	A S Hunter	Utica, N Y.
136	30	W S King	Pittsburg.
137	27	J S Duston	Newark, N J.
138	30	E D Fulford	Utica, N Y.
139	27	J Arlington	Brooklyn.

ELKWOOD PARK, N. J., March 23.—[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]: The opening day of the Grand American Handicap tournament at Elkwood Park promises to be one of the most perfect spring days imaginable. It is an ideal day for target shooting, but the live-bird shooters are whistling for a good breeze from the northwest It is unnecessary to mention the names of those on the grounds; all one has to do is to glance down the list of entries for the Grand American Handicap, and that tells who is here. Elkwood Inn and its new annex building with twenty bedrooms in it, commenced ten days ago and finished on Saturday, are both filled with guests, two in a room. E. S. Rice and the Western contingent are here in a body, and will stay at the inn until the tournament closes The quality of the talent now on the grounds is of a higher caliber than at any previous gathering. Two more names have been added to the list of entries in the main event, viz., A. W. Sherman, Freehold, N. J., 27yds., and Theodore Hostetter, of Pittsburg, Pa. Others will be added to the list as the post entries come in, and all indications point to 140 shooters going to the score in the Grand American, no forfeits having been declared to date.

Some shooting was done yesterday, but the birds were not very good. In a 10-bird race with 17 entries, four high guns, Knowlton, Tryon, Fulford and Jackson, divided on 10 straight. A miss-and out, $5 entrance, resulted in a long fight, eight men dividing after killing 25 straight. The scores in this event were: Sumpter, May, W. S. King, Grill, Gilbert, Marshall, Tryon, Dallas, 25 each; Hostetter 21; Merrill 20; Fargo, Money, 19; A. H. King, Bowers, 18; Williams 16; Bodie 13; Winston, Fulford, 12; Bingham, Scriebe, Walters, 10; Voris, Budd, 7; Bartlett 6; Burkhardt, Leroy, 3; Crosby 2; Snell 1; Jackson 0. To-day the first event was started very promptly, the large number of shooters on the ground permitting a start as soon as the 8:30 train arrives

The Elkwood Park introductory, the first event on the programme, closed with seventy entries. The conditions were: 7 birds, $5, birds extra, three high guns; a shooter losing two birds has to retire, with the privilege of re entering in case he has a show for the money. So slight was the chance of 6 out of 7 getting any money that several shooters withdrew after losing one bird. Twenty-six men killed 7 straight, tieing for the money. They shot off miss-and-out for three rounds. The names of the straight men were: Powers, Merrill, Carver, Bingham, H. Dunnell, W. Dunnell, Vooris, Gilbert, Hamilton, Messner, Dallas, Heikes, May, McPherson, Green. Fanning, Trimble, Du Bray, S. Glover, H White, James, Dickey, Keller, Strong, 147 and Mersh. In the 1st round of the ties 14 and Mersh missed and retired. Dr. Carver, Heikes and Trimble dropped out in the 2d round. In the 3d round the twenty-one men still in all killed and divided the purse of $350. All three sets of traps were used and everything worked very smoothly.

At 12 o'clock the second event, the Nitro Powder Handicap, 15 birds, $15, high guns, was started with over 100 entries.

EDWARD BANKS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

March 13.—There was some good shooting to-day at Elkwood Park. Phil Daly, Jr., won the Hoey cup with 24 after losing his first bird. During the day D. A. Wilson scored 58 out of 63 shot at; T. W. Morfey had the next best record with 57 out of 64, a record close enough to be called a tie with Wilson's

The Hoey cup was at 25 birds, $25; Nos. 3, 5, 6 and 7 were $5 miss-and-outs; No. 4 was 10 birds, $7, two high guns.

No. 1 was a $5 miss-and-out, and resulted as follows: Morfey (29) and Wilson (29) 2, Capt. Money (28) 1, Walters (28), Daly (28), N. E. Money (28) and Loening (27) 0. Other scores were:

	Hoey Cup.	No. 3.
P Daly, Jr (28)	0222222212222222222222222—24	(28) ...2222110
T W Morfey (28)	2002222212222222202222222—22	(29½)..2222121221
N E Money (28)	2220211222222202212022222—22	(28)....2222222220
D A Wilson (29)	2220222222202222022202?—21	(29)....2222222222
P Walters (28)	2220222222220202220222202—20	(28)....2222221212
Capt Money (28)	1100021002202120122221?0—17	(28)....1211110
A Loening		(27)....2222220
H White		(28)....2122?120
A L Ivins		(28)....10

	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Morfey (30)	2212212222—10	(29½).11221120	(30½).12122	(31)...220
Walters (28)	0222222122 — 9	(28)...22220	.....	...
Daly (28)	220122102	(28)...22122122111210	(28)...20	(28)...120
N Money (28)	0002120	(28)...12212121121111	(28½) 22120	...
Wilson (30)	2222222222—10	(29)...2222212222211	(30½) 2 0	(3?)...1?2
Loening (27)	2?2?110?0?— 8	(27)...120	(27)...22222	(27½).0
Capt Money (28)	1110222021— 8	(28)...2111?2)	(28)...11210	(28)...221
Ivins (28)	1101211122— 9	(28)...22121222220	.....	...

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

March 13. The following scores were made to-day at the regular club shoot of the Forester Gun Club, of Newark. F. Sinnock had the best record for the day, losing 26 out of 130 shot at; Warren Smith being a close second with 28 lost out of the same number. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
F Sinnock	8	9	6	7	8	7	10	7	8	8	9	9	8
W Smith	7	8	9	8	10	8	8	9	5	8	5	7	8
J Fleming	7	5	7	7	10	8	6	..	6	8	5	7	9
Dr Cummings	5	8	7	8	7	8	6	6	6	7	6	..	..
H E Winans	3	5	4	5	6	3	3	3	..	..	..	..	..
D Fleming	..	..	..	..	5	5	5	5	..	..	..	..	..
Wambold	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
M Herrington	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	7	6	8	8	7
C Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	10	7	..	..	..

AT YARDVILLE.

March 15.—A good programme of live-bird events was disposed of to-day at Zwirlein's grounds, at Yardville, N. J. Nos 1-4 were Jersey sweeps, 4 birds, $3; No. 5 was a shoot off, miss and-out, of the ties on 4 in No 4 event. No. 6 was at 10 birds, $5, birds extra; No. 7 was a miss-and-out. The birds were as usual a good lot of flyers. Scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3	No 4.	No 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
J L Brewer	1021	0120	2222	2220	22	2102220222	1222212222
Wilson	0222	2222	2220	2022	22	2222222220	1212221?2
G Cubberly	2021	1100	1222	1102	20	1111101211	2110
E Class	2222	0222	2022	2100	..	2022220202	.....
C Zwirlein	2222	2211	0222	1201	20	2020212112	10
Harris	2012	2200	2220	2002	..	2.012002?2	2122220
Duble	....	....	....	....	..	1221202222	2221222222

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., March 17.—No. 1, match at 20 bluerocks per man, unknown angles:

Valty....1110011010101010100111—12	Wadsw'rth1111101111111111011010—16
Olmsted..0110000111010100100001— 8	Gillett....1011001110110010011 —11
Foster....0101101111011010111—13	Youngs....0010001111001110011 —10

No. 2, same conditions as No. 1:

Valty....0101100001100 0100111—10	Gillett....1110111100111010001—12
Olmsted...0111010000011100011 — 9	Youngs....0011101101 — 6
Foster....0101111010011100111—13	Otis....0101110110100011110 0—11
Wadsw'rth1111010011011010110—13	

E. A. WADSWORTH, Sec'y

ON LONG ISLAND.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.

March 16.—The number of members present at Dexter Park this afternoon at the regular monthly shoot of the Emerald Gun Club was just twenty six, a number that shows that this popular New York club is not losing interest in the sport of trap-shooting. E. J. Clark was the only one of the twenty-six to score 10 straight, Dr. Hudson being second to him with 9, his lost bird falling dead out of bounds. Seven killed 8 out of 10. From the above figures it will be seen that the strong northwest wind and good birds were both in evidence at Dexter Park this afternoon:

Class A, 29yds., 7 points:

Ed J Clark	2222222222—10	R C Clayton	2•1202200•— 5

Class A, 29yds., 6½ points:

Dr Hudson	1222221101— 9	Thos Short	1202021102— 7
Geo E Loeble	2111202202— 8	William Sands	2202222002— 7
E A Vroome	1022111021— 8	H P Fessenden	•201210020— 5
J H Moore	0•21122202— 7	William Amend	0020201101— 5
F W Place	0222•22022— 7		

Class A, 28yds., 6 points:

Owen Mulcahy	22•2222022— 8	Otto Hillmer	0021010110— 5
Bernard Amend	2101101211— 8	Jas Banzer	0220011002 — 4
Wm Joerger	0121111210— 8	John Woelfel	2001100201— 5
G B Hilliers	1120•222•1— 7		

Class B, 25yds., 6 points:

Chas Stuetzle	22•2211011— 8	O W Billings	0110122011— 7
Richard Regan	222?•22•22— 8	Dr Richter	0021100?10— 5
Emil Weiss	1101102212— 7		

Class B, 25yds., 5 points:

H F Burns	2110010012— 6	Geo K Breit	010010•1?•— 3
T F Codey	0121010012— 6		

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

March 17.—The regular monthly shoot of the New York German Gun Club was held to-day at Dexter Park. The attendance was good and the members present had their work cut out to stop Landlord Lippack's good birds Not a single man of the twenty-two shooters scored a straight 10, four 9s being the best records made. Fred Kronsberg won the club badge on the shoot-off. Scores were:

Seven points handicap:

Dr G V Hudson	2222202211—9	J Wellbrock	1212120211—8

Six and a half points handicap:

J Schlicht	1221221201—9

Six points handicap:

B Koenig	2212221110—9	H Nobel	•12•210221—7
H Leopold	1122012101—8	F Sauter	1021120110—7
P Garms, Jr	2021•21211—8	J P Dannefelser	00•1202222—6
H Thomforde	2202002212—7	A Schmitt	0022000002—3

Five and a half points handicap:

F Kronsberg	1110222121—9	E Radel	1010210010—5
A Lucas	21•0101120—6		

Five points handicap:

M Bonden	1102003011—5	A Le Moult	1202100001—4

Four and a half points handicap:

H Oehl	0212000•10—4	H Mayer	1201002002—4
J Moersch	2111010100—6	J Bissinger	0001002201—4
G Heissenhold	0112010022—6	E Hotz	0022020•0—3

FOUNTAIN ROD AND GUN CLUB.

March 18.—W. Lair won the club shoot to day at Dexter Park, the occasion being the regular monthly shoot of the Fountain Rod and Gun Club. Only four members of the club were present, among them the winner of the Brixey cup, W Lair, who showed his form to day by scoring 9 out of his 10, and winning the club shoot. The scores in this event were as below:

W H Lair	122•222111—9	Dr A Eddy	221•201122 8
W R Allen	2?221•2012—8	J E Lake	0220112011—7

A 10-bird match, Long Island rules, between Lair and Dr. Jones resulted in an easy win for Lair, who scored his last 9 birds. Scores were:

W H Lair	0111111111—9	Dr J L Jones	1101•01011—6

The same pair also shot a 10 bird race under A. S. A. rules, tieing with 7 each. On the shoot-off at 5 birds Jones won with 5 to 3, Lair retiring at the end of the fourth round. Scores in this match were:

W H Lair	2102110201—7	Dr J L Jones	2111022100—7

In another match between these two shooters at 5 birds per man Lair killed his 5 straight, while Jones dropped 1 out of his first 4 and withdrew. A sweeps ake at 5 birds per man resulted as follows: Dr A. Eddy 5, W. Lair 4, Allen 4, Lake 3, Jones 2.

CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

March 20.—The attendance to-day at the grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, at Bay Ridge, was decidedly small, the gloomy weather having a good deal to do with it. The following scores were shot, every event being at 25 targets. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
A Hegeman	19	17	19	..	14	18	19	12	W Pickett	..	12	..	14	12	..	15	13	17
D G Geddes	18	..	18	14	16	18	14	..	L Hopkins	..	9	8	7	12	..	..	7	12
C A Sykes	..	15	17	..	..	..	..	..									

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

March 20.—J. A. Bennett won the live-bird shoot to-day at the Woodlawn grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club. He scored 10 straight. F. A. Thompson scored 9, while J. Gaughen lost two birds, both dead out of bounds. The scores were:

Class A.		Class B.	
J A Bennett (27)	1212122222—10	F A Thompson (29)	1112120122—9
J Gaughen (28)	•222 222 22•—8	Platt Adams (28)	00012•1121—6
W H Thompson (27)	1220022021—7	Dr Littlefield (30)	2001•0w

Trap-Shooters' League for Indiana.

PERU, Ind., March 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noticing the communication in your issue of March 13 from Mr. H. T. Hearsey, secretary of the State Trap-Shooters' League, in which he states that that organization has been perfected, I wish to say to the gun clubs of the northern part of Indiana, through the columns of your valuable sportsman's journal, FOREST AND STREAM, that when I issued the call for the gun clubs of this portion of the State to meet at the tournament to be given here on April 28-29, 1897, as per my communication published in FOREST AND STREAM of March 6, for the purpose of organizing a northern Indiana trap-shooters' league, I was wholly ignorant of the fact that the State League had been formed. I now wish to announce that I will withdraw from my position assumed at that time *i. e.*, to organize a northern Indiana league—and at this tournament, which is now an assured success in every particular, I will use my every effort to assist in the further perfection of the State organization believing as I do that one strong State league will further benefit the general interests of the trap shooters of the State, as well as arouse a more fraternal feeling among the various gun clubs, than two or more sectional leagues. I would further suggest to the gun clubs of the State that if they wish to not only promote the general interests of the trap-shooting fraternity, but to also strengthen their local organization, they immediately put their club secretaries in communication with Mr. Hearsey with a view of gaining admission to the League.

Immediately upon receipt of the sportsman's journals in this city publishing Mr. Hearsey's letter I secured a meeting of our club, and they by a unanimous vote decided to enter the League, and our secretary was instructed to at once communicate with the State secretary. I also immediately applied for the approval of the State organization of the holding of the tournament at this place on April 28 and 29, which dates were claimed while I was ignorant of the existence of the League, and trust that such approval will be given.

Trap-shooting is on the increase in this State, and I do not think there is a State in the Union better prepared to maintain a State league than Indiana.

J. L. HEAD.

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 13.—The regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club at Audubon Park, this afternoon, was well attended. Norris won the Class A badge in event No. 3, E. P Reynolds was the winner in Class B, and D. C. Sweet in Class C. After the club events E. C. Burkhardt and L. W. Bennett shot a race at 25 targets per man to decide the ownership of the Brooks & Klipfel trophy. Bennett won with a score of 21 to 20. The scores made in the club events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	20	Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	20
E C Burkhardt	8	12	23	12	12	17	A Coombs	..	..	11	..	..	..
McArthur	7	13	21	15	11	17	F Sandy	..	..	18	10	11	9
A C H	8	10	18	12	12	18	H S Rider	..	..	12	7	..	..
Norris	8	14	22	12	14	18	Jacobs	..	..	15	..	11	..
McMichael	7	9	21	11	12	..	A H	..	11	17	..	..	..
F D Kelsey	8	12	23	10	..	..	E C B	..	..	19	..	..	..
E P Reynolds	9	10	19	..	..	..	L W B	..	..	20	..	..	..
L W Bennett	10	15	21	14	15	19	C W	..	..	..	9	15	18
Wm Hines, Jr	7	9	20	..	..	..	Norwell	..	..	..	8	8	..
D C Sweet	..	14	19	13	10	14	Dauser	..	..	..	6	8	7
McCarney	..	12	19	9	10	18	Wilson	..	..	..	10	8	..

The Cobwebs' Second Annual.

THE second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club, of New York, was held at Baychester, New York city, March 16-19. The programme scheduled for the first two days was a series of target events, the chief one being the Cobweb Handicap, shot on March 19, the last day of the tournament.

The club at present has no grounds of its own, but uses those located at Baychester, which are the property of Messrs. Miller & Zorn. These grounds are easy of access, being only fifteen minutes' run by rail from the end of the Third avenue elevated railroad. The fact, however, that trains on this branch of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. run every hour makes it incumbent on shooters who want to be in time to allow sufficient leeway for catching a certain train or else wait an hour in one of the dreariest spots it has ever been our misfortune to be stranded in. Once at Baychester, it is only a couple of minutes' walk to the club house and grounds, which overlook Pelham Bay.

The shooting grounds slope off rapidly to the water's edge, and for that reason are rather deceiving. They are also exposed to every wind that blows, and on the first day, March 16, it blew hard enough to play havoc with averages. There was a snap, too, to the northwest gale that made the vicinity of a stove a favorite spot when not at the score. The shooting house is really too small for the accommodation of any number of shooters, but on the first day it was not much discomfort to be huddled together around the stove. One end of the shooting house has been boarded off, forming a neat little office, in which Geo. W. Thompson, Jr., the secretary of the club, and Neaf Apgar, who managed the shoot, kept things running in such first rate style that there was never a hitch all day. The purses were figured up in a hurry, and the proper divisions made in short order, and the last round of the last event had hardly been finished when the shooters were requested to step up and draw down the money coming to them.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Cold as it was on the first day, there was no necessity of tempering "the wind for the shorn lamb." There was scarcely a lamb in sight; those that did show up and shoot found themselves in company hot enough to keep them warm. The following list of some of those who were present on both days will be sufficient to illustrate what we mean:

Rolla Heikes, champion of the world on targets; Ferd Van Dyke and B. A. Bartlett, all of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; C. M. Grimm, of Clear Lake, Ia., holder of the cast-iron championship on live birds; C. W Budd, of Des Moines, Ia.; Simon Glover, of Rochester, N. Y.; E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., shooting a Francotte gun; O. R. Dickey, of Boston, Mass., winner of last year's Grand American Handicap, and representing Parker Bros.; the Bennett brothers, of Boston, Mass.; R. Leroy Woodward, of Campello, Mass.; Ed Rike, of Dayton, O., a running mate of Rolla Heikes; Neaf Apgar, of Plainfield, N. J., etc.

From the above list it will be seen that the Cobweb Gun Club can flatter itself upon having gotten together a round dozen of target shots that it would puzzle one to pick a team in the United States to beat at this game. The collection of all this talent under one roof was accomplished without the aid of any added money, outside of $50 donated as average money to the six high guns in all programme events on both target days; this, of course, was entirely due to the fact that the Sportsmen's Exposition was in session in Madison Square Garden, the following week being that in which the Grand American Handidap was set for decision. The boys were killing three birds with one stone

Under these circumstances, with such an aggregation of shooters, there was no money in it for any one. Shooting for one another's money, with "2 cents out for targets," made it a case of hard rooting to come out even. A choice few got more than they started with—very little more; some broke about even, but the majority were forced to chalk down a deficit at the end of each day's shooting.

First Day, March 16.

As stated above, the wind blew strong and cold from the northwest. Owing to the wind and the deceptive slope of the ground, with the uneven throwing of the traps chucked in, scores ruled low all the way down the line. "The Daddy o' them all" had to own up to 14 lost out of the first 150 shot at; he then pulled himself together and ran 49 out of the last 50, finishing with the only average of 90 or better made during the day—91.1. He led his nearest opponent by 5 targets when the 10th and last event had been shot. Glover finished in second place; Grimm was third, with Budd and White tied for fourth place.

The outside crowd was not large, only twenty-five shooters in all taking part in the sweeps. Among this number were: M. H. Clark, president of the New Haven, Conn., Gun Club; Gus E. Greiff, Fairmont, and L. Piercy, of Jersey City; Pringle, F. S Edwards, etc.

SCORES OF MARCH 16.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	13	13	17	13	19	14	17	15	20	14	170	155	91.1
Glover	11	14	19	12	18	14	17	14	17	14	170	151	88.2
Grimm	11	12	18	14	16	13	19	13	19	14	170	149	87.6
Budd	13	14	18	13	19	13	15	13	17	13	170	148	87
White	14	10	18	13	19	13	17	13	18	13	170	148	87
Dickey	13	13	19	13	14	12	16	13	18	13	170	144	84.7
Van Dyke	10	14	18	14	18	11	18	12	15	13	170	143	84.1
W Bennett	12	13	14	14	19	12	20	11	16	11	170	142	83.5
Fulford	12	12	16	12	15	14	18	12	16	14	170	141	82.9
Bartlett	12	11	16	13	18	15	14	11	16	14	170	140	82.3
Leroy	13	13	15	13	14	15	18	9	18	11	170	139	81.7
Apgar	10	14	16	12	17	13	17	13	18	9	170	139	81.7
Edwards	13	10	17	12	14	11	19	12	15	12	170	135	79.4
Rike	12	13	17	12	17	13	12	13	16	10	170	135	79.4
Pringle	9	15	14	13	14	11	18	13	18	10	170	135	79.4
Clark	11	14	16	11	16	13	15	11	16	8	170	131	77
Fairmont	12	9	13	11	15	10	14	10	18	14	170	126	74.1
Greiff	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	13	19	12	65	57	87.6
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	13	30	23	76.6
Cahrs	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	12	..	12	45	34	75.5
Roe	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	11	..	11	45	31	68.8
L Piercy	10	..	12	..	..	10	..	..	15	9	85	56	65.8
Cashau	..	..	..	7	11	9	..	7	10	11	100	55	55
McKeon	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	6	10	6	85	41	48.2

Hebbard shot in No. 8, scoring 11 out of the 15.

Second Day, March 17.

This was a lovely day, not a breath of wind stirring, while a bright, clear sky and a frosty nip in the air made it good to be out of the city. The new additions to-day were not many. Tom Keller, of the Peters Cartridge and King's Smokeless companies, was on hand, running riot as usual; Dr. Mason and Harry Dain came down from Peekskill, N. Y., to take in the shoot, Doc Mason plunking out a 20 straight alone in the seventh event and drawing down enough to make him whole for the day. Eddie Collins, who has been on the sick list for some months owing to a fall from a street car, shot in some events; as did also Landis, a well-known shot from Philadelphia.

The programme stated that the division of the purses on this day would be at the option of the shooters, a vote to be taken before No. 1 was shot. This vote showed a large majority for the "old system," so "old system" it was, and the same old features came up with a monotony that was wearisome. Not that there was any dropping for place; nothing of the sort, so far as we could see; it was clean up and up shooting, with everything in favor of high scores. But it was under the "old system."

Two features of the day deserve special mention: The first was the regularity with which Heikes lost one target in each of the first 8 events; the second was Ed Rike's shooting in the last 6 programme events and the extra event at 20 targets; out of the 125 targets shot at by him in these 7 events he lost just 4, breaking 121 and making a percentage for those targets of 96.8. By this great work he pulled himself out of last place to 8th in the general averages. It was a hot race between Grimm and Glover all day long, while Bartlett and Van Dyke fought it out for 5th and 6th places in the averages. Dickey was unlucky enough to arrive about a minute late for the 9:45 train, thus letting himself in for the double penalty of having to wait an hour for another train and being cut out of the averages. Once on the ground, he made a moderate start, but finished very strongly with 81 out of the last 85 shot at in the programme events. Dr. Mason broke 75 out of the same number (all he shot at), and landed with an average of 91.7. Apgar's totals on both days must be discounted very largely, as he had to work and shoot, something that no man can do and make good scores. Below are the totals:

SCORES OF MARCH 17.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
Heikes	14	14	19	14	19	14	19	14	20	12	170	159	93.5
Grimm	14	15	20	12	16	15	18	15	19	14	170	158	92.9
Glover	15	14	20	13	18	13	18	14	19	14	170	158	92.9
Rike	13	13	17	13	19	15	19	14	20	14	170	157	92.3
Bartlett	14	14	20	11	16	14	19	14	18	15	170	155	91.1
Van Dyke	14	15	19	11	18	13	18	13	18	14	170	153	90
Budd	12	15	18	15	18	14	19	13	18	11	170	153	90
Fulford	14	10	17	14	19	14	18	15	18	13	170	152	89.4
Edwards	14	13	16	14	17	15	17	12	19	12	170	149	87.6
W Bennett	12	14	17	14	18	12	17	12	18	12	170	146	85.8
White	12	12	17	13	17	13	19	13	18	10	170	144	84.7
Apgar	14	12	20	14	15	11	18	13	13	9	170	142	83.5
Leroy	11	15	15	13	15	11	18	13	15	14	170	140	82.3
Mason	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	14	16	14	85	78	91.7
Dickey	..	..	16	12	17	15	19	14	19	14	140	126	90
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	17	10	50	42	84
Dain	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	13	14	13	85	69	81.1
Landis	..	..	13	15	17	10	15	12	18	13	140	113	80.7
Life	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	17	8	50	38	76
Keller	..	..	..	..	..	8	18	13	13	10	85	62	72.9
Hyland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	12	50	34	68
Clark	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	19	63.3
McKeon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	..	35	15	42.8

Zorn shot in No. 2, scoring 10 out of 15.

As stated above, the club donated $50 average money to the six high guns, *not class shooting*, the money being divided into four prizes of $10 each and two of $5 each. It will be seen from the following table of

THE GENERAL AVERAGES

who won the prizes, and how the thirteen men who shot through the programme ended, each man shooting at 340 targets:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Total.	Average.
Heikes	155	159	314	92.2
Glover	150	158	308	90.5
Grimm	149	158	307	90.3
Budd	148	153	301	88.5
Van Dyke	143	153	296	87
Bartlett	140	155	295	86.4
Fulford	141	152	293	86.1
Rike	135	157	292	85.8
White	148	144	292	85.8
W W Bennett	142	146	288	84.7
Edwards	135	149	284	83.5
Apgar	139	142	281	82.6
Leroy	139	140	279	82

Third Day, March 18.

The third day of the shoot was an unpleasant one for live bird shooting. The morning opened foggy and continued so all day, an east wind adding to the unpleasantness. At times too a drizzle that threatened at any moment to turn into rain made matters look ominous for the Cobweb Handicap on the next day. Notwithstanding the bad weather conditions there was quite a good attendance at the grounds, among the newcomers being R. A. Welch and Frank Kleinz, of Philadelphia; Charlie Zwirlein, of Yardville; Dr. Judson, of Utica; W Thompson, of Jackson, Mich.; M. A. Beers, J. L. Brewer and John L. 147 Winston, of the Austin Powder Co.

The birds flew very well, their good quality being the subject of much favorable comment from many of the shooters, who naturally expected poor birds in such weather. The fact that out of sixteen entries in the Harlem Handicap only one man could kill 10 straight speaks for itself.

Event No. 1 was 5 birds, $5, birds included, four high guns; the seven straights of course divided without a shoot-off. No. 2 was 7 birds, $7, birds included, class shooting, two moneys, Rose system, professionals at 30 and amateurs at 28yds. No 3 was the Harlem Handicap, 10 birds, $7, birds extra, handicap 26-32yds., class shooting, three moneys, Rose system. No 4 was a similar event to No. 1, with the exception that winners of first money in No. 3 were penalized 2yds; winners of second money penalized 1yd.; all others at 28yds, except professionals, who were to stand at 30yds unless penalized as above. No. 5 was a miss-and-out. Scores to-day were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3	No. 4
C M Grimm	22122—5	2222222—7	(30)..2222220 72 — 9	(30)..2 2 20—4
M A Beers	0•212—3	2121111—7	(7) 2010222212— 8	(8)..10 11—4
C W Budd	1• 21—4	2212122— 7	(31)..2220222201— 8	(30)..12212—5
F Bennett	2•222—5	•122 •—5	(30)..0122222221— 9	(28)..11102—4
O R Dickey	22 22—5	2•212222—7	(30)..0 102 2•02 — 6	(28)..12222 5
W Cashau	122•0—3	2202022—5	(26)..1021•111.•— 8	.....
F Kleinz	2 012—4	1•12222—7	(3)..1120 0 2 2 — 8	(29)..22211 5
R A Welch	22212—5	2 11221 7	(31)..122•212202 — 8	(30)..12222 5
C Zwirlein	1221 5	1111221 7	(9)..(20222220•2 — 7	(28)..11112—5
S Glover	2•222—5	2 12222—7	(31)..•22A22122— 9	.....
W Bennett	11021—4	0111212—6	(29)..0 1211211— 9	(28)..11111—5
Dr Judson	1•000—1	1 02229—5	(28)..11122 22 2—10	(30)..02222—4
J L Brewer	12222—5	2221212—7	(32)..21•0122211 9	(30)..22212—5
147	.....	2222•03—6	(30)..22•2220•2— 8	(30)..22202—4
E D Fulford	.....	22•0222—6	(3)..02 122222— 9	(3)..2•w
P F McKeon	.....	.....	(27)..•10111211— 8	(28)..01 12—4
W Thompson	.....	.....	.....	(8) 2 •22 4
B Leroy	.....	.....	.....	(28)..2• 10—4

The ties on 7 in event No. 4 were decided in the following miss-and-out:

147	0	Fulford	22212 1—7
Kleinz	0	Budd	2221 21—7
Welch	11 2121—7	Dickey	2121111—7
Zwirlein	20	Thompson	210
McKeon	0	W Bennett	111122•
Brewer	2112221—7	147 (re entry)	20
Grimm	212•		

Fourth Day, March 19.

The weather to-day was even worse than that of yesterday, the start being made in dull, gloomy weather, without the sign of a breeze to give a ray of hope that it would clear up during the day. At noon it was raining gently, but with a persistency that boded ill for the balance of the day. Two hours later it came down solidly and everybody had to get under cover or take the wet as it came.

The entry list of thirty-eight was decidedly encouraging to the club, it requiring only thirty-four to clear the guarantee of $500. Among the new arrivals were: Capt Money and Noel E Money, of the E. C. Powder Co.; Gus E. Greiff, of V. L. & D., the U. S. agents for Schultze powder; Dr. G V. Hudson, of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York; J. G. Knowlton, of New York; U. M. C. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Co., of Bridgeport, Conn; John J. Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs, Ark., shooting under his honorary title of Arkansaw Traveler; P. Daly, Jr., of Elkwood Park, and W. R Patten, of Pleasure Bay, N. J.; G. A. Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Co.; Colin R Wise, of Passaic, N J; Dr Summerson, of Staunton, Va.; Judge Arnow and ex President G. A. Barker, both members of the Cobweb Club; the club was also well represented by C. M. Donnelly, Jack Elliott, P. F. McKeon, Gus Greiff and W. Cashau

Although there were thirty-eight entries in the Cobweb Handicap, only two, D. A. Newton (30) and C. W. Budd (30), killed straight. Newton shot a Greener gun and E. C. powder in Leader shells; Budd shot a Parker gun and Hazard powder in U. M. C. factory-loaded Smokeless shells. The birds were a good strong lot of flyers; with a wind to help them they would have been excellent birds.

A curious incident of the race was the sudden tumble among the straights in the 12th round At the commencement of that round there were seven straight scores of 11. Newton, the fourth man on the list, killed his bird, and Budd, who followed him, also scored his bird. Gus Greiff, the fifteenth man on the list and the only "Cobweb" left straight, lost his bird dead out of bounds. Welch, who followed him (Cashau having withdrawn in the 10th round), also lost his bird in the same manner—dead out. Bartlett, the nineteenth man on the slate, then spoiled his straight by one getting away from him. Dickey, the thirtieth man, had his bird drop dead out of bounds in this round Thus five out of the seven straights dropped down into the 14 hole, leaving Newton and Budd to fight it out Both men killed out, and divided a trifle over $200; seven men scored 14, and divided about $150; fourteen men were in for third money ($100), and five in for fourth money ($50). M. B. McDonnell and Frank Hendrick, both members of the Cobweb Club, acted as referee and scorer respectively.

Shooting did not commence until the arrival of the 9:45 train from 129th street, but a start was made as soon as that train arrived, the first event being the New York Preliminary, 5 birds, $5, birds included, four high guns, 30yds. In this event seven men tied on 5 straight and divided the pot. Scores were:

Preliminary: R. O. Heikes 5, E D. Fulford 5, Ark. Traveler 3, Capt. Money 5, Noel Money 5, C. R. Wise 3, U. Newton 4. Sim Glover 4, Ferd Van Dyke 5, Phil Daly, Jr, 3, H. Walters 4, Dr. J. G. Knowlton 4, Chas. Bartlett 5. O. R. Dickey 5.

The scores in the Cobweb Handicap were as below:

D A Newton (30)	2221222222222 22	15	B Leroy (28)	2022221222 2 220	13
C W Budd (30)	1122222122222	15	Thompson (28)	122 0 220222 20	13
R A Welch (30)	2122222222 2•222	14	Claremont (27)	2122202022122	13
O R Dickey (30)	2211222222220322	14	G Mosher (27)	2201222 02212222	13
B A Bartlett (29)	22222212222022	14	147 (30)	2• 022022222222	12
F Bennett (29)	022122212222222	14	Capt Money (29)	12221102112 1100	12
W Bennett (28)	2022221122111211	14	C Zwirlein (28)	222221202220 20	12
D Hudson (28)	212221120120222	14	P McKeon (27)	122212010111 11	12
Jack Elliott (27)	1111111220222114	14	C R Wise (27)	22 2221020 2022	12
J L Brewer (32)	22•202111212222	13	C Grimm (31)	12220220•220 222	11
S Glover (31)	2•12212222220022	13	E Fulford (30)	0•222222 2102 02	11
R O Heikes (30)	22•222222•22222	13	N Money (29)	2122220•2212022	11
F Van Dyke (30)	22•222222•22222	13	Summerson (28)	212•21•2110110	11
J G Knowlton (28)	2222220220220122	13	R Arnow (27)	1112221 2•1100 10	11
P Walters (29)	2210222220222222	13	C Donnelly (27)	0212220200w	
Ark Traveler (29)	•212201122222122	13	W Cashau (27)	0112102020w	
G E Greiff (29)	2112222222220•22	13	Dr Judson (8½)	0102212 00w	
P Daly, Jr (29)	2•222220222222	13	U M C (26)	0101000 1w	
F Kleinz (28)	2121022022222 22	13	G Barker (26)	2•0200•0w	

East versus West at the Traps.

IN all branches of sport, baseball, rowing, shooting, etc, friendly rivalry and competition are the very essence of the life of each branch. Once a feeling of antagonism is aroused, more harm than good is the result. There should be no such thing as "hard feelings" among sportsmen, and nothing should be said or done to excite anything of the kind.

In our issue last week we suggested in Drivers and Twisters that a match between 10 or 12-men teams representing the East and the West, chosen from those present at the Grand American Handicap, would be a feature in the world of trap-shooting that would go a great deal toward creating interest in shooting circles. Since then the matter has been discussed, and has found much favor in home circles. Phil Daly, Jr., has offered a trophy worth winning for the team that wins the match; while other suggestions, incorporated below, have also been provisionally agreed upon.

The proposed team race was the subject of animated discussion on Friday, March 19, on the grounds of the Cobweb Gun Club during the shooting of the Cobweb Handicap. It was probably from that discussion that the New York *Sun* gathered the "information" contained in the following paragraph clipped from its issue of March 20:

"The expert trap-shooters from the West who are now here and who are on their way for the purpose of competing in the Grand American Handicap have issued a challenge to the wing shots of the East for a match for teams of ten men. The conditions are that each contestant is to shoot at 50 birds, entrance fee $50 each, and the birds to be paid for by the losing team. Daly & Chanfrau have offered a suitable trophy for the match, which will represent the team championship of the two sections of the country. The make-up of the Western team is as follows:

"Charles Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.; Dr. Carver, Chicago; Chauncey Powers, Decatur, Ill.; Dick Merrill and Tom Marshall, Milwaukee, Wis.; Charles Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; J. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City, Mo.; W. Crosby, Chicago, Ill.; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.; and Dr. Williamson, Milwaukee, Wis.

"The date of the match has not been decided as yet, but it is expected that it will be held on the Saturday following the Grand American Handicap."

The above contains one gross misstatement of fact, viz., that the West had challenged the East. No challenge at all had been issued, and for good reason, no Eastern team having been picked or decided upon. The Western shooters have certainly not challenged the Eastern men, neither Charlie Budd, Charlie Grimm or Rolla Heikes being entitled to speak for the West Such being the case, it is regrettable that such a statement should be made at the expense of a body of shooters who have come East to take part in the greatest live-bird event ever shot, the Grand American Handicap of 1897, and who while in the East are looked upon by all shooters of this part of the country as their guests. Something besides courtesy is due one's guests.

The latest suggestions in regard to this proposed team race are as follows: 10-men teams, 50 live birds per man, $50 a side, individual sweepstake, all at 30yds., losing team to pay for the birds; a piece of plate, to be presented by Messrs. Daly & Chanfrau to the winning team, to be disposed of as it may see fit; 10 per cent. to be deducted from the purse to purchase a small cup for each member of the winning team as a souvenir of the event.

The Baltimore Programme.

THE programme for the Interstate Association's tournament at Baltimore, Md., under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association, is ready for mailing and can be obtained of Mr. Geo. L Harrison, secretary of the Baltimore Shooting Association, 129 E. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

The programme calls for two days at targets and one day at live birds. The dates for the tournament have been announced in our list of fixtures so long that it is almost superfluous to add that its dates are April 14-16. The target days are, of course, April 14-15.

The programme for each target day is precisely the same five: 15-target events and five 20-target events each day. The entrance fees are at the uniform rate of 10 cents per target, viz.: $1.50 in the 15-target events, $2 in the 20-target events. The club adds $150 per day to the purses, $12 50 to each purse in the 15-target events and $17 50 in each 20-target event. This makes a sum of $300 added to the purses in the target events.

One set of expert bluerock traps will be used, and a magautrap will supply the place of the other set that will be needed to keep the boys shooting without giving them time to catch cold. All targets will be thrown at unknown angles.

The live-bird programme calls for 3 events: No. 1 is the Carrolton introductory, 7 birds, $7, birds included, $20 added to the purse, all at 30yds., 3 high guns, 50, 30 and 20; No. 2 is the Baltimore sweepstakes, 10 birds, $10, birds included, 32yds. rise all, 4 high guns, 40, 30, 20 and 10; $30 added to the purse. The 3d event is the Maryland handicap, 25 birds, $20, birds included, handicaps from 25 to 32yds., *high guns*, $.00 added to the purse. The division of the moneys will be as follows: 25 entries or under, 5 moneys—30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.; 26 to 30 entries, 6 moneys—30, 20, 15, 13, 12 and 10 per cent.; 31 to 35 entries, 7 moneys—25, 20, 15, 13, 12, 10 and 5 per cent.; over 35 entries, 8 moneys—25, 20, 15, 12, 10, 8, 5 and 5 per cent. High guns, not class shooting.

Two sets of traps will be used for all live-bird events. Note that high guns win. The division of moneys in the target events will be as follows: In all target events there will be 4 moneys, purses being divided on the Rose system, with ratio points of 5, 3, 2 to 1.

All guns and shells forwarded in care of the A. G. Alford Sporting Goods Co., 129 E. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md., will be cared for and sent out to the grounds. If any further information is needed, write the secretary, Mr. George L. Harrison, above referred to. We might add that the Carrolton Hotel will, as usual, be headquarters for shooters during the tournament. Reduced rates will be given to shooters

Barre Scores.

BARRE, Vt., March 19.—The Recreation Gun Club held their regular shoot yesterday. The weather was warm and favorable for good shooting and some very good scores were made. Several representatives of the Montpelier Gun Club were present and added to the interest. The highest average was 89 per cent., made by D. W Abbey, H. G. Bennett, of the Recreation Gun Club, and Towne, of Montpelier. The following is the complete score:

Pigeons:	15	10	10	10	15	25	15	5	20	15	*			Per
Events:	1	2	3	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Shot at.	Broke.	Cent.
Reynolds	14	7	..	8	10	21	10	0	17	8	6–10	136	101	74
Griffin	12	9	..	7	14	20	10	4	19	11	5–10	140	111	79
Fisher	8	5	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	25	59	50
Hawes	3	2	2	1	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	60	10	17
Houghton	11	6	..	..	..	14	..	..	12	..	..	70	43	61
J F Perry	10	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	40	27	68
Kendrick	6	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	60	20	50
Abbey	..	6	..	9	13	22	12	0	18	11	4–10	121	97	80
Eaton	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	3	30
Martin	..	..	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	2	10
Bradbury	..	..	4	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	6	30
B Eastman	..	..	6	6	10	13	6	..	..	..	..	75	41	55
C M Perry	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	55	13	52
Bennett	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	55	20	80
Towne	..	..	..	7	11	..	11	5	18	..	..	65	52	80
Brown	..	..	..	9	10	..	10	0	10	..	..	65	44	68
Barrett	..	..	..	10	18	..	12	0	10	..	..	65	45	69
Shepard	..	..	..	7	8	..	8	3	16	12	..	80	54	68
McCloud	..	..	..	5	10	..	..	2	..	..	..	30	17	58
Fiske	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	13	6–10	43	34	79
Hoisington	12	8	..	..	..	20	10	..	..	..	..	65	50	77

* Miss and-out.

C. M. PERRY.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THERE is a realistic breath of forest and field in the book of the Boone and Crockett Club that commends it to the practiced sportsmen. The men that have contributed to its pages show that their interest in sport is deep-founded, and with their knowledge of hunting craft is combined a happy style that makes subjects which, as a rule, are attractive only to sportsmen equally attractive to the "lay" reader.—*Home Journal.*

FROM SNOW TO SUMMER IN A LITTLE OVER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS is a quick and startling transition, but improved railway travel has accomplished it. Good roadbeds, handsomely-equipped trains, record-breaking time make a trip from New York to Florida a pleasant one. The Atlantic Coast Line *via* Richmond is one of the most popular lines to the South. In connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad it carries passengers in solid vestibuled, steam-heated and electric-lighted trains, known as the "New York and Florida Special," from Jersey City to St. Augustine in exactly twenty-seven hours. It also has fast through car service to Aiken, S. C., and popular Georgia resorts. The bureau of information is at 229 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 14. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE

346 Broadway

NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING

Present Entrance on Leonard Street

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

One affirmed that he had been in a certain Country, where their Bees were as big as our Sheep. This impudent lye one began to examine, and therefore said, Sure then the Bee-hives must be of a huge bignesse. No, saith the other, they are no bigger than ours. How then can they get in? said one. This puzzled the lyar like a Mouse in pitch; at last he answered, Let them whom it concerns look to that. Fragmenta Aulica (1622).

A PERENNIAL CHERRY TREE.

A CORRESPONDENT sent us the other day two stories which had been told by a hunter named Kibbe, and told so often that they had taken a place in the local lore of the neighborhood, to be handed down from father to son as "Kibbe stories." In one of them Kibbe told how once, running out of bullets, he had shot cherry stones at a deer, and the next year had encountered the buck bearing on his frontlet a cherry tree; and the other story was of shooting at birds on a log, splitting the log and catching the row of birds by their toes in the crack. Both of these are fairly meritorious yarns, as such stories go, and the ingenious Kibbe, as the self-styled hero of them, enjoyed a pleasing fame while living, and dead was remembered as a hunter who could draw the long bow with the best of them. It appears never to have occurred to his simple friends and neighbors that Kibbe might not have been the original author of the stories he told, and our correspondent expressed a surprise; which was no doubt genuine, when we advised him that we could not think of printing the Kibbe stories as new, since they were as old as the hills.

The incident is worthy of note, because it furnishes a new illustration of the well-determined proclivity of story-tellers to make themselves the heroes of ancient and travel-stained tales. This invention of the cherry tree sprouting from the head of the deer is at least a century old, for it is given in Münchhausen, first printed in 1785 and as the author of the Münchhausen adventures drew much of his material from ancient stories, this particular fiction may have been contemporaneous with the disputed date of the invention of gunpowder, and the first to tell it may have been a Chinaman. But here in an American village lived a genius who posed as the hero of the episode, and was, by his neighbors, given the credit of its invention; and there was found a writer to send the tale to FOREST AND STREAM as something original, and deserving of a place in print. Thus the buck-borne cherry tree planted so long ago is a perennial, which has been transplanted to bud and bloom and fruit in many lands, and it may be, is destined to flourish long after George Washington and his cherry tree shall have been forgotten. There is a flavor to this ancient humor which is just as acceptable now as it ever was. The same quality which has given the cherry tree life so long will keep it ever green. Generations yet unborn will grin as Kibbes spin anew the old, old yarns in country stores of winter nights.

There is just now going the rounds of our exchanges, and credited to a New York weekly, that old joke of the man who when out with the hounds could not hear the music because the dogs made so much noise. This is another of the long-lived, widely disseminated and always new anecdotes of the field. It may well be more ancient than the cherry tree story, for huntsmen followed the chase and were enchanted with the music of the hounds for ages before there existed such a thing as a gun for deer shooting. In the works of John Taylor, the Water Poet, published in London in 1630, appears a version, which runs:

> A Mayor that was a hunting (by chance) one asked how hee liked the *Cry;* a curse take the *Dogs*, saith he, they make such a bawling that I cannot hear the *Cry*.

Since Taylor, like the later Münchhausen, gathered some of his good things from very old fields, this skit of the music of the hounds may have tickled the fancy of huntsmen of that distant age sung by the poet:

> "When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
> While yet in early Greece she sung."

GREATER NEW YORK.

THE German way of saying What is the matter?—*Was ist denn los?*—has been taken over into English slang as "What's loose?" It is a fitting comment upon the annual flood of bills which pour in upon the game and fish committees at Albany. A list of the measures of 1897 is printed in another column; we do not pretend that it is complete, but the showing of more than sixty separate bills in the Assembly and one-third as many more in the Senate is quite enough to provoke the inquiry, What's loose?

The measures include good, bad and indifferent. For some of them, notably the duplicate bills to repeal Sec. 249, there was urgent need. Others, like Mr. Post's, to permit the use of floating devices for wildfowl in all Long Island waters, should not have come out of committee. As a matter of fact, this vicious measure was rushed through both houses and was the first bill to receive the Governor's signature. It was prompted by a market hunter, who secured its enactment that he might more readily kill ducks for the New York market. This Post law and Sec. 249 (making an open market the year around) are specimens of the game legislation we may expect for the Greater New York when the city shall be a State by itself and independent of the rest of the State. Under existing conditions an unsolved problem of protection is how to stop the steady progress of game from the country districts into the city markets. Under the new order of things the market will be thrown wide open; and the new State, constituted of what is now New York outside of the Greater New York limits, will be compelled to provide and enforce a very stringent non-transportation system.

INTRODUCTION OF EXOTIC SPECIES.

A CONSIGNMENT of jack rabbits was recently brought from Kansas for a game preserve in New Jersey; another lot has been contracted for to go to Long Island; and we learn that Maryland sportsmen are contemplating the stocking of certain districts in that State. The enterprise has been attempted before, but we believe without any pronounced success. The rabbits, it is said, increase in size in the East fifty per cent., but as to numbers the stocking experiments have not proved successful. This is due, no doubt, to the unsuitable conditions which so far have been encountered. The jack rabbit is a creature of the prairies; its subsistence is found in the grasses and other vegetation of the plains. The failure of the species to thrive in the East is accounted for by the reason that favorable food conditions have been wanting in the districts where it has been put out. Nevertheless, the fact that on his native heath the jack is classed with vermin and is accounted a tremendous pest should induce us carefully to consider possible results before establishing him in a new country. In the States of the West the jack has wrought hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of damage to crops, and vast sums have been expended from public treasuries in bounties for his destruction. Orchards, gardens, farm crops have been devoured by the jack rabbit hordes; the problem of coping with the pest is yet unsolved, and there is little promise that any adequate remedy will soon be provided.

The individuals and clubs who are engaged in these well-intentioned jack rabbit stocking enterprises are actually introducing into new fields a wild creature which is known to be a species of vermin, and vermin which under favorable conditions is destructive beyond calculation. The folly of this jack rabbit introduction will be commensurate with the scale of success which shall attend the project. So long as the jacks shall be confined to game preserves and the private estates of those who are bringing them East, there will be no occasion for public concern; but whenever it shall happen that conditions shall favor rapid increase—the jacks taking to their new food supply and having immunity from their natural enemies, the coyotes—we shall have the spectacle of communities casting about for means to rid themselves of the jack rabbit plague.

This whole matter of wild animal importation and liberation should be put under some competent and adequate supervision; it should no longer be left to individual whim and irresponsible impulse. There are salutary statutes in several States to prohibit the planting of new species of fishes in waters already stocked with food fishes without the consent of fish commissioners. There should be similar laws forbidding the introduction of any bird or mammal without the approval of some authority fitted to determine the merits of the enterprise in view of the probable or possible effects upon agricultural interests or the native supply of game. Such an authority now exists in the Biological Survey, formerly known as the Bureau of Ornithology and Mammalogy, a division of the Agricultural Department at Washington. The members of the Survey are engaged in exhaustive studies of animal life. They have fully investigated, among other species, the jack rabbits, and their studies should have equipped them to form an intelligent opinion and to pass judgment with authority concerning the advisability of introducing these animals into new countries. States might profitably add to their game statutes a provision forbidding the introduction of exotic species without the Survey's indorsement of the enterprise as harmless. Congress would no doubt make due provision to add to the duties of the Survey the new one of sitting in judgment upon the projects of jack rabbit and other vermin importers.

YANKEE AND HOOSIER.

ONE effect of such affrays as that recent one which occurred on the Tolleston Club grounds in Indiana, where trespassers were killed by the club police, is to intensify the prejudice with which game preserves and game protection are regarded in many sections. As a result of the Tolleston incident a bill was recently presented in the Indiana Legislature forbidding the setting apart of land for game preserve purposes.

This is interesting and instructive as an expression of antipathy to the shooting preserve system; but there is no reason to believe that it represents Indiana sentiment at large. On the contrary, the general tendency of landowners in Indiana, as in California, Ohio, New Jersey, Connecticut and elsewhere, is to make more clearly defined and more stringently enforced their exclusive rights to control their lands as they please and to keep off intruders.

The trend is in the direction of more rigorous trespass laws. Instead of the doctrine that an owner may not protect his own shooting territory, the principle of his unquestioned right to do so is having wider adoption. In contrast with the Indiana anti-preserve movement is the action of the Connecticut Legislature last week when there came before it a bill to open to the public those streams which might be stocked with fish at public expense. The members repudiated the proposition. Connecticut farmers are willing and eager to have their trout brooks stocked by the State, but they propose to retain control of the streams because they can lease the fishing privileges. They hold out stoutly for the very principle which is opposed by the Indiana anti-preserve agitators; and it must be conceded that in this the Yankees of the Nutmeg State show themselves shrewder than the Hoosiers.

SNAP SHOTS.

At first blush the connection might appear remote between the bubonic plague of India and the game supply of McDonough county, Illinois, but the relation is not fanciful; for Dr. O. W. Blaisdell, who has undertaken to stock Illinois with Indian game birds, has been hindered by the plague from bringing over a lot of chuckor partridges he had contracted for. Some of the chuckors previously put out, Dr. Blaisdell tells us, are known to have survived, and it is possible that from this feeble stock the race may be established.

Norway and Sweden are intent upon making known to the world their attractions for the sportsman tourist; and at the Scandinavian and Russian exposition, to be held in Stockholm this summer, the sportsmen's exhibit will be comprehensive and prepared on a large scale. Salmon fishing, elk hunting, and other phases of sport will be illustrated.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TALES TOLD BY THE CAMP-FIRE.—II.

BY AMATEUR.

AFTER our guide had ended his yarn we finished arranging the cabin so that we would be comfortable during his absence; but his story had cast a feeling of discomfort over the whole of us, and our feelings were not soothed by the grewsome reflection that we were camping in the very cabin that had been occupied by the two hunters, and to which the body of the one killed by the panther had been brought. At last the old fellow took his leave of us, and we were left to our own devices.

"Why do you suppose that old villain told us that tale?" asked one of our number, addressing no one in particular.

"I don't believe the yarn, not a bit of it," said another. "I was up North a few winters ago with a friend, and we had an old fellow for a guide who took the greatest pleasure in life in telling us all manner of horrible stories about men having been killed or injured in different ways. He seemed to have a longing to see us shiver. But one day my companion remained at the camp, about which our guide had told us some blood-curdling story, while the guide and I went out into the woods, and in two or three hours came back with a brace of fine wild turkeys. As we got within about a quarter of a mile of camp we heard a tremendous racket, somebody whooping and yelling at the top of his voice, though we couldn't distinguish any words. I gave an answering whoop, and then everything quieted down.

"'What do you think 's the matter, Charlie?' said I to the guide.

"'I dunno,' said he; 'sounds as if Jo'd got drunk.'

"I rejected this proposition at once, but the guide shook his head, and we quickened our pace for camp. As we drew near we saw that there was a good fire, but Jo, my companion, was nowhere to be seen. But suddenly we heard a voice, Jo's voice, saying: 'Here, you fellows! drop your guns and throw up your hands.'

"Charlie's gun slid to the ground and so did mine, and both our hands went up into the air, when Jo again said: 'Now, Charlie, I've got the head of my Winchester square on your heart, and if you don't swear by all you hold sacred that all those tales you've been telling George there and me are lies made out of whole cloth—nothing in 'em at all—I'm going to shoot you dead right where you stand. No back talk now. Are you going to swear or not?'

"I need scarcely say that Charlie took his oath to the utter falsity of all the local history he had imparted to us during the trip, and further, that he would confine himself strictly to the truth on the remainder of the journey.

"'Now, you let those guns lie just where they are, unless George says they're not loaded, and come on into camp,' said Jo.

"I gave him the assurance he required, when we took up our guns and marched up to the fire.

Charlie was the maddest man I ever saw, but along toward 10 o'clock he cooled down and laughed over the adventure.

"We had a glorious time, got home all right, and have been together with Charlie since, but I couldn't help thinking that if some one of us should try Jo's trick on that old fellow that did all he could to make us all feel miserable, we would have obtained a similar result to what Jo got from old Charlie."

The next day we had fairly good luck in the woods, but at night by the fire in the cabin several of the party complained of missing what they thought fair and easy shots. One of our number spoke and said: That reminds me of a little tale that I've heard my grandfather tell when I was a child, and to pass the time away I'll tell it to you for what it's worth.

My grandfather was born in what is now Greene county, Pa., in 1780, and was a woodsman and hunter from the time he could look through the sights of a rifle. Ezra Engle was married to an older sister of my grandfather, and Ezra Engle was the gunmaker and gun repairer for a large scope of country between the Laurel Ridge and Pittsburg. His guns had 3ft. barrels, flint locks, were always full stock, and sometimes, but not often, silver-mounted. His initials, E. E. in script letters, are always on them just back of the hind sight, which is always elevating. The front sight is always copper, and stands well up from the barrel, into which it is fixed without a base. A few years ago at a sale I bought one of his guns, beautifully mounted, with the original flintlock, all in good condition, and I wouldn't take any money for it to-day. This is the story as told me by grandfather:

One time, said grandfather, I suppose it was along in 1805 to 1810, I took my gun, a rifle that your uncle Ezra Engle had made for me; it run sixty to the pound, was flintlock (there were no cap locks in those days) and had a single trigger. Ezra didn't put double triggers on his guns, but he had a way of fixing them with a screw so they'd go as easy as any double-triggered gun and never creep, or as hard as an old musket. [The gun I have has this peculiarity, but I don't understand it.] I went out to kill a deer or two, or something like game. I had several nice, easy shots, and missed them all. At last I became discouraged and mad, and went home feeling badly over my bad luck.

When I went in your grandmother said, "Why, Een, where's your deer?" [Grandfather's name was Aaron, but my grandmother always called him 'Een.']

"In the woods," said I, very much out of humor. "I never had such hard luck; missed every shot I had."

Your grandmother seemed surprised, but said nothing; but at this an old Indian, very old, who had the liberty of every house about there, got up and said: "Een good shot; no can miss if gun all right. Let ole Nosey see him gun if no load in him."

I don't know the old Indian's name; everybody called him Nosey, and I had his name Nosey put on his tombstone, for he died at my house, and I had him buried. [My grandfather would always put in at this point.] I handed my gun to old Nosey, who threw back the frizel which covered the pan, and looked at the touch-hole and pan, and then blew into the muzzle of it, and looked again at the pan, when he said:

"Gun much heap sick, no can shoot. Gun need um physic. You give gun physic, him git well, then gun shoot heap much good."

Your grandmother and I both laughed, but I asked, "What makes you think the gun needs a physic, Nosey?"

"Look at um touch-hole, look at um pan," said he, "you see water come out of him like lead. When gun do so him sick, and no can shoot till him git physic."

"But I don't know how to physic a gun, Nosey. Do you mean I am to clean it?"

"No, clean um do no good, gun sick," said Nosey. "White man no kin physic gun, no kin find out how, but ole Nosey tell white squaw. Een squaw, she mus'n't tell Een, but kin tell nudder brave, her son if her wants to, and he kin tell little squaw, him sister, an' she tell Een. Squaw no kin tell squaw, brave no kin tell brave. Squaw tell brave, but not her brave. Brave kin tell squaw, but not him own squaw. If Een willin', Nosey tell squaw, squaw git stuff; Nosey make big medicine and give gun physic, but Een must kick um squaw before she start and Een must say nothing, nothing 't all."

Your grandmother and I were much amused at this, but finally agreed to try the treatment. Nosey took your grandmother out of my hearing and told her what he wanted. I administered the kick. Before I did so, however, Nosey said: "Squaw no mus' laugh when Een kick. Squaw mus' look much heap sorry, an' came back and do what Nosey tell him."

Your grandmother went out, and after a time came back and put a lot of roots and leaves and twigs into a kettle filled with running water. While she was gone I had unbreeched my rifle and taken out the breech-pin, and Nosey had plugged the muzzle tight with a wad of tow. He waited until the stuff in the kettle had boiled, when he filled the gun-barrel with the boiling water and stuck the breech end of the barrel into the kettle, into which he threw the breech-pin, and left the barrel in the kettle until the plug flew out of the muzzle and a lot of dirty foam ran out of the gun-barrel. When this stopped running he took out the barrel and wiped it thoroughly, and then wiped the breech-pin. He then took a lump of deer's tallow and greased the barrel all over the outside, and greased the breech-pin with the marrow from a deer's leg bone. He held the barrel up for me to look through and it was as bright as silver inside. He put in the breech-pin and put on the stock, first cleaning the lock thoroughly. After he had finished he handed me the gun, saying: "Now, Een, gun well. Now can shoot."

I went hunting next day and killed five deer and two turkeys without missing a shot.

Your grandmother told your Uncle Jake, he told your mother and your mother told me; but I can't tell you, your mother or your grandmother must tell you what old Nosey's receipt is. It won't do for a man to tell a man. Your grandmother told Ezra Engle and he used the receipt a long time, but I had to tell his wife—my sister Charity—so they could use it. Along after 1815 your Uncle Ezra Engle concluded to go to St. Louis with his family, and told his brother Barnes, who was a gunsmith, and Barnes told his wife and afterward tried to use the receipt; but he never could make the plug fly out of the muzzle, and rusted all the guns he ever tried it on. But I can take the worst old musket, if the lead color shows about the touch-hole, and your grandmother or your mother will get the stuff after I've kicked her, without speaking, and make it like a looking-glass inside.

[FOURTH TALE TO BE TOLD NEXT WEEK.]

QUAIL SHOOTING IN EGYPT.

THE temple of Komombos is one of the most imposing in Egypt. This is not due to its great size, but is owing rather to its commanding position. It stands on a broad curve of the river, where the Nile makes a sharp turn, and the broad, steep wall descending from the wide *parterre* in front of the ruins to the water brings the massive columns into majestic relief against the intense blue of the sky. We were lazily floating down the river yesterday, about four miles above Komombos. The surface of the water was glassy, excepting where an eddy sent the water swirling into silent circles, or one of the large Nile fish leapt in air in pursuit of its shiny little smelt-like prey. We were floating now sidewise, now stern foremost, and the sleepy monotone of our boatmen chanting as they used their unwieldy oars, or the sing-song cries of the *shadoof fellaheen* (peasants engaged in supplying water to the irrigating ditches) as they raised and lowered their goat skin buckets, were the only sounds. Moving with the current we were, and making about three miles per hour. It was very warm, but Selim, our dragoman, suggested that we go ashore in the felucca and walk down to the temple, through the lentil fields, and shoot some quail. * * * The Messina quail is a curious little bird. Hatched in Europe in June, he grows up on the fat of the land, and in October, when the nights become chilly, he travels southward, getting strong of wing and plump of body from the grain fields of France, Italy and Greece. He then crosses the Levant, making as many stops as there are islands in the extreme eastern Mediterranean. He makes short stays at Crete, Cyprus and Asia Minor, and, tired out, he at last comes to the Delta of the mighty Nile and travels up its fertile valley. On and on he flies, past the first cataract into Nubia, past the second cataract into the Soudan, past the now unknown country of the Mahdi and the Khalifa, on and on to Abyssinia. There he spends the early winter months and returns by the same route in February to spend his summer in Europe absorbed with his family cares. On the way down the valley in February he grows very fat upon the ripening grain. His favorite food, however, is the lentil or small bean.

When at last he drops exhausted on the shores of Greece or Italy he is so "done up" that he can be snared or often picked up by the thousand, and is served as *petit caille* in every hotel and restaurant in Europe.

On landing we found no trouble in securing the services of a local *shikiri* or *guide de la chasse*. His name was Achmed Nass, and he soon had six youthful beaters of ebon hue engaged at ½ piastre each (2½ cents), and we started down the fields. I took my position in the center of a line covering perhaps 50 or 60yds. Selim, having a gun, guarded the right wing. Achmed walked at my right. The signal to start is given and our little army moves forward. And now the air is filled with the shrill cries of the beaters. Each boy pitches his cry in a different key, and the resulting sounds from end to end of our line are quite comparable to the chorus made by a number of tree toads at home, rolling out their shrill calls before or after a thunderstorm in summer. Soon the little birds begin to buzz up. They rise singly or in pairs and occasionally three at a time. They have a rather swift, low flight, and rarely fly far, dropping into the wheat or lentils with a sudden tumble, resembling quite forcibly our sora or rail (*Porzana carolina*). In fact, this shooting strongly reminds one of rail shooting, if imagination but substitutes boats for men. These fields are completely submerged at "high Nile" or during the inundation. As the water recedes the mud dries and cracks, and as little or no cultivation is necessary before planting, the ground is left very rough and the walking is disagreeable.

The guns are cracking now right, now left. At every few steps one, two or three birds flip up, and we pass over many which rise behind us, but are allowed to escape on account of the danger, as quite an army of men and boys follow us as rear-guard and in the hope of getting a little *backsheesh* (money).

We pass many groups of the *fellaheen*, with their donkeys, camels and sheep. Their summer homes consist of a small inclosure made of corn stalks woven into walls, and set on end. The women and children spend their days squatted on the shady side of this wall, and at night all sleep inside. There is no roof, as there is never rain in Egypt. When the inundation begins again in June or July they betake themselves with their belongings to the mud villages, which are sufficiently elevated to escape the water. In times of exceptional flood the mud houses melt away like snow before the sun, and the inhabitants live in boats and upon improvised rafts tied to the trunks of the palm trees. At such times one sees camels, donkeys, sheep, goats, chickens and dogs and people all crowded together.

The sharp report of the guns goes on incessantly. A puff, a cloud of dusty feathers, and little Mamoud rushes forward to retrieve. A reload and on we sweep. If the quail are as plenty as this all the way down the valley what countless millions there must be!

The chief engineer of the railway now building tells me that he hunts these little birds with his fox terriers as retrievers. They are also hunted with pointers, and afford excellent sport.

Hassan, our boy from the dahabeah, is kept busy supplying me with cartridges, and as his load grows lighter his *gilabia* bulges as the dead birds are passed from one or another of the beaters to his care. As we approach the great ruin of Komombos it is impossible not to think for a moment of the strangeness, the incongruity of the scene. Here stands an American, shooting quail with a hammerless breechloader in the shadow of one of the grandest works of the hands of man. If on the eve of the twentieth century of the Christian era old Tothmes II. (1700 B. C.) could lift his mummified head from his sarcophagus and look about! What would he say? He would rub his eyes for a moment and then, with Mr. Townsend's Chimmie Fadden, exclaim, "What t'ell!"

The little quail, however, has never changed. In all the temples, in all the tombs, one sees the little fellow depicted in all his colors with life-like fidelity.

Our dahabeah, the Ammon-Ra, is found at the bank above the ruin. How good to get out of the broiling sun. We use up our last morsel of ice, brought on at Assouan, and we sit and count our forty-five plump little birds.

INCOG.

ALONG THE POTOMAC.

(Continued from page 204.)

I CLOSED the first stage of my tour with a description of a favorite feeding resort for water fowl on Hunting Creek, and with a promise in the closing paragraph of a description of the adjacent tract of marsh and jungle, with its inhabitants.

This immense tract of marsh was in earlier years subject to overflow at each recurrent tide of the Potomac River. Consequently it was useless for cultivation, and also detrimental to the health of the surrounding country. The proprietor therefore attempted to reclaim it by throwing up an embankment along the margin of the river and creek. This was only partially successful, and left it in a condition called a pocoson, by which name it was known in the vicinity. Its partial drainage apparently produced the effect of changing its condition sufficiently to attract numerous families of the feathered race, in addition to those previously domiciled within its borders. The altered condition also enabled some of the small class of quadrupeds, particularly that nocturnal marauder, the crafty coon, to make it their abode and unassailable fortress during the day, and from which they would make their sorties to plunder the surrounding cornfields. In short, at the time that I participated in its pleasures (about sixty years ago) it contained all the elements essential to constitute what a modern sportsman would consider the *ne plus ultra* of his desires.

There were numerous small ponds, an occasional islet or elevated spot sufficient to sustain a cluster of bushes, occasionally a gum tree lifts its head above the surrounding foliage; and intersecting the tract in different directions small streams sufficient for the passage of a skiff present themselves conveniently for those who wish to pursue their mazy course in pursuit of game. And do not think I can be justly charged with exaggeration by saying there was not at that time another tract or division of land of similar dimensions containing greater numbers of the various species of the feathered race in the classification of animated nature. Among the divers species which annually migrated hither to participate in nature's beautiful harvest we believe the wood duck, known as summer duck, is entitled to head the list, as its sojourn is longer. They come early in spring, propagate and raise their broods, and remain until compelled by stress of weather to depart. They build, or, rather, deposit their eggs in the cavities of decayed trees (which were numerous around the margin of the pocoson), 30 or 40ft. above the ground, from which elevation I have witnessed them transport their young to the water, which operation appeared to be by the mother grasping the neck of the young one with her bill. When placed on the water the young brood appeared to be as familiar with the use of their propellers as are young partridges with theirs on *terra firma*. The different varieties of the mallard family came annually in abundance; and as food was plentiful, and the natural surroundings specially adapted to their instincts, their plumage and action could be seen in perfection. Although the

mallard is conceded to be the progenitor of our domestic duck, yet its natural characteristics appear to be more widely separated from the habits of their domestic descendants than any of the duck species. While the domestic progeny of the mallard are more gentle and fearless of injury than any other of our fowls descended from a wild race, they, on the contrary, are continually apprehensive of danger, exceedingly wary, and as alert as Scottish clansmen in expectation of an attack; and at the slightest alarm will rise from the water, or apparently bounce nearly perpendicular until reaching an elevation above the surrounding trees.

This pocoson was also a famous resort for those consummate pirates of the duck species, the widgeons, commonly called bald-pates, which obtain a portion of their food by open brigandage. They are fond of the marine plant, which constitutes the principal food of the canvasback and redhead, which these wildfowl obtain by diving to the bottom to secure the roots. As diving is not among the widgeon's accomplishments, they are compelled to resort to drastic measures to gratify their epicurean desires. Therefore they repair to the adjacent feeding grounds of the superior fowl, and mingle with them (apparently socially) during their feeding hours; and when one of the divers rises from the bottom with the fruit of its enterprise grasped in its bill, one of the nearest social visitors seizes the coveted morsel without ceremony before the victim could shake the water from its eyes. That quality or mode of acquirement appears to be inherent in this species of feathered brigand. As this quality is implanted by nature, I suppose it is all right, and although not in accord with our system of justice, yet we find some human bald-pates in perfect sympathy and practice with their congeners, and many of them seem to occupy reserved seats in the front row.

The beautiful little green-winged teal was an annual visitor, arriving in October to participate in the bountiful feast which nature provided for the feathered species, particularly those of the aquatic classes. Here they reveled amid the ripe seed falling from the wild oats and various other plants indigenous to the locality. This beautiful little duck, although quite numerous here on each returning autumn, never congregated in large flocks, either in flight or at rest. They were clannish rather than social in their habits; I seldom saw over fifteen or twenty assemble together. I have frequently watched from a secluded spot their little assemblages and gazed with admiration on their brilliant plumage and graceful evolutions, apparently indulging in social enjoyment after supplying their bodily requirements from nature's prolific fields around them. Their annual sojourn here was short, but it was during the beautiful season of Indian summer, when the scene (in my estimation) was more fascinating than at any other time; the surrounding landscape presenting a picture of matchless inanimate beauty. The foliage crowning the adjacent forest, and also the shrubbery and isolated trees along the margin, and interspersed through this pocoson, painted as nature only can, in all the colors of the rainbow, in conjunction with her numerous species and families of animated productions, presented to the sportsman and ornithologist a picture enchanting and ineffaceable.

Amid this magnificent scenery I have gazed with delight (oblivious of passing time) upon the graceful and erratic evolutions indulged in by a family or clan of this small but magnificently clad fowl, the green-winged teal, whose every movement or change of position under the glistening rays of the sun would present to the sight corruscations in conformity with the various tints and colors of their splendid plumage until we could imagine their drapery an aggregation of jewels

On those occasions I would shelter myself in some secluded spot, from which I could observe their movements entirely unobserved by them. And when I wished to retire I would cautiously creep from my concealment to avoid disturbing or alarming them.

As I invariably carried my gun on these expeditions, no doubt the mental question may present itself to some who read this: "How many did you kill?" I have never yet killed one of those beautiful little fowl which have afforded me so much pleasure. If asked how many bald pates I killed after watching (not with admiration) their piratical operations, my answer might be somewhat different; but modesty (that inherent quality universally prevalent with sportsmen) admonishes me to beware of numerical statements, thereby preventing some officious game warden from insinuating that I was indulging in hyperbole—and perhaps prove it on me.

In addition to those mentioned above, there were other feathered visitors belonging to the ultra aquatic class of water fowl, but time forbids me delineating further in that branch. Within the precincts of this pocoson or feeding resort could be found at that time all the grades and classes forming a complete chain of connecting links between the ultra water fowl and those living and feeding exclusively on the land.

The different classes or grades relatively connecting the extremes of the feathered race in one family were as numerous, and the gradient or change so slight between the intermediate members, it was difficult to decide to which part of the line of progression each belonged. In fact, there were two classes, annual visitors in that vicinity, and I have never been able to decide which part of the chain of connection they formed the links. Their visits were in the spring, during the advent of immense schools of fish, with which the rivers and creeks were plethoric, and which also constituted the principal food for these birds, the kingfisher and fish hawk. Where to place them in the lexicon of ornithology I am unable to decide. At any rate, they were there, obtained their food from the water, and were expert divers, yet I never saw one swimming or resting on the water even momentarily. Their mode of capturing their food is interesting and really exciting. As this communication is becoming lengthy, I will close with a description from personal observation of the *modus operandi* of the fish hawk in capturing its prey, with its exciting sequel, on this special occasion.

While standing on the dike separating the pocoson from Hunting Creek my attention was attracted by an unusually large fish hawk slowly flopping along about 15 or 20yds. above the surface of the creek, apparently oblivious of surrounding objects, but evidently his vigilant eye was searching every spot beneath for a suitable victim. When he had marked his anticipated prey his previous sluggish movements disappeared, and instantly his momentum was arrested and suspended in mid air with outstretched wings and no evidence of life except a slight tremulous vibration of his pinions. This position was maintained until his unerring eye had measured the distance and range of his quarry; then, swift as the lightning's flash, he plunged with closed wings beneath the surface of the water, from which he emerged in a few moments (yet I was somewhat alarmed for his safety), when he arose with a struggling captive grasped in his talons, and with an air of triumph started in the direction of a dead tree on the opposite side of the creek, on which the fish hawks frequently perched to enjoy their lunch, as it was isolated and consequently could not be approached unseen by their enemies. Alas! his anticipations of a quiet meal were doomed to disappointment. He had proceeded about halfway across the creek, exerting himself to the utmost to reach his destination, when he uttered a piercing scream and vigorously exerted his power to escape some imminent danger, the cause of which I had not yet discovered. And as it was the first time I had heard, when witnessing an incident of this nature, such a piercing scream of alarm (which was an interlude to the impending contest at the sequel), I watched with intense interest for further developments. Upon sweeping the horizon closely I discovered a dark spot rapidly approaching, which proved to be the unrelenting enemy of the hawk, the bald eagle, which no doubt had been watching the movements of the hawk from an elevated perch until the time arrived to strike. From the moment the hawk discovered the approaching winged conqueror he made desperate attempts to escape by ascending in wide circles, the eagle pursuing the same tactics. It was exceedingly interesting to watch their gyrating movements until the eagle gained the ascendant, when he plunged upon the hawk, who in his terror abandoned his fish, for which the eagle plunged again with indiscribable velocity, secured the falling fish in his talons before reaching the water, then gliding away with inconceivable celerity made through the air one of those matchless ascending curves for which the king of birds is celebrated, without flap of wing or flirt of feather.

James Norris.

Harford County, Maryland.

RECOLLECTIONS OF IOWA.—IV.

"Ah, happy hills; ah, pleasing shade;
Ah, fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd."

To those who have reached the crest of the hill from whence they can survey the beginning and the end of the journey of life, one of the sweetest pleasures is to sit down and muse over the course they have traveled, and silently contemplate the joys and sorrows, the pleasures and pains, the successes and mistakes that stud its devious way. And yet how prone we are to forget the miseries and remember only the delights of our boyhood days. Some way the clouds seem to have all floated away and left only the sunshine. Nature, for some occult reason, smooths the folds of memory, making us forgetful of wintry skies, dead leaves, yellow grass, cut fingers and cold feet, and permits us only to recall bright skies, pretty green leaves and grass, birds, songs and happiness. Yes, "nature can soothe if she cannot satisfy," and for this, if nothing more, she is entitled to a first mortgage on our gratitude. Even in those cases where pleasure and distress got so badly mixed up that we were in doubt then as to which had the better of the other on the general proposition we find no room in our hearts for doubt in after years. Memory has digested all the distresses and permitted pleasure to assimilate them.

It was March, 1862. We had passed a hard winter, with lots of cold, disagreeable weather. But now the leaden clouds were floating away, the grass was timidly peeping out from its cold bed, the bluebird was investigating the condition of its last year's quarters, the ice in the streams was breaking up, and the quack of the mallard and the honk of the wild goose were heard in the land. I got down my shotgun, stuck a bottle of powder in one pocket, a bottle of shot in another, a wad of paper and a box of caps in another, whistled up old Cola—my bull retriever—and struck out for Coon River for ducks. I wanted to get down the river two or three miles below Foster's, where I knew that some spring branches put in, and where I was sure that I would find plenty of ducks. Snow and ice were still with us, and we took the center of the river to expedite matters, and also for the advantage that it gave us over any unsuspecting birds that might be puddling along the banks. We had proceeded on our way a mile or so when I began to realize that the ice was unsafe. It seemed to be rotten, and disposed to quit business in that neck of the woods. I had taken but a few steps shoreward when with a crack and a crash it broke and let me through.

The water was deep and very cold, but I hung on to my gun and put forth my most gallant efforts to get out. After letting me through the cakes of ice had readjusted themselves, and when I came up I found myself under the ice. I thought I would surely strangle before I found a place that I could get my hand through to the surface, but I found one and tilted the cake so that I could get my head out. Then I tried to climb up, but the treacherous ice cakes would modestly give way to my weight, tilt up and let me down again. Really I do not know how I did manage to get out, but I did after a long time. And when, half dead, I pulled myself up on the snowy bank, I still had my gun and ammunition. The powder was all right, for it was in a corked bottle; and the caps were in a close-fitting tin box. Thank fortune, neither powder nor caps were any the worse for my ducking. My clothes were freezing on me, and the question at once presented itself: Should I go home? I felt that if I went home then my condition would call for an explanation, which said explanation would probably seriously affect my plans for the future.

Old Cola had quietly slid ashore at the first intimation of trouble, and, while powerless to render assistance, seemed to be a deeply interested spectator, and ready now to condole with me and offer some good advice if I could only understand him. And as a general proposition a boy and his dog understand each other. If a boy and his dog can't understand each other, who can?

I construed Cola's manifestations of pleasure as mute suggestions that we go on with the hunt. He said as plainly as could be said without words: "Pshaw! that little ducking will not hurt you; you are too brave and manly to let a little thing like that spoil all our sport; come on, let's go on down the river and get some ducks." So we went off out to a grassy place among the trees where we were somewhat sheltered from the wind, and I stripped off every dud, wrung them out as well as I could, dressed, and we proceeded on our way. We had good luck with the mallards at the spring holes, and old Cola worked with such unusual energy that I never lost a duck. Apparently he wanted to show me that I had done just the right thing in following his advice. We did not return home until night, and when we did get home my clothes were perfectly dry, and I was comfortable and warm. One never takes cold from such mishaps or exposures if they keep their blood moving by proper exercise.

When I was a boy in Iowa there wasn't a day of the year (except Sunday) that wasn't open season for some kind of sport with rod or gun. And, as with all boys, Sunday was open too if we could manage to give the old folks the slip. The only close seasons were such as our better natures suggested or felt disposed to recognize. We fished from early spring to late autumn and then speared the fish through the ice. We permitted the prairie chickens to hatch their young without molestation, but commenced to shoot as soon as the young commenced to fly.

No thought of any kind of protection for water fowl ever came into our heads. Rabbits and squirrels were outlawed by common consent, but there was a tender spot in all our hearts for poor little Bob White. Spring and autumn the prairie lakes were full of water fowl that sought refuge in the river during boisterous weather. And there in the river was where I most delighted to hunt them. And if I should undertake to tell of the countless numbers I killed it would sound too much like a fairy tale to insure general belief. But, while I made some wonderful shots, I never succeeded in scoring as many at one shot as did my friend Mr. Baumgardner. He got twenty-seven mallards at one shot.

Every autumn father and I would go with a covered wagon up to the northwestern part of the county and spend a couple of weeks or more with the water fowl, and, of course, we had great sport. The country had begun to settle up; and here and there were small patches of corn, which were, for the most part, appropriated by the cranes, geese and ducks. And in these fields I had some of the greatest sport of my life. The majority of these fields were unfenced and therefore seldom harvested by their owners. The cranes would come by thousands, alight on the adjacent prairie and then walk over into the corn. By the time they were ready to go on south there wasn't much left of it, and it generally had the appearance of having been torn to pieces by hogs. But if the owner could manage to fence his little field the cranes were "leary" and regarded it with suspicion as being some kind of a trap.

I remember one fall we made our headquarters at Mr. Francis's, up in Dallas township. There was a small field of corn about two miles north of our camp which the owner had fenced against the cranes, but the mallards gathered there nights and mornings in countless numbers. There was no house on it, only just a little, lonely prairie field, and I jumped the claim so far as mallard hunting was concerned. Probably the owner would not have objected any way, for mallards, in such numbers as I found there, were not calculated to increase his harvest to any perceptible degree.

One evening as the sun was sinking in the west I took my dog and gun and hurried away to my preserve, climbed the fence, went out in the field a few rods, tied four hills of corn together at the tops for a blind, and commenced work. I kept the dog very busy bringing ducks until it became too dark to shoot, and must have had forty or fifty fine mallards. Then I hurriedly gathered up my game, climbed the fence near the corner, and struck out for camp. Now a prairie is much the same, no matter which way you go, and while I could not observe any strange or unfamiliar landmarks, it seemed to me that it was a very long way back to camp and that the mallards were unusually fat and heavy. It became dark, very dark; but I kept on walking, and after a couple of hours became painfully aware that in my hurry I had climbed out of the field on the wrong side and was to all intents and purposes lost. But I kept on walking, waded through prairie ponds to my hips, alarming sleepy water fowl and now and then starting some animal (presumably wolves) from the long grass, and making myself obnoxious generally.

At last I discovered a light away off across the prairie and made for it. Somewhere about 11 o'clock I reached it, and found that it came from a settler's cabin on a little patch of unfenced new sod; but the settler had a dog that seemed to be savage and not at all disposed to let me approach. Finally the dog's unusual conduct brought the settler to the door, and I inquired if he could tell me where Mr. Francis lived. I felt my heart sink a little when he replied, "Yas, about nine miles east o' here." Then I had to ask him which way was east, and he came out and gave me the general direction. I wanted to get to camp, for I knew that the folks would be uneasy, and so I pulled on, still hanging on to my ducks. And maybe you think they were not heavy by this time.

After walking another hour or more I heard the faint report of a gun away off across the prairie, which I answered with both barrels. It wasn't very long before father and Mr. Francis came riding up, and what a relief it was to get rid of those mallards and astride of a horse.

The best squirrel hunt I ever had was one October day in 1863. I had two chums by the name of Seth and Cicero Dodge, who lived down in the forks of 'Coon about four miles below us. The boys were hauling wood to town and they told me that the woods down in the forks were alive with squirrels, and that if I would go back with them that evening they would get their father to let them have the next day off and we would have lots of fun. I went home and got my No. 14 muzzleloader, plenty of ammunition and my dog and went home with them. Father Dodge had built a new frame house, but it was not large enough to accommodate the family and any strangers, so Cicero and I slept out in the old log house. I shall never forget the scare we got that night. As boys will, we lay there a long time discussing the various propositions that suggest themselves to two boy chums who haven't seen each other for some time. Along toward midnight we thought we discovered the presence of somebody under our bed. To make it more certain we distinctly heard the ticking of his watch. We became uneasy, for the ticking of that watch was regular and incessant. At last Cicero quietly slipped out of bed, went over to the new house and called his father, who came and investigated. Much to our chagrin the old gentleman soon discovered that the cause of our dread and forebodings was only a deathwatch at work in an old log by the side of the bed.

That night there was a severe autumn thunderstorm, but next morning the clouds had cleared away and the sun smiled down pleasantly. There never was a more lovely morning than the morning of that bright autumn day when we three boys with our two muzzleloading shotguns and two cur dogs sallied forth after squirrels. Nature seemed lavish with her jewels, for the raindrops, still hanging to the leaves, in the bright sun looked like pure white diamonds, and all animate nature seemed to appreciate nature's pleasing display. Pheasants and quail were in great abundance and the woods seemed to be fairly alive with squirrels. I remember that we shot six fox squirrels out of one old oak that stood in the edge of a little cornfield. I never saw so many squirrels any one day before or since. We brought home nearly sixty squirrels and a number of pheasants and quail from that day's hunt, which we thought pretty good work for thirteen-year-olds armed and equipped as we were. Had we been experienced hunters armed with breechloaders, doubtless we would have bagged a couple of hundred.

Then, as now, my natural inclinations took me a-fishing oftener than hunting. We had no trout, but there were plenty of pike, pickerel, wall-eyed pike, cats, bass and goggle-eyes. It seems to me that I can recollect distinctly every fishing trip I ever took in all its minutest details. Like all pioneer boys, I had to work; and fishing and hunting trips were uncertain and limited. Of course I could go any summer evening to the river and fish for cats and goggle-eyes, but such trips were not entirely satisfactory. So in order to get the kind of fishing I most wanted I used to enter into contracts with father at the first of the week to do stipulated jobs, or what we called my "tasks," and what time I could earn by diligence and energy I might appropriate at the close of the week and use as I saw fit. Sometimes I would earn all of Saturday, but oftener only Saturday afternoons. My rods were ironwood saplings, procured from the sidehill over by Miller's Branch, peeled in the attic and allowed to season thoroughly. And they were dandies too; generally about 16ft. long, light, tough, and straight as rays of light. My lines were ordinary chalk lines, as a rule. A Chinaman always buys the biggest boots he can get for his money, and I followed that rule in buying hooks. My bait was shiners, chubs and green frogs, procured from Butler's Branch, west of us. And I generally had all these things in complete readiness, so that when my task was finished there were no particular delays in getting to the river.

To recount my fishing exploits would simply be a repetition of nearly every frontier boy's experiences; but now as I think back over my forty years' fishing experience I feel constrained to admit that I have never felt in my maturer years the same thrills of pleasure with the split-bamboo, salmon and trout that I experienced in my boyhood days with the ironwood, pike, pickerel and bass. I probably commenced my angling career when about seven years of age, maybe younger; and now that gray hairs and "crow's feet" admonish me that the time is coming when my angling will have to be done, if at all, on the other side of the great river, I look back to the good old days with the pike, pickerel and bass as about the most pleasant of my life. In those days we boys were all still-fishers. There was none of the "wasteful stravagance" of modern times—no "silver reel contrapshuns and shiny fish poles dat run riot wid money." What boy of us then ever thought of artificial flies?

Two miles above our house North Coon River divided. One arm swept around to the east thirteen miles, coming back to join the main river almost at our door. The other arm came straight down and was dammed near its mouth for milling purposes, furnishing a deep and extensive body of dead water that abounded with the finest bass, pickerel and pike. This, of course, belonged to myself and my boy friends by right of continuous and undisputed possession. At least our right was never questioned.

I remember one Saturday afternoon when I was about ten years old—in fact if I should live a thousand years that particular afternoon will never be forgotten—I had gone to the slough with my bucket of minnows and three of my best ironwood poles. I had securely planted one of my poles (not rod, Mr. Cheney) in the bank above an old submerged log where the water was probably 15ft. deep. I remember that the line on this particular pole was a brand new chalk line that Uncle Charley Rodenbaugh, the carpenter, had given me, and the bait was a big green prairie frog hooked on in a way that was neither cruel nor torturing to his frogship. I remember, too, of thinking, as I started up the river to set another pole, that that new chalk line and green frog ought to be able to seduce almost any bass in the river.

Well, I had about got the second pole set when a glance below sent such a thrill through me that I shook as if I had an attack of the ague. I think that I covered the intervening 100yds. in about five seconds. At least my short legs did their level best. The pole was bending almost double and the new chalk line was cutting the water into ribbons. I wrenched the pole from the soft bank, got astride of it and the fight commenced in earnest. Well, it was first boy, then fish; then fish, then boy; but I got him. I did not "play" him much. The "playing" was mostly on the other end of the pole. It was simply a case of a boy's strength and grit against a fish's strength, grit and cunning. The fish seemed determined to get under the old log among a lot of limbs and roots that I now for the first time observed, while I was equally determined that he should not. He was a monster. He looked like a bass, but his size made me very doubtful, and I finally decided that he must be a buffalo fish. While I was examining him and admiring the beautiful proportions and the deep green of his back and sides, Jake Van Meter, our miller (and by the way a very expert fisherman), came along and propounded the usual question: "What luck?" "Oh, not much yet," said I, "for I've only just commenced, but I guess I've got a durned old buffalo."

"A buffalo!" exclaimed Jake, "let's see him." He took the fish and examined it intently for a moment, and then turned to me and said: "My boy, you've got the biggest black bass ever caught in Coon River."

Then my chagrin turned to pride, and if you ever saw a young turkey walk in a stubble field you can imagine how I walked back to my hooks. The bass weighed about 8½lbs., and was indeed a large one for that river.

Well do I remember that afternoon's catch: Three other bass of about 3lbs. weight each, and two pickerel about 2ft. long.

There were two roads home: one was across the prairie and through father's field, the other was via Main street. Did I take the Main street road? Well, I wonder! So most of the boys saw my catch, and I remember wishing that every man, woman and child in the whole State of Iowa could see it. Dear old Coon, sweet are thy memories!

"So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go,
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay."

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

Natural History.

WILD ANIMALS OF NEW JERSEY.

MR. SAMUEL N. RHOADS contributes to the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia notes on New Jersey mammals based on personal experience had during three collecting trips in the northern portion of the State. In some cases he has added to his own observations those of people living in the localities named whose te timony was considered thoroughly reliable.

"Trip No 1 was made during the last week in May, 1893, to Nolan's Point, Lake Hopatcong, Morris county, collecting being confined within a radius of three miles from Nolan's Point Villa, on the east shore of the lake.

"The second trip included a brief stay of five days during the last week in August, 1893, at a place near Delaware Gap station, in the western corner of Warren county. Trapping was restricted to a line of woodland and meadow connecting a lake (Sunfish Pond) two miles distant with the farmhouse in which I lodged, near Delaware Gap.

"The third and most successful trip covered a period of three weeks, extending from the 6th to the 30th days of October, 1896 It included three stops of one week each; the first at Culver's Lake, Sussex county; the second at Unionville, Orange county, N. Y., just across the northern boundary of Sussex county, near the Walkill Valley; and the third at the southern end of Greenwood Lake, in Passaic county.

"The lakes of New Jersey are numerous; Culver's Lake and Long Lake together cover a considerable tract, and with their surroundings of swamps and mountains form a natural forest game preserve that is well worth the future attention of the legislators of the State. At Lake Hopatcong, the largest of all, the country is less mountainous, and the *fauna* and *flora* shade somewhat into the Carolinian elements, but at Greenwood Lake the western range of Greenwood Mountain shows the most marked Canadian features noted in the State, frequent swamps and bogs of white cedar, fir, pine, hemlock and tamarack nestling among the depressions of the summits.

"The excursions of which the following pages form a summary are part of the author's plan to make a comprehensive zoölogical survey of all the counties of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, with special reference to mammalogy and herpetology About half of this labor has been completed.

"VIRGINIA OPOSSUM.—No specimens of opossum were taken. Its rare occurrence at Greenwood Lake, where I was informed by the hunters that two had been captured in the last two years, is of interest as showing the presence of this animal in the most boreal surroundings which the State affords.

"VIRGINIA DEER.—It has been many years since one of these animals was killed in any of the localities visited. Several are confined in a game preserve surrounding Sunfish Pond, in Warren county, and a few in the Dalrymple preserve, on the east side of Long Lake, in Sussex county.

"WAPITI.—A hunter near Delaware Gap declared that his grandfather, who 'killed the last elk shot in Pike county,' Pa , stated that sometimes the hounds would drive both elk and deer across the Delaware River onto the Kittatinny Mountain. That the latter species has quite recently been known to find temporary quarters in Sussex county on this account is easily proved, and it is probable that in this manner the wapiti has either voluntarily or involuntarily become a member of the New Jersey *fauna* within the present century.

"VARYING HARE.—Once pretty numerous in the tamarack swamps of northern New Jersey, this species now seems to be exterminated. Mr. Larkin Hazen stated that he shot one about six winters ago on Greenwood Mountain just across the State line in Orange county, N. Y. They used to frequent a small swamp near Culver's Gap, but I was unable to find any trace of them there.

"WOOD HARE.—No specimens of this common species were secured. On this account I am unable to say whether the sub-species *transitionalis* is found in northern New Jersey

"AMERICAN BEAVER.—Numerous localities in northern New Jersey are pointed out as the traditional sites of beaver colonies. This animal was so early exterminated in these places that I found it impossible to secure any data relating to the time of their extinction.

"WOODCHUCK; GROUND HOG.—Very abundant on the Delaware slope of the Kittatinny Mountain; less so in other localities named, except at Lake Hopatcong.

"CAROLINA CHIPMUNK.—Forty specimens, representing every locality visited, show nearer affinities to the Carolinian than the Canadian form of our Eastern chipmunk. Those from Delaware Gap are scarcely separable from southern New Jersey examples, the Greenwood Lake series being nearest to *lysteri* of Maine, but much darker. This animal is very abundant in Warren, Sussex and Passaic counties, but not so numerous at Lake Hopatcong.

"A temperature of 28° during my stay at Greenwood Lake did not wholly silence them, though it greatly lessened their activity and apparent numbers. Contrary to what I expected, no really fat specimens were procured; and all seemed most busily intent on gathering and storing acorns at a season when they are generally supposed to go into their winter sleep. About 20 per cent. of those taken had the tail shortened or injured in some manner.

"CAROLINIAN CHICKAREE.—Numerous everywhere; abundant in the deeper evergreen forests.

"NORTHERN GRAY SQUIRREL.—Not common except in the vicinity of Long Lake. Even the former existence of the fox squirrel in northern New Jersey rests on such unreliable evidence that I am unwilling to include it in this paper.

"CAROLINIAN FLYING SQUIRREL.—A female and three young taken at Lake Hopatcong, and a male from near Culver's Lake, show no tendency to gradation with the Northern animal.

"RACCOON.—Not rare. A special object of sport among the natives of Greenwood Lake,

"CANADIAN OTTER.—The otter continues to exist in all the more secluded bodies of water in the counties under consideration. Specimens had been taken at Hopatcong, Culver's and Greenwood lakes within a year of my visits to these places

"SOUTHEASTERN MINK.—None of this species were seen. The hunters everywhere reported them scarce.

"CAROLINA WEASEL —Not common, and rarely becoming white in winter, even at Greenwood Lake.

"NORTHERN SKUNK.—Not having specimens, I am induced to include the skunks of northern New Jersey under the above name solely on geographical grounds. They are fairly abundant in the region.

"AMERICAN BLACK BEAR.—No bears were reported to me as still existing in the localities visited. The recent killing of bears at Port Jervis makes it possible that they occasionally wander into the northwestern corner of Sussex county.

"NORTHERN GRAY FOX.—Reported to be rare by hunters. Outnumbering the red species at Lake Hopatcong.

"AMERICAN RED FOX.—Numerous in the rocky, mountainous districts.

"AMERICAN TIMBER WOLF —This destructive animal was exterminated from northern New Jersey so long ago that I could obtain no definite data of its disappearance.

"EASTERN BAY LYNX.—Not yet exterminated in Sussex and Passaic counties, but very rarely taken. I have been unable to get any record of the Canada lynx for this region, though it probably wandered thither in earlier times.

"PUMA —The same remarks which I have previously made regarding the wolf are applicable to this animal."

INSTINCT AND REASON.

I HAVE been very much interested in the recent articles in FOREST AND STREAM on the "Intercommunication of Animals," and am very glad that research has been turned in that direction. The opinions of Rev Charles Josiah Adams are especially interesting, as coming from a source from which we usually look for nothing but opposition to scientific research. It has been assumed that man is the only animal having possession of "reason," while the evidences of intelligence shown by what are called "the brutes," or "the lower animals," are set down to a sense called "instinct." Now, I hold that the dividing line between the two faculties is very hard to draw and define, and were I to attempt it it would not separate man from the other animals in any way.

What is known as instinct I hold to be only "inherited experience," and it is as manifest in the new-born child when placed at its mother's breast as in any of the other mammals. It is shown in all the actions of childhood and is plainly visible in the desires which lead to the reproduction of the spec es

On the other hand, the evidences of reason, of drawing deductions from facts, of fitting means to ends, are so plainly visible in almost if not quite all other animals, from the giant elephant to the tiny ant, that we can only claim that we have reason in a higher degree, and more fully developed, than the horse or the dog I have been noting the actions of animals and their evidences of reason all my life, and had I time to recall them, and your readers patience to peruse them, I could furnish a long list in corroboration of facts already given by your other contributors. Two short examples will show that the actions described in them could in no way be referred to what is known as instinct.

When a mere boy I had a cloth cap such as boys usually wear, but of a rather bright brown color. One of my father's horses conceived a particular antipathy to that cap, and if I happened to wear it when I went to groom him he immediately twiched it off my head with his teeth, and threw it under his feet. If I wore a straw hat or any other cap, he took no notice of them, but he had evidently made up his mind that he would not have that cap thrust in his face.

Some thirty years ago, or rather more, I had a bull terrier—not one of the dogs now known by that name, but a cross between a bull dog and a Scotch terrier, with the broad head, "whopper-jaw" and bowlegs of the one, and the rough, wiry coat of the other. He was as homely a brute as one often sets eyes on, but as intelligent and affectionate as he was ugly. He would take a tramp by the leg of his trousers and walk him out of the front gate in short order, if he found one in the yard; but I never knew him to hurt one, his looks were usually sufficient, and they never offered resistance. All the while he was very fond of me and of my wife and children, with whom he was a great pet, and he usually stayed around the house, though he would sometimes go over the river to my office with me, and lie under my desk while I wrote my letters.

Now, one day, when I went home to dinner, Grip was trotting about in the front yard, and what was my astonishment to see him go to the door, stand up on his hindfeet, take the knob of the door bell in his teeth, and deliberately ring the bell for admission. What was there instinctive about that? If it was not pure reason, I never saw any shown by any action.

I will not occupy space by further instances, but merely say that when we revise our ideas of the "plan of creation" and accept the doctrine of evolution, we shall come to the conclusion that the difference in the intellectual faculties of man and the other animals is one of degree only and not of kind.

Now, as to intercommunication among animals, I know dogs can talk, for although I cannot understand what they say, I can distinguish very different tones in the inflection of their voices or "barks" on different occasions. One of my sisters who lives quite near me, in the old homestead, has a Skye terrier who is very fond of me, and knows my footstep, and always greets me with a vociferous salutation whenever I go over to see her.

If she is not down in the lower part of the house when I go in he goes to the foot of the stairs and barks in a very different tone from his first greeting of "Good morning," and if she does not come down at once he goes up to tell her that I have called. This has been repeated so often that she knows as well as I do whenever I come in the door.

Another instance of dog language I noticed some years since, when I lived at the other end of the village, in a house from which I was "burned out." My next neighbor on the same side of the street was Livingston Stone, well known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and he owned a black and tan collie, not very large, but very wiry and pugnacious. My opposite neighbor, now dead, Mr. Paris, owned a white and tan collie, a much larger dog, but not so quarrelsome, and the two had several battles for supremacy, in which the larger dog was always whipped, until he got so that he would not appear in the main street without his master, and if he wanted to

go up town alone always went round the back way! Now I have seen the black and tan come out the gate, plant himself "on his hurdies," as the Scotch say, in the middle of the road, with his nose pointed to the other house, and commence a series of short, sharp barks, somewhat varied in intonation, which he kept up until he got tired, and the other dog not showing himself, trotted back into his own gate with a supremely satisfied air. He was as evidently challenging the white and tan for a fight, and perhaps calling him a coward and blackguarding him generally, as anything could be; and it got so far, and produced such "trouble in the families," that Mr. Stone wisely sent his dog out of town to a farm that he owned in Dublin, at the base of Monadnock Mountain.

The facts of small dogs calling in big ones to avenge a whipping is too well known to need repetition here; but besides the cases of conversation between dogs and horses, of which I have noticed many instances, I feel quite sure that I have known a pricked trout to warn his companions in the hole; and the crow "town meetings" I have seen are innumerable. I watched one from behind a rail fence, about ten years ago, for nearly an hour, and there was evidently important business going on, and if I had not got tired and disturbed them I might possibly have found out what it all meant.

Von W.

COYOTE CLASSIFICATION.

It is not very long ago that Dr. Merriam startled us by increasing the number of species of bears known to inhabit North America from three to thirteen or thereabouts. We were just recovering from the shock inflicted by his paper on that subject when a copy of another paper, entitled "Revision of the Coyotes or Prairie Wolves, with Descriptions of New Forms," comes to hand.

In this last Dr. Merriam announces that he finds among the coyotes three well-marked groups, containing no less than eleven geographical forms, inhabiting western North America, from the plains of the Saskatchewan to the southern end of the table land of Mexico, and from the prairies of the Mississippi valley to the Pacific coast. To those who have always believed that a coyote was a coyote, and nothing more, this is certainly a startling announcement, and one which will lead to a closer scrutiny of all individuals belonging to the small wolf tribe than has hitherto been given. It has long been a well-recognized fact among hunters and trappers and wolfers that there are greater or less differences in the coyote skins which come under their observation; but these differences have been usually attributed to individual variation, although we have heard hunters talk about hybrids between coyotes and foxes, and between coyotes and gray wolves. The red ears of some coyotes have often been referred to as indicating mixed ancestry, but it appears, according to Dr. Merriam, that there is a distinct type of coyotes which always has red ears.

The author holds that while wolves hunt in packs and follow moving herds, and in winter often perform regular migrations and roam irregularly over large tracts of country in search of food, yet these movements have geographical limitations, as is proved by the constancy with which particular geographical forms are found within particular areas. The snow-white Arctic wolf, for example, never reaches the northern border of the United States, no matter how severe the winter, and the red wolf of Texas is unknown on our northern plains. In the case of the coyote Dr. Merriam's studies go to show that except in winter, when migratory journeys take place, the distances traveled by individual wolves are not sufficient to prevent the various species and sub-species from conforming to the faunal zones.

Dr. Merriam separates the coyotes into three groups, of which the first, known as the *Latrans* group, inhabits the upper Sonoran and Transition zones and the southern edge of the Boreal. The second, known as the *Frustror* group, inhabits the lower Sonoran of Texas and probably Oklahoma and Indian Territories, the table land of Mexico at least at its southern part and the Peninsula of Lower California. The third, called *Microdon* group, inhabits the arid tropical belts of both coasts of Mexico and the lower Rio Grande region of Texas, as well as the lower Sonoran desert of Arizona, Nevada, Utah and California.

Canis latrans is the largest of the coyotes and has the largest teeth. *C. frustror* and its allies are of medium or rather large size, and have somewhat smaller teeth; while *C. microdon* and its relatives are smaller and have very much smaller teeth.

The Birds of New Jersey.*

Under this title Mr. Charles A. Shriner has compiled and the New Jersey Fish and Game Commissioners have published a handsome octavo volume, with thirty-one full-page illustrations prepared expressly for this work, and made either from specimens mounted for that purpose or taken from the American Museum of Natural History in New York city. The introduction thus explains the purposes:

"The object is the familiarizing of the every-day citizen, unused to scientific terms, with the habits and economic importance of the birds of the State of New Jersey. The study of ornithology, as suggested in books treating on the subject, is one attended with difficulties sufficient to dampen the ardor of even the more than willing student. The long and high-sounding names used in the scientific nomenclature—which even Latinizes common English words—the many divisions into families and species, and the disputes of authors as to what particular family a certain bird belongs to, have undoubtedly in the past deterred many from following a study in itself so interesting and useful. In the present treatise the author has avoided all scientific terms and designations, and has endeavored to foster a better acquaintance between the human family and its feathered friends without necessitating the medium of protracted study on the part of those who would like to know more about the birds around us. For the advanced student this book will be of no value, for in it will be found no learned disquisitions pertaining to the higher phases of ornithology; it simply purports to tell in plain language sufficient about the habits of birds to indicate their value to mankind and by plain descriptions to facilitate identification. The bobolink, with its variable plumage and merry song, is an object of interest, but that interest will be minimized to a great many when they are told that the first thing of importance to know about the bobolink is that he is a *Dolichonyx oryzvorus* of the family of *icteridae*. Scientific classification has its manifold uses, but there is something so deterrent about it to the average reader that it has been wholly eschewed in the present publication. A knowledge of the value of birds can be obtained without it.

"The number of birds in New Jersey, which either remain here all the year or whose visits are more or less prolonged during certain seasons, is very large, and a comprehensive treatise on all of them would make a ponderous volume. The endeavor of the author in the present work has been to deal with them in accordance with their importance; the transient visitor, who merely straggles into the State from adjoining territory, or who remains only long enough to secure rest and food to supply strength for further travel, has not been considered worthy of the attention to be devoted to him who remains with us at all seasons, or whose sojourn is long enough to awaken in us either an interest in his habits or a desire for his return."

* "The Birds of New Jersey." Compiled by Charles A. Shriner, State Game and Fish Protector, Paterson, N. J. Price $1.

Adirondack Wolves.

Clayton, N. Y., March 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed you will find a clipping that I cut out of a Watertown paper, relating how Charley Adams, an Adirondack guide, had a desperate encounter with a dozen wolves, and barely escaped with his life:

Adams fired and killed one of the wolves. Then he did a very indiscreet thing. He pushed forward to the pack, firing twice as he struggled through the snow on the frozen surface of the lake. As soon as he came in sight the wolves made a concerted rush at him. Adams for the first time realized his peril. He fired twice in rapid succession on the oncoming animals. Then he clubbed his rifle. It was only by the most desperate fighting that he was able to keep them from doing him serious injury. Finding his rifle using up his energy in his attempts to employ it effectively, he threw it aside, and drawing his hunting knife fought with the fury of a man who knows his life is at stake. He stabbed and slashed the snarling, barking, biting wolves repeatedly. Few did he cut badly enough to incapacitate for fighting. Finding his strength failing, Adams began to call loudly for help. Fortunately for him, some lumbermen who were taking a short cut through the woods to the camp heard his cries.

They rushed to his assistance and drove off the enraged wolves. Adams, bleeding from a score of long, ugly scratches and several ugly bites, was carried to his lodge. One of the loggers, who knew a bit about medicine, dressed his wounds and made him comfortable. Adams says that in all the years he has tramped about the Adirondacks he never had an adventure equal to his experience with the wolves.

Now I'd like to ask, through your valuable paper, if any of your readers can give any information as to when the last wolf was killed in the Adirondacks. I have hunted in and near that vicinity for the past six years, and have talked with all well-known guides and hunters who make the northern part of Herkimer county their grounds, and, with one exception, I fail to find any one who believed there are wolves in any part of the Adirondack woods. Two years ago I was talking with Erwin Ackerman, a well-known guide of that whole vicinity, and he said that he had seen two years before several animals which he took for wolves while crossing the plains near the line of Herkimer and St. Lawrence counties.

H S. J.

[The Charley Adams wolf story appeared originally in one of the New York city sensational papers, and no credence whatever is to be given to it.]

Breeding Black Foxes.

Macomb, Ill., March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a photo of a black fox sent to me by J. E. Knight, of Boothbay Harbor, Me , who has charge of these foxes on the island. The company imported thirty from Alaska and only seven of them lived to reach Maine. These foxes were brought from an island in Alaska where a company is breeding them. There were only sixteen hundred black fox pelts sold in London last year, and fifteen hundred of them came from Alaska. These pelts are worth $100 apiece. The black fox and the silver gray have got badly mixed in that country and it will take some time to breed the gray out so that the breeders will have the pure black fox. Should this importation prove successful I have no doubt that more islands on the Atlantic coast will be stocked with these valuable animals.

W. O. Blaisdell.

Mr. Knight wrote to Mr. Blaisdell under date of Feb. 15: "I have been out on the island the past few days. Our number seems to be good; I think we have the addition of only one litter of last season, with better prospects for this season. They have made themselves good homes, which of course they did not have when they were put on there one year ago last November. It was a strange country to them, and I fancy they did not do as well as they will in time to come. They are in good order and very lively. I have thought of rabbits many times, but it would be quite an undertaking now to get the island stocked with them, as the foxes would kill the young so fast. This winter I have killed old horses for them. They are about to commence breeding, and when the young come along the first or middle of May we shall have lots of fish then for them. The island has more or less live food on its shores, such as mussels. We have something like 100 acres well wooded, and I see no reason why the foxes will not do well after they once get started."

Migrations of Bears.

Macomb, Ill., March 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read M Hardy's article on the migrations of animals and birds with great interest. If any man in the country knows the habits of them it is M. Hardy; for he has spent a lifetime among them. He is correct about bears migrating. When I was a small boy I heard my father say he saw seven bears cross the stream on logs at East Orland, Me., in one day. I asked him why he did not shoot them. He said it was on Sunday. He was one that believed no one would ever get to the happy hunting grounds even if they shot a bear on Sunday. Will M. Hardy give us his opinion what has become of the wild pigeons that used to be so numerous from Maine to Arkansas twenty or thirty years ago? I have written to Arkansas, Indian Territory, Red River and Arizona, but cannot get any trace of these fine game birds. Some three years ago two were killed in this county, and I understand there was a flock seen in New York State last year.

W. O. Blaisdell.

What Becomes of the Moose Horns.

Cumberland County, Nova Scotia.—As all of our big-game sportsmen know, the moose loses his antlers annually; the older moose lose theirs about Jan. 1, while the younger ones carry theirs till about the middle of March. When a new set begins to grow and while growing they are covered with a kind of hair, and the horns are then "in the velvet." This velvet they chafe off by hooking small trees in alder swamps, where they stay most of the summer, and by the middle of August the velvet is all gone from the horn; then it stops growing.

Last winter I found a set of antlers dropped a short time before, and this fall, being in the same locality, I had the curiosity to see what had become of the horns. After a good deal of search, at last I found a piece of bone from next the skull about the size of a goose egg and about the same shape. On examining the surroundings I soon discovered that the squirrels and porcupines had regular roads to the horn, from which they had had many a good meal. This is why it is that although thousands of sets of horns have been dropped in past years there are so few found.

I am very sorry to see that the law prohibitory to shooting cow moose in Nova Scotia has been repealed, as from my observations I am able to state with certainty that the moose have increased very much in the interim Some of our sportsmen said that there were not bulls enough for the cows. This shows how very little they know of the habits of the moose, and should one doubt me let him follow a big buck as long as the writer did a short time ago. I struck this noble fellow's track in the morning and never let up till dark; all of the time he was traveling up wind and had picked up four cows then and was still looking for more, with the four cows after him.

The usual way of ascertaining the age of the moose is by the number of prongs or points to his antlers—that is, should he have five points on one side and four on the other he will probably be four years old.

Moose Shank.

The Mystery of the Candles.

Fredericton, N. B.—An odd experience befell Mr. Hunter during his return from a hunting trip to the settlement last fall. One evening he left a candle burning on the table in the Forty-Nine-Mile Camp while he went out to the hovel to look after his horses. To his surprise when he returned to the camp the candle was not only extinguished, but could nowhere be found! Mr. Hunter is not entirely free from the influence of those wild, weird legends peculiar to the backwoods of the Miramichi, especially those that relate to a fabulous monster known as "the Dungarvon Hooper." He lit another candle, however, and again went out to attend to his team. When he came back to the camp he found that the second candle had vanished as mysteriously as the first! This was a severe blow to Mr. Hunter's peace of mind, but he pulled himself together and examined the camp thoroughly to see if some practical joker was not concealed about the premises. Finding no trace of anything in human form, he placed his third and last candle on the table, stood his axe within easy reach, and awaited developments. In a few minutes a flying squirrel hopped in the door, boldly mounted the table and knocked over the candle, thus extinguishing the flame. He started for the door with his booty, when Mr. Hunter took a hand in and put the little rascal to flight. Can any of the readers of Forest and Stream give evidence of any other animal known to them that has no fear of a lighted candle?

Prowler.

Snakes about New York City.

In the recently published "Abstract of the Proceedings of the Linnæan Society of New York, for the Years 1895 and 1896," Mr. R. L. Ditmars prints a list of the snakes found within fifty miles of New York city, and, together with brief descriptions of the species, gives notes on their local distribution and habits which might prove interesting to collectors. From this list we learn that sixteen species and sub-species of snakes are found within the boundaries mentioned, but that many of them are becoming quite scarce. We are told that the brown snake is quite common in rocky portions of the Central Park, as is also the garter snake. Venomous snakes are the copperhead and the black rattlesnake. The first of these is common on the Palisades, and has been recorded in Putnam, Westchester and Duchess counties, New York. The rattlesnake is found in Putnam, N. Y., near the Hudson River, and occurs also in Connecticut. It is said that a few are found annually in the central part of Long Island. All the localities named are within the fifty mile limit. Within the past two or three years we have several times seen garter snakes, and on one occasion a hog-nosed snake, on Manhattan Island south of Fort Washington.

The Mongoose in the Hawaiian Islands.

The result of introducing the mongoose into the Sandwich Islands is told in a letter written by the Commissioner of Agriculture and Forestry to Consul-General Ellis Mills:

"The mongoose was first introduced into this country about fifteen years ago. Previous to the introduction of the mongoose, the planters suffered severely from the depredations of the rats in the cane fields. At times whole fields of cane were utterly destroyed, and at all times much damage was done. The mongoose soon changed this state of affairs. In one year after the introduction of the mongoose hardly a stick of rat-eaten cane could be found. The plague of rats is now ended and we have the mongoose, who, although he loves poultry, has never been so destructive to them as were the rats.

"The mongoose are easily caught and one or two terrier dogs will keep a large premises clear of them.

"In 1892 a law was passed by the Legislature forbidding the introduction, keeping or breeding of mongoose on the Hawaiian Islands. A sum of $1,000 was set apart to be expended by the Minister of the Interior in the payment of a bounty of not to exceed 25 cents per head for each mongoose destroyed on the island of Oahu. This bounty only applied to the island of Oahu, the mongoose being considered a necessary evil in the cane districts of the other islands. None of the bounty has been paid, as no one has ever applied for it."

The Coming of the Birds.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., March 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first robin arrived here this morning with a gale from the southeast and rain. He looked pretty well used up, and I guess it was the unlawful doings in the United States on the 17th that made him seek a more law-abiding community.

Algoma.

Augusta, Me., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Here are a few signs of spring from this section of the country: So far March 23 was the warmest day we have had this year, and on that day I saw a robin near the house. He was singing loudly, as if happy to get back again. A friend of mine reported that on March 22 he saw a robin and a bluebird. Bluebirds were very scarce here last year. The first flock of geese on its northern flight that has been reported this spring was seen March 22. There were about sixty in the flock, flying very low, and they probably spent the night near by.

Cushnoc.

Charlestown, N. H., March 29.—Spring is coming! Saw the first pair of robins yesterday afternoon, though Mrs. W. thinks she heard some three days ago, before the last storm. Thawing by day, freezing at night, good "sugar weather" and maple sap running.

Von W.

Game Bag and Gun.

A PLEA FOR MODERATION.

IN the following paragraphs I am about to present in a new light a most time-honored custom of sportsmen, well aware that my opinions will offend many a true gentleman to whom usage is law. I beg him to realize that the shooting traditions which I attack had their rise in times when usage sanctioned many excesses now outgrown; that while it is no longer, for instance, considered gentlemanly to lie drunk daily under the dinner table, the custom of unbridled slaughter of ducks, rail, gallinaceous birds, etc., continues inexplicably in vogue, this too in the face of threatened extermination of the game. Yet drunkenness has diminished without the agency of any corresponding menace.

The time has come for sportsmen to decide whether they will seal the doom threatened to game by wholesale slaughter, cold storage, etc., and go on making the biggest possible "bags," protected from open shame by the fact that they are all in one boat in this matter; or begin now, before it is too late, to practice in shooting and fishing the moderation which characterizes the gentleman in all other walks of life. He would feel himself a confessed boor if he gulped down madeira or port by the quart, yet he calls it "sport" to "bag" 100 exquisitely beautiful fellow beings in one day, and generally without a glance at their beauty, as each new victim is ossed into the pile.

What earthly claim to any target more sensitive than a clay-pigeon has the man who rates his day's sport by the number without any limit of birds shot. He could enjoy the fresh air or the landscape as well while shooting at his coal tar targets.

The pleasure of getting a very few birds by delicate cooperation with a good dog or a long stalk, giving one time to feel the beauty of his wild surroundings, to realize his kinship to the fox and hawk, with the growing excitement when he sees his chance approaching—these are his legiti mate delights, not to be spoken of in the same day with the coarse joys of the fashionable bagmaker.

A still more legitimate joy is that which the naturalist or artist feels when beholding safe in his hand at last the wonderful charms of a new bird or quadruped—beauties only to be studied from a specimen held in the hand. Yet it would be asking too much to demand that only naturalists should be allowed to shoot and fish, though the fact faces us all that the sportsman who sees the terrible effect of cold storage legislation must school himself at once to a much more refined sport, to four birds a morning instead of forty; to taste his sport as he would his wine. Then would he more truly deserve the name of gentleman, and also the game might last.

It is futile to hope to avert the baleful workings of wholesale slaughter and cold storage, that unforeseen monster which has arisen in the bird lover's path. God grant that it prove not quite so hopeless to summon gentlemen to do their part.

The self-styled sportsman denounces the large bags of the pot-hunter, and his snares and set lines. Yet in cases where the grounds are free to both, it is plainly the pot-hunter, with his living to get, who is most excusable.

The fact that there can always be game of the half domesticated kind in preserves offers little comfort to those for whom true sport lies, first of all, in its being a return to the romantic and primitive. ABBOTT H. THAYER.

HOURS IN A BLIND.—IV.

(*Continued from page 246.*)

The Dogs and their Work.

THE dogs used in this gunning are Chesapeake Bay dogs, brown or tan in color, and with coats long or short, straight or curly. They are admirable water dogs, and those which are well trained do work that is really marvelous.

To me these dogs look like the pure bred Newfoundlands which we used to see years ago, before the Newfoundland had been crossed with the rough St. Bernard, to give him the size which is regarded as essential for show purposes. I know that it is often said that the Chesapeake Bay dogs are a breed formed by crossing the Irish water spaniel with the Newfoundland, but I can see in the specimens that have come under my eye no trace of water spaniel character, except perhaps color, and every mark of Newfoundland. Even the color is not that of the spaniel, for we know that the original Newfoundland was often tan colored, or had tan points. The very small ears, the broad head, the short muzzle, the lack of feather on legs and abundantly feathered tail—the whole *ensemble* of the animal, in fact—to my mind point back to a Newfoundland ancestry much purer than anything we are in the way of seeing nowadays.

I prefer to believe the tradition which relates that the Chesapeake Bay dogs originated from two puppies rescued from a sinking ship which had sailed from Newfoundland and brought to Baltimore, and that these dogs are Newfoundland dogs of the old type, than which no more faithful, intelligent and vigorous breed ever existed. It may be that the race has not been kept pure, yet I think it has; for we see them generation after generation showing the same physical characteristics, the same splendid courage and endurance, and the same intelligence and love for the water.

I am told by a friend that these dogs can readily be trained to work to the gun in upland shooting, and that when so taught they display unexcelled nose and bird sense, and I regard them as most valuable dogs, and wonder that a breed so valuable has been so neglected.

The amount of work that these dogs will perform is very surprising. From just after sunrise until sundown, in cold, blustering weather, they will bring the ducks, swimming perhaps 75 or 100yds. for each one, or hunting through the thick cane for those that have fallen on the marsh. Often each trip to bring a duck is made in part over soft mud, through which the dog must wallow, as it is too thick for swimming and yet too soft for walking; often the ice must be broken for a long distance to get to the bird; often the ice is too weak to support the dog, who breaks through every little while, and then must laboriously and carefully clamber out on the breaking ice in pursuit of a cripple which is moving along toward a distant marsh or toward open water.

I have often seen a dog bringing a bird over thin ice lie down on his belly with widely spread forelegs and drag himself along inch by inch, thus spreading his weight over as great a surface as possible so as to avoid breaking through. Then, when a place was reached where the ice was stronger, he would carefully rise to his feet and trot along until the yielding ice again warned him that he must use especial care. In a case where several trials had shown a dog that the ice would not bear him, and that it was a waste of time for him to try to travel on it, I have seem him advance by bounds, springing out of the water and coming down with all his weight on the ice, thus breaking a lane through it to the bird. In this particular case the dog's stifles were so bruised by continual blows against the sharp edges of the ice that next day he was extremely sore and lame in both hindlegs.

Another bit of ice work done by another dog seemed to me to show great intelligence. A bird had been shot high in the air and had fallen heavily on thin ice 40yds. in front of the blind. It had gone through the ice and did not reappear. The dog sent out seemed disposed to cross the ice to the opposite marsh, but, called back, found the hole through which the duck had gone, but not the duck, though it was evident that he smelt it. He made several casts about the hole, but did not catch any scent, and then went back toward the hole, but when 3 or 4ft. from it stopped, looked at the ice and began to scratch. In a moment or two he had made a small hole through the thin and soft ice, and, quickly enlarging it, put his mouth down into the water, pulled out the duck, and brought it to shore. I believe his finding the duck—which had evidently had life enough to swim a little way under the ice—was pure accident; he happened to see it; but his digging the hole in the ice showed wisdom.

These dogs have keen noses. They follow unerringly the trail of a duck through the thick cane, and can trail a crippled duck that has gone ashore on the marsh to the spot where he landed by the scent that his body leaves on the water. I have seen this done many times. They understand perfectly the live decoy ducks, and swim to and fro past them without in the least regarding them, though the decoys do not seem to like it if the dog comes too close to them, and splash and quack at a great rate until he has gone by.

If properly trained, I imagine that these dogs are the best retrievers in the world; but often they are not well trained. Some dogs will bring the duck to shore and then drop it, leaving the boatman to go out and bring it to the blind; others, after bringing them ashore, will bite their birds badly, or will carry them into the marsh and leave them there. I have heard of a dog that got tired and refused to go for his birds; but, being forced to go out, swam back to the marsh with the bird, carried it into the cane, and after being gone a long time returned to the blind with his paws and nose quite muddy. A search in the marsh by the boatman revealed the fact that he had carried the duck a little way in from the shore, and had then dug a hole and buried it so completely that only one wing and the legs showed above the earth that he had heaped on it.

These dogs, like any others, require careful handling by a judicious trainer, and in addition, as they are great, strong animals, they require a great amount of work. A properly trained dog, however, is an indispensable adjunct to the point shooter, and will save him a great number of birds in a season. COUPLES.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

EXPERIENCES WITH STUMP BEARS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I enjoy reading your paper very much. I find it both instructive and amusing; and when I read the article on stump bears it reminded me of my experience with one more than sixty years ago.

At that time bears were quite plenty in Vermont. We often saw their tracks in the back meadow. One day I started to find the calves and drive them home. It was after sundown and getting quite dark. I began to think about bears, and as I came to a stockyard fence I got a stake to fight with, if necessary. I walked on. "There he is—yes, there is a bear sure, just at the edge of the brush!" I had not found the calves yet, and could not think of leaving them for the bear to feast on through the night, so I walked up to Mr. Bruin—I would either kill him or drive him off. When I was within 15ft. of him I knew it was a bear, I could see his eyes shine; but just before I was near enough to strike I saw it was a stump, black, of course, leaning toward me, with two spots of snow on the top about 3in. apart for the eyes. I soon found the calves and drove them home. I got out of that scrape much better than one of our neighbors, who met a bear as he was going home one night.

It was this way: Seventy-five or eighty years ago, when the country was new "up in Vermont," where I lived, the neighbors would have logging bees, to help one another in clearing off the land. Mr. Gordon had a very nice lever made of ironwood, which he always carried to roll logs with, and as he was returning home one evening he saw a bear close by the path, standing up with outstretched arms all ready to give him a hug. Mr. Gordon was a man who would not turn out for anything, so he walked up to the bear, swung his lever and struck with all the power he had. Oh! how that hurt—the man—not the bear. It proved to be a birch stump burnt black with the bark hanging off on each side, representing the bear's arms. Mr. Gordon said it did seem to him that his shoulders were put out of joint.

Some of your readers may laugh at the idea of stump bears; let them laugh. I would like to know whether they would have the courage to walk up to one. It takes just as much courage to walk up to a stump bear as it does to face a real live black bear, and when I say this I know what I am talking about, for I have been there; yes, I have faced a large black bear in a pasture lot.

This was the way of it: I was plowing in a back lot. A neighbor came to me (all out of breath from running) and said, "Take my gun and head that bear."

"Where is he?"

"He went into Mr. Pelsue's woods."

I knew the bear would go for the mountain when he left the woods. There was a large sheep pasture between the woods and mountain; so I ran high up on the side hill and looked on the south side of the woods. There was no bear. I turned and looked on the west side. There was the bear just out of the woods. I had plenty of time to walk back and be ready to meet him as he came up the bank through the small grove. He only showed his head, dodged back and turned to run by me. Soon he came in sight again, now broadside. I took a fine sight and pulled trigger, but no report; it did not break the cap; so I pulled back the hammer and tried again; this time there was a report, and as the ball struck the bear he turned round, showing his teeth and snarling. I did not have any ammunition to reload the rifle, so I started to break it over the bear's head, but he made good his escape before the other hunters got near enough for a shot. He was the largest bear I ever saw. His track in the mud measured 7×9in. The rifle I had was a muzzleloader and had been loaded a month for a chipmunk.

I am now eighty years old, but I would like another such chance with a bear and to have our Winchester. I would say, "Bruin, you will stop with me."

I go to the Adirondacks every year now and enjoy catching the brook trout as well as I did when I was a boy. I often catch more than younger men of the party.

R. C. ALLEN.

A MINNESOTA GAME PRESERVE.

PROBABLY there are not a thousand men out of the entire population of the thriving city of St. Paul, Minn., who could tell whether or not there was any truth in the rumor, occasionally heard, that President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad, is the owner of a game preserve where buffalo, elk and other large game animals are kept. Probably not one man out of twenty whom one would meet and question regarding this game preserve could guess within a county or a State of its whereabouts, even had he ever heard of its existence. This in the city of St. Paul, within twelve miles of which exists this preserve, one of the most considerable of those of the United States, and perhaps the largest and most remarkable one west of the Alleghany Mountains. The uncommunicative nature of the owner, and his intense desire for privacy in his own personal matters, is the cause of this prevalent lack of knowledge upon the subject in his native city. It is generally known that Mr. Hill has, a few miles north of St. Paul, a large stock farm, and many would be of the opinion that the existence of this stock farm was the sole reason for the growth of a rumor of a game preserve. Over a dozen men were asked about this matter before one could be found who was able to say positively that there was really such a preserve, that there were buffalo and elk there, and that the estate was very well worth a visit

It had long been within the knowledge of FOREST AND STREAM that this preserve was a fact, and naturally the pursuit of the FOREST AND STREAM's inquiry into the game preserves of the United States made it necessary to obtain the exact facts in regard to one so notable as this was thought sure to be. Proper application being made to Mr. Hill, the latter was courteous enough to allow the necessary visit to the preserve, the news returns of which were quite beyond the expectations.

Mr. Hill's great farm of North Oaks lies directly north of St. Paul, in the pleasant lake country which adjoins that city. It is not entirely correct to call it a farm, for it is more properly a country place kept up perhaps as much for the pleasure of the owner as for the profit. At times it is used as a summer residence, and there are several residence houses upon the property, besides many barns and other buildings of very great extent. There are annually raised here several hundred head of high grade horses, fine cattle and other animals. The acreage which may be called devoted to these farming pursuits is almost entirely put down in grass. The care of the many animals demands the employment of a large number of men, and for the accommodation of these a great boardinghouse is kept up. The establishment may thus be seen to be a very large one. The property is about four miles square in extent and includes seven different lakes, some of them well on to a mile in greatest measurement. There are said to be something over 8,000 acres of land. Over this the native timber of short oaks and other hardwood trees stands uncut and wild. The whole is a great domain handsomely adapted to the purposes of the owner, among which, FOREST AND STREAM is now in position to definitely explain, was that of a sanctuary for some of the more important American game animals.

There are now upon this tract no less than 28 head of buffalo, of which 22 are full blood, 4 half breed and 2 three-quarter breed, 14 of the entire number being cows. The first buffalo were put upon the place about six years ago. Mr. S. I. Hutchinson, the superintendent of the place, was unable to tell where the buffalo were obtained, but thought it was near Kalispell, Mont., that some or all of them were bought. He was not sure, but thought it might have been from the Allard herd that they were purchased. There has been rather mixed fortune with the buffalo since they came to the place. Four head were lost by disease, one story being that they got into a clover field and ate to the point of sickness of this unusual food. This occurred four years ago. Five head, mostly of four-year-old bulls, have been killed, and it is thought that of the eight pure-blood bulls now on hand four will be killed this fall. It is believed that the animals will breed better if the number of males be reduced, for the record of the past is not satisfactory. There were only two calves this year, and there have only been eight calves in six years. The luck has been hard with the calves, for several of those born have died. Two calves and four adults died early in their experience on the farm, as above noted. A veterinary surgeon said that their death was due to the attempt made to feed them chopped oats and other grain. They are allowed to run on grass now, without much attention, and are fed nothing but hay; nor are they given any shelter except that in the winter they are allowed to take refuge, if they like, in some covered sheds prepared for the purpose. The range allowed the buffalo is over 400 acres in extent, comprising meadows, open glades and timber, all surrounded by high fence. There is no sign of depasturage on the range, and the specimens show perfect condition. One large bull which was recently killed (and which broke down four paddock fences in succession when confined away from the rest of the herd) was found to be fat and in fine order. The carcass of a buffalo brings about $300 now on the market, aside from the head and robe. Of course, there is no wish to breed the buffalo for profit, and specimens are killed only when it is thought the herd will be improved or not damaged by lessening the number of males. It is possible that some of the animals will be bought for the Yellowstone Park and not destroyed. It is a singular fact that Mr. Hill now has on his preserve probably more buffalo than are alive to-day in the National Park.

All the grade animals of the buffalo herd are the offspring of one mother, an old Galloway cow which raises a calf almost every year to a full-blooded buffalo sire. This year there is one three-quarters blood calf. The experiment has not been tried of crossing the male Galloway upon the buffalo cow. These grade animals follow the characteristics already determined as reported from other herds in captivity. The grade animal is a superb creature, of great stature and constitution, of fine outline, great beef quality and a robe of the finest and most attractive sort. So nearly as can be learned, the grade animals are the most certain of the entire

herd to do well and to increase, and there is great hope in the little herd already accumulating of these beautiful and desirable animals. It is to be expected, however, that the full bloods also will do better from this time forward, and should this be the case there is no reason to doubt that this will be one of the great buffalo herds of the country—as indeed it is to-day.

Mr. Hutchinson took us over the beautiful lake shore drive which lies between the houses and the buffalo park, a distance of about a mile and a half, and we had the good fortune to come upon the buffalo without much trouble. We saw the entire bunch of the breeds in a little glade together, as we were told they always range, they seeming to prefer their own society to that of the full bloods, though showing no hostility to the latter. With the breeds was the old Galloway cow which is the ancestress of them all. In the timber not far beyond we saw one buffalo, a grand bull apparently about four or five years old, whose heavy head, faded color and humped back contrasted, one might say, with the more shapely outline and sleek black color of the grades. This big bull stood staring at us, with his head showing over the undergrowth in which he stood shoulder deep. The grades did not seem much more bold than the pure-blood buffalo, and this entire little bunch made off at a trot through the wood after a moment of staring at us, from a distance of perhaps 100yds. It was a curious sight at this day of the world. I noticed that some of the grades had horns and some didn't, and was told that only about half of them ever had any horns, the offspring thus partially reverting to their hornless Galloway ancestry upon one side. This was an item I have never seen mentioned before in any description of buffalo crosses.

We had not time to look up the entire herd of full bloods, which were ranging further away in the woods, but were told that they all seem in good condition, and that their prosperity is thought to be assured. They are living along very comfortably, not disturbed in any way—surely not often visited by any outsider—and it is a proof of their comfort that they have fallen almost absolutely into their old plain ways. There are a number of genuine buffalo wallows, identical in every respect with those of the plains.

There are at present no moose upon the preserve, though it is the intention to try again with this animal. Three years ago there were five moose put in, but they all died, probably from scarcity of their proper food of browse in the place where they were put down.

Of elk there are now eighteen upon the preserve, ten of them cows. All these are kept together upon a fine wooded island of eighty-seven acres across the lake from the central buildings. The deer are also kept here, and the result is that the ground is fed too close, all the trees being stripped clean up to a height of several feet from the ground. It is not unusual to see an elk here standing on his hindlegs and feeding on the boughs high above his head, and they have become very expert at balancing themselves at this style of feeding. The territory allotted these animals is soon to be enlarged by a wide meadow and adjoining strips of low wood and shrubbery. The elk and deer are fed regularly in the summer on chopped oats, oats and hay, with some fodder of cornstalks. It is their custom to come at hearing the rattle of the lid of the big feed box on the lake shore, but at the time of our visit they were all hid deep in the woods. Mr. Hutchinson kindly went out hunting for them, and at length succeeded in finding them and driving them past the point where my friend and myself were concealed. It made a great sight when they came swinging by through the wood, some big full-antlered bulls leading the way. The visit was in the month of September. The antlers of the bulls were quite grown, and the tips whitened by rubbing on the trees.

The condition of the elk is most satisfactory. There were five calves this year, and the future is thought secure for these animals. One bull was killed last year.

Not so much can be said for the deer (only white-tailed deer are kept on the preserve), for the five does and single buck have failed so far to breed at all. The deer run with the elk. They are fed nothing until the heat of the summer, and the constant feeding down has divested the range of grass and browse. The old buck at the time of our visit was just beginning to take on his autumn pugnacity, and we were warned to carry a stick to "bluff" him if he showed fight. Mr Hutchinson says he is a treacherous sort of creature, and will slip up quietly and then make a sudden rush at one. I heard of no deaths among the deer. Of course the interest does not attach to them which does to other animals on the preserve, for it has already been established what can be done with the white-tail in captivity. None of the deer have ever escaped. It is the case, however, and a very strange thing it is too, that two winters ago five of the elk got away from the preserve and escaped into the country, and from that time to this they have never been heard from. This was in the heart of a settled farming country, and it seems almost impossible that the animals were not seen and reported by some one in some part of the State. There is no great tract of wild country into which they could escape anywhere within 100 miles or more. There are now no elk native in Minnesota short of the extreme northern part of the State, where a few may still exist around the edge of the Roseau Swamp. Formerly the animal was native all over the State. I talked with a middle-aged farmer seventy miles west of St. Paul, who said that seventeen years ago he frequently saw elk where his farm now is.

Every year there are many wolves (coyotes) seen about the place, especially toward spring, and of course every effort is made to kill these. Mr. Hutchinson said that he usually killed eight or ten wolves each year. He carries with him on his trips about the place a long barreled and heavy Stevens pistol, .32cal., with which he is very expert. He says that often he can see the coyotes playing about on the ice in the winter time. These animals destroy small game and killed two of the deer last year.

Attempts have been made to rear the English and Mongolian pheasants, but the results have been discouraging, vermin having killed numbers of the birds. Mr. Hutchinson thought the winters were too cold for these birds, though that is contrary to the belief accepted in regard to these birds at this latitude. They do very well in Wisconsin on about the same parallel, though it is well known that the winter of Minnesota is a rather severe affair

There are numbers of prairie chickens upon the place, probably about 100 in all, or some eight or ten coveys. The ruffed grouse is native and has increased extremely well, a number of coveys being known to the superintendent. Quail also are abundant and seem to get along very well, and of rabbits there are quantities. Miss Charlotte Hill is fond of shooting, and has an occasional day with the pinnated or the ruffed grouse. The latter are driven from cover and fly across the road where she is stationed, thus offering shooting not quite so hard as that of the cover, to be sure, but certainly quite difficult enough.

Besides these birds, properly to be called native, the wild ducks have always resorted to the lakes of this region in their migratory flight, and some ducks breed annually upon the place, where certainly they have every protection and ample room. The wild rice is luxuriant in the lakes of the preserve, and each fall the ducks come in upon the lakes in numbers, offering the best sort of shooting. In the spring these lakes are full of ducks, and an ice blind in the winter has been known to yield shooting good enough for the most extravagant desire. The birds are never harried and worked to death at any season, and shooting is allowed only upon certain days—never at dark—and certain bedding and feeding grounds are kept always untouched. In one lake alone there are over 800 acres of wild rice. It is whispered that 1,500 ducks have been killed in a week at the height of the season here by a party of Mr. Hill's friends. Thus it will be seen that a magnificent shooting preserve as well as a grand park is among the easy possibilities if desired. It is the intent to increase always the numbers of birds and animals, and not to shoot down the supply of any kind. There has been a great deal of trouble with local poachers, who have been accustomed to shoot ducks where they pleased, but this trouble has been largely obviated of late after a long and serious educational effort. The grounds are surrounded by nothing more formidable than a Page woven wire fence, but the lines of the inclosure are locally very well known.

The waters of the seven different lakes of this favored place are naturally the home of the usual game fishes native to Minnesota, especially the pike and the large-mouth bass. It is a great commentary on protection that these lakes now fairly swarm with these fish. Sometimes fishing parties of Mr. Hill's friends have great sport here, and it is of record that one catch of eighty-four black bass, weighing 241lbs., was made in May of 1895. Every effort has been made to exterminate the pike, against which ceaseless war is waged. It is common to take them of 10, 12 or 15lbs. weight, and one was taken weighing 23lbs. Last spring Mr. Hutchinson cut off with nets a certain little creek into which the pike were crowding on their spring spawning run, and killed 1,500lbs. of the despised fish with pitchforks. It is not thought best to let them increase to destroy the bass, which are more prized.

There are no brook trout upon the preserve, but there is one cold spring creek which can be made to afford a quarter or half a mile of fishing, and it is the intention to stock this with trout at an early date.

The land embraced in this interesting inclosure is of features rather pleasant than bold, the hills being low and rolling, well covered with a heavy growth of short oaks. The soil is a sandy loam. No attempt has been made at artificial beautifying, and indeed none is needed. Around the shores of the pleasant lakes driveways have been laid out, or rather roads have been worn out of the natural soil, but beyond this the place is much as nature made it. The extent of the tract may be guessed from the fact that though we drove for several miles in our looking at the game we saw almost no trace of farming operations, except as an occasional sight of a herd of cattle would indicate it. The "farm" is a big resting place for a man of big projects and great business energy. Its care and development are in good hands and the future of the enterprise is assured. This fact, if the owner will allow the belief, is matter for congratulation, not only for him, but for the public. Without the possibilities of such large-handed private enterprise, the time must come when the American people would lose all knowledge of some of the great animals which once belonged to all, and which were not kept. Especially is it to be hoped that the success with the buffalo will continue and be increased from year to year.

E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

DECOY STORIES.—IV.

Dorval, Quebec, March 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read the letter of your correspondent, Mr. M. D. Stevens, and it reminds me of an experience of mine which may interest some of your readers. One morning in October, 1894, I rowed from Dorval across the St. Lawrence River, or rather, Lake St. Louis, to the Chateauguay shore, taking my wooden decoys and my gun, in the hope of bagging a few ducks before breakfast.

I made a very early start and reached the sandy beach, where my blind was built, before daybreak, set out my decoys and got into the blind, which was built of stones gathered on the beach, and waited for the ducks, which always come in to the spot I had chosen just as the light is creeping up.

The water before me was very shallow, and about 200yds. behind was thick bush.

While waiting I suddenly became aware that something was moving behind me. I heard nothing, but had the feeling that something was there, and I glanced over my left shoulder in time to see a shadowy form flit from one rock to another. I could not see what it was, as it was too dark but I could distinguish a something.

In a few seconds it darted from the second rock to a third, and so on, always getting nearer to the decoys, which it was evidently stalking.

There was a breeze blowing up the river, and suddenly my visitor got the breeze after it had passed me, and he left the shelter of the rocks and bolted, but not before I had seized my gun and fired a charge of No. 4 over my shoulder. It was still so dark that I could not see whether he fell, but on leaving the blind and walking up to where he had been I found him, a beautiful red fox, stone dead.

I brought him home, took him into Montreal to be skinned, and now have his skin in my drawing room, where it makes a fine show, as the brush is the largest I have ever seen.

The fox was certainly after my decoys. What a surprise he would have had if he had got his teeth into one of them!

On another occasion I saw a large brown owl come into a flock of wooden decoys, and my companion shot him.

This was on a sandbar in the middle of Lake St. Louis, two miles from the nearest land, where we had built a blind of stakes and rushes. Solitude.

[For previous decoy stories see issues of Feb. 20, March 13, March 20, and the story told by Mr. Townsend last week of "Duck-Hunting Porkers."]

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the test by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

An Adirondack Outfit.

In our trip to Sperry Pond, Hamilton county, Adirondacks, in October, 1896, I saw more large deer in the country we were in than at any time previous. On a trip up there say about the last two weeks in October the chances of still-hunting would be better, as you are very apt to have a light snow or two and the leaves would be mostly all off. It could be made by a couple of men, without guide—the way I usually prefer, as cooking, etc., adds to the charm of camping—for two weeks for about $50 each. Such a trip I expect to take next year if the land is not posted, as I am afraid it will be.

Our outfit has been cut down to the lowest possible weight consistent with comfort, and for the benefit of any who would like to know what it is I give details for two persons:

Two .38-55 Winchesters—the buck dropped with one of these soft bullets in the neck; two leather knapsacks—we like them better than pack baskets; two pairs double woollen blankets, two rubber blankets, small muslin tent with flap, camp axe, pocket camera, extra suit of heavy underwear.

Then there will be a number of small articles, but pay a great deal of attention to them, as you will be surprised to see when they are all together how much they weigh.

The cooking tools consisted of two tin pails, two plates, two cups, spoons, forks, one stewing pot, one frying pan, and cake turner.

All this, with about 65lbs. of food, will weigh about 65lbs. for each person to carry, which can be done all right if you take your time to it. Of course, if you will be near a base of supplies the grub can be cut down; but we always go so that farmhouses or hotels can be let alone, and so that we can stay our time out without trips back for supplies.

A boat is unnecessary at that time of year unless you have a guide to carry it, or want it for the purpose our New York friend did—waiting in it with lasso and pitchfork. But don't do this. Take right to the woods. Tramp all day. Get lost a few times. Let the rain spoil your food or the squirrels and birds steal it. Get bitten with punkies. And last, get over it all, and you will enjoy woods life as well as the writer, who only wishes his two weeks were two months to spend with rod and gun. S. P. M Tasker, Jr.

Fox Trapping.

Schuylerville, N. Y.—I have taken your paper for ten years or more, and have read the same chestnuts a hundred times, and have been on the lookout for an article on fox trapping. Your paper has published points on poisoning foxes. Our country is full of foxes, and nobody kills any. On page 207, your issue of March 13 tells that they trap them in Maine. Now how do they do it? C. E. B.

[Use a No. 2 Newhouse trap, which is known as the fox trap, and follow these directions taken from the "Trapper's Guide":

"To prevent the smell of iron from alarming the game, the trap should be thoroughly smeared with blood, which can be done by holding it under the neck of some bleeding animal and allowing it to dry. Or, for the same purpose, it may be heated and covered with beeswax, which at the proper temperature will readily run all over the trap and chain. It should be set near the haunts of the fox. A bed of ashes, chaff, or light earth should conceal the trap, and it should be fastenad to a movable clog of 6 or 8lbs. weight, as directed on page 18. Wool, moss, leaves, or some other soft substance should be packed lightly under the pan and around the jaws. The surface of the earth in the neighborhood of the trap should be brushed with a quill or bush, so that all will seem natural. Scraps or small pieces of fried meat rolled in honey should be scattered over the bed of the trap, except where the pan is. Care should be taked to erase all footprints.

"Another method practiced by woodsmen is to set the trap in a spring that does not freeze over in winter, placing it about ½in. under water, and covering the space within the jaws with a piece of moss that rises above the water. A bait of meat should be placed in such a position that the fox, in taking it, will be likely to put his foot on the moss to prevent wetting it. The essence of the skunk is sometimes used in this case in connection with the bait with good effect; but most trappers prefer the preparation in alcohol above mentioned.

"Another good way is to obtain from the kennel of some tame fox (if such can be found) a few quarts of loose earth taken from the place where the animal is accustomed to uri nate. Set your trap in this material, and bait and smooth the bed as before. The fox, cunning as he is, is not proof against such attractions."]

Alabama Association.

Secretary J. H. Allen is sending out copies of the Alabama Game and Fish Protective Association's Constitution and By-Laws, with this note of invitation to join its ranks:

"It has no doubt long been apparent to you that a healthy public sentiment must be aroused in opposition to the wholesale slaughter of fish, game and song birds, or in a short time none will be left. If adequate State laws are enacted for the proper protection of our birds, mammals and fish, there will be enough for all to have some, and still have plenty for propagation.

"In a great many counties in this State there are local game laws, but in most instances they are inadequate and observed only in the breach. A majority of the States have State game laws, some of which are very rigid, and as a consequence game and fish are plentiful there.

"If we protect the fish, the United States Government will stock all our streams with an abundance of the finest fish, and if we protect the game, the natural increase will always give us enough for all our legitimate needs. Therefore if you have not already done so, send your name and $2 to the secretary, who will receipt you and enroll your name on the list of members.

"This done, use your influence among the huntsmen and fishermen in your neighborhood to induce them to be moderate and reasonable in the quantity of game and fish taken, and also prevent the destruction of young, or females with young. J. H. Allen, Sec'y and Treas."

Indiana Quail.

Fremont, Ind., March 24.—Quail were more plentiful here last season than they have been for many years; the winter has been favorable for them, and we can expect to have a good supply for next November. We know of several coveys that were not disturbed last season and have wintered well. All other game is scarce here. Going out for an occasional day's romp with Roy Rodney and my little Holenbeck, my score for 1896 was 182 quail, 46 woodcock and 10 partridges. Mc.

West Virginia's Non-Export Law.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our new law is quite a long step in the direction of shorter open seasons, and better enforcement of our laws relative to game and fish. No deer may be killed for five years and no more hounding, no quail for two years. No bass may be caught from April 15 to June 15 of each year, and none taken under 6in. For dynamite using a jail sentence is provided, in addition to the fine which the court must impose.

No game may be sold out of the State or shipped therefrom.

All State, county and city officers are made game wardens, and upon reliable information of infringement of these statutes must act or are subject to fine. One-half of all fines go to the informer and the other to the party making the arrest.

This State possesses most excellent advantages for game fish, and where there has been no netting, and especially no dynamiting, there is as good fishing as one could ask. This law starts at last in the right direction of forbidding the sale of game outside the State, but falls short in not having adopted the FOREST AND STREAM no sale platform; but we feel encouraged and trust the latter will come in two years.

If all members of our various State Legislatures were only constant readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, soon indeed would the needed "No Sale" law be passed, and the statutes of the various States cease to be encumbered with useless provisos compromise provisions, often inconsistent and so utterly in conflict among themselves as to utterly nullify their enforcement.

Let us all try to push the good work along, and when from Maine to California, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there is no spot upon which game can be offered for sale, none who will buy and no company that dare carry, then at last our game problem is solved and to the good work of FOREST AND STREAM will belong at least the greater part of the credit. T. R. S.

Deer and Train.

A GLOVERSVILLE (N. Y.) correspondent sends us this from his local Adirondack paper: "Deer are evidently becoming quite numerous in this vicinity, as two were recently seen near the Broadalbin Railroad, and people on the train from Northville had an interesting experience with two of the animals on its trip to this city this afternoon. The train had reached a point about half a mile south of Cranberry Creek depot when the engineer saw two deer jump on the track. After waiting until the approaching train was within about 100ft. of them, the deer turned and ran down the track directly ahead of the locomotive and maintained that position for nearly three-quarters of a mile, when they turned and passed into a field through an open gate. The engineer kept the whistle tooting constantly while the animals were on the track, and several of the passengers, desirous of learning the cause of the repeated alarms, saw the animals in their race with the train."

In Wolf Creek Swamp.

WEDNESDAY, 10:30 A. M., found four of our party standing around a small fire near the swamps of Wolf Creek, about five miles from town, awaiting the arrival of the fifth, a negro we had employed to furnish the dogs. We heard the welcome yelp of a hound in the swamp below us, and soon Joe appeared on the scene with fourteen dogs.

In a few minutes we had decided on our route, two of us taking each side of the creek, Joe and dogs in the swamp; and we were on the march. Soon it sounded as if some fort was being cannonaded. Every few minutes would hear the report of a gun, and occasionally above the sound of the 12-bores could be distinguished the loud report of my 10-gauge. At 1 o'clock we returned to the buggies for dinner, and after a hearty smack counted the game. We had twenty-seven rabbits, a quail and a woodcock. We decided that this was as many as we had any need for, so were soon on our way home. For the first time I grew tired of rabbit croquettes. A GEORGIA HUNTER.

Slaughtering Ontario Game.

PORT ARTHUR, Canada.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The attention of the game warden for Ontario is called to the fact that moose, caribou and other game is being recklessly slaughtered in the district of West Algoma, and that although the local warden has been notified, no action has been taken to put a stop to the outrageous practice. Indians are actually peddling the meat around the town of Port Arthur, and the hides are shipped to Toronto. The Indians have no more right to kill moose and caribou than a white man, and if the practice is not stopped the large game will be exterminated. It is also reported that numbers of beaver have been taken during this winter, and that the pelts have been shipped to Toronto. The depredations have been committed principally on the Port Arthur, Duluth & Western Ry. and east on the Canadian Pacific Ry. The Ontario Government should lose no time in having the wardens put an end to this reckless slaughter. JOHN E. NEWSOME.

Game Seen on a Maine Trip.

ON our annual hunting trip to Maine in 1896 the party consisted of one lady, two sportsmen, cook and two guides. Started from Moosehead Lake Sept. 21 and arrived at Grindstone Oct. 28. We saw no game until Oct. 5 except partridges, but before coming out we saw ninety-two deer, thirteen moose and two caribou. We only took one spikehorn moose and two deer.

The moose we saw were five cows, three calves, two bulls (seen by the guides, who had orders not to shoot any), one spikehorn, taken for meat, and two seen at a distance, and supposed to be cow and bull. Partridges were very scarce. We only saw about thirty. N. F. TUFTS.

The .22cal. for Duck Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was looking over a pile of FOREST AND STREAMS recently and noticed an article from a man in California speaking in high praise of the .22cal. rifle. What sportsman is there who would not feel greater pride in bringing to bag four or five mallards with a small caliber rifle than four times that number with a 10 gauge, if it were only customary to hunt them in that manner?

I think that a club started on some good ducking preserve to allow only the use of the small caliber rifle would soon have a large membership, composed only of the highest type of sportsmen. S. R. R.

Spesutia Island Club.

ASSISTANT GAME WARDEN GEO. W. MASSAMORE was recently a guest of the Spesutia Island Rod and Gun Club. He reports that the shooting there was fairly good. He and Mr. Henry T. Carey killed about forty blackhead ducks.

Dr. Massamore said the statements about the great slaughter of ducks at the island were overdrawn. The club has twelve members, and several of them are good shots. There are five shore blinds, and the club has two sink-boxes for use on the flats. One rule of the club is that members can only shoot half of any one day. If they shoot in the morning, they must leave the blinds at 1 P. M. If in the afternoon, they begin at 1 P. M. The club keeps a record of all the ducks killed, and from this Dr. Massamore found the following:

The club was formed 1889. The biggest kill of any day since was made by Henry T. Carey and J. W. Auchincloss. It was March 14, 1895, when they gathered 202 birds. On March 30, 1894, A. de Barry and Parker Page killed 176 on the flats. On Nov. 1 of the same year five members shot on the flats and killed 198. These are top scores.

The total records for each year, both from shore blinds and from sink-boxes, are as follows:

1889–90, 3,004; 1890–91, 3,074; 1891–92, 1,390; 1892–93, 871; 1893–94, 2,452; 1894–95, 2,084; 1895–96, 1,637; 1896 to and including March 12, 1897, 800.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The Virginia Shore.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At this writing I regret to have to report a news famine so far as game is concerned.

Our fox-hunting clubs, after a very successful season, have withdrawn their dogs. The last brant, duck and goose must have left for their breeding grounds in the far North, there now being none in our waters. Coast birds are not on hand yet, but may be expected ere long. Surely it is between grass and hay. A company of the Accomac Club men came down by our morning train in expectation, no doubt, of snipe and coast bird shooting. The famine will soon be off. T. G. ELLIOTT.

KELLER, Va., March 25.

Two Partridge Heads with One Bullet.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I had the pleasure of a hunting trip in Maine in 1896. The party made their headquarters at Turner Pond. This camp is run by Mr. Kinne, of the Birch Island House, Holeb, Me. We remained four days at Turner Pond. Our party of six got five deer. I was fortunate in shooting the heads off of two partridges with one rifle bullet, something I never heard of being done before. The two partridges were on the ground, and as they passed I shot, which I think was a very lucky shot. F. L. A.

Barnegat Duck Shooting.

NEW YORK, March 29.—Duck shooting in Barnegat Bay is at its height. I went down last week, and together with my guide, Mr. J. B. Boyden, of Waretown, N. J., killed thirty-nine broadbills, eleven brant and sixteen sheldrakes in three days. The bay is fairly alive with ducks, geese and brant, and any information about the shooting would be gladly furnished. A. SCHOVERLING.

GAME LEGISLATION AT ALBANY.

WE give a synopsis of the game law measures introduced in the New York Legislature during the current session. The bills are designated by their introduction order.

In the Assembly.

No. 24. Mr. Sanger—To forbid jacking deer at any time.

No. 47. Mr. Hobbie—To forbid hounding deer in towns of Dresden and Putnam, Washington county, for ten years.

No. 48. Mr. Hoes—To permit ice-fishing for pickerel, bullheads, catfish, eels, perch and sunfish in Queechy Lake, Columbia county.

No. 80. Mr. Sanger—To repeal Sec. 249 (the game selling section).

No 185. Mr. Matteson—To protect minks, skunks, muskrat in Cattaraugus county, May 1 to Nov. 16; and foxes, May 1 to Sept. 30.

No. 189. Mr. Nixon—To forbid taking any fish in Chautauqua Lake from May 1 to June 15; or any black bass, yellow bass, rock bass and muskallonge, except from June 15 to Dec. 1.

No. 190. Mr. Nixon—To protect State nets while in use.

No. 191. Mr. Nixon—To protect woodcock, partridge, rabbit and squirrel in Chatauqua county, except from Sept. 15 to Dec. 31.

No. 252. Mr. Clark—To make "the waters of the Thousand Islands" bounded by "the boundary line between the State of New York and the Dominion of Canada at Saint Regis."

No. 276 Mr Glen—To repeal Sec. 249, but without application to game already in possession at time of passage of act.

No. 360. Mr. Corrigan—To repeal Sec. 249.

No. 476. Mr. Witter—To protect woodcock, meadow lark, grouse and squirrels in Tioga county, except from Sept. 15 to Dec. 15, and to prohibit their export for sale.

No. 500. Mr. McLaughlin—To make the open season for woodcock and grouse Sept. 16 to Dec. 1.

No. 510. Mr. Hutton—To make the open season for black bass in Lake George and Schroon Lake July 1 to Dec. 31. (It is now Aug. 1 to Dec. 31.)

No. 10. Mr. Sanger—To make open season for squirrels Sept. 1 to Nov. 15. (It is now Oct. 15 to Feb. 15.) To make open season for hare and rabbit Oct. 15 to Feb. 15; woodcock and grouse, Sept. 1 to Nov 15, with season of possession Sept. 1 to Dec. 1; to forbid transportation of woodcock, grouse and quail, except when accompanied by owner, and provided that no individual shall transport more than fifteen birds at one time or fifty in a season.

No. 23. Mr. Sanger—To prohibit entirely the hounding of deer.

No. 521. Mr. Post—To permit use of floating devices and sailboats for wildfowl shooting "in Long Island Sound, Great South Bay, Shinnecock and Peconic bays." (A law.)

No. 579. Mr. Graves—To protect mink, skunk, muskrat, in Oneida and Madison counties, May 1 to Oct. 31; and fox, May 1 to Sept. 30.

No. 677. Mr. Goodsell—To make close seasons for Orange county: woodcock, grouse, Jan. 1 to Aug. 15; quail, Jan. 1 to Nov. 1; hare, rabbit, gray squirrel, Jan. 1 to Oct. 1.

No. 705. Mr. Coughlin—To forbid possession of living birds protected by Sec. 78 (song and insectivorous birds).

No. 724. Mr. Brown—To increase the number of game protectors and foresters (from present thirty-five) to forty-one.

No. 726—To appropriate $6,000 for erection and maintenance of a food fish hatchery on one of the inland lakes.

No. 220. Mr. Clark—To limit nets for taking minnows for bait to 40ft. length, 4ft. depth, and hauling ropes to 50ft.

No. 459. Mr. Hobbie—To authorize protectors to serve summons issuing out of justices' court; also giving right of search without search warrant.

No. 778. Mr. Hobbie—To exclude brackish water from the term "salt water" when used in the law relative to fishing.

No. 346. Mr. Horton—To permit in Wayne county waters taking of perch, bullheads, suckers, catfish, eels and sunfish for home consumption.

No. 248. Mr. Ives—To make open deer season Aug. 15 to Nov. 15; to forbid for five years use of jack light or hound; season for squirrel, Sept. 15 to Nov. 30; hare, rabbit, Sept. 1 to Dec. 31; woodcock, meadowlark, grouse, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1; possession, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1; hare, rabbit, squirrel, woodcock, grouse, meadowlark may not be killed for score in a side-hunt; woodcock, quail and grouse may be transported only when accompanied by owner, and only twelve at a time.

No. 812. Mr. Brown—To provide a food fish hatchery in Hamilton county.

No. 834. Mr. Coughlin—Provides that nothing in law shall be construed as forbidding possession, transportation or sale of elk meat from Oct. 31 to Dec. 15.

No. 835. Mr. Gott—Relative to duty of peace officers to report law violations to district attorney.

No. 867. Mr. Andrews—To make close season for meadow hens, mudhens, gallinule, water chicken, grebe, *except* Aug. 16 to Dec. 31.

No. 875. Mr. Rounds—To permit ice-fishing in Owasco Lake.

No. 897. Mr. Pierce—For a food fish hatchery in the town of Schroon, Essex county.

No. 364. Mr. Garby—Open season on woodcock and grouse in Richmond county, July 4 to Dec. 31; and on meadowlarks in Niagara and Richmond counties, Sept. 15 to Dec. 31.

No. 365. Mr. Garby—Open season for squirrel, hare, rabbit, Oct. 15 to Dec. 15; in Richmond county, Nov. 10 to Dec. 10; and rabbits protected during 1897.

No. 485. Mr. Meyer—To provide for salt-water striped bass close season, Jan. 1 to May 1; lawful length, 8in.

No. 975. Mr. Hobbie—To forbid pollution of streams in a measure to interfere with the habits of fish.

No. 995. Mr. Nixon—To amend Sec. 132 so that Lake Erie nets may not be used within one-quarter mile of the shore in Chautauqua county (one-half mile elsewhere).

No 785. Mr. Gott—To make open season for trout April 16 to Aug. 31.

No. 949. Mr. Whritner—To make open seasons in Rockland county: woodcock, July 1 to July 31, and Oct. 1 to Oct. 31; partridge, quail, rabbit, squirrel, Nov. 1 to Dec. 31.

No. 1014. Mr. Dudley—To forbid Lake Ontario netting within one mile (now three miles) of mouth of Niagara River.

No. 1015. Mr. Dudley—To permit drying nets on shores of Lake Erie, Lake Ontario and Cattaraugus Creek.

No. 1017. Mr. Halbert—To protect quail in Chemung county to 1898.

No. 772. Mr. Burr—To permit the sale in New York city of trout taken on Long Island between March 29 and April 16.

No. 916. Mr. McLaughlin—To make open season on black bass June 30 to Dec. 31.

No. 1079. Mr. Zimmerman—Relative to nets in Lake Ontario and other waters.

No. 1132. Mr. Eldridge—To forbid in Lake George trolling from launch propelled by steam, naphtha, gasoline or electricity.

No. 1140. Mr. McLaughlin—Authorizing removal of Beaverkill hatchery to another site in Sullivan county.

No. 774. Mr. Eldridge—To protect fish in Warren county.

No. 1186. Mr. Palmer—To protect bass in Crystal Lake, Rensselaerville, for two years.

No. 1221. Mr. Ives—To protect elk.

No. 1230. Mr. Ten Eyck—To forbid the sale of woodcock and grouse at any time.

No. 1231. Mr. Ten Eyck—To increase fine for trapping to $25 for each bird so taken; or imprisonment, $1 one day.

No. 1232. Mr. Ten Eyck—To limit transportation of woodcock or grouse by any one person to twelve at one time.

No. 627. Mr. Husted—To forbid in Westchester county shooting of game from public highway.

No. 320. Mr. Benham—To permit 600ft. set lines in Canandaigua Lake.

No. 480. Mr. McLaughlin—To permit ice-fishing in Sullivan county waters not inhabited by brook trout.

No. 863. Mr. Gorham—Relative to ice-fishing in certain waters in Putnam and Otsego counties.

No. 1106. Mr. McKnight—To exempt from protection, on Long Island, Wilson's or English snipe.

No. 1314. Mr. Abell—To forbid the sale of wild bird skins with plumage thereon.

No. 1355. Mr. Sweet—To permit ice-fishing in trout waters in Greene county from Dec. 1 to Feb. 15.

No. 262. Mr. Mackey—To permit ice-fishing in trout waters in Delaware county from Dec. 1 to Feb. 15.

No 680. Mr. Hill—To increase the number of protectors from thirty-five to forty-two.

Rec. No. 101. Mr. Wilcox—To exempt the waters controlled by the Oneonta Water Works Company from the provisions of the fish law.

No. 1404. Mr. Ten Eyck—To make open seasons as follows: Deer, Sept. 1 to Nov 15 (not to be shot at between 8 P. M. and 6 A. M.); black and gray squirrels, Sept. 15 to Dec. 31; hares, rabbits, Sept. 15 to Dec. 31 (use of ferrets not forbidden); web-footed wildfowl, including geese and brant, Sept. 1 to April 1; woodcock, grouse, Sept. 15 to Dec. 31 (only twelve of either birds transported at a time in company of owner); meadow hen, gallinule, water chicken, grebe, Aug. 16 to Dec. 31; salmon trout, landlocked salmon, April 1 to Sept. 30; black bass, May 30 to Dec. 31 (unlawful length, 9in.); pike, pickerel, wall-eyed pike, May 1 to Jan. 31; salt-water striped bass, May 31 to April 1 (lawful length, 8in.).

In the Senate.

Int. No. 45. Mr. Daley—To permit ice-fishing in Queechy Lake, Columbia county.

No. 96. Mr. Nixon—Assembly No. 187.

No. 108. Mr. Raines—To permit spear and set line fishing in Canandaigua Lake.

No. 172. Mr. Raines—Same purport as No. 108.

No. 184. Mr. Munzinger—To repeal Sec. 249.

No. 287. Mr. Krum—Same as Assembly No. 459.

No. 313. Mr. Davis—Same as Assembly No 705.

No. 349. Mr. Guy—To make open season for possession and sale of venison Aug. 16 to March 1; open season for killing squirrels and rabbits, Oct. 15 to March 1; wildfowl, except geese and brant, Sept. 1 to April 1; quail, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1; possession of woodcock and grouse permitted from Aug. 16 to March 1; quail, Oct. 1 to March 1; snipe, plover, shore birds, at all seasons. Repeals Sec. 249.

No 363. Mr. Wilcox That Commissioners may give privilege of drawing off waters for taking carp, pickerel and other fish.

No. 415. Mr. Lamy—To increase the number of protectors from thirty-five to sixty.

No. 423. Mr. Stranahan—As to nets in Lakes Erie and Ontario.

No. 461. Mr. Krum—To open snipe and shore bird season on Long Island April 1 (instead of July 1, as now).

No. 523. Mr. Brown—To permit taking suckers, pickerel, bullheads, catfish, eels and sunfish at any time with spear, tip-up, hook-up or set lines, in Wharton, Butternut, Schenevus, Otego and Oaks creeks and Susquehanna River, in Otsego county.

No. 537. Mr. Harrison—Assembly No. 459.

No. 623. Mr. Coggeshall—To stock waters of Oneida county with game fish; to prohibit fishing except with rod and line; to establish a fund, to be deposited by the Central New York Fishery Association with the treasurer of Oneida county, for payment of rewards for information leading to conviction of offenders.

No. 643. Mr. Mullin—To regulate net fishing in lakes Erie and Ontario.

Rec. No. 118 Assembly No. 459.

Rec No. 115. Assembly No. 220.

No. 819. Mr. Grant—To move the Beaverkill hatchery.

No. 822. Mr. Grant—To make black bass open season June 30 to Dec. 31.

No. 443. Mr. Grant—To permit ice fishing in Queechy and Conesus lakes; hooking and spearing suckers in Onondaga Lake, waters of Cortland and Tioga counties, Delaware and Charlotte rivers, and tributaries in Delaware and Sullivan counties; ice-fishing in Schoharie River and tributaries in Schoharie county; use of set lines, tip-ups and hooks for suckers, catfish, eels and sunfish in Wayne county at any time.

No. 601. Mr. Davis—As to woodcock and grouse—open season, Sept. 1 to Dec. 15; one person may take only thirty birds in a season; possession allowed Sept. 1 to Jan. 1 for birds killed in open season or out of the State; transportation forbidden except for not more than thirty birds accompanied by owner; importation forbidden in open season except from points twenty-five miles beyond State lines.

No. 874. Mr. Guy—To make close season for wildfowl Oct. 31 to May 1, and to forbid taking except with shoulder gun.

No. 893. Mr. Krum—Open seasons: for squirrels and rabbits, Sept. 1 to Dec. 31; Richmond county, rabbits, Nov. 10 to Dec. 10 (1897 closed entirely); Westchester county, squirrels and rabbits, Oct. 15 to Nov. 1; Tioga county, squirrels, Sept. 15 to Dec. 15. Ferrets forbidden except in Wayne, Onondaga, Delaware and Oswego counties.

No. 887. Mr. Koehler—To prohibit net fishing in Jamaica Bay, Flatlands Bay, Grassy Bay and adjacent waters opening into the ocean through Rockaway Inlet.

(*Correspondence Forest and Stream.*)

ALBANY, March 27.—The Senate has passed these bills: Senator Parsons, providing for the preparation by the State of a text-book on birds for use in schools, academies and colleges, setting forth the economic value of birds; Senator Malby, authorizing the killing of dogs that will hunt or pursue deer, when found running at large in a locality inhabited by deer; (977) Senator Grant, relative to fishing through the ice; (978) Senator Davis, relative to the Ulster county forest preserve; (979) Senator Davis, relative to the season for grouse; (1,017) Senator Krum, providing for the publication of the game code as amended.

After a final hearing, the Assembly game committee reported the Ives bill prohibiting the hounding of deer for five years after June 1, 1897.

The following new law has been signed by the Governor: Assemblyman Nixon, making it unlawful for any one but employees of the State Fish and Forestry Commission to take fish from a State net or to fish within 100ft. of any such net.

The Assembly has passed these bills: (834) Assemblyman Hobbie, relative to protectors' right to search; (1,692) Assemblyman Benham, relative to fishing in Canandaigua Lake; (1,093) Assemblyman McLaughlin, relative to fishing through the ice.

The Assembly has ordered to a third reading the following bills: Assemblyman Holbert, relative to the close season for quail; (1,713) Assemblyman Gorham, relating to fishing in Otsego county; (1,719) Assemblyman McKnight, close season for plover and other birds.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

FISHING WITH A HAND LINE.

To-day, March 14, is a typical March day for this latitude, example of all that is disagreeable in what we have learned to expect as March weather in New England.

I had been gazing out at the fine sleet and snow as it came snapping against the window pane, and shivering a little as the raw air crept in around the casement, thinking as I did so of another March day only a year ago, and remembering longingly the red, pink and white roses clambering all around the porch railing that day as I stood in the sunshine cutting them, until my basket could hold no more.

To forget the weather and memories of other days I took up a late number of the Forest and Stream. First I read Mr. A. N. Cheney's letter regarding Long Lake and his reminiscences of Dr. Todd. Mr. Cheney never writes better than when he is reminded of his boyish pleasures, and I like best of all to hear or read of those "days of his youth," and to remember that a dear old friend of his once said to him, "Well, you will always be a boy!" and his reply to me, "I hope so."

Turning to another page, I found Mr. Mather's recollections of his old companion Charles Bell, and again was I led back to the land of rustling palms and unceasing sunshine by his words, which recalled my first and last experience fishing with a hand line.

It may feaze some lordly man to know of this episode, as confirming his opinion that "women are not true sportsmen, or ever really in earnest in their attempts, therefore not much use on fishing trips anyway."

I am familiar with this kind of remarks and have always intended proving their injustice, but that "the exception may prove the rule" I will admit that once perhaps I failed, and possibly deserved some of the contempt lavished upon me.

Mr. Mather quotes John Atwood's sneers at "fishing with a pole" when he said: "There ain't no fun in it, for you h'ist 'em out too quick with a pole. Throw that away and take off your float; rig yer sinkers below the hooks, and when you get a fish haul 'em in, hand over hand, and feel 'em wriggle all the way in; that's sport!"

Mr. Mather continues: "Writing of this brings a desire to fish that way once more. Bait the hooks with good-sized worms, spit on the bait for luck, whirl the sinker three times by the right side and let it go just on the upward start to plunk in the water at the proper distance, running out the neatly coiled line at your feet, and then, taking in all the slack, wait for a bite. Nibble and strike, nibble and strike; 'I've got him!' and then haul in fast, with the fish sending electric thrills up the line, and all the while you are nerved up by wonder as to the kind of fish and its probable size. An eel of 2lbs. makes you think you've got the biggest perch that ever swam, and your heart beats fast until you see what it is, and then, with all your care, the beast puts knots in the line in a minute that will take you a long time to untangle, and you knock satisfaction out of him with your heel. * * * Verily, looking back upon my life as an angler, 'there seems to have been no sport like this'."

I can hardly agree with Mr. Mather in recalling my experience with a hand line, and wishing that I might fish that way once more, for next time I shall surely take "a pole," but I can say with him: "Verily, looking back, there seems to have been no sport like this."

That fateful morning when at breakfast Mr. Jones, Mr. Giles and my brother Robert had announced their intention of going to fish on the beach over on one of the islands across Sarasota Bay, they ended by saying: "Why don't you come too? There will be plenty of room in the sailboat. You could bring Maggie with you, and you and she could gather shells. It would do you good and give her something to relate to her Vermont friends."

Accepting the invitation, I promised "to be ready on time," and they went on with their plans for the day. During the conversation I had seen the longing look in the eyes of Eugene, our attendant "gentleman of color," and realized that in the devotion with which he urged upon me another chop and hot coffee, and his immediate haste in clearing the table, meant a mute appeal to be taken too.

As the men went for their fishing tackle I arranged with Maggie and Eugene about the luncheon, ending by saying to the latter, "Eugene, we will need you to go with us, I think." His look of joy was delightful to see, as he answered, "Madame, I was just thinking it would be much better if I could go and serve the luncheon for you, and you know I have learned to row a little since I have been here and— (I knew this last to be not the least) madame, I have never been out in a sailboat, and I feel it will be the pleasure of my life."

Eugene's stately manner and grandiloquent speeches were always a delight to me, though somewhat a mystery, afterward explained, however, by some Atlanta friends, who overheard him quoting to me, "Miss Lulu Hardin, madame, always left everything for me, and for the eleven years I was Judge Hardin's butler I gave perfect satisfaction." This was an old story, brought forth always by any criticism, so I paid but little attention, but my friends said, "Now we understand; Judge Hardin is a gentleman of the old school courtliness, and Eugene unconsciously copies his manner and voice even in everything he says. His extreme politeness and formality, which in some way reminded us of some one, have puzzled us; but they are all copied after Judge Hardin, we can now see."

Trusting Eugene and Maggie to provide for the inner man, I hastened to array myself in a wide-brimmed hat and short gown, and to hunt up a camp-chair, for experience had taught me the folly of going a-fishing with these particular men without resources and comforts of my own, having found their devotion to last only until the fish began to bite.

Soon we were all together on the broad piazza watching the hoisting of the sails of the pretty Minnie, that had rocked so lazily and enticingly for nearly a week near the dock in front of the house. The pelicans nodded wisely to us, diving for their prey in a way to tantalize us, while over their heads hovered the saucy gull, hoping to snatch their catch. Old Tom, Mr. G.'s dog, chased the buzzards, while Toddy, our own Northern pointer, besought with eager brown eyes and thumping tail to be of the party.

March winds, sleet, snow-laden mountains, work, worry and weariness are forgotten as once more I am on the Minnie, watching the distance increase between us and the roses and our approach to the shell-strewn beach, upon which the water glistens and foams so prettily, washing up new treasures with each rush and flash. We could see the dark shadows of the redfish as we neared the shore, and grew impatient with wind and tide. Finally landing, all too soon for me, as the exhilaration of the sailing is beyond the excitement of the fishing, everyone hastened to get ready their rods and lines, when it was discovered that no one had thought to bring a rod for me. The channel bass and bluefish were to be seen coming in, and that the others might lose no sport I said: "Never mind, go on with your own fishing. Maggie and I will hunt for shells." As we walked briskly on the long, hard beach, how I wished for a bicycle. There one could ride for miles, and fall too if you liked, with no fear of dust or comments.

The success of the fishermen led us back to watch them, and finally aroused my envy and a desire to try my luck; so I accepted meekly an offer of a hand line, and there is where I made my mistake. Had it not been for that wretched hand line I would yet be able to hold my head up as a fisherwoman of at least moderate skill.

Baiting the hook with a piece of mullet, laying the line carefully in coils on the white sand, and whirling it until it had gathered the momentum to take it away out into the deep water, I waited to rival the poor men fishing with "poles." Now and then a jackfish or a cavaillé would give a tug on the line, but they were rejected for a more desirable return. The monotony of this became tiresome, so I resolved upon greater ease. Asking Maggie to hold the line a moment, I sought my camp-chair, novel, umbrella and a short stick.

Taking one turn of the line around the stick, I stuck it into the sand before me; another turn of the line around my right arm secured it beyond a possibility of slipping; then holding the piece of board upon which the line had been wound in my lap, and umbrella in one hand and book in the other, I sat down upon the camp-chair feeling I could enjoy my book and waiting for the fish at the same time.

Hardly had I begun to congratulate myself upon knowing so much better than the others did how to be comfortable than there came a nibble. Dropping my book and umbrella, I grasped the board with my right hand and reached forward with my left to draw in the line; this was answered by a twitch, my pull being responded to by a series of jerks, yanks and jumps—until, even though holding on with all my strength and standing where the water washed up over my feet, I felt the line slipping through my grasp until the superior strength at the other end of the line caused it to cut through the thin sleeve of my cotton gown like a knife. With an effort I managed to untwist the line and release my arm, when at the same instant my fish gave a huge jerk, I felt the line go like a flash through my hands, another twitch and I stood gazing at my empty hands trying to decide how it had all happened.

Now comes the sad and bitter part of my story. Instead of a proper concern for a possibly mutilated arm, I have to record the most unfeeling remarks which broke in upon my reverie, upon the uncertainty of life and all things in general. My brother, who should have spoken with love and sympathy, instead said: "What on earth did you do that for? Where's your line? What did you let go of it for?" etc., etc.

I meekly said: "It hurt; I only wanted to free my arm—and—and—I don't know where the line is—"

"No matter if it did; you should have hung on," was the unfeeling answer.

His friend Mr. G., whom I had heretofore admired as most generous, courteous and appreciative of men, now proved his insincerity by squarely and openly joining my brother in his tirade. His wail was all for his precious hand line: "The very best one I had, and I thought you knew enough to take care of it." Ending by a last most unkindest cut of all: "That is about what I would expect of a woman who tried to write a book about fishing, though I did think you knew something."

My protest about their indifference if I had been dragged to a watery grave fell upon callous hearts. They thought only of that miserable hand line and my folly in losing a big fish; and there under the fair Florida sky, within sight of the pretty home and where we had peacefully dwelt among the roses, we "scrapped;" and even Mr. Jones, who had always been on my side in any previous differences, sat mute on the dry sand, and with a look of sad reproach which was not broken by any appeal of mine for defense.

While I stood there one "lone, lorn woman," against those "three wise men," away out on the water I saw the tiny brown board upon which the line had been wound, and to which one end of it was yet attached. There it was, floating and bobbing up and down with the waves.

Eugene had just gone out in a rowboat. "Oh, Eugene! Eugene!" I called, "get it, quick! see there! and there!" As I pointed he looked puzzled, but finally understood and started after it. A long chase it was. Now here, now there, could be seen the little board, while my tormentors chanted in my ears: "Oh, he'll never get it; that line and fish are gone; a great fisherman you are!" in tones of contempt which echo in my ears even yet.

Meantime faithful Eugene rowed clumsily hither and yon, learning rapidly in his attempts to catch the coveted board. Encouraged by my persistent appeals and directions from the shore he finally grasped it; then came our turn to wonder! Too far out for us to see ought but his movements, we could only watch him pull and pull on the line, as he followed the fish apparently this way and that, until finally it seemed to be under the boat. After a long contest, we saw him stand upright, raise an oar, and beat with mighty blows at something in the water. After an evident struggle this method of attack ceased, and we could see him dragging something heavy into the boat, and then we knew that the precious hand line was safe and could be returned to its wrathful owner. So I speedily began to triumph over my brother, saying, "After all my fish will prove the largest one caught to-day."

"Your fish!" they both scoffed, "your fish! We would call that Eugene's fish!" And they persist to this day that the shark I hooked on the borrowed hand line was Eugene's fish, and that I deserve no credit whatever, though I yet claim rare good sense in releasing my arm, and not following out into the "briny deep" that wily shark, and that I did hook the biggest fish of the day I yet maintain.

But I warn any who "go a-fishing" there are times when you may hear plain truths of yourself, and my one day's fishing with a hand line has caused me to become a skeptic regarding any man's compliments; for this one hand line taught me the shallowness of the supposed admiration of one man and the obstinacy of a brother who joined in condemning my skill and judgment.

Over the luncheon we all "made up," and they promised never to forget my "pole" again, and in spite of this combination against me I look back upon a happy day, and would I could bring to you who read a vision of the curving shore, soft, clear air, wonderfully tinted water reflecting the glory of the sky, lines of Spanish bayonets guarding with their white covers the dark green of the mangrove bushes, and the restfulness of it all which made a "joy of mere living" notwithstanding the "hand line."

Manchester, Vermont. Mary Orvis Marbury.

Moral—Never wind the hand line around your arm, lest you be dragged away to sea. I knew of a woman who wound one around her waist when fishing on the shore, hooked a jewfish and it—but "that's another story," as Kipling says. M. E. O. M.

THE MYSTIFYING WAYS OF TROUT.

Seattle, Wash., March 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* W. A. Hardy, of the Hardy Hall Arms Co., is a keen sportsman who tells lots of good stories. One of them is as follows: "All fishermen know that the trout is 'wily,' especially the old whale who has felt the prick of the hook; but I had an experience on Nason Creek, an affluent of the Wenatchie River, near the Great Northern Railroad's Cascade 'switchback,' which seems to indicate that a big trout may be a big fool. I had been lazily whipping the stream one warm August afternoon when I came to a deep pool about 30yds. round, down the middle of which an undulating ripple marked the channel in the otherwise smooth and oily surface. Vine, maple and alder branches overhung the sides except where a little sandbar put out about 3ft. from the shore at the head of the pool. Standing on this bar, I cast over the pool without a rise. It looked too tempting to pass by hastily, so I put a bit of squirrel meat on my fly, attached a demijohn cork to the line, cast over to the rippling channel and let the current carry the floating line down to the end of the pool. As I reeled in the line came quartering back up and across the pool toward me. At about 15yds. from where I stood I heard a splash, as of a muskrat, but as I was not watching I reeled in and cast again. Again there was a splash at the same place, and watching, I saw a broad tail swat the cork, which danced from the blow. Again I cast, and again the big fellow's tail whacked the cork. Taking off the cork, I cast the fly—a No. 6 professor—at the spot where the fish had risen before. This time he broke high out of water and came down on the hook. I struck hard from a free reel, and braced for a hard fight. To my surprise he took no line, and I reeled in quickly, feeling the chagrin of loss as I felt no weight; but when the fly reached the sandbar on which I stood there was the fish, who came right ashore without a motion. I lifted him up, put him on the bank, took the hook out of his mouth—he was hooked fairly in the gristle of the upper lip—felt him all over to see if he was sick, opening his gills to see if they were pale, took out my knife to open him, and not till then did he move. Move he did, giving me a lively two minutes to hold him down. After I had killed and bled him I opened him and found a 5in. field mouse half digested in his stomach. Apparently the fish was sound as a dollar. I know he was fine eating and fat. He weighed 3lbs. 2oz., and what I want to know is why he came ashore without resistance unless he was a fool?"

Speaking of foolish fish, I saw a bird temporarily insane once, I believe. I had been wandering over the beaches on the Wenatchie divide after an unsuccessful pheasant hunt. Seeing a big red-headed woodpecker on a yellow pine, I let go my .22 Marlin at him, and knocked him down. Going to pick him up, I saw the bird climb the tree from the ground, and when he was about 10ft. up he began to peck as fast as he could, and to screech like the deuce at the same time. He paid no attention to me, but kept on pecking and screeching in spite of my efforts to reach him. I finally succeeded in getting him, but he still pecked and screeched. I couldn't imagine what was the matter until after wringing his neck I examined him, and found that the bullet had simply scraped the skull, producing I suppose concussion of the brain at first and a temporary insanity, so to speak.

Living in the State of Washington, where streams are plentiful and nearly every stream is full of trout, my business and my pleasure the past seven years have led me to spend much time "where the trout lurk," and I have puzzled much over the vexed questions of the fly as a lure. Standing quietly for hours at a time in all sorts of waters and weathers, I am convinced that the sight of the trout, at least that of *Salmo mykiss* or cut-throat trout, is not keen. It is my observation that trout, big and little, will when hungry rise at almost any small object that falls in the water, like leaves, feathers, twigs, sand, berries. In a big clear pool I have seen scores dart from every corner to rise at a falling leaf, and the one nearest and chancing to get it would apparently suck it in, then puff it out when he found out what it was. Often I have thrown in little pebbles the size of wheat and seen fish rise at them. It has come to be my theory that, just as a bird or other object coming between the human eye and the sun is seen in outline or in penumbra, so will a fish below the surface of the water see any falling object and be able to distinguish it only when in striking distance. The fact that fish in an unfished stream will strike a bare hook, as I have often known of their doing, seems to be an indication that the hungry fish does not see nor stop to see what falls within striking distance.

On the other hand, I can form no idea why a trout will prefer one lure to another. On one stream that I have fished more than any one else, and on which I do not know that any one except a few of my friends and myself have ever fished with a fly, I find that a professor as dropper and governor as tail fly on a No 6 hook are so sure as to be almost deadly. I have tried every fly from black gnat to white miller and red ibis with less and less success. I have tried grasshoppers, worms, periwinkles, meat and salmon eggs, which last are considered so deadly as to be unsportsmanlike, and yet at all seasons the professor and the governor will do better than any of them. There is not a natural fly on the stream at any season which in size, color or shape has the slightest resemblance to either governor or professor. Why should they be so deadly? X. Y. Z.

Cayuga Lake Netting.

A correspondent writing under date March 25 says: "I have reliable information that the door is wide open on Cayuga Lake and the Seneca River; both waters are full of nets; that wagon loads are taken daily of bass, pike and pickerel; that the local markets are glutted."

THE UPPER CLACKAMAS.

THE Clackamas River rises in the crest of the Cascade Range and empties into the Willamette River two miles below Willamette Falls and about ten miles above Portland. It is a wild mountain torrent, and one of the largest tributaries of the Willamette. At no season of the year have I been able to wade it at any point for thirty-five or forty miles. It is an ideal salmon stream, and the U. S. Fish Commission have two hatcheries on it, one about six and the other forty miles from its mouth. In the spring of the year and sometimes in the fall the salmon readily take the spoon or salmon roe, particularly at the dam about a mile from the mouth. My friend Sidney Smyth and myself in one half day's fishing two years ago caught twelve Chinook salmon with both spoon and bait below the dam. As regards whether the salmon in Oregon take the fly or not, I will say that as a rule they do not, but I know of two cases where a Chinook has taken the fly, one of which I witnessed myself. I have the honor of being the originator of the Mead fly, upon which they were taken. The trout fishing is very good in the upper river and its tributaries during the summer months. Salmon trout are caught at most all seasons of the year.

Shortly after my return from Roaring River, of which trip my friend S. H. Greene has so well written, while enjoying a much-needed rest, I was persuaded much against my will (?) to take to the mountains again by a friend who wished to get away from business cares and incidentally do some fishing. On a bright, sunny afternoon in September, R. R. Hoge, Dr. Bradbury and the writer left Portland for Oregon City by the electric car line, loaded down with rifles, fish rods and everything that goes to make life enjoyable in the mountains. After engaging a man for camp work, etc., we retired, but not to sleep, for anticipation kept us awake. We were up bright and early, and left Oregon City at 5 o'clock, and after a fourteen-mile drive we arrived at the end of the wagon road without any mishap other than the breaking of the rear axle, which our cook John quickly repaired with a small tree, which he lashed to the front axle and rested the rear upon it.

We found Mr. Willis and his son at home, and engaging the latter with two pack horses we proceeded down the trail as far as horses could go. We then shifted the packs to ourselves. I had a 40lb. pack, the Doctor the same. John carried the cooking utensils, etc., while to make it easy for our tenderfoot friend Hoge we gave him the rifles, fish rods, baskets, boots, etc. His load was the hardest of the lot to carry down that steep trail, but ignorance was bliss, etc. All went well until we came to a bad part of the trail known as "Jacob's Ladder," which is so steep that a rope has to be used in making the descent. The Doctor, John and myself made it all right, but Hoge was troubled with vertigo and could not make it; so I carried his outfit down, and then instructing the doctor and John to go on down to the cabin at the bottom of the cañon, about one-half mile below, with the outfit, I returned to Hoge and found him no better, so we decided to return to Willis's and spend the night, then get down by a lower and easier trail which reached the river a mile below the cabin.

We started early the next morning with young Willis to help us and reached the boat in good order. The river is very swift at this point, and we had to get up by means of a rope. The boat leaked badly and Hoge did most of the bailing, while I waded and scrambled over rocks, etc., and Willis acted as pilot. We reached the cabin about noon and found the Doctor putting things in order and John off up the trail after the last load. It began raining just as we arrived, and here let me say that it rained almost steadily for five days, leaving us one dry day in camp.

After a lunch and a rest I decided we needed fish. I borrowed a sweater of the Doctor, and putting on heavy hip boots I took my steel rod and spoon and started for a large, deep pool below camp. It was from 15 to 20ft. deep and full of dangerous swirls and eddies. I started wading out in the riffle above. More intent on fishing than as to my surroundings, I suddenly found myself swept off my feet. I hung on to the rod and regained my feet, only to lose them again. I then dropped everything and struck out for the opposite shore in order to avoid a large eddy, but the force of the current was such that I was carried right into it, and was drawn down till my feet struck bottom. I was doubled up so that I could not swim, so I tried to pull myself up the steep sides of the bottom by catching hold of the rocks, but could not get a hold. I finally straightened out enough to kick and swam out and to the surface, only to be taken under again by a smaller one further down. On coming to the surface again I struck a back current, which carried me in to shore, where I had just enough strength left to crawl out. I found my boots, which fitted tight around my thighs, were stripped down below my knees by the force of the first eddy. I walked back to camp feeling very weak, minus rod, reel and hat, nor have I seen them since. With my sweater and boots full of water, I seemed, in my weak condition, to weigh a ton, and I was very glad when the boys stripped and rubbed me down. I rolled up in blankets, slept for a while, and awoke all right.

The next day, in spite of the rain, we had some good fishing. The mountains on both sides of the river near our camp were very steep, those on the opposite side being almost perpendicular. John and I decided there were deer across from the camp, so on Saturday morning early we crossed the river, and finding a deer trail climbed up, and on reaching the last bench John went down and I up the river. I hunted till about 10 o'clock without seeing a deer, although I found plenty of fresh signs, and then started back. It took me two hours to find a way down, and when I did I dropped the last few feet, and found myself a half mile below camp. I was very tired when I reached camp, so I lit my pipe and sat down to wait for John. In about an hour he came along. He claimed he was not tired, but from the way his feet dragged behind him I have my doubts. Sunday we loafed around telling yarns, etc.

About midnight who should walk in on us but Sidney Smyth and Huntly, from Oregon City, and a gentleman whom Sidney introduced as his father. I did not know he had one living, but said nothing. They had come down that steep mountain trail after dark with nothing to guide them but a lantern. As the bunks were occupied, they turned in on the floor. The next morning I heard Huntly as well as Smyth address Mr. Smyth as "Pop," whereupon I became suspicious and finally discovered that Pop was none other than O. O. S. Immediately there was an uproar. From that time on Pop was more than welcome to my bunk, gun, rifle, fish rod and my time. We fished around all day and caught a nice mess of trout to take home.

Tuesday morning Pop, the Doctor, Huntly and Sidney took a portion of the outfit up the trail, and Hoge, John and myself took the balance down the river in the boat. I, as usual, took to the water, and was in it, six-shooter and all, before we reached the lower trail. We reached Willis's all right, and found the others there. After putting on dry clothes and eating a hearty lunch we took the team for Oregon City, where we arrived at dark, and after a dinner such as only campers can eat without ill effects we returned to Portland on the electric car.

We went into the mountains for rest and recreation. I, for one, never worked harder in my life; but we voted the trip a success, and vowed we would go again. "All's well that ends well."

J. ROBERTS MEAD.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXXVII.—William Morton Locke.

ALL the old gunners and trap-shooters in western New York remember Mort Locke. No matter where or when the event was to be pulled off, nor what the demands of business might be, it was certain that Mort would turn up and enter in every shooting contest. When you know this and also that Mort was a poor man, dependent upon a small salary as station agent, telegraph operator, baggage master and sole representative of the New York Central R. R. at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., on that branch of the road which extends from Canandaigua to Batavia, runs two trains per day each way, and is called "the peanut road" by the trainmen, you get an idea of his love of field sports and of shooting. Then, if you can imagine a short, very stout, bald, blue-eyed man of thirty-five, you will know him as I first met him, thirty years ago, kind-hearted, genial and jolly. That's the best pen-picture I can draw of him.

Most of the summer had been spent in travel, seeking springs and brooks for the purpose of trout-breeding, and some man on the train said: "Get off at the next station and ask Mort Locke; he knows every spring and stream for twenty miles around." And it chanced that I bought a farm for its spring, and came into the friendship of as genial and warm-hearted a man as we seldom find. He had only one limit, and that, unfortunately, was his purse, for he had the tastes of a man of wealth; here the thought comes in that if the figures of the census gatherer should include this class there would be an appalling lot of impecunious fellows in it, and Mort Locke and I would be lost in the mass.

The Mendon Ponds, as they are called, are fine lakes in the township of that name some ten miles south of Rochester, and there we fished for pickerel. Putting our boat on a wagon, we usually made it a two days' trip, camping and hobbling the horses. Here I learned a new form of fishing. Mort's rig was a cane pole, selected as to proper stiffness, and to this a reel and guide rings were attached. He used a spoon and cast it from the bow of the boat, while I rowed slowly. Reeling up to within 1ft. of the spoon, he would send it whirling and splashing away near the weeds and then play the glittering lure as the fly-caster does. Usually the spoon fisher trolls from the stern, over water which has been disturbed by the boat, but Mort's method was not only new to me, but was very successful.

Like many other all-round sportsmen, fishing was with him a trifle slow compared to shooting, and Mort kept a couple of foxhounds, and induced me to buy two, so that we got up a fair cry, and many a winter day have I stood in the snow, almost frozen, and listened to the hounds until they were out of hearing, and the next day would be told: "If you'd stayed there half an hour longer you'd have got a fox, for the dogs brought him back right by your stand. I went over and saw the track after the hounds passed because I didn't hear you shoot."

"But the dogs went away off toward Hemlock Lake, and sometimes they've gone that way and haven't come back for three days. I wouldn't stay there and freeze my feet for all the foxes in Monroe county. I don't want a fox very bad, anyway; you may freeze your legs off for one, if you wish, but I won't." And so we would quarrel over my leaving the runway. As I remember it, one day out of three we would get a fox; one day out of ten we would get two, and once only we killed three. Some days it was warm work, running from hill to hill with a 10lb. 9-gauge muzzleloader, with its flask and pouch, only to find that the fox had passed and was liable to double back on the ridge just left. Feet did not freeze then.

Mort was very proud when he got a fox. If he only had a few rabbits he would strike straight for home, but if a fox was slung to his shoulder he would skirt the village and go up the main street. The day that we killed the three foxes we were off to the south, and his home was on that side of the village, but he wanted to go around and stop in the stores for provisions.

Mort was always moved by some immediate impulse, and never thought of a thing until after he had acted upon it, nor did he count the cost unless he was short of money; for he paid cash and never owed a man a cent. The following incident illustrates this point. In his office one winter morning he said: "Yesterday I saw this advertisement of a famous kennel of foxhounds in Virginia, and by this morning's mail I sent $25 for one. Oh, they're rattlers, swifter 'an chain lightning. I tell you there'll be fun when this Virginia foxhound gets here!"

"Mort," said I, "telegraph down to Virginia and countermand your order. The fox hunters there want swift dogs and ride after them, hoping to see them kill the fox and to be in at the death. That's no sport for us. We want slow dogs, which will bring the fox around where we can get a shot at it, just the same as in deer hounding, but you don't want a hound to kill a fox. Suppose he kills his game ten miles from you and you never know it? The conditions are different; Virginia gentlemen ride to the hounds on horses, and ladies join in the hunt, but they could never follow a fox over the hills and forests of Monroe county, and besides they think it is murder to shoot a fox."

"Is that so?"

"True as gospel, Mort. Sport is an ideal thing. We are not horsemen, and see no sport in having a hound kill a fox as a terrier kills a rat. I perfectly agree with you that when a fox dies I like to pull the trigger which causes his death, and I only look to the hound as a secondary cause, just as I do to the bird dog when a woodcock drops before my gun. That swift hound is just the kind of dog that is useful in Virginia, where fox hunters consider it a crime to shoot a fox; but he is of no use here. When the hounds run a fox past me, and I can pull a trigger on him and be the immediate cause of his death, then fox hunting takes rank with the hunting of the stag. A dog which should kill either fox or stag before it reached my gun would be killed by me in return."

But the hound came, and Mort was proud of his form and kept him close for some days in order that he might get acquainted in his new home. In half a dozen hunts we only had the pleasure of hearing the hounds start the fox and run him until their voices were lost in the distance; but no fox came around to our posts, and if the Virginia hound killed a fox we never knew it. We left him at home after that and relied on our old slow dogs.

If Mort Locke was not the most enthusiastic sportsman that I had met, he created the impression that he was, and his enthusiasm was contagious. He induced me to go after woodcock in a thick and heavy swamp on July 4 because the open season began on that day. I loved woodcock and woodcock shooting, but had never indulged in it until the coming of the brown October days brought relief from the burning sun of summer; for even in my young days some degree of personal comfort seemed necessary for enjoyment of any kind. Not that long and weary tramps were dreaded, nor cold feet were thought of, when prospective rabbits or foxes were in mind; but the blazing sun of July was more enjoyable on lake than in a thicket, and after presenting this view of the case to Mort and listening to his enthusiastic presentation of the case, we went.

The morning was clear and cool when Mort came to the house as an early breakfast was finished; a three-mile walk down the railroad track brought us to the swamp. Mort had borrowed a half-broken pointer from the village, and my mongrel setter was a dog which preferred chasing rabbits to working woodcock or snipe, and was handicapped by the weight of several ounces of bird-shot which had been inserted in those propelling muscles in his rear for his neglect to obey a recall from a rabbit chase, when his owner thought the marking down of one woodcock to be of more value than a ton of cottontails. And so we went forth after woodcock on the first day of the season about a quarter of a century ago.

While with Mort his enthusiasm compelled one to be alert for the promised sport; the day was young, and we were with nature when her vegetation was most luxuriant. We turned into the swamp, and put out the dogs. Half an hour seemed to afford sufficient sport for me as I made for the hill, wet through with perspiration, and face burning with spider webs. There is an exquisite torture in a spider web across a perspiring face that is not to be described, but half an hour in a dense thicket in July was all the sport I wanted. There was a broad oak at the foot of the hill, a cool spring just at its roots, and a light breeze invited repose. Mort's gun at intervals proved that his enthusiasm was not lessened by perspiration and burning spider webs, while the cool breeze fanned me to sleep.

Whether that sleep would have rivaled Rip Van Winkle's if the panting breath of a dog in my face, as a heated tongue licking my forehead brought consciousness, can never be known. Then Mort said: "Hello! where've you been? Didn't hear you shoot but once. How many birds did you get?"

"Been? Been right here having fun under this oak. I shot once and got one bird, thousands of mosquito bites, soaked with perspiration and face burned by spider webs. You've got eight birds, but I wouldn't spend an hour in that swamp to kill any amount of woodcock. I've had all the July shooting I want, and I doubt if the birds will keep until we get home."

They did keep, and we had them badly served by Dick Case, who was said to be good on oyster stews and other game. But when we brought in some October birds I did the cooking and served them *à la* Port Tyler, to the great delight of Mort and a few friends.

It is sad to think how much game is eaten and how small a portion of it is properly cooked. At a farmhouse in Iowa, years ago, a woman actually stuffed prairie chickens with bread, onions and other things seasoned with thyme, and said: "Ef I'd a knowed ye was a-comin' I'd a had a chicken killed, but the boys shot these an' I happened to have 'em in the house!" Some one has said that heaven sends us meats, while the monarch of the other place sends cooks.

Mort had not had chances for exercising epicurian tastes, but he had them, and once out of range of the cook in the rural restaurant, or family, he soon recognized that each game bird or animal had a distinct flavor which should be preserved. He readily learned this very important part of sportsmanship, for a man should know how his game should be served as well as shot. The day's sport is not complete with the shooting, but to invite friends to an evening dinner at which the hard-earned game is to be the central feature and then to have it villainously cooked is enough to ruffle the best of tempers. With this remark we will leave cookery, for although no one has arisen to publish a little book telling the loving and well-meaning housewife how to cook the game which her sportsman husband brings home, I can't do it. Pretending to know when it is done correctly does not include a knowledge of all details.

For eight years Mort was my constant companion on shooting and fishing trips. He would get a leave of absence for a week or two and we would fish in many of those small lakes of central New York or would shoot ducks on Cayuga Lake. These ducking trips must be postponed until another time, but the temptation to tell a cooking story on Mort is very strong. He knew, as all gunners know in a general way, the edible qualities of the different wild ducks, and he had thoroughly learned that a wild duck, which was anywhere near the first class, should have no "stuffing" of any kind, merely served *au naturel*. We gave a farmer some "sawbills" and sheldrakes, strong, fishy beasts, who said: "My wife kin bile them ducks with inyons an' stuff 'em with summer savory, 'n then roast 'em, an' you can't tell 'em fum teal nur wood ducks."

Mort drew a sigh and remarked: "Yes, and she could fill a teal or wood duck with onions and 'yarbs' until you couldn't tell it from a hell-diver or a loon!" His culinary education was complete.

Mort Locke was a born naturalist. The Indian mounds that he dug into filled his house with relics. He collected insects without any special knowledge of their places in zoölogy and he was always busy at something, and that something was always the acquisition of knowledge without a thought of pecuniary reward.

If William Morton Locke had, in his early life, been

thrown among men whose lives were devoted to research in the direction of animal life he would have made his mark. He was one of "those mute inglorious Miltons" who only lacked opportunity. He was dismissed several times because he did not attend to his railroad business, but was restored because he was so faithful when the geese were not flying over.

In 1876 I tried to get up an aquarium for the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, and as Mort had been discharged for locking up the railroad office for some days and going off after the spring flight of geese to the Mendon Ponds, I engaged him to help me. When I threw the thing up Mort tried it, but soon found that he was powerless and resigned. Drifting off to Michigan in 1878, he wrote me that while fishing near Fenton he caught a bigmouth black bass which had swallowed a full-grown sora rail and yet took his minnow.

That same year he was appointed to be the agent of the Louisville & Nashville R. R. at Marshall's Ferry, Ill., on the Wabash River, a point where grain and meats were transferred from the river to go South by rail. He wrote twice a week, and I published many of his letters at the time. His letters were filled with notes on the ducks, geese and turkeys, as well as extolling the catalpa worm as a bait for black bass and the "grindle" (*Amia calva*), also known as dogfish, bowfin, etc., as the best table fish in the river except the black bass. Without knowledge of the flavor of the water of the Wabash in White county, Ill., it is safe to say that if Mort's judgment on the native fish is correct they are a job lot, for the "grindle" is said by many to be uneatable, and, in my estimation, the black bass is a very poor table fish. Yet how can a fellow talk about gastronomy when a most lovely woman tells him that she "dearly loves cabbage!" It is a shock from which he never wholly recovers, and as he writes this there comes that old Latin phrase to the effect that tastes are not to be disputed. So we record that a man whom I had tried to train in epicurean ways calls the "grindle" a good fish, and a most charming woman, whom you would never suspect of having a gross taste, eats cabbage! Truly *de gustibus* may appear to be "disgustibus," but what are you going to do about it? Mort Locke was far from being a model business man, or a model in any way, but in "Measure for Measure" Mariana remarks:

"They say, best men are moulded out of faults."

When Mort went down on the Wabash he took his son Fred M. with him. As a schoolboy Fred would beg to go on our fox hunting trips, but would be threatened with punishment in varied forms if he stayed away from school. Once when there was doubt concerning which side of the Mendon Ponds the fox had gone Fred appeared and decided the case, Mort killed the fox and made no reference to the school, and the boy gave me a knowing wink. Yet that boy grew up to be an inventor of electrical appliances, and is now doing business at Victor, N. Y., while two very studious boys that I had under observation in the same little village went to the bad. If there is any moral in all this—and none was intended—it is that a boy is a quantity which may develop in a way that may surprise you. After he passes his twentieth year he is not apt to do this, but before that he is mighty "onsartin."

Marshall's Ferry, Ill., was one of those forlorn places where a man could live if he could get enough to eat, but Mort had to go to Mount Vernon, some sixty miles away, in Jefferson county, for those little things which make life endurable. Returning on a freight train, he got off at Upton to speak to the engineer while the engine was taking water, and in running to the caboose in the rear to jump on while the train was in motion he fell and his right knee was crushed under the wheels. It took time for surgeons to come from Hawthorn and Carmi; his strength was impaired by bleeding, and the shock of amputation was too great. Thus the kind and genial companion preceded us into the great unknown land. Fred Mather.

ATTEAN CAMPS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An ancient heathen philosopher once said, in illustrating the duty of men to each other, that if one has a lighted lamp and another wishes to light his lamp at the flame, he ought to be allowed to do so, if for no other reason because he thereby attains something without taking anything from his fellow. As the sweet breath of this mild spring morning awakened pleasant memories of my last summer's outing, this saying occurred to me and has taken the modern form of a suggestion that if one knows of a place in the woods where the best of fishing and hunting can be had with accommodations such as can rarely be found where there is fishing and hunting, he ought to tell it to the readers of the Forest and Stream—it being understood, of course, that those who do not read this best of hunting and fishing journals do not deserve to be told. Indeed, I am indebted to the Forest and Stream for a knowledge of this place.

Casting about early last summer to find, if possible, a spot in Maine woods where my wife and I could enjoy the pleasures of camping out and life in the woods without its discomforts, I naturally turned to its advertising columns, and there among others I found a modest advertisement of "Attean Camps." Writing to the address, J. T. McLaughlin, Jackson, Me., I received an answer so definite, intelligent and generally satisfactory that we concluded to risk going from Pennsylvania to Maine on the chance of this being the place we were looking for.

So on a beautiful morning early in August, just before the sun rose, we left a train of the eastern branch of the Canadian Pacific Ry. at a rustic station on the banks of Attean Pond, where we were met by two guides, each with a canoe, ready to paddle us over about a half mile to the camps on Birch Island. Whoever has been in a canoe on a forest lake on a midsummer morning, when the first rays of the rising sun were beginning to touch with crimson the fleecy clouds in the blue sky above, can imagine how we enjoyed this passage.

Arriving at the island, we were shown into one of a number of log cabins standing on the brow of the ascent from the shore. It had one room, nicely furnished, with comfortable beds, and everything neat and clean. In due time we were conducted to one of the other cabins, which proved to be the dining room, where an excellent breakfast of trout and the best of coffee, among other things, awaited us. This was our introduction to Attean Camps. We were much surprised to find, as part of the arrangements for the entertainment of guests, a good piano and several shelves filled with books, two or three of which were written by the father of the mistress of the island, who herself is an educated lady who sings and plays well, and who is ever ready in the evening to accompany any of the ladies who wish to sing.

But your readers will want to know about the fishing and hunting. Both are excellent. Unfortunately my vacation came too late for the spring fishing, which of course is the best, and too early for the hunting season. But the fishing was good during the summer, and trout in quantities to satisfy any reasonable votary of the rod could be caught at any time. One of the guests, a gentleman from Boston, took in little more than an hour fourteen trout, whose combined weight was over 23lbs., and during all our stay the table was supplied with them.

The deer hunting is also of the best in its season. As I have said, I was compelled to leave before this began. But I had ample evidence that deer are very plentiful. It was a common occurrence to see them on the shore of the pond opposite the camps, and it was one of the diversions of the ladies to watch and admire their graceful movements. The numerous stretches of sandy beach were trodden over in the morning as if a flock of sheep had been there during the night. There can be no doubt that any hunter could easily get his quota of deer in a short time.

Although we missed the best of the fishing and the hunting, we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly and remained much longer than we intended, and were sorry to leave. We enjoyed the rest and quiet, the fresh and bracing air, the delightful canoeing trips on the ponds and streams, and the sound, refreshing sleep which comes after a day spent in the forest or on the lakes. We were living in the woods with the comforts of home. This is what makes Attean Camps especially eligible for sportsmen who wish to take their wives and daughters with them.

Perhaps I ought to add that Attean Pond is about five miles long and from one to three miles wide, contains a number of islands, and is one of several ponds into and out of which Moose River flows. This stream rises among the mountains, and by a devious course through the ponds referred to makes its way finally into Moosehead Lake nearly opposite Mt. Kineo and the hotel of that name. This affords opportunity for a great variety of excursions by canoe. Good guides can always be had at Attean Camps, and a large extent of the river is within the boundaries of the reserve belonging to these camps. A comfortable log cabin, furnished and provisioned, and situated on a bluff overlooking the river, in a grove of tall Norway pines, about fifteen miles up the river from the camps, is a pleasant place, where guests may stay over night on an excursion or where they may spend several days, if so minded, near good fishing.

I believe that whoever visits Attean Camps will thank me for making the place known to them. J. W. S.

KLAMATH LAKE.

Jackson County, Oregon.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Perhaps a description of this wonderfully beautiful lake and its surroundings will not be unappreciated by the disciples of the gun and rod. By reference to a map of Oregon you will see that the lake lies on the southern border and a little to the west of the center of the great State of Oregon and at the eastern base of the Cascade range of mountains. It may be said to be the great source of the Klamath River, from which lake it flows and tumbles south and west, cutting the Cascade range at right angles some twenty miles below the outlet of the lake. In its tortuous and precipitous course of some 300 miles it falls about 3,000ft., emptying into the Pacific Ocean at Crescent City, nearly on the boundary line between Oregon and California. Speaking advisedly, the river is literally packed with trout from its mouth to its fountain head. The beautiful lake is thirty-five miles long by about eighteen broad. At places the depth is immense; the shores are very irregular, adding greatly to its beauty, while at intervals of several miles (and more particularly on the west side—the greatest length of this lake is north and south) estuaries or tongues, from 80 to 100ft. wide and from 10 to 20ft. deep, reach back from the shore inland from one-half to two miles, and all the way of a uniform width and depth. Always at the heads of these are mammoth boiling springs of the purest water, and so cold as to be but 8° above freezing, nor do they vary in their temperature 1° summer or winter. As a result these estuaries never freeze over even in the coldest weather; so that during the winter months, when the lake puts on her icy robes, the estuaries are actually packed with ducks of many kinds, which abound here at all seasons of the year and from which you can take your pick as you need them. This is not hunting—all you have to do is to shoot them. The waters of this lake abound with lake trout weighing from 4lbs. to 16lbs. These fish can be taken with trolling lines as fast as the most sanguine sportsman could desire. I know of no better fishing from ocean to ocean, and experience gives my judgment weight.

Mallard ducks hatch their young in the marshes around this lake, and to estimate their number would be as unreasonable as to estimate the number of mosquitoes to the acre in the swamp bogs of New England. From Aug. 1 to cold weather the number that invites the sportsman is incalculable.

If at any time you get tired of this small game and have the nerve for larger, you can go back from the lake, west, up and up for twenty miles, to where winter holds uninterrupted sway eleven months of the year, and the twelfth is not without its drifts of snow, ever and ever shining in dazzling whiteness, as the sun looks upon them from his august throne out of an almost cloudless sky, up to where the ice and snow clasp forever in their cold embrace the summit of Mount Pit. But take care how you go; leave your shotgun by the lake with your fishing tackle, and take your rifle (.38 to .45 will do). Now, with nerve and some experience, you can bag most any game indigenous to this section, from a wildcat to a cinnamon bear; but deer and bears are all you need to hunt. Nor is it always desirable or necessary to hunt the bear; he will probably find you; and if not, and you are an amateur, it is just as well. But it is necessary that you have a good rifle and know how to use it upon the shortest possible notice.

The west side of the lake is the sportsmen's and tourists' "retreat." This is now included in the Crater Lake Forest Reserve. There are but a few settlers and far between. They took their claims before this was set apart as a forest reserve, and consequently hold their rights amid this glorious solitude

Although this lake, with its marvelous sporting capacities and health inviting atmosphere, has been known by a few for many years, it has only within the last two or three years come to the knowledge and notice of the outside world, and as yet is as unknown to the people of Oregon, except a few, as are the pampas of Russia or the desert of Sahara. But this is past. Last season it was visited for the first time by many tourists and sportsmen. They will come again, bringing others with them, and in a few years we predict this will be the watering place of this coast. A practical route to the lake has been opened from Ashland, a distance of about fifty miles, over mountains, through primeval forest, by lakes and streams, as grand as the Great Architect of nature could construct, and beholding it for the first time you invariably exclaim: "The one-half was never told."

Ira Wakefield.

Tarpon on the Florida East Coast.

I think that it is now a fairly established fact that there is excellent tarpon fishing on the East Coast of Florida; and this has been proved in the last week to my entire satisfaction.

It has for the last few years been said that they would not bite on the East Coast, and that unless shrimp could be obtained there would be no fish caught.

The following is the list of the seven days' fishing that I know of having been done at Miami, Florida:

1. One boat, five hours, two strikes.—One fish, caught by Mr. Cauldwell in two hours and forty minutes, using a 15-thread line; fish was a female and weighed 141lbs.
2. One boat, six hours, seven strikes.—No fish.
3. One boat, three hours, one strike.—No fish.
4. One boat, four hours, seven strikes.—No fish.
5. One boat, six hours, four strikes.—No fish; one on for fifteen minutes.
6. One boat, six hours, three strikes.—One fish on ten minutes.
7. Two boats, five hours, three strikes.—Two fish caught, one of them a 90-pounder, by Mr. T. A. Havemeyer, of New York, in two hours and five minutes. This was a very game fish and fought from the word go. The other was a female of 176lbs. that I killed in twenty-five minutes. He was a very "logy" fellow and only made six leaps. I had a great piece of luck in getting this fish, as he made a run the first thing from my boat to the sloop, which I had sailed up in, and got foul of the anchor rope. He had enough play for the line to slip a little, and finding that I could not get clear I reeled off about 50yds. of line from my second rod and made a "flying switch," and transferred to the other rod. Tugging and straining at the line when caught, with only a little give, had so tired him out that I brought him to the boat in less than five minutes. I repeated this performance four times, as I had not a gaff, and then brought him up right to the boat on his side, when my boatman (Sam Roberts, from the West Coast) drove an old harpoon that happened to be in the boat into him and we pulled him ashore. He hardly struggled when the harpoon hit him.

Roberts, who has been tarpon fishing on the East Coast for the past five years, says that there is much better fishing here than on the West Coast. Both he and I are looking for the man that stole our gaff while we were out of the boat, and if we find him will "gaff" him. I inclose you a scale and a photo of the fish. Edward A. Watson.

Virginia.

The Massachusetts Association.

Boston, Mass., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Secretary Kimball, of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, has issued a neat little booklet giving a list of the officers, committees, and active, honorary and life members of the Association, by which it appears that there are upwards of 250 names upon the roll. Of course, in all associations like this there are many who lose their interest after a few years and allow themselves to fall in arrears in regard to dues; these have been dropped, and it may safely be said that the list now represents only those who are devoted to the objects of the Association, and propose to do their share toward carrying on the work it has so successfully prosecuted for twenty-five years.

The committees for the current year, as appointed by President Rockwell, are as follows: On legislation: President Rockwell, Benj. C. Clark, Dr. Heber Bishop, Edward J. Brown, Dr. John T. Stetson, Loring Crocker, Robert S. Gray, George W. Wiggin, J. Russell Reed; on enforcement of laws relating to fish: William B. Smart, Charles G. Gibson, Rollin Jones, Edward E. Small; on enforcement of laws relating to game: Arthur W. Robinson, Loring Crocker, Charles A. Allen, Warren Hapgood; on publication: Secretary H. H. Kimball, Dr. W. G. Kendall, Geo. O. Sears, Dr. E. W. Branigan; on finance: Charles Stewart, Sidney Chase, W. C. Prescott, Charles G. Gibson; on entertainments and meetings: C. J. H. Woodbury, Geo. W. Wiggin, William Almy, Thomas H. Hall, William B. Smart, Dr. Heber Bishop; counsel: George W. Wiggin, J. Russell Reed.

In past years considerable good work has been done by the committees on the enforcement of the fish and game laws in consequence of information furnished those committees by parties cognizant of the violations of those laws, and they would be glad to be informed in the future, as in the past, of such violations. To be effective these complaints should be accompanied by names of parties willing to give evidence against violators of the law; dates, names and facts are what the committees desire, and when these are furnished they will be used in the manner best calculated to bring substantia results. The address of Mr. Robinson, chairman of the game law committee, is No. 4 Post Office square. My address is No. 11 Allston street, Dorchester. William B. Smart.

Game and Fish on the Biltmore Estate.

Asheville, N. C., March 27.—Thirty thousand rainbow trout fry were placed this week in the streams which run through the Biltmore Estate, George W. Vanderbilt's 100,000 acre tract, which lies to the southward of this city. They were brought from the Virginia State hatcheries at Wytheville, about 80 per cent. surviving the hardships of the journey. Several fine trout streams have their sources on or near Mount Pisgah, which has an elevation of nearly 6,000ft. above sea level, and is a part of Mr. Vanderbilt's extensive holdings, though not as yet connected with the main tract on which the manor stands. Bears, deer, raccoons and wildcats are said to infest these lofty solitudes, and turkeys, grouse, quail, rabbits and squirrels are abundant. Efforts are being made to raise a few broods of English pheasants, which will be turned loose to multiply and replenish the earth, or at least that not inconsiderable portion of it owned or controlled by the young millionaire, whose friends are to be envied for the sporting privileges which the future has in store for them. J. L. K.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

The Black Bass Season in New York.

JACOBSTAFF sends us the following note written by his friend W. L. Stone, of Mt. Vernon, and printed in the *Sun*, relative to the proposed change of the black bass close season to run from Oct. 15 to June 30.

"Now the fact is that in Brant Lake, Warren county, New York—and I myself stocked that lake in 1875 with bass sent me by Seth Green—the bass did not spawn until July. Therefore this proposed enactment, if passed, will, so far as Brant Lake is concerned, be entirely nugatory. Indeed, I know of two sportsmen (?) from New York city who, knowing of this fact, come up regularly each season in July and catch large quantities of that fish (often hundreds of pounds) directly from off the spawning beds; and for this reason, viz.: It may not be generally known that the mother bass (or any other fish for that matter), while on their spawning beds and engaged in protecting their young fry, in their search after food eagerly seize on any bait that appears. Hence the anxiety of the mother fish to procure all the food possible for their young just hatched out, rendering the bass (generally a very shy fish) utterly reckless in procuring their food. I would suggest, therefore, that the closed season be from Oct. 1 to Aug. 1.

"Again there is another point which this game commission does not apparently take any account of, viz.: that they cannot make general regulations to suit each particular case. For instance, near the confluence of the Boreas River with the Hudson there are two large lakes—"ponds" the hunters call them—within one-quarter of a mile from each other, and known respectively as the "Upper" and "Lower" Beaver and filled with trout. Now in the "Lower Beaver" the trout spawn in September, while in the "Upper Beaver" the latter part of October. It is thus seen how futile it is for the commission to make a universal law on this subject which shall cover each case.

"The remedy for this, it seems to me, is for the commission carefully to investigate these facts and make a law which shall cover all cases, even if it does curtail the "open season," for it will at once be seen that in the case of these two takes a "pot fisherman" may obey the law in regard to one pond, while he exhausts a month later the other pond, and all within the law."

Long-Distance Casting.

ESCANABA, Mich., March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some twelve or fifteen years since some of the young men of New York complained bitterly because Seth Green and Reuben Wood won all the prizes at fly-casting. I joked them in FOREST AND STREAM and called them boys, and advised them to improve their tackle and practice, as I saw no reason why one should not reach from 90 to 100ft. Soon after that Dr. Henshall gave me a big shot and warned people to look out for anyone who made such a statement—"as it could not be done." The next year Mr. Prichard cast over 90ft.; since over 100ft. has been done. Thos. Mansfield's cast I do not like; the papers say he stood on the dock, but fail to say how high above the water. The caster should be the same as if in a boat. A. F. Y.

The Nepigon Trout Record.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM on the large fish caught in the Nepigon River was a 16lb. trout. This should read "lake trout," as the largest speckled trout caught in the Nepigon (that is on record) weighed 8lbs. 2oz., and was caught with a fly by a gentleman from Philadelphia. I reported this to FOREST AND STREAM at the time. If a 16lb. speckled trout was ever caught in the Nepigon it is unknown to anyone around that place. JOHN E. NEWSOME.

[The 16lb. brook trout of the Nepigon was caught, if at all, more than twenty years ago by Dr. Hoy. This fish has so long had a place in brook trout records or legends that we are not disposed to dismiss it summarily upon such testimony as given by Mr. Newsome.]

Fishing Tackle.

IT is a pleasure to record the fact that some of our leading manufacturing firms deserve all of the good fortune that may come to them. Owing to their straightforward dealings, Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie, 18 Vesey street, New York, are a notable example of the above, as they have been in business—as they put it—"seventy-seven honest years," and distinctly owe their success to the quality and style of their manufactures and honest method of doing business. We are just in receipt of their handsome illustrated catalogue for the season of 1897, which they will mail free on request to anyone who is interested in fishing tackle. Upon looking over the catalogue it will be noted that they have a very large number of specialties peculiar to themselves, also a number of novelties which they are putting on the market for the first time this season. Everyone knows that the trade mark of Abbey & Imorie means sterling quality. Write to them for information in relation to fishing tackle or for advice as to "what will catch fish anywhere they are to be found," mentioning FOREST AND STREAM.—*Adv.*

Fishing Tackle and Sportsmen's Goods.

WE have received the following card, which speaks for itself: W. R. Scott (for many years in charge of the fishing tackle department of Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, of Boston) will open his new store at No. 26 Bromfield street (up one flight) on or about April 6, with a finely selected stock of goods for the angler and sportsman. New goods, low prices and close personal attention given to orders. Special care and promptness in response to mail orders. Tackle for salmon, trout, bass and salt-water fishing, and for trolling in the lakes. Flies and leaders of every pattern and style for Maine and Canadian fishing.

Information furnished regarding Maine, New Hampshire and Canadian fishing and hunting resorts, and names and addresses of good guides given on application.—*Adv.*

Salmon Fishing for Sale.

FREEHOLD, on the best fishing waters of the southwest Miramichi River (Burnt Hill). For terms and particulars apply to Thomas J. Conroy, 28 John street, New York city.—*Adv.*

"Angling Talks."

WE have a very few copies of George Dawson's "Angling Talks," a series of chapters of entertaining chat about men, fishermen, fish, fishing and fishing places. Cloth, 50 cents. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A NEW YORK CITY reader who sends his paper to a friend in the country received from him a letter the other day which ran: "Your papers arrive in due season, and thank you very much for them. The FOREST AND STREAM is my favorite paper. It does a fellow good to draw his chair close by the fire on a cold winter's night and read a good hunting story like those found in FOREST AND STREAM. It sends the blood coursing through your veins, and makes you feel like shouldering your gun and going out the very next day."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 30-April 2.—BALTIMORE.—Baltimore Kennel Association.
March 30-April 2.—KANSAS CITY.—Kansas City Kennel Club.
March 31-April 3.—SAN JOSÉ.—Santa Clara County Poultry and Kennel Club.
April 7-10.—STOCKTON.—Stockton Kennel Club.
April 14-17.—LOS ANGELES.—Southern California Kennel Club.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.

"DAT LI'LE ALABAMA COON."

"Away down South in the land o' cotton,
'Simmon seed and a sandy bottom,
Look away, look away, look away
To Dixie Land!"

"Yo' all is all too pow'ful tired ter go coon huntin' ternight, ain't yer, gen'men?"

The group of huntsmen who were comfortably settled around the log-fire of their heaven upon earth, the Wilderness Club, looked up at the stalwart form of the negro who emerged from the unknown regions of the darkness without and addressed them.

"Whut's put coon huntin' in your head, Pete?" the Colonel asked languidly. The feast which they had had of savory mallards and teal done to a turn, and of squirrels barbecued



"THE FUR BEGINS TO FLY."

as only the club cook could do them, together with the remembrance of the strings of game, including wild turkeys and geese, hanging in the cold outside air, did not predispose the party to violent exertion even if they had not spent the day on the lake or in wading about its marshy borders waist deep in its proverbial tules and lilypads

Pete's anxious eyes roved from one face to another, taking in with a sigh their universal expression of post prandial satisfaction, as, laying down his axe and sack, he answered:

"Nuthin' 't all, boss, 'cep'in' ez I wus comin' th'ough de woods dat yaller dorg uv mine done treed er coon, an' I says ter myse'f, 'Some dem fine gen'men down ter de club 'll show wanter see er coon an' dorg fight! Why, gen'men, they ain't nary dorg widin dis county ez kin hol' er light ter my yaller dorg—jes' tother day he —"

"See any possums, Pete?" There were too many adventures and stories to be told to allow Pete's verbosity.

"Possums, did I heah yer say? Why, Lord! dey's thicker'n blackberries in fly time! An' dey's done eat dem 'simmons an' grapes 'tel dey's so fat dey faihly makes yo' mouf water!" His eyes shone at the mere recollection.

The Colonel turned to the Commander: "Pete reminds me of that old joke of Bob's; evah heah him tell it, sir? Whut, never heard Bob—but of cou'se you couldn't when you 'e evahlastin'ly wanderin' 'round on ther watah! Nobody in this wo'l' can tell er joke like Bob, but he says 'that



HOMEWARD BOUND.

one time up in his mountains they wus havin' er quiltin'—kinder ole-fashioned pahty, yo' know—an' while the young folks wus courtin' an' holdin' hands in ther dark cornders thar wus er warm an' animated discussion among ther ole ladies as ter whut wus ther mos' delightful produc' uv ther gard'en. One ole lady said thet so 'fur' as she wus 'consarned' she preferred ther 'perturnip;' another preferred ther 'pertater;' another ther 'cowcumber,' and still another voted 'ingern' king But suddenly a wise ole dame raised her spec's an' settled the question by observing: 'Ah, ladies, you may talk about yer perturnips, an' yer pertaters, an' yer passnips, an' other gyardin-sass, but the sweetest wegetable thet evah melted on the e ole gums o' m ne is ther possum!"

When the laughter which always follows Bob's jokes had abated somewhat, the Commander asked: "And who is Bob?"

"Well," drawled the Colonel, "right at this present settin' of ther cou't he ain't nobody in partic'lar, but in Ma'ch he'll be, for the third time, Guv'ner of the State of Tennessee."

"You don't say!" and this time the laugh was on the Commander.

At that the man who had hunted with Bogardus, who had shot deer in the Adirondacks, buffalo on the plains, moose in the great Northwest of Canada, and could show the hides and horns of strange creatures from across the seas, captured in their native haunts, jumped up and cracked his heels together: "I don't know what Bogardus would say to such hunting," he cried, "but I'll find out if the old lady was right. Will any of you gentlemen join me?"

Despite the fact that they had been awake "sence long 'fo'e day," as their negro cook expressed it, and, except for the time spent in ravishing the goodly table spread for them, had been steadily hunting all the time, three of the men responded, and with the joyous shouts of schoolboys they followed Pete out into the night.

Did you ever step from an overheated room into the crisp, frosty night air, when the firmament above was spangled o'er with diamond dust wrought into a myriad of patterns, which were accentuated here and there with solitaires? To suddenly be in the wilderness, far from the madding crowd, where e'en the organ-throated voice of Nature was hushed and still under the glistening coverlet of rime, when the crispness made the twigs and dead leaves crackling under foot the only sound that broke the silence of the night?

Nay, not the only sound, for as you stealthily pursue your way the barking of the dogs comes quick and sharp, the flaming torch comes to a standstill, the shadowy figures gesticulate wildly in the weird half-light as the negro guide strips off his coat, and tying the sleeves around the boll of a tree rushes forward in the footsteps of the frantically barking dogs.

A "Hie there! What are you up to?" elicits the response from Pete: "Hit's al'right, boss; they's er possum up de 'simmon tree an' er coon down in de holler!"

Madly following, we arrive in time to see two glistening balls of fire gleaming at us in the darkness, and then, as the torch is carried nearer, we witness the gamest fight imaginable.

Surrounded by a ring of enemies, with his back against a tree and no hope of escape, the coon stands his ground courageously, ready to fight to the death.

One moment only he stands there alone, facing his deadly foes; the next he is the center of a scrambling, and scratching, and snarling, a biting and barking and yelping mass, exhibiting a boxing match worthy of a belt winner, and receiving yells of encouragement from the men as the fur begins to fly and the combatants close in.

"Sic him, Tige!"

"Whut's de mattah wid yo', sir?"

"Name o' goodness, look at dat coon!"

"Whut's come over dat yaller dorg?"

Followed by a shout of joy as the "yaller dorg," thus encouraged, fiercely seizes the coon by the chest and crushes him until he ceases to struggle.

"Whut I done tole yer?" is all that Pete can say, as he pats the head of his "yaller" mongrel amid the plaudits of the hunters, and then dropping the coon into the sack leads the way back to the treed possum.

To get the branch of a tree between you and the new-risen moon, to decipher the silhouette of what appears to the untrained eye a mere bunch of leaves, to insist that you recognize the outlines of another possum on what the guide assures you is a bunch of mistletoe or a squirrel's nest; to see the coat sleeves, which have kept the possum prisoner during your absence, untied, and the persimmon tree vigorously shaken by the negro until the mass of leaves, or fur, or what not, falls to the ground and lies there passive, while the dogs snarl and bite at it; to see the negro pick it up and wind its tail around his axe helve, which he swings over his shoulder as he explains: "No, sah, 'tain't no danger uv dis heah varmint er droppin' off, he'd hang on all day ef I was ter tote him 'roun'; he ain't dead, sah. Ain't yer never heerd uv possumin?"—is but the work of a short time, and then the forest resounds and lake re-echoes the shouts of the returning hunters proclaiming their success to the friends who await them at the fireside.



"DE RACCOON HAB A RINGY TAIL."

Bob-tailed Bulger and Tige, which from a long ancestry of abbreviated curs were born curtailed, were the canine heroes in the strife. After bagging old Zip coon and hooking the possum's tail around the axe helve, and turning their inward eyes toward sweet 'taters and possum soup, with Dinah and the pickaninnies, Gabe and Pete brushed their cotton-picking chicken-stealers across their banjos, and while Sam patted with hand and foot they chanted and intoned with Afric melody, in the heart of that cane brake "mash:"

"De raccoon hab a ringy tail,
De possum's tail am bare,
De ole har's got no tail at all,
And no tail's got de bear.
Oh, dem golden slippers,
We's climbin' todes de stars."

ELLA M. WHEATLEY.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.

A Dog Worth Two Field Hands.

BOB PAYNE mourns the loss of his wonderful dog, whose biography we gave in the *Enterprise* last year, and whose forte was worming tobacco. This dog, it is claimed, actually repaired daily to the tobacco patch and carefully sought for and destroyed the worms which prey on the plant. He is now at rest from his labors, and Mr. Payne says he will have to hire two hands to take his place in the tobacco field.—*Lebanon (Ky.) Enterprise.*

THE CALIFORNIA CLUBS' TEMPEST.

THE storm center of the dog world seems to be permanently fixed in California, with the point of greatest disturbance at San Francisco. Much of it seems to be the result of personal spite and disappointed ambition on the part of one man or more, much to the discomfort of many others.

The acute stage of conflict and acrimonious personality was reached when recently the Pacific Kennel Club ceased to exist, and made the Olympic Gun Club legatee of its good will and some of its belongings. The Olympic Gun Club, a gun club pure and simple, with a doggy afterthought as legatee, and which as a club it recently repudiated, applied for membership in the A. K. C., trusting that an informal pretense to an interest in dogs and bench shows would make it eligible to membership. The constitution which the Olympic Club submitted with its application for membership to the A. K. C. was neither in letter nor spirit what was required by the A. K. C.; and said application, as it then stood, could not have been accepted by the A. K. C. under any circumstances.

It is a waste of effort to dwell on what the club intended to do later in the way of amending its constitution. The A. K. C. could only officially recognize what it really submitted.

Coincident with the application of the Olympic Gun Club came an application from the San Francisco Kennel Club, a new club occupying the same field as had the defunct Pacific Kennel Club, eligible in every way and with a constitution which fully filled all the exactions imposed by the A. K. C. It further had the favorable recommendation of the Pacific advisory board What was the result? There could be but one, and the San Francisco Kennel Club's application was accepted.

The membership of the new club is strong both in numbers and the standing of its personnel. It is folly for a handful of disappointed seekers of power to denounce the new club and the Pacific advisory board and the American Kennel Club, and all else which interposes between their personal ambitions or likings and the canine world at large. If they are right, it is extraordinary what a number of clubs and what a number of good men have gone wrong in a matter in which most of them are entirely disinterested; and on the other hand, if they are right it is not at all remarkable that they should be so when we consider their long schooling, numbers, high standing and capability. It would be expecting too much of these men that they would interest themselves personally in the personal prejudices or enmities of factions, and officially such matters are irrelevant. It is possible that for the personal factional bitterness they care nothing.

In the *Breeder and Sportsman* of March 13 Mr. Crowell presents a garbled report of the last A. K. C. meeting, and draws some false and malicious inferences from it. He denounces Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh in particular as being the prime cause of the rejection of the Olympic Gun Club's application. He seems to think such rejection was an infamy. He is even more severe in his denunciation of the Pacific Advisory Board. He gives a list in part of the membership of the late Pacific Club—though the club is now out of existence and therefore immaterial to the matter—and also a list of the members of the Olympic Gun Club, and eulogizes them. Of the A. K. C. he says: "Regarding the A. K. C. end of the question, our readers should remember that the delegates took their cue from the secretary, Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh. This infamous action must be laid at his own door, as he, and possibly the membership committee, are the only ones fully acquainted with both sides of the question. To this man Vredenburgh may be laid the entire success of the scheme which was so cleverly laid at this end of the line. Afraid of the lash of the "mischief maker" and only too glad to wreck his vengeance against the P. K. C. for a fancied wrong, he not only presented the report of the advisory board in as favorable a light as possible, but hoodwinked the membership committee and deliberately withheld the correspondence of the Olympics. M. C. Allen, secretary of the O. G. C., wrote to Vredenburgh (in the same inclosure that contained the constitution of the club), that holding a bench show was not the object of the club when it was first organized, but that circumstances had arisen which had caused the members, as lovers of the dog, to desire to incorporate bench shows with their other objects, and that the board of directors would add any clause suggested by the A. K. C. or its secretary.

Much in the foregoing is absolutely false. Mr. Crowell admits that the constitution of the Olympic Club was lacking in the very first essential of what the club should be as a member of the A. K. C. If the members loved the dog so dearly, they surely could have said so in their constitution. They knew all the A. K. C. requirements in this respect when they made their application, and truly it seems farfetched to blame the A. K. C. for their own negligence. Why should the Olympic Gun Club expect more of the A. K. C. than any other club? Because of its title? Mr. Vredenburgh presented the matter of the Olympic Kennel Club's application in precisely the same manner that he presented other matters of business for the consideration of the A. K. C. He gave his best thought to it. There was no "infamy" whatever in an officer of the club performing his duty, and it is an unpardonable libel on the officers and delegates of the A. K. C. to assert that any infamous action would receive their sanction or countenance. In asking for the respect and consideration he claims for the body of men he assumes to represent, he should not forget that respect is also due to others. A mere reading of the list of officers and delegates present at the last A. K. C. meeting is all that is necessary to refute the malicious misstatement uttered by the *Breeder and Sportsman*.

The reason which prevented at the A. K. C. meeting a reading of the full correspondence of the S. F. K. C. and O. G. C. matter was that the A. K. C. had a large amount of business to consider, and had a long session. The matter had been thoroughly considered by the membership committee. In that way it had full official consideration. In view that the Olympic Gun Club was not eligible, that alone adversely settled its application, and was so accepted by its representative, Mr. Bargate, and all its correspondence would not change that fact. There was nothing which required that the correspondence be read at that time. If it was couched in the delicate language and picturesque forcefulness employed by Mr. Crowell, it might have been interesting as an unique contribution of mental lawlessness, but nothing more.

The next stage of official importance was the action of the St. Bernard Club, of California, which resolved that it would not support the San Francisco Kennel Club's show. In plain words, the latter had declared a boycott on the new club. The St. Bernard Club, as a club, had no standing in the issue between the Olympic and San Francisco clubs. Its gratuitous action therefore was entirely arbitrary, and could proceed only from the personal ill-feeling of a part of its members. Its unfriendly action was deplorably ill advised, placing it in open and declared hostility to a fellow member with which, as a club, it had no grievance, and in rebellion to the ruling of the central body, the A. K. C. If its insubordination is permitted, there is an open road to swift disorganization of the whole A. K. C. structure. If the St. B. C. of C. had a grievance, the A. K. C. has a regular procedure for considering and passing upon it and all other club grievances. As a club member, it had pledged itself to the support of the A. K. C. and an observance of its laws. To take the law into its own hands and oppose the A. K. C., and declare war on a fellow member in good standing, is contempt and rebellion and injustice of the most flagrant kind. The hand of the A. K. C. should be laid upon the St. B. C. of C. with a firmness that will readjust it on right lines of loyalty or out of the A. K. C entirely. It is contrary to all the ethics that the tail should wag the dog.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. Thomas Johnson, Winnipeg, has published in the *Daily Nor'wester* a challenge for a match race between one of his pointers and anything an unknown, who conceals his identity under a *nom de plume*, can produce. For directness and serious purpose his challenge is in sharp contrast to the columns of serials, stuffed with advertising and inflicted on the American public up to two years ago After recounting some particulars, Mr. Johnson states his challenge as follows: "I would suggest that Anti-Humbug procure a pointer dog from any part of the world that can beat a dog in a field trial now in my kennel, bred by myself, for any part of $1,000. As an evidence of good faith I have placed in the hands of Mr. John Baird $100 to bind the match, and I will give another $100 to the Winnipeg General Hospital if I do not prove your correspondent as lacking in nerve as he is in veracity."

Mr. William Brailsford, under date of March 15, in a letter deploring the sad loss by death of the late owner of the Ightfield Kennels, informs us that it has been decided that the whole Ightfield Kennel of setters and pointers shall be sold at Aldridge's in June or July. In consequence of his employer's death, none of the Ightfield dogs will compete in the coming spring trials, but he further adds that the latter have numerous entries, and there will doubtless be a strong competition.

Mr. R. B. F. Randolph, who is in the Department of Bacteriology, Hoagland Laboratory, Brooklyn, N. Y., has been experimenting with the bacillus of distemper with a view to discovering an effective remedy for the disease. The following paragraph, taken from his recent letter to us, will explain his needs in the matter. Any one who can furnish the needed subject will do a good work in promoting investigation by a thoroughly qualified and competent gentleman, and contribute toward the discovery of specific knowledge concerning the most destructive disease which afflicts the dog, and toward a remedy for it. Of course it is desirable that the subject be as near Brooklyn as possible. Mr. Randolph writes: "I am very anxious to get a dog with distemper, and would like most of all to have access to the body of one that has died of it, as soon after death as possible. It will not be necessary to take the body to the Laboratory, as if I can learn the whereabouts of the animal I will go myself and make the necessary cultures. It is important that these be made as soon after death as possible, for if decomposition sets in other bacteria will invade the tissues and complicate or render futile my search for the bacillus."

The Alameda County Sportsmen's Association, Oakland, Cal., recently disbanded and a new club was organized under the title of the Oakland Kennel Club. The reasons for this action were local, and the new club is largely the old club under a new name.

Mr. J. J. Lynn, Port Huron, Mich., secretary of the International Fox Terrier Club, writes us that the first show of the club will be held at Port Huron, Mich., April 21, this year.

Mr. Belmont is having presumably a pleasant time in the West, with just enough of adventure to put a mild spicing to the pleasure. The following, from the New York *Times*, recounts the delights of a mountain ride which he enjoyed:

"DENVER, Col., March 27.—The Denver and Rio Grande express from the Pacific coast pulled in nearly two hours late last night, the delay being due to an adventure of August Belmont, who arrived in the luxurious private car Oriental. The car contained Mr. and Mrs Belmont and Mr. and Mrs. H. V. R. Kennedy, of New York When the train stopped at Leadville yesterday for dinner, Mr. Belmont seized his kodak and hailing a cab started up town at a brisk pace to "take" a few natives. When he returned to the station he was amazed to find that his train had gone. The Rio Grande officials, learning of the New Yorker's predicament, ordered the train to be held at Malta, and Mr. Belmont boarded a swich engine and started down the mountain side. The speed around curves and over gulches became too swift for his nerves, and handing a $20 note across the boiler head, he shouted to the engineer to go slow and let the train continue to wait. When he overtook the express an hour's time had been lost, and the train was delayed just one hour and fifty minutes in arriving in the city.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "kin train er dog ter do anyt'ing dey tells 'im an' at de same time raise de mos' disobejintest chillun in de neighborhood."—*Washington Star.*

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Mr. T. C. Moxham claims the name King Krueger for beagle dog whelped Sept. 7, 1896, by champion Royal Krueger—champion Elf.

BRED.

Mr. T. C. Moxham's Marguerite, beagle bitch, Feb. 28, to champion Royal Krueger.

Miss Sadie C. Spooner's Bloom, pointer bitch, Feb. 4, to champion Lad of Kent.

Mr. J. Danforth Bush's
Careless, bull bitch, Jan. 28, to His Lordship II.
Duchess of Leinster, bull bitch, Jan. 26, to His Lordship II.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

THE FIRST LESSON.

FOR several months I had been trying to persuade my wife to learn to ride a bicycle. She put it off on one pretext or another that seemed trivial to a confirmed wheelman like myself till a week ago, when much to my gratification she said she was ready to begin. The occasion for this change of heart was my birthday, and it was in honor of the event that the date had been chosen.

I had already selected the riding school where she was to learn and had gotten her tickets, but at the last moment before leaving the house the tickets were nowhere to be found.

I was feeling a trifle nervous at the responsibility of introducing my wife to the new world of the wheel, and I am afraid I spoke irritably about the loss of the tickets and blamed Nellie for their disappearance, though, to tell the truth, I knew I had put them somewhere myself and couldn't be sure whether it was on my bureau or in the drawer of the writing desk; but Nellie was serene and gracious and did not pick me up or attempt to demonstrate my error.

Of course her equanimity made me ashamed of my attempt to shift the responsibility, and I endeavored to atone by telling her what a good little girl she was to give up her engagements and home interests just to please me, and then I pictured to her the good times we would have on country roads together, and lastly I remembered that I had another reason for being grateful to her for going this day, as she had recently complained of pains in her back and bones and limbs, which in connection with a certain feverish glow on her face, which I had noted suggested grip, and I mildly expostulated at her venturing out in defiance of that dismal disease.

Nellie assured me that she felt in no danger of the grip, but as we neared the school she grew manifestly nervous. Several times she asked me if I considered learning to ride an easy thing, and when I told her yes she did not seem thoroughly assured. Thinking it would give her confidence, I told her that, aside from learning to mount, she would have no difficulty whatever.

"A woman's wheel is so easily managed, and the instructors so careful," said I, "that there is no possible danger of falling or hurting yourself."

Contrary to my expectations, she did not accept this as the oracular utterance of wisdom, though as a rule she believes implicitly what I tell her on subjects with which she is not familiar, and I must confess that for a moment I felt ashamed of her lack of grit and lack of confidence in me.

The next instant, however, I saw that the nervousness she felt at taking up this new and untried art was beyond her control, and that it was partly due to a desire to do well and appear well before me and a fear that she wouldn't, and so I passed it over, and also her request not to be introduced to any of my friends or acquaintances who might happen to be present at the school.

It did not occur to me till after we had reached the place and she had disappeared in the dressing room that I had not made an engagement for her. I am not accustomed to such lapses, but Nellie's decision to take this first lesson had been somewhat unexpected, and I had hardly had time to figure out the matter in all its ramifications. Fortunately the manager thought he could work her in without any serious delay, and to make sure I walked over to have a few words with the young lady clerk at the desk.

At this moment, however, Nellie appeared from the direction of the dressing room clad in a very becoming costume, which I had not seen before, and I waited an instant to compliment her on her appearance. Then I turned to the clerk, but that young lady for some occult reason appeared suddenly to have lost the good sense that a moment before characterized her comely face. Instead she was laughing in an inane kind of way that at once lowered her a good many notches in my estimation. I began asking her about the previous engagements on her books, but before I could come to any understanding an instructor came up and said that he had half an hour's spare time to devote to a lesson, and accordingly I gave up trying to get any satisfaction from the young lady.

As we walked across the hall I heard the instructor say to my wife, "Will you have the same wheel you had yesterday?" She turned and looked at him in a rather odd way, and he at once begged her pardon and explained that he had mistaken her for another lady he was teaching. The incident slipped from my memory for the time being, but later on it was recalled.

I sat and watched Nellie as the instructor walked beside her till she had made several circumnavigations of the place. She seemed to sit on the wheel remarkably well, and I took pleasure in thinking how sweet she looked. Presently the instructor got his own wheel, and holding on to her handle bar with one hand, hopped along for a few steps and then slipped easily into his own saddle. I could hardly believe my eyes to see the feat accomplished and to see Nellie riding there, guided only by a slight touch on the steering bar of her wheel. As the two came around, pedaling at double the ordinary speed and passing other riders neatly, I could not help applauding; and Nellie looked over at me and smiled, when, according to all precedent, her gaze should have been stonily fixed on the front wheel of her mount.

And so she made the circuit half a dozen times. Then my eyes were distracted to the scene of a slight accident at the other end of the hall, and when I looked for her again—could it be true?—she was riding alone. Yes, sitting up straight, with a somewhat strained expression on her face. Nellie was guiding her wheel unaided among the other riders and around the padded pillars, while the instructor jogged along at a dog trot and made short cuts to keep within reasonable distance in case of emergency.

She gave up after a few more turns, and as she came opposite me dismounted.

To say that I was proud and happy at her performance would be putting it mildly. I gave the instructor 50 cents for cigars, and congratulated the manager on securing the services of so competent a man; and I told more than one of my friends who were present that it was the first time my wife had ever been on a wheel.

She meanwhile seemed strangely demure and quiet, and it was not till we reached the young lady at the desk that I understood the reason. It came like a bolt of lightning in a clear sky.

"I want to ask your pardon," said my wife to this person, "for the way I made faces at you when my husband asked

about an appointment. He did not know that I have been coming here for two weeks. It is all a surprise for his birthday."

The young lady laughed some more, and it was I who looked inane this time.

"I hope you are pleased," said Nellie as she clung to my arm, and we breathed the fresh outside air and walked along under the kindly robe of night that even the city lights could not entirely deprive of its property of shielding from unwelcome observation.

"You said it was so easy to learn, but I didn't find it so. I could show you black and blue bruises all over my body, and when I spoke once in your hearing of my aches you thought it was the grip." Here Nellie sighed. "I did it all for your sake, and I am glad now that I have learned. But," and here her voice trembled just a little, "it is the first and last time I will ever keep anything from you. They say a woman can't keep a secret. I don't care. I never want to."

DAN DALY.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. Grafton.—Will Grafton please send us his address?

F. N. C.—The inside of the mouth of a pointer bitch is covered with warts. What is the remedy? Ans. Give compound sulphur tablets and apply tincture of iodine to the warts daily.

N. D. M., New Haven.—Would you inform me the weights of some of the largest pickerel caught in the United States and also the weight of the largest on record? Ans. Our record is of a 35lb. fish taken in Pennsylvania.

S. S. G., Woonsocket, R. I.—A party of fishermen before going onto the pond make up a pool for the man catching the largest fish. Mr. G., seeing a tilt fly up, instructed guide to pull in fish, which proved to be largest one caught. Does the pool belong to Mr. G. or to Mr. W., who caught the next largest fish? Ans. The prize should go to the man who caught the next largest fish. The fish taken by the guide should not count.

J. S., Mechanicsville, N. Y.—My two-year-old foxhound does not eat and is very dumpish; vomits occasionally; eyelids swollen and a brown watery substance (not matter) continually running from them. He has never had distemper or any other disease until now. Remedies I have given him appear to do no good. Ans. Bathe the eyes three or four times a day with a hot solution of boracic acid (teaspoonful of boracic acid to two pints of hot water). Give tonics.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

WITH the building and racing of large yachts in such a condition as it has been for several years and must be for the coming season, one looks for all sorts of wild and absurd schemes for the revival of the sport. Even the very discouraging outlook, however, does not justify anything so utterly absurd as the proposal of the Boston *Herald* at intervals during the winter for the establishment of an international cup for the 46ft. class. As this class has only been dead for five years, it is quite within the bounds of probability that the Boston *Herald* has not yet grasped the fact, and is still rejoicing in the belief that it is alive and flourishing.

The 46ft. class was created in 1891 for no good reason, but merely for a change from the 40ft. class, which was still in existence. The new class served to kill the old one, and yet never had sufficient vitality to carry itself beyond the second season, 1892. The building of Wasp in that year, and her victory over Gloriana and Harpoon, practically ended the racing of the class. In the next season or two Gloriana made an unsuccessful fight against Wasp, and since then the latter has been the 46ft. class, though sailing with larger or smaller cutters and with schooners for want of any competitor in the class. Last year the class ceased to have even a nominal existence, the New York, Larchmont, Seawanhaka and Atlantic clubs, with the Sound Y. R. U., dropping it entirely from the list of classes. It is still in the book of the Eastern Y. C., but that club has given no races for yachts of this size or larger for some time, and the class was actually dead in the East long before its final demise about New York. Even if the present rules of all the large clubs but the Eastern did not bar the class entirely, as they do, it would still be an impossibility to galvanize it into life by an international cup or any other means.

There is no question whatever that the thing most needed for the revival of yacht racing in this country in the classes above 50ft. or so is an international race; but it is equally clear that no more international cups or trophies are needed, there are plenty now on one side of the water or the other. There is no need whatever for a trophy to supplant the America's Cup, provided that this one great trophy be open to yachts such as men are willing to build, and on perfectly fair terms. That this has not been the case in the past is well enough known, but there is no reason why a change should not be made that will bring out a challenge for the Cup. At the present time the competition is practically limited to the 90ft. class, under what conditions neither the holders of the Cup nor anyone else can say. It is plainly evident that no British yachtsman is desirous of building a 90-footer for racing either here or at home; in fact, it is doubtful whether any more Meteors, Ailsas or Valkyries will be built unless by royalty, or possibly by some wealthy manufacturer as an advertisement. The signs of the times in England are toward a yacht of nearer 80ft. l.w.l. than 90.

As far as America is concerned, a still smaller size would be more generally popular and more certain of individual instead of syndicate support, down to 70ft. or 60ft. racing length. The latter class, quite as large and very much faster than the old 70-footers that were once the backbone of American racing, would be better than the former.

If international racing is wanted, and certainly it is badly enough needed, the New York Y. C. can open the way to it speedily by a clearing up of the existing muddle as to the meaning of the new deed in the light of the latest interpretation of the mutual agreement clause; by making it plain that it will give perfectly fair terms to a challenger, and by a positive statement that it will meet a yacht of less than 90ft. with a defender of the same measurement.

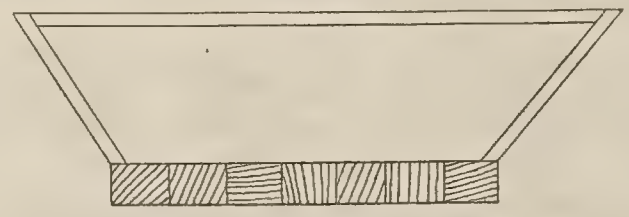
If men wish to race anything as small as the late 46-footer for the America's Cup let them do so; such a yacht, even the new 51-footer, is perfectly capable of crossing the Atlantic on her own bottom and also of making quite as good a contest for the Cup as was ever witnessed in craft of double the size. The experience of a dozen years has demonstrated the impossibility of maintaining a racing class of even 80ft. l.w.l.; and also that if the Cup contests be limited in any way to the largest sizes of yacht they must be held only at proportionately long intervals. Great as it is, the America's Cup is not a bit too good or too sacred to be raced for by such yachts as men on both sides of the ocean are willing to build, provided that they are more than mere sailboats, as demonstrated by their ability to make the Atlantic passage under their own canvas and on their own bottoms. Yachting in this country has already suffered severely enough from the long-continued effort to force the racing into one moribund class, the 90ft., and there is no reason whatever for a similar attempt to foster international racing in a class that has no existence, actual or nominal.

TEN years ago, in 1887, and again in 1892, the fleet of the New York Y. C. raced around Cape Cod, from Vineyard Haven to Marblehead, for prizes given by J. Pierpont Morgan, then owner of the steam yacht Corsair I. This year Mr. Morgan is commodore of the club, with his fine steam yacht Corsair II. as flagship, and he proposes to follow a like programme in taking the fleet to the eastward, possibly to Bar Harbor. To this end he has provided very liberally for prizes for both sailing and steam yachts. So far as inducements go, there is everything to warrant a good race; but when we come to the question of the yachts which will compete, the outlook is by no means so promising. In the schooner division there is Colonia and possibly Emerald; the former is a certainty, but Mr. Maxwell's boats never go east of Newport or the Vineyard. It is to be hoped, however, that this year Emerald will cover the whole course of the cruise. The only other modern schooners, Amorita and Quissetta, are too small to make a good race with the 90-footers, and their possible entry can add nothing to the interest in the duel between Colonia and Emerald.

In the large division of the cutter class there is as yet nothing; in fact, the available single-stickers for the two classes are possibly Navahoe and Vigilant, Queen Mab, Wasp, Uvira, the new Gardner boat Syce, and the new Fife boat for Mr. Mills. No other new yachts are building, and there are no other old ones that will enter against the few named. The race will show one thing, if it does nothing more: the vast difference in yachting in 1897 as compared with 1887.

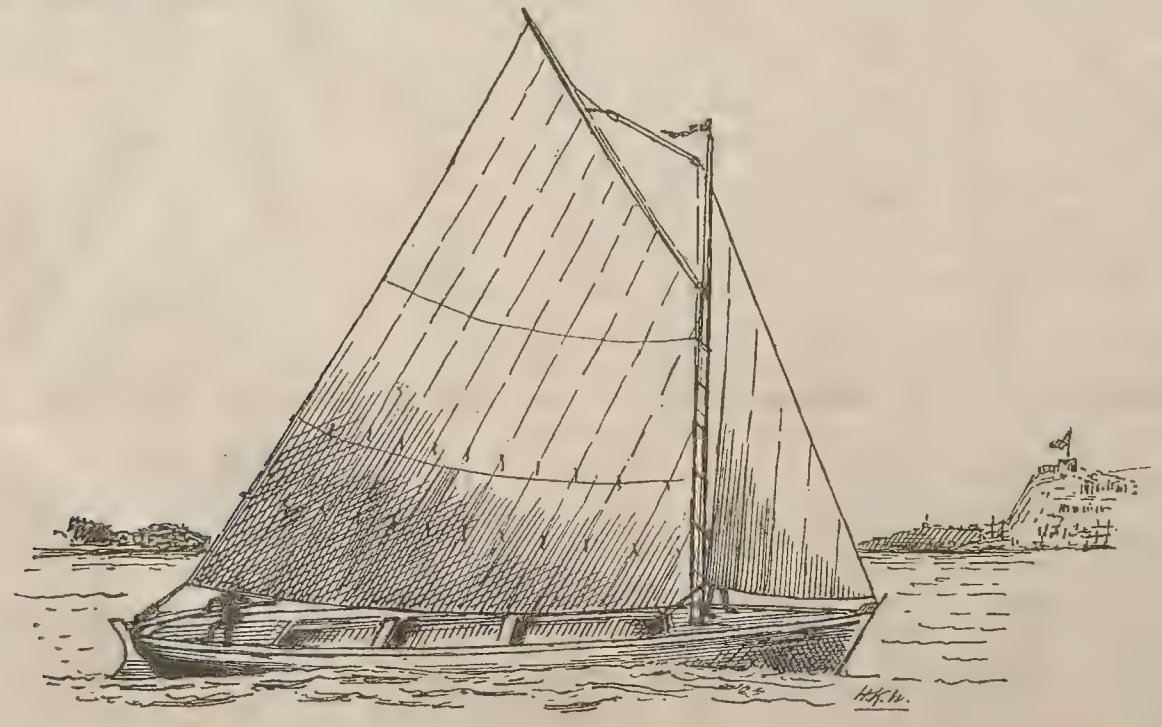
The Quebec Bateau.

THE Quebec bateau is a boat of about 50 tons, perfectly flat-bottomed, the bottom being composed of heavy timbers bolted together, the body plan being as shown in cut. Although she has absolutely no keel, the flat side enables her to ply to windward even when light. Formerly all bateaux were rigged with a standing lug, the yard being always aloft and swinging around the intersection with the mast by means of a tackle attached to the forward or short arm; the tackle



QUEBEC BATEAU.

being let go the yard "up-ended" alongside the mast, and the sail was brailed in. On account of uncertainty in stays, making prodigious efforts necessary on the part of the "foremast hand" with a huge oar over the stemhead to bring her about, the lug has gradually given way to the sloop rig, shown in the sketch, but the method of furling by means of brails still remains in force, leading the sail all against the mast, and the great, open hold readily accessible and unencumbered.



QUEBEC BATEAU.

These boats go aground on their flat bottoms on the equally flat bateaux at low tide of the lower St. Lawrence, and such is the strength of their construction that they are very often loaded to their full capacity while ashore from carts and wagons which drive up alongside. The next tide floats them out to the shipping at anchor in the stream, where they discharge through ports in the ship's side and return to the mud flats for another load. The bateau was not invented; it was developed, and stands to-day an example of the "survival of the fittest." Manned by only two men, she will often make voyages of considerable length, and to see one of them range up alongside a huge three-master in a 15-knot breeze and a 6-knot tideway is a whole education in seamanship.

H. K. W.

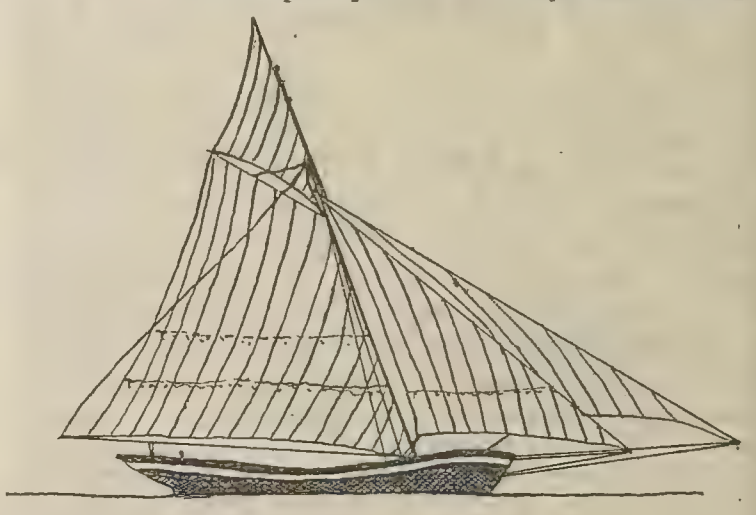
The Cruise of the Smack Energy—1832.

THE letters from which the following extracts were taken were written by the late John B. Meigs, U. S. N., to his brother Henry Meigs, Jr.; they are now the property of Henry Meigs, Esq., of Bayonne, N. J., to whose kindness, and that of J. W. Ellsworth, Esq., we are indebted for the privilege of printing them. It is possible that their publication may be the means of bringing to light further particulars of a voyage that must be classed as remarkable when the small size, the build and rig of the craft are considered. The hardy Yankee sailors, however, seem to have taken it as a matter of course. The picture is a reproduction of a small pencil sketch which shows the rig clearly enough, but little is said as to the model and dimensions of the hull. Mr. Meigs went out as a passenger to join his ship, then in the South Pacific.

The first letter is postmarked Boston, July 14 (1832), and is addressed to Henry Meigs, Esq., New York city, U. S. of America.

ON BOARD THE SMACK ENERGY, at the Oven, lat. 45° 6' S., long. 66°, Coast of Patagonia, Jan. 15, 1832.—*Dear Brother:* We arrived here on the 8th inst. from Mystic, Conn., from whence we sailed on the 7th of November, 1831. It is true that these vessels are remarkably small, but I feel very much prepossessed in their favor; they are both smacks, such as you have in New York, and are remarkable for sailing. After sixty days' passage out here, and have laid to but once since we left, and that was when we first made the coast, the wind being from S.E. to S.W. We have had several very severe gales since we left, in which I think any other vessels would have been obliged to lie to, but we settle our mainsail and take the bonnet off the jib, hoist the jib and set the trysail, pull the tiller out of the rudderhead and let her go; she is like a duck and measures thirty-eight tons and the other thirty-four. The one that I am aboard of is a remarkable little craft for sailing, and ever since we left we have not had dry decks for more than ten days, all in all. They are bound to Valparaiso, to carry on the fishing trade between that port and the islands of Massafuero and Juan Fernandez, and there is no doubt but that they will make a fortune shortly. We intend to go through the Straits of Magellan after we get a supply of wood and water at Port Desire, about 350 miles to the Sd. of this. We are so equal in the sailing of these two vessels that we have not been out of sight of each other more than five minutes since we left Mystic; the persons belonging to these vessels are not over thirty-five years of age, and all from the same town.

The harbor that we are now in is narrow, but very deep, and so crooked that no wind can touch you except the "whilliwows," as the sailors call them, properly called whirlwinds. It is completely surrounded by rocks running



perpendicularly from 200 to 500ft.; at the tops of them, as far as your eye can reach, nothing can be seen but a dry kind of stubble and what they call Turks' heads, which grow to the size of a barrel head and are covered with thorns of 4 to 5in. in length; and a kind of bush which produces a small blackberry of the size of the huckleberry, and very spicy to the taste, which is, I believe, the principal food of the animal called in this country the guanacka, which is precisely the same as the llama of Peru, but rather larger.

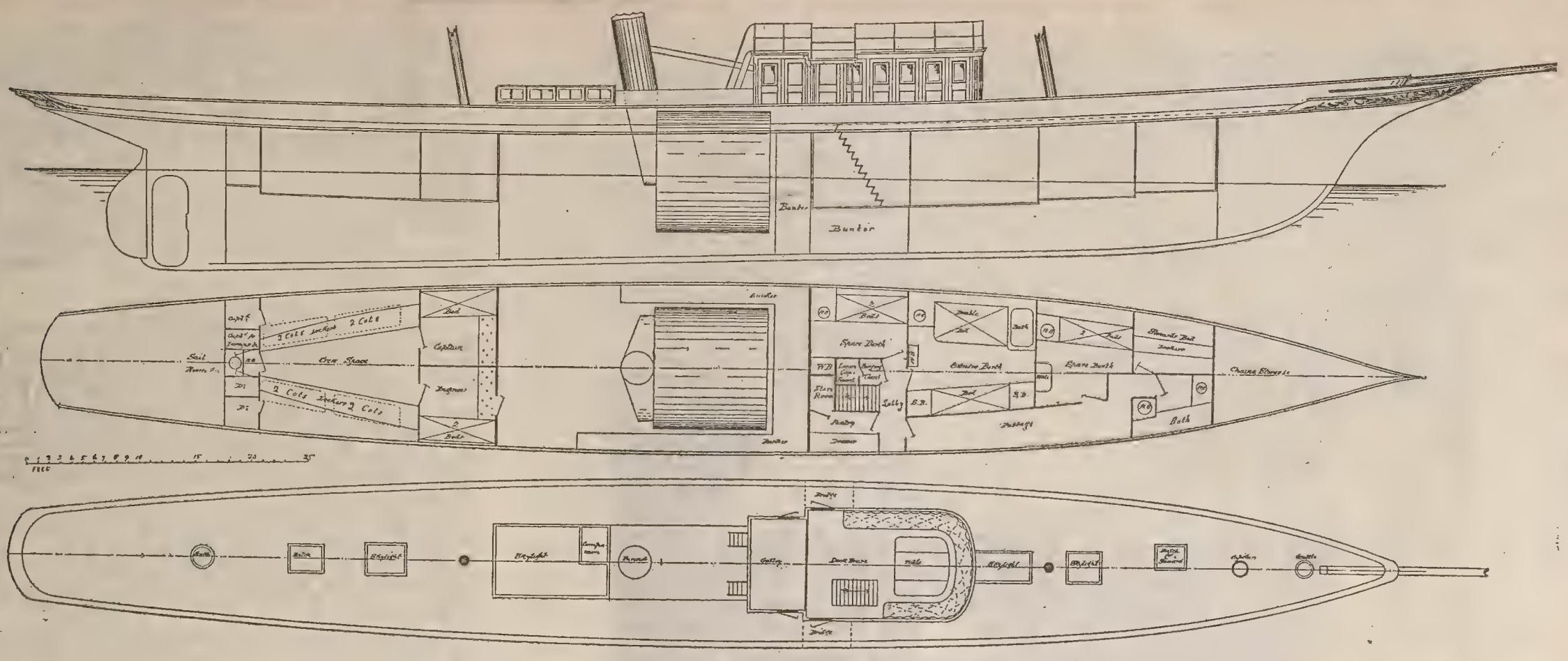
I took a boat the other day and went down to the mouth of the harbor to look for shells, but I got nothing but a few limpets. Sailing along the beach, I saw one of these guanackas walking on the beach; he soon directed his eye toward me and walked along the beach abreast of me as far as I went; and then I stopped to pick a few limpets off the rocks, and looking ashore I saw twelve more of the same kind. I tacked ship and ran along the beach pretty fast, and they all trotted along to keep abreast of me; and when I went into the harbor they trotted along on the tops and edges of the cliffs and the rocks; sometimes they seemed to be directly overhead and sometimes a little further off; they followed me up to the vessels in the harbor. In the marshes here there is the same kind of samphire that grows in all our Northern States.

We have just finished hauling our vessels ashore to scrub. On our passage we killed an albatross measuring 13ft. from the tip of one wing to the other. There are various kinds of birds here, but none of very beautiful plumage: the condor, the white crane, and several species of ducks, and millions of penguins the size of a large goose. They stand perfectly erect and get 300 or 400 together in a flock; they will not move for you when walking on the beach, but on the contrary will attack you if you do not get out of their way. There are ostriches here, but I have not seen any of them. When I arrive at Valparaiso I will give you a more detailed account of my voyage.

This harbor has derived its name from the intense heat during all seasons; there is a well of water here which seems to be made of a solution of alum and saltpeter; it is singularly strange that this water is cold nearly to the degree of zero in the middle of the day, and as soon as the sun sets it is so warm that it is scarcely fit to drink. This place is so completely devoid of vegetation that it is not astonishing that no one has ever attempted to make a settlement here.

Please report us to the editor of one of the papers, so that the friends of the young men may hear from them (they are all well), not forgetting to mention the names of the two vessels, and of their keeping company so well. The names are these: the Energy, Capt. Thomas Eldridge, and the Relief, Capt. Charles Chapman. I send this letter by the schooner Union, of Boston, returning home from a sealing voyage.

OFF VALPARAISO HARBOR, Pacific Ocean, Smack Energy, Feb. 29, 1832.—*Dear Brother:* You will confer a favor on me,



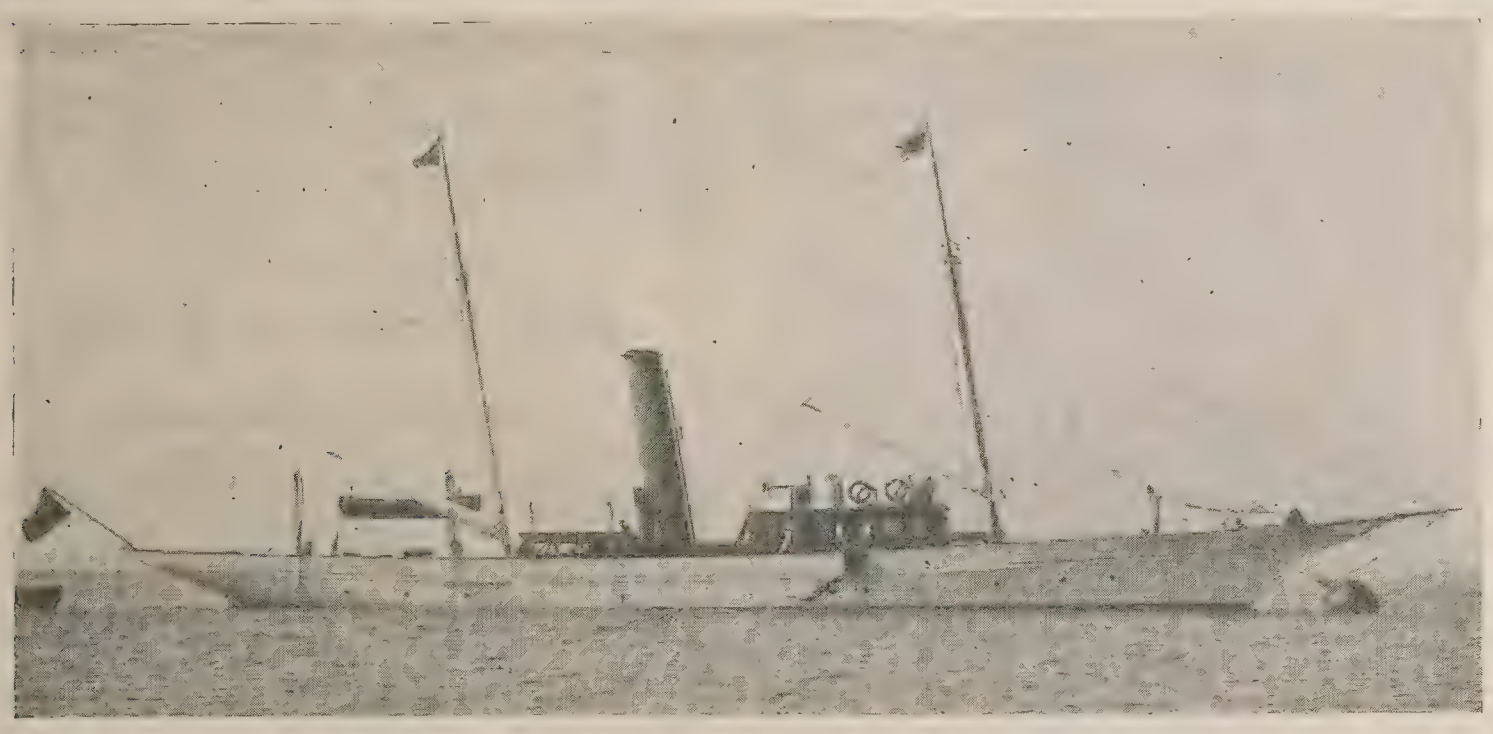
SPEEDY STEAM YACHT, DESIGNED BY DIXON KEMP FOR BARON BARRETO, 1895.

and the young men belonging to this vessel and her companion, by announcing their arrival at Valparaiso. It is now about 2:30 P. M., there is a ship in sight, and we are both becalmed; she appears to be bound out, and if so you will receive this upon her arrival in the United States. We have had a very good passage of sixty-three days to the mouth of the Straits of Magellan, where we were detained by adverse winds and currents. We spoke on our passage to the Straits the schooners Penguin and Union, the former of Stonington, and the latter of Boston; also the schooner Montgomery, of Mystic, Conn., all three on sealing voyages, and all well.

We sailed from New London on the 7th of November last, and on the 7th of January we came to anchor in a harbor on the eastern coast of Patagonia, called by sealers the Oven; it lies in lat. 46° 6′ S., long. 66° W. We had a fine run of three days from this place to the Straits of Magellan. We have had altogether a passage of 111 days from New London. I will be your debtor if you will be so kind as to advertise the substance of this letter. We have all been and are now in excellent health. These are the smallest vessels that ever came from the United States to this part of the world; the Energy is 38 tons burthen and the Relief is 34 tons, and commanded by two very enterprising young men. We have never parted company for more than ten minutes during our passage, and the vessels are remarkable for their equality in sailing in every point. When the next opportunity offers I will give you a more detailed account of our passage. I will be much obliged if you will, after having had this advertised, send one of the newspapers that contain it to Asa Fish, Esq., of Mystic Bridge, Conn., where most of the young men belong.

P. S.—You will perceive an alteration in the date of this letter; the vessel that I saw off the harbor was a Yankee whaler waiting for her boat at this place. This letter you will receive by the brig Montezuma, of Baltimore, which sails this day. You will find below a list of the young men attached to the vessels:

BELONGING TO THE ENERGY.	THE RELIEF'S MEN.
Thomas Eldridge, Capt.	Charles Chapman, Capt.
David Kellogg, 1st Mate.	John Parks, 1st Mate.
Austin Packer, 2d Mate.	James Bennett, 2d Mate.
Shubael Brown, Carpenter.	Robert Brown.
John Anthony Wolfe.	Giles Williams.
William Williams, colored man, Cook.	Richard Rogers, Cook.
And myself, passenger.	



SPEEDY STEAM YACHT. DESIGNED BY DIXON KEMP.

It would be interesting to know more of the fortunes of these plucky and enterprising young men, and further details of the staunch little craft that carried them so far in safety. Possibly some further records of the voyage may still be in existence among their descendants.

The New Montreal 20-Footers.

THE *Mail and Empire*, of Toronto, gives the following account of the new fleet of racing 20-footers now under way at Montreal:

While preparations have been going on in the United States for a successful battle for the Seawanhaka international trophy for small yachts, which at present is held here in the custody of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., Canadians have not been sleeping. While hockey, and skating, and snowshoeing have seemed to monopolize the efforts and the time of our amateur sportsmen, there were many busy in a quiet way preparing for the coming yachting season, and figuring out what would be the surest and best way to keep the much-coveted trophy which Glencairn brought home in our midst. Syndicates were got up and orders given for plans for a new yacht house, and plans were discussed for the boats that were to defend the cup, and finally orders were given to have the boats designed and built, and for the last three months G. Herrick Duggan, to whom naturally almost every one around Montreal who desired to share in the honor of de-Though the river and lake are still covered with ice, and though the usual freshets, with their accompanying damage to boat houses and wharves, have not yet set in, already three of the new boats are ready to try their luck, and before many days at least two others will be far enough advanced to be launched also. At present these boats, finished and partly finished, are kept carefully guarded in a shed at Lachine, and not even the prospective owners are allowed to see them. Several people who have really no business about the shed, or any direct interest in the boats, have already tried to get admission to them, and there is not the slightest doubt that some of these were emissaries from some of the builders and prospective owners of competing boats across the line. In addition to the boats at present at Lachine, there are others, however, some already finished, and others that have not yet passed the embryo stage of design. The boats now at Lachine were designed and built for G. A. S. Hamilton, Shirley Davidson, A. F. Riddell, W. A. C. Hamilton, Duggan and Shearwood. In nearly all cases these gentlemen are the heads of syndicates. All these boats have been designed and built by Mr. Duggan, and beyond these he has several other orders from Montreal and elsewhere, most of which it will be totally impossible for him to fill. Among the latter is one from Harrison B. Young. Three of these are already built, and others are far enough advanced to justify the expectation that they will be ready and entirely finished by May 1, so that they may take part in the preliminary trial races on the 8th and 15th, and it is also hoped that the entire local fleet will be far enough advanced to allow them all to take part in the regular trial races, which begin on the 24th.

The racing this year will be in the 20ft. class, which, although in name only about 5ft. larger than last year's, is practically twice the size. The general length over all will be between 28 and 32ft., and the beam from 6 to 8ft. 6in. The limit of sail area set by agreement with the Seawanhaka Club is 500sq. ft., and from what can be learned up to the present time the majority of boats will carry their full allowance, although in one or two cases the owners will try for better reaching qualities, with less sail and more length. It is impossible for the present to get anything near the definite dimensions of the boats now under construction, or any of the details of their build, but it is more than probable that they will be about equally divided between fin-keel and centerboards. Among the other boats which will take part in the trials is one which is being designed by Rev. Mr. Kittson, who last year owned the Missie, which proved to be such a fine heavy weather boat.

Longueuil will in all probability contribute two to the fleet. Mr. Maybee, of Longueuil, has one boat finished, and is about to commence another. Cuthbert, of Toronto, is completing a boat for J. B. Abbott, of Montreal, and this will probably compete in the early trial races in Toronto before it comes here, and will try to carry away the $100 prize which has been offered by the Royal Canadian Y. C. for the best 20-footer. There are several other boats talked of in Toronto. It is generally hoped that Kingston will at least have one representative in the trial races, and Halifax has also expressed a willingness to contribute a boat, but the difficulty of transportation is so great that it is hardly possible that the Haligonians will be unable to compete. At any rate there is no lack of enthusiasm, and there is every prospect that before the final event comes off there will be some most interesting trial races, which will result in the selection of a boat fully fit to cope with anything that may be designed or built in the United States.

Work on the new club house of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. will be commenced within a couple of weeks.

The Steam Yacht Speedy.

THIS handsome little ship was designed in 1895 by Mr. Dixon Kemp for Baron Barreto, an English yachtsman, and was built by Ramage & Ferguson, at Leith. The interior arrangements were planned by the owner, Mr. Kemp having charge of the lines and specifications. The hull is of steel, with four bulkheads, and the vessel is rated 100 A1 at Lloyd's. The contract called for a speed of 12½ knots on a run of five hours at sea, with natural draft and not over 150 revolutions. This speed was made on the trial trip with 133 revolutions, and on a subsequent trial over the measured mile with natural draft a speed of 13.05 knots was attained. The details are as follows:

Length over all	134ft. 6in.
on L.W.L.	108ft.
for tonnage on deck	117ft. 10in.
Breadth	16ft. 2in.
Depth, top of beams to top of floors	10ft. 4in.
Draft of water aft	9ft. 6in.
Tonnage, Lloyd's Y. M.	141 tons.
Area of L.W.L.	1,250sq. ft.
mid-section	96.2sq. ft.
Displacement on trial, tanks full and bunkers half full	178 tons.
Displacement per inch of immersion at L.W.L.	3 tons.
Diameters of cylinders	12in., 19in , 30in
Stroke of pistons	21in.
Length of boiler	9ft.
Diameter of boiler	10ft. 6in.
Diameter of furnaces (two)	3ft. 2in.
Grate area (total)	36sq. ft.
Heating surface (total)	1,003sq. ft.
Working pressure	180lbs.
Screw propeller, diameter	7ft. 9in.
pitch, mean	10ft. 10in.
Surface of all blades (four)	16sq. ft.
Revolutions on measured mile	138
Indicated horse power	395
Speed (mean) in knots, natural draft	13.05
with forced draft	13.05 knots.
Slip, per cent., of propeller	11
Total weight of machinery, steam up	59 tons.

The yacht is very completely fitted with all modern auxiliaries, electric light plant, See's patent ejector, steam windlass, Caird & Raynor's evaporator, Parson's ashpit forced draft. The propeller is of manganese bronze. The furnishing is very elaborate. The illustation shows the handsome and shipshape appearance of the vessel.

New York Y. C.

THE regular meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on March 25 at the club house, Vice-Com. Ledyard presiding in the absence of Com. Morgan, who sailed on the preceding day for Europe. The following letter was read by Secretary Oddie:

"NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—*Mr. J. V. S. Oddie, Secretary New York Y. C:* My Dear Sir—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your official notice informing me of my election as commodore of the New York Y. C.

"In sending you this, my formal acceptance, I acknowledge with deep appreciation the honor bestowed. Yours very sincerely, J. PIERPONT MORGAN."

The regatta committee presented an adverse report upon the following proposed amendments to the racing rules, which were before the club for final action, and they were rejected:

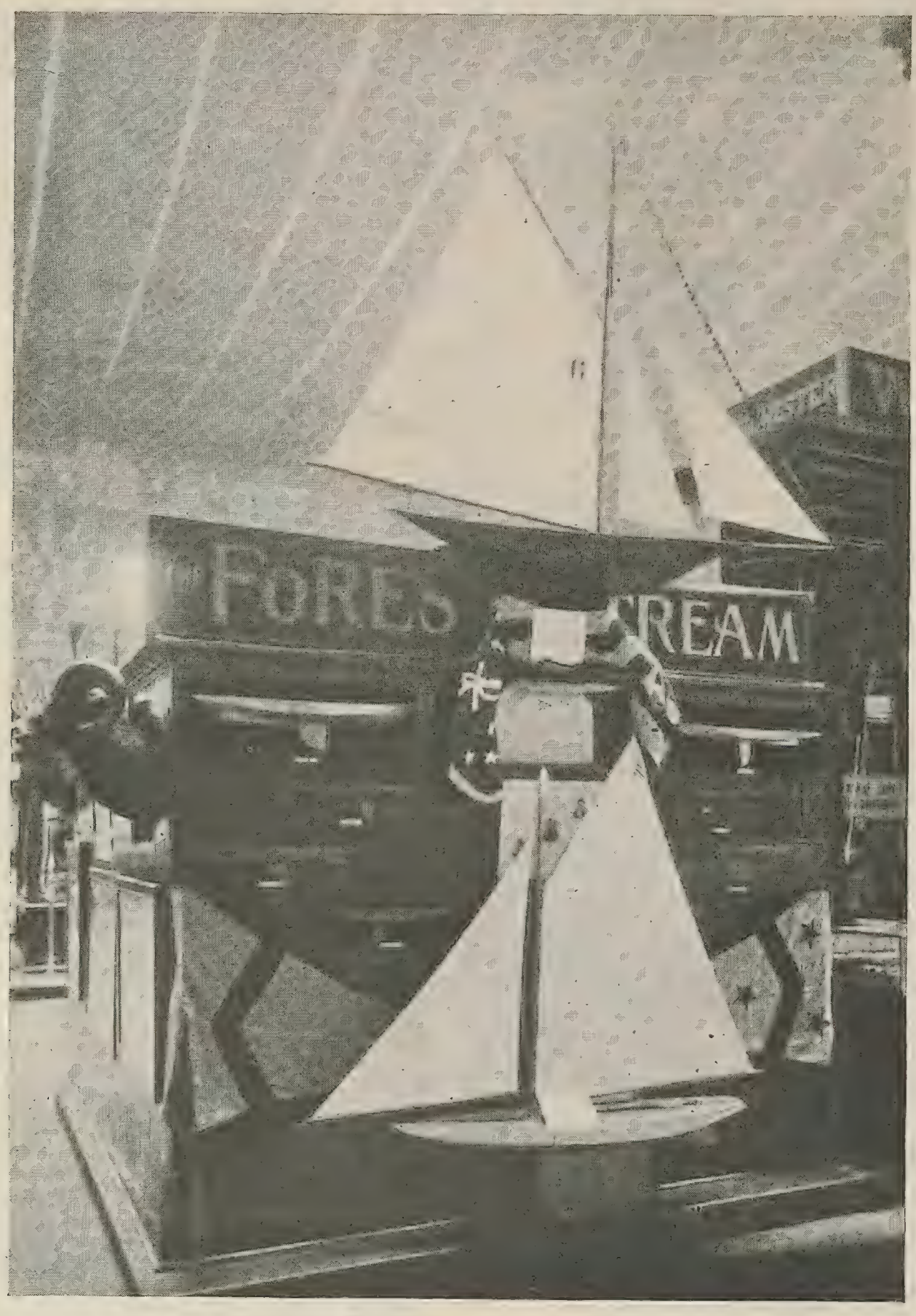
PASSING AND ROUNDING MARKS.

Section 14. If an overlap exists between two yachts when both of them, without tacking, are about to pass a mark on a required side, then the outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark, except as provided in Section 15. A yacht shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap and thus force a passage between another yacht and the mark after the latter yacht has altered her helm for the purpose of rounding.

MANEUVERING FOR THE START.

Section 15. When two yachts are maneuvering for the start, both on the same tack, one to windward and one to leeward, and the weather yacht being freer than the leeward yacht, should the leeward yacht be close hauled on the wind, and before an overlap has been established, the leeward yacht shall have the right to hold and maintain her course, even if thereby the windward yacht should be forced on the wrong side of the starting mark.

Votes of thanks for their services as commodore and on the regatta committee were tendered to ex-Com. E. M. Brown and Mr. S. Nicholson Kane. An amendment to the constitution, reducing the house committee from five to



AMERICAN MODEL Y. C.—FOREST AND STREAM EXHIBIT.

three in number, was passed. The following resolution was offered by Elbridge T. Gerry:

Whereas, There is a plan for certain improvements of the harbor of Newport, R. I., which plan contemplates, among other things, the building of a solid masonry pier 600ft. long and 35ft. broad, the pier to be utilized for carrying out a new sewer; which pier, it is stated, would be built largely for the additional facilities it would give visiting yachtsmen; and it is apparent that should the proposed pier be built, it would reduce the available anchorage ground materially and would further, by the carrying of the sewage into the harbor at this point, endanger the health of the crews of anchoring vessels; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is the opinion of the New York Y. C. that the building of said pier would be of no material benefit to yachtsmen, and that it is further inexpedient to build the pier on account of the loss of anchorage room and the danger to health.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the chair to present these resolutions to and to confer with the proper authorities for the purpose of securing the abandonment of the plan, if possible; or, failing in that, to obtain such modification thereof as they may think necessary and proper.

The resolution was adopted, and Messrs. Gerry, Stephen Peabody and G. L. Rives were appointed.

Vice-Com. Ledyard announced that Com. Morgan was desirous that the annual cruise be continued eastward from Vineyard Haven to Bar Harbor, and to that end would offer three prizes of $2,000 for schooners, $1,000 for the larger classes of cutters and $1,000 for the smaller classes, for a race around Cape Cod to some Eastern port. Com. Morgan also proposes to give a prize for a steam yacht race if a suitable system of allowances can be arranged.

The following members were elected: A. Hart McKee, Frederick L. M. Masury, Josiah M. Lasell, J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., Temple Bowdoin, Robert Bacon, Harry S. Thompson, William H. Osgood, William H. Fletcher and Alfred R Whitney, Jr.

Marietta III.

THE new steel steamer Marietta III., designed by H. J. Gielow for H. B. Moore, of the New York and Atlantic yacht clubs, was launched on March 27 at the Erie Basin Dry docks, where she was built by the John M. Robins Co. The yacht is the largest as well as the handsomest that Mr. Gielow has yet designed, being far superior to his two preceding boats of the same name. She is 172ft. 6in. over all, 140ft. l.w.l., 18ft. beam, 7ft. 9in. draft, with four-cylinder triple expansion engine and single screw. The two boilers were built by the Roberts Safety Water Tube Boiler Co., which has furnished the boilers for four of Mr. Moore's yachts. The hull work was carried out under the direction of Capt. W. D. Dickey, superintendent of the yard, which speaks for its character.

The American Model Y. C. Exhibit.

THE accompanying illustration could not be prepared in time for our last issue, but shows the very interesting exhibit of the American Model Y. C. in connection with the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit at the Sportsmen's Exposition. The upper pair of half models were made of galvanized iron, the hull being built over a last and the bulbs cast in an iron mould. By this means he is able to offer a boat complete for $250. These little craft offer an excellent opportunity to clubs that wish to establish one-design classes, as the price is very reasonable. Five are already ordered.

The Gilbert's Bar Y. C. held its usual monthly meeting and regatta on Saturday, March 13. In the first class, 22ft. and over, three boats entered:

	Corrected.
Zingari	0 42 06
Joker	0 43 18
Albatross	0 45 22

Won by Zingari.

SECOND CLASS BOATS—22FT. AND UNDER.

	Corrected.
Beatrice	0 52 51
Swallow	1 00 11

Won by Beatrice.

In addition to the two large boilers for the steam yacht Marietta III., the Roberts Safety Water Tube Boiler Co. are busy with the boilers and machimery for the schooner Hildegarde, now being converted to an auxiliary under the direction of H. C. Wintringham for Vice-Com. Whitlock, Atlantic Y. C. The firm has also in hand a boiler for the passenger steamer Martha, building at Yonkers by C. E. Pearsall for his own use. This vessel will have a compound engine designed by Thos. Flaron, the old oarsman and shell builder, who of late years has turned his attention to marine engines with marked success.

The Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. has recently added to its forces at the Ogdensburgh shops Mr. L. K. Young, of Bridgeport, Conn., so widely known as a maker of hollow spars. Mr. Young is a practical yachtsman and a skillful sailor in open racing boats, and his large experience has resulted in many improvements in blocks, fittings, etc., as well as in spars.

The annual meeting of the New Jersey Y. C. was held at the club house at the foot of Tenth street, Hoboken, on March 25, the following being elected officers: Com., Alfred Wenzel, slp. Wanderer; Vice-Com., William Sherman, slp. Eagle Wing; Treas., Frank S. Ketcham; Fin. Sec'y, Bernard A. Deetjen; Cor. Sec'y, Edward V. Ketcham; Rec. Sec'y, Frank Springling; Meas., Henry Nelson; Trustees: Alfred Wenzel, Alexander Berry, Theophilus Butts, Bernard A. Deetjen and Frank S. Ketcham; Regatta Committee Alfred Wenzel, William Sherman, Bernard A. Deetjen.

The Yacht Racing Union.

THE new book of rules of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound has just been published. The Union now includes twenty clubs, whose stations are on Long Island Sound. The Council has sent out the following notice:

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COUNCIL OF THE YACHT RACING UNION OF LONG ISLAND SOUND, New York, March 31.—Special Notice to Representatives: On Jan. 18 you were requested by circular to furnish the Council witha list of the sailing yachts of your club, so that racing numbers could be allotted them before the commencement of the season. This list I have not received from you.

It is of paramount importance that this information be furnished not later than April 5. It is purposed to number all sailing yachts enrolled in Sound clubs and other clubs sailing under rules uniform with those of the Union. This list should be as complete as possible, and comprise the following information: Name of yacht; name and address of owner; rig; racing length, if measured; class, if not measured; whether cabin or open.

Please give this notice immediate attention.

I have recorded the following dates as having been selected by your club for open races during the coming season: Annual regatta, ——. Special races, ——.

Please inform me by April 15 whether the annual regatta will be for all classes, or classes under a certain length, and for what classes the special races will be given. I would be glad to know the name and address of the chairman of the regatta committee of your club for this year. It is hoped to have the racing schedules ready for distribution by May 1.

FRANK BOWNE JONES, Sec'y.

Kerosene Stoves for Yachts.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your paper does not, I am sorry to say, contain any advertisement of makers of kerosene oil cooking stoves and outfits for yachts too small for regular coal galley.

The "Florence," years ago, used to be excellent (especially for broiling, having a special broiler that did not smoke the meat or allow drip), but I am not aware of its being made now or where. Would you kindly inform me of the maker of the best article of this kind now on sale, as I need one in fitting out this spring.

Thanking you for any trouble, J. BUCHANAN HENRY.

[We will be glad to hear from any of our readers who have had practical experience with the later makes of kerosene stoves.]

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

W. B. Stearns, the Marblehead builder, is now turning out a fleet of one-design craft of the Scarecrow type, but of his own design. The boats are 22ft. 6in. over all, 16ft. l.w.l., 5ft. 6in. beam, and 4ft. draft including the fin, which is fixed. They are rigged with mainsail and jib, the latter set on a short bowsprit. The lines are excellent, showing an easy form, with considerable deadrise, a good freeboard and fair sheer. The cockpit is above the waterline. Mr. Stearns has planned a construction that admits of rapid work when many boats are to be built, and yet is thoroughly strong

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Al. T. Brown, John W. Ely, Wm. J. Hawkins, Robert B. Mimmack, H. B. Squier, T. H. Thompson, G. Willard Rich, G. W. McTaggart, E. R. Boller, Ezra J. Boller, J. Clifton Baker, all of Rochester and the Rochester C. C. H. H. Haile and W. C. Bowne, of Gouverneur, N. Y., and the Gouverneur C. C. S. B. Hughes, Pittsburg, Pa.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., March 21.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day, Four-Mile House, Reading road. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target:

Gindele.																						
10	9	10	9	7	10	7	10	9	9—91			9	9	10	10	8	9	6	9	9	10	—89
7	10	7	9	9	10	10	7	10	8—87			8	10	10	9	9	9	6	9	9	7	—86
Roberts.																						
8	6	7	6	9	10	7	9	6	10—78			9	7	9	8	6	7	7	10	7	7	—77
10	8	7	8	8	7	10	5	6	8—77			9	6	5	5	9	7	10	9	9	7	—76
Hake.																						
9	5	10	7	6	10	6	7	5	9—72			6	5	3	9	10	5	5	6	10	9	—68
6	7	4	6	6	9	5	5	7	8—63			5	4	5	5	6	6	9	3	4	1	—48
Trounstine.																						
6	4	4	10	8	5	5	9	8	6—65			7	3	8	8	9	4	7	8	6	10	—61
7	3	3	8	8	9	4	7	8	6 70			5	5	7	6	4	6	9	3	4	8	—57
Nestler.																						
8	6	9	7	10	7	7	8	8	10—80			8	10	7	7	7	10	10	7	10	9	—85
8	7	7	9	6	8	9	9	8	9—80			7	9	9	8	8	9	6	7	10	10	—83
Payne.																						
9	7	9	6	10	9	8	8	9	8-83			7	9	9	8	8	7	8	8	7	10	—81
7	7	4	10	8	7	10	10	7	6—76			10	6	9	7	7	6	7	7	10	8	—76
Lux.																						
5	8	7	10	6	8	6	9	8	5—70			8	5	6	7	6	10	9	7	1	6	—65
6	6	4	8	9	4	9	6	9	6—67			6	4	6	7	5	5	7	7	8	4	—59
Wellinger.																						
7	6	9	9	8	10	9	6	10	9—83			8	8	6	9	8	8	7	9	10	10	—88
9	8	7	8	9	8	9	8	9	8—83			10	8	9	8	8	10	7	9	9	9	—87
Hasenzahl.																						
7	10	7	7	10	8	6	5	8	8—78			10	9	7	9	9	8	8	6	8	10	—84
8	4	7	7	10	9	8	5	6	9—74			9	9	6	6	4	8	6	6	7	9	—70
Drube.																						
6	9	10	10	8	6	6	7	6	10—78			8	10	8	8	10	8	6	7	7	6	—78
7	7	8	8	7	7	10	8	4	9—75			8	6	7	7	8	6	10	10	5	6	—73
Uckotter.																						
10	7	6	9	10	6	6	8	9	4—78			8	8	6	5	4	5	5	6	9	6	—62
9	7	8	4	4	3	4	7	8	5—59			7	5	6	4	5	6	7	6	6	7	—59

Rifle Notes.

THE Springfield (Mass.) *Union* of March 25 contains the following note relative to Stevens rifles at the Sportsmen's Exposition: "The J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., of the Falls, is much pleased at the success which its rifles and other arms had at the recent sportsmen's exhibit in New York city, as three out of the five shooting contests which were held were won by Michael Dorrler, of Greenville, N. J., with the Stevens rifle. Mr. Dorrler also broke two records. In the individual shoot the previous record was 2,420 out of a possible 2,500, but in winning this contest he made the remarkable score 2,421 1-0. He also broke the record in the bullseye target shoot. The rifle belonging to Dr. Hodges, of Indianapolis, attracted as much attention as anything at the show. A wealthy New York gentleman, who saw the rifle, has sent an order to the company for a similar rifle and will have it engraved by the same Japanese workman who did the work on Dr. Hodges's rifle.

Madison Square Revolver Tournament.

The winners in the revolver tournament held at Madison Square Garden, March 13-20, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, are given below:

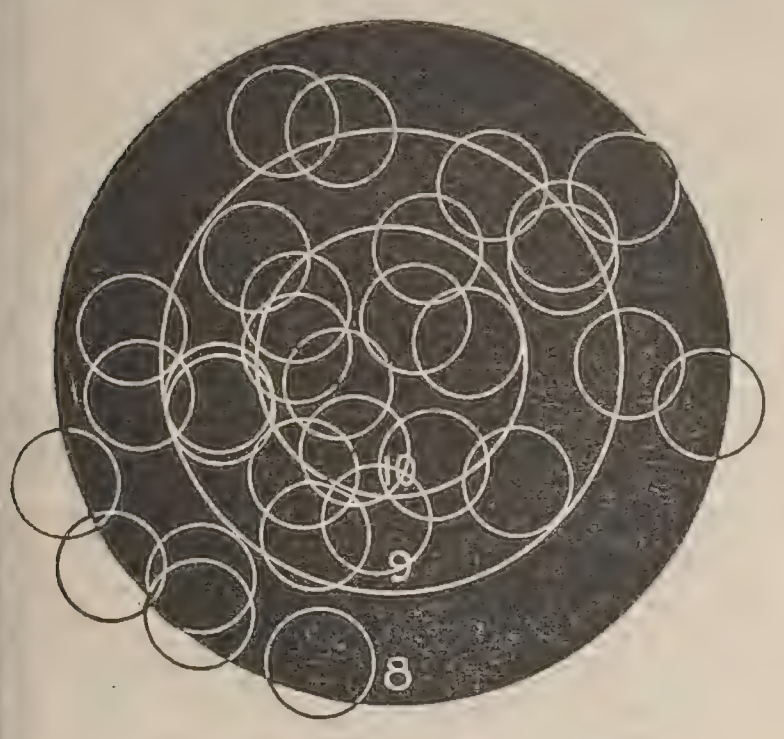
Any team championship—First prize, $125 cup: Springfield Team—Capt. C. Axtell 130, Z. C. Talbot 110, J. Goodrich 128, A. Smith 130, F. Hodskins 123; total 621. New York Team—Capt. R. H. Sayre 129, Dr. A. F Webber 124, T. Beck 122, F. B. Crowinshield 125, J. B. Paine 115; total 609.

Military teams, championship—First prize, $125 cup: R. H. Sayre 129, T. Beck 124, C. Axtell 131, W. R. Pryor 115, F. W. Green 115; total 611. E. E. Partridge 122, F. D. Crowinshield 120, D. Johnson 106, F. Anderton 117, J. B. Paine 124; total 589.

Bullseye pool, *Tribune* trophy: C. Axtell 115, Dr. A. A. Webber 113.

For the *Scribner* trophy: Capt. Petty 103.

Military championship; $75 cup to first, $50 to second, $25 to third:



MR. AXTELL'S CLUSTERED THIRTY SHOTS.

C. Axtell 259, R. H. Sayre 257, F. B. Crowinshield 245, P. Hodgkins 240, W. Goodrich 238, J. B. Paine 236, Z. C. Talbot 229, E. E. Partridge 209, R. S. Edes 202.

"Any" championship, individual—First prize $75, second prize $50, third prize $25: C. Axtell 277, F. B. Crowninshield 263, T. E Beck 259, Dr. A. A. Weber 257, G. W. Waterhouse 255. Dr R. H Sayre 254, F. Anderson 252, F. Hodskins 251, J. Goodrich 250, Z C. Talbot 247, J. H. Wesson 245, A. L. Smith 241, E. E Partridge 238, Dr. S. J. Foot 232, P. Weigel, Jr., 106.

Press match: A F. Aldridge 83, James Watson 80, C. A. Bramble 75, S. N. Campbell 71, Francis Trevelyan 65, H. L. Fitzpatrick 58, Geo. Bleekman 56, E. C. Eckhart 53, A. S. Williams 53, Samuel Crane 52, George Stackhouse 50, A. F. Steiner 41, R. E. Leppert 31, J. McGinn 23.

It is noteworthy that all first prizes were won by the Smith & Wesson revolver wherever entered in competition.

Revolver Shooting in England.

The revolver shooting season opened at the North London Rifle Club on March 3. The revolvers used had to be modified from target sighted ones allowed in former years to the mongrel military made obligatory at Bisley this year. This had to be done, as the clubs are practicing grounds for Bisley, and therefore have to adopt Bisley rules. This coarse sighting will affect scoring, and in comparing this year's results with former years must be taken into account.

Members are also divided into three classes, so as to give the poorer shots a chance; but for the revolver championship of the club all will have to shoot on equal terms, whatever class they belong to. The championship will, as before, go to the shooter who has the highest aggregate of six scores in series 1, 20yds., stationary target; one in series 2, alternate hands, 20yds.; one in series 3, disappearing target, 20yds.; and two at 50yds., stationary target. One score made each day during the season.

Result of shooting, March 3:

Revolver series 1, 20yds. stationary target—Class 2: Tilbury 40, B. W. Holmes 38, W. Luff 19. Class 3: Ledger 19.

March 10.—Revolver series 1, 20yds., stationary target—Class 1: T. Knapp 37, Carter 37. Class 2: Holmes 38, Brading 37, Tilbury 37, W. Luff 31, Capt. Evans 32, Josling 27. Class 3: Lieut. Soames 29, Treadwell 28, Joyce 23.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

April 2.—Geneseo, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Geneseo Rod and Gun Club. Targets thrown from a magautrap. Shooting to begin on arrival of Rochester train. W E. Lowe, Sec'y.

April 7.—Portland, Me.—Annual spring tournament of the Portland Gun Club. Harry A. Chisholm, Sec'y.

April 7.—Hackensack, N. J.—Third contest for the Recreation cup, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club, Cup contest at 12 noon sharp. C. O. Gardner, Sec'y.

April 10.—Windsor Locks, Conn.—All-day tournament of the Windsor Locks Gun Club. Targets. C. F. Cleaveland, Sec'y.

April 14-16.—Atchison, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament. $750 added money.

April 14-16.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association.

April 15.—Youngstown, O.—First tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—San Antonio, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 16.—Bridgeport, Conn.—All-day shoot of the Bridgepor Gun Club. Targets. V. A. Blakeslee, Sec'y.

April 17.—Nutley, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Yanticaw Gun Club. Targets from a magautrap. Shooting chmmences on arrival of 9:52 train from Chambers street, New York.

April 19.—Hingham, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Hingham Gun Club. 100-target handicap. G. O. Henderson, Treasurer.

April 20-21.—Rochester, N. Y.—Tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Targets

April 20-23.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

April 21-23.—San Antonio, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

April 27-29.—Binghamton, N. Y.—Tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club. Two first days, targets: third day, live birds.

April 27-30.—Fonda, Ia.—Tournament under the management of Geo. E. Hughes and C. R. McCord. Live birds. $800 added money.

April 28-29.—Richmond, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club.

April 28-29.—Peru, Ind.—Tournament under the management of J. L. Head.

May 4-6.—Des Moines, Ia.—Tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. Live birds and targets F. C. Whitney, Sec'y.

May 5-7.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 11-13.—Peekskill, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds.

May 11-14.—Waterloo, Ia.—Tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club. E. B. Walker, Sec'y.

May 12-13.—Connersville, Ind.—Tournament of the Connersville Gun Club. Live birds. T. F. Thomas, Sec'y.

May 17-22.—Kansas City, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

May 18.—Albany, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West End Gun Club. Horace B Derby, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—Savannah, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Forest City Gun Club.

May 19-21.—Canton, S. D.—South Dakota Sportsmen's Association annual. C. S. Seely, Sec'y.

May 20.—Greenville, Pa.—Second tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo H. Jones, Sec'y.

May 26-29.—East St. Louis, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

May 31.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters League tournament, under the auspices of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

June 2-4.—Springfield, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club.

June 8-9.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana.

June 8-11.—Auburn, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—Monroe, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 10.—Newcastle, Pa.—Third tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H Jones Sec'y.

June 15-18.—Cleveland, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—Fargo, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y

June 22-25.—Oil City, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

July 14-15.—New Haven, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 22.—Meadville, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—Lewiston, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 17-19.—Toronto, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000 guaranteed. Open to all. Write for programmes.

Aug. 19.—Warren, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H Jones, Sec'y

Aug. 25-26.—Montpelier, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—Portsmouth, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Oct. 6-8.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The tournament of the Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club, announced in our last issue for April 12-14, has been postponed one week on account of the Interstate shoot at Baltimore, April 14-16. The Rochester dates are, therefore, April 20-21. Dr. Weller and Messrs. E. C. Meyer and G. Borst, forming the committee in charge, have arranged a programme of one 10, six 15, two 20 and one 25-target events for each day. The entrance fees are at the uniform rate of 10 cents per target, a total of $16.50 for the programme. Targets will be deducted from the purses at 1½ cents each. In the 10 and 15-target events there will be four moneys; in the 20 and 25-target events there will be five moneys. Five per cent. of the entrance moneys will be deducted for a general average fund, to be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Shooting commences at 9:30 each day. The Monroe avenue or Park avenue cars take you to the grounds. Bluerocks will be thrown from a magautrap, so that this occasion will be good practice for the State shoot of 1897.

Secretary H. T. Hearsey, of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, has mailed the constitution and by-laws of the Trap-Shoooters' League of Indiana to all the clubs in the State, with a cordial request to become members and help along the good cause in which all are interested. He says: "There is no selfishness in this movement The strong clubs will help the weaker ones, and it is hoped no club will feel strong enough to remain independent of the League, or none so weak but its influence will be felt and respected. But little time remains to prepare for the annual tournament, so it is important that clubs join promptly in order that a vote may soon be taken to determine the place of that meeting." Mr. Hearsey's address is Indianapolis.

Of the Lincoln, Neb., tournament, April 20-23, Secretary Welch writes: "We beg leave to state that the affairs of this Association are in a very prosperous condition and that we expect to hold here the largest tournament that will be held in the West this year. We are going to add $1,000 in money to the prizes, and as we follow immediately after the Atchison tournament we expect to have a very large crowd here, and it looks now like our entry list will run upward of 100. Our grounds are located at Lincoln Park, about two miles from the city, and accessible by motor car. We will throw empire targets from two sets of traps and have one set of traps in reserve."

Lou Erhardt's shoot, April 14-16, is attracting the attention of the circuit shooters. Lou will have a good chance of beating his own record this year, trap-shooting being decidedly on the boom in the section that he draws from. The following week the shooters will have a rendezvous at Lincoln, Neb., for the State shoot. Then May 4-6 will find the majority of them at Des Moines for the Iowa State tournament. This schedule gives the Waterloo (Ia.) Gun Club a good chance for a large attendance, as its tournament (May 11-14) follows immediately after the shoot at Des Moines.

The Bison Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., will hold a two days' shoot on its grounds at Walden avenue, City Line, April 15-16. Bluerocks will be used on the first day, all targets being thrown from a magautrap. The entrance fees are reasonable, and the programme an interesting one. Targets will be charged for at the rate of 1 cent each. On the second day there will be four live-bird events: No. 1, 5 birds, $3; No. 2, 10 birds, $5; No. 3, 15 birds, $7; No. 4, 25 birds, $15. All communications should be addressed to C. H. Werlin, secretary of the club, 1634 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y.

Friday morning, March 26, the day after the close of the tournament at Elkwood Park, was not without its special features. The firs event was a blooded contest, viz., 10 birds, $50, birds extra. The contestants were R. A. Welch (30), D. A. Upson (30), H. S. Coldren (29) and Col. Anthony (27). Welch and Upson tied on 9 out of 10; they agreed to draw down their $50 each, and then shoot off at 5 birds for the other $100. On the shoot-off Upson won with 4 to 3, both of Welch's lost birds falling dead out of bounds.

The Interstate shoot at Baltimore on April 14-16 promises to be one of the successes of the season. During the Grand American Handicap tournament we heard of several shooters who had "promised to be there." The programme is a good one, and the $450 added money is an attraction in these days. Ship your shells in care of A. G. Alford Sporting Goods Co., 120 East Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

We believe that Messrs. Daly & Chanfrau, of Elkwood Park, hold the record for hotel building. They erected a twenty-room hotel, furnished it with all necessary furniture, put in up-to-date sanitary plumbing, running water, electric lights and an electric bell system in each room, in fact, all modern conveniences and they took just six days to do all this! Even with the twenty extra rooms, it was a case in most instances of "two in a room" each night of the shoot.

Tom Marshall's victory in the Grand American Handicap was a most popular win. Of course, after the shoot was over, there were lots who had picked out Mr. Marshall as the winner; as a matter of course, the "I told you sos" were numerous. The only one whom we can vouch for as having actually picked the winner prior to the shoot was Paul North. Paul guessed it the first time.

The spring tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club will be held on the grounds on Terrell's farm, East Sherbrooke, Good Friday, April 16. An aggregate prize will be divided among five highest guns in events 2, 4, 6, 7, 10 and 11 (75 targets). Rose system in all events except No. 1. No postponement on account of weather. Special hotel rates for shooters and free conveyance to grounds.

The Forrester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., will hold a one-day tournament at artificial targets on their grounds on Peddie street, on Wednesday, April 28. A lunch will be provided for the shooters; targets will be 1 cent each, and a special handicap race of 50 or 100 empires will be on the programme. H. E. Winans, 97 West Kinney street, Newark, N. J., is the secretary.

The Binghamton (N. Y.) Gun Club will hold its spring tournament April 27-29. The tournament will be open to all. On the first two days the programme will be made up of target events; the third day's schedule will be at live birds. All communications should be addressed to H. W. Brown, manager, Binghamton, N. Y.

Litchfield, Conn., is to have an active gun club. At a recent meeting of the club the following were elected as officers for 1897: President, S. P. Griffin; Vice-President, Isaac Hutchinson; Secretary-Treasurer, F. Newcomb. The club starts afresh with a roll of twenty-five members, and has secured a fine ground, which is to be equipped with an up-to-date bluerock outfit.

A. W. du Bray, of the Parker gun, awoke on Tuesday morning, March 23, to find himself occupying the important position of No. 1 on the list of shooters for the Grand American Handicap. As Du Bray himself put it: "You can't keep the Parker gun down, old boy; it's bound to be first somehow."

The third contest for the *Recreation* cup, representing the amateur championship of the State of New Jersey, will be held April 7 at Hackensack, N. J., on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club. The cup contest will commence at 12 noon sharp.

The Western shooters ought to be satisfied, and we have not the slightest doubt that they are. They came East and bearded us boldly; they have now retired to their wigwams with an important scalp or two to their credit.

The East versus West team race fell through after all. Its failure cannot be attributed to any unwillingness on the part of the Western shooters to take part in such an event. The West was ready, but the East had not the wherewithal, viz., shooters, with which to meet her.

Billy Crosby and G. F Carraher, both of the Baker Gun Company, of Batavia, N. Y., and Jack Fanning, of the Gold Dust Powder Company, of San Francisco, were guests of the Bergen County Gun Club at its monthly shoot, Saturday last, March 27. The E. C. cup contest was the main event on the programme.

We have not yet received a line from the rooters for the "old system." We are naturally patient and easy-going, but we cannot wait much longer. The subject of "old system versus Rose system" is still open for discussion.

Our correspondents will have to be lenient with us this week. Much matter of considerable interest has had to be withheld owing to the pressure on our columns due to the Grand American Handicap tournament at Elkwood Park.

Dr. Carver was more than pleased with the result of his trip East. The Cashmore gun made a record at Elkwood Park in the Grand American Handicap; hence the Doctor's cause for congratulation.

March 30. Edward Banks.

Boston Gun Club.

Wellington, Mass., March 17.—To-day's shoot added another to the Boston Gun Club's list of successful shoots. Nothing actually startling was done in the way of scores, yet Mr Paine's 17 was quite equal to a 19 made under more favorable conditions. A breeze that carried dismay to the hearts of many present rendered 80 per cent. scoring somewhat of an impossibility. The 15yd. shooters certainly had their innings to-day, for the 17 and 18yd. people landed at the bottom of the list in a bunch. The yard or two of distance handicap meant something with a forty-mile-an-hour wind, leading the asphalt a merry chase.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	5	6	10	10	5	6	10	10	10	10
Gordon (17)	6	8	5	4	8	3	3	2	6	10	7	8
Sheffield (15)	4	6	4	4	6	6	1	4	9	5	4	6
Woodruff (17)	7	8	4	5	6	5	2	2	7	5	8	7
Banks (14)	4	5	3	0	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stevens (15)	7	1	4	0	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Paine (15)	8	6	5	3	4	8	4	5	6	6	7	8
Harris (15)	5	5	5	1	6	8	5	2	7	7	8	9
Williams	4	3	..	..	..	6	4	0	7	7	2	6
Winters (18)	..	7	3	3	6	4	2	3	7	6	4	4
Chaffin (15)	..	4	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miskay (17)	..	..	..	3	6	4	1	5	4	7	4	..
Spencer (16)	..	..	..	2	8	7	2	5	7	7	7	9
Needham (15)	..	..	..	3	5	5	1	1	9	6	3	6
Gard (15)	..	..	..	..	7	9	3	2	8	7	4	8
Sewall (15)	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	3	9	8	7	8

Events Nos. 1, 5, 6 and 12, known angles; No. 9 same, with use of both barrels; Nos. 2, 7 and 11, unknow nangles; No 3, straightaways; Nos. 4 and 7, pairs; No. 10, reverse pull, use of both barrels.

Prize match: 21 targets, 10 known, 5 unknown, and 3 pairs; distance handicap:

Paine (15)	1111110101—8	11011—4	11 10 11—5—17
Harris (15)	0111111110—8	11111—5	10 10 00—2—15
Gard (15)	1111111101—9	00111—3	01 01 00—2—14
Spencer (16)	0111001111—7	10001—2	10 11 11—5—14
Sheffield (15)	1100111100—6	00100—1	01 10 11—4—11
Sewall (15)	1000100111—5	11010—3	10 01 01—3—11
Williams (15)	0011111001—6	11101—4	00 00 00—0—10
Miskay (17)	1001110000—4	10000—1	11 01 11—5—10
Woodruff (17)	0100011110—5	10100—2	00 10 10—2— 9
Winters (18)	1010101000—4	01001—2	10 01 10—3— 9
Gordon (17)	0000101100—3	01110—3	01 00 10—2— 8
Needham (15)	0011000111—5	01000—1	00 10 00—1— 7

ON LONG ISLAND.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

March 27.—The New Utrecht Gun Club held its regular weekly club shoot on Dyker Meadow to day. J. A. Bennett won in Class A with 23 breaks, and Dr. O'Brien in Class B with 17 breaks. After the club shoot a series of 10-target sweeps was shot. Scores:

Club shoot:

Class A.

J A Bennett	1111111111111111001110011111—23
J Gaughen	0111011011111110011111101 —19
F A Thompson	0011101111111110111101011 —18
P E George	0101101111111100011111000011—17
W H Thompson	1010011010111101111000101 —15

Class B.

Dr O'Brien	1100011110001001111111111 —17
C C Fleet	1110110101000100101000110 11—14

Sweepstake shooting:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
F A Thompson	6	6	9	9	8	8	7	8	P E George	5	6	..	..	7	6	4	9
J Gaughen	7	8	8	8	10	9	9	7	C C Fleet	7	7	9	8	5	7	2	..
W H Thompson	5	6	9	8	6	..	..	..	Dr O'Brien	9	..	4	8	8	7	5	4
									J A Bennett	..	..	6	6	8	9	6	7
									Sneider	..	..	..	..	..	4	9	7	8

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 20.—The regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, held to-day at Audubon Park, was well attended, twenty shooters taking part in the various events scheduled for the afternoon's sport. Event No. 3 was the club badge shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles. E. C. Burkhardt was the winner in class A; Sandy in class B, and D. C. Sweet in class C. Event No. 6 was at expert rule; No. 7 at reversed pull. The results in all the events are given below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	15	15	Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	15	15
E Burkhardt	5	11	23	13	12	..	..	F W Smith	..	..	16	12	..	..	..
G McArthur	7	8	19	11	11	11	10	Sandy	8	8	20	10	9	11	9
L W Bennett	8	13	21	15	13	12	13	Norris	..	13	20	11	..	..	..
W Hines, Jr.	8	13	20	12	13	14	9	J J Reid	..	12	16	10	7	8	7
P G Myer	5	9	14	14	11	11	..	A Coombs	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
Charlie	9	11	19	8	11	12	8	Snapp	..	..	18	..	..	..	..
D C Sweet	8	10	18	10	7	8	..	B Talsma	..	..	19	..	..	..	..
H McMichael	7	9	19	11	..	..	..	L Fries	..	..	18	7	12	..	..
E P Reynolds	..	12	18	7	..	10	..	J Potts	10	..	..	8	..	..	..
C E Story	..	..	18	9	6	..	..	G W B	..	..	..	..	..	6	8

Shooting at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill., March 27.—The regular club shoot of the Garfield Gun Club was held here to day. Neal, with 20 kills to his credit, captured this event. Some practice shooting was also indulged in, with the following results:

Club shoot:

E E Neal	2222222222211222122—20
O v Leng'ke	2222222222222222202—19
L P Hicks	0 22120 22122 01111 —17
R W Wright	2222220222222022 22—17
Graham	2221012102211102002—15
J M Young	2 01011110 102112012—15
Russell	1000102102011107 0010—10
R Kuss	221 023 212012020w
J Smith	2220202022 2222w

Practice:

Graham	22 22—5
Neal	2202—4
Kuss	2202—4
Wright	22 22—4
Von Lengerke	0 202—3

Match:

J H Amberg	0120222200222221—11
Lean	1002222101111120—11

The Grand American Handicap.

ALL RECORDS BROKEN.

THE Grand American Handicap for 1897 has broken all records. The entry list contained 146 names, 11 forfeits reducing the number of actual contestants to 135. In our issue last week we gave the list of shooters who had entered regularly, the list containing 139 names. Six post entries were received later, the names being Theo. Hostetter, Pittsburg, Pa.; J. Rehrig, Lehighton Pa.; Frank Class, of Morristown, N. J.; Sporting Life, of Philadelphia, Pa.; B. L. Packard, New York city; Frank Lawrence, New York city. The name of A. W. Sherman, of Freehold, N J., was left out of our list last week through error; he should have been the last on the list, making 140 regular entries.

Among the withdrawals were: W. H. Sanders, of New York, who had the misfortune to be injured in the radiator explosion in a Turkish bath; Seth Clover, who was limping around with a bad case of "charley horse;" John H. Shaffer, of Pittsburg, sickness; Dr. J. H. Wert, of Long Branch, grip. Other withdrawals for cause were: Fen Cooper, of Mahanoy City, Pa.; T. D. Hooper, New York city; A. S. Hunter, Utica, N. Y.; Tom Farmer, Pittsburg, Pa.; E. S. Rice, of Chicago; M. M. McMillan, Mahanoy City, Pa.; and A. W. Sherman, Freehold, N. J.

MORE POPULAR THAN EVER.

From the above figures it can be seen that the Grand American Handicap is more popular than ever. An entry list of 146 in a 25-bird race, $25 entrance, birds extra at 30 cents each, *without one cent of added money*, speaks volumes for the popularity of this annual event.

In 1893 the Grand American Handicap was started with a list of 21 shooters; it was shot off that year at Dexter Park, L. I. In the following year, 1894, the event was again shot off at Dexter Park, L. I., but the entry list had grown to 54. In 1895 the Grand American Handicap was shot at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., the list of entries that year showing a healthy increase over that of 1894: 61 entries with 58 shooters was the total for 1895. In 1896 a move was made to Elkwood Park, and a new system of dividing the moneys was tried. The result was a big jump in the list of entries: 109 shooters entered, 104 taking part in the event

Then came this year's contest. The choice of grounds was left to the tournament committee, and although several locations were examined, when the committee saw the Elkwood Park grounds there was nothing else in it. It was a case of Elkwood Park or nothing. These grounds have been described so often in these columns that it eems superfluous to say anything more in regard to them. The accompanying cut will enable our readers to follow with ease the de scription of how the Grand American Handicap was run, and will also give an idea of the manner in which the three sets of traps are ocated.

There are no such grounds anywhere else in this country or in any other country, for the matter of that. The shooting public at once became interested in them, and thus several new entries were doubtless secured. The system of dividing the moneys which prevailed in 1896 was adopted again for 1897, the divisions, however, being graduated up to 150 entries in this year's programme. Although we had confidently expected that last year's big total would be exceeded, and had so stated in several of our recent issues, we were totally unprepared for such an enormous increase in the number of actual entries as is recorded on the cashier's book for 1897. This increase amounted to 37, an increase of just about 35 per cent.!

SOME COMPARATIVE FIGURES.

The great shoot promoted in August, 1896, by the Du Pont Powder Company at Watson's Park, Chicago, under the management of Mr. E. S. Rice, the company's general agent in the West, made a new ecord with a total of 125 entries. The Grand Prix at Monte Carlo his year also made a new record for itself with a total of 118 entries. From these figures, therefore, it will be seen that the Interstate Association can boast of having broken *all* records. In regard to the Grand Prix, however, it must not be overlooked that that event is 'all on the same mark," except in the case of previous winners, who are penalized 1yd., the winner in the previous year standing back an additional yard. The conditions also are 12 birds, $40 entrance—practically a $40 miss-and-out, with substantial money for the winner and a handsome trophy of silver. Hence it is perhaps unfair to compare the Grand American Handicap and the Grand Prix.



IRBY BENNETT.

Chairman Tournament and Classification Committee, Interstate Ass'n.

HOW THE SHOOT WAS RUN.

It may at first glance seem an easy matter to run a shoot when three sets of traps are provided, but when one comes down to figuring on it, it will be seen that there is far more in it than meets the eye. As a matter of fact the running of this year's Grand American must be looked upon as an experiment, and as such it was a big success. There was not a hitch in the whole affair, and everything ran with the smoothness of well-oiled clockwork. For that reason it is highly probable that Manager Shaner may not receive all the credit that is due him for his work in his double capacity of "engineer and oiler." Many hours of thought had necessarily been given to the running of the shoot; to all intents and purposes the Grand American Handicap of 1897 had been shot on paper time and again, and on paper the arrangements looked all right. An actual trial was needed to prove whether the calculations and preparations were correct or not. That trial has come and gone, and the result is a great triumph for Elmer E. Shaner. The 135 shooters were handled with ease, and the only delay was caused by the dilatoriness of the shooters in getting to the score. These delays were in many cases almost infinitesimal, but the number was sufficient to amount to many minutes during the day.

The claim was made in the programme that with a number of entries no larger than last year's list the Grand American Handicap could be decided in one day on the Elkwood Park grounds. Results show that this claim was well founded. Last year there were 104 shooters, this year there were 135; yet with this large increase in the number of shooters it was possible to get to the end of the 21st round in one day. Then again, instead of being able to start at 10 prompt, it was necessary to wait until the 8:30 train from New York city had arrived, or else run the risk of causing delay by having to shoot up some men after the affair had started Thus it was fully 10:20 before A. W. du Bray led off with the first kill in the Grand American of 1897. Later in the afternoon a squall of wind and rain made a further delay of at least ten minutes The slight rainfall at the start of the event in the morning also caused a certain amount of slackness on the part of some shooters in getting to the score. On Thursday morning it took just about forty-five minutes to finish the event down to the ties.

MONEYS DIVIDED AMONG THE TIES.

Hon. T. A. Marshall stood alone with 25 straight and took the first prize of $500 Nine tied on 24 out of 25 and divided the next nine moneys—$1,696.15—a total of $188.45 each. Eleven men tied for the next eleven moneys—$1,094.35—and divided without a shoot-off, each man receiving $99.50.

This disposed of twenty-one moneys and left the sum of $254 50 to be fought for by the "three miss men." Every man who had missed three birds on the previous day had to withdraw, with a privilege of re-entering provided he had a chance to win any of the money. Thus each of the 135 starters who had missed three birds—114 in all—were entitled to shoot up for the five moneys until they missed again; in the latter case they dropped out again. Several shooters were not on the ground, but there were enough to make the shoot-off a very long matter. It was a shoot-off, practically miss-and-out, with $254 at stake. Finally 13 men scored 22 and divided the purse, receiving $19.55 each.

It is safe to assert that with forty-five minutes more time on Wednesday the Handicap would have been finished; and it is highly probable that there would have been no shooting up of the "three miss men" had it been finished on one day. The strong northwest gale that swept over the grounds on Thursday morning caused havoc among the scores. Dr. Carver and H. C. Koegel, two straight men,



J. A. H. BRESSEL.

President of the Interstate Association.

both lost their 24th birds dead out of bounds, and both losses were directly attributable to the strong wind that carried the birds out of bounds. Misses came so fast in other places that there was soon no question about a shoot up of the "possible 22s."

ELMER SHANER AND HIS HELP.

In order to run the shoot successfully and smoothly Manager Shaner had a small army of help. The referees were: No. 1 set of traps, Harold Wallack, of Long Branch; No. 2 set, Ed Taylor, of Latlin & Rand Powder Co.; No. 3 set, Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co. The official scorers were: No. 1 set, J. Vone Emmons, of Long Branch, N. J.; No. 2 set, J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia; No. 3 set, Howard W. Gray, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The cashier's office was capably officered by B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co., assisted by A. Meyerhoff, of Hartley & Graham. The duties of squad hustler and general utility man were handed over to Bill McCrickart, whose acquaintance with the shooters of this country is so wide that he is invaluable in such a position. His capacity for work has never yet been fathomed, and at the end of the three days he seemed as fresh as when he started on his arduous duties.

A new position, created by the peculiar conditions of three sets of traps and "three misses out," was that of "Compiler of Scores" (the title was manufactured by Elmer Shaner; we are not to blame). In order that the duties of this official (the trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM, by the way) may be the better understood, we shall have to still further explain the method of conducting

THE CLERICAL PART OF THE WORK.

All score pads were issued by and returned to the Compiler of Scores, who had for his assistant John D. Regan, of Brooklyn, whose quickness and accuracy were of the greatest assistance when it came down to getting out the score pads quickly. Under the "three sets of traps" system it was necessary to keep close tab on the scores, so that there might be no delay caused by calling up a man who had dropped out. To explain this difficulty better we would state that each man shot a bird at No. 1 set of traps, another bird at No. 2 set, and a third bird at No. 3 set. He then retired and waited until called up for his next series of 3 birds, to be shot at in similar order. Now, suppose that at the commencement of the 7th round a man had lost 3 birds, the scorers in their respective houses would not know of the fact, and would delay the game by calling him to the score. To obviate this delay, separate score sheets were provided for each round, and were returned to the office of Compiler of Scores as soon as completed. Each pad contained twenty-five names; thus, as there were over 125 shooters, six sets of these pads were needed, and were handled just as if they were squad pads at a target tournament.

As soon as each pad was returned Mr. Regan transferred the scores to a main score sheet and filed the originals for reference in case of dispute. When a man was found to have missed three birds his name was dropped from the score pad sent out to the scorers when it came time for that squad to shoot. This dispensed with all danger of delay so far as the scores at No 1 set of traps was concerned.

The next point to be covered was that of a man who had two misses to his credit when he went to the score at either No. 1 or No 2 sets of traps, and who might score his third miss at one or the other of these sets. This difficulty was satisfactorily overcome by stationing officials at the entrances to No. 1 and No. 2 sets, whose duty it was to ask each man who missed in the current round whether it was his third miss or not. If it happened to be the third miss a note was dispatched by this official per messenger boy to the scorer at either No. 2 or No. 3 set of traps, or both, as the case might be, directing him or them to cross the shooter's name from the score pad. These officials were: At No. 1 set, E. H. Taylor, son of Ed Taylor; at No. 2 set, Jerome Smith. Their respective messenger boys were: Firman Woolley and Arthur Hearne, boys who did their duty like little men. It is only just to the shooters themselves to state that their promptitude in answering the questions of these officials had much to do with the smoothness with which the shoot was run. Fred Tabor was the messenger attached to the office of Compiler of Scores; his duty was to take out fresh score pads and bring in the others as soon as they were completed. Thus the scoring department had quite a staff of helpers: Compiler of Scores and his assistant; three official scorers, two officials to watch the misses at Nos. 1 and 2 sets of traps, and three messengers; ten altogether. (If anybody will suggest a plan by which this number can be reduced Elmer Shaner will be delighted to hear of it.)

REBATE TICKETS AND ORDERS ON THE CASHIER.

In all the events on the programme it was a case of "birds extra." and "two" or "three misses out," as the case might be. Hence the same system of scoring as regards score pads was observed during the entire three days. When a shooter dropped out of an event he had to apply to the Compiler of Scores for a rebate ticket calling for the amount of cash due for birds not shot at; this ticket was redeemed at the cashier's office for cash or "no bird" tickets, at the holder's option. Orders on the cashier for each winner's share of the different purses were also issued from the office of the Compiler of Scores. All these small matters, while they simplified the running of the shoot, gave us lots of work to do and also gave us lots of pointers as to how that work could be cut down at future tournaments under similar conditions.

HOTELS TO ORDER IN SIX DAYS.

One of the greatest features about this year's Grand American Handicap was the annex with twenty rooms, added to the Elkwood Inn for the accommodation of those shooters who preferred to stop near the grounds to going into New York or being quartered a mile or two from the scene of the shoot. Accustomed as our Western brethren are to seeing towns spring up in a few days, they were rather astonished at finding that Messrs. Daly & Chanfrau, managers of the Elkwood Park grounds, were capable of building hotels to order in six days.

A little more than a week prior to the commencement of the shoot, Messrs. Daly & Chanfrau found that there was some difficulty in regard to adequate accommodation for shooters in the neighborhood. To obviate this an annex containing twenty rooms was planned, built and ready for occupation in six days from the time that the foundations were first started. Running water, lavatories, with the best of plumbing; electric lights in every room and hallways; electric buttons to call the bell boys or to send in a notice to the office that hot water, ice water or other liquids were needed, graced the walls of each room. It was, in short, a hotel built to order in less than a week! So much for Jersey enterprise.

THE WESTERN CONTINGENT.

From Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and from Iowa came a group of shooters, every one of whom was well calculated to uphold the honor of his respective State. From Iowa came Charlie Budd, of Des Moines; Charlie Grimm, of Clear Lake, the holder of the cast iron championship; Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, the ex-champion of the world at targets, and for about twelve months the holder of the Du Pont championship at live birds. There's a trio for you. Wisconsin was responsible for two shooters of far more than ordinary caliber: Dick Merrill and Dr. J. L. Williamson, both from Milwaukee. Indiana was worthily represented by Ed Voris, of Crawfordsville.

But to Illinois we must give the palm. Her representatives were ten in number. First and foremost comes Hon. Thos. A. Marshall, for the past twelve years mayor of his city—Keithsburg, Ill.—the winner of the Grand American Handicap of 1897, the only shooter to score within bounds the total of 25 straight. Dr. W. F. Carver comes next; he showed what he could do from the 33yds. mark by scoring 23 straight before losing a bird, his 24th falling dead out of bounds. (This item is referred to later.) The brothers, W. and H. Dunnell, from Nippersink; Eddie Bingham, formerly with Montgomery Ward & Co., but now with Mr. E. S. Rice in the employ of the Du Pont and Hazard powder companies; W. L. Shepard, of Chicago; W. D. Stannard, of Montgomery Ward & Co; J. Glover, of Chicago; C. M. Powers, of Decatur, one of the very best shots in a State that boasts a large number of crackerjacks; and E. S Rice himself, the leader of the Western contingent and general agent for the Du Pont and Hazard powder companies in the Western States.

BUT THERE WERE OTHERS.

Ohio was well represented. She could claim several of the shooters as her sons: Rolla O. Heikes, champion of the world at targets and holder of the E. C. Powder Co.'s championship cup; and E. D. Rike, also from Dayton; R. S. Waddell, the Du Pont and Hazard companies' general agent for the Central States, from Cincinnati; D. A. Upson, E. Dallas and C. T. Bodie, Cleveland; F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn.

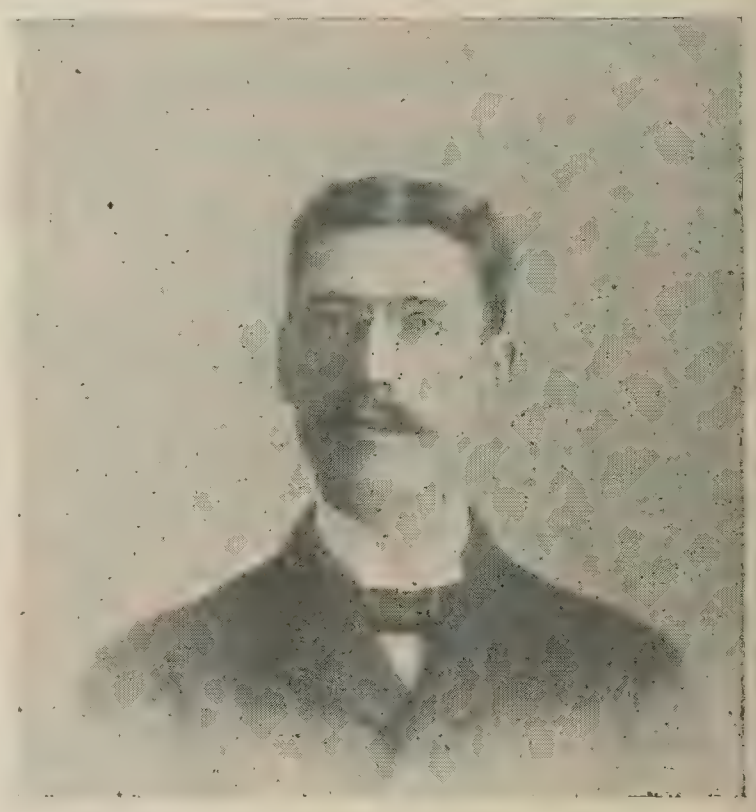
Pennsylvania had more representatives than any o her State except perhaps New York or New Jersey, the city of Pittsburg being responsible for fourteen entries. The Herron Hill Gun Club sent a very strong delegation: Charlie Painter, president of the club, who shoots under the name of C. A. May; Alex. King and Will King. J. E. (Bessemer) England, B. F. (Fargo) Jones, C. S. (Strong) Guthrie, J. (Hamilton) Anderson, A. C. L. Hofmeister, J. G. Messner (winner of the Grand American Handicap in 1895), Sandy McPherson, Theodore Hostetter and the club's secretary, L. Lautenslager. Old Hoss, too, of the Pittsburg Gun Club, was another entry from Pittsburg.

It would be really impossible to go through the long list of entries and apportion each man to his own State without taking up too much of the space available for the description of the Grand American Handicap tournament. We must, however, not forget to mention that among those from a distance were: J. M. Browning, of Ogden, Utah; Jack Fanning, of San Francisco; Frank Parmelee and G. F. Brucker, of Omaha, Neb.; J. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City, Mo., and John J. Sumpter, Jr., the Arkansas Traveler of to-day.

With the explanation that runs at the beginning of the above paragraph we must tack on an apology for those not mentioned in the list. It is sufficient to say that never before in the history of this country, and maybe of any country, was such an aggregation of shooters gathered together under one roof as in the Elkwood Park Casino on Wednesday, March 24, the date of the Grand American Handicap of 1897.

THE APPOINTMENTS OF THE CLUB HOUSE.

If there is anything lacking to make the appointments of the Elkwood Park Casino absolutely perfect we have yet to learn of it. The



J. L. LEQUIN.

Secretary-Treasurer, Interstate Association.

number of shooters was far in excess of what the managers of the shooting grounds had figured on when drawing up plans for the club house, yet there was room for all. Rain or shine, the shoot went on just the same, except for a period of ten minutes or so on Wednesday afternoon, when a miniature waterspout burst over the grounds. Shooters rotated from No. 1 to No. 2 and on to No. 3 sets of traps without a stop. They were not bothered or hampered by a crowd at the score, while the underground system of trapping the birds made rapid shooting, particularly when there was a miss; the waiting shooter then had nothing to do except to step to the score and call "Pull." The trap was filled while he was putting shells in his gun.

The right wing of the Casino was reserved for shooters exclusively, the left wing was open to friends of the shooters and men waiting their turn at the score. The central hall was open to everybody, with the exception of the space reserved for the members of the press, the telegraph clerks, and the office of the Compiler of Scores. Upstairs was the café, where a hot lunch was served every day.

Outside the Casino there was no need for a shooter or a spectator to step off the board walks. It is an ideal shooting park, and we cannot see how the grounds and their appointments could be improved. There may be other places similar to Elkwood Park at some future date, but at present there is but one perfect shooting ground in the country.

THE BIRDS WERE EXCELLENT.

The pigeons were furnished and handled by Messrs Gilbert, of Philadelphia, and were of the very best class. The "culls" shot at on Tuesday were a fast lot, but the cream were reserved for the Grand American Handicap on Wednesday. Of course the wind helped them, but without a breath of air to start them we would guarantee a fast lot of birds anyhow. At times the wind rose to a gale, particularly on Thursday morning; then the birds were terrors. We cannot speak of them from any set of traps save No. 2, but we know that very many shooters have a great respect for the flying qualities of many a dozen birds that left the traps on the middle set of grounds.

The birds were trapped from the Mott disappearing traps, and there is no question but what these traps with fast birds are harder than any other set of traps under similar circumstances These traps and the automatic pulling apparatus worked like a charm all through the shoot.

THE BARRING OF J. L. BREWER.

The only unpleasant feature of the whole tournament was the necessity, as the Tournament Committee considered it, of barring J. L Brewer from competing at this tournament. It is conceded by almost all shooters, and we ourselves have often so stated it, that John L. Brewer is without a peer in the trap shooting world as a handler of a gun; and although we concur emphatically in indorsing

the action of the Tournament Committee, we regret most sincerely that cause for such action was found. It would, under any other circumstances, have been a positive pleasure to have seen the contest for supremacy between such giants as Brewer, Carver, Grimm and Elliott; that such a contest was not possible was most unfortunate. As the Interstate Association reserves the right in its programme (under the head of "Announcement," subhead "Information relating to the Grand American Handicap") to refuse any entry, we fail to see how any redress is obtainable. All talk about suing the Association seems childish indeed. The whole matter is a most regrettable incident, and is the only feature that mars the memory of a most enjoyable tournament.

First Day, March 23.

As stated in our special dispatch to Forest and Stream on the above date, which appeared in our last issue, the day was one of the few springlike ones that we have been favored with so far this year. Shooters were out in force early and a commencement was made promptly at 10 A. M.; the number of men stopping at the Inn and its "six-days old" annex, as well as those located at other hotels near the grounds, rendered it possible to make this early start. So rapidly were the rounds run off that even with the 70 entries in the

ELKWOOD PARK INTRODUCTORY,

the event which opened the ball, it was almost completed before the 9:10 train from New York arrived at the Branchport crossing. The conditions of this event were as follows: 7 birds, $5, birds extra, three high guns, *not class shooting*. These conditions made the event practically a miss-and-out when the capabilities of the contestants are taken into consideration. Of the 70 entries 29 killed straight and shot off, miss-and-out, for another series of three rounds, making it into a 10-bird event. At the end of the 10th round the 21 still straight agreed to divide the $350 in the purse. It will be noticed from the following score that out of the 21 straight scores of 10, 7 must be credited to the Iowa-Illinois-Wisconsin-Indiana delegation.

ELKWOOD PARK INTRODUCTORY.

The Elkwood Park Introductory had 70 entries. The conditions were: 7 birds, $5, birds extra, 30yds., 3 moneys, high guns. The 21 straight scores divided the purse of $350. The rule of "two misses out" soon cut down the list of shooters, as will be seen from the above score:

Powers	2221122112—10	Bartlett	•22220
Merrill	1222222212—10	Wagner	2021120
Budd	21220	Green	1211112121—10
Grimm	22220	Malone	02201222
Williamson	2120	Burkhardt	22•0
Carver	112222220	Fargo	020
T Marshall	2110	Knowlton	202
Bingham	2222222222—10	Fanning	2222212121—10
H Dunnell	2222222221—10	Coyle	2202222
W Dunnell	2222222222—10	Coldren	0222222
J Glover	2202	Alkire	0222
Stannard	2220	Patten	222022
Voris	2222222222—10	Waddell	20•
Shepard	210	Trimble	2222222•
Rice	220	Tryon	2222220
Fulford	12120	Clayton	0221222
Hamilton	2222222222—10	Arno	22022•
McMillan	222•222	Howe	022120
Welch	222222•	Du Bray	2222222222—10
Anthony	00	Meyer	112002
Willey	0220	S Glover	2222222221—10
Messner	2222222222—10	Geoffroy	22200
McElroy	0220	White	1212222211—10
Bodie	11020	Duston	220122
Gilbert	2222121211—10	147	22222220
Dallas	1112222122—10	B M C	22•220
Heikes	222222220	James	2222222222—10
Leroy	2212202	Dickey	2122222222—10
Rike	1220112	Keller	2222222222—10
May	2222122222—10	Ludwig	20220
A H King	210	Strong	2222222222—10
W S King	2220222	Ivins	2211021
Bessemer	222222•	Monies	22220
McPherson	2222222222—10	Marsh	21222110
Snell	1200	Winslow	120

As soon as the 21 shooters mentioned above had agreed to divide, a start was made with the second event on the programme, the

NITRO POWDER HANDICAP.

This event had the enormous number of 110 entries, but so well did the birds fly, and so smoothly and rapidly did the shoot move along, that only 59 shooters were left in the race at the end of the 10th round, the conditions calling for those who had missed two birds to retire "with the privilege." Seven more retired in the next round, but only 1 dropped out in the 12th round. In the 13th round 4 more dropped out, and 5 in the 14th round. In the 15th round both Dick Merrill and C. W. Reed lost their birds dead out of bounds, spoiling their straights and dropping into the 14 hole. The purse was divided somewhat after the plan of the division of the moneys in the Grand American Handicap, as follows: 20 moneys, high guns, birds extra, 14, 12, 7, 6, 6, 5, 5, 4, 4, 4, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent. As 18 men tied for first place, they agreed to divide the first 18 moneys, $1,056; this left $44 to be shot off for by the 25 men with 14 each. The shoot-off is shown in the score below, a decision not being arrived at until A. C. Monies, of Scranton, Pa., and J. M. Browning, of Ogden, Utah, had both killed 15 straight, in addition to their 14 out of 15 in the event itself. Handicap same as in the Grand American. Score:

		Ties on 14.
Powers (30)	222212222122222—15	
Merrill (30)	22212222221222•—14	10
Budd (30)	122122222222222—15	
Grimm (32)	022222220	
Williamson (30)	202222222222222—14	0
Carver (32)	222222212222221—15	
T Marshall (28)	212222202221222—14	220
Bingham (28)	222222222222222—15	
H Dunnell (29)	222212212012212—14	20
W Dunnell (29)	2122020	
J Glover (27½)	22120222210	
W D Stannard (27½)	12200	
Gilbert (30)	121222022122222—14	212211122111110
Shepard (26)	•22122122121222—14	21122210
Rice (26)	0•	
Fulford (30)	122222212221212—15	
Old Hoss (27)	010	
Willey (28)	20222•222	
Messner (29)	2020	
Heikes (30½)	0222222222222•	
May (30)	222222202222222—14	22222222220
A H King (29)	222220222•	
W S King (30)	221221111222222—15	
Bessemer (29)	22222022220	
Voris (29)	0220	
McPherson (28)	22012020	
Hamilton (28)	222200	
Bartlett (28½)	222222122222221—15	
Malone (28)	212221212012211—14	20
Burkhardt (27)	222•0	
Fargo (28½)	212•2221220	
Arkansaw Traveler (29)	221211102222222—14	222•
Clayton (27)	121222112212212—15	
Arno (27½)	220222212220	
Howe (27)	020	
Du Bray (27½)	111222120222112—14	112210
Meyer (28)	2202222220	
S Glover (30½)	212222222222222—15	
Geoffroy (27½)	2220120	
Haskell (27)	2121212020	
H White (27½)	111112010	
Duston (27)	221112221122012—14	110
147 (30)	2222222221020	
B M C (27)	22121200	
James (29)	22200	
Dickey (30)	221•0	
Puck (26)	2212021220	
Phister (28)	222222022222222—14	2220
Ludwig (27½)	222222222222222—15	
Strong (29)	020	
Ivins (29)	222222222222222—15	
Monies (27)	212212222202222—14	221222122222122
Marsh (28)	011210	
Welch (30½)	222122212202212—14	0
Edey (28)	0222220	
Moore (28)	22020	
Parmelee (30)	22222222012222—14	w
Jackson (27)	12•21220	
Browning (29½)	222222222220222—14	222222222122222
Van Dyke (29½)	0120	
N E Money (29)	22•222212•	
A Marshall (27)	2200	
Reed (27)	22222222222222•—14	2222222220
Thomas (29)	012120	
Capt Money (28)	00	
Knowlton (28)	222200	
Morfey (29½)	22222022220	
Bodie (27)	12220222220	
Snell (27)	212222222102221—14	20
Dallas (27)	212222222202212—14	20
Brucker (28)	101212112122212—14	w
McMillan (28)	2022220	
McElroy (27)	202220	
Dukes (28½)	2021222211210	
Thurman (28)	212202220	
Paddleford (27½)	22200	
Wagner (27½)	122112221122122—15	
Green (27)	212•2•	
Arlington (27)	222212012222122—14	0
Timmons (27½)	2•20	
Rike (27½)	012212121122122—14	111120
Elliott (32)	2222222•22220	
Patten (28)	222202220	
Daly (29)	2222222020	
Leroy (28)	2222222222200	
Coyle (28)	222222222222222—15	
Greiff (28½)	222222222222222—15	
The Scribe (28)	212200	
Williams (27)	11•20	
Hofmeister (27)	100	
Thompson (27)	2222221020	
Zwirlein (28)	22220211•	
Woolley (28)	222222022220	
Remsen (28)	222222222202222—14	22222220
Anthony (27)	1•1220	
Alkire (29)	112202220	
Kleinz (28)	202222220	
Waddell (27)	22 0210	
Trimble (28½)	211201210	
Class (30)	212222220222220	
Coldren (29)	221222222222222—15	
Fanning (29½)	111122222122211—15	
Keller (27½)	2222220•	
J von Lengerke (28½)	121221112112121—15	
C von Lengerke (28½)	221211220212222—14	222212120
Lloyd Taylor (26)	02222222•	
J S Rebrig (29)	22222220121220	
Irby Bennett (27)	21222200	
Heyer (27)	1212222220220	
Upson (30)	222122222222212—15	

Second Day, March 24.

This was the day set for the decision of the Grand American Handicap. No day could have dawned more inauspiciously. A strong, cold wind from the east, carrying any amount of wet with it, greeted the shooters when they came down to breakfast. Everything was water-soaked, and there seemed no ray of hope of its clearing up. The first thing to cheer the boys was a prophecy made by an old shellback, a native of the place, that it would clear up later in the day, adding to that statement that "there'd be plenty of wind too." At 8 o'clock rain came down in torrents, and for a few minutes everything was afloat. Then it cleared up a bit and some of the early birds made their way to the Casino. About 9:30 again it simply poured with rain; no other words can describe the heavy fall of water. Then it did begin to clear up for good, but a steady drizzle caused things to move slowly until about 11 A. M. Later in the day rain and a squall of wind played the mischief with straight scores and some of the "two miss" men, eventually putting a stop to shooting for about ten minutes.

With the wind coming out of the east, the No. 1 set of traps was nothing like the bugbear that Nos. 2 and 3 were. On No. 2 the wind blew strongly from left to right, while on No. 3 it was a straightaway. As the sun commenced to lower in the heavens the wind increased in force, and ciphers became more numerous toward the end of the day. During the series of the three rounds, 19, 20 and 21, several straight scores were spoiled, and Nos. 2 and 3 sets of traps were to blame. At the close of the day's shooting, the end of the 21st round, there were only three men out of the 135 starters who had straight scores to their credit. These three were Dr. W. F. Carver (32), Hon. T. A. Marshall (28) and Henry C. Koegel (27). Out of the 135 men who started in the race there were only thirty eligible to go on with the event on Thursday morning. As there were twenty-six moneys, it only required five to fall out in the last four rounds to let in all the "three-miss men." This fact was the subject of much discussion on Wednesday night at the Inn. The general feeling was that the "22 men" would have more than a show for some of the money, unless there was no wind on Thursday morning. This fear of there being no wind on the part of the "22 men" was put at rest by the generous way in which the wind veered from the southeast into the northwest early in the night, continuing to increase in force until a veritable gale greeted the boys as they came down to breakfast on the morning of the

Third Day, March 25.

The wind was freezing cold too. There was ice in the feel of it, and as a matter of fact there was ice on the ground. The men who did the most of the smiling were those who had been retired under the "three-misses-out" rule. They wished for a chance to shoot up, and they got their wish. Out of the thirty starters on this morning, nine fell out before the end of the 25th round. This let in the "three-miss" men, and a long shoot-off for the $250 that made up the last five moneys was the result. This shooting up put a stop to all idea of finishing the programme, but the Consolation Handicap, a 15-bird event, was decided. The Long Branch Scramble would also have stood some show of being shot off had it not been for the excellent quality of the birds. The "two-miss" men in the Consolation Handicap were retired as per rule, but misses were so common that when it came to the end of the 15th round there were not enough men left in to decide the ten moneys. This event is described later.

THE CLOSING ROUNDS OF THE MAIN EVENT.

Naturally the chief interest in the closing rounds of the Grand American Handicap centered in the shooting of Tom Marshall, Dr. Carver and Henry Koegel, the three straights. Dr. Carver successfully negotiated his 22d and 23d rounds at Nos. 1 and 2 sets of traps respectively. He then moved on to No. 3 set, and here the wind had full force, blowing right in from the traps, getting under the birds and lifting them back over the shooters' heads in a very puzzling manner. The crowd had followed the Doctor and watched him closely. A kill on these traps virtually meant a sure 25 straight, as the birds from No. 1 set of traps were nothing like as hard as those on the other sets. When he called "Pull," No 4 trap opened and a towering incomer left it. Dr. Carver held his fire a little too long and then missed his bird with the first, a lightning second that smothered the bird being too late; whirled along on the gale, the dead bird came like a bullet over the boundary and fell with a crash through the glass that incloses the right wing of the Casino. It was a dead bird, but dead out of bounds. Henry Koegel was the next man with a straight score to follow the Doctor. He drew a circling incomer from No. 2, and it also fell dead over the boundary. Tom Marshall got an incomer from No. 4 and he stopped it well. He thus entered the 25th round alone in first place. A left quartering driver from No. 5 was killed in the 25th round, and then the man from Keithsburg, Ill., was seized by the Arkansas Traveler, hoisted on his shoulders, and carried in triumph through the Casino. It was a most popular win, and not a single shooter begrudged the Mayor of Keithsburg his well-earned victory. We have heard more than once that Tom Marshall was lightly handicapped. As a member of the handicap committee, we can hardly be expected to coincide with that opinion. Mr. Marshall shot a great race and *it was his day*. (Note.—As a matter of interest, it is well to state that after his victory Mr. Marshall told us in course of conversation that he had not shot at a single live bird since the Du Pont tournament last August, and, as the boys say, "If Tom Marshall says so, it goes.")

Dr. Carver shot magnificently, from all accounts; his one mistake was his being a bit too careful on that 24th bird. In speaking about that lost bird, the Doctor said that he held his fire with the intention of making it score as a dead bird with his first barrel; his failure to do so was fatal, as there was no chance to get in a second.

Henry C. Koegel hails from Newark, N. J., and is one of the most popular members of the East Side Gun Club; we believe that he is the chief executive officer of that club. Mr. Koegel has never shot in any large event before; in fact, we cannot recollect having seen him shoot at more than 20 birds all told. He is a steady shot, using his first barrel with good judgment, while his second is on hand if he needs it.

We have told elsewhere how the moneys in this event were disposed of, and the scores that follow, giving trap, flight of each bird and result of each shot (so far at least as the most part of the contestants are concerned), tell the story more correctly than we from our position as Compiler of Scores could tell it. The "three sets of traps" idea has one drawback to it, a similar drawback to that which one encounters in a three-ring circus, viz.: that, locate yourself where you will, you'll not see more than one-third of what's going on.

Little items of interest are often worth volumes of descriptive matter, so we will only add that on Wednesday over 2,100 birds were trapped from the three sets of traps in less than seven hours, and that it took just about 2,456 birds to finish the whole event, including of course the shoot-up of the "twenty-two possibles" on Thursday morning.

GUNS, POWDERS AND SHELLS.

With a total of 136 shooters facing the traps, it is impossible to give the guns and loads of each individual. The following table, however, shows the gun, powder and shell used by each of twenty-one men who killed 23 or better:

	Gun.	Powder.	Shell.
Hon T A Marshall	Cashmore	Du Pont	Trap.
Dr W F Carver	Cashmore	Du Pont	Trap.
Dr J L Williamson	Cashmore	Du Pont	Trap.
F Van Dyke	Winchester	W-A	Leader.
Ed Voris	Smith	Hazard	Leader.
Geo Cubberly	Parker	Schultze	Smokeless.
J E Applegate	Francotte	Walsrode	U. M. C.
C F Arno	Lefever	Du Pont	Smokeless.
Hy C Koegel	Smith	W-A	Trap.
E C Burkhardt	Smith	Hazard	Trap.
C W Budd	Parker	Hazard	Smokeless.
R A Welch	Purdey	Schultze	Trap.
R R Merrill	Greener	Du Pont	Trap.
O R Dickey	Parker	E. C.	Rapid.
W S King	Scott	Du Pont	Trap.
W Dunnell	Greener	Hazard	Leader.
F D Alkire	Smith	Du Pont	Trap.
C Furgueson	Greener	Schultze	V. L. & D.
A L Ivins	Greener	Schultze	Trap.
Arkansas Traveler	Smith	Du Pont	Trap.
Dr G V Hudson	Smith	Hazard	Smokeless.

From the above list it will be seen that the Cashmore gun, a weapon that one sees but seldom here in the East, practically took the three first posts of honor; Tom Marshall shot it into first place with 25 straight; Dr. Carver was at 32yds.; while Dr. Williamson was the only 30yd. man to score 24, and therefore naturally takes precedence on the muster roll of those who stood nearer to the traps than he did, and who scored a similar total.

Lumping other statistics together, we find that out of 134 guns shot by the 136 shooters there were: 32 L. C. Smiths, 29 Parkers, 26 Greeners, 13 Francottes, 9 Scotts, 8 Winchesters, 7 Cashmores, 5 Purdeys, 3 Lefevers, 1 Hollenbeck and 1 Baker.

In the matter of powders we can only give those used of 133 shooters, three others not wishing their loads to be known. Among the 133 were 33 who used E. C. Powder, and 33 who used Schultze; Du Pont comes next with 29, and Hazard follows with 12; 7 used Walsrode, 4 used W-A, and a like number used King's Smokeless; 3 shot Austin and two Gold Dust. In addition to the above, there were the following combinations: 2 Du Pont and Hazard, 1 E. C. and Du Pont, 1 Schultze and E. C., 1 Schultze and Du Pont.

As regards shells, the U. M. C. Company was easily first with 97 men who shot either Trap, V. L. & D. Special, Smokeless or Acme; the W. R. A. Company is credited with 24 names of men who shot their Leader shell, 6 men shot U. M. C. and W. R. A. shells combined; 2 men shot Peters's Victor; 2 others shot the U. S. C. Company's Rapid, another man shooting the same company's Climax.

THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP.

Twenty-five birds, $25 entrance, birds extra, not class shooting, handicaps 25 to 33yds. rise, $1,000 guaranteed by the Interstate Association, and all surplus added: $500 to first high gun, $300 to second high gun and $200 to third high gun; all money in the purse in excess of the $1,000 will be divided in accordance with the number of entries received:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Hon T A Marshall (28), Keithsb'g, Ill.
2 4 4 1 1 4 2 2 3 5 1 5 4 5 3 1 1 4 4 5 1 2 1 4 5
↗↖↗↗→←↑↙↙↖↓↑↓↖↖↗H←↖↖↗↗↙↙↖
2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 25

Dr W F Carver (32), Chicago
2 3 3 3 2 5 5 3 5 2 1 1 2 3 4 3 2 5 4 4 5 5 5 4 1
→H↖↗↗↗↖H↑↓←↘↑↖←↕↑↗↑↗↙↖↖↙↓
2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 • 2—24

Dr Williamson (30), Milwaukee, Wis.
2 2 3 2 5 3 2 1 2 1 4 3 3 4 5 2 4 1 2 5 1 3 1 1 5
←H↖↗↓→↘↵↑↗↖↗←↖↗↙↖↘↵←↗↖↑↘→
2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

F Van Dyke (29½), Dayton, N J.
5 4 1 3 3 4 4 5 5 5 3 4 3 4 1 5 4 5 4 1 3 4 2 4 1
↑↖↑↖↖↗↑↙→↗↑↑↗↑↘→↗↗↓↖↗↖↙↙↗
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

Ed Voris (29), Crawfordsville, Ind.
5 2 5 2 5 5 4 5 2 4 3 3 1 3 2 3 3 4 1 5 5 2 4 4 3
↖↙↗↗↵←↖←↑↑↗↖↖↓↗↓↖↗↑↖T↑↖↗↖
2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 1 2 2 2—24

Geo Cubberly (29), Yardville, N J.
1 4 3 4 5 5 1 3 2 2 5 2 4 5 5 3 2 1 3 3 4 3 4 2 3
↖↰↘←←←H←↖↖↑↖↖→↙↗↖↑↗↑←↖↑↗↙
2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

J E Applegate (28), South Amboy, N J.
4 5 2 5 1 1 5 2 5 4 2 5 1 4 3 5 3 4 5 2 3 5 2 2 2
↗←←←↙↗↗H↴↗↖↑↱←←←↖↖↘H↑↖↙↖↗
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—24

C F Arno (27½), Syracuse, N Y.
5 5 5 2 2 5 2 3 3 3 5 2 1 5 4 1 3 2 1 3 1 3 3 5 5
↖↖↗↑←↖TTT↗↖↓↖→↖←←↖↖←↙↗↓↙↗
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

H C Koegel (27), Newark, N J.
1 4 4 1 5 4 2 1 2 4 3 4 5 3 3 2 5 3 1 5 3 2 3 2 2
↗↖↖↗←↗←↖↑↓↖↗↗←↙↖↖↗↘↓↗↖↩↘
1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2—24

E C Burkhardt (27), Buffalo, N Y.
2 4 5 4 4 1 2 4 5 1 3 4 1 4 1 5 3 1 1 1 2 5 3 5 2
→↘←→←→↗↖↗↖↑↖↗←↙↘↓↖↗H↗↑H↘↖
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

C W Budd (30½), Des Moines, Ia.
4 1 3 4 5 5 4 2 4 5 5 1 4 5 4 1 1 2 2 3 2 1 1 3 4
↑←↘↗↓←↗H↴←←↑↑↙↙←↖↑↗H↗↑↙↖↖
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2—23

R A Welch (30½), Philadelphia
1 3 3 1 3 5 4 2 4 4 5 1 4 1 4 5 2 4 5 3 5 2 5 5 5
↗↗↖↗H↘↕↖←↗H↗↑←↖↑↖↖H↖↓HT↘↖
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 • 2—23

R R Merrill (30), Milwaukee, Wis.
5 1 2 3 1 3 1 1 3 2 5 3 5 3 3 5 2 5 1 4 1 1 2 2 3
↙↴↗↑↓↙↗↙↗↖←↖↗↱←↴←↘↗↖↗↗H↓↖
2 0 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—23

O R Dickey (30), Boston
4 2 4 1 5 2 4 5 5 5 1 2 3 5 1 4 4 2 3 4 2 4 1 3 1
↑↖→↑←↙↖↖↗↗↖↗↖↖↖↗↖↖←↖↗↘↖↗→
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2—23

W S King (30), Pittsburg, Pa.
5 3 3 3 1 2 3 5 1 5 5 3 3 1 4 2 3 4 1 5 4 4 1 4 1
↖←↘↖←↙←↑→↙←↖→←↙↑←↖↖↙↙↕←↗↖
2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 • 2 2 2—23

W Dunnell (29), Fox Lake, Ill.
4 1 2 4 2 1 4 5 1 1 1 3 2 1 5 2 1 2 1 4 2 5 1 5 2
↘H←↖↙↖↗↗↘↑↙↗↗←↗↖←↗↙↖↗↗←↑↗
2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

F D Alkire (29), Woodlyn, O.
5 4 5 4 5 2 1 1 5 3 3 4 3 5 3 5 1 1 4 5 2 1 3 2 2
↙←↖↓↖↖↖↓↖↓↗↖↗←↖↖↓→↖↓↖↖↖↖↗
1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2—23

C Furgueson (9), Brooklyn, N Y.
1 3 4 4 1 4 3 3 3 5 1 5 1 1 1 2 3 5 3 3 4 4 5 2 2
H↖↙↑H↗→←↘↗↓↗↗↓↑↗←↘→↑↗↖↖↖↴
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

A L Ivins (29), Red Bank, N J.
4 2 2 5 4 2 4 3 1 3 1 3 2 1 3 2 4 5 3 1 4 4 4 2 1
←↳↖↑↗←←←↖↑←↑↖↑↘↖↖↗H←↙↙←↖↗
1 2 0 1 2 2 2 0 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

Ark Traveler (29), Hot Springs, Ark.
1 1 1 1 3 1 4 1 1 5 1 5 4 2 4 1 3 2 4 2 2 3 5 3 5
↗↗←↓↗H→↘↖↕↖←←↘↗↖↑←↓↙↘↓↗↙↙
• 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

Dr G Hudson (27½), New York city
5 5 3 4 4 1 4 5 1 5 4 4 2 5 5 4 5 3 2 4 5 5 2 1 3
↖↖→↗↖↗↓↖↘↗↖↗↑↖↗↑↖←↖T↖↖↴↑↑
1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2—23

C M Grimm (32), Clear Lake, Ia.
5 2 4 2 1 4 5 4 3 4 5 5 3 3 4 1 2 1 5 3 4 3 5 3 2
↗↗H→↖↑→H↖←↙↑↗←↘↗↖↑→↓←↖↖↖→
2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2—22

F Parmelee (30½), Omaha, Neb.
2 2 3 1 5 5 2 4 2 4 2 1 1 4 3 3 3 3 5 3 1 5 4 3 4
↑↴↗↗←←↗↙→←↖↑↗↖↗↓↖↙↱→↗↘↓↙↖
2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 0 1 1 2 2 2 2—22

C M Powers (30), Decatur, Ill.
5 5 5 2 5 2 2 3 1 5 5 5 5 3 2 3 5 2 1 4 1 3 1 4 3
→↰↗↑H↖↘↖←↑↖↗↑↖↖↑→↖T↖↙↑→↑↑
2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22

C S Guthrie (29), Pittsburg, Pa
2 4 4 3 1 3 5 3 1 4 4 1 2 3 2 1 5 5 4 4 2 1 4 1 1
↑↑←→↖↖↑↖←↘←↖→↖↘↱←↘↖↖↗↙↗↑↖
2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1—22

H S Coldren (29), Reading, Pa.
5 3 2 2 3 5 3 1 3 2 1 5 4 2 3 5 5 5 4 2 4 1 5 1 1
↑←↖↑↖↗↑↖↑↗↖↵↓↗↑↖↖↙↘↖↘↓↖↙↗
• 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2—22

J S Rebrig (29), Lenighton, Pa.
5 4 4 1 3 4 5 3 2 2 1 2 4 4 2 3 1 5 4 2 2 2 2 5 3
↖↑↗↗↖↘↖←↑←↖↑↖↖→↗←↗↗↰↗↖↗↖↰
2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2—22

C von Lengerke (28½), New York
5 1 2 5 3 2 4 3 1 2 4 3 3 3 2 1 1 2 3 5 1 5 5 2 3
←→↘→↖↖↙↖→↗↙→↗↖↙↗↖↘↖H→↖↑↘↗
2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 • 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2—22

J Hamilton (28)	4 1 2 3 2 4 4 2 1 3 4 2 3 5 4 4 2 1 5 4 2 4 2 1 3	
Pittsburg, Pa.	2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22	
R Phister (28)	5 1 3 5 2 3 3 4 4 4 4 1 5 3 1 4 3 2 3 2 5 4 4 3 4	
Brooklyn, N. Y.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—22	
F G Moore (28)	5 4 2 5 2 2 3 2 3 2 1 1 2 1 5 2 2 5 3 1 3 5 5 1 3	
New York city.	1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 0 2 2—22	
Harry Thomas (28)	2 3 2 3 4 2 5 4 2 4 3 3 3 1 1 1 5 2 2 2 3 3 5 1 3	
Philadelphia.	2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 1 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22	
ColJTAnthony (27)	4 3 1 2 3 5 5 3 2 3 1 4 1 2 5 4 4 2 2 1 2 3 3 5 3	
Charlotte, N C.	1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 ● 2—22	
Moccasin (27)	4 5 2 5 4 2 5 4 2 1 2 3 5 2 4 5 4 1 4 3 4 5 4 4 1	
New York city.	2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2—22	
J S Fanning (29½)	4 5 1 3 2 5 2 5 4 5 2 3 5 2 5 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 5 2 1 2	
San Francisco.	2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 0—21	
N E Money (29)	1 3 3 5 5 5 4 3 4 1 1 5 1 2 3 1 3 3 3 2 3 3 2 2 2	
Oakland, N J.	2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 0—21	
J G Knowlton (28)	3 4 5 4 5 4 1 5 5 4 1 2 5 1 2 1 4 5 2 5 4 3 5 1 2	
New York city.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0—21	
G E Greiff (28½)	3 1 3 3 2 4 4 1 1 4 2 2 4 3 5 2 3 5 2 1 3 1 3 3 4	
New York city.	0 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—21	
J Arlington (27)	3 3 1 1 2 3 4 3 2 1 2 4 4 3 3 5 2 3 4 5 5 4 1 1 1	
Brooklyn, N Y.	2 1 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 ● 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0—21	
D A Upson (30)	1 3 5 1 3 1 2 5 3 2 3 5 4 3 1 1 1 2 4 2 4 5 3 5	
Cleveland, O.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 0 —20	
N Apgar (29½)	5 5 5 5 4 1 3 5 1 5 2 2 5 2 5 3 5 2 5 1 4 3 4 3	
Plainfield, N J.	2 0 2 ● 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 —20	
J von Lengerke (28½)	4 2 3 5 2 4 3 3 3 2 1 4 1 1 5 3 1 3 5 5 1 1 3 2	
New York.	● 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 0 2 ● —20	
P I Clark (26)	2 3 4 3 2 3 4 5 3 4 5 2 4 4 5 1 3 3 1 2 1 1 4 2	
New York city.	2 2 1 2 1 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 0 —20	
J R Blamey (26)	4 3 1 4 1 3 1 3 4 4 5 5 5 4 5 2 2 4 5 3 4 3 3 2 2	
Holyoke, Mass.	2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 1 0 —20	
J A R Elliott (32)	4 4 1 1 5 5 4 1 5 2 1 2 5 5 4 2 4 2 1 4 4 2 5	
Kansas City, Mo.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 0 2 2 0 —19	
A H King (29)	4 1 5 5 2 4 4 4 1 5 3 5 1 5 2 5 1 3 5 4 2 2 1	
Pittsburg, Pa.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 0 —19	
P Daly, Jr (29)	3 3 2 1 3 3 3 2 5 1 4 4 5 1 3 5 4 3 3 1 4 4 5	
Long Branch, N J.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 —19	
C T Bodie (27)	3 2 2 2 4 2 1 2 2 1 5 3 1 2 1 4 4 4 2 1 3 3 4	
Cleveland, O.	2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 0 —19	
T W Morfey (29½)	4 1 1 4 2 4 1 3 1 1 1 2 3 2 4 2 5 3 2 4 2	
Paterson, N J.	2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 —18	
E D Fulford (30)	2 1 4 3 3 1 3 4 4 4 3 2 3 1 1 3 3 2 4 2 4 4	
Utica, N Y.	2 1 2 2 ● 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 0 2 2 2 0 —18	
H Landis (28)	2 4 5 2 1 2 5 4 2 5 4 4 3 4 4 5 5 4 4 3 2 4	
Philadelphia.	2 2 0 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 0 —18	
G F Brucker (28)	1 5 1 4 5 1 5 3 1 1 2 4 1 4 4 3 2 1 3 2 1 3	
Omaha, Neb.	1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 ● 2 1 2 2 0 1 0 —18	
Capt A W Money (28), Oakland, N J.	5 2 5 2 1 4 2 5 3 5 4 4 3 4 1 5 5 4 2 4 2 4	
	2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 1 0 —18	
Eldie Bingham (28), Chicago, Ill.	2 4 1 3 1 1 3 1 5 5 2 5 3 5 1 3 2 5 3 5 1 1	
	2 2 2 2 0 0 2 ● 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 —18	
E D Rike (27½)	1 2 4 1 4 4 3 4 3 1 3 4 3 5 2 4 3 1 2 1 5 5	
Dayton, O.	2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 ● 1 1 1 2 2 0 0 —18	
O D McElroy (27)	4 2 5 4 4 3 2 2 5 5 3 2 2 3 2 3 3 1 1 2 1 5	
Pittsburg, Pa.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 —18	
W L Shepard (26)	5 4 5 2 5 3 1 5 4 4 3 1 2 1 2 5 1 3 5 2 4 5	
Chicago, Ill.	2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 0 2 0 —18	
W H Hyland (27)	5 2 2 3 1 3 5 4 3 1 5 5 2 3 2 3 4 4 1 5	
Tarrytown, N Y.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 ● 0 —17	
C W Reed (27)	3 1 1 2 2 5 3 1 3 3 5 4 5 4 4 2 3 3 5 3	
Passaic, N J.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 0 —17	
R O Heikes (30½)	2 2 2 3 1 2 3 4 5 5 2 2 2 2 5 4 1 4 2 1 5	
Dayton, O.	0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 ● ● - 17	
S P Life (29½)	1 1 2 4 1 2 1 2 4 1 5 4 1 3 5 5 1 4 1 2 3	
Philadelphia.	2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 —17	
Chas Woolley (28)	1 5 2 4 3 2 1 4 4 1 4 3 2 4 5 1 2 1 2 5 4	
Long Branch, N J.	2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 ● 2 0 —17	
W D Stannard (27½), Chicago.	1 2 5 2 2 4 1 4 4 2 5 1 3 4 1 4 3 3 4 3 2	
	2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 —17	
J S Duston (27)	3 5 5 4 5 4 2 2 5 1 1 1 4 5 4 3 1 4 4 2 4	
Newark, N J.	1 2 2 1 0 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 0 1 2 0 2 0 —17	
Fargo (28½)	3 4 2 4 5 2 1 4 4 2 4 1 3 1 2 4 1 1 3	
Pittsburg, Pa.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 ● —16	
W R Crosby (30½)	1 5 1 4 5 2 2 2 1 3 2 1 4 2 2 1 4 2 4 2	
Batavia, N Y.	2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 0 - 16	
J G Messner (29)	2 5 4 2 5 3 5 2 5 2 1 5 4 1 2 5 3 2 2 2	
Pittsburg, Pa.	0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 ● 0 —16	
Allen Willey (28½)	3 2 2 5 5 2 1 1 5 4 2 5 3 1 1 4 3 3 5 5	
New York city.	2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 0 —16	
Lloyd Taylor (26)	1 3 5 1 1 5 2 3 5 3 5 3 2 5 3 2 5 2 1 3	
New York city.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 ● —16	
H Dunnell (29)	1 4 2 3 2 1 5 2 2 5 3 3 2 4 4 2 5 3 5	
Fox Lake, Ill.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 ● —15	
B V Jackson (27)	1 5 3 2 3 3 4 5 3 2 3 4 1 2 2 5 3	
Staunton, Va.	1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 —15	
E F Thomas (29)	2 4 4 1 3 1 4 4 2 4 3 2 4 3 4 4 1 2	
Denver, Colo.	2 2 2 2 2 0 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 —15	
I W Dukes (28½)	5 2 5 3 2 5 2 5 2 3 4 4 1 3 5 3 5 2 1	
Pemberton, N J.	● 1 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 —15	

A W du Bray (27½)	3 4 1 3 5 2 3 3 4 4 1 4 4 5 2 1 5 2 3	
Dayton, Ky.	2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 —15	
J Paddleford (27½)	3 3 4 1 3 5 2 1 4 2 4 3 2 3 2 4 2 5	
Sherburne, N Y.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 ● 0 1 2 0 —15	
J Glover (27½)	2 3 5 1 4 5 3 2 4 2 2 1 5 3 3 3 5 3	
Chicago.	2 1 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 ● ● —14	
Puck (2?)	3 1 1 3 2 5 1 4 5 3 4 5 3 5 1 2 5 3 2	
Boston.	2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 0 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 —15	
G Mosher (27½)	4 4 5 1 2 5 5 1 4 3 3 1 2 2 4 1 2	
Syracuse, N Y.	1 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 —14	
J M Green (27)	3 1 2 5 2 3 1 1 3 1 4 4 1 1 2 2 4	
Washington, D C.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 0 —14	
C Furgueson (27)	1 1 4 3 4 4 3 5 2 4 1 2 3 3 2 4 4	
Brooklyn, N Y.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 ● —14	
J M Browning (29½)	5 1 5 5 1 2 2 2 4 3 5 1 2 2 2	
Ogden, Utah.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 ● —13	
F Class (30)	3 1 5 1 5 4 1 1 5 4 1 1 5 5 5 4 3	
Morristown, N J.	2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 —13	
B A Bartlett (28½)	5 5 5 4 3 5 2 2 2 1 3 1 5 4 2 4 1	
Lakewood, N J.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 0 0 2 2 0 —13	
Dallas (27)	1 4 2 3 4 4 2 4 3 2 4 3 4 1 4 5 3	
Cleveland, O.	2 2 2 2 0 1 2 ● 2 1 1 0 2 1 2 2 0 —13	
W R Patten (28)	1 3 4 1 1 1 1 1 5 5 4 2 5 2 3 2	
Long Branch, N J.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 ● —12	
J R Malone (28)	2 5 5 1 5 5 4 2 3 1 5 4 5 2 4 2	
Baltimore.	2 2 1 1 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 1 0 2 1 ● —13	
Joe Coyle (28)	4 3 5 5 4 5 2 1 5 5 2 2 3 2 3	
Lexington, Ky.	2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 —12	
A C Monies (?7)	3 3 5 1 4 1 2 5 5 3 2 2 4 5 1	
Scranton, Pa.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 —12	
MHerrington (27½)	1 3 3 2 3 4 1 1 2 3 1 1 1 1 5 5	
New York.	2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 1 2 2 0 —12	
H C White (27½)	1 3 1 2 5 1 1 5 5 3 4 4 2 5 3 4	
Little Silver, N J.	2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 0 0 2 0 —12	
G H Piercy	3 1 3 5 2 3 3 5 2 4 2 1 2 3 3 1	
Jersey City, N J.	1 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 ● 0 2 2 2 0 —12	
Thos Howe (?7)	3 3 5 5 3 3 5 2 1 3 3 3 3 2 1 1	
Hingham, Mass.	2 1 0 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 0 —12	
S Glover (30½)	4 4 2 2 2 2 4 5 4 2 3 2 3 2	
Rochester, N Y.	2 2 2 0 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 0 —11	
Fred Gilbert (30)	5 5 4 4 4 1 3 3 3 4 1 1 4 3 1	
Spirit Lake, Ia.	2 2 2 1 2 ● 2 ● 2 2 ● 2 2 2 0 —11	
Bessemer (29)	2 5 3 4 3 2 2 2 2 1 3 2 5 4	
Pittsburg, Pa.	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 0 2 2 0 —10	
W Fred Quinby (28), New York.	4 5 4 3 1 3 4 4 2 2 1 4 5 5 4	
	2 1 2 2 ● 2 0 2 2 1 1 0 2 2 0 —11	
W S Edey	4 2 2 4 3 5 4 3 5 3 2 4 1 4	
New York.	2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 —11	

S Johnson (27), Baltimore	22412?2202220● —11
W M Thompson (27), New York	●212227?220240 - 11
C Steffens (28½), New York	2122?22201010 —10
W Wagner (27½), Washington	2210220122210 —10
E C Meyer (28), Rochester, N Y	2222222222000 —10
J M Baker (27½), Ridgefield, N J	221222●02220 — 9
C Marsh (28), Scranton, Pa	2122?22200220 — 9
Irby Bennett (27), New Haven, Conn	012122220020 — 9
H W Johns (27), Baltimore	2122020222020 — 9
B H Williams (27), Detroit	2210201121020 — 9
C A May (30), Pittsburg, Pa	222220●2220 — 8
J S S Remsen (28), Brooklyn	22202021220 — 8
E A Geoffroy (27½), Newark, N J	●222022222● — 8
A C L Hofmeister (27), Pittsburg, Pa	2210?102220 — 8
A Marshall (27), New York	2102222?200 — 8
Tee Kay (27½), Plainfield, N J	2222220220● — 8
Chas Jones (27), Baltimore	21212002220 — 8
The Scribe (28), Detroit	220●2222020 — 7
C Zwirlein (28), Yardville, N J	2020221?20● — 7
S T James (29), Newburgh, N Y	22●222020 — 6
R Trimble (28½), Covington, Ky	012202220 — 6
F Kleinz (28), Philadelphia	010122220 — 6
T R Hostetter (28), Pittsburg, Pa	202222200 — 6
J H Covington (27), Easton, Md	110212●20 — 6
W A Hammond (27), Richmond, Va	101112200 — 6
147 (30)	22●2022020 — 6
S McPherson (28), Pittsburg, Pa	122202 — 5
B Leroy (28), Campello, Mass	022200 — 3
Chas Matzen (28), New York city	011020 — 3
F Lawrence, (27½), New York city	10?200 — 3
F E Heyer (27½), Colt's Neck, N J	12●2000 — 3
Old Hoss (27), Pittsburg, Pa	02●21●0 — 3
U M C (26), Bridgeport, Conn	202110● — 4
F Clayton (27), New York city	1210100 — 4
R S Waddell (27), Cincinnati	01010 — 2
T Leuthauser (27), Newark, N J	10?00 — 2
J C Haskell (27), Lynn, Mass	●0210 — 2
B L Packard (26), New York city	00220 — 2

THE CONSOLATION HANDICAP.

This event was started as soon as the Grand American Handicap had closed. It had 48 entries at $10, birds extra. So fast were the birds, owing both to their excellent quality and the strong gale of wind, that misses came all too rapidly. Squad pads that started out with 25 names on one and 23 on another soon dwindled down to a mere 15 or 20 all told, and it was soon seen that there was danger of another shoot-up on the part of the two-miss men. In the very last round this thing happened, only 9 men being left in for the 10 moneys. There were only four straights—Gilbert, Grimm, H. Dunnell and A. L. Ivins; these four divided $312. The other five men with 14 apiece divided the next five moneys, amounting altogether to $153.60. This left the small sum of $14.40 to be shot off for by the two-miss men, 39 in all. Several of these refused to shoot off, preferring to wait and try their hands in the Long Branch Scramble. The shoot-off was commenced on No. 1 set of traps, but everybody seemed to be killing their birds, so a move was made for No. 2 set. Here misses were more numerous, but still it was a long drawn out affair. Finally it got down to Chan Powers and the Arkansas Traveler, Powers ultimately shooting out the Arkansan. During this shoot-off some great shots were made, the affair on the No. 2 set creating more amusement than all the rest of the shoot put together.

Before the Consolation Handicap was quite finished, it was evident that there would be no chance to shoot the Long Branch Scramble, Accordingly Manager Shaner directed those who had entered for this event to draw down their money and close up their accounts at the cashier's office.

The tournament of 1897 closed about 6 P. M., after a most successful three days' shoot. The score of the Consolation Handicap follows:

Clayton	122212112102211
Fanning	211020112120
Coldren	2022022222222222220
Zwirlein	012120w
Fulford	2222021212222112
Howe	20222201110
Welch	01210212220
N Money	2202●20
White	1●2211●11212110

Arno	22●222●2220
W S King	102220w
Guthrie	220220w
Capt Money	120●1122122222211222●
Cubberly	20211110w
Parmelee	2212120220w
Van Dyke	220222202222222221210
Alkire	0120w
Bartlett	2222●21222●222221112●
Carver	222222222●2210222120
Williamson	22022010
Marskall	2222222222222202
H Dunnell	2222222222222222
Bingham	0222222?222220220
Powers	2202202222222222211222
Merrill	222?221222202●2
Gilbert	2222222222122222
Grimm	2222222222222222
Budd	2220212●20
Voris	2222222220220w
Dickey	0●w
Burkhardt	2222022222222020
Willey	022222220222022
Williams	2122●100w
Ivins	222?222222222222
Daly	22●2022220
Arkansas Traveler	2222022202222222222222
Herrington	2202220w
Brucker	220210w
Sporting Life	0222222●0w
Knowlton	2222222222●222
Duston	211?2112112101
Furgueson, Jr	2222022222●22220
Patten	20●0w
Greiff	22222220222022221222●
Fairmont	1222212●010
I Bennett	222210220w
T C Wright	202222222222202222212●
J M Baker	●0w

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

L. W. Ferdinand & Co.

WE take the following from an exchange:

The demolishing of buildings to make way for the new terminal station in Boston has caused many old established business houses to locate elswhere. The building at 267 Federal street has been the home of L. W. Ferdinand & Co. for more than a quarter of a century, and they have built up a large trade in yachting hardware, boat fittings, paints and oils. This was one of the buildings that stood in the way of the new station, and they were obliged to seek other quarters. They are now located at the corner of Federal and Purchase streets, and 176 to 184 Federal street. The new store is as large again as their old store, and is light, airy and easy of access, offering every opportunity to show their large stock of goods to the best possible advantage. It is the intention of L. W. Ferdinand & Co. to carry a full line of builders' hardware in connection with their regular stock, and they also occupy two floors at 220 Purchase street with a complete line of boats oars etc.—*Adv.*

Prizes for two Inventors.

FOR some time the patent firm of John Wedderburn & Co., of Washington, D. C., have given a monthly reward of $150 to the inventor who should submit the best invention from the standpoint of simplicity, novelty and utility. The Board of Awards, composed of Senator Wm. Stewart, of Nevada, Chairman; Representative Claude A. Swanson, of Virginia; Mr. John C. Eckloff, cashier of the Second National Bank of Washington; and Messrs. A. C. Moses, of W. B. Moses's Sons, and F. E. Woodward, of Woodward & Lothrop, two of the leading merchants of the capital city, has just selected the prize winners in the contest participated in by inventors who submitted their devices during the month of January. The prize of $150 goes to Wm. Taylor, of Kearney, N. J., the inventor of a bicycle brake of simple construction; and the gold medal to Theodore G. Thomas, of Lamarque, Texas, for a monkey wrench of novel design.—*Adv.*

Bronze, Brass and Aluminum Castings.

THE Andrew B. Hendryx Company, 18-24 Audubon street, New Haven, Conn., makers of the famous Hendryx reels, announce that, having added a complete bronze and brass foundry to their Audubon street works, and purchased the foundry and good will of Messrs. Henry E. Preiss & Son, of New Haven (employing both members of the late firm), they are prepared to supply bronze, brass, aluminum and white metal castings promptly and of uniformly good quality.

They are also prepared to design new styles and patterns for the special use of customers at reasonable cost, and solicit the opportunity to quote prices on receipt of sample castings or patterns.

Yachtsmen and sporting goods manufacturers in need of such work would do well to address the Hendryx Company.—*Adv.*

Metal Boats.

W. H. MULLINS, of 16 Depot street, Salem, O., announces that he has just completed designs for an embossed metal dinghy, or yacht tender, which he feels sure will be very taking with yachtsmen generally. The model of the boat is perfect and the workmanship unsurpassed. At present they will be made in galvanized steel, manganese bronze and aluminum. The bronze and aluminum boats are the most magnificent boats of the kind manufactured, and Mr. Mullins feels confident that the wealthy class of yachtsmen, who are always on the lookout for the very best, will appreciate the style and finish.—*Adv.*

A New Yacht Water Closet.

ALFRED B. SANDS & SON, 134 Beekman street, New York, manufacturers of folding lavatories and yacht closets, have ready for the market a greatly improved water closet operated by electricity and flushed by turning a switch. In this closet, as with others manufactured by this firm, there is no danger of flooding, though placed below the waterline. The arrangement is very neat and compact, and in some models may be placed in a locker or transom entirely hidden away from view.—*Adv.*

"Baker Gun Quarterly."

THE March issue of the "Baker Gun Quarterly" has a leading article on pigeon farms, where birds for shooting contests are reared, and also gives particulars of the new Baker hammer gun, model of 1897, and the new Batavia hammerless. The "Quarterly" will be sent, free of charge, to any one who makes application.—*Adv.*

Steam and Gasoline Launches.

MESSRS. MURRAY & TREGUTHA, West First street, foot of E street, South Boston, Mass., manufacture steam and gasoline, as well as single, compound, triple and quadruple expansion marine engines. Their specialties are perhaps the Tregurtha safety water tube boilers and gasoline engines. They have just issued a new circular of launches and engines.—*Adv.*

The Parker Calendar.

PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn., have recently published a handsome calendar for the year from March, 1897, to March, 1898, illustrated by portraits of prominent trap shooters. These calendars will be sent free of charge to gun club secretaries, or to others on receipt of 10 cents for postage.—*Adv.*

Stevens Rifles and Pistols.

THE J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., issue a reduced price list for 1897. The Stevens Company have reason to feel pleased with the success of their rifle at the Sportsmen's Exposition, as wins in three out of five contests were placed to its credit.—*Adv.*

"Sunset Limited."

THE Southern Pacific R. R. announces that the "Sunset Limited," between New Orleans and Los Angeles and San Francisco, has been withdrawn for the season. The last train from New Orleans left April 1.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 15. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

My dog Bowie-knife thinks that the world is full of b'ar, he finds them so easy. I never could tell whether he was made expressly to hunt b'ar, or whether b'ar was made expressly for him to hunt; anyway, I believe they were ordained to go together as naturally as Squire Jones says a man and woman is, when he moralizes in marrying a couple. In fact, Jones once said, said he: "Marriage according to law is a civil contract of divine origin; it's common to all countries as well as Arkansaw, and people take to it as naturally as Tim Doggett's Bowie-knife takes to b'ar.

Big Bear of Arkansas.

THE FOREST RESERVES.

WE publish on another page a letter from Governor Richards, of Wyoming, with reference to the forest reserves. Governor Richards tells us that we were in error when we said the other day that no mining operations or other enterprises had been interfered with by the setting apart of the reservations heretofore made, and he cites certain instances where such interference has operated to the detriment of interests in his own State. The statement to which he alludes was based in general on the absence of any specific warrant for such interference in the forest reserve law of March 5, 1891. But more particularly it was based upon what had been communicated to us with respect to some of the very cases cited by Governor Richards. For instance, we had been informed upon what was assumed to be adequate authority that the miners and ranchmen in the Sunlight Basin had some time ago been advised by the Interior Department that their operations would not be interfered with; and it was upon such information that our comments were founded.

The hardships caused by the establishment of the forest reserves arise from an interference with certain enterprises, which is purely temporary. The setting aside of these tracts implies no forfeiture of any rights, whether already acquired or in process of establishment. Such temporary hardships must be balanced against the unquestioned vast benefits to be conferred on the whole West by an adequate system of forest preservation. The forest reservations are established not for the advantage of any class, but for the benefit of every community, wherever it may be located. If the acquirement of a title, to his claim by a settler is put off for a time, yet that title when he gets it, is worth to him far more under a law which provides forest protection than if no such protection existed.

If a law providing for surveys and an adequate forest preserve system could have been had, it might have been better to have made the surveys before establishing the reservations, but the entire disregard of the subject by Congress in the past justifies the belief that many years might elapse before the money for such survey would be appropriated, and in the meantime the forests would be disappearing, the little streams on which the ranchman in the dry West depends for his hay, and his garden would grow smaller and smaller, while the floods which threaten the fertile valleys of Pacific coast rivers would become more and more a menace.

We join with Gov. Richards in his condemnation of the inadequacy of the National forestry laws and in his protest against their inefficiency. Congress should have enacted years ago forest laws, under the operation of which the setting aside of a forest reservation would involve injury to no one's interests. Whatever of hardship may have been inflicted in Wyoming has been the result of this indifference and inaction on the part of Congress, and is not a legitimate fruit of the forest reserve policy, nor could it continue after the embodying of that policy in a law by Congress. The policy was well outlined by the Forestry Commission in their report last February to the Secretary of the Interior, in which they said:

"The Commission fully recognized the fact that the forest reserves established and proposed cannot be maintained unless a plan can be adopted under which their boundaries can be modified so as to take from them all lands better suited for agriculture than for the production of forests, and under which their timber can be made available for domestic and commercial purposes, and valuable mineral freely sought for and mined within their boundaries."

The Commission has been continuously at work on such a plan as was here contemplated; it is very shortly to be submitted to the executive, and we have urged the public to await the publication of this report and to take it into consideration before making final estimate of the wisdom of the reservations. If the amendment, which at this writing is pending in Congress, to authorize immediate survey of the tracts set apart, shall become a law, President McKinley will have it within his power to modify the present boundaries precisely in the way originally contemplated by the Forestry Commission and set forth in its recommendations as quoted above.

We do not, as Gov. Richards intimates, imagine that the people of the West are ill balanced. Human nature, nevertheless, is human nature, whether west of the Missouri River or east of it; the people of the two sections, it may be assumed, would act very much alike under like conditions, and the Portland *Oregonian* was no doubt right in its editorial expression of March 26 when it said:

"We have illustration here in the Northwest to-day of the spirit with which protective forestry measures would have been received in the Allegheny and Tennessee mountains 100 years ago. Temporary self-interest, real or fancied, frets at restrictive measures for permanent benefit, just as juries find not guilty the game law violator, though caught red-handed at his slaughter. The lowlands along the Willamette and Columbia may some day witness a repetition of these Mississippi horrors, if all efforts to protect the forests of the Cascade Mountains are rendered ineffective."

This attitude of the *Oregonian* toward the forest reserves, by the way, does not go to support the contention elaborated at such length by our correspondent who writes from Everett, Washington, that the forest reservation policy is an imposition put upon the West by the machinations of the effete East. Portland, Ore., is so far removed from Portland, Me., as reasonably to be credited with freedom from the tincture of Down-East prejudice; it out-wests Everett itself on the map, and yet the *Oregonian* stands for the reservations as planned by the Commission. In this, as in so many other interests, we believe that our Oregon contemporary represents the intelligent public opinion of the Pacific coast; and we refuse to accept as reflecting the real sentiment of the West Cayuga's argument of sectionalism, provincial conspiracy and geographical enmity. Those who are laboring for the perpetuation of the forest resources of the great watersheds of the Northwest are impelled by an enlightened patriotism which knows no East as opposed in interest to the West, nor any West whose true interests are not the true interests also of the East and of the entire country.

NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ON March 24 a hearing was given by the Sinking Fund Commissioners of New York city to the executive committee of the New York Zoölogical Society. At the close of this hearing, the Mayor and the other Sinking Fund Commissioners, by a unanimous vote, approved a resolution allotting to use of the Zoölogical Society a tract of about 261 acres, comprising South Bronx Park. This allotment was made on condition that within three years the Society shall raise $250,000, from which it shall furnish building and collections for the Zoölogical Park. The grounds shall be prepared by the Park Commissioners of the city, and the city shall bear the expense of maintaining the park and its collections. The buildings erected by the Society will become the property of the city, but the collections will be held by the Society; but it is understood that these collections shall not be moved or mortgaged except in the event of the failure of the city to provide funds for their maintenance.

A bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature to provide $150,000 for ground improvements, prior to the erection of buildings by the Society. There seems to be no opposition to this bill, and it is hoped that within a short time it will become a law. So soon as this money shall have been appropriated, the Park Department will begin the work of preparing the ground for the uses of the Society.

The sum required to comply with the city's conditions is a large one, yet it cannot be doubted that among New York's citizens there are many who will be glad to contribute liberally to an object which promises to do so much for the classes whose pleasures are few and whose horizon is limited. The fact that the Society's collections will be open to the public for at least five days in each week, and always on Sundays and holidays, will make the Zoölogical Park a boon and a blessing to the poor, and in itself is a strong appeal for liberal donations from those who are able to give.

Among the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM there is a very large number who are interested in natural history, or in wild animals or in living things in general, and all such may be expected to feel an especial interest in the projected park. The Zoölogical Society will soon be making an effort not only to secure generous subscriptions toward the sum required to fulfill the city's conditions, but also to secure annual members, whose dues of $10 a year will go a long way toward paying the current expenses of the Society. It is to be hoped that among the future members of the New York Zoölogical Society there will be many readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

Great credit is due to the executive committee of the New York Zoölogical Society, and especially to Prof Henry F. Osborn, its chairman, for the energy with which the work of pushing the young Society has been carried on, and the great success that is attending it. Unless unforeseen obstacles shall present themselves, the prospects seem bright for an early beginning of this important work.

SNAP SHOTS.

A novel feature of game legislation is contained in a bill now before the Minnesota Legislature with reference to the possession of game in close season. Under its terms when a person has killed or purchased game he will be able to keep it indefinitely, subject to certain restrictions. These are that he must notify the Game and Fish Commissioners of his possession of the game and obtain from them tags to be affixed to each quadruped or bird, and must sign a bond that the game so tagged will be devoted to his own use and will not be sold nor transferred to others. The game which may be possessed under this rule will be limited to one caribou, one moose, five deer and 100 birds. The purpose of the concession is to disarm that criticism of the game laws which finds its reason in dissatisfaction with the clause forbidding the possession of game for more than five days after the close of the open shooting season. If the new system can be conducted in such a way that evasion will be made difficult, the change cannot help being an advantage by enlisting the sympathy of a large number of people who are now opposed to protection.

In Germany they have just been celebrating the 100th anniversary of the death of that noted author, Baron Hieronymus Karl Friedrich von Münchhausen. Münchhausen was a Hanoverian nobleman, who was born in 1720 and died in 1797. He was notorious for the magnificent lies he used to tell about his exploits as a sportsman and on the field of battle. The collection of stories attributed to him was published in Germany during his life, and the English version was an expansion of the original. As for Münchhausen, it may be said that he has left his enduring mark upon posterity as a colossal liar.

We said the other day that the principle of game laws did not involve an unwarranted abrogation of personal and individual rights. Our Pennsylvania correspondent appears to have misconstrued our remarks. When we compared game shooting restrictions with laws which apply to the possession of diseased cattle, and the conversion of rye, corn and potatoes into whisky, it was not to class game in the category with these articles, as being subject to legislation for the same reasons which prompted the laws with respect to them. We cited them only to illustrate the fact that as to varied classes of possessions the citizen had not absolute right to do as he pleases, irrespective of the community. The reason that the sale of game is forbidden, or that game may be taken only within certain seasons, lies in the fact that experience has shown to the community that such regulations are for the public good. To make and enforce game laws, then, is not unjustifiably to infringe any individual rights which one may fancy he has in these matters. The game laws belong with the laws regulating cattle, crops, houses, and various other articles and activities, as coming within the police power of the State, which in a word means its power to regulate the conduct of man in a civilized community, so that he may enjoy his own without detracting from the enjoyment of their own by his fellows. Thus, if in Pennsylvania experience has shown that it is against the interest of the greatest number that game should be snared, or that game should be made an article of sale, it is within the police power of the State to forbid snaring and to forbid sale; and against the operation of such a law no claim of individual right and privilege can be held to prevail.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TALES TOLD BY THE CAMP-FIRE.—III.

BY AMATEUR.

(Continued from page 262.)

THE next night one of our number said: "Boys, I feel moved by the story told last night to give you another tale of some of the men named.

"Old Nosey was a medicine man of his tribe, most of whom were carried off by smallpox, and the survivors united with another tribe of the same blood, by which they lost their tribal name and became consolidated and commingled with that into which they entered. Nosey lost his standing as a medicine man, or would have done so had he gone into the larger tribe, whose medicine men remained the medicine men of the consolidated tribes, and Nosey would have been simply an old brave. There were only about twenty or thirty braves of Nosey's tribe left to enter the kindred tribe, besides some squaws and children. Nosey's pride forbade his giving up the position of medicine man, and having no kindred he came from what is now West Virginia down into Pennsylvania, into Greene county, and lived there as a privileged character among the whites for some twenty years or more. I have seen his grave and the tombstone erected by our friend's grandfather to his memory. Nosey was a powerful man among the Indians down to his death and a man of great intelligence, and in his way a man of learning. The token of his tribe was the bear, and the token of the tribe into which his remnant were adopted was the raccoon. His influence was always exerted for peace on the part of the Indians in their dealings with the whites. I had occasion to look all this up several years ago.

"The Engles were Germans, or Dutchmen, I think, perhaps from Holland. There were several Ezra Engles. Old Ezra Engle settled near where Wheeling, W. Va., is now, and was a gunsmith there; he settled there very early, I'm not sure of the year. His son Ezra was a gunsmith also, and went up the Ohio River and settled near where Pittsburg now is. These Engles all named their first-born sons Ezra and taught them the trade. Old Ezra, or Ezra I. (for he is the first of whom we have any knowledge), was a man at least thirty, maybe forty, years old when he settled near Wheeling. Ezra II., who settled near Pittsburg, was a man grown, and had a son Ezra, a gunsmith, of course; he was Ezra III. and came into Greene county, Pa., as it is now, and settled, teaching his son, Ezra IV., the trade, and Ezra IV. is he of whom we heard last night. Ezra IV. had a brother, Barnes, to whom he himself taught the trade, because he had no child until late in life, and he violated the family tradition by giving the trade to his brother.

"The Engles all manufactured their own gun barrels, bored them and rifled them, and each had his own particular place to mark his initials. Ezra I. put his initials on the end of the barrel, the flat end just over the bullet hole. Ezra II. marked his barrels just in front of the fore sight toward the muzzle. Ezra III. marked his barrels just in front of the hind sight, and Ezra IV. marked his just behind the hind sight, while Barnes Engles's barrels are always marked on the side, so that a portion of the letters B. E. in script is covered by the stock, and the point between the letters is always exactly under the hind sight.

"Ezra IV. made a trigger action for his guns different from any that I have ever seen; he was the only one of the Engles that used it, and seems to have invented it. As our friend said last night, by means of a screw it can be set for a very heavy trigger pull or to go at a touch.

"Engle guns may be found scattered through Greene, Fayette and Washington counties in Pennsylvania, and in the counties of West Virginia which border on the Pennsylvania line, and their maker can always be known by the position of the initial, as I have given it. These old guns have nearly always been changed to percussion locks.

"The Engles each had a different system of rifling their gun barrels. Ezra I. thought that no gun shot so well as one with only two grooves, and they very deep. Ezra II. was of the same opinion, but made the twist of his guns the reverse of the usual direction. Ezra III. used six grooves, while Ezra IV. thought no gun shot so well as one with four grooves, very deep, reverse twist, and one complete turn in a 3ft. barrel; but most of his guns that I have seen have eight grooves, a reverse twist, and a full turn in 3ft. Ezra IV. claimed to know how to make a rifle, as he said, 'self-cleaning,' that is that never required cleaning, and there was a peculiarity in this respect about his guns. I have seen them that loaded as easily after the one hundredth shot as after the first. His locks always had steel pans, and he possessed a method whereby he entirely prevented burning out at the breech, and enlargement of the touch hole through long use. No man ever saw a gun made by Ezra Engle IV. with a bushed touch-hole or an enlarged breech.

"Barnes Engle believed that the more grooves there are in a rifle the better. He also claimed to be able to make a self-cleaner sometimes, but not at will. He believed in the gain or increase twist reversed. I have seen rifles made by him with twelve grooves, and they were great shooters. Barnes Engle followed his brother Ezra IV. in this that he used a copper fore sight, and set it into the barrel tight and fast, without any base.*

"Ezra Engle IV. married Charity, the sister of our friend's grandfather, and Ben Wood married Patience, another sister; while Isaiah Jones, the powder-maker, married Bathsheba, a third sister. When Ben Wood and Patience were married, Ezra Engle IV. brought a very handsome new silver-mounted rifle to the wedding, and gave it to Wood as a present. The gun in that day was no doubt worth at least $75. When Engle offered the gun to Wood old Nosey was in the room, and came hastily up and said:

"'Ben no take um. Gun much heap bad medicine. Ben have bad luck, all heap bad luck. White squaw bad luck. White squaw no let Ben take um gun.'

"Ben Wood, however, accepted the gun, and the occurrence was forgotten. They lived together, Wood and his wife, for several years, but had no child. One day Wood came in and took up the gun, saying a turkey was gobbling in the woods and he was going out to shoot it. He went, but soon returned, saying something was wrong with his gun; that it had flashed in the pan every time, and he had failed to get the turkey. He was about to unbreech his gun when Patience said, 'You'd better take the gun over to Ezra, and get him to see what ails it.'



THE HOUSE BY THE LAKE.

"This was three or four miles, however, and Wood said he could look after it himself. He unbreeched the gun and took out some loose powder, and then tried to drive the bullet out, but could not move it. Then he put the breech into the bright wood embers on the hearth, with the intention of melting out the bullet, though Patience told him he would likely ruin the barrel. After the gun had been in the fire a short time he took it out and held it up to look at the barrel, when just as he had got it in position a report came, and Ben Wood fell back in his chair with a bullet in his brain through his right eye. Our friend's relatives, who lived near, came hurrying in, and found Patience in convulsions and Wood sitting dead in the chair. Her brother Een and Ezra Engle both examined the gun and said there had been two loads in it, and the bullet of the first load had acted as a breech pin and enabled the discharge of the second load. Patience recovered sufficiently to tell them what had occurred, but became worse and died that same night, and she and her husband, with their prematurely born baby, were buried in the same grave.

"Old Nosey came to the house the day after Patience died, and asked to see their bodies. After looking at them awhile he said: 'Poor Ben! Poor white squaw! No do what Nosey tell um; think Nosey, ole Injun, know nothin' when he say, "Gun bad medicine. No take um."'

"Our friend's grandfather was standing by and said: 'Nosey, you were right. The gun was bad medicine. What must be done with it?'

"Nosey replied: 'Put um on stock, all together, and put gun and powder horn and bullet pouch, all just as he am, in same box with Ben, at him right side, with muzzle of gun toward Ben's feet, and gun cocked, an' put um all in ground together, an' leave um there. Gun much heap bad medicine, but you do um so as old Nosey say. Bad medicine no kin hurt. You not do um so, gun kill some more, and kill um till he put in ground as old Nosey say.'

"There was a consultation among the members of the family, and the gun was buried as old Nosey had directed.

"Some time after this Ezra Engle IV. sold out, and went to Missouri some time after 1815 and settled at what is now, and I believe then was, Cape Girardeau. He had no children until late in life, when a son was born, whom he named Ezra, and taught his own trade. I saw Ezra Engle V. at his home in Cape Girardeau, and from him I learned these particulars and many more. He has put out many fine guns, and, like all the family, has notions of his own. He uses the peculiar action of trigger that his father invented, and copper front sights. He believes that for a rifle that runs 100 round bullets to the pound the barrel should be exactly 3ft. long inside; for larger balls shorter, and for smaller balls longer. He also claims to be able to make a self-cleaning gun at will, and believes in using the hardest steel barrels obtainable. Another of his notions is a three-groove gun, and he thinks the grooves should be shaped like a V, the wide part at the bore, and running to a point, in any rifle. He told me, however, that he usually turns out four-groove guns with gain twist reversed."

* Barnes Engle died between 1880 and 1890.—WRITER'S NOTE.

THE HOUSE BY THE LAKE.

WHEN the leaves turn brown and the gusty wind sends them whirling to form at last a noisy carpet for the frozen earth, memory takes wing and flies away to a clime where winter is a glorious reality, a stanch friend of no uncertain disposition. My brethren of the sunny South, my friends of the treeless prairies, did you ever follow a deer track through 6in. of snow amid the music of the pines? Let me show you a few pictures from the gallery of my recollection, pictures which will ever grow brighter and more distinct as time swings on.

In the far-away woods of the Northern State which was my boyhood home there was and yet is a great rambling house, half log, half frame, on the shore of a lake in a valley among the hills.

Those who have sat by the great fireplace will never, so long as life lasts, forget the hospitality and cheer that were warmer than the glowing fire. They will remember the hearty tenor voice, now still in death, which used to sing:

"And there I'm gwine to live and die,
In the little log cabin in the dell."

Perhaps, late in the evening, the poultry in the barricaded hen house would set up a tremendous cackling—evidence that Mr. Fox, the sneak, was trying to find a breech in the palisade which protected the chickens. Then the lop-eared hound would go to the door and whine, eager to take part in the disturbance. But we all knew that the wooden ramparts were secure.

The nearest other house was twelve miles away, but from the very door, looking out on the borders of the lake, I have counted the snowy tops of more than 100 muskrat habitations, where, snug and cosy, the little animals defied the storm and cold.

It seems to me that every right-minded man would prefer to have a muskrat city to look at than to own a hundred town houses.

And then besides that, there were the ducks that used to come in hundreds to feed on the wild rice at the far end of the lake, two miles from the house. Oh, but wasn't it fun to hide in the rushes and fool 'em with five or six wooden ducks that had their bills knocked off and one without any head because the horse had stepped on it one day.

Back from the lake half a mile was the eagle's nest, pretty nearly as big as a grocer's wagon and getting bigger every year. It used to seem wonderful how those birds could drag up the big sticks they put into the nest.

Sometimes at night two or three wolves would get together on the other side of the lake and howl. Do you think the effect of a wolf chorus is depressing? Now let me tell you that since then I have heard about all the finest music there is, and music is a lovely thing—the sweetest intangible thing on earth. But if I were compelled to choose between chances—if it was one thing or the other—and I could only have the one, knowing what I do now, I should say "good-by to the Kneisel quartet, the Boston symphony orchestra, Ysaye, Paderewski and all the rest of them; let me go back to that farmhouse among those wild hills; and when I step to the door on a moonlit night to get a drink of water out of the tin dipper from the bucket on the shelf outside the doorway, let me hear again floating across the still lake through the frosty air the friendly voices of the wolves."

It makes me laugh now to remember how those forest vagabonds would shut up their jaws and "make their sneak" when the farm dogs would tune up in reply. The dogs knew enough to let the wolves alone, though, generally. The Northern timber wolf, who looked about 4ft. high—as I remember him—was a bad man for a dog to tackle generally.

But perhaps you think there wasn't any other fun in that country besides the music! That is where you are mistaken. I'll tell you a few.

In the stream fed by the lake was an old dam—built years before by the lumbermen—and the vicinity of that dam was the scene of many joyous memories, winter and summer. In the spring the big pool below was full of



A MUSKRAT HOUSE.

trout. If you have caught trout you know all about it, and if you haven't it is no use to talk to you on the subject. And up above the dam was a place where the deer crossed pretty often. Such a country for deer! Out by the side of the house was a tall rack, where the deer often got hung up in the fall; not a straggling one or two, but fifteen or twenty in a season, and there were so many more in the woods that it didn't make any difference in the number. I remember one old buck that weighed 307lbs. He is conspicuous in the center of the picture.

Sometimes a black, glossy-coated bear, with crafty little eyes and short legs dangled ignominiously from this gallows, high out of the reach of harm from the dogs and other prowlers less domestic.

But, as I was saying, did you ever track a deer through 6in. of snow? In the early morning, after forcing yourself out of a warm bed on to the remarkably cold, bare floor; hastily dressing, with chattering teeth, and swallowing a cup of hot coffee, impatient of breakfast, you started for the neighboring hills. First would appear in the path ahead the track of the early rising fox, and his search for breakfast was plainly recorded in each place where he had turned aside to nose the track of mouse or red squirrel. In less than a quarter of a mile the tracks lengthened out into long, galloping leaps, showing where he had first heard your approach, stopped to listen, and then humped himself to get out of that. Not forty rods further was the faint



THE EAGLE'S NEST.

streak in the snow, recognizable 100yds. away, where two big fawns had leisurely dawdled up the hillside. Over the ridge the direction of the tracks showed their destination to be a brushy spot at the head of the little valley. A long circuit, a careful approach from the other side, and the first thing you knew you were almost on to them, and there they were, scudding through the brush in two different directions. Bang! bang! bang! how a repeater does just work itself without your knowing that you touch your lever! As you anxiously watched the result of the rapid fusillade, almost as if it was some other man who held the rifle, suddenly you saw a hindleg fly out helpless. Over the fallen logs you jumped, regardless of torn clothes and scratched wrists. There was the poor deer floundering in the brush, and a shot put an end to its misery. All before 8 o'clock in the morning.

Amid such scenes as those, what though you were forty miles from town? What though the roads were poor, and neighbors far away? I suppose, though, that in order to properly appreciate such a heaven upon earth it is necessary that a man should first pass a few anxious years amid the horrid sights and sounds of pestiferous brick walls. Then he can justly sympathize with those men of a former century who, after youth spent in European courts and castles, were happy to exchange the carpet and chandelier for the canoe and camp-fire, and to spend their remaining years among the friendly environments of the forest. To some men this would be a dreary place if it were all sidewalks and cultivated farms. A continent is getting pretty crowded when more than half of it is settled.

The house by the lake still stands; and, as of old, the deer come down to drink, secure in the fastnesses of the second-growth forest which has sprung up since the devastation by the lumbermen. Great are the recuperative powers of the wilderness, in regions where the soil does not tempt the farmer.

Where lies the valley in the hills, where nestles the house by the lake, I do not propose to tell. Those who have been there know, and happy are they.

FREDERIC IRLAND.

Eastern Shore Notes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We are having quite a good many snipe, more than for any previous season. Dr. J. C. French is among us, and meets with fine success in snipe shooting each day that he is out, giving as his opinion that ours is as fine country as any he has ever visited for this game Further on we may expect an increase in the quantity. Accomac and Revels Island Club men are coming by almost every train, in anticipation, no doubt, of an early arrival of Atlantic coast birds.

T. G. E.

KELLER, Va., April 8.

A POOR SHOT.

In his generous acknowledgment of a very trifling favor, Mr. Hough has alluded to a little series of mine, relating to the history of the American rifle, which recently appeared in *Shooting and Fishing*. My investigations were prompted by observing that target shooters nowadays have little faith in the markmanship of the old frontiersmen. I suspected that this incredulity was due to indiscriminate novel reading and to yarns spun by the Sunday newspapers, rather than to accurate knowledge of historical facts. To test the matter I made a study of contemporary evidence and reached the following conclusion:

"There were liars before Ananias; but there were gentlemen, and crack shots too, long before you and I, my good fellow, cut our teeth."

Mr. Hough's delightful reminiscences make me think of a practical demonstration of this latter fact, with which I was recently favored and which impressed me more than any possible array of screeds and scrolls. It happened thus:

My father and mother came to visit us. My father was born and bred in the wilderness of western Pennsylvania, and still takes a keen interest in woodcraft, though his occupation has confined him to office work for many years. Knowing that he would enjoy a tramp in the woods, I took a day off and we went out to Mincke.

My squirrel rifle was at the gunsmith's, and the other hunting rifles were too powerful for such game as we might see, so I took along my target rifle. Father examined it curiously. He had never seen such a weapon. The wind gauge and vernier particularly impressed him.

"Well, well," he would say, "what improvements they have made since I was a boy! Just look at those sights! I wonder what Uncle George would have said about them! He used to shoot pretty well with the old flintlock; but, dear me, our rifles were very crude affairs in those days. Do you like such a short, stubby barrel? You do! Well, I guess it's all right with those fine sights. We used to prefer a 4ft. barrel; but we were away back in the woods and didn't know much."

He kept it up on that strain all the way to Mincke. I was sorry for the old gentleman. It made me feel mean to be enjoying all these improvements when his youth had been so hard and poor. The contrast must be pathetic to him. When we reached the woods, I thought to cheer him up a bit by remarking:

"Yes, the finish of our rifles nowadays may be finer, but I suppose the old muzzleloaders would shoot just as straight."

"I don't know—I don't know," he replied sadly.

"Well, you didn't often miss with them."

"No, not often. But we didn't dare miss; powder was too scarce."

"Lead too, I suppose."

"Well, not so scarce as powder, for we would use it over again."

"Use it over again?"

"Certainly. When we had enough powder to shoot at a mark, which was seldom, we would always put the mark on a tree and chop the bullets out. Even in shooting at deer, the bullet would generally lodge against the skin or on a bone, and we would run it over again. No, I guess you youngsters can shoot much better than we did, for you have plenty of ammunition to waste in target shooting; and then you have such fine sights—I wouldn't even know how to use them."

"Oh, yes, you would. Here, I'll tack this target on a tree and we'll try a few shots."

"No, no; you do the shooting. I can't shoot."

"Of course you can. Just try. You'll soon get the hang of those sights."

"Why, boy, I haven't fired a rifle since the war. And I never was anything of a shot. Zeke and Abe [two of his brothers] could beat me any time, and neither of them could shoot like father."

"Grandfather was a good shot, then?"

"Yes, pretty good. We had to live on deer and bear sometimes. He often shot them right in our little clearing, and once I saw him shoot a very large panther from our doorway. Yes, he was a good shot, though his brother George was better. George was a great hunter, and quite celebrated as a marksman. But I never took much to hunting, and was always counted a rather poor shot."

I wished now that I had said nothing about target shooting. It was thoughtless of me to have suggested such a thing. He was an old man, and had not fired a shot in thirty years. I knew him to be the soul of candor, and that he always meant precisely what he said. Of course he could not shoot now. Would the result only humiliate him by proving his failing sight and nerve?

"All right, I'll shoot, and you can score for me. It wouldn't be fair to have you shoot with a gun you have never used."

"Well, I'll try those sights anyway," he replied, "just to find out how they work."

Here was spirit. He wouldn't back down from a challenge—for so he had construed it—even in the face of certain defeat.

The target was up. I fired, and nipped the bull at 10 o'clock.

He took the rifle, threw his arm well out, and raised the piece, but complained that he could not see.

"Bring the peep closer to your eye—there, that's the way. Now don't flinch when you press the trigger."

I was rather nervous for him and gave him all sorts of good advice.

"Be careful, father, that is a set trigger."

"Boy," he replied, somewhat sternly, "I never used any other kind."

Then, for the first time, an uneasy suspicion crept over me that perhaps I was unnecessarily solicitous about the old gentleman.

Crack!

I was watching him closely. Blink? Flinch? Not a bit. He hadn't been brought up that way.

I went to the target. He had a line shot 3in. below the bullseye.

I took my turn and again got in the black.

He fired and shot into his first hole.

"That's funny," he said, "my sight was touching the mark."

He had been holding the aperture as if it were a pinhead. I explained that the bullseye should be centered in that little hole.

Firing again, I missed by 1in.

He shot deep into the black.

I began to feel uncomfortable. I had plenty of trouble on my hands now, and got down to work. He kept right on making bullseyes, talking all the time in his quiet, serious way about "I never was 'counted a good shot—Zeke could generally beat me—but father was a good hand with a rifle," and so on.

At the end of the tenth round I was a point in the lead, but he was steadily gaining, and if we had kept the game up a little longer I would certainly have been beaten. Father had evidently expected to see me shoot better, but he was too much of a gentleman to say so. His work amazed me; but he kept on apologizing for it, and the worst of the matter was that his humility was perfectly sincere.

By and by he strolled up the hill, while I sat down on a log and had a big think all to myself.

No, he never was 'counted a good shot—Zeke could beat him, so could Abe—his father was better than any of them—and Uncle George was a real marksman. "But my! what improvements you have made!"

HORACE KEPHART.

ST LOUIS.

DRILLING AN ALLIGATOR.

There lies between the Atlantic and the Indian River in the peninsula of Florida a beautiful island, famous for its fruits and flowers and game. It is Merritt's Island. Nature (for it is said the Creator did not make that part of Florida) seems to have been very careful about how it made that island, for it was one of its last tasks. Along the shores of the Indian River is an unbroken hammock, elevated, tropic. The plain recedes toward the Banana River; is composed of savannas at regular intervals of one-fourth mile, lying parallel with the rivers, the interspaces are elevated beds of low palmetto. Who does not love to wander among these grassy meadows, flower adorned, between their green hedge borders? To the north is a perfect prairie; in it, here and there, stands the lone, stately palm, its trunk bleached white with tropic storms and age. Round about, without studied order, is the small jungle hummock. Nature had spent her 'prentice hand upon the rugged mountains and strands of the north, became lazy, romantic and æsthetic when she reached the tropic sun; adorned her farewell effort of love with this picture; framed it in silver with the rivers and commanded the winds from the Atlantic now and then for a change to frost these frames with the gentle whitecaps of the tropics.

But there is a gator in this picture and he must be caught, but the ugly saurian hides there in his cave.

Two hunters from the Virginias are partial to that island and were there, as usual, last winter. One warm, dry day their hound had long and faithfully been trailing a deer and became very tired and thirsty, and these hunters led him from the trail to search for water. At a distance a flag pond was seen, but when examined contained, about the middle, only a small pool. "Graeme," said Capert, "here is a gator cave and the gator has just gone in. Ride up with Dick and let him drink, and I'll have my gun ready for the gator if he makes at him."

Dick knew a gator as well as the hunters, but he was so thirsty that he crouched and crawled to the brink, and while drinking, the gator, without stirring the water, eased his head out, when the white about his eyes and end of his nose gave him away. He wanted Dick, but came no further, and it was decided to leave him and let Steen, the camp-keeper, "drill" him. Steen is a cheerful, good-natured native Floridian, about 6ft. 4in. high, weighs only about 140lbs., and was once a professional gator hunter, in the days when they were plenty. He was told about the gator, and proposed an exhibition of his skill in drilling, to see which he was in a few days accompanied by Graeme.

In the ponds inhabited by the gators the roots of the flags and grasses make a thick strong sod, in this instance quite 2ft. The gator was at home. Before reaching his cave Steen cut a green pine sapling, about 2in. in diameter and about 15ft. long. He carefully trimmed all the limbs and rough places off and made very sharp-pointed the larger end. The gator, in making his cave, had burrowed below the roots in the sod, getting under which it then made a hole off straight under it. Of course, there was water in the hole; it was full and stood in a pool at the mouth.

Steen rolled up his sleeves, stretched out on the ground and thrust his pike in. "I want the bearin' of the cave," said he. "This is a long un; my drill won't reach the eend," so he thrust his long arm in with the pole as far as he could reach. "Now I've got the bearin', Mr. Graeme, I'll go to the other eend and begin to drill; you stand on this side of the mouth next to me and have your gun ready, and when you see his knot [this meant head] his two eyes will look kinder white, shoot him right between them; when I hit the cave, you cin tell by the water swellin' out at the mouth. I hit him, he's comin'."

Sure enough, he had struck the hole with the sharp stick which he had thrust through the soft earth and sod, and he repeated this at short spaces, nearing the mouth at each time, until finally almost without seeing a motion or the saurian he thrust his head out of the cave, still beneath the water, and Graeme shot him just as directed. Steen left his drill, ran to the mouth of the cave. "You've done him up," said he, and while the water was yet muddy he thrust his hand below the under jaw of the gator, pressed his head back against the earth and out of the water, then clasped both hands around his mouth, and drew out a gator 7ft. long.

"Well, Steen," said Graeme, "this is the first gator ever I shot, though I have seen quite a number; poor sport for a hunter; would just as leave shoot a log; only shot it to carry out our programme of drilling."

But it revived memories of the old-time sport in Steen, and he ripped his hide off almost as quickly as it had been killed.

S. C. GRAHAM.

VIRGINIA.

New York has always had Game Laws.

To an inquirer who asked the other day about the length of time New York had had game laws, we replied off-hand that probably such laws had originated in colonial times and had held ever since. Mr. Robert B. Lawrence, Secretary of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, tells us: "Without looking up the old session laws I cannot tell you when the original game law went into effect. Our New York Association for the Protection of Game (not the New York State Association) was founded on Monday, May 20, 1844, and the first suit brought by the Association was against one Daniel Young, of Fulton Market, on June 8, 1844; so there must have been a game law at that time."

Natural History.

COYOTES HUNTING IN BANDS.

OROVILLE, Wash., March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 6th inst., Mr. Thompson asks for information in regard to coyotes hunting in bands the same as the big wolf. They do so here in this part of the country.

A few years ago along in the spring I took my rifle and started up into the open hills to kill some grouse, and when I got up on to the top of a small ridge that puts down between my creek and the Columbia River, I stood still for a while listening for a grouse to hoot.

Across from where I stood was quite a high mountain, covered with bunch grass and a few scattering pines; the snow had not all gone, especially near the top. I had not stopped very long when I saw a deer coming over the hill, and from the way it was coming I knew there was something after it. Soon I saw two coyotes down to the right, and the way they were running I thought they were trying to head the deer off from the river. Soon I saw two more on the trail, and then I saw two more to the left, and it looked to me as if those that were on the flanks were running the fastest. There was a crossing in a gap in the ridge I was on, and I knew the deer would come through that gap; so I ran down toward the gap, not that I wanted to shoot the deer, but I wanted to shoot at the coyotes that were on the deer's track.

I had not got quite down to the gap when the deer came through. It was a white-tail buck and he was doing his best to get to the river. I had but a short time to wait when the two coyotes came along. I whistled when they got opposite to me and they stopped and looked up. I fired at the one that looked the largest. At the crack of the rifle it started and ran as fast as it could for about 50yds. and rolled over dead. The other followed it for a few yards and then turned off up the hill, and when it saw its mate roll over it stopped. I shot at it, and as I did not make the right allowance for distance undershot and broke one of its legs. I put my dog after it and he soon brought it to bay, and I had the satisfaction of killing it.

On another occasion I was coming down from a neighbor's, and when near the bottom on the Columbia I noticed a couple of coyotes hunting through the grass and low bushes; they had their tails up like a dog and seemed to be as busy.

Soon they were joined by two more and all had their tails up, and as they had not discovered me I waited to see what they were after. I never saw dogs hunt through a flat more diligently than they did, and it looked so amusing to see them with their tails up. I think they were hunting chipmunks. Not having anything to shoot with, I started on, and when they saw me they trotted off up the gulch, but lowered their tails, coyote-like.

I have often been told by white men and by Indians that they had seen as many as fifteen after one deer. This winter while on a trip to Curlew I had to go down on Kettle River, and I saw where six deer had been caught by coyotes. I examined to see whether any big wolves had been among them, but did not see a track. An old Indian told me that a few days before the coyotes had run a deer down on to the ice and caught it and he heard it bleat, and he ran down, but when he got there they had almost eaten it up.

This has been a rough year on deer in this part of Uncle Sam's domain. First came the prospectors, then the Indians from below, then a hard winter, and now the Indians along the Okanogan are hunting in the rocky bluffs for what few that have run the gauntlet of the wolves and snow. It is the first winter in over forty that I have not killed a deer, and I have no inclination to kill any more, although should I be where I needed one for grub I would kill one or more. And yet it will be some time before you will see a .38-55 rifle offered for sale by

LEW WILMOT.

DID THEY REASON?

VINTON, Ia., March 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few days ago my business affairs (pulling one end of a cross-cut saw) took me to the grove between my cornstalk field and hog lot. In the grove is a board gate. East from this gate is an osage hedge and on the west a woven wire fence. Shep and Mick (the latter a cross between a spaniel and a setter) jumped the gate and went into the stalk field. Soon I heard a yep! yep! and a rabbit came spinning through the gate. Shep made a clean jump, Mick landed on top of the gate and the rabbit ran under the hen house. The dogs came back smiling and wagging their tails and went into the stalk field again. In a little while there was a yep! yep! and we straightened up to see the hurdle leap. This time Mick was in the lead, and when the rabbit went through the gate he went around through the hedge and so lost time, but old Shep came pounding along and sailed through the air like an athlete. The rabbit rushed in among some hogs, which snorted and jumped in all directions, and frightened the rabbit so that it squatted down, which nearly proved fatal; but it stretched its legs out just in time to get under the corn crib. Back came the dogs wiggling all over and grinning, and again went into the stalk field.

Mick started the third heat with a couple of yeps. A long way ahead of Mick and coming down a corn row that led straight to the gate was old Shep, knocking the stalks right and left and making the run of his life. I saw that there was no rabbit ahead of him and wondered what could be the matter with the old fool. But Shep was no fool, he was using the best kind of reason. Occasionally Mick would give a yep, and Shep would let into it all the harder. Soon I saw the rabbit back of Shep and coming up a corn row, which also led to the gate and about 12ft. from the one that Shep was in. Five rods from the gate the rabbit was running abreast of Shep, who paid no attention to the rabbit, but was kicking the mud into the air to beat all.

The rabbit reached the gate first, but jumped to one side and ran along the hedge, and that was what old Shep wanted to do, but he was under too much headway and had to make the jump, but it was not that graceful leap that he had been making; his ears stuck up, his legs were sprawled out, and he was so anxious to get to the ground. When he had pulled himself together he started down along the hedge. Mick came up just then and went down the other side.

Now, when Mick had started the rabbit he had hallooed to Shep to let him know it; but Shep, instead of running to Mick and the rabbit, ran for the gate, which was in the opposite direction. There is no doubt that Shep reasoned that Mick would bring the rabbit to the gate, and that he tried to get there first.

This winter my son started up a rabbit near the creek, and at that point there was a hole in the ice. The dog ran the rabbit in a circle, and when it had got to the starting place the dog was pushing it hard, and it ran straight for the open water, jumped in and swam under the ice. It stayed under long enough to fool the dog, but when it came out it was so far gone it could not stand. I let it stay in the house until it became dry, then let it go. Mick took its track and ran it into a hole. I went there and found on the side of the hole a fresh, full-sized rabbit tail. That was a smart rabbit, but if it jumps into another water hole, what will the poor thing do with no rudder to steer with?

Not long ago I saw a rabbit play a trick on a dog that I never saw done before. A dog ran a rabbit into the road, and it came near running under my horses, but jumped back, and the dog came near catching it, but it dove into the snow out of sight. The dog grabbed into the snow where the rabbit went, but did not get it. Then the dog put its head into the snow above its eyes and pushed along in the snow. The rabbit came out of the snow 3ft. from the dog and went under a bridge. When I went out of sight the dog stood there wondering how it was done.

It seems to me that the dogs and rabbits did about as I would under similar circumstances. MOUNT TOM.

Collisions in the Air.

SEATTLE, Wash.—The champion story-teller, according to one of your correspondents, was the man who saw two wild ducks flying in opposite directions meet and hit each other, both being killed by the shock. I believe the case may have been true. On Puget Sound sea gulls are protected by law. In consequence they are very tame, and follow the steamers which ply from point to point, searching for scraps of food. They frequently fly near the upper guards, and passengers throw food to them to see them swoop and catch it on the fly. Coming from Dungeness on the Evangel recently, I saw two gulls, both swooping for a bit of bread, run into each other so hard that one of them lost his balance and fell nearly to the water. On the trip from which I was returning I saw distinctly two wild geese in a flock, into which I had just fired, run into each other, though going in the same direction. This last happened though, I surmise, because I had just fired a rear quartering shot (rifle) in front of the one who bunched up into his neighbor.

While watching the gulls I have spoken of, the mate of the Evangel told me, what I had noticed myself, that the gulls on the Sound seem to have regular beats like a policeman; that is to say they pick up a boat at a given spot, and leave her at another. The mate said that on a certain run he had formerly made he and the crew identified a certain gull by a peculiarly broken leg; and that as regular as clockwork daily for months, as long as he was on that steamer, that bird would appear off a certain point and leave at a certain rock on their course. X. Y. Z.

Crocodiles of Nicaragua.

CALAIS, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Spanish Main notes, by J. F. Le Baron, are very interesting, but I cannot understand about the crocodile's upper jaw being hinged different from the alligator, so that it can be thrown up at right angles to the body. If that is the case they must be different from the south Florida crocodiles or the South American, as you can see by the skulls in most any large museum, but the Nicaraguan crocodile may be different I should like to know. GEO. A BOARDMAN.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As to the statement of mine that the Nicaragua crocodile opens its jaw at right angles, you may rest assured that it is correct. I have seen them on probably a dozen different occasions lying in that way, and have shot them when in that position also. The hotter the sun the more they are apt to assume this attitude. The upper jaw is thrown up perfectly perpendicular, and I have seen them lie this way for hours at a time on a sand bank in the San Juan River, opposite my headquarters, when in charge of the surveying parties on the canal. Other members of the expedition observed them also, and it would be easy to establish the fact by others. I am also informed by a civil engineer who has spent several years in South America, in Bogota and Peru, that he had often observed them in the same attitude there.

J FRANCIS LE BARON.

Birds of the Galapagos.

THE "Proceedings of the United States National Museum for 1896" contain, among other things, an extremely interesting paper on the birds of Galapagos Archipelago, by Robert Ridgway, Curator of the Department of Birds.

While this lonely group of islands, lying off the coast of Ecuador, has very often been visited, it cannot be said that any one of its members has been thoroughly explored. The present work is intended to embody practically all that is known of the birds of these islands, yet for the reason mentioned it cannot claim to be exhaustive. At the same time it gives detailed descriptions of 105 species of birds, representing forty-six genera. Many of these are wandering species, which have a very wide range; but there are several genera which are peculiar to these islands, and which show relationships in two opposite directions. Thus two of these genera seem to have their nearest allies in American forms of birds, while three of them have a very obvious leaning toward well-known Hawaiian forms So it is that the bird life of these Archipelagoes presents many puzzling questions, which are not to be settled without further information.

Mr Ridgway gives a number of lists of birds to be found on the different islands of the Archipelago, and repeats frequently a small outline chart of the islands on which are set down localities at which certain genera and species have been found. The paper contains two plates giving outlines of bills of three characteristic forms of Galapagoan birds.

Bluebirds in Central New York.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Bird observers note the fact that the bluebirds were early March arrivals in this locality, the old time haunts, which for the past two or three years have known them not, being frequented by them quite numerously, much to the delight of ornithologists in general. M. CHILL.

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

In the Blackfoot Country.

BLACKFOOT RESERVATION, Blackfoot, Mont., March 26.—A year ago some of the Blackfoot people made a visit East to the Sportsmen's Exposition, at New York, as guests of the FOREST AND STREAM. This visit is well remembered by very many friends who met them at Madison Square Garden, and these friends will be glad to hear of them all again. In turn they have become hosts, and a representative of FOREST AND STREAM is their fortunate guest Bear Chief, J. W. Schultz, Billy Jackson, Natoka and the little favorite, Natoye, are all here and all well. There is still another little one in Billy Jackson's family now, an infant that is striving to wrest away from Natoye her supremacy, though the latter is too fat and chipper to evince much dread of that or of anything else. Bear Chief is the same as ever, and he bore a beaming smile when he met us at the train and bade us welcome to his country. These several friends of FOREST AND STREAM and also Mr. Jos. Kipp, of Kipp, Mont., vouched for Mr. C. S. McChesney, of Troy, N. Y., and for the writer, so the agent of this reservation, Maj Geo. Steell, pulled down the big bars marked "U. S." and told us to come ahead and run the reservation for awhile. We have been doing that very pleasantly and successfully now for a couple of weeks, as we shall later attempt to set forth in part. We shall give Maj. Steell back his reservation with unfeigned regret, and turn East again with the same old sinking of the heart which every one feels when he turns his back on the Rockies and starts out into the flat monotony of the prairies, the cities and the mill-round of modern business life in the busy centers. The guests of FOREST AND STREAM say that they enjoyed their visit East, but surely it must have been a mild pleasure compared to that felt by those who are now their guests.

This is an inspiring country. Imagine a great wide prairie, illimitable, now flat and even, now broken by coulee and butte, beginning at the edge and running to the unseen ultimate. This prairie itself has a great meaning. But out of it, upon the west rim edge, rise up, boldly and unpremeditatedly, without excuse and beyond need of apology, a grand swing of one of the noblest mountain chains of the world. You see the Rockies in Colorado, in New Mexico, and they beg your pardon in a thousand foothills These mountains—the St. Mary's, the Two Medicines—tarry not at all, but rise at once strongly up out of the level. In no other part of the Rockies is this peculiar abruptness so noticeable. And far away across the prairies, apparently only forty miles away, but really about 100, lie the storied Sweet Grass Hills. Between these rocky rims is a grand level cup full of history, of adventure, of hunting, and of war and of peace and progress. Much of all this has been told in FOREST AND STREAM at better hands, and much of it set down in the "Blackfoot Lodge Tales;" but to see this country and to learn even a little of it adds new charm and zest to every line one has ever read about it.

Yesterday Billy Kipp took McChesney and me out wolf hunting, and we rode some forty miles or so over what was once the buffalo country. We found one frayed and weathered bull's horn, the only reminder of the old herds. But we saw thousands of the spotted cattle, and we saw the houses of the people who have now forsaken the chase and turned their hands to other things. The Blackfeet are now a great family, living in peace and content No tribe of the American Indians has made such rapid progress as they. Their agent speaks of his people with affection and pride, and it is only just to say that this is returned by the people. Common supposition, which is common ignorance, pictures a sad state of affairs always in progress on an Indian reservation. The Indians are supposed to be always slothful and in need, the agent always avaricious and in plenty. It will take years of education to remove this cruelly false belief. Here is a people anxious to work, anxious to learn; and their executive and head both gives and receives of a confidence worthy of nothing less than the highest name. However it may be upon other reservations, here at least is one where the Indians and the agent believe in each other. Let us hope that politics will not soon interfere to unsettle this mutual content

The Blackfeet have ceased to be hunters. They have cattle. They raise oats, potatoes, many things upon their farms. Among them are many who do not go up among these mountains which fence their reservation. Last year they sold a million and a half dollars' worth of land to the United States for the use of the miners, who want the St. Mary's and the Two Medicines for their own. It is quite possible that the Indians bargained well, but this spring there is to be seen again in force one of the queer Western crazes, a mining boom, if not a mining stampede. Before the grass has lost its green again there will be a newspaper printed in the St Mary's, the sound of its hand lever within earshot for the strange white goats and for the big-horns. There will be doctors, lawyers, merchants, thieves, in the St. Mary's this summer. They will bore holes and burn powder, and frighten the sheep and goats. Then let us hope they will go away, and leave the sheep and goats to a country which is naturally their own.

There is no portion of the Rockies more rugged, more picturesque or more fascinating than this wild range of mountains which lies before me as I write. It is the best sheep and goat country of the whole Rocky range, in all probability. It is not surpassed by any section for the size and number of its grizzly bears. Indeed, so confident do Messrs. Schultz and Jackson feel about the abundance of bears that they publicly offer any gentleman who has lost a bear to take him out free of charge if he does not get a shot at his bear. This is fair enough, and a bit unusual, I take it. The month of May is the one for the bears. They are not quite ripe yet or we would pick a few of them. This, pending the coming of the newspaper and the location notice, remains a corner of the genuine West; for two, McChesney and I, under the friendly guidance of J. W. Schultz and Billy Jackson, have been sampling the keen delights which are to be found nowhere except in that genuine West. That such an experience was possible is to be attributed distinctly to the FOREST AND STREAM luck. When I say that Maj. Steell told us to go up in the mountains and kill a few rams (the State laws not applying on Indian lands), and when I add that we did go up into the mountains, and that the FOREST AND STREAM luck still held, I have said about all that seems meet just now. There remain yet a few more things to be seen and done before the wrench of parting from the Rockies I suppose that fellows have sweethearts and that sweethearts hav

new clothes upon a time. These are the Rockies in new clothes. To me it seems they never were so adorable. To-day, for the first time in many days, they are calm and clear and smiling of visage, and every feature is clear cut against the sky. To-day the prairies are running water, but up in the mountains, as we know from two weeks of winter camping there, the snow is very deep and the winds are strong. But the FOREST AND STREAM luck held. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

HOURS IN A BLIND.—V.

(*Continued from page 266*)

Life of the Marsh.

THE birds which pass over or stop on the marsh are its most obvious inhabitants; but there are many others which the casual visitor scarcely ever sees. Of these the largest are the half wild horses, cattle and hogs turned out to winter by their owners. They feed among the tall cane, and only now and then come to the water's edge to drink or to eat the succulent water plants that drift against the shore.

With these animals the struggle for existence must be a severe one; for, to one accustomed to the pastures of the North or West it would seem that there is little or nothing to eat on the marsh. Of course, vegetation is not lacking; but there can be little nutriment in the hard cane or its marsh leaves, or in the coarse round marsh grass which grows only in infrequent patches. The drifting grass, which consists of the rejected portions of the water plants pulled up by the wildfowl in their search for its roots, is scanty in quantity and can hardly be very nourishing food. The hogs do better than horses or cattle, for they unearth the roots of the cane and the flags, and must procure not a little animal food.

The horses are confined to the outer beach, and visit the adjacent marsh only to feed. They are little animals, not unlike the well-known Chincoteague beach ponies, and are all branded. They are a tough and hardy race, qualified through inheritance and experience well to fight the battle of life. The cattle are small, wild and scrawny.

Occasionally when you are sailing through these waters you will see, as you pass a watchman's house, a fresh skin tucked up to dry, and the long ringed tail hanging down from it at once proclaims its species. Coons are abundant here, and it is not strange that they are so. In summer the nesting birds and in winter the crippled ducks furnish them feathered food, while at all seasons the waters abound in fish. We are most of us accustomed to think of coons as passing a good part of their time in trees, but the coons of the marsh must by this time, I should think, have lost the art of tree climbing; since, except for an occasional straggling pillintary bush, there is here nothing larger to climb than a stalk of cane. Rarely seen by the gunner, the coon lives an easy, lazy life here. Now and then he puts his foot in a marshman's trap, and less often a gunner's dog, hunting for a wounded duck, may suddenly fall upon him, and the sound of the fight will empty the blind, and bring boatman and gunner crashing through the cane to learn the cause of the disturbance. It is in such ways as these that the coon is sometimes killed.

Next in order after the coon comes the mink—artful, ferocious, daring. Like the coon, he fishes and hunts, but he has ten times the coon's energy. Not satisfied with the wild game of the marsh, he prowls about the blind and may steal a duck, if one is carelessly left at a little distance. He fights the muskrat, and sometimes kills and eats him, and then he goes fishing every day. The mink is rarely killed except by the trapper.

The muskrat is everywhere, and if you have occasion to walk across the marsh you will now and then plunge thigh deep into one of the holes that it has dug. Sometimes as you sit in your blind you will see it swimming toward your decoys, or crossing some lead not far away. It does no special harm except by its burrowing, which breaks away the marsh, destroys ditches that may have been cut, and makes pitfalls for the careless to fall into.

In the winter, when I see the marsh, its reptiles are safely bidden away in their warm sleeping places. So it is that the snakes, if any there be, and the tortoises are not seen. But in summer, I am told, there are snakes and snappers and terrapin; of these last there are not many.

All through the winter, however—except when, as sometimes occurs, a freeze has locked the waters of the sound—there are fish a-plenty. Of these the most important and valuable are chub, which I take to be the large-mouthed black bass; but there are many other smaller sorts which may or may not be good to eat. The common blue crab abounds here in summer, and everywhere on the marsh its shells may be seen—the relics of feasts had by the coons.

In the spring and the late summer these marshes are the resting places of thousands on thousands of beach birds and rails. Here may be found great flocks of waders of all descriptions, from the tiniest sandpiper up to the great sickle-bill curlew. These sandpipers and rails wade busily about over the mud flats where the ducks have been swimming or probe them for food. Then gulls of many sorts winnow their slow way over the broad channels, and companies of sea swallows hunt the schools of tiny fish that swim in the shallows.

At whatever season of the year you take it, the life of the marsh is abundant, and is worth observation and study.

The Swan Song.

We are told that it is the dying swan that sings the sweetest song. Those that we see about the marsh are musical enough, but so few of them are killed that I cannot believe that the ordinary note which they utter is the one which immediately precedes death. Yet it is a soft, sweet call, high pitched, pleasing and hard to imitate. *Koo, koo, kookoo, koo*, is the way it goes, the flock calling to their leader, and the leader answering them again.

In ancient song and in story the swan holds a firm place, nor is his eminence confined to any land. To Lohengrin in his search for the Holy Grail, and to the Blackfoot Indian seeking out the home of the Sun, swans come as supernatural helpers.

Its size, the purity of its plumage, and its soft, sweet notes make the swan always a striking object, and it is not strange that this bird should have impressed itself on the imagination of all peoples, and that this impression should find voice in the folk stories of races which have attained the highest civilization and culture, as well as of tribes that are still savages. As the mind of man is everywhere the same, so we see that swans are used by the ancient gods as messengers and beasts of burden, and in the same way and with a like object they draw the car of a Lohengrin and carry across the ocean an American Scarface.

The swans move slowly through the sky, with wingbeats that seem heavy and labored, but which carry them forward at a high rate of speed. If that flock were near enough for you to kill one of those birds and you did so, you would find that in falling his impetus would carry him a long way forward before he struck the earth or the water.

Swans are killed usually only when by chance they fly over the blind low enough to be reached with a shotgun. Few gunners have swan decoys, though I have seen, on the sloops of one or two professionals, a great pile of these; for the swan will decoy readily, coming either to swan decoys or to the call alone. I remember once tying out at a point in a bay from which we put out great flocks of swans and geese, and an hour or two later a single swan was seen flying toward the bay. My boatman called to it, while I tried to change the duck cartridges which were in the gun for those loaded with buckshot, which were laying ready for just such an emergency. Alas for the chance! The day was rainy, the chambers of my gun a little foul from smoke, and the cartridges had swelled. It took me a long time to get out the ones that were in and a long time to insert the others in the chamber. While I was wretchedly working at this I was reduced to the last pitch of nervousness by the boatman, who punctuated his calls to the swan by remarks such as these: "Here he comes!" "He's heading right for us!" "Be ready now, he's almost near enough!" "Now he's right over the decoys; get up and kill him!" "Oh, shoot, shoot!" "There he goes!" "He's gone!" There was a pause, during which I managed to shove first one and then the other cartridge into the gun; but before I had closed it the boatman whispered excitedly: "Here he comes back again, right over the decoys!" Closing the gun, I stood up and killed the great bird just beyond my furthest decoys.

"Oh!" cried the boatman, as he ran to the skiff to get the bird, "that's wuth a dollar—a dollar, sir."

Sometimes swans do curious things. Once watching a wedge of seven birds that flew over, 200 or 300yds. distant, and that were slowly lowering themselves toward the waters of the sound, I saw one bird help himself along by means of another. The last swan on one arm of the V seemed higher than the others, which were close in front of him, and with a quick stroke or two he overtook the bird immediately before him, caught his tail feathers in his bill, and, bending his neck, pulled his own breast close to the tail of the other bird, whose progress seemed absolutely stopped. Then the last bird let go the tail and they all went on. It looked as if the last bird had used the other to pull himself down to its level, being himself too impatient to wait for the slower descent of flight. The occurrence seemed to me a remarkable one, and called up to my mind the old story of little birds crossing the Mediterranean on the backs of owls, geese and cranes, and the story, related years ago in FOREST AND STREAM by Dr. J. C. Merrill, of the Crow Indians.

Taking Up.

All day long the gray clouds have hung low over the waters, and occasionally the sad heavens have dropped down their rains, which the winds have thrown spitefully against us Now, however, just at the close of the day, the broad orb of the sun looks out at us from the western sky just as it is falling below the horizon. Slowly it sinks until only a thin red line is visible above the low distant forest which bounds the view to the west. I take a last long look about me to see if perhaps a duck will come before the sun has actually set; but, seeing no bird, I break down my gun and say to John, "Take up."

As he crashes through the cane to get the skiff, I unload both guns and put them in their covers, close ammunition box, and begin to carry the things down to the edge of the marsh. John is already among the decoys, taking up first the live ducks—which he puts in their coop—and then the wooden ones, which he stacks neatly in their places. Then, when he pushes the boat to the marsh, I pass him the things from the shore, handing him last of all the ducks, which he packs away on and abaft the decoys, counting them as he lays them down: "Twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty, and the hairy crown's thirty-one. A pretty good day's work, sir!"

I put on my heavy coat and step in the skiff, and while I light my pipe John pushes the boat through the shallow water, and presently steps the mast and sets the sail, and with a merry ripple the little boat bears us homeward.

"Well, John, it's my last day, and it has been a good one. I am sorry to go."

"I wish you could stay longer, sir; but anyhow you've had some good shooting, and you certainly have done right well—better'n I thought you could that first day."

And so I have. COUPLES.

SHOOTING PRIVILEGES AND TRESPASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in the present issue of FOREST AND STREAM (April 3), speaking editorially on the shooting affray that took place on the Tolleston Club grounds, in Indiana, that in condemning the absurd bill to legalize trespass that was presented in the Indiana Legislature, you go a step further and point out what you believe to be the tendency among landowners of the country at large, namely, "to make more clearly defined and more stringently enforced their exclusive right to control their lands as they please."

Very good. We have been taught that it is good law that the wild game of the country belongs to the people just as much as navigable waters and highways, the taxing power, etc. But if every owner of land in Indiana, California, etc., decides to exercise his "right to exclusive control" of his land, where will the fellow come in who has a gun, who loves to hunt as well as the landowner and who has proven his right to live by earning his living. The game belongs to the State, yet only such citizens of the State as happen to own land can touch it. In other words, has the owner of the land something which is yours as much as his, yet can keep you from having it? How is that?

I do most of my hunting on land that is not yet owned by private individuals, or by railroads and timber companies that do not yet care to enforce every prerogative that ownership of land gives. But the moment they do, what becomes of me? Where can I go that I will not be at least technically a trespasser? You have been foremost in the protest against discriminating taxes on guns, which would place a poor man at the disadvantage of a richer one in the exercise of his natural right. But if the owners of land, who are few compared with the army of men and women who love the woods and the fields, and who go there to fish and shoot and live for a space an outdoor life, choose to exercise their prerogative and keep us off, what then?

I am not speaking to defend the action of either side in these clashes between those who have often made their privileges valuable by improving them, and that other larger mass who do not yet sufficiently understand their natural rights nor the limitations to the exercise of individual freedom. I do not excuse the mistakes of either side; I deplore the killing of a human being, whether by a game club's warden, who may be acting in a legal way, or by some ignorant yap who feels that somehow he is being deprived of a natural right. But I do wish to say that I certainly do hope that the tendency on the part of owners of land is not toward a more strict enforcement of their legal rights to claim exclusive use of that which God has placed on their lands for the use of all. It is not something to be settled in a day, and our present laws of all kinds are an indication that it will not be settled in many days; but it is something for thoughtful persons to think about.

Also, if we are to continue to have some kind of game, we must look right away to the enforcing of better game laws, or we will indeed have all the game in the country in the parks of a few rich clubs and individuals. It is the testimony of history that where individuals have acquired privileges which they abused, the people had proven unworthy of the possession of their so-called rights. Landowners are finding the game disappearing, and they choose to enforce more strictly their right to that which the law says is theirs. The abuse of the land-owning privilege is at the bottom of much of the evil of the monopolies we hear about, but the surest way to extend the evil is to fail to provide for the adequate protection of game. If the country is turned into private game preserves and the man with a gun but no land has nowhere to go, he will have no one but himself to blame. If, when adequate laws are passed, the areas over which a person may hunt become restricted, then there will be that question to settle; but the one of the game laws is just now the more urgent. After that let him think of the other. TAPPAN ADNEY.

A TRAGEDY OF THE WOODS.

THE day was hot and sultry. The scorching rays of the midsummer sun penetrated through the verdant foliage of the large oak forest and sprinkled the winding paths with plenteous spots all aglow with his reflected rays. The silence was well nigh complete, save when it was now and then gently broken by the twittering of a hummingbird or suddenly rent by the fierce calls of a crow. A large black snake lay sunning himself in the path, and was presently aroused to proceed in his sinuous career by the sound of approaching footfalls.

A man, clad in corduroy trousers and canvas coat, armed with a rifle of small caliber, which he carried carelessly over his shoulder, entered the wood. His lithe step betokened an active man. He pressed on quickly, yet no stick cracked under his feet, no bough was jarred in his onward career. Invading as he was the realms of nature, his true hunter's instinct told him that the skill of man must be used in all its effectiveness in order to cope with the alert faculties of nature's children. He knew too that the little gray squirrel is far from being a novice among nature's "artful dodgers." The little gray fellow has skill too. And, dear hunter, is not his skill used for a nobler purpose than yours? He uses his to evade; you use yours to invade. He uses his to live; you use yours to kill. His is a weapon of defense; yours is a weapon of offense. Yes, there is a sad side to a hunter's life. His pleasure is keen while the excitement lasts, but when in sober reflection he glances at the limp, almost lifeless little form before him; sees its life blood ebbing away; sees a happy, beautiful, harmless creature cut off in its career; sees it in the agony of its death struggles, or hears its piercing cry for help, the animal of the man goes out for a moment, his savage nature departs for a season, and that God-like element of pity comes to the rescue. But this is aside.

The hunter presses onward into the thick of the forest. Presently he stops to listen. Hark! what is that he hears? He hears something, for he starts slightly and gazes intently into the wood. It is the sound of falling hickory nuts, and the hunter proceeds cautiously to the spot from whence the sounds proceed. Far up into the limbs of a tall hickory tree there sits a little animal, innocent, yet alert; graceful, yet muscular. His little eyes shine radiantly. The color of his coat resembles marvelously the limb upon which he is sitting. His bushy tail is curled over his back. He sits almost as still as death, and were it not for the movement of his jaws as he scrapes the hickory nut he could scarcely have been distinguished from a knot on a limb. Interested as this little fellow was in obtaining his daily food, he did not see the hunter approaching; he did not hear the click of the hammer when the rifle was cocked; and he did not know until it was too late that fate was plotting his downfall. Crack! went the little rifle, and the little gray fellow started at the sound. The half-eaten hickory nut dropped from his jaws to the ground. He tried to scamper away to his den, but his limbs seem to fail him. He seemed to have lost his head. After he had darted to and fro for several minutes, in seeming delirium, he stopped, he wavered. He would seem on the point of falling on one side of a limb, but would catch himself with his sharp claws, only to repeat the performance on the other side. Finally his efforts became more and more feeble. His eyes slowly but surely lost their luster; his claws by degrees lost their tenacity, until at last he fell to the earth, dead. The hunter picked up the limp form and placed it in his pocket, glancing the while to note whether or not he had made a center shot. Thus ended the tragedy of the woods.

The sun sunk deeper into the west. A slight breeze arose and sighed through the tree tops. The hunter went silently homeward, and as he turned to glance toward the woods he had just left he sighed and realized that the curtain had fallen upon the closing scene of one little hero's play upon the stage of life. BANG-BANG.

VIRGINIA.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

THE MAINE GUIDE LAW.

Full Text of Chap. 26, Laws 1897.

SEC. 1. No person shall engage in the business of guiding, as the term is commonly understood, before he has caused his name, age and residence to be recorded in a book kept for that purpose by the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, and procured a certificate from said Commissioners setting forth in substance that he is deemed suitable to act as a guide either for inland fishing or forest hunting, or both, as the case may be. Whoever engages in the business of guiding without having complied with the provisions of this section forfeits $50 and costs of prosecution.

SEC. 2. Each registered guide shall from time to time, as often as requested by the Commissioners, on blanks furnished him by the Commissioners, forward a statement to them of the number of persons he has guided in inland fishing and forest hunting during the time called for in said statement, the number of days he has been employed as a guide, and such other useful information relative to the inland fish and game, forest fires and the preservation of the forests in the localities where he has guided, as the Commissioners may deem of importance to the State.

SEC. 3. Such registration as is herein required shall take place annually on or before July 1; but nothing herein shall be construed to debar the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game of the right, in their discretion, to register guides at any time.

SEC. 4. Whenever any guide, registered as aforesaid, is convicted of any violation of the inland fish and game laws, he shall forfeit his certificate and be debarred from further engaging in the business of guiding for one year thereafter.

SEC. 5. This act shall not be construed to apply to any person who does not directly or indirectly hold himself out to the public as a guide, or directly or indirectly solicit employment as such.

SEC. 6. A fee of $1 shall be paid by each person registered in accordance with the provisions of this act, and all money thus received shall be and become part of the fund for the protection of inland fish and game.

SEC. 7. Any person desiring to be registered as a guide, in accordance with the provisions of this act, may make application for such registration either in person or by written application to the Commissioners. (Approved March 23.)

[The moose season is made Oct. 15 to Dec. 1, cows protected; deer season remains the same; lawful number in a season, one bull moose, one caribou, two deer.]

THE PENNSYLVANIA GAME LAW.

STROMSVILLE, Pa., March 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have neither the time, talent, nor inclination to enter into a public controversy; and were it not for the rancorous articles and gross misstatements of your correspondents Mazurie and Bon Ami in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, I should pass by your own captious but considerate article in issue of March 13, as I know FOREST AND STREAM has an honesty of purpose, and exerts a wholesome, healthy influence on the public mind which should command the respect of its readers, even though their opinions may be at variance.

I have always taken a deep interest in our furred and feathered friends, and for forty years have been familiar with our game, its haunts and its habits; and in my love of legitimate field sports and interest in honest, earnest, consistent "game protection," I yield to none; but protecting for a few to the exclusion of the many is not honest, is not earnest, is not consistent, is not American.

Taking first FOREST AND STREAM'S instructive exposition of "rights and privileges," with due deference to its high position and unlimited resources for information, yet I can see no parallel—no ground for comparison—between the healthy game legally possessed and the diseased cattle condemned by the State veterinarian. The one adds to the wholesome food supply and furnishes a luxury to that class of indoor workers who lack the time, the skill or the plethoric pocketbook of the "gentleman of leisure," but who nevertheless might enjoy from the market that which his more fortunate neighbor had the means, the time, the opportunity and the skill to obtain. The other endangers the public health and is justly condemned. The farmer's "rye, his corn and his potatoes" are taxed to raise a necessary revenue and abate a public nuisance. Can you put game in the same catalogue, and subject it to the same restrictions for like reasons?

Certain plans, forms and specifications must be submitted before the granting of building permits in our cities, as otherwise the rights, privileges, pursuits and pleasures of others would be interfered with and the public safety endangered. Will the public health or individual rights and privileges be endangered to a greater extent from the sale of the legally possessed game by the needy pot-hunter than by its gift by the more fortunate wealthy sportsman? Will the game supply suffer more from the sale of twenty than from the gift of twenty times twenty?

This antiquated cry of "75,000 strong" and threats of "political slaughter" because a public servant uses his prerogative for the public good is sickening to the senses, and should have died at birth. From a slight personal acquaintance with our Governor, I believe him fully competent to defend his own position, and further, that outside of the wealthy organizations he has the hearty indorsement of the great majority of the people of the State. In their zeal and interest in the great, much-talked-of 75,000, Mazurie and Bon Ami forget the great millions in the State who are as much entitled to consideration as the little thousands who are asking for "special rights and privileges." Which is the better sportsman and the more considerate, consistent game protector—the poor pot-hunter (?) who legally kills 100 ducks, grouse or woodcock in a whole season's shooting, and from sheer necessity sells them to supply his family with the necessaries of life, or the wealthy club member or yacht owner who kills five times as many in a morning's shoot and gives them to his friends and companions? I have spent many months, and even years, afield with all classes of gunners, from the "yaller dorg" biped to the kid-gloved gentry, and find human nature much the same whether encased in homespun or corduroy, and have found men of noble character and generous impulses and big bank balances to their credit, but as many such among the lowly who were compelled to sell their game to pay for the luxury of a day in forest and field. I have met an occasional game hog, but never the "pot-hunter and his yellow dog, that gets ahead of the town sportsman and pot-pies whole coveys on the ground." But if I ever am so unfortunate as to meet him I shall expect to find him encased in a dude suit of corduroy and find his game hanging in the city market soon after he reaches home.

That "field sports were made for a gentleman's recreation" is a revelation to me. I had always supposed that they were made for high and low, rich and poor, all alike; but if they were made for the gentlemen, then I cannot blame the gentlemen for asking special legislation for what they claim as their own.

Bon Ami infers that because in the legal season I handle legitimate game, I am therefore a "game dealer" and not a merchant. Bon Ami in the course of legitimate farming buys, sells and exchanges ducks, geese and chickens. Is he then a poultry dealer in the sense that the term would imply? I am "not pleading ignorance in justification" of the grounds I have taken, but I like to see a subject treated fairly, and since Bon Ami professes such an intimate knowledge of my business life, I will ask him if he remembers, during the time we could almost claim to be neighbors, the fish and the game I introduced, fed and liberated, almost wholly at my own time, trouble and expense, and whether he at the time or since has lent a "helping hand" in the same direction? His deductions as to my estimation of the "farmer's boy" are irrelevant, as I have nothing but kindly feelings and words of praise for the sturdy sons of my early associates; but still I am bigoted enough to believe that not all the good comes from the woods and the fields, and that there may be other boys their equal in everything that goes to form the foundation of manly men.

The fortunate class who can enjoy shooting privileges at their pleasure, who invest small fortunes in club memberships and shooting preserves, are continually deriding the poor and less fortunate class of gunners, who from grim necessity must occupy a lower sphere.

Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel! but "market-hunters," "pot-hunters," "true sportsman," who are thy possessors?

W. W. MCCAIN.

DELAWARE COUNTY FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Chester, Pa., March 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with much interest the manner in which the "Baldwin bill for the appointment of a game and fish warden" in the State of Pennsylvania was championed in your last issue. The writer is anxious for extended publicity of the bill, and I hope his wish will be complied with and its readers dissect the measure with ease.

My opinion of a warden is that he should be an officer that must give his entire time and attention to his work, patrol the streams and forest in the same manner as a policeman on the street. His place of duty should be in the locality where the violations take place, and not sitting in an easy office 100 miles away. To successfully prosecute violations of the fish and game laws, and have the proper evidence, is to arrest the violator while committing the act, and not wait for some citizen to inform the high chief, who sits in Harrisburg, 100 miles away, that such and such offense was committed in Delaware county. He thinks it over, and may send some one to Delaware county to look the case up. Time passes on; the violator does away with all forms of evidence that could be used against him, and defies any one to prove that he violated the law.

The trouble with our Fish and Game Commissioners has been that they never could get an appropriation large enough to successfully carry out the warden service. They have had to depend entirely on men who served without pay, consequently the men appointed were wardens in name only.

The "Baldwin bill" proposes to successfully prosecute all violations of the fish and game laws with an outlay of $6,000. If they would tell me that they were going to dethrone the Queen of England with that amount of money I would have just as much faith in their doctrine.

The bill provides for three deputies in each county, who are to be paid by the county Commissioners, but fails to state what they are to receive or how they are to receive it. It also fails to make the Commissioners provide compensation to pay them with.

From the fact that the local wardens are supposed to chase up the violators, arrest, and secure evidence for their conviction, it seems to me that they are the most essential part of a successful warden service, and should be provided for in the bill in terms that would insure them a just compensation for the services rendered. Until local wardens can secure compensation that will permit them to devote their time and attention to the work our condition will not improve.

It does provide $1,800 for the main warden and $3 per day for ten deputies. I would like to ask every fair-minded man what use ten deputy wardens would be in securing the conviction of the fish and game violators in this great State of Pennsylvania? I never like to make a statement that is not based on facts, but feel that I am safe in saying that I believe this bill is for the sole purpose of furnishing protection to some secluded spot in our State which is controlled by either an individual or an organization. It has the appearance of a deeply-laid scheme to protect some particular stream or game reserve at the expense of the whole State, while the balance of the State must suffer.

How easy it will be for this chief warden to sit in his cosy office at Harrisburg and appoint ten deputies at a salary of $3 per day to go sit along the banks of a certain stream located in a certain place.

This bill should be defeated unless some means are provided to maintain local wardens at a compensation which will be a fair return for the services rendered. No man is going to lose time, sit up at night, take rebuffs, abuse, etc., which he would receive in the performance of his duty, unless he is compensated for it. As I stated before, the successful operation of a warden service depends entirely upon the faithfulness of the local men, who are on the ground and can make arrests when the violations are committed. I would much rather see a bill appropriating $1,800 for warden service, to give eighteen men $100 each, than to see the Baldwin bill become a law.

W. LEVIS BURK.

The Platform Plank.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Platform Plank of FOREST AND STREAM seems to be growing in favor in different parts of the country. I am so situated here that I have a good chance to note the supply of birds, particularly grouse, in this section, and I do not remember a winter when I have seen so few birds as during the past. There is plenty of good cover and abundance of food, but the birds are gone, and I am confident that we want such a law as proposed by FOREST AND STREAM.

C. M. STARK.

Experience with Mongolian Pheasants.

SEATTLE, Wash.—The oddest result of a shot that I ever made was under the following circumstances: My friend Mr. Thomas H. Downing, of the well-known firm of custom-house brokers in New York, was shooting with me on Protection Island in the Straits of San Juan de Fuca. The island is stocked with Mongolian and golden pheasants, contains about 300 acres, and is preserved. We had been shooting a couple of days, no one else having shot there for some weeks, and were going home through a point of woods on the edge of a high bluff just about dusk, when a Mongolian cock rose at my left at the edge of the bluff, and about a dozen yards off. I gave him one barrel and saw him fall on his back, flutter a moment, and that was his end. As there was a barbed wire fence and a dead pine thicket between the bird and us, and as the dog had gone on some distance ahead, I handed my gun to Mr. Downing, marking with it where the bird fell, and went around the thicket to pick up the bird. When there where I had marked the spot, I found not a Mongolian cock, but a golden cock pheasant shot dead, but stone cold, though evidently killed that day, as his bright yellow eye shone clear! Beating the brush thoroughly, I could find no trace of the Mongolian that I knew I had shot, and after a long search I was giving it up and coming out, when at my feet I saw a bronzed ring-neck shot dead, and also stone cold and stiff! To shoot at one bird and bag two others in this manner I guess must "beat the record."

Is there a harder bird to kill than an old Mongolian cock pheasant? I have shot all sorts of birds, from hedge sparrows to goshawks and from the least sandpiper to the tough old "honker," and my observation is that an old "ring-neck" will carry off more shot than any other bird. I have known one to take a full load of No. 5 shot, driven by 4drs. Schultze powder at 40yds., set his wings and sail out of sight. I have seen a similar shot under similar circumstances apparently take effect and the bird lie dead till the dog reached him, when he flew, to be knocked down by a charge of BB and 4drs. of Schultze, and even then he tried to get away. One cock that I killed had half a dozen No. 5 shot embedded and encysted in his breast close to the bone, which had been penetrated by one shot. As for running when wounded, I saw a hen run at least 200yds. with broken leg and wing, and we found that she was running on a stump at that, the lower leg having been shot clean off.

X. Y. Z.

The Flooded Districts.

OSKALOOSA, Ia., March 29.—We are having high waters all over this part of the country and of course we are having a high old time with the ducks. While there are not so many as there were in days gone by, there have been a great many killed, and unless spring shooting is done away with the time will soon come when there will be no ducks.

J. W. F.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 2.—The terrific flood in the Mississippi has played havoc with the game in the bottom. The negroes driven out by the flood are living on the deer and turkeys in the same fix, and much of the game has been drowned. It will take five years of dry weather in that bottom to overcome the effects of this flood.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 3.—The abnormally high waters continue and the great States of the Southwest are as water-soaked as a full sponge; every rain, and they seem without end, rapidly rushes to the rivers, which now are at flood stage all over this section. Immense damage has been done, and in the game regions of southeast Missouri and along the Mississippi River in Tennessee, Arkansas and Mississippi the destruction of game will be enormous. It was not an uncommon sight for railroad engineers to find their tracks covered with game which had fled there to escape the flood, but even railroad embankments are now covered and the game will probably be destroyed. While the floods have been destructive in this direction, they have put a stop to all fresh-water fishing, and there will probably be most excellent sport in this line when the floods subside, which will not be for some weeks to come. Every slough, lake and pond has been filled with water and fish have been able to ascend to all of them.

ABERDEEN.

Decoy Stories.—V.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Hearing a noise among our decoys while duck shooting last fall on Great South Bay, on looking we saw that one of our decoys was missing. The guide and I started to investigate, and saw that what he called a sea toad had one of our decoys in its mouth; the peculiar feature was that the decoy was being swallowed head first. In trying to drag decoy, sea toad and all to the boat (for we were wading with hip boots, the water being shallow), we ran afoul of the other decoys, when the sea toad let go, after which there was much lively kicking by the guide, for the sea toad was mixed up between his legs.

The guide said it was the largest one he ever saw, and judged it to weigh about 150lbs. He said that in all his forty years on the bay he had never seen or heard of such an occurrence.

He showed me a dead one that day as he was poling me through the thatches, as I did not get a good look at the one in the morning, for he cautioned me to keep clear of it; and if what he calls a toadfish or sea toad is not a brother to the octopus or devilfish, arms and all, then I wish some one would enlighten me on that subject.

I would like to know if this is a common occurrence, for I don't think it is or can be without it happening more than once in forty years to an old bayman as Selah Baldwin, of Seafords, L. I., is.

OTTO KEIM.

Mongolian Pheasants in Ohio.

CHIEF WARDEN L. H. REUTINGER, of Ohio, writes as to Mongolian pheasants: We are having excellent luck with the propagation of these noble birds. In our pheasantry at Van Wert, O., we have several hundred that are now beginning to lay. Last November we distributed 200 of these birds with the best results possible. We have just passed through a very rigorous winter without the loss of a single bird; in fact, they are in better condition than they were last fall, and if we have no bad luck we expect to distribute at least 800 birds next November. I find where we have liberated a few pairs of birds in this county in bad weather, or when the ground is covered with snow, they get into the barnyards of the farmers and feed with the chickens. As the weather gets warmer they do not frequent the barnyard, indicating that if they are liberated and treated properly they will stay on the farm on which they are turned loose.

The Grassy Lake Club.

Our Arkansas correspondent J. M. Rose writes: I inclose you a picture of the Grassy Lake Club house, made after the highest style of cane biting photography. The piratical-looking individual on the steps with the Burgess gun is the Rev. J R Howerton, now to our regret living at Charlotte, N. C. I can commend him to the brethren of the gun and rod as a Christian gentleman and a thorough sportsman. I cannot say much for his preaching, for he had a disagreeable and uncalled for way of jumping on my favorite sins. I must say that when he was after some other fellow's sins he was extremely interesting.

The Grassy Lake Club owed its origin to Dr. D. A. Gray, the secretary. He wove a Mayne Reid romance about a large herd of deer led by a monarch of the woods with branching horns that went down the mountain every day to water, turkeys that needed some one to kill them in self-defense, and ducks and geese that darkened the sky. Under these beautiful stories the club grew and prospered.

But the native love of truth that has so hampered me in my profession compels me to say that the only antlered animals I have seen were sundry sawmill goats, and the only turkeys blessing my vision were the exclusive property of Mrs. Thompson. But there were ducks and geese, as will be seen by a few of the former hanging on the porch, the fruits of a trip of the parson and myself to the lake that day. There may be that flock of deer up there. I have heard so, but all liars are not confined to the pages of Forest and Stream.

Above Grassy Lake lies Clear Lake, and we bought that also, fenced it, and have kept the pot-hunters with their nets out of it. The Government helped us stock the waters, and we hope for fine fishing this summer. The bass in the lake are quite large, the aforesaid parson holding high hook with a bass of something over 6lbs. I guess that is true, as he got a lady to certify to it.

Of course the big ones get away, but we strictly enforce the rule of no lying about the fish that got away, or the ducks that were lost in the grass. J. M. Rose.

Michigan Deer Killed for Lumber Camps.

Saginaw, Mich., April 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A traveling man employed by us has just returned from a trip to the upper peninsula of Michigan and briefly reports the following:

"Most of the lumber firms logging in the upper peninsula have hunters out all winter to furnish their camps with venison. I found hunters at Atkinson, Florence, Beechwood and Iron Mountain, and learned that they averaged over a deer per day per man. At certain times, when there is a crust on the snow, they get from three to five per day. There seems to be a general understanding between the hunters and town people, as the latter are fully posted on what is going on."

Now I have reported word for word the report made by our salesman, and he further told me that he met one man who said that his average was about one and a half per day, and that he was hunting for one of the K. C. Co. camps. He seemed to make no bones about it.

If politics could be taken out of our game warden system I wonder if better results in the way of protection would be secured. Perhaps not. Probably our State game warden and his assistants do as much or more work than the salaries paid them warrant; but at the same time it does seem strange that a stop cannot be put to violations of the game laws similar to this. W. B. Mershon.

Maine March Hunters Punished.

If a few more offenders were dealt with as summarily as were three men of Andover, Me., it would act as a wholesome deterrent on other violators of the game laws.

On March 5 these men were seen entering the woods, and shortly after several shots were heard in quick succession. That evening the men hired a team, evidently for the purpose of hauling the deer from the woods. Sheriff Fred A. Porter was informed of these circumstances and commenced an investigation, resulting in the discovery of sleigh tracks in a logging road, which being followed led to a spot where the intestines of one or more deer had been thrown, with other unmistakable evidence of the crime. The men were arrested, and on being placed on trial, while the evidence was strong, it was deemed best to make a search of the house of one of them to prove the guilt of the accused beyond a doubt. The search resulted in the finding of eight deer's feet, with blood still on them, in a pile of sand in the cellar, where they had been buried.

As this was proof positive, one was fined $80 and costs and the others $40 each and costs, which, being unable to pay, they were committed to jail in Paris, Me.—"sadder but wiser men." A. L. Burns.

Sale of Game in Missouri.

St. Louis, Mo.—Some time ago Forest and Stream noted in its columns that a suit against dealers in game was begun in this city. I have not seen in your journal any account of the result of that suit, which ended in a victory for the game dealers. When the case came to trial the defendants made a plea that the law was unconstitutional, and even if it were not it was repealed by a law enacted some years ago.

The first game law legislation, the Missouri game law of 1877, contained provisions covering the possession and selling of game out of season. The law of 1895 repealed the law of '77, but did not have any such clause covering the illegal sale of game. The judge decided in favor of the defendants, and of course the use of game at hotels and the sale at storehouses is now wide open. It is stated that another effort will be made by the Game Protective Association to bring suit against game dealers on another issue, and a more favorable decision is looked for.

Aberdeen.

Rhode Island Wardens.

Secretary M. J. Flaherty, of the Rhode Island Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, has sent out to town supervisors this notice of the game constable law: "Chapter 112, Section 16, of the bird law says 'that every city or town council shall annually, in the month of April, appoint not less than one or more than four persons to act as game constables.' We respectfully desire to call your attention to the importance of electing your game officers in the month of April, as any other time would be illegal and would cause a great deal of annoyance in the interest of protection of game." It will be remembered that important prosecutions have failed because of a careless non-observance of the time of the provision respecting appointment of constables.

Snipe in West Virginia.

Central City, W. Va., April 2.—Though the season has arrived and the wetness of the ground favorable, few, if any, snipe have made their appearance, but some of the spring shooters are looking out for them. I understand that quail cannot be lawfully shot in this State for two years, so then sportsmen will have to come down on the long-eared quadruped to get much fun next fall. N. D. E.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The Tenderfoot's Bear.

Moccasin Bill was a famous Indian fighter, hunter and guide, living in Silver Cliff, Colo. Sportsmen coming from the East or England would hire Bill to take them hunting; and if they didn't kill anything themselves he would see that they took something home with them.

One day a young fellow came to Bill and said he would like to kill a bear. "Well," said Bill afterward, "I didn't think there was a bear within fifty miles; but I told the fellow I'd hitch up and we'd go up on the peak (Hahn's Peak) in the afternoon and see what we could do. We drove up a way and tied the team; he went up a gulch and I took up the middle of the hill, and I'll be blowed if I'd gone 100yds. before I ran plumb on to a brown bear. I let him have it where it 'ud do him the most good; and we skinned him and the young feller took the hide home with him. And, don't you know, that fellow thinks to this day that all you have to do here when you want a bear is to hitch up and go out and bag him." Walrod.

California.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

WHEN THE ICE GOES OUT.

H. E. W.

When April skies are smiling
Through the mist of coming showers,
When the spearlike grass is guarding
The first young, fragrant flowers,
Then our hearts are filled with longings
And our thoughts are all about
The tempting lakes and brooklets
When the ice
Goes
Out.

What matter if the breezes
Should wildly rage and blow,
Or the air be moisture-laden
With the woodland's melting snow.
The chill winds have no terrors,
And our only anxious doubt
Is that we may fail to be there
When the ice
Goes
Out.

So we gather up our tackle
And we feast our hungry eyes
On the omnipresent hackle
And our treasured "fancy" flies,
Which in our dreams we cast before
The wily, wary trout;
For we'll all start off a-fishing
When the ice
Goes
Out.

Portland, Me.

MASSACHUSETTS TROUT.

Boston, April 3.—Brant shooting at Monomoy is rather uncertain this season. A few have been taken and they are mainly young birds. Mr. Warren Hapgood, now over eighty years of age, with Mr. Walter L. Hill as his guest, started for Monomoy on Wednesday. With four or five other gunners they make up the second brant shooting party of the season to Monomoy. Mr. Hapgood, for so many years secretary and treasurer of the Monomoy Brant Club, gave up the office last year, feeling that a younger man should do the work. He is determined to make his annual visits, however, as long as he is as hale and hearty as he is to day. Last year a skunk, shot in a trap, was the only brant either he or Mr. Hill got. This year they expect better sport, though the washing of the sand has destroyed a part of the brant feeding ground there.

The trout season opened in Massachusetts on April 1 with rather more than the usual amount of enthusiasm on the part of the club sportsmen and owners of private waters on the Cape and elsewhere. The weather was fine; it had been fine for many days in fact. There has been very little snow during the past five or six weeks, and the streams were generally free from roil and snow water on the opening day. Good reports have been very quick about coming in, and many sportsmen will follow these reports; as a guide once remarked to me, with a twinkle in his eye: "They are fishing to get the big trout you caught there yesterday." The first trout of the season was seen in Appleton & Basset's window on the opening day. It was a good one, and no April fool. It came up early from the Cape and drew quite a crowd of admirers. Messrs. L. R. Howe and R. B. Blodget brought up from their preserve, in Plymouth, a very handsome basket of trout Friday. Some of the fish went as high as 2lbs., and were all remarkably large for Massachusetts waters. These trout are positively wild trout, and by no means liver-fed. The Monument Club members are a number of them at their preserve, or had not returned this evening. The weather has been fine, and reports say that their sport is unusually good. The Tihonet Club members are also well represented at their preserve on the Cape, with some good fish already caught, though the club members will generally remain over Sunday. E. H. Wakefield, Jr., Edward Brooks and R O. Harding left to day for fishing at a preserve controlled by these gentlemen between Bourne and Monument. They are to fish two or three days, and with the weather as good as it has been for each day since the opening, they will take some creels of trout that will excite the envy of the less fortunate. Mr. Howard Stockton is at Monument fishing. Col. Horton is also fishing in the same direction. He is a salmon fisherman also and a member of the celebrated Restigouche Club. W. K. Churchill and C. S. Anthony are fishing a preserve in Sandwich. Cranberry bog stream and pond fishing is proving to be very popular with Boston sportsmen The owners of the bogs are also particularly interested, allowing their men to keep guard and prevent poaching. They are interested not only for what the sportsmen pay them, but they have a notion that the trout destroy the larvæ of the insects that are destructive to their berries.

Waldron Bates and G. Gorham Peters are at their trout preserve on the Cape, or were at the date of this writing. The Tihonet Club people have been at their preserve for some days, they include Mr. J Russell Read, Mr. Shattuck and several others. Good fishing is reported. The Boston & Maine Railroad is already awake to the possibilities of the coming sporting season. At the window of the ticket office, on Washington street, they have a fine specimen of a brook trout, mounted by Crosby, and weighing, before mounting, 8½lbs The specimen is the property of S. B. Gates, Presque Isle House, Aroostook county, Me. Special.

In the Connecticut Legislature.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An editorial in your issue of March 27 so thoroughly represents what I have advocated to the General Assembly of this State for the last three sessions that I feel inclined to offer your readers some brief comment. I am not alone here in Connecticut in support of the "uniform code" advocated by that grand representative of the American sportsman, Mr. Charles Hallock; our present Commissioners of Fisheries and Game are ardent supporters of such a code. Three men of rare judgment and keen interest in their work are Messrs. Williams, Collins and Bill, and our genial Governor showed rare judgment in reappointing them for a second term. Nor do I and others forget the generous support accorded to our bill to remodel the Fish Commission into a Fish and Game Commission, by the Hon. O. Vincent Coffin and his friends in 1895.

But when you enter the legislative branch of our State government you find a condition vastly different. The State Senate has generally been fair in dealing with these questions, and seems willing to correct or modify bills not in accord with its judgment rather than kill them outright; but in the House all is different. A bill of importance will produce a scene that is unparalleled by any class of legislation. Let it be known that the bill is advocated by city sportsmen, and it will be riddled by amendments and finally indefinitely postponed. A proposition to change our trout law by cutting off two weeks of early fishing and adding two weeks in July, so as to encourage more fly and less bait fishing, was met by a storm of abuse; one to stop snaring on one's own land was used in the same manner, notwithstanding the recent decision of the Supreme Court that no person had a qualified right in game birds, and that they were public property.

A bill to permit the Commissioners to make special regulations concerning inland waters stocked by them, and to make uniform our special laws and post such laws and regulations on the shores of such waters so a stranger might know what they were, was stamped as the most "audacious piece of legislation ever proposed;" and then, to wind up with, the "farmers" have served notice that they do not believe in State hatcheries (except for shad), and will cut the appropriation for the work of the Commission down where it will probably do little good. Such is the situation here, and if any person in Connecticut thinks I have misstated it let him reply through your columns. We have a representation here in Connecticut based upon the number of acres in a township and not upon the population therein. Can we look for anything better in the future? C. W. Hall.

March 29.

Moosehead Lake Association.

Greenville, Me., Moosehead Lake, March 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yours of the 5th inst. was received just as I was starting on a snowshoe trip up the lake and have not been able to reply until now.

The Moosehead Lake Protective Association has been formed here for the purpose of mutual protection of the interests of the guides who ply their vocation in this region, and who constitute the largest proportion of the membership, to foster the summer travel to this locality, and also to act in a concerted manner in affording protection to fish and game when protected by law, and looking to the enforcement of all fish and game laws, and the enactment of such as are beneficial and practical.

Under the new law all guides are required to take out a license. We shall endeavor to see that no alien is given a license, or in fact any one who is not reliable as a canoeman or woodsman. Many guides come to Maine each season from the Provinces. They have no respect for our laws and allow many so-called "sportsmen" to wantonly kill game out of season. They guide for a year or two, and then are seen no more. We desire to put a stop to such work. We also propose to formulate certain rules under which all parties are to be guided, tending to correct abuses on both sides which have crept into the relations between us and our employers, hoping to make such relations more cordial and satisfactory.

Mutual improvement will not be neglected, and our aim shall be to lay hold of all that is elevating and instructive in the great domain of nature, to whose heart we are so closely drawn as woodsmen. Edgar E. Harlow,

Sec'y Moosehead Lake Protective Association.

Black Bass Caught Through the Ice.

Some time ago I noted in your columns a question as to whether black bass would take bait through the ice in winter. I can answer this with a very positive "They do." In Fisher's Lake in southern Michigan, when a boy, I caught black bass by fishing through the ice; live bait was used, and while fishing was best during the spring, black bass were caught the whole winter through. They were not dormant by any means, as was frequently demonstrated when biting would begin on one side of the smaller lake, and as the fish moved onward there would be biting over the whole grounds for an hour or so, or until the schools had moved off. This lake, however, was fed by springs, which may account for the activity of the fish. Besides black bass there were caught pickerel, yellow perch, white bass, and occasionally a rock bass or sunfish. I remember catching one sunfish at the depth of about 40ft. Aberdeen.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXXVIII.—Alvah Dunning.

ONLY men who possess strongly marked personalities are capable of making strong friends and as equally strong enemies. The truth of this has been well shown in the replies to letters asking for information about the old woodsman who is probably the oldest of Adirondack guides. Carefully sifting these replies, it seems that Alvah is well liked by sportsmen whom he has served, and by a few dwellers in and around the great region of mountains and lakes which comprise about one-third of the great State of New York. Others dislike him, and among Adirondack guides he is, for some reason, the most unpopular man in the woods. To me any old man in the woods is interesting, and as individuality crops out more strongly in men who have never assumed the mask of civilization, we will try to see him with unprejudiced eyes.

Alvah will be eighty one years old next June. He is tall, spare and wiry. A look at his picture, taken a few years ago by Stoddard, will show that his strongly marked face is full of character, grit and determination, and it looks like a face that could not be developed outside the woods. You can see that he dressed himself before he would pose for Stoddard, and that his new hat must be "taken" at all hazards. That is not the hat that the old man would wear when tracking a deer or poking through the brush up a stream to observe where the otter "uses." This proves that Alvah is really human and has his vanities as well as the rest of mankind.

It was in 1865 that I first met Alvah and fished for trout with him in the Brown Tract Inlet and Racquette Lake. I was then regaining health after a long struggle all summer, and a couple of weeks with Alvah put on the finishing touches.

The old man—he was "old" to me then—took good care of me, and I returned much improved. His talk of woods life was very entertaining, and it was only a few weeks afterward that I became acquainted with his mortal enemy, Ned Buntline, also a fishing companion, so that I got Alvah's story while it was fresh. Friends of each man have so mixed up the case that it resembles the histories of Bonaparte as written by a French or an English pen.

Although these sketches appear in the columns of 'Sea and River Fishing," there has been no attempt to tell fishing stories; the idea of the writer being to sketch the characters of men with whom he had incidentally fished; and if upon any occasion he had sat upon one end of a log for ten minutes with a man who was fishing on the other end, then the other fellow was his victim for sketching as one of the "Men I Have Fished With," and his pen-portrait published so that his individuality might stand out, if the pen was able to make it prominent.

Therefore my trouting on this trip is skipped and the man is taken up. Said he: "These woods is a-gittin' too full o' people fer comfort—that is, in summer time; fer they don't bother the trappin' in the winter; but they're a-runnin' all over here in summer a-shootin' an' a-fishin', but they don't kill much, nor catch many fish; but they git in the way, an' they ain't got no business here disturbin' the woods."

"They pay you well for working for them, don't they, Alvah?"

"Yes, they do, durn 'em; or I wouldn't bother with 'em; but I druther they'd stay out o' my woods. They'll come anyhow, an' I might as well guide 'em, fer ef I don't some un else will, but I druther they'd keep their money and stay out of the woods. I can make a livin' without 'em, an' they'd starve to death here without me. They're the durndest lot of cur'osities you ever seen; know more about guns an' killin' deer than any man in the woods, but when it comes to fishin' tackle you'd oughter see it."

This talk occurred after we had fished several days and had looked over the otter "uses" and other interesting things to be found in the wilderness, and the old man's remarks seemed to be so severely personal that they provoked me to say: "I am very sorry to have disturbed you, and will go back home in the morning."

The old man looked up and said: "I didn't mean you; 'cause you seem to know how to sit inter a boat an' to know the voices of the birds an' how to fish. Now don't you go an' take a meanin' outer my words that I didn't mean."

"All right, Alvah! But if these people don't kill much game or fish they can't disturb you much, and I'm a little curious to know why you object so much to their coming here. The woods belong largely to the State, and they certainly have the right to come into them." This had the desired effect; it made the old man angry and drew his fire.

"Yes," he said, after turning the thing over in his mind in the deliberate manner common to men of the woods, "that's the worst of it; they've got a right to come here and disturb men who've made their homes in these woods all their lives, and many of 'em 's fools. I hate fools, don't you?"

Here was a chance to classify fools and to quote Touchstone: "I met a fool in the forest;" but that course might not have drawn the old man out, so I simply said: "I dunno, why?"

"Oh, they pester one so. A few years ago one came up here and tried to make me believe the world is round and turns over upside down in the night, and they all believe it, all of 'em, every durned one that I've spoke to about it. What d' ye think o' that?"

"I think they're wrong, of course, for we can see that these lakes don't spill out in the night. Yet this world can't be as flat as a pancake, for here are the mountains which disprove that, and as for turning over —"

"You don t believe it?"

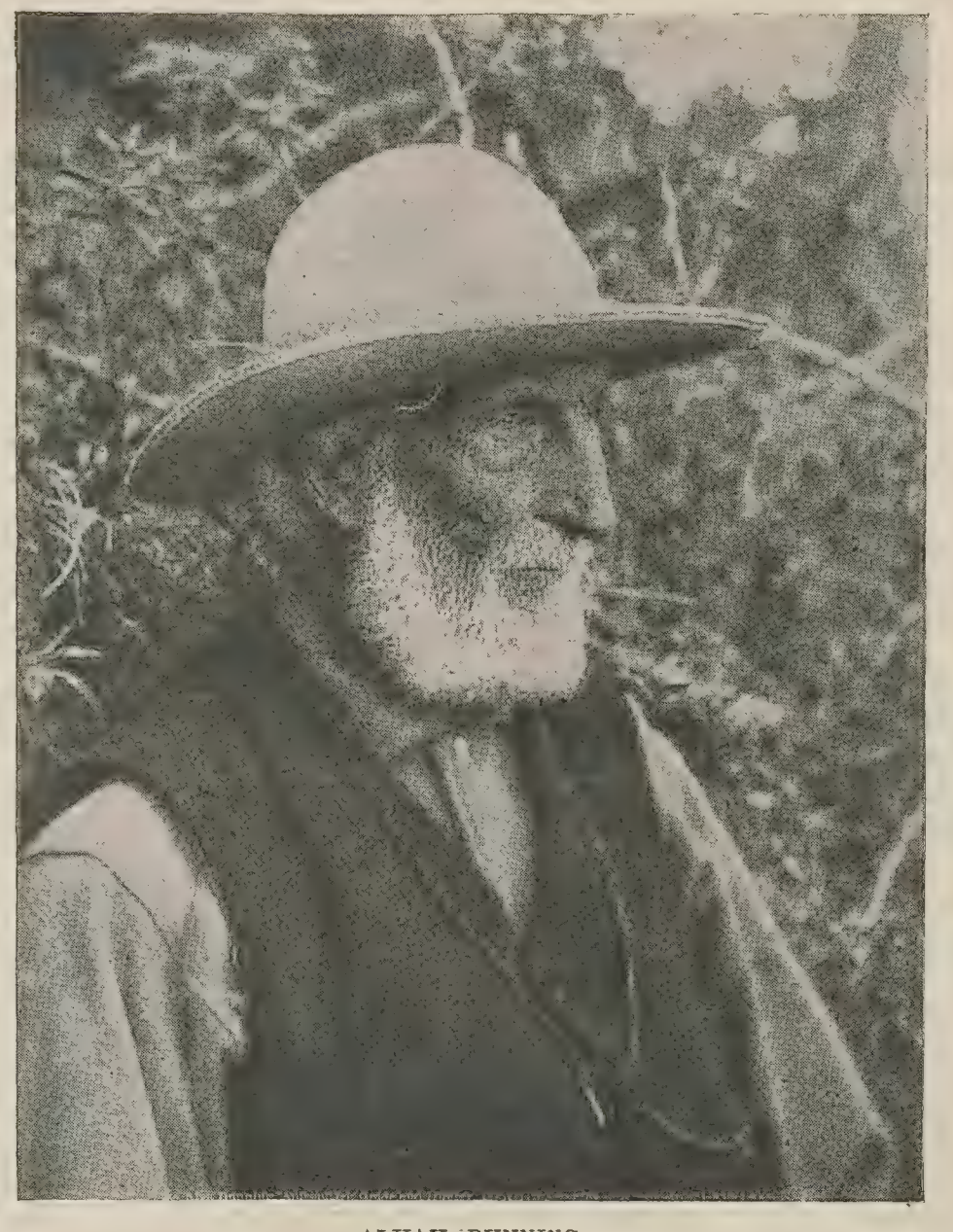
"Not a word of it!" And we were friends.

When we met again in 1882 he recalled the trip, and at his camp on Racquette Lake he said: "Times is different now, an' wus. In them days nobody said a word if a poor man wanted a little meat an' killed it, but now they're a-savin' it until the dudes get time to come up here an' kill it, an' some of 'em leave a deer to rot in the woods, an' on'y take the horns ef it's a buck, or the tail ef it's a doe, just so's they can brag about it when they go home, an' they'd put me in jail ef I killed a deer when I needed meat. I dunno what we're a-comin' to in this free country."

There was nothing to be said on this subject and I said it. When dinner time came he called me from the lake, and as we two sat at table said: "There's some cold boiled ham and here's a stew o' mountain mutton. Mebbe it's agin your principles to eat our mutton in June, so I sot out the ham. I'm goin' to eat the mutton, you can do as you like."

Ham can be had at any lunch counter. The deer had been killed, and a refusal to eat a portion of it would not restore it to life. Writing of it at this late day recalls Wilmot Townsend's picture of the flight of fourteen ducks and the query below: "Where would you hold?" The Lady or the Tiger?

While Alvah is unpopular with many of the modern woodsmen, he has warm friends, and this proves that he has sterling qualities in his manly make-up which are overlooked by those who revile him as "an old pot-hunter." In the mass of letters from men who know him this term occurs three times and proves the statement that begins this biography. Alvah Dunning still lives and is well worth a visit from any man who loves to study a type of man which is rapidly passing. Mr. Charles H. Bennett, the well-known Adirondack host, now of The Antlers, on Racquette Lake, takes it upon himself that the old man shall be cared for in the winter; and Mr. J. H. Higby, who runs the summer camp on Big Moose Lake, also keeps an eye out for this last of the old-timers of a period before the Adirondacks became a fashionable resort.



ALVAH DUNNING.

From photograph, copyright, 1891, by J. R. Stoddard.

Forty years ago Alvah and one of his brothers visited relatives at Albany, Ill., and his brother died there. That one visit satisfied Alvah with the outside world and he returned to Lake Pleasant, and since that time he has never been outside of Hamilton county, N. Y., where he has lived by hunting, trapping and guiding. The younger generation are disposed to crowd the old man out of the woods on account of his following his belief that game is free at all times to those who need it and that the State has no right to pass laws concerning it. In conversation with me, my old friend and guide E. L. Sheppard ("Jack") said: "I have known Alvah for thirty years, and he is an affable, hospitable man of the old style, all of whom looked on game laws as infringements on the rights of men who live in the woods. He is the last of a type that has passed. He kills a deer when he needs it, catches a trout out of season to bait his trap, firmly believes it a sin to kill wastefully, and destroys less game than many who cry out against him." There you have the opinion of one of the best of the Adirondack guides, as well as a picture of the man.

Mr. Bennett, of The Antlers, tells me that Alvah will not write any more, but in a recent interview with him he got the following from Alvah: "In 1858 Ned Buntline came into the woods to get away from civilization and write novels. Ned built a cabin on Eagle Lake which he called Eagle's Nest and hired Alvah to work for him. They quarreled and Ned killed Alvah's hounds and they threatened to kill each other. In 1865 Alvah built a camp on Racquette Lake, where he lived alone, trapping, drawing his fur on a hand sled fifty-five miles to Boonville and bringing back provisions. It took a week to make the trip. One winter his skins of otter, fisher, marten, mink and bear brought him $743. In 1874 his camp on Sunny Island was burned and he lost everything he owned. That fall he built a camp on Eighth Lake, Fulton Chain, to get out of the way of travel, but in a few years returned to Racquette and built at Brown's Tract Inlet, where he now lives, a much disgruntled man, who says the people are wandering all over and spoiling the woods. Fifty years ago the Adirondacks was indeed a wilderness known to but a few sportsmen. There were but few boats in it and no mode of travel except by water. Here Alvah Dunning lived, hunted and reigned supreme in 'his woods.'"

Alvah's father was also a hunter, and in 1804 moved from Vermont to Lake Pleasant, in Hamilton county, N. Y., where Alvah was born a dozen years later. If there is anything in heredity Alvah had the advantage of it, for his father was not only a trapper, but also a noted Indian fighter under Sir William Johnston before and during the Revolutionary War. Shortly after that war a few men were in a village tavern talking over Revolutionary exploits when an Indian—of whom there were several in the company—boasted of having committed a particularly atrocious murder of a young white woman who had lived in the vicinity during the war. Dunning caught up a bundle of traps that lay near him and crushed the Indian's skull by a single blow. He was tried for his life and acquitted. With such a father and such an environment, the younger Dunning naturally became a perfect woodsman.

Rev. Thomas G. Wall, D.D., of New York city, to whom much of the information in this sketch is due, says: "Dunning has lived like an Indian, and forty years ago he looked like one, and is a very close imitation of some of Cooper's models—silent, stealthy in movement, full of resources; he could almost speak the language of the animals. I have seen him, by a peculiar chipper, call a mink from its hiding place in the rocks and shoot it, and have known him to bring a deer back into the water by bleating and making the noise of wading. Dunning was a true sportsman, never allowing more fish or game to be taken than was needed. He was employed by our party in 1856, when I first met him, and I have been with him many times since, and always enjoyed his society. Indeed, his excellence, when in his prime, was so generally known that it excited much of the enmity with which he was regarded by some, for if he could be had he was always first choice."

When I met Alvah the last time—some half dozen years ago—he was living in the past. The future had nothing in store but the destruction of the forests, or, what was as bad, their being run over by tourists or the building of expensive "camps" by wealthy men. The good times were in the distant past, when he never saw a strange face unless he went into the settlements. "They're puttin' steamboats on the lakes to scare the trout to death, an' have built a railroad into Old Forge. They've put a lot o' black bass into Racquette Lake to eat up the few trout that's left; an' what good anyone sees in a black bass is more'n I know."

To encourage him to talk, I said: "The black bass is a gamy fish—not as gamy nor as good for table as a trout—and I suppose they thought 'em better'n no fish;" and so I excused the crime of putting bass in Adirondack waters just to see what Alvah would say.

He said: "They ain't a bit better than a sucker out of a cold brook, either to eat or to bait a trap and as for game—well, I fish for fish when I want 'em, an' don't fool away my time playin' a trout, lettin' him run off an' then reelin' him up just to see the pole bend. When I hook a fish I use tackle that will stand it and bring him in 'thout watchin' his fightin' qualities, but I show him some of mine if he's got time to think about 'em afore he's my fish. No, sir, them black bass is the worst thing they could have put in these waters—worse'n pickerel, for the young pickerel can be eaten by a trout because his fins are soft, but these bass are like big sunfish, and not a bit better."

The old man was not far out of the way in this matter. He had watched the new fish, and sized them up in his own fashion. The State Fish Commission had put the fish in the waters—or rather Seth Green did it in the name of the Commission, for in that early day he ran the work as he pleased—but the result was a howl, and a law was passed restraining the Commission from planting certain fishes in Adirondack waters.

About this time there was a discussion in the papers as to the scream of the panther, as the North American cougar, or puma, is called in the East, and while I was positive that I had heard one when a boy I wanted the opinion of the old woodsman, and as he was baiting his hook I said: "Some people say that a panther screams and others say it never does. What's your opinion?"

He unhooked a trout and replied: "A panther is like a cat, hunts like a cat, always still. Now a cat is a silent animal and never makes a noise unless it wants something. A dog will bark just to hear his own voice, but a cat 'll lie around the stove for a week and never make a sound unless it needs something. If it's hungry it may meow a little just to let you know it, but that is different from a mating call. Now, when the panther wants to find one of its kind it can get up a good loud screech. It's got to, for they ain't plenty and that call has got to go miles through the woods. Yes, they can put up a good stiff call for a partner when they want one, but they don't do it often A man might be in these woods a hundred years and not hear a panther call more'n half a dezen times. They don't do it often and they are never plenty, like deer and bears."

"How long since there were any wolves in the Adirondacks, Alvah?"

"Wall, I don't just know azackly. When I was a boy they was common an' you could hear 'em howl o' nights along the lakes or up the mountains, an' we used to shoot 'em an' trap 'em, but never did no p'izinin', like the' do out West. Let's see! They was plenty up to about the time Gineral Taylor died. When was that?"

'That was in 1850."

"The wolves went off about that time; some said they went into Canada an' some thought they died. I guess if they'd a died we'd a seen some o' their bones som'ers, but a few was around here durin' the war, in the 60s, an' I killed a big one then, but ain't seen none since. Some men say they've seen 'em o' late years off toward the Saranacs, but I can't say. While the war was goin' on there wa'n't so many men comin' to the woods an' things picked up a little."

Last fall the New York *Sun* published an account of "the last Adirondack moose." According to the writer of it the

moose was killed by Henry Wiley, of Salisbury, Herkimer county; Frank Faville, of St. Lawrence county, and Jed Thompson, now dead. It was early in the winter of 1858, and the game was killed between the Canada lakes and Pleasant Lake after a long chase of two days, and the writer says that a moose had not been killed in the Adirondacks in twenty years.

The fact is that Alvah Dunning killed the last Adirondack moose in March, 1863. I did not correct the writer in the *Sun*, although disposed to do so at first.

"When I was a boy," said Alvah, "moose was plenty in these woods. Once father an' I killed five in one day, an' hauled the most o' the meat on sleds to the settlement an' sold it."

When the last moose was killed Alvah and Ben Batchelor were following a wounded bear that the former had shot the day before. They found the bear and killed it and then came upon the track of two moose, a bull and a cow. They killed the bull that day and followed the cow all the next, and killed her just at nightfall. Perhaps it's just as well; for it is doubtful if one moose would be left a year from now if a hundred were turned loose in the Adirondacks. The size of an animal increases the desire to kill it, in most men, but between ourselves I would prefer to kill a woodcock, or a grouse on the wing, to dropping several hundred pounds of meat in its tracks.

Dr. Wall asked Alvah how many moose he thought he had killed and the old man answered: "Oh, I don't hardly know, never kept any count, but I guess nigh on to a hundred." And then he told how on one of his early moose hunts he had got separated from his father, killed a moose about nightfall on a cold night, had no matches and rolled himself in the warm skin and slept, to find himself frozen in at daybreak.

Writing of Alvah Dunning brings a desire to spend a month in his cabin, jot down his stories and make a closer study of the most interesting man now living in the Adirondacks. We all look back on wasted opportunities, and while enjoying his company I never thought of taking notes for the purpose of writing him up. The man who approaches Alvah Dunning in the right way will get his confidence and enjoy it, but his opinions of the revolution of the earth on its axis, and of the injustice of the game laws to woodsmen, are too firmly fixed to be meddled with. Let the old man alone, wink at his killing a deer when he needs "mutton," or a trout when he wants to vary his diet, if he lives for twenty years he will never do as much harm to the fish and game of the woods as some of the so called sportsmen. He does not float for deer on summer nights and kill the first thing that his jack-light shows has a pair of shining eyes, whether buck, or doe with fawn by her side. If he needs "mutton" in summer he prefers a buck to a nursing doe.

Young men, some little concession—charity, if you will—should be extended to this man who was born in the woods and considers it his by right of prior discovery and settlement years before you were born. I would be the last man to tell the story of mountain mutton if Alvah cared about it. I saw no hide, hoofs nor horns, and under oath I do not know of what I partook further than it was good meat. The game laws are all right, but no right-thinking man should use them to oppress the old hunter whose only larder is the woods in which he was born a steward. Sock it to me if you catch me, or to any other man who pretends to shoot or fish for sport, violating those wholesome laws which are made for our benefit and which it is a crime for us to violate, but the strict letter need not be enforced on the man whose whole life has been spent in a struggle for existence in the forest, and who could not live out of it. Put yourself in his place!

FRED MATHER.

FISH AND FISHING.

THIS is the season when the mystic bond of sympathy among anglers manifests itself at every opportunity, and a frequent method of salutation is: "Hello! Got your fishing tackle ready?" or "How are you? Going into the woods this spring?" A long pre-existing friendship between anglers is not always requisite to bring out such a greeting. The fact that each knows the other to be a true sportsman is sufficient, being a guarantee that they are mutually worthy of recognition and that the topic introduced is one of common interest.

It may be a little early yet to inspect your rod, reel, lines, hooks, flies and other fishing appliances; but nevertheless you feel like doing it, and if you yield to the impulse it is not strange. You may be sure there are others who are experiencing similar sensations, and, giving up as you have done to inclination, are now engaged in looking over their tackle, at the same time allowing free play to fancy. Their imagination entertains them with glowing pictures of what is before them on their anticipated spring outing in the wilderness, all of which are based upon, or to a considerable degree influenced by, the kinetoscopic views of past experience kindly furnished by memory.

What a tempting picture memory paints for us as our thoughts revert to bygone days spent on our favorite trout brooks! There is nothing wanting in foreground, background, perspective or tone to make a harmonious whole. No human artist could so truly depict on canvas the well-remembered scenes, or even approximately reproduce the beauty of those balmy spring hours. We see the distant Adirondack mountain summits enveloped in translucent blue haze, and intervening a vast, undulating expanse of gray tree tops. The nearer trees and shrubbery show the delicate green of the newly developing foliage, which in those more remote is lost in a preponderance of somber perennial tints. Above all is a cerulean sky, and the whole landscape is bathed in a warm, mellow light. Naught remains to remind one of the long winter which so reluctantly departed, save occasionally an isolated little patch of snow in some sheltered nook in the woods. The robins are singing among the maples while prospecting for a satisfactory building site for their summer home, the voices of bluebirds, thrushes and song sparrows are heard in chorus. The rattling notes of the kingfisher perched on the dead limb of a tree near by, the nervous cry of the bluejays among the balsams, and the chatter of the red squirrels in an adjacent thicket reach the ear.

The open bark camp, with the fire in front eating its way through the big pile of birchen logs; the blue smoke ascending in graceful curls; the steaming coffee-pot, suspended from a pole, where the blaze will just reach the bottom; and the frying-pan, in which the trout are nicely browned—all have the old familiar look.

We see the sparkling stream as it winds through the recesses of the forest, babbling and laughing over rocks, and dashing and splashing into dark pools. And again we behold it as it emerges from the woods and flows peacefully and indolently for a time, as if desirous in the broad stillwater of obtaining a little rest after its lively chase through the woodland. Then, as it at length becomes more energetic, we see it, with volume augmented by that of other streams which have joined it, rushing swiftly through narrow channels, carved by the constant wear of ages in a bed of granite, and anon leaping boldly from a ledge and tumbling in boisterous tumult in the foaming basin below. Thence we follow it through the gorge as it races over submerged boulders or plashes against and over protruding ones, its swirling current eventually calming down as it enters into and passes through verdant meadows and pasture lands.

We catch a glimpse of the dancing waters as they glisten in the sunlight on the rifts, where many a well-filled creel has followed the temptation of the speckled beauties. Once more we gaze on the placid surface of the alder-fringed stillwater, which is disturbed only by the upward leap and downward plunge of its carmine-spotted denizens, or we recognize the deeply shadowed pool 'neath the overhanging spruces, where more than one 2-pounder has succumbed after a bravely fought battle.

But there are some points in these pictures of memory, not manifest at first, which closer scrutiny will bring out, though by no means as strongly as the ones previously alluded to. Those things which we enjoy learning are apt to be longest remembered; and this is fortunate, for thus the general aspect of memory's paintings is rendered pleasing, and the involuntary impressions we receive from them are vastly more agreeable than they would be if all the unpleasant minutæ which analysis reveals were at once apparent. It is only by adjusting a mental opera glass that we bring to view the less agreeable features.

Very likely, if we take the trouble and linger long enough over the pictures of our trouting outings, we may discover that there were troublesome mosquitoes or black flies around at those times; that the water in which we were compelled to wade while angling was uncomfortably cold; that there were slippery rocks in the creek which were the cause of enforced, unexpected and unwelcome baths; that our artificial flies had a provoking tendency to alight on the limb of a tree and far out of reach, and that the big trout, the monarch of the stream, took the proffered lure at sight, but with equal promptness parted the line or leader and disappeared.

But what does it matter? The pictures are pleasing to look upon just the same, and perhaps after all what we enjoy is made more enjoyable by contrast with these less desirable features. A child once defined memory as "the thing I forget with;" but luckily this is not the case with everyone. Memory is a faithful artist, if provided with the proper materials to work with and agreeable subjects to paint from, and is a friend deserving of careful cultivation. Let us strive, then, as we go along, to make the most and best of life, laying by a store of intellectual treasures and pleasant thoughts suggested by manly and kindly deeds, from which memory can draw in times when their cheering and wholesome influence will be helpful.

While looking over my fly-book to-day and "reading between the lines," or, perhaps more properly, reading among the snells, hooks and feathers, as my lines are kept elsewhere, my eyes rested upon a 6ft. leader with three flies attached—a coachman, a red hackle and a Proctor. The flies gave evidence of having seen active service and the coachman looked as if he were deserving of a pension. The engagement in which they received their injuries occured on a little lake in the Adirondacks one day last summer, and the speckled beauties against whom they were pitted fought gamely. As a result of the encounter my creel was so well filled after a few hours' fishing that, having taken all our party of four could utilize, I abruptly terminated the contest while the trout were still fierce for the attack. It does not often happen in these days that the angler for brook trout ceases fishing simply for the reason that he has captured all he wants, but such was my experience on this lake on two occasions last June. But memories suggested by tattered flies form almost too fruitful a topic to open up at this time. The days are coming, however, and they are not far distant, when anglers will be busying themselves trying to hit upon a combination of flies that will prove taking to the trout. If any one who reads this article chances to be puzzled to know what kind to use while fishing on any of the smaller Adirondack lakes in early summer, my advice is to give the trio mentioned a fair trial. Possibly the fly known as the Reuben Wood might serve the same purpose as the Proctor, which is very similar in its make-up, but not quite as well known as the former. The chief point of difference in the two is that, while the body of the Reuben Wood fly is made of white chenille, that of the Proctor is of pale pink tipped with three turns of olive-brown chenille, a change suggested by T. R. Proctor, of Utica, the well-known hotel proprietor, who has had a good deal of experience with the trout in the Bisby Lake region.

Some of the veteran fishermen in Utica and vicinity have an old saying upon which they place much dependence, and this is that the time to go after brook trout is when the leaves on the alder bushes are as large as a mouse's ear. Others look to the butternut trees for a signal, as it is believed that the trout bite the best just after their leaves begin to show the green. One expert angler, who when he goes after speckled trout almost invariably meets with excellent success, says that for stream fishing there is no time like that when the lilacs are in bloom. The trout will usually be found on the rifts at this time. He claims the rule will hold good nine years out of ten. There is, however, once in a while a season when the streams become very low immediately after the spring freshets, and remain so for weeks at a time, there being no heavy rains to raise them. Under such conditions, or when there is a prolonged hot spell in May and early June, the trout spend but little if any time on the rifts, preferring to resort at once to the cold beds or spring holes, where they remain all summer. These of course are exceptional seasons, and at such times the stream fishing is very poor, even when the lilacs are in blossom.

The brook trout occasionally acts in a manner which is extremely tantalizing to the angler, and doubtless every lover of the rod and reel could relate some experience in which he has been mystified by their peculiar behavior. I well remember a June afternoon spent on the rifts on the West Canada Creek, below Wilkinson's Hotel, in the town of Wilmurt, Herkimer county. It was a warm day, and the sun shone so brightly that objects in the bed of the stream where the water was not too deep were plainly discernable quite a long distance ahead. After 3 P. M. the stream seemed literally alive with trout ranging from ¼ to ½lb. in weight; but although they were jumping on all sides of me, oftentimes in very close proximity, and frequently could be seen in the water apparently on the lookout for food, not one could be induced to rise to my flies. I fished with a long leader and three flies, changing the latter several times in hopes of finding one that would tempt the speckled beauties. I tried a long cast for a while and then used a short line. Finally I baited the hooks with angleworms; but all in vain, not a trout would deign to take the lure. I noticed that there was a small brownish-white fly on the water, and it was these insects which the trout were taking.

It was not far to Paull's boardinghouse, where our party was stopping, and about 5 o'clock I decided to go back there and try and rig up a fly which more resembled those on the water than any which could be found in my book. Accordingly I very reluctantly left the stream, and returning to the house spent half an hour in searching the premises for a suitable feather. I finally found in the barnyard a hen's feather which I thought might answer the purpose, and hastily attaching this to a hook I hurried back to the creek. Wading into the water again, I once more began casting about, this time with the new fly on the lead. I succeeded in getting a rise now and then, and caught perhaps half a dozen small trout; but the speckled beauties, although still jumping freely, seemed reluctant to strike the fly which I had taken so much trouble to fit up for them. At length I tried the experiment casting up stream, and this plan proved successful; for whenever and wherever the flies struck the water and temporarily sank beneath the surface they were seized by a trout, and I speedily had my creel filled. It was not an uncommon thing to take two or three fish at a cast, for as soon as one took the new fly, which was always preferred, the others were in demand. On one or two other occasions I have had a like experience, and always obtained good results by the use of a browish-white fly cast up stream.

An expert angler, who for many years has frequented G Lake in the Adirondacks, recently told me of an incident in one of his trips which is quite in this line. There were four in his party and all went out on the lake fishing one afternoon, occupying two boats. It was early in the season and quite cold. The gentleman who told me the story said that he and his guide fished unsuccessfully for awhile and the other boat went to the further end of the lake. "Finally," said the narrator, "I saw a small black object on the water close by, and on closer inspection decided it was the back fin of a big trout. I cast my flies toward the fish, but he ignored them. Very soon after this the surface of the lake in that direction seemed fairly to teem with trout and all were headed in the same direction. For some time we tried to get them to take our flies, but without avail. Then the boat drifted over where the trout were and they disappeared. In course of a few minutes, however, we pulled back toward where we had seen the fish and found they were up again. After repeated experiments I at length discovered that by using a very light-colored fly, casting as far as possible from the boat and allowing the flies to sink just below the surface before drawing them toward me, I could tempt the trout to seize them. This method we worked successfully for quite a time, and my friends in the other boat, who had returned and joined us, followed my suggestions and we speedily had all the speckled beauties we could dispose of. The fish ranged in weight from a ½lb. to 2lbs."

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., March.

In the Blue Ridge.

HIGHLANDS, N. C., March 19.—Looking northward from the cotton fields of South Carolina one fine morning about two weeks ago, I saw for the first time the sky line of the Blue Ridge cutting the clear air some forty miles away. The sight of those peaks was exhilarating. I had read of them and of their history—their Indians and antiquities—their settlement by the whites, the battles which ensued; of their deer, bears, quail, turkeys and trout; their minerals and flora, and I desired a nearer view. I came, but I have not seen—that is, not much. This is because of the rain and mist which this season seems to have a special spite against the sightseer, and which is so thick that I can cut it with my hunting-axe.

This reminds me that in Mr. Hough's entertaining account of his winter expedition through the deserts between Chicago and Michigan City the comfort and well-being of the outfit was seriously endangered because of the short handle of their axe.

For many years it has been my practice to carry in the forest an axe weighing, with the handle, about 2½lbs., and measuring over all 28½in.

I inclose an outline sketch of this implement, which, though sometimes a little more in the way than a "pocket-axe," is easily carried in a suitable loop, and in my experience has paid for the little additional trouble it may have occasioned. There is no extra flummery about this axe—it is straight business, and anybody can get one if he chooses.

I observe that the tracing makes the handle appear somewhat wider than the original—perhaps ⅜in.

On Walden's Ridge, in Tennessee, where I passed the winter, there was no shooting or fishing worth the mention. Some gray squirrels and rabbits, a very few turkeys, and scarcely any quail or grouse, are what one may look for if he cares to shoot. Perhaps before I leave these mountains I may find something to write about.

I inclose a few leaves of the galax, which is said to be found nowhere but on the Blue Ridge and on the mountains of Japan.

KELPIE.

Trout Streams in Central New York.

ITHACA, N. Y., April 1.—The trout streams in this part of the State are practically free from snow water, and all the conditions point to a successful opening day a couple of weeks and as many days hence.

The irrepressible brook trout angler, in joyful anticipation of the event, has unlimbered his tackle and daily does a two-step with becoming agility.

M. CHILL.

ANGLING NOTES.

At the Sportsman's Exposition.

IN one of the fly-casting contests Mr. C. H. Mowry, of Syracuse, was on the platform and casting as perfectly as possible in everything but distance, and it was for distance that he was casting. His fly would come straight as a die out over the tank from 6 to 10 or 15ft. above the water at the end of the cast, and then die away or curl back on the leader or line. In no contest in which I served as one of the judges was the fly at the end of the cast so far above the water as when Mr. Mowry was casting. The judges commented upon the fact that the fly did not do what it should in the way of dis'ance for such admirable casting so far above the water when the limit of the cast was reached, but it was not within their province to tell the caster, and so a friend in the audience back of the judges informed him that there was something wrong with his shooting of the line. When he stepped down with a mark of 72ft. I told him that if his fly had had any push behind it he would have made a better record, and he said he knew it, but he could not understand why his fly died away so, nor why his line would not shoot when his rod and line were straight and going level. After the contest Mr. T. B Mills took up the same rod for practice, and after casting for a few minutes remarked that something was wrong, and reeled in to examine his tackle. He found that in about the middle of the tip the line passed through a rod ring and then around the tip before it passed through the next ring, making what might be called a cinch against record-breaking Later I met Mr. Mowry on the floor and told him how he had been hoodooed, and he made some remarks which I will draw a curtain over.

The Egyptian Goose.

The exhibit of domesticated wild game birds was particularly interesting, and no single part of it was of so much interest to me as the Egyptian goose. This is how the geese appeared to a writer on one of the daily newspapers:

"There are several specimens and they all seem unhappy. They look more like aquatic buzzards than they do like anything domestic. Of elongated legs and attenuated figures, their markings are palpably cuneiform and their expressions sphinx-like. The slate-gray of their backs shades into the rich seal brown of their wings, and in their mottled bosoms is a dark-brown patch bearing a notable resemblance to a map of Abyssinia."

I watched these birds for some time one day and I did not see them at all as the writer did whom I have quoted, and to-day I could not recall anything about the color of their backs or wings if I had not noted what he said. In fact, about the only peculiarity I noted was that each bird was bearing on its breast and sides enough feathers to make many dozens of perfect imitations of the wings of the green-drake or May fly. Collectively those birds had feathers enough to make a thousand gross of the very best trout fly wings. A friend, a physician, who was with me went into raptures over the various birds in the different boxes, looking at them entirely from the point of a gunner, while I saw only the feathers for artificial flies going to waste. He wished to shoot the birds flying, while I wished to pluck the feathers. A good imitation of a May fly, or rather of the green-drake, is difficult to obtain, and the Egyptian goose and the wood or summer duck furnish the best, because they furnish a perfect feather that is undyed. I have been looking over the price lists of several European dealers who furnish feathers and skins for fly dressing, and not one quotes the feathers or skins of the Egyptian goose. The summer duck's feathers are quoted at 50 cents per dozen; but this duck furnishes but a very few feathers of proper mottling and color, while the goose furnishes hundreds.

When Stanley returned from his last exploration of Africa he was to complete his book, "Darkest Africa," in Cairo, before he proceeded to England. Mr. Edward Marston, of his firm of publishers, went to Egypt to meet Stanley and remain until the MSS. were completed, and necessarily he remained some time. As he was about to leave London, his son, Mr. R. B. Marston, asked him to be sure and secure some Egyptian geese for the feathers to make May flies; but the elder Mr. Marston was obliged to return without a single feather, which shows that his son did not send to the right place, for there were plenty of the birds in Madison Square Garden.

For years I have searched far and wide for the feathers of the summer duck to obtain material for dressing flies, and while I have obtained a comparatively small number I have learned of far more that were wasted.

"Lady Fly-Casters."

It was with pleasure that I learned during the week of the show that there was to be a class for "lady fly-casters," and it is to be regretted that it did not fill, and the management of the Sportsmen's Exposition will be wise if next year they provide a class for women fly-casters and announce it at the outset, for there could be no more popular feature of the show.

One morning there were some ladies present, relatives of one of the men who was a prize winner, practicing on the water of the tank, and no more graceful casting was done during the show than by these ladies, confirming what I long have believed, and advocated in print, that fly-casting was particularly a sport for women. I learned of one woman in New York who is very fond of fishing, and who can cast between 80 and 90ft. of line, and do it easily, for she has never cast for distance or in a tournament, as all her practice has come from fishing for fish and not for medals.

Trout and Camera.

During the show this thought came to me: Is the photographic camera responsible for the decrease of trout or other fish, and if so in what degree? Will it be necessary in order to preserve our fish to insert in our game laws a section providing that no fish of any kind, except for scientific purposes, shall be photographed; or, not more than four trout, salmon, lake trout or black bass belonging to one man shall be killed and photographed in one day; or, any man who has his photograph taken with more fish than he can eat in fresh condition, or send to his friends, shall be sent to jail for six months?

The desire to have one's picture taken with a lot of fish, more apparently than can be used as food, seems to be a disease that is spreading, and it is a disease that should be dreaded as much as yellow fever. The camera fish hog is probably an own brother of the trout hog that Nessmuk used to write about.

It is rather funny that in these photographs or reproductions of photographs of people with a lot of fish that look as though they had just been taken from a net or a fishing smack, in spite of the rods, reels, bait, buckets and fly books that are put into the picture as properties, the people are never beardless boys, but men grown—men with gray hair and beards, men who look like intelligent men, and yet they will pose before a camera with a wagon load of fish like the hero of a great battle fought and won.

How it may strike other fishermen I cannot say, but when I see a picture with a man or a lot of men photographed with more dead fish in their possession than the law of decency should permit, and read that the fish were caught in Trier Pond, near John Smith's Hotel, Trier Pond is the very last place that I would visit for the purpose of fishing; for if John Smith encourages the camera fish hog to advertise his hotel I should feel that all the fish from Trier Pond had been used for photographic purposes, and it would not be a good place to visit for simple angling after the camera had done its deadly work. We talk and scold about the poacher and net fisherman, and the spearer and set line fisher, but I sometimes think the camera fish hog should go in the list and be given a front seat.

I have referred to a man's having his photograph taken with more fish than he can eat or send to his friends, but I never yet could see where I paid any one a compliment by sending him trout that had been railroaded and packed from the wilderness to civilization; so I never try to pay such a compliment, and never in my heart can thank any one to send me fish that are not fresh.

Trout to be in their best condition must be eaten where they are caught, and you cannot bring trout from Canada or the Adirondacks and have them as fresh as when first taken. If a man wished to send me a fish I would thank him most heartily for a fine salt mackerel, but no trout that have been toured. Last year a friend came from the Adirondacks and brought me three fine trout, that is, they had been fine trout in their youth, but age had stolen over them in consequence of being taken from the water; and even while he talked and told me of the sport he had in catching them, I knew the fish were going into the ash barrel as soon as he was gone. He meant well, but I fear he had lost his sense of smell. The camera and a desire to pay a worthless compliment to friends are together responsible for the slaughter of many fish that must be wasted. Look at the Maine Central publication distributed at the Sportsmen's Show. Six men and sixty big trout and salmon are displayed in a reproduction of a photograph, saying that the catch was made in one afternoon. I presume all the fish may have served some good purpose, anyway I will assume that they did; but which is the better picture, and which will more quickly arouse the angler's enthusiasm: the sixty trout and six men, or the picture in the same publication of five trout weighing from 1½ to 3½lbs.? One is a genteel sufficiency, and the other is not.

Last year I saw in a camp in Canada a lot of trout hung in festoons like sausages in a market. They had been hung for photographic purposes evidently, but the occupants had left the camp and did not return till next day, when they packed and departed for good. I do not know anything about it for a certainty, but I presume all those trout were spoiled and wasted. If they were taken from the camp they could not have been good to eat, for the camp was a long way from a railroad or other transportation line, and doubtless the trout served only to make a picture.

A. N. CHENEY.

New Jersey Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., April 2.—The trout season opened in this State yesterday, and the day was favorable for such as could improve the opportunity. Dr. Kinmouth, the most enthusiastic trout fisherman in this section, was on his favorite grounds early in the day. He fished Pine Brook, the best stream in this county, and took seventeen fish. He reports the fish abundant, but running very small; he took a great many under the legal size and returned them to the water. This last can be depended on, for so enthusiastic is he that he would fight at the drop of the hat with any man who would kill an undersized trout. He says the good work of planting by our State Commission last year is in evidence, as it was not unusual to have a half dozen fingerlings at a time dash at his cast.

White perch are now biting in the lakes and estuaries, and are welcome indeed after our long winter's wait. The fish is in no manner to be despised when taken on a fly rod. As is well known, he is a congener of the striped bass, and in consequence activity prevails among the bass fishermen; rods and reels are being put in order and tackle is being laid in for immediate use. I saw three beautiful specimens of bass which were taken at Salem on Tuesday night of the present week, in shad nets, the heaviest of which weighed 47lbs.

Owing to the disasters of the past season, fewer pound nets will be in use along the coast the coming summer. This should add to the angler's pleasure and secure additional guests to the hotels. The same old fight has been carried on during the past few months in the Legislature against the pound nets, and the bill was lost by only one vote, which shows the trend of public opinion in relation to the indiscriminate destruction of food fish. The passing of the pound net in its present form is an assured fact in the not distant future. LEONARD HULIT.

Charlotte Harbor Tarpon.

IT may be of interest to your readers who are tarpon fishermen to know that tarpon fishing has been very good in most of the waters of Charlotte Harbor during all of March. At Captive Pass, Matlacha Pass, Marco and all below Myers, and about St. James and Blind Pass, a number have caught two in a day, and one or two three in one day. Quite a number of fishermen have caught ten tarpon in the month.

There is an abundance of fish of all kinds, and this season shows that there will be good fishing some time to come. The weather has been very warm, with plenty of wind.

C. A. D.

American Fisheries Society.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., March 27.—The twenty sixth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society will be held in Detroit, Mich., June 17, 18 and 19. Members are requested to prepare papers to be read before the meeting, and send titles to the recording secretary as early as possible, so that a notice of articles may be sent out with a later announcement, giving place of meeting and headquarters of the Society in Detroit. A. N. CHENEY, Recording Sec'y.

Attean Lakes.

IN a note on the Attean Lakes, Maine, last week, the station Jackman was incorrectly printed Jackson.

Wisconsin Lakes.

THREE LAKES, Wis, April 3.—The lakes will be open in ten days or sooner; and I think the fishing will be good.

F. R. FRENCH.

Mr. Mansfield's Record Cast.

LAST Sunday was a great day for the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club. It was a day of rejoicing; for it was the second time that a member of the club had broken the world's long-distance record. Last October Mr. H. C. Golcher raised the figures to 103ft., and set the angling world to thinking. But last Sunday Mr. W. D. Mansfield fairly electrified the whole assemblage by smashing all previous records with the most apparent ease, and giving the whole world a new mark and a new champion.

Following are the scores of the contests held on last Saturday and Sunday in the long-distance cast, the longest cast of each competitor being given:

SAN FRANCISCO FLY-CASTING CLUB—CONTEST NO. 3.

Medal contests, series 1897, held at Stow Lake, Golden Gate Park:

Saturday Contest—Judges: Col. G. C. Edwards and E. A. Mocker; Referee, A. E. Lovett; Clerk, A. R. Crowell.

Sunday Contest—Judges: J. S. Turner and F. H. Reed; Referee, A. E. Lovett; Clerk, A. R. Crowell.

Saturday, March 13.	Feet.
W. E. Batcheller	88½
Horace Smyth	72
A. R. Crowell	67
H. Battu	65½
A. E Lovett	84½
C. G. Young	69
E A Mocker	74
Col. G. C Edwards	77
A T. Vogelsang	71
J. P Babcock	72
*W. D. Mansfield	102
Dr. E. N. Lowry	80

Sunday, March 14.	Feet.
J. S Turner	69
F. H. Reed	81½
*W. D. Mansfield	108½
Horace Smyth	76½
Charles Huyck	75
H. F. Muller	81
E. A. Mocker	76
H. Battu	72½
C. G. Young	78
A. E. Lovett	84½
A. T. Vogelsang	94
A. R. Crowell	68
A. B. Finch	68
R. Isenbruck	50
Charles Klein	65
J. P. Babcock	70

* Handicap, 5½ft.

In this issue we publish a half-tone of Mr. Walter Damon Mansfield, the champion long-distance fly-caster of the world. Mr. Mansfield is an attorney by occupation, and an expert angler by natural selection. In statue he stands but 5½ft., and weighs 170lbs., and is thirty-six years of age. It cannot, therefore, be said that he is of athletic build; but there is a muscular force of great elasticity in his make-up, and this, from his very toes to his wrist, is utilized to a wonderful extent in making his marvelous casts, not only in distance, but in accuracy and delicacy also.

His method of casting is what might be termed a free-arm movement, aided by the muscular spring of body, legs and feet; throwing the body well back and the arm at an angle of not more than 40° from the horizontal in the back cast, he brings the arm and body well forward until the arm is nearly horizontal and the upper part of the body almost so in his forward cast; the line gradually unfolding until at last the fly slowly flutters down at the end of a straight line like a falling snowflake, just in time to recover before much more than the leader touches the water.

The tackle used in his wonderful performance of last Sunday was originally an 11ft., 9¼oz. Leonard rod. Recently this rod had been broken just below the ferrule of the second joint, and in repairing it it was shortened to 10ft. 8in. A repair also made at the handle increased its weight to 10oz. The line used was a double-taper "D" line, with a 9ft. taper leader and a No. 10 fly. The weather conditions could not have added to the chances of making great casts. The day was cloudy and somewhat hazy, with a moderate wind veering with uncertain gusts.

Nor was the cast by any means a chance one. Of the casts after time was called more than a dozen were over 100ft. After making the record of 108½, four more were made as follows: 102, 104, 105 and 108½.

Last October, when Mr. Golcher with his cast of 103ft. broke the world's record of 102½ft., then held by Mr. R. C. Leonard since 1888, we predicted that before a year from that time, with the rapid improvement being made and the skill shown, that 110ft. would be reached. But half of the allotted time has elapsed, and the record is but 1½ft. short of our prediction, and a new champion modestly wearing the honors. Either of these gentlemen is more than liable to reach our mark before the expiration of the allotted time.

Mr. Mansfield has been a fly-caster all his life, never using under any circumstances either bait or spoon; but at the inauguration of fly-casting tournaments on the coast he was but little, if any, better in a long-distance contest than any other members of the club, his longest casts only reaching from 70 to 77ft. He at once became much interested in the sport, and has studied the art from all its bearings; listening to the advice of others and trying all methods until from them all he has evolved a method of his own, which, whether the best or not, has enabled him to place in the most delicate manner possible the frail little fly at distances never before reached by any other—a mark for many to reach for, and but few, if any, ever to surpass.—*Field Sports, March 20.*

Salmon Fishing for Sale.

FREEHOLD, on the best fishing waters of the southwest Miramichi River (Burnt Hill). For terms and particulars apply to Thomas J. Conroy, 28 John street, New York city.—*Adv.*

THE FORESTRY RESERVES.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much interest your editorial on the forest reserves, appearing in your issue of March 20. Upon matters of interest to the West you have heretofore been so uniformly fair that I feel confident you desire to be so in discussing this question. A correct understanding of the facts and existing conditions is a condition precedent to a candid discussion of this forest reserve proposition. Instead of having this knowledge, it appears that each side in this controversy is charging the other side with the grossest ignorance. An intimate acquaintance with the people living west of the Mississippi River, extending over a period of twenty-eight years, constrains me to believe that they are not given to "doing or saying wild things," or to "going off at half-cock" upon propositions where their own interests are nearly concerned. The Forestry Commission was compelled to make some sort of a defense to the severe criticism which their action called forth, but it is not satisfactory to us to have them attempt to quiet our apprehensions with promises of what they propose to do, while at the same time our alarm is attributed to ignorance of their plans, no intimation of which was given until after the storm had broken upon their devoted heads. The Commission had been warned of the danger of hasty and inconsiderate action, and its statements now appear to people familiar with the rules governing forest reserves not as reasons, but as excuses

As a friend of forest preservation, as the Governor of a State where, prior to the recent action of the President, nine-tenths of the people were active advocates of an adequate

forest preserve law, and where our newspapers and political parties without exception were united in advocating such legislation, I believe that the Forestry Commission has, by its methods, needlessly antagonized the influences on which success most depends; has made its recommendations without sufficient knowledge of the facts; has disregarded the opinions and advice of those best qualified to determine the proper course to be pursued, and has, by these blunders, discredited and seriously imperiled a worthy cause. I do not believe I am talking about something of which I know nothing, and shall endeavor to be fair and dispassionate, stating nothing but known facts, trusting in this way to escape the admonitions of your editorial.

Our first objection to these reserves is that until the law is changed they will accomplish no useful purpose. It is the experience of the people of this State, and the admission of the Commission which recommended these reserves, that the present law does nothing to preserve timber from fire, the chief agent of its destruction. Withdrawing these areas from all beneficial uses is of itself of no service unless some provision is made for their management and for police supervision. The present law makes no such provision. It withdraws from these reserves the protection of local interests and leaves them exposed to the camp-fire of the hunter, tourist and sheep herder, the irresponsible sources of the destruction of more timber in this State than all the causes you have enumerated.

Your assurance that "no one is injured," and that all our objections have been "shots fired at a phantom," would be exceedingly comforting if true; but when we reflect that if a settler's home is included within the boundaries of a reserve, there is no way for him to get title thereto; that if untimbered agricultural land is included within such boundaries, there is no provision in our present laws for having this mistake corrected and the lands opened up to settlement and development; when we remember that there is no provision for the miner to continue his search for undiscovered mineral wealth or to operate mines already known; that there is no legislation under which we can use the splendid irrigation reservoirs which exist in these mountains, or by which rights of way can be had for ditches, roads or other needed local improvements, we are warranted in believing that the advantages of these reservations are in no wise commensurate to their abuses, but, on the contrary, no more serious blow can be struck at the growth or prosperity of any section than through the segregation of land under this law.

You say that the Commission is going to recommend that all these abuses in the present law be remedied, and seem to consider that this recommendation is equivalent to the enactment of a law on that subject. For the good of Wyoming I wish I could believe this, but the unhappy experience of our people during the past six years makes me believe that there is a wide difference between this Commission's recommendations and the passage of a law by Congress. In 1891 President Harrison, by proclamation, set aside as a timber reserve a large area south and east of Yellowstone Park. It includes the upper portion of the valley of the Stinking Water River, which contains no timber, but which, at the time this reservation was made, was partly settled by people who had constructed irrigation works, built houses and created homes. Including this land is an admitted blunder. There has never been any controversy over the facts, but repeated petitions of settlers and the persistent efforts of our delegation in Congress have been insufficient to secure either a modification of the boundaries of this reserve or the enactment of legislation which would give these people the right to own and enjoy their homes.

On the head of Sunlight Creek, in the same reservation, is a mineral belt where prospecting had been going on for three years prior to the creation of this reserve. Discoveries of known value had been made, money had been raised and arrangements perfected for the development and operation of these mines. The creation of this reserve put an end to all this. Here at least is one district where tunnels have not been run nor shafts dug, but, on the contrary, I am informed that the holders of these claims were notified that they had no right to continue their work within the boundaries of this reservation.

These two illustrations were duplicated in other portions of this same reserve. Hence the solicitude manifested about the results of this extension, and which will continue until we learn whether or not the Forestry Commission is able to control legislation and secure results not possible to our Congressional delegation.

But if there was no objection to the law governing these reservations, there can be no two opinions as to the methods pursued by the Forestry Commission in fixing the boundaries of some of those recently made. It is no sufficient answer to the criticisms which have been made on this score to say that its members are of high rank and distinguished attainments. In my judgment this fact only renders the criticism to which they have been subjected the more deserving. The reservation made on the summit of the Big Horn Mountains was one of the most important with which this Commission had to deal. It affects the most important agricultural district in Wyoming. It deals with an area in which there are important mining camps and a large number of valuable reservoir sites, some of which have been improved. It withdraws from the settlers occupying this region every opportunity of making a legitimate or harmless use of the timber, and in one way and another vitally affects fully one-fourth of the people of this State.

I cannot understand how a commission could expect to deal intelligently or adequately with so important a measure as this without informing themselves fully, from personal observation or otherwise, as to the actual situation and the consequences of their action if taken.

The Commission made no examination whatever. They passed through Wyoming on the fast train of the Burlington Railroad, which at no place is within fifteen miles of these mountains. When this train stopped at Sheridan the people of that town, having become accidentally advised of the presence of the Commissioners, solicited them to stop at least for a day and make an examination of the reservoirs and irrigation works already built within the limits of the forest areas on these mountains. Provision for their transportation, all the expenses of their maintenance were to be provided, not by interested parties, but by a member of the State Board of Water Control of the State and one of the officials of the State most interested in forest preservation. Instead of doing this, they preferred to pass on without stopping and to consider these matters in the attractive and salubrious surroundings of Yellowstone Park, a hundred miles from the area with which they were dealing.

Later on a member of this Commission wrote to the State Engineer of Wyoming, requesting him to mark the boundaries of the forest areas on the Big Horn Mountains on a Land Office map. In reply thereto the engineer explained that it was impossible for him to fix accurately these boundaries, and that the map which he sent them was only an approximate outline. After expressing his interest in forest preservation in Wyoming, he made the following suggestion, which is worthy of consideration, in view of the complete change of public sentiment on this subject which has followed the Commission's action:

"I trust, therefore, you will not think I am lukewarm in the cause if I suggest that I believe it would be much better policy to withhold making these segregations until provision can be made for a survey which will accurately define the boundaries of the timbered areas and only include these, thus avoiding the withdrawal of agricultural land. The segregation of any considerable areas not timbered furnishes a basis for criticism and for bringing into local disrepute the whole policy of forest preservation.

"I am also convinced that there ought to be immediate provision made for policing these reservations and for the proper disposition of timber to settlers. The simple segregation without some measure of police supervision does little good in either preventing fires or in restricting the depredations of sheep, while on the other hand it is very irritating to the settlers on contiguous areas if such segregation happens to include a little land not timbered on which they wish to file, or think they do.

"I offer these suggestions because I want your recommendations in regard to comprehensive laws to receive the sanction of Congress, and I believe this is of far more importance than a little delay in securing additional segregations, and I am fearful that some of these will arouse antagonisms in the arid States which might defeat for the present the whole proposed reform."

The reservation as made on the Big Horn Mountains includes a number of irrigated farms which have been occupied and improved, but not filed on because of the absence of accepted public land surveys. It includes extensive areas of land on which there is no timber. It includes the region around several improved reservoir sites and through which ditches have been built. It includes mining camps and districts believed to be rich in mineral wealth, while it excludes the most densely timbered portion of the Big Horn Mountains, in which the camps of a railroad tie contractor are located.

It is the belief in this State of those best informed on this subject that to extend reservations under the present law is to multiply abuses instead of benefits; that the first thing to do is to enact an adequate law governing these forest areas; that if these reservations are of sufficient importance to be made at all, they are of sufficient value to justify the making of a preliminary survey to determine what lands are timbered and what lands are agricultural, and that no such important action should be taken until there has been at least a personal examination. It is the general belief that every reservation which has thus far been made in this State has been improperly made; that they embrace large areas which have no timber, and that they exclude equally large areas densely timbered, and which should have been included if the law itself was of any value. No one in Wyoming has ever been able to furnish a rational explanation for the boundaries of the timber reserve south and east of Yellowstone Park It includes large areas of untimbered lands south of the Park and east of the Park. By not being extended along the entire east side of the Park, it excludes one of the most densely timbered sections of the State. It is suggested that this exclusion was made through the influence of Montana parties, whose interests would thereby be affected. It was not left out through any consideration for either the irrigation, forest or any other material interests of the State of Wyoming.

The opposition to the recent reservation is not opposition to forest preservation. It is a protest against the abuses and inadequacies of the forest reserve law, and the arbitrary and incompetent methods pursued in its enforcement. It is neither captious nor ignorant, but is based upon an unhappy experience in its previous operation, and grave solicitude as to the character and success of the promised measures for its betterment

Wm A. Richards, Governor of Wyomin g.

Everett, Wash., March 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my letter appearing in your issue of March 20, protesting against the forest reserve and asking you to point out in what manner the segregation of millions of acres in Washington will redound to the benefit of the Western country, you reply by characterizing the alarm manifested as groundless because based on an entire misapprehension of facts. Permit me to say that the people of this State most earnestly desire those facts, as the conclusions arrived at by the Forest Commission are not warranted by the condition of affairs as viewed by the residents of the territory involved. It may be that the Forest Commission has divining powers superior to any possessed by the people of this State in looking to our future welfare, but it is logically certain that the people of this coast claim to be more competent to judge of the effect of the reserve order on the present condition of business interests here than the non-resident gentlemen who, in making up their reports, segregated the lands without consulting the persons first interested. It seems to me that the protests of the people directly concerned should be accorded a fair hearing, not thrust aside as the hasty talk of persons who "go off at half-cock," ignorant of what they are talking about. Nor does your suggestion to wait until further information will enable them to form an intelligible opinion on the subject seem pertinent when it is asserted that injury has already been sustained.

When persons see their homes and business invaded it is natural to express some apprehension of the results that may follow, and enter their protest; hence it is logical, when this interference intrudes under the guise of benevolence, to hold the alleged benefactor at arm's length until he can give an account of his proceedings.

The proposition to set aside the lands in Washington did not emanate from residents of this State, but from people on the Atlantic coast. The Eastern press is loudly in favor of the reservation, while the Western press opposes it, and in the face of statistics it would appear that some of the Eastern papers are as densely ignorant of things concerning our country as are some of the foreign writers on American institutions.

The New York *Tribune*, commenting on the reserves, says: "It has insured so far as its operation extends a lasting timber supply, protected the headwaters of streams, and incidentally preserved scenery and game in regions where both were exposed to unprofitable ravage." "If the opposition proceeds from persons claiming that their privileges are attacked, it is true and pertinent to reply that they are them elves trespassers."

The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says: "Who then are the people of Washington and the other States about those reservations who are making their clamor roar against the act of the President? They belong no doubt to that class of timber thieves and prospectors and ranchmen who make a business of appropriating public land to their own uses without authority or expense."

The Boston (Mass.) *Journal* says concerning the opposition: "It is doubtless inspired primarily by the individuals and corporations concerned in the promiscuous cutting of timber on the public lands. There is no reason why consideration should be shown to these timber thieves." "By a dispatch it is estimated that 900,000 homes would be wiped out by this order. This is nonsense. Doubtless there are some settlers who would be incommoded." "But these lands * * * are all public lands" "How happened these settlers to be on lands which do not belong to them?" "No one who has given intelligent and disinterested consideration to the subject doubts for a moment that the proposed reservations are in the public interest and are practically indispensable if anything is to be done to prevent the drying up of water courses and the sterilizing of soil through the destruction of forests. It is monstrous that this reform should be thwarted by the clamorous greed of the very men who have been foremost in producing the evil whose consequences it is attempted to relieve"

The Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal* says: "Mr. Clark, of Wyoming, in discussing (in the U. S. Senate) the setting apart of forest reservations, complains that the fourteen Senators of the States affected by it had not been consulted. Mr. Clark appears to think that the public lands of the United States belong to the mining camps On the contrary, they belong to the whole people of the United States, and the fourteen imitation Senators have no more to do with it than Senators from real States."

The above are samples of the arrogance and ignorance as well as falsehood displayed by prominent Eastern papers that seek to pose as public educators. Their false and presumptuous statements may be disposed of in short order. Anyone at all conversant with the homestead laws of the United States knows that the people who have settled on the public lands are not trespassers, because they were invited to go on those lands for settlement or location by the terms and provisions of those laws wherein they were assured that they would be accorded a preference right to entry as soon as the lands become surveyed. Millions of dollars have been paid to the Government by settlers, and if the United States had used the money in surveying out the remaining lands these people would be the owners.

Furthermore, it will be news to individuals and corporations in Washington that they make a business of appropriating public land to their own use without authority or expense, as the *effete* Massachusetts press puts it. We have heretofore, and are still deeply impressed with the fact that public lands here cannot, under the existing laws, be appropriated in the manner stated any more than private lands. If the editors of the Massachusetts and Kentucky press will inquire at any of the United States Land offices located in this State they will be able to obtain some valuable information concerning subjects pertaining to the public domain, of which they are now densely ignorant. In fact, an Everett schoolboy can give them some valuable points on the land practice. But why should the people of Massachusetts and Kentucky show such an interest in the welfare of this State to the exclusion of our having a voice in a matter virtually concerning us? The public lands in Washington never cost those States nor the Federal Government $1 of the people's money; and when the people residing within the borders of this Territory and Oregon desired to come into the Union the Representatives of Massachusetts vigorously opposed recognition of these lands. Both Massachusetts and Kentucky, on their becoming parts of the Union, were, upon their imperious demands, left in possession of the public lands lying within their respective borders. Is not their assumed dictatorship over our people somewhat strained?

The three proposed reservations in Washington constitute nearly one-quarter of the entire State. They constitute an area almost twice the size of the State of Massachusetts, and nearly one-third as large as New York. The mineral land included in one single reservation in the Cascades will contribute more wealth to the world in the next twenty years than the whole State of Kentucky has contributed in the 100 and more years of its settlement; and to-day with only seven years of age as a member of the sisterhood of States, Washington has more white inhabitants than had Kentucky when she gave to the Whig party its national leader.

Let me next call your attention to a paragraph in the description of the Washington reservation covering the Cascades, contained in Section 8 of the order: "The region embraced extends over both sides of the Cascade Mountains, and is exceedingly broken and entirely clothed with forests. The reserve is one of the most rugged, difficult, least known and least settled parts of the United States." The italics are mine. Mr. Editor, you can, I am sure, verify my assertion that the description is false by referring back to various columns in your journal. Were I to state to you that the Cascades are clothed entirely with forests, as the Forestry Commission has asserted to millions, I should expect to be severely rebuked. From my office window is visible the Cascade range, from Mt. Baker to Mt. Rainier; and summer and winter the mountain tops present a snow line in distinct relief against the clear blue of the eastern sky.

From personal examination, and from reliable information derived from engineers, prospectors and miners, I believe fully three-fourths of the Cascade country embraced by the reserve always has been, and is destitute of timber worth marketing, while one-fourth of the area is devoid of trees, and is a vast tract of snow, glaciers and naked rocks, rich in mineral. The Cascade tract includes more than half of the counties of Whatcom and Skagit and one-third of Snohomish, while on the eastern slopes one-half of Okonogan county is included. In Snohomish county where I reside there are thirteen prosperous towns included in the reserve whose mining properties give employment to over 1,000 people and the means of support to 20,000 more. There are over 4,600 mining locations in this single county, and there has been expended in their development, and in the construction of concentrators, tramways, tunnels, smelter, railroads and fixtures, an aggregate of $6,500,000. Aside from these millions there have been expended enormous sums in purchasing and bonding mines in this county. In the other counties there have been expended large amounts, although not to the extent of the development done in Snohomish county. From this it certainly does not appear that our Monte Cristo district is the least known and least settled part of the United States.

Few have any conception of the difficulties to be overcome to carry out the work of exploration, location and development. With the opening of spring this work would have been renewed on a larger scale than ever.

New claims would have been located in the vicinity of others already made, and the people and transportation companies were ready for it. It was just in the preliminary stages that the executive order came which placed a check on development of further work, and caused capital, whose agents were on the ground, to suddenly seek other fields of investment. It is in view of this sudden check that has been put upon the mining interests pending further consideration of the matter at the National Capital that causes me to demur to the assertion that we are like children frightened at a stump bear. We have certainly found to our cost that your stump bear was real enough to make that capricious goddess of capital so suspicious as to put a stop to further work in our prospecting.

I regret to notice that your paper, along with other representatives of the Eastern press, acts upon the assumption that we of the Northwest are so ignorant as to be unable to minister to our own wants. But you seem to forget that the men in Washington who are developing the resources of the State are from among the educated and energetic classes of the East who have widened their intelligence by labor in this new field of operation. We have men who came here with theoretical ideas of the sciences of forestry, engineering, natural history and mining, learned at the universities of Cornell, Harvard, Princeton and Yale, who have by contact with and study of the peculiar conditions met on this coast, under all conditions, added to their knowledge. These men have personally explored the cañons and snow-capped summits of the Cascades, traversed the scrub-grown ridges and slopes, and penetrated the gigantic forests of the lowlands. They are also familiar with the local histories of the different sections of the State. They have also studied the homestead, timber and mining laws of the United States, and become familiar with the rulings of the Land Office. They are not timber thieves nor ignoramuses.

These men say that if the object in creating the Washingto reserve, as is asserted, is to preserve the forests of the State from depredations of corporations or individuals, and for the protection of the watersheds as a means of climatic equalization, that the objects will probably miscarry. For the purpose of preserving the forests that have commercial worth, the order comes forty years too late. All of the valuable timber west of the Cascades grew at near sea level and within twenty-five miles of Puget Sound. This area has all been surveyed, and nearly all of it patented, and the mill companies have been assiduously at work culling the choicest timber under their purchases from the Government. The western line of the Washington reserve barely touches timber of merchantable quality. As to protecting the headwaters of our rivers, the reserve or its object does not seem to cut an important figure. The two great rivers of the State—the Columbia and Skagit—rise in British Columbia, far from the boundary, while nearly all of the rivers and streams of prominence in the State have their sources in the everlasting glaciers.

In the Puget Sound district a diminution of the rainfall is rarely considered. Because when the timber on the lowlands is out a second growth springs up so suddenly that for one tree six will replace it in three years. As the new growth is more dense than the old it preserves moisture and shades the ground more completely than older trees. Even if denuding the lands of forest would diminish rainfall as understood in the East, there is no reason to believe it would do so here; for so long as the winds sweep landward from the Pacific, and the great mountain chain favors condensation as we now witness it, there should be rain. There should be no fear that denuding the land of trees would favor sudden freshets by the melting of snow in large bodies, since here where the forests exist there is practically no snow, while on the other hand snow exists in large quantities in the sections where there is little or no timber. As to protecting the scrub growth that exists on the mountain sides and in the reservation from any depredation, every one here realizes that the prospectors and miners are particular to preserve all the trees in the vicinity of the mines as very useful barriers to snowslides. Furthermore it is current rumor that some of the forest fires that have occurred in the mountains have been started by tenderfoot hunters from the Eastern States.

How well these conditions were considered by the committee of experts is not known, but the sweeping nature of the order would indicate that they had given the matters but superficial attention if any. Neither does the report show that the committee personally visited and inspected the lands reserved, nor sought information from competent persons. It is currently reported here and believed that the committee made no further examination than was available by a ride across the country in the cars.

Most of the coast residents are aware of an existing rule of the Interior Department predicated on the law of 1891 for creating reserves, which requires special agents who are requested to make recommendations for forest reserves, to acquire full knowledge of the proposed reserves and cooperate with the authorities and citizens of the States for whose benefit the reservations are to be made, and before recommending the reserves to publish in the newspapers in the county where the reserves lie full descriptions thereof and file the same in the Land office in the district. None of these requirements were obeyed, no distinctive tracts were reserved, but a blanket reservation was placed on the unsurveyed lands irrespective of towns, roads or mineral locations. The whole proceeding was so sinister in its appearance when first promulgated that many believed it a part of a scheme in the interests of the railroads whereby they would be enabled to select sections in more valuable localities in lieu of the ones apparently withdrawn by the order.

You state that the order was only an initial step to be followed by recommendations from the commission, permitting agricultural lands to be occupied and mining to be prosecuted, but the trouble is that the recommendations of such a plan was not concurrent with the order of reserve. People here who are familiar with dealing with the Government, recognize that an order from the executive of the Interior Department means what it says, and must be obeyed; and they do not propose to transgress its terms with the thought that there may follow some unmentioned modifying edict. In your effort to defend the laches of the Commisson in failing to have embraced in the order of reserve excepting clauses permitting settlement and mining, you say that in former reservations no settler or miner has been interfered with. I fail to reconcile the statement with the Yosemite cases which the Federal Courts passed on, and deprived settlers of thousands of dollars invested in improvements.

I notice that the Commission is defending its action through the Eastern press. It does not deny that interests already established will be injured, but declares its purpose to prepare plans for the widest uses of the reservation compatible with the preservations of the "forests;" but unfortunately in the meantime business interests must come to a standstill, owing to their oversight. Western people realize that when public lands are withdrawn from entry that no personal liberty or rights can be exercised therein except by permission of the Department, which past experience has shown to consist of a slow process of red-tapeism. Hence this little oversight or matter of neglect on the part of the Commission caused locators and other interested persons to suspend operations pending an examination of the situation.

The Commission further excuses itself by citing the action of California in declining to have its reserve opened. But if the members of the Commission have given the matter examination they should have recognized that the California reserve is a *bona fide* forest reserve whose timber and scenic effect constitutes its principal value. By its admissions and acts the Commission stands convicted of blundering in the matter, with neglectful consideration of the rights of people concerned; hence the order of reserve should be revoked to make place for a further consideration of a reserve that shall be properly and justly made whereby the rights of persons shall be protected coexistent with the reservation.

The people residing in the Puget Sound country favor public reservations when properly made. They will advocate the setting apart of such scenic regions as are embraced by Mts. Rainier, Baker and Olympus as public parks or preserves for the protection of the fast disappearing fauna of our country. They would also favor the setting aside of a portion of the dense forests of giant firs, such as are seen on the Snoqualmie and Skagit rivers, to preserve them for their grandeur and beauty, before the unpatented lands on which they now stand pass into the hands of commerce. But they oppose the segregation of mineral lands, rich in gold, silver and copper, and devoid of marketable timber, under a blanket reservation, equal to one-quarter of the State, and designated as a forest preserve.

CAYUGA.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 7-10.- STOCKTON.—Stockton Kennel Club.
April 14-17.—LOS ANGELES.—Southern California Kennel Club.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6. Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 15.—E F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.

The Dogs of Madagascar.

AN acquaintance of mine who has just returned from Madagascar tells many interesting stories of that far-away land of trouble, but being a great admirer of dogs he never tires of dwelling on the remarkable intelligence of the nondescript curs that infest the island.

"Like the dogs of Constantinople," said he, "they know no owners, permit no familiarities and make no friends. They are self-reliant scavengers, with all the cunning and intelligence that chronic hunger inspires. They are nomadic in their habits, and always travel in large packs, sometimes traversing great distances in an extraordinarily short space of time.

"The island is cut up by a great number of deep, sluggish streams, and pestilential swamps which are infested with crocodiles and caymans. These voracious reptiles don't want a better dinner than a stray dog, and no one knows that any better than the dogs themselves. When a pack of marauding canines come to a stream, they know that they have to resort to strategy in order to cross in safety; so the whole pack get together, and they bark and howl and bark furiously for several minutes. A crocodile or an alligator that has slept for a month will wake up as soon as he hears a dog bark, and commence a still hunt for the dog. The result is that every reptile within hearing of the yelping pack hustles up as near as he can approach and waits for one to plunge in. When the river is full of them the dogs suddenly dash up stream about 300yds., plunge in and swim across before the alligators get done snapping their jaws together, and scurry off till they come to the next stream, when the strategy is repeated."—*San Francisco Post.*

Blended Odors.

FLORIDA, March 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following recountal of an incident showing the acute nose of a pointer dog may be of interest to my fellow readers of FOREST AND STREAM and also to yourself:

My pointer Chummy, sired by Robert le Diable, and given to me by my friend Louis T. Duryea, of Glen Cove, L. I., is a remarkably good dog, and I have had many dogs. He is very rapid and a great finder of quail, and then goes to English snipe—a bird so vastly different that but few dogs are real good or even passably good on both; but he is. He seems to know how fickle the snipe are, and he is as careful as a cat over them, pointing them at distances that shows acute sense of smell.

Getting nearer to the point, I will mention that woodcock have been an almost unknown quantity in Florida, or at least hereabouts; for few sportsmen have seen any, and I only saw one in five years of shooting here until last winter, when we had a regular influx of them in our swamps. Chummy proved fine on them, working close and careful.

Now for my story: Accompanied by my man Jake, we were hunting woodcock in the swamps, when I heard Chummy bark short and sharp. I quickly saw him having a large white and black skunk at bay, which was facing him. I at once called him off, at which the skunk made tracks, putting a tree between us in his run. I ran to get him in sight again, meaning to kill him, for he is an egg-eater. Chummy took my demonstration as an incentive to run in and grab him, which he did, and paid the penalty, for he got it in eyes, nose and mouth. The skunk ran into a shell of a palmetto log about 20yds. long, and Chummy, blinded and foaming at the mouth, made off. We spent some five to eight minutes in locating the skunk in the log, by punching through here and there with a sharp stick. Meanwhile the air, filled with the skunk odor, was so strong as to make our eyes smart like the effect of ammonia. The skunk located, was shot, and, noticing that Chummy was still gone, I called him several times. We concluded he had gone to the wagon or home, and we also started; but went no further than 40yds., when we came on him standing stiff and true on a woodcock, which I killed.

I have often been tempted to write you this story, and now that I have I would like to know if such experience has been known of before. T. B. A.

[In the chicken trials at Fairmont, Minn., in 1882, a dog pointed chickens under similar circumstances. There have been other instances of a similar kind mentioned in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, though they occur but rarely]

The Catahoula Hog Dog.

A FEW weeks ago we had occasion to publish on the authority of our friend, Col. E H. Lombard, a very interesting narrative regarding the celebrated hog dog of Catahoula, and so remarkable were the performances of this dog as related to us that many of the deacons of the church, as well as personal friends of Col. Lombard, did him the injustice to class him as a romancer. We are glad to be able to state, however, that Col. Lombard's story has been corroborated in every particular by no less an authority than Mr. Wash Wiggins, one of the best-known citizens of Catahoula parish. Mr. Wiggins says, and he has signified his willingness to be quoted, that the hog dogs of Catahoula are the most intelligent animals on the face of the earth, and as their ancestors before them were hog herders, they take to the work without any training whatever.

It is claimed that the wild hog of Catahoula is second only in the matter of pugnacity and ferocity to the roaring tiger of the Bengal jungle. In order to get a drove of these hogs into a pen the hog dog of Catahoula, as Mr. Wiggins informs us, operates as follows: Keeping always in mind the direction of the pen or corral, the dog goes into the woods and flushes a drove of hogs Then keeping himself invariably in front of the hogs barks forth a challenge; the hogs accept the gauge of battle and make a dash for the enemy, and the dog, tucking his tail—if fortunate enough to have one, which is seldom the case—skedaddles toward the pen, regulating his speed so as to save at all times a distance of about 30yds.

Should the hogs halt in their pursuit, the dog returns and renews his dare, and again he is charged, and again he slopes. In this way he lures the hogs on, until in their mad chase they follow him through the open gate into the pen, when he immediately proceeds to jump the fence on the opposite side, while his master, who has been seated on the fence during the pursuit, whistling and shooting tobacco juice at passing bumblebees, hurriedly climbs down and closes the gate on the entrapped porcines. The faithful and intelligent dog, which is found nowhere else but in the languorous shades of the Cataboulan wilds, is rewarded with a pone of corn bread, and the next day there is a great hog-killing time, followed by feasting and revelry —*New Orleans State.*

Gordons at St. Louis.

DWIGHT, Ill., March 28 —*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am not in the habit of paying any attention to what the reporters say in regard to our Gordon setters. Mr. P. H. Bryson, in his report of the St Louis show, is either prejudiced against the Dwight Kennels or he does not know a good Gordon setter when he sees one. Heather Lad has been shown since '93, defeating every dog that has ever been shown against him under A. K. C. rules, and he has the best record of any Gordon setter in America.

Dwight Grouse, he says, is a very poor specimen. Dwight Grouse was good enough to win first in puppy and first in novice classes at New York in '96, and all the sporting papers claimed he was an extra one. He also won second at Boston in a class of nine. He won first in St. Louis and first in Chicago, where they claimed the Gordons to be extra good. A. L. ORR.

And Good Riddance.

IT is reported that old age has made an end of a bloodhound known as Old King, at Butte, Mont. The dog was owned by "Uncle Dick" Sutton, with whose "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company the animal had traveled all over the world. It was so thoroughly trained that if anyone began to recite the lines of the play it would go through its old part.

Dixie Red Fox Club.

WAVERLY, Miss., March 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The third annual meet of the Dixie Red Fox Club will be held at Waverly, Clay county, Miss., on Nov. 1, 1897.

G. V. YOUNG, Sec'y.

American Kennel Club.

A MEETING of the Executive Board of the A. K. C. was held in the club rooms, 55 Liberty street, New York, on April 6. There were present Messrs. Hunnewell, Jr. (Chairman), Watson, Schellhass, Bloodgood and Wilmerding.

The matter of the St. Bernard Club, of California, in its official intention to boycott the San Francisco Kennel Club's show, was first taken up. The official communications were read. Mr. H. T. Payne, secretary of the Pacific Advisory Board, on March 25 was notified that said contemplated boycott was illegal, and he was instructed to notify the St. B. C. that if it did not rescind its boycotting resolution on or before March 30, the Pacific Advisory Board was directed to serve notice of suspension on it and its officers. On March 27 the A. K. C. was notified that the St. B. C. refused to rescind, and appealed from the action of the Pacific Advisory Board. The latter was then instructed by the A. K. C. to suspend the St. B. C. at once. On March 28 the Pacific Advisory Board reported that the St. B. C. was suspended, and notice served accordingly on its officers. On March 29 the St. B. C. notified the A. K. C. that it had consulted with the San Francisco Kennel Club, and had unanimously rescinded its boycotting resolution. On March 29 the Pacific Advisory Board was instructed by the A. K. C. to remove the St. B. Club's suspension. On March 30 the Board removed the suspension as directed.

In regard to the penalties concerning incorrect entries in bench show catalogues, the club ruled as follows:

That the forfeiture of deposit money in the cases of all shows held subsequent to September, 1896, be regulated by

such action as may be taken by the A. K. C. at its next meeting regarding any amendments that may be recommended by the committee on rules, to which the matter is hereby referred.

The following kennel names were granted: Cairnmuir, to G. M. Carnochan; Franklin, to Summers & Zelt; Sunnycroft, to Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff Sutton; Hempstead Beagles, to Kernochan & Stevenson, conditional upon obtaining consent of Thomas H. Terry.

The champion classes at Baltimore were ruled upon as follows: That the title champion can only be acquired in the manner provided for in the American Kennel Club rules, and that the title of champion classes at Baltimore be ordered changed to special classes. That the medal be in accordance therewith, and that the winners be notified of the change of title.

It was resolved that the secretary of the Bull Terrier Club be directed to show cause why the club should not be expelled for causes prejudicial to the welfare of the American Kennel Club.

Concerning the Scottish Terrier Club's specials at New York, there having been no public notice given in regard to these specials, it was ordered that the awards made be cancelled.

The Stockton Kennel Club, Stockton, Cal.; Northwestern Kennel Club, Minneapolis, Minn.; Oakland Kennel Club, Oakland, Cal., were admitted to membership.

It was ordered that the action of the officers of the A. K. C. in suspending the St. B. C. of C. and subsequent proceedings leading to reinstatement were indorsed and approved.

Winnipeg Bench Show.

WINNIPEG, April 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you herewith a list of the prize-winners of our local bench show held last week and trust you will find room in your valued paper for its publication. Our secretary was to have attended to this, but I have just found out he neglected to do so. It was the first attempt of our young Association and was a decided success, both financially and otherwise. The object of the Association is to promote the purely amateur element, and so far we have been most successful, both in field trials held last summer and the present bench show, where our entries numbered over 200—no cash prizes being given. Our setters and pointers were very good, but some of the other classes, noticeably the St. Bernards, would stand improvement.

POINTERS.—*Dogs* (over 55lbs): 1st, N. di Marco's Portia; 2d, B. Gordon's Buster; 3d, E. R. T. Rowan's Croxteth Ole. *Bitches* (over 50lbs.): 1st, J. Howden's Dutchess; 2d, W. Van Vliet's Lena. *Dogs* (55lbs. and under); 1st, W. Whyte's Hal; 2d, Dr. M. Clarke's Brownie; 3d, F. G. J. McArthur's Flingo Stray-deway. *Bitches* (50lbs. and under): 1st, F. G. J. McArthur's Mingo Kent; 2d, F. E. Green's Fan; 3d, F. Collier's Fly. *Puppies:* 1st, W. McMillan's Shot; 2d, A. C. Patterson's Jim; 3d, F. E. Green's Fan. Best kennel, A. C. Patterson's three pointers. Best dog or bitch owned by a member of the Manitoba Dog Owners' Association—1st, W. Whyte's Hal; 2d, B. Gordon's Buster.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs* (over 55lbs.): 1st, Climo Kennels' Prince Rupert; 2d, C. Graham's Gladiator; 3d, W. Plaxton's Nero. *Bitches* (over 45lbs): 1st, F. W. Weir's Kan; 2d, Collier & Taggert's Gray Lass; 3d, C. A. Boxer's Qu'Appelle Belle. *Dogs* (55lbs. and under): 1st and 3d, Climo Kennels' Larrican and Doc York; 2d, J. O'Donohue's Manitoba Toss. *Bitches* (45lbs. and under): 1st, Chimo Kennels' Ortolan; 2d, Titania; 3d, Winnipeg Kennels' Lady Bell. *Puppies:* 1st, H. R. Garwood's Master Mark; 2d, H. S. Rolston's Count Cambria; 3d, F. W. Scott's Mark. Best kennel—1st, Chimo Kennels; 2d, Winnipeg Kennels; 3d, George Carle. Best dog or bitch belonging to a member of the Manitoba Dog Owners' Association, Chimo Kennels' Larrican.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Puppies*: 1st, M. W. Canniff's Lady; 2d, Joe; 3d, Hugh. Best kennel, M. W. Canniff.

W. C. LEE.

Some Results of Ear-Cropping.

ANY one who has heard the "megaphone" must have wondered at the extraordinary power of increasing sound that is produced by form; and I would like to call attention to one point in connection with cutting dogs' ears that I do not remember to have seen mentioned anywhere—that is, from an acoustic standpoint.

I have lately purchased a small Yorkshire terrier, imported from England only a few months ago. Its ears were clipped in England, after what the seller of the dog declared to be "the very latest style."

The ears were first clipped and then stiffened up, with three effects on the dog:

First, that the buzz of a bee or fly causes him to retreat under cover of safety.

Second, that he ducks his head when about to be patted, a sure sign of the length of time the pain of the operation must have lasted.

Third (an effect I had not expected), that he has absolutely no idea of the direction of sound.

In the ears of a mastiff dog, any one who observes the shell-like form of the ear-opening may easily imagine the immense power of such a trumpet-like instrument to increase the volume of sound. A change in the acoustical arrangement of the flap of the ear would necessarily entirely puzzle and bewilder the owner as to the direction of sound, and this one point on ear-cutting would seem of itself to condemn the practice.—*A. M. P. in Our Animal Friends.*

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Under date of March 29, Mr. Frank Richards writes us as follows: "Del Monte dogs are in the pink of condition. Minnie T. was recently bred to Tony Boy, and Betty B. to Count Gladstone IV. With this breeding of such noted individuals the very best stock should be produced. I have finished my work here for the present, and shall soon depart for Stewart, Minn., where I will remain until July, when I shall move to Manitoba to begin work on chickens, and prepare for the Manitoba and Continental chicken trials. All of the other trainers have gone North except myself. George Gray went on the 15th; George, my brother, and Johnson, Buckle and Rose have all given the high water the slip. If it continues to rise I will have to engage a flat-boat."

Three judges and a professional Eastern superintendent, Spratts Patent wire benching, $10, $5 and $2 for cash prizes, dozens of great big silver cups, hundreds of gold medals, and $3,000 for a guarantee fund, are some of the indications of the tidal wave in San Francisco dogdom.—*Field Sports.*

A printed report of the governors' meeting of the American Fox Terrier Club, held Feb. 22, can be obtained of the club's secretary, Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., Boston, Mass. The treasurer's report shows a credit of $803.31. The club has also issued a circular letter setting forth the purposes of the club, the advantages of membership in it, etc. All who are interested in fox terriers should avail themselves of the opportunity to learn of the benefits to be gained by membership and of the good work accomplished by the club.

It is gratifying to know that the St. Bernard Club at last did a sensible and just action, even though said action was brought about under great pressure. Nevertheless, that is no bar now to think freely over matters at last which it should have thought over freely at first.

Mr. J. J. Lynn, secretary of the International Fox Terrier Club, Port Huron, Mich., writes that the dates of the club show have been changed and will be given later. This action has been taken to avoid conflicting with Toronto and Minneapolis.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

DEER, DUCKS AND A BICYCLE.

LOCO, I. T.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Oct. 15 I decided to spend a day among the bluebills on Mud Creek. I arose early the following morning, and taking my little hammerless and a lunch mounted my wheel and started for the creek, ten miles distant.

It was dark at the time, and I lit my lamp and pedaled along quietly till the first streak of dawn appeared, when I dismounted and blew out my lamp. Daylight found me speeding along a smooth road "treading the wind" to the music of the familiar click of the chain and the songs of many birds, and wondering why there were not more bicycle cranks. The real unalloyed pleasure of a country spin in the early morning hours must be felt to be understood.

I soon reached the lake, and found the ducks in countless numbers. Selecting a good position, I awaited my chance, which was not long coming. Almost at once a nice bunch came swinging by. I took careful aim and pulled, the old American wood popped, and I distinctly saw my duck double up in mid air. Quickly covering another, I pulled again, with the same result. For two hours or more I kept up a fusillade, after which the ducks seemed to draw off, and the best of the morning shooting having passed I got on my wheel again and started down the creek, hoping to find some squirrels.

I had only gone a short distance when I heard some hounds running off to my right. I happened to think that Uncle Pomp was out that day after deer, and I knew the game was heading for a crossing about a mile down stream, so at once I started at a lively gait, hoping to intercept it.

The land was a sort of overflow, and was rough and hard riding. I could hear the hounds coming at full cry, and forgot all about my wheel and the road and put forth my every effort in trying to reach the crossing first. It was a up and tuck race, and I knew it would take the hardest kind of riding to intercept the deer. On I sped, not looking where I went, through bushes, briers and mud holes, over limbs, chunks and logs. Coming in sight of the crossing, I checked my wheel as quickly as possible, and jumped off and stood behind a tree. I had hardly time to get my breath when I saw the deer come dashing down the bank. The next instant I raised my gun and pulled both triggers together, sending 2¼oz. of No. 4 shot into his side. He dropped his tail and went dashing on, and the dogs swept by like an avalanche.

Their cry soon after ceased, and I knew the deer was down. Uncle Pomp and three other men rode up just then. Uncle Pomp sung out: "Hello, Whit, did you shoot that deer?" "I shot at him," I replied, "but I'm not sure whether I hit him." "We'll soon see," said he, as he forded the creek and disappeared in the direction the deer had gone. He soon returned with a nice four-prong buck behind him on his horse. "How in thunder did you ever get here?" he asked, "I thought you were up at the lake."

I explained to his satisfaction my quick ride, and his wonder then changed to surprise that I had been able to make it without breaking my neck.

The men took the deer, promising to leave a good part at my house. After they left I ate my lunch and then returned to the lake, where I had good shooting for several hours. Upon counting my bag I found I had forty-three bluebills, eight mallards and three canvasbacks. I tied them on to my wheel, and, though heavily loaded, sped along homeward without difficulty. WING SHOT.

To be Taken with a Grain of Salt.

TIME flies and the world moves. In the spring of 1892 one of our largest bicycle manufacturers spent thousands of dollars publishing an advertisement that read as follows:

"Before selecting your bicycle for the coming season be sure that you are right on the tire question. * * * Remember that makers who failed last year with their cushion tires are trying to divert attention by offering so called pneumatics, which are mostly *inflated hose pipes.* * * * Remember that nothing can be devised to compare with the—cushion tire."

That was only five years ago, and yet to-day this very manufacturer is one of the strongest advocates of the "inflated hose pipes." Though no prophet, he was shrewd enough to find out in time his mistake, and he dropped cushion tires as if they had been hot potatoes.

The thousands of people who bought wheels fitted with cushion tires, as a result of their confidence in his statement, when they might have had the vastly better pneumatics, suffered, of course.

They had taken the word of a man who ought to have known, but who did not, and bumped along on the old hard tires when they might have been comfortable on the newer invention.

There is a moral in this. Unobtrusive excellence suffers by contrast with blatant mediocrity. Many of the best bicycles to-day are not widely known, while others of only moderate merit enjoy a large sale. Last year, for example, a manufacturer of world-wide reputation turned out a large number of poor wheels.

The fact leaked out early in the season, and people who keep posted in such matters advised their friends to have nothing to do with this particular wheel. The bicycle was lavishly advertised, however, and despite its known faulty construction had a wide sale.

Frames came to pieces, spokes broke and bearings wore away on the slightest pretext, yet the wheel continued to sell, and many of the deluded buyers actually believed that all bicycles were built that way, and were content to lose the use of their wheels for weeks at a time while being repaired because of their faith that the ——— was the best wheel made—a faith, be it noted, implanted and fostered by the remarkably clever advertisements of the manufacturers.

The people who advertise most will sell the most wheels, but they do not always sell the best. Also, the best wheel made will never sell unless advertised. Also, it is not always wise to be influenced by the statement of one manufacturer. The majority are much less apt to make mistakes than individuals, as is illustrated by the case of the man who had the cushion tire and advertised that nothing could be devised to compare with it.

WHEELING NOTES.

THE Manhattan Elevated Railroad has begun carrying bicycles on certain trains in New York city. At present the service is limited to the S xth avenue line and to half hourly special trains running morning and evening on Sundays only. A small additional charge is made for carrying the wheels, but the service is bound to be popular, as it opens up the fine systems of good roads on Staten Island and parts of New Jersey that have heretofore been practically inaccessible to many riders living in the upper part of the city.

Ladies especially have objected to the long ride through the city necessitated in going to and from the down town ferries, and as the distance for the round trip often foots up to twenty miles the objection is not to be wondered at. Previous to this action, the Manhattan Company has permitted the carriage of wheels on their trains on the same terms as other merchandise. New wheels or parts have been carried in rear cars, and sometimes sharp-witted riders in distress have taken advantage of this fact, and by taking apart their wheels gotten them admitted to the trains.

Screws and nuts sometimes contract a habit of working loose even in the best regulated bicycles. A cure for this ill is to sprinkle a little powdered rosin over the thread or else to dip the threaded part in melted tire cement. Sometimes a loose pedal may be held in place by screwing on with a small piece of soft wire laid across the thread. This is not successful, however, when the thread is badly stripped.

Smoking lamps and lamps that will not stay lighted are one of the banes of the city wheelman's life. The lamp must be clean and the air passages unchoked to insure a steady flame. Another point to remember is to keep the wick trimmed with a hollow in the center, as smoking always results when the flame runs to a point.

A correspondent in Montreal asks for the address of a manufacturer of bicycle boats either in America or England.

Cyclometers this year are being made to register not only the total mileage for the season, but also the distance covered in single trips. They are so arranged that the trip figures can be set back each day to zero without interfering with the regular register.

As a result of the protest made by the associated cycling clubs through their spokesman, Police Magistrate Simms, it seems reasonably certain that the asphalted streets of New York will be in better condition this summer for riding than ever before. General Collis, Commissioner of Public Works, has notified the Street Sprinkling Association that hereafter all sprinkling of streets, roads and avenues and public places paved with asphalt must be done before 8 o'clock in the forenoon of each day.

Wheelmen who have suffered from the slimy, dangerous pavements in time past will appreciate this action.

One of the many improvements to be credited to the bicycle is the modern road book, which is a distinct advance in the art of map making.

In the best of the forthcoming books for 1897 detailed information is given as to the condition and character of roads, height and grade of hills, points of interest along the commoner routes, etc., as well as directions for crossing cities that lie in the way of the wheelman. Such information is invaluable to tourists, and horse owners and pedestrians alike profit along with the cyclists.

Wheel insurance companies assert that more than 17,000 bicycles were stolen during 1896.

Women cyclists more than men need to learn a good ankle action in riding.

Women like to appear well on bicycles as elsewhere, and it is an absolute impossibility for them to do so if they ride flat-footed. Nothing is more ungraceful than the up and down motion of the lower limbs of such riders, and the ungallant comments often made regarding women on the bicycle are the result.

The fair rider, if she wishes to fill her mission in the world, and add her natural quota of brightness and beauty to life, should have her saddle adjusted so that she can just reach the pedal at its lowest point with the ball of her foot. Then, if she is of the right metal, she will soon learn to rise in her toes as she would in dancing, and her knees will no longer be thrown out in front like cats fighting in a bag.

Beauty awheel is dependent upon rhythmic motion with the least perceptible indication of muscular effort.

It would be a good thing if some of the dancing masters who find the times dull on account of the bicycle craze would turn their attention to instructing ladies in wheeling.

Bicycles are baggage now in California and Arizona. The number of other States that have recently adopted similar legislation is large, and it looks very much as if there would be no States without bicycle baggage laws in another year or two.

Yachting.

AT the recent conference in Boston of the representatives of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. and the Long Island Sound Y. R. U., it was decided to call a conference of representatives of the various associations at the end of the racing season, on Oct. 1, with a view to the organization of a national association. Since this decision was reached a change has been made in the plans, and it is now announced that the conference will be held at the beginning of the season at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on May 1. Invitations have been extended to the different associations, and also to some clubs not connected with any association. It is uncertain as yet just what action may be taken, but the meeting is likely to lead to the formation of a national association either at once or after the close of the racing season.

A VERY interesting experiment has lately been made by some members of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. in the racing of a 15-footer in Bermuda waters against the local boats, considered invincible by the natives. Messrs. D. Le Roy Dresser, Irving Cox and F. M. Hoyt visited Bermuda last month, taking with them the fast 15-footer Paprika, designed and built last season by L. D. Huntington. At Bermuda they discovered another member of the club, William Whitlock, who had been spending the winter there. During their short stay Paprika was sailed against the local 15ft. boats of much greater sail area with marked success. The boat was left in Mr. Whitlock's hands for a final race, which she won, and has since been shipped back to New York.

The Measurement Rule.

THE following letter comes to us from Mr. G. R. Lüjegren, of Gothenburg, Sweden, and deals with a subject that is just now of great interest to yachtsmen, as it is evident that some improved form of measurement rule must be had in the near future:

This question of a suitable measurement rule, which is a daily subject of discussion among nearly all persons interested in the sailing sport, seems in all methods of measuring as yet proposed to aim only at rendering it impossible for the fin-keels to dominate the racing courses and to capture most of the prizes. Certainly nobody will deny this object to be a just one.

All the rules of measurement known to-day have approached more or less this end, but by ways which, to my belief, are not the right ones; for instance, the Danish (Benzou) rules and the new English rule.

The rule I now wish to propose is, for aught I know, the only one of its kind either in its practical composition or its theoretical correctness.

The formula for the corrected length or racing length is:

$$R.L. = \sqrt[3]{\frac{S.A \times L.^2}{C.P.}} \quad \text{or} \quad \left(R.L. = \sqrt[3]{\frac{S.A \times L.^2}{C_1 D.}}\right)$$

Here R. L. signifies the racing length; S. A. the sail area, measured according to the usual method; L. the length of load waterline; C. and C_1 constants; P. the area of midship section, measured on the drawing or from the yacht on land and controlled by the position of the yacht in water; and D. the displacement expressed in cubic feet.

As to the theoretical correctness of the formula, I beg to quote the following proposition, known to most theorists: "If two yachts are constructed from the same drawing on different scales, their speed will be in direct proportion to their respective $\sqrt{L.}$, if they are provided with sail areas proportionate to their respective $L.^3$" Their resistances grow as $L.^3$ (Froude), hence S. A. must vary as $L.^3$ under the above conditions, for S. A.=driving power=resistance.

As is easily seen, the racing length of the yacht grows directly as the length and sail area, but, on the contrary, inversely as the area of midship section; that is, the smaller the midship section, the greater the racing length. This is the reason why, for instance, fin-keel boats, light centerboard boats and modern light keel yachts (bulb-keelers with wooden fin) have so great a racing length, whereas those of greater body have a considerably smaller measurement.

The table following, in which the proportions between different types and sizes are compared in accordance with my system, the Y. R. A. rating rule and the Seawanhaka system, presents very remarkable figures.

It, for instance, appears that the fin-keel boats Vencedor, Commodore, Blenda, Yum Yum and the Martin craft, as well as the centerboard boats Ostsee, Yohanna, Glencairn and El Heirie, and the modern keel yachts "New Yacht" and Garm, have a considerably, not to say immensely, greater racing length by the system now proposed by me than by either the American or the English systems.

The area of midship section of both Blenda and Yum Yum are only calculated, not measured; yet I venture to declare with decision that the numbers expressing their respective areas are not too small, rather the reverse.

Careful attention should be given to the respective figures of Ariadne, Perkun, Thora, Aura, Carmen, Viola, Vira, all yachts of very different types, although not one of them has a modern, small midship section or very limited displacement.

In Sweden I have been met by the objection, that the midship section is not measurable in the water, but in reply to that I will remark that a simple machine for such measureing certainly could be easily constructed and would give very exact results, as exact as is practically required; for an error of some square inches would, no doubt, be of little importance in the practical use of the system, when, for instance, the sail area is measured according to the method now customary.

The time allowance is, in my system, equal to the whole difference between the respective T; and T is equal to

$$\frac{3600}{1.1.\sqrt{R.L.}};$$

that is, the theoretical normal speed is equal to $1.1.\sqrt{R.L.}$

By comparing calculations I have in the first formula for R. L. fixed the constant C. = 1.48.

In the English system the time allowance is equal to the difference between the respective T, and T in the tables is the time allowance of the yacht to a 1-rater. If the length over all exceeds 1.5. L.W.L., I would assume L. = L.W.L. + ⅓ [L. over all—1.5. L.W.L.].

Name.	L.	S A	P.	My System. R. L	My System. T.	Old English Rat.	Old English T.	Seawanhaka. R. L.	Seawanhaka. T.
40-rater	57.6	4140	51.8	56.4	437	40	187.8	61	461
Excelsior	58.0	3475	49.5	54.4	444	34	182.2	58.5	465
The Martin craft	45.0	2400	33.5	52.0	455	18.0	158.0	47.0	515
Vencedor	43.0	2265	32.6	50.0	464	16.25	153.2	45.3	...
Blenda	35.5	1910	15.2	47.5	477	11.3	138.4	39.6	572
Commodore	37.8	2600	32.4	43.4	478	16.4	154	46.9	526
Canada	37.4	2162	29.0	41.3	510	13.4	146	42.0	...
Lally	40.5	1820	29.0	41.2	510.5	12.3	142	41.6	559
Ostsee, c.b.	36.1	1588	20.0	41.1	511	9.6	131	37.7	587
Ariadne	35.5	1366	24.8	36.1	547	8.1	123	36.2	598
Perkun	34.75	1430	25.5	35.8	548	8.25	124	36.3	599
New Yacht	36.0	1168	15.25	32.75	573	5.1	100	30.1	656
Yohanna, c.b.	24.7	836	10.8	31.75	581	3.45	79	26.8	696
Thora	29.5	1280	23.7	31.7	581.5	6.3	110.7	32.7	631
Aura (94)	25.8	1015	18.2	29.2	607	4.45	92.8	28.8	672
Aura (84)	25.8	908	18.2	28.2	617	3.90	85.9	28.0	676
Tyr	22.5	615	10.05	27.6	624	2.30	55.3	23.7	740
Carmen	22.5	755	12.54	27.4	626	2.85	68.4	25.0	720
Yum Yum	19.4	381	5.40	26.2	640	1.23	14.8	19.45	817
Garm	19.90	444	8.00	24.6	661	1.47	26.7	20.5	795
Viola	19.65	484	9.72	23.5	675	1.58	31.7	20.8	792
Vira	19.40	485	9.72	23.35	677	1.56	30.7	20.7	790
Glencairn	15.34*	292	2.15	27.8	620	0.62	—36	14.92	932
El Heirie	15.50*	240	2.00	26.9	631	0.56	—44	14.87	934

*L.=L.W.L.+⅓ [L. over all—1.5 L.W.L.].

G. R. LUJEGREN.

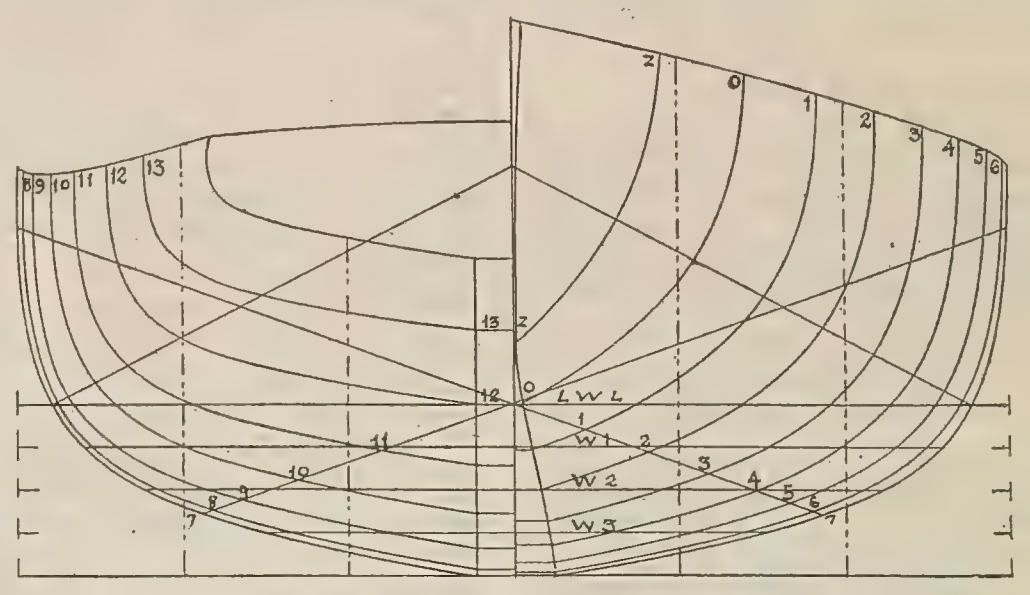
We are not sufficiently familiar with all the yachts quoted by Mr. Lüjegren to pass a critical opinion as to the exact value of the proposed formula; but short of this we are entirely in accord with him as to the desirability of using either displacement or the area of the midship section, and as a divisor; thus placing a premium upon displacement up to a certain point, with its accompanying advantages in greater internal space. We do not, however, favor the plan of Mr. Lüjegren so far as it places the centerboard type on a par with the fin-keel under the rule, and practically excludes it from the racing. We should prefer to see a formula that would encourage the keel yacht of moderate proportions and good bulk, and at the same time would still give a fair chance to the centerboard yacht of similar qualities. As we understand the proposition of our correspondent, the centerboard type would be penalized so heavily as to bar it entirely from the races.

Dealing with the leading type, the moderate keel boat, we have made some calculations as to the possible operation of the proposed formula in the 42ft. class of the Lake Y. R. A., to which Yama, Zelma and Canada belong. We have assumed the same L.W.L. (37ft.) and S. A. (2,209sq. ft.) for four yachts of the class, with different areas of midship section, the racing length by the proposed formula being as follows:

Midship section.	Racing length.	Allowance.			
16sq. ft.	50.30ft.	Allows.			
20sq. ft.	46.7ft.	3 50	Allows.		
24sq. ft.	44.0ft.	7 01	3 11	Allows.	
28sq. ft.	41.7ft.	9 58	6 08	2 57	Allows.
32sq. ft.	40.0ft.	12 19	8 29	5 18	2 21

The midship section of Canada, a semi-fin, is 22sq. ft. (Mr. Lüjegren's figures for Canada are too high), and of Yama, a cutter of moderate beam and rather large displacement, is 27sq. ft. From this it will be seen that the first example, of 16sq. ft. area of midship section, represents the fin-keel type; the second, a fin of greater displacement; the third, a yacht of strong S-section, such as immediately preceded the introduction of the fin-keel; the fourth, of 28sq. ft. area, a wide cutter of the Minerva type; and the fifth, a narrow cutter, somewhat less extreme than the old lead mine. Assuming that the five were of equally good construction, and that by virtue of appropriate dimensions they all carried sail equally well, the fourth column shows the allowance from the fin-keel to the others in order for a twenty-four-mile course. As far as can be estimated from an inspection of these figures, we should say that in the first place they show that the extreme fin is barred, in the second that they would place the other types on very fair terms of equality. It seems that the end in view—the encouragement of the medium types, as represented by No. 3 and No. 4—would be attained; at the same time there is a fighting chance for the more extreme types on each end. It is doubtful where the moderate "compromise" centerboard type would come in; but, considering all things, it is not likely that this type would be any more successful than it has been under the Seawanhaka rule in competing with Minerva and Gloriana.

Of course this method of comparison is more or less partial and superficial; to cover the case thoroughly it would be necessary to make a sketch design for a yacht of each of the five types to the class limit of 42ft., giving each the proportion of L. and S. A. that the particular type demands, and then to compare their probable performances without time allowance. We shall be glad to hear from any of our readers who may be sufficiently interested to study Mr. Lüjegren's formula further and to test its practicability. The objection mentioned, on the score of the difficulty of obtaining the measurement of the midship section, is of no moment; it seems almost certain at the present time that either displacement or area of midship section—the two being practically convertible—must be an important factor in any new rule; and that, however difficult to obtain, one or the other must be had.



BODY PLAN OF SCHOONER.

A Fin-Keel Cruising Schooner.

THE yacht whose lines are here presented will be recognized as the sister to two yachts already illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM, Paralos and Palmyra. This peculiar type of fin-keel, of limited draft, full body and great internal capacity, essentially a cruiser in its characteristics, has for several years been a subject of special study with the two gentlemen who are responsible for the present design, Mr. George B. Wilbur, of Taunton, Mass., and Mr. Wm. F. Palmer, formerly of Taunton, but now of Malden, Mass. These gentlemen, both amateurs, have worked together in their designing for some years; Mr. Wilbur getting out the lines, while the calculations are made and the details of cabins, fittings, etc., are arranged by Mr. Palmer, who has owned and cruised in both Paralos and Palmyra.

The new design is the result of a very satisfactory experience in the previous craft, and is similar in form, but in rig she is a decided novelty. The sail plan, which we will publish next week, shows what might be called, according to some of the absurdities of yacht nomenclature, a "cat schooner." Absurd as such a term is, it has its parallel in the terms "cat yawl" and "cat sloop." The rig is certainly a schooner, but the foremast is stepped just forward of the waterline, as in a catboat; the mainmast being in the center of the waterline.

The dimensions of the yacht are:

Length over all	45ft. 9in.
L.W.L.	32ft.
Overhang, forward	6ft. 9in.
aft	7ft.
Beam, extreme	13ft.
L.W.L.	12ft.
Freeboard, bow	5ft.
stern	3ft. 6in.
least	3ft.
Depth, rabbet to plankshear, midships	5ft. 5in.
Draft, hull only	2ft. 3in.
with fin	5ft. 4in.
Displacement, to designed L.W.L.	9.67 long tons.
Fin and bulb, cast iron	5.72 long tons.
Midship section, area	19.50sq. ft.
from stem	18.66ft.
C.B. from stem	17.60ft.
Lateral plane, area, hull	46sq. ft.
fin	60sq. ft.
rudder	12sq. ft.
Total	118sq. ft.
C.L.R. from stem, without rudder	15.66ft.
Lower sail area	1,600sq. ft.

With a light scantling and limited interior fittings, the yacht will trim to the designed L.W.L.; but a thoroughly strong and durable construction has been adopted, and the yacht will be completely and comfortably fitted up for cruising service, thus increasing the displacement to about 25,000lbs., the l.w.l. to 34ft., and the draft to 5ft. 6in., with a proportionate reduction of freeboard. The over all length, as actually built and given in the table, is a little greater than that shown in the drawing, both ends having been extended after the first design was completed.

The yacht is building for Mr. Palmer by Wood Bros., of East Boston, and is now nearly completed. The fin and bulb, of iron, are cast in one piece, with wide flanges for bolting to the oak keel, a plan successfully followed in the former yachts. The keel is 12in. wide amidships and 4in. thick, tapering at each end, and is steamed and bent to the required sweep. The fin is fastened with ⅞in. galvanized iron bolts, two to each floor, forty-eight in all; the heads being countersunk in the flanges of the fin and the nuts set up below the top of the floor timber, so as not to project through the floor of the cabin.

The frames are all single, of oak, sided 2in., and moulded 2½in. at heels and 2in. at heads, spaced 10in. Most of them are bent, but some in the counter are sawn from knees. All the bent frames are got out to shape, staylathed and beveled before setting up. On each pair of frames is a floor timber of 3in. oak plank, 10in. deep at the middle, and about 6in. at the ends, the upper faces beveled to take the flooring of the cabins. The lower bilge clamps run over the ends of these floors. There are two bilge clamps on each side; one just over the ends of the floors, the other at the turn of the bilge. The main deck beams are 3 by 4in., the others 2 by 2½in. The planking is of hard pine in single lengths, finishing 1¼in. thick, and the deck is 2 by 1½in. The deck frame is well kneed off with both hanging and lodging knees of hackmatack. Contrary to the usual practice, the rudder will be of wood, with a 5in. locust stock, 27 per cent. of the blade being forward of the center.

The extent and nature of the accommodations can only be understood from the interior plans, which, with the sail plan, we will publish next week.

Important, If True.

THE Chicago *Chronicle* of March 31 is responsible for the following story, for which we cannot vouch:

A syndicate of prominent New York yachtsmen have about closed negotiations for the purchase of Com. Berriman's crack yacht, the Vencedor.

The Eastern yachtsmen want the Western sloop to pit against Howard Gould's fast yacht, the Niagara. There is nothing on the Atlantic coast that can give the Niagara a good race, and the salt-water sportsmen have been forced to lay aside their prejudice and come West for a yacht to test the champion's merit. They have been obliged to do this or build a high-class racer. Aside from the risk attending the latter experiment, the cost of the venture would be a neat sum, for no builder of reputation would undertake to build a yacht to sail against the Niagara except for a fancy price. The quality of the Vencedor is known all over the Lakes, and her reputation for fast work in a heavy sea has traveled up and down the seacoast.

The chances of the Vencedor being able to give the Niagara a race have been carefully considered by the yachtsmen who contemplate her purchase. Aside from what is known of her public performances, the Eastern yachtsmen have been seeking private information concerning her sailing qualities. Poekel, who designed her, advised them that he would go as far as he could in recommending her without giving an actual guarantee. Com. Berriman said he would go further. He agreed to put up a bonus of $1,000, which the purchasers should take if the Vencedor failed to defeat the Niagara in two out of three races.

Both of these crack yachts are of the same general type. The Niagara was the model Poekel had in mind when he designed the Vencedor. He aimed to make a yacht of the Niagara type with a few improvements. He thinks he succeeded, and risks his reputation as a builder of racing yachts when he states in emphatic terms that he believes the Vencedor will have little difficulty in defeating the Gould yacht.

The Niagara is in Europe at present, but it is understood she will be brought over very soon. As a racing machine, both in this country and abroad, she has had an almost uninterrupted line of successes. Out of fifty-two races sailed she has won forty-eight.

Commodore Berriman is willing to part with his fast fin-keel because he cannot get another race with the Canadians for her. Should the pending negotiations be completed, he will challenge the Canadians, and build a yacht to suit their class. They will not sail in the Vencedor's class, claiming she is too big. The Vencedor and the Niagara are well suited to a race in point of size, the Eastern yacht being only 2ft. bigger, racing length. On a twenty-one mile course the Western boat would claim a time allowance of a little more than two minutes.

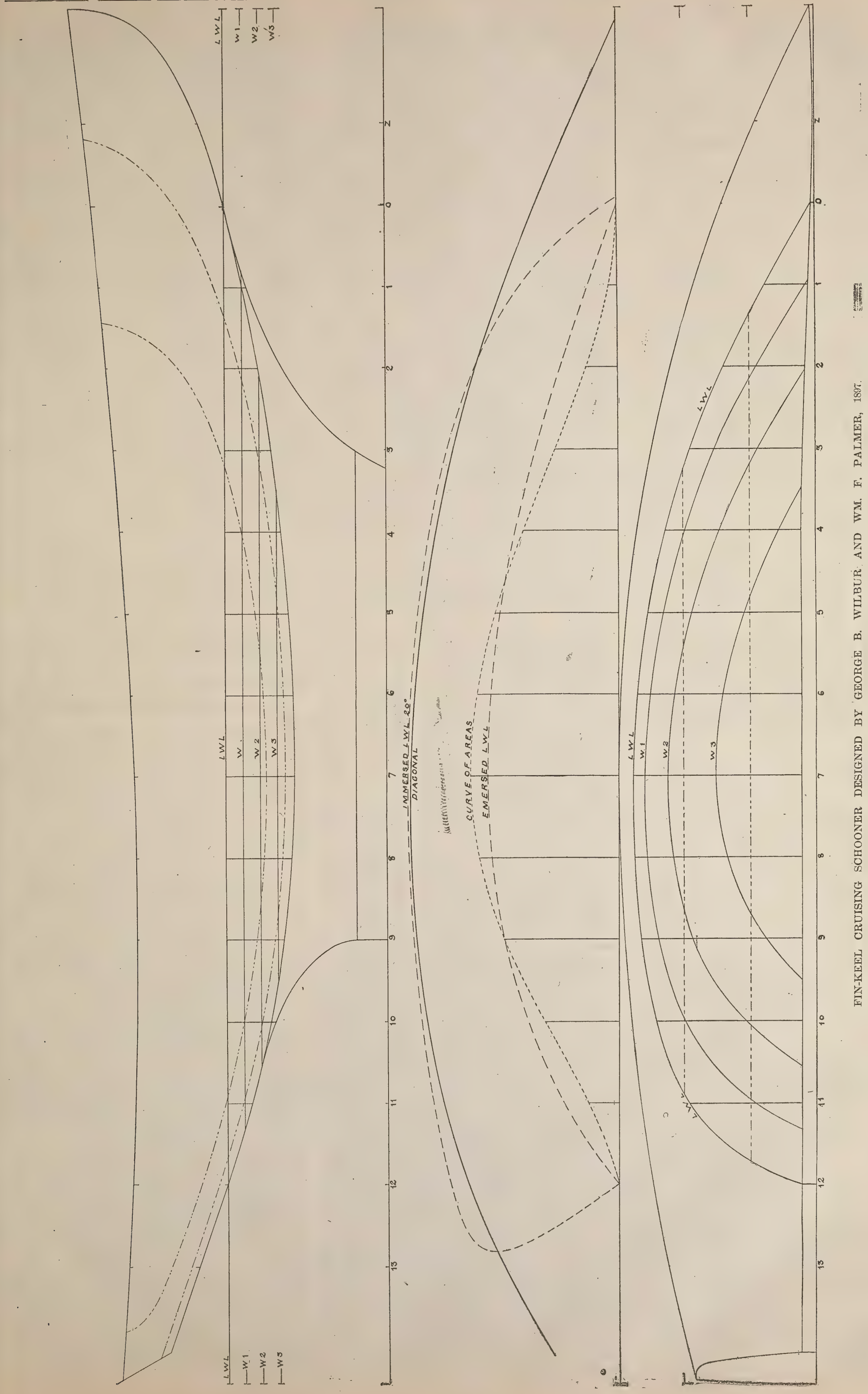
Yachtsmen will be much interested in noting the performance of a lake yacht over the salt-water courses.

American Model Y. C.

AT the annual meeting of the American Model Y. C., held on April 2 at their rooms, 227 Fulton street, Brooklyn, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Com., James H. Lane; Vice-Com., Cornelius Van Ness; Treas., Geo. W. Townley; Sec'y, Geo. F. Pigott; Meas., Frank Nichols; Trustee for three years, J. C. Meyer. Official reports for the past year were read, showing the club to be in a thoroughly prosperous condition. The report on the half models submitted to Mr. A. Cary Smith was read, showing the successful half modelers as follows: O. L. Gray, J. C. Meyer and Frank Nichols.

It was decided to open the boat house at the salt-water station, foot of Thirty-fourth street, South Brooklyn, on April 18, when preparations for a lively season of model yachting will be in order. The club has its eye on the Eagle cup, and intends to have its hands on it as soon as one of the fastest models is selected by the trial races. No doubt Star will make a bold bid for first place, but the race will not be a sail-over by any means, as she will meet some fast boats.

FRANK NICHOLS.



FIN-KEEL CRUISING SCHOONER DESIGNED BY GEORGE B. WILBUR AND WM. F. PALMER, 1897.

YACHT DESIGNING.—XVII.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 255.)

BEING provided with a suitable drawing board and a support for it, the next question for the draftsman is what to put on the board to receive his drawing? At the present time drawing paper can be had of every grade, from the coarsest and poorest up to the finest, and practically of any size desired; 6ft. wide by 30, 60, and even 90ft. long are stock sizes, and still larger can be obtained. It is amusing now to read in the old books on drafting minute instructions for scarfing and joining the comparatively small sheets then obtainable, in order to make one large sheet. To-day paper is made in continuous lengths, and of almost any width up to 10ft. or so; some of it being afterward cut into sheets of various sizes and sold in that form, while the rest is cut into convenient lengths of 10, 20 or 30yds., and sold in the roll or by the yard.

The first and most important consideration in selecting drawing paper, and one too frequently overlooked, is economy; and to this end only the very best should be chosen, regardless of the first cost. A sheet of Whatmann's "Selected Best" hand-made paper, of "Double Elephant" size, 27×40in., costs 30 cents, and two thirds of this sheet, costing 20 cents (18×40in.), will be of the right size and proportions for a set of lines. The drawing to be made on this piece of paper will probably require three or four days' time at the least, and an outlay of $15 to $30 for labor. Such paper as is too commonly used—a coarse, rough brown, filled with clay or other adulterant—may cost from 2 to 5 cents for a piece of the same size. Against this saving of less than 20 cents in first cost must be set the loss of time, amounting to many hours, which is due to the coarse and unsuitable surface, the difficulty of making erasures, and the probable spoiling of the whole drawing when it comes to the inking in, as apart from the difficulty of making a pen work at all on such a rough, furry surface, the ink will spread wherever an erasure has been made. On a good white paper the most minute measurements may be plotted; very fine pencil lines may be drawn; erasures, even of ink lines, are easily made without damage to the surface; the inking in may be done in half of the time and with far greater neatness; and the lines of the finished drawing, fine as they are, stand out in bold relief. Even the beginner and the amateur, though he counts his time as of no money value and is desirous of economizing in his cash outlay for materials, will find it the worst kind of economy to purchase paper of a poorer grade than is suitable for the particular work he may be engaged on.

Really good drawing paper can only be made of good materials and by expert workmen, the presence or absence of both being soon detected when a piece of paper is in use. The paper should be strong, so as to stand continual handling, and it should be durable, not becoming brittle or discolored with age. It should be of uniform thickness and even surface; it should shrink or stretch as little as possible, and equally in all directions; the surface should not absorb inks, but it must receive them freely, and must be capable of standing the complete erasure of ink marks and redrawing in ink. For some kinds of drafting it is necessary that the paper should stand the application of water in *washing in* broad surfaces of color, but this is seldom the case in marine drafting. It is not possible to obtain all of these qualities in any one make of paper, but from the very extensive and varied stock carried by the dealers in draftsmen's supplies it is possible to select a paper exactly fitted for any particular purpose.

The drawing of a set of lines for a vessel requires very accurate work, with fine lines and presumably considerable erasure and alteration; for this purpose a thick white paper with a smooth surface is the best. Each maker or large dealer has a series of names for all of his papers, and this class of white papers is listed under such names as "Paragon," "Par Excellence," "Peerless," "Universal," "Anvil," "Linnien," "Hercules," etc.; the first three being the better grades The best of these papers cost, by the single yard, 42in. wide, 45 to 50 cents, or half this price for a piece 18×42in., enough for the average drawing; by the roll of 10yds. they are still cheaper. The sail plan may be made on the same paper, but as it requires less alteration and erasure a lighter grade will answer as well. For preliminary sketches of sheer plan, etc., for details on a large scale, and similar open and simple drawings, the better grades of brown detail papers, costing from 8 to 12 cents per yard, are quite good enough, and of course much cheaper than the first mentioned. For laying off any parts full size, such as the body plan, the cheapest grade of manilla paper is suitable; some of these papers, made for commercial use rather than for drafting, being so cheap when purchased by the roll that they are used on the mold-loft floor for laying down the lines full size.

For sketching and for the amateur's practice in the study of drafting, and in fact for amateur drafting in general, the ordinary linen ledger and letter papers, which may be had in sheets of large size, and of course unruled, are excellent, and considerably cheaper than the heavier drawing papers. They will take ink and will stand a reasonable amount of erasure. They, as well as some of the thinner of the regular drawing papers, may be used for blue-printing direct, without the labor of a tracing, and thus are very convenient.

The roll paper, which may be had in 10yd. rolls of 36, 42, 58, 62 and even 72in. width, is more economical than the sheets, as it may be cut to any sizes desired without waste; it is also convenient to store; but it has one serious objection, it will not lie flat on the board. This may be overcome by *damp-stretching*, as described later, or by rolling the paper the reverse way when the roll is first opened and leaving it for a time, afterward cutting it into large sheets and putting them where they will lie perfectly flat and under pressure. This is advisable with all paper, as it improves with age.

In addition to the heavier papers for original drawings there are the transparent papers and cloth used for tracing, very indispensable adjuncts. The papers are the cheaper, costing about one-third as much as the cloth, and they answer very well for certain work that is not much handled. They are very fragile and easily torn, however, and much less satisfactory to draw on than the cloth; the latter being in every way preferable for tracings that are to be frequently handled or are of permanent value. It is most annoying to spend hours of careful work over a tracing and then in a short time to find the paper tearing at the edges and corners and in a fair way to become worthless. We would impress upon the young draftsman the lesson that it took us many years of practice to learn, that the slight saving due to the use of a poor quality of paper, or of tracing paper instead of cloth, is dearly paid for in the end.

The invention of the blue-printing and other similar but more complicated processes—a comparatively modern improvement—has made the tracing in one sense even more valuable than it was before, though it has decreased the necessity for numerous tracings. In this process it is necessary to have a drawing on some transparent medium, which drawing is equivalent to a photographic negative. This drawing is placed over a sheet of sensitized paper, and a sheet of heavy plate glass is laid over the two; they are then exposed to the bright sunlight for five minutes or so, or for a longer time if the light be less intense. The sensitized sheet, which was originally of a light yellow tint, and after exposure under the tracing has turned to varying shades of blue-gray, is now quickly washed with cold water and hung up to dry. The final result is a dark blue ground with white lines. Other processes give black or very dark lines on a white ground, but they are more difficult and expensive, and for most purposes no better than the humble blue-print. The value of this simple process is almost incalculable; before its invention it was necessary to make a separate tracing from the original for every copy of a drawing, a number being required in large establishments. Now but one tracing is needed; from this any desired number of reproductions can be made rapidly and at a nominal cost.

A suitable selection of paper for ordinary work would include a roll of white paper, what is termed "thick" or "medium" "smooth," cut into as large sheets as can be stowed away; some plain linen ledger or writing paper of various sizes and thicknesses, a roll of detail paper of good quality, tracing paper and tracing cloth.

The almost invariable custom of draftsmen is to fasten the paper permanently to the drawing board, leaving it there until the drawing is entirely completed, when it is removed to give place to a new piece of paper. To follow out this plan, it is of course necessary that there shall be a good supply of drawing boards of various sizes, or else that but one drawing shall be in hand at a time. The paper is fastened to the board either by tacks or paste, the former method being much the easier. Special *drawing pins* or *thumb tacks* are made for this purpose, a large flat head of brass or German silver with a steel point screwed in, not riveted. The usual sizes have heads from ⅝ to ½in. diameter, and points about $\frac{3}{16}$in. long. A cheaper variety, introduced within a few years, has the head and point stamped from one piece of sheet steel; they are quite as good as the more expensive ones. The heads of these tacks stand up high enough to obstruct and sometimes to damage the edges of the T squares and triangles; and a very good substitute for them may be found in the common carpet tack of iron or copper, which will leave the surface of the paper practically unobstructed. In placing the paper on the board it should be trimmed square, the lower side of the paper parallel to the lower edge of the board, and the left side of the paper quite near to the left edge of the board. This side may be fastened with a tack in each corner; then the opposite side may be fastened at the corners, being well stretched, after which other tacks may be placed along all four sides until the paper is held firmly and smoothly.

In some establishments it is the custom to keep a number of drawing boards of such sizes as the work demands, and as soon as one is cleared of a drawing it is covered with muslin, put on the board with starch and tacked around the edges; then a sheet of paper, which may be thinner than that used without backing, is well soaked with water on the back, allowed to expand, covered with starch and placed on the muslin. It is adjusted in position, its edges parallel to those of the board, and then rubbed down with a soft rag, a piece of brown paper being used to protect the damp surface of the drawing paper. Beginning at the center, all air bubbles and wrinkles are worked out, the edges rubbed down hard, and the board is set away to allow the cloth and paper to dry and season thoroughly until wanted for use. This gives an excellent surface, hard, solid and smooth, and the drawing is in shape for permanent preservation; it, however, involves some trouble and also some time, in order that the drying may be complete. When the drawing is finished the paper and cloth are cut around the edges and the cloth pulled off the board.

For some classes of work the paper is best prepared by the process of *damp-stretching*, and the method may fittingly be described here, though it is seldom used in the class of work of which we are treating. The sheet of paper should be cut a little larger all around than necessary for the finished drawing. It is then turned face upward on the drawing board, a straightedge is placed about ¼in. in from one edge, and with a very sharp knife point a cut is made less than halfway through the paper, and the strip is torn off by a steady pull from end to end. The other three sides are now treated in the same manner, leaving the edges of the paper thinner than the rest of the sheet, and also with a rough surface that will hold the paste or glue better than the original smooth back. The edges of the paper, for a width of from ¼ to ⅜ n., are now turned back on to the upper surface and pressed smooth with a paper-folder or hard piece of wood; the paper is then turned face downward and the back is thoroughly wetted with a sponge and cold water, the edge being left dry. After the paper has absorbed sufficient water to make it perfectly soft and pliable the surplus water is sponged off and the sheet again turned face upward. It is now adjusted in place on the board and carefully smoothed out, working always from the center, using a soft rag and a piece of common paper to avoid soiling the face. After the paper is smooth and free from wrinkles, four strips of any common paper are cut and laid under the edges that are folded back to keep the paste from the face of the paper. For securing the edges, *mouth glue*, specially prepared for draftsmen's use and to be had in the stores, is often used; but *dextrine* is still better. This should be mixed with water to a stiff paste and applied freely to the edges that have been turned back to receive it The middle portion of the near side is first coated and rubbed down with some hard tool, such as folder or knife handle, using a piece of paper to protect the surface; then the middle of the opposite side is treated in the same way, after which follows the middle of one end and then of the other, the corners and the remainder of the sides being afterward dealt with. One advantage of the *dextrine* is that it can be readily softened by water, either in finally cleaning the board or in correcting any errors in applying the paper. The glue or dextrine, if rubbed down hard, will dry in a short time, and the paper will be ready for use as soon as the water has thoroughly dried out of it. One caution is necessary in removing the paper from the board, which is done by cutting around the edges just inside of the pasted margin. After the first side is cut, an adjoining and not the opposite side should be next cut, otherwise the contraction of the paper may tear the drawing badly.

In the previous chapter no mention was made of a style of drawing board called a *panel board*, which is used for the purpose of *damp-stretching*. This board is made with a rabbeted frame like a picture frame, with an interior panel fitting flush with the upper surface of the frame and fastened by buttons on the back. The sheet of paper is well damped and allowed time to expand; then it is laid over the panel, projecting an inch or so over each edge, and the panel is pressed into the frame and fastened by the buttons. As the paper is forced into the rabbet, it is drawn tight over the face of the panel, and when dry it should be smooth and free from wrinkles. This class of board is only used for small work, water-color painting, etc. In place of the process of pasting muslin and paper together on the board, as previously described, all the better qualities of drawing papers may now be had already *mounted* or backed with muslin, and in any sizes. This paper and cloth combination has a good body and is excellent to draw on, while practically indestructible; it is, however, more than twice as costly as the paper alone. It is used for important and complicated drawings which require a great deal of labor.

The great bulk of mechanical drafting—architectural, engineering or machine—is executed with the aid of the *T square*, a ruler or *straightedge* with a fixed head at one end, which slides on the edge of the drawing board and keeps the straightedge always at the same angle with the board. Thus all the lines drawn from one edge of the board will be parallel; and if, as is at least nominally the case, the adjoining edge is at right angles to the first, all the lines drawn with the head of the *T square* in contact with this latter edge will be perpendicular to those first drawn. If the board be perfectly true on all four edges and angles, which is seldom the case, the *T square* may be used from any edge. This use of the *T square* of course carries with it the assumption that the paper is fastened to the board by one of the methods described, which is usually the case. The ordinary architectural or machine drawing is composed of a large number of straight lines, parallel to one edge or the other of the board, and many of them quite short. The accuracy of the drawing depends but slightly upon these lines all being absolutely parallel or perpendicular to one another; any small errors are likely to be merely local. In a marine drawing, as we have already seen, there are comparatively few straight lines, but these few are quite long and must be absolutely straight and parallel. For the former class of drawings the *T square* is not merely useful, but indispensable; by its aid the principal lines, vertical and horizontal, may be drawn with all necessary accuracy, and the many smaller lines may be drawn very rapidly and quite accurately enough. The convenience and quickness of the *T square* in marine drawing cannot be questioned; but of its accuracy, except in drawings only 24 to 30in. long, as much cannot be said. With the most perfect appliances, a steel blade with metal head working against a metal *straightedge* fastened to the end of the board, the foundation lines of the sheer and half-breadth plans, perhaps 4 or 5ft. long, may be drawn both straight and parallel, but such perfect apparatus is not always at hand.

In the case of a design but 2 to 3ft. long, the paper may be fastened to the board, the latter being enough wider than the paper to admit of *spline weights* being used on each side, and all the lines as well as the intersections may be drawn with the *T square* with a marked saving of time. When it comes, however, to drawings 4ft. or more long, there are good reasons for laying aside entirely both the *T square* and the *thumb tacks*, and resorting to other and simpler if less rapid means.

In the first place, all drawing paper, plain or mounted, will stretch or shrink to an uncertain but often annoying degree, perhaps seriously impairing the accuracy of the drawing even before it is finished. Such shrinkage may confidently be counted on in the case of the elaborate process of *damp-stretching*, already described, as soon as the drawing is cut from the board. There is no better preventative of this annoying evil than to keep the paper, whether plain or mounted, for as long a time as possible, laid perfectly flat and with a board on it, in the atmosphere in which it will finally be used; and a supply of paper should always be on hand seasoning. A sheet of this kind, already nearly of the size required for the drawing, will change but little when taken from the pile a short time before it is needed and laid in a drawer It should by this time be in such a condition that when placed on the drawing board it will lie perfectly flat and smooth without the aid of paste or pins. If left entirely to itself, it will change much less than if confined to the board in any way.

The nature and proportions of such a drawing make it desirable that any part may be brought at will under the draftsman's hand, and while this is easily possible with a loose sheet of paper, it is not with one fastened to the board. In the latter case there must be left a margin of at least 6in. of board outside of the bottom and possibly the top of the paper, on which to place the *spline weights;* and if this is done the draftsman will frequently have to lean far over to reach the center or upper side of the drawing. With the drawing free, it may be pushed back when working on the near side, or drawn down when working at the top, on the sheer, rail, etc.; or for the same purpose it may with advantage be reversed, the upper side being temporarily turned toward the draftsman. This will almost inevitably be necessary in drawing the curves of the body plan. A revolving table such as previously described obviates the necessity for actually turning the paper around; but even with it the paper will require to be moved toward one edge or the other. Still another advantage of having the paper thus free is that, when work is finished for the time, the drawing may be laid away securely in a drawer; and if it becomes necessary to lay it aside for a time to take up other work, the drawing board is left clear for the latter. After being brought up to the conventional use of the *T square* in various classes of drawing, and following it as a matter of course for years in marine drafting, we have finally hung up all save the shorter ones in a nice quiet place on the wall, where they can rest at ease, only coming down at long intervals for some special piece of work. Of course, the smaller ones are in constant use on sail plans, details, fittings and similar work more closely allied to machine drafting. Another consideration, though a slight one, is worth mentioning: if the drawing be free, it is possible to turn it over and sketch on the back, which has almost as good a surface as the face, many useful details, thus keeping them conveniently at hand on the one sheet of paper.

The 21ft. knockabout recently illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM is about completed at the yard of her designer and builder, W. P. Stearns, Marblehead. She will be named Verona, and will be owned by C. B. Tucker, of Boston. Mr. Stearns is now very busy with the new 16ft. fin-keels and other work.

Oil Stoves for Yachts.

NEW YORK, April 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having had considerable experience with stoves of all kinds on a yacht, I have found the one called the Oil-gas, made by a firm on Pearl street, this city, to be the best. The burners should be renewed every season to get the best results.

I understand that there will be another blue flame kerosene stove for yachts brought out during the summer, about which great claims are made, but which are yet to be proved. A stove called the Primus is good, but small, and apparently not as controllable as the Oil-gas. Neither of these have wicks. The Florence wick stoves are manufactured still to the best of my knowledge. E. T. BIRDSALL.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES

The prospect for a large fleet in the trial races of the Seawanhaka 20ft. class is improving as the beginning of the season nears. The contract for the Rouse-Hoyt fin keel has been placed by Gardner & Cox with the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co., and work will commence at once. The same firm has also an order from C. H. Crane for a 20-footer in addition to the boat already built by Lawley for Mr. Crane. The second boat is for a syndicate of which Mr. Crane is a member.

Scythian, steam yacht, Miss Susan De Forest Day, reached New York on March 30 after a cruise of three months in the West Indies, calling at St. Croix, Saba, St. Christopher, Basse Terre, St. Kitts, Nevis, Montserrat, Guadeloupe, San Domingo, Point a Pitre, St. Lucia and Jamaica. A good deal of heavy weather was encountered on the cruise, but it was most enjoyable; the yacht has proved herself a comfortable and seaworthy craft. It will be remembered that the yacht was originally a tramp steamer, but refitted last year when purchased by Miss Day.

Eleanor, steam yacht, W. A. Slater, has been chartered by Tams & Lemoine to Oliver H. Payne, of New York, who will sail about June 1 for British waters and the Baltic. Capt. W. C. Scott, who was formerly in command of Mr. Slater's yacht Sagamore, and who has been connected with Eleanor since the first plans were made, afterward taking her around the world, is still in command.

Yampa, schr., R. S. Palmer, has been laid up all winter at New London, where she is now fitting out for a cruise to British waters and the Baltic. On her cruise to the West Indies a year ago all of her boats were smashed in a blow in the Gulf Stream. Messrs. Tams & Lemoine have just furnished her with two new boats from special designs by W. P. Stephens, and built by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. at Ogdensburgh. The gig is 24ft. long and the cutter 20ft., the latter fitted with a centerboard and two rigs, sprit mainsail and mizzen or mainsail and jib.

Messrs. J. F. Lovejoy and H. C. Wintringham will remain on the Larchmont Y. C. regatta committee for the present season, with Mr. Howard W. Coates as the third member.

Lasca, schr., Gen. Jas. S. Watson, has reached Gibraltar.

Com. George J. Gould, A. Y. C., has reappointed Gen. T. L. Watson fleet captain and Dr. W. R. Townsend fleet surgeon for the season.

Narada, steam yacht, *nee* Semiramis, ex-Margarita I., now owned by Henry Walters, will visit England this season. She is now at New London.

Alcedo II., the new steam yacht building for George W. Childs Drexel from designs by A. S. Chesebrough, will be launched on April 10 at Harlan & Hollingsmith's yard, Wilmington.

On March 17 the two American steam yachts Varuna, Eugene Higgins, and Margarita II., A. J. Drexel, were at Venice; their next port being Messina.

Buccaneer, steam yacht, W. J. Hearst, was at Nassau on March 23.

Duquesne, steam yacht, T. R. Hostetter, arrived at New York on March 26 from a long cruise in the West Indies.

Columbia, steam yacht, J. H. Ladew, arrived at Key West from Nassau on March 25.

Lufra, ketch, has been cruising this winter in the West Indies with Sir Cecil and Lady Miles.

Nourmahal, J. J. Astor, arrived at St. Thomas on March 9, and sailed two days later for St. Croix.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Ianthe C. C. will hold a smoker on Saturday, April 10, at 8 P. M., at the club house at Woodside, near Newark, to which all canoeists are invited. The club house may be reached by the Newark Branch of the Erie R. R. from the foot of Chambers street, New York, by the 7:30 P. M. train

British Canoe Association.

FROM correspondence from the other side of the big water we learn that the prominent sailors of the B. C. A. will make a most determined effort to win back the Challenge cup which was won by W. W. Howard, of the New York C. C. The races will be sailed during the latter part of June.

The B. C. A. annual meet will be held July 10 to 31, and they will try the experiment of a genuine cruising meet from Athlone down the Shannon through Lough Dey to Killaloe, with seven different camping sites *en route*.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Arthur F. Macnee	Peterboro, Ont.	Kingston Y. C.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Andrew Irving	Gouverneur, N. Y.	Gouverneur C. C.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 14.—There was a lot of rifle and pistol work at Shell Mound ranges to-day. The light was good during the greater part of the day, and the wind was fair. Good scores were made.

A. H. Pape broke the 3-shot rifle record in the Bushnell medal match. He made 1, 1, 4—6 in three consecutive shots. This means that two bullets struck the inch center and the third was only 2in. from the center, or an average of 3 shots in a 2in circle, off-hand, 200yds. In this match Pape yesterday lowered his record by 6 points, his best 30-shot scores averaging 90 points on 3in. bullseye hits.

The class medal scores and best scores on the re-entry matches, Columbia target, were as follows:

Rifle, 200yds., class medals, for members only:
Champion class: A. H. Pape 65, F. O. Young 71, F. E. Mason 96
First class: O A. Bremer 75, A. B. Dorrell 77, E. Jacobson 81, C. M. Daiss 86, G. Schultz 101, A. Gehret 102.
Second class: J. E. Gorman 71, M. J. White 121, G. Barley 139.
Third class: G. Mennel 139, C. Hinterman 139, V. J. Lamotte 142, Mrs. M. J. White 175, Mrs. L. J. Crane 182.

Pistol, 50yds., 10-shot scores:
Champion class: C. M. Daiss 43, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 47, F. O. Young 54, J. E. Gorman 55.
First class: F. E. Mason 46, M. J. White 67, E. Jacobson 77.
Second class: G. M. Bailey 50.
Third class: C. Roberts 72, H. J. Wicker 77, R. W. Forrest 96, Mrs. M J White 96, Dr. J. J. Giusti 106, Mr. L. J. Crane 133, A. Hinterman 151, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 174, V. J. Lamotte 213.

Rifle, all-comers, re-entry matches, F. H. Bushnell medal, 3-shot scores: H. H. Pape 6, 10, 11; F. O. Young 12, 12.

William Glindeman military medal, 10 shots, Creedmoor count: E. Hovey 48, 46, 45; F. O. Young 46, J. E. Gorman 45, E. Jacobson 44, C. F. Waltham 42.

F. O. Young rifle-record medal, 10-shot scores: F. O. Young 56, J. E. Gorman 65, F. E. Mason 71, Dr. Bangs 76, Dr. Barker 80.

Achille Roos .22cal. medal, 50yds., 5-shot scores: E. Jacobson 8, 9, 10, 11, 11; H. J. Wicker 15; Mrs. L. J. Crane 11, 12, 14; Mrs. C. F. Waltham 20, 22; Mrs. M. J. White 28, 32.

Pistol, 50yds., Gordon Blanding medal, 3-shot scores: F. O. Young 7, 10, 11, 13; C. M. Daiss 9, 9, 11, 11; S. Carr 18, 14.

Howard Carr—Any revolver, medal, 6 shot scores: C. Roberts 36, 38, 47, 47.

Diamond pistol, medal, 10-shot scores: C M. Daiss 33, 40, 42, 44; F. O. Young 54, 57, 60; Ed Hovey 54, 57; S. Carr 49; A. B. Dorrell 51.

The Madison Square Tournament.

THE Tournament Committee having in charge the management of the recent tournament in Madison Square Garden, during the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition, has wound up its affairs and gone into retirement with honor.

The committee met on Thursday last, April 1, in Room 1,009, 377 Broadway, the quarters of the Sportsmen's Association, and presented a statement of its receipts and disbursements for the purpose of having the same audited and approved by the secretary treasurer of the Association, Mr. J. A. H. Dressel. The balance to the credit of the committee was a sum approximating $300. That sum will be held in trust by the Association, to be placed at the disposal of the committee for next year's tournament when such committee is appointed.

An elaborate scheme is under advisement for next year's tournament. In addition to contests similar to those held this year, team matches and contests for telescope sights, .22 long rifles, etc., will in all probability find a place on the programme. The prizes, too, will be proportionately greater, and the number of ranges more than doubled.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

April 10—WINDSOR LOCKS, Conn.—All-day tournament of the Windsor Locks Gun Club. Targets. C. F. Cleaveland, Sec'y.

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament. $750 added money.

April 14-16.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association.

April 15.—YOUNGSTOWN, O.—First tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 16.—BRIDGEPORT, Conn.—All day shoot of the Bridgepor Gun Club. Targets. V A Blakeslee, Sec'y.

April 17.—NUTLEY, N J.—All-day shoot of the Yanticaw Gun Club. Targets from a magautrap. Shooting chmmences on arrival of 9:52 train from Chambers street, New York.

April 19.—HINGHAM, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Hingham Gun Club. 100-target handicap. G O. Henderson, Treasurer.

April 20-21.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Targets

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. $1,000 added.

April 21-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

April 27-29.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club. Two first days, targets; third day, live birds.

April 27-30.—FONDA, Ia.—Tournament under the management of Geo. E. Hughes and C. R. McCord. Live birds. $800 added money.

April 28-29.—RICHMOND, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club.

April 28-29.—PERU, Ind.—Tournament under the management of J. L Head.

May 4-6.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. Live birds and targets. F. C. Whitney, Sec'y.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 6.—SHERBURNE, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club. One day at targets. L D Brainard, Sec'y-Treas

May 11-13.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds

May 11-14.—WATERLOO, Ia.—Tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club. E. B. Walker, Sec'y.

May 12-13.—CONNERSVILLE, Ind.—Tournament of the Connersville Gun Club. Live birds. T. F. Thomas, Sec'y

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

May 18.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West End Gun Club. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y.

May 18-19.—FOREST CITY Ia.—Hill City Gun Club's second annual tournament; $100 added. J. W Mahoney, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—SAVANNAH, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Forest City Gun Club.

May 19-21.—CANTON, S. D.—South Dakota Sportsmen's Association annual. C. S. Seely, Sec'y.

May 20.—GREENVILLE, Pa.—Second tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H Jones, Sec'y.

May 28-29.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

May 31.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters League tournament, under the auspices of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

June 2-4.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club.

June 7-8.—PARKERSBURG, W. Va.—Tournament of the Mountain State Gun Club. Targets. $350 added Leon J Epstein, Sec'y.

June 8-9.—Tournament of the Trap Shooters' League of Indiana.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—MONROE, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 10.—NEWCASTLE, Pa.—Third tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

June 15-18.—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug 17-19.—TORONTO, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000 guaranteed. Open to all. Write for programmes.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H Jones, Sec'y

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The board of governors of the California Inanimate Target Association held its annual meeting on Saturday, evening, March 20. The meeting was held at the Olympic Gun Club rooms. The president of the Association, Mr. M. C. Allen, occupied the chair. The president, in presenting his annual report, recommended that some system of division of purses, whereby all ties divided, should be adopted at the next tournament. He suggested the adoption of the Rose system or some similar plan. An informal discussion on this point showed that the consensus of opinion on the part of those present was in favor of "all ties divided." The treasurer's report showed a handsome balance in hand to the credit of the Association. The Encinal Gun Club, of Alameda, was elected a member of the Association. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, M. C. Allen, Olympic Gun Club; Vice-Presidents: F. B. Norton, Reliance Gun Club; T. R. Barney, Alameda County Sportsmen's Club; C. Carr, Monterey Gun Club; Chas. Van Valkenbury, Los Angeles City Gun Club, and C. J. Haas, Stockton Athletic Association Gun Club; Secretary Treasurer, L. P. Bolander, Golden Gate Gun Club. A pleasing feature of the occasion was the presentation by Mr. Frank Norton, on behalf of the members of the Association and of the sportsmen of California, of a gold watch and fob to the president, Mr. M. C. Allen. The members present at the meeting were: Lincoln Gun Club, R. G. Wenzel and D. Daniels; Reliance Gun Club, Wm. Marshall, Col. S. I. Kellogg and F. B. Norton; Empire Gun Club, F. W. King and F. L. Judd; Olympic Gun Club, H. H. White, M. C. Allen and T. R. Barney; Alameda County Sportsmen's Club, Geo. E. Perkins and T. R. Barney; Encinal Gun Club, J. H. Walker, H. A. Hoyt and H. Betten; Golden Gate Gun Club, T. Lewis, C. M. Wollam and L. P. Bolander.

While in Hartley & Graham's store, 313 Broadway, on Saturday morning last, we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. R. P. Cory, of 1208 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. We very nearly shook hands with Mr. Cory without the ceremony of an introduction, for he is an exact double of a very prominent member of the New York State Sportsmen's Association who resides in Rochester, N. Y., viz.: Mr. Richmond, a gentleman who never misses the State shoot or its annual meeting. Mr. Cory, however, made amends for not being Mr. Richmond by showing us an invention for doing away with the necessity of two sets of barrels, field and trap. This invention has been patented about a year, and Mr. Cory is now devoting his time to putting it on the market, so we are not disclosing any secret by giving a description of it. Mr. Cory handed us a neat little gun with 27 or 28in. barrels, and explained that it was a pure cylinder, and naturally an excellent quail or brush gun. He then pulled out of his pocket about 2in. more of the same gun barrels with a perfectly simple attachment underneath that practically made the gun 30in. and full choke at that. "There you have a duck or trap gun," said Mr. Cory. And it was a fact. He further explained that over 5,000 trial shots had been fired through the (what we may call) "spliced gun," for the purpose of fully testing its capacity for wear and tear. He also told us that with the cylinder 28in. barrels he got a nice even pattern at regulation brush distance, and increased that pattern more than 33 per cent. when the "splice" was made. Although the idea is not exactly new, the method of attachment *is* and it is the most simple, effective and practical one we have ever seen. Why shouldn't it be just the thing for a man who wants to shoot both quail and ducks with the same gun?

In a letter to us, advising that a programme of his tournament had been mailed us, Lou Erhardt says: "You will note a change in the programme. We will all shoot the Sergeant system, which is no experiment. We tried it, and it is simply perfect. Any club can use it without any extra cost. Any kind of target can be used. Our grounds this year are also perfect as to background. To protect amateurs we have five equal moneys, with $25 added to every purse, and $50 per day to the five high guns." The Sergeant system referred to is the idea of W. G. Sergeant, of Joplin, Mo., and may be described as follows: Shooters' platform is 12yds. long, making 3yds. between each of the five shooters at the score. Three traps are placed directly in front of No. 3 score, 16yds. from that score, and each trap only 30in. apart, or 5ft. between the two outside traps. By this means, that is, by having the traps so close together, it is claimed that no loss of time is the result of a target breaking in the trap. If a target breaks, the shooter calls "Pull!" again, and the next trap is pulled. All traps are pulled in rotation, and the traps are so close together that it is practically known trap, unknown angles, all the time.

One of the funniest things in the way of reporting a shoot that we have seen lately occurred in a Rochester (N. Y.) daily quite recently. The article, which treats of a shoot held by the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, is headed "A New Trap for Throwing Squabs." As a matter of fact, the Rochester boys have just leased a magautrap, and this is how the local reporter described Paul North's new machine and its workings: "The magautrap is new in this section of the country; yesterday's trial was the first it had had in this section of the State. One boy can run it. He rides astride a saddle and works bicycle pedals which revolve a sprocket, which runs a chain connecting with an arm. The arm revolves in a line parallel to the earth, or it can be elevated a little so as to send the birds in the air. The feeder holds as many squabs as one cares to put in it, and as the pile lowers it is only necessary to place others on top of those already in. One magautrap will send birds flying all day without stopping. Each is released by the action of electricity, and as fast as one can push a button a bird is released."

The following notice has been sent out to members of the Boston Gun Club; "Out of respect to the late Mr David Kirkwood, the Boston Gun Club '97 prizes will be postponed two weeks; the remaining six shoots taking place April 14 to May 19 inclusive, instead of March 31 to May 5." The following obituary notice is taken from a Boston paper: "David Kirkwood, of Malden, who was so well known throughout New England as a gunmaker, with an office in Boston, died this morning at his home, No. 87 Waite street, in that city, after a lingering illness. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, fifty-six years ago, where he was apprenticed to the well known gunsmith Mortimer. After serving some years he went to Germany and worked at the trade, finally settling down for a time in London. Mr. Kirkwood came to this country in 1872, and soon after started in business with Henry Mortimer, a son of the man with whom he served his apprenticeship. After a few years the partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Kirkwood carried on the business up to the time of his death. He served forty-six continuous years at the bench. His place of business in this city was on Elm street."

E. C. Burkhardt, of Buffalo, was one of the 24s in the recent Grand American Handicap. E. C. had a little ill luck too, as his lost bird fell dead out of bounds. We don't know anybody who has worked harder in past years for honors in the Grand American than Burkhardt; it was therefore with much pleasure that we handed him his order on the casbier for $188.45, the fruits of his 24 out of 25. And by the way, Mr. Burkhardt did not return kind for kind, as he caused us no end of trouble by losing his 15th bird in the Consolation Handicap on the last day. Had he scored that bird he'd have saved us all the worry and bother of shooting up the raft of 13s who fell in for a share of the $14.40, the tenth money in that event. His remissness in this respect caused the cancellation of all entries for the closing event, the Long Branch Scramble, and robbed Elmer Shaner of the glory of finishing the programme.

Immediately following Lou Erhardt's shoot at Atchison, Kansas, comes the 21st annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, to be held April 20-23 at Lincoln Park, Lincoln. Empire traps, pulls and targets will be used, and all events will be at known traps, unknown angles. One thousand dollars will be added to the purses, and the tournament will be thrown wide "open to the world." Programmes for the shoot are ready for distribution. Write for one to the managers, George Rogers, H. H. Harley, or R. M. Welch.

Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Lefever Arms Co., was present at the Grand American Handicap, and was kept quite busy shaking hands. Court has a vast acquaintance among shooting men, and is deservedly popular with them. One of his chief recommendations is his talent as a *raconteur*, talent that may be equaled, but never surpassed. He has a record of never having been at a loss for a story to beat the one just previously told. He relates tales of hairbreadth escapes while hunting with the nonchalance that bespeaks the true hero. Court and his gun, a Lefever, of course, are consequently always welcome at any shoot, and no State shoot in New York is ever complete without his presence. We shall see him at Auburn next June.

We gladly give space to the disclaimer (given elsewhere) from Mr. A W. Wells, one of the most prominent members of the Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club, that he was not the author of the article signed Paradise Lost, which was dated from Worcester and recently published by one of our contemporaries. At the time that we reprinted that letter—and treated it rather more courteously than it deserved—we stated, in fact, that Mr. Walls could not be the author of such a tangle of misstatements. We are, nevertheless, glad to hear from Mr. Walls, and now repeat the old question: "Who is Paradise Lost?"

Dick Merrill and Chan Powers did not return West with the other members of the Western team. They stopped off a week and looked around New York. We met Mr. Merrill on Friday last and he expressed himself as delighted with his trip, and as particularly pleased with the manner in which the Grand American Handicap had been handled by Manager Sharer. His sentiments coincided exactly with those of all who spoke to us on this subject. It was a great shoot and superbly managed.

The next big shoot in this vicinity will be the Baltimore Interstate, April 14-16. We have already given full particulars of the programme, so that we have nothing more to add save to state that, from the present outlook, the Interstate's opening target shoot for 1897 is going to be a bumper. It is as well to remember too that on the live-bird day, April 16, all events are high guns, a programme that is bound to be popular. The grounds will be open for practice on Tuesday afternoon, April 13.

The Cazenovia, N. Y., Gun Club is an organization that moves with the times. Last Tuesday, March 30, it held an all-day shoot, and threw targets at 1 cent each. We have often maintained that targets can be thrown at 1 cent each and a profit made on the outlay, and we guarantee that the Cazenovia Club did not lose any money on its venture. The club has also leased a magautrap, and the above shoot was in honor of its inauguration.

On Thursday, April 8, Charlie Zwirlein will have a live-bird shoot at his grounds, Yardville, N. J. The conditions of the main event will be 20 live birds, $15 entrance, birds included, handicaps 28 to 32yds. The train for shooters to take is the 9:10 from New York, leaving Newark, N J., at 9:36 A. M

The three-men team race at the Boiling Springs's grounds on Saturday next, April 10, promises to be a decidedly interesting affair, as several clubs have signified their intentions of being represented on that date. The conditions are three men to a team, 50 targets per man, unknown angles, $10 per team.

Saturday, April 17, is the date set by the Yanticaw Gun Club, of Nutley, N. J, for the inauguration of the new addition to its apparatus, a magautrap. The club through its captain, Dr. De Wolfe, issues a cordial invitation to all trap-shooters to attend.

Ferd Van Dyke won the club cup shoot at the Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J., on Saturday last, April 3, by breaking 49 out of 50. Neaf Apgar, Jack Fanning and J. L. Brewer, who were also among the contestants, scored 46 each.

Annie Oakley enters upon her engagement with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show on Monday, April 12. The show opens at Ambrose Park, Brooklyn, on that date, and will remain there two weeks. Miss Oakley's friends will thus have an opportunity of seeing her once more exhibit her great skill with shotgun and rifle.

The Oil City, Pa., Gun Club has elected the following list of officers for 1897-8: President—L. L. Graham; Vice-President—A. Smedley; Secretary—H. C. Reeser; Treasurer—H. C. Dorworth; Directors—F. S. Bates, C. H. Lay, Jr., and C. T McClintock.

Mr. George Rogers, of Lincoln, Neb., writes us under date of March 27: "Please make a note of the fact that the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association adds $1,000 to the purses at its tournament, April 20-23."

The Mountain State Gun Club, of Parkersburg, W. Va, announces that it will hold a tournament at targets, June 7-8, with $350 added money. The secretary of the club is Leon J. Epstein.

On and after July 1 Von Lengerke & Detmold will be found at 318 Broadway, the ground floor of the same building in which FOREST AND STREAM made its home for some years.

We have received no notice as yet from Mr. John L. Winston as to date and place for the match between himself and Charlie Budd for the Du Pont championship trophy.

APRIL 6. EDWARD BANKS.

Programme for the Richmond Tournament.

ADVANCE copies of the programme for the Interstate Association's tournament at Richmond, Va, April 28-29, have been furnished us by Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the Association's manager. The programme commences with a short review of Richmond, its location, advantages, society, climate, etc, all good and interesting reading—for Richmond has about her an air of romance that loses nothing as years roll by. Shooters who visit the city of Richmond for this tournament will see something besides targets and traps, as the location of Richmond is picturesque in the extreme.

The West End Gun Club, the local club under whose auspices the Interstate Association will give this tournament, has decided to make the programme attractive to outside shooters; it has therefore determined to add $100 a day in cash to the purses. The schedule of events for each day is precisely the same, viz., ten 15 target events, $1.50 entrance, $10 added to each purse, known traps and unknown angles The Rose system of dividing purses will be used, all purses being divided into four moneys. Bluerock targets will be thrown. Shooting commences at 9 sharp each morning.

The tournament will be held at Blandon Park, two lines of electric cars connecting with a line of stages that will carry shooters to the grounds. Murphy's Hotel, Eighth and Broad streets, will be headquarters for shooters during the tournament, a satisfactory rate having been secured. The hotel is on the European plan. It has a great advantage in the fact that street cars to the shooting grounds run past the hotel.

Guns and ammunition sent in care of T. W. Tignor's Sons, 1322 E. Main street, will be delivered at the grounds free of charge. Any further information that may be desired can be obtained by addressing the secretary of the club, Edwin L. Hewitt, 803 Main street, Richmond, Va.

Buckeye Gun Club.

DAYTON, O., April 3.—I inclose a clipping from a local paper giving an account of our opening shoot:

"The Buckeye Gun Club held its first shoot of the season for certificates yesterday on the club grounds, and it was a red-letter day for all the members present, as the scores will show. The champion clay bird shot of the world, Rolla Heikes, put up the best score he has ever made on the home grounds, and the boys all put up a good score, and the club that goes up against it will think they have been to a shooting match if they beat it The happiest man in the club to-day is Dr. Adams, as he made the best score he ever made, but the boys say it was not him, but the gun he was shooting. He shot Heikes's old Monegrame gun, the one that he has shot over 150,000 shots out of. Rolla just told the doctor to hold the gun toward the traps and the gun would do the rest Among the visitors was William Lyman, an old-time Dayton shooter. The club has adopted a new rule of shooting for certificates this year. Heretofore one could be won on 20 birds, but now you must shoot at 100, and you must make a certain per cent. given you by the handicap committee, and it met with the hearty approval of all present yesterday. The club is expecting to shoot a team race with the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, in the near future."

"Officers of the club for the year are as follows: President, C. W. Raymond; Vice-President, W. Scott McDonald; Secretary, John Curphy; Treasurer, C. D. Kiefaber; Executive Committee: Hi Protsman, Al. Wroe, Dr. L C. Adams; Handicap Committee: Dr. L. C. Adams, C. D. Kiefaber, W. Scott McDonald.

"The following are the scores made in the above shoot out of 100 targets for certificates: James Achey 65, Charles Miller 82, Michael Schwind 79, Andy Mumma 83, Shorty Bacon 91, Ed. Rike 96, R. O Heikes 97, Al. Wroe 80, Hi Protsman 82, C. D. Kiefaber 60, Dr. L. C. Adams 68." BUCKEYE No. 2.

Who is Paradise Lost?

WORCESTER, Mass., March 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly inform the trap-shooters through the medium of your valuable paper that I was not the author of the article recently published in one of the sporting papers and signed Paradise Lost.

Oh, no, gentlemen, when I write such an article as that I shall want the whole world to know how very *smart* I am, and shall sign myself

A. W. WALLS.

Pigeon Shooting in Paris.

THE Circle des Patineurs, the crack gun club of Paris, France, which has beautiful grounds, known as Les Acacias, in the Bois, has gotten up a most interesting programme of events for the benefit of its members and guests during the spring months. Many prominent Americans are among the members of this club, and a partial list may be given as follows: Messrs. Walter Watrous, Lewis M. Rutherford, George de Forest Grant, George Work, Walker Breese Smith, Clarence Mackay, Peter H. Morris, Fred Hoey, T. B. Burnham, Charles Macalester, Ray Miller and Wm. Rogers.

Probably some of the above may be in Paris during the two months or so covered by the programme, and if so it is likely that we shall hear of the United States figuring somewhere near the top in one or more of the events in the following programme:

The season will open on Saturday, April 3, with the Prix Bournet, for a piece of silver offered by the club, added to a sweep of 5 louis ($20), handicap rise, miss-and-out.

Saturday, April 10—Prix du Printemps, for piece of silver and $20 sweep, at 25 meters, miss-and-out.

Tuesday, April 13—Prix des Feuilles, for piece of silver and $20 sweep, handicap rise, miss-and-out.

Saturday, April 24—Prix des Lilas, for piece of silver, $20 sweep, handicap rise, miss-and out.

Tuesday, April 27—Prix de la Pelouse, for silver, $20 sweep, 26 meters rise, miss-and-out.

Saturday, May 1—Prix de Bagatelle, for silver, $20 sweep, handicap rise, miss-and-out.

Tuesday, May 4—Prix Vansittart, for silver, $20 sweep, handicap rise, miss-and-out.

Saturday, May 8—Prix Latour-Maubourg, for silver, $20 sweep, 27 meters rise, miss-and-out.

Tuesday, May 11—Prix Chateaubriand, for silver, $20 sweep, handicap rise. miss-and-out.

From May 11 to May 18 the International tournament will be held.

Tuesday, May 18—Prix de Neuilly, for silver, $20 sweep, handicap rise, miss-and-out.

Wednesday, May 19.—Prix de Madrid, for silver, $20 sweep, handicap rise, miss-and-out.

Saturday, May 22.—Grand Prix de Paris, for silver, $70 sweep, at 7 birds, 28 meters rise.

Tuesday, May 25.—Grand handicap for silver, $70 sweep, miss-and-out.

Friday, May 28.—Prix de Longchamp, for silver and $20 sweep, 2 pigeons at 27 meters and 2 at 28 meters.

Saturday, May 29.—Prix d'Auteuil, for silver, $70 sweep, handicap rise, miss-and out.

Monday, May 31.—Prix de St. James, for silver and $20 sweep, 7 pigeons at 28 meters.

Tuesday and Wednesday, June 1 and 2, for the championship and a gun offered by the club, with a $20 sweep. Thirty pigeons at 28 meters. Only those who have shot in some one of the previous sweeps are eligible for the championship.

Wednesday, June 16.—Prix de Consolation, for silver and sweep of $20, handicap rise, miss and out. Winners of previous sweeps are excluded from this one.

At the Larchmont Traps.

LADEW DEFEATS KNOWLTON.

NEW YORK, March 31.—Dr. J. G. Knowlton and E. R. Ladew, both residents of this city, shot a match to-day on the grounds of the Larchmont Yacht Club, Ladew winning after a close and exciting match, in which the winner had an uphill fight from the start until almost the last bird had been shot at. The conditions were 100 birds per man, Knowlton at 30yds. and Ladew at 28yds, 30yds. boundary.

Ladew started badly, losing 7 out of his first 25 birds, while Knowlton lost but 3 out of the same number. In the second 25 Ladew gained 1 bird by scoring 22 to Knowlton's 21. In the third string of 25 Ladew evened matters up by scoring 23 to Knowlton's 20, the scores being a tie at the end of the 75th round. Ladew then lost his 78th, but Knowlton again tied the score by losing his 80th. In the 84th round Ladew killed, but Knowlton's bird fell dead out of bounds. The latter also lost his 86 h, thus being 2 behind. Ladew, who was shooting strongly, ran straight until he lost his 92d bird dead out of bounds, the totals being thus only 1 bird apart, with 8 birds more to shoot at. Knowlton was then unlucky enough to lose his 95th dead out of bounds, and followed this up by also losing his 99th; as Ladew killed straight to the end, this gave him the victory by 3 birds after a most meritorious uphill struggle. The scores were:

E R Ladew	2212010120210222•0102121—18	
	221022•2212221122202122211—22	
	1222112120211122122211 01 - 23	
	2101121212221112•12221212—23—86	
Dr J G Knowlton	22•12111112102202211211112—22	
	1212222222•1•2111212220 •2—21	
	1220121122022220•10201121—20	
	1112021 1•20222 2222•22202—20	83

GUTHRIE WINS THE CUP.

April 3.—An interesting day's sport was had to day on the Larchmont grounds. There were nine entries in the main event, a 25-bird race, among the entries being Chauncey Powers, of Decatur, Ill., and C. S Guthrie, of Pittsburg, Pa. The latter tied with Dr. Knowlton for the cup on 23 out of 25, and then won the cup on the shoot-off. The shoot off was rather a peculiar affair: Guthrie lost his first bird, Knowlton following suit with a "dead out of bounds." Then Guthrie killed his second bird, but Knowlton's bird again carried the shot out of bounds.

The scores in this event are given below:

H B G lbert (29)	2122202222222222•2220221222—21	
C S Guthrie (29)	222•12222112210221111212—23	
Al Marshall (28)	C02•221000	— 5
Chauncey Powers (30)	2•2202•222221•2222222•222—21	
Dr J G Knowlton (29)	2222222 2 22202222220222221—23	
E R Ladew (29)	12222•222 0022211(22222.•—21	
Fred G Moore (29)	222C••02222 2•2250	—18
Benj Horton (28)	22•010•1111•0!2•0	— 9
D A Bradley (28)	2•2022222•2•2022222222•2•—22	

Other events shot were two 5-bird sweeps and two 10-bird sweeps In the first 5-bird event Guthrie took first money with 5 straight from the 29yds. mark. In No. 2 D. Bradley (28) was high with 5. In the first 10-bird event Guthrie (29) and E. G. Moore (29) divided with 10 straight. In the last event, also at 10 birds, H. B. Gilbert (29) and C. Powers (30) were tied at the end of the 10th round. Instead of dividing, they shot off, miss-and out, Powers killing 14 more, Gilbert losing his 14th bird in the ties. Scores in these four events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Birds:	5	5	10	10	Birds:	5	5	10	10
D Bradley (28)	3	5	8	8	Al Marshall (29)	..	..	..	4
B Horton (28)	3	3	6	5	C Powers (30)	..	..	..	24
C S Guthrie (29)	5	4	10	4	Dr J G Knowlton (30)	..	..	..	4
E F Thomas (28)	3	4	9	7	E R Ladew (29)	..	..	..	8
J Bender (28)	3	3	..	..	W A H Stafford (28)	..	..	..	8
F G Moore (29)	..	..	10	5	G S Hoyt (28)	..	..	..	4
H Sanford (29)	..	..	..	23	W Taylor (30)	..	..	..	2

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill, March 29.—Following are the scores made at Watson's Park to day:

Wiley	2021010021112020111011101—17	
J M Franklin	0210101010120011202001021—14	
March 31.—Practice:		
John Snipe	0022222222202222222—17	
April 1.—Fifty-five live birds per man:		
J M White	1202221202021010200222220011	
	0211121210221212222220221	—43
R B Wilson	0020010200000110002110222102	
	0211102022010022201200 0	—29
O Z Hammer	0102222002012102222220012211	
	2212000101112101210101100	—38
R M Russell	0210012210000200100	— 8
April 3.—Practice:		
Hollester	1100101201121001212111021112221—23	
J H Amberg	0022121112022211021	—16

RAYELRIGG.

Marlin Gun Club.

MARLIN, Texas, April 2.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Marlin Gun Club:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
W W Turner	0110011110—6	1001110001—5	11010—3
C J Bartlett	0011101100—5	0010001001—3	.....
R B Louis	0001001010—3	0111001000—4	10010—2
C A Oltorf	1111111001—8	0100100010—3	10111—4
J G Oltorf	0111000000 3	1011010010—5	11001—3
J R Emery	.....	1000100111—5	00011—1

The above events were all at bluerocks, known traps and angles.

This club will hold a shoot of some importance in the near future; the principal event will be a handicap for a souvenir keg of W-A powder, donated to the club by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co.

E. R. EMERY, Pres.

The Atchison Tournament.

THE Atchison tournament will be managed, as usual, by Jack Parker, Lou Erhardt acting in conjunction with Jack to see that all the shooters get what shooting they want. As already announced, the programme consists each day of eight 20-target events, $2 entrance, $25 added to each purse, five equal moneys, all ties divided—a simple programme, and one easily carried in the head. It will also be an easy one to handle, and under the management of Jack Parker everything is bound to run smoothly. In addition to the above events, an open set of traps will be kept busy with events to suit those present.

Among the "rules and regulations" are the following notes:

Latest revised A. S. A. rules (rapid-fire) to govern. The referee's decision is final under all circumstances. We mean what we say. We are going to have a dead square shoot. Programme events, with added money, will be five equal moneys, divided 20, 20, 20, 20, 20 per cent. No dropping for place will be tolerated. We have added $50 a day for averages- five high guns Amateurs must be protected. Shooting to commence promptly at 8:30 A. M. Contestants requested to make entry for the entire programme for each day. Money refunded for all uncontested events. Electric street cars run to the grounds every fifteen minutes. We have new grounds at ball park, with perfect background.

Byram Hotel will be headquarters. Accommodations secured in advance for those desiring it. Shooters wishing to send shells, guns, etc., in advance can address same to Louis Erhardt & Co.

Three sets of traps will be used W. G. Sergeant system. Except if more satisfactory, will stand in semi-circle. If shot in squads of six men, regular walk around. If in squads of five men and 20 targets, shoot in rotation from one to five, and each one shall shoot at 4 targets and then all move up one position. In this way each contestant shall shoot at an equal number of targets from each of the different positions. Traps are pulled in rotation. Should target break in trap contestant immediately calls "Pull!" again, when next trap in rotation will be sprung. These three traps are so close together contestant can notice no difference, and it is equal and fair to all. This is no experiment. It was used at the Leavenworth tournament, March 17, and one and all of twenty five participants were more than pleased with it, and pronounced it the only system.

1895 record—Highest entry, 94. 1896 record—Highest entry, 108. Lou. Erhardt's celebrated hand loaded shells of all kinds will be for sale on the grounds at reasonable prices.

Traps will be open for practice and sweepstakes, Tuesday, April 13. Address all letters to Lou. Erhardt, Secretary, Atchison, Kan.

A Ladies' Gun Club.

WE clip the following from the *Breeder and Sportsman* of California, of March 27, feeling that it will interest many of our readers:

"The latest fad in southern California is a ladies' gun club. The members of the club are: Mrs. Leslie C. Brand, President; Mrs. M. L. Wicks, Secretary and Treasurer; Mrs. Charles Haskins, Mrs. D. S. Wildemuth, Mrs. Spencer Millard, Mrs. Chas. Luckenbach, Mrs. Mayor Snyder, Mrs. Chas. Sessions, Mrs. Hervy L. Pinney, Miss Pinney, Mrs. Gude, Mrs. Daniel Innes, Miss Innes, Mrs. Arthur Morlan and Mrs. Howard Starker.

"The dues are devoted to the purchase of prizes and ammunition. The clubwomen meet every Saturday at 3 P. M. at Mrs. Brand's, where they practice, many of them being quite skillful markswomen.

"The scene is always animated, for each lady owns a dog, and a dog which loves a gun. Mrs. Brand has four dogs—a pointer and three setters. Mrs. Wicks has a water spaniel, Mrs. Haskins has a spitz, Mrs. Millard a setter, and the others dogs of various breeds. Indeed, it is one of the rules of the club that each member must own at least one dog.

"The recent tramps have shown the ladies the folly of conventional gowns in gun clubs, and a pretty costume is now being evolved, which consists of a skirt of Lincoln green, a tan blouse and leather belt, bloomers, high laced leggins, and a little tan cap with a green visor.

"Of course the score is kept, and each month a prize is awarded. Mrs. M. L. Wicks proved the most efficient markswoman last month, and fell heir to a beautiful fern, an immense maiden hair, in a handsome jardiniere, of which she is justly proud.

"Each lady entertains the club in turn one day in the week, when a few guests are invited. At these social afternoons, which are purely informal, the refreshment is simple, the conversation is confined to sporting subjects, guns are overhauled, the prizes decided upon, and many other important things receive due attention."

Sandusky Gun Club.

SANDUSKY, O, March 17.—Below are the results of the Sandusky Gun Club's tournament, which closed to-day. The regular order of the programme was not followed out, as most of the shooters came straggling out to the grounds about 10 A. M, causing considerable delay; consequently the target events were dropped, and the remainder of the day devoted to live-bird events. The second day's shoot was devoted exclusively to live-bird shooting.

Visitors from other clubs were C. G. Bodifield, G. E. Worthington, and Mr. Elliott, Cleveland, O; and Mr. Wells, of the Norwalk (O.) Gun Club.

All of the boys are amateurs at live-bird shooting, and from the results of their scores, with a little practice, would develop into very good wing shots:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Pigeons:	5	5	5	7	7	15		Pigeons:	5	5	5	7	7	15	
Deyo	4	..	..	..	6	9	15	Graves	..	4	4	..	6	..	w
Speer	5	5	3	4	7	11	17	Knopf	..	..	2	5	..	..	..
Talbot	4	..	..	..	6	..	16	Ely	..	..	..	..	7	13	20
Valentine	5	5	5	7	..	14	19	Mattern	..	..	..	..	6	..	19
A F Miller	..	2	3	6	6	..	17	Elliott	..	..	..	..	5	14	17
Wells	..	1	4	6	..	10	..	Boody	..	..	..	..	7	13	20
Capt Miller	..	2	4	6	5	..	16								

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were shot on March 16; Nos. 5, 6 and 7 on March 17. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were $1.50 entrance; No. 4, $2; No. 5 was $1 50; No. 6, $5, and No. 7, $7. All shot from the same mark, viz.: 28yds.

A. F. MILLER, Capt.

Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association.

PAWTUXET, R. I., April 2.—The Rhode Island Trap Shooting Association opened its season to-day, the weather being perfect and the attendance large. About 2,200 targets were thrown during the day, a novelty being introduced in the shape of targets with feathers on them The scores made in the 25-target event, known angles, was as below:

H Moore	1000101111100111101111000—15
F Glezen	1100101000101011010000000— 9
R C Root	0000101110100100101010110—10
F Greener	0001100010100101010011111—11
Badmington	0110110001001010111110100—13
W Richards	1110111111111101111101011—21
W H Sheldon	1110011111111011111111111—22
E Whitaker	00 0000110100001011011111—11
Cornett	1000110101101111C01010111—15
Barnwell	1101100111001001110101101—14
P H Randall	0000110100110101101010100—11
Wilson	1110111111010111110011111—20
Norton	1100000010000001100000011— 7
C Brown	1110001111001010111000300—12
A Swindalls	0010101011010010000110001—10
J A Goff	0010011011100100110110110 - 13
J F Rossie	0011011111001110000001000—11
J Campbell	0110010010101000100110000— 9

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 27.—The list of shooters at to-day's shoot of the Audubon Gun Club was a long one, as usual. There were twenty-five entries in event No. 3, the weekly badge contest. In this event F. D. Kelsey won the Class A badge with 24; E. Reinecke the Class B badge with 20, and D. C. Sweet the Class C badge with 16. No. 4 was the monthly cup shoot, and in this event E. W. Smith was the winner with 26. No. 7 was at 10 targets, expert rules. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
E Burkhardt	9	10	19	25	13	11	7	D C Sweet	..	10	16	21	..	..	..
G McArthur	4	10	17	14	7	11	4	U E Story	..	..	17	24	..	..	..
Foster	10	8	20	12	8	9	5	J E Lodge	..	10	14	21	..	..	..
L W Bennett	7	10	20	23	..	..	..	E McCarney	..	8	16	23	9	..	5
J J Reid	7	7	17	20	5	7	2	W Hines, Jr	..	12	20	20	14	12	8
F D Kelsey	7	14	24	22	12	..	..	A Coombs	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Hanks	8	12	21	23	10	11	..	L Fries	..	..	17	24	..	..	..
H McMichael	5	7	17	14	11	..	..	B Talsma	10	..	20	19	..	..	..
C Oehmig	8	9	10	18	..	..	..	E Reynolds	..	..	20	24	..	..	7
E W Smith	9	..	20	23	..	..	..	P G Meyer	..	..	17	15	..	..	..
Alexander	7	11	20	19	8	..	3	Norris	..	..	20	22	11	..	..
Sandy	2	7	11	19	9	..	5	W Woodbury	9	8	..	18	..	..	..
J A Kennedy	3	8	11	9	4	..	4	J Potts	7	..	..	16	9	..	..
E Reinecke	..	..	20	21	..	..	..	Floss	..	..	..	..	..	..	7

Tournament at Sistersville.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., March 19.—Sistersville, W. Va., is a typical "Oil City;" business is on a boom and the city is the possessor of numerous attractions not easily found elsewhere. The gun club is composed of gentlemen of high standing and influence, having the necessary means to do anything to which they make take a notion.

Trap-shooting in this State is decidedly on the increase, and is augmented by the friendly rivalry which exists between the Parkersburg, Sistersville and Marietta gun clubs for supremacy. On Washington's Birthday the Parkersburg club gave a one day shoot and now Sistersville has just finished a two days' tournament, during which $150 was added to the programme events. Parkersburg is not to be outdone, so they are now working hard to secure at least $500, which they will add to their shoot, which comes off early in June.

During the first day of the Sistersville tournament a friendly match was shot between a picked team of six men from Parkersburg and a like number from Sistersville. This resulted in a victory for Sistersville by a score of 119 to 108.

A writer on one of the local papers was so highly elated over the victory that he took occasion to deride the visiting team and add just a tinge too much to his roasts regarding the shooting qualities of the visitors. There is no question but what it was intended as a good joke, and no harm was meant in any sense of the word; but at the same time the matter should have been handled more skillfully.

The grounds of the Sistersville Rod and Gun Club are situated on a very high eminence halfway up a steep hill which lies west of the city. The plateau is reached by ascending a long flight of steps, which invariably caused a goneness to overcome those who were brave enough to attempt to ascend them. The club house, board walks, screens and other accommodations are faultless and strictly up to date in every respect. The shooters face directly east, the background being composed of the remaining half of the hill (or mountain) referred to. To the right it slopes down and in all directions can be seen the tall oil derricks and power houses. It is a busy scene, and by turning around to the west one witnesses a picture which can never be forgotten. Far below lie hundreds of oil wells, forming a continuous line as far as the eye can see, and even then only a very slight conception of this vast industry can be formed. Among the visitors from out of town were R. S. Waddell and R. L. Trimble, of Cincinnati, representing the Du Pont and Hazard Smokeless powder; J. H. Mackie, also of Cincinnati, representing the Peters Cartridge and King Powder companies; H. E. Norton, of Ironton, O., who so ably looked after the interests of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; F. D. Alkire, of Woodlyn, O.; J. E. Wright, Wheeling; J. G. Gall, Martin's Ferry, O.; O. E. Verges, Lowell; P. S. Schlicher and Geo. Aiford, Marietta; F. E. Mallory, L. Stephens, J. E. Mallory, L. J. Epstein, S. T. Mallory and Robt. Clarke, of Parkersburg; D. A. McGillis, St. Mary's; T. S. Bibbee, Elba, O.; and A. H. Donnolly, of Fairmount. Mr. Mackie was doing good work for King's Smokeless, and made many friends. R. L. Trimble won first average, J. F. Mallory second, and F. D. Alkire third. Of the 25 contestants participating, over 20 used Du Pont Smokeless loaded in the Leader case. Following are the scores in full:

First Day, March 17.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	Shot at.	Broke.
Trimble	10	11	13	11	14	11	13	11	12	14	14	13	175	147
Alkire	9	14	13	11	11	13	13	12	14	12	12	13	175	147
Norton	8	14	13	14	13	11	15	12	11	10	13	13	175	147
Stub	5	11	8	9	13	11	11	7	10	10	13	10	175	118
Rice	7	10	12	13	13	13	15	10	13	13	12	7	175	138
Verges	7	11	11	11	10	8	11	11	8	10	13	10	175	121
Mackie	5	9	12	13	13	11	10	10	11	11	12	15	175	133
Gorham	8	11	12	14	10	13	12	13	13	12	13	12	175	143
J F Mallory	8	12	13	12	12	12	12	12	14	11	12	14	175	143
Goll	5	13	9	11	11	11	10	10	9	11	11	8	175	119
Wallace	7	14	13	14	8	9	10	10	12	8	12	13	175	130
Bower	8	9	10	10	14	10	14	12	8	14	12	12	175	133
Hall	5	12	12	11	11	11	11	8	10	12	7	9	175	119
Schlicher	6	9	13	10	11	12	11	7	12	9	10	7	175	117
Allen	7	13	12	13	9	12	10	11	7	9	6	11	175	113
S T Mallory	6	10	7	7	7	9	9	11	10	9	6	11	175	102
McGillis	6	11	9	10	8	11	10	8	8	11	7	5	175	104
McVey	8	10	10	10	13	13	10	12	9	10	10	10	175	125
Clarke	7	11	11	9	11	12	12	12	9	12	8	7	175	114
Stevens	7	11	9	..	10	..	12	..	..	8	..	..	85	57
F E Mallory	..	12	11	12	14	14	11	13	14	13	10	11	165	135
Alford	..	11	12	10	9	8	11	9	9	12	6	9	165	106
Agnew	..	11	11	10	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	54
Epstein	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	6	..	8	8	75	31
Eckbert	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	3	5	..	45	18
Bibbee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	9	45	28

The team race referred to above was as follows:

Sistersville Team.

D S Allen.....01111111111111111111011111—23
E O Bower.....10111111111111111101110111—22
L M Gorham.....11111111111111111011111111—22
A D McVey.....11111111101101011011111011—20
D M Wallace.....10011110110101011001111111—17
Curt S Hall.....00100001101111101011011111—15—119

Parkersburg Team.

J F Mallory.....10111110011111101111101111—20
F E Mallory.....10111111111011100111011101—19
Robt Clarke.....10010101110111101111111111—19
S T Mallory.....11011111111001101110111100—18
Levi Stephens.....01111001111101011101100011—17
D A McGillis.....01101011010011011010011111—15—108

Second Day, March 18.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	15	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.
Trimble	14	13	14	12	18	14	18	14	13	13	14	19	195	176
Alkire	12	12	14	12	13	14	18	11	15	15	9	19	195	164
Norton	11	12	14	11	11	12	15	14	13	9	12	17	195	151
Stub	13	13	7	..	15	..	..	10	13	13	12	16	145	112
Rice	14	12	14	13	18	13	17	11	13	11	13	17	195	166
J E Mallory	13	13	13	10	20	12	15	9	11	9	12	15	195	152
Mackie	13	15	13	11	16	12	18	14	13	13	9	15	195	162
Gorham	13	10	10	8	17	8	11	10	14	6	11	15	195	143
J F Mallory	13	12	11	15	18	14	15	15	15	13	12	16	195	169
Goll	11	11	11	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	65	45
Wallace	13	12	11	12	12	13	13	12	15	12	12	16	195	153
Bower	7	9	10	8	16	9	18	10	13	10	9	17	195	136
McVey	13	12	12	11	18	10	14	10	12	10	12	12	195	146
Bibbee	7	11	14	9	14	11	17	7	8	11	10	18	195	137
McGillis	11	9	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	32
Allen	14	12	11	13	12	11	17	8	12	10	8	13	195	141
Schlicher	10	14	11	13	11	10	16	9	12	7	14	15	195	142
Verges	10	12	9	12	17	12	17	10	13	10	10	14	195	146
Donnolly	11	13	11	10	12	13	16	12	13	6	8	14	195	139
Alford	12	8	9	..	13	9	15	..	..	..	..	..	100	66
Hall	..	..	..	11	16	11	15	11	13	12	13	15	150	117
S T Mallory	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	9	50	29

LESTER.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., March 17.—The Pawtuxet Gun Club held a prize shoot to-day, the conditions being 25 targets, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at. The prizes were six cans of Du Pont Smokeless, donated by the Du Pont Powder Company, and 100 shells loaded with Du Pont Smokeless, donated by R. C. Root, of the C. F. Pope Company, of Providence. Mr. Cory shot in this race as a guest of the club. First prize was won by Arnold, who broke 17 out of his 25 and then broke all his allowance, making his total 21. Scores were:

Arnold (4).....0011111101101100010111111111111 —21
Sheldon (0).....0011111111111011010111110 —19
Wilson (0).....0001000101101111101111111 —17
Mooney (3).....0000011100011111110111100011 —17
*Cory.....1100101011011011011011101 —16
Badminton (4).....1001101110100111101101000100 —16
Thunnell (7).....1001011011010011001101100010110—16
Stockard (6).....0010101111101111001100000010011 —16
A Hawkins (3).....1001111010100010110011101100 —15
Root (5).....1101000101100101001000000011110 —13
W Hawkins (6).....1011000100101110101010000100100 —13
J Armstrong (7).....1101101000000000001110101101000100—12
Greene (0).....1001111000001110101010100 —11
J Cann (7).....0110001010011001010101000000001—10

*Guest.

Sweepstakes were also shot as below, No. 6 being a miss-and out:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*7*	*7*	*7*	*7*	*15*	..	*10*	*5*	Targets:	*7*	*7*	*7*	*7*	*15*	..	*10*	*5*
Sheldon	5	6	4	5	10	9	5	5	Wilson	..	..	..	..	10	3	5	5
Arnold	4	7	4	6	10	8	..	..	Badminton	..	5	5	8	10	2	6	..
Root	5	5	5	6	12	..	6	4	Gardner	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cory	..	5	4	6	10	7	6	..	A Hawkins	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Greene	4	5	4	5	..	..	..	..	Stockard	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..

W. H. SHELDON.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

HAZELWOOD GUN CLUB'S OPENING.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 27.—The Hazelwood Gun Club held the first shoot to-day on its new grounds. The question as to who should have the honor of firing at the first bird trapped on these grounds was decided by lot; Crossland won the toss-up and killed his bird with the first barrel. This pigeon will be mounted by Vice-President Messner, and will adorn the main room of the new club house. Scores in the sweepstake events are given below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Hughes	2100?21222—8	1●●2122222—8	110012200221122—11
Munson	21012●0222—7	1012●12222 8	221●21222112202—13
Evans	0020122201—6	1?0?122020—6	.....
Crossland	2?●●2122?2—8	12●2212211—9	●3221122●211222—13
Riley	0002210220—5	0211001101—6	.....
Stilley	.....	.....	222●12121211211—14
Wilbert	.....	.....	01●00221221010 1— 9
Snapshot	.....	.....	200122220022122— 9

UPSON WON ONE AND LOST ONE.

March 29.—D. A. Upson, of Cleveland, and Theodore Hostetter, of this city, shot a race to-day on the grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club, the conditions being 100 live birds per man, $250 a side. Upson won easily with 93 to 74, Hostetter being clean out of all form, and at no stage of the race was the Pittsburger at all dangerous. Scores were:

Upson.....1111111111111111111111111—25
1111111110111111110111011—23
1111111111111111111111111—24
1111011111111111111111111—23—93
Hostetter.....1111111111000110111101110—19
1100101110111111111010100—17
1101111111101111111011111—22
0111011100111111001001110—16—74

March 30.—A return match was shot to-day between the above parties and the tables were turned, the Pittsburger winning handily with the big total of 96 to 93. It is stated that the stakes in this match were larger than in yesterday's contest. In this match Hostetter was looked after by Bill McCrickart, Jack Allen looking after Upson's interests. Scores were as below, second barrel kills being ignored in the totals given:

Hostetter.....1111111111111111111111111—25
1111111111111111111101011—23
1111111111111111111111111—25
1111111111111100111111111—23—96
Upson.....1111111111111011111101111—23
1111101111111111111111111—24
1111111101111111111111011—23
1110111111111111110111111—23—93

IROQUOIS RIFLE AND GUN CLUB.

April 3.—Below are the scores made at the first monthly shoot of the Iroquois Rifle and Gun Club. A strong wind was blowing, interfering greatly with the scores. All moneys were divided under the Rose system. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	15	10	10	10
Bayne	3	7	5	8	5	13	10	9	7	13	8	7	..	..
Born	6	6	12	9	11	13	12	13	10	10	8	7	5	..
McElroy	6	10	11	14	8	13	9	10	12	13	..	..	..	..
Budd	5	12	11	12	12	14	14	15	13	9	13	8	7	9
Wood	7	8	8	11	6	14	11	11	10	11	10	8	7	5
Fay	6	8	8	12	9	12	13	11	10	9	8	8	..	..
Mack	6	15	7	14	11	15	12	10	10	13	10	10	7	10
Ross	7	10	7	14	11	16	11	14	13	8	..	..	..	..
Motz	7	14	12	10	14	18	11	9	11	14	10	10	9	7
Evans	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	8	11	..	..	..	..	..
Hartman	..	..	..	..	..	18	11	9	13	11	10	8	6	9
Filson	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	6	5	1	4	5
Colter'hn	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	10	9	..	..	7	7
J Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	7	7	6
E J S	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	3	8	7

JACOB MOTZ.

TEAM RACE ON DAVIS ISLAND

April 3.—An interesting team race was shot to-day on the Herron Hill Gun Club's grounds, Davis Island. The teams were of four men each and were captained respectively by C. A. May and W. S. King. Each man shot at 25 birds, May's team winning with 85 to 78. Will King was high with 23 out of 25. The birds were an extra good lot. Scores:

May's Team.

A H King.....2120222212222212202220121—22
Richey.....2222022220022202222222220—20
McPherson.....0222120222122220220222122—21
C A May.....2222222222?000222222211222—22—85

King's Team.

W S King.....2220212211222222222? 1222—23
Fargo.....1220012021222021202222120—19
Jacque.....2222220220?2220?0022222222—20
Skillman.....2220202200200222?220002222—16—78

South End Gun Club, of Troy.

TROY, N. Y., March 20.—The regular monthly shoot of the South End Gun Club was held Saturday afternoon, March 13, at its grounds on Carroll's Hill. The conditions were 25 targets per man, unknown angles, handicap by breaks, American Association rules. After an exciting contest, in which some excellent shooting was witnessed, Thomas E. Brown, with 6 breaks allowed him, succeeded in capturing the medal with a total of 23, beating J. E. Costello by 1 bird, who made a straight run of 22, missing 3 on the start. This is the second time that Costello has lost the medal by heavy handicaps. The weather was anything but favorable for good shooting. Complete scores follow:

	Broke.	Missed.	Handicap.	Total.
H B Tucker	12	13	3	15
John L Sheary	6	19	4	10
J E Costello	22	3	Scratch.	22
Wm H Jackson	16	9	2	18
T E Brown	17	8	6	23

W. B. CHRISTOPHER, Sec'y.

Acme Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, Pa., March 19.—Below are the scores made to-day at the weekly shoot of the Acme Gun Club, held on the Prigg range. P. Moser did not shoot up to his mark, as he is a much better man than his scores to-day show. C. Baker, Mackey and Canan shot up to their average, but J. Wylie and D. Baker were a bit off. S Werich shot his best gait. It rained all the afternoon, but we had a good time in spite of the wet weather. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*5*	*5*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*5*	*5*
P Moser	3	3	8	9	7	3	4	D Baker	1	3	4	2	5	4	3
C Baker	7	6	8	8	7	3	3	J Werich	1	4	3	5	..	..	..
J Canan	6	8	8	7	7	3	3	J Wylie	..	3	4	..	..	1	..
H Mackey	7	5	8	9	7	4	2	W Prigg	..	..	..	..	..	3	..
S Werich	7	9	9	6	6	3	3								

H. T. MACKEY.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 18.—The following scores were made to day in the regular club shoot of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club:

W Corlies.....1111111111101111111101111—23
W J Perkins.....1101111111111101011111101—22
H Vonderlyndon.....1111100111111101111110111—21
H Valentine.....0111000110111111010101111—17
W D Briggs.....1101011111010111100101 01—16
A Traver.....1110011010111101010101100—15
F Woods.....1101010001011011111101001—15
D Van Wagnen.....1010110101110111010100001—14
F Rikert.....1001001101111001000010000—10

W. J. PERKINS, Sec'y.

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., March 31.—Below find scores made by members of the Catchpole Gun Club. The attendance was small on account of high winds that made the shooting difficult.

No. 1, 10 targets:

Burke.....1010111100—6
Wadsworth.....0111101111—8
DeWitt.....0111100111—7
Foster.....1111011110—8

No. 2, same:

Wadsworth.....1110111111—9
Foster.....1110011101—7
DeWitt.....1011101010—6

No. 3, same:

Wadsworth.....1110101011—7
Foster.....1010110110—6
DeWitt.....1011101010—6

E. A. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 3.—Mr. Davis, a member of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, has put up for competition a fine gold badge, to be known as the Davis Challenge badge. The first contest for this badge took place this afternoon. The attendance was very small, and the scores were correspondingly low. Below are the totals:

Weller.....1111111100?10011111011?011010111011111011101—37
Byer.....1111111110011011111011011001001110111011111110100—35
Borst.....1110100110101100001100111111111011110100010010110 1—30
Meyer.....1100111111001000001001001001011100011011100001111 1—29

March 9.—A live-bird shoot was held to-day on the grounds of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Mr. Sim Glover managed the shoot, everything passing off without a hitch of any kind that could be laid to the management. The only drawback was the weather, rain setting in early in the day and continuing to fall almost through the entire shoot. Under the conditions the birds could not be good ones, and the scare ropes had to be used on nearly every bird. Harry Whitney and Glover scored every bird they shot at; Glover shot at 41 and Whitney at 27. Among the shooters were E. C. Burkhardt, of Buffalo; G. A. Mosher and Hiram Bingham, of Syracuse; H. B. Whitney, of Phelps, and several members of the home club. Scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 4.
Weller	0	1022220	2111111
Meyers	1110	2011221	2222110
Glover	1111112	2112211	1111111
Burkhardt	1222111	2011012	2211122
Mosher	2122121	0010212	.....
Weller (re-entry)	20	.....	.....
Meyers (re-entry)	1121111	.....	.....
Byer	.....	2210111	.....
Whitney	.....	1121111	.....
Bingham	.....	2002212	.....
Bolton	.....	0121111	.....
Worth	.....	2112112	.....
Lane	.....	1211210	.....
Skinner	.....	.....	2222111

No. 3, handicap:

Glover (30).....12111221112211121112—20
Whitney (29).....21211112121211112121—20
Bingham (27).....12111121121112111212—20
Burkhardt (27).....20122112212222211211—19
Meyers (28).....11222112112211102212—19
Mosher (28).....20220222121221112212—18
Weller (27).....20211220221121111111—18
Byer (27).....20221110121121221110—17

No. 5 was a match at 5 birds, for $25 a side, between Davis and Quirk. The latter won with 5 kills to Davis's 4.

March 31.—Several members of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club journeyed to Cobb's Hill yesterday to test the magautrap just installed on the club's grounds. A series of ten 10-target events were shot with the results shown below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Borst	4	6	7	3	..	5	4	5	5	7
Rickman	7	3	3	3	..	6	9	10	..	..
Weller	5	4	..	6	6	..	5	8	6	7
North	3	..	5	..	5	5	5	3	7	6
Bolton	6	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gardiner	..	4	6	6	..	3	6	..	..	..
Byer	..	5	7	..	4	..	2	4	5	6
Rogers	..	3	..	6	..	6	4	..	4	..
Palmer	..	3	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Davis	..	8	8	5	..	7	7	8	7	3
Hadley	..	..	7	..	6	7	..	5	6	..
Glover	..	..	8	..	7	..	8	9	7	8
Slocum	..	..	10	7	7	..	9	9	9	8
Kay	..	..	..	..	7	4	7	4	6	3
Dutch	..	..	..	6	..	8	8	1	0	9
Redmond	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	4	..
La Force	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	1
Nichols	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	7
De Witt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8

All Fools' Day at Peekskill.

A PARTY of seven shooters journeyed from New York city to Peekskill, N. Y., on April 1, for the double purpose of having an afternoon's sport at the traps of the local gun club and shaking hands with the Peekskill boys. The delegation, which left New York via N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. at 10:30 A. M., was made up as follows: Ed Taylor, W. Crosby, Neaf Apgar, Tom Keller, Jack Fanning, Seth Clover and Ferd Van Dyke. The party was met at the train by some of the Peekskill shooters, taken to the hotel, entertained at lunch and then driven up to the shooting grounds.

Other shooters present were: J. S. Taylor, Capt. Wood, Harry Higginson, Doc Stanbrough and E. C. Likely, of Newburgh; Dr. P. H. Mason, Jack Halsted, Fat, H. P. Dain, Hill, Snowden and Loder, of the home club.

The menu at the hotel dining table was an excellent one, but the club surpassed this in its menu for the afternoon's sport:

MENU.

ALL FOOL'S DAY, 1897.

1. 10 Verplanck Points for $0 50
2. 15 Consomme, per plate .75
3. 20 Hudson River Shad, each 1 00
4. State Camp Croquettes, Miss Anout style (Potatoes extra) .50
5. FOREST AND STREAM Roast. 25 Handicap for Trophy. Complimentary 00.00
6. Conglomerate Pudding (E. C., Sch., W-A, Aust., Wals., etc.) 20 plates 1.00
7. All Fools' (one-at a-time) Café 15 everything unknown .50
8. 10 "Imperials" (cigars) $1.00 per plate. .25

It will readily be conjectured that with the above bill of fare nothing but fun reigned during the afternoon. It was a matter of deep regret to us that a case of "grip" prevented our being present on this occasion. The scores made on the above menu are given below:

Events:	1	2	3	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*15*	Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*15*
Crosby	7	12	13	12	10	Wood	6	15	17	16	9
Apgar	9	10	17	16	8	H C H	6	8	17	14	..
Keller	7	10	13	13	10	Halsted	7	10	15	16	7
Fanning	9	11	17	19	10	Stanbrough	9	8	13	11	3
Clover	7	13	18	13	10	Likely	6	..	..	..	..
Van Dyke	7	12	20	16	12	Hill	5	..	..	14	..
Fat	4	9	..	..	.	Dain	..	8	16	15	9
Mason	5	9	16	..	..	Snowden	..	7	13	..	..
Ed Taylor	5	12	18	15	7	Loder	..	5	..	..	..
J S Taylor	8	12	16	17	11						

The detailed scores made in Nos. 4 and 5 are given below:

	Tie:	No. 4, miss-and-out, 50 cts.:
No. 5, handicap, FOREST AND STREAM Roast, no entrance. Prize, a silver pocket flask:		
Van Dyke (25).....1111111111111101111111111 —24	10101	11111111
Halsted (28).....1111111111011110111101011111 —24	01000	11111110
Fanning (26).....1111111101111111111011111101 —23		111110
Hill (30).....1111111101010111100111011111101—23		.....
Mason (27).....1111111101001010111111110111 —21		10
Loder (30).....1101010111111111111001110011000—20		.....
Apgar (26).....1111011110110110111011111011 —20		11111110
Crosby (26).....1110110110111100010101111 —18		110
Wood (28).....1111111111001010 010111010 —18		10
H C H (28).....0111101101C001100111111011 —18		1110
Clover (26).....1101100001111111000100101 —17		11111110
Stanbrough (27)..1101111111110010001100111100 —17		10
Dain (27).....1111100011101010111010110 —17		1110
Keller (27).....1010011111000010011001011 10 —14		0
J S Taylor (27)...1101000110111001111110010000 —14		11111111
Ed Taylor (29)...0110001100000101011101101 00 —14		0
Snowden (30).....0010001011101011000001101100011—14		.....
Likely (30).....0000101001011110101001001001 10—13		.....

EDWARD BANKS.

Marlin Gun Club.

MARLIN, Tex., March 29.—No. 1, 10 bluerocks, known traps and angles, practice:

W W Turner.....1110101111—8
E R Emery.....0011111000—5
J J Spencer.....1100010000—3
Chas Oltorf.....0101101111—7

No. 2, same:

Turner.....1111100101—7
Emery.....0000000001—1
Spencer.....0001000000—1
Oltorf.....1111111000—7

No. 3, 5 bluerocks:

Turner.....11111—5
Emery.....01110—3
Spencer.....11000—2
Oltorf.....01110—3

IN NEW JERSEY.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

March 20.—Five events were shot to-day on the Elkwood Park grounds. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were $5 miss-and-outs; No. 4 was the Homestead Handicap, 25 birds, $25; No. 5 was 10 birds, $10. E. D. Fulford, W. R. Crosby, of the Baker Gun Company, and D. A. Tryon, of Cleveland, O., did some excellent shooting. Scores follow:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Walters (28)	22220	20	(28)....1122220
Tryon (29)	1212112	111110	(29)....211220
Sumpter (28)	1112111	2222212	(29)....2221222
Toland (28)	2222120	220	(28)....0
Herrington (28)	0	2120	(28)....2221211
Fulford (30)	1120	1211122	(30½)..0
Gates (27)	1221122	2122212	.....
Daly (28)	220	22220	(28)....222220
Crosby (30)	.....	2221212	(30½)..2 22220
Heyer (27)	.....	220	(27)....20

No. 4, Homestead Handicap:

Fulford (30)	1122121211112222211211112—25
Crosby (30)	1222212122222222222122222—25
Tryon (29)	2121221222112112022212—24
Toland (28)	102222120222122122122222—23
Walters (27)	21 2222222220 01122222222—23
Daly (28)	2012221022221202221221121—22
Herrington (28)	2222222202102120212220012—21
Sumpter (28)	2221212202222211120002222—21
Heyer (27)	1121201122112110121120121—21
Baker (28)	0222222222120012220212 0
Hyde (28)	02201102020

No. 5:

Walters (27)	2222222200— 8	Toland (28)	10212110w
Hyde (28)	22112200w	Sumpter (29½)	2101212222— 9
Baker (28)	1010100200— 4	Daly (28)	2022222222— 9
Fulford (30½)	1222211211—10	Tryon (29½)	2211211012— 9

The following scores were made to-day at Elkwood Park, the only shooters present being Phil Daly, Jr., Walter Patten, of Pleasure Bay, and Hank White, of Little Silver. Several double-bird matches were decided. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Daly (25)	...10 11 01—4	11 01 01 11—6	01 11 —4	(28)..1021221 12—8
Patten (25)	..11 01 11—5	01 01 01w	01 01 10—3	(28)..1022222220—7
White (5)	...10 01w	00 11 01 01—5	00 00 11—2	(28)..02202w

No. 5.

Daly (30)	10 11 11 00 11 10 10 10 11 11—14
Patten (30)	10 10 11 00 11 11 00 11 10 10—12
Daly (28)	11 11 11 11 01 10 11 01 11 11—17
Patten (28)	11 11 11 11 11 00 10 11 11 10—16

March 27.—A full day's sport was had to-day at Elkwood Park. A long list of events was decided, John J. Sumpter, Jr., the Arkansas Traveler, carrying off first honors for the day. The chief feature of the programme was a match between Hank White, of Little Silver, N. J., and Walter Patten, of Long Branch, or rather Pleasure Bay. The conditions were 25 pairs, a style of shooting at which White is said to be particularly strong. To-day, however, he was defeated after a close race by 3 birds; the score was a tie at the end of the 20th pair, but in the last 5 pairs Patten pulled the race out of the fire by scoring 9 out of 10 to White's 6. Scores in all the events shot were as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8
Daly (28)	1222	22212	02212	0	212	2122	12220	1221
Bart (25)	00	21122	1001	11	20	20	0	2022
Patten (27)	2 22	2220	21222	22	....	....	21222	2122
Sumpter (29)	1211	11212	020	20	111	1111	11110	00
Applegate (28)	2211	11210	.....	..	...	....	.....	....
Woolley (27)	1222	20	.....	..	...	....	.....	....
Midgely (26)	.....	.....	.....	..	...	....	0	0111

	No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11.	No. 12.	No. 13.
Daly (28½)	2	10	1212	0	0
Bart (25)	1	0	20	2	0
Patten (28½)	0	20	2220	0	2
Sumpter (29)	0	12	1212	0	1
Midgely (6)	0	10	0	.	.

	No. 14.	No. 15.	No. 16.	No. 17.
Daly (28½)	02222	2221220	0	21211
Bart (25)	22101	20	1220	21220
Patten (28½)	02222	20	220	20
Sumpter (29)	01121	22221211	1121	11212
Applegate (28)	....	22221222	....	.....
Heyer (27)	....	.....	0	22110
White (28)	....	.....	1211	12110

No. 18 was also 4 birds, $3, and resulted thus: Daly (28½), White (28½) and Sumpter (30) 4, Hyer (27) and Patten (27), 3, Bart (25) 2.

No. 19 was a similar affair: Bart (25) and White (28) 3, Daly (29), Patten (27) and Sumpter (30½) 2.

A 10-bird race between Snowley and Anderson, both at 30yds., resulted thus:

Snowley.....2000220012—5 Anderson.....0200012000—3

A match at 25 pairs between W. Patten, of Long Branch, and Hank White, of Little Silver, N. J., resulted in a win for Patten, as below:

Patten	10 01 01 10 00 00 10 10 10 10 10 11 10—12	
	11 11 00 10 11 10 10 11 11 11 11 10 —18—30	
White	11 11 00 11 10 11 01 00 00 11 10 10 00—14	
	10 00 10 10 10 11 01 11 00 00 11 11 —13—27	

OAKWOOD INN SHOOTING GROUNDS.

March 17.—The notice sent out by N. H. Astfalk, proprietor of the Oakwood Inn Shooting Grounds, near Elizabeth, that he would have a shoot at live birds to-day, brought together several well-known Jersey shooters to take part in the 25-bird race, $10, birds extra, scheduled as the main event for to-day. A 5-bird sweep shot prior to the main event resulted thus: Astfalk 5, Williams 4, Ross and Toler 3 each. Then came the main event, the scores in this being as below:

No. 2: 25 birds, $10, birds extra, 2 moneys:

Ross	2222220001202012221201211—19
Astfalk	2211222222202222022122223—22
Toler	0120001010022120211222220—16
Williams	0211222222122021111212201—22
Scott	2120122221012010212011222—20

Match: 15 birds, $20; Ross vs. Wm. Terry:

Terry	12211022110002w
Ross	2222222212212 —13

March 20.—As an outcome of the shoot of the 17th, given above, an agreement was made for a team race between the Terry Bros., of Plainfield, and Ross and Toler, to be shot to day, the conditions to be 25 birds per man, $50 per team, losing team to pay for the birds. The race was a close one, Ross's team winning mainly by his good shooting, his score of 23 out of 25 practically winning the match. Below is the score in full:

Trap score type.—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

3 4 2 1 5 5 1 4 4 4 1 4 1 5 3 4 2 4 3 3 5 1 2 1 2
↖ ↘ ↘ ↖ → ↖ ↗ ↖ ← ↙ ↗ ↘ ← → ↖ ↙ ↖ ↑ ↙ ↑ ↙ ↗ ↙ ↙
W E Ross.....2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 —23

1 5 2 3 3 3 1 2 2 3 2 4 3 5 2 1 3 1 5 4 1 5 1 3 4
← ↖ ↙ ↘ ↖ ↖ ↙ ↖ ↑ ↑ ← ↗ ↑ ↗ ↗ → ↖ ↙ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↑ ↗ ↗
Hugh Toler....2 2 1 2 0 1 0 2 1 0 2 2 0 0 0 1 2 1 0 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 —17—40

5 3 2 5 3 2 5 1 5 4 5 1 3 1 2 5 2 5 3 4 2 1 4 3 4
↖ ↖ ↙ ↖ H ↙ ↑ ↑ ↗ ↘ ↖ ↖ ↖ ↖ ↘ → ↙ ↖ ↖ ← ← ↖ ↗ ↗
Wm Terry 2 0 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 19

5 5 2 4 5 5 3 1 1 3 2 1 4 1 4 5 4 4 4 1 2 5 1 5 5
↙ ↗ ↖ ↙ ↘ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↗ → ↖ → ↗ ↗ ↖ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↖ ↖ ↖ ↖ ↗ ↖
Scott Terry ... 2 1 1 1 2 0 2 0 1 2 1 2 0 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 1—19—38

A 7-bird event, $5 entrance, two moneys, resulted as below:

Toler	1220122—6	Hassinger	0211022—5
Scott Terry	0122212—6	W Terry	2 0112?—5
Ross	1201111—5	Chamberlain	2020220—4
Johnson	0221210—5	Batsch	0200w

W. M. PARKER.

E. C. CUP AT HACKENSACK.

March 17.—The regular monthly shoot for the E. C. cup, donated by the E. C. Powder Co. to the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, took place to day on the grounds of the club. There was a good attendance of shooters, among them being Capt. A. W. Money and N. E. Money, of the E. C. Powder Co.; M. Herrington, of the W. A Powder Co.; J. S. Fanning, of San Francisco, representing Gold Dust powder; W. R. Crosby and W. F. Carraher, representing the Baker Gun Co., of Batavia, N. Y.; Neaf Apgar, shooting load 147; F. S. Sinnock, of Newark, N. J., winner of the contest for the *Recreation* cup last February; J. Hildreth, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Platt Adams, of the New Utrecht Gun Club; Messrs. Dawson and W. M. Smith, from the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, etc. Elmer E. Shaner, of the Interstate Association, was also present as a spectator.

The weather was not unfavorable for big scores, there being no wind to speak of until toward the close of the afternoon, when the sun came out strongly and counteracted all the ill effects that the wind might otherwise have had on the scores. The cup race was a close affair, Edwards winning from scratch with 49 out of 50; close behind him was Dr. De Wolf with 48 out of 57; Crosby (scratch), W. M. Smith (9) and T. Bell (4) were tied for third place with 47; Jack Fanning (scratch) and Sinnock (1) tied with 45 each. In the sweeps shot prior to the cup shoot Fanning made a run of something like 47 straight:

F S Edwards (0)	11111111111111111111111101111111111111111111111—49
Dr De Wolf, (7)	1111111:10101101101010111111101111101111111111—41
	1111111 — 7—48
W R Crosby (0)	11111111111111110101111111111110111111111111111111 - 47
T Bell (4)	10111111011111111101111111111110111111100111111110—43
	1111 — 4—47
W M Smith (9)	10110110111111111101111111001111110111111110111111—42
	010110101 — 5—47
J S Fanning (0)	10110111111011111111111101111110111111111111111111—45
F S Sinnock (1)	11111111111111101111111111011111111111101101101111—44
	1 — 1—45
Herrington (1)	11111111111011100111111111010101111111101111111—43
	1 — 1—44
J A Banta (18)	11101111101110111001101101010011111110001111011111—35
	110C01111111 — 9—44
N Apgar (0)	11111111111111011011111111101101111011111110101111 —43
Capt Money (2)	11111101101101011111111101111111010111111101101101—40
	11 — 2—42
W Carraher (5)	11100111111111011011111100101011010111111101111111—39
	01010 — 2—41
H Blauvelt (7)	01111000101011111111111111110010111011010000111011—35
	0111011 — 5—40
N E Money (0)	11011111111111101111111111111010011100010111101011 —33
Platt Adams (5)	01111011111011101101001101001101111100111011010 11 - 34
	11111 — 5- 39
Dawson (9)	11111111111111030311000011101111100001011110110110—32
	100101010 — 4—36
J Hildreth (10)	91000110111010001111111011011011000111011111C01111—32
	1000011100 — 4—36

Sweepstakes were shot as follows, all at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	15
Capt Money	5	8	12	14	13	11	14	12	7	13
Herrington	8	6	13	10	..	10	13	12	8	12
Adams	9	8	12	11	12	8	..	..	..	10
N E Money	8	..	..	11	15	..	..	..	7	13
Edwards	9	..	..	14	15	..	14	14	8	12
Sinnock	9	..	12	12	14	15	..	..	..	11
Crosby	9	7	14	14	14	15	15	14	8	14
Clover	6	..	..	12	9	..	..	..	6	..
De Wolf	10	7	14	12	12	12	..	..	5	14
Carraher	10	..	..	10	..	..	8	7	8	11
Angar	10	7	10	11	12	12	..	..	..	..
J Baker	6	..	..	11	..	..	12	9	8	8
Hildreth	7	..	..	8	11	..	..	..	..	..
Raymond	5	..	..	8	12	..	..	13	..	..
Smith	6	..	9	9	11	..	..	..	..	..
H Blauvelt	9	..	..	12	12	8	..	..	..	..
Fanning	8	10	15	12	13	15	..	15	10	12
Dawson	8	..	12	11	13	.	..	..	..	11
James	..	8	9	..	12	9	..	..	..	..
B Johnson	..	..	10	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Bell	..	..	..	..	15	10	..	..	..	..
E Johnson	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Ross	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..

YANTICAW GUN CLUB.

March 19.—The club shoot of the Yanticaw Gun Club, of Nutley, was held this afternoon. The conditions of the contest are 25 targets, unknown angles, allowance of extra targets to shoot at. Scores were:

M M Michael (3)	0000100000111110111010011—15
E M Macy (8)	0101111000110100011010111 - 21
F C Butler (7)	0111000100 00101100020011—17
G O'Reilly (5)	1111110110000011100010001—18
F A Wallett (4)	1001010001111011C0101000—15
W Berg (5)	0100001101101111011C0C0O—16
C H Ray (8)	1000000100C0C0031000101101—15
G R Tilton (3)	1011031111000010000111101—15
J de Piccaya (7)	0101000011103000110000010 —15
Geo Deakin (7)	0001011030110010101010000—16
E R de Wolf (0)	1111111111110111111011111—23

TOM'S RIVER GUN CLUB.

March 18.—A large attendance of members and a good lot of birds marked to-day's shoot of the Tom's River Gun Club. The club shoot is at 6 live birds, and only one member, Grant, was able to make a clean score. Scores were:

U S Grant (24)	221112—6	S C Applegate (23)	001100—2
Geo C Low (27)	121021—5	D C Brewer (22)	00200w
A T Wilson (24)	201121—5	E C Disbrow (24)	012220—5
Geo Van Hise (24)	221012—5	J W Grover (27)	210210—5
C L Holman (26)	120100—3	G H Holman (24)	101002—5
J Lake (26)	100100—2	E B Probst (24)	120101—4
Chas Seaman (23)	000001—1	Thos B Rows (24)	111100—4
Robt Holman (26)	011020—3		

DAVID C. BREWER.

ON LONG ISLAND.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

March 18.—The regular monthly shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, of New York city, was held this afternoon at Dexter Park. It was well attended, over thirty members taking part in the club shoot at 10 live birds per man. These club shoots go to decide the ownership of yearly prizes and are shot on double handicap bases of points and yards. Below are the scores:

Thirty yards, 7 points:

Gus Nowak	2122212212—10	Eugene Doeinck	1102222121— 9

Twenty-eight yards, 7 points:

Fred Trostel	2212121211—10	John H Voss	•111•11121— 8
Wm Sands	2222220222— 9	Ed Payntar	0102210111— 7
Henry Seaman	2121102221— 9	Ph Woelfel	2200201000— 4

Twenty-eight yards, 6½ points:

L T Muench	01110 22200— 6	Emil Steffens	0002010201— 4

Twenty-eight yards, 6 points:

Conrad Weber	1201120222— 8	Chas Schaefer	3020020210— 5
John Schlicht	0010212211— 7	J Himmelsbach	0210210200— 5
H W Smith	0101012121— 7	Henry Forster	0000120120— 4
John Kreeb	2202200010— 5	E Metz	2000211•23— 6
Dan Valenti	0)1022022•— 5		

Twenty-eight yards, 5½ points:

Chas Rieger	0202221212— 8	E Peterson	1•20122210— 7
R Regan	022022210)— 7		

Twenty-eight yards, 5 points:

Chas Lang	0202002111— 6	A Knodel	0101200002— 4

Twenty six yards, 4½ points:

L Stetzle	2202110212— 7	J Linck	0210022200— 5
E Marquardt	2000221221— 7	J Newman	•200001001— 5

Twenty-six yards, 4 points:

G K Breit	02112•1110— 8	H Guenther	0211100020— 5
J Kessler	2000021221— 6	J Furboter	1022100000— 4
F W Richter	1000122002— 5		

FOUR HANDED MATCH AT BABYLON.

March 27.—The strong northwest wind that swept over the traps at the Westminster Kennel Club to-day had, perhaps, more to do with the low scores made than the extra good quality of birds provided specially for the occasion by L. M. Gilbert & Son, of Philadelphia, and trapped and handled by George S. Mott, the club's superintendent. The conditions of the race were Gilbert and Knapp against Stafford and Butler, 100 birds per man. The former pair won with 151 out of 200 to 135! The highest score that could be made out of any string of 25 by either party to the match was 21. Gilbert scored that number in his last string, and Butler secured the like number out of his third 25. Knapp could do no better than two 20s and two 17s. The weather conditions and the quality of the birds were all against high scores. Below are the scores, showing each man's total. George Mott was referee. As regards dead out of bounds, Gilbert lost 9 of his birds that way and Knapp 7. Stafford lost 12 dead out of bounds and Butler 11. Scores:

H B Gilbert	0222220122022022222222022—19
	2022222220122220202222022—20
	2210122220221003C0222022 —17
	0222220222222222221220202?2—21—77
J P Knapp	2220012202222200122221222?—20
	1010010222222022220020222—17
	2222202002222222C0222 2 202—20
	2002022222220022C2022 2212 -17—74—151
W A H Stafford	2202222222002202220220222—20
	002220 02022 02 C0200 2222—13
	1220221120002202220C22220—17
	2022022020010221212220000—14—64
H G Butler	0210222020020020212121011—16
	2210022200011202212120112—18
	1222210112222200212222202—21
	2221100022012011220010021—16—71—135

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

March 30.—To-day was the day chosen for the inauguration of the magautrap lately placed in position at the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club. The day was a lovely one for target shooting, and the attendance was decidedly above par, considering the amount of trap-shooting that has been going on recently in the vicinity of this city and Brooklyn. Among those present were Ferd Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; W. R. Crosby, of the Baker Gun Co., of Batavia, N. Y.; Jack Fanning, of the Gold Dust Powder Co., of San Francisco, Cal.; Neaf Apgar, representing the Austin Powder Co.; Seth Clover, of Erie, Pa.; J. S. S. Remsen, president of the Brooklyn Gun Club; T. Baron, the club's secretary; Ludwig, a shooter who, though large of bulk, hides his identity for business reasons under a short *nom de fusil;* Dick Phister, Dr. Little and others.

Twelve events in all were shot off, and about 2,000 targets thrown during the afternoon. The club's grounds are somewhat conveniently located for persons who live in Greater New York, and should prove a very popular resort under the present energetic management of the club. To reach the grounds (where shooting takes place every Saturday afternoon) take the King's County Elevated R. R. from the bridge or from Fulton Ferry to the end of the road; the grounds are less than five minutes' walk from the terminus of that road. Scores in to-day's shoot were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	15	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
F Van Dyke	10	8	10	14	19	18	20	19	16	16	16	..
T Baron	8	6	8	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J S S Remsen	8	9	10	8	17	18	18	18	16	18	14	..
J S Fanning	9	8	7	12	19	15	17	18	18	19	18	14
W R Crosby	7	10	9	14	19	17	17	19	15	14	18	17
Greene	..	8	9	12	11	14	20	16	14	15	15	13
Bissett	..	2	7	9	13	15	15	13	12	16	19	..
Woods	..	..	7	10	14	13	11	6	..	..	..	..
Apgar	..	..	..	12	16	16	17	17	14	..	..	..
Clover	..	..	..	7	14	14	13	..	..	..	..	..
Payne	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Ludwig	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	17	16	17	15
Stewart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	16	12
Hobbie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	9	11
Dr Little	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	11	5
Dr Weber	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	..	..

FALCON GUN CLUB.

March 26.—The Falcon Gun Club held its monthly live-bird shoot at Dexter Park this afternoon. Nine members took part in the club event, which is at 7 birds, second barrel kills to count half a point. C. M. Meyer led with 7 straight one-barrel kills. Scores:

	Points.		Points.
J Moeller....1200221—5	3½	C M Meyer....1111111—7	7
C G Miller....1101100—4	4	A Volges....1111100—5	5
C Dosher....0000111—3	3	J Meyer....1220111—6	5
J Bohling....0110111—5	5	J Herrmann....1012022—5	3½
J Vagt....1101111—6	6		

CRESCENT A. C., OF BROOKLYN.

April 3.—To-day wound up the target shooting at the Bay Ridge grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club for the season. The attendance of shooters was not large and only five events were decided. T. W. Stake won first honors with three firsts out of as many trials. Scores were as below, all events being at 25 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
E H Lott	17	13	15	..	18	H A Growtage	..	..	..	4	14	7
J E Allen	10	7	7	14	12	H Maxwell	..	..	..	..	8	11
T W Stake	..	..	20	18	20							

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

April 3.—This afternoon was the date for the semi-monthly live-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club, at Woodlawn, L. I. Ten members competed in the club shoot at 10 live birds per man, J. N. Meyer being high with 9 out of 10. J. A. Bennett this afternoon made an offer to the club in the following terms: To donate a silver cup for competition at targets on the Dyker Meadow grounds under the following conditions: 25 targets per man, class A men at scratch; class B men allowed 2 extra targets, and class C men allowed 5 extra targets; allowances to be shot out. The club accepted Mr. Bennett's offer and the first contest will be held on Saturday next, April 10.

Scores in to-day's shoot were:

Club Shoot.

C M Meyer (A)	22222•022—8
J Gaughen (A)	3•22022222 - 8
J A Bennett (A)	•2222•2200—6
J N Meyer (B)	222211•221—9
F A Thompson (B)	2022022222—8
A Eddy (B)	0011•21112—7
J E Jones (B)	0222122000—6
Dr E Parmelee (B)	0001020•02—3
E G Frost (C)	2220100220—6
D Lohman (C)	•202w

Other sweeps were shot as follows:

No. 1, 5 birds: C. M. Meyer 5, Thompson 5, John Meyer 5, Gaughen 5, Eddy 5, Bennett 4, Jones 4, D. Lohman 3, E. Lohman 1.

No. 2, miss-and-out: Bennett 4, Gaughen 4, Jones 3, C. M. Meyer 3, John Meyer 3, Thompson 1.

No. 3, same: Jones 8, John Meyer 8, C. M. Meyer 7, Thompson 6, Gaughen 2.

HAPPY DAY GUN CLUB.

April 2.—Below are the scores made by members of the Happy Day Gun Club at their regular monthly live-bird shoot held to-day on the club's grounds, Woolsey Point, L. I.:

Chas Rieger (28yds)	000100200— 2	A A Weiss (25)	0120011200— 5
Fred Passe (28)	010010012•— 4	G Moyer (26)	2022•02202— 6
Dr F M Bauer (28)	2022221•10— 7	J G Jetter (25)	0000202110— 4
Dr Wm Richter (27)	0020210122 — 6	W G Ringler (25)	0002220011— 5
E Weiss (28)	1102210••21— 6	L Wanamacher (25)	1100001000— 3
L Bock (27)	2120010010— 5	H Hanlein (25)	2020020000— 3
L Niederstein (28)	1202?•1211— 8	Fred Siebel (28)	0010021020— 4
A Beck (25)	0020201002— 4		

EMIL WEISS, Sec'y.

Warren Gun Club.

WARREN, O., March 11.—Below are the scores made at our club's shoot held this afternoon. In the cup contest, 25 targets per man, handicap allowance of misses as breaks, Sutcliff and Parker tied on 23 each. On the shoot-off Sutcliff won by 1 target. Scores were:

Nonneman (0)	0111010010111100101110101 —15
C L Schoonover (0)	0011111111111110111110111 —21
Ewalt (0)	1111111111110111111110110 —22
Rummell (0)	0001111010110111111111111 —19
Tyler (9)	0000011000000001001000010— 5+9—14
Sutcliff (6)	1011001111C1111C111101100—17+6—23
Biery (4)	0010101101010010001100000— 9+4—13
Miller (3)	1101000100C0C101100000100— 8+3—11
Parker (3)	1111101111110111110011101—20+3—23
Chryst (6)	0110011010000C0011000001 11—10+6—16
Stiles (2)	1010110101110001110110111—16+3—19

No 2.	5 pair doubles.	15 unknown traps and angles.
Nonneman	11 11 11 10 10	111000011110010—16
Schoonover	11 10 10 01 11	101010110110110—16
Ewalt	10 11 C0 11 11	111111111111011—21

No. 3.

Ewalt	1111011001111111111111011—21
Schoonover	0001110111011111111111101—20
Nonneman	1110100011111111111011010—18
Dr Gagnon	0011C0100101000101011010—10
Biery	1110111010011010100011101—14
Horton	0011111101011001110101101—16
Thomas	1111100110101100110000100—13
Cramer	0010101011110101001011C0.—13
Rummell	0000111010110111111111111—19

R. W. EWALT, Sec'y.

Arapahoe State Bank Gun Club.

ARAPAHOE, Neb., March 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the evening of above date J. W. Den, J. H. Mooney, W. I. McKenna, E. N. Allen, M. Mitchell, Fred Boehner, Alf Garey, Charles Atkinson, C. S. Kunkel and E. C. Wagner met in the office of Fred Boehner and proceeded to organize the Arapahoe State Bank Gun Club. J. W. Tomblin was elected President; W. I. McKenna, Vice President; J. H. Mooney, Secretary; E. C. Wagner, Treasurer; J. W. Den, Captain. An executive board of six members were elected as follows: Tomblin, Mooney, Den, Baxter, Allen and Atkinson.

JOHN H. MOONEY, Sec'y.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARSH.—What does the gauge of a gun mean? or what is it based on, or how is the gauge determined? Ans. The gauge of a gun denotes the diameter of its bore, and the latter term originally was based on the different sizes of moulds casting spherical balls; thus a 10-bore or 10-gauge was the same diameter as a ball of which 10 made a pound. The gauges are now arbitrary, as follows: Diameter of interior of barrel, 28-gauge, .550in.; 24-gauge, .579in.; 20-gauge, .615in.; 16-gauge, .662in.; 14-gauge, .693in.; 12-gauge, .729in.; 10-gauge, .775in.; 8-gauge, .835in.; 4-gauge, .1,052in.; 2 gauge, .1,325in.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Von Lengerke & Detmold.

MESSRS. VON LENGERKE & DETMOLD, whose name has long and favorably been known in connection with their Murray street address, will move into new quarters at 318 Broadway, July 1.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 16. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

ATTENTION is directed to the new form of address labels on the wrappers of subscribers' copies. The label shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid.

The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us for a new or renewed subscription. Unless specially requested to do so, we do not send separate receipts.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

There is an art, little known and practiced, that invariably succeeds in outflanking most wild animals; an art simple in conception and execution, but requiring patience; a species, so to speak, of high art in forestry—the art of sitting on a log.

Nessmuk.

THE SPELL OF THE SPRINGTIME.

AS THE sun in its springtime orbit gathers strength and infuses its magic warmth everywhere, the annual miracle of the revivification of animal and vegetable life begins. The ice-bound waters, snow-clad landscape, leaden sky and frosty winds are forced to give place to waters aglow with the light and warmth of the sun; to fields and slopes and woodlands dressed in vivid green, refreshing and pleasing to eyes and mind; to breezes balmy, gentle and laden with the fragrance of herbs and flowers; and arched over all a deep blue sky, patched with a few fleecy, lazy clouds. The transformation from the cold and sere and dismal season of dearth to the bright and cheerful season of renewing plenty is a period during which all nature rejoices. Hardy flowers burst forth to welcome the first spring warmth of the sun, bravely risking the straggling flurries of departing winter. The unfolding of vegetable life follows in quick succession. The buds gradually open, flowers of rare beauty bloom and gladden the scene; the trees blossom and a new fragrance pervades the air.

There is brightness with beauty everywhere to please the eye. The ear is delighted with the hum of bees and the melodies of long-absent song birds. Sheep frisk in the meadows, the horses race about madly, and the cattle essay a few heavy capers; yet all are merely giving expression to a gladness which comes from the stimulus of the springtime. All nature is warmth and color and melody.

Man feels it to a more exalted degree than any other animal. The enchanting spell of the season infuses a new buoyancy into his being. He is most susceptible to the impress of nature in her kindest mood and her most beautiful adornment. Though he enjoys the charm of the present in itself, he enjoys it the more in contrast with the cold, bleak and dormant season which preceded it.

It has more than this. It has its witcheries. The open waters, with their incessant glintings in the sheen of light, and with ducks resting or feeding in the favored nooks, arouse the instinct of the duck shooter. The impulse of the gunner is upon him. He thinks of the sport over decoys, of sport in a blind, of sport in a pass, of the dusky phantom speeding down the wind which he, with a quick shot, sent plowing and splashing into the water; or of the high-flying mallard he so deftly tumbled out of the sky, to the surprise of his companions; or of the ducks which he decoyed by skillful calling, though they were suspicious of being on dangerous ground. And thinking of all this, he is indeed a better sportsman if he will refrain from spring shooting, because he thereby contributes to the general good. By refraining he denies himself a pleasure that others may have pleasure, and that he may not pawn his own shooting of the future for the momentary gratification of shooting in the present.

But the waters have other treasures. In the cold, swift streams the trout, shy, cunning and fastidious, is a worthy prize of the most delicate skill. A miniature demon of a beautiful fish—aggressive, swift of action, predatory and a fighter by nature—he casts a spell over man which reaches from the brooks to the very centers of the towns and cities. The trout fisher prowls about from store to store, inspecting new colors and forms and materials of flies. He holds long and grave conversations on rods and reels. He overhauls his fishing paraphernalia, and although he may not go fishing, he engages in all that appertains to it as earnestly as if it was foreordained that he should go. The witchery of the brooks is upon him. The fever of the season has infected him. He meets a friend, who, pressed by business cares, has forgotten all about the season. A word or two, and in a moment his friend has the fever too. The little trout in the far-away brook has cast his spell over them. The fever spreads.

It is a healthy malady. Man's mind is diverted from the exactions of business. The fever takes him out among nature's best of the wholesome and the beautiful, where there is fresh air, fragrance and pure sunlight; where there is quiet and peace and health. The impulses of the springtime, to fly to the woods and fields and brooks, are those which bring him needed rest, a recuperated being and a longer life.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON AND THE PARK.

AMONG the War Department orders issued last week was one which will be read with regret by all who have followed the history of the Yellowstone National Park in recent years. Captain George S. Anderson has been relieved from duty in the Yellowstone Park and ordered to Fort Robinson, Nebraska. His place will be taken by Lieutenant-Colonel S. M. B. Young, who has been in charge of the Yosemite Park.

It is now a little more than six years since Captain Anderson took charge of the National Park, and in that time he has done for it more than any other superintendent has ever accomplished. Within this time great changes affecting the reservation have taken place. When he assumed command a very large proportion of the residents of the adjacent territory were bitterly opposed to the protection of the Park. They regarded such protection as an infringement on their rights, and no language was strong enough to express their hatred of the superintendent and their opposition to his work. All this never moved Captain Anderson. Cajolery, abuse, threats, were alike wasted on him and left him steadfast. Like an oft-quoted American hero, when he was sure he was right he went ahead and nothing turned him aside. To-day the great majority of the residents near the Park desire to see it protected, and applaud the superintendent's efforts. When Captain Anderson went there, no law existed for the punishment of offenses, and all his efforts to put down evildoing appeared to be ineffectual; they seemed to be blows wasted on the empty air. But time passed, and in 1894 Congress enacted a law.

While Captain Anderson was not the first superintendent to insist on respect for and obedience to the regulations established by the Secretary of the Interior for the government of the Park, he was the first to devise effective methods of stopping minor offenses. For example, it has been the practice time out of mind for vain and silly people to inscribe their unimportant names in public places. The smooth white stone of the geyser cones offers a tempting surface for the lead pencils of such scribblers, and the snowy geyserite used to be liberally adorned with their names. Expulsion from the Park had usually been the penalty for the commission of such follies when detected; yet this seemed a punishment too severe, and one that conveyed no object lesson to others. Persons guilty of writing their names on the geysers and on geyser pebbles never seemed to realize that by doing this they were leaving a trail that was easily followed, since they were also writing their names each day in the hotel registers of the Park. Captain Anderson obliged any one detected in defacing the geysers in this manner to return to the spot where he had proclaimed himself an offender, and there with scrubbing brush and soap to wash out the name. This method of punishment not only afforded unbounded delight to the other tourists, but had a most wholesome effect on such persons as wished to see their own names on the formations. Captain Anderson, on more than one occasion, sent a man back thirty miles over the road to scrub out his name.

The subject of protecting the pine forests of the National Park against fire early engaged Captain Anderson's attention. His previous experience in the West was of great value to him here, although many dangers threaten the forests of the Park to which those of most of the Rocky Mountains are not exposed. The great number of campers here, and the fact that a large proportion of these are wholly ignorant of the dangers of fire or of the ease with which it may be started, make the problem of forest protection in the Park one of great difficulty. Notwithstanding this difficulty, and notwithstanding several years of exceptional drought, during which the danger of fire is many times multiplied, we believe that during the six years of Captain Anderson's rule in the Park there has been only one very destructive fire.

The numerous arrests of poachers in the Park testify to Captain Anderson's vigilance as a game protector. If the poachers were set free again and the destruction of game continued, and the poachers were rearrested and again set free, this was only because Congress year after year refused to enact a law by which violators of the regulations could be punished.

When Captain Anderson took charge, the way had in some measure been paved for his administration by the previous military superintendents, Major Harris and Captain Boutelle; yet, after all, only a beginning had been made. What was needed there then was a strong man, cool, firm and clear-headed, accustomed to dealing with men, devoted to his duty, and with a keen enthusiasm for his work. These requisites were combined in Captain Anderson, whose six years' management of this beautiful region have ineffaceably impressed themselves on it. Those interested in the National Park owe Captain Anderson a debt that they cannot pay.

It is gratifying to see that the Government at Washington has appreciated Captain Anderson's peculiar fitness for the position he has held, and has recognized the value of his services by prolonging his superintendency much beyond that of any one who has previously held the place. It is a matter of regret that he could not have been continued in this position indefinitely.

DEATH OF PROF. COPE.

PROF. EDW. DRINKER COPE, Ph.D., of Philadelphia, well known as a paleontologist and anatomist, died an Monday last at his home in Philadelphia. Prof. Cope was a Philadelphian of pure Quaker stock, born in that city in 1840. He was educated there and in Europe, and in 1866 became professor of natural science at Haverford College. It was about that time that he began the investigation of vertebrate fossil forms, which he continued until his death, and which resulted in the discovery of a vast number of new forms of the very highest interest. His earlier investigations were in the cretaceous green sand of New Jersey, but subsequently he studied the air-breathing vertebrates of the coal deposits of Ohio; and later, in 1870, made excursions into the West, where he served for some years in connection with the Hayden Geological Survey, the Wheeler Survey, and the United States Geological Survey. He was a man of abounding energy and of great ability. The ground covered by his scientific studies is extremely broad, and his papers and volumes are said to number over 350 separate titles. Two years ago Prof. Cope completed his revision of the *Batrachia* for the Smithsonian Institution, and his latest important work, just completed, was a volume on the *Reptilia*.

THE LOST MAN OF LABRADOR.

DR. ROBT. T. MORRIS sends us the report made to him by a Newfoundland correspondent who undertook to gather the particulars of the appearance and wanderings of the mysterious lost man of Labrador, about whom Dr. Morris had written in these columns. As we have said before, the theory that this individual was the "Lost Man" of the New Brunswick wilderness, of whom Mr. Frederic Irland and others wrote, was disproved by a discrepancy of dates.

The story which we print to-day is one of most extraordinary hardship and endurance, and affords an instructive demonstration of what the human animal is physically capable of undergoing when once he sets out to brave the elements. We know of nothing that can compare with this narrative except the description of Mary Shelley's Frankenstein wandering over the ice fields; but Frankenstein was inhuman, a monster of fiction; this Labrador wanderer was an actual man.

WRITE TO YOUR SENATOR.

WE print in another column a statement of the effort now making in Washington to secure a law under which the National Capital shall no longer serve as a dumping ground for game out of season.

It is a standing disgrace that Washington, the seat of government, should hold open its markets for game killed in other States and shipped to it when State laws forbid its sale elsewhere. We have a right to expect and to demand that this encouragement by the Government to game destruction in the individual States shall cease; and it should cease now.

Read the communication on page 309, and write now to your Senator asking for the enactment of Mr. Proctor's measure, Senate Bill 1488.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A LETTER FROM ANTOINE BISSETTE.

DANVIS, State Vairmont.—*M'sieu Foris Strim:* Every sin' Ah'll was leetly boys Ah'll see so many fashi'n come an' go off, w'en Ah'll look naow it seem lak Ah was been dream, or was dream naow, Ah do' know.

Fus w'en Ah'll come on de State w'en de young feller was dress up for go see de gal or ball or Fours July he'll wore long tail brass coat with blue button, an' he got collar mos' lak hoss blinder, so he a'n't able for see one side or de oder, an' he'll gat traouser strap under hees boot, so he jes' smooze lak stofe pipes.

Naow he mus' wear black coat 'f he goin' see de gal or dance, jus' sem 'f he goin' fun'ral, an' hees collar tip over, prob'ly, 'f he a'n't stan' up leetly way, an' hees traousers gat rimple all way daown, jes 'f he was been squeeze on cheese press jes 'fore he put him on.

An' de gal—oh, bah gosh, he mek me mos' crazy in mah head, he alter so fas' and so mooch. Sometam he'll had hees skirt lak one-leg trauser so he mos' can' step, but short, for show hees hankle was very pooty. Den it big 'nough for Injin wigwam, wid hoop lak barrels, or prob'ly drag on de graoun' lak peacock, so you can' help trod on it, and den he be mad lak sixty. Sometam hees dress be short on one end, sometam on de oder, so he was mek you rembler w'en you was bebbee. Sometam hees sleeve be lak hees skin, sometam lake balloons, an' sometam he'll a'n't gat any.

W'en Ah'll was young mans, hees bunnit big 'nough for put hees head in, an' he had some posy all raoun' de inside, an' Ah'll tol' you hees face look pooty an' modes' way in de back en' of it, jes' lak big posy in the middler of lot of leetly posy. Naow dey head all aoutside what dey call dey bunnit, so small you mos' can' see it, an' he can' tell if he gat it on 'fore he feel of it; an' he gat no posy, only poo' leetly bird dat was be grea' deal more pooty for sing on de bush as roos' all dead on de gal hees head of it. Bah gosh, dat was mos' bad as Injin wearin' leetly chile scalp on hees clo'se; dat mah 'pinion. 'F dey a'n't stop it, de live bird all goin' aout of fashion prob'ly.

Dar was fashi'n for heat everyt'ing wid you fork naow, an' prob'ly you'll gat for heat pea soup wid it, a'n't it? An' you'll gat for wap you mout' wid leetly tableclot' 'stead of you han'; an' it weeked for pour you tea on you sasser some more, an' blow it for cool.

W'en Ah'll was young mans dey a'n't anybody dat was brought up much dat was chaw gum. Naow you see lot of dress up folks chaw lak he heatin' tough ol' beef he can' swaller. You go on de store, an' de clerk wid hair part in de middle an' ring on hees finger showin' de calico an' ribbin to pooty gal, all dress up too, and dey bose of it chawin' "n'gou n'yum, n'yum, n'yum," lak hol' caow chaw hees cud, so you mos' can' on'stan' him. It more fus' it was for chaw tobac, an' a'n't grea' deal more pooty.

De fashi'n was change in de way folks talk sin' Ah'll was l'arn for spik Engleesh, but Ah was stick on to de hol' fashi'n, me.

Wal, seh, Ah'll see de fashi'n, Ah'll hear de fashi'n, Ah'll feel of it, but de curies' was for smell of it. Yas, sah, all de peop' dat was dress up naow was preffume hees clo'se so he'll smell jes' sem he was been trap moosrat, mans, hwomans, all of it. You shook hees han', you touch hees clo'se, it come off on you so you smell jes' de sem. Bah gosh! Ah'll call it queer fashi'n for everybody smell jes' de sem, a'n't he?

W'en Ah trap moosrat in de sprim, w'en Ah'll go on de store, dey mos' can' bore me, dey holler "Whew!" an' squeeze dey nose, Ah'll so preffume, but dey all raght for have it on dey hamperchy, an' dey clo'se so t'ick you'll a'n't able for draw you breeze. Ah'll a'n't lak dat pooty well, 'cause sass for geeses jes' good for ganders, a'n't he? Wal, seh, Ah'll goin' tol' you story 'baout dat.

You see, dey have it Chris'mus ball on Hamner Hotel, an' Ah'll took notion Ah'll go, 'cause Ah'll a'n't be'n somewhere sin' Fours July. Ah know dey won't prob'ly let hol' Frenchmans dance in dat fancy co'pany, but Ah'll can heard de music an' heat some suppers jes' sem as somebody.

So Ah bought ticket day 'fore for be sure, an' dat evelin' Ah'll put on mah bes' pair clo'se an' start cross lot. As Ah go 'long Ah'll come where Ah'll gat trap set for skonk, an' Ah'll see he was pull in de hole, an' Ah'll t'ink Ah keel it so he a'n't be suffer. So Ah'll gat steek all ready for struck it an' begin for pull de chain softle, an' bah gosh! dat feller gat more preffume he want for heese'f, an' he give me more as Ah want too, raght on mah traouser, an' full up dat lot all full, more as twenty nacre.

You s'pose Ah'll goin' home for leetly t'ing lak dat? No, seh, Ah'll a'n't goin' loss mah ticket on dat ball 'cause mah preffume a'n't sem fashi'n lak dey gat. So Ah'll knock de skonk an' go on mah beesnes.

W'en Ah go on Hamner dey all beegin heatin' dey suppy, an' Ah'll walk raght up on de diny room sem 'f he beelong to me. Pooty quick dey use dey nose more as dey jaw, den dey all try for be fust for de door an' it a'n't more as fav minute 'fore Ah'll was all 'lone. 'F you ever see forty chicken w'en hawk come daown on de barnyard, den you see haow de folks scratter.

Ah'll sit daown to de table w'ere de victual was be t'ick, turkey, chicken, r'oysty an' oysty, bose kan of it, tongue beef, ham meat, everyt'ing. Dey a'n't nobody for wait on me, but Ah'll able for help mahse'f very well, t'ank you, an' Ah'll bet you head somebody a'n't never heat so much on Hamner as Ah'll was. It mek him mad for see one mans full up so, Ah tol' you.

He come hol' hees nose on de door an' holler: "Git aout dat, you hol' Frenchman, you," an' Ah'll tol' him: "A'n't Ah'll got ticket, hein?"

He'll ax me, Ah'll a'n't gat some beesness for be so preffume. Den Ah'll tol' it, "A'n't every mans gat raghts for took hees chouse on hees preffume, a'n't it? You folks took hees chouse on moosrat; dat all raght. Ah'll a'n't say not'ing, a'n't Ah? Ah'll a'n't run off, a'n't Ah? Wal, seh, 'f Ah'll took mah chouse on skonk an' dey mine for run off, dat a'n't mah beesness too, bah gosh. Ah'll a'n't tol' it for go, me."

Den Ah'll took some more turkeys an' put t'ree spoonful w'ite sugar on mah coffee. Dey 'fraid for touch hol' of me, for fraid de preffume rub off on it, an' bamby dey come for push me wid pole; but Ah'll tol' it Ah'll paid for mah suppy, an' 'f dey drove me 'fore Ah'll heat it, Ah'll sue it up to de law.

So dey let me 'lone some more, stannin' way off wid dey nose in dey finger, lookin' at me t'rough de door an' winder, jes' sem you see cat watch dog heat hees breakfus'.

Bamby, w'en Ah'll had more as Ah'll want, Ah'll gat t'rough, an' sot back an' pick mah toof, 'fore Ah'll holler to Hamner, de suppy was very nice an' plenty for me, an' sem tam Ah'll willin' for de company heat 'long to me. Ah'll was very 'bliged to it for go aout, 'cause de moosrat preffume was very disagreeably for me w'en Ah'll heatin'.

Den Ah'll go, an' long as Ah can hear Ah'll hear it call me more as forty deeferent kan of Canuck, 'cep' good one. But Ah'll felt so comfort, Ah don' care, me, an' Ah'll go 'long home w'istlin' jes' lak rooster, an' dat all Ah'll said.

Your very respectably,

ANTOINE BISSETTE.

SHOOTING IN THE BOHEMIAN HIGHLANDS.

THE sun is just up, and the dew on the grass sparkles like priceless gems.

Our rendezvous is on the high road, and at the boundary of some particular *Revier* which the chief forester has determined to be the scene of our sport on this occasion. One by one carriages roll up, and warlike looking individuals clad in loose wraps get out, and divesting themselves of their covering display shooting costumes of Tyrolean *Loden*, warm and waterproof. Gun barrels gleam in the red sunlight, game bags full of lunch and cartridges, flasks full of good red wine, refreshing even when warmed by the sun; every gun slung by a strap over the shoulder.

The dogs chase to and fro, eager for the sport to begin.

Finally the last guest has arrived, and with a little speech announcing the game of the day to be the partridge, the chief forester gives the signal to advance.

A dozen hunters deploy to right and left, while between them step in the game beaters. The line now advances, the dogs working beautifully in front.

Our course lies over a rolling country, planted largely with potatoes and sugar beets, in the shade of which the partridge loves to "bathe" in the soft earth. Woe be to him not provided with leggings or high boots, for the vines will soon wet him above his knees as he plunges through them.

The German *Rebhuhn*, or partridge, is as large as a pigeon, and has only three toes. It cannot perch upon a tree or fence, consequently, but is always found upon the ground. The young birds have yellow legs, which become gray with age, and the cock has a red shield on his breast.

As the line advances the dogs point from time to time, and with guns ready we slowly advance, and as the covey "raises" each hunter chooses his bird directly in front of him. The game not bagged at once flies forward and is flushed again later.

About 10 o'clock a halt is made and a sandwich and a glass of beer are indulged in. It is still too wet to sit down—unless a convenient stone can be found.

Away we go again. The sun grows powerful, and perspiration and gunpowder smoke transform us into a company of Moors.

We have gradually ascended, and now we look down over the borders of Bohemia into Saxony, "*Sachsen wo die schöne Mädchen wachsen.*" Behind us loom the *Isergebirge* and old Jeschken's cone, while ahead of us the restaurant on the summit of *Gigelsberg* beckons alluringly and hints of cool beer served by pretty waitresses.

We wonder if our path to-day will extend within reach of its hospitality.

The fields of oats and rye are not yet reaped, and they fairly scorch us as we work our way around them. A few weeks later and we will have an open country. However, Bohemian grain fields are mere garden spots in point of size, and do not interfere much with our march.

About noon we come to a spot, selected beforehand, where in the shade we find a table set with bread and butter, cheese, cold game and plenty of beer and wine. Cartridges are withdrawn, guns secured, and it is with a relish that only follows hard work that we eat our dinner; then we rest on the grass, smoke and swap lies, called by the polite Austrian "hunters' Latin," and discuss the more remarkable features of the day's sport.

The sun grows less powerful, the atmosphere becomes gray; over the tops of the mountains come rolling heavy clouds, which tumble down upon us; the air becomes chilly; it begins to drizzle, and finally pours. Old Rübezahl resents our trespassing upon his domain. Small wonder that the superstitious peasant believes implicitly in the God of the Mountain when the weather can make such sudden changes as this. Quite as suddenly, however, the mist rolls away, and old Sol comes out as hot as before, while we tramp along with soaked feet.

About sundown we arrive at some village inn, to which our carriages have been sent, and partake of the simple meal of roast pork and potatoes with cucumber salad. After the meal the *Oberjaeger*, who sits at the head of the table, takes out his little book and notes the number of birds killed by each hunter, and much fun arises from the fact that the total number of birds actually killed is usually less than the number reported shot by the respective Nimrods. This is sometimes due to two hunters claiming the same bird, but I am afraid that exaggeration sometimes is indulged in. The number of misses is next asked of each hunter, and he must pay two *kreutzers*, or about 1 cent, into a fund for the education of foresters' children for each miss.

The most successful shot is then proclaimed king by the *Oberjaeger*, and glasses are filled and healths are drunk with the fortunate individual, who must try to make a more or less witty speech. After this the party is free to drive home as they please, though some of the older men may sit longer over a friendly game of *Skaat*.

The result of such a day's sport will be, in a good season, 300 to 400 birds.

A more interesting hunt for an American takes place just before Christmas, when the ground is frozen and covered with snow. This is the *Kreisjagt* or circle hunt. The game is hare.

A hundred hunters more or less, with as many beaters, are on hand; and at the direction of the *Oberjaeger* the *Jaegers* step out in opposite directions, followed at intervals by the hunters as designated by the *Oberjaeger*, and between every pair of guns is a beater. Each *Jaeger* leads his line to form a great semicircle, finally meeting his colleague, and thus forms a circle a mile or more in diameter. As soon as the *Jaegers* announce with their horns that the circle is completed, the *Oberjaeger* blows a signal for the whole line to advance slowly to the center. Every now and then a shot is heard, and a hare is seen to roll over or to run across the circle, only to meet the deadly row of guns on the opposite side. The circle grows smaller and the firing more rapid, while the number of perplexed hares scampering from one side to the other increases. The *Oberjaeger* now blows his horn to indicate that the circle must no longer be fired into. We still advance, but allow the hares to break through the line, turning and shooting them after their escape.

The circle has now become quite small and seems alive with hares, so the third signal notifies the shooters to stand fast while the beaters advance alone. Now comes the exciting moment, when it seems to rain hares. Only one instant; but hares to the right and left break through the lines, running for their lives. The guns boom like an engagement of infantry, and when the smoke clears away the ground is strewn with the slain.

Several hundred hares are the result of such a *Kreis*, and these are hung on frames fitted to the backs of some of the beaters, who are dispatched home with the booty.

Enough hares escape always to prevent their extermination, and the game is sold to wholesale dealers at from 30 to 50 cents each. Thus the result of such a day's sport nets the proprietor several hundred dollars.

Another pleasant hunt is that for the roebuck.

Here, after the usual speech from the *Herr Waldbereiter* warning against shooting a doe, and urging strict compliance with the directions given as to the line of fire, in order not to endanger the life of a comrade, the hunters receive their stations, surrounding a piece of forest, and at the signal of the forester's horn the beaters start through the thicket, hitting the trees with their sticks and making a terrible racket. Each hunter is on the *qui vive*, for any moment a buck may dash out, and not to shoot would subject him to as much ridicule as to shoot and miss. A shot cracks now and then, and he wonders who the fortunate hunters are, and comforts himself with the reflection that he knew in advance he would not get a shot, when a rush, a crackling of bushes, and—bang! "By George! he's gone." Crestfallen he stands, not daring to move, until the *Jaeger's* horn announces that the *Treib* is over.

Soon the *Oberjaeger* appears, inquiring who fired, and Nimrod admits that he fired and probably missed. A dachshund with a *Jaeger* follows the trail of the animal, and in a few minutes shouts announce that the game has been found, much to the satisfaction of our crestfallen friend.

A moment later and the *Jaeger* emerges from the brush with the buck on his shoulders. Nimrod then tries to convince everybody that he knew all the time he had bagged his game. The *Oberjaeger* now breaks the tip off a branch of pine, and with due formality presents it upon his hat, and this trophy the fortunate gunner wears proudly in his hat as evidence of his skill, presenting it to his best girl that same evening—if he is not too tired.

JOHN B. HAWES, M.D.

THE VALLEY OF PLEASANT REMEMBRANCES.

DOUBTLESS every lover of the woods and fields has, among his recollections of pleasant places, a remembrance of some particular spot which has for him a peculiar charm, and when his thoughts turn to the woods, and a panorama of beautiful scenes flashes across his memory, there is always one scene that stands out in unusual clearness and recurs with persistent frequency. In time he comes to look upon this scene as a type, and whenever he thinks of the country it is this particular part of it which, in his mind's eye, he sees first; when he longs for a breath from the pines or meadows it is the fragrance of this spot which imagination brings to his nostrils, so that it finally becomes symbolic of his ideal country.

* * * * * * *

Hidden away among the grand old hills of Petersham and Barre is a valley which might, at this day, well be called Peaceful Valley. Many years ago this valley was the home of a large family, at whose head was a strong man. It probably never occurred to any of his fellow townsmen to think of him as a strong man, yet he had so impressed upon this valley his personality that even its original name was lost sight of, and it came to be known by a title which always associated with it this strong man. In those days it was known as Pirate Hollow.

By most people it is now called Swift River Valley, from a branch of that river which follows the valley's course, and a most delightful bit of country it is. There is no other place quite like this valley to me, one reason for which is very likely the fact that my outings there have always been made with friends—not society friends, nor even the friends of business, but the objects of that stronger, deeper friendship, the friends of the stream and cover.

In our eyes this is a wonderful valley, for we have found there that rare attainment—satisfaction. It is a great thing for a modest country valley, this satisfying of a human being. It is a great thing for a valley, this consciousness that men carry away from it only pleasant recollections; that they come again, year after year, to wade the cold waters of its streams or thread the alders of its covers, and go away with little thought of trout or game, but with brightened eye and expanded lungs—cheerful, satisfied.

For many years we have made our pilgrimages to Swift River. The valley always holds out a hope, for there are trout in its streams and birds in neighboring covers. Years ago both were plentiful and the valley had a certain fame; but now little remains of either save the memory of what used to be, and the valley is forgotten. But the river is so bright, so companionable, and looks so "trouty," that it always seems as though we could find a few nice ones if the water was right. And the alders and birches are so clean, so inviting, that they must hold any number of woodcock. If only we could catch a flight. If the signs were only right.

And so we go year after year ostensibly for trout or birds, but really to see the dear old valley again; for we have fished the streams when weather and water were most auspicious, hunted out the hillsides when every cover nearer home was holding flight birds, and always with just enough of success to save the trip from failure.

And now we have come to look upon this valley not as the valley of trout or birds, nor even as the valley of Swift

River, but there has grown up within us a name based on associations rather than on locality. To us it is the Valley of Pleasant Remembrances.

In the Valley of Pleasant Remembrances there are no harsh notes, no discordant colors. Not a house has been built there since I first made its acquaintance. In the long ago there were mills to pollute the water with their refuse, and fill the air with the hum of unseemly sounds; mills wherein men with the sordid commercial instinct ground out the lives of fellow men, with little thought other than of how many cents' profit per day could be realized from each one's labor. Then it was Pirate Hollow.

Now the mills are gone, the house where lived the strong man has been long deserted, and the only tenants of the valley are a few farm owners.

In the Valley of Pleasant Remembrances the hills are always fresh and green. The few cultivated fields are so scattered as not to appear out of harmony, and the advent of that ravisher of nature, the steam sawmill, is as yet only a fear, a dread.

In the Valley of Pleasant Remembrances the waters are always clear. The streams head in cool springs far up on the hillsides and sweep down through the valley, churned into foam by the rocky stream beds, kissed by the sunlight, and with never a pause where contamination might lurk.

There never were greener pines than those which cover, like a mantle, the rugged cliffs of "Gray's Mountain;" there never were cleaner birches than grow on the slopes of "Popple Camp," and there never was such crackly, sparkling ice as "Pat" harvests yearly from Swift River Pond.

Is it any wonder then that the city folk, summering at the fashionable hotel on the hill, are frequently to be seen riding or driving on the valley roads? Is it any wonder that, with the approach of each trouting season, I hear the robins and thrushes of Swift River pouring out their songs of gratefulness at being there; that I smell the pines of old "Rum Rock" or hear the partridge drumming down "Rutland Brook?" Is it any wonder that there comes again a longing to see once more this delectable valley, where all is peace and restfulness, to add one more to an already long list of happy memories "that rust cannot corrupt?"

If a man's wealth were only reckoned from his recollections rather than from his gold, how rich would be the lovers of the woods, and what an El Dorado would spring up in the Valley of Pleasant Remembrances.

THE LOST MAN OF LABRADOR.

HARBOR GRACE, Newfoundland.—*Robert T. Morris, M D.:* Dear Sir—According to promise I have made inquiries concerning Gilmer Carns. I have also engaged the attention of our local papers, particularly the Harbor Grace *Standard*, to make inquiries relating to him. The result I here inclose: During my vacation on the coast of Labrador the past summer I received the following information while taking passage on the Labrador mail steamer Virginia Lake:

Aug. 27, 1896.—Salmon River on the Canadian Coast, Labrador, Gulf St. Lawrence.—Thomas Sweet, of this place, says that in April, 1893, a strange-looking man walked here to our fishing station in a most pitiable condition. All the outfit he had was a small axe, a tin pan and a pair of snowshoes. His clothes were torn, his boots worn out. He was hungry and asked for food, which we gave him; he said that he had traveled from Quebec during the past winter; that his name was Curry and that he was going to Newfoundland.

We were somewhat frightened to think that any man could walk all the way from Quebec, over mountains and forests, through the snow and frost of a severe winter and a distance of over 800 miles, and with no food, no covering from storm or frost. Men experienced and living on this coast think it impossible for man to perform such a feat and in such a short space of time. He stayed with Edward Grant one night. Next day he left and traveled on to the north again.

Going north, the next port of call for our mail boat is Blanc Sablon, which is the westernmost part of Newfoundland dependencies on Labrador. There again this stranger appeared in the month of April; I could not get particular dates.

Traveling on north still, he got on to Red Bay, having about seventy miles to walk from Salmon River to reach that place, with no roads, nothing but piles of soft snow and mountains to get over, and barren plains and rivers to cross on the ice. Thomas Yetman, of that village, interviewed him there. He had a small axe, a tin pan or drinking cup, and a pair of snowshoes. He put up here one night. They gave him food to eat He would not take any food with him when he was leaving.

Henly Harbor is about forty miles to travel from Red Bay further north. Here again we find him; John Stone says: "A man came to my house about the first of May, 1893. Said he had walked from Quebec during the past winter. His clothes were a loose coat, a Scotch cap, a pair of moccasin boots nearly worn out. He had with him a small axe and snowshoes. This being an island, he came here by crossing on the ice. The ice broke up and I put him on the mainland in a boat. He walked from Henly Harbor to Cape Charles over mountains, crossing rivers and arms of the sea by means unknown to us, a distance of over thirty miles, and with not a living being within that distance to assist him with food. You must know that there are no roads on any part of Labrador. So that in my opinion he must possess something more than human endurance to be able to climb over such high mountains, and down again into the valleys, with many feet of soft snow and running water to wade through."

He must have got to Battle Harbor by crossing over from the mainland of Cape Charles on the ice, as Battle Harbor is on an island, with about thirty families living there.

Mr. Isaac Smith, of that place, makes a statement and says: "Some time in May of 1893 a stranger came here, who said that he walked from Quebec. He had with him a small axe and tin dipper. He appeared to be very fatigued. I brought him to my house and gave him food, and lodged him for two days and mended his boots. He slept in a bed with me. He appeared to be a very intelligent man. I did not think that he was insane. His height was about 5ft. 7in.; brown mustache; hair very thin; think part of his head was bald. Told me that his name was Cawley. That he had a sister living in the States, where he belonged, and that on account of the demoralized condition of the place he left it and went to Quebec."

I asked Mr. Smith what religion the stranger was professing. He said he thought that he was a Catholic, "for he spoke in favor of the Pope and he got like a madman abusing me when I said anything to the contrary; so that I had to tell him to be quiet. When I knelt to pray before going to bed he also knelt to pray." I asked: "Did you see him make the sign of the cross before he prayed?" Mr. Smith said that he was not sure, but said he knew that he made ugly offers at it. He also said that the stranger had a large pocketbook with him; he kept it inside his clothes, there were a lot of papers in it; he also had a curious knife that he used to shave with; and there were letters on his shirt; the second letter was C, but he did not know the other one. He also told me that the stranger gave Mr. Green, of Seal Islands, a prescription for medicine written in Latin; there was no person there who could read it, and there was not a drug store at that time within 200 miles of Seal Islands.

After two days he went on north Three days later he was seen at Frances Harbor, and on the 22d of May he crossed St. Michael's Bay on ice that would hardly bear a cat. A trapper who resides there during the winter time saw him and was scared to see the man out in the bay on such ice. Between falling through and getting up on the ice again he reached the shore. The trapper allowed him to dry his clothes in his hut and gave him food; and he went on again.

Five or six days later on he got to the next settler's house in Snug Harbor. This settler's name is James Ward, who says that when this strange man got to his place he was very much fatigued; his boots were worn out so much that his bare feet were on the ground or on the snow; his feet were bleeding; his toes were very sore, caused by being frost-bitten. "We did the best we could for him, myself and my sister; we poulticed his feet, mended his boots with sealskin, washed and mended his clothes. During his stay with us, which was three days, he appeared to be well educated. He used to read our Bible and sing hymns for us. He said that he belonged to the Episcopalian Church. We put him across the bay three miles to Venison Tickle, where there is a winter station. He knew nothing about a boat; he could not row the boat, and his hands appeared soft and fine like those of one not used to work with his hands."

This last remark would show that he did not speak truthfully when he said that he had been serving on board ship. He also called himself different names in the different places that he went through, but strange to say that the names he gave himself always began with the letter C; sometimes he called himself Curry, other times Cawley and Collins.

He left Venison Tickle after a stay of one day. The next place that I heard from him was in Cartwright, Sandwich Bay, which must be over 100 miles northwest for him to get over by land

Dear sir, with my knowledge of the coast line in that part of Labrador, if any man were to tell me that a man walked there from where the Venison Island people landed him, I would say that it was impossible However, it is a fact, for he got there, as is well defined by a letter from Mr. Payne, clerk in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. In fact he must have swum across inlets and rivers, clambered over precipices, down again through ravines, gullies and gulches, and more places through tangled undergrowth forest; and without food or shelter from rain and storm, I cannot think of any way by which he could have sustained life. if it is not possible to do so by eating heathberries or Marchberries, of which he could very likely have found some when the snow melted off the ground.

Mr. Payne's letter in the Harbor Grace *Standard* shows that the strange man got there on June 26, 1893. Mr Payne's guess at his age differs very much from those of all the other people I questioned on that point. Some say that he appeared to be about thirty-five, others forty or over. Some people say that the portrait sent to me by the FOREST AND STREAM was like him; others that it was not like him. He was but a short time in any one place, so that people may not remember his features. Mr. Smith, of Battle Harbor, said that it was his likeness.

After leaving Cartwright he proceeded on to the north, and after another hundred miles or more of the same sort of country as previously described, without the habitation of a living being, he reached Hamilton's Inlet, at the Narrows, and by some means crossed over to Rigolette, where there is another station belonging to the Hudson Bay Company. There he was nearly being devoured by Indian dogs, and but for the timely assistance of the owner of the dogs he would have been torn to pieces. Crossing this river he lost his axe, so that he was without a weapon to defend himself against dogs or bears or other wild animals.

He next appeared at a place called Holten, fifty miles further on, where the people saw him swim across a harbor a half mile wide, with his clothes tied on his head, and again at Cape Harrison Harbor. From Cape Harrison he took to the forest and mountains again. Although by this time he had summer weather, it being well up in July, his endurance must have been something wonderful, where he had to exist on the few stunted berries that remained on the ground from the year before.

About 100 miles north of Cape Harrison, on a straight line from headland to headland (which must be double that distance for him to walk), we find report of him again, in a very poor condition, as follows:

Capt. J. J. Hennessy, who does trading business at Winsor Harbor (a place about twenty miles southeast from Hopedale) during summer time, went to an inland bay in a schooner. On his return in the night, when passing by a point of land, he heard a human cry coming from the shore. The night was cloudy, with little or no wind, and if you spoke above the ordinary way of speaking you would hear the echo of your voice coming back to you in a most extraordinary manner, so that the human cry or call coming from the shore over the smooth surface of the water and its echo sounded most dismal when one was not expecting to hear or see a human being so far from the habitation of man. The words came like this, "If you don't assist me to-night I shall die." It was with no little fear and hesitation that Capt. Hennessy lowered a boat, armed the crew and went on shore. To their great surprise, the person whom they had to encounter was not, as they expected, a desperate, wild maniac, but a weak, half-starved man, who bore all the traces of having undergone days of starvation and incredible suffering. He confessed that he had seen no food for eight days. Capt. Hennessy took him on board, gave him same food, and was surprised to see him so soon recover from the effects of his long exposure. His clothes were torn into rags, boots worn out, his bare feet on the ground. Capt. H. gave him some clothes and a pair of boots. He told the captain that he had walked from Quebec. He had not the small axe now in his possession which he is reported to have had on former occasions. Capt. Hennessy says that he appeared to him to be a man of about forty years old, in height about 5ft. 6 or 7in.; does not recollect color of hair, thinks he had light-colored whiskers; hair very thin on his head, turning gray; could not identify him by the FOREST AND STREAM portrait, which I showed him.

He told the captain that he intended going to Hudson Bay, where he expected to get a situation. He said he was a printer by trade, and if he did not succeed in getting a situation at Hudson Bay he would return to St. Johns. The manner in which he tried to conceal his identity by giving different names and telling different stories, and his sudden disappearances, seem to indicate that he was trying to flee from civilized man.

After staying two days at Capt. Hennessy's place he suddenly disappeared and was heard from next at Cape Harrigan, thirty miles north of Hopedale, having gone there in a boat with some Indians.

From there he must have got a passage in some fishing schooner to Nakva, north of Cape Hugford, for we find that he crossed the peninsula to George's River, Ungava Bay, where there is a station belonging to the Hudson Bay Co., and kept by a man named John Ford. It is reported that Ford knew from some Indians that this man was on his way northward, and thought him to be an enemy of his, whom he had injured some years before, and who had vowed to return to Ford's place to kill him. It is also reported that Ford became alarmed and asked the Indians to protect him. However that may be, this stranger arrived at Ford's place in the winter of 1893–94. Ford states to his friend that this strange man arrived there and was teaching his children for some time during that winter. One night he rushed to the door of Ford's room, calling out: "Mother! mother! she is in there. I saw her." Ford called his men, who tried to catch him, but he ran up a snowbank on the back of the house and either fell or jumped over the front of the house, falling on a boat and killing himself. Ford says he was buried there.

This is all the information which I have of the strange man. But one thing I wish to say is that the large pocketbook containing papers, and which he kept with such care, should be found and reported of. The harbor in which he is reported to have died is in George's River, Ungava Bay, and is on Canadian territory.

Whether this strange man be Dr. Carns, or whoever he may be, his journey from Quebec and along the Labrador coast to Ungava is remarkable for feats of endurance and adventure which are almost superhuman.

NICHOLAS FITZGERALD.

TALES TOLD BY THE CAMP-FIRE.—IV.

BY AMATEUR.

(Continued from page 282.)

ON the next evening another of our number said:

"Some years ago I had occasion to make extended researches into the early history of western Pennsylvania, and especially of Fayette and Greene counties.

"Fayette county contained numerous forts and block houses, built by the early settlers for protection against the Indians, and was traversed at several points by the old 'Indian warpaths,' which were traveled by the red men long before the white men came into the country. The Great Catawba warpath starting in New York State was one of these, and the celebrated Braddock road, in the eastern part of Fayette county, follows that warpath for many miles. The Braddock road was laid out by George Washington, and started near where Confluence Borough, in Somerset county, is now situated. That point was known to the Indians, and named by them Turkeyfoot, because the North Fork, the Castleman and the Youghiogheny rivers unite here in what, viewed from the surrounding high hills, bears a strong resemblance to the foot or track of the turkey; and it was so known to the whites even in my boyhood; but a town was laid out there and the name Turkeyfoot, which was full of historic association and significance, was thought too homely—too paganish, if you will—and was supplied by the name Confluence, which the place bears to-day. Here was the Big Crossing of early history, while the Little Crossing was some eight miles up the stream, exactly where the old stone bridge, on the National road, is situated, at the town of Smithfield—though from the name of the post-office it is more often written Somerfield. Washington's feet have trod all over that country.

"Somerset county was not the scene of any great Indian outrages or outbreaks, but their murders in Fayette and Greene counties were numerous and most cruel. Our friend's story of night before last and the one of last night have brought to my mind a number of recollections of which he may not know, and which, following his lead, I shall rehearse.

"Our friend's great-grandfather was named Elias Blank, and he was one of the early, if not the earliest, settlers of Greene county, Pa. He derived his patent from the Penns direct, and his particular homestead was called 'Delight.' On it there was a very high hill, and on top of that hill was a tree, and it was the old man's boast that he could sit under that tree and not see off his own land except when he looked beyond the Monongahela River into what is now Fayette county. As our friends have indicated, it was customary to carry down the name of the father to the first born son. Elias Blank's son Elias died young, but the name Elias was given to many of his grandchildren, as was the name Aaron of one of his sons, the 'Een' of whom we have heard.

"Dunkard Creek is in Greene county and was the scene of many terrible Indian outrages. It was so named from a settlement of people belonging to the Dunkard Church, to whom Elias Blank gave a grant of land along that creek, which flows into the Monongahela River. Elias Blank's grant from the Penns is a peculiar one in that it gives to him, his heirs and grantees the right to fish and to draw nets in any running streams on the land granted by Penns to Blank, and specifies the Monongahela and the creek flowing into that river, designating the Dunkard Creek by its Indian name, which I have forgotten. The Dunkards were Baptists, but believed in trine immersion and some other peculiar doctrines. Elias Blank was a Quaker.

"In early days a man named Bowers settled on the Dunkard Creek, and had a grant from Elias Blank of lands lying on both sides of that creek for eighty perches up the creek from the Monongahela River. Bowers was a Baptist, not a Dunkard, and did some great favor for old Elias, which brought him the grant of land. But in that grant Elias Blank gives to Bowers and his descendants forever

the right to fish in the creek whose Indian name was —— and now known as Dunkard Creek, from the big sugar tree which marks the west line of this grant, and stands on the north side of said creek, to that point in the Monongahela River at which the waters of the two streams cannot be distinguished by the eye; and to draw nets in said Dunkard Creek and that part of said river in consideration of certain benfits received, and in further consideration of the payment to the grantor during his lifetime of the first fish taken each year; and further in consideration, that the grantor and his descendants may demand as a right from the grantee and his descendants forever the right to draw one net in the waters covered by this grant in any one year, and should this right ever be refused them when demanded, this fishing right shall revert to the grantor and to his descendants after his death.' This, as nearly as I can give it, is the wording of that old grant, which is of record in Greene county.

"But after the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed the first act relating to fishing with nets in the waters thereof, an attempt was made to break up the Bowers fishing in the Dunkard Creek—along in perhaps 1873 this was—and Bowers was notified time after time (he was perhaps the third in direct line from old Bowers, to whom Elias Blank made his grant); but he paid no attention to the notices, and he was finally indicted in the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace of Greene county. He employed no lawyer, but came to court, and when his case was called appeared and said he 'would try his own case and make an end of it very quickly.'

"The judge was familiar with the early history of Greene county, and asked him what he had to say.

"Bowers replied that the Legislature of Pennsylania had no authority over him and his fishery; there was his grant from Elias Blank, whose grant from Penns was on record, and the act of 1779 gave full faith and confirmation to both of them, and before any further steps were taken he asked the Court to decide, as matter of law, whether or not the said grants and the act of 1779 were a protection to him, and the fishing right vested in him as a descendant of the original grantee of Elias Blank, and not in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

"This created a commotion. The judge examined the papers and the act, declared that the signature of old Elias Blank was well known, the paper genuine, and Bowers's right fixed. He directed a verdict of not guilty, at the cost of the county, and advised Bowers to have the grant from Elias Blank recorded, which was done. This fishery is a very valuable one; large fish come up the Monongahela and are caught as they attempt to pass up the Dunkurd Creek.

"Old Elias Blank's house was often the stopping place of the famous Indian fighters, the Whetzells, of whom we all used to read when we were boys. They were Jacob, Martin, John and Lewis Whetzell. All were celebrated Indian fighters; but Lewis Whetzell is the one whose fame became most widely spread, and mainly on account of his having acquired the ability to load his rifle while running at full speed—a very valuable accomplishment.

"Old Elias Blank was a Quaker and used 'thee' and 'thou' in conversation, which his son Aaron or Een also frequently did, especially when he wanted to be impressive, or when talking to one he didn't like. When Een Blank began to thee and thou anyone against whom he had any cause of complaint, the latter always cut the colloquy short.

"Old Elias Blank possessed some means, which he never divulged, of obtaining knowledge of the movements of the hostile Indians, and it was customary to watch for smoke rising from the high hill on his tract called 'Delight,' which I have mentioned, or for a light at night in the top of the big tree on the top of that hill, and when either of these signals was given the settlers hurried to the forts and block houses, and old Elias was never known to make a mistake. He was attacked, however, in his own house by a band of wandering Indians on one occasion, and finding no other way of escape killed eight of them with his own hand. He never after took part in Quaker meetings, believing himself a 'man of blood,' and a saying went abroad among the Indians that 'Broadbrim had taken the tomahawk and was worse than the man whose gun was always loaded' (Lewis Whetzell).

"After the Revolutionary War Albert Gallatin founded a little town in Fayette county, Pa., on the banks of the Monongahela River, which he called New Geneva, and just opposite in Greene county old Elias Blank founded a little town which after Gen. Greene he called Greensboro. Between the two is a ferry, a very valuable piece of property, and the right to which is provided for in the grant of the Penns to Elias Blank, and it was in operation long before either town was laid out. Old Elias established a quit rent on the town of Greensboro, which still is in force, one of the very few remaining in Pennsylvania. This quit rent and the ferry still belong to his descendants, and are considered valuable property.

"I have in my possession a gun made by Ezra Engle, from our friend's description last night, I suppose Ezra IV. This gun is well authenticated, was made before the Revolution, and has been in my family ever since; it descends to the oldest son. It has the peculiar trigger action spoken of, the original flintlock, the copper fore sight set in the barrel and the elevating rear sight. This gun has no ornamentation at all, is full-stocked, the thimbles for holding the ramrod are made of iron, seemingly, as is the trigger guard. A peculiarity is that the gun never becomes rusty from shooting, and no iron part of it will rust; neither can you brighten the iron. The gun shoots a ball of which 100 weigh exactly 1lb. I have the old bullet moulds too. The barrel is 3ft. long inside, rifled with four grooves and one full turn, very deep. The stock is a curly maple with natural bend, but the butt piece is a walnut knot sawed to shape, as is the end of stock at the muzzle; but I have never been able to determine how they are fastened in place. I shoot off the old gun loaded with a bullet once every Christmas Day, unless the day falls on Sunday, when I fire it the day before, and lay it away to the next year. It is a very well-preserved gun, and money could not buy it."

Massachusetts Quail.

DANVERS, Mass., March 30.—Spring birds have arrived. An unusual large flight of woodcock is reported. Snipe have not made their appearance yet. We had a good winter for quail and many are left over, with good prospect for another fall. J. W. B.

SPORT IN THE NORTHWEST.

IN a few weeks New York city will be deserted, and from her miles of streets will have sent forth North, South, East and West thousands of men who will keep a fatherly eye on their rod and gun cases. To those bound for Maine and the Adirondacks I have no advice to offer. These grounds are tolerably well known, and if not quite all that is claimed for them they have at least the great advantage of being easily got at, and inexpensively too. My fancy, however, takes me further afield when I wander, and to those of the same way of thinking I tender the following brief notes on sport in northwestern Canada.

It is a somewhat serious undertaking this arranging matters for a trip into the wilderness—not a wilderness such as the Rangeleys and Adirondacks, where each camp bed has a spring mattress, but a vast stretch of uninhabited country, where you must take in what you require or go without it; so that it is perhaps just as well that the season begins late, and that, so far as the sportsman is concerned, nothing is to be gained by leaving New York before Aug. 1. To those that intend traveling merely for the scenery and change of climate these remarks do not apply; they will be perfectly happy in the Northwest Territories or British Columbia after June 15; and at such delightful spots as Banff in the Canadian National Park, or at Glacier House in the Selkirks, or at North Bend in the Frazer, they will find pleasant weather, lovely scenery and good fishing any time after June 15.

But the man who goes for sport alone should start about Aug. 1, and if he can make up a party he will be wise to hire a special car, the expense of which will not be more than $5 a head per day. This, when money is not an object, is to my mind the most delightful way in the world of enjoying sport. It beats a club house and preserve because at less expense you get equal comfort and greater variety. Supposing that such a party has been made up, the first stop might well be made at Jack Fish station on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, on the north shore of Lake Superior. Here the superb Steel River enters the lake, and the fishing in it is almost too good. Trout, true *fontinalis*, are often caught weighing 6lbs., and they take the fly freely in quick water. In this neighborhood there are many other streams equally good; for instance, the famous Nipigon is but a few miles further west; while the Jack Pine, Black River, Gravel River, Prairie River, and a host of little-known waters may be reached by short journeys east or west along the line. Mark my words: This is the coming fishing ground of the nation. These streams can never be fished out, as the trout have Lake Superior to fall back into, and even were the streams ruined there would still remain the unequaled fishing from the rocks of the lake shore. You can leave the cars at any point for 170 miles, put your rod together, and within a few yards of the track find all the fly-fishing you desire. To my eye the magnificent sweep of Jack Fish Bay, and the lonely beauty of the inlets and islands of the north shore, are as fine in their way as anything in the Rockies, and it is only thirty hours from Montreal.

For years it has been nothing but Nipigon; but unless I am much astray there are a dozen smaller rivers that will give equal sport. Mind, I am not decrying the Nipigon; far from it; but is it not true that a stream a man can wade, casting now right, now left, and catching therein a creel full of trout weighing from 2lbs. to 6lbs., is fully as sporting a proposition as a large river where you must canoe it all the time, with a couple of jabbering half-breeds to grate upon your enjoyment of the scene and sport?

There is more or less trout fishing all the way through to Manitoba, but the more becomes less as the prairie is reached. Pike, pickerel, doré and whitefish are the more common inhabitants of the charming lakes that stud that part of western Ontario. It is a better shooting than fishing country. The sportsman may shoot mallard by the hundred any time after Sept. 1, and after Oct. 1, 1900, he will be able to shoot all the moose and caribou any man should wish to shoot. I do not understand why the Ontario Government prohibited the shooting of those animals in that part of the province, as I believe moose are as plentiful to-day within fifty miles of Kalmar station as anywhere in America short of Alaska. There are some deer south and west of the C. P. R.R. line, but I do not believe they are particularly abundant, and I should recommend the visitor's confining his attention to the mallard, chicken and ruffed grouse. Until the railroad was built, sharptail grouse were never seen as far east as the present site of Rat Portage; now they have worked their way to Peninsular, nearly 500 miles to the eastward. The pinnated grouse, on the other hand, have pushed up from Uncle Sam's domains and invaded all southern Manitoba, edging out the shyer sharptail. The avifauna of a land often changes, thanks to man's advent.

Supposing the adventurous sportsman to have penetrated as far into the northwest as Rat Portage, 1,300 miles from Montreal, he will have to decide whether he will stay where he is, move on, or return homeward. Should he elect to go further, he will certainly not fare worse; though, until the antelope country bordering the south branch of the Saskatchewan is reached, there will be no change in the game found. Every slough and pond hole will contain young, unsophisticated mallard and teal, and the prairies swarm with sharptail.

The car may be sidetracked anywhere, and yet it will afford a base from which good shooting may be had. One piece of advice: be moderate; don't kill more than you can use. Some have done it, and their names are a stench in the nostrils of all good sportsmen. The northwest is big, and feathered game yet abundant; but should the game hog make it his playground, in time even that fine sporting region must fail.

From the Atlantic to the Rockies there is a familiar appearance about the vegetation and game; but once in the range and a new world is opened up. Trees, animals, birds, fish, all differ from those to which the Easterner has been accustomed. Nay, more, even the climate, with its soft, sensual airs, and mellow afternoon sun, is more like Asia than America. Although British Columbia is but 500 miles wide at the boundary line, there is a great diversity of scenery and climate, where, as in the 900 miles between Winnipeg and Banff, monotony is the keynote of it all; but a monotony of mallard and sharptail is not unendurable, after all, for some of us.

Let's "make believe" (as the little girls say when they're telling fairy stories) that our car has been dumped at Qu'Appelle or some such prairie station, and that we have had our fill of chicken and duck shooting, just as a month earlier we were surfeited with Lake Superior trout fishing. The date is Sept. 25, and a council of war is held in the smoking room of the car, or more likely out on the sun-dried prairie, with the grasshoppers 'oppin' around, and the little gophers watching us from the mouths of their burrows. To go on or to go back? The question is discussed pro and con until, being put to the vote, the "go ons" have it; and after seeing two malcontents off by the Eastern express at 20:20 that evening (*i. e.*, 8:20 P. M. civilized time) the car is hitched to the westward bound train at 6 o'clock next morning, and exactly twenty-four hours later is sidetracked at Banff. Everybody traveling over the C. P. R.R. stops at this famed spot, and many people become so enamored of the beauties of the place that they return year after year. Last summer I met several Indian officers and their families that had gone there in preference to spending their furloughs (leave) in England. It is a capital headquarters for information, as so many hunters of big game are coming and going that lots of points may be picked up as to where game is or is not at that particular time. Once in the mountains, big game may be got almost anywhere by hard work. No one lives there; it is still a lone land; and once over the ridge that separates the gorge down which the railroad runs from the next valley, you are as likely to find grizzlies, goats, sheep and deer as if you went 100 miles further into the unexplored. There are few elk and still fewer moose in the country between Banff and the boundary line; but goats, sheep and deer abound. Winter comes on early in the Rockies, and on account of the longer open season in the coast range I should advise the party whose fortunes we are supposed to be following to push on to Lytton on the Fraser, and hire an outfit for the Bridge River country. After three weeks in that region they ought to have some heads to show, and be ready to start for home and get to work again; but, of course, a visit to the coast and Puget Sound should be made before returning, or it will be a source of everlasting regret.

Those who make such a trip as I have outlined are almost certain to repeat it every year. I met last autumn several carloads of healthy, happy gunners and fishermen, who had been there before and intended returning in 1897, if all went well with them in the meantime. CHARLES A. BRAMBLE

Natural History.

FLORIDA PLUME BIRDS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., April 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is a hackneyed subject, but the only way to accomplish anything is to hammer away. A man who has just returned from a surveying trip across the Everglades informs me that a shameful state of things exists throughout that region, and that there is nothing to base a hope upon that the barbarous practices will be stopped until the race of plumaged birds is so nearly exterminated as to make the business unprofitable. He says that brutes with the semblance of white men make it their regular business to collect bird skins, and that laws are of no more consequence to them than to alligators. Before they took up the exterminating business the Indians were sensible enough to make and respect certain laws to prevent a decrease of birds, among which was an inviolable rule never to disturb them at their rookeries or roosts, and never to shoot them out of season. But the white men who have taken up the business lie in wait for them at the roosts, and when they are all in for the night they fire into the crowd, killing dozens at a shot. Then they look over the lot and probably select one out of five or ten and leave the rest of the dead to rot, and the wounded to flutter off and starve. This is in evidence that the difference between the poor Indian and the low-bred white is as great as between the edible qualities of a turkey and a buzzard. The Indians know that one of their sources of income is being destroyed, but what can they do to prevent it? In years gone by Florida was swarming with flamingoes, spoonbills, egrets and other beautiful plumaged birds, but they are nearly all numbered with the things that were.

Now the great question is in regard to the way by which this brutal bird butchery can be stopped. My own opinion is that the only way by which it can be done is through the enactment of a general law, with heavy penalties, to prevent all traffic in skins. These fellows work in a wild, unsettled region, where they can violate the laws without the slightest danger of detection; but with proper laws against the sale of skins their business would be ended, and these laws should also cover Brazilian and other foreign importations of birds for millinery purposes.

If women (who ought to be humane and tender-hearted) would give a thought to the fact that millions of the beautiful creatures are slaughtered every year, while other millions are left to starve in the nests, they certainly would be willing to sacrifice a little decoration for humanity's sake! The Brazilian Government derives a very large amount from export duty on bird skins, and the slaughter gives employment to hundreds of men who ought to be in better business.

If our legislators could only be waked up to face the fact that there is something in the world besides politics that is worth considering, we might hope that something would be done, but I confess that the case looks hopeless.

DIDYMUS.

ADIRONDACK WOLVES.

BIG MOOSE LAKE, N. Y., April 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see under date of April 3 you publish a clipping from a Watertown paper relating a thrilling adventure of one Charles Adams with a dozen wolves. That story may sound all right to people who know little or nothing about the Adirondacks, but those who have spent their lives in the Adirondacks know that it is not true. I live within a few miles of Woodhull Lake, where the encounter is said to have taken place, and we are connected with Woodhull Lake by telephone, and I have not heard of the encounter.

Such a thing might have happened thirty or thirty-five years ago, when I first began hunting and trapping in this section. In those days it was nothing unusual to hear wolves howl every day, for they were plenty, and occasionally see a band of them in winter on the ice on some lake, for the deer when pursued by wolves would run out on the ice to get away from the wolves. That part of the Adams story looks quite reasonable I have known as high as a dozen wolves to be out in one band on a lake, although I have never seen but three together, even in the early days, when wolves were plenty.

I have often talked with old guides, who had remarked the same thing that I have, *i. e.*, the wolves almost invariably catch the deer within a few rods from the shore after he starts out on the ice, even when it was more favorable running for the deer than for the wolves. It puzzled me for a

long time to know how they did that. I finally settled the question to my entire satisfaction. The wolves instinctively seem to know the runways, and a part of the band would cut across a nearer way to the runway on the lake and intercept the deer. I have seen wolves station themselves out on the ice and wait for the deer to come. Such things were common at one time, but for the last twenty years wolves have been too scarce for any one who lives in this section to believe the Adams story, although I think there may be a dozen wolves left in the Adirondacks.

I have been in the Adirondacks every winter more or less for thirty years, and have tramped through some portion of it in Herkimer and Hamilton counties on snowshoes, but I have not seen a wolf track in eight years. H. S. J., from Clayton, wants to know when the last wolf was killed. In 1888 or '89 the writer and Fred Hess, a well-known guide, killed a large wolf on the head of Fourth Lake, Fulton Chain. He had come out on the ice about forty rods and lain down in the snow to await the arrival of another wolf that was after a deer. We saw him and went out and killed him That was one of the last. The very last was killed at Brandith Lake in 1894, about ten miles from here, by Reuben Carey, the Brandith's game keeper. I think the bounty certificates will show the same. I have not heard of a wolf's track being seen since.

We had moose at one time, and panthers not many years ago. I remember one moose my father killed. When I was a boy panthers were plenty; they are all gone and the wolves are nearly gone—too nearly gone to attack any one in a band of a dozen.

J. H. Higby.

BIRD PROTECTION.

The recently organized State Audubon Society has issued the following circular, which explains itself:

Attention is called to the fact that the fashion of wearing feathers for ornament causes the destruction of millions of birds each year, and is rapidly lessening their numbers.

Birds are the natural protectors of vegetation against the attacks of insects; in this way their utility is beyond estimate. They are endowed with beauty, the gift of song, wonderful instincts, and a high order of intelligence, and display a vivacity that places them among the most fascinating of nature's creatures. They thus appeal to our esthetic sense as well as to our economic interests.

Already our song birds have greatly decreased in numbers; while the beautiful egrets and snowy herons, and the graceful terns, once so abundant, have become almost exterminated. What is the cause? At least nine-tenths of this destruction is due to the habit of wearing dead birds, or parts of them, for ornament.

The remedy is in the hands of women; if they will refuse to wear the feathers of wild birds the destruction will cease—but never until then.

The wearing of aigrettes is especially to be condemned, since they can be procured only through the destruction of the parent birds in the nesting season, which entails death by starvation of the helpless young in the nests. In our own country we have few egrets left to protect, but the war is still carried on in other countries, and will be waged until these beautiful birds are practically exterminated the world over, unless the use of aigrettes is abandoned.

This Society appeals to women to refrain entirely from the use of aigrettes, and the wings and feathers of all wild birds; and to intelligent and humane men to secure in every way possible the protection and preservation of our native birds. We appeal also to teachers to use their influence to interest and instruct their pupils as to the usefulness of birds, and to stimulate their love and admiration for these fellow creatures.

Believing that it is only necessary to call your attention to this important matter to secure your coöperation in so good a cause, we trust that you will not only become a member of this Society, but will use your influence to enlist others as helpers in the work.

Declaration of Principles.

First—The purpose of the Society is to discourage the purchase or use of the feathers of any birds for ornamentation, except those of the ostrich and domesticated fowl.

Second—Members shall discourage the destruction of birds and their eggs, and do all in their power to protect them.

Third—Members shall use their influence to establish "Bird Day" in the schools of the State of New York.

Fees.

A fee of $1 shall constitute a life membership in this Society, except for teachers and scholars in any of the schools of the State of New York, who shall pay 25 cents for a life membership.

There is no annual assessment. A certificate of membership will be sent upon receipt of the inclosed card, signed with your name and address, and the membership fee. The fees are devoted to the work of the Society, which includes free distribution of circulars and reports relating to bird protection. Address: Miss Emma H. Lockwood, Secretary-Treasurer, 243 West Seventy-fifth street, New York.

The Plumage of Hesperornis.

As long ago as 1870 Prof. Marsh, of New Haven, discovered in the cretaceous chalk of Kansas the remains of a large swimming bird which had teeth. Subsequently other specimens of this bird, some of them extremely perfect, were discovered, and Prof. Marsh described them under the name *Hesperornis*. These, together with a number of other forms of birds having teeth, were fully described and figured by Prof. Marsh in a monograph on Birds with Teeth, which was published in 1880.

This large bird, *Hesperornis*, resembled in many respects the loons of to-day; that is to say, it was a swimming bird with a long neck and pointed bill, and with greatly developed legs. But it was wingless, and the sternum, or breast bone, was absolutely smooth and without the keel which is characteristic of all flying birds, and to which the pectoral muscles are attached. The only bone remaining in the wing of *Hesperornis* was the humerus or bone of the upper arm

In his discussion of the relationships of *Hesperornis*, published in the volume referred to, Prof. Marsh considered these diverse characters, and concluded by expressing the opinion that the hind limbs, which so strongly resemble those of the loons, were adaptive merely, and that the bird's nearest relationships were to the ostriches, which it so closely resembles in its breast bone, in the bones of the shoulder to which the wing bones are attached and in some of the characters of the skull. Thus, in his opinion, *Hesperornis* was a carnivorous swimming ostrich.

This view of the relationships of the great bird did not meet with general acceptance. The characters of the hind limbs seemed to be much more impressive than the ostrich-like characters of the sternum, shoulder girdle and skull, and many authors spoke of *Hesperornis* as related to the loons.

It is interesting to learn, as stated by Prof. Marsh in an article in the last number of the *American Journal of Science*, that in the same region where the early specimens were discovered another remarkably perfect *Hesperornis* has been found with feathers in place, and that these feathers show the typical plumage of an ostrich. Thus Prof. Marsh's earlier conclusions have received strong confirmation.

Carnivorous Squirrels.

We have here a character who among other singularities has large imaginative powers, but whose reputation for strict veracity might be hazarded without an affidavit. He lays his claim to being something of a sportsman, as having some years ago done the part of a peripatetic vender of cheap guns among the mountaineers of western Pennsylvania.

In a recent talk with our brother clubman and all-round sportsman, Dr. P. W. Levering, the question of squirrel shooting came up, when our friend (the peripatetic) told of an extraordinary time he had had with the bushy tails. The scene is laid in Pennsylvania, about seven miles from Williamsport, some twenty-five years ago. He told Levering that in two hours he killed seventy-eight gray and black squirrels with a muzzleloader. That it was in a corner of a pasture close to woods where the squirrels came in on two lines of rail fence to feed on the carcass of a dead horse.

This was too much for Jacobstaff, so he interviewed the peripatetic with the following result. In all seriousness he informed us that it was 105 gray, black and a large kind of red squirrel that he killed in that time; that the nut crop and the corn crop in that region had utterly failed, and that the squirrels were almost famished and would eat anything. I remarked that I did not see how they could very well, as squirrels' teeth are designed for an exclusive granivorous diet, and didn't believe them well adapted as flesh masticators. He sticks to his story and says he can bring proof of the facts, time and occasion.

The foregoing is about on a par with a story Doc Cummins, also one of the reliable shots of the J. C. H. G. Club, tells of a friend of his that bagged (so his friend says, not the Doctor) twenty-seven woodcock down in the swamp back of the house one afternoon with a Flobert rifle; no dog.

Jacobstaff.

[But squirrels are known to be carnivorous on occasion.]

Dakota Rabbit Traps.

Many of the Russian farmers west of town are complaining about jack rabbits falling down their chimneys and frequently lodging therein, stopping the passage of the smoke. Their peasantlike houses—which are all provided with large fireplaces and proportionately large chimneys—are mostly low and covered with the "beautiful." The chimneys, of course, have to be kept clear of snow. After it has been shoveled away several times, a large funnel-shaped cone remains, the walls of which are rendered icy by the alternate influence of the fire below and the cold above. Any wild animal prowling around on a bitter cold night, upon nearing one of these smoke cones and feeling the warmth, would naturally seek closer proximity thereto, whereupon its ventures would invariably result in a slide, Mr. Animal landing in the fire-box below.—*Kulm (N. D.) Wind.*

Doom of Two Pugnacious Robins.

Windsor, N. C., April 5.—It is not a very unusual occurrence for quail to kill themselves by flying against a house or other obstruction when frightened, as I have known of at least a dozen killed in this manner in the last ten or fifteen years. Not very long since one killed itself against my office window. However, I started out to tell not about quail, but robins. Early last Wednesday morning two male robins flew against a house and were picked up by my hired man, one perfectly dead and the other very near it. They were fighting, and were so busily engaged no doubt that they did not have time to look out for houses and such small things.

A. S. R.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE COVER.—I.

Among the many favorite haunts of the woodcock that it has been my good fortune to explore none take higher rank than a sequestered nook nestled among the Berkshire Hills, known to a select few as the "schoolhouse cover."

I first visited the romantic spot early in the sixties in company with a veteran sportsman who for several years had made numerous visits each season to the place, always returning with a good supply of the feathered dainties and an increased love for the favored spot. The cover, or rather succession of covers, is delightfully situated just under the brow of one of the numberless Berkshire Hills, and consisted of patches of alders, birch-covered knolls and an old orchard, partly grown up with witch-hazel and briers. Just below the orchard, in the angle where two roads joined, was the little brown schoolhouse that suggested the name by which the locality was known to the elect.

It was a bright morning in early October when, at the invitation of my friend the veteran, I accompanied him to the place. When we arrived at the schoolhouse it was almost 9 o'clock, and nearly two score of bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lads and lasses at once surrounded us, and with merry voices gave us a most cordial greeting. The evident delight of the children was a mystery to me until the veteran brought out from under the wagon seat a box that contained nearly a half peck of candy and placed it for distribution in the hands of one of the older ones. This, he said, was to pay them for taking care of the team, a charge which they attended to in the best manner, and we always felt perfectly safe in leaving the horse in their care.

Starting up the road toward the old orchard, we soon came to a steep bank some 20ft. in height, covered with alders and maples, and just at the foot of the bank was a level piece of ground that was also grown up to alders, making a strip of beautiful cover some twenty rods in length. In order to save time, as we wished to go over all the cover, my companion directed me to go to the right while he beat out the opposite end. Sending on my dog, he took a few strides and came to a point just at the edge of a green grass plot that was bordered with graceful ferns, and as I walked in ahead of him I was greeted with the querulous whistle of a noble woodcock that I cut down as he topped the alders. This was the first of a long list of these royal birds that, first and last, I have bagged in this ideal spot, known to all who visited here as the "woodcock's parlor," and a surer place to find one or two birds I never saw. Indeed it was many years before I failed to find the parlor without at least one occupant, although I visited the place several times each season. In fact, the whole of these extensive grounds was noted for the celerity with which other birds came in to take the place of those that were killed, and it was frequently the case that a party would shoot over the grounds, bringing to bag all, or nearly all, the birds they found, and another party the next day would find the same abundance. Upon one occasion I knew of three different parties shooting over this ground upon three consecutive days, and all of them reported capital sport and lots of birds.

After working out the alder strip I have mentioned, we climb the bank and beat through the orchard, which lies just at its upper edge. Here, among the patches of witch-hazel, was also a sure place to find three or four birds, and occasionally a full dozen would be found. East and north of the orchard were scattered trees and some dense patches of birches that often held a few birds, while still further north was quite an extent of scattered clumps of birches that looked very inviting, but, with the exception of three or four favored spots, no birds, to my knowledge, were ever found here, although it was worked out thoroughly a great many times both by myself and others. After beating out the orchard the usual course was to cross the road to the left, then go down the slope to a swampy piece of ground that was sparsely grown up to maples, with an occasional clump of alders. Although no woodcock shooter would ever think of looking here for his favorite bird, it was one of the best and surest places to find them in the whole region. I well remember that upon my first visit here I chaffed the veteran for proposing to beat out so unlikely looking cover, but he only smiled and sent on his dog, and I was soon convinced that there was at least a brace of the beauties here, and when we had gone through it I was thoroughly convinced that appearances are sometimes very deceptive when you are looking for woodcock.

We had brought to bag some eleven birds, and three years later with the same companion we found no less than seventeen in this small patch of not more than three acres It was here that the late Hon. George Ashmun covered himself and the Roper four-shot repeater with glory by handsomely bringing down in four seconds four birds that he flushed from one point.

Beyond this spot, and covering more than 100 acres, is a succession of birch-covered knolls interspersed with small alder runs that was always, in the good old days, a famous place for both woodcock and grouse; and there is scarcely a square yard of the whole ground that has not furnished its quota of sport. At the end of this cover we come to open pasture, which we cross to the birches on the opposite side. These we pass through, down a steep slope to the little brook, when we turn to the left and follow up the brook to the road, some half mile above, coming out only a few rods below the schoolhouse. This last run was a capital place for grouse and occasionally a few woodcock would be found. When we had the time to spare, we would cross the road and beat up the thicket beyond for grouse, which were nearly always plentiful there, although the dense growth of brush and briers made it a hard place to work both for man and dog.

This was the schoolhouse cover in the good old days. What thronging memories of rarest sport come to me as in fancy I revisit the dear old spot. Familiar forms of dearly loved companions, many of them long ago translated to the happy hunting grounds, in fancy again tread with me the springy turf. Once more I see the soaring woodcock deftly brought back to earth again by their unerring aim Again I see the arrowy flight of the "hurtling grouse" suddenly cease as eye of faith and finger of instinct have proven more than a match for crafty cunning and wondrous speed. Once more old Mack and Trump, and a score of other well-remembered forms, are gayly bounding before me over the beautiful knolls and through the lovely valleys of the dear old place. What hosts of wonderful living statues gladden my eyes as they glance over the many favored spots that woodcock and grouse loved so well. In the silent watches of the night, when worldly cares have banished sleep, blessed visions of bygone days of rarest sport often come to cheer my saddened heart and bear me upon their widespread wings to happiness and peace. Visions of many, very many, widely separated resorts, and memories of many, very many, glorious days afield thus come to me; but none take higher rank, and but few can equal the beautiful surroundings and happy days of the dearly loved schoolhouse cover.

One of the best days that I ever enjoyed here was in early October, just after two or three heavy frosts. In company with the veteran and our mutual friend Sabin, we took an early start and arrived at the schoolhouse about 8 o'clock. Hitching our horse, we took our guns from the wagon and proceeded to load them—this was in muzzleloader days—the veteran walked a few steps away, and just as he was about to ground arms a grouse with a tremendous roar and racket started nearly under his feet and flew toward the run across the road. Now the veteran was one of the coolest men under fire that I ever met, but he was a bit rattled this time, for he whirled completely around, and as he caught sight of the bird he deliberately drew a bead on him and pulled trigger. It was very seldom that we had the laugh on the veteran and I assure you we fully enjoyed the opportunity, and when Sabin in a severe tone asked him if he didn't know it was loaded he heartily joined in our mirth.

After we had steadied down we loaded up and returning ramrod started for the old orchard, but after taking a few steps the veteran, bidding us go on, turned on his heel and started for that bird. "I'll show him what's what," said he, and he soon disappeared over the wall Sabin and I had just entered the alder strip under the bank when we heard from the veteran, both barrels in quick succession. Sabin shook his head and remarked that in such cases the result was usually most unsatisfactory, but I had unlimited faith in the veteran and offered to back the gun, and as soon as I caught a glimpse of him coming up the road I knew by the way he carried himself that all was well with him. When he joined us and pulled from his pockets a brace of the royal birds, even Sabin was convinced that there were exceptions to this rule when our friend was behind the gun.

Beating out the strip, we found in the parlor a brace of woodcock, which gave the veteran a very pretty double, and at the far end Sabin stopped a twisting bird in capital style. As we neared the top of the bank an evil-disposed bird flushed not 3ft. in front of me and started down the bank, almost brushing my legs as he passed me. I whirled around, and

catching my foot began to tumble; but as I was going I caught a glimpse of the bird as he was disappearing behind a thick bunch of alders, and threw the gun where I thought he ought to be and cut loose, and woodcock and I struck the ground at about the same time, both in rather a demoralized condition. I was feeling rather badly, as I had made quite an exhibition of myself, to say nothing of bruised shins; but as I gathered myself together pain and chagrin disappeared under the hearty clap on the shoulder by the veteran as he exclaimed, "I thought both my doubles very neat, and I felt proud of them; but I would give them and half a dozen more for a shot like that."

There was only one woodcock in the orchard which fell to Sabin. Listen to his story of the affair, as he has told it many times: "I flushed the bird in front of Trump and killed it, and in falling it lodged in the top of an apple tree that was more than 2ft. through at the butt. The old dog looked at it a moment, then with a wag of his tail he deliberately climbed the tree, shook off the bird, then came down, picked it up and brought it in." True every word of it, as we all witnessed the performance. Although Sabin never adds another word, it may be as well perhaps for me to say that the tree had been blown nearly down, and laid at an angle of about forty-five degrees, which made the feat comparatively easy for a dog with the sense possessed by old Trump. When Sabin went to put the bird in his pocket, somehow he made a misfire, and it dropped on the ground unnoticed by him, and as he started along I picked up the bird, and, showing it to the veteran, put it in my pocket and said nothing.

We then beat out the birches just beyond the orchard, where we found two birds, both of them coming my way. In the ground still further on we visited the good places, but there was only one bird here, which the veteran accounted for; at least he thought he did; but as I had fired both barrels at it there was room for doubt I said nothing, however, as I very much dislike to mar the enjoyment of a companion when he appears to think he has "wiped my eyes;" in fact, this performance never disturbs me in the least. I have no reputation to maintain as a sure shot. I dearly love to shoot, and am pretty nearly sure to cut loose if there appears to be the remotest chance of getting the bird, and I often pull the trigger by guess when the game is entirely hidden from sight. The pleasure of shooting far outweighs the loss of the ammunition, and I always consider myself ahead in the game even if I do sometimes pile up the misses; and then when one does make a long or difficult shot there is lots of compensation for previous failures, to say nothing of laying up treasure in memory's storehouse that will increase and multiply as the years go on, no matter how much or how often you may draw upon it. Why? I would not barter the memory of one such shot of the many that have fallen to my lot for tenfold the satisfaction enjoyed by him who never misses his bird.

Crossing the road to the maple swamp that I have previously mentioned, as we walked down the slope, I kept a straight course, while Sabin diverged a little to the right and the veteran to the left, which brought us to the swamp about 30yds. apart. Sending on the dogs, all three of them pointed at nearly the same instant, and after admiring the beautiful picture for a short time the veteran gave the signal to advance. When we went to the dogs almost simultaneously each of us put up a bird and there was not three seconds difference in the report of the three guns, all of the birds being accounted for. "There," exclaimed the veteran, "I never saw nor heard of anything like this before, and do not believe that I shall ever see it again." It was indeed a wonderful performance for our rough New England shooting. Although I have several times seen three and four birds killed almost simultaneously, I have never since seen it done from three independent points. We found four more birds here, two of them falling to the veteran's gun and two to mine, although Sabin should have had one of these; but he was a sure shot and thought too much of his reputation to take chances, and as I saw him lower his gun, refusing the shot, I cut loose at the corkscrew and had the satisfaction of bringing it down.

After leaving the maple swamp we beat out a birch knoll and the little alder run beyond it without a find. Just as we reached the top of the bank at the head of the run a woodcock flushed wild some 50yds. in front of us, and taking a circle of about 200yds. in diameter it settled squarely behind us in the run that we had just passed through. Sabin was delegated to bring it in, and he at once started for the bird, sending his dog around to the right in order to give him the wind. When he arrived within about 20yds. of the bird it arose and Sabin killed it very prettily just as it was disappearing behind a clump of birches. At the instant he fired a cuckoo about halfway between him and the woodcock started into the air just in time to catch a portion of the charge, and it also fell dead; but Sabin knew nothing of this, and as his dog came in at the report of the gun he ordered him to fetch dead. Old Trump went in the right direction, and when he came to the cuckoo he picked it up and brought it in. You should have seen the look on that man's face as he took the bird from the dog. The veteran and I were almost in convulsions—in fact the veteran did go down all in a heap when Sabin came up and solemnly averred that that bird had whistled just like a woodcock. The fun of this was that Sabin had an impediment in his hearing, and often said that he had not heard a woodcock whistle for years; but we decided that as an excuse for shooting the whistle was first class.

While recovering from the turn this performance had given us, I saw by the actions of my dog that he had marked the dead bird, so I silently motioned him on, and he was soon galloping back with it in his mouth. When Sabin caught sight of him he at once grasped the situation, and it was worth almost as much as the rest of it to see the changes come over his countenance as he turned to us and remarked: "Pretty good joke on old Trump, wasn't it?"

When we resumed our course the veteran's dog was missing. "Never mind," said the old man, "he knows the route and we shall soon find him if there are any birds" Sure enough, we soon saw him at the edge of a patch of birches fast on point. As we came to him the veteran walked in front to put up the bird. He had advanced three or four steps beyond the dog when, with a yell, he jumped 3ft in the air, then scrambling back he tumbled over poor Joe and both went down together. Wondering what was the matter, Sabin and I hastened to him, and as he gathered himself together he very energetically ejaculated, "Holy Moses! what a snake." It appeared that he had stepped squarely on the biggest snake he ever saw, hence the yell and quickly following evolutions. Joe meantime had picked himself up and resumed his point, which the veteran bade us attend to, he did not think that he could hit a barn. As I stepped to the front I saw the grass and bushes moving a short distance ahead and cut loose at the disturbance. At the crack of the gun a woodcock flushed just beyond and flew nearly over the veteran's head. This brought him round all right, at least he grassed his bird in good style. We then investigated and found that my aim had been true, as the snake was writhing near by with a broken back. When we saw him we not only exonerated the veteran for his part of the performance, but soundly rated him for not yelling louder and jumping higher; the tumble over the dog we decided was faultless.

It was now past noon and high time for lunch, so we obliqued to the right and made for a cool spring under a maple some fifty rods distant, where we spent a most agreeable half hour discussing our lunch and reviewing incidents of the morning.

Ah! that cool, inviting spring; how many happy half hours have I passed under the noble tree that shades the sparkling waters; how many loved companions have shared with me the delights of this sylvan spot; how many well-told tales of sport galore have I listened to here; how many noble birds with their plumage all smoothed out have I seen lying side by side on the evergreen turf; what delightful "smoke talks" come to me as my thoughts go back to the good old times! SHADOW.

THE "RICH" AND THE "POOR."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The communication of Mr. W. W. McCain entitled "The Pennsylvania Game Law," and published in FOREST AND STREAM of April 10, is similar to a few others which appear now and then at infrequent periods, and which represent nothing more than the peculiar idiosyncrasies of individual grumblers, whose ideas of economics are awry, or who mistake their extremely acute personal cupidity for the true measure of justice. Their keynote is the injustice done to the poor man by the rich. They proclaim their personal vaporings to be general just principles. They arrogate to themselves the authority to speak as the true representative of the poor man. I do not believe that they are such. I do not believe that they proclaim the sentiments of the poor man. I do not believe that the poor men of this country (that is, the meritorious poor men, those who are industrious, intelligent and progressive) believe that there is an antagonism and opposition of interests between the rich and poor. Out of the army of contributors to FOREST AND STREAM, I am pleased to note that such opinions do not come from the best writers or thinkers, be they rich or poor. Men of influence, of high position, of good standing in the community, men who know what belongs to themselves as men, and what is due their fellow men as citizens, men who are earnest in promoting the public good, never hold such views. There are, however, a few men whose contribution to the sum total of social and financial progress consists of inveighing against existing conditions, and they even flourish so far as to organize into bodies, whereupon their scattered ideas crystallize into a fantastic whole; thus we have Coxey armies, anarchistic gatherings, etc., with a few blatant demagogues as leaders, who declaim against the monster, wealth—a monster which they soon get on very good terms with if they can but capture it.

It is a vicious doctrine indeed which teaches that there exists an antagonism between the rich and the poor. On the contrary, their interests are common interests. Their life in society and its affairs is so interwoven that there can be no antagonism without each suffering a common injury. Wealth and labor are inseparable. Where there is wealth there necessarily must be labor, for wealth owes its existence to labor. To capital and labor we owe the wonderful development of this country. They built our vast railroad systems, canals, bridges, shipping, cities, roads, telegraphs, etc., and the millions of dollars expended went into the hands of the poor, as millions still continue to go into their hands for services rendered as employees Under the laws all are equal.

Rich and poor are but relative terms. Few men are so poor that they will not find others who are poorer, and few are so rich that they will not find others who are richer. Of the rich, many acquired their wealth by years of industry, self-denial, special training, and an aptitude for business. The same road is open to all. Many men are poor from indolence, or extravagance, or inefficiency in business. Yet envy only comes when a comparison is made with the better fortune of others. No doubt Mr McCain, whatever his fortune may be, knows of many people poorer than he is himself; but knowing such men, does he deny himself the comforts or pleasures within his means because of that? I dare say that he is not interested in bringing himself down to the level of those poorer than himself. He enjoys his own, as is his right. Human nature is the same through all the different gradations of wealth, and each one enjoys for himself according to his fancy and his means.

I have nothing whatever to do with the argument between Mr. McCain and Mr. Mazurie and Bon Ami. I take the points presented by him as being bad in themselves, entirely regardless of any application which he makes of them.

He asks with much earnestness the following question:

"Which is the better sportsman and the more considerate, consistent game protector—the poor pot-hunter (?) who legally kills 100 ducks, grouse or woodcock in a whole season's shooting, and from sheer necessity sells them to supply his family with the necessaries of life, or the wealthy club member or yacht owner who kills five times as many in a morning's shoot and gives them to his friends and companions?"

Truly the answer is easy—the club member and the yacht owner are the better sportsmen. And why? Because the man who goes forth with no other motive than to kill for market is no sportsman at all, nor does he care a rap for the features of sport. He snares, pot-shoots, shoots out of season, and secures the birds any way he can. He is out for money. To call him a sportsman is to force the term upon him. Mr. McCain's statement of the question is as unfair as his weak case demands; first, because no wealthy club member or yacht owner ever killed 500 ducks in a morning, and it is a rare occurrence when he kills so many as that in a whole season. Second, for every successful hunt enjoyed by a club member he has had a dozen or more which were unsuccessful. Of "club members" or "yacht owners," not more than 10 per cent. have successful outings so far as the mere killing of game is concerned. Wherever they go they give a liberal return in money paid for services or material.

And alas! the poor pot-hunter who kills only 100 birds in a season. Poor, poor man! Let us pause to pity him Let us unite our voices and call him gentleman; yes, sportsman! Let us make a wreath of laurels for him. He has been maligned and despised these many years, the abhorred of all true sportsmen. How solicitous he is that he kills his birds legally! And his moderation! Gentlemen, we have done the pot-hunter a great injustice. Let us henceforth denounce the sportsman and exalt the pot-hunter. Let us do this that our game may be preserved. Let us do this that we may learn true sportsmanship. Let us do this that we may scorn riches and the pleasures that they bring. But before we do all this let us confer over it.

Where does the enormous market supply of American game come from?

Who has swept almost from existence the prairie chicken, which once was found from the Gulf of Mexico to the regions of British America? The "club member" and "yacht owner"?

Who exterminated the wild pigeon, whose numbers in flight darkened the sky? The "club member" and "yacht owner"?

We now have a fragmentary flight of ducks. A few years ago every slough, stream, lake and marsh was full of them as they made their way southward in the fall, and later the bays and coasts of the salt water were filled with them. We have a few ducks left. What has become of the rest? The "club member" and "yacht owner" again?

Market-shooting as a vocation was one of the most profitable. It is profitable yet to those who have a knowledge of the best manner of conducting it No greater ignorance was ever displayed of what was fitting than that shown by Mr. McCain in asking us to feel sympathy for the poor market shooter who is struggling to earn a meager living for a poor and needy family. It is a picture drawn from vaporing sentiment or personal interest, and not from fact. There may be market-shooters in certain poorly favored sections who do not make any great sums of money, but the shooter who has the physical ability to travel through field and cover all day, and has the practice to handle a gun skillfully, has sufficient intelligence and physical strength to earn a living in some other manner. Once a man is a market-hunter, he remains one so long as the game lasts or until the law prevents. The occupation is followed for the profit that is in it and for the freedom which goes with it. In the Western chicken country a few years ago—with a cheap horse, a cheap wagon and a cheap gun, with a dog or two to assist, the whole outfit costing from $100 to $150 - it was not an unusual occurrence for a market-shooter to kill from six to ten dozen chickens in a day, and they averaged about $3 per dozen, or from $18 to $30 for a day's work. Alas! poor fellow trying to support a family. The season opened in early August and lasted into winter. A man afoot could make from $6 to $12 per day. Market-shooters swarmed there from all the different States, and some of the resident farmers abandoned farming during the chicken season to shoot for the market, finding this more profitable than their regular vocation. When cold weather set in and ended the chicken shooting the duck season began, and the true market-hunter followed the ducks all the way south, killing all that he could, and then shot all winter on the coast, following them back in the spring. As he in the good years gone by could kill anywhere from 50 to 150 ducks or more in a day, it is easily seen how the poor fellow was deserving of heartfelt sympathy for struggling so hard to "supply his family with the necessaries of life" on $20 or $30 a day. The market-shooters have decreased because they have destroyed the birds. Some of them found that there were not birds enough for them to continue their model "sportsmanship," though there are market-shooters yet who follow the birds north to south, shoot all winter on the southern coast and follow them back again in the spring. There are also market-shooters who are engaged on a regular monthly salary. There are hundreds of such engaged every season. They are paid good wages, not, however, for merely killing 100 birds in a season. This discussion is not a question of a few impecunious men making a living. It is a question of an army of expert market-shooters destroying the game of the nation.

To further present something more tangible than mere assertion, I consulted my scrap book, in which I preserve all matters I deem of value and interest. In it I find the following, from FOREST AND STREAM of Jan 5, 1895. It was written by a staff correspondent of this journal. He wrote from New Orleans:

"No section of country can preserve its game supply if it is systematically worked by market-hunters. Few sportsmen realize the enormous destruction of game which is constantly in progress to supply the demands of the market. Forty or fifty birds each day to one gun do not seem to be a destructive quantity, but it amounts to an enormous total in four or five months. When there are several guns in one neighborhood used in market-shooting, such shooting must result in the destruction of the game in that section. The western part of the State (Louisiana), I have been informed, is losing its game birds rapidly from this cause. Market-shooting is in progress there on an extensive scale, and not the old-time style of shooting, wherein the shooter relied on his individual effort, and carried his modest bag to the nearest dealer to sell for such sum as he could get, but organized shooting with modern equipments. The shooters scour the surrounding country, killing all the birds that they possibly can. A wagon is engaged to visit certain prearranged points at stated times to collect the birds killed and take them to the town in which is the shooters' headquarters. The birds are put in a refrigerator box made for the purpose, and when 1,000lbs. are collected they are shipped in the refrigerator to New York. I was told that the shooters netted from $1,000 to $5,000 per year from their work in market-shooting."

In a letter dated New Orleans, Dec. 22, 1894, he wrote:

"No one in the North who has not given the subject special study realizes the enormous quantities of game killed in the South during the winter months. Hundreds of men are employed on a salary to shoot for the market by business firms of New Orleans. One dealer told me that he had bought, at one order, $850 worth of ammunition to distribute among his 150 market-shooters, etc. * * * One gentleman, whose knowledge and veracity are above question, assured me that in past years he has known of upward of 100 baskets of ducks to be shipped from one point in that section, and as each basket averages about 100 ducks, the total is almost incredible. Another gentleman told me of a big day, wherein one man shipped as the result of three or four guns' work a total of 5,700 ducks."

These are statistics from but one or two localities. There are many such now from New Orleans west to old Mexico. The refrigerator and fast transportation make market shooting an occupation of certain profit. The poor market-shooter who "from sheer necessity sells them to supply his family with the necessaries of life" seems to be really an army of able bodied, skillful men following shooting as a regular profession, each one killing thousands of birds each season, and either receiving good salaries (not, however, to him "who legally kills 100 ducks, grouse or woodcock," as set forth by Mr. McCain, whose experience as a merchant dealer in game should qualify him as an authority on sport) or making sums which in amount rival the incomes of professional men.

The markets in all the large cities are filled with an abundance of game every season and for some days after the season is closed. All the hotels, cafés, restaurants, steamships, etc., numbering thousands, are able to supply their guests with any variety of game in season and some out of season There is enough to supply private needs also. The enormou[s]

cold storage warehouses carry in the aggregate millions of birds for use in the close season and for the private use of their customers at all times. Note the Chicago cold storage case, which is not so long ago as to be out of memory. The game warden found 27 000 birds stored away in Kewanee in summer, and that warehouse was but one of several in Chicago, and those in Chicago are but a few as compared to the total number in the United States. And who furnishes the vast supply for the consumption of 70,000,000 of people, or such percentage of it as can afford to eat it? And out of the total number the percentage must be very great. Of course, it is the "club member" and the "yacht owner."

As the FOREST AND STREAM has often pointed out, our American game laws are for the benefit of rich and poor alike. Law is more for the benefit of the poor man than it is for the rich, for the latter can have his shooting whether there is any law or not; that is to say, he can travel into the wilderness and find sport in the unsettled sections, or he can establish a preserve of his own. When a poor man decries the passage of game laws he is fighting his own interests; for he is the greatest beneficiary of them. The rich man is but a demagogue's bugaboo at the most, for by far the greatest number of shooters are men of moderate means.

Mr. McCain writes as follows: "The fortunate class, who can enjoy shooting privileges at their pleasure, who invest small fortunes in club membership and shooting preserves, are continually deriding the poor and less fortunate class of gunners, who from grim necessity must occupy a lower sphere." I deny this in toto. The whole is based on false assertions, a narrow and ungenerous imagination, commercial interests, and a selfishness which is paramount to all considerations of what is just to others.

WILLIAM HENRY ATHERTON.

THE PENNSYLVANIA GAME LAW.

HARRISBURG, Pa., April 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article appearing in your last issue, opposing the enactment of the Baldwin bill, is as misleading and evasive as all previous articles have been on this subject. I fail to find a direct answer to any section of the reasons given for its enactment. Drawing upon the imagination to paint a pen picture of prejudice and fiction is not argument, but is contrary to the provisions of every section of the act, creating as well as defining the duties of the proposed officers.

It can have but one object, that to excite public animosity against the proposed officer acting as chief by misrepresentation. The answer to all such imputations, as well as all the pretexts advanced, can be found in the facts and figures taken from the report of the State Game and Fish Warden of the State of Michigan, and contained in section 8 of the article of explanation.

Fortunately the provisions of the Baldwin Act are such as to define the duties of the chief and his subordinates, and gives them the power and authority to act with promptness in all cases of violation, and thus balk the opportunity for the violator to remove the evidences of guilt

Impossible as it may appear to some, it will not require more than $6,000 per annum, as a State appropriation, to properly patrol this Commonwealth for fish and game violations. The facts contained in the reports of the operations of this act in another State have convinced me that the sum named is adequate, and if certain sections of the codified game and fish laws are enacted, and the Baldwin Act passed, it will be abundant, and no part of the State will suffer the extent of ills to which it has been subjected in the past by violations.

The objector is evidently ignorant of the fact that the system which he proposes is the same old inoperative one which has been carried on in this State for the past ten years by the Board of Fish Commissioners. It has never been a success or abated violations, and they are to-day as common as though there was no appropriation for this purpose.

I would recommend that the opponent first read the article and the Baldwin bill. Inform himself as to the provisions of the general fish and game bills now before the Legislature, what has been appropriated in the past, its purpose and results; also secure and examine the protective systems now in operation in other States, and feel sure that he will find less time for the occupancy of downy chairs for the chief warden, and to criticise the supporters of this practical act.

In this conection I desire so make a statement, based on facts, that the sole purpose of this act is to protect the game and fish reserve of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, controlled by its individuals and citizens, an organization composed of all its people, Delaware, Dauphin, and Erie counties alike, as well as all others within its wide domain.

The imputation that Mr. Worden had conspired to assist a measure for the special benefit of some certain reserve is a gross injustice to him. I have known him personally for twenty years, positively know that he does not belong to any such organization in this or any other State.

I further know that he has done as much to awaken as well as maintain an interest among the people of this State in game and fish protection as any one citizen within its borders. He needs no defense in this community, and no introduction to the editors of FOREST AND STREAM. He has manifested a spirit of fairness in indorsing the Baldwin Act by setting forth his reasons for doing so, with an able presentation of the facts as they exist.

I desire personally to add my indorsement to the act, and believe it one of the most practical ever introduced in our State for the enforcement of our game and fish laws. I trust that it may speedily be enacted into law.

ANSON S. DE VOUT.

DILLINGERSVILLE, Pa., April 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Just a few words, please, in reply to Mr. McCain's article of March 28. I uphold neither the rich nor the poorer class of sportsmen. I believe in equal rights of all men. But is it honest, is it sportsmanlike, is it American in principle, to see our game exterminated? Does Mr. McCain wish his army of market-shooting friends to have full sway of our fields and forests, and continue, as they have in the past, to destroy our game in and out of season? These men sell their game to their friends, the game dealers, who always take the deepest interest in our furred and feathered friends; and the vast multitude of law-abiding sportsmen must, according to Mr. McCain's views, be denied all rights to use their voices in their grand fight against the extermination of game, because there are some more fortunate sportsmen who own a few silken-haired setters, wear a good suit of corduroy, are not dressed in "yaller overalls," and shoot a 12-gauge gun instead of an 8-gauge brush-mowing cannon. Such a man is dubbed a "city dude" by Mr. McCain. This is certainly very considerate for one who loves legitimate field sports.

I say again that field sports were made for a gentleman's recreation. A man need not have a large bank account to be a gentleman sportsman. I have gunned many and many a day with men who could not well afford to lose the time and money to enjoy a good day's sport, yet they were gentlemen sportsmen in my estimation in the fullest sense of the word. To these men no greater insult could be offered than to ask them to part with their game for cash. Such men I have found kind and generous to a fault; they would share the last crust of bread in camp with their fellow companion; but as poor as they were, money could not tempt them to part with their game.

Let the market-hunter find other employment to support himself and family than by the extermination of game; and if his love for the dog and gun be of the right stripe he will, I am sure, be able to save enough from his hard but manly earnings by fall to spend a few days afield.

I believe in protection in all matters pertaining to the pleasures of mankind, and a limitation even in the killing of game. If we cannot stop the sale of game, let us at least limit its taking by an individual to so many head of game in a season; in fact, have passed most any bill that will protect our game in some way from extermination. I know several station agents on the line of the D., L. & W. R.R. in Pike county, Pa., who informed me last fall that they had each shipped between 1,400 and 1,500 ruffed grouse to New York and Philadelphia markets. In conversation with Mr. George C. Swab, of Harrisburg, regarding the decreasing of our game birds, he told me that a stage driver in Sullivan county, Pa., had informed him that he had, during the season of 1896, carried 1,900 ruffed grouse for shipment to different points. How Mr. McCain or any sound-minded person can imagine this sort of butchery of our game will continue forever is beyond my comprehension.

L. W. MAZURIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent W. W. McCain speaks of your editorial remarks as "captious, but considerate." How could they be captious, which his dictionary defines as "peevish, fretful and perverse," and at the same time be considerate, a synonym for "careful, discreet, prudent and deliberate"?

He refers to the remarks of Mr. Mazurie and myself as rancor, defined as "malignant enmity, inveterate hatred." Whether there was anything to justify the use of such terms I am perfectly willing to leave to your many readers to decide. They will also form their own conclusions as to their efficiency in supporting his position.

He also speaks of "gross misstatements." If they had been as flagrant as represented he should have able in a full column to have pointed out at least one. I do not intend to handle that kind of goods. If Mr. McCain will show me wherein I have erred in any statement I will retract, and do it most heartily. The case needs no false props.

BON AMI.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Spring at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 10.—We are threatened with spring at Chicago. A few of the larger lakes of Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin are beginning to break open and offer the wildfowl a chance to wet their feet. Chicago sportsmen have already visited Lake Koshkonong and the Bingham canvasback hatchery in the hope of an early canvasback or two, and a few small bags of ducks are reported from various quarters, one of thirty-two by Prof Woodruff, at Liverpool, Ind. Some inquiries are coming in for jacksnipe ground. The Kankakee bottoms at Koutts, Ind., have been as fine snipe ground as existed in the United States. The high meadows near Water Valley, Ind., are the first grounds to show jacksnipe in the spring in this section. I should say that my friends would be apt to do well at these localities, and on the marshes that run to the north and northeast of these in Indiana, as those near Warsaw, the big marsh near Swift's Siding, etc., etc. Of course all this is said with reserve, as no man knoweth the habits of his majesty the jacksnipe.

In the Northwest.

The heavy floods which have caused such devastation in the Northwest within the past two weeks will to some extent affect the game supply of the season, probably in a beneficial way, more especially as regards the wildfowl. Many lakes which have recently been dry will be filled up again, this more especially in Minnesota and Dakota. Wisconsin waters are higher than for many years. The sportsmen of Horicon Marsh report more water than for ten years. Wildfowl have made their appearance in Minnesota, Dakota and Montana. Last week I saw numbers of geese in Montana. In the larger waters of Minnesota, such as Big Stone, Mille Lacs and Lac Qui Parle, ducks appeared this week in considerable numbers. Lake Minnetonka is beginning to break loose about the edges. The fish are beginning to run in the Northwestern waters, and I saw an occasional fish spear in evidence from the railway car windows as I passed through. The whole Red River Valley was a vast sheet of water, and for miles the wheat lands were submerged. It was not unusual to see farmers punting about in rude little boats over what had once been their grain fields.

The date of the appearance of wild geese in Montana, near the British line, is March 15 to March 18, there being but little variation from that time.

The Floods in the South.

For many days the press dispatches have been filled with accounts of the devastating floods which have been raging along the Delta country of the South, from Tennessee to the mouth of the Mississippi River. The loss of property and life through these floods is of so serious a nature as almost to preclude a lesser concern, yet these high waters will have a pronounced effect on the game of that country. The bears, deer and turkeys will be driven to the high ridges, where they will be helpless and without food and easily slaughtered. The deer will be obliged to wade in the water so long that the skin of their legs will rot and slough off. All species of game will suffer from the swallowing up of their food supply.

The Delta floods have been serious along the Yazoo and Sunflower districts, and I think that much or most of our Bobo bear country must at this writing be deep under water, though Capt. Bobo's plantation is situated upon the highest ground of that region, and is no doubt far from the edge of the flood.

Chicago Mayor a Sportsman.

Carter H. Harrison, Jr., this week elected mayor of Chicago, is the sixth son to bear that name, and the second to carry the name into the Mayor's office of Chicago. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM will be interested to know that Mr. Harrison is an ardent admirer of that paper, and a strict believer in its doctrines. There are few more ardent and enthusiastic sportsmen than he. His tendencies run perhaps rather to the rod than to the gun He has for a series of years been thoroughly acquainted with the best of the grayling streams of the Michigan South Peninsula, and has also fished the best of muscallonge waters of Wisconsin. Connected by marriage with one of the best families of New Orleans, Mr. Harrison is thoroughly acquainted in the State of Louisiana, and indeed in all the South. The family is originally a Southern one, and perhaps naturally turns to the sports of the open air. Mr. Harrison is a skillful amateur photographer, an enthusiastic bicyclist, a traveler of the world, a good shot with gun or rifle, and an expert with the fly rod. In angling he is fond of tying his own flies. All these things show that he is a fit man to be mayor of Chicago. And I will bet $1,000 that the first thing he does when he gets rid of that job will be to go a-fishing.

North Dakota Game Licenses.

Reference to the report of the State Game Warden of North Dakota shows that during the year 3,502 resident licenses and sixty non-resident licenses were issued. There is a disparity here which seems to be more than obvious. I fear the non-residents did not all register as such.

Wild Possum in Chicago.

A live wild opossum was caught last Sunday morning in the dooryard of George Pullman, the sleeping-car magnate. The beast showed great shrewdness in thus picking out a place to go to sleep, but I'll bet it had to pay $2 and a tip. The origin of this, the last of the wild animals to be discovered in the environs of Chicago, cannot be traced, but it is believed that the creature was endeavoring to escape from the clutches of Possum Bill Werner.

Illinois Warden Candidates.

Friends of Harry Loveday, of Chicago, have for some days been earnestly urging his appointment as State Game Warden, some of these friends having joined Representative H. D. Nicholls at Springfield for the purpose of laying Mr. Loveday's name before Gov. Tanner. Mr. Loveday is a member of the Cumberland Gun Club, of Chicago, and a shooter well known around this city. His nomination, however, is not made by action of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, and indeed members of the executive committee of that body this week telegraphed a protest to Gov. Tanner, asking that action be delayed until the Association shall have made its recommendation. This protest was seconded by F. S. Baird and M. R. Bortree, of the National Association, who also wish a different man, it seems. Mr. Loveday's nomination is said to be satisfactory to Mr. Geo Sloan, who in a way takes the place as king of South Water street, if any one man can be said to occupy the throne since the time of Col. E. S Bond. The Illinois State Association has as yet come out for no man for State warden, and has made no secret recommendation to the Governor; but the claims of two or three men are being quietly investigated, and before many days have passed there will be a choice made to place before the Governor, with what result is of course problematical.

Nothing has occurred as yet at Springfield in the way of legislation which deserves extended comment at this writing. Mention was made earlier in these columns of the somewhat remarkable game warden bill drafted by F. S. Baird. Not long ago Mr Baird, with Messrs. W. P. Mussey and R. B. Organ, of the Illinois State Association committee, went down to Springfield in the interest of this bill. Billy Mussey said to-day when interviewed in regard to this: "Well, after a prolonged effort on behalf of the bill, we at length succeeded in getting it killed in the committee room. It is not every sportsmen's committee that does so well as that. Sometimes one of our bills gets clear up to the House." It is thought that the efforts of a gentleman of the name of Blow had something to do with the demise of this bill, but of this no definite word is known. Warden Blow would, if pressed, take the office of warden again just as it is, and would, I doubt not, continue to wage relentless warfare upon the farmer boy who shoots a bird. What we need is a warden who will find some way of getting into the big game freezers of Chicago. That is a question which affects the sportsmen of the entire West. The killing of Illinois game does not affect any one outside this State and very few inside of it, certainly almost no Chicago shooter, for no Chicago shooter hunts in Illinois nowadays. It really makes no difference what sort of law we have about open seasons and not very much difference about the question of spring shooting, although the latter is the main point to be considered in any new law. The game dealers know this fact if the sportsmen do not, and they are willing to give us almost any kind of a law we want for the Illinois game. But when it comes to a question of an act that will really do some good, an act which will force the marketmen of South Water street to be law-abiding citizens, such as the rest of us are supposed to be in our business pursuits—then it is a horse of a different color. One year of legality on South Water street in Chicago will mean ten years more of shooting for the law-abiding men of the West, Northwest and Southwest who love a day out of doors now and then.

Col. C. E. Felton, president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, has to-day written and telegraphed to Governor Tanner asking delay on the appointment of a State warden until his association has made report. Col. Felton's illness has been earlier mentioned, but to-day it is expected that his recovery will be steady from this date.

Guns Out.

A great many guns came out of the cases to-day, and a considerable number of our shooters are out of town for a couple of days after snipe and ducks. Most of these shooters have gone to Indiana. Within a week, if all goes well, we shall hear of snipe near at hand. To-day we had snow and a cold rain, the glorious climate of Chicago being very jealous of its reputation, and always paying for a bright day with a dozen bad ones. This climate is simply sinful in the winter, and it is winter until the Fourth of July. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

AS TO SOME OTHER DUCK EGGS.

I.

From the New York Sun.

MR. JOHN HENRY KEENE, of Baltimore, is writing his name among the benefactors of the country. For some time it has been the cause of just regret that the canvasback duck, beloved of all good men and gods of good digestion, is vanishing gradually from its feeding grounds. The wild celery grows; the mouth waters; but the duck, oh, where is he? The time seems not distant when not even the banquets of kings and pontiffs will know him any longer. Mr. Keene believes that the depopulation of the Chesapeake is caused by the destruction of the eggs in the Canadian lakes, where the canvasbacks breed. According to Mr. Keene thousands of barrels of eggs are sent from the breeding grounds to this country and to various parts of the United States. He proposes that a prohibitive duty be laid upon imported wild duck eggs. It seems that Mr. Keene has talked with the Governor-General of Canada on the subject.

II.

From the Richmond Dispatch, copied by the Washington Star.

The Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, and Mr. John Henry Keene, of Baltimore, have started a protective movement that will doubtless meet with the approval of sportsmen and epicures generally, and ex-Pres. Cleveland in particular, the latter's pronounced free trade notions to the contrary notwithstanding. The movement is for the protection of the canvasback duck, or, rather, for the protection of the eggs of the canvasback duck.

For some years this most delicious of all the duck family has been growing scarcer and scarcer in its usual feeding grounds, and not a few especially favored places that once knew it to plenitude know it now no more.

Mr. Keene, referring to the rapid disappearance of canvasbacks from the waters of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, attributes it more to the destruction of the eggs along the shores of the Canadian lakes, which constitute one of their chief breeding grounds, than to any great slaughter of the ducks. In a conversation with the Earl of Aberdeen, Mr. Keene said he had been informed by persons who were posted on the subject that thousands of barrels of the eggs were shipped during the laying season to different parts of Canada and across the border into the United States, and that the business was a profitable industry, as no expense and but little capital were necessary to carry it on. The Earl, we are told, expressed great surprise at this information, and promised to do everything in his power to remedy the evil. Mr. Keene's idea is that a heavy duty—a duty amounting to an embargo—should be laid upon wild duck eggs imported into this country, and he is to furnish to the Earl certain data regarding the habits of wild ducks, the time of their arrival in Maryland and Virginia waters, their food, etc., which will enable the Earl to coöperate intelligently with him.

This is a matter of decided interest to the people of Virginia and Maryland living along the waters of the Chesapeake and its tributaries; and that aside from the standpoint of the sportsman. In these waters canvasbacks were wont to winter in large numbers, owing to the abundance of their favorite food, wild celery, and were a source of decided revenue to many of the poorer class. It is conceded that the canvasback duck is a greater delicacy than any other waterfowl that frequents this section, and consequently it commands a higher price. If therefore the movement under consideration shall conduce to restocking our waters, so to speak, the results may prove quite an item from a monetary point of view.

III.

Letter from the FOREST AND STREAM *to Mr. Keene.*

We see in the New York *Sun* a brief note of your proposition that a prohibitory duty be laid upon importing wild duck's eggs, because thousands of barrels of such eggs are sent to this country from the breeding grounds in this territory north of the United States. We have been seeking for some positive and reliable data and statistics relative to this industry. If you can supply us with such material for publication, we would be glad to use it for the benefit of the cause.

IV.

Mr. Keene to the FOREST AND STREAM.

I have yours of the 21st inst. "Positive and reliable data" relative to the shipping of wild duck eggs can be only obtained by employing an agent to visit the country where the eggs are laid, who could thus, and only thus, obtain the information.

The Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, had no authentic information on the subject.

You will see how difficult it must be to obtain proof in any other way than by a commissioner visiting the localities in question.

I met the Earl at Sir Julian Paunceforte's reception and ball, and we there discussed the question.

I should think the dealers in eggs in New York ought to be well fitted to acquire full information upon the subject. New York is a general headquarters for information, and your reporter could work the subject up to advantage by starting an inquiry among your dealers.

The information I have is not legal competent evidence. But there is not a candy nor confectioner's shop that has not eggs colored, known not to be domestic, and the trade is enormous. I found the same kind of eggs in London, Paris and other shops of Europe. When I asked, "Where did you get them?" they replied: "They are wild duck eggs from North America."

The subject is one that is worthy of careful investigation and nothing can be done either by your own Government or by the Canadian until steps are taken in a businesslike way to thoroughly investigate the question by a commission. If your sportsmen will take the initiative our Secretary of State would doubtlessly lend all the aid of the Government to the discovery of the facts, and make a special report to Congress and get some legislation on the subject. Nothing more than is now known will be known unless gentlemen of leisure and means, who take an interest in the question of the cause of the disappearance from the Chesapeake, Southern and Eastern waters of all wild ducks, will ever enable us to discover positive, "reliable data and statistics" upon this highly important public inquiry respecting a great food and commerce question which is involved in the obscure question of the foreign egg traffic and industry.

I have scarce a moment for outside duties, but I shall cheerfully do the little I may to throw any light upon this important subject.

V.

FOREST AND STREAM *to Mr. Keene.*

We thank you for your favor of the 22d with regard to the destruction of wild duck eggs in the North. Some months ago it was reported that great quantities of duck eggs were taken in Alaska and the northwestern Canadian territory to be shipped to this country for the manufacture of albumin. We investigated the question somewhat thoroughly at the time and were unable to discover the existence of any such traffic. We are therefore particularly interested in this subject, and would be glad to cooperate with you in any way looking toward a determination of the facts with reference to the importation of those eggs into this country for confectionery and other purposes.

VI.

Mr. Keene to FOREST AND STREAM.

Yours received. The way to elicit information is to agitate the question and keep on. There are plenty who know, and if you would publish such letters as I wrote you public inquiry would be awakened, stimulated, and nucleus be formed which would take deep hold upon public attention, and then the revolution would commence.

VII.

Is there anything in it?

We have made extended inquiry among egg dealers and confectioners in New York, and can find not the slightest trace of wild duck eggs brought into this market for candy store purposes or any other. The colored eggs in confectioners' shops here are hen's eggs, paper eggs, silk eggs and sugar eggs; and some of them at Easter are large enough to contain within the shell a full-grown, full-fledged canvasback duck.

Are there any known facts to warrant an opinion that the depopulation of the Chesapeake is caused by the destruction of the eggs in the Canadian lakes, where the canvasbacks breed?

THEY ADOPT THE PLANK.

FOREST AND STREAM PLATFORM PLANK—The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons.

NORTH DUNBARTON, N. H., April 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the recent third annual meeting of the Hillsborough County Game and Protective Association, I as a guest spoke of the benefits of prohibiting the sale of game.

Hon. William C. Clarke, Mayor of Manchester, and a thorough sportsman, said that I had, through the columns of *Sport*, shown clearly that we needed such a law, and that in his opinion it was bound to come. The motion was made and passed that the Association adopt the platform of FOREST AND STREAM.

The Hillsborough Association is young, but so far has been active, and it is evident fully intends to be of practical benefit to the fish and game of New Hampshire. I inclose under separate cover a copy of the Manchester *Mirror and Farmer*, containing an account of the meeting.

The *Mirror and Farmer* report runs: The third annual meeting of the Hillsborough County Game and Protective Association was held at the City Hall Tuesday morning, and was followed by a banquet and smoke talk at the New City Hotel in the afternoon. The meeting was one of the largest and most interesting yet held and brought together sportsmen from many parts of the country. Matters pertaining to the preservation of fish and game were earnestly discussed, and especially the subject of closed brooks and the proposition to pass laws aimed at pot and game hunters. The morning session was called to order by President Beasom at 11 o'clock, and the report of the secretary and treasurer was read by that efficient official, George P. Kimball, of Nashua. The report of the treasurer showed the Association to be in a good financial condition. The secretary reported: "During the year three successful prosecutions have been accomplished upon evidence furnished officers of the Association. Several complaints during the year have been investigated, but the evidence in each case being insufficient to convict no arrests were made. The accurate evidence is very important in order to secure a conviction, and rumor does not constitute evidence, nor can it be depended upon to secure conviction. A large amount of printed matter was sent to every member of the Association at the commencement of the year, consisting of large cloth posters and small paper folders with a synopsis of the fish and game laws. We also forwarded some to every postmaster in the country, with the request to post them in a conspicuous place, and in most cases we think the request has been complied with. The work must be kept up in good earnest, and we shall certainly see excellent results in due time."

The nominating committee reported that the officers for the last year had performed their duties so ably that the committee could not better the list. They therefore presented the same list as before, with the exception that the name of E. W. Clark, of Nashua, was substituted in the executive committee in the place of Hon. Nathaniel Wentworth, of Hudson Center, who did not wish to serve on account of being connected with the Fish and Game Commission. The following officers were therefore unanimously elected:

President, W. H. Beasom, of Nashua; Vice-Presidents, Edward P. Morrill, of Manchester; Dr. H. S. Hutchinson, of Milford; Secretary and Treasurer, George P. Kimball, of Nashua. Executive Committee—the president, vice-presidents and secretary, also Daniel Cragin, H. W. Hopkins and A. Beard, of Wilton; E. W. Clark, of Nashua; C. J. Darrah, F. H. Thurston, Col. Arthur E. Clarke, of Manchester.

The meeting was then opened for discussion, and Mayor Clarke was called upon by the president. Mr. Clarke said that Mr. C. M. Stark had recently called attention to the necessity for a law against market-hunters and pot-hunters. Mayor Clarke said that this law must come sooner or later in New Hampshire, or else our fish and game would be exterminated. A man who went out for a day's sport generally found that the market-hunter and pot-hunter, who made it a business, had been ahead of him. Mr. Stark told the Mayor recently that he knew of one man alone who had killed 300 partridges in the last year. The Mayor spoke of Bear Brook, one of the best natural trout brooks in the State, which had been closed for three years and would be opened this June. He said that there were two pot-hunters named Foote, who, in his opinion, would get nine-tenths of the trout that came out of that brook. He said closing a brook for two or three years simply advertised it when it was opened.

President Beasom said he thought Mayor Clarke's suggestion was along the line that the sportsmen of the country were fast coming to see would be necessary before long. He also spoke about the amount of fry put out in this country, and said that Hillsborough called for less fry than any other county in the State. He said that sportsmen ought to exert themselves to see that more fry were distributed each season, and that this would be much more effective than closing of brooks.

C. M. Stark, of Dunbarton, formerly the champion wing shot, said he thought that the birds were shot off too close each season and that not enough were left to breed. He thought that if there was any way of identifying game, a lot of Maine and New Hampshire game would be found in the Boston markets, although the dealers generally claim that it comes from the West. He spoke of the reported fact that four men in Texas in one day shoot 1,200 ducks, which would have gone a good way, he said, in furnishing sport for the whole of New Hampshire. He thought it was in the true interests of all to protect our game from the pot-hunters, and said that the principal opposition to such a law would come from the dealers themselves.

Judge E. E. Parker, of Nashua, said that regarding closed brooks, his ideas were about the same as Mayor Clarke's. The year after they were opened everyone would fish there and get big strings, and the next year no one could get a bite, as the brooks had been entirely fished out. Judge Parker said that he had found many people outside of the large cities who did not understand the real object of this Association, and thought that it was simply to meet once a year and have a big feed. He thought that the members ought to take particular interest in disseminating the true objects of the society, and the actual work that it has done.

President Beasom said that perhaps some of the members themselves did not really understand what the Associ tion was doing. The membership was about 100, and was well kept up. The society circulates copies of the fish and game laws and also posters to go on trees and barns. This year the town of Brookline has appointed wardens to stock the brooks and to put out twenty-five posters. One experience has been that the majority of people, if they know the law, do not go to work to deliberately violate it. A deer was killed recently on Sunday, and within two days Mr. Wentworth and myself received notification from a half dozen people. They were as interested in the killing of the deer as if the man had come into their yard and killed a cow. The people of Hillsborough county don't want the deer killed, but ordinarily nothing would have been done about this. In this case, however, by reason of the posters, the people knew just who to send to, and within a week we had that hunter under arrest.

E. W. Clark, of Nashua, made some remarks along the same line. Edward R. Robinson spoke in favor of restricting the sale of game. Fred Whitemore, of Nashua, Charles Hodge, of this city, and others also made interesting remarks.

Colonel Noyes, of Nashua, made a motion that the Association adopt the platform of the FOREST AND STREAM, and place itself on record as favoring a law preventing the sale of game. The motion was passed.

VERMONT GAME.

SHELDON, Vt., April 3.—Spring, spring—chilly, raw, cold, slushy, sloppy, neuralgia-producing spring—has come again, and we now between aches and chills look about to see if the past severe winter has left us game enough for seed.

Ruffed grouse are fairly abundant except in the immediate vicinity of the French settlements, where the pot-hunters are many and hunt seven days in the week without any respect for the close season.

Squirrels there are none. In our rambles through the sugar bush and over the oak ridges we have not seen even a sign of a squirrel, gray, red or chipmunk.

We hear favorable reports about quail during the winter. They were often seen "seed hunting" in the farmers' barnyards.

Foxes are here in their usual numbers, and are here to stay, as they are becoming more and more wary and wise each year. Our fox hunters report poor luck, for reynard avoids the old-time runways, and is full of new tricks to bother the hounds. In the early winter I bagged with Whirlwind and Drive five foxes, when the grippe came along and stopped our sport for the rest of the season.

A few weeks ago a young man in a neighboring town was out partridge hunting (close season) and saw in the white birches a pheasant, which he promptly potted, and then exhibited it publicly on the streets in the village. Among those who saw it were one or two prominent members of our fish and game protective society, but no action was taken to punish the fellow for this flagrant violation of the game law. An outsider, however, reported the fact to the writer, who was then too ill to give it personal attention, referred the case to Fish Commissioner Titcomb, and we are daily expecting to hear of an arrest and conviction. The penalty is $25 and costs.

There are unfortunately some so-called fish and game protectionists who shine at the league's banquets and social gatherings, but when it comes to doing actual work in enforcing the fish and game laws, or giving information against violators of the laws—oh, they couldn't entertain for a moment the idea of stooping to do such a low thing, and then, "you know," they might want to use these fellows' votes, etc. They are the ornamental tinsel of fish and game protection leagues—all glitter, but of little or no service.

We are satisfied that the large majority of persons who visit our aviary to see the Mongolian pheasants would, if those birds were released, pot them at sight if they thought that they could do so undetected. We often hear remarks, "When are you going to let those birds out? I would like to have a crack at them." Their whole desire so far as game is concerned is to kill. It matters not how rare or beautiful the animal or bird may be, their only interest in it is to shoot or club it to death.

The older we get the more firm we are in the belief that the trait of true game protection is an inborn one. Where this is acquired through education it is not always to be relied on in the moment of temptation.

A friend who is an enthusiastic game protectionist is constantly striving to instil this virtue into the minds of those in his employ. One of his young men whom he believed to be a sound convert, and to be relied on to observe the game laws under any and all circumstances, was one day seen to leave his work in the field and run at full speed toward the house, when within hailing distance he shouted: "Get your gun, get your gun, some of Mr. ——'s birds are down by the stump fence and we can shoot the whole batch of them at one shot." Investigation showed a covey of quail huddled together under the fence. The young man didn't get the gun.

Robins first arrived here this season March 21; bluebirds one week later, March 28; song sparrows and meadow larks, April 3. STANSTEAD.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

SOME ODD FIELD INCIDENTS.

I.

Speaking of quail reminds me of a hunt I had one day last November with Mr M., from Norfolk, Va., who was out here on business. Having heard him say he enjoyed quail shooting, I proposed a drive in the country with guns and dog, which he very willingly accepted. We had driven a few miles out when old Jack turned in to the left, went about 50yds from the road and pointed in some broom grass and scattering pines. We got out, tied the horses and walked in. I told M. to shoot to the left and I would shoot to the right. When the covey flushed Mr. M. banged away with one barrel, but did not have time to shoot again, as he had seen his bird fall and could not wait for the dog to retrieve; so away he went and picked up his bird—not a quail, but a woodpecker, one of the small, dark kind, almost black. Now, how did this happen? Was the woodpecker flying past just at the time he fired, or did he flush with the quail? When M. held up that woodpecker I felt very much like laughing, but as he had one charge left in his gun I thought under the circumstances and from the expression on his face it might be best to defer the laugh until he had time to recover.

We have had no cold to hurt the birds this winter, and the prospect is fine for next fall. A. S. R.

North Carolina.

II.

While hunting woodcock last September in what is called "the double ditches," a large swamp about two miles below Alexandria, Va., a rather strange thing occurred.

It was rather early in the morning when my cousin and myself entered the swamp and separated, he going on one side with his English setter Major, and I the other with my two Gordon setters Shot and Quick. Before I had gone very far my dogs came to a stand by a little branch. On my coming up to them a woodcock flushed and went down the branch a little way, then turned into the swamp. Just as he made the turn I shot, and saw him pitch forward as if hit; but on bringing the dogs to the spot and hunting for it a good while I was about to give it up, when Quick threw his head into the air and came to a stand right at the bottom of a dead tree. In the tree sapsuckers had bored a great many holes, and on looking up I was very much surprised to see the cock apparently clinging to the side of the dead tree just out of my reach; but on examination I found that his bill had run into one of the holes made by the sapsuckers and held him there. I called my cousin to look at it, but he would not believe that I did not put it there myself. I hope that one of your many readers may have had a similar experience and will tell about it, so as to set me straight with my cousin. C. H.

Washington, D. C.

WRITE TO YOUR SENATOR.

Washington, D. C., April 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Early in February last a few enthusiastic sportsmen called an informal meeting to discuss the question of game and fish protection within the District of Columbia. They realized that something must be done to stop the handling and sale of game and fish within the District of Columbia during the close season

It was decided to call a mass meeting, that those citizens interested in the subject might attend and organize an association for the protection of game and fish. The meeting was called and resulted in the organization of the District of Columbia Game and Fish Protective Association, which at present is over 300 strong and growing in membership daily. The association, finding that the laws were unsatisfactory, appointed a special committee to draft two bills, one for the protection of fish and one for the protection of game.

Senate Bill 1487, introduced by Mr. Proctor, relative to the Potomac River and tributaries, protects black bass, crappie, striped bass, April 15 to June 1, and forbids sale of striped bass or rockfish of less than 1lb. weight.

Senate Bill 1488, introduced by Mr. Proctor, makes close seasons as follows: Partridge, quail, Feb. 1 to Nov. 1; woodcock, Jan. 15 to July 15; prairie chicken, pinnated grouse, Feb. 1 to Sept. 1; rabbit, Feb. 1 to Nov. 1; snipe, plover, May 1 to Sept. 1; wild duck, goose, brant, April 1 to Sept. 1; rail, ortolan, reed bird, rice bird, Feb. 1 to Sept 1; deer meat, venison, Jan 1 to Sept. 1. The possession and sale are forbidden in the close season; and "the fact that the said birds, fowls or meats were killed or captured outside of the District of Columbia shall constitute no defense for such possession"

The foregoing bills have been introduced in both branches of Congress, and the Association hopes to have them enacted into laws in a very short time. When they are the District of Columbia will cease to be a place where the pot-hunter can dispose of his game at any and all seasons. Most of the game that is sold here is killed in the West, so that the Western sportsmen should be particularly interested in the passage of these bills. It is hoped that each and every sportsman that may chance to read these lines will use his influence with his Senators and Congressmen to aid in passing the foregoing bills. Don't delay, but lend us your helping hand at once. J. D. Arnold

Michigan Deer and Lumber Camp.

Concerning the report made to Mr. W. B Mershon of deer killed for lumber camps in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, State Game and Fish Warden Chase S Osborn writes to Mr. Mershon: "It concerns a matter that has been common talk up in this country and was a common practice for years until the past two winters. We have convicted hunters and lumbermen in almost every county in the Upper Peninsula for this work and have practically broken it up. At least one of the towns mentioned in your memorandum is in Wisconsin, and, of course, we have no jurisdiction there. However, I am glad to have any information you may be able to transmit to me at any time, and if your representative knows or can learn of any specific violation I would be glad to have information of it."

One great trouble in the present time though is, as Mr. Mershon has pointed out, that local or county game wardens are dependent upon the liberality of the Board of Supervisors for a salary, and the result is that they get nothing and do nothing.

Yellowstone Snow and Game.

The deep snows of the Yellowstone Park this winter have been disastrous to the game. A Cinnabar correspondent writes that a man recently out from Yancey's reports a number of calf elk found dead, and that the bulls are in poor condition.

Belknap County League.

Laconia, N. H., April 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The subject of legitimate game and fish protection is receiving a good deal of attention among sportsmen in New Hampshire at this time, which is very gratifying to all true sportsmen. In this section of New Hampshire, which is essentially the lake section of the State, constant care and attention is required to see that the fish and game laws are observed, and the subject of an association composed of men who are interested in the protection and propagation of fish and game has long been advocated by reputable sportsmen in this vicinity. Accordingly, on the 6th inst., the Belknap County Fish and Game League was organized in this city. The objects and purposes for which the Association is organized as stated in its constitution are as follows:

1. The protection, propagation and increase of game and fish in the woods and waters of Belknap county, to the reasonable, legitimate and equal use and benefit of the community for food and support.

2 The securing of the enactment of such laws as shall seem best adapted to securing the results for which the Association was organized.

3. The use of all consistent means to prevent violations of the laws of the State relating to fish and game within the limits of Belknap county, and the detection and punishment of the same.

4. To furnish recreation for the members in trap-shooting, and further for the accomplishment of the object and purposes for which the Association is organized the members are pledged to observe the fish and game laws, to exert their best efforts to secure a like observation on the part of all others, and report to the officers of the Association any case of infringement which may come to their knowledge and coöperate with them in securing the detection and bringing to justice of the same.

The Association starts off with a large and enthusiastic membership. S. S. Jewett, Sec'y.

Western Hunting Grounds.

Philadelphia, April 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About the 25th of this month I expect to start for Red Lodge, Mont., on the way to the Sunlight Mining district, where I shall remain until the last of November or December mining I extend a hearty invitation to any and all brother sportsmen coming West on a tour through the Yellowstone Park, or on a fishing and hunting trip. I shall be glad to have them visit my camp, and spend as much time as they may desire gratis. Big game, elk, deer, bears and sheep are plentiful within a very short distance of camp, and I can guarantee them all the sport that an honest hunter may desire. I will cheerfully arrange with good guides, who have safe pack and saddle horses, at very moderate terms. Stopping with me will cost them nothing. They can make the Park in one day's ride from camp.

Last year in my letters to Sammy, which were published in Forest and Stream in May, I believe, I recommended the guide we had the previous October, Ed. E. Van Dyke. I wish to apologize to brother sportsmen, and Forest and Stream in particular, for having done so. Lately I have received letters asking if I recommend him. To all such my answer is: I will not. Having spent six months last year in and near by Red Lodge, I have had an insight into much that three weeks' hunting the previous year did not develop

If any one of Forest and Stream's readers contemplate taking such a trip and will write me, I shall take pleasure in arranging a hunt for them with excellent men, who will guarantee them shots at game or no pay, and who will take the best of care of them. Any of the readers of Forest and Stream, with good credentials from same, I shall be glad to entertain and give them all the sport one could wish with rod and gun gratis. Wabash.

Some Truth in This.

Much of the violation of the game and fish laws may be traced to organizations which are ostensibly strict observers of the laws, but in reality are not. There is a phase of the business which is not unlike the attitude of many parents in relation to coasting. They will cuss policemen if they do not compel boys to refrain from making toboggan slides of the walks to the peril of life and limb of pedestrians, and think an example should be made of every offender—unless it should happen to be one of their own boys. In that case it is different. It was only our Willie, you know, who is a much nicer boy than any other Willie and in whose case it is a proper thing to make an exception. He can be depended upon to violate the ordinance with discretion, so let him slide and look after the other Willies. There is an element of inconsistent logic like that in many organizations for the protection of game and fish which makes them inefficient and often causes them to do more harm than good. They either are not careful enough in the admission of members or are too lenient with the Willies of their own club family who drop into violations of the laws. The Willies, or plain Bills of the interior, are not slow to take note of these inconsistencies. If they have been made honorary members of a town club and semi-official deputies to watch the streams it has stocked, and see that no grouse or other game is unseasonably killed or shot at in the adjacent underbrush, it does not increase their ardor in the work to find club members violating the laws, either on Sundays or other days, or to have the club smooth the matter over when they report such violations. On the contrary, the disgusted rural deputy is likely to secure some ammunition or bait and proceed to do some business himself.—*Pittsburg (Pa.) Commercial Gazette.*

Wildfowl Shooting in City of London, 1740.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I find the following curious bit in *The York Courant*, Jan. 8, 1740; "Yesterday great numbers of London Gunners assembled at the several Stairs leading to the Thames to shoot Gulls, Ducks and Road Geese, which appeared in great Plenty; and many of them were killed, though none could be brought off, the Frost not yet having prevented the Currency of the Tide. Dogs were of no use to the bringing them off, the Edges of the Ice on which the Birds settled being too weak for the Dogs to get up by."

Query.—What were the "Road Geese" and what is the significance of the term? F. C. Browne.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesda Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at th latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Wildfowl in Boston Harbor.

The Massachusetts wildfowl law respecting use of boats reads:

Whoever pursues any wildfowl with or by aid of a boat propelled by steam or by naphtha, or by aid of a boat or vessel propelled by any mechanical means other than sails, oars or paddles, shall be punished.

A special law, approved March 19, 1897, reads:

Whoever, within the limits of that portion of Boston Harbor lying westerly and southwesterly of a line running from Deer Island to Point Allerton, including the waters of Dorchester Bay, Quincy Bay, Weymouth Bay and Hingham Bay, shoots at, kills or pursues any wildfowl from or by the aid or use of any boat or floating device propelled by any mechanical means, shall be punishable by a fine of $20 for each offense.

Our interpretation of the new local law, read in the light of the general law quoted above, is that on the waters named the use of sailboats is prohibited.

Michigan's Proposed Five-Years Close Time.

East Saginaw, Mich., April 8.—Bills are before the Michigan Legislature, I understand, to prohibit the use of pointers and setters, or any kind of dogs, in hunting and to make a closed season for quail and partridges for five years. Both are nonsensical measures. Quail and partridges were never so plentiful around Saginaw, in my knowledge, as they were last fall. Stopping all market hunting, enforcing the law locally and a short shooting season have preserved the partridges, and add to this the favorable winter, and we have the cause for quail being so numerous. I believe these birds have wintered well, and if our game laws are generally enforced and observed, the game supply of this State will increase. W. B. Mershon.

Forestry Commission Recommendations.

As already stated, the detailed and formal report of the Forestry Commission will not be ready for submission to the Secretary of the Interior for some weeks yet, but it is likely to be made early next month. Meantime five members of the Commission have united in a letter to the Secretary of the Interior, which we print below, which gives in general terms the substance of the report to be made. This letter will be read with great interest by all persons in the arid West, and especially by all miners:

"The legislation relating to reserved forest lands of the public domain which the Commission of the National Academy will recommend in its final report, now in course of preparation, provides for the following:

"First, that authority be given to the Secretary of War to make details of troops at the request of the Secretary of the Interior to protect temporarily and until a forest service is organized the property of the Government in the forest reservations from fire and trespass, and to enforce such rules and regulations as he may make for their care.

"Second, the establishment of a permanent forest bureau in the Department of the Interior, composed of trained officers, to administer, maintain and improve the reserved forest lands.

"Third, the appointment of a commission to institute as rapidly as possible, under the supervision of the director of the geological survey topograpical surveys of the reservations, and determine what proportions of them should be permanently reserved on account of their forest covering, and what portions should be reopened to entry and sale

"Fourth, to authorize the Secretary of the Interior to issue the necessary rules and regulations for the protection, growth and improvement of the forests on the reservations, for the sale of timber, firewood and fencing from them to actual settlers in and adjacent to the reservations, and to owners of mines legally located therein for use in such mines; for granting permits to sawmill owners to enter the reservations for the purpose of manufacturing such lumber as may be sold to actual settlers in and adjacent to the reservations, and to the owners of mines located therein; for allowing actual settlers who have no timber on their own claims to take from the reservations firewood, posts, poles and fencing material necessary for their immediate personal use; for allowing the public to enter and cross the reservations; for granting the county commissioners right of way for irrigating ditches, flumes and pipes, and for reservoir sites; and for permitting the prospectors, under such rules and regulations as he may from time to time establish to enter the reservation in search of valuable minerals.

"The Commission will recommend that the reservations be opened to the location of mining claims under the general mineral laws, and that the owners of valid mining locations in the reservations made and held in good faith shall be permitted to fell and remove from their claims the timber growing on them for actual mining purposes in connection with the particular claim from which the timber is cut. It will also recommend that the owners of unperfected *bona fide* claims or patents of land included in the forest reservations be permitted to relinquish their claims to the Government, selecting in lieu tracts of vacant land open to settlement, but not exceeding in area the tracts covered by their claims or patents, and that the owners of such unperfected claims shall not be subjected to additional charges for entries or record, and that credit shall be allowed them for the time spent on the relinquished claims. The Commission will also recommend that the Secretary of the Interior be authorized to enter into negotiations with the land grant railroad companies for the purpose of concluding agreements by which these companies may relinquish to the United States the title acquired by them to lands within their granted and indemnity limits when these lands lie within the boundaries of forest reservations, and may accept other unappropriated lands in exchange for the even-numbered sections within their granted and indemnity limits not included in forest reservations.

"Signed: C. S. Sargent, Henry L. Abbot, William H. Brewer, Arnold Hague, Gifford Pinchot."

New York Legislature.

(Correspondence of Forest and Stream.)

Albany, April 12.—A. Printed 2,096, Assemblyman Ives, general amendments to the game law prohibiting hounding for five years, and making the close season for deer Aug. 15 to Nov. 15, both inclusive.

S. 1,149, Senator Malby, relating to the possession of venison.

A. Printed 1,553, Assemblyman Eldridge, relating to fishing in certain waters in Warren county.

S. 775, Senator Mullin, making an appropriation to acquire lands in the St. Lawrence State Reservation.

S. Printed 1,222, Assemblyman Hobbie, amending the game code relative to the right of protectors to make search or examination.

The Assembly has ordered this bill to a third reading:

S. 261, Senator Krum, providing for the publication of the game laws.

The Assembly has passed the following bills:

S. Printed 1,354, Senator Ellsworth's Adirondack lands bill. Signed by the Governor on the same day it was passed. Chapter 220.

A. 485, Assemblyman Meyer, relating to salt-water striped bass.

A. 1,180, Assemblyman Miles, for the prevention of forest fires.

Mather.

"Angling Talks."

We have a very few copies of George Dawson's "Angling Talks," a series of chapters of entertaining chat about men, fishermen, fish, fishing and fishing places. Cloth, 50 cents. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXXIX.—John A. Fish.

JOHN is a farmer, now living at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., where he was born when the century was fairly young. Fishing and shooting with him was one of the pleasures of life, and I enjoyed his companionship while I lived near him. He was coeval and contemporary with Mort Locke, who was written up a couple of weeks ago. When the nuts began to drop we three would meet without appointment in the store of William Downey, and after a general talk some one would say: "It's getting to be most time for ducks"; the rest would assent in a manner that seemed as though they hadn't thought of that before, and we would wait for the first hard frosts and a word from some friend of John's on Cayuga Lake.

Then came the happy days of anticipation; discussing the amount and kind of provisions to be taken, the furnishing of the camp with cooking utensils and with blankets, all to be recorded in order that nothing should be omitted and no duplicates carried. The evenings spent in considering these important questions seem to-day to have been the most enjoyable part of the outing, because they covered about four weeks of anticipation wherein the promise of sport was only a week in camp. In some cases the pleasure to come was in excess of the experience, but when we really made a start, and the train actually moved eastward with our trunk of wooden decoys and our camp equipage, four adult boys looked out of the windows to keep their delight from being projected from their eyes. The pleasures of anticipation do not seem to have received their proper share of recognition among the pleasures of the sportsman, as I read their accounts of fishing and shooting trips, in which the size of the bag seems to be the measure of their sport. Yet most human pleasure is in his prospect, with a considerable amount in the retrospect. Pope, who closely analyzed humanity, wrote:

> "Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
> Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest"

John's crops were secure, and the event of the year was to come. Mort Locke had his leave from the railway by paying for a substitute; Downey might get off for a few days if not crippled by rheumatism, and I looked for a rest from quarrying rock for the trout ponds which I had dug with pick and shovel. To hard-working men who could seldom get away for a full week it was truly the event of the year, and had been made to cover many weeks before, as has been told. There is no rule by which we may measure enjoyment as one might measure time or the distance to the moon. We were like four boys let loose from school, only the boys experience that pleasure every day, and we had it only once a year. A man who can take a week off whenever he pleases knows little of the ecstatic feeling which we four had on that annual outing; he doesn't look forward to it and enjoy it in anticipation. Prince Hal says:

> "If all the year were playing holidays,
> To sport would be as tedious as to work."

Canoga Marsh, on the west side of Cayuga Lake, was always our camping ground; and we hired boats at the head of the lake, and did our own rowing, camping and cooking. That is an ideal way to camp for young men who can do it. Later in life we prefer to have hired help, but there is a feeling of independence in camping that is pleasurable if—and here that little "if" looms up like a word of ten syllables—you have a party composed of the proper ingredients. Our party was so composed. Two could make fun and two could enjoy it; one could kill more ducks with his big 7-gauge gun than all the rest, but he never bragged of it; one was a good cook, and another was willing to cut and drag firewood. Each fell into his place, and it was as perfect a party of four as it seems possible to organize.

Rowing down the lake, there was a distress call from the rear boat, and Downey signaled to me to halt, for John Fish and I were the oarsmen of the two boats, and I turned back. Mort had essayed a cast when his spoon with a triple hook lay behind him in the boat, and the result was disastrous. Fortunately I had a pair of wire-cutters in my creel, and they snipped off the protruding barbs, and then the two imbedded hooks were withdrawn; but during that trip Mort preferred to stand or lie upon one side. John explained to Mort the nature and uses of fish hooks, and wrote a few verses commemorating the event.

Did you ever see a loon sink without making a ripple? We did; and no doubt others have seen it, but I have no recollection of seeing it recorded. Our blind of brush and grass was as far out on Canoga Marsh as we could get it, and keep dry. The fleet of decoys bobbed at their anchors, some 30ft. outside the rushes. Downey and Mort had gone to the rear to thaw out and drink coffee, for legs would get stiff and fingers so numb that an hour in the blinds—enlivened by a jump in the boat to pick up the dead, or chase cripples—was about all the sport we wanted on one relief. John had just said: "There goes a flock of bluebills up the lake, too far out to see our decoys; mebbe they'll swing around and come down our way—" He touched my arm, and through the sedge I saw something rise from out the bosom of the lake, not clothed in white samite, nor mystic, nor wonderful, but just the head and neck of a loon, and then the back appeared among the stools. The bird did not get its body above water before its quick eye discovered that the fleet of decoys were not real ducks, and by the time John and I reached for our guns the sinking of the loon began. It takes longer to tell this than it did to act it, but that loon compressed itself and sank out of sight without making a ripple—not by a plunge and a dive, but by settling in the water before the two gunners could give him a welcome.

Pop! Out in the lake, a quarter of a mile away, he came up and swam off with a backward look, as if he said: "Wooden ducks! Yes, there's a man with a gun always near them; it's safer out here in midwater."

John said: "That's an old fellow; he's been among wooden ducks before, and may have been tickled by a few shot. He's chucklin' to himself now how he fooled us. Did you ever see anything so slick as the way he squeezed himself together and sunk? Never turned until he got below the surface, for fear he'd make a ripple. There's no duck that can do that."

"I saw a red-breasted sheldrake do nearly the same thing on the Mississippi River once; it didn't come up, like that loon, but it sank just the same."

"A sheldrake may do it," said John. "I don't say it can't, but I spoke of ducks; now a sheldrake is no more of a duck than a goose is; nor a loon, for that matter; their bills—." Downey and Mort came into the blind, and our going to the rear to thaw out deprived the scientific world of the ornithological observations of John Fish on the difference between ducks, loons and sheldrakes.

On one of these trips Mort Locke was disappointed in not receiving a new breechloading gun, and left the shooting to go to Rochester for it, and so lost two days. He had never used a gun of that kind, for they were not common in the early 70s, but he had the craze on, and really felt that he must get a change of gun to shoot against John's 7-gauge, which then was the most wonderful duck gun I had ever seen, and so off he went. John and I were alone, for Downey was to come back with Mort. We had some ducks hung in the shade, and John had killed about a dozen muskrats at intervals when the ducks were not flying. "Ever eat a muskrat?" asked John.

"Yes, among the Indians, where the unwashed son of the forest thrust his unmanicured hand into the camp-kettle and his guest could do the same or go hungry; but I was hungry, and it tasted good if there was an absence of napkins and finger-bowls."

"Let's cook some for Downey and Mort. Put in only the hindlegs, which look enough like duck's legs to pass. What d'ye say?"

When the hired boatman landed our friends at camp near sundown, he said he would "take a bite" and go back to Cayuga. Downey sniffed around and asked: "Got anything for supper? Haven't had a thing since breakfast." Mort was hungry enough, but confined his questions to the game killed, and so we sat down to the feast.

"Have some of this stew of sawbills'* legs? The breasts are fishy?" asked John, "but the legs when stewed with a root of wild celery are a delicacy."

Downey enjoyed them, and of course I did; for I was the cook. All went well until we were about to smoke, when Mort Locke thought it would be a pity to waste that last duck leg, and he fished it up. Alas! John had left the foot upon the leg, and it had evident claws! "Hello," said he, "what's this?"

"There!" exclaimed John, "if we didn't cook that duck leg that had a claw on it. The other leg was all right, web-footed just like any duck's foot; but I meant to have had that bird stuffed."

"It's a durned ole muskrat, that's what it is," said Mort; "but they were good, though. I wouldn't eat it now that I know what it is."

Downey made no comment until long after our return, and then one day he asked: "What kind of a joke was John trying to play on Mort; trying to get him to eat a muskrat?"

Central and western New York has so many fine lakes that the smaller ones are unnamed upon most maps, if they appear at all. Ontario county has three—Conesus, Honeoye and Hemlock—all tributary to Honeoye Creek and the Genesee River, and a drive of some fifteen miles would bring us to any of them. It was the time when the bees were working in the apple blossoms, and we drove up south to fish in Honeoye Lake among the hills which lend a charm to this beautiful water. The only fish in the lake which might possibly rise to a fly was the yellow perch, and so our outfit of lures comprised small frogs, metal spoons, a can of minnows, and those first principles which are dug in the garden. John was a firm believer in first principles, Mort in metal spoons, and I in minnows and frogs. The result was that John caught most fish, but only perch and bullheads; Mort took the greatest weight, all pickerel; while the frogs took some pickerel, and the minnows both pickerel and perch. Said John: "These perch keep biting as fast as I can take 'em off, bait again and throw out, and I don't see but I'm getting the most fun out of it, if you are getting bigger fish." And when the pickerel preferred rest to frogs, spoons or minnows Mort and I reverted to first principles for a while and toyed with the perch.

On Cayuga Lake John knew a grand spot for lake trout. In the days that we fished the lake I knew the ranges up and down and across the lake, but have forgotten them now. Inasmuch as John still drops his line there occasionally, since Canoga Marsh has been bought by a club, and his great 7-bore no more can awake the echoes as it drops a duck at a distance that used to discourage Mort Locke and the writer, the ranges of this favorite spot would not be recorded here if remembered. We had been followed by several boats one day for hours, and John had kept off his favorite spot, but after they had rowed around us and got the ranges they left, and we then pulled out to the trout grounds. Next morning three boats were anchored near where we had first fished and caught nothing, while we kept away from them and from the good spot. The day after this we were not watched, and when we came ashore at Union Springs we had twenty fine lakers that might have weighed 100lbs. in the aggregate, if a scale had been handy.

The fish were carefully inspected by the crowd and pronounced a grand catch for two men. One fellow said: "I dunno how 'tis. I've watched John Fish many a time, an' he seems to have luck wherever he goes, but when I get the ranges and anchor on the same spot the fish don't seem to be there. I dunno how 'tis."

A young man suggested that John had some new kind of bait.

"No, he hain't," said an old man, "I've looked over his minners (minnows), and they're jess a same as we allers use; he gets 'em down at the foot of the lake, fer I seed him buy 'em once."

"John Fish," said an athletic student from Cornell University, at the head of the lake, who was training for a rowing contest, "I'll give you this $10 bill if you'll give me the ranges of the place where you always get a lot of trout."

Said John: "Gentlemen, we will gladly give you any information we possess about the fishing spots in this lake. But what little we know is not worth buying. My friend and I did not come down here to make money, so please put up your purse. We came to get a little bite of fresh air from this beautiful lake and a few bites from the fish in it. We have neither information nor fish to sell. My friend is a scientific man who has come into western New York to study the geological conditions that produced the Cardiff giant which was recently found in Onondaga county, and in following the trend of the hills around this lake he pointed out the place which should naturally be the feeding ground of the lake trout; and he was correct."

"That's all right," said the student, "and the Cardiff giant is a solid man, but what we want to get at is where this great fishing place is. You won't sell the secret and offer to give it to us and then give us a story about the Cardiff giant and the trend of the hills. I've put up my money and you refuse it. I'll double it, if that's what you want."

"My friend," said John, "please don't get angry, and please believe me that we are not after money. Like my scientific friend, I believe that knowledge should be spread broadcast, and I had begun to tell you how we found the best fishing place in the lake, and where it is, when you interrupted me. With your permission I will proceed."

"My dear sir," said the student, "I had no intention of offending, and I beg your pardon. We are sportsmen who do not count dollars when we shoot and fish, and I think I speak for the whole party when I say that we will appreciate your kindness in giving us the ranges of the spot where you anchor and always have such great success in fishing. Pardon me if I have offended you in any way in my anxiety to acquire knowledge of the fishing spots."

"There has been no offense," said John, "because none was intended. You offered to buy what I did not care to sell. But I don't mind giving these ranges to all of you, if they are of use, as they seem to be. Row out into the lake until the white spire of the church in Cayuga is in direct line with that dead hemlock that you see on the hill away to the north of it, up above the sky-line. That's your range north and south."

"Yes, that's good."

"Then you see the flagstaff on the hotel here?"

"Sure!"

"And that great hillside across the lake where that gray horse is feeding?"

"Yes!"

"Well, after you row out and get the church steeple in line with the dead hemlock, just move your boat up and down until you're exactly in line with the flagstaff and the gray mare's tail." And so they learned the ranges of the fishing hole.

FRED MATHER.

* In the local parlance of central New York the hooded merganser is called the little sawbill to distinguish it from the larger sawbills or sheldrakes.

THE BOSTON FISHERMEN.

SALMON fishermen will be pained to learn of the death of William Andrew Browne. He has fished the Romayne for several seasons with Mr. E. C. Fitch, president of the American Watch Co., at Waltham. Mr. Browne was a Boston angler beloved by all who knew him. He died at Baltimore, March 26.

The salmon anglers are now much interested in the salmon pool at Bangor, Me. Several salmon have been taken, the season opening on Saturday, April 3, when Charles Bissell, of Brewer, took a salmon weighing 14½lbs. Since then two or three more have been taken; the fourth fish being taken on Monday, and weighing 15lbs. Since that time the heavy rain has filled the river with roil, and but little fishing has been done. The ice left the Penobscot on the 6th, four days earlier than last year, and the trout fishermen are figuring that the Maine trout lakes are going to be open earlier than last year for that reason. The interest in that subject begins to be very lively.

The Massachusetts trout fishermen have not continued to have the good luck that the season opened with. The Wakefield party, consisting of E. H. Wakefield, Jr., Edward Brooks and R. O. Harding, who fished Mr. Wakefield's preserve on the 2d, 3d and 4th, found the weather very cold. They caught an even dozen trout, however. Mr. Wakefield was to go down again to-day. He is determined to take more trout. No good catches of trout have been reported this week from the Cape, or anywhere in the State, for that matter.

Good brant shooting is being reported at Monomoy. Mr. Warren Hapgood and Walter B. Hill, with Messrs. Craig, of West Medford; Hall; S. Fairbanks, of Winchester; G. R. Seward, of Boston, and Webber, of Lynn, have returned from that preserve. A great many brant were flying, and when Mr. Hill left early in the week they had secured eight or ten, Mr. Hill getting his share, with Mr. Hapgood also among the fortunate ones. His shooting was very pleasing to all, by reason of his age. Later in the week the party secured brant enough to bring the score up to about forty—a very remarkable number for late years. What is termed the Boys' Party will leave for Monomoy on Wednesday of this week, and the five or six gunners go with great expectations.

The landlocked salmon fishermen are getting their tackle ready. The Dry Goods Party will be in camp on Sebago Lake, Me., on the 19th, which is a holiday in this State. The fishermen expect to find the ice out by that time, though up this writing the lake is ice-bound. A year ago the ice left that lake April 24, having started somewhat the Sunday previous. This clearing was eight days later than the year before, when the ice was all out April 16. In 1891 the ice left Sebago April 6. Mr. E. H. Wakefield, Jr., R. O. Harding and friends, will visit Dan Hole Pond, in New Hampshire, for landlocked salmon fishing as soon as the ice is out. Last year the ice went out of that pond April 24. This pond has a record of a salmon—taken with rod and reel in 1895—weighing 19½lbs. Last year the sportsmen had poor fishing here, but they will try again this year. The fishermen are also getting ready to fish Lake Auburn, Me., as soon as the ice is out. This lake is well stocked with landlocked salmon and brook trout, and some excellent fish are taken. But the lake is within three miles, by electric cars, of the two cities, Lewiston and Auburn, and fishermen of every grade throng its shores and waters. Hence many are disappointed, though the lake yields a goodly number of fish.

SPECIAL.

REMINISCENCES OF EXCITING SPORT.

In the great reception room of one of the handsomest and largest of the club houses with which Long Island abounds a party of fifteen or twenty gentlemen were assembled. It was the evening of the first day of the open season for trout fishing, an event to which the devotees of the beauty *Salvelinus* always look forward with the keenest anticipations. The weather of the early spring day, though pleasant, had been somewhat cold, and patches of ice were still left in the quiet nooks and corners of the ponds and streams.

The catch, however, had been very satisfactory, for the preserves that the club controlled were generously stocked with fish of goodly size and plumpness, and the after-dinner smoke with which the anglers were now regaling themselves seemed the crowning point of the day's enjoyment.

Seated in a semicircle before the rousing fire of oak and hickory logs which blazed cheerily in the great fireplace, the conversation of the men naturally teemed with reminiscences of adventure "by flood and field," and many were the good "fish stories" and hunting anecdotes that were exchanged before the hour arrived for retiring.

"Yes," said one of the group, at the conclusion of a thrilling narrative that had been given by one of the veterans of the club, "we, who have handled rod and gun for years, have all passed through many interesting episodes, and some of them were, of course, intensely exciting. I certainly have had my share of them, and they sometimes come back to memory with a strange vividness.

"Of these experiences an incident that occurred in my younger days while on a shark fishing trip at Nantucket is perhaps worth recalling this evening.

"I had hooked a large 'man eater," and with two of my companions was drawing him to the surface; the line used was, of course, a stout one, for the strength and weight of the shark are very great.

"Slowly we hauled up the fish; slowly he yielded, foot by foot, until his huge, horrible form appeared near the side of the yacht. I think I never saw anything more hideous and wicked than that shark, and his cruel eyes, his enormous mouth, armed with rows of the sharpest teeth, and the rage with which he snapped at the boat and lashed the water into foam, I shall never forget.

"Our skipper was just at the point of dispatching the brute when, turning downward with a sudden dart, the shark dived, and the line slipping through our hands permitted him to descend to the bottom again.

"As it was running out with almost lightning speed I was caught by the leg in a bight, into which I had incautiously stepped, and in an instant I was over the side and following the shark.

"It is utterly impossible for me to describe the sensations that I experienced, as I was drawn down deeper and deeper in the water. I could feel the pain from the rope about my leg, a pain that was increased by my companions holding the line and drawing upon it; but the pain was as nothing when compared with the terrible pressure upon my lungs and brain.

"Singularly enough, I did not entirely lose my presence of mind; I knew that nothing but a turn in the rope held me, and I thought that if I could in any way twist my leg around I should be released.

"But in vain; my struggles were useless, and everything began to grow dark.

"I must say that my sensations at this juncture were not unpleasant; the ringing in my ears, the pressure on my lungs, were forgotten and I seemed to be floating in a sort of dream.

"Of course the length of time that I remained in this condition was probably less than a minute, but it seemed almost eternity.

"Fortunately for me, before it was too late, the hook became detached from the shark and I was drawn to the surface by my friends and lifed into the yacht. I was not entirely unconscious, for I felt the shock of being laid upon the deck of the boat, but it was a pretty close call. My friends soon resuscitated me, and I was able to hobble ashore when we reached the dock, but I was obliged to use crutches for a week afterward.

"This, gentlemen, was my most exciting experience and I never want another like it. I will close my story by advising all who go shark fishing to be careful when they get a bite not to step into a bight of the line; it is not a knot, but it holds with all the tenacity of one."

"What an inordinate amount of salt water you must have swallowed," said another of the group who had been quietly throwing smoke rings across the room, "and how nauseating the recollection of it must be to you. Now I once had a somewhat exciting adventure, but it happened in fresh water, which is more agreeable to swallow; the story is hardly worth the telling, however—"

"Go on, go on," came from all parts of the room.

"Very well, then, since you insist upon it. I was at the time of this incident the guest of one of the lessees of a famous salmon river in Canada, and had the privileges of some of the choicest pools.

"Two of the best guides on the stream had been assigned to me, and I kept them and myself at work every day from morning until night. On the occasion to which I refer I had hooked a fine fish in a small pool, below which was a stretch of very wild rapids nearly a half mile in length. The salmon was strong and gamy, and I had quite a fight with him in the pool; but before he could be gaffed he started down the rapids, still securely hooked, and we followed him in the canoe. What a wild run that was, and how exhilarating it seemed as we rushed down the steep white incline of roaring water!

"At the foot of the rapids were numerous boulders, and the passage soon became more and more dangerous. I still held to my fish, however, trusting to the dexterity of my guides; but in one of the worst places the setting pole in the hands of the bow canoeman broke, the canoe crashed against a sharp ledge, and in an instant I was in the furious waters.

"I do not know how it happened, perhaps it was because I am a good swimmer; but I was carried down the current unhurt, save by a few bruises from the rocks, until I almost reached the verge of the great falls.

"At this juncture the outlook was grave indeed, for I knew that if I was carried over the crest nothing could save me; for the descent of upward of 40ft. down upon a ledge of jagged rocks would mean utter destruction.

"In some way, however, I was drawn near the shore, and I made the most strenuous efforts to effect a landing; but the force of the stream was too much for me, and I had about concluded that I was to be 'gathered in,' when I saw abreast of me and within my reach the gunwale of the nearly submerged canoe, which had drifted down the stream.

"Instinctively I seized it, and before the verge was reached the frail craft became firmly wedged between a boulder in the stream and the rocky shore, and, working my way to the inner side, I crawled out upon the ledge, where I sank completely exhausted.

"It was not long, however, before I was aroused by the voices of my guides. They had been more fortunate than I, and when the canoe struck they jumped upon one of the rocks, and leaping to others with the agility of accomplished river men, they reached the shore in safety.

"When they joined me they fished out the luncheon basket, which still remained in the canoe, and finding a bottle of brandy they gave me a cup, which soon revived me, and it was not long before we climbed up the bank and prepared for a long tramp through the woods to our camp. Before we started, however, we clambered down the cliff to the pool below the falls for the purpose of searching for such articles as might have floated down from the canoe.

"We had been there but a few moments when we saw a salmon jump. He was the fish that I had hooked, and we discovered that my line was still attached to him.

"Now comes the most incredible part of my story: The guides cut a long sapling, and attached to the end of it a hook, which they made from a forked stick, and wading out into the water they began dragging for my rod, which they assured me was there and being dragged about by the salmon; and soon, greatly to my surprise, they actually hooked it up uninjured, placed it in my hands, and I had the satisfaction after all of fighting my fish until he was conquered and landed."

"Oh, oh!" came from all over the room.

"It's a fact, gentlemen; I know it sounds 'fishy,' but it actually occurred; and you will believe me when I state that it is a common practice among the natives in some localities of Canada—those who have no rod and reel—to hook a salmon and throw their pole, which is a stout, dry sapling, into the water and let the fish exhaust itself; the sapling floats upon the water and offers just enough resistance to keep the salmon in motion, and he soon wears himself out in endeavoring to free himself."

"The story that we have just heard," said a short, florid, sandy-haired man, after the comments which it awakened had ended, "is very interesting to me. I have often wished that I might have the opportunity of giving battle to a big and vigorous salmon, but such has not been my good fortune, and I regret exceedingly that I cannot give a thrilling account of some hunting or fishing experience through which I have passed, but unfortunately I have had none.

"My angling has been limited to brook fishing for trout, and my hunting has been confined to snipe and partridge shooting; but I once had an adventure which was certainly exciting enough while it lasted.

"I have always been an enthusiastic canoeist, and the excursions I have taken, sometimes many days in length, are almost innumerable. I have always carried a camping outfit in my canoe, consisting of a compact little cooking kit and a small shelter tent; and when necessity compelled me—and sometimes even when it did not—I would stop at the close of a day's paddling, land at a promising spot and camp for the night.

"On one of these outings I found myself at sundown in a locality destitute of houses, and as I had worked steadily all day I concluded that I would land and prepare for a night's rest.

"I soon found a nice spot, where, running my canoe ashore, I stepped out upon the beach and proceeded to reconnoiter.

"Climbing up the bank of the river, I passed through a little growth of birches and maples, and came out upon a stretch of open land, which evidently served as a pasture.

"There were a few trees scattered about, and beneath one of them was a number of cattle. I did not pay much attention to them, but continued my investigations. At length, satisfied that the spot I had selected would prove desirable for a camping place, I began to retrace my steps; as I did so I noticed that one of the cattle had left the others and was following me.

"At intervals he would utter a low, hoarse bellow and paw the earth, throwing it into the air in clouds. I saw at once that I had an ugly bull to contend with, and began to hurry toward my boat.

"But the brute managed to get between me and the river, and I soon discovered that there was nothing left for me but to cut and run for one of the trees in the pasture.

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that I am not much of a sprinter. I am not built that way, but in the language of the novelists, 'fear lent wings to my feet,' and I give you my word I made a very quick dash for my objective point. Not a second, however, was there to spare, for as I dodged behind the tree the bull brought up on the other side of the trunk.

"He gave me no time to recover my wind, but sprang around the tree endeavoring to impale me with his horns, which I noticed were sharp to a degree. I see you are laughing, gentlemen—it was a ridiculous scrape to get into.

"Around the tree he darted, bellowing and growling savagely, and around to the other side I dodged, trying as well as I could to keep the trunk between us, and to a looker-on it would have been a comical sight indeed to see us waltzing in that old pasture.

"At last a favorable opportunity presented itself, and I sprang for a limb that was just within my reach. I succeeded in grasping it and was swinging myself up when the bull made a lunge, and one of his horns fastening in a portion of my clothing ripped it off as quick as a flash, the horn at the same time giving my leg a vicious rasping.

"It hurt abominably, but the pain turned my fear to anger. I was mad clear through, and longing for revenge; but I was powerless.

"Astride that limb I sat for a short time rubbing my leg and using, I am sorry to say, very profane language, the bull in the meantime hooking at the tree and now and then rearing on his hindlegs in his efforts to dislodge me, and so near me did he come in these attacks that I could almost have kicked him.

"As I sat there watching my enemy and rubbing my leg, my hand struck against a hard object in my hip-pocket; it was my whisky flask!

"I have read of the intense joy and gratitude with which shipwrecked mariners have found a spring of water, but I doubt if they felt a keener satisfaction than I did at my discovery. The flask was nearly full, and never did good old Bourbon taste as it did then; it was simply nectar. As I took a modicum an idea struck me, and a good one it proved to be.

"Pouring the liquor into the flask-cup until it was nearly full, I watched my opportunity, and when the bull reared for another stab at me I dashed the contents of the cup into his eyes

"The effect was simply magical. The beast gave a snort and bellow, and sidling away from the tree he pawed the earth, laid down upon the grass and rolled over, and performed all sorts of contortions, as if in the greatest agony.

"Seeing that my enemy was for a short time disabled, you may be sure that I quickly descended from my perch and hurried to my canoe; but I selected another camping place for the night, where no animals were being pastured."

Roars of laughter and applause followed this story. He was a pudgy little man, and the quaint manner in which he described his adventure was very mirth-provoking.

"A vicious bull or horse is a dangerous animal," said one of the gentlemen when quiet had been restored, "but neither of them is as bad as an ugly moose, for he is sometimes the incarnation of wickedness. I once had an adventure with one which came near costing me my life.

"It happened a little over two years ago in northern Maine. I was hunting in the neighborhood of Mt. Katahdin, and had as companion one of the most experienced and successful guides in the State. Although we had been in the woods several days, we had not seen or heard a moose, or in fact any other large game, and I had about determined that a change of locality had become a necessity. Early one morning, however, my guide, who was the most expert moose caller I ever met, succeeded in attracting the attention of a big bull, and soon we heard him crashing through the woods in our direction.

"On he came, bounding over underbrush and windfalls, uttering at intervals a peculiar, discordant note. With the guide I was ensconced in a little clump of sapling spruces, where I waited with ready rifle for a favorable opportunity for a shot. The guide repeated the call, and the moose drew nearer; the call was again given in a very low tone, and soon the huge animal came into view. He was a magnificent specimen, with very widely spreading and perfect antlers.

"I had raised my rifle to my shoulder, and was at the point of firing, when there was heard a cracking of sticks a short distance to the right of us, and in a moment a cow moose appeared upon the scene. She was, of course, instantly discovered by the other, and it took but a moment for him to join her.

"'I've called many a bull,' whispered the guide, 'but never a cow moose before.'

"I made no reply, but again raising my rifle was about to draw the trigger when the smashing of sticks caused by some large animal was again heard in the direction from which the cow moose had come, and another male bounded through the thicket and joined the others.

"The scene that followed was the most remarkable that I ever witnessed; it was a battle that I shall never forget.

"In an instant the bulls came together with an impact that seemed to shake the earth; with a loud clash their antlers met and became interlocked, and then, straining every nerve and fiber and muscle, each of the savage animals tried to force the other backward or from his feet. Around they swung, now here, now there, sometimes the advantage being with one and as often with the other.

"Ever and anon their weapons became separated, and then the duelists sought by quick leaps and dexterous lunges to adroitly reach within each other's guard and strike a vulnerable spot.

"The agility, the celerity of attack and defense that were displayed in this battle were astonishing and hardly to be expected from such huge and apparently clumsy animals. I gazed upon the scene almost entranced—even forgetting that I had a rifle and was there to kill—and if it had not been for my guide, who touched my arm and pointed to the cow that stood gazing stolidly upon the fight, I dare say that the duel would have continued until one of the bulls was conquered.

"The action of the guide and his whispered remark, 'There is always a female at the bottom of all trouble,' aroused me, and, aiming at one of the bulls, I fired. The discharge of my rifle alarmed the cow and she quickly disappeared in the forest, but the others paid no attention to the report and continued their battle.

"I thought for a moment I had missed my aim and was about to send another ball into my quarry, but he began to waver and stagger about, and soon grew so weak that the other forced him down and began viciously to gore him.

"Disapproving of such unchivalric conduct toward a conquered foe, but not wishing to kill the survivor, we emerged from our covert and advanced toward the bull, expecting, of course, that on discovering us he would take flight; but in so doing we made a serious mistake, for the moose turned like a flash, and charging upon us caught the guide before he could escape, and gave him a toss that I thought was fatal, and then swung for me. I had no time to take deliberate aim, but holding my rifle almost at arm's length I fired, and he dropped as if struck by lightning, the ball having pierced the thick skull at the only vulnerable point, and entered the brain.

"The guide was badly bruised, but not seriously injured, and he was in a short time able to flay the two carcasses.

"'I've had lots of scrapes with moose,' he said, 'but that was nearly the worst of all.'"

"By Jove!" exclaimed one of the group when the story was concluded, "that was an adventure worth having. I have always longed for an opportunity to meet a big and lusty moose, but have not yet had that pleasure. I mean, however, to make the effort next fall, and it will be strange if I do not succeed, plentiful as they now are in the Maine woods.

"My largest game thus far has been our common deer, of which I have killed quite a number in different sections of the country. I have still-hunted and stalked them with hounds in the North, and pursued them with hounds in the South; in fact have had my share of experiences in all the methods that are followed. Jack-hunting I have tried but once, and probably shall never attempt it again. The incident is hardly worth describing, but it may prove somewhat interesting to those who have never hunted in this manner. It occurred during one of my outings a number of years ago in the North Woods. A small party of us had been encamped for several days, subsisting on trout and the different 'store goods' we had brought with us.

"The supply of these, though abundant in quantity, soon grew monotonous in variety, and it was finally decided that nothing but 'fresh meat' could satisfy the cravings of our

appetites. The term 'fresh meat' in the woods usually implies venison, and it was decided by lot that I should procure it. In compliance with this decision I started early in the afternoon for my nocturnal hunt, accompanied by two of our guides who carried one of our canoes on their shoulders. Our objective point was a small lake some four miles distant in the wilderness, where it lay completely surrounded by mountains. It was a famous locality for deer, but was extremely difficult of approach, the path leading to it being of the roughest character imaginable, and an ascending one nearly all its length besides. I am a fairly good pedestrian, but my enthusiasm was at a low ebb before the tramp was ended, and I have always had a doubt concerning the length of those alleged four miles.

"However, we reached the outlet of the lake at last, although it took us until dusk to accomplish it, and we began preparations at once for the night. Placing the canoe in the water, one of the guides lighted a small fire and boiled the tea-kettle, while I and the other picked hemlock boughs and laid them for a bed.

"It took but a short time to accomplish this, and as soon as our supper was disposed of and we had a brief but enjoyable smoke, we were ready to begin the hunt. It was now quite dark, there being no moon and the stars shining but faintly through the thin haze which arose from the water.

"As many of you are doubtless aware, the 'jack' is a lantern very similar to some of the carriage lamps in ordinary use; it is attached to a staff in the bow of the canoe, and fastened behind it is a brightly polished reflector which causes an intense light to be thrown in front of the hunter in an ever-widening swath, leaving him and the boat in obscurity.

"Our lantern was lighted and placed in position, and we embarked, I sitting in the bow of the canoe with my rifle laid across my knees, and one of the guides taking his place in the stern. The other man, not being needed with us, remained at our camping place.

"As we moved like a phantom through the outlet and upon the lake, impelled by the silent paddle of the guide, the scene was weird and beautiful in the extreme. The foliage, illuminated by the brilliant light of the lantern, gleamed like silver against the dark background of the forest, every leaf standing out bright and distinct. The gnarled and twisted trunks and limbs of dead trees assumed many singular and fantastic forms, and ever and anon some wild bird or animal, alarmed at our presence, rustled away through the woods as we passed by.

"Occasionally a muskrat swam alongside the canoe and inspected us, evidently wondering at our being in that retired spot. Twice we passed through families of wild ducks, our craft almost touching them as we went by, and once we drew so near a great blue heron, which was standing on a jutting point of the shore, that I could easily have touched it with a trout rod if I had one. The lantern gave none of these wild creatures the least alarm.

"We had floated along the shore for nearly a mile before we heard our first deer. He was evidently in the water feeding upon the leaves of aquatic plants, and as he walked about the splashing he made could be heard a considerable distance in the still night air. Slowly and silently we drew near the sound, and in a short time he was plainly visible.

"What a beauty he was! how large he seemed as the strong light fell upon him! Closer and closer did we approach, but he paid no attention to us other than to occasionally look at our light, which, however, he regarded with as much indifference as he would the rising moon. So stolid did he seem that I had almost begun to regard him as being stupid, but I was soon undeceived, for as I was at the point of raising my rifle he gave a shrill whistle, turned about as quick as a flash, and with three magnificent leaps disappeared in the forest. What caused his flight I could only conjecture. I certainly had made no sound, and the movements of the canoe had been absolutely noiseless. Possibly in our close proximity he had 'winded' us, or perhaps the vibration of the paddle in the water had been felt by him.

"'Better luck next time,' whispered the guide, 'you waited a leetle too long.'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'I was not quite quick enough; the next one will not get away, you may be certain.'

"The paddle was again resumed, the canoe following the sinuosities of the shore as it had previously done, and it was not long before we heard another splash in the water ahead of us. Drawing near the sound, we discerned two deer moving around, but as we approached them I discovered that they were a doe and fawn, and of course declined a shot at them.

"A little further on we found another female with fawn, and it was not until we had seen at least a dozen of these that we discovered a buck. He was standing on the edge of the shore, his form showing plainly against the thick background of alders, the leaves of which he occasionally cropped and ate.

"Silently we drifted toward him, the canoe gliding with an almost imperceptible motion; he stood quietly, but evidently regarded our light with curiosity.

"At length, when we were, as I judged, near enough to insure a successful shot, I took careful aim and fired.

"How the report echoed and reverberated among the mountains around us! Back and forth it rolled almost like a fusillade for at least a minute, growing fainter and fainter until it finally died away in the distance.

"When we reached the buck we found he was quite dead, so quickly and effectually had the bullet done its duty.

"The hunting knife was now used in its allotted work, and placing our game in the middle of the canoe we resumed our course.

"Following along the shore, we passed several does and fawns, and two more bucks, but I did not try to shoot either of them, for we had all the venison that could be used.

"But I felt a desire to see as much of them as possible, and for an hour or two we paddled around, sometimes alarming them while a few yards away, but more often approaching so closely that in some instances I could almost have touched them with my rifle.

"At length, probably greatly to my guide's satisfaction, my investigations came to an end, and turning the canoe toward the outlet we soon reached the landing place, where, after hanging up the deer, we quickly joined the other guide on his bed of fragrant boughs.

"Before I fell asleep, however, in reviewing the events of the night, I arrived at the conclusion that I had not only no desire for any further experiences in 'jack-hunting,' but was convinced, judging by what I had witnessed of the ease with which the animals may be approached, and their utter unconsciousness of danger as they stand in the strong light of the lantern, that it is a method that all sportsmen should condemn, destructive as it must be if practiced by reckless and unscrupulous persons.

"Our stay at the mountain lake was but a brief one, for we arose in the morning with the sun, and after partaking of a hasty breakfast, in which some choice bits of the venison played an important part, we started down the rough path for our 'home camp.'

"Our welcome was a flattering one, but I received the congratulations of my friends with much greater equanimity than I would have felt had I killed the deer in any other way than by 'jack-hunting.'"

The deep, rich tone of the gong in the great clock that stood in the corner of the room sounded the hour of 10 as the narrative came to a close.

"Well, boys," exclaimed an elderly gentleman rising from his seat, "the evening has been a delightful one to me, but it is now my bed hour, and if I am to do any trout fishing to-morrow I think I had better retire now; I will therefore say good night and leave you."

"Yes," said another, "we had all better turn in; 10 o'clock is good bedtime down here, and I feel tired enough to enjoy an all-night sleep."

This example was soon followed by others of the group, and it was not long before the room was entirely deserted.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

THE NEW YORK BASS SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among the many proposed amendments to the fish and game law now before the Legislature is the usual one of making the open season for black bass commence on the first day of July, and it is understood that the advocates of this change claim that an extension of the present close season is necessary for the reason that black bass are usually on their spawn beds during the entire month of June and frequently until the middle of July.

The black bass is the coming fish, not only of this State, but of most all of our Northern States. Our trout have been largely destroyed by the introduction of pike or bass in many lakes and streams where they formerly abounded, and the gradual depletion of the water in many of our present trout streams indicates their gradual extinction in many waters in the near future.

Within the last thirty or forty years the black bass has been so generally distributed throughout this State that a very large proportion of our streams, both large and small, as well as our lakes and ponds, are now stocked with this fish, where it furnishes not only sport for the skilled angler who takes it with the fly, or by dragging or drifting, but it also furnishes both sport and food for thousands of our citizens who are limited to a day off now and then for fishing, and it should therefore be fully protected; but after my personal observations, extending through several years, and after obtaining the views of many others who have had a large experience, I am forced to the conclusion that as a rule black bass are through spawning in most of the waters of this State by June 1, and are rarely on their spawn beds for the purpose of brooding their young later than June 10; and the exceptions to this rule are some of our lakes where the waters are deep, and remain cold until late in the season.

I am familiar with the conclusion arrived at by Dr. Henshall in regard to the spawning season of black bass, and recognize him as the most eminent authority on this subject; but when he made his exhaustive examination into the habits of this fish, it appears by the books which he has published that his observations were confined largely, if not entirely, to lakes, and he has not given us any facts in regard to the depth or temperature of the water of the lakes which he examined.

It is well understood that the black bass remains in a dormant or sluggish condition during the winter season, and does not emerge from this condition and work toward the spawning ground until the waters are warmed to some extent in the spring, and for that reason the spawning period is not at all uniform, and in this particular the black bass seems to be a fish *sui generis*.

It was noticed by the warden of the Blooming Grove Park Association some few years ago that in one of the ponds under his charge, which was 75ft. in depth and fed by springs from the bottom, the bass were on their spawning grounds until about the middle of July; but the grounds of this Association are about 1,500ft. above tide water, and the lakes are sometimes not free from ice until quite late in the month of May, and the surrounding hills are frequently snow-clad quite late in the month of April, and this simply emphasizes what is claimed as to the habits of this fish—that it does not make for the spawning grounds until there is a change in the temperature of the water.

In our rivers and streams the water becomes more or less warm, as a rule, at least two weeks earlier than in our lakes and ponds, except those where the waters are shallow, and as most of our streams and lakes which abound in this fish are shallow, the open season, if the law is made uniform throughout the State, should commence when the bass in these waters have left their spawn beds. If it is claimed, however, that the open season as applied to these waters would result in the destruction of the bass in deep lakes and ponds, then as to them an exception should be made, either specifically or a general exception as to all deep, still waters; but such exception should not be made without the fullest investigation as to the habits of the bass in the waters to which it is to apply.

Without stating at length the sources of my information, it is enough for the purpose of this article to say that there is a pond in this county, covering perhaps 600 acres, in which I have fished frequently on May 30 or 31. The waters in this pond are shallow, and I have never seen but one bass on the spawn beds on those days.

I have in my charge a large, shallow pond in Ulster county which abounds in bass, which I visited on May 30 a few years ago, and did not find a single bass on the beds, and this corresponds exactly with the information I have gained in regard to other like waters in this vicinity and throughout the State.

I am also advised that in Canada, where the lakes and streams are ice-bound at least two weeks longer than in this State, the bass are through spawning, as a rule, by June 15 or 20, and there should be a difference of at least the same time between Canada and the State of New York in the period of spawning.

If the above views are correct as to the time when black bass usually spawn throughout the State, then a uniform law extending the close season to July 1, or even to June 15, would practically defeat itself. Such a law would be commonly regarded as arbitrary and prohibitory and wholly unnecessary for the purpose of proper protection.

Thirty-five or forty years ago it was practically impossible to enforce any fish laws in the counties comprising the lower water-shed of this State (where trout at that time were very abundant), for the reason that all the inhabitants claimed that all the streams and lakes were free, and that they had a natural right to fish when and where they pleased. Juries would not, as a rule, convict on the very best of proof, and an attempt to collect the penalties prescribed by law frequently resulted in the destruction of some of the finest ponds, where the trout were destroyed by pike which had been placed in these ponds as an act of retaliation or in a spirit of revenge. A gradual but decided change of sentiment has, however, taken place not only in this region, but also throughout the entire State; the rights of riparian owners are now respected, and the general sentiment is in favor of observing the law, because its provisions and restrictions in regard to the taking of fish meet with general approval, and the necessity for the protection of our fish during the spawing seasons is commonly recognized.

If the close season for taking black bass is extended as proposed, it will be regarded by our people generally as unnecessary for protection, and instead of meeting with popular approval it will be met in a spirit of defiance, and efforts to enforce the law will generally fail, because the spirit of approval which now exists will have given place to one of hostility; and in that case many who now respect the law as to the present close season would disregard it wholly, and the bass would in many places be deprived of the protection which they now have.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., April 10.

THE CASTALIA CLUB.

MR. J. E. GUNCKEL sends us these notes from the Toledo, O., *Bee* of the Castalia Club fishing in March. We think likely he wrote them himself:

It takes a very enthusiastic angler to follow the winding, icy bound trout stream of Castalia in the month of March, particularly if the weather is so cold that the line is covered with a coating of ice and it falls heavily upon the water at every cast. Snow, sleet, rain, wind nor cold were known to stop the members of this famous club from fishing in the cold creek stream. The opening days in March, with exception of cold, were followed by unusually good luck, and the records show an increase in number and weight over former years. There must be something peculiarly charming about these opening days at Castalia, for Dr. Beeman one day, walking up the path, exclaimed as he stepped upon the veranda of the club house: "I have traveled over 1,000 miles to attend this opening." He did, for he came direct from the Bermuda Islands.

Notwithstanding, in the pools, in the eddies and under the floats, can be seen thousands of trout, and very often the surface seems perfectly alive with them in their morning and evening antics; but there are days, and many in succession, when no bait, be it ever so tempting, and dropped ever so naturally before these finny beauties, not one will rise or even wink his eyelid. This is a case when the angler knows there are plenty of fish. As this is true here, so is it in the Maumee and adjacent waters.

There is no question but what this stream, with its unlimited supply of running water, its many pools, fine spawning beds, contains more trout than any stream of like dimensions in the world. The hatchery is one of the most complete in the country and they can turn out as many trout after each spawning season as they desire. It may be of interest to the reader to learn a few points touching this method of fishing and why it is men are so soon wedded to its enchantments. Why it is considered an art.

The Castalia Association has not always sailed over peaceful waters. The beautiful stream and its surroundings are the results of many hard-fought battles and considerable outlay of money. In some cases even the Supreme Court has been appealed to, but just as everything seemed amicably settled, at the opening of this season, and the storms had all passed over with clear sunshine and brighter prospects, another cloud hangs heavily over these fair anglers. Early in March it was discovered that the trout in some of the pools were unusually agitated. They leaped upon the water cress—some, through fright, even leaped out upon the ground. This was not confined to one pool, but to many, and Mr. Englert became greatly alarmed at what surely meant the total annihilation of the trout. The disturbance followed the pools up stream. For many days Andy watched for a cause. One morning at daybreak, in Sweeny section, he saw the water foam, the trout leaping in every direction, and as he raised his head over the high bank he discovered the secret of the trouble. There, basking in the sun, he saw a monster muskalonge, that had found its way from the lake to this paradise. Seeing Andy, it quickly disappeared under a float in a deep pool.

In spite of his many years' experience as a fisherman, after trying every known art, he could not capture this fish. He could pick from any pool the trout he wished, but a monster like this was beyond his learning. He could do nothing with a net. No bait tempted this greedy fish. A consultation was held with several members present at the club house, but their efforts proved unavailing. By accident, some one hinted that there lived a man in Toledo whose reputation as a truthful angler was unimpeachable, and whose record for successfully capturing large fish was unequaled. After another week passed, and each member took a trial to capture this fish, using all kinds of bait, the board of trustees was called, and the meeting resulted in the following note sent to Toledo:

CASTALIA, Ohio, March 10.—J. E. Gunckel, Toledo, Ohio: *Dear Sir:* In our stream there is a fish of monster size, who is devouring our young trout at a fearful rate. Knowing that you stand alone in luring these big fish, we most cordially invite you to our club grounds, and hope you may be able to capture this tormentor. The keeper will be pleased to show you the hiding places of this fish. The password to be admitted on the grounds for '97 is "Gum."

BY ORDER OF THE TRUSTEES.

Gunckel accepted the invitation, and a few days before the season opened he was at the club house. Then in the shadow of a willow tree, lying at the bottom of a favorite pool, rested a muskalonge which certainly would not weigh less than 40lbs. He was motionless, except an occasional movement of a fin. He was round as a balloon—the results of his having gorged himself with trout. Gunckel took in the situation, and after preparing his favorite rod he attached to the line a Harris floating meadow frog. Down the stream it floated several times—trembling as if alive, and by its nature expecting at almost any moment to fall the victim to some wary fish.

At the third cast the lure floated directly over the apparently sleeping muskalonge—a terrible splash and the bait

was gone down the stream like a flash of lightning, now leaping high in the air, then circling around the great pool. But he soon discovered the master hand of an expert angler. Owing to the water cress and extending roots the fish could not be landed until after forty-five minutes' careful handling. It proved to be a lake muskalonge, weighing exactly 49lbs. Firmly fastened in its great jaws were several artificial flies, one quickly recognized by Capt. Hasbrook, he declaring he was "snagged by the monster." From its stomach were taken twenty-one trout, weighing from 4 to 10oz. It is hinted that Gunckel will be unanimously elected an honorary member of the club at its next meeting.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA, April 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The regular monthly meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held Saturday evening, April 10, at the rooms, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia, and was well attended.

A large number of applications for membership were presented, among them the Delaware County Fish and Game Protective Association, of Chester; the Bucks County Fish Protective Association, of Doylestown; and the Beaver Falls Rod and Gun Club, Beaver Falls.

Numerous communications were read from local organizations throughout the State showing the work accomplished in stocking the waters and the protection of fish.

The executive committee reported having received notice of the proposed draining of several of the city reservoirs, and said it would continue the work of transplanting bass and other fish found therein to adjacent streams, with the co-operation of the proper officials of the water department.

A special committee reported having made considerable progress in an effort to have placed in all the public schools of the State charts containing the colored plates of fish printed in the annual report of the Fish Commission, together with other information for the guidance of the youth.

The legislation committee reported as to the Delaware dam bill hearing before Gov. Griggs.

Mr. Marion G. Sellers delivered an address on "Fly-Fishing in the Upper Delaware and its Tributaries," concluding with a paper upon "Late Developments in the Artificial Hatching of Small-mouth Black Bass."

M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

Report of the Legislative Committee of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

PHILADELPHIA, April 10.—*Mr. President and Members:* Your Legislative Committee reported at the last meeting its efforts at Harrisburg. This month we have to report the effort which we made at Trenton, and our interview with Governor Griggs in presenting objections to the New Jersey bill to allow of the placing of a dam across the Delaware River at or near Trenton.

The members who were present were Marion G. Sellers, Wm. E. Meehan, Howard W. Chase, Bernard L. Douredoure, and the chairman of the committee, Dr. Bushrod W. James.

We had a pleasant and generous reception from the Governor, who accorded us full time to express our opposition to the bill.

Mr. Meehan was also the representative of the Pennsylvania and United States fish commissioners and of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia; he presented their objections and stated that the objections to it were two-fold: (1) The destruction of the fisheries, and (2) that valuable franchises were being given without any compensation, either for the franchise or the injury done the fisheries. He admitted that the corporations interested would benefit, and that the manufacturers and those who used the power would be benefited, but held that these benefits would be more than counterbalanced by the financial and other losses to the people of four States. The destruction of fish by these dams, he argued, was not speculation, but could be proved, and the three bodies that he represented stated positively that the shad industry would practically be destroyed. It was true that the bill provides for fishways, but experience shows that such fishways were not entirely effective for shad. Proof of this was had in the Susquehanna. There some years ago, when that river was far more profitable than the Delaware, a large dam was built at Columbia from shore to shore, and others placed above, and immediately the shad industry above there stopped. Fishways were erected, but the shad refused to go up them in any quantity. Three hundred was the number of shad caught the following year, and the greatest number ever caught since while the dam was entire was 3,000. The shad is a very timid creature, and seems to look upon fishways as traps. But even if they did go through freely, the bill would still be objectionable and cause injury to the fisheries on account of the canals and raceways which might be built. The young fish spent their early days in the upper river, and on their way down are drawn into the race or canal ways and would be killed by the million. Many complaints, he said, had been received by both the Pennsylvania and New Jersey commissions of the few raceways that even now exist. The Pennsylvania Commission has a station at Bristol, hatching about 8,000,0.0 annually, and the United States Commission hatches about 30,000,000 young shad at Gloucester. If the bill passed, the Bristol hatchery would have to be abolished, and it would only be a little time when the United States would follow suit at Gloucester. Last year the value of shad in the Delaware, at the nets, was half a million of dollars, of which $30,000 worth was above the Trenton Falls. This represen's a million and a quarter dollars at the consumer's price. Five million pounds of fish were caught and 15, 00,0.0 people fed. Then, too, an infant fish industry is threatened, namely the Atlantic salmon, a fish that now sells for 50 cents per pound at the nets—the greatest food fish known. Two thousand pounds were caught last year, the second year of the run, and inside of twenty-five years it will be a profitable industry.

Mr. Meehan read a letter from Commissioner Brice, of the United States Fish Commission, in which it was stated that if the bill became a law the United States would stop the salmon work in the Delaware. It was then argued that no franchise such as the bill proposed should be given without heavy money payment, and that large payments should be exacted for the injuries done to the fish industries; yet not $1 was offered. There was no dire necessity for the dam. It violated the treaty between Pennsylvania and New Jersey of 1874, providing that the maintenance and increase of fisheries was far more important than the erection of dams.

Dr. Bushrod W. James called the Governor's attention to the fact that there was a joint State agreement between New Jersey and Pennsylvania, made many years ago, that they should always maintain the Delaware as an open stream by mutual legislation, and that one of the most important rights of either State was the maintenance of this compact, and that we of Pennsylvania feel that by giving corporate rights and privileges and control to any company at any point on the stream, we would be deprived of our just rights in the use of this public waterway, which is the equivalent of a highway upon land.

He also stated that the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Society had been working for fifteen years to have the Delaware River properly protected by good laws and the food fish allowed freer access to their spawning grounds in the upper waters of its tributaries.

"Having obtained this desirable end by statutes adopted by the Legislatures of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and the products of the stream thereby becoming more valuable from the increased supply of shad, and in time no doubt by the salmon, which are increasing, we are confronted with this inimical bill, which destroys all the efforts we have made We of your sister State look to the executive of New Jersey to prevent this disastrous result from occurring and to maintain the neighborly relations which we have thus far enjoyed."

Dr. James said that the Association which he represented was composed of members from all parts of the State of Pennsylvania, and that their sole object was to see that good laws were made to protect all the streams of our State as well as the border stream—the Delaware River. It not only aimed to have the best laws enacted, but desired to defeat bad legislation wherever it presented itself in this direction. We have no private interests to subserve.

Gov. Griggs inquired whether our organization had not a commercial interest in the products of the river, to which Dr. James and Mr. Sellers both replied that there was none whatever. That their whole object was to see that good legislation was obtained and maintained for the protection of the streams which they helped to populate with good and valuable food fish.

Dr. James called the attention of the Governor to the fact that giving control of any part of the river to a corporation carried with it the contents of the stream, hence all the food fish value would be practically given to the corporation erecting the dam.

Pennsylvania furnished annually from the Bristol hatchery alone, and New Jersey from the Gloucester hatchery, millions of small-fry food fish for propagation in the upper streams of the Delaware.

It is now proposed to give this value of the present and the great prospective future value to a private corporation, which we believe on an open navigable river it has no right to obtain, the river being, as stated, an open American waterway subject to the Government control.

He also took strong ground from a sanitary standpoint, that as the waters of the river might be needed for the larger towns and cities along the Delaware River, in the future, that it was hardly the neighborly act to contaminate the water by damming it up and making slack water of a now quite rapidly running stream. Sanitarians all know that in order to maintain a stream free from impurities and deleterious accumulations the water must be kept in constant agitation and exposure thereby to the atmosphere. At Philadelphia we already take a quantity of the Delaware water for the northeastern district of the city.

Now this water right corporation will no doubt contaminate the water which we are obliged to use by damming it back as slack water, and not only making it still water, but will fill it with malarial products by covering over many thousands of acres of land now under tillage, and which is saturated with soil decomposition.

This covering of these areas with slack water will undoubtedly fill the water with a vast amount of decomposed vegetable matter, so much so as to produce a widely diffused malarial influence, not only locally here in and about Trenton and far above it, but the water will be greatly impregnated by these vegetable decompositions which will be taken up by the water, and especially so in dry seasons of the year, when the stream is low and its borders exposed.

Persons along the border of the stream above the dam will certainly be more or less affected by these contaminating malarious germs.

As friends and neighbors in friendly relation with you and the people of your State, we urge with all of our energies the careful consideration of this whole matter by your Excellency, and we trust that the bill may be set aside and the injurious influence which it will doubtless exert, if it becomes a law, thereby averted.

Mr. Marion G. Sellers traced the shad industry from 1882, when at least 500 weirs were in use in the Delaware River from and above Trenton, at which time the valuation of the catch was about $62,000. He laid particular stress upon the hard and persistent effort carried on by the Association for fifteen years to clear the river and increase the product to a valuation of more than half a million annually.

The Delaware was practically cleared in 1892, since which time this great increase has been brought about.

He then contrasted this condition with the Susquehanna River to show the ruin that must follow if the Delaware is dammed. Also that fishways would not open the upper reaches of the river (the natural spawning grounds) to shad; experience with the Susquehanna had proven this; then again the formation of sand bars and the accumulation of debris render them inoperative.

Mr. Howard A. Chase spoke of the overwhelming public sentiment in Philadelphia and throughout the State against the bill, as voiced not only by the newspaper press, but by societies and associations that had taken action, including city councils. He also told the Governor that the members of the Legislature from Philadelphia were opposed to the bill, and while expressing confidence that the measure would be defeated at Harrisburg, he asked the Governor to aid us in this good work by vetoing the New Jersey bill. He also touched briefly on the broad and sweeping rights and privileges granted to corporations by this bill, especially the right of eminent domain, which is contrary to the spirit of our institutions. He also referred to the privileges granted in the bill for consolidation by lease or otherwise of the various companies that might be organized under its provisions, which would result in a gigantic monopoly.

The same arguments were made before the Senate Committee on Heat, Light and Water of the Pennsylvania Legislature, at Harrisburg, March 16, 1897.

The Knack of Fly-Casting.

MR ANDREW ENGLERT, the Castalia Club's keeper, is certainly one of the most successful fly-casters of the times. "What is fly-casting?" I asked him, as he stood looking over the meadow stream.

"Well, to get right at the point," replied Andy, "fly-casting is a very simple movement and not a flourish. The elbow is kept down at the side, the forearm moving only a little, and most of the work is done by the wrist. Holding the rod by the 'grip,' the part of the butt wound with silk or rattan to assist the grasp, one finds that the reel, which is just below the 'grip,' aids in balancing the rod. The reel is underneath in casting. After hooking a fish, many anglers turn their rods so as to bring the reel to the upper side, thus letting the strain of the line come upon the rod itself instead of upon the rings or ferrules. Now," continued Andy, with right foot in advance, "for the first cast, take the end of the line, like this, in the left hand, and bring the rod upward and backward until the line is taut; as you release the line the spring of the rod carries the line backward. This is the back cast. Then comes an instant pause, while the line straightens itself out behind, and then with a firm motion of the wrist, helped a little by the forearm, the rod is thrown forward and the line flies easily out in front. Begin with a line once or once and a half as long as the rod and lengthen it out by degrees. The main points to be remembered are to keep the elbow at the side, to train the wrist, to move the rod not too far forward or back, always to wait until the line is straight behind on the back cast, and to make sure that in this case the line falls no lower than your head, a process which it will take time to accomplish. Now, notice the pull when the 'Man from Maine' caught his large fish a few years since."

In less time than it takes to write, Mr. Englert was peacefully playing one of those big fellows that has toyed with Oswald's and Waite's flies for many years. Just as Andy was dropping the speckled beauty into his creel Dr. Beeman approached, his face beaming with smiles. "I got 'm this time," he said. Sure enough, he laid upon the ground eighteen very fine trout. Mr. Englert whispered, "I caught these for him before he started out this morning." The largest weighed 10oz.

"I have fished in Florida waters and caught all kinds of fish," said the Doctor, "but there is more romance and the finer feelings of man are more easily aroused through the strike of one of these wiry fellows than the tugging of a Pensacola shark or a leaping tarpon. I am going home and will begin at once writing a book, in two volumes, 'What I Know About Fly Casting; or, The Recollections of a Busy Life.'"—*Toledo Bee.*

A Late Connecticut Trout.

WATERBURY, Conn., April 5.—Upon preparing for a pleasing repast a number of trout that I caught in this neighborhood a few days since, I was surprised to find quite well developed spawn in one of them. Such an occurrence never before having come to my observation at this season of the year, I would ask if it is not something very unusual?

F. S. L.

[Yes, it is unusual; but such untimely fish are occasionally reported.]

Salmon Fishing for Sale.

FREEHOLD, on the best fishing waters of the southwest Miramichi River (Burnt Hill). For terms and particulars apply to Thomas J. Conroy, 28 John street, New York city.—*Adv.*

Clammy Truth.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here is a cutting from the London *Truth*, descriptive of "the American way of cooking clams:"

First place them in salt and water to remove all sand; have ready a basin of batter (beaten eggs and flour); take the clams from the water and drain them on a cloth; dip each into the batter and then pop them into a pan of boiling fat; drain on kitchen paper. Arrange on an ornamental fish paper; decorate with small bunches of young watercress, as the fish are of a pink shade. These fish congregate in hundreds and go down to the shore to throw off their shells; they are then collected and sold by the fishmonger as a great dainty to epicures. The fish are dormant, although alive, and are insensible to the process of cooking.

This gives us such new and valuable information concerning the natural history of the clam that it seemed to me Mr. Cheney should be put in possession of the startling facts here first disclosed concerning the frolicsome and peculiar habits of the festive clam.

RUSSEL HEADLEY.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 14-17.—LOS ANGELES.—Southern California Kennel Club.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6. Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8. Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.

LANGUAGE USED IN ADDRESSING DOGS

A VERY interesting treatise, entitled "The Language Used in Talking to Domestic Animals," is that which was read to the Anthropological Society, of Washington, March 2, by Prof. H Carrington Bolton, Ph.D. There is enumerated in it a surprising multiplicity of terms used in communicating with the lower animals, and still more surprising is the accuracy with which they learn the terms and understand them. Horses, oxen, sheep, goats, swine, cats, poultry, etc., each have a knowledge of a certain limited language which is associated with certain needs and acts. The following is specially devoted to the dog, and is an excerpt taken from the treatise afore-mentioned:

The superior intelligence of dogs and their constant close companionship with man enable them to comprehend the ordinary forms of speech to a surprising extent. The words used often acquire a special significance, being adapted to secure definite action on the part of the animal under training.

English literature at an early period contains many allusions to the terms used in controlling dogs. Halliwell quotes the following hunting cry to dogs:

"Thai halowyd there howndys with *how*
In holtis herde I never soche hew."
—*MS. Douce 302, f. 34.*

The same authority gives another cry in hunting:

"Now is the fox driven to hole, *hoo* to hym, *hoo!*
For and he crepe out he wille you all undo."
—*Excerpta historica, p. 219.*

In Scotland shepherds incite their dogs to pursue sheep by the cry *how sheep; how* is said to be related to the Islandic *hoa* (Jamieson). Another term, for the same purpose, is thus referred to by Sir Walter Scott: "Little Wasp barks at Dinmount, who cries while half asleep: 'Hoy Yarrow, man far-yaud, far-yaud,' imagining he was calling to his sheep-dog and hounding him (Guy Mannering, ch. 48).

In the chorus of the famous old hunting song, "A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky," the terms *hoyke* and *hark forward* are applied to foxhounds:

Drag him on, hoyke, wind him, my steady old hound,
Drag him on, hoyke, wind him, the coverts resound,

Chorus to the next verse.

Hark-forward, hark-forward, hark-forward, brave boys,
Hark-forward, hark-forward. Zounds! don't make a noise.

Chorus to the last verse.

Hark, Drummer, hark, hark, Tuner, hark, Tuner,
He's dodging and jumping at every bush.
Old Vixen has fastened her tooth in his brush.
Whoop! tear him, whoop! tear him, he's fairly run down.
Whoop, tear him, whoop, tear him; give Joe his half crown.

The chorus to a song by O'Keefe contains further exclamations used in controlling foxhounds:

With a hey, ho, chivy,
Hark-forward, hark-forward, tantivy,
Hark, hark, tantivy,
This day a stag must die.

The chorus in the "Fox Chase" has analogous expressions:

Tally ho, tally ho,
After reynard we go,
While echo on echo
Redoubles the song.

And in the same song occurs the word *yoix:*

Yoix, yoix, tally ho.

In England trainers of pointers and setters use a number of words having special significance. Thus to cause the dog to lie down the word of command is given, *down*, or, *down-charge*, also *charge;* to come to the master's heel and remain there the order is, *heel;* to gallop forward, *hold up;* to abstain from taking food placed near, or to stop running in to birds, the peculiar term *toho* is used; to prevent the dogs from breaking fence, the order is *ware fence*, and to come back from chasing cats, poultry, hares, etc., *ware chase;* to prevent the dog from chasing furred animals the order is *ware fur*, or to stop the chase of birds, *ware feather.* The abbreviation of beware to 'ware is obvious. All these expressions bear out my remarks on the dignified speech used by man toward dogs. Of another character are the common ejaculations *st* to encourage a dog to watchfulness, and *stŭ-boy* to order a dog to seize another animal or a person. *Steady, dead bird, bring 'em in, hie on*, are words of common speech; so is *sick-'em*, a corruption of "seek-him." Jamieson records the term *who-yaud* as used in Lanarkshire to make dogs pursue horses. At the death of the chase, hunters cry, *whoo-up* (Halliwell).

In southern United States almost every hunter has a special language for his own dog, so that the animal will

not hunt for any one unfamiliar with the peculiar commands.

Some of the calls for "Come here" used by different nationalities sound strangely to Anglo-Saxon ears, but are merely corruptions of the words "come" and "come here" in the given languages. Thus the Cherokee Indians cry *hŭn, hŭn*, to call their dogs to the person, *hun* being derived from *h'ani*, meaning "here." In like manner the Polish call *kotschino* simply means "come here."

It is interesting to note that in Bohemia, Denmark, Courland (Russia) and even in Prussia the natives address dogs in the French language, even when otherwise ignorant of it. For example, *allez*—go on; *avant*—start on the chase; *marche*—get away; *apporte*—bring, and *couche*—lie down. In East Prussia *couche* becomes *kusch*, identical in sound, and is used in combination with German, as *kusch-dich* (for *couche-toi*), "lie down."

The absolute dependence on dogs by the several tribes of the Eskimo race is well known. The natives at Point Barrow urge forward their dog teams with two cries; a man or woman runs before the animals crying *tūlla*, and another man runs behind the team calling *coo*. To call a dog to the person the Eskimo cry *an*, which also means "yes." In ordering dogs they use the third person, saying, for example, "Let him lie down" (communicated by Mr. John Murdoch)

The Eskimo of Baffin Land cry *yatit*, also *yowksa koksa*, and *hwee* to urge on dogs; to direct them to the right they exclaim *ówa, ówa, yă-ów;* and to the left, *choïa, choïa, yă-choï;* to stop the animals they call *o-o o-oa* (communicated by Dr. Franz Boas).

Mr. W. H. Gilder, of New York, who has traveled extensively in the Arctic regions of both hemispheres, sent me an interesting letter, from which I make the following extracts:

"The Eskimo of North America have no domestic animals except dogs, and in calling them they say *hăr-hăr-hăr* in a low tone, pausing a long time between each word, or rather repeating it at intervals as often as necessary to gain the dog's attention and secure his obedience. In the sled there is always one well-trained dog for a leader—one which understands the word of command; but it is at no time a very easy matter to make the animals mind. They are often obstinate or unruly, and about the best a driver can do is to get them to go somewhere near the direction he would have them go. The word to the right is *why-ăh-war har;* the *ah* is short, but strongly accented, as is also the last syllable. To the left is *ah rroot,* the first syllable long, the *a* as in far, and the *r* rolled somewhat. The Eskimo use a whip with a handle about 18in. long and a lash from 18 to 40ft. in length.

"The Indians and the half-breeds, as well as the trappers of the Hudson Bay Co.'s service generally, have a man to run ahead to lead the dogs where a track has not been broken. If there is a track the dogs will follow it, but it keeps them up better to be led by a man. The driver constantly calls the dogs by name, or throws pieces of sticks at them to keep them at work.

"The Tchoucktchis of Siberia as well as the Russians of Kamtchatka say to their dogs *tok-tok*, to go to the right, neither syllable accented; to go to the left they say *năh năh*, the *a* as in hat. The Tchoucktchis use a stick 3 or 4ft. long, shod with iron, terminating with a point, which can be applied as a brake to stop the sled; it usually has some iron rings at the top which jingle when shaken, and urges the dogs to greater exertion, and it reminds them of the skill with which the driver can throw it and hit any dog in his team. The driver recovers the stick without leaving his seat as the sled glides past on the snow.

"In driving reindeer the animals are guided by a rein and not by the voice. The rein comes back to the driver upon the sled from the base of the antlers of the off animal, and the near one has his halter tied to the antlers of his mate. A steady pull means go to the right, and a series of jerks indicate the left. In starting, the driver always leads the team for a few steps, and then they break into a trot, the driver jumping on the sled as it comes past him.

"In driving herds of domestic reindeer the natives constantly shout *chow-chew*, and it was this expression that the Cossack conquerors of the country heard and finally corrupted into Tchoucktchis (pronounced *chook chee*).

"The horses in northern Siberia belong to the Yakouts. In driving or riding they guide them with a pair of reins, and urge them forward with the cry *hut, hut, hut*, repeated three times as written, the first word in a moderate tone, the second louder, and the third with a very strong accent. In traveling with these people you hear this cry all day. To stop the horses the driver blows his breath forcibly through his lips, which are closed, but relaxed, making a peculiar rattling sound difficult to express in writing."

So far Mr. Gilder's interesting letter. I suggest symbolizing the sound alluded to in the last paragraph by the letters *prrrr*. The items about horses and reindeers are not exactly in place in this section, but it seemed best to preserve the letter as a whole.

In German-speaking countries, besides the French already named, the following language is used. To call dogs to feed, *da, da*, and *za, za, zâ* are of much antiquity, occurring in Tristan, thirteenth century (Grimm). A common command used to-day in East Prussia to urge a dog to seize another one or a person is *fass!* sometimes strengthened by the prefix *alle* (from *allons);* thus, *allefass*. To drive dogs away the word is *willehem*, which is an abbreviation of *will er heim*. Dogs are ordered to lie down, after pointing, by the expression *ti-bo* (tee-bo).

In the Tyrol dogs are summoned to the person with the call *dê, dé, dâ, dâ;* driven off with *huss, huss*, and ordered to keep quiet, *unteri, gehst hinteri!*

In Denmark dogs are urged to attack a person by the cry *pooss*, or *sook, sook*. In Norway dogs are called by the chirp *psp*. In Bulgaria by the cry *kuts-chu*, and driven away by *schit*.

In southern Finland dogs are called by *prisse*, and driven off with *kush*.

In those provinces of Russia on the Baltic where the natives speak the Lettish dialect dogs are called to the person with *se, se*, and *kuts, kuts*, or *kutso, kutso;* but if they are called to feed the term is *lak, lak*. They are driven off with *sa-lauka, sa-lauka* (*lauka*—without). Young puppies, however, are called with *tschu, tschu*.

In Illyria dogs are called to the person with *cuka, cuka*, and *na, na*. They are driven away with *os, osa*, and *cuki, cuke*. Puppies, however, are called with *ps* and *kuc*, and driven off with *sibe*.

In Poland and the other Russian provinces where Polish is spoken a variety of terms is used to control dogs. They are called to the person by *na, tu, tu, tu*, "tu" meaning "here"; also by *na, ty, ty*, and by *pojdz tu*. In Podolia the call is *sa, tu, do, neg*. In Lublin the common cry is *nă, nă, nalū-lū-lū*. Dogs are driven from the person with *a hyj, a ciba*, and *a gruz;* in Lublin with *a-ha, pojdzies*.

In urging dogs to attack man and animals the terms vary with the animal to be seized. The general command is *huz go* or *gryz go*, sometimes *pyf;* to attack hogs, *huzie swe*, also *swi swi;* to attack geese, *gaz gaz szukaj*, the latter word meaning "seek"; to attack hens, *szukaj kur;* to attack cattle, *szukaj bydla;* also *niedaj ta, nă-tū na, să, sa, sa*.

In the Ruthenian dialect dogs are driven from the person with *atschéebă!*

In Turkey and Greece dogs are ignoble animals, and are spurned by men rather than called. In Greece they are driven off with the cry *hossé*, and urged to attack each other by *too-too-tooré*. In Van, Turkey, they are driven off with *guch* and *osht;* but Kurds use *werre;* and the animals are urged to attack each other with *kush, kush, puss*, and with *ha guee*.

In Spain the common call to dogs to approach the person is *chu-cho* (pronounced tchu-tcho), or *tus-tus;* from the latter we have the saying: "Á perro viejo no hay tus-tus." It is useless to call *tus-tus* to an old dog, *i. e.*, "You can't catch an old bird with chaff." In some provinces *tus* becomes *cus*. In the same country they frighten or drive away dogs with the ejaculations *éjé* and *za* (pronounced ayhay and thah).

In Japan the natives call dogs by names given in consequence of some peculiarity of the individual, as the color of their hair, and if a dog has red hair he is called by the word for red; but foreign dogs are called *kame, kame*, which conveys two meanings—one is "that dog," and the other is "come" (communicated by Mr. H. Ichikawa).

In the Zulu language the exclamation *tyi tyi* is used to set on dogs, and this gives rise to a verb "tyityi zela"—to set on as dogs (Colenso's Zulu-English Dictionary).

Professor Hans Oertel, to whom I am greatly indebted for voluminous correspondence exhibiting philological erudition, sends me an amusing incident with regard to a term used in South Africa. Herr Joest, writing of his travels in Africa in 1883, says: "The traveler in South Africa hears daily and hourly the singular word *futsekk*, which means take yourself away! get out! and is used by persons of all nations chiefly to dogs, though occasionally in personal intercourse. This word is so widely and constantly used that an English globe-trotter, after some weeks' sojourn at the Cape, wrote in his journal as follows: 'In Africa all dogs are called *futsekk*, and it is very remarkable that when you call them they always run away.'" Herr Joest points out, however, that *futsekk* is a contraction of the Dutch words "voort, zeg ik"—that is, *Fort, sage ich* (or in English, "Go away, I say").

JACK.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As our thoughts revert to days long past, they are associated with events that have left the deepest impressions. To the sportsman his success with gun and rod is lived over and over during many a pleasant reverie.

In the 70s Jack was my constant companion, skirting hill, dale and brier copse in quest of "Bob White" during the crisp November days—days when the stubbles glistened in the morning sunlight like radiant jewels; days when the little brooklets struggled against the embrace of the ice king; days when the highways were flint-like in their hardness, and the dead leaves fluttered beneath our feet on every pathway in the woodland. Such glorious, delightful days; no weighty cares or responsibilities rested upon us then and we were free to commune with all wild things in nature.

When Jack was but four months old he was given occasional rambles in nearby stubbles, and at this early age gave promise of great things. His education became a pleasure and when November came we were both ready for business. Through the five or six years that followed, Jack and I were almost inseparable, and many were the brown-backed beauties that found a quiet resting place in the pockets of my shooting jacket.

On the days when my "shooting clothes" were not on, Jack would look the picture of disgust and scarcely notice me, and after a number of inexcusable misses he would lose all interest in life, then look up and say (in dog language), "You're off to-day, go home and take a rest."

One of our days in '79 stands out as the red-letter day of my boyhood. It was late in November and the morning sky was filled with black, murky clouds from which oozed a heavy mist, and the outlook was far from encouraging. This weather had been preceded by much rain

Having been housed up during this period, Jack and I were both anxious to take the kinks out of our legs. At midday the clouds parted and the sun soon shone in all his brightness. We haste to the stubbles, and with what zest does Jack range far and wide, with head high in air, nostrils distended to catch the delicious aroma that tells of the hiding place of the mottled covey. Jack has suddenly disappeared from view. Ah! there he stands quivering in every limb, his eyes rolling as his head is turned from side to side, body rigid; but his actions betoken that the birds are lying all about him. Advancing cautiously, the birds are flushed and two reports ring out in quick succession. One bird is seen to fall and is soon retrieved in faultless style, the covey is marked as well as the laggard that seemed hard hit with the second barrel. On entering cover this bird is soon found quite dead. A double on the first rise fills both dog and hunter with joy. One more is scored here and we hie on to other fields known to be prolific. Through the piney woods, where our footfalls are as noiseless as on a carpeted floor, beyond the deep shadows to the old road, and then the broad fields on either hand invite us to exploration. Acre after acre is crossed and quartered by Jack without a find; one more corner is to be run, and as he enters this likely-looking spot his pace is slackened and the advance is now made with cat-like tread. He halts, now advances and suddenly becomes statuesque. With heart beating like a sledge hammer, I steady my nerves by a powerful effort and advance on the quarry. Ah! one bird is down and the cloud of smoke (black powder) prevents use of the second barrel. With what a delighted look is this bird laid in my hand and how affectionate is my caress as a reward. These birds drop in a little ravine bordered by birches, and in less than fifteen minutes five more birds are brought to bay over four points, one double being scored. Perfect work and shooting of the same order; how seldom it happens thus. After drawing many fields blank we locate a covey in tall weeds near a large swamp and succeed in making a quick double. What pleasure can be compared to such days afield? After gathering in three more denizens of wood and field we retrace our steps.

The sun was now sinking behind the hills, flooding hill and dale with soft and rosy light. A few fleecy clouds floated here and there, cold and somber where hanging in the shadows, but warm and glistening where pierced by the fast dying sun. Quiet reigned, save for the barking of a dog on a nearby farm and the shrill whistle of a locomotive far away. Jack was seemingly content "at heel," while I was lost in admiration of the beautiful twilight. As we reached a thicket adjoining a rail fence, which was necessary for us to surmount, Jack began sniffing the air in an interested way. On reaching the fence he suddenly stopped, while in the act of jumping, with his front feet on the top rail. Rigid as a sphinx he stood; and how I loved him at that moment. This picture now stands as vividly before me as though it were but yesterday. As the birds flushed they rose high in air and were clearly outlined against the roseate sky. At the gun's flash a thud was heard and one more beauty joined his fellows in my capacious game pocket.

Fourteen quail and but fifteen shots fired is a record never since equaled by myself, and Jack was largely responsible for my success. Every bird was pointed and retrieved by him, and his work was of the most perfect character. Dear old Jack has gone to the happy hunting grounds, being carried off by poison before his time. May the miscreant who administered it some day meet his just punishment. As Jack lay cold in death he was wet with my tears, and then his body was tenderly laid to rest.

The years have passed in quick succession, and many days have been spent afield—North, South, East and West—but none have given the same exquisite pleasure as when Jack was my companion way down in "Jersey."

E. H. GOODNOUGH.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

A French bull dog club was organized in New York city on April 5. They decided that the bat ear is the correct type of ear. Twenty-one members comprise the number of the new club. Officers were elected as follows: President, Walter W. Watrous; Vice-President, G. N. Phelps; Treasurer, R. H. Hunt; Secretary, J. R. Buchan; Executive Committee, Blakely Hall, J. L. Kernochan, R. H. Hunt, G. L. Ronalds, Jr., G. N. Phelps, J. R. Buchan, W. W. Watrous. The following was adopted:

"The French bull dog should have the appearance of an active, intelligent, muscular dog, smooth coated, compactly built, and of small stature.

"The size of mature dogs to be 22lbs., and that of mature bitches 20lbs.

"The ears, as shall hereinafter be known as the bat ears, shall be large in size, being broad at the base, well elongated, with rounded tops. They should be set high in the head, but not too close together, and carried erect, with the orifice plainly visible from the front. * * *

"Dock tails, mutilated ears, and other than bat ears shall be disqualified."

The Manitoba Field Trials Club has been fortunate in securing the consent of Mr. Thomas Johnson to act as judge at the club's forthcoming trials on chickens. As an expert in such matters he ranks with the best, besides having a natural firmness and decision of character which will make his office respected.

Beagle owners should keep in mind that the National Beagle Club of America's Produce Stakes have limitations beginning on April 20. For full information address the secretary, Mr. George W. Rogers.

Wheeling.

FIRST LESSONS.

LEARNING to ride a bicycle is, in one essential at least, like training a wild beast, as it is a contest in which success is largely a matter of will power and in which advance can only be made by keeping the upper hand over your intractable subject. It is of vital importance that the rider realizes that he is master, and if his mount develops a tendency to get the best of him he should stop his lesson then and there and not begin again till he can go at the thing with the requisite determination and fearlessness.

Fear is fatal to success. If you are afraid of your bicycle the bicycle will detect it to a certainty and turn upon and rend you just as the wild animal turns upon his trembling trainer. On the other hand, if you keep your wits about you, and a wholesome contempt for the inanimate thing upon whose subjugation you have determined, learning is easy.

It is one thing to ride in a bicycle school and quite another thing to ride on the street. On the street, even when the course is clear and the danger of collision with moving objects at a minimum, the surface varies to such an extent that the bicycle school graduate can only get along with the greatest difficulty and he often feels that he has to learn all over again.

Dry asphalt furnishes the easiest surface for him to try at first and next to that macadam, but even on such roads he is bothered by the constantly changing grade. Hills are something not previously dreamed of in his philosophy, and when he tries to climb them he is like a man in a nightmare who ought to be able to down his difficulties, but who feels as if his hands were tied and his efforts impotent.

Bicycle school instructors know of the troubles their pupils encounter when first beginning outdoor riding, and generally advise a few street lessons. These finishing lessons are really the most important part of pupils' bicycle education; but many fail to realize this, and as a result develop an unnecessary timidity out of doors and make slow progress.

In France people are more logical, and they endeavor from the start to fit the learner for the actual conditions he will encounter when thrown upon his own resources in the outer world. The level-headed Frenchmen conduct their pupils through a series of advancing grades, which suggest actual outside conditions as nearly as possible. As soon as the pupil has learned to balance and turn on a flat riding ground he is tested with mild inclines, which, when surmounted, are exchanged for steeper grades and rougher surfaces, until the rider is finally taught to pedal up and down actual hills and is pronounced fit for the road.

Hill climbing presupposes some knowledge of ankle work, which is the keystone of successful cycling; but, as a rule, this nicety of wheeling is entirely overlooked in our American schools. The rider is simply taught to mount, to bal-

ance and to turn in one direction, and the great requisite of a proper understanding of the application of power to the pedals is completely ignored The pupils are turned out capable of riding on level surfaces under favorable conditions, or down hill, provided they keep their wits about them, but when it comes to an up grade or a head wind they have everything to learn. This is not as it should be, and it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when we will incorporate something of the French method in our schools.

In Germany women riders are not allowed on the streets till they have passed an examination proving their skill. The rider must demonstrate before the police authorities her ability to control her wheel under the common contingencies of cycling before receiving her permit, which is in the form of a document declaring her to be the rightful owner of a bicycle. This document must be carried with her whenever she goes riding, and produced on demand by the police.

No doubt the rule prevents fatalities that so often result from inexperience, but it is not the kind of a thing our American girls would tolerate.

WHEELING NOTES.

WHEN riding for pleasure, never test the limit of your endurance. It is an easy matter for the casual rider to exhaust his strength, and this is likely to happen if he attempts to keep the pace that is commonly set. Most wheelmen ride too fast, accepting as their standard the speed maintained by the younger and more athletic riders. This speed is based on the rate attained by a runner, whereas for many wheelmen the pace of a leisurely walker is more suitable.

If a rider moves his feet only a little faster than the ordinary walking gait, he is pretty sure not to overfatigue himself, even though he lack any constitutional vigor.

An eminent physician, who has advocated the use of the bicycle for women since the days when the exercise first became popular, says that now, after five years' study and observation, he has only one reservation to make. The necessity for moderation is greater now, he says, than in the days of heavier wheels, because overexertion is so much easier with our modern light models that enthusiastic riders overdo unknowingly.

Yachting.

THE English and Continental papers are much exercised over a rumor that Defender will be fitted out and raced in British waters, various details as to skipper, crew, etc., being stated most positively. The report has its origin exclusively on the other side of the water, and is entirely without foundation. Defender is still at her moorings in Echo Bay, and will remain there in all probability for a long time to come.

It has recently been reported that James Gordon Bennett has purchased Britannia from the Prince of Wales, but the report is not confirmed, and is probably untrue. At the same time, Britannia is for sale, and the Prince of Wales will probably replace her with a new Watson cutter.

IN the accounts thus far published of the new Gould steam yacht, which is expected to equal if not to surpass anything afloat, no mention whatever is made of the name of the designer. So far as we can learn, no designer will be employed, but the vessel will just be built after the usual American plan which has resulted in so many conspicuous failures in the "protected cruiser" class of steam yachts. Considering the cost of such a vessel and the absolute necessity for special skill of a very high grade in all the planning, this would seem to be a very risky experiment.

Racing in Restricted Classes.

THE *Field* of March 20 has the following account of a new restricted class that differs somewhat from the usual "one-design" classes:

Mainly owing to the series of races for open sailing boats given by the West Quay Regatta Club last season, a new club has been formed at Southampton under the name of the Southampton Sailing Club, and it bids fair to be very popular and successful. Its object is the encouragement of open boat sailing, and the burgee is red, with white vertical bar in the center. The rules provide that the boats are to be open, not exceeding 14ft. over all, to carry no ballast, nor have fixed keels, fins or other addition to the outside, while the centerboard is not to exceed 5-16in. plate. All spars are to fit inside the boat; the mast must be stepped on an ordinary step, or on the keelson of the boat; only two spars allowed to the mainsail, and no battens in the after leach, and only two fore-and-aft sails will be permitted. The length of the bumpkin is restricted according to the size of the boat; no guys or fastenings allowed on the fore side of the mast, or other evasions which would tend to allow the spinaker to be used as a fore-and-aft sail. The boats are to carry life-saving apparatus; the anchor is not to exceed 22lbs., and rope cable only will be allowed. The time allowance is at the rate of one minute per foot, and for every first prize won in a club race the winning boat will have to allow in the following races one minute to each boat which competed against her in the race when such prize was won. The crew is not to exceed three, and no boat will be allowed to be sailed single-handed; they are also to be steered by a member of the club, and the crews are to be members, or gentlemen amateurs. Although only started in January, the club already numbers nearly forty members, and there are now ten boats available for the class matches in addition to others building.

The first annual meeting was held at the Pier Hotel, Southampton, on Monday evening, under the presidency of Mr. A. Spooner (Commodore), who was re-elected, as were also Dr. R. E. Lauder as Hon. Sec., and Mr. F. V. Beaton as Hon. Treas., and the committee were appointed as follows: Messrs. F C. Carter, F. Dewey, G. Dewey, J. Fisher, H. J. Grandison, A. B. Heanley, F. Quinton, W. A. Richards, B. H. Trippe, J. H. Williamson, T. H. Hine and A. A. Alexander. It was reported that eleven matches had been arranged for the coming season—ten for the 14ft. class and one for boats belonging to members which do not come within the class. Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne has given a cup for the boat winning the greatest number of points during the season, and prizes have also been promised by the commodore, the mayor of the borough (Mr. E. Gayton), Sir Francis Evans, M.P., Dr. Lauder, Mr. J. Lauder and Mr. F. V. Beaton. The subject of promoting a one-design one class of boat for sailing in Southampton Water was debated at some length, the general opinion being that a centerboard boat of about 17ft., with a moderate amount of lead on the keel, and to cost about £40, would be the best type; but ultimately the design and other matters were left to the committee, as were also the questions whether the 14ft. class should be allowed to carry spinakers, as the danger of their so doing was evidenced more than once last season, and whether each boat shall have a number on the peak of the mainsail, as is the case now in the Solent classes. A vote of thanks to the commodore for presiding closed a very successful meeting.

Another One-Design Class.

THE *Field* of March 27 gives the following account of a one-design class of 25ft. cutters now building for Belfast Lough:

The coming yachting season in Belfast Lough promises to be interesting and eventful beyond anything of previous years. For many seasons past it has been the desire of local yachtsmen to get a number of boats of similar build and design, with a view to keener competition, and in this they have partially succeeded. The members of the Bangor Corinthian Sailing Club took the lead, and from time to time got boats of a similar class and design built which afforded excellent sport and close finishes—so much so that in the majority of instances premier places in races in which they competed were only secured through skillful handling and seamanship. Following the matter further up, a number of gentlemen representing the different clubs of the lough decided, at the close of last season, on building a new class, and Mr. Fife, the eminent Scotch designer, was asked to design a boat which would meet the general wishes and wants. A particular design was accordingly prepared and decided upon, and tenders were invited, with the result that that of Mr. John Hilditch, of Carrickfergus, was accepted out of quite a number sent in, not only by builders on this side of the Channel, but by several well-known firms on the Clyde. Mr. Hilditch entered on his contract about the beginning of the year, the stipulation being that the boats—seven in all—are to be ready by May 1 next. Mr. Hilditch's yard at the present time is well worth a visit. The work of construction is going rapidly on, and all the boats are in a forward state, so much so that it is expected the majority of them will be ready for launching by the middle of next month. They have been designed and built with a view to comfort as well as speed, as the following dimensions will show. Each is 38ft. over all, waterline 25ft., beam 8ft. 7in. The keels are of cast metal, each weighing 3¼ tons. The hulls are very well forward, and the boats should prove dry in bad weather. They will be cutter rigged, each mast being 39ft. long, and the boom about 28ft. They will carry gaff topsails, which will be somewhat of an innovation for local yachtsmen who are accustomed to the smaller classes of boat. So far as measurement is concerned, the newcomers will be about 3 5 raters. The timbers are all steam bent, the lower planking is of pitch pine, and the top sides yellow pine. They will be named after the feathered tribes, and have already been drawn for by the owners. The names chosen are as follows: Hoopoe, Wimbrel, Feltie, Halcyone, Tern, Flamingo and Merle. The hulls will be painted different colors with one exception, and in this case the top sides will be kept bright. There could not possibly be any choice in the boats, as all have been built off the same moulds, and if there should be any difference in their sailing capabilities it will undoubtedly be attributable to training or seamanship. The first cruise is expected to take place early in May, and the result will be watched with much interest. Mr. Hilditch has just received an order for, and is about to enter on, the building of another boat of exactly similar design for Mr. Lee Hill, of Londonderry. Although this boat is intended for the Foyle, it is quite possible that she may turn up at some of the Belfast Lough regattas during the coming season. In addition to the above, Mr. Hilditch has on hand a steam yacht built to the order of Mr. A. J. A. Lepper, J. P., Carrickfergus. This yacht is now almost ready, and only awaits the engines, which are being constructed in the Isle of Wight. The length of the yacht is 66ft. over all, with a waterline of 48ft. She was designed by Mr. Dixon Kemp, and will be schooner-rigged. Never before was the yacht building and yacht repairing industry so brisk at Carrickfergus, and as a consequence a large number of hands are being employed. The result of the winter's labor promises to add to Mr. Hilditch's well-known reputation as a builder.

Loss of the San Francisco Club's House.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 5.—A great calamity was the burning of the handsome club house of the San Francisco Y. C. a few days since, with heavy loss to the club and individual members. It was a clean sweep of the building, burning down to the water's edge the foundation piles, on which it stood over the water, and which were the most expensive portion of the structure. Fortunately most of the handsome rowboats and canoes were saved, but the contents of the reception room, with its valuable paintings, piano and a beautiful model, some 10ft. long, fully rigged, of a cutter, valued at $500, were lost, and the undersigned lost some forty odd models of famous Eastern and local yachts. The club also lost a handsome silver pitcher presented by Com. Ashbury as a prize, and a portrait of himself and models of the Cambria and Livonia.

As there was very little insurance on the house and contents, and most of the members are young men on salaries, I do not see how we are going to be able to rebuild. There is some talk about consolidating with the Pacifics, but there is some antagonism of long years' standing resulting in the switching off of sundry members that organized the Pacific Club.

Then there is the Corinthian Club, composed of youngsters that term us old fogies and say they do not want us, as their rules do not admit of anything in size beyond the ability of Corinthians to handle, and some of the San Francisco Club's yachts are large schooners. So we are wonders on the face of, not the earth, but the waters, and know not where to lay our heads. PODGERS.

The Cruise of the Energy.

STOTTVILLE, N. Y., April 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having read with great interest Lieut. Meigs' letters describing passage of smacks Energy and Relief from New London to Valparaiso in 1832, published in FOREST AND STREAM of 3d inst., I believe that I can give a little information as to result of this fishing venture.

Some years ago my boatman at New London told me the story of this voyage, and said that the smacks went out to introduce Yankee ways of fishing on the coast of Chili. The venture promised to be successful until the Chilian Government imposed duties, which stopped the business. The smacks afterward returned to New London. It is said that when the Energy went into the harbor of Valparaiso, the flagship to which Lieut. Meigs was ordered was laying at anchor off the city. Capt Eldridge luffed the smack up alongside the ship, as he would have gone to his wharf at New London. The admiral happening to be on deck came to the gangway, and looking down upon the Energy's deck remarked, "You fellows will be coming round the Horn on a toothpick next!" Probably the frigate could have taken the smack on deck about as easily as she handled her own launch. I have always supposed this thing to have been an old sailor's yarn, but it certainly fits the letters which you published.

Possibly the New London library has a full account of this venture, and certainly the files of local papers could tell us all about the vessels. A. C. STOTT.

A Large Schooner.

THE announcement is made this week of a new cruising schooner nearly as large as Yampa, to be designed by A. S. Chesebrough and built by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co. (who built Yampa) for an Eastern yachtsman. The dimensions given are:

Length over all	135ft.
L.W.L.	104ft.
Beam	26ft.
Draft	14ft. 6in.

Eastern Y. C.

THE Eastern Y. C. has for some years suffered even more than the New York clubs from the reaction of the 90ft. extravagance, and the best efforts of its race committees have failed to bring about anything more important than knockabout races. The fault has not been with either the club or the committee; both have labored in vain against the adverse conditions that have beset racing in the middle and larger classes. The new commodore, Henry W. Lamb, of the schooner Marguerite, has for some time been interested in the subject of the revival of general racing, and under his leadership the club will this year make a new effort. Com. Lamb has already written to the New York Y. C. in regard to combined races of the two clubs on the occasion of the New York cruise around the Cape. The Boston *Globe* speaks as follows of the plans of the race committee for the season:

There is a fair prospect that the regatta committee of the Eastern Y. C. will be successful in its efforts to promote racing in the club, and that the coming season will see competitions in something beside the knockabout class. The response of yacht owners to the invitation of the committee to meet its members at the second general meeting of the club, last Tuesday evening, and to offer suggestions for a revival of the racing interest formerly displayed, was very satisfactory, and seemed to show possibilities of sport which might not have been brought except by some such plan.

As a result of the conference and of suggestions offered, the committee has decided to give several handicap races for yachts enrolled in the club, in cruising trim, and to offer suitable prizes in the several classes. The arranging of the handicaps will be a most difficult matter, but if anything like a reasonable scheme can be thought out, the plan has promises of success which make it well worth trying. The attempt will be made in any event, and although members will not envy the committee the task it has laid out for itself, still they will not withhold their approval or coöperation in whatever way may be deemed advisable.

These handicap races will be entirely apart from whatever racing the committee may decide upon, in connection with the visit of the New York fleet, and yet they may furnish sufficient sport to make them the feature of the season. It is proposed to give three of these races, and the date for the first one will probably be Saturday, July 3. The committee realizes that handicap racing is not the ideal sport, but if it serves to bring out the boats and to awaken an interest that shall lead to out-and-out racing in some one class, the committee will feel that its labors have not been in vain.

There will be two classes for schooners in the handicap races, the first for boats over 75ft. waterline, and the second for those of 75ft. waterline and under. In cutters there will be three classes. The first class cutters, over 70ft. waterline, will be kept together for the first class, while in the second class will be grouped the boats under 70 and over 35ft. waterline. The third class will be for boats of not over 35ft. waterline. It is proposed to start the boats in divisions, the slowest starting first, so that if the handicaps are fortunately arranged the boats will finish somewhere near together, and thus be enabled to see what they have in comparison with the rest of the fleet.

The committee's plans are not yet perfected, but the outline as thus given seems capable of being completed with no small chance of a satisfactory result. The club's season will therefore be looked forward to with more than ordinary interest.

Amateur Builders.

BOYS who are fond of tools, carpenter's work and building boats, from a "cat" of a few inches to a "Defender" of 2ft. or more in length, will be interested to know of the Criterion Y. C., a flourishing boys' club, which holds its meetings at 1711 Park avenue.

The C. Y. C. was organized in October last with five boys, but now numbers fourteen enthusiastic members from nine to fourteen years of age. The boys meet every afternoon by threes or fours to learn carpentry and boat building and to some extent, recently, wood carving.

They make at the club the many useful and ornamental things boys can make of wood, after some instruction in the use of tools, nature of materials, etc. Their proceedings are guided by rules and discipline largely of their own devising. Each member is led to feel his responsibility, with the result of developing manly self-reliance and self-control. The educational value of the club's work is therefore very decided.

Members are obligated to do work and race boats against any like organization in Baltimore. They have a library of books for boys, with monthly dues to meet expenses and provide various adjuncts of sport, exercise, etc. There is a librarian and treasurer, with the usual officers and committees of an organized club.

It is the object of the Commodore to practice eye, hand, taste and judgment, and carefully help each member in his special bent or talent Training of this nature can but be helpful in after life in any business or profession, manual training being always useful.

The first term of the class will close about June 1 with an exhibition of work done by the boys. It is the intention of the Commodore to take up work again in the autumn, with a competent assistant if necessary.

A fleet of boats built by the boys will be launched early in the summer, and the members of the club will compete for prizes. The officers are: Board of Governors—Wm. W. Ammen, Robertson Griswold, Owen Palmer, Effingham Wagner, Henry Hough; Treasurer, R. Griswold, with Eff. Wagner assistant; Librarian, Eff. Wagner, and W. E. Morton assistant; Secretary, Owen Palmer, and Harry Hough assistant; Commodore, W. E. Morton, and Eff. Wagner assistant. The members are: Wm. W. Ammen, R. Griswold, Eff. Wagner, Edgar Wagner, John Owen, Marshall Chew, Samuel C. Chew, Jr., Thos. Owings, Owen Palmer, Rufus Goodwin, Jos. Cushing, Edward Birmingham, Harry Hough, Ralph Hill.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Alcedo II.

THE new yacht Alcedo II., designed by A. S. Chesebrough for George Washington Childs Drexel, was successfully launched by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co. at their yards, Wilmington, on April 10. Her dimensions are:

Length over all	185ft.
L.W.L.	154ft.
Beam	24ft. 2in.
Depth of hold	15ft. 2in.
Draft	11ft. 3in.
Freeboard, least	10ft. 6in.

The hull is of steel, built to Lloyd's requirements; she is schooner-rigged and the engines are 14½, 24 and 37×22in., the wheel being 7ft. 6in. in diameter, with a pitch of 10ft. Three Almy boilers are carried.

The Society of Naval Architects. 1896.

THE fourth annual volume of the "Transactions of the Society of Naval Architects" has just been published by the secretary, Naval Constructor Francis T. Bowles, containing the records of the Society's business for the year 1896, and also the twelve papers read at the annual meeting last November. The Society is now in a flourishing condition, with a list of 525 members, and a balance of $6,000 on hand. The papers, which are all of high technical value, are accompanied by the stenographic reports of the discussions and by many large plates. The membership list includes a number of well-known yachtsmen, and there is room for more.

A Fin-Keel Cruising Schooner.

THE drawings here given show the sail plan and interior arrangement of the little schooner whose lines appeared last week. The interior requires little explanation; it is one of the merits of this type that it gives a very large amount of internal space in available form for cabins, and when helped out by a house, as in the present case, there is plenty of both head room and foot room; the cabin floor is 8ft. wide, extending even under the lockers. The house is 20ft. 6in. long, with 18in. sides. The space is divided, as shown, into two large cabins, with a very roomy forecastle, which will be particularly well arranged, as in the previous boats. The dimensions of the sail plan are:

Foremast, from end of L.W.L	00ft. 0in.
deck to hounds	33ft. 3in.
truck	52ft.
diameter at deck	8in.
hounds	7in.
Mainmast, from end of L.W.L	16ft.
deck to hounds	34ft. 6in.
truck	55ft. 6in.
diameter at deck	8in.
hounds	7in.
Bowsprit, beyond end of L.W.L	23ft.
stem head	16ft. 6in.
diameter at stem head	5in.
Fore boom	15ft.
Fore gaff	16ft. 6in.
Main boom	33ft. 6in.
Main gaff	23ft.
Jib, club	18ft.
Topsail yard	17ft. 6in.
Area of mainsail	880sq. ft.
foresail	420sq. ft.
jib	360sq. ft.
Total lower sail	1 660sq. ft.
C.E. forward of C.L.R	6in.

The New Gould Steam Yacht.

ON April 5 Mr. Howard Gould, owner of Niagara, signed the contract for the new steam yacht which has been talked of during the past winter, the builders being the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company, of Wilmington, Del. The new yacht, which will be named Niagara II., will be of steel, bark-rigged, with twin screws, and is to be delivered by April 15, 1897; the contract speed being 14 knots. The dimensions are:

Length over all	270ft.
L.W.L.	245ft.
Beam	36ft.
Depth of hold from spar deck	28ft.
Depth of hold from main deck	20ft.
Freeboard amidship	13ft.
at bow	18ft.
Tonnage	1,900

The hull will have a double bottom and three decks, and the vessel will be built to the requirements of Lloyds and the American association. The engines will be triple expansion, cylinders 18, 28 and 45×30in., with three Scotch boilers of 160lbs. pressure. Capt. W. G. Shackford, formerly of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, who has been for some years in command of the steam yacht Atalanta, will have charge of the construction and will command the yacht when she is completed. Mr. Gould will spend the summer abroad, chartering a steam yacht, Niagara I. not going into commission. When the new yacht is completed he will make a long cruise in her.

The arrangement of the deck and interior is described as follows by the New York *Herald;*

On the upper, or spar, deck there will be a continuous house of steel 100ft. long by 16ft. wide. This will be covered with mahogany or teak. In the forward part of this house will be the chart room, which will contain duplicate steam steering gear, to be used in bad weather, and connecting with this room are the captain's quarters, which are spacious and very comfortable. The social hall, 32ft. by the full width of the house, follows aft, this to contain settees or seats, as may be determined upon, while adjoining will be the smoking room, 12×16ft.; a passageway from it along the engine space on the port side, which is to be glass inclosed, leads to Mr. Gould's room on this deck, of the same size as the smoking room. From the owner's quarters the observation room, which is in the extreme after end of the deck house, is reached. This room is believed to be new in steam yachts, and it will be used by the Niagara's people particularly in rough weather. The sides are to be of glass, and the ends rounded, but will not meet; the after entrance being hung with heavy curtains, while the roof of the house will extend a short distance over it and be neatly finished. From the after end of the deck house to the taffrail there is a space of 45ft. The bridge, from which the yacht will be steered except in boisterous weather, will extend from the forward end of the chart room aft to the smoke stack. The woods with which to finish the interior of the house and fittings are matters for future consideration. None of the crew will ever be found on the upper deck except when on duty.

From both the forward and after ends of the social hall will be broad stairways, the former leading to the staterooms on the main deck—all accommodations being forward—and the latter to the library, which opens into the dining saloon. The library is on the starboard side of the yacht, 22ft. ×12ft. The after end of this room is fitted as a large armory, and will be inclosed with glass. The dining room is 24ft. long by 36ft. wide, the full width of the vessel, and with the other handsome furniture will contain a piano, while a fireplace of exquisite and appropriate design will add much to the spacious and cosy apartment. Domes in the sides of the social hall, ingeniously concealed from view within, will give sufficient light and additional ventilation to the dining saloon, and at the same time will permit of very effective and artistically arranged electric lights.

From a door on the starboard side of the dining saloon Mr. Gould's suite is entered, including a bedroom, 16ft. ×16ft.; a dressing room, 7ft. ×10ft., and a bath room, 5ft. ×10ft. On the port side, directly opposite, is the largest guest's suite on the yacht, the three rooms being similar in size to those of the owner. The finish and fittings of these six rooms will be rich and handsome and determined upon later. There will be no thoroughfare in these suites. Four staterooms, each with a private bath, are forward, one a doctor's room; a photograph room, and a brushing room, together with linen and other lockers. The occupants of these rooms will use the stairway leading from the social hall to the upper deck.

Going back to the library there will be found opposite it on the port side a large butler's pantry; two kitchens, which are connecting, one for the owner and guests and the other for the officers and crew; a laundry, a "hospital room" and a room for a valet.

The quarters for the officers and crew are aft on this deck and particularly commodious. They will have a recreation space of 40ft. by 36ft., which will be lighted and ventilated from large square port holes, hooked back from above, thus giving them really a shaded open deck. There will be about fifty all told in the ship's company.

The stairway from the social hall will continue to the lower deck, where there will be found three more guests' rooms, a hall for the servants to meet in, rooms for the maids, together with trunk and general storage rooms. All of these are large and will be appropriately finished and fitted. The plumbing work is to be of the most modern description and simple as is possible in its workings. Hot and cold fresh and salt water will be found in all bathrooms, as will be such other conveniences as are required.

The yacht will be lighted throughout by electricity, two dynamos being supplied, together with a large storage battery, which will be found extremely useful and convenient.

The Niagara will carry eight boats: one steam launch of 5ft., one naphtha launch of 24ft., two gigs, two dinghys and wo lifeboats.

Royal Swedish Y. C.

JUBILEE REGATTA OF HIS MAJESTY KING OSCAR II.

IN celebration of the twenty-five years' reign of His Majesty King Oscar II, the Royal Swedish Y. C., of which His Majesty is the patron, proposes to arrange a series of international races for yachts of all sizes, to take place between July 7-14 next. The races are to be held on the waters near Stockholm and on the Baltic off Sandhamn, at which place a club house has been erected this year for the Royal Swedish Y. C.

The Royal Swedish Y. C. was founded in the year 1830 and is the oldest yacht club on the continent; the number of its members is at present about 1,400, and the yachts belonging to the club are about 200, most of them of a modern type.

The Royal Swedish Y. C. has the privilege and distinction of flying the ensign of the Royal Navy with the Royal crest in the center.

This ensign has been flown in waters where the colors of no other yacht club have been seen. The renowned arctic explorer Prof. Nordenskjöld sailed through the Northeast Passage on his ship, the Vega, then belonging to the club, under these colors.

Hopes are entertained that his Majesty the Emperor of Germany, who is first honorary member of the club, will honor the regatta with his presence, and will send the two yachts Meteor and Comet (formerly Thistle) to take part.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who is also first honorary member of the Royal Swedish Y. C., attended in 1885 one of the races of the club, and accompanied the yachts after the race on their way home to the capital through the beautiful inlet, studded all the way with islands glowing with illuminations and fireworks. A grand banquet was given the day after in honor of His Royal Highness.

As for the rating of the yachts, a modification of the old English rule will be in force, that is to say,

$$\frac{\text{L.W.L.} \times \text{S.A.}}{131} = \text{Rating.}$$

The number of the races will be four for all classes of yachts, and about 130 prizes are offered, besides which there will be a race for an extra prize called "His Majesty King Oscar II.'s jubilee cup" for yachts up to 2½ rating, and 7.20 meters waterline. The rules relating to these races are sent to the principal European and American yacht clubs, which are invited to take part in this regatta.

On account of the date on which these races are to be held, July 7-14, it will be found very convenient for yachts which have previously attended at the Kieler regatta to proceed immediately afterward in company of the German yachts to the Stockholm regatta.

Stockholm is a city well known for its beautiful scenery, and has a special attraction this year, as a Scandinavian exhibition is to be held there this summer.

The waters where the races are to take place are considered the best that can be found anywhere, and are admirably adapted for sailing. There is no tide, scarcely any current, grand sheets of sheltered water of sufficient depth even for the largest yachts, with safe anchorage anywhere.

Considering that there is reason to believe that the best yachts from Norway, Denmark, Russia, Finland and Germany will meet at this regatta, it is to be hoped that American yachtsmen will be sufficiently interested to pay a visit on that occasion to the land of the Midnight Sun, where, at that time of the year, there are no nights.

RULES RELATING TO THE RACES FOR THE JUBILEE CUP OF HIS MAJESTY KING OSCAR II., ISSUED FEB. 4, 1897.
THESE RULES ARE TO BE IN FORCE UNTIL JAN. 1, 1903.

SECTION 1. This cup has been instituted by the Royal Swedish Y. C. in commemoration of and with a view of celebrating the twenty-five years' reign of His Majesty King Oscar II.

SEC. 2. All yacht clubs which are duly registered and recognized are entitled to participate in the race for the cup; no club, however, being permitted to run more than one of its yachts in one and the same race.

SEC. 3. Any yacht to be eligible for this race must have been designed by a subject of the country to which the club belongs. She must have been built in that same country, and the suit of sails to be carried during the race must likewise be of the make of that same country. Her rating by the rule of the Royal Swedish Y. C. is not to exceed 2.5 and her length of waterline is not to exceed 7.20 meters.* The waterline to be measured when the yacht is lying in perfectly smooth water, with full equipment and outfit for the race, but no crew, on board.

SEC. 4. The invitation to the races will be issued by the officers of the Royal Swedish Y. C., who will also arrange the races on a properly marked course of 10 to 11 nautical miles, either on one of the fjords near Stockholm or on the open sea outside the capital. The course of the race to form a figure as near as possible like an equilateral triangle.

SEC. 5. The number of persons during the race, including the pilot, if used, is not to exceed three on yachts of 1.5 rating or less; and on yachts of more than 1.5 and up to 2.5 rating that number is not to exceed four. The helmsman to be a member of the club to which the yacht belongs.

SEC. 6. The races are to be run under the racing rules of the Royal Swedish Y. C., but without any time allowance. Every owner or commander of a yacht participating in the race is absolutely bound to submit to the decision of the sailing committee without further appeal.

SEC. 7. The races are to take place between July 1 and Aug. 15, on a day fixed by the officers of the Royal Swedish Y. C., and the date to be given in the invitation. Every race fulfilling the conditions mentioned below to be considered valid. Only one race a year to take place; the first one in 1897. A race to be considered valid when at least two yachts have taken part in it, subject to the course being traversed by the winning yacht within a space of time of not more than three hours.

SEC. 8. Entries to the race should be sent to the secretary of the Royal Swedish Y. C., Stockholm, before the expiration of the time specified in the invitation. In order that the entry may be considered valid it must be accompanied by the following documents: 1. A certificate showing that the yacht that is to take part in this race is the one chosen for that purpose by the club, of which the applicant is a member. 2. A certificate, issued by the official measurer of that club, stating the length of waterline and sail area as measured by him within the year in which the race is to take place. 3. The entrance fee fixed in the invitation.

SEC. 9. At least twenty-your hours before the race is to take place the yachts must be assembled at the place stated in the invitation, in order that they may be remeasured, if required, by the official measurers of the Royal Swedish Y. C.

SEC. 10. The cup remains with the Royal Swedish Y. C. until it is won in accordance with the regulations laid down in Sec. 11.

SEC. 11. The cup becomes the property of such yacht owner who, representing one and the same club, becomes the winner in three of the races, whether with the same or with different yachts. A silver medal and an extra prize to be awarded to the winner of any of the races, except of the final one. The names of all the winners to be engraved on the cup.

SEC. 12. Should the cup not have been definitely won before Jan. 1, 1903, the Royal Swedish Y. C. is entitled to alter these rules as circumstances may require.

* The rule of rating of the Royal Swedish Y. C. reads as follows: "The sail area in square meters is to be multiplied by the length of waterline in meters; the product divided by 131 will give the rating."

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

The regular April meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on April 6, with Rear-Com. Henry A. Van Liew in the chair. The following amendments to the racing rules were adopted:

To strike out from Sec. 2, Rule II., the following words: "All yachts in the 30ft. and lower classes shall be measured," and to substitute in place thereof: "In sloop classes of 25ft. and under, and in all classes of catboats the measurement."

To strike out Sec. 3, Rule III.

To strike out from Sec. 3, Rule XII., the words: "In classes 30ft. and under shall not carry more than one professional," and to substitute in place thereof: "In sloop classes 25ft. and under, and catboats in all classes shall not carry more than one professional."

To number the new rule limiting draft, adopted at the meeting held Jan. 12, 1897. "IV.," to change the number of the old rule IV. to V. and to renumber all the following rules.

To change the phraseology of our rules, to conform them to those of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound adopted March 9, 1896, and amended Dec. 19, 1896. A copy of these rules has been placed in the club house for the inspection of members.

The following proposal, introduced by the race committee, was indorsed by the club and will be submitted to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., whose approval is necessary before the change of conditions can be made.

Under the provisions of Art. XIII. of the declaration of trust governing the Seawanhaka international challenge cup for small yachts, add the following at the end of Art. VII.: "A club defeated in any match may not challenge until after the expiration of thirty days from the date of the conclusion of such match.

The object of the change, as will be evident, is to give an opportunity to clubs at a distance to put in a challenge for the cup; the loser in a race at the present time, being on the spot, having an advantage over all other clubs. It is a question whether the barring entirely of the loser for a month is quite fair to him, but no better solution of the difficulty has thus far been proposed.

The trustees proposed informally for discussion an entirely new scheme: the establishment of a class of members, not over thirty years of age, who shall pay no initiation fee and but $15 per year dues in place of the regular dues of $50. The idea is to increase the membership from a most desirable contingent, the young men who are sailing all the small racing boats to-day, and who, with other incidental expenses of yachting and racing, find the regular dues of the club too heavy a tax. The sentiment as expressed at the meeting was in favor of the plan, and it will probably be adopted at an early date. Messrs. Schutt & Sieck were appointed agents of the club at Kiel, Prussia. On motion of the race committee, a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. J. A. Brand for a handsome model of Spruce IV. lately presented to the club. A resolution was passed deploring the death of Mr. R. C. Townsend, one of the younger but more popular members of the club.

A special meeting has been called by the board of trustees, to be held at the club house, No. 19 East Twenty-second street, on Thursday, April 15, at 8:30 P. M.

At the regular meeting of the club, on April 6, the board of trustees presented a report, in which was offered for the consideration of the members a plan having for its object the introduction into the club of young men. To achieve this the trustees recommended that in the case of all candidates under the age of thirty years the entrance fee should be waived, and also that the dues of all members under that age should be limited to $15 per annum. The meeting favored this plan, and the following resolution will be moved at the special meeting:

Resolved, That Sections 1 and 2, Chapter XXV., of the by-laws of the club be amended so as to read as follows:

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION AND INDEBTEDNESS.

Section 1. With respect to the payment of an entrance fee and the amount of the annual subscription members shall be classified according to their age as follows, namely:

Class A shall consist of all who are thirty years of age or over, and Class B of all who are under thirty years of age.

Sec. 2. The annual subscription shall be $50 for all members in Class A, and for all members in Class B shall be $15.

Sec. 3. A member-elect in Class A shall pay the sum of $50 as an entrance fee and a subscription for the current year as follows: If elected between Jan. 1 and April 1, $50; if elected between April 1 and July 1, $37.50; if elected between July 1 and Oct. 1, $25; if elected between Oct. 1 and Jan. 1, $12.50.

A member-elect in Class B shall be exempt from the payment of an entrance fee, and shall pay a subscription for the current year of $15.

If the payment provided for in this section is not made by any member-elect within thirty days after notification thereof, his election shall be void.

That old Sec. 3 be numbered 4, and the numbers of the following sections be changed to correspond.

The Measurement Rule.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is obvious that the new measurement formula,

$$\frac{\sqrt[3]{\text{S.} \times \text{L.}^2}}{\text{C. D.}},$$

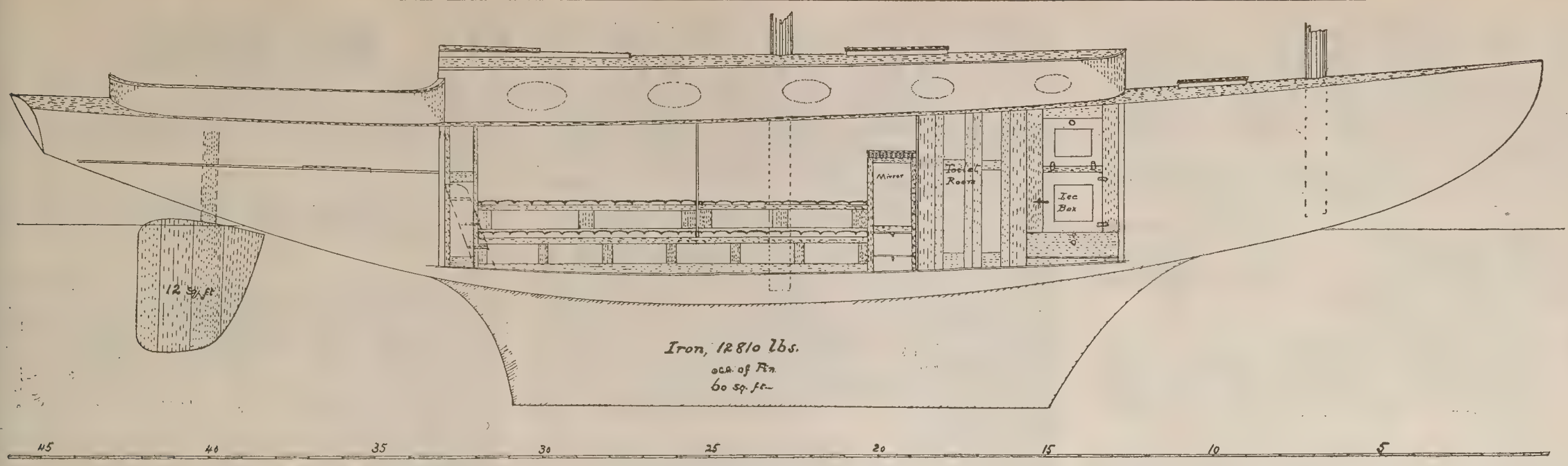
proposed by Mr. G. R. Lüjegren, will effectually stop the building of light displacement bulb-fins, provided the coefficient of D is large enough; but it is not so apparent that displacement has such a relation to speed as to warrant its insertion in a formula for measuring speed.

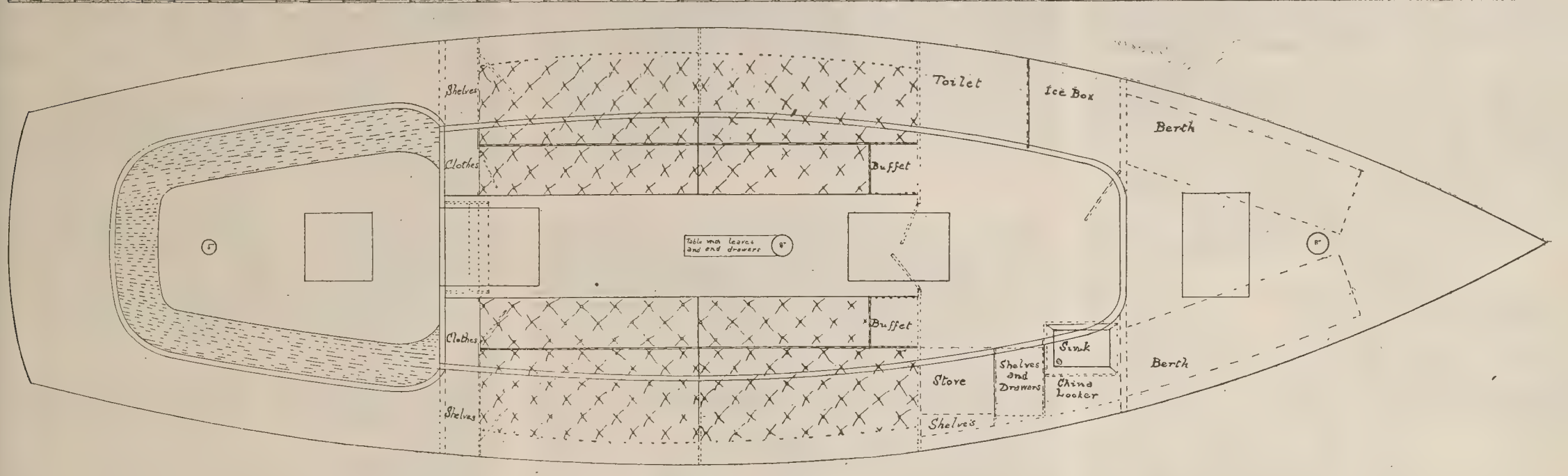
Mr. Lüjegren, or any one else who understands these things, will do yachtsmen a favor by making this clear, as well as the principle upon which the size of the constant in the divisor is to be determined, and by explaining the philosophy underlying Mr. Lüjegren's scheme of time allowance.

SEXTANT.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

We have received from the Sheathing Propeller Co., of London, a pamphlet descriptive of the peculiar propeller manufactured by the company under the patents of John Ferguson, the shipbuilder of Leith and London. This propeller, which is made in all sizes, from the smallest upward, consists of a central spherical boss and two blades, with a double mechanism, operated from the shaft alley, by which the blades may in the first place be thrown so as to point directly aft; the shaft, boss and blades may then be drawn forward, completely housing the entire propeller within the stern tube. The pitch can also be altered or reversed at will.





FIN-KEEL CRUISING SCHOONER.—INTERIOR PLANS.



FIN-KEEL CRUISING SCHOONER.—SAIL PLAN

Barbara, cutter, C. H. W. Foster, may be altered to a schooner under the direction of W. E. Waterhouse. She was built by Lawley in 1892 from designs by Will Fife, Jr., for the 46ft. class, but was never very successful. Her draft of 10ft. 6in. will be reduced, and she will be used for cruising.

Benjamin Dean, an old Boston yachtsman, and long a member of the Boston Y. C., died last week. Mr. Dean formerly owned the sloop Undine.

The Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, a remarkably successful club, is planning a new and much larger house to replace its present comfortable home at Marblehead.

Messrs. Murray & Tregurtha, of South Boston, already well known through their marine engines and boilers, are now devoting their attention to gasoline engines and launches. They have just issued a circular descriptive of this engine, which is made with one or two cylinders. It is cheap, simple and easily operated.

The annual election of the Southern Y. C., Lake Pontchartrain, West End, New Orleans, La., was held on April 1, the following officers being elected: Com., J. Walton Glenny; Vice-Com., N. E. Baumgarden; Rear-Com., George P. Agar; Sec'y, L. D. Sampsell, 840 Canal street; Treas., Joseph Buckley; Fleet Surgeon, J. J. Finrey, M. D.; Meas., W. A. Brunet.

The Chicago Varnish Co., makers of the celebrated Navalite yacht varnish, has issued this year a specially handsome catalogue, illustrated with numerous portraits of yachts and other vessels, and of the leading yacht captains and engineers.

On April 8 Queen Victoria visited the cutter Britannia at Nice and conferred upon Capt. John Carter the medal of the Victorian Order. The honor is well deserved, Capt. Carter having handled the yacht with remarkable success ever since she was built, through four racing seasons.

On April 1 the Missouri Y. C., of St. Louis, Mo., installed the following officers: Com., Louis Hermann; Vice-Com., L. E. Walther; Rear-Com., L. Brueggeman; Fin. Sec'y, W. A. J. Kohrummel; Rec. Sec'y, F. J. Burghoff; Treas., W. G. Walsh; Fleet Capt., John Parker; Meas., B. K. Embree; Executive Board: Thomas Bond, Fred. Hasseldeck, E. S. Platt and Ernest Helfensteller.

Penelope, steam yacht, née Cleopatra, ex-Sapphire II., recently purchased by H. E. Converse, of Boston, sailed on April 7 from that port for Bermuda.

Ituna, steam yacht, Allison V. Armour, is now fitting out at Port Jefferson for a long foreign cruise. Capt. John Crawford, who was in charge of the 40 footer Liris during her racing, has had command of Ituna for several years. The yacht will attend the Kiel celebration and probably cruise in northern waters.

America, schr., still owned by the estate of the late Gen. B. F. Butler, is now fitted out at Chelsea, where she has been laid up since the general's death. Messrs. Paul Butler and Butler Ames will use her this season.

Vergana is the name chosen for the steam yacht designed by Gardner & Cox for F. H. Benedict, and now building at Marvel's yard, Newburgh.

Polly, yawl, Chester W. Chapin, arrived at Tebo's on April 9 from Tampa, Fla., where she was built from designs by A. Cary Smith. She has been in use during the winter in Southern waters, and has just made for the first time the trip up the beach, occupying eighteen days, or eight and one-half days from Miami, Fla., to New York. She is 60ft. over all, 40ft. l.w.l., 16ft. beam and 5ft. 6in. draft. Like all of the other yachts designed by Mr. Smith for Mr. Chapin, from Whim to the big Yampa, she has proved a marked success.

Republic, schr., has been chartered by an English syndicate for a voyage to Central America and she is now fitting out at New London. She will sail for Jacksonville, Fla., and thence to the Mosquito and Venezuelan coasts. Capt. J. A. Loesch is in command.

Daisy, steam launch, N. C. Reynal, has been sold through Tams & Lemoine to Columbia College for use in coaching the crews. Daisy was originally the Henrietta, built by the Herreshoffs in 1886 for the late Norman L. Munro, and she made some very fast runs when she first came out in New York waters. It was with her that Mr. Munro proposed to steam in a dozen loops around the steam launch of the steam yacht Atalanta in going a certain number of miles. Needless to say, the race never came off.

Algonquin, auxiliary steam yacht, formerly Gadabout III., has been sold to W. P. Douglas, former owner of Aida.

Norota, cutter, D. B. Burnham, has been fitted out at Newport by Capt. John Barr, and is now at City Island, where she will be hauled out and finished off in racing shape. Capt. Barr will be in command through the season.

Parthenia, steam yacht, has been sold by Stephen Roach to A. H. McKee, of Pittsburg, Pa.

Vigilant, cutter, Percy Chubb, has been launched at Hawkins' yard, City Island, and towed to J. M. Bayles & Son's yard, Port Jefferson, where her interior will be refitted under the supervision of H. C. Wintringham. Capt. Maskell, with his East Coast crew, formerly in Queen Mab and Ariel under Mr. Chubb's ownership, will be in charge of Vigilant.

Half Moon, naphtha auxiliary, has been sold by A. H. Flint, of Providence, to a New York owner. This yacht is a modern sailing cutter, designed by A. Cary Smith and built in 1890 by the Gas Engine and Power Co., fitted with one of the company's engines.

It is gratifying to know that the new experimental tank at Washington will soon be an accomplished fact; advertisements for bids will be issued very soon and the work commenced as quickly as possible.

The Lake Michigan Yachting Association will hold its annual meeting on April 24 at Racine, Wis. The principal subject of discussion will be the expediency of joining the new Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes. It is most probable that the Lake Michigan yachtsmen will decline to join the Union, as they are opposed to its rules on several vital points. They favor the encouragement of the extreme fin-keel, the taxation of overhang measurement without crew, and the employment of professionals in all classes.

Canoeing.

Wide Canoes.

THE London *Field* comments as follows upon the "one-design" wide canoe published in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 30–April 6, 1895, designed by W. P. Stephens:

Judging from reports from the far west, the tendency in respect to sailing canoes now is toward useful size and model, and the racing flying proa is being severely dropped. We have seen some photographs, from different places, which show pretty well what is going forward in British Columbia and on the St. Lawrence. From these it appears that the happy medium between canoe-yawl and racing canoe has been struck in like manner to the Royal C. C.'s "cruising canoe" class. The type in favor in Victoria, B. C., is very similar indeed to the English Solitaire, the cruises of which we published lately; and, but for the extra 6in. of over all length, the Gee-Whiz and her class would be on all fours with our "cruiser" class in England.

The leading dimensions of the Gee-Whiz are: L.O.A.—16ft. 6in., L.W.L.—13ft. 6in., beam 40in., sail area—135sq. ft.; her rating by R. C. C. therefore would be 0.3. She is main and mizzen bafter rigged, in the regular canoe fashion, with about 90ft. in mainsail and 45ft. in mizzen. Comparing this canoe with the main-and-mizzen-rigged cruiser which was exhibited in the Yachting Exhibition at Westminster, the only difference, apart from actual lines of the model, is that the Gee-Whiz is 6in. longer over all and is 2in. less in beam. Her deck and internal arrangements are near about the same as the English craft.

The St. Lawrence sailing canoes are rather longer and narrower, but none the less for general work they are far more comfortable and reasonable than the tight-fit, old-rule sailing canoe, leaving out of the consideration the racing machine. Newcomers to the sport frequently ask: "Why were these larger sized cruisers not thought of and brought out years ago?" Well, they forget, or do not know, that in nearly all cases "canoe type" in the early days of the sport simply followed the examples set by the latest edition, annual and sometimes oftener, of the Nautilus or the Pearl, and as the owners of these canoes were always racing, the canoes naturally were kept within the racing rules, and these rules cramped the beam down to 30in., and at a time limited sail area to 112sq. ft.

Now, however, even for racing, beam has been expanded considerably, and it has become possible to build a canoe within the racing rules just sufficiently large for two to sail in and not too large for one to handle, single-handed, almost anywhere; the result is, or soon will be, that the canoe yawl, except for certain kinds of open water use, will have to give way to the more easily handleable cruising canoe, and possibly also, on the other hand, the racing sailing canoe may find its prize winning career damped by the newcomers, and once its occupation is gone it is of no other use, and so will not be wanted.

New York C. C.

THE New York C. C. station will be opened for the season on May 1. Members wishing to engage rooms for the season, or for a shorter period, at customary rates will please give notice to that effect before April 15. Applications for rooms will be considered in the order in which they are received, and also with the view of accommodating the largest number for the longest time. A new steward and additional help have been engaged, which will insure better service than formerly.

Lockers.—Members having lockers in the club house, who wish to retain them for this season, will kindly remit $1 before May 1; otherwise the lockers will be rented to those applying for them.

In conjunction with the Marine and Field Club, arrangements have about been perfected for a steamboat service between the club and the Battery, New York, every morning and evening.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., April 4.—In to-day's shoot of the Cincinnati Rifle Association Capt. Gindele again distinguished himself by making two more 90s, viz., 93 and 91; his four scores averaged over 90. He shoots in the strictly off-hand position, and we think he could give Van Deusen, Ross and other crack shots a stiff race. Payne won the gold badge to day. Nestler was awarded a silver medal for thirty scores, counting 10. Scores made to-day were as follows:

Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, standard American target, 7-ring black:

Gindele.																				
10	9	10	9	7	10	10	9	10	9—93		9	10	10	9	10	8	8	10	9	8—91
9	10	9	7	8	9	9	10	9	9—89		9	9	10	7	8	10	10	8	10	8—89
Payne.																				
8	5	8	10	8	10	9	8	9	9—85		8	8	8	10	7	9	9	10	9	7—85
7	8	8	6	9	8	9	10	9	10—84		6	9	8	10	8	10	8	6	9	10—84
Wellinger.																				
9	9	5	10	8	5	7	7	10	8—78		9	10	5	8	7	7	10	9	7	9—81
9	7	6	7	9	8	7	7	9	8—77		6	6	8	8	9	9	6	10	8	6—76
Nestler.																				
10	8	5	6	8	10	9	9	8	9—82		10	7	7	7	10	8	6	9	7	6—77
10	7	7	9	7	8	9	5	8	5—75		9	8	8	7	7	9	6	7	6	7—74
Drube.																				
9	8	7	9	10	9	8	6	6	10—82		10	6	8	9	8	6	10	6	8	9—80
9	7	8	5	10	9	6	8	9	10—81		5	7	8	8	7	9	6	7	7	9—73
Uckotter.																				
3	6	6	7	8	7	9	4	10	10—70		3	6	5	9	5	10	9	7	4	6—64
10	7	7	8	5	5	7	9	5	3—69		3	7	6	8	5	6	7	6	9	2—59
Roberts.																				
7	9	10	9	10	6	10	7	9	9—86		8	8	7	8	8	10	9	9	8	8—83
10	9	8	7	9	9	8	10	6	8—81		9	10	6	8	5	9	8	8	7	10—80
Trounstine.																				
8	10	5	4	7	8	9	8	5	10—74		5	5	7	6	7	3	8	10	10	4—65
4	5	8	7	6	9	6	7	6	6—64		7	7	5	8	5	4	5	6	9	8—64
Hasenzahl																				
6	9	5	10	10	8	5	7	9	10—79		8	7	8	8	6	9	8	9	7	9—79
6	10	8	10	7	9	5	5	6	9—75		7	10	8	5	9	3	8	8	10	7—75
Strickmeier.																				
7	10	9	5	9	10	7	10	7	6—80		8	8	7	7	7	8	8	5	10	9—77
6	5	9	6	8	10	7	9	7	6—73		5	10	7	6	10	6	7	9	5	8—73

First Outdoor Shoot of the Zettlers.

NEW YORK, April 11.—The Zettler Rifle Club, of this city, held its first outdoor shoot for the season of 1897 to-day at Bookman's Cypress Hills Park. The turnout of members was very good, twenty taking part in the shoot. Mike Dorrler added another win to his credit by making the highest total for three strings of 10 shots, and also making the highest 10-shot score. Fred Ross was close after him, with L. P. Hansen and Henry Holges in third and fourth places respectively. In the list of "flags" Dorrler also led, with 5 to his name. Hansen and Holges had 4 each, and Barney Zettler 3. Below are the scores:

	Total.				Total.
M J Dorrler	232	226	221—679	J Bodenstab	204 202 184—590
F C Ross	225	222	221—668	Geb Krauss	200 198 190—588
L P Hansen	225	220	214—659	T P McKenna	196 178 174—548
Hy Holges	218	217	215—650	Philip Feigle	184 178 177—529
G W Plaisted	218	209	205—632	W A Hickes	178 176 169—523
H D Muller	209	204	206—624	A Kronsberg	193 170 156—519
C G Zettler, Sr.	208	206	204—618	L J Crane	179 170 169—518
C G Zettler, Jr.	220	206	185—611	A Siebenichen	171 157 146—474
B Zettler	208	204	191—603	Dr A Grosch	160 157 150—467
Dr Chas Grosch	203	200	194—597	P Muenz	182 149 133—464

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, April 2.—On March 17, at the North London Rifle Club, the following scores were made in revolver competitions:

Series 1, alternate hands, at 20yds.:

Class 1: Carter 26.

Class 2: Holmes 34, Brading 33, Capt. Evans 33, Tilbury 33, W. Luff 29, Britton 26.

Class 3: T. B. Ledger 26, W. F. Soames 23.

Series 3, disappearing target at 20yds:

Class 2: Capt. Evans 20, W. B. Holmes 26, Brading 25, Britton 19, W. Luff 19, Tilbury 18.

Class 3: Ledger 14, R. Pries 13.

March 24.—Series 4, 20yds., target: E. Howe 23, Lieut. Howard 15. Class 2: Holmes 28, Tilbury 27, Capt. Evans 21, W. Luff 13. Class 3: T. B. Ledger 26, Thompson 14.

The Late P. S. Killam.

WAKEFIELD, Mass.—Mr. Killam had been a bugler for the company for the past ten years. He was a natural born shot, had scores of fine medals that he had won in strong competition, and bore the rank of a distinguished marksman. He was a man whom everybody liked, genial and good-hearted, and his death is keenly felt by his many friends. His age was forty-two.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

April 16.—BRIDGEPORT, Conn.—All-day shoot of the Bridgeport Gun Club. Targets. V. A. Blakeslee, Sec'y.

April 17.—NUTLEY, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Yanticaw Gun Club. Targets from a magautrap. Shooting chmmences on arrival of 9:52 train from Chambers street, New York.

April 19.—HINGHAM, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Hingham Gun Club. 100-target handicap. G. O. Henderson, Treasurer.

April 19.—SINGAC, N. J.—Live bird shoot at Bunn's grounds. Handicap at 25 birds, $10, birds extra.

April 20-21.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Targets.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. $1,000 added.

April 21.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Oriana Field Club. Targets.

April 21-23.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

April 27-29.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club. Two first days, targets; third day, live birds.

April 27-30.—FONDA, Ia.—Tournament under the management of Geo. E. Hughes and C. R. McCord. Live birds. $800 added money.

April 28-29.—RICHMOND, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club.

April 28-29.—PERU, Ind.—Tournament under the management of J. L. Head.

May 4-6.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. Live birds and targets. F. C. Whitney, Sec'y.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 6.—SHERBURNE, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club. One day at targets. L. D. Brainard, Sec'y-Treas.

May 11-13.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds.

May 11-14.—WATERLOO, Ia.—Tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club. E. B. Walker Sec'y.

May 12-13.—CONNERSVILLE, Ind.—Tournament of the Connersville Gun Club. Live birds. T. F. Thomas, Sec'y.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

May 18.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West End Gun Club. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y.

May 18-19.—FOREST CITY Ia.—Hill City Gun Club's second annual tournament; $100 added. J. W. Mahoney, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—SAVANNAH, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Forest City Gun Club.

May 19-21.—CANTON, S. D.—South Dakota Sportsmen's Association annual. C. S. Seely, Sec'y.

May 20.—GREENVILLE, Pa.—Second tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

May 26-29.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

May 31.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 31.—PORTLAND, Me.—Spring tournament of the Portland Gun Club. Targets. Added money announced later.

June 2-4.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club.

June 7-8.—PARKERSBURG, W. Va.—Tournament of the Mountain State Gun Club. Targets. $350 added. Leon J. Epstein, Sec'y.

June 8-9.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—MONROE, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 10.—NEWCASTLE, Pa.—Third tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

June 15-18.—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 20-22.—PINE BLUFF, Ark.—Seventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Added money announced later. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock, Ark.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 17-19.—TORONTO, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000 guaranteed. Open to all. Write for programmes.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

It is rather late perhaps to say anything about calendars; but late though it is, we must say a few words in commendation of that gotten out by Parker Bros., of Meriden, Conn. The special feature about this calendar is the excellent reproduction of photographs of forty-eight experts who handle and swear by the Parker gun. Milton Hoag, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., described in the calendar as "one of the pioneers of trap-shooting in this country," occupies the place of honor. He is supported on his right by S. A. Tucker and O. R. Dickey, winner of the Grand American in 1896. On Mr. Hoag's left are the popular A. W. du Bray and Charlie Budd. If Mr. Hoag is not satisfied with the quality of his company he must be hard to please. The remaining forty-three portraits are all speaking likenesses, and the whole makes a pleasing souvenir for either smoking-room or gun-room.

W. Fred Quimby seems to be really sore distressed in mind. He gives as the cause of his sorrow his failure to land in first place in the Grand American Handicap. He tells us that on his recent trip out West he expressed himself so confidently to his friends on the road as to his ability to win the "blue ribbon" that they backed him to a man, going to great lengths to raise the wherewithal. Speaking seriously about the manner in which the shoot was run, Fred said that he was more than pleased with it. As he put it: "It was the best run shoot I ever saw."

On Saturday next, April 17, the Yanticaw Gun Club, of Nutley, N. J., will hold an all-day shoot at targets. The targets will be thrown from a magautrap, the Yanticaw Gun Club having been one of the first clubs in the East to put one of these machines on its grounds. The main event on Saturday will be a 50 target handicap, $2 entrance, targets included. All shooters are welcome, and those who do not care to shoot for the money can always shoot along "for the birds." Trains leave New York (Chambers street ferry) at 9:52 and 11:30 A. M. Shooting will commence on the arrival of the 9:52 train.

J. S. S. Remsen has strengthened his hold on the Recreation cup by adding another win to his credit. As there are only four more shoots for this trophy, some stout hustling will have to be done if the cup is not to go to Remsen Hall. Mr. Remsen's win on April 7 was a most highly creditable one. He scored 46 out of each 50, half the race being at known angles and half at unknown angles. His total of 92 tied Greiff's total, and a shoot-off was the result. The pair shot off at 15 known and 15 unknown angles Remsen scored 14 out of 15 at known angles, and then ran 15 straight in the unknowns, a total of 29 out of 30. It is also worth noting that when Remsen went to the score for his last string of 25 unknown angles, he had to break 25 to beat Greiff and 24 to tie his score. He lost his fourth target, but finished with 24, running the last 21 straight. F. Sinnock, the winner of the cup in February last, was clean out of form on April 7, his liver being in bad shape and he himself under the doctor's care. It took grit to stand up under such conditions, but Sinnock supplied the grit and knocked out 46 out of 50 in the first half of the race. Condition told in the last half, and he finished with only 86.

Baltimore and Atchison may be said to open the target season of 1897. From now until late in the fall not a week will pass without some important target tournament being on the list. Although this is not to be a season of large added money tournaments, the number of small tournaments will more than make up for the loss in that respect. The days of "$150 per day profit" for the crackerjacks seem to have gone by. It is now more a case of "small profits and quick returns."

Arthur Bunn, of Singac, N. J., announces that he will hold a live-bird shoot on his grounds on Monday, April 19, at 12 noon sharp. The main event will be a 25-bird sweep, $10 entrance, birds extra. Bunn's birds are always of the very best quality, and it takes good work to score even 10 straight on his grounds. A simple way to get to Singac is to take the Erie R. R. to Paterson, and then take the electric cars from the depot in Paterson to Singac. Trains also leave Chambers street, N. Y. (Erie R. R.), at 10:30 and 12 noon for Little Falls.

Billy Crosby (everybody calls him "Billy" whether they know him well or not) is making quite a stay with us, and is running in double harness with Jack Fanning. This pair sally forth from New York city on the slightest provocation, and turn up at every target or live-bird shoot in the vicinity. Both are as welcome as the day, because New York and New Jersey trap-shooters know good fellows when they fall across them. The new Baker hammer gun handled by Crosby attracts lots of attention for reasons that can easily be guessed.

In looking over the programmes for the Baltimore and Richmond Interstate shoots we can only find one fault with them, and that fault may possibly be only imaginary. We refer to the absence of any average moneys. Average money we look upon as a most interesting feature of any tournament, and in addition to being interesting to the shooters it always gets them out to the grounds early whether it's a case of rain or not. Average moneys (always high guns, not class shooting) are a feature that we like to see in any programme.

We have not heard much from Newburgh, N. Y., in regard to the tournament to be held there May 5–7, but we understand that President Dave Brown intends to make the annual spring tournament even more enjoyable than those of past years. He has good material among the members of his club to draw upon, for the Newburgh boys are skilled entertainers. We understand also that the tournament will be "open to all."

The Iroquois Rifle and Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., holds an all-day shoot at targets on the first Thursday of every month. Shooting commences at 10 A. M. on each of the days above mentioned. The programme prepared by the committee—Jacob Motz, H. L. Born and W. J. Udick—is a popular one, and these shoots should be well attended by trap-shooters of Pittsburg and vicinity. At all these shoots the purses are divided on the Rose system.

Ferd Van Dyke has recently placed two good records to the credit of Laflin & Rand's W-A powder: On April 3 he won the Boiling Springs cup shoot with 49 out of 50, and on April 7 he led the band at the Bergen County Gun Club's grounds, Hackensack, N. J., with a total of 43 out of 100. On the latter occasion he broke 45 out of 50 at known angles, but finished with 48 out of 50 at unknown angles.

H. W. Brown, of Binghamton, N. Y., manager of the Binghamton Gun Club, writes us that his club is getting out an interesting and tasteful programme for its spring shoot on April 27–29. These semi-annual gatherings of the Binghamton boys are always enjoyable affairs, and the spring shoot of 1897 promises to be as pleasant as any of its forerunners. They know how to make visitors feel at home in Binghamton.

Merchandise prizes for the Auburn (N. Y. State) shoot, June 8–11, are rolling up. The management of the Auburn Gun Club has already secured a donation of six first-class guns as prizes, besides a list of other valuable prizes too lengthy for mention. A special feature this year will be "$3-open-to-all" sweeps, as the club wants all the cracks, East, West, North and South, to come and join in the fun. The club will bar nobody.

Mr. Rice's letter anent the trip of the Western delegation to the Grand American Handicap, which appeared in one of our cotemporaries the week after the shoot, seems to have aroused the disapproval of many shooters in the East. Several of them very strongly resent the lack of courtesy attributed to them. In another portion of our trap columns we publish some of the letters we have received on this subject.

Among the New York delegation to the Baltimore shoot this week will be Capt. A. W. Money, Ed. Taylor, Justus von Lengerke, Neaf Apgar, Ferd. Van Dyke, W. Crosby, Jack Fanning and Tom Keller. Most of the above will also be in evidence at the Richmond Interstate of April 28–29. There is material enough for a good squad in the above list.

The Marietta (O.) Gun Club will hold its spring tournament on Wednesday, April 21. The programme consists of twelve 15 target events, $1.50 entrance, unknown angles. All purses will be divided on the Rose system. The shoot will be under the management of P. Schlicher, Jr., and C. E. Verges. Shooting commences at 9 A. M., rain or shine.

Jack Fanning is still in the East and will scarcely see San Francisco until late next fall, when the target-shooting season here is closed, and when we shall have nothing left with which to amuse him. Jack is making lots of new friends for himself, his powder (Gold Dust), and for the Olympic Club, of San Francisco, whose badge he wears over the spot where he says his heart is.

The members of the Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club have been working hard during the present session of the State Legislature to secure much-needed legislation on behalf of the game and fish of the State. The success of the club's efforts in this respect should spur on similar organizations to do likewise in their respective districts.

Hon. Tom A. Marshall, the winner of the Grand American Handicap, is not without a handsome souvenir of his victory on March 24–25. His friends in the West have presented him with a fine silver service to commemorate an excellent exhibition of skill and nerve.

The spring tournament of the Portland, Me., Gun Club has been postponed from its original date; it will now take place on Wednesday of this week, April 14. Mr. Chisholm, manager of the club, informs us that a magautrap will be used at this shoot.

Mr. J. H. Richmond, of this city, has sold out his interest in the Walsrode Powder Co. to Oscar Hesse, of Red Bank, N. J., who will hereafter represent the powder company in this country. The agency will, we understand, still remain in the hands of Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales.

A new gun club has been organized at Secaucus, N. J., under the presidency of Mr. Henry Heflich. The new club will commence practicing at once and promises to become a factor in trap-shooting circles in the State of New Jersey.

The Oritani Field Club, of Hackensack, N. J., announces that it will hold an all-day shoot on Wednesday, April 21. All events will be at targets, shooting commencing at 10 A. M.

On May 31 the Portland (Me.) Gun Club will hold its annual spring tournament. The shoot will be at targets, and, to make the tournament attractive, the club will add money to the purses.

The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., will hold an all day shoot at targets on April 28. The club will welcome all shooters, and will also keep open house on that day.

APRIL 13. EDWARD BANKS.

Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 10.—Please announce that the seventh annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Pine Bluff, Ark., July 20–22. Added money and other particulars will be announced later. The tournament will be open to all and the Rose system of dividing the purses will be adopted. The Association expects to offer liberal inducements to draw shooters to Arkansas. It will also amply provide for its State shooters. Renewed interest is being displayed in trap shooting all over the State, and altogether the prospects were never more flattering for a successful shoot. The tournament will be under the auspices of the Pine Bluff Gun Club. PAUL R. LITZKE.

The Western Team at Elkwood Park.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was rather surprised on looking over my FOREST AND STREAM that arrived to-day to find no mention made of the recent letter written by Mr. Rice to your Western contemporary.

After describing the composition of his team, all gentlemen and all rattling good shots, and after describing Elkwood Park, its accommodations, shooting grounds and club house, Mr. Rice makes this remarkable statement: "The management of the Grand American Handicap, notwithstanding predictions to the contrary, was generous in its treatment of the Western party, and should we again visit the East, I think my party will join me in the statement that we shall ask nothing better than what we received at the Handicap of 1897."

Mr. Rice practically closes his letter with the following: " * * * should Chicago be favored in 1898, the winner in the Grand American Handicap shall have to carry home with him a trophy of which he will be proud, and with the feeling that the West in its good-natured and broad liberalism has extended to him—whether a resident East or West of the Ohio River—'the glad hand' with a fellow sportsman's best wishes. This (I regret to say) will be in marked contrast to the treatment accorded by the Eastern shooters to the Western contingent as we concluded our shooting last week. To Mr. Robert Welch, of Philadelphia, we owe the only real courtesy extended to us as winners by our brethren in the East."

Now, Mr Editor, what do you think of this last sentence? What do you think of the whole letter? What were "the predictions to the contrary" that Mr. Rice refers to? What did Mr. Rice and "the Western contingent" expect at the hands of fellow sportsmen that they did not receive? And, lastly, what did "Mr. Robert Welch, of Philadelphia," do to the Western boys that we did not do? I was present at the shoot—as a spectator, it is true—but I never saw more genuine enthusiasm on the part of a body of men than was displayed by the shooters present when the Hon. Thos. A. Marshall landed the chief honor. "The Western contingent," while domiciled at the Elkwood Inn, ate by themselves and kept very much to themselves; an Eastern team taken to Chicago under similar conditions and for a similar purpose would undoubtedly have acted in a precisely similar manner.

It may be the fashion in the West, but I most seriously doubt it, to insinuate all kinds of things; it may also be the fashion in the West, but again I most seriously doubt it, to run down the hospitality and friendship of those whose guests you have been. If it is the fashion to do either of these things, then Mr. Rice's letter is fully up to date in all particulars. 48 GRS.

ANOTHER PROTEST.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to protest against the way in which that Western delegation found fault with everything. They found fault with Phil Daly's accommodations, and the price paid for the same; they found fault to a man with the reports in the New York papers, good reports too. They said that if the winner had been an Eastern man he would have had a whole page; and that if the shoot had been held in Chicago better reports and more space would have been given, etc. And now Mr. Rice, in a Western sporting paper, finds fault with the way in which he and his crowd were entertained during the Grand American Handicap.

I don't know that Mr. Rice or any Western man is any different from myself or others. We went to a good square shoot, and when we made a straight we made money. We were furnished with good birds, a splendid club house and comfortable accommodations, and the money was paid to the man that earned it—East, West, North or South—no section was favored. It does not seem right that Mr. Rice should find fault with the best shoot ever held in the world, or that he should claim that we did not extend proper courtesies to him and his men. I am sure Mr. Marshall was warmly enough congratulated on his victory. What more could or ought we to have done?

As for the management of the shoot, it knew no clique nor any part of the country. It looked after everybody and handicapped each shooter on the best information obtainable, regardless of where he came from. The Western delegation was entertained at the Grand American Handicap as well as any Easterner, and I have no kick coming, never having been entertained better in my life. KEYSTONE.

Programme for the Peru (Ind.) Shoot.

MR. J. L. HEAD, promoter of the tournament announced to be held at Peru, Ind., April 28–29, under the management of Jack Parker, has forwarded to us a copy of the programme for that shoot. It is worthy of special mention that a meeting of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana will be held at Peru during the progress of this tournament.

In making the following extracts from the reading matter in this programme, we must not be taken as indorsing all the statemens and sentiments contained therein. This is merely another case of many men, many minds, and we give the extracts, as we realize that they will be of interest to our readers:

"Having been requested by a number of shooting acquaintances to open the season of 1897 with a tournament at Peru, the promoter of this event hereby extends a cordial invitation to the sportsmen of this and surrounding States to attend what promises to be one of the largest amateur tournaments ever held in the Middle West.

"Believing it to be unfair to the less expert shooters to make an exorbitant charge for targets to all the contestants, and then add the overcharge to the highest scores for the benefit of the more expert under the guise of 'added money,' there will be no such added (?) money. Believing further that the practice of soliciting merchandise from the local merchants, the majority of whom are not interested in and derive no benefit from trap shooting, and adding the merchandise as prizes serves only to delay the progress of a tournament, while shooting off ties, or engaging in the exciting sport (?) of drawing straws in order to determine the winner of such prizes, which in the main attract no entries, no merchandise will be added.

"Knowing from a wide personal acquaintance with the amateur shooters of this State that all the average amateur wants is an opportunity to enter an event having an equal show with all other contestants to win his entrance and a fair profit as the result of his skill, the promoter of this event is prepared to assure every sportsman who may attend that every courtesy will be extended him, and every opportunity given him to enjoy the manly sport of trap-shooting that a large attendance and good management can provide.

"Believing, however, that some inducement should be held out to the contestants to enter every event, thus keeping up interest, especial attention should be called to the average prizes, mention of which is made on pages 7–11, which is certainly sufficient evidence that this tournament is not given to realize a profit, but to promote the sport of trap-shooting. As to the management, the name of the gentleman who has been secured to manage this tournament is a guarantee that it will be run upon correct lines and in the best possible manner. Mr. Parker will not contest for the purses."

The programme consists of two 10 target events, $1 entrance; five 15-target events, $1 50 entrance; three 20-target events, $2 entrance, and two 25-target events, $2.50 entrance. This gives a total of 205 targets, and an entry fee "for all day" of $20.50. The average prizes referred to above are treated of as follows: "As announced in Rules and Conditions, targets will be thrown at 2 cents each, but believing that a reasonable profit can be made at this price, an average prize of $2 50 per thousand for all targets thrown in programme events will be divided between the two guns making the best general average for all programme events on both days—60 per cent. to first and 40 per cent. to second—thus reducing the price of targets to .¾ cents."

Under the head of "Rules and Regulations" appears the following: "Shooting commences at 9:30 each morning. Manufacturers' experts and black powder barred. No contestant will lose a shot. All purses divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. All shooting will be from known traps, unknown angles, unless it is clearly demonstrated that too wide a difference exists in the class of shooters, when the less expert will be allowed to shoot from known angles. Guns and shells shipped to J. L. Head will be delivered to the grounds free of charge."

Bison Gun Club, of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 1.—The Bison Gun Club tried its magautrap to-day and found that it worked satisfactorily. The shoot took place at the Walden avenue grounds and was well attended. Event No 4 was the badge shoot, and in this event Minere won the Class A badge, Siegrist the Class B badge, and Wrench the Class C badge. No. 5 was at 5 pairs. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	25	10	10	Targets:	10	15	10	25	10	10
Siegrist	6	7	6	19	5	..	Cook	..	..	3	..	1	..
Minere	7	11	4	18	8	7	Farmer	..	6	9	..	8	8
Wrench	7	11	4	18	8	7	Du Pont	..	6	8	..	7	6
Esson	4	10	4	17	..	9	Bauman	..	8	6	..	7	7
Werlin	..	10	4	17	6	6	Estes	6	6	8	..	4	..
Appel	3	4	..	9	..	..	Garrison	4	..	..	..	..	..
Vine	..	2	5	12	4	..	Bissell	..	4	2	..	..	7
Danser	4	5	..	10	5	5	Avery	..	..	5	..	..	..
Wheeler	..	12	8	17	8	7							

ON LONG ISLAND.

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.

April 8.—An important match was shot to-day on the grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I. The principals were H. B. Gilbert and W. Chauncey Floyd-Jones, the conditions of the match being: 100 birds, Gilbert at 31yds., Floyd-Jones at 30yds., 30yds. boundary. Gilbert was looked after by Capt. Money, G. S. McAloin handling Floyd-Jones. The weather was cloudy, with a light wind from the southwest. The birds, of course, were good ones, the 30yds. boundary being all too short on several occasions. The match throughout was close enough to be quite interesting, but Gilbert finally won with 4 birds to spare. Scores were:

H B Gilbert (31)	2022●12222222211220112222	—22
	2020222122222202222020220	—19
	2002220220●2●22222232'●22	—18
	2020222222222211222020202	—20—79
W C Floyd-Jones (31)	2221221120020●●11122212202	—20
	2222222212120211222220020	—21
	2200201010201221012102002	—15
	2●102●21222110221021222●22	—19—75

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

April 10.—The semi-monthly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held to-day on the Dyker Meadow grounds. In the club shoot C. W. Dudley was the winner in Class A, C. C. Fleet winning easily in Class B.

Cup shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

C W Dudley (A)	1111111111111110110111111	—23
F A Thompson (A)	1111111111111110101111011	—22
A A Hegeman (A)	1111101111111111111110110001	—22
P E George (A)	1111110011111110101101111111	—22
D C Bennett (A)	1111100110111111111111110	—21
W H Thompson (A)	1110111001011111011111010	—18
J Gaughen (A)	1011101101101110110110110	—17
P Adams (A)	0011101111000111110111001	—16
J A Bennett (A)	1010111101011000110000111111	—16
C C Fleet (B)	1111111110011111111011101101	—22
Dr O'Brien (B)	1111101101111111011100010	—18
A Eddy (B)	0101101101011001011011110110	—16
Dr Shepard (B)	1010001010111001100111110	—15
* J B Adams	0111011011111110111111101	—20

* Guest.

The next event was the shoot for the Bennett cup, 25 targets, unknown angles, Class A men shooting at scratch, Class B at 27 targets, and Class C at 30. F. A. Thompson scored the first win for the cup with 22 out of 25. Scores:

F A Thompson (A)	1011101111110111111111111	—22
C F Dudley (A)	1011101111111011111110110	—20
D C Bennett (A)	1111111111001110111110110	—20
J Gaughen (A)	1111111101100111110110101	—19
J A Bennett (A)	1101111001111011110111101	—19
P Adams (A)	1100111001111010111110111	—18
A A Hegeman (A)	0310111111011111110110011	—18
W H Thompson (A)	1110110010111101111111101	—18
Dr O'Brien (B)	0111010101101110111001111110	—18
Dr Shepard (B)	0101111101101111010001110111	—18
C C Fleet (B)	0011101100111101011100101110	—16
A Eddy (B)	1100110100000?0w	

In addition to the above shoots a series of 10-target events, all at unknown angles, were also decided:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
D Bennett	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	Hegeman	..	..	6	5	5	5	..	..
P Adams	4	2	6	8	7	6	6	8	O'Brien	..	..	..	9	6	6	7	..
J Gaughen	6	..	7	7	7	..	5	9	Shepard	..	..	..	2	7	6	6	..
Dudley	8	5	9	8	8	8	.	..	Fleet	..	..	..	7	7	8	5	2
Eddy	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	J Bennett	..	..	..	8	5	8	6	9
George	7	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	WThomp'n	..	..	..	5	..	8	..	..
F Thomp'n	..	7	7	8	7	7	6	9	Dr Adams	..	..	..	..	9	6	7	..

Trap at Pittsburg.

M'PHERSON DEFEATS WILL KING.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 7.—W. S. King and Sandy McPherson shot an interesting race to-day on the grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club at Davis Island. The affair was a handicap, the conditions being as follows: 50 birds per man, King at 31yds., McPherson at 28yds., King also conceding McPherson 3 misses as kills. The odds conceded by King proved too severe, although he shot a very great race, scoring 48 out of 50. McPherson scored 46 out of 50, making his total, with 3 misses as kills, 49. He thus won by 1 bird. Scores:

McPherson (28)	1111111111111111111111111	—25
	1110111111111100111111101	—21—46+3—49
W S King (31)	1111111101111111111111111	—24
	1111111111111110111111111	—24—48

M'PHERSON WINS AGAIN.

April 9.—Will King and Sandy McPherson shot their race of April 7 over again, the conditions being precisely the same on both occasions, with the exception that to-day McPherson received only 2 misses as kills as against 3 in the previous match. McPherson won again and by the same margin—1 bird, the scores standing 46 to 45 in his favor. Scores were as below, second barrel kills being ignored:

McPherson (28)	1111101111111111111111110	—23
	0111111110111101111111101	—21—44+2—46
W S King (30)	1111111111111111111111010	—23
	0111111111110111111011111	—22—45

TEAM RACE AT DAVIS ISLAND.

April 10.—A close and exciting team race was shot at Davis Island to-day between teams captained respectively by C. A. May and W. S. King. The teams were of five men, each man shooting at 25 live birds. King's team won by 107 to 106. Scores:

May's Team:		
C A May	2222502222022221222012222	—23
A H King	2220021121022022212220224	—19
Ricky	20212222221123222222222	—24
McPherson	2221222222222100202?220	—21
Jacque	2022222220222022215022?2	—21—106
King's Team:		
W S King	2212202221222222022220022	—21
Fargo	2120112022022022222222221	—21
Strong	2?021211222212222220002?4	—21
Anson	2112222222222012222221224	—24
Bessemer	0202122222022222220222222	—20—107

Marlin Gun Club.

MARLIN, Tex., April 5.—The following scores were made to-day a the regular weekly shoot of the Marlin Gun Club, both events being at 10 bluerocks, known traps and angles:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
R B Louis	0110110110—6	1110100011—6
C A Oltorf	1011101110—7	1110110101—7
Herring	0001001110—4	0101010110—5
*Wilson	1011111111—9	1111010111 8
*Corfield	1110111000—6	.....
*Register	1001000000—2	0110000110—4
Judge Scott	0001010110—4	1101110111—8
George	0010101111—6	0000111111 6
Rush	0000000000—0	0000000001—1
Bartlett	1011011011—7	1101010010 5
J Oltorf	0100111011—6	1001010001—4
Turner	1111101111—9	0111110011—7
S Louis	0000000101—2	1010010101—5
Emery	.....	0101011111—7

* Visitors. E. R. EMERY.

Trap at Hartford.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 3.—The Colt Gun Club held its regular medal shoot to-day, and twenty-three shooters turned out to compete. Messrs. Willard, Pitkin and Risley each broke 24 out of a possible 25. They will shoot off their tie at the next medal shoot, which is on April 17. The club is well pleased with its new club house and grounds. It has an inclosed pit with a new set of blue rock traps and electric pull. The coming season promises to be very lively. Following are the scores made for the medal at 25 targets:

Willard	24	Mills	20
Pitkin	24	Sexton	20
Risley	24	F Olmsted	18
Bishop	23	Nichols	18
Gisleman	22	Putnam	18
M Cook	21	McGinty	18
Burbidge	21	J Carter	17
O B Treat	21	A Cook	16
W Olmsted	16		
Alger	15		
Lucas	14		
White	11		
Robinson	9		
F Carter	9		
Crane	4		

Cook, Bishop, Pitkin, King and Willey attended the live-bird contest at Elkwood Park, and Mr. Willey, of the club, was a competitor.

M. F. COOK, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

CLUB SHOOT AT BOILING SPRINGS.

April 3.—The regular monthly club shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club was held to day at Rutherford. The attendance as usual was very good, and a large number of targets was thrown during the afternoon, the total aggregating over 3,000.

The cup shoot (25 known angles and 25 unknown angles) was won by Ferd Van Dyke with 49 out of 50, Van losing his 47th target. Dr. De Wolfe, with an allowance of 5 extras, was second with 47 out of 55. Apgar, Fanning, Brewer and Lewis (15 extras) came next with 46. In the 45 hole were Noel Money, W. H. Huck and G. H. Piercy. Altogether scores ruled high, but this is scarcely to be wondered at, as the background at the Boiling Springs grounds is about as perfect as possible. A glance at the scores made in the sweeps will show that pretty nearly everybody had his eye on the targets. Scores in the cup shoot follow in detail:

```
Capt Money...1111011110001110110101011111111111111111111011111111—41
Noel Money...1111101111111112111011111111111111111111011110111011—45
Van Dyke.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111110111—49
Greiff.......1111111111111011111111011011111100111111111011111—44
Huck.....111110100111111101111111111111111111111111111111101—45
Apgar.....,1111110111111111111111111111101011111111110111111111—46
Paul.....1101111010111111111001111110011011111101111111—40
Lewis .....1111111001011010101101111011111100011101001111011—35
           101110001111111                                  —11—46
Frank.....1111100100100101111101000111101111101011010100110l—31
           11011                                            — 4—35
De Wolfe .....1111011111101111111011101101111101111111111111011110—42
           11111                                            — 5—47
Adams.....1011101101101101111011101010011011010011001111000—31
           001                                              — 1—32
Baker.....1001100100111C001101101101111110111010110100110011—30
           0101011                                          — 4—34
Fanning .....1111111111111111111111101111101110111111111111110111—46
Crosby .....1101111011111111101111101101011111111101111011011—41
G Piercy .....1000111111111111111111101111111011111111111111111—45
Morfey..... 1001111111001111111111010101101101101111011111—28
Hegeman.....1101101111101001111100111011000111101101111010101O—33
           10101001                                         — 4—37
Brewer . ....1101111110111111111110110111111111111111111111111—46
L Piercy.....0110111111111101111111010010010111111000011111111—36
Roemer.....0000000000000010110010011000010101000010000100101—13
           10010111000011                                   — 8—21
Sanders.....1010111001010010101000011110011011010111011111011—28
Barron..... 0111111111111111110111111010110011010111011111110011—39
           11                                               — 2—41
```

Sweeps were shot as below, all events being at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	20	25	Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	20	25
C'pt Money	8	13	13	14	14	12	20	23	G E Greiff	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
N E Money	9	13	13	15	12	12	18	24	J L Brewer	9	13	13	14	13	13	20	24
Van Dyke	8	..	14	..	14	13	18	..	J Baker	4	11	12	..	12	12	17	20
W Crosby	10	15	12	14	12	12	18	21	De Wolfe	..	..	13	11	12	14	9	17	23
J Fanning	9	15	13	13	14	14	18	24	T Baron	..	..	12	..	12	8	..	..	20
P Adams	7	..	12	..	10	8	17	..	Decon	..	..	8	..	..	5	6	..	..
George	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Hegeman	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
W H Huck	9	..	13	..	..	15	..	24	Sanders	..	..	..	9	..	..	10	12	..
N Apgar	8	13	12	14	12	12	17	..	K Frank	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
M Lewis	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	T Morfey	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	18	..
L Piercy	7	..	12	14	14	15	18	..	A J Paul	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
G Piercy	9	14	11	12	11	14	15	21	Palmer	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	..	..
B James	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Roemer	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..

W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

April 10.—The regular monthly shoot of the Forester Gun Club was held to-day. A good delegation from the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, was with us and helped to make things lively. The Forester Gun Club will have an all day shoot on April 28, to which all are welcome, either to come and break targets or else help to eat the lunch. Targets are thrown at 1 cent each on all occasions by this club. To-day's scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Herrington	9	5	6	7	8	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	7	4
Banta	6	5	10	5	7	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	6	5
J Fleming	3	5	8	9	8	6	8	9	6	5	7	8	4	8	6	8
War Smith	8	6	7	9	9	7	9	9	10	6	10	8	8	8	7	5
Jackson	4	..	4	3	6	2	4	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	4	5
J H Cummings	..	..	4	5	5	..	..	..	..	2	4	6	8	..	..	..
Dr Cummings	..	..	7	8	8	..	..	7	7	5	8	9	9	3	..	..
Jewell	..	..	8	..	7	..	..	4	7	6	8	6	..	..	..	..
C Smith	..	..	5	3	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	..	..
Gardner	..	..	3	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
D Fleming	..	..	4	7	4	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	9	3
Wambold	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Woods	..	..	..	..	2	6	3	..	..	..	..	..	1	3	0	1
Winans	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	5	4	3	..	..	..	..

Nos. 4, 8, 11 and 15 were at known angles; Nos. 12, 13 and 16 at reversed order; all other events were at unknown angles.

H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

CUP SHOOT AT HACKENSACK.

April 7.—The third contest for the *Recreation* cup was held to-day on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, at Hackensack. There was a good entry list, eighteen shooters taking part in the main event on the card. Of the above number four were not eligible to compete for the cup; these were Ferd Van Dyke, of the W. R. A. Co.; Neaf Apgar, representing the Austin Powder Co.; J. S. Fanning, of the U. S Smokeless (Gold Dust) Powder Co., and W. Crosby, of the Baker Gun Co. To make it interesting, however, for the above four shooters an optional sweep of $1 on each 25 targets was gotten up, while the cash prizes of $5 to the second high gun, and $2 to the third high gun, were thrown open to them.

Considerable interest was evinced in the outcome of this shoot, as both F. Sinnock and J. S. S. Remson, previous winners of the cup, were entered in to-day's race. Sinnock was under the weather and in no condition to do himself justice; the effects of an attack of the grip will be found too in Edwards's total. Gus Greiff was in great form, having changed his gun and found a weapon that evidently suited him well. He shot a great gait all day, scoring in the sweeps shot prior to the 100-target event pretty nearly every target shot at; he held up well too in the main event, his total of 92 being tied by Remsen, and only beaten 1 target by Ferd Van Dyke, who scored the highest total in the race—93 Remsen shot very steadily, making 46 in each 50 and outshooting Greiff when it came to a shoot off.

The weather conditions were not unfavorable for good scores; there being almost no wind. The sky, however, was overcast, and the light nothing extra when targets were thrown low. No. 4 trap was stumbling block to many a shooter, targets being thrown very low from this trap; it is safe to say that a very large percentage of the lost targets were thrown from No. 4 trap. It was not an easy day for perfect refereeing, but the club's referee, Chas. E. Dawson, did his work as satisfactorily as usual. Capt Horton was the club's hustler, of course; in fact, the Bergen County Gun Club does not seem to have anybody else to take much interest in running a shoot. Capt. Horton introduced another feature in to-day's shoot in the shape of some souvenir spoons, three of which were shot off in 15-target events. The first was won by Edwards, who tied on 15 straight with Gus Greiff and Van Dyke; on the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Edwards won in the 13th round. Fanning won No. 2 spoon with 15 straight; while W. H. Huck, of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, won No. 3 spoon with a similar score.

Below are the scores in the cup race in full. Remsen's win to-day making his second for the cup out of three tries. Sinnock has the other win to his credit. There are only four more contests for the cup, so Remsen may be said to have a good chance of ultimately carrying it back to Brooklyn. Scores:

```
F Van Dyke..1111111111111111101111111111111001111111111011—45
           1111111111111111111111111111101110111111111111111111—48—93
JS S Remsen.1111110101111111111111111111101110111111111111111111—46
           1111111011111111101111110111101111111111111111111111—46—92
G E Greiff....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111100—47
           1111111111101111011101111111111111111101111111011—45—92
W Crosby.....1111101111111111111111111111111111111111111110111111—48
           0111101110111111111011111111111111111101001111111—43—91
J S Fanning..1110111111111111111111111111111101111111011111111111—47
           0101101111111111111111101111111101001110111111111—42—89
F Sinnock ....1111111111111011111101111101111111111111110111—46
           1010111101010011111111011110011101111111101111111—40—86
N Apgar.....1111100111111100111111110111111111111111111001111101 - 42
           1111011111111111110111111010111101111111011111111—44—86
L H Byrd....0110111111111011111111110111111101111011111111111—44
           1111111111111101100111100110110011111111111101111—41—85
F S Edwards:.1011111101111111111111111111111111111111111110101011011—45
           1101111011111101011101101011111011101111101110111—39—84
N E Money....1111011101111111111111111111001010111111111111110110—43
           0111111100111110111110011101101111011101111—38 - 81
T C Wright...1111101110111101111111011101110111111110101100111101—39
           1001111111111111111011101111111010111011001110111—40—79
Capt A Money1110001100010101110111111111001111111111001110111111—36
           1111011011110111111111011111001111111111110111101—41—77
W Hexamer..1111111111111001111111111111001110111111100111111—43
           1100000011010111101111100111010110011011111111110—33—76
G H Piercy...1111111111010110111110101011111110011111111111111101110—89—76
           0011110101101111110101111111100111111111111111101110—89—76
```

Ed Taylor....1011111111101101110111101101101110111011001111011111—38
1111001011110111111110101011100100111101011110111111—36—74
M Herrington.0111111011110100011110110111110111100110111011010—35
1111011101001101110111010111101011011111111101111O—37—73
J A Hall.....0110100111011111101110111011001110101111010100111—34
1111101110110100010111111101011111111111111110101—39—73
R Snyder.....0110010010110011100011111010100110111701111001101—30
1011100011100011101110011101110111111111000010111111—33—63

Shoot-off for cup, 15 known and 15 unknown:

Remsen.....11111101111111111111111111111111—29
Greiff.....11110111111111111101011101101—25

Sweeps were shot as follows, all events being at unknown angles. Altogether 4,000 targets were thrown during the day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	20	15	20	10	15	50	10	25
Byrd	8	8	12	8	..	18	12	19	..	..	..	..	..
Dawson	4	7	11	7	13	..	10	15	..	..	..	..	..
Greiff	10	10	15	9	13	16	8	17	9	..	..	..	..
Herrington	7	10	12	8	8	..	11	17	9	14	38	9	..
Sinnock	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
N E Money	..	7	13	9	11	18	13	18	9	15	41	8	21
Capt Money	..	7	14	9	14	20	15	20	9	10	..	..	..
Van Dyke	..	9	15	9	15	17	12	18	..	..	..	..	..
Edwards	..	10	15	..	..	18	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fanning	..	10	14	9	15	19	15	16	8	15	..	..	..
Crosby	..	10	13	7	13	17	12	18	9	9	..	..	..
Hexamer	..	6	12	..	..	..	11	14	8	..	..	..	..
Wright	..	..	12	6	13	13	14	12	6	..	..	..	..
Huck	..	..	..	..	15	18	12	20	..	..	..	..	..
Taylor	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Remsen	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bell	..	..	..	..	12	14	..	17	8	..	..	..	..
Piercy	..	..	..	..	11	15	11	12	9	11	43	8	20
Apgar	..	..	..	..	14	..	12	18	..	..	..	..	..
B James	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Everett	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..
Snyder	..	..	..	..	12	..	7	13	..	..	..	..	..
Hall	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	17
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..

TEAM RACE AT RUTHERFORD.

April 10.—The Boiling Springs Gun Club held an invitation team race to-day on its grounds at Rutherford. The conditions were three men to a team, 50 targets per man, unknown angles, $10 per team, targets included. The day was a delightful one for target shooting, although at times there was enough strength in the northwesterly wind to cause the flight of the targets to be rather erratic.

It was rather a surprise therefore, with such weather conditions, that there were not more than four clubs represented by teams. These four clubs were: Boiling Springs Gun Club, Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack; Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, and the Brooklyn Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The race was a most interesting one, the home team finally landing in the lead with 136 out of 150. Next came the Bergen County team with 133, the Endeavors with 131, and the Brooklyns with 120.

One of the amusing features of the race was Captain Money's transfer from the Bergen County team to the Boiling Springs team in place of Neaf Apgar, who was unable to be present. The Bergen county club had four representatives present: Van Dyke, Morfey and the two Moneys; it thus became necessary to choose three out of four, and it fell to Captain Money by lot to drop out. In Apgar's absence another man was needed on the Boiling Springs team, so Captain Money was claimed and ably filled the bill by tieing for high score in the team race, and aiding greatly in landing his team at the top of the list.

Among the unattached shooters Dr. De Wolfe was conspicuous with the only 25 straight made during the day. Greiff was again in form, scoring 46 out of his 50; but Huck, who was laboring under the disadvantages of a severe headache, fell 3 or 4 short of the mark that was expected of him. The Bergen county team shot consistently, a 45 and two 44s going to make up the team's total; Tom Morfey had a good chance of 25 straight in the last 25, but fell down on his 50th target. For the Endeavors Edwards scored 47, but Piercy and Carl von Lengerke were both a little off color. The Brooklyn Club deserves credit for entering a team in this race; the club is only a very young one, but it has all the signs of becoming one of the leading clubs in this vicinity before long.

A long list of sweeps and matches were shot during the afternoon, nearly 3,500 targets being thrown, although shooting did not commence until about noon. Scores in all the events are given below, the team race being given in detail:

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

```
A W Money..1011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111101—47
G E Greiff...1111111111111111111011111111111111111111111111111—46
W H Huck..1110101111111111101111111111111101111110101111111101111—43—136
```

Bergen County Gun Club.

```
F Van Dyke..1111111111111111101111111111101111011111101111011111—45
N E Money...1111100111011111111111111111111101111101111111111110 - 44
T W Morfey..1101001011111111111111111101111111111111111111 1110—44—133
```

Endeavor Gun Club.

```
F S Edwards.1111111011111101111111111111111011111111111111111111—47
G H Piercy...1011101011111111111111111101101111011111111111110111—43
C v Lengerke1111111101101111111111011101011111111111011101111010 - 41—131
```

Brooklyn Gun Club.

```
J G Green ...1111110101111111111011111111111011111100111111101001—41
J S Fanning..1111110111111111111011101101110110111101110110111001— 40
T Baron.....1111110111111111011001111110011111111101100101101—39 —120
```

Unattached.

```
Dr De Wolfe.1010100111111101111101111111111111111111111111111—44
C R Wise....1111101111110111111111111C011111111110001111111111—43
W Crosby....0111011111111010111011111110110111111111111011111—42
Page.....1111030101001111011111111110110111011011111101011111—38
```

Sweeps were shot as follows, all being at unknown angles except No. 1, which was at 15 experts and 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	25	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	25
Edwards	17	..	18	16	18	15	..	19	17	16	18	19	..	21
Van Dyke	20	..	19	18	..	18	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Greiff	19	..	.	16	..	19	19	18	16	.	15	..	..	..
Huck	17	..	17	17	18	..	..	18	19	18	20	..	..	..
Capt Money	..	11	17	16	19	16	19	18	19	17	17	15	..	23
N E Money	..	17	19	13	16	19	19	19	19	17	14	..	..	..
Morfey	..	18	16	18	19	18	..	..	17	15	18	..	..	..
Fanning	..	..	..	..	17	..	20	17	19	18	14	15	11	..
Crosby	..	..	..	..	18	..	17	18	16	16	18	14	..	..
C v L	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..
Page	..	..	..	..	14	19	18	18	..	17	..	..	..	..
Wise	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	18	17	18	15	11	..	..
Baron	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	16	20	17	14	10	16
G Piercy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	19	12	19	16	16	..
L Piercy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	17	15	..	14	..	..
Green	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	15	17	16	14	13	14
De Wolfe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	20	..	..
Lane	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	..
Paul	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..
Hughes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Ingram	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..

AT YARDVILLE.

April 8.—A pleasant day's sport was had at Zwirlein's grounds, Yardville, N. J., to-day. Among the shooters present were J. S. Fanning, W. Crosby, Ferd. Van Dyke, J. L. Brewer, Joe Baker, B. Kuser, etc. Several miss-and-outs and three "10-bird-$10" sweeps were shot, the chief winners being Brewer and Van Dyke. Scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Brewer	2210	22222	212221	1211122222—10
Van Dyke	2222	0	222222	2020222222— 8
Baker	0	0	12120	2120212222— 9
Fanning	210	22220	122222	0222222222— 9
Crosby	0	2220	20	2222222220— 9
Zwirlein	1212	12220	2210	2222022211— 9
Duble	....	0	0	1201022012— 7
Young	....	0	10	1102200102— 6
Van Dyke (re-entry)	....	1220	.....	.....
Baker (re-entry)	....	10	.....	.....

	No. 5.	No. 6.
Brewer	2121220102— 8	1222212222—10
Van Dyke	2122222222—10	.....
Baker	0200212102— 6	2000010122— 5
Fanning	220.221222— 9	0111012222— 8
Crosby	2222222202— 9	2222222220— 9
Zwirlein	0210120201— 6	2200122212— 8
Young	0022220022— 6	.....
Kuser	2221012111— 9	1011110211— 8
Duble	1220221022— 7	.....
Hawker	1220200210— 6	.....
Ridgeway	2110201002— 6	.....

Two $10 matches were also shot, as follows:

Hawker	0220222222— 8	2022222220— 8
Duble	0222222222— 9	2222222222—10

Chicago and Western Traps.

THE VICTOR AT HOME.

WHEN the Honorable Tom Marshall, Mayor of Keithsburg, winner of the Grand American Handicap and owner of the earth, arrived at his home in Keithsburg, after his little exercise trip in the East, he was met at the depot by a brass band and a triumphal reception such as was wont to be accorded by the *populus Romanus* to an emperor who had swiped a section of Gaul or run a corner in Africa. Tom already owned the town, including the city railway, the electric lights, most of the subdivisions and the City Hall; but any few remaining portions of it were brought to him on a plate by his admiring fellow citizens, and it was announced to him openly and in public that hereafter he was to be considered as the whole thing.

A critical observer says that Powers, Merrill, Williamson, Carver, Bingham, and indeed all the Western contingent shot magnificently, and left no cause for reproach upon the name of the land near the Great Lakes and the big river.

J. L. Winston writes from Washington, Ind., that, contrary to what may possibly be a popular understanding of the matter, he will defend the Du Pont trophy in the match with Mr. Budd at the city of Chicago, the date being May 1.

Cook County League is now in the midst of active preparation of its prize list and shooting arrangements for the ensuing year.

Garden City Gun Club is arranging an attractive list of season prizes, and expects a pleasant and successful year.

Lou Erhardt writes me that he expects his tournament this year to eclipse all his previous efforts. Atchison, Kan., April 14-16, $750 added.

The managers of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association add $1,000 to the purses of their shoot at Lincoln, Neb., April 20-23, and claim that theirs will be the "largest tournament that will be held in the West this year."

E. HOUGH.

1.06 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

N. W. P., North Middleboro, Mass.—Kindly prescribe for my foxhounds, two of which have large swellings upon their throats which came after they had distemper. The tonsils in one of them seem to be swollen, and at times seem larger than at others. The other seems to be more like an abscess. There is no soreness. Ans. Apply tincture of iodine to swellings daily till the skin becomes sore. Should any of the swellings be soft like an abscess they should be opened. Give a teaspoonful of syrup of iodide of iron twice a day.

H. W. B., Montclair, N. J.—Early last winter, when traveling over the D., L. & W. R. R., I noticed some rabbits that were being shipped express. My attention was called to them by their being singularly free from blood, and after an examination I found that they had all been snared. Some time after I spoke to a brakeman on this railroad about this, and was told by him that he had seen 50 or 100 shipped at one place, all of which had been snared. Now there is a New Jersey law against snaring, but apparently no law against having snared game in possession; or if there is, no attempt is made to enforce it. Please enlighten me on this subject. Ans. The law specifically forbids possession of "any rabbit after the same has been caught or trapped by means of any snare, snood, net, trap or device of any description whatsoever." Give your information to Chief Warden Charles A. Shriner, Paterson, and he will proceed against violators of the statute.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A Corner-Stone of Business.

NOWADAYS publicity has come to be such an essential to business success that a man's standing is often judged by his advertising. At the same time good advertising mediums are rare, and judicious selection is of the utmost importance. FOREST AND STREAM is one of the few mediums that reaches the purchasers of fine pleasure boats, engines, yachts and launches. It puts the builder in touch with the buyer, and where the buyer is satisfied a trade is consummated. Occupying this position, FOREST AND STREAM is fittingly characterized as a corner stone of business by Mr. A. W. Stone, vice-president and superintendent of the American Boat Building Co., St. Louis, who in ordering renewal of advertisement writes:

"We are receiving and have been receiving a great many inquiries through our advertisement in your paper. If we should drop our advertisement in your paper it would be like knocking a corner-stone from under our business."

In another line, but in the same tenor, the manufacturer of the Martin automatic reel writes: "Our display at the Madison Square Garden and the small advertisement we are now running in FOREST AND STREAM are giving us more business than we can attend to."—*Adv.*

The Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition,

NASHVILLE, TENN.,

will open May 2 and close Oct. 31, 1897. The Southern Railway, in connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad, is the only line operating a through sleeping car service from New York to Nashville. The route is via Washington, D. C., Asheville and Chattanooga, leaving New York daily at 4:30 P. M., passing through the most interesting section of the South. The Tennessee Centennial is the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the admission of their State into the Union. It is a national event of international importance, to which the whole world is cordially invited. The construction of the different buildings and the arranging of exhibits are completed. The management is using every endeavor to bring together the most unique and attractive things procurable. The Southern Railway, with its usual liberality and foresight looking to the advancement of the whole South, has made very low rates for this occasion. For complete information and particulars regarding the great Exposition call on or address the New York Office, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

New York Yacht, Launch and Engine Co.

THE New York Yacht, Launch and Engine Company, of Morris Heights, New York City, are building a fine cabin launch for Mr. W. W. Kenyon, a well-known Brooklyn yachtsman. Her dimensions are 31ft. over all, beam 7ft., draft 33in. The cabin is finished in mahogany with Brussels carpet on the floor and plush cushions on the seats lockers under the same and extensions to form berths.

The yacht is built in the most substantial manner, with oak timbers, cedar planking and copper fastened. She is fitted with an H. P. Otto gas engine, which makes her a very safe as well as speedy boat. She will be ready to launch in about four weeks.—*Adv.*

The Utility of Birds.

THE attention of individuals and associations interested in bird protective work is called to Miss Florence A. Merriam's interesting and valuable pamphlet, entitled "How Birds Affect the Farm and Garden," which is published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. It is a clear and interesting exposition of the utility of birds to the agriculturist and the importance of preserving them. Price, per single copy, 5 cents; per 100, $2.50; per 1,000, $15.—*Adv.*

The Peters Cartridge Co.

As will be remembered from the report of the rifle tournament the Sportsmen's Exposition, .22cal. cartridges manufactured by the Peters Cartridge Co. won three out of a total of ten prizes competed for. The result is naturally gratifying to the Peters Co., as it proved beyond question the superiority of their ammunition, which in this caliber has only been on the market for about a year.—*Adv.*

"Vena Contracta" Guns.

WE have received a number of requests for descriptive matter relating to the "Vena Contracta" game gun, which we have been unable to fill owing to the non-receipt of the price lists. These requests have been forwarded to Joseph Lang & Son, and will receive due attention.—*Adv.*

ON July 1, when Von Lengerke & Detmold move into their new quarters at 318 Broadway, New York, they will assume the agency for the Humber bicycle—a wheel which is to-day recognized as the standard over a large part of the known world.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 17. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

ATTENTION is directed to the new form of address labels on the wrappers of subscribers' copies. The label shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid.

The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us for a new or renewed subscription. Unless specially requested to do so, we do not send separate receipts.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

Jacksnipe Coming In. "He's Got Them" (Quail Shooting). Vigilant and Valkyrie. Bass Fishing at Block Island.

The plates are for frames 14 x 19 in. They are done in twelve colors, and are rich in effect. They are furnished to old or new subscribers on the following terms:

Forest and Stream *one year and the set of four pictures*, **$5.**
Forest and Stream *6 months and any two of the pictures*, **$3.**
Price of the pictures alone, $1.50 each; $5 for the set.

Remit by express money order or postal money order. Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

Fly-fishing might be styled the poetry of angling. It is as superior to fishing with a squirming, filthy worm as true sculpture is to gravestone-making, or as the work of the artist is above that performed by the man who whitewashes your kitchen ceiling. Any fellow can impale a miserable worm upon a hook, and, by its writhings, entice a fish to nibble at it. But it requires a quick eye, a tranquil nerve, and superior judgment to cast a fly so as to deceive the wary trout. I do not object to taking fish with a worm, for food, if hard pressed, but for sport—never! There is nothing disreputable in fishing with a worm; by no means. But I do not enjoy that sort of thing; therefore never engage in it. Bodines.

WATERS OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

THE New York Legislature has appropriated $30,000 for the purchase of islands and other plots of lands in the St. Lawrence River district known as "the waters of the Thousand Islands," to be held as public possessions, for the convenience of anglers and other pleasure seekers. Owing to the rapid conversion of hitherto wild and unoccupied land into summer homes, the number of available camping spots where the fisherman may go ashore to cook his fish and eat his lunch has so diminished that the lunch problem has become most serious and perplexing.

The Thousand Islands fishing custom is for the angler to be rowed to the fishing grounds by his boatman guide, to fish until the lunch hour, and then to go ashore to the nearest convenient camping ground, build a fire, and have lunch. But of late years, with each recurring season, one has been obliged to go past spots formerly open to all, and to row further and further before a place could be found where to go ashore would not be to trespass on private property. Judiciously expended for suitable sites, the appropriation will in large measure remedy all this, and the convenience and pleasure of angling and boating in these waters will be materially enhanced.

In taking this step, New York is coöperating with the Canadian authorities, who, on their part, have undertaken to reserve for a like public use, certain islands lying on their side of the line. Ultimately the two countries will have an international park, where, by virtue of mutual concessions as to seasons and other conditions, the anglers of the States and of the Provinces may enjoy some of the finest fishing on the continent. As is known, the Ontario authorities have in past seasons exempted this district from the operation of the non-resident angling license law, and the exemption will continue in force this year. For the benefit of Canadian boatmen, who have been accustomed to row American anglers from the American hotels to the fishing grounds, the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River sought to secure an amendment of the alien labor law, so that the Ontario boatmen might not be interfered with. A bill to this effect was introduced in Congress by Hon. Chas. A. Chickering, of Copenhagen, and was passed, but President Cleveland vetoed it. Probably a renewed effort will be made to secure such a modification of the present statute.

THE PAPER GUN.

GREAT are the improvements that have been made in firearms within the past sixty years. From the invention of the percussion lock down to the latest perfection of breechloading and repeating arms, the art of gunmaking has attained such cheapness and excellence that it seems almost impossible to go beyond.

Iron and steel have been worked into all manner of combinations and twisted into all contortions that can give strength and most exquisite figure. Actions and magazines have been perfected till there is nothing left to ask for in ease and celerity of loading and firing, and all at a cost that makes it possible for men of moderate means to own guns of a quality that were once only within the reach of the wealthy. So it has come to pass that every one who cares to own one has a good gun, and if the shooters were equal to their weapons there would be no game left.

But far more effective than any achieved combination of iron, steel and wood is the paper gun, a weapon at the command of every one who can wield a pen; for it is cheaper than the cheapest, though it bears the name of every good maker.

It never misses fire, never its mark. In vain the wiles of the ruffed grouse, in vain the startling upburst of his thundering flight. Of no avail the woodcock's thridding of the alder copse, the snipe's zigzag course over the sedgy lands, the wildfowl's headlong speed before the piping gale—down comes each at the noiseless and smokeless discharge of the paper gun. So falls the bounding deer, the cliff-scaling mountain sheep, so the charging moose and the savage grizzly when his hot breath is almost in the face of the intrepid hunter, and so falls the painted Indian at the moment his tomahawk is lifted to strike his victim.

Notwithstanding the improvements that have been made in the iron gun, it is possible that they may be carried still further. Ramrod and hammer have been eliminated, and so perhaps may be lock, stock and barrel, and ideal proverbial rapidity attained. But there is nothing left to be desired in the paper gun; it has reached perfection. It is infallible, and he who fires it is always an unerring marksman.

A DEER JACKING RECORD.

A SHOWING as suggestive as was ever put on record in official reports relating to shooting is contained on that page of the New York Fish Commission report for 1895 which gives statistics of deer jacking as practiced at Big Moose Lake, in the Adirondacks, for the season of 1893. The figures are contributed by H. H. Covey, who expresses the opinion that if the deer are to be kept up to their present standard and numbers both dogging and jacking must be prohibited. Mr. Covey's record gives the number of shots fired, the number of deer wounded and the number killed. It is shown, for instance, that during the season one man fired nineteen shots, wounded seven deer and actually killed two; that another fired fourteen shots, wounded four, got one; another fired twelve shots, wounded five, killed two; and so on down to the hunter who shot only twice, wounded two and got none. The totals figure up two hundred and nineteen shots fired, one hundred and nine deer wounded, forty-nine killed. Those killed are not to be counted among the wounded; the wounded were in addition to the killed; they "all left blood, but could not be found, as they were shot while floating."

It is not clearly stated that all the two hundred and nineteen shots were shot in floating. If they were, the totals would show that as conducted at Big Moose Lake the practice of deer floating yields a proportion of one hundred and nine wounded to forty-nine killed; or, in other words, that before one deer is killed two others must have been wounded, with ten extra wounded ones in a season for good measure. If some of the forty-nine deer were killed by hounding or still-hunting, the proportion of one hundred and nine wounded in floating to less than forty-nine killed would mean that for every one deer killed in floating more than two must have been wounded.

SNAP SHOTS.

BY the death of Henry Hope Sewell, the sportsmen's fraternity of Quebec has lost a valued and highly esteemed member. He was a sportsman of the first rank, pure in heart and life, a lover of the woods and everything in them, "just such a man," writes one who knew him well, "as FOREST AND STREAM would have its readers to be, and so far as it can helps to make them. An honorable man in every walk of life, the memory of 'Hope Sewell' will long be fresh among his fellows. In a whole family of sportsmen of the highest type he was *facile princeps*, until a mysterious and incurable malady deprived him of the use of the sturdy limbs that had so often carried him to the haunts of the caribou or followed the birds on the banks of the St. Lawrence. 'I like to work for my fish' was an expression he once used, and it gives an idea of his character as a sportsman."

What a forum is the FOREST AND STREAM for the man with old-fashioned and newfangled notions about the many interests of the sportsman's world. It is the intention to make it a free forum, where every one may have his say, if only he be sincere and honest in intent and parliamentary in manner. It might be a very stupid forum if it were held to the expression of any one man's views only, or if both sides of a question were not given scope of expression; or if only those views and suggestions and projects were permitted to be heard which the editorial judgment might indorse as wise and sensible. What would become of that interminable gun talk about the stove of the country store of winter nights if some one oracle knew it all, delivered his say-so and reduced the rest to silence? And where would be the charm of those nights of lounging about the campfire, with the stars peeping down through the pines, if only one were allowed to do the talking? Our ambition—surely a most laudable one—to reflect the sentiment and thought of the sportsman's world, prompts us then to open our columns to all. And so it is that about once in so often, say at recurring periods of eighteen or twenty-four months, we make room for the man who advances the sin argument as applied to snaring partridges. Briefly stated, this is, that to enjoy such means or opportunities as may enable their possessor to hunt grouse for sport is a sin; and to be so poverty-stricken as to be obliged to shoot or snare grouse for sale is righteousness. It then follows that as the righteous shall inherit the earth the grouse are for the market snarer; and if the sportsman contends that he should have some privileges too, this is only a manifestation of his original sin. If anyone shall deem that we misrepresent the position of the defenders of the "poor man" snarer against the "millionaire" sportsman, we beg of him to reread the arguments advanced in recent numbers in defense of the partridge snarer's God-given right to follow his bent.

Our fishing columns contain some extremely interesting statistics of New Hampshire fishcultural stations. The State has eleven hatcheries, which are equivalent, population considered, to more than one hundred for New York. With all her natural supply, and with all her artificial restocking, New Hampshire nevertheless has found it necessary to adopt legislation forbidding trout fishing for market as an industry to be pursued on her streams. The simple truth is that no State fish-stocking machinery can begin to repair the drain made by the market fisher. The sale of wild trout should be prohibited everywhere.

Another industrious individual who ought to be banished by legislation or by public censure, is the fisher for count and brag. Now that the fishing season is coming around again, we may expect to be confronted by the apparition of this creature and his back-load of fish at the country tavern, whose host vainglorioously puts him forth as a living advertisement of the fishing resources of trout and bass waters. In one "virgin wilderness" after another the "trout hog" has flourished, and then the places that knew him know him no more forever, for the good reason that he has wrought their ruin, and they no longer tempt his stupid, unworthy and brutish ambition to score.

The Sportsman Tourist.

LIFE AMONG THE LUMBERMEN.—III.

[Continued from page 246, and from the day when, it will be remembered, G. W. M. and Ernest had plugged a hollow log and holed up in it a mysterious animal.]

Until this night we had not heard nor seen wolves in the vicinity of our camp. We had seen some tracks, though only a few. But now I had scarcely dozed off into my first light sleep when a long-drawn-out howl sounded almost at the camp door, and the cook, Ernest and myself, waking simultaneyusly, sat up and listened to the serenade, that soon became uproarious and lasted for a half hour, with little or no intermission.

That was the beginning; and from that time until we broke camp on the 8th of April we heard them almost every night. We came to think nothing of it, the only effect of their presence being to make the cook careful to store his provisions safely, and to cause the teamsters to keep their harness securely housed. Any scrap of leather, from a hone strap to a horse collar, was sure to be chewed up if left out over night. Although there must have been many of the wolves—and we had reason to believe they followed us out to the works in the morning and back to camp at night—with the exception of two, which one of the crew succeeded in trapping, we only caught sight of any twice, and then a single individual each time, during the entire winter. Once, when Kronquist, coming in at night, stopped to water his team at a swamp water hole, a single wolf came up from the direction he had come, sat down on his haunches in the middle of the road immediately when he came in sight, and trotted back on the road when Kronquist swung his cap and yelled. At another time, late in March, when the Boss and myself were tramping a road to a thick bunch of timber, a wolf came out to the edge of a little meadow we were crossing and stood watching us. The crust was heavy enough to bear the weight of a man, and the Boss walked up to within a few feet of the wolf, holding his axe ready for a blow. The wolf retreated very slowly, showing little fear and keeping a wicked eye on the man all the time. This wolf was very large and of very dark color. They raided our lunch place every day looking for scraps, as we could tell by finding their tracks thick about the fire on some one of the crew returning after resuming work; and tney visited the rear of the camp every night, where a spout carried the dish water from the cook's sink.

Next morning Kronquist waked me. Having his team to care for, it was his habit to have them fed, groomed and harnessed before breakfast. He had been to the hovel and greeted me with the following: "Aye tank da Buck ox he daie. Aye yust go down hovel; see hem all fall dou lak he daid. Aye com' ba'k queek tell you, maister."

I was dressed in a jiffy, and following Kronquist to the hovel found Old Buck sure enough dead. After looking him over by the dim light of the flickering candle which Kronquist held over the carcass I went back to camp. It was bitter cold, and the wind which had risen during the night swept the little clearing with a howl and shriek, and seemed fairly to snatch the breath out of our nostrils. I found Ernest lacing his buckskin moccasins. "Old Buck is dead," I said. "So! Well, dem Swede feed him too much meal. Da ox he no work, just stand still. Da meal get hot, swell up, bu'st paunch. We save the hide anyway."

Giving the crew instructions to manufacture snow shovels so that we might clear a road as far as possible in the direction from which the tote team was to come, Ernest and myself after breakfast started out to see what it was we had left in the hollow log the night before. The first thump on the log brought a response. Cutting into the tree toward the root from where we had the beast located, we rammed in some sticks to bar his passing in that direction. Then notching in above and jamming in more sticks, we set to work to split out the section between the two scarfs. All this time tne animal had kept up an incessant growling, and when at last I had split and chopped a small opening directly above where we knew him to be, I felt the perspiration streaming down from under my cap rim in spite of the cold. A few more strokes of the axe and we could see a bunch of reddish-gray fur. Another slab was knocked off, and up came two stubby legs with broad feet and wicked claws, which fanned the air with strong, swift strokes. Instantly a thick leather mitten closed around each leg, and Ernest, throwing his whole weight into the task, bent them down over the log. Next up came more legs and claws, and jumping up on the log I could see a pair of ugly-looking eyes. I swung the poll of the axe straight between them. The growling ceased, the legs quivered, jerked spasmodically and our animal was dead. Enlarging the hole toward the root of the tree, we drew forth a lynx, the largest I have ever seen. He was very thin and bony, and had porcupine quills sticking in his nose, mouth, lips and forelegs.

For five days more we hunted and worked and waited. We shoveled out the tote road for a distance of more than three miles. We snared rabbits, and Ernest succeeded in shooting another deer.

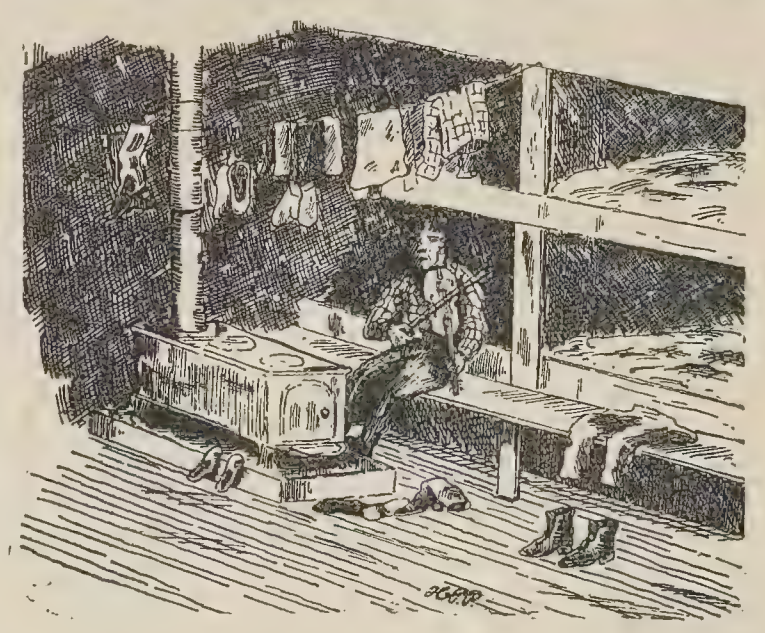
On the fourth day our young Swede was taken sick. Returning from work he was seized with a chill, then came fever and the bunk. He required a good deal of attention, the cook looking after him in the daytime, and I myself at night. At times he was delirious, but always gentle. He could not speak English, but thanked us with his eyes for any service rendered.

On the eighth night he seemed better, and was apparently resting, so that I threw myself on my bunk for a few moments' sleep. When I woke it was to hear the music of the old violin played very low, and I found the boy sitting by the heater, with his head propped against the bunk footboard, playing a march over and over again in a subdued, quiet tone, but in perfect time. I sat down on the opposite side of the stove and waited, listening and wondering what this new turn in his sickness meant. After a few moments I thought to replenish the fire, and throwing open the stove door stirred up the glowing interior, and going to the dingle came back with some sticks of fat pine, when I noticed the light fell full on the lad's face. He looked up with a bright smile, and nodded toward the camp door as if there might be something outside which interested him. Throwing the wood on the fire, I stepped outside, and stood for a moment dazed and confused, for it was snowing again. But hark! what sound is that which comes from out the woods, floats past through the open door, and mingles and harmonizes with the strains of the violin within? I listen again. Is it? Yes, it is. It is bells; and whose bells? Why, Jake's, those four strings of which he was always so proud; and now I hear them more distinctly, sounding steadily in time with the march played upon the violin.

A moment more and I have Ernest awake and then the cook. Fire is started in the cook stove, and Ernest and I don our outdoor clothing. Everything is done quietly, but in time—perhaps unconsciously—to that slow, steady tune which never stops and never varies. With cap and mittens adjusted we again open the camp door. The clamor of the bells rushes in and fills and echoes back from every corner of the interior. Then we hear Jake's sonorous "Whoa!" and the four steaming blacks in the lead with the tote team on the pole are at the door, and on either side Ernest and myself are pulling the long lead reins from Jake's cold fingers.

By the time the horses are cared for, supper, or perhaps breakfast, is ready. The Boss tells in a few words of the difficulties encountered and the time lost in getting through with the load of supplies. On learning that we have rustled enough to eat and have kept the crew together he shakes hands all around, which is a lot of that kind of thing for him to do.

I go over to the young Swede's bunk, for he had laid aside the violin and crept into it when the bells ceased ringing. His head is cool, his fever gone, and he is sleeping. Ernest



THE MUSIC OF THE OLD VIOLIN.

comes over, lights his pipe and sits beside me on the deacon seat, gives a few puffs and says: "Ba gosh, we have bean and doughnut on the tab'e to-morrow." The Boss hands me some letters backed in the familiar handwriting of the little sister at home. I light the stub of a candle, read them through, and full of pleasant thoughts stay awake just long enough to hear the cook sing as he gets ready to turn in:

"Then consider a while ere you leave me;
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the dear little valley
And the girl that has loved you so true."

G. W. M.

THE CHESTNUT RIDGE AND ALONG ITS FOOT.

The Chestnut Ridge is the westernmost range of Appalachian hills in Pennsylvania. It rises to the north near the center of Indiana county, and extends in a generally southern direction through Indiana, Westmoreland and Fayette counties in Pennsylvania, and on into West Virginia. The southern prolongation of this range is known as the Laurel Ridge. It is of but moderate elevation; its summit rounded; its eastern side rather abrupt; its western slope a long, gradual descent toward the setting sun. This ridge is but a remnant of that lofty mountain system which the geologists assure us once shot up 2,000ft. higher than does the present range, but which has been worn down by the disintegrating influence of the atmosphere to its present dimensions; while the detritus has been borne away and deposited in the river valleys and upon the floor of that vast inland sea which once covered the region now occupied by the prairies of Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. When we consider how little change has been wrought upon the natural features of the earth by atmospheric agencies within the historic period, the length of time required to remove thus hundreds and thousands of feet of rock and soil would seem to be little short of infinite.

"I thank God," says Washington Irving, "I was born on the banks of the Hudson! I think it an invaluable advantage to be born and brought up in the neighborhood of some grand and noble object in nature; a river, a lake or a mountain. We make a friendship with it, we in a manner ally ourselves to it for life." And so I have always been thankful that I was born in sight of the Chestnut Ridge. From my father's door and from the streets of my native village this great upland, blue in the haze of Indian summer, and distinct as a pointed picture in the clearer atmosphere, was ever before my eyes. To my youthful imagination its shady recesses might be the haunts of Pan, the woodland god, whose uncouth form was familiar to me upon the page of Tooke's "Pantheon," a favorite book in my father's small library. Strange how the impressions of childhood remain with us, while many of the more important events of later years are entirely obliterated from the mind!

The slopes of the Ridge were covered with chestnut trees, and great was the pleasure of turning over the yellow leaves after the first frosts of October, in search of the rich brown chestnuts. Here, too, were huckleberries in abundance; the satisfaction of gathering them, however, was somewhat marred by fear of the "rattlers" that were known to lurk among the rocks and bushes. Along the foot of the Ridge were fox grapes and wild plums in profusion, and free to the first comer. In those days notices to "trespassers" were unknown, just as the woods and streams were open to all without restrictions of game laws or of the rights of private ownership.

In my early years the ridge was covered with an almost unbroken forest of chestnut, oak, walnut, beech and hickory trees. But time brings about changes. When I saw the ridge last summer I noticed that havoc had been wrought among the trees. Great bare spots revealed themselves all along the flank and even upon the scalp of this vast upland. The "woodman" had not observed the injunction of the poet, and had not by any means "spared that tree." The work of forest denudation that has been going on in Pennsylvania for 200 years had at length attacked the Chestnut Ridge, and the haunts of Pan and the Satyrs had been laid bare to the light of the sun. I was sorry to see it. The destruction of the forests of our country has been carried on so ruthlessly that not only a scarcity of timber is near at hand, but certain climatic and fluviatile changes have set in that threaten serious consequences in the future. The more intelligent and the more public spirited of our people have taken the alarm, and are making an effort to stay the work of destruction and to repair the damage done as far as possible by systematic tree planting. But, unfortunately, the more intelligent and the more public-spirited part of the community is here, as everywhere else, sadly in the minority; and so long as timber will fetch a price in the market, so long will the work of havoc continue among the trees. A bill, I understand, has recently been introduced into our Legislature to set apart a forest reservation of 120,000 acres—three parks of 40,000 acres each. It is ardently to be hoped that some such bill may become a law before the last forest tree has fallen a victim to the portable sawmill and the rapacious lumberman.

For many of the years immediately following the middle of the last century, the Chestnut Ridge formed a line of demarcation between the savagery of the Western wilds and the civilization of the East. After the fall of Fort Duquesne, in 1758, a few attempts at settlement had been made between Fort Ligonier and Fort Pitt; but the torch and the tomahawk of the savages were ever present to the mind of the pioneer, and only a few brave souls here and there ventured to face the perils of the wilderness.

Not far from the foot of the ridge was fought the fierce battle of Bushy Run, in 1763, the most sanguinary conflict ever waged by the unassisted red man; and not far distant stood Miller's Fort, taken with a large number of pioneers by the Indians in the summer of 1783, and Hounastown, captured and burned by the same band of ruthless marauders, led on by the redoubtable Guyasutha.

The most notable feature of the Chestnut Ridge is the gorge known as the Pack Saddle. This is a notch cut through at a right angle with the Ridge and down to the water level. Through this notch flows the Conemaugh River—a stream which, on May 30, 1889, had scarcely been heard of twenty miles from its banks, but which, two days later, had been named in every civilized country of the globe; through its channel rushed the flood of water that swept Johnstown from the face of the earth as with a besom of destruction.

The earliest mention of the Pack Saddle that I have met with is in the journal of Samuel Maclay, the surveyor, in 1890. Under date of Aug. 25 in that year, he writes: "We proceeded up through the narrows where the river cuts the Chestnut Ridge; these narrows are five miles in length, and the hills come down close to the water's edge, so that we were obliged often to wade the river, and had exceedingly bad waiking, as there was scarcely any beach, and the rocks and laurel come close to high-water mark. We had likewise several heavy showers, so that between the wading the river and the rain we were wet indeed." The history of Maclay's survey of the streams in western Pennsylvania a little over 100 years ago, as recorded in his journal, reads like an exploration of the heart of Africa. His expedition required guides through the wilderness, and the victualling department seem to have taxed their energies to the utmost. On one occasion they were reduced almost to a state of famishment.

The main line of public improvements of Pennsylvania begun about the year 1830, passed through the Pack Saddle, and for many years the wooded heights and sequestered glens echoed to the mellow notes of the boatman's horn. Later, the tracks of the great Pennsylvania Railroad were laid through this gorge, and the boatman's horn gave way to the shrill whistle of the locomotive, as the gaily-painted but slowly-moving canal boat itself had to yield to the noisy, rushing railroad train. Almost the last vestige of the great line of public works has disappeared, and those who can recall the palmy days of the old canal belong to a generation that is fast passing away.

In the early period of the settlement of western Pennsylvania the larger game, such as bears, deer, wolves, foxes and wild turkeys, were common upon the Ridge; in my youth only the smaller game, squirrels, rabbits, raccoons, opossums, quail, and pheasants were to be found. The Conemaugh and its tributaries, the Stony Creek, the Blacklick and the Loyalhanna, abounded in fish of the common varieties, "suckers," catfish, salmon, perch, snowfish, etc. Pike were reported to have been caught of fabulous proportions, 4 or 5ft. in length and weighing 50 or 60lbs. I never heard of a pike that grew any smaller in the hands of its captor. But the game and fish of this region have nearly disappeared before the march of civilization; scarcely more than specimens of the various species remain.

There were shady nooks and sandy beaches all along these streams, where the fisherman could dream his peaceful day dreams while waiting for the expected nibble below. One of the gentle anglers of the olden time comes before me as I write—a thoughtful, pious man, an artist, a musician, almost a poet; a man who could find "books in the running brooks"; who could trace bright pictures in the clouds; who could hear music in the low harmonies of nature by the river side and beneath the shadows of the greenwood trees. Tenderly I write his name here, Alva Riley Chapman, my father, sleeping these forty years and more in his humble grave beside the river he loved. "Sweets to the sweet—farewell!"

A peculiar feature of this part of the Chestnut Ridge, as I remember, was a low, weird, roaring noise heard in our village when the wind was in a certain quarter. We regarded it as a "sign of rain," and supposed it to be caused by the wind blowing among the trees. A later theory is that it was caused by the wind sweeping through the Pack Saddle. The peculiar conformation of this great notch in the mountain range, furnishing as it did a draft for the wind from the west, brought about this effect. The sound I refer to is still sometimes heard, but not so markedly as formerly. The partial clearing away of the forests has greatly modified the effect.

Times change, and we change with them. "The romance of youth is past," says Irving, "that once spread illusions over every scene. I can no longer picture an Arcadia in every green valley, nor a fairy land among the distant mountains, nor a peerless beauty in every villa gleaming among the trees; but though the illusions of youth have faded from the landscape, the recollections of departed years and departed pleasures shed over it the mellow charm of evening sunshine."

T. J. Chapman.

Pittsburg, Pa.

PODGERS'S COMMENTARIES.

California's Bad Legislation.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 5.—Some one has wisely remarked that it was unwise as well as unreliable to indulge in statistics of the chicken business before the chickens have left their shells. I am a victim to misplaced confidence. In some former remarks a few weeks ago I indulged in complimentary reference to the body legislative with which we are inflicted every two years, and the encouragement that body gave of refraining from tinkering with our game laws. Alas! I might have known better than to imagine any Legislature could ever pass through one session without passing some mischievous act in relation to game, and ours has not been an exception. As a concession to the pot hunters and market-shooters it has added three months to the open season, which means annihilation to every feather within two years, and the Governor, who professes to be a sportsman, has signed the bill; in keeping with his present playing to the galleries, with a view to a renomination for a second term. Never was a greater mistake made in political tactics, for there is not a true sportsman in the State who will not turn down the man that signed such a pernicious bill. Our motto will be, "Vote early and often." We had some confidence in the man because he aspired to be a sportsman. His gunning is for votes, and I prophecy that the bag at the next election will be small, very small.

Those Dogs for Alaska.

I see you copy from a Portland (Ore.) paper a paragraph stating that a man was buying up all the big dogs in the city to take to Alaska for packing and sledge purposes. He betrays his ignorance of the uselessness of the big, long-haired animal for such use; for their weight is against them and they soon tire out, and as sledge dogs more particularly they are useless, for no dog has ever been found except the Esquimo that has the endurance. There is one use, however, that these big dogs will probably be put to, and that is of food. I prophecy that that will be their destiny, and instead of their being used to pack provisions the party will pack the dogs—inside. I wish that the dog market of Portland may be exhausted, and that buyers may extend the demand in this direction and contract for four or five big dogs in our neighborhood, which make night hideous with their barking from sunset till daylight, banishing all sleep, with prayers that the pound man or sausage maker may come to our relief. I would not kill a dog myself. I did so once under great provocation, and that dog's ghost haunted me for five years. He was revenged.

Some Dog Stories.

Speaking of dogs, I see there is a discussion in FOREST AND STREAM on the subject of intercommunication of animals I believe in the theory as regards dogs, which "reminds me" of an instance within my own experience. I have always been partial to Gordon setters, and accord to them the most intelligent and gentlemanly characteristics of all the dogs I have ever owned. Most of the old readers of FOREST AND STREAM must remember that old-time sportsman Horace Smith, who carried a gun up to his ninetieth year, and laid it down only a few years ago. Horace imported for me several brace of Gordons direct from the Duke of Gordon's kennels, and of course they were good ones, and I distributed their progeny far and wide among my army friends on the coast. From the last litter I reserved three. Gen. Crook begged one, which died a year after; and Mrs. Crook declared that the General put on mourning for the regulation thirty days. The two I saved, Sport and Juno, were dogs whose acquaintance any man would have been proud to make. On one occasion when going East, as Sport was getting on in years, I concluded to take him along and give him a home for the remainder of his days on the old homestead. It was against the rules of the steamship company to take dogs as passengers, but I smuggled Sport on board, and having a stateroom on the main deck, stowed him under the berth, and only brought him out for exercise on the upper deck after all the passengers were below asleep. One night Sport and I were having a run, when, as luck would have it, just as we were passing Com. Watkins's stateroom on the upper deck, the old man stepped out to take a look at the weather, and Sport ran between his legs, upsetting him. The Commodore was stout and heavy, and came down hard. Getting on his feet, he ripped out some nautical oaths, exclaiming: "Whose dog is that? Who has dared to bring a dog aboard my ship?" Fortunately I was on excellent terms with the Commodore, and confessed that I was the culprit, and explained my desire to get a favorite old dog home. He was very good about it, saying: "Well, keep him out of sight." Thereupon Sport had made a bee line for the stateroom and hid himself in the fartherest corner under the berth, and when I went down he poked his head out and said as plainly as any dog could: "What did the old man say?" I said: "It was a pretty close shave, Sport, and you must keep very shady hereafter." He understood me perfectly, but there was a twinkle in his eye which plainly indicated that he enjoyed the joke

When after crossing the Isthmus and drawing on the northern coast it was bitter cold, and all the bedding we had was half a blanket; and as my room was on deck I verily believe I should have frozen except for the old dog. He lay at my back in the berth with me, with his head on the pillow, and stretched out at full length. The only objection was that he would snore sometimes. Once at home the coming summer we essayed some hunting, but birds were scarce, and one day after a fruitless search I sat down at the foot of a tree with my gun between my knees, when Sport came and sat down before me, and said, "This is not California, is it?" "No, Sport, it is not." But I am indulging in a long prelude to my story.

Our house was some distance from the post office, and Sport was our carrier. He took the letters down, and when he heard the whistle of the train would start off for the mail. On the way down to the post office he had to pass a house where a big dog would rush out and roll him in the dirt. Sport would not let go the mail to fight, and of course got the worst of it. One day, as we sat on the steps, he suddenly rushed off to a farmhouse just up the road, and soon came back with a big bull dog belonging to the farmer, and instead of stopping continued down the road until coming to a stone wall parallel with the street. Here the two stopped and held a consultation, resulting in the big dog jumping over the wall, while Sport continued on down. The dog that had always fought him rushed out as usual, whereat the bull, who had been concealed by the wall, jumped over and joined the scrimmage. It is unnecessary to say that such a drubbing as that other dog got he probably never forgot. At any rate, he never ventured outside the yard whenever Sport passed by; from that day he contented himself with poking his nose through the pickets of the fence and growling. The whole scheme was evidently planned: firstly, Sport's going after the bull dog, then the plan of having him get over the stone wall and following down out of sight until opposite the belligerent dog, and jumping over at the right time and taking part.

I call it a case of intercommunication if there ever was one.

One more dog story and I am done, only I am not as ready to swear to this one. I quote from the Woodland *Democrat*, a neighboring county paper. It says:

"There is a young man in this city who boasts the possession of a wonderful dog. Last week he killed a quail, which the dog retrieved. In returning with the bird he tripped over a log, fell and rolled over on his back. While in that position he pointed another quail, and remained with all four feet pointing in the air until his master flushed the bird and killed the second quail."

This story admits of criticism. Firstly, because dogs don't trip and fall over logs like men. Secondly, the difficulty with which the dog was able to "point" calls for explanation. Thirdly, what business had that young man to be shooting quail in April, a month after the game law forbids it?

Cocus Island Treasure.

I see that the periodical expedition in search of Cocus Island buried treasure is again fitting out, and sails in a few days. This time a woman is at the head of the expedition, the widow of an old ship captain, who on his deathbed confided to his wife the secret of the location of the treasure, with maps and charts which had come into his possession, and he claimed to have visited the spot and obtained a portion of the treasure, all of which he lost by the wrecking of his schooner.

The subject of this buried treasure seems to be a prolific one for deathbed confessions. There is hardly a sailors' hospital in any part of the world that has not supplied its dying sailor with this same dying confession, and always the last man of the piratical crew. It must have been a numerous crew to furnish so many "last men."

The woman in this case is in command of the expedition, and now we will see what luck she may have; but I expect to announce in about three months the return of the vessel without that famous chest of diamonds, pearls and doubloons left by the gentlemen pirates for credulous people to seek. It would be no more than decent for some one of their ghosts to hover around and point out the exact location of the treasure, as a salve to his conscience and a possible relief from purgatory or a warmer place. Cocus Island bids fair to rival Robinson Crusoe Island in reputation, as in case of this expedition some other of the piratical crew will conveniently die and leave a confession to start another expedition, about the sixth that I can remember. PODGERS.

TALES TOLD BY THE CAMP-FIRE.—V.

BY AMATEUR.

(Continued from page 304.)

THE next evening another of our number spoke and said: I have listened with interest to the early history related by those who have spoken, and much of it was new to me. I can't tell you much about those early gunsmiths, but can tell you something about the early powder makers in the region that has been spoken of already.

Isaiah Jones I. came into what is now Greene county, Pa., a few years after Elias Blank. He was a powder maker, and after "prospecting for awhile," as we would say now, set up a manufactory and made powder which went all over the region, and some of it even down into "Kentucky's dark and bloody ground." This powder, "Jones powder," was well known, and had a great reputation; was said to be the "quickest burning powder" that could be got, and was supposed to be less susceptible to dampness than others. He made his own charcoal, and was very careful not to let any of his methods pass out of his possession. Nobody knew where he procured his saltpeter, and many persons believed and still believe that he knew of natural deposits of that material somewhere in the neighborhood of his factory. Old people still say that the Joneses were never known to buy saltpeter, though they did buy large quantities of brimstone and sulphur.

Some time after the Revolutionary War Isaiah Jones I. died, and his son, Isaiah Jones II., continued the business, and was said to make even better powder than his father. Most of their powder was called "rag powder," and was unglazed, but very clean and hard, and of quick ignition. They did make, however, a glazed powder of very fine grain. The test of the rag powder was to pour some of it on a sheet of white paper, and if no black stain was left it was considered good. Another test was to ignite the little heap on the paper, and the smallness of the amount of stain left was thought to indicate the goodness of the powder. I may mention that a favorite test for whisky was to pour about a rifle load of rag powder into a saucer or other convenient vessel, then pour a spoonful, more or less, of the liquor into the saucer, and set the whisky on fire. If the liquor burned without setting off the powder, it was deemed far below proof—too far to drink—and the quickness with which the powder flashed was also deemed an indication of the strength of the liquor.

Isaiah Jones married Bathsheba, the daughter of Elias Blank, sister of Aaron or "Een" Blank, of whom we have heard. He thus became the son-in-law of a very rich man in that day and connected with influential people, and a brother-in-law of Ezra Engle IV. Isaiah Jones II. was a very tall man, at least 6ft. 6in. high. He was a Baptist and a very religious man, though he would drink whisky and occasionally become intoxicated, though the habit did not seem to grow on him with his increasing years.

During the war of 1812 he made and furnished to the United States Government large quantities of powder of different kinds. Much of his powder was used in the navy during that war and vast amounts of it by the army, and for many, many tons of it he was never paid by the Government. He and his wife had one son and only child born to them late in life, at least long after their marriage and long after the death of old Elias Blank. This son was named Isaiah also and went to the Mexican War, and was either killed or died in Mexico.

Isaiah Jones II. died between the years 1850 and 1860, probably in 1854, and was buried at his own request on top of a high, barren hill, on a farm belonging to his brother James, near the mountains in Fayette county, Pa. A plain marble slab marks his grave. His wife survived him a few years only, but at her request she was not buried by the side of her husband, but was interred in the family burial ground of old Elias Blank, by the side of her parents, her brothers and her sisters.

The Joneses were of Welsh parentage, and were very important men to their community in their day. There is no record that Isaiah Jones I. ever had an explosion in his powder factory, but Isaiah II. was not so fortunate, though I am unable to give either the time or the cause of the accident, but it must have been after his marriage a considerable length of time. He never would discuss the subject at all, always saying when approached on the matter: "I have only this to say, that I am a monument of Divine mercy, though I am sure that the time set for me to die had not arrived, else I should have been dead." He was really and at heart as true a fatalist as any follower of Mohammed, and he lived according to his belief.

As to the explosion, all that is known about the matter is that one day a dull, rumbling sound was heard from Isaiah's factory, and a heavy cloud of smoke was seen arising therefrom. People hurried to the spot, and found Jones sitting on the bank of the river, dripping wet, and very much "dazed"—no stick of the factory remained. They took him to his home and sent for his relatives. All the explanation he ever gave was to his wife Bathsheba and to her brother Een Blank; it was, "The mill bu'sted up in fire and smoke, and blowed me into the river; I was at least 50ft. up in the air, don't think I was more, for I thought of all the mean things I ever did in my life before I struck the river, an' there wasn't many of them. When I hit the water I felt as if I was smashed as flat as a pancake, but after I'd floated round a bit I found that I was swimmin' toward the other shore of the river, an' I turned an' swam back, an' came out and sat down under the tree, and pulled off my shoes and socks and wrung the water out of 'em; and then my head and face and eyes began to smart like Beelzebub, and I'd just got my shoes and socks on again when the people came up and took me home"

All the hair was burned off his head and face; his eyebrows and eyelashes were completely destroyed, and his head was left as smooth as a billiard ball. Strange to say, there wasn't a single powder mark on his head, face or hands, though his body was full of powder. The physicians of the country told him his hair would never grow again, but old Nosey, the Indian, told him that if he would wear a cap made of the bladder of an ox on his head all the time, and grease his head, his eyes and his face with an ointment made from the juice or sap of a blue grapevine which had never borne fruit, a quart, and bear's oil a pint, each heated as hot as possible, poured together into a closed vessel made of fresh peeled birch bark and shaken until cold, and then used at night, his hair would grow again. Jones tried it and he had a remarkably heavy head of hair; his beard and eyebrows also were very heavy, and his eyelashes were long and silky.

Jones was not a hunter, and did not shoot; he made his living by trading his powder to hunters.

All these men of the days that were, who made it possible for us to own this country, have passed away, and their very names are forgotten except when recalled on occasions like the present.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

INCIDENTS OF ADIRONDACK HISTORY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of your correspondents in an article relating to the old Adirondack guide, Alvah Dunning, appears to be slightly in error in a few matters of Adirondack history.

We are told that Alvah's father was a noted Indian fighter under Sir William Johnson before and during the Revolutionary War.

Sir William didn't fight Indians before, neither did he fight them during that war, in fact didn't take a hand in the Revolutionary War. Prior to the war he lived on most amicable terms with his red brothers, and at the beginning of the war he died very suddenly by his own hand, as many believe, as he could not determine exactly where he was at. In fact he could not make up his mind to wage war against his old friends and neighbors, neither would he take up arms against his king, from whom he had received so many of the good things of this world, and so he died to get out of the difficulty.

The story of the elder Dunning having killed an Indian with a bundle of traps, and being tried for his life and acquitted, would seem to have been the outcome of these several episodes in Adirondack history. Simms, in his "Trappers of New York," relates that a trapper—Dunning, if I remember right—having killed a moose, sunk the hide in a stream to remove the hair, and near that place set a trap for beaver.

Both the trap and a portion of the moose hide were stolen. Shortly afterward Dunning—I guess it was he—found his trap with several others, tied together with strips of moose hide, in the possession of an Indian. Dunning was taking his trap from the bundle when the Indian objected, whereupon he knocked the redskin down with the bundle of traps, but did not damage him to any great extent. We are told that the trapper brought off his trap triumphantly, but the historian does not say a thing about any murder trial.

So much for story number one, now for number two. Several years after the Revolutionary War, Nick Stoner, a soldier of that war and a noted hunter and trapper, was with a party of friends at a tavern in the village of Johnstown, N. Y., then on the outskirts of the Adirondack woods. Several Indians were present imbibing fire-water, when one of the Indians exhibited a knife with several notches in the handle and boasted that each notch indicated a scalp taken, "and there," said the genial cutthroat, pointing to a notch deeper than the rest, "is the scalp of old Stoner," Nick's father.

Stung to the quick by this cruel boast, Stoner seized an andiron from the blazing hearth and struck the Indian a fearful blow on the back of his neck, knocking him senseless and at the same time burning his own hand severely. A general melee followed between the other Indians and Stoner and his friends, in which the Indians got the worst of it and soon took to the woods, carrying their wounded comrade with them.

Stoner was arrested and lodged in the old jail at Johnstown, but was released a few hours after under the threats of a mob of his friends to tear down the jail if he was not released. Whether or not the Indian died from the effects of Stoner's blow history does not record, but in any event Stoner was not tried for murder.

Story No. 3.—Early in the present century Nat Foster, a

noted hunter and trapper, killed an Indian named Drid on one of the lakes of the Fulton Chain.

The Indian had frequently threatened to kill Nat—in fact, did try to kill him, and once wounded him with a knife. Nat, fearing for his life, waylaid the Indian at a narrow place in one of the Chain lakes and shot him dead, was tried for murder in the village of Herkimer and acquitted, with the usual applause, etc.

Now then, has our friend Mather gotten these three stories mixed, or am I mixed?

By the way, if our friend won't throw bricks and things, I will tell him that his creek below Greenbush, sacred to the memory of Port Tyler, isn't spelled Popskinny; neither is it what the other fellow called it, but it's Papscannee; at least a very old map in my possession says so. S.

TROY, N. Y., April 10.

AFTER DINNER TALK.

FROM the after dinner talk at the Hillsborough County Association, of New Hampshire, the other day, as reported in the Manchester *Mirror*, we take some paragraphs, all suggestive, and which will have an interest outside of New Hampshire.

Law Observance Better than Law Tinkering.

Mayor Wm. C. Clarke.

The present laws are strong and competent, and they ought not to be changed nor interfered with for a number of years. It would be better for the interests of sportsmen to educate our people to a proper understanding of the present laws, and thereby secure a fuller observance of them than to keep making changes from time to time. The laws as they now stand are good enough. They should be let alone.

Trap-Shooting and Field Shooting.

C. M. Starke.

To the beginner, or to the man who is not even a fair wing shot, trap-shooting will be of some assistance. A beginner usually handles a gun rather awkwardly. Practice at the traps will overcome it. He will learn how to handle a gun quickly and also where to hold. To become a fair wing shot on game he must learn where to hold on birds flying in various directions. A partridge on the wing is a good-sized mark to shoot at, but as compared to the space around it, it is very small. Watching an expert trap shot will give some good points, seeing how quickly and apparently without effort he handles his gun, how nearly every target seems to land in the center of the charge of shot.

To make good scores at the trap when standing at the regular distance a close-shooting gun is required. Such a gun is not suitable for our cover shooting unless very late in the season. Therefore, when trap-shooting for the purpose of getting accustomed to handling and using an open shooting gun, it is well to stand quite close to the trap.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago there was not more than one good wing shot where to-day there are fifty. Years ago trap-shooting was confined to live pigeons and gun clubs were not very numerous Pigeons were expensive and often hard to get. With the advent of the cheap artificial targets, gun clubs have sprung up all over the country, and I think they have had a great deal to do with developing the large number of good wing shots of to-day. A good wing shot on game will, as a rule, learn quickly to shoot well at the traps, and so I think will the good trap-shot take to game shooting.

Our principal game bird in New Hampshire is the partridge. In this part of the State it is hard for the best of us to shoot, and it is well that it is so, or there would be very few left. Where they are not hunted they are very tame. I have shot a good many when hunting large game, that were so tame that I could easily shoot their heads off with a .45 rifle bullet. One day while in Nova Scotia moose hunting I heard a partridge drum quite close to our camp. Taking a shotgun and five cartridges I went after him and in less than ten minutes I shot him, and, without moving from my tracks, four more which I saw standing around. If our partridges were as tame as those they would be almost as scarce as black foxes by the end of next season.

As I have said, the expert wing shot knows enough already, but the man who seldom can kill a woodcock or partridge on the wing had better try practicing at the traps. It may be of great benefit to him; it is not likely to do him any harm.

Fishing at Newfound Lake.

Col. F. G. Noyes..

For many years I have made, in April and May, an annual pilgrimage to Newfound Lake. The waters of the lake teem with that king of inland-water fish, the land-locked salmon, and in my judgment they are increasing. The lake trout are also taken in goodly numbers as yet, but our accomplished Fish and Game Commissioners, as well as broad and fair-minded men who live near the lake and who take great interest in and give much time to the subject, and who have watched this matter closely fer several years, are by no means sure that these fine fish are not decreasing in these waters.

It seems to me also proper to say that to the angler of moderate skill and good stock of patience and persistence, the reward of land-locked salmon and lake trout from these waters awaits him. When an 8 or 10lb. land-locked salmon strikes one's lure at the end of a 7oz. rod and 50yds. of small silk line, one thinks that a cyclone has broke loose and has somehow got tangled up with his tackle. When I say there is nothing like it, I am not talking "thro' my hat."

I know of no waters within 100 miles of here that promise so good sport to the average angler for land-locked salmon as the waters of Newfound Lake. Lake trout are taken more numerously in some other lakes, but in none of them are the fish so well fed and delicious. The "lunge" of Lake Memphemagog and Willoughby Lake, the trout of Winnipesaukee are caught more freely, but for game qualities and delicious flavor they are, in my judgment, inferior to the "lakers" that the angler kills with rod and reel in the cold waters of Newfound Lake. And when he takes one, compensation comes.

Nitro Powder.

Hon. W. H. Beasom.

My gun, being made by the oldest manufacturers of breech-loading shotguns in America, I considered it perfectly safe with either load, and my mind was at ease. In an evil moment I wrote the manufacturers of the gun about some method of lessening the recoil when using 3dr. As an afterthought I also asked them if they considered these loads excessive for the gun. They replied that they not only thought these loads excessive for this gun, but they did not guarantee any of their guns to withstand nitro powder, saying that all who use nitro do it at their own risk, so far as their guns are concerned.

The worst part of it is that these barrels do not burst at any particular time, but often occur after years of use, and with a charge that has always been used successfully. When an accident happens we wag our heads and say, "Some obstruction in the barrel." Don't you think this obstruction theory is getting overworked—something akin to "heart failure" diagnoses among physicians? Isn't it rather, in many cases, at least, that the powder is either variable in bursting pressure or else the barrels of the gun are too weak, as scientists tell us the variation in gas pressure observed in standard nitres is not sufficient to cause the bursting of a sound, well made barrel with a proper load? Isn't the fault, therefore, fully as apt to lie in the gun as in the powder?

We, most of us, remember that day when we were hesitating about trying new fangled stuff. When, late in November, after a hard freeze, there came a day of Indian summer, we took the old dog to try and find a belated woodcock. Our chance now is beside the spring in the hillside, that trickles down between the roots of leafless birch and alders, to join the brook at the bottom of the run. An hour passes without sign of scent; we cross the run and start to work back on the upper edge. Suddenly the pointer lifts his head and draws slowly on—one rod, two rods, then firmly points. We step in ahead, when from under a low clump of hazel bushes the strong, full-fledged bird whirls up; a hurried snap shot with the right barrel turns sunshine into shade, and somewhere beyond the murky cloud that settles upon us, shutting out a second shot, we hear the defiant twitter of the escaping bird. The last shot of the season is missed by devotion to "soft coal," and we resolve then and there, no matter what the risk, to quit its use forever.

Fishing in the North Country.

R. H. Cheney.

Fishing in any country and under almost any circumstances is simply heavenly pastime indulged in upon earth. The barefooted, light-hearted, though possibly sinful, boy, who gets out of school at intermission on an excuse forged by the kind-hearted hired man, and scuds away across the daisy-covered fields with mud worms in his pocket and a big string of fish in his head; the older boy who writes his own excuses and can work an oar and get his fly out of the boat without snapping out an eye; and we old fellows who have come to look on our June fishing as one of the steady lamps hung out by heaven to guide us across the Saharas and through the pestilential vapors hovering over the mires and marshes of the year, all find it so. Surely I need not tell any one present how to bend or bait a hook—how to tie or cast a fly—for that is the particular inspirational wisdom of which you boast. It takes intuitive ideas, art and good tackle to make a fisherman who can fill a basket with square-tailed trout. Fishing is like milking. Go up on the wrong side of a cow, thump her in the ribs with the milking stool and command her to stand over and hoist, she won't give down her milk; but let the maid who has done the milking before come along on the milking side with soft words and gentle pats, and there is no trouble in filling the pail. Thus does nature yield to all who know and treat her kindly.

The North Country—and I draw the line wherever the waves of thoughtless and fashion-serving humanity register their high water mark—the North Country of New England and Canada is a land toward which the man of clean heart and liquidated obligations may set his face and feel that he is climbing toward heaven. In it there yet remain some of God Almighty's soul-lifting hills whose virgin robes have not been torn or soiled by lustful lumber kings; some of His streams that in their seaward tumblings, unchoked by sawdust or the wash of towns, utter divine truths in liquid notes. There every hillside is an ever-shifting canvas of delight, and every vale and virgin wood a matchless and incomparable temple. I cannot paint it, gentlemen. Before the eye its landscapes blossom forth in all their wild, unsullied beauty, jeweled at morning's dawn and evening's glow by lake and stream; the ear is ravished by the blended harmonies of tuneful winds and white-capped waves; the intellect, awed and subdued, re asks its never-answered questions, but the tongue is dumb. It matters little if the knee bend not in gilded temple with the throng, if here the soul can feel and own the overshadowing law, and the heart in simple worship, washed of all bitterness and evil, learns the true thou shalt and thou shalt not. And, gentlemen, of such are they, mainly, who do the fishing in the North Country. They are men of character, men of force, men of humane impulses and all sweet charities; right-minded, tender, loving and approachable; and yet, rugged as the unchiseled granite that forms the understructure of New Hampshire.

Always and everywhere I have found the men who love the forests and the streams, the mountains and the lakes, among the wisest and the best; doubting neither God nor his purposes, seeking no angels in the mud and strewing no dust and ashes in the highway which connects the two eternities. God bless them! They are saved already, and their sunny lives tinge with brighter colors the web at which all humanity weaves. However little their souls may be weighted with dollars, they are making this world pay fair dividends, and in the next they will be millionaires. And if you are putting these things down, put it down also that the man who does not love the glorious North Country in all its purity and freshness, has ice around his heart and murder in it.

Osprey, Fishhook and Sinker.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., April 13.—While perch fishing on Deal Lake one day recently my attention was attracted to an osprey circling high in air and emitting cries plainly indicative of something out of the ordinary.

Soon after it lowered its flight and passed near to the point where I was standing. In its talons was a fish of good size—evidently a pickerel—and swinging from which was a section of line with sinker attached. This was plainly the cause of worry, and the worry was soon shared by the bird's mate. After making several circuits of the lake, they alighted upon a dead tree and held what seemed a consultation over the case. After the lapse of perhaps an hour, judge of my surprise to see the line of flight again taken up. The fish had disappered, but the line and sinker were hanging from the mouth of one of the birds, which in partaking of its repast had evidently gorged the hook and committed unintentional suicide. LEONARD HULIT.

Natural History.

A YEAR WITH THE BIRDS.

I.—"In Lenten Time, when Leaves wax Green."

"In the budding hedge the robin cock sings,
For the sun is merry and bright,
And he joyfully hops and flutters his wings,
For his heart is all full of delight."

TO THE student of birds spring is the hopeful season of the year, for with it come the absent and loved "guests of summer." After the long, dreary interval of frost, cold and storm, how one's heart thrills when he hears for the first time the sweet, plaintive song of that little harbinger of spring, not the festive cuckoo of England, but our own little, plain dressed song sparrow; or when near the top of some high tree the ruddy breast of an early robin appears, seemingly bright now, not only because it has been "lost awhile," but also from the fact that the redbreast of March turns to a dingy orange by August.

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast,
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest,
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove,
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

These oft quoted lines, written by Tennyson when he was a young man, show that he knew the ways of birds, or he never could so poetically have expressed their change of attire. He was a naturalist. What a difference there is between the robin of March and the robin of August, reminding one of the fabulous Gulliver; at first in Lilliputia he is a giant among pigmies; everybody admires and looks up to him only, because he is the first typical summer bird that comes back to us (the song sparrow is often here in winter), and for that reason is warmly welcomed, and much is made of him too. The first robin this year (Feb. 23) as he strutted about the lawn seemed to say, "Behold! I am here, a newcomer from the balmy breezes and sunny climes of the South; scorn me if you dare." But by August it is quite the reverse. Little attention is paid to him then; like Gulliver, he too is in Brobdignag

The song sparrow, with his plain, somber coat, becomes noticable about the last of February. It is then that his song is first heard and he is bodily visible. Though with the robin he is termed a "permanent resident" by naturalists, they are both really only summer birds, for there is never a robin seen here in winter, and only a few song sparrows; the latter being very reticent, keeping concealed. About the middle of February or later, as the case may be, the song sparrows appear, hopping about on bushes or small trees near fences, trying to sing. The song is then very feeble or weak, as if the bird's vocal organs had not been thawed out yet, or as if after the long season of silence he was out of practice. All over North America this sparrow is the most abundant, locally distributed, and best known of the sparrow family. Like many other birds, there are "variations." Our own song sparrow (*Melospiza fasciata*) is found all along the eastern seaboard from Florida to Maine. In other parts we have different varieties. In the Western States we have the mountain song sparrow; in Mexico, New Mexico, Arizona and other arid spots the desert song sparrow, and many others; but there is very little difference between them; the song sparrow we know so well is the same as that litte chap that lives on the faraway Aleutian Islands. A noticeable fact about birds is that they never sing when on the ground; they have to be elevated, no matter if it is only a grass stem a few inches high; the higher they fly the better they seem to sing; a strange custom perhaps, but it seems as if they must first enter into what may be called their "realm of song."

On examining my note book for the present and previous records I find this is the earliest spring I have ever known; the grass is green, leaves budding, along the water courses violet plants and others are in flourishing stages of growth; snakes are often seen, while from the neighboring ponds comes the shrill piping of the frogs; all signs of an early spring, not to mention the birds. On Feb. 23 I noted my first robin, on March 1 my second, by March 15 they became common and in song, while at present (March 24) they are as abundant as ever in summer. Feb. 25 three red-winged blackbirds were seen high in air; March 2 a large flock noted, becoming abundant March 21, and in song also. Feb. 25 four fox sparrows were seen, but none since then.

These birds are the largest and finest of the sparrow family, about a size smaller than the thrush, having a beautiful russet-brown plumage, and a white breast spotted with the same. Our weather does not suit them, so they are with us only a little while, and by the end of March they have passed northward to their Arctic homes. A peculiar habit this sparrow has is of scratching for food. It does not scratch like a hen with one foot first, then with the other, but with both feet at once, which it does with funny little spasmodic jerks. I once heard its song, which was clear and pleasing, and thought what a singer he must be in his native home. This occurrence was rather unusual, for it is not often that these migratory birds give us "a song in passing."

On March 4 my old friends, the purple grackles, returned a few at a time, but by yesterday they were very abundant and made themselves known, as noisy as ever. They breed numerously in the hemlocks of the town and have done so for years, always coming back at the same time each spring. They are handsome birds, having a coat of glossy iridescent black, with large yellow eyes. Later on another grackle (here a migrant) appears, so much like the purple one as to be indistinguishable, but it is called the bronzed grackle. Recently there was a debate among the members of the Linnæan Society as to the difference between these two birds; one member stating that the bronzed grackles have white eyes, the purple grackles having yellow ones; but it was shown that the white-eyed grackles were only young male purple grackles, there being really no distinguishable difference between the two species.

On March 8 I observed a chipping sparrow, an unusually early date for this bird, for he is never supposed to get here before the middle of April. And the bluebirds, they are common once more, and I am glad to hear their sweet notes again. The cowbirds, meadow larks, flickers, phœbes, chipping, swamp and field sparrows have been arriving in large numbers for the last three days, and without a doubt,

"Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar winter's blooming child, delightful spring,"

is come at last, and indeed, if thoughts are not enough, this



STONE'S MOUNTAIN SHEEP.



STONE'S SHEEP



MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

ast record will prove it true, for on the morning of March 23 I observed in the orchard a small and active bird which looked like an infant phœbe, but as I watched him a moment catching flies I knew he was the least of all the great fly-catcher family, and even as I watched him his characteristic and merry call *che*-bec, *che*-bec, fell upon my ear, filling my heart with gladness, for I knew that spring was truly here.

EDWIN IRVINE HAINES.

A NEW SPECIES OF MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

(*Ovis stonei*, ALLEN.)

AT the Sportsmen's Exposition, held last month, there was shown a group of three mounted bighorn or mountain sheep, which attracted much attention from persons familiar with this animal. The specimens in this group were of different ages, one being apparently a yearling, one three or four years old and one perhaps six. They were remarkable to the eye for their small size, for the slenderness of their horns and for their color, which was very dark, the hairs, which in the summer coat of the ordinary mountain sheep are wood brown, being black. As a label stated that these specimens came from Alaska, a number of individuals, recognizing that these were not the common mountain sheep, jumped to the conclusion that they were Dall's mountain sheep—an Alaska form—in its summer coat. The original description of Dall's mountain sheep speaks of it as being of a "nearly uniform dirty white color," but, if the type specimens were winter skins, this might not give any clue to the summer pelage, as it is well known that in the late winter all mountain sheep become extremely pale in color.

In an article of Volume IX., of the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, Dr. J. A. Allen describes these three specimens as representatives of a new species of mountain sheep which he called *Ovis stonei*, after Mr. A. J. Stone, of Montana, the collector of these specimens and the one who brought them to public notice. Dr. Allen's description of the oldest of these sheep is given below, and a comparison of this description with that of an adult mountain sheep (*Ovis cervina*) taken in summer will clearly show the points of difference. The description is as follows:

Ovis stonei—Allen.

Male Adult.—Above gray, formed by an intimate mixture of whitish and blackish brown; face, ears and sides of neck lighter and more whitish, being much less varied with blackish brown; whole posterior area and lower parts from hinder part of back downward and forward, covering the posterior aspect of thighs, and the abdomen, white, the white area narrowing anteriorly and terminating in a V-shaped point on the middle of the chest; also a broad, sharply-defined band of white on the posterior surface of both fore and hind limbs, extending from the body to the hoofs, and proximally including also the inner surface; front of neck, from base of lower jaw posteriorly to the white of the ventral surface, including the breast and greater part of the chest, and thence along the sides to the thighs, nearly black; the lateral extension along the flanks becomes narrower posteriorly, and the neck is somewhat grizzled with white; outer surface of both fore and hind limbs blackish brown, either uniform or in some specimens varied with a slight mixture of whitish; back of head with a broad area of black, narrowing posteriorly and continuing to the tail as a well-defined blackish dorsal stripe; tail wholly deep black, except a few white hairs on the middle of its lower surface; a narrow, blackish chin bar, varying in breadth and distinctness in different individuals; hoofs black; horns light brown.

Measurements (of type, ♂ ad.).—(Measurements from mounted specimens, taken with a tapeline and following the curvatures of the parts measured.) Tip of nose to base of tail, 1676mm.; tail vertebræ, 89; tail to end of hairs, 121; tip of nose to eye, 197; tip of nose to base of ear, 305; length of horn (over convexity), 762; distance between points of horns, 552; circumference of horn at base, 324; circumference of horn at middle, 216; circumference of front hoof at base, 190.

As a resident of Montana Mr. Stone is no doubt well acquainted with the ordinary form of mountain sheep found there, and he states to Mr. Allen that he is familiar also with *Ovis dalli*, which he reports as occurring some 250 miles north of the locality where he obtained the specimens here described.

Dr. Allen gives the following observations on the habits of *Ovis stonei*, as observed by the collector:

"The three animals were killed in the Che-on-nee Mountains, British Northwest Territory. These mountains are a part of the interior of the Coast Range, drained by the headwaters of the Stickeen River, and not far from Alaska Territory.

"The timber line in this country extends only to a height of about 2,500ft., giving the mountain ranges the appearance of being quite high, but in reality there are no high mountains in this section of the Coast Range.

"The only specimens of this sheep I had the opportunity of studying were the males, which I found during the months of August and September in the most rugged parts of the mountains, entirely above timber line. I often found them singly, and at no time did I discover more than five in one bunch, though one of my party reported having seen eleven together. I saw perhaps fifty head, and secured twelve specimens. I was very careful in my study of these interesting animals, and I found them to be very uniformly marked, both in color and general characteristics.

"The youngest of the three, now in the Museum, was secured Aug. 8, 1896, in a very deep and rocky cañon just at the base of one of the highest peaks in this part of the mountains. At the time I discovered him he was all alone, carefully making his way down the cañon, and from what I afterward learned I am very much inclined to believe he was then in quest of the ewes, lambs and yearlings in the edge of the timber further down the mountain side, and it is quite likely that he had not yet regularly taken up the company of the older rams.

"The two older specimens were taken Aug. 10, about five miles distant from the first, and were the only ones in the bunch. I watched them an entire afternoon before killing them. They passed the time alternately nibbling at tiny bits of grass occasionally seen peeping from crevices in the rocks, and playing or lying down on patches of snow and ice. They were very fat.

"Specimens taken two months later possessed the same markings, but were somewhat darker."

We are indebted to the American Museum of Natural History for the accompanying cuts, which illustrate Dr. Allen's description of this species. The heads of *O. stonei* and *O. cervina* are photographed to the same scale, so that a direct comparison of the size of parts may be made.

Disappearance Extraordinary.

THE following account, given me by Leroy Newman, a veteran of unimpeachable veracity, with whom I have been acquainted for many years, I send to the FOREST AND STREAM with the assurance that very few occurrences are more phenomenal than that related by my venerable friend. As near as possible I report it in his own words:

"I was living in Wayne county on Beech Fork. One day I was out in the field standing near a tree that had been blown over. Quite close to the branches of the tree was a hole in the ground, apparently having been made by some wild animal. It was nearly perpendicular and of considerable size, say large enough for a woodchuck to enter. I heard a rushing sound, and looking up saw a hawk pursuing a quail with astonishing velocity, the birds making an almost perpendicular descent.

"It seems the hawk was so near his prey and so intense the terror of the quail that the bird sought the first object, however unusual, for refuge from his merciless pursuer. With a sound like that of a stone thrown heavily on the ground, both quail and hawk, like lightning, plunged into the hole I have mentioned. I was wonder-stricken. Fright seemed to have rendered the quail insane, so to speak, and the eagerness of the pursuer, with his eye only upon the prize, precluded a suspicion of danger to himself. I looked into the hole, expecting to find the birds dead or dying, but both had disappeared in its dark depths. I worked for an hour with a forked stick to twist them out, but could neither feel nor see a trace of them."

N. D. ELTING.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Anent the Adirondack Moose, the Panther and the Wolf.

IT is said that Gov. Seymour shot the last moose known to exist in the Adirondacks. In his celebrated address to the Auburn prison, he said that he had made eighteen sad mistakes in his life—the killing of the moose I have ever believed to be included as one of them.

The panther is well-nigh extinct, yet there may be a pair or two in hiding in the Oswegatchie end of the Wilderness.

Brother Higby's statement in your issue of the 17th in relation to wolves, is truthful and to the point. He thinks there may be fifteen yet on the warpath in the grand old Garden of Eden. I think there are more—at least twenty-five or thirty. Two years ago there was surely a band of six to ten in that part of the Wilderness surrounding First Lake, on the north branch of Moose River. The surest and most effectual way to put an end to them is to treat them as often as possible to a dose of strychnine, for they are prolific breeders, bringing forth twice a year sometimes six to ten pups at a litter.

Something like forty years ago, Ed Arnold, one of the best known guides who ever tramped the trails of New York's grand old Highlands, shot the most magnificent panther ever cornered on John Brown's track. When mounted by Mr. Hurst, one of the best taxidermists on earth, I bought the specimen, and for years and years it was the admiration of all who beheld it. I sold it for $25 to a furrier in Utica, always much regretting the sale. This most ferocious beast was driven with Arnold's pack of deer-hounds, into a ledge of rock in that territory known to the woodsmen as "Hell Hollow," the low lands abounding in cliffs and rocks only about two or three miles from Fulton Chain station. When the monster was brought to bay Ed must have been on his best nerve, for he put a rifle ball as near the center of his skull as it could be located with a compass. I now have the remnant of a wolfskin, which one of the Arnold boys gave me, the inner fur from which I use in building up the bodies of salmon flies. JOHN B. MCHARG.

Carnivorous Squirrels and Duck Eggs.

NEW YORK, April 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue appeared a letter from that prince among sporting writers, Jacobstaff, in which he expresses a doubt about squirrels ever being carnivorous, and points to the teeth as an argument in his favor. Did Jacobstaff ever hear of rats and mice, which have teeth somewhat like the squirrels, eating meat?

In point of fact the common red squirrel is a persistent robber of the nests of small birds, a favorite dainty with him being a young bird before its feathers have sprouted. I have shot squirrels when they were in the act of eating young birds.

The last wounded squirrel I picked up was a black fellow, and if he wasn't carnivorous (with a big K) I'd hate to be bitten by a carnivorous animal!

Concerning the alleged destruction of duck eggs in the North: I have shot over northern Canada as far as the Pacific Coast, and have yet to meet the man who has any personal knowledge of the wholesale destruction of eggs. During my several years' connection with the C. P Ry. I never heard of traffic in duck eggs. EDWIN W. SANDYS.

News of Mr. Ferdinand's Robin.

DR. J. S. NIVEN sends us this from the London, Ont., *Free Press* of April 10: One day lately a student of the Waterford High School caught a robin which had a piece of paper tied on its leg, and on which was written the following query: "Where will this robin build its nest in the coming spring?" The note was signed by N. Jules Ferdinand, Box 415, Tampa, Fla. The student immediately wrote to Florida announcing the capture of the bird.

Game Bag and Gun.

A DAY WITH THE ARIZONA QUAIL.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

WHILE attending the Irrigation Congress, at Phœnix, Ariz., in December last, I took a run with some of the local "cracks" after that lively bird the Arizona quail or Gambel's partridge. I had hunted them before in Sonora, and on the Mojave River, in California, on which some are found as far west as Barstow. But those were birds that knew little or nothing about the gun and I was anxious to see some of the educated chaps.

Quail have been so thinned out in the Salt River valley by trapping that it is now necessary to go several miles from Phœnix to find many. Good shooting still remains for those who understand them. For those who love shooting not too easy this bird takes the lead. I like to hunt something that can get away, and this quail can do it. The sportsman raised upon Bob White, or any other bird that lies well to the dog, feels only unbounded disgust when he first tries any of the running quail, as all the blue or plumed quail that I have found in the United States or Mexico are. But with better acquaintance this feeling passes away, giving place in the soul of many to a feeling of unbounded respect. While never willing to admit that the shooting is equal to that upon Bob White, the mere sight of whom is almost reward enough for considerable travel, any one used to the management of the running quail will still say that they are every inch a game bird and worthy of any one's steel. No lazy folks or duffers need apply. Even a good shot wants to be in practice to make a creditable score, and even the best shot in the best practice wants to be careful how he attempts to show off before a friend. For all these birds with persecution have become the smartest of their race. And none of them are so thoroughly up to date on the range of guns and the length of man's legs than this little partridge of the chestnut cap, blue back, cinnamon sides and black shirt front on a vest of mottled white.

The lovely winter climate of Salt River Valley was on parade, as usual. It has little else to do and rarely bothers one by being "exceptional." It is the ideal for fast hunting, being like the loveliest October day imaginable in New York, but with a far clearer air and sky than is ever seen there. My companions had not been out this year in the direction we took, so that we went past birds that we found on our return, and drove some ten miles before attempting to hunt. The valley was broad and flat for miles, with the timber of the river bottom yellowing on the one side and on the other side slopes rough with the huge candelabra cactus, whip cactus, cat-claw mesquite and other delectable features led away up with ever increasing boulders and decreasing vegetation into dry, ragged mountains.

The walking was of the very best, the ground flat and hard, with openings large enough over the greater part to travel in comfort among the green clumps of greasewood, the bright verdure of the palo verde and the screw-pod mesquite, all of which formed the cover for the slippery little sinners we had come to convert. Before I had been on the ground ten minutes I concluded that instead of legs and gun I needed an old-time horse pistol loaded with shot and my bicycle. The average number of ounces of bird per man-mile might be about as great as on foot, with the fun considerably more. The only doubt is about even the wheel being fast enough to hold the birds down.

As on most of the quail grounds in California, the trouble of finding a flock is not great. The trouble is in keeping them in sight when once found. We had not far to go before through the low green brush, shaped much like tumble-weeds in the East, a dark line sped into sight just long enough to identify, and then whipped around a little dark green ironwood. There were four of us in the party, but none shot at it, not because we were ashamed to, for he who thinks it pot shooting to fire at this lively little scrap of blue when running had better try a few shots some day when he is sure no one is looking. There is nothing in the whole range of hunting that can make a good shot feel so cheap as a shot at these quail when dodging around singly among the bushes.

Four guns were too many and dangerous, so we formed a line, and spreading about 100yds. apart took after the birds at a four-and-a-half-mile-an-hour gait. My companions were all young men, but I am myself younger than I was twenty years ago, and knowing what was ahead I was dressed for the occasion in light buckskin moccasins, overalls and shirt, while the rest were loaded down with regulation garments, fashionable sudorifics, heavy leggings and ponderous sole leather. These held them down to a pace that I could keep, and away we went. A large flock of quail was running ahead of us, we could hear them calling, and occasionally one hopped into short flight above the brush, as if to take a look to see where we were, but always too far out of shot to reach.

Our pace soon began to tell on them, and one rose at about 50yds. The man in line with that bird stopped so suddenly that he almost fell over, and by the time the gun came to his shoulder the bird was 70yds away He fired, however, in hope of scaring the rest of the flock and making them lie sooner. But they were too old hands at the business. A few rose above the bushes to be sure they were not running away from duffers, and a few more, sizing up the respectability of our party, sped away behind some clumps of large mesquite and went we knew not where. But most of them, concluding we were a lot of chumps notwithstanding the tone of nitro from the first gun, kept the ground and held the pace in great shape.

Suddenly two became over-confident and lagged a bit. Right in line with me they sprung at about 30yds. I was shooting a borrowed gun, a fine Greener of the closest choke, but it was a little long in the stock, and I had no chance to try it. So the first barrel tore the brush some 4ft. below the first bird. What was the matter with that? It might as well have been there as anywhere. There was no time to be particular where you wasted shot. In spite of the fact that I had shot nothing but a rifle for a year past, I got in the second barrel on the second bird without waiting to see the result of the first venture, and over went the blue ball of feathers at about 45yds. like a wet rag. I have heard often about guns shooting too close, but always contended that I never saw one This was the closest shooting gun I ever tried, and the result was the same as it had always been with me. The dead killing of long shots outweighs in the long run all the misses at short range caused by over-confidence or nervousness, which make you pull before you have the center fairly on the bird. Of course I never had a chance to try such a gun in my young days, when I used to shoot almost entirely in brush; but I am satisfied the rule would work quite well there, and although some birds would be cut too much near by, more would be secured at the outer range that with an open gun would go away crippled, or be lost in the dense cover without your suspecting you had killed them. The closer the gun's work the deader I kill what birds I do kill, and the fewer get away crippled or with only a few feathers on the air. The best gun seems far more merciful than the scattering gun, unless you try absurdly long shots, which one is not apt to do. But with a scattering gun you are more apt to be trying shots just a little out of the gun's true range.

Having scored first blood, and found the fallen bird without difficulty, I trotted along with the line about a couple of hundred yards before anything rose. Then half a dozen broke cover at one end of the line, and one of them went gyrating to earth. If one of these birds can wiggle at all, the chances are he is gone. Nothing but dead-killing will do unless you have a very extra retriever. One of the party had a fine-blooded cocker spaniel along that was a good retriever, but he was too fat, and was already blown with the rapid pace in the warm, dry air, and this bird slipped away from him as neatly as a deer can slip out of the other side of a windfall, leaving you standing on some big log and wondering why the deuce you can't see something in the line of venison after so much work. Dogs are considered of little use for these birds, though good salamanders held strictly at heel until wanted could do very effective work after the birds are well scattered. And many a bird that could be saved by a good dog is hopelessly lost to a man on foot. But most hunters use up the dog by letting him tear around in the heat and dry air too much, as well as by using him too much to retrieve birds they can as well pick up themselves. When you see a bird fall stone dead it is folly to send the dog to retrieve it until you find you cannot do so yourself. Especially is this the case when the bird has fallen on the very course on which you are going. If he is dead, he is there; if only crippled, he is not there, and the dog's nose will be better for finding him if he is kept cool and walked up to that spot than if he is constantly heated by jumping over brush and dodging around bushes at full speed. With this care a good dog can be used to great advantage on all the blue quail I have ever seen, and after they begin to lie well the prettiest kind of work may be had with them. But very few keep the dogs in any condition for the work, so that about the time they should be hunting birds they are apt to be hunting shade. And it is almost impossible to carry water enough to overcome this overheating in air that carries almost the minimum of moisture.

Two hundred yards more with half a dozen birds rising out of shot were covered, when there was a sudden roar at the right of the line, and a new flock of several hundred arose out of shot and settled in ahead of us right in the course of the ones we were running. We quickened our pace and very soon there was a whiz and buzz of wings with blue lines spinning right and left over the brush. Two went down at long shots from the sides, the reports raising more from the center, one of which I caught at almost 50yds., while all the rest were out of reach of the other gun.

On we went and still the game kept rising wild. The day was warm and still, just such a day as ought to make birds lie by this time. But they evidently wanted to test our legs, and they did. Suddenly one broke from a bush not 20yds. ahead of one of the party and over he went. Then another sprung at about 30yds. in front of another and over he went. Another followed from the same bush at the report of the gun and over he went—over a distant row of mesquites without leaving a feather. They were beginning to lie a little, just the time they select for fooling blockheads They send back a few to make you believe they are beginning to lie. Those detailed for the work seem to submit to their fate without a murmur, that is when fate overtakes them at all. I believe the rascals rather like the job on account of the glory involved. It is certain that the next one did, for he jumped up in front of me at about 20yds, while I was carrying the gun on my shoulder, and whipped around a big green ironwood that would stop half a sack of shot with a keg of dynamite behind it, just as I succeeded in checking the high speed at which I was traveling. And he whizzed away, rejoicing on the other side as my load of shot tore into the dense green on a line with where the bird should have been, but was not

On the right of the line was a broad patch of ground that had just been irrigated, and on much of it the water still stood in a thin sheet, while all the rest of the ground was very sticky. Two of the party thought they had "a snap" on the birds in this for in the distance we could see them walking across it. Down they went upon it, while I stayed on dry ground. I had seen quail travel on the irrigated ground in Durango years ago, and last year on some muddy flats along the bottoms of the lower Colorado. If any man tells you their feet get stuck in the mud so that they cannot run, send him to Phœnix. One of the pursuers swears they had snowshoes on, while the other did not see any of them long enough to tell whether they were shod with lightning or plain wind. All the same, they turned out to be another big flock, and they drove them right into the course of the others.

By this time there must have been 1,000 birds not over 200yds. ahead of us, and all still trusting to their feet instead of their wings. And what better reliance could they have? What puzzles me most about this quail is to know why he ever flies at all? A thousand birds within 200yds. does not mean 1,000 in your pocket, as you will quickly learn when you get behind them. Nor does it mean anything like 1,000 shots. But with plenty of work and knowledge of your game it means some very fine shooting. But there is no time to lag. There is nothing to do but keep after them at top speed, taking such long shots as you can get until they begin to lie. Exactly when this will be is not yet written in the book of quail, but sooner or later the knowledge is bound to come to those who have the patience—and (incidentally) the legs.

On we pressed for some 300yds., with scarcely a bird rising. The tyro would have said:

"They have beaten us! Oh, that I had back the leg energy I have wasted!"

But not so with our party. Thus far we had averaged about 1oz. of bird per man-mile, but we knew the tide might turn at any moment, and that is one of the great sources of pleasure in the pursuit of this little scamp.

On we pushed another 100yds., when suddenly *b-b-b-b-b b* went one almost from under my feet. His long black plume was bent back with speed over his rich chestnut cap, and the swift wings made a blue haze on each side as he sped over the greasewood about waist high ahead of me. *B-b-b-b-b-b* went another from the second bush, over which the first one passed, and his mottled breast shone in the bright sun as he wheeled around and upward. By good luck the gun came up on the center of the first as I raised it, and as I pulled the trigger a puff of feathers followed the light crack of the nitro, and the bird whirled to rest in the top of a bush. Never does this quail look more pretty than when he wheels in the sun as the second one did with his long jaunty plume clear-cut against the sky; and never does he make a more pretty mark than just as he describes that mysterious arc, the proper end of which you can so easily fail to locate along the gun. But he was almost in line with one of my companions, and I could only watch him speed on his winding way, his rapid wings fanning his rich brown sides and the big dark patch on his breast seeming to vibrate in the haze he made around him.

Meanwhile there was a *b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b b-b* from a bush a few yards ahead of a companion, and over went a whirl of blue. Then *b b-b b-b b* went another roaring out of a mesquite some 25yds. away, and over he didn't go, though two barrels barked fierce thunder at him. *B b-b-b b-b-b-b-b-b* went half a dozen out of the same place at the report of the guns, and as two more barrels rent some feathers from them four or five birds burst from the cover within 10ft. as the guns were open. I snapped the gun shut in time to pull down one stone dead at about 50yds. and make a clean miss on another that rose almost from under my feet at the report. You cannot help getting rattled with these birds, especially when out of practice. You get mad at yourself for shooting long shots when there are so many more birds close to you, yet you are liable always to get left if you do not, because you never know where the little vagrants are. This minute they may be whizzing out around your feet, and the next the close shooting may stop as quickly as a real estate boom, leaving you holding the empty sack. But when you do take long shots and other birds break cover beside you when the gun is empty, you cannot help feeling mad, especially when you have to go so far to retrieve the fallen bird that you have forgotten where it fell—a little matter quite liable to happen to the best quail hunters when out of practice.

But now the game was lying close—that is, some of it, for some birds are always plying their legs for safety. *B-b-b-b-b b* went a bird not 3ft. from me and I whirled it over with a quick snap shot into the top of a low ironwood Reaching down into it to pick it up, another burst out almost in my face, wheeled over my head, rose 15ft. in air and then shot away downward, leaving my charge of hastily aimed shot just far enough behind to save the meat on his tail and only cost him a few feathers.

For ten or fifteen minutes the shooting was quite lively, but many of the best chances were lost by birds going toward one or another of the party. Four were too many, and we could not afford to take any chances on an accident. The rascals would wheel around in the direction of somebody and then wheel off before going close enough for him to shoot at. So we had to wait on a good many shots to be sure there was no danger. By that time there generally was none—for the quail. This period—when the birds first begin to lie—is one of the most lively in all field experience. Nothing except an old fashioned evening flight of ducks around some Western lake can equal it.

Yet it often stops with wonderful suddenness. The birds seem suddenly to decide to lie very close, to run off on the sides or to rise out of fair shot. The latter two they have been doing all the time, so that part of the play is simple. The rest then lie about as close as any quail on earth, and even seem to hold their scent. Now is the time when a good dog, kept fresh, would often be as valuable as anywhere on earth. Such was the game these quail played us. Dozens and scores were hidden in every acre of the cover, yet our most diligent tramping would start nothing close enough for a fair shot. And yet every minute or two a quail would whiz out of a bush behind or on the side that some one of us had lately passed and perhaps kicked. But the bird took good care to see that we were well out of shot by the time it rose. The spaniel was so blown that he was of no use to flush any birds. Quail would rise out of shot from the very bush around which he had wheezed and snorted and snuffled and barked but a few seconds before. Every once in a while a bird would miscalculate the range of a gun and there were several that had not heard of the arrival in the valley of the gun I was carrying; so we still had shooting, though not what it might have been. But on the whole I have rarely enjoyed a day more with the shotgun, though one not used to birds of this feather would have felt quite otherwise.

Though quail have been trapped so much here that they are quite scarce in comparison with the numbers of former years, they are still plenty, as plenty would be understood in the East. I could go over that country almost any day with one companion and bag a hundred or over. But I would take a light open wagon, fast team and a good driver, with one good dog that could be kept quiet in the wagon until wanted. Stay in the wagon until you see quail and then drive them with the wagon as long as you can. Then take them afoot as above described and do not use the dog until they lie close. Even then keep the dog as quiet as possible and do not exhaust him by allowing him to retrieve birds you can as well pick up yourself, or by letting him run or jump to pick up anything, unless a cripple. By driving in this way one day to Tempe, a fine settlement at the upper end of the Salt River Valley, staying over night and driving back the next day, two men who are good shots and good travelers could bag 250 birds But even with a run out from Phœnix, as we had, one can get all the shooting one has any business to want, besides having a fine drive in a most luxurious climate, lunching on tables spread with the pottery of the oldest civilization of America and drinking from canals that carried water to thrifty fields before the great-grandfather of Columbus decided to get born.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

IN FLORIDA QUAIL FIELDS.

The morning was bright and chilly, with a fresh westerly breeze exhilarating to man and beast. The ground was wet and cool, the undergrowth and foliage were sparkling still with rain drops. It was the first day, in fact, since Nov. 1, that the dogs could run for more than two hours without being overheated and exhausted. The Alderman and the Captain expecting such a day after the rain, were ready for it, and by 6:30 A. M. had breakfasted and had loaded into the light hunting wagon the dogs, the guns (which were set in a box gun rack, with springs to take the jar and with irons to hang over the dashboard), the indispensable lunch basket and shell box, and themselves, and had said "let's go" to faithful Maude, a little black mare born and raised in Florida, but of the Lorillard strain, which gave her a more distinguished air than ordinary native horses She likes our shooting trips, is indifferent to gun fire, and has delightful naps and dreams of ground oats, corn and wheat, while those men are following up birds.

The three dogs were Ned, a black setter; Left, lemon and white pointer, fifteen months old, from the Bar Harbor Kennels; and Jess, a lemon and white setter, ten months old.

About a mile from town, between Mariner's Lake and Bream Pond, Ned struck a trail, which Jess took up too. Ned worked the trail for 200yds., then swung down wind and came up to a beautiful point near the edge of Bream Pond; Jess came up and backed. (Left was tied.)

The first bird rose alone on the right, the Captain's side, who shoots left-handed, and was killed. Six rose to fire. Alderman missed, as did Captain with remaining shell. Two more rose, Captain and Alderman crossed one and the other got away. Then two more rose; not shot at.

Ned went in to retrieve and two snipe jumped from shore of pond; Captain dropped one at 50yds. with the long left barrel.

Round the pond to two marked birds Ned trailed and pointed, Jess backing again. Alderman killed his bird. On a little, Captain hit his bird, which went down again further round. Ned pointed him; it ran 10yds. and flew up, but Captain stopped him for good.

On the ridge beyond the pond Ned pointed. The Alderman killed his, but Captain missed his and another that rose to fire. Going back to the wagon and around the other side of the pond, we saw the other snipe get up on Captain's side, but it did not go far. The record now was five quail and two snipe.

Driving on a little way, we tied up again, leaving Jess with the wagon. On the south side of Black Pond Ned found and pointed, and Left came down ahead of Ned, flushing two birds, but holding her ground steady.

A very large bevy rose. The Alderman, somewhat bothered in controlling the young dog, killed only one; the Captain killed two with each barrel. The second bird with left barrel was a scratch, for it flew into the shot 30ft. ahead of the bird pulled on, which was a pretty long shot itself.

The birds turned to the right after flying through some thick oaks, and we missed them at first by keeping straight on; but Left, hunting wide to right, pointed and flushed a bird that the Captain stopped as it was going by in a hurry.

Turning to the right, Ned found and pointed in some waist high titi bushes. The Captain missed the first bird, and they kept getting up. The Alderman killed two, Captain missed another. The Alderman killed again, Captain killed a pine tree as a bird flew behind it, and the Alderman killed the bird. We went to marked bird which Ned pointed in some palmettoes, and the Alderman killed. The Alderman missed two back in the titi bushes. Going back, Left pointed a single that flushed wild. Captain let go a long shot, the bird flew 200yds. and turned sharp to right. We went up, Ned pointed dead bird and retrieved. Out of this bevy we had ten quail—a total of fifteen.

The third bevy was found, after driving half a mile, at the head of a thicket, into which they flew at once. We shot one down on rise, but failed to retrieve. Then the Alderman killed one in thicket, and Captain crippled one; but there was no satisfaction wading knee deep in water, through briers and saplings and bushes. The one quail from this bevy made our total sixteen.

Coming out on the other side of the thicket, we crossed a flat to another lake. Here Jess pointed the fourth bevy. Captain called to Alderman, who was working Ned to left, and as he was stepping round to get behind and keep her steady the birds flushed under his feet. He killed right and left, though the first bird flew as far as the edge of the bushes before going down, and Ned retrieved it when we went in to hunt the scattered birds.

Jess pointed the first single in bushes at the edge of the water. The Captain killed that bird and missed one that rose to fire in a thicket. Ned pointed to left on edge of bushes; the Alderman made a quick kill over some briers. Ned roaded a runner a long way through bushes, briers and palmettoes and a wire fence, and finally got him up. The Alderman hit him very hard and Ned retrieved about 100yds. on. These five quail made our score twenty-one.

Ned found the fifth bevy, which flushed just as the Captain came up from quite a distance off. Alderman killed one and Captain one by a long shot. There were only four in all, and the other two separated while hunting for one that flew toward some palmettoes on shore of a lake (which lies half a mile north of the last one we were on). Another bevy, the sixth, flushed to our left rather wild. We must have walked within 15ft. of them, but the dogs went outside of them. We marked them down without firing.

Then we had some pretty, old-fashioned shooting in thick palmettoes not over knee high; the birds were within a yard or two of each other, but lay like stones and had to be kicked up or stepped upon. Ned pointed first and Jess backed. The Alderman killed neatly straightaway, and Captain killed one that rose to fire and flew back. Jess pointed while Ned was retrieving. We put up a pair and each killed our bird. Then Jess and Ned pointed together. Captain missed a straightaway, but killed a sharp twister to right over the water, Ned retrieving. Jess pointed a bird with which the Alderman failed to connect, but the Captain stopped him. Captain missed a bird that twisted back over the water and seemed to try how fast it could fly. The Captain and the Alderman crossed on one bird, with two out of the fifth bevy and six out of the sixth; the score was now twenty nine.

The seventh bevy flushed in the road to get out of the way of the wagon. Jess pointed to flush to the right. They flew into a swamp. We crossed on a bird on the edge and Captain killed one in the swamp. With two out of the seventh bevy we now had thirty-one.

We drove three or four miles nearly in a circle between bevy No. 6 and No. 7, and also ate our lunch; and it was now about 3 P. M. We found a very large bevy, the eighth, about one-fourth mile beyond No. 7 on the road home. The birds were sprinters, and had ten acres of ground hot with scent. Ned worked up and down; Jess displayed good nose by locating them, but flushed them while roading in some palmettoes. She came in looking so sorry we could not punish her. Jess is an extraordinary puppy for a nondescript; she will not flush intentionally, nor chase under any circumstances, not even a rabbit, nor break shot. Her principal fault is slowness, which she will outgrow with more experience. On our going to the marked birds, two or three flushed wild in palmettoes and were marked down. Then two rose to the right of Captain, who made a right and left, and missed a third. The Alderman then killed three straight in his tracks and Captain went to a marked single which Jess pointed and which did not get away. The Alderman killed his fourth bird. We crossed on one, and going back to where they first rose, some birds having flown back there, Captain shot one down that got away in a thicket. The Alderman shot another down, and Captain killed one that rose to fire and flew behind him. Ned retrieved Captain's bird; then when he was trailing Alderman's cripple in some very thick palmettoes, another bird rose a long way ahead. Alderman knocked it down with the left barrel of his new Parker about 75yds. off; Ned then lost the first cripple, and began trailing the last. The poor dog skinned his nose on the palmetto roots, grabbed a mouthful or two of sand and trash, and once caught a mouthful of tail feathers as the bird dodged under a root; but finally he gave it up with a most expressive bark of extreme disgust. Ned is lovable, faithful and industrious; though there are many cleverer dogs, there are very few more satisfactory. The eighth bevy yielded eight quail; total, thirty-nine.

The ninth bevy was found by Jess at dusk, but Left ran in and stole the point and held steady. Captain missed and Alderman killed one, making the score: Alderman, eighteen quail; the Captain, twenty-two quail and two snipe; total, forty quail and two snipe.

All the misses may not be noted, but the Alderman and the Captain shoot about alike; and average, day in and day out, about half their birds. If the writer could flank this tale with some of the fat birds on toast, he would fear lest it would prove too dry reading.

Captain.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

"The Story of a Book."

Chicago, Ill., April 9.—In the issue of Forest and Stream of Feb. 27 last I had somewhat to say in regard to the wonderful book, "The Great West." I spoke of the influence which that book had probably exerted upon my own life, mentioning the longings it stirred in my boyish breast to see the men who made its heroes, to visit the lands which were once their theater. I recalled that to my youthful mind the character of Fremont was the one heroic figure. If only I could have been with Fremont when he crossed the Rockies in the winter!

I wonder if it is not true that one always accomplishes whatever he wishes to do, attains whatever end his heart actually desires? This same thought came to my mind one day in the spring of 1886, when I found myself riding over the Panhandle of Texas in search of the buffalo which I had always longed to kill, and which I really did kill, although the buffalo were then supposed to be extinct. To-day I am just back from the Rocky Mountains. I could not go with Fremont, but I have seen the Rockies in the winter time, and have walked over their very summit on the snow. I have been with men who live up against the main Divide, and have seen and done many things which surpassed even the ambitions of my boyish dreams. All this may be part of the fulfillment of the legacy of this book, and I say it not so much with exultation as with wonder, believing that perhaps all things come true if we have but faith.

On my desk, at my return, I find a great heap of letters, and among them all there are none which touch me so nearly as those called out by the mention made of this book, "The Great West." As I believe these to be legitimately within the province of Forest and Stream, I offer among others the following, in the hope that they may possess for the readers of Forest and Stream something of the interest they offer me. They come from all over the country, and in part show well the hold that Forest and Stream has upon the people of America.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 27.—Your graceful acknowledgement by letter of my poor gift was more than it deserved, and I was quite unprepared for the mention of my name in connection with your touching tribute to the book in this week's Forest and Stream. Believe me, I am more than glad to have been your humble messenger to the fairies.

Horace Kephart.

Pittsburg, Pa.—I wish to thank you for your article in Forest and Stream of Feb. 27 concerning the book of your youth, "The Great West." I was fortunate enough to get a copy. It is in first-class condition, and newly rebound. It is one of the fiftieth thousand of "The Great West."

John Fetter.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—I was very much pleased with your article on that book so dear to my memory, "The Great We t." I read this book about thirty years ago the first time. The last time was last Sunday, after reading your article in Forest and Stream, for I am fortunate enough to have the identical volume which so greatly interested me when a boy. The book was one of the chief treasures of my father, who, as regularly as the season approached when the leaves fall, would get out "The Great West" and read the article which treats of hunting among the pioneers. When he had finished he would say, "That is as true as gospel. I feel just that way myself." This remark was always followed by an inspection of his rifle and hunting accouterments, and soon after that by an excursion to the woods.

Soon after my father's death my mother came to visit me and brought me the book. One cover was gone, but the book is all there except seven pages, missing from the articles on "The Great American Wilderness" and the "Earthquake at New Madrid." What memories that book awakened! Again, as in boyhood days, I scouted with Kenton and Whetzel. I hunted with Boone, and with Fremont explored the unknown regions of the Rockies. The oak openings across the road from my father's house (I was raised in Michigan) was "the dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky. The brook, long since gone dry, was the Ohio across which we pursued the retreating redskins, and on finding ourselves in a dark and gloomy tamarack swamp retreated ourselves, fearing ambuscade, in our minds, but really afraid of the gloomy shadows of the close tamaracks.

The line of snow banks, which in winter filled the lane reading to the lower fields and wood lot, were the snow-capped peaks over which we toiled with Fremont, frozen and starved, our boats and mittens filled with snow and an aching void in our stomachs until, descending the last peak, we found ourselves in reach of succor. For were we not then in the barnyard? No, this was Bent's Fort, and the log house was the hospitable trading post, where we soon forgot our trials, thawed our frozen cowhide boots and filled the aforesaid void with apples and doughnuts. Why can't we have such times now? Why, don't doughnuts and apples taste just as they did then? Last Christmas I ate apples from the same trees and doughnuts which my mother fried, but somehow they did not touch the spot as they did thirty-five years ago.

I started to tell you I was glad that one whom I have known, through Forest and Stream, since he failed to slay the Phantom Buck of Baxter's Peak, had been able once more to read the treasured pages of "The Great West." It gives me almost as much pleasure to know that the longing of a kindred spirit for that book of books has been gratified as it did to have the book put in my hands and know it was mine, and above all I rejoice to know that "The Great West" still abides among men who treasure it as it deserves. My copy goes to the binder to-day, a binder in our town too, mind you. This book don't go out of town. It will get new covers and be securely fastened, for it is not right that a good thing should perish from the earth.

C. A. Bryant.

Jamestown, O.—In Forest and Stream of Feb. 27 you write of a book that you read when a boy, and of your search for the book since that time. I have the book, and have read it many a time when a boy; for it was my father's, but now belongs to me. The stout leather backs have been sewed on it more than once.

Marion Harness.

Tacoma, Wash.—Your letter of Feb. 12 in Forest and Stream, entitled "The Story of a Book," was very interesting to me. It moves me to write you personally. I have a copy of "The Great West," Vol. I., 1852, and at the top of the title page are the words "Twentieth thousand." There is much of that letter that fits my case. The reference to McGuffy's readers and the number of times you read the book are just the experiences that I went through. Although not a subscriber, I have read the Forest and Stream for a number of years. Have often wished that I had the ability to put my thoughts on paper in a readable shape. But it does not take much ability, just common sense, to express the following sentiment: I believe in stopping the sale of game. I saw the chickens and quail exterminated (perhaps that is a little strong) in eastern Iowa to supply the Chicago market. Last fall there was an article in Forest and Stream about "the old-time chicken dog." Although I do not know how old a man the writer is, it really seems to me that he shot over Duke, a dog that my father, brothers and myself hunted with in eastern Iowa twenty years ago, he describes his faults and qualities so accurately.

If you know of some "still-hunter" who can describe a successful or unsuccessful hunt as fully as some fishermen describe the capture of a trout or salmon, just get him to write up a trip or two for the Forest and Stream. I can hear the reel humming when I read some of their letters. My boyhood hunting and fishing days were spent on the Wapsiepinicon, in eastern Iowa, the favorite hunting ground of a small tribe of Indians called Musquawkies.

Musquawkie.

Tacoma, Wash.

[Here we go again! The Musquawkies also used to trap muskrats all over the old Skunk River bottoms, where my father and my brothers and I used to hunt and fish in Iowa!]

Cleveland, O.—Have noted with interest your research for the "Great West" book, and also your final success in obtaining it. I have identically the same publication, with exception that mine is number "fifty-fifth thousand," and published in 1855. Covers have gone, and in fact I had almost forgotten its existence until your recent "Chicago and the West" article struck me so forcibly. If you wish a mate to your "Yellow Indian" please let me know if convenient, and I will be pleased to forward it to you and "say nothing."

Robert Nichols.

Carteret, N. J., March 18.—I have read with interest your article, "The Story of a Book," in Forest and Stream. I have in my possession a book entitled "The Great West," enlarged edition of 576 pages, by Henry Howe, published in 1858. I see that Mr Kephart, in his letter to you dated Feb. 1, makes no mention of this edition. From your description my book is the same as yours, with some additions.

My book is in perfect condition, except that most of the pages are somewhat stained by age.

In the preface it is stated by the author that there have been over 80,000 copies of this work sold; so, from that vast number, it seems strange that so few have been heard from. No doubt, in giving this book such great publicity through Forest and Stream, you will receive many letters similar to this.

Hoping it will give you some pleasure to know that there is another of these books in existence, I remain

C. A. Wehrly.

The Public Library of the City of Boston, Feb. 26.—You may be pleased to learn that this library possesses two editions—1851 and 1857—of Henry Howe's "Historical Collections of the Great West," which you describe with so much enthusiasm in your interesting letter to Forest and Stream of this week.

John Murdoch.

Manchester, N. H., March 2.—After reading your very interesting account of "Collections of the Great West," I visited the bookstore under the Old South Church in Boston and got a good copy of the book (thirty-fourth thousand) for a $1 bill, and found it in the first store where I inquired after it, which was certainly "Forest and Stream luck."

As you show such interest in the book I feel sure you would like to know more of its compiler, and if you will write to Mr. Robert O'Brien, 604 East Capitol street, Washington, D. C., I think you may draw out some interesting reminiscences of Mr. Howe. Mr. O'Brien is now well on toward ninety years of age, but is still able to write very interesting letters, as his correspondence with my father proves.

Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Howe, the compiler of your book, were great friends many years ago, and I think it more than likely that Mr. O'Brien engraved most of the illustrations in your book, as he was one of the best wood engravers of his day. If you write Mr. O'Brien tell him that your correspondent is a son of Henry W. Herrick, and you will be sure of a reply.

Henry A. Herrick.

P. S.—I see that O'Brien engraved the frontispiece. You will find his name at the lower right hand corner.

H. A. H.

East Hampton, L. I., N. Y., Feb. 29.—In the last number of the Forest and Stream I notice an article entitled "The Story of a Book." You begun by saying, "When I was a boy I had a book. It was the first book I ever really and truly read." I read your article—the whole of it—and reread it—the whole of it—and experienced the same feelings over again that I did when I first read the same book over thirty years ago, and which I now have in my possession, within reach of my hand at present writing. When I read your story I felt a friend had been found, though never seen by

me. The illustrations came into my mind faster than you penned them: The yellow Indian, the prairie schooner and dogs, the woman with an axe killing Injuns, the hunting stories, the man on the cover with rifle beside an ox team and wagon, and a colored picture of the "Treachery of Pontiac Discovered."

Everything else in connection with this book was suddenly impressed into my memory years ago, to be refreshed by your allusion to it in the manner mentioned. It was the most wonderful book to me. There seemed to be in it a continually flowing stream of satisfaction. I longed to be a hunter, to shoot Indians, kill buffalo, trap beaver, and scalp somebody, and after reading some of those stories about bowies and scalping knives as manipulated by Lewis Whetzel, we—that is, a boy about my own age, called C., and myself—would proceed to sharpen up our case knives, put them in our own belt with our hatchets, and at once be on the hunt and lookout for Indians.

This boy friend in after years became one of the most expert hunters in the Indian Territory and the West, and was the owner of quite an estate in this same bleeding Kansas of which he read when a boy; and he is now living in this village, as fond as ever of his annual hunt, a crack rifle shot, a complete Leatherstocking, having led a checkered yet successful life up to the present time. He is now two years under fifty. There is no question that he was better prepared for what befell him in after years, and that he was better fitted to work his way among hostile tribes of Indians, as he actually did, by the reading of this book. Although it is years since he has seen the "Great West" book, frequent references are made by him to it when we meet, showing that at least three people were wonderfully influenced by it in earlier years.

This friend and myself were born with the natural instinct of hunters, and we both have gratified ourselves in that line, although in different ways, he preferring buffalo, moose and deer to the feathered tribe. This feeling of hunting was cultivated by the constant perusal of this book, and many is the time I would ask to take it home, and mother would say yes. Bless her heart, she is now eighty-three, and thinks we are yet boys! She made two happy. Two things I had—a glorious book and the best of mothers.

But pardon me for wandering from the center line. There are so many things in connection with this book, branching out in so many different directions, that it is impossible for me to think of it except in line with the past. It is of the past I am writing.

Although I am not an antediluvian, I feel that I have probably had better shooting than I shall ever have again, and may the time come when we may meet and feel thankful for the good things given us, among them "The Great West."

HIRAM SHERRILL.

I should like to express my personal thanks to the writers of the above kind and interesting letters.

Illinois Warden Matters.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 17.—There is a very hot campaign on hand in the matter of the Illinois State wardenship this year, probably the most warmly contested one we have ever known. It is difficult to see why men seek so ardently for this undesirable eminence, but the fact remains that the office appears to be a coveted one, possibly by reason of the fact that in politics any office at all is better than no office at all. And it is without doubt true that the appointment of the Illinois State warden is purely a political matter. There is no rhyme nor reason to it, and the valued sheepskin goes to the man who can put up the strongest front in regard to his push or pull. The present Illinois Legislature is one which is becoming rapidly famous or infamous for its transactions in shady legislation. The State press openly charges bribery and corruption against many members in regard to the passage of important bills affecting city franchises. However this may be, it is without doubt true that not for a long time has there been a session of the Illinois Legislature in which the South Water street lobby has had such absolute swing. It is alleged that the merchants of South Water street are hand-in-hand with the forces of the street car and other corporation magnates, who are railroading the above-mentioned undesirable bills through both branches of the Legislature. At this date there has been no legislation on game matters, and one may as well say openly that there is not going to be any action in this Legislature which will not be entirely to the pleasure of the South Water street interests. The gentle art of politics will have a merry time with the sportsmen of this State in the year 1897.

Among the different candidates for State warden, Emmet Haight, of Chicago, was indorsed by the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, the proper communications going to the Governor over the signatures of the president and executive committee of that body. As an alternate to Mr. Haight came Mr. West, of Elgin, whose claims were strongly advocated by Vice-President Dole, of the Association, whose residence is at Elgin. Mr. West had a fair show, but this week Representative Hunter, who has been handling the sportsmen's interests, says that he hardly thinks it wise to press the claims of Mr. West. Mr. Harry Loveday, of Chicago, has been put forward by a number of friends for the office, as was stated in last week's FOREST AND STREAM. Meantime there appears on the track a dark horse by the name of Mr. Albert L. Adam, of whom nobody ever heard before. Mr. Adam is a hardware dealer. The sportsmen do not know anything for or against Mr. Adam at this date, as he did not come before them as a candidate. He is said to have a good pull through such men as Jimmy Reddick, Henry Hertz, Billy Lorrimer, Doc Jamieson, etc., who are of prominence in the present administration of State affairs, and if this be the case he is very likely to get the nomination for warden. Should this be true, let us hope that he will prove to be a good one, and that his efforts will help the sportsmen where they most need aid. Mr. Adam's campaign seems to have been of the entirely silent sort, which often is the most successful. There may be still others in the field who have not yet been heard from.

Politics and Sports.

Mr. R. B. Organ, of the State Sportsmen's Association executive committee, went to Mr. Fred Blount, West Side Park Commissioner of this city, and a politician of influence of this administration, seeking to advance the interests of the sportsmen's candidate for warden. Mr. Blount naively told Mr. Organ that he could not help him any, as he had already promised Mr. George Sloan that he would support his man for warden. Mr. Sloan has been earlier mentioned as the present reigning king of South Water street.

Senator Campbell, of Chicago, chairman of the Senate committee on fish and game, to-day said to Mr. R. B. Organ, of the executive committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, that he had recently been offered $500 for the appointment as State warden. This offer came from a West Side man whose name I cannot give.

It would seem that there is money in the office of State warden in the city of Chicago. It would take some time, one would think, to make $500 in the collection of fines under the law, but there is not wanting at least one man who openly thinks he can make the office pay a living over and above $500 a year. This Chinese system of buying an office for the sake of its emoluments has perhaps never before come more openly into evidence.

Meantime the game bird must take its chances with the warden, the shooters, the politicians and the game dealers.

Illinois Game and Fish Protective Association.

An attendance of twenty-five turned out at the second meeting for the organization of the Illinois Game and Fish Protective Association, at the Sherman House, April 17, the above name being formally adopted by those present as the title of the new Association. The body of sportsmen thus formed expresses the hope of extending its membership beyond the limits of Chicago, and sets out with the avowed purpose of doing all in its power to enforce the laws and to protect the game and fish of the State, nothing further than this being contemplated in its constitution.

Col. M. H. Alberger, of Chicago, was in the chair, and gave a very pretty example of railroad presiding, no motion getting so far along as to have the negative side of the question put at all. "The ayes have it," was the Chair's invariable decision, without any useless delay. Thus the meeting was able to adjourn at the early hour of 10:30, after adopting constitution and by-laws and electing officers, with the other usual routine work of organization, a record certainly not without its merits. Secretary Harry A. Sullivan was equally expeditious in his work, and the proceedings were rapid.

It was decided under the by-laws to have a Board of Managers consisting of fifteen members, and to hold the annual meeting on the second Tuesday of each January, with the ordinary order of business as to committee reports, election of officers, etc. Provision was made for the calling of special and other meetings by the president by mailed notices five days in advance. The initiation fee was made $1, the annual dues also $1. Any man was declared eligible to membership in the Association who has the instincts of a sportsman and a wish to protect the game.

The following officers were elected: Pres., Col. M. H. Alberger, of Chicago; First Vice-Pres., Fish Commissioner S. R. Bartlett, of Quincy; Second Vice-Pres., laid over till next meeting; Sec'y, Harry A. Sullivan, of Chicago; Treas., J. V. Clark, of Chicago. It was agreed that the Chair should appoint eight of the fifteen members of the Board of Managers, he then to confer with these in regard to appointing the remainder, these to be chosen outside of Chicago as much as possible. The president reported the following names as members of the Board: Hon. Alex. A. White, Rev. Edward A. Kelly, Gen. John McNulty, Messrs. C. D. Gammon, J. E. Isgrigg, H. D. Nicholls and Thos. W. Saunders, all of Chicago; Mr. Tom N. Donnelly, of Lake county; and Hon. Geo. Lyon, of Waukegan.

The meeting with formal motion indorsed Harry W. Loveday, of Chicago, as its candidate for State game warden, and the secretary was instructed to so advise the Governor.

The Spring Shooting Season.

The Illinois spring duck shooting season closed day before yesterday, and was above the average in abundance of wildfowl killed. At Hennepin Club, on the Illinois River, the shooting was for some days very fine, though it died out during the last few days of ths season. At Fox Lake, Illinois, several good bags of bluebills were made, one bag of seventy-six to two guns. Along the Kankakee River the shooting was also good. Dick Turtle got sixty-one ducks at Water Valley in one day, and made one or two smaller bags. At Calumet Heights Club Mr. A. C. Paterson was out several times, and made bags ranging from half a dozen to a dozen and a half. He was lucky enough also to kill a fine large Canada goose, Mr. Gillespie, however, having a hand in the undoing of this honker. Other bags of ducks of a dozen or two to the gun have been reported. It is stated that many of the birds, especially the bluebills, were in good order this spring.

The jacksnipe season is now at hand, and before these lines are in print the birds will probably be in all over this part of the country in great numbers. At Kouts, Ind., Mr. O. von Lengerke bagged thirty odd birds over a week ago. At Water Valley, Ind., Mr. F. R. Bissell bagged thirty-one jacksnipe, yellowlegs and grass plover.

On Tuesday the snipe were coming in very fast on the Kankakee bottoms near Shelby, Ind., the edge of the marsh near Skunk Knob already showing pretty fair shooting. Shooters can stop at Zea's farm there, a mile north of Shelby, on the Monon, and get good shooting. The Fuller's Island country is reported as having too much water.

Mr. W. L. Wells, of this city, joins a camping party of snipe shooters who will spend a week or more on the Kankakee bottoms above Momence. They go into camp Monday, and expect to have a very enjoyable time. Mr. W. P. Mussey left yesterday for the Maksawba Club, on the Kankakee, where he should find good snipe shooting this coming week. I have not yet heard from the prairie sloughs near Wheaton, and other points near at hand to the west of Chicago; but should expect to hear of some shooting in there before long.

Spring Shooting Killed in Minnesota.

Mr. John W. G. Dunn, of the Title Insurance and Trust Co., of St. Paul, Minn., called at this office two days ago, long enough to bring the first news of the passage in the Minnesota Legislature of a law prohibiting spring shooting in that State. Senator Hansen backed the measure, which was opposed by Senator Keller.

Personal.

Col. A. G. Courtney, who was for some fourteen years connected with the LeFever Arms Co., and is widely known among the shooters of America, will on May 1 sever his connection with that firm and enter into the employ of Hartley & Graham, of New York city. He will henceforth explain the merits of the Remington shotgun on the trap circuit and elsewhere.

Mr. W. M. Durham, lately banker and boss bass fisherman of Momence, Ill., has moved to Chicago, where he will get more banking and less fishing.

Dr. Z. T. Daniel, lately of Carlisle Indian School, has been stationed as assistant physician at the Blackfoot Agency, Montana. Dr. Daniel is not new in that country, as he has made a successful big-game hunt or two in the mountains near the reservation in earlier years.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

MY FIRST BREECHLOADER.

WHAT rich stores of reminiscences long dormant in memory's vague and misty cells must have been recalled to life by the exhibition of antiquated firearms at the Sportmen's Exposition in those old fellows who love the gun and the pleasure its use affords.

In retrospection the curtains of memory are parted, and my thoughts travel down the vista of years to the days when, about twelve years old, I became the proud possessor of my first breechloading gun. I already owned a muzzleloading gun, and considered it perfection until one day there came to the village where my boyhood days were passed an old trapper and hunter, with whom I soon scraped an acquaintance, and who possessed among the rest of his arms a 20-gauge breechloading Remington single-barrel shotgun, which no sooner had I seen than my whole aim and ambition in life were summed up in the desire to become the owner of this triumph of the gunmaker's art.

My friend, seeing how intent I was on securing the gun, consented to sell it to me for the princely sum of $3, and to keep it for me until I was able to procure the necessary funds, more to relieve himself from my ceaseless importunities than for any other reason. My father was not blessed with an over-abundance of this world's goods, and had he been would have considered it an unnecessary extravagance to invest in a gun when I already had one, so the task of raising the money devolved on me entirely.

Boyhood's resources are many, however, and before many days had passed I had made a bargain with a neighboring junkman to buy from me all the old iron and bones I could obtain at ½ cent per pound. Nothing daunted at the thought of the 600lbs of merchandise, I started to collect, and soon had a good-sized pile, which was materially augmented—I blush to say—by a surreptitious expedition one dark night in company with another boy to a farmer's barnyard, where we denuded an old oxcart of what iron could be removed with the aid of a wrench—no compunctions of conscience attending the operation, as this farmer considered all boys his enemies, and the boys heartily reciprocated the sentiment.

I finally had the requisite amount of material, and one red-letter day I trudged home bearing in triumph my well-earned gun, envied by my less fortunate companions.

Every spare moment of time was utilized thereafter to scour the woods and fields in the vicinity with powder-flask, shot-pouch, newspaper for wadding and a reloading tool in my pockets; for I had but ten brass shells, and when these had been fired I was compelled to reload them.

One day I had fired my ten shots, and reloading the shells proceeded on my way, when on reaching home I discovered that the reloading tool had been left on my improvised loading bench, a flat stone in the woods about two miles from home. Now here was a quandary. It was dark, and I was afraid to go through the woods alone; but there was that tool, suddenly grown to be the dearest object in my possession, and the thoughts of the bones and iron necessary to procure another decided me, and in fear and trembling I started on my quest, gradually becoming more frightened as I progressed, until I finally had possession of the reloader.

Starting homeward, the sighing of the winds in the tree tops sounding like the moaning of lost spirits, oppressed by a thousand nameless fears, my inflamed imagination peopling each bush with a lurking foe, a night bird sounded his note close at hand, and my courage forsook me entirely. Pursued by the unknown terrors of the darkness, I precipitately fled over fallen logs, across ditches, through the fields for two miles, until more dead than alive I stumbled into the house, happy once more in the possession of my full equipment.

The picture grows dim and fades. Present reality greets me with the sight of my Parker hammerless hanging in its place with my other up to date arms, but who will say its possession will ever thrill me with the pleasure experienced in the proprietorship of that old 20-gauge, with its ten shells and the unalloyed delight its use afforded?

A. B. C.

THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

To all who are Interested in Protecting the Fish and Game of New York State:

Something like thirty years ago the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was organized, having as its object the fish and game protective interests of this State, and the improvement and advancement in trap-shooting. For a time the Association was active in protective matters, but this object began to be overlooked, and the Association came to devote its entire attention and energies to trap-shooting.

In 1892 several clubs, members of the State Association, feeling the necessity for active work on the part of the organization in the effort to preserve the fish and game interests of this great commonwealth, assembled in Syracuse and perfected plans of organization, under which arrangement winter meetings of the Association were provided for, having as their object the furtherance of fish and game protection.

Under the revised constitution, the annual dues entitling clubs to representation at these meetings is $5, and a further provision allows individuals to become associate members upon the payment of 25 cents annual dues.

We want all clubs, whether now members of the Association or not, who feel an interest in protecting the fish and game of the State, and all individuals who are thus interested, to join us in our work.

It is the policy of the State Association to simplify the present fish and game laws, remedying if possible the many evils that now exist, eliminating unjust local legislation and rendering to protective associations aid in the enforcement of the laws. It is the medium through which all right-minded organizations should seek and give counsel. Every county in the State should have a strong fish and game protective association, thus carrying to the Legislature a voice of power working for a common interest and an honest purpose.

The sportsmen of this State are requested to carefully consider this matter, to the end that they may identify themselves and the clubs or associations to which they belong with us. Success will be dependent entirely upon the forces we can muster.

The object of this appeal is to place the State Association upon a sound basis, having a large, enthusiastic enrollment of members, true sportsmen, willing to serve the organization faithfully in its work.

The cause is a worthy one, requiring hearty coöperation on the part of all true lovers of legitimate sport with rod and gun.

W. S. GAVITT, President.

LYONS, N. Y.

Some Great Dodging.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have often thought I would write you the facts contained in this letter, but the doubts expressed by persons I have told the stories to has made me fear the columns of Forest and Stream. I only told one man who didn't doubt me, and he told me the following story; and as I have always found him perfectly truthful in every way I believe him.

He was squirrel hunting, and was once walking slowly around a tree when, glancing down, he saw a rattlesnake within a few feet of him, ready to strike. He said, "I stepped back about 30ft. and fired at his head, and it did not seem to me to have moved. I reloaded as quickly as possible and tried again, with the same result. I fired several times at his head, but still he held it motionless. I had heard that a snake could dodge a rifle ball, so I finally aimed about 6in. down his body and shattered his head."

This was done with a muzzleloader and I suppose about twenty years ago

The following happened in 1890 on the Woodburn Farm, at Taylorstown, Pa.:

A friend and I were out after ground hogs. I had a Winchester .22-15; he, my Ithaca shotgun. We saw what we thought was a chipmunk, with its head out of a knot hole in a log, and he fired at it. When we got to the log I saw something run and also found a dead weasel. Dunkle began poking in the log and a weasel stuck its head out of the knot hole and I fired at it from I should think about 20ft. Dunkle called, "You never touched him." I tried several times with the same result, the weasel always disappearing into a hole in the log right where his head had been. Finally Dunkle moved while I was taking aim, and the weasel turned its head and I killed it. We got five, four of which I killed with the rifle, but I did not kill one with its eyes turned toward me. One got out in the bark of the log and a small hole afforded a fine peep hole for it. I put three bullets in that hole, which was hardly large enough to let the weasel's head out, but never touched him.

The same year I fired at a weasel on a rail fence, and when I went to pick him up he dropped from the far side of the rail and scurried away. The shot had gone into the very place where he had sat when I fired.

The next year I was out once with rifle and box of cartridges, and shot fully thirty times at a weasel in a tree top and never touched him. I then took the small target that was in the box and shot several times at it, and put every bullet in a space you could cover with a silver dollar—distance, 30ft.

I believe a weasel can dodge a rifle ball, and would thank the readers to tell of any similar experience, so that I won't hesitate about telling of the artful dodger in the future.

I read a short time since of a man shooting several times at a snake lying along an old root, and how he finally dispatched the snake with a club and found every bullet under where the snake's head had been. If people can believe that, my story is safe. Jim Pierce.

That Confiscated Moose Head.

I.

From the New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury.

It will be remembered that Harry M. Church, of this city, shot a buck moose down in New Brunswick some months ago. The moose was one of the finest specimens ever killed in that section, and Mr. Church left the head in Fredericton, N. B., to be dressed and mounted.

It turned out that the head was the finest one ever mounted, and Mr. Church makes the claim that the man who was mounting the head tried to obtain it from him by improper methods. Considerable trouble arose over the head which Mr. Church owned, and the services of several lawyers were engaged in trying to secure it. So much stir was made that finally the Government at New Brunswick took hold of the matter, and, finding that the moose's head was the finest one ever seen there, inquired into the subject, and alleging that it was shot illegally confiscated it.

The head was placed in one of the Government buildings at Fredericton, N. B., and Mr. Church has just received notice of the fact.

Mr. Church will write a sketch about the moose for Forest and Stream, in which he will warn all American sportsmen from going down to New Brunswick, where he claims a sportsman is not treated squarely.

The moose killed by Mr. Church was a bull moose and was the largest shot within the memory of man in New Brunswick. It weighed close to 1,600lbs., and its withers were nearly or quite 7ft. from the ground; and its antlers, tipping the scales at not far from a hundredweight, spread more than 5ft. and numbered twenty prongs. Mr. Church at the time refused an offer of $75 for the antlers. Mr. Church killed the animal with four shots.

II.

From the St. John (N. B.) Gazette.

The fact that Mr. Church shot a moose in New Brunswick and did not get it is being telegraphed by the Associated Press all over the United States. It would not make so much difference if the statement of Mr. Church was true, but it is not. The facts are that last autumn Mr. Church came to this Province from somewhere in the United States and went up to Canaan, Queens county. There he fell in with another person named Ryder and they went moose hunting together.

Church was informed that, being a non-resident of the Province, he would be obliged to take out a license, and would have to pay the sum of $20. He told the game warden who gave him this information that he did not intend to go hunting, therefore did not require a license. Ryder had a resident license, but it is generally believed that he is a non resident, and if that is the case the license is valueless. His brother, however, resides in the Province, and it was with this brother that both he and Church were staying. The statements of Ryder and Church disagree as to the killing of the moose, both of them claiming the honor of killing this very fine specimen. The story is that, as they were going through the woods, they came upon two bulls fighting, and before the animals could get away one of them had been shot.

Both Church and Ryder claim in their affidavits to have shot the moose. If Church shot the moose, he was liable to a penalty for shooting without a license and to another penality as well. The moose head, although a very fine specimen, is not the largest in the Province by any means, the one in the Crown Lands Office measuring 10½in. more across the antlers than the new acquisition which was shot by Church or Ryder. After shooting the moose the head was left with Ryder's brother to be prepared and sent on. While it was there the game warden learned of the killing of the animal, but in the meantime Church had departed to the United States or he would have been prosecuted. All that was done therefore was to seize the head, which has been hung in the Crown Lands Office, and forms part of the collection of local game in that department.

If Mr. Church had obeyed the law he would not have had any difficulty in getting the head of the moose, if he shot the animal. He did not, and therefore it was seized.

Shooting Privileges and Trespass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of April 10 Mr. Tappan Adney, commenting upon the growing tendency on the part of land owners to exercise the rights of proprietors upon their own land, says: "The moment they do, where will the fellow come in who has a gun and loves to hunt as well as the land owner?" It seems to me he will be in exactly the position everybody is in, the gratification of whose tastes requires the use of some one else's property. The man who enjoys theatricals pays for his hour or two in a theater. The book lover does not expect to have the use of his neighbor's library unless the owner is good-natured enough to give his consent. Those who dance expect to pay the piper and to pay some one for the use of a floor to dance upon.

"The fellow with a gun who has proven his right to live by earning his own living," as Mr. Adney puts it (though I fail to see what bearing that has upon the matter), belongs to the only class which claims a God-given right to use the property of others whenever one of its number wants to enjoy himself at his favorite amusement, or "to earn his own living" by killing the game on another man's land.

The owner has paid in hard cash for the "right of exclusive control," and the State requires him to pay each year in the form of taxes for the continued right; but Mr. Adney seems to think that "the fellow with a gun" has the same rights as the owner to roam over the fields and kill the game.

It never occurs to some people that the land owner who has a few coveys of quail upon his place may have a fancy for shooting them himself, or possibly has some friend with a sportsman's tastes to whom he would like to give the pleasure, rather than to some one who to him is only "a fellow with a gun."

I for one rejoice to see the additional farms which are every year being posted, for therein lies the secret of game protection. By all means let land owners realize they have absolute control over their own acres. Lexden.

Dearth of Ducks in Long Island Waters.

New York, April 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The decrease in the number of wildfowl frequenting the western end of Long Island Sound appears to have reached a climax this season. For the past three years as each spring and autumn have come around the flocks of coots, old squaws, etc., have grown smaller and smaller until now, when on a day last week there were by actual count less than 100 birds on feeding grounds, which until recently supported many thousands. In the vicinity of Captain's Island, Matinnecock Point and the adjacent coves the birds could always be found in enormous rafts at this season of the year; and the fact that there are not any this spring would seem to indicate that they do not exist in anything like the numbers which formerly migrated up and down our coast.

The cause must be sought in the raids made upon the breeding grounds by egg hunters, as the birds are protected by the laws in a more effective way than ever before, and as they are of little value in market the number killed by gunners must be a small proportion of the whole. That the merry call of the "south-southerly" is now so seldom heard is a matter of regret to many who have watched for their coming to our waters each returning season as one of the many pleasures afforded by that placid arm of the sea.

Long Islander.

Spring on the Eastern Shore.

Weather warm and as fine as silk, pleasant as Florida in winter. The gull has come to furnish her annual supply of rich and palatable eggs. Our coast is her breeding grounds. The marsh hen is dropping from the clouds each night—as the story goes—doing her share of cackling and will, too, do her share in giving fine eggs; the "marshy" is an honest layer, and so long as her nest is robbed she will again fill it, though our legislators, by recent enactments, have put a stop to the business of robbing nests. The bee martin has come to let us know that winter is gone and to drive the hawks from the poultry yards, while robin redbreast is busy mixing mortar.

Atlantic Coast birds have not yet reached our meadows, but a few days hence and they will be on hand no doubt. Snipe are here in limited numbers. Doctor French generally gets a clever bunch when out.

Messrs. Gordon Fisher, of Pittsburg, and Brown Caldwell, of Chicago, members of Revels Island Club, came by to-day's train, and repaired at once to their club building on the island. T. G. E.

Keller, Va., April 15.

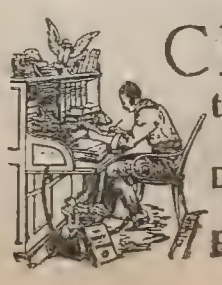
Elephant: Hello! there comes a party of hunters; we'd better run for our lives before they see us.

Giraffe: Gracious goodness, you're right! I guess I'm a goner.

Elephant: Why so?.

Giraffe: Don't you see I'm spotted?—*New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to send us for these columns notes of the game supply, shooting resorts, and their experience in the field.



Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

ANGLING NOTES.

Wings of Artificial Flies.

Some ten or fifteen years ago there was given to me a white miller fly, dressed to order for Dr. W. C. Prime, the the author of "I Go A-Fishing." The wings of this fly were entirely different from any that I had ever seen on a fly at that time, and I may add that I have never seen anything like that since, and I have always kept the fly as a curiosity, and it is on my desk as I write.

In fact, did anyone ever see but one style of wings, as a rule, on a trout fly? They may stand up at right angles to the direction of the shank of hook, as is the case with "upright-winged" dry flies, or the points of the wings may droop a little toward the bend of the hook, which is the case of the orthodox artificial fly the world over. The wings usually stand close together, back to back, as it were, and to all intents and purposes the two wings are one and inseparable. In some of the modern eyed-hook flies and May flies the wings curve away from each other at an acute angle; but practically the wings of our trout and bass flies are fashioned in the same mold. Perhaps this is as they should be; anyway I never questioned it until I saw the Prime white miller, and that made me think that possibly there was room for improvement in fashioning the wings of trout flies. I do not forget that a fresh fly just from the hands of the fly dresser is quite a different object from the same fly after it has been dragged a dozen times on the surface or beneath the surface of the water, and I know that there are advocates of form and advocates of color in trout flies who believe in one and not in the other; but if the advocates of form dress flies to imitate a natural insect, why are the wings all alike? There is a question that I asked myself when the Prime fly first reminded me that all artificial flies were made with wings practically on the same model, while the insects supposed to be imitated carried their wings quite differently. The wings of the Prime fly are made of three feathers, and they are put on not so much to imitate the wings of a white miller as to cover the hook. Two of the feathers are put on alongside of the hook, the planes meeting at an angle above the shank as the hook is held point down, and the third feather simply extends horizontally along the top of the shank and over the other feather. It is not a pretty fly, although said to be a "killer" when white millers are out. Now an English angler writes to the *Gazette* that he proposes to inaugurate a reform in fly dressing, and dress flies on three models instead of one. First, he will have wings to imitate the May fly, March-brown, spinner, etc., the planes nearly vertical to the body, diverging a little upward. Second, wings on each side of the body, like the alder and sand fly, the planes meeting at their upper margins and diverging downward; and third, wings in a horizontal plane, like the wings of the house fly. It may be said that the wings of all flies when in motion are very like the wings of the conventional artificial fly, but a drowned fly, as in wet fly-fishing, is not supposed to be flying. The subject is one that will admit of argument from various points of view, but it is to be hoped that Mr. Charles Walker will give us the results of his experiments with flies dressed as he proposes, and that will be of greater benefit than pages of theorizing. If trout and other fish can distinguish between shades of color, why not between changes in form?

Mr. Rowland Ward.

In a previous note I mentioned that Mr. Rowland Ward, the eminent taxidermist, of London, was on his way to this country from England, for the purpose of fishing for tarpon in Florida. Upon his arrival he remained but a few hours in New York city, as he writes me, but long enough to visit the American Natural History Museum, where he saw Audubon's birds. His particular interest in our great naturalist comes from the fact that Mr. Henry Ward, his father, was Audubon's companion and visited Florida with him sixty years ago on a collecting tour, and he wonders if his father saw or attempted to catch the tarpon in his day. Mr. Ward says that he has mounted many tarpon during the past few years, and that the first tarpon scales were sent to him sixteen years ago. Now he proposes to go over at least part of the ground where Audubon and his father tramped and journeyed together, and catch tarpon on his own account. Later we hope to give something of the results of Mr. Ward's fishing, as he came for that and nothing else, and will return to London the last of May.

Pike and Young Ducks.

Spoons, gangs, snap-tackle, live bait (minnows), frogs, etc., have been lures for pike (the fish we in New York continue to call pickerel when we do not mean pickerel) since time out of mind and probably long before, but an English angler has departed from the regular and customary baits, and drags an imitation of a young duck on the water and through the weeds where the pike hide, and as a result of the dragging the imitation young duck with a stuffing of hooks brings large pike to his bag. I have seen pretty much everything that swims or flies, and some things that walk or run on land only, imitated to lure fish; but an imitation duckling is a notch or two above me and savors of an imitation baby to catch crocodiles.

Pike have often been charged with capturing young water fowl, but I have always believed such instances exceptional if they were true; but Mr. T. R. Sachs, of London, leaves no room for doubt on the subject, for he says the angler fishing with him caught larger pike with the imitation duckling of his own creation than he, Mr. Sachs, did with snap-tackle. He says further: "Once fishing a back water on the Thames, I caught a pike of 6lbs. Having occasion to procure a fresh bait from the well (of the boat) soon after, I was surprised to see seven small moor hens floating in the water which had been disgorged by my captured pike. This fellow had evidently snapped up the brood one after another. At Lough Conn, in Ireland, I once saw a big pike seize one of a flock, which I was told was not uncommon, and that the wild ducks had a bad time of it there." I think I understand now why I never

had any particular use for pike as a game fish. Young puppies, and snakes, and lizards, and kittens, and ducklings may be excellent baits in their way, but as a rule an artificial fly is good enough for me, although if anyone has a hankering to catch big pike with imitation ducklings, I have given the tip as I found it. I do not know but I might, if I were starving, bait a hook with a young mouse to catch a big trout, but it would be after everything else had failed. A trout that will take a live young mouse will take something else, and why not fish with something else, and the same with the pike? I have no such feeling about crayfish for bait, but my friend Mr. W. D. Cleveland has. We were at Brant Lake fishing for black bass, and soon after our respective boats had left the landing I heard an argument in the boat between him and his guide. It seems that the only baits they had provided were crayfish and minnows. Mr. Cleveland wished to use crayfish and would not touch them himself, nor would the guide, and at once there was trouble, and we had to change guides. That is not a parallel case, however, to the other baits I have mentioned, for crayfish are natural baits and the other things I have mentioned are unnatural as I look at them.

An Adirondack Lake in Spring.

If this were a theater programme it would probably read, "Two days are supposed to elapse between the last note and this one." I wrote "the last of May" very late one night and the next day I was going by express train up into the Adirondack region. Now, as I am again writing late at night, with all the windows lowered, as a warm rain falls outside, I can scarcely realize that only yesterday, with a fur coat enveloping me, I was walking on snow 4ft. deep, and that the beautiful trout lake I visited was covered with ice 12in. thick and firm enough to bear a pair of horses and a loaded sleigh. When I left the railroad it was a fairly warm spring day and dust was flying in clouds. The next morning it was, if anything, warmer, and when the horses came to the door it did not seem possible that a fur overcoat would be comfortable before night, for I had been casting with a fly over on that lawn only the evening before. The road was dusty as it led up into the mountains, then it became moist and finally muddy. Patches of snow appeared behind the rocks and on the north sides of the hills, and the mud became deeper and water from melting snow was running beside the road where there are no brooks in summer. Finally great banks of snow were encountered by the side of the road, and at last the road was found drifted full of snow and we had to go through a fence into a field to get around the drift, for the horses could not make their way through it; but the road was clear again and the horses drew us up higher and higher until the lake was reached and they could go no further, for there was snow all around, even in the road that led around the lake that indicated plainly "No thoroughfare."

Last fall the trout had spawned in large numbers just at the outlet of the lake, and the question was: Would the high water and swift current at the outlet send the young fish as they hatched down the outlet stream, or could they be retained in the lake to show the effects of fish planting in the lake? The water was very high, and there was snow enough to make it much higher without any assistance from possible rains. In two hours' time that lake was being drawn down, gradually but surely, to something like its normal condition, and there was a gentle flow at the outlet that would not harm even a young trout just hatched, and tempt it to stray away down stream from the observation of men who wished simply to see how fast it would grow, and who had no desire to cut short its growth by catching it; for there are other trout to catch and kill in other lakes. A few trout were seen just at the outlet of the lake, where current and sun together had worn away the ice, but it is evident that a spawning bed will have to be manufactured for the trout further away from the outlet.

Smelts for Trout and Salmon.

Last season I arranged with Fish Commissioners in New England to obtain some eggs of the landlocked smelt this spring, to plant the fish and establish them in some of the New York lakes, where they will serve as food for trout and landlocked salmon, and from which they can be transplanted to other New York waters. All experiments show that wherever the smelt can be established the salmon will thrive, and in that way salmon waters can be determined beyond a doubt, judging from the experiments in New England lakes.

Commissioner Stanley, of Maine, writes me: "I think I can obtain the smelt eggs for you this spring, and I have a large number of ponds in Maine that I must stock with smelts. I have also promised eggs to the New Jersey Fish Commission and the State of Connecticut.

"I have made arrangements to have men on the grounds with boxes all ready for packing, and if we have the usual run of smelts there will be no trouble about getting the eggs. At the place where we take them we get eggs from two varieties of smelts, one large and the other small. The small one is about 4in. long, the large one 10 to 14in.—larger than the salt-water smelt. There is some danger in transporting the eggs, especially in warm weather on long distances, but we have no trouble in Maine, and have hardly failed in a single instance.

"Moosehead and the Rangeleys are now full of smelts, and all the work done in six years. Since the smelt appeared the salmon have improved wonderfully in size and condition. They scarcely look like the same fish, and the trout are also better in the same respects. I think to get the best results with the salmon it is very necessary to have the smelt. With the smelt, I believe the salmon can be raised in any deep-water pond where trout cannot live on account of high temperature. * * * There are only a few days during which smelt eggs can be obtained: the last of April and the first week in May—probably. You of course know how to handle the eggs. You put them in a gentle current at the bottom of a brook flowing into a lake it is desired to stock, and near the mouth of the brook. They all disappear in a few days, so I think they hatch in two or three weeks. If you look sharp you will see the young fish gathered in schools near the mouth of the brook, but they are so small that it is difficult to see them. In Maine I find the same smelts vary much in size. In some lakes they are too small for live bait, while in another lake close by they attain a growth of 10 to 12in."

As there is but one species of smelt, the size of the adults must be regulated by the quantity of food the fish obtain. That spawning smelts of two different sizes are taken, one of 4in. and the other up to 10 or 12in., is explained in my mind by the possibility that the small fish may be two-year-old fish spawning for the first time and the larger fish are adult smelts. I say the possibility because last fall I picked up smelts on the shore of Sunapee Lake, N. H., that had been thrown up on the sand by the high winds. There were three sizes of smelts: First, the hatch of the previous spring, as near as I can measure them in a bottle on my desk, 2½in. long; second, smelts 3½in. long, which were hatched the spring of the year before; these fish had undeveloped spawn and would cast their spawn this spring, when they would be two years old and about 4in. or a little more in length; third, adult smelts, 8, 9 or 10in. long. There were comparatively few of the larger smelts thrown up on the beach, as they were stronger than the others and could work off shore in a blow. The New Hampshire Commissioners place twigs cut for the purpose in the streams where the smelts spawn, and when the eggs are deposited naturally and adhere to the twigs the twigs and eggs are packed in moss and shipped. At Cold Spring Harbor, a station of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, salt-water smelts are hatched in the hatchery. The adult fish are caught when they run up stream at night to spawn (the only time they do run for this purpose) and are placed in an ordinary trough covered over to exclude the light, and there the fish spawn naturally. The impregnated eggs are then gathered from the bottom of the trough and passed through a fine sieve to separate them, as they are held together by a fine thread so that they make a mass without being what are called glutinous eggs. After separation, although they may have to be passed through the meshes of the sieve more than once, and the treatment does them no harm, the eggs are placed in a McDonald jar and they hatch in about thirty days. In the hatchery the eggs must be secluded from the sunlight or they will die, but in the brooks the eggs are deposited where the sunlight must strike them.

Mr. Stanley's statement that landlocked salmon can be made to thrive in waters with a temperature too high for brook trout will be read with more than ordinary interest, for at first thought it seems almost revolutionary, but he is an authority on the subject and what he says cannot be questioned.

Smelts seek the coldest water to be found in the New Hampshire lakes, where I have caught them colder than the water in which trout are found, but they may also bear warmer water, as Mr. Stanley intimates.

Fly-Casting Records.

It is not well to be hypercritical in matters relating to sport, and in what I shall say I do not mean to be; but in reviewing the fly-casting tournament in Madison Square Garden a writer in a sportsman's publication says: "Another necessity is a tank large enough to accommodate a record cast. It is perhaps not too much to say that Thomas Mills lost his record of 110ft. 9½in. by reason of the shortness of the tank. He cast beyond the flight of steps at the end of the tank and into the space occupied by an exhibit of taxidermy. What happened to the fly when it struck the flooring is not known, if it was on then, but it was not on the leader when the judges got to it."

My sympathy is wholly with Mr. Mills, for no one except Mr. Mills himself could have desired more earnestly that the cast should have remained a record than the writer of this note, but I do not believe that Mr. Mills will accept this explanation of his failure to score his great cast, which would have been a world's record. My idea is that it was not the shortness of the tank which operated against a record cast so much as it was the lack of room behind the caster for the back cast, for the caster stood on a movable box on the platform which could have been adjusted to suit the tank in a record cast of 110ft. had there been room behind it. But that is not the point I wish to make. The writer I have quoted says: "What happened to the fly when it struck the flooring is not known, if it was on then." I maintain that the fly in that cast did not strike the flooring; if it had done so it would have been on when the "judges got to it." Flies are not lost on the forward cast, but on the back cast, and I think Mr. Mills will admit that his fly was off before he completed his forward cast. If the fly had struck the flooring, attached to the leader, it would have made a record, for the very fact that the fly struck the flooring would have constituted the record, no matter what became of the fly afterward, for when the fly struck the cast was complete. The rule says that "the fly and leader in each contest must be intact at the time of record by the judges." For the time being the flooring took the place of the water in the tank, and usually the judges do not "get to the fly" after it has fallen, for they are there to note where it falls before it can be withdrawn for a new cast, which may be in an instant of time. Mr. J. J. Hardy, of England, who was two years ago the world's champion, has already written to me for particulars of the tournament, and other foreign anglers and fly-casters are interested in what was done over here, and to my mind what I have quoted gives the impression that our tournaments may not be conducted as they have been heretofore, if there is any doubt in the minds of the spectators what has become of the fly at the end of a cast, or whether it was on or not, when it proves to be missing at the time the judges saunter up to examine it.

The tournaments are conducted in the same old way, and flies snap off on the back cast just as they have had a habit of doing ever since there were flies and back casts. If there is any mystery about the business it is that more flies are not lost at the tournaments when such great casts are made.

The Big Trout of the Show.

One morning during the Exposition the editor of this journal asked me to look at a mounted trout in the Loan Collection and tell him what it was. I did look at it, but I cannot now find the memorandum I made, and am not sure as to what the legend over the fish read. It may have been "A Brook Trout," "A Big Brook Trout," or something of that sort; anyway it gave me to understand that the fish was exhibited as a brook trout, and by brook trout I understand a fish to mean a *Salvelinus fontinalis* and nothing else. Later I told the editor that I could not tell him what the fish really was, but it was *not* a brook trout (*fontinalis*), and I also told him that I thought I had seen the fish before. Of course about having seen it previously I was not positive, but I thought if I had seen it before it was in a case and marked 13½lbs. At the last show it was not it a case—provided it was the same fish—and it had a fresh coat of paint apparently, and the markings were those of the *fontinalis*—that is, the markings made with paint.

The scales and the teeth were plainly telling the paint that it was mistaken, and as nature made the teeth and the scales they seemed to have the best of the man who put on the paint in the form of spots, etc., like the *fontinalis*. I afterward saw a real *fontinalis* skin mounted in a Broadway store, and the owner and I drifted, in our conversation, to the big trout in the Loan Collection. I told him I thought it was our old friend at the first show of 13½lbs., and that reminded him that he had seen a trout of about that size in Chicago during the World's Fair. It was fresh then on the ice in a market, and was called a brook trout and so pronounced by a medical man and well-known angling writer, until his attention was called to certain peculiarities not possessed by the brook trout. Then the label was changed to read "Montana Trout." I asked Dr. Bean if he would go to the Garden and examine the fish and say what he thought about it. He did so, and writes me: "You ask me about the big trout skin at the Sportsmen's Exposition. I examined it as carefully as I could under the circumstances and still believe it to be a Dolly Varden (*S. malma*). You know how difficult it is to identify mounted trout; I could not find teeth at the root of the tongue because that part of the fish was removed, but all the other characteristics of *malma* are present. The size is above the average of Dolly Varden, except in northern waters where it has easy access to marine pastures." I ought to explain that in discussing the fish with Dr. Bean before he saw it I suggested that it might be a *purpuratus*, red-throat trout, but he inclined to the belief that it was more likely to be a Dolly Varden, with which I am not at all familiar. Dr. Bean has seen them a-plenty in the West and in Alaska, and for one I accept his statement as the correct identification of the fish, and that is all I can say about the brook trout which is not a brook trout.

Gut.

It is not so many years ago that I intimated very plainly in an article in FOREST AND STREAM that our friends across the sea had the first whack at the gut crop, and consequently we on this side rarely found in our markets the very highest grade of gut, either as to length or thickness. At the same time, I said the reason for this was that there was no demand over here for the very heavy or the extra long and fine gut. This did not please a gut dealer in England, and he assured me in this journal that he had furnished some very good gut to an American dealer, and printed a letter of the American dealer to prove it. As the information conveyed in the two letters had nothing whatever to do with what I had stated, for all our tackle dealers are constantly importing very good gut, I do not know what was proven by the two letters in question, as they asserted what any one would admit, and did not show that we had any of the gut I had specially mentioned.

At the Fisheries Exhibition at the Royal Aquarium, England, there was shown last month some gut at $12.50 per 100 strands, and it would lift a dead weight of 18lbs. Another dealer exhibited some fine gut, the strands being *over 40in. in length*. "Equal in quality to that of the finest ordinary gut."

This gut was obtained "by specially cultivating the finest 'Grecia' silk worms, and making the gut from the largest specimens thus obtained." Just as a matter of curiosity I would like to know how much gut is sold in this country the strands of which are over 3ft. 4in. long, and how much gut at $12.50 per 100 strands that will lift 18lbs. dead weight.

The gut that I particularly wrote about when my English friend sent over the certificate that he had sold some good gut in this country, cost, so Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell said, $25 to $35 per hundred strands at wholesale. I never have seen much of this gut over here, but if there was a demand for it doubtless the gut would be forthcoming.

Walton's Chest.

It was generally believed, I think, that everything relating to the life of Izaak Walton had been printed in one or another of the hundred and more editions of the "Complete Angler," and that all his belongings that existed had been traced to their resting place; but it remained for the editor of the 121st edition of Walton's book to bring out something new, although it was discovered by the artist who illustrated the book. The 121st edition of Walton was edited by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, and illustrated by Edmund H. New. The book contains an illustration of Walton's marriage chest, which bears the following inscription:

IZAAK WALTON—RACHEL FLOUD.

JOYNED TOGETHER IN YE HOLIE BONDE OF WEDLOCKE ON YE 27TH DAIE OF DECEMBRE, A. 16:6 D.

We once were two, we two made one;
We no more two, through life be one.

This attracted the attention of that very genial gentleman and charming writer, Mr. Edward Marston, father of Mr. R. B. Marston, who edited the sumptuous 100th edition of "Walton." He had heard of the old clock, which makes no other claim to have been Izaak Walton's than that it bears somewhere on it the initials "I. W.," but in the chest, which he assumed to be the "trunk of linen" left by Walton in his will to his son Izaak, he fancied a real discovery had been made and wrote to the artist asking about it, and received the following reply: "The finding of Walton's marriage chest was an accident. A cousin of mine was sketching sometime ago at Warwick Castle, and the housekeeper took her over the private rooms to see the old furniture, pictures, etc. The chest stood in rather a dark passage, but she happened to catch the name *Walton* on it as she passed, and knowing I was illustrating 'The Compleat Angler,' she told me of it. Last autumn I wrote to Lord Warwick asking for permission to see the chest, and make a drawing of it; it seemed really genuine. He replied that he was unaware that he had such a chest, but I was quite at liberty to draw it if I could find it."

Judging from the reproduction, the chest appears to be beautifully carved and paneled. The center panel in front represents (I judge) Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and the inscriptions I have quoted are above and below

the panels. For a long time it was not known that Walton had married twice, but it was finally discovered that he had married for his first wife Rachel Floud on the date given on the recently discovered chest. The reviewers have received this last edition of Walton with praise on both sides of the Atlantic, and particular emphasis is given to the illustrations.

At the end of the volume is an angler's calendar, compiled by Mr. Hi Regan. Mr. Marston thinks this calendar should be revised, because in it the lamented Charles Kingsley is killed off in 1860, when he was alive for fifteen years after, and a reviewer on this side objects to the calendar simply because the immortal George Washington has Jan. 11 assigned to him as a birthday instead of Feb. 22, which day we celebrate in America as his birthday.

A. N. Cheney.

NEW HAMPSHIRE HATCHERIES.

From an address before the Hillsborough County Association, by Commissioner F. L. Hughes.

The State is operating at the present time eleven hatcheries, located, one each, as follows: Colebrook, Livermore Falls, Ashland, Meredith, Newfound Lake, Laconia, Conway, New Durham, Manchester, Keene and Sunapee Lake.

At the Colebrook hatchery about 400,000 brook trout eggs were laid down from the parent trout, located on the plant, which are hatching out finely. This hatchery, located as it is, is very convenient about stocking the northern part of the State.

The Livermore Falls hatchery contains about 200,000 brook trout and 20,000 Loch Leven trout. After purchasing Massachusetts's interest in this hatchery last year we made some necessary repairs about the tanks and ponds, in which we were obliged to move the parent trout from one place to another, and for that reason the trout did not give us the usual amount of eggs. This plant is very much run down. During the past two years of joint ownership neither party felt like expending much time or money in making needed repairs. It is situated on leased land, and if suitable arrangements can not be made with the owners as to rental, an attempt will be made by the Commissioners, through the Governor and Council, to condemn the land, under an act passed by the last session of the Legislature.

The Ashland hatchery contains 150,000 lake trout, 50,000 brook trout and 10,000 landlocked salmon, which will be placed in Squam lakes and local streams.

Meredith hatchery contains 50,000 brook trout and 150,000 lake trout. This is a fine plant, and with small expense could be arranged so as to rear fingerlings, as it has one of the finest spring streams of water in the State, which would maintain quite a large number of parent brook trout.

At Newfound Lake we have the best arranged and most commodious hatchery in the State. The building was built last fall at an expense of about $2,000. We laid down at this hatchery last fall 1,800,000 lake trout eggs, 150,000 salmon eggs, all taken from the waters of this lake. We have transferred from this plant to others in the State about one-half the eyed eggs to be distributed over the State. By this arrangement we were enabled to bring the eggs forward to the eyed state, and not be obliged to keep five other plants in operation during the winter, thereby saving the State several hundred dollars.

The Laconia hatchery contains about 700,000 lake trout, 100,000 salmon, 250,000 brook trout and 50,000 rainbow trout. This is the best point for distribution in the whole system, being, as it is, only five minutes' walk from the station, and has a never-failing water supply.

The New Durham and Conway hatcheries contain each 150,000 lake trout and 100,000 brook trout.

The Keene hatchery contains 150,000 lake trout and 175,000 brook trout.

The Sunapee station contains about 60,000 salmon, 100,000 aureolus and 75,000 brook trout eggs.

As will be seen, the hatcheries are well distributed over the State, and greatly aid us in the transportation of fry to different points in the sections in which they are located. No doubt the work might be done in a much less number of hatcheries and save some expense, but as long as the plants are in existence no one in the locality in which they are situated wants them abandoned, and for the better accommodation of the Commissioners in making the distributton we have kept them all in operation a part of the season.

The Commissioners are of the opinion that one-fourth of the fry kept till they were fingerlings and then planted would be worth many times more than the whole amount planted as fry, and with this end in view have decided to try and rear some during the coming season, if suitable arrangements can be made before the fry have to be planted; if not, we shall provide such feeding stations during the coming season and stock them from next year's supply of fry. It is the experience of those who studied the results that this is the best way by far for stocking lake and pond waters, but with the limited funds at our command we have not felt justified in making the outlay necessary for such an undertaking.

The State has hatched millions of fry in the past ten years, and many waters where they have been placed show good results, while in others the show is not as good, particularly so in Newfound and Squam lakes. In the former, at a low estimate, during the past eight years 4,000,000 fry have been planted, and the results are far from satisfactory, and for such waters we are strongly of the opinion that fingerlings would show much better results.

The hatcheries are all in good condition and a credit to the State, and if filled to anywhere near their capacity would furnish all the lake and brook trout fry we would want; and we are in hopes in the near future to be able to furnish more of that best and gamest fish, the landlocked salmon. This last variety is not plenty yet by any means, but is largely on the increase at Newfound Lake. We applied to the United States Commission for 100,000 landlocked salmon and got 5,000, which was all they could spare us. United States Commissioner Titcomb told us he did not think the United States Commission had 100,000 salmon eggs on hand Dec. 1, 1896

The question is how to get the best results with our fry. We know that we have plenty of hatcheries, and that they produce large quantities of fry, and that they have been well and judiciously planted, and, as I said before, in some waters show good results; for example, within the past five years lake trout have been introduced into Stinson Lake, and in the past two winters it is considered only a fair day's work to take fifteen to twenty-five trout for one man, while some have taken double that number in a single day. In both cases the planting of the fry at Stinson and Newfound lakes was the same.

The subject of fishculture is one of continual interest and importance. All measures pertaining to it were most carefully looked after during the recent session of the Legislature, and it is a matter of congratulation that not an act asked for in protection of fish and game was denied us, but, on the contrary, nearly all seemed to take that deep interest which the subject demanded and promptly passed such bills as the committees on fish and game reported, so that we were enabled to get our laws into shape and have them printed and distributed on the floor of the House before adjournment.

CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I know from the number of letters that I have received from friends and fellow fishermen in the United States within the last few days that any number of American anglers are interested in the early disappearance of the now rapidly-decreasing banks of snow in Canadian forests, and in the subsidence of much of the snow water from our inland lakes, and the streams which form their outlets. I confess to a kindred sentiment myself, and hope that none of my correspondents will believe me unsympathetic or lacking in a disposition to oblige because I have not yet replied to their inquiries as to the probable date of the opening of the trout fishing season in Canada. I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, and the indications are not yet forthcoming that justify the tendering of any advice as to the earliest fishing that this season will offer in the northern part of the Province of Quebec. We have a light snowstorm in progress as I write, and though wheels have made their appearance upon a few of our most used city streets, there are still more sleighs than carriages in use in town, and in the country the snow roads are pretty good. From Lake St. John I hear that the roads across the ice are still good, though in the neighborhood of Quebec the ice on the streams is quite rotten, and crossing in vehicles quite dangerous. On reference to my last year's diary I find that the season is now about as far advanced as it was a year ago, and unless the weather for the next fortnight or three weeks should prove unusually backward, the trout ought to be rising by the 20th and perhaps by the 15th of May. On this point I hope to be able to speak more definitely a week or two later.

Among the clubs that will be represented in the Lake St. John district about as soon as the spring fishing is announced are the Metabetchouan, the Springfield, the Tourilli, the Triton and the Nonamtum. Mr. Geo. E. Hart, of Waterbury, who is usually one of the earliest anglers on Lac des Commissaires, will probably cast his first flies this season away from Connecticut, on the Triton Club tract. This club has had a remarkably large accession to its membership of late, especially since it has leased the whole of the hunting rights on its territory, as well as the fishing.

Mr. J. P. Elton, of Waterbury, has sold out of the Nonamtum Club and purchased a share of the St Marguerite Salmon Club. Salmon waters cost money in Canada now. The fishing rights of the Moisie were recently purchased by Messrs. Hope, of Montreal, and Veasey Boswell, of Quebec. Report places the price paid therefor at $30,000.

Many inquiries are made here for salmon fishing privileges, and some recent purchases are admitted to be as much for speculation as for anything else; and a pretty safe speculation it seems to be. I learn that several lessees of fishing rights from the Provincial Government, apprehensive of keen competition at the general sale of all these privileges, which will take place in a year or two, for another term of ten years, are making private arrangements for the extension of their leases. This has already been effected by some of the larger clubs, but only on the condition insisted upon by the Government of a substantial advance upon the amount of present leases.

Mr. Elton expects to have another tussle with ouananiche this year, and another gentleman who is looking forward to the same sport is Mr. William A. Macleod, of Boston, a member of the Megantic Fish and Game Club, who was here this week on business connected with the Department of Fish and Game. The feature of the ouananiche season this year is likely, from the number of inquiries received, to be the presence at Lake St. John of an increased number of English anglers.

The new English "Encyclopedia of Sport" has ordered an article on ouananiche fishing from my friend and fellow angler Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D. S. O., whose contributions on the sport in the columns of the London *Field* have done much to familiarize it to English sportsmen.

E. T. D. Chambers.

Quebec, Canada, April 10.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FISH AND GAME INTERESTS.

Charlestown, N. H., April 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When I sent you for the *Game Laws in Brief* a few days since the last revised edition of the New Hampshire laws, I had not time to call your attention to the changes made by the last Legislature, nor to the manner in which they were made; and as they may give some useful hints to the lawmakers of other States, I will now comment upon them.

In the first place, the people wisely elected two of the members of the Fish and Game Commission to the State Legislature; in the second, the presiding officers of the two bodies composing it made these Commissioners chairmen of the respective committees on fish and game legislation, so that Commissioner Wentworth was chairman of that body in the Senate, and Commissioner Hughes in the House. This insured us against any unwise laws, and secured some very wise amendments to the old code. To begin with the game, the open season for all upland shooting begins Sept. 15. It closes for deer on Dec. 15, and for ruffed grouse, woodcock, squirrels and all game, except hares and rabbits, on Jan. 1. Hares, rabbits and muskrats may be shot until April 1.

Killing of moose and caribou is entirely prohibited until 1901, and also of deer, except in the three upper counties of Carroll, Grafton and Coos.

Jacking, snaring, trapping or hounding deer are strictly prohibited in the whole State.

These amendments do away with summer shooting and give the young birds and squirrels a chance to get their full growth. It has been a long fight to get it, but we hope it will stay now.

The open season for lake trout and "winninish" is from April 15 to Sept. 15; that for brook trout, from May 1 until Sept. 1, except that they may be taken in the lakes of the above three named counties until Sept. 15, the same as the lake trout, and as the two species are found in the same waters it would be very difficult to have two close seasons.

The close season on black bass is from April 30 June 15; that on pike and pickerel, from April 1 to June 1. Catching brook trout *for sale* is prohibited under a penalty of $200.

Many lakes and waters in different parts of the State which have been stocked with trout, bass or "winninish" have been closed against "fishing through the ice," and the Commissioners have been empowered to close any other such waters against such fishing for a period of not over five years on reasonable petition of the inhabitants of the towns in which such waters may be situated. These make the principal changes, and appear to leave our game laws in such form that they will need no further changes for many years.

I am happy to say that I believe that respect for and observance of the laws increases annually, and that the heavy penalty imposed on market fishing may frighten such fellows as the one who was caught robbing the hatching brooks at Sunapee Lake to sell the trout to a Lowell restaurant. He was a fit companion for the man who killed the bison in the Yellowstone Park. The civilized world has no use for such people, and would be the better if they could be shut up in prison.

Von W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The legislative session of 1897 has been a grand one in promoting the interests of fish and game in New Hampshire, and it is due largely to the sportsmen being organized.

In the late fall the Fish and Game Commissioners invited delegates from each of the fish and game protective associations in the State (and there is one in about every county) to meet them at Concord and decide upon what legislation to ask for. They were well represented in both the House and Senate, and through the untiring efforts of Commissioner Wentworth, chairman of the Fish and Game Committee of the Senate, and Commissioner Hughes, chairman of the House Committee, and the never-failing assistance of Frank Battles, of Concord, they were able to secure all legislation mapped out by the conference. As Mayor Clarke, of Manchester, remarked at the Hillsborough County Fish and Game Protective Association banquet the other day, "We ought not to ask for any more fish and game legislation for six years at least." It is just as important to have representative men there to prevent legislation that we do not want as to secure what we do want.

W., Jr.

MASSACHUSETTS AND MAINE.

Boston, April 17.—Monday, the 19th, is a legal holiday in this State, and many of the trout fishermen will again try the pools and bog brooks on the Cape. Yesterday was Good Friday, and the Chamber of Commerce adjourned over, leaving a chance for some of the boys to try the trout streams and preserves. At Byfield, Tarbox and Bailey were out the other day, but the water was high and they took only two or three trout. E. H. Wakefield, Jr., and R. O. Harding were down to Wakefield's preserve again, over Saturday and Sunday. They got a snowstorm on Sunday and could not fish at all. But early Monday the weather cleared and they got a dozen trout before leaving for home.

At this writing the ice has not left Sebago Lake, and the salmon fishermen here are some of them disappointed, because they had intended to spend the holiday there. The ice is still in Lake Auburn, while in trout lakes further north the ice is as solid as it has been any time for the winter. The trout fishermen will have to be patient awhile longer. The guides estimate that the ice will leave Moosehead about the middle of May. Estimates are various as to the clearing of the Rangeleys. They almost always clear a couple of days later than Moosehead.

The Rangeley lakes have cleared of ice on the following dates during the past seventeen years. The figures are all from a record kept by me, and published year by year in the Forest and Stream. About all the Maine papers are now claiming the item, but their files will show. One paper claiming the item had never made mention of it up to five years ago.

1880	May 7	1889	April 30
1881	May 9	1890	May 9
1882	May 12	1891	May 10
1883	May 14	1892	May 4
1884	May 13	1893	May 20
1885	May 15	1894	May 3
1886	May 3	1895	May 6
1887	May 16	1896	May 7
1888	May 21	1897	

If reports in the daily papers are true, the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners are not very sanguine concerning the new code of fish and game laws. A Lewiston, Me., special to the Boston *Herald* says that the Hon. L. T. Carlton said: "That he feared that the Maine Game and Fish Commissioners, of which board he is chairman, will experience much trouble on account of a blunder in the game laws made in the last hours of the Legislature by the engrossing clerk. It was the original intention of the game commissioners to have the open season on moose begin Oct. 15. Through the efforts of counsel employed by the guides, and for no other reason except to please them, it was decided to have the open season on moose begin Oct. 1. This was done to pacify the guides, who say that moose cannot be called after Oct. 15. The bill, with this change, passed the House and Senate, and then the blunder mentioned was made by the engrossing clerk, changing the open season from Oct. 1 to the 15th of that month."

The guides are greatly incensed over what they consider a trick, and this, in conjunction with the registration law, has served to put them in a high heat. They say that they will not register. I know of one or two letters from well-known guides to sportsmen here in Boston, telling their patrons to come down the same as ever; that they shall not register; that they shall guide the same as ever, and will make out no returns. In the Rangeley and Dead River regions, the guides are down on registration. The report mentioned above says that more than 100 guides in the Moosehead Lake region have organized themselves and taken an oath that they will not register.

I have a letter from a guide, asking me what to do about registering. The letter is written in the interest of one or two other guides, as well as the writer. I shall advise them to register—to comply with the law. If it is obnoxious and unreasonable, as I now think it is, look out that it is repealed at the next session of the Legislature of that State.

Special.

Dead River Region Trout.

Dead River, Me., April 14.—Who says there is not good trout fishing in the Dead River Region? A party of three on April 13, at Otter Pond, near the Ledge House and cabins, Dead River, caught in four hours' fishing 380 trout.

J. G. H.

THE IOWA U. S. HATCHERY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A drive of thirty minutes from the pretty city of Manchester, Ia., brings one to the site of the new United States fishcultural station recently erected at Spring Branch, a favorite summer resort abounding in good trout fishing and wild and picturesque scenery—just the place a summer tourist would select to camp out, and a spot much frequented by picnicker and "snap shot" artist.

Early in 1895 an appropriation of $23,000 was made for the erection of an institution of this kind, and immediately several cities and towns in the State offered locations, foremost among which was Manchester. A civil engineer was sent out by the Government to make a careful survey of the different grounds, and after noting the many advantages and the excellent water supply it was decided that that city should secure the much-sought for prize. The site is one of the most picturesque places in all Iowa. Lying in a valley, with huge bluffs on either side, one cannot see the buildings until he enters the gate at the Government park. The grounds are covered with an excellent growth of timber and include an area of twenty-four acres, which was presented to Uncle Sam by the energetic and industrious citizens of Manchester.

The water supply is obtained from three natural springs, which have a combined flow of 3,400 gallons per minute. At the present writing only one of these springs is used, the largest, from which flow 1,800 gallons per minute. The surplus water empties into the trout stream and is carried away by the Maquoketa River. As the main building of the fishery is situated on a lower level than the springs, no force is necessary to conduct the water through the mains into the hatching troughs. The water is as clear as crystal and of the highest quality.

The main building is 65½×49ft, L-shaped, and the interior is finished in oiled pine. The floor is of cement, and large double windows on either side furnish ample light. In parallel rows at either side of the room are arranged the hatching troughs, and through these, it is estimated, about 400 gallons of water flow every minute. The water is conducted into the building at the north end, and after passing through the troughs is conducted into the artificial ponds, which lie immediately south of the main building. In all there are forty-seven of these ponds, all surrounded by macadam walks, and so arranged that visitors can view the different species of fish here propagated. Three ponds cover three acres in extent each, thirty six are 16×22ft., and eight 25×75ft. Situated also in the south end of the main building are Superintendent Johnson's neat and commodious office and the laboratory.

Passing from the main building through a door looking east, one is confronted by the mess house and a pretty building used for storage. Directly to the north are the ice houses and barns, and to the west, situated on the crest of a high bluff, is the modern home of Superintendent Johnson. From here he can command a view of the entire park and buildings.

Altogether the site is one that could hardly be bettered, and the place will possess a peculiar interest to the enthusiastic angler throughout the season. The fish from this station will be used to stock the streams of the Dakotas, Nebraska and Iowa, and we believe one shipment has already been made. Several hundred thousand eggs have already been received, and a recent visit to the hatchery found the many troughs filled with minnows, consisting mainly of lake and rainbow trout, and many eggs still in the hatching process.

Freaks of nature—that is, finny ones—occur quite frequently here, and in consequence the gentlemanly attendants have designated one of the troughs by the name of "fish hospital," and the curiosities are herein placed and given a chance to recover from their physical deformities before being cast aside as worthless. Twins here are an every-day occurrence—Siamese twins, of course—generally joined together simply by the egg sac, but in some cases grown together. Then there are some afflicted with curvature of the spine that can only swim in a circle, and others can barely move. But the great majority are perfectly formed and in good health, and only need a few years of growth to be ready for the hook and line.

Another appropriation of several hundred dollars has lately been added to help the good work, and it is to be hoped that our Uncle Sam will keep on adding until we see all of the Western streams well stocked, and it is safe to say that too much capital cannot be expended on undertakings of this kind. Hundreds of thousands of fish will be shipped from here in a single year, and the establishment of the enterprise will prove of invaluable worth to the Western States. As it is now the State hatcheries are small concerns, and we hardly believe them capable of producing enough fish in a year's time to stock more than a few small streams. Undoubtedly the larger portion of fish from this station will be used to stock Iowa streams just now, and the movement will prove a great boon to the lucky Iowan who delights in the fishing rod.

LOUIS FRED BORT.

THE DESTRUCTIVE LAMPREY.

ITHACA, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Ithaca *Journal* of the 27th ult. contains an article over the signature of Mr. H. A. Surfuce, of Cornell University, in which public attention is directed to the depredations being committed by the lake lamprey upon the fish supply of central New York waters, and particularly upon the fish supply of Cayuga Lake.

The trained investigators of Cornell, headed by Profs. Gage and Wilder, have devoted a great deal of work to the lampreys of this region, and the conclusion that the lake lamprey preys upon the fish supply is based upon carefully accumulated evidence.

Mr. Surfuce, in his article, states that the lamprey attaches itself to its victim by suction and quietly adheres to it, "sucking blood when it is hungry, and occasionally rasping away at its raw flesh, making the hole deeper and deeper until finally the abdominal wall is completely perforated and the body cavity penetrated. Often the intestines and other organs of the fish are attacked and cut to pieces, but more frequently the lamprey fastens itself at another place if its victim has any blood left, or if not it hunts up another fish. The intestines protruding and the blood escaping from the deserted wound in a great many cases sooner or later cause the death of the fish." Lake herring, pickerel, carp, catfish and suckers have recently been found bearing the fatal mark of the lamprey. Many of our best food fish, Mr. Surfuce declares, are injured fatally or otherwise by the remorseless lamprey. It attacks whitefish, pike, pickerel, muscalonge, bass, lake trout, shad, salmon, wall-eyed pike and other species of both game and food fish. The lamprey is said to be a particularly aggressive enemy of the sturgeon of the Great Lake region. A Cayuga Lake sturgeon has been caught to which no less than six lampreys were attached.

In reference to the removal of the lampreys from the central New York lakes, Mr. Surfuce quotes Prof. Gage as follows:

"It has a single very weak point, viz.: leaving the lake and running up the tributaries to spawn. This seems to be the only weak point at which the lamprey can be attacked with a hope of exterminating it. This point is rendered still weaker from the fact that in Cayuga Lake and in Seneca Lake, so far as explored (during several seasons), the lampreys run up the inlet at the head of the lake only, and do not spawn in the tributaries entering the lake at intervals on each side.

"The lampreys must be destroyed before spawning if they are to be exterminated. Nothing would be easier than to do this. A dam with a fish-way, the fish way leading into an isolated inclosure where the lampreys could be easily removed and disposed of, or a weir of some kind could be constructed at slight expense. If this could be continued for three or four years in all the lakes and in the Oswego River, the race could be extinguished and the lakes wholly freed from their devastations. * * * It seems to the writer that from every economical standpoint it would be advantageous to rid the world entirely of the lampreys. It would certainly be greatly to the advantage of the fisheries of the State of New York if all were destroyed."

Agreeable to the suggestions contained in the above extract, a bill has been introduced by Senator Stewart in the Legislature, as an item in the General Supply bill, appropriating $500 for the placing and manipulation of a weir in the Cayuga Lake Inlet above the limit of navigation and below the lowest place where the lampreys spawn. As to the work involved in the guardianship of the proposed weir, Mr Surfuce makes the subjoined proposals:

"Two watchmen may be employed to alternate in watching this weir constantly, day and night, during the 'running' season; and empowered as deputy sheriff, the watchman will be able to arrest any trespassers who might otherwise seriously interfere with the success of the experiment.

"A specialist from Cornell University will visit the weir every morning and evening at perfectly regular intervals, and with a shallow dip net will remove the lampreys and help over the good fish and let them go on their way rejoicing. A strict count and record will be made of the kinds seen and of the number of each—their condition, development, habits, and such other points as will be of economic or scientific interest and help to give correct answers to the questions above asked. By conscientiously performing this work it is also possible to determine what percentage of each species migrates in the daytime and what at night.

"The specialist who will have charge of this work is under written pledge, signed by himself and Prof. Gage and Dr. Wilder, that no fish captured in this weir will be used for any other purpose than for strictly scientific investigations, and careful records and reports will be made of the number of each kind thus taken and used. A bond to this effect will be furnished if required, but fortunately the members of the State Commission appreciate the true significance of a statement signed by the above-named persons, and now in the hands of Chief Game Protector Pond."

Should the desired appropriation be forthcoming, the public, and especially that part of it interested in fish and fishing, will watch the execution of the proposed work with vigilant concern.

M. CHILL.

Salt-Water Bait-Casting Contest.

THE first casting contest of the Liberty Island Rod and Gun Club was held Saturday, April 17, at Liberty Island, in New York Harbor. About 200 entered. Five prizes were offered for striped bass casting, sea-coast style.

First prize, gold medal, Dr. E. H. Merritt; 127ft. 1in.

Second prize, silver medal, James T. Reithel; 120ft. 2in.

Third prize, Liberty statuette, G. P. Morosini; 94ft. 11in.

Fourth prize, red spool bass line, W. C. Birdsall; 92ft. 2½in.

Fifth prize, year's subscription *American Angler*, Howard Housman, 10ft. 5in.

Special prizes were offered for members of the club under the rules of heavy bass casting, James T. Reithel was first with 127ft. 7in., Albert H. Baer was second with 93ft. 1in.

For striped bass casting, New York Bay style, there were three prizes, won as follows: First, Wallace C. Birdsall, 73ft. 2in.; second, Dr. E. H. Merritt, 67ft.; third, James T. Reithel, 43ft. 7in.

Judges: W. H. Wood and A. F. Meisselbach; Referee, W. C. Harris. President Baer awarded the prizes.

Can the Pickerel Change his Spots?

I WISH you could correct your correspondents for calling pike "pickerel," which are only little pike. In your "Answers to Correspondents" the other day you spoke of a "pickerel" weighing 15lbs., which is not a very little one. When our English ancestors found the small *Esox reticulatus* in our Eastern streams they called him a "pickerel," but he very seldom reaches 5lbs., and is "quite another story" from the real pike of the country west of Lake Champlain, who is no more a pickerel than the Southern bass is a trout.

VON W.

New York Legislature.

ALBANY, April 19.—The Governor has signed: Assemblyman Benham, authorizing fishing for white fish, eels and other fish in Canandaigua Lake with net lines from the shore, no person to operate more than two of such lines; Assemblyman Eldridge, relative to fishing in certain waters in Warren county; Senator Davis, relative to the forest preserve in Ulster county; Assemblyman Clark, appropriating $30,000 for the St. Lawrence State reservation; Assemblyman Rounds, permitting fishing through the ice in certain parts of Owasco Lake.

The Senate has ordered these bills to a third reading: 1008, Senator Nussbaum, close season for black bass in Crystal Lake, Albany county; printed No. 2322, Assemblyman Miles, relating to the prevention of forest fires; printed No. 2155, Assemblyman Benham, dogs running at large where deer inhabit; 1122, Senator Stewart, fishing in Fall Creek, Ithaca; printed No. 1950, Assemblyman Coughlin, amending the game code; the Senate has passed: 1209, Senator Parsons, relative to disseminating knowledge concerning birds and wild animals; 1163, Senator Sullivan, digging of sand and other worms in Queens and Suffolk counties; 980, Senator Krum, shad in the Hudson River.

In the Assembly, Assemblyman Harrison's amendment was amended and ordered reprinted. It provides that Justices of the Peace may issue warrants for the arrest of game law violators. The amendment which which was inserted provides that a person arrested for violating the game laws must be tried in the town in which he is arrested or an adjoining town.

The Assembly has passed these bills (introductory numbers): 1,710, Assemblyman Sears, relating to the possession of venison; 1,556, Assemblyman Palmer, close season for black bass in Crystal Lake, Albany county; 897, Assemblyman Pierce, new fish hatchery for food or commercial fishes in Schroon, Essex county; printed No. 2,651, Senator Krum, relative to black and gray squirrels, hares and rabbits; 1,686, Assemblyman Auds, squirrels, hares and rabbits in the counties of Chautauqua, Chenango, Ontario, Tioga and Schoharie; 1,798, Assemblyman Leonard, digging of sand and other worms in Queens and Suffolk counties.

The Assembly ordered to a third reading Assemblyman Hobbie's bill, prepared by the Fish Commission, which provides that hand nets only shall be used in shad fishing in the Hudson, and that they shall be taken up Friday instead of Saturday night, and shall not be replaced until Monday morning. Mr. Whritner tried to kill the bill by an amendment, but was voted down—ayes 25, noes 37. MATHER.

"Angling Talks."

WE have a very few copies of George Dawson's "Angling Talks," a series of chapters of entertaining chat about men, fishermen, fish, fishing and fishing places. Cloth, 50 cents. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 1.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, Morris, Man.
Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

BLENDED ODORS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

May I suggest that the above title is a misdescription of the case of a dog, after getting a nose of skunk, pointing a bird. Is it not the fact that the odors were not blended, although present at one time? If odors "blend" the result would be a new odor, and it seems probable that while many odors may be present at one time, each is distinct in itself, and the nose has no more difficulty in distinguishing them apart than the ear has in distinguishing a whistle on a key in a nail factory.

In your footnote on T. B. A.'s letter you say that such instances occur rarely. Is it not more the case that they are reported rarely? Or that it is rare that a dog gets skunked just before being in a position to point a bird?

I really believe that any keen-nosed dog can get the worst sort of skunking and be just as fit to trail as before the malodorous calamity. Most certainly I know that foxhounds have done it within my own observation, and I remember distinctly Dr. Hill's Ginger getting horribly skunked and within ten minutes picking up a fox trail that half a dozen other hounds had passed over; and in this particular instance I perfectly remember that the old hunters did not think it was anything peculiar, saying "Any good hound will do that." I have been told by a man in whose word I have implicit confidence that when some wolves broke out from Hoy's Wilderness (West Virginia and Pennsylvania) into the settlements, the staunchest foxhounds did not recognize the trail as game, distinguishing between fox and wolf scent. The most reliable foxhound that ever was whelped will take a deer trail even when running a hot fox trail, and I believe your bird dogs know enough not to point rabbits.

But why should it be considered strange that an animal depending on its "nose" as much as the dog does should be able to distinguish one scent from another, when mankind can do the same to fully as delicate a degree? A friend of mine told me he could lean over a kettle of boiling glue stock (horribly smelling stuff) and distinguish any perfume from any other on a hankerchief. Julia Brace (deaf-blind) could assort the clothing of her fellow pupils after coming from the wash by smelling it. Linnie Haguewood (another deaf-blind girl) knows every dish on the table on coming into the room. James Mitchell (a deaf-blind man who died about 1330) recognized his friends by their smell, and even formed his likes or dislikes of strangers by that means. Rev. M. B. Wynne wrote me that his young brother-in-law could always tell whether a rabbit was in its burrow by smelling at the opening. The deaf-blind always display this extreme delicacy of scenting powers (except of course in such cases as Laura Bridgeman, Ragnhild Kaata, Willie Caton, etc., where the senses of taste and smell were destroyed by the disease which ruined their sight and hearing), and it would seem that they only appreciate distinctions which those in possession of all their senses neglect. I know that doctors will say that the organ of smell is but vestigial in man, while fully developed in dogs; but no trained man-tracking hound ever displayed more delicate "nose" than Julia Brace did, and a stubborn fact like that counts strong, regardless of what anatomy says.

W. WADE.

American Dachshund Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The American Dachshund Club will hold its next meeting May 6, 8 P. M., at O'Connor's, Ashland Block, Chicago, to transact its regular business and elect officers for the ensuing year. Votes for officers and delegate to the A. K. C. should be sent to the secretary by mail, by those who are not able to be present at the meeting.

It would be to the advantage of the club to have all the officers reside in one city, as close together as possible, so all important business could be attended to at short notice. The delegate to the A. K. C. should be a resident of New York.

Any suggestion made in the interest of the club and our breed will be thankfully received and considered at our next meeting.

A. FROEMBLING, Sec'y.

218 STATE STREET, Chicago, Ill.

Continental Field Trial Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Continental Field Trial Club's third annual trials will be run on chickens at Morris, Man., on Sept. 1, 1897.

The Continental Field Trial Club's third annual trials will be run on quail at New Albany, Miss., on Jan. 17, 1898.

W. S. BELL, Sec'y.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

REASON IN A MOUSE AND IN A DOG.

Rossville, S. I., N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In his very interesting remarks on "Instinct and Reason" in the Natural History department of Forest and Stream (April 3, 1897), Von W. says: "The opinions of the Rev. Charles Josiah Adams are especially interesting as coming from a source from which we usually look for nothing but opposition to scientific research."

I know that in this remark he does not refer to Charles Josiah Adams, but to the Reverend gentleman of that name. It is true that too many clergymen condemn "scientific research." There is a "science so-called" in which there is nothing beneficial to be found in this day as in the day of St. Paul. It is simply an attitude of mind. It is a pretense of knowing where nothing can be known. It is in the picturesque language of the street being "stuck on one's self." That was the trouble with the old Gnostics against whom St. Paul militated. That is the trouble with many a modern clergyman. It is also the trouble with many a modern scientist. The truth is that neither any man nor any school (to borrow from the vocabulary of the street again) "knows it all." It seems to me just as true that there is neither man nor school who (or which) does not know something—symbolize, stand for, some truth or some phase of truth.

The scientist knows those things which are cognized by the external senses, and the generalizations based upon those cognitions. The clergyman knows those things which are cognized by the inner senses—imagination, "faith, hope, charity"; which, I submit, have as certainly sensory quality, as touch, taste, smell, hearing, sight.

So far as I am personally concerned, I have always claimed the right to use both external and internal senses—to be pleased and benefited by the facts which come to me through either, and to pass, with tongue and pen, the pleasure and benefit on to others. I have occasionally found a scientist foolish enough to say that I should not use my "faith, hope, charity," as I have once in a while found a clergyman who was foolish enough to say that I should not use my eyes and ears. At each I have simply smiled and gone on using the senses which correlate me to matter and those which correlate me to spirit. It seems to me that any man who does not do so—well, there are idiots complete, and idiots partial.

For a good many years now I have been a scientific psychologist. The result is that I hold more and more firmly those things which I mean by biophilism; all animals (man and the lower) are essentially one in sense and in faculty. It is the plain duty of all sentient beings to "love one another." Man being the highest of all sentient beings it is plainly his duty to do the most loving. There being no way of avoiding his taking the life and the service of his humbler fellow creature, he is bound in the nature of things to do so as mercifully as possible, or suffer the consequences. Immortality being something natural to man it must be also something natural to the lower animal.

Both man and the lower animal are instinctive in their actions. They are both also rational in their actions. Some time ago I published an account of how two rats stole eggs. One of them lay on its back and held the egg with its paws on its breast and abdomen, while the other dragged it by the tail to, and into, their hole. I vouch for the accuracy of this observation, which is not the less to be accepted because La Fontaine records a similar action by rats 200 years ago. I refer to this observation here only that I may tell a mouse story, which I hope may go as widely over the world as did the rat story. The mouse story I have not published before. It was told me on a steamer on Arthur Kill a few days ago by a lady, who began with an appreciative laugh at my rat story, which she had read somewhere. She said that she and her mother had both been laid up with la grippe. They were living in a flat. They kept some food in an old-fashioned washstand, in the room to which they were mostly confined. The mice got at the food. They wondered how. They could find no hole through which a mouse could possibly get into the compartment in which the food was kept. But the mystery was explained. The narrator sat one day alone in the room painting. A little mouse came from somewhere. It approached the stand. The compartment which contained the food was closed by folding doors—to one of which was attached a cleat to cover the crack between the two. Not being at all afraid of the mouse—which evidences her to be a woman of exceptionally firm mind—the lady kept on painting with an eye on the intruder to see what it would do. It evidently knew where the food was—through the sense of smell no doubt, though some other mouse might have informed it. It sat upon its haunches and looked up. The bottom of the doors was considerably above it, for the stand was raised some three inches from the floor by feet. It seemed to deliberate. Then it made a leap, and struck the doors at the bottom at the place of their touching on the cleat, at the very point where a blow would be most likely to jar them open. This action was repeated three times. The last time one little paw went back of the cleat, which had been jarred out somewhat, and the other succeeded in catching so as to support the mouse's body. The result? The door was pulled and pushed open as rationally as a human hand could have done it. The lady could not allow her food to be spoiled, of course. The mouse was scared away, but the lady must have regretted the necessity of preventing its enjoying what it had come at by rational procedure—as certainly rational as was ever human procedure.

The time is gone by when we should see such expressions as this in literature—from Dumas's (père) "The Man in the Iron Mask": "Only, in addition to the instinct of the animal, Grimaud subjoined the reasoning faculties of man." The truth is that every sentient being is governed by at least two things—instinct and reason. Man is, should be, or may be, governed more by reason than by instinct, but every man is governed more or less by instinct. Every lower animal is governed more by instinct than by reason, but every lower animal may be, and on occasion is, governed by reason. My new dog, Bumper, without teaching, when only three months old opened a door which swung toward him by placing his paw in the crack, not more than an inch wide, by which the door stood ajar, making the crack wide enough for the insertion of his nose, standing aside, and making the crack wide enough for the passage of his body. What is done by direction may be done from simple impulse or instinct. What is done by indirection can only be done by reason.

What is instinct? The fashion is to answer, as "Von W" does, "inherited experience." I think that it is more. The first mouse, dog, man, the first sentient being that ever found itself on earth acted instinctively. But back of it there was no "experience" of any one of its kind (or his kind) to inherit. The truth, it seems to me, is that through which the great author (whom the Christian calls God; and I know of no better name) takes care of His creature. What is reason? That through which the creature takes care (or tries to take care) of itself.

Through instinct God takes care of me. And He just as certainly takes care of the mouse and of the dog in the same way. The more instinctive I am the more I know the mind of nature, the more I am sure of immortality. May not the mouse and the dog know more about subjective things than I do? It seems to me that the highest province of reason is in the positive, not in the negative. It seems to me that my duty is to love the truth—to let the facts come to me from where they may, and through, indifferently, my internal or external senses. The man who does so is the true scientist.

Charles Josiah Adams.

Rossville, Staten Island, N. Y.

American Pet Dog Club.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Spaulding, of Prospect street, East Orange, graciously took it upon themselves to entertain the members of the American Pet Dog Club at the Essex County Club on Wednesday last.

The day was a delightful one, and all the out-of-town members were met at the Orange Station at 1:37 P. M., and conveyed in carriages to the club house in Hutton Park.

The club is a national organization, and has members in many States, which brought out many persons from afar, some coming from as far as Atlanta, Ga. The objects of the club are to encourage the breeding of small dogs to the highest standard of perfection, and advance a general knowledge of the proper care and treatment of household pet or toy dogs.

There is no more enthusiastic member, and few have done more for the club than the charming hostess of Wednesday's entertainment, and outings of this kind do more toward bringing such organizations into popular favor than almost anything else can. The membership turned out in great force, and amongst others the following were present. Mrs. Walter Stanton, New York, President of the club; Mrs. C. Frederick Spaulding, E. Orange; Mrs. Robert J. Lowry, Atlanta, Ga.; Vice-Presidents. Mrs. R. K. Pritchard, Brooklyn; Miss Roselle, New York; Mrs. Blakeley Hale, New York; Mrs. Thomas Barr, E. Orange; Mrs. and Miss Barth, St. Louis; Mr. W. E. Taylor, New York; Capt. Robert J. Lowry, Atlanta, Ga.; Mr. Edward F. Murphy, New York; Mr. T. Farren Rackham, Secretary, E. Orange; Mr. E. H. Morris, Nordorf; Mr. C. Frederick Spaulding, Mr. W. Fryer, New York; Mr. W. Burkehart, Brooklyn, and others.

Immediately after the arrival of the members at the club house luncheon was called, after which the business of the club was put through as speedily as possible and the members were invited to spend the afternoon with friends of Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, most of whom came from New York and the Oranges, and numbered fully 150.

The afternoon reception was a most enjoyable one; the fact that it was Lent kept few persons away, and the vast number of gentlemen who were present was a frequent topic of conversation. Most of the receiving party were New York ladies, who ably performed their duties. The refreshments were presided over and served by Mrs. Wallace Blackford, of Brooklyn, in a most dignified manner. Miss Ada Blackford poured chocolate charmingly; and the above were most ably assisted by Mrs. Frank Norton, Mrs. Augustus Meeker, Mrs. Thomas Barr, Miss Grace Norton, Mrs. Irving Smith and Mrs. E. K. Rhodes.

Isler's orchestra was in attendance. At about 5:30 the guests began to depart, but an invitation was extended to a few favored ones to remain and participate in a supper, which was greatly enjoyed, and afterward short but witty speeches brought forth much laughter. Vocal and instrumental music concluded the enjoyable entertainment.

T. Farrer Rackham.

Pointer Club of America.

The board of governors of the Pointer Club of America held a meeting on April 16, at the room of the American Kennel Club. Present: Messrs. Webster, Mortimer, Jarvis, Brush and Lewis. The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted.

It was resolved that the *American Field* Pointer Cup, which was competed for at the Westminster Kennel Club's show, shall be awarded to Mr. W. Gould Brokaw's pointer dog Sir Walter (reserve), on the ground that the Glen Rock Kennel, the owner of Molton Banner, was not a member of the Pointer Club.

It was resolved that the president of the Pointer Club shall be the custodian of the *American Field* Pointer Cup until the conditions are complied with by the winner, which accompany it.

It was resolved that the special prize offered by the Pointer Club at St. Louis bench show for the best pointer dog in the show, which was awarded to the Glen Rock Kennel, shall revert to the club, on the ground that the Glen Rock Kennel is not a member of the Pointer Club.

It was resolved that the special prize awarded at the Westminster Kennel Club's bench show to Alice Leslie shall be paid to her owner, Mr. E. M. Beale.

The question of establishing for competition a trophy to be known as the Breeders' Trophy Cup was freely discussed, and it was resolved that the secretary shall send to each of the members in form a series of questions covering the subject in detail.

The meeting adjourned.

International Fox Terrier Club.

Port Huron, April 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The International Fox Terrier Club will hold its first show here May 24 and 25, made up with the following classes for smooth and wire dogs and bitches. Classes divided as follows: Open to all dogs and bitches respectively. Winners' class, that have won five firsts. Limit class, that have won three firsts. Novice class, that never won first under A. K. C. or C. K. C. rules. Puppy class, under twelve months.

J. J. Lynn, Sec'y-Treas.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Vol. XIII. of the American Kennel Club Stud Book, containing the registrations of 1896, is now in book form It is neatly printed and bound. The numbers are from 39,078 to 42,589. Besides the registrations, it contains lists of officers, active members, associate members; kennel names, prefixes and affixes; field trial winnings, 1896; bench shows and judges, 1896; bench show winners, 1896; cancellations, corrections, etc. As a record, it is invaluable to all owners and fanciers of dogs. Address Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh, Secretary, A. K. C., 55 Liberty street, New York.

We have some inquiries concerning the old strains of English setters, and in particular the one bred by the late Ethan Allin, Pomfret Center, Conn. His dogs were famous in New England shooting up to the time of his death. We will be obliged to any of our readers who will give us the names and addresses of owners of the native strains mentioned.

Mr. George Keller, under date of April 15, informs us that he lost his blue belton setter three weeks ago. His address is 11 Park Terrace, Hartford, Conn., and his name and address are on her collar. He describes her as being a bluish or grayish-black haired dog, with a sprinkling of white hair under the belly and on the feathering of the legs and tail. He will give a suitable reward for her return.

The twenty-second field trial spring meeting of the Kennel Club, took place on the estate of Capt. Pretyman, Trimley, England. The Derby had twenty-six starters. The winners were: First, Mr. C. Austin's Irish setter dog Sam Sullivan; Second, Mr. R. Ll. Purcell Llewellin's blue belton setter bitch Kitty Wind'em; Third, Mr. Elias Bishop's liver and white pointer dog Prince Pedro; equal fourth, Mr. R. Ll. Purcell Llewellin's black white and tan setter bitch Gem Corbet and Mr. W. L. Nicholson's liver and white pointer bitch Drayton Belle; equal fifth, Sir H. F. de Trafford's Irish setter dog Barton Punch and Mr. H. Drory's liver and white pointer dog Roy of Meirelbeke. The winners in the All-Age Stakes were: First, Mon A. Morren's pointer dog Bendigo of Brussels; Second, Mr. F. C. Lowe's setter bitch Mabel of Kippen; Third, Mr. H. W. Wilson's Irish setter dog Bonny Pat of Coldhill; Fourth, Mr. B. J. Warwick's liver and white pointer bitch Dolly of Budhill.

The daily press reports the death of Owney, the dog which had won so much notoriety by his peregrinations through the country with the postal service. He had become old and ill-tempered, and was shot for attempting to bite a postal clerk.

Mr. L. O. Seidel, Sharpsburg, Pa., Secretary of the Central Beagle Club, informs us that the club's annual field trials will be held on Nov. 9 to 11.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

WHEELING NOTES.

Very light weight bicycles are desirable under certain conditions, but they should never be selected by inexperienced riders. The factor of safety in the average bicycle approaches very closely to bed rock, being estimated at 1.25, which means that if any part fails in strength by only as much as one-quarter what is expected of it the bicycle may be crippled. In the very light wheels this factor of safety is still further reduced, and though a skillful wheelman may ride such a bicycle with perfect safety it is not wise for any other rider to attempt it.

The experienced rider knows exactly how to humor the wheel so as to spare it undue strain. When the surface is not of the smoothest he throws a part of his weight in the handle bars, thus distributing the stress evenly between the two wheels; and at times he helps the machine over bad places by changing his weight backward, forward or to the pedals. If the rider sits like a dead weight in the saddle the wheel will go to pieces with him in a very short time. He must be in thorough sympathy with it, and always in readiness to ease that part of the machine which is subjected to a sudden shock. Light wheels will never stand coasting, for with feet up it is impossible to sit otherwise than as a dead weight.

The safest plan for the novice is to begin with a strong wheel, even though it is heavy. Afterward many riders will prefer to keep such wheels, both as wearing better and also as conducing to their peace of mind.

We have all seen the fact stated that the so-called "factor of safety" is lower in the bicycle than in almost any other mechanical product. In high pressure guns, for instance, the factor of safety is said to be often as great as 20, meaning that the guns are made twenty times as strong as is theoretically necessary for the strain they must bear. In ordinary guns the factor of safety is 12, in boilers it is about 6, in bridges usually 5, and so on.

After these figures it is rather startling to be told that in bicycles the factor af safety has been reduced to 1¼.

Nervous people are apt to hastily jump at the conclusion that a slightly additional weight to that of the rider would break the bicycle down and result in a catastrophe; but as a matter of fact any high grade bicycle will easily support and carry over a good surface a weight of a ton, or more than thirteen times the weight of the average rider.

It is only when running at the highest rate of speed, and encountering the maximum of rough surface, that the factor of safety is ever approached. It is for such occasions that the high grade bicycle is constructed of the toughest and strongest materials ever put in a similar mechanism, and it is then that the difference between the real bicycle and the dry goods article becomes apparent.

Members of the Century Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, have adopted a plan of insuring their bicycles against theft which has many points to commend it to other wheeling clubs. The members have formed among themselves a "mutual insurance club, which, in consideration of an initiation fee of $1 and assessments of 25 cents paid whenever wheels are stolen, guarantees the sum of $50 to the loser of a bicycle.

One of the cleverest bicycle advertisements seen in the trade papers begins with Longfellow's lines:

"In the elder days of art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere."

Convince us that the modern builder of bicycles follows this rule and we will all buy his wheels.

The art of bicycle construction seems to have practically reached its limit, and the current models are the strongest confirmation of this assertion. Mr. A. H. Overman, who is a bicycle manufacturer of ripe experience, in an interview published in a Buffalo newspaper is quoted as saying:

"The improvements of 1897 are in the refinement of the wheel. They consist in taking out a quarter of an ounce in one place without weakening the wheel, and putting in a sixteenth of an ounce in another place, where it will strengthen it."

Mr. Overman has an idea which, if it could be carried out, would do much to raise the standard of bicycle con-

struction. He believes that the makers of bicycles should be compelled by law to furnish with each wheel a bill of particulars regarding the materials which enter into its construction. Of course, there would be a penalty for falsifying, as there is in many States when a man sells oleomargarine for butter; and we can well imagine that the people who afflict the trade with wheels just strong enough to hold together while being carried out of the salesroom would have their ingenuity taxed to the utmost in inventing high-sounding names for the flimsy materials which enter so largely into their product. As Mr. Overman remarks, "Riders have a right to know what goes into their wheels. The handle bar should be as good as the bone in the arm which steers it. When a man goes down a hill on a bicycle he should know that there is the best of everything in the vital parts of the wheel beneath him, and that his life is not hazarded by some maker who believes that the stuff in it is good enough."

According to the newspapers, Johnson Brown, a mighty Nimrod living near Garner, Iowa, is having a bicycle built with a shotgun mounted across the handle bar, on the principle of the swivel guns used in punt shooting. The contrivance is said to be intended for wildfowl shooting, but the dispatch fails to state where Mr. Brown has found good roads in connection with the "flocks of geese and brant" that figure in the reporter's imagination. If it had been a bicycle boat the case would have been different and more plausible.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that hereafter bicycles will be checked by baggage agents and carried in the baggage cars of the company when accompanied on the same train by the owners, free of cost, provided the passenger presenting a bicycle has no baggage; otherwise the bicycle will be charged for at regular rates. This arrangement applies to all the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad system east of Pittsburg and Erie. Between Pittsburg and Chicago the Pennsylvania lines have carried bicycles as baggage for the past year.

A lady who spent a season cycling in Algeria tells of an incident which shows that human nature and the love of the bicycle is pretty much the same the world over. In company with her brothers she was wheeling to an oasis in the desert of Sahara. She writes:

"Before one reaches El Kantara the road descends in a series of loops, a range of barren, yellow hills, and it was at this point that we met a Bedouin caravan coming from the desert. The camels stopped at our approach and sniffed the air as if the presence of bicycles was not to their liking, and the caravan came to a halt, the women clambering down from their coops on the camels' backs to join the men in their inspection of the bicycles. These Bedouin women were charmed with our wheels. They wanted to ride them at once, and their tattooed faces expressed the greatest eagerness to mount the wheels. We were therefore just about to give them a first lesson in bicycle riding when my brother, charmed with the picturesqueness of these Bedouins in their gayly-colored garments and barbarous jewelry, thought it an opportune moment for his camera. Alas! at the sight of this instrument, much feared by the Arabs, the whole caravan took flight."

Cycling accidents have been divided into two classes—those which happen to men who ride without brakes and those which happen to women who lose their heads. It is a fact that in a large percentage of cases the men are killed or injured by losing control of their wheels going down hill; the women, by losing control not of the machine, but of themselves.

Women, of course, have brakes and are naturally cautious; men, on the other hand, are apt to be reckless, discarding brakes and taking unnecessary risks.

That the fashion of riding without brakes is pernicious is proved by these accidents. The man argues that he can retard his speed by back pedaling sufficiently for practical purposes on most hills, and that in case of emergency he always has in reserve the possibility of checking his speed by pressing his foot against the tire of his front wheel.

These expedients are generally successful, but not always. On a bad hill the rider may strike a rough place that throws him off his balance and makes it impossible to brake with his foot, or the necessity of stopping may be so immediate that nothing short of a quickly worked brake will answer. Results from such contingencies are to be found in the columns of every newspaper during the cycling season, and the total of these accidents is never fully reported.

The women here have a better case than the men. They lose their heads through inexperience, inherent and congenital, and the accident results not because of any fault of theirs that foresight could correct, as is the case with the men.

We blame others most justly for lack of common sense and prudence, and not for deficiencies which they cannot remedy.

Brakes of a proper type should be attached to all bicycles, even though they may never be used. There seems good reason for believing that in the near future the use of brakes will be made imperative by legal enactment.

Yachting.

YACHT DESIGNING.—XVIII.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(*Continued from page 296.*)

THE selection of a practical working outfit of drafting instruments is a matter that the experienced draftsman may well puzzle over, while to the amateur or beginner it is almost a hopeless task. The complete and elaborate catalogues published by the leading instrument makers are intended as guides in such a selection, and fill that end as well as it can possibly be done in such a way; but only a long, practical experience can enable a man to select from the extended list of costly tools the comparatively small number that are essential. When the question of cost comes in, as it usually does, the difficulties of the situation are vastly increased. It may ease the mind of the intending purchaser to learn at the start that the very large stock displayed in the stores and listed in the catalogues may be divided into three classes:

Indispensable.
Convenient.
Superfluous.

The first class may be confined to very narrow limits, including a *straightedge*, a *T-square*, two or three *triangles*, a few *pencils*, a *right line pen* or *drafting pen*, one pair of *dividers*, one pair of *compasses* with movable legs, and a triangular *scale* or half a dozen flat scales. With this outfit all ordinary mechanical or architectural drawing can be executed accurately and neatly, but at some loss of time. The marine draftsman will find it necessary to add half a dozen *set curves*, as many *splines* or *battens*, and some *spline weights*.

The second class includes mainly the same instruments in a greater variety of sizes, several lengths of *straightedges* and *T squares*, a larger assortment of *pencils*, several *pens*, the small *bowspring dividers*, *hairspring dividers*, more *scales* and a *beam compass* and *section liner*. In the matter of *set curves* the collection may be extended almost indefinitely. An outfit of this kind adds greatly to the speed of the work. It is not necessary to handle large *triangles*, *straightedges*, etc , on small work or *vice versa*, *dividers* may be set for certain measurements that are to be frequently repeated and left so until the drawing is completed; a dull *pen* may be laid aside for a sharp one without taking time to coax it into shape.

The third class is a very large one and may be subdivided into two parts; first, a small number of instruments that are useful for certain special work, as, for instance, the large metal *protractors* with arms and verniers; and second, various instruments, such as the *wholes-and-halves dividers*, *three-legged dividers*, and some forms of *drafting pens*, that are, either through faulty principle or poor construction, of no practical utility. An excellent example of this class is the *adjustable curve ruler*, various combinations of rubber, steel spring and lead rod, intended to take the place of the *spline* and *weights* in drawing curved lines, or for taking off the curves of a surface and transferring them to paper; for both of which purposes it is absolutely useless.

Those instruments which, as absolutely indispensable to the draftsman, we are called upon to examine carefully, may be divided according to their uses into four classes:

Ruling instruments.
Measuring.
Marking.
Calculating.

Instruments of the first class are used for guiding the *pencil* or *pen* in drawing straight and curved lines; they are mostly thin forms of wood, metal or other material, lying flat upon the paper. The cheapest of these instruments are made of a single wood, usually pearwood, a hard wood with a close, straight grain, and of a yellowish color. The most costly are made of steel or German silver, for *straightedges*, *T squares* and *triangles*. The best material for such instruments as small *straightedges*, *triangles* and *set curves* is hard rubber. A comparatively new material is celluloid, which is now used for all classes of instruments; it has the advantage of being transparent, and thus permitting the lines beneath it to be seen; its disadvantage is a possible liability to shrinkage and change of form that will, by destroying the truth of the instrument to even a slight degree, make it practically worthless. This applies particularly to large *triangles* and similar instruments, but is of less importance in the curves and sweeps.

In *straightedges* and *triangles* of wood, a single piece should never be used, owing to the liability to warp, but the working edges should be faced with narrow strips of hard wood glued to the main body of the instrument; ebony is used for the edges and mahogany or satinwood for the centers of the better grades of *straightedges*, *triangles*, etc. Celluloid is now used as a facing for *straightedges*, strips about ¼in. wide being glued to a wood center, making a rigid and durable tool.

The *straightedge* is simply a ruler, and it is used for drawing straight lines. It is made with both edges parallel and perfectly straight, and one at least must fulfill this latter requirement or the tool is useless. It is impossible to fair up a drawing properly unless the ground lines are perfectly straight and either parallel or perpendicular, as the case may be. The steel *straightedges* are more reliable than those of other materials, as, once made true, they are independent of atmospheric changes, and do not warp or twist. They are, however, much more costly. They are made from 2 to 3in. in width for the larger sizes, and from $\frac{1}{16}$in. to ¼in. thick, the latter having one edge beveled to about $\frac{1}{16}$in. The thicker ones have the advantage that they will stay where they are placed, through their weight; and once in position both hands are free. On the other hand, they are more difficult to adjust, and in moving them very short distances the fingers soil the paper.

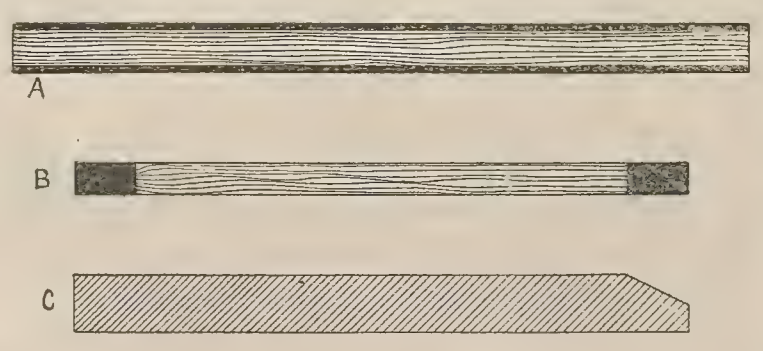


FIG. 32.

A—Straightedge with hardwood edge.
B—Section of same, full size.
C—Section of steel straightedge, full size.

If made true originally and carefully kept in that condition, the wooden *straightedges* are quite as good as the steel, and very much cheaper. They are light and easily handled, but of course will not keep their places on the paper of their own weight. A pair of lead weights, each 6in. long, 2in wide and 1in. thick, will serve to hold them, however, while a line is being drawn, or two of the spline weights described further on will serve the same purpose. The mahogany *straightedges* with edges of ebony are as durable and reliable as any, and the wood faced with celluloid are also very good. The longer ones should be not less than ¼in. thick on the working edge; to draw a long line requires a large pen well-filled with ink, and this can be most easily operated with a thick edge to work against The short *straightedges*, as well as the *triangles* and *set curves*, are about $\frac{1}{16}$in. thick on the edges; a smaller pen may be used with them, or at least the pen is not filled so full of ink. The flat *straightedge* with square edges may be tested by drawing a very fine line along one edge and then turning the *straightedge* over so that the other side rests on the paper and adjusting the two ends to the line; if perfectly straight, the edge in its new position will coincide with the line; if a second line be now drawn it will show double the amount of error. If there is any doubt as to the truth of the instrument, the same edge should be used all the time without turning or reversing it; then, though the lines may not be exactly straight, they will all be parallel, which is of even more importance.

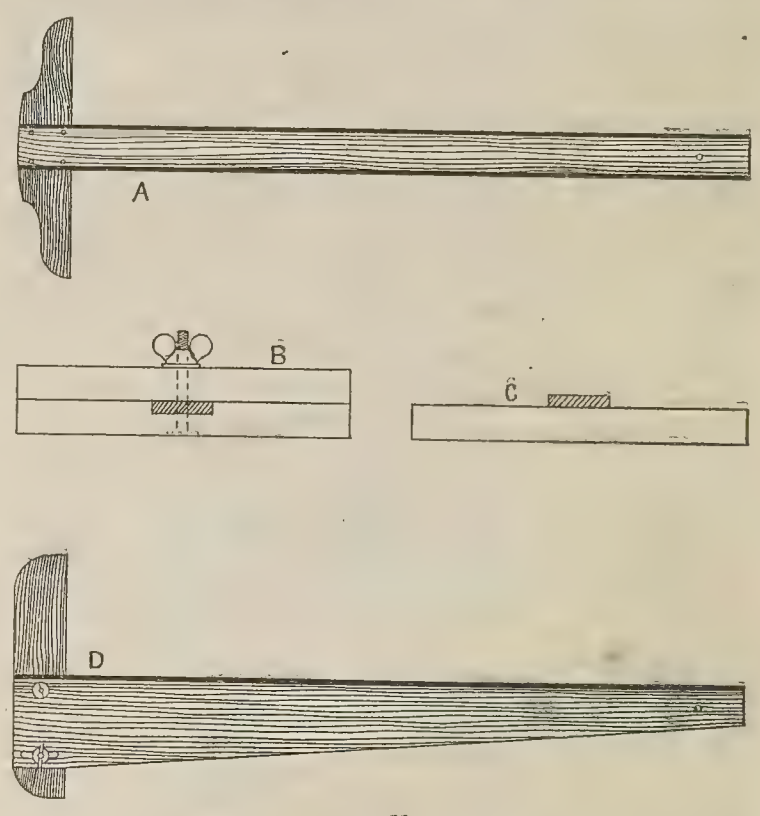


FIG. 33.

A—T-square with fixed head, usual form.
B—T-square with double head.
C—T square with fixed head, correct construction.
D—Improved T-square.

The *T square*, mentioned in the previous chapter, is simply a pair of *straightedges*, a long and a short one, one end of the former being fixed to the middle of the latter. This short *straightedge* slides along the edge of the drawing board and serves as a guide to the long one, keeping it always at the same angle with the edge of the board. The long *straightedge* is known as the *blade* and the short one as the *head;* and the latter may be either fixed or movable, or a combination of both. The *T square* is used both as a plain straightedge for drawing lines in any direction or for drawing lines parallel to each other, and, by using the adjoining edge of the board, a second series of lines perpendicular to the first. As far as the dimensions and construction of the *blade* are concerned, what has already been said about the *straightedge* applies to it.

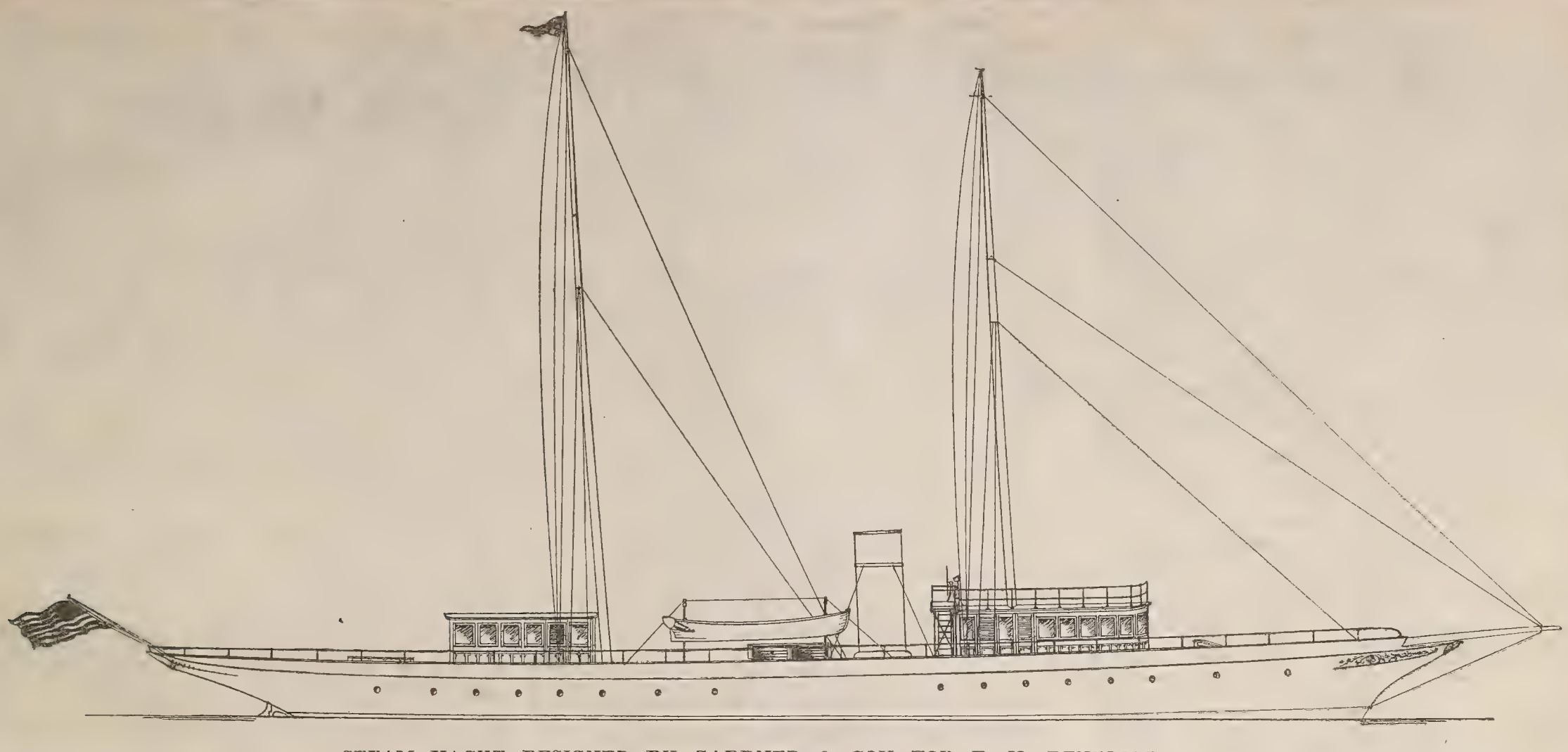
The most important point about the *head* is that it shall not project above the surface of the drawing board, thus allowing the *triangles* to slide freely over it. In one form of poor construction, with a fixed *head*, the *blade* is set down into the head, so that the upper surfaces of both are flush, the *head* thus projecting above the board. In another equally bad form this same construction is supplemented by a second half to the *head*, a movable piece with a *pivot* and *clamp* by which it may be set to any angle. (B) Used with the fixed half of the *head* downward, the *blade* is at right-angles to the edge of the board, but when the *T square* is reversed, the movable *head* being downward, the *blade* may be set to any angle. There is little or no necessity for the fixed *head*, or for the *blade* being at any time exactly square to the *head;* supposing it to be a little out of square, all lines drawn with it in contact with the left-hand edge of the board, where it is always used, will be parallel, and if it be transferred to the lower edge of the board, other parallel lines will be drawn which are necessarily perpendicular to the first series. The movable *head* is a necessity, as a drawing must sometimes be fixed to the board with no assurance that it is quite parallel to either edge, the *blade* of the *T square*, however, may be adjusted to the principal lines of the drawing and then used from either edge.

We have already discussed the use of the *T square* in marine drawing. If it is to be used on any drawing of more than 36in. long, it should be of special construction, designed to secure absolute rigidity of the *blade* to the extreme end. The *blade* should be at least $\frac{3}{16}$in. thick for the longer sizes, 3 to 4ft., the edge being beveled to about ⅛in.; the width of the *blade* where it joins the *head* should be 5 to 6in., the *blade* then tapering to 2½in at the right-hand end. The extra weight of such a tool is an advantage rather than otherwise, and it has a solidity which is missing in the ordinary *T squares*. To provide for adjustment to old drawings that are pinned down a little obliquely on the board, the head and blade may be pivoted and fitted with a clamp that will permit a certain amount of angular motion. All that is necessary in the *T square* is that the working edges of *blade* and *head* shall be straight. This much assumed, the truth of the drawing board may be tested by applying the *T square* first to the left hand edge and drawing a line, then to the lower edge and drawing a second line, presumably at right angles to the first. With the point of intersection as a center, a circle of large diameter is described, and with the dividers the distances between the four points where the lines cut the circle are measured, being, of course, equal, if the two lines are at right angles.

A *straightedge* of the full length of the drawing board is an absolute necessity, but this may be either a plain *straightedge* or in the form of a *T square;* for all large drawings the latter may well be dispensed with, but one of medium size is always convenient for details of construction and similar work. One or two smaller *straightedges*, one as long as the width of the board, will be found convenient for the shorter lines, being more quickly handled than the large one. As this latter is the foundation of accurate work in marine drafting, every care should be taken to secure one absolutely straight edge and to keep it so.

The New Benedict Steam Yacht.

THE accompanying illustration shows the new steam yacht now nearly ready for launching at Marvel's yard, Newburgh, N. Y., where she has been built for F. H. Benedict, son of E. C. Benedict, from the designs of Gardner & Cox. She is a handsome craft of 147ft. over all, 117ft. l.w.l., 18ft. 6in. beam, and 7ft. 9in. draft. Her triple compound engines are 9, 16 and 25×16, with two Almy boilers.



STEAM YACHT DESIGNED BY GARDNER & COX FOR F. H. BENEDICT, 1897.

The Season's Fixtures.

THE racing season that will open in a few weeks offers nothing whatever of a novel or sensational nature. The principal event of the year will be the contest between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. for the international challenge cup held by the former, and the most exciting part of this contest—the final races—will be sailed in Canadian waters. Apart from this, there are no international events, nor in fact any home racing of more than local interest. At the same time we confidently look for one of the liveliest years that yachting has yet known in this country, and one that will be of the greatest possible benefit to the sport. It is an established fact that great international contests, such as those for the America's Cup, do not help as much as they hinder popular yachting, in all classes and in all localities. In a season when such a match is on, the interest and attention of yachtsmen generally is centered on the few great racers, to the appreciable detriment of local racing and the many smaller classes that constitute the bulk of the tonnage of the racing fleet. In the following season there is too often a general reaction; the larger racers are not fitted out, nor do the next smaller classes recover from the complete eclipse of the year before.

At the present time, as in the past season, yacht racing is suffering from the effects of the contests of 1893-5, the big 90-footers built in those years are so nearly useless for any other purpose than international racing on the open sea, that they no longer figure in the usual club events, even if in commission, while the smaller classes—70ft., 51ft. and 43ft.—have been allowed to die out almost entirely.

The one bright spot in this unsatisfactory state of affairs is found in the yachts from 43ft. downward, and in the many smaller rather than the few larger clubs. Here we find bustle and activity on every hand, about New York and Long Island Sound, about Boston and the Eastern racing centers, on the Great Lakes, on the many small lakes of the middle West, and far away on the Pacific Coast. All that we hear brings promise of a lively and exciting season, and of a renewed interest in the personal ownership and racing of yachts, small and of medium size. Much of this new interest is due directly to the recent rapid growth of local associations, such as the Long Island Sound Y. R. U., the Massachusetts Y. R. A., and the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes. The influence of these bodies in establishing uniform classes, in bringing order out of chaos, and in reducing the building and racing of yachts to a system instead of a matter of whim or chance, is seen plainly to-day in the programme of races as compared with those of previous years, and will be still more apparent in a season or so more.

The following list of fixtures includes most of the clubs in the East and some inland, but is not complete. We shall be glad to receive news of additions or corrections through the season. The official list of the Sound Y. R. U. up to date is as follows:

May 15, Saturday—Huguenot Y. C. special race for 20ft. class of sloops and all classes of catboats.

May 22, Saturday—New Rochelle Y. C., special race for 20ft. class of sloops and 25 and 20ft. classes of catboats.

May 29, Saturday—Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C., special race for 20 and 15ft. classes of sloops.

May 31, Monday (Decoration Day)—Harlem Y. C., annual regatta, for all classes 51ft. and under, except 20 and 15ft. classes of open sloops.

May 31, Monday—Corinthian Fleet, special race for 20ft. class of sloops.

June 1, Tuesday—Yale Cor. Y. C., annual regatta for all classes 43ft. and under.

June 3, Saturday—Knickerbocker Y. C., annual regatta, for all classes.

June 9, Wednesday—Riverside Y. C., special race for 51, 30, 20 and 15ft. classes of sloops.

June 12, Saturday—Douglaston, Y. C., annual regatta, for all classes 36ft. and under.

June 21, Monday—New Haven Y. C., annual regatta for 65ft. class of schooners, 43, 36, 30 and 25ft. classes of sloops; 30, 25 and 20ft. classes of catboats, and special class of yawls.

RACING CIRCUIT.

June 26, Saturday—Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C., annual race, for all classes.

June 28, Monday—Stamford Y. C., annual regatta, for all classes.

June 29, Tuesday—Indian Harbor Y. C., special race for all classes of sloops and cabin catboats 30ft. and under, and special class of yawls.

June 30, Wednesday—Corinthian fleet, annual regatta for 65ft. class of schooners and all classes 51ft. and under.

July 1, Thursday—Horseshoe Harbor Y. C., special race for all classes 36ft. and under.

July 2, Friday—Sea Cliff Y. C., annual regatta, for all classes 51ft. and under.

July 3, Saturday—New Rochelle Y. C., annual regatta, for all classes.

July 6, Tuesday—American Y. C., annual regatta, for all classes.

July 7, Wednesday—Riverside Y. C., annual race for schooners and all classes of sloops 30ft. and over.

The racing circuit ends with the Riverside's regatta on July 7.

ANNUAL REGATTAS AND SPECIAL RACES.

July 10, Saturday—Riverside Y. C., annual race for 25, 20 and 15ft. classes of sloops and all classes of catboats.

July 12, Monday, to July 16, Friday—Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., trial races for 20ft. class of sloops.

July 28, Wednesday—Stamford Y. C., special race for 51, 30 and 20ft. classes of sloops.

July 31, Saturday—Indian Harbor Y. C., annual regatta for all classes except cabin catboats.

Sea Cliff Y. C., special race for 30 and 25ft. classes of cabin catboats.

Aug. 4, Wednesday—New Rochelle Y. C., special race for all classes, 43ft. and under.

Aug. 7, Saturday—Hempstead Harbor Club, annual regatta for all classes, 43ft. and under.

Aug. 14, Saturday—Horseshoe Harbor Club, annual regatta for all classes, 36ft. and under.

Aug. 18, Wednesday—American Y. C., special race for all classes, 43ft. and under.

Aug. 21, Saturday—Huguenot Y. C., annual regatta for all classes, 43ft. and under.

Aug. 25, Wednesday—Corinthian Fleet, special race for 51, 30 and 20ft. classes of sloops.

Aug. 28, Saturday—Huntington Y. C., annual regatta for all classes, 51ft. and under.

Sept. 4, Saturday—Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., fall race for schooners and 43, 36, 25, 20 and 15ft. classes of sloops.

Sept. 6, Monday (Labor Day)—Norwalk Y. C., annual regatta for all classes of catboats.

Sept. 11, Saturday—Riverside Y. C., fall race for 43, 36, 30 and 25ft. classes of sloops and 30 and 25ft. classes of cabin catboats.

Sept. 18, Saturday—American Y. C., fall regatta for all classes.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A.

Official List Compiled by A. T Bliss.

May 31 (Memorial Day), Monday—South Boston Y. C., off Marine Park.

June 17, Thursday—Massachusetts Y. C., off Nahant.

June 19, Saturday—Dorchester Y. C., Dorchester Bay.

July 3, Saturday—Jeffries Y. C., off Jeffries Point, East Boston.

July 5, Monday—City of Boston's regatta off Marine Park, which will probably be followed by a series of races to be given by the South Boston, Columbia, Mosquito Fleet and other clubs off City Point during the balance of the week.

July 17, Saturday—Winthrop Y. C., off Winthrop.

July 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—Manchester Y. C. series, off Manchester.

July 31, Saturday—Revere Y. C., Lynn Bay.

Aug. 2, Monday—Burgess Y. C., off Marblehead.

Aug. 3, Tuesday—Beverly Y. C., off Marblehead.

Aug. 4, 5 and 6, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—Corinthian Y. C.'s midsummer invitation series, off Marblehead.

Aug. 7, Saturday—Corinthian Y. C., off Marblehead.

Aug. 13, Friday—East Gloucester Y. C., Gloucester Harbor.

Aug. 14, Saturday—Squam Y. C., off Annisquam.

Aug. 17, Tuesday—American Y. C., off Newburyport.

Aug. 19, 20 and 21, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Quincy Y. C.'s series, Hull Bay.

Aug. 26, Thursday—Duxbury Y. C., Plymouth Bay.

Aug. 27, Friday—Kingston Y. C., Plymouth Bay.

Aug. 28, Saturday—Plymouth Y. C., Plymouth Bay.

Aug. 30, Monday—Cape Cod Y. C., Provincetown Harbor.

Aug. 31, Tuesday—Wellfleet Y. C., Wellfleet Harbor.

Sept. 2, 3 and 4, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Duxbury Y. C., "Davenport cup," special races for second class, Plymouth Bay.

Sept. 4, Saturday—Savin Hill Y. C., off Savin Hill.

Sept. 6 (Labor Day), Monday—Lynn Y. C., Lynn Bay.

Sept. 11, Saturday—Chelsea Y. C.

Sept. 11, Saturday, Y. R. A. rendezvous, Hull.

Entries for races sailed under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts must be made to A. T. Bliss, secretary, 111 Milk street, Boston.

WINTHROP Y. C. FIXTURES.

May 22, Saturday—Club race.

June 5, Saturday—First championship.

June 13, Sunday—Cruise to Strawberry Hill

June 19, Saturday—Ladies' day, sail to Dorchester Bay, Dorchester Y. C. open race.

June 26, Saturday—Evening race.

July 13, Tuesday—Moonlight sail.

July 17, Saturday—Open regatta.

July 24, Saturday—Evening race.

July 25, Sunday—Cruise to Nahant.

Aug. 7 and 8, Saturday and Sunday—Cruise to Marblehead.

Aug. 10, Tuesday—Evening race.

Aug. 14, Saturday—Second championship.

Aug. 19, Sunday—Cruise to Weymouth.

Aug. 28, Saturday—Third championship.

Sept. 11, Saturday—Club race.

Immediately after Sept. 11 race the fleet will sail for Hull to take part in the Y. R. A. rendezvous.

The following fixtures cover the clubs not connected with the various associations, with the exception of the Buffalo Y. C., which is a member of the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes:

MAY.

29-30-31. Buffalo, opening cruise, Port Colborn.
31. Minnetonka, open race, Lake Minnetonka.
31. Cor. Baltimore, club, Chesapeake Bay.
31. Atlantic, opening sail, New York Bay
31. New Jersey, opening sail, New York Bay.
31. Brooklyn, opening sail, New York Bay.
31. Fall River, open, Mount Hope Bay.

JUNE.

5. Atlantic, Adams cups, New York Bay.
5. Buffalo, opening cruise, small classes, Port Albino.
12. Brooklyn, annual, New York Bay.
12. Atlantic, special, New York Bay.
12. Buffalo, pennant, Lake Erie.
12. Gravesend Bay, annual, New York Bay.
15. Atlantic, annual.
17. Corinthian Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
19. Marine and Field, open, New York Bay.
19. Columbia, annual, Hudson River.
26. Buffalo, ladies' day, Lake Erie.
26. Gravesend Bay, cruise, New York Bay.
26 Atlantic, Adams cups, New York Bay.
26. Brooklyn, first special, New York Bay.

JULY.

4. Larchmont, annual, Long Island Sound.
3-4-5. Buffalo.
5. Cor. Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
8-10. Brooklyn, annual cruise, Long Island Sound.
Atlantic, annual cruise, Long Island Sound
8. Rendezvous at Riverside; sail to Morris Cove.
9. Morris Cove to New London.
10. New London to Shelter Island.
11. At Anchor, Shelter Island.
13. Fall River, ladies' day, Mount Hope Bay.
17. Cor. Marblehead, 1st cham., Massachusetts Bay.
24. Brooklyn, special, New York Bay.
31. Gravesend Bay, cruise, New York Bay.

AUGUST

4-5-6 Cor. Marblehead, midsummer series, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Cor. Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Buffalo, club, Lake Erie.
—. New York Y. C. cruise.
14. Cor. Marblehead, 2d cham., Massachusetts Bay.
14. Brooklyn, special, New York Bay.
24. Minnetonka, Inter-Lake races, Lake Minnetonka.
25. Fall River, open, Mount Hope Bay.
28. Cor Marblehead, 3d cham., Massachusetts Bay.
28. Buffalo, 27ft. and smaller classes, Lake Erie.
28. Gravesend Bay, cruise, New York Bay.
28. Brooklyn, special, New York Bay.

SEPTEMBER.

4-5-6. Buffalo, cruise, Lake Erie.
6. New York, Y R. A annual, New York Bay.
6. Fall River, club, Mount Hope Bay.
6. Cor. Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Gravesend Bay, special, New York Bay.
9. Pacific Y. C, annual, San Francisco Bay.
11. Brooklyn, sail-off, New York Bay.
11 Buffalo, ladies' day, Lake Erie.
25. Buffalo, closing cruise, Lake Erie.

The New York Conference.

IT is expected that the following yacht clubs will be represented at the conference in New York on Saturday, May 1:

Through the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound—Seawanhaka Corinthian, American, Riverside, Yale Corinthian, Horseshoe Harbor, New York Athletic, Stamford, Indian Harbor, New Rochelle, Knickerbocker, Huguenot Bridgeport, Corinthian Fleet, Harlem, New Haven, Douglaston, Sea Cliff, Huntington, Park City, Hempstead Harbor Norwalk, Stamford Corinthian.

Through the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts—Massachusetts, Hull, Boston, Dorchester, Quincy, Winthrop, South Boston, Savern Hill, Americans of Newburyport, Commonwealth, Chelsea, Jeffries, Manchester, Atlantic of Boston, Cape Cod, Duxbury, Lynn, Cohasset, Columbia of Boston, Revere, Squantum, West Lynn, Wellfleet, Old Colony, Mosquito Fleet, Plymouth, Kingston.

Through the New York Yacht Racing Association—Pavonia, Yonkers Corinthian, Columbia, Jersey City, Gravesend Bay, Newark, Kill Von Kull, Ossining, Hudson River, Audubon, Tappan Zee, Bayonne City, Tower Ridge, Yonkers, Greenville, New Jersey Athletic, Newark Boat Club.

Through the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes—Bay of Quinte, Buffalo, Kingston, Oswego, Rochester, Queen City, Royal Canadian, Royal Hamilton, Victoria, Citizens, Cleveland, Put in Bay, Sandusky, Toledo, West End.

Through Separate Representation—Atlantic, Larchmont, Marine and Field, Corinthian of Philadelphia, Carolina, Royal St. Lawrence, Great South Bay.

Surf Running.

From the Yachting World.

A COMPARATIVELY unknown sport, except on some parts of the Northumberland coast, is the running of boats through the surf. And yet it is one of the most exciting amusements that can possibly be devised. Not only is there involved considerable excitement and exhilaration as the boat rushes on, with the water foaming around her stern and flying from her bows, but a large amount of bodily and mental exercise, for there is no time to stand still or hesitate. Moreover, a practical knowledge of the handling of a boat in surf or broken water may at any time prove invaluable.

Briefly, the game consists in working a boat through the outer edge of the surf, and, after putting her about before the sea, she is made to shoot back to the shore upon a single wave. As regards the boat, one built for the purpose is naturally the best. Long, narrow and fine boats, low in the bows and stern, and such as have curved keels, are inappropriate; the former because they cannot be brought round before a sea, the latter because they are very apt to broach to before a sea, owing to the insufficient grip they have on the water aft. The length compared to the beam should be in the ratio of 5 to 1, and the keel should be straight but not deep. The bows should be bluff to prevent the boat from putting her nose under too readily, or running off too quickly in front of a sea, and high with a sheer to throw off water. The sides should tumble in, so as to allow the boat to lie well over, and the quarters and stern should be raised to diminish the chance of pooping. The rudder should be broad and efficient, not projecting below the keel, lest it be torn off in beaching. It should be worked by a tiller and made fast to the stern by a line rove through a ringbolt, as it is liable to jump off. For the same reason the oars or sculls should work on long tholepins, not in rowlocks, and should also be secured by lines. No weight should be carried forward, or the boat would certainly broach to; but a little ballast aft is often of advantage.

The best beach for practicing is low, level and sandy. On such a beach the waves break far out, and die before reaching the shore. If the water be very shallow inshore, the dying wavelets may be taken broadside on, the boat being listed to leeward to stave off the spray; but if there be body in the water, the waves must always be met directly head on. Further out, or in deeper water near the shore, a sharp lookout must be kept for any broken water.

It is frequently possible to dodge the rough places and get out at once, but more often it is necessary to face them. If a collision with a wave on the point of breaking is inevitable, and especially if the wave be large, the boat must be driven against it as rapidly as possible. On no account when a boat is meeting a breaking wave should she be allowed to quite lose way, or she will certainly be started off stern first and capsize, or be thrown bows over stern. On the other hand, when a boat is stern-on to such a wave, she should be eased off before it as it strikes her, and held firmly back the moment it has struck.

Having gone out as far as is desirable, the boat should be brought round as rapidly as possible between the seas and put straight before them. When a sea approaches, three or four sharp strokes should be given, and the helm kept steady. As the stern rises the boat will start off and rush on in front of the wave right to the shore. If the boat be not kept perfectly straight before the wave—especially at the moment of breaking—she is very likely to broach to.

Should she tend to twist round, the rudder may be assisted by holding the boat strongly with the lee oar and by canting her to the weather. When, however, a broach-to before a breaking sea is inevitable, as much weight as possible must be thrown on the weather side, in order to keep the weather gunwale well down. The boat may then fill a little, but she will not—at all events if she is at all beamy—capsize.

The sport of surf running is, of course, only really practicable where there is a stretch of level sand, and where, therefore, with ordinary precautions, nothing more than a wetting need be dreaded.

Launch of the Hiawatha II.

FOLLOWING its peculiar custom, the combined firm of C. L. Seabury & Co. and the Gas Engine & Power Co. launched the largest of their new yachts of the year at night, on Saturday, April 17. The weather was perfect—a clear night, with the moon at the full. The yard was brilliantly illuminated and decorated in honor of the first large launch of the combined firms. The yacht left the ways at 10 P. M., being christened by Miss Winifred Kaltenbach, a young lady of nine, daughter of a partner of the owner. The name has been transferred from the first Hiawatha, designed and built last year by Seabury & Co., for Charles Fleischman, of Cincinnati. The first craft proved too small, and so gave place to the present one, a steel hull 170ft. over all, 138ft. l.w.l., 21ft. beam and 8ft. deep. She is schooner rigged, and her triple expansion engines with the Seabury boiler, built at the Nyack shops of the company, will give a speed of 18 miles. She is a handsome craft, similar in appearance to the first boat. After the launch Mr. Fleischman provided a supper for the entire working force of the yards.

Ellide.

THE steam yacht Ellide, designed by C. D. Mosher and built by Samuel Ayers & Son for E. B. Warren, of Philadelphia, was launched on April 17 at Nyack, where she has been under construction for a year. She is intended for use on Lake George, and a very high speed is confidently expected. The construction is very light, and the work on the hull, engines and boilers has been carried out with great care. The dimensions are 80ft. over all, with plumb stern, 8ft. 4in. beam and 3ft. 6in. draft. The framework is of steel, with a double skin of mahogany. The engines and boilers were specially designed by Mr. Mosher for this boat, the quadruple expansion engine having cylinders 9, 13, 18 and 24 × 10in. Immediately after launching the yacht was tried under steam, reaching a high speed on the first trip.

Cruising on the Florida West Coast.

BIG MAREO, Fla., April 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kingfisher arrived at this port this morning. All hands well, but very tired, for we have been fighting head winds for a week.

We are out for a little cruise. Left Tarpon Springs three weeks ago. We met the main crowd of tarpon fishermen at Captiva Pass, Charlotte Harbor. They were having fair success.

There were six yachts in all. Among them I noticed White Cloud, of Pittsburg, and the old Tarpon, belonging to Mrs. Stagg. We go from here to Panther Key to see old John Gamey. Will write you later. TARPON.

The Yacht Racing Union.

A MEETING of the Council of the Yacht Racing Union was held at the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. house on April 12, at which the racing programme was completed. The Stamford Corinthian and Bridgeport clubs were admitted to membership. The Union desires to call the attention of yacht owners to the necessity for the remeasurement of yachts in the 25ft. classes, owing to the requirement of crew on board, under the new rules; also, to the regulation, which will be strictly enforced, that any yacht starting in a race without a measurement certificate will be disqualified. It was decided to accept the special regulations adopted by the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. for the 15ft. and 20ft. classes.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Royal Alfred Y. C., of Dublin, is considering the establishment of a one-design class similar to that which we described last week of the Belfast Lough fleet of the Bangor Corinthian Y. C. The dimensions are the same, 37ft. over all, 25ft. l.w.l., 8ft. 7½in. beam, 6ft. 6in. draft. The price will be about £230 to £250 ($1,150 to $1,250).

The keel schooner now building at Harlan & Hollingsworth's from the designs of Mr. A. S. Cheesebrough, as announced last week, is for George W. Weld, of Brookline, Mass., former owner of Wanderer, schooner. Mr. Weld is an old yachtsman, and has done a good deal of off-shore cruising.

The *Field* is just a little mixed in its geography and topography, as it states that a steel steam yacht is now building for Archibald Watt, of the American Y. C., of Massachusetts, at Coney Island. The sandy shores of Coney Island are hardly adapted for the launching of large vessels.

Fleur de Lys, schr., George Lord Day, has been laid up since last season at Southampton, England. Her new crew, sailed from New York on April 21 to fit her out and bring her to New York. Before sailing she will be docked at Fay & Co.'s yard for recaulking and new copper.

Sultana, steam yacht, J. R. Drexel, arrived at New York on April 14 with her owner, J. R. Drexel and wife aboard, after a voyage of just two months to the West Indies. Sailing on Feb. 15 from New York the yacht called at Old Point Comfort for her owner and friends and then sailed for New Orleans, encountering very severe weather on the way. After a stop of a week for the Carnival the party steamed away for Kingston, Jamaica, then for Curacoa, La Guayra, Trinidad, Barbadoes, St. Thomas and finally Bermuda.

The Harvard Y. C. has issued a challenge to the Yale Corinthian Y. C. for a race to be sailed off Newport at the end of June. The challenge is still under consideration by the Yale C. Y. C.

At Huntington's yard, New Rochelle, a 15-footer, somewhat similar to Paprika, has been completed, to the order of a Western yachtsman who will race her in the West; and a racing 20-footer is also under way.

The Bay Shore Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., John R. Howell; Vice-Com., Carl E. Brewster; Rear-Com.; Samuel C. Hulse; Sec'y, Edwin Synn Moore, M. D.; Treas., Leander G. Homan; Meas., Edgar S. Reybert. Regatta Committee: Josiah Robbins, Lorenzo R. Garrett, Lelah T. Clock. House Committee: William A. Hulse, M. D.; Ned Dominy, Isaac Schwab. Auditing Committee: Com. John R. Howell, Carl Brewster, Samuel C. Hulse.

The annual meeting of the Lincoln Park Y. C. was held on April 13 at the Sherman House. Officers for the present year were elected as follows: Com., George Warrington; Vice-Com., Dwight Lawrence; Rear-Com., Shelley B. Ford; Sec'y, C. O. Andrews; Treas., W. S. Granger. E. C. Berriman, the retiring commodore, was tendered a hearty vote of thanks for his efficient administration, and especially for his efforts in connection with the international race. Com. Warrington in accepting the position expressed the hope that before the season was closed the club would have a home of its own, where the members could meet, the absence of such accommodation being a long-felt want. Ex-Com. Berriman was appointed as delegate to the Lake Michigan Yachting Association, which will be held at Racine on April 24. As the question of joining the Lake Yacht Racing Union will be one of the main issues, a discussion ensued as to what action the club should take. The general opinion appeared to be that as the majority of the lake clubs were in favor of the "midship area rule" and the "abolition of the tax on overhang," that the Michigan clubs should bow to the will of the majority and not adopt a "we won't play" attitude. The majority of those present favored giving the rules a trial, and the delegate to the Lake Michigan Yachting Association was instructed accordingly. Several suggestions were made in regard to the Fourth of July regatta, and, while no definite arrangements were made, a proposal to hold the meeting in Milwaukee and a later one about September in Chicago seemed to meet with general favor.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

The Crosby Yacht Building Co., of Forty-fifth street, South Brooklyn, has its new shops well filled with the winter crop of catboats and sloops of the modern Cape Cod type, for which it is noted. The first yacht launched this season—on April 13—is of a different type from most of those built by the firm, being a fin-keel cruiser. She was designed by her owner, George Hill, measurer of the Atlantic Y. C., owner of the Crosby boat Step Lively, now Dorothy, for his own use. She is 50ft. over all, 30ft. l.w.l., 10ft. 3in. beam and 6ft. draft, including a cast iron fin and bulb of 3 tons weight. With the aid of a high side and considerable crown to the cabin house, there is a full 6ft. of head room over the floor, which is very wide, and the yacht will be remarkably roomy. The rig will include a leg o'-mutton mainsail and one jib, about 1,200sq. ft. all told. The mast is rectangular in section, the long axis fore and aft, and the rigging will include a number of novel devices. The yacht is named Akiesta. Dorothy is now on the sale list.

A special meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on April 7, at which the following amendment to the by-laws was adopted: "With respect to the payment of an entrance fee and the amount of the annual subscription, members shall be classified according to their age, as follows, namely: Class 'A' shall consist of all who are thirty years of age or over, and Class 'B' of all who are under thirty years of age. The annual subscription shall be $50 for all members in Class 'A', and for all members in Class 'B', shall be $15. A member-elect in Class 'A' shall pay the sum of $50 as an entrance fee, and a subscription for the current year as follows: If elected between Jan. 1 and April 1, $50; if elected between April 1 and July, $37.50; if elected between July 1 and Oct. 1, $25; if elected between Oct. 1 and Jan. 1, $12.50. A member-elect in Class 'B' shall be exempt from the payment of an entrance fee, and shall pay a subscription for the current year of $15. If the payment provided for in this section is not made by a member-elect within thirty days after notification thereof, his election shall be void."

The Brooklyn Y. C. announce the following programme for the season: May 31, Decoration Day, opening sail. June 12, annual regatta, open. Saturday, June 26, first special for all cabin and open cats. Saturday, July 3-10, annual cruise, Long Island Sound. Saturday, July 24, first special for all sloops and cutters. Saturday, Aug. 14, second special for all cabin and open cats. Saturday, Aug. 28, second special for sloop and cutters. Saturday, Sept. 11, Deciding races for all classes, special. Mr. Louis Wunder is chairman of them regatta committee.

The sport had last season by Cohasset owners of the "one-design" 15-footers of the Scarecrow model, as designed by W. P. Stephens and built by McIntyre, promises to be more than duplicated the coming season. There is an increased interest in the class this year, and at least one boat will be added. Ralph B. Williams, well known as the owner of the racing catboat In It, has purchased the boat sailed last season by A. H. McIntyre as the X-Ray, and has renamed her the Delta. She is from the same molds as the others, and will be given the same sail. The annual meeting and dinner of the association of Cohasset Y. C. members, which control the racing of this class, was held last Tuesday evening at the United States Hotel. A schedule of races for the season was arranged—principally for Saturday afternoons—together with courses, etc. The boats of the class will be given new sails of a very fine quality of material, and are expected to be a shade faster than last year.—*Boston Globe.*

The annual meeting of the Pacific Interclub Yacht Association was held on March 31, the following officers being elected: Pres., R. R. l'Hommedieu; Vice-Pres., Alexander Sauson; Sec'y, Allen M. Clay; Treas., Will Brooks. Delegates to the regatta committee were chosen as follows: Alexander Swanson, Pacifics; J. H. Hopp, Corinthians; C. L. Tisdale, Encinals; C. P. Moore, Californias; L. Somicksen, South Bays. The date of the annual cruise of the Association will be set by the Association. Sept. 9 was chosen for the annual regatta. A. M. Clay, George B. Edgar, J. H. Hopps and L. Somicksen were appointed a committee to draft a set of signals and code for the use of the yacht clubs in general. The Association is in favor of joining such a national association as may be formed in the East.

The annual meeting of the Minnetonka Y. C. was held on April 6, the following officers being elected: Com., L. R. Brooks; Vice-Com., H. W. Commons; Directors, to serve for a term of three years, C. B. Eustis and T. B. Janney; for a term of two years, F. B. Long and W. W. Bartlett. The following new members were admitted: H. F. Douglas, George H. Daggett, Fred Hubbard, J. F. Whalon. The club has a membership of 227.

The Cohasset Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Lyman D. Williams; Vice-Com., Frederick H. Pratt; Treas., Charles H. Cousens; Sec'y, Charles W. Gammons; Meas., Arthur O. Higgins; Regatta Committee: Daniel N. Tower, Alanson Bigelow, Jr., Arthur O. Higgins, Hugh D. Montgomery, Ralph B. Williams and the commodore and vice-commodore.

The Royal Toronto Sailing Club has elected the following officers: Com., H. M. Pellatt; Vice-Com., H. Kitely; Rear-Com., E. Marshall; Capt., T. Cuff; Hon. Sec'y, R. Lovell; Hon. Treas., B. Saulter; Hon. Meas., R. J. Livingston; Asst. Meas., W. Roberts; Executive Committee: Messrs. H. Cuff, J. McBride, T. World, E. Webb; Sailing Committee: H. Fensom, H. World, E. Charters.

At the annual meeting of the West End Y. C., of Detroit, April 1, the following officers were elected: Com., W. A. Jones, yacht Crescent; Vice-Com., Robert Guest, Ariel; Rear Com., S. H. Ives, Surprise; Fleet Captain, Col. J. H. Beattie, Alborak; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. T. Lambert; Sec'y, D. H. Petheric; Treas., Otto F. Barthel; Meas., Chas. Steinbrecher; Historian, Geo. Guest.

The first annual exhibition of models of the New York Model Y. C. was held in the club rooms, Sixty-third street and Central Park, West, on April 14. A prize was given by Com. F J. Sweeney for the finest finished model. Com. J. H. Lane and Treas. G. N. Townley, of the American Model Y. C., acted as judges, and awarded the prize to the cutter Inspector, Mr. Wm. Ogle, owner. The club will hold its first race of the season on April 18, at Flushing Bay.

Canoeing.

Capsizing in Canoe Races.

THE Royal C. C. has taken a radical step in the direction of penalizing the extreme racing machine, as told in the following extract from the *Field*. Just what the result may be it is impossible to foretell. It is late in the day to remedy the vast amount of harm that has been done to canoeing and canoe racing by the revolving bath tub; and even though this type be abolished, we doubt whether a new and more useful type will take its place.

A very timely innovation has been made by the senior canoe club of the world in regard to frivolous, if not dangerous, canoe sailing—that is, where the frivolity of one man endangers others and their craft. The committee of the Royal C. C. has decided that a penalty shall be imposed on those who capsize in a race. At first sight it may naturally be thought that a man who capsizes is himself loser enough by the accident, but there are other technical views to be taken of the monstrosity which is in the habit of capsizing. Such canoes generally are fitted with a very sharp-pointed dagger centerplate; and, apart from any burden to other competitors to go to the assistance of the capsized, there is the danger, when sailing hard in close company, especially when rounding the turning marks, that a canoe capsizing at a moment's notice often is in such position that closely following canoes cannot get out of the way, and must run over her sails and spars on one side, and the other canoe coming by to windward may be clean cut all along her bilge by the dagger plate of the capsized canoe.

This sub-acrobatic nuisance has now been penalized by the R. C. C. in that "any canoe capsizing in a race shall be penalized one minute in the next race for each such capsize." The penalty may not of itself stop the sailing of capsizeable canoes, but it should have the effect of providing that better attention is paid to stability and more care to handling. Assume, for instance, that early in a race the crack racing canoe, costing some £60, and intended for the coming important quasi-international race, before she can get clear of the ruck, is ripped open by the centerplate of some acrobatic duffer capsizing under her lee bow. The capsizer will say it was an unavoidable accident; possibly so with him and his craft. But is he to be allowed to thus mar sport, if not the fame of the club and of the expert who has spent a season in producing a costly craft to do battle in the club's cause?

We remember a couple of years ago seeing the Yankee sail on a puffy day at Teddington. She simply capsized to nearly every puff of wind, but was hove upright again by her skipper standing out on her bilge and heaving her up by her long slide seat, used as a lever. She at these times monopolized some 19ft. or 20ft. of waterway, lying flat on the water with her spars to leeward and her sharp centerplate to windward—no mean derelict danger or obstruction this to the crowded fleet of canoes which might have been in close company astern had it been a race. We would put the tax a great deal higher, but hope that the low amount of one minute per capsize may act its part as a warning that true canoemen look down upon the aquatic acrobat as out of place in, and detrimental to, the sport of sailing.

This capsizing penalty does not extend to the racing at Burnham at present; it certainly ought to do so, seeing that the hardship on the fair sailor is greater the nearer the collision is to the cup races. We do not, of course, suggest that it is necessary to go to the extent of making canoes absolutely uncapsizeable under sail; it can be done, and some owners will do it; but such gain of stability can only be obtained by the use of a bulb or weighted keel, and there is certainly a racing disadvantage in the extra displacement thus required when the competition admits the acrobat-balanced skimmer on even terms. The bulb keel, of course, is not a fixture, and can be left at home when the canoe is used as a cruiser. An accidental capsize, of course, may happen to any one, even to the most expert, but the habitual capsizer is a common danger, and a very bad advertisement of the sport of canoe sailing.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Frederick W. King	Worcester, Mass.	Lakeside Boat Club.
Stephen Sawyer, Jr.	Worcester, Mass.	Tatassit C. C.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Middlesex Rifle Club.

Lowell, Mass., April 9.—The annual meeting of the Middlesex Rifle Club was held Wednesday, April 7, at Zimmer's gun store, at which the following officers were elected: William H. Kimball, President; W. H. Wheeler, Secretary; S. B. Sylvester, Treasurer; William J. Burbeck, Charles F. Morse, E. L. Hartford and O. Zimmer, committeemen, these with the three officers form the executive committee. Ex-president W. H. Ramsdell, official scorer.

The club's shooting season opens on Patriot's Day, April 19. Among other events of the day, a prize presented to the club by Mr. Frank Coburn, will be contested for by the members.

The reports of the secretary and treasurer were very encouraging, so that the club will open the 1897 season with brightest prospects in its history. W. H. Wheeler, Sec'y.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

April 27-29.—Binghamton, N. Y.—Tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club. Two first days, targets; third day, live birds.

April 27-30.—Fonda, Ia.—Tournament under the management of Geo. E. Hughes and C. R. McCord. Live birds. $800 added money.

April 28.—Newark, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Forester Gun Club. H. W. Wambold, Cor.-Sec'y.

April 28-29.—Richmond, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club.

April 28-29.—Peru, Ind.—Tournament under the management of J. L Head.

May 4-6.—Des Moines, Ia.—Tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. Live birds and targets. F. C. Whitney, Sec'y.

May 5-7.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 6.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club. One day at targets. L D. Brainard, Sec'y-Treas.

May 11-13.—Peekskill, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds.

May 11-14.—Waterloo, Ia.—Tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club. E. B. Walker Sec'y.

May 12-13.—Connersville, Ind.—Tournament of the Connersville Gun Club. Live birds, T. F. Thomas, Sec'y.

May 17-22.—Kansas City, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

May 18.—Albany, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West End Gun Club. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y.

May 18.—Rutherfurd, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. 100 target race, $5, targets extra. Open to all; no handicap. W. H. Huck, Sec'y.

May 18-19.—Forest City Ia.—Hill City Gun Club's second annual tournament; $100 added. J. W. Mahoney, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—Savannah, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Forest City Gun Club.

May 19-21.—Canton, S. D.—South Dakota Sportsmen's Association annual.: C. S. Seely, Sec'y.

May 20.—Greenville, Pa.—Second tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

May 25-27.—Marlin, Texas.—Tournament of the Marlin Gun Club. E. K Herrings, Sec'y.

May 26-29.—East St. Louis, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

May 31.—Canajoharie, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 31.—Portland, Me.—Spring tournament of the Portland Gun Club. Targets. Added money announced later.

June 2-4.—Springfield, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club.

June 7-8.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Tournament of the Mountain State Gun Club Targets. $350 added. Leon J. Epstein, Sec'y.

June 8-9.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana.

June 8-11.—Auburn, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—Monroe, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 10.—Newcastle, Pa.—Third tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones. Sec'y.

June 15-18.—Cleveland, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—Fargo, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 22-25.—Oil City, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man. $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries toH. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

July 14-15.—New Haven, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 20-22.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Seventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Added money announced later. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock, Ark.

July 22.—Meadville, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—Lewiston, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 17-19.—Toronto, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000 guaranteed. Open to all. Write for programmes.

Aug. 19.—Warren, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—Montpelier, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—Portsmouth, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Oct. 6-8.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

On Tuesday, of last week, April 13, we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. John A. Wilson, of Franklin, Pa., who was passing through this city *en route* for England, where he will remain for a week or two. It is to Mr. Wilson's services at Harrisburg, last September that Oil City owes the honor of having the Keystone State shoot of 1897 held on its grounds. In connection with this shoot, which will be held the week following the Cleveland tournament, Mr. Wilson stated that the club would adopt in its 25-live-bird race, $1,000 guaranteed, precisely the same system of dividing the moneys that prevailed in this year's Grand American Handicap. The programme for the State shoot will depart this year somewhat from the conditions that have prevailed in the past; there will be only two days at targets, the other two days being devoted to live birds.

The New Utrecht Gun Club will hold a live bird shoot at its Woodlawn grounds next Saturday, April 24. The main event will be the Spring Handicap, handicaps 27-31yds., 15 birds, $10, birds included, Rose system; 10 per cent. to the club for expenses. The club will present a handsome cup to the winner. Ties for the cup will be shot off miss-and-out. This shoot is open to members of all Long Island clubs. The handicap will commence at 1:39 sharp, traps ready at 2:30. Woodlawn can best be reached by the Brooklyn Elevated R. R.. Trains leave the Bridge (Brooklyn side) at 12:07, 1:07, and hourly thereafter, stopping at all "L" stations. Stage will meet all trains at Washington station.

We have had our attention called to a statement made by A. R. Rose, of Salida, Col., in a letter to our Philadelphia cotemporary on the Rose system at the recent Cobweb Gun Club's tournament. The statement runs as follows: "They were all champions and ex-champions with national reputations, yet they continued to shoot out the events, class shooting, like a lot of novices. The management gave them the privilege on the second day of deciding by a majority vote of those present how the prizes should be divided. If they were so blooded, why didn't they vote for a high gun-division of the purses, which would have been more in keeping with such a class of shooters? But no, they decided to make the events for that day all class shooting, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Did they shoot off the ties or divide? They divided, of course. When they get caught in such hot company, they are just as anxious to divide as any other class of shooters." Mr. Rose evidently wrote the above under a misapprehension of the facts of the case, or else the case presented to him was faulty. The facts are these: On the second day the management, as per announcement in the programme, gave the shooters the option of voting whether they would shoot under the Rose system or under the old system; there was no option in the matter; it was to be class shooting one way or the other. The vote was taken by secret ballot, but with such a gathering there was no question as to how the vote would go, for it was a gathering of the salt of the trap-shooters of the country. Mr. Rose's "varied entry fee" system, referred to by him in the same letter, is nothing actually new, but is merely an application to target shooting of the "optional" entrance fee idea, often used at the crack amateur live bird clubs in this country and Europe.

The first tournament of the Connecticut Trap-Shooting Association will be held, as previously announced, upon the grounds of the Parker Gun Club, of Meriden, Conn. Besides the above-named club, there are four other clubs members of the Association: Bridgeport Gun Club, Colt Gun Club, of Hartford; Windsor Locks Gun Club and the New Haven Gun Club. The main event on the programme will be a six-men team race between teams representing each of the above clubs, each man on the respective teams shooting at 20 known and 20 unknown angles. With five teams of six men each guaranteed upon the grounds, there is sure to be lots of shooting and plenty of sport. Shooting commences at 9:30 A. M., and any one who wishes to do so can enter "for birds only." This last provision in such an organization is, we think, a very wise one, as it encourages the weaker shots to come out and try what they can do on the same kind of targets and under the same conditions as their more expert brethren. The Association was only organized on Feb. 22 last, if we remember rightly, but it has started out right and should be a factor in the trap-shooting circles of the Nutmeg State.

Many readers of our trap columns will be sorry to learn that our good old friend and fellow sportsman, John T. Mascroft, of Worcester, Mass., is unable at present to take up his gun, walk to the score, call "Pull," and of course break the target. Mr. Mascroft's lameness, from which he has suffered in the past, has come upon him with greater force and rendered him physically incapable of doing any trap-shooting. All who know Mr. Mascroft will realize what this means to him, and will sympatize with him in being thus deprived of his favorite sport. In a personal letter to us, in answer to one of ours, Mr. Mascroft writes: "I am hoping that I shall be able to go to Newburgh to see the boys, but not to shoot. Be sure and tell all the boys how I would like to see them. I could name over a good list of those whom I have met at different places and who are friends that I prize very dearly: Rolla, Van, Capt. Money, T. K., Jim Elliott, Charlie Budd, Dutchy Smith, J. A. H. Dressel, Neaf Apgar, Gus Greiff, and scores of others, while McMurchy is one of the best of them."

The Audubon Gun Club is, we believe, the first club to reduce the price of targets at its weekly practice shoots to ½ a cent each. The extreme lowness of the above price will astonish many shooters and will set the officers of several other clubs figuring. The Audubon club has about 100 members in good standing, and its weekly club shoots, held every Saturday afternoon, have had an average attendance of somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty. The yearly dues were only $2, and it was found that almost all the expenses of the club were being paid by the thirty or more who attended these shoots. Accordingly it was determined this year to try another plan, viz.: to increase the yearly dues to $5 and reduce the price of targets to ½ a cent. We understand that the increase in the amount of yearly dues has had no effect on the membership roll, while the reduction in the cost of targets has had a beneficial result on the attendance at the weekly practice shoots.

It is really not so many years since Forest and Stream first introduced the system of tabulating scores and running percentage columns of scores made at shoots. The system is the only intelligible one, and they have all got to come to it. The old eye-aching system of "running in" totals and names, and the other space-devouring system of giving the 1s and 0s in all events, are too tedious if one wants to follow a man's score for a whole day's shoot. Many daily papers all over the country have copied the system, thereby showing that they are wideawake. The Interstate Association has also made a change, and now no manifold copies of scores are kept, save in the cashier's office, where the assistant cashier tabulates in manifold the scores as fast as the pads are brought in. Those who like to see at a glance how a man shot through a programme owe a vote of thanks to Forest and Stream for having introduced a system at once so simple and yet so plain.

At the Baltimore Interstate last week Elmer Shaner was presented by some of his New York friends with a Japanese sun helmet to replace the one which he wore last year, and which was so ruthlessly destroyed at the Marion, N. J., shoot at the close of the season. It is only right to say that the assailants on that occasion were the donors on this. The helmet that Elmer now possesses, and which he will wear around the circuit, is artistic as well as useful. It has been painted white, and bears the following inscriptions in red letters: On the front is the legend, "It's me," perhaps bad grammar, but effective; on the rear portion appears the old adage, "I'm it," also appropriate. The presentation of this helmet was intrusted to Mr. H. P. Collins; and the trust was not misplaced, for the presentation speech simply bristled with witticisms from beginning to end, and was loudly applauded by the assembled shooters.

Messrs. Alfred and Geo. W. Clay, of Austerlitz, Ky., have sent us a circular announcing that a shoot at targets and sparrows would be held on the grounds of the Hill Top Gun Club on April 22. The targets will be thrown from a magautrap, and the sparrows shot from five ground traps, one man up, the five traps down. The circular contains the following note: "Sparrows will not be allowed retrieved, as when a bird once touches the ground inside the boundary it shall be scored dead, even then if it should take wing and fly out, after the shooter has used both barrels." We sincerely hope that the above is not an actual statement of what will be done at this shoot of the Hill Top Gun Club. Anything more absolutely cruel and more thoroughly unsportsmanlike than leaving wounded birds to suffer, as stated above, we have never heard of. We trust that there is some error in the wording of the circular.

The following notice has been mailed us by Mr. H. W. Wambold, corresponding secretary of the Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J.: "The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., has arranged for an all-day shoot at targets Wednesday, April 28 Sweepstake shooting to begin at 10 A. M., the principal feature of the day's programme being a 50-target handicap shoot, known traps and unknown angles, $2 entrance, Rose system, targets at 1 cent each deducted from entrance money; handicap to begin at 2 P. M. sharp. F. E. Sinnock, one of the Forester's members, has devised a new system of handicapping, which he is sure will take with the shooters, as it gives the amateur the same chance of making a possible as it does the expert. Lunch will be served on the grounds gratis. The grounds can be reached by taking the Elizabeth trolley car to Frelinghuysen avenue and Peddie street, and walking one block east to Pennsylvania R. R. Loaded shells for sale on the grounds."

Mr. W. D. Kenyon, secretary of the Omaha, Neb., Gun Club, sends us the following note: "At the annual meeting of the Omaha Gun Club, held April 13, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the year 1897: W. H. S. Hughes, President; George W. Loomis, Vice-President; W. D. Kenyon, Secretary; G. F. Brucker, Treasurer Board of Managers: J. C. Read, F. W. Carmichael, J. P. Smead. Charles E. Johannes, Captain. Programme of season's shooting later, as the committee having the matter in charge have not yet reported."

The Star Gun Club, of Dayton, O., will hold an all-day open to-all shoot at targets on April 28. The programme consists of five 10-target events, $1, and five 15 target events, $1.50. As there is a good roof over the score, there will be no postponement on account of weather. Martin Dobb is secretary of the Star Gun Club; Wm. Stark is president.

A Richmond, Va., correspondent writes us as follows under date of April 17: "The boys are preparing to give the shooters who visit us a grand time during the coming Interstate tournament, which takes place here on the 28th and 29th of April. We will have on hand enough live birds to accommodate all who wish to shoot them, and there are several of the boys here who are not ashamed to face the traps with anyone."

The Marlin Fire Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., write us under date of April 12, as follows: "A carrier pigeon came into our yard this morning utterly exhausted and starving. One of our men has been taking care of the same and it now seems all right, but shows no disposition to move. It appears completely lost. Marked on its leg band: '4, T. H. R., 95.' The owner may communicate with us."

We regret that the programme for the Nebraska State shoot at Lincoln, April 20-23, was received too late for us to make any extended notice of the same. On this point we would urge upon secretaries of gun clubs, who wish us to give any notice of forthcoming events in this column, that all such matter should reach us not later than first mail on Monday mornings to insure insertion. We would also remind our trap correspondents that the editor of this department is not always exactly "chained to business," and that it would be wiser to address all news matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company if prompt attention is required.

J. G. Lindzey won the Brooklyn Gun Club's monthly cup shoot on Saturday last, April 17, with 44 out of 55. The total is not a high one, but Lindzey shot well, particularly in his last 27 targets, breaking 25 of them. The wind was blowing very strongly, and the targets from the magautrap were extremely hard to locate, particularly those that went off to the right, down wind and down hill.

On the second Saturday in the months of May, June and July, the Brooklyn Gun Club will hold a 50 target handicap race for a splendid stein, presented for competition by the president of the club, J. S. S. Remsen. If a shooter wins the cup twice it becomes his possession; but if three shooters tie for it with one win each, the tie will be shot off as previously arranged by the club.

The Enterprise Gun Club, of Reynoldton, Pa., held its annual meeting on Saturday, April 17, and elected officers for the coming twelve months as follows: President, Fred Stysham; Vice-President, John Owens; Secretary, Geo. W. Mains; Treasurer, Geo. Watson. All the above are residents of Reynoldton. The captain of the club is Wm. Crouch, of McKeesport, Pa.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., will have a 100 target scratch race, $5 entrance, targets extra, open to all, on May 18. The date originally chosen was May 19, but it has now been changed to May 18, so as not to conflict with the meeting for the proposed reorganization of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, called for May 19.

Elsewhere we make a note of the proposed effort to reorganize the slumbering State Sportsmen's Association, of New Jersey. It seems a positive shame that such a trap-shooting State as New Jersey should be without any representative organization of shooters, and we hope that the efforts now being made will effect the desired result.

If Mr. A. R. Rose, of Salida, Col., could hear all the nice things said by the crackerjacks about the system of dividing purses at tournaments invented by him, he might feel a little sore, but he'd have the consciousness of knowing that he must have struck something that helps novices.

The East Lincoln and the Old Lincoln Gun Clubs, of Lincoln, Neb., have come together, and now form a new club called the New Lincoln Gun Club, with officers as follows: Pres., Wm. D. Bain; Vice-Pres., J. E Simpkins; Sec'y, Robert Malone; Treas., John Mocket.

U. M. C. Thomas tells us that the announcement made in his company's advertisement, as it appeared in Forest and Stream, that a sample of the kind of shell used by Hon. T. A. Marshall would be sent on application, has borne remarkable fruit. The number of requests for samples has astonished the company.

The Bergen County Gun Club is making arrangements to celebrate its first anniversary by holding a two-days' shoot early in June, most probably on June 3-4. Next Saturday, April 24, is the E. C. cup day at this club's grounds; it is a 50-target handicap race.

From what we heard at Baltimore last week, the next interstate shoot, which will be held at Richmond, Va., April 28-29, will have quite a large entry list. A good delegation will be present from New York and New Jersey.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., will hold a shoot at its Marion grounds on Thursday of this week, April 22, shooting commencing at 1 P. M. George Piercy promises some special attractions.

On Saturday, April 24, the main attraction at Elkwood Park will be the Spring Handicap, 15 birds, $15, handicaps 25 to 32yds., high guns.

We have received a copy of the Newburgh and Binghamton Gun clubs' programmes, and make a note elsewhere of their contents.

April 20. Edward Banks.

The Western Team at Elkwood Park.

Chicago, April 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the caption "The Western Team at Elkwood Park" I find in last issue of your valued paper two letters, one by 48 Grs., Buffalo, N. Y., a second by Keystone, Philadelphia, both evidently with a foot in a bear trap, and neither will be able to bring about a controversy in which I shall take any particular part.

What I said in a letter recently published I stand by, and if 48 Grs. or Keystone, or anyone else desires to hear further in the same strain, they will doubtless be accommodated by some one of the fifteen who accompanied me, and who I believe agree with me to a man in all that I have said touching our experience at Elkwood Park, N. J.

48 Grs. says that he was a "spectator." If he was a spectator, I said nothing to him or about him. If especially interested in the results brought about by the Western shooters (therefore possibly a little sore), I can understand his desire to criticise.

To Keystone I would say that, having paid our bills at the Elkwood Inn, we had a perfect right to criticise; and whether or not we exercised our prerogative should not be a concern of Keystone's, who is altogether too generous in attributing a fault-finding disposition when he asserts that we "found fault to a man."

Considerable was said about a team shoot before we arrived at Elkwood, and we were asked many questions about an alleged or suggested team contest. We expressed a willingness to meet a team of Eastern shots, ten, twelve or fourteen in number, to shoot at any number of birds per man satisfactory to the Eastern gentlemen, and for any sum of money that it pleased our Eastern brethren to name; and notwithstanding Eastern newspapers and newspaper men had indulged in team-race talk prior to our arrival, not a word could we get in retraction or in acknowledgment of our expressed willingness to consider a challenge.

In conclusion let me say that I had no intention of stirring up "long ears" of the East when mildly stating a fact, and yet 48 Grs. as well as Keystone seems to have been hit.

To 48 Grs. let me say, your "penetration" is somewhat shy; your "velocity" may do in your section; that another exhibition of "long ears," and your friends will have no trouble in giving name to your "pattern." E S. Rice.

Binghamton Gun Club.

Binghamton, N. Y., April 10.—With the advent of true spring weather, and the near approach of the dates for our spring tournament, the boys turned out in goodly numbers at to-day's club shoot. Three strings of 25 targets each were shot, and ten 10-target sweeps, $1 entrance, were also decided, with the following results:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Kendall	21	19	20	9	8	7	9	8	10	7	8	10	8
Bromley	20	19	21	9	8	8	9	8	8	9	10	..	..
Ross	21	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	22	22	22	8	9	8	9	7	8	9	9	9	7
Wright	19	17	20	10	7	8	9	6	7	7	8	..	..
Freeman	22	19	20	7	8	7	7	8	9	6	9	..	..
Smith	18	17	16	6	7	8	9	7	6	6	5	..	..
Rogers	16	19	20	8	9	9	8	6	7	6	6	..	..
Fuller	20	16	17	8	8	7	8	8	6	7	5	..	..
Davis	17	16	18	7	6	8	8	7	6	7	6	7	..
Peters	19	21	17	7	8	8	7	8	7	..	..	..	..
Conway	14	17	15	6	7	9	9	8	6	6	7	8	8
Stever	17	18	19	8	7	7	7	8	..	..	..	..	..
Mitchell	18	17	19	7	8	8	7	7	..	..	..	..	..

H. W. B.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

Pawtuxet, R. I., April 10.—The shoot to-day was for the silver souvenir keg of Laflin & Rand's W-A powder, donated to the club through A. Harris & Co., of Providence. The powder being divided into five equal parts and to go to five highest scores of to-day's shoot. The silver keg has to be won three times to become personal property, to-day's shoot counting one win.

The attendance was very small although the day was quite pleasant. The scarcity of shooters was partly due to quite a number of the boys being out after trout.

The club will hold regular shoots every Saturday now until October, and any stray gentleman trap-shooter will be made welcome. Targets at 1 cent.

W H Sheldon (0)	1111111111011111111111111	—24
S D Greene, Jr. (0)	1111111111111011110111101	—22
H Badminton (4)	1100110111111101111010010111	—18+4—22
S F Wilson (0)	1111111100110111111011110	—20
A Hawkins (2)	1110010101101111011110101	—17+2—19
W Mooney (2)	0110111110111011110011110	—16+2—18
A Stockard (4)	0001000100100000110100010	— 5+4— 9
N Horton (3)	1000000000101100000100000	— 5+3— 8

W. H. Sheldon.

The Atchison Tournament.

ATCHISON, Kan., April 16.—That Lou Erhardt's popularity is by no means on the wane, and that his tournaments are a feature of the Western circuit, has once more been attested. While he has made no new records in the way of entries, and in fact did not reach the high figures of last year, one thing must be borne in mind—that this was strictly a shoot for money, with no merchandise, "nothing but cash" being the motto. The largest number of entries in any open event last year was 72, while 63 was the top number this year, only 9 less, but there was no perceptible falling off after the first day, and the entries ran very uniformly.

As is always the case the largest number were present on the first day. Collectively the class of shooters was faster than last year. With the exception of the second day, when the wind was vainly endeavoring to blow the crest off the knoll on which the shooting grounds were located, straights were always in order and at times quite numerous. This is borne out by the evidence that on the first day Sexton had an average of 92.5, and yet this did not land him among the five high guns. Again, on the last day 90 per cent. failed to get any of the high gun money.

THE MANAGEMENT.

In planning this shoot Lou Erhardt had not forgotten that a good manager is a very essential factor in the success of a shoot. Jack Parker had previously served him in this capacity, and had given the utmost satisfaction. He has also become decidedly popular among Western shooters It followed, therefore, that Lou would again have him at the helm, and in this respect he made no mistake, as Jack never handled a shoot better in his life.

The smoothness with which the shoot was handled was a matter of considerable comment. Lou was the recipient of many well-deserved compliments on the success of it. The working force, too, was of the best, and most of this had seen service before. The office force consisted of C. H. Wallingford, of De Kalb, Mo., and W. A. Starks, of Leavenworth, Kan.; both of these young men have frequently acted in the same capacity at tournaments, and are therefore thoroughly familiar with all the details of the office. The squad hustlers were T. P. Courtney, Walter Wills and L. O. Keirth, all of whom were experienced, and, above all, ever attentive to duty.

GROUNDS AND ARRANGEMENT.

The park where the tournament was held was a great improvement over that of last year. Being much more accessible and also having an excellent background, there being nothing to obstruct the view of the shooter. Electric cars took one right to the ground in short order.

Three sets of traps were in position. These were arranged in a manner devised by W. G Sergeant. This system was explained in the programme, but for the benefit of those who have not read it, we will again explain it here. Three traps constitute a set, and these are set about 3ft. apart. The shooters' score is arranged in the segment of a circle with 3yds. between each man. The shooting is done in squads of five. In a 20-bird race each shooter shot 4 targets from each position. The shooter at No. 1 score gets a bird from No. 1 trap; but in case this bird is broken or the trap fails to work, he immediately points his gun over No. 2 trap and calls "Pull." Thus there is never any delay, as it is not necessary to wait for a trap to be loaded, but to just swing your gun from one trap or the other and call "Pull." The traps being so close together the distance from any one score is but a fraction over the usual 16yds. Another feature in favor of this 3-trap system is the facility with which events can be shot-off, and the small expense of trapping. On two sets of traps the programme was shot off on the first day from 9 A. M. to about 4 P. M. It required something over 10,000 targets for this, and all of these were thrown at an expense of $6 for trappers, or something less than 60 cents a thousand. Six thousand or 7,000 targets can easily be thrown in a day from one set of traps arranged in this manner.

PERSONAL.

There were perhaps as many as 100 shooters present at different times during this shoot. Several cities had strong delegations present, of which Kansas City had the largest. The following is a list of those that composed it: C. C. Herman, Walter Howe, Thomas Hearn, Dave Elliott, Robert Ostertag, James Miles, J. J. Cornett, Gus Rickmers, Chris S. Gottlieb, Charles Schmelzer and J. J. Durkee. Then came Leavenworth with five representatives: G. W. Lindzy, J. W. Sexton, H. W. Koohler, G. W. Goff and H. L. McElroy. Four represented Lincoln: Tom Clyde, R. M Welch, George Rogers and J. C. Ray. Then there was W. G. Sergeant and G. W. Stevenson from Joplin, Mo.; C. M. Sumner, Galena, Kans.; Taylor Cox, the one-armed shooter from Karl Junction, Mo.; D. M. Edwards, Severance, Kans.; W. S Duer, Hastings, Neb.; D. K. Douthett, Oceola, Ia.; G. W. Jenkins, Wamego, Kans.; C. F. Reust, J. M. Rhodes and B. T. Rice, Frankfort, Kans.; D. D. Bray, Syracuse, Neb.; C. D. Linderman, Adams, Neb.; C. D. Hagerman, Wymore, Neb.; J. W. Den, Arrapahoe, Neb., and a host of others.

TRADE REPRESENTATIVES.

R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O., and J. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City, taking care of the Winchester interest; Herbert Taylor, St. Louis, Mo., representing the Du Pont and Hazard powders; C. E. Willard, Hartford, Conn., representing the Colt Arms Co.; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia., and C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia., both shooting Du Pont; Charles Budd, Des Moines, Ia., winning high average with Hazard's Blue Ribbon; Frank S. Parmelee, Omaha, Neb., now shooting a Remington ejector and talking Remington goods; Jack Parker, Detroit, Mich., shooting King's Smokeless to the front and explaining the merits of the new Victor shell; J. W. Barre, of Louisiana, Mo., shooting Austin and talking it, too. Then there was Thos. A. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill., not to be forgotten, but who had nothing to boom.

AVERAGES.

The programme each day consisted of eight 20-target races, $2 entrance. $15 added. An additional $50 given each day for the five guns. The purses were divided into five equal moneys, 20 per cent. to each. This was not altogether satisfactory, as sometimes the 16 got more money than the straights. The daily averages are shown in the table below, and for general information I have compiled the general averages of the ten high men.

This shows Budd first with 94 3; Heikes second, 92.4; Grimm third, 89.7; Duer fourth, 89 1; Parmelee fifth, 88.1; Rogers sixth, 87.9; Sergeant seventh, 87.7; Parker eighth, 87.2; Gilberth ninth, 87.1; Marshall and Den tenth, 86.8 each.

The daily standings are shown in the respective tables below.

No record is kept of the extra events, which varied from 10 to 25 targets each, singles and doubles and all kinds of shooting.

During the shoot 31,585 targets were shot; 15,130 the first day; second day 11,830, and 6,665 on the last day.

First Day, April 14.

With ideal weather, a large attendance and every one in the best of spirits, good scores are naturally to be expected; so the big scores put up by a number of the shooters are easily accounted for.

It will be gratifying to Jack Parker's numerous friends all over the country to see his name at the head of the list with the excellent percentage of 95.6. True, Charley Budd tied him, but in addition to Jack's good shooting in the regular events, he shot even better in the extra events. In them he lost only 4 out of 105, bringing his average for all events up to 95.8. Budd tied with Parker in the regular events, and this is due to his great finish; 97 out of his last 100 is what landed him in the place of honor. Then comes Sergeant—that irrepressible shooter from Joplin, this time shooting a new Parker—with 93 7, just one more break to his credit than those two fast ones, Heikes and Parmelee. Den, too, gets in for part of the five high-gun money, as he is tied with Heikes and Parmelee. These three divided $20, while those occupying the first three positions got $10 apiece.

The position in which each respective shooter finished is given in the table below. Seventy shooters took part in the different events. Of this number, 48 shot in all the programme events. The names of those who shot through appear first in the order of merit; after which come the names of those who shot only in part of the events and made an average of 70 per cent. or better.

SCORES OF APRIL 14.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Parker	20	20	17	19	19	19	19	20	160	153	95.6
Budd	18	19	19	18	20	20	19	20	160	153	95.6
Sergeant	18	20	19	19	19	19	17	19	160	150	93 7
Heikes	17	18	17	20	19	20	20	18	160	149	93.1
Den	17	20	18	18	19	19	19	19	160	149	93.1
Parmelee	20	18	16	19	19	19	19	19	160	149	93.1
Sexton	18	19	20	19	17	18	20	17	160	148	92.5
Miles	19	17	19	18	17	20	18	19	160	147	91.8
Grimm	18	19	20	18	18	17	17	19	160	146	91.3
Cox	18	19	18	18	17	20	18	17	160	145	90.6
Running	16	16	19	18	18	18	20	20	160	145	90.6
Rhodes	18	18	19	17	17	20	20	16	160	145	90.6
Marshall	19	18	15	18	17	19	20	19	160	145	90.6
Stevenson	16	16	19	18	19	20	18	18	160	144	90
Bailey	16	17	19	18	18	19	19	18	160	144	90
L C Smith	18	19	19	17	17	17	19	17	160	143	89.3
D Elliott	18	19	18	18	20	18	17	18	160	143	89.3
Arnholdt	17	17	19	18	17	17	19	18	160	142	88.7
Koohler	16	17	19	20	19	19	16	16	160	142	88.7
McGee	19	18	18	20	18	16	18	15	160	142	88.7
Rogers	19	19	14	19	20	18	17	16	160	142	88.7
Martin	18	18	16	18	18	18	19	16	160	141	88.1
Duer	15	15	20	18	16	18	18	20	160	140	87.5
Biddeson	15	17	18	17	17	19	18	19	160	140	87.5
Reust	17	20	18	18	16	17	16	18	160	140	87.5
Taylor	18	16	17	18	17	19	18	17	160	140	87.5
Barre	17	17	16	17	17	18	18	19	160	139	86.8
Linderman	19	15	15	18	17	19	17	19	160	139	86.8
Gottlieb	17	14	16	18	20	18	17	18	160	138	86.2
J A R Elliott	14	20	14	17	17	19	17	20	160	138	86.2
Bray	17	15	17	18	16	19	18	17	160	137	85.6
Sumner	16	16	18	17	16	19	18	17	160	137	85.6
Heer	17	18	18	16	15	20	16	17	160	137	85.6
Herman	19	17	16	16	17	16	19	17	160	137	85.6
Reynolds	15	19	16	16	17	16	19	18	160	136	85
Gilbert	18	15	16	15	17	18	17	19	160	135	84 3
Ray	18	15	18	16	15	17	17	17	160	135	84.3
Rickmers	15	18	19	16	16	16	16	19	160	135	84.3
Willard	19	16	15	17	18	18	16	14	160	133	83.1
Curtis	15	15	16	16	20	18	19	13	160	132	82.5
Hagerman	15	16	17	18	18	13	19	15	160	131	81 7
Marks	18	15	18	17	18	18	17	17	160	128	80
Craibill	18	17	13	10	16	18	16	18	160	126	78.7
Edwards	13	18	16	11	17	19	18	13	160	125	78 1
Clapp	16	15	14	14	10	19	20	16	160	124	77 5
Jenkins	15	16	9	19	18	13	17	14	160	121	75.6
Ferguson	13	15	16	16	19	14	17	10	160	120	75
Douthett	14	18	13	14	9	17	18	17	140	116	72.5
Lindzy	17	18	17	19	18	14	18	..	140	121	86.4
Goff	15	17	18	20	16	..	..	..	100	86	86
Fulton	17	16	15	18	14	..	..	..	100	80	80
Clyde	13	18	17	..	..	17	17	15	120	95	79.1
Scott	..	..	19	18	15	15	16	..	100	76	76
Bleightle	15	16	15	..	..	..	..	..	60	46	56.6
Batcheller	15	14	..	..	..	16	..	..	60	45	75
Gardner	12	16	11	16	..	..	17	16	120	88	73 3

The others who participated in one or two events, and also those who failed to make an average of 70 per cent., are as follows: Johnson, Shaw, Jacobson, Lytle, Hearn, Howe, Redman, Sutlieff, Bruce, Dare, Cable, McElroy, Boltinghouse and Erhardt (not Airy Lou).

Second Day, April 15.

The weather to-day was quite a contrast from that of yesterday. It was cloudy part of the day and at one time quite threatening. A cold, raw wind was also blowing a gale, so it is not very hard to see why the averages were so low. It will be readily understood that the conditions must be very trying when only one of such a fast lot of shooters could reach an average of 90. This again proved to Charley Budd, who is shooting in magnificent form; 92.5 per cent. is grand work under such conditions as those of to-day. Heikes also pulled up a notch or two, as he was second with 89.3. Then comes Duer and Grimm, with 86.8, while Marshall follows with 85.6. These were the five high guns, and they of course took the $50 average money. Duer's run of over 40 straight was one of the features of the day. Barre would have doubtless been one of the five high guns, but he did not shoot in the first event.

The entries held up very well, as 62 shooters took part in the different events of the day. Of this number 37 shot the programme out. Quite a number of events were shot on the extra set of traps. Marshall being well to the front at this game. The Indian squad shot very strongly, as three of its members got part of the high gun money.

A glance at the appended table will show the respective positions each shooter occupied when the programme was finished. Those who failed to make an average of 60 per cent., or who shot only in one or two events are as usual omitted.

SCORES OF APRIL 15.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Budd	17	18	20	18	19	18	18	20	160	148	92.5
Heikes	17	17	16	19	18	19	18	19	160	143	89.3
Grimm	18	16	19	18	17	16	16	19	160	139	86.8
Duer	17	13	17	17	20	20	17	18	160	139	86.8
Marshall	16	17	18	17	15	18	19	17	160	137	85 6
Rogers	18	15	16	18	18	20	16	15	160	136	85
Parmelee	16	18	18	18	16	18	16	16	160	136	85
Gilbert	17	17	19	18	16	16	18	15	160	136	85
Gottlieb	18	15	19	17	15	18	17	17	160	136	85
Reust	16	18	15	17	19	19	14	16	160	134	83.7
Bray	17	14	18	17	17	19	18	13	160	133	83 1
Den	18	12	14	19	20	17	15	18	160	133	83.1
Linderman	15	18	17	18	17	16	14	19	160	132	82 5
Herman	16	17	16	16	18	16	11	19	160	129	80.6
Rhodes	17	17	18	17	14	14	14	17	160	127	79.3
McGee	14	17	13	19	19	16	14	16	160	127	79 3
Sergeant	17	18	16	15	17	16	11	17	160	1 7	73 3
Reynolds	17	14	17	15	17	17	11	17	160	1 6	78 7
Stevenson	14	15	17	17	16	17	17	13	160	126	78.7
Clapp	13	16	17	18	15	17	14	16	160	126	78.7
Elliott	17	16	16	15	14	17	14	17	160	1 6	78.7
Lindzy	14	19	17	18	16	15	18	13	160	125	78.1
Herr	14	13	16	15	17	19	16	15	160	125	78.1
Sexton	18	17	13	10	17	15	18	16	160	124	77.5
Ray	16	19	16	14	15	13	15	15	160	123	76 8
Parker	17	14	18	16	14	14	15	15	160	123	76.8
Sumner	18	14	16	13	15	12	18	13	160	119	74.3
Willard	10	13	15	16	17	16	16	16	160	119	74.8
Miles	15	16	11	15	18	15	13	15	160	118	73.7
Hagerman	14	13	17	17	18	15	15	11	160	117	73 1
Cox	15	15	11	18	17	15	14	2	160	117	73.1
Hearn	14	10	18	12	16	15	15	15	160	115	71.8
Curtice	12	14	12	13	15	15	16	16	160	113	70.6
Biddson	14	14	14	14	13	17	11	16	160	113	70.6
Ferguson	17	13	12	12	16	13	16	13	160	112	70
Howe	15	16	15	14	12	11	15	13	160	111	69
Barre	..	19	17	14	19	9	17	19	160	124	88.5
L C Smith	..	18	16	18	19	18	17	..	1 0	106	88.3
Gray	..	..	17	19	19	18	15	..	100	88	88
Running	17	19	17	17	14	..	17	18	140	119	80.5
Douthett	16	17	18	14	12	18	16	..	1 0	111	79 4
Welch	..	15	15	..	17	12	..	..	80	59	73 7
Scott	17	16	..	12	15	16	12	..	120	88	73.3
Rice	11	17	13	7	..	14	..	16	120	88	73 3
Rickmers	16	14	16	14	14	11	..	..	120	85	70.8
Miller	16	14	17	..	..	..	8	..	80	55	68 7
Crabill	..	13	16	14	17	13	15	8	140	46	65 5
E C McGee	..	13	15	..	13	..	..	..	60	41	68 3
Clyde	..	13	13	9	..	..	..	13	80	48	60

The following also took part during the day, but only shot in one event or failed to make an average of 60 per cent.: Gardner, Boltinghouse, Edwards, Ruggles, Dare, Johnson, Taylor, Dix, Gregg, Ostertag, Allen, Lytle and Erhardt.

Third Day, April 16.

As is always the case on the last day of a tournament, the entries fell off considerably, just 39 shooters being the sum total. Of this number 29 shot the programme through, and also kept the extra set of traps quite busy. Budd maintained his fast gait and was again on top, though Heikes, who evidently thought it was time for him to assume the lead, tied with him. Budd made four straights and in this respect also led all the others. Young Duer once more landed some of the high gun money, being third with 93 1. Then came Gilbert, who for the first time during the shoot was shooting in something like his old form. In the extras too he shot well, getting a 25 straight and 17 out of 10 pair; in each of these events he and Heikes cut up the first money Grimm and Barre get part of the high gun money, but had to divide the last $10 between them. The weather to day was clear, though the wind still blew very strongly.

SCORES OF APRIL 16.

Budd	19	20	20	17	20	19	17	20	160	152	95
Heikes	19	20	17	20	19	19	18	20	160	152	95
Duer	20	17	18	18	18	20	19	19	160	149	93.1
Gilbert	17	19	19	18	17	18	19	20	160	147	91.8
Grimm	19	20	18	18	19	16	17	19	160	146	91.3
Barre	17	20	17	19	17	18	19	19	160	146	91.3
Sergeant	16	19	17	16	20	19	18	19	160	144	90
Rogers	20	18	16	19	18	18	18	20	160	144	90
Parker	15	19	15	20	19	18	17	20	160	143	89.3
L C Smith	20	19	12	17	19	19	19	18	160	143	89.3
Herr	15	18	18	20	17	20	15	19	160	142	88.7
Gottlieb	19	18	19	17	18	17	13	19	160	140	87.5
Lindzy	18	18	17	17	14	17	19	18	160	138	86.2
Running	15	18	18	16	15	16	18	20	160	138	86.2
Sexton	19	15	18	19	17	17	15	18	160	138	86.2
Elliott	18	18	16	17	17	18	15	19	160	138	86.2
Parmelee	17	18	18	18	15	17	17	18	160	138	86.2
Reust	15	19	16	20	16	16	18	16	160	1 6	85
Den	17	17	17	17	16	17	16	18	160	135	84.3
Linderman	15	17	16	20	15	18	18	16	160	135	84.3
Marshall	15	15	17	18	19	19	14	18	160	135	84.3
Bray	16	16	16	17	16	17	19	17	160	134	83.7
W H McGee	17	18	17	19	19	11	14	19	160	134	83.7
Cox	16	19	18	13	17	16	16	19	160	134	83.7
Douthett	18	17	17	16	12	17	20	16	160	133	83.1
Taylor	16	16	17	18	15	14	15	13	160	124	77.5
Hagerman	15	16	20	15	10	18	14	15	160	123	76.8
Biddeson	14	15	19	11	13	16	16	15	160	119	74.3
Ferguson	11	18	17	17	15	18	11	18	160	117	73.1
Edwards	18	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	33	82.5
Hyde	17	17	14	15	..	..	..	..	80	68	78.7
Miller	13	19	11	18	..	16	..	16	120	93	77.5
Ruggles	12	16	13	16	..	17	..	11	120	85	70.8
Dare	14	16	13	..	..	13	..	..	80	56	70
Sanders	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	28	70
Sumner	15	17	14	15	12	10	..	..	120	83	69.4
Koohler	12	15	16	14	11	11	13	..	140	92	65.7
Allen	10	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	60	39	65
Gregg	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	25	62.5

NOTES.

Chris Gottlieb missed two chances to capture first alone. In the first event on the second day, with no 20s or 19s, he ran 18 straight, and then slipped up on his last ones. Then, again, later he had 19 straight, and once more lost his last one, when it meant first all alone. Each of these targets ducked just as he shot. Such misses are, to a certain extent, excusable.

Roll Heikes did not win first average either day, but he collected the usual $10 each night for being one of the five high guns. Each day he was close to the top.

From the form that Charley Budd displayed one would believe that this is his second time on earth. Never did he shoot better than he is shooting now.

The Indian squad put up a great score of 96 out of 100. This is great shooting for a team of 5 men.

Dave Elliott duplicated his feat of last year of again beating out his big brother Jim. This gives Jim little concern, however, as every one knows that pigeons are his forte.

Douthett won a "first alone" on the last day.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

AN effort is being made to reorganize the State Sportsmen's Association of New Jersey, an organization once active enough, but now and for some years past a dead letter in the world of trap-shooting.

When the Association went to sleep it was possessed of a president, a secretary, two trophies and some cash in hand. The individual live-bird championship trophy is held by W. Fred. Quimby, and Fred has generously offered to hand over the trophy to any properly constituted State organization.

For more than a year past there has been desultory talk about getting the Jersey shooters together and reorganizing the State Association, but nothing was actually done until recently, when a committee of three was nominated at a monthly meeting of the Boiling Springs Gun Club to test the feeling of the trap shooters of New Jersey on the matter, and to call a meeting of delegates from the various clubs in the State for the purpose of effecting a reorganization of the old Association. This committee, acting under the authority given it at that meeting, has issued the following circular to the gun clubs of the State:

"NEW YORK, April 13.—Dear Sir: It has been decided to attempt the re-organization of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, and for that purpose a committee has been appointed to call a meeting. This committee is constituted as follows: Colin R. Wise, of the Passaic City Gun Club; W. H. Huck, of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, and Edward Banks, of the Endeavor Gun Club.

"The committee has received assurances from several clubs that they will gladly coöperate in the work of re-organization, and it also asks your support in this matter. With this end in view it asks you to lay this matter before your club at the earliest possible opportunity, requesting it to nominate one or two delegates to represent your club at a meeting to be held on May 19, 1897. The meeting will be held in the rooms of the Sportsmen's Association, Room 1,009, No. 377–379 Broadway, New York city, which have been courteously loaned by the Association for that purpose.

"Each club is entitled to two votes, and delegates should be careful to bring credentials with them.

"Kindly inform the committee as soon as possible just what action your club has taken in the matter. Yours truly,

"EDWARD BANKS, Secretary Committee."

The circular has been sent to the following clubs: Forester Gun Club, of Newark; South Side Gun Club, of Newark; Oritani Field Club, of Hackensack; Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack; Central Gun Club, of Long Branch; Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank; Trenton Gun Club; Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick; Freehold Gun Club; Atlantic Highlands Gun Club; Monmouth Gun Club; South Orange Field Club; Climax Gun Club; Yanticaw Gun Club, of Nutley; Union Gun Club, of Springfield; Dunellen Gun Club; East Side Gun Club of Newark; Newark Gun Club; Boiling Springs Gun Club; Passaic City Gun Club; Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City; Westfield Gun Club; Closter Gun Club; Flemington Gun Club; Hackettstown Gun Club; Arlington Shooting Association; Elizabeth Gun Club; Paterson Gun Club; New Germantown Gun Club; Maplewood Gun Club; Bound Brook Gun Club; Keyport Gun Club; Perth Amboy Gun Club; Crescent Wheelmen, of Plainfield; Country Club, of Elizabeth; Rahway Gun Club; Hudson Gun Club; Atlantic City Gun Club.

There are other gun clubs in the State to whom the circular will be sent this week, but the committee has experienced some difficulty in obtaining the addresses of officers of such clubs. It is hoped, however, that any club that has been accidentally overlooked by the committee will take into consideration the fact that the meeting is "open to all," and that every club in the State is invited to send delegates to the meeting on May 19. The hour for the meeting has not been set but will be announced later, in plenty of time for all to learn it. If the old association cannot be re-organized, a new one should be started.

Programmes for Coming Tournaments.

BINGHAMTON GUN CLUB.

THE annual spring tournament of the Binghamton, N. Y., Gun Club will be held April 27–29. This year the club has gotten out quite a catchy programme, and has evidently done its best to please all comers.

For the first two days targets will be used, and empire targets will be thrown from a set of expert bluerock traps. The programme is precisely the same on each day, viz: four 10-target events, $1 entrance; eight 15-target events, $2 entrance. All purses will be divided into four moneys under the "straight out" (Rose) system. Targets will be deducted from the entrance fees at 2 cents each. On the third day, April 29, there are four events scheduled, and all events will be handicaps, the handicaps ranging from 27 to 31yds. No. 1 is 5 birds, $5, three moneys, price of birds deducted; No. 2, 7 birds, $7, birds included; No. 3, 10 birds, $10, birds extra, four moneys; No. 4, $2 miss-and-out.

The shoot will take place rain or shine, shooting commencing at 9:30 A. M. All guns or shells shipped to the Arlington Hotel, headquarters for shooters, will be delivered at the grounds. The following note also occurs in the "Rules, remarks and regulations:" "The management reserves the right to put to the vote of the shooters on the morning of the second day, as to which system of dividing purses is their choice."

WEST NEWBURGH GUN AND RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun Rifle Association is set for May 5–7. First two days at targets; third day at live birds. It is unnecessary to say much in regard to the location of the club's grounds, or of the background, for target shooting; neither is it necessary to say much in regard to the fare furnished by Jake Gedney in his hotel, adjacent to the grounds. All are excellent, and all are well known to shooters in this section.

Last fall the club tried an "amateurs' tournament," and was far from pleased at the result of its efforts to help out the "amateurs." This spring it has gone back to its first love, and now announces an "open-to-all, professionals-not-barred" tournament.

As is customary nowadays, the programme on each target day is precisely the same. It calls for 185 targets, and $18.50 entrance for all day. The events are three 15-target events, $1.50, and seven 20-target events, $2. All targets will be thrown at unknown angles. The Rose system will be used in dividing purses. Average moneys will be given as follows: "$50 will be divided as follows: $18, $11, $8, $7, $6 and $5 to the shooters making the best average on both days on targets. Ties divided unless otherwise agreed." All targets thrown will be empires.

On the live bird day, May 7, there will be 3 events: No. 1, 5 birds, $5; No. 2, 7 birds, $7.50; No. 3, 10, $10.

Among the "Remarks," occur the following: "All guns will shoot from the same distance. Targets 2 cents each, to be deducted from purse. Shoot begins at 9 o'clock sharp each day. The live bird boundary will be an 18in. wire fence, 65yds. No deviation will be made from the programme, rain or shine. A good hotel adjoins the grounds (about 200yds. from the traps). Terms, $1.50 per day, including room. Stages starting from end of trolley line will run to and from the grounds. Fare, 25 cents round trip."

Marlin Gun Club.

MARLIN, Tex., April 14.—The Marlin Gun Club met to-day in pursuance to a call of the president, Chester Haile acting as secretary. It was decided to hold a three-days' tournament, beginning May 25.

The following committees were appointed: Advertising and Soliciting—Chester Haile, J. G. Oltorf and R. B. Lonis. Programme—L. S. Ross, Jr., W. W. Turner and E. K. Herring. Transportation—E. R. Emery. Arrangements—H. G. Rush, W. W. Turner, C. J. Bartlett and A. Stammbach. Also a reception committee, consisting of each member of the club.

E. K. HERRING, Sec'y.

Baltimore's Interstate.

The target season of 1897 has been opened, and opened successfully at Baltimore, Md., with the first target tournament on the Interstate Association's circuit for the year. This tournament has attracted more than ordinary attention, as Baltimore, although a great trap-shooting center, has done more in the live-bird line than in that of targets in recent years. The programme of events too, was a generous one as such things go now. The club added $450 in cash to the purses, $150 on each of the three days—April 14-16—of the tournament. This amount of money and the absence, or rather scarcity of large tournaments in the list of fixtures for the year, made it more than likely that Baltimore's entry list would be quite large.

A SATISFACTORY ENTRY LIST.

As a matter of fact the entry list on each of the target days was thoroughly satisfactory. On April 14 the average number of entries in each of the ten programme events was exactly 34. On the second day, April 15, the extremely bad weather of the opening hours of the day had its effect on the entries, the average for the programme events being just a fraction under 28. Old tournament-goers will realize more readily than others that the above averages mean a pleasant shoot, with lots of shooting, fair purses and no long, tedious waits. Live-bird day, April 16, was somewhat disappointing. The entries ruled low; the Maryland Handicap, 25 birds, $20, birds included, five moneys, high guns, which was the main event on the programme, had only 20 entries. It is probable that had this event been "class shooting, four moneys," the entry list would have been more than doubled; five high guns in a 25-bird event is rather a steep game to go up against. We are firm believers, however, in high guns for all live bird events, and think that the Baltimore Shooting Association did wisely in following the principle adopted by the Interstate Association at its Grand American Handicap tournament of March last. Live-bird shooting under the old system of class shooting may be all right for club shoots, but "high guns" will surely become the popular thing at large tournaments.

EVERYTHING RAN SMOOTHLY.

Practice makes perfect, and Elmer Shaner has had practice enough in the way of running tournaments to make him about as nearly perfect as we ever hope to see him. The tournament from beginning to end ran as smoothly as possible. The expert traps worked well, and the magautrap performed her (is it a she?) work admirably. The latter machine needs more than passing mention. The last time (and, by the way, the first time) we shot over a magautrap was last June at Cleveland. In our report of that shoot we spoke favorably of the working of the magautrap, and yet the machine at that time was a crude article to what it is now, with its electric pull, etc. "Maggie," as the boys call the trap is puzzling, it is true, and the variety of flights one gets from one of these traps is rather surprising. The result is, therefore, impaired averages even under favorable conditions as to weather, background, etc. Just give "Maggie" a sloping hillside like she had at Baltimore, with a dark background of trees to the left, and almost a gale of wind like that which blew on the second day, and averages will not be simply impaired - they'll be knocked "galley west." Under such circumstances the magautrap is a severe combination; but she certainly furnishes good material for practice and makes the shooting anything but mechanical.

With the magautrap to take the place of one set of traps, Manager Shaner placed the Interstate's set of expert bluerock traps in position for the second set of traps. And this set of traps has a history of its own—a history that might be studied with benefit by every secretary of a gun club using those traps. This is their third season, and it is safe to say that over 200,000 targets have been thrown by those five traps, and yet they are practically as good as when Elmer first used them. More than half the credit for their condition must be given to Mr. Shaner, for he has tended them with a fatherly care. Each trap may be said to have thrown 40,000 targets, and yet Paul North tells us that for every 6,000 or 7,000 targets that his company manufactures and puts on the market, it sells one trap. He assures us that this has been the ratio for some years, and therefore he figures that the average life of a trap is about that number of targets. He attributes the long life of Elmer's set of traps to the care and judicious oiling that they get at his hands—something that other traps seldom or never get. It is a fact that Mr. Shaner was only called to attend to these traps once during the entire tournament, and the cause of the trouble then was the combination of "a wire out," and a boy who didn't know what to do under the circumstances.

HOW THE EVENTS WERE SHOT.

The shooting on the afternoon of "preparation day" had proved so hard owing to the wind that blew, that though several 15-target events were shot over the magautrap, only two straights were made in the afternoon. Jack Fanning was responsible for one and E. D. Fulford for the other. Under these circumstances Manager Shaner thought it would be best to start the 15-target events on the magautrap and the 20-target events over the regulation traps. This was the method pursued on April 14 and it worked well in some respect; but the 15s were disposed of proportionately much faster on the magautrap than were the 20s on the other traps. This, however, caused very little actual delay and the programme was shot out about 3:30 P. M., even with an interval of about one and one-half hours for luncheon.

On the second day the 15s were shot on the regulation traps and the 20s on the magautrap. This kept both sets busy all the time, and although a start was not made until nearly 11 o'clock, the programme was shot out a little after 3 o'clock with an hour out for lunch. Six extras, all 15-target events, were disposed of this afternoon before the boys would quit shooting and go to their hotels. Altogether 13,000 targets were thrown during the two days of the shoot. As will be noticed on reference to the scores made on the second day, there was a vast difference between the totals made on the magautrap and on the other set of traps. When the wind came up strongly it brought whole bunches of ciphers with it. To men accustomed to straight scores under other conditions, there was something more than exasperating in the manner in which target after target would dip, jump, scoot and curve out of the charge of shoot; but we don't think there was a shooter present who didn't enjoy that style of shooting.

FAMILIAR NAMES.

Among those who were present were some whose names are by this time very familiar to trap shooters generally: Ferd Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; J. S. Fanning, of the U. S. (Gold Dust) Powder Co., of San Francisco; W. Crosby, of the Baker Gun Co., of Batavia, N. Y.; Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co; Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co.; H. P. Du Pont Collins, representative in Baltimore of the Du Pont and Hazard powder companies; U. M. C. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Co., of Bridgeport, Conn.; Ralph Trimble, of Covington, Ky., representing the Hazard and Du Pont companies; Ed Taylor, New York, of the Laflin & Rand W-A Powder Co.; A. W. du Bray, of Dayton, Ky., representing the Parker Gun Co., and one of the most popular men in the business. Then came the pair from northern New York: Sim Glover, of Rochester, shooting the Parker gun and Schultze powder, and E. D. Fulford, of Utica, with his combination of Francotte gun and Schultze powder.

Others who were there were: F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn, O.; M. M. Mayhew, Utica, N. Y.; H. M. Stewart, Rochester, N. Y; H. C. Bridgers, Tarboro, N. C., a rattling good shot who conceals his identity under the name of Tarheel; Hughes (otherwise Dr. P. H. Mason), Peekskill, N. Y.; E. C. Mattingley and Billy Wagner, Washington, D. C.; York (otherwise H. W. Burnham), York, Pa., ex-champion of the State of Pennsylvania at targets; John L. Brewer, New York city; W. H. Wolstencroft, Harry Thurman and R. A. Welch, Philadelphia, Pa.; E. C. Burkhardt, Buffalo, N. Y.; W. Mitchell, son of Senator J. L. Mitchell, Milwaukee, Wis., the youngest shooter on the grounds, but one who stuck to his work and shot the programme through on each of the two target days.

The home club was well represented by Hood Waters (who took third place in the general averages); Chas. A. Macalester, better known as one of the best live-bird shots in the country; Hawkins, a good man on either live birds or inanimates; Dr. Lupus, Bond, Ed Coe, Smith, Brooks, Hall, Malone, White, etc. In short the home crowd was out strongly, and staved to the finish, more than one of them doing yeoman service for the club.

THE OFFICIALS.

The Baltimore Shooting Association is well fixed for helpers when it comes to running a tournament. The referees were both of them painstaking and capable; Dr. S. O. Heiskell officiated in all events shot on the magautrap, while Hamilton Cassard judged on the other set. It is of course utterly impossible that a referee can give satisfaction to everybody, but we must state in all fairness that the decisions of the above-mentioned two gentlemen were received with less complaints than we have heard under similar circumstances for many moons. The scoring, too, was above par, and very few "ball-ups" occurred in this branch of the shoot. Where the shooting is rapid fire, and when a quick firing squad is at the score, it takes more than ordinary quickness of apprehension to accurately mark down the correct score. N. Walker was the scorer at the magautrap, Bob Scarf at the other set. The pullers were: magautrap, R. Cantler; other traps, R. Merefield.

In the cashier's office Dr. Samuel J. Fort, of Ellicott City, Md., was chief, with R. H. Burton, the representative of the Baltimore *Herald*, as his assistant. This part of the management of the tournament was handled as satisfactorily as the other branches. Altogether, it may be said that Manager Shaner was fortunate in his help.

GUNS, POWDERS AND SHELLS.

A canvass of a large majority of the shooters on the grounds showed the following guns, powders and shells in use:

Guns: L. C. Smith 13, Parker 11, Winchester 7, Greener 3, Francotte 2, Baker 1, Colt 1, Lefever 1.

Powders: Du Pont 13, E. C. 11, Schultze 6, W-A 3, Hazard 2, Gold Dust 1, Du Pont & Hazard 1, Austin 1, King's 1.

Shells: U. M. C. (Trap, Smokeless and Nitro) 24, Winchester (Leader, Repeater) 11, Peters's Victor 1, U. M. C. & Winchester 3.

With the above list we must bring our account of this tournament to a close, leaving it to a review of the scores made and the averages recorded in the tables given below to tell the rest of the story.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

Although no average prizes were offered by the club there was perhaps almost as much rivalry for places in the "general average" list as if such solid cash inducements had been promised to the high men. If no other proof of the success of the Baltimore tournament could be adduced, it would be sufficient to simply state the fact that eighteen men shot through the entire programme on both days, while a round dozen or thereabouts missed only one or two events.

The weather conditions of the two days were exactly opposites. As has been stated, on April 14, there was warmth enough to make a regular "shirt-sleeve shoo"; what little breeze there was, too, played no tricks with the targets; while the bright light and moderate background seemed to warrant big scores. On April 15 it was entirely different: A heavy soaking rain fell until about 10 o'clock; a wind sprang up then from the southwest and drifted the clouds away, the sun coming out brightly before noon. But with the sun came a squally wind that almost reached the dignity of a gale at times, while at others it fairly died away. This fickleness of the breeze made good shooting much a matter of luck, but still there was no keeping the good shots down. Glover and Fulford headed the lists on both days, and their names will be found in the following table of general averages at the top of the heap. Hood Waters, a Baltimorean, honestly deserved his position as third on the list, while Van Dyke's good work on the first day, and Fanning's Garrison finish on the second day, landed them a tie for fourth and fifth places. Brewer, Alkire and Trimble, all closely bunched, came next in order named.

A reference to the table below will tell the rest of the story:

	First day.	Second day.	Total.	Average.
S Glover	164	162	326	93.1
E D Fulford	162	157	319	91.1
Hood	155	151	306	87.4
F Van Dyke	159	144	303	86.5
J S Fanning	148	155	303	86.5
J L Brewer	150	151	301	86
F D Alkire	152	147	299	85.4
R Trimble	142	155	297	84.8
F S Edwards	151	145	296	84.5
W Crosby	154	137	291	83.1
Tarheel	149	142	291	83.1
Capt Money	140	143	283	80.8
H M Stewart	150	132	282	80.5
M M Mayhew	133	140	273	78
York	131	125	256	73
U M C	135	119	254	72.5
Mitchell	130	122	252	72
H P Collins	114	99	213	60.8

First Day, April 14.

With a magautrap and a set of bluerock expert traps in position, and with only a matter of forty-three shooters to handle, Elmer Shaner was in no hurry to start, not a gun being fired until about 10:15. Once a start was made, everything went along so rapidly and smoothly that the boys were all shot out before 4:30. The programme called for 175 targets, and three extra 15 target events were also shot. Thus some idea of the work done can easily be figured out. Over 7,000 targets were thrown, a large number, when the total of shooters is taken into consideration.

A list of forty-three shooters does not sound large compared with the totals in the old days of "$2,000 (or $3,000) added," but it is really a large number to get together nowadays, and any tournament which, like this one, can boast of twenty-five entries "for all day" must be classed among the successes of the season of 1897. It must not be overlooked also that a large tournament took place at Atchison, Kansas, on the same dates as those of the Baltimore Interstate.

The list of entries in each event on the programme shows that the boys started in to shoot at the beginning, and stayed until the last event. The following gives the list of entries in each event: No. 1, 30; No. 2, 35; No. 3, 35; No. 4, 33; No. 5, 32; No 6, 31; No. 7, 39; No. 8, 37; No 9, 37; No. 10, 31. This gives an average entry for the ten events of 34.

Glover started off like a race horse, only losing two targets out of the first 85 shot at. With such a start, and shooting as he always does a most regular gait, it is no cause for astonishment that he finished in the lead with the high average of 93.7. He did not win first honors, however, without a struggle, as Fulford, who started badly, finished very strongly with 120 breaks out of the last 125 targets shot at, averaging for the 175 shot at in the programme events just 92.5 per cent. Van Dyke, who was scarcely shooting his regular gait, being erratic in some events, landed third place with 90.8. Hood was fourth, Crosby fifth and Alkire sixth.

On this day Manager Shaner ran off the 15-target events on the magautraps, and the 20-target events on the expert traps. This naturally made some pauses between the events as the programme wore on, the 15-target events being shot out proportionately faster than the others, owing to the saving of time in shooting over a magautrap when a target breaks in the trap. Shaner, however, felt that it was rather a stiff game to run novices up against if they were set to shoot against the crackerjacks, for only four places in the 20-target events over the magautrap; the work of the "preparation afternoon" referred to above had given some of the boys quite a scare.

Below are the scores made in the 10 programme events:

SCORES OF APRIL 14

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Shot at	Broke.	Av.
Glover	15	19	15	20	14	17	14	19	14	17	175	164	93.7
Fulford	13	16	13	19	14	19	15	19	15	19	175	162	92.5
Van Dyke	13	17	14	18	14	19	15	17	15	17	175	159	90.8
Hood	10	16	15	19	13	20	14	18	12	18	175	155	88.5
Crosby	13	18	13	19	10	18	15	17	13	18	175	154	88
Alkire	12	18	14	17	14	19	14	18	11	15	175	152	86.8
Edwards	14	18	14	18	14	16	11	17	13	16	175	151	86.2
Stewart	12	18	14	16	15	18	11	15	15	16	175	150	85.7
Brewer	15	18	11	14	9	19	14	18	14	18	175	150	85 7
Tarheel	13	17	12	16	13	17	14	18	11	18	175	149	85.1
Fanning	13	17	12	15	14	19	12	18	12	16	175	148	84.5
Hughes	13	13	15	17	12	18	11	17	12	18	175	146	83.4
Trimble	11	18	12	18	13	17	14	15	11	13	175	142	81.1
Money	11	16	13	18	13	15	12	17	9	16	175	140	80
Mattingley	11	16	8	17	13	16	11	18	14	15	175	139	79.4
Wagner	12	17	12	16	12	17	13	15	12	13	175	139	79.4
Taylor	13	16	11	16	15	13	15	13	10	16	175	138	78.8
U M C	9	16	14	15	11	17	11	17	9	16	175	135	77.1
Bond	11	16	13	18	12	16	12	13	12	12	175	135	77.1
Mayhew	12	11	10	16	13	20	10	13	12	16	175	133	76
North	12	16	14	12	14	13	13	14	11	13	175	132	75.4
Lupus	13	15	15	13	9	16	10	13	12	16	175	132	75.4
York	11	17	12	14	12	14	13	17	8	13	175	131	74.8
Mitchell	9	11	13	15	10	14	13	16	13	16	175	130	74.2
Collins	5	14	8	15	11	10	15	16	8	12	175	114	75.1
Macalester	..	17	13	20	13	18	13	17	15	13	160	139	86.8
Thurman	..	18	11	16	13	16	15	17	14	19	160	138	86.2
Wolstencroft	..	18	14	16	11	18	13	16	13	17	160	136	85
Smith	14	18	12	16	..	15	13	17	11	18	160	134	83.7
Burkhardt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	15	14	55	46	83.6
Hawkins	..	18	15	14	13	15	10	17	12	18	160	132	82.5
Coe	8	14	11	14	11	16	14	12	..	..	140	100	71.4
Charles	12	18	10	16	..	..	..	10	..	11	100	77	77
Mantz	12	14	8	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	65	42	64.6
Kiefer	8	14	7	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	65	40	61.5
Brooks	..	..	15	..	11	..	..	12	..	13	60	51	85
Walls	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	..	55	30	54.5
Hall	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	14	13	..	50	34	68
Malone	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	11	..	35	27	77.1
Du Bray	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	9	..	..	..	35	24	68.5
Hamson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	13	..	30	19	63.3
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	..	35	28	80
Harvey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	10	..	35	26	74.2

Second Day, April 15.

A more disheartening kind of an outlook for the second day could scarcely have been provided than that which greeted the shooters when they came down to breakfast at the Carrollton Hotel on April 15. The rain was pouring down in sheets from a lot of leaden clouds that spread over the city of Baltimore; and not a breath of air was stirring to give promise of something better in store. With no average money to fight for, it is not to be wondered at that the boys hung around the hotel office and discussed the state of the money market and the prospects of war between Greece and Turkey until well on to 10 o'clock. Then a break came in the sky and the clouds began to move off a little. By the time the grounds were reached (and it's a long ride to Halsted's Hotel) only a slight drizzle was falling; and before the first two events were finished, the sun was out good and strong; and out to stay.

And such shooting as it was during the greater part of the day! Glover and Fulford held up well; Fanning and Trimble, and Hood and Brewer also shot well. But the rest were scarcely anywhere. Whether it was a case of funk, luck or lack of condition, there was something radically wrong with the rest of us. The 15s were shot today on the expert set of traps and some fair averages were made in them. But when it came to the 20s and the "Maggie," then there was fun and lots of cyphers. Right-quarterers curved off down hill and dipped and scooted to beat the band; left-quarterers slid up the hill and into the ground after a fashion that left nothing to be desired in the way of variety of angles or styles of shooting.

There were consequently some curiosities in the way of scores. With only 4 moneys in the 20-target events, 15 was not necessarily out of the money. In event No. 6 there was only one 20—Fulford; not a single 19; only two 18s—Glover and Brewer; and not a single 17! In No 8, Fulford, Trimble and Brewer were high with 18; Van Dyke and Hawkins were the solitary 17s!

EXTRAS ON THE "MAGGIE."

In addition to the ten programme events, six extra 15-target events were also shot off on the "Maggie," and in one of these with twenty-five entries, Fanning took first money alone on 14, and, if we remember right, there were only two 13s. In the sixth extra, with twelve entries, 13 was high and took first money alone, while the solitary 12 captured second money. In these extra events the "old system" of dividing purses was given a chance, with the usual results.

There were thirty-eight shooters on the ground to-day, but the average entry list in the programme events was much smaller than on the first day. The average to-day was good enough in all conscience, the figures showing 27.7 in each event as follows: No. 1, 29; No. 2, 28; No. 3, 28; No. 4, 29; No. 5, 23; No. 6, 27; No. 7, 27; No. 8, 23; No. 9, 31; No. 10, 27. The above shows that the boys stuck the game out, and we claim that it was owing to the system of dividing moneys.

The scores in the programme events were as below:

SCORES OF APRIL 15.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Glover	15	20	15	18	12	18	15	16	14	19	175	162	92.5
Fulford	13	18	13	18	15	20	12	18	12	18	175	157	89.7
Fanning	13	18	14	19	14	16	12	16	13	20	175	155	88.5
Trimble	14	18	11	18	12	16	14	18	14	20	175	155	88.5
Hood	14	17	15	17	11	16	15	16	15	15	175	151	86.2
Brewer	14	18	13	16	14	18	14	18	13	13	175	151	86.2
Alkire	14	19	13	13	14	14	14	16	14	16	175	147	84
Edwards	14	17	10	16	14	15	14	16	14	15	175	145	82.8
Van Dyke	13	16	11	16	13	14	13	17	15	16	175	144	82.2
Money	13	17	15	17	15	14	12	14	10	16	175	143	81.7
Tarheel	14	18	12	16	15	12	12	16	12	15	175	142	81.1
Mayhew	13	16	14	18	12	16	12	15	10	14	175	140	80
Crosby	14	17	15	17	13	13	7	11	13	17	175	137	78.2
Macalester	11	16	12	14	13	15	11	13	14	16	175	135	77.1
Stewart	15	10	12	16	12	11	12	16	13	15	175	132	75.4
York	12	13	13	16	10	15	10	9	10	17	175	125	71.4
Mitchell	10	16	12	16	12	13	10	12	11	10	175	122	69.7
U M C	14	14	9	16	10	9	13	10	13	11	175	119	68
Collins	8	13	9	12	9	12	6	10	10	10	175	99	56.5
Smith	14	16	..	16	13	..	13	..	14	..	100	86	86
Hawkins	..	18	12	14	11	16	13	17	13	20	160	134	83.7
Gent	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	18	35	28	80
Antique	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	35	27	77.1
Wolstencroft	13	18	12	12	14	16	13	..	13	18	155	129	76.7
Burkhardt	12	14	12	16	8	16	11	..	13	17	155	119	76.7
Taylor	13	15	10	16	14	14	14	..	..	10	140	106	75.7
Lupus	12	16	9	..	12	14	..	..	..	..	85	63	74.1
Thurman	14	15	13	12	12	14	9	..	9	16	155	114	73.5
North	12	12	14	16	9	12	9	..	..	..	120	84	70
Brooks	13	..	10	13	..	10	9	11	..	..	105	66	62.8
Coe	10	13	10	11	9	..	..	..	7	12	120	72	60
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	..	35	19	54.2

In addition to the above 38 shooters, 6 others took part in the shooting, entering in one event, as follows:

Kiefer in No. 1, breaking 8; Wright broke 9 in No. 4; in No. 9, Cantler broke 10, Malone 12, Du Bray 10.

Third Day, April 16.

This was a bright, sunshiny day, with little or no wind in the morning. Shortly after noon a breeze sprung up, and before the Maryland Handicap was finished there was a good breeze blowing. The birds as a whole were very good, being mostly quick to start and strong on the wing.

Two sets of traps were used, the referees being J. Merryweather and Ed. Coe. The handicaps were awarded by Messrs. Park, Starr and Malone. Brewer, from the 32yds. mark, killed his birds in good form and won strictly on his merits. Crosby's retrieve of his 25th bird close to the wire was a clever one, and elicitated lots of applause. He needed the bird too, and his 25 straight was one for which he deserved and received congratulations. Fulford, Alkire and Hawkins were the three 24s and helped to divide up the pot.

Some miss and-outs were also shot of which we kept no record, but the balance of the scores, as well as the results in the Maryland Handicap, are given below:

Maryland Handicap:

Brewer (32)	2222222222222122?222 22 22	—25
Crosby (30)	1221222 ?1222?21?2223222222	—25
Fulford (30)	21221 22111 ?22?1121212?22	—24
Hawkins (29)	22?22122?21?22 ?1121121 0 ?2	—24
Malone (28)	11211221?•1112221121122?2	—24
Alkire (29)	1112222?122222222102?12?20	—23
Du Bray (28)	2212112221222?220112022?2?2	—23
Van Dyke (30)	2222222022112?222?22?22?2•—	—23
Antique (27)	11121?111•12211120111?•11 2?	
Du Pont (28)	122?•1011112•21111121 ?12?—	—22
Fanning (31)	222•1•2?1212012?12221?12?—	—22
Mitchell (26)	22121 011•1111212221120 —	—22
Welch (30)	1222222220?22210?2•?12112—	2
Cunningham (27)	2212?20012222020?222 ?2222—	—21
Wagner (28)	1112122102121212202012?10—	—21
F Clayton (27)	1221121210012220?11• 1111—	—20
James (27)	22?02220.2?22212?2•?••2224—	—19
Simms (27)	0120?1?0?10?1222•1•?12222 —	19
J D Thurman (28)	12110122220111202101000—	—18
White (28)	1122210020•0?210•22222?022—	—18

	No. 1.	No. 2.	Extra No. 1.
Mitchell	1111212—7	1011122221— 9	0.01122012— 7
Wagner	1221121—7	2111101111— 9	.....
Clayton	1212121—7	1221021012— 8	2022110 —
Fulford	2212212—7	2022222201— 8	2122210222— 9
Burkhardt	2011121—6	22 00.0201— 6	.....
Fanning	2210211—6	1212222122—10	1012122?0 —
Crosby	2222112—7	2112221212 10	....
Van Dyke	2220222—6	2222222222—10	221.2.0 —
Welch	2212212—7	0222212212— 9	1121202.22— 9
Du Bray	2212211—7	22?0110110— 7	2221002222— 8
Brewer	2222222—7	222222?201— 9	2221102122— 9
Alkire	2222222—7	212?222222—10	.....
Tarheel	1021201—5	.....	.....
Hood	2222202—6	0202122222— 8	.....
Mayhew	2220222—6	211?02222	.....
Dupont	1122021—6	0111212121— 9	.....
Cunningham	0	22?2?12201— 9	....
Hawkins	0112212—6	2122211122—10	2?222220
Simms	0220201—4	022?	.....
Yock	....	2220?02222— 8	.....
White	....	2?222021?2— 9	.....
Coe	....	2222202201— 8	.....
Malone	....	1122122222—10	1220?2220
James	....	02.02?2202— 6	.....
Vance	....	.....	1122?2?012— 9

Extra No. 2:

Fulford (30)	1212?21222—10	Simms (27)	2022220102 — 7
Malone (29)	21•1111212— 9	Vance (28)	1200?2002?— 5
Clayton (27)	2201211011— 8	Welch (30)	222••00 —

EDWARD BANKS.

Remington Gun Club.

The Remington Gun Club, of Ilion, N. Y., was organized Saturday night, April 10, with sixty members, and elected the following officers: Wilfrid Hartley, President; H. W. Bradley, Vice-President; W. H. Grimshaw, Secretary and Treasurer; M. Hepburn, Captain. Directors: F. A. Armstrong, Geo. Humphrey, L. N. Walker, A. D. Richardson, Henry Chismore, Jos. Loy, M. H. Sterling, B. B. Ross.

Committees were appointed on grounds, buildings, etc., also on constitution and by-laws. The meeting was well attended, and a very enthusiastic feeling was manifested by the members present, which bids fair for the new club. The meeting was adjourned subject to the call of the chair. Anyone wishing to join should see that their names are handed in to the Secretary.

ON LONG ISLAND.

ERIE GUN CLUB.

April 14.—Twelve members of the Erie Gun Club took part to-day in the regular monthly prize shoot of the club at Dexter Park. The scores made were as below:

Class AA, 23yds.

C Plate	2112112—7	J Plate	100•012—3
H Dohrmann	222•121—7		

Class A, 28yds.

H Muller	1011212—6	J F Schmadecke	0001200—2
H Blackley	1022000—3		

Class B, 27yds.

F Graef	1101012—5	W M Roberts	2012001—4
A H Luhressen	2002101—4	G Fuchs	101120•—4
D J Lynch	2102010—4		

Class C, 26yds.

J H Pate	0012211—5

Sweepstakes, 3 birds, three moneys, class shooting: Graef 3, J. H. Pate 3, C. Pate 2, Schmadecke 2, John Plate 2, Blackley 2, Fuchs 2, Lynch 2, Dohrmann 2, Luhressen 2, Roberts 1, Tiedemann 1; Graef and Plate divided first money; Roberts and Tiedemann divided third money.

Shoot-off for second money, miss and-out: J. Plate 5, Schmadecke 4, Blackley 3, Luhressen 2, Dohrmann 1, Charles Plate 0, Fuchs 0, Lynch 0.

SWEEPSTAKES AT DEXTER PARK.

April 15.—Several sweepstakes at live birds were shot to-day at Dexter Park, some good scores being made by those present. Scores:

No. 1, 5 birds, handicap: H. S. Lemon (28) 5, John R. Littlejohn (25) 5, F. I. Ibert (27) 4, Clay Boyd (31) 1, John R. Daniels (21) 0.

No. 2, same: C. Boyd 5, J. R. Daniels 5, J. R. Littlejohn 4, F. I. Ibert 3, H. S. Lemon 2.

No. 3, same: H. S. Lemon 5, F. I. Ibert 5, J. R. Littlejohn 5, Clay Boyd 5, J. R. Daniels 5.

Shoot-off, miss-and-out: H. S. Lemon 8, C. Boyd 7, J. R. Littlejohn 5, F. I. Ibert 2, J. R. Daniels 0.

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB.

April 15.—Only two members of the Fountain Gun Club were on hand to-day at Dexter Park for the club's regular monthly live bird shoot. The club shoot is at 10 live birds for yearly prizes. Following are the scores made:

Class A—30yds.		Class B—28yds.	
W Lair	11211•••02—6	Adfur Eddy	2111•11110—8

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

April 17.—The semi-monthly live-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club, at Woodlawn, L. I., was attended by ten members. C. Furgueson was the winner in Class A; Conny Furgueson in Class B, and D. Lohman in Class C. Dr. Shepard was tied with Conny Furgueson in Class B, but forfeited instead of shooting off. Scores were:

Club shoot:

Class A.

C Furgueson (30)	2022222222—9	J Gaughen (28)	0222020w
C M Meyer (30)	2202220•22—7		

Class B.

Conny Furgueson (27)	2222•20222—8	J N Meyer (28)	•2012221•—6
Dr Shepard (27)	1222100122—8	F A Thompson (29)	1010220010—5

Class C.

D Lohman (25)	•2223022•2—6	E G Frost (27)	2020000000—2
E Lohman (27)	0•01•1221•—5		

Sweeps were also shot, as below: Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were 5 birds; No. 5 was a match at 10 birds for the price of the birds; No. 6 was a similar race at 5 birds. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
C Furgueson (30)	5	2	4	w			J N Meyer (27)	2	3	2	3	..	..
F Thompson (28)	4	1	4	5	9	2	Dr Shepard (27)	3	5	4	4	6	3
Conny Furgueson (27)	5	4	5	3	..	..	J Gaughen (28)	..	..	3	5	..	..
							E Lohman (27)	..	..	2	..	..	..

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

April 17.—The monthly handicap cup shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club was held on the club's grounds, Liberty avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn, this afternoon. The attendance was good, and there was plenty of shooting. The magautrap worked well, but the high wind made good scores an impossibility. The cup was won by J. G. Lindzey, with 44 out of 55 shot at. The scores in this event were as follows (the allowance of extra targets to be shot at being shown in brackets), the race being at 50 targets, handicap allowance:

Lindzey (5) 44, Edwards (0) 41, Remsen (1) 40, Baron (6) 37, Billings (15) 37, G. Piercy (3) 35, A. A. Hegeman (10) 26, L. Piercy (5) 35, Williams (5) 31, Swan (15) 26, Wright (15) 22.

Several practice sweeps were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	15	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	15	10	10
Edwards	6	8	5	13	12	..	..	..	Beveridge	6	6	5	..	..	..	..	..
Remsen	9	8	7	10	14	..	7	10	Baron	6	..	4	..	11	..	..	..
Billings	4	4	..	10	..	..	..	..	Wright	..	4	3	5	..	..	..	..
Green	6	7	7	11	7	13	8	6	G Piercy	..	..	..	..	15	12	11	7
Hegeman	4	2	5	..	..	..	..	..	L Piercy	..	..	..	..	8	10	11	..
Williams	4	4	6	12	10	10	8	..	Wakeman	..	..	..	..	3	8	..	..
Swan	7	4	4	5	..	..	..	..									

The Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

BURLINGTON, Vt., April 9.—A six-men team race was shot to-day on the grounds of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, of this city. The contest was for the team championship of the State and a gold badge donated by the home club. The weather was very disagreeable, as rain fell, with a little snow thrown in at times. The air also was very cold, and chilled the shooters so thoroughly that just as soon as they had shot out their strings they would make a break for the club house and huddle round the stove until called out to shoot again. Considering the weather conditions, the scores were as good as could be expected.

The teams from Montpelier and Barre are as fine a lot of shooters and gentlemen as we ever hope to meet. They shot out their scores without a hitch or a kick of any kind. It is just such behavior as this that makes shoots of this sort a success, and we wish to express the thanks of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club through the medium of your columns for the pleasant time we enjoyed with our guests.

As you will see from the scores, Montpelier won the badge with 446 out of 600. Barre broke 414, leading Burlington by just 6 breaks. The conditions of the team shoot were 75 known and 25 unknown angles. Both before and after the shoot several practice sweeps were shot. Owing to the weather only about 125 spectators were on hand. Scores were:

Montpelier Gun Club.		Barre Gun Club.	
Barrett	22 20 23 24—88	Abbey	18 17 21 15—71
Standish	19 20 16 15—70	Griffin	17 19 15 19—70
Fiske	19 19 22 19—79	Reynolds	22 19 19 14—74
Ferrin	20 16 15 19—70	Bennett	21 19 15 17—72
Brown	15 17 16 17—65	Abbott	18 19 16 13—66
Towne	21 14 17 23—74—446	Hoisington	16 18 16 11—61—414

Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Morgan	16 15 15 13—59	Phelps	11 12 17 13—53
Burns	16 20 13 21—70	Worthen	19 18 18 19—74
Spear	21 18 20 18—77	Colvin	17 22 22 14—75—408

Practice sweeps were shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	10	15	10	25	25	25	10	Targets:	15	10	15	10	25	25	25	10
Abbey	13	6	11	9	15	19	19	..	Morgan	..	..	10	5	..	..	..	..
Griffin	8	9	7	7	10	..	..	..	Norris	..	..	4	1	..	..	..	..
Reynolds	11	4	10	5	12	..	..	..	Burns	..	..	..	..	16	..	15	..
Bennett	8	5	10	8	19	..	..	..	Abbey	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..
Abbott	8	7	9	5	13	..	..	..	Reynolds	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..
Hoisington	11	10	10	8	14	..	..	..	Griffin	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
Brown	9	7	14	5	..	17	16	6	Barrett	..	..	..	..	..	22	21	9
Worthen	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	Shepard	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..
Phelps	10	4	..	..	..	..	10	..	Fiske	..	..	..	..	..	23	..	8
Ellsworth	12	9	12	8	16	..	..	..	Standish	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Hatch	9	9	11	8	19	..	..	..	Ferrin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Backun	6	2	7	3	..	8	..	..	Towne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7

J. S. DENNING, Sec'y.

Marlin Gun Club.

MARLIN, Texas, April 10.—Event No. 1, 10 empire targets, known traps and angles:

W Turner	1101111111— 9	C J Bartlett	0010000110— 3
C W Rush	1111110101— 8	R B Lewis	1110110011— 7
L S Rush, Jr	1111111111—10		

No. 2, same as No. 1:

W W Turner	1111101101— 8	C J Bartlett	1100011111— 7
C W Rush	1111100111— 8	R B Lewis	1111111111—10
L S Ross, Jr	1111111111—10	E R Emery	1111010100— 6

The handicap event for the beautiful Laflin & Rand Powder Co. trophy will be shot off on the 16th inst. E. R. EMERY, Pres.

IN NEW JERSEY.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

April 17.—The attendance at Elkwood Park to-day was small, but there was plenty of wind and some good birds to shoot at. No. 1 was 15 birds, $15, use of one barrel only; No. 2, 5 pairs, $10; No. 3, $5 miss-and-out; Nos. 4 and 5 at pairs, $5 entrance; No. 6, 10 birds, $5. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Daly (26)	111111111111111—15	(25) 11 11 10 11 11—9	(29) 0
White (26)	111110111111111—14	(25) 01 10 10 11 10—6	(26) 111111
Smith	...	...	(28) 12?220
Ivins	...	...	(29) 211122

	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Daly (25)	11 10 10 10 10—6	11 11 10—5	(29) 1110222122—9
White (25)	11 10 10 10 11—7	10 11 10—4	(28) 1211111001—8
Smith (25)	10 11 10 10 10—6	11 10 00—3	(26) 2212011220—8
Ivins	...	...	(29) 1112122220—9

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

April 17.—The following scores were made to day at the regular weekly practice shoot of the Bergen County Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	25	25	10	10	15	15	25	Targets:	25	25	25	10	10	15	15	25
Thompson	15	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	Cole	17	20	17	5	..	10	10	20
Williams	19	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	Gardner, Sr	..	..	..	3	4	..	..	10
Jackson	16	18	14	2	..	..	10	17	Cog	..	..	..	8	4	..	..	..

C. O. GARDNER, Sec'y.

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 8.—The following scores were made to-day at Watson's Park:

C M Grimm	2222202220222222202221222222—23
E S Rice	0101212112211021202220000100—18
Burgis	10121 — 4

April 10.—The following scores were shot to-day:

M Franklin	2111211021211210220110120102l1—24
	1201122111200112101102011222221—24
	1212112220122221 —14
Dr Shaw	2222222022222222202202 —19
J H Amberg	2220222221212201 —13
Hollester	1120111001102211012211102 —18
Dwyer	2112021101211121201211011 —21
Sloan	1201120220202020200100222222 —18
Jack Hibbard	1220111000101111211 2 —14
Tripp	1212111012012202 —12

Target scores were shot as below:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
M Franklin	80	72	Shaw	140	127
Hibbard	80	74	Amberg	55	46
Hollester	125	90	Tripp	100	79

April 14.—The following scores were made to-day at Watson's Park:

No 1, 30 live birds per man:

Thompson	2222202222202022222222222022—26
Dr Carver	1200102012202221222111222222022—24

No. 2, 60 targets per man:

Thompson	1101001001111110110111111111001—21
	1101001100100110101001011100l1—16—37
Carver	0110010101011101011111111111111—23
	1111110111111111111011111111111—28—51

Same day, live birds:

L C Willard	1102111201101211212211211—22
	1111221022101200222111101—20
	2200200001211121120121212—18—60

Same day, 50-target match:

Hollester	1111110111010111111111111—22
	1111111111111111111101111—23—45
Willard	0111111111001110111101111—20
	1101110111111111111101011—21—41

April 15.—Only a little live bird and target practice was indulged in to-day, the following records being made:

Jaybird shot at 20 live birds, scoring 16.

John Snipe shot at 100 targets, scoring 86.

April 17.—The following scores were made on live birds to-day:

Levi	1112102220102?2 —12
Amberg	1110100022201102010?0 —12
Hollester	212?10•2•0111022000222?22—17

RAVELRIGG.

Trap at Buffalo.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB'S WEEKLY.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 10.—The attendance at the Audubon Gun Club's weekly shoot, held to-day at Audubon Park, was as usual largely attended. Event No 3 was the badge shoot, the winners in the different classes being: Class A, Alexander; Class B, P. G. Myer; Class C, George Zoeller. No. 5 was at reversed order, and No. 7 expert rules. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	20	10	Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	20	10
EC Burkhardt	9	13	21	14	8	19	8	W Hines, Jr.	..	13	23	14	11	..	7
Alexander	10	13	24	13	13	18	8	J E Lodge	..	9	15	11	..	..	..
C S Burkhardt	7	13	18	13	12	17	10	A Combs	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
J J Reid	7	12	15	10	6	18	3	R F Hankin	..	..	17	..	..	..	..
G Zoeller	8	14	22	10	11	18	..	J Patrick	..	12	23	9	..	..	..
Dupont	9	11	22	13	..	..	..	G Floss	..	12	..	11	13	19	9
F Sauer	7	8	15	10	8	18	4	E P Reynolds	..	..	19	12	6	13	3
McMichael	8	12	17	11	8	17	..	Norris	..	..	..	14	14	16	8
G McArthur	5	11	21	11	10	11	6	Bill Kay	..	..	..	..	5	12	6
N E Story	5	11	14	11	8	..	..	Reinecke	..	..	23	..	..	..	..
P G Myer	9	9	22	14	7	..	..								

BISON GUN CLUB.

April 8.—To-day's weekly shoot of the Bison Gun Club was full of interest, it being the last practice shoot prior to the two days' tournament next week. No 4 was the badge event. In this contest the winners were: Class A, Werlin; Class B, Danser; Class C, Buehling. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	15	25	10	10	15	15	10	10	10
Mignerny	6	14	12	20	8	8	12	..	..	..	..
Buehling	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McCarney	..	..	7	13	8	5	..	..	..	..	..
Storey	..	..	11	16	8	5	12	..	..	..	..
Ditton	7	10	10	15	8	..	14	13	9	..	..
Werlin	6	13	12	23	8	7	11	13	10	9	9
Siegrist	9	11	12	18	6	6	12	13	9	..	..
Danser	..	..	10	19	6	7	8	9	8	..	6
Vine	..	..	..	16	..	6	8	..	..	..	..
Cooper	5	11	14	14	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Alderman	..	8	11	..	7	6	12	15	8	..	..
W H W	..	..	8	..	6	6	9	11	8	..	..
Snap	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	9	7	..
Wheeler	..	12	15	..	8	8	14	15	9	10	..
Cook	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	1	5	5
Smith	4	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	5	..	..
Bauman	..	..	..	..	7	5	12	12	8	6	..
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8

Trap at Pittsburg.

TEAM RACE AT DAVIS ISLAND.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 16.—There was an exceedingly interesting live-bird team race at the Herron Hill Gun Club grounds to-day. Messrs. C. A. May and Rickey competed against Fargo and Strong. Each man shot at 100 live birds and their scores were as follows: Rickey, 44 out of his first 50 and 40 out of his second, a total of 84; C. A. May, 46 out of his first 50 and 40 out of his second, a total of 86, or a grand total of 170 for the two men. Fargo killed 42 out of his first 50 and 41 out of his second, a total of 83; Strong killed 46 out of his first 50 and 45 out of his second, a total of 91, or a grand total of 174. Fargo and Strong thus won by 4 birds.

HAZELWOOD GUN CLUB.

April 16.—The Hazelwood Gun Club had a pleasant shoot to day at its grounds in Calhoun Park. The first two events were at 10 targets, all the others at 15 targets. The weather was bad when shooting commenced, but was all right toward the finish. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Mack	8	7	8	13	9	11	10	12	14	12	11	11
Budd	8	6	12	11	14	12	11	13	12	13	15	13
Crossland	..	..	..	12	11	13	6	9	10	9	12	11
McKee	..	..	..	13	10	12	7	10	12	12	15	9
Old Hoss	..	..	..	..	13	12	11	13	10	7	12	9
Pills	..	..	..	..	9	13	9	9	9	10	11	12
Whiting	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	11	13	12	13	13
Cochran	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	13	15	13	11
W J Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	10	11	13
Lowrey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	8	13

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, April 8.—The regular monthly live-bird shoot of the Cobweb Gun Club was held to-day at Baychester. The day was a beautiful one and there was a good attendance and some good shooting, particularly among the members of Class A, in which McKeon beat out his old opponent, Grant Nicholls, and won the badge. Scores:

	No. 1.	Tie.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Class A, 30yds.					
P McKeon	22111—5	02211	21220—4	00101—2	2110002—4
G Nicholls	21121—5	10110	.....	.....	.....
E Miller	11010—3	.....	11002—3	.....	.....
C Zorn	102•2 3	.....	.....	.....	.....
T Hendrick	20100—2	.....	11101—4	.....	.....
M McDonnell	01010—2	.....	12101—4	.....	1211200—4
Class B, 28yds.					
W Cashar	20102—3	.....	112•0—3	20•22—3	1210201—5
Class C, 27yds.					
H Miller	02022—3	.....	.....	01110—3	.....
G Thompson	210••—2	.....	.....	.....	.....
C Ditmar	20•0•—1	.....	.....	.....	.....
E McDonnell	00010—1	.....	21•02—3	12022—4	0010100—2
Class Z.					
D Van Cott	01002—2	.....	.....	11210—4	.....

GEO. W. THOMPSON, JR., Secy.

New Lincoln Gun Club.

LINCOLN, Neb., April 8.—The attendance at the first weekly shoot of the New Lincoln Gun Club was quite large, and a pleasant time was enjoyed by all present. Below are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Latshaw	8	8	..	10	..	..	4	..	..	..	7	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Erb	8	8	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	..	..	..	5	10	..
Ginther	7	5	..	..	7	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Knott	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Bain	8	..	7	..	..	9	..	..	..	7	..	7	..	9	9	6	..	..
P H Carter	..	5	..	..	5	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	4	3	2	2	..
Lintner	..	4	..	..	..	5	..	..	5	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Simpkins	..	5	..	5	..	6	..	4	..	..	4	6	..	5	6	7	4	5
Geo Carter	..	..	7	..	6	..	6	..	..	..	..	4	8	..	7	..	9	5
Town	..	..	8	..	5	..	7	..	6	..	4	..	6	..	..	..	7	..
Woods	..	..	9	..	6	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	6	..	7	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	6	..
Parker	..	..	7	..	..	6	..	7	..	5	..	8	..	8	5	7	1	6
Malone	..	..	6	..	..	8	..	..	..	6	..	8	..	8	..	7	7	8
Troyer	..	..	..	..	6	..	7	..	8	..	7	..	8	..	7	..	..	..
Mann	..	..	..	..	6	..	5	..	6	..	6	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
Kerr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	6	..	6	..	7	..	..	..	..
Franz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..

Event No. 17 was 5 pairs; all other events were 10 targets, unknown angles.

WM. D. BAIN, Pres.

Warren Gun Club.

WARREN, O., April 8.—Inclosed find scores made at our club shoot to-day. The cup contest was won by Judge Chryst, who broke 19 out of 25, which with his allowance of 6, gave him a clean score of 25. The scores:

T S Chryst (6)	1111111100111101111101100111111—25
P D Horton (6)	0111010011110101010001111111111—21
J W Nonneman (0)	1111111111101010011111 11 —21
A J Sutcliff (5)	1010100111100110011111101111 —21
R W Ewalt (0)	0001111110111101111111101 —19
H B Perkins, Jr (5)	1000111001111100100100111111111 —19
E A Bierg (5)	0010100000010000011000010111111 —11
Sweep:	
R W Ewalt	1111110111111101111101011—21
J W Nonneman	1000111111101100111011111—18
H B Perkins, Jr	1110100111 0001111111001—17
A J Sutcliff	0110001100001101101001111—14
E A Bierg	0110011001110001110100100—12

R. W. EWALT, Sec'y.

Waterloo Gun Club.

WATERLOO, Ia., April 9.—The medal shoot of the Waterloo Gun Club was held this afternoon, 15 members of the club competing for the silver medal. E. W. Coburn scored the first win for the trophy by breaking 21 out of 25 targets. Scores were:

E B Walker	1111111100111101001110l0 —18
E W Coburn	1111111111011001111101l1 —21
H G Bloeser	0101011101011001111111111—18
J R Griffin	1001111101011111101101001—16
G W Hackett	0100100111101110111001110—13
C S Choate	0001010111101010101101011—14
M J O'Keefe	0111011011001000000100010—11
N Lies	0110000101100101001100110—11
F A Ward	1111001100001101101001011—14
C S Cleaver	1011011011000000111011000—12
C H Turner	1000000100001100001001000— 6

The silver canister of W A powder, donated by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., will be shot for on April 16.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

J. H. S., Santiago, Chile.—Is there anything that could be applied to the feet of pointers to prevent them from becoming tender and sore? Does feeding a pointer with meat affect his scenting powers? and if so, what food will improve this power? What is the best thing to give a young pointer when he has the distemper? Ans. Keep him warm and dry, allow no exercise, feed well, give 5grs. of salicylate of soda three times a day.

E. C., New York.—About twelve years ago I received a consignment of skins from Arizona, near the border of New Mexico. The consignor called them buckskins. The skins sold here at $1 25 per pound. Weight of the largest skin was about 3lbs. Would you kindly let me know, under Answers to Correspondents, to what species of deer they belong? Ans. You do not give much information to go on—merely the weight of the skin and the locality. It is impossible to say whether these were antelope skins or skins of the small Southern form of the Virginia deer, sometimes called *C. mexicanus*.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Interstate at Richmond.

THE pleasantest way to go to Richmond, Va., is via the Old Dominion Line to Norfolk, thence by the Norfolk & Western R. R. to Richmond. Round trip tickets $14, good for thirty days. Steamers leave New York every afternoon, except Sundays and Saturdays, at 3 P. M. Leave on Saturday at 4 P. M. Time of sea voyage, eighteen to twenty-two hours.—*Adv.*

The Baxter Camping Outfit.

THE Baxter Camping Outfit has as its basis a camp cooking outfit and mess fit for six persons, in which two folding tripods are used in place of a stove for cooking over an ordinary camp-fire.

If preferred, a portable stove with detachable oven may be substituted for the tripods, or all may be included in one outfit.

The various articles are packed for transportation in what is known as the convertible table kit case, which somewhat resembles in shape a dress suit case. As this case is only 7in. in width, it will go under a buggy or boat seat. Unfolded it makes a table 30×33in. in size.

Full particulars are contained in a circular which will be sent upon request by Dr. W. E. Baxter, Frankfort, Ky.—*Adv.*

Vacation Days.

IN the lake regions of Wisconsin, northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and South Dakota, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry., are hundreds of charming localities preëminently fitted for summer homes, nearly all of which are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel shirt costume for every meal. Among the list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance of Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached within a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the Northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. Send a 2-cent stamp for a copy of "Vacation Days," giving a description of the principal resorts, and a list of summer hotels and boarding houses, and rates for board, to Geo. H. Heafford, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 18. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

ATTENTION is directed to the new form of address labels on the wrappers of subscribers' copies. The label shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid.

The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us for a new or renewed subscription. Unless specially requested to do so, we do not send separate receipts.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

A true angler is generally a modest man, unobtrusively communicative when he can impart a new idea; and is ever ready to let a pretentious tyro have his say, and good-naturedly (as if merely suggesting how it should be done) repairs his tackle, or gets him out of a scrape. Thad. Norris.

YACHTING UNION.

THE advantages of union and coöperation among men who have certain common interests are quite as generally recognized in the domain of sport as in the more serious affairs of life, religion, business, politics, scientific work, etc. In all branches of sport and in all parts of the world, unions and associations of clubs and individuals within some extended area are to be found. In this country in particular is this the rule; almost every form of sport boasts of one national or at least of several large divisional associations, whose influence, be it said, both locally and on the sport at large, is uniformly beneficial. So much is this matter of union the accepted rule, even among the minor sports, that the case of yachting, one of the most important, presents a remarkable exception. Great Britain has boasted of a strong and influential association of yachtsmen for a quarter of a century; France has had a similar organization for half a dozen years, and even Germany, with its comparatively limited facilities for yachting, also has its national union.

In this county, in spite of its proud claims for a foremost place among the yachting nations of the world, nothing of the kind is to be found; the rowing men long ago came together and formed associations in different sections of the country; in the very infancy of canoeing its enthusiastic devotees succeeded in organizing a strong national association, which for seventeen years has maintained and enforced one uniform code of measurement and sailing rules, recognized in all parts of the United States and Canada. That nothing of the kind has been achieved in yachting is not for want of example or of enthusiasts to start the work; for nearly twenty years the project of a national association of American yachtsmen has been discussed, plans have been devised, and preliminary steps toward organization have been repeatedly made, but always with the same result.

The reasons for these many failures need not be recounted now, suffice it to say that up to a dozen years ago the lack of harmony and sympathy—and, in too many cases, actual hostility, open or hidden, between different localities, and even the clubs within certain localities—made a national union an impossibility. That such a condition should have prevailed in yachting and not in other sister sports is a matter of regret, but the facts are too well known to be concealed or denied.

Happily enough, a great change has come about of late years, the increase of racing in the smaller classes has resulted in the production of a large number of what may be called "small" clubs, that are to-day strong, healthy and prosperous. With the growth of these clubs, and the great increase in the numbers of yacht owners and yachts which has been seen since the international races in which Puritan and Mayflower were the victors, inter-club racing has increased to a wonderful extent. The formal regattas and closed club races of former days have given place to a connected and lengthy series of races, extending throughout the entire season, and participated in by the full racing fleet.

The intercourse thus engendered between yachtsmen of different clubs and localities, has borne good fruit in the formation and successful growth of such local bodies as the racing associations of Massachusetts Bay and Long Island Sound. Looking at the condition of yachting in these localities five years ago, it is difficult to realize that such organizations, with twenty to twenty-five clubs enrolled in each, and with practically perfect systems of conducting races, have been established and placed upon permanent foundations. That so much has been accomplished in apparently so short a time is due solely to the earnest and continued efforts of a small number of yachtsmen in each locality. These efforts, begun long ago, were for a time apparently fruitless; they failed in the face of many adverse conditions, such as local jealousies and prejudices, conflicting rules made to foster special local types, vested interests in one form or another. This labor, though apparently ineffective, was not lost, as is now evident, but it served to pave the way gradually for the progressive adoption of practically uniform rules and racing methods, and for the obliteration of all hostile feeling. The final efforts which have resulted in the formation of the two organizations mentioned, though both well managed, were probably no stronger at the outset and no better planned than some former attempts in the same directions, but now the time was ripe for them, and they met with success in place of failure.

The conditions in these local associations about Boston and New York are practically the same as throughout the country at large. The necessity for a national association has long been evident to some yachtsmen, and positive efforts toward its organization have been made at different times with absolute failure. To-day, however, the realization of this necessity is no longer confined to a few, but is accepted by yachtsmen in all parts of the country. The way to it is paved through the existence of a number of local associations, with comparatively little conflict in the matter of rules. The same motives which have impelled yachtsmen to form their local unions are acting to carry the work a step further, in the formation of one national union; and the experience gained in the former work may be relied upon to aid in the latter.

The meeting this week in New York is likely to mark the beginning of a notable era in American yachting, it is too soon yet to speak confidently of its immediate success in a task which presents not a few difficulties; but the conditions have never before been so favorable, nor the outlook so promising. Looking at the matter in a general way, there should be no reason why American yachtsmen can not do what others abroad have done, or, in fact, why these same yachtsmen are not quite as competent to establish and support a national association as American oarsmen and canoeists have proved themselves to be.

The chief difficulty in all unions, whether large or small of yacht clubs, has always been considered to lie in the measurement rule, this is the *bete noir* that has wrecked so many promising schemes, local and general, in the past, but, in our opinion, it is by no means a serious matter to-day. The conditions of the case are that no yachting organization in the world to-day has a measurement rule which will stand the test of steady building and racing under it alone without supplementary restrictions; that will penalize the fin-keel and the lightly-built racing-machine, and encourage something other than the extreme machine. In Canada and the United States, with the exception of the vicinity of Boston, all yacht-racing is carried on under one rule, with some trivial differences of details. Where the racing is very keen, as in some places on the coast, this rule has proved inadequate; but, with but a moderate amount of building and racing, it still works very well.

There being thus far no proposition whatever for a better rule, there is no good reason to abandon the present one, and the question of a common rule for the national association, if formed, to be used by all affiliated clubs, need not be discussed at present. All that need be done in this matter is to inaugurate a systematic attempt to formulate a better rule that will meet the exigencies of modern designing and racing. This investigation of the question may demonstrate the necessity for two rules, one for the smaller craft, of 30ft. or under, such as are generally designed for racing, without attention to general utility or cruising qualities, and another for the larger yachts, which, in the opinion of many yachtsmen, should possess certain qualities, such as seaworthiness and accommodation, however much they may be raced. We see no grounds for objection to such a double rule, in fact, it is quite in harmony with the assumed differences of use in the two classes of yachts, the smaller, of necessity with limited accommodation; and the larger, which may and should have some of the qualities of a sea-going vessel and a floating home for the owner.

The question of the difficulty of enforcing the universal adoption of such a rule when found in all localities, inland, on the lakes and on the seacoasts, in the face of vested interests, is of far less importance than usually assumed; it might not be possible to force its adoption in a single season, but no necessity for such a course exists. Let the rule be found, and if generally acceptable it can be adopted by every club in the country in the course of two or three seasons. It must be remembered that "vested interests" to-day mean almost nothing, such interests often vanishing through force of circumstances in a single season. The racing life of a modern yacht is at most limited to two or three seasons, and it may be abruptly terminated in the first year by some unforeseen and radical advance in design or construction. The experiences of last year in the 15ft. class, the success of Glencairn and El Heirie, are such as to call for a totally new type of yacht in this and the 20ft. class, and to destroy the chances of all existing boats save the two named in both classes.

The real trouble in the measurement question is to find a good rule, and this may prove no easy matter; but it is self-evident that the work can be better done by the concerted action of all American yachtsmen than if left haphazard to such clubs or individuals as feel moved to consider it.

The difficulty in the path of the proposed movement, as we consider it, is in no way connected with the measurement rule, but lies in the question of the constitution of the new organization. It must be an association either of individual yachtsmen, of clubs, or of existing and future local associations, and certain objections rest against each of the three methods. The plan which presents the fewest objections is that of an organization of clubs, with divisions based upon the present associations, about New York Boston and the Great Lakes and the Pacific.

THE MAINE GUIDE LAW.

THE reports from Maine, in respect to the new law applying to the guides, indicate that it is received with earnest disfavor by many of those concerned; and that some of them purpose ignoring it entirely, while others have agreed with their fellow-guides to defy it and violate it.

However obnoxious a law may be in itself or however great a hardship it may work on a class, a cure is not effected by contumaciously violating it or conspiring defiantly to break it. There are orderly legal measures which afford the needed relief, and though they may be slower than what might be desired, they have the merit of being efficacious and final. To defy a law is but to become entangled in the meshes of other laws which govern law-breakers and conspirators, and this without making any progress whatever in the true course. Indeed, public opinion is often prejudiced against a good cause when its promoters adopt illegal measures to express their resentment or to further their ends.

If the law is unconstitutional, it is an easy matter to make a test case through the established legal channels, and such single case would serve as well to establish legality or illegality of the objectionable law, as if all who were interested were to challenge prosecution.

If the law is constitutional, it is within the power of the majority to repeal it by the legal means provided for the repeal of all objectionable laws, namely, the ballot. No man or group of men can arrogate to himself or themselves the power to disobey such laws as are found displeasing; for if that were so, it is self-evident that all law would be at an end.

Our law-makers, in their wisdom, have provided legal channels of relief when a law has proved to be illegal, unjust or undesired, and these channels are open to all alike, the majority always deciding the question.

Our remarks are not to be construed as passing on the merits or demerits of the law itself. We deal with it as a law which, being a law, is the same as all other laws in their forces and penalties. We desire to point out that if the law is obnoxious to the guides, they should make their resistance in an orderly legal manner, and to this we call their attention. Their vocation is such that they should display the most punctilious observance of legal exactions, for there is no vocation in which the temptations and opportunities to violate certain laws are so constant and so numerous as in the vocation of guide. If a class of men openly defy one law which they declare to be inimical to their interests, it is an easy matter for the public to infer that they would violate any other law which in any way affected their interests. Thus, for the better conduct of the case and the general reputation of the guild, there is every reason for a conscientious observance of the law, and every reason in opposing it to pursue only legal procedure.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SAM SPENDS A DAY INLAND.

SAM put his gun in the canoe for company or from force of habit, but took no pains to find use for it. His paddle strokes fell so noiselessly that the water fowl sitting in the edge of the marsh were first notified of his approach by the sight of the canoe's prow nosing its swift way past their hiding place, or of the paddler's slightly swaying figure and the flash of his dripping blade. Others dozing full-fed were not aroused till the wake of the canoe shook the walls of their rush wigwam, and then with shaken quacks and squeaks of terror sprang to needless flight.

A flock of low-flying teal came upon him so suddenly that he instinctively ducked his head as they swerved upward and swept over him, and great fish dashed from beneath his stealthy keel with a startling surge.

Then he saw the two Indians a little way before him, paddling slowly and halting at every muskrat house, in such leisurely conduct of their affairs as if the bright day were endless and the genial season to have no following of storm and bitter cold, less provident than the muskrats, in no more haste than the lazily migrating water fowl. Their voices, attuned to nature's, sounded no louder than the rustle of their paddles in the sedges as he ran alongside, and they then, first aware of him, showed no more surprise at his sudden appearance than if a weed had drifted past.

"Quiee," Tocksoose gave greeting, and grinned a friendly recognition as he dropped a quarter-grown kit from a trap into the canoe; but his comrade did not so much as turn his sour face toward the newcomer.

"It's tew bad to ketch sech leetle runts," Sam remonstrated. "They hain't wuth fo'pence."

"Me no ketch um, mebby od' man ketch um. Mebby mink ketch um," said Tocksoose. "Me like um git fo' cen', as od' man got 20 cen', nex' year. Lil' moosquas mo' better for eat as ol' one."

"You might as well preach tu the minks an' foxes as tu these critters," Sam thought, driving his canoe forward with vigorous strokes that soon brought him to the mouth of the East Slang, into which he passed and made his way up the narrow, winding channel.

Rounding a bend, he came to the foot of a long reach, in which nothing animate could be seen astir but a solitary grebe wrinkling the glassy surface in widening circles at various points of departure and return, in his explorations of the nether watery world. Sam let the canoe drift at the will of the idle current, while he curiously counted the moments of the agile diver's disappearing.

Then his wandering gaze became fixed on a great hawk that came cruising low over the apparently tenantless marsh. With short, restrained beats of his broad pinions the falcon ranged the silent cover till suddenly, with a sharp, downward slant he swooped into its depths, wherefrom, in the same instant, with a clamorous outcry of affrighted squeaks, 100 wood ducks burst upward with a startling, thunderous roar of wings, threshing water, sedges and air. As suddenly as they had risen they settled with a resounding splash in the open water of the channel, where they sat motionless, silent and alert.

The baffled marauder mounted heavily from the weeds, and wheeling a moment above the vigilant congregation, each member of which was ready to dive at any sign of attack, he recognized the uselessness of a further attempt and sullenly retired.

The swimming ducks offered a rare opportunity for a deadly shot, but Sam admired so much the adroitness with which they had foiled the onslaught of the hawk that he hesitated to take advantage of it, and while he hesitated they became aware of the presence of a more fearful danger than that which had threatened them from above, now lurking close beside them, and again simultaneously sprang into the air.

Then Sam instinctively got his gun in hand, and taking aim at the nearest duck that was laboring upward pulled the trigger; but the cap responded to the stroke of the hammer with only a faint, lifeless click, and before it could be replaced by another one the tardiest laggard was well out of range. When an anathema had been bestowed upon the worthless cap and its maker, Sam tried to make a virtue of the misfire and be glad that it had happened, and thus attempting to fool himself with his own hypocrisy, came to the landing, marked as a place of resort by the ashes and spent brands of fishing fires that had burned in the spring nights when bullpouts were biting.

Measuring the height of the sun, it occurred to him that he might enjoy the excitement of the arrival of the stage coach by going a little out of his way to Friend Bartlett's, and therefore he held across the fields at a brisk pace toward the tavern, at which the coach halted for a change of horses.

As he came to the high rail fence of a stubble field, he surprised a small flock of wild pigeons busily picking up the scattered grain. He had but a glimpse of them on the ground, their backs shining in the slanting sunlight like variously tempered burnished steel, when, with a simultaneous clapping of wings, like a burst of applause, they took flight. He fired into the thick of the flock, and four birds tumbled out of it.

He strung them through the under mandibles on two of the long tail feathers tied together at the tips, and hastened on with his burden increased in weight, but more in beauty; for the pigeons were old males, with ruddy breasts and brilliant upper plumage that shone with varied hues in the shifting lights. It soon had another quite as unexpected addition, for as Sam skirted the brink of a hollow, where a brook looped a miniature intervale, in uncertain quest of easiest passage, a partridge, an early wanderer from the woods, burst out of the fringe of trees like a cannon shot from a palisade and flew straight for the home coverts, now with a blur of rapid, quivering wing beats, now with set pinions, till Sam, dropping his load and aiming far ahead of the fleeting mark, brought it to the pasture sward in a long incline, as if alighting naturally; but it struck the ground with a rebounding thud, which filled his heart with the pride that always comes to him who brings this noble bird down from its flight.

He made haste to pick it up and go on his way, for he could hear the unmistakable far-sounding cluck of the approaching stage coach and see the neighborhood gathering at the tavern. When he reached it he was not the latest comer, for two panting boys came running in honest undisguised haste, followed by another, who urged his bare legs to greater speed with sharp commands and vigorous cuts of a switch while he impersonated coach, horses and driver.

After them came a belated grown-up idler trying to stay his steps to a deliberate pace, and from his shop across the road the aproned cooper came bare-headed, with his short-handled adze in his hand and diffusing a wholesome odor of the pine staves and ash hoops of cheese casks.

Now came the stage coach, the four horses at a brisk trot, the red and yellow body rocking with stately motion under the burden of passengers, baggage and mails, and greatest of all the driver, known from one end to the other of his route by every one, some of whom had the distinction of being known by him.

He pulled up the horses before the low stoop, and throwing the reins to an hostler, descended from his lofty seat to open the door of the coach for such passengers as chose to alight and stretch their legs while the horses were changed. Hospitably welcomed by the smiling landlord, clean-shaven and in shirt sleeves spotlessly white, all availed themselves of the chance except a woman dressed in deep mourning who held a little boy with long wavy flaxen hair and a brunette complexion, seated upon her lap. He stared out wide-eyed at the juvenile groundlings, envying them their freedom no less than they his distinguished position as a stage coach passenger, while there was a silent interchange of bashful smiles.

Two of the passengers were spruce city men, wearing their well-fitting garments with the accustomed ease that a sharp-faced old lawyer wore his shabby suit of black and an air of half contemptuous condescension toward three farmers who like himself were representatives-elect to the Legislature on their way to the State capital. These three were already counting the cost of the honor as they longed for the daily comfort of shirt sleeves and old clothes, and wondered how they could bear the burden of coats for four long weeks, and what they should do with the strong, hard hands that till now few days but Sundays had found unemployed. Even now one got his knife open and searched the ground for a bit of soft wood to whittle, while another resumed interrupted work upon his finger nails, which gave promise of employment for some time to come.

There was also a bluff Englishman, who at once caught sight of Sam's birds and asked many questions concerning them, as did the city men—he, with a sportsman's interest; they, with a hungry relish of whatever smacked of wild life.

To the untraveled mountaineer the stage coach, with the mud and dust of other and distant towns upon its wheels and painted sides, and bringing hither dwellers in great cities and men whose home was beyond the sea, was as strange an object as a ship come to quiet port from the turmoil of the ocean and the busy world beyond it, with the salt of the sea waves still upon its decks and the breath of foreign atmospheres not yet quite exhaled. The sight and touch of it gave him a dreamy vision of scenes that he could never chance to see, and with such respect for its strangeness he marveled at the bold familiarity of the boys, who pranced and capered as horses at the empty pole, thrust out like a stripped bowsprit, while one enjoyed a blissful moment of regal glory on the box.

The little child inside the coach was teasing his mother for something, and she, after an unavailing attempt to quiet him, asked Sam—now sitting alone on the long bench of the stoop—if she could get a drink of water for the child. He at once brought a brimming glass from the barroom, and with a careful eye upon it as she stretched forth her hand, he saw a narrow band of unmistakable mulatto skin between the glove and the sleeve.

He gave a quick start at the unexpected revelation that spilled a little of the water, and cast a quick, inquiring glance at the black veiled face. The woman, as quickly divining the cause, hastily drew her sleeve down to her glove. The boy drank eagerly and she finished the glass under her veil, returning it with a trembling hand to Sam, who reassured her with a significant shake of his head and a hand upon his lips. The stage coach had a new interest for him now, but he did not betray it by staring inside it.

The fresh horses were brought out and put on, the travelers took their places, the rural representatives flurried with fear of being left, the lawyer, the Englishman and others with the easy deliberation of owners, for whom the coach must wait. The driver climbed to the box, cracked his whip, and the heavy conveyance rolled gayly away.

The landlord, the hostlers and the spectators watched its departure to the first turn of the road.

"By grab! Dan don't drive a livelier team 'an that on his route, I'll bet," said the landlord, withdrawing his admiring gaze from the retreating coach.

"Got quite a load o' rep'sent'tives," another remarked. "Don't know's they look much better 'n aourn. Wonder if he's goin' by stage."

"M'dah," one answered, evidently not a supporter of the successful candidate. "He's a-goin' tuckernuck, with his own team!"

"By jolly!" the fat cooper ejaculated, "I wish 't I had what it cost tu paint that 'ere Englishman's face. You wouldn't ketch me a-wheltin' hoops."

"That 'ere womern was turrible afeared o' showin' her face," the youngest man of the party said; "but she needn't ha' be'n if she's as good-lookin' as her boy."

"Some widder womern, proberbly," the landlord said oracularly, and the company dispersed slowly, except the boys' steps were hastened by the imperative rap of the schoolmistress's ruler on the rattling window sash of the schoolhouse. While the corner hamlet lapsed into its ordinary quietude Sam took the road, and presently came to Friend Bartlett's.

The peaceful atmosphere of the place was not disturbed by his approach. The fat dog arose from his basking place on the sunny side of the horse block and walked forth to meet him with a slow, non-committal wag of the tail, which was quickened to a friendly greeting when the game was sniffed and Sam's knee had passed olfactory inspection, and then escorted him to the door with dignified cordiality.

Rebecca Bartlett met him with a pleased smile lighting her placid face as she recognized him.

"Why, this is Samuel, isn't it? Well, I'm real glad to see thee. I've wanted to talk with thee about poor Pelatiah ever since John saw thee. What, thee hasn't brought us more ducks?"

"Wal, yis, marm," said Sam, "ducks was what I started tu fetch ye, but I run ontu a few pigins an' a pa'tridge, an' didn't know but you could work 'em in some way. Pa'tridge is pooty dry-meated, but pigins makes tol'able pigin pies, aour folks thinks."

"Thee has got a partridge? Now I am glad," she declared with great satisfaction and increased interest, as she raised the bird from the bunch and felt the plump breast with a critical hand.

"It's what neighbor Corbin 's craving, and nob'dy 's been able to get him one."

"Onwell, is he, marm?"

"Oh, yes, he's very low," said Rebecca, modulating her voice to due solemnity. "It's consumption, and it isn't likely he can continue long, but he thinks a partridge is all he needs to make him well. Thee knows how it is with people in a decline. Now, if thee 's willing, I'll send it to him."

"Why, sartinly, Mis' Bartlett, it's yourn to du jest what you're a min' tu with; an' I'll sit ri' daown an' pick it an' dress it."

"No, thank thee, Samuel, I think it will please him to see it jest as it is. He's been a great hunter. Perhaps it would be better for him now if he had given his thoughts more to weightier matters; but it has seemed hard that he couldn't have one partridge now, when he used to get so many, and for other people too. Margaret!"

"Yes, mother," a soft voice answered out of a light stir of housework inside, and in a moment the daughter appeared, without a trace of its recent performance upon her neat attire. A shade of anxiety fell upon her face as she recognized the visitor, to whom she gave friendly greeting.

"Why, how does thee do?" and then turning questioning eyes to her mother, "no bad news of—of the apples, I hope?"

"No news ary way," Sam answered. "I see 'em git a good start tow-ards Canerdy."

"No, it's nothing about them," said Rebecca, "but Samuel has brought us more ducks and some pigeons and this partridge, which seems almost providential. Now thee put on thy bonnet and run right up to neighbor Corbin's with the partridge, will thee? While thee 's gone I'll get these pigeons ready and make a pie for dinner. If thee 's a mind to help me pick 'em, Samuel, we can talk about Pelatiah, and thee'll stay to dinner with us."

Sam was not loth to accept both invitations, and followed Rebecca to the woodshed. Half of this was floored with plank, neatly swept, but thickly scarred with axe wounds where misdirected blows had fallen along the border nearest the chip-littered ground, on which the tiers of wood arose to the base of the cobwebbed rafters, to which phebe birds' nests of past summers clung in various stages of dilapidation. The cheese press stood at one end of the floor, the lever, weighted with worn-out plow points, making occasional spasmodic, creaking descents, presently followed by an increased trickle of whey into the keeler. A work bench stood at the other end, with a vise and a few tools upon it, under a dusty window, a rack of augers and a sickle, and a corn cutter made from a broken scythe. Along the walls between the cheese press and the work bench hung various utensils of the dairy and the kitchen, divided by the kitchen and cheese room doors. Elderly hens made cautious incursions into this debatable ground between indoors and out, where nests were tolerated if once established.

Rebecca sat down on the chopping block and Sam on the saw-horse, and they stripped the feathers from the birds into the same basket; and so, with hands and tongues employed together, economized time like two gossips at their knitting.

"Poor thing," Rebecca exclaimed, pitying a wound she had uncovered of resplendent feathers, "it does seem cruel to kill such pretty creatures, but they do pick up a great deal of wheat, and they make excellent pies. And now tell me about Pelatiah. Was he greatly cast down?" She sighed deeply and made piteous little sounds with her tongue against her teeth, as she listened to the story of Pelatiah's disappointment and Louisa's death, and when it was ended said in soft, motherly tones:

"Ah, poor souls, how sad! Pelatiah was very kindly and faithful, but I used to wish he was more tender. He didn't go to meeting with us very often. I hope he is softened. Louisa was a pleasant young woman, but light. Poor thing! poor thing!"

"Well, Peltier ain't no gre't hand tu go tu meetin', but I wisht there wa'n't no worse folks in the world. And he's as tender-hearted as a gal."

"There, now, I'll get the broom and sweep thee off," though Sam protested that he was quite clean enough. "My," she exclaimed, as she supplemented the vigorous sweeping of Sam's legs by the application of a moistened forefinger, "how feathers do stick to woollen stuff. Now I guess thee'll do."

Now Margaret returned glowing with the freshness of the morning, but sobered by recent speech with one who was near the end of life's journey.

"Well, my dear, how did thee find David this morning?"

"Very feeble; but he brightened up wonderfully at the sight of the partridge, and says he shall be able to shoot them himself in a little while."

"Ah, poor man," Rebecca sighed, "he's done with all such things."

"He wanted me to thank thee," Margaret said to Sam.

"Why, it wasn't me. It was your mother an' you. But I be sorry for anybody 'at wants to go huntin' an' can't. That is tough. It 'ould du him more good tu shoot one pa'tridge 'an to eat a dozen."

"I don't quite see how that could be," said Margaret with a questioning smile. Sam answered by asking:

"Why, wouldn't you druther pick one wild posy 'at you s'arched for yourself 'an tu hev a hul harnful fetched tu ye?"

"O, yes," and being a woman Margaret shifted ground. "But I can't understand how people can enjoy killing things, such pretty things as partridges."

"They hain't no prettier 'n posies, an' it kills posies tu pick 'em. But that ain't what you pick 'em for. It's to hev 'em."

"But it doesn't hurt the posies," she argued.

"That's more'n we know, bein' 'at we hain't posies, not all on us," and Sam's honest admiring eyes completed the compliment.

"Well, child, we must be doing," said her mother, admonished by the deliberate chime of the kitchen clock.

"Samuel, will thee go and visit John Bartlett or will thee come in and read the 'Liberator' and the 'Anti-Slavery Standard,' or maybe thee'd rather read 'Thomas Chalkley's Journal,' or some account of early Friends. Thee'll find them very improving."

Sam saw Margaret making a wry face at the mention of these works, as if at recollection of some unpalatable dose of childhood, and wisely decided to seek recreation in the company of living rather than departed worthies. He found Friend Bartlett in a stony field behind the orchard, persuasively urging a yoke of deliberate oxen who moved with a slow, ponderous progress, in apparent unconsciousness of the plow behind them, though the tense chain creaked under the constant strain, the share groaned and grumbled a subterraneous complaint among the stones, and Michael, bending between the handles, grumbled and cursed in as continuous an undertone, which he took good care should not be loud enough to call a reproof from his employer.

Sam was greeted with quiet cordiality by Friend Bartlett, and accommodating his long legs to the pace of the procession, enjoyed a peripatetic visit till the mellow conch sounded for dinner. Michael's presence had prevented their speaking of what was uppermost in their thoughts, and now that he went to the barn with the oxen John Bartlett said:

"Well, I guess our colored friend must be safe over the Line by this time."

"They went off a-kitin' anyways," said Sam. "An' I tell you what, Mr. Bartlett, I b'lieve the' 's a couple more on 'em a-p'intin' for Canerdy right in broad daylight," and went on to tell of the two stage coach passengers.

"Thee don't say! In the stage this morning! I had a letter from one of our friends in Middlebury saying that he had a woman and her child in his house and would send 'em along as soon as it seemed safe. But I didn't think he'd venture to so soon after they were hunting for Robert—and in this way. It was a pretty bold stroke, I say for it."

"Mebby it's the safest arter all, an' the' won't nob'dy mistrust 'at hain't on the lookout, for the woman keeps her face clust as ever you see, and the young un's as white as—as any white young un," and Sam instinctively looked toward the east as if he could see through the "Pinnacle" to the Danvis hills, where his own flaxen-haired boy played safe and free in the shelter of the Green Mountains.

"They'll go right to one of our friends in Burlington, and he'll put 'em aboard of the steamboat that'll take 'em right to St. John's," said the other. "Come, let's go to dinner."

The neatly-served meal and its decorous prelude of silent grace forcibly reminded Sam of the difference between home life and camp life, and just then the latter did not seem quite the best, and it set him to longing for his own fireside. This longing continued to abide with him when the quiet afternoon was half spent and it was time for him to return to camp, for which he felt a kind of disgust, not lessened by the impression of his entertainers' unspoken conviction that his present recreation was a sad waste of time. He could not take their view of it any more than they could understand his, but he craved their good opinion, and could not be satisfied with mere toleration.

Till he was out of their sight, halfway across the fields, he felt a shame that he was ashamed of. Then a westerly waft brought him the heartening fragrance of the autumnal woods' odor of pine and hemlock and ripe leaves. Far behind him he heard the returning stage coach clucking like a hen bringing home her brood, and presently after the joyous clamor of the freed school children, for the stage coach was the school mistress's clock.

Unheeding the incoming water fowl that swerved aside or upward from their impetuous flight to pass him, he paddled steadily down the channel, his constant wake gilding the silver water far behind him with pulsing reflections of the sunset that were reflected again in flickering shafts of duller gold dropping aslant down the paling of marsh, and so he came to the end of his peaceful voyage.

Rowland E. Robinson.

Ferrisburgh, Vermont.

THE LOST MAN OF LABRADOR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was very much interested in reading in the last issue of Forest and Stream Mr. Fitzgerald's letter about the wandering of a man supposed to be Dr. Carnes on the Labrador coast. I take it that there have been previous letters published concerning him, which unfortunately I have not read, and so know nothing about his previous history. In regard to his wanderings in the far North I may be able to afford a little more light, as I traveled from Ungava to Rigolet on the Hudson Bay Company's steamer in 1893, and heard about this unfortunate man, but did not meet him, as he was on his journey between Davis Inlet and Nachvak when I stopped at those places. I wintered in Labrador and did not return to civilization until September, 1894, and consequently did not know inquiries were being made for him.

Last year I again passed down the coast, and as I was naturally interested in the fate of the poor fellow, I made inquiries at George River and Nachvak; but unfortunately did not pay particular attention to details, as I had no idea that he was being sought for.

The account given by Mr Fitzgerald is in the main correct, and I can only alter the details of his last wanderings and sad death. From what I could learn, the poor fellow was suffering from religious mania, which became acute only at intervals, when it impelled him to travel onward. The greater part of the time he was, to all appearance, quite rational, but was always very reticent concerning himself. He passed Davis Inlet in September, and tramped, with occasional lifts in boats, to Rama, a Moravian mission station north of Cape Mugford, where he remained until late in October, when he again started northward for Nachvak, but returned in a few days nearly dead from exposure and starvation; refusing to remain with the missionary, he was sent on with some Eskimos, and arrived at the H. B. Post at Nachvak in November. He remained there as the guest of Mr. Jas. Ford until February, and during that time made himself useful in teaching the children. In February some Eskimo arrived from George River with dog teams, and he resolved to accompany them home. He started with them across the high barren mountains; and, having occasion to stop when only a short distance from Nachvak, the Eskimo—probably being afraid of him—went on and left him. He followed on in hopes of catching up to them, but was unable to do so; and without any blanket, or even means of making a fire, he followed their trail over the roughest country in Labrador without food for nearly a week, only once sleeping in a snow house erected by the Eskimo, the distance between the houses being too great for his unaided daily tramp. Under such conditions, it is simply marvelous that he should reach the Hudson's Bay Post at George River, as he did, with hands and feet badly frozen. He was well looked after there by Mr. John Ford, and under careful treatment soon recovered. He remained quietly at this place for about two months, and took delight in teaching the children about the post. Mr. Ford informed me that he was a well-educated man who had evidently traveled considerably, as he often spoke of the various places in the United States, and although he would not directly tell where he resided Mr. Ford was under the impression that he was from Philadelphia, if I remember rightly, and that his name was Curran, which agrees closely with Carnes

The night previous to his sad death he was very restless and called several times for his mother. The following evening he said that he must continue his journey, and pointing across the small cove on which the post is situated, said that if he would get to heaven he must go straight in that direction over the hill, that rises almost perpendicular 1,000ft. above the cove. He insisted that Mr. Ford should open the front door, which was blocked with snow for the winter. Mr. Ford, becoming alarmed, left him to arouse the servants in their house, and when he returned found that the poor fellow had bursted open the door and was gone. Before doing so he had removed all his clothes and went forth into the cold, starlight night naked.

They immediately followed his tracks, which led down a small hill and up over the store belonging to the post, and on the far side they found him quite dead, having slipped on the roof and fallen, his neck striking on the sharp edge of a fishing flat that rested against the store.

Thus ended the life of this unhappy wanderer, who must have been a man of exceptional physique and will power, to overcome, without any aid whatever, the hardships and trials of a journey up the coast of Labrador, a journey that no one unacquainted with the physical character of the country can have any idea of, and to me, with some knowledge of travel in Labrador, it seems nothing but marvelous that he did not perish long before reaching far-off Ungava Bay. His body now rests in the lonely little grave-yard on the barren hill overlooking the small Hudson Bay Post beside the grave of Mrs. Ford's eldest son; and although a wanderer unknown, poor and demented, he was taken in and treated as an honored guest by these kind, simple people of the far north, who give us, living in civilization, lessons in practical Christianity that might be learned with profit to ourselves and the wayfarer at the gate.

I inquired of Mr. Ford if he had any papers or other articles that might be used to identify the poor fellow, but he informed me that he only found a Bible on his person; and therefore if he had a wallet he must have lost it on his wanderings before reaching George River.

During the coming summer I shall probably again visit George River, and will then make more careful inquiries; in the meantime I would be much obliged if his friends would send me a description of his personal appearance and other facts of use in identifying the unfortunate wanderer.

A. P. Low.

Geological Survey, Ottawa.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE COVER.—II.

(Concluded from page 306.)

After lunch we returned to the hummocks, as this portion of the grounds was called. The veteran dog Joe had hunted here many times and knew every favorite spot, and it was most interesting to watch him as he worked out the ground. Instead of beating it out regularly he would gallop to the well-known places, slowing up as he approached them until he arrived at his chosen spot, when he would stop, and, with nose in air, feel for the scent, and if nothing was found his head would drop and off he would gallop to the next place. But did he catch scent of a bird there would be a wag or two of his tail, a quick and expressive glance toward his master, and then he would straighten out on point. One incident that occurred in this connection I shall never forget. Joe had passed by a small knoll without giving it any attention, and was some 50yds. beyond it when my dog pointed just at the edge, and as Joe caught sight of him it was very curious and interesting to watch his performance. Joe was one of the best dogs to back that I have ever seen, and he at once honored the point in good style, but only for a second or two, when he crouchingly stole around behind until he had the wind, then, with nose in air, he carefully approached a little to one side until he caught scent of the bird, when he pointed in his usual good style for an instant; then, with an expressive wag of his tail, he carefully crawled to the rear some 10 or 12ft., when he raised himself up and again backed my dog.

This interesting performance was keenly enjoyed by us. It was plain as daylight that Joe did not believe there was a bird there, and thought that my dog was pointing false; but after satisfying himself that there really was a bird there, he realized that he had done his companion an injustice, and at once made the proper *amende* by going to the rear and backing him. It is perhaps needless to say that all three of us firmly believed that dogs think and reason, but I am not going to discuss that question, and will only say that I do not believe that any intelligent person who owns an intelligent dog will disagree with me.

After talking over the performance I stepped in front of my dog, when three grouse rose at the upper end of the knoll and swung to the left Although a long distance away, I cut loose at the nearest one; but he kept on. "A long shot," said the veteran, while Sabin shook his head and said something about wasting ammunition—impossible to kill at that distance—all foolishness; but Sabin thought everything of his reputation as a sure shot, and never took any hazardous chances, while I usually shoot regardless of reputation or distance, and I kill enough of these wild shots to keep me up to the mark; at least, I still continue to take all the chances.

Following the birds to the run where we had marked them down, my dog threw his head in the air, and taking a few strides picked up my bird and brought it in stone dead. The veteran again said "a long shot," while Sabin again shook his head, but never said a word. Meantime Joe had struck the trail in the middle of the run and was waiting for us. The veteran went to his dog, Sabin took position on the right flank, while I crossed to the left side, and in this order we followed the birds up the run. We had gone but a short distance when I heard a grouse rise a long distance ahead of us, and soon caught sight of it coming at its best speed directly toward us. I well knew that Sabin would not shoot, and as I could not tell whether the veteran could see the bird, I took a quick sight and pulled, and was greatly pleased to see him collapse and come down; and so great was his momentum that he struck the ground 20yds. behind us, although he was fully that distance in front when I fired. Mentally congratulating myself upon the beautiful shot, I proceeded to load, and was greatly surprised to hear the veteran also loading, and to hear him exclaim, "What! did you shoot?" "Yes," said I, "did you?" Sabin averred that the reason why he did not shoot was that he knew that no one gun could stop a thunderbolt like that, "but," added he, "I am awful sorry that I did not shoot, for then I could enjoy with you two the satisfaction of having made a brilliant shot." Joe still stuck to the trail, and as we knew that two birds came in, we continued on up the run in the same order. When we came to the end of the trail of the bird that we had killed, Joe showed by his actions that he knew that the bird had flown; but as the trail of the other one was near by he again drew on for a few yards, when he signalled that this one had also taken flight, probably at the same time as the first one. Joe told us plainly that the bird had gone squarely to the left, and as we knew nothing about it, we followed the course indicated to another run some 200yds. away. The wind was blowing across the run toward us, and when we arrived near the edge Trump and Joe pointed at almost the same instant, and a second later my dog caught sight of Joe and then Trump, and backed them, the three making a wonderful picture that has not grown dim in all the long years that have passed since I gazed upon it that beautiful October afternoon. There in the bright sunlight stands old Trump 20yds above me, as firm as a rock, his forefeet are in a small hollow, while his hind ones are considerably higher, which brings his nose close to the ground, although his head is sticking up like a mud turtle's, while that stumpy tail of his is pointing straight in the air instead of at its usual angle of about forty-five degrees. His white and orange colors stand sharply out from the background of dark green turf that covers the springy hillside, and as every hair on him is pointing, his portion of the picture is a gem in itself. Just beyond him stands his master with a smile upon his beaming countenance and an air of rapt attention that does full justice to the scene. Some 6yds. nearer me stands Joe also pointing in grand style, with his head over his shoulder and his tail as straight as a ramrod, pointing squarely toward Trump, while just behind him is the veteran, and a glance at his speaking countenance plainly tells you that he too is happy. How his eyes snap and sparkle as he gazes upon that beautiful picture; see with what grace he doffs his hat, and almost reverently bows low to each of the trio of living statues. Such homage was never more sincerely offered.

My dog was at heel and not near enough to get the scent, but he was in plain sight of both dogs, and almost as soon as Joe pointed he backed him, with his head well up, while he crouched behind nearly to the ground, and as I turned to look at him he caught sight of Trump, and I could see his eyes grow brighter and the hair along his spine raise up as he honored the point of his old and tried companion. The peculiar positions of the dogs added much to the charm of the picture, and we gazed upon it for some time in deep admiration.

Finally the veteran waved his hand to me, and in response to the silent command I went down the run a few yards, and crossing it to the opposite bank took my station just above the veteran and a little below Sabin. The veteran then walked in and put up the grouse, which flew as straight as an arrow for Sabin, who was standing facing us; but no sooner did the bird start than he wheeled squarely around, and as it passed him the gun came into position, there was a sharp report, and the swiftly whirring pinions were stilled forever. As we were nearly at the head of the little run, my companions came to me, and after talking over the performance a while the veteran suggested that, in order to save time, we should separate and beat out the remainder of this portion of the cover, so I bore sharp to the left and Sabin took the right-hand edge, while the veteran was to work out the section between us, the place of meeting being the open ground between this cover and the run that leads back toward the starting point.

I had gone but a short distance past the place where we so handsomely stopped the thunderbolt, when my dog came to a point just at the edge of a strip of low-growing birches. Walking in front of him, I passed through the narrow strip where, from almost under my feet, a brace of woodcock rose, and flying low went nearly straight away, giving me a splendid opportunity for an easy double Now there is no sport I love so well as shooting at flying birds, so I shot at both of them, and then followed them up and gave each of them another dose; one of them kept straight on, while the other swung to the left and settled in a dense tangle of thorns and birches. Sending my dog around into the wind he soon had him fast, and while I was wondering how I should ever get into the thicket the bird solved the problem by flushing wild nearly thirty yards away, and as I caught a glimpse of him twisting through the branches I cut loose and he either hit a limb or blundered into the charge and came down and the dog brought him in. My fun was over so far as this one was concerned, and I started for the other, but had only two shots at him before he refused to rise again, and was also gathered in. Working out the remainder of my share of the ground I found two more woodcock, both of them giving up at the first shot. Before arriving at the open ground I found both of my companions awaiting me. The veteran had accounted for five woodcock and Sabin had scored two woodcock and a grouse. When I reported my four the veteran slyly remarked that he had missed one shot, of which I was undoubtedly aware, as he had only five birds to show for his six shots. This I knew, of course, was a covert fling at the fusilade that had been going on in my quarter, but I cared little for this; and told him that I never kept score except of the fun, and hits or misses were so nearly alike in this respect that I scorned minor details, consoling myself when I killed a bird with the thought that my companions would be pleased, and congratulating myself when I missed that I would have the fun over again. "If that is the case," said he, "it is a thousand pities that you killed that bird this morning when you were tumbling down the hill."

"Oh! no," I replied, "that shot appeared to afford my companions so much pleasure that I was really glad that I tumbled the bird."

Crossing the open lot to the run I have mentioned Sabin volunteered to beat the cover while we guarded the flanks, the veteran passing down through the cover while I kept guard along the upper edge, both of us keeping some 30yds.

in advance of Sabin. We had gone but a short distance when a grouse rose not 6ft. behind me and pitched into the run, and I could only cry "Mark," as I dare not shoot, not knowing just where Sabin was. The veteran, however, could see both Sabin and the bird, and as the latter was high enough in the air he cut loose and dropped the bird almost squarely onto Sabin, who knew nothing of the matter until he heard the report of the gun and felt the bird as it brushed his shoulder and struck the ground at his feet. While standing there awaiting the signal to move on another grouse rose just below me and started up the run, and as it was going into the air rapidly I threw the gun well above it and pulled trigger, but instead of keeping its course the bird alighted on a limb just as I pulled, but it immediately started again pitching down this time, and I gave it the other barrel and was well pleased to see it tumble. The veteran saw the performance rather indistinctly and thought that I had shot at the bird while it was sitting on the limb, and he exclaimed, "That is right, always give them a chance, shoot off the first barrel to start them and kill with the second." Soon after a woodcock flushed from the edge of the cover near him, and as he let go at him the bird fell a foot or two and lodged in the fork of a limb some 30ft. from the ground. As the tree was too large to shake and too smooth to climb the veteran was about to give the bird another shot to bring it down, but Sabin assured him that it was very unsportsmanlike to shoot at a woodcock in a tree and proposed that Trump should climb for it, but the bird settled the matter by twisting free in its death struggle and coming down.

Continuing on up the run the veteran scored one more grouse and Sabin two woodcock without noteworthy incident, all being brought to bag at the first rise. We were now but a few rods from our team, and as it was nearly night and a long road home, we were soon smoothing out the plumage of our birds and carefully packing them in the box which we always carried for this purpose. Everything went all right until Sabin had finished with his bird, when he exclaimed, "I have lost a woodcock out of my pocket." Both the veteran and I tried to make him believe that he had counted wrong, but he took out of his pocket some gun wads, and counting them over averred that one bird was lacking. We then tried to make him believe that he had missed, but he would not have it, and I then told him of the bird that he had dropped in the orchard, which set matters straight, but we did not have the fun that I had expected, as I thought that he might miss when I would make him believe that he had not done so by finding this bird. We were soon in the wagon and on the road home, where we arrived in good season, thoroughly well pleased with our glorious day, the most enjoyable, we all agreed, of the many glorious days we had spent in our dearly loved schoolhouse cover.

This was long, long ago. My companions have fired their last shot, and for several years I have not visited the dear old place. For more than a quarter of a century I went there several times each season. When I first knew it the covers were all that could be desired; the surrounding farms with their buildings were well kept, the little schoolhouse with its two score of bright-eyed lads and lassies was always pleasant and cheerful; but as the years rolled by it was with deeply saddened feelings that I noted the gradual change and decay that was stealing over the place and its surroundings. As the merry band of lads and lassies outgrew the little schoolhouse many of them sought homes far away, and but few were left to take their places, and it was with sorrow that I noted the gradual thinning of the ranks of my little friends. Many of those who left the place drew after them parents and relatives, and soon deserted farmhouses dotted the landscape; and soon—alas! the crowning glory of the covers!—the beautiful woodcock nearly all sought other resorts. Grouse were fairly plentiful for many years, but on my last visit I found few of these and only one solitary woodcock.

We were working up the run where the veteran and I made the brilliant shot at the grouse that was coming toward us, and I was relating the incident to my companion when he exclaimed: "History repeats itself; that is your bird;" at the same time pointing to a woodcock that had flushed from nearly where the grouse had started, and like that bird was coming directly toward us. As I dropped the bird he exclaimed: "The last of his race; he met his fate bravely." This was my last visit to the dear old place. Heartsick at the utter desolation, I deeply regretted that I had come to dispel the pleasing remembrances that clustered around my heart and I have not since had the desire to repeat the visit, although I am very glad to say that I can now look back upon the well-remembered scenes with old-time pleasure. Oft, mingled with the happy thoughts of the good old days, are sad feelings, and I still grieve over the desolation of the deserted farms grown up to weeds and brambles, the dense briar thickets in the once clean covers, and, worst of all, not a single happy child to give me kindly greeting, not a single stick or stone of the little brown schoolhouse to mark the spot where it once stood.

SHADOW.

TALES TOLD BY THE CAMP-FIRE.—VI.

BY AMATEUR.

(Concluded from page 323.)

THE next evening one of our number began: It seems scarcely credible that only 100 years ago this great country was the home of wandering Indians in a state of savagery, and that our ancestors, tenants in common, as we may say of these Indians, were scarcely less savage than the red men whom they hunted, feared and fought, but such is the fact.

Elias Blank, Isaiah Jones, both first and second, as they have been designated by our friend; the Engles, and many more of the early settlers were remarkable men, strong men mentally, morally and physically, in a day and generation of strong men, and their peculiar traits of character have come down to their descendants, where they left any descendants.

Elias Blank was one of the first of the early settlers to burn coal—the soft, bituminous coal—of what, I suppose, is at least part of what is now the great Connellsville Region. It came about in this way: One night the old man was aroused by a rapping at his door, and after due precaution opened it and admitted Lewis Whetzell, the great Indian fighter, and a companion of his named Jonathan Gates, who was called, both by white and red men, "Long-arms." Gates was a most peculiarly constructed man, he had no beard, but immense, bushy eyebrows which passed entirely across his forehead; his hair was something near the color of fallen leaves and formed the only covering for his head, for he never wore either hat or cap; his legs were very short and, although he had the body of a man 6ft. high, his stature was scant 4ft., yet his arms were so long that he could place his hands flat on the ground or on a floor, straighten his elbows, keeping his knees straight at the same time, and swing back and forth without touching the ground with his feet. In his progress through the woods it was said that he could use either or both hands to spring from, or catching the limb of a tree to swing from, would clear a prodigious distance at a single spring.

This man was a terror to the Indians, and white men carefully guarded against enraging him. He was a most dangerous foe to the red men, and when he joined forces with such a man as Lewis Whetzell Indian blood was sure to flow. But I am not about to give a history of Long-arms nor to detail any campaign of Lewis Whetzell. When Elias Blank opened his door these two men stepped into his cabin. Blank gave them food, and, after they had eaten, they sought their beds and slept until late next day.

When they had again partaken of food Elias Blank said to Whetzell:

"Friend Lewis, where have thee and our friend been, and where bound?"

"I want to get out of here at once," said Whetzell, "and Long-arms is of the same opinion; this country's bewitched, and Long-arms and I are both nearly scared to death."

A half frown passed over the face of old Elias as he said: "Friend Lewis, thee must not tell such stories to me. Thee knows I'm thy friend, and I have saved thee when a price was on thy head. I know thou art a man of courage, and friend Jonathan Gates, whom some call Long-arms, fears nothing on earth, and I'm fearful nothing anywhere else, and yet thou tellest me that he and thee are scared even almost unto death. Shame on thee to so declare before thy friend who loves thee both as he were thy father."

"No, no, Elias," said Whetzell, dropping into the Quaker speech, "I tell thee no lie. We are scared and are even now on our way to the 'dark and bloody ground,' I tell thee, Elias. Yesterday afternoon we were in hiding about a mile from Dunkard Creek, an' in the evening we built a fire under a bank, very carefully, and we got some black rocks to prop up a little kettle, and put them beside the fire rather than in it, and the black rocks took fire and burned furiously, with a filthy smoke and a bright light, and Long-arms said the devil would come if we stayed, and we grabbed our kettle and poured out the water, and made our way here, leaving the black rocks to burn."

Elias Blank was much interested, but he didn't tell Whetzell what the black rocks were, though he did find out exactly where they had made their fire, and when they left he gave each of them a new Ezra Engle rifle, a knife and a tomahawk, 4lbs. of powder and a supply of lead. He then hunted up their camping ground, found the black rocks and opened a coal bank into one of the river hills, and this coal bank is yet in existence in a 12ft. vein of coal that is absolutely free from slate and burns like pitch.

I don't remember where Lewis Whetzell died, if indeed I ever heard. He was merely an Indian fighter, but he was perhaps the most celebrated of a group composed of Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, Adam Poe and a number of others. Long-arms, or Jonathan Gates, lived many years after the discovery of the black rocks, and finally died at the house of Een Blank, who had him buried on the burial ground of old Elias Blank at his (Een's) own expense.

Long-arms, at his own request, was buried in a birch bark canoe for a coffin, clad in a buckskin suit and moccasins, with all his weapons of war or the chase around him. On his tombstone are the words, "Jonathan Gates, Long-arms. Died —— —, 18—."

He seems to have been the last of the old Indian fighters in western Pennsylvania.

EASTERN NOTES ON WESTERN MATTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

May I, without discussing the Forest Reserves in Washington, recommend for careful reading the communications of Gov. Black and Cayuga in the issue of April 10?

As to Cayuga "not reflecting the real sentiment of the West," I suspect he does reflect just that. There is a little skeleton in western closets of which I often caught a glimpse when with intimates: it is the opinion that the Pacific States are entirely able to get along without the rest of the country. The sentiment is vainglorious, but not intentionally bellicose or disloyal I have heard it often and know it well, yet but for the editorial pointer I should not have suspected Cayuga of harboring the old familiar skeleton. So far from deserving censure for his "argument of sectionalism, provincial conspiracy and geographical enmity," he avoided these very offenses to a degree hardly to be expected under the present provocation. There is on the West Coast much restiveness under Eastern interference and criticism. Like the Helvetian chief, they want to know what business this Cæsar has in their Gaul, which they have conquered; and doubtless Cæsar would have made the same inquiry had Orgetorix come to Rome!

As one who has lived West without becoming a Westerner, I wish to express my high opinion of the people among whom I have resided; and I judge they were not exceptions to the average population of Washington and Oregon. If this Forest Commission is as wisely regulated as we are promised it will be; if it is intelligent in its choice of reserves and just in its dealings, the people of the West will give it a patient hearing The eastern press need not worry over the unwillingness of Washington to support what will be for the benefit of the State. Here we have nothing which corresponds to the western belief in the possibilities of a glorious country: it is farsighted because it is full of faith; it is willing to wait or to work, because it does not admit the possibility of disappointment, and it extends through all grades of society from rich to poor. It is my husband's delight to hear every man talk of the subject of most interest to him, and we entertained in our home all grades and opinions—the salvationist, the theosophist, the populist and the nihilist—all trades and traditions. We found seventeen new sorts of religion and only one opinion of the future of the Pacific Slope, a solidarity that may be depended on to favor the permanent good of the country. It is true that our western friends are not there entirely "for their health"; but that they have uncommon public spirit is patent to anyone who knows how they have borne up under the extraordinary discouragements and reverses of the last four years, without complaint and always with confident optimism.

The opinion, that reservations in the Cascades will subdue the Columbia is an eastern error which deserves a word of comment. The great floods of 1894, so destructive to property over the lower Columbia valley, did not reach their height till late May or early June. At that time the snow on the Cascade Range was gone. This was doubly apparent to me from watching the snow-line climb Mt. Hood, and from observing the Willamette, a river fed entirely by rains and the melting snow of the Cascades. That year the Willamette was quiet and clear in April, and was not afterward affected (if my recollection serves) by any rise except that caused by the back-water of the Columbia—a sure sign that the Cascade snows were gone.

If Portland is to be preserved from another such flood as we saw there, it will not be by the agency of reservations in the Cascades, but by proper dealing with its headwaters and those of its treacherous affluent, the Snake River. But that forest reserves in the Cascades might affect a river like the Willamette, which lies entirely in the wet coast region, is not impossible. I have seen that river rise seventeen times in one winter and attain a maximum flood of 34ft. Not only was this dangerous, but it caused great loss to the country in the wasting of the soil. One couldn't drink the water, even after it had settled, without feeling that he was robbing his neighbor's garden. I have seen a half-inch of good soil settle in the bottom of a pitcher of water.

A number of Cayuga's observations, as those on the sparse timbering of the foot hills and the over-luxuriant growth on the low lands, will strike a resident of the "web-foot country" as pertinent and just. No one who has not wintered there can fully appreciate the excess of moisture which these forests absorb in winter and do not retain in summer. They are super-saturated part of the year, and tinder-boxes the rest of the time. In that country nature is not contented to give you enough of anything, she always gives too much—an unsalable, unemployable overplus of flowers, fruit, wood, water and weeds. Often the best use that can be made of this lavishness is to waste it, and this question brings me to a subject which must often distress the tourist—the waste of wood in land clearing. I do not speak of the waste in lumbering or by forest fires, but by the methods of clearing farms. It is a deep distress to the visitor who sees trees—to obtain which alive Boston would sell Bunker Hill monument—trees of incomparable majesty, blown up with giant powder and burned on the spot. I have seen within a few miles of Portland, and within easy railroad transportation thither, enough fine timber burned to have warmed a city. The waste here seemed unpardonable, perhaps in this case not justifiable; but the man who has "proved up," and is clearing his land, has no other use for the wood but to destroy it most economically. So enormous is the labor of clearing this land, so impossible is it to save the wood in the log, so costly to prepare it for store-wood, that the expense of saving lumber is no small item. Finally, the roads are so bad and the market price so low, that to anyone at all removed from his market, the costs exceed the profits. I used to buy the best split fir for $3 a cord; bark was a trifle more. Yet I have seen four horses and three men work half a day to deliver a load of bark, that in New England would be regarded ridiculously small for one horse. I would not be believed if I said how inconsiderable the quantity was; but then no one East would believe that roads could be so bad as are the Oregon roads in winter.

The farmers and settlers in Oregon do not appear to have New England thrift, but eastern cities should give them the credit of desiring their own best interests and working to get them. If they waste wood, it may be set down to the exigencies of pioneer life. A hundred years ago, or even less, the same necessities demanded similar action here in the East. There was a time in Maine when a pine tree was an enemy—but *I* never had the pleasure of looking at a first-class pine. The people of the West will undoubtedly be wise enough to keep and care for tracts of their best forest land as the most fitting memorial of what herculean labors their pioneers underwent, as a more beautiful testimony of their pride and appreciation of the men who "won the West" than any that human skill could devise. We may depend upon them to do this; let us not presume to dictate how they shall do it. The æsthetic side of their noble forests appeals to them—not as vividly as to us, but with that deeper, ingrained affection of the native, to whom no air, no soil, no sun is like that of his own home. And as for forestry as a protection against floods, were they not their farms, their homes, their cities, that were destroyed or menaced a few years since? I, who saw it all, speak for myself and my western neighbors, in saying that we do not desire a repetition of these horrors, and that, with returning prosperity, we shall not forget to try to effect a cure. The difficulties are enormous, the methods by no means decided upon; but the Columbia will be shackled before the Mississippi—or even some lesser rivers—shall be subdued.

FANNIE HARDY ECKSTORM.

BREWER, Me.

Proposed Labrador Excursion.

QUEBEC, Can.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A friend of mine, hunter, woodsman, canoeman and explorer, for many years in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Co., would like to take a party of three gentlemen for a three months' trip in the interior of Labrador, to the region east of Hudson's Bay and south of the Strait. It is a country entirely unknown to white men and only very sparsely inhabited by Indians (whose language this gentleman speaks), but who are all away at the coast in the summer.

He tells me that the trip would not be a difficult or costly one, and that the country can be very much more easily reached by the route he proposes to take than by any that would have the Lake St. John region as its starting point. The mosquitoes, which are supposed to be a terror to explorers in that country, he says are left not far from the coast, and that when the open country, toward the Barren Grounds, is reached there are none at all.

The fishing on the waters he proposes to follow is extraordinary (which we can well believe) and game is most abundant. Caribou "are in sight all the time." The Indians know the wapiti, and there is also another animal (presumably of the deer tribe) that he was not able to identify from the Indians' description. Bears are plenty.

If three gentlemen of some scientific taste and knowledge would like to visit an entirely unknown country, combining research and exploration with unlimited sport, this would seem to offer a rare opportunity. If I were twenty-five years younger I should like nothing better. CANADA.

The Next Best Thing.

WITH great pleasure I send you $1 for my weekly treat of reading for the ensuing year, which is a delightful substitute for the woods and waters, and a companion I could not now do without, feeling quite one of the happy family. GEORGE HOLMES.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

SNAKE LORE.

LOWELL, Mass., April 6.—Occasionally the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM have contained queries concerning the habits and food of snakes, none of which have ever brought out any data that shed much light on this interesting subject.

Many years of hunting, fishing and camping, coupled with an interest for investigation, has furnished the writer with considereble matter at hand to draw from. In the small space that the crowded columns of the FOREST AND STREAM can afford, it will be impossible to treat a subject which covers so wide a range other than in a general way, and I shall only try to give some of the most important instances that have come under my observation; some of them separated by many years, and long distances.

Like everything else living, the habits of snakes are governed very much by the nature and quantity of their food supply, which varies very much during the yearly change of seasons. They are governed also by conditions which vary with change of locality and climate. These facts render it impossible to establish rules to gauge the habits not only of snakes, but of almost every species of life having fur, fins or feathers that may exist over a wide extent of country, and where food is obtained under differing conditions.

That most of the common varieties of the snakes of the Atlantic States from Maine to Florida are voracious and predatory is quite well established, but the wonderful variety of their food, which embraces almost every living thing that is not too great for swallowing, is not generally known. During many years I made it a practice to kill all the snakes I met with when possible—especially those of the larger species—and have cut open the stomachs of many hundreds of them, and after consulting my notes I find this surprising medley of food noted during a number of years: young chickens and ducks, young birds of almost every kind—especially ground and bush-nesting birds—mice, moles, young squirrels of various kinds, weasels, young of muskrats, mink and rabbits, the young of grouse, quail and woodcock, frogs, toads and tadpoles, often young snakes of the larger species, old ones of all the smaller varieties, grasshoppers, crickets, most kinds of butterflies, and fish of every known variety, and of all sizes from ½-pounder down to the smallest minnow. Is not this a most astonishing assortment? And the list is not yet complete.

Once, while fishing a trout brook that flowed through a meadow, my attention was attracted to the erratic behavior of a few bumble bees that were making much ado around a small tussock of grass. On closer inspection I found a small snake of the adder family ducking to avoid the onslaughts of the bees while stealing out of the little grass-hidden nest the young bees. I attended to him at once, and after his troubles were over I found in his maw the fat young bumble bees that he was caught in the act of swallowing.

I am not aware that snakes held in captivity ever take into the stomach any substances other than flesh, but on many occasions I have found in the stomachs of snakes that were cut open considerable vegetable matter, mainly in the form of buds, if in the early spring, and later in the summer often a profusion of small green leaves, oblong in shape, and in all cases appearing to be the same leaf. I have found these not only in stomachs that were nearly empty, but also in others that were full of animal food, a condition which would seem to preclude the possibility of their presence being due to hunger. These observations have led me to believe that snakes, like many animals, act as their own physicians, and know when and what to take into the stomach to correct any irregularities from which they may be ailing.

As flesh-eating gluttons, snakes have no equal, and when gorged to the utmost they act as if in a trance, and appear perfectly helpless, as the following cases would show: About fifteen years ago, while fishing the outlet of a shallow lake in Maine, near the Canadian line, I had occasion to visit a small, partially dried up bog to replenish my supply of little frogs for bait. While doing this I routed a large, red-bellied water snake. He acted as if trying to avoid the customs officials. I soon slit him up with my big knife, and emptied from his stomach about a quart of large tadpoles, many of which had the legs well developed, as occurs when commencing to assume frog citizenship.

Some years ago, while fishing at the Hebron Meadows, Newfound Lake, N. H., my companion and I were interested spectators of a very fierce battle between two mottled-back, red-bellied water snakes over the possession of a yellow perch of about 8in. in length, which one of them had captured and both wanted. The battle continued with great fury; first one, then the other was in temporary possession of the fish; then both would secure a firm hold and tug fiercely for possession. At times the perch seemed forgotten, and lay helplessly flopping in the mud and grass, while its captors writhed and twisted in the fierce heat of battle for the mastery. At length the smaller snake abandoned the conflict, and the victor, seizing his prey, made his way toward higher ground, only to encounter a more formidable foe, armed with a paddle. His snakeship measured 5ft. 4in. The perch was 8in. long and pulled down my pocket scales to 6½oz. Although some the worse for his experience, we returned him to the water, and after a few erratic movements he slowly swam off into deeper water.

On one occasion, while hunting, a large blacksnake was encountered. I saw from his swollen abdomen that he had only recently dined. I ripped him up with my knife, and found in his stomach an enormous green frog that measured 13in. in length.

Some years ago, one Sunday morning found us cooking breakfast in camp, which was situated on a low bluff by the side of a river that for a number of miles flowed through a succession of meadows. This occasion furnished us with a tragedy never to be forgotten. A splashing in the water on the opposite bank of the river attracted our attention; the reeds and rushes, with the tall grass, rendered it impossible to see the cause, while the noise continued so long that all thoughts of muskrats were banished from our minds, and the writer, with a companion, dipped over in a canoe to learn the cause of so unusual a disturbance. We found a large blacksnake over 6ft. in length with a catfish or horned pout stuck fast in his throat; about 4in. of the fish's tail protruded from his mouth, while the head and the remainder of the body was fast in the snake's throat, held there by the stiff, bony spines of the dorsal and pectoral fins that were protruding through the neck, one at the top just back of the head, and one on either side of the neck. The struggles of this snake, both on land and in the water, were frightful to behold. Such thrashing around in the bushes and grass; such writhing and twisting as took place in the water, amazed us. For a number of minutes we watched this awful struggle of the snake to free himself from his equally distressed victim. Tiring at last of witnessing so much suffering, we put the snake out of his misery. The head and forward part of the snake's body was badly scratched and cut up from so much thrashing around among the bushes. The fish's tail and body were also badly scratched and torn from the same cause. The bony spines protruding through the neck, and the cause of the snake's downfall, were stripped bare of fins and skin.

It is not generally known that snakes move about and feed during the night, but after many years of observation I am quite certain that some of the common species, both North and South, especially those that live near, and freely take to the water, not only move around considerably, but also feed during the hours of darkness.

I have often encountered them at night while on the water during the warm months of summer, but after the colder nights of autumn arrive I have never seen them abroad after dark.

I have found some of the water snakes caught on set lines that were put out at night and taken up in the morning, and well remember once while fishing for big-mouthed bass at least two hours before sunrise in the morning, of having a little frog that I was casting on the surface of the water taken by a red-bellied water snake. He was hooked and landed in the boat, and there was no chance of mistaking his identity, and it was yet so dark that you could see only a few feet on the water. I am afraid that this admission will show me up the same as once happened to Mr. Cheeney, and go to prove that there are fish other than trout that can be caught on the surface of the water during the silent hours of the night.

During a moonlight summer night I once listened to the awful cries of distress and anguish that came from a large green frog that was slowly being swallowed by a blacksnake. This was proven, for on pushing out from camp in our punt and making our way up a slough, guided by the mourns and cries of terror from his victim, we arrived in time to take part in the tragedy, and add to the already long list another snake victim, and give life and liberty to one whose song we had been used to listening for o' nights while happy in his home in the bog.

GEORGE W. DEARBORN.

The Crocodile's Upper Jaw.

IN the crocodile notes in the last FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Le Baron is right about the crocodiles lying in the sun with their mouths wide open. I have seen it many times and put a good charge of buckshot down their throats: but what I am trying to find out is if a crocodile's upper jaw is hinged any different from any other creature. I don't think there is anything—bird, beast, fish or reptile—that has the upper jaw hinged.

GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

Game Bag and Gun.

CAMP BOUILLON.

IN looking through some papers to-day I ran across a pencil sketch that reminded me of a camping expedition participated in by the members of the Old Saginaw Crowd a number of years ago, how many I will not attempt to say.

It was our custom to have a camp annually near Saginaw, giving as an excuse that we wanted to hunt partridges and quail, when, in reality, it was for the purpose of getting together under the leafy boughs to enjoy the crisp, fresh air of the woodlands, toast our shins before a roaring campfire, and last, but not least, to sleep beneath canvas and let off steam.

This particular trip I have reference to was taken early in November in the midst of the most delightful autumn that existed anywhere. Packing up our tents and belongings one Friday morning, and putting them aboard the Narrow Gauge baggage-car, we went down to a little station called Kintner. The advance guard going with the dunnage was Briggs, Jack Morley, or Section 37, Lindsley and myself. Lindsley was a lumberman of Morristown, N. J., who, in a rash moment, had expressed a desire to come up into the wilds of Michigan and kill half a dozen deer and a bear or two.

We explained to him that we would have more fun by confining ourselves to partridge and quail shooting, and he arrived one morning with his brand new paraphernalia, a happy smile and a cheerful disposition, and the next day we were in camp alongside of a little stream about three miles from the station above mentioned, our truck having been transported to the camping-ground by means of a farmer's wagon.

The forenoon was used up getting the camp in order. We had taken along two tents; the rear one had the cook stove put, and the cooking was presided over by George, our car porter. The front end of one tent was left open, and fastened to this was the other tent with both ends open, so it was really one long tent about 24ft. deep, giving us plenty of room for sleeping, cooking and eating.

You all know how to make a camp, and can imagine what was done to get things in order.

In the afternoon we went out for a little shoot, and I have forgotten how many birds we got, but partridges were plentiful, and we had enough for a rousing big supper that night when some new arrivals came into camp. I remember one of them was McCarty, the other George Morley, and I think Ferd Ashley was also one of the late arrivals—poor old Ferd! he has since passed to the happy hunting ground.

I remember George had a rather exciting time finding us. It was dark when the last train arrived, and he had a white paper bag filled with supplies for camp. He noticed a man approaching in the darkness carrying a lantern, and all of a sudden the stranger stopped and threw up a gun; George called to him just in time to save being peppered with a charge of shot, for the farmer had mistaken the white paper bag for a dog, and as some sheep had recently been killed by a vagrant cur, he was out watching for him. The farmer felt quite crestfallen over this incident.

The next day was spent in shooting, and it was a day full of incidents. McCarty, Lindsley and myself made up one party in the forenoon. I remember getting into a fence corner, where a covey of partridge, I do not know how many, began getting up one at a time until all of us had blazed away to our heart's content. Indeed, those were great days for shooting right around home; far better than it has been in later years.

In the afternoon Jack and I started out after wild turkeys, for a light snowfall had come on that forenoon. We had not gone far before we struck the tracks of a flock, and followed them until late in the afternoon; but as we were quite a way from camp Jack decided to give it up, and started back. I followed on but a short distance and the tracks disappeared, but whether from the birds flying or the rapidly melting snow I have forgotten which, I, too, started homeward. The camp must have been three or four miles away, and I took the road for it. In passing by a farmhouse I noticed a fine flock of turkeys. They were black, and an expert would have been required to tell them from the wild article. Striking up a bargain with the owner of the flock, I filled one big gobbler's head full of shot, slung him over my shoulder, and eventually brought up at camp. Instead of following the road, I cut across lots and came on to the camp from the woods side. The boys were all sitting around the camp-fire; it was just getting dusk, and I commenced calling out as loudly as I could when I got within earshot, telling Jack he had missed it by not staying a little longer, and the clamor I made brought them all out to see what occasioned that excitement. Of course they did not suppose for an instant that the turkey I had was a tame one. Lindsley was in ecstacies, and after they had all admired the bird, and asked all sorts of questions as to where I got it, how I got it, and all that sort of thing, I presented it to Lindsley. He was delighted with the gift, and expressed it home to Morristown to his wife. A letter received soon after his return informed me his wife said it was the finest turkey she had ever eaten; far better than any tame turkey that ever lived. Lindsley has quit the lumber business, is now editor of a newspaper, and I suppose if he sees this, it will be the first intimation he has ever had that even an Eastern lumberman was not safe from the jokes of a Saginaw sportsman.

But you are all anxious, I suppose, to know why we christened the camp Camp Bouillon, and I am in a long-winded way approaching that part of it.

I had promised the boys I would make them a woods' stew, so at noon time when we started away from camp I had fixed up a kettle containing slices of onions, potatoes, salt pork, turnips, and in fact everything that was around the camp, including a fox squirrel and a rabbit. This had been put over a slow fire to cook and sputter away until night time, and the boys were ravenous, having sniffed its savory odors for some time, and were only waiting for me to put in an appearance to literally fill themselves full. They were tired out, as hungry as wolves, and after they were all seated at our woods' table I noticed they were partaking of the stew, smacking their lips and sending back for more.

Mack is a hearty eater, and as he weighs considerably over 200lbs., he has a large cellar wherein to store an enormous quantity of food. When his plate had made the third or fourth trip to the bouillon kettle Jack rather intimated that he thought he had had his share of it.

We sat round the camp-fire that night, told stories and smoked, and as it had turned very cold, we gradually one by one crawled into bed.

Ferd was of about the same build as McCarty, and I know that Jack slept between the two, and claimed they stuck up so high that the blankets did not touch him at all, so he rattled around like a pea in a pod between these two fat men, who held the clothes about a foot higher than his frail form, and allowed the cold wind to whistle in around him in a disagreeable manner.

I do not know how long I had been asleep, certainly not a great while, before McCarty began to groan, and how he did groan; then he got up and went out into the cold, starry night, and, glancing out, I noticed he was leaning with his brow firmly pressed against the bark of a maple tree. He came back to bed only to groan and twist and go out again and cool off in the starry moonlight. Finally Mack's ravings became less frequent, and he at last settled down to a troublesome sleep.

The next victim of wakefulness was Lindsley. It had gotten awfully cold by this time; the moon had gone nearly down and it was getting dark. An old owl on a tree near by began hooting, and I could almost hear Lindsley's ears prick up, and he finally asked in a hollow whisper, "What's that?" and there was a tremor in his voice that seemed to indicate he thought his time had come. I whispered to him, "It is a great horned owl," and he asked me whether I supposed he could shoot it. I said, "Of course; nothing is easier; just follow the sound and you will see him sitting up on a limb and blaze away at him."

Up he got; how his teeth did chatter; I guess the thermometer had gotten down to zero by that time. He hunted around for his boots, and, after a good deal of difficulty, dressed himself; his benumbed fingers fished out the cartridges, and he started out.

I could hear him banging his shins and falling over logs in the darkness. The hooting of the owl seemed further away, and I was just dozing off when Lindsley came in, frozen nearly to death, and crawled into bed.

The next morning bright and early, before we had finished breakfast, we had visitors. It was Sunday morning, and the farmers were coming to see what kind of a crowd was camping among them. They could hardly understand for what purpose business men could be living in tents so near their back yards. McCarty had not gotten up yet; he was pale and unsteady. Lindsley was hunting for a pair of silk stockings that he had gotten wet the day before and had hung on a little branch to dry. They had disappeared. One of the farmer visitors suddenly remarked that some one must have been mighty sick in this camp last night (he was standing suspiciously near the maple tree). "Why," I asked. "Well," he said, "I have heard of people throwing up their socks before now, but I never saw it done."

Alas for Lindsley's silk socks. We will draw the curtain of charity on the scene. McCarty took the first train home Monday morning, leaving the rest of us to pack up, and to this day, if a rabbit stew is mentioned, his memory takes him back to that night when he destroyed Lindsley's hosiery.

W. B. MERSHON.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Good Boating Streams.

LEXDEN has the following inquiry and information in regard to streams suitable for a canoeing and camping trip:

"Will you kindly advise me, if you have any information upon the subject, as to the character of the Wisconsin River from a point near Eagle River Station, on the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western, to Merrill or Wausau?

"I spend one of my vacations, usually in July or August, in taking a trip down some river with one or more companions, and boats or canoes of light draft, carrying protean tent, blankets, provisions and fishing tackle, and making three or four or twice as many different camps in the space of two or three weeks. We prefer a rather small stream, and as our boats draw only a few inches of water, we can start pretty well up. I have been down the Kalamazoo, the Thornapple, the Tippecanoe, the White River and the Kankakee (from Momence), and like to go down a different stream each season. The best trip I ever had was down the smallest of these streams, the Thornapple, of Michigan, from Thornapple Lake to the mouth of the river.

"On such trips we rarely use anything but the fly in our fishing, as we make it a point to kill no fish which we cannot eat; and a fish caught on a fly is only lip-hooked, and not injured.

"I met a man last fall who said the Wisconsin below Minoqua is a good bass stream. That he had taken them weighing 4lbs. (small mouths).

"This year there will be four of us, with three boats and two protean tents. We would like to know of a small stream where we can have from 100 to 200 miles of boating; where the scenery is picturesque; the population not dense, but rather the reverse; campers not so numerous as to be in each other's way; the stream rather rapid, with riffles, etc., and good fly-fishing.

"This is a large order, but I have great confidence in 'Chicago and the West.'"

The Wisconsin River, even so far up as Eagle River station, is considerable of a stream, deep and with good current, yet very well suited for a boating trip. It has some few rapids, but nothing dangerous. It offers fine fishing for bass and wall-eyed pike, and yields an occasional muscallonge. It runs through a wild pine country. Near Merrill, Wis., one strikes good trout streams; among others, I think the Prairie River a very good stream indeed. Lower down in the State the Wisconsin gets to be a big river, carrying steamboats and that sort of thing, but between the points above mentioned it is not a bad stream for a boating trip, and has been run by several parties equipped somewhat as Mr. Mott describes. The Brulé River is a wilder stream, with more rapids and more dangers for small boats. This trip would not offer the fishing afforded by the Wisconsin River, and the navigation would be far more difficult and hazardous. I have tried the Brulé rapids once and have not lost any more of them. The Flambeau and the Chippewa are other considerable streams of the pine country and offer attractions similar to those of the Wisconsin. The Ontanogan offers a good trip, but gives only trout fishing. For a quiet trip through a farming country with good bass fishing, the Rock River is a good one. All the above streams are in Wisconsin. Of course, a rapid and eventful trip could be made down the Au Sable River, of Michigan, South Peninsula. Here one could get all the trout, grayling, risks and rapids he would probably care for. All these streams would afford mosquitoes in abundance. I believe I would rather have the Wisconsin River for a camping run than any of them.

From the Northwest Coast Country.

Mr. W. S. Phillips, of Latona, Wash., sends me the following from the far-off Northwest country of the Coast. In regard to the cutting of the trees by beaver at so great a distance from the ground, the thing may be strange, but not incredible. The snow in these big mountains fall to a very great depth. I have seen the face of a drift in the Rockies exposed for a height, I should think, of 15 or 20ft. Moreover, this very winter, as it happens, I have seen the trails and cuttings of beaver on the top of the snow (near the Two Medicine Creek, in Montana). The snow here was probably not more than 6 or 8ft. deep, but had it been twice that depth the beaver could have gone on top of it just the same. They were working out in the woods, a little way from an open stretch in the creek. Mr. Phillips goes on to say:

"A friend of mine told me of a queer fact the other day. He has been with Government Survey outfits working in the Cascade Mountain country for several years, off and on. While working among the Mt. Rainier foothills he found trees which had been cut off as high as 20ft. above the ground by beaver. Said he saw this in the summer, and could only explain it by the theory of the animals working on top of the winter snow. Did you ever hear of a similar incident? He also tells me that mountain goats are very plentiful all around the snow ridges that flank the peak.

"Spring is on with us here; weather warm; birds singing; flowers in bloom, and the hills full of prospectors; regular '49 rush this spring, which will probably cut a big figure in the game question in the mountain country of this State, as every man going out carries arms, the .30-30 Marlin being about equally in favor with .45-70 Winchester, and they are all 'meat' rifles. This fact, coupled to a rush of prospectors, bodes ill to the peace of Washington game."

Snowshoe Wear.

Mr. William Goldthwait asks for the address of the store in St. Paul that sells the rubber-soled moccasin, mentioned in my letter from there of March 2. I obtained the shoes of a local store whose address I do not recall, but I think the goods were those of the American Rubber Company. After trying them I found that my theory had not been carried out quite successfully. The sole of the shoe is too heavy, and the whole foot is too stiff and clumsy for successful use as a foot cover for snowshoeing. In this work, as of course every snowshoer knows, the foot must not be cramped or bound in any particular, and the shoe must yield to every movement readily. For snowshoeing in a cold, dry snow, a great many are fond of the moccasin. The main trouble with the moccasin, aside from its leading, is that when ice forms under the ball of the foot it punishes one more than when the foot is protected by a rubber sole. The woodsmen and trappers of Wisconsin and Michigan, indeed also of Montana and the Northwest Coast country, use a rubber called the Gold Seal, which, to my notion, is about the best snowshoe wear I have found. The sole of this is flexible and the top soft enough to serve as a moccasin. These rubbers are sold with leather tops at some of the Montana towns for instance, at Kallispel, but I do not know the name of any dealer there. I finally came around to use these rubbers on my Rocky Mountain snowshoe trip this winter, as we were in a country where the snow was wet and very deep. Ordinarily it makes no difference that these rubbers have no tops to them, as the snow which gets in about the edges will not wet through the heavy socks, but in this country I found that the snow was too damp, so I sewed some heavy canvas tops to my rubbers, leaving a wide lap or fold of the canvas which I could tie closely about the leg with strings. If Mr. Goldthwait will get a pair of the Gold Seal rubbers, wearing them over heavy German socks, and attaching to them heavy canvas tops which will come well up to the knee, and tie firmly with thongs from the top down to the ankle, he will have what I believe to be the best all-around snowshoe wear possible to obtain. We found the buckskin uppers soft, but they wet through like paper in the damp snow. The rig suggested is altogether superior to the heavy and clumsy shoes mentioned earlier, and the main beauty about the latter was that they had a top capable of lacing, so that the snow would not get into the rubbers. They were not "rubber soled," but were rubber shoes with buckskin tops. The Kallispel Gold Seal rubber with leather top is far better. These I had not seen when I wrote the item cited. The Gold Seal rubber without tops can be had of the Goodyear Co., at Milwaukee, Wis. They are not sold in all the city of Chicago, but are handled in towns supplying more directly the pine woods trade.

The Overflowed Districts.

Mr. Percy F. Stone, of this city, is just back from a business trip in the hardwood lumber districts of the Mississippi Delta. He says that nearly all the hunting grounds of that country are under water. Large numbers of wild turkeys are being killed along the timbered ridges, to which they have resorted and where they are comparatively hapless. A good many turkeys were being killed by hunters from Greenville, Miss., and he was told that it would be no trouble to get a gobbler, if he liked, in a short trip by boat. Mr. Stone says that the town of Clarksdale, Miss., eighty miles below Memphis, would be under water but for a small levee which protected it at last accounts. Captain Bobo's plantation, eight miles south of Clarksdale, is now practically an island, his ridge being so high that it is never under water. Here the redoubtable bear-hunter could, no doubt, if he liked, kill abundance of the game which has taken refuge with him. The country in which we hunted bear last winter is now all eight feet under water.

Tennessee Quail Netting.

Mr. Benj. C. Miles, of Brownsville, Tenn., with whom I had the pleasure of hunting during a visit last year at that point, states that during the past season he bagged 125 birds on the same ground over which we hunted, and that he thinks at least 500 birds were killed on that same strip of country, though abundance were left over for breeding purposes. Mr. Miles goes on to say:

"I inclose you copy of our game law as we succeeded in having it passed, and we needed it. For the past season it is estimated that there was shipped from our county 10,000 Bob Whites. They were never in such numbers before, and the pot-hunters had their inning. Several of the square sportsmen killed above 500. The writer, though long past his best shooting, bagged 485; best score any day, twenty-eight coveys, thirty-two birds, using my dogs Joe and Cassio. Since the close have been surprised to find coveys of fifteen or twenty birds, and think will have as many to breed as last year.

"All our native songsters got through the winter in fine shape, and are now preparing to nest; have seen as many as twenty bluebirds (last year not one), and my theory that they have been forced to the woods by the English sparrows holds good; have not seen any within two miles. Nine miles from town on the 8th saw summer and scarlet tanagers, orioles, waxwings, black martins, two or three kinds of warblers and sparrows, and wrens galore, all twittering and hopping about, proof that summer is not far off.

"While shooting in December with Drs. Taylor and Gillespie, the latter gentleman had the misfortune to shoot and permanently injure Dr. Taylor's Boy, one of the best setters I ever saw, and over which you shot when here.

"The high water has forced our deer and turkeys and wolves to the hills, and they are being hunted in defiance of law, some half-dozen deer being killed in the last three weeks, all does, and in face of the fact that fawns come from May 10 to June 10.

"A few days since Robert Sevier, a fourteen-year old boy, and fifth generation descendant of the pioneer, Indian fighting family of that name, while hunting squirrels, came upon a wolf and five whelps; he wounded the dam, though she and two whelps escaped, killed two, and captured one of the latter. The Sevier family commenced hunting buffalo, elk, Indians and wolves in the eastern border of the State 130 years since, and now a descendant finds a specimen of their game within thirty miles of the western border, wild and untamed and fierce as at the first.

"We are trying now to get through a fish law with a few entertaining features."

The text of the Tennessee law for the county of Haywood makes the open season on partridge, quail, woodcock, pheasant and wild turkey from Nov. 15 to Feb. 15, and it is "also unlawful to kill wild turkey between May 1 and Nov. 1." It is a misdemeanor to ship or carry from Haywood county any of the above birds at any season of the year. Netting of birds at any time is forbidden, even upon one's own land. It is unlawful to "hunt, kill, net trap or capture quail or partridge at any season of the year." The grand jury has inquisitorial power on all such cases, and the fine for a second offense may run as high as $50. This is an excellent law for each and every county in Tennessee to copy, and well might it be for the counties of other States should they pass and enforce laws forbidding the netting of quail and the taking of them for market by any means whatever.

An Illinois Farmer on Game Laws.

Mr. Blinn Smith, of Woo Sung, Ill., sends me the following interesting budget on game laws and other matters. Mr. Smith does not take quite the view in regard to the opening date of the chicken season which is commonly accepted by the sportsmen of Chicago. Here the impression is that the later the date and the shorter the season the better it is for the bird; and indeed it is hard to see why, if men are disposed to break the law at all, they will not break it anyhow, under one date as much as another. The "sooner" in chicken hunting has been one of the institutions of the West, and he seems likely to remain a permanent one. Nevertheless, Mr. Smith's views are well worth attention, especially as coming from one of the class most intimately concerned in game law matters, the land owners, who have the game before them at all seasons of the year and who feed it the year round. Mr. Smith says:

"There will soon be an end to the duck supply. I have that Du Pont calendar that Jim Grimes says 'ain't nacher'l,' and see that all the ducks left are drakes.

"A late article on golden plover reminds me of a flight I saw some six years ago. On the next farm there is a large mound of about five acres; the birds came from the northeast, circled the south side of the mound, and flew north, northwest. A flock would be out of sight before another came to view. I have always lived here, but never saw a similar flight. Do these birds take the same course from year to year, or are they influenced by currents of air? Will some one please rise and explain?

"There were more chickens in this portion of Illinois than there has been for years. South of Dixon and Sterling, in the fall of '95 the law was well observed generally; but '97 was—Oh, what a difference! Each one said: 'I waited for the law last year, and found the birds all killed. This time I'm with them.' And they were.

"The principal reason for this is that the season opens after our fields (stubble) are not in condition to hold birds. In northern Illinois, by Sept. 15 the stubble is plowed up. If the field is seeded to grass stock has been turned in, and the birds go to the corn by that time. Those that observe the law can get action but no birds, and they have given up shooting, protection and all in disgust. This is the class of men that would do their best to protect if they could get three or four hunts each fall. But this is just what makes it so dead easy for the poacher and market hunter—no one cares to trouble him. He commences plenty early to be before his kind—about July 15, when the birds have yellow dust on their feathers.

"When the law was Aug. 15, with a good chance to get birds, everybody observed it, but they kept making the law a little later, putting a premium on crime. It would be wise to make every other or every third season a close season.

"I am a farmer, and see this same old circus, concert and all, each year. I think I got five birds in Illinois; what others I got were from a Minnesota duck pass, after Oct. 16.

"If I should come to the June shoot I will tell you about the wonderful ways they have of arresting and prosecuting persons with birds in their possession."

The Cave at Castalia.

All readers of FOREST AND STREAM are more or less familiar with the characteristics of the wonderful trout stream at Castalia, O., and perhaps know that it is formed by enormous springs that burst up through the surface of the ground. A vast sheet of water seems to underlie that region, for when an artesian well was sunk at the lower club it so affected the supply of water in the springs of the upper club as to raise a serious question. The daily dispatches of April 12 have the following singular information in regard to a vast cavern which purports to have been discovered beneath the town of Castalia, and near the big springs which make the head of the creek:

"CASTALIA, O., April 12.—The discovery of a vast subterranean passageway here has caused many visitors to inspect a new cave lately. Sunday visitors come from many surrounding towns. The cave is situated at the source of Castalia Creek and extends underneath this town. The people of Erie county are much exercised over the explorations that are being made. The entrance is as yet made with difficulty, but the splendor of the interior is marvelous when shown by the illumination of torches. The State geologist will inspect the cave this week, after which the opening will be enlarged. It is believed that this cave is connected with Perry's cave at Put-in-Bay, and also with Flat Rock cave, which would make it extend over an area greater than that of Mammoth cave."

Trout and Elk.

Mr. John D. Losekamp, of Billings, Mont., writes me as follows about trout, elk, etc.:

"Some time ago I wrote in reference to stocking one of our finest lakes with trout. What is your opinion as to the best way to stock this lake, with native trout or a different variety from some hatchery?

"In offering you the following information I do not wish to invite your indignation at my asking you the following question, 'Did you know that elk give birth to young in months other than May and June, which is supposed to be their breeding season?' I have reliable information that calves are dropped nearly every month. Not far from here there is a little band wherein there are October, November, December ('96), January and February ('97) calves."

While I do not know much about such matters, my personal belief is that it is better to stick to native fish in stocking than to monkey too much with varieties from elsewhere that may be thought to be a trifle more gilt-edged. The fish commission of Illinois has done good work because it spent its money in planting fish which it knew would do well in Illinois waters. I can testify that the native trout of Mr. Losekamp's country are good enough for any mortal being, although there may be other trout which are almost too good to be true.

I take it that Mr. Losekamp's information in regard to the young of the elk will be news to a great many, at least it was to me, although I do not know a great deal about elk.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Pike County Grouse Shipments.

MATAMORAS, Pike county, Pa., April 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In an article appearing in your last issue, signed by Mr. L. W. Mazurie, he says: "I know several station agents on the line of the D., L. & W. R. R. in Pike county, Pa., who informed me that they had each shipped between 1,400 and 1,500 ruffed grouse to New York and Philadelphia markets."

The D., L. & W. R. R. does not pass through Pike county; its nearest point is miles away, as anyone may see by referring to a map. Secondly, all the grouse killed in Pike county last season would not make a number equal to the amount claimed to have been shipped by one agent. We were enabled to make a fair estimate of the game killed, for one person was appointed in each township to make a report at the end of the season. J. G. VAN GORDON.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

REVERIES AND REALITIES.

Over my desk hangs a Winchester calendar. It depicts three scenes of sporting character. The largest of these three represents a sportsman in the act of shooting a wounded moose. On one side is portrayed a shooter about to break—we will give him the benefit of the doubt—a clay pigeon. Below appear two hunters shooting at an extremely lazy mountain goat—I know he is lazy, for he has stood in just the same position for almost a year. One becomes nervous by regarding these scenes for long. I suppose the human mind, always striving after the positive and absolute, becomes worried by trying to determine what is quite insoluble from the pictures, namely, what will be the effect of the different shots about to be fired.

This calendar has been a great source of distraction to me. At times when my eye rests on these scenes I am carried—in spirit—far from my work, far from the city with its roar and din, and suddenly I find myself in a vale, a red deer is discernible through the trees; I shoot and it scampers off. Another bound of imagination and I am walking on muddy flats; two brown balls jumping from under my very feet tear twisting away; a right and left! I hear the two reports; one brown ball loses its roundness as it falls limp to the ground; but the other—alas! I watch it twist and turn and corkscrew into the distance. The scene again changes. The green marsh converts into brown land and fences appear, and men, four brown boxes, arrange themselves in a semicircle upon the ground. What are these? As I watch them a brown thing issues from one and skims gracefully toward the blue sky. Bang! The brown thing is converted into bits of broken clay. One after another the different and varied incidents of my various outings appear and disappear like scenes of the magic lantern.

Of course, every sportsman has similar excursions while sitting at his work. It is one of the glorious pleasures given him by nature—her reward for his love. The same kind mother of all sportsmen provides that only the happy phases of sporting appear at such times—the successful days, the heavy bags, the large fish we have captured. And so, on each return to the humdrum of daily life from these voyages of retrospection, we are pleased with ourselves, and as a consequence friends with all the world.

One reads in the Forest and Stream only the accounts of lucky hunting trips. Once only have I read in its pages the experience of an unfortunate sportsman—a charmingly-written article, telling of an enjoyable trip the writer had after deer. He killed nothing, but had a glorious outing That account was a great balm to myself, and I doubt not to many other unlucky brethren of the gun.

A fellow can take with him a grand gun, wonderful cartridges, and hie him to a firstrate locality, but if he wear not on his brow the magic wreath of luck—he will have a good time, no doubt, but his bag will not be uncomfortably heavy. I believe in one man possessing good luck and another poor luck, just as thoroughly as I believe that the former is a poor shot and the latter a good one. There must be something to counterbalance, so it has been decreed that the unlucky man shall be a capital shot. The few opportunities he has, therefore, are improved; he has the satisfaction of "hitting nearly everything he saw." "But," does someone say, "I am an exception. I am not a good shot, neither am I a lucky one." Shake hands my brother! Let us console each other! We have stickatitiveness though, haven't we? We will pursue coy fortune until finally we have captured her. Some day we will find a place alive—crawling with woodcock; some time we will plant our leaden bullet behind the shoulder of a deer. Then we will import into that solemn forest a German brass band, trombone and all, and bid them play the requiem over the prostrate form and antlered head of the monarch of the American forest. I stood over him once, with but little satisfaction, however. Perhaps the incident might be of interest.

My guide and I had tramped three days, and had not fired a shot. This day, the 4th, was rainy, converting the 2in. of snow into slush. It was dreary weather, and our spirits were low, for this was my last day, and the prospects seemed to point to a fruitless hunt. Several times during the morning, and always in the thickest woods, for it was raining, we encounteted my esteemed and respected friend, the ruffed grouse. Esteemed, for I have eaten him; respected, for I have shot at him as he thundered away into the depths of the woods. In the wilds where unmolested by man, these birds are foolish and easily approached. We always fired at them, believing in the sage proverb that "a bird in the hand gathers no moss."

About 2 P. M. we turned toward camp, much disappointed. We were not far from that destination, when Pierre, who was trudging on ahead, suddenly stopped, raised his rifle, and with it still at his shoulder, whispered, "Shall I shoot?" Thinking it to be another "partridge," I assented. His .44-40 Winchester snapped angrily almost as I spoke.

"He's coming!"

"What's coming, you idiot?" I replied, for I was not in a good humor. But I needed no answer, for bowling straight at us I caught sight of a deer.

He certainly did look grand as he rushed on, his head thrown back, taking great bounds like a greyhound. He must have been 100yds. or so away when disturbed, so I had several seconds in which to admire this grand piece of nature. But this was no time for admiration. Perhaps I had a momentary attack of "the fever"; perhaps I reserved intentionally my fire, I cannot remember. But that deer was not 15yds. from me when I fired, and launched by the momentum of the rush he fell at our very feet. A moment the poor brute struggled to regain his feet, then his muscles relaxed, a quiver shook his body, and he was dead.

I tell you what it is, brother sportsman, when some non-sporting friend asks us why we kill harmless birds of the air and creatures of the forest, we have few excuses to offer. It is the very height and pinnacle of happiness for hundreds, yes, thousands of us, to shoulder an infernal machine and stalk into the woods to kill animals we do not need. I think I hear a chorus of angry protests: "I never kill an animal I do not want; when I have shot what I need for camp I stop." This is the refrain. But oh, sportsmanlike sportsman, what need is there to go so far into the wilds for your outings that it becomes necessary to kill for food? Because, is it not, that you may reach the home of the wild, though homeless, animal? It is not the outing nor the grandeur of the woods. They both can be enjoyed much nearer home than either you or I make our yearly preparations to go; neither is it the pleasure of tickling our palates with dainty morsels of game that prompts us to shoot the whirring grouse and running deer. Goodness knows that where we enjoy one meal on juicy moose-meat we are forced to deaden our craving appetite for the next ten on salt pork. No, brother sportsman, it is nothing higher than the savage instinct, handed down from war-like forefathers, which prompts us to make these killing excursions. The day has passed for slaying each other, so what more natural than that we should seek out the next best thing to destroy.

But I have departed far from my story. Perhaps the easiest and most comfortable way of dismissing the subject of killing from our minds is to place all the blame upon our forebears. It can not hurt them and it will ease our consciences.

To return, then, the stag at our feet was a fine nine or ten year animal, with a good pair of antlers.

On examination we found that the guide's bullet had entered behind the shoulder, making a grove in the heart My bullet had broken his front shoulder-blade, entering on one side of his chest.

I do not believe that that the stag had any idea of charging with intent to kill. Merely a coincident that he ran in our direction. Of course I knew the guide's shot, and not mine, had been the effective one, yet I trudged home that evening in a much happier frame of mind than when I started out in the rain and slush. J. K. K.

Montreal.

THE VERMONT LEAGUE.

From Secretary John W. Titcomb's Annual Report.

A reference to the constitution of the Vermont Fish and Gun League explains the objects of the League as follows: "To procure and enforce suitable laws for the protection and preservation of food fishes, game, song and insectivorous birds; the promotion of fish culture; the introduction of new species and varieties of fish, game and useful birds; to disseminate information relating thereto; and to procure the revision and codification of the laws on these subjects when necessary."

What Has the League Accomplished?

To give a most concise answer, it is possible to say that every one of the objects of the League, as above-mentioned, have received attention successfully. Taking the first, second and last clauses of above, it may be said, truthfully, that most rapid progress has been made. In 1892 the laws were revised by a committee from members of the League appointed by its then acting President, which, as a chapter, was introduced in and passed by both houses of the Legislature, and all previous acts relative to the protection of fish and game repealed. While this chapter was not entirely perfect, it was a vast improvement upon the cumbersome and conflicting legislation which then existed in the form of acts and amendments passed biennially for the ten previous sessions. In 1894 a general revision of the Statutes necessitated another overhauling of the chapter of game laws by the Legislature. It may be said, to the credit of the Legislative Committee of the League for the session of 1892, that the chapter then enacted stood well the test of the Revisory Committee of the Legislature of 1894. A set-back was received in 1894, however, in the legislation for the protection of fish in Lake Champlain, whereby an agreement, entered into between the State Fish and Game Commissioners and the Department of Marine and Fisheries of Canada, was nullified by the legislative enactment making seine-fishing in Lake Champlain practically free, and gave the Canadian authorities an opportuntty to license fishing in the Canadian waters of the lake, while the pike-perch were running up to spawn. This has been partially remedied by the Legislature of 1896, if the Canadian authorities see fit to renew an agreement previously broken by Vermont. Perhaps at no time in the history of Vermont has the Legislature been so much occupied by bills for the protection or destruction of fish and game as during the session of 1896. Over thirty-five bills of this nature were introduced, and of this number eighteen became laws. Of the eighteen which became laws, Nos. 35, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 95, 96, 97, 98, 131 and 139 of the acts of 1896, were drafted by the attorney acting for the League. This is mentioned to inform the members that the League is carrying out the objects set forth in the constitution as well as its official representatives know how to do it. Three measures relative to the prohibition of sawdust and the constructions of fishways advocated by the Fish and Game Commissioners, and drafted by the League's attorney, failed to become laws. The legislative Joint Committee on Game and Fisheries were confronted with a large amount of legislation which was not for the interests of the State at large, and it is to their credit that such legislation was uniformly reported adversely by them.

Taking up the third clause of the constitution, viz.: "The Introduction of New Varieties of Fish, Game and Useful Birds." The recent report of the annual meeting, held in November, 1896, gives the report of the Committeee on the Introduction of New Game. The writer will simply add that the Mongolian pheasants at his aviary have so far (Feb. 25) withstood the rigors of a St. Johnsbury climate, which may be regarded as severe as in any portion of Vermont. The birds do not mind 20° below zero weather, and have had no shelter except what might be called a box laid on the ground, open on one side, and without a bottom. The boxes thus used are 6ft. long (with opening on side the entire length), 4ft. wide and 2ft. high. The pheasants are insect feeders, and there is only one question to consider as to their ability to withstand our severe winters. That question is as to whether they can procure food during the period that the snow is deep. The writer has been informed that the birds will bud when forced to do it. They certainly like some vegetation as well as insects. They should be a friend of the farmer, in that they are insect-destroyers. Right here the writer will digress to say a word for the song and insectivorous birds. Many people do not think it worth while to enforce the laws for their protection, while in reality these birds are a necessary protection to the farmers as insect-destroyers. The little harm some of them do in stealing fruit is amply atoned for in their destruction of noxious insects. The writer expects to raise two or three hundred Mongolian pheasants and crosses between the Mongolian and English pheasants the coming season. That the Mongolian pheasants will withstand the climate and obtain food in the lake towns, is proven from the fact that their less hardy relatives, the English pheasants, have spread rapidly from Dr. Webb's preserve throughout several counties.

The writer is very skeptical about the successful introduction of quail other than on preserves where they can be protected and fed during the rigors of winter, and therefore does not recommend a further expenditure by the League in this direction.

Of the capercailzie received last fall, one pair was sent to Gen. Ripley, of Rutland, and turned loose in suitable covers for them. The balance of the consignment are on Dr. Webb's preserve, where he has large pens, and hopes to be able to rear them in confinement and then distribute for the benefit of the League.

The black game were distributed last fall, five each to Gen. Ripley and Mr. Gelot, of Rutland and Middlebury, to be turned loose in the woods. Of the ten remaining, one or two died, and the balance are in confinement at Dr. Webb's preserve, to be propagated the same as the capercailzie. It is hoped that the artificial propagation of these two species will prove successful, as the cost of getting these birds from Sweden is very large.

Turning to the fourth clause in the objects of the Association, viz., "To disseminate information," etc., the members of the League are familiar with the cloth posters containing a synopsis of the laws which are very generally distributed every year, being posted in public places throughout the State, as well as being mailed each member of the League. Pamphlets of the game laws have also been very generally distributed throughout the State as often as any changes have been made by the Legislatures.

The midsummer meeting of 1894 was most enjoyable, and most successful in every respect. The social features of this and the annual meetings have always proved very desirable, in that they bring together once or twice a year men of similar tastes, all desiring the promotion of the welfare of Vermont, through the medium of the League, as well as in a general way. This interest is evidenced by the fact that there are no "dead heads" in the League. It is doubtful if any other organization of a philanthropic character can boast of a membership which is so prompt in paying initiation fees and annual dues, and is always ready to make subscriptions when called upon. The annual dues may be regarded as a subscription, in that many members never have an opportunity to enjoy the social features, and their only satisfaction is in seeing the steady development of Vermont's fish and game interests through the work of the League. It seems desirable that the social side of the organization should be kept up, not only for the mutual enjoyment of the members, but also because it is on these occasions that so many new members are added. The vote of the League, at last annual meeting, to have a midsummer meeting in 1897, will be carried out, but the time and place has not yet been decided upon.

A SUCCESSFUL ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Thinking they may be of value in the line of suggestion to organizations for the protection of game and fish, I venture to inclose herein a sample of the "literature" used by the Hillsborough County Game and Protective Association; and send you also, under separate cover, one of our large cloth posters

The campaign of education, as well as prosecution, we have been waging the past three years, has been productive of good results.

These cloth posters are sent to every postmaster, also to sportsmen and hotel keepers, and are put up in post-offices and public places, as well as nailed on barns, fences, trees, and beside streams and rivers. The small card-board folders being distributed, gratis, in all directions (within the county). These ideas (so far as our association is concerned) are original with us, and have proved so beneficial that they would seem worth a trial, at least, elsewhere.

This association was formed in 1893, by that sterling sportsman the late Col. John B. Clarke, of the Manchester *Mirror*, who clearly saw the futility of endeavoring to enforce the game laws by a State organization which tries to cover too much territory, "spreads out too thin," so to speak; or, on the other hand, by purely local organization, which is too local in its sympathies to ensure prompt and fearless handling of violations.

The association is not a "gun club," and has no trap shooting attachment to offer as an inducement for membership. The only social feature is the annual meeting and dinner, which is held at some central point during the daytime, so that members may all attend, and yet reach their homes the same night. The annual dues being only $1.00, does not keep any true sportsman out, and provides a fund out of which are paid only printing bills and the $25.00 we offer in the shape of a reward for evidence sufficient to ensure a conviction. The result is, that we have a membership of over 100 earnest, active sportsmen.

We do not claim to have entirely suppressed law breaking, but we do claim to have made it dangerous to violate the game laws in this county. We have secured a long list of convictions, in every case being successful in our prosecutions; and what adds to our strength is the fact that local officers have (as a rule) nothing to do with a prosecution, the blow generally falling from a direction least looked for. Not a little of our success is due to Hon. Nathaniel Wentworth, chairman of the New Hampshire Fish and Game Commission, who is a member of our executive committee, and who personally attends to most of the cases.

At our annual meeting in Manchester, April 6, we indorsed the Platform Plank of Forest and Stream, "That the sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

If anything in our plans, or literature, should commend itself to you, and you should know of any club or association who might like to receive copies, we shall be glad to furnish them free, upon application to George P. Kimball, Sec'y, Nashua, N. H.

Commissioner Wentworth informs me that in his journeys up and down the State he has never seen nor heard of so many partridges as he has this spring. A mild winter has much to do with it, and we should have excellent sport in the fall. W. H. B.

Forests and Mining Claims.

Chillicothe, O., April 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my travels through the West I have seen at various places where timber thieves had staked out, in good timber, mining claims (300×1,500ft.), digged a small hole to make a feigned compliance with the laws governing working of mineral claims, and then proceeded to remove and saw up all the timber. This has been done in many parts of Colorado. In remote parts the thieves boldly cut and destroy timber *ad libitum*. The timber reserves have no value except for their timber, and are all practically valueless for agricultural or grazing purposes. L. B. Yaple.

THE ALABAMA ASSOCIATION.

BIRMINGHAM, April 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As secretary of the Alabama Game and Fish Protective Association, I wish to express our appreciation of your interest in our cause, and especially of the use of the columns of the best and oldest sportsman's paper in this country. This is a benefit which none could fail to appreciate.

Right now I want to say something to the sportsmen of the State through your columns. I wish you could ring it in their ears until it would arouse them to the fact that four or five men, no matter how determined or zealous in a cause, cannot carry it to a successful termination. You must get up and help, brother. You cannot do any good by sending us a postal card saying you are heartily in sympathy with us, then sitting down and grumbling because we have accomplished nothing. So get up and go to work.

We want a local association in every county in the State. What is the matter with your county? You are the very man to organize it. Suppose most of your friends and neighbors are farmers—the very people! They own the majority of the land in this State, and we need their help. Don't say they will not do anything but chase you off their land every time they find you there with a gun or fishing rod. Try them first and see if they won't give you their support. I guarantee they will, and if you are a right-minded sportsman, and do not try to carry off all the game, they will not only let you shoot, but invite you to come again.

Now, to insure a grand success we must have concert of action all over the State. You see how we are liable to have conflicting laws, when each county enacts local laws with no regard to her sister county. How shall we enforce the laws unless we have officers whose duty it shall be to attend to their enforcement?

The utter disregard for the laws now in force demonstrates the fact that "What is every man's business is no man's business." You can hardly blame a man for not reporting a neighbor or friend, thereby creating an enmity or probably a feud in the neighborhood. Don't you see the remedy? Let us have some one whose duty it shall be to attend to this, then we will have protection.

Now, are you fellows going to sit off down there in your counties and wait until we pass laws for the State, then raise a row, and say, "Those laws don't suit us in this county"? That won't do. We beg and implore every county to send as many members as they see fit to our annual meeting, so they may have a voice in everything that is done.

We are going to push this protection to a successful issue, whether you help us or not from your county. If it don't suit you, keep quiet; for you had a chance to have your voice in council, but would not.

Now as to what we are doing so far. We have some of the best legal talent in the State interested in our cause, men who are in close touch with our representatives. They are now at work framing laws to secure the ends we seek. These laws will come before the association at its next meeting for approval.

We have secured bass from the Government for stocking three of our streams, also their promise to put in fishways in the locks at Tuscaloosa on the Warrior River, where the fish have been cut off from their spawning grounds for several years.

This is not much, but it is a beginning; and if all will work together it will be but a short while until we have a veritable sportsman's paradise, such as it was when it came from the hands of an all-wise Creator.

J. H. ALLEN, Sec'y.

SHOOTING PRIVILEGES AND TRESPASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Lexden is evidently a gentleman who has the welfare of game at heart, and probably has no personal interest in any preserve or tract of land which has upon it the kind of scenery which he loves to admire. I am sorry he thought I was making an argument that landowners should not do exactly as they please with whatever belongs to them, when I was only asking a question for information—What are we poor devils going to do when the terrible landowners agree that the interests of game protection demand that we be put off? I am not talking about the turnip patch back of the house; I wouldn't like to tramp up any man's quail preserve, and I think he would do just right to take the shotgun to me. I suppose Lexden has never been where he has not seen the face of a companion, even a dog, for any considerable time—at least, does not make a practice of going off alone twenty or thirty miles from any living soul. But when he realizes that that wild land is private land, as absolutely under its owner's control as the ground his house is built upon, some curious questions will arise in his mind, and if ever he has been ordered off or forbidden to go upon such land, those questions will demand an answer.

The rights of property are sacred and inviolable. What I make, or what I have paid fair compensation for, is mine absolutely to do with as I please. I am surprised Lexden seriously argues that, but that he misunderstood me I am not in the least surprised. We expect to be misunderstood when we say some things. But what annoys Lexden is the horrible suggestion that there are any rights inseparable from acreage. The owner of the land does not have "exclusive control" if the "State requires him to pay each year 'something' in the form of taxes."

Mr. Lexden intends that no one shall hunt game except owners of land? Then it seems to me it is perfect nonsense, this talk about "game protection." What right have the impertinent public to say to the man who has killed his game on his own land in what way he shall dispose of it? What right have they to say when he shall not kill it any more than when he shall not kill his hogs? What right have they, after he has paid his taxes, to meddle with his affairs?

But wild animals, like trees and rivers and mountains, are not uniformly distributed over this terrestrial sphere. They not only prefer some places to others, but can only live in favored spots. If Lexden will tell me how any amount of hard cash is going to keep caribou, for instance, alive in a certain part of North Carolina that, as landowner, I have some interest in, or will move a little mountain scenery and cool rivers and such things there, he will confer a favor indeed on one grateful individual.

I am far from suggesting a definite remedy (and I wish to make myself clear on that point) when I say that it is precisely because of this unequal distribution of the good things that are the work of nature, not man, that calls for a better understanding, not of Free Trade, nor Populism, nor pie, but the fundamental relations of men in an organized State. Each man is so busily engaged about his own affairs, he comes to ignore rights that are ridiculous to State because so evident, and substitute "legal" right, which is the creature of the hour, changing or needing to be changed with the growth of the world for moral right. "We hold these things to be self-evident," etc It may be incompatible with the increase of the human inhabitants of this earth that animals shall exist anywhere wild, and that they shall continue to exist at all only in certain circumscribed areas called "preserves." In that case why talk about "game" protection any more than cow protection? Why invoke the power of the many (the State) to protect that which only the few can enjoy? The trespass laws are ample, surely.

But my purpose in writing was this: Not to get into a discussion of the land question, which very many have not considered from every point of view—if they have thought of it seriously at all—or into the fundamental difference between ownership in a book and in a piece of land, but to point out that the coming of the hour when men shall exercise the prerogatives that ownership of land necessarily gives, can only be postponed by making it unnecessary for landowners to exercise as yet the fullest control over their area that the law allows. That can only be done by enforcement of the game laws. I am sorry to learn that only ultimate solution lies in the trespass laws, and people who ought to know are saying it will come to that.

At the risk of bringing another storm about my ears, I might suggest: if the United States Government has the right to prevent the cutting of timber on settled lands, why, when the game comes to be restricted to the preserves of a few, and is therefore not accessible to the "fellow with a gun," then can't we keep the other fellow also from shooting, by establishing a close season at all times? We could thus get even with the terrible fellows; or we could get even by taxing 'em pretty high. TAPPAN ADNEY.

GERMANY'S GAME SYSTEM.

GERMANY produces more game than any other country in proportion to its area, says a critic in the Paris *Figaro*, quoted by the New York *Tribune*. There is a profitable trade in it, and the markets of France are largely supplied from this source. This abundance is not caused by any unusually favorable conditions of soil or of climate, but by wise legislation, which does not sacrifice the general interests to the pleasure of a few.

The German law regards game as one of the useful products of the soil, as property which cannot be appropriated without the commission of theft, at least if the right to hunt has not been obtained through the proper channels. This right can be exercised only as a result of holding a certain amount of land, either by lease or through ownership—about 150 hectares for each tenant. Below that amount all the holdings are joined together and rented by the community for its own profit, the proceeds being divided among the several proprietors in proportion to their holdings. If the land altogether is not enough to make one parcel of 150 hectares adjoining communities can make a pool.

That is the foundation of the system. It is absolutely equitable. Nobody can hunt for his own pleasure or profit exclusively, but nobody's property rights are infringed. Each person gets a profit from that which belongs to him. The small farmer is not, as in France, at the mercy of the great landed proprietor, or of the poacher, and the farmer does not have to see his fields trampled by the hunters, as in France, where the landholdings are too small for the establishment of preserves.

The legal consequences of this state of things are that the taking of game without the right to do so duly obtained is regarded as theft. The owner of the land cannot take back with one hand what he has disposed of with the other. He cannot hunt on his own land, having sold the right to do so. Game is placed under legal protection. There is a period when hunting is forbidden entirely; another period in which only certain kinds of game may be taken, or only the males. These periods are generally fixed by law, with modifications in various provinces. From March 1 to the end of June it is illegal to kill stags and the young male fawns; from Feb. 1 to Oct. 15 to kill the does. Partridges may not be shot between Dec. 1 and the end of August. This protection is extended to all kinds of game—to hares, pheasants, and even to birds of passage, which it is against the law to kill in the breeding season. All huntsmen at all times are forbidden to use nets, traps or snares. This prohibition also exists in France, but if the terms of law are severe its execution is not. Years ago a law was introduced into the French Senate founded on the German legislation, but there has been no discussion of it lately.

The Germans have stopped the nocturnal exploits of the poachers without the aid of the law, in this way: There grows in that country a certain kind of forage shrub with which they have planted all their hunting grounds. This plant, precious on many accounts, is, unfortunately, little known in France. Its botanical name is *Lathyrus silvestris wagneri*. It flourishes where the soil is very meager, and where in summer drought spreads desolation and death among other plants. This shrub, of very high and thick growth, forms a mass impenetrable by birds of prey. Beneath it the game birds enjoy the additional advantage of finding its seeds, which they are very fond of, and which keeps them fat. Their flesh also acquires a succulence and flavor therefrom altogether unique, and adjudged absolutely perfect by epicures. No other plant combines these valuable qualities in such a measure for the protection of game. It is impossible for poachers to spread nets in a plantation of lathyrus.

In his botanical field work in 1862, the famous agricultural writer, Wagner, observed the lathyrus growing in a soil where limestone and silicious formations predominated. The vegetation of the neighborhood was dry, the trees and shrubs bore only scant foliage, but the lathyrus was growing luxuriantly. The phenomenon at once attracted the attention of a keen observer like Wagner, and he devoted himself to studying this wonderful shrub, which was so completely indifferent to the severest conditions of drought. He planted its seeds on his grounds, improved and perfected it, and since that time the lathyrus has become almost a national plant in Germany. It flourishes without fertilizers in thin and arid soil. Its roots strike down several yards into the lower strata, where they seize the chlorine and potassium compounds and phosphoric acid they find there. The foliage is shown by analysis to contain 30 per cent. of proteid matter, while the best lucern-grass shows only 16 per cent. The plant is eaten with avidity by horses, pigs, sheep and all domestic animals.

The German law has taken great precautions to exterminate poaching by striking at its root—that is, at the poacher's profit in selling his booty. Game is not allowed to be shipped by railroad, by the express department of the postal service, or by any public conveyance, or to be sold from door to door at private houses or in shops unless it is accompanied by a certificate as to where it came from, which must be signed by the landowner or lessee of the hunting district. It is easy to see how difficult the business of poaching is in Germany. It is humiliating, it is dangerous, and, thanks to the numerous plantations of lathyrus, it is unprofitable. So it is that this nursery of smugglers, idlers, thieves and assassins does not exist among our neighbors. Furthermore, everybody is satisfied, especially the farmers, who do not have to stand by, as they do in France, and see the hunters—known and unknown alike—tramping over their fields, over their oats and buckwheat, and crushing their beets under foot.

A TALE NOT OFTEN TOLD.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice that all the letters written to FOREST AND STREAM are good ones. They all tell of the vast amounts of game that have been killed and what a good time was had. But I never read of a fellow going away off to hunt and going home again without getting anything. The sportsmen who don't get any game never tell about it. But I am going to tell you of a party of five from the East End, who went into West Virginia, stayed two weeks, and came home with an empty bag. It was in November last.

Messrs. W. J. Cullin, Jas. McNeil, A. K. Henderson, W. T. Renton and myself left Pittsburg for a two-weeks' hunt on Middle Mountain in West Virginia, eight miles south of Romney. We had received a letter from a man at Romney saying that game of all kinds was very plenty; but we found just the reverse.

The first day we started out to hunt wild turkeys we hunted all day with an experienced guide, but didn't see a sign of a turkey. Another day we went for deer. We rose at 4 A. M., got out the team and went about ten miles up the Potomac to the Trough. The guide placed us on the stands and the drivers went in to drive out a herd of deer. We watched all day and only one poor little doe came out, which we did not shoot at. And thus it was, day after day. There was plenty of good hunting but very poor finding. The only thing we had which was anything like sport at all was rabbit-hunting. The rabbits were plentiful, and with a good dog we could get all the shooting we wanted at this kind of game. We had three good bird dogs, but they were of no use, for there were no quail in this country, and pheasants were as few as the teeth of a hen.

It is my opinion that this part of West Virginia is going on its past reputation, for I don't believe there is a half dozen deer in the county, and as for wild turkey, I only saw two small flocks of about eight or ten each, and I hunted the mountain for miles in ever direction.

But the Mr. Johnson, with whom we stayed, didn't forget to charge us the regular hotel rate for board (although it is only a farmhouse), and extra charges for taking us to and from the depot, and for the team and driver the day we went to the Trough. Some of our party had been there before, and were very much surprised at the bill, as all the extras were unusual.

I hope this may be of benefit to some hunter who contemplates going to this locality, and may save some one a big disappointment. It is only wasting time and money to go to Hampshire county, West Virginia, for game.

I would like to hear through these columns of the success of other sportsmen who have been in West Virginia of late years. I haven't seen a letter about West Virginia in these columns for a long time. Let us hear the good or the bad. If it is good, it may benefit some one; if bad, it may save some one a disappointment. J. K. T.

INDIANS AND DUCK EGGS.

BALTIMORE, April 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time since I noticed a letter of Mr. John Henry Keene, Jr., of this city, to the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, in relation to the importation of the eggs of the wild duck from the Dominion into the States.

The question is an important one and deserves the careful consideration of every sportsman. For a number of years I shot ducks on the Chesapeake and its tributaries, and noticed a falling off in the number flying from year to year. Local causes could not account for this. The ducks were not flying. Why?

In 1868 I made a tour through Canada from Queenstown to the upper waters of the Saguenay, following the shores of the St. Lawrence. On the way I conversed fully with gentlemen acquainted with the game and fishing found on the river and its tributaries, and with men who as habitants or voyagers lived on its shores or traveled its waters.

The great marshes along the shores were pointed out to me as the breeding places of the wild duck, and I remarked that their extent gave them ample ground for the purpose and I could not understand why they did not visit us as formerly. Then it was explained to me that their nests were robbed by the natives for the purpose of getting their eggs, which were eaten. Nothing was said of the importation into this country, but simply that the inhabitants hunted them as a means of subsistence.

For whatever purpose the eggs are sought it matters not. The ducks are disturbed on the breeding grounds, the eggs are removed. The young are comparatively few and far between, and the manly sport of the blind and the point is fast becoming a thing of the past. A. C. TRIPPE.

[There is no question that the Indians in the North, both East and West, use vast quantities of wild duck eggs for food. But as they have always done so, this consumption is no new factor in the problem of duck protection. It may be a more serious one now than formerly, since with the diminished supply every agency of diminution counts more than it did when the supply was abundant. The point on which Mr. Keene is seeking information, however, is as to whether a large consumption of duck eggs by civilized man for confectionery purposes has been added to this consumption by the savage. As was said in our issue of April 17, we can find no evidence in New York of any such trade.]

Maine License and Moose Laws.

GREENVILLE, Me , April 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Moosehead Lake Protective Association, representing the guides of northern Maine, at their recent meeting here, voted unanimously to respect and uphold the Guides' Registration Law passed by the last Legislature. Commissioner Oak, of the State Fish and Game Commission, was present at the meeting, and explained the provisions and intent of the law to the satisfaction and approval of the ninety guides who are enrolled as members of the organization.

There was much feeling expressed by the guides, however, over the alleged blunder in the moose law, whereby the open season is made from Oct. 15 to Dec. 1 instead of from Oct. 1, as the Game Commissioners claim the open season was to have been, according to the original bill prepared with their sanction. The guides say if the law as it now stands is an error, and was not intended by those having the matter in charge, it shows a loose way of making the laws they are required to respect, and they allege carelessness, if not something worse, in the manipulation of this particular law. Indeed, there is a strong disposition to test the validity of this moose law, and it may yet be taken to the full bench of the State.

The guides have behind them influential and interested parties, who are willing to make a fight on the question and who will furnish the sinews of war.

At present we are lying low, waiting for the Commissioners to make some move in finding a remedy for the harm they unintentionally have done our interests by the enactment of this most unnecessary short open season for moose hunting. They profess to be so sorry for us, and so sorry that their law providing for an open season of two months miscarried, that we guides begin to feel sorry in our turn for them, and so will give them a chance to do the square thing by making an effort to get the law to conform to their intentions, and thus get themselves out of their unpleasant dilemma.

The outlook for a good season at Moosehead Lake is very promising. We have had no freshets to roil the water and raise the lake too high for good trout fishing, so that "when the ice goes out" the conditions for sport will be all that could be desired.

Tote teams with big loads are still crossing Moosehead, the ice being 16in. thick. However, we are looking for open water by May 12, and good fly-fishing by June 1.

GUIDE.

Ontario Game.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., April 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our Legislature has adjourned without tinkering the game law. Sentiment has prevailed against common sense, and the city "tenderfoot," instead of being allowed to kill his one deer in the water, will continue to blaze away and wound three or four of the "antlered monarchs" and may-hap "pot" a companion, while the cunning law-breakers, by invoking sentiment to their own purpose, as his Satanic Majesty quotes Scripture, will go on slaughtering their hundreds of deer, instead of finding their occupation gone by an enactment stopping the sale of venison, as was proposed by the Forest and Stream Club, of this city. The sale of partridges, etc., has been prohibited in order to prevent their extermination Why not that of venison also, Messrs. Commissioners of unstable purpose?

Game Warden Smith has secured convictions against ten residents of Lanark county, whose fines aggregate $170. He expects to secure many more convictions in the same locality. Most of the penalties imposed were for shooting deer in the water.

With reference to catching bass through the ice, as referred to in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM, I may state that during the past winter a large-mouth bass was caught through the ice at Bradley Bay, on the Trent River, some twenty-five miles distant. A maskinonge, which weighed 40lbs., was caught at the same place and about the same date with hook and line.

In one of the early papers in his charming series on "Men I have Fished With," Mr. Mather tells his readers to pronounce it Man-i-to-*bah*, with the accent on the last syllable. An Indian missionary tells me that his people place the accent on the penultimate syllable—hence, Manitoba, Caughnawaga, Niagara, and so on *ad infinitum*. R. S. BELL.

An Arkansas Game Preserve Opportunity.

EUREKA SPRINGS, Ark.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM for some time, I have noticed a number of articles about game preserves, and how in late years their number and extent have been increasing in this country.

All sportsmen and lovers of nature should take an interest in these preserves, and do all in their power to increase their number and area; for with the wanton destruction of the game and fish, judging from the past, it is only a question of a few years when comparatively no game will be found except on such preserves. Proper laws for game and fish protection are hard to obtain, and harder to enforce.

I know of a body of land only about twenty miles from this city, in which 10,000 to 20,000 acres could be obtained in one bunch, cheap. It has fine bass streams, with clear springs and good timber, and there are deer still on it; I have been hunting there several times, and our party never failed to get deer.

I have no interest in this land whatever, and simply write you in the hope that you might know of some sportsmen who would like such a tract of land for game preserve, as our country is fast filling up with home seekers, and I dislike to see this fine game country broken up. Our people here are all in very moderate circumstances, and none of our sportsmen are financially able to carry out such an undertaking. Such bodies of land are now hard to find within any reasonable distance of railway and civilization, and I know of no other anywhere in this part of the country.

F. N. CLAFLIN.

The Ooglywoo.

THE London *Mail* says that a number of wealthy Englishmen have organized an expedition to come to the United States to shoot wild horses in the Rocky Mountains.

The gentlemen can, after they get through shooting "wild horses in the Rocky Mountains," come down onto the plains and shoot the Ooglywoo, which is found in great numbers in that locality. It has six legs and a very strong, short tail.

When danger appears, it at once stands on its tail and spins rapidly around. Of course this makes a hole, into which the Ooglywoo sinks rapidly out of sight. The hole then disappears also.

The point of the whole matter is to shoot the animal when it first raises up on its tail, and before it has time to make the hole, disappear and then pull the hole in after it, and our English friends will find rare sport in shooting them, much more so in fact than in "shooting wild horses in the Rocky Mountains."

Again there is a spice of danger which will be appreciated by our sporting friends, for the Ooglywoo, when in a close place, invariably stands on its two front legs, elevates its rear end into the air and clubs the hunter over the head with its tail, which is worse than any policeman's club.

The tail is used so rapidly that it makes a buzzing sound in the air, and it is impossible to dodge it. We shall send a copy of this issue to the London *Mail*, in order that it may post up our sporting friends.—*F. M. Gilbert in Evansville Tribune.*

New York Legislature.

THE several bills introduced into the New York Legislature to repeal Sec. 249, which permits the sale of game at all seasons, failed of enactment. The New York markets remain open the year round. To them will continue to be brought game from other States—exported unlawfully from those States—and game killed out of season, and game unlawfully shipped from the various counties of New York. Under such a system the game code is in a large measure a farce. It restrains and restricts the sportsman, and tempts and encourages the man who makes a business of game killing. We may not look for any improvement in the game supply situation so long as this iniquitous system prevails.

In our next issue will be given a summary of the work of the session with respect to game and fish.

Pennsylvania Game Law.

STEVENSVILLE, Pa , April 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had thought to be done with the Pennsylvania Game Law question, but since some of its defenders have debased the question into a personal attack instead of keeping it in the sphere of reasonable argument, I feel called upon in justice to myself and readers of FOREST AND STREAM to define my position, and most earnestly protest against the false inferences purposely drawn from my opposition.

Mr. Atherton's paper is too voluminous to be answered in detail. In discussing the merits and demerits of the proposed law, I criticised it as applied to our own people and conditions, and not as to real or imaginary evils that may or may not exist in remote regions, under varying influences of climate, varieties of game, citizenship, etc. Louisiana and Mexico are a little remote for the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania, and I am totally ignorant of an attempt at any time in any article to "stir up antagonism between the rich and the poor"; but simply ask for the same consideration for high and low, rich and poor, wise and foolish, with justice for all, and discrimination for none. I do not champion market-hunting, neither do I champion the club man, nor the yacht owner, who kill by "the hundred in a morning's shoot" (Mr. Atherton to the contrary notwithstanding); but as between the two butchers, the needy market-hunter is the least to be despised.

The English gentry, who lease shooting privileges in Scotland, annually sell large quantities of game, thus bringing it within the reach of the poor and less fortunate, and at the same time adding materially to the sums required to keep up their preserves, salaries of gamekeepers, etc., etc. Are the poor of America to be deprived of like privileges because a bigoted few pretend to believe that the game was made for a "gentleman's (?) pastime" and not for the masses. Will Mr. Atherton, in his broad charity and philanthropy, seek out the sick, the poor and the unfortunate; the constant toilers and the unskillful, and from his bag of plenty equalize the gifts of nature? If not, then by what legal means under the proposed law can the less fortunate taste of God's bounties?

When Mr. Atherton writes that "out of the army of contributors to FOREST AND STREAM, I am pleased to note that such opinions do not come from the best writers and thinkers, be they rich or poor," I take issue, and would ask, who, in the readers' minds, are the best writers and thinkers." Those who think and write for a class, and who wish to relegate to themselves "special rights and privileges," to the exclusion of the masses, or those who think and write for the great majority and seek to obtain equal rights and privileges for all? Mr. Atherton's deductions as to the cause that prompts my defense of a much and long-abused class (the so-called pot-hunters), as against the self-constituted "gentleman sportsman," are as narrow in scope as unfair and ungenerous in application as the spirit that prompts him to say that "the club owner and yacht owner are the better sportsmen," even though the spirit of gentle woodcraft or of knight errantry alone beats under the tattered vest of homespun. Is Mr. Atherton a better sportsman, in the broad sense that the term should imply, because he eats his game, than his needy neighbor, who from adverse conditions is forced to convert his into the necessaries of life? Must a shooter eat or give away to ungratified friends or thankless companions the fruits of his labor and his skill that he may become possessed of the spirit of true sportsmanship? Out upon such theories!

And now that I may not be mistaken, but may stand in my true light in print, as I do in forest and field, I will again say that I have no interest in "pot-hunters" or "true sportsmen," but am heart and soul in favor of honest, consistent game protection, but unalterably opposed to protection that protects for the few to the exclusion of the many.

W. W. MCCAIN.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

FISHING ON THE GUNPOWDER.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Learning that a friend of mine who was very fond of fishing, but seldom had an opportunity to indulge in the sport, could spare a day off, I told him if he would go down to the Gunpowder River with me I would endeavor to give him a real good day's sport. He accepted my invitation with alacrity, and wishing to make our day on the river as long as possible, we went down the night before and made arrangements to stop over night at the bridge-tender's house. On our arrival, having about an hour of daylight left, we went over to the boat house and arranged my boat for the next day's work, putting on board sails, oars, anchor and fishing tackle. A severe storm had carried away our wharf, which made it rather difficult to get the things on board, and as soon as we finished we rowed to another wharf that had withstood the storm, and moored the boat off the end of it.

At 3 o'clock the next morning (which is my usual hour for rising when on my fishing trips) I got up and started the alcohol to burning under my Vienna coffee pot, and by the time the coffee was ready had some water boiling on the oil stove, into which I put eight eggs, boiling them just four minutes by the watch. The people we stayed with had left bread, butter and preserves on the table for us, and we sat down and ate a hearty breakfast, with delicious coffee. At half past 3 we left the wharf, it being a glorious morning, the atmosphere clear and cold, with a good breeze from the north. The stars shone with unusual brilliancy, the beautiful belt and the sword of Orion being directly in the zenith, while a magnificent planet in the south served me as a beacon to steer by. The breeze freshened as we went down the river, and the little boat bowled along finely. In less than an hour we reached our first stopping place, and taking in sails anchored and fixed up our rods and lines, which was a difficult job in the uncertain light of approaching day. After we were ready for fishing, and had a good supply of bait cut up (we were using shedder crab), we pulled up the anchor and I put the boat exactly on the right spot for fishing, which was at the end of a bar where the depth of water increased suddenly from 3 to 7ft. By this time the river had become quite rough, owing to the tide cutting across the wind, and the boat wallowed and pitched a good deal. After fishing for quite a while I hooked a good-sized fish, which proved to be a white catfish of about 3lbs. My friend in a minute after caught a large white perch much to his delight. Then I hooked a rock fish about 20in. long which gave me splendid play, bending my split-bamboo rod nearly double in his efforts to get under the boat. My friend became very much excited and thought I would surely lose the fish, but in a few minutes I had him safely in the landing net. So it went on for about an hour, first one, then the other of us catching either a perch, rock, or catfish.

As the tide by this time had run down considerably and the fish had stopped biting, I decided to move to another point, a mile further down the river. As we rounded the point off which we had been fishing, we disturbed two large blue herons, seeking their breakfast, which rose, and lazily flapping their great wings sought more secluded quarters. Off to the east was a large seine boat containing eight or ten men, who were laying out their seine, they and their boat looming up in the early morning light and appearing very much larger than they really were. By this time the sun was beginning to show himself through the openings in the woods on the bluff, suffusing water and land with a beautiful rosy flush, bringing out the brilliant colors of the variegated clays in the banks on the west shore and dissipating the little fog banks that slowly floated in the mouths of the creeks. The wind was dying out, and by the time we reached our objective point it was so nearly a dead calm that we had to resort to an ash breeze to place the boat just right.

We had no sooner gotten our lines over than the fun began again, and there was hardly a time for the next two hours that there was not a fish of some kind being landed. Such fishing is no novelty to me, as I indulge in the sport quite frequently during the season, but it did me good to see the way my friend enjoyed himself. He was supremely happy, and many times during the day would break out with such exclamations as "Isn't this splendid." "The finest day I ever had." "By jingo, this is grand," and kindred expressions. When he would hook an eel his lamentations were long and loud, but as I always went to his rescue on such occasions we soon had the slimy squirmer in a quiescent state, and the hook extracted. I manage eels without any trouble in this way, my boat has lateral strips running fore and aft, nailed to the ribs about three inches apart, when I hook an eel I lift it clear of everything by the line and let it run its tail between two of these strips. When it finds its tail between them it will twist round them and pull hard on the line. I watch for a favorable moment and stick it through the spine near the head. This paralyzes the eel instantly, and it is an easy job to get the hook out of its mouth.

By this time the tide had almost ceased to ebb, and I could see that vessels out on the Chesapeake Bay had the wind from the south, which was a sure indication that the flood tide had commenced. It was not long before we had a gentle puff from the south, which was followed by another much stronger, and out toward the bay could be seen the dark-blue line of the breeze, which was coming in with the tide. The fish ceased biting all at once, and I told my friend that our day's sport was over, and that we might just as well quit, which we did, having a strong and fair breeze that sent us flying toward our boat house. On arriving there we counted our fish and found we had seven rock, seventy-two perch and twenty white catfish. After putting everything out of the boat we moored her to her buoy, and went over to the house to rest until train time, and to watch the varied changes of a most remarkable sunset.

The sun went down in a blaze of glory behind a bank of heavy clouds, and after he had disappeared the whole river and sky toward the west was bathed in a beautiful rose-colored haze, which turned to a delicate purple in the distance; toward the north the water took on a warm, steel-gray tint, caused by the reflection of the clouds in that direction. There was not a ripple in the beautifully tinted water, and the reflection of all objects on its surface was perfect. To crown all, Venus, in all her glory, shone with transcendent brilliancy just above the edge of the dark clouds, adding her magnificent beauty to the lovely and peaceful scene, which will long have a dwelling-place in our memories. This beautiful sunset was a fitting ending of a happy day, thrice happy to me, on account of the pleasure I had been enabled to give my friend, whose delight at all that transpired, and whose genuine appreciation of every moment showed how fully he had enjoyed the outing.

EDWARD A. ROBINSON.

Catching a Ghost.

OVER on Cheesewesick's Creek, on the eastern shore of Virginia, lived a man who had a habit of going fishing by night, after this fashion: He would run the bow of his skiff on shore, bait his hooks, cast them seaward as far as the power of his arm would allow, then with lines made fast to his wrist, fall asleep, waiting a bite from the striped bass, or rock, which frequented the shallow water.

A practical joker found him thus, and casting off his clothing slipped gently into the water, detached the hooks and fastened the line to his waist.

Now came the circus. A solid pull brought the somnolent fisherman up standing. Down went the man fish swimming low while the man at the other end put in his fine work.

At last he drew his prize gently toward the boat, when his blood froze at the sight of a naked human form rising from the deep with extended arms which seemed about to clasp him. With a yell that would shame a Comanche the fisherman broke for home, his flying feet beating a rataplan like the long roll of a snare drum, while a little later he told the story of the ghost, his teeth chattering with his fear.

Just imagine the situation. True, every word.

PINK EDGE.

Florida Tarpon.

AT Fort Myers, Fla., the tarpon record up to April 14 shows seventy-three fish taken. The record tarpon fell to the lot of Mr. R. T. Holloway, of Kentucky; it measured 6ft. 10in. and weighed 163lbs. Up to the same date fourteen tarpon had been taken at Marco, and thirty-two at James City, the largest weighing 158lbs.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XL.—Delaware Bradbury.

NEAR the junction of those Virginia rivers, the Pamunky and the Matapony, which form York's broad stream, dwells what is left of the once powerful tribe of Pamunky Indians, and Delaware and his brother John were intelligent and influential men among them. It is not at all certain that I have spelled their family name right, for it was spoken "Bradby" and sometimes like "Bradley," and no doubt some Virginia sportsmen would call me down but for this explanation. The time was in the spring of '75, and the late Prof. Spencer F. Baird, U. S. Fish Commissioner, had sent me down there to see what could be done to increase the shad in the Pamunky River, and by some good fortune I became a guest of Delaware Bradbury's, on an island some distance below White House landing, which was then the head of navigation of the river and some ten miles above its confluence with the Matapony.

Delaware was then about forty years old, above the middle height, and built like an athlete. As with most of his tribe, his hair had a tendency to curl; but how could a small colony keep from mingling with its neighbors for a century or two? We were friends from the start, and while education was very limited among my Pamunky friends, they were intelligent to a high degree. I had put up my old-style Green hatching boxes down at a place called Fish Haul, which does not appear on my present maps nor in the *Post Office Gazetteer;* but as a part of my duty was to collect specimens for the Smithsonian Institution, much time was spent with Delaware, and when the hatching season was over we were together daily.

War time was not far back then, and Delaware was shy of the subject at first, but afterward told me that for services in the War of the Revolution his tribe had been relieved from taxation on their property and had preserved it; that it required a certain amount of Indian blood to be recognized as one of the tribe, but that during the Civil War many of them had been pilots on Union vessels, and for this reason some people were trying to have the law repealed which exempted them from taxation. How this turned out I don't know, as no correspondence has been held with any of the family since then.

John and Delaware, as well as others, were in demand as guides and boatmen by the sportsmen from Richmond and other places. They knew every bit of snipe or woodcock ground within twenty miles, and when the flight of soras came on their services were in great demand. I use the Virginia name of "sora" for the bird we Northern gunners call "rail," because Delaware knew no other name for it. Perhaps you will call Delaware a pot-hunter and all kinds of bad names when you know him better, but that's no fault of mine. To me he was a delightful study, because so unconventional, honest and true. For instance:

"What's that, Delaware?" I asked, as I saw a extra long double paddle lying alongside his fence. It was made of some light wood and about 18ft. long, too long to use in paddling a canoe, and it excited my curiosity.

"That's my sorasin' paddle"

We walked along toward the house, for dinner was about due, and I overhauled my little knowledge of canoeing while listening to a mockingbird whistling in a tree by the front door. A "sorasin' paddle" was a huckleberry beyond my persimmon, but you know how one dislikes to expose his ignorance, especially on subjects of sport, if he pretends to any knowledge of it in a general way.

"What kind of a paddle did you say that was?"

"A sorasin' paddle; we use it when we goes a-sorasin'."

With no dictionary to consult, there was nothing to do but to revolve the strange verb, chew it and try to digest it; and then came the inspiration! "That's the longest sorasin' paddle I've seen, and I don't see just how you manage it, because it's so long."

That brought the facts out, and for the benefit of sportsmen, naturalists and pot-hunters, I'll give you the tale as 'twas told to me. He said:

"It's got to be long to reach 'em in the mud flats when the tide is down along the creeks. You see, we pushes the sportsmen at high tide among the reeds, and they shoots a lot, but don't get 'em all, 'cause it's hard to mark 'em down; but when a bright night comes we rows along the flats at low tide and spats the soras with the paddle, an' then we reaches 'em in on it, an' it's a heap more killin' than shootin', an' we get every one we spat, an' sometimes make more money in a night's sorasin' than in two days' poling for sportsmen."

I took a good look at the paddle, now that its use was known, but the Standard Dictionary fails to describe Delaware's name for the killing of the sora. "What's a fair night's work with a sorasin' paddle?" I asked.

"Well, eight or ten dozen, accordin' as the flight is on. They're cur'us birds. They come an' go an' no one knows where. They don't make no nests, nor have any young ones. Some say they turn into frogs, but if they do they don't all turn at once, for frogs are about when the soras are here. The soras come in spring and fall, here one day and gone the next. What you think?"

"They probably breed in the North, like the geese; they're here one day and gone the next."

"Yes, but you can see the geese go an' hear 'em o' nights, but no man ever see a flock o' soras goin' overhead, an' in the winter the frogs go in the mud, but the soras have disappeared long before, an' it's a mystery."

The spring season for rail had passed or I should certainly have seen the working of the "sorasin' paddle," for much might be learned in a night when everything was right for the work; of course, it can't be called sport; but a lecture to Delaware on the iniquity of using a "sorasing paddle" on a game bird would have been a waste of breath. The birds were worth a certain price, and methods were not to be considered. I would have poled or paddled him on such an expedition entirely in the interest of gaining knowledge, and, as a man of the world, would never think of pointing out what I might think to be the error of his ways, because that is not to my taste. If that sort of market supply does not please the sportsmen of Virginia, they can argue the case through their Legislature and their game protectors. Delaware was my friend, and who knows but his views on the killing of game birds were not as correct as mine? Did it ever occur to you that your pet opinions might be all wrong, and that your opponent might be right after all? The best and coolest judges of human motives and actions try to see with the eyes of the other fellow, and put themselves in his place.

Delaware was a very interesting man. He told me that his tribe had a tradition that centuries ago some of his people fished in the sea and caught a man, who said: "Get back to your people and take your biggest boats, put in all your goods, for to-morrow the water shall cover the earth."

"They did so," said Delaware, "and after many weeks they were left on the top of the mountains by the Shenandoah River."

We gathered pottery made by his people in the days before the white man came, and I well remember one fragment which had a drawing upon it that was like those of Egyptian make. These things were sent to Washington. He showed the Indian as being destitute of humor or a sense of the ludicrous, qualities of mind not always found among Europeans and their descendants, but possessed by the richest intellects, who always realize that there is a grotesque side to everything, and that madness lies in too serious thinking. Yet serious fools often pass for wise men. Charles Lamb once said: "Here comes a fool, let's be grave," but please do not think that I mean to insinuate that the American Indian is a fool because he seldom sees a joke, nor that some solemn men, who take the world and themselves seriously, are entirely deficient in intellect because they have no sense of humor. That is merely a deficiency which detracts from their personal enjoyment of life, but as they are not aware of it they are really not the losers. A man can not lose what he never had. The negro has a sense of the ludicrous, but has little humor; therefore the product of the two races can not be expected to do other than to take life in a serious way.

At Fish Haul the shad fishing was run by A. B. Hill & Son, and it was almost a failure on the Virginia rivers that year, and it was late (May 11) when I arrived, but I spent a week in their cabin on West Island, and had a good time with Hill and his assistant, Mr. Waring. We had gone into our bunks on the first night, after spending the evening talking about shad and other fish, and I, at least, was drowsy, when Hill asked:

"Where do you live when you're home?"

"Way back in the State of New York."

"Never been down in Virginia before, I reckon?"

"Yes, I've wandered over a portion of it while I was with the Army of the Potomac."

"The —— you did! What corps?"

"The Second; Hancock's."

Two men jumped out of their berths with a jar that made the shanty shake, and one said: "See here, Yank! If you were with Hancock, we met you often, for we were with ole Jube Early, and you've got to get out o' that bunk and take a drink to old acquaintance."

It was near daylight before we again turned in and we had not fought half our battles over. When Delaware came to take my camp and garrison equipage to Indian Town my new friends gave me a good send-off, and came over to visit Indian Town several times while I was there. This was a common experience throughout the South. The men who did the fighting always fraternize and respect each other, because they realize that stubborn battles cannot be fought by one side alone.

Mr. Waring wanted to see the working of some trolling spoons and Delaware rowed us down the river. Holding the spoon close to the boat, he saw how beautifully it spun, and his face showed that he began to believe that a fish might be induced to take such a glittering thing, which now assumed a different aspect from when held in the hand. A beastly gar struck it first and was landed; but it was a job to get the triple hook out of its jaws.

"Them gars is tough," said Delaware, "an' their hides will turn duck shot. They'll live out o' water longer than any fish in the river."

If my friends had been told that the gar was a ganoid, a survival of a type that existed before man was on earth, that their optic nerves do not cross and that the few existing species differ in having bony or cartilaginous skeletons, they would have been no wiser, but when I said, "The scales on these gars are like flint, and you can't cut 'em with a knife," they both grasped this character of the gar.

"Yes," said Delaware, "before the Yankees sent down plows with steel mould-boards, the Virginia farmers used to tack the skin of a gar on their old wooden mould-board plows, and they were almost as good as steel"

Waring indorsed this statement, and said that he had seen an old plow with a gar skin on it, when he was a boy. "And now, Delaware," said he, "we have been trying to see how long a gar can live out of water. How long do you suppose a full-grown one can live without water?"

"Half a day, or more."

We kept one on the sand back of our shanty for over three days, and a good part of the time it was in the blazing sun, and it might be living yet, only our friend killed it so as to stuff the skin before he left us. The fish was a little over 4ft. long, and it's over there now; I'll bring it here in time to have it packed to go North."

Delaware watched a buzzard sailing in the distance as he rowed while the spoon was spinning astern, but made no comment. His face gave no indication that he thought the yarn too tough for digestion, but his sudden interest in the buzzard created a suspicion that he did not care to question the story, and, knowing it to be true, I came to Waring's relief.

"Yes, Delaware," said I, "that fish did live for three days and a half, as Mr. Waring has said, but he neglected to mention that we had four thunder showers during that time—on two of the nights and on two of the days. The rain wet the gills of the fish and certainly helped it to live, and so the test was not a fair one, but it was a most surprising one, for I had no idea that any fish could live as that gar did."

Delaware thought a moment, then replied: "They suttinly is tough. Our young boys hates 'em 'cause they is good for nothing on'y to eat other fish an' get ketched when the boys don't want 'em. I'll tell you what they does to 'em; they opens their long, narr' bills as wide as they can an' then puts a piece of wood upright in it and lets 'em go. They don't eat no more fish nor steal no more bait then. I've seen a dozen of 'em gagged in that way bobbin' about at a time. I wonder what becomes of 'em, an' how long they'll live with a gag that they can't shake out."

While revolving this problem in mind there came a good strike on the trolling line, and after the hardest fight that a fish ever put up for me, in twenty minutes afterward I brought to boat a striped bass which weighed 10lbs, plump, on the grocer's scales, the largest fish of the kind that ever I caught, before or since.

"A mighty fine rock," said Mr. Waring, and I remembered hearing that name for the fish on the Potomac. Rock and rockfish was the name of what north and east of Philadelphia is called "striped bass," but the great market of New York city is slowly substituting its names for fishes wherever Southern fishermen supply it. My old friend Francis Endicott used to tell this joke on a New York angler, who fished for striped bass from the islands of Martha's Vineyard, and for bluefish from Barnegat to Montauk Point. He had gone to North Carolina for duck shooting purposes, and in conversation with a native bayman asked: "Is there any good fishing about here?"

"No, nothing but rock and taylor, and no one fishes for 'em but the darkies."

That was perfectly satisfactory, and he spent his vacation in shooting, for which he cared but little; and one evening in New York at a cafe frequented by anglers, related his shooting experiences, and regretted that the Southern coast had no good game fishes. He is dead now, but while he lived he was often reminded that the "rock and taylor" which swarmed along the Carolina coast were his favorite striped bass and bluefish, and he never ceased to regret that his tackle box had not been opened on that trip.

"Yank," said Waring, "sell me that spoon and line, will you? That's a grand rig for trolling, an' you can get more when you go home."

"Johnny,"* said I, "you haven't got money enough to buy that fishing tackle. I had mentally promised to give it to Delaware, and that settles it. In my box of tackle on the island there are several duplicates of this outfit, and they are at your service."

On another fishing trip a curious code of names for the mallard seemed worth recording, and my notebook says: A pair of mallards is called "a duck and mallard," the male only being known by the specific name. A black duck is a "gray duck." Delaware said:

"There's a lot o' wing-tipped ducks that gunners don't get, and them that runs their chances o' hawks, gulls, minks and other duck-eaters mates up and breeds along the river. Sometimes it's duck an' mallard, or a duck an' he gray duck. They're putty much alike an' it don't seem to make any difference, but when we kill a he gray duck with curly feathers in his tail we knows his daddy was a mallard. I 'spect we can't allus tell the half-breeds; an' what difference does it make if we can't?"

This last remark showed a desire for knowledge, which seemed to him to be of no use; or did he mean to apologize for talking on what he thought to be a trifling subject? To tell him that all knowledge was useful would be to talk over his head, so I answered:

"I always like to know about such things. When I kill a bird I want to know what it is. You surprise me with the number of half-breed ducks on this river, as you say you see broods in every bend in early summer, and what happens here must happen on the other rivers as well; and it brings the thought that these hybrid young would grow up and in time would so mix the two breeds of ducks that there would be but one, and that one a hybrid, perhaps the male being gray, with some green on its head, and the curly tail feathers of the mallard. There is such a breed of tame ducks called 'Cayuga black ducks,' very much larger than any of our wild ducks, and they claim to be improved wild black ducks, or gray ducks, as you call 'em, but the mark of the mallard is there in the curly feathers, which no other wild drake has."

"You call a half-breed a high-bred duck. I don't, any more 'n I'd call a mulatto man a high-bred man; but—"

"I didn't mean it just that way, Delaware. I meant half-breed; but go on."

"Well, these here young half-breeds is putty plenty ev'ry fall; but, bless you, they're all killed off afore the Northern flight comes. This is their home, an' they ain't a-goin' to leave it till cold weather drives 'em South, and so they fly up an' down the river, hatin' to leave it; an' I doubt if enough of 'em live through the early an' late shootin' to make any mark on the wild Northern birds. You see, these native ducks ain't wild when the shootin' opens; they've seen men in boats all summer an' don't get 'fraid of 'em, an' they hear guns before we begin to shoot ducks, an' they get well killed off early. I tell you, they're fat an tender; ain't had to fly far an' get tough"

These men of the woods and waters are always close observers. Delaware disposed my notion that the hybrid progeny of wounded ducks might contaminate the original stock. His view of the case seems correct. The proposition resolved itself into this: Given, a river so well covered by gunners in the fall that enough wounded ducks should escape other enemies all winter, as well as the spring gunners, that they were able to find mates, fit or misfit, in the spring and raise broods in every bend of the river or in every marsh, it was certain that the gunners of the next fall would harvest the home crop before the cold weather brought down the Northern flocks. Figure it out on the blackboard. Let X represent 10 ducks reared on the Pamunky River and XI represent 11 gunners from Richmond, and each must take one duck home for Sunday dinner. The solution is easy. One gunner gets left, but the ducks come out even. I never was bright in mathematics, but one never entirely forgets all that he once knew, and I am proud to think that a problem in algebra is not entirely beyond my present capacity. Delaware Bradbury never could have figured it out in that manner; he knew it in a general way, but his education was deficient in the matter of algebra.

Some two years after this there came a letter from a Mr. L. P. Smith, New Kent C. H., Va., in which he returned a little Masonic pin which had been lost in that great land of Somewhere, and forgotten. He said: "You may remember that I visited your fishing camp the night you told the story of Cold Harbor, when we three were against you there, but were with you then. * * * Come down again and hatch shad, we missed you last year, and we will get up an excursion to meet you and Hill, and Waring will entertain the whole crowd. Lately I came across a verse which I have altered a trifle to suit. It is:

"I tell yer, old boy, thar's er streak in us
Old Rebels and Yanks thet is warm—
It's er brotherly love thet'll speak in us
An' fetch us together in storm;
We may snarl about 'niggers an' francheese,'
But ef a foreign war comes afoot,
The two trees'll unite in the branches
The same as they do at the root.'" †

* During the war the Confederate soldiers called every Union soldier "Yank," no matter if he was from California or Tennessee. The name was generic, and was finally accepted by our boys, who, before the war, had never heard the name of "Yankee" applied to any man who was not a New Englander. In turn we first named our opponents "Rebs," then "Johnny Rebs," and finally boiled it down to "Johnnies." It was forbidden for pickets of both sides to hold communication; but when close together they would swap coffee for tobacco, and in violation of orders a picket would call: "Hello, Yank," "Hello, Johnny," "Got any coffee," etc.; and the men who would be engaged in deadly conflict the next day, would agree to lay down their arms and exchange needful articles and newspapers.

† I don't remember meeting this verse and can't say wherein Mr. Smith may have altered it, as he says he has. The sentiment is such a beautiful one that no apology seems necessary for introducing it as he wrote it.

Opportunity never came to meet any of these friends, and in the course of a busy life they were temporarily forgotten but for that very bad habit which some men have for jotting down things in note books, or of keeping men and events in memory.

Prof. Baird wanted live snakes, lizards and turtles for the Philadelphia Zoo, in trust for the Smithsonian Institution while they lived, and "Uncle Peter" was sent for to arrange for their capture. He dealt in rattlesnake oil for rheumatism and in snake skins for other uses, and he lived up in the mountains. He could get them if any man could He came. He was verbally announced, having no card-case with him, and I went forth to interview the great serpent-slayer and catcher, for he was said to skin his rattlers alive when it was desired to retain the colors of the skin for making belts. He looked to be a well-preserved man of perhaps sixty to eighty years, with a larger percentage of negro blood than was usual in the tribe, and one can't figure closely on the age of a negro after he passes the noon mark. He was seated on a log by the beach, making figures in the sand with a cane, as I sat down beside him and remarked on the beauty of the morning.

Uncle Peter kept his eyes on the figures in the sand, but did not look up; he had sized me up from under his hat as I approached. There was a long silence which was to be his turn to break; but he seemed to prefer to make figures on top of the other figures, reminding me of "My Uncle Toby," although it was years since I had read one of Laurence Sterne's books. The figures in the sand became so mixed that I began to doubt if the artist could untangle or explain them, when he said, without looking up: "Dey say yo' wants to git some snakes."

"Yes, Uncle Peter, I would like to get a lot of the different kinds of snakes that live about here. They must be alive, and I'm willing to pay for them."

More drawings in the sand. "W'at yo' spects to pay fo' 'em?"

"A fair price; say $2 for rattlers and pilots (copper heads) and $1 for all others over 2ft. long, and 50 cents for little fellows, but they must not be hurt."

As near as I could follow the workings o the old man's mind through his diagrams on the sand, he was thinking out the battle of Cold Harbor, which occurred a few miles away. After occupying half an hour with this, he slowly asked: "What is yo' gwine to do wid 'em?"

All hope of getting his services was now lost It was apparent that he had no confidence in any statement I might make, so I merely answered; "They will go to Philadelphia and Washington to be studied by men who look after such things."

"Hasn't dey got any snakes up dar?"

"Yes, but they want snakes from this part of Virginia, and if you want to catch some, and get more money out of them than their hides and oil are worth, I've got the money to pay for 'em."

Hieroglyphics and cuneiform figures were multiplied on the sands, in spite of the protests of a mockingbird which had a nest above us, and my patience was nearing the limit, when Uncle Peter, without raising his head or his eyes, made a few artistic strokes to his complicated map and asked:

"Is de Virginny snakes diff'nt fum de udder kinds!"

FRED MATHER.

IN THE BLUE RIDGE.

HIGHLANDS, N. C., April 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As I was saying in my last letter, I never really saw the Blue Ridge until this spring. I have long ago been all around it, through it and under it (or portions of it), but this is the first time I have felt like expressing decided opinions about it, as based upon personal observation.

I have been for some time looking for a good, all-round climate, with fine scenery, pure air and water, and little snow during the winter, and it appears to me that I have found it. Therefore I am correspondingly grateful to the friend who suggested that I extend my wanderings to this place.

It seems to me odd that, with the superior facilities afforded in this vicinity for the acquirement by sportsmen's clubs of large tracts of land, traversed by brooks and streams, on which large ponds could readily be established and fish and game preserves maintained, so little has thus far been done in that way. Your correspondent, Mr. Henry Stewart, has about 4,000 acres adjoining this village, and the Cullasaja River, which rises in one of the neighboring mountains, winds through his estate. On this he has two large ponds, and about seven miles of trout fishing. These waters he has stocked with rainbow trout, while they already contained the speckled trout of our boyhood. He courteously extended to me an invitation to make myself at home on his estate, but the season has been very rainy, and I have not tried the fishing.

I think, however, that the trout are there. It is related that not very long ago a lady and gentleman went to fish in Mr. Stewart's upper pond. For a time all was peace, until at last the gentleman, who had strayed to a distance from his companion, was startled by her voice in agonized accents, appealing to him to "come quick." Visions of bears, panthers and rattlesnakes flashed across his mind as he rushed to the rescue, only to find the lady sitting in the grass.

"What's the matter?"

"I've caught a trout."

"Where is it?"

"I'm sitting on it. I don't want it to get away."

"O oh."

The trout was saved. It measured 23in. in length.

At another time I may write for you of the wonderful mountain scenery, of the dozens of springs, streams, falls and cascades, the minerals, plants and flowers, the big trees and many other things which are numbered among the attractions of this region, but will close with the remark that the railroads seem to be creeping gradually to Highlands, and the time for securing desirable properties at low figures is before they come much nearer. KELPIE.

San Francisco Fly-Casting.

AT the fifth semi-monthly competition, April 10-11, at Stow Lake, in Golden Gate Park, the distance records were: For longest casts, in feet, April 10: Dr. L. N. Lowry 91½, W. L. Bacheller 85, A. E. Lovett 77, Horace Smyth 75, C. G. Young 71, A. N. Crowell 64. April 11: Dr. Lowry 90, W. Emery 88, F. H. Reed 84, Chas. Huyck 78½, A. E. Lovett 73½, A. N. Crowell 72, C. G. Young 71, J. P. Babcock 67, Horace Smyth 65, F. S. Butler 60, Chas. Klein 60, R. Isenbrock 50.

FISHING IN THE SIERRA NEVADAS.

MARYSVILLE, Cal.—"Well, Ben, when will you be ready to start for the mountains?" said I, about the middle of July. Ben, Howard and myself were all residents of Marysville, and were fortunate enough to be able to spend about three months every year in the mountains, away from the heat and dust of the valley.

The little city of Marysville is situated at the confluence of the Yuba and Feather rivers, in the great Sacramento Valley, about 170 miles northeast of San Francisco, and is within a few hours' drive from the foothills, which gradually rise to form the great range of Sierra Nevada Mountains.

Within a short distance of Marysville is a splendid stretch of country, abounding in ducks of many varieties; geese and quail galore. Not the Bob White which I have often brought to bag in the Eastern States, but that elegant little game bird the California valley quail, which is on the increase every year, and, if anything, is more wary and difficult to shoot than its larger brother, the mountain quail.

The vast stretch of tule land reaching from Butte Creek to Suisun Bay, a distance of 150 miles, is inhabited in the winter by millions of ducks, geese and swan, so that there is no lack of game in this section

Ben would be ready in three days. This time was consumed in securing good saddle horses and pack mules, and a general camping outfit, with provisions enough to last two weeks. The time allowed to arrange for our trip was all too short, as we had to look out a stock of flies and leaders; then rods and reels had to be overhauled, and a hundred other little things too numerous to mention. At last July 17 found us all prepared and eager for the fray.

We had been fortunate in securing the services of Bill Conway, as cook and general man Friday about camp.

It was 12 o'clock at night when we left Marysville, preferring to make the first part of our journey in the night, instead of encountering the heat and dust of the day, and headed our horses for Oroville, a mining town in the foothills about thirty miles in a northeasterly direction. We jogged along by the light of the moon, and arrived in Oroville in time for an early breakfast. After partaking of a bountiful meal, we resumed our journey, still in a northeasterly direction, past Pence's Ranch, where we lunched and rested our animals, and thence to Dogtown, where we camped, having made fifty-four miles the first day The next morning we were up, and got an early start, passing through the mining camps of Inscip and Chaparral, and made camp that night on the banks of Butte Creek, where we spent such a cold night, that Ben christened the spot Icy Cañon.

I was stirring by 5 o'clock the next morning, and while Bill was cooking breakfast I put my fly-rod together and proceeded to tempt the speckled trout in the creek to breakfast on a red spinner or black gnat. I was fortunate to catch about 5lbs. of nice little brook trout about 6in. long which Bill cooked with cracker crumbs, as he knows well how to do. I also noticed while walking up the banks of the creek several well worn deer trails, which indicated the presence of many deer in the neighborhood. We afterward saw eighteen while riding along the road. Owing to the law prohibiting the killing of deer for a term of years they have increased surprisingly, and are plentiful throughout the foothill country.

By the next evening we made Humbug Valley, and while Bill was building a fire and unrolling our blankets, we caught a nice mess of small trout in Humbug Creek, before the sun rolled down behind the mountains in gorgeous splendor. These we enjoyed for supper, along with four or five gray squirrels that Howard had knocked out of the pines with his .22 Winchester. During our ride over the ridge into Humbug Valley we noticed several bear tracks, which my Irish setter nosed in a curious manner, indicating evidently that scent was still fresh in them.

There are several salt licks in the neighborhood, which are great resorts for the deer As we passed one of these we disturbed a doe, and on investigation we discovered that the whole patch around this little salt spring was perforated by hoofs.

The following morning we rode through Prattville and arrived shortly after at the famous Big Meadows, which was to be our camping ground for a week. These meadows, a grand formation of nature, extend for over forty miles, hemmed in by lofty mountain ranges, which have only one break to admit of the exit of the Feather River. Here, in the meadows, in a favorite wintering resort for ducks and snipe, while in summer the fishing cannot be excelled. Indians and sportsmen then flock to the banks of the river, and enjoy such sport as most of us have had the luck only to read about; and there are plenty of fish and lots of room for all. The point where we rode into the meadows was about twenty miles from the head, and we decided to pitch our tent on a little wooded knoll, giving us a splendid view both ways. We selected camp close to a small spring, with plenty of wood and good feed for the stock.

That evening, by the light of a large camp-fire (I am a great hand for a good fire), we selected leaders and flies and put the split bamboo rods together for an early start up the stream in the morning.

As I was the only one in the party who had ever fished here before, my advice was eagerly sought as to the description of tackle to be used; my favorite lures for this time of the year being a small professor, with red tips, on the end of a 9ft. leader, and a cow-dung and royal-coachman as drop flies, 3ft. apart. That night we hardly slept, so eager were we for the sport that we anticipated on the following morning. After a hasty breakfast, prepared by our man Friday, we proceeded to wet our lines in the stream and test our leaders, as we were no longer after brook trout. Now it was more a case of skill. These magnificent rainbow trout, seldom running under a pound and noted for their gamy qualities, would strain the little strand of gut to the utmost.

It would be hard to find a more ideal locality for the enthusiastic follower of Izaak Walton than this. There are few places in the whole forty miles in which the fly caster is not able to swing his rod to the utmost, and send out the little deceptions in a straight line to drop delicately on the water; then to experience the thrill of pleasure as he sees the swirl and rise of the hungry trout, a quick motion of the wrist, and then the battle has begun. Only those readers who have gone through those few minutes can appreciate the sensation.

The banks are almost entirely free from bush or trees, while overhanging banks and deep pools afford ample protection for fish, which are not infrequently caught weighing as high as 9 and 10lbs., the largest fish generally being caught with a natural grasshopper or caddis fly. I was more fortunate than my companions, being an old hand with the fly, having had a thorough drilling as a boy from as expert a fisherman as ever wet a line in Exe River, Devonshire, England.

At noon we repaired to camp, and on sizing up our catch found that we had thirty-four beautiful trout in all, only two of which weighed under a pound Ben had caught the largest by using a grasshopper on the tail fly. By my pocket scales this beauty weighed just 6¾lbs, and Ben said it took him just eighteen minutes to land him.

We might have caught many more than we did, but preferred to catch only what we could use and give away; as we decided by mutual agreement to act as true sportsmen and not as game hogs, whose appetite for slaughtering seems never appeased and whose sole ambition is to break all former records, and adopt any means whatever to accomplish their object. During the afternoon Howard and I saddled the broncos and rode to the foot of the meadows on an exploring trip. I wish that your correspondent Julian could have accompanied us, and he would never have raised the question of deer eating lilypads. Just as we emerged from the woods on to the open meadows we came on three deer, two does and a fawn, browsing in an unconcerned manner on pond lilies in about 18 in. of water.

We thought it nothing unusual at the time to see them feeding on lilies, and since reading the many arguments on the question in FOREST AND STREAM I at once recalled this instance.

I could also show Julian, almost any day before the lilies die down, deer feeding on this plant on the Klamath Reservation, Ore., where there are many acres of lilypads, extending for miles around Klamath Lake.

We did not regret not having brought our rifles with us, as the season for deer does not open until Sept. 15 in this county, and even then the California law does not permit killing any doe or spotted fawn at any time.

The deer, on seeing us, seemed to know that there was no danger and trotted off leisurely to a clump of timber.

The next day we learned that a camper was going down to Oroville with his team in a day or two, so we decided to catch a nice mess of trout and send them down to our friends who were less fortunate than we.

All the next morning we whipped shallows and pools with indifferent success, only once in a while being rewarded for our pains by seeing a trout rise lazily to the fly and turn away again without accepting the bait. We tried a variety of flies, and even live grasshoppers and grubs, but all to no purpose. The afternoon's results were not much better. The sun was hot and the water was clear, and our total catch footed up to six small trout

That evening after supper, when we were stretched out beside a huge campfire, enjoying the fragrant weed from our "Missouri Meerschaums," I said, "Boys, we'll have to fish with finer tackle if we want to catch any fish to-morrow, as there will be no wind, and the water is so clear that they can see our deceptions too well"

So, going to work, I soaked a quantity of light stained gut of different sizes and made three leaders, selecting a size of gut almost as large as the silk line, and gradually tapering the lengths down to the farthest end. A leader made in this way flies out straight when cast, instead of doubling up. I also tied the knots so that I could open them with my nails wide enough to admit of the snell of the fly. Drawing the knots of the leader together again, the fly was kept in position by a knot in the snell, which prevented it from slipping through, at the same time causing the fly to stand out straight from the leader, and not wrap around it, as it would if looped to the leader. Those who take an interest in fly-fishing would do well to try this method. In fine, delicate casting, where the water is clear and there is no wind to ruffle it, I find that it is best to dispense with all loops, as the motion of drawing them through the water causes air bubbles, and seems to scare the wary trout.

The next morning, with our fine leaders and smaller flies, we proceeded to a favorite pool and commenced operations. This time we were more fortunate. Just as Ben commenced to cast in a rapid he got a splendid strike; although the fish took the fly under water he was well hooked, and Howard and I reeled up our lines to watch the fun.

"You'll have to take him down stream," said I, "and drown him out"

"I can't," said Ben, "he's got tangled in some weeds."

"That's just what I expected," I replied.

"You haven't learnt the lesson yet, Ben; always to take a fish down stream, as he couldn't enter the weeds from above."

"I don't feel him any more; I guess he's got away."

"Hold on awhile, Ben; you may feel him if he begins to struggle."

Taking the rod from his hand I was rewarded in a short time by feeling the fish struggling in the weeds. I applied a little more force to the rod, and as he continued to struggle he gradually became disentangled from the weeds and made a break for liberty, taking out about thirty feet of line before I could check him.

"Now take him down stream," said I, as I handed Ben back the rod.

Ben handled him very carefully, profiting by his former experience; and after two or three leaps and as many rushes, he got his fish somewhat under control, and before he was able to turn again to make another rush, Howard, who was waiting below, net in hand, had scooped up the magnificent fish, still full of fight. I weighed it carefully on my scale, and the result was 7lbs. and 5oz. Ben was delighted and vowed that the pleasure of catching such a fish was well worth coming so far for.

We had spent about twenty-five minutes playing this fellow, which was caught on a small red spinner, a No. 10 hook and 6 ounce rod.

After this victory we separated, and continued fishing till darkness warned us that it was time to return to camp and pay our respects to the supper that Bill would have in readiness for us.

Our total catch, which we spread out on the grass, footed up seventy-three beautiful trout. Of these I had caught thirty-four, Ben and Howard twenty-six and thirteen, respectively.

After a splendid supper, eaten with a zest such as only those who have been fortunate enough to enjoy camp life can appreciate, we turned our attention to dressing and packing the fish, to send away in the morning. We adopted the most successful method that I know of. First, we always killed the fish as soon as taken from the water, by a sharp rap on the head, to prevent its bruising itself. Next, they should never have any water used to wash or dress them with, but the thin, slimy film should be allowed to

form on them. Next, we separated the gills from the back of the lower jaw, and with a sharp knife laid open the fish from the gills to the anal fin, removed the entrails and blood from the backbone, and wiped them dry with a cloth; then stuffed the fish with a wad of dry hay or straw to prevent the soft parts from coming together, and put each fish separately in dry hay. Nothing damp should be used, as heat is generated and the fish will quickly spoil. We packed our fish in this way, and afterward learned that they arrived in splendid condition, after being two days on the road.

We remained three days more at the Big Meadows, catching what fish we needed for food each day, and varying the sport by killing some jacksnipe which infest the marshes, and gray squirrels in the pine woods, which gave us a nice variety for the frying pan.

We reluctantly broke camp and set out for home, firmly bent on returning later on when the deer season opened, as big game seemed plentiful; while at the head of Big Lake, Lassen Mountain, is famous for its big bucks and cinnamon bear, as well as its hot springs, where it is possible to catch fish in Butte Creek, and, without moving in one's tracks, lift the fish into a hot spring and cook them.

I hope in the near future to give my readers some short accounts of my hunting trips in the Sierras.

H. W. WILLS.

ANGLING NOTES.

Thickness of Gut.

A CORRESPONDENT reminds me that he asked me about six months ago to inform him in this column about the different sizes of gut, and if there is any rule which regulates the size of black bass, trout, salmon gut, etc. I regret that I have been so dilatory in my reply, although the letter is not dated quite six month ago. My disposition is always agreeable to an early reply to letters and queries, but unfortunately my disposition and my time are not in accord.

There is no arbitrary rule in regard to the size that gut shall be for any particular fish, and it is a matter for the tackle dealer and the angler to settle each for himself. The tackle dealer advertises trout, black bass and salmon leaders, for instance, or heavy, medium and light leaders for each of the fishes named, and the gut of the trout leaders is of less thickness, as our English brethren say, than the gut of the bass leaders, and the gut of the bass leaders of less thickness than the salmon; but there is no recognized standard by which to measure the thickness of gut to be employed in making leaders for either trout or black bass. It is safe to assume that for salmon the thickest gut obtainable is used, but for trout one man may desire to use a leader of drawn gut and another may feel it incumbent upon him to fish with gut that would hold a sturgeon or a small whale; for I believe it is generally understood that, while some men "fish fine," others derrick their fish. Therefore, a tackle dealer could not institute rules as to the size of gut that all men should use in catching the same kind of fish.

In the trade gut of different thicknesses is designated by different names, which the dealers understand and the average angler knows little or nothing about. In natural gut, and by this I mean the silk sac of the silkworm, drawn and dried on a board, from which the yellow skin is removed afterward and the gut bleached, when it is graded and put into hanks as it comes to the retail dealer and in the condition which the angler finds it, this natural gut may vary in thickness in the same grade of gut; for it is very uneven, not only in the hank, but in the strand itself. The natural gut is graded as follows, the finest being:

"Refina," about	7 to 9-1000in.
"Fina," about	11 to 13-1000in.
"Regular," about	13 to 14-1000in.
Radron, 2d, about	14 to 16-1000in.
Radron, 1st, about	15 to 16½-1000in.
Marana, 2d, about	16½ to 17½-1000in.
Marana, 1st, about	18 to 19-1000in.
Imperial, about	18½ to 19½ 1000in.
Royal, about	20 to 22 1000in.

The length of the strands of gut is an important factor in the cost. I have a price list before me just received from London, and it gives the price of imperial gut as follows, retail, per 100 strands:

	11in.	11½in.	12½in.	13in.	13½in.	14in.	14½in.
English shillings	21	23	25	25	26	27.6d.	30

Royal gut of 14in. is worth 50 shillings and 15in. gut 60 shillings. "Drawn gut" is the "natural gut" drawn through plates exactly as wire is drawn, and this being the case it does not vary in thickness, if properly drawn, in the various grades. Of drawn gut the finest is:

XXXX	6¼-1000in.
XXX	7½ 1000in.
XX	8½-1000in.
X	9-1000in.
½ drawn	9½-1000in.
¼ drawn	10-1000in.

Drawn gut is used comparatively little in this country, and I think there is a prejudice against it, but I have had drawn gut that has done excellent service. I have some leaders tied by Forest & Son, Kelso, one dozen drawn gut and a dozen natural, and the latter is finer than the drawn; but it is remarkably fine and even gut.

The care of gut is not included in the question, but I will say that I have kept gut perfectly sound for years, so far as I could judge, by putting the hanks in a roll of paper that had been slightly oiled with olive oil and placed where the light could not strike it. It is the poorest kind of economy to use old leaders that have seen service unless they are thoroughly tested. It is far better to throw them out if there is the least doubt about their strength. There was a time when after a season of fishing I would go over my leaders and patch them up, and rub down the frayed places with a bit of rubber; but that was back in the drift period, and I have grown older and wiser.

Cannibal Trout.

There is a middle-aged man, an excellent mechanic, in the town where I live, and I occasionally meet him in the street or the post office, and generally we have a few minutes' conversation when we meet, for he has been a close observer of nature during his life and I like to talk with him about what he has observed. A few evenings ago I was about to pass him with a bow when he stopped me with the queston: "Do you know the capacity of a brook trout as a cannibal?" Confessing that I did not, he told me of a youthful experience of his own. He was a boy attending the district school some distance from his home, and carried his dinner in a tin pail. A man in the neighborhood desired to stock a pond with trout and offered 5 cents each for such trout as the boys would bring him alive and in good condition. There was a trout brook close to the schoolhouse, and one afternoon my friend went there to earn some of the money. He caught nine trout and put them in his dinner pail and covered the pail with his straw hat and set out for the man's house. Eight of the trout were about the same size, quite small, and one was so large that the diameter of the pail was not great enough to accommodate him without bending his tail a trifle. When he reached the house of the purchaser of live trout he announced that he had nine fish worth 45 cents, but when the hat was removed from the pail it contained but two trout, and he stood open-mouthed looking into his dinner pail, wondering what had become of seven trout he had started from the brook with. They could not have escaped from the pail, for his hat had kept them in. The man saw that the boy's surprise was genuine, for his 45 cents had shrunk to 10, and he showed his disappointment in his face. The explanation came as both were looking into the pail, for the big trout, with a dash, seized and swallowed the remaining small trout, and his 45 cents shrunk to 5 before his eyes.

This was something absolutely new to me, that trout, just caught, and confined in a small dinner pail, would eat one another in the manner described until but one was left, the survival of the biggest. I do not question the story in any of its parts, but before it was told to me had I been asked if such a thing could be possible I would have said no. I have carried hundreds of trout in pails and other vessels during boyhood, and later, but never even suspected such pronounced cannibalistic tendencies in fish freshly caught and confined in such small space. That trout will do this same thing in an aquarium I have had ample evidence, but not until they become accustomed to their new quarters and other kinds of food was not forthcoming to appease hunger. We live and we learn.

The New York Bass Season.

Having read the article by Mr. Van Cleef in FOREST AND STREAM of April 17, I feel that I must dissent from his conclusions.

Nearly thirteen years ago I wrote an article in this journal advocating a close season for black bass extending to July 1, and not for a moment since that time have I had reason to think I was wrong in so advocating, if we were to save our black bass from practical extermination. FOREST AND STREAM commented upon my article editorially in the same issue, viz.: Sept. 25, 1884, and I will quote briefly from the editorial, which is nearly a column in length:

"If the object of the law is to protect the black bass while they are spawning, and during the time they are protecting their young, as we suppose, then the period between Jan. 1 and June 1 is not sufficient. * * * In the State of New York, the date at which all law-abiding bass should have finished spawning and protecting their young has been fixed at June 1, but we regret to say that the majority of bass are so depraved and have so little regard for the law as to delay their family agreements for a month later, and the question is: Shall the fish be compelled to change their habits to comply with the wisdom of our legislators, or shall we acknowledge that they know best when they want to spawn and accommodate ourselves to them. * * * The fish begins to take food, after its winter fast, as soon as the temperature of the water rises to about 45° Fahrenheit, *and not until then does any increase in its ovaries take place.* * * * We think Mr Cheney has rather understated the case. Even in southern New York the bass are not done spawning by the middle of June. * * * The law needs changing."

My article was not based upon observations made at one or half a dozen of local ponds. I had been in correspondence with anglers in all parts of the State and made an honest effort to reach conclusions that would benefit the black bass of the entire State, that the close season advocated should cover their breeding season and give them time to rear their young before they could be killed legally.

From 1884 to the present time I have urged with all power of my pen that the close season be extended to July 1, and every single fact that has come to my knowledge regarding the spawning of bass, has convinced me that this time was proper for the purpose. In 1890 a Commission was appointed to take testimony from one end of the State to the other, and from top to bottom, regarding the spawning seasons, etc., of fishes, and the breeding seasons of game, to enable the Commission to codify the game laws in accordance with what was proven to be the proper seasons to protect the fish and game to perpetuate it. This Commission was composed of Hon. Robt. B Roosevelt, formerly president of the New York Fish Commission; Hon. E G Whitaker, Deputy Attorney-General, and Gen. Richard N. Sherman, one of the Fish Commissioners.

Gen. Sherman was elected president of the Commission to codify the law, and meetings were held all over the State. I think the appropriation for this purpose was $10,000. After the hearings were finished, Gen. Sherman wrote me under date Dec. 19, 1890, asking me to submit my views regarding the proper season for opening the fishing for certain fishes, among them black bass. I urged that the season should not open before July 1 and close Dec. 24; with the testimony taken in the State before him, he wrote me: "I am glad to find in your suggestions confirmation, substantially, of my own views" We did not differ as to the season for black bass, but I did want the lake trout season to open May 1, as it was, while Gen. Sherman favored, without persisting in it, a uniform season for all species of trout; and in this he was right, as I believe, although the uniform season should begin May 1 instead of April 1 or 15. But that is another matter.

The most persistent advocates of an open season for black bass dating from June 1 are the summer hotel keepers, who desire guests for the June fishing when the bass are in shallow water spawning or guarding their young; and the FOREST AND STREAM editorial of thirteen years ago refers to them in these words: "The main opposition to the change (from May 30 to July 1) would come from summer resorts and country hotels, which look for the black bass fishers in June." That prophecy has proven true.

Under date of Jan. 23, 1891, Gen. Sherman wrote me: "Our Commission finished the code on the 14th, but have delayed its presentation to the Legislature for a few days, to give time for a careful revision and verification. * * * There is no class of men so pertinacious and exacting as the sportsmen, and if we had listened to one half the demands for special provisions and exceptions our work would have been a miserable bundle of patch-work. * * * For the State, the black bass season opens May 30; I consider this too early but it is a compromise date." The original code provided for a season to open June 15, and that, too, Gen. Sherman considered a compromise date.

What has been the result of June fishing for black bass? Ask the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission to show the applications made each year for black bass, to stock waters from which the bass are disappearing. Where are these bass to come from? One man, when I put that question to him, said, Lake Ontario, as though you had only to lift a gate on the shore of the lake and the bass would flow in a stream into other waters within the State. But Lake Ontario asked the State for 1,000,000 black bass in one year. The black bass is not a fish of small waters, and nature placed them only in big waters. Man has tried to improve on matters, and in most of these cases man has failed of success, and to continue the open season for bass fishing through June will result in destroying the bass in the interior lakes. The remedy I would propose is for the State to stop planting black bass, as they cannot be hatched artificially, until a committee awakens to the fact that June fishing is doing more injury to the black bass fishing than the State can repair, and this lets the State help the awakened community to restore the fishing. This is a slow process, as one community has found. Bass were for years caught through the spawning season, and became practically extinct. Then a law was passed to cover the spawning season, and strictly enforced, for the people were aroused on the subject, and the lakes stocked by the State; but the fishing improves very slowly. The dearly-bought experience of this sort seems to be the only thing to look forward to to arouse the people to act for their own interests. It is not fair to take bass from one water where the sentiment is in favor of June protection, to stock waters that have been depleted by June fishing. I have no desire to even attempt to analyze Mr. Van Cleef's argument, but he refers to advice he has received from Canada that black bass are through spawning there by June 15 to 20. I do not know where this is, but I see that Ontario has a close season from April 15 to June 15, and only twelve bass over 10in. long can be taken in one day, and Quebec has a close season from May 25 to July 1; so the Provinces do not seem to be in accord. There is one thing I do know beyond a peradventure, and that is that black bass spawn on Long Island, N. Y., as late as June 25, and I believe we have no earlier waters than on Long Island. Black bass should be protected for two weeks after the young are hatched. When anglers and sportsmen generally become broad enough to unite and seek legislation that will cover the breeding seasons of all fish and game for the general good of all the people of the State, and not try to exempt their individual backyards from the operation of the law for reasons purely personal, then we may hope for laws that will, when enforced, do what fish and game laws are supposed to do, but which nowadays they do not do, when one man desires to get the bulge on all the other men in the matter of fish and game.

A. N. CHENEY.

Fishermen and Fishermen.

THIS is what Editor R. F. Wormwood of the Portland, Me., *Express*, has to say about them and their ways:

Confined beneath the ice of Maine's lakes and rivers is a familiar spirit which, as soon as that winter covering is removed, escapes and enters into and forcibly takes possession of the bodies and wills of a very large proportion of the able-bodied male residents of the Pine Tree State. In fact its jurisdiction is not bounded by the limit of our commonwealth, but extends far beyond the borders of the State, and more and more each year the irresistible spell works its perfect work on the wayfarer and the stranger, who gladly pay the tribute imposed or mortgage their possessions to pay ransom when ransom is necessary. In other words, the season is fast approaching when the desire to go a-fishing will become overpowering. The spell is a potent one, and those who are insensible to its power are those who prefer the music of a mouth organ to the melody of the birds and brooks; who prefer the conglomerate smells of the factory and the shop to the delicate odor of trailing arbutus; who prefer the artificial to the real. For several weeks fishermen have been looking over their supply of tackle, reading seasonable literature, and otherwise inoculating themselves in anticipation of the shibboleth, "the ice is out." When the longed for word comes, then the exodus begins. Men who ordinarily think of a day's absence from business as something to be brought about only by death or a baseball game, can always manage somehow to get away for a day or so for a little fishing. And the sport, if properly approached, is worth almost any sacrifice, for in addition to the supreme enjoyment for the time being, nothing can be depended on to furnish so many inexhaustible topics of conversation for months as an outing of this sort. If you are successful in what should properly be considered a secondary object, catching fish, there is the satisfaction of knowing that you are enrolled in the list of those who are to be envied; if you are unsuccessful in this particular respect, then, if you are worthy the honor of looking a canned salmon squarely in the face, or of casting a fly over a pool from which a barefoot boy has just lured an 8oz. trout with an angleworm on a bent pin, you will take matters as a philosopher and humble disciple and follower of Walton should, and remember that it is not all of life to catch fish nor all of death to go home with an empty basket. For, verily, there are fishermen and fishermen. There are those who can have all the sport they want pulling in codfish, hand-over-hand, with a clothesline; to them the season does not appeal. There are those whose souls are so thrilled by the music of the click of the reel that they forget they owe something to society and allow their wives to support the family while they commune with nature along the bank of some purling brook. Between these extremes are many grades. The genuine fisherman is a compound of many of the qualities that enter into the making of a man, and the simple fact that he likes to go a-fishing does not necessarily detract from his value and usefulness as a citizen.

Chinese Fishculture.

The included clipping is taken from *Littell's Living Age*, Boston, Dec. 2, 1848, and credited to the *Medical Times:*

"Hatching eggs by artificial heat is well known and extensively practiced in China, as is also the hatching of fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of trade in China. The fishermen collect with care, on the margin and surface of the water, all the gelatinous matters that contain spawn of fish, which is then placed in an egg-shell (which has been fresh emptied) through a small hole; which is then stopped, and the shell is then placed under a sitting fowl. In a few days the Chinese breaks the shell in warm water, warmed by the sun. The young fish are then kept in water till they are large enough to be placed in a pond. This plan, in some measure, counteracts the great destruction of spawn by troll-nets, which have caused the extinction of many fisheries."

The described process of hatching fish seems to reveal a lost secret, which may be of advantage to all those interested in fish culture and natural history.

G. VON HEYSS.

Limit the Trout Catch.

PATERSON, N. J., April 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can you inform me where I can find anything relating to the Frank Forrester laws, limiting the catch of trout to eighteen, that prevailed on Long Island about 1848? Some time ago I read in some paper that the remedy for preventing the depletion of trout streams was to revive the old Frank Forrester laws. I was at once impressed with the great scope of this idea, as it would (if enforced) put a stop to the slaughter that has prevailed on many trout streams for a long time. I have at one time or another spent about a year and a half on the Beaverkill, in Sullivan county, and know the stream and its history thoroughly. For some time past I have never missed an opportunity to advocate my hobby of putting a limit on the number of trout caught in any twenty-four hours or had in possession at any one time. I have just returned from a run up to Joe Cammer's, on the Beaverkill, and there met several members of the Brooklyn Fly-Fishers' Club, who have now put a limit of ten on trout caught out their preserve.

We shall want some good, strong influence to work up a popular feeling among fly-fishermen throughout the State to take up the matter to their representatives at Albany, and no paper can do this so well as FOREST AND STREAM. Will you not take an interest in the scheme? Something must be done to stop the trout hogs. Last year four men from Port Jervis caught enough trout for twenty-five or thirty decent fishermen. They ate over sixty (this gives you an idea of their size) a meal, and carried home four baskets full and two large milk pails full. A few years ago two men (?) caught 700 little trout out of the Voorhis Brook. I could tell you many such cases.

You see, the limit law would cover a multitude of the troubles now existing as to size, etc. I think it would be a great and glorious thing for FOREST AND STREAM to work up, and I know that all fly-fishermen would rise up and bless you if such a law should be passed. The law should carry a big penalty to prevent violators, say $100, half of which should go the informer.

The western Catskill streams are the most beautiful trout streams in the United States, and are worth fighting for. Possibly a law taking in these streams only might be enforced. BENJ. KENT.

Trout in Central New York.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Local trout anglers manifested unusual activity at the ushering in of the brook trout season, the 16th, and notwithstanding the fact that many of the larger streams were, by virtue of recent heavy rains, running wild and boisterous, some exceedingly fine creels of trout were taken. The writer saw an especially even lot of twelve that were taken from Spring Brook at a point less than four miles south of town.

An angler who worked out the East Owego Creek, in the vicinity of Harford Mills, opening day, scored fifteen trout averaging 1lb. each. Rev. Jno. T. Stone, of Cortland and Rev. Arthur Hoyt, of Auburn, accompanied by L. D. Carns, of Cortland, passed the first two days of the season, at Slaterville, fishing the West Owego Creek, and took 75lbs. of trout.

Messrs. Wilson, Sharp, Miller, Middaugh and Calkins, of this city, were on the West Owego the 17th, and although the weather conditions were wintry in the extreme, a fine catch was reported.

An exceptionally large number of good scores have reached me as a result of the past five day's astream, justifying the prediction that plenty of sport awaits the trout angler as the season grows apace.

Fall Creek, reached from McLean, on the line of Lehigh Valley R. R. or the East Owego, reached from Harford or Richford, on the same line of railroad, should furnish satisfactory angling shortly. The West Owego within easy distance of Ithaca, Owego or Cortland, is one of the most alluring trout streams enriching the landscape of Central New York, being easy to fish and beautiful to behold. Many small but "trouty" streams abound in the country through which the West Owego flows on its way to the Susquehanna. M. CHILL.

When in Fishing Togs.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—I am sorry the picture I sent you was so dim it would not reproduce, for I had a desire to let the world see how so good a man as Brother Howerton can look so villainous and piratical. It is a physiognomical mystery. I will illustrate it. The parson had a parishioner, Mrs. Green; an old lady of saintly life, one of the salt of the earth, whom every one around here calls blessed. He and I had been fishing one day, and were coming home about sunset with a magnificent string of bass. He said, "My wife is away, and I will give my fish to Mother Green." So I drove him around there. The old lady was sitting on the porch enjoying the summer sunset. We stopped and Howerton went in, and the following conversation took place: "Mrs. Green, here are some fish." "Well, I don't believe I want to buy any this warm weather." "But you had better take them, anyhow." "No, I don't want to buy any. I have not ice enough in the house to keep them." "But let me give them to you." Thereupon the old lady put on her spectacles, looked at the parson, who all that time had been within 3ft. of her, scanned him up and down, and finally said: "Is this Brother Howerton?" The old lady was neither blind nor specially near-sighted, but the parson looked so disreputable she did not recognize the man who dispensed the Gospel every Sunday. J. M. ROSE.

The Lamprey as Bait for Wall-Eyed Pike.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 22.—Noting communication of M. Chill in issue of the 24th instant on the subject of "The Destructive Lamprey," I will ask if there is any reason why the lamprey should not be used as a bait in trolling for wall-eyed pike? The fishermen on the Susquehanna use the lamprey attached to the "gang" and spoon in trolling for the salmon, so-called, and say it is an additional attraction. How is this thus when M. Chill claims it to be a parasite? SWIFT.

An Oneida Lake Net Raid.

UTICA, N. Y., April 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The State fish and game protectors have been doing business on Oneida Lake recently. Thirty-one large trap-nets were destroyed there and tons of pike liberated. Last week twenty-one more nets were taken, making a total of fifty-two within ten days. Some of those captured last were new nets, which were set immediately after the protectors were supposed to have left the lake. W. E. WOLCOTT.

The Schuyler Fishing Club.

SOME of the leading sportsmen of Stillwater, N. Y., have formed a fishing club. The organization is styled the Schuyler Fishing Club, of Stillwater, and at the first regular meeting, held on the 17th ult., the following officers were elected: President, P. S. Miller; Secretary and Treasurer, W. J. Barnes. It is the purpose of the club to aid in the protection and propagation of the fish and game of this locality, and steps have already been taken toward restocking the most promising trout brooks in the vicinity.

Lake Champlain Bass Fishing.

ST. ALBANS, Vt.—The migratory habits of the small-mouthed black bass brought thousands of them from the St. Lawrence River into the waters of Lake Champlain, conditions causing it in 1896, when the water was the highest for nineteen years. We had as good bass fishing in the season of 1896 as at any time in the past twenty years, and as you are aware, we have had most excellent fishing in the Great Back Bay of Lake Champlain. W. J. SAMSON.

"Angling Talks."

WE have a very few copies of George Dawson's "Angling Talks," a series of chapters of entertaining chat about men, fishermen, fish, fishing and fishing places. Cloth, 50 cents. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 1.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, Morris, Man.
Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

COURTESY AT BENCH SHOWS.

HARTFORD, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noted the growth, during some years, of the "courtesy to exhibitors" plaint made by some writers in their reports of certain shows. To me it seems that such complainings are both indelicate and unjust. Usually the complaint is made in behalf of the exhibitors, at least ostensibly so, but there generally is a ring of personal grievance and disappointment over the absent courtesies. From such data as I can gather, the "courtesies" omitted are free lunches to the reporters, with such accessories as add luster to the lunch, and some special attention paid to the exhibitors as to sightseeing. To me it seems as if it all was very absurd. If the management treats the exhibitors and press with politeness, it is all they have any right to expect. That a special committee should be expected, yes, demanded, with duties to look after the entertainment of visitors, at a time when the full energies and time of the club are strained to their utmost, is carrying a selfish feeling too far.

The exhibitors place themselves on a strictly business footing so far as the bench show concerns themselves. They are importunate in demanding cash prizes in the classes, and are quite as eager to have valuable specials. If they, on the other hand, were invited to give up something valuable in the name of courtesy, they would indignantly refuse. New and more classes are demanded of the management after the prize list is published, and when all this is secured, then the supplementary "courtesies" are looked for. The exhibitor enters on a business basis, and exacts the most valuable business considerations obtainable. Then when he and several hundred of him and his friends come in a body to the show, they each individually seem to expect to be treated as an invited guest. The show may lose money; the working committee may be overworked; the general routine may be most exacting and worrying, yet before all else must come the "courtesy."

I have noticed that when the committee or club members devote themselves assiduously to the entertainment of the reporters, there is seldom any complaint heard of neglect of the exhibitors, whence I am inclined to believe that neglect of the exhibitors, sifted of all its pretense, is merely a matter of neglecting the reporter. At all events, it is bad form to demand as a right what could be expected only as a matter of voluntary invitation. To be the recipient of hospitality at one time establishes no claim to make a demand for it the next time. I may add that the gentlemen in charge of bench shows are quite competent to pass on what is due courtesy and what is not, perhaps quite as competent as anyone else. If one management chooses to make a pleasure excursion for the exhibitors, and treats them as distinguished visitors instead of as exhibitors, that should not be made the standard for all other managements to live up to. Courteous attention and prompt arrangement of all business matters are all that any exhibitor has any claim to and all that he has a right to expect. To cry out because personal entertainment has not been extended may be termed a displeasing and inappropriate trait in the exhibitor or reporter.

GENUINE NUTMEG.

The Chicken Field Trials.

THE chicken field trials are growing steadily in popularity, and seem to have a vitality which is indicative of their permanency. Hertofore the greater part of the field trial support came from non-residents of the chicken country, but there are indications that this year the resident sportsmen will participate and add a greater material assistance to the chicken trials than they have given heretofore. The sportsmen of Minnesota in particular are manifesting an admirable interest, and if they once engage in earnest the permanency of the trials is assured.

With such advantages at their very doors, it is strange that the sportsmen of Minnesota have not organized a club or clubs of their own for the purpose of holding trials, as have their brethren across the line in Manitoba, but now that they have bestowed their interest on the competition, and the incentive is felt to own better dogs and ones better trained, the spirit of emulation will probably result in organization for field trial interests. The broad prairies afford the best of field trial grounds every where. They are easily secured and easily protected from the depredations of poachers, much more so than are the grounds in the quail country, and the rental expenses are far less. Setters and pointers are numerous in city, town and country, so that there is abundant competitive material to draw upon, if a proper degree of field trial interest can be aroused. The chicken trials are held at a season delightful for visiting sportsmen, and for the abundance of the highest sport, whether with dog and gun, or rod and reel, one has but to turn to the volumes of literature to learn of it.

THE FIDELITY OF THE DOG.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Poets and novelists have sung the praises of the dog for his devotion and love of his master. The fidelity of the dog was the highest standard of comparison, for nothing exemplified an affection so unselfish, a loyalty so unblemished, a watchfulness so incessant as it did. For his devotion and self-sacrifice the dog has always stood high in man's good opinion. History is filled with innumerable references to dogs as a companion or servant of man in war, in peace, or in the chase, from man's gradual emancipiation from savagery and ignorance to his highest development in civilization. In passing it may be said that dogs are not a universal favorite. There are men who are enthusiastic in their fondness for dogs, or some particular kinds of dogs. This fondness is often inspired by fashion or some peculiar combinations of circumstances in the mutations of life. As to the first, if one leader, gentleman or lady, of a fashionable circle adops a fad, whether it be riding, yachting, dogs or cats, etc., there is a swarm of imitators who immediately set about doing what the leader does. As to the combinations of circumstances, a man may be passionately fond of shooting or hunting, etc., at a certain stage of his life, and these circumstances being a dominant passion, he loves dogs for contributing to his sport. At a later stage in his life, when he cares not for sport, he would kick the dogs out of his path with peevish force—the same dogs which he once would have given warm welcome to.

But the devotion of the dog? The dog is fond of companionship, and he will readily associate with any animal which gratifies this need of his nature. He may form a friendship for a horse. Dogs which are raised with sheep form a friendship for them and find all the needed companionship in their society. Dogs form friendships for each other; but whether for horse, sheep or man, it is not from any sense of unselfish devotion, but it is, on the contrary, a selfish need of his nature which craves companionship and a slavish dependence on others to supply his food. He naturally drops into what best fits his needs, his comfort and his existence. He follows his master about; he is solicitous to be in his presence; he is attached to the home of his master; all this is from self-interest, for there he has his food, shelter and protection. Let him lose his home and master, and though the one may be luxurious and the other kind and gentle, he will transfer his affections to the most ignorant and coarse man who first attempts to be friendly with him, and will adapt himself to the new home life and surroundings with no regrets and no memories.

But he will fight for his master. He will fight for a dog companion. He is a born fighter, but not singly. The dog fights in packs. Two or more dogs fighting in company will fight bravely and desperately. One alone fights indifferently compared to the fighting of packs. The moral support of company and aid makes the dog brave, and this is precisely what the dog feels when in the presence of his master whom he loves, but will love some one else the next day without a break in the transfer of his affections. The intense love for a home is only long-continued habit. The wild dog has the same love for his own den. Fidelity is merely the dog's own contentment with his comfortable surroundings. His protection of his master's home and person is only the same protection which the dog bestows on his own den in the wilderness and his wild dog companions.

I think that Rev. Charles Josiah Adams could do much good by setting us aright on what is true dog nature, instead of accepting common assumption that it is the exemplar of fidelity. M.

Poisoning Extraordinary.

GAINESVILLE, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream—and Sportsmen:* Since my retirement from the field trials' field, though still reading the reports with great interest, I have not had published a single article from my hand; for, as to my bird dogs, misfortune seems to have come in battalion strong.

In the last few years I've lost by the acts of cold-blooded and vicious people, in trained, field-trial and bench-winning pointers, Lady Spotswood, First Flight Virginia ("F. F. V."), Heineken, Flake of Flockfinder, Jr., Nick of Ion, Spotswood, Frank, Rod's Rod, Flockfinder III., all poisoned. On the evening of the 14th inst., a few minutes after I had fed her with my own hands, Lady Margaret was shot to death in the public road, opposite and within 25yds. of the line of our own Margaretta farm by a brutal negro.

My loss in her is great. The intensity of my feelings is such even now, that I will not attempt to express them I consider the loss to the sportsman afield even greater than my loss. She laid in state in my front yard the whole of the 15th, resting peacefully on the green sod, over which her feet had so nimbly trod, so that all could view the remains of the very best pointer that ever had died. I have prosecuted him for cruelty for unlawfully killing; I will now prosecute him for perjury, and also for felony in stealing the body from the public road. She never long backed a false-pointing dog; she has refused when dead to back stand a lying, brutal negro, though less brutal than those who put out the tempting, poisoned bait for the others.

Long years ago, on the evidence of my then living pointer, old Staunch, a white man was sent to the penitentiary, and now, on the evidence of the dead Lady Margaret, do I fully expect to send this criminal to the same place.

I have sued in Civil Court to recover $1,250, placing the minimum of $1,000, the price I named when Judge John D. King offered me $500 after she had run one puppy race with the great setter Lillian Russell. I add $250 because she was bred from March 8 to 17 to that great flock-finder, St Blaise, the only dog which could nearly approach her speed that was ever put down with her, although he was not in it on singles and retrieving.

My friends, regardless whether or not we have antagonized each other in the discussion or running of bird dogs—for I was fully satisfied when I had proved and assisted to prove that a real good pointer is as good as the very best setter. Where heat, birds and burrs abound, he's very much better. In this and in trials yet to come of pith and moment, I need your support and sympathy. HICKORY.

Language Used in Addressing Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I'm on'y a poor little crooked-legged dachshunde, but I hope you will hear my complaint and print it. As I lay by the fire last week I heard my new master read all the poetry which you printed in your article on the language used to dogs. Much of it I could not understand, for it was in foreign tongues or in old English. My late master was a man of good education and never told me to "Go lay down," as my new one does. At first I wondered what it was he wanted me to lay down, for I had nothing. I looked up inquiringly. He laid his book on the table and picked up a whip from the shelf where it had lain idle for a long time, and shouted: "Go lay down!" I crawled under the lounge and kept quiet, and now I begin to think he meant to order me to lie down. As you understand English better than I, please print this so that my new master may see it, and use language which I understand. DAXY.

Continetal Field Trials Club.

PITTSBURG, April 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Customs arrangements for 1897. Extract: All dogs that have been duly entered in any of the Manitoba Field Trials Club's events for 1897 are allowed to enter Manitoba and remain for ninety days free of all duty. Those who contemplate entering dogs in the Continental Field Trials Club's events, the Blue Ribon or Excelsior Stake, should note that it is also necessary to enter said dogs in the Manitoba Club's events, in order to benefit by the above arrangement and pass the ports of entry without delay or anoyance. The Manitoba Club have reduced their entry fee in both events to $5. Dogs entered only in the Continental Club's events will be subject to customs regulations and duty.

W. S. BELL, Sec'y-Treas.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

THE following, from the New York *Times*, indicates the need of breeding a new quality in dogs, one which will resist "hypnotism." It is a most humiliating and inglorious ending to a chase after criminals when they steal the pursuing dogs and evade their pursuers The story is as follows: "Albert Winger, George Gifford and John Barber, three prisoners in the Stark County Workhouse, escaped from that place. They were with others in line going from a meal. The Superintendent of the institution called a man from the rank of prisoners to speak to him. This act distracted the attention of the guards momentarily, and the prisoners made a dash for liberty.

They got a good start before the guards could dispose of the other prisoners and start in pursuit. Bloodhounds are kept at the workhouse to trail escaped prisoners, and these were at once put on the track. The animals were hot in the pursuit and followed the trail. Several miles away the three convicts separated. Barber was traced to a farm barn and finally captured. The other two men continued their run. When about ten miles from this city they were sighted. The dogs got close to them, when the prisoners in some way hypnotized the canines and took the brutes with them.

The convicts up to this evening had not been heard from, although every effort has been used during the day to locate them. Winger was sent up for larceny and Gifford for assault. Both are long-term prisoners of a desperate quality."

Mr. Boris D. Wostriakoff, of Moscow, Russia, sailed for his home on Saturday of last week. He attended the field trials at West Point, Miss., where he made many warm friends by his intelligent enthusiasm in matters pertaining to the dog and gun, and his sterling worth as a gentleman. He recently bought a Rip Rap—Queen III. pointer of the Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels, and a setter by Tony Boy of Mr. D. E. Rose, which he will have shipped to Russia: where he will have them prepared for competition in the Russian field trials. The competition there is mostly on snipe. He has also commissioned the eminent artist, Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus, to paint two pictures for him; so that the Professor's fame, already wide, is gaining a footing across the ocean. We hope that Mr. Wostriakoff's departure is but the beginning of his return to the United States.

Entry blanks for the third annual field trials of the Continental Field Trials Club, can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. W. S. Bell, 431 Wood street, Pittsburg. A departure has been made in naming the Derby, it being called the Blue Ribbon Stake.

The meeting of the Executive Committee of the Canadian Kennel Club at the Toronto Show last week, was productive of more tangible results in respect to joint A. K. C. and Canadian matters than any meeting previously held. Mr A. P. Vredenburgh, the secretary of the A. K. C., was present as the representative of that club. After a lengthy session, a memorandum was agreed upon to be submitted to the May meeting of the A. K. C. for ratification.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable

SKETCHES AWHEEL IN MODERN IBERIA.

THE modern tourist as like as not used the bicycle as his means of conveyance from place to place, and his unpretentious mode of travel has the advantage of putting him in touch with people and places that have not been worn threadbare by predecessors with pen and pencil.

In explaining their purpose, the authors of "Sketches Awheel in Modern Iberia" say: "The tour was made on bicycle, not to satisfy the spirit of adventure commonly ascribed to Americans, though something of adventure must be expected in a country like Spain, nor because there was anything novel to us in this mode of travel—the novelty had long since worn off—but as being the means of conveyance best adapted to our purpose, enabling us in entire independence of the usual hindrances of the traveler to pass through the country at leisure, stopping where and when he pleased."

The tour, which included the length and breadth of Spain and a bit of Africa, was made by Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Workman, who in company have wheeled over most of the countries of Europe, as well as Sicily and north Africa, and who an foot have climbed the mountains of Norway, the Alps, Apennines, Pyrenees and Atlas.

They are tourists of experience, and evidently not without that characteristic spirit which they say is commonly ascribed to Americans. On the way they carried from 12 to 20lbs. of luggage. Their daily runs averaged seventy-five kilometers, or about thirty miles, though they sometimes attained a maximum of fifty miles. A good portion of the route lay among mountains, the numerous passes of which necessitated walking and pushing often for hours at a time. As they traveled over 1,800 miles, they are well qualified to give an opinion on the Spanish roads, and the introduction to their book is devoted to this pertinent subject.

To quote:

"Spain is a large country, and no one term is descriptive of its roads as a whole. It has some that may be called excellent, and many that are good, being macadamized and well constructed with a hard, fairly smooth surface. Many more, though ridable, are rough, badly made and poorly kept up. Still others, and these a not inconsiderable portion in some sections, can only be spoken of as abominable, being now, if they ever were tolerable, thoroughly worn out, or merely tracks in the sand or clay soil."

A typical road of the latter class is thus described:

"Our route lay over long reaches of road with wide, well-laid-out roadway of sand or clay entirely innocent of the macadamizing or other constructive process. Through the center of this ran a single track formed by three ruts from 6in. to 1ft. deep, the side ruts being made by the narrow tires of the high-wheeled carts used in that section, and the center one by the animals, harnessed one before the other. The sides of the roadway were occupied either by heaps of stones or large stones placed at short intervals so as to prevent the use of any part except the center. The only available path for us was the center mule track, which, always narrow and never smooth, demanded the greatest skill and attention in riding."

Passing teams in such roads was no easy feat, and punctures, as may be imagined, were of frequent occurrence.

The country people, our authors tell us, were full of curiosity and old-fashioned in their lack of appreciation of the value of time.

Here is an incident which illustrates these characteristics:

"At 6 o'clock in the evening, after thirteen hours of hard work, in passing through a town we saw on the side of the street a little shop, where 'Varias Bebidas,' or drinks, were advertised. We were still twenty-eight kilometers from Cordova, with some long, sharp hills to climb, but we thought we would spare a few minutes to assuage the thirst from which we were suffering.

"We stepped in and asked for *sarza*, *sidra* and other beverages, which, notwithstanding the comprehensive list outside the door, were not to be had, and we were obliged to content ourselves with the only one, except the never-failing *aguardiente*, represented at this bar, viz., *gaseosa*, an effervescing concoction of limes. After considerable fumbling under the counter, during which his attention was chiefly occupied in satisfying his curiosity in regard to us, the proprietor procured two bottles stopped with glass balls, which he proceeded leisurely to wash in a tub of water, rubbing them vigorously in every part and resting between the rubs to ply us with questions.

"After washing them till it seemed as if he would never stop, he dried them carefully and handed them to us. We asked him where the wooden opener was. He replied he had none; so, in the absence of any more convenient instrument, we hammered away with a small pocket shoe-buttoner and at last succeeded in dislodging one of the glass balls, but the other resisted all efforts. He then brought forth two more bottles, which he washed in the same thorough manner, with ever unsatisfied curiosity, after which we tried our hand upon them with the shoe-buttoner, with the result of opening one more bottle.

"We now told him that our time was limited, and suggested that he give us some glasses. Accordingly, still asking questions, he took down two glasses with great deliberation from a shelf and subjected them to the same cleansing process. After the loss of some ten minutes we obtained the *gaseosa* minus the gas."

Though slow in most ways, the Spaniards appear to be abreast of the times in the matter of news gathering. The newspapers everywhere heralded the advance of the tourists, and though they refused to tell their plans and tried to escape by a pretended ignorance of the language, the ubiquitous interviewer generally managed to get a note from them.

Here is a sample.

"The Englishman, Señor Workman, and his *sposa distinguida*, who are making the tour of Spain, arrived in Cuenca from Tarancon yesterday afternoon. They rode two *bicicletas magnificas*, which they understand perfectly how to manage. It cannot be stated positively, but they will probably appear on the track at the velodrome tomorrow before the races," etc.

It is needless to say that Mr. and Mrs. Workman did not give an exhibition of their skill on the track, but the statement is interesting as showing how the reporter endeavors to give a sensational turn to an occurrence that in no way merits such treatment, thus proving that the methods of the "new journalism" are not confined to the United States alone.

"Sketches Awheel in Modern Iberia" is from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, and is illustrated with half-tones from photographs.

The Wheel as a Game Carrier.

SOUTH PORTSMOUTH, R. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having handled a gun since I was twelve years old, and having reached the age of forty-five, it is but natural that I am much interested in the shooting notes contained in your valuable paper. During the years that have passed since my first attempts with the gun, I have, I think, killed my share of both ducks and game birds of various kinds, but, being an ardent lover of duck shooting in particular, any notes regarding this particular branch of sport are read by me with the most interest. Many times I have been led to regard the authors of some of your notes with great admiration, and possibly some awe and wonder.

I am no infant when it comes to size, at least—I weigh 230lbs.—and I also possess, I am told by my friends, a little more than my share of physical strength. Now, after this long preamble, I will say that when I read of anyone that packs on his back twenty to fifty ducks, mallards or other birds, and trudges off with them, it does excite both awe and wonder at the strength and bodily endurance displayed. I know that a mile walk with twenty ducks over one shoulder is a task few in our section care to undertake, and but few can accomplish the task. For myself, a load of twelve good fat ducks, with gun and shells, is about all I care to pack any distance. My partner and I use a strongly built buckboard for shooting trips. We often kill from twenty-five to fifty birds a day, and with our traps and ourselves we find that fifty birds make a very respectable load for a buckboard. On one of our trips three years ago we killed eighty-four in one morning's shooting, and what to do with them and where to put them on our team was a puzzle for some time. At last, by tying them to the axles and to the back of the seat in bunches we managed to get them all on. What prompted me to write this article was a question asked by my son, who is my partner on my shooting trips. The question was this: "How in thunder, dad, did that Wing Shot ever tote forty-three bluebills, eight mallards and three canvasbacks on his wheel?" My son is an ardent wheelman, and while this query is not written to express any doubts of Wing Shot's veracity, we would both of us be greatly indebted to your correspondent if he will tell us through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM how he managed the load as to fastening them on his wheel, etc., etc., for if one can do it another can if they only know how, and I shall be tempted to discard the buckboard for the wheel as a game carrier if it is as practical as the sketch referred to would indicate.

WILLIAM M. HUGHES.

Illinois Wheels.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 17.—There is good chance that the bicycle-as-baggage bill now before the Illinois Legislature will be passed. Prominent bicycle men are at Springfield now working hard in the interest of this bill, which is of concern to every wheelman who travels.

Wheels are out in force in Chicago at this date, and their riders are thinking of getting beyond the boulevards into the country as soon as possible. The roads over the Wheeling course are reported in fair shape, and it is thought they will be all right by the time of the road race. They ought to be good, since two strong associations, the Cook County Cyclists and the Associated Cycling Clubs, are both claiming that course for the same date—Decoration Day.

The Alley L road, of Chicago, has announced that hereafter it will carry bicycles free of charge on the rear platforms of trains going north and the front platforms of trains going south. No bicycle cars will be put on. It is thought that six wheels can be put on a platform without difficulty, and although this is not an extended accommodation, it is far better than nothing, and establishes a welcome precedent. E. HOUGH.

1.06 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

WHEELING NOTES.

THE following advertisement appears to come nearer the truth than was intended:

FOR SALE.—A few $100 Blank wheels, 1896 model, fully guaranteed, for $:5 while they last.

How perilously near that advertisement came to reading "fully guaranteed while they last." As a matter of fact, guarantees on many bicycles whose sole selling point is their cheapness, are deceiving, and have no value whatever.

A recent decision in the Pennsylvania Supreme Court is of interest to bicycle riders who may have occasion to cross railroad tracks. It is the case of Robertson against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and is reported in 1 American Negligence Reports.

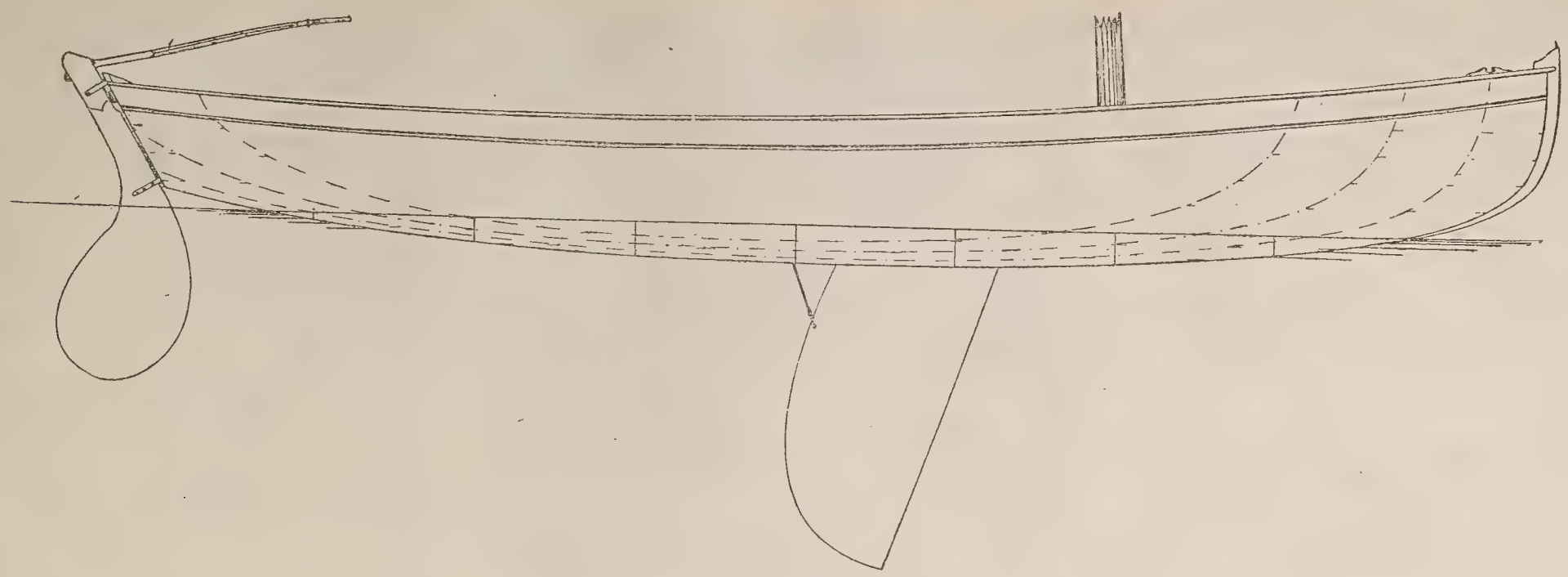
It appears that damages were claimed for the death of a person while crossing a railroad track, but the plaintiff was nonsuited in the Common Pleas. The deceased was riding a bicycle, and when he came to the railroad, at a point having four tracks, a freight train was passing, for which he had to wait. He did not dismount, but made what was called a "bicycler's stop," by circling on his wheel round and round, at a distance of from five to ten yards from the track, and when the train passed he started across without dismounting, and was struck and killed by a train coming in the opposite direction on another track.

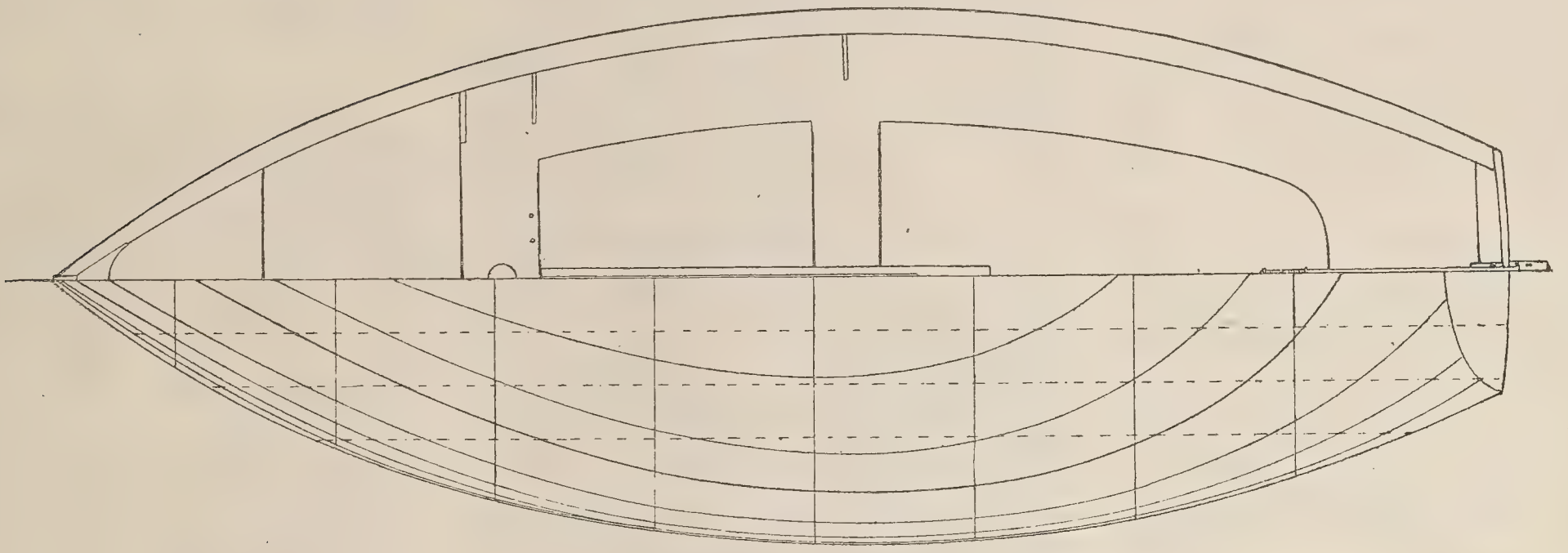
On appeal to the Supreme Court the judgment of nonsuit was affirmed, Justice Mitchell holding that it was the duty of the deceased to stop and dismount, and refusing to entertain the proposition that the circling round and round constituted a legal stop. "Riding round and round in large or small circles, waiting for a chance to shoot across, is not a stop at all, either in form or substance. Considering the ease of dismounting and the control of the rider over his instrument," continues the decision, "a bicycler must, under all ordinary circumstances, be treated as subject to the same rules as a pedestrian." The judge says further that "the rule to be applied requires that a bicycler must dismount, or, at least, bring his wheel to such a stop as will enable him to look up and down the track and listen, in the manner required of a pedestrian."

It would be well for bicycle riders to memorize the legal rule, "Stop, look and listen," and not forget it when approaching railroad crossings.—*New York Sun.*

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.





A GERMAN ONE-DESIGN.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

FIXTURES.

MAY.

29-30-31. Buffalo, opening cruise, Port Colborn.
31. Minnetonka, open race, Lake Minnetonka.
31. Cor. Baltimore, club, Chesapeake Bay.
31. Atlantic, opening sail, New York Bay.
31. New Jersey, opening sail, New York Bay.
31. Brooklyn, opening sail, New York Bay.
31. Fall River, open, Mount Hope Bay.

JUNE.

5. Atlantic, Adams cups, New York Bay.
5. Buffalo, opening cruise, small classes, Port Albino.
12. Brooklyn, annual, New York Bay.
12. Atlantic, special, New York Bay.
12. Buffalo, pennant, Lake Erie.
12. Gravesend Bay, annual, New York Bay.
15. Atlantic, annual.
17. Corinthian Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
19. Marine and Field, open, New York Bay.
19. Columbia, annual, Hudson River.
26. Buffalo, ladies' day, Lake Erie.
26. Gravesend Bay, cruise, New York Bay.
26. Atlantic, Adams cups, New York Bay.
26. Brooklyn, first special, New York Bay.

JULY.

4. Larchmont, annual, Long Island Sound.
3-4-5. Buffalo.
5. Cor. Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
3-10. Brooklyn, annual cruise, Long Island Sound.
Atlantic, annual cruise, Long Island Sound.
8. Rendezvous at Riverside; sail to Morris Cove.
9. Morris Cove to New London.
10. New London to Shelter Island.
11. At Anchor, Shelter Island.
13. Fall River, ladies' day, Mount Hope Bay.
17. Cor. Marblehead, 1st cham., Massachusetts Bay.
24. Brooklyn, special, New York Bay.
31. Gravesend Bay, cruise, New York Bay.

AUGUST.

4-5-6 Cor. Marblehead, midsummer series, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Cor. Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Buffalo, club, Lake Erie.
—. New York Y. C. cruise.
14. Cor. Marblehead, 2d cham., Massachusetts Bay.
14. Brooklyn, special, New York Bay.
24. Minnetonka, Inter-Lake races, Lake Minnetonka.
25. Fall River, open, Mount Hope Bay.
28. Cor. Marblehead, 3d cham., Massachusetts Bay.
28. Buffalo, 27ft. and smaller classes, Lake Erie.
28. Gravesend Bay, cruise, New York Bay.
28. Brooklyn, special, New York Bay.

SEPTEMBER.

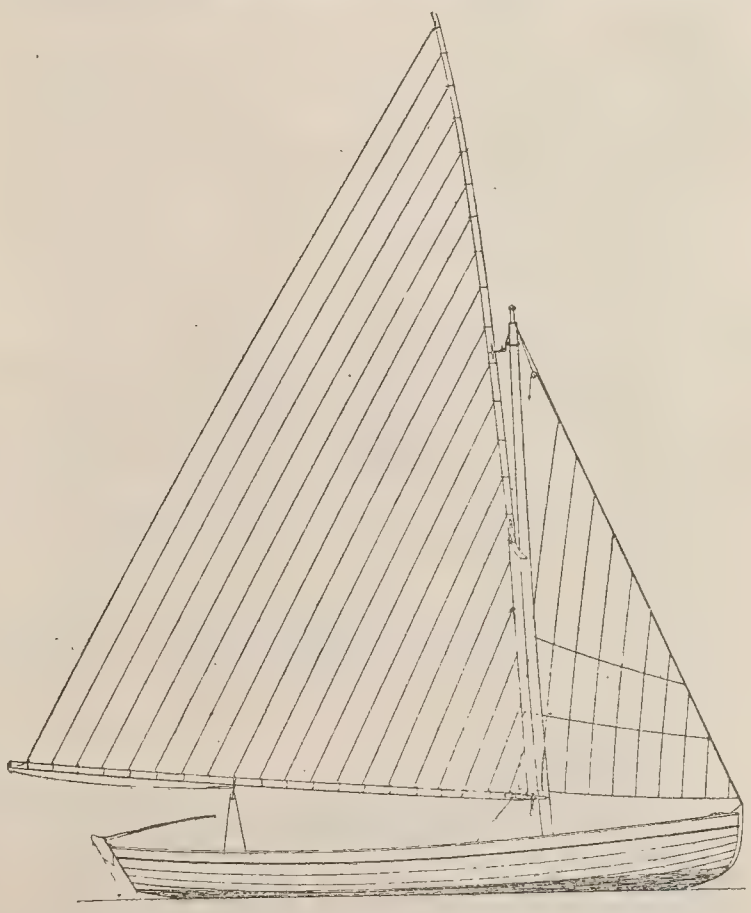
4-5-6. Buffalo, cruise, Lake Erie.
6. New York, Y. R. A. annual, New York Bay.
6. Fall River, club, Mount Hope Bay.
6. Cor. Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Gravesend Bay, special, New York Bay.
9. Pacific Y. C., annual, San Francisco Bay.
11. Brooklyn, sail-off, New York Bay.
11. Buffalo, ladies' day, Lake Erie.
25. Buffalo, closing cruise, Lake Erie.

ANOTHER version of the Defender story is current this week, on the authority of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to the effect that H. W. Walker, brother to the owner of Ailsa, is negotiating for her purchase, in the event of which she would be raced in British waters. Nothing is known of the matter on this side.

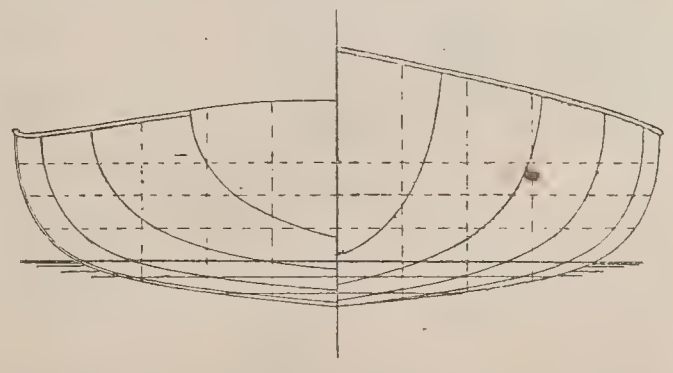
Chicago and Lake Michigan.

THE Chicago *Tribune* comments as follows upon the yachting outlook on Lake Michigan and in Chicago, the yachting center of the lake:

The yachtsman, besides worrying about the consolidation of all local yachting interests in the city into one organization, will look after the desired amalgamation of the Lake Michigan fleet with the Yacht Racing Union, of the Great Lakes. Both these plans are certain to make their influence felt among Chicago men.



SAIL PLAN.



BODY PLAN.

The jealousies of the clubs of the city have been settled, and a Chicago Y. C., with plenty of money and enthusiasm behind it, may be expected in the near future. When this obliteration of local quarrels has been accomplished, the Lake Michigan Association will grow into greater activity, and races will be more frequent, while the number of clubs will be increased.

The isolated position which the association on Lake Michigan now holds of being the only one on the Great Lakes outside the Union will probably soon be remedied. The objection to the measurements which are officially adopted by the Union is not so serious now as it was last summer, and the local clubs long to send their fast boats to Union races under Chicago colors.

No positive dates have thus far been made for races on this lake, but arrangements are already under way for lively contests on Geneva and Oconomowoc lakes. Interest is also being raised in the course on Pewaukee Lake. The fleet there has grown rapidly in the last year.

Of the new boats which are being built for Chicago men, all conform to the official measurements of the Union.

We hope that the *Tribune's* surmises are correct, and that by united and harmonious action in their local affairs, and a hearty coöperation with the associations of the other lakes, yachting on Lake Michigan may be established on a permanent and satisfactory basis; such as it has never before occupied. For many years yachting in Chicago was carried on in much the same manner, though on a greatly reduced scale, as that on the coast, a few large schooners, such as Idler and Countess (of Dufferin), plenty of gold lace, little sailing and less of systematic racing. The interest in the schooners died out long since, and for some years Chicago yachting has suffered from the transition stage, from large to small yachts. The old Chicago Yacht Club expired with the exit of the schooners, but for some years past new organizations on a nominally smaller scale, but with much more life and vitality, have been springing up. To-day there is no lack of yachting enthusiasm or of yachtsmen; all that is needed is united action and in the direction already set by the older yachting communities.

The ideas of the Lake Michigan yachtsmen in the matter of measurement and other rules have been largely at variance with those prevalent in the East as well as on the other lakes. Without assuming for a moment that the latter are correct, satisfactory or infallible, it may be claimed at least that they represent a fair concensus of opinion of the majority of yachtsmen in this country and abroad; and consequently that they are as good a guide as any.

The first need on the Lakes is a single association that shall enforce one uniform set of rules. Whether these rules are the best in the world is a secondary matter, as with a well-organized association and deliberate and intelligent legislation they may be improved year by year.

The rules lately drawn up by the new Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes are fully up to date, and in some respects decidedly in advance of those of larger associations, and we believe that there is no valid ground for objection to them by the Lake Michigan yachtsmen. Even though they may not be altogether in accordance with the ideas on the latter lake, far more can be accomplished both for Lake Michigan and for Lake yachting at large by the joining of the Union than by continuing in opposition. We hope to hear shortly that the Lake Michigan association has decided to join the Y. R. U. and give its hearty coöperation to the work already begun.

A German One-Design Class.

THE little boat here illustrated, for which we are indebted to our German contemporary *Wassersport*, was designed for the Hamburg Y. C. by the German designer, Max Oertz, of the firm of Oertz & Harder, Hamburg. The firm is building a number for sailing on the Alster Lake, at Hamburg, the price being about $100 each, complete with oars, sails, etc. The dimensions are:

Over all	17ft. 11in.
L.W.L.	14ft. 1in.
Beam, extreme	6ft. 6½in.
L.W.L.	5ft. 3in.
Draft, including rudder	2ft. 2in.
C.B.	4ft. 2in.
Mainsail	158sq. ft.
Jib	32sq. ft.
Total	190sq. ft.

The design shows an excellent model, of good power, and an easy form that promises speed.

A FEW DAYS "SINGLE-HANDED."

Perhaps some of the "cranks" would like to read the log of a short cruise, taken "single-handed," but which was none the less enjoyable, though hardly in line with the preconceived idea of a yachting trip. A cruise at once calls to mind, to most people, first, a jolly crowd, then fine fun and frolic ashore, and gay old times aboard in the evenings. Well, in this case, the jolly crowd consisted of the writer; the weather was fine enough, and frolics ashore were limited to landing for grub, and gay old times aboard consisted of efforts to convert what was obtained ashore into toothsome and attractive viands for the captain's table, which was generally spread in the forecastle.

Our good ship was the little cutter Sea Witch, 22ft. on the waterline, 26ft. over all, 7ft. 3in. beam, 5ft. draft, 24in. least freeboard, pole mast, rather small sails, 3,700lbs. of iron on the outside, 800lbs. of lead inside, plumb stern, painted black, with a white house, and strong as wood and iron could be put together.

Our vacation was the last week in May, 1896; rather early for small craft, but it was then or not at all, so I went then. Friday noon, May 22, having got a few stores aboard, I slipped the moorings off Stearns's yard, Marblehead, hauled aft the jib sheet, up helm and squared away for Gloucester. A strong southwester gave me wind enough for jib and mainsail and she plowed along at a good pace. The sun was warm and bright, the air delightfully fresh, and after a winter and spring cooped up in a downtown office, it seemed like getting out of prison to breathe and pull and haul and work out of doors.

In Salem Bay the wind came off in chunks, and if it blows anywhere in a westerly it is in Salem Bay; but running before it we did not mind it much, and made quick work of the twelve miles to Gloucester, and rounded to and anchored off Ten Pound Island light, close in, and decided to spend the night there; and after a good dinner sat on deck smoking and admiring the sunset over the magnolia shore, when the man in charge of the lobster hatchery at the island pulled out and made me a little visit.

I turned in early, ready for an early start, but was awakened about midnight by the wind screeching through the rigging, and could feel the yacht lying over under the force of the blast. I jumped on deck and found it blowing very hard from the north, which put us on a lee shore and close in, though we seemed to be holding on all right. I heard a schooner to windward paying out chain and did the same, and by that time the wind had gone down and it was calm.

I was not disturbed again and awoke about 6 o'clock on Saturday morning, which was clear and cold; wind northeast, and plenty of it, but as it was dead ahead for me I did not hurry, but took a leisurely breakfast, and then determined to go out and take a look at it at any rate; outside, however, the wind softened down to almost nothing, the sun came out warm, and I decided to keep on around the cape. But the wind fell lighter still and the tide set me inshore so far that I lost every bit of it, although two miles off shore I could see vessels moving along very well, but the air was killed before it reached me.

It was now about 2 o'clock and I had drifted to within about half a mile of the beach, directly off Cape Hedge; here we stayed within a radius of 100 yards for three hours. It was beautiful; the sun was burning hot, the sea smooth except the old swell from outside, the land lay along with scarcely a house in sight; the green woods and fields came down close to a white strip of sand which curved along, making a beautiful little cove; and after a winter of pavements and clattering teams and clanging electrics, the change to this scene of beauty was most refreshing, and all as quiet; the surf from constant pounding ceases to be noticed, and the only sounds—and those sounds always most agreeable and fascinating to me—were the occasional squeak of the jaws of the gaff against the mast and the flip-flap of reef-points and topping lift against the mainsail, as the yacht rolled and pitched in the swell.

After drinking my fill of the beauty of the scene which appealed to me all the more strongly after long abstinence, I turned to and finished some odd jobs on the rigging, freshened seizings here and there, whipped all the rope-ends I found lying around, rigged a couple of screens for side lights, etc., until at about sun-down a light air from the land fanned us along to Milk Island, where I came to anchor about 9 P. M.

It was a beautiful night—the moon was bright and clear and I hated to turn in, but finally left the yacht to keep her own anchor-watch and was soon oblivious of all surroundings.

At 5 next morning I awoke to find as glorious a day as one often sees. A fresh east wind, bright, sparkling sun, and the cool, damp air blowing in from the sea made living and breathing a pleasure.

After a hasty breakfast, I got under way and stood in for Thatcher's Island, and setting a jibtopsail we walked along at a good clip.

This easterly had but just begun to blow, as was evident from the smooth water, and it seemed a splendid chance to get across Ipswich Bay.

Passing Thatcher's and Straitsmouth islands, and the buoys of the new breakwaters, I laid the course N.½E. and settled down for an elegant sail, and an elegant sail I had. The wind held steady as a church, and strong enough to heel her down to within a few inches of the rail; and steering like a new bicycle she waded through it, and all too soon I made out White Island light at the shoals on the weather bow.

The wind here fell lighter, and hauled to the southward so much that I got the spinaker on her to starboard, and we rolled along in a quartering sea, dipping first the end of the boom and then of the spinaker pole in the water, and then straightening up with a slat, and throwing spray all over the deck.

The ebb tide from the Piscataquis delayed us a great deal, and as the wind kept falling it was 2 o'clock before we rounded to off Kittery Point alongside the Lorna, and Capt. Wasson, artist, sailor and boat-builder, came aboard and said I was the first arrival of the season.

A prettier place than Kittery Point it would be hard to find, and if it were not for the strong tide in the main channel it would be an ideal place for yachting.

In the afternoon I went uptown and telephoned to Marblehead, only to find that the young man whom I had expected to join me here was sick abed, so I decided to go no further East, but to return at once.

The country here is glorious. Give me May and June for country and seashore combined. Everything is fresh and growing; there is a deep, new color to vegetation that is gone later in the season; the days are long, and everything speaks of the coming season, not of the past; it is not as hot as July and August, and except for the bathing, the early months seem far more enjoyable.

That afternoon I paid a long visit on board the Sorna, a younger sister of the Bonnie Doon, and a noble craft she is, built by the owner, and finished off down below like a piano.

Then comes a good, square dinner, and speaking of dinners, I will take this opportunity to describe my culinary luxuries: Steak, done to a turn over the coals, fried potatoes, coffee (ah! what coffee I could turn out!), corn (canned), flap-jacks and maple syrup (that was my strong point), and all finished off with a corn-cob loaded with a charge of Lucky Strike. Who would ask for more kingly fare? I was a king for a week. I could do just as I pleased, go where I wanted (barring wind), eat, sleep, smoke, read, work and loaf when I pleased; was monarch of all I surveyed and felt like a young colt.

My orders were always obeyed to the letter, there was no quarreling; our crew were always unanimous, and we got along splendidly together.

Well, after dinner the Sunday papers, and then I turned in early ready for the morrow.

Monday morning promised a gray day; the wind was very light from the south'ard and no sun. I determined to start, however, and as I was making sail Capt. Wasson came aboard. "Won't get far to-day," he said.

"Well, I'm going to start," I replied, "and take a sail, anyway; I can run back if it looks bad. Won't you come part way?"

"No, I thank you; you will be back here before night."

"Well, so long," and I catted the anchor and hauled aft the headsheets. "I'll go out and look at it," and I fully expected to come back myself, for with a strong flood tide and a very light air it took at least two hours to work out by Whalesback clear of the current; but as I kept gaining on a small fishing schooner that started a half hour before I did, and soon almost caught up with her, I concluded that it was no fault of the boat's.

The wind held about S.S.E. moderate, and with a smooth sea, and after working to windward till about 2 o'clock, I laid my course S.S.W. full and by, which would carry me into the mouth of Ipswich River.

The wind rapidly freshened, and we were soon bowling along rail-to, hauled sharp on the wind and making good time. It was grand sailing; the ocean was a deep dark-blue, dotted with whitecaps that glistened pure white in the sun. The sun was warm and had burned off the gray haze of morning till the sky was as blue as the sea.

The air was fr sh and moist; you could almost feel it as you breathed it in, and the white sails and shining, varnished spars leaning to leeward made a glorious picture against the blue of sky and sea.

We were about four miles from Whalesback and an equal distance from White Island, when I thought I saw fog away to the S.E. It looked hazy and thick, and not caring to get "catched" I came about, turned tail, and ran back toward Kittery—for about a minute, and then, "Pshaw! I won't be bluffed out of this slant by a little fog. Here goes." So we jibed her over, flattened down again, and hammered away.

Now was the time to gladden the heart of the most incurable "farmer." The wind kept breezing more and more, and by 3 o'clock it was blowing a good fifteen-mile clip. We staggered along, rail under, with the water washing over the fore deck (the fore hatch is battened down; no leak there), but as dry as a bone aft the mast, the bows rising and falling as regularly as a pendulum, the water hissing in masses of foam along the lee side and under the boom, and sometimes sluicing up on to the lee deck and running aft and out of the scuppers. The tender was towing astern, half out of water, with the foam curling away on either side in bright, sparkling torrents, and only a touch of the tiller now and then was needed to keep her on her course.

In the midst of all this I chanced to take a look below, and was dismayed to see the water several inches above the cabin floor. Things were washing round in the reddish-colored liquid, and my red velvet carpet was a sight. Turn to and pump her out, and after fifteen minutes the pump sucked, though I pumped twice more before getting in. Nothing but the topsides, which had dried up during the winter, especially the starboard side, and had not had a chance to swell.

So we reached along, closing in with the coast gradually and heading up a point or so as the wind would occasionally favor Off the mouth of the Merrimack, and fully a mile from the beach, there was quite a rip, and one wave broke on deck and wet us down; but we passed out of them at once and about 5 o'clock fetched in to the south side of Plum Island after a fine reach of about twenty miles. Now came a turn of six miles to windward.

All this time the wind had been freshening, and now it blew hard and the sea had got up and was rolling in right up and down, steep and choppy.

On the starboard tack we took the sea nearly end on, and she pitched, and jumped, and stood on end, and dove into it; but we got there, and after a dozen tacks across the bay we ran into smooth water under the lee of Halibut Point, and sailed down to Lanesville and close up to the entrance to the harbor; but, as I had never been in there, and didn't know just how the trick was done, I hauled down the staysail and stood off and on a few times and was about to anchor, as it was growing dark, when some one came down to the end of the breakwater and sung out: "Come right in, it's all right." So I hauled my sheets aft and shot in through the hole in the wall, and found myself in a curious place.

The natural advantages of Lanesville for shelter are very small; but two immense walls of granite, say 50 or 60ft. thick and fully as high, all but meet from the opposite sides of the cove, leaving a space about 30 to 35ft. wide for vessels to come in and out. The sharp, square corners looked rather formidable, but I got through all right and tied up alongside a fishing schooner, for the bottom of this little gunkhole is solid rock, and there is no room to swing at an anchor; but I was glad enough to be there, for soon after dark it commenced to screech right out, and by midnight was blowing a gale.

No sooner had I tied up than I had a gang of big-booted fishermen all over the deck, who viewed with interest my little craft, which looked so small and neat, huddled in among the schooners, her new white sails adding to the contrast.

"Where are you bound?"

"Where you frum?"

"You all alone?"

"Ain't it rather early for yachting?" were some of the questions fired at me, and one grizzled old fellow said in an undertone to his neighbor: "Well, he takes his chances going to sea in that thing, alone, at this time of year," with which sentiment I fully agreed.

All night it blew hard, and I could feel the undertow as the yacht surged and chafed against the fenders; for I had hauled in close alongside one of the schooners, which are moored with big chains bow and stern, and when the sea is high they work back and forth, and bring up on the cables with a jerk that shakes everything up.

Lanesville looks very snug, but I was told of the gale of '88, I think, when the seas came clear over the breakwater, freezing as they fell, and sunk all the schooners in the place, while the undertow was something terrific.

I could well believe it, for even in this southeast gale of twenty-four hours' duration there was a strong current and ground swell setting in through the narrow opening.

Wednesday morning the gale was at its height; even in this sheltered spot the wind came down from the hills in fierce gusts, and the rain kept me below about all day. I had a snug, cozy time.

Lonesome?

Not a bit.

First, breakfast, and then clean up below; a morning pipe or rather succession of pipes, papers and books which I had bought the night before, and as it was cold and damp I kept the fire all day, and the glowing bed of coals added much to the charm and comfort of it all. A short nap and then dinner to get and clear away, and by that time it was 5 o'clock.

The rain had ceased to fall and I went up and took a look at the town and made a call on board the old schooner I Am Here, which lay on one side of me, while the Venus and a stone sloop lay on the other.

The gale had broken and clear sky appeared, giving promise of a fair day on the morrow, which found me on deck at 6 ready and eager to get away.

The sky was blue, the sun radiantly warm and bright, and without waiting for breakfast I was towed out by one of the fishermen in his dory, and setting the head sails put the tiller in the comb amidships, and laying a course for Halibut Point, dead to leeward, proceeded to get breakfast.

It was a morning to stir the blood of the most indifferent. The wind was light out of the west; the air was fresh and new as it is only after a rain; the ocean was heaving and rolling in the tremendous swell left over from the night before; on the rocks the sea was breaking furiously, and the surface of the water was flecked with patches of foam that had drifted off from the surf and spread out in sheets and sizzled and hissed as we pushed through them.

Without the mainsail she steered herself during the hour it took me to prepare, make way with and clean up after breakfast, and by that time I was well down past the point, and with the increasing westerly, under all plain sail, she slid over the seas in beautiful shape.

It was a fair wind as far as Thatcher's, and then falling light, and the course bringing it ahead, I had to beat up through the islands till about abreast of Eastern Point, and a couple of miles off shore I got a severe puff from the N.W. that induced me to douse the mainsail, and none too soon, for under headsails alone she had the lee rail awash, going like a race horse; but in five minutes it was over, and the remainder of the trip to Marblehead was in light airs all ahead or no wind at all, slatting and rolling in the hot sun.

By hugging the Magnolia shore we caught a little air from the land and about 3 o'clock fanned into Marblehead, picked up our moorings and voted our solitary cruise a grand success.

F. L. Eno.

The New 51-Footer.

The new cutter Syce, designed by Gardner & Cox and built by Wood & Son at City Island for F. M. Hoyt, of Stamford, is now out of the shop and ready for launching at any time. This yacht is specially interesting as the first of any size built under the racing length classification, the class of which she is the first, of 51ft. racing length, being the nearest to the old 40ft. l.w.l. class, the largest boat in which, the Gardner cutter Liris built in 1889, measured just 50ft. racing length. Unfortunately the changes of recent years have made it impossible to compare closely the results, as shown in the yachts built under them, of the two systems so hotly disputed some eight or nine years since, of classifying by waterline length alone, leaving the designer free to crowd on sail as he pleased after trial; or of classifying as well as measuring by the rule in which length and sail were equal factors, thus leaving it to the skill of the designer to determine the correct proportions of each for a given class and type. The old 40-footers, one and all, from the big Liris of 3,600sq. ft. sail area to the little Minerva of but 2,700, were merely cutters of considerable beam, moderate S section and improved lines, with very moderate overhangs forward. Between them and the new 51-footers has come the fin-keel in its most extreme form—from Dilemma to Niagara—involving a radical change of form that destroys the value of what would otherwise be a most instructive comparison. The 51-footer of to-day differs from the old 40-footer not only in being designed under a rule that encourages a longer and easier form with a smaller sail plan, but she is in form essentially a fin-keel, and in construction very much lighter and more elaborate, as well as much more costly.

The new class has so much to recommend it to racing men, of whom there must still be some left, that it is surprising as well as disappointing to find that but two yachts are building for it, the present boat and another in the same yard, designed by Will Fife, Jr., and owned by J. B. Mills. While the boats are comparatively costly, running up probably to $12,000, they give far more for the money in the way of sport than the 90ft. schooners on the one hand and the one-design classes such as the 30-footers on the other.

Syce is to all practical purposes an enlarged edition of the handsome cutter Norota, which Mr. Hoyt has raced so successfully for the past two seasons—the same long, shallow hull with easily turned bilge and fair and round fore and aft lines, the deep and short fin, and the rudder hung on a scag and projecting well below it. Her dimensions are:

Over all	69ft.
L.W.L.	45ft.
Beam	12ft. 6in.
Draft	10ft. 3in.
Sail area	3,250 sq. ft.

The hull proper is beautifully modelled, like Norota and Quisetta, the form being fair and easy in all parts, and the yacht will present a very handsome appearance when afloat. The lead keel is a formidable lump of about fourteen tons weight, short, deep and thick, being 22in. through at the widest part. The bottom has been left perfectly flat and with square corners between it and the sides, which are also straight, but not quite vertical, falling in a little. The wood keel is also very short, and some very nice ship carpentry is required in building up the peculiar curves of the stem and stern from the keel to the deck. As in Norota, a double system of framing is followed, the frames in the ends are of wood, with wooden shelf, but amidships from just forward of the mast to the sternpost, they are of steel angles, very light in scantling, supplemented by a steel girder plate in place of the wooden shelf, and by gussets, knees, tie-straps, etc., with light, angle steel deck beams. The frame is strengthened everywhere by diagonal straps and similar members, under the planking and across the deck beams. Both designers and builders are well entitled to be proud of the construction, as in design and workmanship it is far in advance of anything yet seen in yachts of this size. The sternpiece is a very fine job, everything from taffrail down being carved from a solid piece of mahogany. The planking above the garboards is double, the inner skin of white cedar, ½in.; the outer of yellow pine, ⅝in., fastened to the steel frames with composition screw bolts. The low bulwark is of mahogany, with no rail or cap. The wale is worked thicker than the main planking, the diminish on the lower edge forming a cove for the gilt stripe.

The interior cuts up well for a fin-keel, with at least triple the accommodation of Niagara, for instance. The depth of hold is just sufficient to give a full 6ft. of headroom over the floor of the main saloon, in the middle of the yacht, for a length of some 10ft.; this floor being worked close down to the skin. Only a short distance below it the fin shows a thickness of but 11in., so it will be seen that there is no space for tanks, etc., below.

Forward is the pantry and a very large and well-ventilated forecastle, occupying considerably more than the forward overhang. The floor is a few inches higher than in the saloon, but there is headroom about the after end, the galley and pantry; but of course the floor rises rapidly as it goes forward. However, there will be space, air and light in plenty for the crew.

Abaft the saloon is a steerage with a large berth on the port side of the ladder and a very large toilet room on the starboard side. Still further aft is the ladies' cabin, across the ship, a very good room. This part of the vessel would be useless, owing to the quick rise of the bottom, were it not for the expedient of a small cabin trunk, which gives the necessary head room. This trunk is 4ft. long and wide, square, with a flat top, built of mahogany with windows in each of the four sides commanding a view of the deck. It promises to make a most cozy and comfortable room of the after cabin. As a matter of necessity it is, however, placed

very close to the main companion, leaving only about 15in. space by way of passage to the latter.

Abaft the trunk is a very roomy cockpit, and there is a great deal of room farther aft for a sail-locker. The rudder is of a peculiar pattern, practically unbalanced, but projecting a couple of feet below the short sternpost and scag which support it. On deck forward there is a windlass of special design, worked by cranks and with powerful gears. The deck iron-work and fittings are specially designed for the yacht. The main chain-plates are Tobin bronze straps, placed on the inside of the planking. The sails were made by Lapthorne & Ratsey. The workmanship on the yacht, both in wood and metal, deserves special mention, and the builder is entitled to every credit for the manner in which the yacht has been constructed. The new Fife-boat for Mr. Mills is now under way, the stern being framed up in the mould-loft and many of the stem, keel and other wooden members ready.

Gilbert's Bar Y. C.

INDIAN RIVER, FLA.

THE usual monthly regatta of the Gilbert's Bar Y. C. was held on Saturday, April 10, in a reefing breeze from the southwest; only two boats starting in either class.

FIRST CLASS—27FT. AND OVER	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Joker		0 47 43
Albatross	Disabled.	
SECOND CLASS—UNDER 25FT.		
Beatrice	0 43 35	0 45 56
Ilderim	0 46 14	0 46 14

Raynham.

THE second launch of the season at Morris Heights took place on April 22, the steam yacht Raynham, designed and built by the Gas Engine and Power Co. and C. L. Seabury & Co., going overboard at 2 P. M. The yacht is of wood, schooner rigged, 85ft. over all, 72ft. l.w.l., 13ft. beam and 5ft. draft. The machinery includes a Seabury triple expansion engine and watertube boiler. Mr E. S. Woodward, the owner, will use the yacht on the Hudson, his country residence being at Nyack.

Yachting Union.

OUR views on the topic have been crowded this week on to the editorial page.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Uvira, cutter, purchased last fall from E. M. Lockwood by Clifford F. Brokaw, has been out all winter at Piepgrass' yard, City Island, where she has been fitted with new and longer spars and a complete suit of new canvas, giving a considerable increase of sail spread. Some alterations have also been made below; the main saloon has been shortened a foot, giving room for pantry shelves in the after end of the forecastle, and the wash basin has been removed from the port side of the steerage and replaced by a smaller one in the w. c. on the starboard side. The galley has been fitted with a new and larger stove, and a very capacious ice-chest, a total increase of weight which must offset much of the gain in sail area. The yacht will still race in the 51ft. class, receiving time from both Syce and the new Mills cutter.

On April 19 a permanent association of both yachtsmen and oarsmen was formally organized in New York, as the result of a movement that has been under way for some time. The name is the Hudson River Boating and Yachting Association, and its objects are to protect the interests of aquatic organizations occupying property on the water front of New York city. The officers are: Pres., Edwald Langerfeld, Hudson River Y. C.; Vice-Pres., C. J. Coffey, Hudson Boat Club; Secy., W. H. Brady, Bloomingdale Boat Club; Treas., E. S. Peets, Hudson River Y. C.

Nourmahal, steam yacht, arrived at New York on April 19 from a cruise in the Gulf and the West Indies.

The Bayonne Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., William E. Elsworth; Vice-Com., Philip E. Van Buskirk; Treas., Frank H. Elsworth; Secy., Philip J. Mooney; Treas., George Elsworth.

Navigation has reopened for the season and changes have been made on many steamers in the *personnel* of the engine room. There are nearly 1,000 Roberts boilers in use in steam vessels of all kinds, including passenger and freight steamers, tugs, yachts, launches, dredges, canal boats, etc. On account of these changes some engineers will have charge of Roberts boilers for the first time, and we are requested to announce that the Roberts Safety Water Tube Boiler Co., of 39 & 41 Cortlandt street, New York city, will cheerfully send a full set of their descriptive and instruction circulars to any engineer applying for same and giving his full name and address. There will be no charge, and no stamps will be required.

Pawnee, yawl, designed by H. J. Gielow and built last summer by G. H. Byles at City Island, has just been sold to Frank V. Alexandre, a young member of the Larchmont Y. C. Mr. Alexandre is a step-son of C. W. Flint, of the Larchmont Y. C., and as a boy has done a great deal of cruising on the various yachts owned and chartered by Mr. Flint. He has just attained his majority, and signalized it by becoming a yacht owner himself. Pawnee is a deep centerboard craft of 37ft. l.w.l., and with modern overhangs, roomy below; she is similar to the other Gielow yawl, Fidelio.

Rambler, naphtha yacht, has been sold by Rear-Com. Ellis, Columbia Y. C., to J. M. Foote, of Newark, N. J., through the Gas Engine & Power Co.

The San Francisco Y. C. suffered a serious loss by fire last month, its club house at Sausalito being totally destroyed. The house was a historic feature of San Francisco yachting, well stored with models, books, pictures and records that can never be replaced. Arrangements have already been made to rebuild. The new house, designed by R. H. White, will be 75×65ft., two stories high, with a large cupola; and will contain ample accommodations for the members. Work will be commenced at once.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, C. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Western Canoe Association.

THE following circular has just been sent to members by the secretary of the Western Canoe Association:

MILWAUKEE, Wis., April 1.—The annual meeting of the Association, which should have been held at Mullet Lake in July, 1896, was not convened for want of a quorum. The old officers, consisting of C. F. Pennewell, Com.; N. H. Cook, Vice-Com.; E. H. Holmes, Rear-Com.; W. D. Stearns, Sec'y-Treas.; R. M. Lamp, C. J. Stedman, F. W. Dickens, continued to act until March 1, 1897, when Mr. Pennewell and Mr. Stearns resigned. By resolution of the remaining members of the executive committee, N. H. Cook was appointed Com. vice Pennewell, resigned; W. H. Crawford, Vice-Com. vice Cook, advanced; F. B. Huntington, Sec'y-Treas. vice Stearns, resigned.

A special meeting of the executive committee was held pursuant to call, March 11, 1897, at the club rooms of the Mahn-a-wauk C. C., of Milwaukee. There were present W. H. Crawford, Vice-Com.; E. H. Holmes, Rear-Com.; F. B. Huntington, Sec'y-Treas; R. M. Lamp, F. W. Dickens.

It was decided at this meeting to hold a summer meet of ten days' duration some time in July and at some place to be hereafter determined by a subcommittee of three. The secretary-treasurer was instructed to omit the customary publication of the Year Book, collect dues in arrears, and advise members by circular letter of the final decision of the committee respecting camp site and arrangements. Several sites are under consideration, among which may be mentioned Lake Geneva, Wis.; Green Lake, Wis.; Pewaukee Lake, Wis.

It is desirable to gain, as far as possible, an expression as to preference of date and location from those members who will attend a meet. You are particularly requested, in remitting dues, a statement of which is inclosed, to advise the secretary of your individual and club preferences, to enable the committee to make a prompt decision.

The resignation of Vice-Com. Crawford was accepted, taking effect at termination of meeting, and E. H. Holmes advanced to the office. R. L. Merrill was then elected rear-commodore to fill the vacancy caused by Holmes's advancement. The executive committee, as at present constituted, is as follows: N. H. Cook, Com., Chicago, Ill.; E. H. Holmes, Vice-Com., Milwaukee, Wis.; R. L. Merrill, Rear-Com., Milwaukee, Wis.; F. B. Huntington, Sec'y-Treas., Milwaukee, Wis.; R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

We deviate this year from the practice of former years in anticipating an attendance of one dozen instead of 100. Twelve members are pledged to attend the meet wherever it is held. (This number includes some of the officers.) We anticipate this year's meet to be a small one, yet withal an enjoyable one.

It is proposed to curtail the racing programme and eliminate all uninteresting races. To insure attendance of the regatta committee, the commodore will make his appointments at the meet.

In the course of three weeks another circular letter will be issued advising all members as to camp site and arrangements.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
By F. B. HUNTINGTON, Sec'y-Treas.

The latest proposal is that the Association shall accept an invitation from the Pewaukee Y. C., of Pewaukee Lake, Wis., to attend the interlake races on that lake between July 12 and 26. Pleasant as this might be, it is not canoeing, and such a meet can do nothing toward reviving the interest in the Association and canoeing. We heartily agree with the following remarks of our Western correspondent. A real camp in the woods, even with a small attendance, which is apparently all that can be expected now at any site, will be far better in every way than the attendance of a handful of canoeists at a summer resort to witness yacht races. It would seem that the "Ballast or bust" policy of some members of the Association has brought it near to the latter extremity.

Pewaukee is a summer resort lake near to Milwaukee, and it possesses advantages as such a resort, but in that regard it has many of the disadvantages and lacks many of the advantages possessed by Ballast Island as a place for a meet. It is certainly too civilized to offer attractions as the ideal spot for a canoe meet. One might go further in the way of enumerating attractions, and hold out the claims of the city of Milwaukee itself as a good place for a meet. The races might be sailed in the harbor, and still better quarters than Mr. Auer's cottages might perhaps be attainable in the large Milwaukee hotels. But for a genuine canoe meet, such as the canoemen of Milwaukee can well afford to attend, such a spot as Charlevoix, Mich., or even Mullet Lake again, would be far better. There the canoeman is away from the cities and in the woods, where he belongs. He can really camp out if he likes, and he has a chance to sail and fish and be a follower of the stream and of the woods. Such a trip is worth more than a few weeks passed at a place under the wing of a big city, whatever may be the attractions of an hour's run to copious music and an occasional theater. While it would not be fit to condemn out of hand any choice made by the Association, it seems to me that a meet at Pewaukee would mean a meet almost solely for Milwaukee. Why cannot the Mahn-a-wauks take boat some summer eve and sail across to Charlevoix, taking a deck load of canoes along and going into camp like cruisers and sailormen? Would not this be better than using the shores of any lake where the banks are dusty from many feet, and where the striped parasol of summer is at hand at every turn? Are not the pine woods better than a lawn, and are not many brook trout better than a few weary big-mouth bass? To me it seems they are, though I should seek to look pleasant if the Association really agreed upon Pewaukee as the place.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 11.—Notwithstanding the extreme heat to day, a goodly number of members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club visited Shell Mound Range. The results of to-day's shooting were as below:

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club, re-entry matches, open to all comers, 50yds., Columbia target, Gordon Blanding pistol medal and cash prizes, 3-shot scores: J. E. Gorman, 5, 6, 8, 9, 9; A. B. Dorell .7, F. O. Young 19.

Diamond pistol record medal and cash prizes, 10-shot scores: M. J. White 46, J. E. Gorman, 39, 42; F. O. Young 49.

Howard Carr, any revolver, medal and cash prizes, 6-shot scores: J. E. Gorman, 26, 36, 38; C. Roberts, 30, 33, 40; F. O. Young, 38, 39.

Achille Roos, .22cal. rifle, medal, ladies' trophies and cash prizes, 5-shot scores: E. Jacobson, 12, 12, 13; Miss E. Wilson, 14, 16, 18; Mrs. L. J. Crane, 11, 14, 16, 17; Mrs. O. M. Peck, 12, 18; Mrs. C. F. Waltham, 16, 17; J. H. Dow, 8, 12; A. B. Dorell; 13, 14.

Class medals, for members only, one 10-shot score, with pistol:
Champion class—J. E. Gorman 49.
First class—Capt. J. E Klein 60, F. E. Mason 61, M. J. White 68.
Second class—G M Bailey 83.
Third class—C. Roberts 80, C. F. Waltham 98, Mrs. M. J. White 99, W. J. Unfred 109, R. W. Forrest 131, Mrs. L. J. Crane 163, Mrs. Waltham 205.

Re-entry matches, open to all comers, 200yds., Columbia target, F. H. Bushnell rifle medal and cash prizes, 3-shot scores—A. H. Pape 9, 11; F. O Young 13, O. A. Bremer 21, G. Schultz 26.

William Glindeman military medal and cash prizes, 10 shots, Creedmoor count—E. Hovey 47, F O Young 46, E. Jacobsen 43.

F O. Young rifle-record medal and cash prizes, 10-shot scores—F. E. Mason 49, E. Jacobsen 69, G. H. Dow 156.

Class medals, for members only, one 10-shot score with rifle, champion class—F. E. Mason 56, F. O. Young 61, A. H. Pape 62.

First class—E. Jacobsen 49, H. Hellberg 67, C M. Daiss 77, Captain Klein 85, E B. Dorrell 89, O. A Bremer 105, G. Schultz 107.

Second class—J. E Gorman 74, G Barley 91, M J. White 114.

Third class—G. Monnell 116, C. F. Waltham 146, Mrs. White 153, Mrs. Waltham 160, Mrs Crane 163.

ROEEL.

Revolver Shooting in England.

MARCH 31 at the North London Rifle Club the following revolver scores were made:

Revolver, series 1, 20 yds., stationary target: Class 1—Carter 36, Knapp 35, Howe 34, Clemence 33. Class 2—Tilbury 39, Holmes 37, Magrath 36, Evans 36, Brading 32. Class 3—Johnstone 34, Ledger 34, Soames 33, H. Soames 33, Joyce 27, Bateman 26

Series 3, 20 yds., disappearing target: Class 1—Carter 21. Class 2—Capt. Evans 32, Holmes 30, Tilbury 30, Magrath 28, Brading 20 Class 3—Ledger 23, Soames 25, Johnstone 22.

April 7.—Series 1, stationary 20yds. target: Class 1.—C Knapp 39, Carter 36, Tilbury 35 Class 2—MacDonald 39, Capt. Evans 35, Luff 34, Brading 34, Denyer 29, Britton 25. Class 3.—Thompson 36, Shearing 36, Ledger 34, Franzman 34, Joyce 30, Robearts 27, Parkinson 25, Johnstone 24.

April 14.—Series 2, alternate hands, 20yds., stationary target: Class 1.—Tilbury 33, Carter 33, Knapp 23. Class 2.—MacDonald 39, Brading 33, Capt. Evans 32, Britton 26, Luff 26. Class 3—Johnstone 37, MacCormack 22. Series 3, 20yds., disappearing target: Class 1.—Carter 28, Tilbury 27. Class 2—Capt. Evans 27, Luff 26, Chicken 23. Class 3—Johnstone 28, Lieut. Curley 25

The South London Rifle Club opened for the season on April 1. Revolver scores as follows: 20yds., stationary target: Knapp 38, Rowell 32, Lunnon 28.

April 8.—Twenty yards, stationary target: Knapp 38, Howe 37, Rowell 36, Capt. Heath 35, Capt. Foster 35, Lieut. Varley 32. Fifty yards target: Capt. Heath 40, Knapp 29, Rowell 28.

Mr. Walker Winans has given the bronze statuette which he got first prize for at the Hobart Tasmanian Art Exhibition (as well as exhibited at the Paris Salon and London Royal Academy) as a challenge rifle competition for the championship of the South London Rifle Club. It may be remembered that Clementi-Smith won the former one last year. The statuette represents Sitting Bull in full war paint, and took a year for the donor to model.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, April 18.—A strong, gusty, 4 o'clock wind blew all day to-day, making it difficult to make good scores. Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range, Four-mile House, Reading Road.

Conditions: 200 yds., off-hand, Standard American target, 7-ring black.

Gindele.																				
10	7	10	7	8	10	10	10	8	10—90		9	10	9	7	9	10	6	10	8	10—88
8	9	9	7	8	9	10	9	10	6—85		10	7	7	9	7	9	9	9	10	7 84
Payne.																				
8	9	9	9	10	9	9	6	8	9—86		6	9	9	9	7	9	10	7	9	7—82
8	9	10	9	9	6	9	7	8	6—81		9	10	8	7	7	7	9	6	8	8—79
Roberts.																				
10	7	8	7	7	10	8	10	6	9—82		8	9	10	8	7	9	10	6	6	8—81
10	6	9	6	8	7	9	8	8	7—77		10	8	10	6	8	8	7	5	8	6—76
Hasenzahl.																				
8	6	5	6	7	7	9	10	8	9—75		8	7	9	9	4	9	7	8	9	5—75
6	7	10	5	7	9	8	8	7	8—75		10	8	9	4	9	10	8	5	6	5—74
Trounstine																				
7	5	7	7	9	8	6	10	8	9—76		3	7	9	7	7	4	8	8	3	10—66
5	8	10	6	5	9	8	10	9	7—77		5	6	5	10	4	9	5	9	5	6—64
Scherrer																				
6	10	8	8	6	8	8	7	6	9—76		9	9	8	5	7	6	10	9	6	8—77
8	7	10	2	5	8	6	6	9	8—69		9	6	7	10	7	6	6	10	7	9—77
Ucknotter.																				
5	6	10	7	9	3	6	6	7	5—64		9	9	6	5	7	7	3	7	5	6—64
6	5	6	8	9	7	7	7	4	7—66		1	9	7	7	6	8	7	6	7	6 64
Nestler.																				
10	9	8	10	7	10	6	8	7	7—82		7	9	8	8	8	9	6	8	8	7—78
7	7	9	10	7	9	7	6	7	9—78		6	9	10	9	8	8	6	5	9	7 77
Drube.																				
6	7	8	6	8	9	9	8	8	3—72		8	10	6	10	6	6	7	8	8	10—79
7	5	6	6	6	7	6	6	10	6—65		7	8	5	6	8	5	6	8	6	7—66
Strickmeier.																				
10	9	8	9	9	9	10	10	7	7—88		9	9	8	6	7	5	6	9	9	5—73
8	10	8	7	8	4	9	6	9	5—74		10	7	8	9	5	6	9	8	9	4—75

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

May 4-6.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. Live birds and targets. F. C. Whitney, Sec'y.

May 5-7.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

May 6.—SHERBURNE, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club. One day at targets. L. D. Brainard, Sec'y-Treas.

May 11-13.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds.

May 11-14.—WATERLOO, Ia.—Tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club. E. B. Walker Sec'y.

May 12-13.—CONNERSVILLE, Ind.—Tournament of the Connersville Gun Club. Live birds. T. F. Thomas, Sec'y.

May 17.—WILLMAR, Minn.—Tournament of the Willmar Gun Club Targets. D. N. Tallman, Sec'y.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

May 18.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West End Gun Club. Horace B Derby, Sec'y.

May 18.—RUTHERFURD, N J All-day shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. 100 target race, $5, targets extra. Open to all; no handicap. W H. HUCK, Sec'y

May 18-19.—FOREST CITY Ia.—Hill City Gun Club's second annual tournament; $100 added. J. W. Mahoney, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—SAVANNAH, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Forest City Gun Club.

May 19-21.—CANTON, S. D.—South Dakota Sportsmen's Association annual. C. S. Seely, Sec'y.

May 20.—GREENVILLE, Pa.—Second tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

May 25.—FINDLAY, O. Tournament of the Magautrap Gun Club. Targets Chas. E. Steen, Sec'y.

May 25-27.—MARLIN, Texas.—Tournament of the Marlin Gun Club. E. K Herrings, Sec'y.

May 26.—BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Tournament of the Brooklyn Gun Club. Targets. Grounds at Liberty avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn.

May 28-29.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

May 31.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 31.—PORTLAND, Me.—Spring tournament of the Portland Gun Club. Targets. Added money announced later.

June 2-4.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club.

June 7-8.—PARKERSBURG, W. Va.—Tournament of the Mountain State Gun Club Targets. $350 added. Leon J. Epstein, Sec'y.

June 8-9.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—MONROE, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.
June 10.—NEWCASTLE, Pa.—Third tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones. Sec'y.
June 15-18.—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.
June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.
June 22.—OGDEN, Ill.—Second annual tournament of the Ogden Gun Club. Wm. McKinley, Sec'y.
June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.
July 1.—SHERBROOKE, Quebec.—Sherbrooke's grand annual. Inanimates. Open to all amateurs. C. H. Foss, Sec'y, Sherbrooke, P. Q.
July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.
July 20-22.—PINE BLUFF, Ark.—Seventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Added money announced later. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock, Ark.
July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.
Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.
Aug. 17-19.—TORONTO, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000 guaranteed. Open to all. Write for programmes.
Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.
Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.
Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.
Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.
Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch* of Sunday, April 18, gives quite an extended account of the coming Interstate Association tournament at Blandon Park, in that city. The article is graced by cuts of Elmer Shaner and Tom Keller, and also contains an interesting review of the growth of the West End Gun Club, and portraits of its president, W. A. Hammond, and its boy shooter, Wm. H. Dean, Jr. Of the latter, the *Dispatch* says: "Master Wm. Harper Deane, Jr., aged thirteen years, is considered a phenomenal shot for his age; in fact, he can hold his own in company with many older ones. Master Deane has just been presented by his father with a Lefever hammerless ejector of a high grade, which he will use at the coming tournament." Of "Tee Kay," it remarks: "It is said of Tee Kay that he can create more amusement for a crowd in ten minutes than any other man in a week. His very good nature often spoils his scores, as he is far more apt to 'jolly' than pay strict attention to breaking clay targets."

The Marlin (Texas) Gun Club intends holding a big shoot on May 25-27 next The tournament will not be open to all: manufacturers' agents and professional shooters are barred from the regular events, being allowed to shoot only for the birds. All moneys will be divided on the Rose system, and all targets will be charged for at the rate of 2½ cents each. Guns and shells should be sent to L. S. Ross, Jr., who will see that they get to the grounds. On the first and second days of the shoot the programme will be as follows: Nos. 1, 2 and 3, 15 targets, $1 50; Nos. 4 and 5, 20 targets, $2; Nos. 6, 7 and 8, 5 live birds, $2.50. Live birds will be charged for at the rate of 20 cents each. We learn from a circular sent us that the club intends to give all its guests a capital time. As an item of interest we might add that the club states that it will give away valuable prizes amounting to over $1,000. For further information address the Advertising Committee, Marlin Gun Club, P. O. Box 196, Marlin, Texas.

We received the following letter from Mr. H T. Hearsey, secretary-treasurer of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, too late for insertion in last week's issue. We publish the letter, however, to show that the Indiana League is a thing of life, with a career before it: "The tournament at Peru, Ind., April 28-29, promoted by Mr. J. L. Head, has the sanction of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, and will have its cordial support. A special meeting of the league will be held in Peru on the evening of April 28, when a vote will be taken to determine the place of holding the first league tournament. It is desired that such clubs as have not joined, will do so at once; certainly not later than the date of the Peru meeting. In the meantime clubs wishing the honor of having the tournament on their grounds may canvass among their friends for votes."

We have received several letters during the past week from gun clubs in the State of New Jersey, all of them expressing strongly their approval of the efforts now made to start a State Sportsmen's Association. New Jersey should have an annual tournament second to none in the country. She has, outside of her own resident shooters, a large number of trap-shooters in Pennsylvania, New York and New England to draw upon. In her own State she has many men who are exceedingly expert with the shotgun, and there is no reason on earth why the State Sportsmen's Association of New Jersey should not be an active organization. The meeting called for May 19 will tell the tale.

Saturday, May 1, is the regular monthly club shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J. This shoot marks the beginning of a new prize series, and is sure to be largely attended. It seems a good idea to divide the season into two halves, as this plan gives a man who has had a run of tough luck in one half a chance to redeem himself in the second half. The club also announces an "open-to-all no-handicap" 100-target race, $5 entrance, targets extra, for May 18. This should prove an interesting race as there are quite a number of shots in this vicinity who are close enough together to be called equal.

On Wednesday, May 26, the Brooklyn Gun Club will hold a shoot at its grounds, Liberty avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn (terminus of the Kings County Elevated). The main event will be a 50-target handicap for a gold watch, entrance $2.50, including targets; all surplus added to the purse. The Brooklyn's grounds are easy of access for residents in either Brooklyn or New York, and visitors, who are always welcome, will find all conveniences in the way of club-house, plenty of shooting, etc, whenever they pay a visit to this new club.

A good deal has been said of late in regard to a trophy for the Grand American handicap winner; and we have received queries as to whether the Interstate Association has ever donated a trophy to the winner of this event. We can best reply to such queries in these columns by stating that the Association has never given any trophy at all. At the fourth annual Grand American Handicap, held last year at Elkwood Park, Messrs Phil Daly, Sr. and Jr., did donate a cup which was won by O. R Dickey, of Boston, Mass.

So Col. A. G. Courtney will, on May 1, sever his connection with the Lefever Arms Co., of Syracuse, and enroll himself under the banner of the Remington Arms Co. Frank Parmelee is doing his best to boom the Remington hammerless ejector, and Parmelee's best is by no means bad. With Courtney and Parmelee, men of solid weight both of them, the Remington should be found somewhere near the top in most of the tournaments of 1897.

A. H. Chapman of the St. Paul Railroad has donated an elegant silver cup, with gold trimmings, to be competed for by the members of the National Gun Club of Milwaukee, Wis. On the bell-shaped pedestal a field scene is engraved, representing trap-shooting at live birds. On the exterior of the bowl there is a laurel wreath supporting two guns. The interior of the bowl is gold-lined and the exterior is inlaid with gold.

The Portland (Me.) Gun Club held its annual spring tournament on April 14. The weather was rather unfavorable for good scores, but Dickey managed to pound out a total of 204 out of 225 shot at, winning first average with 90.6 per cent. The club will hold another tournament on May 30, when a magautrap will be used for throwing targets. Added money will also be another attraction at this shoot.

We wish somebody would give us a good receipt for preventing "flinching" or "fudging." We get lots of letters on this subject asking what should be done to stop it. In many cases the victims seem to have tried about every remedy possible, and still to be as bad as ever. Who can give us "a sure cure"?

The Indiana Trap-Shooters' League have granted sanction to the Greensburg Gun Club, of Greensburg, Ind., to hold a shooting tournament on their club grounds, Oct. 13 and 14. For further information regarding this tournament address Mr. Web Woodfill, secretary Greensburg Gun Club, Greensburg, Ind.

The programme of the twentieth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association is ready for distribution. The book (for it *is* a book of fifty-six pages) will be made the subject of a more extended notice in our next issue. The dates of the tournament are May 17-22.

On April 18 the following scores were made at Washington Park, Kansas City, Mo., in a 25 live-bird race: Grimm, Gottlieb and Miles, 25; Gilbert 24 (lost his eighth dead out of bounds); Budd and Elliott, 23; Sergeant and McCurdy, —.

The Wilmar Gun Club, of Wilmar, Minn., announces that it will hold a tournament on May 17. The secretary of the club is D N. Tallman, who will gladly answer any questions in regard to this tournament.

Every member of the club will be allowed to shoot at ten birds six times during the year, in competition for the cup, and the marksman who kills the largest number of birds will be awarded the trophy.

The Magautrap Gun Club, of Findlay, O., will hold its first annual tournament May 25-27. Mr. Charles E. Steen, of Findlay, is secretary of the club.

APRIL 26. EDWARD BANKS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.

April 20.—The regular monthly shoot of the Emerald Gun Club was held this afternoon, 28 members taking part in the club shoot. Gus Greiff (29) and Tom Short (28) were the only men to go straight. Scores were:

Class A, 29yds., 7 points:

G Greiff	2121112211—10	L Byrd	2210022101— 7
E J Clark	2201221102— 8		

Class A, 28yds., 6½ points:

T Short	2221111212—10	W Sands	2201?00121— 7
Dr G V Hudson	1121011211— 9	E A Vroome	2221002011— 7
J S S Remsen	21221•1121— 9	J H Moore	2001200121— 6
G E Loeble	2201221120— 8	F W Place	1022001010— 5
W Amend	2210120122— 8	M Herrington	2100102100— 5

Twenty-eight yards, 6 points:

J Woelfel	2012001221— 7	J Bauzer	2210021000— 5
W Joerger	2101210210— 7	D O Brown	2102100000— 4
B Amend	2012011200— 6	G B Hilliers	0100010100— 3

Class B, 25yds., 6 points:

C Stuetzle	2101222121— 9	C W Billings	2010102020— 5
Dr Richter	2010221012— 7	H F Muhs	0120021001— 5
R Regan	0101220012— 6	E Weiss	2100010100— 4

Class B, 25yds, 5 points:

T F Cody	2101000000— 3	H F Burns	2010000000— 2
G K Breit	0100000100— 2		

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

April 21.—This afternoon the New York German Gun Club met at Dexter Park for its regular monthly live-bird shoot. There was a good attendance of members. The birds furnished were good, and as a result not one of the twenty three members could score more than 9 out of 10. On the shoot-off for the badge Wellbrock won in the third round. Scores:

Twenty-eight yards, 7 points:

Eugene Doenick	2111101112— 9	Dr. G. V. Hudson	1010112111— 8
John Wellbrock	1112•1211— 9		

Six and a half points:

John Schlicht	22222•2010— 7		

Six points:

Fred Sauter	1222220221— 9	August Schmitt	1101201210— 7
H. Thomford	2201221122— 9	Henry Leopold	2202102222— 7
Henry Nobel	2021121112— 9	Bernard Koenig	1011000210— 5
J. P. Daunefelser	0121222012— 8	George Braun	1001110000— 4

Five and one-half points:

August Lucas	0012210122—7	Edward Rudle	2110102120—7
R R Debacher	2010221202—7	Fred Kronsberg	2101010002—5

Five points:

Ph Morch	0101102002—5	Michael Bondon	0001200011—4
H Meisenholder	2100020110—5	J Boesenerker	0020011001—4
Henry Meyer	1200010020—4		

Four and one-half points:

Henry Oehl	0021012000—4	Jacob Bissinger	0000000000—0

Shoot-off for badge, miss-and-out: John Wellbrock 3, H. Thomford 2, Henry Nobel 1, Fred Sauter 0, Eugene Doeinck 0.

Sweepstake, 5 birds: Dr. Hudson 5, F. Sauter 4, H. Thomford 4, H. Nobel 4, J. Wellbrock 4, August Schmitt 3, H. Meyer 1.

FALCON GUN CLUB.

April 23.—Three members of the Falcon Gun Club met this afternoon at Dexter Park for the club's monthly live bird shoot. The club event is at 10 live birds, second barrel kills counting ½ a point. Scores were:

		Points.
J N Meyer (26)	2111?11112—10	—8½
J Moller (25)	1101221211— 9	—7½
H Van Staden (25)	0101110012— 6	—5½

After the live-bird shoot, Lewis and Moller shot a match at 20 targets, Lewis winning by 18 to 17.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

April 24.—The Spring Handicap shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was shot to-day on the Club's grounds at Woodlawn. Lair and Remsen tied for the cup with straight scores, Lair winning in the shoot-off by killing 3 birds to his opponent's 2. Conny Fergueson and Eddie Lohman, the Club's boy-shots, both did well. The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	5 4 3 5 5 3 3 4 3 2 2 1 1 4 5	
W Lair (29)	↙→↗↘→→↙↙↑↖→↖←→←	1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—15
	5 4 3 1 4 5 4 3 5 3 4 4 2 4 2	
J S S Remsen (29)	→←→↑↑→→←↗↓↑↖←↖↴	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2—15
	4 5 2 5 4 1 4 4 1 3 3 4 4 5 3	
J A Bennett (28)	↙↙↗↘↘↖↘↗↗↑↑→←↑	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2—14
	2 2 4 5 3 1 1 5 1 1 3 3 1 2 1	
Dr G V Hudson (28)	↘←↑↘↓↙↙↗↘↗↴←↗←	1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 0 1 2 2 1 2 2—14
	1 4 1 1 5 4 3 5 2 1 1 1 5 3 3	
A A Hegeman (27)	↗↗↶↘↴↗↗↑↯←↗→↘↓←	1 1 0 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2—14
	5 5 2 3 1 1 1 5 5 4 4 5 1 4 2	
C Furgueson, Jr (30)	→→↴←→←↘↓↑↗↖↓↑↖↑	2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—13
	4 5 5 1 4 3 5 1 3 4 2 4 4 5 4	
J Gaughen (29)	←←→←↗↗→↗←↘↙↖↓→↑	2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—13
	4 4 1 5 5 5 4 5 1 3 4 2 5 2 5	
Capt Money (29)	↙→↓↑↑↗↑↗↖↗↑←→↗↗	2 1 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 1 0 • 2 2 2—12
	4 2 5 2 4 2 5 1 1 4 1 3 5 3 5	
F O Thompson (28)	←↓→↖→↗↖↶←↘↖→→↴↘	1 1 1 1 0 2 1 0 1 0 2 1 2 2 1—12
	3 3 3 4 1 3 3 4 5 1 5 1 4 3 2	
J N Meyer (28)	↘↗↑↙↖←→↗↙↑→←↖↘↗	2 2 2 0 0 0 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0—12
	5 2 5 1 3 2 5 1 3 4 5 2 1 5 4	
Conny Furgueson (27)	↴↗↗↖↙↖→↗↗↱←→↴→	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 • 2—12
	3 3 4 2 3 5 4 2 1 4 3 1 2 5 3	
E Lohman (26)	←↖↑↙↘↙↘↙↙↗↖↙↖↗↱	1 0 1 2 2 0 1 1 1 2 0 1 1 1 2—12
	2 5 4 4 3 3 3 5 3 3 3 5 1 2 5	
Dr Littlefield (29)	↗↓↙↘↗←↓↗↶↙⊤←↗↖↗	2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 0 1—11
	1 1 2 3 5 3 2 2 2 3 2 5 3 3 1	
E H Lott (28)	↴↙↶↑↖↗↗↖↙↴↙↶↶←	1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 • 1 • 0 0—11
	4 1 1 4 2 3 4 3 4 1 4 3 1 5 1	
Chas Meyer (28)	←↗⊤↓↗↖↗→↖↗↗←↗→↖	1 1 0 2 1 0 0 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 2—11
	3 3 2 3 3 5 4 0 1 3 5 4 3 3 1	
W F Sykes (29)	↑→→↴←↖↴↶←↖↖↗←↙↘	2 • 2 2 2 1 • • 2 0 2 2 • 1 2—10

Ties:

	4 5 3		4 4 5
Lair (29)	↑↗↖	Remsen (29)	↖↖←
	2 1 2—3		2 2 •—2

Montpelier Gun Club.

MONTPELIER, Vt., April 24.—The Montpelier Gun Club held their opening shoot for the season to-day. Although the hard rain in the hard rain in the forenoon kept many of our shooters at home, the few who did show up kept the traps warm, with results as enclosed. We were pleased to welcome our friends, Messrs. Houghton and W. H. and B. A. Eastman, of Barre, Vt., who shot with us a part of the events.

The regular shoot days of the Club this season will be Fridays, shooting to commence at 1:30 P. M. Shooting friends who may be in our vicinity will always be welcome. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	15
Brown	9	6	7	7	9	13	7	..	6	7	5	..
Town	8	7	8	7	..	10	..	14	6	..	..	..
Stoddard	8	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Briggs	4	4	4	7	7	..	6	..	5	7	4	..
Walton	10	8	3	8	..	..	6	..	10	8	..	..
McLoud	3	7	..	7	..	12	..	10	6	..	..	..
Ferrin	..	9	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Houghton	..	..	..	..	6	7	3	10	..	..	..	..
B A Eastman	..	..	..	..	6	8	7	8	..	..	..	..
W A Eastman	..	..	..	..	7	12	6	12	..	..	..	..
Barrett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	9	7	13
Fisk	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	8

Nos. 3 and 11 were at 5 pairs; No. 12 was a match; balance were at singles, known and unknown angles. GEORGE B. WALTON, Sec'y.

Trap at Watson's Park.

BURNSIDE, Ill., April 21.—The club shoot of the Audubon Gun Club was held here to-day E S. Rice won with 15 kills in the club shoot and 14 kills in the shoot off with Wilcox and Frothingham. Scores:

	Allowance.
Frothingham (29) 12122 212122122	—15+0—15
Rice (30) 211022102 22021	—12+3 15
Wilcox (27) 212222222222111	—15+0—15
Hollester (29) 011101221122102	—12+2—14
Amberg (28) 021121012120201	—11+2—13
Gillespie (29) 221012121110200	—11+2—13
Mussey (28) 220022222120220	—11+2—13

Shoot-off:

Rice 22222220202021	0—11+3—14
Wilcox 22012120201202	2—11+2—13
Frothingham 20211202212021	21—12+0—12

April 24.—The Garfield Gun Club held its regular shoot to-day, with the following results:

Neal 22211112221121222222	—20
Heick 01210212211111121212	2—18
Palmer 12212022120222220	00—15
Wright 22020222222220220	0?0?—15
Russell 00000010200021102002	—7
Frank 10100221110021110w	

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., April 21.—Below find scores made to-day by members of the Catchpole Gun Club. Mr. Joseph N. Knapp, of the Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club, was present and took part in the sport. This club has just received from the Laflin & Rand Powder Co as a club trophy a silver can of W-A powder. This will be contested for by members of the club on Wednesday, May 4. To-day's scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Cosad	1001001011010000101 1— 9	0101100000—3	.....
Foster	1110100100110000110 1—10	0301110110—5	1100011100—5
Seaman	C010101000001011001 1— 8	.....	.....
Fowler	1111000100000000001— 6	1000011001—4	.....
Olmsted	1010100101010010100 0— 8	1000010100—3	1100010001—4
Burke	1010010100000000000— 4	.....	.....
Youngs	1010001001011000101— 9	0001110000—3	.....
Knapp	0110010101011111111—14	0111111011—8	1111011111—9
Wadsworth	0100101101101010001—10	1111000110—6	1101011101—7
Otis	1111001001101110010 0—11	.....	.....
DeWitt	.....	0100111110—6	1001010011—5

E. A. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

Cook County Trap-Shooters' League.

CHICAGO, Ill, April 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A meeting of directors of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League was held here last evening to consider general business and arrange for the printing of hand book.

The clubs represented by delegates were Calumet Heights, Eureka, Garden City, Cicero, Garfield and Douglas. President Adams presided. Letters from donators were read and accepted, fully as many donations are on hand this season as last, and the season is expected to open with many more shoots of enthusiasm than last year.

The league passed a rule to employ an official scorer for each league contest, and each club is to manage contests on their grounds

The drawing for time and contests followed. Cicero Gun Club opens the season on their grounds, Madison street and Desplaines River, on May 15, followed by Calumet Heights in June, Douglas in July, Garfield in August, Garden City Sept. 4, Eureka in October.

The president, Mr. Adams, and the secretary, Mr. Fox, were appointed a committee to have hand book and programme published.

The question of classification was discussed without results at this time, and went over to some future meeting. PATTY.

Sandwich Gun Club.

SANDWICH, Mass., April 20.—The opening shoot of the Sandwich Gun Club was held April 19. A terrific wind made the shooting very hard, as will be seen by the following score. Twenty-five blue-rocks per man, unknown angles:

E. J. Beck	1101100010110010010000111—12
G. H. Haines	0001100100110001100001111—11
E. W. Haines	1110111001011111110110101—18
E. S. Keith	1110100000010101101011001—11
T. Kelleher	C0110001001010000C0110001— 8
W. R. Procter	1C0010011000110000001001— 8
G L. Haines	1011011101011000001011000—12
J. McCann	0000000000101000000001000— 3
C. E. Brady	1001100000103110110011010—11

GEO. H. HAINES.

Wheeler—Cooper.

A VERY interesting live-bird match took place on the grounds of the Bison Gun Club, Buffalo, N. Y, on April 15. The contestants were F. Wheeler and Geo, Cooper, both members of the Bison Gun Club. The conditions were 50 live birds per man for $50 a side, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. The race was very close up to the 25th round, when each man had scored 23. Wheeler missed but one bird in the last 25, going out with 47. Cooper missed four in the last half, going out with 44.

Wheeler	2222?2222222200222222?2222—23
	02222?2222222222222?211112—21—47
Cooper	1212012111211211201122212 —23
	1002020212111222111212?111—21—44

DU PONT.

Fort Wayne Gun Club.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., April 23.—The Fort Wayne Gun Club was organized here April 22 with a charter membership of twenty. The following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, Lewis Melsheimer; Vice-President, Chas. Siemon; Secretary, Jos. A. Biemer; Treasurer, John Trautman; Captain, Max Witzingreuter. The election of directors was postponed until the next regular meeting.

It is the intention of the club to make application for membership in the Indiana League of Trap-Shooters. The members are all enthusiastic and the club has a bright future. JOS. A. BIEMER.


CHAINED
to Business?
Can't go Shooting?
Do the next best thing—
Read the
Forest and Stream.

The Nebraska State Tournament.

First Day, Wednesday, April 21.

OWING to the rain yesterday, no effort was made to shoot any of the programme events, but it was decided to continue the tournament on Saturday, when the programme of Tuesday will be shot.

The entries at no time ran very high, though some very fine shooting was done. This seemed to be Gilbert's day, as he scored no less than 4 straights in the programme events, and made one run of 97 without a skip. He won first alone in the first event, and with such great shooting it is but natural that he made the high average, leading his nearest competitor, Heikes, 5 birds. Barre also shot excellent, that 50 straight in handicap race for the gun was a most creditable performance, as at no time did the wind blow harder or more spiteful. Fortunately he won the gun without a tie, as he deserved to do. While Hamilton, who scored 39 and had 10 added to his score, took first money, 40 per cent. of the purse, $32.40, he being the only 49. Green was lucky enough to win first alone in event 2, while in this same event Linderman was the only one to score 19 and got second without a tie. Sergeant, as will be seen by the table below, was badly off. Nevertheless he had his usual luck with him. When he made that straight no one else could do the same thing and he scooped all of first money. Only once did he score 15, and only once did this get in for money, but, of course, he got it in the proper place.

The 50-bird handicap was the fourth event on the programme, but we have placed it last in our table, and the figures that appear in the last column are the number of birds that were added to each one score. The scratch men of course had nothing added. Fifty-four was the largest number of entries in any one event, and in all sixty-one shooters took part to-day.

The weather was very blustery, which made the shoting somedifficult at times.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Handicap.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
Gilbert	20	18	18	20	18	20	20	48	..	190	182	95.7
Heikes	18	18	18	20	19	19	18	47	..	190	177	93.1
Budd	19	17	19	20	17	18	18	47	..	190	175	92.1
Greene	19	20	17	19	18	18	17	46	1	190	174	91.5
Barre	18	17	18	18	14	19	18	50	..	190	173	91
Grimm	19	18	17	20	19	18	19	46	..	190	171	90
Linderman	16	19	17	19	15	17	18	47	1	190	168	88
Leach	18	17	15	18	19	18	19	41	2	190	165	86.8
Bray	15	14	17	17	19	20	18	44	2	190	164	86
Parmalee	18	15	16	20	19	16	16	44	..	190	164	86
Rogers	17	18	19	15	18	12	19	44	2	190	162	85.2
Elliott	17	16	15	17	17	20	15	45	..	190	162	85.2
Duer	16	18	19	18	15	13	18	44	..	190	161	84.7
Parker	14	15	17	18	17	17	17	45	..	190	160	84.2
Watson	13	18	13	19	18	20	14	44	4	190	159	83.6
Erhardt	15	16	16	20	15	15	17	44	4	190	158	83.1
Sergeant	16	12	15	19	20	13	17	46	..	190	158	83.1
Running	14	13	18	20	19	13	16	44	2	190	157	82.6
Loomis	18	18	15	16	15	18	16	39	2	190	157	82.6
Hagerman	17	15	15	19	15	17	14	42	5	190	154	81
Crabill	17	16	13	18	19	18	10	44	3	190	153	80.5
Plumber	16	16	14	14	16	12	18	41	2	190	147	77.3
Den	11	17	14	19	16	15	20	35	3	190	147	77.3
Ekalt	13	15	14	12	17	13	7	37	1	190	128	67.3
Miller	17	17	19	17	17	16	..	43	2	190	146	85.8
Sievers	16	17	..	19	..	..	15	42	..	130	109	83.8
Latshaw	17	18	16	13	16	17	17	..	..	140	114	81.4
Hamilton	13	17	16	16	18	17	..	39	10	170	136	80
Brucker	..	..	..	..	17	16	17	14	..	80	64	80
Carson	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	42	70	56	80
Garry	..	..	..	18	14	..	17	..	38	110	87	79
McDonald	..	..	..	..	17	..	15	..	39	90	70	78.8
Ackerman	..	..	..	..	15	16	14	17	..	80	62	77.5
Townsend	14	15	17	16	13	..	17	39	5	170	131	77
Nicholia	..	16	14	16	..	..	..	..	..	60	46	76.6
Woods	..	..	..	..	16	..	18	..	35	90	69	76.6
Waddington	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	17	39	5	90	67	73.3
Moore	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	12	70	50	71.4
Carmichael	12	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	38	5	110	78	70.9
Clyde	14	14	15	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	80	55	68.7
Mockett	..	..	..	..	17	..	10	..	34	10	90	61	67.7
Peterson	10	11	12	12	13	..	..	..	40	4	150	98	65.3
McCandless	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	33	8	70	45	64.2
Alexander	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	8	70	44	62.8
Whitner	10	16	11	..	..	..	..	..	31	3	110	68	61.8
Savage	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	10	70	43	61.4

In addition to the above the following also participated, but only shot in one event or failed to make an average of 60 per cent.: Jim Parker, Troyer, Ray, Savage, Evans, Wyckoff, M. T Miller, Alvord, Krug, Beohner, Harley, Mann, Glade, Brooks and F. E. Mockett.

Second Day, Thursday, April 22.

This was a great day for scores; the wind that was blowing was scarcely strong enough to have any effect on the flight of the targets. The way some of the shooters ate up the targets was a caution. Long runs were numerous, and straight scores were common.

The 50-bird handicap for the E. C. cup was productive of a shooting match, no less than 8 having a total of 50 to their credit. Of these Heikes and Gilbert, two scratch men, broke 50 straight, as did also Running, who had a handicap of 3. Jim Den broke 47 and had a handicap of 4. Dr. Hungate scored 46 and had 4 added to his total. Ackerman and Woods broke 45; the former had 5 added and the latter 6. Harley broke 41, and with 12 added had 3 to spare. The tie was shot off under the original conditions, the scratch men realizing that they had a hard game before them, as only by duplicating their previous score could they have any hope to win.

Harley shot at 40, by which time he had lost 15, and his chances for a straight score. Hungate had no chance to win after the 27th round, as he had then lost 7. Ackerman withdrew in the 36th round, when he had missed 6. Gilbert managed to add 19 more straight to his former run, at which juncture he lost one, but pluckily shot his score out and finished 48 in this string, and 98 out of the 100. All of which netted him nothing. Running only scored 21 out of his string of 25 and withdrew. Heikes did exactly what Gilbert did, but quit when he missed his first bird. Woods felt that the game was too hard for him, and did not shoot off the tie. Den, with a margin of 4, ran his first 42 straight before he let one get away; he finished with 47, and had one to the good.

The averages for the day show Heikes in the van, with Parmelee and Gilbert tied for second position.

Then comes Running just one bird behind; he is in turn followed by Budd, who has scored one bird less; Parker has two birds less to his credit than Budd; Jim Elliott also shot well, but did not shoot in the 50-bird event. He leads those who did not shoot the entire programme.

The figure in the last column indicates the number of birds that each had added in the handicap.

Fifty-nine names appear on the table below, but sixty-two shooters participated. The following only shot in one event or failed to make an average of 60 per cent.: Horley, Brooks, Mann, Glade, Kenyon, Alexander, Englehaupt, Eaton, Boehner, Badhe, Malone and Erb.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Handicap.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Heikes	20	19	19	19	19	17	18	19	20	50	..	230	220	95.6
Gilbert	20	16	20	19	19	19	18	20	18	50	..	230	219	95.2
Parmelee	18	20	19	20	20	19	18	19	18	48	..	230	219	95.2
Running	18	20	17	19	18	20	19	20	17	50	3	230	218	94.7
Budd	18	20	17	20	18	18	18	19	20	49	..	230	217	94.3
Parker	19	20	18	19	16	19	20	19	17	48	..	230	215	93.4
Watson	17	18	19	20	20	20	19	20	18	48	3	230	214	93
Sergeant	19	20	19	20	19	18	19	19	15	46	..	230	214	93
Grimm	18	19	18	19	20	19	18	18	19	45	..	230	213	92.6
Rogers	20	19	17	18	19	18	18	19	18	45	2	230	211	91.7
Ackerman	19	18	20	19	16	19	17	20	18	45	5	230	211	91.7
Barre	18	18	17	19	19	20	15	18	19	46	..	230	209	90.8
Den	19	18	16	20	18	17	18	17	19	47	4	230	209	90.8
Linderman	18	19	16	16	20	18	18	18	17	48	1	230	208	90.4
Erhardt	20	17	19	20	17	15	17	18	14	45	1	230	202	87.8
Duer	19	17	20	16	12	16	17	18	19	46	3	230	200	86.9
Leoch	16	17	17	18	20	17	15	20	18	40	1	230	198	86
Ekolt	20	20	18	17	17	18	18	16	14	38	6	230	196	85.2
Loomis	18	15	19	18	17	16	19	14	15	44	3	230	195	84.7
Murphy	16	19	17	17	17	15	14	16	18	46	2	230	195	84.7
Hagerman	14	14	19	18	18	16	17	17	16	42	4	220	191	83
Hamilton	19	16	15	17	17	17	16	16	16	40	5	230	189	82.1
Whitener	16	19	15	18	18	11	19	16	14	39	6	230	185	80.4
Plumber	17	17	16	19	16	16	14	16	13	37	5	230	181	78.6
Brucker	18	14	16	17	11	18	17	17	10	37	5	230	175	74.7
Elliott	18	20	19	20	17	19	19	19	20	..	..	180	171	95
Greene	18	19	20	18	18	19	19	20	17	..	..	180	168	93.3
F Miller	18	19	20	17	18	18	20	..	..	..	..	140	130	92.8
Sievers	19	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	37	92.5
Latshaw	18	17	20	19	18	15	16	18	17	..	..	180	158	87.7
Hungate	18	17	15	17	15	19	17	..	..	46	4	190	164	86.3
Gary	18	17	..	19	16	17	12	18	19	43	5	210	179	85.2
Bray	18	18	16	18	18	18	15	16	16	..	..	180	153	85
Hughes	19	18	17	17	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	100	85	85
Hutsizer	..	..	18	17	17	..	..	11	..	45	3	130	108	83
Evans	15	19	16	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	41	8	130	107	82.3
Clyde	17	17	17	..	..	..	17	13	..	..	..	100	81	81
M Y Miller	15	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	32	80
Carson	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	44	5	70	56	80
Mockett	..	..	..	19	..	12	15	..	14	17	42	7	150	119	79.3
Woods	17	17	18	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	45	6	150	118	78.6
Moore	..	16	17	18	12	..	..	..	..	..	38	8	130	101	77.6
Nicholai	17	17	18	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	61	76.5
McDonald	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	16	..	35	5	90	68	75.5
Johnson	..	14	19	15	14	16	..	12	..	..	..	120	90	75
Ray	15	16	17	11	..	..	..	..	..	38	4	130	97	74.6
Waddington	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	36	6	70	51	72.8
Krug	..	13	14	14	12	16	..	14	..	..	..	120	83	69.1
Morgan	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	40	25	62.5

New Jersey State Sportsman's Association.

IN our last issue we gave notice of an attempt that will be made to reorganize the State Sportsmen's Association of New Jersey, an association which has been practically dead since September, 1889, a matter of close on to eight years. We published in full the call for a meeting on May 19 next, which has been mailed to forty-one gun clubs in the State of New Jersey: and we spoke favorably of the scheme for reorganization, urging, however, as an alternative that in case the old association can not be reorganized a new one be started at once.

From all sides have come letters of encouragement to the committee appointed by the Boiling Springs Gun Club to call the meeting. It would be a good idea to state here that in appointing this committee the Boiling Springs Gun Club had no other motive than the organization of a body of trap-shooters of the State who would be a factor when it came to regulating the game-laws of the State, and who would also meet together annually at a trap-shooting tournament. The subject had recently often been mooted, but nobody and no club seemed inclined to take the initiative.

It seems, however, that our city cotemporary does not approve of the methods used to galvanize life into a body that has been dead for such a long time; for it concludes a long article on the same topic, as follows: "According to my idea the proper way to infuse life into the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association is for the president to call a meeting of the clubs belonging to the old association and to extend invitations to other clubs not now members; to have all the old officers resign and elect new ones in their places. Naturally the association cannot be reorganized from the outside. It must be done by the clubs which are now members of the association. I do not think any of the present officers will stand in the way of reorganization. * * * In conclusion I would say that I shall ask that President Heritage call a meeting at an early date, at which meeting can be discussed which is the better plan for the association, to go into voluntary liquidation and then organize a new State organization, or to build on the foundations of the old concern."

The above was written by the recording secretary of the old Association. This sudden determination to ask President Heritage to "call a meeting at an early date" is rather amusing. What can he expect or hope for from a meeting called by President Heritage, when the other meetings called by that popular official in 1890 and 1893 accomplished nothing? Here are the recording secretary's own words in regard to those meetings: "The last business meeting was held at 842 Broad street on Sept. 23, 1889. The election of officers was held at that meeting, and the result was the selection of Al. Heritage, of Jersey City, as President; Seymour G. Smith, of Plainfield, First Vice-President; Frank C. Hyer, of Colt's Neck, Second Vice-President; Jacob Pentz, Recording Secretary; W. R. Hobart, of Newark, Corresponding Secretary; W. Fred. Quimby, of Newark, Treasurer. Since that date another period of listlessness has followed. The president issued calls for meetings to be held Sept. 27, 1890, at Newark; Oct. 3, same year, at Dunellen; Oct. 31, the same year again, at Newark, and Aug. 16, 1893. At no one of these meetings was a quorum present. Since then matters have simply drifted along."

If there was no quorum at either of the above meetings, what has happened recently to make the writer of the above believe that a call from President Heritage would produce a quorum in this year of grace, 1897? Can it be the movement referred to in our issue of last week?

Take his own account of the career of the old association from 1884 to date: "After the meeting of 1884 came five years of oblivion. In April of that year a special meeting was called by Dr. W. N. Pindell. Many of the old members had dropped out of the organization, but several new ones came in. The most prominent of these were the Middlesex Gun Club, of Plainfield; the New York Suburban Shooting Association, of Claremont, and the Mercer Gun Club, of Trenton. In addition to these three the only clubs in good standing at that date were the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, the Midway Gun Club, the South Side, the Forester, the Newark Rod and Gun Club, and the Essex Gun Club. Two other clubs became members that year: the Bergen Gun Club and the Riverside, of Red Bank."

A roll call of the above list of clubs would show the following state of affairs: Alive—South Side Gun Club, Forester Gun Club, Newark Rod and Gun Club, and Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank. Dead—Middlesex Gun Club, New York Suburban Shooting Association, of Claremont; Jersey City Heights Gun Club, Midway Gun Club, Essex Gun Club, and Bergen Gun Club. About the Mercer Gun Club, of Trenton, we are uncertain at this writing. Thus out of the eleven members in good standing at the meeting of 1889, six are surely dead, one doubtful, and four alive. Of the four mentioned, the South Side Gun Club has notified the committee that it will be represented by delegates; there is little doubt about the action of the Forester Gun Club, while W. Hollis Green, secretary of the Newark Gun Club, has taken enough enterest to write to the committee to ask for information in regard to the meeting, so that he could lay it before his club at its next meeting. (Mr. Green's address being unknown to the committe, the call had been mailed a few days previous to his letter to Mr. John Erb, with a request that he bring it before the club.)

In recounting the history of the old association, one must not overlook the fact that the last shoot of the association was held in September, 1884, nearly thirteen years ago, when target shooting was in its infancy. This meeting was held on the grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, at Marion, now occupied by the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City. The files of FOREST AND STREAM show that the shoot was a success. The live-bird trophies were won as follows: Individual championship of the State: W. Fred Quimby, with 15 straight. The silver cup for the State team championship was won by the Jersey City Heights Club, after a tie with the Newark Gun Club. The shoot was at 10 live birds per man, 3 men to a team. The teams and scores were: Jersey City Heights Gun Club: Captain Jones 10, W. Sigler 9, W. F. Quimby 9, total 28. Newark Gun Club: Sam Castle 10, C. M. Hedden 10, Frank Class 8, total 28. The tie was shot off the next day at 3 birds per man, the Jersey City Heights team winning with 9 to 8, Hedden being the unlucky man to lose 1 of his 3 birds. This cup, by the way, is still in the possession of Al Heritage, if we mistake not. We recall that as recently as last fall Mr. Heritage informed us to that effect and said that it was at the services of the association whenever called for. We stated last week that Fred Quimby was willing to hand over his trophy in the same way, and since our issue of last week made its appearance, Mr. Quimby has spoken very strongly to us in favor of the reorganization of the State Association or the formation of a new one.

Briefly, therefore, the record of the old Association may be stated as follows: Last tournament, September, 1884; last business meeting, Sept. 23, 1889. Calls for meetings issued, but no quorum present, on the following dates: Sept. 27, Oct. 3, Oct 31, 1890; and Aug. 16, 1893.

If such be the record of the Association (and we have the recording secretary's own words for it), it would seem like a waste of time to adopt that official's idea: "According to my idea, the proper way to infuse life into the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association is for the president to call a meeting of the clubs belonging to the old association, and to extend invitations to other clubs not now members; to have all the old officers resign, and elect new ones in their places." Ordinarily, there is no question but what the above would be the "proper way;" under the existing circumstances we think that the "proper way" holds out little, if any, hope of accomplishing the object for which the committee was appointed. The most expeditious way of organizing a State association is now the "proper way"; and that "proper way" has been adopted by the committee.

Returning once more to the clubs in good standing in the Association in 1889. Compare that list of eleven clubs and its present condition as to clubs dead or alive, with the list of forty one clubs now pursuing the sport of trap-shooting in the State of New Jersey, to which calls for the meeting on May 19 next have been mailed.

In conclusion we would say, the committee, working for the best interests of the sport of trap-shooting in the State of New Jersey, and to do away with any idea of there being anything personal in this movement, has issued a cordial invitation to the officers of the Association, who were elected in 1889, to be present at the meeting on May 19 next, and to help to consolidate the clubs of the State in a State Sportsman's Association that shall be a credit to New Jersey and her trap-shooters.

The date and hour of the meeting is May 19, 2 P. M. The place is Room 1009, No. 377–379 Broadway, New York city, the home of the Sportsmen's Association, which Association has generously loaned its rooms for the occasion.

The attraction at Elkwood Park next Saturday, May 1, will be the Floral Handicap, 15 birds, $20 enttance, birds included, handicaps 25 to 33yds; Rose system. The handicap will be started at 1 P. M.

IN NEW JERSEY.

NORTH HUDSON ROD AND GUN CLUB.

April 19—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the North Hudson Rod and Gun Club at the regular monthly club shoot held on the club's grounds at Secaucus:

No. 1, 25 targets, known angles:

W Casper	1101111111111011101111110—21
H Harms	0011111111100110111111110—19
J H Outwater	1101111111100011010110011—18
G Engelbrecht	0110111010110100111101010—15
H M Heflich	1011000111010111010011000—13
H Thoront	1001101100100100000010100— 9
R Aschbach	1009110000111001110000000— 9
L F Schillinger	1000010100001100000010001— 7
M Strobert	0000010011000000100000001— 5
O Poeschel	0000100000010000000010100— 4

No. 2, same: G. Engelbrecht 22, H. Harms 21, Heflich 16, Casper 15, Thoront 10, J. Schmitt 9, Schillinger 6, Strobert 4, Poeschel 3

No. 3, 15 targets, unknown angles: Outwater 11, G. Schneider 9, Harms 8, Heflich 6, Thoront 6, Poeschel 4, Schillinger 3, Aschbach 3, Strobert 2.

L. F. SCHILLINGER, Secy.

SHOOTING AT SINGAC.

April 19.—The shooting opened this afternon with an event at 7 birds, $5, with 7 entries. Just as the shooters were going to the score a very heavy wind and a little rain came on. The rain lasted about five minutes, but the wind kept up all the afternoon, blowing almost a gale and directly toward the traps, making the birds extra fast and drivers. There were only about half a dozen incomers all afternoon. Bunn furnished an excellent lot of birds for the shoot as the scores will show, but the wind had a great deal to do with the ciphers in the scores. If the wind got under a bird while it was in the air, it was a question how far it would be carried out of bounds.

Frank Class, James Timmons, Hathaway and another gentleman came from Morristown; Capt. Money and Noel Money drove over from Oakland; Colin R. Wise came from Passaic, N. J., and M. Herrington from New York; Hopper, Christie, Morgan and Worth came from Paterson. There was a large crowd present, it being a holiday. Everything went along smoothly. Bunn has got the regulation wire screen around his ground now; it is a great improvement and saved many a bird for the shooters. Now he wants to get a good dog and then he will have grounds equal to any outside of Daly's.

	No. 1.	No. 2	No. 4.	No. 5.
Class	1122222—7	.....	12200—3	.....
Christie	2•2222—6	210222•—5	.....	.....
Timmons	1200220—4	110•212—5	22012—4	222222
Wise	2222110—6	.....	.....	.....
Herrington	2202201—5	1121021—6	.....	220
N E Money	1•21101—5	0201221—5	.....	111120
Capt Money	1222222—7	2011022—5	21201—4	121212
Hopper	.....	0202202—4	.....	.....
Worth	.....	2222222—7	12102—4	2220

	No. 3.	No 6.
N Money (30)	102•2020200121011212 —	0
C R Wise (28)	1021200200020112002 —	....
M Herrington (29)	0222002202222011121O —	....
Capt Money (30)	1210212202021212222212?•• —20	120
F Class (31)	•020022211021O —	....
Jas Timmons (29)	2222222221222••21211111011—22	120
Christy (30)	2222212202222223222222222—24	....
G Hopper (30)	22222•222212220222022222—22	....
E Morgan (28)	02•20•2221010 —	....
Worth	.....	2220
Hathaway	.....	1112

DUTCHER.

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.

April 22.—The shoot this afternoon at the Endeavor Gun Club's grounds was well attended. About 2,000 targets were thrown in the 14 events decided. Van Dyke shot a great gait, losing only 15 out of 175 shot at; and the Marion grounds are not easy ones by any means. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	15	25	15	15	15	15	10	25	25
Van Dyke	10	10	14	13	14	11	24	14	14	15	12	9	..	..
Greiff	7	7	14	13	13	13	23	..	..	14	..	..	..	..
Esau	8	9	12	12	12	12	22	10	12	14	14	8	..	..
G Piercy	8	7	13	14	14	12	20	12	13	15	15	10	19	22
Billings	5	4	12	11	4	10	17	9	..	11	..	..	..	..
Hayes	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sinnock	..	..	12	12	12	12	19	14	12	9	12	9	..	..
Baker	..	..	11	9	13	12	20	10	9	15	12	..	..	..
Hughes	..	..	11	11	10	7	16	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Landers	..	..	7	5	7	8	7	9	6	8	..	..	..	..
Asmus	..	..	9	7	9	9	16	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Capt Money	..	..	..	..	14	12	8	21	13	10	10	14	7	23 20
Mulvaney	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	12	4	7	5	..	..	..
Seeley	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	18	9	11	9	..	..	..
Dustin	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	14	8	7	..	..	..	..
L Piercy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	13	14	..	..	9	..

Marlin Gun Club.

MARLIN, Texas, April 16.—Below find a score of the Marlin Gun Club in the handicap for the Laflin & Rand Powder Co. trophy, this date. Capt. J A. Martin won with a straight score of 20.

W E Hunnicutt (20)	1011001001100011111—12
W W Turner (20)	1111100111111111111—18
L S Ross, Jr, (20)	1111100101110111011—15
F M Boyles (20)	1110111001111011111—16
C A Ottorf (22)	1111111111011110111—18
R B Louis (22)	1001001011010010011—10
J C Fountain (26)	0101100011110101111—13
E K Herring (24)	1010010111111111111—16
Judge Wm Shelton (24)	1010111111111101000—14
A Threadgill (21)	1101011111111111011—17
Capt J A Martin (24)	1111111111111111111—20
L E Oltorf (25)	0100101001001000010l— 7
F M Stallworth (25)	0110101101100110l010—11
C W Rush (25)	1001111011001111110l—14
W H Jones (24)	0110010011111001010—11
E R Emery (28)	1000000100111010011— 8
D S Eddins (22)	1001110110111011111—15
C J Bartlett (29)	1110001100011010000— 9
J G Oltorf (30)	1001101100001111w — 8
J J Spencer (30)	1110100001000011010— 9
Chas H Bartlett (24)	1111010111100110101—14
Chas Kings (25)	0111101100010111000—10
Sam Louis (25)	0011101101110011w — 9

E. R. EMERY.

Programme for the Savannah Shoot.

AFTER the tournament at Richmond, Va., the Interstate Association will move to Savannah, Ga., where, under the auspices of the Forest City Gun Club, it will give its next tournament, May 19–20.

The Forest City Gun Club adds $200 to the purses, at the rate of $10 to each purse. There are ten events each day: six 15-target events, $1.50 entrance; four 20 target events, $2 entrance. All events will be at unknown angles, and the price of targets will be included as usual in the entrance fee. The Rose system of dividing purses will be adopted.

The headquarters for shooters will be the Pulaski House, where a special rate of $2 a day has been obtained for shooters. Guns and shells should be forwarded to John Rocker & Bro, corner West Broad and Jones streets, who will take care of same and deliver them at the grounds.

The dates on which the tournament will be held are the same as those selected by the Grand Lodge K. of P., for the holding of its convention in Savannah, and for which reduced rates have been secured from all railroads in the Southern States Passenger Association. This information is given for the benefit of shooters who may be in a position to take advantage of the reduced rates.

Further information relative to this tournament will be cheerfully furnished by Henry B. Lemcke, secretary, Forest City Gun Club, Savannah, Ga.

Miss-and-Outs at Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 17.—Although the Interstate Association tournament closed yesterday, several shooters stayed over and enjoyed a full day's sport at $2 miss-and-outs, with the results given below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Fulford	7	7	5	1	4	5	3	3	3	4	10	..
Clayton	2	7	4	3	5	5	4	1	1	1	2	2
Brewer	6	7	2	3	5	7	1	2	2	..	..	..
Macalester	7	6	6	2	4	7	4	3	2	5	10	3
Hood	7	2	..	..	4	7	2	1	..	..	..	..
Simms	2	..	..	..	3	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
Malone	..	2	6	4	3	6	..	3	3	4	7	..
DuBray	..	..	5	4	5	6	4	1	1	4	10	..
Mayhew	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	3

New Haven Gun Club.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., April 14.—The regular monthly shoot of this club was held to-day. About twenty members were on hand to take part in the different events.

The day was pleasant, with but very little wind. Still, for some unaccountable reason, the scores ran rather low, particularly in the handicap at 30 targets. In this race Whitney won first place by breaking 25, and had his choice of three merchandise prizes. He selected a fancy nickel-plated thermometer. Kelley and Gould tied for second place, and in the shoot-off Kelley won, taking a willow fishing basket. The third prize was a nickel plated fishing reel, which was also tied for by Sherman and Cowee, and was finally won by the latter.

The team race resulted in a tie, which was shot off at 5 birds per man. Sherman's team developed quite a streak and finally won by 3 birds. But the event which excited the most interest was for a fancy keg of W-A Smokeless powder, kindly presented by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co. This was divided into two parts, making the keg first prize and the powder second. Mr. C. B. Bristol did the handicapping in this event to the entire satisfaction of all the shooters. As will be seen by the scores, there was quite a close contest, Whitney finally winning the keg and Potter the powder.

A few extra events were shot, in which Stevens distinguished himself by breaking 5 pairs and 10 reversed angles straight. Following are the scores:

Handicap race, 30 targets, 15 known and 15 unknown angles; handicap of misses as breaks:

Whitney (J)	111111011001111111111101011111	25+0	25
Kelley (3)	01100101100101111111111111001	21+3	24
Gould (3)	10011111111111111100001011001111	21+3	24
Sherman (0)	11111100101111010111111011011	23+0	23
Cowee (0)	11111101110111001100111110111	23+0	23
Ortseifer (2)	01111110101100000111101111101	20+2	22
Potter (0)	11111111011101111101110101010	20+0	22
Bristol (0)	00111110111101111101111111000	20+0	22
Bates (0)	11011110010111110111010110010	20+0	20
Callahan (4)	01010110010011010110010010011	16+4	20
Basset (7)	00001000011110111110001C011100	14+7	21
Claridge (0)	01111001101011111101101011111	22+0	22
Stevens (0)	10111100110101110110101011	19+0	19
Reggiori (6)	00000101010110001001010001000	13+6	19
Stevenson (0)	11001100010011100111001 11001110	15+0	15

Team race, 20 targets, known angles:

Sherman's Team.		Tie.
Sherman	01101111011111111001	15 11111	5
Stevens	11111111111011110111	18 11111	5
Bristol	10111111111110111110	17 11111	5
Ortseifer	11111011111111111111	19 11111	5
Bates	11011111111101111111	18 11111	5
Cowee	01101111111101101111	16 01011	3
Gould	10011101111010111101	13 11111	5
Redfield	00011101000001100010	7 10110	3
Reggiori	00101011101110000111	12—135 01100	2—38
Potter's Team.		**Tie.**	
Potter	01110101111111101111	16 10111	4
Whitney	11111111111111111110	19 01111	4
Claridge	11111011111111111110	18 11111	5
Kelley	11111110110101101011	15 11001	3
Callahan	11111111111001101010	15 01101	3
Stevenson	01111101110111100111	15 11111	5
Hazel	10111111111011111111	18 01111	4
Clark	01110001111110000001	10 00111	3
Robertson	10001001101010100110	9—135 10111	4—35

W-A powder handicap, 15 targets, known angles:

Whiting	111111111111111	15+0	15
Stevens	111111111111111	15+0	15
Gould	111111111011111	14+1	15
Robertson	101111111110101	12+3	15
Potter	101111111111111	14+0	14
Bassett	011110111101101	11+3	14
Reggiori	011111110110101	11+3	14
Sherman	111111110111011	13+0	13
Bristol	111111110111110	13+0	13
Ortseifer	111011111110011	12+1	13
Claridge	111111110010111	12+0	12
Bates	111101111001111	12+0	12
Kelley	110000111011111	10+1	11
Stevenson	011111101111010	11+0	11
Cowee	011011001111110	10+0	10
Hazel	010111000010010	7+2	9
Clark	101101000110010	7+0	7
Callahan	011111110000000	7+0	7
Redfield	000000100000001	2+4	6

Ties on 15 shot off miss-and-out as follows: Whitney 5, Stevens 4, Robertson 2, Gould 0.

Ties on 14 also shot off in the same way, the shoot-off resulting thus: Potter 10, Reggiori 9, Bassett 8.

G. W. HAZEL, Sec'y.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, April 14.—The Boston Gun Club, after a cessation of practice for two weeks on account of the death of Mr. David Kirkwood, its secretary-treasurer for many years, opened again to-day with a finely attended shoot at Wellington. The bright April day doubtless encouraged a number to shake off business anxieties and cares for an hour or two in quest of health and enjoyment, knowing well that change of scene, such as is afforded at an afternoon trap shoot, proves of inestimable benefit in the long run to the closely confined individual constantly nerved up to the demands of city routine. In the different events, where the desire to down an asphalt is uttermost for the time being, was found an efficacious remedy for the worry and ills of previous weeks, and with no sweep element to detract from success or failure, all was pleasant as it should be. There is always one exception to prove the rule, and ours to day was the fact that one was absent, and not just for to-day but forever, that not once again would Kirkwood handle a gun among his trap shooting friends of many years' standing. It will be a long while, in their opinion, before the niche left vacant by his decease will be as ably filled. Scores below

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	5	10	6	10	5	6	10	10
Gordon	8	6	4	5	3	8	4	4	8	8
Sheffield	6	7	1	8	3	5	3	2	3	4
Miller	7	2	1	8	4	4	2	2	..	..
George	6	7	5	4	2	5	3	2	3	..
Woodruff	8	10	5	5	3	10	5	3	8	8
Sewall	9	6	4	7	2	6	4	3	2	5
Eastman	4	5	2	8	2	9	4	1	7	6
East	6	9	5	7	3	6	2	4	8	..
Winters	7	9	4	5	3	9	4	4	9	9
Brooks	2	2	2	4	1	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	1	6	2	4	3	6	2	3	..	..
Williams	7	8	..	8	..	8	5	2	3	..
Spencer	..	..	5	8	5	9	5	6	8	9
Miskay	..	..	4	5	5	7	5	1	9	9
Powers	..	..	3	7	2	3	3	2	5	6
Parker	..	..	4	3	2	4	3	2	7	..
Nichols	..	..	..	..	2	5	3	2	3	..
King	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8

Events 1, 4, 6, 10, known angles; 2 and 7, unknown; 3, straightaways; 5 and 8, pairs; 9, reverse pull.

Prize match, 21 targets—10 known, 5 unknown, 3 pairs, distance handicap:

Spencer (16)	1111011111— 9	11111—5	11 11 11—6	—20
Woodruff (17)	1111111111—10	11111—5	00 11 10—3	—18
Winters (18)	1111111110— 9	10111—4	11 10 10—4	—17
Gordon (17)	1100111111— 8	10111—4	10 01 11—4	—16
Williams (15)	1111110011— 8	11111—5	10 10 00—2	—15
Eastman (16)	0111111111— 9	11110—4	00 00 10—1	—14
Miskay (17)	1110010111— 7	11111—5	01 00 00—1	—13
Sewall (15)	0101010111— 6	11011—4	01 01 00—3	—13
East (16)	0100101111— 6	00110—2	10 10 11—4	—12
Jones (14)	1011011010— 6	00110—2	10 10 10—3	—11
Sheffield (15)	0110010110— 5	11001—3	10 10 00—2	—10
George (15)	1100001011— 5	10110—3	10 01 00—2	—10
Parker (15)	1000001011— 4	11100—3	10 10 00—2	— 9
Powers (16)	1000010010— 3	11001—3	10 10 00—2	— 8
Miller (16)	0011110000— 4	01100—2	10 10 00—2	— 8

Garden City, of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 19.—Garden City Gun Club, of Chicago, has out its programme of the season's shooting contests, which shows an appropriate lot of prizes in each class, A, B, C and D. There will be shooting every Saturday, beginning April 24 and ending Sept. 11, at the grounds at the terminus of the Metropolitan L., west side. The grand season prize is a fine gold watch, value $60, which will be competed for under the following conditions:

To members of any club in Cook county, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, American Association rules, entrance 50 cents, half of which goes to the treasury of the club, and half as a sweepstakes each Saturday, divided according to number of entries. Shooter making best five scores in the season takes the watch. Thirteen to 18yds. rise, according to ability.

Club Shoots and Handicaps.

LAST week we received a letter asking us the following question: "Can a shooter in a handicap race, where extra targets to shoot at are allowed, make more than a highest possible? In other words, in a club shoot at 25 targets, with an allowance of extra targets to the weaker shots, can a man score more than 25 and beat a scratch man who has broken every target he shot at?"

Of course we answered "No," basing our reply on the commonsense view of the matter that no man should be asked to do what is impossible. Simple as the matter seems to be, it is a fact that we have had to answer many letters asking almost precisely the same question.

This matter of club prize shoots is an interesting one, and it seems to us that a brief description of some of the systems in vogue in the vicinity of New York may be of use to the officials of newly-organized gun clubs who want to adopt something of the kind, but who don't know which is the best system to adopt. No doubt several of our readers will have pet schemes of their own, and we should be glad to hear from them on this point. Mr. Roger Van Gilder, the secretary of the Knoxville Gun Club, recently gave a very exhaustive review of his club's methods of "certificate shoots." The idea works well at Knoxville, and from the results obtained there, it would be worth trying elsewhere.

The Climax Gun Glub, of Plainfield, N. J, has a capital plan for its monthly prize shoot: At the commencement of each year the members are handicapped according to their showing in the previous year. The club shoot is at 25 targets, unknown angles, with an allowance of extra targets for the weaker shots to fire at. No man can score more than 25, no matter how many he breaks. A man who breaks 25 receives 6 points to his credit in the race for the yearly prizes; 24s get 5 points; 23s get 4; 22s get 3; 21s get 2, and 20s get 1 point each. Scores below 20 do not get any points. At the end of the year the totals are counted up, and the man with the largest total takes first prize; the next highest total takes second prize, and so on. This system works well, and seems to us to be one of the best in use around New York.

Another system that is much used around New York is that where a man is handicapped at so many points, receiving to his credit account for the yearly prizes all points scored above his handicap. This system is more generally used in live-bird club shoots, but is just as applicable to target shoots. It works well, and keeps up the interest of the members of the clubs that use it almost up to the last shoot.

The Boiling Springs Club, of Rutherford, N. J., has another system: It divides the year into two halves and gives a cup to the winner of each half-yearly prize series. The club shoot is at 50 targets, half known and half unknown angles; handicap allowances of extra targets to shoot at. For this shoot it charges $1 for the 50 targets. Out of this $1 per man it pays for the targets and deducts a certain sum to go to form a fund to purchase a cup and to pay out about $100 among those shooters who have attended four out of the six shoots. The cup goes to the man who wins it the greatest number of times, but the money is divided proportionately among those shooters who have the highest totals for the four best shoots. This plan must work well, because the monthly shoots of this club are always well attended.

Other clubs put up prizes for the different classes (the shooters being classified), and the man in each class who leads that class in the club shoots the greatest number of times during the year becomes the winner of the prize in his class. This system has its drawbacks, as a prize is apt to be "cinched" in a certain class rather early in the game, and thus all competition in that particular class is killed off and all interest dies. This is fatal to the success of a shoot, and a falling off in the attendance is only a natural consequence.

The above are a few of the systems which we recall at this moment. Who can give us some more?

Portland Gun Club.

PORTLAND, Me., April 14.—In spite of the rain and strong wind that prevailed to-day, 20 shooters put in an appearance at the grounds of the Portland Gun Club, and spent a pleasant day, notwithstanding the unpleasant weather conditions.

Among the shooters from out of town were: O. R. Dickey, E. B. Wadsworth and F. H. Rounds, Boston, Mass.; George E. Thompson, Bath; H. G. Trundy, U. S. Life-Saving Station, Cape Elizabeth, and F. L. Beane of Lewiston.

About noon the weather cleared, but a strong wind still blew and good scores were hard to make, yet some were registered now and then. In event No. 6 one squad averaged over 92 per cent. Everything ran smoothly under the management of H. A. Chisholm, and the programme was finished early in the afternoon; several extras were also shot. Dickey won first average with 90.6 per cent.

To-day's score is given below in tabulated form:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		
Targets:	10	15	15	20	10	25	15	15	10	10	15	25	15	25	Shot at.	Broke.
Rounds	9	14	7	12	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	48
Rich	7	13	14	15	7	23	13	11	7	7	8	22	..	..	185	147
Mayberry	3	9	6	12	7	21	9	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	120	70
Beane	6	8	8	12	8	..	7	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	95	62
Darton	8	12	11	15	8	18	12	11	8	4	11	..	11	15	200	144
Neal	6	14	7	16	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	49
Thompson	9	14	11	13	6	23	8	12	8	2	4	21	12	23	225	176
Randall	9	13	15	19	10	23	11	11	9	4	13	20	..	..	185	157
George	5	9	7	14	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	42
Puck	6	13	12	15	7	22	14	11	7	6	14	20	14	20	225	181
Dickey	9	14	13	17	9	24	13	15	8	8	13	23	15	23	225	204
Chisholm	8	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	17
Adams	..	..	14	17	8	23	12	..	..	..	..	24	..	..	110	98
Trundy	..	..	..	12	..	..	14	11	6	..	..	..	..	..	60	43
Taylor	..	..	..	14	7	15	12	..	7	2	10	12	..	..	130	79
Hunt	..	..	..	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	55	37
Arthur	..	..	..	..	..	22	11	10	9	5	9	..	14	24	125	26
Merrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	..	..	..	..	25	18
Gray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	..	9	..	..	40	21
Dennis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	21	40	32

Trap at Buffalo.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 17.—The attendance at the regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, held to-day, was quite large, 33 members taking part in the events. No. 3 was the badge shoot. In this event E. W. Smith and C. S. Burkhardt tied for the Class A badge; on the shoot-off Smith won. P. G. Myers won in Class B, and Zoeller and Hankins tied in Class C. Scores were as below, No. 6 being at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	15	10	10
E C Burkhardt	9	11	22	11	8	7
G Zoeller	9	12	21	..	..	..
C S Burkhardt	8	12	23	10	7	7
P G Myers	9	15	22	7	..	..
W Fines, Jr.	9	12	21	13	8	..
E W Smith	6	14	21	13	7	6
F Sauer	8	10	17	6	..	..
A Coombs	..	..	15	..	..	..
E N McCarney	..	..	19	..	9	4
A Rossiter	7	..	..	8	..	..
R F Haukins	6	..	15	..	..	..
Dupont	..	8	11	20	..	..
Farmer	..	8	11	20	..	..
L W B	..	8	13	21	..	..
W Daw	..	9	12	..	..	..
J A Kennedy	..	10	13	13	9	8
Floss	..	..	10	..	13	8

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	15	10	10
Oehmig	7	7	17	..	..	..
Schwartz	7	11	18	..	..	..
L Fries	9	13	21	12	7	..
Hanks	8	13	21	12	7	..
G Schmidt	3	7	..	..	..	..
Audubon	8	..	..	..	..	..
Seidenstricker	2	4	..	4	..	..
B Hurley	1	7	..	..	..	..
G Miller	..	11	18	10	8	..
J J Reid	7	15	20	..	..	..
Kelsey	9	12	22	13	9	..
Hammond	9	12	..	13	8	..
Andrews	8	..	..	..	..	..
U E Story	7	..	19	..	..	..
A Forrester	9	12	21	12	..	..
Bill Kny	..	..	..	11	8	..

Hyde Park Gun Club.

HYDE PARK, N. Y., April 14.—The Hyde Park Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot to-day. A high wind prevailed, but the members rolled up some good scores. The competition was for a silver can of W-A powder. Below are the scores made at 25 empire targets:

T Russell	1111111010101111111011011—20
G M Gundell	1111111111111101011111010—21
H Sleight	1111011110101101111111110—23
L Baker	1111010101111110111000101—17
C F Getler	1011101100001010011110011—14
A E Hover	1111111011000100100110111—16
L Wood	1111101111010311101101001—17
C Wicker	1111111110000010000001000—11
H Betswith	1111111111111100100001000—16
S Rogers	1111111111101000011111110—19
A Bloomfield	1111111101111010100001011—17
J Leonard	1111111111011000101001111—18
J Wicker	1111111111011000101000001—15
E Martin	1111111111111110000000000—15
W Moore	1000001000000110000000000— 4

G. H. L.

Bergen County Gun Club.

THE Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., will celebrate its first anniversary by holding a two-days' shoot at targets on June 2-3. The programme for the two days will be as follows:

June 2.—The fourth shoot for the Recreation cup will be held on this day. The cup represents the individual amateur championship of New Jersey gun clubs, and is open for competition to all amateur members of recognized gun clubs of the State. The conditions of the race are: 100 targets, 50 at known angles and 50 at unknown angles, $2 entrance to cover the cost of the targets. The cup to the winner, $5 to the second high gun, and $2 to the third high gun. Optional sweepstakes on each 25 targets. Entries close before the completion of the first string of 25 targets. The shoot for the cup will commence at 1 P. M. sharp.

Sweepstake shooting of the regulation "Bergen County order" will be started both before and after the main event, traps being ready for practice at 10:30, with nothing to stop us until the sun goes down.

June 3.—A programme of sweepstake events will be arranged for this day, the events ranging from 10 to 25 targets, with entrance fees at popular prices. The Rose system will be used in dividing purses. Moneys will be graduated as follows: 1 to 4 entries, 1 money; 5 to 8 entries, 2 moneys; 9 to 12 entries, 3 moneys; over 12 entries, 4 moneys. Shooting commences at 10 A. M.

The main feature on the programme will be a 100-target race, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at, unknown angles, $5 entrance, targets included. The purse in this event will be divided under the Rose system, the number of moneys being governed by the number of entries. The winner of this event will be presented with a handsome cup by the Bergen County Gun Club. Entries for the cup event will close at the end of the first 25 targets. The event will be started at 2 P. M. sharp without fail.

Fifteen dollars will be given as average money and will be divided equally between the three high guns among those who shall have shot in all programme events decided between the hours of 12 noon and 5 P. M., exclusive of the handicap event.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

A. W. R., Vermont.—Boats for bass and pickerel fishing may be painted lead color, drab or green; anything but red or black.

W. P.—Kindly tell me in your correspondence column how to poison a lot of carp which are in a pond here which contains no other fish. We want to kill them off and stock the pond with black bass. Also let me know how soon after the poisoning it will be safe to do the stocking. Ans Lime will do it if the water is small enough, or dynamite, which will kill everything else too. If the pond can be drained that may be your best expedient.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Cut it Short.

If you've got a thought that's happy
Boil it down;
Make it short and crisp and snappy—
Boil it down.
When your brain its coin has minted,
Down the page your pen has printed,
If you want your effort printed,
Boil it down.

Take out every surplus letter—
Boil it down;
Fewer syllables the better—
Boil it down.
Make your meaning plain—express it
So we'll know, not merely guess it—
Then, my friend, ere you address it,
Boil it down.

Boil out all the extra trimmings—
Boil it down;
Skim it well, then skim the trimmings,
Boil it down.
When you're sure 'twould be a sin to
Cut another sentence in two,
Send it on—and we'll begin to
Boil it down. —*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

Tennessee Centennial Rates.—Effective April 29.

THE Southern Railway, the only line operating through car service New York to Nashville, announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville and return, account of the Tennessee Centennial; tickets limited returning to Nov. 7, $28 75; limited to twenty days, $21.05; tickets sold on Tuesday and Thursday each week, good to return within ten days, $15.30. The Southern Railway Limited leaves New York daily at 4:30 P. M., and carries you via Washington and through the glorious mountains of western North Carolina, Asheville, the Land of the Sky, and east Tennessee by Lookout Mountain. The scenery for the entire trip is a grand panorama. Along the line is located the many-noted battlefields of the late war For full particulars and descriptive matter of the Exposition, call on or address the New York office, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

The Kenwood Sleeping Bag.

THE Kenwood sleeping bag is a valuable adjunct to any sportsman's outfit. It is thoroughly practical and low-priced, and at the same time durable, waterproof and warm.

In its construction, these bags are used one inside the other, and any one of these bags may be used separately. The outside bag is of light-weight canvas, and is waterproof.

The price of this is $2, while the inside bag is listed at $4 and the other at $6, making the price, complete, $12. Write the Kenwood Mills, Albany, N. Y., for further particulars.—*Adv.*

A New Artificial Bait.

THE New Jersey Aluminum Company, 60 Arlington street, Newark, N. J., have just put upon the market a novelty in artificial baits, called the aluminum fish phantom. This may be used either for trolling or casting, and is said to be a very killing bait, especially for casting. It is an extremely light bait and will not sink if accidentally detached from the line, and it retains its silvery luster indefinitely. A descriptive pamphlet will be sent on application.—*Adv.*

Special Excursion Rates to Chattanooga and Mobile.

THE Southern Railway announces rates one fare for the round trip to Mobile for the Supreme Council, Catholic Knights of America, Mobile, May 11 to 15, good to return May 18. The National Baptist Young Peoples' Union, Chattanooga, Tenn., from July 13 to 15, good return Aug. 15. For full partiulars call on or address New York office, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

A Fishing Trip

Along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the title of a beautifully illustrated pamphlet of thirty-two pages, the contents of which are devoted to practical methods of fish-catching in near-by lakes and streams.

One copy will be sent to any address on receipt of two-cent postage stamp. Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

"Forest and Stream" Advertising Pages.

D. H. HECKMAN, Kennebunkport, Me., a builder of fine pleasure boats and canoes, writes: "Every boating or yachting paper far or near has written for my advertisement since it appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, but I have got all I can do now to answer the replies I get from FOREST AND STREAM."

The Fall River Line.

Sunday trips will be resumed by the Fall River Line, commencing next Sunday, April 25th, while the leaving time from New York will be 5:30 P. M., instead of 5:00 P. M., as at present, commencing on the same date. The Priscilla and Puritan are in commission.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 19. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

ATTENTION is directed to the new form of address labels on the wrappers of subscribers' copies. The label shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid.

The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us for a new or renewed subscription. Unless specially requested to do so, we do not send separate receipts.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young: but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, and take the young to thee; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days. Deuteronomy xxii: 6–7.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1897.—No. 1.

TENNESSEE.

Act of March 23, 1897.—Sec. 1. That it shall be unlawful for any person to export quail, dead or alive, out of the State of Tennessee for five years from and after the passage of this act.

CAMPS.

RETURNING spring, wild flowers, song birds, budding woods and open waters remind the summer camper that his days of outing are drawing near. In imagination he already sees his white tent gleaming in the greenery of pleasant shores, or the smoke of his newly-kindled fire drifting from the chimney of the painted cottage which he calls a camp.

In one or the other, after being held for long months by stress of ungenial weather to the frivolities and proprieties of civilization, he is about to enjoy the freedom of camp life, with little deprivation of his ordinary conveniences and luxuries. His food will be cooked in and upon a stove, eaten off a napered table with a knife and fork. He will sleep as soft as at home, will dress as neatly, but he will be camping out, as he believes.

There are campers of another sort, who have not waited for spring, but have been invited more by the morose moods of nature than her gentler ones, who have been most cordially invited when most repelled. Some are trappers and some are hunters, who brave peril and endure hardship and discomfort for hope of gain or love of sport. Mr. Hough has told us something of the winter camp life of the fur trapper, and the veteran woodsman Mr. Hardy gives a realistic picture of the camp in which he found his friend Rufus, and of his entertainment there.

I traveled over fifty miles on snowshoes to visit him and introduce another hunter to him. I found his partner first, who had not seen him for a week, but undertook to pilot me. We traveled some twelve miles, and found him in a hole in the snow. He had built a little camp of split fir in the fall just large enough for himself, and the snow was then four to five feet deep around it. He was wonderfully glad to see us and made no apologies, but did the best he could for us. His whole outfit for cooking tools and for dishes to eat on were a shallow tin plate and a pint dipper. This for four men was not extensive, but he brought water in a birch bark dish, mixed his bread in another bark dish, rolled it out on a sheet of bark with a roller made of a maple sprout, and baked it in the tin plate. Then he fried moose meat in the same plate, and kept frying till we finished eating. He made tea in the pint dipper and roasted beaver on a stick.

The camp was so narrow that when we lay down we all had to lie on edge as there was not room to lie flat. We stayed and visited the next day and killed two moose. The next day we all went back to his home camp.

Doubtless there is more comfort enjoyed in the perfectly appointed camp in which one sleeps soft, dines and sups daintily and lives luxuriously, than under the rude shelter of boughs or bark or a strip of canvas, with only evergreen twigs and a blanket for a bed, a dipper, a tin plate and a forked stick for cooking utensils and on one's knee for a table, and some makeshift to be contrived for every emergency; yet so one gets nearer to the primitive condition of man, which is the real, if not always the recognized, motive of all camping, and he is closest to nature who lies closest to mother earth with the least intervention between him and the sky, no black wall of iron shutting him from the cheerful companionship of his fire.

What this man needs he invents, if the woods do not supply. What the other lacks, he buys or does without. The poorer this man is the richer he is, being the less burdened in body and mind. The richer the other the poorer, being most dependent.

Yet one does not envy the other, nor would either change places, for what one enjoys most the other would enjoy least. To both, akin with one touch of nature, let us wish the best that each desires.

SNAP SHOTS.

CONGRESS, which for years refused to enact a law by which poachers in the National Park could be punished, is of course responsible for the destruction of the last considerable herd of wild buffalo in the United States—those which ranged in the Yellowstone Park. Three years ago Congress passed a law which made protection possible in the Park, but of course this law had no effect in the adjacent States. For some years Wyoming and Montana had had laws protecting buffalo, and Idaho remained the only one of the States bordering the Park which left this species uncared for.

A considerable portion of the Park herd ranged in the southwest corner of the reservation, in what is known as the Falls River country, and often crossed the border into Idaho, and the section of the State bordering the Park became a resort for poachers and outlaws, who at every opportunity invaded the national pleasure ground and killed the buffalo. Strong efforts were made by persons interested in the Park to induce influential people in Idaho to urge the passage of protective laws. Letters were written to members of the Legislature, to successive Governors and to United States Senators, but so strong was the influence of the lawless element—or so weak that of the law-abiding—that nothing was ever done.

At last, however, after five or six years of effort, a law absolutely protecting the buffalo, has been enacted, though it may well be feared that it comes too late to do much good. Reports made this spring concerning the buffalo show that the numbers in the Park are not under thirty nor over fifty, and conservative people believe the smaller number to be nearer the truth. This stock is too small to warrant the hope that the Yellowstone Park herd will ever re-establish itself.

The Idaho law, which was approved March 4, this year, forbids the killing of buffalo, the transportation of any parts of such animals, and the pursuing them with dogs. It provides that a violation of the act by any individual shall be punished by a fine of not less $100 nor more than $300, or by imprisonment in the county jail for a time not exceeding three months, or by both fine and imprisonment. Having in possession a bison or any part of such animals shall be deemed *prima facie* evidence of a violation of the statutes. One-half of all the fines collected is to go to the county school fund, and one-half to the complainant. The act is to take effect immediately.

The clam is by nature a silent creature, but all clams large and small ought to cry out against the decision given by Judge McAdam, in the Appellate Court of this county, the other day in the Astor House clam case. The action was one brought by a game protector to recover the penalty for possession of clams of less than the lawful size. The statute provides (Sec. 191) that "no hard or round clams less than one inch in thickness shall be caught or possessed; but, if caught, shall be returned to the water from which they are taken without unnecessary injury." "Whoever shall violate the provisions of this section" shall be liable to a penalty. The Court held that the penalty for possession could apply only to the clam fisherman who actually took the clams, or to the immediate employer for whom he was fishing, and it was argued that this was clearly the intent of the law, inasmuch as the dealer, into whose possession the clams might subsequently pass, could not return them to the water from which they had been taken. We believe this ruling to be erroneous. It is directly in conflict with the repeated decisions of the courts bearing on the point, decisions, it may be said, upon which is based the entire system of prohibiting possession of game and fish in close season. The phraseology of the statute differs in no essential particular from the language employed in other sections, and the meaning, we believe, cannot here be different from that of the law in general. The case is one which is likely to go to the higher courts.

Of the several hundred bills left in the hands of Governor Black, of New York, by the Legislature, which adjourned last week, a number relate to fish and game, and, as the fate of these measures at the hands of the Governor is not yet known at the time of our going to press, it is impossible to give this week a summary of the work of the session. The general bill, introduced by the State Association, failed to pass, as did that repealing the law which permits the sale of game the year round. No measure of general importance in the line of further protection was adopted by the Legislature, except one relative to deer hounding, which has not yet been signed by the Governor. As a rule, the legislation of the session was reactionary and in the interest of local claims and of individuals who, dissatisfied to abide by the general law, go to Albany for special legislation in their own little individual interest.

Michigan, too, is reactionary. The House has passed the Graham bill, so amended as to forbid quail hunting with dogs, and to permit market-hunting. These two features are clearly intended to discourage quail shooting as a recreation, and to promote it as a business. The outer who hunts his game in a sportsmanlike way is barred; the industrious hunter who "ground-sweats" the whole covey at one fell shot is to have things all his own way. We are glad to know that the sportsmen of Saginaw have taken the initiative in a movement to arouse sufficient right public sentiment to defeat the measure in the Senate. It is a bill which, as a law, could mean nothing but disaster to Michigan's game interests.

Anglers and shooters visiting Canada will be pleased with the new regulations of the Customs Department respecting the duty on their equipments. When a sportsman enters Canada he is required to leave at the port of entry a deposit of the amount of duty due on guns, rods and other articles, which deposit is to be refunded to him when the goods shall have been brought out of the country. The duty so required is 30 per cent. of the appraised value. It has been the rule that to secure a refund of the deposit, application must be made to the Customs Department at Ottawa, accompanied by an official certificate of identification and the usual evidences of exportation; and the system has involved much vexatious red tape and delay. By the new regulations the old rule of applying to the Customs Department for the refund is superseded by an arrangement, which provides that the refund will be paid at the port of entry, 10 per cent. of the deposit being retained for the expense of handling.

The Maine game law amendments appear to have removed the provision of a close season for caribou. The statute as revised provides that between Oct. 15 and Dec. 1 no person may kill or possess more than one caribou; but it omits to forbid killing and possession for the rest of the year. This is, of course, an oversight, and should be corrected at the first moment.

Rarely has it been our privilege to publish a record so suggestive as the story of "One Man's Influence" told in another column by our contributor, Amateur. Read it, and let it stimulate to a personal, individual activity in game and fish preservation.

The notes in our game columns on Western outfitting are written by an experienced guide, and will be of practical interest to those who are planning trips to the glorious Rockies. It is of first importance in undertaking such an expedition to have a definite understanding respecting details of time, outfit and finances. Some folks, who are as a rule business-like and exact in the ordinary walks of life, become for some inscrutable reason lax and careless when they come to an outing enterprise, and appear to think that in their recreation they can do their business in an unbusinesslike way. The only safe rule is to have everything stipulated in advance, that there may be less opportunity for dissatisfaction, heartburning and all uncharitableness in the end.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE WHITE BUFFALO.

A Tale of the Northwest Territories.

IN the year 1874 the Northwest Mounted Police marched west from Winnipeg and into the then unknown country lying along the Rocky Mountains, from the Saskatchewan River to the American boundary line.

The country, from the Cypress Hills to the mountains, about 250 miles in breadth, and as far north as the Red Deer River, about 300 miles north of the boundary line, fairly teemed with buffalo, and you could for days travel without once losing sight of countless thousands continually on the move.

This was a novel and exciting sight to the men in the force on its march west, and after sighting the first herds a closer view was soon had of them, as buffalo beef was to be the main sustenance of that force for some years after, until beef cattle were brought in from the south in 1878.

In 1874 the vast herds had not commenced to diminish, and it was an easy matter to overtake and slaughter them The Blackfoot tribe of Indians, who then inhabited the plains north of the boundary, lived altogether on the buffalo, as not only did they purchase tobacco, tea, blankets, ammunition and other articles they required, by their trade for robes either at the American trading forts along the Missouri or at the Hudson's Bay posts in the north, but their tents and clothing, together with their daily food, was gained from the herds of these animals. The buffalo did not seem at all to mind the vicinity of Indian camps, as the large herds were always met with in close proximity to one or more Indian camps out on one of their hunts. In fact, so near these camps would the buffalo graze, that it was not at all unusual for a band to be cut off from the main herd and driven right in among the lodges, where many of them were killed. It was not the Indians that caused the disappearance and extinction of the buffalo, but the advent of the white settler, the smoke from whose camp-fire or building these animals seemed to have a horror of, avoiding the settlements as much as possible.

The color of the buffalo is of course well known and never varied, being dark-brown and black around the head and neck; this color varied in shade, being of a much lighter shade in the summer than in the winter, and it was only in the winter that the robe had any value, being then thick and dark, while during the summer the hair was shed, and the skin worthless. On our arrival in the country many inquiries were made as to the existence of any white buffalo, but, although having daily intercourse with the Indians in many parts of the country, no record of any such animal could be gained. White beaver and wolves and other animals of that color were heard of, and sometimes obtained, but a white buffalo, never.

A very rare class of buffalo robe was sometimes seen, but very seldom, the beaver or silk robe, so called from the very fine, silky quality of the hair. These were very rare, and in ten years among the buffalo I have only seen three. They were, of course very valuable, Sometimes the hair had a greyish appearance near the skin, The robe was nearly always of a cow, very fine and very light. Many explanations were given by the Indians for this peculiar coat, and the right one was no doubt that given by Montana Indians. that it was caused by the constant licking of many animals in the herd, to which some motherless calf belonged, it having become the pet of the band, the animals testifying their liking in that manner,

Animals of this class were always small and hard to kill, being kept in the center of the herd while they were on the run and seeming to be protected by the bodies of the rest. And aside from this variety, which were seldom seen until the year 1875, no record of a white buffalo, or of one different from the usual variety, was ever known to have been seen by the Blackfoot Indians.

During the summer of that year bands of Indians returning from a hunt far out on the plains brought in stories of having seen at different times and in different places, and always in the center of a large herd, a white buffalo. They had used their best horses in the effort to overtake it, to no purpose, never being able to get anywhere near the animal. At first we did not pay much attention to these stories, but still it kept cropping up from different camps, and at last, in the fall of 1875, I myself had a chance to verify the truth of the report. I had been sent on duty north along the Red Deer River and was camped near a large band of Blackfoot, who were hunting south of that river The buffalo had moved north in vast numbers, and the prairie was black with them.

I had gone out one morning with a party of Blackfeet to see one of their hunts, and also to try and kill for myself. My horse was a good one, and much faster than any belonging to the Indian hunters. I had got detached from the party, becoming tired of the slaughter, and must have been at least twenty miles from camp, when I made for a small clump of timber not far off, intending to build a fire and roast a portion of some buffalo meat I had on the saddle with me. A few bands of moving buffalo were in sight, but far off. As I approached the wood a band of about a hundred animals burst out of the brush and made off to the south, and yes, most certainly, in the middle of them was a white buffalo. Although they were a quarter of a mile away, there could be no mistake about it; he was there as large as life, and quite white, and running like a deer. There was no time to much more than take in the scene, but I gathered up the reins and was after him, determined to bag that buffalo or kill my horse.

Oh, what a race it was, mile after mile; and although all the band with the exception of about a dozen had split off and gone in different directions, the white animal, with his body guard of about a dozen, kept at about the same distance ahead. I could catch a glimpse of him now and then, and there was no doubt he was snow white. Get within shot I could not, for many miles. At last they began to tire, and, although my horse was tired also, I had good hopes of coming up and getting a shot. Alas! for such a chance. Of a sudden my horse lurched forward on his nose, sending me over his head on to the prairie, and turning a somersault himself, missing me by only a few feet. He had put his foot into a badger hole and brought my hopes of a white robe to a sudden end.

I got up and shook myself, not much the worse, and my first glance was after the buffalo. There they were, seemingly miles away, and on the strong gallop. All hopes of ever seeing them again had to be given up, as, after getting my horse on his feet, he stood panting and utterly done up. I had, therefore, to make the best of my way back to camp, getting in late that night, and very much disgusted. After this there was no more doubt as to the reality of the existence of the white buffalo; but, although he was often seen in the distance, sometimes at points several hundred miles apart, and on two occasions was chased by parties of our men, no one got near him; and his speed, together with that of a small band that seemed always to surround him, became noted among the Indians, who were in despair of ever being able to get a buffalo runner to catch him. It was not until another year had passed that it was my good fortune to see him again, and for the last time.

During the following summer I had occasion to take a party of police north to Bow River to arrest a Blackfoot Indian who, a few months previous, had killed an Indian belonging to a camp of Crees. I found the Blackfeet assembled in a very large camp on the bench land overlooking the Bow River on the north side. There must have been 300 lodges in the camp, and they had come to this point to hold their medicine lodge. They had quantities of meat, the buffalo being in great numbers not far to the north.

In such a large camp it was difficult to find the Indian I wanted, and I remained some days in their vicinity, awaiting a good opportunity to make him prisoner without awakening the suspicions of the rest of the camp.

For some days a very heavy prairie fire had been raging to the north, and the wind changing to that quarter on my third day in camp, was driving the fire toward the river, and everything was covered with a dense cloud of smoke. The third night the wind increased to a gale, bringing the fire down very fast toward us, and although the smoke was thick, the long line of fire to the north, running east and west as far as the eye could reach, made everything as plain as day, but with a deep red light reflected from the sky. It was a most weird scene that night, and to make matters worse, about midnight the immense herds of buffalo that had been stampeding toward the west all day, had, at a considerable distance from the river, begun to draw in toward us. We could hear the thundering sound of the multitudes as they rushed along parallel to the river, edging down more toward us every minute as the fire hemmed them in, and their bellowings could be heard above the din. Now and then a band of several hundred would break out of the smoke and swerve toward the river, and above and below us we could hear them crossing.

The large Indian camp and also our own tents were in a bad situation for an emergency of this kind, being not far from a steep bank, over a hundred feet in height, which dropped straight down to the river. About a quarter of a mile west of us a deep cañon ran down to the river from the prairie, partly filled with timber, and it was this point that the buffalo seemed trying to make for.

The Indians were in a state of great consternation, and had gathered in their bands of many hundred horses and sent them down to the river with some of the young men, while a hundred others mounted and rode along the line of passing buffalo, firing and yelling like so many demons, trying to turn the herd away from the camp.

It was certainly a grand and awe-inspiring sight; the thousands of buffalo passing on the full gallop, not a quarter of a mile away; the shouting of the Indians mingled with the bellowing and thunderous tramp of the herd; the dense smoke, and all colored by the red light of the fire reflected from the sky—and it was certainly not without danger, as at any time the frightened herd might rush through the camp, and in a very few minutes there would be nothing left of us.

Our party, together with Indians, both men and women, set fire to the prairie grass in fifty different places in a line along the camp and some hundreds of yards to the north. This would help to prevent the buffalo running over us, and there was not much danger of the fire doing any harm in the camp, as in and around the camp the horses and Indians had trampled the ground nearly bare.

We anxiously watched the result, which at first was doubtful. One band of several hundred animals broke away from the hunters and the main herd, and running between the Indian camp and our tents, a space only a few hundred yards wide, blind with smoke and terror, ran right over the bank, which had a sheer fall of over 100ft., and we could hear them crashing to the river bed below, with terrific bellowings. After about half an hour of painful anxiety the main herd seemed to have decided its course, running down the valley to the west that I have before mentioned, and for several hours we could hear their plunges in the river as they swam across. About daylight the run slackened, only now and then a buffalo being seen. The fire had passed to the west and was a long way off, burning as fiercely as ever, but all to the north was a blackened expanse of burnt ground, with here and there a dead buffalo to be seen.

The Indians were already out and cutting up the dead animals, and a party was getting ready to go down to the river to cut up and secure the robes of those which had plunged over the cut bank during the night. From the top of the banks we could see a mass of them, and a good many of them were on their feet, but so injured as to be unable to move far. With some of the men I went down with the Indians, taking our rifles with us, as a wounded buffalo is not a nice animal to go near empty-handed.

When we got down to where they lay, near the edge of the river, what a sight it was! There must have been at least 300 in one pile, one on the top of another, and we could see that many of those below were still living. Many were on their feet and made attempts to charge as we drew near, but they were at once shot by the Indians. In and across the river a number were to be seen slowly moving off, some of them badly crippled. These were not molested, but all our attention was given to the great mass of dead and wounded. The wounded were killed as fast as they could be got at I had walked down to the water's edge and was watching some of the wounded animals on the other shore, when my attention was called by a great shout from the Indians engaged in moving the bodies from the great pile I have mentioned. On going there I found them greatly excited and all thronging round a geat pile of carcasses, from under which they were digging one which, although covered with smoke, dust and clay, was without doubt white.

I pressed through the throng, and there, lying before me, and looked upon with the greatest astonishment by both Indians and whites, lay the long hunted and far-famed white buffalo. It took a close scrutiny at first to tell the class to which he belonged, but there was no doubt whatever about it; he was a white Texas steer, only one spot of red on his side, but the long horn and short hair identified him at once. How he got among the buffalo will never be known. He must have joined a band when very young and that, too, far south, for in those days no domestic cattle were to be found north of the Missouri River as far west as this. He was an old animal and must have been for many years with the buffalo. We found more than one scar on him where at different times he had been wounded, and one of his long horns was broken short off. We tried the beef, but it was tough. His hide we took with us

This was the result of the only report I ever heard in many years among the Indians of a white buffalo bring seen, and I much doubt if such an animal was ever known. What thousands of reports of the kind must this one lone white steer have given rise to, traveling for years with the great buffalo herds, seen sometimes far south of the Missouri River and then again hundreds of miles to the north. No doubt most of the stories of white buffalo seen at intervals of several years sprang from him. This was also the only case I have ever known of a domestic animal running with the buffalo herds. His history would be a thrilling one if known, but his death put an end to the white buffalo stories in the Northwest forever.

C. E. DENNEY.

[Capt. Denney's graphic story is full of interest, and he paints a capital picture of one of the scenes often witnessed in the buffalo country in the old days.

We believe, however, that his assertion that white buffalo did not occur, and that this steer gave rise to most of the reports of such albinos occurring in the Northwest, is an error. We have been told by the Indians of the killing of white buffalo. Their folk stories often refer to such animals, and we know white men who have seen animals which if not white were mostly white.

A story in some respects similar to that told by Capt. Denny was given us years ago by Mr. C. J. Jones, then of Kansas, who also believed that the white buffalo so often heard of were domesticated animals which ran with the buffalo herds.

This occurred not infrequently, and it is only a few years since a Kansas correspondent sent FOREST AND STREAM an account of an old yellow Texas cow which used to run with the buffalo on one of the forks of the Republican River in Kansas twenty-five years ago.

It is too late now to settle by the inspection of specimens the question of the white buffalo's occurrence, but we believe that the testimony of actual witnesses that they did occur must far outweigh the opinions of people who never saw any.]

ON THE POTOMAC.—III.

I stood on the bank near the beautiful river,
Whose glistening waves were plainly in sight;
I could see old Potomac still ripple and quiver,
In manhood my pleasure—my boyhood's delight.

AT the conclusion of a brief description of some of the characteristics of that portion of the feathered species classed as ultra water fowl, which annually migrated to this terraqueous extent of territory to participate in nature's abundant supplies, I closed the second stage of my tour with an episode of a contest between an eagle and a fishhawk.

I now propose to mention superficially some of the feathered sojourners, constituting the connecting links in the feathered race.

Although great numbers belonging in this class inhabit this place during one-half the year at least, and notwithstanding the large and promiscuous population within its precincts, a stranger passing along its margin during the middle of the day gets not the slightest idea of the various and beautiful colonies of animated nature assembled beneath its tangled coverts; and gazing over its apparently repulsive surface of stagnant pools, sawgrass, cattails, etc., during the silence prevailing throughout its extent at that time of the day, he would turn from it in disgust, impressed with the idea that it was a faithful picture of desolation and solitude.

On the other hand, those who have penetrated its labyrinths and visited the haunts of its inhabitants know it to be, from ocular demonstration, the antithesis of solitude and desolation.

During the early morning and evening hours it presents a scene of vivid life and activity, radiant with the charms of brilliant and diversified plumage of the different families and species with which beautiful nature adorns her feathered subjects; while the numberless and varied notes of pleasure or alarm emanating from countless throats, if not in consonance with the lexicon of modern music, is undoubtedly harmonious to a sportsman's ear.

Among the above-mentioned sojourners, which are somewhat amphibious, and, therefore, constituting the links connecting the feathered race in one family, the rail class is perhaps entitled to precedence on the ground of its aquatic nature and habits. They were quite abundant, but exceedingly shy, and seldom left their cover unless their haunts were invaded. There was at that time considerable mystery connected with this bird, which has not been entirely eradicated (particularly from the minds of the colored race), although their habits have been investigated satisfactorily. They are somewhat nocturnal; their migrations are performed at night, and their food is obtained principally under the same conditions. This, in connection with their sudden advent and departure, caused many to believe that they buried themselves in the mud, like turtles, from which they emerged at the proper season. Some contend that they are frogs, and offer what they call irrefutable evidence by saying that no one ever heard or saw a frog in the swamp when the rail were there. Yet I do not think the advocates of that conception have ever found a frog with rudimental wings, or pin feathers growing from its rear, or in any other state of transition, except when discarding its appendage as a tadpole.

I have also occasionally seen among the thickets of this pocoson a bird similar in form and movements to the rail, and, no doubt, belonging to that class, but double in size, which we called a king rail. As I have never found them in social proximity, feeding or otherwise, I have thought they were transient wanderers from a more Southern latitude. Here could also be found a numerous class of residents (to the manner born) somewhat similar in form to the rail, but not so positively aquatic or seclusive in their habits. The bird was about the size of the king rail; we called it the Indian hen, and I suppose it belongs to the class of waders. It is evidently one grade in advance of the rail. Their nests were constructed in trees contiguous to their feeding resorts, and they were frequently on the wing following at a slight elevation the swamp drains, and occasionally uttering a "squawk."

Another interesting visitor could be found here in con-

siderable numbers during the summer and early autumn. I do not think it bred here, but suppose its natal bailiwick was further south. It belongs to the class of waders, and I suppose is a relative of the heron family. In size it is between the Indian hen and blue crane. Its plumage is magnificent; the body a brilliant chestnut brown; the wings and portions of the head and neck a glossy, brilliant green—some called it an itinerant ibis—nevertheless they were there.

I also remember seeing there on one occasion—only once—a flock containing eight or ten of those majestic fowl, the spotless heron, whose home is in the Everglades of Florida. No doubt they were driven from their native locality by one of those terrific storms which occasionally sweep over portions of the country without warning, with a velocity which no fowl can withstand. Therefore, they were transient and unwilling visitors, seeking rest and recuperative powers for their weary Southern flight. The plumage of this bird is superb, but not ostentatious. Its robes of snowy white are without a blemish, and some portions are equal if not superior to the plume of the ostrich. Their handsome plumage, crowned with a splendid crest, imparts to them a regal aspect.

I now propose to insert a few words in behalf of that elevated family among the oldest inhabitants of this domain—the blue crane. He no doubt was here to welcome Capt. John Smith on his expedition up the Potomac in 1608, to explore and reveal the mysteries heretofore unknown; and no doubt the Captain found him enjoying the exalted position he still adheres to as a privilege inherent in the blood of his family. If it is true (as some say) that the coloring of fowls is produced in some measure by sympathy with the blood; then this fowl should be called the royal blue crane, which would be in concord with the lofty position he assumes, and his reserved and silent habits. I have watched him frequently when perched upon his lofty throne or superstructure, amidst the surrounding waters of his domain, his lithe and elastic neck drawn to its utmost tension, solemn and silent as the sphinx and apparently oblivious to all surrounding objects, yet his eye as keen as the optic of Argus in scrutinizing every point within the bounds of his vision. And woe unto any unfortunate frog or small reptile daring to encroach upon the line of his measured range. Swiftly as an arrow his deadly beak descends, and equally swift resumes its place. And with wonderful celerity the royal blue disposes of his conquest. Then with a business-like air (similar to that of an enterprising barber when he gets through with a customer) he seems to say: Next! Such is my knowledge of the royal blue. There were at that time several other annual visitors which may be considered in the category of aquatic fowl, at least sufficient as links in the chain of the feathered race—snipe, woodcock, plover, sand snipe, and perhaps some others. In addition, reed and blackbirds assembled here in countless numbers.

Another class of inhabitants deserve brief notice, as they have been permanent residents from time beyond the memory of that celebrated character, the oldest inhabitant—I allude to those armored amphibious cruisers, the terrapins. The surroundings being particularly congenial to their luxurious nature and habits, their development in all essential accomplishments are of the highest order, particularly their speed. Among them are the snapper, marsh, diamond-back, slider and box, all celebrated for some particular quality. The snapper is renowned for its prowess, and also for its superior edible qualities; in fact its claims to the honor of belonging to the F. F. of the turtle race is based on the tradition that its ancestors furnished personally the wedding feast of Opechanconough, the father of Powhattan. I am afraid if I delineate the superior racing qualities of our blooded stock, Major Mather would become frantic with envy when reading of the wonderful performances of speed, in comparison to those little mongrels fished out of the creeks and mud holes along the Hudson, and trained by our mutual friend, Col. Chas. H. Raymond, and himself.

The above mentioned fowl and small quadrupeds comprehend the principal residents at that time occupying this attractive locality.

> Where often I wandered in sunshine and rain,
> And often in thought I wander again.

After leaving the margin of the pocoson in pursuit of other scenes, I came in sight of a large white oak tree standing alone. Its peculiar growth and altitude attracted my attention as an object once familiar but nearly obliterated from memory. When last I had gazed upon its ample form, it was surrounded by numerous others; now this aged patriarch stands alone; its companions have fallen beneath the relentless woodman's axe. Its gnarled and massive trunk, no doubt, foiled the woodsman in his task. Therefore, it stands breasting the storm, an emblem of many of its human cotemporaries. While standing beneath its ample shade, I recalled from memory an exciting scene of my early days, enacted beneath its spreading branches during the gloomy hours of a moonless night, with only an occasional glimmer from the stars penetrating the dense foliage; and the midnight silence broken by the dismal and weird hootings of the sombre owl, mingled with the frantic shrieks of those engaged in the tragic scene. This, with the fearful echo repeating through the adjacent forest, made night hideous, and converted the beautiful sylvan scene to pandemonium. As I was a participant in assisting to inflict condign punishment on that occasion on four incorrigible corn thieves, I will endeavor to give a detailed explanation in defense of our summary action with the malefactors, in my next article.

JAS. NORRIS.

MAGNOLIA, Harford County.

P. S.—I thank the author of the article "On the James" for his favorable comments, and also his remark that my production suggested the idea of his somewhat similar one—"On the James." Therefore, I am gratified to think my efforts have been successful in arousing an interest in one contributor at least, to assist in rescuing from obscurity many historical events and incidents worthy of record, which, in a few years, will be swallowed in the vortex of oblivion. J. N.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Adirondack History.

CONCERNING those "incidents in Adirondack history," which S., of Troy, N. Y., questions in my article on Alvah Dunning, I will say: I was wrong in stating that Sir William Johnson fought in the Revolutionary War, for he died at Johnstown, N. Y., July 11, 1774, not by his own hand, as S. says "many believe," but from over exertion at an Indian council.

S. is in error in saying that Johnson "didn't fight Indians," and that "he lived on most amicable terms with his red brothers." I will quote from Johnson's Universal Cyclopedia: "* * * In the French war of 1755 Johnson was commissioned a major-general and commander-in-chief of the Provincial forces in the expedition against Crown Point, in which he defeated Baron Dieskau at Lake George (so named by him) and destroyed his army in September, 1755. Johnson was severely wounded in this engagement, which was considered so important that it procured him the thanks of Parliament, a grant of £5,000 and a baronetcy. In 1756-57 Sir William was engaged in the expedition for the relief of Oswego and Fort William Henry, was with Abercrombie at Ticonderoga in 1758, and was second in command under Gen. Prideau in the expedition against Fort Niagara in 1759. On the death of Prideau, who was killed before that fort, Sir William prosecuted the seige, aided by 1,000 Indian allies; defeated a French force sent to relieve the fort and received its unconditional surrender. In 1760 he participated in Amherst's expedition to Montreal. For these services Sir William received from the king a grant of 100,000 acres of land north of the Mohawk, long known as Kingsland, or the Royal Grant." And if this wasn't fighting, then I don't know.

The elder Dunning served with Sir William, and also in the war of the Revolution. Without casting any doubt on the different stories that S. relates of Stoner and Nat Foster, from which he thinks there was created a Dunning myth, of which he is not quite certain, I will acknowledge that I was not there when Alvah's father killed an Indian with a bundle of traps just after the Revolutionary war, for boasting of an atrocious murder; but my informant got the story from a clergyman, who heard it over forty years ago near Johnstown, and it passed unchallenged.

I have replied to S. to the best of my ability, and for the facts about Sir William will refer him to "The Life of Sir William Johnson," by W. L. Stone, 1865, and also to Appleton's "Encyclopedia," in addition to what I have quoted. I got the story of the killing of the Indian so straight that I believe it, and am also willing to believe that each of the three stories which S. quotes may be true. In those days it was a small thing to kill an Indian in a drunken brawl, and the Dunning story may not be at all connected with the other two.

The spelling of Popskinny is not as serious a thing as the others mentioned, because, no doubt, every Dutch surveyor spelled those Indian names by ear, and put them on his maps as seemed best unto him. Therefore S's maps differ in the spelling of the name of this, to me, historic stream from those of Mr. Stott and of Col. Teller, both of whom have shown me that my ear-spelling is wrong; but as the surveyors of over a century ago disagreed over the spelling, I think mine as good as theirs.

FRED MATHER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM of April 24, S., of Troy, takes exception to some statements made by Major Mather in his article on Alvah Dunning. Our Troy friend is right in saying that Sir William Johnson did not fight Indians during the Revolutionary War, but wrong in saying that he did not fight them before that date. Sir William died July 4, 1774, possibly by his own hand as suggested; but knowing what we do of his habits, his death at fifty-nine years of age could not have been unexpected. As Major-General, Johnson commanded the provincial troops in the attack on Crown Point in 1775-8, and in 1760 led the English Indians in the advance on Montreal. In both of these small wars Gen. Johnson fought the French Indians. Sir William did live on most friendly terms with the Indians of the Six Nations, and Molly Bran, the Mohawk squaw, whose relations with Johnson are well known, had great influence with her people. The General is supposed to have been on the side of the Colonists, but his descendants were rank Tories.

As I seem to be the "other fellow" referred to by S., permit me to say that my spelling of the name of our fishing Major's Popskinny was taken from the earliest published records. Of course all these early names were spelled phonetically. We know now that the French were the discoverers of this Hudson's River and first settlers at Albany. Following them came the Dutch, and lastly the English. Under these conditions the ancient Indian names had a fair chance to get badly tangled.

A. C. STOTT.

Natural History.

WOLVES IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

IT was in 1855 that I headed an exploring party to search for iron-ore in the mountain range which is the divide between Franklin, Lawrence, Hamilton and Essex Counties, New York, and is the head waters of the streams which flow east and west. It was a solitary desert then, rarely visited except by occasional explorers who were searching for deposits of the rich, magnetic iron there abounding. We left Plattsburg as soon as the snow was in good condition for snow-shoeing, and made our camps along the crest of the divide so that there should not be any risk of going astray in the wilderness. As soon as the snow had gone we went to work. Trails were made from camp to camp, and the deer were there in thousands. The wolves were still more numerous, as it seemed, and we rarely were out at night except when we were caught unawares in some difficult locality. I had been from one camp to another, five miles distant, and thought I could get through before dark I was alone, with nothing but my Colt's navy and a small axe.

The trail was muddy and I was soon overtaken by the darkness on account of the deep mire along it, so that I was far behind time. I had taken the precaution to have a man meet me on the trail, but he did not appear when it got dark, and I stumbled along the trail the best way I could. I lost my shoes in the mud and got within a mile of the camp when I heard the wolves behind me. They soon got within sight in the bright moonlight, and it was not long before I found it judicious to get my back against a tree and show fight. I exhausted my revolver and then took to my axe, chopping at those which came near enough. The vile beasts sat around me and howled. Oh! how dismally! I had told the Emerald islander who was to meet me to bring my dog with him when he came to meet me, but calling my loudest and whistling as shrilly as my wind would permit, I kept on the defensive for, it seemed, hours. The beasts circled about me and gave me all I could do to keep them at arms' length; a few I laid low with my axe, but a very big sum would have been given just then for some help.

By and by I heard a yelp, and the instant after my dog bounded into the pack, and the snarling and howling of the wolves as he worried the pack was something I never could have imagined. I helped the dog with my axe, and we together finally made the pack retreat. Then I felt such a lightness of heart that I have not forgotten through all the years since. I feel it now as I write, and thank that brave dog for my safety. That event has ever since made me reverence the dog, and fixed a firm friendship for the canine race. I went on my way rejoicing, never caring for my feet, now entirely bare, and bleeding from the wounds made by the sharp snags in the trail. When I got into view of the light of the camp, I found my Irishman sitting on a log waiting for me. He was positively trembling with fear, and gave little attention to the talk I gave him, which, you may be sure, was in vigorous terms and not to be mistaken, even by an Irishman. Meanwhile my dog was licking his wounds, and I sat on the log to rest and comfort him before I went to my camp. I have been in some tight places in the woods since, but in none that would match that night.

I am glad to hear that the wolves no longer prowl about in those mountains, for it is not a pleasant thing to get into too close company with them.

Some years after I made acquaintance with a small gang of jet black ones in northern Michigan around a camp. Three of them were killed within a few feet of our meat house. These are all the black ones I ever met in the many years I have spent in the woods.

I won't say the truth about the fish then in these Adirondack waters, further than at one spawning season I could have scooped up a wagon load from one bed in a few minutes; they literally filled the streams. The whole truth would hardly be believed. H. STEWART.

I have been asked, as a taxidermist in the Adirondacks, to tell what I know about wolves in that region, which will make a short chapter in your valuable columns.

In the fourteen years I have spent there, I have known of but two wolves taken, both of which have been mentioned in a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM. The last was taken by Reuben Crev, in 1894, at Brandeth Lake, which I mounted at Blue Mountain Lake. I think, from this fellow's teeth, that he had lived to see many and great changes in his native forests since his cub days, and believe that he must have been the last or about the last of his kind. I have never seen so aged and dilapidated a mouth as this specimen had in any wild animal, and he must have soon died for lack of ability to seize and hold his prey, though he seemed in a good condition for one of his kind. I have always taken an interest in wolves (at a distance) and have made many inquiries of guides and trappers, but have not heard that even a track has been seen in the last three years. Five or six years ago it was not a very uncommon thing to see a few tracks in the Moose River region, the most secluded in the wilderness. C. H. D.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

I AM afraid Brother Von W. has been staying in the woods too closely. He would know better otherwise than to be surprised at a minister welcoming the truth in regard to the intellectual life of animals. Ministers are not, as a class, "opposed to scientific investigation" of any kind. Sometimes they object to "science, falsely so called," or to the inference that because a man knows something of natural science he is therefore competent to decide the most complicated question in Biblical criticism and dogmatic theology. But the animals have no better friends than these same preachers. John Wesley believed animals had souls, and expected to find them in heaven. And the author of the most popular natural history ever written was a minister.

It seems to me that there is no need any longer to doubt the rational quality of many of the actions of our four-footed friends. Old Roan was a cavalry horse marked I. C. (inspected and condemned). My father (a preacher, by the way, and as keen a hunter as ever trailed a deer or fooled a turkey) bought him at a Government auction for $12. When plenty of corn and oats and good treatment had counteracted the effects of hard cavalry service, ten times that price would not have bought him. He was a capital traveler and a good farm horse. But his intelligence in opening gates was extraordinary. He learned the trick of lifting a latch as soon as the new barn was built. Then we put a ring over the top of the post. He soon got on to this, and flipped it off with his upper lip. A chain, with the links keyed together, he could manage very well, also a rope, if he could get at the knot with his teeth.

His stall was closed by sliding bars. These he learned to slip back with his teeth almost immediately. We then bored holes in them and put in pins to keep them from slipping, but he studied this out, and drew the pins with his teeth. A hole was then made in the same bar, but at the inner end, behind the planking of the side of the stall. This stumped him for a good while, but he finally worked it out, found the pin, drew it, slipped back the bar and walked forth in triumph.

Your Iowa correspondent's amusing account of the way his dogs hunted rabbits brought up boyish recollections to me that caused a chuckle to pervade my inner man. Did you ever plow new ground? If so you will agree with me that it is just as well for a boy engaged in this occupation to have some source of distraction, as amusing as possible, if his record for language such as ladies might properly hear is to be kept immaculate. For when a broken root the size of your wrist slips off the plowshare and "swings" for his naked shin, or his team starts one second too soon or too late, yanking a heavy plow underneath an unbreakable grub just after he has laboriously heaved it out for the third time, or when a hidden stump fillips the plow handle up under his fifth rib, he is in danger of intemperate speech. The rabbit hunting of my two dogs furnished an atmosphere of hilarity which, as I look back now, seems to have thoroughly pervaded my last experience of this kind of pioneer farming. Ah me, what a darling, indulgent mother Dame Nature is! I know those were days of hard, sordid toil, but that is not the way I remember them.

At an end of the clearing, which had been made in a grove of sapling oaks and elms, was a great pile of rails and poles which had not been needed in making the worm fence. The dogs in question were a Black and Tan terrier and a lumbering cur. A wooded hill ran alongside the field, and the descent to the piles of rails was steep. From time to time a yap, yap, on top of the hill would give me warning. Here would come bunny, and behind her the black and brown pursuers. Now, when a rabbit runs down a steep, rough hill, she must be careful not to smash those delicate forelegs. So old Lion always gained on the down grade; but as all the rabbits made for the wood-pile, the dogs soon adopted Shep's tactics and made a bee line for it as soon as the chase commenced. They often beat Bre'r Rabbit so badly that he changed his mind and went elsewhere. Once in particular I looked up to see Lion coming down the hill like a gale, the terrier just behind, her head bobbing with the rapid working of her short legs, while she emitted that volley of yelping which seems as necessary to the running of a small dog as the puffing of a locomotive is to its progress. The rabbit was off to one side, trying in vain to lead the procession. Just in the middle of the race the leading dog made a misstep and doubled himself around a sapling with a loud *wow*. Bre'r Rabbit turned back up the hill, and seemed to the boyish spectator to wink with his other eye and point a derisive ear at the demoralized party of the second part. The smile of the boy between the plow-handles was wide and audible.

The interest of the dogs in getting to the rail-pile will be appreciated from what often happened there. The terrier

could frequently squeeze into the openings among the crooked poles. The instant she did so Lion would dash to the other end and stand guard. Then the poor rabbit was doomed. The most amusing part of the transaction would be the little dog's excitement, when, as often happened, she could not follow the rabbit through, but had to back out. The reckless haste which she made to the other end of the pile to see whether Lion had done his part was extremely comical.

I am glad Mount Tom can appreciate a dog's smile. I had often spoken of it to my wife, to whom all dogs look alike dreadful. But she could never see it till a year or two ago, when as we were visiting a friend's hacienda a greyhound puppy greeted us one morning with a smile that was absolutely dazzling. A dog shows his teeth in smiling, like the human animal, but supplements this very effectually with ears and tail.

Now, you see, I started to answer Mount Tom's question, "Did they reason?" and inasmuch as this screed may not be scientifically clear, I will give you my answer here: Of course they reasoned, just as you do and just as I do. I always believed it, and I believe it a good deal more since reading Mr. Thompson's capital letter. AZTEC.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mexico.

CARNIVOROUS SQUIRRELS.

HAD it not been that I read Mr. Sandys's note in FOREST AND STREAM, April 24, about carnivorous squirrels, I doubt if I would have had the courage to write the following:

Last September I was fishing the Metabetchouan River, in Canada, for ouananiche. Our camp was in a shanty near the third, or Island Pool, and one morning going down the steep path to the pool I stepped over a dead snake. I was going so fast, rather against my will on account of the grade, that I was not sure the snake was dead, and when I could pull myself up and come to a halt by grabbing the bushes, I turned back to make sure. To my surprise a chipmunk was tearing away at the dead snake like one possessed. It was a double surprise; first, that the little animal should be there at all a few seconds after I had passed over the spot, and second, that it should be eating the flesh of the snake, for that was certainly what it seemed to be doing when I interrupted it. When we returned from the pool we examined the snake, and it had a hole back of its neck which looked as though something had eaten of the snake, but my friend Mr. Rathbone laughed me to scorn when I said it was the mark of the chipmunk, for he contended that the "chip" was not carnivorous. Certainly the "chip" was not playing tag with the dead snake when I caught him in the act of digging into the snake's vitals with his teeth; and if he was not breaking his fast, what was he doing? I made a memorandum of the facts on the spot, but have never dared until now to print them. A. N. C.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., April 19.—Could Jacobstaff walk in on me at this time he would not only see a squirrel eat meat, but he would hear as well. A red squirrel sits on a post at the open door gnawing a bit of well-fried pork rind. This squirrel is not famished, for there is food enough for a dozen or more in the door-yard. Besides, he has just left off sprouting sweet acorns, so he could have had his fill, but instead is eating meat because he seems to relish a certain amount.

I have to inclose all fat meat for chickadees and nuthatches in wire netting to keep the squirrels from carrying it away.

Squirrels prefer the flesh of birds to any other meat, but will eat all kinds, choosing the lean first.

Red squirrels eat young birds, and doubtless would eat old ones if they could catch them. The scamps give me no rest while the young birds are in my door-yard.

By the way, I wonder if it is generally known that squirrels sprout acorns just as farmers sprout potatoes? Well, they do, and for the same reason. Some time in the near future I will write out what I have observed of this interesting feature of squirrel life for FOREST AND STREAM. HERMIT.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., April 29.—I noticed in FOREST AND STREAM something regarding the carnivorous propensities of squirrels. I have had nearly all varieties in captivity, and found that they were very fond of meat occasionally, either cooked or raw. A chipmunk fairly goes crazy over a piece of raw beef and devours a worm with relish. MOHICAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my short article on a shooting with a muzzleloader of 105 squirrels in a little over two hours, the rodents feeding on a dead horse, I merely wished to record a tale as told me, for your Camp-fire Flickerings column.

The allusion to the carnivorous act, situation of teeth, grinders, etc., I put in as a "flyer," hoping to draw out some of your many correspondents. I was glad to see that our friend E W. Sandis has very pleasantly replied. Of course, the *Sciuridæ* are carnivorous at times. I had a pair of black squirrels that, having been caught when quite young, became very tame and very mischievous, as well as smart. They were allowed to roam at will over the house and extension grounds, and I well remember that quite a large dish of sausages was cleaned up in rapid time by the scoundrels while the good housewife's back was turned, and that after she had just given them a hearty meal of corn.

They did not masticate the meat, but, like the vulture and buzzard, simply gorged. Am I not right? But those little black imps would devour anything, apples, cabbage, lettuce, and I don't know but what they would suck eggs (though I won't swear to that). I believe they disposed of a ¾lb. trout that I had reserved for one of our professors. We could not prove it on them, and it was laid to the cat; but as the cat had disappeared some two weeks before and had not been seen since, it was doubtful.

I think these queries and answers by brother sportsmen are a very pleasant feature in a paper like ours. It is bringing together, as it were, in closer communion of congenial spirits. And if we cannot talk with our brother in these columns, where can we? There are eyes and eyes. Some eyes see what other eyes, even when directed to the same objects, do not, especially when viewing nature "in its various moods," and the peculiarities of its wild creatures' life. Some eyes are very keen, and their owners know how to use them, and to tell us about what they see, and to tell it well; and we, the less favored, are made glad by what we are able to see through their eyes.

But, pshaw! I am getting garrulous (that's a good word, isn't it?). But I am getting old, and can no longer climb the rugged mountain after the whirring grouse, nor tramp the fields as I could a score of years ago, but I like to see in print the good times others are having.

Some philospher has said that there are only two pleasures in this life: the "pleasure of anticipation" and "the pleasure of retrospection." Well, I am principally on the retrospect just now, and I know that in a varied career of nearly three score and ten I have had my share of enjoyment in the victories in forest and field, and by the babbling brooks or sounding waves of the sea. There I go again. Good luck and good cheer to all brother lovers of the dog and gun. JACOBSTAFF.

The Cat and the Door-Latch.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., April 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When that happy time comes, if ever, when correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM shall meet in the flesh, as they now do in its columns in the spirit, I shall hope to be able to shake hands with Charles Josiah Adams.

Mr. Adams's own book, on his dog, was first loaned me by a friend, but recently the rector of the church in this village, which makes "three of us" who agree.

Many years ago, when I was a small boy, my mother owned one of the old-fashioned "tortoise-shell" cats, so much oftener read of than seen. Now, pussy, though a celebrated mouser, was rather a misanthropic individual, and avoided personal contact with the family as much as possible, but had a great fondness for the warm spot under the kitchen stove, from which she was often, for various reasons, shut out. Still, she was often found in the kitchen when she had been expelled, while no one had opened the door for her, and her entrance was a puzzle, until one day, when one of the family discovered the secret. Just outside the door leading into the back kitchen stood a long wash-sink against the wall, with its front edge just coming out to the line of the doorjamb. Eighteen inches or so above this, in the corner next the door, was a broad shelf, on which stood the soap-dish.

The door had the old-fashioned "latch" on the inside, with the handle and thumb-plate on the outside. Now, pussy was seen by some one out on the "stoop" to jump up on the sink, and from there to the soap shelf, and thence down against the door, bringing her paws together on the thumb-plate, and thus lifting the latch inside, while the weight of her body forced the door open.

Of course, like all cats, she landed on her feet on the floor, and gently walked into the now open door and took up her accustomed position under the stove.

Now, if this was not a clear case of reasoning I never heard of one. VON W.

"Instinct vs. Reasoning."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have so often broken lances with my respected friend, Rev Charles Josiah Adams, on the above matter, and have so thoroughly appreciated his chivalry as an opponent, that we seem to have about agreed to disagree.

If you will permit, I will say that the question whether intelligent acts in animals proceed from instinct, or from reasoning, narrows down to a very small lane—thus: We all admit that there is a wide difference between the mentalities of man and the lower animals. There are acts involving reasoning, so low in reasoning requirements as to be within the compass of the mentalities of the most degraded of human beings, and yet are entirely beyond the powers of the most intelligent animal. The gathering of apes around the expiring fire left by travelers, basking in and enjoying its warmth, yet totally incapable of maintaining the source of their enjoyment by pushing the expiring embers together, or the cow, quieted by the stuffed skin of her recently killed calf being given her, proceeding to eat the hay with which that skin was stuffed, are all illustrations of this. Now with such glaring instances of incapacity to reason staring us in the face, is it not clear that the lower animals do not reason in the sense that man does, and that their intelligences differ in *kind* even more than in degree? W. WADE.

OAKMONT, Pa., April 27.

The Crocodile's Upper Jaw.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., April 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reference to the statement of mine that the Nicaraguan alligators lie with their mouth wide open, the upper jaw elevated, nearly at a right angle, I inclose a letter just received from Lieut. Peary, the Arctic explorer, who preceded me in command of the expedition engaged in laying out the Nicaragua Canal. You will see that this letter confirms my statement, and further confirmation may be found in the writings of Alex Von Humboldt, who states the same fact as to the alligators of South America that he saw in his travels. J. FRANCIS LEBARON.

Lieut. Peary writes to Mr. LeBaron: "I have repeatedly seen the alligators lying on the sand banks in the San Juan with their upper jaws elevated at a very high angle, though I could hardly swear that the jaws were precisely perpendicular. To all intents and purposes I believe your statement to be correct. R N. PEARY, Civil Engineer, U. S. N.

A Cat Adopts a Rat.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., April 29.—The following is taken from a newspaper published in this city: "Mr. J. G. Davison, is owner of a cat which recently gave birth to two kittens The other day he discovered a nest of rats and caught and gave them to the cat, which killed and devoured all but one, which it has adopted. She prizes it as much as her legitimate offspring and fondles and licks it with every symptom of a mother's affection, and the young rodent is very happy with its adopted mother. Perhaps the mother's affection is genuine and then again she may be waiting for a good fat meal.

A Coon's Age.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A common expression for an indefinite, but rather long, time is "a coon's age." There is no need to suppose that this is based upon a popular impression that the raccoon is particularly long-lived, but what are the facts? Can any of your readers give any precise knowledge of the ages which coons have been known to reach? E. I.

Bewick's Wren in Northern Ohio.

LAKEWOOD, O., April 20.—I caught to-day with my hand a fine male specimen of this species, while the bird was flying against the window of my hen-house. I have been a very close observer and collector of birds for the past twenty-five years, and never saw nor heard of one being taken here before. I therefore think I can safely say that this is the first on record in this vicinity. A. HALL.

Game Bag and Gun.

FORTY YEARS IN GAME COUNTRIES.

NORTHWEST TERRITORIES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am now going to do what I have often intended to do for some years, but have been stopped by what is generally called procrastination, and at the same time being in doubt whether some of my hunting experiences would be acceptable to your valuable paper, being in many ways so opposite to what the general ideal of your hunting correspondents express.

I have retired after having enjoyed the best hunting in this country. From 1854 I had the buffalo to 1860. I then went West, and hunted the Upper Frazer through to the Finlay Branch, and down the Stikeen River to the coast till 1865. From there I came back to the north branch of the Saskatchewan, and hunted for five years on the east side and through the Rockies up to the Laird River, without going out once from 1860 to 1870; I was not employed, but was on a simple hunting and prospecting tour from 1870 to 1893. I have hunted through the whole of the Peace River, Athabasca River, English River, in fact from the Rockies to York Factory and Churchhill, and north to Great Slave Lake. I may safely say there is no one in the country who knows so much of it as I do, or who has enjoyed such unlimited sport—buffalo in Saskatchewan in thousands; big horns, goats, caribou, bears of all kinds in the Rockies; bears and caribou on the west side; bears, moose, caribou and reindeer in Peace River, Athabasca and English River, to say nothing of thousands of beaver; and as for wildfowl—geese, swans and ducks—you can imagine what they must have been on large feeding and breeding grounds, where few disturb them and shot is the only scarce article.

Now for one reason I don't agree with most of your hunting correspondents. Some write in favor of large bore rifles, some for middling size, some for small, for moose to grizzly bears. I say never take a rifle in a wood country if you are a hunter; and particularly never fire at a grizzly bear at more than four or five steps from him; and if your nerves are what they ought to be, you kill him at once or run on him with the left barrel and blow his brains out. Use a double-barrel gun. You can shoot quicker than with a rifle, which in thick woods is necessary, and you should never shoot moose or any large deer over 100yds. at the most, and seldom at that distance.

My idea of a hunter is a man who can beat an animal with his own weapons: the game has good eyes, good ears and good nose to save himself with and enable him to run from danger before it is too close. If you are a hunter you should be able to approach him so close that he cannot get away. I used nothing but a muzzleloading double-barrel gun, 28-bore, for all my hunting up to 1886, when I took a run home to England, and then I had made a breechloader of 20-bore. I would use no other either for ball or shot; and even here, with all sorts of hunters and guns about me, my small bore fills up the bag with ducks, chickens, snipe, etc., as well as the 12 and 16-bore do.

Your hunters may call me a pot-hunter, and I may call them only target shooters, who could not live by their guns unless they had markets close at hand. H. I. M.

WESTERN GUIDES AND OUTFITS.

ROCKY MOUNTAINS, April 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It may possibly be an advantage to some of your readers who contemplate a camping trip in the Rocky Mountains with pack and saddle animals, to know what provisions one wants to take along, and cost for guides, packers, cooks, saddle and pack animals. As there is not a uniform rate throughout the West, I will only give the prices usually charged in Montana and Wyoming by the outfitters.

As a rule, your guide will furnish everything required for the trip, and if informed in time will have everything ready to start on your arrival at his headquarters. This means several days' work, for which there is no charge.

If you wish to rough it a bit and do some of the camp work (presuming you know how), you can get along with one man, who is guide, packer and cook. As there is considerable work in camp and on the trails, he will not be able to devote much time to your pleasure. If you have another man along to do the cooking, help pack, see to the camp and animals, your guide can devote all his time to you. If you wish to go very comfortably and have camp chairs, tables, cots, your bed made down at night and rolled for you in the morning; if you wish to start out ahead of the pack train, not seeing them again until night; if you don't wish to travel with the pack animals along the trails, nor to take a hand now and then to pull one out of the mud and get its pack off and on again—you would better have another man to help the cook take care of the pack outfit. He can look after the horses, help the cook, build camp-fires and do many of the thousand and one things constantly turning up. You can get along without them, however. It all depends on how you wish to travel. Additional men and horses mean additional expense. If you travel alone it is more expensive than for each one of a party, when there are companions to share the expenses. But if you are on a hunting trip and there is more than one hunter in the party, he must share the country with the others or make side trips from a main camp. If you are out only for pleasure to see the country or for scientific purposes, your party can be large to your advantage, making the expenses much less where shared by many, at the same time giving you ample help in camp.

The first important thing is to secure your guide. Contract with him for everything you wish him to furnish at so much per day, for a stated number of days if possible. Understand just how much you are to pay before starting out. Don't wait until the trip is over before making a bargain.

I ought to say something about both parties standing by their contract. If by any unforeseen cause you are obliged to give up your trip at the last moment, ought you to pay for the whole thing, just as though you made the whole trip? The guide has made a bargain with you for a service; he has engaged men, possibly having taken them from other work; has refused other parties, and might be unable to get another trip that year; in fact, would lose his season's work by your failure to go. On the other hand,

what ought the guide to pay in the way of damage, who, after contracting to go with one party, throws them over for something better, and fails to fulfill his contract? If it is late in the season, it may be impossible to secure competent men and transportation. If the guide is able to secure another party on the failure of the first one, they ought not to pay for a loss the guide does not sustain. I speak of this because there have been many disappointed guides in the West, and a few very angry and discouraged hunting parties, who arrive or start at the last moment without knowing anything about their outfits, where they are going to secure men and animals, or even if they are going to get transportation at all, owing to the failure of their guides. Under any circumstance, they lose valuable time. Therefore, it is best for both parties to the contract to have an understanding, if there is any considerable amount involved.

I will give a list of provisions based on the ration list used by the United States Geological survey. The quantities are ample, and there is enough variety for any camping trip. Of the 100lbs. of fresh meat, fish and fowl, only a small proportion could be taken on a long trip—enough fresh meat to last until something could be killed, or meat could be obtained as required. Fish and fowl are supposed to be had only when camping where they can be gotten fresh. If no fresh meat can be obtained, additional salt meat must be carried. The canned corned beef is excellent for lunches and hash. About all the provision can be purchased at any of the larger outfitting towns by your guide. If you have any particular kind of tea or coffee, it may be advisable to bring it from the East, also a few delicacies for lunches. The provision list can be varied to suit the taste, either adding additional canned goods, or more of one thing and less of another. The proportions on the list are what usually fills the bill. It is for 100 rations, or food for one man for 100 days, as follows:

Ration List for One Man, 100 Days.

Fresh meat, including fish and poultry	100lbs.
Cured meat—hams, bacon and salt pork	45lbs.
Lard or fat salt pork	10lbs.
Flour—"Montana"	60lbs.
Corn meal, hominy grits, farina, California Breakfast Food, oatmeal, rolled oats, in all	15lbs.
Dr. Price's baking powder	3½lbs.
Sugar—granulated	40lbs
Coffee—roasted	10lbs.
Tea	1lb.
Condensed milk—Eagle brand	8 cans.
Condensed cream—St. Charles or Imperial	12 cans.
Butter	11lbs.
Dried fruits—Apples (5), apricots (3), peeled peaches (?), prunes (3), raspberries (2), prunells (3), plums (2), in all	20lbs.
Rice	10lbs.
Beans (white Navy)	10lbs.
Potatoes	80lbs.
Onions	20lbs.
Macaroni	8lbs.
Cheese	8lbs.
Spices	2oz.
Mustard	8oz.
Flavoring extracts	2 bottles.
Pepper	4oz.
Pickles, chow chow, etc	3qts.
Vinegar	1qt.
Salt	4lbs.
Canned corned beef	6 2lb. cans.
Boston baked beans	8 2lb. cans.
Worcestershire sauce	1 bottle.
Canned tomatoes, corn, peas (sifted or French)	A few cans.
Peaches, pears, cherries	A few cans.
Maple sugar for syrup	5lbs.
Can of syrup	1qt.
Cocoa (Baker's)	1lb.

There are a few things that can be added to the above list. There will be a surplus of a few things, depending very much upon the taste of the party. If the trip is for a number of days, less or more than 100 rations, the quantities can be purchased accordingly. Don't make the mistake of judging the quantity of food for a mountain trip by your home appetite. The cost for provision is usually from 50 cents to 75 cents per day per man. This is in addition to the cost for men and animals.

The usual price for guides in Montana is $5 per day, including his saddle horse. For a packer and his horse, from $2.50 to $3; and the same for a first-class cook, including his saddle horse; camp helpers from $30 per month to $2.50 per day, mounted. Saddle horses are from 75 cents to $1 per day; pack animals from 50 cents to $1 per day, according to the length of the trip.

It depends very much on the amount of personal baggage a party takes with them how many pack animals they will require. The length of the trip and kind of traveling regulate the loading, which is usually from 150 to 200lbs. per animal.

One man, with his guide, can get along very nicely with three pack animals for a thirty-day trip, if he does not take too much baggage.

A party ought to have at least five pairs of good blankets to the man, with a "comfortable." Sleeping bags are very good, but are not sufficient alone; they are too warm for summer use if heavy enough for winter. A sleeping bag and three pairs of blankets and a piece of canvas 8×10ft. make a good bed for summer and winter.

The guides ought to furnish all camp outfit free, including blankets, pillows, canvas, cooking outfit, tables, chairs, tents, first-class saddles and good horses; in fact, everything required by a party except their personal baggage, guns and fishing rods. X.

Connecticut Game.

I have just had a visit from a brother, who has been back to our old home in New London county, Conn. He told me that ruffed grouse were more numerous there now than he had ever seen them, and his observations of that locality date back for forty years.

He also saw many woodcock, since they had returned there from the South.

Nearly all the trout brooks and much of the shooting grounds are posted. John Williams.

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

ON RUNWAY AND WATER.

When I was in Waterloo at the gun club tournament I had an invitation to accompany a party on a deer hunt to the Fish and Game Club of St. Jerome at Lac Chapleau, Quebec

This was a chance I have looked for for several years past, but somehow I never could make connections. I was delighted with the idea.

When the train pulled in at Granby I found Messrs. Joseph Lefebvre, A. E. I. Beaulne, C. A. Nutting, Zoel Hudon and Joseph Clement from Waterloo as the main party. At Farnham we expected to take on three more, but only George Clement turned up.

At Montreal Mr. Arthur Whiteford joined us with his Irish setter dog that he said belonged to a friend in the city, had never seen anything nearer a tree than a telegraph pole on McGill street, or anything nearer a partridge than a sparrow on the same street, but "Boys," he said, "he's got the stuff in him, great blood, finely bred, and will hunt partridges on sight."

This made a party of eight. I bought a .40-82 Marlin rifle; Nutting had a .44 Winchester, Beaulne a .38-55 something, we won't say what it was because we never found out. There was one shot fired from it at a target, when it ceased to work, and despite the best mechanical talent in the party it remained obstinate and never said a word. All the rest had shotguns.

It was expected that we might get a deer or two, but that partridges and ducks would be the principal sport, so duck and partridge shells formed the bulk of the ammunition. However, we took along twenty-five buckshot shells for luck.

We had a sixteen-mile drive over colonization roads from the terminus of the railway and duly arrived at the club house about 4:30 A. M. A supper, breakfast or whatever you might want to call it, was prepared by the keeper, after which some of us retired, I among the number, to try and get a little sleep. The rest of the party, however, began firing at targets and trying my rifle, keeping up such a racket that I could not sleep, so I came down. I found two had been out after some fish, and had been fortunate enough to get eight parchaud, which we had for breakfast about 11 o'clock.

The guides had turned up, bringing two dogs, mother and son, very ordinary-looking dogs, mostly collie, but claimed to be A1 dogs

About 2 o'clock it was decided to go out and try them for a deer just across the lake. We took to the boats. I being a particularly green hand was toled off with Beaulne, who was supposed to be an old deerslayer, having visited the north regularly for the past eleven years, well posted on deer runways, knew just where the deer would take the water as soon as he heard the dogs bark, perfectly cool and collected, never got excited under any circumstances, and old enough to be my father.

I congratulated myself. Of course I did the rowing over. When we arrived at our place I beached the boat, under his instructions broke off some dead limbs that would obstruct the view, getting everything just as wanted, all the time learning the whys and wherefores of all our actions.

We were just nicely settled when the boat commenced to swing with the wind, making some noise, which Beaulne said would have to be obviated. However, he would do it, which he proceeded to do, arranging the boat so it would be handy to take to the water, as we were to wait until the deer had made about two acres in the lake before making our presence known, as, sooner, it would turn and get back to the woods before we could head it off.

He did not get it just right. I suggested that he place the keel upon a flat stone that showed above the water a few inches, then all we would have to do would be to lift it off as we got in, when we were immediately able to row away.

This was satisfactory. When he gave the signal I was to rush cautiously to the boat, place myself with the rifle in the bow, when he would lift the boat off the stone and row me quickly on to the deer, so I could get my first deer.

Finally I was told where to sit; must keep perfectly quiet, and in all things be governed by him.

He took his seat about 30ft. from me, where he could look over a bay, I to keep watch on the opposite shore, and signal him should I see anything on the water.

I put seven cartridges in my magazine, threw one into the rifle, sat down and scarcely breathed; in fact, was so still that a squirrel came and ate a burr within about 5ft. of me. We stayed that way for about an hour, when we heard the dogs a long way off; finally they seemed nearer, when we heard a shot. Beaulne immediately jumped up, telling me to get into the boat, as there was a deer in the water which possibly might get away from the others, in which event we would be right "in it."

I noticed he made considerable noise, but I said never a word. I took my place in the bow, as instructed. He jumped in, grabbed the oars, and commenced to pull for all he was worth. He had forgotten to take the keel off the stone, and in his excitement could not think what was the matter, but made an awful racket with the oars on the rocks and gravel. I suggested he lift it off the stone first, but he thought he could pull it off, handing me the paddle to push with. In the meantime we heard another shot down in the same direction. This greatly excited Beaulne, who said we would miss the deer unless we got out on the lake. I dropped the paddle, stepped into the water, lifted the boat off, and got in again, when he made the oars bend. By that time everything was quiet. He rowed me around the lake a bit, but we could not see any deer. Finally I suggested we return to our place, as the dogs might still run one our way. This we did, waiting another half hour or so, once hearing the dogs running away from us; but nothing came our way.

During this wait Beaulne sat nearer to me, keeping up quite a talk, as he said the dogs were likely with the guides or some of the others. When we heard the dogs Beaulne became quite animated, motioning to me to keep very quiet He then put his ear on an old log, explaining that when you wanted to hear anything a long way off by putting your ear to the ground you could hear which way the deer was running, etc., etc. I was beginning to lose faith in him a bit, as I thought he was doing too much talking for a still hunter; but then he was supposed to know all about it. We also heard a couple of shots around the point; but Beaulne did not know who was stationed at that point, and gave it as his opinion some fool was shooting at ducks.

Just then we heard some voices, and were surprised to find the canoe with the guide, George Clement, Jo Lefebvre and Hudon therein with their deer, a yearling buck.

Clement was the lucky man. He had been sitting quietly in his stand when he saw the deer coming close to him, but was in a bad position to shoot. However, he fired from the left shoulder and saw it drop behind some bushes, but making a very big racket. Catching another glimpse of it he fired again and then moved over that way, when he found it was still alive, so gave it the final shot we heard. The first charge of buckshot had broken the hind leg clear off just below the gambrel, the other lodging in the body.

When we got back to the club house, about 5 P. M., we were delighted to find a two-year-old buck hanging from the club-house post. Two of the guides were at the wharf whom we asked who had shot it. They replied, "Petit homme sou!" This meant Whiteford, who had a bad cold he had been doctoring for a week; his eyes were swollen and more or less bloodshot. He was also full of spirits, singing snatches of songs, was a bit of a ventriloquist and made lots of fun for the party. The guides thought he was drunk, hence the name, which clung to him the rest of the trip.

It appears that when the dogs went his way the buck took to the water, making a magnificent jump off a rock about fifteen feet above the water. They waited till he got well out into the lake and then took after him. Whiteford had only No. 4 shot, so rowed close up, giving the first shot around the head. The deer made wonderful efforts to get away, coming nearly out of the water when he gave him the other barrel, which nearly finished him, but getting closer put another shot into his ear, then hauled him into the boat.

Naturally we were much encouraged. Two deer in about two hours, besides Lefebvre claimed if it had not been for Whiteford's Irish setter he would have gotten another as he got up, besides seeing three others.

I asked a few questions of Beaulne and found out that he had never shot a deer. He acknowledged he got a bit excited, forgot all about the stone under the boat, should not have pushed out into the lake when we did, as if we stayed quiet Whiteford's deer might just as well have come our way. He was very sincere in his regrets, and anyway, he was the life of the party, barring Whiteford, was more anxious to have all the rest get a deer than himself, so all we could do was to chaff him, which he took good-naturedly.

The next day we started about 10 o'clock, going down the lake, the birch bark canoe portaging over to another little lake about fourteen acres away. I was placed on a runway near Lac Chapleau, Jo Clement being my nearest neighbor, but over near the brook between the two lakes. The guide told me to remain perfectly quiet, not to cough or make the slightest noise, pointed out the runway where a deer would be likely to show up, and told me to shoot her just back of the shoulder.

The guide, with the two Clements and Hudon, portaged along over to the other lake, leaving Jo Clement at the brook.

I seated myself between two trees, held my rifle ready and awaited results.

In about an hour I heard a noise in some bushes about 100ft. away. I brought my rifle to a ready, breathlessly waiting for what would show up. I soon got a glimpse of a moving object, but being naturally careful, I wanted to know what I was going to shoot at It very soon proved to be an old habitant, hunting for partridges He moved along my runway, looking around, but never discovered me. Just as he was passing within about 15ft. I hailed him, stating we were after deer, that another hunter was on a runway a little further up, and that he had better move another way, as some one else might not be as careful as I was. He seemed delighted to see me, came up, pulled out his pouch along with a clay pipe with about 2in. of stem, filled up, and with the pipe hanging from his toothless jaws, fire down, pulled away on "Tabac Canadien." Although I hinted pretty strongly that he had better move, that he would spoil my chances, as any deer within half a mile would scent that tobacco, he would not see it in that light, but told me that when a deer was before the dogs it was intent on getting away from them, and paid no attention to anything so trivial as a man smoking in his way. He then gave me several pointers about deer. When he got through I thought he knew as much about it as Beaulne.

Finally he moved off, wishing me success, and really I wished him no ill-will, as he was perfectly innocent of spoiling a shot for me.

Every little while I would hear the man near the brook calling "Hoo-hoo," but I did not answer. I learned later that it was Joe Clement, who said he wanted to keep in touch with his neighbor in case a bear came along. However, I did not answer him, but was thinking I was hoodooed on this trip the way luck was running.

Pretty soon we heard a shot from the other little lake, but that was all. Later we learned that Hudon, with the guide, were hid in some bushes in their canoe, when a fine big buck walked out into the shallow water within 20ft. of them. Hudon fired point blank at it with a charge of bird shot, but never touched it. Presume he had a fever. Of course the buck was out of sight before Hudon thought of his second barrel.

About twenty minutes after the old man left me I heard my neighbor shoot. My back was to him, but looking over my shoulder cautiously I saw a deer running up the hill out of range from me, but very close to Joe Clement, who had fired at it, but without success.

Five minutes after I heard him fire again, and, looking, saw another deer making away from him. "Well," says I to myself, "there is certainly no luck for me to-day." However, I had my instructions, and made up my mind I would wait till the guide said I could leave.

Just then I heard several shots over on the little lake, and within a few minutes heard the dogs.

I was waiting patiently, thinking that certainly all the shooting meant some deer. I always kept my runway in view. Suddenly, without the slightest noise, I saw a deer coming sideways to me. My instructions were to shoot behind the shoulder. I saw a couple of more jumps would bring her in a favorable position, and made up my mind to fire as she passed between some trees.

Just as she arrived there she paused momentarily; the guide afterward said she had caught my scent and paused to locate it.

At any rate, I took advantage of the pause. Of course, I was all ready for her at that particular spot, and just as she paused I fired. I saw her cringe, her flag go down, and then a streak of deer flash past; as she made the second jump I worked the lever of the Marlin, took a quick glance to satisfy myself that the other cartridge had slipped in all right, then looking up saw her disappear behind a large birch tree. With the rifle at my shoulder I waited for her to appear on either side for another shot, but she kept the tree between

us. I felt satisfied I had hit her, and that I had hit her where I was told to, but thought that if she was only wounded she might be waiting to know what struck her, and bleeding to death.

I kept perfectly still. In a couple of minutes the dog appeared where I first saw the deer, ran by me a little off her track, went a few rods, circled back, then struck the right trail with never a bark out of him, ran along a bit, when I saw him stand just behind the big birch. Then says I to myself, "Payne, you have her." I walked over that way. As soon as I got past the birch there she lay, stone dead with a bullet hole clear through her just back of the shoulders. Then I yelled: "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Payne has one!" Joe Clement immediately came over from his runway one of the guides with Beaulne came up and congratulated me. Beaulne said it was as good as a $50 bill to him to know that I had been successful. We found I had missed the heart by about 2in, but had bored right through the lungs. Afterward we went over the ground to see where I had struck her. It was just 75ft. from where I stood. There was a little birch just the other side of her, against which there was a splash of blood, and in that tree, about 1in. deep, was my bullet, which I subsequently secured. It was the first deer I ever shot and the first time I ever fired at any game with a rifle. You can imagine how much I prize that partly flattened bullet.

Just after we had my deer (which, by the way, was a three-year-old doe, that is, Beaulne said so, and of course he knows) hauled to the boat, we went to the other lake to report our luck, and found that Geo. Clement had secured another that had put into the water, shooting it with duck shot.

There were four deer hanging from the club house posts that night. We then gave up all idea of partridges, wanted to get a deer each, there being eight of us. However, that night about dusk, the guide, Geo. Clement and myself went down to the gate of the lake to shoot ducks as they flew over, but, although we each fired six shots, we came home without touching one of them. J. BRUCE PAYNE

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

ONE MAN'S INFLUENCE.

WILLIAM B. BENNER, the Western Union telegraph operator at Somerset, Pa., died suddenly at that place on Tuesday, April 27, of paralysis of the heart, aged about thirty years.

To the bulk of your readers the above simple announcement is of no more interest than any other record of sudden death; but Mr. Benner was a true sportsman, and has done much for the interest of the craft in Somerset county, which could be emulated elsewhere to the benefit of the lovers of the rod and gun.

About three years ago he conceived the notion that something should be done looking to game and fish protection by the persons interested, aside from the laws of the State, and after talking over the matter with others he went to Attorney A. C. Holbert, who, while not a fisherman, is an enthusiastic gun man, and laid his ideas before him. They had several consultations, and Mr. Holbert drew up a "constitution and by-laws" and a call for a meeting, at the Hotel Vannear, of all lovers of shooting and fishing on a certain evening.

When the evening came Mr. Vannear, himself a shooter, threw open his parlors, and seventy persons were there present. Mr. Benner was unanimously elected chairman *pro tem.*, and directed the proposed constitution and by-laws to be read, and after their reading they were adopted as read, and the seventy persons signed them, forming the Somerset Game and Fish Protective Association. The salient features of this Association are as follows:

1. No fees are paid for membership nor for remaining a member.

2. Any person can become a member.

3. Each member pledges himself on his sacred honor not to kill game or take fish out of season; not to fish with a net, except for minnows; not to shoot a bird on the ground, unless it has been wounded; not to fish or hunt knowingly on the lands of another without permission first obtained; not to kill any bird or beast under the protection of the game laws of the State, and not to be a hog in either shooting or fishing; to give information promptly to the secretary of any violation of the game and fish laws of the State, especially of the killing of game or taking of fish out of season, and the secretary pledges himself to inform the president and furnish him with a list of witnesses, and the president is pledged in like manner to prosecute the offender or offenders, and each member may be assessed a sum certain to defray the expenses of such prosecution, and if the same be successful the fine is turned into the treasury and appropriated first of all to reimburse the members their assessments.

Mr. Benner was unanimously elected president, A. C. Ferner secretary and treasurer of the Association. The fact of the formation of the Association and its constitution and by-laws were published in all the county papers, and similar associations were formed at other points in the county; and the writer is informed that in adjoining counties and even in far-away counties of the State similar associations have been formed, and have adopted, without change, the constitution and by-laws of the Somerset Association.

No prosecutions have been made, and none have been necessary. Persons who might have violated the law have come into the Association, and are active and conscientious members. The Somerset organization now numbers on its roll 150 members; others in the county swell the aggregate, as the writer is informed, to about 1,000 members, and all due to the efforts of the plain, unpretentious young man, William B. Benner, who now "rests from his labors and his works do follow him." AMATEUR.

Pike County Game Shipments.

DILLINGERSVILLE, Pa., April 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent from Pike county is right. I made a geographical error in my article on April 9. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western R. R. does not touch Pike county. Nevertheless the largest part of the game, as I was informed, came from Pike county and the upper part of Monroe county. The agents at the stations, who informed me as to the shipment of game, are situated in Monroe county, and I may say not such a great way from Pike county. LEON W. MAZURIE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Wisconsin Deer License Law.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 23.—The most important news of the week is, without doubt, that of the passage in Wisconsin of a deer license law similar to that in force in Michigan. Senator J. Herbert Green, of the Fourth District, wrote me early in the week in regard to this, stating that the measure now in effect was introduced in the Senate as Bill 56. Senate Bill 57 has also become a law. Wisconsin now has a regularly enacted and effective game law, with no loopholes left in its construction, such as were found in the Buckstaff law, under which misunderstandings of the deer season occurred last fall. The sportsmen of Wisconsin had a good advocate in the person of Senator Green, as well as in other representatives who have assisted them in former years. They did not secure a bill entirely prohibiting the spring shooting of wildfowl, nor is it likely that the sportsmen of the State actually wanted such a bill. It is legal now, as before, to shoot all ducks in the spring excepting mallards, teal or wood duck.

The license for deer shooting under this new law is $1 for residents and $30 for non-residents. This is the third Western State within three years to pass a non-resident license law on all or some species of game. Such laws are naturally very unpopular with non-resident shooters, but it is to be supposed that the men of Wisconsin found the non-resident number so many, that it seemed necessary to tax them something for the privilege of hunting in Wisconsin deer country. Whether the law will remain on the statute books is yet to be seen. That it will in many cases be evaded goes without saying. While I can express no opinion in regard to the wisdom of such a law, I do know that it was a question of very short time before the deer of Wisconsin would have been destroyed under the riotous wastefulness of the earlier system. It may be that any law, no matter how odious nor how severe, will in its way be well if it serve to call a halt for a moment and teach the unthinking public what game really is and what a game law really intends. The great bulk of the shooting public thinks of nothing and cares for nothing so long as there still remains game to be killed.

The result of the Wisconsin and Michigan license laws will be that next fall there will be a flood of deer-hunters which will pour into the woods of Minnesota. The latter State is to be the next great hunting and fishing ground of the Western people, and is as yet but little known as compared with Wisconsin. It would not be surprising if Minnesota, so long a model in game-law matters, would find it necessary or expedient to pass a non resident license law. There have long been earnest efforts made to make the laws of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota as nearly similar as possible, the conditions governing the chief varieties of game being much the same in these three States.

Other provisions of the new Wisconsin deer law are as follows: The open season is from November 1 to November 20. Night-hunting, fire-hunting, water-hunting, the use of dogs, the use of traps in taking deer are all unlawful and prohibited. It is unlawful for any person to kill more than two deer, except "any resident or settler shall have the right to kill, at any time during the open season, any deer which is to be consumed by his family or neighbors, and not for the purpose of sale or traffic." The fine may be from $25 to $100, or imprisonment from two to six months. Thus it will be seen that the non-resident hunter is to pay $15 each for his two deer, and cannot kill any more than two.

Yet other provisions in the new Wisconsin law interesting to sportsmen are those forbidding the use of sneak-boxes or artificial blinds in shooting wild fowl, and prohibiting duck-shooting between sundown and sunrise. It is also unlawful to use ferrets in hunting rabbits.

The record of legislation in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota for the past few years shows an increasing stringency in the game-law measures in this part of the West. It comes none too soon, if the game of this section is to be retained for the pleasure of the shooters. The history of its butchery has never yet been written.

What News From Illinois?

But what news from the grand old State of Illinois, which possesses the city of Chicago, which in turn possesses that odorous thoroughfare known as South Water street? What news from Illinois? Nothing, except that we still have South Water street, and still have the elegant game law that South Water street gave us years ago.

Many Jacksnipe.

The spring of '97 proves to be a great one for game, jacksnipe being especially abundant. Very large bags have been made at Kouts, Davis, Shelby, Water Valley, and other Kankakee points. The highest bag of which I hear was that made near Water Valley by two men, who killed 105 jacksnipe in one day. In his last trip to Maksawba Club, Mr. W. P. Mussey bagged forty snipe in one day, and eighteen the next. He and John Watson have again gone down to the club, and should be having even better shooting now. The weather is warm and exactly right for a good flight.

Heavy Shooting at Poygan Club.

There has been heavy shooting at Poygan Club, situated on Lake Poygan, Wis. This club has a large Chicago membership. One member this spring killed 101 ducks in one day. Two Chicago members in six and a half days' shooting killed 473 ducks. The gentleman giving me this news requests that I withhold his name and that of his friend. I don't blame him for the request. He is the secretary of a prominent gun club of Chicago. I suppose he and his friend were carried away by a sudden burst of enthusiasm, which lasted for six days and a half.

The Dress of a Cowboy.

There was a cowboy preacher recently arrested in Chicago for something or other, and one of the daily papers remarked that he was "resplendent in the full dress of a cowboy, buckskin jacket with gilt buttons, and doeskin trousers—both decorated with long fringe—high-top boots with spurs, broad-brimmed sombrero, and medals without number."

Somehow or other I must be out of luck. I have been knocking around in the West for quite a while now, but I never did see a cowboy dressed that way.

Some More about the Black Duck.

April 24.—Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, writes to me that he has just read the FOREST AND STREAM comment of some weeks ago on the character of the black duck, which he was good enough to send down to this office from the far North country. He says that he can see no right that I have to call his black duck (*Oidemia fusca*) a "base fraud and no black duck at all." He adds: "This bird is not found in Manitoba, but I say it is a black duck, as black as the marsh duck of Ontario. If I have failed of finding the breeding places of the marsh black duck, I have found the lake where the sea black duck breeds, and where it is found in thousands."

Mr. J. H. McIlree, assistant commissioner Northwest mounted police, writes from Regina on this same subject: "I was interested about the yarn started by your friend Johnston, of Winnipeg, that he had discovered the breeding place of the black duck north of Edmonton. I knew he must be mistaken, as I have been twenty-three years in the Northwest, am very fond of the gun, and have yet to see a black duck. I happened to be in Edmonton a little over a month ago, and went to the taxidermist there to see if he had a specimen of this black duck. He had not, but he showed me a letter, or at least copy of one, from you to Johnston which settled the matter. The next thing that struck me was the line of migration of these ducks in spring and fall. I have shot many hundreds of ducks in this vast Northwest in both spring and fall, but have never shot a scater. I always looked upon them as a sea duck.

"I have been taking FOREST AND STREAM since about 1876, and it loses none of its interest for me."

Mr. Ruthven Deane, of Chicago, one of the best posted ornithologists in the country, is good enough to contribute some points about the black duck, which I append as per his letter:

"I have been interested in reading the black duck controversy in the FOREST AND STREAM. In the number of March 13 your correspondent, Mr. Geo A. Boardman, of Calais, Me., states that the Eastern black duck is of only accidental occurrence in the West. Such may be the case in Minnesota, where Mr. Boardman has made his observations, but the true black duck (*Anas obscura*) is certainly a regular spring and fall migrant in Illinois and Indiana, and in considerable abundance, especially in the fall. As you are a duck hunter, I have no doubt but that this has also been your experience. I have not infrequently counted fifteen or twenty black ducks in a bag of fifty or sixty birds, the balance being mostly mallards (*Anas boschas*).

"In regard to Mr. Boardman's reference to 'two sizes' of the scaup duck, you state that you take the smaller of the two as applied to the ringbill (*Aythya collaris*) I think that Mr. Boardman does not refer to this species, for there are two distinct species of the scaup, both found on Eastern and Western waters, the American scaup duck (*Aythya marila wearctica*) and the Lesser scaup duck (*Aythya affinis*). The American scaup, more commonly known as the big bluebill or canvasback bluebill, is quite rare in Illinois and Indiana so far as my experience goes, and from such information as I have gotten from many sportsmen. At the English Lake Shooting Club, on the Kankakee marshes in Indiana, I have not known of more than half a dozen having been shot by the club members in the past thirteen years. I understand it is not of such infrequent occurrence on the Illinois River in the Swan Lake region, especially in the spring. Of the Lesser scaup, or, as better known in our shooting sections, the bluebill, you are of course intimately acquainted."

I want to thank Mr. Deane for setting me right about my comment on Mr. Boardman's "two sizes" of bluebills. Mr. Boardman was right, as he usually is, though it seemed to me he might have confused the two birds, the bluebill and the ringbill, which sometimes are so confused, my own memory being vague about the two sizes of scaup. I saw a fine specimen of the "larger bluebill" (American scaup or "Greater scaup," as it is sometimes called) at the office of R. A. Turtle, a local taxidermist, not long ago. This bird I recognize, but I think I have not seen it in my shooting in the North for six or eight years, and it is rare among Illinois duck shooters I think, though Mr Boardman has perhaps found it in more abundance in Minnesota. I am quite sure I have seen it in Texas. The man who had the specimen above mentioned no doubt thought it a curiosity here and so had it mounted. Of course, these bluebills, big or little, are not black ducks, even of the "sea black duck" sort which Mr. Johnson sets up; but I think now we have got these different animals sorted out so that we can tell what they are.

I am all the time learning that there are a whole lot of things I don't know a good many things about, including ducks. It is astonishing how loose the average observation is, when one is not making a special study of a subject. How many men can tell off-hand, for instance, what is the color of a canvasback's bill, or of a mud hen's foot, or of a mallard's foot, or can tell what a redhead's bill looks like, or that of a bluebill, or of a velvet scater? We all ought to know all such things, and probably we think we do, but quite a few would fall down on so short and simple a catechism as that. I remember that once when I was a boy I was executing a fine pen-and-ink sketch of a duck, under the supervision of my father, but he told me that I had put on the legs at such a remote corner on the duck that it could by no possibility have been able to stand up. Does everybody know where the hind legs ought to go on a duck? I presume everybody thinks he knows, but I would have to bet that he doesn't. This is how it happens that we sometimes get mixed up on bird matters. We try to tell somebody how a bird looks, and we can't, because we don't know.

From the Far North Country.

Mr. Thomas Johnson is very good at getting up for us curious things, surprises in natural history and odd questions of interest. This week he sends down a photograph of a snow-white mountain sheep head, with the following letter in regard to it:

"I am sending you a photo of the head of a white Rocky Mountain sheep. I understand that no museum in the world has a specimen of this animal. This one was killed by a British sportsman, Mr. Malturner, in British Alaska. Mr. Secord, of Edmonton, a friend of mine and his, got a photograph of the head, which he sent to me."

The photograph mentioned is at hand. It is very curious. It shows the horns of a big horn, possibly four, or three, years of age, but the scalp is pure white. The hair of the scalp seems to be that of the sheep, there being no possibility, for instance, that it could be a scalp of a mountain goat stretched over a sheep skull, even did the size of a goat scalp permit this. The jaw and nose of the head are those of the big-horn, and the whole head is a well-mounted specimen, though I should call the eye used rather too large. It may be an albino sheep, or it may be a new sort of sheep, and at any rate the head is very interesting. Mr. Johnson does not state when this head was killed, though that may have very much to do with its color. In our hunt on the Blackfoot reservation this winter we found the color shown by the big horns very much lighter than that of the fall coat. There

was one head in our camp, killed by a Mr. Riley, of Midvale, Mont., that of a four-year-old ram, which in the face was nearly a pure white, though about the back of the cheeks and on the neck the color darkened somewhat. This was simply an instance of change of color with the season of the year. As Mr. Johnson's sheep came from a still more northern and colder country, and may possibly have been killed in winter, it may be that its color is simply an instance of winter coat. It seems to me that it is much too white for this, however, and I leave this nut of Mr. Johnson's for some one else to crack.

Buffalo in the Northwest.

The same enterprising news gatherer sends a little later a clipping from the Edmonton *Bulletin* of March last, stating that the information is authentic, so that he thinks we have not yet gotten to the "Last of the Buffalo." The cutting reads:

"Official dispatches from Inspector Jarvis reporting upon his patrol as far as he has gone, have been received at police headquarters.

"At the time of writing Inspector Jarvis was at Fort Chipewyan, having returned there from Fort Resolution, Fort Smith and Smith's Landing on Feb. 25.

"Two buffalo bulls and a cow were seen twenty-five miles out from Fort Smith on Feb. 21. This makes about 100 of these animals seen in that vicinity since last fall."

No Chance for a Poor Man.

An injured citizen of Manitoba writes to Premier Greenway, by medium of the Winnipeg *Free Press*, about an indignity committed upon his haystacks by certain unbridled wild deer. He thinks he ought to be paid if the present efficient game-laws (a two years' close season on deer) are to continue so much in force, and says: "The deer have eat and destroyed me about twelve tons of hay this winter, through the snows being so deep and the hunting season being closed. I would like to know what recompense I am entitled to. I have informed one of the game guardians and he has seen what damage has been done, but said he could not do anything but said I must inform you about it, for it leaves me very short of feed and it cost me quite a bit for hired help and harvesting, for wages were high and the season very wet; so I hope you will consider me entitled to some recompense for my loss."

(The American deer don't eat very much hay. Not if your American knows it. Ever prompt to defend his home, he loads the old gun up with slugs and repels the invasion. Thus our deer will, after a time, molest us no more.)

The Tolleston Case.

The case of the Tolleston Club, mentioned at length last winter, in which the club wardens were arrested for firing upon trespassers, is this week on trial at Crown Point, Ind., some fifty witnesses having been examined, with conflicting results. No deaths have ensued from the shooting. The case will probably be closed next Monday, when prosecutor Heard will speak for the State and attorney Foster for the club.

Bitten by a Tarantula.

Mr. W. W. McQueen, late of Menominee but now of Chicago, took a hunting trip to Texas last winter, and came nearly losing his life by it. While out in the country near Redwater, Tex., he became aware of a prickling, numbing sensation in his thigh. He told his companion that he thought he had a splinter in his leg, recalling a pause made nearly an hour earlier at an old pile of rotten railroad ties. His friend was suspicious of the splinter and asked to see the place. They found the flesh already turning black, and the friend at once pronounced it a tarantula bite, though Mr. McQueen did not know when he had been bitten. Mr. McQueen was at once given whisky, and he says that he drank a pint at a drink, and felt no effect from it whatever, the action of the poison being so strong. A doctor was seen as soon as possible, and he quartered the wound and applied a cupping cap. Mr. McQueen's life was barely saved, and he lay in bed for some weeks. He walks now only with a cane, and in his thigh there is a deep hole where the flesh sloughed off to the size of his hand, it seeming to be a peculiarity of the tarantula poison to kill the flesh for a distance around the bite. Mr. McQueen was a shooter well known at Menominee, and will be welcomed in Chicago circles as soon as he gets around all right again from his narrow escape with the hairy spider.

Snipe Season Closing.

Our snipe season is drawing to a close, and has been on the whole a good one. Mr. W. P. Mussey has probably killed about as many snipe as any of our Chicago shooters, getting in his trips to Mak-saw-ba about 150 birds. He brought back a trifle over 100 last Monday, the result of three days' shooting on that famous marsh.

Oswald von Lengerke made five hunts for snipe and killed in all 105 snipe. Charlie Antoine did not do quite so well as that, and thought the season a bad one.

Mr. F. A. Place, of Chicago, and Mr. Hayward, of Crown Point, Ind., returned this week from a little run to the marsh above Shelby, Ind. They did not find many birds on the Kankakee marshes, but along little inland sloughs picked up a couple of dozen.

George Klehm, at Arlington Heights, near the west edge of Chicago, sent in twenty odd snipe this week, and probably killed them all in one day's hunt near his home at that suburb.

Messrs. C. S. Dennis and J. V. Clark, of this city, had a little hunt below Lowell, Ind., but report only a few snipe. They were a little too late.

Mr. J. B. Wiggins, of this city, has been to the Mak-saw-ba Club grounds once or twice, but has not killed many jacks. He did not try to do any severely hard hunting, but could not call the luck good.

Mr. Joel Kinney, on the same grounds, has hunted a few days in something of the same manner, and has killed enough jacks to say at least that he got enough to eat.

On the Kankakee marsh above Momence, Ill., a large party was in camp for ten days last week and this. These were Messrs. W. L. Wells, John Nelliger, Wm. Cutler and Phil Woodford, of Chicago, and Messrs. DeWitt Rike, Nate Hand, Fred Duree, Chas. Bullinger, Frank Freeman, Mark Atherton, Fred Knightheart and Bill Lyons, all of Momence. These hunters did not meet any very heavy shooting, probably killing less than 150 jacks during their stay; but they had a mighty good time living in camp and enjoying the outdoor features of the country, which included considerable rain. High bag for any gun was eleven birds, made by Mr. Wells on one day.

It is likely that the main flight of the jacksnipe has now passed on above this latitude. E HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

ONTARIO'S GAME LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Bell, of the Forest and Stream Club, of Belleville, Ont., in his letter in your last issue, is rather severe on the legislators of this Province for refusing to restore to the city tenderfoot hunters the privilege of killing deer in the water, and predicts that the result will be that the aforesaid tenderfeet will wound numbers of deer on land which will escape from them.

I have hunted in northern Ontario during ten successive seasons, and from what I have seen of the operations of the city novices I do not agree with Mr. Bell. Still-hunting is to them, for obvious reasons, out of the question; they are able to wound precious few deer running ahead of their dogs, and the only sport (?) open to them is on the water, where they can paddle up alongside of the deer and kill them with guns or clubs at their option.

Since they have no scruples against that kind of butchery and it is their only chance for venison, they are naturally willing to have the number of deer allowed to be killed by each hunter reduced from two, as it is at present, to one. It is venison they want, and one deer is better than none. They know perfectly well that if hounding were prohibited the result would be a great reduction in the number of deer killed and wounded, but it does not suit them to advocate that prohibition. What they want is a sure thing for one deer each.

The result of the amendment in the game laws of Ontario forbidding the killing of deer in the water, which went into effect last season, was a decrease of 50 per cent. in the total number of deer killed, and though there are no returns of the number wounded, it may be taken for granted that there was no material increase in this. It is hardly necessary to explain that in the days of canoe hunting, in parties who went in for it, all hands did not take to the canoes. For every man who lay in wait on the water it was necessary that several should remain on land to put out the dogs and watch the runways, and the latter did not neglect to shoot at any deer they saw. The addition, therefore, of the ex-canoemen to those who hunted on land last season did not make any material difference.

Our legislators deserve praise rather than condemnation for refusing the water privilege to the city tenderfeet; but I agree with Mr. Bell in the opinion that the sale of venison should be prohibited. The sooner the market hunter, and the catcher and seller of game fishes are suppressed, the better it will be for sport, but should it be done it will be rough on the city tenderfoot about whom Mr. Bell is so anxious. He cannot buy a deer from a settler and will have no chance to exercise his powers of invention on a yarn detailing the remarkable circumstances under which he himself killed it, and the wonderful shot by which he bagged it. Deer hunting will be robbed of a great deal of its romance.

WM. PANTON.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

BOSTON ANGLERS.

BOSTON, May 1.—The ice is out of Lake Auburn, in Maine, and the local fishermen are making the best of the early run of landlocked salmon. The ice c eared Monday night, and early Tuesday morning the electric cars, which run from Lewiston to the shores of the lake, were crowded with men bearing fishing-rods and pails of live bait. Mr. Elias Harmon caught the first salmon at 3 o'clock P. M It weighed 3¼lbs. City Clerk McCann of Auburn took a 4lb. salmon on Wednesday. R P. Thompson has taken a fine one, hooking him Thursday forenoon. Other local fishermen have had some luck there, but on the whole the fishing is poor, though the rush is great. Boats are hard to get, and are reported to be engaged eight or ten days ahead. One gentleman says that he fished all day Friday and did not catch a fish or get a strike. That day there were two small trout taken, neither weighing over a pound. His theory is that the water is still too cold. But B. D. Stevens did take a salmon from that lake Thursday weighing 7½lbs.

Sebago Lake, in Maine, opened on April 10, the ice going out with a high wind. The next day the mercury was down about to zero, making it almost impossible to launch a boat, and no salmon were taken. By Wednesday the weather had moderated, and Mr. John G. Wright, of Boston, with his friends, Mr. Souther and C. H. Merriman, of Providence, started for those waters. They were accompanied by Charlie Robinson, the South Windham manufacturer and most successful landlocked salmon fisherman. Fishing several days, they each took several salmon, but none of very great weight. Satisfied that the weather was too cold, each would like to try again a few days hence, and may do so. Lewiston and Auburn sportsmen have been well represented at Sebago, as well as the fishermen from Portland. H. E. Thurston, of Auburn, was one of the first lucky fishermen, landing one salmon of 6lbs. and another of 12½lbs. H. A Johnson, of Lewiston, has taken a salmon at Sebago weighing 10lbs. Two Portland sportsmen have taken big salmon each. But A. E. Poole, of Portland, has broken the Sebago record, landing on the morning of April 26 a salmon weighing 21½lbs. This is the largest salmon ever reported from that lake taken with rod and reel, though bigger fish have been taken by the Commissioners, for spawning purposes, and one was found several years ago, stranded and dead in one of the tributaries of Sebago, that was much larger It was a male fish, with the hook of the lower jaw so prominent that it would hang over a small stick. There are big salmon in Sebago, and the interest in fishing for them is good. Mr. John C Small has caught one this week of 9lbs. weight.

The ice is out of Dan Hole Pond, Ossipee, N. H , and some of the fishermen are going. John Caswell, of Boston, went to that pond on Friday, to stay till Monday. Doubtless he found the weather very cold. On Friday next R. O. Harding, E. H. Wakefield, Jr , Edward Brooks and S W. Boles, Jr., are to start for Dan Hole after landlocked salmon. They have decided to postpone their trip this year till they are sure that the smelts are running well. They expect to be joined at the lake by Nathaniel Wentworth and F. L. Hughes, of the New Hampshire Fish Commission. The ice is out of Newfound Lake and a few fishermen have started. Sunapee Lake is also clear, but no catches are yet reported from either Newfound or Sunapee. One or two big lakers have been taken at Winnepiseogee. The ice is very slow about going out of the Schoodics. W. L. Underwood, of Boston, fully intended to be off for those lakes early this week, but getting a dispatch that not even Grand Lake was clear, and not likely to clear for several days, he postponed his starting till early this week. He is a member of the Duck Lake Club, largely composed of Boston merchants, and brother of H. O. Underwood, treasurer of the said club. The club party will start on its annual spring fishing trip in about a week. Many of its members are anxious to be off.

Something is being done by the Boston trout fishermen. C. D. Sias, one of the most earnest of Boston fishermen, with George Talbot and Charlie Olmstead, fished the private brook of Mr. Sias, in Connecticut, on Saturday. The day was all that could be asked, and they landed all the trout they wanted. Mr. William Cumming and Mr. G. F. Edgett, with Robinson and Woodworth, were at a private fishing preserve belonging to Mr. Cumming for a couple of days recently. They secured a great many trout. Mr. Edgett was much delighted. Mr. Cumming had been there before. R. O. Harding and E H. Wakefield, Jr , were intending to try Mr. Wakefield's preserve on the Cape over Sunday of this week, but the fierce rainstorm kept them indoors.

The ice is not yet out of the Rangeleys nor Moosehead. It is expected that it must hold in longer, unless the weather suddenly changes from the cold of the past two weeks to very warm. Geo. H Cutting, of Andover, writes me that Richardson Lake is not expected to clear before the 15th to the 20th. At Bemis, foot of Mooselucmaguntic Lake, there was 14in. of snow, fallen the night before, on Monday last, April 26. The snowstorm was far the heaviest in the Swift River Valley, there being but 10in. in the White Mountain regions. The storm is reported as something unheard of in April, and must delay the going out of the ice at the Rangeleys. O. A. Dennen, of the Kineo House, Moosehead, writes me, under date of April 30, that the ice will be three or four days later in that lake this year than last; this date clearing it about the 13th.

Mr. John Caswell, mentioned above, has fished a good deal in Florida. From his trip this winter he brings back a fly that has something of a record. He took with it 110 sea trout in one day at Punta Gorda, and it is pretty good yet. It is a silver body, with very small yellow wings.

Mr. E. Noyes Whitcomb, the builder and president of the Inglewood Club, is on a flying trip to Maine, but will doubtless try the fishing wherever there is an opportunity.

SPECIAL.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., May 1.—Salt water fish of all kinds are moving extraordinarily early this spring, if reports from various points along the coast are to be believed. Already some plaice have been taken, which is something remarkable, as May 15 is as early as they are usually met with, and to day a school of bluefish is reported off shore. While some earnest efforts have been made, no bass have been taken in the surf.

Kingfish and weakfish are moving northward and are plentiful in the vicinity of the Chesapeake, and should be with us within the next month. Both varieties are frequenters of our estuaries, and are highly prized by all salt-water anglers, and their coming is anxiously awaited each recurring season.

Despite the discouragements the fraternity have encountered, if signs count, the coming season will be one of unusual activity, never has tackle been in better demand, or better grades of goods sold. The sand-eels, or sand-lant have again put in appearance, a most unusual occurrence, as they are strictly a fall and winter fish, and generally leave our coast by the middle of winter. It is evident that fish of some kind are holding them inshore, presumably the hake and cod, as the northern run of hake should occur at this season of the year. Perch are plentiful in all their usual haunts and fly-rods have seen active service the past few weeks. LEONARD.

The Canadian Bass Season.

TOLEDO, Ohio, May 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A Toledo daily paper contains the announcement that the Canadian Minister has modified the close season for black bass so as to permit the Pelee Club to angle in Canadian waters for the first fifteen days in May. It is stated also in the same connection that ex-President Cleveland will be a guest of the Club during a part of the season.

If the information quoted above is not any more reliable than that contained in the same article regarding the Canadian close time during the past two seasons, it will hardly do to depend upon. For it is alleged that during this time the Canadian authorities had prohibited American anglers from fishing in Canadian waters, when in point of fact the Minister had extended the close season for bass from May 15, at which it formerly ended, to June 15. As is well known any resident of the United States may fish in Canadian waters during the open season by paying the prescribed license of $5 per rod for that season, while in case he is domiciled in Canada he is subject to no license fee. J. BEEBE.

[The close season for black bass in Lake Erie immediately surrounding Pelee Island was by order in Council of March 23, 1877, made May 15 to June 15, both inclusive.]

The Snowfish.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was, of course, delighted to see myself "in print" in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM, but that was nothing to the exhilaration I felt at being represented by the compositor and proof-reader of your excellent paper as the discoverer of a new species of the finny tribe, namely, the "snowfish." I had written as plainly as I knew how "sunfish," but the gentlemen in question between them have immortalized me as bringing to the front the heretofore unheard of "snowfish" I hope this fish may hereafter be duly recognized, and that the *Ichthys chioneos chapmani* will appear in its proper place in future piscatory literature. T. J. C.

Large Hudson River Shad.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., April 27.—Two years ago, just at the close of the shad fishing season, a large roe shad was taken in the river near this city, which I saw, and which weighed plump 10lbs. Shad are being caught freely now weighing from 6 to 7½lbs. in our river, which was a thing totally unheard of ten or fifteen years ago, and it shows the benefits we are deriving from stocking and protection.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

A HOLIDAY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

SHANGHAI, China.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Shanghai is admittedly the best place to get away from during its two months of heat, July and August, and its one treacherous month, September; but the question where to go is not so readily answered. Chefoo is nearly as hot and is dreadfully dull; Pootoo or the Saddles do not yet possess a family hotel; and Japan, except in the hills, is as enervating as China. So we must look to America. British Columbia affords the most complete change that can be got within moderate time, and it also has the great advantage of giving the visitor something to do beyond simple sight-seeing, although the sight seeing there is on the grandest scale. This "something to do" can consist of fishing or shooting, or both, and I now give you a few notes of a six weeks' holiday spent by my wife and myself in the enjoyment of cool temperature, grand scenery, a magnificent climate, and some fair sport with the rod. What I have written may be accepted as supplementing the admirable papers contributed to your columns by Prairie Dog.

The places mentioned are all on the beaten track of the Canadian Pacific railway and its branches, most readily reached by China residents via the Empress steamers to Vancouver. The only drawback to the Canadian Pacific route is that it is somewhat too cold, and, even in July, the passenger must be well provided with winter clothing and thick rugs. And it is also necessary to prepare the traveler in British Columbia for two other serious drawbacks which exist there, more or less, every summer: these are the dense smoke caused by forest fires and the prevalence of mosquitoes. From Victoria to Banff the whole country was, this summer, enveloped in smoke for at least two months, and although residents declared that it was much worse than usual, it is an evil that exists each year during July and August. As to the mosquitoes they were simply terrible during these two months at all the places visited, with the exception of the Kootenay district and at Vernon, when none troubled us, nor did we find any at Vancouver; but the only places otherwise free from these pests (and black flies also) were the different lakes and, for this reason, trolling on the lakes afforded the most comfortable sport. Hotel managers and residents assured us that this was an exceptional year for mosquitoes and I would like to believe them; but even if the quantity is usually 50 per cent. less, there would still be enough to mortify the flesh and irritate the spirit of the fisherman.

I give the result of our experiences at each place visited and, looking back at the whole trip, give the palm to the Kootenay River and Vernon as fishing grounds for trout; but, if the mosquitoes could be forgotten, I should remember with equal pleasure the glorious walks, the grand scenery, and the tempting pools of the Bow River near Laggan. The trip would have been incomplete without the two days' salmon trolling at Vancouver, and I only regret not having left more time for that sport. These noble fish are not to be tempted with a fly but they afford the changing sensations of hope, expectation, exultation, doubt, dread, despair, failure and—sometimes—victory, after patient trolling with a stout salmon rod and a clean spoon

As regards flies, the fisherman will be astonished at the size of the favorites for the Kootenay; they are more like salmon than ordinary trout flies; but in the streams the smallest sizes are good killers. Each place has its favorite, and local sportsmen will always give useful hints to visitors, who can invariably count upon the good-will, assistance and friendship of fellow devotees to the gentle art in British Columbia.

Three weeks after leaving Shanghai, on the "Glorious Fourth," my notes commence at

BANFF.—Alt. 4,500ft. The climate at Banff during July and August was perfect, and is said not to be severe in winter, many invalids selecting the place as good for weak lungs. The hot sulphur springs have effected many cures of rheumatism and skin diseases. The air is highly rarefied, and sometimes causes trouble to those with any heart complaint. During summer mosquitoes abound, and this year they were innumerable, and exasperating almost beyond endurance.

The record of temperature at Banff in July of 1896 shows a maximum of 88° and a minimum of 30°. Snow generally falls early in September.

The scenery at Banff deserves the praise bestowed upon it in the guide books, but as regards the fishing it is a disappointment. The Bow River Falls, close to the hotel, are very pretty; and the stream then winds through a picturesque valley for about ten miles, surrounded by high peaks, many of which are snow-capped. I found the best fishing below the "Loops," but the best day's catch with the fly did not exceed four trout, the largest 1lb. and the majority ½lb. The fish are brook trout, with white flesh, and there are also grayling; both more ready to take a bit of raw meat or grasshopper than rise to a fly, but still quite amenable to the latter.

DEVIL'S LAKE (MINNEWANKA)—A long, narrow and winding lake, surrounded by bold, snow-covered peaks, distant about nine miles from Banff, whence it is reached by a good driving road. A pleasant week was spent here. Good trout are to be found in the lake by trolling, and old Joe, the boatman, talks of several 16-pounders having been taken, while the head of one said to have weighed 40lbs. is shown in the museum. It is seldom, if ever, the lot of an angler to fish anywhere at the right time, and our own experience at Devil's Lake was to kill only three trout by trolling, of which the largest was 3lbs., and he did not show much fight. Good sport, however, was afforded by the small-mouthed grayling (whitefish?), which were then taking bait freely, and proved very lively when hooked to a light rod, most of these weighing 2lbs. The Cascade River, within walking distance of Astley's cottage, has several good pools for brook trout, where, after the exercise of much patience, a few good fish were secured with a fly.

LAGGAN.—Alt. 4,900ft. A small station on the C. P. R., about one hour's distance from Banff, where good accommodation can be had at the railway house. This is an excellent center for two or three days' good stream fishing on the Bow River, which here dashes over many rapids and falls, through picturesque gorges, forming many tempting backwater pools where small but lively trout rise to the fly. A good deal of scrambling over rocks and fallen trees has to be done to get at the pools, but the sport and its surroundings well repay the exertion, and almost compensate for the mosquitoes.

LAKE LOUISE.—Alt. 5,300ft. A small and pretty mountain lake, about three miles from Laggan, where a few days can be comfortably spent. Some good trout can be taken from the lake with a fly, and still more with a grasshopper and by trolling. The upper part of the outlet creek also gives a few fish wherever room can be found to make a cast, but logs and bushes here form serious *impedimenta* to fly-fishing.

GLACIER.—Alt. 4,122ft. A very pleasant place to stay off at for perfect rest, but there is no fishing.

NELSON, on the Kootenay Lake, is the best center for the Kootenay River fishing. Nelson is reached by a branch railway from Revelstoke to Arrow Head (30 miles), thence by steamer to Robson (120 miles) and then by rail (40 miles); the total fare being $7.50. The whole journey is very picturesque, especially the trip down the Arrow Head Lake, if one is fortunate enough to have a clear day. The lake at Nelson affords fair sport both for fly-fishing and trolling; but the place is on the Kootenay River, some fifteen miles down stream, at what is known as "Ward's Crossing." The only trouble is to get there; or rather to return in the evening, as the train does not pass until about midnight every second day. The C. P. R. have four "shaks," or log cabins, on the river, but these are not at the best spots, nor are they now habitable by human beings. At present the only plan to fish the Kootenay is to take tent and boat to "Ward's Crossing" and there camp out until you are tired of the fishing. This was the plan we adopted, and found that four days' camping were very pleasantly spent, thanks to the C. P. R agent, who kindly lent two large tents, and to Mr. and Mrs. Stutter, who acted as our guide and cook. It may be noted *en passant* that a skunk stole our ham on the second day and that our supply of meat was thus exhausted; but, with the exception of field mice, no other animals disturbed our comfort nor were we troubled with mosquitoes. The fishing on the Kootenay River is best done from a boat in the eddies formed by the rapid current, which after passing over grand waterfalls, flows turbulently round many rocks before forming the comparatively placid water known as Ward's Crossing. The scene is a very grand one; the falls above are not unlike those of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, the volume of water is great, and clouds of spray bear witness to its force. High mountains on each side, all densely wooded, complete a very striking picture. And then the fishing is all that could be desired; the trout are of good size, often 2lbs. and seldom much under 1lb. in weight; they rise readily to the fly toward evening, and are to be taken throughout the day by trolling. Many of the fish are rainbow trout, lively to a degree, and when caught on a light rod give all the sport a fisherman can desire—struggling hard to escape the landing net, sometimes doing so, and exciting constant admiration by their brilliant color and rapid motion. Our best day's catch to one rod was twenty-six fine trout, and the only trouble on the Kootenay is to know what to do with the fish after they have been caught. During three and a half days' fishing our two rods killed 109 good trout. The temperature on the Kootenay was high, ranging 85° Fahr. during the day, but the nights were very cool. After finishing the Kootenay a return journey has to be made to the C. P. R main line at Revelstoke, whence two hours by rail bring us to

SICAMOUS, on the Shuswap lakes, the junction of the branch line to Vernon. One day's trolling on the Shuswap did not afford us any sport, but others testify to there being fair fishing in that water. I can only bear witness to the quantity and virulence of its mosquitoes.

VERNON, forty miles by rail from Sicamous, is a very quiet English town, well laid out—but sadly devoid of life. The Kalemalka Hotel is, however, the best one between Banff and Vancouver, and a week can be spent here very comfortably with trips to three good fishing grounds in its immediate neighborhood: Okanagan Lake, Long Lake and Swan Lake. Our experience gives the preference to Long Lake, where in two days' trolling our two rods killed fifteen good trout, running from 1 to 3lbs. in weight, the fish being very game and often jumping clear of the water before final capture. This district consists of rolling prairie land, suitable for wheat and fruit, and is of an entirely different character from the mountain scenery we have hitherto been in. Vernon is also a good center for shooting trips for big game as well as grouse and duck.

VANCOUVER—Good trout fishing can be had at several places in the neighborhood, but our experience was limited to salmon trolling in the "Narrows," which affords capital sport from late in August until the first week in October. The best fishing is done during the last of the ebb and the first of the flood; salmon are then jumping in all directions, and many of them come to the numerous spoons that are revolving in their neighborhood. From six to ten fish a day are sometimes caught, and although there are some blank days, most of the boats generally bring back a fish or two. The sport is grand when trolling with a stout rod, and the excitement from the moment a good fish is hooked until it is safely gaffed into the boat is a sensation to remember. My own catch during six hours' trolling consisted of three salmon, weighing 6, 8 and 10lbs. respectively; but there yet remains on my mind the recollection of grief at losing a much larger fish, which rushed my line and jumped itself off the hook before I could reel in and recover the strain on the rod. The disappointment was perhaps increased by seeing a distinguished member of the British Consular Service successfully capture a 15-pounder from another boat.

The following is a record of fish killed by my own rod (principally with a fly), during the holiday now completed; but it will encourage ladies who enjoy the sport if I add that my wife also killed eighty-nine fish on the same trip.

Banff	July 27–30	4 days	11 trout.
Devil's Lake	Aug. 2–8	7 days	7 trout.
Lake Louise	Aug. 11–12	2 days	12 trout.
Laggan	Aug. 13–14	2 days	24 trout.
Nelson	Aug. 19–23	4 days	10 trout.
Kootenay	Aug. 25–28	3½ days	55 trout.
Long Lake	Sept. 8–9	2 days	11 trout.
Vancouver	Sept. 12–13	2 days	3 salmon.
		26½ days.	133 fish.

H. G.

Probably a Golden Carp.

J. L. CRIDER, druggist, of Huntington, W. Va., has a fish in his aquarium, caught in a net in the Ohio River, which has all the appearance of a genuine gold-fish, so far as shape and color are considered; the mouth, however, is formed very much like that of the sucker. Mr. Crider has a considerable number of small genuine goldfish in his aquarium, none of them being finer, if as fine, in color as this one. In size it equals a dozen of the others. It will weigh about 1lb. Its color is a deep, brilliant orange throughout. I did not examine it closely enough to give details of fins, tail, etc. Can the FOREST AND STREAM tell us whether or not it is the golden carp of a certain variety, or a freak of nature? N. D. ELTING.

THAT BIG TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to Mr. A. N. Cheney's article, under the heading: "The Big Trout at the Show," in your issue of April 24, as the owner of the fish referred to, and knowing a little something about it, I trust you will give space to the following, as I believe that Mr. Cheney's remarks may have a tendency to create a wrong impression.

The owner of the fish has never objected to anyone doubting its being a brook trout. Owing to the conflicting testimony of supposed experts, he has some doubts in the matter himself. He does object, however, to Mr. Cheney's insinuations that the fish has been "fixed," or so mounted as to intentionally deceive anybody.

There is no mystery about the fish. It was caught in a small brook in Montana, the exact location of which I am not able to give. It was sent to Chicago, and was carefully examined, measured and weighed by a number of gentlemen who know a brook trout when they see one, although they may not be able to recognize its picture in a book, or to spell its Latin name. These gentlemen found the fish to measure just scant 33in. in length, and to weigh 13½lbs.; and it had spots on both sides, and had a square tail.

A number of gentlemen who have caught brook trout all their lives, and two or three others who are generally accepted as experts in such matters, all of whom saw the fish before it was mounted, pronounced it a brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*), and the owner had every reason to have confidence in their opinion. The fish was mounted to look as nearly as possible as nature had made it, and it was exhibited as a brook trout, in perfect good faith. Neither the man who owned it, nor the taxidermist who mounted it had any desire to fool anybody. As soon as it was seriously questioned that the fish was not a brook trout, the owner exhibited it simply as a big trout, and waited for somebody to name it correctly. A peculiar thing about the matter is, that of all the people who say that the fish is not a brook trout, no two of them agree as to what it really is.

Mr. Cheney knows that there never has been the slightest attempt to deceive anybody in the exhibition of this trout. It was sent to the last Exposition at considerable trouble, and was taken out of the case (simply mounted on a board), so that anyone interested could examine it closely. Nothing was claimed for it, and it was simply shown as a big fish. The thanks that a sportsman receives for all this trouble is a lot of uncalled for abuse and unfair insinuations from fellows who never saw such a big trout before, and whose brains are not built to conceive of anything out of the ordinary run.

The established facts in connection with this big trout are as follows:

First—The trout was caught in Montana.
Second—It measured just scant 33in. in length.
Third—It weighed fully 13½lbs.
Fourth—It had spots on the sides.
Fifth—It had a square tail.
Sixth—It is mounted to look as it did in life.

Mr. Cheney is "not sure as to what the legend over the fish read" when last exhibited at the Sportsmen's Show. After the very careful (?) examination which he made of it at that time, he may be surprised to learn that there was no label nor legend of any kind whatsoever attached to the fish, and no claim was made regarding it.

Mr. Cheney is sure that the fish is not a brook trout. He may be correct in this, for all of us are bound to be right once in a while. He has in the past guessed three or four different names for the fish, and now confesses that he really don't know what it is—which has been exactly my idea of his knowledge in the matter ever since he first wrote on the subject.

Dr. Bean, though not quite sure, thinks that the fish is a Dolly Varden (*S. malma*), and that it is not remarkable in size. I do not pretend to be competent to take issue with Dr. Bean, whose opinion I very much respect, but after looking up the Dolly Varden, I should certainly guess that this trout was something else.

There are two or three other expert opinions in the matter, one of them being that the fish is papier-mache. I wonder if this latter possibility has occurred to Mr. Cheney?

In view of all the conflicting testimony, the owner himself confesses that he does not know what the fish really is, unless it is a brook trout. He cannot find two people who will tell him what it is if it is not a brook trout, although a number have made some hard guesses. Mr. Cheney first said it was a lake trout—an opinion which was laughable in its absurdity.

I am far from being the oldest and most experienced trout crank extant, but have seen one or two trout in my day, and have yet to see one that in any way approaches the weight and length of the specimen referred to. I am not sufficiently expert intelligently to consider such details as teeth, ears, side whiskers, etc., in establishing the family status of this fish; but as an ordinary, every-day crank, and judging this fish from his fins and general appearance, I think that he is a brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*)—a freak in size, and on that account, perhaps, possessing some peculiarities not characteristic of the rest of the family.

So much for what I think. I know that the fish is a trout of some kind, and that it is not a lake trout, a rainbow trout, a black trout, or a brown trout. I also know that it is mounted to look as nearly as possible as it looked in life, and that whatever it is, it is the biggest thing of the kind ever shown.

But whether it is a brook trout, or a land-locked bullhead, or a sea robin, it is "a blamed big fish," and there is a good price waiting for another one just like it.

If the fish is not a brook trout, I am more anxious than anybody else to know what it really is. It is perfectly fair to express a doubt as to its being a brook trout, but Mr. Cheney is unfair in insinuating that the fish has been exhibited under false colors.

"And that is not half what I know about experts that are not experts. CHARLES H. MEIGS.

[The Exposition catalogue described this as a brook trout. The dimensions of the fish exceed any authentic recorded measurements of a brook trout, hence if this is a brook trout its identity should be determined, since it would be the record fish. If Mr. Meigs will send his fish to the FOREST AND STREAM we will undertake to tell him what it is.]

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

ANGLING NOTES.

"Scientific Facts."

IF there was any one thing that excited my admiration as a boy it was the condensed scientific facts that I occasionally came across in the newspapers. In a few lines I would find the result of perhaps years of study and investigation all boiled down to a convenient size to put in a pocket or memorandum book, and consequently the clippings of "scientific facts" that in any way related to fish were always transferred to my pockets. When I became older I procured a scrap book for these "facts," as they were far too valuable to be worn out in my memorandum books. Later still, when I began to find out something for myself, I was not so cocksure of all these facts, and in some way I lost my respect for them, in a measure, and the scrap book was abandoned.

Nowadays I sometimes get these newspaper "Scientific Facts" hurled at my head whether I want them or not, and frequently they seem to be sound, and occasionally I know they are not. Here are two "facts," which head a column of scientific notes in a recent issue of a newspaper:

"Each salmon produces about 20,000,000 eggs.

"It is said that the Greenland whale sometimes attains the age of 400 years."

I pass on the whale's age, but it does seem to me that a salmon would have to bump herself to produce 20,000,000 of eggs during her life; but if she produced 20,000 a year and lived for 1,000 years she could do it if she attended to business all the time. It would probably inconvenience her the first year of her life, when she was only 5in. long or such a matter, to produce about five quarts of eggs, but she would get used to it by the time she was 1,000 years old, if she ever did. In contradistinction to the quoted scientific facts, I will give some cold hatchery facts. Twenty-eight salmon of all ages and sizes produced an average of 8,089 eggs each, and forty-eight salmon produced an average of 9,247 eggs each; and these fish were in size an average lot, as they ran in a Canadian salmon river; but say that they spawn annually, and spawn for fifteen years, producing each year 10,000 eggs, and it would make a total 150,000 eggs during the life of the fish. To be sure, this is a big cut in the scientific facts, but it comes nearer to the truth than the quoted figures.

Holes in the Game Law.

An item from the Elizabethtown (N. Y.) *Post* has come to this journal which says that "Certain shrewd fishermen, living in the town of Keene, took advantage of the amended game law, which permits fishing through the ice after April 16, and went up to the Giant's Wash Bowl, the result being that this curious body of water yielded quite freely to their wishes. We are reliably informed that several fine trout have been caught through the ice at the Giant's Wash Bowl and that the sport still continues."

The tone, more than the words of this paragraph, indicate that these fishermen had in some way got the better of the law by reason of some hole they had discovered in it that was undiscovered by other fishermen, but really there was nothing particularly shrewd about the fishermen who did this fishing. Any one who reads the game law to keep informed of its provisions with a desire to observe them could have done the same thing if desire and opportunity had been in conjunction. The law referred to was passed two years ago and reads: "No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed through the ice in any waters inhabited by trout, salmon trout, or landlocked salmon during the close season for taking such fish." The Giant's Wash Bowl is inhabited only by "trout" of this section, and the closed season ends on April 15. The closed season for "salmon trout" and landlocked salmon does not end until April 30, so it would be unlawful to fish through the ice in waters inhabited by these fish. The item would be scarcely worth referring to if it were not for the fact that too often any apparent defect in the game law is hailed with satisfaction. Those who consider it perfectly legitimate to beat the game law appear to forget what the game law stands for, viz.: the protection of our fish and game during their breeding seasons that they may not be exterminated. It is not the principle of the law which these people respect, it is the penalties and fines which they fear.

Fishing in India.

Upon his return from India, Mr. Alfred C. Harnesworth writes me from London, chiefly to say that a little later he will give me a detailed account of his fishing experience in that far-away land. One paragraph in his letter I had to read for the second time, because of the surprise I experienced on first reading.

He says: "I had magnificent sport in India, which, if it were not for the heat, would be the best angling country in the world, * * * The chief fish of India are carp of various kinds. Bred in the fast and turbulent Indian rivers they acquire enormous strength, and yet maintain the extreme caution of the carp tribe. My first fish was a 42lb. carnatic carp, now being prepared for the forthcoming fishing exhibition here." Another paragraph reads: "Our trout fishing season in the South of England opened on the 1st of April. There was a bad snow storm on, but I went out and got three fish. There is a certain charm about our South of England rivers which is missing in wilder waters, and I can assure you I positively enjoyed this smallness after the vast streams of India."

When an accomplished English angler, a dry fly-fisher and all that, one who has fished pretty much over the face of the earth where waters run and fish are lured, says that India except for the heat would be the best angling country in the world, it means something, and it caused me to stop and think. I confess that I have always regarded India as about the last place in the world for really good fishing. To be sure, there is the giant mahseer, called the salmon of India, that requires a heap of fishing to kill, but I thought it was about the beginning and the end of the bill when this giant carp was brought to hook. It seems that there are other carp, and that they afford sport in the catching. I know that the small mahseer and the small carnatic carp will take the fly, but the larger fish are lured with the spoon, generally, and I have yet to learn whether either is a good fish on the table—probably as good as any carp, and no better; but we must wait until Mr. Harnesworth has his say in detail before making odius comparisons.

Salmon in Hawaii.

Fishing in India for carp, reminds me that the Dominion of Canada has sent a lot of Pacific salmon from British Columbia to Honolulu to see if they can be established in the rivers there. The spread of artificial fish propagation is something remarkable when one sits down to think about it seriously, and realizes that it has all been accomplished in about a score of years or a little more. To be sure the first successful shipment of *salmonidæ* to the Antipodes was made in 1864, but I think it was in the 70's that distribution began in the colonies.

Cape Colony now has a successful trout hatchery, and who knows but India may yet have its trout fishing in its hill streams. As I was writing this note a letter came from Mr. J. J. Armistead, the Scotch fish breeder, and author of that very instructive book "An Angler's Paradise, and How to Obtain It," being a modern work upon fishculture which goes to the bottom of things piscicultural, in which he says: "There is great room for improvement in our fisheries, but we cannot get our Government to work here like yours. I only wish we could. I was a little while ago over in Germany, and my son has just returned from there. They are doing much in that country, and also in other places in Europe." Once in a while a letter like that reminds me how we Yankees are favored in the matter of artificial fish breeding by the liberal policy of our National and State Governments in their particular field, which is doing so much to keep up the food supply as well as to furnish fishing for other than those who follow it for bread winning.

A. N. CHENEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

MEMBERS of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club met in banquet at the Briggs House, this city, Thursday evening, and had a pleasant time. Arrangements were made for the semi-monthly contests, which will begin May 8, at Garfield Park. A larger tournament is planned for August next.

A Good Programme.

Mr. W. H. Crawford, of Dayton, O., an ardent canoeman and angler, writes me that he has a good programme laid out for this summer.

"I do not know when I will be in Chicago again," he says, "probably not before June, as I am going to spend practically the entire month of May fishing. I have been invited to go in the Font'nalis Club on May 1, the opening day, and spend a few days there. Then on the 10th the Dayton Angling Club expect to go to Middle Bass, O., and there enjoy a few weeks black bass fishing. On the 26th I expect to leave for Boston, where I will join a party of twenty gentlemen, composing the Last Makers' Angling Club. We expect to spend ten days at Parlin Pond and Mt. Kineo, Moosehead Lake, Me. I have spent nearly all winter getting my fishing tackle ready, and if I should meet you at the summer meet of the W. C. A. I will be full of fish stories, etc."

It is too bad a man has to work that hard.

Wisconsin Season Open.

The Wisconsin trout season opened April 15, but high waters have held back the anglers, and I have heard of no one going out. It is usually well into May before trout rise well in Wisconsin.

Big Fishing in Fox Lake.

One rod killed ninety-three black bass in Fox Lake waters (probably on the Grass Lake spawning beds) on one day this week. Bass are now running and are biting a little in the streams.

New Wisconsin Fish Law.

Mr. G. A. Buckstaff, the Wisconsin State representative who framed and pushed through the former Wisconsin statute known as the Buckstaff law, which was found faulty later in some clerical features, writes me as follows in regard to the new Wisconsin law:

"The State of Wisconsin has another fish and game law that will protect all the inland waters from net-fishing. This means that on Lake Winnebago, Butte des Morts, Winneconne and Poygan there will be some of the finest black bass fishing there is in the Northwest. As Oshkosh is only four and one-quarter hours' run from Chicago, the Chicago sportsmen should take advantage of the fine fishing in these lakes and make Oshkosh their outing ground this summer. I will try to keep the readers of FOREST AND STREAM informed as to the fishing here."

Mr. Buckstaff was in the thick of the bitter fight with the Winnebago net fishermen, one of the stubbornest contests the sportsmen of the West ever saw waged with the market interests. The anglers of the country may thank him if they now have better fishing in the once prolific waters of Winnebago and adjoining lakes.

Burned the Nets.

I learn from a Dubuque, Ia., paper that some of the sportsmen of that city who have long been suspicious of illegal net fishing in Fentress's Lake, this week determined upon a little hunt for the nets. They dragged for the nets and got up a lot of them, of the sort known as hoop nets. These they piled up on the bank and promptly burned—without process of law, it is true, but just as effectively so far as the fire was concerned. Then they filled a lot of barrels with sand and sunk them in the water, so that seining will, after this, be a practical impossibility in that part of the fishing country. Mr. Fentress was one of the party. The Dubuque men have resolved to enforce the law, and they have in this case enforced it in a very efficacious way.

For Bass.

A friend who knows whereof he speaks tells me that last year he had most excellent bass fishing in the Kalamazoo River, not far from Saugatuck. The small-mouths in this river take the fly. Another good stream, I am advised by equally competent authority, is the Thornapple, a lovely wading stream where bass take the fly nicely in the summer. This is also a South Peninsula stream, and can be reached near Ada, a good fishing point.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

An Angling Pilgrimage.

NEW YORK, May 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. E. Vom Hofe left New York on March 19 for an extended fishing trip in Southern waters. He followed down the Florida west coast, stopping at Captiva Pass, Punta Rossa, Punta Gorda and Fort Myers, at which latter place he is at the present writing. From Fort Myers he expects to go to Texas to try conclusions with the Aransas Pass tarpon.

So far he has reported the capture of four tarpon, the smallest weighing 135lbs. The first two of these fish were taken in one day at Captiva Pass by the method known as "pass fishing." This is practically trolling with the boat anchored. The tideway gives a current of five or six miles per hour in the channel, and this gives the bait the necessary action. A mullet is used on one triple hook.

Mr Vom Hofe also reports very fine channel bass fishing, the bass running large and averaging 25lbs.

J. B. B.

RHODE ISLAND'S FISH.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The season for trout fishing, according to the Rhode Island statutes, is from April 1 to July 15 of each year. Early in the morning of the first day of the trout season hundreds of anglers were trying to lure wary speckled beauties from their watery haunts, and this sport, so dear to anglers, has had scores of devotees daily since, who have visited the many brooks and streams in this State, particularly in the western part, and have returned, after hours of rare sport, with laden baskets. And the trout anglers report the best sport and best luck in years, thanks to the Inland Fish Commissioners who, for three years, have taken especial pains in stocking the brooks of the State with this beautiful and gamy fish.

The Inland Fish Commissioners, who comprise J. M. K. Southwick of Newport, Adelbert D. Roberts of Woonsocket, C. W. Willard of Westerly, and Henry T. Root and William P. Morton, both of this city, have charge, under the statutes, of fresh-water fishing and certain kinds of salt-water fishing, besides the catching of lobster. During the past three years the Commissioners have placed 35,000 yearling trout—fish from 3½ to 6in. long—in the brooks and streams of the State, distributing 10,000 yearling trout a year for the first two years, and 15,000 yearlings last year. During that time the Commission has also distributed in streams and brooks 100,000 trout fry, from ¾ to 1in. in length. All this fish was procured from the Carolina hatchery, C. A. Hoxie, proprietor. The Commission is also stocking some ponds with bass. The Commission has spent its yearly appropriations of $1,000 or $1,500 wisely—the fishermen think the amount should be doubled—and now anglers are getting the benefit. The yearling trout distributed a year or so ago are now large enough to be caught, and furnish good sport, and the trout fry are growing into yearlings, and prospects are good for fine sport for a number of years if the fishermen will co operate with the Commissioners, and obey the laws about not catching trout out of season, not catching any under 6in. in length, not using nets, etc., for all of which misdemeanors the law provides a fine of $20 for each offense. The Commissioners have destroyed a number of nets set in brooks to catch trout, and have also warned a number of people about catching yearling trout, and about going trout fishing out of season. The Commissioners are giving careful attention to their duties, and if the anglers of the State will co-operate with them in enforcing the law, there is no reason why trout fishing should not be a pleasure to those interested every year.

In their report just made to the Legislature, the Commissioners say of their black bass work: "A body of water located within the town of Westerly has been set apart for this purpose with the consent of the Town Council, and will be used exclusively for the cultivation of this variety of game and table fish. Two consignments of fish have already been received and planted in this preserve; one Aug. 4, of 600, and one Nov. 4, of 1,500, both from United States Commission. In two or three years these fish will have increased sufficiently to enable the Commission to commence the work of stocking many of the ponds and rivers of the State.

"The large-mouthed bass is native to the Great Lakes, the rivers of the Mississippi Basin, and nearly all the waters of the Southern States. In New England it is comparatively unknown, the small-mouthed being perhaps better adapted to the clear, cold waters of most of our lakes and ponds and has consequently received more attention. There are, however, in this State, many waters that are better adapted to the large-mouthed species; for instance, in large shallow ponds or lakes of comparatively high temperature and in rivers with sluggish current and muddy bottom, also in rivers that are somewhat polluted by refuse from mills. It is this class of waters particularly that the Commission hopes to largely benefit by the introduction of this species.

"As a food fish the large mouth bass rank among the first of the fresh-water fishes, its flesh being firm and white, and, when properly cooked, tender and juicy. As a game fish it is fully equal to its relative, the small-mouth, when taken in the same waters and under same conditions. And upon good authority it can be claimed that it is a much more ready biter, rising freely to the surface of the water for natural bait or artificial fly. The small-mouth, on the contrary, as many anglers can testify, is extremely epicurean in its tastes and on the whole a very uncertain biter. In point of size the large-mouth is certainly the superior of all varieties of the fresh-water basses of this country, attaining in some waters the enormous weight of 18 to 20lbs., whereas the largest specimen of small-mouth of which there is any authentic record, weighed but 8¾lbs.

"The fishing for the small mouth black bass last year was not equal to that of the preceding season. This fact is no taken as evidence that the fish are decreasing, but is probably owing to low water in many of the ponds during the best part of the fishing season. Realizing that there are many ponds and streams in the State well adapted to this species and which are as yet unstocked, the Commission has leased a small preserve near Niantic and has stocked it with adult fish. These fish spawned in May, and it is estimated that there are now several thousand young bass in the pond, which are doing well. They will at the proper time be transferred to waters hitherto barren of this variety of food fish.

"Squeteague have of late years been very abundant and very regular in their visits to our waters. They seem to have in a measure taken the place formerly held by their colleagues, the bluefish, whom they resemble in their habits, both being very destructive of other fish. Why the bluefish remain in the waters about Block Island and are very plenty further west, and cease to come here in numbers, is a problem we at present cannot solve."

W. H. M.

"Angling Talks."

WE have a very few copies of George Dawson's "Angling Talks," a series of chapters of entertaining chat about men, fishermen, fish, fishing and fishing places. Cloth, 50 cents. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Limit the Trout Catch.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of May 1 I read a letter from Mr. Benj. Kent relating to the revival of the Frank Forrester laws to cover the Catskill trout streams. I am heartily in favor of this, as Mr. Kent tells the plain truth as to the abuse of those streams by many so-called fishermen, who have only one limit—all they can get. Something certainly ought to be done to put a check on this senseless way of fishing for trout, and if you can work up a sentiment to get a law to limit the number of trout taken in one day's fishing to sixteen or twenty, you would earn the praise of scores of fly-fishermen within my knowledge. A. F. SANDEN.

This note from a New York correspondent has a bearing on the question of trout catch limit: "My former experience and results of trips of my friends in past seasons had convinced me that the Neversink River was still, as of old, the most famous section for the little beauties which inhabit the spring waters of such localities, and always reliable, as one there can satisfy his ambition as regards his catch either in way of numbers or of large size. At Fallsburgh, D. M. Case, of the Hotel Waldorf, Woodbourne, met me. I had about two days to devote to the sport of the stream, but those two days were big guns, as the first day's results gave me seventy-six fine specimens of both brook and California trout, the second day eighty more and finer ones were added to my catch. This record for the beginning of the season is a fair sample of what may follow during the months of May and June. My total catch was 156 trout, which weighed 47½lbs., the largest one weighing 1½lbs. The stream I found in fine shape and the fish plenty and active. J. F."

Black Bass Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The "Angling Notes" by Mr. A. N. Cheney are always interesting and instructive, and the FOREST AND STREAM could do a world of good by taking the position he does in your issue of May 1, on the subject of the close season for black bass.

An editorial from you at this time, suggesting that the close season be extended to July 1, would have great weight with all true anglers, and most anglers—when properly approached—are true.

There are so many who do not stop to consider the wrong they are doing by taking bass in June. They obey the laws, but do not try to improve them.

In this vicinity the bass spawn in April, May and June, and I have seen them on their beds right up to July 1.

I am writing of the small-mouth bass, as I have watched their habits closely, and they are becoming more scarce each year. It is an easy matter to take bass from their spawning beds with an artificial fly, and there are a dozen fly fishermen out here now to every one who cast in these waters ten years ago.

The bait-fisherman cannot do so much harm in the clear, shallow water near the shore, but call the attention of the whole fraternity of anglers to these facts; please do, and in the meantime we will go to work on the laws. W. H. C.

Trout at Canadensis.

CANADENSIS, Pa., April 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the opening of the trout season quite a number of New York fishermen were gathered here at the Spruce Cabin House while the weather was against good fishing, being cold and raw; yet quite a number of excellent creels were brought in, the trout all running large. Dr Roth, of Wilkesbarre, took some very fine fish, the largest weighing about 1½lbs. Dr. Moore had twenty-five trout that weighed 11lbs. The total catch of the first day was 400 from 8 to 14in.

This section has quite a number of trout streams, among the more famous are the Brodhead, Buckhill, Middle Branch, Goose Pond Run, Levis Branch, Stony Run, Mill Creek and Rattlesnake Creek. It is also not only famous as a trout region, but is one of the best conducted hunting and fishing resorts in the State.

Among some of the prominent fishermen that were here at the opening of the season were: Kit Clarke, Nat Rodgers, Rev. Dr. E. L. Lyon, Walter McGuckin, Jas. McBride, Dr. W. Edward Halsey, W. P. Ketcham, W. H. Schroeder, Chas F. Roe, G. E. Ketcham, Jr., E. C. Smith, Geo. W. Shaw. C. L. K.

Gut for Salmon Fishing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, Mr. A. N. Cheney, is so much of a fisherman that it seemed surprising, in the course of his article on "Thickness of Gut," to have him say: "It is safe to assume that for salmon the thickest gut obtainable is used, but for trout—" etc. If he will make inquiry at the large tackle shops he will find the salmon angler requires, not the thickest gut, but the roundest and truest gut of smaller size, which is much stronger than the thick gut that is flat in places and cannot be readily rolled under the finger. In times of low, clear water, a man fishing with the "thickest gut" would not have much chance of success on a salmon stream. Leaders 9ft. in length of ordinary large gut, for bass fishing, can be bought for $8 to $12 a dozen; salmon leaders, of smaller gut, but round and true and testing, dry, up to 10lbs., cost $28 to $44 per dozen; showing it is quality and not size that the salmon fisher wants. Last year the writer killed fifty-two salmon—and played and lost many more—using only three leaders of rather light gut, and lost only one fish by breaking of the leader. GARD.

It Certainly Is.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., April 29.—I would like to say something regarding game protection in this vicinity. There is a State Fishery not far from here and the brooks are stocked every year, including the Little Lehigh. While walking along this stream I passed a number of farms where fyke-nets were hanging on the trees to dry in plain view. Is it not ridiculous to stock a brook and then allow the farmers to net out the fish? MOHICAN.



The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 1.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, Morris, Man
Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Nov. 2—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

MINNEAPOLIS BENCH SHOW.

THE initial dog show of the Northwestern Kennel Club (member of A. K. C.) was held April 20–23 inclusive, in the Exposition Building at Minneapolis, Minnesota. It was held as an adjunct of the Cycle and Pure Food Show, and primarily as an additional attraction thereto. But the fact that over one-half of those who paid for admission to the main exhibit paid an additional quarter to see the dogs, shows what a strong affection the public has for our canine friends. The Exposition Building will be remembered as the location of the National Republican Convention of '92. The brilliant success of the show is another example of what Western push, energy and "rustle" can accomplish in case of need.

Generally, the managers of a dog show feel aggrieved if less than six months is given them in which to arrange it thoroughly. Less than five weeks before the doors were opened, the N. W. Kennel Club decided to make the venture. In that short time all the innumerable details were prepared, all the inevitable obstacles met and overcome, premium lists printed and sent out, entries received, catalogue printed, and in short such an immense amount of work done and so well done that the morning of the 20th found 377 dogs awaiting the inspection of the judges and the public.

The former were surprised and gratified; the latter, well, i simply went wild.

Generally the entrance to a bench show is accompanied with certain qualms of the stomach, as the usual strong odor assails the nostrils; but here it was the universal verdict, from the veteran judges down, that a show was never held in such a pure atmosphere. There was absolutely no disagreeable odor. Right here is where holders of future shows may learn one of several lessons from this management.

They made sure that there was full and free ventilation, that the white capped attendants were constantly on the move with broom and basket of sawdust, that the disinfectant was plenty, that a huge pile of sawdust was constantly on hand, fresh from the huge gang-saws of the mills, redolent with the aromatic aroma of the pines. And as a result that aromatic perfume filled the air and formed a fit atmosphere in which to view man's friends of field and forest There was not a hitch or a balk in the whole proceedings. One can but give honor where it is due, and the highest credit should be given to. Messrs. C. E. Dickey and E D. Brown, President and Secretary, and Mr. N. P. Whiting, Chairman of the Bench Show Committee, for to their tireless labor and genial courtesy the splendid success should be attributed.

One hundred and thirty local entries as a starter, and the rest of the State, outside of St. Paul and Minneapolis, hardly represented, give the N. W. K. Club confidence in laying their plans for a date in the regular circuit of bench shows; not a date for one year merely, but a regular member of the circuit hereafter. And this is as it should be; for there are a whole lot of purely bred, registered dogs in Minnesota and the Dakotas and Wisconsin that would not be sent even as far as Chicago to a show. Many of them are fully able to make a great big percentage of the Eastern prize-winners tremble for their places, when once they are all in the same ring. As Judge John Davidson said, it was a pleasant change to him after being so well acquainted with the regular dogs of the show-rings of the regular circuits, and an agreeable surprise to find here so many new, fresh dogs of such excellent quality. Judge Tim Donoghue found many "cracker-jacks" in the classes, and what surprised him especially was that he met in the street several dogs, not entered in the show, that would have surely been placed had he met them in the ring. Moreover, these Minnesota and Dakota dogs have, to an unusual extent, that quality, somewhat rare in bench-show winners of late years, which would bring them to highest prominence in "Père" Hough's Special Class of "meat dogs." When out with them you get game—if you can hit it.

Now let the N. W. K. Club consider this. Make a date in the season for a combined bench show and field trial. Hang the best purses up for classes in which the winners are to be those reaching the highest averages of marks in both field and bench. 'Tis a combination devoutly to be wished.

Those old veteran judges, Messrs. Davidson and Donoghue, unite in placing this show on a very high plane of excellence, dangerously near, in fact, to New York and Chicago, considering quantity and quality of the classes, cleanliness and general excellence. They call it an unexpectedly good, high class show. Their opinion goes.

When a man enters seven animals and comes out with four first prizes, two seconds, and one vhc. from seven different classes, he is apt to think that he "is too good for this world, his home is in heaven;" but such success did not affect Mr. Robert Hoodless; he was still content to return to Chicago. But they do say he chartered a Pullman for a few of his friends, viz., the pointer Devonshire Jennie, the cocker Major Mack, Nannie H., Dalmatian; Fleetwood Bell, bull terrier; Scion Lomond, St. Bernard, and the Irish setters Prince Elcho II. and Shamrock Pattie.

Whenever a broad, delighted smile was seen spreading over all the faces of all the multitude advancing toward one it was never necessary to look around to know the cause; one instinctively felt that Major Mack was just behind, leading Mr. R. Hoodless for a stroll. The Major was the pet of the show. His peculiar marking, a shade of tan which no painter could ever hope to copy, contrasted with a coat of black so lustrous and so silky it is comparable to nothing but itself, his affectionate good nature, his joyful activity—all combined to capture every heart.

A brindle bull dog chained short in a corner of a corner stall, deemed "all space a temple, and all seasons summer," for venting his rage in impotent railings at mankind. For three days he kept up an incessant barking at every newcomer; by the afternoon of the third day his voice was failing, and resembled that of young manhood in that the passer by remarked, "Why, his voice is changing." Friday noon found him stretched on his side sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, unconscious of the nose of an African brother just within good reaching distance, as he stooped over to examine those fierce fangs. Just imagine if he had waked up.

If any more gray hairs appear in the beard of Judge Davidson on his return, remember that class of twenty-five St. Bernards, a most difficult problem in itself; remember his kind patience in laboriously explaining the minute points wherein the pet of a fair exhibitor failed of obtaining the first prize, instead of a lower one.

Here is another lesson for other future managers to learn from those of this show. "Dangerous. Don't handle." Such was the legend posted on the outer edge of the partitions frequently. The judges especially noticed this and the marked effect it had on the visitors, who always want to handle the dogs. All the dogs were grateful for it, from the challenge Gordon, Highland Vola, with her record of thirty-three prizes, down to the weest of the collie bairns that was commencing a prosperous career of bench shows at its mother's side. One man should have been grateful for it, but he wasn't. Consequently two long St. Bernard fangs met in the side of his hand.

The special and local prizes were very acceptable and useful articles, in addition to special money prizes. They ranged from handsome silver cups to—think of it—1lb. of candy. Strange how some people will bankrupt themselves with generosity.

The cycle show came near being the side show to the bench show, but don't mention it, for the cycle show was a great success.

A six-day, two hours a day in the evening, bicycle race is in progress also, ladies only. For four nights the three leaders, Misses Helen Baldwin, Farnsworth and Glaw, have broken all records, and at the finish every night they are bunched, with Glaw usually a wheel or 1in. ahead; there are usually about 2in between the wheels of the middle one and those ahead and behind her. Glaw and Farnsworth do most of the spurting, with Baldwin occasionally in the lead, but Baldwin rides in the best form and is "pulling a waiting race." Experience has shown that in such cases "th' opposed may beware."

There seems to have been a competition between the judges at this show, one and all, apparently as to which would produce the best impression on exhibitors; presumably because they are infatuated with the place, and want to come again. Or perhaps it is only the "brisk Minnesota weather." When the prizes were exhausted and reserve and vhc. as well, there was an inexhaustible supply of hc., and especially c. But that's all right. A great many of these were local dogs, and no master of any of them—or mistress—but has been made the fast friend of the judges and the management and bench shows for life; and when the N.W. K. C. holds its next show they will all devote time, money and influence to its support and aid—just what all dogs want.

In sporting classes the order of excellence was as follows: 1, pointers; 2, English setters; 3, Gordons; 4, cockers; 5, Irish setters; 6, Irish water spaniels; 7, Chesapeakes. All these classes were good except Irish spaniels and Chesapeakes.

The greyhounds were well represented—very well.

Borzois was only two in number, Petrosky and his mate, C. O. D., both winners of 1st, owned by Dr. R. G. de Puy. It does not seem as if they could master the gray wolf of the prairie, but their record is a proof that they think him only sport. The list of prize winners explains itself, but the excellence of them all can only be appreciated by those who saw them. COLEBROOK.

POINTERS.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, O. B Clark's Clark's Keat; 2d, W. A. White's Brother Dan. *Bitches:* 1st, W. A White's Zoe.—OPEN—*Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st, A. G. Eberhart's (agt.) Niagara; 2d, N. G. Hansen's Trinket's Dick. Res., A. L. Belknap's Mark Sirius. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, L. S. Weil's Devonshire Jennie; 2d, W. B MacLean's Nan. Res., J. A. Helfenstein's Dragon's Duchess. *Dogs* (under 55lbs): 1st, O. B. Clark's Clark's Duke; 2d, W. H. Vittum's Duke Graphic. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, W. H. Vittum's Nellie Croxteth II.; 2d, R. M. Bennett's Ridgeview Fancy. Res., O. B. Clark's Clark's Lady.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. G. Eberhart's (agt) Rush of Lad.—LOCAL—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, O. B. Clark's Clark's Duke and Clark's Kent. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Vittum's Nellie Croxteth II.; 2d, W. B. MacLean's Nan.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, M. Swift's Dart; 2d, Rush & Winslow's Hobart L. Res., G. E. Griswold's Luke. *Bitches:* 1st, R. W. Matthew's Flossie B.; 2d, Mrs. C. M. Shaffer's Lady Dot.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. A. Burdett's Cincinnatus Pride; 2d, Rush & Winslow's Chucs Ducco. Res., G. E. Griswold's Dick *Bitches:* 1st, R. W. Matthew's Frederica Matthews; 2d, W. R. Tart's Bird C. Res., N. G. Hansen's Princess Diana.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, P. T. Madison's Rodfield.—LOCAL—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Vittum's Monk's Dash; 2d, G. E. Griswold's Dick. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, R. W. Matthews's Frederica Matthews and Flossie B.

IRISH SETTERS.—PUPPIES—1st and 2d, W. H. Eakin's Cora Finmore and Ruby Finmore.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, D. L & A. Carmichael's Lord Elcho, Jr.; 2d, J. J. Hennessy's Prince Elcho II. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Eakin's Blanche Finmore; 2d, Mrs. E. Smith's Finglas Bess—CHALLENGE—1st, W. H. Eakin's Bessie Finmore.—LOCAL—1st, Mrs. E. Smith's Finglas Bess; 2d, G. Gonnella's Pearl II.

GORDON SETTERS.—PUPPIES—1st, Highland Kennels' Romona; 2d and Res., M. L. Searles's Don and Gordon.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Highland Kennels' Highland Boy; 2d, R. Hurd's Van; Res., E. Atwater's Duke. *Bitches:* 1st, Highland Kennels' Highland Beulah; 2d, A. E. Perry's Furn; Res., Highland Kennels' Highland Glossie.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, Highland Kennels' Highland Vola.—LOCAL—*Dogs:* 1st, R. Hurd's Van; 2d, E. Atwater's Duke. *Bitches:* 1st, A. E. Perry's Furn; 2d, W. A. Loveland's Queen.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—OPEN—1st, R. W. Matthews's Chester; 2d, F. Whitcomb's Brownie.

FIELD SPANIELS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Omaha Cocker Kennels' Darby. *Bitches:* 1st, Omaha Cocker Kennels' Dinah C.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, Black Hawk Kennels' Red Hawk Cork.—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Nubian Kennels' Guy Silk and Willie Silk. *Bitches:* Nubian Kennels' Mollie Bawn; 2d, L. R. Day's Duchess.—RED OR LIVER—*Dogs:* 1st, Omaha Cocker Kennels' Barney.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Mac Aulay's Major Jack.—LOCAL—*Bitches:* 1st, L. R. Day's Duchess.

Mr. Hugh Dalziel.

MR. HUGH DALZIEL, the famous English writer and author, died at Herne Bay, England, on April 8, aged sixty-two years. He was a voluminous contributor to the current canine literature of England, but in America he was best known through his most serious works, "British Dogs" and "The Diseases of Dogs and Their Treatment." The following is taken from an obituary notice in the *Stock-Keeper* (England): "In character, and this is written in a spirit of strong personal regard for an old friend now gone to his rest, Mr. Dalziel was a man of contradictions. Possessed of a most affectionate disposition naturally, he would not hesitate to alienate the sympathies of a friend, if in the course of a discussion—and he was engaged in many bitter ones during his career—he saw a chance of driving a point home; but though he never minced his words, he never intended to wound. Yet he could very seldom be got to withdraw a statement once made. Such an action, to his mind, would

have appeared to be an indication of indecision, and temporizing was abhorent to his nature. His *beau ideal* of all human perfection was Thomas Carlyle, and he emulated that great man in the robustnesses of his language and strength of his opinions. The persistent determination which he invariably displayed to get at the root of any difficulty is exemplified by his works, which are monuments of his dogged perseverance as they are of sound, plodding common sense, a little marred, perhaps, by prejudice here and there, and displaying occasionally a tendency to underrate the ability of opponents. Yet, taken all in all, the Fancy can ill spare a man like Mr. Dalziel; for though his rugged independence of nature may have led him into committing errors of judgment, his hatred of persecution and tyranny, his utter disregard of personal interests when he considered he was in search of truth, his stanchness to his friends, and his devotion to the canine race, will unite to keep his name green in the memory of all who knew him, for many and many a year to come. Mr. Daziel was laid to rest at Herne Bay on Monday afternoon beside his wife, whose sudden demise on the 4th of the month undoubtedly hastened the end of her most devoted husband, whose state of health rendered it impossible for him to withstand the shock."

DOG AND THE LAW.

THE following exposition of the status of dogs as viewed by the law is of special interest to all dog owners. Coming from the highest authority, it may be accepted as final under the existing law and usage. There is in it much of warning to the owners of valuable dogs, who desire to have their dogs recognized as property; that is to say, it warns them that the laws made specially for the protection of good dogs must be strictly observed. An owner who ignores license and registration of his dog, cannot hope for the benefits of them when the day of canine trouble comes.

The case was discussed by Justice Brown in the Supreme Court, Washington, D. C., on April 26. The case was as follows: George W. Sentell's Newfoundland bitch, while following him in the street one day, stopped on the tracks, and was killed by an electric car of the New Orleans & Carrolltown R. R. The bitch was registered, was kept for hunting purposes, and was claimed to be valuable. Among other things, it was set forth that she did not see the car, and "being in a delicate state of health, and not possessing of her usual agility, she was caught by the car and instantly killed." In the District Court Sentell sued the railroad company for $250 damages, and won his suit. The case was appealed, and the Court of Appeals reversed the decision of the lower court on the ground that the plaintiff should have complied with the State laws and city ordinances governing the ownership of dogs. In giving his decision Justice Brown said:

"By common law," said Justice Brown, "as well as by the law of most, if not all, of the States, dogs are so far recognized as property that an action will lie for their conversion or injury, although, in the absence of a statute they are not regarded as the subjects of larceny. This shows that property in dogs is of an imperfect or qualified nature. They are not considered as being on the same plane with horses, cattle and sheep, in which the right of property is perfect and complete, but rather in the category of cats, monkeys, parrots, singing birds and similar animals, kept for pleasure, curiosity or caprice. They have no intrinsic value—that is, common to all dogs and independent of the particular breed or individual. Unlike other domestic animals, they are useful neither as beasts of burden, for draft (except to a limited extent), nor for food.

"As it is practically impossible by statute to distinguish between the different breeds, or between the valuable and the worthless, all legislation on the subject, though nominally including the whole canine race, is really directed against the latter class, and is based upon the theory that the owner of a really valuable dog will feel sufficient interest in him to comply with any reasonable regulation designed to distinguish him from the common herd. Laws for the protection of domestic animals are regarded as having but a limited application to dogs and cats; and, irrespective of statute, a ferocious dog is looked upon as *hostis humani generis* and having no right to life which man is bound to respect."

The laws of a number of States relating to dogs and decisions of the courts thereunder were quoted, going to establish the principle that regulations for the keeping of dogs were a part of the police power of the States. The opinion then proceeds:

"Although dogs are ordinarily harmless, they preserve some of their hereditary wolfish instincts, which occasionally break forth in the destruction of sheep and other helpless animals. Others, too small to attack these animals, are simply vicious, noisy and pestilent. As their depredations are often committed at night, it is usually impossible to identify the dog or to fix the liability on the owner, who, moreover, is likely to be pecuniarily irresponsible. In short, the damages are such as are beyond the reach of judicial process, and legislation of a drastic nature is necessary to protect persons and property from annoyance and destruction. Such legislation is clearly within the police power of the State. While these regulations (in Louisiana) are more than ordinarily stringent, and might be declared to be unconstitutional if applied to domestic animals generally, there is nothing in them of which the owner of a dog has any legal right to complain. The statute really puts a premium upon valuable dogs by giving them a recognized position and by permitting the owner to put his own estimate upon them. The judgment of the Court of Appeals is affirmed."

Ethan Allin Setters.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You inquire about Ethan Allin setters. I think Mr. Lester A. Pearle, of Hampton, Conn., can give you as much information about a certain strain of Ethan Allin setters as any one, for he had the last that I have seen.

It always makes me laugh and then sigh when I hear about Ethan Allin's setters. I have seen a hundred and one that claimed to have an Ethan Allin setter, but they always have been of entirely different characteristics and color. Upon my visits to his kennel, I remember only his blue or steel gray, black and whites, and some that looked like half or three-quarters Gordons, and only one lemon and white; yet there are some who claim that the lemon and white ones are the only true and original Ethan Allins. These lemon and white ones originated from a bitch that I think came from Norwich, Conn., or near there, and had her first training by Ed F. Botham, of Hampton, Conn., which town adjoins Pomfret. After Ethan Allin got her he showed her at Springfield, Mass., at a chicken and dog show, and it was said that he took a prize on account of her pointing a chicken while standing upon an elevated plank while the chicken was upon the other end. She then was called Ethan Allin's premium bitch, so far as she was known.

I have had considerable experience with these lemon and whites, and do not think them worth the powder to dispose of them. Their heads looked more like a collie, with crooked hocks and straight stifle, and they were so headstrong that it was almost impossible to well train them. They had good nose and were stanch as rocks when worked alone, but in company they would never come to a point until they got ahead, even though they flushed the bird. Every one that ever bought a dog of Mr. Ethan Allin always claimed to have an Ethan Allin setter, no matter what its size, shape or color; and as proof, would explain in unmistakable language, "I bought him from Ethan Allin myself." I must not forget to add, that many have vowed in full faith that Ethan Allin used to train from thirty to forty dogs in a season.

E. K. SPERRY.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

AND now comes a contradiction of the daily press report of Owney's death. He has mange, is ill tempered and travel, worn, but not dead. He possessed extraordinary skill in peacefully dozing on a mail sack aboard a car, and eating such lunches as were offered him. By persisting in this, it became his life work, and thereby he won great fame. Having distinguished himself as the champion tramp dog of America, he now retires on his honors, that is, if there is not a later contradiction of the news. The *Sun* says: Owney, the postal dog, is not dead. He is in St. Louis, at the home of J. H. M. Elvin, a postal clerk, and will be cared for there until he dies. Owney has been the subject of official correspondence recently between the Post Office Department and some of its officials. When Capt. White, the General Superintendent of the railway mail service, read the despatch form Cleveland telling that the dog had been killed by a policeman in the Union Station there for attempting to bite a man, he wrote a letter to George W. Pepper, Jr., Superintendent of the service at Cleveland, requesting an official report on Owney's demise and information whether his skin could be mounted to be placed in the postal museum here. Mr. Peppers's official response was recieved by Capt. White to-day. It is as follows: "Respectfully forwarded to the General Superintendent of the railway mail service, Washington, D, C., with the information that the dog mentioned in this clipping was not Owney. A policeman killed an everyday, ordinary cur at the Union Station and a reporter did the rest. The last heard of Owney was that he had gone to Cincinnati to meet the new Superintendent, from which point he was 'routed' to the exposition at Nashville." Postal Clerk Melvin saw the story of Owney's death a few days ago, and to-day Capt. White received from him a letter saying that the postal dog had been in his possession for three weeks. He joined Mr. Melvin while returning from the Postal Clerks' Convention at San Francisco. Owney was suffering from a severe attack of mange, and Mr. Melvin determined to hold him untill he was cured. The cure has been accomplished, but Owney has developed some ugly traits, due to his advanced years. He tries to bite everybody he does not know. Mr. Melvin said in his letter that he would like to keep Owney until he dies, and Capt. White has written an official communication granting the request.

The rules, standard, stakes, list of officers and members, of the Irish Terrier Club of America, can be obtained of the Secretary Mr. O. W. Donner, Milton, Mass.

The fifth annual field trials of the New England Beagle Club, will be held at Oxford, Mass., beginning on Nov. 1. For particulars, address the Secretary, Mr. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass.

Under the date of April 29, Mr. C. E. Buckle writes us as follows:

"The Charlottesville F. T. Kennels have sold to Mr. Bores Wostriakoff, of Moscow, Russia, the black and white pointer dog "Yankee" by champion Rip Rap ex Queen III, whelped March 10, 1896. He is a very good looking and promising puppy Mr. Wostriakoff, whom it will be remembered attended the U. S. field trials held at West Point, Miss., last Jan., intends to run him in the Russian field trials held on "snipe," and he will compete in their Derby next fall He was shipped to Savannah, Ga., April 26, where he will take steamer direct to St. Petersburg, and from thence to Moscow by rail. It may be interesting to know that this is the first dog that has ever been exported from the United States to Russian soil, and the first black and white pointer that has ever gone there at all."

In our advertising columns this week Mr. W. S. Bell announces the Blue Ribbon Stake (formerly the Derby) In a letter he requests us to say that "the entries close on May 15, and those wishing to enter should do so by that time. Any one to whom blanks have not been sent can have them promptly forwarded on application to the secretary, 431 Wood street, Pittsburg."

Mr. M. Guruceaga, care of Mr. F. de Guruceaga, commission merchant, Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, writes FOREST AND STREAM that he desires to purchase two large dogs, and to that end requests that breeders will mail him their catalogues

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

BRED.

Mr. T. T. Ashford's Balsora, pointer bitch, April 21, to Von Gull
Mr. R. J. Vadant, Jr.'s, Harrietta, pointer bitch, April 24, to Von Gull.
Mr. W. T. Love's Fritz's Fay, pointer bitch, April 28, to Von Gull.
Mr. G. G. Williamson's Dan's Lady, English setter bitch, April 9, to champion Count Gladstone IV.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable

THE BICYCLE AND THE ROD.

IT would be strange if the universal wheel, which has revolutionized so many aspects of social life, had not left its mark on angling, and as a matter of fact it has in many places had a very noticeable effect. Not a few North country anglers combine the wheel and the reel very judiciously. To run a few miles with the rod in an evening, fish an hour or two at the most effective part of the day, and spin back home about lamp-time, is becoming a common thing. Night fishers, too, hitherto deterred by the long tramp home at midnight, find a new pleasure in the pursuit by reason of the handy bicycle, which can be left at the nearest farmhouse or inn. The angling bicyclist is independent of time and trains. He can go long distances to waters hitherto debarred except to those who could afford to hire the expensive trap, and his journeys there and back, instead of being tedious, are an added pleasure.

The possibilities of the bicycle in this direction were first brought home to me as I was pedaling gently along between West Hartlepool and Seaton Carew. A scorcher came past me like the wind—if I had not known that about thirty miles an hour was the maximum speed, I could have sworn he was going fifty—and as he flew past I perceived that he had a trout rod. Where was he off to? Why, going at that speed, the trout waters of the Tees were within his reach in little over an hour, and in considerably less time than he could have reached them by train on the jog-trot Northeastern Railway. As I rode I pondered, and the result was that when I reached home I purchased a ticket of a local angling association, whose lowest waters were about seven miles from my home—waters which I calculated, from the sparseness of the population about them, must be pretty well stocked with trout, seeing that they were beyond the probable circuit of the town poacher and only liable to be fished with the worm in floods by a neighboring laborer or two. My anticipations were realized, and, thanks to the bicycle, I had a nice little preserve to my own rod for the best months in the years 1895-6, and hope to have again. For purely selfish reasons, I do not specify the exact locality.

There is a great pleasure in combining the two sports. The bicyclist enjoys something of the "one crowded hour of glorious strife" of the poet, for he can have many adventures in a little time, and seems to have gone through a good deal in an hour when he looks back on it. The dog which threatened to upset him, the flock of sheep which he rides through with a wary eye, the many moments when he has to decide on his course of action in a fraction of a second; these and innumerable other possibilities of peril are the life and soul of cycling. Often when I ran out to what I called "my water," it seemed to me to be incredible that after all I had only been forty minutes on the road when I remembered all the incidents of the spin.

One thing I am bound to admit—fishing paraphernalia and the bicycle do not fit very well together. A rod and a bag are easily enough managed; if need be, the rod can be tied under the saddle and handle bar, on the under side of the frame, but when it comes to a capacious wooden creel, waders, brogues, rod and net—well, they are impracticable. Even returning with only a creel, holding some 8 or 10lbs. of trout, I found it to be prolific of painful jolts, arousing a conviction that some other method must be hit upon. With a little trouble I discovered a decent cottager's wife who for a trifling consideration allowed me to leave my rod and net, waders and brogues, creel and tackle book in her care, and I must say the good soul attended to my instructions as to turning the waders inside out when they were dry outside, and other little matters, with religious vigilance. A waterproof bag answered well for bringing my fish home.

One morning early in May, after a particularly delightful spin on the wheel, for the air was rather on the keen side, the mountain tops having a touch of fresh snow on them, the sun shone out warmly, and the birds were singing as I strolled down to the water after donning the waders and tying up the rod. The beck—for it was hardly big enough to call a river—was bright and clear. At one or two points there were rather long walks, perhaps a quarter of a mile, between the streams, but the streams were turbulent and lengthy, and many of them afforded an hour's fishing. I was provided with a particularly nice sample of creepers, and with a supplementary supply of well-scoured worms in case the creeper did not take very well, the season being rather early, on account of the low night temperature, for that branch of the sport. It was now 11 A. M.

"'Twas a day of cloudless skies,
When the trout neglects to rise,
And in vain the angler sighs
For a bite,"

I murmured; adding inwardly, "Much dear old Calverley knew about it!" At the end of an hour, however, I did not feel so cocksure. The first stream was generally good for five or six trout; for although short, it was lively, and ran into a deep pool overhung by an oak, which pool held a large stock of trout that loved to run up the stream in search of the larvæ of the stone fly. On this occasion two nibbles was all it yielded, and two mangled creepers all I had to show for them

I suppose every angler has at some time found the trout in a wrong-headed mood, doing those things they ought not to do, and going contrary to their customary use and wont. So it was on this occasson. The month was May, the waters were clear, the sun shone hotly, everything, in short, was auspicious—they ought to have taken the creeper, and they would not. They seemed to say, "No creeper, thanks! We don't mind a worm if you will allow us to take it our own way." And as a matter of fact I only caught one with the creeper, and the rest all—with scarcely an exception—took the worm on the Stewart in the pick of the creeper water, namely, just in the rough and tumbly water at the head of the streams. The rest of the streams seemed deserted; the heads seemed to have got all the fish in the river. It was a unique experience for me, and another curious thing was that when I gave up at 4 P. M. I had the most evenly-sized lot of fish I ever took—twenty-three, weighing 8½lbs. Shortly before 4 o'clock they stopped dead, and I was not surprised when a cloud came over and a cold blast, iced by the snowy hilltops, sprang up. As luck would have it this was the very wind I would have wished for, for it blew on my back and made the spin home on my Humber a delicious ending to a very pleasant day.—*Fishing Gazette, London.*

Grant Day.

THE bicycle has advantages for sight-seeing that are not always appreciated. Under certain conditions no better means for viewing parades could be devised.

On the occasion of the Grant parade, at the dedication of Grant's Tomb, in which an army of men marched equal to that which Greece has in the field against the Turks, the bicycle was peculiarly adapted for gaining an insight into the most interesting features.

On the west side of Riverside Drive the new cycle path runs to within a very short distance of the tomb, and is also, along its whole extent, within a few feet of the top of the bluff overlooking the Hudson, thus affording a view of the naval parade as well as the land pageant. While the cycle path was crowded with pedestrians before the parade began, the moment the first horsemen appeared, the spectators rushed to the edge of the main driveway, and the path was comparatively deserted. The cyclist then had half a mile or more of unobstructed riding. As a rule, he could see over the heads of the crowd; but where this was not possible it was an easy matter to secure a better view by leaning his machine against a tree and standing on the seat.

When tedious delays occurred, he had something to sit on, with tree or fence for brace, and when any particularly interesting feature came along he could follow parallel with the course and see as much as he desired.

The best part of the parade, in the opinion of a rider who gives his experience, was President McKinley, taken both subjectively and objectively. The wheelman followed him and noted how the roar of applause from the nearest of the million odd spectators burst out and kept pace with his advancing carriage, while the President bowed and smiled, and looked as pleased as a boy who has received a flattering compliment. Grover Cleveland, who followed close behind, looked *blasé* and relieved. No doubt the next best thing to being a newly-elected President in the first blush of conquest is to be a new ex-President with a freedom from the responsibilities of office just attained.

Riverside Drive was an extremely bleak and chilly place during the parade. The wind blew with the force of a hurricane, and it had a bitter rawness suggestive of pneumonia. Ambulances were frequently called for to carry away persons suffering from chills and like complaints, and some of the half-frozen spectators remarked, "Grant will kill as many at this dedication as he did before he died."

As a general thing, the people who suffered were those who had to keep still to retain advantageous positions. The bicycle rider who could wheel up and down was not troubled with congested circulation.

WHEELING NOTES.

CARTER HARRISON, the recently elected mayor of Chicago, is a member of the L. A. W., and an enthusiastic wheelman. No doubt a part of the tremendous majority with which he went into office is due to this fact. Chicago has a large bicycle vote, and the wheelmen gave enthusiastic support to the man who, as a cyclist, rode 4,400 miles last year, including twelve centuries, and who pledged himself to keep the streets clean.

Already the new mayor has shown appreciation for this support by using his influence to bring to a favorable issue the State Bicycle Baggage bill, which had become shelved in the Legislature, and seemed fated to meet an untimely end.

Yachting.

THE result of the yacht conference of last week is doubtless disappointing to many who participated in it, as much less was done than was possible, and, as we believe, desirable. At the same time such positive action has been taken as to assure the continuance of the work through the summer, with its probable successful completion, so far as the first stage is concerned, in the early fall.

The opportunity that, though not lost, was by no means fully utilized, was a rare one; the gathering being most satisfactory in point of numbers and the character of the representation. New York was represented by several of the men who are directly responsible for the very successful organization and maintenance of the Sound Y. R. A., by the organizer and head of the older New York Y. R. A., and by able and inflential representatives of the two large clubs not connected with the Union. The New York Y. C., of course, was not represented; but that was not to be expected. But one representative was present from Boston, but he, both personally and as the President of the Massachusetts Y. R. A., was in every way qualified; and he took an active and useful part in the discussion. Canada was represented by Com. Jarvis, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., President of the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes, and by Mr. Ambrose of the Royal Hamilton Y. C., President of the Lake Y. R A. of Ontario; these gentlemen having had a double experience in similar work both in the Lake Y. R. A., organized in 1884 as a union of the yacht clubs on the Canadian and American sides of Lake Ontario, and last year in the organization of Union of the Great Lakes. The American representatives from fresh water were ex-Com. Berriman, of the Lincoln Park Y. C. of Chicago, owner of Vencedor, representing the Lake Michigan Y. A., and Com. Richardson of Toledo, representing the Interlake Y. A. of Lake Erie. From the Far West was Mr. Macdonough of the Pacific Y. C., representing the Pacific Inter-club Y. A. The Delaware River was represented by Mr. Bancroft of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia, a veteran in club work, and by Mr. J. W. Jeanes, and the Great South Bay was also represented. Practically the only localities not represented were the Gulf and Southern coasts and the smaller interior lakes of the middle West.

Nearly all of those present were specially qualified by experience in the line of club work and interclub organization, as well as by familiarity with the wishes and needs of their clubs, for the task in hand.

It was plainly evident that the feeling of the majority was in favor of immediate action to the extent of forming an organization with a name and the necessary officers; many believing that the real work of securing satisf ctory rules could be better accomplished in this way than by deferring until the rules were made by a committee. Had a vote been taken on any of the different motions to organize at once, the motion would have had a decided—probably a two-thirds—majority. At the same time there was an obvious disinclination to press the matter in the face of the limited, but very positive, opposition to immediate action. It is worth noting that the men who had traveled from 500 to 1 000 miles in sleeping cars to attend the meeting were in favor of action, while those who had merely come up town after lunch by the Broadway cable cars were strongly against anything more than the appointment of a committee to report in the future.

In the course of the meeting a very decided difference of opinion became apparent. On the part of some, the main end in view is the adoption of uniform racing rules by individual and separate clubs, with no more of an organization than is necessary. This much was done ten years ago in the conferences of the New-York, Larchmont, Seawanhaka and Atlantic clubs, by which the uniform classification by waterline length was agreed upon, each club still being absolutely independent of the others.

In our opinion, such a loose coöperation as this cannot exist among the large number of clubs throughout the country, and it is a mere waste of time to attempt it.

With the best possible management, and with a reasonably good measurement rule in hand, an immense amount of work is still to be done among the body of the clubs before one measurement rule is universally accepted and enforced. This work can only be done by a strong and permanent organization, having the confidence of the clubs, and with a certain amount of authority that shall be recognized by all. If such an organization is not possible, then it is useless to labor for unity of action among independent and disunited clubs.

It is entirely too narrow a view of the subject to put the measurement rule in the first and only place, as the sole end and aim of yachting. Its importance cannot be denied, but there are many other things to be obtained by the intelligent coöperation of yachtsmen and yacht clubs. The true object of such an association as we hope to see should be to promote all the interests of yachting, to bind yachtsmen into one common fraternity, to promote intercourse and a good feeling between different sections, to utilize the combined skill, enthusiasm and intelligence of American yachtsmen for the advancement of the sport, both socially and technically.

The general affairs of such a body should be in the hands of a representative council or committee of a dozen or so; it should have, in this committee or another, a court of last resort to which the clubs would gladly appeal all disputes with a certainty of a fair and impartial decision that would relieve them of responsibility; it should have committees composed of experts competent to deal with such things as measurement formulæ, limitation of construction and knotty points in the sailing rules. We should be glad to see it go even further, and after the manner of many technical societies, such as the Association of Naval Architects in Great Britain and our own Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, make its annual meetings both interesting and of permanent value by the presentation and discussion of papers on yachting topics. Such meetings in New York, Boston, Toronto, Chicago, Philadelphia, Toledo or Buffalo, from year to year, would make a fitting ending to the racing season and weld the yachtsmen of the country into a really national body.

There is nothing impossible or chimerical in such a plan; it is nothing more than is done to a greater or lesser extent by other associations devoted to sport or business. Great as the difference is between yachting and canoeing, the example of the latter sport, in forming a successful national organization for many of these ends is not beneath the notice of yachtsmen.

We are quite in accord with those who at the meeting counseled against hasty action and were in favor of going slowly; but at the same time, we believe that if any action is to be taken the time has come for it. There has been enough done in preparing the way for an organization; that way is now clearly open, and the sooner it is entered upon the better. The need for caution and deliberation only comes when the association is positively organized, with adequate, but simple executive and legislative machinery in operation. Then is the time to go slowly in the extension of the general plan as experience shall indicate, in the elimination of points of difference in phraseology, etc., in the sailing rules and the systematization of general racing methods; in the thorough consideration of the measurement question and the gradual adoption of a new rule.

We have no doubt whatever that the meeting in October will result in the formation of an associatian which will include the great majority of American yacht clubs, of course using the word in its broadest sense to include the continent of North America. Whether it will include practically all of these clubs except the New York Y. C., and what success it will meet with in the first year or two, depends now entirely upon the action of the new committee; whether it attempts too little in providing for a mere concert of clubs on the measurement question; whether it attempts too much in providing a scheme of elaborate and extensive details, some of which will be objected to by different clubs; or whether it takes a middle course in providing for a strong but simple organization that may extend itself as experience directs.

No professional stenographer was present at the meeting on Saturday, and no attempt was made to take down in full the continuous and animated discussion. Our report is compiled from notes carefully taken, and is, we believe, correct in substance; but if any of the speakers are misquoted, or any material errors have been made, we shall be glad to know the facts.

THE telegram from the commodore of the Philadelphia Y. C. expresses the sentiments of many yachtsmen and yacht clubs throughout the country; it is a pity that some of the views that found expression and carried much weight at the meeting were so much less broad and progressive.

The Yacht Conference.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 1.

THE conference of representatives of the yachting associations and clubs of the United States and Canada was held as arranged, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on Saturday, May 1. The meeting convened at 2:40 P. M., the following delegates being present:

Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts.—Lewis M. Clark.

Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes.—Æmilius Jarvis.

Lake Yacht Racing Association.—E. H. Ambrose.

Interlake Yachting Association.—G. O. Richardson.

Lake Michigan Yachting Association.—E. C. Berriman.

Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound.—Stuyvesant Wainwright, E. B. Hart, Jr.; O. H. Chellborg, Charles T. Pierce, C. P. Tower, F. B. Jones and Oliver E. Cromwell.

Pacific Interclub Yachting Association.—J. M. Macdonough.

Great South Bay Y. C.—John R. Suydam.

Brooklyn Y. C.—P. H. Jeannott, Louis Wunder and William Cagger.

Hempstead Bay Y. C.—J. W. Williams.

Larchmont Y. C.—John F. Lovejoy and Oswald Sanderson.

Atlantic Y. C.—Vice-Com. Frederick T. Adams and Newbury D. Lawton.

Marine and Field Club.—Charles M. Brooks and W. S. Elliott.

New York Yacht Racing Association.—A. J. Prime, E. Langerfeld and George Parkhill.

Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia.—A. F. Bancroft and J. A. Jeanes.

New York Athletic Club.—Mayhew W. Bronson.

The invitations to the conference were sent to all known yacht associations and clubs, and to athletic and other clubs having yachting departments. The total number of clubs represented directly or through the various associations was 108. After the roll of representatives was read by Mr. Jones, secretary of the Sound Y. R. U., it was proposed that a chairman and secretary should be elected, Com. Jarvis suggesting that it be understood that these officers were only to serve for this meeting. Nominations for chairman were called for, and Mr. Cromwell was nominated and elected. Mr. Jones was nominated for secretary, but he declined and nominated Mr. W. P. Stephens, who was elected.

The chairman formally opened the session by a few remarks, after which the question of holding an open or executive session was then considered, and on motion of Mr. A. J. Prime it was decided to hold an open session, thus allowing the representatives of the various papers who were present to remain. The secretary read the following:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 1.—*Chairman of Yachtsmen's Convention, Fifth Avenue Hotel:* The Philadelphia Y. C. will heartily coöperate in any movement for the advancement of yacht racing and the development of yachtsmanship. I expected to attend the convention, but am prevented by sickness in family. Please read to delegates.

(Signed) FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN, Com., P. Y. C.

Mr. Cromwell then spoke on the purpose of the meeting, the necessity for an organization, its name, and similar details, asking that all present would express their opinions. For some time no one seemed anxious to speak, Mr. Jones finally taking the floor. He spoke of the pressing necessity for uniform racing rules, and as the best means of attaining this end of the formation of some sort of union or association of the various yachting bodies; mentioning the existing differences, the difficulties encountered in the past, and the growing need of uniformity in rules at least.

For a time no one was disposed to follow Mr. Jones. Finally Mr. Stephens took the floor. His remarks were to the effect that, while uniform racing rules, and in particular the measurement and classification rule, were most essential, there were many other directions in which the general interests of American yachting should be encouraged by the coöperation of all yachtsmen; that the condition of the measurement question to-day is such that there was little hope of immediate and successful action; but that the way was now open for the formation of a national association for the promotion of yachting in all its branches; that the first step was to organize and adopt a constitution, and that this might be easily done. The second step, of adopting uniform sailing rules for the general management of racing, was also easily possible; and that the third step, the formulation and adoption of an entirely new rule of measurement, was not only impracticable at present, but might well be left until the executive and legislative machinery of the new organization was complete.

Com. G. O. Richardson, of Toledo, moved that the meeting proceed to the organization of a permanent association. Mr. Sanderson, of the Larchmont Y. C., stated that his club was in favor of a uniform system of racing rules, but that its delegates were not instructed to go further than a scheme for mutual coöperation, and that they could not vote on a motion to organize an association. He also asked whether all clubs interested had been invited to representation at this meeting. Mr. Jones replied that invitations had been sent to all clubs in the United States and Canada that were known to the committee. Mr. Prime suggested that the roll of the clubs be called.

Com. Jarvis stated that he was not specifically instructed by the Royal Canadian Y. C. as to his action as its representative, but that the club was heartily in accord with the proposal, as understood, to form an association. He stated further that the delegates present were perfectly free to act as individuals and form an association which the clubs might subsequently join. He spoke of the necessity for some immediate action, and of the opportunity offered in the presence of so many representatives, finally offering a motion to the effect that the meeting should proceed to organize an association, and that to such end a committee should be appointed to prepare a form of organization and report at once to the meeting. He stated that he had prepared a draft of a constitution, and suggested that as others present had given attention to the same subject, they should present their ideas to the meeting and to the proposed committee. Mr. E. C. Berriman seconded the motion.

Mr. Jones suggested that it would be well to hear from those, if any, who were opposed to the formation of an association. Mr. N. D. Lawton, of the Atlantic Y. C., took the floor and urged that the meeting should go to work slowly, that nothing should be done at present beyond the appointment of a committee to prepare a scheme of organization and report in the fall at another meeting of delegates, at which a permanent organization might be effected. Mr. C. P. Tower, of the New Rochelle Y. C., spoke in favor of immediate action, but suggested that all of the delegates present should be heard. Mr. Sanderson seconded Mr. Lawton's amendment, speaking in favor of a temporary committee to prepare a scheme of organization which should be submitted to all the clubs prior to the fall meeting.

Mr. Prime offered a motion that it was the sense of the meeting that uniform racing rules could only be adopted through the formation of a permanent association. Mr. Berriman spoke, urging some immediate action while the delegates from a distance were present. Com. Jarvis spoke in the same strain, asking for immediate action in the formation of a permanent body with a brief constitution setting forth the main principles of the association, and leaving the completion and perfection of the rules, etc., until the organization was in permanent working shape. He spoke particularly of the opportunity now offered, and of the danger of losing it by failure to take positive action.

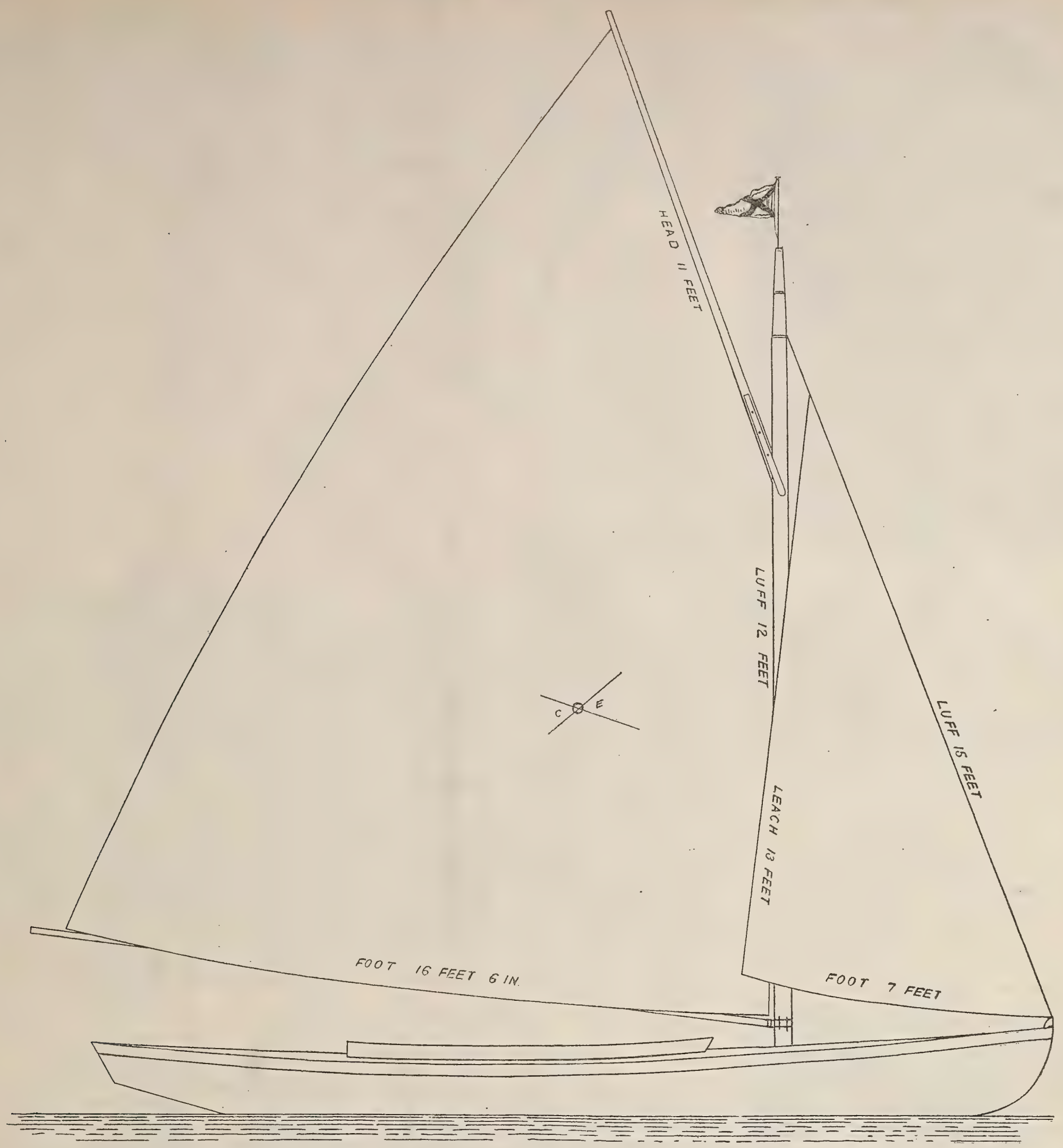
Mr. Jones offered an amendment to Mr. Lawton's motion, that an organization be at once formed and a committee appointed. Mr. Tower spoke again, suggesting a preliminary organization covering the main points, the details to be perfected later.

Vice-Com. Adams, Atlantic Y. C., suggested that the roll of delegates be called with a view to ascertain how many were qualified to act in the organization of an association. Mr. P. H. Jeannot, of the Brooklyn Y. C., stated that his club was in favor of an association, but that its delegates were not prepared to vote for it at the meeting. Mr. C. Y. Pierce, Riverside Y. C., spoke strongly in favor of immediate action. He remarked very pointedly that the delegates had come together at great trouble and loss of time to do something which they were now evidently afraid to do. Vice-Com. Adams stated that it was not possible for the Atlantic Y. C. delegates to vote for immediate action in the formation of an association.

Mr. Tower made a motion that a committee of five be appointed to retire and prepare a skeleton scheme of organization, reporting back to the meeting. Mr. Jarvis spoke again, and Mr. Prime urged the passage of Vice-Com. Adams's motion to ascertain what delegates were qualified to act at once. The chairman asked Com. Jarvis to withdraw his original motion for immediate organization and the appointment of a committee in favor of Vice-Com. Adams's motion, but Com. Jarvis stated that, without intending any discourtesy to the proposer of the second motion, he was not willing to withdraw his, as it was perfectly practicable for the delegates present to act as individuals in organizing.

Mr. L. M. Clark, President of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, offered the following motion: Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that uniform racing rules should be adopted throughout the United States and Canada; and that for this purpose some kind of a national association be formed. Mr. Jones and one or two others seconded the motion, whereupon Com. Jarvis and Vice-Com. Adams withdrew their respective motions. Mr. Clark's motion was put by the Chair and carried.

Mr. J. F. Lovejoy of the Larchmont Y C. offered the following motion: Resolved, That a committee of seven be appointed by the Chair to draft a plan of organization and



COLLEEN. SAIL PLAN.

submit such plan to the different clubs of America for their consideration; this plan then to be reported back to the said committee, which shall, after due consideration of them, formulate a final plan of organization to be acted upon at a meeting called during October of the present year: said final plan having been first submitted to the different clubs so that they can instruct their delegates with power as to the action or position they desire to take. Mr. Jones seconded the motion.

A general discussion followed, involving several points, especially the difficulty of any committee preparing a complete set of rules, etc., that would be accepted by all the clubs as a basis for an organization. During the discussion the secretary was repeatedly called upon to read the original motion. Mr. E. Langerfeld moved to amend by adding the word "associations" after clubs throughout the motion, which amendment was accepted.

Mr. Prime objected to the motion and offered an amendment, that a committee of seven be appointed to draft a constitution for a national association and to submit it to the meeting after a recess; the motion was not seconded. Mr. Lovejoy's motion was finally carried unanimously, after which Mr. Langerfeld moved that the date and place be fixed by the same committee.

Mr. Jones moved that a committee of five be appointed by the Chair to consider the question of the racing rules, in connection with the original committee. A general discussion brought out the fact that some of the delegates, in accordance with the idea that the main object in view was the adoption of a uniform system of racing rules, interpreted Mr. Lovejoy's motion to mean that the committee of seven should prepare not only a constitution and by-laws, but a new measurement rule that, after being submitted to all the clubs for their scrutiny, would be accepted by them as a satisfactory basis for such a union, league or association as might be formed. It was stated by some of the delegates from about New York that their clubs would have nothing to do with an association unless it were positively known beforehand what the measurement rule was to be.

Much diversity of opinion was manifest in connection with this discussion as to the form of the organization, a few of the delegates expressing themselves strongly against anything more than a loose union of the clubs in an agreement to use uniform racing and measurement rules. Mr. Clark spoke very strongly against the idea of framing a rule between now and October which would be generally accepted, and stated that such a movement would preclude the possibility of bringing in the Massachusetts clubs. Mr. Stephens spoke at some length, urging that the work of the committee be specifically limited to the preparation of a scheme of organization, that the work at the fall meeting be limited to organizing with a suitable constitution, by-laws and officers; that the matter of unifying the general sailing rules be then taken up, and that nothing whatever be done, for the present, with the measurement question. He spoke of the absence of a satisfactory rule at the present time, the difficulty of any committee in addition to the other work framing a good rule during the summer, and the absolute impossibility, even if a good rule were found, of securing its immediate acceptance by a majority of the clubs.

Mr. Lovejoy finally offered the following resolution: Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the plan of organization referred to in the original motion shall include a constitution, by-laws and sailing rules. This provoked another discussion as to whether the term "sailing rules" covered merely the general rules of the road in sailing and the methods of starting, etc., or whether they included a measurement formula Mr. Lovejoy explained that he intended the motion expressly to include the formula. This was opposed by several, and Mr. Jones offered an amendment, that the committee be instructed to omit the measurement and classification rule. This was seconded by Mr. Clark and carried, after which the motion as amended was carried unanimously. The chairman announced the following committee: Messrs. N. D. Lawton, Atlantic Y. C.; C. T. Pierce, Riverside Y. C.; A. Emilius Jarvis, Royal Canadian Y. C.; L. M. Clark, Hull Y. C.; J. M. Macdonough, Pacific Y. C.; A. J. Prime, Yonkers Y. C., and F. B. Jones, Indian Harbor Y. C. After an understanding that the committee was to fix the date for the October meeting, the meeting adjourned. In the evening a number of the delegates were entertained at a mess dinner at the Seawanhaka club house. It was intended to take the visitors up the Sound on Sunday, and they were invited to luncheon by the Larchmont Y. C., but a storm from the east interfered with this plan.

The America's Cup.

The great majority of rumors and reports of challenges for the America's Cup are of one or the other of two kinds, either with an after-dinner origin, like the noted case of Mr. Rose and the Distant Shore, or with no *bona fide* origin at all; the plain product of certain Anglo-American fake mills, specially manufactured when real yachting news is scarce. We print the following merely because it has obtained a wide circulation through the daily press, it evidently belongs to one of the above classes. The three gentlemen mentioned are not racing men, we are not aware that Mr. Wollf is even interested in yachting, while Lord Dufferin has been known for over a generation as peculiarly a cruising man. The Royal Uster Y. C. is little likely to undertake so momentous a venture as a challenge for the Cup. One version of the story is to the effect that Mr. Sibbick whose work has been entirely confined to yachts 20-rating and under, is to design the new challenger.

BELFAST, April 27.—It has been decided to build an Irish yacht to compete for the America's Cup. The boat is to be constructed in Hilditch's yards, Carrickfergus, upon the order of a syndicate composed of Gustav Wilhelm Wolff, M. P. for East Belfast and a member of the Belfast shipbuilding firm of Harland & Wolff, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, and the Marquis of Londonderry. She will be sailed under the auspices of the Royal Ulster Y. C., of which the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava is commodore.

BELFAST, April 29.—Mr. Gustav W. Wolff, M. P. for East Belfast, and a partner in the firm of Harland & Wolff, the well-known shipbuilders, says there is no truth in the story that he is connected with a syndicate contemplating building an Irish yacht to challenge for the America's Cup or the Queen's Cup.

It is further stated that no member of the Royal Ulster Y. C., of which the Marquis of Dufferin, whose name was also mentioned in connection with the alleged syndicate, is commodore, intends to challenge for the America's Cup.

Beverly Y. C.

THE Beverly Y. C. announces the following races for 1897:

No. 246, June 17.—Club house, Wenaumet; first open sweep.
No. 247, June 26.—Club house, Wenaumet; first championship.
No. 248, July 3.—Club house, Wenaumet; second open sweep.
No. 249, July 5.—Club house, Wenaumet; second championship.
No. 250, July 24.—Club house, Wenaumet; third open sweep.
No. 251, Aug. 3.—Marblehead; first open regatta.
No. 252, Aug. 7.—Club house; third championship.
No. 253, Aug. 14.—Club house; fourth championship.
No. 254, Aug. 21.—Marion, A. M.; Van Rensselaer cup.
No. 255, Aug. 21.—Marion, P. M.; second open regatta.
No. 256, Sept. 4.—Club house; fourth open sweep.
No. 257, Sept. 6.—Club house; third open regatta.
No. 258, Sept. 11.—Club house; fifth championship.

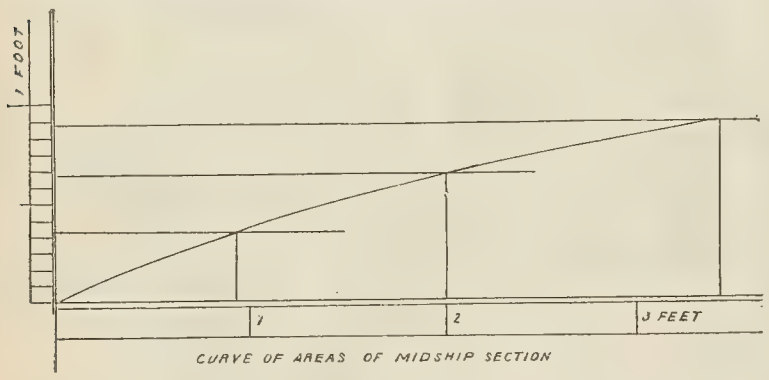
The Indian Harbor Y. C. has now under headway a new club-house on the site of the old Rockport Hotel, on Rocky Point, Greenwich. The work will be pushed so that the house may be available this season.

The Dublin Bay S. C. Colleen.

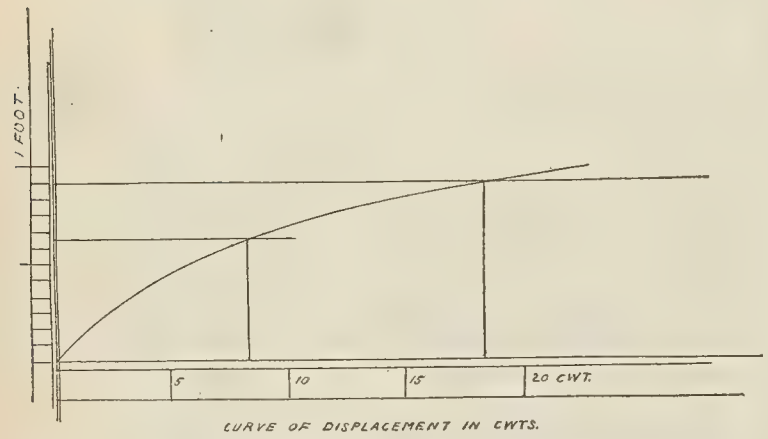
A SHORT time since we made mention of a new class established this year by the Dublin Bay Sailing Club under the name of Colleen, and now, through the kindness of the designer and builder of the boats, James E. Doyle, the yacht-builder, of Kingstown, Ireland, we are enabled to present the lines.

The Dublin Bay Sailing Club, whose station is at Bullock, Kingstown, Ireland, has long since made a reputation among yachtsmen and boat sailors as the especial patron of open boat sailing and the parent of some notable restricted classes. Founded in 1884 with the object of promoting racing and sailing in small boats, at a very early period in its experience the necessity for special restrictions to prevent speedy outbuilding and to preserve the general interest of its members became apparent. As in all other clubs, the tendency soon developed on the part of a few to outbuild in both size and cost, thus discouraging the majority of owners, who were not willing to add a new boat to the fleet each season. To meet this difficulty the original classes have been long since surrounded with rigid restrictions, and at the same time, to meet the demands for new and different craft additional classes have been created. One of these, the Mermaid, is very widely known, while the Water Wags, a class liberally patronized by the club, is even more famous. Both the Mermaids and the Water Wags have plumb stems and sternposts, or practically the same length over all and on the waterline.

In 1895 the club requested designers to submit plans for a new class, to be 19ft. over all, 18ft. l.w.l., 6ft. beam and 2ft. 6in. draft, with 5cwt. of lead on the keel, a ⅜in. centerboard of not over 1cwt. weight and with an exposed area of 6sq. ft.; a gaff mainsail, with loose foot, of 200sq. ft. area and a jib of 50sq. ft., spinaker boom not over 9ft.; the boats to be clincher built, copper fastened, planked with ⅜in. pine, with wales, transom and seats of teak. Mr. Doyle, in answer to this tender, submitted plans for a somewhat different boat, with 1ft. less length on waterline and 1ft. more over all, 17ft. and 20ft. respectively, and with less draft and 6in. more beam. Nothing was done at the time, but last fall the subject of the new class was taken up anew, and another request for plans



CURVE OF AREAS OF MIDSHIP SECTION



CURVE OF DISPLACEMENT IN CWTS.

sent out. The drawings of 1895 were again submitted by Mr. Doyle, with the addition of 2ft. aft, making a neat counter, and they were adopted by the club. The contract price, on condition that six boats were ordered at once, was £52 10s ($262.50), and about 10% more for a smaller number. Mr. Doyle is now at work on quite a fleet of the new craft.

The drawings need little explanation; the official specifications being very complete. The club is provided with full-size body plan and a set of internal moulds; the measurers, Messrs. Hargrave and Stephens, applying the moulds to the inside of each new boat before she is decked. The full specifications are as follows:

Dublin Bay Sailing Club.

SPECIFICATION FOR BOATS OF B CLASS TO BE KNOWN BY THE NAME OF COLLEENS.

DIMENSIONS.

Length over all	22ft.
L.W.L.	17ft.
Beam	6ft. 6in.
Draft of water	1ft. 6in.

DESCRIPTION.

Boats to be built as shown on the club drawings, with round stem, square transom, clincher built, and sloop-rigged.

MATERIALS OF HULL.

KEEL.—Of American elm, sided and moulded as shown on body plan; greatest width 6in., tapering fore and aft as shown on drawings; thickness 2in.

FALSE KEEL.—Of either red, yellow or pitch pine, or memel (pine).

STEM AND STERNPOST.—Of oak, to be of natural growth as near as possible to the curvature required, free from sap or other defects. Stem sided and moulded as on drawings, i. e., sided at keel 3in. and at head 2in.; sternpost, sided 2in., and moulded as on drawings. Sternpost and dead wood may be in one piece.

DEAD WOODS.—Of oak or American elm, free from defects. moulded 1¼in., sided to fit stem and keel.

PLANKING.—Of best selected, seasoned yellow pine, free from all defects, thickness ⅜in. (Teak top streak), widths not to exceed 5in. in broadest part, the planks (except 18in. from hoodends at bow and stern) shall overlap with the outside lands the entire thickness of the plank itself, but an arris not exceeding ⅛in may be taken off outside edge of plank. Top streak grooved for stripe. No plank to have more than one scarph.

BENT TIMBERS.—Of American elm, sided ⅞in., moulded ½in. spaced 6⅞in. from center to center with an ⅛in. arris off top edges. Timbers to be joggled into keel.

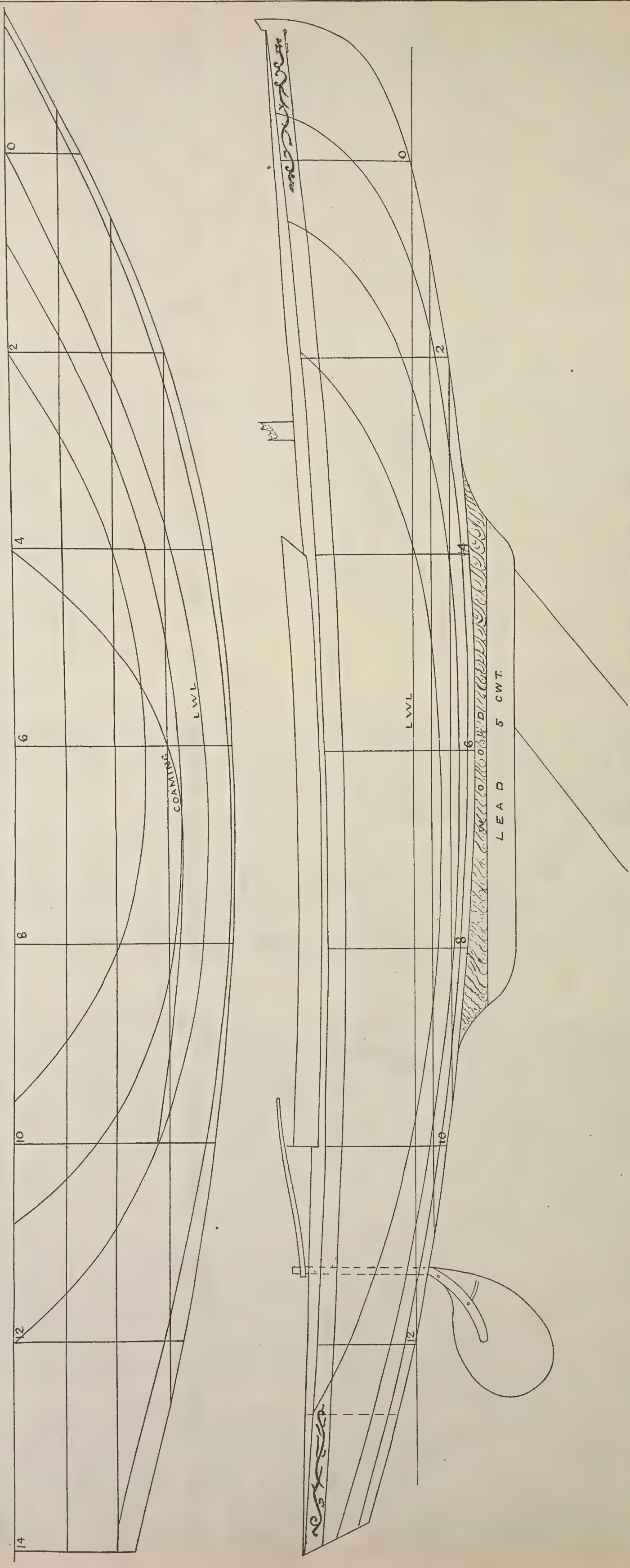
FLOOR TIMBERS.—At stations 2, 6, 7, sided as frame, not less than 1½in. moulded across keel, and not less than 12in. on each arm.

GROWN TIMBERS.—At stations marked on plan, 1in. sided, moulded at keel 2in., at L.W.L. 1½in., and 1in. at head. Sufficient check out of head to admit shelf or stringer to fit home to bent timbers.

GUN METAL OR STEEL FLOORS.—Length of arm to be 8in. to C.B. case, and 12in. on frames. Section, moulded ½in., sided 1in., and ¾in. at throat, tapered to ¼in. at point. To be placed on frames Nos. 3, 4 and 5. Four No. 12 screw fastenings in each arm.

STRINGER OR CLAMP.—To be 3in. × ⅞in. yellow pine, fitted close up to deck.

HANGING KNEES—Of oak to be of natural growth, as near



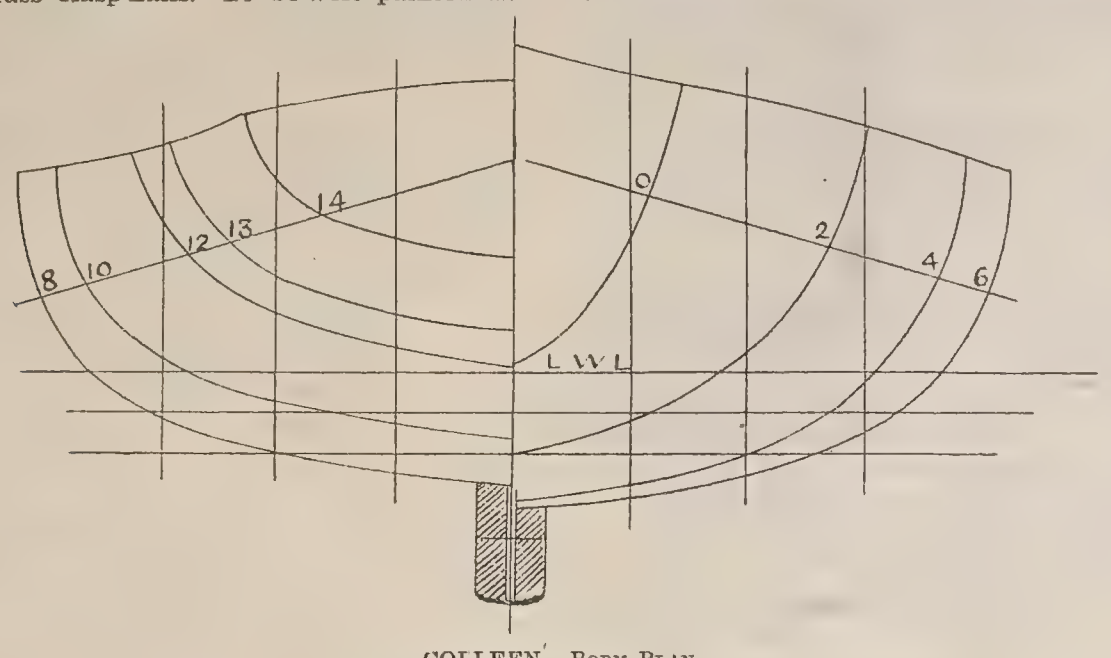
COLLEEN CLASS, DUBLIN BAY SAILING CLUB. DESIGNED BY JAMES E. DOYLE, 1896.

as possible to the curvature required, 1in. thick, fitetd at each end, and at center of cockpit, also at mast beam. Lodging knees at transom, and breast-hook of oak. Oak bitt, 2½×2in., standing 5in. over deck, mortised into keel.

DECK BEAMS—Of best Norway spruce, spaced 13¾in. center to center. At mast and end of cockpit, sided 1in., moulded 2in. Short beams at cockpit, ided 1in., moulded 1½in. Other beams ⅞in.×2in.

COAMINGS—Of American elm, ½in. thick, moulded as on drawings.

DECK.—To be ⅜in. best seasoned yellow pine or Norway spruce, fitted underneath with 1½×⅜in. ribbands, fastened with copper or brass clasp-nails. To be well painted and



COLLEEN. BODY PLAN.

covered with calico or linen, also painted, as per general condition.

CENTER BOARD CASE.—To be of yellow pine, 1in. thick. Side keelsons of oak, or American elm, not less than 1½in. thick, to take bolts of lead keel, all to be square-jointed to keel. A piece of flannel to be laid in the joint, with a mixture of genuine red and white lead and copal varnish, thick enough to be put on with a knife. Copper fastenings to go through the keel and side keelsons, and to be properly clenched on copper rings or washers.

FASTENINGS.—To be copper and Muntz-metal, no iron or galvanized nails to be used in any portion of hull or fittings. Nails through bent timbers to be properly rooved, and two nails between the timbers. All through fastenings to be properly rooved. Deck to be fastened to beams and clamps with brass clasp-nails. Beam ends to have a brass screw into clamp. Clamp to be through fastened and clenched on rooves.

FLOORING.—Boards of best Norway spruce ⅝in., laid level on carlines not less than ¾×2½in. across the boat, fitted to and on the timbers.

SEATS.—Of teak, not less than 36in. in length, 14in. in width, framed in lattice-work, and supported by turned uprights on floor or timbers.

IRON AND BRASS WORK.—One gun-metal chainplate each side, to be fixed on timbers placed in position to receive same, said timbers to be not less than 18in. long, 1½in. sided, by 1in. moulded. Gun metal casting on stem for fore-stay and stay-sail. Hook for mooring, spider-band, gooseneck for boom, and leads for jib-sheets to be gun metal. Traveler for boom, horse for main-sheet and masthead fittings to be galvanized iron.

LEAD KEEL AND CENTERBOARD.—Boat to have lead keel 5cwt., with ⅝in. slot for center plate, to be fastened with ten Muntz-metal bolts of ½in. diameter through keel and keelson

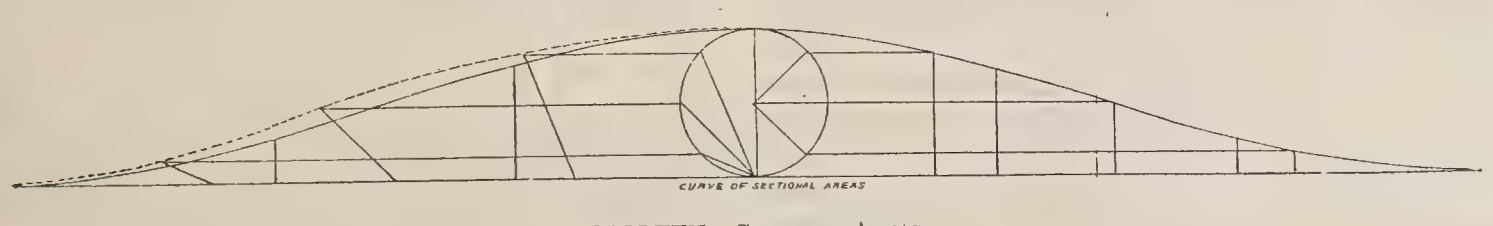
Ballast on keel, 5cwt. of lead. Centerboard not to exceed 1cwt., ⅜in. thickness. Gaff mainsail loose at foot.

Working sail area, 250sq. ft., divided into mainsail and jib.

Spinaker boom not to exceed 9ft. No balloon jib allowed.

Boats to be clincher-built; that is to say, the planks (except 18in. from hood-ends at bow and stern) shall overlap with the outside lands, the entire thickness of the plank itself, but an arris not exceeding ⅛in. may be taken off outside edge of plank.

Boats to be precisely similar in design and construction, and to be built in accordance with drawings and specifications marked A and AA, respectively, which shall be deposited with the Hon. Secretary, who shall charge a fee of 10s. for a copy of same.



COLLEEN. CURVE OF AREAS.

pieces, screws and nuts on inside. Center plate of exact area allowed on drawings, of ⅜in. steel, galvanized, the leading edge to be V shaped. To be lifted with tackle and pennant.

RUDDER.—To be ⅛in. steel plate galvanized, pivoted as shown on plan. An iron tube to be fitted as rudder case. The rudderhead to be made in such a way as will keep the rudder in its place.

TILLER.—Of galvanized iron.

SPARS.—Hollow spars not allowed. Mast and boom of best Norway spruce. Gaff and spinaker boom of white pine. Jaws on gaff and spinaker boom of oak or Irish elm.

Mast at deck not less than 3½in., main boom at thickest part not less than 3in., gaff at thickest part not less than 1¾in.

STANDING AND RUNNING RIGGING.—Sizes and quality optional, to be agreed between member and builder.

BLOCKS AND MAST HOOPS.—A sufficient number of ash blocks (internal bound) or iron blocks, and the required number of wooden mast hoops.

OARS, ANCHOR, ETC.—One pair of ash oars 12ft. long. Boat hook about 9ft. long. One pair galvanized rowlocks. Anchor 22lbs. weight, and 20 fathom of warp.

PAINTING.—To be painted with genuine red lead under the floor, varnished above floor, the outside to have three coats of either paint or varnish. If painted, to have three coats of genuine white or red lead, colored as required in last coat.

All iron and steel work to be galvanized, save steel floors, where it is optional.

All dimensions given refer to finished sizes, and all materials are to be of the best selected quality.

SAILS.—The oject of the limitations of this class being to keep the price of boats, etc., within moderate limits, it has been determined that no sails will be allowed at higher prices than the following:

Mainsail	£5	0	0
No. 1 jib	£1	2	6
No. 2 jib	£0	17	6
Spinaker	£1	0	0

also that no sails can be used, the specifications for which has not been approved of by the committee.

The sails to be made in accordance with the sail plan of the class, and so-called balloon silk shall not be allowed in the mainsails. Sails must be numbered, branded and certified by the committee before being used in club races.

JAN. 1, 1897.

RULE 15—B CLASS.

The B Class boats shall be known by the distinctive name Colleens, to be centerboarders, and with following dimensions:

Length over all	22ft.
L.W.L.	17ft.
Beam	6ft. 6in.
Draft (with board up)	1ft. 6in.

Boston City Regatta.

DORCHESTER—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, April 24.

THE first race of the season in Eastern waters was set for April 19, but owing to a gale so heavy that the yachts could not face, was postponed to the Saturday following, when it was sailed in a reefing breeeze from S.W. There were 28 starters, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SEVENTEEN-FOOTERS.			
Ripple, C. B. Pear	16.00	1 20 12	0 48 31
Glide, G. D. Silsby	15.06	1 20 15	0 48 32
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	16.08	1 21 35	0 50 49
Flash, H. N. Linwell	17.00	1 26 44	0 56 24
Vilda, J. Colter	16.10	1 34 49	1 04 16
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	16.00	Did not finish.	
Anita, W. A. Rose	16.03	Disabled.	
Gnome, H. B. Faxon	15.04	Disabled.	
Vitesse, E. D. Mower	16.01	Disabled.	
May R., N. E. Robinson	16 09	Did not finish.	
FIFTEEN FOOTERS.			
Eva, S. A. Freeman	13.06	1 11 42	0 46 18
Princess, Gay & Ware	14.04	1 14 40	0 50 17
Sparrow, J. J. Moebs	14.10	1 14 55	0 51 05
Transit, Nute & Lundberg	12.11	1 17 15	0 51 08
Velma, T., Hallett	14.07	1 16 11	0 52 04
Penguin, J. E. Robinson	14.08	1 16 10	0 52 09
Dorothy Q., Q. Tucker	13.00	1 20 16	0 54 14

Souix, Ixel, Panaora, M. Y. O. B., 2200, Curlew, Cuttysark and Katydid did not finish.

The Committee of Arrangements included Alderman Franklin L. Codman, Alderman Josiah S. Dean, Councilman Oliver F. Davenport, C. Edwin Backus, Massachusetts Y. C. and J. F. Small, Dorchester Y. C.

Punjaub.

The third launch of the season at the Gas Engine and Power Company and Seabury Works took place at 10:30 A. M. on May 1, the steam-yacht, Punjaub, designed and built by Seabury & Co. for F. M. Masury of the New York Y. C. being slid off. She is a sister ship to the Raynham, recently launched; her dimensions being, over-all, 85ft.; l.w.l., 72ft.; beam, 13ft.; draft, 5ft. The machinery includes a Seabury triple expansion engine, 7, 11 and 17 by 10in., with Seabury boiler. The yacht is schooner-rigged.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES

Crack 15ft. boats of Illinois and Wisconsin will meet in a test of superiority during August, if the plans, suggested at the annual meeting of the Fox Lake Yacht Club, at the meeting on April 22, bear the promised fruit. The winner among the Fox Lake 15-footers will meet the best boats of all other clubs in the State for a trophy, as she will represent Illinois in a race at Green Bay against the best boat in Wisconsin. The dates and starting points for the Fox Lake regattas were adopted as follows: July 3, Minneola Club; July 5, Dr. Brophy's Cottage; July 17, East Side; July 31, Dr. Tooker's Cottage; Aug. 7, Island; Aug. 14, East Side. The following officers were elected: Com. Dr. Truman W. Brophy; Vice-Com., Benj. Felix; Sec., John A. Putnan; Treas., C. J. Patterson; Chaplain; Rev. George W. Wright; Fleet Surgeon; Dr. Corlett; Measurer, Robert Tooker, Jr.; Regatta Committee, Dr. Bentley, Clark Bennett, Sumner Sollitt, Harry Weber, W. H. Lyford. Retiring Com. Oliver Sollitt received a vote of thanks for efficient service. A motion was carried providing for a tax on overhang. The boats will race in three classes: Sloops, half-raters, limited to 15ft. length, and cat-boats. There will be about ten new boats on the lake this year, the total fleet approximating forty. The Secretary's Cup, offered by Benj. Felix, for half-raters, will be competed for this year.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association was held at Racine, April 24, the following representatives being present: E. C. Berriman and George Warrington, Lincoln Park Y. C.; M. D. Payne, Columbia Y. C.; H. A. Coleman, Milwaukee Y. C.; E. P. Heineke, Milwaukee; E. J. Baker and George Martin, Chicago, and W. J. Reynolds, Racine Y. C. It was decided to apply for membership in the Yacht Racing Union, and Messrs. Berriman, Martin and Coleman were selected as delegates to the Union. Mr. Berriman was selected to represent the Association at the Conference in New York. The date of July 5 was selected for the next regatta of the Association at Racine. No action was taken in the matter of taxing overhangs.

Com. Morgan of the New York Y. C. has appointed J. Beavor Webb as Fleet Captain for the season of 1897.

Theodore A. Havemeyer of New York, a member of the New York Y. C. since 1870, died on April 26. Of late years Mr. Havemeyer has been more closely identified with coaching, golf and land sports than with yachting, but his steam-yacht, Ideal, built in 1873, was one of the first steam-yachts in American waters. The 15-footer, owned by his son, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr., last year, was named from this yacht.

The following dates are proposed for the Lake Y. R. A. racing circuit: Toronto, July 19; Hamilton, July 21; Niagara-on-the-Lake, July 24; Charlotte, July 27; Cobourg, July 30.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

A New Rifle Cartridge.

The Stevens Arms Company has brought out a new cartridge, manufactured by the U. M. C. Company, which will be known as the .25-.21-.86 Stevens straight. This is a modification of the .25-.25 cartridge designed by Capt. W. L. Carpenter, who gave his idea to the public through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. The .25-.25 Stevens was the first straight-shell cartridge in this caliber. The .25-caliber was recommended to riflemen several years ago, after considerable experimenting on the part of experts. The originator of this caliber in rifles, Mr. F. J. Rabbeth, was obliged to neck down .20-caliber shells to secure his cartridges, as no .25 caliber rifle shells were on the market at that time. The merits of the experimental .25-caliber rifles were so marked that a demand was created for them, and the rifle manufacturers began their manufacture. Ammunition for the rifle was also made by the cartridge companies; but, unfortunately, the old shell, which was first made with a bottle neck, from necessity, was imitated without attempting to improve on its shape. While the .25-20 cartridge has proved to be one of unusual merit, it has been apparent to American riflemen for a long time that if the shell were straight the cartridge would be improved, for then it would be easier to load; the necessity of resizing the shells with a special tool would be avoided; reduced loads could be made readily; in fact, a bottle-necked shell is not wanted by American riflemen, and the only excuse is for one to shorten an excessively long shell. A cartridge to become popular and retain its popularity must be straight, or nearly so, especially straight inside.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the last meeting of the Presque Isle Rifle Club, of this city, it was decided to send a letter to our friends giving them a brief history of the club and its present standing. It was organized Jan. 24, 1895, with a charter membership of 22. At present we have 35 members. The club is in a prosperous condition, there being no debts and a surplus in the treasury.

Our range of 200yds., with handsome shooting pavilion and two rifle butts, is located on the Berkenkamp farm, one-half mile east of the city. The season opens the first Saturday in May and closes the last Saturday in October. Weekly shoots are held every Saturday P. M., and prize shoots on all legal holidays. A handsome list of prizes are given each season.

We are desirous of increasing our membership to a limited number during the coming season, and it is for that purpose this letter is sent. For a copy of the by-laws and application blanks apply to the secretary, Mr. Sidney Ormsby, city. J. G. GERMANN, W. J. LEYER, DR. A. C. WHEELER, } Committee.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

May 11-13.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club. First two days, targets; last day, live birds.

May 11-14.—WATERLOO, Ia.—Tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club. E. B. Walker Sec'y.

May 12-13.—CONNERSVILLE, Ind.—Tournament of the Connersville Gun Club. Live birds. T. F. Thomas, Sec'y

May 17.—WILLMAR, Minn.—Tournament of the Willmar Gun Club Targets. D. N. Tallman, Sec'y.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

May 18.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West End Gun Club. Horace B Derby, Sec'y.

May 18.—RUTHERFURD, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. 100 target race, $5, targets extra. Open to all; no handicap. W. H. Huck, Sec'y.

May 18-19.—FOREST CITY Ia.—Hill City Gun Club's second annual tournament; $100 added. J. W. Mahoney, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—SAVANNAH, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Forest City Gun Club. $200 added.

May 19-20.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Tournament at Astfalk's Oakwood Inn. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

May 19-21.—CANTON, S. D.—South Dakota Sportsmen's Association annual. C. S. Seely, Sec'y.

May 20.—GREENVILLE, Pa.—Second tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

May 25.—FINDLAY, O.—Tournament of the Magautrap Gun Club. Targets Chas. E. Steen, Sec'y.

May 25-27.—MARLIN, Texas.—Tournament of the Marlin Gun Club. E. K Herrings, Sec'y.

May 25-27.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Tournament of the Joplin Gun Club. Added money announced later.

May 26.—BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Tournament of the Brooklyn Gun Club. Targets. Grounds at Liberty avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn.

May 26-29.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

May 31.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y

May 31.—PORTLAND, Me.—Spring tournament of the Portland Gun Club. Targets. Added money announced later.

May 31-June 1.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trap Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Valley City Gun Club.

June 2-3.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Anniversary tournament of the Bergen County Gun Club. *Recreation* cup shoot on June 2. C. O. Gardner, Jr., Sec'y.

June 2-4.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club

June 7-8.—PARKERSBURG, W. Va.—Tournament of the Mountain State Gun Club. Targets. $350 added. Leon J. Epstein, Sec'y.

June 8-9.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—MONROE, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 10.—NEWCASTLE, Pa.—Third tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones. Sec'y.

June 15-18.—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 22.—OGDEN, Ill.—Second annual tournament of the Ogden Gun Club. Wm. McKinley, Sec'y.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

July 1.—SHERBROOKE, Quebec.—Sherbrooke's grand annual. Inanimates. Open to all amateurs. C. H. Foss, Sec'y, Sherbrooke, P. Q

July 3-5.—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Co.

July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 20-23.—PINE BLUFF, Ark.—Seventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Added money announced later. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock, Ark.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug 17-19.—TORONTO, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000 guaranteed. Open to all. Write for programmes.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The following is from the New York *Sun* of April 30: "A meeting of the Carteret Gun Club was held at Delmonico's yesterday afternoon for the purpose of changing the constitution of the club and creating the office of vice-President, and making an honorary member list limited to five persons. Judge Henry Gildersleeve was elected vice-president, and the honorary members elected were George Floyd-Jones, R H. Hunt, W. F. Potter and G. L. Hubbell The management of the affairs of the club was put into the hands of two committees—a shooting committee, composed of G. S. McAlpin, J. B Knapp and H. B. Gilbert, and a house committee, consisting of C. H Chapin, C. H Mackay and W. A. H. Stafford. Mr. Watrous, of the building committee, reported that the grounds had been fenced in, foundations for the house ready, traps were finished, and the carpenters had started framing the house. The treasurer reported that the financial condition of the club was in a satisfactory condition. Five new members were elected, and $1,000 worth of cups were given to be shot for next season."

Since we wrote last week in regard to the proposed organization of a State Sportsmen's Association in New Jersey, the committee in charge of the meeting has received additional assurances of support from several clubs in the State. The meeting will be held at 2 P. M., May 19, in Room 1009, Nos. 377-379 Broadway, the rooms of the Sportsmen's Association. The efforts to organize an association befitting the State of New Jersey are now sure of success, and a tournament early next fall seems a certainty. An interesting item of news was furnishod us on Monday of this week by W. R. Hobart, corresponding secretary of the old league. It seems that the Forester Gun Club mentioned in the minutes of the meeting of September, 1889, is not the Forester Gun Club, of Newark, one of the most energetic and active gun clubs in the State. This reduces the list of eleven clubs in good standing at the above meeting to the meager number of three alive at the present date!

The new conditions governing the Du Pont trophy are printed in full in Mr. Hough's report of the Budd-Winston match. We have also received a copy of the same from Mr. Rice, accompanied by the following letter: "At the Winston-Budd match for the possession of the Du Pont trophy and Smokeless Powder Championship, which took place this day (May 1), Burnside grounds, this city (Chicago), new rules (copy herewith) to govern hereafter holder of the Du Pont World's Championship Trophy and matches to be shot therefor, were promulgated. It will be observed that the condition requiring exclusively the use of Du Pont Smokeless powder in contests for this trophy has been waived—this in order that an oft-repeated objection shall no longer be made."

Phil Daly, Jr., informs us that on Friday, May 14, the special event on the programme is at 15 pairs of live birds, $25, 25yds. rise. For Friday and Saturday of this week, May 7-8, he has provided the following programme: Friday, May 7, at 12 noon—Byrnes Handicap, 15 birds, $15 entrance, high guns, handicaps 25 to 30yds., bird allowances: 27yds. and under, two misses as no birds; 29yds. and under, one miss as a no bird; allowances do not run on ties. Saturday, May 8, 1 P. M.—Kinnekeet prize, 10 birds, $10, high guns, 30yds. all, amateurs only. The management at Elkwood Park also announces that there will be live-bird shooting every Friday and Saturday during the year, with target shooting from the magautrap every Wednesday.

The members of the Forest City Gun Club, Savannah, Ga., won't do a thing to the boys in the way of hospitality during the Interstate Association's tournament in that city, May 19-20. This shoot should be an extremely pleasant one, and should do lots of good in the way of helping trap-shooting in the South. The Palmetto boys, from Charleston, will visit Savannah in force, and will be worth watching when it comes to breaking targets. Colonel Anthony should go to Savannah and try and kill the hoodoo which he developed last week at Richmond; John W. Todd might be of some assistance to the Colonel.

The Glenwood Gun Club, the new club organized in Newburgh, N. Y., will hold an all-day shoot on Decoration Day, May 31, at its grounds, Glenwood Park. All targets will be charged for at 1 cent each, and all will be thrown from the magautrap. Ten per cent. of each purse will go to form a fund for average money for the four high guns in all programme events. Electric cars run every ten minutes to the grounds, and the trip is only twelve minutes from the ferry. The Rose system of dividing purses will be used.

Owing to Tuesday, April 27, being Grant Day and a general holiday in this city, we went to press for our last one day earlier than usual. This caused us to receive a great deal of good matter too late for insertion in that issue. Last week, also, was a busy one in the trap world, and a flood of material came to hand as a natural result of the activity in the tournament line. These two causes combined have rendered it impossible to get in everything this week, so secretaries of gun clubs and other correspondents to our trap columns must not feel hurt if certain items sent in by them do not appear until next week.

The members of the Androscoggin Gun Club, of Lewiston, Me., do not mean to let the visitors at its Interstate shoot—Aug. 4-5—carry off all the honors, if hard work and regular practice can do anything. At its last club shoot thirty-one members turned out for practice and some capital scores were made, even if it did blow hard from the northeast. Personally, we know that Rich Hunnewell is hunting for a few scalps—Noel Money's among the number—and he won't be happy until he's got them at his belt.

A two-days' tournament will be held at Connersville, Ind., May 12-13, under the auspices of the Connersville Gun Club. Each day's programme consists of nine target events and one live-bird event. Shooting will commence at 9:30 each day, and targets will be charged for at the rate of 3 cents each. All purses divided into three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The tournament will be managed by T. F. Thomas and James Shipley.

On April 24 George Work and W. S. Edy shot a race with H. A. Butler and T. D. Hooper, 100 birds per man, 30 yds. rise and 30yds. boundary, on the grounds of the Westchester Country Club. After a close and exciting match, Work and Edey were declared the winners by the score of 178 to 176. The scores were: Work 91, Edey 87, total 178; Butler 91, Hooper 85, total 176.

The gun club of Columbia University defeated the Princeton University Gun Club in a team shoot at targets on the Williamsbridge grounds, April 24. Each team consisted of five men, and each man shot at 25 targets. The scores were: Columbia—Tilt 23, Mittendorf 23, Coffin 21, White 18, Wadhams 17; total 102, Princeton—Kendal 19, Canning 17, Paine 16, Young 13, Brower 11; total 76.

A new club has been organized in Newburgh, N. Y., under the title of Glenwood Gun Club. The club starts off with seventeen charter members, and will hold its shoots on the brow of the hill northwest of Glenwood Park. The grounds are easily accessible by electric cars. The club has a magautrap in position, and will hold regular shoots. The prospects for the success of the Glenwood Gun Club are first rate.

The first shoot for the handsome stein presented to the Brooklyn Gun Club by its president, J. S. S. Remsen, of Flatbush, will be held on the club's grounds, Liberty avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn (terminus of the King's County Elevated), on Saturday afternoon next, May 8. The event is a 50-target handicap race, open to all. All shooting will be done from the magautrap.

We learn that J. A Penn, for many years connected with the gun club of Wheeling, W. Va., has left that city and gone into business at Cincinnati, where he will practice law in partnership with his brother, Julius Penn. Mr. Penn will reside at Lockland, and become a member of the Lockland Gun Club, an organization that will find him quite an acquisition.

The Maplewood (N. J) Gun Club held a target shoot on April 24, some excellent scores being made. In the main event—50 targets, unknown angles—W. N. Drake and Warren Smith each broke 44 out of 50. Other scores were: O. L. Yeomans 46, E. M. Canfield 43, D. W Van Iderstine 42, J. Williamson 36, Soverie 33, D. Adams and A. B. Tillou 27 each.

W. Tell Mitchell, who was present at the Richmond Interstate last week, spoke very bitterly against the Rose system. We informed him that FOREST AND STREAM'S columns were wide open to him, and guaranteed not to use the blue pencil. The same offer stands for everybody who wants to say a few words in defense of the "old system."

Nate Astfalk will hold a shoot on his grounds, Oakwood Inn, near Elizabeth, N. J., on May 19-20. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold have placed two new shells on the market, the green "Lightning" and the red "V. L. & D.," both manufactured by the W. R. A. Co., of New Haven, Conn. These shells have the corrugated brass reinforcements which are now the distinguishing marks of all Winchester shells.

Richmond's Interstate brought out more new faces before the traps than any other tournament of the same kind that we have ever taken part in. Evidently trap shooting was not dead in Richmond; it was only waiting for an opportunity to show itself.

We understand from Phil Daly, Jr., that the party who offered to back Brewer against Dr. Carver for $1,000 has withdrawn his offer, feeling that Dr. Carver has now had plenty of time to accept the offer, and evidently does not want to shoot.

Charlie Budd did not make much of an example of J. L. Winston after all. Our Western correspondent, Mr. E. Hough, gives a good account of the match of May 1, under the head of "Western Trap." 85 to 85 does not sound much as if either Charlie Budd or his antagonist were in form.

The largest shipment of any nitro powder to this country arrived in the Upper Bay on Monday last. It consisted of 1,400 cases of Schultze powder from England, and each case contains 100 cans!

On Thursday, May 13, there will be a team shoot between the Freehold (N. J.) Gun Club and the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City. The shoot will be the first of a series of three, and will take place on the grounds of the Endeavor Gun Club, at Marion, N. J.

Irby Bennett was in the city on Monday *en route* for Cincinnati and the South. As usual, Irby was too full of business to be good company; the best thing he can do is to take up his abode in New York, so that we can see him sometimes, and get ten minutes quiet talk with him.

Monday, May 31 (Decoration Day), the Boiling Springs Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot at targets. Sweepstake shooting will commence at 9:30 A. M., and in the afternoon there will be a merchandise event, 25 targets per man, club handicap allowances. This event will be open only to members of the club.

Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich., and vice-president of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, writes us that a tournament of the Michigan Trap Shooters' League will be held at Grand Rapids May 31 and June 1, under the auspices of the Valley City Gun Club, of that city.

This week there will be quite a delegation from New York at the annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y. Next week the boys will be on the other side of the Hudson, at Peekskill. The dates of the Peekskill tournament are May 11-13.

The W. J. Healey Hardware Company, of Mitchell, S. D., will hold a tournament at Mitchell, July 3-5. Cash and merchandise prizes will be offered for competition, full details being given in the programme, which will be issued in a short time.

On April 24, at Elkwood Park, Phil Daly, Jr., defeated J. Elmer Applegate in a 50-bird match, for $50 a side. Daly shot in good form and won easily, with 47 to 41.

MAY 4. EDWARD BANKS.

Western Traps.

BUDD-WINSTON.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 1.—Charlie Budd to-day defeated J. L. Winston in the contest for the Du Pont trophy by a score of 86 to 85 on a mixed lot of birds, after a race in which both men displayed streaks of the most amateurish sort of shooting. The men were tied four times during the race, at so late stages as the 75th and 93d holes, and the event was really a matter of luck, for Winston lost his last unscored bird over the wire by a bare majority, whereas Charlie scored the last bird he shot at by a sheer scratch, as it wobbled almost up to the wire before it stopped, flying directly in toward the score. The longest run was one of 24 by Budd. On the turn into the 50 stretch, from his 35th to his 40th birds, Winston lost 4 out of 5 birds, and gave Budd a long lead. This apparently he did not want, for a little later he lost 4 in succession, and went out at the 50 hole only 1 bird ahead of Winston. It was hammer and tongs then to the next turn, the men being then tied on 64 out of 75. They kept up interest to a warm pitch by closing up still again at 82, after Winston had left an opening for Budd to keep ahead, and once more at 93 they ran neck and neck. Then came the bit of luck above noted, and Budd came in 1 bird to the good. The race was a pretty one to watch as a near thing, but when Winston stepped up to Budd at the close of the shoot and shook hands with him, saying, "Well, Charlie, we both shot like farmers," there was a general consensus of belief that he was close to the truth, provided that farmers ever shoot that badly.

It is no use trying to give reasons or explanations for any given results in a pigeon race, for there is no game more puzzling to follow. These men might both step out to-morrow and run over 90 under the same conditions. No man can tell what goes on under a man's skin. Our doctors know nothing about nerves. True, any doctor or any individual would probably have selected a different day for a good display of pigeon shooting by anybody. A choice brand of Chicago weather was on tap—a cold, chilly, raw and dull day, with a mean, northeast wind moving in from behind the score. Had the day been bright, the birds would have been about as hard to stop as they would be expected to be on these grounds, but as it was, they did not go out always as though they were ticketed clear through. Some were strong and very fast, yet again the men would each get a string of easy ones—pop-ups, high-flyers or slow-qarterers. This made the question of time an impossible one to solve, and perhaps either man would have made as good or a better score on birds far faster or more regularly fast. As it was, Budd took more kindly to the conditions, and his style of shooting was more regular and steady than Winston's, who was at times quick as lightning and again excruciatingly slow. Of course, both men made many long, hard kills, and these brought out a generous and impartial applause from the large number of spectators who had assembled to see the fun. Among the out-of-town visitors were Chan. Powers, of Decatur; A. B. Pentz, of New York; and P. L. Murphy ("One-Barrel Pete"), of Philadelphia. The Chicago talent was fairly represented.

The Victor in the race received his congratulations with his usual modesty, and the defeated one said he was not saying a word. Any man who shoots a race with Charlie Budd at Chicago has a shade of the spirit of luck to fight, for Charlie has always been lucky here. He was lucky to-day in rather a larger number of birds than was Winston, if there can really be anything such as luck in a 100-bird race at pigeons. Charlie had several birds wobble almost up to the line before they dropped to stay, whereas it seemed that his opponent was doomed to see his bird in such cases get just over on the wrong side. But all this sort of thing is really to no purpose, and to the victor, of course, belongs the glory of his win. Budd shot a Parker, with U. M C. factory ammunition, and Winston an L. C. Smith, with New Leader shells. Under the existing conditions of the Dupont trophy contest they were compelled to use Dupont powder, though before the shoot began it was known and announced that this clause of the conditions had been modified, to take effect after this race, the trophy then being thrown open with no restrictions as to powder. This latter will make it a still more popular and representative emblem, and was, in the opinion of those present, a wise step to take. The new conditions follow;

RULES GOVERNING MATCH FOR DU PONT TROPHY.

"This trophy to remain the property of E I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co. to be held in trust by winner of same, bond to be given if required.

"The winner of championship trophy is subject to challenge for championship and trophy from any shooter in the world, who is a member in good standing of any organized gun club. Match to be at not less than 25 live birds nor more than 100, American Shooting Association rules to govern, and on part of challenger a purse of $100.

"Both contestants to stand at 30yds. rise, regardless of position in grand tournament event; boundary, 50yds.

"The holder of trophy to name time, giving challenger not less than ten days notice, number of birds—if in excess of 25—and grounds upon which match is to be shot.

"Match to take place within thirty days of challenge, $25 forfeit to be deposited by challenger with *American Field*, *Sportsmen's Review*, Chicago; FOREST AND STREAM, *Shooting and Fishing*, New York; *Sporting Life*, Philadelphia, or E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Del., when challenge is made; remaining $75 to be deposited with one of the parties above named, or referee of match, by challenger on date of match, holder of trophy to put up trophy on same day.

"If either contestant fails to appear on day set for match, unless in case of sickness, or for other reasons which are satisfactory to the referee, he shall lose his forfeit, holder of trophy forfeiting trophy.

"In case holder of trophy is not in condition to shoot the race on receipt of challenge, he must immediately notify challenger and Messrs. Du Pont & Co., stating his reasons for not being able to shoot the match, which will be considered by Messrs. Du Font & Co. If satisfactory, same will be accepted; if not, holder of trophy must shoot match or forfeit trophy to challenger.

"In case of bad weather on day of match, match to take place on first favorable day thereafter.

"No challenge will be accepted or recognized until after the winner or party challenged shall be so declared and known.

"All challenges must be made in writing, accompanied by forfeit, and filed with one of the several parties heretofore named as stakeholders. If holder of trophy attempts to take any unfair advantage of challenger, such as naming unreasonable place for match to be shot, by setting time of match on the Lord's Day, or resorts to any scheme to prevent an honorable and fair contest, he shall forfeit trophy, Messrs. Du Pont & Co. reserving the right to say what shall be done with it.

"Immediately upon lodging challenge as herein provided, notice of such challenge shall be promptly forwarded to E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., who will then name referee; trophy to be redeemed from holder thereof for $100 cash, the redemption of trophy to take place on the first day of each succeeding Du Pont Grand Smokeless Powder Championship Handicap Live Bird Tournament, or such other time as Messrs. Du Pont & Co. may elect."

The scores were as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	4 4 5 1 4 2 3 2 4 4 5 5 4 2 3 3 3 4 2 4 3 4 5 4 5	
C W Budd.....	0 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1	21
	1 5 2 5 3 5 3 2 5 3 5 4 5 5 4 5 4 5 1 1 3 5 1 2 4	
	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 0 0 0 2 2 2	21
	5 5 2 3 2 4 2 3 1 1 1 4 4 3 4 5 4 2 2 2 3 4 4 1 4	
	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 • 2 2 0 2 2 2	22
	1 4 2 5 5 2 3 2 4 4 4 5 1 2 5 5 5 4 2 4 2 1 2 5 2	
	2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	22-86
	4 2 3 1 5 4 4 4 2 1 5 2 2 2 4 4 5 4 2 4 2 1 5 1 3	
J L Winston...	2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	22
	5 3 5 5 5 2 4 3 1 2 1 4 1 2 3 1 3 3 5 5 1 3 3 5 1	
	2 2 2 2 2 • 2 • 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	19
	2 4 1 5 4 4 1 1 1 3 1 5 1 4 2 4 4 4 4 5 4 2 1 3 3	
	0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2	23
	5 3 3 1 4 3 1 4 3 2 4 5 3 1 4 1 5 5 5 2 5 4 4 4 2	
	2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2	21-85

Immediately after the close of the shoot both men hastened uptown to take their trains out of the city for home. Charlie Budd goes direct to Des Moines to prepare for the State shoot there next week, an event which could not by any possibility come off without his presence. Jack went home to Washington, Ind., will be in Cleveland the week following, and will then go East. He says he is not going to shoot any more matches this summer, but is going to be a good boy now and set a pace selling shells.

THE INDIAN TOURNAMENT.

There will be a unique tournament given at Clear Lake, Ia., about the middle of next July, a kind of department-store shoot with ten Indian partners in the enterprise, all of whom are known of old to the shooting men of the country. Part of them are of the original Sagwa gang, and others have been added to their circle. The *personnel* of the gang is now given out as follows: Tom Marshall (Chief Make-Lightning), Chan. Powers (Chief Clean-Stick), Dick Merrill (High Kick), Fred Gilbert (Young-Man-afraid-of-his-Boss), Charlie Grimm (Moon Face), Jack Parker (Des-chree-shoska Jack), Frank Parmelee (Big Chief-afraid-of-the-water), Loomis (Chief-that makes-the cars-go), Charlie Budd (Charley Horse). Each of these Aborigines will dig fifty for the shoot, which is to say there will be $100 added. There will be one live-bird day—at 25 live birds—and three target days, with a good programme, the events named after the chiefs above mentioned, respectively. Moreover, this is to be a regular occurrence every year hereafter, this being the "First Annual Indian Shoot." Who shall say we have not somewhat of interest concealed here which in the future shall yet be uncovered? The "yearly Indian shoot" sounds well, and it should prove famous.

RUMORS.

It is spoken of as a strong possibility that Mr. E. S. Rice will be presented as a candidate for the presidency of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association at the next June convention, and it is mentioned as a possibility that in case of his election he would throw in the Du Pont trophy at the next yearly shoot, and bend all efforts toward making the Illinois annual a great event, a tournament something like the Du Pont shoot of last August. We shall have a new club or two in the State shoot this year, strong ones at that. All the above is mere speculation, and of course leaves no one in the position to either affirm or deny anything in regard to it; but it is a rumor which may or may not indicate some fore-falling shadows of events, and is worth noting as a sort of semi-prediction which is resting in more minds than one. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

The Kansas City Tournament.

THE programme for the twentieth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, May 17-22, is a book in itself. It consists of fifty-six pages and the cover, and is consequently something to handle.

The tournament will be held under the auspices of the Federation of Gun Clubs of Kansas City. Two thousand dollars will be distributed in prizes and added money, and $1,000 in gold will be guaranteed in one event "to decide the American Wing-Shot Championship."

On the fifth page of the programme is the call for the annual meeting of the Association, which is worded as follows: "The annual meeting of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association for the election of officers, selecting a place for the next tournament and transacting of such other business as may come before it, will be held at the Wisconsin Building, corner Grand avenue and Seventh street, on Tuesday evening, May 18, at 8:30 P. M. The association is composed of individual sportsmen, or of two or more members from each organized club throughout the State. Each club is entitled to five delegates. The initiation fee for each club is $5. For each individual $2.50. Applications for membership should be addressed to the president or recording secretary, accompanied by the proper fee, or can be made at the annual convention. A list of officers and members of the club making application should accompany the same. All organized clubs are invited to send delegates to the convention, and teams to participate in the State shoot. For further information in regard to the tournament, address W. S. Halliwell, secretary."

Page 7 contains the rules and conditions, the most important of which are the two last: "All inanimate target prizes are to be divided into five equal moneys, divided 20, 20, 20, 20 and 20 per cent., excepting those otherwise stated. Shooters in all target events will be classified to be known as Class A and Class B. Entrance in all inanimate target events will be $2.50 for Class A and $2 for Class B." A special notice on the same page states that "the O. K. Gun Club, of Kansas City, offers to the shooter of Missouri making the highest average on live birds during this tournament, participating in not less than seven events, a gold medal especially designed and made for this purpose."

The programme for the five days contains a schedule of live-bird events, and also of target events for each day. The most important event of all is the contest for the Kansas City *Star* cup, 25 live birds, 30yds. rise, $25, including birds, $1,000 in gold guaranteed; six moneys, 30, 25, 15, 15, 10 and 5 per cent. The winner to take the cup now held by J. A. R. Elliott, valued at $250.

There is too much matter in this programme for us to give it all as it should be given to do justice to the compilers of the same. The above brief review, however, shows that the management of the twentieth annual State shoot in Missouri has not been asleep during the winter months. With such a programme, too, nothing but success can attend the efforts of that management.

The Western Team at Elkwood.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I suppose, since Mr. Rice has dignified me by answering my honest criticism of his letter in the polite manner that he has, that it is at least incumbent on me to make some sort of a reply. Placing myself in the position of attorney for the Commonwealth, and considering Mr. Rice in his true capacity as attorney for the defense, I can best reply by quoting the following story of how Abraham Lincoln is said to have acted under similar provocation:

Lincoln was for the Commonwealth, and his opponent for the defense having closed his address to the judge and jury in behalf of the accused, had taken his seat. As Lincoln did not rise as usual to address the Court, the judge called his attention to the fact that the field was now open to him; whereupon Lincoln arose and said to the judge: "Your Honor, I have nothing to say." "What," said the judge, "have you nothing to say to the Court in behalf of the Commonwealth?" "Yes, your Honor," said Lincoln, "I have; but I am afraid that were I to say it, I might spoil the effect of the eloquent argument of my learned brother, who has plead the Commonwealth's side of the case far more ably than I could do it. Counsel for the Commonwealth therefore prefers to remain silent with your Honor's permission." And Lincoln won his case. 42GRS.

Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League.

PHILADELPHIA, May 1.—The third tournament of the Philadelphia Trap-Shooters' League was held to-day under the auspices of the Forest Gun Club, on its grounds, Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue.

The League has become very popular with the trap-shooters of this vicinity, and has come to stay.

As was expected, the attendance at to-day's shoot was very large, and preparations had been made to throw 10,000 targets from the two sets of traps, but about 9 o'clock the wind was blowing a gale directly in the faces of the men; and at times blew strong enough to drive the targets back over the screen, and twice they fell back over the score line. To make it more uncomfortable, heavy showers, with 10-minute intervals, began about 1 o'clock. In the face of the high wind and driving rain the team race began at 2 o'clock, and because of the efforts of the men to dodge the drops, was not finished until nearly dark. Some of the teams had a very long handicap, and the Wayne Gun Club, "to-day's winner," shot at 114 extra targets and finished with the total of 143. The Independent Gun Club team, now shooting from scratch, finished in ninth place.

New handicaps are arranged for each team race, and are based on the percentage plan, all previous scores being used in making up the average. The team having the highest average at each time of calculation to shoot from scratch, 150 targets. In the three tourneys to date this has fallen to the lot of the Independents, and the probabilities are that they will continue to shoot at the same number and no more. The scores follow:

Wayne Gun Club: Kane (19) 20, Soistman (19) 28, Cheyvez (19) 27, Emery (19) 24, McCownel (19) 13, McMichael (19) 36; total 148.

Southwark Gun Club: Woodstager (12) 28, La Rue (12) 28, O'Brien (12) 24, Stoffer (12) 22, Reed (12) 17, Ford (12) 24; total 143.

Frankford Gun Club: Cameron (13) 24, Crowther (12) 13, Myers (12) 21, George (12) 27, Lesher (12) 22, Bults, (12) 31; total 138.

Florists' Gun Club: Allen (5) 24, G. O Bell (5) 24, Anderson (4) 22, A. B. Cartledge (5) 19, W K. Park (5) 19, Burton (5) 18; 126

University Gun Club: Kistler (10) 24, Singer (10) 25, Freed (9) 26, Steel (10) 22, Cooper (9) 21, Myers (9) 8; 126.

Silver Lake Gun Club: Vincent (4) 23, Mink (4) 23, Hahn (4) 20, French (4) 19, Apker (4) 19, Lane (3) 16; 120.

Roxborough Gun Club: Pepper (7) 24, Lancaster (7) 21, Taggert (7) 20, Free (7) 19, Gilmore (7) 19, Giles (7) 16; 119

Penn Gun Club: Kohl (3) 20, Cassel (3) 19, J. R. Yost (3) 18, Gross (3) 18, Ritter (3) 17, J. P. Yost (2) 17; 109.

Independent Gun Club:* W. H. Wolstencroft 20, J. Wolstencroft 20, H. Ridge 19, Wade Wilson 17, H. Landis 17, H. Thurman 15; 108.

Forest Gun Club: Hothersall (12) 21, Morgan (11) 22, Morison (11) 18, Van Nort (11) 17, Bender (11) 17, Hancock (11) 11; 106.

Glen Willow Gun Club: J. Hopkins (8) 21, J. Cowan (9) 21, W. Cowan (8) 18, C. Stumm (9) 17, C. Weinman (9) 16, J. Innis (9) 10; 103.

*Scratch team.

Sweepstake scores were as below,

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	15
Anderson	9	7	9	12	9	4	7	7	6	..	7	6
McMichael	10	8	6	9	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gilbert	8	6	9	9	6	8	8	6	6	..	7	..
Ridge	7	8	8	11	9	7	10	7	..	10	4	..
Lane	7	6	5	10	7	8	9	7	6	9	6	..
Landis	8	9	8	10	5	7	12	8	8	8	7	..
French	6	7	3	..	6	5	..	8	6	..	7	..
Burton	7	8	6	12	7	7	8	6	8	..	7	7
Mink	5	6	6	11	5	9	..	..	5	10	4	..
Trimble	8	10	9	13	8	7	10	10	7	14	2	14
Wallar	5	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Evans	6	..	..	..	3	7	..	7	8	8	5	..
Hansen	..	3	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wood	..	..	..	..	8	6	..	5	..	..	..	..
Ward	..	..	..	..	7	6	..	5	..	..	7	..
P W Yost	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	7	..	..	8	..
J Yost	..	..	..	..	5	8	11	7	6	12	6	..
Hittner	..	..	..	..	7	6	..	1	..	..	..	..
Park	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	10	..	..	6	..
Cassell	..	..	..	..	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gaylor	..	..	..	..	4	7	..	5	..	..	..	..
Gross	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Cleaver	..	..	..	..	6	7	6	8	8	11	7	..
Hothersall	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	7	4	12	6	..
Thurman	..	..	..	..	..	7	13	..	..	14	10	11
Daly	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	7	6	..	7	..
Franklin	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	7	6	..	3	..
Greed	..	..	..	..	..	7	13	..	..	..	..	..
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	..	7	13
Senger	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	9	..
Redifer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	..	..	..
Harris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	10	5	..
Cowan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	6	..	..
La Rue	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	10	6	..
Vincent	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	10	..	..
W H W	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	14	..	..
Cartledge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	..	8	8
Hahn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	7	..
Mack	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	11	8	..
Myers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	3	..
J Wolstencroft	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	5	..	
Steel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	6	..	

The following shot in only one event: Hancock in No. 4, scoring 3; Free in No. 6, scoring 4; in No. 8, Kane 6, T. V. Smith 5, Woodsteger 5, George 6 and Wilson 5; in No. 9, W. M. Smith 7; in No. 11, Morgan 5, Ford 2, Jackson 7, Reed 6, Taney 2, Soistman 4, Francis 5, David 8 and Aiman 7.

J. K STARR, Sec'y.

Hill Top Gun Club.

AUSTERLITZ, Ky., April 22.—Inclosed please find scores made to-day at the shoot given by the Hill Top Gun Club. The weather was fine, the only fault being the strong wind which was blowing. Mr Alfred Clay gave a free dinner, and that was one place where the boys killed straight, no dropping for place, and all ties shot off in this race. The grounds looked fine with the American flags floating from the top of the club house and the boundary stakes.

Although there were few shooters present, they all had a good time. It was the first time a magautrap was used in Kentucky. Jay Clay was present, shooting Winchester shells loaded with Blue Ribbon; J. H. Mackie, representing the Peters Cartridge Co. and the King Powder Co., was also present and showed up the Peters New Victors in great shape. Tom Clay won first average, thereby receiving a picture entitled "Quick Shot," donated by the King Powder Co., of Cincinnati. Jay Quincey Ward won second prize and 100 New Victor shells, donated by the Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, O. Scores were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	20	25	5	10	20	25	5	10	20	50	25	25	25	25
Ward	11	21	3	7	22	20	4	8	11	35	22	..	17	22
Gay	19	21	3	9	16	..	3	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Coyle	17	19	4	8	16	18	4	5	13	25	21	15	18	20
Dodge	13	18	4	5	14	18	5	9	14	38	19	..	15	19
T Clay	16	21	3	5	19	22	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
Mackie	16	20	4	7	17	22	3	..	14	39	21	24	22	21
Marsh	..	12	3	7	11	17	3	7	13	..	..	..	..	..
Woodcock	..	12	4	10	8	..	4	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Clay	..	..	2	7	..	..	4	7	..	41	..	13	17	21
S Clay	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Denny	..	..	3	5	..	..	3	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Ferguson	..	..	2	6	..	..	4	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
B Ferguson	..	..	..	7	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Clay	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	19	21
Anderson	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G Clay	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

GEO W. CLAY

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., April 25.—Monday, April 19, was Patriot's Day, and we held our opening shoot for the season of '97 on that day, two facts that made it a notable day for the members of the Haverhill Gun Club.

The weather was something awful, from a trap-shooting point of view; a strong southwest wind blowing across our grounds with the force of a young hurricane, causing the targets to perform all sorts of antics and making good scores an impossibility to inexperienced shooters, such as comprise the bulk of our members.

The shooting opened at 9 A. M. and continued all day, and most of the boys shot through the programme, which consisted of the usual proportion of 10-bird events at unknown and regular angles, two "snipe" shoots, two events at reversed traps and two handicaps for prizes, the first a 30-bird, distance handicap, and the second a 50-bird handicap for the silver canister W-A powder presented by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., with a handicap allowance of birds as broken to members competing.

Herewith are the scores made in the handicap:

Fifteen targets, regular angles, distance handicap: Short (18) 2, Leighton (18) 4, Wright (18) 10, Stevens (18) 4, George (18) 9, Merritt (18) 6, Webster (18) 5, Brooks (16) 3, Ingham (16) 3, Griggs (16) 5, Sprague (16) 3, Philbrick (16) 3, Brown (15) 6, Tozier (15) 6, Osborn (15) 6, Shute (15) 1.

Fifteen birds, unknown angles, distance handicap; Short (18) 4, Leighton (18) 7, Wright (18) 5, Stevens (18)6, George (18) 10, Merritt (18) 8, Webster (18) 10, Brooks (17) 6, Ingham (17) 7, Griggs (17) 8 Sprague (17) 4, Philbrick (17) 5, Brown (15) 4, Tozier (15) 5, Osborn (15) 5, Shute (15) 3.

First prize, a box of cigars, won by Mr. George, with a score of 19. Messrs. Wright and Webster, each scoring 15, shot off their tie at 10 birds, unknown angles. Score: Wright 6, Webster 7. Second prize, a tobacco pot filled with smoking-tobacco, won by Webster.

Fifty-bird handicap for L. & R. powder trophy:

	25 regular.	25 unknown.	Allowance.	Total.
D S Short	1	7	5	13
George	23	18	0	41
Leighton	9	7	9	25
Wright	18	16	1	35
Fernald	13	10	9	32
Philbrick	9	5	5	19
E B Short	11	14	1	26
Ingham	14	6	10	30
Brooks	16	10	15	41
Merritt	12	13	7	32
Stevens	13	13	2	28
Sprague	13	8	9	30
Osborne	8	10	4	22
Tozier	10	4	14	28
Blake	9	8	12	29
Griggs	6	3	14	23
Brown	12	5	14	31
Webster	18	7	8	33
Miller	17	8	5	30

Messrs. Brooks and George settled their tie by tossing a penny, and Mr. Brooks won the trophy; second prize, split-bamboo fly-rod, was won by Mr. Wright with a score of 35. Mr. George won first prize, Bristol's eel fly-rod, for best average for the day with a percentage of 73; Mr. Wright won second prize, canvas hunting coat, for best average for the day with a percentage of 58; Mr. Merritt won third prize, Hendryx click reel, for best average of the day, with a percentage of 51.

Saturday, April 21, was held the regular practice shoot of the club, but only six of the members put in an appearance. Below are their scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Miller	4	4	8	6	6	8	7	5	6	7	4	8	7	7	..
Osborne	2	4	3	5	8	7	5	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stevens	6	6	4	5	7	..	..	..	5	6	7	6	6	..	..
D S Short	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	5	6	4
E B Short	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	8	4	..
George	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	6	8	7	6	7	3	6

The first eight events were shot at expert rules, with traps set at unknown angles, all the remainder at unknown angles, rapid fire system.

GEORGE F. STEVENS, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB

April 24.—The sixth shoot for the E. C. cup was held to-day on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club. The race is a handicap affair, 50 targets, allowance of extra targets to shoot at. The cup was won by Bob Snyder, of Schoverling, Daly & Gales, with 49 out of 63 shot at. Scores for the cup were:

Snyder (13) 49, Herrington (1) 48, Van Dyke (0) 47, Banta (13) 47, Raymond (13) 44, Adams (14) 44, Taylor (7) 43, Steele (12) 42, Warner (12) 42, Everett (14) 42, Van Keuren (12) 41, Stern (15) 41.

Other scores were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	25	10
Herrington	20	9	9	9	8	7	8	7	6	20	19	10
Adams	21	10	6	7	8	7	5	8	..	..	..	..
Raymond	17	9	7	6	..	..	..	5	7	20	19	8
Stem	14	6	3	6	6	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Jackson	20	7	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	20	18	..
Van Keuren	23	8	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Taylor	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Snyder	..	..	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ricardo	..	8	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Johnson	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van Dyke	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Steele	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Warner	..	..	..	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Griffith	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	..	..	..	..	..
Everett	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Banta	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..

April 27.—A holiday shoot was held to-day on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, Hackensack. Team races, sweepstake events, souvenir spoons and a high gale of wind were the order of the day. Twenty men faced the traps, and their scores, which are given below, show that the shooting was very creditable, especially on the part of the new members of the club, as will be seen by a comparison of their scores with the scores of George Piercy, Capt. Money and L. Piercy, whose proficiency in target smashing is of the highest order. The honors of the day were very evenly divided. John R. Banta, the new captain of the club, and President George P. Griffiths conducted the shoot admirably and without the least evidence of friction, and the day closed on one of the most satisfactory shoots of the season. The following is the score:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	15	15	15	20	20	10	10	20	10	20	25
Raymond	..	13	..	..	15	11	12	11	17	9	5	8	12	9	13	19
Griffiths	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	7	..	8	..	..
Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	11	..	..	..
Weber	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	4	9	..
Riffe	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..
Warner	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	15	..	..	3	..	..	9	..
Capt Money	13	14	14	12	16	12	11	8	13	14	8	8	14	10	15	..
G Piercy	17	14	16	15	15	13	14	10	16	15	..	..	16	9	13	17
Dr Jameson	18	15	15	19	16	13	14	10	13	15	8	10	15	9	14	19
Stern	7	12	10	12	11	8	10	5	8	12	4	6	17	5	10	11
F W Walters	8	..	13	6	..	7	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6
A Walters	10	2	..	..	..	4	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6
Craft	..	..	14	8	12	9	12	10	14	14	..	..	12	4	15	..
A Strader	..	..	..	..	12	..	4	..	13	11	3	4	11	3	..	..
Mulvaney	..	..	..	..	12	8	9	8	11	6	..	..	13	6	6	..
Seeley	..	..	..	..	10	8	8	7	13	14	6	..	8	6	10	..
R Strader	..	..	..	..	14	..	9	..	13	15	..	8	17	..	..	..
L Piercy	..	..	..	..	16	..	13	11	12	15	..	..	13	5	..	..
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..

Two team races were shot as follows:

First Race—Raymond's Team.

Raymond	0111111111011101010100011110 -17
A W Money	1111101110101011101010111—18
Jackson	1111110101001001101110111—17 -52

Jameson's Team.

Dr Jameson	1000110111100311101111111110—17
Griffiths	1010111011111101111170001—18
Warner	1000100101101111101001100—13 -48

Second Race—Raymond's Team.

Raymond	0011111111111000111110111—19
A W Money	1100110101111000101011110 -16
Jackson	0110100001001011001001011—11—46

Jameson's Team.

Dr Jameson	1111111111111011101100001—19
Griffiths	1111110000111111100101010 1—15
Warner	0101030011100011011011111—15—49

C. O. GARDER, JR

ON LONG ISLAND.

AT DEXTER PARK.

April 27.—The following scores were made to-day in a private three-cornered match at 25 live birds per man, 30yds. rise:

J S S Remsen	2222220210 2002212221210—20
Chas Matzen	2211202••2111110 01111111—20
W H Lair	1201211101222022010201111—19

PHŒNIX GUN CLUB.

April 28.—The monthly shoot of the Phœnix Gun Club was held at Dexter Park to-day. Ten members were present. The scores made were as below:

A Botty	2102210111212122—13	J Smith	0011202001112l1—10
E Madison	1112011111111102—13	J Henry	2011120111110022—11
M Chichester	1111010311121211—13	D Freleigh	0110 0011010012— 8
J Akhurst	0121111100 0111—11	P Gardner	2101001010012 — 8
W Hughes	1212111001202022 — 11	Dr Burnett	2010010010001C2— 6

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

April 29.—The attendance at the Hell Gate Gun Club's monthly shoot, held this afternoon at Dexter Park, was quite large. The birds were a good lot, and only one man was able to make 10 straight—William Sands. Scores were as below:

Class A, 30yds., 7 points:

E Doeinck	1211110100— 7	G Nowak	1211001010— 6

Twenty-eight yards, 7 points:

W Sands	2222222222—10	E Paynter	0121201222— 8
J H Voss	1210112122— 9	H Seaman	01•2101202— 5
F Trostel	2101210121— 8	P Woelfel	21•0•02101— 5

Twenty-eight yards, 6½ points:

E Steffens	1201201012 — 7	L T Muench	2100101210— 6

Twenty-eight yards, 6 points:

J P Dannefelser	121•121221— 9	H N Smith	2101•012•0— 7
J Himmelsbach	2101201212— 8	E Metz	1•2211•00•— 6
J Schlicht	11212•0221— 8	D Valenti	2101000111— 6
C Webber	2122001212— 8	P Garms, Jr.	2210200011— 5
H Forster	2210202211— 8	J Kreeb	1220100010— 5

Twenty-eight yards, 5½ points:

E Peterson	2101210121— 8	R Regan	0122011022— 7

Twenty eight yards, 5 points:

C Lang	1210002101— 6	A Knodel	00100•010•0— 2

Class B, 26yds., 4½ points:

L Stetzle	1210102101— 7	E Marquardt	0•00100000— 1
J Newman	1201200102— 6		

Twenty-six yards, 4 points:

F N Richter	2001010110— 5	*L T Fogarty	12101211•— 8
J Kessler	2100001010— 4		

* Guest, 30yds.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 21.—Our tournament closed to-day after two days of fair sport. The shooting was very hard, as will be seen from a glance at the scores made by Glover, Bartlett, Fanning, etc. Below are the tables of each day's scores:

SCORES OF APRIL 20.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	25	15	15	20	15
Weller	8	12	11	17	11	13	10	13	11	11
Lane	8	13	12	18	11	23	14	9	17	8
Glover	8	12	13	16	15	20	13	12	18	13
Wagner	7	10	9	13	13	18	11	8	10	12
Fanning	8	11	13	17	13	18	8	10	17	13
Winston	7	12	14	19	14	19	12	13	15	11
Borst	6	9	8	..	..	15	9	9	11	11
Wheeler	9	10	15	12	11	12	7	..	..	..
Bartlett	5	11	12	17	9	18	14	13	14	10
King	4	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Byer	4	11	10	16	..	12	..	9	17	11
Hickman	4	8	9	..	9	..	6	10	..	7
North	..	12	11	18	12	14	10	..	..	..
Bolton	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	12	..
Gold Dust	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	10	8
Hadley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11
Wride	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	5
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	9
Worth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..
Nisson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9

SCORES OF APRIL 21.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	25	15	15	20	15
Lane	8	12	12	15	13	21	12	11	18	10
Bartlett	8	13	10	18	10	22	14	14	15	12
Winston	10	14	10	17	14	20	14	14	17	14
Glover	9	11	11	18	15	24	12	14	15	11
Weller	9	9	13	13	12	21	13	9	16	12
Wheeler	7	13	8	16	12	21	10	9	..	..
Boest	6	11	7	13	9	20	8	8	9	..
Foley	7	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dutch	9	..	9	..	..	22	..	..	..	9
Swiveller	7	11	11	11	..	12	9	10	6	..
Fanning	6	12	13	16	15	21	12	11	15	12
Byer	9	14	14	17	15	20	12	11	15	11
Tassell	9	13	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wride	6	11	11	14	..	..	10	10	..	7
Bolton	..	11	13	..	..	..	..	9	12	..
Wagner	..	12	12	12	13	..	6	..	..	..
Jones	..	..	..	13	..	20	..	12	..	..
W	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12

DE WITT.

Androscoggin Gun Club.

LEWISTON, Me., April 16.—Below are the scores made to-day at the annual Fast Day shoot of the Androscoggin Gun Club. There was a good attendance, thirty-one shooters being present. We shot under a good, stiff northeast wind, which made the targets go along some. The fourth and fifth events were for merchandise prizes; No. 7 was at 25yds. rise. We had a jolly, good day's sport, and the boys are all warming up with great interest for the Interstate shoot, Aug. 4-5. We shall no doubt have a large attendance at that shoot from this State, and hope to make a good showing to our friends from other States. Below are to-day's totals:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	5	10	10	25	25	10	10	10	10	15
A E Doten	4	7	9	21	20	9	5	8	7	12
G R Hunnewell	4	10	9	21	23	9	10	..	..	..
G W Cobb	5	9	9	20	21	8	4	..	..	..
Berry	4	8	8	22	19	8	5	..	..	..
Greenwood	4	7	7	16	19	7	8	..	..	..
Ray	4	8	8	19	20	5	5	..	..	..
Godfrey	3	9	7	18	21	6	4	7	8	13
Fields	3	7	8	16	21	..	..	..	..	..
Bean	3	8	6	18	16	7	3	..	..	..
Foss	3	6	8	17	16	8	3	..	..	..
Eastman	3	7	8	18	17	6	4	6	7	11
Wakefield	3	6	9	15	16	7	2	..	..	..
Nason	4	8	7	18	19	8	..	..	..	..
O P Keys	2	4	5	13	11	3	..	..	..	..
Joslyn	4	8	8	19	18	7	..	..	..	..
Curtis	3	9	8	18	19	8	..	..	..	..
E C Doten	3	6	4	14	16	4	3	6	4	9
Alley	3	8	6	14	16	7	3	..	7	..
Lyons	2	9	8	19	14	6	1	..	..	11
Lew Keys	3	6	6	12	17	7	3	7	..	..
Moody	..	..	..	16	17	..	..	..	..	..
Parker	..	..	7	19	20	8	5	..	..	..
Austin	..	..	..	18	17	7	..	..	6	9
Lara	..	..	..	16	15	8	..	..	..	..
Merrow	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
Tookey	3	7	7	19	18	6	3	..	..	..
Haskell	3	5	8	16	18	7	2	..	..	..
Littlefield	..	..	..	17	19	7	..	..	..	..
Teal	..	..	..	16	15	..	..	..	..	..
Scribner	..	..	..	15	17	6	..	..	..	..
Taylor	..	..	..	19	18	7	..	..	..	..

G. R. HUNNEWELL.

Eureka, of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 23.—A special meeting of Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, was held at the Sherman House this evening with small but business-like attendance, President Carson in the chair and Secretary W. A. Jones at the desk. The affairs of the club were reported as being highly prosperous, with a great interest evidenced in the opening days of the shooting season. Numerous applications for membership were on file, and the following new members were elected: Messrs. A. C. Borroff, W. H. Cornwell, G. W. Murrow, W. F. Reber, C. E. Felton, R. Kuss, A. A Walters, H. A. Boedker, W. H. Prickett, W. Stanley, F. H. Lord, Robert Clark, Charles C. Hess. All the foregoing will be notified to morrow and several will shoot at to-morrow's shoot. Dr. A. W. Morton was reinstated to membership, and the resignation of E. C. J. Cleaver, now located at Joplin, Mo., was accepted. A letter from Hon. Thomas Marshall was read. It inclosed dues for the year and stated that the writer had had pleasure in

The Rose System and Its Friends.

A VERY popular saying is "Save us from our friends." Could the Rose system talk it would probably make use of that expression in connection with Will Park's recent definition of its merits. In his description of the Baltimore Interstate tournament he says this: "The money is divided under the Rose system, which is supposed to give the amateur a chance to win, and prevent the experts from carrying away more than their share of the money."

In this short sentence there are three things to find fault with; first, the word "supposed;" second, the term "amateur" as distinct from "experts;" third, the phrase "prevent the experts from carrying away more than their share of the money."

THE TERM "AMATEUR" USED INCORRECTLY.

To consider these three points intelligently we shall have to discuss the term "amateur" first. In using the word as he has, Mr. Park has made a very common error, one which FOREST AND STREAM has done its best to correct. As we have often pointed out, trap-shooters are to be divided into two classes, *professionals* and *amateurs*. These two classes must again be divided into three sub-classes: expert, semi-expert and novice.

Now, the expert amateur is as well able to take care of himself, in the matter of division of purses, as is the paid or professional expert. The Rose system is not for him; the "old" inequitable system would suit him far better, for he is numbered among the crackerjacks, and can pretty nearly break 'em all, as the saying is. The Rose system is really a benefit for semi-experts and novices of both classes, professionals and amateurs. But whereas there are twenty amateurs to one professional in the latter classes (perhaps even a larger proportion), it is possible that Mr. Park thought the percentage of professionals in these classes to be too small to take into account, but at the same time he totally forgot the expert amateur, a class that is increasing yearly as the sport grows more popular. As Rolla Heikes puts it: "There are a whole lot of good ones now."

NO SUPPOSITION ABOUT IT.

The word "supposed" is evidently inserted for a purpose. In other words, our friend is on the fence. He leaped it not so very long ago, and whooped it up for the Rose System and his "amateurs." Since the crackerjacks have complained so long and so loudly (save in print) about the system, his opinion has wavered and he has climbed back to the top of the fence, where he may now be "supposed" to be watching and waiting for a chance to get down on whichever side proves to be the right one.

There is no supposition about the matter at all. By dividing up the purse in an equitable manner, and not on a gambling basis, the big winnings of the expert, professional or amateur, have been knocked silly. Big winnings under the Rose system are not possible; they were not only *possible* under the old system—they were absolute certainties for one or two men. And big winnings mean proportionately large losings, and the losings came out of the pockets of the semi-experts and novices of both classes. Of course the same subclasses are the producers under the Rose system, but to a less degree because winnings are proportionately less. Semi-experts, if they shoot up to their average, can always come pretty close to having their fun for nothing if purses are divided under the Rose system. Many times they will come out a few dollars ahead. Under the old system they had only the gambling chance of "a good hole" in one event to pull them out clear, and every shooter who has attended tournaments for any length of time knows that the semi-expert's chance of such a piece of good luck is the slimmest of the slim.

Novices always have to pay for experience. They must expect this; it is the case in everything, and in every business or sport. We maintain, however, that under the Rose system the novice pays less for experience than under the old system. And this is no mere "supposition."

"THEIR SHARE OF THE MONEY"

A more extraordinary phrase than that from which the above is taken we never saw used in similar connection. Mr. Park must have written the words without thinking. Neither FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Rose, the Rose system, nobody, in fact, not even Mr. Park, wishes for one moment to "prevent the experts from carrying away their share of the money." On the contrary, FOREST AND STREAM in particular maintains that the experts shall always be entitled to carry away "their share of the money"—but it must be "their share," not *more* than their share, nor *less* than their share.

The Rose system pays a man for what he does: it pays him equitably, for the highest score always receives more than a lower one. But the old system does not regard skill to any great extent; it favors luck largely. A man can break 18 or 17 out of 20 and receive more than a man who went straight. Can an expert who broke straight under such circumstances be said to have carried away "his share"? Or put it this way in a similar event of four moneys: One 20, five 19s, six 18s and one 17. The 20 takes 40 per cent of the purse and the 17 takes 10 per cent; each 19 takes 6 per cent, and each 18 takes 3 33 per cent. Does every man take away his share of the money?

The Rose system does *not* "prevent the experts from carrying away their share of the money." But the old system almost invariably does—either *more* than their share or *less* than their share. The sooner this fact is recognized the better it will be for trap-shooting.

Bridgeport Gun Club.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., April 23.—Early on Fast Day morning the Bridgeport Gun Club members were all astir on their grounds making ready for their shoot. The programme consisted of 12 events, all but three at unknown angles. Representatives were here from Stamford, Norwalk, Hartford, New Haven and the Naugatuck Valley. From 15 to 25 took part, and kept it up well during the day. The targets were empires, thrown 57yds., from bluerock traps, at about 15ft. in the highest elevation. Sixty-eight was the highest average made, and that by Mr Sanford, of this city. Our grounds seem to be too hard to make high scores on, yet there are no finer in New England, with sky background. Three thousand targets were thrown, and a good time was had. Following is the score in the events, while there was much shooting before and after.

The $15 for three best averages, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., went to the following shooters: First, Sanford 68; second, Lewis 65; third, Beers and Burbridge 63; fourth, Hendry. The events for averages were from 3 to 11 inclusive, making 100 birds:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
Stevenson	8	7	7	12	4	6	5	7	..	..	..	..
R Crawford	4	7	4	11	5	10	5	5	3	..	8	9
L Crawford	6	3	6	8	8	10	6	6	4	..	7	8
Graham	4	6	6	7	8	7	7	..	7	..	7	6
Sanford	6	4	7	9	7	9	7	11	9	9	4	8
Wilson	7	5	6	8	2	8	8	9	..	12	9	..
M Beers	4	6	7	10	5	11	8	8	2	12	6	9
Saunders	6	7	7	8	5	9	6	11	7	9	5	..
Hendry	5	7	5	9	6	14	5	9	8	9	9	9
Ferris	7	6	8	9	7	9	6	9	8	9	7	..
Blakeslee	10	7	4	12	5	9	5	8	3	5	..	..
German	2	6	4	10	5	11	6	6	4	..	..	..
Burbridge	8	9	7	12	5	8	6	7	7	11	8	6
Thorp	3	2	6	8	6	7	7	6	9	8	6	4
Boswell	6	3	6	8	..	2	..	6	8	9	8	..
Clarkson	..	3	5	7	8	6	3	1	11	6	7	..
Tuck	..	6	7	9	6	8	3	9	8	..	9	7
Keeler	6	8	9	7	7	7	3	7	9	6	8	..
Stegman	4	6	7	4	..	9	0	4	..	..	6	..
J Beers	6	4	9	9	5	8	6	6	..	..	..	..
Thomas	8	6	6	7	8	6	5	7	9	..	3	..

Something to Interest "Flinchers."

CLEVELAND, O., April 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice your request for a cure for flinching; and would say that for the past year or so I have had a bad case of "fudging"; so much so, that I have fallen off in my shooting so badly that I am ashamed of myself.

At Rochester, N. Y., a week or so ago I happened to mention in the presence of Jack Winston that I was fudging badly, and he told me to put on a kid glove and it would stop me. Following his advice, I put one on, and in the next 20-bird race I broke 18 and did not fudge once. The two that I missed being low left-quarterers from No. 1 position, shooting over a magautrap.

Have found since that I can shoot without any fudging to speak of, and hope the good advice given me by Winston may aid some other unfortunate shooter. PAUL NORTH.

W. G. Sergeant, of Joplin, Mo., writes to us that the Joplin Gun Club will hold a three days' shoot, May 25-27, the week immediately following the State shoot at Kansas City. The Joplin shoot is "open to the world," and Sergeant will see to it that everybody gets all the shooting he wants, as well as a fair show to get some of the silver dollars floating around Joplin. Paul Litzke writes us in regard to the Joplin shoot as follows: "There will be a three days' tournament at Joplin Mo., the week following the Missouri State shoot. W. G. Sergeant and C. M. Sumner are the promoters of it. This will be a target shoot and added money to the amount of $300 (or perhaps $500) will be hung up. The amount will be definitely announced in the programme, which will be issued shortly."

Texas State Shoot.

THE twenty-first annual meeting and tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association was held at San Antonio, Tex., on April 20, 21 and 23. While the attendance was small, it was one of the most interesting meetings ever held in the State. One feature was noticeable—the improvement in the shooting of many of the members.

Of the Association medals, Capt. Foster, of Fort Sam Houston Gun Club, captured the target medal on the good score of 48 out of 50. The team medal went to Joe George and Oscar Guessaz on the score of 48 out of 25 each. The individual championship medal on live birds was won by Lieut. Pegram Whitworth, of the Fort Sam Houston Club, with 19 out of 20. While Mr. Whitworth rather had the best luck in drawing easy birds, he gave a splendid exhibition of nerve and skill.

Next year the State Association will again meet in San Antonio. The force that has hitherto been devoted to giving the famous "Midwinter tournaments" will be thrown with that of the State organization and the two combined will arrange for a tournament on a large scale.

At the meeting, Wednesday, the 21st, the question of handicapping the experts, so as to give the rising amateur a chance, was the all-absorbing topic. The Rose system also was thoroughly discussed, and the consensus of opinion was that the Rose system and some system of handicapping should be adopted. Mr. A. B. Cutzer was chosen for President, Albert Steves Vice-President, and Ole. Guessaz Secretary, all of San Antonio.

First Day, April 20.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Extra
Targets:	20	20	20	50	20	20	20	20	10
Whitwerth	19	17	16	43	17	19	18	19	10
McCormack	13	14	17	43	19	20	17	18	.
George	14	16	18	43	16	16	19	18	7
Piety	19	19	19	44	18	19	18	18	..
Foster	16	15	16	48	19	19	17	17	8
Critzer	17	20	17	43	19	18	18	19	9
Moore	10	14	19	41	18	12	14	18	8
Guessaz	18	17	19	47	19	17	17	16	9
Norman	15	16	17	44	16	17	17	17	..
W Miller	18	18	20	46	19	19	18	19	..
Jackson	18	16	20	47	20	16	17	16	..
Everly	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bradford	20	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kerr	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McGinly	17	15	15	44	20	19	18	18	..
M Miller	17	14	14	41	13	18	19	16	..
Nalle	14	18	16	46	17	18	17	18	.
Wilcox	..	..	19	16	..	17	17	20	16	8
Howard	..	..	16	16	..	..	..	..	..	..

Second Day, April 21.

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	Extra
Targets:	*10	20	25	20	20	20
McGinty	8	15	..	17	18	18
Norman	7	16	..	18	18	19
McCormack	6	16	21	16	19	17
Jackson	8	19	21	17	16	19
Piety	..	17	..	18	19	20
Robinson	..	..	..	..	..	16
Whitworth	10	18	23	19	16	15
Guessaz	8	17	25	18	17	17

* Live birds.

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	Extra.
Targets:	*	0	20	25	20	25	20
George	9	17	23	15	20	14
W Miller	6	18	24	17	14	10
Wilson	8	..	..	..	12	11
Jones	8	..	..	..	..	..
Fritz	6	..	22	18	18	14
Foster	7	17	24	18	18	..
Nalle	8	13	22	18	15	..
Hildreth	..	8	..	..	..	..

Third Day, April 22.

No. 1 extra, and No. 2 5 live birds one barrel: No. 3, 20 live pigeons—individual championship medal:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Extra. 1	Extra. 2
Targets:	25	25	20	25	25	5	5
Critzer	21	21	12	17	20	4	1
McCormack	21	24	12	21	21	5	..
George	22	18	14	22	21	..	..
Guessaz	22	23	16	19	17	5	2
Whitwith	18	20	19	23	19	4	3
Foster	24	20	15	22	19	3	..
Jackson	23	24	16	23	24	5	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Extra. 1	Extra. 2
Targets:	25	25	20	25	25	5	5
McGurty	21	23	15	21	22	5	4
W Miller	15	19	17	25	25	4	4
Mulle	19	18	18	20	23	3	..
Fritz	17	21	13	19	15	..	..
Norman	..	..	..	18	..	2	..
A Steves	..	..	..	..	..	4	4

NOTES.

The dates for the big shoot of Texas for 1898 are April 21, 22, 23 and 24. The attention of the shooting world is directed to the above dates.

Wallace Miller and his pump made a great many friends. His shooting is away up yonder, and if he keeps up his gait Texas will place him in Holzapfel's shoes.

One sad thing about this meeting was the vacant place hitherto occupied by John Ellis. He died in the city of Mexico on the 2d inst. after a short illness. Pneumonia carried him off. Mr. Ellis came to Texas about ten years ago, and his affability, fairness and shooting qualities endeared him to every one with whom he came in contact. Peace to his ashes.

Lieut. Whitworth won the individual championship on live birds with a handsome Parker gun, which he handled with rare dexterity.

As usual, E. C. powder is on top in the averages. TEXAS FIELD.

Sherbrooke Gun Club.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q., April 16.—This club's opening tournament came off Good Friday as advertised. A good number of visiting sportsmen turned up, making, with the home team, 29 shooters. Traps were kept fairly busy from 9 until 6. Everybody appeared satisfied with the way things went, and Sherbrooke hopes to see all these faces and many more at their grand annual on July 1, Dominion Day. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15		10		15	10	20		10	15	10
Norris	5	12	0	5	0	9	5	..	..	4	8	6
Hovey	6	9	..	7	0	14	2	..	..	7	13	..
Goodhue	6	8	1	7	8	9	4	11	0	5	11	8
Raymond	5	12	10	5	..	12	9	1	..	6	..	..
Aubin	..	9	10	4	8	3	12	7	19	1	7	15
Eaton	6	12	0	7	0	12	5	13	5	7	9	..
Wooton	9	9	1	6	7	11	2	18	6	8	12	..
Cameron	7	12	9	4	4	13	4	15	8	9	13	..
Hutchinson	9	14	6	7	7	8	6	12	4	7	11	..
Robertson	5	10	0	7	8	10	7	14	..	8	12	..
Candlish	5	7	..	2	..	..	4	14	0	4	0	4
Ellsworth	10	10	1	5	11	14	7	15	1	3	11	..
Kittell	7	9	1	7	2	12	3	17	..	9	9	..
Town	8	11	6	8	0	13	4	19	2	9	12	..
Seloy	7	10	..	6	..	10	..	..	..	9	11	..
Hibbard	..	11	..	6	..	11	6	..	..	10	12	..
Clark	7	12	..	7	1	7	4	10	..	7	11	..
Page	..	8	..	..	..	..	3	12	..	..	..	..
Craig	9	11	5	7	1	12	5	17	1	5	13	.
Walton	..	10	5	8	4	11	5	..	1	8	..	6
Walley	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	5
Thompson	3	7	..	4	..	4	..	4	..	..	..	0
Kirkpatrick	2	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	1	4	..
Bray	..	11	15	7	0	12	7	17	3	10	12	..
Morrill	..	12	1	5	3	8	5	16	2	7	12	..
Foss	..	7	..	4	..	..	5	..	..	7	..	3
Duncan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	..
Cook	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
Robinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	4	..

Nos. 3, 5 and 9 were miss-and-out events. No. 7 was at 5 pairs.
C. H. FOSS, Sec'y.

Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 22.—The scores given below were made today at the regular weekly shoot of the Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	20	10	15	25
R C Root	20	16	14	8	10	12
S F Wilson	20	19	14	6	12	17
F I Greener	..	16	18	8	12	18
R C Parker	..	10	13	6	9	..
A W Bain	..	10	..	4	6	..
E C Whitaker	..	19	14	8	12	..
J F Rossie	..	15	13	7	7	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	20	10	15	25
G Cornett	..	13	..	9	8	..
Daniel Brown	..	..	..	5	6	..
J Goff	..	..	..	6	7	..
F E Field	..	..	..	4	10	..
A Remington	..	..	..	6	8	14
C M Staniels	..	..	..	6	7	19
Amos Arnold	..	..	..	..	..	16

J. F. RUSSEL, Sec'y.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, April 21.—What the Boston Gun Club's weekly meet lacked in point of attendance to-day was more than balanced by the enthusiasm of the nine shooters, who, as usual, alighted from the 1:45 train at Wellington. On these grounds the fun and enjoyment is hardly dependent on size of crowd, and, whether, one squad or three, the same pleasure is extracted from the extermination of the Ethiopian saucer. The afternoon was a fine one, from a weather point of view, a variable wind being the only excuse for not breaking all the targets thrown. Events below:

Events:	1	3	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	6	5	10	10	5	6	10	5	6	20	5	5	10
Gordon	6	7	3	2	7	10	1	3	7	4	3	19	3	3	8
Woodruff	7	4	4	3	10	10	3	4	8	2	4	16	4	..	..
Miskay	9	6	1	2	8	6	5	4	10	4	4	17	4	2	3
Sheffield	7	3	2	3	5	6	2	5	5	4	..	12	2	3	6
Eastman	4	6	2	2	4	6	3	2	8	5	1	14	4	5	6
Taft	5	3	4	1	6	6	3	3	..	2	3	..	..	..	..
Horace	6	10	3	4	9	8	4	3	8	3	..	17	..	5	..
Benton	6	4	1	3	5	4	1	3	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Needham	..	..	..	..	..	4	1	0	4	2	4	9	1	2	3

Known angles on events 1, 6, 9, 12 and 15; unknown 2, 7, 10 and 13; pairs 3, 8 and 11; unknown traps, expert rules, 4; straightaways, 30yds., 14.

Merchandise shoot, 21 targets—10 known, 5 unknown, and 3 pair; distance handicap:

Woodruff (17)	1111111111—10	01110—3	10 10 11—4—17
Miskay (17)	1011101001—6	11111—5	10 10 11—4—15
Horace (16)	1111011110—8	11101—4	11 00 10—3—15
Gordon (17)	1111111111—10	00010—1	10 10 10—3—14
Sheffield (15)	0101101101—6	00011—2	11 11 10 5—13
Taft (16)	0011101110—6	01101—3	10 01 10—3—12
Eastman (16)	1101000111—6	01101—3	10 00 10—2—11
Benton (14)	1001000110—4	01000—1	01 00 11—3—8
Needham (15)	1001000110—4	00001—1	00 00 00—0—5

April 28.—The twelfth weekly shoot of the Boston Gun Club, at Wellington, Wednesday, April 28, turned out fully as enjoyable as all the previous eleven, and being favorably treated as regards weather, the regular coterie of enthusiasts faced the five traps with their usual equanimity. Mingled together were the novice, in his initial attempt at wing shooting, and the veteran, who had fired his 1,000 shots and over, both at the trap and in the field. Both were having the same good time, though success much more often crowned the efforts of the latter and as the more fortunate one he would be called upon to share his knowledge and give to others the benefit of his experience. This he would readily do, and the afternoon was all too short for the necessary practice entailed by the valuable tips. A high and variable wind interfered with the arrangements many had made for straight scores, yet two were captured by Sheffield and one by Gordon. Others were satisfied with less, or had to be. Summary as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	5	6	10	10	5	6	10	5	6	10	10	10	10
Gordon	7	7	2	2	6	8	2	3	6	4	5	5	10	9	8
Woodruff	5	5	3	3	8	8	5	3	5	4	5	8	8	..	..
Taft	9	4	1	3	5	3	4	4	7	5	4	5	7	6	5
Eastman	8	5	..	5	5	7	4	3	7	2	3	9	8	7	4
Sheffield	10	6	4	4	6	10	3	4	7	3	2	9	8	6	7
Benton	4	6	5	2	5	5	2	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Horace	..	..	..	..	2	..	4	5	..	7	2	3	9	7	6
Miskay	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	3	9	1	4	7	8	5
Nickols	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	1	..	8	3	4	..	..	..
Spencer	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	3	5	5	4	5	8	7	9
Powers	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	2	3	5	4	4	..	..	..
Hopkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	3	7	2	3	4	..	..
Sewall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	5	3	2	3	4	2

Events 1, 6, 9, 12 and 15 known angles; 2, 7, 10 and 14, unknown; 3, unknown traps; 5 and 13, reverse pull; 4, 8 and 11, pairs.

Twelfth contest, prize series. 21 targets, 10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pair; distance handicap:

Taft (16yds)	1011001111—7	11111—5	11 10 10—4—16
Gordon (17yds)	1111001010—6	01111—4	11 11 10—5—15
Nickols (16yds)	0111110111—8	11001—3	10 11 10—4—15
Woodruff (17yds)	0010001111—5	10111—4	10 11 11—5—14
Miskay (17yds)	1110111111—9	00001—1	11 10 10—4—14
Spencer (16yds)	0001101110—5	01111—4	11 11 10—5—14
Powers (16yds)	1011100001—5	11101—4	10 10 11—4—13
Sheffield (15yds)	1111110100—7	10110—3	10 00 10—2—12
Eastman (16yds)	0111011101—7	10100—2	01 01 10—3—12
Horace (16yds)	0101110111—7	00110—2	10 10 10—3—12
Sewall (15yds)	1001001101—5	01110—3	00 10 10—2—10
Hopkins (16yds)	0100000100—2	00110—2	00 10 11—3—7
Brenton (14yds)	0010010011—4	w	

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

A SPECIAL shoot was held by the Audubon Gun Club on April 23 and 24. Several old members were in attendance. The live-bird team shoot was the chief event. The losing team was to banquet the visitors. The shooting in the target events was superior.

Following are the scores in the team shoot:

Team No. 1; Kirkover (captain) 7, Geisdorfer 6, Hoyt 4, Braden 7, U. E. Storey 6, J. J. Reid 7, McCarney 5, Snyder 3, Reinecke 7, Stacey 5, Hankins 6, Krolz 6; total, 69.

Team No. 2: C. S. Burkhardt 7, McArthur 4, Hurley 4, Zoeller 4, J. P. Fisher 3, Scheibert 5, George Stauber 2, E. C. Burkhardt 6, E. P. Reynolds 5, P. G. Myers 3, Dr. Sauer 3, J. E. Lodge 6; total, 52.

Individual scores made were as follows in the target events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	15	15	15	Targets:	15	15	15	15
C S Burkhardt	12	14	13	15	Kirkover	14	14	15	12
McCarney	12	10	..	..	McArthur	13	14	14	15
Hurley	9	..	..	..	Hayseed	9	..	..	..
U E Storey	12	13	14	13	Myers	13	12	13	..
E C Burkhardt	14	15	14	13	Stacey	11	12	15	..
J J Reid	12	11	10	12	J Beck	11	11	..	..
Zoeller	10	15	..	..	Hoyt	7	6	..	..
Reinecke	11	..	..	..	Braden	13	13	13	14
Dr Sauer	7	..	..	..	Snyder	10	..	12	..
Reynolds	10	12	12	..	J E Lodge	..	9	10	..

On the second day seven events were on the card of the Audubon Gun Club at its weekly club shoot, and were taken part in by 26 members. The third event was the club badge shoot. H. Kirkover won in Class A, McArthur in Class B, and W. R. Eaton in Class C.

The fourth event, the monthly cup shoot, proved the most interesting of any of the seven series already shot, and turned out six ties: Kelsey 25 out of 28, McArthur 25 out of 31, William Hines, Jr., 26 out of 31, Dr. Sauer 27 out of 33, Alderman 25 out of 29, and Norris 26 out of 29. The ties were shot off at one-half of the original handicap, which resulted in all being shot out except Kelsey and William Hines, and in their shoot-off Kelsey won by 1 bird. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	20	25	15	15	25	Targets:	10	15	20	25	15	15	25
C B Burkhardt	10	14	20	24	13	14	24	Norris	9	11	24	26	12	..	..
B Talsma	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	P G Myers	..	12	20	23	9	..	..
E C Burkhardt	10	14	21	22	13	11	21	E F Hammond	..	14	23	23	..	..	..
F D Kelsey	7	14	23	25	14	..	..	F Sauer	..	..	18	27	10	11	..
J J Reid	7	9	18	19	11	11	20	Porter	..	..	21	22	..	..	..
G McArthur	8	14	24	25	12	..	19	Kirkover	8	14	23	..	11	13	..
W Hines, Jr.	8	9	22	26	13	..	..	Zoeller	8	12	19	..	12	33	..
G Floss	6	11	..	15	12	12	..	Eaton	..	12	15	..	7	..	..
W Woodbury	7	11	..	20	11	..	..	A Coombs	..	..	18	..	..	..	..
F N Alderman	7	14	14	25	9	..	..	Robinson	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
C Oehmig	8	11	..	23	9	..	..	Hurley	..	..	..	..	3	..	..
E W Smith	8	14	21	24	15	..	..	B King	..	..	..	..	10	14	15
E N McCarney	10	9	21	21	..	..	..	Rossiter	..	..	..	..	10	14	15

Warren Gun Club.

WARREN, O., April 24.—Scores made by the Warren Gun Club today:

Schoonover	1111111111111111110011111—23
	1111111111111101101111111011—22
Miller	1001101101010100011010111—14
	1010111111101010111011111—19
Parker	0011110101111111101010111—18
	0101110110011001001000111—18
Biery	0101111100001111011001101—13
Horton	0000111100101011010111011—13

Silver cup contest, handicap:

Sutcliff (5)	0110111101111010111111100	−18	+5—23
Biery (5)	1110010111010101011010110	−14	+5—19
Chryst (6)	1011110001001000101010101	−12	+6—18
Horton (7)	0111001111100000011111101	−14	+7—21
Ewalt ( )	1111111101111111111111011		—23

Tie between Sutcliff and Ewalt:

Sutcliff (5)	1101110011111011011001111	−18	+5—23
Ewalt	1111111111111111111111111		—25

ROBT. W. EWALT, Sec'y.

The Richmond Interstate.

THE second target tournament on the Interstate's circuit for the season of 1897 was held at Richmond, Va., April 28-29. As to the success or otherwise of this tournament, there can be but one opinion; it was as nice a shoot as any we have ever attended, while the number of *new* shooters present showed that the missionary work of the Interstate Association was sowing good seed in the South. Of course there were a few of the old stand-bys present, but the ammunition and gun men were conspicuous by their absence. Of the 40 or more shooters on the grounds during the two days of the tournament not more than four could be classed as manufacturers' agents. These were; H. P. Collins, of Baltimore, the Southern agent of the Du Pont and Hazard powder companies; U. M. C. Thomas, of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Bridgeport, Conn.; Ferd. Van Dyke, Dayton, N. J., representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., and shooting W-A powder to the front; T. H. Keller, Plainfield, N. J., representing King's Smokeless and Peters's Victor shells.

MANY NEW FACES.

Of the other three dozen shooters, many had never been to a tournament before; and this is just the class that the Interstate wants to catch and make converts of. It made many converts in Richmond and added to the band of disciples which it can lay claim to in the Sunny South. Without fear of any charge of flattery, we can state safely that the work of the Interstate Association during the past three or four years has done more to boom the sport of trap-shooting in that section of the country than all other causes combined. And as it has helped the sport in other cities, so it is in Richmond; the West End Gun Club and the local shooters will feel the influence of the impetus given to the sport by the tournament of April 28-29 will be felt for many months to come. Before that influence has died out, it is to be hoped that the club will try again, and give the local boys a chance of trying their hands against some of the best shots in the adjoining States.

THE WEST END GUN CLUB.

The West End Gun Club, the local club under whose auspices the tournament was given, has never held a tournament prior to this effort. It was absolutely new to the business, but it handled its guests in a manner that reflects considerable credit upon the tact of its members. Somehow or other there was a homelike feeling about this tournament; everybody seemed to know everybody else, and everybody seemed to be good friends with everybody else. Also this shoot seemed to be a shoot for sport, no money-grabbing and no kicking—at least not much, and that little quite uncalled for, but not altogether unexpected. Some people never are satisfied, and the West End Gun Club never hoped to please everybody; it did, however, please the vast majority of its guests by the manner in which it treated all alike, playing no favorites.

To people accustomed to attend tournaments, it may seem a simple matter to get up a shoot and run it successfully. Such, however, is far from the case, and it is no small feather in the cap of the management of the West End Gun Club that the two-days' shoot on April 28-29 turned out so satisfactorily. We believe the bulk of the credit is mainly due to the efforts of President W. A. Hammond, Secretary E. L. Hewitt, Messrs. W. C. Lynham, J. C. Tignor and Harper Deane, Sr. If we have omitted anybody's name, the omission is unintentional, and an apology for such must be taken as going with the above remarks.

On the first day all shooters and spectators were invited to be the guests of the club at lunch. This lunch was served by Bill Snellings, a caterer of no mean repute in the city of Richmond, and who now resides at Blandon Park and has charge of the club house there. Another good feature of Mr. Snellings's *menage* is the plethora of mint, cracked ice and strawberries within his domain. To a Northerner the above may sound like an enigma; Southerners (and particularly "members of Pickett's brigade," as Col. Anthony would say) will need no explanation.

GROUNDS AND ARRANGEMENTS.

The grounds of the West End Gun Club can be reached from the center of the city in less than half an hour. Frequent electric cars run to the terminus of the Broad street line, at Blandon Park, within a quarter of a mile of the grounds. The background is quite deceptive, and many a target was dropped through being momentarily lost sight of in "those cedars to the right," "that high tree yonder," or "in those trees to the left." To look at the grounds without a gun in your hands, you'd say that the background was a good one; so it would be if the targets were "skyers." But with low-thrown targets it needed close watching and strict attention to business to make good scores.

The trees above referred to were a long way off, and at first one would not think they could cause any trouble. The field, however, beyond the traps sloped off to a high board fence, weather beaten and weather stained. From that fence the ground rose gradually for perhaps 400 or 500yds., and was finally fringed on the right with cedars, a few high trees and some houses; on the left with trees—just trees and nothing else. When the targets left the traps they skimmed over the dip in the field and climbed the gray fence and grassy slope; then, if a right-quarterer, it was mighty apt to be lost for a moment in "those cedars;" if a left quarterer, "in those trees;" if a straightaway, it went up against the sky and was a pudding. We had lots of excuses for missed targets, and several of us needed those excuses badly.

THE MAGAUTRAP WAS THERE.

The above remarks refer solely to the background for the set of bluerock expert traps placed in position in the club's pits by Manager Shaner. Oddly enough the background for the magautrap, which was located only a few feet to the right of No. 5 trap, was a good one.

But the magautrap was not used for any of the programme events. Manager Shaner decided, and we think decided wisely, that it would be rather unfair to make those who had never shot over the magautrap, stack up against those who had had considerable practice at that style of shooting. He announced that all programme events would be shot on the set of expert traps, and that when the programme was completed extra events would be shot over the magautrap. As no more than nine events were shot on the first day the magautrap stood idle all day, much to the disappointment of many who had come out to see one trap do the work of five. One event being left over from the first day, this necessitated eleven events being decided on the second day; and after these eleven events were disposed of, there was only time and opportunity to finish one full extra on the magautrap.

It may sound queer that only 9 15-target events were shot on the first day, with an opening extra to start the ball—a total of 150 targets per man. But this tournament was not like others. Here the West End Gun Club was not particular about throwing several thousands of bluerocks, so as to come out even, or maybe a bit ahead. On the contrary, it requested Mr. Shaner to go slow and not to hurry anybody, so that shooters might feel that they were having some fun and not merely attending to business. As a result, things moved slowly and the programme was not finished.

The accommodations for shooters were ample provided the weather was fine; and fine and warm it was; warm enough for the middle of June; delightful weather to shoot in, provided you were not hurried. No preparations had been made, however, for putting the cashier in a cage, where he might be looked at but not surrounded and plagued to death, as an unprotected cashier always must be. This little matter caused some trouble, and Mr. Hewitt's scores suffered on the second day in consequence, as he and Edwards acted as assistants to Mr. W. C. Lynham in the absence of the cashier of the first day—Mr. Stokes—who was scared from his post by the number of questions of all kinds that he was required to answer while totaling three or four columns of figures. Pres. Hammond also worked too hard on the second day for his figures to show up well.

PREPARATION DAY.

Tuesday afternoon, April 27, was not marked by much shooting. Quite a late start was made, but a few events were shot off over both the magautrap and the set of expert traps. H. P. Collins, W. Tell Mitchell, of Lynch's, Va., and F. S. Edwards were the only strangers at work on this afternoon. Several members of the home club were present, and good scores were made by W. H. Colquitt, E. L. Hewitt, W. A. Hammond, A. Krouse and the Deanes, both senior and junior. Harper Deane, Jr., shot very nicely and will surely make a good shot in the near future. As it is, he shoots as well as any lad of his age we know of, and can hold down many a man who has had treble his experience both in the field and at the trap.

The weather on this date was exceedingly warm, and several men shot in their shirt sleeves, coats and sweaters being almost unbearable. The preliminary work on the magautrap showed up favorably against that which was done on the regular traps, far better scores as a rule being made on the magautrap than at the other set. The background above referred to had much to do with this in our estimation.

AMONG THE VISITORS.

Among the visitors at this shoot were the following, in addition to the four manufacturers' agents mentioned above: Col. Anthony, of Charlotte, N.C.; Hood Waters, J. M. Hawkins, Dr. Lupus, Jim Malone, Ed Coe and Gent, from Baltimore; Billy Wagner and A. S. Mattingley, Washington, D. C.; Watkins L. Moorman and C. W. Scott, Lynchburg, Va.; W. N. White and J. Thomas, Portsmouth, Va.; W. Tell Mitchell, Lynch's, Va.; Dr. Wayman and Summerson, Staunton, Va.; the FOREST AND STREAM representative, New York city.

The home club turned out in good force, and the showing made by many of them gives evidence of strong talent among the members of the West End Gun Club.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

The table of general averages, made up of those who shot through the programme on the two days of the shoot, is always interesting. Although only fourteen shooters went through all twenty events, shooting at a total of 300 targets each, there is still something worth noting.

Ferd Van Dyke was, as might be expected, high for the two days with only one break less than 90 per cent. His work on the second day was rather an enigma, as it was curiously erratic at times. But then—"there were others." Edwards was second with three breaks less than Van Dyke and a percentage of 88.6. Hawkins was third, and led the "Oyster Squad," as Tom Keller termed the Baltimoreans, by one break over Malone and Hood. Mitchell was sixth, Hewitt seventh and Harper Deane, Sr., eighth. The totals for each day, and the averages made, are given in the following table, each man, as stated above, having shot at 300 targets:

	1st day.	2d day.	Total.	Av'rage.
F Van Dyke	138	131	269	89.6
F S Edwards	139	127	266	88 6
J M Hawkins	131	128	259	86.3
W Hood	125	133	258	86
J M Malone	130	128	258	86
W T Mitchell	123	131	254	84.8
E L Hewitt	132	117	249	83.3
H Deane, Sr	123	117	240	80
A S Mattingley	119	118	237	79
W Wagner	121	113	234	78
U M C	114	119	233	77.6
Col Anthony	112	115	227	75.6
W A Hammond	114	96	210	70
H P Collins	81	93	174	58

First Day, April 28.

This was a regular steaming hot day in the opinion of the Northerners; and even the natives found it just about the right thing to hunt for a shady spot and a cool drink at odd times. The light was trying to the eyes, and caused the loss of several targets.

Prior to the commencement of the shoot, Manager Shaner announced that the home club desired to take things easily, as it did not care how many targets were thrown so long as its guests had a pleasant time. This was a novel feature in the way of tournament-giving, as most of those present had been accustomed to be hustled along at shoots on account of the clubs desiring to make all the money they could by the sale of targets. Novel as the feature was it was a pleasant one, and showed the spirit of the West End Gun Club.

True to his instructions Manager Shaner did not push things, and the result was an unfinished programme, event No. 10 having to be carried over to the next day. Entries ruled higher than was expected; but this was largely due to several shooting "for birds." The figures given below show that thirty-eight shooters took part in one or more events, but as a matter of fact the entries for money would average about twenty-four in each event.

A GOOD ENTRY LIST.

A total of 4,020 targets were thrown on this day, which, together with the 315 thrown in No. 10 on the morning of April 29, made a total of 4,335 for the ten programme events. The entries were as follows: No. 1, 33; No. 2, 33; No. 3, 35; No. 4, 34; No. 5, 34; No 6, 30; No. 7, 23; No. 8, 25; No. 9, 21; No. 10, 21. At the close of No. 6 event an effort was made to finish the programme, and all those "in for birds" were cut out of the remaining events, unless there was another man or two wanted to fill a broken squad. This accounts for the falling off in the entry lists. The average for each of the ten events was 28.9.

The race for first place was close all the way through, Van Dyke making a strong finish. At the end of the ninth event, when shooting stopped for the day, Edwards and Van Dyke were tied, with 11 misses out of 135 shot at. The result in No. 10, shot, as above stated, on the morning of April 29, put Edwards 1 target in the lead for first average on the first day's programme. E. L. Hewitt, secretary of the home club, won third place with an average of 88 per cent., the result of some consistently good shooting. Fourth and fifth places went to Hawkins and Malone, respectively, with averages of 87.3 and 86.6. Hood made a poor start and never came fully up to his form, ending up in sixth place with 83.3.

OTHERS WERE IN IT, TOO.

Another member of the West End Gun Club who shot consistently well was Harper Deane, Sr., who tied W. Tell Mitchell for seventh and eighth places with an average of 82 per cent. Billy Wagner, who shot a regular gait in the first seven events, fell down badly in the last three events and spoiled his average. He was the only other shooter, in addition to those mentioned above, to finish with 80 per cent. or better for all the programme events. Col. Anthony was in nothing like his old form, and besides that he had a hoodoo on No. 4 trap that worried him badly every time he faced that trap. Du Pont Collins, although suffering from a raging headache all day, shot in every event rather than show the white feather. The result of that headache may be noticed in his scores. Mr. Moorman, of Lynchburg, had the bad luck to break his gun in the first event, and spent the rest of the day experimenting with other guns of different makes. This naturally did not give him much of a show.

Although all events were at 15 targets each, unknown angles, straights were scarce, which shows that there was something tricky in the background. Personally we think that fully 90 per cent. of the lost targets were the result of over shooting. This, with the peculiar background, was very liable to occur.

Below are the scores and averages for the first day:

SCORES OF APRIL 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
Edwards	14	15	13	13	15	13	13	14	14	15	150	139	92.6
Van Dyke	14	14	14	14	11	15	12	15	15	14	150	138	92
Hewitt	12	14	13	15	13	12	14	14	13	12	150	132	88
Hawkins	13	13	15	12	14	11	13	14	15	11	150	131	87.3
Malone	14	11	15	13	13	13	14	11	11	15	150	130	86.6
Hood	9	12	12	13	13	12	13	14	14	13	150	125	83.3
Dean, Sr	11	12	14	13	13	13	13	10	11	13	150	123	82
Mitchell	12	10	12	13	10	12	15	12	14	13	150	123	82
Wagner	12	13	13	14	14	13	12	10	10	10	150	121	80.6
Mattingley	8	12	12	12	12	12	15	13	12	11	150	119	79.3
U M C	9	12	11	13	10	10	14	12	11	12	150	114	76
Hammond	12	14	11	11	10	13	13	11	9	10	150	114	76
Anthony	10	10	9	8	12	13	11	13	13	13	150	112	74.6
Lupus	12	11	13	14	9	10	11	9	11	12	150	112	74 6
Scott	10	13	12	12	13	12	7	11	10	7	150	107	71.3
Moorman	9	8	10	10	8	10	11	8	8	12	150	94	62.6
Collins	9	8	8	10	8	7	4	9	9	9	150	81	54
Holman	14	9	12	15	13	9	13	13	..	8	135	106	78 5
Keller	10	11	13	12	12	11	13	11	11	..	135	104	77
Colquitt	12	12	10	13	12	10	10	12	10	..	135	101	74.8
Boyd	6	11	13	11	10	12	9	10	9	..	135	91	67.4
Gent	5	13	8	9	8	10	..	14	12	7	135	86	63.7
Coe	10	11	10	10	11	12	..	11	..	10	130	85	70.8
J Thomas	..	14	12	12	12	13	9	12	..	..	105	84	80
Sinton	8	9	9	11	12	10	..	..	..	12	105	71	67.6
Lynham	8	11	..	10	10	8	8	7	..	..	105	62	59
Deane, Jr	7	8	11	11	9	11	..	..	..	..	90	57	63.3
White	10	13	10	9	6	8	..	..	..	..	90	56	62.2
Wayman	10	11	10	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	75	55	73.3
Krouse	11	12	..	10	10	11	..	..	..	..	75	54	72
G Powers	10	11	8	..	10	8	..	..	..	..	75	47	62.6
Summerson	13	12	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	49	81.6
Tiller	7	9	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	33	55.3
R Powers	7	..	13	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	45	31	68.8
Allen	..	..	11	10	..	8	..	..	..	..	45	29	64.4
Tignor	..	..	6	..	9	7	..	..	..	..	45	22	48.8
W N White	..	..	6	..	9	6	..	..	..	..	45	21	46.6
Jones	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	73.3

Second Day, April 29.

This was a hotter day than any of its three predecessors. There was almost absolutely no breeze at all, and every condition was apparently favorable for large totals. But, as often happens, the unexpected took place, and no shooting of any great excellence was done. Hood's work, after his first two events, was by far the best record, and he honestly deserved his place at the head of the list for the second day. Mitchell and Van Dyke tied for second and third places, Hawkins and Malone tieing for the next two places.

The absence of a cashier had a demoralizing effect on the scores of one or two shooters, working and shooting not being good companions. Lynham, Hewitt and Edwards ran the cashier's office, and it is perhaps worthy of note that so far no shortage has been discovered in the accounts to date! As on the first day, W. J. Lynham acted as referee, while Robt. F. Banks marked down the 1s and 0s on the score sheets. The blackboard work and the pulling was done by so many different people that it would take up too much space to credit all who helped with due notice.

The shooting in many of the events was a curiosity. In No. 1 there was no 15, and only one 14—Coe. In No. 3 there was only one 15—Hawkins, but six 14s. In each of Nos. 5, 6, 8 and 9 there was only one straight, as follows: In No. 5, Colquitt; No. 6, Van Dyke; No. 8, Hood; No. 9, Van Dyke. In No. 7, there was no 15, but four 14s and seven 13s.

The table below will show what else was done, and how the boys finished:

SCORES OF APRIL 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Hood	12	11	13	14	14	13	14	15	12	15	150	133	88.6
Van Dyke	13	15	14	11	14	15	13	11	15	10	150	131	87.3
Mitchell	12	15	14	15	12	13	12	11	13	14	150	131	87.3
Hawkins	9	13	15	12	13	13	13	14	13	13	150	128	85.3
Malone	11	14	14	15	12	11	13	14	13	11	150	128	85.3
Edwards	13	14	11	10	13	14	11	12	14	15	150	127	84.6
Coe	14	11	14	11	13	11	13	10	12	12	150	121	80.6
U M C	13	12	11	13	11	11	14	11	12	11	150	119	79.3
Mattingley	10	13	12	13	13	13	12	13	10	9	150	118	78.6
Hewitt	11	14	13	10	12	10	10	11	12	14	150	117	78
Deane, Sr	11	11	13	13	12	12	11	13	12	9	150	117	78
Anthony	13	11	13	11	10	10	13	13	13	8	150	115	76.6
Wagner	9	13	13	14	12	13	10	13	10	6	150	113	75.3
Hammond	13	11	9	5	9	12	12	7	10	8	150	96	64
Collins	7	10	12	14	9	12	6	8	9	6	150	93	62
Gent	..	11	12	14	11	13	13	13	13	13	135	113	83.7
J Thomas	..	11	14	9	11	11	14	12	10	11	135	105	77.8
Moorman	10	11	10	7	7	10	9	..	..	7	120	71	59.2
Keller	..	..	..	13	14	14	12	13	13	14	105	93	88.5
Colquitt	..	..	..	10	15	..	11	10	14	10	90	70	77.7
Lupus	11	12	10	11	12	10	..	..	..	..	90	66	73.3
Scott	12	8	8	9	9	4	..	..	..	..	90	50	55.5
Krouse	13	11	11	13	..	..	14	..	..	..	75	62	82.6
Sinton	10	9	11	10	..	..	9	..	..	..	75	49	65.3
Tignor	8	8	6	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	75	44	58.6
Allen	..	..	5	8	..	9	13	..	7	..	75	42	56
W N White	8	7	..	9	6	9	..	..	..	..	75	39	52
R Powers	13	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	40	88.8
Holman	12	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	36	80
Deane, Jr	..	7	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	26	57.7
J Powers	8	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	25	55.5
Wayman	..	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	20	66.6
Tiller	..	..	..	7	..	..	6	..	..	..	30	13	43.3
Hazard	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	6	40

BRIEFS.

Col. Anthony was not himself at all. In the first place, he came to the shoot with a load that was eminently fitted for quail shooting, but worse than useless for smashing bluerocks when used by the Colonel, who never takes a mean advantage of targets, but lets them get away off, as a rule. The rule at this tournament was "three targets at each score, then move up." The Colonel always started at No 3 trap, but on only one occasion out of his twenty efforts did he get past No. 4 trap without losing at least one out of the three from that trap. He had a hoodoo at work somewhere, but couldn't locate it. He tried all sorts of loads and all sorts of powders, but the result was the same. The hoodoo stayed by him until the end.

On the second day the average entry per event was just 24.1. This average would have been much larger, but in order to finish the programme all those who shot "for birds only" had to be cut out in the last four events.

Three thousand six hundred and fifteen targets were thrown on the second day, making a total for the two days of 7,950.

Tom Keller shot in his old form on the second day; 93 breaks out of 105 shot at is not to be sneezed at. We respectfully call Milt Lindsley's attention to the figures.

E. L. Hewitt shot a very steady gait on the first day and landed in third place with 88 per cent. On the second day he fell off considerably, but there was good reason for this: he was working hard, and two days of shooting is enough for anybody, except the most hardened crackerjack. The strain of shooting is more than most people imagine, and a man must be seasoned to stand it day after day.

Harper Deane, Sr., and Harper Deane, Jr., are both good shots and both enthusiasts. They are made of just the right sort of material to help along any club, and the West End Gun Club has reason to pat itself on the back for numbering among its members the two above named—father and son.

Pres. W. A. Hammond thought more of the success of the shoot and the comfort of the club's guests than of his own scores. His willingness to lend a helping hand at all times did more than anything else to keep his average below the 80 per cent. mark.

Du Pont Collins says that he doesn't mind a headache if he can only get a straight now and then; but to suffer from a bad headache and then get out of the money doesn't amount to much in his opinion. And that was the combination of affairs he had to face all day on the 28th. On the 29th, in event No. 4, he had his revenge. Squad No 1 finished thus: Van Dyke 11, Edwards 10, Anthony 11, U. M. C. 13, and Collins 14. "The scrubs beat the cracks," chortled Collins; and he went to lunch.

The "Oyster Squad" was pretty nearly always sure to furnish one or more claimants for first and second money. Hood made a great finish on the second day, breaking 110 out of the last 120 he shot at.

U. M. C. was, as usual, one of the most popular men at the shoot. The boys fairly hated to see him leave, and extracted a promise from him that he'd be with them at their next shoot.

At the close of the shoot on the last day Col. Anthony made a short speech, tendering a vote of thanks to the home club on behalf of its guests. When he had finished he called for three cheers for the West End Gun Club, and it was astonishing to hear what a noise voices, hoarse from calling "Pull," could make when there was a worthy use for them.

One of the pleasant features of this tournament for us was the acquaintance we made with Comrade Walls, a veteran Confederate soldier, now an inmate of the Richmond Soldiers' Home. Many years ago Mr. Walls was a correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM and wrote an excellent series of articles on "Camp-hunting in Florida," a subject he was well qualified by experience to treat of in this manner. Mr. Walls was an interested spectator at the shoot on both days.

Messrs. Moorman and Scott came from Lynchburg to represent that city's gun club. An unfortunate chain of circumstances prevented the presence of Col. Terry and Mr. Dornan. Mr. Moorman had the bad luck to break his gun on the first day, and in the first event, but he never whimpered, sticking it out to the end, and using strange guns all the time. Mr. Scott found "the cedars" to the right too much for him on many occasions, and failed to come anywhere near his true form at targets.

Wagner and Mattingley ran over from Washington, D. C., and shot all through the programme. Billy shot consistently in the first seven events on the first day, and then fell from grace in the last three. Mattingley evinced a strong affection for the 12-hole on the first day, but was fickle enough to switch off on to the 13-hole during the second day's shoot. They finished close together in the general averages, Mattingley beating Wagner by 3 breaks in the 300 targets.

R. Powers shot "for birds" in Nos. 1, 2 and 3 on the second day, and came out with two 13s and one 14, an average of 88.8.

W. H. Colquitt does not shoot as well as he used to, but he managed to get in a straight on the last day.

Ferd Van Dyke was No. 1 in No. 1 squad, and was No. 1 in the table of general averages for the two days. This ought to be enough for any man, and we understand that Ferd was satisfied, but would still like to know "How in thunder that target, etc." EDWARD BANKS.

Saccarappa Gun Club.

WESTBROOK, Me., April 24.—First regular shoot of the Saccarappa Gun Club took place to-day, and, though the weather was good, small scores were made, as members have done no shooting at the trap since last fall, and were therefore out of practice. There is no better material in the country than we have here to make good trap-shooters, and before the season is gone some good scores will be made. You will also hear from us at the Interstate shoot at Lewiston, Aug 4 and 5:

Events:	1	2	3	4		
Birds:	10	10	10	10	Shot at.	Broke.
S F Hopkinson	7	4	10	9	40	30
R C Boothby	9	3	6	5	40	23
E T Mayberry	6	7	8	6	40	27
I Farrar	5	7	7	4	40	23
W B Boothby	5	8	8	7	46	28
V D Ward	6	8	6	..	30	20
F Hopkinson	6	6	7	..	30	19
G H Waterhouse	5	3	6	5	40	19

E. G. MAYBERRY, Sec'y.

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, Me., April 25.—The Auburn Gun Club was started this spring with a small membership, but lots of enthusiasm. The average amount of room is around the flying targets when shot at, as the score of some of the shooters proves, but as we are all green at the business, we hope for better results before fall. The first shoot was held April 22 at forty-five birds, and the score was as follows:

F Francis	101100110111001111101110101110001010011100111—28
P Barker	101100010011101111011000111010011100011010111—26
L Barker	101010001100000111111101111110001010100001000—22
H Fletcher	000000011101010101110001010010001011100111101—20
A Cushman	010011010110101101011101000011010 —18
L White	010101000010000010010101111000000100010001000—13
C Conner	000001010000101100000000100000010100100101000—11

Conner says he is going to have a gun made on the Vena Contracta plan, only have the barrel reversed, and call it the Vena Expansia, from twelve gauge to about four, and see if he can find the birds any better with that. C. E. C.

Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Tournament.

LINCOLN, Neb., April 21.—One would naturally believe that the twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, following right after the Atchison shoot, and with such inducements as $1,000 added money, would draw a large gathering of shooters. In this respect at least the anticipations of the promoters were scarcely realized. However, it must not be inferred that the tournament was not a success; quite the contrary.

With such weather as that experienced at Lincoln the past week, nothing in the way of outdoor sports could be a pleasure This no doubt affected the attendance. Also, the high water, which made railroad connections uncertain from a number of points, served to keep others away.

The rain on the first day caused a postponement of this day's programme until Saturday. The rest of the programme was carried out as announced excepting the State championship, which was postponed also till Saturday, as the 15-live-bird event, which came first on the programme, consumed so much time on Friday.

The tournament was held at Lincoln Park, which is also the race-course. There was ample room. Three sets of target traps were in position facing north, with an almost perfect background. To the right of them, facing east, were the live-bird traps of rather antique make and not calculated to make the birds fast. This was the only crude part of an otherwise well-arranged shoot. Pigeons should never be shot at a tournament from anything but the best traps, and especially so at this season of the year when the weather conditions are unfavorable. The wind here at times blew a perfect gale from the northeast, diagonally across the traps. Thus most of the birds were rightquartering incomers, if not directly so, and nearly all lingered at the traps.

The management consisted of George Rogers, R. M. Welch and H. H. Harley. Mr. Rogers looked to everything on the outside and shot in every event but the last one Mr Welsh was cashier; he handled all the money as well as attending to the duties of secretary of the Association. Mr. Harley was chief squad hustler, being always on hand when most needed. It was their maiden effort at holding a tournament. Anything that may have been left undone or neglected in the way of preparation must be attributed to this. A tournament of any magnitude has never been held in Lincoln before, and it is only natural that everybody should be new at the business.

The guests in attendance were Messrs. R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O., and J. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City, representing the Winchester Arms Co; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, shooting Du Pont's; Chas. Budd, Des Moines, with a Parker-Hazard Blue Ribbon combination; C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake, shooting Du Pont in a U. M C. factory load; Frank S. Parmelee, Omaha, pushing Remington goods and shooting a $35 ejector; J. W. Barre, Louisiana, Mo., Austin Powder Co.'s representative; Jack Parker, Detroit, Mich., shooting Victor shells and King's Smokeless. Then there was the Omaha delegation, as follows: Krug, Townsend, Whitener, Carmichael, Blake, Loomis, Brucker, Hughes and Plumber Read; McDonald, Brooks, Airy Lou Hardt and B. O. Running, Atchison; W. T. Den, Brownville, Neb.; W. G. Sergeant, Joplin, Mo.; C. D Linderman, Adams, Neb.; Dan Bray, Syracuse, Neb.; C. L. Greene, Manhattan, Kan.; W. S Dun, Hastings, Neb.; Jake Cranill, Carinda, Ia.; F. Miller, Berwyn, Neb.; E. W. Hamilton, Pawlet, Neb.; G. J. Savage, Leigh, Neb.; W. A. Waddington, Beatrice, Neb.; M. T. Miller, York, Neb.; Wright, Chicago, Ill.; Jacob Alvord, Cortland, Neb.; G. E. Trent and Watson, Medina, Minn.; E. A. Leach, Tripp, S. D.; A. R. Gavey, J. W. Den and F. Boehner, Arapahoe, Neb.; A. A. Glade and Servers, Grand Island, Neb.; C. D. Hagerman and A. D. McCandless, Wymore, Neb.; George Peterson, Coon Rapids, Ia.; Dr. J. B. Hungate, Weeping Water, Neb.; G. Hulsizer, Seward, Neb.; Geo. Nicholai, Sutton, Neb.; J. S. Smith, Minden, Neb.; W. J. Organ, Beaver Crossing, Neb.

The general average of those who shot through the entire target programme is as follows:

GENERAL AVERAGE.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	700	662	94.2	Running	700	614	87.7
Heikes	700	657	93.8	Duer	700	603	86.8
Budd	700	648	92.5	Linderman	700	607	86.7
Barre	700	645	92.1	Loomis	700	594	84.8
Grimm	700	642	91.7	Leach	700	587	83.8
Parmalee	700	626	89.4	Hagerman	700	586	83.7
Sergeant	700	617	88.1	Den	700	581	83
Parker	700	615	87.8				

Third Day, Friday, April 23.

This was the day set for the State events to be shot, and was also to be live-bird day. The State events consisted of two team races at targets, and one live-bird event for the individual championship of the State. In the two-men team race, Rogers and Linderman each scored 10 straight and won the trophy. That strong pair, Loomis and Parmalee, were only one behind, Loomis losing the only bird credited to them. The four-men team event had but two entries, Lincoln and Omaha. Lincoln won by a good margin and now becomes the permanent possessor of the Plattsmouth Cup.

The live-bird events consisted of a 15-bird open event, $10 entrance, and the 10-bird event for the State championship. The first one was started but not finished owing to a rainstorm that came up, and also to the late start that was made. In addition there were four 20-target events with $25 added. These were shot, as well as a number of extras. In the target events Greene, a young amateur from Manhattan, Kan., led the procession with 95 per cent. Then came Heikes and Gilbert, with 94.5 per cent. The wind blew an awful gale, which made the target shooting very hard. Straights were few and paid well; in fact, only four appear in the score. In the first Smith took all of first money on such a score, while Heikes duplicated this feat in the second. Then in the next Gilbert and Barre divided first, as each made a straight. In the last one no one could reach that number, though 19s were numerous.

THE SCORES.

Evans, Brucker and Servers shot only in one event.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Smith	20	14	14	18	80	66	82.5
Nicholai	16	16	18	16	80	66	82.5
Running	16	17	15	16	80	64	80
Miller	15	17	18	14	80	64	80
Rogers	17	15	18	13	80	63	78.6
Linderman	14	19	15	15	80	63	78.6
Plumber	17	18	15	13	80	63	78.6
Ekalt	14	14	16	18	80	62	77.5
Elliott	15	16	17	13	80	61	76.2
Loomis	16	11	17	15	80	59	73.7
Ackerman	11	13	16	14	80	54	67.5
Whitner	18	17	14	..	60	49	81.6
Greene	19	19	19	19	80	76	95
Heikes	17	20	19	18	80	74	92.5
Gilbert	17	19	20	18	80	74	92.5
Parmelee	18	18	18	19	80	73	91.2
Grimm	18	18	19	18	80	73	91.2
Duer	18	19	18	18	80	73	91.2
Parker	18	19	17	17	80	71	88.7
Budd	16	17	18	19	80	70	7.5
Watson	15	19	16	19	80	69	86.2
Garey	18	17	16	18	80	69	86.2
Leach	17	17	16	19	80	69	86.2
Erhardt	18	15	17	19	80	69	86.2
Sergeant	18	19	14	18	80	69	86.2
Barre	17	15	20	17	80	69	86.2
Den	15	18	18	17	80	68	85
Hagerman	16	17	16	19	80	68	85
Hamilton	18	17	14	17	80	66	82.5
Latshaw	17	17	16	16	80	66	82.5

CUP RACE.

Lincoln Team.		Omaha Team.	
Rogers	0111101110— 7	Parmelee	0111110011— 7
Linderman	1111111111—10	Loomis	0010110101— 5
Clyde	1111011111— 9	Whitener	1111111011— 8
Hasley	1111011110— 8—34	Plumber	0111101111— 8—28

TWO-MEN TEAM.

Rogers	1111111111—10	Parmelee	1111111111—10
Linderman	1111111111—10—20	Loomis	1111111111— 9—19
Duer	1110111111— 9	Plumber	0110111101— 7
Hagerman	1011111110— 8—17	Smith	1111111110— 8—15
Garey	1010011111— 7		
Den	1111110011— 8—15		

Fourth Day, Saturday, April 24.

Nearly everything was slow on this day. The pigeons, the trappers, the squad hustlers, the management and the weather—everything but the few remaining shooters. The class was fast enough, and the pace was equally as fast. It had virtually resolved itself into a wolf-shot, as some would say. There was scarcely a lamb left and no producers. But there was $250 added money and the professionals could very well afford to stay, even if they had to go up against one another. This they did in great shape. Just look at the averages—only two birds difference between the first five. Notwithstanding the hot company, three times it occurred that first was won without a tie. Gilbert did the trick in the fourth, Elliott in the seventh and Den in the ninth. Once only did fifteen get in for money; that was in the ninth event, not because there were no straights, but because no one scored 16. The place-hunter had evidently overlooked this, as he was by no means absent. This was really the programme for the first day that had been postponed on account of rain. Here is where the management made a mistake. They should have begun the programme with this, and not shoot each day as it appeared on the programme. The entries could have been much larger had it been done. After four days of shooting the amateur is generally absent, as was here the case.

The target programme of this day consisted of ten 20-bird events, with $25 added in each. The 15 live-bird event began on the previous day, remained to be finished, and the State championship was also to be decided.

THE SCORES.

Hulsizer, Boehner, Welch and Clyde each shot in one event.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	19	19	17	20	18	18	20	19	18	19	200	187	93.5
Elliott	20	18	19	18	18	20	17	20	19	18	200	187	93.5
Heikes	20	18	18	19	19	17	19	20	17	19	200	186	93
Budd	20	16	18	15	20	18	20	20	18	20	200	186	93
Grimm	18	19	19	19	18	18	20	16	18	20	200	185	92.5
Loomis	18	20	19	19	17	19	17	19	18	17	200	183	91.5
Running	14	15	20	19	19	17	19	18	18	18	200	177	88.5
Sergeant	20	20	17	16	15	19	15	19	19	16	200	176	88
Barre	19	19	20	19	12	17	16	19	15	19	200	175	87.5
Duer	20	19	16	18	19	15	17	18	18	16	200	174	87
Hagerman	19	16	16	17	18	15	18	19	19	15	200	173	86.5
Parmelee	19	20	17	18	18	15	12	17	15	19	200	170	85
Parker	19	18	17	17	18	16	14	16	17	17	200	169	84.5
Garey	17	19	17	15	17	18	18	15	17	16	200	169	84.5
Linderman	16	17	19	15	19	17	1[illegible]	15	17	19	200	168	84
Den	17	16	13	17	16	18	16	15	20	8	200	157	78.5
Latshaw	16	17	16	16	15	16	14	16	12	18	200	156	78
Leach	16	18	12	18	15	17	17	18	10	14	200	155	72.5
Ekalb	19	19	18	18	17	17	..	..	..	..	120	108	90
Miller	17	18	18	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	72	90
Rogers	20	18	18	18	20	18	18	14	14	..	180	158	87.7
Evans	17	18	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	50	83.3
Nicholai	..	..	..	17	16	..	..	..	..	..	40	33	82.5
Plumber	16	15	15	15	16	17	..	..	..	..	120	94	78.3
Organ	18	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	30	75
Hamilton	11	15	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	43	71.6
Watson	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	28	70

Fifteen live birds, $10:

Heikes	222222222222212—15	Elliott	222222201210212—13
Parker	222221 21 2212212—15	W T Den	1102111222101•1—12
Duer	2222121212212212—15	Hagerman	2202222222021112—13
Brooks	2222211212122222—15	Budd	220•201222•12 21—12
Glade	12•2102221211712—14	Rogers	0•21201•2111221—12
Garey	220•2222211212212—14	Ekalt	12202122•022 02—12
McDonald	2202122222121222—14	Linderman	21•201001220222—11
Plumber	1222•2222212122 14	Watson	201•220 •212213—11
Grimm	02222 2222222222—14	Hamilton	1202021202222•—11
Parmalee	1222102221212222—14	Running	1201•2111220102—11
Gilbert	212•2222111222 1—14	Sergeant	022201202221220 —11
Loomis	2122212222222202—14	Murphy	2022020222 22 20—11
Leach	2222202222•2•2 2—13	Smith	10222•2221002222—11
Latshaw	0•2222222212222—13	Boehner	1000121200•2121—10
Nicholai	1110121212212•1—13	Ray	1111011000101111—10
Jim Den	0122222121022 2—13	Evans	2100312111202202— 9
Organ	2022212210•211221—13	Ackerman	2121010000010
Mockett	21•1223102211121—13	Carson	1•002•1021

STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

This was a 10-bird event, for the E. C. Maine's diamond badge, and there were nineteen entries, which would have been increased had the birds been better. That they were very poor is evidenced by no less than nine scored straight, and most likely others could have been in the tie had they so desired. Had they not been wet, the birds would have been good. The atmosphere was moist and murky, not a breath of air stirring until after the shoot off began. Then a fresh lot of birds and a good breeze made it at least interesting.

In the shoot off the sympathies of the spectators were all with Den (seventy-nine years old, the oldest member of the Association), and Clyde, the two oldest shooters. Everybody survived the first round. Plumber went out in the next, as his bird, a fair one, fell dead out of bounds. Not until the 5th round did any one miss, then Garey's died out of bounds, and Clyde missed his. Loomis was the next to go out, but not until the 9th round; this, too, was a fair bird. Rogers's 21st was one of the same kind, and put him out of the race. Now only Linderman, Hamilton, Duer and Den remained. Every kill that "Grandfather Den" made was applauded. He drew several very hard birds and made some excellent kills far out with his second; but fate was against him, as he lost his 22d, a circling incomer, hit lightly with the first, but he fudged with his second and under-shot. A groan went up from the crowd when this bird had to be scored lost. Linderman, Hamilton and Duer now agreed to shoot it off from the 33yds. mark. Duer's 24th was a good, fast one, and went off with the loss of a few feathers; Hamilton's 29th was only a fair bird, but it got away. Linderman killed his bird and won the trophy. Last year he tied for it, and it required exactly the same number of birds to decide the tie, but, like Hamilton, he lost his 28th. Duer, who was in this tie, then being the winner.

STATE CHAMPIONSHIH FOR DIAMOND BADGE.

		Ties.
Linderman	1221221211—10	1111111122211211112—14—29
Hamilton	2221211221—10	1211222112212211120—13—28
Duer	2111111212—10	1221112112121• —13—23
W T Den	1112121111—10	1211112221 20 —11—21
Rogers	2111222111—10	12211121120 —10—20
Loomis	1111211111—10	221121110 — 8—18
Garey	2212212221—10	2212• — 4—14
Clyde	2212211111—10	22120 — 4—14
Plumber	2212111211—10	1• — 1—11
Hagerman	1222112120— 9	
Boehner	1112121120— 9	
Harley	1022222122— 9	
J W Den	2222202122— 9	
Parmelee	1121010122— 8	
Nicholai	2222012001— 7	
Hulizer	2121000202— 6	
McDonald	020•22•2•2— 6	
Ray	20•0•12112— 6	

NEBRASKA STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION ITEMS

The annual meeting of the Association, which was held at the Lindell Hotel, Thursday night, April 22, was called to order by President George Rogers.

The first business transacted was the adoption of a new constitution, after which the following clubs were admitted to membership: Grand Island Gun Club and the Atkinson Gun Club. It was then decided that the four-men team contest be annulled, and that the Plattsmouth cup trophy, emblematic of this contest, become the permanent property of the team winning it this year

The next thing in order was the selection of a place for holding the next annual meeting and tournament. Omaha wanted it, providing there were no other applicants. No other city desiring to assume the responsibility connected with holding the annual meeting and tournament, Omaha was unanimously chosen. Then followed the election of officers, which resulted as follows: President, W. H. S. Hughes, Omaha; Vice President, Ted. Ackerman, Stanton; Secretary-Treasurer, G. W. Loomis, Omaha

Mr. F. S. Parmelee moved that a vote of thanks be tendered the retiring officers and to the members of the Capital Gun Club, of Lincoln, under whose auspices the present tournament was held, the same to be spread on the minutes—carried. The meeting then adjourned.

TOURNAMENT TOPICS.

The Capital Gun Club captured all the State trophies. This includes the Plattsmouth cup for the 4-men team, the 2 men team trophy, and the live-bird championship medal, as Dick Linderman, the winner of this trophy, is a member of this club.

Rolla Heikes's 15 straight in the live-bird event was a most creditable performance, as he finished his score on Friday when the wind was blowing a gale. The other 15s only shot ten of their birds on this day, finishing on Saturday, when it was perfectly calm.

George Loomis says that it may not be generally known, but is a fact, nevertheless, that Frank Parmelee now cuts his own hair. Frank owns a safety razor and a pair of clippers.

Jack Parker tells us that, although "there are others," King's Smokeless is winning its share of money and trophies. W. T. Den was shooting the Peters load when he won the E. C. Cup. In fact he shot it through the entire tournament.

That Iowa contingent is a great trio. Just look at their standing in the general average; One, 3 and 5—Gilbert, Budd and Grimm—great representatives for the Hazard Dupont combination.

"Airy Lou Hardt" did not fire a gun at his own tournament; but he came to Lincoln, staid three days and shot in something like his old-time form. His average on the second day would have been much better only for the breaking down of his gun.

In one event four of the Indian squad went straight—Budd, Grimm, Gilbert and Parmalee.

It must indeed be a hard game when a man scores 98 out 100, and yet has nothing to show for it. This is what Fred Gilbert did in the E. C. Cup race. And this is the second time this year it has occurred to Fred that he has broke 50 straight, and still lost his entrance money. It will be remembered that Gilbert broke 50 straight for the E. C. Cup at San Antonio, and was beaten by Robinson in the shoot-off.

Everybody knows who "Li Hung Chang, the Pride of Nebraska," is. He is the man who has the reputation of having outrun a jack-rabbit. If you want to get the particulars of that rabbit story just ask him about it.

Old Grandfather Den, as usual, was on hand. In fact, a tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association would hardly be complete without his presence. Although he is now seventy-nine years old, he is still as frisky as a colt and a good live-bird shot. It is a source of much pride and satisfaction to him that Roll Heikes is the "Daddy of 'em all," as it was he who first taught Roll the rudiments of this trap-shooting game.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 24.—The Eureka Gun Club held its regular club shoot here to-day. Adams won in Class A, De Wolf in Class B, and Walters in Class C. Two 25-target sweeps were also shot. Scores:

Class A.

A W Adams	0111111101111011111111100—20
E M Steck	1111111110011110111001110—19
F P Stannard	1111101111110111100101010—18

Class B.

W De Wolf	1110111101111100111110111—20
Ferguson	1111111101010001110011111—18
F F Sprague	1101111101011110111110000—17
J L Jones	1001111101110001111010001—15
G T Murrow	1001000111011000111010101—13
Reber	1100001100110010100110110—12

Class C.

A A Walters	1101111111111111101010101—20
W A Jones	1011101011101111011100010—16
H B Morgan	1110011100111010000111111—16
Bowoff	0101010101000110110010011—12
Clark	0110000110011000000101100— 9

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Steck	19	18	Walters	9	9
Stannard	22	22	J L Jones	13	17
Adams	18	17	F M Smith	..	10
R B Carson	9	8	W A Jones	..	14
Neta	8	10	Buchla	..	14
Morgan	15	10	G N Murrow	..	12
Sandermeyer	13	13	R Clark	..	7
Stromwold	16	11	De Wolf	..	13
Reber	14	15	Patterson	..	20
Spregne	16	22	Bowoff	..	12

Brooklyn Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, April 27.—Unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Wright	5	4	3	6	3	..	5	6	..	5
Lewis	5	5	4	7	6	7	4	8	6	4
Swan	6	5	5	..	3	5	..	5	3	..
Billings	3	8	3	6	7	4	5	6	..	10
Elsworth	..	..	4	..	4	..	3	2	2	..
Bishop	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
Patterson	..	3	..	..	3	3	..	4	3	..

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

J. M., East Pepperell, Mass.—My puppy, four month old, is a setter. He has no desire to eat, and is poor in coat and flesh. He hasn't much life and wants to sleep most of the time. He has had lice, but is free from them now. Ans. Treat for worms. Give a teaspoonful of the syrup of iodide of iron three times a day and teaspoonful of cod liver oil twice a day.

H. B. C N., Ferrisburg, Vt.—1. What is the difference between a "Crown Steel" barrel and a Damascus barrel? 2. Which is the best, and why is it the best? 3. Why was J L. Brewer not allowed to enter in the Grand American Handicap? Ans. 1. Damascus barrels are welded, while steel barrels of the better quality, as a rule, are drilled from the solid bar. 2. Opinions vary. The steel barrels being harder, will wear better and retain their shooting qualities, if choked, longer. They are also less liable to be burst by falls or blows. 3. We cannot answer. The Interstate Association in its programme reserved the right to refuse any entries. So far as we know, no reason has been given for barring Brewer, though it is unlikely that his shooting ability had anything to do with it

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

National in Scope.

AN advertiser using a half inch space in FOREST AND STREAM writes us that he receives from it on an average fifteen letters weekly.

Of course, returns vary with the nature of the advertisement.

Another advertiser furnishes the information that out of twenty answers received from an advertisement, thirteen different States were represented. The list of these States indicates the national scope of FOREST AND STREAM. Three replies came from towns in Massachusetts, and three from Pennsylvania. California, Illinois and Texas furnished two each, while single letters were received from Ohio, Nebraska, Maryland, Minnesota, New Jersey, North Dakota, Ontario, Can., and Virginia

Referring to a six-line advertisement published twice, Mr. T. B. Knapp, Windham, Conn., writes:

"From the adv. I had letters as far west as Ohio, as far north as Toronto, south as far as North Carolina, and from nearly all Middle and New England States"

The articles advertised were guns, boats and dogs.

Spring Fishing.

THE Bangor & Aroostook R. R sends a diagram of a 14in. brook trout, intended to convey information regarding fishing regions of Maine reached by the B. & A.

Among the celebrated, points for trout, salmon and togue recommended are: The Moosehead Lake region, Penobscott River region, Big Machias lakes, Fish River region, Aroostook River region, and the Katahdin ponds. The B. & A issues some handsomely printed books and circulars relative to the attractions of the wilderness tapped by their line, from the sportsman's standpoint, which will be sent on application to the General Passenger Agent, Bangor, Me.—*Adv.*

A Fishing Trip

ALONG the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the title of a beautifully illustrated pamphlet of thirty-two pages, the contents of which are devoted to practical methods of fish-catching in near-by lakes and streams.

One copy will be sent to any address on receipt of two-cent postage stamp. Geo. H. Heafford, General passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Seal Shooters

Use Gold Dust Smokeless Powder, saying that they can depend upon it as being absolutely uniform under all conditions of temperature aboard ship on a season's cruise. Gold Dust Smokeless also possesses the advantage of being suitable for guns, not especially bored for nitro powders. It resembles black powder in that 1lb. is 16oz actual weight. Write to L. Colville, Eastern manager, Batavia, N. Y., for descriptive circular.—*Adv.*

Ouananiche.

IT is almost time for the northward pilgrimage of the anglers who go to Lake St. John for the first fishing. The lake, with its tributaries, including an area of 20,000 square miles, is free to the guests of the hotel reached by the parlor and sleeping cars of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway.

Mr. Alex. Hardy, G. P. A., Quebec, Canada, will send a handsomely illustrated guide book free on application.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 20. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

ATTENTION is directed to the new form of address labels on the wrappers of subscribers' copies. The label shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid.

The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us for a new or renewed subscription. Unless specially requested to do so, we do not send separate receipts.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

In my school days, a boy might have been envied, but not loved for proficiency in his studies; but he was most courted, who knew the best fishing holes, who had plenty of powder and shot, the best squirrel dog, and the use of his father's long flintlock gun. And I confess, as I write these lines with my spectacles on, that I have still a strong drawing toward this type of a boy, whether I meet him in my lonely rambles, or whether he dwells only in my memory. Thad. Norris.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1897.—No. II.

INDIANA.

Chapter LXXXVIII, Laws 1897.—Sec. 1. That it shall be unlawful for any person to pursue or kill within this State any quail, ruffed grouse or pinnated grouse for the purpose of sale, barter, traffic or removal from the State, or to sell, barter, keep, expose or offer for sale, or remove from this State any quail, ruffed grouse or pinnated grouse caught or killed in the State of Indiana. [Sec. 2. Penalty $1 per bird.]

WILLIAM HALLETT PHILLIPS.

THE death by drowning of William Hallett Phillips, which took place last Sunday near Washington, carries sorrow to many hearts. Few men have had so wide an acquaintance among well-known persons and few so many devoted friends.

Mr. Phillips belonged to one of the oldest and best-known Washington families, and was about forty-five years old. To a pure, high character and a sturdy nobility of purpose he added a charm of manner which exercised an immediate attraction on those who met him even in the most casual way, and he was not only one of the best known, but one of the most popular men in Washington.

Mr. Phillips was a lawyer, practicing chiefly before the Supreme Court. He was a man of great ability and of high standing in his profession. He had edited one or two law volumes, and at the time of his death was engaged in revising for the State Department Wharton's Digest of International Law. He was counsel for the Cuban Junta in Washington, and had recently argued cases for them before the Supreme Court.

He was possessed of great breadth of character, and his interests took a wide range outside of his profession. He was a devoted angler, and spent his vacations in the enjoyment of that sport, sometimes in the Rocky Mountains, or again in Nova Scotia or northern New York. By temperament he was a naturalist, though an untrained one, enthusiastic in his love for wild things, deeply interested in ethnology, a lover of books, and ardently attached to the freedom of outdoor life. Indeed, his whole mental attitude was one of good natured hostility to the restraints of civilization, and he was never so happy as when in camp among the mountains, or by some lake shore. Next to that, he chiefly enjoyed sitting in his den, surrounded by collections gathered from many lands, and discussing with some intimate friend problems in natural history or ethnology, or memories of bygone days of freedom.

Mr. Phillips was a man of singular modesty. Although he wrote not a little, his writing was always unsigned; and though he labored long and earnestly for the public good, he preferred that his efforts should not be known, and that others should receive the credit for what he did.

Four years ago this month, on the occasion of the passage by Congress in 1894 of the bill providing a government for the National Park, the FOREST AND STREAM said of him:

"There is in Washington another person—a private citizen—who for many years has labored heart and soul for the best interests of the National Park. He has traveled backward and forward over it, has reported on it to the Secretary of the Interior, has watched legislation which threatened to affect it, and has contributed his legal knowledge to every movement for its preservation. It is not too much to say that he has done more than anyone else has done—and perhaps more than anyone could have done—toward bringing about the happy result that we announce to-day. This person desires to remain unknown; yet the few individuals who are acquainted with the facts and who know how great is the debt of gratitude owed him by the public, feel a sincere regret that they are not at liberty to make public acknowledgment of his services to the Park and to his countrymen."

Death has removed the prohibition, imposed by his modesty, which forbade us to speak with due praise of the services which he rendered to the National Park, and so to the people to whom that Park belonged. It is as the earnest and successful worker in behalf of the Park that we believe he would most desire to be remembered, and it is certain that the great services which he has performed for it are his most fitting memorial.

To make this recognition of such public services is here his due; and yet there are many, very many, who will long remember William Hallett Phillips, not for anything that he ever did, but just for what he was—because they loved him.

THE MINNESOTA TAG SYSTEM.

IF some ancient Rip Van Winkle of a hunter should about this time awaken from his long sleep and come down from the mountains to rub his eyes in amaze at the new order of things confronting him, he would find abundant occasion of wonder and bewilderment at the changed game conditions; and the probabilities are that when he comprehended them the first impulse would be to throw away his rusty old gun in disgust, for he would find that the game was not what it was when he went to sleep, nor the freedom of its pursuit such as he had enjoyed when the indulgence of his hunting instincts had lured him away to the Catskills.

We are making tremendous strides in the way of shooting and fishing restrictions. Things have already come to such a pass in some sections that we may not go hunting without a license, nor be guided in our hunting except by licensed guides, nor kill more than a certain amount of game or fish, nor, having killed it, make any disposition of it save as the law directs with reference to transportation, possession and disposal.

A new and interesting feature of what may be termed advanced game protection has just been incorporated in the game law of Minnesota, in certain provisions respecting the keeping of game in the close season. The Commissioners tell us that they have found opposition to the provision forbidding the possession of game in the close season on the part of persons who, having killed their game lawfully or having lawfully acquired it in the open season, have demanded the privilege of keeping it for their own use for such length of time as they might desire. The privilege is, of course, a perfectly reasonable one, and is never denied on any other ground than that to yield it would be to weaken the efficiency of game protection. Here in Minnesota Executive Agent Fullerton has devised a modification of the law, which removes from it this objectionable feature.

The foundation for the absolute control of its game by the State is laid in a special provision, which makes this statutory declaration:

SEC. 9. No person shall at any time or in any manner acquire any property in or subject to his dominion or control, any of the birds, animals or fish within this State of the kinds herein mentioned, but they shall always and under all circumstances be and remain the property of this State. By killing, catching or taking the same, however, in the manner and for the purposes herein authorized, and during the periods when their killing is not herein prohibited, the same may be used at the time, in the manner and for the purposes herein expressly authorized, but not otherwise; and whenever any person kills, catches, takes, ships or has in his possession, or under control, any of the birds, animals or fish mentioned in this act at a time or in a manner prohibited by this act, such person shall thereby forfeit and lose all his right to the use and possession of such bird, animal or fish, and the State shall be entitled to the sole possession thereof.

This reservation is so explicit, broad and comprehensive as to prepare the way for any restriction, no matter how stringent. It effectually denies, does away with and nullifies the "natural rights" claims of those who contend that they are endowed by nature or by the Creator with an inborn and inalienable right to do whatever they please to, by, for and with game and fish.

Having thus declared to be a privilege the taking and use of game, the statute prescribes seasons and methods of capture and use, and provides that persons who desire to keep any of the birds or animals mentioned in the law beyond the time named for their possession, which is five days after the close of the open season for killing, may do so upon the following conditions.

Sworn application in writing must be made to the Commission, giving the name and residence of the person in possession of the game, and stating the character and amount of the game, which shall not exceed 100 birds, five deer, one moose and one caribou for each applicant, and the applicant must bind himself to keep possession of the game for his own use and not to ship or sell or otherwise dispose of it.

Upon the receipt of such application if the Commissioners are satisfied that it is made in good faith, and that the applicant will keep the game for his own use and not for sale, they may issue official tags or seals to be attached to each bird or animal, and after such tags or seals have been attached to the game it may be retained in possession until consumed. A penalty is provided for any person who having in possession any tagged or sealed game, shall ship, sell or dispose of it in violation of the law.

There is reason to believe that in this law will be found a remedy for the dissatisfaction which has been encountered among those who have regarded it as a hardship that they could not keep for any period of time they desired the game honestly come by. We shall watch with much interest the working of the law. It is only carrying to a further development the provisions which require the tagging of game for tranportation and exportation.

SNAP SHOTS.

ON Monday last Governor Black signed the Ives bill, which changes the deer season for New York State, making it now from Aug. 15 to Nov. 15, and prohibits, for five years from June 1 next, the use of jack lights and of hounds in the pursuit of deer. The credit for the passage of this law is largely due to the enthusiastic and unceasing labors of Mr. Madison Grant, Chairman of the Committee on Game Legislation of the Boone and Crockett Club. For several years, as Chairman of this Committee, Mr. Grant has devoted much time and energy to pushing the work in question, and his final success is a great satisfaction to him and to all who are interested in game protection. In the Senate, Mr. Malby, and in the Assembly, Messrs. Sanger, Ives, Laimbeer and Hobbie, deserve credit for the assistance they have given in bringing about the good results. The enforcement of the new law will undoubtedly result in so great an increase among the deer of the Adirondack region that at the expiration of the five years term there will probably be only one opinion about the desirability of making this prohibition permanent. The State of New York has long been far behind the times so far as legislatien with regard to deer is concerned. It is gratifying to note that at last the Empire State has taken a step forward in this matter, even though it still lags far behind in permitting the sale of game at all seasons of the year.

By courtesy of Acting Chief T. S. Palmer, of the Biological Survey, we print, from advance sheets of the Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture, his article on the "Extermination of Noxious Animals by Bounties." The paper is the result of systematic and extended investigation, and presents an interesting and instructive chapter in the long warfare of mankind against harmful species of wild life. The facts and figures collected demonstrate the futility of bounty systems to do more than check, at enormous cost, the ravages of beasts and birds. Incidentally, in its account of the frauds perpetrated in claiming bounties, the paper gives us an amusing, or melancholy, insight into the frailties of human nature.

It is abominable that the anglers of the State should so often be put in suspense at the annual adjournment of a legislature as to fishing seasons. This year it is the black bass date. The present law opens the season on May 30; a bill passed by the Legislature makes the date June 30. The disposition of the measure by Governor Black is at this writing unknown. Meanwhile there is no making of plans for Decoration Day fishing.

The Sportsman Tourist.

FISHING IN BRITISH HONDURAS.

Camp, Puruni River, British Guiana.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Many a long day has elapsed since I last sat down to tell the story of my adventures "by flood and field" for the delectation of your readers. "Story, God bless you, I had none to tell, sir." My last chronicles were of ouananiche fishing in the Lake St. John region; then not so well known as now, for it must be seven or eight years ago. On that excursion I made a false step in life which probably was not on the record. I tried to make a stepping-stone of a slippery-headed boulder; fell, and tore my "tendon Achilles" away from its bony attachment, severing it almost completely. The springy step which had carried me over many a mountain pass and up many a craggy cliff in pursuit of the chamois or the mountain sheep was gone, never to return. I turned my back on forest glade and bubbling stream, and for many a long day the solemn stillness of the one and the ever varying music of the other became as dreams of a forgotten past. But the whirligig of time brings its revolutions; the man born with the restless Arab foot cannot be long chained by any circumstances to one place, and now behold me in a land that is all forest and stream, or which at least has more forest and stream to the square mile than any land on which it had ever previously been my lot to set foot. Noble streams they are, too, these mighty rivers of British Guiana—the Essequibo, the Mazaruni and the Cayuni, flowing respectively from southwest and north to mingle their floods at the little settlement of Bartica, where the tide comes up some forty miles from the sea, to meet and escort them to the embrace of old ocean. There are other rivers to the south—the Corentya, the Berbice, the Demerara—to say nothing of the Barima and the Barama in the disputed northwest territory; but I wot not of these: my experiences hitherto have been confined to the lordly Essequibo below the junction of the three rivers, the picturesque Mazaruni, and its tributary, the Puruni. These are rivers to tell about, for there are fish in their waters, game fish, too, that rise readily to the fly, and pull and wriggle and plunge to get away with him, or even spring into the air and wrestle with him in his own element, as is the manner of the black bass, all so graphically and philosophically explained by Alice Demorest in your columns a few months ago. I cannot yet claim more than a bowing acquaintance with these rivers and their finny denizens, but the first acquaintance promises well for future opportunities, and if any idle fisherman among your readers is pining for fresh pastures or new worlds to conquer, to him I say, pack up your rod and gun and come and enjoy a summer outing here in a climate which, report says, is fever-laden, but which certainly is a very enjoyable one—rather hot in an open boat between 11 and 3, mornings and evenings delightful, and the nights cool enough to render a blanket a necessity—while for the hunter, the forest shade is always cool and pleasant to stroll through at midday. Let them come when he will, it is always summer here.

I stayed a few weeks in Georgetown, one of the most picturesque little cities in the world, for it was laid out in the days when sugar was king and the prosperous planters voted the State money liberally. Here I made the acquaintance of Mr. W., a gentleman who kindly invited me to go up with him and spend a few weeks at his camp on the Puruni, to which district he had just been appointed as gold warden. A temporary engagement prevented my accompanying him, but I promised to join him a few weeks later; and as soon as I was free I secured passage in an open boat. This boat had been chartered by an intelligent colored man who holds a gold placer claim on the Puruni, and was laden with a dozen men and supplies. These twelve men did the paddling, as is usual, the boat owner finding only captain and bowman, who must be certificated men; for the river, which is about three miles wide, is full of islands, which cut it up into innumerable channels, a knowledge of which is essential to safe navigation. Falls of 2 or 3ft. are frequent, and rapids regular features of the day's course. The forest along the water's edge is generally so dense and tangled as to be impenetrable to man without the aid of axe and cutlass. Gliding between these islands in the lower river, the water is sometimes so smooth that the eye loses all sight of it; the forest grows upward and downward from an invisible line, every leaf and twig being as distinctly outlined below as above. Quaint figures are frequently produced by fallen trees bending into the water, by buttresses of big trees at the water's edge, and by granite blocks rising out of the water. Their outlines are so perfectly reproduced, inverted, below water, that more or less regular geometric figures result.

It was near noon when we left Bartua, and there was no intention on the part of captain or crew to do much work that day. We went off with a good stroke, the men keeping time to the music of their quaint song; but a heavy shower, which lasted half an hour, soon dampened their ardor. The captain and bowman plied the rum bottle, and sang and joked boisterously. These river men are for the most part "Roviander" (the men from above yonder), a people who originated from the sojourn of the early Dutch settlers among the Indians. They are an energetic, daring, mirthful and passionate race, but splendid boatmen for these waters. We made only six or seven miles that day, camping before 4 o'clock; but the next day all was changed. Captain and boatmen were at their posts, sober as judges on the bench, and alert as became men conscious of their responsibilities; for we were approaching the first rapids, and although they do not look very formidable, boats with their cargoes are not infrequently lost. At such places the boat, generally aided by an eddy current, is pulled under the lee of a rock, when the men jump overboard with the ropes, wade through the shallows, and drag the boat over the difficulty. Progress is very slow; the course actually gone over may be ten or twelve miles day, but it is so devious that the actual advance amounts to no more than from five to eight miles. There are stretches of sluggish waters between the rapids, and the camping ground, whether at midday or at night, was generally at such places. The boatmen usually fished at night, baiting with pork or dough; but there was no temptation for the fisherman to cast his fly upon the waters.

The rapids, with their accompanying whirlpools and eddies, appeared the very ideal resort of fish; the water, although tinted, was clear as crystal, but not quite as cool as it looked. I put my rod together the third day, and occasionally, when we were going through rapids, I got out and made a few casts from the rocks; but as soon as I had taken up position the men with the tow-line were generally upon me, so I did not get a rise. But on Saturday we came early in the afternoon to the worst rapids of the voyage—3ft. of sheer fall, and 4ft. more in the rapids of the next 100yds. The boat had to be discharged; and here we made camp for the night, and in fact for the following day, for there is no traveling on Sunday. There was good fishing water all around, and I began operations by bending on an artificial minnow. In a short time I had on a good fish, and let him run away with a dozen yards or so of line; but I soon had him in hand, when two or three men rushed at the line to lend me a hand. I called them off pretty peremptorily, and in a few minutes there lay at my feet a fine specimen of a 3lb. trout—a genuine "spotted beauty." The surprise must have been mutual; his that the little minnow had such a big pull, mine to see a *Salmo fontinalis* in these Southern and not very cool waters. I have made no study of ichtyology, but the general outline of the fish; the great gaping, toothless jaws; the pure white throat, with the dark spots on a lighter ground, left me no doubt that he was a genuine *Salmo*. The only divergence from type I noticed was in the caudal fin, which terminated in a convex outline, which is, I believe, a rare exception in *Salmo*. But the most striking characteristic of my catch was the sun-spots, to which he owes his local name of sunfish. There are three of these spots on each side, one at the shoulders, one above the tail and one midway between. They are from ½in. to ⅝in. in diameter, and consist of three black bars inclosed in an imperfect circle of most brilliant yellow gold. I landed three of these, all about the same size, and then brought ashore a 5-pounder, which, like the others, had the sun-spots, but wanted the spots of the *S. fontinalis*. Sides and belly were a soft golden orange, which, bright though it was, detracted nothing from the brilliancy of the sun-spots. He resembled the salmon trout (*Lachs forellen*) of German waters. After a while I hooked another, but the line had taken a turn around the top of my rod, and, as I struck, the butt, which was of Himmalayan ash, cut twenty years ago, snapped off below the ferrule. I caught up the next joint before the fish had time to run away with it, and "giving him the butt" kept a steady strain upon him until his pull relaxed, and I was able to guide him into a little shallow pool in the rock. As he passed the entrance, I saw that he was just a duplicate of my preceding catch. There was no good landing place from the pool, and I had no net, so I let a couple of fellows go in to catch him, telling them not to touch the line. But the fish was in luck; he slipped the hook and got back into deep water.

It was now evening and I left off with the confidence that there was good fly-fishing before me on the morrow. I was down at the water side as soon as early breakfast was disposed of, and with a silver doctor and a coachman on my cast commenced operations. My first catch was a golden-scaled 5-pounder, my next a spotted 4-pounder. The fish were not rising greedily, but by 10 o'clock I had a basket of five weighing 18 or 20lbs., and left off at that. In the evening I went down again for a couple of hours, but did not get a rise.

The next day we camped for breakfast (11 A. M. to 1 P. M.) at some very pretty fishing water, and after breakfast I went out to try a cast. In about ten minutes I struck a fish which went away with a vigorous pull, and I estimated that he was a 6-pounder at least. I turned him and brought him half way back when he was off for a second run. I then reeled him in and brought him, fighting hard, to within 30ft. of shore, when he showed me a broad silver side, and I knew that he was no Salmo. He was a 3½lb. kata-back, and made a stouter fight than the biggest of my salmonoida. He had sharp teeth, but was hooked in the lip and failed to get hold of the gut. This fish is very much esteemed and is certainly excellent eating, so I have no hesitation in ranking him as a game fish—length to base of tail fin, 13in.; depth from back to belly, 8½in.

We made our destination the next day and there was no more fishing on the trip, and the Puruni is for the most part sluggish water near the camp, which stands on a hill about 50ft. above the granite ledge which forms the landing place. There are, however, some rocks in midstream a little lower down stream, and here I have occasionally cast a fly. On one occasion I took a 13oz. sunfish which somewhat shook my confidence in my classification of the family as Salmonoida. His dorsal fin was armed with stout, sharp-pointed spines, the first three or four of which rose 3in. above the hinder part of the jaw. He had the sun spots, but they were lackluster, due probably to the minerals in the water. He was spotted, but with white spots on a dark ground. He gave a good fight, twice jumping a yard at least out of water, and would have doubtless repeated the performance if I had continued to play with him, and this perhaps drew my attention to his resemblance to a black bass. As far as I can learn no icthyologist of note has investigated our river fish, and a great many of them remain unclassified.

Finally, to conclude my short fishing experiences here, I have been introduced to one other fish whose acquaintance I desire to drop in future. This is the perai, a creature which although not more than 3 or 4lbs. weight, is as powerful and savage as a bull dog. It is said that they are known to have taken a piece out of the leg of a man while bathing, and I am sure I have no reason to doubt it. They frequent the rock under the camp, and have cost me many a fly. A few days ago I hooked a small one, 1½lbs., in the nose, and brought him ashore. I held him up with his tail touching the rock, passed the rod to my left hand, took my captive under the gills, and was about to walk home with him when I found that my line was caught in a branch close to me. I passed my left hand across my right to free it, and as I did so I felt a nip in the arm. I thought nothing of it and walked up to the camp, but when I reached there I found a stream of blood trickling down my arm and numerous big stripes on my pants. Removing my coat, I found a piece of flesh cut out as clean as if it had been done with sharp steel nippers, and just dangling by a mere thread of skin. I washed the wound, put the flesh back in place and bandaged it tightly with a handkerchief steeped in vinegar. I used four such bandages in the course of an hour and failed to stop the bleeding. Then I remembered that my host, who was absent, had a vial of Fryar's balsam in his medicine chest. I applied that and soon stopped the bleeding. These fish keep in sluggish waters, generally lurking in some bed of river weed or under the branches of fallen trees.

C. F. Amery.

A STORY OF A MAINE STREAM.

It all happened on the banks of a wood-locked stream in southeastern Maine, still a woodsman's mecca, eighty miles from a summer hotel and two hundred from a $3-a-day guide.

Fifty square miles of "nature's own," which is as all Maine was once, where one can smoke his pipe out and see no stranger's shadow in his camp-fire light for weeks at a time if he so wishes it. I have hesitated long before unburdening myself of this tale, for a reputation for veracity is long in the making and short in the undoing. If any good woodsmen have passed through a similar experience they will stand behind me and we will face together the world of scoffers and M. A.'s and Ph. D's of physcology *et. al.* who say that the dumb brutes have no reason.

It was at the end of our first week in camp, a camp composed of one long, lean Californian, the most genial, big-hearted gentleman that it has ever been my good fortune to share blankets with, who has cast a fly in almost every ripple on the slope of the Sierras; little Tommy, the guide, whom we paid $1.75 per day, and who can cook as well and who will work harder than any two "experienced guides;" and last myself. One might observe a certain "soreness" in the above paragragh. There is soreness, and I never see a gentleman place himself at the mercy of a "latter day" guide but I offer up prayers for his family, who must stint themselves at home, forbear from all fall hats and he, his winter overcoat, to square himself after his experience. No class of men are so unreasonably paid. A lumberman's wage is never over $1.50 per day. Another man who comes of this class, whose work is not disagreeable, but more of a pleasure if he be a true woodsman, as he should be, and his wages amount to 50 cents or $1 more than an experienced mechanic or machinist who has served five or ten years of his life in acquiring that name. There is a spot reserved for the man who first paid his guide $3.50 a day.

The sun was tipping the firs, the Californian was just landing his tenth trout and I was handling the net, when Tommy, who was pitching the canoe, said, "Down, quick!" and we all dropped in the meadow grass. Following the direction of the pointing finger, we saw a deer—a two-year-old doe—coming up the center of the stream. She was 200ft. away and had not scented us. It was close season; we had no desire for meat, much less a doe, but the curiosity to see how close one can get to a wild creature which is always stronger in me than the desire for killing made us burrow deep into the grass and watch. She came slowly on, wading the shallow places and swimming the pools, apparently listening for some expected sound. When she stood on the end of the point we were on, not 15ft. away from the Californian, he snickered. That tickled his throat, then he coughed, and she looked down. There was a wild spring straight into our trout pool, a scramble on the opposite bank, and she was gone. I swore at the Californian. He said he caught sight of me and my mouth was full of grass, and he could not help it. He is the kind of a man who would find some humor in the eye of a six-shooter.

Fishing was out of the question now, so Tommy went back in the shade to boil the kettle and the long man took off his reel. Suddenly a black object broke cover just across the stream from us, a mongrel cur, half hound and half bull dog, and the mystery was explained. The doe had taken to the water to free herself from the dog, and he had been following the bank to find her landing-place. I was tempted to shoot, for the Maine law protects any one who kills a deerhound at any season of the year. This was an especially unpardonable case, for it was still warm weather and any one could have still-hunted his deer. We had seen seventeen since pitching camp. We all called but the animal had found the track, and was away and out of sight. We could hear him going around Fifth Lake Mountain "in full cry." The Californian said something much to the point, about the owner of that dog, and then we went over to where the kettle was boiling. The baying gradually grew fainter, died away, and then suddenly broke out on the east side of the mountain, coming toward us. I dropped my plate and took a shotgun and went over to the stream. The dog came on toward us.

A few minutes later there was a splash—two of them—in the bend above us, and round the point came the doe swimming—about gone—with the dog on her back. It was a sight to cause any true lover of the woods to boil over and run down the sides. I could not shoot for fear of hitting the deer. When she saw me she came as straight as possible to where I was standing in the shallow water, came so close that I knocked the dog off her back with the butt of my gun. The beast showed his bull dog blood, for he came for her throat harder than ever. I shot at the end of his tail, but missed, he being too close to me. He made for the bank, and then came my opportunity—it was duck shot. I would have given a week's campin' for buck shot, for then I would have made sure of him. He disappeared in the brush, traveling hard. And all this time, during the shooting and shouting, that deer stood 5ft. away from me, knee-deep in the water, with the most appealing look in its eyes that man could imagine.

Let all the gray-haired Ph. D.'s of Christendom hold forth, but if that look was not one grand, last appeal for mercy, then I be no judge of the soul in my eyes. Tommy came up and we drove her to the bank. She had been bitten several times on the hip. Speaking softly, we approached, stroked her neck, examined the wounds and found them only flesh cuts and nearly through bleeding. She showed no signs of fear, listening always and ever, in a tired and hunted way, for the sound of the hounds. Then the Californian took off his coat, got up on a stump and delivered a lecture on the inhumanity of hounding deer. He talked for ten minutes, and if the Solons of New York State had been there I am sure that all the money of the Adirondack region could not have prevented the passage of a bill to prohibit hounding now and forever.

As we got into the canoe to go down stream the doe took two steps out on the point toward us and remained a lone and solitary figure until we rounded the bend below.

William Todd.

Natural History.

THE FATE OF SOME CARRIER PIGEONS.

MR. R. B. POTTER has recently presented to the American Museum of Natural History the materials for a duck hawk group, consisting of an adult female and three downy young, together with the debris of the nesting site. The latter consists of various loose twigs and sticks, perhaps accidentally present, and the remains of the prey brought for the sustenance of the young birds. This includes feathers of the bluejay, grackle, flicker, robin and other birds, the foot of a woodcock and the feet of blackbirds and pigeons. An examination of this material revealed the presence of the feet of seven carrier pigeons, still retaining the little metal rings bearing the marks of former ownership. These may be transcribed as follows:

9970—S	EX. 705
16 96	6—1894
⊟63.77	C—20900
J. F. 52.	

Should these lines chance to meet the eye of any of the former owners of these birds, it would be of interest if they would report where and when the birds were last seen.

The duck hawk's nest was from the well-known breeding locality of this species: on the Palisades of the Lower Hudson, near Englewood, and was taken April 27.

We have here interesting evidence of the ability of the duck hawk to capture the swiftest-flying prey, his destructiveness to carrier pigeons, and doubtless of domestic pigeons in general, and the variety of his victims. J. A. ALLEN.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, New York City.

Mr. E. W. Bullinger, of this city, reports that at his home in Riverside, Conn., he has a strayed carrier pigeon, which is subject to the owner's order, upon giving its letter and number.

THE WEIRD SONG OF THE WOODCOCK.

ONTARIO, Canada.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I fully endorse the remarks of your correspondent Mr. Geo. W. Dearborn in FOREST AND STREAM, March 20, concerning the woodcock's whistle, and will supplement them by a few more. When a party of us have been shooting woodcock in the moulting season, a time when the birds are not inclined to move about much, we oftentimes have remarked to each other, "those birds, owing to their slow flight, make no whistle when getting up, and as a consequence are out of sight before you can shoot at them," all being satisfied that the whistle was produced by the wings.

The lowly revolving saw emits no sound; the rapidly revolving one, the buzzing sound with which we are familiar. The slowly-flying woodcock makes no sound; the swiftly-flying one, the whistle which every sportsman loves to hear. Both sounds are due to rapid motion; the one to the rapid revolutions, the other to the swiftly-moving wings.

Another peculiarity of the woodcock which I have not seen mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM is its beautiful song while mating.

I will endeavor to describe it. The woodcock generally selects for this purpose a field bordering on a swamp, having in it a few scattered trees and bushes. The song begins in the gloaming, and is continued at intervals until near daylight. It is always prefaced by a sound similar to the word pāte (the a long) uttered by the bird on the ground, at intervals of perhaps a quarter of a minute. Then it rises in rapid flight at an angle of about 45°, the whistling sound being distinctly heard—until almost out of sight, when it stops its upward flight, and with a slow flapping of the wings begins its beautiful song, which at that elevation is plainly heard, describing at the same time a large circle. At the completion of the large circle the bird begins to descend, describing in its descent a series of concentric circles, each circle being smaller than the one above it; the beautiful song and the flapping of the wings being continued until within a short distance of the earth, when they cease, and with a sudden dart the bird alights on the ground, immediately uttering its pāte, pāte, pāte, as at the beginning of the song. The pāte, pāte is continued for a short time, when the aerial flight is again begun, and the song repeated as before.

The midnight hour, the pale moonlight streaming through the larger trees, the weird surroundings, the ethereal music of this bird, interrupted at times by the singing of the frogs, the cry of the night hawk or the whippoorwill, or perchance the drumming of the pheasant, form a combination of circumstances never to be forgotten by one who has experienced them. WILLIAM HOLLIDAY.

LOCKED MOOSE ANTLERS.

My brother, Mr. Frederick A. Cheney, made a visit to Ontario, Can., last year, and upon his return told me of some locked moose antlers, mounted, in the office of the Director of the Bureau of Mines, Mr. Blue, in Toronto.

I was so interested in what he said of the antlers that I wrote to Mr. Blue about them, and in reply received the following letter from Mr. Thomas W. Gibson, secretary for Parks of the Province:

"These antlers were taken from the heads of two bull moose, whose bodies were found in May, 1895, on the bank of a stream in the Algonquin National Park of Ontario. The animals had apparently engaged in a struggle during the rutting season of 1894, in the course of which their horns became interlocked to such a degree that it was impossible for them to extricate themselves. The ground on which the conflict took place was a steep bank overlooking the stream. After entangling themselves in this manner, the unfortunate combatants tumbled down to the edge of the water and lay there, unable to rise, until they died from exhaustion. Their carcasses were found in a good state of preservation when the snow disappeared the following spring, one lying in the water and the other on the bank; and two of the park rangers, who came across them, removed the heads, the horns still being firmly locked together. As they had only a canoe with them, and the place was far from headquarters, they cut off the antlers, leaving attached to them only the frontal bone on each skull. They have since been mounted and hang in Mr. Blue's office. I send you a photograph taken in the Park; it will show the manner in which the horns were interlocked. The lock is a very strong one even now, when the antlers have dried out. It bears mute evidence to the strength of these animals and the terrific shock of their combat. One pair of the antlers measures 35½in. from tip to tip, and the other 31½."

FOREST AND STREAM has reproduced this photograph in this issue of the paper, but my brother says the photograph fails to convey what the horns themselves do of the might of two bull moose fighting to their death.

A Pointing Horse.

Just about the time the ice was breaking up in Lake Champlain I was coming down on the Champlain Division of the D. & H. R. R., and my companion in the smoking car was Senator George Chaboon, member of the State Senate Committee on Forest, Fish and Game Laws. At one point he glanced out of the window and remarked that the mergansers had arrived, and then told me that the female mergansers remained about the lake all winter, while the males migrated in the fall only to return in the spring. This was new to me. A few days later I met the Senator in Albany as we were both making a social call, and the conversation turned to game and shooting, and he told our hostess that he had a pointing horse that was as reliable as a pointing dog, although the horse pointed by sight instead of by scent. It seems that in the fall, in driving about the woods, he carries



LOCKED MOOSE ANTLERS.

a gun in his buggy to shoot such partridges as he may come across. The first time he shot over this horse the animal was badly frightened, and instead of running simply sat back in the breeching, crouching near the ground on his hind quarters, and trembled at the noise of the explosion. This became a habit, until now, no longer frightened at the sound of the gun, he appears to be on the watch for birds and often discovers one before his master sees it, and at once sits back in the breeching and comes to a dead stand until Senator Chahoon shoots, when the horse resumes his normal upright position and goes on till he sees another bird. I told the Senator he should call his horse a setter instead of a pointer and perhaps he will accept the amendment.

EXTERMINATION OF NOXIOUS ANIMALS BY BOUNTIES.

BY T. S. PALMER.

First Assistant, Biological Survey, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

THE payment of rewards or bounties for killing noxious animals is not a new idea. This method of extermination was adopted by the colonies of Massachusetts and Virginia before the middle of the seventeenth century, and has been continued ever since, but neither the results nor the cost of such legislation seem to be generally known. Bounty laws have been passed by nearly every State and Territory, and in 1895 were still in force in about thirty States and in six of the Canadian provinces. The expenditures have increased in the last decade, and more than $3,000,000 have been spent during the last twenty-five years. Since the burden of the expense falls on the community at large, while the benefit is restricted to a comparatively small class, the question naturally arises as to how far the method has been successful, and whether the results warrant its continuance.

The Demand for Bounty.

More than a score of animals in the United States are considered sufficiently injurious to require radical measures for their extermination. Wolves, coyotes, panthers, bears and lynxes are very destructive, but perhaps do not cause greater loss than ground squirrels, pocket gophers, rabbits and woodchucks. A few birds also, such as blackbirds, crows, English sparrows, hawks and owls, are sometimes included in the category of noxious species. The most plausible and persistent demands for protection from the depredations of wild animals have come from owners of sheep and cattle, and many of the bounty laws have been enacted ostensibly to encourage sheep raising. No doubt this industry has many claims for this protection, but it may be noted that the most urgent demand for bounties in the West have come, not from the farmers or owners of small flocks, but from cattle and sheep men whose immense herds and flocks are pastured on Government land, and who claim that the cost of protecting their herds and flocks should be borne by the county or State. In some regions the losses on account of wolves and coyotes are so serious as to threaten the success of the sheep industry.

It was estimated in 1892 that in New Mexico, where the sheep were valued at $4,556,000, such losses varied from 3 to 7 per cent.; in Nebraska the value of sheep was about $2,000,000, while the losses amounted to 5 per cent., or $100,000; and sheep owners in central Texas suffered losses on account of wild animals to the extent of 10 to 25 per cent.* Farmers, too, have just cause for complaint. In eastern Washington the grain fields and orchards are damaged every year by ground squirrels to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the losses are scarcely less in some parts of California, Montana and North Dakota, while in most of the Western States orchardists and vineyardists suffer from the depredations of rabbits and pocket gophers.

The value of bounties is not admitted by all, and those who are supposed to be the most benefited by them are often the ones who complain most of the failure of the laws and the lack of real protection which they afford. Just previous to the passage of the present bounty law in Iowa a prominent sheep owner of Grinnell stated that it was impossible to raise sheep in some parts of the State on account of the wolves, and he attributed the unsatisfactory conditions to the low rates and unequal bounties

Any scheme intended to bring about the extermination of a species must fulfill certain conditions before it can prove successful in practice: (1) It must be applied over a wide area practically covering the range of the species, otherwise the animals will increase in the unprotected region; (2) it should be uniform (*i. e.*, the rates should be the same) in all localities; (3) it should provide some inducement for carrying out its provisions; (4) it should be economical, for if expensive, the cost will exceed the losses which it seeks to avert; (5) it should provide so far as possible against fraud or the misappropriation of public funds. In order to see how far bounties have met these requirements, it will be necessary to review briefly the history of this legislation and to note the operation of some of the recent laws.

Under the bounty system a fixed sum is offered for each animal, and the reward is paid to the claimant upon delivery of the skin or scalp. The amount of money which an individual may receive therefore depends entirely on his own efforts or on the condition of the public funds. It is urged in support of this method that the State or county pays only for the animals actually killed, and that it suffers no other expense, as the rewards are drawn from regular funds of the county and are disbursed by county officers oftentimes without additional compensation. It is sometimes claimed that this inducement to capture animals furnishes employment to men and boys who do not desire or cannot get other work, and are thus encouraged to labor for the benefit of the community, and that by increasing the rewards the extermination can be hastened whenever necessary.

Simple and economical as this method appears theoretically, it has proved extremely unsatisfactory and very costly in practice, and the mere fact that between 300 and 400 laws have been enacted in the United States would seem to show that bounties have not accomplished all that was expected of them.

History of Bounty Legislation in the United States

The first laws providing rewards for the destruction of wild animals seem to have been passed in Massachusetts about 1630, and in Virginia about 1632. Bounty legislation has therefore extended over more than two centuries and a half—a sufficient length of time, it would seem, to test its merits or defects. But so little attention has been paid to the matter that almost every State has been compelled to experiment for itself, instead of profiting by the experience of others, and has learned the limitations of the method only after spending thousands of dollars.

The history of bounty legislation may be conveniently divided into three periods: (1) From 1630-1775; (2) from 1776-1865; (3) from 1866-1895 These three periods are unequal in length (146, 90 and 30 years), but the payments during the last period probably exceed those of the other two combined, although the number of years is only one-eighth as great. This is not due entirely to higher rates in recent years, for the payments in Maine between 1830 and 1865 were almost exactly the same as those from 1866 to 1895.

During the colonial period bounties were confined mainly to wolves, and in Virginia for more than a century and a half the rewards were paid in tobacco, which was the usual medium of exchange in that colony. The general bounties were supplemented by special rewards paid by the counties, and the Indians were encouraged to aid in the work of extermination. In some of the colonies, crows, squirrels and blackbirds caused so much damage that rewards were offered for their scalps, and in South Carolina means were taken to protect the planters from the depredations of rice birds. The necessity for such protection was quaintly expressed in the act of 1695, as follows:

Whereas, The planters of this province do yearly suffer considerable damage by birds and beasts of prey in their stocks and crops, whereby, notwithstanding their continual care, they are impoverished and discouraged, be it enacted * * * that every person or persons who shall kill and destroy the small blackbirds and rice birds shall receive half a royall per dozen; and for crows, jackdaws and larks, shall receive one royall and a half per dozen.

From 1776 to 1865 numerous laws were passed in the original thirteen States, and the bounty system was extended over most of the territory east of the Mississippi River. Most of the rewards were paid for wolves, and the work of extermination, begun in Ohio and Kentucky in 1795, extended gradually westward to Missouri, Iowa and Nebraska, and even to Washington.

As time went on and the country gradually became settled, attention was paid to getting rid of other animals, such as bears, panthers, wildcats and foxes. In New England great numbers of crows were killed, particularly in Maine and New Hampshire, and in the latter State the killing of hawks was encouraged at the expense of the public treasury. With the beginning of the war more important matters claimed the attention of legislators, and in most of the States little thought was given to bounties on wild animals.

Since 1866 bounty laws have been passed in increasing numbers by nearly all the States and Territories. With the development of the West and the increase in cattle and sheep raising, the necessity for exterminating wolves and coyotes has become more apparent. Immense numbers of these animals have been killed in Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming and Colorado; but they still seem to be very numerous. Several States have also offered premiums for foxes, wildcats, minks, and even weasels. The success of the sheep men in their warfare against predatory animals encouraged the farmers of the Mississippi Valley and the Great Plains region to demand appropriations from State and county treasuries for killing ground squirrels, gophers, and rabbits. This legislation has proved not only ineffective, but extremely expensive. The experiment has been tried in Minnesota, Montana, California and North Dakota, and in each case the result has been disastrous to the treasury; in fact, no State thus far has been able to pay a general bounty on ground squirrels and gophers for any length of time.

Bounties on birds, which were by no means uncommon in colonial times, have recently been revived in several States. Since 1875 an unusual interest has been manifested in the extermination of hawks and owls, notwithstanding the fact that it has been demonstrated that most of these birds are actually beneficial instead of injurious. Hawk laws were passed in Delaware, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Colo-

* Heath, Special Report on Sheep Industry in the United States, 1892.

rado, Indiana, Ohio, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia. The law in New Hampshire was repealed in 1881, after being in force for four years, but was again revived in 1893; the bounty in Colorado remained in force eight years, while the Pennsylvania "scalp act" was enforced only a year and a half, costing the State about $90,000 for birds of prey alone. The extermination of crows was encouraged in New Hampshire from 1881 to 1883, and in Maine from 1889 to 1891. In the latter State 50,707 crows were killed at an expense of a little over $5,000. Illinois and Michigan have turned their attention to the English sparrow. Three acts have been passed in Michigan since 1887, and have cost the State $61,800, while the law in Illinois, enacted in 1891, has involved an expenditure of $55,600. Premiums for birds are perhaps the most pernicious of all bounties. Dr. C. Hart Merriam has estimated that the poultry killed by hawks and owls in Pennsylvania in a year and a half would be worth $1,875. But every hawk and owl kills at least 1,000 mice in course of the year, and therefore, estimating the damage done by a mouse at 2 cents, each hawk and owl would save the farmer $20 per annum. In other words, the expenditure of $90,000 caused the destruction of birds worth $3,857,130 to save a possible loss of $1,875 to the poultry industry.* Although the crow is almost universally condemned, it is by no means certain that it is responsible for all the damage that is usually attributed to it. In fact, recent investigations by the Department of Agriculture show that the crow is rather more beneficial than injurious. The English sparrow is recognized everywhere as one of the greatest pests which could have been introduced into this country, but the offering of rewards for its destruction encourages the killing of native birds, which are indistinguishable from it to the unpracticed eye of the officer who pays the bounty.

Expense of the Bounty System.

In 1895 laws providing bounties on wild animals were in force in about thirty States of the Union, but with the exception of New Mexico and Texas, practically no rewards were offered in any of the States lying south of latitude 37°. North of this line bounty laws were in force in all the States except Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, and possibly West Virginia. In some cases the expenditures were small, but in Minnesota, Montana and Wyoming the expense was heavy.

It is extremely difficult to obtain accurate statistics regarding the cost of this legislation, owing to the fact that in some cases the rewards are paid from the State treasury, in others by counties. State bounties are usually included in the reports of the treasurer or auditor, but reports of county officers are seldom published in detail, and it is necessary to secure the data from the original records. When a change occurs in the office of county clerk or treasurer, the new incumbent frequently finds difficulty in unraveling the old accounts, and he may be entirely ignorant of an expenditure of thousands of dollars under his predecessor. Old records are sometimes inaccessible and sometimes burned, so that it is practically impossible to obtain returns for a series of years.

Reports of bounty payments during the last quarter of a century have been collected in detail from twenty-nine States. As shown in the following table, nearly $2,400,000 has been spent, but the returns are more or less incomplete from all the States except Maine, Michigan, Montana, Minnesota, New York and Wisconsin. No attempt has been made to secure statistics from twelve other States in which relatively small amounts have been paid, and it is safe to say that the total expenditures aggregate more than $3,000,000.

BOUNTIES PAID ON NOXIOUS ANIMALS AND BIRDS FROM 1871 TO 1895.

State or Territory.	Bounty paid.*	Total amount.	State or Territory.	Bounty paid.*	Total amount.
Arizona	1887–1895	†$10,000	New Mexico	1891–1895	$6,645
California	1886–1895	210,345	New York	1871–1895	41,330
Colorado	1889–1895	93,827	North Dakota	1886–1895	79,565
Idaho	1878–1895	46,591	Oregon	1885–1895	67,748
Illinois	1877–1895	89,566	Pennsylvania	1885–1887	†150,000
Indiana	1875–1895	22,600	Rhode Island	1893–1895	3,935
Iowa	1871–1895	156,484	South Dakota	1887–1895	40,777
Kansas	1875–1895	126,955	Texas	1891–1892	50,000
Maine	1871–1895	49,500	Utah	1888–1895	3,129
Michigan	1871–1895	80,774	Vermont	1881–1895	32,039
Minnesota	1876–1895	303,238	Washington	1889–1895	53,826
Missouri	1879–1895	†36,000	Wisconsin	1871–1895	†313,500
Montana	1883–1895	175,367	Wyoming	1885–1896‡	31,803
Nebraska	1881–1895	28,148			
Nevada	1885–1895	26,831	Total		$2,387,361
N. Hampshire	1874–1895	56,728			

* Short periods show the years for which returns are available and do not necessarily include the whole time bounties were in force, except in Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Rhode Island and Utah.
† Estimated.
‡ To March 31.

The cost of a law depends of course on the length of time that it remains in force; but it is probable that any act which offers a sufficiently high premium to insure its enforcement will involve an expenditure of from $5,000 to $20,000 per annum. In the following table are given six of the most noted bounty laws passed during the last decade, and it will be seen that while all but one remained in force less than two years, the expenditures varied from $50,000 to nearly $200,000. Such an expense as this could not long be maintained by any State, and, with the exception of the Illinois sparrow act and the Montana bounty law of 1895, all the laws have been repealed.

PAYMENTS UNDER SIX RECENT BOUNTY LAWS.

State.	Act.	In force.*	Total bounty	Ave. per month.
California	Coyote act	18 mos.: March 31, 1891–Sept. 30, 1892.	$187,485	$10,416
Illinois	Sparrow bounty act	15 months: Dec. 1, 1891–Feb. 29, 1896.	55,651	3,710
Montana	Ground squirrel act	6 months: March 5, 1887–Sept. 13, 1887.	54,578	9,096
Do	Wolf bounty law.	14 months: Feb. 26, 1895–April 21, 1896	89,871	6,419
Pennsylvania	Scalp act	23 months: June 23, 1885–May 13, 1887.	†150,000	6,521
Texas	Protection of farmers	16 months: April, 1891–Aug. 31, 1892.	50,000	3,125

* The time represents the period during which payments were actually made; for example, the California coyote law remained in force until January, 1895, and the claims amounted to nearly $400,000, but payments ceased on Sept. 30, 1892, and only $187,485 was actually paid. The Illinois sparrow law is in force only during December, January and February.
† Estimated.

Objections to the Bounty System.

The difficulties encountered in carrying out the provisions of bounty laws are so great as to give rise to serious objections to such legislation. No rewards for killing wild animals are paid by the General Government in this country, for each State has jurisdiction over its noxious as well as its useful birds and mammals, and must make its own laws for each species.

Bounty laws may be divided into three main groups: (1) Acts providing for the payment of premiums from the State treasury; (2) acts permitting rewards to be paid from county treasuries; (3) local acts maintained at the expense of township treasuries. Some States have found county bounties most effective; others have relied entirely on State bounties. In Michigan all three kinds are in operation; bounties for wolves are paid by the State, rewards for English sparrows from the county treasuries, and premiums on woodchucks, hawks, crows and moles by townships. Each method has its advantages, and each its defects. The advantages claimed for the State bounty are greater uniformity and efficiency; if the bounty is paid by counties, its maintenance depends entirely on the interest manifested by each county, and the law is seldom enforced in all. A more serious defect lies in the varying rates which are sure to be paid, and the consequent danger that scalps will be carried where the highest rate is paid, and thus increase the expense in counties which offer high premiums. The objection of inequality may be urged even more strongly against township bounties. Trouble is sometimes caused in States which have large forest or Indian reservations where animals can increase, as the adjoining counties are almost sure to receive scalps taken on the reservations, and are thus compelled to bear an expense which does not belong to them.

Considerable difficulty is sometimes experienced in raising sufficient funds for paying rewards. In some States the premiums are paid from the general fund without limitation; in others the bounty law carries a specific appropriation. The latter method has been adopted in Colorado, Minnesota, Montana, New Mexico and Wyoming, but payments have not always been kept within the limit, and in case of an excess a deficiency appropriation is necessary. To obviate this, a clause was inserted in the Texas law of 1891, providing that the act should become inoperative as soon as the appropriation of $50,000 was expended. This had the desired effect of limiting the payments, but it practically repealed the law, as the fund became exhausted some months before the next meeting of the legislature. Payments from the general fund are open to the objection that the counties which contribute least toward the expenses of the State are usually the ones which draw most heavily for bounties. As such a burden is not only unequal, but the benefit which it confers is restricted to a comparatively small proportion of the taxpayers, some States require a special tax for the bounty fund.

In Montana, where bounties benefit the cattle and sheep men almost exclusively, the law of 1895 authorized a special tax of one and one-half mills per dollar on the assessed valuation of all horses, cattle and sheep, in addition to the regular proportion of taxes, set aside as a State bounty fund. The same principle has been adopted in Ohio and some of the counties of Virginia, where the rewards are paid from a dog tax or some other special fund.

One of the most difficult matters to regulate in connection with bounty legislation is the rate allowed for scalps. If the reward is too low, there is no inducement to destroy noxious animals, and the law becomes practically inoperative. This was the case with the Montana act of 1879, which apparently failed entirely, as the reports of the county treasurers fail to show the expenditure of a single dollar for bounties during the four years the law remained on the statute books. If, on the other hand, the rate is too high, the results are most disastrous. No treasury can stand the drain caused by a high bounty for any length of time. The coyote act of California went into effect March 31, 1891, but payments were stopped Sept. 30, 1892, after $187,485 had been expended. The prairie dog and squirrel bounty law of Montana, passed in 1887, remained in force but six months before the funds in the treasury were exhausted. The coyote bounty of 1892 not only exhausted the regular appropriation of $12,000, but necessitated a deficiency appropriation of $17,343 to pay the claims which were presented against the State. The Colorado bounties of 1889 involved such a heavy outlay that other appropriations from the same fund could not be paid, and the law was finally declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the State.

Inequality in the rates offered in adjoining States or counties is almost as bad as a high premium, since scalps are likely to be taken from localities where the rewards are low to the nearest county which pays a high premium, and which is thus compelled to pay for animals which do not belong to it. In 1895 bounties on wolves and coyotes varied from $1.50 to $5 in the Black Hills region of South Dakota, while the rewards were $2 in North Dakota, $3 in Montana and Wyoming, and $5 in Iowa. Not only were scalps sent from one county to another, but rewards were claimed in Iowa for coyotes taken in South Dakota. While the coyote law was in force in California the premium was $5, but in Nevada only 50 cents was allowed. Nevada reported the destruction of comparatively few coyotes, but thousands of scalps were presented for payment in California, and it was notorious that many were imported from neighboring States, and even from Lower California.

Not less important than the rate is the proof (which must be submitted before the bounty is paid) that the animal has been killed as claimed.

Many States require the scalps, including the ears, to be produced as evidence, and it is important that these scalps should be sufficient to identify the animals without question in order to leave no chance for fraud. It will suffice merely to mention a few of the ways in which rewards have been obtained fraudulently. Skins of dogs or other domesticated animals have been turned in for scalps of wolves or coyotes, and in the case of small species, when the heads have been accepted in one county and the tails demanded in another, the bounty has been collected on the same animals twice. One of the counties in North Dakota, which paid considerable sums for ground squirrels, first required the heads as "scalps"; then the tails; a year or two afterward all four feet, and finally withdrew the bounty altogether. Ignorance on the part of the bounty official sometimes results in the payment of premium for species to which the law was never intended to apply. Dr. B. H. Warren, who has made a careful study of the "scalp act" of Pennsylvania, states that the heads of domesticated fowls, partridges, pheasants, cuckoos, butcher birds, and even night hawks were accepted in some counties as those of hawks and owls.

Such cases as these emphasize the importance of protecting the State against imposition. If the bounty is paid by county officers, it should be limited to species which are readily recognizable. New Hampshire offered rewards for hawks supposed to be destructive to poultry and other birds, and endeavored to meet the difficulty of identification by requiring the selectmen of the town to certify that the hawks were injurious before the bounties were paid, but as the State Treasurer remarked in a recent report, it is not likely that boards of selectmen were elected on account of their proficiency in ornithology! British Columbia, which claims almost complete immunity from fraudulent payments, restricts the premiums to wolves, coyotes and panthers, and requires the skull of the animal to be presented at the Provincial Museum, where it is examined by the curator before the bounty is paid. In some States the law demands the entire skin to be brought in for examination; such skins are canceled to prevent them from being presented a second time, and then returned to the owner. In practice, this method is likely to increase rather than diminish fraud, for the reason that skins are not canceled uniformly. In Vermont wolf skins are marked by punching two holes ¼in. in diameter in the ear; in Wyoming a single hole ½in. in diameter is punched in the ear, or sometimes a small hole in the foot; in Utah the skins are canceled by cutting the letters B P 1½in. in length in the neck. Thus, Wyoming skins, which had been canceled by a hole in the foot, might be presented in Utah if the feet were removed, and the heads could then be cut off and sent to a State which required only the scalps. It is true, the applicant is usually required to state under oath where the animal was killed, and in Montana he must also file affidavits of two resident taxpayers of the county who are acquainted with him and who believe the animal to have been killed as claimed.

The Montana law of 1895 declares the alteration or counterfeiting of scalp certificates to be forgery; swearing falsely to affidavits, perjury, punishable by imprisonment from one to ten years, while patching or presenting punched skins is defined as a misdemeanor punishable by a fine not exceeding $500 or imprisonment for not more than three months. With all these precautions against fraud no reference is made to raising animals for bounty, a matter which has sometimes given rise to serious trouble, but which is expressly mentioned in the laws of only a few States. Cases have been recorded in which eggs of hawks and owls were taken from the nest and hatched under hens in order to secure premiums on the young birds. It was said to be more profitable in Iowa a few years ago to raise coyotes for the bounty than to raise sheep, and Kentucky and New Mexico, recognizing the possibility of breeding wolves, required affidavits showing that the animals had not been raised for the rewards.

What Have Bounties Accomplished?

Advocates of the bounty system seem to think that almost any species can be exterminated in a short time if the premiums are only high enough. Extermination, however, is not a question of months, but of years, and it is a mistake to suppose that it can be accomplished rapidly except under extraordinary circumstances, as in the case of the buffalo and the fur seal. Theoretically, a bounty should be high enough to insure the destruction of at least a majority of the individuals during the first season, but it has already been shown that scarcely a single State has been able to maintain a high rate for more than a few months, and it is evident that the higher the rate the greater the danger of fraud. Although Virginia has encouraged the killing of wolves almost from the first settlement of the colony, and has sometimes paid as high as $25 apiece for their scalps, wolves were not exterminated until about the middle of this century or until the rewards had been in force for more than 200 years. Nor did they become extinct in England until the beginning of the sixteenth century, although efforts toward their extermination had been begun in the reign of King Edgar (959–975). France, which has maintained bounties on these animals for more than a century, found it necessary to increase the rewards to $30 and $40 in 1882, and in twelve years expended no less than $115,000 for nearly 8,000 wolves.

Attention has already been called to some of the requisites of a successful method of extermination, and particularly to the fact that rewards should be paid wherever the animal is found. The bounty on wolves and coyotes most nearly satisfies these conditions, as it has been more generally paid than that on other species.

Every State and Territory west of the Mississippi, except Arkansas and the Indian Territory, has enacted laws for the destruction of these animals, but the results have not been altogether satisfactory, and the rates have frequently been changed. High premiums have been tried in California, Montana and Texas, and found impracticable. Each of these States offered $5 for coyote scalps for some time, and the outlay aggregated hundreds of thousands of dollars. Iowa and Minnesota are the only Western States which now pay more than $3 per scalp, and in Iowa the rate on young wolves is $2. It has, moreover, been impossible to secure the active coöperation of all the States, and where the bounty depends on the order of the board of county supervisors it may, as in the case of Idaho, become inoperative.

The larger animals are gradually becoming rare, particularly in the East, but it cannot be said that bounties have brought about the extermination of a single species in any State. Wolves are now almost extinct east of the Mississippi River except in Florida and a few other States, but their present rarity is due rather to the settlement of the country than to the number killed for rewards. On the Great Plains, where civilization has not yet encroached on their domain to any great extent, they have not decreased rapidly nor even perceptibly in some places, notwithstanding the high rewards for their scalps. It is perhaps safe to say that coyotes have increased in California in the four years which have elapsed since bounties were withdrawn, and that the effects of the law of 1891 are hardly perceptible.

Maine has encouraged the killing of bears ever since 1830, but the returns of the last five years do not show any decided decreas in the scalps presented for bounty. New Hampshire has been paying for bears about as long as Maine, but in 1894 the State treasurer called attention to the large number reported by four or five of the towns, and added that should the other 234 towns "be equally successful in breeding wild animals for the State market, in proportion to their tax levy, it would require a State tax levy of nearly $2,000,000 to pay the bounty claims." Even New York withdrew the rewards on bears in 1895, not because they had become unnecessary, but because the number of animals killed increased steadily each year.

If this is the result when bounties on large animals are paid by many States, what can be expected in the case of squirrels, gophers and rabbits, which are immensely more numerous than wolves or bears, and against which legislation has been at best extremely desultory? Ada county, Idaho, waged war on rabbits for seventeen years, but after destroy-

* Report Commissioner of Agriculture, 1886, page 228.

ing more than 1,000,000 abandoned the bounty method. Iowa, Minnesota and South Dakota have tried to rid their lands of pocket gophers and ground squirrels, but the effect of the laws was far more evident on the county treasuries than on the animals. The destruction of 1,000,000 ground squirrels in one county in Washington did not exterminate the species, and Montana, in killing 712,192 squirrels and 189,678 prairie dogs in 1887, probably made little impression on the total number in the State.

In the early '70s California authorized the levying of special taxes at high rates for killing gophers and ground squirrels, and later enacted laws providing for the division of certain counties into squirrel districts in charge of inspectors, and required owners to kill the squirrels on their land or pay for having them destroyed by the inspectors. Systematic efforts were made to exterminate these pests, but the attempt was abandoned on account of the expense. So little effect had these laws that to day squirrels are practically as abundant as ever, and not long ago an inquiry was received from a resident in one of the counties which was most active in the work of extermination asking whether anything had ever been done to check the increase of the Californian ground squirrel. Nearly 3,000 000 sparrows have been destroyed in Illinois during the last five years, and probably as many, if not more, have been killed in Michigan since 1887, but the laws have accomplished so little that some doubt exists as to whether the birds have perceptibly diminished or not. Some ornithologists in these States assert that the decrease is quite noticeable, while others acknowledge that the bounties have had little if any effect.

On the island of Bermuda, which has an area of less than twenty square miles, an attempt was made to exterminate the English sparrow only ten years after the species had been introduced; but after two years the experiment, which had cost more than $2,500, was abandoned as impracticable. In India, where the loss of life and of domesticated animals on account of the depredations of wild animals and snakes is enormous, bounties are paid in most of the Provinces. The official returns for 1893 showed that 2,828 people and 85,131 head of cattle had been destroyed by animals, while 21,213 persons and 5,122 head of cattle were said to have been killed by snakes. In this year bounties to the amount of 117,448 rupees (nominally $58,724) were paid for the killing of 15 308 wild animals and 117,120 snakes. Although these expenditures have been maintained for twenty years, the number of animals annually killed shows no perceptible decrease, and it is impossible to estimate what the extermination will finally cost the Government. But if bounties have failed to accomplish the actual extermination of any species, there can be no doubt that they have secured the destruction of large numbers of noxious animals, and have done some good in checking the increase of such species as wolves and coyotes. If premiums are paid in several States, do not involve too great expense, and can only be maintained long enough, they will do much toward the accomplishment of the desired end and may be regarded as a legitimate expenditure of public funds.

Substitutes for Bounties.

The unsatisfactory results attained by the direct payment of rewards from public funds long ago led to the attempt to gain the same end by other means.

In colonial times the Indians were encouraged to kill wolves and other animals, and the planters were often required to kill a certain number of blackbirds, crows or squirrels each year under penalty of fine. Scalps of crows, squirrels, and even wild cats, were received in lieu of taxes, but as this method had some disadvantages in practice, the scalp certificates issued by county officials were accepted in payment of taxes.

Competitive hunts and prizes offered by gun clubs sometimes cause the killing of a surprising number of birds and animals In Ohio a few years ago nearly 1,000 sparrows were killed in one hunt, and the Sparrow Club of Stratford-on-Avon, England, reported that 19,000 sparrows were destroyed during the year 1887. The Virginia Field Sports Association distributed $100 in prizes for the killing of nearly 1,000 hawks in 1888; this was less than one-fifth what it would cost the State for bounties. Prizes offered by the Luzerne County Sportsmen's Club of Pennsylvania in 1895 secured the destruction of 378 animals, forty-two hawks and four owls. In the rabbit drives of California, which are sometimes paid for from public funds, as many as 20,000 jack rabbits have been killed in a day. The great danger in the case of prizes is that useful and injurious species will be killed indiscriminately; but under proper restrictions this could be avoided, and clubs might do much more toward the extermination of animals than is now accomplished by bounties.

Another expedient which has been resorted to, particularly in North Dakota, South Dakota, Washington and Manitoba, is the free distribution of strychnine or other poison. The results seem to be quite satisfactory, and it is said that more animals are destroyed at much less cost than under the bounty system. Reference has already been made to the ground-squirrel legislation of California, which promised so much, but accomplished so little on account of the expense, notwithstanding the fact that everything was done to render the laws effective.

Summary.

(1) Bounty legislation has existed in the United States for more than two centuries and a half, and has been thoroughly tested in most of the States and Territories.

(2) Rewards have been paid (*a*) on large animals, such as wolves, coyotes, bears and panthers; (*b*) on small mammals, particularly gophers, ground squirrels and rabbits; (*c*) on a few birds, such as crows, English sparrows, hawks and owls.

(3) This legislation has probably involved an expenditure of over $3,000,000 in the last quarter of a century, and the expense seems to be increasing instead of decreasing. Single laws have caused an outlay of nearly $200,000 in less than two years, and it is safe to say that any act which carries a sufficiently high reward to insure its operation will cost from $5,000 to $20,000 per annum.

(4) Objections to the bounty system may be grouped under four main heads: (*a*) Expense, which is usually out of all proportion to the benefit gained, and may be greater than the county or State can afford; (*b*) impossibility of maintaining bounties in all parts of an animal's range for any length of time; (*c*) impossibility of maintaining equal rates in all States; (*d*) impossibility of preventing payments for animals imported from other States, for counterfeit scalps, or for animals raised especially for the bounty. These objections have never been satisfactorily overcome, and most laws have failed through one or another of these causes.

(5) Bounties have not resulted in the extermination of a single species in the United States, and have failed even in the island of Bermuda, which has an area of less than twenty square miles.

(6) Rewards for wolves, coyotes and panthers are now so generally paid as to check the increase of these species to some extent, but premiums on ground squirrels, gophers and other small mammals have accomplished little or nothing, and bounties on birds may do great harm by encouraging the killing of useful species through ignorance.

(7) Extermination of noxious animals is usually slow, and can be accomplished more effectively and economically through the efforts of individual land owners than by the lavish expenditure of public funds.

Pinnated Grouse in Rhode Island.

WESTERLY, R. I., May 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A cock pinnated grouse was brought into my office to day by a farmer, who, seeing the bird strutting among his ducks, thought it was an owl, and shot it. EDWIN R. LEWIS.

Game Bag and Gun.

A TEN DAYS' OUTING IN THE WOODS OF MAINE.

ON Oct. 25, 1896, a party of six left Haverhill, the City of Boots and Shoes, for a ten-days' outing in the woods of Maine. Leaving on the 7:20 P. M. train, we arrived in Bangor about 5 A. M. It was a frosty morning and our night's ride had given us keen appetites. We wended our way up town, accosted a policeman by the name of Jasper, through whose courtesy (?) we were informed where we could find a "hot sausage" at that early hour.

By 7, after a good breakfast, we were again on our way to the home of the moose, caribou and deer. We were pleased to find as we journeyed on that all the small ponds and streams were frozen; in many places snow had fallen. Now and then a glimpse of that wonderful Mt. Katahdin, with its snow tops glittering in the sunlight, would burst upon our view. Truly, it is a magnificent spectacle.

Our train was an express, and by 11 o'clock we stepped on to the platform of a 7×9 station, where our guides were in waiting. What did we see but a young buck cantering up and down the platform. I turned to speak to Mr. Nelson, when, lo! his rifle was out of its case and he was fumbling in his pocket for a cartridge. At that moment a guide touched him on the shoulder, saying, "That is a tame deer." The cook prepared a lunch. While we were doing justice to it the guides were getting our traps and provisions to the river. In thirty minutes' time we were ready far a canoe ride of eighteen miles up the Penobscot. It is a delightful ride; think it would add two years to a man's life. Part of the way the water runs still and deep; is as clear as crystal. Again it is shallow. There the river bed is covered with rocks and pebbles, with occasionally a boulder. The canoe is obliged to hug the bank. Again it rushes along at such a speed it would seem impossible for a canoe to pass, but the pike poles in the hands of a skillful guide insure a safe ascent.

By 4 P. M. we came to a log camp, where we were glad to eat a good supper, smoke, listen to a few deer stories from the guides, and turn into beds of hemlock boughs. We were sound sleepers, and the cook, after much shouting, succeeded in rousing us, saying it was 7 o'clock already, and were we going to sleep all day? We knew by the aroma of coffee, etc., what was expected of us, and soon were all seated at table, as we supposed, when there arose a yell from the river. Some of the party rushed out, while those who staid in were more frightened than they were willing to acknowledge. What a sight for our artist! Mr. Herman in the icy water up to his shoulders, wiping his eyes and mouth, trying at the same time to get the points of the compass that he might wade ashore. The canoe was floating down river, and the bow soon caught fast on the bank. He floated ashore, and the guides helped him to the cabin, gave him a good rubbing, some advice about a canoe, and later a few lessons in the use of the paddle. After the excitement caused by the mishap had subsided, we ate our breakfast, and were on our way up river again. At noon we came to the Bear Rip Falls. It is a sight never to be forgotten—the water tumbling down in immense volumes over those ledges and boulders. There is a carry about a quarter of a mile long. How they can get a drive of logs over such a place I cannot well conceive.

As we were rounding a bend two miles beyond we spied a buck and two does only about 75yds. distant. They looked surprised as well as we. It took Mr. Franklin a very few seconds to draw a bead on the buck with his .38-55. The guide fired at one of the does. Away they went into the bushes, the buck with his flag at half mast. Mr. F. thought he had missed the buck, but the guide said he was surely hit; consequently we paddled ashore, and not far from the river found blood spots. We followed the trail a half mile or so and lost it.

Look where we would, there was no sign of deer track or blood spots. The guide said he would take a small circle in pursuit, and in fifteen minutes we heard a shot. Making a hustle in the direction of the sound, we we found the buck dead, with his head resting on a log. It didn't take the guide long to dress him, and then what a lug to carry to our canoe. He was a 200lb. fellow, with eight points, the best specimen we found while in the woods. Notwithstanding the added weight to the canoe, we were at our destination by 4 o'clock. On the way up our game numbered four mink, seventeen partridges, five ducks, a hedgehog, an owl and the buck. The camp was 100yds. from the river in a little clearing surrounded on all sides by hemlock and spruce trees.

The next day it rained in torrents—no hunting that day—but on the next it was fine. We donned our hunting rig and set forth with the guides, going in four different directions. We expected great sport, as the day was just the one for hunting, and the leaves just damp enough to steal along noiselessly. We were not all in camp again until 3 P. M. The cook prepared a feast of good things: broiled partridges, venison, potatoes, biscuit and coffee. We took a long tramp that day, and for game had a lone partridge. Next day more hard work, but good luck. Mr. Nelson and myself took the old "bark" road that followed along the ridge. We kept to this for about three miles, jumping a number of deer. Leaving the road, we went directly east that we might not lose our way. We had gone only a short distance when we started, as near as we could judge, a half-dozen deer. What wind there was came from the direction of the trail, so there was no danger of their scenting us. We followed the trail until they came down from a run to a walk, then we slowed to a creep, and some of the way to a crawl, and soon the large ears of a doe came into view; then she stood head and ears in sight, in good rifle shot.

Soon, out of a fallen tree top, a buck's head appeared. After surveying the country he pulled himself together, and out he came. What a beauty, and a white one too! Not a minute later, and five were in full view—two bucks and three does. Mr. N. pulled on the white one, but before I could get sight on the other buck he was off; however, I got the Lyman sights in line on the largest doe, and pulled. Mr. N. dropped the buck almost in his track, shot through the heart. The doe traveled about 200yds. before she dropped. It was no small task for us to dress the deer, hang them up and blaze a trail out to the bark road. We reached camp by 2 P. M. The rest of the party returned soon with three deer, and a lot of small game. The next day was spent in getting the deer out to the river, and down river in canoe to camp.

None of us were inclined to hunt deer the day following, so took a short trip into the alders for partridges. We kept up a bang, bang until noon. We got twenty-six partridges, two rabbits and the wing of a bluejay; also Mr. Warren, who had not ventured far from camp before, as he was always there to look after our welfare, brought in a freak in the shape of a mottled doe that would weigh 125lbs.—great luck for the fat man of the party! Sunday was a day of rest. Monday we were up, breakfast eaten and off in the canoes before sunrise. After going about four miles together we separated, part on one side of the river, part on the other. We found it a rough country—the best place for game. On our return trip there were five deer hung up in different places along the river bank. It was dark as a pocket an hour before we reached camp. Mr. Edwards got the largest buck, and Mr. Herman hung up the only spike-horned specimen.

That night we decided to start for home the next day, as we had all the deer the law allowed us. Tuesday we broke camp, and by 10 o'clock we were five miles down river with the deer of the preceding day's shooting gathered in, making twelve in all, packed with ourselves in the five canoes. We pulled into our old camp by 4 o'clock, for the night. Next day we arrived at the little station with 1,740lbs. of venison—quite an express bill at $1.50 per cwt.

* * * * * * *

Now we meet to talk over the good time gone by and plan for a like trip this season, only further in the wilderness, when we hope to bring moose and caribou out.

45–70.

A BUFFALO ROMANCE.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., April 17.—I share considerable interest in the few remaining buffalo, and therefore take the liberty of inclosing a newspaper article relative to a band unknown to me. It strikes me as comical.

On my recent visit to the Washington (D. C) Park I found all the animals looking in excellent condition. One of the buffalo cows had calved three weeks previousiy and the youngster seemed strong and healthy. I have communed with your columns for so many years that I feel some liberty. Even while traveling I am not happy if I cannot find FOREST AND STREAM each week. W. D. CLOYES.

This is the story our correspondent sends us, as told in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat:* "The recent wedding of Myrtle Morrison, the famous Nowlin county girl broncho buster, and Frank Dupree, a part-blood Sioux, caused quite a sensation among the aristocracy on the Sioux Reservation and in adjacent territory. Miss Morrison is a handsome young cowgirl, noted far and near for her proficiency in the art of horse training. She has had many admirers among the frontier beaux, but always declared that she would never marry any man who could not ride, shoot and throw a lariat better than she could, and as such men are extremely scarce, it appeared probable Miss Myrtle was doomed to a life of single blessedness. However, last fall, hay being scarce on the upper Bad River range, her father removed his family and stock to Big Plum Creek, a tributary of the Cheyenne River. Here Myrtle first made the acquaintance of the good-looking, daring young half-breed who has since become her husband.

"Frank Dupree is a splendid horseman, a thorough cowhand, and apparently devoid of fear. The Duprees are among the wealthiest stockmen in the State, counting their cattle by the thousands, and Frank, like many other half-bloods in that section, has received a very fair education. Still, Myrtle was not much attracted toward the swarthy young youth until one day they happened to be riding together, and came in sight of a herd of sixty or seventy buffalo, which the Dupree family have raised on their own range from a few calves caught years ago, when buffalo meat was the principal article of diet for the entire Sioux nation. Although this herd is kept from straying far from the home ranch by Old Man Dupree's cowboys, they are fully as wild as their ancestors, who once blackened the prairie west of Chamberlain with their shaggy bodies.

"The young couple rode up quite close to the herd before the animals were aware of their presence, and Frank, in a spirit of bravado, urged his broncho alongside of a huge bull buffalo and sprang from his saddle to the animal's back; in an instant the whole herd was stampeding madly across the prairie, with the old bull leading the van. Dupree's foolhardiness had placed him in an extremely dangerous predicament. If he jumped or fell from the buffalo's back he would certainly be trampled to death by the pursuing herd, and if he retained his seat until the animal became tired and sulky it was equally certain that the brute would make a furious assault upon him the moment he dismounted. So all he could do was to cling to the animal's back and await an opportunity to escape. But it was not until the herd had run fully two miles that he saw the least chance of leaving the back of his novel steed and escaping alive. Fortune at last favored him, and the animal ran for some distance along a deep, narrow washout, with almost perpendicular sides reaching to a height of fully 20ft Here Frank sprung from his seat and slid down the bank of the depression just in time to escape being trampled by the closely following herd.

"Meanwhile Myrtle had lassoed her companion's horse and was hurrying after the rapidly retreating buffalo. She reached the spot where Frank had dismounted just as he

was climbing, dirty and bedraggled, to the top of the ravine. The cowboy did not feel very proud of his exploit, but, nevertheless, the little episode had touched a tender spot in the girl's heart, and a short time ago the bells of the Cherry Creek Church announced the wedding of this typical frontier couple."

GENESEE VALLEY ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meetings of the Genesee Valley Fish and Bird Protective and Propagating Association and of the Conesus Lake Fish and Game Association were held in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce last week.

In the absence of President A. Emerson Babcock, of the Genesee Valley Association, First Vice-President Harry S. Woodworth presided at the meeting. Secretary Frank J. Amsden in his report of the work done by the Association during the past year, took occasion to pay a high compliment to the services rendered in the protection of fish and game by President Babcock, of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission. Mr Amsden said that he thought that some of the members of the association were unaware of the influence of an organization of this kind. He quoted as an instance that a number of poachers had been doing some illegal fishing in Hemlock Lake. The residents of Geneseo, becoming aware of the fact, made application for the appointment of a special protector. There being no organized club at that place, it devolved upon the Genesee Valley Association to recommend to the State Commission the appointment of a special protector, with the result that one had just been appointed.

"The situation in our section is probably apparent to you. Mr. Brooks and a number of special protectors have been quite active of late in arresting and securing the conviction of illegal fishermen. But their labors are ineffective, in that while they are working in one place, the illegal fishing is going on in another section of the three counties, over which Mr. Brooks has jurisdiction. I suggest that it would be well for this Association to put itself on record as favoring the increasing of the number of regular protectors. The present small force is inadequate to cover the whole State. The Governor has disapproved of the appointment of more protectors, so as to keep down the appropriations as much as possible This is poor policy, since the State is paying out large sums of money every year in keeping up hatcheries and stocking the streams with spawn, and then allows the fish to be killed indiscriminately by reason of not furnishing adequate protection."

Mr. Amsden's report seemed to meet with unanimous approval as regards the necessity for the appointment of additional protectors, of which there are but thirty-six in the State, including the chief protector and several deputies, who cover no designated territory. On motion of Mr. Redmond, the following resolution was unanimously adopted.

Whereas, Experience has demonstrated that the present force of game protectors is insufficent for the protection of fish and game in this State; be it

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Association that there should be an increase of twelve to the body of protectors now provided for.

Treasurer Thomas W. Fraine, as chairman of the bird committee, then presented the following interesting report respecting the Mongolian pheasants:

"The past season has proven successful and also fruitful; we have gained more knowledge and experience as to the care and handling of the young birds during the critical time, which is when the chicks are from one to fourteen days old. At this tender age they require to be fed every two hours Each brood must be placed with the mother in small movable coops and their feeding ground changed daily. They are very fond of fresh grass and will pick every blade within their quarters in a few hours. At night these small coops, with their occupants, are placed inside a building for safety. We had a great many chicks last summer and succeeded in raising thirty-five to maturity. These were distributed in Monroe county as follows: One pair in Henrietta, one pair in Irondequoit, one pair in Brighton, three pairs in Egypt, three pairs in Seneca Park, and three escaped from the coops.

"Fifteen birds were sold to help defray expenses of running the pheasantry at No. 641 Genesee street. Six of these were sold to the Forestry Commissioners, and sent to the New York State Hatchery at Bath, where the Commissioners are now breeding them for distribution throughout the State; the balance of nine were sold to private individuals.

"Our other pheasantry at Penfield has been abandoned for obvious reasons, and the four birds it contained have been transferred to Genesee street, where there are at present five cocks and nine hens. They are all in fine condition, and the hens laying daily. We have a good stock of Bantam hens on hand for brooder's, and three are now sitting on pheasants' eggs."

This letter was read from President Gavitt, of the State Association:

"LYONS, N. Y, April 26.—*Thomas W. Fraine, Esq.*—My Dear Sir: Replying to your favor of this date, it is with pleasure that I can inform you favorably in relation to my experience with pheasants Am now entering upon my third year in the breeding of these beautiful birds, and start this season with breeding pens numbering sixteen strong, healthy birds, now laying at the rate of six to ten eggs per day. Of course I have met with many unfavorable conditions and experiences in the handling of them, but now consider that I have overcome much that seemed to be in the way.

"For the benefit of those who may meet with the same obstacles which came to me, would call attention to the fact that one of the most serious troubles I had was in keeping several birds in same inclosure without fighting and eventually killing each other I now clip wing of each bird and have adopted open runs with 8ft. fence. Birds keep in much better trim and are not inclined to fight. In feeding am most successful in using a liberal supply of animal food. Maggots, bugs, worms and the like are to be fed in good quantities. Am very sure that the pheasants will stand any amount of cold and exposure that this locality is likely to muster. The only trouble will be in the case of deep snow, where they may be deprived of feed for a length of time; still am not so sure but they may adapt themselves to the circumstances and feed as do our grouse in such cases.

"I am much pleased to know that the Genessee Valley Association is being successful in its efforts in the rearing of these birds, and trust its efforts may be rewarded in creating a public sentiment sufficiently strong to give these grand game specimens a fair trial in western New York. I am very much interested in the matter, and shall at all times be glad to lend a helping hand in this direction. Yours very truly, W. S. GAVITT."

A vote of thanks was tendered by the unanimous vote of the Association to Commissioner Babcock for the good work done by him in the interest of the protection of the forests and fish and game.

A. B. Lamberton introduced a resolution to the effect that it be the sense of the Association that no spring shooting should be allowed in this State, and that the secretary of the Association forward the same to the State Legislature at its next annual session, and it was adopted. It was argued that if the spring shooting of ducks and other game was stopped, there would be plenty of fall shooting The experiment had been tried in the fall of 1895 and proved successful. The ducks would stop here and would breed, whereas when shooting was allowed in the spring, they would be frightened away by the guns in the breeding season.

Mr Lamberton spoke of the fact that many thousand of trout fry had been placed in the Fulton chain of lakes, but at an useless expenditure of money, for the reason that there was no protection afforded, the fish being taken out of season and before they had attained anywhere near the proper size. Mr. Lamberton stated that when proper protection was given there would be plenty of fishing in a few years, but the poachers must be kept away. Mr. Amsden said that the situation was the same in this section, Game Protector Brooks being obliged to cover three counties.

Bernard Dunn stated that over a million wall-eyed pike had been placed in the upper Genesee with good results. There would be good fishing there within a few years. Mr. Dunn suggested that a culvert or waste weir should be constructed from the Erie canal at the eastern widewaters to one of the creeks tributary to Irondequoit bay, so that the bass which come down the canal from Lake Erie and lodge in the wide waters in the fall when the water is drawn off could find a home for the winter in deeper water. As it was, if left to remain in the wide waters they would be netted and otherwise exterminated by the poachers.

The following ticket was unanimously elected: President, Harry S Woodworth; First Vice-President, H. M. Stewart; Second Vice President, James H. Brown; Treasurer, Thomas W Fraine; Secretary, Frank J. Amsden Executive Committee: J. B. Y. Warner, Daniel Bascom, Dr. David Little, Howard H Widener, A B Lamberton, Edmund Redmond, Charles B Richards and W. F. Brinsmaid.

The following officers were elected by the Conesus Lake Association: President, L. L Williams; Vice-President, Harry S. Woodworth; Secretary-Treasurer, William H. N. Bascom Executive Committee: Dr. John Zimmer, John Bramel and W H. Bascom. The Association is composed of cottagers at Conesus Lake. Secretary Bascom reported that there had been a decided change of sentiment among the farmers in this section, who were now aiding the Association in its work. Some of the most notorious poachers had also fallen into line.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Victory for the Tolleston Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 8.—Tolleston Gun Club, of Chicago, won a practical victory this week in the result of the famous gamekeeper cases on trial at Crown Point, Ind., in which the club wardens were arrested on the charge of attempted murder As reported in FOREST AND STREAM at the time of the shooting, the club wardens were attacked by a band of over a dozen farmers who were finally fired upon, one of them being seriously hurt, though he did not die, as was widely reported. Great efforts were made to keep up the local excitement, and the feeling against the club was very bitter among the local poachers, who have always sought to break into the Tolleston preserves. It was hardly to be expected that the club would get much of a verdict in a town which was a perfect hotbed of enmity against them, but it seems that after nine hours of balloting the worst the jury could do for the punishment of the accused warden, Barnum Whitlock, was to find him guilty of simple assault and battery, and not of attempted murder. His sentence was fixed at six months imprisonment and a fine of $500. The others of the club wardens, Alfred Taylor and Charles Whitlock, were discharged, as no case could be made against them. Charles and John Blackburn are still under arrest and will be tried this coming week under the original charges against them Prosecution will set up that John Blackburn was the one who shot Frank Kostic with the rifle ball which passed through his body, whereas the defense will urge that this may have been done by Frank Whitlock, who made his escape and has not yet been found by the Indiana sheriff

The county commissioners of Crown Point have passed an order compelling all prisoners to work on the streets in ball and chain, and since the sentencing of Barnum Whitlock, as above, the Sheriff has undertaken to make him work in the chain gang with the rest of the prisoners. This humiliation in the presence of his enemies he refuses to undergo, and at last accounts he had not been forced to work.

The local farmers, who have been behind this movement against the Tolleston Club, have been much offended at the failure to make out their cases in court, and they are much worked up over the matter. They say they cannot get justice in their own town, and threaten all sorts of dark and bodeful things It is, indeed, matter of astonishment that this hard-fighting club should have done so well in this, its most bitter and most doubtful fight. Such contests take off much of the edge of sport at the Tolleston Club, and no one deplores this and kindred events more than the club members themselves; yet if they did not fight they must give up their entire property to those who want it of them. Criticism of this club should not be passed, at least until all the facts are known, and then not readily. The Tolleston Club is only doing the fighting on questions which will have to come up in the history of sport in this country. They are gradually proving things which will one day be held matter of course, gradually winning a fight for the sportsmen of America which after a while will be held no fight at all, so obvious will the principles then seem which now are upheld by this club only at the expense of much money and time and painful regret. The policy of the club—one of positive silence and dignified determination—is commendable in its tone, and seems to be a winning one.

Illinois Audubon Society.

Mr. Ruthven Deane, of Chicago, writes in regard to the recently organized Audubon Society of Illinois, calling attention to a work which has had all too little popular recognition, but whose purposes require no comment in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM. He says in his letter: "There has been organized an Illinois Audubon Society for the protection of birds; bearing particularly on the feathers of wild birds, which have been so extensively used for ornamentation. You are no doubt strictly in sympathy with this movement, and we are sure such action as has been taken already, is, and will do much good in dissuading the 'feather fad' among ladies, and also the wanton destruction of song and insectivorous birds and the robbing of their nests and eggs by the small boy, who as a 'rage collector' gathers them in the spring and summer and, as his interest flags in the winter, breaks or sells them."

Fecundity of Pheasants.

Now that we have another governor of Illinois, who may, perhaps, not be quite so bitterly opposed to game protection as was the late one, who vetoed the act protecting Mongolian pheasants in Illinois, it may not be too much to hope that we may have a law making it possible to introduce that bird in Illinois. It is something which ought to be done. A gentleman from Oregon who was lately interviewed here by FOREST AND STREAM upon the subject, speaks most enthusiastically of this bird as a game bird. He says that it now fairly overruns parts of Oregon where it has only been introduced for a few years, and bids fair to offer permanent sport in covers once shot out of native game. It stands any sort of winter, and will fight any sort of enemy, even to hawks and crows. It is alleged that the cock pheasant will actually fly up into the air and attack a passing hawk, fabulous as this seems to hear. The cock bird will fight any rooster, and drive it out of its own yard. Moreover, the bird is wonderfully prolific. This gentleman said that his sister had made a small business of raising and selling these birds, and she found that during one season a single hen of the Mongolian pheasant laid 172 eggs. With any proper kind of care, such a bird as this pheasant should furnish game for covers where the native birds have not been able to survive. The sport at the bird is described as magnificent, and the main drawback to it seems to be that the cocks have a way of running off and leaving the hens to lie to the dog, and so to meet the gun Shall we not have the Mongolian pheasant and a pheasant law? It need not be over five years in its closed season, for if this bird is to thrive in our climate it will multiply astonishingly in the course of that time.

Shooting Season Passing.

Our jacksnipe have now passed on for the most part at this latitude, and the shooting season may be called closed, barring a little shooting on golden plover. Out in Iowa this week I found the jacksnipe still lingering along the streams of the central part of the State. They have had a great season for snipe in that country this year, and many very good bags have been made.

Chickens in Iowa.

I was much surprised to hear that in the old settled parts of Iowa, such as Jasper and Polk counties, the prairie chicken has again showed itself. A liveryman at Mitchellville told me that each season of late there have been good bags of chickens made within a few miles of that town. One party of shooters last fall bagged seventy-two birds in one day. These shooters came from Des Moines, which is only about twelve miles distant Yet Des Moines is rated at some 60,000 souls, I believe, perhaps more, and has been settled since the 50s or earlier. This shows that we could have plenty of game all over the West if we wanted it. This Mitchellville country is all high, rich, black farming land, with almost no waste ground in it, and farmed up to the edge with grain, very little grass lands being left. Yet the birds hang around the edges of the fields and manage to raise their young in spite of the absence of their wonted prairies. In the opinion of my informant, there could be excellent chicken shooting in that country if shooters would observe the law, and let the birds get big enough before they began to shoot them.

Got Three Bears.

My friend Boak writes me this week from the Blackfoot Reservation that his partner, Scott, has already killed three bears this spring. This is near the country where we made our sheep hunt recently, of which more later. There is probably no better big game country left, and I feel sure that if any one has a wish to kill his bear, I can direct him to the spot where he can get him sure It was almost the only regret of our trip last winter that we were forced to leave before the bears had come out of winter quarters. It is hard to get within a few miles of the bear you have lost, and not be able to see him—a good deal like hearing your best girl talking in the next room when the footman is showing you to the door. This month, May, is the best bear month of the year, and the grizzly for the next twenty or thirty days will be an easy game for any one who goes after him aright. Scott and Boak usually get about twenty bears each year. They hunt for revenue only, and would rather kill a black bear than a grizzly, as its fur sells for more. But between the two in point of danger they make no distinction, having the contempt of experience for them both. The largest and most deadly grizzlies are those killed in books. The actual killing of a grizzly is something in the nature of a cake walk, according to these men.

E HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

About that Adirondack Irishman.

NEWARK, N. J., May 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since I have been able to purchase a copy of FOREST AND STREAM, more than ten years, I have never seen anything in its columns that has roused my indignation so much as a statement made by H. Stewart, writing upon "Wolves in the Adirondacks," in the current issue.

In speaking of "his" Irishman, he says: "He was positively trembling with fear, and gave little attention to the talk I gave him, which, you may be sure, was in vigorous terms, and not to be mistaken, even by an Irishman."

Now, what is Mr. Stewart's conception of an Irishman? Does he class him with a South Sea Islander, or is he wholly ignorant of the fact that the greatest statesmen in this world were, and are, Irishmen?

True, there are some people from Ireland's rural districts who are below the average in worldly intelligence, but I can safely state that there never was a son of the Green Isle in this country who could not understand when he was reprimanded.

Surely your copy reader made an error in allowing this sentence to pass, for I daresay it has aroused the indignation of many another Irish reader of your great paper besides yours, etc.,

EDWARD F. DUFFY.

The Birds in New Hampshire.

I AM over the State a great deal, and never heard so many ruffed grouse drumming as there are this spring. There was an uncommonly large flight of woodcock this spring.

N. WENTWORTH.

INDIANS AND DUCK EGGS.

Game and Fish Commission of Ontario.—Dunnville, May 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read a letter in your issue of this date from Mr. A. C. Trippe, of Baltimore, in which he describes a trip into Canada, where he found that the natives made a business of gathering duck's eggs for food, and cites this as a prominent cause of the diminished number of ducks now as compared with former years. Mr. J. H. Keene, too, has been investigating the cause of the diminished number of ducks which visit the Chesapeake, and he, too, has only directed his investigations to the Indians of Canada as the probable guilty parties. He does not seem to have found any definite evidence that such a nefarious trade exists, nor did Forest and Stream from its inquiries in the same direction some time ago; nor do I, who have had some opportunities in Ontario to know if such practice existed, believe that there is any regular traffic in duck's eggs. I have not the slightest doubt as to New York being capable of consuming all the illegally taken game in Canada; but I think that our game laws are too well administered to allow any such traffic to go on largely. That the Indians and others in real need of food may and do occasionally take a nest of fresh duck's eggs I have no doubt, but for this there is some excuse—necessity knows no law—and indeed our game laws exempt the Indians from their provisions where the game is taken strictly for their family use. Civilization could scarcely accord less to the former owners of the land and the game thereon.

In order to further the efforts of the afore-mentioned gentleman and of Forest and Stream in this inquiry, allow me to ask them if it has ever occurred to them to examine *post mortem* the bodies of the ducks which their friends, men of all degree, even up to the President, have shot in the spring. In former years I have examined ducks shot in the spring and almost invariably found in each duck the eggs which would under other circumstances have produced a flock of from ten to twelve ducks for shooting in the proper season. What can be said then of these duck nest robbers? They did not destroy a whole nest full of eggs because they were in want of food as the poor Indian, because they did not even eat them, yet I will venture to say that hardly any Indian in any one day ever secured or destroyed as many eggs as a spring shooter who bagged a dozen ducks.

In Ontario we never now think of shooting a bird in the spring, and I am glad to say that public sentiment is so advanced that even the boys consider it such a mean, contemptible trick that they very rarely touch a bird's nest. I am very fond of Forest and Stream, but I must confess that sometimes it makes me sick to read the able letters which some of your correspondents send you describing the slaughter of ducks, snipe, etc., in the spring, when they are nearly all paired and on their way to find a home in which to raise their young. Imagine the good such a writer as Mr. Hough could do were he engaged to write down spring shooting. It wouldn't take long to reason with sportsmen and arouse public sentiment against the chief cause of the diminished number of ducks and other birds.

G. A. MacCallum.

Bay Birds on the Eastern Shore.

Keller, Va., May 6.—Atlantic Coast birds are now very plentiful on our meadows; curlew, yellowlegs, graybacks, robins, snipe, blackbreasts, etc. Sportsmen are having the best of shooting. Dr. I C. French, who has been waiting for several weeks in anticipation of the coming of birds, is having fine sport, getting good bags every day out.

There have arrived during the week, Messrs. H. R Rogers, Brooklyn; A. Eddy and P. Kelly, of New York city, members of Accomac Club; and George Shiras, Howard Nimick, Howe Childs and Henry Browne, all residents of Pittsburg, Pa., and members of Revel's Island Club. Mr. Shiras returned to-day, and reports birds in abundance and shooting very good, although he believes that a couple of weeks hence the variety will be greater, curlew being more numerous just at present than the other sorts.

Those fond of fishing may find in our channels drum very plentiful; fifteen to twenty in a few hours to a craft not being unusual, while trout (weakfish) are in great abundance.

The weather being warm, no better time could be chosen for a camping party. There are plenty of high spots on our meadows where a tent could be pitched, shade erected, and every facility provided for a rough and tumble outing. We sometimes wonder that sportsmen do not hit upon this idea It would not be at all costly, if expense should stand in the way. Guides can be had for $2 a day, with the use of their boats (which are always comfortable) for fishing, and for moving the decoys, etc., around to good shooting or fishing places, all, in fact, being right at hand.

When a young man, with a company of companions, I used to sometimes camp out for a month at a time, returning to home fat and as brown as a ginger cake. After a month on the salt meadow one does not need pie to tempt his appetite. A side of fat bacon, plenty of fish, clams to waste, half a bushel of marsh hen and gull's eggs, always in camp, strong coffee made in the tea kettle, Indian corn meal, make up the bill of fare; nor will the mind wander to, or the appetite crave for better things. T. G. Elliott.

A Scottish laird was relating the story of a fine fish he had caught one day to his friends at his dinner-table! "Donald," said he to the servant behind his chair—an old man but a new servant—"how heavy was the fish I took yesterday?" Donald neither spoke nor moved. The laird repeated the question. "Weel," replied Donald, "it was twal' p'und at breakfast, it had gotten to achteen at dinner-time and it was sax and-twenty when ye sat down to supper wi' the Captain." Then after a pause he added: "I've been tellin' lees a' my life to please the shooters, but I'll be blowed if I'm going to tell lees noo, through my old age, to please the fushers."—*Angler's Basket.*

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

BLACK BASS AND BASS LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read the article by Mr. Van Cleef on bass, in the Forest and Stream of April 17, with a great deal of interest, as it is in every respect in full accord with my own ideas.

The author is a veteran, well known in this State and in the Dominion of Canada, both as a most unselfish fisherman, of the most observing nature as to fish and their habits, and as the Counsel for the Senate Committee of this State, who, jointly with Mr Wakeham, representing the Dominion, framed Article XV., of the game law, commonly known as the special act for the Thousand Islands, and which by mutual legislation became the uniform law for the St. Lawrence from Lake Ontario to Ogdensburgh.

I am informed that an effort was first made to make the bass season in this State open on July 1, but so much opposition was encountered that it was compromised by changing the date to June 15.

I have fished for many years, and have probably taken my share each year, particularly in the inland waters of this State, and have learned a few things about bass, which I will briefly state.

First—Bass hibernate in cold weather and go substantially directly from that hibernation to spawning. That period of retirement is evidently one of preparation for that act.

My observation has shown me that the actual time therefor depends upon the temperature of the water. When the water arrives at the fixed-by-nature temperature, probably not yet actually determined by man, bass will spawn and not before.

The season regulates this temperature. In early spring they spawn early, and later in a late spring, because of the difference in the time when the water actually reaches the spawning temperature.

Second—I have found a further distinction as between still and running water, lakes and streams or rivers.

In lakes they spawn later because the water remains longer below the spawning temperature.

The ice leaves the running waters first; the sun of spring has greater effect upon the swift waters of their rifts or rapids; this continuous disturbance, or ebullition, causes a distribution and commingling of their warmed waters with the cold, all of which results in their sooner reaching the spawning temperature, and the bass spawn earlier in them than in the lakes.

The waters of the lakes, agitated only by the waves, warm up much more slowly. This is the precise reason for their spawning earlier in running waters.

Also the southern waters of the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers warm up earlier than those of the Seneca, Oswego and Oneida rivers in central New York, and these in turn earlier than those of the St. Lawrence or Niagara rivers, and all of these earlier than those of the lakes connected to or bisected by them.

Some years ago I saw bass taken at Binghamton prior to May 20 which had fully spawned and recovered their natural appetite and vigor.

I have fished a great deal on May 30 in the Oneida, Seneca and Oswego rivers, and have very rarely taken a bass which had not spawned and recovered.

I have absolutely failed to take any bass in Oneida Lake or Onondaga Lake on May 30, but on the same day, by going down the Oneida River from the lake to the rifts at Caughdenoy, have taken large numbers in the running water; or by going on the same day from Onondaga Lake to the Seneca River, and a mile or so up stream to the rifts, have made a good catch.

All of these bass have been fully spawned fish.

All of these were taken with fly or bait, mostly with the fly.

My observation has shown me that, as a rule, bass will not take a bait or a fly during the period of spawning, or while guarding their young. This is my experience based upon actual trials made for the purpose of testing my theory.

Of course there are exceptions to all rules. Once in a while, but rarely indeed, will an angler on May 30, take a bass which has not spawned. There are always exceptions, with fish, animals, or even human beings; some will hold over.

If I take twenty bass on May 30, and find among them one (which is possibly about the average) which has not spawned, this does not satisfy me that the open season should be changed, to open later. For some reason, or from some cause, there are late spawners, but the large majority should govern.

The fact is that I always return a bass which has not spawned, because I am able to distinguish it; but it occurs very rarely. I have also learned from personal experience, and from other sources, that bass which can run from a lake into a stream will spawn earlier in the running water.

On the other hand, I know from the same sources that it is a rare thing to take a bass with either bait or fly from any of the lakes of central New York before June 10, but in case of an early spring I have taken fully spawned fish in several of them on May 30.

As stated, I have read Mr. Van Cleef's article in the Forest and Stream last month, and know from him and other sources, that June 9 was agreed upon by the Canadian authorities as the proper time to open the season for bass in the St. Lawrence, although it is so far north, is the outlet for the cold water of Lake Ontario, and is almost a lake in itself on account of its size.

All of this has led me to the following conclusions:

1. That bass spawn much earlier in running water than in lakes.

2. That the season, early or late, exerts a controlling influence upon the actual time.

3. That the location of the waters, north or south, in this State causes a variation of the actual time.

4 That no law of a general nature can be framed which will fit all of these conditions precedent.

For the foregoing reasons I advocated the establishment of May 30 as the date for opening the bass season. I still believe I am correct. My opinion has not been changed by the article of Mr. Cheney in the Forest and Stream of May 1.

I know that June 15 was made the opening date in Ontario, and July 1 in Quebec, because of their climate, and because those dates were made a general and not a special law for each Province, the same as May 30 was made the general law for this State

In conclusion, I desire to simply say that Mr. Van Cleef and myself have labored for years to establish uniform laws for the entire State broad enough to cover the breeding seasons of all fish and game for the general good of all people.

We have been absolutely and teetotally opposed to all "special backyard" legislation.

We are willing to abide by the law, and neither of us has any desire, inclination or propensity for getting any "bulge" upon any other fellow-man.

Mr. Van Cleef, at least, is too well known to the true sportsmen of this State, and Canada also, to be accused of any such thing. C. W. Smith.

THE POTOMAC BASS.

Baltimore, May 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your readers will remember that the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association has been energetically at work striving for the enactment by the legislators of Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia of a uniform law for the protection of black bass in the Potomac River. The Legislatures of Maryland and Virginia passed the law in 1896, and the Legislature of West Virginia passed the law Feb. 19, 1897. But, according to the provisions of the bill, the Governor of Maryland is required to issue a proclamation giving notice that the States of Virginia and West Virginia have passed the law; and before this proclamation can be issued the Governors of Virginia and West Virginia must give the Governor of Maryland official notification of the passage of the law by their respective States By some oversight these notifications were not sent the Governor of Maryland, and when the close season began—April 15—we were confronted with the fact that the law, legally, was inoperative, but morally every true angler was bound by a sense of honor not to take advantage of the situation.

The matter did not become known until April 25, when Gov. Lowndes, when asked whether he had received word from Virginia and West Virginia of the passage of the Potomac fish bill, answered in the negative, saying at the same time that his proclamation was all ready for publication as soon as he heard from the other States. In the meantime, Rev. Dr. Owen, of Hagerstown, was arrested for violating the law for taking bass in the Potomac at Williamsport on April 29, and was acquitted, for the reason that Gov. Lowndes had not issued his proclamation. Some lively hustling immediately followed on the part of the officers of the Maryland Association, and I am happy to tell your readers that Gov. Atkinson, of West Virginia, notified Gov. Lowndes May 4, and Gov. O'Farrell, of Virginia sent his notification to-day, and to-morrow Gov. Lowndes will finish the good work by issuing his proclamation, and every true and worthy disciple of Izaak Walton will be happy and the bass will have a rest till June 1.

Owing to heavy rains the Potomac has been muddy for a week, so that no fishing could be done. We only know of three persons who could not restrain their piscatorial enthusiasm and abide the proper season for taking bass.

It is refreshing to know that the hundreds of anglers who fish in the Potomac almost to a man refrained from being enticed to take advantage of the law. It demonstrates the influence exerted over a whole State by a thorough organization of the sportsmen and anglers into State and in county organizations. In addition the deputy game wardens now on duty along the Potomac, Game Warden J. Olney Norris has prepared a list of twenty-five more who will be commissioned at once, so that the river will be so well guarded as to make it next to impossible for anyone to violate the law and not be arrested. With these additional deputies we will have 200 on duty.

The Game Association has been assisting the State Fish Commissioner in distributing fry for the past three weeks. Eight hundred thousand perch and 350,000 trout have been distributed, and 3,000,000 shad will be put out next week, all in the western part of the State, mostly in streams that have never been stocked before. The tributaries of the lower bay will receive many millions of shad. Our Association is increasing in membership very rapidly. A branch club was organized in Frederick recently, with fifty-three members. Geo. W. Massamere, Sec'y-Treas.

TROUTING IN MICHIGAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Michigan trout season opened this year as usual on May 1, and as usual it might as well have opened on Feb. 1, so far as the comfort of the fishermen was concerned. Messrs. T. W. Childs, Noah Swayne and others, who have club interests there, went up to Evart to open the season, while the Mills party of Toledo performed a similar service on the Sable. They found, what all the local fishermen found in the lower peninsula, the streams high and discolored, and the weather bleak and cold enough to chill the ardor of the most enthusiastic angler. The Mills party, consisting of General Superintendent Mills, of the Clover Leaf road; Clarence Brown, its solicitor; John W. Oswald, the Castalia expert, and Dr. Frank Beebe, of Columbus, managed to get along very comfortably in Superintendent Mills's private car, but the Sable was nearly a foot higher than even the ordinary spring stage and as dark as Erebus, a most extraordinary condition for that sand-filtered stream But on Monday the river began to clear, and on Tuesday and during the remainder of their stay they enjoyed such fishing as seldom falls to the lot of mortals outside this ideal stream. The party reached home early on Friday morning.

The Sable River, formerly the finest grayling stream in Michigan, now affords exceptional trout fishing, the greater part of the fish taken being the *Salmo fontinalis*, although there is a very fair representation of the rainbow trout, which seem to live in perfect harmony with their Eastern cousins. It is an interesting fact that less than ten years ago there was not a trout of any variety to be found in the waters of the Sable, but since it was artificially stocked so admirably has it proved itself to be adapted to the requirements of the trout that they have thrived and multiplied beyond all expectation. From the village of Grayling, where the river crosses the Michigan Central Railway, to the south branch of the Sable, a matter of some twenty-five miles by stream, scarcely a single specimen of the fish of the rainbow dorsal is to be taken, but there are said to be still a number in the south branch, and in the main river a few miles further down. And this melancholly condition of affairs leads me to remark that if Brer Hough is really in earnest about the capture of his grayling he cannot afford to put it off

much longer. It would seem to be a fortunate thing that the few remaining specimens of this magnificent fish still to to be found in the Sable are so relatively inaccessible, and the trout fishing so much better and so much more convenient, that they may last till the trout have literally eaten them out of house and home.

And this reminds me that in a very recent letter, alluding casually to the Sable, Mr. Hough speaks of it as a dangerous, or at least a risky stream for the boats of the angler. In this he has evidently been misinformed. The Sable is a rapid stream nearly all the way down the thirty miles of water usually fished below Grayling, but it has no rapids, such as characterize the Brulé and similar streams. There is no place along the entire course mentioned where a boat may not lie at anchor with perfect safety to its occupants.

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., May 8.

SOME OTHER CAMPS.

THE boys were talking over some of our camping expeditions the other night, after reading what I had written about Camp Bouillon, for that expedition was by no means the only one. Jack's brother, while no tenderfoot on a trout stream, did not know much about camping out, and he expressed a desire to shake off the mold that had accumulated on him from continuous dwelling in a banking house and to go with us the next time we went camping. Jack and I had planned a little expedition not many miles from town, so George was invited.

We had a little sheet-iron stove in one corner of our tent and thought it would be a mighty nice thing to take along a few pieces of cannel coal, for the nights were very cold and a sheet-iron stove cools off mighty quick, and it is not pleasant to crawl out in the night to replenish the fire with wood. We fixed up a very comfortable camp. The only thing I objected to was that Jack would spit on the floor, and quite an argument arose as to whether I, as cook and housekeeper of the institution, had not a right to boss the ranch, so to speak. We had one double cot and a single one. I had taken along a pair of new blankets and Jack immediately picked out the comfortable side of the double cot for himself, and for fear these blankets would be pulled off during the night, he, during the few moments that I was out of the tent, did then and there securely drive three or four nails right through those new blankets fastening them to the side, his side, mind you, of the cot.

The deed had been done, and there was no need of raising a row about it, but it was Jack all over. The light was put out, for we always carried a tin reflector lamp that we could fasten to the tent pole, and the last thing before retiring for the night a big piece of the coal was dumped into the stove. It was cold enough outside, but it was not long before it was warm enough inside. The stovepipe began to be a good sizzling red, and as the occupants of the double cot were on the opposite side and the stove was just at George's feet, we rather enjoyed his discomfiture. Finally he was roasted out; he jumped out of bed and emptied a cup of water into the stove, which cooled it down, and he went back to bed. But it did not take long for the coal to brighten up, and the stovepipe once more began to be red-hot, and I think poor George spent most of the night jumping out of bed, putting out the fire and getting back to bed. He finally soused it with a whole pail of water and put the fire out, then called the dog on the bed with him to keep his feet warm. We concluded that cannel coal was not a success in a sheet-iron stove.

Another time we went camping out near Freeland, not far from Section 37. We took along a bale of straw, and you know it pulls out in layers 3 or 4in. thick and makes a veritable mattress. We had the same cot beds, but there was a space left between the two that we had to cover over with this straw, and it made a very nice bunking place for a narrow man. We had gone up early in the morning and had the camp all ready; and Ferd and one of the other boys came up on the evening train and got a farmer to drive them out to where we were, about three miles from the station. We had gone to bed when we heard them calling in the distance, and as the night was cold we did not get up to welcome them. The bed made on the straw between the two cots fell to Ferd and I suppose had not been properly calculated for the occupant, for he groaned nearly all night, and long before morning awakened and wanted some one to change with him, saying he had been wedged in so between the two cots that he was unable to turn or move, and had to have some one help him before he could get up. So we rigged a derrick, hoisted him up, and as it was then nearly morning we concluded it was time to get up.

Another trip that Jack and I took was one of those trips when you come home without anything, and that is seldom told about. We went up the bay shore for ducks. Reports had come in that they were there in thousands. We were going to camp on a little island not very far from mainland and the water was not very deep. Jack was not much of a boatman and consequently his duck boat contained very little of the camping outfit. Mine had the camp stove, which was not the sheet-iron one at that time and among other things the tent poles. These were a little too long to put in the bottom of the boat, so they were put corner-wise and stuck out on each end. I remember we were going along carefully; I was standing up, paddling, the waves were quite choppy and there was a disagreeable cork-screw motion to the boat. I had just cautioned Jack to be careful when a wave came along with a little more force than the previous ones and gave the canoe such a jolt that one of the tent poles was caught by it and in a jiffy I was overboard. This was more fun for Jack than for myself, and several comments were made upon what a good boatman I was and how much better I could ride a cranky duck boat than he could. However, the outfit was not badly demoralized, notwithstanding I was wet to my chin and it was quite late in the fall. We soon got across to the little island and found a good camping spot, but by that time it blew great guns, and twice during the night we had to get out and fasten down the tent and put extra guys to keep it from blowing away over our heads.

That ought to have been just the place and just the weather for ducks, but the next morning we thrashed around all over the entire marsh without getting a feather. Along in the afternoon we packed up and caught the evening train home. On the way we negotiated a deal whereby we got a nice crock of fresh country butter, and upon our return Jack's father asked where the ducks were and Jack went on to tell what a nice time we had, what a fine camp, and how nice everything was. "Yes," his father said, "but why don't you say where the birds are, and how many did you get?" Jack said: "We got the finest crock of butter you ever saw." And from that day to this, whenever the old gentleman hears that Jack or I are planning a trip, he wants to know if it is to be a crock of butter expedition.

All of these things happened a good while ago, and we have not had one of our home camping-out expeditions in six or seven years. Not but what we would like to, just the same, and not that we are growing too old to do it, but somehow or other the old crowd has drifted apart, and I do not suppose we will ever again have one of the old-time camping-out expeditions that the members of the Saginaw crowd enjoyed so well.

W. B. MERSHON.

SAGINAW, Mich., May 5.

NEW ENGLAND WATERS.

New Hampshire Fishing.

HUDSON CENTER, May 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in an article over the signature of Hackle a statement that the open season for moose and caribou is from Sept 15 to Dec. 15. This is a mistake. They are protected in New Hampshire until Sept. 15, 1901.

The fishermen are having grand sport at New Found Lake with the salmon. I was at Dr. Fowler's cottage on the 2d and was quite interested in looking over a record of their catch for the last three years. In 1895, from April 24 to May 2 thirty-three salmon and one lake trout were taken; in 1896, during the same time, twenty-one salmon and three lake trout; in 1897 for the same time, thirty-five salmon. These fish were caught by Gen. Paul Lang, Col. Frank Noyes and Dr. Fowler. Three better fishermen it would be hard to find. It must be remembered that there are several other camps all having different degrees of success, also that the best part of the season both with salmon and lake trout is after May 2.

At Winnepesaukee they are having a good catch of lake trout and shad-waiters. I have heard of but one salmon being caught there, an 11lb. one. Mr. O. H. Daniels, of Laconia, tells me that no better catches have ever been made in Winnisquam Bay of whitefish and lake trout. I get reports of fair catches of brook trout from different sections of the State.

N. WENTWORTH.

Massachusetts and Maine and New Hampshire.

BOSTON, May 10.—Moosehead is clear; fishermen are off, and prospects are excellent. The Rangeleys are clearing. Richardson is clear. Mooselucmaguntic is clearing. Rangeley will be clear by Thursday.

May 8.—Some fishing is being done in the coves around Rangeley Lake, where the water is open, and some trout are being taken, but no large fish. A few Boston fishermen have already gone for this early fishing. Mr. Morse has gone to Rangeley. He will try the cove fishing. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Stevens have gone to Rangeley. It will be remembered that Mr. Stevens broke the record on landlocked salmon there last year. He took two salmon on May 6 weighing 5½ and 7½lbs., and on the 16th a salmon that weighed 7½lbs. F. C. Belcher and Mrs. Belcher have gone to Rangely. Mr. Belcher is owner of the beautiful camps at Mingo Point. Mr. C. D. Lyford will go to the Rangeleys immediately on receipt of the news that the ice is out.

Salmon fishing at Bangor is not turning out well this year, or was not at last reports Mr. Archibald Mitchell with a friend from Scotland are just back from trying the pool at Bangor a week. They fished faithfully every day, but took only a salmon apiece. Mr. Mitchell's weighed 17lbs., a large one for that pool. Mr. Mitchell says that there was but one other salmon caught during their stay. He is the owner of a salmon pool at the Restigouche, where he will fish later. He had great luck there last year. Mr. D. H. Blanchard and his friend, Mr. Keeler, are already planning for Mr. Blanchard's salmon river, earlier this year than usual.

The landlocked salmon fishermen are much interested. R. O. Harding, E. E Wakefield, Jr, and Edward Brooks left Friday evening for Dan Hole Pond, Ossipee, N. H. They are to be met at the pond by Commissioners Wentworth and Hughes. Mr. Thomas Dickson is also expected to join the party for a day. Mr. Dickson writes Mr. Harding of great fishing at Winnipesaukee last week. He took five lake trout, weighing respectively 9, 7, 6, 5 and 4lbs. Good sport has been had at Newfound Lake the past week. Lake Webb, formerly Weld Pond, Maine, has been open for a week, and good luck with salmon and trout has resulted. A big catch was made there at first; fifty salmon and trout on Saturday, eight on Sunday, and forty on Monday. Mr. John Decker and party were the more lucky fishermen. Mr. Wilder K. Chase, of Pine Point Camps at that lake, sends F. E. Boothby a drawing of three of these fish. One is a brook trout weighing 4½lbs., the second a salmon of 4¼lbs., the third a brook trout of 5½lbs. This drawing has been on display in the window of the Washington street office of the Boston & Maine and Maine Central railways the past three days, and has drawn a crowd. Mr. Q. A Atwood and his friend Gen. Es Boss have gone to Sebec Lake, Maine, for salmon fishing.

Mr. Henry C. Litchfield, with Dame, Stodard and Kendall, received a letter on Thursday from Col. C B. Hazeltine, saying that the ice is out of Swan Lake, near Belfast, Me, and that as usual, Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley is taking trout there. At the time the letter was written he had taken a salmon of 8½lbs., a trout of 7½lbs., and other trout down to 3lbs. It will be remembered that these are the celebrated Swan Lake brook trout (those who think they know better need not smile at such a name) brought to light only a few years ago by Mr. Stanley and Mr. Hazeltine. They are perfect *salmo fontinalis*, only that they are in that lake; hard to get, and of a remarkable size and most beautiful coloring. Mr. Hazeltine suggests to Mr. Litchfield to come at once, but business prevents. Col. C. A. Hopkins is off for Grand Lake Stream. The ice left Grand Lake May 3. On Monday Mr. W. L Underwood was off for the Duck Lake camps in that region. His brother, H. O. Underwood, is treasurer of the Duck Lake Club. This club will be off for the Shoodics in a few days.

Landlocked salmon fishing at Lake Auburn, Me., has been proving uncertain this season. Several fine trout and salmon were taken there on Friday. The better weather has improved the fishing a good deal. The fishing season at Wilson Lake, Wilton, Me., opened on Tuesday with a catch of fifteen salmon, some of them very large. This lake is new to the general run of sportsmen, having been stocked for some years, but largely fished by local sportsmen. A late report says that Mr. John Duke, of Rumford Falls, has just returned from Lake Webb, where he caught twenty-six salmon, the string weighing over 40lbs.

SPECIAL.

"WHEN THE ICE GOES OUT."

Three Days with the Landlocked Salmon at Sebago.

"THERE goes the telephone! Hello! What is it?"

"The ice went out of the Sebago yesterday. Be ready to start at 8:45 to-morrow morning."

And so Monday morning we four met at the Union Depot. Anticipation for days had at last been satisfied. One dry goods man and three doctors tumbled ulsters, and fish boxes and rod cases and rubber overcoats and grips into as many seats, and then took the first long breath of leisure in many a day.

Sebago Lake is a nearly oval sheet of water, about twelve miles long, and sixteen miles north of the city of Portland, Me. One of the most sinuous rivers, the Songo—most charmingly sung by the poet Longfellow—connects it with its tributaries, Brandy Pond and Long Pond, further north. The series of lakes, with their various feeders, stretch out over a length of some fifty miles, survivals of the glacier that once covered our entire State. From out of the southern end of Sebago flows a broad, deep river, the Presumpscott, that supplies the motive power for the paper and cotton mills of Westbrook. Some twenty-five years ago Portland utilized the lake for its water supply. Few cities in the world are able to boast of purer water or one of more lavish abundance.

But with its attractions of scenery and utility, the lake has special charms for the angler. Brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) are caught in it, often of large size, and bass at certain seasons of the year. But Sebago is also the home of a true landlocked salmon, which long ago Agassiz studied and decided to be a species indigenous to these waters. He therefore gave it the name of *Salmo sebaginensis*. Because of peculiar conditions of habit and food supply, it is a difficult fish to catch; but once hooked, it fights hard enough to satisfy the heart of the most fastidious sportsman.

The hour's run to Mattocks was unnoticed in the gabble of fish talk. Drawn up to the platform of the station, the mountain wagon, which served the purpose of the daily stage to Naples, awaited us. Loading it up with paraphernalia enough for a month's camping, we stowed ourselves in and were off. The crisp April morning was bright with sunshine, though it needed no telling that all the winter's snow was not yet gone from the White Mountains, 'way off to the northwest. Through the little village of Mattocks, that unfortunate memento of the gentleman farmer, we swung along over a fairly good road. Here and there were mud holes, of course, for every roadside gully was full of snow water, and the snow itself still lay in patches among the trees and along the fences.

At Fitch's, Charley suggested that we put in for a supply of crackers and cheese, and these, with a bunch of bananas, were dealt out from the back seat to those ahead whose cigars had finally given out. Just beyond Sandy Beach, some six or eight miles from the station, Stillman met us with an open wagon and a spike team of three horses. After two hours of rattling over dry ground and floundering through mud we drew rein at Meserve's, our destination, at the mouth of the Songo.

Through the care of Charley, arrangements had been made for our use of Frank's own camp, and specially fortunate were we that we could get it. Ranged along this shore of the lake are some five or six little cottages. At the head of the line is a more pretentious house of two stories. Here mine host Meserve feeds his guests, the fisherman and guides, and lodges as many as his upper story can accommodate. "Roomers and mealers" is the proper vernacular. In one of the smaller cottages he lives through the entire year, and this, his proper home, he had resigned to us. A story high, with a single main room and an extension, fitted with bunks for the guides and bedsteads for the "sports," it was just about big enough to swing a cat in, with respect, of course, for the size of the cat. Small though it be, it is an ideal fisherman's camp, and we went to housekeeping at once.

And now a word in passing about this ice business. The season *par excellence* for salmon fishing at Sebago is the last of April, "when the ice goes out." The natural food here for the salmon is the smelt. During the winter both lie out in deep water. But immediately after the ice leaves the lake the smelt run in up the Songo to spawn. The salmon follow them from deep water, and feed upon the smelt along the northern shore of the Lake and around the mouth of the Songo. Curiously enough, for a few days immediately after this exodus, salmon will accept a troll of natural or artificial smelt along this shore. But after this time the daily catch grows smaller, until in the latter part of May and the first of June, when the smelt return to the deep water of the lake. Then for a few days also, salmon will take the bait, but these two periods comprise the year's fishing. Very rarely are the salmon ever taken at any other season of the year, or at any other part of these waters. So that after this explanation one can understand why the time to go a-fishing at Sebago is "when the ice goes out," and happy is he who can suit his needs for the occasion.

Our long ride had furnished good sauce for a hearty dinner, when our guides met us, and we discussed the situation. As we looked out seaward from the shore, the prospect of fishing was decidedly unfavorable. The main lake, as far as the eye could reach, was leaping in freedom from its fetters of ice. The strong south wind which has prevailed during several days had done its work well, so far as that greater part was concerned. But, unwisely for us, it had driven a mass of ice a half mile wide or so down upon our shore. And here we were shut off from the fishing grounds outside it by this grinding, crunching floe of dirty black material, too weak to bear the weight of a boat and showing no clear lanes for passage. There was nothing to do but to wait patiently for the power of the north wind to drive away the barrier for us.

Slow dragged the hours of that afternoon. We chanted in antiphony "Thou art so near, and yet so far," and tormented the lives of every would-be weather prophet in the neighborhood. One of the party was somewhat fainted as to the chances of successful fishing, ice or no ice. For had

he not, in times gone by, in vain spent days and dollars to get sight, even of one of these much lauded fish. "Wa'al," quoth John Plummer, "just come over to the cook house and praps you'll change your mind." Up we stalked in solemn single file, bent 'neath the low lintel, and there in the gloom in all its own magnificence lay a monster salmon! It had been taken the day before by a gentleman who had never previously caught one, and, as it afterward proved, it was his only fish. "Thirty inches long, 9in. broad and weighs 16lbs. 4oz.," says the owner. Such an introduction was satisfactory to all doubters! Congratulations poured in from all, with an occasional aside of, "fisherman's luck! the greenhorn always gets the best fish." So back we meandered to our own quarters, not exactly envious, you know, but with an air of dubious introspection.

How we did watch the weather-vane that swung upon the next cottage! That yellow fish vacillated from south to west, occasionally trifling with points of the compass further northward. Six o'clock came, and—glory be to Peter, the patron saint of all true anglers—it was steady at due north. But at that hour it needed no weather-vane to proclaim the change. After supper we began to fill up the stove with good, hard wood and pull on extra coats, for the freezing wind was roaring through every cranny and out of doors nipped noses and fingers as if it was the depth of winter. Frank looked in upon us just before we turned in. Fat and Jolly, his pipes wheezing with a horrid cold, he lightened the gloom of our spirits with a cheery "Good night, don't worry, Doc, there won't be a morsel of this ice here to-morrow mornin'."

We had not been together long enough as yet to establish that happy state of true comradery, which is the mark of all true fisherfolk. But in one thing we were entirely harmonious—the necessity of going to bed, "all standing," as the sailors say, if we expected to live till morning. It was confoundedly cold! The thickest of winter underclothing and stockings, and possibly a pair of trousers besides, were adopted as the fit robe of night, and we were none too warm at that. No pajamas for us, if you please! Once or twice during the night the pain of an almost frozen nose awoke me to make another grab for the thick comfortables, which I feared my bed-fellow was absorbing too generously.

At last a doleful howl from John in the front room awoke me. It was bright day again. The sun shone clear into the house, and the wind was piping merrily outside. "Too bad. Just our luck. There's that plaguy ice just where it was last night. No fishing for us to-day!" We all groaned in chorus, but as I was nearest the window on the lake side of the house, I mustered up courage for a look myself. Lo, not a vestige of our *bête noir* of the day before was there. The lake was as free from ice as it is in August. And this was only one of John Plummer's little jokes!

Off we started at half-past 6. Nansen, on his sledge journey, didn't begin to wear as many garments as we did. Never, in all my experience with Maine winters, did I feel the cold as I did during that morning's fishing. I simply could not keep warm nor even comfortably cold. Every drop of spray turned to ice; icicles hung to the oars; the lines iced up so that they would not slip through the guides of the rods. Our several boats cruised up and down half a mile or so parallel with the shore. Each used two rods, trolling from 150 to 200ft. of line, with an Archer spinner or blue-backed phantom for bait. The only relief from the biting wind was when we turned southward toward the sun, then Sumner, my guide, would improve the opportunity in trying to pound a little feeling into his stinging hands.

After an hour of teeth-chattering and no salmon I decided that I, at least, knew when I had enough. It seemed hours before we got ashore, and it was noon before I was decently warmed through. Charley had the only luck that morning, sticking to it until 11 o'clock, and being rewarded for his pains, or better, freezing, by two fish: one of 8lbs., and one 13lbs.

While we sat around the fire in the "settin' room" that night he told us how he managed to keep out so long: "The secret lies in being properly clothed. I had on, first, two pairs of extra heavy winter flannel shirts, and two pairs of drawers. Next, vest and two pairs of trousers. Then a heavy sweater; outside this a double wool-lined canvas shooting jacket, and over all a thick ulster."

"My body wasn't cold, but my feet were," says Bert.

"Oh, I looked out for that. I put on two pairs of hand-knit wool socks, and my arctics over my shoes. Then I tied my hat down with a big handkerchief and wrapped up my knees in a double pair of wool blankets. Lucky we didn't capsize—I should have gone straight to the bottom."

Neither Bert nor George caught anything that day, but after dinner I tempted Providence and the fish again and got a beauty of 8lbs. It was a female, long, slender, her sides burnished silver, set off with the peculiar black spots along the head and back. None can study such a creation without acknowledging that the salmon is the king of our Northern waters.

How Charley's eyes blazed as he lived over again the capture of his big fish. During the morning he found that the only way he could keep his line serviceable was by retrieving that part which lay on the surface of the water, breaking off the ice which would form upon it, and then paying out again. Just after one of these performances he had a good strike. He reeled in up to the ice which had reformed upon the line, but all attempts to make the rest of the line render were useless. The fish was then allowed to play until Charley could reach up and break off the ice collection. Then the reeling began again, when another difficulty appeared. This time it was the reel. Though a new one, the internal machinery had broken down, and, though Charley was grinding the crank vigorously, the salmon was slowly and surely getting further away. Quickly throwing the rod down into the boat he retrieved the line hand over hand with mittens on. This was not a perfect success, for while at times Charley had the fish, at other times the fish had Charley. Meantime the strong wind had driven the boat a mile or so out into the lake. He had the good fortune to have an accomplished guide, Mr. Oliver, the fish warden of the lake, who, by the way, is making a good impression upon both sportsmen and natives by his manly, common-sense interpretation of his official duties. "Don't give him up," yelled Oliver, "we'll hang to him, if he carries us to the foot of the pond."

After struggling for an hour, the salmon was brought near enough to net. The net was a new one that had become well frozen while lying unused in the boat. After making it serviceable by wringing off the ice, the guide slipped it under the fish at the first trial. But the instant the salmon felt the touch of the cord, to the dismay of both Charly and the guide, there was mad break through the net, leaving nothing but a few bloody strands hanging to the ring. "We must gaff him," cries Oliver; but there was no gaff in the boat. "Then I'll try to get my fingers into his gills." From an experience gained by long service as fish-keeper in the Sebago Fish Hatchery, he reached his arm full length into the water, thrust his fingers into the fish's gills, and with a mighty heave landed him into the boat. With less adroit handling or a single false movement, the salmon would certainly have been lost. A long, hard pull was necessary before the landing was reached, but it was a grand fight, and the fish was worth it.

Wednesday morning illustrated another of the phases of our fickle April weather. During the night the wind had shifted back again to the South. Along the edges of the shore half an inch of ice had formed, and at the first of the fishing the cold was nearly as intense as during the day before. But as the forenoon lengthened the sun grew hotter. Boats began to thicken as more and more fishermen came out. Backwards and forwards across the bar the long lines trailed, and strikes became frequent. The day was a perfect one for sport, and it was found that more than forty salmon, some quite large, had been taken during it. It was my good fortune to capture the third largest fish taken up to that night. In the morning I got one 4-pounder on a silver phantom; but during the afternoon, while others around me were successful, I was not. We hated to give up beaten, so Sumner and I stayed out until almost every other boat had gone in. It was growing dusk, but Sumner, faithful fellow, said, "Let's swing round once more," and at the last turn we got him. I knew it was a large one, and when I reeled him up to the net and saw the great greenish sides swinging up through the clear water, I felt that I had not lived in vain! Even Sumner's wonted placidness was ruffled, as he said, "Just 11lbs., and a beauty." And now his portrait in colors hangs above me, to remind me that "all things come to him who waits."

It had been a great fish day. Each of our party had taken at least one, and many of the other fishermen were jubilant over good catches. So, naturally, the post prandial talk was upon the general subject of landlocked salmon. Their habits and of course their weight were discussed. Each member of the quartette furnished his quota to the common stock of knowledge, and capped the last story by one a "leetle" bigger. By and by the door opened, and Levi came in with Charley, who had been on a rampage among the other camps, to hear them "swap lies," as he mildly put it. Levi is one of the veterans of this region. Years before the present game laws were heard of he had taken salmon out of the lake and river by every device then known. At night, under the glare of the pitch pine knot, he had speared them; he had shot them with his rifle as they lay upon the spawning beds; and nowadays, under the restrictions of the warden, his lines are trolled in surely pleasant places, for his good luck is proverbial. So, of course, he was at once accosted with "How big a salmon did you ever see?"

Slowly and in silence he drew up his chair by the stove, filled his corn-cob afresh, and scratched a match upon the leg of his trousers. How many times every one has witnessed that process! First the match is split off from the card, scrutinized carefully to find the sulphur end, drawn with two or three short strokes up and down the nether garment, and with the last stroke lengthened out to the arm's length, held up until the brimstone burns off. Then well afire and already half consumed, it is laid carefully upon the tobacco, a few deep puffs—and another soul is content with the charmed weed. Still silent, Levi took his pipe from his mouth, worked his jaws up and down several times to see if they were acting well, and like Ulysses before his hearers, "thus began."

"O' course, I've seed bigger fish than I ever hefted. Up in the weir we often find 'em better than 25lbs. But years ago I 'member one spring comin' down the river in the canoe. I see a big splashin' jest below the head of a rip. At fust I didn't sense what it was. I runs the canoe up ashore and runs down the bank opposite, and seen it was a big black spot aground in the shallow. The water war 'bout 2ft. deep, and the critter's back was stickin' out all of 1ft., an' he war thrashin' round with his tail tremenjus. I run back to the canoe for my spear, which I happen' to have with me. It had a middlin'-sized handle, 'bout as big as my arm, and I runs up and let him have it, as hard as I could drive, right onto his back. Next I knowed I was flat onto my back in the mud, the handle of the spear all busted to pieces and the iron bent double. I never hurt the feller a might, and he tore off up the rip inter deep water. He was shot the next day, and so I knowed jest how much he weighed."

"How much was it, Levi?"

"Waal, we didn't have nothin' to weigh him there, so we took him up to the Lock and put him on the scales, and he weighed jest 50lbs."

What a yell went up from the audience, and how the voice of George triumphed above all others, "I believe it, I believe it!"

Thursday was another hot day. What a contrast in forty-eight hours! Up to noon the lake was unruffled silver. Not even the softest breath of a summer's zephyr stirred its glassy surface. The sun burned our faces and blistered our noses, as it was reflected from the water. With such conditions of sky and river, few fish were taken, though just at noon, during a temporary roughening of the water, two fish rewarded our patience. But our furlough was over. After dinner came that saddest and happiest hour for the true disciple of Walton, when the rods are unjointed, the fish packed to carry out, and boiled shirts are necessary for the conventionalities of a more fastidious civilization. Our guides rowed us across the lake to Sandy Beach, where we met the afternoon stage for the station.

On the road we met a party of natives, one of whom was carrying under his arm a bundle, from out of whose wrappings protruded the head and tail of a large salmon.

"Where did you get him?"

"At the mouth of Northwest River, this morning, on a live bait."

"How much does he weigh?"

"Fourteen pounds and a half; and it took an hour to land him."

It was a fitting ending to a most successful trip. And when next day our fish were displayed in the city, one of their admirers voiced the general opinion, "the finest lot of Sebago salmon ever shown here in one collection."

Stanley P. Warren.

Portland.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Switch Cast.

Soon after the fly-casting tournament at Madison Square Garden in March, I received the following letter from a gentleman in Easton, Pa., and promised to reply to it, but have not been able to do so until now:

"Will you pardon my writing to you on the ground of a slight provocation, occasioned by a circumstance foreign to yourself.

"The fact is I traveled all the way from this place on March 18, to Madison Square Garden, in order to witness switch casting, something I had never seen, but had heard of, only to find when I ranged myself alongside of the tank that the event had been postponed, on account of the class not filling. The request I have to make is that you kindly describe as well as you can, how the cast is made, and in a public event what is barred. That is, what do you have to do, and not do, in order to keep within the lines where switch casting begins and ends. I have read a description of switch casting; but it does not seem possible that with some 70ft. of line lying in the water in front of you, that by simply describing a circle with the tip of the rod while over your head, and then threshing it forward and downward, the line is going to pick itself up and go rolling onward to a distance of 100ft. or more."

The best description I ever heard of a switch, or spey cast, as it is more generally called in Great Britain, probably because it originated on the river Spey in Scotland, was in *Land and Water* (I think) many years ago, and written by Geo. M. Kelson; but it had with it diagrams enough to illustrate a book of considerable proportions, and it seems like a formidable undertaking to even attempt to describe the cast without a single diagram of some sort or other. The cast is more easily made on a stream with sufficient current to produce a drag on the line. I know of but one or two printed descriptions of the cast, and the latest and simplest is by Mr. Marston, in a book which was issued last year, but it has the inevitable diagram, and does not make the cast much, if any, clearer to the comprehension than the description my correspondent gives, and perhaps I may not succeed any better. The angler stands on the bank of a stream with his line in the water extending down stream. The first movement is to lift the line to the surface of the water. This may be done by the time the rod points upward at an angle of 45°. The motion of the rod is continued upward, but quickly when the line is clear of the water, and to the right, the point of the rod stopping over and a little back of the angler's head. The idea of this part of the motion is to draw the line toward the caster and a little to his right in the form of a loop, without lifting the fly from the water. If the motion is properly made when the point of the rod is over and back of the angler's head the line has bellied, forming a loop like the curve of a letter D at the right of the angler's position, and the fly is still on the water in front of him. The motion is now continued by the rod tip making the straight line of the D downward with force, imparting impetus to the line, which rolls it out on the water in the direction in which the rod is pointed. The line is lifted from the water, not as in the recovery for a back cast, but with force simply to form the loop, while the fly remains on the water. The quick, sharp motion of the rod tip forward and downward gives a forward movement to the line nearest to the rod tip, and this naturally is communicated along the whole length of the line, and it is impelled forward in one long, continuous roll. You must have loop enough to feel the "pull" of the line when you make the sharp forward movement with the rod, and the momentum then given to the line constitutes the switch cast, as nearly as I can describe it in words.

The first switch cast I ever made was with a rope, and I did not know it was a switch cast at the time; but I believe I can do it better now with a rope than I can do it with a rod. A boyish pastime was to draw a rope on the grass until it was nearly extended, then pull up a little slack (the loop of the switch cast), and with a rotary motion of the slack impart momentum to the rope that extended clear to the end in undulating curves, finishing with a crack at the end if it was well done.

The one thing you may not do in switch casting is to throw your fly behind you. At the tournament in the contests for switch casting a screen of canvas was erected a few feet behind the caster, so he could not throw his fly back of it even had he wished to do so. Otherwise the contests for switch casting are not unlike overhead casting.

American Fisheries' Society.

President Whitaker, of the American Fisheries' Society, recently appointed a committee of prominent gentlemen in Detroit to arrange a programme of entertainment when the Society meets in that city, June 17, 18 and 19. One feature proposed is to have a fly-casting tournament at Belle Isle, and a sub-committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements with the Park Board. President Whitaker is doing everything in his power to make the twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Society a notable one. I received a letter from him this morning in which he says in part: "I think I can assure you of the success of the social features of the coming meeting now. I have appointed the sub-committees on entertainment, etc., and as soon as they have definitely settled on their programme we will inform you. * * * We expect a large attendance from the Lake States, and I hope the Eastern members will be well represented. We hope to have some of the scientific men of the Middle West with us; men who have been interested actively in investigations connected with fish and fishculture. * * * We shall give you a good time socially after the work is done, and hope to show you something of what the officer in charge of the Spanish caravals saw fit to call the rival of the Mediterranean when he was on his way up the lakes bound to Chicago with his charges."

The meetings of the Society have generally been held in the East—New York, Washington or Philadelphia—in years past, but a considerable portion of the membership comes from the West and Middle West, and the Detroit meeting promises to be one that no member, no matter where he lives, can afford to miss. When the Western people set out

to accomplish an object they generally do it in such a manner as to make glad the hearts of those who are privileged to take part in it, no matter what it may be, and I know that Commissioner Whitaker intends that the coming meeting shall be a red-letter one in the annals of the American Fisheries Society.

Color of Trout Flesh.

Col. William L. Stone, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., in writing me concerning an article I prepared for the report of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commissioners of New York, says:

"I was much interested in your admirable article in the report, but will you allow me to ask one or two questions. When you speak of the red tinge given to the trout by living on crayfish, how will you account for this fact? That in both the Upper and Lower Beaver lakes (in the Adirondacks) the male trout (or *vice versa*, I do not remember which) is deeply marked with a deep red while the female is white. Certainly one sex does not feed on crayfish to the exclusion of the other; yet this is a fact and I know you would like to have us tell you about these things, hence this letter." I assume that Col. Stone refers to the color of the *flesh* of the trout, not the color of the skin, for it was about the flesh of the trout, not its skin, that I referred to as being affected by a diet, not of crayfish, but of other crustacea, *gammarus, daphnia* and *cyclops*. I know, as all fishermen must know, that at the breeding season the male trout are of a red tinge outwardly, and the female are white on the body; but why the flesh of one sex should be red and the other white I cannot understand, as this is the first time that I have heard anything of the kind. The flesh of different trout in the same pond will vary greatly in color, from white to salmon color or deep red, but this is accounted for by the food—the more crustacean food the more coloring matter, and the deeper-colored the flesh. The more I think over Col. Stone's letter the more I am inclined to believe he refers to external coloring, and not to the flesh of the fish, for it scarcely seems probable that all female trout should have flesh of one color and all male trout flesh of another color; but external color in the sexes is quite a different matter, and not a matter of absorbing pigment from a diet of crustaceans.

"When the Ice Goes Out."

As I have had occasion to remark annually for a number of years, the fishing season in a region in northern New York seems to depend, in a measure, upon the time when the ice goes out of Lake George. (In April an Albany newspaper stated that the ice in Lake George would probably *sink* in a few days.) The season is early or late, depending upon the time when the ice disappears. The interest in this event is more than local, for the fishermen who visit the lake for the fishing come from various parts of the State and from other States.

Great is the preparation for the first day of May, when the fishing season opens legally, and whether the trout will be "up" or "down" is a momentous question. This year the ice went out on the 13th, five days earlier than last year, and the information was sent far and wide. The first day of May was an ideal day for trout trolling, as the lake was still and the air fairly warm. There are a few fishermen who try to think that the lake trout in this lake have diminished in numbers until the fishing is very poor, but that is because their thinking machinery is in need of repairs. When the season opened this year the trout were seen "boiling" at the surface in every direction. It is true that the big catches of a few years ago, when any one who put out a troll got trout, are not as common as formerly; but the trout are there, for all that. Two years ago it was said that the fishing was poor in the lake. I was there with Harry Brown, of the New York *Herald*, and Ed. Mott, the Old Settler of the New York *Sun*, and we saw enough trout at the surface to load a train of cars; but few of them, comparatively, would take a bait. My first fish weighed 13lbs., and was a "hoodoo," for the next went down to 7lbs. We were not fishing for market or to have the fish photographed, and so got all the trout we wanted. The trouble was, and is, that the lake is full of food, and the trout have no trouble to fill their stomachs without taking in many bait-fish loaded with hooks. The lake fairly swarms with whitefish, and they are not netted, and so increase beyond the fondest dream of the whitefish breeder, and it makes Lake George a fine body of water in which to plant the various species of *Salmonidæ*

Two carloads of yearling ouananiche have been planted, and another carload will be planted next fall; and when grown to adult size they will find food awaiting them in abundance. Forty-two adult Sunapee saibling or golden trout were planted by the State in the lake last year, and young whitefish will prove a delicacy for them.

On the opening day two men caught 75lbs. of trout, and three of the fish weighed 15, 13 and 12lbs., respectively. The veteran Capt. Elias Harris, of the steamer Horican, and Mr. E. R. Willerton, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent of the D & H. R. R., caught five trout weighing 31lbs., and other good scores were made from one end of the lake to the other. The trout are fast enough if the fishermen can only catch them.

As an old railroad conductor said, "railroading and fishing is a very particular business." One year fishing in Lake George with my old friend Judge Ranger, he caught ten trout weighing 67lbs., and I caught five trout weighing 30½lbs. We were there about a week. Two friends who fished near us did not get a strike in ten days' fishing.

Another year there were four in our party at Ranger Island for about ten days. On what proved to be the best day of the entire time I did not fish, and at night was jeered most energetically for not going out, and thus missing the best day in years. On that day (the only day he fished) Billy Ranger caught four trout weighing 35lbs. The next day was raw, cold and windy, and I had to listen to what had been done on the day before. At the end of our stay Judge Ranger had caught fifteen trout of 60lbs., Mitchell fifteen trout of 71lbs., and I had caught fourteen trout of 73lbs., in spite of missing the best day. If it were not for the uncertainties of fishing it would lose much of its charm.

I have a note from the Sunapee Lake fishing. Snowdrifts 4ft. deep in the woods on the 1st, but the first ouananiche was caught on that day from a wharf, and weighed 8lbs.

Fly Fishers.

At the annual dinner of the Fly Fisher's Club, London, Mr. Basil Field, the retiring President, who retired upon the election of Mr. R. B. Marston to the chair, told in his speech about joining the Club: "I had been given to understand that the Club consisted exclusively of a body of experts, each and every one of whom could at will—when kneeling, sitting or even lying prostrate beneath the pendent and interlacing branches of a weeping willow tree, we will say—cast a fly in the teeth of a hurricane and place it lightly, and delicately cocked, in the circumference of a wine-glass at any given spot within a range of from 30 to 40 yards. This, in the privacy of self confession, I was constrained to admit, was rather beyond my form. But if I could not shine among the lights I could at least keep dark. I could, I thought, keep my ears open to the words, and my mouth shut to the words of folly, and thus pass muster without detection, so I joined the Club." Mr. Field was soon in trouble, for he confesses that although information flowed in a large stream within the Club that the past master of the art of fly-fishing gave advice that differed diametrically, and he was at sea as to which professor to follow. Then he found that the leading lights were not so narrow and bigoted as he had been led to suppose, for one of the masters admitted that he had seen a man fishing with two dry flies at one time and had not thrown the man into the river. The mention of this heresy within the orthodox walls of the Fly Fishers' Club came as a sweet balm to his senses and he breathed more freely. But it was not until the close of the season last year "that the perfect knowledge of the all-embracing sympathy of some of our typical dry-fly men for fishing in its lower and, as some purists might say, in its less legitimate forms, was vouchsafed to me." He wandered, on a peaceful afternoon, to the river, seeking his friends near the Old Town Mill House, but there was no sign of them until he heard a loud chorus of excited voices at the bathing pool behind the mill. "What could they be doing in that sacred spot, tabooed to us by general consent, and reserved for visitors only arriving by the evening train, too late to don brogue and wander further afield?

"I will tell you in confidence what I saw at that pool. I saw Southwest, of the *Field* newspaper (that is Major Carlisle), float-fishing for trout, with a live minnow for bait. He was, at the moment of my arrival, attempting, unsuccessfully I am glad to say, to land a lightly hooked and apparently undersized fish, acting under the confident, but contradictory, directions of an advisory committee, consisting of the angling editor of the *Field* newspaper (Mr. Senior); Detached Badger, of the *Field* newspaper (Frederic M. Halford, author of 'Dry-Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice,' 'Floating Flies and How to Dress Them,' and other works upon high class fly-fishing); Flycatcher, also a contributor to the *Field* newspaper, and a fourth gentleman, an ardent angler, but nevertheless not absolutely dissociated from *Truth*. All four of them, mark you, leading lights of the committee of the Fly-Fishers' Club! The moral is obvious. Should any visitor feel tempted to join our Club, let him be deterred by no idle fears that its members look with contempt on all fishing other than the flotation of fur and feathers on the surface of the water. Let him remember the object lesson of that peaceful afternoon. Let him take heart of grace and enter our brotherhood in perfect faith that, be he jurist or be he poacher, he will find kindred spirits in the fold."

Mr. Field's joke on the eminent fly-fishermen of the Fly-Fishers' Club was greeted with laughter and applause, as was to be expected; in fact, I laughed heartily over it in the cold type of the club's Annual. But, all joking aside, those who fish only with the fly (and I know a very few men who never would catch a fish if it could not be done with the fly) lose a lot of fun in this life. Any one who has ever fished with the fly will doubtless ever after prefer that method to bait-fishing; but that is no evidence that it does not require skill of no ordinary kind to be a successful bait-fisher for the species of fishes that are considered fly-fishes. There are times when fish will not rise to the fly and when they will take bait, and then it is a good thing to know how to use bait successfully. Most all fly-fishermen were first bait-fishermen, for that is the first step in the ladder by which a man mounts to become a finished angler. A man may discard bait fishing because, as he grows older, his time is limited and he prefers to occupy it in fly-fishing, and, therefore, selects the time and season where he can gratify his preference. I doubt if a country-bred man, who first began fishing perhaps with a cut pole on an alder-grown trout brook, where a fly of any sort would have no chance whatever, entirely loses his fondness for bait fishing, although he may gratify it only in retrospective fancy, but he never despises the days of small things and if it becomes necessary to use bait he knows how to do it to obtain the best results. Who has not heard some man declaiming that he never, never uses bait, that he catches all his fish with the fly? I am always suspicious that this man is not the genuine article, particularly when he declaims in a street car or other public place, and if I should meet him fishing and happened to be out of earth worms I would ask him for enough to bait a hook and expect to get them, if he had not exhausted his own supply, and was at all generous. The man who really fishes with nothing but the fly is as mum as an oyster about it, unless you dig into him with a corkscrew or something of that sort, for he does not proclaim it from the housetops, and as a rule he does not denounce other methods of fishing, for he is satisfied with his method and is willing that others should do as they like.

Fish Matters in Finland.

Mr. Alex. Hintze, publisher of the only angling and shooting journal in Finland, printed at Helsingfors, sends me a copy of the journal containing a colored plate of our rainbow trout. It may be a little strange, but with the exception only of the rainbow trout in colors in the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission report it is the best illustration of the rainbow trout I have seen. The shape, the markings and general characteristics are perfect, and the coloring is excellent as well, failing only in the band of color along the side, and this may have been lacking in the example the artist used for a model.

A. N. Cheney.

Stocking the St. Lawrence.

The Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River deposited 4,000,000 wall-eyed pike fry in the river last week. Clayton and Alexandria Bay were the points selected. The fry were from the Clayton hatchery.

Wisconsin Fishing.

Three Lakes, Wis., May 3.—The season is now open for fishing, which is good. The season is much earlier than last. All inquiries answered. F. R. French.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The "Forest and Stream" Sarsaparilla.

Chicago, Ill., May 8.—This week I was out in the country a little way on a brief railroad journey, and very beautiful the country seemed too, in its brave new coat of green. The trees are budding out and the grass is spreading a fine soft carpet and the waters are clearing up, in evidence of bass soon to follow the suckers on the run. On all hands lay displayed the testimonials of spring. If one needed further proof of the genuineness of the season, beyond even the balmy and consoling air, he might have found it in the many and variegated signs displayed on barns, fences and bulletin boards, advertising not only one but many "best medicines for the spring time"—as though in the spring one needed any medicine but spring itself Among these many boons to humanity emerging from hibernation were divers brands of sarsaparilla, each guaranteed to be the best and only remedy for ills of the flesh. Each of these was the best sarsaparilla on earth and the "best medicine for spring." Yet they did not in the entire list include the remedy of all others most to be depended upon for cure and comfort, that medicine prescribed by Forest and Stream these many years—the medicine of the open air. If my neighbor be sick let him go afishing, so shall he be whole again. Indeed, how can one escape the beckoning of the saving hand, this week of all weeks, the inaugural of May, when after many months of despair, life again begins to be worth the living. There are many fields, many streams, many green woods now wherein and in each of which may be found the herb counseled wisely in the practice of Forest and Stream, the one best medicine in spring. Doth it not now behoove all men to shake the bottle and to try a bit of the Forest and Stream sarsaparilla?

Waters Receding.

The present season has been one of extreme high water all over the West, and on that account the fishing will be far better this year than usual As soon as the streams have fallen to their usual levels the sport will be ready for the anglers, and even now the waters have receded so much that we should have good fishing in any one of a dozen streams near here within a week or so. provided that anglers would care to go out so early after bass. The spawning season is now on hand, and while the fishing is at that time always good, it is to be regretted that such undue advantage is sometimes taken of the fact. Thus at the old, fished-out, restricted water of Cedar Lake, right at the edge of Chicago, as one might say, there have been within the last week many heavy catches of bass made. One man was around this week boasting that he had caught over 200lbs. of bass in one day, and another said he had taken sixty bass at Cedar Lake in one day. To unthinking minds this seems like great sport, but not all anglers would care to put it so. River fishing is not so destructive to the spawning fish as that carried on over the visible spawning beds about the edges of the lakes, where the bass come in out of the deep water to spawn.

Fox River will be a good stream this year, and it is now only slightly too high to offer sport, though I think the big run of fish has now about passed on up

The Kankakee this spring is all out over the marsh, and the local fishermen predict a great lot of bass for this summer.

Fishing for bass will not be legal in Wisconsin until May 25, and by that time it should be especially good this year in the lower part of that State.

Out in Iowa the anglers are again jubilant over the prospect of a little fishing in streams which were once good, but which have been ruined in the times of low water. The old Skunk River has been on a rampage this spring, and already the result begins to be visible. Out on the high prairie near Mitchellville, in Jasper county, along a little creek which crosses the cornfields some half dozen miles from the river, and which would seem to be only a little trickle of water from the tide ditches, the farmers have been finding bullheads by hundreds. In some places the creek has fallen so rapidly as to cut off the bullheads and leave them stranded fairly out in the middle of the cornfields, on what in ordinary years is high, dry ground. If the water in Skunk River continues high enough to foil the efforts of the dynamite fiends, there will be hook and line fishing of good sort before long. Some years ago this once famous stream became very low, breaking up into a series of pools. Coal miners and others dynamited it for miles, and destroyed nearly all the fish in it, aggregating many tons. This ruined the stream, of course, but it is possible that it may now regain a trifle of its prestige.

Mr. Robt. Ainsley, of Westville, Ind., called at this office this week, and says that the fishing near that point will be fine this year, and that the bass are already biting. I mentioned last summer the peculiar and interesting features of the region around Westville, which is full of lakes and streams where bass grow big, and which has other things to make it pleasant beside the mere amount of fish one can take. I got wind last summer of a certain preserved trout stream, and it troubles me when I think of the havoc those trout may now be making with the native fish and insects; a havoc which none the less might be mitigated could I prevail upon a certain gentleman to enlist my aid, which I promise him gladly.

Fish at the Tennessee Exposition.

Everyone remembers the famous Fisheries building at the World's Fair, and the part which the Forest and Stream played in adding to its attractions. Now we are having another fair, down in Tennessee, and it seems there is a good fisheries exhibit there also. Some 18,000 gallons of sea water have been shipped in for this work, and there are two long rows of aquaria in a fine large grotto. The Fish Commission will show there, as at the World's Fair, models of fishing craft and miniature fish hatcheries. The native fishes will have a good showing, and in all there should be yet another of those extended object lessons, which serve to show the people the interest and value of the fish they own.

What the Value Is.

What the value of the fish product of a State may be can be witnessed by the statement of the veteran fishculturist, S. P. Bartlett, who is welcomed back on the Illinois State Fish Commission by many friends who knew him in the past during his incumbency on that board. Mr. Bartlett, in a recently published press dispatch, stated that he considers the annual catch of food fish on the Illinois River alone (one stream among many others), to amount to $1,000,000. This is equal to one-sixth of the value of the entire cattle industry of the State.

This week there was a case of drowning in one of the lakes

in a Chicago park, and the police force resorted yesterday to the questionable but time-honored expedient of exploding dynamite in the attempt to raise the body. The body of the victim, a boy who had been for some days missing, was not discovered, but many hundreds of pounds of perch and carp were destroyed by the explosions. The fish were taken home by the policemen; and now comes out an assertion that the latter used the dynamite with the purpose of killing the fish.

Interesting Fly-Tying Device.

Mr. L. H. McMahan, a newspaper man of Salem, Oregon, was in Chicago this past week on his way East, and called at the FOREST AND STREAM office in company with Mr. H. L. Stanton, of this city. Mr. McMahan has invented a curious and useful little device for the purpose of attaching artificial flies to the leader in a simple and speedy fashion. This is composed of nothing more than a little ring of fine wire built like a key ring, so that the loop of a leader can be slipped into it at once, just as one puts a key on a ring. This is made very fine and delicate, and is not so thick and not much heavier than a gut loop. It is wrapped on to the leader at just the places the gut loops would come, and the leader thus dressed is no more conspicuous, and perhaps not so much so as when tied in the ordinary way, nor does the wire show more in the water than a loop of gut. The anglers of Salem have used this device—which is now a patented one—and they claim that it makes casting easier and more effective, while as to the tying on of flies, it is nothing short of a boon. It obviates all tight knots and vexatious delays on that account. The snell can never by any possibility become fouled, and the fly thus attached to the leader always hangs straight down, with less tendency to foul the cast. The rapidity with which a fly can be changed, even in the darkest night, is the chief recommendation of this device. It may be seen on the market at some later day, though as yet the inventor has not put it to any use other than that of promoting morality and quiet in the ranks of anglerdom on the Coast. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

ICE FISHING IN TROUT WATERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In his letter published in your issue of May 8, Mr. A. N. Cheney refers to the fact that several fine trout had been caught through the ice at the Giant's Wash Bowl in the town of Keene, under section 104 of the game law, which as it now stands limits the prohibition against taking any fish through the ice in waters inhabited by trout to the close season only.

For two or three years prior to 1895, the first clause of section 104 read as follows: "No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed through the ice in any waters inhabited by trout, salmon trout or landlocked salmon."

And when the fish and game law as redrawn was submitted to the Senate in the session of 1895, it contained the same clause without change, but when it came out of the hands of the Assembly Committee on fish and game there had been added to it the words, "during the close season for the taking of such fish," so that the first clause of section 104 now reads as follows: "No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed through the ice in any waters inhabited by trout, salmon trout or landlocked salmon during the closed season for the taking of such fish."

This is one of the many instances where the law has been amended in committee for the benefit of some particular locality or in the interest of certain individuals or clubs.

This change is the more to be deplored because the provisions against fishing through the ice was originally put in the law and retained in the revision for the express purpose of preventing the taking of fish at any time through the ice where the waters were inhabited by any of the fish specified in this section.

I can give one or two instances to show the necessity of absolute prohibition against fishing through the ice at any time in waters inhabited by trout and its kindred fish.

Balsam Lake, which is known to many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, is situated on the south side of and at the foot of Balsam Mountain in the Catskill region, and is about 2,400ft. above tide water and is frequently ice bound until in the month of May. Early in the '70s this lake came into my possession and I was then told by two or three persons whose statements I had no reason to doubt, that at some time between 1850 and 1860 they had visited this lake about the middle of April and had taken out through the ice and carted off two barrels full of trout, and that a large proportion of these fish were taken with little hand-nets where the fish came to the surface where holes were cut in the ice. It is not at all incredible that this number of fish should have been taken at that time for the lake had been but little fished and was absolutely alive with trout.

About 1875, while I still owned the lake, it was visited by two or three persons living in the neighborhood about the beginning of April, and nearly if not quite a bushel of trout were taken out in the same way and sent to New York for sale, and this fact was given to me in the course of the year by one or two persons who saw the catch, and, if I remember correctly, one of them was engaged in taking the trout.

It is not necessary to multiply instances, but I have no doubt that the experience of other anglers will fully coincide with my own.

This obnoxious amendment should be stricken out, and the first clause of section 104 made as it was in 1895

J. S. V C.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., May 6.

Adirondack Fishing Notes.

RAINBOW, N. Y., May 5.—W. P. Heath and party have been taking some very fine creels of trout from Rainbow in the past four days. Several were caught weighing above 3lbs. apiece. One was taken by Guy Duvey, of Malvern, the 4th inst, that weighed 4lbs 1oz. Another was caught weighing 3¼lbs. They are the speckled or brook trout. Sixty were brought in the 4th inst. The 4lb. 1oz. trout measured 21in. long and 13in. girth

At Loon Lake House, Loon Lake, fifteen fishermen from New York and adjacent cities are enjoying the finest of trout fishing on this lake. Over 200 trout were taken in the first three days. Finer fishing cannot be found at any place than at these five lakes. The average will not fall below 1½lbs. apiece. This is the legitimate result of fishculture.

C. McV. T.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., May 7.—A party of eight returned from a short fishing trip to the Slang, near Little Tupper's Lake with 146⅔lbs. of speckled trout. One dressed weighed 3½lbs. The total catch was taken in just ten hours' fishing. The total weight of all trout taken is not given in the above figures because trout were eaten at every meal and no weight was taken of them. One of the party in thirty minutes caught fifteen trout that weighed just 32 bs. dressed. These trout are the square-tailed, speckled trout, and the general verdict throughout the Adirondacks is that finer fishing has never been found here. I saw one that was taken from another body of water near here that weighed when caught 4lbs. 1oz., another that weighed 3¾lbs.

At Ray Brook, four miles from here, larger catches are being made every day than ever before. A party of three Montclair gentlemen are there enjoying the finest of fly-fishing. The stream flows through an open meadow, with plenty of room for casting, and with no fear of becoming entangled in the brush or the branches, that are often a necessary adjunct to brook fishing. There are several dams placed at the most available points, which give plenty of still and deep water.

A party of gentlemen came in over the A. & St. L. and they are stopping at Lake Placid. They are expecting the same success that others have met with in lakes near by, and it now seems that this season will take a high place in future history as being the beginning of the finest fishing ever found in these mountain lakes and streams. T.

Florida Fishing Incidents.

MR. C. M. LONG and Mr. Drigger's little boy were fishing in Yellow Fever Creek last Friday, and the catch made by the boy was a 7lb. bass. Upon dressing the fish a diamond rattle snake was discovered in the fish, measuring 3ft. in length and 11in. in circumference. This spoiled the appetite for that particular black bass.

Miss Anna Holloway, the little thirteen-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs R. T. Holloway, of Lexington, Ky., proved herself a heroine yesterday in her father's choice sport, by landing a tarpon 1lb. heavier than herself. It was a beautiful fish and a thorough fighter, but Miss Anna reeled him to gaff in twelve minutes. It was 5ft. 6in. long, and tipped the beam at the 90lb. notch. The young lady receives the congratulations with becoming dignity, while the colonel rejoices over his daughter's fine catch.—*Fort Myers Press.*

Alvah Dunning—Sir William Johnston.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with pleasure the discussion in reference to Adirondack history by Col. Fred Mather and others in the last two numbers of FOREST AND STREAM. The story of Sir William Johnston's Indian campaigns is charmingly and truthfully told by the late Dr Francis Parkman in his "Montcalm and Wolfe," Vol. 1, chapters IX, X. A careful reading of this work will repay any who may be interested in the early history of northern New York and the Adirondack region. CHAUNCEY P. WILLIAMS.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

William Johnston was an Irish lad. He came to America while a youth under the care of an uncle, and became a clerk, an agent, a farmer, a fur dealer, a merchant, a contractor, a General, a Baronet, and the Chief Superintendent of Indian Affairs on this continent. He came to the front so rapidly that in the year 1757 he took the rank of Major General. At this time England and France, with the Indians divided, were contending for the possession of North America. William Johnston was entrusted with the task of capturing Crown Point. After its capture he defeated Baron Diesku, which victory was the only one during the whole year's campaign, and was so greatly esteemed by the King that he created him a Baronet, while Parliament presented him with £5,000.

In 1758 he effected a peace with fifteen tribes. In 1759 he defeated D'Aubrey and captured Fort Niagara In 1760 he assisted at the capture of Montreal. Then he became Chief Superintendent.

During these four years Alvah's father may have been under Sir William's command.

In the spring of 1774, Logan, the far-famed Iroquois chief, who was friendly to the whites, had his family shot down. Logan sent out runners to the Six Nations to rise againss the whites. It was among the Six Nations that Sir William ruled supreme, having a far larger authority over them than any of their own sachems. The news of Logan's loss was received by the Six Nations with alarm, as Logan was the son of Shikellimus, a distinguished Cayuga sachem, and therefore one of their own flesh and blood. The Six Nations desired Sir William to hold a congress with them upon this serious matter This was granted, and by July 6th 600 Iroquois had assembled. Sir William for some time had been hard at work to restrain the Six Nations from taking any part in the war, and when the congress assembled was so exhaused, as to bring on a sharp attack of dysentery. For a number of years he was subject to attacks of illness of a dysenteric character, often prostrating him on his bed for days. On the 8th and 9th the congress was in full progress. On the 11th he made a long speech on a very hot day. The great cause was gained, but it was at the expense at the life of Sir William, as he lived but a few minutes, dying from exhaustion. The closing scenes of his days were in harmony with all his previous years—that of success. He died July 11, 1774.

The fight at Lexington, which inaugurated the American Revolution, took place April 19, 1775.

Sir John Johnston, son of Sir William, fought throughout the war, and with him Old man Dunning may have fought the Indians.

Being one of the descendants of so remarkable a man, I have, time and again, searched our American history, and have gleaned the above facts. It is fair to inter that Dunning fought Indians with Sir William, and also with Sir John, and that my great-grandfather died from natural causes. BILL JOHNSTON.

LONDON, Ont.

New York Game Legislation.

THE following are the new laws of 1897:

CHAP 63. Forbids deer hounding in towns of Dresden and Putnam for ten years

CHAP. 64 Permits for wildfowl shooting use of floating devices in Long Island Sound, Great South Bay, Shinnecock and Peconic bays; boats propelled by hand in all Long Island waters, and sailboats in Long Island Sound, Gardiner and Peconic bays.

CHAP. 93. Forbids taking fish from a State net.

CHAP. 94. Makes the limits of the Thousand Island waters extend from Tibbit's Point Lighthouse to Saint Regis,

CHAP. 150. Opens trout season in Spring Brook Creek March 29.

CHAP. 151. Permits sale of Long Island caught trout on and after March 29 in New York city.

CHAP. 175. Protects mink, skunk, muskrat, fox, May 1 to Nov. 16, in Cattaraugus, Oneida, Madison and Otsego counties.

CHAP. 182. Permits use of set lines 60ft. long in Canandaigua Lake.

CHAP. 220. Appropriation for purchase of Adirondack lands.

CHAP. 250. Relates to Warren county. Forbids taking from Lake George and Glen Lake pike, perch, great northern pike, June 1 to June 15; bullheads, June 1 to July 1; or black bass or Oswego bass from any waters in town of Horicon, Jan. 1 to July 10. Perch may be taken from Lake George at any time.

CHAP 259. Relates to the Forest Preserve in Ulster county.

CHAP. 273. Appropriates $30,000 for the St. Lawrence River reservation.

CHAP. 280. Permits in Owasco Lake ice fishing for bullheads, catfish, eels, perch, sunfish.

CHAP. 322 Makes woodcock season in Richmond county open July 4 to Dec. 31.

CHAP. 346. Limits minnow nets to 40ft. length, 4ft. depth, and 30ft. hauling rope.

CHAP. 330. Permits drying nets on shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario, and Cattaraugus Creek.

CHAP. 342. Protects quail in Chemung county until 1898.

CHAP. —, signed May 10. Prescribes as open deer season, Aug. 15 to Nov. 15, both inclusive. One person may take only two deer in a season. Deer protected for five years in Ulster, Greene, Delaware and Sullivan counties. Jack lights and all artificial lights forbidden for five years. Hounding is forbidden for five years.

BLACK BASS SEASON.—Among the bills left with the Governor, but not signed at the time of our going to press (Tuesday), is A 1389 (McLaughlin), to make the open season for black bass June 20 to Dec. 31 inclusive; for pickerel, pike, wall-eyed pike, May 1 to Jan. 31 inclusive. Does not apply to the Thousand Islands, where the law is unchanged.

The Kennel.

FIXTURIES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 1.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, Morris, Man
Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

ABOUT DOGS.

OTTAWA, Can.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is perhaps no more strongly marked traits in the character of a true sportsman than his love for those dumb, four-footed companions with which he has been accustomed to spend long, happy days on marsh, woodland and prairie.

None who have studied the habits of dogs will doubt the devotion to their masters of these faithful, affectionate creatures who, though dumb, are yet eloquent in their intelligent expression of good-will toward those who treat them kindly.

The writer has shot over many setters, pointers and spaniels and has had three Irish retrievers, all of whom showed an intelligence and affection which might well shame the hordes of street loafers who throng our street corners on sunny days.

Patient, tireless and at all times so easily pleased, there is something in the character of a dog from which our humanity may learn a useful lesson. I well remember a clear cold day in late October when my old friend Audrian Covalli and myself found ourselves between two small lakes in Wisconsin, which were connected by a narrow stream with boggy banks. The pin-tails and mallards were very busy flying from one lake to the other and we had but a single dog. He was of doubtful parentage, but possessed the heart of a hero and a cat-like activity which was beautiful to behold. In our eagerness to retrieve the fast-falling birds we forgot that poor Dash was not impervious to cold and hard work, and for a brisk three quarters of an hour we let him bring in dead and wounded ducks through heavy mud and icy cold water. When his task was done and we turned our faces homeward, Dash stretched his tired body on the moist green sward and devoted himself to sundry feeble wags of a much be-draggled tail. His pathetic eyes seemed to say, "I would like to go, but I can't." In the end I carried him four miles, and that night the dear old dog, surrounded by every care that loving hands could offer, closed his eyes in the sleep that knows no waking.

If there is a paradise for faithful dogs, who shall say that Dash had not earned an exalted place?

A dozen years ago I owned a pure-bred Irish water spaniel bitch. She had lived a few months beyond fifteen years, and starting out one morning with a younger dog, Dido, despite her age, insisted on joining the party.

We shot well into the afternoon with varied luck, and toward evening I started a pair of wood-ducks. The first-barrel bird fell dead on the hard land, the other came down fifty odd yards away, wing-tipped, in the long marsh grass. Both dogs disappeared, and in a few minutes the younger returned empty-mouthed.

The powerful dog whistle failed to recall Dido, and I wandered slowly ahead, and waited half a mile further on near a patch of snipe ground. An hour passed in waiting, and then I made out, far away, the weary Dido, plodding at funeral pace on my trail. I noticed that her head looked larger than usual, and in about twenty minutes she appeared, carefully carrying the still alive wood-duck to her master. This was the crowning feat of Dido's sporting life, for we sadly buried her three days later, a martyr to the sport she loved so well.

I once shot a woodcock which had risen a dozen feet above the cover, and saw it fall among some willows. On reaching the spot where the bird ought to have been, my cocker, Snap, showed no sign of getting scent, though twice I took him down wind and worked up in the required direction. The second time he insisted on getting on his hindlegs as if trying to work in the air. His next move was a sturdy attempt to climb a bunch of willows, and glancing upward I saw my woodcock caught in the crotch of a small limb about 10ft. from the ground.

I remember a curious incident which happened to me in Florida on a March day when the wind was blowing a furious gale. I had noticed my pointer bitch Dora drawing swiftly and steadily over a sand flat which was almost devoid of vegetation. Attracted by some object in the distance, I lost sight of her for a moment, and on turning to look for her found that she had disappeared. I could see clearly in any direction for quite half a mile. Dora when last seen was 100yds. away, clearly on hot scent, and in the twinkling of an eye had vanished as though the sand had swallowed her up. Following in the direction which she had taken, the mystery was cleared. Close to some low scrub I found an old well with sloping sides. Halfway down it and poised sideways on a narrow ledge was my agile Dora, her mouth moist, her eyes gleaming, and every muscle of her healthy body strung to tension in a rigid point.

Not less than eighteen quail were within a few feet of her eager nose, and presently they began to buzz out of their shelter in ones and twos, but all making down wind with indescribable speed while my Greener chattered spitefully. I don't like to say how many empty shells marked the spot, but in less than a minute I could count five dead quail dotting the sand, none of which were nearer than 30yds. from me.

During this fusilade Dora never budged from her rather precarious point, and after some trouble I routed out the last quail and winged it at a distance of nearly 40yds. Then my precious Dora climbed up the rocky side of the well and wagged her lately paralyzed tail in pleasant anticipation of more work.

No doubt what I am writing may seem trivial and commonplace to some of your readers, but those who know dogs and their habits, and are sportsmen in the true sense of the word, will find something in this sketch which will call to mind similar experience, and perhaps waken pleasant memories of hard days spent long ago.

As I write there is sleeping on the rug at my feet an Irish cocker spaniel who, during the last thirteen years, has been

my constant companion and faithful friend. During that period he has seen something over 3,000 birds killed, and has learned to understand my every motion; so that in windy weather, or when silence was necessary, no word was needed to keep him steadily at work. He will never again hear the sharp report of his master's gun, for the once agile limbs are cramped with rheumatism, and his kind, soft eyes are dimmed by time and hard use. But as long as his master lives he will always have good, clean food, a warm bed, and that kindness and consideration which, alas! are not always the reward of faithful service either of man or beast.

In closing, I am reminded of the pathetic words of a once famous brother sportsman, Mr. William Pittman Lett, who was long known as one of the most successful shooters of the Ottawa Valley, in former days the resting-place of countless game birds.

Writing of the death of a favorite hound, Mr. Lett thus speaks with poetic force and feeling of his loss:

Alas, poor Venus, noblest hound
That ever sprang with eager bound
The instant that the chase was found,
Thy final hunt is o'er!
Never again thy bugle note
Will on the breeze of morning float,
The matchless music of thy throat
Will greet our ears no more!

This finger holding now the pen
Was on the rifle trigger then,
When speeding swiftly down the glen
The buck in terror came!
Fierce in his wake, thy strides came fast,
And loud thy voice swelled on the blast.
Ah! little thought I 'twas thy last
Run with the noble game.'
* * * * * * *

Brave Venus! who will say 'tis wrong,
For thee to sing a funeral song,
Or censure sorrow keen and strong
For gallant beast like thee?
I would that every earthly friend
May prove as faithful to the end;
For even a dog a charm can lend
To proud mortality.

RIDEAU.

Action of Strychnine on Dogs.

KIPP, Mont.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The dogs on this reservation became so numerous and were so often caught killing calves—particularly the stag and greyhounds—that the agent ordered the butcher to poison them. In a week more than 300 have been killed, and incidentally we have learned a great deal about the action of strychnine.

These dogs were fed liver, and the poison put into it was undoubtedly fresh and good. Some dogs died in two minutes after eating it, others were not affected for an hour, and the average time for the fits to come on was thirty minutes. This explains why our ranchmen say that strychnine has no effect on wolves nowadays. Where one dies by the bait the majority have ample time to go miles before the poison works on them.

In the old times wolves were so plenty that many of them were found dead by the baits, and in the light of our recent experience we can only conjecture the numbers that ate of the meat and then traveled off a long distance before dying. So I would say to all who are trying o get rid of these pests: put out the strychnine and plenty of it. If the coyotes and wolves eat it they are bound to turn up their toes.

J. W. SCHULTZ.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

MR. W. S. Bell, Secretary of the Continental Field Trials Club, desires that we mention that the entries for the Blue Ribbon Stake (Derby) will close on June 1 instead of May 15 as announced in the programme; this change was made in consequence of delays in getting out the printed matter. All other of the club's dates remain as published. The club has issued an artistic brochure, containing the constitution, by-laws, regulations, stakes, rules, information to competitors, and portraits of the three judges, Messrs. Bell, Wallace and Osthaus. It thus is the most complete field trial club book ever published in this country.

As Mr. S. M. O. Huddleston, a tourist from Iowa, was walking out sightseeing he chanced to stop near the Sub-Tropical, looking at the pond south of the engine house, where "Jumbo," the large alligator, is making his summer home; saw a nice, sleek, fat dog wade out into the pond, when, all of a sudden, there was a commotion in the water and Mr. Dog was, with one draw of the alligator's tail, brought into his mouth, so quick he didn't have time to yelp, when both alligator and dog went down, Mr. 'Gator getting a good dinner at the unfortunate dog's expense.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.*

The nineteenth annual Derby of the E. F. T. Club close on May 20. Purse $600, divided into $300, $200 and $100. Ten dollars forfeit, $10 additional to start. The club has published the list of officers, stakes and conditions in a neat folder. All information can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

The Bull Terrier Club of America announces its Produce Stakes to be competed for at the Westminster Kennel Club's show, 1898.

The quarterly meeting of the A. K. C. is called for May 20 at the office of the club, 55 Liberty street.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in a Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable

WHEELING NOTES.

THE question of storage for bicycles at ferries and railroad stations is one of growing importance. On Staten Island a storeroom has been provided, near the ferry at St. George, for the convenience of wheelmen who ride to and from their homes, and on the New York side of some of the Jersey ferries similar depots have been provided. An enterprising saloon keeper on Liberty street offers free storage for bicycles in his basement. In return, no doubt, he expects to get a share of the patronage that now goes to the country road houses.

At Wantagh, L. I., as a result of the united movement made by the wheelmen, the Long Island Railroad Company has granted permission for the erection of a "cage" for the storage of bicycles. The cage will adjoin the railroad station and will be protected by the station roof. The expense of the enterprise will be paid for by private subscription among the interested commuters. The idea is a good one, and will no doubt be copied by suburban residents in other parts of the country where wheelmen are present in sufficient numbers.

Powdered rotten stone, which may be procured from any drug store, is of value for removing rust from the polished parts of a bicycle. It is applied by means of a soft cloth, moistened with a little sweet oil and dipped in the powder. Being free from grit, there is no danger of scratching the metal.

For cleaning parts that cannot easily be gotten at an old leather shoe-string may be used to advantage. The friction from a few brisk rubs will remove dirt and rust in a way that is surprising.

We have received from Mr. Frank J. Amsden, of Rochester, N. Y., a map of the side paths of Monroe county. There are now in existence nearly 100 miles of cycle paths in good condition, radiating into the surrounding country from Rochester. Cycle paths have increased to such an extent in New York that it has been found necessary to pass laws for their protection. Subdivision 1 of Section 652 of the Penal Code of 1897 provides that, "A person who willfully, and without authority or necessity, drives any team or vehicle except a bicycle upon a side path or wheelway constructed by or exclusively for the use of bicyclists, and not constructed in a street of a city, is punishable by a fine of not more than $50, or imprisonment not exceeding thirty days, or both."

To aid in the enforcement of this law, the Rochester Association of the League of American Wheelmen have offered a reward for the conviction of any person violating it.

The following interesting history of the side-path movement is taken from Mr. Amsden's map:

"Because of the bad condition of many of the streets and roads in and around the city of Rochester, a bill was introduced in the State Legislature in the winter of 1895, to tax each bicyclist in Monroe county $1, to be used in the construction of side paths. Owing to the powerful opposition to it on the part of many wheelmen, as well as the public at large, the Mayor and Common Council refused their approval of the bill, thus defeating it.

"At once a movement was begun by leading opponents of the bill to construct the proposed paths by voluntary effort. The first step was taken by a small number of them in the southeastern part of the city. They organized the Southeastern Side Path Association, the first one ever formed, and raising a little money among the persons present at the meeting, began work the next morning on a path on Elmwood avenue from Mount Hope avenue to the Genessee Valley Park. With the assistance received from other persons interested in the movement they built the first mile of path in Monroe county. A second association was formed in the northeastern part of the city for the construction of paths on East avenue and Culver road. A third association was formed in the southwestern part of the city for the construction of a path on the west side of the river to Ballentine Bridge. At the same time other steps were taken to raise funds to prosecute the work thus favorably begun. The *Post-Express* newspaper began the collection of a fund, which amounted to nearly $1,500, and expended it on a path around the city. In the latter part of June a callithumpian parade or wheelman's carnival was held in the Driving Park, and about $2,500 more was raised. As a result of the united efforts of the wheelmen over $5,000 was collected and over fifty miles of side path opened. This spring the work was taken up again. A bicycle exhibition was held and $3,000 was obtained. This has just been expended in putting the old paths in order and adding forty miles of new paths to those already in existence.

"The secret of the phenomenal success of this movement is due to the fact that the wheelmen did not wait to raise a large sum of money before beginning work, or rely upon anyone else but themselves to look after the work when it was begun. Some of the ablest and most public spirited men in the city have had charge of it from the first, and every dollar of the money raised has been honestly and most judiciously expended. They have obtained the largest possible results with the smallest possible expenditure. Repudiating the absurd notion that a side path should be built like a road for heavy traffic, they did not try to build a firmer foundation than the earth itself or to make the paths conform with any other line than that of the natural undulations of the surface of the ground. A furrow was turned on either side of the path, toward the center, and cinders, the best possible material for the purpose, were laid on to the depth of 2 or 3 in. A heavy roller was then passed over them, and the path was thus made ready for immediate use."

Wheelmen who have in contemplation a European tour this summer, should send to the Department of State, Washington, for the advance sheets of consular reports for May, dealing with "Bicycle Regulations in Europe." The synopsis is compiled by Philip S. Chancellor, Deputy Consul at Havre.

In closing his report Mr. Chancellor gives a strong indorsement to the Touring Club de France. He says:

"It would be greatly to the advantage of American cyclists coming to France to join the Touring Club de France. This organization is similar to cycling societies in America. The advantages to members are numerous. The most important consideration is that a member can enter this and other European countries without obstruction from the customs officials. By simply exhibiting a card of membership, all annoying formalities are avoided. A large discount is given at certain hotels, especially in the provinces. The same applies to repair shops and dealers in cycling goods. By wearing the badge, one is assured of courteous treatment everywhere. The subscription is $1 a year, and 20 cents extra for an official guide, giving names of hotels, repair shops, etc., where liberal (generally 10 per cent.) discounts are allowed. The membership to-day numbers 40,000.

"The Touring Club de France has done more since its foundation for the encouragement of cycling in France than any one other organization. The money derived from the subscriptions is expended in repairing the departmental roadways and placing notices (danger signals) on the crest of all dangerous and rapid descents. In all the towns and cities in France a representative is to be found who will willingly give advice to strangers and aid them in trouble. The headquarters of the Touring Club de France are situated in Paris, Rue Coy-Héron 5, at which place application can be made for membership. Ladies are eligible to membership."

In Chicago a sixteen-month-old baby rides a bicycle for advertising purposes. His mount has a 7½in. frame and weighs 5½lbs. The wheels are 10in. in diameter.

There are laws now in many of the States prohibiting the carrying of babies on bicycles, but nothing, unfortunately, that will cover this case.

Connecticut Lawmakers.

THE other day a bill was introduced into the Connecticut Legislature providing a fine of $5 for wheelmen "having no lighted lantern on their wheels at night."

It passed the House after a lively debate in which the real merits of the case were often lost to sight in personalities and meaningless talk.

The bill applies to the country as well as to cities and towns (or boroughs, as they are called in Connecticut), and when wheelmen stated that no bicycle lantern has yet been devised that will stay lighted on rough roads they were told that lanterns "did not jolt out on locomotives and lumber wagons."

Here is a sample of the kind of argument used in the debate, as reported by a Hartford newspaper:

"Mr. C., of Beacon Falls, hoped the bill would pass. He had been struck in the back with a wheel. (Applause.)

"Mr. H., of Waterbury, said lanterns were uncertain, and the distance of the wheel could not be judged. Lanterns would, therefore, tend to increase, not diminish accidents.

"Mr. G., of Hartford, argued against the amendments and the bill also. Bicyclists, as a class, are safe people to meet.

"Mr. B., of Torrington: 'Would the gentleman from Beacon Falls have escaped being hit in the back if the bicycle had had a lantern?'" (laughter.) Etc., etc.

Of interest, as showing how the old leaven of Puritanism still works, were the remarks of a gentleman who favored the bill on the ground that it would assist in the preservation of the morality of the Nutmeg State.

"Every other business except lawmaking is understood to require some previous preparation, experience and study to qualify anyone to pursue it," pertinently remarks State Senator Young, of Kansas, "but every man is supposed to come into life fully equipped to undertake the most responsible duty in which it is possible to engage in a moment's notice."

Canoeing.

Buffalo C. C.

THE new Year Book of the Buffalo C. C. shows that this club is working for the front place in canoeing this year, with a large membership and fleet, a fine club house and the handsomest club book yet seen. The membership is 100, and the fleet will number seventy canoes and other craft when all the new boats are ready. The boat house is at Point Albino, on Lake Erie. The book contains the following invitation to canoeists:

AHOY, IN THE CANOE.

On the shore of Lake Erie, beneath two mighty maples,
Stands the summer home of the Buffalo Canoe Club,
Facing the south and the east, and the shimmering water,
And backed by marshland far extending,
Deep in the bight of the bay, from the public secluded,
And sheltered from winds by forest clad Albino,
Whose broken ledges extending far into the Lake
Form a breakwater firm and secure for the bay to leeward.
Here from May to October we gather,
As small-boat sailors and lovers of nature.
To every man who handles a tiller
Our hearts and the doors of our club house are open.
For him who lovingly dips a paddle
Ever a place at the fireside is waiting.
Whoever you are, and wherever you navigate,
We of the Buffalo Canoe Club greet you.

The book, which is purely a labor of love on the part of the secretary, Mr. Frank R. Rosseel, is well illustrated by sketches by him and others. It is beautifully printed and bound, and in every way a credit to the author and his club. The fixtures for the season include eight regattas for various prizes, including the Carrier trophy and the Crystal Beach trophy.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Harry E. McLain	Allegheny, Pa.	

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Missawippi C. C., of Sherbrooke, Ont., was held on May 8. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., F. E. Loomis; Vice-Pres., W. E. Paton; Com., J. G. Walton; Sec'y-Treas., J. P.

Wells. Committee: R. Macdonald, P. N. Boucher and G. E. Fraser.

The following officers were elected at the last meeting of the Yapewi Aquatic Club, Bordentown-on-the-Delaware: Pres., Robt. S. Murphy; Vice-Pres., N. Smith Buzby; Sec'y, J. B. Reynolds; Purser, Chas. E. Burr; Capt., W. R. Robbins; Mate, Louis W. Wiese. Directors; Fred. W. Taylor, Fred. G. Wiese, Samuel W. Beldon, Richard C. Woodward, Geo. F. Deacon.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

THE racing season in New York waters begins on May 15, the Huguenot Y. C., of New Rochelle, starting off with a race for the new 20-footers and catboats. On the following Saturday the New Rochelle Y. C. follows with a race for 20 and 25-footers, after which date the racing runs along regularly. The outlook is good for large entries and keen sport in all the smaller classes on the Sound.

OWING to the failure to receive a Raines law license, the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was compelled to forego its proposed dinner on May 5. The Oyster Bay club house will be opened on May 29, with races for the 20-footers and other classes.

Whether ultimately successful or the reverse, the present movement for a national union of yachtsmen has progressed much further than any of its predecessors, and far enough to enlist the attention and interest of many American yachtsmen. That so much has been done is due mainly to the energetic and continued efforts of one man, Mr. F Bowne Jones, of the Indian Harbor Y. C., the secretary of the Sound Y. R. U., and chairman of the committee of yachtsmen which issued the invitation to the late conference. For a long time Mr. Jones has been interested in the scheme for uniform racing rules and a union of the clubs, and it was solely through his efforts that the first conference of the Sound yachtsmen was called, resulting in the organization of the Sound Y. R. U. The wonderful success of this attempt, for which Mr. Jones is largely responsible through his labors as secretary and member of the council, led him to the effort to extend the work in the uniting of the various associations, the result being the gathering of May 1 at New York. Only those who have had personal experience of such work can appreciate the demands which it makes upon one's time and patience, the correspondence and personal interviews involved. The part which Mr. Jones has taken is well known, and fully appreciated about New York; but it is only fair to him that those at a distance who are now interested in the proposed union, should also understand the origin of the New York conference.

Syce.

THE new 51ft. cutter Syce, designed by Gardner & Cox and built by Wood & Son for F. M. Hoyt, of Stamford, Conn., was launched at the yard, City Island, on May 4. The yacht was fully described in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 1. In launching she was slid out of the big shed and directly on to the railway, which was run down by the chain in the usual way, so that the launching was rather a prosaic matter. It was probably interesting and exciting enough for the builder, Mr. Frank Wood, as the boat is a ticklish one to handle ashore; her over all length of nearly 70ft., with 12ft. of bowsprit in addition, is poised on a base little more than 12ft. long; the mast, which was stepped and stayed, with topmast on end, being well forward of the fore end of the fin and, with the bowsprit and long forward overhang, looking to the eye as though it would pitchpole her on the ways. The yacht was very carefully cradled, to avoid the possibility of accident.

Barring the deep fin and the "nasty" drop rudder, the hull itself showed up very handsomely, with fair round lines in all directions, a good sheer line, with but moderate sweep; the topsides black, with gilt stripe and trail boards; the bottom green. The spars were decorated with flags in honor of the occasion. Just beside the yacht as she lay at the head of the railway was her older and smaller sister, Norota, built for Mr. Hoyt, and sold by him last fall; and beside her again was the older Gardner boat, Liris, the once famous 40-footer. The tide filled shortly after noon, but a wait was made for some of the guests, and it was after 1 P. M. when the ceremonies begun by the christening of the yacht by Mrs. D. L. Dresser, of Oyster Bay. The car was then started, and the yacht moved very slowly down the long incline necessary to float her draft of over 10ft. When she cleared the cradle, she floated very close to her designed waterline, a little high at the bow; practically everything was aboard except sails and ground tackle, so that she promises to come out very close to the designed line when in final trim. A number of yachtsmen were present to witness the launch and share the luncheon which followed in the boat loft. Among the many who have thus far seen her there is but one opinion as to the very high quality of the work which Mr. Wood has put in her. The new Fife boat will at once take the place of Syce in the shed; the keel, stem, sternpost and entire counter are now on the ground, and the mould for the lead keel was ready for pouring on the day of the launch.

Rear Admiral Meade.

THE Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers has lost a useful officer and an honored member in Rear Admiral Richard W. Meade, U. S. N., who died on May 4 at a private sanitarium in Washington from the combined effects of *la grippe* and appendicitis. He had been ill for some weeks, and had submitted to an operation for the latter disease a short time since.

He was born in New York city on Oct. 9, 1837, and was the eldest son of the late Capt. Richard W. Meade, U. S. N., an elder brother of the late Gen. Meade, who commanded the Army of the Potomac from June, 1863, till the close of the Civil War, and who fought the battle of Gettysburg in July, 1863. He was the great-grandson of George Meade, of Philadelphia, a wealthy merchant and shipowner of that city. He was third cousin to Frederick Maitland, the present Earl of Lauderdale, hereditary standard bearer of Scotland.

He was appointed midshipman from California Oct. 2, 1850, and attended the Naval Academy until Nov. 20, 1851, when he went to sea, being present at the "Koszta affair" in Smyrna, in July, 1853. In October, 1855, he returned to the Naval Academy, where he stayed about six months. He went through the grades of acting master, master and lieutenant, and from Oct. 29, 1861, to Jan. 3, 1862, served as instructor in gunnery to volunteer officers on board the receiving ship Ohio, at Boston. After this he served in the North and South Atlantic blockading squadrons as lieutenant commander, and then he was on duty in command of the ironclad Louisville. Here he did active and valuable service in breaking up guerilla warfare. Later he commanded the steamer United States in the search after the privateer Tacony, and during the July riots, in 1863 in New York, he commanded the naval battalion.

He commanded the Marblehead, of the South Atlantic blockading squadron, for six months, and on Dec. 25, 1863, he was in the battle of Stone River. During the battle the Marblehead was struck thirty times, and three of those on board were killed and six wounded. Three days later Meade landed with a force of 100 men, destroyed the batteries, and brought away two guns.

He next commanded the Chicora, of the West Coast blockading squadron, under Admiral Farragut. In January, 1865, he ran out of the Calcasieu River in the face of a much greater force and destroyed the blockade runner Delphina.

After the war he was kept actively employed. In 1868 he was commissioned commander, and negotiated a commercial treaty in the Samoan Islands.

When the yacht America was in the possession of the Government he was in command, and under his direction she was refitted and sailed in the second race for the America's Cup against Cambria, in 1870.

He became a captain in 1880. He commanded the Vandalia for three years. He was Naval Commissioner to the Chicago Exposition. In 1894 he was promoted to the rank of rear admiral, and soon after retired.

He married, in 1865, a daughter of the late Rear Admiral Paulding, U. S. N., and by this marriage had one son and four daughters.

Admiral Meade was associated with the Society of Naval Architects from its organization, being one of its vice-presidents. He read a very interesting paper at the opening of the session of 1894, and he was always ready to take part in the discussions.

The Solent Classes Racing Association.

THE Solent Classes Racing Association is an organization composed of the various yacht clubs about the Solent and the Isle of Wight, its object being to regulate the vast amount of racing which takes place every season in these favored waters. While racing under the Y. R. A. rules, the Association has certain regulations of its own, to cover points not provided for by the Y. R. A. One of the working members of the Association is Lieut.-Col. J. T. Bucknill, of the Royal Southampton Y. C. (Thalassa), who for the past five years has compiled and published a small handbook of rules and general information relating to the Association, under the title of "Almanac—Yacht Racing in the Solent Classes." The sixth edition of the book has just reached us.

The preface is novel and characteristic of the writer: "This almanac now enters upon its sixth year, and has therefore lasted for a period equal to one-tenth of her Majesty's reign to date. It continues to give satisfaction to many of her Majesty's lieges who sail on the Solent in yachts. An honest endeavor is made to raise the almanac each year to a higher level. This of course reduces the rating it receives, or, what is tantamount, enables us to increase the sale without increasing the rating.

The main points worthy of notice in 1896 were:

1. The consolidation of the new Solent Classes Racing Association.
2. The successful introduction of a class in which the hull sails and spars were as nearly alike as possible.
3. The failure of the new Y. R. A. rule of rating to produce the wholesome type intended.
4. The wrangling about measurements and certificates.
5. The owners' strike at Yarmouth on Aug. 20.
6. The introduction of distinguishing racing numbers on the mainsails of racing yachts in the Solent classes.

"The Almanac cup for 1897 will be given to the Redwing class, and will probably be raced for at Calshot on June 9, at the regatta of the Solent Classes Racing Association." Thalassa.

The Almanac contains a list of all the Solent clubs with their fixtures and courses, tide tables, charts of the various courses, and other useful matter.

The Royal Ulster "Challenge."

THE detailed report of the annual dinner of the Royal Ulster Y. C. shows it to have been a most enjoyable affair socially, with some very enthusiastic responses to the toasts. There is nothing in the report, however, to warrant the idea of a challenge for the America's Cup; as we surmised, it was merely another case of after-dinner talk. The *Field* comments as follows:

The dinner of the Royal Ulster Y. C. appears to have been a very striking ceremony, and the enthusiasm of the members even carried them so far as to talk about that Will-o'-the-Wisp, the America Cup, and building a yacht to challenge for it after she has won the Queen's Cup at Cowes. The quest of the grail was a trifle compared with the quest for the cup won by the America, and we trust that if the Royal Ulster Y. C. does back a challenge for it that it will be couched in some such terms as Sir George Newnes placed before the Royal London Y. C. This club, it is true, declined to forward the challenge, but then the Royal London Y. C., like many other English and Scotch, has made a strong opposition to the illegal document known as the "New Deed of Gift," and until that document is burnt there is little chance of any British yacht club backing a challenge for the America Cup again. Nobody actually knows what the conditions were that the Royal Yacht Squadron agreed to when the club forwarded Lord Dunraven's challenge to the New York Y. C., but it is understood that the squadron will not forward any more challenges for the cup—at least not without a more definite understanding than can be arrived at by cablegrams.

We shall be very glad to hear that the Ulster people really intend to build a Queen's Cup yacht, and that the builder will be Mr. Hilditch, of Carrickfergus, whose work is most excellent, and he is capable of putting into form any design, however elaborate it may be. We print in another column a summary of the speeches made at the Royal Ulster Y. C dinner by the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, the Marquis of Londonderry, the Lord Mayor of Belfast, etc. It certainly looks as if a yacht of some kind will be built, but we hope that the after-dinner enthusiasm will not over-ride the judgment and discretion which we have learned by experience are necessary in challenging for the America Cup.

Corinthian Y. C. of San Francisco.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of San Francisco is a very lively and active organization, in which, fortunately, racing has not yet reached a point where it stops cruising and general yachting. The following lengthy programme for the season's sport shows that short cruises are deservedly popular in the club. The season opened on April 24 with a reception and review of the fleet:

April 24, opening day; 25, cruise in squadron. May 1 and 2, cruise to McMears; 8, open; 9, open; 15 and 16, cruise to Vallejo; 22, open; 23, open; 29, open; 30, open; 31, annual regatta. June 5, open; 6, open; 12 and 13, cruise to Petaluma drawbridge; 19, open; 20, open; 26 and 27, cruise to Marin Islands. July 3, cruise to Martinez; 4 and 5, Vallejo; 10 and 11, cruise to San Mateo; 17, open; 18, open; 24, open; 25, open; 31 and Aug. 1, cruise to Vallejo; 7, summer cruise; 8, accompanying yachts return; 14, meet yachts returning from summer cruise; 15, home; 21, open; 22, open; 28 and 29, cruise to McNears. Sept. 4 and 5, outside cruise, Drake's Bay; 6, open, national Labor Day; 9, interclub regatta, 11 and 12, Marin Islands—clam chowder; 18, open; 19, open; 25 and 26, Dillon's Point. Oct. 2, open; 3, open; 4, open, State Labor Day; 9, Corinthian Cove; 10, Corinthian games; 16, closing day; 17, cruise in squadron.

Important if True.

THE California Y. C. was to have had a banquet on Saturday night at its club house, on the other side of the estuary. It only had part of one.

When the guests sat down something was missing—there was no life to the feast. As the semi-banquet progressed, the absence of nut-brown ale became more and more painful. The guests drank glass after glass of Alameda water, and its weight on their stomachs was about equal to the depression of their spirits.

Finally one bold mariner could stand it no longer. He asked in good man-of-war language for something stronger.

Then the harrowing story had to be told.

When the material for the banquet was ordered, one of the most important items was a keg of beer. It was a good-sized, heavy keg, and it was duly delivered at the boat that was to convey it to the club house.

The man in the boat knew a great deal more of beer than he did of the law of gravity and displacement and relative buoyancy, and he at once concluded that it would be easier to tow the keg off to the club house than to take it in the boat. It would save a lift.

With great confidence he rolled the keg into the water and grasped a piece of rope with which to tow it. The keg sunk and the boatman waited for it to bob up again. But it didn't bob; and the boatman waited many minutes in vain. Then he realized that an iron-looped barrel full of beer will sink.

He procured some grappling irons, but that keg is still somewhere in the estuary, and the jolly tars did not splice the main brace at the banquet.—*Oakland Tribune.*

Pioneer.

THE so-called "steam house-boat," Pioneer, designed by H. C. Wintringham and built by Marvel & Co., of Newburgh, N. Y., for George E. Chisholm, was successfully launched on May 6, being christened by Mrs. Chisholm. The vessel is not a house-boat, but a veritable steam yacht, with twin screws and schooner rig. The name has been given to her merely because of her unusual beam and ample deck house. She is 125ft. over all, 30ft. beam, 10ft. 3in. hold, and 5ft. 6in. draft. The engines are triple compound, 6¼, 10½, and 16 by 10in., two in number, with an Almy watertube boiler. The maindeck is covered with a house which leaves only a small open space at the bow and stern, the forward part of this house containing the owner's rooms, guests' rooms, dining saloon, bath rooms, etc. The pantry is thwartships, about the middle of the deck house, and abaft it are the engine and boiler, the galley, officers' messroom, staterooms, etc. The sides of this house extend out to the rail, as in the ordinary river steamboat; on the upper deck are two houses, the pilot house forward and a saloon abaft, separated by a short space, but under the same roof; ample awnings have also been provided.

The hull is of steel, with four compartments, the auxiliary plant for electric lighting, ice making, refrigerating, etc., is very complete. Two pole masts provide for a moderate sail plan. Considering the special purpose of the yacht, comfortable life afloat on inland waters regardless of speed, the wide departure from the conventional dimensions and arrangements of the average steam yacht, are fully justified by the results obtained.

The Green Lake Y. C. Challenge Cup.

THE Green Lake Y. C., of Dartford, Wis., has just sent out invitations to the other yacht clubs on the Wisconsin lakes to participate in the contest for the challenge cup given this year by it. The full conditions of the contest appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 13, but have since been slightly amended, the limit of crew being now, in addition to helmsman, one man for every 4ft. of racing length (in place of l.w.l. length) exceeding one-half of said racing length, and each man being represented by a weight of 150lbs. when the yacht is measured. The club is preparing for the liveliest season of its history; new racing boats are being built and new courses have been laid out.

Cockatoo.

THE first of the four Herreshoff "raceabouts" that were designed and built for C. S. Eaton, of Marblehead, to replace the famous Cock Robin, was launched on April 27 and had her trial trip off Bristol next day. On May 1 she started from Bristol around the Cape with Mr. Eaton on board and Mr. W. P. Fowle at the stick, Mr. Arthur Dean Foss joining the party at Newport. Cockatoo is 31ft. over all, 21ft. l.w.l., 7ft. 4in. beam and 5ft. 6in. draft, her lead keel being reported as of 3,500lbs. weight, the minimum limit of the class. She has a very low house, a mere roof on the coaming. The rig, of 500sq. ft., is rather higher than Cock Robin's and proportionately shorter on the base. Mr. Fowle will handle in her races. The three other boats of the class, for W. Q. Gay, H. M. Sears and D. C. Percival, Jr., are not yet completed. Messrs. Gay and Sears will race their boats around the Cape.

Hoodlum.

THE 24ft. racing yacht designed by J. R. Purdon and built by Fenton & White, Manchester, Mass., for Messrs. A. H. Higginson and Reginald Boardman, has been named by them Hoodlum. She is 32ft. over all, 24ft. l.w.l. with crew and 21ft. without crew, 8ft. 6in. beam, 9in. draft of hull, and 8ft. total draft with board down. Her sail area is 825sq. ft. She is rigged as a sloop, with a moderately long bowsprit. The overhang is mostly forward, the stern being cut off square. A special set of ways has been built for her at Manchester, and when not in use she will be kept ashore.

The White Bear Y. C. has definitely decided not to enter on the undertaking of a new club house this year, and will probably accept a proposal made by Col. W. W. Price, the receiver of the Ramaley property at Lake Shore. Times are hard and there is not enough money in the treasury of the club to prosecute the work of a new house, and the undertaking, while by no means abandoned, will be postponed until next year. The club will not take a lease of the old club house at Dellwood. Many of the members are opposed to the Dellwood house, on the score of inconvenience and the inadequacy of the plant. Col. Price has shown a liberal spirit in his proposition to the club. He will make no charge to the club, excepting for the use of the dancing hall, which will be called into requisition for dances and entertainments. Certain rooms and balconies will be reserved for the especial use of the club, including a room for the ladies. For the week of the interlake regatta, the pavilion will be the exclusive possession of the club. A new dock will be built for the accommodation of the club boats. The racing course on the lake will be a little changed to accommodate the new starting point. With the more convenient headquarters, the races this summer can be started at 3 o'clock. Peterson, of Minnetonka, is building for C. M Griggs and a syndicate a new boat to be called Akela, which is expected to beat Tartar, the winner of last summer. Messrs. Ordway and Elmer will sail Alfrida this season. Several other new boats are building, and the season is sure to be a lively one.—*St. Paul Despatch.*

The New York Conference.

THE list of delegates which we published last week gives a very inadequate idea of the nature of the representation at the conference of yachtsmen. Through the associations there given were really represented 110 yacht clubs in the United States and Canada. The full list of these clubs is as follows:

The following summary shows the clubs, 110 in number, which were represented:

Through the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound—Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., American, Riverside, Yale Corinthian, Horseshoe Harbor, New York Athletic, Stamford, Indian Harbor, New Rochelle, Knickerbocker, Huguenot, Bridgeport, Corinthian Fleet, Harlem, New Haven, Douglaston, Sea Cliff, Huntington, Park City, Hempstead Harbor, Norwalk, Stamford Corinthian. Twenty-two clubs.

Through the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts—Massachusetts, Hull, Boston, Dorchester, Quincy, Winthrop, South Boston; Savin Hill, American, of Newburyport; Commonwealth, Chelsea, Jeffries, Manchester, Atlantic of Boston, Cape Cod, Duxbury, Lynn, Cohasset, Columbia of Boston, Revere, Squantum, West Lynn, Wellfleet, Old Colony, Mosquito Fleet, Plymouth, Kingston, Burgess, East Gloucester, Squam, Wollaston, Fall River. Thirty-two clubs.

Through the New York Yacht Racing Association—Pavonia, Yonkers Corinthin, Columbia, Jersey City, Gravesend Bay, Newark, Kill von Kull, Ossining, Hudson River, Audubon, Tappan Zee, Bayonne City, Tower Ridge, Yonkers, Greenville, New Jersey Athletic, Newark Boat Club. Eighteen clubs.

Pacific Interclub Yachting Association—San Francisco, Pacific, Corinthian, Encinal, California. Five clubs.

Lake Yacht Racing Association.—Bay of Quinte, Buffalo, Kingston, Oswego, Rochester, Queen City, Royal Canadian, Royal Hamilton, Victoria. Nine clubs.

Interlake Yachting Association—Citizens, Cleveland Y. A., Put-in-Bay, Sandusky, Toledo, West End, Buffalo, Detroit, Erie. Nine clubs.

Lake Michigan Yachting Association—Lincoln Park, Columbia, Chicago, Milwaukee, Racine, Green Bay, Manitowoc, Marinette and Menominee. Eight clubs.

Through the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes—Three associations above.

Through separate representation—Atlantic, Larchmont, Marine and Field, Corinthian, of Philadelphia, Great South Bay, Brooklyn, Hempstead Bay. Seven clubs.

Letters from Southern, Carolina, Royal St. Lawrence, Royal Nova Scotia, New York, Eastern, Albany, Minnetonka, Philadelphia, Shelter Island, Rhode Island, Riverton.

In addition to the above, letters were received from the Rhode Island Y. C., Riverton Y. C., of Riverton, N. J.; Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., Keystone Y. C., of Long Island; Minnetonka Y. C., Shelter Island Y. C., Eastern Y. C., Southern Y. C., of New Orleans; Carolina Y. C., of Wilmington, N. C.; New York Y. C., Albany Y. C., and Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. The New York Y. C. wrote to the effect that it was impossible to be represented, as the matter could not be laid before the club until the meeting later in the month; the Eastern Y. C. was not disposed to send a representative, and one or two of the smaller clubs wrote to the effect that they were not in a position to take any action, for various reasons. Nearly all of the letters, however, were in accord with the telegram of the Philadelphia Y. C., printed last week, expressing an interest in the work and a desire for its success. The Minnetonka, Royal St. Lawrence and several others had appointed delegates who were unable to be present.

The expressions of opinion both from these letters and from the delegates at the meeting were almost uniformly in favor of some scheme of union; very few clubs have expressed themselves as opposed to the general idea. The principal issue at the meeting was as to the time for organizing, immediately or in the fall. This was settled in favor of the latter view, thus postponing the discussion of a still more important question, the character of the future organization.

On this point quite a difference of opinion exists, the majority of the clubs, including many that are noted for their active part in racing, are apparently in favor of a definite and permanent organization for the general regulation and encouragement of yacht racing throughout the country, on the plan of such organizations as are in existence in connection with other sports. On the part of some of the larger clubs, however, there is evident a feeling somewhat similar to that displayed in the recent report of the special committee of the New York Y. C. on this subject, an overwhelming sense of the importance and *prestige* of the particular club, and a fear to trust anything so fragile and delicate as this *prestige* to the rude jostling of smaller and less prominent clubs.

However natural this feeling may be on the part of those who by long exertions have built up a large and successful club, we believe it to be without foundation, and in no small degree unjust to the smaller clubs. We have enjoyed tolerably extended opportunities for observation throughout the whole country, and, so far as we have been able to gauge the general feeling of yachtsmen and of the clubs at large, there is no jealousy or envy on the part of the smaller clubs toward the large ones such as the New York, Eastern, Larchmont or Seawanhaka. That ill-feeling which is at times evident is purely local, the result of some small personal or interclub quarrel, and is not of the sort which would interfere with one national union of the clubs; in fact the tendency to such local differences would be diminished. The repeated successes of the New York Y. C. in the international victories of Puritan, Mayflower and the other great cutters down to Defender have developed no jealousy or rivalry on the part of other American clubs, great or small; on the other hand all have rejoiced in the triumph of the great metropolitan club.

We do not pretend to speak for the large clubs; the position of the New York Y. C. has been plainly and definitely set forth by its special committee, and the positions of the other clubs will be disclosed in time. As for the "small" clubs, however, by which we include all save the New York, Eastern, Larchmont, Seawanhaka Corinthian and Atlantic, we can say confidently that there is no disposition whatever to injure or interfere with the larger, or to presume in any way upon such positions as they might have through representation on a fair proportional basis. There is, in our opinion, no danger however remote of a coalition of the small clubs to pass rules merely to harm the large ones.

The future action of the "small" clubs depends entirely upon the position now assumed by the larger ones; if the latter hold aloof entirely, it seems certain that the new movement will be carried through without them. If they fall in with the movement, but attempt to run it themselves by right of size and standing, they will stir up the united opposition of all the other clubs. If they make it plain that they are willing to go in and work disinterestedly for the good of the organization, and the encouragement and extension of yachting, they will receive that deference from the smaller clubs to which greater efforts, proportionate to their size and higher standing entitle them. They must, however, leave their *prestige* at home for the decoration of their club houses, and come to the meetings of the Association simply workers for the general good.

The Kingston Y. C., of Kingston, Ontario, held its annual meeting on May 3, electing the following officers: Com., Frank Strange; Vice-Com., H. W. Richardson; Rear-Com., C. L. Curtis; Sec'y, J. H. Macnee; Treas., W. C. Kent. The club will request of the Lake Y. R. A. that the racing circuit of 1897 be opened with a race at Kingston on July 19.

The New Twenty-Footers.

So far as numbers go, the 20ft. class is likely to show up very well by the middle of June; comparatively little has been said thus far about new boats on this side of the line, and it looked for a time as though Canada was doing all the building; but quite a fleet, and a representative one at that, is now materializing, with bows pointed toward Oyster Bay. Whether the trial races will equal the record of the 15ft. class last year—twenty-nine boats at the line for the first race—is doubtful; but it is certain that the new class will be the main feature of the Sound racing and will provide some good sport by the middle of July, when the trial races will be sailed. It is too soon yet to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of the new boats, but there is every reason to fear that they will differ from the 15-footers only in being bigger, uglier, and more costly in proportion.

The winners of last year's trial races, Messrs. C. H. and D. M. Crane, will be well represented this year in the new class; Mr. C. H. Crane, the designer of El Heirie, will sail a centerboard boat of his own design, now nearly completed at Lawley's yard, where El Heirie was built. The new boat will be similar in a general way to El Heirie, but will carry the Scarecrow leg-o'-mutton rig. The boat is not a beauty, but her chances of success are so much the better on that account. Mr. Crane has also designed a second boat, also a centerboard, which is building by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. at Ogdensburgh, for a syndicate in which he is interested. Mr. D. M. Crane, who is living in Boston, has tried his luck with a fin-keel 20, also built by Lawley. This boat, Pioneer, also carries the Scarecrow rig; she has been under way for a couple of weeks about Boston Harbor, and is sailing very fast, as judged by the local fleet in the general scrapping about the harbor. She will come to Oyster Bay for the trial races.

The first boat launched about New York has been named Kenneu. She was designed and built by L. D. Huntington, designer of Question and Paprika, and is similar to the latter; she is owned by M. H. Clark, of New Rochelle, who will sail her in all the Sound races. Mr. Huntington has under way another 20-footer for Mr. Irving Cox, who designed her, following the model of Paprika, which he has been sailing for some time.

Mr. Sherman Hoyt, who sailed Paprika so well last season, will this year sail a fin-keel 20 footer, designed by Gardner & Cox, and now building by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. She will be owned by Com. Rouse and Mr. Colgate Hoyt. Still another fin-keel has been designed by Chas. Olmstead, designer of Riverside and Trilby, and built by the Montauk Construction Co., of which he is manager, at the old Mumm yard, Bay Ridge. She is for Philip T. Dodge, owner of the Olmstead 20 footer Eos, built last year, and will be named Asthore. Messrs. F. B. Jones and Irvine Zerega will sail with Mr. Dodge in the races. Mr. Olmstead has also another 20-footer under way at Bay Ridge.

Mr. William Willard Howard, now in this country, is building a 20-footer at Clayton, N. Y., the boat being designed and built by Fry, who did such good work on Mr. Howard's 15-footer Ulmec.

The Indiana Yachting and Boating Club, of Wawasee Lake, Indiana, will be represented at Oyster Bay by a 20 designed by Mr. H S Hicks, a member of the club, and now building at Racine, Wis.

Mr. Linton Hope has designed and built a 20-footer for an American owner, and she will probably race in the open events, though not eligible for the trial races. It is likely that another English boat will also be sent over.

The new boats are all built up to the limit, of 17ft. 6in. l.w.l. and 500sq. ft. of sail, with from 6 to 8ft. beam, and a number of them will use the Scarecrow rig.

The few existing boats in the 20ft. class, Bogie and Eos being the only modern ones, are practically outbuilt, having a waterline of 19ft., with but 440sq. ft. of sail. There is some talk of the Boston Rooster, owned by the Adams Brothers, being adapted to this class and entering the trial races. The English 1-rater Shrimp, a very fast Sibbick boat that was imported two years ago and altered to race in the 21ft. special class, with an enlarged bulb and sail plan, has recently been altered in the other direction to bring her into the 20ft. class, and she will be sailed in the regular races. It is almost certain that some boats as yet unreported will be added to the list, so that fifteen or even more starters may be looked for in the trial races.

Verona.

THE accompanying reproduction, from a photo by N. L. Stebbins, of Boston, shows the handsome cruising knockabout which was illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 23-30. Verona, as she has since been named, was designed and built by the Marblehead Yacht Yard (W. B. Stearns) for C. B. Tucker, of Boston, and is 32ft. 9in. over all, 21ft. l.w.l., 7ft. 8in. beam, and 4ft. 11in. draft. She has lately been tried in both light and heavy weather, and has proved fast and very easy on her helm. As the plans showed, she has a great amount of room inside, which is disposed of to the best possible advantage for the comfort of owner and crew.



VERONA.

Knockabout designed and built by W. B. Stearns for C. B. Tucker, 1897.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

We have received the first number of a new monthly journal named *Marine Engineering*, published by the Marine Publishing Co., New York. It is devoted, as the subtitle sets forth, to "vessel construction, propulsion and allied interests." The new paper is of a convenient size for handling and reading, and contains forty pages, well printed and with numerous illustrations. Among the descriptive articles is one on the new steam yacht Marietta III., one of the new engines for the U. S. Cruiser Chicago, and one on the new Hamburg-American steamer Pennsylvania. Dr. R. H. Thurston contributes an interesting article on high-pressure steam for marine uses, and Col. E. A. Stevens writes of the origin and development of the ferryboat. We wish all success to the new venture, as there is room for it in the wide field of marine engineering.

Gleaner, sloop, has been sold by F. O. Wellington, of Boston, to L. F. Gates, of Oshkosh, Wis., who will race her on Lake Winnebago. She has been remarkably successful in Boston waters, last year winning the bronze medal and pennant of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. in the second class.

Telfer, schr., recently purchased by Mr. Wood, of Castine, Me., sailed from the Atlantic Y. C. at Bay Ridge, N. Y., on May 1 for Bangor, Me., with Capt. Trask, two seamen and a cook aboard, and also Harry Wood, the fourteen-year-old son of the owner. At a little after 1 A. M. on May 5, when off Faulkner's Island in a dense fog, the yacht was struck by the Sound steamer City of Fitchburg, and nearly cut in two, sinking in a few minutes. Capt. Trask and the cook, who were on deck, launched the dinghy, and the others, wakened by the crash, came from below, all reaching the steamer in safety, and coming to New York on her. Wivern was built in 1866, from their own model, by Pierce Bros., at East Boston. She was a keel boat, 52ft. 3in. over all, 48ft. 4in. l.w.l., 15ft. beam and 6ft. 5in. draft. In 1885 she was lengthened and renamed Telfer. She is well-known about New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

Penelope, steam yacht, ex-Sapphire II., *née* Cleopatra, now owned by H. S. Converse, of Boston, has been for some weeks in the West Indies, and reached Sandy Hook about 11 A. M. on May 5. As she came up the Swash she met the big monitor Terror coming down the Ship Channel, outward bound for five days' target practice at sea. Signals were exchanged, but the two vessels came together, the monitor losing her davits and the captain's gig. The yacht was less fortunate, losing her foretopgallant mast and smashing her bulwarks, with other minor damage. She proceeded to Tebo's for repairs.

Lorelei is the name selected by Chas. A. Schieren, Jr., of the Great South Bay Y. C., for his new sloop building at Greenport from a design by H. C. Wintringham. The new yacht is intended to race in the class with the Herreshoff sloop Bonnie Doon, owned by Messrs. Mills, a very successful boat. She will be 44ft. 10in. over all, 30ft. l.w.l., 13ft. beam, 2ft. 5in. draft, including a lead keel of two tons. The forward overhang is 6ft. and the after overhang 8ft. 10in. The mast is 42ft., boom 40ft., gaff 24ft., and bowsprit 9ft. outboard. The hull is double-skinned, of white cedar, the inner skin 7-16in. and the outer 9-16in. There is a permanent cabin 7ft. long, with berths, etc., and abaft it a "summer cabin" 8ft. long, the remainder of the cockpit being 13ft. long.

The Riverton Y. C. of Riverton, N. J., held its annual election on May 4, the following officers being elected: Com., William R. Ellison; Vice-Com., A. M. Taylor; Sec'y, E. B. S. Myers; Treas., James S. Coale; Meas., H. McIlvaine Biddle; Finance and Elective Committee: John C. S. Davis, Chair-

man; E. S. Showell, Charles C. Rianhard, Charles W. Davis and Harvey Mitchell; Regatta Committee: John S. Muckle, Chairman; Charles W. Davis and Harvey Mitchell.

Republic, schr., under charter, sailed from Charleston, S. C., for Mexican and South American ports on May 4.

Oneonta, steam yacht, F. C. Dininny, has been chartered to G. K. Clarke, Jr.

It is reported that George G. Tyson, of the Riverside Y. C., owner of Vorant I. and II. Trilby and Riverside, has placed an order with the Herreshoffs for a steam yacht 210ft. long, a seagoing craft with brigantine rig, intended for a cruise around the world.

Mr. J. F. Tams, who has for many years been associated with the Regatta, America's Cup, and other important committees of the New York Y. C., has been appointed as the third member of the regatta committee for the year.

Com. C. T. Wills, chairman of the building committee of the Indian Harbor Y. C., has signed the contract for building a new club house at Greenwich, Conn. The building is to be of wood, 70×30ft., and two stories high. The contract price is $15,000. The site is a prominent one at the mouth of Greenwich Harbor, a half mile west of E. C. Benedict's residence. The contractor is J. P. Crosby, of Greenwich. The building will be ready early in July. The total cost of building and grounds will be in the neighborhood of $20,000.

On April 29 there was launched from Webber's yard, New Rochelle, a new sloop designed by Mr. Webber for James Baird, of the Philadelphia Y. C. Surprise, as she was named, is 45ft. over all, 30ft. l.w.l., 13ft. beam, and 3ft. 9in. draft, with 5 tons of lead. She is a centerboard boat, with pole-masted sloop rig. She is intended as a generally useful boat, and is of strong and durable construction well fitted below, the trunk cabin giving a headroom of 5ft. 10in. Under sail in a hard blow she proved very satisfactory, both in stability and speed.

Paprika, 15-footer, has been sold by Gardner & Cox to E. A. Stevens, Jr., son of Col. Edwin A. Stevens, of Hoboken. Mr. Stevens has just joined the Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

The Burgess Y. C., of Marblehead, Mass., has arranged the following fixtures: May 29, club cruise; June 17, open race; June 26, first championship; July 5, open race; July 10, second championship; July 10, moonlight sail; July 24, ladies' race; Aug. 2, association open race; Aug. 21, third championship; Sept 4, club race; Sept. 11, championship sail-off.

Melicete, cutter, the Burgess centerboard 46-footer, has been sold to Rear-Com. W. O. Gay, Hull Y. C.

The Boston Y. C., at a recent meeting paid the following fitting and well merited tribute to the memory of one of its most valuable members: *Resolved*, That whereas Hon. Benjamin Dean, one of the original members of the Boston Y. C., died at his home in South Boston on April 9, 1897, this club does now put on record the following memorial of its distinguished member. Before yacht clubs were known in these waters, and nearly thirty-one years ago, he was one of the four choice spirits who, on board the old Violet, lying at Hull, conceived the scheme of the formation of this club. Now all but one of that party are sailing on celestial seas, where winds are ever fair and the breakers make no moan. At the first meeting of the voluntary association he presided. When, not long after its incorporation, the membership of the club seemed to turn rather to the pipe and bowl than to the tiller and sheet, he it was who did herculean labor in the successful efforts of reorganization, freshening it with new and influential members, who added character and respectability to the organization. From the beginning to the day of his death he was one of the trustees, except for such years from 1870 to 1875, in which he was its commodore, and when the membership list reached its high-water mark. To him the holding of office meant always the taking of the responsibility attached to it. There is no island in the harbor of any size but that, at some time, he has examined it with reference to anchorage and headquarters for the club. It is familiar to us all that the land and flats which are now used for yachting purposes and our present club house, and the more permanent wharf built after other structures had been wrecked by ice floes, are due to his thoughtful generosity, rare foresight and executive ability. In the later years of his life, though handicapped by serious physical ills which would have deterred even the strongest man, he showed no abatement of his fondness for the sea and his enthusiasm for yachting. His last letter, written to the secretary of the club the week before his death, closed in these words: "My dear fellow members of the Boston Y. C., you will always be dear to me and still sail in my company, inhaling health from the winds and courage from the storms." If we sought to make from all in this club the composite of that man who should be taken in all respects, as the ideal yacht club member, who would not say it is Benjamin Dean.

The Taunton Y. C., whose station is at Dighton, Mass., announces the following fixtures: May 31, club house, open to members' families and guests; club cruise to Thurston's for clam dinner; entertainment at club house in the evening. June 14, ladies' day and moonlight sail; entertainments to be announced later. June 26, first club race for championship cup. July 13, ladies' day and moonlight sail. Aug. 5-7, cruise to Newport. Aug. 11, Ladies' day and moonlight sail. Aug. 21, championship cup race. Aug. 26, open regatta and water events. Sept. 6, championship cup race. Sept. 10, ladies' day and moonlight sail. During July, August and September, there will be several smoke talks and stag parties given, dates of which will be announced later. The club will arrange several clam bakes this season at Assonet Neck and at Thuston's; dates and particulars to be given later. Regular club meetings are held at club house on the third Monday of May, June, July, August and September; annual meeting the last Monday in February. Limit of membership 200; membership for 1896 was 197. Admission fee $10. Annual dues $5. The janitor will be on duty at the club house, making preparation for the season on and after May 15. The house will be in readiness for members and their guests after May 29. Connected by telephone. The officers are: Com., Clinton V. Sanders; Vice-Com., C. Everett Evans; Rear-Com., Daniel L. Brownell; Acting Sec'y, Edwin N. Clark; Treas., Everett H. Waldron; Fleet Captain, Joseph S. Williams. Directors: Geo. E. Wilbur, C. V. Sanders, C. E. Evans, D. L. Brownell, H. S. Williams, W. W. Arnold, H. B. Baker. Regatta Committee: Edward L. Sargent, J. S. Williams, Geo. H. Phillips, W. H. Reed, Luther Dean. House Committee: C. Everett Evans, Edwin A. Tetlow, Charles P. Foster.

The annual meeting of the Royal Canadian Y. C. was held on April 24 in the town club house, Toronto, the following officers being elected: Com., Æmilius Jarvis; Vice-Com., J. H. Plummer; Rear-Com., George H. Gooderham; Hon. Sec'y, F. G. R. Seaver; Managing Committee: C. A. B. Brown, R. C. Donald, J. Gray Gibson, Frank M. Gray, G. R. Hargraft, A. Burdett Lee, H. E. Ridley, James E. Robertson, W. E. Sampson and James Scott. The retiring commodore, A. R. Boswell, has served the club for many years, as honorary secretary in 1869, '70, '71; as commodore from 1878 to 1883, and again, with the 20-rater Vreda as flagship, from 1889 to 1897. Mr. S. Bruce Harman has also served the club long and well as honorary secretary. The club has been laboring under serious disadvantages for several years past, the town club house on the water front, by way of which the island club house is reached, having been almost inaccessible from the city. The work of improving the water front has been carried on by the city authorities in the same dilatory and slovenly manner that characterizes most municipal work on this side of the line, and several years have been wasted in the construction of a bridge across the railway tracks. This bridge, which is open this week for the first time, will give convenient access to the club house from the city, and enable the members to enjoy once more the unusual advantages which Toronto affords, a man being able to spend an hour at the club house between business and dinner, or to get out for a sail within half an hour of leaving his office or house. The continued isolation of the club stations has had a natural effect in decreasing the membership of the club, and to counteract this a motion was passed to remit the initiation fee up to July 1. The present membership is: Honorary life members, 3; life members, 60; resident members, 365; non-resident, 365; junior resident, 50; total, 577. Ten new life membership certificates will be issued. The club offers special prizes for the 20ft. class and will be represented in the races at Montreal. Although the financial reports of the year show a balance of but $32.21, the club is in a very satisfactory position this year. Com. Jarvis, so well known through his connection with the building and handling of the successful Canada last year, is one of the most energetic and enthusiastic of Canadian yachtsmen, and no better selection could have been made for a leader at the present time. With free access to its houses and an added membership, the club has a bright future before it.

On May 7 an explosion took place aboard Viking, steam yacht, H. A. Hutchinson, which nearly resulted in the death of Louis Corbett, the fireman of the yacht. She was lying at Tebo's Docks, between Sultana and Buccaneer, with steam up, just preparing for commission, when a manhole cover blew off, filling the boiler room and other spaces below deck with steam. All hands escaped but Corbett, who was caught below, but was able to reach an open porthole. This was too small to permit the passage of his body, and he would have been scalded but for those on the dock, who ran a fire hose to the yacht and played upon him. Between the chances of being scalded by the steam or drowned by the hose, he was still in serious danger. Chief Engineer Heilbron, of the Buccaneer, made an attempt to go below but failed. Meanwhile men had been at work on the deck with axes, and a hole was finally cut by which Corbett was lifted out. He was taken to the hospital, but it is hoped that his injuries are not dangerous.

The Dock Department of New York has at last moved in the matter of a yacht landing at the south end of the city, and work will be commenced this month on a breakwater next to Pier A, North River, inclosing a protected basin with a landing stage. The improvement has been long needed by yachtsmen.

Emerald, schr., J. R. Maxwell, was launched on April 29 from Marvel's ways, Newburgh, where she has been during the winter. Her original trough keel has been cut off and cut up, the lead being recast in the new keel trough which has been built. This alteration has increased the draft from about 10ft. to the full limit, 14ft. The rig is practically new throughout, and of course of increased area to utilize the power gained through the lower ballast. The yacht has been towed to Tebo's, where her spars will be shipped and she will be fitted out for racing.

Helen, steam yacht, was launched at East Boston on May 1. She was built for Oliver H. Perry and is 87ft. over all, 68ft. l.w.l., 14ft. 6in. beam and 5ft. draft.

The Cricket Fleet, of Atlantic City, at its meeting on May 6, decided to change its name to the Absequan Y. C. The following fixtures are announced: May 25, race for half-raters in Cricket Bay; June 10, race for cricket boats; June 24, race for cricket boats and half-raters in Absecon Bay; July 8, open race in Cricket Bay; July 24, race for cricket boats and half-raters in Absecon Bay; Aug. 6, invitation race; Aug. 23, open race in the Thoroughfare; Sept. 7, race for cricket boats and half-raters in Absecon Bay; Sept. 21, open race. The invitation race, scheduled for Aug. 6, will probably be sailed with the Longport Y. C.

Lehemer, sloop, has been sold by Com. Francis Shunk Brown, Philadelphia Y. C., to Joshua R. Adams.

Mayflower, steam yacht, Ogden Goelet, has made nearly twenty knots on her speed trial on the Clyde. She will be delivered to Mr. Goelet very soon, and will come at once to New York. Both Mayflower and Nahma, Mr. Robert Goelet's new yacht, have been delayed by the furnishers and upholsterers.

Bedouin, cutter, J. Murray Mitchell, will this year, for the first time, appear with white topsides. She has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted at Tebo's. Her younger and narrower sister, Ileen, lies near her in the tier at Tebo's, neglected and in very bad condition.

Adrienne, schr., formerly of New Orleans, has arrived at New Haven, from which port she will hail in the future, her new owners being Chas. E. Graham and Israel Kelsey. She was designed by Stewart & Binney, and built by Lawley & Son in 1892. When enrolled in the Southern Y. C. she did a great deal of cruising in the Gulf and also in Cuban waters.

The Fox Lake Y. C., of Fox Lake, Ill., has elected the following officers: Com., Dr. T. W. Brophy; Vice-Com., Benjamin Felex; Sec'y, John A. Putnam; Treas., C. J. Patterson; Chaplain, Rev. Geo. W. Wright; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Corlett; Meas., Robert Tooke, Jr.; Regatta Committee: Clark Bennett, Sumner Sollitt, Harry Weber, W. H. Lyford, Dr. Bently. The following amendment to the rules was passed: "Boats launched after July 4, 1896, with overhang shall be barred from first class unless one-third overhang be added to load waterline with crew aboard in competing length." The club has received a challenge from Wisconsin to sail for the championship of the State, and the winner to sail the winner of the Wisconsin State regatta at Green Lake. Five races will be sailed at Fox Lake. The first, July 3, starting at Minneola; July 5, starting from Dr. Brophy's cottage; July 17, starting from East Side; July 31, starting from Dr. Tooker's cottage; Aug. 7, starting from island; Aug. 14, starting from East Side.

The New York Yacht, Launch and Engine Co., of Morris Heights, N. Y., has issued a handsome catalogue descriptive of the yachts, launches, etc., built by it. The company is now well established in its new shops on the Harlem.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, Eng., April 24.—At the North London Rifle Club the following revolver scores were made on April 21. Revolver series 1 (20yds stationary target):

Class 1:

Carter	777767—41	Maj Munday	477427 31
Tilbury	76567—38		

Class 2:

W Luff	657767—38	Dritton	673137—28
Lieut Johnstone	767656 37	Chicken	346545 27
Capt T W Brading	5 7776 37	Ward	556443 —27
Capt Evans	7 7754 35		

Class 3:

Lieut. Curley	677455—31	MacCormack	570073—22
Irvine	3774 4- 32	Saffell	272330—17
Saunders	633531—24	Dicker	0 5060 13

April 15.—South London Rifle Club, 20yds., stationary revolver target:

Howe	565765—31	Chicken	554746 31

There was no shooting at 50yds.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., May 2.—Capt. Gindele again distinguished himself by making creditable scores on both the Standard and the German Ring targets. His scores were: 91, 89, 94, 86, 86, on the Standard target; 228, 226 and 218 on the German Ring target; he averaged 89⅛ on the former, 224 on the latter. Trounstine won the badge to-day for the fifth time, but must hold it for the balance of this month by virtue of most points to entitle him to final ownership. Scores made to-day were as follows:

Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, Standard American and German Ring targets:

Gindele.			
9 10 10 10 10 9 10 8 9 9—94		6 9 8 10 10 10 10 10 10 8— 91	
9 10 9 8 9 9 7 8 10 10—89		23 21 23 24 25 21 23 24 24 20—228	
Payne.			
8 8 8 10 8 8 10 7 7 8—83		5 10 6 9 9 10 7 9 8 7— 80	
7 8 7 9 6 9 8 8 8 9—79		16 18 24 20 23 25 24 21 21 21—216	
Trounstine.			
10 8 10 6 10 10 5 8 7 8—77		5 9 7 6 9 7 8 7 5 9— 72	
6 5 8 8 7 8 9 10 4 7—72			
Drube.			
7 10 10 8 10 10 7 8 7 8—85		10 7 7 10 8 10 7 8 7 8— 83	
9 9 8 7 6 5 8 9 7 9—77		14 23 19 19 13 20 19 18 17 22—184	
Nestler.			
6 7 6 10 8 10 9 10 8 9—83		8 10 9 6 6 9 10 7 9 5— 79	
8 9 9 4 5 9 9 10 8 5—76		24 21 22 20 22 23 21 20 25 5—203	
Uckotter.			
9 7 3 5 4 6 7 9 8 9—67		8 5 5 6 10 7 8 5 8 3— 65	
4 9 8 5 7 5 9 6 4 7—64			
***Hake.**			
10 9 6 7 8 4 7 7 4 6—68		4 3 4 8 5 4 8 8 6 7— 57	
3 5 8 7 9 5 6 4 5 3—55			
Wellinger.			
10 7 10 7 8 10 6 7 9 10—84		8 9 10 6 7 9 7 9 8 9— 82	
6 8 9 9 5 10 8 10 6 5—76		20 24 19 20 21 18 21 21 22 21—207	
Hasenzahl			
8 10 7 9 8 8 9 7 6 7—79		9 9 9 8 9 4 10 7 5 7— 77	
10 6 9 7 6 8 10 8 7 6—77		22 12 22 22 23 21 13 17 21 24—197	
***Schulte.**			
8 5 7 10 5 6 8 10 8 7—74		4 6 5 5 4 7 3 8 6 6— 51	
4 3 5 10 7 5 5 4 6 4—53			
Strickmeier.			
6 8 5 7 10 7 6 9 1 7 66		10 7 9 8 6 6 8 6 2 6— 68	
5 4 7 5 5 7 8 7 6 8 62		19 16 23 1 10 11 24 21 15 20—176	

* Military rifle.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

May 17.—WILLMAR, Minn.—Tournament of the Willmar Gun Club Targets. D. N. Tallman, Sec'y.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

May 18.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West End Gun Club. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y.

May 18.—RUTHERFURD, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. 100 target race, $5, targets extra. Open to all; no handicap. W. H. Huck, Sec'y.

May 18-19.—FOREST CITY, Ia.—Hill City Gun Club's second annual tournament; $100 added. J. W. Mahoney, Sec'y.

May 19-20.—SAVANNAH, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Forest City Gun Club. $200 added.

May 19-20.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Tournament at Astfalk's Oakwood Inn. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

May 19-21.—CANTON, S. D.—South Dakota Sportsmen's Association annual. C. S. Seely, Sec'y.

May 20.—GREENVILLE, Pa.—Second tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

May 25—FINDLAY, O.—Tournament of the Magautrap Gun Club. Targets. Chas. E. Steen, Sec'y.

May 25-27.—MARLIN, Texas.—Tournament of the Marlin Gun Club. E. K. Herrings, Sec'y.

May 25-27.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Tournament of the Joplin Gun Club. Added money announced later.

May 26.—BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Tournament of the Brooklyn Gun Club. Targets. Grounds at Liberty avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn.

May 26-29.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

May 31.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 31.—PORTLAND, Me.—Spring tournament of the Portland Gun Club. Targets. Added money announced later.

May 31-June 1.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich. Tournament of the Michigan Trap Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Valley City Gun Club.

May 31.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Second tournament of the Connecticut Trap Shooting Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. W. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

June 2-3.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Anniversary tournament of the Bergen County Gun Club. *Recreation* cup shoot on June 2. C. O. Gardner, Jr., Sec'y.

June 2-4.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club.

June 3.—BATH, Me.—Sixth annual tournament of the Bath Gun Club. Open to all. Geo. E. Thompson, Sec'y.

June 7-8.—PARKERSBURG, W. Va.—Tournament of the Mountain State Gun Club. Targets. $350 added. Leon J. Epstein, Sec'y.

June 8-9.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—MONROE, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 10.—NEWCASTLE, Pa.—Third tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

June 15-18.—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—ANACONDA, Mont.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest and fourth annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Anaconda Gun Club. C. A. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 22.—OGDEN, Ill.—Second annual tournament of the Ogden Gun Club. Wm. Mckinley, Sec'y.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

July 1.—SHERBROOKE, Quebec.—Sherbrooke's grand annual. Inanimates. Open to all amateurs. C. H. Foss, Sec'y, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

July 3-5.—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Co.

July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 20-21.—PINE BLUFF, Ark.—Seventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Added money announced later. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock, Ark.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 17-19.—TORONTO, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000 guaranteed. Open to all. Write for programmes.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept 6.—MERIDEN, Conn.—Third annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13-14. GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Auburn Gun Club is going to introduce some new features at the New York State shoot this year. It has circulated among manufacturers and dealers of sporting goods the following note: "The thirty-ninth annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, connected with which there is to be a four-days' tournament for shooting, which will attract a great many shooting and fishing men who use guns, rods, etc., and who talk them, will be held in Auburn, June 8–11, 1897, inclusive. It is designed to have in connection therewith a sportsman's exposition in the exhibition halls on the grounds of the Cayuga County Agricultural Society in Auburn. Floor space will be free, and will be assigned on application to Charles G. Curtis, president. No expense will be charged by the managers of the convention at all, and we invite you to come and show your goods to *bona fide* buyers, believing such a course will place you face to face with purchasers better than in any other way. We charge you nothing for exhibiting or for floor space, or for anything. Your expenses will be only what you are obliged to make yourself. Will you come?"

Ralph Trimble, who is at present representing the Du Pont Smokeless powder at shoots around New York, was shooting in great form at the Brooklyn Gun Club's tournament on Saturday last, May 8. Ralph and Remsen tied on 47 each out of 50 in the "stein" race, but the stein itself was won by C. W. Billings, with 50 out of 65, J. H. Swan with 13 extras, counting up 49 breaks. In the sweepstake events Trimble was well to the front. No. 1 squad in the first 25 targets of the stein race made the following record: Remsen 25, Brewer 24, Trimble 24, Edwards 24, Fanning 22; total, 119 out of 125 from the magautrap. In its second essay, with a little more wind and more speed to the targets, the squad stood: Trimble 23, Brewer 22, Remsen 22, Fanning 22, Edwards 22. The joint totals were: two 47s, two 46s and one 44, or 230 out of 250, an average of 92 per cent.

Mr. W. H. Sheldon, one of the enthusiastic trap-shooters of Rhode Island, who is doing a great deal of work to boom his favorite sport, writes to us as follows: "I regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Geo. T. Crandall, one of the pioneers of trap-shooting in this State. Mr. Crandall was eighty-two years of age, and has been closely identified with trap shooting in Rhode Island since its infancy. He left three sons, two of whom—Wm. G. and Geo. J.—are well known as trap and game shots. The third son, Alonzo, has more than a local reputation as a builder of speedy yachts. Every member of the Pawtuxet Gun Club will miss the kindly face of a friend."

As already announced in our Fixtures column, the West End Gun Club, of Albany, N. Y., will hold a shoot on May 18 at its grounds, Colvin avenue, that city. To get to the grounds, shooters should take the West Albany electric cars at Arcade to Watervliet avenue, where conveyances will be in waiting to carry shooters to the grounds. The programme consists of ten 15-target events, $1.25 entrance, the price for targets being 15 for 25 cents, deducted from the purses. The programme states that 10 per cent. of each net purse will be deducted for averages divided as in the regular events, viz., 4 moneys: 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. All targets thrown at unknown angles, shooting commencing at 10 A. M. Horace B. Derby is secretary of the West End Gun Club.

The second tournament of the Connecticut Trap-Shooting Association will be held on the grounds of the New Haven Gun Club, Decoration Day, May 31. The programme is the same as that shot at the first meeting of the Association, under the auspices of the Parker Gun Club, of Meriden. The team race, of course, is the main feature on the programme. All purses will be divided under the Rose system, except in the team race, when there is an optional sweep on each 20 targets (20 known and 20 unknown). Mr. W. H. Hazel, secretary of the club, will furnish any further information that may be desired.

Parkersburg, W. Va., should have a large number of shooters registered at her hotels the second week of June. The Mountain State Gun Club, of that city, as lively an organization as exists anywhere in the States, announces that it will hold a two days' shoot at targets, June 7–8, the Monday and Tuesday of the second week. At this shoot the club will add $350, a large sum as added money goes now. Elsewhere we give an extended notice of the programme, which has just reached us.

Two well known faces were missing from the ranks of the shooters at Newburgh last week—Messrs. J T. Mascroft and V. D. Kenerson, of Worcester, Mass. Many expressions of regret (that were far from merely formal expressions) at the absence of the two above-named gentlemen were heard during the tournament. Both had come to be looked upon as fixtures at the shoots of the Newburgh Club, and both had formed many friendships with those who regularly attend these affairs.

The Hill City Gun Club, of Forest City, Ia., has gotten out a programme for its tournament May 18–19. The events are all at 15 targets, and the prizes to be contested for are both cash and merchandise. The management states that the shoot "is no money making scheme, as sportsmen will see at a glance that the programme is arranged with a special view to pleasing the majority of trap-shooters."

Mr. C. A. Tuttle, secretary of the Anaconda (Mont.) Gun Club, writes us that the thirteenth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest and the fourth annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association would be held jointly at Anaconda, under the auspices of the local gun club, June 17–20.

On Thursday of this week, May 13, a ten-men team race will be shot on the Endeavor Gun Club's grounds at Marion, between the home club and the gun club of Freehold, N. J. The latter is a strong organization and the Endeavors will have to get out their best material to do justice to the visitors. Lunch will be served on the grounds.

Among the passengers on board the American liner Paris, which arrived at New York on May 8, were Mr. and Mrs. R. W. S. Griffith. Mr. Griffith is head chemist and general manager of the Schultze Smokeless Powder factory in England, and his visit to this country is connected with business for the firm which he represents.

George S. McAlpin, who has of late become about as well known as any amateur trap-shooter in the country, has been secured to take charge of the members of the Yale College Gun Club, and train its members for the coming three-cornered match with Princeton and Harvard for the college championship.

It is a fact that the biggest kickers against the use of the Rose system in dividing purses are the professionals and those experts who shoot purely "for the stuff." What is the logical inference? And is it anything discreditable to the only equitable system of dividing purses in target events.

The company at Newburgh, N. Y., last week was quite warm. As a matter of fact, it is an easy thing to get up a hot squad around New York just now. Jack Fanning and Ralph Trimble help mightily when it comes to breaking targets.

Tuesday, May 18, is the day set for the 100-target race, $5 entrance, birds extra at 2 cent each, open to all, promoted by the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J. There will be an optional sweep on each 25 targets.

Warwick, N. Y., one of the prettiest towns in the State, has just organized a gun club. Two of its members are J. B Ogden and John B. Rogers, both of whom were at the Newburgh shoot.

The Bath (Me.) Gun Club announces that it will hold its sixth annual tournament on Thursday, June 3, at its grounds, Woolwich, Me. Mr. Geo. E. Thompson is the secretary of the club.

The programmes for the Cleveland Target Co.'s tournament, June 15-18, are now ready for distribution. A letter to the company will receive due attention.

MAY 11. EDWARD BANKS.

Programmes for Coming Tournaments.

MOUNTAIN STATE GUN CLUB.

EARLY this year the Mountain State Gun Club, of Parkersburg, W. Va., held a tournament, which, although almost an impromptu affair, proved so entirely satisfactory that the club set to work at once to arrange for another tournament on a larger scale, claiming June 7–8 as its dates.

To make this shoot an attractive one, the club went down in its pocket, counted up its small change, and decided to offer $350 added money. Three hundred and fifty dollars added to the purses in a two-days' shoot is a good deal of money as things go now, and the club deserves all the encouragement possible for its enterprise. It need have no fears as to the number of entries; the boys will come out in force and shoot from first to last, because tournaments of this nature are few and far between nowadays.

On June 7, the first day of the shoot (and Monday by the way), the programme calls for 150 targets, six 15-target events and three 20-target events—at a total entrance for the day of $15; $15 is added to each purse in the 15-target events, and $20 to each purse in the 20-target events. The programme for the second day is precisely similar, with the exception that the $15 added to the purse in event No. 1 is donated by the United States (Gold Dust) Smokeless Powder Co. A special feature of the second day's programme is a six-men team race for State teams, all members of a team to be resident of the same State. The race will be at 25 targets per man, $12 per team, with $50 added to the purse by the Mountain State Gun Club. The purse will be divided into three moneys Rose system.

Among the notes of interest to shooters are the following: "All purses will be divided under the Rose system; four moneys in the 15-target events; five moneys in the 20-target events. All events at unknown angles. One set of nine expert bluerock traps with North's electric pull will be used. Shooting to commence at 9 o'clock. All guns and shells forwarded to Leon J. Epstein, secretary, will be cared for and delivered to the shooting grounds."

THE CLEVELAND FOURTH ANNUAL

We always open Paul North's programmes with a degree of eagerness that does not make itself felt under any other similar circumstances. The Cleveland programmes are nothing if not original, and every year Paul North springs something new upon the shooters, and keeps us guessing what will come next. This year he has had made strenuous efforts to help out the novices and semi-experts of the amateur class. We imagine that his efforts will meet with success, and that the above sub-classes will be well represented at his shoot.

And the paid expert, the unpaid expert, and the semi-experts and novices in the professional ranks will also be there; they will be on hand for business purposes. Taking it altogether then, the fourth annual target tournament of the Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company should about show high watermark for the target tournaments of 1897.

The principal feature that is new in this programme is the system of taxation of the manufacturers' agents for the benefit of those who put up their own antes of all kinds—shells, guns, expenses, etc. Every event in which there is a sweepstake has the same entry fee, viz., $2.50, whether it is a 15, 20 or 25-target event. The $2.50 refers to the non-agent classes; for the agents the fee for each event is $3, and the extra 50 cents per event will go to form an average fund to be divided among the non-agent classes, being prorated at the end of the shoot among the members of the said non-agent classes, who have shot through the entire programme for the three days.

As was the case last year, bluerocks will be thrown free of charge; this would mean for a tournament of this size a sum of $1,000 or $1,500 prorated among those who shoot, supposing 3 cents a piece had been charged for targets. As the programme says: "We take great pleasure in inviting our friends to Cleveland once a year, and in throwing for them all the bluerocks they can shoot at for the three days of our tournament free of any charge for them, and in that way give them an opportunity to contest in the various events without the customary 'rake off' for bluerocks."

The first day's programme contains five 15-target events, two 20-target events, and one 25-target event, or a total of 140 targets in all, the entry fees for all day footing up to $20 for the non-agents and $24 for the agents. In all 15-target and 20-target events there will be five moneys; in event No. 6, the 25-target event, the purse will be divided into half as many equal portions as there are entries; thus one-half of the entries will receive $5 each, the other half "nit."

For the second day there are three 15 and three 20-target events, with the same conditions exactly as on the first day. There are also two 25-target events, entrance free, the prize in each one of these events being a watch charm, presented respectively by the Du Pont and the Hazard Powder companies. The only restriction in these events is that a shooter must use the powder manufactured by the firm presenting the badge, an optional sweep of $2.50 being made in each of these events, these purses being divided in the same manner as in event No. 6 on the first day. The third day's programme is an exact copy of that set for the second day, watch charm races, optional sweeps and everything. It is also stated that no shooter having won one of the four charms offered for competition is eligible to compete for another, and all ties for the charms are shot off in the succeeding events. So much for the schedule of events.

Expert amateurs and all other non-agents must bear in mind that if they make a 90 per cent. or better record on either the first or second day, they will march right up the following day with the upper ten and poney up their $1 extra per day, just the same as the agent classes do.

The most pithy part of the whole programme is the following definition of what constitutes the "$4 class": "By manufacturers' experts we mean any one that accepts *any compensation of any kind* from a manufacturer of articles used at tournaments for his services in introducing these goods."

We had nearly omitted all mention of the fact that all targets will be thrown from magautraps; and that the grounds of the Cleveland Gun Club, where the shoot will be held, will be open for practice sweepstake shooting on Monday and Tuesday, June 14–15, the club taking charge of all events shot on those days.

The list of average prizes, which are in addition to the dollars prorated among the non agents as above stated, is a healthy one, and contains many valuable articles and some cash, there being seventeen prizes in all. And the "manufacturers' experts" are barred from all participation in those seventeen good things.

The above will give a good idea of what Paul North and the Chamberlain Cartridge & Target Co. has in store for the boys at Cleveland, June 16–18. If there's anything else you want to know, write to Paul and get a programme.

The Pennsylvania State Shoot.

ABOUT six weeks have to pass before the annual State shoot of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association is due. The dates for this tournament are June 22-25, and although there is yet plenty of time between now and June 22, the management of the Oil City Gun Club, the club under whose auspices the shoot is to be held, has so far advanced matters in the way of preparations for the reception of its guests that it could, should it so desire, take things easily from now on until the word to commence firing is given on June 22. But the club and its management do not seem disposed to take things quietly, and will leave no stone unturned to make the State shoot of 1897 the banner one in the history of the State Sportsmen's Association of the Keystone State.

PROSPECTS FOR A BIG SHOOT ARE GOOD.

And it begins to look very much as if the shoot is going to be a big one. So far, of course, we can make no remarks on the probable programme of events for each day. No authentic copies of the programme, which is now being put through the press, have reached us, as such copies are not ready for distribution. We can say, however, that these programmes, when completed, will be of considerable interest, as they will contain much purely original matter. Oil City, too, is favorably located in western Pennsylvania, a great center for trap-shooting by the way; it stands to reason, therefore, that we shall see many new faces at this year's annual gathering. The "Old Guard" of the State will surely be on hand. Philadelphia and Harrisburg will both send their quota of shooters. Reading will also not be left out in the cold. York, Lancaster, Scranton, Wilkes Barre, etc., will all send delegations without question. But it is Pittsburg and her immediate vicinity that we look to for the bulk of the shooters at the State shoot; and a note in a letter we have received from Mr. H. C. Reeser, secretary of the Oil City Gun Club, and also secretary of the State Sportsmen's Association, tells us that a round dozen of Pittsburgers do not intend to get left out of the shuffle. There is so much of interest in this letter of Mr. Reeser's, that we will not only give the extract referred to but the bulk of the letter, as it will best serve our purpose so to do:

AN INTERESTING COMMUNICATION.

"By the way, the Pittsburg shooters have already engaged twelve rooms here at the Arlington Hotel for the week of the shoot and, judging from this, the Smoky City is going to be pretty well represented. About four weeks ago I wrote to about seventy-five men who participated in the Grand American Handicap and inquired whether they intended coming here for the special event, as I was anxious to know what the boys thought about it, and wanted to figure on birds. With two exceptions all the replies were favorable, and I expect not less than 100 entries. And why shouldn't there be that many? We offer the same inducements that the Interstate Association did at the Grand American Handicap, and I would not be surprised to see nearly the same number of entries. I would have written to all who were at the big shoot, but did not have the addresses of more than seventy-five. Even suppose that we only have 100 entries. That means $2,500 to divide, and surely that should be sufficient inducement for all the best shots in the country. We have selected the grounds for the tournament and think that the visitors will be very much pleased with them. They are about four miles from the city, at the famous sulphur springs and picnic grounds of the Oil City Street Railway, whose trolley cars run to the grounds every ten minutes. It is a delightful ride along what is called "Deep Hollow" Road, one of the most beautiful drives in the country, and the scenery and surroundings cannot be excelled. The shooting grounds are located on what only a few years ago were the best woodcock grounds in the country; even now those birds are quite plentiful in season, while ruffed grouse can be heard drumming in every direction, so that I feel sure everybody will be delighted with our selection. Our regular shooting grounds are altogether too small, and it is impossible to get a desirable place nearer the city. The trolley ride, however, will prove to be one of the pleasant features of the visit here, as the service is excellent. The road is well supplied with large, open observation cars, and they make very fast time. Mr. J. L. Winston was here last week and appeared to be very well pleased with the place. He said that some of the boys had an idea that it was necessary to wear red flannel shirts and high boots here, so, for fear (!) that you may be one of them, let me dispel that illusion. Wear the best that you have, and even a diamond or two will not be out of place. We will take good care of all the visitors and see that they are not blown up with nitro glycerine, run over by the cars or scared by the policemen."

LIKE THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP.

The special event referred to by Mr. Reeser is the 25-bird race, $25 entrance, birds extra. $1,000 guaranteed, which will be commenced on June 24. The moneys in this event will be divided in a precisely similar manner to the way in which the purse in this year's Grand American Handicap was divided. This event will actually be another Grand American Handicap, as Mr. Reeser rightly says, and we do not think that he has placed his list of probable entries much too high.

A HINT TO PENNSYLVANIA GUN CLUBS.

While referring to the prospects for Pennsylvania's State shoot, it would not be out of place to urge upon gun clubs in that State who are not already members of the State organization, to lose no time in sending in their applications for membership. The State Association has worked hard for the betterment of the game laws of the State, and there seems a probability of its efforts this year meeting with the success it failed to achieve in 1895. Clubs and individuals should recognize, before it is too late to do any good, that only organized efforts can accomplish anything in this line. These words apply equally to every State association in the Union. If the game is to be preserved from practical extinction, it can only be done by organized efforts. And State Sportsmen's Associations are the best weapons with which to fight for the game and fish of any and every State.

Western Traps.

ANACONDA SHOOT.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 8.—There should be a good attendance at the tournament at Anaconda, Mont., June 17–20, for which the live shooting men of Anaconda are already making preparations. The club of that city will be host for the two big associations, the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest and the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, and the event will bring together the flower of the mountain and coast shooters. Anaconda is a pleasant little city nestled among the big hills, and it is the home of an active and expert trap contingent, who are up to all the latest wrinkles in the modern shooting line, as witness their adoption of the magautrap for their tournament, with a full programme of highly attractive sort. In their local paper the shooters of Anaconda make the following announcements regarding their facilities, all of which is far within the facts, as from a personal acquaintance I can testify:

"The facilities offered by Anaconda for the tournament cannot be excelled. The grounds of the association where the tournament will be held are within a two minutes' walk from the electric car lines, and which run a half-hour service. For shooting purposes the grounds are all that could be desired, as they are a perfect flat, with a good clear background. They are substantially fitted to meet all requirements, with a commodious club house, scorer's stand and cashier's office, and a seating capacity for about 200 people, visitors and spectators. No pains have been spared to make everything convenient and up to date.

"In relation to trophies and prizes, the club has practically arranged for $1,500 added money. In addition to the merchandise prizes, there will be trophies to the value $1,000, the property of the two associations, and consisting of medals, cups and badges.

"Among the trophies which will be shot for in June will be the individual championship medal of the Northwestern Association and the individual championship medal at reverse angles now held by Dell Cooper, of Whatcom, Wash. Another Northwestern trophy is the 3-man team championship. The Hunter Arms Co. have loaned to the Association the Smith gun trophy, valued at $250. The *Globe* trophy is valued at $350, and will give an opportunity for one of the sharpest contests of the tournament.

"The Montana State championship cup for a 3-man team will also be shot for. It is now held by the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. The individual bluerock championship for the State of Montana, now held by D. D. Twohy, of this city, will also be up for contest. Among the other trophies is the live-bird championship of Montana medal, now held by M. Wright, of Butte, and the challenge medal of the State of Montana, now held by James Conley, of Anaconda. In addition to these, there will be many merchandise prizes put up.

"The Anaconda Club was organized in 1893, since which time it has held three tournaments, and all of them successful shoots. At the last meeting of the Northwestern Association, held at Spokane, there were about sixty entries, and from present indications the entries this year will exceed 100, assuring plenty of fine sport. It is the present object of the club to make this tournament open to the world, and sportsmen from all parts of the country will be heartily welcomed."

BUTTE ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Almost within a biscuit toss of Anaconda, if you can toss a biscuit far enough, is the sister city of Butte, which also supports a fine and skillfully conducted gun club. If any one thinks these men cannot shoot he should watch their scores, or himself try a whirl with them out in the glorious climate of Montana. Butte Rod and Gun Club holds the *Shooting and Fishing* trophy, and will to-morrow defend it against a team from the neighboring city of Anaconda. The selection of the team from the club was made last Monday in a club shoot which brought out a full representation of the membership. The match was at 30 singles and 10 pairs, and was shot with the following result:

	30 Singles.	10 Pairs.	Total.		30 Singles.	10 Pairs.	Total.
Smith	24	16	40	*Westphal	19	14	33
Wright	26	13	39	Morse	21	9	30
Christianson	22	17	39	Walker	17	10	27
Waters	23	13	36	Cowan	12	14	26
Jaeger	18	15	33	J M Steward	15	9	24
Anderson	21	12	33	J Steward, Jr.	13	10	23
Jones	20	13	33	Jams	12	8	20
*McGowan	23	11	34				

* Non-members.

Jaeger won in the shoot-off and made the fifth man on the team. The championship shoot next Sunday will be at 30 singles and 10 pairs.

The second event was a shoot at 25 bluerocks, known traps and unknown angles, and the following scores were made: Wright 25, Anderson 22, Waters 21, Walker 20, Cowan 19, Jones 18, Christianson 18, McGowan 16.

Mrs F. A. Anderson and Mrs. M. A. Wright then shot at 25 birds, the former winning by 2 birds. They made the following scores:

Mrs Anderson....1 4 3 2 5—15 Mrs Wright.....3 3 3 2 2—13

Mrs. Anderson broke her last 6 birds straight. Such shooting by ladies is very unusual.

E. HOUGH.

1266 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun Club League.

GREENVILLE, Pa., May 9.—The Greenville Gun Club has about completed arrangements for the second tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun Club League, which is to be held here May 20. The shoot for the league trophy will be the most interesting event of the day. In the sweepstake shooting the programme will include ten regular events, all at 10 targets, with the exception of one 15-target race. Two sets of traps will be in operation and many special events will be shot. A large attendance is looked for. At last year's tournament the attendance averaged sixty shooters; and the prospects are that it will be much larger this year. The sweepstake events are open to all.

The club grounds and buildings have been given a general overhauling, and the club now has the best ground arrangements of any club in this part of the State.

Word has just reached here of the sad misfortune that has befallen Henry C. Fry, captain of the Youngstown team. Mr. Fry has suffered heavy financial losses lately, which have so preyed upon his mind as to cause it to become unbalanced. It is hoped that rest and quiet will restore his reason. Mr. Fry was one of the jolliest and best liked shooters in the League, and expressions of regret and sympathy are heard on every hand.

R. E. B.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Iowa Sportsmen's Association.

DES MOINES, Ia., May 6.—The twentieth annual tournament of the Iowa Sportsmen's Association closed to-day. The attendance was not as large as was expected. The weather was nice and pleasant and quite a number of spectators were on hand to see the shooting. The trade was represented by the following gentlemen: S. A. Tucker, of Parker Bros.; R. O. Heikes and J. A. R. Elliott, of Winchester Arms Co. and E. C. Powder Co.; F. S. Parmelee, of Remington Arms Co.; John Mackie, of Peters Cartridge Co. and King's Smokeless Powder Co. Owing to the small attendance on the last day only six events were shot.

One of the most interesting features of the tournament was the shooting of Mrs. Dr. Day, of St. Paul, who made an average of over 84 per cent. in the events she took part in during the three days. She used King's Smokeless powder, loaded by the Peters Cartridge Co., in their new Victor shell. At a meeting of the Association held at the Kirkwood Club, the following officers were elected: John G. Smith, Algona, President; Nelson Royal, Vice President; George McCartney, Secretary; A. C. Miller, Treasurer. The following gentlemen were elected Directors: Sam. Hoffman, Atlantic; L. C. Abbott, Marshalltown; C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake; C. W. Budd, Des Moines; C. F. Cole, Dayton. Des Moines was selected as the place for holding the next annual meeting.

Below are each day's records:

First Day, May 4.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.	Ave.
Conger	13	15	11	13	13	19	10	16	11	20	12	18	9	17	197	80
Harkins	10	17	11	18	12	15	13	14	11	12	10	18	8	17	186	75.9
Heikes	15	15	15	19	15	19	14	19	14	19	12	19			228	93.4
Gilbert	15	17	15	17	15	20	13	19	14	20	14	18	15	16	228	93.4
Mahomey	9	14	12	14	11	9	9	15	12	13	10	13	13	16	170	70
Elliott	12	13	12	18	13	17	14	16	12	19	8	15	13	18	200	80.1
Budd	14	18	13	20	14	19	14	17	14	20	15	17	15	18	228	93.4
Hoffman	13	16	13	18	12	17	14	18	11	18	13	16	11	15	205	83.6
Trotter	11	17	13	17	13	18	12	13	13	16	13	17	14	..	...	....
Dr Day	15	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Mrs Day	13	15	14	..	12	..	..	..	15	15	..	15	..	12	...	....
Mackie	11	13	14	16	12	19	13	16	13	17	12	17	13	17	204	83.2
Grimm	15	18	11	15	15	20	13	18	14	19	15	19	15	17	221	91.4
Tucker	11	16	12	..	11	..	11	..	13	..	9	..	12	17	...	....
Douthett	12	15	13	16	12	17	13	14	13	15	13	19	12	17	201	82
Hawman	7	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Parmelee	..	..	..	20	10	15	13	18	15	18	15	17	12	17	...	....
Millner	..	..	..	17	..	18	..	18	..	..	..	..	12	15	...	....
Spencer	..	..	..	15	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Olmstead	..	..	..	..	11	..	11	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Grover	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	9	..	12	..	...	....
McAlister	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	13	16	..	..	...	....
Page	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Patty	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	11	17	11	17	...	....
Tecas	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	..	14	...	....
Roy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	10	..	...	....

Second Day, May 5.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Harkins	12	15	13	13	..	13	16	..	...	...	...
Budd	15	18	13	13	18	13	20	18	140	128	91.4
Gilbert	14	18	15	14	19	13	19	20	140	128	91.2
Hamaker	12	17	13	11	19	9	18	17	140	116	82.1
Mackin	13	7	13	13	18	15	19	16	140	124	88.5
Covey	11	16	13	11	18	10	..	..	...	...	....
Cole	10	14	12	13	17	13	12	..	...	...	....
Dunn	11	13	11	9	..	10	..	..	...	...	....
Abott	14	19	13	13	19	10	19	16	140	123	87.8
Denzel	11	17	11	15	15	11	14	15	140	109	77.8
Mahomey	10	15	11	11	..	13	..	..	...	...	....
Millner	14	19	..	11	18	..	17	..	...	...	....
Parmelee	14	17	13	15	19	14	19	19	140	130	92.8
Douthert	10	13	13	12	16	10	18	16	140	108	77.1
Trotter	13	17	13	14	16	11	18	18	140	120	85.7
Hawman	6	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Grimm	14	16	14	12	9	15	20	16	140	126	90
Heikes	13	20	14	15	19	14	19	15	140	129	92.1
Elliott	11	16	13	13	16	13	16	17	140	115	82.2
Smith	14	19	13	13	18	12	16	15	140	120	85.7
Tucker	11	..	12	13	..	14	13	..	...	...	....
Mrs Day	14	..	13	13	14	13	20	18	...	...	....
Olmsted	12	..	14	12	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Patty	..	18	..	11	19	..	16	..	...	...	....
Place	..	..	..	12	11	..	12	14	...	...	....
Caborn	..	..	..	6	7	..	..	..	...	...	....
Hoffman	..	..	..	14	10	19	..	..	...	...	....
Dr Day	..	..	..	14	..	16	12	14	19	...	...	....
Page	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Quimby	..	..	..	9	..	..	8	..	..	...	...	....
Conger	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Grover	..	..	..	..	11	..	10	..	12	...	...	....
Hayes	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	18	...	...	....
Bruce	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	...	...	....
Auger	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	10	...	...	....
Kirsher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	17	...	...	....
Roy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	...	...	....

Third Day, May 6.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6			
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Ave.
Heikes	15	19	15	20	13	18	105	100	95.2
Budd	14	16	14	18	15	19	105	96	91.4
Elliott	11	16	15	16	14	..	...	...	....
Gilbert	15	18	14	20	15	20	105	102	97.1
Grimm	14	18	14	18	13	20	105	96	91.4
Dr Day	14	14	14	18	13	..	...	...	....
Mahomey	6	15	10	13	8	..	...	...	....
Millner	12	12	13	13	14	..	...	...	....
Mackie	14	18	15	16	13	..	...	...	....
Smith	11	14	..	..	11	..	...	...	....
Hoffman	12	13	12	18	14	..	...	...	....
Parmelee	14	15	14	16	14	..	...	...	....
Holden	14	14	15	..	13	..	...	...	....
G E F	11	17	13	17	9	..	...	...	....
Allenton	..	14	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Douthett	..	13	13	..	..	..	...	...	....
Jones	..	..	10	..	..	..	...	...	....
Mrs Day	..	..	12	..	11	..	...	...	....

GENERAL AVERAGES.

Only four men shot through the programme on the three days, with the result given below:

	1st day.	2d day.	3d day.	Total.	Av.
Gilbert	228	132	102	462	94.2
Heikes	228	129	100	457	93.2
Budd	228	128	96	452	92.2
Grimm	224	126	96	446	91

Each of the above shot at 245 on the first day, 140 on the second day and 105 on the third day, making a total of 490.

On the second day there was a 20-target race, $3.50 entrance, for the L. C. Smith cup. The cup went to the high man, 60 per cent. of purse to second place, 40 per cent. to third place. Scores were:

Grimm 20, Abbott, Corry, Gilbert and Budd 18, Milner, Cole and Trotter 17, Mahoney 16, Conger 14, Dunn, Hoffman, Densel 13, Coborn 9, Place 8.

The live-bird race for the 2 men State team championship trophy, 16 birds to a team, excited lots of interest, fourteen teams entering. Budd and Grimm, Gilbert and Abbott, and Corry and Cole, tied for the trophy on 14 each. On the shoot-off Budd and Grimm won. Scores:

Smith and Hoffman, 11; Budd and Grimm, 14; Gilbert and Abbott, 14; Corry and Cole, 14; Trotter and Howman, 10; Kersher and Kessler, 12; Coborn and Place, 12, Milner and Hayes, 13; Densel and Dun, 8; Quimby and Carter, 11; Burnett and McCartney, 13; Whitney and Macartney, 10; Vertrees and Ray, 13; Mahoney and Hamaker, 11.

HAZARD.

The Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 1.—The Indiana Trap-Shooters' League attended a tournament of the Peru Gun Club, at Peru, Ind., April 28–29, and held a special meeting at the Bearss Hotel to take final action regarding a State tournament. After a spirited contest it was decided to hold the first annual tournament of the Association at Kokomo, Ind., June 8-9, under the auspices of the Kokomo Du Pont Gun Club, Mr. L. W. Cumberland, secretary.

The clubs represented in the State League are as follows: Crawfordsville Gun Club, Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis; Muncie Gun Club, Greensburg Gun Club, Fort Wayne Gun Club, Peru Gun Club, Elkhart Gun Club, Kokomo Gun Club, Wabash Gun Club, Lake City Gun Club, of Warsaw.

By June 8 we expect at least a dozen other gun clubs in the State to join our League. The meeting at Peru was a very spirited one, and fully seventy-five trap-shooters from all parts of Indiana were gathered together, and all took great interest in the advancement of the League.

Sanction was granted for a tournament to be given at Warsaw, Ind., by the Lake City Gun Club, W. A. Wineberer, secretary, Aug. 18–19. Sanction was also granted for a tournament to be held at Greensburg, Ind., Oct. 13–14.

For further information regarding these tournaments please address the secretaries of these clubs. H. T. HEARSEY, Sec'y.

Montpelier Gun Club.

MONTPELIER, Vt., April 30.—Ten members of the Montpelier Gun Club took part this afternoon in the regular weekly practice shoot of the club. The weather was almost perfect for trap-shooting. Next week we expect to contest for the silver keg of W-A Smokeless powder, kindly donated by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., of New York. The scores made to-day are given below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	15
C H Ferrin	..	11	..	9	..	7	..	7	15	..
Standish	..	14	..	8	..	6	..	6	15	..
Brown	12	11	8	..	9	8	6	8	..	14
Walton	11	..	7	..	8	6	5	7	..	14
Town	11	10	..	5	8	8	6	..	14	15
W G	..	..	5	..	5	..	7	..	..	..
Shepherd	12	..	6	..	8	4	7	6	9	8
Smith	9	..	6	..	3	..	..	6	5	..
Mc	8	10	..	5	6	..	4	..	5	5
Count	..	5	3	6	..	..	..	..	..	..

Nos. 1, 2, 5 and 9, known; Nos. 3, 4 and 10, unknown; No. 6, expert; Nos. 7 and 8, reversed order.

May 7.—To-day's regular weekly shoot of the Montpelier Gun Club was made a little more interesting by a special handicap race at 50 targets, for the souvenir keg of W-A powder, donated by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., with the following additional prizes: A picture, "Shooting over the Decoys," given by B. M. Shepard, and a revolver given by Wheelock Dawley. The score of this event in detail will show that some of the boys brought their shooting clothes with them and must have worn them before. Our friend Hoi ington landed 51, one point more than the law allowed him, was tied with Standish at 50 for first place, taking first and second prizes: Standish the silver keg and Hoisington the picture. The tie for third place and prize was settled between Tower and Barrett in events 7 and 8; Barrett took the little gun, and will probably be next heard from in some of the pistol tournaments. Our shoot was made doubly interesting by the presence of our neighbors and friends of the Recreation Gun Club, of Barre, Vt., Messrs. Hoisington, Eastman, Griffin, Reynolds, Bennett and Houghton, all gentlemen whom it is a pleasure to meet, and, as the scores show, can shoot a hot race.

The strong wind which prevailed during the entire afternoon stole not a few birds from those of us who are inclined to be deliberate in our shooting, and made it a case of hurry up or miss, sometimes both.

Trap No. 4 "slipped an eccentric" in the midst of the first squad's second round, compelling us to shoot remainder of race and events with but four traps, and at first caused a little confusion, but Capt. Barrett very quickly had things going straight again, with boy at trap No. 5 doing double duty.

Handicap race:

Hoisington (7).1111111111110111110111111111110111111111111111110111—46
1101110 — 5—51

Standish (3)...1111111111111111111111110111111011111111111111111111—43
11 — 2—45

Barrett (0)....1110111110111111111111110111111011101111111111111111— 45

Tonn (3).....1011011111111111101111111111101111011110011111111 43
101 — 2 - 45

Reynolds (3)..1111111111111111110101110111011111111111110101010111—42
101 — 2 —44

C H Ferrin (3)1011101111011011011111101111111101111111110111101111 41
111 — 3—41

Walton (5)....1110101010111100111111100011101110011100111111111—36
11110 — 4—40

Brown (3).....1111011011011001111111111110111111100001111110001—37
110 — 2 39

Houghton (7).1110011101110100101111011011011110111111111001116 01—35
0101101 — 4 —39

B Eastman (7)0101110011100101101011111100011111111011101101100 0—32
0101111 — 5 37

Bennett (3)...1010010011110111111011100111111101111001101010110 110—34
111 — 3—37

Griffin (3).....0011100111110101111110110110 0010111011011111111—35
010 — 1- 36

Fisk (2).....0100101101111111111011011101101001111010011010—33
10 — 1—34

Shepard (6)...1000000101110101101101110111110110011101110100—31
110001 — 3—33

Cummins (6). 0100111001100010101101111011111010110110010010000 —27
101000 — 2—29

W G Ferrin....0011011111111101101601100011000010111001101110 01 —30

McLeod.....0111101011110010110011111000100110100300110111111 —31

Practice sweeps were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	25	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	25
Barrett	9	..	10	8	9	..	24	24	W G Ferrin	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Brown	8	7	8	8	7	..	20	18	Houghton	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Town	..	8	8	..	..	..	19	21	Bennett	..	..	..	9	6	..	..	..
Fisk	7	8	..	10	..	..	..	..	Reynolds	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Walton	10	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	Griffin	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
C H Ferrin	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	B Eastman	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Cummins	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	Hoisington	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Shepard	6	7	8	5	4	..	14	14	Briggs	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	17
McLoud	9	..	6	5	..	..	..	..	Standish	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..

G. B. WALTON, Sec'y.

Figuring on the Rose System.

IN regard to the Driver and Twister on the Rose system and W. Tell Mitchell, which appeared in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, our attention has been drawn to the fact that the person referred to has spread himself in the pages of a contemporary on this very question in its issue of May 8.

We must compliment Mr. Mitchell on his figures, which are very nearly correct as to amount won by Heikes on the first day of the Cobweb Gun Club's tournament, March 16 last. The accuracy of these figures is all the more remarkable since Mr. Mitchell is wrong in his premises. He states that his figures are based upon Mr. Heikes's "scores at the recent tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club, at which $10 were added in all 15-target events, and $17.50 in all 20-target events." He also adds: "At this shoot Mr. Heikes scored 159 targets out of 170 shot at, or nearly 94 per cent."

For Mr. Mitchell's information we would state that the Cobweb Gun Club did not add a cent to any purse, but deducted the price of targets at the rate of 2 cents from each purse, donating $50 in gold as average money in six portions: four of $10 each and two of $5 each, the averages counting on all programme events for both days. We would also state that Mr. Heikes broke 155 out of 170 shot at, not 159, and that his average was 91.1 per cent., not "nearly 94."

As stated above, the correctness of Mr. Mitchell's figures, based, as they evidently were, upon very wrong premises, is remarkable. How he arrived at them is past our comprehension, unless they were furnished him.

Taking the figures as accurrate, what do they show? And what does Mr. Mitchell intend to prove by them? He says that they lead him to "believe the system is radically unjust," yet he adduces no other figures wherewith to draw comparisons. He is satisfied easily with a solitary instance of one man's winnings under peculiar circumstances, and condemns the system at once. The peculiar circumstances are these: No added money; an average entry list of somewhere about twenty-one, and the following shooters at the score every time: Heikes, Glover, Grimm, Budd, Fred Bennett, Dickey, Van Dyke, W. Bennett, Fulford, Bartlett, Leroy, Apgar, Edwards, Rike, Fairmount, M. H. Clark and Pringle; a total of seventeen shooters, from which two hot squads could be formed that it would take all the States in the Union to duplicate; and even then we think any one who attempted that feat would be badly left.

But Mr. Mitchell's argument is based entirely on his desire to make trap-shooting a means of livelihood and not a recreation. He would make it a business, while we would have it a sport. He wants the experts, paid and unpaid, to get big winnings, while we want the semi-experts and novices to get their fun as cheaply as possible. Mr. Mitchell is in favor of a system that will permit a man to drop for place and thereby get more for his score than a man who broke more than he did; we are not.

It is in the last paragraph but one of the letter above referred to that Mr. Mitchell really gives himself away. This is what he writes: "Well, some readers may ask, what are we going to do about it? Just simply agitate this subject until a judicious and equitable system of division of purses is adopted, and then shoot all races under a handicap of from 16 to 24yds., and throw your targets at more acute angles, when fewer men will get in the purses, and thereby make shorter divisions."

There's the rub: "Fewer men will get in the purses, and thereby make shorter divisions." It requires no prophet to foretell who those "fewer men" would be.

Pittsburg Trap-Shooters.

HAZELWOOD GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 28. The new grounds of the Hazelwood Gun Club were opened to-day, with a double programme of target and live-bird events. The target programme consisted of eight events at 15 targets each, forty shooters taking part, as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Lane	11	10	8	6	..	..	..	..	Miller	..	..	10	12	14	..	..	..
Skiliman	12	11	8	11	12	13	14	..	McPherson	..	..	7	..	..	10	..	..
Whiting	11	14	13	11	13	10	14	..	Parker	..	7	9	..	..	..	..	..
Fleming	11	9	..	9	..	..	..	..	Hartman	..	..	13	12	12	15	..	..
Born	13	12	13	12	13	14	13	..	Fay	..	..	12	13	12	..	..	..
Cochran	12	15	10	12	..	..	..	..	Stilly	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Evans	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	Lowery	..	..	10	9	10	..	..	..
Reilly	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	Meyers	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Johnston	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	W S King	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Slick	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	Messner	..	..	..	..	13	11	..	..
Ony	9	12	13	10	10	12	8	..	Jacque	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..
Bell	13	1	..	..	..	13	..	..	Bennett	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Bessemer	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	Munson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
A H King	15	..	15	..	14	..	..	..	W J Jones	..	..	..	10	11	9	10	13
Hamilton	11	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	A M Stelley	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Crossland	13	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	Druggist	..	..	..	9	10	9	..	..
W H Hill	12	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	Litzell	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	8
Jones	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Parsons	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	9
Alwood	..	..	..	8	12	13	11	14	Shirley	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	15
Pills	..	..	..	10	8	..	12	12	Smently	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	10

Live bird scores are given below, several events of this kind being shot during the day:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
W S King (30)	1111111—7	1111111111—10	111111111111110 - 14
Hamilton (29)	1111111—7	010	11010
J G Messner (30)	1111111—7	1111111110 - 9	11110111110
W H Hill (29)	1111111—7	1111010	11111100
Bessemer (30)	1111111—7	00	1111110110
Burchfield	1111111—7	101110	.....
Skillman	0111111—6	.....	.....
Fleming (28)	1111110—6	.....	0011110
Crossland (29)	1111101 6	1101110	1010
A H King (29)	1111101—6	01111110	111111111111111 - 15
W G Clarke (30)	110	1111111111—10	111111111111111—15
Slick	110	.....	.....
McPherson (29)	10	1111111111—10	00
Anson (29)		1111111100	111101111111101
Jacque (9)		01111110	111011111101111
Carrick (28)		.....	110111111111111
Evans (28)		.....	001110110110001
Meyers (28)		.....	111011011111
Stilly (28)		.....	1000

No. 1, 7 birds, $5, four high guns, all at 28yds.; No. 2, 10 birds, $7, birds extra, four high guns, 30yds.; No. 3, 15 birds, $10, four high guns, handicaps as shown in brackets after each shooter's name.

No. 4, 7 birds, $5, 4 high guns, 30yds: J. S. McIntosh and Messner 7, Crossland, A. H. King and Meyers 6, McPherson 5, W. S. King, Bessemer and Carrick 3 out of 5, Burchfield 0.

No. 5, miss and-out, $2: McPherson 5, Crossland 4, Burchfield 3, Evans 2, Skillman 0.

No. 6, 7 birds, $5, 28yds., 2 high guns: Hughes and Evans 6, Bennett and Wilbut 5, Jones 4.

No. 7, 11 birds, $5, 2 high guns: Wilbut 10, Atwood 8, Parker 7, Munson and Jones 5, Carter 3.

HOSTETTER BEATS GUTHRIE.

May 7.—Theodore R. Hostetter and C. S. Guthrie, both members of the Herron Hill Gun Club, shot a race to-day on the Davis Island grounds of the club, Hostetter winning by 1 bird with 88 to 87. The birds were furnished by L. M. Gilbert & Son, of Philadelphia, and were a capital lot. Below are the scores:

T R Hostetter.....0222022022222202222222200—19
2222222222222220222222220—28
2222202222222222222222222—21
2222222022222022022222222—22—88

C S Guthrie.....2222202222222200220202222—20
2222022022222022222222—22
2202222222222222202225222—21
2222222222222222220222222—24—87

IRIQUOIS CLUB.

May 6.—The monthly medal shoot of the Iriquois Club was held to day on the grounds of the club at Howard Station. The following were the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
McElroy	8	11	12	9	12	16	10	9	..
Ferguson	9	12	14	14	10	13	12	..	..
Cochran	8	11	9	10	13	16	..	..	..
Lane	9	11	10	10	8	14	6	8	..
Mack	9	9	14	14	13	20	13	9	6
Budd	6	12	9	9	11	15	12	10	12
Born	8	12	13	12	14	15	13	13	14
Fay	4	7	6	12	4	12	..	6	..
McPherson	..	12	14	14	13	17	15	13	13
Hartman	..	..	..	9	12	12	11	14	12
Filson	..	..	..	8	7	10	8	7	..

H. L BORN, Sec'y.

Trap in Buffalo.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 1.—To-day's weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club was well attended, twenty-eight shooters taking part in the club badge event, No. 3 on the list. C. S. Burkhardt won in Class A; William Hines, Jr., and F. N. Alderman tied in Class B, Hines winning on the shoot off; J. A. Kennedy won in Class C.

Owing to the near approach of the close of the club badge season, only six more events remaining to be shot this season, there is considerable interest manifested in the results. The Class A badge race seems to be the best contested, and it looks as though it will take the full fifty two shoots, if not more, to decide the winner. There are now six ties in this class, the following having won this trophy five times each: L. W. Bennett, L. G. Northrup, F. D. Kelsey, Alex. Forrester, E. C. Burkhardt and C. S. Burkhardt. In Class B George P. McArthur has the call, having won that emblem six times, with William Hines, Jr., a close second, with five wins, and E. Reinecke, Louis Fries and J. J. O'Brien, four each. Arthur Coombs seems to have a sure thing on Class C, having won that prize eleven times. The attendance prize also has a leaning toward him, he having an unbroken record to date for that prize. George Zoeller stands next in Class C with seven wins to his credit, and W. R. Eaton third, with six.

Following are to day's scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	20	15	Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	20	15
E Burkhardt	9	12	22	11	13	19	13	Norris	..	15	21	14	13	18	15
Geo Zoeller	9	4	17	..	..	..	..	Porter	..	8	20	12	10	..	..
C Burkhardt	10	12	22	15	11	18	13	U E Story	..	10	17	12	..	..	..
Swipes	7	11	16	7	5	..	..	J E Lodge	..	9	15	8	..	..	..
G McArthur	10	10	19	12	10	16	..	W Hines, Jr.	..	12	23	..	..	..	..
R H Hoyt	..	4	8	11	8	..	..	A Coombs	..	..	19	..	..	..	..
L W Bennet	9	9	21	13	15	20	13	R T Hankin	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
J J Reid	4	6	12	5	13	14	8	A Forrester	..	..	22	15	11	15	..
E McCarney	7	11	16	12	12	20	11	L Fries	..	..	15	..	6	14	..
D C Sweet	8	13	17	9	10	..	..	F Alderman	..	..	21	12	..	..	..
Dennis	6	6	15	11	9	..	..	George Floss	9	12	..	14	8	20	10
Kennedy	6	9	18	7	7	19	9	Geisdorfer	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Myers	7	9	18	9	9	..	..	Wride	..	..	11	..	8	..	..
J J Schneider	..	4	13	7	..	..	..	Stewart	..	..	..	..	6	..	..

Team shoot: E. C. Burkhardt, captain, 8; E. W. Smith 8, Norris 9, Fries 7, Alderman 10, Myers 8, Porter 6, Zoeller 9, Schneider 7, Hankin 4, J. J. Reid 9, Hoyt 5; total 90.

E. N. McCarney, captain, 8; Forrester 8, Bennett 9, C. S. Burkhardt 8, Hines 10, Floss 8, McArthur 8, Sweet 8, Storey 7, Lodge 8, Dennis 9, Kennedy 6; total 87.

Trap at Norfolk, Va.

NORFOLK, Va., May 3.—In anticipation of a visit from T. H. Keller, a popular sportsman and representative of the Peters Cartridge and King's Powder companies, of Cincinnati, W. N. White and Pete Gallagher, two of the leading spirits of the Portsmouth Gun Club, arranged for a shoot for Saturday afternoon, but the elements prevented. By main force and a promise of a bountiful repast of soft crabs, Mr. Keller was persuaded to remain over until to-day; and as a further inducement a friendly match was arranged, and an "unknown" was matched against him. When the match was called the veteran Capt. Cramer stepped to the score as Mr. Keller's opponent, but good naturedly said he would not take advantage of the visitor, and his last miss looked very much like he intentionally pointed the gun in the wrong direction.

After the match a team race was arranged, Mr. Keller and Capt. Cramer picking the teams. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent in this manner. Mr. Keller is known throughout the country as a sportsman, and invariably

Newburgh's Semi-Annual.

THE semi-annual gatherings of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., are always thoroughly enjoyable, and the spring tournament of the Association held May 5-7 is to be counted among that number. There are two or three reasons why these gatherings should be pleasant ones. First, the scenery around the grounds of the Association can scarcely be surpassed anywhere; second, these tournaments are held in the spring and in the fall, just at the height of each season, when nature is wearing her prettiest dresses: third, Jake Gidney's unqualified success as a popular caterer on all occasions; fourth and last, but not least, the "glad hand" that is always extended to all visitors by the members of the Newburgh Club.

NOT A LARGE NUMBER OF ENTRIES.

The number of entries did not run large, twenty-six shooters taking part in the programme events on the first day, and two of the twenty-six only shooting in one event. On the second target day the number of shooters was increased to over thirty, but several of these shot "for birds only." But the *quality* was there; note a few of the names: E. D. Fulford and M. M. Mayhew, Utica, N. Y; J. S. Fanning, of San Francisco, representing Gold Dust Smokeless; Ferd Van Dyke, Dayton, N. J, winning the general average and being on top each day, representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn; Ralph Trimble, Coving on, Ky, representing Du Pont Smokeless; J. S. S. Remsen, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. M. Levengston, a rattling good shot from Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Neaf Apgar, Plainfield, N. J.; Gus E. Greiff, New York, representing Von Lengerke & Detmold and Schultze powder; Captain A. W. Money, Oakland, N. J., representing the amalgamated forces of the E. C. & Schultze Powder Companies of America; M Herrington, New York, representing W-A Smokeless; J. L. Brewer, of New York; J. G. Lindzey, Dunellen, N. J; Dr. P. H. Mason, Peekskill, N. Y.; W. M. Stanbrough and Jas S. Taylor, Newburgh; etc.

And there were also others who were not far behind in the rush: Jack Halsted, Harry Dain and Frank Southard, of Peekskill, N. Y.; J. B. Ogden, Warwick, N Y; Beveridge, Fremont, Neb; Capt. J H. Wood, Harry Higginson and Dickson, of the home club; W. H. Hyland and his young daughter, who shoots remarkably well, North Tarrytown, N. Y.; C. H. Perkins, Troy, N. Y; J. Rhodes, of Fishkill, and his brother, T. Rhodes, of Marlboro, N. Y; M. F. Robert, Rupert, Vt.; John M. Philips (Commodore), Salem, N. Y.; Arnold, Albany; Joe Baker, Ridgefield, N. J., etc.

THE WEATHER WAS FAVORABLE.

The Association was decidedly favored in the matter of weather. Each day there was a brilliant sun, and it was warm enough, despite a breeze from the northeast, to sit around in the shade and enjoy life in general. With such a number of cracks on hand (and indeed there was a warm lot for semi-experts and novices to buck up against) good scores could be looked for with a certainty, as the background is A No. 1. But the shooting was not so easy after all, for the targets were thrown at varying heights, some quite low and others away up among the clouds, while straightaways were so scarce that they fairly took one's breath away when they did show up. Gil, the head trapper of the club, is a boss trapper, and takes a pride in the work he and his force have to do; it looked also as if he took a special delight in fooling the cracks, for the traps were not "changed every time," but *frequently*, so that one never could tell what angle was probable. It might be three right-quarterers in succession; then a left-quarterer; then two right-quarterers, and so on. Such a style of trapping means really "unknown angles," whereas if you "change the traps every time," it is scarcely unknown angles in reality.

Under the above conditions straights were not as numerous as one would have supposed from the company; but with the warm company facing the traps, it was a case of "everybody in for the money" almost every event. This, with no added money in the purses, cut up the purses into so many pieces that a man had to shoot a great streak to come out ahead.

THE ROSE SYSTEM WAS USED.

The West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association adopted the Rose system of dividing purses at its tournaments last year, and sticks to it. While the system does not meet with the approval of the cracks, and for obvious reasons, it does meet with the genuine approval of the majority of shooters in this section. But this tournament at Newburgh was a hard test of its merits, being something after the pattern of the shoot given by the Cobweb Gun Club at Baychester, N. Y., last March, when so many crackerjacks took part in the tournament. In both instances it was a case of shoot hard to break even or come out ahead; while those who lost felt satisfied, because they lost less under the Rose system than they would have done under the old system. And it is worth while remembering that for one man who wins at such shoots there are four or five that lose; somebody has to pay for the targets and ante up for the money won by those on top, not to mention the expenses of running the shoot and putting a small surplus in the club's treasury.

But we do think the club made a mistake in dividing purses in the live-bird events on the same plan. For 5 and 7-bird races we have always held out for high guns; say one high gun for every four or five entries. For 10-bird races and events calling for a still higher number of birds, we believe in adopting the same plan, basing the moneys on the number of entries, just as the Interstate Association did in its programme for this year's Grand American Handicap. Our reason for urging this system is the fact that live-bird shooting is more expensive and quite as easy as target shooting, and that therefore, under the Rose system or under the "old system" it is quite possible for a man to kill them all and yet come out behind. We would rather see the "old dropping-for place system" in force for live-bird events than the Rose system. Make it nigh guns all the time.

The cashier's department was, as usual, capably handled by President Dave Brown; John B. Rogers, of Warwick, N. Y., taking his old position of entry clerk and squad hustler.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

In the general averages Van Dyke, by virtue of his steady shooting on both days, was easily ahead with 344 breaks out of 370 shot at. Brewer, who tied Van Dyke for first average on the second day, landed in second place for general average with 336 breaks. Fanning was third, 6 targets behind Brewer. Greiff came next with 328 breaks, Edwards and Levengston tieing for 5th and 6th places with 327 breaks to their credit. The above-named received the 6 average moneys given by the club—$13, $11, $8, $7, $6 and $5. The records follow:

	1st day.	2d day.	Total.	Ave.
Van Dyke	174	170	344	92.9
Brewer	166	170	336	90.9
Fanning	116	164	330	89.1
Greiff	165	163	328	88.6
Edwards	169	158	327	88.3
Levengston	166	161	327	88.3
Mayhew	163	157	320	86.4
Fulford	156	163	319	86.2
Lindsey (Henry)	158	160	318	85.9
Trimble	156	154	310	83.7

On the first day Fulford started off like a racehorse, breaking something like 40 straight in the extra events shot prior to the opening of the programme. His falling off in form after such good work was quite a mystery. Trimble, although badly out of form, shot pluckily along throughout the entire programme, making a straight or two now and then, just to show what he could do when feeling well.

SCORES OF MAY 5.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	15	20	20	15	20	20	20	15	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Van Dyke	15	19	20	13	18	19	19	14	19	18	185	174	94
Edwards	14	18	18	14	19	19	17	13	19	18	185	169	91.3
Fanning	13	17	18	14	18	18	18	14	19	17	185	163	88.7
Levengston	13	19	17	15	19	16	18	13	19	18	185	166	89.7
Brewer	12	20	16	10	18	19	19	14	19	19	185	166	89.7
Greiff	13	18	18	14	19	17	20	14	16	16	185	165	89.1
Mayhew	14	18	14	14	16	19	16	15	19	18	185	163	88.1
Stanbrough	13	18	19	14	18	17	16	13	16	17	185	159	85.9
Henry	12	15	16	13	18	18	17	15	17	17	185	158	85.4
Fulford	13	18	18	14	14	17	14	11	18	19	185	156	84.3
Trimble	13	16	16	13	16	14	18	15	15	20	185	156	84.3
Mason	14	19	14	13	17	17	17	12	16	16	185	155	83.7
Dain	11	18	18	13	16	18	14	11	13	15	185	147	79.4
Wood	10	17	16	11	18	14	14	13	16	13	185	142	76.7
Taylor	12	16	14	11	17	16	17	12	16	..	165	131	79.4
Apgar	13	19	20	14	17	19	17	10	..	..	145	129	88.9
Southard	13	18	17	8	18	16	19	9	..	..	145	118	81.3
Halsted	..	18	17	12	18	16	13	13	..	..	130	107	82.3
Ogden	13	13	16	12	..	19	6	11	..	..	125	100	80
Beveridge	..	..	..	14	..	17	16	14	13	17	110	91	82.7
Dickson	11	16	15	13	..	16	17	..	..	..	110	88	80
Dowd	..	..	..	12	..	..	17	11	..	..	50	40	80
H C H	..	..	..	11	..	15	..	..	..	..	25	26	74.2
Hunt	..	8	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	14	40

Mould shot in No. 3, scoring 9 out of 20; Stebbins shot at No 8, scoring 4 out of 15.

Second Day, May 6.

This was a lovely day with everything in favor of high scores under ordinary conditions. The targets, however, were lined up and down the screen as on the previous day, and straighaways were remarkably scarce. With the aid of the good background the boys ground out the targets in great shape, and the result was that every man who shot through the programme made better than 80 per cent. Van Dyke and Brewer tied for first and second places with 170 breaks out of 185 shot at. Fanning was third with 164, Fulford and Greiff coming next with 163. Below are the records of the

SCORES OF MAY 6.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	15	20	20	15	20	20	20	15	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Van Dyke	15	18	17	13	18	19	19	15	17	19	185	170	91.8
Brewer	15	18	18	14	17	18	19	14	20	17	185	170	91.8
Fanning	13	16	20	13	17	20	17	14	18	16	185	164	88.6
Fulford	14	19	19	14	17	17	16	14	15	18	185	163	88.1
Greiff	13	18	17	13	18	19	17	13	19	17	185	163	88.1
Levengston	15	17	15	15	19	20	17	12	14	17	185	161	87
Remsen	12	19	17	12	18	17	17	14	18	17	185	161	87
Henry	10	17	17	13	20	18	17	15	15	18	185	160	86.4
Edwards	14	18	18	13	19	19	18	10	16	13	185	158	85.4
Mayhew	14	18	17	10	16	17	18	14	16	17	185	157	84.8
Trimble	14	16	14	12	17	15	19	14	16	17	185	154	83.2
Apgar	12	14	17	12	14	19	18	10	18	15	185	149	80.5
Wood	..	..	..	14	13	14	16	16	11	14	13	150	111	74
Herrington	9	w	..	..	12	17	18	11	14	13	150	94	62.6
Beveridge	12	17	15	11	17	16	14	..	..	..	130	102	78.4
Money	..	..	..	..	..	1	15	12	10	16	17	115	87	75.6
Hyland	..	13	12	15	16	..	..	7	13	..	110	76	69
Perkins	13	18	..	14	18	..	..	11	10	..	105	84	80
J Rhodes	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	11	7	..	18	65	68	71.5
Miss Hyland	..	11	5	..	10	..	..	9	9	..	95	44	46.3
Taylor	9	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	55	39	70.9
Arnold	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	8	13	..	55	38	69
Stanbrough	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	40	28	70
Baker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	40	24	60
T Rhodes	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	12	..	..	35	29	82 8
Roberts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	17	..	35	26	74.2
Commodore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	..	35	21	60

In addition to the above, the following shot in one event each: H. C. H. in No. 8, scoring 9 out of 15; in No. 9 Sanders scored 13 out of 20, and Dowd 12 out of 20

NEW YORK VERSUS NEW JERSEY.

A special feature of this afternoon's sport was a five-men team race between New York and New Jersey shooters; the latter by virtue of their being guests of the New Yorkers were the challengers. Neaf Apgar captained the Jerseymen, Edwards selecting the New York team. Each man shot at 25 targets, unknown angles. The result was a win for New York by 6 targets, the totals standing 109 to 103. Fulford and Van Dyke for their respective teams led with 24 each while Apgar knocked out 23. Scores were as follows:

New York.

E D Fulford	1111111101111111111111111—24
F S Edwards	0111111011111111111111101—22
J L Brewer	0111111111111111101111011—22
M M Mayhew	1111101111101101111111101—21
J H Wood	1111101111111111011110100—20—109

New Jersey.

F Van Dyke	1111111111111011111111111—24
N Apgar	1111101101111111111111111—23
Capt Money	0101111111111111101110110—20
J G Lindzey	0010111101111111111110011—19
Gus Greiff	1101011101111101101011010—17—103

Third Day, May 7.

This was live-bird day and the club had provided some excellent pigeons for the occasion. The boundary at these grounds is quite short and varies from about 30yds. to 45 or 50. With a strong wind across the traps these grounds are about as hard as any we know of, but to-day there was scarcely enough breeze to do much toward helping the birds away from the traps.

The programme called for a 5-, a 7- and a 10-bird race with respective entrance fees of $5, $7.50 and $10. Fanning and James S. Taylor did good work with the gun, scoring all their birds in these three events, while Fanning added to his record by killing 9 more straight in a miss-and-out, thus making his total 31 straight. Capt. Money also made a good score, accounting for 29 of the 31 he shot at, using only his first barrel on 24 out of the 29 scored to him.

The handicaps affixed to each shooter's name applies only to event No. 3, the 10-bird race. In this event, as in all the others with the exception of the miss and-outs (Nos. 4 and 5) several of those whose scores are given shot only "for birds." Below are the scores in detail:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Taylor (29)	22122—5	2222211—7	1222221222—10	..	.....
Baker (28)	20012—3	1111000—4	2211110202—8	0	0
Arnold (28)	20202—3	2220122—6	2202220022—6	20	20
Herrington (28)	•2112—4	.....	0111122211—9	10	211112222
Perkins (28)	10122—4	2201212—6	1:22212w	•	11220
Money (29)	12111—5	1211111—7	1212011112—9	..	111111110
Mayhew (29)	11102—4	11•1011—5	1021111120—8	0	0
Vermont (28)	22112—5	1222211—7	2202021211—8	22	2•
Old Boy (26)	22011—4	2220120—5	2200210011—6	10	221210
Ritchie (26)	20002—2	0222022—5	011020w	..	.....
Fanning (30)	21221—5	1112122—7	1222222122—10	..	212121212
Boyd (26)	20011—3	1•21112—6	2101111220—8	20	1220
Sanders (26)	01221—4	.....	0:2000110w	..	.....
Hill (27)	01112—4	2221121—7	1102260w	..	.....
Greiff	12022—4	2222222—7	.....	11	12120
Dickson (28)	12220—4	2111112—7	•0121211•2—7	..	.....
Van Dyke (30)	.....	2•20222—5	2022202222—8	..	112122212
Dowd (27)	.....	.....	2101212111—9	..	.....
Gibb (28)	.....	.....	110011w	..	.....
Beveridge	.....	.....	.....	12	22220
Mayhew (re entry)	.....	.....	.....	..	121111111

EDWARD BANKS.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., May 5.—At last an entirely satisfactory day appeared to-day for the benefit of humanity in general and the Boston Gun Club in particular. A day at Wellington when the conditions are such that a lost target can only be accounted for by faulty marksmanship and nothing else is something of a rarity, and must be given prominence. Not a single miss to-day was laid to the wind—probably because not a zephyr was stirring that could come under so dignified a heading—and minus the stereotyped excuse a general sadness was noted, and the silence was painful as a target sailed serenely on.

The match to-day was productive of more fair scores in one contest than any during the series of fifteen shoots, of which thirteen have taken place. A shooter's best six scores count for the prizes; thus a faithful attendant benefits accordingly by throwing out low scores and improving each Wednesday, if possible. At present Spencer has 108 out of a possible 126 under these conditions, Miskay 97, Gordon 94, Woodruff and Winters 89, and so on, down the list of twelve, with four others who have scores that will admit of completion if desired. The last two shoots will quite possibly alter the complexion of the above situation, with exception of high gun, who is all but sure of his prize, the first.

Summary to-day as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	5	6	10	10	6	10	5	6	10	10	10	10	10	10
Gordon	9	10	5	3	8	10	5	9	4	4	6	8	8	10	7	8
Brown	6	6	4	1	4	6	3	6	4	2	7	6	7	9	5	9
Winters	8	8	3	4	8	8	2	10	5	4	6	8	..	..	..	..
Woodruff	10	7	4	5	9	3	4	7	2	5	9	7	8	..	..	..
Banks	7	6	2	3	5	5	1	5	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Taft	8	7	5	2	7	8	4	6	5	4	4	7	..	..	..	..
Eastman	8	5	5	4	9	8	5	9	4	3	6	7	..	..	..	..
Williams	7	3	5	2	..	5	2	8	4	6	3	6	..	..	5	..
Nickols	..	..	2	..	4	..	..	7	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spencer	..	..	..	..	8	8	4	9	4	5	9	8	8	8	..	..
Miskay	..	..	..	..	10	8	5	9	5	4	7	7	..	6	6	8
King	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	9	10

Events 2, 6 and 9 were unknown angles; Nos. 4, 7 and 10, pairs; No. 11, reverse pull, 3 straightaways; all others known angles.

Prize match, 21 targets, 10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs; distance handicap:

Winters (18)	1111111111—10	11111—5	10 11 10—4—19
Williams (15)	1111011110— 8	11101—4	11 11 11—6—18
Miskay (17)	1111110111 - 9	11111—5	01 11 10—4—18
Spencer (16)	1101111111— 9	10111—4	10 11 11—5—18
Gordon (17)	1111011111— 9	10111—4	10 11 10—4—17
Eastman (16)	1110111111— 9	01111—4	10 10 10—3—16
Taft (16)	0111011010— 6	11111—5	11 10 01—4—15
Nickols (16)	1111111000— 7	10111—4	01 11 10—4—15
Woodruff (17)	1111110010— 7	00011—2	11 11 10—5—14
Brown (15)	1111000110— 6	10111—4	10 10 00—2—12
Banks (14)	0111000101— 5	10010—2	10 10 10—3—10

IN NEW JERSEY.

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

April 28.—The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, held an all-day shoot to-day. Thirteen shooters took part in the various events, among the number being: Ralph Trimble, representing the Du Pont Powder Co; M. Herrington, representing the W-A Smokeless powder; C. von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Detmold; the McClintocks, from New York; Aaron Woodruff, of Elizabeth; Cahiss, from Branchville, etc. The club has just enlarged its shooting stand, and has put in a new set of expert bluerock traps. The scores in to-day's events were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	10	15	10	15	20
Trimble	12	16	14	16	14	17	13	20	14	20	12	..	..	..	..	..
Sinnock	12	14	12	16	12	20	15	22	14	15	10	8	12	7	..	..
J Fleming	9	16	11	15	15	16	12	16	..	14	13	9	12	8	13	17
Herrington	..	..	..	15	12	14	11	20	10	15	13	7	14	8	9	18
Von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	8	9	17
G Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	14
Dr Cummins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	8	14	13	8	11	6	..
Bissett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	14	10	6	12	9	12
Theo Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	11	6	10	7	..
Woodruff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Jewell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	9	6	..	4	..
D Fleming	..	10	9	10	7	13	7	14	7	12	9	5	7	4	9	17
Cahiss	7	9	11	..	8	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Nos. 1 and 16 were at known angles, No. 13 at reversed order; all the others at unknown angles.

No. 17, 20 targets, unknown angles: Herrington 16, J. Fleming 15, Bissett and D. Fleming 14, C. Smith 12.

No. 18, 15 targets, reversed order: C. Smith 10, D. Fleming 9.

May 8.—The regular monthly target shoot of the Forester Gun Club was held this afternoon. Fair scores and a small attendance were features of the shoot. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
F E Sinnock	8	9	9	8	9	9	7	9	8	..	8	7	..	..	..
H Wambold	6	9	..	8	9	9	9	..	7	..	..	7	..	..	..
J Fleming	9	8	6	10	8	8	8	7	8	7	8	7	10	6	8
War Smith	10	10	10	9	5	9	9	7	9	8	7	5	7	9	..
Dr Cummins	..	9	7	6	..	7	7	9	..	8	6	6	8	..	..
D Fleming	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	..	7	4	7
J H Cumming	..	..	..	..	8	3	7	5	..	.	5	..	4	5	..
Herrington	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	8
Justin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	6

Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6 and 13, known angles; 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 14 and 15, unknown angles; Nos. 8 and 10, reversed order; No. 12, doubles.

H. H. WAMBOLD, Sec'y.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

May 1.—The first monthly shoot of the new prize series of the Boiling Springs Gun Club was held to-day on the club's grounds at Rutherford. The cup shoot was won by Huck with 47 out of 50, Frank being second with 46 out of 55. Scores were:

Marvin (15)	1111101111110110110111000010100010101110110111111101	—33
	011111010101111	—11—44
Wise (3)	1111111111011100101111111101001010011100111101101	—35
	011	— 2—38
Paul (4)	1101010111101111011110111011011111110111110010111	—38
	1110	— 3—41
Adams (8)	0011111111001111111111111010001011011000110110111110	—34
	10101011	— 5—39
Jeanneret (10)	1100010111100101011110111110100111000000011011111111	—29
	1111101110	— 8—37
Frank (5)	1110111101111111111011111111111111001111111111011101	—43
	01101	— 3—46
Huck (0)	1111110111111111111111111111111111111111111101101111	—47
Greiff (0)	1111111101111011111111100111101111110111101111110111	—42
Palmer (7)	1101111111111111111110110111011110111101111001111—40	
	1110001	— 4—44
Billings (0)	1101100111111011010100111111010101111000011110110 0	—32
Asmus (0)	0111111111011111001111010111011101111110110111110010	—37
Peck	0110000001100001100010000	— 7

Sweeps were shot, as below, all being at 15 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Adams	7	8	12	11	Asmus	10	10	9	13
Greiff	12	..	..	..	Marvin	13	..	..	..
Palmer	13	11	13	8	Frank	12	..	..	11
Wise	9	11	11	11	Jeanneret	8	6	11	8
Huck	14	12	12	12	Matzen	..	7	..	12
Paul	11	13	13	14	Peck	..	11	9	9
Billings	11	11	10	9					

W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

UTICA, N. Y., May 1.—Below you will find scores of the regular weekly shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. The conditions are 15 singles and 5 pairs, expert rules, with a handicap by allowing a number of dead birds. The prize this week was won by our president, H. L. Gates, from scratch. Trap-shooting is having quite a boom here at present, we having added twenty-two new members to our roll the past month. Scores:

H L Gates (0)	111110110111101 11 11 10 10 11	—20
E D Fulford (0)	111011110111101 10 11 10 11 10	—19
Fairchild (2)	011011100110110 11 00 10 11 11—16+2	—18
Bremer (2)	111101011010011 11 01 10 10 00—15+2	—17
Deck (2)	110001001101101 10 10 10 11 11—15+2	—17
O A Wheeler (2)	110111010110111 10 00 10 10 10—15+2	—17
H Dailey (4)	100101001101001 11 00 10 11 11—14+4	—18
C R Mizner (4)	100100111111010 10 10 01 01 00—13+4	—17
Sperry (6)	111001100011100 00 10 10 00 10—11+6	—17
J W Fulford (1)	111010100111001 00 11 11 10 01—15+1	—16
Frank (2)	011111111000110 10 10 11 10 10—14+2	—16
Judson (2)	001000001111100 01 11 10 11 10—13+2	—15
Scott (2)	001111010011101 00 00 01 11 10—13+2	—15
C F Brunner (4)	101010000011100 10 00 00 00 10— 8+4	—12

May 8.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Club in the club shoot, Deck proving the winner after a close contest. Scores:

Club shoot, 15 singles and 5 pairs:

Deck (2)	101110111111111 11 11 11 00 11—21+2	—23
J W Fulford (1)	110111011111111 10 11 11 10 11—21+1	—22
Fairchild (2)	101011110101111 10 10 11 11 11—19+2	—21
Kilbourne (2)	011011101111110 11 10 11 10 01—18+2	—20
Frank (2)	111111101100011 11 10 10 11 10—18+2	—20
Pfeiffer (2)	111111110111000 11 00 10 10 01—17+2	—19
E D Fulford (0)	111101111111010 11 10 10 10 10	—18
H L Gates (0)	110011011111111 10 10 10 01 11	—18
Bindemann (2)	110111110001111 01 10 10 10 10—16+2	—18
Holmes (6)	011110000110100 11 10 10 10 00—12+6	—18
Cummins (4)	111101000001001 11 10 10 11 00—13+4	—17
Brunner (4)	100101100111100 11 00 10 10 00 12+4	—16
Klages (4)	001110001001100 00 10 11 00 01—10+4	—14
Mizner (4)	010100010100010 00 10 10 11 10—10+4	—14
Wheeler (2)	010110001011010 11 10 00 10 00—11+2	—13
Stone (6)	000001100011000 00 10 00 10 10— 7+6	—13

C. R. MIZNER, Sec'y.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., May 1.—The Pawtuxet Gun Club held its fourth weekly shoot for W. A. silver trophy. A strong east wind blew in the shooters' faces, and low scores were the result. Sheldon and Greene each won a leg on the trophy, the others not shooting out their allowances, as they could not win. Sheldon now stands with two wins to his credit, and Greene, Mooney, Hawkins and Armstrong with one win each. Three wins decide the ownership:

Sheldon	111101100111111111101101 —18
Greene	010110011111111111110110110—18
Mooney	100101000110010100101111—12
Hawkins	111000110000001100110110 1—12
Armstrong	111001110010100000100101—11
Badmington	101010000000110110000J1011—10
Wilhams	000001010010110010100000 — 7
Brownell	001101100111010100110110 —12
*Cory	111010000110001011010010 1—12
Aldrich	000010110010000000001001— 6

* Guest.

Orange Gun Club.

ORANGE, Mass., May 5.—The Orange Gun Club held its weekly shoot this afternoon, commencing at 5 P. M. The following scores were made at 25 empires, unknown angles:

W. L. Mann 20, L. A. French and Geo. H. Thompson 18, E. C. Whitney 17, A. C. Parkinson and Arthur Sherwin 15, Charles Cobb 14 and Perley Whitman 11.

Our regular time for shooting is every Wednesday afternoon at 5 o'clock. We use empire targets and empire expert traps, a set of which we have just put in and find that five traps is way ahead of one trap, one man up. Our members use an assortment of guns consisting of Parkers, Smiths, Lefevers, Colt, Ithaca, Winchesters, etc.

W. L. MANN, Sec'y.

The Peru Tournament.

PERU, Ind., April 29.—Who said trap-shooting was dead? Will the gentlemen who have been slinging ink right and left within the past four years in the various sportsmen's journals, explaining what has killed trap-shooting, and also those who have been equally energetic in explaining how to revive the sport, please closely scan the names of the sportsmen who attended the "Amateur Tournament" held here yesterday and to-day, and then say whether or not they do not think that trap-shooting is a pretty lively corpse in this neck-o-the-woods. I am fully satisfied that after they have carefully counted the numbers and noted that the majority entered in all the events for both days (or nearly all) they will find some of their pet theories knocked "galley-west."

I am also of the opinion that some of the gentlemen who have been shouting that an amateur tournament was never a success, and others who have been positive that a shoot without added money was no tournament at all, and that no one but the paid experts ever went to tournaments and shot through the programme, will realize that mistakes do sometimes occur.

There is one gentleman to whose attention I would especially direct the account of the tournament, and that is Mr. "Paradise Lost," or Mr. "Lost his Entrance," or whatever his name is, who wrote quite a lengthy article some time since telling how dead this game of ours was. I trust that he will be convinced that there is one State in which she still flourishes. I wonder what some people will think of an amateur tournament where there was present in the neighborhood of 70 shooters, and where the ten regular events on the programme for the first day had an average of over 37 entries for the entire day, several of the events having 45 to 47 entries, and where the first event on the second day opened with about 30, nearly all of whom had participated in the programme of the previous day; and also where the second day had an average of more than 23 entries for the twelve regular events on the programme. A total average for the twenty-two events on both days of about 30. This, too, at an amateur tournament, where there was not a cent of added money, no merchandise prizes, and where the only inducement to enter was the entrance money of the shooter. Oh, yes, there was added money too. After charging the shooters 2 cents for targets there was an additional reduction of one-fourth cent for every target thrown in the regular events as an average prize for the two best averages, and there was still something left to the management. This was a personal tournament and the experts were barred.

Toward the close of last season, when a number of the shooting acquaintances of the promoter importuned him to open the season of 1897 with a tournament at Peru, and later, when announcing through the sportsmen's journals his intention of so doing, he stated that he expected the majority of them to fulfill their promise to attend. He then believed they would do so, but did not for one moment think they would bring along their friends, but this is just what they did. They were "all here" or nearly so.

On the afternoon of April 27 the trains began to bring in the shooters from the more remote parts of this State and some from the surrounding States The first arrival was Mr. Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich., closely followed by young Willard Thomas, of Logansport, who came in on the same train with that prince of managers, Mr. Jack Parker, who was just from the West, where he had managed the Atchison tournament and taken part in the State tournament at Lincoln, Neb. At 10 o'clock P. M. the register at the Bears Hotel indicated that there was going to be a shooting match in this city, as it contained the names of such well-known shooters as John A. Flick, the crack one-armed amateur, of Ravenna, O.; Fred. D. Alkire, of Woodlyn, O., just back from the Grand American Handicap; Mr. George Elliott and Fred. Cornelius (Smoke), of Rochester, Ind., and Messrs. Whisler and Kieley, of Marion, Ind.

Wednesday dawned bright and clear, and the morning trains brought in Mr. A. Burnison, of Huntington, Ind.; Messrs. E. V. and Ol. Wright, Charles and J. B. Rose, Uncle Jake (J. R.) Bruner, A. W. King, Bret and J. W. Dewalt, of Wabash, Ind., and Mr. Snow, a very pleasant gentleman and splendid shot, from Brooklyn, O. These gentlemen proceeded directly to the grounds, where they participated in some extra events with the arrivals of the previous afternoon and evening. The next delegation came in from the South on the L. E. & W. train from that section of the country. This train was very obligingly stopped right opposite the grounds for the convenience of the shooters, and the delegation which alighted from it was headed by the Indianapolis boys, consisting of the following members of the Limited Gun Club, of that city: Royal Robinson, T. F. Parry, J. W. Cooper, E. H. Tripp, L. C. Griffith, J. M. Lilly (S. Mark), H. T. Hearsey, secretary of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League; G. C. Beck and Dr. O. F. Britton. These were accompanied by Messrs. G. E. Bruner, L. W. Cumberland (Lewis), Engles, Wallace, Benson; the Apperson Bros. and Mr. G. Smith, Kokomo; Messrs. E. C. and W. B. Cooly, Hilt Forbis and Byron Snell, Hartford City; Mr. Meyer Weiler, of their club, was already here visiting; Mr. C. Proctor, Union City; Mr. C. L. Bender, Muncie; and Mr. S. E. Voris, Crawfordsville, who has been a crack amateur for some years, and who was one of those who were entertained by Mr. E. S. Rice upon his recent triumphal trip to the Grand American Handicap with his team of Western cracks, among which Mr. Voris sustained his reputation by finishing among the 24s.

When the delegation from the train arrived the regular programme for the first day was started, but the ball had not fairly started before the East-bound Wabash train brought in Mr. Joseph Blistain (Slow), Lafayette; Mr. Pattison, of the Indiana Mineral Springs, and Mr. J. L. Winston. The other morning trains brought in Messrs. Albert Bussel, Leesburg, Ind.; C. A. Brown and C. W. Townsend, Knox, Ind.; and the "game" was on in earnest, though the afternoon trains brought in their contingent, consisting of Messrs. Garland, Waveland, Ind., a "stayer," and Squire Hosea (Bob White), Cincinnati, O., and one or two visiting spectators, who came to look on

The grounds that had been secured were first-class, and were within easy walking distance of the depot, and just outside the residence portion of the city. They were as level as a floor, with a background it would be hard to improve upon, and with a nice carpet of grass. Two sets of traps were used, and were kept going from the opening of the programme without cessation, except for some unfortunate breaking of traps; until the entire tournament was concluded. But there was never a complaint offered by any one, and Jack Parker was everywhere, and under his direction it did not take long to get things in motion again. The traps were set according to the W. G. Seargent system of three traps behind one screen about 8ft. long, and the shooting was done in squads of five men up, standing in a semicircle, as in using the magautrap. The system was entirely new to this part of the country, though I understand it has been used successfully in several of the Western tournaments, including the Atchison shoot. But it was very satisfactory, or at least if there was any complaint it did not reach the ears of Mr. Parker, the promoter. Something over 10,000 targets were thrown during the two days in the regular events, and about 2,000 thrown in the extra events and for practice.

Two large tents had been provided for the protection of the shooters should the weather prove inclement (which it certainly did not), and a smaller tent was provided and set half way between the other two for the use of the cashier and his assistant, which positions were ably filled by Messrs. J. G. Brackenridge, of this city, and O. C. Head, of Moberly, Mo., who was here on a visit to his brother, the promoter of the tournament. Mr. Charles Clark, proprietor of the Clark Hotel, had charge of the refreshment tent, and served everything in first-class style.

The refereeing was done by Messrs. Tim Dunn and George Wey, of this city, to the satisfaction of every one. Messrs. W. V. Turpen, Chas. Lamme (both old time shooters) and Leo Landauer attended to the scoring for both days, and it was only necessary to make one correction through the entire tournament.

The weather the first day was simply perfect; the entries large; the management by Mr. Parker perfect; and if any one failed to have a good time he has not been heard of here. The best shooting for the average on the first dap was done by young Willard Thomas, with a score of 157 broke out of 175 in the regular programme, closely followed by Messrs. Alkire, Griffith, Snow and Tripp.

I append herewith scores of the first day.

SCORES OF APRIL 28.

Events:	Ex. 1	Ex. 2	Ex. 3	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	20	15
Alkire	8	9	15	9	14	16	14	24	13	19	13	18	12
Bush	5	10	12	8	11	17	14	23	14	18	15	16	15
Thomas	8	8	10	8	12	20	13	23	14	18	14	20	15
Mingo	5	10	13	10	15	19	10	21	14	19	14	18	10
Cavanaugh	8	7	10	8	11	16	11	21	11	15	11	16	11
Elliott	7	6	8	8	12	15	12	20	12	..	..	..	..
Kiley	8	8	12	8	10	18	13	20	13	18	11	..	13
Haimburgh	5	6	6	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Whisler	8	9	12	7	10	17	13	18	12	18	13	13	..
Smoke	7	7	..	9	11	13	12	..	13	..	12		12
Burnison	..	..	12	9	7	18	12	24	14	17	13	15	12
Snow	..	..	..	8	11	18	15	23	14	19	11	19	14
Beck	..	..	..	5	12	17	12	17	12	18	13	15	11
Robinson	..	..	..	8	15	16	13	23	13	18	11	17	14
Parry	..	..	..	6	11	15	15	21	12	15	12	13	11
Cooper	..	..	..	10	14	16	13	19	10	..	..	..	..
Trip	..	..	..	9	14	19	15	21	11	18	12	16	12
Griffith	..	..	..	10	13	19	13	24	13	17	12	18	13
S Mark	..	..	..	17	13	17	11	19	13	11	10	13	10
Hearsey	..	..	..	9	14	14	8	17	8	..	..	..	..
Voris	..	..	..	9	13	19	12	20	14	16	11	15	14
Slow	..	..	..	8	10	16	13	20	12	19	11	15	13
Pattison	..	..	..	6	11	12	11	..	10	17	12	17	10
Britton	..	..	..	9	14	18	12	23	14	19	13	14	15
*Winston	..	..	..	6	12	15	..	24	15	18	14	16	..
Snell	..	..	..	9	12	15	12	21	13	17	13	13	..
Forbis	..	..	..	10	10	10	13	19	15	16	14	..	13
Bender	..	..	..	9	12	17	14	20	12	17	13	..	..
E Cooley	..	..	..	7	10	13	8	..	5	..	..	..	..
W B Cooley	..	..	..	4	9	15	12	..	12	..	..	..	..
Brown	..	..	..	..	10	15	10	21	14	15	..	17	12
Knox	..	..	..	..	11	17	13	..	13	17	10	18	13
Charley Ross	..	9	14	10	..	18	..	22	..	18	12	16	13
Dr Huff	..	..	9	8	13	16	..	..	..	15	..	..	11
King	..	..	11	9	9	16	13	..	12	..	8	..	..
J R Bruner	..	..	..	9	10	..	13	..	11	..	..	..	..
J B Rose	..	..	..	6	9	..	7	15	..	7	..	..	..
O Wright	..	5	13	5	8	15	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
G E Bruner	..	..	..	5	10	17	12	..	12	..	10	..	..
Wallace	..	..	..	3	11	12	12	..	..	..	10	..	..
Lewis	..	..	..	6	12	14	6	..	6	..	9	..	11
J W Dawalt	..	..	..	9	11	..	12	13	..	..	..	..	..
Proctor	..	..	..	8	14	19	13	23	13	19	15	..	..
Engles	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Apperson	..	..	..	9	11	..	10	..	12	..	9	..	11
C Rose	..	..	11	7	11	..	12	..	8	..	..	..	..
D B Morgan	..	..	..	4	8	..	12	..	11	..	..	..	12
Bussell	..	..	..	..	11	..	13	..	12	..	12	..	..
M Weiler	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
E Wright	..	7	8	5	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
E L Apperson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	11
Garland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	14	9
B White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	16	12
Benson	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Beik	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..

* Birds only.

Second Day, April 29.

The morning of the second day dawned with quite a shower falling, and this, coupled with the fact that the weather man had predicted thunderstorms for this day, made things look a little gloomy. The promoter called at the hotel at about 7:30 A. M. and informed the shooters that a large canvas could be secured and stretched over the score, thus enabling them to continue the shooting at one set of traps. "Get out with your tent. Do you suppose a little rain is going to stop this crowd from shooting?" was about all the satisfaction he could get out of them, and by 8:30 A. M. sixteen men had paid in their $328 and were demanding that the programme be commenced, rain or shine, as they wanted to shoot Three more shooters arrived on the morning train, including Messrs Parsons and Leach, Frankfort, and Dr. Deeds, Plymouth. By 9:30 A. M. every cloud had disappeared, making it another ideal shooting day except that there was a little wind.

The entries did not run quite as high as on the first day, but the interest kept up until the last, there being as high as 30 entries in the two first events, which was high for the day, and ranging down to as low as 16 in one of the 25 bird races, though there were few events with less than 20 to 25 entries. Some of the less expert shots (and justly so) concluded that they had contributed enough, and toward the close of the day were allowed to shoot for targets only. The programme was finished by 2:30 P. M., thus enabling nearly all the shooters to leave on the afternoon trains. Those that remained shot a couple of sweeps and the affair was at an end, thus closing what I have every reason to believe was the most successful tournament ever held in this State, in point of attendance and continuance of entries, and one of the largest amateur tournaments ever held anywhere where there was no added money. Mr. L. C. Griffith, of Indianapolis, proved the best shot of the second day, but did not quite wipe out the lead gained over him by Willard Thomas on the first day, for the geueral average, though only lacking 1 bird of so doing. Mr. Thomas thus won first average for both days with a score of 323 out of 375. Mr Griffith was a close second with 322.

Below are the scores of the second day, with the exception of a couple of sweeps, the scores of which were not preserved:

SCORES OF APRIL 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	20	15	25	10
Griffith	9	12	19	13	24	12	18	10	18	13	23	9
Tripp	8	13	19	12	25	13	16	13	9	10	21	9
Beck	7	11	12	10	22	9	13	8	15	9	19	6
Robinson	9	11	17	11	20	12	19	13	14	11	21	8
Britton	9	9	17	13	21	14	17	10	17	13	24	7
Thomas	9	13	20	13	21	9	17	12	18	12	22	10
Alkire	10	12	20	13	22	12	17	15	19	12	20	6
Burnison	6	11	15	11	23	14	18	9	16	15	19	8
Garland	10	11	20	13	23	13	16	8	14	7	23	5
Cavanaugh	9	9	12	13	19	10	15	10	14	11	18	6
Bush	8	11	18	13	20	12	13	13	17	15	19	7
Voris	7	10	15	9	23	14	12	14	15	12	17	7
Mingo	8	12	18	13	20	13	15	15	19	13	19	9
Snow	10	13	19	14	18	12	16	13	18	14	22	8
Brown	10	11	16	10	..	6	15	18	15	14	16	8
Knox	4	14	..	13	..	14	15	10	..	w	..	6
Parry	7	8	11	9	20	10	10	9	..	..	..	..
Bob White	8	10	16	10	20	10	15	11	16	11	17	8
Bussel	9	8	..	..	..	6	19	11	..	10	..	..
Pattison	3	10	11	11	17	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
W B Cooley	5	8	15	10	16	10	12	12	18	..	..	..
E C Cooley	5	5	10	7	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
*Winston	..	..	..	12	24	14	19	..	..	..	23	..
C L Bender	6	12	16	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Smoke	7	13	..	14	..	12	..	13	..	w	..	..
S Mark	7	10	..	13	15	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Forbis	8	13	..	12	..	12	..	9	..	..	..	..
Ingels	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Haimbaugh	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Proctor	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Snell	..	13	..	10	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hearsey	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Parsons	..	..	..	11	18	..	..	15	..	11	21	..
Leach	..	..	..	13	16	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
M Weiler	..	..	..	7	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Charley Ross	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	15	17	11	..	..
Deeds	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	4	..	4
Ellis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

* Birds only.

NOTES.

As there were 10,080 targets thrown in the regular programme events, the average prize amounted to $25, which was divided between Messrs. Thomas and Griffith - $15 to the first and $10 to the second. These two gentlemen were probably the youngest shooters on the ground.

In sharp contrast to those two young men were noticed several gentlemen shooting right along, and at a pretty lively clip, too, who have all of them touched or passed their fiftieth year, and one of them has already passed his sixtieth These were Uncle John Whisler, J. R. Bruner, A. Burnison and Geo. C. Beck, to say nothing of Dr. Britton, whose age seems to be a question with everyone except E. H. Tripp, who says he has the record, and can tell to the day. But never mind Partington's age; he is still one of the best shots this State can afford, and is considered by many to be the most graceful shooter now before the traps.

The Ohio contingent—Messrs. Snow, Alkire and Flick came a long way to attend the amateur tournament, and certainly got what they came after. They are all o.k.

Dr. C. L. Thomas came up from Logansport on the afternoon of the first day and spent the evening with the shooters, but was called away by pressing business early the next morning. It is no wonder that Willard shoots well with such a sportsman as a father.

The local shooters did not take a very active part, not having practiced much within the past few years; they did not like to display their lack of skill before the visiting cracks. Some of them entered in several of the events until they discovered that there were plenty of shooters to make the affair a success without them, when they fell back, and kindly rendered such assistance as they could in other ways.

A noticeable exception to the above was Mr. John H. Cavanaugh. Jack has been so closely confined to his duties as train dispatcher for the Wabash that he has done very little shooting for the past six years. But this cut no figure with Jack; he was proud of the event, glad to participate with such a crowd of sportsmen, so paid his entrance for both days and shot in every event, extras and all. He shot very well for one having so little practice, and could he have gotten one or two more birds in each event would have hardly been out of the money in any of them

Messrs. Smoke and Elliott, of Rochester, Ind; Pattison, of the Mineral Springs, and Brown and Knox, of Knox, Ind., are all stayers. J. Blistain (Slow), of Lafayette, shot through the programme the first day, and was not so slow either.

Mr. John L. Winston, the representative of the Austin Powder Co., was one of the two manufacturers' agents present. He shot in most of the events for both days.

The winning of first and second average by Willard Thomas and L. C. Griffith was quite popular with the spectators and also with the shooters, who know them both. Willard is well known to the sportsmen of this and surrounding States, having been shooting for several years and in very fine form, but for some reason did not quite shoot up to his gait last season. He has a new gun, and he certainly hits them. Mr. Griffith, or Griff, as his friends call him, is the managing salesman for the Parry Mfg. Co., at Indianapolis, having charge of their business in the States of Kentucky and Tennessee. He is not only a crack shot, but is a business man and a polished gentleman.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, was well represented, and their members made a splendid impression both with the shooters and the residents of our city. They were the founders of the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League, and were entitled to the first annual tournament of the League, but, being in a flourishing condition, they preferred to send it to some city where trap shooting interests has been a little latent. They will go there and will assist in making it the success they did this one. When they do give a tournament, every shooter in the State should make every effort to attend.

Messrs. Bender, of Muncie; Miley and Whicker, of Marion; and Proctor, of Union City, are "stayers." Mr. Proctor was far from well and did not take part in many events the second day, but did well during the first day.

Ed Veris did not shoot the "pesky mud pies" as like he did the sparrows last winter at Indianapolis, nor as he did live birds at the Grand American, yet his scores were very good, and Ed would be a hard man to beat in a race involving the three kinds of targets.

The Wabash, Ind., boys did not shoot in their "at home" form, as I have good reason to know, but they made a splendid showing, both in their scores and in the number in attendance. They have a fine club.

The Kokomo Club, but recently organized, is a splendid organization for all that, and gets the first annual league shoot. They were well represented, and with two such sportsmen as G. E. Brunot and L. W. Cumberland for president and secretary, they will surely flourish, and will make the State shoot a success.

Bob White was shooting a strange gun and did not get up to the top. Better luck next time, or after he gets accustomed to her "hang."

Al Bussell, of Leesburg, Ind., who is a member of the Warsaw Gun Club, was in attendance and took part in most of the events. Al is to give a tournament at his home soon and will doubtless have a good attendance, as he always goes to the tournaments elsewhere.

The Indiana Trap-Shooter's League held a very successful meeting at the Bears's Hotel on the evening of the 28th inst., but as that organization has a fine secretary the writer does not wish to deprive him of the pleasure of reporting the same.

The promoter of this tournament, not having time and opportunity to do so in person during the progress of the tournament, now desires to extend to every individual shooter who saw fit to attend, his sincere thanks and appreciation of his patronage, whether by participating in one event or in twenty-five; and to several he desires to extend his thanks for their kindly assistance in the promotion of this affair, which marks one of the most pleasant experiences of his life. Among them Mr. John Parker, whose name mentioned in connection with a tournament assures its success; the Limited Gun Club as a body, especially their most efficient secretary, Mr Royal Robinson; to the Indiana Trap-Shooters' League as an organization, but especially to its secretary, Mr. H. T. Hearsey, who would just about fit in Royal Robinson's pocket, but who, as a sportsman, weighs a ton, and who has the energy of the 999. Gentlemen, you have my sincere thanks.

As I have mentioned before, Mr. Jack Parker managed this shoot, and made many friends for the King Powder Company and the Peters' Cartridge Company, two firms that he ably represents at the trap.

The tournament has already had its effect on the shooting interests of our city, as several business men have signified their intention of joining our club, and it is understood that another club, composed entirely of new shooters, is being organized.

John M. Lilly and Thomas F. Parry, of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, are a good-natured pair, win or lose, and they go a great way toward keeping every one in good humor if in their hearing. They shot several individual races in the regular events for $1,000 (?) a side. Mr. Parry is the uncle of young Griffith, who won second average for the two days. Tom was satisfied, and just as proud as if he had won it himself

About a half hour after the arrival of the Indianapolis boys some one was heard to say, "I did not know you were expecting the Prince of Wales." But it was a case of mis aken identity. Instead of His Royal Highness, it was John M. Lilly John M says that he has not broken a straight since he had his whiskers "cut that way."

J. L. HEED.

Buckeye Gun Club.

DAYTON, O., April 28.—Below are the scores made to-day at the tournament of the Buckeye Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Rike	9	9	10	14	9	13	10	12	10	15	10	13	10	9	9	10	10	9	9
Thompson	9	12	9	11	..	15	9	10	8	14	9	15	9	7	9	8	..	8	10
Raymond	9	14	9	12	9	10	9	14	9	11	9	13	10	9	10	8	9	6	..
Mackie	9	15	7	14	7	12	10	14	9	15	9	12	10	8	..	..	..	..	..
Cain	9	13	9	15	7	8	9	12	8	13	8	10	..	..	..	8	7	..	..
Young	8	13	8	12	8	13	8	12	10	14	9	13	8	9	10	9	10	9	8
Myers	10	11	8	..	..	12	9	..	9	..	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tullis	8	9	8	..	8	5	5	12	7	9	7	..	6	6	..	..	..	..	..
C Lowry	7	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Lowry	7	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	..	..	..	..
J Knock	..	11	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Protsman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	9	6	6	7	8	..	7	..
Lyman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	13	10	..	..	..	9	8	8
J W	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
P Knock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	..	9	8	7	6	9	6	
W Dando	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	8	7	8	7	9	6	
Kiefaber	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	
C W McIlhaney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	
J Abbey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	
McDonald	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	10	9	8	7	
Shoup	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	10	6	..	..	
C Barr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	8	7	8	
E Lamme	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	
J Happy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	7	8	
C E Arnold	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	10	

MARTIN DOFF, Sec'y.

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., May 5.—Inclosed find scores made by the Catchpole Gun Club at its grounds this afternoon for the handsome can of W-A smokeless powder presented by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., of New York. Each member was handicapped according to his ability. The result of the shoot was a tie for the trophy by Messrs. Foster and Seaman; the two dividing the prize, Mr. Seaman taking the silver can and Mr. Foster the contents. The shoot was at 35 targets, known angles, handicap allowance of misses as breaks:

De Witt (2)	11001101110011001101110100110000 11—	0	+2—22
Foster (2)	10011101111010101110101011101110 11—	25	+2—27
Cosal (4)	10301111010100010011000111000100110 —14		+4—18
Wadsworth (4)	10010001001010010000101001010100101—13		+4—17
Fowler (4)	00110100000010101101001110110100010 —17		+4—21
Olmstead (6)	00001100010010030010010011011100000— 12		+6—18
Egnor (6)	10000110010010311110101110110111011 —20		+6—25
Youngs (8)	10001000001001110011001000000103011— 12		+8—20
Seaman (8)	10101110011011110011001010100011100— 19		+8—27
Burke (8)	C000.00100100000030311010010 —	7	+8—15

E. A. W., Sec'y.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., May 1.—Below are the scores made this afternoon by the members of the Omaha Gun Club in the first regular weekly shoot of the season. The club will shoot every Saturday afternoon up to and including Sept. 25. Rolla Heikes and S. A. Tucker were guests of the club this afternoon.

Club shoot, 20 targets, known traps and unknown angles:

Read	11111110111111111111—19	Smead	10110101111110011101—14
Loomis	111111101111111110111—18	Carmicha	11101001111010110111—14
Randlett	11011111101111111111—18	Krug	11101010110111111001—14
Townsend	11101111111111101111—18	Parmelee	11110111111111011100—16
McFarlane	10111111111111110110—17	Whitener	01101011101101111111—13
Brewer	11111111011111010111—17	Bates	01110101011101010011—12
Salisbury	01111011111111011111—17	Searle	11111010110110001101—12
Kenyon	11111110111011011101—16	Hughes	10101011010110010111—12
Blake	10 10111111011111101 16	Brucker	11101101100000111110—12
Learned	1111100 111111110101—16	Marsh	01101011101111011101—12
Montm'cy	01111011111111110110—16	Stubbs	11111101100011101101 14

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y

Sherburne Gun Club.

SHERBURNE, N. Y., May 1.—Below find the scores made to-day by members of the Sherburne Gun Club at their regular weekly shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
L D Brainard	7	8	7	8	9	7	8	7	9
J F Paddelford	10	8	7	6	8	8	6	7	9
L C Parmilor	6	7	8	7	6	7	8	9	7
D George	7	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..

D. GEORGE.

Connecticut Trap-Shooting Association.

MERIDEN, Conn., April 29.—The Connecticut Trap-Shooting Association held its first shoot of the season on the grounds of the Parker Gun Club, Meriden, Conn., April 29. The tournament proved a great success in every way. A good deal of interest was centered in the team race, which was the drawing card.

The Parker Gun Club members are good entertainers and plenty of shooting was had. The shoot started about 9 A. M. with a warming up event of 10 targets, 50 cents entrance, and thirty-eight shooters. (Scores not reported, as it was not on the programme.) The club furnished a luncheon free of charge, consisting of baked pork and beans, potato salad, ham sandwiches and hot coffee, which was well served and highly appreciated.

Among the visitors were O. R. Dickey, Boston, Mass.; Capt. E. B. Wadsworth (Puck), Boston, Mass.; R. L. Trimble, Cincinnati, representative of the Du Pont Powder Co.; Chas. Willard, of the Colt Gun Co., Hartford, Conn. Among the list will be found nearly all the old familiar names of the Connecticut shooters. Room does not permit naming them in detail.

The next shoot of the Association will be held on the New Haven Gun Club grounds, date to be made known later. The traps used are the bluerock traps, with North's electric pull (one set of five traps), and 5,975 birds were thrown during the shoot. Everything went well, and it is not too much to expect that the Connecticut Trap Shooting Association will prove a grand success for the season of 1897, if anything can be judged by the first grand opening, under the auspices of the Parker Gun Club, Meriden, Conn.

Scores follow in tabulated form:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	5	6	7	8	9
Style:	Known.	Unknown.	Unknown.	Unknown.	Known.	Unknown.	Known.	Unknown.	Reversed.	Unknown.
Targets:	10	10	15	15	20	20	15	15	10	15
F J Potter	9	8	11	9	14	14	13	10	8	13
F Cowee	7	4	14	9	12	11	9	13	8	10
Mills	10	7	12	7	16	16	13	11	8	..
Whitney	10	8	15	14	19	15	14	14	8	14
Hull	7	8	9	12	15	16	13	7	5	15
Parker	4	8	12	11	17	16	12	12	6	14
Sanford	8	7	12	13	19	16	11	12	7	..
Bishop	8	5	9	11	17	17	13	14	7	11
Cook	8	8	13	12	14	13	14	..	..	..
Willard	8	9	11	11	13	14	8	..	..	..
Pitkin	7	9	14	14	16	18	14	..	..	..
Bristol	9	9	10	12	17	16	13	12	..	..
Burbridge	9	8	13	13	16	13	14	..	..	..
Cutler	6	2	11	9	13	14	14	8	6	11
Rockwell	8	8	13	11	17	10	12	9	8	..
Stevens	8	8	13	13	18	14	10	14	6	12
Merritt	8	10	11	11	16	14	15	12	6	10
Videon	9	8	11	8	15	13	11	11	8	14
Claridge	9	9	14	12	17	19	12	14	6	..
Clark	6	5	12	11	16	16	12	14	9	10
Ortseifer	9	8	15	10	13	17	..	..	..	..
Holcomb	6	5	10	..	16	10	..	..	..	..
Hart	8	5	9	8	12	12	..	..	..	..
Avery	8	4	14	11	16	15	..	..	..	..
McGinty	5	5	11	9	19	11	13	8	6	..
Edgarton	10	8	9	14	16	15	6	10	..	..
Reggorie	4	..	10	7	11	13	11	8	7	..
Blakeslee	6	6	7	13	17	15	11	..	..	..
Coates	9	8	13	10	12	12	12	7	7	7
Bates	9	8	12	..	9	17	10	..	..	..
Dickey	7	9	13	14	18	19	14	13	..	10
Crane	6	6	11	11	10	..	..	..	..	..
Trimble	8	9	11	13	18	16	11	15	9	13
M Beers	9	6	11	10	16	18	14	..	..	..
Puck	9	7	14	11	18	17	13	15	..	9
G King	9	5	13	..	14	11	..	..	..	..
Penn	7	5	6	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Coogan	3	3	6	6	12	14	10	11	3	8
J Beers	5	5	10	10	14	13	..	..	..	..
Thorp	7	..	8	7	10	8	..	..	..	..
Longdon	..	..	11	9	..	..	12	12	..	..
Vibert	..	..	10	11	18	14	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	5	6	7	11	11	..	..	..
C A King	..	..	4	..	13	13	9	7	..	..
Wilcox	..	..	7	8	5	7	..	..	..	..
Bement	..	..	..	..	14	11	9	..	..	..
Harvey	..	..	..	..	12	12	12	14	4	13
Gaines	..	..	..	..	15	9	..	..	7	6
Faupel	..	..	..	..	7	13	5	..	..	..
Bassett	..	..	..	..	10	12	..	..	..	6
Merriman	..	..	..	..	..	15	10	10	6	10
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	7	9
Lyon	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..

The team contest, composing 6 men from each club, 40 targets per man, 20 unknown and 20 known, New Haven entering two teams. First money and first honors were won by the Parker Gun Club, second by New Haven team No. 1. Scores for the clubs as follows:

Parker Gun Club, Meriden, Conn.	193
New Haven Gun Club, New Haven, Conn., No 1 team	186
Colt Gun Club, Hartford, Conn.	183
Bridgeport Gun Club, Bridgeport, Conn.	1.1
Windsor Locks Gun Club, Windsor Locks, Conn.	170
New Haven Gun Club, New Haven, Conn., No 2 team	167

Eureka Gun Club of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 1.—The attendance at the monthly shoot of the Eureka Gun Club held to-day was good, twenty-one members taking part in the trophy shoot, which was event No. 4 on the programme. Scores in this event were:

Class A.

L H Goodrich	1111111111101111011111011—22
A C Patterson	1111111111111111111111111—22
A W Adams	1111101011111111101111011—21
Ed M Steck	1110010111111111111110111—21
C W Carson	1110110.0010111111111111—20

Class B.

W F Reber	1101110111011100111111111—20
G W Prickett	1111110010111111111000111—19
Speyne	1111010111110100111011001—17
J L Jones	011110.0011110011111011O—16
G F Murrow	0010010101111101101001101—15
Ferguson	0101111110101101110100010—15
O J Buck	1011010001110101010110110—14
De Wolf	110.0011001100111111000 —12

Class C.

A C Burroff	0001110111111001111101011—18
W A Jones	1011110010110101110111101—17
Dr Morton	110111 0010111011111001101—17
F M Smith	00001001100.0111101111011—14
A Morton	0001001110110111011001011—14
C S Smith	1100010000001000110100101— 9
Stanley	1001000000100000011010011— 8

Sweepstakes for practice were shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	20	Targets	25	25	25	25	25	20
Dr Carson	17	18	21	16	..	..	Patterson	..	..	..	18	..	..
F M Smith	7	8	11	15	..	..	Murrow	..	..	..	18	15	11
C S Smith	4	9	8	15	..	..	W A Morton	..	..	..	16	..	..
Goodrich	16	20	21	21	..	..	Burroff	..	..	..	20	..	..
Dr Reber	18	18	18	17	..	..	Dr Morton	..	..	..	16	..	..
Adams	..	21	20	21	20	..	Speyre	..	..	..	18	11	9
Ed Steck	..	22	22	19	24	17	Ferguson	..	..	..	19	12	..
Prickett	..	..	18	18	..	..	Stanley	..	..	..	14	..	..
Buck	..	..	..	19	..	..	De Wolf	..	..	..	12	14	12

Jamison and Hood Shoot a Tie Race.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 5.—Jamison and Hood shot a remarkable race to-day on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association. The conditions were 50 birds per man, $50 a side, Hood at 30yds., Jamison at 28yds. The race ended in a tie, though shortly after the start it looked a walkover for Hood, who killed 18 straight to his opponent's 12 out of 18. Then Jamison ran 17 straight, while Hood lost 4 birds, thus leading by 2 with 15 more to shoot at. Both lost their 36th birds, and Jamison also lost his 38th. This gave Hood the lead by 3 birds. Jamison killed his last 12, but Hood lost 3, thus making it a tie race with 42 each, Jamison having shot a very plucky up-hill race. C. A. Macalester officiated as referee. The birds, which were furnished by Jim Malone, were a good lot. Hood's failure to win was a weakness which he developed on incomers. The scores were:

Jamison	2022022022020111•212212312—19	
	1212222121020121212122222—23—42	
Hood	1111221112112212110202011—22	
	1211222012022212220•211203—20—42	

ORIOLE.

ON LONG ISLAND.

CONEY ISLAND GUN CLUB.

May 5.—Ten members of the Coney Island Gun Club met this afternoon at Dexter Park and took part in the club shoot at 10 live birds per man. No straight score was made, but four men tied on 9 each. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, for first money, Lair and Schevlin divided at the end of the second round. Scores:

William Lair (30)	2121012112—9	J B Vorhies (29)	2•122112•1—8
John Schliemann (28)	1111011111—9	William Hughes (27)	2211•02221—8
Dr Parker (28)	1012222111—9	Richard Hyde (22)	1220101111—8
James Schevlin (23)	11•1112112—9	Dr Raynor (27)	2011001102—6
H Knebel, Jr., (30)	21111•0121—8	H McLaughlin (27)	1102021020—6

CRESCENT GUN CLUB.

May 6.—The attendance to-day at the Crescent Gun Club's monthly live-bird shoot at Dexter Park was very small, only three members being present. The scores in the club race were:

W D Gilman (28)	2101212—6	Jas Dykemann (28)	2022210—5
Geo Brunner (28)	1002111—5		

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

May 8.—The semi-monthly club shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held this afternoon at the Dyker Meadow grounds. Gus Greiff was the winner in Class A in the club event, Dr. O'Brien winning in Class B. Greiff also won a heat for the Bennett cup with 23 out of 25, scoring in all 47 out of 50. Scores were:

Club shoot:

Gus Greiff (A)	111111111111111111111011111 —24
A A Hegeman (A)	111111111111101111111110101101—23
F A Thompson (A)	110111111111111001111111 —23
M Van Brunt (A)	111111111111100111101101 —21
P Adams (A)	100111111101111111011111 —21
W H Thompson (A)	111111010011111111101010 —19
J Gaughen (A)	010011111100101111101111 —18
P E George (A)	000101110111011111110110.0 —15
Dr O'Brien (B)	111111101001111101111001 —19
C C Fleet (B)	011111111010011011011001100 —17
S Shepard (B)	100011111110010011010111111 —17

Bennett cup shoot:

G E Greiff (A)	111111111011111101111111111 —23
J Gaughen (A)	111111110101100111111111111 —21
M Van Brunt (A)	111110011011110011111111111 —20
F A Thompson (A)	001111111110111000111011111 —18
Dr Shepard (B)	100011111110010011010111111—18
A A Hegeman (A)	111000111101100110110111111 —17
C C Fleet (B)	011111111101001101101100100—17
P Adams (A)	001110100101011001111111111 —16
Dr O'Brien (B)	001110100111011101111000011—16
P E George (A)	100100101011011100101111111 —15
W H Thompson (A)	111001000100101001110110111 —13

Sweeps were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Van Brunt	8	5	5	7	4	8	10	6	2	0	4	1	4
Hegeman	8	5	6	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Greiff	10	10	7	9	10	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
O'Brien	8	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Adams	5	5	8	7	8	7	8	7	2	1	0	2	1
F A Thompson	6	10	7	7	9	8	6	4	2	3	2	3	5
W H Thompson	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
George	6	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dillon	6	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shepard	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gaughen	..	9	8	9	10	8	7	0	3	1	3	3	5
Fleet	..	8	7	6	7	9	4	1	0	3	1	1	0
Donley	..	..	..	8	7	5	8	8	0	0	0	0	2

Nos. 1 to 7 inclusive were 10 targets at unknown angles; Nos. 8–13 were miss-and-outs at unknown angles.

G. E. POOL, Sec'y.

Gilbert Defeats Brokaw.

NEW YORK, May 8.—One of the most important matches of the season, and probably about the last, was shot to-day on the grounds of the Larchmont Y. C. The conditions were 30yds. rise, 30yds. boundary, 200 birds per man, and the contestants were H. B. Gilbert and W. Gould Brokaw.

The match excited a good deal of interest, both parties being well known in trap-shooting circles. Gilbert in particular has had a most remarkably successful career at the traps this season, losing only match out of many that he has shot. Brokaw, on the other hand, has not been seen much at the traps of late, as he has been spending the winter for the most part at Palm Beach, Fla.; his practice work for this match, however, showed that he was in the best of form, as he scored 49 straight one day, and 177 out of 200 in a trial match. There was quite a little betting on the result of the match, Gilbert having the call. He was handled, as usual, by Capt. A. W. Money, while Geo. S. McAlpin looked after Brokaw. Col. H. A. Butter was the referee.

There was quite a gathering of club men when the race started, on the arrival of the 10 A. M. train. Among those present during the match were: Noel E. Money, Capt. A. W. Money, W. A. H. Stafford, G. S. McAlpin, John Boudouine, Charles Hibbart, Daniel Bradley, Fred G. Moore, Col. Butler Mayhew Bronson, Frank Hardy, Roger Lamson, E. Payson, Clifford Brokaw, C. U. Hamilton, George Ide, E. S. Hatch and D. B. Gilbert.

Gilbert won easily by 12 birds, his score of 175 being very good in view of the fact that the birds were a fast lot and that there was a strong breeze blowing across the grounds. The 30yds. boundary, too, must not be forgotten. The score tells how the match was shot:

H B Gilbert	0222222202222202222 22022—21	
	0222220212222210110221022—20	
	2020222221212222222222222—23	
	222222222222222222220222 —24	
	0202222212212122220422122—22	
	2221022020222022212201224—20	
	2221220021202222222211221—22	
	2222122022111112012211222—23	—175
W G Brokaw	2202222220022222002220020 —07	
	0222222222202242212022222220—21	
	2222022122220021212110021—20	
	1022222022120211221111120—21	
	2202202211202220202202111—19	
	1222222222202222222220222—23	
	1121222222002222022022202220—20	
	2222201222120222220224222—22—163	

Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 29.—The first of the series of prize shoots arranged for the members of the Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Club was decided to-day. The prize was a silver can of W-A Smokeless powder, and four cans of the same powder, five prizes in all. Event No. 3 was the prize shoot; in this event P. H. Randall and R. C. Root tied for the silver can, which has to be won three times before becoming the property of any one member. The numbers in brackets after a shooter's name denote the number of extra targets allowed. Those who were not members of the club were not entitled to any of the prizes. Next week's contest will be known as the Gold Dust powder event, and there will also be another 25-target race for the silver W-A can. Below is a summary of the scores made to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	10	25	10	10	10	Targets:	25	10	25	10	10	10
R C Root (6)	18	6	21	5	10	7	G Cornett (6)	..	5	18	6	5	8
J C Lamb*	19	7	16	..	..	..	S D Green*	..	7	19	..	7	..
F J Greener (0)	17	8	18	7	..	..	F Arnold*	..	8	17	..	4	..
S F Wilson (0)	16	8	16	..	5	8	W H Sheldon (0)	..	10	17	9	6	7
J F Russell (6)	16	5	17	..	7	..	P H Randall (0)	..	7	21	..	8	6
E C Whitaker (0)	18	9	18	..	..	..	S Brownell*	..	..	..	5	..	..
H Remington (6)	14	6	20	7	..	..							

* Not members.

J. F. RUSSELL, Sec'y.

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 4.—The following scores were made to-day on targets:

Bob White	1011101111111111111100110—20
E E Neal	1110111010111111111111111—22—42
J H Amberg	1110101001010011111111011—17
A S Kleinman	1111101011111110101111111 —21—38

Match, 50 targets:

A S Kleinman	1110111001111111111110111101101111111111111111111111—44
Gillespie	1111111111111111111101010110101011110011100000011011—37

May 5.—Live birds:

Simonette	0012022121112001101022110021 22—21	
Tony	1212201112021001O.00	—13
B Barto	1220211020100 10	— 9
Bacci	0201000000	— 2
Andrews	0201002200	— 4
Grassi	02210	— 3
Kissane	10012	— 3

Same date a 75-target match between Dr. Lane and Dr. Hungate resulted in a win for Dr. Hungate by the score of 51 to 37.

RAVELRIGG.

Kentucky Gun Club.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 3.—The Kentucky Gun Club opened its season on Saturday last, May 1, under adverse conditions so far as weather was concerned. The following clipping from the *Courier Journal* of yesterday gives a good account of the proceedings, and also gives the dates of the coming shoots of the club:

"Despite the cold, blustery weather, twelve members of the Kentucky Gun Club gathered on their grounds at Fifth and L streets yesterday, inaugurating the season, which lasts till the close of October. Those who participated in the first day's shoot were Messrs. W. W. Thompson, H. J. Lyons, W. L. Lyons, A. L. Phelps, Jr., A. P. Houston, J. B. Williamson, J. B. Alexander, Emile Pragoff, John Prins, H. T. Smyser, Sam Hutchings and Bland Ballard.

"The members of the club are divided into three classes, A, B and C, according to their proficiency in shooting. Every Saturday a contest will take place, and the member of each class who has won the greatest number of times by the close of the season will be given a gold medal. The birds are projected from five traps and always at unknown angles. In Class A, Mr. A. P. Houston won yesterday, making 22 out of a possible 25 points. In Class B, Messrs. W. L. Lyons and H. T. Smyser were tied, each making 17 points. On the shoot-off Mr. Lyons won. In Class C, Mr. John Prins won, hitting 14 birds.

"On Decoration Day, which will be the fourth anniversary of the club, a large attendance is expected at the shoot from all over the State, and on July 4 the annual meeting will be held for the championship of the State."

Missouri and Kansas Gun Club Tournament.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 7.—Under this title will be given a tournament at Joplin, Mo., May 25–27 with $300 added money. The programme will consist of ten 20-target events each day, with four moneys in each purse.

W. G. Sergeant and C. M. Sumner are the promoters of this shoot, and they, in connection with the other shooters from Joplin, Mo., and Galena, Kan. (where the shooters composing the above club reside), are sure to give those who attend a good shoot. Sergeant is well known all over the country as one of the best amateur shots, and there has not been a shoot of any consequence in the West for the past two years that he has not attended. This alone should materially increase the attendance, as reciprocity and the promoters' popularity is frequently instrumental in inducing shooters to attend tournaments whom added money would have failed to bring.

Those who attended the Joplin shoot in '96 will recall that everything was carried out as announced, and that it was one of the best managed affairs on the circuit, and that the hospitality shown the visiting shooters was generous to a fault. Joplin is only 160 miles from Kansas City, and this shoot, following right after the Missouri State tournament, will make it convenient for shooters from a distance to attend this one also. Just ship your shells to E. Webster, Joplin, Mo., and you will find them when you want them.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

All preparations for the delegates from the different New Jersey gun Clubs on May 19 have been completed. The hour for the meeting is set for 2 P. M., and the place of meeting is Room 1009, No. 377-379 Broadway, New York city, the rooms of the Sportsmen's Association. So many clubs have notified the committee appointed to call the meeting of their having appointed delegates, that the success of the efforts to re-organize the old State organization, or to organize a new one, is insured. We may now look for a State shoot in New Jersey some time this summer or during the early fall. All gun clubs that have not elected delegates to date should do so at once.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

PARTY OF THREE.—You will find good bluefishing and weakfishing at Barnegat, N. J., in the season. Write to Capt. John Kelly to keep you posted.

H. P., New Haven, Conn.—Ans.: Articles on smokeless powder small bore hunting rifles were published in our issues of Sept. 26, Oct. 17 and Nov. 21, 1896.

In answer to H. B. C., North Ferrisburgh, Vt., last week, an error was made in printing "burst" for "hurt." The sentence should read "They (steel gun barrels) are also less liable to be hurt by falls or blows."

B. B.—For the New York law on black bass see fishing columns. Best places near New York are Lake Ronkonkomo, L. I., and Greenwood Lake, N. Y. Write J. E. Waterstone.

A. H. S., Meshoppen, Pa.—For June trout flies select grizzly-king, brown-hackle, professor, ibis, cow-dung, silver-doctor. Use dark flies on bright days, and bright flies on dark days.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Marlin Model of 1897.

THE Marlin Fire Arms Company, New Haven, Conn., send us an advance notice of a new .22cal. repeating rifle, which will be ready for delivery June 15.

This is a take-down repeater, weighing, with 24in. barrel, 5½lbs., and shooting without any change in adjustment the short, long and long rifle cartridges for this caliber. The action of this rifle is that of the very popular model of 1892, with the addition of the take-down feature and various improvements.

Chief among these improvements may be noted the following: The working parts are of tool steel, carefully hardened and guaranteed to wear, while the receiver is of the special tool steel used in the Marlin high-power smokeless rifles.

The important factor of cleaning has received due attention, and a great advance has been made in this respect. The barrel may be cleaned as easily from the breech as from the muzzle, and the working parts are finely polished, thus insuring an action even smoother than in the famous model of 1892. All parts of the action are securely fastened, so that none can be lost; but at the same time all may readily be removed, if desired, and every crevice thoroughly cleaned.—*Adv.*

Bicycles.

THE Relay Mfg. Co., Reading, Pa., issue a neat catalogue of their well-known and reliable bicycles. The Relay line is very complete, including six models ranging in price from $60 to $100, besides tandem, combination tandem and tricycle tandem.

The latter is a novelty in cycle construction, and should prove very popular with persons who have heretofore been debarred from the pleasures of cycling through the fear of upsets.

Relay bicycles possess many features of sterling excellence, none of which is perhaps more striking than their visible ball bearings, which enable the rider to inspect the bearings without removing the wheel from the frame. Catalogues will be sent on application.—*Adv.*

Antidote to Ivy Poisoning.

HIRAX is a non-poisonous lotion for external use, which insures an instant cure for ivy poisoning and the bites and stings of poisonous insects. It is said that a single application will relieve the pain caused by a bee or hornet sting, and a few days use will cure the most obstinate case of ivy poisoning. The preparation is especially valuable to sportsmen as an antidote to the poison of black flies, gnats, etc., and the importance of having this article on hand ready for use should not be overlooked.—*Adv.*

A Fishing Trip

ALONG the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the title of a beautifully illustrated pamphlet of thirty-two pages, the contents of which are devoted to practical methods of fish-catching in near-by lakes and streams.

One copy will be sent to any address on receipt of two-cent postage stamp. Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Hunting Launch.

THE Alco vapor engine launch is provided with a motor controlled from the bow, and is especially adopted for hunting. No licensed engineer or pilot is required. Catalogue, containing full particulars, will be mailed on receipt of 10 cents in stamps by the Marine Vapor Engine Co., foot Jersey avenue, Jersey City, N. J.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 21. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

ATTENTION is directed to the new form of address labels on the wrappers of subscribers' copies. The label shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid.

The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us for a new or renewed subscription. Unless specially requested to do so, we do not send separate receipts.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

If we are content with an ungainly fly, we will be satisfied with inferiority of rod and tackle; and although the fish may not see the difference, the angler may become, from neglecting one point, slovenly in all. A well-made fly is a beautiful object, an ill-made one an eyesore and annoyance; and it is a great satisfaction both to exhibit and examine a well-filled book of handsomely-tied flies. R. B. Roosevelt.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1897.—No. III.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Act of March 3, 1897.—Section 1. That any person who shall for the whole, or any part of the time, engage in the business or occupation of fishing on any of the streams or ponds of this State for the brook or speckled trout, or in the lakes thereof of less size than the first Connecticut lake for lake trout, with intent to sell or trade fish so caught, shall for every such offense be fined not less than $200, or imprisoned not less than thirty days or more than six months, or both.

THE MAINE GUIDE LICENSE.

THE Maine guide registration law provides that before engaging in the business of guiding one must register with the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game his name, age and residence, and must procure from the Commissioners a certificate setting forth that he is deemed suitable to act as a guide. For this certificate he is required to pay a fee of $1, and for failure to comply with the law there is a fine of $50. The obligation is not imposed upon any person who does not directly or indirectly hold himself out to the public as a guide, or directly or indirectly solicit employment as such. Every registered guide is required from time to time, as requested by the Commissioners and on blanks furnished by them, to "forward a statement to them of the number of persons he has guided in inland fishing and forest hunting during the time called for in said statement, the number of days he has been employed as a guide, and such other useful information relative to the inland fish and game, forest fires, and the preservation of the forests in the localities where he has guided, as the Commissioners may deem of importance to the State." Whenever a registered guide is convicted of a violation of the fish or game laws he shall forfeit his certificate and be debarred for one year from engaging in the business of guiding.

The purpose of the new system manifestly is to give the Commissioners, who represent the executive machinery of the game law, some measure of control over the guides, who are most directly and personally responsible for the observance or the violation of the law in the woods. No one will question that the Maine guide has it absolutely within his own control to see that the game law shall mean in the cover of the forest precisely what it does on the page of the statute book. When a man from Boston or Worcester or Providence or Albany, or New York or Philadelphia, goes into the Maine woods and takes his game out of season or by dogging it into the water, he does so, and can do so, only with the purchased connivance, encouragement and assistance of his guide. And not only this, but he dares to defy the law only because he believes that he may trust his guide and accomplice to keep mum about it afterward.

This is not saying that ninety-nine out of every hundred sportsmen who go down to Maine are not in spirit and practice observant of the laws; nor that ninety-nine guides out of every hundred are not in spirit and practice law abiding. The fact remains that the hundredth sportsman and the hundredth guide do kill an unconscionably large amount of game in forbidden ways and seasons, and it is to get control of this hundredth factor that the guide license and guide reporting, after coming out of the woods, ystem has been put into effect. If the constitutionality of the law shall be tested, doubtless the line of reasoning adopted for its defense will be to show that no new principles are involved, but that the law involves only familiar ones carried to an extreme.

The police power of the State is very broad. In relation to game and fish it may prescribe conditions as to when, how, by whom, and for what purpose they may be taken; in short, may hedge about and restrict that taking even to the point of absolute prohibition. Maine may enact that moose may not be killed at any time, or that they may be killed at certain seasons only, under conditions that the hunter be licensed or that his guide be licensed, and that the killing be reported to the officials. Guiding sportsmen is a part of hunting; as a part of hunting, it is subject to that legislation which has to do with hunting. All that requires to be shown in defense of the constitutionality of this Maine guide's law in its general character is that the statute is in the direct line of game protection.

What the new system will accomplish in the direction of eliminating from the guide's calling unworthy members remains to be proved in practice. No qualifications are named by which the Commissioners are to govern themselves in determining the fitness of an applicant; it appears to be left wholly to their discretion to declare a man fit or unfit to act as guide; and just here perhaps is the weak point in the law. We may take for granted, however, the desire and purpose of the Commissioners to exercise their discretion for the good of the cause.

The chief objection to the system on the part of the sportsman is found in a natural and quite defensible objection to having made public or a matter of record his experience in the woods. The thought that his success or his failure, his goings in and comings out, rising up and sitting down, are to be made subject of official investigation and chronicle, takes away something of the freedom and abandon which are after all the chief charm of the wilderness; and the law-abiding sportsman is quite as apt to resent this feature as is his brother who finds in it a hamper of lawlessness.

SNAP SHOTS.

MR. JAMES A. MILLER, of Denver, Colo., has submitted to Congressman John F. Shafroth a proposition with respect to the buffalo remnant in Lost Park Reservation. There are very few of these animals surviving, and the machinery of the State game protective system does not seem to be adequate to cope with the problem of their preservation. They are killed by illicit hunting in such numbers as to overcome the natural rate of increase. The end not long deferred must be extinction, unless some more adequate protection can be provided. Mr. Miller proposes that the United States cavalry stationed at Fort Logan, near the Park, shall patrol the buffalo country to keep out poachers The proposal has much to commend it. The duty would be an agreeable one for the troops, and although the actual measure of protection might not be considerable, the knowledge that United States troops were on the lookout would doubtless deter the rascally class of hunters who are now bold, because under the present remote and inadequate system of protection machinery they have nothing to fear. We trust that the matter may have favorable consideration by the Interior Department.

Something of the complications and difficulties which must always attend interstate game legislation was hinted at in the letter from Dr. Geo. W. Massamore, printed in our last issue relative to the black bass law of the Potomac. In the winter of 1895–96, the legislatures of Maryland and Virginia adopted laws providing a close season from April 15 to June 1 for Potomac black bass. The operation of the statute, however, was made contingent upon the enactment of a like law by West Virginia, and it was stipulated that before the statute could go into effect in the three States, its adoption must be proclaimed by each of the several governors. West Virginia in its turn adopted the law last winter, but the proclamation was not made in season to procure the full close in time for this year. Last week Gov. Lowndes, of Maryland, named May 19 as the first day of the close time for 1897. Even the short season thus provided will be beneficial.

The case of Rev. Dr. Owen, of Hagerstown, Md., who was up before a Williamsport justice of the peace on the charge of having caught Potomac bass out of season this year, has attracted some attention. It appears that the justice authorized the prosecution under the misconception that the Potomac black bass law was already in effect, whereas it is to be said for Dr. Owen that the law—or lack of law—was on his side, and he was guiltless of actual violation of the statute. The question comes up, whether under such circumstances, it is the duty of an angler to obey both the letter and the spirit of the law. The Maryland Legislature having enacted this statute providing for a close season on black bass, to begin on April 15, but having its operation dependent upon the adoption of a like law made by sister States, the question is whether a fisherman who governs himself by the ethics of the fraternity rather than by the strict letter of the law should refrain from black bass fishing after April 15, or whether, taking advantage of the technicality of the case, he should insist upon his right to fish. Under the circumstances, should not an angler be governed by the higher law? It is an encouraging sign of the times to observe that this opinion is held by those who have expressed themselves in the local newspapers. Long before the millennium shall be proclaimed, anglers and shooters will govern themselves by the spirit as well as the letter of the game laws. The call to do this is not uncommon For instance, on Long Island, New York, because of a bungle in the law, birds which should be unprotected from Aug. 15 to Jan. 1 are actually unprotected from Jan. 1 to Aug. 15. Observing the strict text of the prohibition, one might kill these birds in the springtime, and yet defend his action upon the ground that he was law-abiding, whereas the obligation of his profession as a sportsman would require him to abstain from shooting in the untimely season permitted by the law, even though he was thereby deprived of his sport the year around. A similar condition of affairs existed not long ago in Minnesota where certain birds were by a twist of the law protected at the seasons when they should be pursued, and were left without protection in the nesting and immature periods. Under these conditions no one who professes to be governed by an enlightened regard for the interest of protection, or even by considerations of ordinary individual decency with respect to game can do other than observe the spirit rather than the strict letter of the statute. It has been intimated that Dr. Owen will take his grievance of an unwarrantable arrest before the Grand Jury, and the justice retorts that as for him he would be content to abide by the decision of a committee of leading citizens respecting his official action. As this is a question of field ethics, it should be left to the decision of sportsmen. If Dr. Owen and the Justice would submit their sides in the FOREST AND STREAM columns we could assure them of even and exact justice at the bar of public opinion.

The establishment by the Governor of Wisconsin of a Bird Day marks a distinct advance in public opinion by one of the most progressive States in the Union, and this proclamation is likely before long to be followed by similar action in other States. Slowly, but steadily, the interest in bird protection has been growing, ever since the FOREST AND STREAM, nearly twelve years ago, originated the Audubon Society idea and started the first Audubon Society, which it carried on unaided and alone for several years. Now there are Audubon Societies in many States, and the interest in them and in their work is constantly increasing. These societies appeal to two motives: the sentimental and the economic; and gain support alike from the tender-hearted and from the hard-headed and practical. To the latter class the effective presentation of the subject in Miss Merriam's little book, "How Birds Affect the Farm and Garden," is a cogent argument, and the Massachusetts Audubon Society has distributed a large number of copies of this pamphlet with great benefit to its work.

Florida mockingbirds have been trapped, and their nests robbed, until the diminution of numbers and the silence of field, garden and woodland have awakened alarm. The Legislature now in session is considering a measure for the protection of the birds. It should be made a law; and means should be provided to make the law a force rather than a farce.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Charles E. Parker, of Meriden, Conn., vice-president of the Charles Parker Co. and a member of the firm of Parker Bros. Mr. Parker succumbed to pneumonia, on May 11; he was in his fifty-sixth year.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A HOT SPRINGS ADVENTURE.

I RESIDE in that part of northern Ohio which was formerly the Wyandotte Indian Reservation. The General Government made a treaty with the Indians in 1843 under which the red men were removed beyond the Mississippi River, and the lands were put into the market.

The result is that this portion of Ohio is much behind the other portions of the State in the way of settlement and improvements, though developing rapidly of later years.

Until a comparatively recent date game was very abundant. Deer and turkeys afforded splendid sport, in which your humble servant took a hand.

I have spent the greater part of my life here, but as game became scarce I have made numerous excursions to the West and South, where the woods, prairies and streams afforded ample sport with rod and line, dog and gun.

Having heard of the Ozark Mountains and Hot Springs of Arkansas, I made that country a visit last fall. I found good sport in the valley of Washita River. I and some genial friends were treated one beautiful moonlight night to a possum hunt by some hospitable native darkeys. Our game was roasted in good shape and served up by the colored hostess in artistic style, after which we were treated to plantation music and dancing.

The fishing in Washita River and the tributary mountain streams was quite exhilarating.

While in that region I spent some time in the pretty little city of Hot Springs, nestled in a beautiful glen, where numberless springs come boiling hot from the mountain sides.

I have been healthy, and stood backwoods life very well until age came upon me and with it an attack of rheumatism. I had read a Government report from the pen of an official scientist, describing the curative properties of the springs, I therefore went prepared to spend some time at that famous health resort.

I took up quarters at a first-class hotel and stood the fancy rates, because I had confidence in the magic of the baths and anticipated that my stay would be brief.

I consulted a physician of high standing, who thoroughly investigated my corporal system and pronounced my malady to be gout, but otherwise I had a remarkable physique for a man past three score and ten; and the gout, he said, would readily yield to treatment together with the efficacy of the baths.

I obeyed his orders implicitly and soon experienced palpable relief, but was called home before my course was completed and before the muscles of my thighs resumed their former tension and elasticity.

I enjoyed hotel life very well, and the beautiful natural scenery, the streams, the rocks and hills, so different from the level plains and woods of western Ohio, were new and delightful to me. I soon made some pleasant acquaintances with invalids and tourists, who treated me politely and made due allowance for my rural manners. They frequently laughed at my rustic jokes, and gave me liberal applause for homely anecdotes and yarns.

It was perhaps lucky for the social position which I speedily obtained that I had the forethought before leaving home to put myself in the hands of a fashionable tailor and proprietor of a gent's furnishing store, out of which I came equipped in good style, and so far as dress was concerned I stood high among the fashionable guests at the hotel. I was perhaps deficient in another respect—I never had been placed under the tuition of a French dancing master, nor did I ever have any formal instructions in personal deportment, the etiquette of the drawing room, or fashionable carriage of my person. I suppose, therefore, that I was over-dressed for one of my station in life, and my rustic movements showed the more plainly in contrast with my fine suit of clothes.

To this, on reflection, I suppose I may also attribute the adventure which I will endeavor to describe.

One evening after a stroll up Happy Hollow, where I had feasted on a violin concert by a native, with organ accompaniment, and where I reveled in the delight of the beautiful surrounding scenery, when leisurely sauntering to my hotel, I was met by a polite gentleman, who cordially grasped my hand, exclaiming:

"How do you do, Mr. Hanes? I am very glad to meet you again. Don't remember me? Why, don't you mind when I met you in ——, Ohio, and was introduced to you by Henry Robinson, the banker? By the way, I then lived in Cleveland, and still make that my headquarters, though not there much of the time. Mr. Robinson is my cousin."

The circumstance of the former introduction by Mr. Robinson had faded in my mind, but I politely concealed it. He said he could introduce me to some genial friends in Hot Springs who would contribute to the pleasure of my visit, and made an appointment to meet me the next morning at 9 o'clock on the veranda of my hotel.

I pretty nearly forgot my engagement the next morning, but my mind recurred to it and consulting my watch I found I was half an hour late. I went to the veranda, however, and there sure enough was my friend, who had the patience to wait for me—I learned from him that it was a pleasure to wait for a friend of his cousin, and he invited me to accompany him. He took me upstairs to a room in a corner building across the street immediately opposite the hotel.

I was surprised to find myself ushered into a gaudily equipped gambling room. There sat behind a faro table a well-dressed man reading a morning paper. My friend introduced me and asked for another gentleman who he had said was fond of playing whist for amusement.

The proprietor of the room said it was earlier than he usually came, but to make ourselves at home; he would doubtless soon be in.

In the meantime my friend, the cousin of Henry Robinson, began to inquire of the proprietor in regard to the game of faro, saying he had never seen it played. The genial proprietor carefully explained the game, saying it was purely a game of chance, and chances were supposed to be even; that the only margin by which the proprietor could live, pay his light, fuel and rents, was the splits. He explained to us what the splits were. He showed a small nickel box which was open at the top, except a narrow rim that kept the cards to their place; the deck of cards that were pasted in rows on the table were those on which the player bet his money. The dealer drew his cards out of the nickel box one by one, face upwards, laid the first card next to the box, which was the dealer's side, and the next card was laid in a separate pile, which was the player's side. If the card on which the player bet fell on his pile, he won; and if it fell on the dealer's side the player lost. If two cards of the same denomination came from the box together, it was a split, and the dealer got half the stake. According to mathematical investigation, the odds were 17 per cent. in favor of the dealer, which is the pittance on which he is doomed to live; although he didn't complain in that respect.

My friend's curiosity was not yet satisfied. He stepped to the next table and asked for an explanation of that device. The gentlemanly proprietor said it was roulette, and politely explained its operation. There was a concave wheel revolving horizontally, a marble ball was thrown in the wheel with an impulse in the opposite direction. The centrifugal force for some time kept the marble in the outer rim of the wheel. As it slowed down the marble approached nearer a center circle perforated with holes and the marble fell into a cell, which determined whether the outsider won or lost. There were certain chances and combinations to encourage bets against odds, with big results to the player if he took the chances; but I cannot retain it all in my memory. He next gratified my unsophisticated friend by explaining another device; but here I became confused and cannot now clearly describe its workings.

It consisted of a funnel, shaped not unlike the hour-glass carried by Father Time, with tortuous and rugous interior, and parti-colored cells below, into which a marble fell after wending its winding way from the top of the funnel. The outsider's bet was decided by the color of the cell into which the marble settled. I can't remember the name, but he said it was a Mexican game, and the chances were absolutely even.

My friend, the relative of Mr. Robinson, thereupon said he would try his hand on that game, and started by the purchase of $5 worth of ivory checks. He won. He bet on another color and won again. He continued to win. When he had several $5 stacks of chips in front of him he generously passed one of the stacks to me and told me to try my luck. I bet, and much to my surprise made marvelous winnings. Large stacks of checks were piled before both my friend and myself. The proprietor, to make sure that he had sufficient currency to avert a failure of his bank, took from his pocket several packages of National Bank notes of large denominations, each package indicating from $100, $500 to $1,000.

At this time our winnings were over $1,000 each. We bet again and our luck was amazing. We won again.

At this point the proprietor became agitated, and said the bank had a rule that they must be satisfied they were playing with persons of responsibility, who, if they should lose, could stand it. He asked my friend regarding his financial condition. The latter answered that he had plenty of means, but had not much money in his pocket.

"Have you money elsewhere, or a bank account?" asked the proprietor.

He answered that he had $30,000 on deposit—$20,000 in a Cleveland bank and $10,000 in Toledo.

The proprietor said he would require of us a deposit of $1,000 each as a guarantee that he was not playing against irresponsible parties. He didn't doubt our solvency, but it was a rule they had. He inquired of me in regard to my financial ability. I told him what was true—that I had but $10 in my pocket. He asked if I had money elsewhere. I told him I had $200 deposited at the hotel. He asked if I had a bank account. I told him I had an ample bank account in Ohio. He said it was against their rule to take bank checks of strangers, but he would waive it in our favor, as I was virtually vouched for by the friend who introduced me. Therefore, as a favor to us, he would take our checks.

Here another trouble arose. My friend had none of his blank checks with him, and I told him I was in the same fix. The proprietor appeared to be a man of versatility. He said he had blank checks that could be readily filled out for any bank, and he passed a book of blank checks to my friend, who filled out and signed his check on his Cleveland bank for $1,000. While this was going on the proprietor blandly repeated that it was a mere matter of form for the temporary show of compliance with their rules, and continued in that strain during the process of the writing. Then my unsophisticated friend passed the book of blank checks to me, saying that he was satisfied it was a mere form to go through before the banker cashed in our ivory checks or continued the play, and advised me, with a tone of friendly confidence, to put in my check with his for the temporary purpose of drawing our big winnings.

By this time it dawned on my mind that my friend would hardly conduct me to a benevolent institution in order to have a sudden fortune burst upon me. I hastily reasoned with myself, also, that if the proprietor got possession of my check he might attach more importance to it than a mere temporary matter of form, and change his mind about returning it. I further hastily reflected that my big winnings, stacked on the table before me in the shape of ivory chips, needing only the form of the banker dealing out the cash for them, ought to be a guaranty that I was temporarily, as a matter of form, good for $1,000, and I promptly and without hesitation declined to give my check. He raked in our chips and said it was lucky for him, because the bank saved that much loss.

I noticed, however, that the big veins swelled on his neck, his facial expression at once assumed a tone of disappointment, and his manly brow displayed all the hues of the rainbow.

I turned to see what comments my friend the cousin of Mr. Robinson had to make, but he had vanished. I walked out of the room with becoming dignity, reflecting on my first experience with a bunco steerer and his confederate, who most likely obtained my name and address on the hotel register, and the name of Mr. Robinson by reference to a banker's directory.

S. R. HANES.

A ST. PETERSBURG paper says that in consequence of a silly rumor that the Turks had poisoned all the herring in the ocean, the peasants in some parts of Poland refuse to eat any more of them.

BY inadvertence Mr. Amery's paper last week, describing sport in British Guiana, was assigned to British Honduras.

THE WALTON CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In these days of private preserves in the Adirondack region, when more than one-fourth of the wilderness is owned or controlled by clubs, associations or individuals, and printed notices, conspicuously posted, everywhere warn the public that no trespassing is allowed, it is refreshing to recall the time in the not very remote past when the hunter, angler and tourist were privileged to roam the woods with perfect freedom. Although there are now more than fifty of these preserves and over one million acres of land on which people are prohibited from setting foot without permission from the owners or lessees, most of them have been established within a decade. The first organization formed, or one of the first, for the purpose of maintaining a private preserve in the Adirondacks, was incorporated in 1877; so that it is only a score of years, not a quarter of a century at the most, since there were no restrictions as to where a person could hunt and fish.

Long before any preserve was established, however, there were sportsmen's clubs whose members annually visited the wilderness. The initial organization of this kind, the famous Walton Club, was founded forty years ago, and doubtless the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will be interested to learn some facts about its early history which are not generally known.

The club's membership roll contained the names of many gentlemen who were prominent in political, professional and business life, including Hon. John A. King, Governor of New York State, 1857–59; Thomas G. Alvord, Lieut.-Governor, 1865–67; Gen. R. U. Sherman, for years prominently identified with the State Commission of Fisheries; William B. Taylor, Major J. P. Goodsell and Silas Seymour, all of whom at different times held the office of State Engineer and Surveyor; Hon. Ransom Balcom, Justice of the Supreme Court; ex-Mayor Alrick Hubbell of Utica, then State Senator from the Oneida district; Hon. Thomas Jones, Jr., Hon. Ornon Archer and Major Charles M. Scholefield, Members of Assembly; George Dawson, editor of the Albany *Journal;* Lewis Gaylord Clark, for many years editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and Alfred B. Street, the poet. The club motto was "O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

In the winter of 1857 several gentlemen, who had been often attracted to the wilderness of northern New York by the beauty of its primitive scenery, its exhilarating and health-giving air, and the broad and fruitful field which it furnished for the exercise of the arts of the hunter and angler, for which they had congenial tastes, met in Utica and formed a society with the design of making annual trips to that inviting region, and by organization and systematic preparation and arrangement, of rendering as perfect as possible their comfort and enjoyment in the wilderness.

They gave their organization the name of the Brown's Tract Association, to denote particularly the field which was to form the center and principal circuit of their operations, which was the territory then known, geographically, as Brown's Tract, a region embracing some 200,000 acres, lying in the heart of the wilderness, studded with majestic mountains, and gemmed throughout by crystal lakes. They made their first visit to the woods in an organized body in June, 1857.

The second annual meeting of the society took place at Albany, Feb. 10, 1858. For the reason that the name was deemed as not sufficiently indicating the purpose of the organization, it was changed to the North Woods Walton Club, and articles of association were adopted, members and officers elected, and a plan of a trip for the next sporting season agreed upon. It was not the policy of the club to seek accessions to its membership. It elected no honorary members and had no "deadheads." Yet the members were glad to welcome within their circle true spirits who could share in their enthusiasm for nature's enjoyments, who could find in the breathing of God's pure air and in the contemplation of the beauties of primitive creation a sufficient recompense for the toil and privation from luxury which these enjoyments cost. In short, they desired to have associates of such confirmed faith that they could find in a bed of boughs a couch softer than down, and in a bark shanty a palace grander than any celebrated in Eastern fable. For such their arms as well as their shanties were always open. "But to the pampered son of luxury, who prizes nothing except as it ministers to his animal enjoyment; to the conceited cockney, who recognizes not God save in city fanes, who knows his fellow-man only as the tailor has made him, and to whom all else in the animal creation is but as beef in the shambles," their doors were forever closed.

The officers of the Walton Club for 1858 were: President, Gen. Richard U. Sherman, Utica; Vice-President, George Dawson, Albany; Recording Secretary, William B. Smith, Rome; Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, Major Charles M. Scholefield, Whitesboro; Commissary, Richard U. Owens, Utica; Good Samaritan, Col. Onias P. Nellis, Whitesboro.

The articles of association adopted by the club stated its object to be "the diffusion of trout, deer, health and enjoyment among its members." The qualifications for membership were: First—A unanimous election thereto at any regular meeting. Second—An initiatory payment of $5, and the annual payment thereafter of a like sum, on or before March 1. The failure to pay a ratable assessment of expenses forfeited membership, and rendered the delinquent incapable of renewing his connection.

The fund arising from the iniatory and annual payments was devoted to the purchase of camp furniture and other articles of permanent outfit and the payment of necessary contingent expenses. Additional expenses were defrayed by assessment.

The plans of the club for 1858 provided for a trip by several detached parties to Moose River and Racquette Lake between May 20 and June 20. The region designated was then reached the most conveniently by the way of Boonville. From that place the most direct route was via the old Brown's Tract Road, then a mere bridle path through the woods, to the old Forge on Moose River; thence by alternate boating and carrying to the various points to be visited. Transportation by wagon and by pack horses was procurable in Boonville, but in order to insure the most certainty and economy it was recommended to the members of the several detached parties that proper arrangements for transportation and for boats

and guides be made through the commissary several weeks in advance.

It was proposed that the detached parties should number at least six, and their locations, with accompanying suggestions concerning other matters pertaining to the expedition, were given in substance as follows:

1. One party will be located at the head of Third Lake of the Moose River chain, which will be denominated and considered the main camp, where the club has accommodations for thirty men. This camp will form the center of all operations during the stay in the Wilderness, being a point from which either of the other camps may be reached in from four to twenty-four hours travel. 2. One at the Moose Lake, a tributary of the south branch of Moose River. 3. One at the head of Fourth Lake. 4. One at the head of Seventh Lake. 5. One at the North Branch Lakes. 6. One at the Raquette Lake.

The Third and Fourth lakes are the most easy of access, and the most convenient in every respect for camping grounds. They afford excellent trolling for the large lake trout, while the First Lake and the inlets of the Third, Fourth and Fifth lakes, all within a few hours' approach, are stocked with speckled brook trout. The low grounds bordering the south shores of these waters are favorite resorts of the deer.

Moose Lake is good trolling ground for both lake and speckled trout, and is not difficult of approach, though not as convenient as the Third or Fourth lakes.

The North Branch lakes are celebrated sporting grounds, but they are to be reached only by severe effort by land and water, and none should undertake to visit them except those inured to the hardships of the wilderness.

The Seventh Lake is in its characteristics much like the Third and Fourth lakes, though more remote from the main camp.

The Raquette Lake is famous in the geography of the Northern wilderness. It affords every variety of sport, and exhibits all the beauty of wild scenery. It is reached only by a toilsome journey by land and water, but furnishes more comfortable accommodations to the visitor than either of the other lakes, as several families reside on its shores who make provision for the entertainment of parties. Those who may wish to see the most of the wilderness, and to enjoy in the largest measure the beauty of wild scenery, are recommended to visit the Raquette.

The enthusiastic sportsman, inured to toil and hardship, will, perhaps, prefer the lakes and streams of the North Branch, where he will find ample scope for both his propensities and his powers of endurance.

Those who wish to avoid as much as possible the severer experiences of wilderness life, and at the same time have plenty of good sport with the wild denizens of the woods and waters, should prefer the Third and Fourth and the Moose Lakes. The Third and Fourth especially will be chosen by the novices. These general remarks will serve to inform the inquirer of the general plan of the expedition.

Those were the days of long wagon rides over rough and rocky roads, long carries with heavily laden pack baskets and camping accessories, primitive log rafts and open bark camps. In those times none but true sportsmen cared to visit the woods, for it was only the lover of nature who could find there sufficient reward to compensate him for the deprivations and hardships incident to a wilderness trip. What was then considered the proper kind of an outfit for the hunter and angler would now be looked upon as decidedly eccentric by the average visitor in the Adirondack region. Of course, many of the articles then considered requisite to forest life would be useful now, and some of them necessary, to the person camping out, but at the present time the percentage of people who spend their vacations in bark shanties is very small. By far the greater number find accommodations at the hotels and boarding houses, or occupy cottages, and naturally their needs differ quite materially from those of the Adirondack visitors of forty years ago. In this connection it is interesting to note just what was required for a complete outfit in those early times.

The Walton Club recommended that each member should provide himself with fishing tackle and a good thick blanket. One rifle or double-barreled fowling piece, or fowling and rifle combined, would suffice for every two persons. Small arms were not considered requisite for either sport or safety. Those who carried firearms were advised to provide themselves with an ample supply of ammunition.

The articles of clothing recommended were as follows: 2 thin flannel or merino undershirts, 2 red flannel outer shirts with pockets, 2 pairs of drawers, 4 pairs of woolen socks, 2 short hunting coats or roundabouts with ample pockets, 2 pairs of woolen pantaloons, 1 pair of rubber overalls, 1 rubber coat, 1 Kossuth hat, 1 pair campaign boots, 1 pair laced wading shoes with hob-nailed soles, 1 pair of leather slippers, and 1 mosquito cap. This is a cap of oil silk, made to fit the head closely and to cover the forehead, ears and cheeks, leaving only the eyes, nose, mouth and chin exposed. It should have flaps which can be tucked in the collar of the shirt, and thus protect the neck from the insects. In the above list is included the suit to be worn, and these articles, with two or more strong towels, a cake of Castile soap, a pocket-comb, tooth-brush, a pocket-knife, suitable for dressing fish or game, a pocket drinking flask, a water-proof box of matches, and a small vial containing equal parts of oil of pennyroyal and spirits of camphor as a preventive or antidote to the bites of insects, form all that is necessary about the person. A few articles of standard medicines, particularly in the case of individuals subject to sudden attacks of illness, might prove very serviceable. For safe and convenient carriage, the articles not worn about the person should be packed in a stout canvas or rubber bag, impervious to rain. All superfluous articles of personal baggage should be strong and compact.

The articles of fishing tackle required by each member of the party were specified as follows: One fishing rod, such as are made for general use, being medium as to weight and elasticity, with reel and trout line; a trolling rod with reel and a line of 150ft. or more, will also be found convenient; one or more hand-lines for trolling; a hauser-laid line of hemp is preferable; it should be of $\frac{1}{16}$in. diameter, and not less than 150ft. long. Tackle for fly-fishing may be taken by those who are adepts at that branch of sport, but it is not at all requisite to success.

At least six gangs of hooks should be provided for trolling. They should be composed thus: Three hooks, No. 0, Limerick, should be firmly fixed on the end of gimp in the form of a grapple. An inch and a half above this should be fastened two other hooks in similar form, but of one or two sizes smaller. A still smaller hook should be tied on a similar distance above. At a distance of 6in. from the last hook a swivel should be attached to the gimp. Swivel sinkers should be provided of various sizes, from 1 to 4oz., to be used with the gangs, which are for trolling with minnows. A Buel spoon, or spinner, of each of the sizes Nos. 3, 4 and 5, will also be found convenient for trolling.

For buoy fishing, lines and sinkers of the same description will answer. The size of hooks for that purpose should be that of cod hooks. The hooks of the Kinsey pattern are the best. For speckled trout fishing, the following hooks should be provided; O'Shaughnessy Limerick on snoods, one dozen each, Nos. 0, 1, 2 and 3; or the same number of Kinsey hooks, Nos. 10, 11, 12 and 13. The Carlisle hooks are preferred by many. For sinkers, buck and pigeon shot, split, are sufficient. Each person should have a tin bait-box, with a strap to buckle round the body, and also a minnow hook and line. Those who may have gaffs would do well to take them. There should be a 15lb. fishing basket to each man. Worm bait will be furnished by the commissary.

In regard to camps and supplies this statement was made: At all the camps above proposed, good shanty accommodations exist. They will need but trifling repairs, and new bedding with boughs. Sufficient cooking utensils will be provided for all the camps. These, with the requisite supply of articles of consumption, both solid and liquid, will be distributed to each party at Arnold's, near the Forge, or at the main camp, where all the parties will rendezvous preparatory to going to their separate stations. The articles of provisions furnished will embrace all the substantials requisite for the supply of a good plain table. Those who are fastidious in the use of the "Virginia weed" will provide their own cigars, as only plain tobacco and clay pipes will be furnished in this department.

It is very requisite to the object of a trip in the wilderness that the services of experienced and faithful guides should be secured, as upon them must necessarily devolve not only the piloting of the parties through the mazes of the wilderness, but most of the heavy labor in field and camp. Those who have visited this region before will have their acquaintances and preferences, and will, therefore, need no suggestions as to choice. But for the benefit of newcomers the names of the following guides, with their respective post office addresses, are given, as those from whom a choice may be safely made. There are many others, readily attainable, and perhaps as meritorious in character as those suggested; but these have been tried by members of the club on various trips, and are known to be honest, capable and faithful: Otis Arnold, Edward Arnold, Dwight Grant, Francis Grant, San. Sperry, Boonville; George Morse, Little Falls; Frank French, Morehouseville; Alonzo Wood, William Wood, Raquette Lake. The wages of the guides are usually $1.50 cents per day, including use of boat. The expenses of the trip are estimated at $30 to each man.

The formal organization of the North Woods Walton Club was celebrated with a banquet. Toasts were feelingly and, in some cases, eloquently responded to. The reminiscences of wilderness experience, drawn out by the inspiration of the occasion, were listened to with great interest, recalling, as they did to all, romantic pictures, wild adventures and pleasant recollections of "The days when we went gipsying, a long time ago." With the sentiment, the song and story the hours passed cheerily away, and when the time of separation came all felt, with perhaps pardonable conceit, that "the fishing company is the best company." The regular toasts were highly entertaining:

1. *The Night We Celebrate:* The memory of Nimrod and Izaak Walton unite with the remembrance of our own wild wanderings to make it glorious.

2. *The President of the United States:* An old Buck, ever neglecting to take any doe, he must be considered *ill bread.* (James Buchanan was President in 1858.)

3. *The Governor of the State of New York:* An excellent man. May it be written in the third book of Kings how this King, by careful attention to duty and constant improvement of time, soared from the humble position of Governor of the State to that of King-fisher among the Northern mountains. (It will be remembered that John A. King, a member of the club, was Governor of New York State.)

4. *The Empire State:* Ahead of the world for beautiful women, brave men, speckled trout, and skill to catch them.

5. *The other States:* Well enough in their way. Let them keep out of ours. We give them all the road and take to the woods.

6. *Blackflies, Mosquitoes and Punkies:* A cosmopolitan police, detailed by Divine Providence, to guard the great hunting park of the Republic from the incursions of cockney poachers and murderers of deer in summer. Long may they wave.

7. *The Speckled Trout:* Whether leaping the foamy cascades in early June, enjoying his *siêstas* in the cold, crystal spring-fountains in summer, or lying in glorious state upon the birch-bark table of the sportsman, he is everywhere the truly royal and princely head of the great fish nation. May his shadow and substance never grow less.

8. *Our Deer Friends in the Mountains:* Long may they roam over the breezy cliffs and among the fragrant forests of our great free wilderness. Cursed be he who murders them for money, or in mere wanton sport.

9. *Fly Medicine:* The only medicine that a true sportsman ever requires.

10. *The Mountains, Forests, Lakes and Streamlets of the Northern Wilderness:* The shrine, the school and playground of the true man. May their haunts never be desecrated by the scoundrel feet of the man who plies the rod and gun for gain.

11. *The Press of the Wilderness:* Elegantly illustrated by lodging seven men in a shanty built for two. May it never lack for the right kind of matter.

12. *Lewis Gay* (Lord Clark), of the *Knickerbocker Magazine.* A truer man or a gayer lord never was known in our great hunting park. May he never fail to be with us in our forest home.

Volunteer toasts followed, and this feature of the post-prandial session was also very enjoyable. They included the following:

By Alfred B. Street—*The Northern Wilderness:* Although but a shred of wild nature's mantle, which she left in her flight toward the Pacific, before the sound of the axe—it covers mountains whose summits tear the clouds asunder, and skirts lakes in whose congregated waters all the cities in the State could be whelmed, and whose grandeur and beauty constitute the region as first of "all that the genial ray of morning gilds, and all that echoes to the song of even."

By Hon. O. Archer—*The President of the North Woods Walton Club:* Him of the cool head and warm heart; whose talents are equal to any emergency, and whose social qualities are not excelled—Gen. Richard U. Sherman.

By Major Scholefield—*Our Worthy Vice-President, the Ace of Trampers, George Dawson:* We can count him here; in the woods, being constantly tramping, no man can count him at all. Long may he wade.

By George Dawson—*Alfred B. Street:* The descriptive poet of the forests and rural life of America.

By Major J. H. Ledlie—*A. D. Barber:* For a generous heart, an open hand and good social feeling, he has no superior. May he learn, by and by, to catch trout.

The Walton Club was in existence several years, and its members annually visited the Fulton Chain, Moose River and Racquette Lake region. W. E. Wolcott.

Utica, N. Y., April 7.

Natural History.

FOREIGN SONG BIRDS IN OREGON.

Portland, Ore., May 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Answering yours of April 30, requesting information regarding the introduction of foreign song birds into Oregon and the measure of success attending the enterprise, permit me to say: I have just had a lengthy and most agreeable chat with Mr. C F. Pfluger, Secretary of the Society for the Introduction of useful German Song Birds, and to whom is due about all the credit of its very successful efforts. And I herewith append a summary of my investigations and personal observations.

In 1889 and 1892 the society introducted here 400 pairs of the following species of German song birds, to wit: song thrushes, black thrushes, skylarks, woodlarks, goldfinches, chaffinches, ziskins, greenfinches, bullfinches, crossbeaks, black starlings, robin redbreasts, linnets, singing quails, goldhammers, linnets, forest finches, and of the plain and black headed nightingales. The funds for defraying the cost of importation and other incidental expenses, and for the keeping of the birds through the winter were subscribed by the citizens of Portland and other localities in Oregon. To import the first lot cost about $1,400. After the birds were received they were placed on exhibition at the Exposition building for some days, and about $400 was realized, which was applied toward the expense. Subsequently all the birds, with the exception of the sky and wood larks, were liberated near the City Park. The latter birds were turned loose about the fields here in the Willamette Valley.

The late Mr. Frank Dekum was a warm friend of the little warbling strangers and subscribed most liberally, $250 at the inception of the project and afterwards several hundred dollars in furtherance of the scheme. Its successful consummation was a source of great satisfaction to him, and we of Portland have much to thank him for in this matter.

When the second invoice of birds arrived it was late in the season, and Mr. Dekum caused a very large aviary to be built near his residence where all the sweet little strangers were safely housed and cared for during the winter. The birds were all liberated early in April. Up to that time (Spring of 1893) the total cost of importing the birds amounted to $2,100.

Since these birds were given their liberty the most encouraging results have followed. It is generally believed that the two varieties of nightingales have become extinct, as few survived the long trip and none have since been seen. All the other varieties have multiplied with great rapidity. This is true especially of the skylarks. These birds rear from two to four broods every season. Hundreds of them are seen in the fields and meadows in and about East Portland, and their sweet songs are a source of delight to all of us. About Rooster Rock, twenty-five miles east of Portland on the Columbia, great numbers are to be seen. In fact the whole Willamette Valley from Portland to Roseburg is full of them, probably not as plentiful as the ring-neck pheasant but plentiful enough for all practical purposes. In and about the city these sweet little songsters are in considerable abundance. A number of the black starling make their homes about the high school building. The woodlarks are also in evidence to a pleasing extent.

There is a special State law in force for the protection of these imported birds. They are all friends of the farmer, especially of the orchardists. They are the tireless and unremitting enemy of every species of bug and worm infesting vegetables, crops, fruit, etc. And I can say "without fear of successful contradiction" that they have voracious appetites. Most of them have a liking for a mixed diet, and my bill at the end of each month for bird provender is suggestive to say the least. But I have ample recompense when I go home in the evening, eat my dinner, light my cigar, put my feet up on the railing of the porch and listen to their earnest little reproaches and suggestions right at my very elbow. S. H. Greene.

Those Orioles.

St. Augustine, Fla., May 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Before the grapes are ripe again, I mean to crook the hinges of my knees and apologize to Mr. John Burroughs for an attack I made on him a year or two ago for oriole murder.

They are bewitchingly beautiful birds, and I have always had such a feeling of affection for them, that I thought I ought to enter the lists in their defense; but my experience with them last summer softened my feeling toward Mr. Burroughs for the murder of the innocents. I had grapes, as he had (though they were not so precious as his), and if the little villains could have devoured, in a decent and mannerly way, enough to satisfy their hunger, they would have been welcome to all they wanted; but every grape in a bunch would be punctured, and if they had been intended for market the whole crop would have been utterly worthless.

We have here, as a summer bird, the Baltimore oriole, and as damager of fruit he is worse than any catbird that ever broke an egg-shell. The black and orange beauty does not stop with us, and I have not seen a single passing bird this spring. Didymus.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON CAGED ANIMALS

Some time ago the writer was induced to experiment upon the animals in the Zoological Garden in Lincoln Park, with respect to the effect of music upon them. The experiments were made at 6 o'clock P.M., two hours after feeding, and the instrument used was a violin.

Puma, Panther (*Felis concolor*) Linné.—When the music first began two specimens of this species were resting in the back of the cage, half asleep. At the first sound of the violin they started up, and could not for a time locate the sound, the writer being some distance from the cage. They showed, however, that they liked the sound, and when the player came as close as he could to the cage, they manifested their appreciation by lying down at full length and placing their heads between their paws. During this time the music had been of slow and sweet pieces, such as "Home, Sweet Home," "Annie Laurie," etc. Suddenly, the player changed "Home, Sweet Home" to the "Irish Washerwoman." At this change the panthers worked their tails nervously and twitched their ears, and as it was kept up for a time, they got up and began pacing up and down the cage. From this action the writer judged that either the jig music, being sharp and piercing, hurt their ears, or that it was distasteful. After playing several jigs of this kind the player again relapsed into soft strains, when the animals slowly settled down in their old positions.

Jaguar (*Felis onca*) Linné.—This animal behaved much as did the panthers. While the jigs were being played he acted in a very nervous manner, jumping from a shelf to the floor of the cage and back again. Soft music seemed to quiet him. As the writer was leaving the jaguar's cage, having ceased playing for the time being, the animal walked up to the corner and reached out with his paw toward the player as far as he could. Whether this action was intended to call the player back, or was simply done to catch hold of him, as many animals will do if a person gets too near to the cage, the writer cannot say. It was a curious fact that when the paw was extended the claws were all *retracted*.

Leopard (*Felis leopardus*) Linné.—Two specimens of this species did not seem to notice the music to any extent, except at first, as a matter of curiosity.

Lion (*Felis leo*) Linné.—The lioness Juno, with her three cubs, occupied a large cage, and the player's attention was next directed to these. While the music was being played to the other animals the lioness and cubs had been listening and watching, the cubs playing about their mother's haunches. As the violinist drew near the cage the cubs scampered behind their parent, the latter greeting the player with a gentle hiss. As the music struck up a lively jig the cubs stood upon their hind legs and peeped at the player over her haunches. They appeared very curious and much puzzled, hearing these sounds for the first time. Desiring to test their appreciation, the player slowly backed away from the cage, playing all the time; as he retreated, the cubs gradually came to the front of the cage, and the mother crawled to the front and placed her two fore-paws between the bars and stuck her nose through as far as she could. After retiring to the side of the hall the player again moved toward the cage, but the family did not move, nor evidence any displeasure when he came very close to them, in fact, so close that he almost touched the great paws of the lioness. As he played the soft strains of "Home, Sweet Home" the cubs and mother sat motionless in rapt attention, the former turning their heads from side to side. A jig played very rapidly caused the cubs to prance about in a lively manner.

Bengal Tiger (*Felis tigris*) Buff.—The music had a peculiar effect on the pair of animals in this cage. The male paid absolutely no attention to it, save glancing in the direction of the player and giving a vicious snarl. The female, however, acted as though she liked it, for she jumped upon a shelf and placed her paws and nose through the bars as described under the last species. A second experiment with the male, later, when he was stretched out upon the floor of the cage, caused him simply to look at the player, twitch his ears, and viciously spit and snarl at him. The female, however, on all occasions showed that music was not distasteful to her and that it was, on the whole, pleasing.

Hyena (*Hyena vulgaris*) Buff.—This animal is probably the most cowardly of all the mammals, and the only effect which music had upon two individuals was to cause them to retreat to the farther end of the cage and try to squeeze out between the bars. A lively jig frightened them nearly to death, and made them tremble in every limb. Strange to say, however, they did not howl or make the least noise.

Monkeys (*Quadrumana*, Genus *Cynocephalus*).—The monkeys evidenced great curiosity at the music, but did not seem to show either pleasure or displeasure at the sounds. A South American Sooty Mangabey, however, seemed to be rather pleased with the strains, particularly the jigs. This animal is of a quarrelsome disposition, and is therefore kept separate from the other monkeys. It was thought by Mr. Sweeney, the keeper, that the sounds might awaken a feeling of anger in him, but such was not the case. As the violinist drew away, he followed as far as his cage would allow. A spark of reason was observed in this animal. His cage is of glass all around, and in order to hear the music better he placed his ear to a crack in the door. This he did several times as the player drew near or went farther from the cage. The monkeys confined in the larger cage, also of glass, formed themselves in a broken semicircle about that part of the cage nearest the violinist, and looked at him in apparent wonder. As he moved away from them, they arose from their sitting posture with one accord, and followed him along the side of the cage. This was probably simply curiosity, although the music may have given them some pleasurable sensations. On the whole, the monkeys did not show as much intelligence as might have been expected from their high position in the scale of nature.

Brown and White Pelicans (*Pilecanus fuscus*) Linné, and (*P. erythrorhynchus*) Gm.—The pen containing these birds is situated next to the monkey cage, and the music was next tried upon them. The effect was somewhat startling, for they all began to jump about, flap their wings, and snap their huge beaks; this might, perhaps, be called dancing. When the violinist drew near the cage they snapped at him with their beaks.

The other birds in the animal house paid very little attention to the music, partly, perhaps, because they were sleepy. Several varieties of parrots, herons and smaller birds were tried in turn, but without producing any results worthy of mention.

Coyote (*Canis latrans*) Say.—The last experiment tried was upon a den of coyotes in the park. When the playing began all the animals were in their holes, but the first note had hardly been struck when they came running out, and raced up and down their den until they had located the sounds. When this was done they all squatted in a semicircle about the violinist he having approached the bars of the den as near as possible, and sat in silence listening to the music. When it ceased they ran up to the player and pawed at him through the bars, indicating as plainly as possible that they wished to hear more. When he began to play again they again silently formed in a semicircle. This experiment was tried a number of times, but always with the same result. During this time not a sound was uttered by the coyotes, but a wolf in the den adjoining howled lustily. Here, as in the other cases, soft, sweet music seemed to be better appreciated than loud, harsh music.

Beside music made up of regular pieces, all sorts of sounds were made by the violinist—screeches, piercing notes, imitations of a cat, cow, rooster crowing and pig squealing, but these did not seem to have much effect. The loud, harsh, and piercing notes seemed to affect their ears, for they moved them about nervously as though the noise hurt the sensitive nerves. To sum up general impressions, slow and soft music was received, as a rule, with more signs of pleasure than the lively jigs. The females, also, seemed to pay more attention to the music, and to be more pleased with it, than were the males. The nocturnal mammals were more interested than were the diurnal birds. This was probably due to the fact that the experiment was tried after dark, when the animal house was lighted only by electricity. It was a curious and interesting fact that the whole performance was conducted without any noise other than an occasional grunt from the lions. The experiment is worthy of repetition, and should be made at different times during the day, as in the early morning and at noon, just before and after feeding, etc., to see whether or not these conditions have any effect upon the result. The writer is convinced that many interesting and valuable facts may be learned by experiments of this character.—*Frank Collins Baker, in American Naturalist.*

THE LOST PARK BUFFALO HERD.

Denver, Col., May 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer of the inclosed clipping, Mr. J. A. Miller, is clerk of the U S Court in this district, and has held that office for some twenty years. I think his estimate of the number of wild buffalo in the Lost Park herd is probably too high. We have in the State also another herd, or, at least, we did have not long ago—of probably not more than ten or fifteen. They increase very slowly, probably because of long isolation and close in-breeding.

The Yellowstone herd appears to be about exterminated.

Wm N. Byers

The Secretary of the Interior at Washington, says the Denver *Republican*, has under consideration a project which will hereafter furnish some of the Fort Logan cavalrymen with a novel variety of active duty in the summer and fall seasons. It is that a detail of regular army troopers be told off to guard the herd of buffalo which exists in Lost Park, Colorado. There are still about forty of these rare beasts alive, but if some immediate precaution is not taken to protect them against the depredations of pot-hunters they will speedily be exterminated. Late last fall one buffalo was found dying at a remote distance from its fellows, having been wounded a number of times by rifle bullets. It was put out of pain by a deputy game warden, and its stuffed frame is now among the collection of rarities in the rooms of the State Historical society.

This incident led to the discovery that several others of the herd had been killed during the preceding summer. No trace of the marauders who did the killing could be discovered, nor could any effective means be devised by the State Game Warden to guard against them in future. A good deal of indignation was aroused thereat among sportsmen and others who are interested in preserving Colorado's rapidly dwindling buffalo. As a result the scheme to use cavalrymen was concocted, and James A. Miller, Clerk of the Supreme Court, was delegated to communicate with Congressman Shafroth on the subject.

This action was taken by Mr. Miller on the 5th of last month, and yesterday he received from Congressman Shafroth a reply to his letter, inclosing a statement from the United States Adjutant General's office to the effect that the military buffalo warden's proposal was under consideration by the United States Department of the Interior.

Mr. Miller's Letter.

The following correspondence gives the outlines of Mr. Miller's scheme for saving the Lost Park buffalo and the progress that has been made in putting it into effect:

"Denver, April 5, 1897.—*Hon. John F. Shafroth, Washington, D. C.:* My Dear Sir—You will pardon me for trespassing on your time at this, your busy days, but the matter I desire to call your attention to being in the interest of our people, I know you will patiently consider it, and trust you will be able to secure the relief.

"Some years ago that large tract of country lying between the forks of the Platte River above Platte Cañon, and extending west and south so as to include Lost Park, was set aside and designated as Lost Park Reservation. It is covered with fine timber, interspersed with beautiful streams abounding in trout, and supplied from time to time with fry as necessity requires. There are many deer, and possibly a few elk living in the park, but they are rapidly disappearing before the incursions of hunting parties.

"The park also contains the only herd of buffalo in the State, the increase of which about keeps pace with the slaughter. In fact, all game is being killed off, and the fish are disappearing faster from their illegitimate destruction by dynamite, etc., than they are replenished. Only last year a herd of five buffalo were driven over to near the town of Buffalo Park, and a fine bull killed by the miscreants. The investigation by the State Game Warden resulted in the usual report—killed by unknown parties.

"It has occurred to me that this park being so near to the military post—Fort Logan—a detail of cavalry from that post might be assigned to the protection of the game, timber, etc.—say eight or ten men—changing them from time to time; and that the change for the soldiers would be not only a recreation to them, but a great protection to the reservation. They might, by their own labor, build cabins scattered through the reservation for their use, so that it could be thoroughly patrolled, and a sure protection afforded against the devastation.

"Don't you suppose by application to the War Department, or through our department commander, that you could effect this and have the matter arranged?

"Let me hear your views on this matter, and if anything is determined upon for this year it should have early action, as the season for camping, hunting and fishing expeditions is near at hand.

"I can see no objection to the suggestion offered, and it looks as though it would be perfectly feasible, considering the nearness of Fort Logan, and the little expense necessary to carry it out. The mere experience of the 'blue coats' throughout the park would have a tendency to keep out or hold in subjection that lawless element that is so destructive to the games, and who set fires in the forests. Respectfully,

"James. A. Miller."

Congressman Shafroth's Answer.

"*James A. Miller, Esq., Clerk of the Supreme Court, Denver, Col.:*

"My Dear Sir - Yours of the 26th inst. received, and in reply thereto will say that I received your former letter relative to Lost Park reservation some time ago, and immediately submitted the same to the Secretary of War. I delayed writing to you for the reason that I expected every day to hear from the department, but as I have not been notified concerning it, I will again look into the matter. Yours truly,

John F Shafroth."

Congressman Shafroth's reply from the War Department, received after the above letter had been written, is as follows:

"*Hon. John F. Shafroth, House of Representatives:*

"Sir—I have the honor to inform you, in reply to your inquiry of the 30th ultimo, that the communication of James A. Miller, of Denver, Col., requesting a detail of troops from Fort Logan to protect the Lost Park Reservation, near that post, which was referred by you to this Department, was laid before the Secretary of War, and by him referred to the Secretary of the Interior, to whose department the subject-matter pertains. No reply has yet been received from the Department of the Interior. Very respectfully,

"J. O. Gilmore,

"Assistant Adjutant-General."

SOUL IN ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

"Life and Immortality, or Soul in Plants and Animals," is the title of a new and well illustrated work of 489 pages, treating on the immortality of all life, animal and vegetable. Mr. Thomas R. Gentry, the author, is no novice in authorship, he having written several other works on natural history. The theme is handled with skillful simplicity. There is no striving for the abstruse and mystifying. The similarity and relationship of animal and vegetable life are brought home to the reader by a series of chapters on the lives, habits, mentality of the dwellers in earth, air and water. The first chapter is devoted to cleaning up the ground in respect to life and its conditions. He explains that mineral objects are devoid of life, exhibiting only purely physical and chemical phenomena, and showing no tendency to periodic changes of any kind. Then, treating of plants and animals, he says: "But objects belonging to the vegetable and animal kingdoms differ markedly from inert, lifeless, mineral matter. Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen are the most important of the few chemical elements which enter into their composition, and these elements are combined into complex organic compounds, which always contain a large percentage of water, are very unstable and are prone to spontaneous decomposition. They are composed of heterogeneous but related parts, termed organs; the objects possessing them being called organized bodies. Some of the lowest forms of animals have bodies whose substance is so uniform that they exhibit no definite organs, but this exception does not affect the general value of this distinction. They are always more or less definite in shape, presenting concave and convex surfaces, and being limited by curved lines. When they increase in size, or grow, as we properly term it, it is not by the addition of particles from the outside, but by the reception of foreign matter into their interior and its consequent assimilation. Certain periodic changes, which follow a definite and discoverable order, are invariably passed through by organic bodies. These changes constitute what is known as life. All the objects there which fulfill these conditions are said to be alive, and they all appertain either to the vegetable or the animal kingdom. * * * Now that we have divided all organized bodies into plants and animals, it becomes necessary to inquire into the differences which subsist between them, and which will enable us to separate the kindred sciences of Botany and Zoölogy. Nothing was thought so easy by older observers as the determination of the animal or vegetable nature of any given organism, but, in point of fact, no hard-and-fast line can be drawn, in the existing state of our knowledge, between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and it is sometimes difficult, or even impossible, to decide with positiveness whether we are dealing with a plant or an animal. In the higher order of the two kingdoms, there is no difficulty in reaching a decision, the higher animals being readily separated from the higher plants by the possession of a nervous system, of a locomotive power which can be voluntarily exercised, and of an internal cavity adapted for the reception and digestion of solid food. No so-called nervous system or organs of sense are possessed by the higher plants, although some of them manifest conscious or intelligent action, nor are they capable of voluntary changes of place, nor provided with any definite internal cavity, their food being generally fluid or gaseous. Descending the scale to the very bottom, we reach a class of animals, the Protozoa, which cannot be separated in many cases from the Protophyta by these distinctions, since many of the former have no digestive cavity nor the slightest trace of a nervous system, while many of the latter possess the power of active locomotion. As to external configuration, no certain rules can be laid down for separating animals and plants, either in their earlier stages or in their maturity, being exactly similar in form to some of the lower animals. This is the case with some of the Algæ which resemble very closely in form certain Infusorian animalcules. Again, many undoubted animals which are rooted to solid objects in their adult state, are so plant-like in appearance as to be popularly regarded as vegetables. The Sea-firs and the more highly organized Flustras or Seamats, which are usually considered as sea-weeds by seaside visitors, are a few of many examples that might be taken from the so-called Hydroid Zoöphytes. No decided distinction between animals and plants can be drawn as to their minute internal structure, both alike consisting of molecules, of cells or of fibers. * * * Before the invention of the microscope, no independent voluntary movements, if we except the opening and closure of flowers and their turning toward the sun, the drooping of the leaves of sensitive plants under irritation, and some other kindred phenomena, were known in plants. Now, however, we know of many plants which are endowed, either when young or throughout life, with the

power of effecting voluntary movements apparently as spontaneous and independent as those performed by the lower animals, the movement being brought about by means of little vibrating cilia, or hairs, with which a part or the whole of the surface is furnished. When it is added that many animals are permanently rooted, in their fully grown condition, to solid objects, it will at once be apparent that no absolute distinction can be made between animals and plants merely because of the presence or absence of independent locomotive power."

The author continues at some length in the first chapter to show the common life properties of plants and animals, thus concisely presenting the groundwork of his theme. The chapters following teem with most useful and interesting information on the habits of plants and animals, showing infinite research and the most painstaking care in its presentation. The animal and vegetable life in its commonplace forms, as seen by the ordinary person, is shown to be vague and fragmentary. To slime, so often seen in puddles and gutters, and which is by most people considered as being anything but living matter, he attributes intelligence. He says: "Nothing can be less animal like than one of these shapeless pieces of pure protoplasm, yet under a microscope of strong power it may be seen moving lazily along by pulling out a thick finger of slime and then letting all the rest of its body flow after it. When coming into contact with food it may be said to flow over it, dissolving the soft parts and sending out the hard, indigestible refuse anywhere, no matter where, for its body is devoid of skin, being merely one general mass of homogeneous slime. * * * And yet by means of the wonderful gift of life with which the all-wise omnipotence has endowed it, this slime-drop lives, and breathes, and eats, and increases, shrinks away when you touch it, feels for its food, and moves from place to place, changing its shape to form limbs and feeling threads, which are let into the general organism when they have served the purpose of their existing, only to be succeeded by others as short-lived as themselves when necessity requires their development * * * Minute jelly plants that live in the water and even higher animals than itself constitute its food. The presence of an animal with a shell does not deter it from attack, for it is just as able to deal with it as with the softer, shell-like kinds, sucking their jelly like contents and discarding the empty, innutritious shells."

The intelligence and habits of life of the common earthworm are most interestingly described. No less interesting are the chapters on Plants that Feed on Insects, Primitive Lasso-throwers, Five-Fingered Jack on the Oyster, Fiddler and Hermit Crabs, Funnel-Web Builder, Book Lovers Youee-up, or Ant lion, Tower Building Cicada, Honey-dew Milch Cows of the Ants, Living Artillery, Bright and Shining Ones (beetles), Luna Moths, Basket Carriers, Honey-Producing Caterpillars, Hibernating Butterflies, Leaf-Cutter Bee, Ants' Battles, Nest-Building Fishes, Eels, Rana and Bufo, Snakes, House Bearing Reptiles, Summer Duck, Woodcock, Piping Plover, Bob White, Ruffed Grouse, Domestic Turkeys, American Osprey, Turkey Buzzard, Curious Nests, Squirrel, Canine Sagacity, Feline Intelligence, Monkeys, in treating all of which the author contents himself with describing their wonderful methods in securing food, protecting themselves from enemies, caring for their young and preserving their existence. These subjects occupy by far the greater part of the work, but admirably serve the author's purpose, which is more fully set forth in the closing chapters, the first of which, "Untutored Man," describes the animal life, inferior physique and dull intelligence of the native Australian, concerning whom he sums up in this wise: "By competent critics the Australian is pronounced to be the most degraded of human beings, and the lowest type of man. In reason, love, generosity conscience and mere responsibility he is the inferior of many of the lower animals, and in the erection of a house for comfort, shelter and security he is surpassed by creatures even as low in the scale as the worms and insects. It is true, when hunger has to be met, that he has shown some skill in the manufacture of implements necessary to the obtainment of food, and also in resisting the attacks of his own kind and of the natural enemies by which he is surrounded. There is no doubt that he is well satisfied with his condition in life, and could hardly be induced to exchange it for another."

The next chapter, "Living Souls," is treated mostly from a Scriptural standpoint, and as plants breathe and therefore have the breath of life, he concludes that "It will be obvious that plants are living, breathing frames, or bodies of life, and hence are as much entitled to be considered as living souls as animals are. The 'consciousness of plants' is shown by the manner in which their tendrils seek or avoid light, and the manner in which they grasp and curl quickly around an object and cling to it, a similar trait being observed in climbing plants; also the manner in which the roots avoid obstacles in the soil and quickly follow the lines of least resistance, and in taking advantage of moisture and better soil, and the effects of light and gravitation, the sensitiveness of certain leaves, which will fold about insects or bits of meat and digest them, while mineral substances placed on the leaves have no effect upon them. The migratory habits of other plants, the changed manner of plants at night, in the rain or in the light," etc., which the author sums up as follows: "Concluding, then, let me aver that no plant can exist or fulfill its allotted part in the drama of life, without the possession of some form or degree of consciousness."

Of "Mind in Animals," the author to prove his position, cites numerous intelligent acts performed by domestic and wild animals. He further shows that they have many of the emotions—jealousy, pride, anger, revenge, shame, etc.,—and the moral responsibility common to mankind. He cites the work of Rev. J. G. Wood, entitled "Man and Beast Here and Hereafter," in support of the moral responsibility of animals. The chapter on "Life Progressive" treats of evolutionary processes, while that on the "Survival of the Fittest" follows closely on the lines of Darwin "Man's Pre-eminence" is treated as being from misapprehension of the facts, and the chapter on "Future Life" maintains that there is nothing in the Scriptures prohibiting immortality to all life. However much the reader may agree or disagree in respect to the author's conclusions, a perusal of the work will bring knowledge gathered from a vast and varied field.

More Hummingbird Phantasies.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of your brother editors explained to me why so many funny little Münchausenisms got into print. He says many women and young girls make a little pin-money by writing for the papers, and when they think of a subject they go to work with the intention of making it interesting, and if they cannot do it by fair means they do not hesitate to do it by sacrificing truth. As a sample of such inventive stuff, I inclose a clipping from the San Francisco *Chronicle* ("not necessarily for publication") that would make a commonplace liar like Ananias hide his diminished head. I have lived and studied many weary years, but if there is any truth in this report I have a great deal to learn about the ways and means of even my special pets, the hummingbirds. This author says: "When the steamer Wallawalla was fifteen miles off Cape Mendocino, on her way to this port, at least 250 gorgeously plumed hummingbirds flocked out of the skies upon the headgear of female passengers * * * The birds were hungry, and many of them bored into the multi-colored millinery, etc. * * * Crumbs and pans of water were set out, and the birds ate until stuffed so that they rolled over." Rolled over is good, and so are crumbs and pans of water, but if they had thought of mutton chops so many of them need not have died of exhaustion so soon after reaching the ship."

There's nothing like mutton chops when a hummingbird is hungry. Moreover, "there were some odd incidents connected with the peculiar flight of the beautiful birds. W. S. McFarland, of Oakland, was promenading the deck with a lady when the birds struck the ship. One flew against his ear and stuck there. (Query—Did he have wax on his ear?) Frightened at the blow of the bird, Mr. McFarland ran into the cabin in great excitement. (Query—What became of the lady?) Third mate Hogan had a similar experience. One of the birds flew into his ear and another in his moustache, and so scared Hogan that he thought he was bewitched." Now, if the Greeks would send for these heroes and place them in the Pass of Thermopylæ, the Turks could never get to Athens. DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

The Bobolinks in Florida.

INTERLACHEN, Fla., May 10.—Since about March 1 several flocks of rice birds have "camped" around here, flitting, circling and lighting, seemingly too uneasy to eat. Their color has changed perceptibly week by week, but they are not half plumaged yet.

Their note at first, and until last week, was a mild, diminutive croak; last Thursday I heard what I had been listening for: the halting, stuttering attempt at the song of the bobolink—just as if they never had sung it before, and pretty badly mixed up with the mild croaks Every spring I watch for those birds and listen for the return of their "voice." This spring they came here two weeks earlier than last and have just left (about ten days later). When I hear even those few stumbling notes, I can hear the mowing machine, can see the "sulky-raking," and the quiver of the hot air; smell the new mown hay and taste that old-fashioned beverage, molasses and water and ginger, that used to be drunk on the sly by us boys. CAPTAIN.

Gray Squirrels Breed in Captivity.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have six full-grown gray squirrels that I am very fond of. One of them has four young ones, and I think I shall have two more litters soon I got my squirrels when they were young and brought them up on milk, and they will eat out of my hand, take a nut out of my pocket, and climb all over m-.

I have for a pen my father's box stall, which I have strung with ropes for them to chase each other on, and outside I have a nice wired cage, about 10×15ft. and about 5ft. high.

I feed them on cow's milk, corn, nuts, fresh boughs, and such other things as they have in their freedom.

These squirrels are the prettiest pets I ever had, and I think they are full as nice as a pair of tame crows that I had last summer, though I thought the crows were pretty nice at the time. The neighbors all hated the crows, and somebody shot them; but everybody likes squirrels

LUTHER W. FAULKNER.

The Ruffed Grouse and Music.

THE ruffed grouse is fond of music. I have long been familiar with this peculiarity of the bird In central New York near where I lived was a beautiful piece of woods, and I was walking in them one Sunday in October, with my wife, when my spaniel flushed a grouse and it lit in a hemlock tree right over the cart road. I asked my wife if she wanted to see a live partridge, and commenced to whistle a lively tune, and the bird sat and let us pass in under the tree and turn and come back, and sat there until we were out of sight. Another time my three boys were coming from school when they saw a partridge in an apple tree, and the eldest boy left the two youngest to whistle while he went for the gun and shot the bird. OLD WAY-BACK.

Game Bag and Gun.

VIRGINIA SHORE BIRDS.

KELLER, Va., May 13.—Atlantic coast birds continue very plentiful, and are affording the best of sport to good marksmen. If the gun is not held right, there is no great sport in shooting anyhow.

Dr. J. C. French left for his home to-day, and reported never to have found better sport, especially on curlew. When about to leave he drew from his pocket two shells, remarking: "This is all I have left out of $20 worth. Don't you think it time I had gone? The Doctor is a fine shot, and for the present it may be said that his love of the gun has been amply gratified.

Arrivals for the week have been in part: Messrs. Edward Thompson and Edward Pigeon, with Mrs. Pigeon, of Long Island, members of the Revels Island Club, and Messrs. H. M. Spratley and G. W. Jacobas, members of the Accomac Club. Hon. W K. Shiras returned to-day, reporting having a very pleasant trip and finding fairly good shooting. It may be said of the members of the Revels Island and Accomac clubs, that their purpose in coming to our shore, for recreation and amusement, is not a selfish one; but, on the contrary, it seems that they rather on every occasion strive to become useful by their liberality to our less fortunate citizens. It is said that the two clubs collectively represent millions upon millions of wealth. Such people are a blessing to any community they may enter.

Mr. N. I. W. LeCato, with a party of gentlemen, is expected to-morrow. They will be the guests of L. T. LeCato, Esq., residing in Upshire's Neck, a section rich in the best of sport.

Hon. W. Finley Browne, with a party of friends, is expected during the week. Mr. Browne well understands the demands of a first-class outing, and not only does he enjoy the fun himself, but delights in making all things agreeable for others We have understood that Mr. B. has in contemplation the purchase of a sea coast site for a club building, which, if consummated, will have erected a palatial edifice.

Birds will be plenty until June 10; in fact, fairly good shooting may be had during all summer, while fish are very plentiful. T. G. ELLIOTT.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

VICKSBURG, Miss.—The overflow has been very destructive to game. Thousands of square miles of wild lands in Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi are deeply submerged. It will be a long time before the game will be replenished. I believe it never will altogether. The "advancement of civilization" is an aid to the overflow. Year after year the gobblers are fewer and wilder, and the sportsman must go further and work harder to be successful. He must be content with less of game, and more of a quiet paddle through the streams or a tramp through the timber.

All this is of small consideration in comparison with the loss to agriculture. Cultivatable lands are also under water, and farming stock of all kinds has suffered.

The fish, however, flourish. The lakes all over the delta country will be restocked, and good fishing can be had after the water subsides. The lakes had been fished out, and fishermen will enjoy the sport to be had." W. L. P.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—I send you a clipping from one of our Memphis papers about the deer:

"Reports from Issaquena county, near Duncansby, say a herd of some 200 deer have taken refuge on the levee, and the planters are feeding and caring for them as tenderly as they mind their domestic animals and plantation stock. Seven other deer were rescued from drowning near this place and housed in a gin loft."

I know that many a good sportsman is wondering what will become of the game of the Mississippi bottoms, and I am glad to hear that in numbers of cases deer are being protected by kind-hearted men. Where they are needed for food of course they are being killed. Many more are starving and drowning than are being killed.

A. B. WINGFIELD.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Bighorns in Colorado.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 1.—The Denver *Republican* says that at Jefferson, eighty miles southwest of Denver, Colo., a band of fifty mountain sheep have been seen near town a number of times recently. They are supposed to have been driven down from the high mountains by the heavy snows. There has not been a sheep seen in that locality for a long time, but these animals come often almost into the edge of town. Mountain sheep are absolutely protected in Colorado.

"The 'Forest and Stream' Luck."

A few weeks ago, when I was in Minneapolis, Mr. Carrington Phelps and myself, while walking at a short distance from his residence, saw a big, fine-looking orange and white setter in a door-yard not far away. I liked the looks of the dog, and at once told Mr. Phelps that it resembled very strongly the old dog Rex which my father used to own, and which was always my idea of what a meat dog should be. "And I will bet a hat that this dog here is a good dog, too," said I to Mr. Phelps, being willing to play the dog on form, in the language of the turf. We thought but little more of the matter, but just now I have a letter from Mr. Phelps, in which he says:

"You remember the dog we admired from the bridge as belonging in your special class of 'meat dogs,' and as resembling your old favorite? Well, I find him in charge of an I. O. O. F. friend of mine who has more, and who has offered me the loan of him for the trip of Aug. 25, next. And so the invisible, incomprehensible FOREST AND STREAM luck comes up again, as he was the property of a young man who lived in Dakota, very fond of a good dog and hunting, who unfortunately died, and whose superbly broken dog was sent here to his mother. She could not keep him, and turned him over to my friend. He had a great reputation in Dakota. I inveigled my friend into repeating his offer, and accepted it hard. So I don't see but we will have to make that trip."

I don't know about making the trip, but will venture that if we do that old yellow and white dog will be a corker, and we will kill a lot of birds over him; nor would it astonish me in the least if we should find a diamond or two in their gizzards. E. HOUGH.

1.06 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Rhode Island Association.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Rhode Island Fish and Game Association will soon, it is rumored, consider the advisability of establishing in this city a controlling board. The step will necessitate a complete reorganization of the Association, which will not probably occur until after the revision of the game laws now before a committee of the Senate for the elimination of crudeness. The draft has already been presented in one branch of the Legislature, but was found to be somewhat faulty in construction, and was in consequence sent back to the committee. The scheme is to have the control of the Association in this city. For this purpose a convention of delegates from the various branches in different parts of the State may be held, and a board appointed, with headquarters in Providence, whence all orders and business of State importance shall be issued and transacted. There has been considerable fault finding by the country branches, owing to what they term insufficient authority or protection. Some of these have considered the advisability of going ahead and caring for their own sections, such as the Pawtuxet Valley Gun Club and others. By centralizing the control, different districts could be established, each association to look out for a certain territory, all to report to the general office in this city. The ability to go ahead would rest in each after instructions from the local headquarters. Expense would be saved and better results obtained generally. The new laws contemplate the bestowing of a power upon the game warden to make arrests anywhere in the State without warrant from the authorities of the town in which the offense against the game laws occur. W. H. M.

SHOOTING ON A WESTERN STREAM.

Two years ago I spent a month hunting in the northern part of Minnesota, in the vicinity of Ada, a name well known to sportsmen who have hunted on the northern fields of this State.

Several years ago this little town was noted for its duck shooting, owing to the numerous sloughs in close reach. In later years the Government has dug great ditches through this section, in order to carry off the superfluous water in the spring of the year; and has in this way drained off also the best marshes. This in due time made the country lose its fame as a stopping place for the duck hunter; but every fall the little country-like hotels of Ada are filled with sportsmen who come from all parts of the continent to hunt the prairie chickens still to be found very plentiful on the surrounding fields.

A short way behind the little town flows a stream which in a place widens out into what is known as Long Lake. Its shores are marshy and thickly set with rushes, among which varieties of reed birds have their feeding grounds, and where occasionally a flock of ducks may be seen spotting its water.

One day I decided not to go out in the morning, but to keep my dogs fresh for an afternoon's hunt. Toward noon, as I was sitting outside the hotel, a farmer friend of mine came up and said: "Well, Heard, you better go down the stream after dinner and bag a few ducks; I just saw three flocks light there in Long Lake, on my way to town." This was all I needed to start me off; and after dinner I shouldered my gun, whistled to my dogs, and started on my way toward the stream, feeling confident that if any birds had been seen to light there, I would be the first one to disturb them, as not a hunter had been along the shores for days.

I continued my way along the road until I reached a bridge, where a little stream winds away to the north and south, and here I stood a few moments, wondering which way to go.

A light breeze was blowing from the south, and knowing this the most advisable way to endeavor to approach the birds I started against the wind, making my way cautiously through the thick reeds, with my eyes closely tracing up the sunlit water in hope of catching sight of the flock.

I had by this time wandered a good way from the town, and was making my way around a sharp bend in the stream, when my anxious eye fell on the first game. I dropped down in the rushes, out of sight, and took a peeping glance at the birds, which were about 75yds. ahead.

It was a big flock of widgeons, and they looked exceedingly inviting for my first shot. I crawled along until I was within good range before I drew the hammers back for the first shot, which woke them up in lively style, and they then wheeled up directly over my head, uttering their loud call, *scoke! scoke!* The second shot followed quickly, and then I watched the remainder in hopes of seeing them swing around and light in the stream again; but it was all in vain, as they soon faded away in the distance. My dogs by this time had delivered up four birds, which formed a good starter, and encouraged me to go further on. At a distance of about two miles from where I found the first flock I discovered a bunch of teal, which I managed to creep on to in fine shape, and open up on them with both barrels; I did not stop to see what fell, but hurriedly put in more shells, and watched the flock until I saw them swing and start to come back. I was in good cover, and lay low well prepared for the second shot, watching them as they made their broad swing over the water, where some of their number had been dropped a moment before, and my gun rang out again as they passed me within good range. Then putting the dogs in to get the birds, I soon had the pleasure of adding five to my string, and my game pockets told that there was something in them, and nice fat ones they were, too.

I walked several miles more down the stream, but failing to run on to anything, finally ordered the dogs out on the field to see if they could not strike a covey of chickens before sunset.

They were anxious to run and soon were covering a large territory, being as anxious to locate some birds as I was to see them, and after spending about an hour in wide and eager ranging, they drew up on a wheat strip away on my left, and here stretched out with the hot scent that seems to paralyze every muscle in a bird dog's body.

When I reached them and ordered them on to flush I heard a flutter and a big bird started almost from under one dog's nose, and as it sailed away I drew my little gun on a line with it, and as the report rang out the bird doubled up and with a dull thud hit the ground, telling me that there was another ready for my pocket.

The dogs then carried the trail off of the stubble into a hay meadow, where they placed another one, and I advanced to try my second shot. A bird soon started up, but the contents of the barrels failed to score, which caused the dogs to look around in disgust, but when they saw the sad expression on my face they took pity on me and worked on until they came to another stand. At the same time one bird started up in front of me another jumped up from behind, and as they both offered me excellent shots, I succeeded in making for once a neat double, which again set me on good terms with my dogs. After picking up my three birds I found that there were no more, and I then stood for several minutes gazing over the great fields at the setting sun, which was just burying itself in a bed of crimson clouds which formed the evening sunset.

I had not until now noticed how far I had wandered from the town, but I saw that it was at least eight miles distant, and knew that the only way I could get safely back after night set in was to go back to the stream and follow the same tracks in which I had come. So I soon reached the bank and started on my homeward journey.

I had almost given up hopes of another shot at ducks, but just at twilight I saw three outlined against the sky, and standing still for a few seconds I tried to find out whether they were coming or going, one minute thinking they were going and the next I was positive that they were coming; but after watching them a few minutes I discovered they were coming, and their quick flight soon told me to drop to my knee, as they were headed directly for me. As they drew nearer I distinguished them to be mallards, and I kept on muttering to myself, "Here they come, here they come," and they looked larger and larger as they came on, until finally they made a dart over my head, letting out their familiar call, *Swack! swack!* which rang loudly through the still night air. As I only had a minute to decide, I drew a line ahead of one of the birds and let drive, the first shot proving to be a clean miss; but a quick whirl gave me a second shot, and the picked bird wavered, tried to keep up with the rest, but as it was pretty badly hurt it finally had to give up, and came spinning down, falling among the thick reeds on the opposite bank of the stream.

Oh, what a happy feeling went through me as my old dog delivered it up; it was one of the largest mallards I have ever seen, and a beautiful drake at that.

The twilight soon gathered around me, and fixing my gun firmly on my shoulders I started for home, considering that my day's hunt was now surely over. After a long walk along the shore I at last reached the bridge from which I had started, and from there soon reached the hotel.

My little string of three chickens and nine ducks looked mighty handsome after I had spread them out on the floor, and drew a number of admirers, who smoothed their feathers and congratulated me on my good luck. P. C. HEARD.

ROD AND GUN CLUB OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE work of the first year of the club is outlined as follows by Secretary Henry J. Thayer, of No. 53 State street (Room 948), Boston:

During its first year, the Rod and Gun Club of Massachusetts has gathered a membership of 100, giving a working capital of $1,000,000 (the annual subscription is $10). With that amount we have kept a warden in the field since Aug. 20; paid his salary and traveling expenses, published and distributed 600 copies of the Massachusetts fish and game laws, paid the running expenses of the club, and on Jan. 1, '97, we had a balance in the bank of $441.02.

Since Aug. 20 we have made two convictions for snaring partridges (probably the most difficult article in the game laws to enforce). The first case took two weeks, and the second over five weeks of hard time before we succeeded; but it was time and money well invested. If we had had two wardens working together, instead of one, we could have finished both cases in ten days' time; and a warden was then urgently needed in other places.

Before the law went off last fall, and since Jan. 1, our warden sent home about twenty gunners found in the field, and three persons found fishing with set lines. He has destroyed over 3,000 partridge snares (the secretary has about 500 of them at his offic), and has compelled the abandonment of several thousand more.

Connections through the eastern portion of the State have been established for early information regarding violations of the game and fish laws and the Boston markets frequently visited.

We have done more practical work in the forest and field since beginning our work than has any club at any time, and at a minimum expense. The policy of the club is that all money received shall be expended entirely for practical work; no portion being spent for social features. Our present membership of 100 is ample for the permanent employ of one warden. By employing two or more at certain seasons much larger returns for our money and time can be obtained in effectual work, and we ask the help of every sportsman and fisherman who believes the fish and game laws should be better enforced.

Our annual subscription is $10. We believe there are many hundred of Massachusetts men who will cheerfully give that amount annually for actual work. Help us to do that work. HENRY J. THAYER, Sec'y.

Florida Snipe Flight.

INTERLACHEN, Fla., May 15.—My notebook says that on April 5, 1895, I killed ten snipe, which closed the season. No more were seen. Also, on March 25, 1896, I killed nineteen snipe, and had two shells left. Starting for "dry land I flushed two or three wild, which, as usual, rose high and were making a circle before pitching, when I saw a wisp of eight appear in the sky, and while I was watching them a wisp of eleven appeared. They circled once or twice, joined company, circled again, and pitched not 100yds. from me in the edge of some mud. I was in the grass, and while walking toward them they ran to the right, so I only got a shot at one—killed, far at that. I was unable to get back to them till April 3d. They were there, and some more, too. In three hours I killed thirty-five, and had all the birds and wading I wanted. Ten or twelve birds were killed on some burned sow grass. There was almost no cover and no water—just a spongy black mould between the blackened bristles of burned grass. The birds were rather wild, but the air was bracing. The captain seemed to feel pretty young and seemed to have a good eye that day. In two days not a snipe was to be seen.

This year the last snipe was killed March 13. On March 16 they were all gone. But they apparently traveled slowly, for they did not reach your high latitudes early. It was very hot in March, more like April, and cold in April, like March. The snipe must have wished themselves back.

CAPTAIN.

Texas Birds.

PETTY, Texas, May 3.—Springtime is here in earnest, and with it come the dynamiter on weekly visits to the sloughs along Red River, and to Bois d'Arc Creek. Buffalo and bull heads (or cats) are killed almost by the wagonload.

Wild ducks and geese were not so plentiful on the ponds here as in former years, The flights of these birds grow less every year. Five years ago during the winter months, the quack of ducks, or the honk of the wild goose could be heard at almost any hour during the day; but during the last winter I observed very few geese and ducks. The few remaining quail that escaped the deadly net, are mating off to begin their labors to replenish the supply; but with the devices of destruction now plied upon them, it will be a miracle if they succeed this year in rearing enough to make moderate shooting next winter. A good many yellow-legged plover stopped here on their way to the North, but the flight has now about passed. F. E. WHITEMORE.

Chinese Pheasants in New Mexico.

SILVER CITY, N. M.—George H. Bell has six very pretty little Chinese pheasant chickens recently hatched. He also has several hens setting, and expects to raise fifty pheasant chickens this season. They will be turned loose, when old enough, to stock the Territory with this beautiful and delicious game bird. The sportsmen of the Territory are under great obligations to Mr. Bell for his efforts to stock the country with these birds.

The San Francisco parties who contracted with Mr. Bell to furnish a number of Chinese pheasants for the propagation of the species in the Territory were unable to obtain the birds in Oregon as expected. They sent to Japan for the birds. Mr. Bell received a letter last week stating that the pheasants were expected to arrive on first steamer, and would be forwarded to Silver City upon arrival.

H. B. H.

EXTENSION OF THE NATIONAL PARK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Toward the close of the 1895-6 session of the Wyoming Legislature a memorial was passed praying Congress to set aside, for the purpose of a "public park," a part of the territory south of and adjoining the National Park. The language of the memorial, in part, is as follows:

"That the region embraced between Townships 42 and 47 north, and Ranges 113 and 116 west, of the sixth principal meridian, contains the most noble and inspiring mountain scenery to be found on this continent. It is the Switzerland of America, in which the Matterhorn finds a worthy counterpart in the Grand Teton, whose majestic and inaccessible heights are reflected in the clear depths, and whose rugged grandeur is in marvelous contrast to the placid beauty of the mountain lakes which lie at its base.

"In immediate proximity to the National Park, its attractions are of a wholly different character. Together they form a panorama which, in its beauty and diversity of attractions, is without a counterpart. The Grand Teton is the culmination of this region, the fitting and appropriate landmark of this national pleasure ground."

It is further urged that this region is a great game preserve and "the winter feeding ground of the game that finds a summer home in the Yellowstone Park," and, further, that this winter home ought to be protected.

Here we have the very inception of this Park extension "scheme." Wyoming spoke first, through her representatives, and at that time it was considered an expedient and patriotic move. Have the conditions changed so materially in two years as to justify the hysterical opposition now manifested in certain quarters to the segregation of a small portion of our domain for a "public park?" Within the last two years not a dozen actual settlers have located in the territory in question; the conditions are precisely the same as when the aforementioned memorial was passed. The State and county revenue derived from the region under discussion would not pay postage on the political correspondence of a single member of our Legislature. And yet the attempt is being made to drag this question into local politics, thus affording certain narrow-gauged demagogues an opportunity to pose as champions of the "common people." The cry has gone forth that the plutocratic East is making another fell move to rob the defenseless West. A plague upon such nonsense!

Let us examine into the matter and test its merits.

The only possible industries which can ever flourish in this contemplated addition to the National Park are logging and mining. There is no such thing as commercial lumber, and the timber can be used to advantage only as railroad ties. Is it good policy, or charity to the masses, to leave this region so that its mountains and foothills may in future be denuded by the voracious railroad contractor?

As to mining: the possibilities are limitless, the actualities insignificant. I would not debar the American prospector from a rood of the public domain, where his persevering industry might develop a bonanza. It would be a simple matter—easily arranged in detail—to provide for the creation of mining districts, where mineral has been, or may be found in paying quantities, giving the miners full liberty to operate their claims, subject only to necessary restrictions concerning destruction of timber and game.

This would be an equitable arrangement, and would obviate all objections so far as *bona fide* miners are concerned.

I have read with much interest a recent letter from Gov. Richards in FOREST AND STREAM, criticizing the recent Forest Reserve proclamation of Mr. Cleveland. The Governor goes over the whole ground in a thorough and dispassionate manner. While it is not my purpose to express an opinion as to the wisdom of the Forestry Commission's action, I mention this matter merely to contrast the merits of Forest Reserve and National Park—so far as each would affect us locally.

The Teton forest reserve now embraces two-thirds of the territory which it has been proposed to annex to the Yellowstone Park. The status of the few residents embraced in this forest reserve is now anomalous and unsatisfactory in the extreme. They are without land titles, or the reasonable prospect of obtaining such titles, yet no provision is made to pay them for their claims and oust them; they are simply compelled to hold their ranches by occupancy and to be hedged in by galling restrictions.

The authority of the State is practically annulled by the proclamation, so the game ranging in this reserve is absolutely without protection—State or National.

By annexing this territory to the Park, settlers can (and will be) compensated for their claims, the game will be protected and every conceivable interest better subserved.

Jackson's Hole is the only community which can be directly affected by this addition to the Park.

I am a fixture here and have a family to care for. As a sane and sentient being I naturally favor what I conceive to be to my interest and to the benefit of the community in which I live. Bringing the Park line nearer to Jackson's Hole will unquestionably benefit us in many ways. A tourist route will be established through our community; summer travel will greatly increase, and the distribution of funds will increase in like proportion. Game is a great feature here; is it wiser to provide a refuge for this game that it may be preserved for our benefit—in common with all American citizens—or leave it to be soon and completely exterminated, rather than infringe upon the sovereignty of Wyoming?

I will not discuss this question of the preservation of our large game in a higher and more catholic spirit, but purposely confine myself to our local and selfish views and interests. Every resident of the game region well knows the utter inadequacy of State protection and the pitiful improbability of future appropriations for such purposes. The active and intelligent efforts of a Governor who thoroughly comprehends and appreciates existing conditions have failed to impress our lawmakers with the necessity for effective legislation. Add this strip of territory to the Park, and Wyoming will still be large enough "for the minds and hearts of her legislators."

Mr. W. L Simpson, a friend and neighbor of mine, has lately published a letter denouncing the Park extension in unmeasured terms. Mr. S. is entitled to his opinions, and I would be the last to question his right to air those opinions upon any and all occasions—but when he assumes to reflect the views of this whole section, or even of a majority here—he goes entirely beyond his province.

A majority of the *bona fide* residents here will not oppose a move calculated to benefit this community, and which can in no way prove detrimental to our interests.

I am aware that the shibboleth "monopoly" is being used

to prejudice people against the proposed Park addition. Which is preferable: a territory under national control, held for the use and benefit of all citizens, or the same territory under State control nominally, but really "bossed" and domineered over by rich and exclusive owners of "hunting lodges," "cottages" and "summer resorts"?

Leave this territory as it is and only too soon every lovely nook and corner, known and used by all of us on our summer outings, will be the private property of genuine "plutocrats." Can a more unbearable monopoly be imagined?

D. C. Nowlin.

Jackson, Wyo., April 22.

TURKEYS IN THE FLOOD COUNTRY.

Our long-time contributor, W. L. Polk, of Mississippi, sends us this turkey hunting story from his nephew, Paul M. Polk.

Mississippi, April 23.—*My Dear Uncle Jos:* Perhaps this may not seem so interesting as other hunting stories I have written you, if you allow the result to influence your interest; for our game bag came home poorly stocked. But as this is not the first case of the kind I will hope to the contrary.

On Monday morning father, Austin Warner and myself, went to the Rambler, raised steam, and left for the coal barges. There we met Austin's big brother Lawrence, who came just in time to get his hands dirty helping pack away the coal. We had about thirty-six boxes placed on the launch, and eight in an ancient but still serviceable skiff behind.

At last, after putting 400lbs. of ice in a model little refrigerator, we started, towing behind the old skiff and three of the prettiest little canoes you ever saw.

By common consent I was appointed fireman, and Austin coal-breaker. Of course we had the delicacy not to vote for ourselves, and we even went so far as to positively refuse the honors, but our kinsmen were not going to allow false modesty to prevent us from receiving the positions, so there was nothing to do but go at it with a will. Every time I felt lazy, the old steam would go down and tell on me, but every time Austin felt lazy I had to break the coal myself.

To make the launch go full speed, it took about three heaping shovels full of coal every four or five minutes, the steam probably averaging about 95lbs. Austin felt sorry for me, and offered to fire for me awhile. He commenced by putting in one shovelful and waiting about five minutes, and then gradually increasing until he got to two shovels, the steam gradually decreasing from ninety to thirty. In consequence of slow speed under Austin's firing, I had to be reinstated.

That night we stopped at Little Deer Creek, took a little ineffectual hunt next morning, and then raised steam and went to Panther Creek, fifty miles higher.

The water had overflowed almost everything, and the only land we found out for miles was a long lonely ridge of hills, running north and south, and extending from 150 to 250ft. in height. Some of the negroes take the high water stoically, as if they were accustomed to it; while others become panic-stricken at the first alarm, and leave for more elevated districts.

There was one woman living in the hills—about 175ft. above the highest possible stage the water could reach—who was told that the water would back up the little bottom in which she lived, and drown her out. She got scared, and became wild. She could not get her furniture out fast enough to suit her. Scared half to death, she left cabin, furniture and all to the care of others, and left for the highest hill she could find. It was some days before she could be induced to return.

Should the water reach such a height, a person might as well prepare himself for Judgment day, for it would be no surprising thing after such an occurrence.

At Panther Creek we did but little. Father and I went out early Wednesday morning, and called as we paddled up and down the little stream, without getting an answer until nearly 10 o'clock. We both got out of the canoe. I made the boat fast while father took out his tame gobbler and tied it to a bush. We then each stationed ourselves at the trunks of two big trees, about 20yds. apart, facing the direction we had heard the wild turkey. Father called. Our tame turkey answered. The wild one gave a loud gobble and for a few minutes we heard nothing.

Soon I heard a scratching sound, and saw a great, fine gobbler, coming as if to make straight between the two trees in front of which father and I were stationed, not more than seven steps away. Three more steps would place him on the direct line between us, and then neither could shoot without great danger. Noting this I raised my gun hastily and aimed; but I was too late. A bang! The noise of shot tearing the leaves almost at my feet and the turkey lay kicking in an admirable fashion.

Father said: "Paul, I wanted to give you the chance but was afraid to wait any longer," and looked upon me beamingly. But I had not seen him until he was very close, while father had seen him running along about 40yds. off and waited until he had gotten nearly between us. Well, that was the only chance I had on the trip, and I lost that one, so you know my success.

We stayed at Panther Creek until Friday, but killed no more game, excepting a few squirrels.

After we had gone over to the Sunflower River we heard a good many turkeys, but the water was over everything and they would not come to us. Father slipped in on one and killed it with his Marlin rifle.

It is very exciting to be in a position where you can see about three turkeys and hear five or six, to call and get one or two to answer; but do nothing more. It is humiliating, though, when you leave the turkeys, without a single exception, still where you first saw them. You bestow all the blame on the high water, of course, and then, turkey hunting is not so very grand a thing after all.

Monday found us at an entirely different place. It was at Dowling Bayou, fifteen miles higher than we had ever been before with our little launch Rambler.

In the morning we all heard turkeys, and most of us got a glimpse of them. Father shot four times, rewarded each time by seeing how fast a wild gobbler really can run, when safety lies before and danger behind. One came so near that a person would suppose it wanted to engage in friendly conversation.

That day Austin and myself beat Lawrence Warner in three successive boat races. Every time we would leave him bobbing in the curl of our waves, and every time, excepting the last, he proposed amendments to the conditions governing the race. The third and final race satisfied him, and created in father (an interested witness) a desire to show his skill. Every one is the same. Filled alike with overweening conceit, we would each want to try our own hand, and after being beaten we generally succeed in getting very good excuses.

The boat Austin and I used was far the heaviest, weighing about 140lbs; that of L. W.'s weighed about 56lbs.; and that of father's, the Amateur, "tipped the scales" at 80lbs.

Austin and I had one advantage. We used one pair of oars and a paddle. This counterbalanced our own excessive weight, and nearly all that of the boat. So, you see, looking at the thing in a straightforward, candid manner, we were about equal.

We had been victorious in three races, all with the same person; although in spite of father's apparent eagerness the other did not come off for several days.

The next day L. W. had to go home. We paddled about twelve miles in order to reach a railway station. The morning before he left he killed our little hen that weighed about 9½lbs. We were sorry to see him go, though he did call Austin and I "little humpy doodles," and managed to get us to wash the dishes, while he benevolently sat down to enjoy a novel.

The following morning the "little humpy doodles" paddled and rowed in turn twelve miles to the station previously mentioned, and twelve miles back, in order to mail a letter.

About this time a break in the levee was reported, and it was expected that the little land that yet remained out would be submerged in a few days. This news was given us by two men who were paddling through the woods, gathering their stock off the ridges.

One day Austin and I were paddling complacently out of a thickly wooded slough, up which we had been nearly two miles, when, accidentally looking back, we spied father, paddling for all he was worth, for it was evident that he considered this the time for his boat race. As soon as he noticed us watching him he slackened his speed and attempted to give us the impression that he was "taking it easy." If we turned a bend and looked right sharp through the intervening bushes, we could see him paddling with great vigor. This he kept up until he, too, had turned the bend, when he would be appearing to go nicely and smoothly, without effort. We made no attempt to prevent his catching us. We knew his game, and that he was playing it uselessly; for it was our intention to allow him to come up within about 20ft. before we should ourselves begin to pull hard.

Come he did. When within 200 or 300ft. he threw aside all pretense, put his whole force in his oar and beat the water in great swirls. We let him come. When nearly in the given distance, he gave on awful yell, scaring everything in hearing, and even startling us. He supposed we had backed down and the cup was his. He passed the danger line cutting the water at a great rate.

We commenced. He still gained slowly—more slowly. He stopped gaining. He began to lose slowly—more rapidly. Everyone strained every muscle. We soon turned the bend, leaving him rolling in the waves to contemplate in silence the deserted appearance of the horizon.

The day passed, the next did likewise, the next and the next, and he made no further allusion to that race, nor did he express any desire to try another.

One morning, while Austin and I were paddling around in the overflow, we found upon the gallery of a deserted cabin a lot of eggs, and consequently chickens. Austin wished to take the eggs. I told him that the negroes had, perhaps, left them there intentionally for the purpose of hatching them. He tried to convince me in the negative, and I wavered. I am not obstinate, and will listen as readily as any one to a good, sound argument. But just at this moment we discovered that the nearest house had not yet been deserted, and thought that possibly the occupants might be observing our actions. Considering the matter carefully, we concluded to do without four eggs apiece for supper that night for the sake of right.

That day we packed our things and returned home. I urged upon father the necessity of fixing the pump before we started. The thing had caused some very unpleasant sensations, as far as I was concerned, on the trip up stream. I had just put on a lot of coal and raised the steam to 100lbs., when the pump absolutely refused to put any water in the boiler at all.

There is no especial credit in getting blown up. That method of death does not suggest itself in very pleasing terms. In fact, one is strongly tempted to jump overboard and take a good cold ducking in preference to taking it by piecemeal. None of us, however, jumped overboard; and as the pump was at last induced to work, we felt considerably better.

It is not conducive to overflowing happiness to hear the steam roaring under the draft of a scorching fire; to see the water gradually sinking in the gauge; to hear the pumps turned on full force and yet fail to stop that water from sinking in the gauge; to see it sink persistently below the danger line, continue, and gradually recede from sight; the damper up, the pump clanking as fast as she can go it, and every precaution taken.

The putting up of the damper cooled the fire, which, by not converting water into steam so rapidly, allowed the water to accumulate in the boiler and reappear in the gauge. Owing to this I am sitting here writing to you, instead of lying piecemeal in the bottom of Sunflower River.

Paul M. Polk.

Another Arkansas Preserve Opportunity.

Little Rock, Ark., May 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In addition to the game preserve mentioned by Mr. Claflin, there is another one that can be obtained. There is a tract of land in Faulkner county, embracing Adams Lake, Greens Lake and Gold Lake, and parts of Gold and Palarm Creeks, pin oak flats and duck marshes that can be obtained in tracts from 5,000 to 20,000 acres in a body. The lakes and streams are well stocked with bass and other fish, and in the woods is a good supply of deer and turkeys, and quail and ducks in abundance in the season. The Grassy Lake Club has bought Clear Lake and about 1 000 acres of marsh planted with wild rice this season, and will be glad to coöperate with sportsmen in securing more of this territory.

We have a comfortable club house on the tract, about three miles from Mayflower, which is twenty miles from here, on the Ft. Smith Railroad, with three trains each way daily. I will be glad to furnish any information to parties interested.

J. M. Rose.

ON WATER AND RUNWAY.

(Concluded from issue of May 1.)

The next day we all started out about 10 o'clock to try another section of the lake. Nutting and I had to climb a hill like the roof of a house. His stand was just on the top of the hill, mine further over where I could look down toward another part of the lake. Lefebvre, with a guide, took the dogs, with instructions to wait sufficiently long until we all got proper positions, which would take some little time. After the guide placed us he went along with the rest of the party, leaving two at some runways, and just as he was portaging the canoe to the other lake the dogs passed with a deer the other side of them. They were just about three minutes too late. There was about 3in. of snow on the ground and cold, drizzly showers were passing every little while. It was lonesome work standing under a tree waiting for something to turn up. Pretty soon I heard a noise to my left, but to my disgust found it was Lefebvre with his guide perambulating around to find if any deer were moving. I told him he should have stayed on his runway, or put himself in some other place and not come where hunters were already stationed. He moved off. When about 200yds. away I saw him stop under some trees apparently examining something. Later he told me that a big buck had been sleeping there.

A little after I heard the dogs coming, in fact saw them way over on another hill, going toward Nutting, but they and the deer passed way below him and then doubled back, so he did not get a shot.

If Joe had not disturbed that buck the chances are when the dogs were coming with their music he would have gotten up, when I am quite positive I would have seen him, and had he moved away, his natural course was to pass down the valley below me. Joe spoiled it, though. About 1 o'clock the guide summoned me, as nothing had been heard of the dogs, and the party wanted to go home.

After dinner the weather looked a little better, so we decided to try where we were the first day. Hudon, George Clement and Beaulne went with the guide in the canoe. Lefebvre and Joe Clement went with the dogs in the same direction. Nutting and I with a guide were to go away around a point, taking our stands between the main lake and another small lake, where the neck of land was only about three acres wide. This was considered the best stand, since if the dogs started the deer on the mountain the chances were they would run a while, passing by us for the other lake. We duly arrived and took up our stands, waiting patiently for the deer. We heard the dogs once coming, but they changed for some unknown reason, not coming our way. We left our stands about 5 o'clock and made for home. On arrival just about dusk we found they were all in except the canoe, but no luck. On inquiry as to who were still out we found Lefebvre, Beaulne, Hudon and two guides were supposed to come along in the canoe with the dogs.

Joe Clement had been with that party. He had a great story to relate. He claimed he was on a point for his stand, Lefebvre and the guide having left him there with the boat, they taking the dogs into the woods. After waiting there a considerable time he heard a shot some distance away; a little after he heard an awful noise, between a bellow and a growl. It must be a bear. He was scared. He looked to make sure his boat was all right, then hearing this terrifying noise again, he cut for the boat, jumped in and rowed as fast as he could for the club house.

He was then getting anxious about the others, especially as his brother George was still out. Asked as to whether he had heard any other shooting, he said he had heard several shots; did not know but that the bear must have captured some of them.

They were about two miles away—five people, their game and two dogs, to come back in one little birchbark canoe. We went for him for deserting his party, as at least two of them expected to come back with him. The bear was his only excuse.

As it was getting dark I told the other two guides to go out in the skiff and bring some of them back, and see what was the matter.

After they had started we heard several shots where the hunters should be, which we took to mean they wanted help. We fired some shots from the club house in answer, and called to the guides to fire from their boats as soon as they got a little further, to let them know that help was coming. Clement was greatly worked up, blaming himself for having run away, and of course we chaffed him in good style. Finally, about 7 o'clock, the two boats returned.

It appears that Beaulne, to whom I had lent my rifle, was sitting on a big windfall watching his runway, when the first thing he knew two deer disappeared behind the roots of his windfall and stopped there. He remained perfectly quiet and cool, so he says, waiting for them to show on the other side. Finally, within about 10ft. of him, he saw the side, part of the head and shoulder of one them. Taking steady aim he fired, when down went his deer, a very large doe. The other disappeared. The guide, hearing the shot and Beaulne cheering, made toward him from his runway when he ran onto three other deer. He had his shotgun with a load of buckshot, and promptly fired at one of them, which fell. He started toward it when it jumped up, and he after it. It was a small one, and badly wounded. It made an awful bleating, and finally got away from him. This was Joe Clement's bear that had scared him home. This made six deer for the party.

The next day we went back to where I had shot mine. Nutting took a stand near the lake, Whiteford in my old stand, I taking Joe Clement's stand, who said he had had enough of bear and deer, so would stay on the island near the club house and hunt partridges, which he did without any success, except that he got lost around the other side of the island, got completely turned around in 280 acres of an island, and becoming scared fired some signal shots which a farmer heard from the other shore, and started him right for the club house where he thankfully arrived.

Lefebvre took a stand with a guide over the hill from me. Beaulne had developed a bad cold, so he would not stand on a runway, but would go with the guide and put in the dogs.

I was on my stand about an hour when I heard a noise up the brook a bit. I brought my rifle to a ready, but soon saw Lefebvre with his guide coming my way. Just then we heard the dogs coming right toward us. Joe called out, "There they come," jumped under a bush, saw

the deer was likely to pass between us, in which event we would be shooting toward one another. He then jumped again behind a tree, calling to me not to shoot him. The deer of course heard this racket, and swerved away from us.

Joe stayed quiet about fifteen minutes, and then moseyed out again, coming up to my stand, saying he had scared that deer, was very sorry, but of course it would not come this way again, that we might as well go home. Within about 15ft. of my stand was a spruce tree with some nice gum on it, so standing up my Marlin, I took my knife to secure the gum. We were talking there, when suddenly we heard the dogs coming toward us. I dropped the knife, grabbed the rifle, brought it to a ready, the guide standing about 10ft. from me in the direction the deer should come, Joe about 15ft. away the other side, or almost on the runway.

At almost the same instant the guide called "Il est ici," pointing between two large trees; the deer made a bound turning back, bringing his rump almost in a line, with the guide between him and my rifle. I just saw his white flag, but was afraid to shoot, as I might hit the guide. Joe called to him, when he dropped on his knees, scrambling away, the deer at the same instant clearing an old treetop and disappearing behind it, so I could not shoot. The guide looked much scared as he got on his feet again, but looking up, said, "Oh, c'est, Mr. Payne, il n'avais pas danger," which was no compliment to Joe, as they knew him of old, and thought him to be a promiscuous shooter under the slightest provocation.

Joe was more and more disgusted with himself, as he had spoiled two shots for me. The dogs came up, when we put them on the back track again, Joe moving off to the boat completely disgusted with himself. On arrival there, the first thing he saw was a deer in the water, the same one, as the dogs being hot after him he took to the water at once. Joe put after him and secured a fine four-point buck, the best one of the whole hunt. He certainly did not deserve it, but luck is a funny and elusive creature sometimes; that is, my luck is or was that day.

Joe had been repeatedly cautioned to stay where he was put, but he always got to moving about unless he soon heard the dogs.

The first or second day out he was moving around that way when he picked up Whiteford and Nutting, the three walking on together, when the dogs run a deer near them that should have come Nutting's way had Joe left him alone and stayed quiet. A little after that Joe put up one that Nutting fired at, but missed.

He should have had it, as he was walking with his gun at full cock. Joe noticing it, told him it was dangerous; so Nutting set the trigger down. Right after the deer started up Nutting pulled up at once, forgetting it was not cocked, and before he could cock it he had missed his best opportunity and his deer.

However, when we got home we had seven deer hung up. We wanted one more to make us one each. We had a little more time this afternoon, but the hunt was unsuccessful; and just at dark we started home.

It was raining and blowing, but we were in a sheltered bay, and did not feel the effects or realize how much of a storm was on. Just before we rounded the point the other guide hailed us from the shore, asking us to take him on. The four of us loaded down the canoe pretty well, but the guide said we could safely carry him. We took him on. There was no room for him to sit down, so he sat in my lap next to the back thwart, the guide with the paddle being in the pointed stern. The two dogs were there, and as they were pretty well tired, and wanting to use them the next day, our last day, we decided to take them in also. The dogs got in at my back, one of them lying down under the guide's feet, the other standing up looking over the side. This loaded us down within about 3in. of the gunwale. Geo. Clement was in front with one paddle. We swung out carefully for the club house, about a mile and a half away. As soon as we rounded the point and got out about an acre we found the storm. It was raining quite hard, blowing about half a gale in gusts, the wind having about four miles of a sweep had put up quite a sea. Clement realized the danger first, saying we could never arrive with such a load, and to turn back. The guide behind said "Not on your life, don't you attempt to turn, or we will turn bottom up at once."

Clement paddled away for a few minutes, when a severe gust of wind coming, we shipped about a couple of pails of water. We were rocking up and down fearfully. Clement broke forth with his lamentations again, claiming there was no use, we could not make it.

I pointed out that we were making fair progress, to keep his courage, if he was too tired to paddle, not to work so hard, but at least keep some motion to his paddle, so as to be ready should a large sea happen to strike us. Some one suggested to fire some signal shots. Nutting said: "No, don't make any undue motion." The guns are all unloaded anyway. He encouraged Clement, told him he had been in worse places, just to keep cool and we would make it. We were continually shipping some water. I being at the stern sitting flat it came awash under me. I could not move, as the other guide was sitting in my lap. I had on an ordinary coat, a leather hunting jacket and an overcoat. I shut my eyes, as the storm was fearful to look upon; but as we caught some particularly heavy seas I opened them, thinking I would need all my faculties should we tip over, which we all expected to do at almost any time.

Clement again chimed in that there was no use, that he was completely played out.

We encouraged him again and I suggested, as we were fully a third of the way across, that he should call for boats from the club house. This seemed to take up his attention a bit as he called most lustily: "Help, help. We're drowning, we're drowning."

It was pitch dark; we could see the club house lights, but did not hear a sound. Sitting flat on the bottom of the boat, we had shipped so much water that it was washing cold around my thighs, almost covering my legs. The dog that was lying down became uneasy at the water washing around it. It kept trying to get up, which tended to lift the guide behind off his seat on the peak, not giving him sufficient purchase to work his paddle to advantage. The other dog was also trying to creep up to get out of the water, getting his fore paws on the gunwale, and trying with his hind ones to get a purchase on my back. He finally accomplished this, getting his hind feet on my shoulder, balancing himself with his fore paws on the gunwale, making it so much the harder to keep the canoe steady when we ran into heavy seas. With a dog on my shoulders and a man in my lap it looked as if I was in the poorest position of them all in case we went over. We were then getting the full force of the storm. Clement had been calling some time and was again very much discouraged. I told him to paddle and I would yell, which I did as I had never yelled before. I called for help and kept repeating it. Clement said it was no use, they were all in the club house telling stories and did not care about us.

What seemed to make it worse was that in order to keep out of the trough of the seas we had to steer diagonally away from the club house. Just then fortunately we saw a streak of fire from the club house and heard a faint report. Clement was encouraged, so we both yelled again. It seemed an age before we got any reply.

Finally a boat showed near us. We told them to keep alongside in case we went over. We battled away with the wind and waves, but were now comparatively easy in mind.

We finally reached shallow water near the shore when we turned carefully, making our way to the club house, where we arrived very thankful that we had escaped a ducking at least and possibly a watery grave. Clement's arms were almost powerless when we arrived.

The others went for us for scaring them so. The wind being right had carried out cries to them plainly, but we could not hear their answering calls. Whiteford and Joe Clement were about as wet as I was, as when they heard our calls for help they had run down to the wharf, jumped into the first boat they came to, which happened to be a leaky one that had not been used and was about one-third full of water. They did not stop to bail it out, but rowed as fast as they could in the direction of our cries, although they could not see us, nor we them until they were within say 100ft. of us.

That was an experience that I do not care repeating. Had Nutting and I been as hopeless as Clement it is hard saying what would have happened. Nutting had his coats all unbuttoned ready to throw off if we tipped, but in my position I could not do this.

We were cool, however, and kept encouraging Clement. The guide paddling also was quite cool and worked wonderfully. As a matter of fact our lives depended largely on him.

The next day was our last, and we tried for another deer, but without success.

We brought out our seven deer, had an elegant time, and voted the North Woods the right place to go after deer. The club have an elegant log house designed by an experienced architect of this class of building. They own the island of 280 acres, and have leased seven lakes for fishing for ten years from the Quebec Government, with option of renewing the lease. They have expended already some $7,000 on the plant. There is a resident caretaker. The house is well furnished as to beds, furniture, crockery and cooking range. The membership is limited to eighty, and I understand there are now sixty-five members.

The fishing is altogether for red and gray trout, the latter running often very large, 22lbs., I believe, being the record of one last season. Deer are very plentiful, not only near the club house, but on all the adjacent hills and lakes. Partridges are fairly plentiful, also ducks, of which we saw quite a number, but only shot a few, as we were not hunting them particularly. J. BRUCE PAYNE.

Grouse Momentum.

IN your issue of May 1, in the article entitled 'The School-House Cover—II.," Shadow speaks of shooting a grouse coming straight toward him at 20yds, and the momentum of the bird carried it 20yds. behind him before it struck the ground, making 40yds. that the bird was carried by its momentum. Now, does Shadow mean that the bird was killed 20yds. in front of him, and was a dead bird while covering the distance of 40yds.; or that the bird was struck by the charge 20yds. in front of him, and did not die until after it had gone 20yds behind him; for it strikes me that 40yds. is a "right smart" distance for a dead bird to go after flying head first against a charge of shot, unless it had a very early start in life? POINT.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

WE FISHED FOR SALMON TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was a roasting day toward the latter part of July. Three of us concluded we would try our luck with the rod and line. The party consisted of Judge M., Charles M. and the writer. Where should we go to spend the day? That was an important question, considering the fact that the mercury was sailing along uncomfortably near the 90s. Plenty of places there were, but too remote from the dry and dusty streets of the city of Portland, Ore.

"Let us go to some quiet little place," said Judge M., "where we can fish a little and have a good sort of time. We don't want to work too hard. We do want lots of fun. I propose that we go up to that little lake not far from the village of Milwaukee. By cars we can reach the station nearest the lake in less than half an hour. Then we can foot it through the woods the rest of the way. It isn't far—not more than fifteen minutes' walk. They say that there are plenty of fine salmon trout there. I think there are no genuine brook or mountain trout."

So it was agreed to go up to Milwaukee. The "lake" referred to by the Judge was in reality no lake at all. There was a little brook that emptied into what was known as Johnson's Creek, which poured its clear waters into the Willamette River just below the little town of Milwaukee. Many years ago—during the old pioneer days of the State—some enterprising man had built a sawmill on the little stream, and had constructed a dam of huge logs, rocks and earth across the babbling little brook to obtain sufficient fall to drive the crude machinery. After some years the old mill was abandoned. Finally the building and much of the worthless lumber was totally destroyed by fire. Everything went to the "bats and owls," as the saying is. But the old dam remained, and the clear waters of the beautiful little stream continued to pour over the permanent obstruction. Back from the dam quite a pond or little lake had been formed. This was about 50yds. in width and several hundred yards long. The stream was fed by a number of ice cold springs, and the waters of the tarn were as clear as crystal. Around the margin of the lake the water was shallow, but it rapidly deepened as one advanced toward the middle, and near the center the depth varied from 25 to 30ft. So very transparent was it, however, that one could see the outline of the bottom quite distinctly.

In places the shore was rocky and irregular, but in many spots the beach, or shingle, was smooth and sandy, and shaded by giant old fir trees. Altogether considered, it was a beautiful and attractive spot in which to spend a scorching day. The stream-lake had been well stocked with fine salmon trout, but, owing to the proximity of the city, had been visited very frequently by anglers, and the number of fish was greatly decreased. However, we had no occasion to complain of our hot day's success.

"Hello, are you fellows going out for a fish a hot day like this, and do you expect to catch anything that has scales on?" exclaimed the conductor, as we scrambled on to the car.

We admitted we were.

"Well, I'll agree to buy all your fish for 25 cents apiece," said the big, jolly conductor, with a broad grin.

"All right," said the Judge, with a solemn expression of countenance. "We'll just remember that threat of yours when we come back this evening. Perhaps you'll change your tune when you see our strings."

But the big ticket puncher only laughed louder and went on taking in the fares. He kept looking back at us and winking with his coal-black eyes.

It lacked a few minutes of 8 o'clock when we boarded the car. Before 8:30 we had reached the little station where we were to get off. A moment later we were on our way through the cool, shady woods. As yet the temperature was quite pleasant, and the dew still glistened on the grass and foliage. Our way was along an old cattle trail that went zigzagging through the timber and brush. Less than fifteen minutes' walk brought us to the margin of the lake. Placing our lunch in a cool, shady spot, we at once began work. In five minutes' time our tackle was in trim.

But at the very outset we were confronted with a very serious difficulty. Our rods were not long, and the margin of the lake was shallow. We could not fish from the shore, and there were no boats. We had no gum boots and the water was too cold to stand in.

However, the Judge was a man of Napoleonic turn of mind. "I'll tell you, boys, we'll have to build some rafts, that's all. You watch me."

He soon rolled two old, half-decayed logs near the edge of the water, and launched them. Then he cut several long, slender shoots from a clump of hazel brush, with these fastened the logs together in a rude fashion, and placing several short pieces of timber across, soon had a substantial raft. Taking up his fishing tackle, and procuring a long pole to serve as paddle, he boldly stepped on his craft and pushed off. We soon had a raft apiece and were fishing hard enough. Some little time elapsed before any of us were fortunate enough to get a bite. Charlie, with his proverbial good luck, scored first. He pulled out a fine salmon trout about 10in. long. The fish made a game fight, and before Charlie landed it, he came near falling from his raft. Charlie's narrow escape from taking a "header" greatly amused the Judge, who gave vent to yells and prolonged peals of laughter.

"You're a great fisher, Charlie," he yelled. "Wouldn't I have split my sides if you had gone overboard. Steady, there," he cried. "Oh, boys, I've got a whopper! Look, look, see how he tugs at the line. Now I see him plain. Just watch me land him."

Sure enough the Judge had a fish—a splendid one too. Oh, he made a gallant fight for his life. Charlie and I stopped fishing and watched the sport with keen interest. It turned out to be fine sport too—at the Judge's expense. In his efforts to land the fish he lost his balance and made a frantic effort to save himself. The two logs of his raft parted suddenly, and plunge went the Judge into the ice-cold water. He went down clear out of sight, and his old silk tile floated gracefully away.

A moment later his bald head showed above the surface. He was puffing and blowing like a porpoise, shaking his head and struggling to get his breath. As soon as he gained voice he roared: "Help, help, don't you see I'm drowning. You're a nice set of fellows to stand there and see me lose my life. Come quick before I sink again. Give me your hand, Charlie. Oh, I'm freezing; help me."

Here the Judge clung to one of the logs. Charlie, who was only a few yards away, came promptly to the rescue, and the Judge was towed ashore, or until his feet struck the bottom, when he waded out.

His teeth chattered like a pair of castinets, his dripping clothes clung to him like glue and he cut a most ludicrous figure. As all danger was passed we set up a roar of laughter, in which the good-natured Judge heartily joined.

But where was the Judge's fine trout? When he tumbled overboard he let go of his rod. Taking advantage of this the fish darted away toward the upper end of the lake, carrying hook, line and rod along. How he sent the rod spinning along! I slowly followed with my clumsy raft, and, after a long, but lively chase, succeeded in capturing all, including the fish.

We soon repaired the demoralized raft, and all resumed fishing. The hot July sun soon dried out the Judge's suit, and he fished as hard and laughed as heartily as the rest of us over the very amusing episode.

Well, to make a long story short, we fished about six hours in the little lake. Our luck, did you ask? Capital! Over sixty salmon trout were captured. Charlie had the longest string; the Judge scored next, while I brought up the rear.

About 2 o'clock we halted and discussed our bountiful lunch. After an hour's rest we began fishing again. But the fish were too lazy to nibble, and we soon gave up. We had had fun enough and glory enough for one day. The Judge said he was perfectly satisfied with his share of both. "Look at my plug hat, and look at my wrinkled clothes, boys, but just take a squint at my string of fish."

Before 5 o'clock we had reached the little station. Soon the car came bowling along. It was the same car and the same conductor.

"Hello," cried the big, jolly ticket puncher. "Here are you fellows again. What luck, boys? Bet you didn't catch a fish; told you chaps so. Knew I was perfectly safe in offering you 25 cents apiece."

"Here!" cried the Judge. "Come, pungle down now. You owe us just $15. Here are our fish—just even sixty. Hand over that coin quick. What do you say, boys?"

"Well, he's got to pay us and take the fish," we cried.

When the big conductor saw our magnificent strings he wilted. "Oh, I give in, boys; I take it all back; I apologize," he said with a good-humored laugh. "I was only bluffing. But, really, I should like to buy several to take home for my wife and the children. They are very fond of fish."

"You can't buy any of me," said the Judge, holding out his hand and giving the conductor a cordial shake; "but I'll give you six, just for luck."

Charlie gave him three and I gave him three. So we had a jolly day's outing and our big conductor had a round dozen fish to take home. J. M. BALTIMORE.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XLI.—Daniel H. Fitzhugh.

No man's name was more prominently connected with the discovery of the grayling as a new fish of the highest game qualities in America than that of the genial angler who is the subject of this sketch He was credited with being the discoverer of this fish in Michigan waters, but this he properly disclaimed; he merely sent some specimens to New York city, where they were the subject of a hot debate among the English anglers and epicures who frequented Sutherland's Café, where the fish were shown and served in 1872. He wrote to a New York journal that Dr. J. C Parker, of Grand Rapids, Mich., had classified the fish some five years before in a letter to the late Prof. E. D. Cope, of Philadelphia, to whom he sent specimens, and correctly diagnosed them as true grayling.

Science is a cold-blooded thing, dealing in refrigerated facts, and is as much interested in a new chub as in a newly discovered game fish; it records fins, fin rays, and maps out the geographical surface into head, eye, number of scales, and souses the specimen into alcohol and has done with it. That's all right, and is all that science wishes to know about a fish, but not all that the angler, at present, wishes to know from science.

All this I read with that interest which was commonly given to passing items concerning fish and fishing, and having pasted the item in my scrap-book it was as everlastingly disposed of as if science had entombed it, only to be resurrected by some future investigator. But when Mr. Fitzhugh wrote an article telling how this new fish rose to the fly, and how gamy it was, the scrap-book was overhauled, and an interest was awakened in the new game fish. One day early in 1874 Mr. Fitzhugh invited me to go to northern Michigan to try to get the spawn of the new fish I was then breeding trout in western New York, and the invitation was accepted. Arriving at his home in Bay City, we planned the campaign, and with his nephew, Frank Fitzhugh, and his favorite guide, philosopher and friend Len Jewell, we started for the little hamlet of Crawford, now Grayling, some ninety miles north, on a rickety railroad which ran a train up one day and down the next. The time of spawing was uncertain, and we had burned out five whisky barrels to take home some live fish if no spawn was to be had. We launched our boats in the Au Sable River on March 28 in a snowstorm, with the thermometer down to 17° Fahr

To see Len Jewell pole a flat-bottomed scow down the swift current and over rapids was a revelation only equaled by seeing him pole the boat up-stream on the return. A prominent trait in the character of "Dan" Fitzhugh, as I soon learned to call him, was that his guest always was put in the best boat, given the best guide and was put in the most likely spots for fishing that he knew of. In after years when comparing notes with George Dawson, Thad. Norris and others, who have made their final cast on earthly waters, this trait was one of the first things mentioned, and it may be taken as an index to the character of one of the kindest-hearted, whole-souled gentlemen whom I ever wet a line with.

It was practically mid-winter on the Au Sable in early April and our bed of balsam boughs was made above 2ft. of snow, with a gum blanket between, and there was no sign of thawing under us when we left on April 3, with no eggs, but with 200 live fish for my ponds. Dan begged me to stay, but my word had been given to Prof. Baird that I would start for the Southern shad waters before April 10.

Such days and such fishing! Flies frozen to the side of the boat at the slightest contact and snapped off with the attempt to cast; the line so heavily coated with ice that it would not render through the rings and a grayling weighing 1lb. out of water, pulling and boring for the bottom, and even when nearly exhausted turning his great dorsal fin sideways to resist the strain of the rod. At a pause in the struggle Len would bite the ice off the line near the tip so that a few more feet could be reeled up, but if the fish was a small one he would bring it in by hand. Then he would bite the ice off the whole line down to the leader, which was comparatively free from it because it was longer in the unfrozen spring-fed river, but at times the reel line was as large as a lead pencil with ice accumulated by repeated castings before a fish struck. No matter if fingers were numb and ears tingled, there was that within us that voted the sport to be grand.

This trip was a short one, and a failure as far as obtaining eggs was concerned; but it was a glorious success in making the acquaintance of two such men as Dan Fitzhugh and Len Jewell. A full account of this trip will be found in FOREST AND STREAM of April 23 and May 21, 1874, covering nearly six columns, but only the fishing, the fish and the river are described, with no attempt to portray character.

Len was frying some grayling for dinner, and had just entered the tent where we lay for salt, pepper, or some other thing, when Dan called my attention to a Canada jay which was hopping about the fire, Len had covered everything eatable except the fish in the pan.

"Bet a million dollars," said Dan, "that that jay takes a red hot fish out of that pan."

"Go you ten millions better," said I, "he can't do it, for the rim of that pan is too hot for his feet, and the boiling fat will take his toes off."

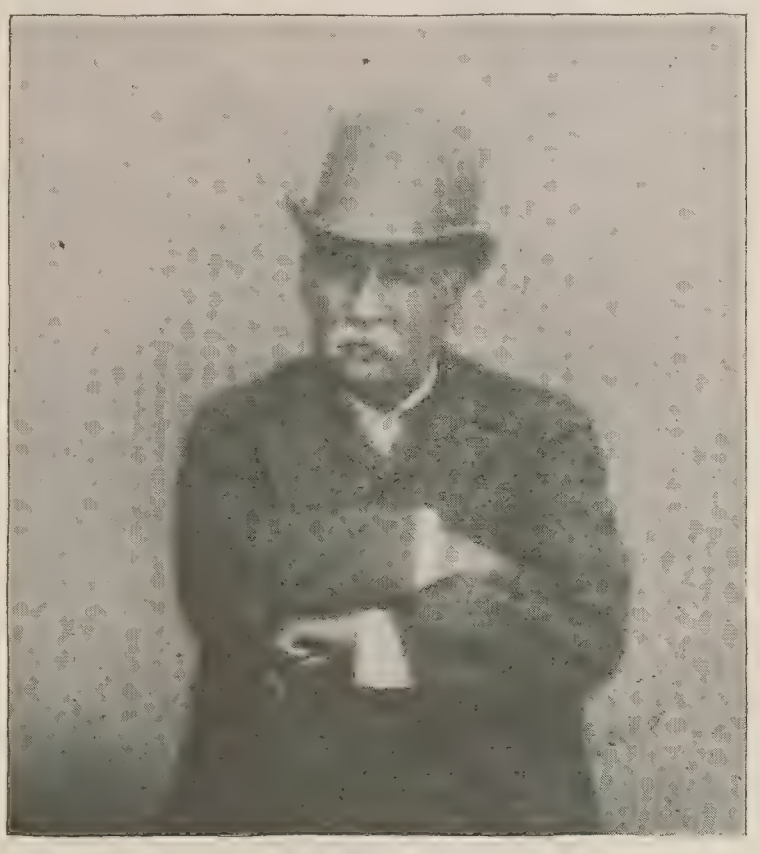
Dan hadn't time either to raise or call me before the bird flew up, poised over the pan to see what was there, flirted a grayling out into the snow by some means unknown to the deponent, and when Len turned and saw the bird take the fish off into a tree, he made remarks highly derogatory to "venison hawks" and the whole tribe of jays, whether blue or gray, and I was indebted to Dan for a few millions of dollars. This debt was soon cancelled, for I won fifty millions from him within half an hour on a bet that I would catch the next meat hawk that came into camp. This gray jay is very familiar. One perched on the toe of my boot, and looked us all over as I lay on my back in the tent. They would hop around camp, and carry off bread, pork, fish, or anything eatable; yet, like the familiar European sparrow, they keep a sharp eye on every movement. I placed a bit of pork on a slanting stick, and fixed a noose on a twig just below it; and when the jay flew up to the bait a twitch on the string lassoed it, and then such a screaming! In a minute a score of jays assembled to help their kinsman, and their united screams brought more. The bird was released, and although my winnings had enriched me "beyond the dreams of avarice," I sat down with Len and Frank, and ate fried grayling and drank coffee out of a tin cup on terms of equality just as we would at Casey's table d'hote; and I can recall that winter camp, and say of Len's fried grayling as Eugene Field says of Casey's "tabble dote":

> "The very recollection of them puddin's 'nd them pies
> Brings a yearnin' to my buzzum 'nd the water to my eyes."

And as I write there seems no way to express the longing for the days that can never return unless I again quote from the same poem, and mentally substitute the Au Sable River for the mining camp, where Field says:

> "Oh, them times on Red Hoss Mountain in the Rockies fur away—
> There's no such place nor times like them as I kin find to-day!
> What though the camp hez busted? I seem to see it still,
> A-lyin' like it loved it, on that big 'nd war y hill;
> And I feel a sort of yearnin' 'nd a chokin' in my throat
> When I think of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd of Casey's tabble dote!"

Those days seem like a dream, or perhaps, as Tom Moore puts it, "like the faint, exquisite music of a dream"; for the keen air, the morning mist on the spring-fed river, the



DANIEL H. FITZHUGH.

novelty of taking a new and grand game fish, in the company of a most charming host, whose constant thought was to give his guest the best of the fishing and of everything else within his power. There are men who believe that we will do all these things over again on the other side of the Styx, and keep at it as long as we like. If so, Len Jewell will fry grayling while Dan Fitzhugh and I will swap yarns while watching the meat hawks dodge Len's boot, and Len will chew the ice off my line before I make a cast. But, then, other people say there's no ice there; and just how we can rehearse those days without snow and ice is a problem.

To turn from the realm of fancy to cold facts is sometimes necessary to a truthful historian, and at the end of my first grayling trip a fine lot of *Thymallus* were swimming in my trout ponds. Seth Green had declined Dan's invitation to get their eggs, but when a rival brought the fish so near him he came and looked them over, found that they had not spawned, and next day started for the Au Sable. He was too late; the fish had spawned, but he dug some 200 eggs out of the gravel, took them to his partner, Mr. Collins, who hatched the first grayling eggs in a trough that were so hatched in America; but none were raised from these eggs.

The newspapers of the day had many items concerning the new fish and its future as an addition to our game fishes. Mr. Charles Hallock, then editor of FOREST AND STREAM, had some sent by Mr. Fitzhugh and served at a dinner of the Blooming Grove Park Association, at Sutherland's, baked, boiled and fried, and the guests were loud in their praise of the grayling. Before I visited Mr. Fitzhugh the next year he had urged the Legislature of Michigan to protect this fish during its spawning season, and failed. He then urged me to again attempt their salvation, although I told him that the adult fish in my ponds had not, and would never spawn.

Next year I arranged with Prof. Baird to let me have my own time on the Au Sable, and so striking in between the dates when I left the river and when Green arrived there, we got a fine lot of eggs. We struck Grayling on April 5 and our party was as before, except that Dan took Charles Pierce as his boatman, leaving the giant Len Jewell to me. Our success last year had been talked of among the lumbermen, and when we arrived at the Grayling House the host, Mr. Hartwick, was anxious to have our rods unpacked in order that he might prove his statements that fish of 2lbs. weight could be taken on "slim Jim switches." The split bamboos were brought out and limbered for inspection. Pardon the artillerist's term, it's wrong, but I don't know what else to call it; we unlimber a gun for action, *i. e.*, detach the limber—chest and—but when we put a rod together for action it must be "limbered," for it is assembled.

The wood-choppers looked the rods over with ill-concealed contempt; the artificial flies and gut leaders were handed around with smiles which broadened into grins until one young fellow, whose views of things had been temporarily estranged by backwoods whisky, thought it necessary to show how weak such a slim rod tip was by breaking it between his powerful hands while Len Jewell held the butt, and was telling of the beautiful workmanship necessary to build up such a rod. Quicker than thought Len had the man's hands in his grasp and he was as quiet as a babe. There was no row because most of the men were sober and knew that the fellow had done wrong, and then all knew Len Jewell, who was a "land looker" and constantly traveled through northern Michigan. Still these lumbermen wanted to see how such slim "poles" could take a fish, and in the morning Dan and I went down to the railroad bridge and cast for nearly an hour before we took a ½lb. grayling on an artificial fly. They were incredulous at first and we cast until hope had become hopeless, when at last Dan had a strike and landed his fish. Blessings on that little grayling! To us it was a great victory. The light rod kills; the mild power cures and the victor can always afford to refrain from rejoicing.

It was not as cold on this trip as on the one the year before. There had been a thaw, and the river was a foot higher and somewhat discolored. There were no fish in the old places and we went down twenty miles before stopping to fish Len said the river had been netted and speared as far down as the market fisher could pole a boat in one day. We took one fish that had the marks of a spear on it, and this in the breeding season! The spawning beds were on shallows, but there were no fish on them; all that we caught were in the deep, dark pools. Suspecting that they were night spawners, we rigged up a jack-light and saw them on the beds. We released the unripe fish and only found four fully ripe females, and from these and half a dozen others that had partly spawned I took 8,000 eggs home, besides giving a lot to Mr. Frank N. Clark, the well-known fishculturist, then running a hatchery in southern Michigan. This was the first lot of grayling eggs taken by hand in America. The spawning season was about over when we left the river on April 11. A full account of this trip may be found in FOREST AND STREAM of May 13, 1875 Up to this time it was lawful to take grayling on April 1, but after several years of effort Mr. Fitzhugh got the Legislature to change the date.

Before I met Mr. Fitzhugh he wrote me a characteristic letter. He said: "You say you would like to go after grayling if it will not interfere with my business. I am quite a busy man, and never allow pleasure to interfere with business. My pleasure is to look after a lot of lumbermen, log drivers and others, keep account of the amount of lumber they get out and make out pay rolls. My business is fishing, shooting and vagabondizing in the woods, and pleasure is never allowed to interfere with it. I am at your service if you come." And it was not to me alone that such an offer was made. He entertained Prof. James W. Milner, who wrote a monograph on the grayling for the U. S. Fish Commission; Thad. Norris, George Dawson, Seth Green, and other lesser known anglers. His boats, guides and camp equipage were not only at their service, but the party was liberally provisioned by him for his guests. His fund of anecdote and his peculiar gift of humor made him a most charming companion, and it came naturally, for his cousin, Greene Smith, the ornithologist, was famous in this line, to the sorrow of his solemn father, Gerrett Smith, the famous abolitionist. Greene Smith could tell funny yarns for a week and never repeat, and Dan Fitzhugh was a good second. I may say, par parenthesis, that I believe myself a fair judge of that sort of thing.

In December, 1877, he wrote me: "I have been on the Manistee three times this summer, always with good success, but not such as we had a few years ago. We have to work harder, and it is more satisfactory. The vandals have invaded our pleasant waters with bait and all other devices to lure the gentle grayling. One party from Chicago took 5,000 from the Manistee this summer—fish from 1oz. upward—salted them and shipped them home to count! Then they have dammed the river at Grayling, and are going to put dams in the Manistee next spring. I think I can see two more seasons of reasonably good fishing in those streams, and then, in my old age, must seek new fields. Is it not hard? Do try and come and go a-fishing with me once more in the old holes."

Again, in August, 1879, he wrote: "Have been to the Mainstee once, with fair success. My last trip was poor as regards bag, but pleasant otherwise. * * * I have been trout fishing. Had not fished for trout in ten years. Before that all my fly-fishing was for trout, and I had an exaggerated idea of the staying qualities and resistance of the trout. Now, after mature deliberation and some experience with both, I believe the grayling of equal size has twice the resistance and all the staying power of his relative. I have never seen a trout come out and shake himself over two or three times before surrendering, while it is common for the grayling to make half a dozen desperate leaps before he comes to grief." Yet men who have fished for grayling once have denied that it leaps from the water. It seems like a crime to let this grand fish become extinct. Mr. Fitzhugh paid all the expenses of a trip after grayling eggs for the State of Michigan, and Mr. Chase, the fishculturist, got some eggs in 1878 and sent them to the hatchery at Pokagon, but I have no further knowledge of what was done with them. I also think Mr. Frank N. Clark attempted to get eggs, but am writing from memory.

In 1884 Mr Fitzhugh called me down for saying in 'Fishing with the Fly," that the grayling does not leap, therefore I am in with the others of small experience. He said: "You have made a grave error, which I do not attribute to your ignorance but to lack of experience. You assert boldly that the grayling never leaps from the water to take the fly. You were with me on what were probably the only trips for grayling you ever made, in what was almost the depths of winter, and you were right, as far as your experience went. They do then take the fly, as you say, just at or below the surface. But, take the grayling in the proper season it is as 'leapin'' a fish as any trout. I have lost my end fly, and with nothing but the hand fly, when fish were rising, have trailed it some inches above the water to see them leap and take it, and have caught many in that way, hooked 6in. in the air. Moreover, I have never seen a trout leave the water over two or three times after being hooked, while I have seen the grayling leap six times, for all he was worth, and Len backs me in this." The dear old soul! Doesn't he let me down easy?

I had another trip with Mr. Fitzhugh and Len Jewell, which I will relate in a sketch of Len, Dan's constant and

faithful friend. I last met Mr. Fitzhugh in Detroit, in 1888, when we met by appointment at a meeting of the American Fisheries Society, and how we did fish in the hotel that night! The old stories were retold, and we renewed our youth with memories of the past. He told of a priest who fished with him occasionally, and whom I had seen in the woods, retiring at the proper hours to tell his beads, and then joining us with a smiling face, brim full of good nature to ask what we thought of the fishing prospect. Some careless remark of mine about our not following the good example of our clerical friend caused Dan to say:

"Speak for yourself, my boy. All men do not perform their devotions in public, and only for your happening to stumble on the reverend gentleman and seeing him telling his beads, you would never have known that he did it. Neither do you know what I may do in that line; but as for you, I think you incline more to the jovial creed of the sporting monk of Fountain's Abbey, who said:

" 'Little I reck of the matin-bell,
But drown its toll with my clanging horn;
And the only beads I love to tell
Are the beads of the dew that hang on the thorn'."

Hon. Herschel Whitaker, President of the Michigan Fish Commission, wrote me that Mr. Fitzhugh died on June 26, 1896, and that he attended his funeral, adding: "He was one of nature's noblemen, a true sportsman, a brave spirit, with a heart as gentle as a woman's." Asking Mr. Whitaker to get me a picture of my old friend, he replied that Mr. Fitzhugh would never sit for a photograph, but that Mr. E. A. Cooley, of Bay City, had one that was worked up from a snap shot, taken by a young amateur, of a group among whom Mr. Fitzhugh was sitting. This picture Mr. Cooley sent and is here used.

Mr. Fitzhugh was born in Livingston county, N. Y., in 1826, and consequently was seventy years old when he died. He was a strong, healthy man, barring occasional attacks of gout, which, when they came on in the woods, rendered him helpless, and then Len Jewell has actually carried him on his back over twenty miles through the woods when so afflicted. He went to Bay City in 1847 and built a house, and went to New York city three years later, but in 1870 made Bay City his permanent residence. He left a wife, but no children.

Len Jewell is dead. Looking down the line of men I have fished with it is only an odd one or two who are left. A letter from a lifelong friend, just received, makes this statement: "A man makes no friends after he reaches fifty years, only acquaintances." This is a new and philosophical view of life that is worth recording, for some personal experiences in recent years seem to bear it out.

FRED MATHER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Big Fishing for Big Fish.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 1.—Mr. W. F. Souther, of this city, hands me the following letter from a friend of his who has been down in Lower California fishing for jewfish. He says the jewfish peculiar to the Gulf of California differs slightly from the Pacific Ocean fish bearing the same name. Mr. Souther says, with apologetic intent in regard to the story, that 6,500lbs. of fish in two or three hours does sound a trifle tall, but that it is unquestionably true. The letter reads as below:

"TOPEKA, Kas.—*My Dear William:* I know that one of your favorite pastimes is with the rod and line, and having just returned from a trip to Guaymas, in the State of Sonora, Mexico, where we spent several days fishing, thought possibly you would be interested in my account of our sport. Guaymas, as you know, is situated on Guaymas Bay, on the Gulf of California. It is a quaint old Mexican town, nobody knows how old, as it was an Indian village long before its discovery by white men. We left the Clearing House dock about 5 o'clock in the morning, being towed by a small tug in two yawls to a point about ten miles from the city and directly under Cape Haro lighthouse. Our party consisted of eight Americans, all prominently known in railway circles, and an equal number of natives—Mexicans and Yaqui Indians—who composed the crew of the tug and acted as guides and oarsmen.

"We reached the fishing grounds about 8 o'clock and lost no time in getting to work. During the months of November, December, January and February, a fish, called by the natives *tortoaba* (which was interpreted to us as sea bass) comes into the feeding grounds of Guaymas Bay, and it does not require much of an effort to catch a good-sized boat load. We had an abundance of lines, about half the thickness of ordinary clothes-line, with a hook about 8 or 10in. in length, and which was attached to the line with about 12in. of heavy well chain. This latter precaution is taken to prevent the sharks, which are quite numerous and frequently caught, from biting the lines in two. For bait we used the arm of an *octopus*, or devil-fish, or a small fish which is called there the *dulce*, or "sweet mouth." This latter fish weighs from 1 to 2lbs., and is put on the hook right under the back fin and allowed to swim as usual. The fish are found in very deep water, and we frequently had out over 100ft. of line. On the day in question the fish must have been very hungry, for we no sooner got our lines to the bottom than we had hooked a 100 pounder, and what fun it was hauling them in! It requires quite a strong man to haul a 100 pound fish from 100ft. of water, and we soon found out that the salt water, heavy lines and strong fish cut our hands unmercifully, and the writer was laid up for several days afterward with pretty sore hands. After getting the fish to the top of the water, we hauled them alongside of the boat, and then had to knock them in the head several times with a short, heavy ironwood club to stun them before we could get them into the boat. After fishing about an hour our two boats were loaded with fish to the gunwales.

"We rowed ashore and unloaded the fish on the bank and started afresh, and inside of another hour succeeded in refilling the boats, catching in all sixty-five fish, averaging a little over 100lbs. each. After we had refilled the boats we were pretty well tired out, and all went ashore for the purpose of eating our lunch and cleaning the fish. The water was about 20ft. deep along shore, but clear as crystal, and we caught lots of starfish and lobsters with our small harpoons. The big fish were so plentiful that we actually caught three of them hooked in the sides, they having run into the hooks. We lost a good many lines, as the fish are pretty strong, especially when first caught; but after we get them near the surface the air bag comes out of their mouths, and after that there is no danger of losing your fish, as it floats around on top of the water, and never goes to the bottom again. The most amusing feature of the day was when one of our party got his hook caught on the 200lb. anchor, which he pulled to the top amid shouts of laughter from the whole party. He was quite a heavy man, and the exertion made him puff lustily. Every time he would stop pulling he would see the line start for the bottom at a rapid rate, and he must have thought he had caught a whale. He finally succeeded in getting the anchor to the top, and I won't tell you what he said. You can guess.

"I am not much of a fisherman, as you know, but have made several trips to Guaymas, and always go fishing there, as it is no trouble to fill your boats in no time, and I am informed that Agassiz, the eminent naturalist, on a trip through the Gulf of California, said that it is the largest and best unfished body of water on the globe. They catch innumerable varieties of fish there and it is well worth a trip there, but it does not require an expert to be successful. In our country it requires brains to be a successful fisherman, while there it requires only strength and tough hands. When we returned ashore we were told by everyone that our catch was the largest that had ever been made by a single party—but still I wasn't happy. Between you and me I enjoyed vastly more our over Sunday trips on the C., M. & St. P. R. R. to Delavan and Eagle Lake, Wisconsin, and little as I know of 'scientific' fishing, I believe I'd rather catch half a dozen of the 2 and 3lb. bass we caught last summer at Kansasville than 100 of the biggest *tortoabas* that ever swam in the Gulf of California. McC."

The Thornapple River for Bass.

May 15.—Mr. R. P. Alden, of Saginaw, Mich., is good enough to add a bit of further information about the Thornapple River of the South Peninsula as a bass stream. It comes in the nature of the usual advice of to-day, "You ought to have been here about ten years ago," or "You'll find it a little better over in the next county," which fishermen of this region have become accustomed to hearing when they go out fishing anywhere. I hope we shall hear of better enforcement of the laws in the Thornapple country, so that we shall see this good stream as it always should be. Mr. Alden says:

I see you mention the Thornapple River as a good stream for small mouth bass There was a time when the Thornapple was alive with them, but of late years they are nearly run out. The law protecting the black bass is not enforced, as the fish are taken in every manner the year round. Spearing and netting has done its work. In 1860 I was born in the village of Alaska, seventeen miles southeast of Grand Rapids and on the bank of the Thornapple River, and I lived there for twenty-five years. I have fished and hunted its entire length, and will say that if the laws were enforced this would be the angler's paradise for the small mouth bass. I never tried the fly, but with natural bait one can to-day get good fishing there.

The Prairie River for Trout.

Mr. W. H. Comstock, of this city, is beginning to be troubled with the trout fever at this time o' year, and this week came up to the FOREST AND STREAM office to ask where he could go to get some good trout fishing, nearby in Wisconsin, all fly-casting of course, for he does not care for any other kind. This was a hard question to answer, for I really do not know a single stream in Wisconsin where good fly fishing can be depended upon. There are trout in many streams of Wisconsin, but the most trout are in the worst streams. The Paint and the Pine and the Fence all offer good fly fishing once in a while. The Little Oconto is about the best of any of the streams of upper Wisconsin which do not run into Lake Superior (the best trout fishing is in the streams which empty into that lake). I told Mr. Comstock that he would be apt to find about as good fishing of his sort in the white River, near Princeton, as in any stream I personally knew anything about, but that he would probably find the Prairie River, near Merrill, Wis., still better, if he cared to take a seventeen mile stage ride (no man deserves trout nowadays who is not willing to ride further than that by stage). The Prairie River was for a long time stocked by the State, and the fact was not generally known, the river being practically covered up for some years. Trout weighing up to 4 and 5lbs. were taken from it for the World's Fair. Since then the stream has been fished by a good many anglers, some of whom were careful not to give the snap away. I can't say what the stream will offer this season, but it ought to be about the best place in that State, all things considered.

I shall be vastly obliged to friends in Wisconsin and the South Peninsula of Michigan if they will be kind enough to give me the names of good waters for trout or bass. About this time of year a whole lot of people come in here and want to know where to go. I will not send anybody any but the right kind of people, so don't be afraid to tell where the good fishing is for the friends of FOREST AND STREAM.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club has begun its season casting tournaments, and held its first meet May 8 at one of the city parks, with the following results. The first column shows distance of fly-casting, the second and third the percentages and the fourth the bait-casting distance:

	Long Distance.	Distance and Accuracy.	Accuracy and Delicacy.	Bait-Casting.
I. H. Bellows	72	95⅔	70⁵/₁₂	96³/₅
L. F. Crosby	..	....	....	78¹/₅
B. W. Goodsell	85	9 1/3	92⅓	82³/₅
E. D. Letterman	..	....	....	87²/₅
C. A. Lippincott	8	89¹/₅	71¾	79
O. G. Ludlow	..	43⅔	44½	78³/₅
R. B. Miller	..	....	....	91³/₅
G. A. Murrell	72	79	77¼	9.³/₅
H. A. Newkirk	..	87¹/₅	62¹/₆	77³/₅
F. N. Peet	79	86¹/₃	85¾	85⅔
G. W. Strell	..	56⅓	....	80³/₅
J. E. Strong	..	79	87⁵/₆	84⁴/₅

Holders of medals: Long distance fly, B. W. Goodsell; distance and accuracy, I H. Bellows; accuracy and delicacy, B. W. Goodsell; bait casting, Itha H. Bellows.

E HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Kentucky Fish Abundant.

MAYFIELD, Ky., May 8.—Never before were there so many fish in the small streams in western Kentucky. Last week a party of five spent the day on Clark's River, and in a few hours landed seventy-five nice trout. Now this may be a small catch for some waters, but it is extraordinarily large for Clark's River.

We fished just below a mill dam, where the water was not more than 8ft. deep.

I suppose the backwater from the Ohio has supplied the creek with its unusual amount of fine fish. HAYSEED.

ANGLING NOTES.

Fish Feeding.

IT is my belief that during the next few years the matter of feeding young and adult fish will command the attention of public and private fish breeders in this country to a greater extent than it has during any period in the past since artificial fish propagation has been practiced. It is natural that this should be so, as other branches of the work have occupied the attention of fishculturists until these branches having been perfected, as you may say, the problem of how best to rear the young and old fish in confinement, economically and in health remains to be solved. Not that the rearing of young fish to yearlings, or older, has not been practiced for years past, and has occupied the time and thought of fish breeders, but now it would seem as though they were concentrating their thought upon the discovery of the best and cheapest method of rearing and feeding fish fry, and maintaining stock fish.

Fish breeders in Europe have apparently devoted more time to solving this problem than the fish breeders in America, and this is explainable when we understand that their operations have been conducted on a small scale comparatively; for while they hatch thousands of fish in Europe we hatch them by millions in this country, or I might even say, by the hundreds of millions. Naturally under such conditions, while we have been perfecting plans for hatching fish on such a large scale, we have not devoted much time to the matter of rearing the fry after they are hatched. Within the past few days I have received several letters, which refer to the subject of feeding or rearing fish. One from Mr. Thomas Ford, Manor Fishery, Caistor, Lincolnshire, England, I quote from as follows: "For the last three or four years I have been feeding my trout from the fry stage up to my 12lbs. fish on a new system, at present used only by myself, and the results are most excellent. It is a perfectly natural food, and I have wholly discarded chopped liver and horseflesh. My fry have had no chopped liver for quite ten years. This will probably be news to you. This year my yearlings run up to 9in., and I sold a good lot from 4 to 8in., quite equal to the Scotch two-year-olds, and I got a good price for them, of course. I had smaller yearlings from smaller fish running from 3 to 6in. The last 500 yearlings, *fario*, I sent out were all from 4 to 8in., with the 9in. trout picked out for future breeders." We have no trouble to rear yearlings of 9in. in length on this side of the water, but it is not done on natural food. At the Cold Spring Harbor Station of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, and in the rearing ponds of the Rosapeague Club, near Smithtown, L. I., I have seen 9in. yearlings a-plenty, though neither are fed entirely on natural food. The latter are not fed on liver, but they are fed on beef hearts and salt water minnows (mummys).

Last year at the meeting of the American Fisheries Society at Battery Park Aquarium, New York, fish feeding was discussed at length, and the method of William Thompson, of Warren, Ind., was referred to, not entirely with the seriousness which it deserved. Mr. Thompson feeds his fish on meal of some sort, but the process of preparing his fish food has never been made public. Corn meal, cooked and mixed with chopped liver, is a fish food that has been tried by the State and by private breeders. In fact, I now recall a letter from a private breeder received a month or so ago on this very subject. The writer is Mr. H. Seymour Buckley, of Odessa, N. Y. He said: "I notice a discussion in the Transactions of the American Fisheries Society in regard to trout food in which is mentioned the Page method of feeding mush. I have been in this business only three years, but I have used the mush and liver during that time and consider it a very good and economical food. I also use blood with this mush. I rear only brook trout, and they take this food readily and thrive upon it. Fish fed upon this food can be eaten at any time without changing the food, as there is no bad flavor from it in the flesh of the trout like that of liver-fed fish. In fact the fish fed on mush and liver are superior to wild trout. I am supported in this statement by all who have eaten my fish. I have had no experience with other foods so I will not say that this heads the list, but I do know that it produces a fish whose flavor cannot be beaten." But I have wandered from Mr. Thompson. It is one thing to rear brook trout or salmon and quite another to rear shad or whitefish fry. The United States Fish Commission in its shad pond in Washington does rear shad fry from spring until fall, but does not feed the fry, as they subsist on the food generated by the plant life in the pond. Mr. Thompson writes me that by his method of feeding he rears whitefish to from 1½ to 3in. in length. This is a system of feeding artificial food, and he tells me he has furnished his food to the United States Fish Commission to rear 1,000,000 whitefish to June 1. If this is successful, it will be a long, long stride in the direction of solving the food problem so far as the delicate whitefish is concerned.

While I have been writing, a letter has come to me which has a bearing on this subject.

When the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission recommended in its report for 1895, that in the future no plants of German carp should be made in waters containing other fish, because it was no better than the common sucker, and instead of being a vegetarian, as was heralded when introduced from Europe, it had been convicted of spawn-eating; a New York newspaper commented upon the recommendation as unwise, and said that the carp had not been convicted of spawn-eating, or words to that effect. The letter just received is from a member of one of the best known private clubs in this country, and he is chairman of the hatchery committee of the club.

He says: "Years ago, acting on the advice of the U. S. Fish Commissioners, the club stocked a lake with carp on the assumption that they would provide food for the black bass, with which the lake was stocked. * * * The black bass has deteriorated. Some years ago the fair run was from ¾ to 1½lbs., with an occasional big one. I have raised and turned into the lake some thousands of black bass fry about 3in. long, yet the catch has proven smaller and smaller, now running about 8in., and a pound fish is the exception. There used to be shoals of minnows in the lake; these have entirely vanished, and last summer I did not see them at all. We were troubled by the numbers of yellow perch and pickerel. To see a pickerel now is an event, while the number of perch have wonderfully fallen off. I lay all this primarily to the

carp. They have increased enormously, and take very good care that no bass shall breed in the lake. *I have repeatedly seen them shove the bass off the nest and suck up the spawn*, and I imagine that every other spawning fish has an equally bad time." There is much that can be said about this state of affairs in the lake referred to, but I have quoted from the letter chiefly to show that there is some evidence that the carp is a spawn eater.

I have always believed that the New York commissioners were justified in their recommendation, and this is only one of a number of instances that have come to my personal notice to prove that the carp is most undesirable in waters where better fish would thrive if it were not for the carp. The writer of the letter informs me that a determined effort has been made to clear the carp out of the lake, but so far without success. It is the simplest of all simple matters to get an undesirable fish into a lake, and once in, it is the hardest kind of a matter to get the undesirable fish out without at the same time doing injury to the desirable fishes in the same water.

Color of Trout Flesh.

Col. Wm. L. Stone has made it plain to me that he means the flesh, and not the skin, of the trout when he said that the males are of one color and the females are of another. He writes: "I have just heard from my friend who lives at Beaver Lake, near the Boreas, and he says that it is the male trout whose flesh is white and the female a rich salmon." It will be interesting to investigate what the male and female trout of other lakes may show in the way of coloring of flesh. A. N. CHENEY.

QUEBEC ANGLING SEASON OPENED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The ice has gone out with a rush, and the fishing season has opened here much earlier than usual. Telegrams from Lake St. John report that the ice left the lake on Wednesday last, and that ouananiche are being taken in abundance by the habitants around the shore. This fishing is altogether with bait; but by the early part of next week the fish will undoubtedly rise well to the fly in the mouths of the Metabetchouan and Ouiatchouan rivers.

The ice left most of the smaller lakes along the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway over a week ago, and fly-fishing is now becoming good, but will be better in about a week. A party of prominent anglers from Syracuse, N. Y., arrived in town yesterday. They are members of the Triton Fishing Club, and are on their annual excursion to their fishing grounds in the Lake St. John region. The party consists of Mr. C. P. Gregory, proprietor of the Yates House in Syracuse, and vice-president of the club; Messrs. L. C. Smith, Fred Barnes, G. S. Larrabbee, M. C. Pierce, T. D. Wilkin, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Brown and H. E Gregory, Lake Edward, it just clear of ice, and soon the public may look for reports of the great red trout that are taken every spring out of its deep cold waters. Messrs. Samuel Dodd, W. B. Ives, W. B. Hall, W. B. Cashen, George A. Fay, Francis Stevenson, of Meriden, Conn.; Dr. George L Porter, William B. Hincks, George H. Johnson, of Bridgeport, and Mr. A. E. Foster, of New York, passed through here two or three days ago on their way up the line of the Lake St. John Railway to their club waters. Most of them are members of the well-known Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club, which has its club house at Kiskisink. The Messrs. R. R. McCormick and William McCormick, of Florida, who are annual visitors to this country, arrived here ten days ago and immediately proceeded to Lake Edward, where they have taken a cottage for the whole season. Here they will make their headquarters during the summer, first fishing Lake Edward for some time and then going to Lake St. John after ouananiche. Their wives, when not in the woods with them, will live either at Lake Edward or at the Roberval Hotel, for the two gentlemen of the party calculate this year upon making a long trip up the Peribonca River, and getting as nearly as possible to its waters.

The lakes in the immediate vicinity of the city have now been clear of ice for some time, and pretty good sport is reported from both Lake Beaufort and Lake St. Charles In the latter lake a Quebec angler, on Saturday last, took a gray trout or "laker" (*Salmo namaycush*) weighing 8½lbs. It rose to a Palmer-hackle. This is not the first instance of the kind that has occurred in this lake. Some few years ago, as related in "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," one of these fish, double as large as that above reported, was killed there by a fly-fisherman. The *namaycush* are only on the top of the water in the very first days of the season, while it is still quite cold, and it is probably only in quite northern latitudes that they are known to take the fly at all. The angler who killed this last fish hooked another and larger specimen on the same day, but lost it. That killed by him gave him about an hour's work. It made a long run upon feeling the steel and threatened to run out the whole line. After that it was simply weight that told. It resisted much as a pike does, and as it was taken upon light tackle, had to be finally towed ashore. Similar sport could no doubt be had in many of the lakes in which this fish abounds in the Lake St. John country, if properly sought, early in the season. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, May 15.

Florida Swordfish.

AT Fort Myers, Mr. E. Vom Hofe, of New York, on May 2 and 3, landed two large swordfish with rod and reel. The first measured 14ft. in length by 4½ft. in breadth, from fin to fin, and weighed 600lbs.; while the other measured 13ft. in length and weighed over 500lbs. The saws were 3½ft. long.

The fish were caught near Redfish Point, on the Caloosahatchee River, four miles below Fort Myers, and were taken while fishing for tarpon, on a No. 15 linen line and 14oz. split-bamboo rod. It took two hours to bring the largest fish to gaff. Mr. Vom Hofe has caught ten tarpon to date, five of which were taken in the waters about Fort Myers.

B.

Moosehead Fishing.

BANGOR, Me., May 14.—The Sterns party, of Bangor, in their first afternoon brought to Kineo 153 splendid square-tailed trout. Mr. Andrew was high line with thirty-two, and Mr. L. A. Perry, of Auburn, took the largest fish—2½lbs. Wednesday the party took 112, with Mr. Greenleaf as the heavy-weight catch, just 3lbs. GEO. M HOUGHTON.

THE MAINE FISHING.

BOSTON, May 15.—Parties for the trout waters of Maine are in order now that the lakes and ponds are all clear of ice. The last lake to clear was Rangeley, the ice leaving the 11th, or four days later than last year. Richardson cleared the 9th and Mooselucmaguntic on the 10th; these lakes each about four days later than last year. A number of sportsmen were already at the several accessible points on the Rangeleys and Moosehead, waiting for the ice to leave. Others started as soon as news of the ice leaving was received.

Senator W. P. Frye, of Maine, passed through Portland the other day *en route* for his camp, Lake Mooselucmaguntic. It is reported that he is at the head of a petition that is being circulated praying the commissioners to prevent deep-water bait fishing in all the Rangeley waters during July and August. The claim of the petition is that a great many large trout are destroyed by this fishing in the deep water of the lakes, the work being done with very long lines, at points that have been previously "baited up," as it is termed; minnows having been chopped up and thrown overboard for several days beforehand.

Thus far no great catches are reported from the Rangeley waters, the water being unusually cold. It is noted that the ice lingered longer than ever before after having actually broken up, indicating unusually cold water. Capt. Fred C. Barker writes from Bemis that he was two days in getting his little steamer up to the dam, at last succeeding after driving through miles of ice. Travel that way has started off with a rush, a through train from Boston in one day, direct to the heart of the Rangeleys, being appreciated.

Reports from Moosehead are of a crowd of sportsmen and good fishing. It is reported that at least 500 people are scattered among the principal hotels at Moosehead and at the private camps; a good many camping out, though it is early in the season for such dwelling out of doors.

Landlocked salmon at Dan Hole Pond, Ossipee N. H., are not a success so far this season. The R. O. Harding party, there last Saturday, did not get a fish. But the Fish Commissioners of the State were met and agreed to plans for further stocking and protecting the pond. More salmon are being taken at Webb Lake, Maine, and Lake Auburn is also doing better, with several good salmon there this week. Good reports are being received from the Winthrop, Me., lakes. The Bangor salmon pool has also started in to do better. The biggest salmon ever taken from that pool was three or four years ago, a 28 pounder. On Monday the next largest fish was taken there, one weighing 26½lbs. A Mr. Buck was the lucky captor. Mr. Burnett, who came from Scotland with the intention of fishing the Bangor Pool, took a week ago a 16lb. salmon. Later he has had better success, landing two or three salmon. Landlocked salmon fishing has started in well at Rangeley Lake, several catches already being reported, though no very large fish. W. B. Farmer, of Boston, has taken a 4lb. salmon there, and a trout of 3lbs. E F. Belding, of Fitchburg, Mass, has taken a salmon of 3½lbs. Fishermen from all over the country are coming in and scattering about the Rangeley waters. Two carloads of people were landed at Bemis before the ice was out, and fully as many more at Rangeley, via the Narrow Gauge.

The owners of private trout waters near Boston are making the best of them this year, and the reports are that fishing is better than usual. SPECIAL.

THE ICE GONE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The ice went out of the lake on the 5th.

I say "the lake," because there is for me only one lake that is *the* lake. There are thousands of bodies of water called lakes, and that some people think rather nice, but I have no interest in them. The Rangeleys, Moosehead, Lake St. John and all those do not attract me. Their fishes are not my particular friends, while in *the* lake I have no doubt there are thousands of trout that are just wagging their dear little tails and waiting for me to come and see how they have passed the winter. Probably they are less impatient than I am, for I don't see how I can wait more than a week longer, but as soon as they get accustomed to the new state of things I presume they will settle down to their usual occupations and never think of me at all. The weather and the water are too cold for me yet, although they may suit them very well.

I was going to wait for my Professor, but as, after having visited Como and Lugano and Maggiore, and found no lake like *the* lake, he has skipped over to Norway to see what that country has to offer, I cannot endure waiting much longer. But I know he is aching to get back, and when once he sets foot again on our native shores, I imagine he will only stop long enough to pick up the other Professor, and I shall have them both with me.

And then won't our camp be in a muddle! There will be books, pipes, tobacco, cameras, mathematical instruments, diagrams, boots, hats, knickerbockers, dead languages, carpenter's tools, writing material, and all sorts of things piled up on the tables and all over the floor. I never attempt to find anything of my own when those two are about. If I can pick my way into my bunk at night and out of it in the morning they are welcome to the rest of the establishment. You see I have to be awfully indulgent to them, and let them do about as they like. Their company is a good deal better than their room any day. And that reminds me that I must go to town and get some rockets and fireworks and things to greet them with when I hear their well-known jödel ring across the lake.

The boats are all painted, the canoes varnished, and the rods in order. I wait with what patience I can.

G. DE MONTAUBAN.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, May 10.

The Lampreys.

ITHACA, N. Y., May 13.—My attention has been called to a note of inquiry from a Baltimore, Md., correspondent, anent the lamprey and its ravages upon the fish supply of central New York waters, attention to which was recently directed through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

There are about twenty species or kinds of Lampreys known to science, and the "destructive lamprey" referred to in my article of recent date, is one of two species found in Cayuga Lake. It has been denominated the lake lamprey, and, appearing in a landlocked form, has been able to adapt itself to the inland fresh-water conditions throughout the year. The brook lamprey, also found hereabouts, is of a smaller form, and is said to be not injurious to fish.

Swift can no doubt obtain all the information of practical value he may wish for concerning lampreys, in an article on "The Lake and Brook Lampreys of New York," appearing in the *Wilder Quarter-Century Book*, 1893, and written by Prof. Gage, of Cornell, a conceded authority upon the subject. Or I dare say Mr. H. A. Surface, of Cornell, will cheerfully answer any questions relating to the lampreys which may be directed to him. M. CHILL.

Ohio Public Sentiment and Protection.

CHIEF WARDEN L. H. REUTINGER says of public opinion respecting game protection in Ohio:

"There were 492 arrests and 353 convictions made during the year 1896, and the total amount of fines collected was $6,898 72, which shows an increase over 1895 of 101 arrests; and 69 convictions and $2,188.52 of fines collected.

"Too much assistance cannot be given the wardens in this work, and I recommend that the law should be mandatory in requiring the prosecuting attorney of each county to give his support and assistance to the county wardens in the prosecution and enforcement of the fish and game laws. I have found during my brief experience that many prosecuting attorneys are very indifferent in rendering any assistance in this work to the county wardens. Whether because the compensation they receive is too small, or whether on account of the feeling that attends the enforcement of the fish and game laws, or both, I am unable to say. Hence the necessity of making it compulsory on the part of the prosecuting attorney.

"During my experience on Lake Erie I found that public sentiment existing in the counties bordering on the lake is adverse to enforcement of the fish and game laws, and that where a strong case is made against the offender it is more difficult to convict even though you have overwhelming evidence, and where you do find any persons that are friendly to the enforcement of the fish and game laws, they are afraid to openly express themselves for fear of doing injury to their business, etc.; thus you will see what difficulty attends the successful prosecution of the violators of the fish laws in these waters."

On the other hand, the Commissioners say: "We note an ever increasing sentiment in favor of fish and game protection. The laws enacted for the protection of fish and game throughout the State are more generally observed, and the fish and game wardens of the State are being better supported by public sentiment in their work than ever before."

Connecticut Trout.

HADDAM, Conn., May 15.—Trout in this section have been more plenty this season than for several years, thanks to the State, and our excellent Fish and Game Commissioners for furnishing the fry, and to the few who applied for it and for the past four years have replenished the small streams in this locality. The trout caught are small—many of them not exceeding the legal 6in. limit—but it is better than no fishing, and they are very sweet when nicely cooked.

This season has proved conclusively the efficacy of stocking streams to insure the continuance of trout in them. Four years ago I placed 6,000 fry in several small streams, and this year, on one of them, two rods in about an hour caught nine trout that weighed 4lbs. 10oz., and I have no doubt these were from the fry I planted in 1893. This year I have caused 12,000 fry to be planted in several small streams, and though the chances are sadly against my ever taking any of them, some good fellow, I hope, may enjoy the sport thus made possible. I have eaten fruit from trees planted by other hands.

I really do not know if our State Legislature has made an appropriation for furnishing trout fry for another year, but am under the impression it has not. Without this continued replenishing, trout in our streams will only be a remembrance instead of a reality, unless we make a close period for five years to get one season of fishing, and then repeat the close period. This might be a very sure way to gain a little fishing, but for an old fellow it would seem exceedingly slow. A.

Mending a Broken Tip.

BOSTON, May 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been some time since I have had anything to communicate to your readers, as circumstances have "chained me to business" so closely that fishing has been out of the question. However, a small matter came to my attention the other day while in conversation with some of our experienced anglers, and which may prove of the utmost value to some of your readers.

I casually mentioned my mode of repairing a split-bamboo tip when one is "Far from the haunts of men." To my astonishment I found that the idea had never occurred to my friends, so I take the liberty of giving it to any others, through your columns, who may unfortunately need it this summer. Its simplicity and thorough success will recommend it to all anglers.

Take a common goose quill, and after splitting it lengthwise spring it over the broken tip. Then note carefully how much will have to be cut out of the quill to make it fit snug round the tip Cut out a little more than is necessary to accomplish this, so that when you wrap the quill with the waxed silk, which all careful anglers carry, it will hug the fracture closely.

Any one who tries this will find that a good and rapid splice (?) can be made. I have a tip so mended with a toothpick that I have used for over ten years.

I expect to take a short trip after trout this summer, and will "report my luck" later. W. M. BROWN.

North Carolina Tarpon.

NEW BERNE, N. C, May 7.—A large school of tarpon has been playing in the sound below Beaufort and Morehead City, N. C., since May 1, and a specimen which weighed 128lbs. and measured 42in. in length was caught in a net by Capt. Sam Willis just off Fort Macon, which is something unusual; it is said they seldom school so far north. Sheepshead are abundant and large in these waters, and large catches are made. The Atlantic Hotel, at Morehead, has passed into the hands of a wideawake and wealthy New Berne syndicate. It easily accommodates 1,000 guests, and State associations of various kinds meet there every summer, where a spacious hall is provided.

C. H.

Chemung County Association.

THE Chemung County (N. Y.) Fish and Game Protective Association held their annual election April 24, and the following officers were elected: Dr. F. G. Dean, President; Aaron Seafuse, Treas.; Edward Ellison, Sec'y; Lee Knapp, Warden; John Huffman, E. M. Leverich and C. F. Young, Delegates. EDWARD ELLISON, Sec'y.

That Sebago Salmon.

PORTLAND, Me., May 14.—Just a word about a wonderful (?) salmon caught at Sebago recently. It has been widely advertised as weighing 21¼lbs, "the largest ever caught with a line," etc. While it is despicable to spoil the story of the true angler, the facts of this story ought to be known. The salmon was caught in Kettle Cove, Sebago Lake, three days after our return; was brought to this city, was seen by a number of salmon experts, both fishermen and salesmen, and I personally lifted the fish. It was not permitted to be weighed by anyone. It was said to have been 30in. long and 9in. deep. (My 11lb. salmon, weighed out of the water, was 28in. long and 8in. deep.) After being photographed it was taken to Davis's gun store here and there carefully weighed by reliable men. The true weight was 14¼lbs. The owners explain—now—the first statement by saying that when first weighed they used the old-fashioned steel yards, which, you know, has *two* hooks to hang the article to be weighed upon. The *wrong hook* was accidentally chosen, hence the difference. We get big fish enough up here in Maine without the need of such little errors.

STANLEY P. WARREN, M.D.

Rockland County, N. Y.

NEW YORK, May 11.—It may be of interest to fishermen who anticipate going trout fishing in Cedar Pond Stream, in Rockland county, to know that the fishing there this season is not good, and a novice will be very apt to go home without the smell of fish on his clothes. A party, consisting of Messrs. Nelson, Yale and myself, went out there last Saturday. We began fishing at the old chemical works, and fished down stream all day and caught only twenty-five trout; some were small, and some were of fair size, many would weigh ½lb. Mr. Nelson caught four, I caught one, and the rest were caught by Mr. Yale, who used the red brick Stony Point fly. J. J. REDNER.

Black Bass in Ontario.

CHARLESTON LAKE, Ont., May 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose the catch of landlocked salmon by several gentlemen from New Jersey at Charleston Lake this spring. In two days fishing Mr. R B. Reading took 29, Judge Woodruff 13, Mr. Montgomery 9, Mr. Gummere 18, Mr. W. S. Hancock 11, Col. Van Cleef 29. The average weight was 4¾lbs.

Mr. R. B. Reading had the pleasure of landing a 10lb. fish, a beauty, and in fact all the fish this season were of the finest quality. Messrs. Iffland and Wismer, of New Jersey, are also making a fine catch. W. H. LEAVITT.

Trout Torpidity in July and August.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some years ago I became satisfied that under certain conditions our brook trout were in the habit of lying torpid, particularly during the months of July and August, in waters where the bottom consisted of mud or ooze, and from further observations to ascertain how far this habit exists I am convinced that I was correct.

I would be glad to know whether this habit has been observed by others. X.

Not Bass Waters.

ALONG with the observance of the centennial of the consecration of Bishop Bass by the Episcopalians will be resurrected some of his wit and humor. He had his fund of jokes, and some of these have been preserved. Although born in Dorchester, he had some aversion about living there. Upon being remonstrated with for deserting his native place, he simply replied: "The brooks of Dorchester are not large enough for Bass to swim in."—*Boston Transcript.*

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., May 15.—The first bass of the season to be taken from the beach fell to the lot of Dr. G. B. Herbert, at Manasquan Inlet, during the past week; weight 6½lbs. The prediction of two weeks ago is verified in the fact that a flood of kingfish has struck the coast and has given the angler sport rarely met with thus early. The promises for coast fishing for June is most excellent, and will be responded to by the fraternity with full appreciation.

LEONARD HULIT.

Rhode Island Salt-Water Fishing.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 16.—Tautog fishing is growing better every day, and from the wharves and bridges in Warren, and on the regular fishing grounds off Pawtuxet, Nayatt and Warwick, they are being taken quite plentifully, although no large single catches are reported. With the advent of a week or so of warm weather, the catches, the fish and the stories will be larger. W. H. M.

Sullivan County (N. Y.) Trout.

NEVERSINK, Sullivan county, N. Y., May 10.—Two gentlemen from Brooklyn, stopping with H. W. Dean, caught out of the Neversink a very large mess of trout; some of them ran 1½lbs. They were caught on Monday, May 10. Prospects for good fishing this coming week.

HENRY W. DEAN.

St. Lawrence River Muscallonge.

MR. G. M. SKINNER tells us that 500,000 muscallonge fry were received by the Anglers' Association last week from the Caledonia fish hatchery. Part of them were put in the river at Clayton and the rest at Alexandria Bay. A 6in. specimen seen at Clayton the other day was supposed to be of the 1896 output.

A Reminder of Old Days.

ONE of the handsomest salmon ever seen was caught recently in the Connecticut River at Brockway, in Lyme, in a net. It would probably weigh about 18lbs.

IN June ex-Pres. Cleveland will fish in Thirty-one Mile Lake up the Gatineau (Quebec) where the Gatineau Fish and Game Club owns one of the finest fishing resorts on the continent. Ex-Secretary of War Lamont spent two weeks last year as a guest of the club.

Stocking New Jersey Waters.

THE latest report of Charles A. Shriner, State Fish and Game Protector, gives this summary of fish stocking in New Jersey:

Arrangements having been completed for the procuring of a lot of fish from Lake Erie, a number of wardens started for Toledo on April 16. Unfortunately a severe storm prevented fishing in the lake and there was a delay of several days. The wardens started for home on the 22d, and at Port Jervis 300 adult channel catfish, weighing from ½ to 2½lbs., were released in the Delaware River. At Paterson 100 channel catfish and 200 pike-perch were placed temporarily in one of the reservoirs of the Passaic Water Company, as it was feared that transporting these fish in their somewhat exhausted condition to distant points in New Jersey would be attended with unnecessary risk. These fish will shortly be transferred to other waters in the State. The main part of the consignment of fish was taken to Greenwood Lake, where there were released 700 pike-perch, 100 channel catfish and 16 white bass. The small number of white bass obtained was due to the prevailing cold weather. Of the fish removed from Lake Erie only eleven died in transit, and the success of the transportation is in a great measure due to the cheerful coöperation on the part of the Erie Railroad Company, which not only gave the use of a car and transportation of the wardens free of charge, but also provided fresh water and abundant ice wherever wanted.

In addition to the above stocking, there have been placed in Rancocas Creek, Burlington county, 68 black bass, 7 pickerel and 195 perch.

The work of propagating smelts has also been concluded for the season, 36,000,000 fry having been distributed in the Hackensack, Raritan and Delaware rivers, and Greenwood Lake.

Under the new law all constables, police officers, and all members of regularly incorporated societies for the protection of fish and game are empowered to make arrests and conduct prosecutions. Laws, the violation of which were hitherto punishable only in actions of debt, will be enforced under the new law. This feature of the law will prove of great advantage in the enforcement of the laws protecting fishing in Barnegat Bay, where hitherto only civil suits could be instituted for the recovery of penalties. The old law was little less than a farce, as violators of the law, as a rule cared little how many judgments were obtained against them as long as their personal liberty was not endangered.

Two Tons of Trout—But a Lifetime to Do It.

MR. GEORGE C. WASHBURN, of Hartford, Conn., exhibited a fine string of trout recently which he had caught in Green River, Columbia county, N. Y. He brought home sixty-four, which weighed 16lbs. The largest weighed 2¼lbs., another 2lbs, and there were several which tipped the scales at a pound. Mr. Washburn fished Thursday evening, Friday and Friday evening till 9 o'clock, at which time he captured the big trout in his private spot in the stream. The river is about the size of the Hockanum River, and the spring water dashes over a rocky bed. Where the water is deep it looks green, which accounts for the name of Green River. Mr. Washburn says the sport there is the best for ten years. He has fished in the river ever since he was five years old, and estimates he has taken from this stream about two tons of fish.—*Hartford Times.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 1.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, Morris, Man
Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

INSTINCT VS. REASONING.

ROSSVILLE, S. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Wade is right—so long as the essential is not involved—when he says that "we all admit that there is a wide difference between the mentalities of man and the lower animals." Nor am I much disposed to question that, as he says: "There are acts involving reasoning so low in reasoning requirements as to be within the compass of the mentalities of the most degraded human beings, and yet are entirely beyond the powers of the most intelligent animals." I doubt it, however. It seems to me that it would be more nearly true to say that the highest lower animals would most likely see dimly what the lowest human beings see clearly—if the lowest human beings see anything involving reason clearly.

The human mother is quieted quite as certainly by something which strongly reminds her of her lost child as is the cow, in the illustration adduced by Mr. Wade, by the skin of her calf stuffed with hay. Suppose that what strongly reminds the mother of her dead child is a book, she at once begins reading the book, which she may have scolded her child for tearing or soiling, as certainly as the cow will "proceed to eat the hay with which the skin was stuffed."

I have enough evidence to fill an issue of FOREST AND STREAM to prove that the lower animal knows the difference between a dead person and one living. It seems to me that in the cases mentioned both the human and the bovine mothers are appeased through the imagination—the object bringing the loved one back so vividly that it is for the time a real subjective presence, and as that subjective presence gradually fades away the contents of the object takes the mother's attention—in one case the hay, in the other the words

The monkey has intelligence enough to take advantage of the fire which man starts. But Mr. Wade seems to doubt that a monkey has reason enough to start a fire. Here is an instance which proves that he is wrong. A gentleman owned a monkey, who hated the hired man. This man one day left his window open. The monkey entered the man's room, unscrewed the top from a lamp, poured the kerosene oil with which the lamp was filled over the man's bed, struck a match, set fire to the oil and so nearly burned the barn, in which the room was, that it was only saved by the accident of the master's seeing smoke as he returned from a drive with a clerical friend. The scamp of a monkey had taken advantage of a general absence of the male portions of the family and the help to wreak its vengeance. It seems to me that that monkey knew a good deal about lighting a fire and also about the combustibility of a certain fuel.

Mr. Wade may say that the monkey could never have thought far enough to invent the match, and that it must have been taught to strike the match. As to the first objection, among men there are not many inventors, and they generally come accidentally upon their most important discoveries As to the monkey's being taught to strike the match, I doubt that any one would teach so mischievous a creature to do so dangerous a thing. Suppose, though, that the monkey was taught to both strike a match and to unscrew the top of a lamp, it must have discovered the combustibility of the oil for itself. Or, admitting that it was shown the combustibility of kerosene oil—admit, which can hardly be, that it was taught severally every element of its act of incendiarism—still it must have put those elements together under the influence of hatred. And I submit that in so doing it reasoned as essentially as did Edison when he put the things that he knew together and produced the phonograph. It is not the question of how much a lower animal reasons, nor of in what sphere it reasons, that I am discoursing, but as to whether it reasons.

In a letter in the same column with that of Mr. Wade, in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, Von W. expressed the hope that all the correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM may meet in the body as they do from week to week in spirit. That wish I heartily reciprocate.

CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

As the subject has come before us whether or not the brutes have reason, I ask an attempt to convince some that they must not be too sure that they have not We may ask, in the outset, just when the reasoning faculty begins to act in man. I will not attempt to answer this question, but leave it with your readers. But let us take the infant of a few days. It puts its hand into the fire and weeps from pain. If it is not removed from the cause of its suffering it will put its hand into the fire again and again. Why? Because, as we express it, it has not sense (reason) to define the cause of its suffering and conclude to refrain from the action that brought its hand in contact with the fire. But wait a few months. It again feels the pain from heat. It cannot be induced to touch the fire again. Why? Because, as we say, it has sense (reason) to define the cause and refrain from touching fire. Its thoughts, expressed by words, would be: Now I must not put my hand into that flame or I shall be burned, as I was before. There has been an inference drawn from premises. If I understand it, instinct implies no logical deduction, being entirely distinct from reason in that the latter alone forms conclusions from premises. I now turn to the brute. He feels the pain from heat and learns to shun the cause of his pain. Has he not reasoned that a repetition of an act that gave him distress will pain him again?

I wish to teach my dog to jump over my arm. I give the command. He does not obey. I then put some meat on the floor. He dodges under my arm to get it; but I prevent, and reprove him. I try again. He attempts to run under my arm and I thwart his purpose by lowering my arm, and he has to jump over it to get what he desires; and he gets it. He soon learns that I mean he shall jump, and that by jumping he may have his food. He has learned a lesson. Whatever view others may have, I cannot do otherwise than regard teachableness as implying the existence of reason, be it in greater or lesser degree.

The difference our Creator has made between man and beast I regard to be this: Man has a high order of the faculty of ratiocination; the brute has a low order of reason. Man has a sense of moral obligation; the brute is devoid of it, *i. e.*, he cannot be made to understand the moral wrong of an act; he is incapable of moral conscientiousness.

N. D. ELTING.

A LOUISIANA FOX HUNT.

NORWOOD, La.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our fox hunting and quail shooting are very fine, and I want to describe one of our hunts to your family of readers. We seldom hunt foxes until the latter part of December, as the cover is very heavy and the mornings too hot for the dogs.

We had an ideal morning in February; there was a splendid white frost covering everything, while the ground was just slightly frozen, with just enough spice in the air to bring a tinge of red to your nose and ears, while the moon and stars vied with one another in their brightness. Truly, it was a glorious morning.

We were to meet at 5 o'clock at a trysting place agreed the evening before; so, after a cup of coffee I mount my horse, and as the sharp sound from the frozen ground as it is struck by his feet rings out in the crisp morning air, you can feel the blood surge to your finger tips.

I was first at the tryst, but soon I could hear the shrill notes of Mr. James's horn winding through the distance, answered by the melodious voices of the hounds, and scarcely had he joined us before the deep bass of Mr. Palmer's horn was heard as he approached us from the opposite direction, and as our course lays in his direction we turn to meet him. Scarcely had we gone 200yds. before the quiet of the morning is broken by the musical voice of one of the younger hounds, and then we are all on the *qui vive;* for should it be a fox soon we will hear Rambler or Dixie, who never give voice unless it be a fox. Yes, there they go, both of them, and he can't be far ahead, for they are going rapidly, and we follow in a brisk gallop. One by one the other dogs drop in until the invigorating music burst forth with such volume from the pack of thirty hounds, that it raises the hair on one's head, and try as you may, you just can't keep from cheering. On we go through open fields and pine woods. The increased speed of the pack tells us that the fox is up now. Your horse becomes enthused with the pleasure and champs the bit and tugs at the reins for his head, but you are fain to let him loose since you must husband his wind so as to be in at the catch. Faster and faster we go as the music swells with increasing volume. Day is just breaking and the red of the approaching sun lights up the land in all of its beauty. 'Tis a splendid sight as the sun glistens on the tops of the pines covered with frost.

Now we strike a broad roadway, and for about a mile the clatter of the horses' feet reminds one of the finish on some of our large race tracks. The dogs are nearly out of hearing, and we all stop to listen, with the horses pawing and impatient of the delay. The dogs are circling and we must beat them to a certain point, for now is the time to get the first

glimpse of the fox. Off we go at full speed, and those who have the best horses leave the others behind. We reach a point where we think he will pass, and stop with eyes and ears open while the beat of the heart sounds like a drum, so loud and fast does it beat with excitement. There he is, a perfect beauty as he comes with long leaps, his tail curled over his back, only playing as yet with the mouthy pack, who are fully 400yds. behind. We wait to see them pass, and here they come with Rambler, a noble specimen, fully 15yds. in the lead Oh, ye Gods, did ever such music come from musical instruments as does from this pack as they go by at full speed, followed by the cheers of all of us!

On we go for a couple of miles more. Keeping up with dogs, over fences and through the brushwood, when stop. The fox is up to his cunning. The dogs have passed 30 or 40yds. over the trail. The music ceases and they scamper here and yonder until some dog, old at the sport, goes back for some distance and give tongue hard. They all hurry back, while the echo from their mingled voices sounds from the hills close by.

The fox has taken a course at right angles to the former one, and we sit and listen, for the fox has been running for forty or fifty minutes, and must be tiring, and will now resort to his many tricks, making short turns here and there, and doubling back on his own trail. He has turned again and will cross that field to our left. We make for the field and try to judge at what point he will cross, when here he comes up that bridle path. He is becoming tired now. He does not leap so far, and his tail, which at the start was held high in the air, is gradually lowering and soon will be dragging the ground.

He doubles again and makes that fence that separates the open field from the woods, walks up the fence for a piece and then gathers all his strength for one leap.

He succeeds for awhile in throwing the dog off and gains some little distance. Soon they are on the trail again and for the next mile there is no break in the cry of the pack, when suddenly there is a sharp turn, the fox is tired now and will try the protection of the canebrakes and brier patches; but the dogs are too numerous, and soon he has to give up his shelter. As he comes out his brush is dragging the ground and his leaps are slow; but the dogs are tiring, too, and they have a cunning foe. He makes a broom sedge field and lies down, while on the dogs come, followed by the hunters, full of excitement, for they expect to catch in this field; but not so; for on the dogs go, when suddenly the fox is up and back under the very feet of your horse, and makes for the cane again.

The dogs are soon called back and once more force him out of the brush, and with one last effort he attempts to cross that open field. He has about 30yds. the start of the dogs, but on they come, and now excitement runs high. The distance between fox and dogs is decreasing. They see the fox now and are using every effort to catch him, amid the cheering of the huntsmen; they have him now, and with one squeal and a few bites for the dog he yields up the ghost.

The first man up is down and has the fox, holds him up for inspection, while a long blast of the horn announces that the hunt is over; and while we await those who were not fortunate enough to keep up we discuss the merits of various dogs, horses and riders, and then off home to breakfast, with appetites that would do justice to any cook. And all of us declare that fox hunting is one of the finest sports on earth, and so would your many readers if they would come and try it with us.

S. J. PERKINS, M.D.

Dogs for Alaska.

EDGAR, Neb., May 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM for April 24 I notice that Podgers takes exception to the story that persons are buying dogs in Oregon to send to Alaska, and makes the charge that such dogs are no good in the far North only as they may be used for food.

Now I believe I will take issue with friend Podgers, and say that the large Newfoundland and St. Bernard dogs are better for all purposes than the Eskimo dog, and that they will travel greater distances in the same length of time, and drag a larger load.

Rev. Mr. Young in his work "By Canoe and Dog Train," on page 94, says that he surprised the missionary secretaries by his "unique request" for the large dogs, but says he finally secured them, and then says: "I found by years of experience that the St. Bernard and Newfoundland dogs had all the good qualities, and none of the defects of the Eskimo. By kindness and firmness they were easily broken in, and then a whip was only an ornamental appendage of the driver's picturesque costume. Of these splendid dogs I often had in my possession, counting old and young, as many as twenty at a time. The largest and best of them all was Jack, a noble St. Bernard. He was black as jet, and stood over 33in. high at his foreshoulder. When in good working trim he weighed about 160lbs.

"He had no equal in all that northern land. No blizzard storm, no matter how fickle and changeful, could lead him off from the desired camping place, even if the courage of other dogs failed them, and even though the guides gave up in despair."

Though I have never used dogs myself, I know that many large dogs are used in the far North, and I have the pictures of several dog teams that were taken at Edmonton, N. W. T., where they had come down to trade from the North, and they are all large dogs.

H.

The Tale of a Brindle Dog.

GREENBRIAR, Ala.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A pathetic and singular story of a dog's devotion is creating considerable excitement and no end of pleasurable horror among the negroes of this neighborhood just at this time. Not having witnessed any of the incidents about to be related, I can vouch for their truth only upon the evidence of the "colored man and brother," which is superabundant.

An old "Afriker nigger," whose name is just Billy, who claims to be a centenarian, and who has long been reverently regarded as a witch by his race, about a month ago was stricken with pneumonia. Whether from fear of charms and spells or from the apathetic fatality with which the negro regards sickness and death, is uncertain, but the fact remains that the old fellow for three long weeks of suffering lay in his cabin absolutely unattended and alone, save for the companionship of his dog, a small brindle cur, and a visit, tremblingly paid once a day by a single colored woman who allowed her kindness of heart to overcome her terror of the fancied supernatural.

Finally one morning last week old Billy died, the negroes say "stiff"—there is no doubt about it. The alarm was given, and those of his acquaintance gathered from far and near. Such a rousing wake has not been held in North Alabama in years. Visitors came from twenty miles, and at midnight, when the preachers had encouraged religious excitement to the height of frenzy, the shouting of the "happy" could be plainly heard for three miles.

What followed I will relate as near as possible in the language of the Rev. Toney Moore, a colored minister, and my most reliable informant:

"Yer see, sah, Brer Billy, when he got ole, wus pow'ful swi'grus—de folks 'lowed he tricked 'um, an' dey 'us natu'ly skeert ob 'im enny how. So 'twus, dese menny years, dar hain't no boddy but Sis' Milly, an' dit leetle dorg had much ter do wid 'im. Sis' Milly 'ud 'tend ter im when he 'us poly, an de dorg stuck ter 'im all de time. Why sah; when we went ter put Brer Billy in de coffin, dat dog fit so an' med sich er ter do dat we try an' tie 'im, an' he bit an' snapt so dat we c'u'dn' do dat, so we driv' im out de house wid er stick, an' one de brudders had ter jes' stan' dar an' keep 'im out.

"Den when we went ter put de coffin in de wagin de dorg went ravin' mad. I neber heaya sich howls in all my time, an' do what we c'u'd, he stayed right dar 'longside er de pall-bearers an' howl and howl. Now, sah, I know Brer Billy wus dead—Ise seed lots er dead folks, but jes' as we 'us liftin' de coffin in de wagin we felt sumpin' movin' in dar an' den we heaya Brer Billy say, an' he spoke up loud:

"'Who dat hit my dorg?'

"Man! we drap dat coffin lack hit burnt us. Hit want nufin but popler, an' when hit hit de groun' hit bust wide open, an' Brer Billy sot up an' gin ter cuss lack all percessed, an' de dorg, he jump on 'im an' lick 'is face an' look lack he smile, he dat glad.

"Heeps o' de wimmin des drap in dey tracks, an' yer neber heayr sich er terdo as dar wus wid de screamin' an' runnin'. I warnt skeert, but sumhow I wus nigh er mile erway fo' I cud stop runnin' an' go back an' mack dem fool folks put Brer Billy back ter bed

"Arter all dat ter do we sont fur er doctor. Brer Billy grins ter be erbout fo' menny days an' de doctor say he 'spec he lib er nuther hundred years, dat is ef dat dorg lib ter keep folks frum puttin' 'im in de groun' fo' he do die." H.

American Dachshund Club.

CHICAGO.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The American Dachshund Club held its seventh meeting May 6 in Chicago. The financial report was accepted as read. Mr. Edward A. Manice, Pittsfield, Mass., joined the club. The club will offer two cups, value $50 each, for best American-bred dog and bitch (each cup to be won three times by three different dogs before becoming the property of the winner). Officers of the club were elected as follows: Louis Boening, President; C. M. Trowbridge, Vice-President; A. Froembling, Secretary; Dr. C. Motschenbacher, delegate A. K. C.

A. FROEMBLING, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Our Dogs (England) in its notes, under the head of "Dogs in Dollarland," has the following: "The chief question agitating the American kennel world at present appears to be a threatened action for libel against FOREST AND STREAM, which some time ago published a statement that a brace prize had been awarded by Mr. C. H. Mason, not on merit but to animals belonging to Mr. F. S. Stedman, who acted as Mr. Mason's ring steward at the show, the suggestion being made that the award was obtained by trickery in the ring, ribbons or such like distinguishing mark having, it is alleged, been fastened to the collars of the dogs which had to win, etc." The foregoing is most admirably correct with the following exceptions: The matter is not the chief question, the American kennel world is not agitated over it, there is no threatened action for libel against FOREST AND STREAM, we never published the statement as asserted above. However we are pleased to see our contemporary so energetic in publishing "news."

IN our advertising columns will be found the full programme of the Continental Field Trial Club, as it relates to the chicken trials. The Minnesota Derby and the Northwest Stake will be run probably in Traverse county, Minnesota, to suit the convenience of the local sportsmen who support those stakes. The Secretary, Mr W. S. Bell, informs us that the prospects look bright for a good list of entries.

Wheeling.

WHEELING NOTES.

PAPER has long been used for making car wheels, and now a Connecticut Yankee turns up with an invention for paper bicycle wheel rims.

Long, tapering strips of paper, first made waterproof and covered with cement, are wound upon a mandrel, and afterward pressed into crescent-shaped cross sections to receive the tire. The rims are said to be light and strong, and to have a decided advantage over wood, in that they will not split.

The passenger committee of the Trunk Line Association makes the official statement that such railroads as have their own lines between New York and Chicago will carry bicycles as personal baggage between these points Eastern lines, such as the New York Central, West Shore, Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, check them only to Buffalo, where they may be rechecked to Chicago or intermediate points over the Western connections of these lines.

There seems to have been a general shakeup in the Eastern lines since the New Jersey bicycle baggage bill became a law.

Connecticut has a rather odd law aimed at practical jokers, habitual borrowers, and others who are not inclined to respect the rights of bicycle owners. According to this law, anyone who uses a bicycle without the owner's express permission may be fined not more than $50, or imprisoned not more than three months. Evidence of an intention to misappropriate the bicycle is not necessary for conviction under this law, and it is only required to show that it was taken without leave. Another section of the law provides a specific penalty for theft.

"A practical engineer and bridge builder," says the *Wheel*, "spent some of his evenings recently in figuring out for his own amusement just how much a bicycle ought to weigh. When he had finished his figuring the lowest estimate of what a wheel should weigh to carry the ordinary rider safely he could make, according to his training, was 60lbs., and that, he said, he would hesitate to guarantee. Cycle makers started at the bridge builder's estimate ten years ago, but now by practical experience they have found that they can safely build a road wheel to weigh as little as 22lbs., and in some cases even less The change has been a gradual one, rendered possible partly by a great number of important inventions and partly by the exact knowledge, secured by experience, of where the machine can safely be lightened. The diamond frame, the wood rim and the pneumatic tire have been the principal inventions which have resulted in the decreased weight, the first two being lighter themselves, and the last allowing a general cutting in the weight of the metallic parts by doing away with vibration, which is of course most trying to metals. In addition to this the experience of years has shown exactly the parts which bear the greatest strain, so that the others can be lightened. In all of this the bicycle differs from most other machines, which have a certain uniform margin of safety—that is, excess of strength—throughout. In the bicycle this is graduated according to the possible strain on the machine. In some places, where no sudden strain can possibly come, there is an excess strength of only some 25 per cent. In others, which are likely to be subjected to great pressure, the bicycle is four times as strong as is necessary to carry its load. In a general way the front part of the bicycle is the one which must be made especially strong, because in collisions and most all accidents which are likely to occur to a wheel it is the front portion that suffers the most. Besides, a man, on general principles, would prefer not to take too many chances of breaking his neck or leaving his classic features in the road by a header. A man has only one neck and his supply of features is limited. It is necessary, also, to have the parts about the crank-shaft unusually strong, because it is there that the strain of driving comes. From this point upward and backward the proportionate strength is gradually decreased."

In Rochester the street railways have taken up the rôle of Good Samaritan to unfortunate wheelmen. In the case of accident, either to the wheel or rider, the wheelman is permitted to board a car and take his bicycle with him. The injury, of course, must be self-evident, and not more than one bicycle will be carried on any one car.

In San Francisco street cars have been giving tired or unlucky riders a "lift" for some time past.

In Paris, it appears, there is a pound for lost bicycles. Bicycles, as a rule, are brought to this place by the police, and for a variety of causes not always specified. As a rule, however, the owner has infringed the law in some respect. Perhaps he has ridden without a light, or perhaps he has no plate on his wheel inscribed with his name and address.

Sometimes clever thieves have been known to take advantage of the pound to give them a title to stolen wheels. Having gotten possession of a bicycle, they take it to the police, saying:

"Here is a machine that I saw abandoned at a late hour last night in the street. Of course, I have no use for it, and here it is. Will you take care of it?"

The police send it to the pound, and if the owner is not heard from after a certain time a notice is sent to the person bringing it in, and he can then come and take it away. He has a safe title to the wheel, and can dispose of it or keep it, as he likes.

Truly, a veneer of honesty is the best policy for the bicycle thief.

When the bill defining the penalty for stealing a bicycle came up in the Massachusetts Legislature the other day, an enthusiastic member offered an amendment making the penalty imprisonment for life. This gentleman, no doubt, had a weather eye on the bicycle vote; but if the man wants to make himself truly popular with the wheelmen he will introduce a bill providing capital punishment for scorchers.

B. Waters on a Wheel.

THE dog editor is wooing the fickle bicycle. He will be the ninth wheelman on the FOREST AND STREAM force, provided he survives and does not get in jail. He has just had his first experience on the street.

From the standpoint of a public rehearsal, it was a success, and spectators assert that his performance was very entertaining. In his repertory were included the grapevine twist and other specialties, such as riding up on the sidewalk without dismounting, crawling through the frame of the wheel while in motion, getting off over the handle-bars, scratching his ear with one foot while balancing, etc.

While in the midst of his performance a colored woman with two children essayed to cross the street, thinking that the rider was going in the opposite direction.

At that moment, however, he turned and swiftly bore down upon the youngest, his mother's particular pet, who was trailing behind. Johnnie gave a yell and tried to join his mother, but he was adroitly cut off from the parental succor by an inshoot toward the curb, which gave the wheelman the inside track.

"Hi there! Get out of the way," ejaculated the great dog writer, who was gritting his teeth and sawing at the handle bar. "You don't want me to run over you, do you?"

The boy made a dash for the other side of the street, and his mother on the sidewalk turned the color of a bilious squash as she saw the bicycle turn and follow him.

Before the boy could gain the sidewalk the wheelman had gotten ahead of him, and he made another frantic turn to escape, but the wheel turned too Run which way he would the bicycle was on top of him, and every dodge and twist he made was duplicated.

Finally Johnnie gave up, thinking he would rather be run over and die than endure the suspense. His mother gave a shriek and fainted. The bicycle still pointed at Johnnie, but when within about 6in. of his bare heels it abruptly came to a standstill, and its rider dismounted.

"Johnnie," said the rider, "I am worse scared than you are. Let's call it even."

In explaining the incident afterward he explained that he had not been able to take his eyes off the boy, and that the bicycle had followed his trail like a hound. "When I tried to back pedal," he added, "the thing went faster, but at the last it stopped of its own accord."

He furthermore said that he didn't think he could duplicate the fancy curves he had made while chasing the boy for a $50 bill, and also that his next bicycle ride will not be in public.

J. B. B.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

FIXTURES.

MAY.

29-30-31. Buffalo, opening cruise, Port Colborn.
31. Minnetonka, open race, Lake Minnetonka.
31. Cor. Baltimore, club, Chesapeake Bay.
31. Atlantic, opening sail, New York Bay.
31. New Jersey, opening sail, New York Bay.
31. Brooklyn, opening sail, New York Bay.
31. Fall River, open, Mount Hope Bay.

JUNE.

5. Atlantic, Adams cups, New York Bay.
5. Buffalo, opening cruise, small classes, Port Albino.
12. Brooklyn, annual, New York Bay.
12. Atlantic, special, New York Bay.
12. Buffalo, pennant, Lake Erie.
1 . Gravesend Bay, annual, New York Bay.
15. Atlantic, annual.
17. Corinthian Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
19. Marine and Field, open, New York Bay.
19. Columbia, annual, Hudson River.
26. Buffalo, ladies' day, Lake Erie.
26. Gravesend Bay, cruise, New York Bay.
26. Atlantic, Adams cups, New York Bay.
26. Brooklyn, first special, New York Bay.

JULY.

4. Larchmont, annual, Long Island Sound.
3-4-5. Buffalo.
5. Cor. Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
3-10. Brooklyn, annual cruise, Long Island Sound.
Atlantic, annual cruise, Long Island Sound.
8. Rendezvous at Riverside; sail to Morris Cove.
9. Morris Cove to New London.
10. New London to Shelter Island.
11. At Anchor, Shelter Island.
13. Fall River, ladies' day, Mount Hope Bay.
17. Cor. Marblehead, 1st cham., Massachusetts Bay.
24. Brooklyn, special, New York Bay.
31. Gravesend Bay, cruise, New York Bay.

AUGUST.

4-5-6 Cor. Marblehead, midsummer series, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Cor. Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Buffalo, club, Lake Erie.
—. New York Y. C. cruise.
14. Cor. Marblehead, 2d cham., Massachusetts Bay.
14. Brooklyn, special, New York Bay.
24. Minnetonka, Inter-Lake races, Lake Minnetonka.
25. Fall River, open, Mount Hope Bay.
28. Cor. Marblehead, 3d cham., Massachusetts Bay.
28. Buffalo, 27ft. and smaller classes, Lake Erie.
28. Gravesend Bay, cruise, New York Bay.
28. Brooklyn, special, New York Bay.

SEPTEMBER.

4-5-6. Buffalo, cruise, Lake Erie.
6. New York, Y. R. A. annual, New York Bay.
6. Fall River, club, Mount Hope Bay.
6. Cor. Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Gravesend Bay, special, New York Bay.
9. Pacific Y. C., annual, San Francisco Bay.
11. Brooklyn, sail-off, New York Bay.
11. Buffalo, ladies' day, Lake Erie.
25. Buffalo, closing cruise, Lake Erie.

SECRETARIES of clubs and of regatta committees are requested to send early notice of fixtures and other events; and also of decisions of protests, etc. We shall be glad to receive copies of club books.

THE American papers are making entirely too much of the Royal Ulster banquet and the absurd talk of a challenge for the America's Cup; they have, to all appearances, forgotten the miserable fiasco of the "Distant Shore" challenge, with its similar post-prandial origin and the "dark brown taste" which marked its speedy withdrawal. It must be remembered that this Irish dinner took place, not in "Greater New York," but a free country, where no Raines law exists to curb the enthusiasm of the speakers.

IF the reports in some New York papers are to be credited, a great deal of labor and money has been most unnecessarily wasted in the preparation of yachts to challenge for and defend the Seawanhaka cup. If, as positively stated, one of the new boats on her trial trip has made a speed between known points of 13.5 miles per hour, it is hardly worth while to hold trial races, and the holders of the cup might as well express it to Oyster Bay and turn their new fleet to any use for which it may be fitted other than international racing. We do not wish to throw doubt upon our contemporaries, not even to the extent of intimating that the measuring and timing may have been done after the methods used in connection with high-speed steam yachts; but at the same time we cannot forget the fairy tales of last spring, of the phenomenal speed of the first new 15-footers.

YACHT DESIGNING.—XIX.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 335.)

THE *triangle*, Fig. 34, called in English the *set square*, is a simple but very useful instrument; used in connection with the *straightedge* or *T square*, a great deal of work may be accomplished as accurately, and much more rapidly, than by the regular geometrical constructions. It is used for drawing lines at certain fixed angles, and also for drawing parallel lines. One of its three angles is always a right angle, thus serving to draw a perpendicular to the *straightedge* against which it rests. The other two angles may be equal, or 45° each; or one may be of 60°, and one of 30°. At least two sizes of each, the 45° and the 60 and 30°, are desirable. The value of the *triangle* depends upon the absolute truth of its angles, and the straightness of its sides. The extreme points of the angles are of no consequence, they cannot be kept intact and they are of little use; but the three sides should be straight, and at the proper inclination to each other. The *triangles* are made of the same materials as the *straightedges;* if of wood, they should be built up with the edges faced, and not of a single solid piece. Rubber and celluloid are the best materials, being lighter and more convenient to handle than metal; but a 45° *triangle* of the largest size, 12 to 16in. on each of the shortest edges, is a great convenience if it can be depended upon as absolutely accurate; and for this end metal, either steel or german silver, is more reliable than wood, rubber or celluloid. Such a *triangle* should be used with the greatest care, as even metal may be damaged by an accidental blow or fall, and with any impairment of the accuracy of the angles, or even a nick in an edge, the instrument is of little use.

With the three simple instruments, *straightedge, T-square,* and *triangle,* all straight ruling can be done, but there is certain work that can be done much more quickly with more complicated instruments. For drawing a large number of parallel lines close together, as in shading, there is the *parallel ruler,* two straightedges fastened together by two links of equal length, thus being always parallel when moved to or from each other. This instrument is indispensable in navigation and chart work, being used to transfer the compass bearings from the *rose* or *compass* to other parts of the chart; it is, however, by no means indispensable in practical drafting; the same work can be done better with a pair of triangles.

A similar instrument is the *rolling parallel ruler,* a straightedge fitted with a roller underneath, on which it may be

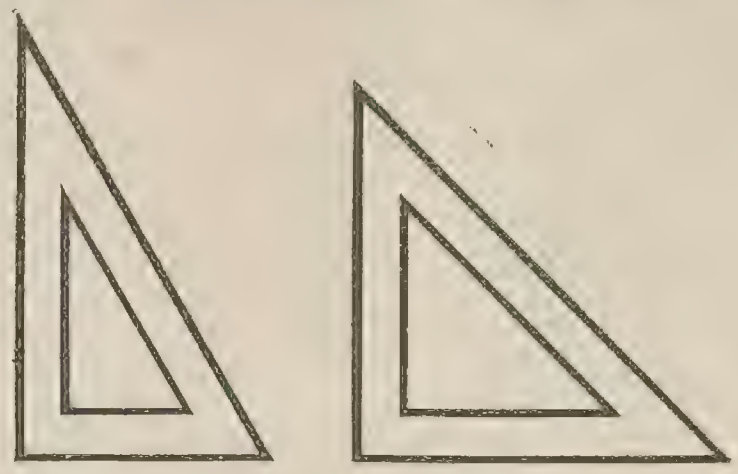


FIG. 34.

Triangle—60 and 30 degrees. Triangle—45 degrees.

moved back and forth in parallel lines. While useful at times, if at hand, neither of these are, in ordinary practice, worth what they cost.

The *section liner* consists of a straightedge, either a flat metal ruler or a round bar, with weights to keep it in place on the paper; a carriage travels from end to end of the bar, moved by a gear which engages a rack cut in the bar. This carriage has a second straightedge of rubber that can be set and clamped at any angle to the guide bar. A pawl and ratchet on the carriage regulates the distance of each movement, so that lines may be drawn at equal distances apart by throwing the pawl out of gear, the carriage may be moved any desired distance. With the pawl in gear, the instrument is used for *shading* and *cross-sectioning,* where many lines at small and equal distances are required. With the pawl out of gear, it becomes practically a *T square,* and is very useful for putting in a number of parallel lines, as in details of cabin work, etc. Such an instrument, costing $8 to $10, is very useful in an office where much drawing is done, but of course is not essential to the amateur's outfit.

It would appear upon first inspection that the drawing of straight lines was an easy matter compared with curves; but such is not the case. To draw a number of lines that shall be perfectly straight and spaced with absolute accuracy in regard to position and distance requires the best of tools and some skill in using them. A little practice in plotting lines of certain definite lengths and parallel or perpendicular to each other, as will be described later in connection with the laying off of the paper for a design, will show how very difficult it is to obtain the desirable degree of accuracy. On the other hand, these straight lines once drawn, the curves, both of short and long radius, may be run in comparatively quickly. The instruments for drawing curves are of four kinds:

Compasses and trammels.
Set Curves.
Splines or Battens.
Adjustable Curve Rulers.

The first of these, to be described later, as they are to be classed as *marking* instead of *ruling instruments,* are adapted only to curves which are true circles or parts of circles; for radii of 6in. or so, the *compass* is used, with a lengthening bar giving an additional 3 or 4in. of radius; for longer radii, up to a dozen feet if necessary, the *beam compass,* or *trammel,* is used.

The *set curves,* which are used in all classes of mechanical

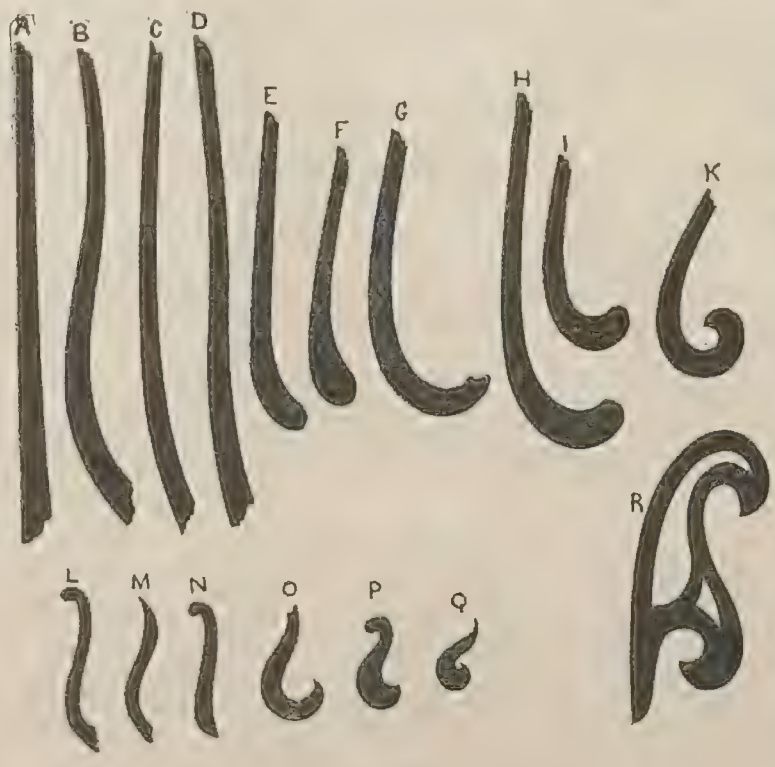


FIG. 35.

Copenhagen Ship Curves.

drafting, but especially in marine drafting, are *patterns, moulds* or *templets* of wood, metal, rubber or celluloid of a great variety of shapes. What are known the world over as "*Copenhagen Ship Curves*" were originally designed especially for marine drafting, each curve being calculated according to geometrical formulæ. The full set contains 120 curves, and in rubber costs about $65; the same curves may be obtained in wood at about two thirds of this price. The largest, about 24in. long, cost from $1 to $1.25 each in rubber, and 65 to 75 cents in wood; the smallest, only 2 or 3in. in length, cost about 25 cents in rubber. These curves are now to be had in celluloid, the price being about one-fifth greater than rubber.

Anything like a full set of ship curves is found only in the drafting rooms of large establishments, and even then there are many that are but seldom needed. While as large a collection as possible is always convenient, it will be found in practice that a comparatively small number will be sufficient, provided that they are of the right shapes and that the draftsman is so thoroughly familiar with every one that he will know as soon as he looks at a line just which curve he must pick up to fit it. With a very large collection of miscellaneous curves, the time lost in hunting for just the right one is more than is gained in using it when found. Some of the typical shapes are shown in Fig. 35.

Such a curve as A, which is one of the larger size, 24in. long, very nearly straight, is useful for lines that are not quite straight, but which have not a strong enough curvature to cause a spline to bend fairly; such as the lines of masts and booms in the sail plans. B shows a useful curve of the same size, what is called a *reverse curve,* two curves tangent to each other. Of all the *set curves,* the most useful are these of the S type, with two *reverse curves,* L, M, N are small curves about 6in. long, of the same type, very useful for the sections of the body plan. C is a true parabola—in fact all of these curves are parabolic—and makes a good sheer line for the hull of a sail plan, E and F being smaller curves for the same purpose. D is a *reverse curve* of very small curvature; it is useful in drawing the rabbet line and the side line of keel in the half-breadth plan, lines of very moderate curvature. Such curves as G, H, I are almost indispensable in designing the modern racing yacht of small size, for the hard turns of the level lines in the half-breadth plans; they are also useful for the bow ends of the section lines in the sheer plan. K is a smaller curve for the same purpose. L, M, N are small curves about 6in. long, with good reverses, as already mentioned. O, P are similar, but still smaller. Outside of the regular "*ship curves*" are others used by carriage and sleigh draftsmen, and for similar work. R shows a very useful curve of this kind, about 10 to 12in. long, one of the most generally useful curves that a draftsman can have.

In some works on drafting mention is made of "*pear-shaped curves*" as very useful to the marine draftsman, but such curves are not to be had in this country; they are entirely different from the "*pear wood curves*" mentioned in some lists and made of pear wood of all shapes. Among the miscellaneous curves made for different purposes are complete sets of *ellipses, parabolas* and *hyperbolas,* which are of no practical use to the marine draftsmen. There are also made extensive sets of circular curves, with radii graded from 20ft. down to 1½in.; these are called "*railroad curves,*" and are designed for drawing the curves of railway tracks, which are always circular. These curves also serve for drawing the crown of deck and the deck beams; a few of them in wood, or even cardboard, of 3 to 4ft. radius, will be found useful.

In purchasing an outfit of *set curves,* it is best to begin with a few, perhaps half a dozen, of medium and small sizes, using these until every inch of curve on each is well known, then others may be added by degrees as the need is found for them. In this way no money need be wasted on curves which look well on the walls, but are of limited utility in practice. Very good work can be done with wooden curves, but the rubber are preferable for a permanent outfit.

If of reliable manufacture these curves are in the main true and fair, but constant use will disclose lumps and unfair spots, especially in the very small ones. Such imperfections are a serious annoyance to the careful draftsman, but great care should be taken in the attempt to rectify them, which is best done by very fine sandpaper wrapped around a small block of wood and applied lightly to the hard places on the curve, which is laid flat on a table, the part under treatment projecting slightly over the edge.

The draftsman will frequently find it desirable to make his own curves for special purposes, such as the drawing of the stem contour or the midship or middle waterline section. A good material for this purpose is the heavy red cardboard known as "*press board*" and used by printers to lay between the printed sheets in subjecting them to hydraulic pressure, as is done in the case of fine books. This material may be had in sheets nearly or quite $\frac{1}{16}$in. thick. The outline of the curve is first traced on tracing paper and then transferred to the cardboard by pricking through with a needle or protracting point, or by tracing over transfer paper. The cardboard may be cut out with a penknife or scissors, as closely to the line as possible, the edge is then smoothed and trued up with fine sandpaper and the *templet* or *mould* is tested by applying to the drawing. The cardboard is hard enough to stand cutting and sandpapering, but it may be made harder and smoother by a coat of shellac varnish over the edges. With a little careful manipulation the edge of *mould* or *templet* may be made fair, smooth and true, and exactly fitted to the line on the paper. A single thickness of this material is hardly thick enough for pen drawing, but the outline may be run in with the pencil and inked with the rest of the drawing, by means of the thicker wood or rubber curves. For drawing the very flat curves of mast, boom, gaff, etc., the draftsman can make his own curves, of hard wood or rubber; it adds greatly to the appearance of a sail plan if the spars are drawn with the proper taper, and this can best be done with such moulds. A great deal of time may be saved by making special moulds for parts which are frequently duplicated, such as the midship section, rudder, centerboard, etc.

There are two things in particular about the work of the marine draftsman which are apt to excite the wonder of the casual observer: how the beautiful curves, such as the level lines, are drawn, and what the little lead coffins are for? One answer will suffice for both questions: the curved lines are drawn by means of a thin, flexible stick, as a guide for the pencil or pen; and the "little lead coffins" are used to anchor the stick in place while the pen or pencil is drawn along it. Such sticks are properly called *splines* or *battens,* and they are among the most indispensable portion of the draftsman's outfit. Their use is peculiar to marine drafting and they are practically unknown in other branches of the art. The proper material for the *splines* is wood, and lancewood is the best of all. Rubber and celluloid are used, but they are inferior to wood.

Considering the high degree of perfection now attained in the manufacture of the most delicate and elaborate instruments for draftsmen, engineers and surveyors, and the additional fact that good splines are the foundation of perfect work in marine drafting, it is most surprising that such cannot be purchased ready made or even obtained to order. The leading stores, in London as well as in this country, offer nothing better than the flimsy and flexible rubber *splines* or wooden ones that are crooked, knotty and very badly proportioned. The regular stock *batten* sold in the stores, of rubber, celluloid or wood, about ¼in. thick and

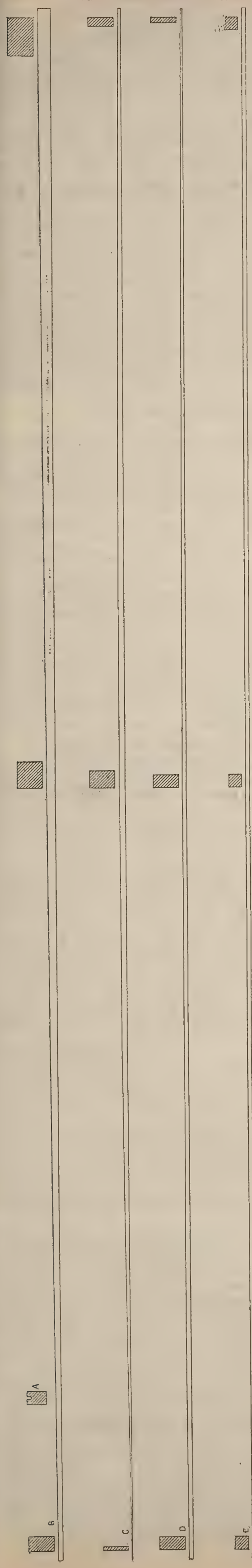


FIG. 36. The sections are full size; the longitudinal plans are about one-third size.

A—Section of ordinary batten, uniform from end to end, with groove. B—Sheer batten. C—Level line batten. D—Keel batten. E—Parallel batten.

$\frac{3}{16}$in. deep, with all edges parallel and a groove cut in the top to take the point of the spline weight, is about equal in grade to the commoner sort of cast metal dividers. We have seen a few *splines* of hard rubber, specially made and much larger in size, upward of $\frac{1}{4}$in. each way, that are very good tools; and the ordinary rubber *batten* has a limited use for lines of considerable curvature; it is also convenient in tracing lines already drawn with a good wooden *batten*. The celluloid *spline* is useful to a certain extent in that it is even more flexible than the rubber and thus better for very hard turns, as in the level lines in the counter. Each of these would be improved by the omission of the groove, which merely serves to chip out small pieces from the working edges, ruining the tool.

The extreme flexibility of celluloid makes it well adapted for the very short *splines* used in the body plan, as the *spline* may be quite large in section, allowing a good hold for the *weight* without interference with the pencil or pen, and yet may be sufficiently flexible to fit the short, quick turns of the sections.

As already stated, the best material for a *spline* or *batten* is wood, as it is at the same time both flexible and rigid to a degree unknown in rubber and celluloid; and the best wood is lancewood. This wood is comparatively unknown in America, but it is in common use in England for the shafts and tongues of carriages and wagons. In one of the noted English yards the old shafts were always carefully preserved, to be worked up into *splines* for the drafting room, the wood, of excellent quality in the first place, being thus perfectly seasoned. Perhaps the best substitute to be had in this country is spruce, such as is used for sounding boards by piano and organ makers. This special grade of the wood is of the finest quality obtainable, clear, free from sap and gum, and very straight in grain.

A good working outfit of *battens* should include several sets of varying lengths, each set containing four or five *battens*. Of these there should be one *sheer batten*, which, for a length of 5ft, may be $\frac{1}{4}$in. thick for the whole length, and $\frac{3}{8}$in. wide at one end, tapering to $\frac{1}{8}$in. at the other. For the longer level lines the *batten* may be of the same thickness, but widest in the middle, say $\frac{3}{16}$in., tapering to $\frac{1}{16}$in. at one end, and $\frac{1}{32}$in. at the other. This *batten* will have to make some sharp turns aft, but forward the curves will be much straighter, and the batten may be proportionately stiffer. Another *batten* tapering one way, $\frac{1}{4}$in. thick, and $\frac{3}{16}$in. or a little less in width at one and for a third of the length, then tapering to $\frac{1}{16}$in. at the other end, will be useful for the keel contour in the sheer plan. A *batten* about $\frac{1}{8}$in. square, and with no taper to either side, will answer for long, easy lines, such as the diagonals, and also for the side line of the keel and the rabbet line, both of very slight curvature. The other sets may be 42in., 36in. and 24in., each with a similar assortment of shapes. In addition there should be some short and very flexible *battens* for the body plan.

It is impossible to give exact sizes, as so much depends upon the kind of wood used and its elasticity. Dependent on these, the different *battens* must be so proportioned as to adapt themselves naturally to the class of lines for which they are designed; if they prove too stiff at any point they may be worked down with a small and very sharp plane or sandpaper. The best *batten* is the one which will fit the required curve with the fewest number of weights to restrain it. It will be evident that different lines, as, for instance, the sheer line and the load waterline in the sheer and half-breadth plans respectively, require very different *battens*; but the ordinary store *batten* ignores this difference and offers one uniform size for all purposes; flexible and wobbly, for instance, in the middle of a level line and too stiff to take the curve of the ends.

With a very flexible or badly proportioned *batten* the draftsman must lay out the line by placing *weight* after *weight* but a few inches apart and readjusting the whole series until his patience is exhausted, the line even then being in all probability imperfect. With a good *batten*, the required curve, fair and true, is thrown in at once and fixed by a few weights, little or no correction being required.

In making *battens*, a piece of wood of the required length and not less than 1½ to 2in. on a side is worked up straight, square and true on two adjoining sides. It is then slit lengthwise with a saw, and the first slab which comes off is resawn into *battens* The main piece is then refaced where the slab came off and again sawn. In this way the finished *batten* has at least one side, if not two adjoining sides, which has been worked true in the piece before sawing. After the *batten* is finally shaped, with the clean, bright surface left by a sharp plane, it should be polished with shellac varnish, giving it a hard, glossy coating. If in use it does not bend fairly and truly, it may be touched up with the plane or sandpaper, and again polished over the fresh wood.

For the level lines, bow-buttock lines, etc., the wood must be strong and flexible, so that the fine tapered ends will take a sharp turn without danger of breaking. For the *sheer battens* and those for the diagonals and other lines of moderate and regular curvature, a softer and less elastic wood may answer. Pine and mahogany can be used, and some other woods. Those who possess the tools and some skill in using them, as is the case with many amateurs, will in time be able to fit themselves with a good set of *battens*—better than can be purchased. Practice and experience will show where a *batten* may be improved for its designed purpose, or, possibly, if too light, be cut down to make one of a different form.

Harlem Y. C.

THE Harlem Y. C. will sail its fourteenth annual regatta on May 31, the courses being:

Course No. 1—From across a line between the steamer and Belden's Dock, City Island, around a stakeboat anchored inside of Throgg's Neck, keeping the same to port in rounding it, thence toward Matinnicock Point, keeping Stepping Stones Light to starboard in passing, around Matinnicock Point Buoy, keeping the same to port in rounding, and returning directly to the finishing line. Distance, 20 nautical miles.

Course No. 2—A straightaway course (omitting the run to Throgg's Neck) direct to Matinnicock Point Buoy, keeping it to port in rounding, and thence directly back to the finishing line. Distance, 16 nautical miles.

Course No. 3—Same as No. 1, except that yachts must pass Old Hen Buoy, keeping the same to port in rounding, and thence back to the finishing line. Distance, about 12 nautical miles.

The following classes will sail over course No. 1:

Cabin sloops, cutters and yawls: 51ft. class, 43ft. class, 36ft. class, 30ft. class. Open jib and mainsail: 30ft. class. Open catboats: 30ft. class. Cabin catboats: 30ft. class.

Over course No. 2:

Cabin sloops, cutters and yawls: 25ft. class, 20ft. class. Open jib and mainsail: 25ft. class. Open catboats: 25ft. class. Cabin catboats: 25ft. class.

Course No. 3, the 15 and 20ft. classes of open catboats. The steamboat W. C. Egerton has been chartered to follow the boats over the course.

A very good list of entries has already been received. The regatta committee includes Messrs. H. B. McAllister, P. H. Leary, J. Wimmer, W. T. Hyde, and Wm. A. Towner, chairman.

Racing About Boston.

MAKE no mistake. This is to be a great racing season in the classes under 30ft. racing length. There are more new boats than for several seasons past, and plenty of old ones, whose owners will make the new ones demonstrate their superiority by actual racing. And the 21ft. knockabout will not be by any means the least interesting of the lot. The restrictive rules of the Knockabout Association have fostered building and racing in the class, and at the same time have secured a safe, able and seaworthy boat. And they are not fin keels.

Nor is the naming of the new knockabouts an uninteresting feature of the sport. The story of "Poor Cock Robin" is even more in evidence than it was last year, when only the name of the principal in the story was used. "Jenny Wren" appears this season on the stern of Frank Peabody's new boat of his own design, while the "Fly," who saw Cock Robin die, is embodied in W. O. Gay's new Herreshoffer. Yachtsmen can now place their bets as to whether or not this latest Fly will see Cock Robin die, either at its own hands, or by those of some others of the new fleet. It is conceded that this Cock Robin will take a lot of killing, even by a Cockatoo, pugnacious as that little bird may be.

Gosling is the unassuming name by which F. O. North and L. M. Clark bring their new Lawley boat into the racing, but certainly the owners are no fledglings at the sport, whatever their boat may be.

Jacobin is the speed-implying title which T. E. Jacobs gives his new Purdon design, while H. M. Sears takes a chance with the Hazard from Herreshoff's hands. D. C. Percival, Jr., likes the name of his first knockabout too well to drop it, and so has had Herreshoff put it on the stern of the new one. Figures are added to it, though, and it stands as Sally III.

And there you have them, gentlemen. Pick your winner if you can.—*Boston Globe.*

The New Montreal Fleet.

A MONTREAL correspondent of the Boston *Globe* writes as follows of the new 20-footers for the defense of the cup:

To a party of members who went out to Dorval to inspect the progress that is being made with the work on the new and beautiful club house of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., G. Herrick Duggan, the designer-sailor who did such excellent work with Glencairn last year, permitted a view of the five boats which he is building for the trial races for a defender of the international Seawanhaka cup. It was a very unsatisfactory view, however, for in the dimly-lighted shed it was very difficult to see anything except the merest general outlines. Only the hulls are finished; and these gave the impression that the boats would be somewhat of a cross between a soapdish and a flatiron, with great breadth of beam and very shallow.

They did not look beautiful, but the designer seems to have the greatest confidence in them. Two of the boats will be fin-keels and the others centerboards. The boats are being built for Harrison B. Young, Com. Riddell, Shirley Davidson, Capt. Hamilton and Mr. Duggan himself. Great care is still being taken that the lines and figures are kept a secret, and people with cameras, or any suspicious looking person, who manage to get inside the grounds of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., where the sheds are, are being turned away without the slightest compunction.

Notwithstanding all this, the figures of the sail dimensions of some of the boats have become known, although it is impossible to obtain the sail plans. These figures, however, will give a pretty good idea of the general sail plans of all the Canadian boats.

The boat of M. J. Langeuil, which is just across from Montreal on the St. Lawrence, will have silk sails, as follows: Mainsail, 25ft. boom, 14ft 6in. hoist, 16ft. gaff, 33ft. 3in. leach; jib, 22ft. 10in. hoist, 19ft. leach, 10ft. 6in. foot.

The Duggan boat, built for Harrison B. Young, will have silk sails, as follows: Mainsail, 25ft. boom, 15ft. 7in. hoist, 13ft. gaff, 34ft. leach; jib, 22ft. 4in. hoist, 20ft. 5in. leach, 8ft. 3in. foot.

The sail dimensions of the two boats that are being built in Toronto by Cuthbert are also known. Both have cotton sails. The one built for Mr. Harry Abbott, son of the late premier, has sails as follows: Mainsail, 23ft. 9in. boom, 16ft. hoist, 13ft. 5in. gaff, 33ft. 2in. leach; jib, 22ft. hoist, 18ft. 4in. leach, 15ft. 6in. foot.

Another boat which is being built for an unknown by Cuthbert has cotton sails, as follows: Mainsail, 25ft. boom, 16ft. hoist, 12ft. 6in. gaff, 30ft. 6in. leach; staysail, 18ft. 6in. hoist, 17ft. 6in. leach, 8ft. 9in. foot; jib, 25ft. hoist, 20ft. 6in. leach, 11ft. 2in. foot.

Work on all the little boats is being pushed along fast, and the spars, which will be hollow, are being made now, but the boats will not be upon the water much before the Queen's birthday.

Huguenot Y. C.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, May 15.

THE racing on Long Island Sound opened on May 15 in a light and variable southeast wind that made the race less interesting than the entries deserved. The race was given by the Huguenot Y. C., of New Rochelle, the course being around Execution and Hen and Chickens buoys. Two new Huntington boats were entered: the 20-footer Keneu and an unnamed 15-footer for a Western yachtsman. There was not enough of a steady wind to test the yachts. The times were

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.			
Dosoris II., G. T. Vail	29.46	1 44 30	1 44 30
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Jonquil, H. W. Warner	24.46	2 06 17	2 06 17
Mary S, E. D. Hall, Jr	24.50	2 06 09	2 06 09
Win or Lose, John L. Appleby	23.70	2 06 29	2 06 29
Melita, O. H. Chellborg	....	Did not finish.	
CABIN SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.			
Modesta, C. Whann	....	Did not finish.	
Wahneta, Aldrich & Henry	....	1 56 48	Not meas.
Jester (yawl), E. W. Robinson	....	1 55 00	Not meas.
OPEN SLOOPS—25FT CLASS.			
Celia, W. S. Gould	....	1 39 03	1 39 03
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr	....	1 39 40	1 39 40
OPEN SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.			
Keneu, M. Clark	....	1 46 13	1 46 13
OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Edwina, J. N. Gould	21.44	2 06 38	2 06 38
Narrioch, A. F. Townsend	18.11	2 10 53	2 08 20
OPEN SLOOPS—15FT. CLASS			
——	....	1 50 51	.. .. ..
Hope, Arthur Iselin	15.00	2 09 20	.. .. ..

Celia, cleverly sailed by Irvine Zerega, won a close finish by quick handling at the line after she was apparently beaten by Houri.

The winners were: 30ft. cabin cats, Dosoris II., walkover; 25ft. cabin cats, Win or Lose; 25ft. cabin sloops, Jester, not measured; 25ft. open sloops, Celia; 25ft. open sloops, Keneu, walkover; 15ft. class, new Huntington boat.

Regatta Committee—E. Burton Hart, Jr., F. B. Jones and R. T. Badger.

New Rochelle Y. C.

THE New Rochelle Y. C. will open the yachting season of 1897 by giving a special regatta on Saturday, May 22. Entries are invited from all regularly organized yacht clubs. There will be races for yachts of these classes: Sloops, 20ft. class; cabin catboats, 25ft. class; open catboats, 25ft. class; open catboats, 20ft. class. There will be separate classes for open boats with shiftable ballast and unlimited crews.

The club offers as first prize for sloops of the 20ft. class a silver cup, and will award a second prize if five or more yachts start. A prize will be awarded to the winner in each class of catboats in which two or more boats start, and a second prize in each class in which five or more boats start. The owner of any yacht which starts and fails to go over the course must satisfy the regatta committee that the start was made in good faith.

Entries should be mailed to the Regatta Committee, New Rochelle Y. C., P. O. Box 735, New Rochelle, N. Y., in time to be received on the morning of Thursday, May 20.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS.

Hours of starting: The races will be started at 2 o'clock P. M.

Divisions: Yachts will be started in two divisions, viz.: First division—Sloops of the 20ft. class; second division—All catboats.

Starting line: The starting and finishing line will be marked by boats flying the club flag, and anchored at the entrance to Echo Bay.

Course.—All yachts will sail course No. 2, which is as follows:

Course No. 2.—From the starting line at Echo Bay, around red buoy on southwesterly end of Hen and Chickens Reef, leaving it on starboard hand; thence around striped buoy, known as Middle Ground Buoy, being the most easterly buoy on Execution Reef, leaving it on starboard hand; thence around easterly stakeboat at the starting line, leaving it on starboard hand. This course to be sailed three times. Total distance, 12¾ miles.

If the direction of the wind makes it advisable, this course will be sailed in reverse direction. The signal therefor will be flag B of the signal code, hoisted five minutes before the blue peter (the preparatory signal). In such case, yachts in finishing the race will cross the line from south to north.

Yachts must not pass between Execution Light and the ed buoy to the eastward thereof.

Starting Signals: The starting signals will be given from the committee's boat at the westerly end of the line, and will be as follows:

First Gun.—A blue peter will be hoisted as a preparatory signal. It will remain flying for five minutes.

Second Gun.—A red ball will be hoisted as the starting signal for yachts of the first division. It will be displayed for five minutes.

Third Gun.—A white ball will be hoisted as the starting signal for yachts of the second division.

The start in each division will be a one-gun start.

Shortening Course.—If in the judgment of the regatta committee it becmes necessary to end the races on the completion of the first or second round, the red ball will be hoisted under flag B of the signal code, and attention will be called thereto by two guns.

Racing Numbers.—Last year's racing numbers are useless, and must be discarded. Permanent racing numbers have been assigned to all known racing yachts, and may be obtained of Rehm & Co, No. 157 Fulton street, New York. Owners of yachts are urged to secure their permanent numbers before the race.

Measurement.—As the rules of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound require that all sloops of 25ft. racing length and under, and all catboats, shall be measured with crews aboard, all such yachts must be remeasured before racing this season. The regatta committee will accept the certificate of measurement of the measurer of any club, but reserves the right of remeasurement, in case of protest.

Rules.—In general the races will be sailed under the rules of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound.

CHAS. P. TOWER, Chairman,
PAUL A. MEYROWITZ,
J. R. THOMAS,
J. C. LIPPENCOTT,
A. P. WESTON, Sec'y,
} Regatta Committee.

The Larchmont Y. C. Programme.

THE following programme for the season has just been issued by the regatta committee of the Larchmont Y. C. Messrs. John F. Lovejoy, H. C. Wintringham and H. W. Coates.

Saturday, June 19.—Spring regatta, open to all classes.

Monday, July 5.—Eighteenth annual regatta, open to all classes; steamboat Albertina for members and guests.

RACE WEEK.

Saturday, July 17.—Open regatta for all classes; special race for schooners in cruising trim, in one class; first race of series for Class N, 30ft. racing length; first race of series for Class Q, 20ft. racing length.

Monday, July 19.—Special race for schooners, in racing trim, in one class; special race for schooners, in cruising trim, in one class; second race of series for class N, 30ft. racing length; second race of series for Class Q, 20ft. racing length.

Tuesday, July 20.—Four-oared gig race for Hen and Chicken colors, presented by former Commodore Harry M. Gillig; two-oared gig race for Dauntless colors, presented by Mr. H. B. Seeley; dinghy race for Execution colors, presented by Mr. H. B. Seeley; race for naphtha launches exceeding 21ft. load waterline length; race for naphtha launches 21ft. load waterline and under; tub races and water sports.

Wednesday, July 21.—Open regatta for all classes; special race for yawls, over 51ft. racing length, in cruising trim, all in one class; third race of series for class N, 30ft. racing length; special race for yawls, 51ft. and under racing length, all in one class; third race of series for class Q, 20ft. racing length.

Thursday, July 22.—Race for class K, yachts with cabin trunks, 51ft. racing length; fourth race of series for class N, 30ft. racing length; fourth race of series for class Q, 20ft. racing length.

Friday, July 23.—Schooner race, all in one class; race for class K, yachts with flush decks, 51ft. racing length; race for class L, 43ft. racing length; fifth race of series for class N, 30ft. racing length; fifth race of series for class Q, 20ft. racing length.

Saturday, July 24, Race Week Ends.—Open regatta for all classes; sixth race of series for class N, 30ft. racing length; sixth race of series for class Q, 20ft. racing length.

Saturday, Sept. 4.—Special race for class K, 51ft. racing length; special race for class N, 30ft. racing length; special race for class S, 20ft. racing length; special race for class T, 25ft. racing length.

Monday, Sept. 6 (Labor Day): Fall regatta, open to all classes.

Saturday, Sept. 11: Race for Larchmont cup for schooners; special race for class K, 51ft. racing length; special race for class Q, 20ft. racing length.

In all classes where two or more yachts start in a race with full intention of completing the course, a prize will be awarded. When three or more yachts start with like intention, a second prize will be awarded; and where five or more start with like intention, a third prize will be awarded.

The trustees of the club announce that the club house will be formally opened for the season on Saturday, May 29. The flag will be hoisted and formally saluted at 4 o'clock P. M., on the arrival of the 3:06 train from New York. Other trains leave New York at 1:04, 2:02, 4:08, 4:33, 5:05 and 5:30 o'clock P. M. Members desiring to return to New York the same evening can do so by the 9:08 and 11:20 o'clock P. M. trains. Dinner will be served from 6 until 8 o'clock.

Yacht Racing Union.

NOTICE TO REPRESENTATIVES.

THE attention of owners of yachts in the 25, 20 and 15ft. classes of sloops and in all classes of catboats, is called to the amended rule of measurement, requiring that all yachts in these classes be measured with weight on board to represent the crew. This necessitates having such yachts (except those with plumb stems and sterns) remeasured this season for load waterline length. Attention is also called to the amended rule making it compulsory for committees to disqualify any yacht starting in a race without having been officially measured.

The classes having been relettered, new racing numbers must be obtained this season for all yachts intending to race. Messrs. Rehm & Company, 157 Fulton street, New York, have been appointed to furnish the new numbers at the following prices: For yachts in Classes A, B, C, D, G, H and J 60 cents per pair; for yachts in Classes K, L, M and N 45 cents per pair; for yachts in Classes P, Q, R, S, T, V and W 35 cents per pair.

A yacht starting this season under her old number will be liable to disqualification.

A limited number of printed sheets giving the racing numbers of all registered sailing yachts have been issued and can be obtained from T. D. Rich, publisher, 108 Fulton street, New York, or from the undersigned, at $5 for one set and $7.50 for two sets. A sufficient number have been printed to provide each club with two sets, one for the regatta committee and one for the secretary.

The new rules and the schedule of racing events for the season have been issued, and can be obtained from Messrs. Thomson & Co., 55 Dey street, New York, or from the undersigned at $10 and $5 per hundred, respectively.

FOREST AND STREAM has been appointed by the Council the official organ of the Union and regatta committees. Chairmen and secretaries of clubs are requested to send all reports of races and other information in connection therewith to that paper.

FRANK BOWNE JONES,
Secretary of the Council.

Four Famous Yankee Ships.

From the American Shipbuilder.

TO BECOME a coal barge, or a barge of any sort, is the sere and yellow leaf of a ship's existence. Four of these, an ancient and once honorable fleet of packets and all of which have been for fourteen years mouldering alongside a grass-grown pier in the Erie Basin, were recently cast loose from their moorings and towed to Port Richmond, S. I., where, after the crooked spars and gray rigging have been removed, the hulks will be fashioned into the shape of barges. The ships are the Caravan, Fawn, E. W. Stetson and City of Montreal. They are the oldest American square-riggers now afloat save the Eliza Adams, which was built in 1835, and which is without doubt the most ancient of the full-rigged ships in the merchant marine of this country. Of the lot that has been condemned to finish their careers as colliers, the Caravan is the oldest, having been built in Bath in 1855. The Fawn is next on the list, with an age burden of thirty-seven years Following her is the City of Montreal, constructed in 1861, and the E. W. Stetson, in 1862. Some of these ships were formerly packets in the famous Swallow Tail Line, and all of them have a history. Interesting as any part of their active career is the manner in which it was brought to a close. These four ships, with four others equally famous in their day, the Hamilton Fish, Therese, J. A. Stamler and Marianne Nottebohm, all belonged to Thos. Dunham, a noted ship owner in the old days. His office was at No. 67 South street, and a barely legible sign over the barred doorway still marks the place where his master mariners met and talked of their ships and their voyages and cargoes. Mr. Dunham, so runs the legend, fell out with towboat people many years ago. Strained relations were brought about by one of the towboat craft stranding one of his packets while trying to bring her into port. It cost the owner a matter of $5,000 to get his vessel afloat again and to make suitable repairs, and then he gave orders forbidding any of his masters to have aught to do with anything propelled by the upstart steam again. His ships had thenceforth to work their way into port as best they could, and the delays caused by wind and tide worked so disadvantageously that trade slipped away from the line. Then finally, in disgust, the owner recalled all of his ships, discharged their crews, dismantled the vessels of all but their standing rigging, and laid up the entire fleet in the Erie Basin, vowing that they should lay there until steam had had its day and sail power could come into its own again. Mr. Dunham died, and the estate passed to his nephews, who sold four of the eight vessels. The purchaser was W. J. Burlee. The rigging and spars of the relics are almost worthless, but the hulls are sound, despite the long period they have lain idle. The four ships that were sold were moored abreast, and for the last fourteen years have been in charge of Capt. Daggett, "port captain of the fleet," he styles himself. In the comfortable cabins he has lived with his family during the years the vessels have been moored in the basin, and the grassy plot adjoining the shelter of his charges has been the playground of his children. The vessels are very much of the same size, the Caravan, with her 1,395 tons, being somewhat larger than the others. This vessel was built in Bath, as was also the Fawn. The tonnage of that ship is 1,015. The City of Montreal, constructed in Portsmouth, N. H., has a tonnage of 1,117, and the E. W. Stetson, launched at Damariscotta, Me., has a tonnage of 1,106. According to a list recently compiled by Capt. George Waldie, of the Sandy Hook pilots, there are but few wooden sailing vessels of American build which antedate these old-time ships of the Dunham estate, but with the exception of two barks, the Falcon and Triton, they are all fore-and-afters.

An International Question.

From the New York Sun.

THE unusual sight of an American-built yacht flying the signal of an American club at her truck with the national ensign of Great Britain from her taffrail was the subject of much comment at New Rochelle last Sunday. The yacht was the cutter Nirvana, owned by Rear-Com. Guy Standing, of the Corinthian fleet, which tugged at her moorings in Echo Bay, off the club house at Harrison's Island. She became the property of Standing last October, and at that time held a Custom House register from Boston. Soon after completing the purchase of the cutter, Standing wanted to have her registered at this port.

The application for registry compels the owner of a craft to state his nationality. Standing said he was a loyal subject of Great Britain, and the Collector informed him that his boat was debarred from sailing under "Old Glory" Thomas J. Dunn, Chief Clerk and Acting Deputy Collector of the Port, told the *Sun* reporter yesterday that even if Standing sells his yacht to an American she will not, under the law, be permitted to again fly the American flag unless she is rebuilt and enlarged.

"Suppose the owner made over his right and title to the craft to his wife, who was born in this country, could she fly our flag?" asked the reporter.

"Certainly not," replied Dunn. "When a woman marries she adopts the nationality of her husband. The only way at present in which that boat will be entitled to carry an American flag is by her owner becoming an American citizen."

The following amendment to the marine regulations of 1892, however, which will take effect on July 1, next, will, if Standing sells his cutter to an American, allow her new owner to send aloft his country's flag:

"A vessel registered pursuant to law, which by sale has become the property of a foreigner, shall be entitled to a new register upon afterward becoming American property, unless it has been enlarged or undergone change in build outside of the United States."

Rear-Commodore Standing, who is one of the most active workers in the Corinthian fleet, is an actor of some prominence, and about two years ago married Miss Isabel Urquhart, of Casino fame. He said in reference to the Nirvana matter:

"I am an Englishman, and, like many another, love the old country, although it is but a memory to me. I make my money here, and, in addition, it is a matter of fact that I spend it here. I like America and Americans; in fact, I shall never go back to England, except, possibly, on a visit. My property is here, and I can say that I probably have more and closer friends in this country than in England. Nevertheless, I do not feel as though I ought to become a citizen here. I am in the same position as many Americans who live in Great Britain. They remain true to their mother country, although probably they will never see her again."

Gilbert's Bar Y. C.

INDIAN RIVER, FLA.

THE usual monthly regatta of the G. B. Y. C. was held Saturday, May 8. There was a good breeze.

FIRST CLASS—22FT. AND OVER

	Corrected.
Albatross	0 46 25
Trochu	0 53 20

Winner, Albatross.

SECOND CLASS—UNDER 22FT.

Swallow	0 45 42
Gypsy	0 45 57
Ilderim	0 46 28
Beatrice	0 44 57

Winner, Beatrice.

The Lake Y. R. A. Circuit.

THE Lake Y. R. A. will this season return to the old plan of a racing circuit in place of regattas at two or three ports near together. The programme, as arranged by President Ambrose and approved by the executive committee, is as follows:

Cobourg—July 18. Kingston—July 19. Charlotte—July 23. Hamilton—July 27. Toronto—July 29. Niagara—July 31.

W. Q. Phillips will officiate as association officer at all the regattas, having charge of the laying out of courses, timing, etc. Mr. Phillips has in the past demonstrated his special capacity for this work.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The following programme has been arranged finally for the Atlantic Y. C. cruise: Rendezvous, Monday, July 5, Larchmont. July 6, American Y. C. regatta, fleet at Milton Point. July 7, Riverside Y. C. regatta, fleet at Riverside. July 8, first squadron run, Riverside to Black Rock, via Eaton's Neck Buoy. July 9, second run, to Morris Cove. July 10, third run, to New London. July 11, informal run from New London to Shelter Island. July 12, race off Shelter Island.

The once familiar, but long-forgotten name of William T. Lee was called to mind last week by the sudden death of its owner in the New York Hospital. Mr. Lee was once president of the old Union Boat Club, established in Gowanus, South Brooklyn, in 1858, from which the Brooklyn Y. C. was formed in 1864. His services as secretary of the latter club were rewarded by the gift of a gold watch with the inscription: "Presented to Wm. T. Lee, Secretary of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, as a token of respect by the members, April 26, 1871," on the occasion of his retirement from the office, after a service of fifteen years. Mr. Lee, who was unmarried, was seventy-five years old; he lived in Ninetieth street, New York, but had dropped out of yachting On the evening of May 8 he was stricken with paralysis on Broadway, and taken to the hospital, where he died. He was identified by his watch. The once famous sandbag sloop, Wm. T. Lee, owned by Chas. A. Cheever, was named after him.

Com. Henry W. Lamb, Eastern Y. C., has appointed Henry D. Burnett fleet captain. The club house, on Marblehead Neck, will open for the season on May 28.

Priscilla, schr., has been sold by Edgar Harding to Howard W. Spurr, of Boston. This is the small wooden schooner, not the steel Cup defender Priscilla, built in 1885, she being now owned at Cleveland.

Carl, knockabout; one of the first of the class, whose lines were published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 3, 1895, has been sold by C. H. W. Foster to Dr. Farlow, of Marblehead. Mr. Foster now owns Cock Robin.

Alcedo I., steam yacht, has been sold by George Washington Childs Drexel to A. Baudine, Larchmont Y. C.

Meteor, schr., has been sold to R. J. Smith, of Boston, and has docked and fitted out at Tebo's for the trip around the Cape.

Capt. Nat Watson, who sailed the 30 footer Asahi so successfully last year, is now in command of Amorita, schr., W. G. Brokaw. Capt. Watson has been continuously in the service of Mr. Bayard Thayer since 1888, in this time racing Pappoose, Sayonara, Constellation and Asahi.

Ellesmere, schr., designed and built by Solheim at Gravesend Bay for Ferdinand McKaig, was launched on May 14 after an unsuccessful attempt on the previous day. She is 58ft. over all, 46ft. l.w.l., 17ft. 4in. beam and 7ft. draft, with 7 tons of lead in the keel. The yacht was launched without the keel, which was bolted on at McGowan's yard, Fifty-fifth street, Bay Ridge.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake. Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

The A. C. A. Regatta Programme.

THE following programme has been arranged by the regatta committee of the American Canoe Association for the annual meet at Grindstone Island in August. The number of events is larger than usual, but it is proposed to call some of the minor events at any convenient times during the meet when they may serve to amuse the camp; and some of the events will, as usual, not fill, in which case they will be omitted. The principal races will be held, of course, during the second week.

Regatta Programme.

Grindstone Island, Aug. 6-20.

SAILING.

Event No. 1. Paddling and sailing combined, ½ mile alternately; total, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Start to be made under paddle. P.S.—The same seat shall be used as in Event No. 3.

Event No. 2. Paddling, ½ mile with turn.

Event No. 3. Sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours. Note.—Events Nos. 1, 2 and 3 are record races under Rule 5 of Racing Regulations.

Event No. 4. Unlimited sailing under Rule 1 of Sailing Regulations, 6 miles; time limit, 2½ hours. Starters in the trophy sailing race to be selected from this race under Rule 5 of Racing Regulations.

Event No. 5. Trophy sailing, 9 miles; time limit, 3½ hours. See Rule 5 of Racing Regulations.

Event No. 6. Dolphin sailing trophy, 7½ miles; time limit, 3 hours. The canoe winning first place in Event No. 5 will not be allowed to compete in this event.

Event No. 7. Club sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours. First three members of any club to count, a club to be represented must enter at least three men. All men contesting must have become members of the club they represent prior to the first day of the 1897 meet.

Event No. 8. Division sailing, the same as No. 7, except read division in place of club. The sliding seat or stationary deck seat shall not exceed in length the width of the canoe.

Event No. 9. Novice sailing, 8 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1896.

Event No. 10. Limited sailing, 3 miles; time limit 1½ hours. Sail area limited to 100sq. ft., and any seat which projects beyond the gunwales prohibited.

Event No. 11. Unclassified sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours. Open only to canoes without self-bailing cockpits. No race unless three or more starters. Canoes must be outside the A. C. A. limit to compete in this event.

DIVISION.

Event No. 12. Atlantic Division cup.
Event No. 13. Central Division cup.
Event No. 14. Eastern Division cup.
Event No. 15. Northern Division cup.

Note.—These events will only be held if not sailed at Division meets. These races will be sailed under the rules provided by each Division, which will be posted on the bulletin board, and they will be called in the order published during the first week of camp.

Event No. 16. Open canoes, paddle ½ mile to windward with single blades and return under sail.

Event No. 17. Open canoes, sailing, 1½ miles.

PADDLING.

Event No. 18. Trophy paddling, 1 mile straightaway.

Event No. 19. Novice paddling, ½ mile with turn, open canoes, single blade, open only to members who have never paddled a race outside their own club races.

Event No. 20. Paddling, ½ mile with turn, open canoes, single blades.

Event No. 21. Tandem club paddling, ½ mile with turn, open canoes, single blades.

Event No. 22. Deck canoes, single paddling, ½ mile with turn, double blades.

Event No. 23. Decked canoes, tandem paddling, ½ mile with turn, double blades.

Event No. 24. Four paddling, ½ mile with turn, single blades, open canoes.

Event No. 25. Upset paddling.

Event No. 26 Tail end race, open canoes, single blades, paddler to kneel in bow and paddle bow first with the wind.

Event No. 27. Ladies' single paddling, ¼ mile straightaway, open canoes.

Event No. 28. Ladies' tandem paddling, ¼ mile straightaway, open canoes, single blades.

Event No. 29. Mixed tandem paddling, ¼ mile straightaway, open canoes, single blade.

Event No. 30. Hurry scurry, run, swim and paddle.

Event No. 31. Swimming 100yds.

Event No. 32. Tournament.

All paddling races except the trophy paddling shall be limited to canoes not less than 30in. beam and not less than 55lbs. weight.

The committee reserves the right to call any of the less important races at any time during the meet when it may see fit.

All events in which less than two entries present themselves at the line will be cancelled.

In events in which less than three start only one prize will be awarded. The regatta committee has provided prizes for each and every race on the programme.

The Atlantic Division Cruise.

THE executive committee of the Atlantic Division has published in pamphlet form the full programme of the division cruising meet which takes place from May 28 to June 3. The cruise offers another of those delightful little meets that old canoeists love to talk about at Plum Point in 1884-85.

INTINERARY.

Thursday, May 27.—6 P. M. meet for dinner at United States Hotel, Easton, Pa.

Friday, May 28.—Leave Phillipsburg (Easton) 7 A. M., and cruise ten miles to Riegelsville, N. J. Dinner at Riegelsville. Leave 2 P. M. Cruise nine miles to Frenchtown, where stop will be made for night,

Saturday, May 29.—Leave 7 A. M. Cruise 14 miles to Lambertville, N. J., where stop will be made for dinner. Afternoon cruise eleven miles to Park Island, near Trenton, where stop will be made for night, as guests of the Park Island Canoe Association.

Sunday, May 30.—Cruise to Delanco, N. J., with stop *en route* for dinner.

Monday (Memorial Day), Tuesday and Wednesday, May 31, June 1 and 2.—In camp at Delanco, N. J.

THE ROUTE.

The Delaware River, for the seventy miles over which the cruise will be made, from Easton, Pa., to Delanco, N. J., presents, we believe, more advantages of accessibility to the starting point, more beautiful river scenery, and better rapids and water for a canoe voyage than any other stream in the territory of the Atlantic Division.

Already a river of considerable size where the cruise is begun at Easton, it gradually increases in width and importance until the last rapid is passed at Trenton, and the placid waters of the head of tide-water are reached.

The general course of the river is south and southeast; the fall from the height of the river at the starting point to tide-water being 158ft.

Rapids are frequent, but all easily negotiated at an ordinary spring stage of water.

As to falls, there are but three—at Bull's Island; Wells's Falls, below Lambertville, N. J.; and Scudders's Falls, a short distance above Trenton. Around Wells's Falls, as stated before, a carry will be made, and the others will be easily passed through.

The Valley of the Delaware is inclosed within high and densely wooded mountains along the upper part, and in the middle and lower section, the beautiful and fertile rolling country of Bucks county, on the Pennsylvania shore, and Mercer county, in New Jersey, furnish an unending variety of scenery.

At all points at which stops will be made for the night,



ATLANTIC DIVISION CRUISE. CHART OF COURSE ON DELAWARE RIVER.

a good camp-site, as stated before, can be found for those who want to tent outdoors, and around a good fire, with pipe, song and story, and a recounting of the day's incidents, some of the choicest hours of the week will undoubtedly be spent.

This whole section is one of much historical interest as the scene of the most important operations of the Revolutionary War. Washington's Crossing, about eight miles above Trenton, marks the point where the great commander, coming from his winter quarters at Valley Forge, forced his way across the frozen river to attack the Hessians encamped there. Two granite shafts, lately erected on either side of the river, show the points between which the perilous journey was taken.

THE MEET AND RACES.

Delanco, near which the meet will be held, is a pretty suburban village upon the New Jersey shore, twelve miles above Philadelphia, convenient communication with the city being had thereto by boat and rail.

The site chosen for the meet is a short distance above the town proper, and is one which has long been a favorite camping spot for canoeists on the Delaware River. It is on a moderately high bluff, shaded with fine old trees, and a good flat area for tents. The river there is a full mile in width with an admirable view up and down the stream. The shore in front of the camp is a fine clean pebble beach, gradually shelving off into deep water.

Paddling, sailing and special races will be provided by the committee, with appropriate prizes, during the three days of camp. As to what the races will consist of depends upon the number and character of the canoes participating in the cruise and available for racing at the meet.

CANOE AND OUTFIT.

As to canoes, no rule can be laid down. Either an open or decked canoe, equipped with double or single blade paddles, should answer well. Sails could not be used to any advantage on the cruise.

A decked cruising canoe offers some advantages in going through heavy waters, and usually affords dry and convenient stowage for duffle. They are heavier, however, than the open canoe, one of which, a canvas covered boat, 16ft. by 32in., carried two men aggregating 350lbs., besides 50 bs. of extra weight, over this same course last year, in comfort and safety, and that too, when the water was comparatively low.

Where the boats will be shipped by freight or express to the starting point, or will be handled by the owner as baggage, if accompanied by him, the lighter open canoe has obvious advantages.

A long painter, say 30ft., of stout braided line and a good boat sponge is invaluable on a cruise of this kind.

Tents and camping outfit, which will be required at Delanco, with sails, may be shipped in care of A. S. Fenimore, Delanco, N. J., and will be safely taken care of until the arrival of the owner.

OUTFIT.

As already stated, arrangements have been made by the committee for lodging as well as boarding the participants in the cruise at the different stopping points along the river, and at Delanco, where the meets will be held. Under these circumstances it will be unnecessary to carry heavy camping and cooking duffle, the necessary outfit being confined to changes of clothing and waterproof covers.

If we may venture the suggestion for the benefit of the novice, the following has comprised the outfit taken over this same run, and found adequate:

Complete change of outer clothing, flannel shirt, change of medium-weight underwear, with extra socks or stockings, sweater, swimming trunks or tights, soft felt hat or cap, light canvas rubber-soled shoes for boat use, extra handkerchiefs, toilet articles, pair coarse towels, rubber coat or poncho, pair of rubber blankets.

For carrying duffle, rubber navy bags, or water-proofed bags of some description are excellent.

The choice of style of dress is one which the committee does not feel that it can dictate. But for this early season, when the nights are cool, knickerbockers and woollen stockings of good weight will have manifest advantages. Linen or duck trousers are cool, nothing more. They are easily soiled when cruising, and when wet are uncomfortable and unhealthy.

TRANSPORTATION.

Upon the railroads permitting the carriage of canoes, as baggage if accompanied by the owner or caretaker, to wit, the Pennsylvania and its connections, it seems probable that most of the members will accompany their canoes on the train, carrying them to Phillipsburg, N. J., the day before the start.

Transportation of boats by freight, containing light outfit well fastened in, even without a protective covering, has been found practicable and safe, and will be a convenient and economical way to ship to the starting point.

Everything thus sent should be marked "Care of J. E. Murray, A. C. A., Phillipsburg, N. J. To be held until called for."

The Pennsylvania Railroad and its Belvidere Division, from Philadelphia, Trenton and all points in the southern end of the Division, will carry canoes as baggage, as above stated, under circular letter dated Oct. 1, 1889, and Dec. 18, 1890, copies of which dates should be made for reference to trainmen who may be in ignorance of them.

The Central Railroad of New Jersey and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad have freight and passenger stations at Phillipsburg, N. J., within easy carry of the river at starting point.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, April 30.—On April 22 the following revolver scores were made at the South London Rifle Club:

Twenty yards, stationary target:

E Howe	674767—37	R Chicken	635676—33
T W Heath	774757—37	M Blood	535766—32
Lieut F E Varley	756645—33		

Fifty yards target: Capt. T. W. Heath, 7, 6, 5, 5, 5, 4—32.

(It is said that Capt. Heath's 40 at 50yds. on April 8 was a mistake of the scorer's; it ought to have been registered at 20yds.).

North London Rifle Club revolver scores on April 28 were as below.

Revolver series IV., stationary 50yds. target:

Class 1:

Lieut Clemence	777754—37	Carter	475545—31
C Knapp	567465—33	E Howe	265744—28

Class 2:

Holmes	657664—34	Capt. Evans	537737—32
W Luff	775364—32	Lieut Johnstone	725376—30

Class 3:

MacCormack	707636—31	Thompson	505326—21
Shearing	735423—24	Lieut Curley	533350—19

The world's record for the Martini rifle at 200, 500, 600yds., 7 shots with a sighting shot at each range, making 21 counting shots in all, highest possible 105 points, is 104 points made at the above club on June 29 of last year.

As the Martini rifle is now no longer used this score will most likely remain top forever. It was made by J. Garrud.

On April 28 at the above club Mr. Barker, of the 15th Middlesex V. R. C., equaled this score with the Lee rifle.

This is the world's record for the above rifle.

The shot for shot score is as below, the only shot out of the bull's eye being so close that it almost touched the "bull:"

600yds., sighter 5, score	5555555—35
500yds., sighter 5, score	5555555—35
200yds., sighter 5, score	5555515—34

Bull's eye counts 5 points.

Warren's Artillerymen are Winners.

WARREN, R. I., May 5.—The return rifle match between the teams composed of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Warren Artillery Company and the Bristol Train of Artillery was shot at the in-door range of the Warren company this evening, in the presence of a number of the officers and members of both companies. Each man fired 5 shots at 200, 300 and 500yds.

The first contest at Bristol was won by the Warrens by a score of 330 to 300, and the contest to-night resulted in a score of 334 to 301, making the total score of the Warren company 664 to 601 for the Bristol company. The score of Sergt. White of 14 consecutive bull's eyes, or 74 out of a possible 75, was phenomenal, and excels any ever before made on the range, if not any ever made in the State. The full score of Wednesday's match follows:

Warren Artillery Company.

Private Johnson	445445444545545—66
Private Simister	355454554455444—66
Private Church	434453545555515—64
Private Crawley	344544445535455—64
Sergt White	555555555555455—74—334

Bristol Artillery Company.

Private Thayer	454344414344145—60
Private Gallup	441445554435445—64
Sergt Schlosser	454444444544445—62
Sergt. Hodgkinson	4445 3445443433—55
Sergt Barrett	443544535343443 60—301

W. H. MASON.

A Falling Bullet.

DENVER, Colo., May 6.—Thomas Jamison was brought here to-day from Cripple Creek dying from the effect of a remarkable accident. Yesterday Jamison fired his revolver into the air and then remained perfectly still examining the weapon. The ball fell, cutting his cheek wide open. It plowed into his side, breaking three ribs, and lodged deep in the abdomen. He was immediately brought to this city suffering terribly from the accumulation of blood in the stomach. An operation by the physicians relieved this, and also removed the bullet, but it is doubtful if the man can recover.—*New York Times.*

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday proved an unusually calm day at Shell Mound range. Many marksmen were present, as it was class medal day all along the line Some extra fine rifle work was done by members of the Columbia Club on the Columbia target. I am sorry this target is not more generally used, as it is certainly the most sensible one in use by riflemen, its numbering being on the most rational basis:

Columbia Club scores:

Rifle—Re entry matches, open to all comers, 300yds., Columbia target, F. H. Bushnell rifle medal and cash prizes, 3-shot scores: F. O. Young, 7, 9, 9, 10; A. H. Pape, 9, 10, 12; Dr. Rodgers, 13; E. Jacobsen 17.

William Glindeman military medal and cash prizes, 10 shots, Creedmoor count: E Havey, 47, 45; F H. Bushnell, 46, 46.

F. O. Young rifle-record medal and cash prizes, 10-shot scores: Dr. Rodgers 49, E. Jacobsen 62, F. E. Mason 70, U. Barrere 87, A. Thurow 193.

Class medal, for members only, one 10-shot score. Champion class: Dr. Rodgers 61. F. E. Mason 64, F. O Young 69.

First class: C. B. Dorrel 70, G Schultz 128.

Second class: G. Barley 105, M. J. White 111.

Third class: O. Hinteman 70, C. F Waltham 109, Mrs. J. White 103, G. Manuel 120, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 158, V. J. Lannotte 162.

Pistol, re-entry matches, 50yds., open to all comers. Gordon Blanding medal and three cash prizes, 3-shot scores: C M. Daiss, 7, 8, 9, 10; J. E. Gorman, 9, 10; A. B. Dorrell, 9, 12, 14; F. O. Young 13, 16.

Diamond pistol medal and three cash prizes, 10-shot scores: C. M. Daiss, 40, 43; F. O. Young, 46; J. E Gorman 46, A. B. Dorrell 46.

Achille Roos .22cal. rifle medal, two ladies' medals and three cash prizes, 5 shot scores: E Jacobson, 8, 9, 9, 11; A. B. Dowell, 9, 11, 11; Mrs. M. Peck, 13, 14; Mrs. C. F. Waltham, 18, 18; C. F. Waltham 22.

Pistol class medals for members only, 10-shot scores:

Champion class - J. E. Gormad 38, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 46, A. H. Pape 46, C. M. Daiss 58. F. O. Young 58, A. B. Dorrell 60.

First class—M. J. White 49, F. E. Mason 65, E. Jacobson 61, L. Barrere 73.

Second class—F. M. Bushnell 65, G. M. Barley 83.

Third class—Mrs. M. J. White 99, R. W. Forrest 114, A. Hinteman 112, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 166.

Several of the German sharpshooting clubs held their monthly contests. Those for class medals were shot on the German 25-ring target, 25-shot scores. The bullseye contests were decided by the measuring machine. The winners and scores were as follows:

Germania Schuetzen Club, class medals, champion class—First, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 430 rings; second, D. B Faktor 426. First class—First, H. Burfeind 390; second, H. Helberg 385. Second class—Not filled. Third class—First, F. H. Bushnell 411; second, J. Tiedemann 394. Fourth class—First, J. F. Daly 309. Best first shot, John Tiedmann 23. Best last shot, F. H. Bushnell 25.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, class medals: Champion class, A. H. Pape, 433 rings; first not filled. Second class, J. Tiedemann, 380. Third class, F. Koch, 379 (won for good). Fourth class, J. C. Heise, 371. Best first shot, N. Ahrens, 24; best last shot, L. Bendel, 24.

Norddeuscher Schuetzen Club bullseye: First, G. Schultz, 254 points; second, I. Gilken, 356; third, D. Heise, 374; fourth, O. Lembe, 6 8; fifth, H. Hube., 745; sixth, J. Lankenau, 781; seventh, L. Ritzau, 795; eighth, H. Stelling, 831; ninth, C. F. Rust, 834; tenth, F. P. Schuster, 912; eleventh, W. Garms, 945; twelfth, H. Helberg, 1,168. ROEEL.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

May 25.—FINDLAY, O.—Tournament of the Magautrap Gun Club. Targets Chas. E. Steen, Sec'y.

May 25-27.—MARLIN, Texas.—Tournament of the Marlin Gun Club. E. K. Herrings, Sec'y.

May 25-27.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Tournament of the Joplin Gun Club. Added money announced later.

May 26.—BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Tournament of the Brooklyn Gun Club. Targets. Grounds at Liberty avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn.

May 26-29.—EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—Annual tournament of the King's Smokeless Gun Club.

May 31.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 31.—PORTLAND, Me.—Spring tournament of the Portland Gun Club. Targets. Added money announced later.

May 31-June 1.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Valley City Gun Club.

May 31.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Second tournament of the Connecticut Trap-Shooting Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. W. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

June 1.—CHICAGO.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association's convention at the Sherman House, 8 o'clock P. M. Contests for the Association's medals, cups and other prizes, June 1, 2, 3, at Watson's Park. John Watson's tournament at Watson's Park, live birds and targets, June 1 to 6, inclusive.

June 2-3.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Anniversary tournament of the Bergen County Gun Club. *Recreation* cup shoot on June 2. C. O. Gardner, Jr., Sec'y.

June 2-4.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club.

June 3.—BATH, Me.—Sixth annual tournament of the Bath Gun Club. Open to all. Geo. E. Thompson, Sec'y.

June 7-8.—PARKERSBURG, W. Va.—Tournament of the Mountain State Gun Club Targets. $350 added. Leon J. Epstein, Sec'y.

June 8-9.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—MONROE, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 10.—NEWCASTLE, Pa.—Third tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

June 15-18.—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—ANACONDA, Mont.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest and fourth annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Anaconda Gun Club. $1,500 added. C. A Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 22.—OGDEN, Ill.—Second annual tournament of the Ogden Gun Club. Wm. McKinley, Sec'y.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

July 1.—SHERBROOKE, Quebec.—Sherbrooke's grand annual. Inanimates. Open to all amateurs. C. H. Foss, Sec'y, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

July 3-5.—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Co.

July 5-6.—INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, Ind.—Indiana Mineral Springs tournament. Ben O Bush, Manager.

July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 20-22.—PINE BLUFF, Ark.—Seventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Added money announced later. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock, Ark.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 17-19.—TORONTO, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000 guaranteed. Open to all. Write for programmes.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept 6.—MERIDEN, Conn.—Third annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Central Iowa shooting tournament will be held at Stanhope, Ia., May 26-27, under the management of G. E. Hamaker and E. L. Wheatley. All purses will be divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent., unless otherwise stated. Ten-gauge guns will stand on the same mark with 12-gauges. Professionals will be handicapped 1 bird in all events. Bluerock targets will be thrown from three traps, "magautrap style." Two special features in the programme for May 26 are: No. 9, 20 straightaways, *30yds. rise*, $2; No. 12, 50 singles, $1, contest for the championship medal valued at $21. The managers write us as follows: "John Georgeson, the veteran trap shot, has laid his gun on the shelf, and will be with us to help manage the shoot. The Dayton Gun Club has promised to be here in full force. The Marshalltown boys say they will all be here, and Sioux City has promised us a large crowd. Gubben will be here with a good delegation from Randall, and we are expecting the boys from Fonda, Manson, Jewell, Iowa Falls, Des Moines, Malard, Algona, Waterloo, Forest City, Storm Lake, Kingsley, Jefferson, Webster City, Eldora, Kelly, Le Mars, Meredith, Ames, Humboldt and Goldfield. Don't miss us."

There has been recently organized an Interscholastic Gun Club League of Philadelphia and vicinity. The delegates of several of the schools met with the University of Pennsylvania Gun Club, at Houston Hall, Monday, May 10, and elected the following officers: President, Geo. Fox, De Lancy Academy; Vice-President, Harry Lay, Lawrenceville School; Secretary, S. K. Van Denburg, Hill School; Treasurer, Mr. O. Paul, U. of P. The league thus organized will hold annually two championship matches, one in December and one in March; the exact dates to be determined later. The matches will be held on the University of Pennsylvania grounds at Fernwood Pa. Any school desiring more definite information on this point should address the secretary, Mr. J. K. Van Denburg, the Hill School, Pottstown, Pa.

The following account of the contest for the W-A trophy of the Council Bluffs, Ia., Gun Club, appears in the Omaha *Bee* of May 7: "The handicap cup shoot of the members of the Council Bluffs Gun Club was held at the club grounds yesterday afternoon. The cup was a silver powder can, a very handsome and elaborate affair, containing 2lbs. of the best smokeless powder. Live birds were used as targets. Some excellent shooting was done before the cup was won by S. T. McAtee. Following is the score: W. D. Hardin (scratch) 21, Waterman (5) 10, Anderson (1) 21, Beresheim (scratch) 20, H. Hardin (2) 14, D. Stewart (9) 15, Zimmerli (2) 16, Kingsbury (2) 20, Matthai (1) 19, Casady (9) 12, F. S. Crabill (scratch) 20, H. S. West (scratch) 21, Leutzinger (4) 16, W. H. Bradley (8) 15, McAtee (7) 25, Oliver (1) 15, Hafer (3) 19, Beno (2) 22. Randlett (scratch) 20, Griffith (6) 18, Heinrichs (3) 24, T. Crabill (2) 10, Stubbs (scratch) 20."

The programme of the Eastern New York League tournament at Canajoharie, N. Y., under the auspices of the local Gun Club, on May 31 (Decoration Day), gives promise of a good day's sport. The schedule calls for thirteen events of 15 targets each, all at unknown angles, $1.50 entrance. All purses are to be divided under the "old system," 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., targets being deducted from the purses in events 1-3 at 2 cents each; in events 4-13, inclusive, 3 cents a target will be charged, the extra cent going to form an average fund. Shooting commences on the arrival of the morning trains from the East and West; no postponement being probable on account of weather. Mr. Chas. Weeks, of Canajoharie, is secretary of the club, and will answer any inquiries in regard to the running of this tournament.

We have received the following communication from Mr. W. C. Pattison, of the Indiana Mineral Springs, Warren county, Ind.: "The tournament to be given at the Indiana Mineral Springs, July 5 and 6, will be under the management of Mr. Ben O. Bush, which is sufficient recommendation as to the manner in which the tournament will be conducted. The Springs can be reached via C. & E. I. R. R. and Wabash R. R., Attica being our railroad station. All points on these roads sell return ticket to the Springs at reduced rates. Any further information can be furnished by addressing W. C. Pattison, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind."

Dr. John W. Bidwell, who has been president of the Winsted (Conn.) Gun Club for the past fifteen years; in fact, since the organization of the club, died suddenly on April 19 last. This necessitated the election of another president, and Mr. Wm. F. Hurlbert, a prominent attorney of Winsted, has been elected to serve as chief executive. The other officers are: Vice-President, Geo. W. Brown; Secretary-Treasurer, Wm. H. Phelps.

Wednesday, May 26, is the date set by the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club for the 50-target handicap shoot for a gold watch donated by the club. The contest is open to all. Targets are thrown from a magautrap on these grounds, and the Brooklyn Club intends to keep itself before the trap-shooters of New York city and vicinity by doing its best to give its guests all the shooting they want and at as small expense as possible.

The regular monthly handicap shoot for the Bergen County Gun Club's E. C. cup will take place at the club's grounds. Hackensack, N. J., on Saturday next, May 22, beginning at 1:30 P. M. The conditions are: 50 targets, unknown angles, $1 entrance, with optional sweep on each 25 targets. Sweepstake shooting will commence at 10:30 A. M. The cup shoot is open to all members of the club and their friends.

The Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., has made a change in its shooting grounds. In future the monthly shoots of this club will be held on the Crescent Oval, in Plainfield, instead of at Fanwood, as formerly. The first club shoot to be held at the Crescent Oval will be on May 26, when stages will meet the 1:10, 1:30 and 2:30 P. M. trains at the Plainfield depot and convey shooters to the grounds free of charge.

The Connecticut Trap Shooting Association's second tournament at New Haven, Conn., on Decoration Day (May 31) will surely be a popular affair. The six-men team race always insures a good crowd of contestants and "second string" men. The New Haven Gun Club, under the able management of President M. H. Clark, Secretary W. H. Hazel and Mr Bristol, understands looking after its guests, and will make things very pleasant for those who attend the Decoration Day shoot.

The Peekskill, N. Y., tournament on May 11-13 was a pleasant affair. The company was quite warm, too; in fact, altogether too hot for any shooters who were not close up to the expert class. Jack Fanning was out of trim, and shot away below his average, but gave the boys lots of amusement by carrying off the "booby prize—with trimmings"—on the first day of the shoot.

O. R. Dickey shot in splendid form on both days of the Peekskill, N. Y., shoot. His work on the first day was far above the average, while his dropping 5 out of 20 targets in the last event of that day was little short of miraculous. The race for first place on the second day was quite interesting, but—blood will tell, won't it?

At the annual meeting of the Forest City Gun Club, of Savannah, Ga., the following officers were elected: President, C. A. La Motte; Vice-President, P. J. Ott; Secretary, Harry B. Lemcke; Treasurer, John Rucker; Captain, F. J. Jangstetter. The members of this club have been making preparations to give their guests a warm welcome at the Interstate Association's tournament, which is being held this week, May 19-20.

The Decoration Day (May 31) prize shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., will bring out the members of that club in force. These holiday gatherings are always popular and lots of targets are thrown during the day. This means plenty of shooting for all.

Are you in the "$4-class"? This is a question shooters are asking one another now since the Cleveland programme came out. The question is one easily settled by the shooter himself, and Paul North expects no trouble in classifying the boys correctly.

The programme for the Monroe, La., Interstate Association tournament is noticed elsewhere. These Southern gentlemen apparently seem to like a warm programme in warm weather.

"Grimm, Gilbert, Budd, Heikes and Parmelee!" A warm combination, indeed. The above were among the forty shooters who took part in the opening day's programme of the Waterloo, Ia., tournament on May 11.

Mrs. Frank Class, the wife of Frank Class, of Morristown, N. J., is said to have killed 40 out of 50 targets on May 10 at the shoot of the Morristown Gun Club.

U. M. C. Thomas, Ferd Van Dyke and F. S. Edwards are New York's three representatives at the Savannah Interstate tournament this week.

MAY 15. EDWARD BANKS.

Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 18.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The tournament here opens under the most favorable auspices; the weather is fine and the attendance promises to exceed that of last year. Most of the prominent shooters are here, as well as a host of State shooters. This will no doubt prove to be the best tournament of the season. The only event of importance yesterday was the State team race, four men to a team, 15 live birds per man; eight teams were entered, and all but one of these were from Kansas City. The Foresters won the State medal on the fine score of 57; then came the O. K. with 55, Stockyards 54, Washington Park 51, St. Louis Belt Line and Pastimes 47, Kansas City 43. Many new shooters arrived during the night and this morning. So the entries in the target events will exceed 100. PAUL R. LITZKE.

New Haven Gun Club.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 12.—The members of the New Haven Gun Club held their regular monthly shoot to-day on the club's grounds near Schuetzen Park. About twenty shooters took part in the different events, the principal ones being the merchandise at 20 singles and the team shoot.

Bement, Robertson and Bennett tied for first place in the merchandise event, Bement winning on the shoot off. Kelly took second all alone, and Treat shot out Redfield for third place.

The teams were captained by A. B. Treat and J. B. Robertson, respectively. Robertson had rather the best of it, his team being 10 birds in the lead at the finish.

Mr. Sanford, of the Bridgeport Gun Club, was present and did some good shooting, as did also Whitney, Potter, Stevens and Bement, of the home club. Scores:

Robertson's Team.

Bement	11111011111111111111—19
Whitney	10111111111111111111—19
Reggiori	11111111101111011101—17
Stevens	11110111111110110111—17
Bristol	00111110110111111111—16
Kelly	10111111110101111011—16
Robertson	11100110010111100101—11
Isbell	01111000100110100011—10—125

Treat's Team.

Potter	10101111101111111111—17
Sanford	11111010111110111111—17
Sherman	11111111110111011101—17
Stevenson	11111001110111111011—16
Treat	11111011110101101011—16
Bennett	11110100101011011111—14
Bassett	10100011110110000101—10
Redfield	01010110010010010100— 8—115

Merchandise race, 30 targets, 15 known, 15 unknown;

		Allow.	
Bement	11111011101101101111111111111	4	30
Robertson	10111101101110111110110110111	7	30
Bennett	10011101110110111101111111111	6	30
Kelly	11101111011110111111111110111	3	29
Treat	11111011101011001000110110011	10	28
Redfield	11111011101000101110001011001 1	10	28
Potter	11011111111111101101111011111	0	26
Sherman	10101111111111111011111111011	0	26
Bassett	00110011101011100111110111100	7	26
Callahan	11011011101111011011010110011 1	4	25
Whitney	01111111111011111111001111101	0	25
Reggiori	10011101001011011101101101011 1	6	25
Stevens	01111111111111101111010111010	0	24
Stevenson	01110000011101111011100110101	5	23
Bristol	11011111110011011100011111111	0	23
Sanford	11111111011110011111010111001 1	0	23
Ishell	00000110110010110081101110110 0	10	23

G. W. HAZEL, Sec'y.

Western Traps.

ILLINOIS STATE SHOOT.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 15.—One of these days we shall see a copy of the programme of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. This old reliable institution will hold its convention at Chicago, June 1, and the week following June 1 will be devoted to the trap shooting features of the yearly assembly, the association events being followed by the open tournament at live birds and inanimates given by John Watson. It is certain there will be a crowd at this old-time fixture. Come and see the d. o. b. birds and the targets that go out from under the roof. Come and listen to the convention. You won't have a better time anywhere on the round of trap circuiting than you will right here. Come and see the 10-gauge rules. We are the only people who have them. We also have the Chicago Climate. Bring your overcoats and duck suits. Also bring your knitting and stay the whole week. John Watson has a whole herd of fat chickens and we will scare up enough to eat somewhere around town. P. S.—Bring your 10 gauge guns too. They touch a tender spot and soften up our hearts, making us think of the past that has long, long ago gone rattling down the grooves of time. Bring your 10-gauge guns and you shall shoot right in the ear of the 12-gauge men, just for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. We are modern as the Pyramids, at least, in trap-shooting rules, here in Chicago and the Illinois State Association.

COUNCIL BLUFFS GUN CLUB.

The Council Bluffs (Ia.) Gun Club shot its first handicap May 8, 23 out of 39 of its members turning out. S. T. McAtee, with a handicap of 7, won first. Gus Heinrichs, with a handicap of 3, won second.

COOK COUNTY LEAGUE.

The Cook County League, of Chicago, shoots its first season event to-day. Most of the other club grounds will therefore be vacant to-day. The trap season is now fully under way at all of our club grounds. Targets make the only form of shooting, no live bird matches or club shoots of great size on live birds having yet been pulled off this season, and it being now too late for that sort of shooting here. Few birds are shot in Chicago between March and June, the latter month giving us the State tournament on birds and targets. The organization of the target clubs into a league bids fair to be more active and effective this year than ever before, and it is very likely Chicago will grind a good line of targets this summer. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Limeport Gun Club.

LIMEPORT, Pa., May 8.—The medal shoot of the Limeport Gun Club was held here to-day. The conditions were 25 targets. A. S. A. rules. The scores:

H T Erdman	11111111101110111101110101—20
J Weiss	11011100111010010011001101—14
A F Wanig	01111011011110110101100011—17
H B Schantz	11111011101111010111101101—19
M R Schaffer	11100111001011011001010101—14
S B Carl	11111001101101010001101101—15
A Freyer	11011110010011110101001101—15
J A Bunner	11001111110111101001011101—18
C W Schaffer	10011001111001101101010001—15
O J Engleman	01011101011110101111011101—17
E H Strohm	11011111001001110101011110—16

Sweep, 10 targets:

H T Erdman	1111011111— 9	R M Schaffer	0111011011— 8
H B Schantz	1011111111— 9	A F Wanig	1111111111—10
A Freyer	1011101111— 8		

H. T. ERDMAN, Sec'y.

Androscoggin Gun Club.

LEWISTON, Me., May 13.—Our weekly club shoot took place to-day, and there was a fair turnout of shooters considering the day, which was wet and disagreeable. Quite a lot of interest is being taken in trap-shooting here this season on account of the Interstate shoot here in August, and I think some of the members of the club will be able to give a good account of themselves at that time. Event No. 2 was at unknown angles; No. 5 was the contest for the Doten challenge cup.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	*25*	*10*	*15*	*25*	*25*	Targets:	*25*	*10*	*15*	*25*	*25*
H E Doten	23	9	15	22	23	E Godfrey	24	8	15	23	22
L Keyes	20	8	14	19	19	J Moore	20	7	11	18	21
W F Conway	16	5	9	16	15	H Allen	18	7	9	..	..
O P Keyes	19	7	14	18	19	J Knight	11	3	11	12	..
J Eastman	20	8	12	19	17	A Wills	10	7	9	..	..
N Taylor	23	9	15	21	20						

L. E. KEYES.

The Monroe Interstate.

VIA THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY ROUTE.

SHOOTERS from New York and vicinity desiring to attend the tournament, and to reach Monroe the day previous to the opening, will leave New York from foot of Liberty street, via the Baltimore & Ohio (Royal Blue Line), Sunday, June 6, at 2:00 P. M.; Philadelphia 4:20 P. M.; Baltimore 7:00 P. M.; Washington 9:00 P. M.; Knoxville 2:10 P. M. (Monday); Chattanooga 6:10 P. M.; Birmingham 10:15 P. M.; Meridian 6:00 A. M. (Tuesday); Jackson 9:55 A. M.; Vicksburg 11:45 A. M., arriving at Monroe 3:45 P. M.

Climax Monthly Shoot.

A REGULAR monthly shoot of the Climax Gun Club will be held on May 26 at Plainfield, N. J. A stage will meet the 1:10, 1:30 and 2:30 trains from New York, conveying shooters to the new grounds free of charge for this shoot. Now come and help us make a success of this, and see how you like our new grounds.

Kensington Gun Club.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., May 15.—The Kensington Gun Club was organized here on Wednesday, May 12, with 20 charter members. The following officers were elected: President, H. P. Bennett; Vice-President, C. B. Woolley; Secretary, C. L. Edwards; Treasurer, H. G. Woolley; Captain, H. C. Mapo, Jr. Weekly target shoots will be held on the club's grounds at Kensington Park. CHAS. L. EDWARDS.

The Peekskill Tournament.

THE annual tournament of the Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club, May 11-13, suffered considerably from wet and windy weather. The first day was fine enough, but the weather on the last two days was of a most disheartening nature. Rain fell in torrents at times on the last day, and it was hardly expected that there would be much of an attendance under such conditions. But the tournament was a success, despite the weather.

As usual, it drew together quite a number of crack shots. It is not a difficult matter to gather together a couple of warm squads at any tournament around New York; and Peekskill had her share of warm material.

AMONG THE SHOOTERS

were: O. R. Dickey, representing the Parker Gun Co.; Ferd. Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; H. M. Levengston, Saratoga Springs; J. S. Fanning, representing the interests of Gold Dust powder; Ralph Trimble, looking after the Du Pont Smokeless' side of the question; Gus Greiff, of Von Lengerke & Detmold, who came for the live birds; J. S. S. Remsen, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Esau, the assumed name, or rather, one of the many assumed names of a crack New York trap-shooter who prefers to hide his light under many a bushel; Ed. Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co.; Dan Lefever, of the Lefever Arms Co.; Tom Keller, of the King's Smokeless and Peters' cartridge companies, and his running mate, Dutchy Smith, of Plainfield, N. J.; Neaf Apgar; Bob Snyder, of Schoverling, Daly & Gales; J. L. Brewer, New York; C. H. Perkins, Troy, N. Y.; E. Ingram, New York city, etc. We had almost forgotten W. F. Parker, a member of the firm of Parker Bros., a new man at the traps, but one who is coming very fast, and who promises to shoot his firm's gun to the front before long. On the second day there were several new arrivals, W. Allison, South Weymouth, Mass.; J. B. Sanders, Albany, N. Y., and Joe Baker, of Ridgefield, N. J., being among the number.

A glance at the above list of names shows that there was ample material for good scores. It was hardly to be wondered at, therefore, if the novices dropped out or else only shot along "for birds."

GROUNDS ARE PECULIARLY LOCATED.

The grounds of the club are peculiarly located. Peekskill is one of the hilliest of the many hilly cities that line both banks of the Hudson River. Being on the east side of the river, it is a matter of considerable difficulty to get a good sky background facing to the northeast. So difficult was it that the club did not bother about it much, but just went to work and inclosed a small space of ground at the foot of one of the hills, and planted itself right in the middle of a small arena and faced its traps squarely into the hillside. This makes it seem a difficult ground to make good scores on. We say "makes it seem," because the scores on the second day show that the boys found out how to break them, no matter if the targets did go far and fast. The traps were a set of the new bluerock expert traps, so "'nuff said" on that point. As somebody said, "They flung 'em for fair." Dickey and Fulford on the first day were able to register some big averages, their work making that of the others seem amateurish to a distressing degree.

THE OFFICIALS.

The tournament was most satisfactorily managed by Neaf Apgar, who not only ran the shoot, but also tried hard to accomplish the impossible feat of doing two things at once and both well—shooting and working. In the cashier's office were Messrs. E. F. Hill and O. J. Loder, both members of the home club and both efficient in their positions. The pulling, refereeing and scoring was done by any member of the club who was at liberty: Dr. Mason, Dr. Horton, J. B. Halsted, Frank Southard, Harry Dain, Snowden, G. W. Richmond, B. C. Everinghim, W. C. Gibb, etc., were always on hand and ready to do anything to help things along; Dr. Mason in particular was a very busy man, and his scores suffered in consequence.

The records of each day's scores, which are given below, will best give the history of this successful little shoot.

GENERAL AVERAGES

The general average column is one that Dickey can cut out and paste in his scrap book without any excuse for such action. Each of the eight men who shot out the entire two days' programme shot at 380 targets, and Dickey, by virtue of consistently good shooting, ended with 338 breaks, an average of 93.8, an average that speaks very highly for his work with the gun. The conditions really should be experienced to enable anybody to properly appreciate his work. Fulford, who also shot consistently well, landed only 6 targets behind Dickey, and had an average of 92.2. Edwards was third with 324, 8 targets behind Fulford and 14 behind Dickey, just managing to show up an average of 90 per cent. for the two days. Van Dyke was fourth, close up to Edwards, with 89 4 per cent. Levengston, Apgar, Trimble and Fanning, finished in order named. Below are the records:

	1st day.	2d day.	Total.	Ave.
Dickey	168	170	338	93.8
Fulford	164	168	332	92.2
Edwards	155	169	324	90
Van Dyke	156	166	322	89.4
Levengston	151	162	316	87.7
Apgar	157	151	308	85.5
Trimble	150	155	305	84.7
Fanning	142	148	290	80.5

GUNS, SHELLS AND POWDERS OF WINNERS.

The guns, shells and loads of the four high guns were as follows: Dickey—Parker, U. S. Rapid, 45grs. E. C. and 1¼oz. No. 7; Fulford—Greener, 3drs. Schultze, U. M. C. Trap, factory-loaded, 1¼oz. No. 7½; Edwards—Winchester, 32drs. E. C., U. M. C. Smokeless, factory-loaded, 1⅛oz. No. 7½; Van Dyke—Winchester, 54grs. W-A., W. R. A. Leader, factory-loaded, 1¼oz. No. 7½. Remsen and Esau, who divided third average on the first day, used the following guns and ammunition:—Remsen—Scott, Schultze; Esau, Francotte, single barrel, E. C.

First Day, May 11.

A finer day for the time of year than that which was provided for the opening day of the Peekskill shoot, could not be had for the asking. Some people may have found it a trifle too warm and enervating, for it was a regular midsummer day that had gotten out about six weeks too early. The hot sun poured down on the arena of the Peekskill Gun Club and made everybody hunt the shade. It just suited Dickey, who was in wonderful form, losing only 7 out of the first 170 shot at in the programme events; then came a case of mental aberration, and he lost 3 out of the first 4 targets he shot at in the last 20-bird event, all from No. 5 trap, and finished that 20 target event with 15, shooting himself out of the money! Fulford also lost 4 targets in that event, and ended up 4 behind Dickey, taking second average with 91.1 per cent.

Outside of the two above-named, it was a close race; Remsen and Esau tied with 158 breaks; Apgar was next with 157; then came Van Dyke, 156, Edwards 155, Levengston 154, W. F Parker 151, Trimble 150, Brewer 149. Fanning was last on the list of those who shot out the programme, being clean out of all form, and breaking only 142. His poor form, while it caused the loss of some good coin in the sweepstakes, earned him the "booby prize" of $2 offered by the club to the man who made the lowest average in all programme events.

Below are the

SCORES OF MAY 11.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11			
Targets:	10	15	20	10	20	15	25	10	20	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
O R Dickey	8	15	18	10	19	15	23	10	20	15	15	185	168	93.3
E D Fulford	7	14	18	10	18	15	25	9	18	14	16	185	164	91.1
J S S Remsem	10	12	18	8	18	13	23	9	18	11	18	185	158	87.7
L H Esau	10	14	18	8	15	14	20	10	17	12	20	185	158	87.7
N Apgar	9	13	19	8	18	14	22	9	16	14	15	185	157	87.2
F Van Dyke	8	12	17	9	18	15	21	7	16	14	19	185	156	86.6
F S Edwards	9	13	19	8	18	12	21	6	19	12	18	185	155	86.1
H M Levengston	9	12	16	9	18	14	21	9	17	14	15	185	154	85.5
W F Parker	8	9	15	9	16	14	22	8	19	13	18	185	151	83.8
R Trimble	10	10	15	8	17	13	22	9	18	12	16	185	150	83.3
J L Brewer	9	10	14	8	17	15	22	8	18	12	16	185	149	82.7
J S Fanning	10	13	17	8	16	14	18	9	14	9	14	185	142	78 8
J B Halsted	8	11	17	..	12	11	18	6	10	5	12	170	110	64.7
T H Keller	..	..	15	9	16	12	23	6	17	13	18	155	129	83.2
Dutchy	..	..	17	9	14	15	23	6	16	11	16	155	127	81.9
R Snyder	..	..	19	8	..	9	17	8	15	12	14	135	102	75.5
Ed Taylor	8	12	18	8	15	12	..	7	..	11	..	115	91	79.1
E Ingram	7	11	17	5	15	..	..	..	14	..	12	115	81	70.4
P H Mason	7	11	..	9	..	11	16	8	16	..	..	105	78	74.2
D Lefever	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	7	17	10	18	90	74	82.2
J W Snowden	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	5	14	..	13	75	48	64
F A T	6	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	27	60
H P Dain	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	15	35	28	80
S D Horton	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	20	80
B C Everinghim	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	15	13	86.6

Second Day, May 12.

During the night a heavy downpour of rain made matters look decidedly blue for the second day of the shoot. In the extremely early hours of May 12 the rain came down in torrents, and was still falling persistently at 8 A. M., when the majority of the shooting guests of the Eagle Hotel gathered in the dining room for breakfast. About 9 the rain ceased almost entirely, only a slight drizzle causing a recourse to hacks in order to reach the grounds. The score and club house are all in one, and are covered by an ample roof that gives shelter when required, both from rain and from the sun's rays, for both kinds of weather were dealt out to the boys.

The greater part of the day the sky was dull and leaden-colored, but at times the sun got through and then everything steamed. The light was very varying, and there is something remarkable in the scores made by No. 1 squad in consequence. Targets were going about as far and as fast as one ever sees them go, and the light kept changing in a puzzling manner, yet No. 1 squad went out and did some excellent work. It just happened that each of its five members was in his best trim and therein lay the secret of some of its scores. In event No. 3 it broke 94 out of 100; in No. 4, 47 out of 50; in No. 7, 115 out of 125, Dickey losing 4 targets; in No. 8, 48 out of 50; in No. 10, 72 out of 75, and in No. 11, 96 out of 100 The five men broke 835 out of 900 shot at in the programme events, making a squad average of 92 7.

Dickey was on top again, but not without having to do some hustling, as Edwards and Fulford were only 1 and 2 targets respectively behind him, while Van Dyke was only 2 targets behind Fulford. Levengston also shot a good gait all through, ending up in fifth place with an average of just 90 per cent. Thus, all five members of No. 1 squad accounted for the first five places in the percentage column.

Trimble shot very well for more than half the events, but seemed to lack condition, and fell off towards the end of the day. Fanning was again badly off in his shooting, and his work was a source of much worriment to his friends, although it did not feaze Sharkey in the least. During the two days he had a hoodoo on righ -quarterers, and never could find them correctly or to his satisfaction. Sanders lost his chance of a nice average by losing 18 out of his last 55 targets; up to that time he had broken 107 out of 125 shot at. W. Allison won the "booby prize," as Halsted shot "for birds only" in most of the events.

SCORES OF MAY 12.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11			
Targets:	10	15	20	10	20	15	25	10	20	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
O R Dickey	10	15	20	9	18	14	21	10	18	15	20	180	170	94.4
F S Edwards	8	14	20	9	18	15	24	9	19	15	18	180	169	93.8
E D Fulford	7	13	20	9	18	14	23	10	19	15	20	180	168	93.3
F Van Dye	9	15	16	10	19	14	23	10	17	14	19	180	166	92.2
H M Levengston	7	13	18	10	17	12	24	9	20	13	19	180	162	90
R Trimble	10	14	19	10	18	13	22	7	15	13	14	180	155	86.1
N Apgar	10	14	15	8	18	12	19	9	16	13	17	180	151	83 8
J S Fanning	9	11	18	9	15	14	22	5	17	12	16	180	148	82.2
J B Sanders	10	11	17	9	19	14	18	9	14	9	14	180	144	80
H P Dain	10	12	17	8	15	10	18	7	18	12	15	180	142	78.8
W Allison	9	13	16	7	16	13	18	6	15	13	15	180	141	78.3
J B Halsted	7	12	14	10	14	11	21	6	13	15	10	180	133	73.8
P H Mason	..	12	15	7	14	13	22	9	17	14	19	170	142	83.5
Dutchy	8	13	17	8	18	12	22	9	..	..	..	125	107	85.5
T H Keller	8	14	16	6	15	11	23	7	..	..	..	125	103	83.3
J Baker	..	..	..	..	12	10	17	7	14	12	9	1 5	81	64.8
D Lefever	7	12	15	7	15	14	..	8	..	..	14	120	92	76.6
C H Perkins	8	10	16	7	12	10	..	8	..	9	..	115	80	69.5
W C Gibb	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	9	7	70	39	55.7
J L Brewer	8	12	18	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	66	55	84.6
F A T	..	..	..	..	13	8	17	..	..	..	..	60	38	63.3
E Ingram	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	12	55	39	70.9
J W Snowden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	35	26	74.2
S D Horton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	35	25	71.4

Third Day, May 13.

The weather to-day was about as unpleasant as it could be, being windy and rainy all day. This kept the attendance down to a minimum Dickey shot well, losing only 2 birds out of 35 shot at, one of the lost birds falling dead out of bounds. Fanning and trimble split up first money in the handicap with 15 straight.

No. 1 was 5 birds, $5, bird included, three high guns; No. 2, 10 birds, $7, birds included, three moneys; No. 3, Peekskill Handicap, 15 birds, $10, birds extra, four moneys; No. 4, $2 miss-and-out. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 4.
Van Dyke	22212—5	2222222022—9	22221—5
Dickey	221•3—4	2221222222—10	22222—5
Horton	12112—5	•013120112— 7	.....
Dain	12•2 —3	2111111111—10	.....
Perkins	2201 —4	1201111011— 8	.....
Fanning	10w	1110112•11— 8	10
Hill	•:100—2	.....	.....
Gibb	012•1— 3	.....	.....
Lefever	22:2• 4	2 0111 22•— 8	210
Trimble	11111—5	1111 2111•— 9	22121—5
Greiff	.....	2222222222—10	22211—5
H C H	.....	2(020202022— 6	.....
Taylor	.....	0222221211— 9	120

Trimble missed his first bird in No. 4, but re-entered with the result shown in the score.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 3:

Fanning (30) ↗↙↖↖→↗↑↙↗↖↑↖↑↗↖ 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1—15

Trimble (29) ↑↘↘↓↰↑↗↓↑→↙↗↖↗↗ 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1—15

Dickey (30) ↗↑↗→↓↰↖↖↖↙↖←↙↗↑ 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 14

Taylor (29) ↓↖↗↖↖←↖↖→→↙↑↖↖↖ 2 0 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1—13

Horton (28) ↖↗↗→↙↱↗↖↖↙↙↗↓↘ 1 1 1 2 • 2 2 • 0 0 1 0 2 2 •— 9

Dain (28) ↖↑↖↙↖↗H↘↗↑↗↗↗↓↖ 0 0 0 2 2 0 1 2 0 0 1 2 0 1 1— 8

Greiff (30) ↑↖→↰↖↙↖ 2 2 2 0 0 2 • w

Van Dyke (30) ↖↑↗↘ • 2 • • w

The following shot along "for birds only":

Likely ↘↖↗↖↘↗↘↖↑↑→↰↑↑↗ • 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2—14

H C H ↖↖↑↖↙↖→↖↗↙↶↙↘↗ 0 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2—11

Halstead ↑↑↖↙↖↖↗↑↘↖↖↷↗↑↖ 1 2 1 • 2 1 • 2 2 1 1 2 0 1 •—11

Perkins ↑↖H↖↗ 1 2 1 2 1 w

EDWARD BANKS.

Buffalo Trap.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB'S WEEKLY SHOOT.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 8.—The attendance at to day's regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club was as large as usual. The club badge event (No. 3 in the table given below) attracted a lot of entries. In Class A, F. D. Kelsey won a heat; George McArthur was the winner in Class B; George Zoeller winning in Class C. Events Nos. 2, 5, 6, 7 and 8 were shot over some new traps, and as the club members have not gotten accustomed to them scores did not rule as high as usual. Below are the scores in to day's events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	15	20	20
E C Burkhardt	10	10	23	13	11	15	15	20
E Reinecke	9	8	20	..	..	..	..	..
U E Storey	9	6	17	..	..	..	..	..
Bird	1	6	10	..	..	13	..	..
Norris	9	8	21	11	13	13	18	..
McArthur	9	11	21	13	12	13	14	..
Kelsey	7	13	23	15	13	15	..	..
J J Reid	5	10	16	12	11	11	12	15
P G Myers	9	13	20	14	12	12	17	..
E W Smith	..	8	22	11	..	..	..	..
J Stewart	..	..	11	13	8	8	8	..
J Kennedy	..	..	14	10	11	9	13	13
L Bennett	..	..	..	10	..	..	14	12
A N Utter	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	15	20	20
J E Lodge	..	..	18	10	6	..	..	..
W Hines, Jr	..	..	22	10	13	..	..	..
A Coombs	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..
G Zoeller	..	..	21	9	11	14	..	..
McCarney	..	..	21	10	11	10	13	16
Porter	..	..	19	12	13	..	12	12
B Talsma	..	..	19	9	13	12	12	..
F D K	..	..	..	14	12	9	..	..
B T	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
Bill King	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	..
A J Barnes	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	14
Swipes	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
W R Eaton	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
J Lascelles	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	..

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., May 8.—Below are the scores made to-day in the regular weekly club shoot of the Omaha Gun Club;

Mont 1111111111101110111—18
Blake 1111111111101011111—18
Learned 1011011010101101111—14
Read 1101111111011111111—17
Kenyon 1101101111111011110—16
Loomis 1111010001111011111—15
Brucker 1111011111110111011—17
Latshaw 1001101111111111110—16
E Kalb 1111101111111001111—17
Carmichael 1111111101111111111—19
Whitener 1011101111111110101—15
Dickey 0011111112111111111—17
Randlett 1101010111111001110—14
McFarlane 1111011001101110100—13
Townsend 1101101011001101101—13

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., May 12.—From a week of moisture and dampness, the Boston Gun Club's Wednesday afternoon emerged quite passably decent—sufficiently so for 15 shooters to put in an appearance at Wellington this afternoon. The rain keeping off, no objection could be made, even though a variable wind prevented good shooting. This being the next to the last shoot for prizes, considerable interest was attached to the match event. The leaders failed to improve their opportunity, and it remained for Winters to make the only change of note in displacing Gordon from third position. Having a low score among his total awaiting erasure next Wednesday, his attendance that day renders his chances exceedingly good for second prize

Scores of this afternoon are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	6	10	10	10	5	6	10	10	10	10
Brown	7	8	2	6	5	6	2	5	5	4	5	5
Winters	10	8	4	9	9	9	4	2	6	7	8	9
Sheffield	7	6	3	9	..	6	2	1	7	6	2	7
Eastman	5	7	4	6	..	7	5	4	7	6	8	7
Sewall	4	6	4	5	6	8	4	6	6	5	6	..
Benton	5	4	2	5	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eddy	4	6	4	4	..	6	3	2	6	5	5	..
Taft	5	5	4	6	..	7	4	3	7	7	8	7
Eaton	6	6	1	5	..	4	2	1	7	6	..	..
Nickelson	4	3	..	6	..	3	1	..	..	..	..	..
Horace	6	5	..	..	..	8	4	4	9	5	..	..
Gordon	8	..	3	8	8	4	5	4	9	9	9	..
Spencer	..	..	3	9	..	7	4	4	7	7	8	..
Nickols	..	..	4	8	..	4	3	2	..	..	..	..
Miskay	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	7	4	4	6	6	6	5

Events 1, 4, 5, 6 and 12, known angles; Nos. 2, 7 and 9, unknown; Nos. 3 and 8, pairs; Nos. 10 and 11, reverse pull.

Prize match, 21 targets, 10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs; distance handicap:

Sewall (15)	1111001111—8	01111—4	11 11 11—6—18
Eastman (16)	1110010111—7	11111—5	10 11 10—4—16
Horace (16)	0111111101—8	11110—4	01 11 10—4—16
Winters (18)	1110111111—9	01111—4	00 10 10—2—15
Miskay (17)	1011101011—7	01111—4	11 00 11—4—15
Spencer (16)	0111010111—7	10111—4	10 10 11—4—15
Taft (16)	1101110011—7	11101—4	10 10 10—3—14
Gordon (17)	0000001111—4	11111—5	11 10 10—4—13
Brown (15)	1101011001—6	11001—2	11 10 11—5—13
Eddy (15)	1001011110—6	11010—3	00 10 10—2—11
Sheffield (15)	0111110001—6	10010—2	00 10 00—1— 9
Nickols (16)	0000011101—4	10011—3	10 00 10—2— 9
Eaton (16)	0011000110—4	01100—2	00 00 10—1— 7
Benton (14)	1010101101—6	w.	
Nickelson (15)	1000100100 3	10000—1	w.

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 8.—Below are the scores made to-day by the members of the Eureka Gun Club at the regular weekly shoot:

No. 3, club shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Class A.

F P Stannard 1111110110111111111111111—23
Ed Steck 1111011101011011111111111—21
Dr Miller 1110111101111111110111101—21
A W Adams 1111111111000101011111111—20
A C Paterson 1101110111111001111110101—19
Goodrich 0110101110101111101111010—17
J T Glover 1011111110001111010111100—17
F F Lord 1101111101010000100100110—14
Dr Carson 0010010111010101010000011—12

Class B.

Prickett 1111111101110011101111111—21
J L Jones 1110111101111111111101110—20
Cornwall 1101111111101110010111011—19
Spreyne 1110111010101010111111011—18
Dr Reber 1111110100031100111111110—17
Ferguson 0011110011010010101100101—13
Murrow 1101010101001010000101111—13

Class C.

Burroff 0110111110101010111111111—19
W A Jones 0110100101111111111011001—17
Walters 1111011110011000111110000—15
F M Smith 1111111101010010000110002—14
C S Smith 0000110001001011111100111—13
Nita 1100010011110101001000111—13
Curtis 1110011001001010100301001—11

Sweepstake events were shot for practice as follows:

Events:	1	2	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	30	Targets:	25	25	25	25	30
Steck	19	24	22	24	26	Goodrich	18	17	24	..	..
Carson	15	13	16	18	..	F M Smith	..	10	9	11	..
Adams	21	21	23	24	..	C S Smith	..	11	14	16	..
Neta	11	11	15	..	..	Cornwall	..	19	..	..	..
Miller	21	21	21	..	..	Walters	..	19	18	..	16
Reber	15	13	21	..	..	W A Jones	..	..	13	..	..
Curtis	13	13	..	11	..	Paterson	..	..	20	12	..
Stannard	21	21	18	23	..	Spreyne	..	..	19	17	..
Glover	17	22	..	19	..	Ferguson	..	..	16	..	..
Lord	23	21	..	..	..	Murrow	..	..	11	21	19
J L Jones	14	12	14	18	..	Prickett	..	..	21	18	26

No. 6 was 20 singles and 5 pairs.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 6.—To-day Malone scored his second win for the Baltimore Shooting Association's championship cup by killing 15 straight. Macalester has a win for the cup, this being the third time it was shot for. The shoots for this trophy take place once a month for a year, the man winning it the greatest number of times out of the twelve events becomes the owner of it. The affair is a handicap, Malone being scratch man to-day. The scores were:

Malone 15, Brown and Du Pont 14, Sims and Johnson 13, M. C. K. and Simon 12. Jamison and Harrison killed 7 and 6 respectively out of 10 and withdrew; Howard withdrew at the end of the 8th round with 7 kills; Antique scored 2 out of 4 and withdrew.

TRAP SHOOTING.

May 8.—The following scores were made on targets to-day on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association. The first figures designate the number of targets shot at and the second the number broken. The events were handicaps extending from 25 to 35 targets:

First event: Gent 28, 16; Macalester 29, 25; Hill 29, 20; Walters 25, 15; Tyler 35, 15; Coe 29, 22; Collins 31, 14; Stanley 29, 17; Robb 31, 17; Evans 35, 11; Gallagher 35, 16; Harrison 30, 20; Malone 27, 22; Hamilton 30, 20; Wilson 35, 10; Bonday 29, 21; Parker 28 15; Fox 32, 17.

Second event: Gent 28, 20; Macalester 29, 25; Walters 30, 16; Hill 29, 20; Coe 29, 22; Collins 31, 23; Stanley 29, 18; Robb 31, 18; Evans 33, 16; Gallagher 35, 14; Harrison 30, 20; Malone 27, 22; Hamilton 30, 23; Wilson 35, 3; Bonday 29, 22; Parker 30, 18; Fox 32, 14.

Three 15-target events and one 10 target event were also shot, with the following results:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	15	15	15	Targets:	15	15	15	15
Malone	10	12	12	10	Duval	9	6	3	..
Hamilton	10	12	11	6	Robb	10	..	8	..
Gent	7	12	8	6	Gallagher	..	3	..	..
Bonday	10	12	10	5					

ORIOLE.

The Western Reserve Shooting Association.

CUYAHOGA FALLS, O., May 10.—The Western Reserve Shooting Association held its regular weekly shoot to day. The weather was fair and attendance good. The following are the scores;

No. 1, 25 single targets each man, known traps, unknown angles:

Crock 1111011111111011 01111 01—21
Williams 0001001011101111011000110—13
Worthen 1111111011 1011011111111101—21
Lemons 0111111101101111111 111101 21
McCane 0000011100101010011 101 1—12
Brady 1011010111101111101111100—14

No. 2, same: Hull 21, Haynes 20, Worthen 20, Crock 20, Schmidt 10, Lemons 13.

No. 3, same: Woodward 16, McCane 11, Brady 13, Haynes 18, Hull 17, Schmidt 9.

No. 4, same: Crock 14, Williams 15, Worthen 21, Lemons 22, McCane 14, Brady 14.

No. 5, same: Hull 17, Lee 13, Young 10, Haynes 20, Woodward 16, Schmidt 11.

No. 6, club shoot, handicap: Hull (0) 21, Haynes (5) 23, Worthen (3) 25, Crock (5) 22, Brady (10) 24, Schmidt (8) 15.

No. 7: Waldron 12, Woodward 15, Young 12, Lee 17, Wolf 15, Hull 23,

No. 8: Waldron 15, Lee 19, Wolf 11, Crock 21.

C. E. BRADY, Sec'y.

The Coming Tournament at Anaconda.

ANACONDA, Mont., May 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The thirteenth annual tournament of the Northwest, comprising the States of Montana, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and the Province of British Columbia, and the fourth annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association are to be held in conjunction, under the auspices of the Anaconda Rod and Gun Club, at Anaconda, Mont., June 16, 17, 18 and 19.

We have repeatedly pressed our claims to recognition by the Interstate Association without avail. But the Association of the Northwest has confidence enough in our ability to furnish a good programme for their entertainment, and at the last annual meeting, held at Spokane, Wash., unanimously voted to place the next annual meeting in our hands. In this far Western section Anaconda bears the reputation of doing whatever she undertakes in a thorough and enthusiastic manner, and we expect the coming tournament will be no deviation from the general rule. Situated as we are, in the center of the largest population of our own State, with convenient railroad facilities to the cities of Butte, Helena, Great Falls and Missoula, we can safely expect a good attendance from the above-named cities.

In addition the representatives of the Association in other States should make up our attendance to at least 150 entries. We have as good facilities for handling a large number of shooters as any club in the West. Our grounds are conveniently located in the east part of the city, about two minutes walk from the electric car line, which has regular communication with the city every half hour. We have a commodious club house, scorer's stands, secretary office and a spectator's stand which will seat 200 visitors.

Our target devices consist of a battery of five expert traps, fitted with North's electric pull, on which all trophy events will be shot in order to conform to the conditions under which the same were originally contested. In addition to this we have the latest improvements of the Cleveland Target Company, the magautrap. We, therefore, feel assured that we can provide all the shooting our visitors desire. Our hotel facilities are the best of any city of its size in the West, and our citizens point with pride to the convenience and equipments of the Montana Hotel, conceded by all traveling men to be the best of any between us and the Missouri River.

The citizens of our city have generously contributed $1,500, which amount is to be given in added money. In addition to this, the trophies owned by the Northwest Association and the Montana State Association amount to $1,000. This, with such merchandise prizes as we many secure, assures us sufficient attraction to induce all shooters to come if it is possible for them to do so.

The Anaconda Racing Association holds its meeting here commencing June 26, continuing thirty days. The purses they have given amount to $150,000. Already they have from 350 to 400 horses quartered at the race track, and among all the racing men who will attend there must be some who enjoy shooting; and those of the shooters who enjoy racing can, by stopping with us a few days, have the opportunity of seeing some of the best horseflesh to be found in the United States.

Our programme will be ready for distribution May 29, and we will be pleased to furnish same upon application. ANACONDA GUN CLUB,
per C. A. TUTTLE, Sec'y.

The Monroe Interstate Tournament.

FOLLOWING closely after the Interstate Association's tournament at Savannah, Ga., held this week, May 19-20, comes the same Association's tournament at Monroe, La., June 9-10, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

The programme gotten up for this shoot is a pretty stiff one as such things go; ten 20-target events, unknown angles, $2.50 entrance, $10 added to each purse, makes a schedule of events that calls for a lot of shooting and a lot of money. But such a programme will attract quite a number of shooters, and this tournament ought to be a good one. Monroe is so situated that she can draw from all sections in the South, while the members of the home club are popular enough to be able to count with certainty upon the attendance of more shooters than would be sufficient to make the tournament a success.

Headquarters for shooters during the tournament will be at the Orleans Hotel, where special rates will be made to shooters attending the tournament. Guns and shells should be forwarded to the Monroe Hardware Co., who will deliver same at the grounds free of charge. This company will also have high grade ammunition for sale on the grounds. The club has also secured special rates on all railroads as follows: One and one-third fare on the certificate plan has been secured for the round trip from the following railroads and their connections: Alabama & Vicksburg; New Orleans & Northeastern; Vicksburg, Shreveport & Pacific; St. Louis, Iron Mountain C Southern; International & Great Northern; Texas & Pacific; Illinois Central; Yazoo & Mississippi Valley; Houston, East & West Texas; Southern Pacific; New Orleans & Northwestern. Tickets on sale June 6 good to return until June 13.

The tournament will be held on the club's own grounds, five minutes' ride from the hotel headquarters. Shooting will commence at 8:30 sharp each day. Bluerock targets will be thrown from a magautrap at the rate of 3 cents in the programme events and 2 cents in all extra events. All purses will be divided under the Rose system into five moneys with the ratio points of 7, 5, 4, 3 and 2. Omnibuses of the Monroe Transfer Co. will carry shooters to and from the grounds at the rate of 25 cents for the round trip. The secretary of the club, Mr. W. O. Williams, will gladly answer any inquiries relating to the tournament.

Trap in Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 6.—The second series of prize shoots of the Rhode Island Shooting Club took place this afternoon. The main event was known as the Gold Dust powder event. The conditions were 25 targets, known angles. The prizes consisted of 5lbs. of Gold Dust powder divided into seven cans, and a leg on the silver W-A powder keg. This week, as last, an amateur with an allowance of six targets won the second claim. Despite the strong wind blowing in the faces of the shooters, some remarkably good scores were made, especially by I. F. Greener, S. F. Wilson, A. M. Hunt and R. C. Root. The winners of the prizes were A. E. Arnold, first; P. H. Randell, second; F. I. Greener, third and fourth; S. F. Wilson, third and fourth; W. H. Sheldon and R. C. Root, fifth and sixth; G. Cornett, Seventh; J. F. Rossie, eighth.

Next week the main event will be known as the E. C. Powder event, with ten prizes to shoot for. In the near future the various gun clubs in the State will compete in a three-man team shoot for an empire expert trap, offered by the Association as a prize to the winning team at 50 targets, known and unknown angles.

Below is a summary of the events shot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	10	10	10	25	10	Targets:	25	10	10	10	25	10
J C Lamb	12	5	6	6	..	..	Wm H Sheldon	..	..	..	..	6	18	5
A M Hunt	19	5	7	8	..	..	P H Randell	..	..	..	..	6	22	7
F I Greener	15	9	10	10	19	6	H Bain	..	..	..	..	5	11	6
R C Root	18	7	8	8	18	4	G Cornett	..	..	..	..	..	16	6
S F Wilson	19	7	6	7	19	9	C M Wallace	..	..	..	..	..	9	5
J F Rossie	..	6	5	..	14	7	J Connors	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
A E Arnold	..	6	6	..	24	8								

W. H. MASON.

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, May 6.—The last shoot of the Cobweb Gun Club for this season was held this afternoon. The attendance was very small. In class A the winner was Charlie Zorn. William Cashan won in class B without a competitor, H. Miller won in class C. The scores were:

Class A.

C Zorn .....21122—5 E Miller.....10010—2
G Nichols.....11110—4

Class B.

William Cashan .....22121—5

Class C.

H Miller.....02011—3 G Thompson.....00010—1
G Erff .....20000—1

After the above race had been disposed of the winners in classes A and B respectively proposed a match at 5 birds, class handicap, loser to pay for the birds, and the winner to wear both medals until the commencement of the fall season. The result was a win for Cashan, who thus carries both medals with him. The scores were:

C Zorn (30).....10201—3 W Cashan (28).....12112—5

G. W. THOMPSON, JR., Sec'y.

Du Bray's 49th.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 11.—To-day was the forty-ninth birthday of Lieut. A. W. du Bray, of the Parker Gun Co., so the Kentucky Club decided to celebrate the occasion by holding a small live bird shoot. The main event was a handicap at 15 birds, 30yds. boundary. Du Bray was equal to the occasion, although placed at the 31yds. mark. Mr. du Bray was also presented with a very handsome scarf pin in honor of the occasion. Scores in the handicap were:

Du Bray.....222222222222222—15 Lyons.....22210210212222O2— 1
Chadwick.....222222222222212—15 Moore.....0022211210100
Ballard.....22112212222222 —15 Morgan .....22•001•0 2012•00—
Miller.....110111112221111—14 Shipp.....110200
Woodstock.....212222111022122—14 Samuels.....001200
Ewing.....22122•111121220—13

ON LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

May 8.—The Brooklyn Gun Club held an open shoot for the stein cup presented for competition by its president, J. S. S. Remsen. There were thirteen entries for the race, which was at 50 targets, unknown angles, thrown from a magautrap, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at. The cup was won by C. W. Billings, a member of the club, and also a member of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, quite a beginner in trap-shooting. He was allowed 15 extra targets to shoot at, and broke 41 out of his 50, adding 9 more out of his handicap allowance; this just made him score a highest possible. J. H. Swan, gave him quite a chase, breaking 49 out of 63 shot at. Remsen and Trimble made the highest scores of the scratch men. The first squad in the stein race was composed as follows: Remsen, Brewer, Fanning, Trimble and Edwards. Its scores in the first 25 targets resulted thus: Remsen 25, Brewer, Trimble and Edwards 24 each, Fanning 22; a total of 119 out of 125 shot at. The totals in the race were:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	Handicap.	Total.
Billings (15)	18	23	9	50
Swan (13)	21	17	11	49
Remsen (0)	25	22	..	47
Trimble (0)	24	23	..	47
Beveridge (7)	22	20	5	47
Brewer (0)	24	22	..	46
Edwards (0)	24	22	..	46
Fanning (0)	22	22	..	44
Lindsey (4)	22	18	2	42
Dr Littlefield (15)	17	17	8	42
L Piercy*	18	19	..	37
G Piercy*	15	20	..	35
C von Lengerke*	15	18	..	33

* Did not shoot out their allowances.

Sweepstakes were shot with the following results:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	25	15	Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	25	15
Beveridge.	6	10	10	13	..	11	..	13	Lindsey	..	..	14	13	13	14	9	18	13
Edwards	8	15	15	12	11	14	20	14	Billings	..	..	8	..	10	..	..	..	12
G Piercy	4	12	11	12	14	10	17	14	Fannings	..	..	..	13	11	15	10	21	15
Swan	6	13	..	10	..	..	..	11	Trimble	..	..	..	13	14	14	14	24	15
Brewer	9	11	12	12	13	12	22	13	Dr Little-field	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	8	16	..
L Piercy	8	12	15	12	..	..	..	11	C von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	11	13	12
W Jones	7	10	12	..	..	..	..	..											
Remsen	9	12	11	12	13	13	23	14											

T. BARON, Sec'y.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

May 15.—The regular live-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held this afternoon at Woodlawn. C. Furgueson, Jr., and J Gaughen tied for the class A cup in the club event with straight scores. The tie will be shot off at some later date. J. N. Meyer won in class B and E. Lohman in class C. After the club shoot a number of team races were shot between teams of five men captained by C. Furgueson, Jr., and C. M. Meyer, respectively. Meyer's team paid for most of the birds. The scores:

Class A.

C Furgueson, Jr.,(30)1222222222—10 C M Meyer (29).....22•1222222 — 9
J Gaughen (28).....2212222222—10 W Lair (29).....10•0222122— 7

Class B.

J N Meyer (28). .... 2222222222—10 A A Hegeman (28)..0222122•2•— 7
F A Thompson (29) .1121220101— 8 Dr Littlefield (30)....0220202020— 5

Class C.

E Lohman (27) .....1122222222—10 D Lohman (25).....220•212201— 7

Furgueson's team:

	1st match	2d match.	3d match.	4th match.
Furgueson	222—3	122—3	222—3	2222—4
Lair	020—1	10•—1	022—2	2122—4
Hegeman	022—2	022—2	212—3	2•2•—2
Gaughen	212—3	221—3	222—3	2222—4
E Lohman	02?—2—11	122—3—12	222—3—14	2222—4—18

Meyer's team:

C M Meyer	220—2	22•—2	122—3	2222—4
J N Meyer	222—3	222—3	222—3	2122—4
Thompson	220—2	112—3	122—3	0101—2
Littlefield	220—2	022—2	020—1	20.0—2
D Lohman	002—1—10	220—2—12	•21—2—12	2201—3—15

Sweep, 5 birds: Furgueson 4, Lair 4, Hegeman 4, E. Lohman 4, C. M. Meyer 5, J. N. Meyer 4, Thompson 3, D. Lohman 4.

G. E. POOL, Sec'y.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

May 15.—The regular monthly shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club was held this afternoon at the club's grounds, at Liberty avenue and Enfield street. C. W. Billings, with an allowance of 10 extra targets, won the club event with a full score of 50, he shooting at only 8 of his 10 extras; Baron, with an allowance of 5, and Remsen, scratch, were close up with 48 each. Sweepstake shooting was also indulged in. Scores:

Club shoot, 50 targets, handicap, unknown angles:

C Billings (10).01111001011111011111111111111111111111111011111111111100—42
11111111 — 8—50
J Baron (5)...11111111111111111111111101111111101101110111010111—44
10111 — 4—48
J S Remsen (0) 11111110111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111 —42
E Asmus (15).11110111010100111111110000001110011111111001101111—34
01110011111111111 —12—46
J Lindsey (4)..11101101111111111111011111111101101111101011110111—42
1111 — 4—46
J Swan (12) ...11110111111111110011111111111010110101010101100111111—39
111010101010 — 7—46
Ellsworth (15).10011101111111111030010100011110111010101111111011—34
100011111111001 —10—44
P Adams (10)..10111011101110010110111011111001011111101101101111—36
1101001111 — 7—43
ColCo'rtney(8)11001011101110111110011001011111111101011101111010l—35
11101100 — 4—39
G Patterson(15)01101011100011010100110111111001100010310101110010—27
011011011001010 — 8—35
J S Wright (15)01111010110011010101011001011111001000111100001111—29
001011010011000 — 6—35

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	10	15	15	15
Asmus	6	8	6	8	8	6	..	..	9
Courtney	10	7	6	14	6	6	15	..	..
Adams	4	8	9	12	6	9	8	12	13
Swan	6	9	7	12	9	8	8	11	11
Billings	9	10	10	14	7	7	..	14	13
Baron	..	9	8	..	9	9	14	13	12
Wright	..	..	..	8	6	4	6	..	..
Remsen	..	..	..	..	9	8	15	10	11
Dr Moore	..	..	..	..	4	2	7	..	..
Skidmore	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	14	11
Lindsey	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	10	8
Patterson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8
Ellsworth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..

IN NEW JERSEY.

ENDEAVOR G. C. VS. FREEHOLD G. C.

May 15.—The Freehold Gun Club can boast of a lot of members who are not afraid of keeping the club's word, even if it does put them to considerable bodily inconvenience to do so. For that reason the rain of to-day, heavy and persistent as it was, had no terrors for them; they came to Marion, N. J., and shot the team race against the Endeavor Gun Club as agreed upon. The Freeholders, for their grit, deserved a better fate than befell them.

The home club was not at its best as it puzzled the Endeavor Gun Club, under the weather conditions, to put nine men in the field against the nine men that came from Freehold. The result of the race, however, was a victory for the Endeavor Gun Club by 12 breaks the score standing 167 to 155. Each man shot at 25 targets, unknown angles. The rain and the dull sky made shooting quite hard, and scores as a result ruled low. Below are the scores in detail:

Endeavor Gun Club.

M Herrington.....1111111110111111001111111—22
F S Edwards.....1111011111011101110111111—21
C von Lengerke.....1011111111110110111111110—21
J G Lindzey .....1100111111111111011111110—21
L Piercy.....1110111111111000111101111—20
L H Esau .....1110011101111111011111110 - 20
J H Swan.....0111011111110100110111111—19
C W Billings.....1001001011111101101111110—17
H P Fessenden.....0110010000000010000000101— 6—167

Freehold Gun Club.

A H Sherman.....1111111011101111111111011—22
De Nise.....1111110011111111101101111—21
O Hesse.....0110111111101111011111011—20
Hance .....1101011111110111111011110—20
Hall.....0101111100111111111101011—19
Campbell .....0111101010110101111111110—18
Snyder.....1100100001100111110111011—15
Dancer.....1001110001110011000110010—12
Hyer.....0000100011010011000101000— 8—155

SALVATOR HANDICAP AT ELKWOOD.

May 15.—The Salvator Handicap was shot at Elkwood Park to day, six men being entered. Capt. Money captured the event with a clean score to his credit. Noel Money was second with 24, and W. R. Patten was third high with a score of 23. The conditions were: 25 birds, $10 entrance. After the Salvator Handicap a 10-bird sweep, $5 entrance, and two target events, one at 15 targets, $5 entrance, the other at 10 targets, $2 entrance, were shot.

Messrs. Daly and Chanfrau, managers at Elkwood Park, announce the following programme for Wednesday, May 19: Clay target shoot, bird allowonce handicap, $2.50 entrance, targets extra, scratch men shoot at 50 targets only. Unknown allowance to the handicap men in regard to the number of extra targets to be shot at. The management desire to make the handicap such that the "novice shooters" will have as good a chance to win as the "scratch men." The referee is the only one who will know the exact number of targets to be shot at by the different contestants, and he will call the men from the score as soon as their allowance is shot up. No man can be credited with more than 50 breaks. Shooting commences at 1 P M. All targets thrown from the magautrap. The scores of Saturday were:

	No. 1, Salvator Handicap.	No. 2.
Capt Money (29)	2111112122122211121122221—25	0122222021— 8
N E Money (29)	2122221112121212222201121—24	1121111222—10
W R Patten (27)	2111221122022102122122221—23	2222222222—10
P Daly, Jr (29)	2112112122112021222101120—22	2222221202— 9
J von Lengerke (29)	1211111111111201100221111—22	2111011121— 9
Griffith (27)	2211120110021111200001021—17	2002011221— 7
Delancy (25)		2220222201— 8
Van Mater (26)		0112121112— 9
Hall (25)		0001002220— 4
Oakes (27)		1112022002— 7

Target event No. 1.		No. 2.
Capt Money	0101100111111111—11	.....
N E Money	0101110111110110—10	.....
Von Lengerke	1101111111001110—11	.....
Daly	00100W	.....
Delaney	0000100010010010— 4	0000000000—0
Hall	1000011100000000— 4	1111011001—7
Van Mater	1100000101001001— 5	0000010001—2
Oakes	0111101001100001— 8	1010000001—3

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., May 12.—A handicap shoot for merchandise prizes was held this afternoon on the grounds of the Catchpole Gun Club. There were four prizes, two being donated by the club and the other two given by Mr. A. M. Jurdess, our popular cigar manufacturer, and by Mr. William Olmstead, a member of the club, respectively. The handicap was an allowance of misses as breaks. Scores:

Foster (2).....1001010001001011111010110010101011111—21+ 2—23
De Witt (2).....1011010101111111011001111100110111111—25+ 2—27
Seaman (3).....1111111111111111111011110101001110l—29+ 3—32
Egnor (4).....0010001000110011000000000101101110O—12+ 4—16
Cosad ( ).....0010100100101101111010001110100001—17+ 6—23
Wadsworth (6).....1101010000100011010010100110111O000—15+ 6—21
Olmsted (7).....0111000110000000000111000000010111l—13+ 7—20
Fowler (4).....1000011100010101100011001001111010O0—15+ 4—19
Youngs (5).....0001010011000100000100 0010001100001—10+ 9—19
Burke (12).....1100010000111001110000100111000110l—16+12—28
Watson (9).....0101100010100111101111000100101010l—18+ 9—27

E. A. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

Budd Challenged by Beck.

WE learn from Indianapolis, Ind., under date of May 12, that Mr. Geo. C Beck, of the Limited Gun Club, has challenged Mr. C. W. Budd for the Du Pont trophy. The forfeit money is up and everything has been done to comply with the conditions.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

A. H. S., Meshoppen, Pa.—What trout flies are suitable for May and June? or otherwise post us. Ans. Grizzly-king, brown-hackle, professor, ibis, cow-dung, silver-doctor; dark flies bright days, bright flies dark days.

N. E., New York.—Will you kindly advise me where to go for a few days' fishing next week? Ans. You will find trout fishing at Canadensis or Parkside, on the Erie Railway, in Pennsylvania, or at Woodbourne, N. Y., on the Ontario & Western.

S. R. H.—We believe you refer to "Bernard Damascus" barrels. These were originated by Leopold Bernard, who manufactured them in France thirty or forty years ago. They are easily recognized by the figure. Since Bernard's death they have been quite freely imitated, as his barrels were held in high esteem.

R. F. C., Manchester, O.—1. What make of rifle is the hardest shooting gun in use? 2. What is the weight of same, also size of caliber, weight of ball and distance they will shoot with accuracy? Ans. 1. The English elephant double rifle. 2. The 4-bore, weighing 20lbs., shoots a charge of 12 to 14drs. of powder and a ball weighing between 3 and 4oz. Shots with such guns are rarely attempted at distances beyond 100yds., and as a rule the distance is much less.

W. P. H., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—What is the authentic record in the United States for bass? Ans. According to FOREST AND STREAM'S "Big Fish Record," the largest small-mouth bass whose weight is known beyond any question weighed 10lbs. Another is mentioned, which is said on good authority to have weighed 11¼lbs., but this fish was not weighed in public. The largest large-mouth bass of which we have record weighed 22½lbs. The head of this latter fish may be seen in the FOREST AND STREAM office.

C. R. B., Mechanicsville.—1. I have a Gordon setter seven months old. His eyes are not sore, but they discharge matter, mostly nights. What can I do to stop it? 2. I have a foxhound nine months old which has distemper. What will I do for him? Ans. 1. Use the following drops: Sulphate of zinc, 2grs.; boracic acid, 5grs.; water, 1oz. Mix. A few drops in the eys four or five times a day. 2. Keep dog indoors, in a dry, comfortable, clean room. Feed well. Give 5grs. of salicylate of soda three times a day.

E. F., Allentown, Pa.—1. Some years ago I cut from the FOREST AND STREAM a recipe for repelling flies and mosquitoes, which was superior to anything I ever tried. The articles were oil tar, pennyroyal and sweet oil. Can you give me the proportions? 2. What flies would you recommend for first of June for Pocono Mountain, Tobyhanna and Tunckhanna still-waters? 3. Can you give me the address of Geo. Barnard & Co., canvas clothing makers? Ans. 1. Nessmuk's recipe: Simmer together over a slow fire 3oz. pine tar, 2oz. castor oil, 1oz pennyroyal oil, and bottle for use. Another recipe calls for 6 parts sweet oil, 1 part creosote, 1 part pennyroyal. 2. See answer to A. H. S. 3. Brooklyn, N. Y.

H. C. T., San Francisco.—In the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of March 27, on page 250, Mr. Cheney speaks of Mr. Hiram Hawes as using a slow tapered rod. Will you kindly explain the difference between a quick and a slow tapered rod? Ans.—Merely for the sake of illustrating the point, let it be assumed that a light rod is a true cylinder from end to end. It will then be very slow and ponderous in its action, bending alike at all points, save that in use it will bend most at the butt from the excessive weight of the tip and its lever action. If it is now tapered truly from one end to a point at the other, it then clearly will be much quicker in its action, the change making the tip lighter and more pliant and the butt relatively heavier and stiffer. Still it may be too weak and pliant near the handle for certain purposes, thus being slow in recovery. Now, if the rod is made with more substance from the handle to a certain point from it, say by way of illustration, a quarter of its length, while the rest of the tip remains the same, the added thickness being nicely tapered or dished so as to form a symmetrical whole, the greatest pliancy and action of the rod is then placed further away from the hand, and it will act correspondingly quicker in casting. Within certain limitations which are now apparent, a rod of a certain weight can be made slow or quick by a skillful disposition of its material in its makeup.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

"Vena Contracta Guns."

WE now have on hand a number of copies of the catalogue of Joseph Lang & Sons' "Vena Contracta" game guns, which we will forward on request as long as the supply lasts.—*Adv.*

Flies.

THE name of MacHarg has long been associated with some of the best trout, bass and salmon flies ever tied. Ten cents sent to J. B. MacHarg, Jr., Rome, N. Y., will bring a sample fly and fishing tackle catalogue.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR ; 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 22. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

ATTENTION is directed to the new form of address labels on the wrappers of subscribers' copies. The label shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid.

The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us for a new or renewed subscription. Unless specially requested to do so, we do not send separate receipts.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

King James the First and Queen Anne being hunting, the Queen, shooting at a deer, mistook her mark, and killed Jewel, the King's most principal and special hound; at which he stormed exceedingly awhile; but after that he knew who did it, he was soon pacified, and with much kindness wished her not to be troubled with it, for he should love her never the worse; and the next day sent her a diamond worth two thousand pounds as a legacy from his dead dog.

Letter of Arthur Wilson, August, 1613.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1897.—No. IV.

MINNESOTA.

Chap. 221, Laws 1897.—Sec. 10 * * * The sale, exposing for sale, having in possession with intent to sell, or the shipment to any person, either within or without this State, by common or private carrier, of any ruffed grouse, sometimes known as partridge or pheasant, is hereby prohibited and made unlawful.

LEAP-YEARS FOR GAME.

ON the State reservoirs of Ohio and on Lake Erie within the Ohio limits duck shooting is forbidden on Sundays, Mondays and Tuesdays of each week in the open season. In Currituck waters of North Carolina decoy shooting is forbidden on Wednesdays and Saturdays of the open season for ducks. In Chesapeake Bay the Maryland law provides that each alternate week day shall be closed on duck shooting. In Maine during the forty-eight hours from Saturday sunrise to Monday sunrise salmon fishing is forbidden; and in New York a law of the same character provides a weekly close time for shad in the Hudson.

These are examples of the familiar expedient of providing for brief intervals of exemption from pursuit during the period when shooting or fishing is permitted. The purpose is to interrupt the open season, so that some portion of the game or fish may make good its escape.

A novel application of this principle has just been made in the new law of South Dakota where, following out the principle of close days in the week, a close year has been adopted coming once in every term of five years. It applies to big game and provides that buffalo, elk, deer, moose, antelope, mountain sheep and mountain goat may not be taken in the year 1900, and that hunting shall be prohibited in every fifth year thereafter. Such a system has much to commend it for efficiency; it certainly is wiser than the common shiftless neglect of game resources, until it is found necessary or considered expedient to make a long close time of two, or three, or five years. The inadequacy, injustice and futility of such long time close periods are found sometimes in that they are ignored by the lawless—which in these matters means the great majority—who disregard the close time altogether and get the game, while the law-abiding sportsman is cheated out of his share, so that at the end of the period the game supply is in no better condition than that it was at the beginning. Again, if the law chances to have been well observed, when the close time expires all hands turn in with ardor whetted by long abstinence, and in the first open season work quite as much destruction as that which would have been wrought under ordinary conditions in the open seasons covered by the close period term. A single close year, on the other hand, is more apt than a term of three or five years to be respected by all classes.

In this new departure has not South Dakota, then, set an example which might profitably be followed in other States with respect to the particular interests of the game supply in each section? For the convenience of fixing in the public mind the recurrence of such close years, they might be made identical with the leap-years, which are also the years of our Presidential elections. Thus, in Maine, every leap-year or national campaign year might be made a year of grace for moose; in the Adirondacks it might be a year of grace for deer, in Vermont for deer, in New Hampshire for moose and deer, in Michigan for deer, in Minnesota and Wisconsin for moose and deer, in Virginia for quail, in North Carolina for wildfowl; and so throughout the Union, in each particular State, for whatever variety of game might stand most in need of such periodical immunity. It is even possible that in its application to spring shooting we might find in the leap-year system at least a partial solution of that long-vexed and apparently never fully to be settled problem. A measure introduced in any of our Legislatures to forbid the spring shooting of ducks and snipe and shore birds for one year in four would perhaps not encounter the determined opposition which now defeats most endeavors to prohibit spring shooting absolutely; and the promoters of a leap-year spring shooting law could work for it with some heart. It might be practicable in this way even to secure an uniformity of legislation by several contiguous States for a once-in-four-years cessation of spring shooting, by common consent to prevail over the several States concerned.

The advantages of such a system applied as the exigencies of the game supply may demand would be these:

I. Being incorporated in the permanent law, and close times thus set apart far in advance, the leap-year provision would be simple, definite, readily comprehended and easily remembered. There would be no dates to be uncertain about. Most people know a leap year; and those who do not know leap years would at least find out before shooting time that a National campaign was in progress; so that if made identical with the leap years, which are also the years of the Presidential campaigns, the close game year would be fixed in the public mind, to be looked forward to, anticipated and prepared for. One would know years in advance that, for example, in the spring of 1900 he could not go duck hunting on Long Island, or that in the autumn of 1900 he could not go deer hunting in Michigan.

II. The interval of three open years separating the recurrence of the close years is so extended, that the one single year of prohibition could not reasonably be regarded as a hardship; and the deprivation of sport so entailed could not be complained of, particularly in view of the increased game supply assured for the three open years. For it would also be found

III. That although only one year in every four is closed, nevertheless, this one year will be sufficient to assure a decided improvement in the game supply. If there is anything in arithmetic, the thousands of wild ducks permitted to pass to their northern breeding grounds in one leap-year would assure the multiplication of ducks for the years to follow. If two and two make four, as is the rule with the deer tribe, the thousands of deer permitted to escape in a leap-year—in one such particular region as the Adirondacks—would mean a very substantial addition of the stock for the three years of shooting. In short, if one close year in four means in the long run one-fourth less of game destruction, it means also a game increase vastly greater in proportion—as much greater, with respect to wildfowl, as the product of ten thousand pairs of ducks exceeds in number the parent thousands.

IV. One full close year means an actual close time of much longer duration. For instance, in North Dakota, where the big game season runs from Oct. 15 to Dec. 15, while the closed leap-year of 1900 would involve on the part of the hunter a deprivation beyond the present system of only two months, it would assure for the game a close term extending from Dec. 15, 1899, to Oct. 15, 1901, or a total of twenty-two months. Such a long period of immunity from pursuit and of freedom from alarm is, as stock-breeders well know, particularly favorable to prolific breeding.

In short, if there is anything in game protection, and any virtue in withholding for a time the hand of destruction, a system of closed leap-years would work advantageously for the preservation and conservation of our diminishing game supply. The system is one which has decided merits, and to it no serious objections present themselves. We believe that the plan is one well worthy of serious consideration, and of at least experimental adoption. If it is good in South Dakota it would have like beneficial results elsewhere. We believe that in it will be found a partial solution of the problem of game conservation.

DECORATION DAY.

THE great conflict that for four years rent the land is more than thirty years behind us. A generation has grown up which knows of it only by tradition. Men who are now in middle life were but children then; they remember the stirring events of the war but dimly, and then by one or two of its incidents. It is only the gray-haired who have clear recollection of the horrors of the battle and of the sorrows that followed it.

The feelings that engendered the war and that grew with its continuance have largely passed away. After the lapse of a generation the men who fought on either side feel for each other a wider charity. The devotion of each to the cause for which he fought may not be less to-day than it was then, but the mellowing touch of time has softened the old rancour, and with the years have come toleration and gentleness.

Even to those who lost their nearest and dearest, time has brought its solace. The keen, hard agony of bereavement is softened to a tender regret. To-day, the hero who fell on the battle-field is not less a hero than the day he died; but the rebellious bitterness of the first grief has given place to a solemn pride in the life that was sacrificed for the cause held so dear.

Thank God, the bitterness of the old war feeling has for the most part been forgotten. Those who fought on either side acknowledge the bravery and the worth of those whom they met in the heat of battle, and all are glad to unite in honoring their courage and their devotion. The warm spring sun, which brightens the grass beneath which lie the forms that wore the blue and the gray, and which on Memorial Day will silver the bared gray heads of the comrades who stand about the graves, shines to-day on a people united in their love for the common flag which represents our common country.

In the pages of FOREST AND STREAM the brave soldiers of North and South have for many years met on common ground. In these pages the true sportsmen of both sections long ago put aside all hostile feeling and became united by the bond of a common interest—their love for nature, for the gun, the rod and the yacht. Many war stories have been printed in these columns, but in them all we recall no word of unkindness toward either section.

This is as it should be. In the pure delights of field and stream the harsher and rougher aspect of life's struggle may for a time well be lost sight of. And as we return from our outings refreshed and strengthened to renew life's battle, let us bring back from the contemplation of nature's beauties also a broader kindliness and a spirit of charity and good will for our fellows that will make easier not only our own lives, but also those of others.

VENEZUELAN PLUME BIRDS.

PLUME bird hunters from this country have scoured the South American continent in search of birds. They have penetrated far to the interior, following up and down the great rivers, searching out the nesting places and developing a traffic valued at many thousands of dollars. The warfare upon the herons of Venezuela by the plume hunters has been so destructive that the government has recently taken action to insure the protection of the birds. The decree issued on this subject transmitted to the State Department by our consul at Maracaibo, provides in brief that the birds shall be taken on their rookeries only by hunters who have obtained for the purpose a license, to be granted by the president of the State. The Secretary of State is charged with keeping a record of all the places where the rookeries are situated, their boundaries and extent, etc., and the quality and quantity of plumes which each one produces, together with the names of the persons who select the plumes, and the method of hunting. No transaction or sale can be entered into with respect to the plumes without a "pass" to be granted by the authorities for the purpose, nor without this document can the plumes be exported. It is absolutely prohibited to hunt herons with fire-arms, and the decree also forbids "all practices which may tend to destroy these birds." The entire industry of taking plumes is thus placed under strict official regulations. The adoption of the new system probably is to be taken as an earnest that the native supply will be conserved, and that in Venezuela at least the plume bird source of revenue will be maintained. We do these things differently in our country; with us the regulation or restriction is postponed until there is nothing left to regulate.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE EDGE OF THE GRAN CHACO.

TOLD BY WILLIAM KINGSBURY TO WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Chapter I.

While I greatly regret being compelled to acknowledge that I was neither a sharer in the adventures, nor a participator in the glorious hunting and fishing enjoyed by those of whom I will write in the following description of a trip into the wilds of the Argentine Republic, still I shall strive to the best of my ability to give as accurate an account of the trip as I would had I been along. Should I succeed, much of the credit must be attributed to the fact that one of the party, who caught most of the fish and shot more than his share of the game, sits at my elbow spinning the story of the trip while I am writing it down.

The full names of but two of the party will be used, and the third member will be known simply as H.

Mr. William Kingsbury, who dictates the story, was born in Massachusetts. He is a man near the size of Nessmuk, being only 5ft. 2in. in height, and weighing about 110lbs. As was Nessmuk, he is a natural born hunter and a close observer of nature and the habits of all kinds of game. He has killed many deer and moose in Maine, the State of his ancestors, where several relatives are now guides. Up to four months ago, however, he has spent the past eleven years of his life on the pampas and on the edge of the Gran Chaco of the Argentine Republic. He and his chum, James Galvin, would spend about six months or so on some estancia as herders. When they grew tired of remaining in one place, they would take what money they had earned, and mounting their horses go off on a hunting trip, perhaps to some remote part of the republic not before visited, but more generally to the country bordering on the Gran Chaco.

Mr. James Galvin, Kingsbury's chum, was a young Dublin Irishman. He had traveled extensively in all quarters of the world, and was one of the crew of the yacht Sunbeam when she made her famous trip around the world. Mr. Kingsbury speaks in the highest terms of Jim, and declares that some day in the future he will roam the pampas again with his chum.

The third member of the party, H., born in England, was a jolly, happy go-lucky, devil-may-care sort of fellow, and wherever he went, there mirth and jolity were sure to be found. He was wealthy, and a person of considerable influence.

With this brief introduction of the three persons who will figure the most conspicuously in this yarn, I will immediately commence the description of how three months were passed in hunting and fishing on the Salado's banks, as told to me by Mr. Kingsbury.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

James Galvin, H. and I had decided to take a trip up the River Salado, and into the Gran Chaco in the Argentine Republic. It was our intention to hunt, fish, camp and enjoy ourselves in general. As H.'s business was very pressing, when the day set for our departure arrived, it was decided that Jim and I should go ahead and H. would meet us later on. Our outfit consisted of four horses, two apiece. Two of these horses were used to carry our camping equipment and the provisions, and the other two, which we had used on several ranches or estancias where we had been employed, were tough, mettlesome little animals, which we ourselves had broken to the saddle; these two of course we rode. Besides the horses, we had my good pointer bitch Chena. She was a grand dog both on martinets and partridges. Our armament consisted of one Winchester, model '75, one double-barreled Parker, for shooting partridges and martinets, or any other game for that matter; two Smith & Wesson revolvers, a couple of serviceable hunting knives, two lassoes, and plenty of ammunition.

When we started from Los Cardos the cholera was raging, and so we were not loath to get away. We regretted, however, to start without H. After leaving Los Cardos, we struck across the country in a northerly direction. We had figured that we would make about thirty miles, and reach the estancia of Las Limpias, where we would put up for the night. We passed many lagoons which were alive with ducks and other waterfowl, but did not bother them, as we knew we could shoot something at any time we needed game. At every few yards partridges would fly out of the long grass almost from under the horses' feet. These partridges (called in Spanish *perdice chico*, meaning small partridge) are very gamy. They fly, I think, even swifter than the ruffed grouse of the United States. On the ranches they are found in the wheat stubble during the daytime, and secrete themselves in the long grass of the pampas at night. They are never found in coveys, except when very young; then they seem to stay together as long as the mother bird will furnish them food. As soon as they are left to shift for themselves they scatter, and are never found together afterward excepting in pairs during the mating season. They are so swift and gamy as to afford excellent sport to the lover of wing shooting.

The Argentine mode of snaring these birds is this: A native of the country, mounted on horseback and armed with a long, reed-like pole, on the end of which is fastened a noose made of horsehair, finds a bird in the grass and immediately begins to circle around it, gradually narrowing in on it. The bird watches these movements as though hypnotized, and allows the hunter to approach so near that he is able to reach out cautiously with the pole and quietly drop the noose over the bird's head; then he gives a quick, dexterous yank and pulls the fluttering, live bird toward him. After unloosing the bird he puts it in a bag carried for the purpose and starts to hunt up another one. In this manner thousands of birds are taken and sold alive in the markets of the cities. The larger martinet is taken in the same manner; this bird, however, is more wary and so harder to capture.

We stopped at noon by the side of a small, fresh-water lagoon and had our dinner. Jim attended to the culinary end of the business while I looked after the horses. As a general thing Jim attended to the cooking, being more adept at that business than myself, while I always acted as hostler.

We traveled through a country that afternoon that would prove a veritable paradise for the small game shooter. Martinets, partridges and hares could be seen on every side of us. The hares were of the large English variety, having been introduced into the Argentine Republic from England. They have increased to such an extent as fairly to overrun the country and are considered an abominable nuisance.

It was about 5 o'clock when we reached the estancia, our objective point for the day. Las Limpias, owned by an Englishman named Traill, is a large, fine estancia with many hundreds of head of stock. After asking permission of the owner to camp on his place, which he readily granted, we built a fire and roasted some beef over the coals. Besides the beef we had hot camp biscuit and mate bombilla. This is a drink which is as universal in that country as tea and coffee in our own land. Unlike tea and coffee, however, mate bombilla is not drunk from a cup, but is sucked through a tube from a gourd. The end of the tube, which is placed in the gourd, is bulb-shaped and full of tiny holes; this is so that the tube will act as a strainer. The yerba, from which the mate is made, comes from Paraguay, and the beverage itself is really Paraguayan tea. The manner in which the beverage is made is this: first, some yerba and sugar are placed in the gourd, then hot water is poured into the gourd until it is filled; the tube or bombilla is then placed in the opening at the top of the gourd and the beverage is ready to be sucked through the tube. I consider it a far more pleasant drink than tea or coffee, and it certainly is healthier than either.

After supper we procured some alfalfa for the horses and lariated them out for the night. When all had been made secure, we spread our blankets on the ground and crawled under them. Then, while the moon cast her soft, silvery beams down upon us and the Southern Cross twinkled among a myriad of glowing worlds, we were lulled to dreamless sleep by the softest wandering zephyr as it sighed faintly over the wide pampas' bosom.

We were astir next morning before dawn. While Jim put the water on to boil for the mate and prepared breakfast, I gave each of the horses another large bundle of alfalfa, which I procured from a stack near by and from which we had been told to help ourselves.

As soon as breakfast was over we were in the saddle and away. We had not gone far before we noticed Chena acting in a strange manner; she was staggering along and seemed entirely played out. What ailed her was a puzzle to us. Finally we concluded that she must have grown footsore, but it surprised us to think that she should get into such a condition in but one day's travel. Of course she had traveled a great deal further than we had, for while we rode in a straight line she would race here and there and point birds in all directions. She had done the same thing, however, on many other occasions, therefore it puzzled us to see her grow lame so soon.

When we had left the estancia a mile and a half in our rear, we struck the railroad which runs from Rosario to Cordova. Soon after crossing the track we came to a long prairie, which was covered with thousands of head of cattle belonging to a large estancia which we could see in the distance. While crossing this prairie we passed now and then mounds of earth made by the biscatcha, an animal similar to our prairie dog, only larger.

After crossing the prairie we came to a road that crossed a wide cañada. The cañada was covered partly with water and partly with long grass. In the water and among the grass were thousands of ducks and other water fowl. We soon entered the small town of Ombu, but as it was only 10 o'clock decided to go on to the town of Santa Clara de Bueno Vista, which we reached by noontime. The dog had grown so bad and was in such a pitiful condition that we almost decided to stop for a few days. She had tried a great many times to get a drink of water that morning, but as the lagoons which we passed were all salt, it had been impossible for her to do so. Now she was so completely exhausted that, just before we arrived at the fonda, she ran to the peletta, or public place for watering horses, and jumped in. She refused to come out at my command, and lay lapping the water as though she had never tasted anything half so good. Her bath revived her to such an extent, however, that she finally came into the fonda where we were eating and quietly lay down at our feet.

We lounged around until 4 o'clock, then, as the horses had enjoyed a good rest and Chena seemed very much revived, we proceeded out of town, intending to camp wherever night should overtake us. Taking the road which led to San Martin, we followed its devious windings in and out among hundreds of tacaruses or ant hills. While passing through the ant hills Chena struck the trail of an animal. By her actions we knew she had found something other than a partridge. When she first struck the trail she seemed to forget all about her indisposition of the morning, and as the scent grew hotter she went faster. Finally she dashed into a tangled clump of bushes, and we heard her give three or four sharp yelps. Handing my bridle rein to Jim, I dismounted and hurried forward. When I reached the clump of bushes I found that the dog was engaged in a very interesting fight with an iguana. The battle seemed to be going all her way, when suddenly her opponent managed to secure a good hold on her upper lip, and Chena yelped in despair. Soon the iguana lost his hold, and Chena, maddened at the treatment she had received, rushed desperately at the animal, and seizing him by the back soon made an end of him. We tied the iguana on one of the spare horses and took it along with us; they are grand eating.

Soon after the iguana incident we came to a house where we had supper and stopped all night. Invariably I found the natives the most hospitable people I ever met. Whenever we approached a house to make inquiries or asked permission to camp on their premises, the time never was when we received uncivil answers or when we were refused permission to camp where we liked. Most generally, as in this case, we were invited to have mate and to partake of dinner, supper, breakfast or to stop all night.

We bade our new friend good-by and were on our way again before sunrise. A fine, bracing breeze was blowing, and as the sun rose into the heavens that were unflecked by the faintest sign of cloud, it sent its darts of gold aslant the tops of the undulating pampas grass in such a manner that all the earth seemed a vast, fluctuating ocean of brilliant colors. With shirt collars thrown wide open, we dashed over the wide pampas as free as the birds that wing the air. It was a glorious morning and a glorious ride, and we gloriously enjoyed both the morning and the ride.

We had gone but a short distance, when San Martin broke to our view. Not caring to pass through it, we swung our horses to the right, and it soon disappeared in the distance. Shortly after we came to a long, wide cañada, which was infested with the usual allowance of unsightly ant hills to be met in such places. We saw a number of foxes, and numerous small owls would fly up from the ground, and, hanging just over our heads, screech demoniacally in our very faces. After entertaining us in this manner they would fly away and alight on the ground in front of us, where they would stand as straight as soldiers on dress parade and stare at us with their big, round eyes in the most comical, solemn manner imaginable.

As we issued from the cañada we came to an excellent road which leads directly through the old colony of Hesperanza. Years ago there were no trees where this colony now is. At the present time, however, beautiful foliaged squares are to be met throughout the colony. These trees were planted by the Swiss Colonists who settled here years ago; they consist of poplars, willows, and the *pariso*, or tree of paradise. We traveled over this road a distance of fifteen miles, and the trees meeting overhead in many places formed a complete arch, whose cool shade was greatly appreciated.

About noon we came to a nice little brook, and as our horses were somewhat jaded, and as the dog appeared to be growing worse than ever, we decided to camp. When dinner was over and we had rested awhile I examined Chena's feet, and found them in a terrible condition. The skin had come away from the bottoms and hung in loose patches almost ready to drop off. After removing the loose skin I thoroughly greased the wounded feet with some beef tallow, then, tearing up an old undershirt, I bound them up in pieces of cloth, which I tightly sewed around her legs, so that she would not lose the wrappings. As Chena showed no signs of improvement next morning, we stopped until the afternoon; then, although it went straight against us to do so, and seemed almost like murder, we decided to leave all the food we had with the dog, and go on without her. That she never would have deserted us in such a manner will be abundantly proved further along in my story. We felt, however, that we could not stop there any longer, as we were very anxious to reach Soledad, where we were to meet H. We would have managed to carry her somehow on one of the horses, but when we tried to fasten her on she raised such a row that we had to give it up. Knowing that it was but fifteen miles ahead to the town of Hesperanza, and concluding that Chena would manage to get there, with heavy hearts we left her and continued on our way. We felt so mean that we never looked back after starting. It was sundown when we reached the town of Hesperanza. As we had no desire to stop there, we continued on until we reached the road that led through the pass across the river Salado.

While making our way slowly in the direction of the river, we met a tall, venerable-appearing old gentleman, whose long locks and beard were snow white. He saluted us, and when we had returned his salutation, asked us where we were going. We told him that we were going a short way the other side of the river to camp for the night. "Hadn't you better turn back and stop at my house to-night?" he asked, in Spanish. "You and your horses look dusty and tired, and I have plenty of feed to give the horses, and some supper and good beds for yourselves." As he looked thoroughly honest, we decided to go back with him.

The house we found to be in a thick monte about 100yds. back from the road. It was an old-fashioned place, built of mud and sun-dried bricks. It had a tin roof and was surrounded by peach, orange and sauce, or South American willow trees. As it was right in the season for them, the orange trees hung loaded with the golden globes. Back of the house, in the midst of a clump of willows, was the corral. Taken altogether, it was a very charming place.

When we had removed the packs and saddles from the horses, we gave them a thorough scrubbing; then watered and led them into the corral, where our host had placed some great heaps of alfalfa for them. While they had greatly enjoyed their bath, still when we turned them loose in the corral, instead of immediately commencing to eat, they walked sniffing around the corral, and when they had at last found the driest and dirtiest place they could, they immediately lay down and rolled. When they finally got upon their feet again we didn't know whether to laugh or swear. The time we had spent in washing them had been literally thrown away; they certainly were the dirtiest lot of horses we had ever seen.

When we returned from the corral to the house we found the family seated around a small fire under the trees. There was the old gentleman, his wife, two grown daughters and two boys ten or twelve years of age; they were engaged in sucking mate. After our host had introduced us to the other members of the family, we were invited to be seated.

The old gentleman and one of his sons surrendered their stools to us, and the boy brought two steer skulls, to which the horns were still attached. These he placed in such a manner that the horns and nose rested on the ground; the upturned neck served as a seat. It is a common thing to find these skull-stools among the Gauchos of the pampas.

The supper consisted of plenty of bread, eggs, and large quantities of good, fresh milk. While we were eating, our host entertained us with yarns of some of the Indian scrimmages he had been mixed up in. He also recited many exciting incidents connected with the history of the Colony of Hesperanza. He told of how the Indians used to harass the people by swooping down upon them in an unexpected moment, running off large herds of cattle, and even taking the women and children along with them.

The old man was greatly interested in my Winchester; he had never seen a rifle like it before. Not that repeaters are necessarily scarce in that country, but because they are seldom owned by the poorer classes. I loaded and unloaded the rifle several times for his amusement; he wondered greatly at its perfect working. When I had finished showing the gun to him I leaned it against a tree to one side, and we were all soon engaged in conversation.

As the younger members seemed to be more deeply interested in the rifle than in the conversation, Jim, to satisfy their curiosity, picked it up and gave them a special exhibition and lecture on its wonderful mechanism. When he had given them a thorough explanation, he set the gun back in the place where he had taken it from.

I have said before that the general hospitality of the Gauchos of the Pampas cannot be surpassed. While they, as a rule, are bad people to antagonize, being unforgiving in their hatred of their enemies and unrelenting in their efforts for revenge; still, toward those whom they consider friendly, they are exceedingly polite and generous. We found our new acquaintance, Don Francisco Montenegro, a natural born gentleman, kind and generous to a fault. It seemed then—and time has only strengthened the impression—that perfection of these generous qualities had not only been developed in the old Don, but had been transmitted, through him and his good wife, to their offspring for a happier, more contented family than they appeared to be I had never seen before. While on our return, six months later, we found, to our extreme regret, that the poor old Don had gone to that mysterious realm from which none ever returns—death had claimed old age as its own.

We sat conversing under the orange trees until the first hours of the morning. Sweet zephyrs whispered, song-like, through the drooping branches of the willow trees, or sighed low and soft among the orange leaves. The alternating glow of cigarillos revealed, now and then, the dim outlines of a man's or woman's face, for the dark-eyed senoritas smoked as well as the men. The soft-spoken Spanish words drifted like low music notes on the quiet air until conversation lagged and yawning took its place. The old Don, noticing in us a desire to retire, finally led the way into the house, carrying my Winchester along with him.

Owing to the conversation, I had not thought to examine the Winchester after Jim had finished showing it to the younger members of the family; therefore, when we had all entered the house, I came near jumping out of my boots as a blinding flash and deafening explosion filled the room. "*Car-r-r-ramba!*" gasped the old man, staggering backward with his hands to his head.

Gathering my scattered senses as quickly as possible, I sprang to the old Don's side, and after a hurried examination was relieved to find that he had suffered no injury. It was a narrow escape, however, as the bullet had sped by within 6in. of his head, and had made a hole through the roof as large as the muzzle of a 10-gauge shotgun. Jim, who was unused to a repeater, had unknowingly left a cartridge in the gun, and as the Don went to stand it in a corner of the room, the hammer came in contact with some article stored there, and the cartridge was exploded. I considered myself as much to blame as Jim, and it taught us both a lesson which we did not soon forget.

In spite of our retiring so late, we were astir bright and early the next morning. After we had attended to the horses and had had some *mate*, we ate breakfast with the family, and were ready to start.

I forgot to mention that Jim had with him a double-barreled muzzle-loader of a well-known English make. With the exception of a break in the stock, that could be easily mended, this was an excellent gun. Not caring to carry it any further, and knowing that it would be very acceptable to our host, Jim presented it to him. The old man's eyes sparkled with pleasure, and hurrying into the house he soon reappeared with a Remington carbine and 300 rounds of ammunition, which he insisted Jim should take. Although Jim protested strongly, the old man was so persistent in his urging that Jim finally accepted. It was with real regret that we shook hands with the members of this family and started on our way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THET BOTTLE."

AN ox team is a curious sight in our village, situated, as we are, in the rich cotton lands of the Tennessee valley; and the appearance of one upon our streets vies in interest for children and those of idle turn with the peripatetic bears and players that sometimes beguile them of their pennies and applause. We know that ox teams are common in the foothills of the mountains fifty miles away; but we never see in harness anything less lordly than the mule, except at rare intervals, when some dweller of the hills, painfully and slow, a four days' journey to and fro, comes down to barter wool or timber for simple luxuries or necessary bread—a thing that seldom happens more than once or twice a year.

A few days ago, about the middle of an April afternoon of most oppressive heat, I became aware of a crowd collecting before my office door, and on glancing out to ascertain the cause beheld a wagon and a "yoke of steers" surrounded by the village rabble, resting under the shade of a beneficent oak. The driver, a grizzled giant, red of face and fast approaching age, was seated on his load of boards, and while he mopped the perspiration from his brow descanted volubly upon the decadence of the times, for the benefit of all who cared to listen, and perhaps to relieve the disappointment that he felt at finding no one who seemed to recognize the superior quality of his wares. I listened curiously:

"Why mens, I tell yer, this uster to be God's kentry when I 'us er boy; but 'tai't so now. I've fotch down es fine er lot er bo'ds es ever was riv' on Sugar Creek, an' these dod-burned fellers won't even look at 'em; an' thur hain't narry drap er licker in ther dum town. Fust time I've bin here in thirty year, an' ef I gits back home ergin, hits ther last dad-blame time yer ever see Ole Lem."

I could but feel sorry for the old fellow, and being anxious to study him at close quarters, I called him into the office.

"Yer wanter buy some bo'ds, mister?"

"No, but I wish to talk with you. Come in and sit down. You have had a long trip and I know you are tired. While you rest tell me something of your home, and the game in the mountains behind you," I replied, and while my visitor was filling his pipe I dispatched upon a secret mission of comfort a boy, who soon returned with a bowl of crushed ice, some sugar and a decanter of "heartsease." How the old fellow's eyes sparkled at the sight! And I shall never forget the expression of gratified surprise that came over his face.

"No, I don't wanter spile good liker 'ith sweet'nin'," he said, declining the sugar. "Er leetle ice an' er heep er whisky is my dram." I passed him the decanter. He regarded it critically for a little; his face grew grave, and then he asked, tremulously: "Boy, what mought yo' name be?"

I told him, unsuspicious of the consequences.

"Dod-burn ther leetle rooster!" he yelled, jumping to his feet and throwing his glass into the corner in his excitement, "I 'lowed I kno'd thet bottle. I've seed hit er hund'ed times—drunk out er hit 'fo' yer was born. I'me ole Lem Green—yo' daddy 'us ther best friend I had in ther worl', an' he died befo' Richmon' in my arms. Why, dod-burn ther leetle rooster!" and with this he grabbed me in a bear hug that was suffocating. I was powerless to extricate myself and had to submit until his longing was satisfied, and then he explained:

"I've thought er yer a thousan' times. Yo' ma went home ter her folks arter the war an' I 'lowed you never cum back er I'd er looked yer up long ergo. Yo' daddy wasn't much mo' 'n er boy when I fust kno'd 'im. He 'us er mighty man fur houn's an' uster cum up in ther hills ter run deer. Fust time I seen him I 'us out in ther woods one day huntin' I heard some houn's runin' an' purty soon er big buck come er splittin' by me an' I jes dropped 'im in 'is tracks. 'Bout er minit the dorgs 'us thar, an' whilst I 'us figh'in' 'em off yo' daddy rode up. He wus mad clean th'ough when he see'd ther buck wus shot an' asked:

" 'Did you shoot thet buck befo' my houn's?'

" 'Yes, suh,' I said, 'an' er mighty fine shot hit wus.'

" 'Wal,' said he, 'no man kin shoot deer befo' my dorgs. You got er gun? 'Fend yo'se'f; I'me goin' ter shoot you.' Well, suh, he dun all 'is talkin' so quiet thet I didn' kno' he 'us mad 'til' then, but I look'd up at 'im an' seed he sho meant hit.'

" 'All right mister,' I said, 'gimme time ter load my gun.'

" 'Go er head an' lode 'er,' said he, 'whilst I hitch my horse.' I rammed in the load an' wus just ready ter tell 'im ter step off ther groun', when I seed I'd lost my flint. I told 'im 'bout hit, an' asked 'm to loan me one. His gun 'us new-fash'on an' shot caps, so he didn't have er flint; but he cum an' holped me hunt in ther leaves fur mine. We didn't find hit, an' at last he asked me:

" 'Hain't yer got er knife; we kin fight 'ith knives?' I felt in all my pockets, but I had left my knife at home; so I offer'd ter fight 'im fis' an' skull. He said he hain't never fit thet way, but 'fo' I shu'd git erway from 'im he'd try me one time.

"Wall, suh, we pulled off our coats an' went at hit. I wus bull o' ther woods in thet kentry in them days, an' 'lowed I had er easy job ter whup 'im, an' hit tuck me 'bout er hour ter find out I 'us wrong. We fit an' fit, an' then we'd clinch an' roll over an' claw; an' then we'd stop an' res', an' go at hit ergin. By 'n' by we 'us mighty nigh played out, an' 'us jes' lyin' thur hol'in' on ter each other, waitin' fur win', when thur idee struck me we 'us doin' er po' bus'ness enny how; so I sed:

" 'Cap'in, I'se durn sorry I shot yer deer, an' I reckin you is, too.'

" 'Why in blazes didn' yer say thet at fust an' not hev enny racket erbout hit? Who is yer, enny how?' he said.

"I tole 'im; an' then we shuck han's; an' es hit wus get'in' 'long in thur shank er the evenin' I tuck 'im home with me to spend thur night.

"My ole dad wus standin' at thur gate when we rode up. We 'us thet tore up an' bloody thet he didn' even know me 'til I spoke up:

" 'Dad, here's thur fust man I ever locked horns with thet did'n' bawl; an' I've fotch' 'im home ter patch up er bit.'

" 'Did he whup yer, Lemuel?' the ole man asked kinder slow.

" 'No, suh,' yo' daddy spoke up quick, 'an' ther' haint a man this side o' Jericho thet's ever gwine ter whup 'im; an' ef ther' ar' he's got ter whup me nex'.

"Ther ole man wus tickled all over, but he just said: 'Light, stranger, an' cum in; thet house wus mine, hit's yourn now long es yer want hit.'

"Well, suh, frum thet day yo' daddy 'us my best fr'en', an' thur wa'n't any fall plum 'til thur war broke out thet he didn' cum up ter ther hills an' spen' er mont' 'ith me, er any summer thet I didn' cum down an' spen' er mont' 'ith 'im; an' thet's how I knows thet bottle.

"When ther South went out er ther Union the fust I kno'd er hit er nigger cum ridin' up ter my house one day, leadin' ther fines' horse I ever see, an' he fotch a letter frum yo' daddy. I wa'n't much han' at readin, but I kinder made hit out thet he'd bin 'pinted colonel an' 'us gwine ter the front, an' hed sent ther horse fur me ter ride, an' I mus' go 'long 'ith 'im.

"We didn' have no niggers, an' my ole daddy hed follered er the flag 'ith Ginral Scott the time he whupt ther greasers, an' I hed sumhow got ter love hit frum ther way he hed fotch me up. So me an' him sat thar thet night, an' talked ther letter over until plum daylight; an' then I woke thet nigger ter saddle up ther horses whilst I tole ther folks good-by, for thar wa'nt no use takin', I was boun' ter go 'ith Billy, fur I loved 'im best of all.

" 'Lem I've got yer 'lected cap'in, an' yo' cump'ny's waitin' fur yer,' was the fust thing Billy sed ter me when I rode up ter ther camp.

" 'I hain't no soldier, Billy,' I told him, 'an' I hain't er goin' ter fight ther ole flag. She'll float furever, an' furever, an' furever, 'fo' I pull er trigger on 'er; but I'm gwine erlong 'ith you, an' ther day yer miss me frum yo' side yer'll fin' me somewhar when ther battle's over, an' ef yer's got ther time ter spare, sen' me home ter dad.'

"He beg'd until he seed the talkin' wa'n't no use; I wa'n't er gwine ter shoot agin the stars an' stripes; but I slep' in 'is tent, an' stood by 'im in most er hundred fights; an' when they shot 'im down at Richmon' I fotch 'im home."

When old man Lem started back to the hills next morning "thet bottle" went with him. The wagon was empty and the bottle was full.

H.

ALABAMA, May, 1897.

Natural History.

SOME INTELLIGENT BRUTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After reading Mr. Thompson's excellent articles, also Mount Tom's and Aztec's humorous and highly entertaining contributions on this subject, I cannot refrain from giving some personal experiences. I do not mean any disparagement to the human race, when I assert most emphatically, that in my opinion some horses and dogs have more reasoning power than some human beings. I believe that the intellects of animals are bright and dull just as those of men are. You often hear the expression from stock traders: "That horse has lots of sense." Did you ever stop to think what was meant by that expression? If you have ever dealt in horses, or had any practical experience with them, you know that this is a fact.

One example that came forcibly to my attention was in my own family. My father-in-law owned a fine trotting-horse named Oscar. The horse was a regular pet, and would follow my wife's mother almost into the house for an apple or a lump of sugar. When that horse was hooked up for a drive, if my wife's father had hold of the reins he could hardly hold him in. Oscar would chafe under the bit and actually pull the entire drag by the lines. In passing another conveyance he would make a plunge, just as if he was getting off in a regular race. But let my wife's mother drive, with no one in the drag but her and the children, and the horse would jog along like an old cow, and had actually to be urged with the whip to make him go fast enough. Now if that was not reason I would like to know what you could call it. The horse thought he was doing the right thing in the right place, and he was. The horse was not afraid of his master, for he had never received a lick or a harsh word in his life, and would nicker every time he saw him.

When I was a small boy, and during the latter years of my adored father's stay on this earth, we owned a very handsome and unusually large Newfoundland dog. The dog had been sent to father from New York by one of his friends. I well remember the day the little round black ball was taken out of a box at the express office. We boys, three of us, and the dog grew up companions, and would fight for each other at the drop of a hat. It was dangerous for any grown person or large boy to make one of us cry; as the dog would try to tear that person to pieces. We used to have lots of fun out of the dog at the swimming hole. A large deep creek ran through the farm, and the dog always accompanied us on all of our excursions. We would go to the swimming hole, which was at least 100yds. across and 10ft. deep. We could all swim like "didappers," but we loved to tease the dog; so one of us would swim out in the middle of the hole, throw up his hands, yell for help, and splash as if he was drowning. In the dog would go and bring the boy out. Of course the boy would hold on to the dog's long hair, and the dog would swim out with him. Then we would pet the dog, and make much ado over him, and old Charlie thought he had actually saved one of us.

It was two miles to the village and post-office. Just as regular as the day arrived, my father would call Charlie, give him his basket and show him a paper. Charlie would trot off, go to town, and make straight for the meat shop. The butcher had a standing order for the day's meat, and would wrap it up and put it in Charlie's basket, then the butcher always cut another piece and gave it to the dog. Then Charlie would trot around to the post-office, and the postmaster would tie up our mail and papers in a package and deposit them in the basket. Then Charlie would come as straight home as his legs could carry him, and woe to the dog who dared to interfere.

To this day it makes me shiver to think of how that dog acted the night my father passed away from earthly cares. How that dog knew father was dying can never be known; but he certainly knew it. He kept up such a pitiful howl out in the barn where he had been shut up in the corn-crib, that we took him a quarter of a mile from the house and tied him to a tree. He gnawed the rope in two and beat us back to the house, and was scratching at father's door when we arrived. Father heard him, and asked that he be let in, which was done. Charlie crouched at the side of the bed and licked father's hand, and wept as bitterly as any member of that family. His whine was not the whine of pleasure, but of heartrending grief, and the dog showed it for days afterward; as he moped about, and absolutely refused food or comfort. If Charlie had been loved during father's life-time, he was worshiped now, and there was not a dry eye in that family the day we dug a grave and buried the old dog in the orchard.

I had a very precocious setter once, named Bijou. I raised her from a puppy, and called her by this name because I considered her a regular jewel. She was a fine dog after birds, and the only dog I ever saw that would climb a tree. Don't laugh now. I do not mean a perpendicular tree, with no limbs within ten feet of the ground. But any leaning tree or fruit tree with limbs within four feet of the ground she would go up like a cat. She would hook her fore-paws over the limb and pull herself up, and get the bird or ball, or whatever you had put up there that she was searching for.

My wife's mother once owned a black and tan terrier named Gyp. It was desired to have Gyp's ears pointed and his tail cut off; so Mrs. Durando had the stable boy, Jim, do the work, and to the day of that dog's death he could never stand the sight of a negro. Jim, the mutilator, was a negro, and Gyp's bristles would go up if he smelled a negro, to say nothing of seeing one. We have had lots of fun by having the colored cook or house girl come up behind Gyp while he was lying asleep on the rug. The moment the dog got a whiff of the person of color he would almost have a fit, he would get so mad.

A friend of mine, Mr. William Cooke, of Chattanooga, owns a very fine pointer named Mack. Now when you go out after quail with Mack, he usually tells you how much he appreciates his being taken along, and some dogs can almost talk, to their masters especially. Why, I think that almost any man can see a dog laugh. They express their hilarity in the expression of the eyes, in the peculiar jerking in and out of the tongue, and in every wag of the tail. Well, Mack will sit beside the driver up on the seat of a buggy or wagon for miles, and never move until his master bids him go. If we are traveling through promising-looking country, you can see Mack raise his nose, look out over a field, then look his master just as straight in the eyes as he can, and ask him if he don't think we could find birds in there; but never offers to jump out or go until bidden. I have remarked on this trait of the dog a dozen times in the many pleasant outings with my friend Cook. When we are out of the conveyance, and Mack is told to "go and find them," the first thing he does, after jumping into a field, is to make a complete circle of the field close to the fence, on the inside of the field. Do you know what the dog is up to? If you do not I will tell you. He does that first, to see whether any birds have run into or out of the field lately. If he finds no scent going in or out, then he quarters the field thoroughly, and hunts it out to see if any birds are in there at all or not. Now if this is not reason what do you call it? Training would not make a dog do that trick.

Again, how can a dog dream if he does not think and reason? I owned an old deerhound named Rock some years ago, and, to use common parlance, "it would make a dog laugh" to hear old Rock have the nightmare after he had come in from a chase after a deer, and got his old ribs filled out full of good scraps.

The old fellow would lie on his back with his feet pawing up in the air, and he would run the whole race over again in his sleep. I have sat by the camp-fire and laughed at that old dog until my sides ached and the tears ran out of my eyes.

One more incident and I will close. This black and tan terrier that belonged to my wife's people got old and very cross. One day the dog snapped at some one and lay down again in front of the fire and we all thought he was asleep. Mrs. Durando spoke to her husband and said: "Ed, I wish you would take Gyp down on the river bank this evening and shoot him, I am afraid he will bite some of the children and they will have hydrophobia." Immediately the dog got up, marched out of the room and we did not lay eyes on him for a week. Finally we found him down at my brother-in-law's store hiding under a desk. Now tell me if that dog did not understand what Mrs. Durando said about him, why should he have acted in that way?

I once spent some months on a cotton plantation down in

Mississippi. Fastened to the top of the gin house was a large bell. It had been the custom on this plantation, even before the war and up to the present time, for all the hands to go to work and quit work by the sound of this bell. The bell rang at 6 A. M., 12 M., 1 P. M. and 6 P. M. There was on the plantation a mule, who had constituted in himself a self-ordained and independent "labor organization." This cuss of a mule would not go to work until the bell rang. At 12 o'clock he would quit work at the first stroke of the bell, would not go to work again until the bell rang, and would quit in the afternoon the moment the bell sounded. This may seem strange, but it is true as gospel. The mule would not tighten his traces after the bell sounded at noon. No matter if he was in the middle of a cotton row in the field or pulling in a wagon, he struck the moment the bell sounded. All the whipping and abuse you could heap upon him only made him more determined. He would stand and bray and kick at you as fast as his hindfeet could fly, and finally wind up by kicking himself out of harness.

One day his regular driver was sick, and the owner of the plantation put old Uncle Sam, a new hand, who had only gone to work on this place the day before, to drive this team and haul seed cotton out of the field to the gin house. At noon the bell rang and Pete struck for grub, as usual halfway between the field and gin house. Uncle Sam wanted to come on to the gin house with the load before he unharnessed for dinner, but Pete differed with him on this point. The old negro and the mule took up the whole noon hour trying to see which would have his way, and finally the mule came out victor. Uncle Sam had to give in, and unharnessed out in the field and came leading the mule to the house. The owner of the place and myself were watching the whole show and were enjoying it hugely. Uncle Sam led the mule up to where we stood in the barnyard, and said: "Mars Bob, dis 'ere rectified mule are dun struck fer higher wages." The owner said: "Sam, that mule has been striking for higher wages for the last twenty years, but he has never got an advance yet." ALFRED B. WINGFIELD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of May 8 I notice a short article on the sagacity of a tortoise-shell cat, by Von W. I wonder if all wise cats are of the tortoise-shell variety. For several years one of my nearest neighbors owned a tortoise-shell cat, blind in one eye, that seemed to possess reasoning powers. If she didn't, it was a close shave.

These people lived in a large, old-fashioned brick house, the front door of which was adorned with an old-style door bell that turned with a crank. This crank or handle worked very easily, and after ringing the bell always dropped down and hung from the bottom.

When or how the shrewd feline first learned to ring the door bell no one knows, but it developed that when pussy was outside and wanted to come in she simply went around to the front door and rang the bell, as any sensible cat should, instead of yowling and mewing for half an hour and disturbing the family.

The first discovery my neighbors made of the cat's accomplishment was one day when one of them answered a ring, when, upon her opening the door to welcome the expected visitor, in walked the old cat, looking as wise and important as a judge. At first they supposed that some mischievous urchin had rung the bell and scampered away, and that the old cat had taken advantage of the open door to slip in. In a short time the same thing occurred again; in fact, it became quite frequent. They were greatly mystified, as it never occurred to them that the cat could ring the door bell. Finally, one of the members hid in a convenient place and watched. Patience was soon rewarded. Pussy came trotting up on the porch and walked under the door bell. After looking around a moment, apparently to see that her actions were not observed, she crouched and sprang straight up to the bell handle, at the same time giving it a hard side slap with her paw. The concussion whirled the handle around and rang the bell. In a few moments one of the family opened the door and puss walked in.

At first she did it evidently to gain admission in cold weather. Afterward it became a pastime Of course, the folks were obliged to answer the bell, as frequently they found an actual visitor. So the old cat always kept them guessing Perhaps they would answer the bell a dozen times to find puss the only visitor. This, of course, grew monotonous, and at the next ring of the bell some member of the family would go to the door wearing an ominous frown and loaded with suppressed wrath and a mop, only to find a lady caller.

In the course of time, among the numerous progeny this old cat brought into the world was a tortoise-shell kitten which the family took a fancy to and decided to raise, instead of consigning to a watery grave. When the kitten was well grown the old cat used to take it around to the front door and amuse herself by giving it lessons in ringing the bell, and in a short time the younger cat could ring the bell as well as its wise old mamma.

Another accomplishment the old cat acquired was her manner of eating raw oysters, of which she was very fond. She was taught to take an oyster from the dish with her paw and carry it to her mouth as decorously as a person would with a fork. The name of the family was Cooley, and this city was their home for many years.

FRANK E. KELLOGG.

SAVANNAH, Illinois.

Mr. Kellogg also sends some "Lines to Grandma Cooley's Cat," written by him for the local paper on the occasion of the intelligent creature's demise. We quote in part:

Only a cat with a tortoise shell,
Minus an eye and dumb as well,
Dead as the nail in the old-time door,
Her life-work done and her troubles o'er.
A humble mission was hers to fill,
This old she-cat that lived on the hill—
To eat, drink, sleep and catch the rats
(And never forgetting to raise more cats),
And other things she did as well,
Among them was ringing the front-door bell
And eating oysters with either paw,
As cute a thing as you ever saw.
A humble mission was hers, 'tis true,
Yet who shall say that her feline mew
Was not as important as the clack of men,
Who utter wise things with tongue or pen?
Everything here on this old, round earth
Has a niche to fill from the date of its birth;
The great "First Cause" has some hidden plan,
And a cat may help as much as a man—
Possibly more, for aught we know,
For we amount to but little here below,
And none may know till we reach the shore
Whether the end is a wall—or a door.

The Philadelphia Zoo.

THE report of the Board of Directors of the Philadelphia Zoölogical Society was made at its annual meeting held in Philadelphia last month.

From the financial standpoint the year has not been a successful one for the Society, the hard times and the unproductiveness of all forms of industry during this period having greatly affected the attendance at the Garden, so that a diminution of 30,000 is seen for the year. This, of course, means a corresponding decrease in receipts of gate money. The Board has made every effort to meet the reduced income, and so successfully that the present cost of operating the Garden is no greater than it was twenty years ago, although several buildings and many outdoor inclosures have been added, and the cultivated area of the ground much increased.

The collections during the year have been enlarged by 166 mammals, 168 birds, and 294 reptiles and batrachians, a total of 628 animals. Among the interesting additions are a raccoon dog, a sable antelope, several other antelopes from Africa, a wild sheep from the Himalaya Mountains, two toed sloth and a female orang.

The birds perhaps of most interest are a pair of young California vultures (*Otogyps californicus*). This vulture, which is almost as large as the condor, is limited in its range to a part of the Pacific coast, and is believed to be near extinction. Probably not more than two or three living examples of this species have ever been placed on exhibition, and it is known that there are at present no other specimens in captivity. The two at Philadelphia were obtained through the efforts of the late Capt. Charles Bendire, of the National Museum.

It is interesting to note that the Philadelphia Garden has received four beavers by exchange from the National Zoölogical Park. It is also interesting to observe that the Philadelphia Garden now has sixteen American buffalo, of which nine are females, all of which except two were bred in the Garden. Mr. Brown, very wisely, is endeavoring to infuse new blood into this herd by exchange, and last year made such an exchange with Mr. John A. Starin, of Glen Island, New York, for a four-year old bull. We feel certain that so long as the Philadelphia collections are under the charge of Mr. Brown every possible effort which care, knowledge and intelligence can insure will be expended for the collections.

The Woodcock's Night Song.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A communication from Mr. William Holliday, in your last issue, comes home to me with much force. I should be pleased to take him by the hand, for he seems to be a man after my own heart. He writes of the song of the woodcock at night, in mating time.

I well remember an experience of my boyhood days in my New Hampshire home. I was shooting muskrats at twilight in the spring of the year, and was stationed on the bank of a river near a broad alder run, and I should say that on the space of about two acres of ground, there were four or five woodcock, and as they were continually ascending and descending in their spiral flights, each gave his sharp clean-cut whistle, together with the peculiar, "spate, spate, spate."

So charmed was I, that it was nearly midnight before I could break away from the fascinating play. I never knew before that woodcock possessed this singular habit, nor did my father, who was an expert bird shooter, and quite a naturalist in his way. Taking him to the place the next evening, he was as much surprised and delighted as was I, at my discovery. I also agree with your correspondent in thinking the whistle produced by the wings.

This incident happened about forty years ago, but it is as distinct in my memory to-day, as though it occurred but yesterday; the freshness of the springtime, the crisp, bracing air of the evening, together with the strange, weird voices of the night, left an impression not easily effaced.

CHAS. WHEELER.

Northern Wildfowl in Florida Waters.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.—In the winter of 1894–5 I shot two female surf ducks (*Pelionetta perspicillata*) in Nassau Sound, Fla., and last winter I shot two young red throated divers, or loons (*Colymbus septentrionalis*) in Ft George River, Fla. A fine male full-plumaged surf duck was shot last winter in the St. John's River, near Jacksonville, and the skin is now mounted and on exhibition in the window of a store on Bay street. In 1896 I saw a beautiful live specimen of the great northern diver, or loon (*Colymbus torquatus*), in Jacksonville that was caught by one of the coast pilots at Caryford's reef on the East Coast of Florida, near Miami. The same year I saw in Jacksonville two trumpeter swans (*Cygnus bucinator*) that were shot at Deigo, on the sea coast near Jacksonville, and sent to the Jacksonville market. They were very poor, and there were only two of them in the flock. The gunner that shot them had never seen any before, and he called them geese, as did also the marketman. The great northern diver also had never been seen by any of the local pilots or boatmen before. No one knew what it was.

It would seem that these Northern species are extending their range. J. FRAS. LE BARON, C. E.

Bird Specimens at Rouse's Point.

ROUSE'S POINT, N. Y., May 18.—On Saturday, May 15, Alex. Noel, a Canadian fisherman, shot and killed a splendid specimen of the great egret heron in the marsh just north of Fort Montgomery. He presented the bird to the Y. M. C. A. rooms, and it now ornaments one of the windows, adding one more bird to the already large collection that has been made by Mr. Glazier during his work here as secretary of the Y. M. C. A., some of them being very rare. Mr. Glazier is a taxidermist and has used his art to advantage in ornamenting the rooms here. Parties interested in the study of birds will find themselves well repaid for the time spent in visiting Mr. Glazier and his collection. The rooms are but a step from the D. & H. depot at this place.

W. MCCOMB, JR.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

THEN AND NOW.

PORTLAND, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few weeks ago I had a call from my friend George Hedrick, of Ohio, with whom I have camped several seasons in the Lake Superior region. He was carrying a cane made from an oak tree cut by General Anthony Wayne's soldiers in the summer of 1794, during his 90-day campaign against the Indians of the Northwest. General Wayne, after marching to the scene of S. Clair's defeat and erecting Fort Recovery, took a northeasterly direction, and in crossing a boggy stream called Beaver felled trees into the stream. These bogs became buried in muck and were recently removed by a dredge boat from a depth of 4ft., in a perfect state of preservation. An enterprising mechanic hauled one of these oak logs home and worked it into canes. As I handled that cane, mounted with the foot of a small deer taken near Republic, in the Michigan Northern Peninsula, I reflected that my father's family settled in 1828 on that historic spot where General St. Clair was ambushed, and that from the plains of eastern Ohio to the prairies of western Indiana there was a continuous growth of magnificent oak forest interspersed with walnut, ash, hickory, elm, sycamore, sugar, beech and other woods; and that this large tract of giant trees, towering so high as to test the marksman's skill in picking a squirrel from a topmost bough, was now no more. Therefore my text.

As late as 1872 there were some deer near the head of the Wabash River, between Fort Recovery and Greenville, O., old Fort Washington, and I hunted there with a long-barreled muzzleloading rifle a part of four days in October of that year. I saw eight deer, which was more than I have seen on some hunts I have taken in Wisconsin. They were mostly lying among the whitetop that grew thick in places where the forest was open, and grew tall enough to conceal a deer standing. One would arise from its bed, spread its tail like a peafowl, and with a few mighty bounds high above the tops of the weeds disappear around a convenient thicket. I might have hit some of them with clubs, but I could not get a bead on one with that fishpole of a rifle. Finally I caught one walking and doubled him up, and I was mighty proud over my first deer.

I had learned some things on a former trip, on which occasion I saw a deer standing broadside directly in front of me and about 150yds. distant. When I saw this deer I was so close to a tree that I could have touched the trunk with my gun. I instantly stepped sideways and behind the tree impelled by a desire to shoot with a rest, a thing that had become a habit from shooting a gun before I had the strength to hold it off-hand. How foolish I felt when I pushed my gun past the tree and looked for my deer to find that it had disappeared.

Another day near 10 A. M., as I was going due west and the sun was shining brightly, I saw a small deer standing about 100yds. distant in front of me, and looking northward. As I drew up my rifle, I saw a twig seemingly the size of a rye straw just back of the deer's foreleg, and so near the deer it looked like a safe center to shoot at. I drew on this twig and fired The deer gave a bound and disappeared. Keeping the twig in sight, I approached the spot; but as I drew near the twig grew in size very rapidly, and I found it to be a tough, knotty swamp ash fully 1in. in diameter. I had seen only the shaded portion, or about one-fourth of the bush. My ball had struck to the left of the center, gone half way through the bush, and then deflected to the left. I vowed then and there to shoot shy of twigs thereafter.

At this date the oak trees were being split into staves, and hauled to the railroad stations. Prior to that the finest trees were cut and split into rails, clapboards, lath and fencing posts for yard and garden fences. Then came men who paid from $10 to $15 for the best trees on the stump. These were split into 5ft. stave blocks, or squared their full length into ship timber. Now very little remains, and that is going like a June frost.

I handed the cane back to my friend, but I could not banish the recollections of my childhood. After he went away, I became restless. I have a sister living on the old home, and I concluded she wanted to see me. There were surely some rabbits on the old farm, and I could not abuse my mind of the thought that it would do me good to wander over the fields again. Fortunately a morning came with a light tracking snow, and 8 o'clock found me tying Dolly to the fence some two miles from town, for here were rabbit tracks. Bunny was at home in the fence corner, snugly tucked away beneath a leaning rail covered with weeds; but my little Smith & Wesson six-shooter brought him out and into the buggy, and Dolly and I trotted on. Two miles further up the gravel road were more rabbit tracks. This was easy, hunting rabbits in a buggy, with a sensible mare like Dolly. And now which way did this one go last? On one side of the road is a meadow; on the other a cornfield, with a brushy pond, and a fence separating this field from a meadow. I tie Dolly, climb the fence, and make a circle in the meadow first named. My rabbit has gone into the cornfield and returned, as the tracks indicate, though snow lies lightly on the timothy, and tracking here is difficult. I carried a double-barreled breechloading shotgun and shells loaded with No. 7s. The tricky rabbit led me in a circle, and at the most convenient moment bounded off for the fence at the highway, and was out of reach by the time I had snapped my first and emptied my second barrel at him. From the time of leaving home I had reproached myself for bringing a shotgun, but now I vowed to kill that rabbit with shotgun. So into the cornfield I went, but was surprised to find more rabbit tracks. The pond was alive with rabbits, to judge from the tracks. But I remembered what the old Indian said, "One deer make heep many tracks," and I did not expect to find a rabbit in every tuft of grass. I did not find any until I got over the fence and into the meadow, where I saw one sitting, and made its eye a target for my little six-shooter. But I knew it was not the one that ran away from me, and therefore circled further in my efforts to locate that one. Presently I saw its ears further out in the meadow. I recognized it by its scared look and took it with the shotgun.

Then Dolly and I continued our journey. Presently w came to the Salamonie River, and yonder to my left wa once a sawmill run by water power. I hauled from tha mill the finest walnut lumber I ever saw, great boards 40in wide. They were ripped by hand into casings for our house The millrace was fed from a great pond among the trees

We called it the duck pond, from the flight of wild ducks that visited it. My father and some friends seined it once about thirty eight years ago, and caught, in addition to several baskets of suckers, cat and sunfish, eleven pike that touched the ground when I took on my shoulder one end of the pole on which they were strung with a rope while a man carried the other end on his shoulder. The place is a cornfield now.

And now I come to the little hill where my grandfather, in 1830, made his last clearing; but I must not tarry here, for yonder is the crossroads, near which was the round log cabin with its puncheon floor, split from ash trees, and mud and stick chimney. One room, one door, one small window, and a great big, long-eared, silky-haired hound, on whose back I would climb and ride around in the yard. There were trees, too; great big trees that swayed to and fro, and whipped each other while the storm lasted. There is grass with weeds there now. And here a rabbit has been playing along the fence. What has possessed him to come here, where there is absolutely no shelter? I will look him up after dinner. Dinner comes at early noon here. We of this section eat three square meals each day. And I drive in just as I did twenty-five years ago when I brought home my first deer. It's a bluff, I have only rabbits now. "What was that you said, John? [John is my sister's husband] You were expecting me?" Now why should they be looking for me, and what led me to think they were?

After greetings and caring for Dolly's comfort I mentioned the rabbit tracks, and wondered if I had time to go and look for that rabbit before dinner. My sister said that she could wait dinner. She would ring the bell when she had dinner ready. Ring the bell? Oh, yes, I had forgotten the bell, but now I remembered it. I had heard it when that sister was not as old as she is now; heard it when there were others to gather with us around that board, and as I mechanically took my gun and hunting coat from the buggy I kept back that word that wa uppermost—that name our baby lips learn first to speak. John said he would go along, and went in and got his .32 40 Marlin. We passed through the field where once we made a dismal failure of riding two bucking mules, walked over the spot where I first breathed the breath of life and into that part I can remember as woods Here were rabbit tracks. Bunny had been having a picnic Some splendid Polen-Chinas came grunting around me. I remembered that once we had what we called razor backs and elm-pelers, only ghosts of what hogs are now. And I remembered that here I would in childood's days cut down bushes and hide beneath the leafy boughs, and climb saplings, and eat black haws, and gather wild plums; and later, when left to run the farm that a team that I was breaking ground with became frightened at the snapping of a rail as I got down off the fence after giving the horses and myself a breathing spell and dashed off as if possessed of Satan, the plow flying high in the air, then striking the ground, only to rebound far above the horses backs—"Look out"! It was John's voice and yonder went a rabbit for the fence just as fast as a rabbit can run. And little wonder, for John would have stepped on him, in fact his foot was over the rabbit. He was clearly out of range, but I threw a load of shot at him and then wished for my Winchester. He ran up the road and across into a weedy field. I followed and sat on the fence and watched his maneuvers. He thought he was hidden in the weeds, poor fellow, but the shelter was not sufficient and I could see all his movements. He back tracked, and doubled, and skipped about, every now and then sitting upright to look for me. No doubt he thought he was giving me a great game and could laugh at me from some safe retreat while I bothered my head over his multiplication table.

After dinner we started for the old covers. The first field—how the bluebirds once swarmed over it and nested in the hollow stumps, and I once saw a neighbor's dog run a deer across that field, and I shot many a squirrel there when that was woods. There was now nothing but sheep in that field. Nothing for a high-minded bird to light on. A weasel could not find a hiding place there. The second field was a copy of the first, and now we come to the orchard on an adjoining farm. There is a remnant of a peach tree, whose fruit years ago did tempt me and I did eat; and here is the brick house, once the comfortable home of a thrifty farmer. The house is a ruin, though I remember when it was built The barn is falling down, and the fences rotting to the ground. Back of the barn a flock of wild geese once settled in a wheat field, and I shot one with a rifle at a distance of 103 paces.

Down through the center of the farm I follow a large ditch where once there was a creek, every step bringing up memories of the past. Here my little dog once followed a muskrat into its den 10ft. from the entrance and came out minus one eyelid. And yonder stands an old elm from whose fork one dark night I shot a coon with my rifle while my big brother held a torch back of me. Now we come to the back field surrounded by woods that would be called timber on the prairies; but I don't see any of those tops that mingled with the clouds forty-three years ago. I must have lost John, or he must have lost me; at any rate I was lost to the present until I essayed to cross my little creek where I used to catch sunfish and little catfish the size of a man's finger, where my foot slipped and went under the edge of the ice into the water and the ice cut my shin; and then I was both cold and hot, and remembered that I was hunting rabbits, and as I sat on a sycamore log, and removing my rubber shoe wrung the water from my Mackinaw sock, I said: "Confound the ditch! I crossed here a thousand times when that waterway was a decent little babbling brook, and I loved that brook, but I don't like your new-fangled ways."

I went on through the woods, but I could not help counting the tree-tops that encumbered the ground, and I looked in vain for my old friends, the oak trees, from whose topmost boughs wild pigeons were wont to send forth their unmusical note. Yonder by that fence I once saw a stump dog, not so bad as a stump bear, but bad enough for my years of inexperience. I watched that stump dog for fully fifteen minutes and then climbed the fence nearly to it before I was assured it was harmless. Yonder adjoining wood lot is a wilderness of tree-top and brush. It was a near neighbor to my old home and a splendid squirrel woods. And then I turn toward the house, and as memories come thick and fast, I try to think that everything is for the best; that if my old friends, the trees and streams are no more, it was only the way of this world, and I too would soon be no more, and possibly the next generation would not care if the forests were destroyed and the streams dried up.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

IN A JACKSNIPE PASTURE.

HOLLAND, Mich,, May 17.—One Sunday afternoon this spring, while sauntering through the fields with two of my friends, we came upon a wet pasture in which we flushed a dozen or more jacksnipe. As I had not had my gun from its case this year, and here were the real birds rising with *scaipe! scaipe!* in all directions around us, and although I do not think it good policy to shoot in the spring, my desire to bag a few could not be suppressed.

Before returning home, I went to my office, took down my shooting coat from its hook, and in the pockets found a dozen shells loaded with No. 8s. Mounting my wheel, I rode out into the country three miles to friend B.'s home, and asked him to join me in a little hunt in the morning. He was willing to go, but could find no more shells than I had.

Early Monday morning, April 26, I rode to my office, donned shooting coat and boots and waited for B., who soon arrived on his bike. Strapping our guns to our wheels, we rode out of the city, and followed the side paths to the pasture. We had to leave my pointer at home, owing to a sprained shoulder.

As the road bisects the pasture, we laid our machines flat on the ground to reduce the chances of a stray shot puncturing a tire.

Hardly had we entered the west side when, with many *scaipes*, three jacks flushed before us. As I shot hurriedly, my first shot failed to score, but quickly manipulating the old "pump-stick," I grassed the bird with the second shot. B. also bagged one, being unable to fire again, owing to my position between him and the bird. The bird which escaped flew across the road.

We hunted this side of the pasture over carefully, but could flush no more birds.

Crossing to the east side, we had worked over two-thirds of the ground, when suddenly *scaipe! scaipe! scaipe!* three more birds arose, making noise enough for a dozen. Choosing my birds, I easily scored a double. B. shot his, and began looking around in the air for more. "Where are the rest of them?" he exclaimed. "They're all dead," I replied. Picking up my two, I showed them to him. He had not heard my second shot, which was fired at the time he shot; he supposed more had flushed. The expression of his face when he was looking for more snipe was amusing.

Only two more jacks were flushed; one rose wild out of range, the other B. bagged after we each had fired two ineffectual shots at it. Tying the bunch of birds to my handle bars, we slowly pedaled home. Six birds bagged out of eight flushed we did not consider bad, and were well satisfied with our hour's sport.

My desire was gratified, and the gun was put away until the fall or an occasional day at the traps.

ARTHUR W. BAUMGARTEL.

A DEER HUNT IN THE PENINSULA.

IT was a bright, sunny day in December, when a small party gathered in the palatial station of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad in Richmond, Va., bound for the Peninsula in quest of deer.

The leader, the Colonel, was a prominent member of the Richmond Bar, and had, according to his own statement, been deer hunting in the mountains on divers and sundry occasions. The others were novices, although feeling great confidence in their shooting ability to hit an object, if sufficiently large and not moving at too great speed. These were the Honorable Secretary, also of Richmond, a genial soul with true sporting instincts; the Baron, commonly known as the "smoothest pebble on the beach," whose good nature was inexhaustible, and who appreciated to the utmost a good story, a good dinner, and a bottle of the right temperature, and the Man from Boston, whence the Baron also came. This equal division of the party, one-half from old Virginia and the other from cold and puritanical Massachusetts, made a combination that assimilated exceedingly well, for notwithstanding the difference in their habitations, a greater one than mere distance implies, they had many tastes in common, believing fully in Martin Luther's famous saying.

The party was landed late in the afternoon at the "Burnt Ordinary" station on the C. & O., and were welcomed most hospitably by an old acquaintance of the Colonel's, and installed at the near-by tavern. Here and throughout their stay all realized the benefit of the Colonel's companionship, for was he not one of those silver-tongued orators of the late political campaign who stumped this part of the State, and by his arguments and logic confounded his opponents on the platform and routed them horse, foot, and artillery?

Result: every man we met, in either the village or wood, beamed on our Demosthenes and clasped him gladly by the hand. Our landlord and his wife were hosts *par excellence*, who looked diligently after the welfare of their guests and fed them on the fat of the land. At each meal we feasted on York River oysters, Old Virginia ham, roast turkey or duck, wild or domestic, home made sausages and corn bread; think then if you can that we decreased in girth during our stay. As it was then hog killing time and with not much doing on the farms, the whole-souled residents of the neighborhood joined us in the hunt, offering us dogs, horses, a deep knowledge of wood lore and their fellowship.

There was the Squire, an ex-cavalryman, and looking the picture of a raider as he came loping through the forest on his inseparable bay horse. There was Rich, our "driver," tireless and indefatigable, bearing the horn to whose blast the hounds so quickly rallied; his two brothers equally enthusiastic in the chase with himself; Carleton, former private secretary to the Colonel, but now turned from the error of his ways and tilling the soil; and last, the State's attorney, easy tempered, long of limb, and of great capacity; not over anxious to exert himself, but always ready for fun.

The weather during our stay was perfect; bright, with just enough crispness in the air to make our blood tingle and cause us to feel that life was worth living, and if during a long wait on a stand by a runway, listening intently for the distant voices of the dogs, one felt at all chilly he could always find one or the other of his neighbors provided with an infallible preventative against the cold. It was the first time some of us had heard the music of the hounds in chase, and music indeed it was.

The varying tones as the dogs were trailing, here recognizing Jackson's clarion voice and then the deeper note of Lee, then to hear them all blending together, when the deer was up, into one continuous swell, now rising, now falling, but never ceasing and always tuneful, would stir the most sluggish blood. Although the net result of our four days' hunt was one spike-horn buck, still the deer were there, the dogs starting three or four every day, and the renewed vigor the fresh air filled us with amply repaid us for our journey.

An amusing incident occurred on the second day when Willie and the State's Attorney were placed on adjoining stands that were not thought especially desirable. The Attorney being of a social disposition, left his post to call on his neighbor, and while they reclined on the dead leaves on the bank, chatting, never thinking of deer, as no dogs were within hearing, a sudden rustle of the leaves behind startled them, and behold a full-grown deer leaped over their heads to the middle of the roadway, at the next bound disappearing among the trees on the other side before either gaping hunter had gained his feet or recalled his scattered senses.

Another happened on our last drive, when the Colonel, wishing in his generosity to give his friends a chance, placed the Secretary and the Man from Boston next each other on the two best places. As the dogs were heard approaching, the Colonel ran to his Boston friend, warning him to keep a sharp lookout and then hurried back to the Secretary, who stood on guard giving an illustration of a man about to shoot a deer.

"If he comes through this opening," said his Honor, "I'll kill him sure, and should he come there," taking aim over his gun, "I'll pill him."

As he strutted up and down thirsting for innocent blood, the hoofs were heard of a deer coming, leaping between the trees, headed directly for his would-be slayer. His last bound landed him within 20ft. of the gun, but never thinking to pull the trigger the Secretary stood aghast, and when the deer having turned and gotten safely away, the Colonel asked, "Why, oh, why didn't you shoot?" he replied with much dignity, "Do you take me for a target for a battering ram? One more jump, and he would have struck me in the stomach."

Well, that hunt is o'er, and nothing remains but pleasant recollections to bear us up, and glowing anticipations of another to come in the autumn. THE MAN FROM BOSTON.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

New Warden for Illinois.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 22.—At 4 P. M. of May 19 Gov. Tanner signed the commission of Harry W. Loveday, of Chicago, as State game warden for that city. Mr. Loveday's friends, especially Mr. H. D. Nicholls, of the House, have labored faithfully for his appointment, and he has won in a contest of singular warmth over several other applicants for this position The position itself is no sinecure if handled as it should be, and there is no one man in the entire Western country who can be of more service to the sportsmen of the West than the State warden at Chicago. The real work which lies before him is not the prosecution of the individual violators of the law in the narrow hunting grounds left in this State. The real work lies with the wholesale violators of the laws, the game dealers of South Water street. The late warden, Mr. Blow, strictly left this branch of work alone, hence whatever effort he may have made during his term of office may be measured exactly by the extent of the hole left in a bucket of water after one pulls his finger out of it. There is no instance in his record of a single victory of any import gained in the furtherance of game protection. If Mr. Loveday during his term of office shall gain but one single victory of that nature, that is to say, one victory in this fight of the sportsman against South Water street, he will have done enough to cause his administration to stand out in shining contrast to that of his predecessors. Even within what are now the legal lines of action the game dealers of Chicago can continue a vast havoc among the game of the West. When they exceed that license, as in the past they have continually done, and deliberately hold out premium for violation of the laws of this and other States, the havoc which they create can have in view but one limit, and that the extinction of our Western game. If Mr. Loveday in his responsible position—a position which is far more responsible and far more conspicuous than it was a few years ago—will lead the war into what is really the enemy's country, he may feel sure that he will be followed by the sportsmen of the better class without distinction of clique or faction, and he may reckon upon the support of all the thinking press.

In person Mr. Loveday is well fitted for his work, should that work determine itself into the quality of police investigation. He is over 6ft. tall, and in build powerful as a giant. In business Mr. Loveday is a photographer, and his address is at the Schiller Building, Chicago. Mr. Loveday is one of the old time members of the Cumberland Club. His favorite sport is duck shooting.

Growing Strictness of Game Laws.

The new Minnesota game law is a good instance of the rapidly increasing strictness of game laws in this part of the West. Mention has already been made of certain radical changes in the game laws of Michigan and Wisconsin. Minnesota has long been practically a model in game law matters, and has now gone a step further in the line of modern legislation for the protection of fish and game, the State seeming being apparently cognizant of the fact that her heritage of wild creatures is one which should be appreciated and preserved. In the new Minnesota law the FOREST AND STREAM plank, "Stop the sale of game," has found a place. It is forbidden to expose for sale within the State any ruffed grouse or black bass. The deer season is cut down to ten days, from Oct 25 to Nov. 5. The moose law is still more severe. Only five days of open season are allowed on moose, from Nov. 1 to Nov. 5, and this not until 1898, which will end the five years close season on that animal. These figures certainly do not appeal to the non-resident sportsman, as perhaps it was not intended that they should. Should the law be generally observed, however, there is no question whatever of the result on the supply of game. Such laws would mean that this sort of game is forever to remain unexhausted in the State of Minnesota.

The action of the State of Minnesota on game matters is of exceptional interest, from the reason that the upper part of that State is now for the first time coming into general prominence as a sporting ground for that part of the public which formerly went to Michigan and Wisconsin. In its supply of deer, moose, mascallonge and bass, Minnesota has very much more to offer than Wisconsin at this date. This summer and this fall will see dozens and hundreds of sportsmen crowding into Minnesota who have never been there before, but who will follow the indication of a new sporting country just opening up. I mentioned last fall the sudden wave of non-resident deer hunting traffic which swept into upper Minnesota on account of the mix up in the Wisconsin law. This coming fall there will be a more deliberate and premeditated movement into the covers of that State. The

lower part of Minnesota, comprising the prairie country, has long been known and has long since been shot out, but the swamps and forests of the country lying above the head of the Mississippi River still remain full of possibilities and invitation for sportsmen living outside the State.

Spring Shooting.

The other evening I had a friend to dinner with me down town and we did not go to my club, where the girl fries beefsteak on top of the stove, but dropped in on Bill Werner, who runs the best department in one of the big restaurants of Chicago. In getting us up the plan of hostilities, Mr. Werner mentioned the fact that clams were more correct than oysters, because oysters at this season of the year are spawning and are not fit to eat. Mr. Werner suggested that it would be an unsportsman-like thing to shoot oysters in the spring.

During our dinner Mr. Werner had occasion to remark that there were still at that time, May 15, considerable numbers of jacksnipe hanging around in this country, and that some of these snipe were still being killed by shooters. "It is all wrong to shoot snipe at this time of the year," said he.

A friend of mine who was up at Lake Koshkonong this spring, and who helped in making quite a good bag of canvasbacks, said to me yesterday, in speaking of the occurrence: "I never felt worse over anything in my life. It was a shame to kill those birds at that season of the year. They were skinny and poor, and actually not fit to eat."

The above are some facts which may have some interrelation in their bearing upon the question of spring shooting.

Horicon Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Horicon Shooting Club, of Horicon, Wis., was held recently, and officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Robert Rom; Vice-President, J. W. Burns; Manager, W. T. Kleifoth; Secretary and Treasurer, L. F. McLean.

Changed Cars.

Mr. C. W. Norris, long of the Big Four Railroad of this city, and well known as a successful trout fisherman, has switched from railroading into commerce, and is now of the Chicago Paint Specialty Co., making an enamel by which anybody can enamel his own bicycle without having it sequestered for a year at some shop.

Novelists and "Forest and Stream."

A book reviewer in a Chicago paper calls attention to a curious error in natural history made in a recent novel by Max Pemberton. Mr. Pemberton lays the scene of his novel in Bosnia, but goes on to speak of a winter so severe that "the bears came down from the mountains, even to the gardens of the houses." The reviewer points out to Mr. Pemberton that he probably meant the wolves, as in severe winters bears have a habit of holing up under the snow, and not prowling around the gardens.

In his recent novel "Soldiers of Fortune," Mr. Richard Harding Davis describes a number of encounters with firearms, but in one passage he describes the men as sitting, "waiting with their thumbs on the triggers of their rifles." This feat, I think, is something not commonly attempted in actual life, though it is a common one in Mr. Davis' writings.

All intending novelists should be careful to read FOREST AND STREAM. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Successful Shooting near New York.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For many years I have enjoyed the stories of fishing and hunting in your paper, and now that I am unable to leave my business for more than a day or so at a time, I have found that the only way to quiet that longing for a good hunt with gun and dog, which will come over me as the seasons approach, is to read what others have done, and which are told so well by your many correspondents. In past years I have hunted over many parts of this country for different kinds of game, but for the last four years, up to last fall, I could not get away.

Now there are, I imagine, many who have to do their hunting through your paper, and so I tell you of my shooting, hoping it may give pleasure to some who, like myself, imagined that one had to go many miles from New York to find any birds at all.

On the first Friday afternoon in November I left the Grand Central Depot and went fifty miles up the Harlem R. R. and was there met by my cousin, Oscar Mead, with his trap, and after a few minutes' ride from the station, found myself kindly welcomed by his family in a large, roomy farmhouse, and after a good supper and a look at the bird dog that was to be our main stay in finding the quail—for quail we were after—I retired early, to be ready for Saturday's hunt.

The next morning my cousin and myself started, and after going about half a mile across some fields we came to a clump of woods that covered not over three acres. Our pointer Sport soon began to work in the open on the edge of the woods, and in less than a couple of minutes came to a steady point. We at once walked up and stepped in ahead of him, and as the birds rose we each gave them both barrels. As I had not shot a gun for four years, how delighted I was to see my bird fall at my first shot, though my second was a miss. My cousin was equally successful; and so with two between us to begin with we marked the birds as well as we could and started after them again. There were fourteen in all, and they stuck to that little piece of woods all day, and we kept them company. What, though we did make a good many misses, we had that keen enjoyment that only those feel who love hunting for hunting's sake, and not for how many they have killed.

When the sun began to go down we went home with ten birds in all, as satisfied as only tired hunters who have got their share can feel.

I could only get away on Saturdays, but I spent every Saturday in November and two in December up there, and in our six days' hunting we got, within a range of five miles, fifty quail, two partridges and one woodcock.

F. L. KNEELAND.

A New Resort in Texas.

HIGH ISLAND, via Galveston, Tex.—This is a new point, and is the coming summer as well as winter resort of the South. Hunters will flock here in abundance during the winter season. The shooting surpasses that of Florida. All species of duck, snipe, brant, geese, prairie chickens and deer are plentiful and easily reached. C. T. C.

A Victory for Texas Sportsmen.

THE sportsmen of Texas working through the Game Protective Association have won a great victory in the enactment of a new game law based upon the bill introduced and pushed on request of the Association by Representative Blair and Senator Lewis.

The new law declares that all game found within the borders of the State is the property of Texas, "and the taking or killing thereof is declared to be a privilege and not a right." And an express stipulation is made that no game may be shipped out of the State at any season. A special dispatch from Mr. O. C. Guessaz, of San Antonio, tells us:

W. L. Moody, of Galveston, who owns and runs the canvasback farm called Lake Surprise, fought the exportation game clause, but is finally beaten. No county is exempt. It is a great victory for us. Thanks are due Representative Blair and Senator Lewis. The strangest part of it all is that we came very near prohibiting the sale of game altogether.

Snake, Rabbit and Club.

ONE day while I was plowing in a cornfield I heard what I thought was the cry of a young rabbit. The sounds proceeded from a brush pile, and were the cries of an infant rabbit. A black snake had swallowed one of the rabbit's hindlegs up to the body, and had crawled up through the brush until the rabbit was suspended in the air about 4½ft. from the ground, and neither the snake nor the little rabbit could do any more. The parent rabbit was immediately beneath the young one on the ground, and was making earnest efforts to rescue her young. She would leap back and forth and then as high as she could, toward her young, but could not reach it. She was making a very peculiar, low, murmuring sound, similar to that made by a mother cat when in unusual anxiety about her young. I crept up cautiously and with a club delt the snake a blow which caused it to release the young animal, which escaped, along with its mother, with apparent joy and agility, as if unharmed. The snake also escaped. F. E. WHITTEMORE.

Chuckors in Illinois.

MACOMB, Ill., May 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am pleased to inform the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that my chuckor partridges have been heard of. Yesterday a flock of seven (grown) were seen on a man's farm three miles from this city. Two men were plowing in a bluegrass patch, when the birds became frightened and flew into the oat field and remained there half a day, walking around feeding on the oats that failed to be covered. The question is now, do these birds mate off like prairie chickens and quail, or do they go in flocks like guinea chickens?

Prairie chickens and quail have been mated for a month, and are laying and setting.

This would lead me to believe that the chuckors go in flocks like the guinea hens, as it is getting so late in the spring. If they mate off, they would have done so before now. W. O. BLAISDELL.

Poultry Yard Wisdom Applied to Wild Ducks.

I LIKE early fall chickens when they are ripe. Don't you? Now I suppose the best way to get them is to keep over the hens until about March, when they will be about ready to fill up a good nest of eggs, and then kill the hens. When it comes time we want a spring chicken in the fall we can begin to find fault and growl because there are no chickens for the table.

This is the way with spring shooting. Kill all the birds you can before they breed, and find fault in the fall because there are so few birds. This is what a lot of people are doing.

We berate the market shooter; but is the member of some club any better when he kills 50 to 100 ducks a day, and will kill the last one there is if he could? Kill the hens, and no chickens. Kill the birds in the spring, and no birds in the fall. Go on, and see where you come out. OLD MAN.

Iowa Prairie Chickens.

BERKELEY, Ia., May 15.—The outlook in this section of Iowa is unusually good for prairie chicken (pinnated grouse) shooting this fall. Owing to the continued wet weather this spring they have not attempted to nest on the lowlands, but all the nests which I have observed are on high ground, and consequently quite a number of the young will avoid being drowned, as has been the case in some of the previous years.

Five young wolves were discovered in an old straw stack by a farmer near here recently. During the past winter several farmers have complained of the depredations made by the wolves upon their hen roosts, but have never succeeded in killing the old ones. E. D. C.

The Maine Caribou Season.

AS THE FOREST AND STREAM was the first to point out, the Maine game law adopted at the last session omitted the provision of a close season for caribou. Commissioner Henry O. Stanley writes us under date of March 23, in this regard: "The Legislature two years ago gave us the power to grant (or rather make) special laws, and to add to close time on fish and game, but not to take off. We have the power to make the close time on caribou, and have done so, making the open time the same as on deer, viz., Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. It seems very queer that none of us noticed the omission of the close time on caribou."

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in a Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Sea and River Fishing.

BLACK BASS OF THE TRENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having spent many happy hours reading the experiences of some of your correspondents, I thought I would give you the contents of our camp log book.

Long before the season opened for black bass fishing we had our plans all arranged, and many pleasant evenings we spent together discussing the contemplated trip. As I look back to it now, I am convinced that half of the enjoyment of camping is the anticipation. We had spent a few weeks once before on the Trent, but this was our first experience there under canvas, but we had no trouble in perfecting the necessary arrangements. We secured from our genial wood and water boy his 12×24 tent with 6ft. walls. Four of us left Rochester Friday morning for the lake, thence by steamer North King for Coburg, Ontario. A wait of three hours for a train and then to Brighton, where we found team waiting us for a twenty-two-mile ride to Campellford. The drive was a long one, but the thought of the good times coming, combined with the natural wit of our friend Foster, lessened the distance wonderfully. Arriving in Campellford at 8 P. M., we were met by the genial host of the Hotel Winsor, T. Blute, and soon after supper retired for the night, a tired lot. Next morning we purchased what few remaining provisions we needed and started for the final pull to camp. The trip was a short and pleasant one of about six miles along the bluff banks of one of the finest rivers it has been my lot to see.

Healy Falls, where we pitched our tent, is simply the ideal spot for the man who loves a split-bamboo, a silk line and a small-mouth bass of from 1 to 3lbs. weight with which to toy in a rapid current. My word for it, his business cares at home will not occupy his attention while so doing. By 12 o'clock our tent was erected, the camp stove was in place, and dinner was being prepared.

A few words about our stove: It consisted of the top of an old stove which we secured in Campellford, and two lengths of stovepipe for a draft. Having built two walls 14in. high and 3ft. long, and 18in. apart, we placed the top on, connected the pipes, and filled the holes in the wall with mud to make the draft perfect. Such cooking as came off that stove! It makes my mouth water to think of it, but all the glory should not go to the stove. Our first cook was as good as a French *chef*. "I'll marry the cook myself" got to be a camp word from the excellence of his service. Having dined on such food as our larder contained, we proceeded to fish for black bass for supper, and in less than twenty minutes had more than we could use.

It was then that the idea was put in practice of returning the fish to the water in as good a condition as possible, when they were landed. I remember on one occasion four farmer boys came down to fish with rods that would make good tent poles; luck was against them, so we seized the opportunity of loading the boys up with fish. After drawing a net that we had made out of mosquito cloth through one of the small eddies, we had minnows enough for a couple of hours good fishing; and what sport it was. You put on a minnow, throw your line up in the rapids for the current to carry it behind some boulder, then you commence to wonder if that one weighs 2½ or 3lbs. The sport continued until we were out of minnows, and the boys started home with their burden, all they could carry, and with plenty left for camp use.

By Monday the remaining three of our party found us, and we settled into camp life with as much ease as the loggers on the river. We early four had arranged to put up a job on the later arrivals, but through some error it fell through; still we had our minds at work for something new, and the opportunity arrived after we had been in camp about a week. Foster proposed that he should shave the first dishwasher, who agreed. The victim was lathered in true tonsorial style and shaved on one side of his face. Foster then stepped back as if to strop the razor, laid it down, and sneaked out the back of the tent. Some one then purloined the razor and started after him. Our friend Miller, not knowing what had happened, waited and waited. Finally it dawned on him that it was a put-up job, and for a few minutes his anger got the best of his feelings, and he went on a hunt for that barber; but as it did not hasten his return, he looked on the affair as a joke on him and proceeded to square things.

One day an acquaintance from C. arrived. Here was another opportunity for the disposing of fish, so the tackle was produced and fishing commenced. I can almost feel that jerking sensation in my wrist now as I did then as I landed fish after fish, and it was a clear case of exhaustion on my part when I returned to camp. All had been as successful as myself in the catch. Such a string of bass! I doubt if I ever will see the like of it again. There were fully seventy-five of them, and two mascalonge. As a matter of fact bass were so plenty that Shepard came in camp and actually found fault that they got in his way; said he was trying to get a mess of bullheads for supper, and the bass grabbed his bait every time he made a cast, and before the line could get into the hole where the bullheads lay; however, he got twenty-two of them, and they were excellent, done nice and brown just to a turn, and out of that pure running water. A bullhead under those conditions is not to be slighted, however much we may despise him when taken from sluggish water.

Upon our return from the river one morning we were met by the boss of the loggers, whose camps were situated about a mile above us, and he insisted on our joining him at dinner. Not knowing what to expect, we hesitated for a few moments, but finally accepted. We were treated in royal style—that is, our appetites were. Each man had placed in front of him enough for six to eat. If I remember rightly, Rowarth wanted to fill his pockets with the good things to carry back to Rochester for the high-priced *chefs* to pattern after. I had always considered the loggers' lot a hard one, but from that time on I began to envy their fortune.

Our two weeks was drawing to a close, and how short the time seemed! All felt like staying a month longer, but business would not permit. As we packed our camp kit a little stanza of some old angler came in my mind, and I thought from the sweetness of the taste of our bass that they had dined likewise:

> "These little trout have dined on naught
> The past six months but what they ought—
> That is to say, the little sinners
> Have swallowed soft-shell crabs for dinners."

Our return trip was pleasant. How the ripples seemed to

beckon us to return as we took our last look at the river from a bend in the road. Some one commenced to hum "Say Au Revoir but not Good-Bye" and you could hear the chorus fully a mile away. It was the most pleasant trip in the recollections of the party. Our thoughts went back to the schoolboy days, and, as each related some little story of his first catch, I wondered if we would meet again the coming summer.

Now, one last word of advice to campers. If you want to camp and do it right, make your camp rules, appoint your workers, and let every member do the work assigned him. You will all enjoy yourselves in that way, and each and every one will have a share in the duties as well as pleasures of the camp, and you will come home with no bitter feelings, but will vote camping a success. STILLY.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XLII.—Leonard Jewell.

THE name has an unfamiliar look as I write it, for no one called him anything but Len or Old Len. When I first met him, in 1874, he was nearly sixty years of age, tall, broad-shouldered, active and powerful, without an ounce of superfluous flesh. As related in the last sketch, he was the favorite guide of Mr. D. H. Fitzhugh, of Bay City, Mich. Their relations were much closer, however, for there existed a friendship between them only broken by death, if then, for Plato says: "True friendship between man and man is infinite and immortal." And this was a case of the truest friendship, and between men mentally and physically as unlike as possible. One light-hearted and jolly, fond of good living and companions; the other a taciturn man of the woods, satisfied with the simplest camp fare, if there was plenty of it.

The grayling were not rising well. "I'll tell you what to do," said Len, "I'll pole over to the weeds and get some caddis. Put one o' them on the hook, let it sink and you'll get 'em ev'ry time."

"I'll do no such thing. We came out to take them with the fly, and as they don't seem to care for the oak fly to-day, nor the black-prince with a tinsel body, I'll keep on changing until I've tried every fly in the book; but I decline to use bait."

"It's cur'us; that's just the way Dan talks, but when I go a-fishin' I want to catch fish; if they prefer bait to flies, I give 'em their choice."

"How about net and spear, Len; they are the next steps down. If these grayling refused fly and bait, would you net 'em, or spear 'em, in an any-way-to-get-'em fashion?"

"Years ago I would, but not now. I've been with Dan so many years, and he's showed me how to fly-fish, an' I've seen so much of skinning streams for market that I'm dead sot ag'in it; but in square, hook an' line fishin' what's the difference?"

"I see that your education has gone on well under Dan, but you haven't learned that one fish taken with a fly is more satisfactory than a dozen taken with bait; the bait-fisher is only a fellow craftsman, while the fly-fisher is a master of the art."

He evidently understood the allusion, and after a moment's thought asked: "Ain't your flies bait? What does a fish think they are unless they're something good to eat?"

This philosopher of the woods had asked a question the answer to which was perfectly clear to me, but would not be to him. A grayling rose at my royal-coachman and was hooked. I thanked the fish, mentally, for it relieved me from an immediate answer; and as it was reeled in and boated I called attention to that particular fly and thought it might be successful again. But Len was not to be put off. He repeated the question, and my only refuge was:

"O, bait-fishing for trout or grayling is dunghill fishing!"

"That's just what Dan says, an' I've talked with him often on the subject; but as long as you use light tackle and feel the fish fight as you reel it in, there seems little difference whether you deceive it by a hook concealed in a worm or in a bunch of feathers."

The mists of the morning had rolled up from the river, light clouds were reflected in the water, and the grayling began rising, but would not notice the royal-coachman, and I changed back to the yellow and brown-oak fly with success. "Len," said I, "when Dan and you go out after snipe and woodcock and you happen to see the bird that the dog points, you would not shoot it on the ground, would you? You would put the bird up and kill it in the air, if you could, and be proud of your skill. Isn't that so?"

"That's so, sure; but I never thought of comparing that with catching fish. Perhaps the two are something alike, after all. I wouldn't shoot a woodcock on the ground, and outside of seeing the dogs work, finding the birds and knocking them down, I don't see why men talk so much about woodcock. Dan has 'em cooked and asks me to eat 'em, but I'd ruther have ham an' eggs. They're very good, but too small to pick and bother with."

"That's a thing that every man decides for himself; but if we were in camp and there were just ham and eggs enough for one and an equal amount of woodcock, Len, we would never quarrel over the division. Pole me over to that sand-bar, quick!"

Fitzhugh's boats had wells in them for keeping fish alive. The cover formed a seat and had two holes in it, one to drop fish through and the other to run an anchoring pole through the bottom of the boat into the river bottom when required. Len did not know what I wanted, but we were under way in an instant, he following the motion of my hand. I had seen a long, snaky-looking thing swimming rather laboriously toward the shallow and naturally wanted to know what it might be. As I dipped it up in the landing net it proved to be a *Necturus*, "mud-puppy" or "water-dog," called by Len and the lake fishermen a "lizard." It was a good-sized one, about 16in. long, and its bright outside gills were perfect. This is the animal found every year and described as "a four-legged fish, the like of which was never before seen." They are plenty in the Great Lakes, but not so common in the rivers.

"Kill it, and throw it ashore for the minks or the meat-hawks," said Len.

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said I, dropping it in the well. "I intend to eat it."

Woodsman-like, Len made no reply to this. I had no idea that he believed me; he probably thought it some of my nonsense, but when I showed my capture to Dan and told him that I intended to eat it he asked if they were good to eat.

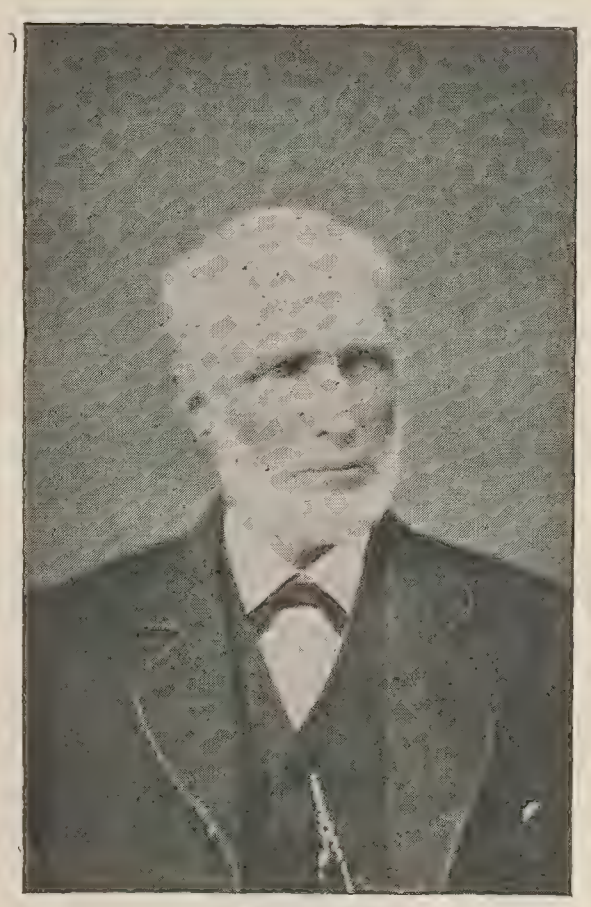
"Don't know, I never ate one nor heard of them being eaten; they're clean feeders, that's all I know. The thing isn't handsome, neither is a catfish nor a lobster, yet some man had the courage to eat the first one and I'm going to eat this one."

With an incredulous look Len said: "I'll skin it and dress it if you'll eat it, but I'd be hungrier 'n I ever have been afore I'd eat one."

The flesh looked white, and when dressed the animal somewhat resembled a squirrel, except for the long, flat swimming tail.

"I'll fry that thing after I fry the grayling," said Len, who now began to believe that the "thing" was really to be eaten, "an' then I'll scour out the frying-pan so's it 'll be fit to cook in again."

"Don't fear for your frying-pan, Len," said I, "this game is going to be roasted. Get me some wire and an ounce of salt pork and leave the rest to me." I cut the pork in strips and then into pieces 1in. long and larded the animal by cutting the flesh and poking in the pork, then by means of the wires roasted it before the fire, while Len fried the grayling. It was good. Dan looked at me curiously as I tasted it, but Len was disgusted. I assured Dan that it was good; he ate some, to the increased disgust of Len. Dan also called it good, and between us we put a polish on the bones and then wound up on grayling. The oft-quoted "woods appetite" is no creation of fancy. Often I think of it as I come to the table in the morning and try to eat, as a matter of duty, for in the city I never want breakfast, and wonder how it was possible to be hungry three times a day in the woods, and such hunger that never brought the least criticism on the cook, further than to let us have it now, and plenty of it. Pompey says of Marc Antony: "Epicurean cooks sharpen with cloyless



LEONARD JEWELL.

sauce his appetite," but there's something in the woods that renders epicurean cooks and cloyless sauces superfluous.

Dan Fitzhugh's love for Len Jewell is beyond my power to tell. If he said it once he did a hundred times, as he gazed on Len's powerful form: "Look at him! He has the face and form of a field marshal of France! Napoleon selected his marshals from just such men." A few years later he wrote me: "Come up and fish with us again. Old Len has forgiven you for eating a lizard and wants to hear some more of your yarns; he likes 'em, for you know he's not much of a liar himself, and often asks when you are coming up. The dear old fellow! he looks more like a field marshal every day. How I would like to dress him up as one and have his picture!"

In this connection I will say: The photo here presented was hunted up for this occasion by Mr. E. A. Cooley, of Bay City, Mich., a warm friend and companion of Dan and Len, who inclosed the photo in a letter last fall, and said: "It's old Len plainly enough, but a little more sleek and well-groomed than we usually saw him, still it is a good picture. I would have preferred one as we usually saw him in camp, but I think this is the only one now in existence." As I look on this picture and on that of Alvah Dunning there seems to be a family resemblance. Is there a type of man who by nature is forced to live as a woodsman, or does the life of a woodsman form the type?

Len was a single man; if he had ever married no one knew it, for he would never talk of himself. He had traveled over the pine lands for lumbermen and the hardwood lands for prospective settlers, and knew all about what every square mile of northern Michigan was worth, for either lumbering or farming—the pine lands being worthless after the timber was cut, because the soil was too sandy for cultivation, and it never grew a new crop of white pine. This was Len's business as a land-looker, and with his axe and a load of provisions on his back he remained in the forests for many weeks, adding to his commissary by his gun or his fish lines. Self-reliant, he lived in the woods for months without a base of supplies or a place of abode. An approaching storm was noted in time to find a hollow tree, and the brooks furnished fish at all times. His knowledge gained in such a summer campaign was his capital, but in his old age he preferred the lighter service that Dan Fitzhugh desired, and so it came about that the giant woodsman and the sportsman entered into a partnership where there was no balancing of books.

If Len Jewell ever drank anything stronger than coffee I never knew it, and can't, at this late day, remember that he ever smoked; but no man is free from "habits" of some kind, and Len, so Dan told me, blew in a good part of his earnings in a game that is called "poker," where they say three or four jacks can overpower two or three kings or queens. It must be an anarchist sort of game that wouldn't work in Europe, but perhaps Len was working for the restoration of the empire and the realization of Dan's dream that he should be a field marshal.

A letter from Mr. Fitzhugh in 1877, says: "Come up next year and try the Manistee. Frank, Babbit and Len were in my office yesterday, and other friends dropped in; they all want you to come up again. All spoke well of you except Len, who holds a grudge against you for eating that 'lizard.' He said: 'A man that'll eat a thing like that when there's good, Christian grub in camp, and plenty of it, is wrong in his mind, and liable to do something that you don't expect.' If you ate that thing, as I did, to horrify Len, you succeeded, but he doesn't blame me in the least. I read him your kind letter and he sends his love. He is very well, and looks more like a French field marshal every day. In full uniform he would shine as a handsome man, but perhaps my love for him makes me partial."

When we went on our third trip the object was pure sport, untempered by fishculture, as it was late in September; and then I saw my error in saying that a grayling never leaped from the water; but the statement is on record against me in the book, "Fishing with the Fly," and may be quoted by others. Len shook hands cordially, and his honest face lighted up in a manner that showed that my ichthyophagic idiosyncrasies had subsided into innocuous desuetude, only Len would have reduced this proposition to its lowest terms and it would have come out with the same meaning. For the third time Dan put Len in charge of my fortunes, while Archie Babbit, of Grayling, looked after him. Dan was not well, his old enemy, gout, had assailed him, but seemed to be withdrawing its forces, and he thought he could stand the trip. On the way down the Au Sable, which, by the way, is always given the French pronunciation of "Aw Sawble," with accent on the "Saw"; I asked Len about his carrying Dan on his back for twenty miles through the woods once when gout had attacked him on the river, and he said:

"Yes, Dan took sick and I had to get him out of the woods; the river was high and I couldn't pole him up less'n two days, so I took him on my back to the railroad and went down to Bay City with him, and then came back and brought the boats and camp up to Grayling. What else could I do?"

The giant woodsman spoke of it as one would speak of a day's work that was a trifle harder than usual—but just give it a thought. Dan Fitzhugh was a well-fed man of perhaps 160lbs., I am guessing at this and may be 30lbs. short; but Len Jewell took him on his back through a wilderness where there was no trail, over logs and under fallen trees, until he laid him down in Hartwick's Hotel, at Grayling. The daily pay of a guide does not include such service, and it was a feat that not one guide in 1,000 could perform, if he were inclined to try it. If I sketched Dan Fitzhugh correctly in my last article, you will know why his relations with his guide were not at all mercenary, and if the sketch of Len Jewell is complete I'll leave you to think it out, it's beyond my pencil to explain.

We took many grayling, but a fishing story is not intended further than to say that in the fall the yellow-bodied flies, like the oak-fly, did not seem to be such favorites, but the grayling seemed to prefer the brown ant, red spinner and cowdung, while I took several on that fly so abused by those who contend that a fly should represent some living thing, a red ibis. Frank Endicott, Dan Fitzhugh, Wakeman Holberton, Charles Hallock and other anglers have reviled this fly because it has no living representative, and have more or less gently deprecated its use. The fly will take trout, at times, and on that account I use it. Gentlemen, what more do you require of an artificial fly?

The patches of scrub oaks which had sprung up where the pines had been cut, or where fire had killed them, were turning red and yellow; and some distance back from the river was a tract of hard woods which Len directed me to as I went forth with a gun for ruffed grouse, or "partrige," as Len called them. I brought in four and saw three deer, and was tempted to take the rifle next day and get some venison for camp, a meat that was always a favorite, and is to-day.

Len was a rheumatic, Dan was gouty, and they were content to fish. I had not killed a deer since my trapping days with Antoine Gardapee in the early 50's, and after a few sighting shots sallied forth to renew an acquaintance with deer stalking, which I once thought to be a grand sport; but also with the idea of varying the camp menu, which was good enough as it was, but no matter how good any fodder is a change is always welcome. The grouse was a treat, although we had a change of food every day; and a prospect of venison was also a treat, even if none was to be had. The day was young. The sun was at my back, and for an hour I kept my shadow in front, making for the spot where the deer had been seen. The country was rolling, but so wooded that no prominent land-marks could be seen, and in the absence of a compass my shadow was the only thing to rely on for direction. No fresh deer tracks were seen. Noon came, and by a little spring I ate the whole of a roast partridge, half a loaf of bread, some corned beef and baked beans, rations for an entire day at one feed.

Several grouse, a raccoon and some fox-squirrels offered shots in a tempting way, but I let them pass. I could not find a deer, nor a track fresh enough to follow. I was tired, and a dry pine log offered a seat, and it was accepted. The day was quite warm and I may have dozed, but after a while something awakened the dozer from his semi-hypnotic state, and there was a deer leisurely walking along, not 50yds. away to the windward. As the rifle spoke the deer dropped, and the mighty hunter whose game found him rushed in, reloading as he went. It was a doe, and both fore-shoulders were broken, and she looked at me. That look haunts me to-day. Two great pleading eyes, with tears in them. Yes, tears; I'll swear to them, although all the hunters and scientists in the world say that only man sheds tears. If it is impossible for a deer to shed tears, then the ghost of that doe shed them for years afterward. I'm telling this story, and I say that doe looked at me with tears in her eyes. Æsop's fable of the boys and the frogs came up.

I felt guilty, but in mercy there was only one thing to do. If I could have put that animal on its legs there and then, there would have been no venison in camp. The day was passing; soon my shadow would be gone; but as the sun went down a star in the south came out, and by keeping

that to my right I reached the river, and an answering yell told the direction of the camp.

Said Len: "How is it that you're so hungry; I thought you took out grub enough for two days. Didn't you see a deer? I had my mouth fixed for venison."

"Len," said I, "give me something to eat. What you put up was only a bite for a hungry hunter. Yes, I saw a deer."

After I had engulfed half a gallon of bean soup and destroyed half of a boiled ham I said: "Now that I feel like a giant refreshed with wine, Len, I don't mind telling you that I killed a deer some ten miles west of the river, and I'll show you where it is in the morning; but I feel like a murderer, and if you or Dan want any more butchering done you may do it yourselves, I am too tender-hearted to do it. I'll catch the cold-blooded fish, but I'll be blessed, I think I mean blessed, if I'll kill another deer and have it look at me in that way."

Dan lay in the tent smoking, and said nothing. Len poked the fire, and after a while said: "Dan tells me you have been a soldier; did you feel as soft as that when there was fightin' goin' on?"

"Not by a mill-site, Len; the case is different; in one case your own life is at stake, and in the other you are safe. Without giving a lecture to you, let me say: In our civilization it is necessary that some men shall be butchers and others shall be undertakers. I have no taste for those respectable occupations, and can say, with Iago:

> " 'Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
> Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
> To do no contriv'd murder'."

Dan raised up on his elbow and said: "Len was a soldier also, and if he had been with Napoleon would have been a field marshal, for the little corporal said that every soldier carried the baton of a field marshal in his knapsack. But just what you and Len are quarreling about I don't know; you seem to have got into a sentimental strain. You go out one day and kill a lot of grouse and then you come into camp in a maudlin condition over a deer that you have killed. Really, I fail to understand the case."

"Dan," I answered, "the case is not to be understood by explanation. No argument will reach it. When I was a boy I killed every living thing except mankind, and thought it sport. I valued my own life lightly. To-day I decline to kill a quail because my dog may bring a wounded bird for me to finish. I can shoot grouse or ducks which come to my hand dead, and I prefer to have a deer come and lick my hand in the Zoölogical Gardens to killing it. As we get older we think more of such things, and that's all I've got to say about it. The deer is there; I'll show Len and Babbitt where it is in the morning, and if you want any more venison for camp you can't get me to kill it."

Len had listened to this talk, but the sentiment, for it was sentiment, was lost on him. After considering it awhile he said: "I s'pose you wouldn't eat any of that venison after what you have said about it."

"Yes I will."

"Well, I can't understand you at all. You can kill some things for sport and food and can kill and eat a beastly lizard that was never meant to be eaten. What's the matter with killing a deer? Wasn't they made to eat?"

"Let that go, Len, it's a notion of mine, and I'll never kill another deer. But I will not promise about lizards."

That was my last deer, some fourteen years ago, and the look it gave me lingers yet. My desire to kill lessens year by year, and a desire to breed and preserve game birds and animals takes its place. For many years my flock of semi-domesticated wood-ducks and other wildfowl was a delight as I watched them hatch and rear their young, but an enforced removal to the city ended that pleasure. There are women who kill deer. That is something that concerns them and which I have no right nor inclination to criticise. There is a little woman who is very dear to me who has taken the life of a mosquito after provocation, but I doubt if she could kill anything else.

Talking in this strain to Dan Fitzhugh after the deer had been brought in and dressed, and we had ordered the rib-chops for our dinner and all the remaining chops saved for us, for Len, like all woodsmen, preferred the hind-quarters, Dan said: "As I get older I begin to feel as you do about taking life, especially of the more intelligent animals, like deer, but to Len and all woodsmen a deer represents a certain amount of meat. They can't understand why you should enjoy spring lamb and mint sauce and yet object to killing the lamb any more than you should decline to pluck the mint. There is good sound reason for their views, for our ancestors, who in the pre-historic times fought the cave bear for tenement rights, had no such scruples as we have now. All this is the effect of education which tends to make us consider the rights and feelings of others, a perfectly unnatural state of affairs. Self interest is the only natural thought of natural man or other animals."

"My dear Dan," said I, "you are right. It has been a purely selfish thing on your part that has made you pay all the expenses of three trips for me to fish and shoot in northern Michigan with you. If we only do things for our own selfish benefit, as you say a man should, how can you justify yourself for such expenditures as you have made for me, Seth Green, George Dawson, Charles Hallock, Prof. Milner, Thad. Norris, and others."

"My dear boy, the companionship, the communion with kindred spirits and other things can't be reckoned in cold cash. Look at Len standing there like a statue. He is in my employ, but no money could pay the grand old man for his untiring devotion to me. If he outlives me he will be made comfortable in his old age."

At this time, in 1883, the actors in this comedy were men past the middle age; Len Jewell was sixty-nine, Dan Fitzhugh was sixty, and the writer was a mere boy of fifty. Therefore, there was a diffidence in pressing opinions on subjects connected with the killing of game; but Len had no sentimental objections about such things.

Len was in the Union army over three years, but on this, as on all other things, he would turn the conversation from himself.

Leonard Jewell died Jan. 20, 1886. Mr. E. A. Cooley writes: "The old man had no relatives, and few, if any, intimate friends. The last thirty years of his life were devoted almost exclusively to the service and companionship of Uncle Dan. Dan and I were with him when he died. When Dan and Len and I were on the Nipigon together in 1884, about halfway between Camp Alexander and Cameron's Pool, we found (alongside the trail) a little spring of the clearest, coldest, sweetest water I have ever tasted. About half an hour before old Len died he indicated that he wished a drink of water. I poured out a cupful of Lithia water from the bottle standing by the bedside, raised his head, and he took a sip of it. As I laid his head back on the pillow, in a voice so faint that I could scarcely hear him, the old man whispered, "It don't taste much like our spring on the Nipigon." And I have no doubt that the old man's last thoughts on earth, as probably his first ones in the next world, were of some fishing excursion which he had had with Uncle Dan."

Later Mr. Cooley sent me Len's military record. He enlisted as a private Dec. 18, 1861, in Co. A, 14th Michigan Infantry, and was honorably discharged April 6, 1865. Mr. Cooley says:

"Len was always a very reticent and reserved man, who never spoke of himself or his own affairs even to those who knew him best. I presume that, next to Mr. Fitzhugh, I have been with the old man more than almost any other person here, and I never heard him speak in any way of himself, his previous history, family connections, or anything of the kind. I do not even know whether he was ever married, nor where he came from, nor what his ancestry might have been. He had evidently spent the greater portion of his life on the outer edges of civilization; had had extensive intercourse with the Indians; must have been a hunter and trapper for a good many years; and from some things which I have observed, I should infer that at some period he must have been employed in a trading post trading with the Indians. He must have been a sailor, too, at some period, as he was a past grand master of the art of handling sailboats of all sizes and descriptions; and I have seen in his possession a kit such as sailors use in making or mending sails, and he was very expert with the sailmaker's needle."

Under the heading, "Len Jewell is Dead," a Bay City paper published the following:

"The above headline will be read with sincere sorrow by all the acquaintances of the deceased. He died at the Bay City Hospital yesterday morning after an illness of about ten days. Leonard Jewell was born in Rome, Oneida county, N. Y., Feb. 25, 1815, and was, therefore, in his seventy-first year. He came to Bay City in the fall of 1844, and has since resided here. He enlisted in the 14th Michigan Infantry, Company A, at the breaking out of the war, and was mustered out of service in North Carolina. He returned to Bay City and engaged in the business of looking up pine lands, which he has followed ever since. He was authority on pine property, showing good judgment and a remarkable faculty of estimating. He was very fond of hunting, and was acknowledged as being one of the best sportsmen in the city. He was a member of U. S. Grant post, G. A. R., under whose auspices his funeral will be held."

The G. A. R. post attended in a body and fired the usual volley over the grave of their departed comrade.

It is comforting to know that this grand, improvident man was cared for in his last days, and was respected in death as in life.

> "But when the warrior dieth
> His comrades in the war,
> With arms reversed and muffled drums,
> Follow his funeral car.
> They show his banners taken,
> They tell his battles won,
> And after him lead his masterless steed,
> While peals the minute-gun."

FRED MATHER.

SOME ONTARIO WATERS.

Gleason's Lake.

THREE of us made a trip on the Gateneau Valley Railway, forty one miles to Gleason's Lake, situated two miles from the station, and a jolly good time we had. There were G. B. Loveday and Fred Moore, of New York State, and the writer. We left Ottawa at 5:20 P. M. and reached Vanosta at 7:23, where we were met by Mr. Gleason with fine team and comfortable express wagon, and driven to his house, where our hearts were made glad by the sight of clean beds, etc., and well-spread table of goodies—as Mrs. G. remarked, "everything is home-made or our own raising."

The lake is about one mile long, half mile wide and 200ft. deep in center. We were up at 4:30 to look out for the "good places." We spent some time sailing around and trying our luck, and things were (in our minds) beginning to look sort of blue, when G. B. L. had a strike, played, and landed a 4½lb. bass. F. M. came next with another beauty, and I, well, I never saw what got on to my line, for down he went on a rush, and after running out between 30 and 40ft. of line there was a snap and he was gone, having broken a double salmon gut leader. Luck! Well call it what you like. G. B. L. and F. M. had not been idle, having landed three more beauties. Then I had a pull and knew I was fast to something good. It proved to be a 2½ft. maskinonge. We went back at 8 o'clock for breakfast and a rest.

Out again in evening (5 P. M.) we took three more bass and one maskinonge. We kept this up for three days, and (having kept our fish alive in a box) we counted up—thirty-five bass and five maskinonge—the best string my companions (G. B. L. and F. M.) had ever seen. Bass run very large in this lake—2 to 5lbs.—and we only had one less than 2lbs. It is a very handy place to reach, with fine scenery, clear water in the lake and pure fresh air. Several other lakes near at hand where both speckled and large gray trout abound.

Wilson's Corners.

Wilson's Corners are about sixteen miles from Ottawa, and are reached by either G. V. R. R. or vehicles. There are at least fifteen lakes within five miles, and good trout fishing in them all. There is a fine brook of pure crystal water at the Corners, where I spent three hours one fishing day. I walked up the road for about two miles, when I looked into the brook, which makes a long circle around the mountains before it strikes the Corners.

It is a pleasant walk when one is properly equipped. I wore hip rubber boots, a cool, light-fitting coat and short pants (just long enough to connect with boots) and did not exert myself, so making it a pleasure instead of hard work. When I reached the Corners I counted my catch of sixty-seven trout between 8 and 10in. in length. Of these I took thirty-four out of one hole and fifteen out of another; the rest were stragglers from under logs, stumps and banks. I hooked quite a number of smaller ones, but put them back into the brook for another time.

McGary's Lake

is situated twenty-five miles from Ottawa and two and a half miles from the station of Wakefield. From a distance of half a mile this lake looks like a mud pond, being surrounded by rushes, and the water is of a darkish color, but there is fish there, as I found out. It was a warm, balmy morning, with indications of rain. I breakfasted at The Shanty, and went down to the lake with my gun, where we shot two gray ducks and one very large black duck. Then we built a float of old logs, and going out on the lake fished for about three hours and only got two trout, when it began to rain. I went on shore, assumed long rubber boots, a rubber coat over all, and slouch hat, and went out again. Noticing a spot at the mouth of the creek where there was some rising and commotion in the water, I paddled over to the spot and started in. I have had sport before, but this surpassed anything I had ever seen or heard of. In two hours and five minutes I landed 104 trout, and lost several through not being properly hooked. Largest one, 1½lbs; smallest one, 9oz.

E. T. L.

MASCALONGE, PIKE, PICKEREL AND PIKE-PERCH.

From the Report of the New York Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests.

THIS country has long been notable for the confusion which exists in the common names of its fishes, and it is doubtful if any amount of instruction on the subject will correct the evil of calling a fish by a name which does not belong to it, and never should have been applied to it. The Latin name of the large-mouthed black bass means that it is "trout-like" (literally, salmon-like), and it has a small fin, although it is not like a trout and it has not a small fin; but when the fish was first classified by a French naturalist, Lacépède, the specimen was sent from one of the Southern States, where the fish is known as a trout, and as the particular specimen happened to have a broken fin, the genus was baptized *Micropterus*, little fin, and the name must stick to the fish as long as it swims, because with scientists the law of priority in the classification and naming of fishes is as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians.

Admitting the justice of the custom of scientists regarding the scientific names of our fishes, is there any good reason why inappropriate and incorrect common names should be applied to our fishes and persisted in when the appropriate and correct names are pointed out? It is not alone incorrect names applied to fishes which cause confusion, but a variety of names are applied to the same fish in different localities. For instance, the pike-perch is called also wall-eyed pike, glass eye, horn fish, dory, jack, jack salmon, green pike, blue pike, yellow pike, white pike, okow, and, of all things, salmon! It is known also, locally, as Champlain pike, Susquehanna pike, etc. The cousin of the pike-perch, properly the sauger, or sand-pike, is called gray pike, ground pike, pickering and pickerel.

The rock bass is called goggle eye, red-eye, and lake bass. The blue-nosed sunfish is called copper-nosed bream, and dollarel. The crappie is called new light, Campbellite, bachelor, bride's perch, strawberry perch, chinquapin perch, and sac a-lai. The calico bass is called grass bass, barfish, bitterhead, tin-mouth, sand perch and sac-a-lai; but it is not necessary to extend this list, except that I was recently asked to identify a fish called "silver bass, exactly like the black bass except in color," and found after considerable search that it was a name applied in Ohio to the mooneye or toothed herring.

In this State the statutes even err in the common names of some of our fishes. Pickerel are mentioned in the Game Law when the fish meant is really the pike, and the pike is mentioned when the law really refers to the pike perch. A gentleman asked some questions about the pike, and I replied to him and told him that apparently he was asking about the pike-perch, but he insisted that it was the pike. However, when I asked if the fish had one or two dorsal fins he replied that it had two, which is characteristic of the pike-perch, and not of the true pike. For the purpose of identification three figures have been prepared, showing the characteristics that are constant in the mascalonge (which is sometimes called a big pickerel and great pike), the pike and the pickerel.

Without regard to color or other markings, each of the fishes named may be identified from the peculiarity of scale formation shown in the accompanying cuts.

The mascalonge, the pike and the pickerel have each the same number of fins, placed in the same position on each fish, as will be seen in the colored drawings in this volume. The mascalonge has scales only on the upper part of cheek and gill covers, as shown in Fig. 1. The fish may be the mascalonge from the St. Lawrence River, with round brown spots on a light ground, or the mascalonge from Chautauqua Lake with blotches or splashes of brown, or it may be without spots of any kind, and it may be called Chautauqua pike, or Kentucky River or Muskingum River pike, and yet it will be a mascalonge and have scales on cheek and opercula, as shown in Fig. 1.

The colored drawing is made from a Chautauqua Lake mascalonge, for that is where the State hatches mascalonge, and this is the first time that a specimen has been figured correctly. It was reported to me that some of the Chautauqua Lake mascalonge were spotted like the St. Lawrence River fish, and I asked Superintendent Annin to investigate the matter, and I quote from his letter reporting to me: "I am inclined to think, and believe I am correct, that all the mascalonge of Chautauqua Lake are marked in the same manner. I secured three specimens, which our men thought were the spotted variety, as they call it, and sent two of them to Dr. Bean; and he says they are the same as he had last fall and the same as you have for the report. You know that oftentimes you will find a fish coming out of the same lake, only from a different bottom, which will be marked and colored differently, one from another. This, I think, is the explanation of the reported difference in coloration of the Chautauqua Lake mascalonge. The only round brown spots on the Chautauqua Lake fish are those found near the tail and along the belly line." This to me is conclusive, although I was informed in great detail that the fish of different ages or of different sexes have been taken with different markings, some with round brown spots and some with blotches almost like vertical bands, as shown in the colored plate.

The State hatches upwards of 3,000,000 of mascalonge annually, and there are demands for them for waters in which it would be unwise to plant them, and all such appli-

cations are denied. Mascalonge are hatched in boxes sunk in the lake and provided with double bottoms and tops, so that the eggs may not be eaten through the wire meshes by other fish. About 97 per cent. of impregnated eggs are hatched, and with the water at 55° Fahr. they hatch in about fifteen days, and it requires about the same length of time to absorb the umbilical sac of the fry. The fry when first hatched are extremely helpless, and a prey apparently to every living thing in the water. The ovaries of a 39½lb. mascalonge weighed 5lbs., and one female of 36lbs. yielded 265,000 eggs, although all of her eggs were not obtained. In spawning these large fish it is a rare thing, comparatively, to injure one of them.

The pike is commonly called pickerel in this State; there is a marked difference between the two fish. The pike grows to a weight of 50lbs. and more, as one was recorded from Ireland the present year of 54lbs. in weight. Our pike and the European pike are the same. The cheek and gill covers of the pike shown in Fig. 2 will explain how the scales are placed; they cover the cheek and part of the gill cover. The pike is the fish sometimes called the great northern pike, although a claim was made a few years ago for this title for the unspotted mascalonge.

The pickerel, proper, is a small fish as compared with the pike, as it averages in weight from 1½ to 2½lbs., and one of 5lbs. is a very large fish. Fig. 3 will show how the scales are placed on cheek and gill covers, extending over both.

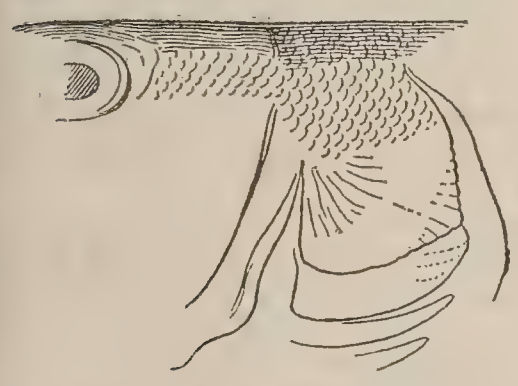


FIG. 1.—MASCALONGE.

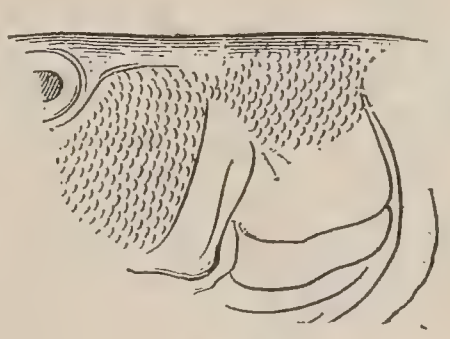


FIG. 2.—PIKE.

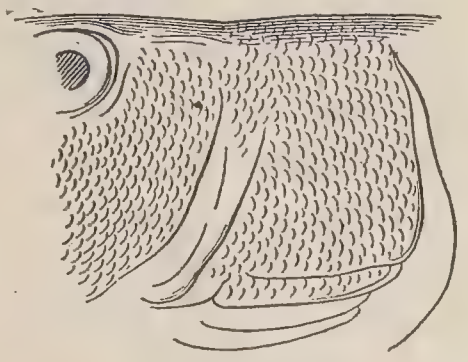


FIG. 3.—PICKEREL.

PART OF CHEEK AND GILL COVERS OF MASCALONGE, PIKE AND PICKEREL.

The fish are of the same species, and exactly alike structually, but one fish is spotted with spots that are nearly round, while the other has oblong spots, and the dark lines are more regular in the pond fish than in the river fish.

There is no good reason for confounding the pike perch with the pike, as one look at the colored plate will show the former fish with two dorsal fins, while the pike has but one. The pike-perch are hatched artificially by the State in large numbers, and it is an excellent food fish as well as a game fish to be taken with hook and line. The pike and pickerel are not hatched artificially in this country, but the pike is cultivated in Germany by artificial methods, and is more highly regarded in Europe than in America.

The reason for this is that we have such a great number of so-called game fishes that are considered superior to pike, that it has been relegated to an inferior position; and still the pike has its loyal adherents who regard it highly as a rod fish, and as a table fish. Should any one be in doubt about the species of the fish named, and desire to fit the fish with its proper name, the plates here given will prove a sure guide.

A. N. CHENEY, State Fishculturist.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

News in the Elevator Boy.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 22.—I found a bit of news in one of the elevator boys in this building the other day, which may be of use to the fish warden of the State of Wisconsin, if he cares to take advantage of it. The boy asked me when I was going fishing again, and I told him it didn't look as though I ever was going any more. "I saw a whole lot of fish caught this spring," he said, "up at Jefferson, Wis." "How was that," I asked him? 'Oh, it was pike," said he, "hundreds of pike; more fish than I ever saw in my life before. You see there is a dam there, and these fish were trying to get up over the dam. It was just after the ice went out. The men had nets and seines below the dam, and they dragged the pike out by the wagon load. Of course it was against the law, but they did it just the same."

Yes, it was against the law.

The Temptation of Trout.

St. Anthony was a good man, albeit sorely tempted, according to the traditions. If they had tried him with trout methinks he had fallen. Any man who has a drop of sporting blood in his veins will forsake family, business, home and honor to follow off after this subtlest, supremest and most dangerous of all temptations, which commonly, as doth the bullhead, in the end stingeth like an adder. I have spent more time, and been thrown down harder, chasing the elusive trout idea through far-off woods than has ever been my fortune in any other branch of activity. Yet I am always ready to go again, and when I can't go I want to go, and feel badly because I can't go out and fool myself again. This, I imagine, is the common experience of mankind.

It is not a common experience of mankind, however, to have so tempting a trout temptation come at him as that conveyed in the letter received from Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich. Mr. Mershon asked me to join him for a few days' fishing on Kinne Creek, the waters of the Pere Marquette Club, near Wingleton, Mich. The route to this country from Chicago would be by way of Milwaukee, thence by Flint and Pere Marquette boat to Ludington, which is only about an hour's ride by rail from Wingleton. One can leave Chicago in the afternoon, and be on the stream at 7:50 the following morning. Mr. Mershon says that he was on this stream two days last week, and got ninety trout. Six rods on the stream took 480 trout in four days. No fish were taken except upon the fly, and all fish under 7in. are returned to the water. When I add that Mr. Mershon states that there is always a pleasant party at the comfortable club house, I have perhaps said all that is needful to give an idea of the acute form in which the temptation of trout in this case attacks me. I don't see how I am going to escape running over there some night. There is a nice little crease which nature has deeply indented in the skin at the heel of my hand. It just measures the 7in. limit for a trout. Thus it seems to me obvious that nature intended I should sometime fish a day on Kinne Creek. At any rate I thank Mr. Mershon for his temptation.

The Temptation of Bass.

Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss, of Fox Lake, Wis., knows where there is a good fishing hole for bass, and he is good enough to add to my unhappiness by asking me to come up and help catch some of them. I am sure he will allow me to give in full his interesting letter:

"FOX LAKE, Wis., May 17.—Do you know how to catch a black bass? If so and you will come up here, I will take pleasure in showing you black bass until you can't rest. Our lake is full of them, but we farmers don't know how to catch them except an occasional one on a spoon hook or still fishing with a live minnow. Our season opens next Tuesday, 25th inst., and I would be pleased to entertain you and give you some good fishing. You may not remember me, but I called on you once a year or so ago, and belong to FOREST AND STREAM family, so it don't cut much figure whether you remember me or not. You are entitled to all the sport I can give you, and I will be glad to give you a day or a week at it, as you can spare the time. Will also show you a partridge (ruffed grouse) setting on a nest of twelve eggs, if you get here by the 25th. I have tried three times to get a picture of her, but my kodak don't seem to be able to make a picture of her, it is so dark on the ground where she is setting. I have snapped her three times without getting a picture. She lets me get within 6 or 8ft. of her, and then not to get a picture is hard luck. She sits still enough for me, and I snap away at her; then if I don't get a picture she must think it is my fault, and I guess it is. Bring your camera and I'll guarantee you a shot at her.

"Fox Lake is on the C. M. & St. P. R. R., about 150 miles from Chicago. You leave Chicago on the fast mail about 4 A. M., and get here at 10:30, or leave there at 11:30 A. M. and get here at 6:30. Can get back at 10 P. M., leaving here at 4:30, so you see you can make the trip in one day if you can't put in any more time.

"There is good pickerel fishing here, too, and the boys are getting lots of them, trolling.

'Do you know Johnson, the man who makes flies in Chicago? If so, bring him along. He promised to come up three years ago, but never got around to it. I have forgotten his name and address. Will guarantee to show you any quantity of black bass, and if you can't catch them, will give you pickerel fishing, and if that is too swift, will fill you up on perch. Come up and see us anyway, and if I don't show you lots of black bass I'll pay your expenses and $20 a day for your time."

It is too bad about Mr. Hotchkiss and his grouse, for I should very much like to add his picture to the interesting data of similar nature already in the possession or FOREST AND STREAM. As to the black bass, I imagine they are vulnerable in Fox Lake, as elsewhere, though there, as elsewhere, trolling and still-fishing are about the poorest ways to catch them. If Mr. Hotchkiss will get a nice basket of speckled frogs, and learn how to shoot them off a casting reel to a distance of 25 to 30yds. from his boat, he will be pleased to see the eagerness with which his advances will be met. A cloudy day, with a little wind, is better, and the best places to fish will be at the edges of the bulrushees and lilypads, not in very deep water. If the day is warm, the best time will be from 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon until dark. A little later in the season the same bass will rise to the fly in the evening in the shallow water over clean sand bottom close inshore. I should very much enjoy having a go at these bass with Mr. Hotchkiss some time.

Fishing Country.

Mr. M. B. Proctor, of Kansas City, Mo., wants to go fishing in Wisconsin. "I would prefer," he writes, "to go to some place in Iowa or Minnesota, which are more convenient to reach from here, but don't believe I can find the fishing in those places as in Wisconsin."

If Mr. Proctor will write to Fay L. Buck, Manitowish, Wis., he can make arrangements for good mascallonge and bass fishing. I think he is mistaken, however, in supposing that there is no fishing in Minnesota, although it is true that the best of fishing in Iowa is a thing of the past. If he will look up the advertisement of Habbekona Camp, in Minnesota, he can get into what I take to be new and very good country in Minnesota.

Nearby Fishing Points.

Bass are this week biting in fine style at Wilmington, on the Kankakee River, and are biting fairly well at Momence, on the same stream. At Fourth Lake, upper Illinois, they also bit well this week, and large catches continue to be reported from Cedar Lake, Ind. Mr. R. Miller was at Fox Lake, Ill., this week. He struck a bright, calm day, and had poor success. He says the bass are now on the spawning beds in those waters. Fox River continues a little bit muddy, but should offer fishing this week.

The Rockport Tarpon Country.

Dr. Frothingham, of this city, is just back from a fishing trip to the now celebrated tarpon country of Arkansas Pass, at Rockport, Texas, where he took four good tarpon, and his wife also got one good fish. He reports the water a trifle muddy and not in perfect condition for the sport.

Mr. S. M. Sutherland, of this city, perhaps holds the record of tarpon fishing at Rockport, where he took six fine fish in one day. Mr. Sutherland inaugurated a curious custom in tarpon fishing which might be emulated by others. Instead of gaffing his tarpon and landing them in the boat, he went ashore and beached his fish. Then he fastened to the back fin of each fish a little tag of phosphor bronze bearing his name. He replaced in the water eight tarpon thus tagged, and now he is waiting to hear from them again.

Rockport, Texas, was known as a tarpon point apparently to but a few local anglers at the time Dick Merrill and I discovered it four years ago. Since then it has attracted considerable attention through one channel or another, and now it is visited by a great many tarpon fishermen from all over the country. There is no doubt that it offers far better tarpon fishing than the best points in Florida, which long claimed a monopoly in this sport. If all the tarpon anglers follow Mr. Sutherland's example, the visible supply of tarpon may not seriously be decreased.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

SILKWORM GUT.

REDDITCH, England, May 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We noticed in your April issue, just to hand, an article on silkworm gut, and in reply to it would say the tackle dealers in the States have just the same chance of getting the first whack at the gut as the English tackle dealers, as they know the manufacturers and the grades of gut which are made.

There is very little of the highest and thickest grade to be had at any price, and we find that as a rule the tackle dealers, with the exception of a few, go in for cheap grades of gut, whereas if they would deal more in what is termed in the trade Maranas and 1st. Padron, it is our opinion that it would suit black bass fishing much better and be far more reliable than the cheaper qualities, such as Regular and 2nd. Padron.

As to the very long gut, there is nothing made 40in. in length, and such has never been produced to our knowledge, the average longest length being about 17in., and very little is produced up to 22in. most of which is too fine for fishing in the States.

There is no difficulty in obtaining the finest gut if tackle dealers will pay the price for it.

S. ALLCOCK & Co.

United States Consular Agent Theodor Mertens, at Grao, Spain, transmits to the State Department the following notes on Spanish silkworm gut:

"An article of perhaps no little interest to many persons in the United States and of some substantial importance to Spanish industry is the so-called gut from silkworms. This is useful for fishing purposes, partly on account of its great tenacity and partly owing to its transparent quality, the line attaching the hook when in the water not being visible.

"Since the decline of silk culture in this country the industry of making these silk threads has increased, leaving the peasants some profit; the prices, however, fluctuate according to the value of the silk. The higher the price of silk the fewer silkworms are used for fishing lines, and vice versa; yet about 4 per cent. of the silk grubs are destined yearly for the above-named purpose.

"The manner of obtaining this thread-like gut is as follows: After the grub has eaten enough mulberry leaves and before it begins to spin, which is during the months of May and June, it is thrown into vinegar for several hours. The insect is killed, and the substance which the grub, if alive, would have spun into a cocoon is forcibly drawn out from the dead worm into a much thicker and shorter silken thread, in which operation dexterity and experience on the part of the laborer are important. Two thick threads (from each grub) are placed for about four hours in clear, cold water, after which they are dipped during ten to fifteen minutes in a solution of some caustic, for which purpose soft soap dissolved in water is used here. This serves to loosen a fine outer skin, which is next removed by the hands, while the laborer holds the thread between his teeth. The silk is then hung up to dry, care being taken to choose a shady place, as the sun has the effect of making them too brittle afterward. In some parts of the country these silk guts are bleached with sulphur vapor, which makes them look beautifully glossy and snow white, like spun glass, while those naturally dried retain always a yellowish tint.

"The quality of the gut is decided according to the healthy condition of the worm, round indicating a good quality and flat an inferior one; also, the length is important, thirty-two centimeters of fine, useful thread being sometimes made. The thickness depends also upon the condition of the grub. It is found to be as much as one millimeter in the Spanish insect, while those from Italy and Greece produce very fine and thin gut strings. These are, to some extent, imported here and sold again by weight at from $50 to $60 (United States) per kilogram. About 40,000 to 50,000 threads are in each kilogram. The Spanish production is made up neatly in bundles of one hundred threads and sold by ten such bundles, or one thousand threads, at about $4 for the round kind and $1.50 to $2 for the flat kind.

"The time for selling this article wholesale is during January, February, March and April; the retail trade is during the summer months and fishing season. Although Murcia is the principal place of this industry, yet most sales are made outside of that city.

"The peasants of Murcia raised their prices upon the slightest demand, which drove buyers from the place; the peasants now go every year with their goods, packed in boxes, up and down the entire coast of Spain on the Mediterranean as far as France. Valencia is considered the best market.

"Orders from firms abroad should be given only to reliable persons here, who, at the same time, understand this article well. Direct negotiations with the traders should be avoided. This article offers too little opportunity for fraud.

"This United States consular agency is willing to answer any inquiries from American firms and will place them in communication with a reliable commercial house here."

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, May 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We send you scores of the bait-casting to-day. On account of the high winds prevailing, the other competitions were declared off. Bait-casting: C. Babcock 85ft., L. F. Crosby 69ft., B. W. Goodsell 82⅘ft., L. Goodwin 82⅕ft., E. D. Letterman 89⅖ft., C. A. Lippincott 89ft., G. A. Murrell 96ft., H. A. Newkirk 81⅗ft., F. N. Peet 92⅖ft., J. E. Strong 76⅗ft., J. H. Smith 88ft., J. Haskell 94⅘ft.

The medal holder for bait casting is Geo. A. Murrell.

GEO. A. MURRELL.

For Pere Marquette Waters.

SAGINAW, Mich., May 17.—Just came back from a two days' fishing at the Pere Marquette Club. Our stream is literally alive with trout this year. Had a couple of invited friends along, not expert anglers; there were six in the party, and in two days we took 480 trout. We are allowed to retain nothing smaller than 7in. I think this speaks well for our stream. They are not liver-fed fish by any means, but are as wild as hawks. We simply plant fry and yearlings every year in the stream and nature does the rest. W. B. M.

ON NEW ENGLAND WATERS.

Boston, May 22.—It has been a great week for fishing parties and fishermen. A great many are absent at their favorite waters, and a great many are going. To date the reports of catches are not particularly encouraging, if one reads between the lines of the many newspaper reports. A dozen failures should be put between these lines where one of the successes is mentioned. At the Upper Dam, Richardson Lake, Me., there has been a crowd of anglers, beginning to arrive as soon as the ice was out, but their success was poor. One gentleman fished faithfully six days with a record of six trout, the largest not over 2lbs. Another gentleman, from Lynn, fished a week and finally did obtain a trout of 7lbs., the largest of the season. He went up to the mouth of Mill Brook and fished one day. There were ten other fishermen there. He took two small trout, and others did no better.

At Rangeley there has been better sport than almost anywhere on the lakes of that name. But the crowd is great. General Passenger and Ticket Agent F. E Boothby writes me that he has a report from Rangeley stating that the number of sportsmen there is greater than ever before for so early in the season. He also has a report of a landlocked salmon being taken early in the week, weighing 10lbs. This is a very large salmon for that lake; but sportsmen who are watching the progress of salmon in the Rangeleys, since stocking with them begun, think that the size of the fish is increasing every year. It is very certain that the food for salmon, in the shape of smelts, is increasing. These fish have been introduced in the Rangeley waters but a few years—introduced by the Fish Commission, for salmon food. This spring a gentleman informs me that the water below the Upper Dam has been literally alive with smelt; something never seen before. He also states that the big trout could be seen following up the smelts, and seizing them as often as their digestion would allow. Apparently the trout were having a great feast, and they utterly declined to take the ordinary live minnow bait, or to rise to a fly, while the smelt lasted. The same feature has been noted at Bemis.

Reports from Moosehead are pleasing the hotel men this year, and one may easily be glad of it, from a business standpoint. Mr. O. A. Dennen informed me Monday the Tisdale party, of Leominster, Mass., had just taken a lake trout weighing 30lbs.; a monster, and about the largest one of which there is any authentic record from that lake. Good success is also being had with brook on that lake. The big Produce party left Boston for Moosehead Thursday evening. The party is to be joined by the Camp Comfort Club, from Pawtuxet. The present trip makes the fiftieth one to the credit of Mr. Edwin Smith—a veteran angler, surely; and may the boys all live to make as many trips.

Another Boston party of representative business men is off on a fishing trip this week, to the beautiful camps of the Inglewood Club, in New Brunswick The party is largely composed of members of the club, and will be absent for a couple of weeks. They left Boston Friday evening. There were at least thirty sportsmen on the 7:45 train from the Union Station last evening; not including the many persons "going a-fishing" quietly by themselves. Who will say that the love of sport with rod and reel is not on the increase.

Mr. R. A. Tuttle, proprietor of Lake Point Cottage at Rangeley Outlet, with his party, went up to camp on Monday. They had a through parlor car from Boston to Bemis. The remarkable feature was that such a car is being run to the very heart of the Rangeleys, reaching Bemis at 6 in the evening, only nine hours from Boston; then getting to The Birches at 7 o'clock, Haines Landing at 7:30, and over to camp by dusk.

The Duck Lake Club left Boston Friday evening for the Schoodics. The club, under the management of Mr. H. O. Underwood, has three camps at the Schoodics, one at Grand Lake, one at Pleasant Lake and one at Duck Lake. At one or the other of these camps the club members are almost always sure of fairly good fishing, as fishing goes nowadays. Word just comes in from a Boston gentleman that he has taken a salmon weighing 20lbs. at Grand Lake, or in that vicinity. It is suggested that such must be a sea salmon, if the report is true, since the landlocked salmon of the Schoodics do not grow to that size.

Mr. J. Otis Wetherbee is out from his trip to B Pond, where he has had good fishing He has been accompanied by Mr. Bayard Thayer and Congressman Simpkins. Mr. George R. Hall, of the Adams House, Boston, is just in from Moosehead, where he has had excellent fishing. A noble string of trout fell to the lot of his party. On the trip Mr. Hall visited Castle Harmony, Harmony Lake, where he found cold weather and poor fishing. Mr. James G. Wildman, with the two Foster Brothers, have returned from Moosehead Lake with a string of sixty-two good trout. Mr. Wildman says that he took a great many fish on the Stanley smelt, Sebago pattern. E. P. Mason has just returned from Bemir, where he did not have great luck. Mr. Harry Percival, of Bemir, says that the water has been alive with smelt, even at Bemir, and that many of them have been floating dead on the top of the water. On these minnows the trout have gorged themselves, and have not taken to other bait. In the maw of one trout of 2½lbs. thirteen of these little smelt were found.

Mr. Louis Cabot, of Brookline, goes to his salmon river, the Grand, P. Q., June 1. For his guest he has Mr. G. H. Richards, who doubtless believes he is particularly fortunate in being invited to the "best salmon river in the world."

Mr. D. H. Blanchard and Mr. E. Rolin Jones are on a fishing trip to the latter's beautiful camps at Winnepisaukee.

Special.

Moosehead Lake.

Bangor, Me., May 22.—S. L. Small and Dana Crockett, of Dexter, at the thoroughfare between Sugar Island and the mainland near the place known as McNear's, fished an hour and captured four trout, the combined weight of which was 14lbs. The trout weighed 5, 4¼, 2½, 2¼lbs.

C. C. More, of New York, is enjoying some great fly fishing, killing twelve, fourteen, and even up to thirty trout a day.

A laker weighing 29lbs. was captured off Norcross Brook last Saturday, at 11:30 in the morning.

The Mohawk Fishing Club is having good luck. Monday the club's catch was sixty-seven, ex-Senator Jacques landing the largest fish.

George Emmett, of Attleboro, Mass., has captured his full allowance and has the record for the largest square-tailer thus far. It weighed 4¾lbs. dressed. Mr. Emmett has fished most of the time off Green Island.

Sebec Lake.

Great catches of landlocked salmon are reported from Sebec Lake. The Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game visited the lake the first of the week and report numerous catches of fine fish. Geo. M. Houghton.

Some Maine Waters.

Dixfield, Me., May 23.—I have just come home from a two week's trip over a large section of the State, visiting Sebago, Sebec and Moosehead, besides many places in Aroostook county. We could only stop a day in a place and had but short time for fishing. At Sebago I only had one-half day, during which I hooked and landed four salmon; smallest 4lbs., largest 10½lbs. Also hooked two others which I lost. Messrs Carleton, Oak and myself had one day at Sebec Lake, taking in all fifteen salmon of 3 to 4lbs. each.

At Moosehead a party of eight of us took 250lbs. in one day, mainly lakers. This would almost seem to stamp us as fish hogs; but after examining the stomachs of some of those lakers, I have no compunctions in that direction. I saw one opened, weighing 8¼lbs. as he was caught, with two good-sized shiners, one white fish and a trout of at least 1½lbs. In another there was certainly a pint of smelts.

We found it too early for fly-fishing, as the weather thus far has been very cold and the season late, although Mr. Oak succeeded in rising two or three at the outlet. We caught our fish by trolling with the Stanley smelt—we could not get them with anything else. At Moosehead and Sebec Messrs. Oak, Carleton and myself ran two rods each—one baited with Stanley smelt, Sebago pattern, the other with live minnow. Every strike we had was on the smelt.

To-morrow I go to Auburn Lake, where some very fine salmon have been taken this spring of 4 to 9lbs. The last of this week we go to Rangeley. At all of these places we have hearings, and only get a day or part of one to try the fish.

June 1 we are called to Grand Lake on fishway matters, starting with canoe at Duck Lake, through Bottle, Dobsis lakes and others to Grand Lake Stream, and home via Calais and Princeton. Will try and find time when I return to let you know what incidents of interest occur on the route.

June 21 we go to Rangeley at the meeting of the Maine Fish and Game Association; from Rangeley to Parmachene, to hold hearings in regard to streams and ponds in that vicinity. H. O. Stanley.

New Found Lake.

North Dumbarton, N. H., May 22.—Recently, while at New Found Lake, N. H., I saw a fine string of landlocked salmon which were caught by a party of three during the week. The fish weighed from 3 to 10lbs. I also saw the record of the same party for a number of seasons, showing some very large fish—trout up to 23lbs. and salmon up to 13lbs. C. M. Stark.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

Boston, May 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The last regular meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association before the vacation season was held at Young's Hotel last evening, and in spite of the fact that a considerable number of the members are already in the woods and on the lakes indulging in their favorite pastime, there was a large attendance. And it was good to see the veterans—those who have passed the chairs, so to speak, ex-Presidents Wiggin, Clarke and Samuels—still on deck and eager to further the work of the Association. There was a business meeting of the board of management at 6 o'clock, Col. Rockwell, the president, in the chair. Secretary Kimball reported on several matters of correspondence with various parties upon subjects connected with fish and game protection; he also read a letter from the Boston Curling Club offering the use of their house and grounds on Fresh Pond in case the Association might desire to hold a fly-casting tournament, and it was ordered that the courtesy be acknowledged and accepted. The idea seemed to strike several gentlemen favorably, and it was voted to refer the matter to a special committee to consider and report upon it later. It is probably too late to do anything in that line this season, but something may come from it another year. Col. Rockwell suggested the advisability of having printed a sort of prospectus setting forth the objects and aims of the Association, to be distributed where they might do the most good, and the subject was referred to the publication committee. Secretary Kimball called attention to the demand for copies of the cloth poster issued by the Association giving the close dates and all kinds of fish and game and he was authorized to procure a further supply for general circulation. Upon the adjournment of the board the supper room was visited, where upward of seventy-five members with a few guests took seats. The meal over, a brief business meeting was held at which the following members were elected: A. H. Gillis, A. L. Kidd, George W. Gale, S M. Smith, T. B. Parker, G. H. Gray, W. P. Bruisseau, G. W. Tufts, T. F. Galvin, B. Herbert White. President Rockwell then opened the speech meeting in a few remarks and introduced Hon. H. N. Shepard, a well known member of the bar, who gave a very interesting talk upon "Lake St. John and the Ouananische." Mr. Shepard at once disclaimed being a fisherman, but said he did love the woods, the lakes and the streams, and he was always ready to go whenever he could into new and strange countries in search of the beautiful and wonderful in nature; the Lake St. John country filled the bill in these particulars, and of course to the fisherman it is a very paradise. While on the subject of this particular fish Col. Rockwell followed with a brief narration of his experiences at the Grand Discharge, and said that he didn't think much of the gameness of the ouananiche. Mr. James Murray Kay was the next speaker, and he gave a very interesting talk upon "Salmon Angling" as well as upon the habits and peculiarities of the *Salmo salar*. Incidentally he remarked that a man who fishes for the score is not a sportsman but a barbarian—a sentiment that was loudly applauded. Mr. St. N. Church, of New Bedford, spoke for the men who use the rifle as well as the rod (but rather prefer the rifle), and the meeting, a really profitable and enjoyable one, was shortly after brought to a close. Wm. B. Smart.

Iowa Fishing Season.

Charles City, Ia., May 16.—Iowa's fish law expired the 15th, and many parties were out to try their luck in the Cedar River at this place. As far as reported, quite all were more or less successful.

Among the best catches were fifteen black bass, the two largest weighing 4 and 4¼lbs.; eight pickerel, ranging in weight from 2 to 6lbs.; while the largest one hooked for the day reached 15lbs., 42½in. in length, being caught a few miles below the city. Very few pike were taken, although the riled condition of the water would seem to favor their biting better than the above-named varieties. Vane Simmonds.

RHODE ISLAND SEA FISHING.

Providence, R. I., May 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A number of squiteague, which is one of the most delicious fish of these waters, have recently been taken in traps in Palmer's River, Warren, but none have yet taken the hook. Striped bass and perch are also taken in the traps.

The tautog season in the upper bay is waning, and the fish are moving down the bay. They have commenced to mate, and although the amateurs still make catches off the old Beacon, Sabin's Point and Bullock's Point lighthouses, the majority of the fish are further down the bay, at Conimicut Light and that vicinity, where some large catches are reported. Horace H Franklin, of this city, caught a 7-pounder here on Friday. One weighing an even 18lbs. was caught the same day off Price's Neck, Newport, which establishes the record for this vicinity. George Waterman caught one below Pawtuxet weighing 13lbs. and another of 6½lbs. His catch for that day (19th inst.) was nearly 100lbs. Tautog are most uncertain fish, and while generally biting best on the ebb tide, are liable to bite in any weather and on any day. This season they have been running very well. The fishermen who have once tasted the joy of hauling in a good-sized tautog with either hand line or rod and reel will never forsake the sport for anything else so long as the tautog are running.

Fish Commissioner John H. Northup took a party down the bay Tuesday on a fishing trip. The party consisted of James C. Collins, clerk of the Fish Commissioners; Judge James Harris, of Smithfield; Attorney General Tanner, Jas. T. Lockwood, Benjamin Hill, Charles I. Northup and Elihu R. Shippee. A pleasant trip was made, and about 100lbs. of tautog were caught; Benjamin Hill catching the largest, which weighed 7lbs.

A fine 30lb moose was born at the menagerie connected with Roger Williams Park on Wednesday last. The parents are a pair that were purchased of a famous old trapper and hunter of New Brunswick, named Philip Sellick.

P. P. Dodge, of this city, caught a tautog weighing 11lbs. 7oz. off Bullock's Point lighthouse Monday.

Messrs. Brown and Lillibridge, two well-known fishermen, of Saylesville, went down to the southern part of the State on the 15th, trout fishing, and were very successful, exhibiting on their return ninety-seven of the speckled beauties as the result of their outing. All were fair-sized fish.

W. H. M.

The Trout in Nova Scotia.

Halifax, N. S., May 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the last ten days or more a heavy fog has obliterated this section of the country, the intermissions being taken advantage of by showers, and the sad tones of the fog bell on George's Island has been a fitting accompaniment to the growls of those fishermen who love not to wrap themselves in cold, wet oil skins and sit for hours in a wetter boat.

Nevertheless, the lakes have been spotted with the more enthusiastic and also the market fishermen, the latter, usually, at this time succeeding best, as they are least fastidious in the choice of lures. The Mayfly is rising to an extent that makes the artificial almost useless. Last week I saw within a radius of 10ft. of our boat six large trout out of the water at the same time, and although we had flies on our casts very closely resembling the real, we were treated with damp contempt.

My companion, Mr. Eagar, a resident and experienced sportsman, informs me that when the ephemera cease to rise, the following few days will be magnificent for fishing, and he is now in communication with several lakes, awaiting the word.

About three weeks ago we tried the lake and runs near the Fourteen-Mile House, remaining two days, and although the conditions were quite unfavorable, we brought back twenty-three fine trout, the largest weighing 2½lbs.

Three local fishermen returning from Musquodoboit Harbor about the end of April, report the fishing first-class, but the roads dreadful. They brought in forty two trout, averaging about 2½lbs., and two salmon, weight not given.

There were also exhibited in the windows of a couple of tradesmen, on May 5, part of a fare of 140 trout, killed at Mill Lake, Hubbard's Cove, the largest marked 4½lbs., and he looked it. The Saturday markets are full of flabby-looking trout that sell from 20 to 60 cents a string of half a dozen.

We expect the grayling to run in about three weeks, and I anticipate some rare sport. I wish Mr. Cheney was up here. I feel certain he would break his grayling record.

H. M. Rosenberg.

New York Black Bass Law.

The new law signed by Gov. Black last Saturday makes the open season for black bass or Oswego bass June 15 to Dec. 31 inclusive. This applies to the entire State with the exception of the Thousand Island waters, where the open season is June 9 to Jan. 1, and waters of town of Horicon, where the season is July 10 to Jan. 1.

The Black Fly and Mosquito.

Actual test in the Maine woods last season convinced me that two-thirds pure tar and one third vaseline, well worked together, is a perfect repellent to black flies and mosquitoes. Two or three applications a day are sufficient, and soap and water will effectually remove it. H. S. C.

Last week two wires that run from the station telegraph office in Portsmouth were found to be crossed. William Ballard, the railroad lineman, was notified, and he found the trouble about two miles west of the city. It was caused by a small steel trap with about 2ft. of chain attached to it. The chain was tightly wound several times around the two wires, bringing them in contact and rendering them both useless. There were blood and feathers on the trap, and it was probably done by some large bird getting caught in the trap and flying off with it attached to its leg. In its flight the chain hanging below caught upon the wires, the sudden jerk winding it tightly around and liberating the bird. Mr. Ballard says it was the strangest cross he has seen in fifteen years as a lineman.—*Manchester (N. H.) Union.*

A family in this town moved not long ago into a house which was found to be infested with rats in great numbers. All the usual remedies were tried in vain. After the family were nearly in despair a friend advised them to get a pair of rabbits and let them run about the house. The rabbits were brought to the house and the rats left. The Pied Piper of Hamelin was not more effective. It is a good thing to know this method of ridding a house of rats, but each one must decide for himself which is worse about a house—rabbits or rats.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The Kennel.

SCHOOLING THE DOG.—I.

[This paper is the first of a series on the education of the dog as it relates to sport with the gun in field shooting. The subject will be fully treated in all its details.

IN the education of the dog, as in the education of boys and girls and men and women, there are no educational systems which compensate for ignorance and inefficiency on the part of the teacher, or for incapacity on the part of the pupil. There must be ability to convey knowledge on the one hand, and on the other an ability to receive it, else there is no proper progress. The mental capacity of the dog and the knowledge necessary to serve him through life are infinitely less than those required to serve man, but none the less his manner of acquiring knowledge is much the same as man's. Still, while the manner of it is similar, the dog's sources of information are much narrower, for, being of a lower order of intelligence than man, and having no power of speech worth considering in this connection, he can learn only from repeated, direct experience.

Man learns much from his fellow man through the medium of speech, besides having the knowledge of the world to draw upon, as preserved in writings. The dog's lessons, as between teacher and pupil, must always be object lessons. Continued discourse conveys no knowledge to him, as it does between man and man.

This is considering the matter in the narrow scope as it relates to teacher and pupil. It may be possible to show that the dog has faculties of a higher order than the mere recognition and relation of objects; but he must acquire his knowledge before he is able to apply it, and the matter of acquiring it is what is herein considered; hence, without going into any abstruse treatment of the objective and subjective, it is sufficient for the purpose to ignore herein the more intricate phenomena of mind.

Thus, any system held forth as having some inherent virtue, whereby a dog will be trained quickly and thoroughly regardless of his capacity to receive a training or the trainer's ability to give it, denotes that the claimant of such system is either very simple in the matter of which he treats, or is not very scrupulous as to his manner of treating it.

Every one cannot train a dog, but every one can try to train, and after trying he will know more about it than if he had never tried; in fact, without having tried, one will never know definitely whether he can or cannot train. Nor are there any men who are born trainers. Some men may have a natural aptitude for it, and learn it quickly and accurately, as they learn anything else quickly and accurately for which they have an aptitude. Contrary to common belief, therefore, the training of a dog is not one of the things which come intuitively. In theory, every man knows a sure cure for his friend's cold; what is the correct thing to do to start a balky horse, and without a moment's thought he can give an *ex cathedra* opinion on any great public question of the day—and they are all very good as theories. If they fail consecutively a thousand times in practice, they are equally as good to serve again on occasion.

The more inexperienced the man the more impractical and opinionated he is certain to be. If he be experienced and correctly practical in certain specialties he may be visionary concerning those of others, of which he has little knowledge. It is not strange then that nearly everyone thinks he can train a dog.

Nor is dog-training a matter of set forms, and arbitrary methods of applications on the part of a competent trainer, though the beginner generally proceeds on the theory that he has but to learn a method by rote, and the application of it is a matter of course. A method of training, as set forth in books, may be thoroughly efficient so far as a method can be expressed in words, but there is much beside all that, and essentially supplementary to it, which the beginner must acquire by observation and experience and which he must learn for himself. Having the theory accurately set forth, he must thus qualify himself for its practical application, and in applying it, nothing is more important than a thorough understanding of the dog himself; that is to say, the understanding on the part of the trainer of the dog's capacity to understand and of what the dog understands of his teacher's purposes; and he should be able to judge of the dog's peculiarities of character. If the dog is incapable of learning quickly owing to stupidity, or, though highly intelligent he from obstinacy refuses to learn, the former would need the most patient consideration; the latter, due consideration with unremitting firmness, and perhaps punishment. Yet the novice would be likely to use the same set method in the same way on both, and also on all others. There are hundreds of little differences of dog character and capabilities to be considered, and until the trainer reaches a point of discernment where he can perceive, understand and take advantage of them, his attempts as a teacher will be but little more than mechanical. He may, now and then, have success with a dog from the accident that the set, arbitrary method happens to fit the dog's peculiarities, but it is merely a happening. With a little thought over it, it is clear that it is palpably absurd to apply one set method to the nervous, the stupid, the intelligent, the lazy, the timid, the diligent, the fast, the slow, the weak, the strong, etc. Such must result in many failures, and the best success will be moderate.

Methods should be modified to the circumstances of each individual case, compromising with the idiosyncrasies of the pupil, and applying with a view to securing certain results and not with a view to preserve arbitrary methods of teaching. By kindness, and preserving the dog's interest, always keeping progress within his capacity, success will be the result in every case where it is possible. There will be failures betimes, as in cases where the dog is mentally weak, so much so that he is a dullard, or understanding what is taught him for the moment, he cannot remember it from day to day; or if he is proficient in learning, he may be too indolent to work afield, so that if trained he is merely a trained loafer; or he may be well trained and diligent yet incapable of good performance, owing to the functional powers of the nose, as an organ of scent, being deficient or absent. In such cases the trainer is powerless to correct the dog's shortcomings, also he may not be able to recognize the cause of the trouble, and therefore the greater need of close and careful observation of details from the start.

No trainer can supply qualities which nature has omitted. To be able to determine nicely all these points requires close observation. A knowledge of dog character will come to a trainer after a certain experience, even if he is left entirely to his own resources, but such is from a long experimental experience; but what is learned slowly from many experiments, losses and failures could have been much better learned at the beginning from the observance of advice given in approved methods and the exercise of perception and judgment.

Thus having given some consideration to the dog, he next would act wisely in giving a great deal to himself. He will need to study himself from a new standpoint. As a teacher, he will find a new character in himself, differing essentially from his every-day one. As teacher he will find that he is irritable, impatient, and unreasonable in his requirements of the dog; that he becomes angry over the dog's failure to do in a few moments what the trainer directs, and that his anger increases when the dog shows utter ignorance of the language which the trainer knows so well Knowing the language himself, he does not consider that the dog is ignorant of it, and has to learn the sound of the order so as to keep it in memory, and next its meaning and its application. At this juncture the amateur generally falls to and gives the dog a sound beating, and calls the tumult dog training. At the next lesson the poor dog associates the whole affair with a sound beating, and is in a state of mind for anything else rather than receiving lessons.

When a dog's fears are aroused, or he is made to feel needlessly uncomfortable, worried and uneasy, his progress as a pupil is slow. If the lessons are made obnoxious to him, the trainer has succeeded in making him more intent on avoiding them or having them ended than in learning their purpose. With a violent teacher the dog's life is truly a sad one. Knowledge is then acquired under the most disheartening difficulties. Under the same violent conditions the teacher would rise in rebellion and implore the world to witness his wrongs. If, when learning his A B C's, the good pedagogue had told him the names of the letters two or three times, then failing to receive proper answer, had jerked him violently by his neck, kicked him in his ribs and slashed him with a heavy whip, he would have considered a lesson as something devoid of pleasure. The harshness and inefficiency so deterrent to the boy's progress and so harmful to his nature are equally so to the dog's. The same patient labor on the part of the teacher in dealing with the education of the boy is the same required in dealing with the education of the dog. Their manner of gaining knowledge differs but little. Punishment teaches nothing in the way of acquiring knowledge excepting that his teacher is an unpleasant person, and one to be avoided. Punishment serves in its place to prevent a dog from doing certain things, and that is the extent of its mission. It is good in its place as a preventive, but it develops nothing useful. But when it is applied for the reason that the teacher is angry, it is entirely outside of the purposes of dog training, though the teacher may imagine the violence is a part of it. Until the trainer can control his temper and fit his efforts to the dog's capacity and progress, he will be inefficient. And these things no one can do for him. His own judgment and self-control are his only reliance, as they are entirely outside the scope of any system.

A. K. C. MEETING.

THE regular quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club was held in its offices at 55 Liberty street, May 20.

There were present American Fox Terrier Club (H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.), Boston Terrier Club (L. A. Burritt), Butterfly Bench Show Association (D. E. Waters), Collie Club (James Watson), Irish Terrier Club (W. L. Beadleston), Metropolitan Kennel Club (G. M. Carnochan), New England Kennel Club (Edward Brooks), Pointer Club (George Jarvis), Southern California Kennel Club (C. D. Bernheimer), Poodle Club (H. G. Trevor), National Beagle Club (H. F. Schellhass), Gordon Setter Club (J. B. Blossom); Associates (G. W. H. Ritchie and A. C. Wilmerding). Vice-President Edward Brooks presided. Capt. Knocker was accepted as the delegate of the San Francisco Kennel Club.

The treasurer's report showed a balance of $4,018.66 on hand. The secretary's quarterly report was accepted and placed on file. The report of the advisory board (April 6) was read as already published, accepted and placed on file. The report of the Stud Book committee was accepted with the adoption of its recommendations, as follows: *Re* the pedigree of the black and tan terrier Pittsburgh Ben (38,195) on application of W. H. Davis, for the cancellation of this dog's registration, was refused, there being no evidence to support it.

Re application of Robert Walker, in the matter of the breeder of Dunrobin Ossian, Oswald, Noel and Torfrida, the committee recommended that the original entries be canceled, as they are wrong, and that Mr. Albion L. Page register them correctly, paying the fee the same as for an original entry. The wins and records of Dunrobin Ossian and Dunrobin Oswald to stand. Mr. Page was under a mistaken belief that he was the breeder, but on having his attention called to the error he asked for its correction.

The application of Fred J. Rommell, Chicago, for reinstatement was dismissed.

The committee recommended the suspension of Joe Saks, Washington, till he gives information concerning the pedigree of the fox terrier Dixie II., given as by Blemton Valiant—Belgrave Viola, which is thought to be incorrect. Mr. Saks had ignored the committee's inquiries concerning the matter.

The complaint of Wm. Grebe, *re* the breeder and pedigree of the corded poodle Black Prince (39,424), the committee concluded to permit the registration of Black Prince; not as now in the stud book, but by Tell (Othello—Desdemona) out of Flora.

Two other cases were mentioned by the committee which were not ready to be reported on, each being in respect to false pedigrees traced to Miller, of Westchester, Pa., who was disqualified last year. Endeavors to obtain the necessary evidence upon which the postal authorities could act have in previous cases failed, but it is hoped that in these cases the required affidavits may be secured.

The committee on rules reported that it has under consideration general amendments to the rules governing dog shows and clubs holding such shows. It will conclude its labors so its recommendations may be published in July or August. Mr. Vredenburg made a verbal report in behalf of the special committee appointed to confer with the special committee of the Canadian Kennel Club. He reported that the following had been agreed upon: That the C. K. C. should be the Canadian Advisory Board of the A. K. C.; that all questions relating to Canada should be acted upon by that committee or board, subject, however, to confirmation or appeal to this club; that every show held in Canada must be held under A. K. C. rules, and that every show held in Canada must pay the A. K. C. the sum of $10, the same as is exacted from A. K. C. members; that the A. K. C. cease receiving money for registrations; that all listings for Canadian show must be made with the A. K. C. This was agreed to by the C. K. C., with the following conditions: That so far as challenge classes are concerned, the A. K. C. should make the same exceptions in their favor that was made in favor of the Pacific Coast; that Canada should be entitled to a representation in the A. K. C. with three delegates, one of whom was to be chairman of the Canadian Kennel Board, and by virtue of that position he was to have a seat on the Executive Board.

As this memorandum was changed materially by the Canadian Kennel Club in its application, the agreement is still in abeyance. The special committee's report was accepted and placed on file, and further negotiation will be allowed them.

The following kennel names were granted: Bayonne, to Mr. Leslie A. Burritt; Beaumaris, to Mr. Bulkley Wells; Bridge, to Mr. J. H. Mullins; Dorchester, to Mr. C. C. Kammerer; Fashion, to Mr. H. Shearman; Golden, to Mr. J. B. Martin; Scaleby, to Mr. John A. Detweller; Shadyside, to Messrs. Frederick S. Stedman and W. F. Bender; Tippecanoe, to Mr. Joseph Missenheimer; Verona, to Mrs. P. A. Hearst and Mr. J. E. de Ruyter.

The charges of misconduct by Mr. W. L. Washington against Mr. Alfred Von Cotzhausen, and the complaint of Mr. F. P. Kirby in behalf of Mr. Walter Griscome against the National Greyhound Club for non-payment of the club medal, won at the late New York show, were referred to the executive board.

The secretary reported that he had requested the Pacific Advisory Board to investigate the question of Mr. A. Russell Crowell accepting money on behalf of the A. K. C. and forgetting to send the same to the A. K. C.

Mr. Harry Malcolm, on appeal, was reinstated.

The action of a judge on the Pacific coast in giving so many equal firsts and seconds and thirds was declared to be reprehensible, and was referred to the committee on rules.

The Bull Terrier Club of America was dropped from the roll of membership.

The question of the relief to the dog show clubs whose forfeits of $25 have been forfeited for violations of the rule, was laid on the table pending the report of the committee on rules.

The Seattle Kennel Club was dropped for non-payment of dues.

A resolution was passed as follows:

Whereas, It is reported in the public press that the British Board of Agriculture has issued orders restricting the importation of dogs from America, based upon the idea that rabies is prevalent here, and,

Whereas, It is well known to those most closely connected with dogs as owners that rabies is practically unknown in this country, and that alleged cases of hydrophobia arising from the bites of dogs claimed to be rabid are in nearly every case published for sensational purposes, and with no knowledge of the actual condition of the dog, and the alleged cure of such persons is therefore purely imaginary and mercenary, be it therefore

Resolved that a special committee may be appointed by this club, whose duty it shall be to obtain information of a reliable nature regarding the existence of rabies in the United States, by communicating with dog owners throughout the country, and by such further steps as it may deem necessary.

The chairman stated that he would appoint a committee of five, three of whom would be expert veterinarians, and two members of the club.

National Beagle Club of America.

AN executive meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, May 13. Members present: H. F. Schellhass, Chairman; James W. Appleton, George B. Post, Jr., A. Wright Post and G. Mifflin Wharton.

Voted that the eighth annual field trials be held during the week commencing Monday, Oct. 25. Carried, that the chair appoint a field trial committee, members of which will be published later. GEORGE W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

208 WEST EIGHTY-EIGHTH STREET, New York.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

From a correspondent we learn that the Manitoba Dog Owners' Association purpose having an amateur meeting, followed by the Manitoba Club, with the Continental switched between at the conclusion. The Northwestern will have a champion stake, the prize of which probably will be an illuminated Diploma (cost $25). In addition thereto Messrs. Walker & Sons will give a silver trophy costing $100. There will be no entry or starter's fees, and the winner will take the cup and diploma. Mr. Edward Dexter was invited to accept the patronship of the Northwestern Field Trial Club in place of the late highly respected patron, A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale. Mr. Dexter accepted, and said he was thoroughly in accord with the desires of the Northwestern Field Trials Club, viz., to have and hold field trials for the sake of encouraging sport in its purest and truest form, rather than from the usual incentive of a monetary consideration. The Northwestern Field Trial Club also think that in offering a trophy and diploma, with the reputation and story that go with such trophies, that their efforts will be appreciated by those who have a desire to find by an honest test if they own a champion, and especially when there is absolutely no expenditure in connection.

The doings of the A. K. C. afford a standard theme for some writers, in so far as they can find something to criticise adversely or something which can be forced to seem like error. Its beneficent works are rarely touched upon. When there is error, it is good and proper to point it out and disapprove it; but the manufacture of error is in itself a most reprehensible error. The latest "kick" against the A. K. C. action is in respect to the cancellation of the pug Hooker's win in the challenge class at the late St. Louis show. The rule governing such entry specifies that "it is necessary to specify on the entry blank a sufficient number of first prize winnings to entitle it to compete in such class until such time as it has won in a challenge class, after which one challenge win shall be sufficient." The entry of Hooker mentioned his eligibility as follows: "Winnings—First, New York, Chicago, St. Louis." Now that does not specify winnings "to entitle it to compete." It specifies *where* the winnings were, but not what they were.

No one can tell from the statement quoted above whether the dog won in open, novice, puppy or other classes. It is plain that the entry being so faulty the cancellation was just.

The premium list and entry blanks of the New England Kennel Club's open air dog show, to be held at the club grounds, Braintree, Mass., June 19, can be obtained of James E. Green, Braintree, Mass. Entry fee $1. Entries close on June 8. The club desires that those who are interested in dogs will aid and coöperate in making the show a success.

The kennel of the late A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale will be sold to the highest bidder at Aldridge's, London, on July 2. There are sixty-one all told.

N. Q. Pope, of Poland, Me., one of the oldest and most enthusiastic of fanciers and supporters of hound interests, died on May 13, of pneumonia, after a short illness. He was an active member of the Brunswick Fur Club and contributed much toward its success. He was on the point of giving up kennel interests, and a few days before his death he had promised all his dogs to Mr. A. McGregor, who had charge of his kennels.

Quite an important overhauling of the Boston Terrier Standard and Scale of Points is to be considered at a meeting to be held on June 4, at Young's Hotel, Boston, at 8 o'clock.

Mr. W. S. Bell, secretary of the Continental Field Trial Club, under date of May 22 writes us as follows: "Permit me through the medium of your paper to again call attention to the closing date of the Blue Ribbon Stake of the Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials. These will be held at Morris, Manitoba, and advice from there reports plenty of chickens, therefore we look forward to successful trials. The entries will close June 1. I hope owners and handlers will take cognizance of this and give us a bumper entry list."

Mr. J. B. Baker, New York, recently purchased Tony Gale, a dog of excellent merit, and joined interest with the Eldred Kennels.

We learn that Mr. W. S. Bell will judge the Blue Ribbon and Excelsior Stake of the Continental Field Trial Club. His long experience and satisfactory performances will assure that he will do the judging skillfully.

Mr. Robert Johnson, Newburgh, N. Y., Superintendent of the Orange County Bench Show, Middleton, N. Y., informs us that his club claims the dates Sept. 21 to 24.

At an adjourned meeting of the Western Canada Kennel Club held recently in the Clarenden Hotel, Winnipeg, it was decided to hold the club's annual field trials on Aug. 30 and 31 instead of Sept. 6.

Mr. J. J. Flynn, secretary, writes us under date of May 13 as follows: "Kindly say that the dates of the International Fox Terrier show have been cancelled, and that the show will not be held until later."

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable

WHEELING NOTES.

THE writer of a series of articles in an English photographic publication on stalking with the camera, uses his bicycle as a means of reaching his hunting grounds. The material assistance rendered by the wheel may be judged from a description of the apparatus taken into the field:

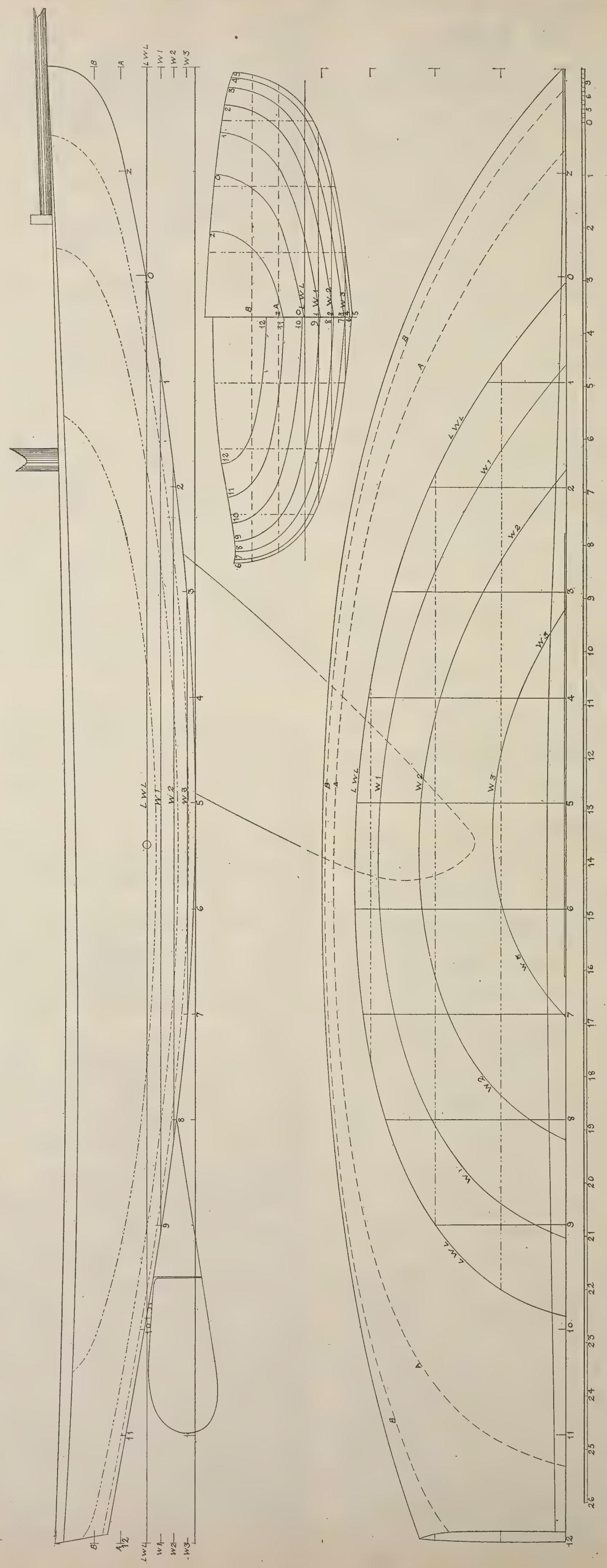
"As a matter of fact," he writes, "the camera I have used all last year, with lens, tripod and one double back, weighs 16lbs., besides which I generally carry eight more quarter-plate dark slides, two half-plates, two spare lenses, with a host of etceteras, and on working far from home perhaps two or three dozen plates and a changing bag besides. The whole of this heavy load when at home I pack on a bicycle until reaching the scene of the day's work, when the machine is left at some house or farm, or hidden carefully in a ditch and well covered over with grass and leaves."

The author of these articles devotes much of his time to photographing birds and small animals in their native haunts. He is an enthusiast at his work, and a picture in the article from which the quotation is made shows him up to his armpits in water focusing his camera, which is concealed behind a blind of twigs or some unseen bit of animate nature. His study opens up an interesting and convenient field for naturalists and lovers of nature. Even the commonest birds familiar to everybody well repay study and observation, and photographic records of their daily life are of value and a never-failing source of interest.

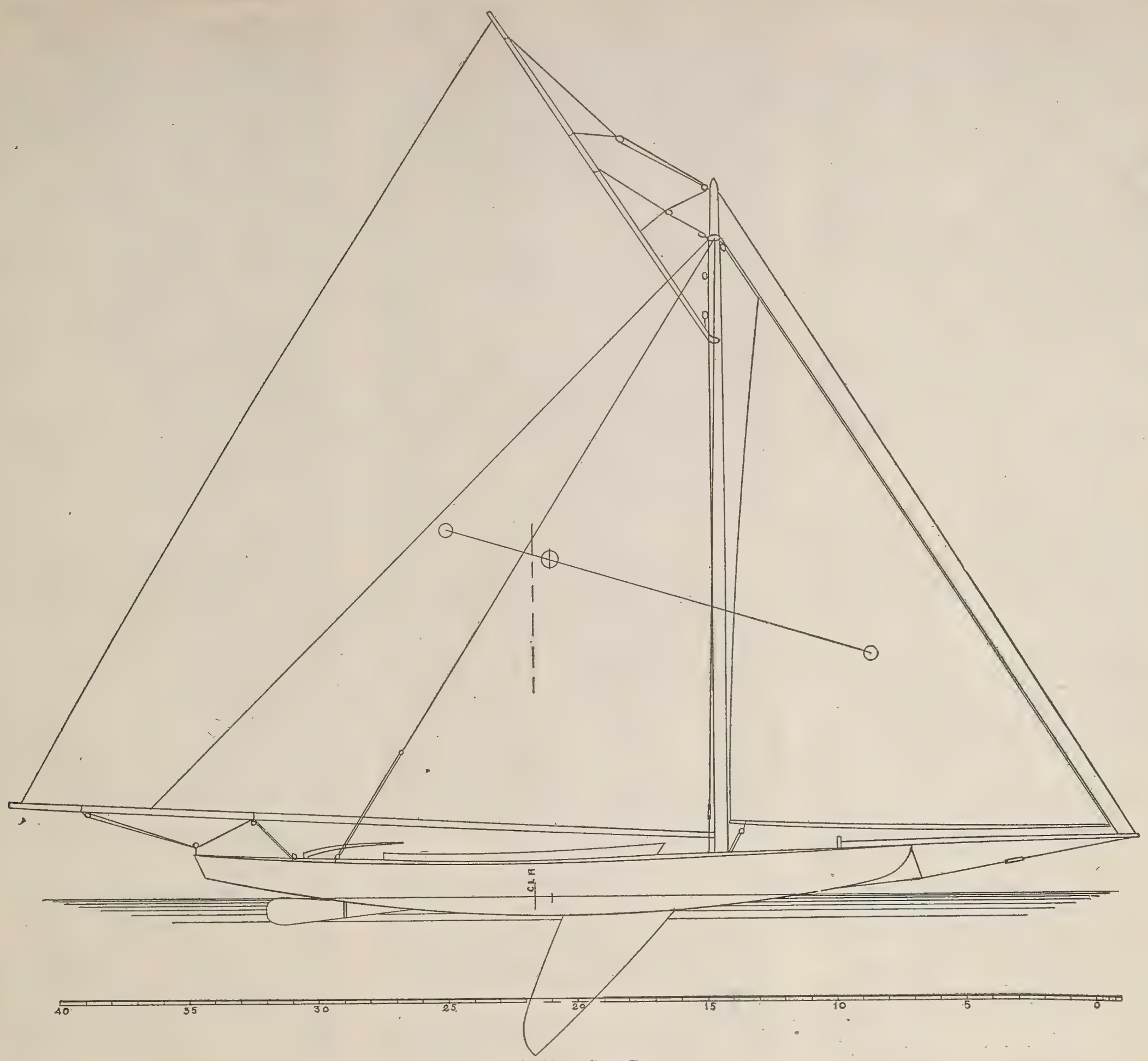
The story of a rider who couldn't mount his wheel when the repairer had accidentally changed the step to the right side was told in these columns some time ago. His was, perhaps, a rare instance for a rider of some experience. There are, however, at the present time many riders of last year's crop who have not yet learned to dismount from either pedal. Taking into consideration the fact that a bicycle travels from 15 to 20ft. at each revolution of the pedals, it can easily be seen that there are times when it does not pay to wait for the customary pedal to come around before getting off. Most riders can fall off in an emergency, but it is safer to be able to dismount properly from the pedal that happens to be in position.

Talk about being too old to ride! Really no one is too old.

We know of a lady ninety years young, as Holmes would have said, who, in compliance with a suggestion made by one of her grandsons, took her first bicycle ride on the birthday that opened up the last decade of her century. This old lady made the circuit of her grounds on a tandem, and said that she enjoyed the experience. And yet some youthful persons of fifty or sixty give age as an excuse for not riding.



HYPATIA. RACING SLOOP DESIGNED BY W. E. STARR FOR GWYNNE GARRETT, JR., 1896.



HYPATIA. SAIL PLAN.

Good saddle horses in the East and most plugs in the West are taught to guide by a pressure of the bridle rein on the neck instead of a pull on either rein. The best of the cow ponies are still more sympathetic to their rider's wish and are guided by an inclination of his body in the direction it is desired to go.

It should be the same way with a bicycle. Steering should be accomplished by a slight swaying of the body rather than by any sudden jerk or thrust of the handle bar. The instinct of the bicycle for guiding is incredibly fine and the response immediate. Conversely, only riders with a cultivated sense of balance can approach perfection in steering.

It is said that in France young men of a certain set now carry light canes when awheel. Thus the story goes, they can bring their machines to a standstill by leaning a little to one side and supporting themselves with the canes while they chat with some acquaintance.

The Connecticut man has a happy faculty for taking care of himself under the toughest contingencies of existence. Thomas Reed, of Meriden, who has just returned home, was one of the five Americans captured on the filibuster Laurada by the Spaniards. He took life in Morro Castle coolly for two months, and on his transfer to a military camp exercised his ingenuity and effected an escape, making his way from Cuba to Key West in a small boat.

His compatriot, Allison Gilbert, of Derby, passed last winter in camp on the banks of a small river in the interior of Alaska. He writes home that he expects to arrive in California next winter and will then start for Connecticut on his bicycle. What a small button this world is anyway, and what a boon the bicycle may be to the modern knights errant!

In a recent decision in a case before the United States Circuit Court for the northern district of New York, Justice Coxe sustained the Fairbanks & Berlo patent of May 9, 1893, on wood rims for bicycle wheels. The Court held that a marked improvement over existing types had been made in the wood rim, which required an exercise of inventive faculties, and consequently was justly eligible to the protection afforded by the Patent Bureau.

The existing type of carriage wheels, though using wooden rims, are constructed upon a different basic principle, depending upon compression spokes and an iron reinforcing tire, and though laminated felloes have been used the break joint and varying grain features of the patent are new, while the weight is carried by suspension spokes and pneumatic tires.

His honor closes by affirming that "the patentees have done much to make the modern bicycle a perfect machine."

Yachting.

VENCEDOR, the Chicago fin-keel, has been sold by Mr. Berriman to H. M. Gillig, formerly Commodore of the Larchmont Y. C., and owner of Romona, Gloriana and other yachts. Mr. Gillig will bring her on by rail and race her on the Sound. She will be canvased for the 60ft. class, to race with Wasp.

Mr. Duggan's Defender.

THE first of the fleet of 20-footers designed by G. H. Duggan to compete for the honor of defending the Seawanhaka Corinthian international cup was launched successfully on May 19 at Dorval. The boat is the one designed by Mr. Duggan for his own and Mr. Shearwood's use. Outside of the staff of builders those present were Mr. and Mrs. Duggan and Mr. Shearwood. The boat had stood on the ways all day blackleaded and varnished, and her shining surface scintillated in the bright sun and was the admiration of the few favored to look at it. The hollow mast had been set in place and the shrouds and such light rigging as is requisite was erected. When Messrs. Duggan and Shearwood arrived late in the afternoon the rudder was shipped, and then after some preparatory work the blocks were knocked away and the truck on which the yacht rested slid into the water and the boat floated gracefully in Lake St. Louis. The centerboard was next placed in its box, and after arranging the spreaders the boat was ready for its sails. The boat will be taken down the lake to Mr. Duggan's place, and the remaining arrangements will be completed there. She presents a neat appearance on the water, and looks as if she could travel at a pretty good clip in any sort of a breeze.

There are three other 20-footers on the ground in front of the yacht shed and one more in the shed, and all of these will be launched this week. Mr. Harrison B. Young's boat is on the way, and will go into the water to-day. Her mast and rigging have been placed on board, and her sails are lying in the grass on the club house lawn. The other two boats have been blackleaded and varnished, and are out drying, awaiting their spars. Of these five boats it is expected that all will be ready before Saturday, and on that day there will be a trial spin of the quintette.

Maida, the second of the Duggan designed 20-footers, was launched from the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. grounds at Dorval yesterday afternoon. Maida is the property of Harrison B. Young, and in general appearance is kindred to Mr. Duggan's own boat; but in detail there are a number of differences. Mr. Duggan's boat lies well out of the water, and has a big overhang forward and aft. Mr. Young's boat is broad and shallow; without the centerboard its draft is about 4in., and with the centerboard in position the draft is hardly more than 6in. The boat lies flat on the water, and is stiff, and the indications are that she will be the fastest of the five in rough weather or with a good blow. After being launched yesterday, the centerboard was swung on board and placed in the box. The board is quite a heavy one, and weighs in the neighborhood of 400lbs.—*Toronto Globe, May 20.*

Hypatia.

CENTERBOARD RACING SLOOP.

WE have once more spoken of the rapid change that has taken place in the middle West in the abandoning of the old fleet of sandbag sloops and catboats, imported from Long Island Sound, for smaller and more modern racing craft. This movement has been quite general for two or three years and is extending each year, every small lake in Wisconsin and Minnesota having a growing fleet of 15 or 20-footers, the local designers, both amateur and professional, competing with Herreshoff, Linton Hope and other well-known Eastern or English designers. The design here illustrated was sent to us privately for inspection; at our request permission was given to publish it. The designer is Mr. W. J. Starr, a yachtsman of Eau Claire, Wis., an amateur; the design was made and the yacht built for Gwynn Garnett, Jr., of Chicago, a member of the Green Lake Y. C., of Green Lake, Wis., where the yacht was raced last season.

The design is interesting from the fact that, though made in February, 1896, it shows a very full waterline and an appreciation on the part of the designer of those points of advantage which were developed to an extreme degree later in the season in the racing of the 15ft. class on Long Island Sound.

The dimensions are:

Length, over all	27ft.	9in.
L.W.L.	19ft.	6in.
Overhang, bow	4ft.	
stern	4ft.	3in.
Beam, extreme	9ft.	3in.
L.W.L.	8ft.	
Draft, hull		11in.
with board	6ft.	6in.
Ballast	None.	
Mast, from fore end l.w.l	3ft.	5in.
deck to hounds	23ft.	9in.
pole	2ft.	
Boom	27ft.	
Gaff	15ft.	
Bowsprit, beyond end, l.w.l	13ft.	6in.
Mainsail, hoist	19ft.	
tack to peak	32ft.	6in.
clew to throat	32ft.	
area, sq. ft.	475sq.	ft.
Jib, area, sq. ft.	150sq.	ft.
Total area, sq. ft.	625sq.	ft.

The rules of the club place a tax upon all overhang in excess of one-third the L.W.L. The yacht proved lighter in construction than anticipated, and as she carried her sail ably without ballast she was raced in this trim, her L.W.L. measuring but 18ft. The designed freeboard, already quite high for a modern racing boat, was thus increased by a couple of inches. Her crew last season lacked the experience necessary to show her at her best, but she proved very fast. It is proposed for the present season to put on a new deck, reducing the freeboard 3in., and moving the mast a little forward, at the same time giving her a new mainsail with a foot less hoist and a higher peak. The centerboard is of 5-16in. steel.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

SPECIAL ORDER NO. 1.

I. HERBERT L. SATTERLEE is hereby appointed fleet captain, and W. G. Ulshoeffer is hereby appointed signal officer of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. for the current year.

II. The fleet captain is charged with the publication of this order. HENRY C. ROUSE, Commodore.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

I. The squadron will rendezvous at Seawanhaka Harbor, Oyster Bay, on Saturday, May 28, in order to take part in the opening exercises at the club house.

II. A meeting of captains will be held on board the flagship at 11 A. M. to discuss the programme for the day.

III. All vessels in harbor will dress ship at 12 o'clock noon, and fire a salute when the club burgee is mast-headed on the club flagstaff.

IV. Divine service will be held on the flagship on Sunday, May 30, at 11, A. M., the fleet chaplain officiating. The captains of all vessels in harbor, and the members, with their guests are invited to attend.

By order of Commodore Rouse.

HERBERT L. SATTERLEE, Fleet Captain.

The race committee announces the following programme: May 29—Race for special classes. June 26—Annual race. July 12 and succeeding days until decided—Trial races to select the yacht to represent the club in the match with the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, for the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup. July 17—Race for the Alfred Roosevelt Memorial Cup Aug. 14, 16 and 17—International Challenge Cup match at Montreal. Sept. 4—Race for special classes. Beginning May 29—Saturday races.

Race Programme—No. 1.

RACE FOR SPECIAL CLASSES—SATURDAY, MAY 29.

In addition to the usual opening day race for the club catboats the race committee announce a special race on that day in the 15 and 20ft. classes of sloops.

The race for these classes is open to entries from the Atlantic, Beverly, Brooklyn, Corinthian of Marblehead, Corinthian of New York, Eastern, Harlem, Larchmont, Massachusetts, Marine and Field, New York and Pavonia yacht clubs, the yacht clubs of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound and the New York and Brooklyn canoe clubs.

Open to Sloops—Class Q, 20ft. class. Class R, 15ft. class. Catboats—The club catboats.

A prize in silver will be awarded to the winning yachts in classes Q and R of sloops, and a prize will be awarded to the helmsman of the winning club catboat.

A special prize of the value of fifty dollars ($50) is offered to the helmsman (who must be a member of the club) who shall sail in at least three of the regular Saturday races for the club catboats beginning May 29, and who shall win the highest percentage of races sailed during the season of 1897.

Course.—The course for all classes will be inside the bay and in view from the club house.

For Sloops.—Starting from west to east across a line beween the club float and a stakeboat anchored southeast of the float, thence around a mark bearing a red ball, anchored northeast of Plumb Point, and distant therefrom about one mile, leaving it on starboard hand, thence around a mark bearing a red ball, anchored southeast of Moses Point Buoy, leaving it on starboard hand, thence across the starting line, twice around; thence, after finishing the second round, around Black Channel Buoy off Plumb Point, leaving it on starboard hand, thence to a finish across the starting line. In the first two rounds yachts will pass on the channel side of the Black Channel Buoy.

For Catboats.—Three times around the short triangle.

The start will be a one-gun start with a preparatory signal, and will be made at 12 o'clock noon.

First Signal.—Preparatory. A gun will be fired and the blue peter hoisted at the yard arm of the club flagstaff. (There will be an interval of five minutes between each signal and the succeeding signal.)

Second Signal.—Start for both classes of sloops. A gun will be fired, the blue peter lowered and a red ball hoisted.

Third Signal.—Start for the club catboats. A gun will be fired, the red ball lowered and a white ball hoisted.

Fourth Signal.—Will denote conclusion of the race, which may be terminated in the discretion of the race committee at the conclusion of any round. A gun will be fired and the club burgee lowered from the head of the flagstaff.

The race will be governed by the Racing Rules of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound, and will be under the direction of the race committee of the club.

Copies of the racing rules and entry blanks will be furnished upon application to the secretary of the race committee.

Entries must be made in writing and filed with the secretary of the race committee by 12 o'clock noon on May 27, accompanied by the Y. R. U. measurement of the yacht, certified to by her owner or the measurer of the club from which she is entered.

Race Committee.
OLIVER E. CROMWELL, Chairman, 64 Leonard St., New York.
CHARLES W. WETMORE, 30 Broad St., New York.
WALTER C. KERR, 26 Cortlandt St., New York.
D. LE ROY DRESSER, 55 White St., New York.
CHARLES A. SHERMAN, Secretary, 64 Leonard St., New York.

The house committee has arranged a new schedule of charges for board and rooms, which it is expected will prove acceptable to members.

The club house at Oyster Bay will be opened for the season on Saturday, May 29, when the club steamer will begin making regular connections with the trains at Oyster Bay station.

At a recent meeting of the club a regulation club ribbon was adopted. This ribbon can be made into belts or hat bands and can be purchased, by members only, from Messrs. Dunlap & Co., No. 180 Fifth avenue, who are exclusively authorized to manufacture and supply it.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

THE Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has issued the following programme for the season:

The station of the club shall be at is house at Dorval.

The courses for racing shall be the A course for A, 30 and 25ft. classes, and the B and C courses for the 20 and 15ft. classes, as the sailing committee may determine.

The following races will be held as follows during the season, on the dates fixed:

Saturday, May 22, 20ft. class, club prize; Monday, May 24, 20ft. class, first Ross series; Monday, May 24, 15ft. class, club prize; Saturday, May 29, 20ft. class, club prizes, three pewters; Saturday, June 5, 20ft. class, second Ross series; Wednesday, June 9, 20ft. class, club prizes; Saturday, June 12, 20ft. class, third Ross series; Saturday, June 12, 15ft. class, club prizes; Saturday, June 19, 30ft. class, fourth Ross series; Saturday, June 19, A, 30 and 25ft. classes, club prizes; Wednesday, June 23, 20ft. class, club prizes; Saturday, June 26, 20ft. class, fifth Ross series; Saturday, June 26, 15ft. class, club prizes; Thursday, July 1, A, 30 and 25ft. classes, Sir Donald Smith challenge cup; Thursday, July 1, 20ft. class, sixth Ross series; Thursday, July 1, 15ft. class, club prizes; Saturday, July 3, 20ft. class, seventh Ross series; Wednesday, July 7, 20ft. class, club prizes; Saturday, July 10, 20ft. class, eighth Ross series; Saturday, July 10, 15ft. class, club prizes; Saturday, July 17, 20ft. class, ninth Ross series; Saturday, July 17, A, 30 and 25ft. classes, club prizes; Saturday, July 24, tenth Ross series; Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 2, 3 and 4, 20ft. class, trial races to select a defender of Seawanhaka Corinthian challenge cup; Saturday, Aug. 14, 20ft. class, beginning of series of five international races for Seawanhaka international cup; Saturday, Aug. 21, A and 30ft. classes, club prizes; Saturday, Aug. 21, 25ft. class, Girouard tankard; Saturday, Aug. 21, 20 and 15ft. classes. Hamilton trophy.

No entrance fee will be charged for any of the club's sailing races.

The regular club races will be started as provided for in the sailing regulations, at 3:30 P. M. for Saturday races, and 6:30 for Wednesday evening races. The Sir Donald Smith cup race will be started at 10 A. M., and the 20ft. and 15ft. races on July 1, at 2 P. M. The trial races will be started at 10 A. M., and the International Cup races at the same hour. Any alteration of the hour of starting will be signaled as elsewhere provided for.

In all club races and races for trophies, the prize will go to the winning boat, and first, second and third prizes will be given under the provisions of Sailing Regulations XXIX.

In the Ross series and all other series races, place will be determined by points, and each boat completing a round will be given points as follows: First boat, 20 points; second boat, 19 points; third boat, 18 points; fourth boat, 17 points, and so on downward by one point. The first Ross prize will go to the boat winning the greatest number of points, and the second to the next, and so on, there being four prizes—$250 for first, $200 for second, $150 for third, and $100 for fourth.

The measurers have been instructed to enforce the measurement rule strictly in accordance with the letter thereof, and no question of doubt shall be decided in favor of the boat. All boats will be measured in the club's basin, Dorval.

Yacht-Building at Ogdensburgh.

THE Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co. is now very busy at its shops at Ogdensburgh, N.Y., the work being mainly small sailing yachts and yacht boats. The company has this year devoted itself specially to these two classes, and has abandoned its cheaper grades of rowboats and skiffs The list of racing yachts, which claims the first notice, is headed by the new bulb-fin Shark, shipped last week to Oyster Bay. This yacht was designed by Gardner & Cox for Com. Rouse, S. C. Y. C., and Mr. Colgate Hoyt, and will be sailed in the races by Sherman Hoyt, who owned and raced Paprika last year. She is of the regulation dimensions, about 30ft. over all, 17ft. 6in. l.w.l., with 500sq. ft. of sail. Her beam is 6ft., and she will draw the full limit, 5ft. with fin on, but the hull draws only 6in. The model is of the Question type in a way, but the sections show a round bilge instead of a chine; at the same time she has the nearly flat bottom, full deck line forward with nearly parallel sides, square transom and very long easy fore and aft lines that were characteristic of the first boat of the type. She is narrower in proportion than Paprika, and the fore and aft lines are apparently fairer and easier.

As to model, while one may admire the skill of the designer in handling this particular type, the boat is anything but a beauty; the construction and workmanship, however, do credit to both designer and builder. The planking is of mahogany, in strips about 1in. wide, with hollow-and-round edges, each plank edge-nailed with brass wire nails extending through into the second plank below. This makes a very smooth, strong and stiff skin, which is reinforced by light frames spaced close together. Additional strength is obtained by the use of light tie straps below of steel or Tobin bronze, very ingeniously disposed. The cockpit is small, with a watertight bulkhead fore and aft. The rig includes a gaff mainsail.

The spars are all hollow, and very beautiful sticks, clear, sound wood to begin with, and put together in the best possible manner. Last year the company for the first time obtained a lot of spruce from the Pacific coast—Washington—thus obviating the difficulty encountered by all makes of light spars in the East, of obtaining good material. This year, in addition to a new stock of the same lumber, it has secured the services of Mr. L. K. Young, formerly of Bridgeport, whose hollow spars have always rated as the best made. With the new material, Mr. Young is turning out work far superior to any before seen; he is also making his pattern of blocks and other fittings of all kinds. The rigging department is also in the hands of an expert, and in these two important branches the work is of the very best possible.

It has always been the case in all parts of the country, but especially on fresh water, that the quality of work on spars and rigging was very much inferior to that which could be had in hulls and sails. The present work of the company completely disproves the old experience of many, that however perfect a hull might be turned out by the builders on fresh water, the rig required to be entirely replaced by a salt water man.

The spars for Shark are hollow, and lined with stout burlaps, fastened by a special glue, the secret of Mr. Young; the added weight is not appreciable, and the stiffness and ultimate strength are greatly increased. This mast has a triple spreader, an arm on each side for the main shroud and one forward for the mast stay, which leads from the masthead over the spreader and down through the deck. The spreaders are of bent wood, fastened to the hollow shell by an ingenious arrangement that prevents any great strain at one point.

Both fin and rudder, the former a bronze casting, and the latter of mahogany, will be narrower than the usual practice. The rudder is a very neat piece of woodwork.

The second 20-footer designed by C. H. Crane, owned by A. W. Durkee and J. H. Crane, is on the stocks in the shop. She is 29ft. 6in. over all, with the regulation l.w.l. and sail area, 8ft. extreme beam, 6ft. 2in. beam at l.w.l., and 6in. draft, a centerboard boat. The model is very different from that of Shark, the sides flaring considerably. The bow is much like El Heirie on deck and quite as hard to plank. The counter is cut off square. The planking is of Spanish cedar in single thickness, about ½in., ship-lap joints, making a smooth skin. The frames are light also, but the hull will weigh considerably more than Shark. The rig has a gaff mainsail, the spars, rigging and fittings being made by the company.

Another boat from the design of Mr. Crane was shipped last month, a sailing boat for the schooner Coronet, D. W. James. She is called a "life-boat," being very completely fitted with bulkheads and air tanks for use in case of an emergency; but in model she is more like the modern sailing tender carried by large yachts, with but moderate freeboard and fairly long overhangs. She is 27ft. 6in. over all, 18ft. l.w.l., 6ft. 6in. beam, 3ft. 6in. depth, with mainsail and jib rig and hollow spars.

A few weeks since the company shipped the very handsome sailing boat designed for Mr. Lloyd Phœnix by W. P. Stephens and built last year when Intrepid was abroad. She is now aboard the yacht.

There is just completed a little racing catboat of 16ft. l.w.l., named Elsa, designed by W. P. Stephens for Mr. C. I. Hudson, of New York, who will sail her at Alexandria Bay on the St. Lawrence. She is wide and very powerful, of light construction and fitted with hollow spars.

Of the well-known Scarecrow and La Gloria models designed by Mr. Stephens and first published in the FOREST AND STREAM, the company is building several; it has lately shipped to Mr. H. S. Chisholm, of Buffalo, N. Y., one of the No. 2 Scarecrow models, a 20-footer, a very handsomely finished craft, with bulb fin and sloop rig, named Kittiwake. Another similar boat is now in stock, to be finished with either centerboard or fin in trunk and gaff or leg-o'-mutton rig, as the purchaser may select. A smaller boat of the same model, 15ft. class, goes to W. B. Tuttle, Syracuse, and one to E. M. Scull, Overbrook, Pa. There is also completed a 15ft. La Gloria model, for E. F. Cooley, Lansing, Mich. On the stocks is the first of the special 16ft. sailing boat designed by Mr. Stephens last winter, and also one of the so-called "one-design canoe" model, whose design has appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM. The former of these is for C. M. Stebbins, Newburgh, who will use her on Orange Lake, the other for E. E. Buddington, Cranford, N. J.

In the small shop directly beside the river, where the steam yacht Vailima is hauled up, there is a handsome little racing sloop designed by Mr. Stephens for J. G. Averell, of Rochester, N. Y. She is for the 22ft. class of the Lake Y. R. A., the same class as Koko, the fin-keel illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 2-9, 1896, but as one of the conditions was that she should be capable of cruising about the lake from port to port, as well as racing in the class, the extreme open fin type was not admissible. The yacht is 30ft. over all, 19ft. l.w.l., 8ft. extreme beam, 7ft. 6in. beam at l.w.l., and 5ft., the limit, in draft. She is as near to the fin-keel in model as the normal wooden construction and some regard for internal room will admit of. The section is a very strong S, and the keel, a very fine casting containing two tons of lead, is well bulbed. She has the ordinary cutter rudder, of wood, and both in model and fittings is intended to stand such hard use as she must be put to at times in knocking about the lake. With a 12in. trunk she will have 5ft. headroom and accommodation for three in sleeping, cooking, etc. She is now planked up, showing a very powerful form and easy fore and aft lines, in spite of the displacement and beam.

The company has for some time made a special feature of yacht's boats, in the effort to improve this class of craft. It has built a number from special designs by W. P. Stephens, and is now turning out a very shipshape and serviceable boat. The effort, on the part of both designer and builder, has been to eliminate the numerous faults both of design and construction in the average yacht boat; and to produce craft specially fitted for the distinct uses of yacht service, and at the same time strong, light and shipshape. A number of boats are now under way, a 24ft. gig and 20ft. cutter were lately furnished to the schooner Yampa, R. S. Palmer; the new steam yacht Vergana, F. H. Benedict, will have an 18ft. cutter and 16ft. dinghy; the schooner Carmita will have a 12ft. gig and 11ft. dinghy; the schooner Iroquois, Com. Rouse, S. C. Y. C., will have a 15ft. dinghy, and A. N. Chandler, of Philadelphia, has ordered a 14ft. dinghy. The latter gentleman has also ordered a 14ft. power tender, with American Motor Co. engine. The steam yacht Intrepid will have a very handsome 15ft. dinghy, finished in teak. The schooner Southern Cross, Vice-Com. Phillips, Knickerbocker Y. C., will have a power tender 18ft. long, with Manhattan gas engine.

The company is finishing off a number of the finer grades of skiffs and some rowboats, and also has in hand several hulls for naphtha engines.

New Rochelle Y. C.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, May 22.

THE New Rochelle Y. C. opened its club house on Saturday, May 22, with music, dancing, dinner and general festivities, including a race. The course was to Hen and Chickens Buoy, then Execution Buoy and home, this triangle to be sailed three times. The 25ft. cabin cat class had a good list of starters, but only one 20-footer, Keneu, was present. She sailed alone, as did the new Webber sloop Surprise and the Huntington 15-footer, which has been christened Dad. The wind was very light from N.W. over the first leg, all drifting; but a light S.E. breeze came in and helped the fleet through two rounds of the course, when the race was called. Keneu and Dad led the fleet for some time, but the first round was timed:

Win or Lose	4 28 25	Keneu	4 31 00
Surprise	4 28 40	Dad	4 34 00
Mary S.	4 30 15	Ondawa	4 35 32

The final times were:

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
SLOOPS—20FT CLASS.			
Keneu, M. Clark	20.00	5 41 31	3 07 31
CABIN CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Addie, W. L. Diaz		Did not finish.	
Mary S., E B Hall		5 42 33	3 04 33
Melita, O. H. Chellborg	22.46	6 01 55	3 22 55
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.75	5 43 58	3 04 58
Grace, J. F. Lambden		Did not finish.	
Jonquil, R. B. Roosevelt		Did not finish.	
Argo, Daniel Bacon		5 54 29	3 15 29
OPEN CATS—25FT CLASS.			
Edwina, J. N. Gould	21.44	5 47 09	3 08 09
Ondawa, H. Lambden	20.91	5 45 11	3 06 11
CABIN SLOOPS—36FT CLASS.			
Surprise, J. L. Baird	36.00	5 39 09	3 05 09
OPEN SLOOPS—15FT CLASS.			
Dad, L. Huntington	15.00	5 43 30	3 09 30

"Yacht Designing."

THE following comments on the articles on "Yacht Designing" have reached us lately. We shall be glad to hear from all who are reading the articles as they appear:

"Perhaps I am dull, but the articles on 'Yacht Designing' appear disconnected and somewhat incomprehensible to me, especially that part relating to the buttock lines." Another correspondent writes: "I have been very much interested in reading the articles on 'Yacht Designing' in the FOREST AND STREAM from week to week, and must congratulate you upon the plain and intelligent way in which you present the subject Any one who has had experience in the handling of designs and drafting tools must especially appreciate your suggestions in regard to the use of flat sheets and the unreliability of T-squares in drawing long lines. Too great confidence in a T-square has caused me many hours of extra work. Have you found the planimeter and similar instruments practicable or feasible? If so, I hope you will tell us all about them in the coming papers. I have several times been tempted to buy a planimeter, but have not been able to find any one who could give me practical instructions in the use of it. The salesman in one store told me that it was a very simple instrument, but when I presented different figures for him to compute, he gave it up and said that he did not understand it. It was the same with two other instrument makers whom I talked with."

The Howard 20-footer.

THE new 20-footer Aranca, which Mr. W. W. Howard will race this summer, has been launched, and made a trial trip at Clayton, N. Y. She was designed and built by R. E. Fry, who built Yankee and Ulmec for Mr. Howard, and is 32ft. 8in. over all, 17ft. 6in. l.w.l., 10ft. 1½in. beam and 6in. draft. The centerboard is of saw steel plate. She has the long, self-bailing cockpit, as in Almec, 10ft. long and 6ft. wide. The hull is light, and, as in all of Mr. Fry's boats, the workmanship is excellent.

Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia.

COM. GRISCOM has appointed W. Barklie Henry fleet captain and Dr. Archibald G. Thompson fleet surgeon.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 2.

I. The opening of the yachting season will be celebrated on Saturday, June 5.

The fleet will rendezvous off the club house, Essington, at 2 o'clock.

II. At 3 o'clock a gun will be fired from the flagship, and the club signal will be hoisted at the club house. The fleet will then salute the flag, by each yacht, in quick succession, firing one gun.

III. The yachts will remain at anchor during the afternoon, and at 3:30 o'clock, upon signal from the flagship, will "dress ship."

IV. A meeting of captains will be held on board the flagship at 8 o'clock P. M., to determine upon the date of the annual club cruise.

By order of the commodore:

W. BARKLIE HENRY, Fleet Captain.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The latest contribution to the literature of the sea is entitled "A Deep-Water Voyage," and is by Paul E. Stevenson, of New York, a member of the New York, Seawanhaka Corinthian and other yacht clubs, and for several years owner of the sloop Thetis, whose lines appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM, June 19, 1886. Mr. Stevenson, who is evidently an ardent lover of the sea, after some seasons' yachting on the coast and various passages by steamer across the Atlantic and through the West Indies, planned a real sea voyage of much greater extent, which was carried out in 1894 by embarking with his wife on the British ship Mandalore, at New York for Calcutta. With these two as the only passengers, the ship sailed from New York on July 2, and after a very trying experience with calm weather about the Equator, passed the Cape of Good Hope on Sept. 15, finally reaching Calcutta on Nov. 7. The voyage was comparatively uneventful, the main incident being continued calm weather both in the Atlantic and Indian oceans, but both the passengers seem to have enjoyed most thoroughly the novel experiences of real sea-going, so rare in these days of steam and high speeds, and to have left the ship with genuine regret.

Mr. Stevenson has told the story of the voyage in diary form, and in spite of the absence of wreck, pirates, mutiny and sensational incidents, he has contrived to make a very interesting book. Writing as a landsman, with just enough knowledge of the sea to enable him to understand and appreciate, and with the keen interest excited by the novelty of the experience, his story is likely to appeal directly to the non-technical reader who is desirous of learning something about life afloat, but who finds himself more bewildered than instructed by the writings of old seamen.

Mr. Stevenson's chief deprivation during the lengthy voyage seems to have been the absence of daily reports of the doings of Vigilant, then racing in British waters, the results being unknown to him until November. It is rather amusing to read of his fear that she might be beaten on the Thames through adverse local conditions, or might be "pocketed" by some of her three rivals, Valkyrie II., Britannia and Satanita; and his confidence in her success in the absence of these contingencies. It was not until the voyage was over that he learned of the sinking of Valkyrie and the wrecking of Satanita, that made the racing of 1894 practically a duel between Vigilant and Britannia on the Clyde, the Irish Sea and the Solent, the former being the loser. The makers of the book, the J. B. Lippincott Co., of Philadelphia, have turned out a very neat and attractive volume.

Osborn, of Peekskill, has just completed a 40ft. steam yacht for Dr. S. F. Horton, of the Peekskill Gun Club. On Decoration Day Dr. Horton will take the club to Newburg on the yacht, and the day will be spent in a friendly shoot with the Orange Lake Club at Orange Lake.

We have received the year book of the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain for 1897, somewhat larger than the previous volumes and enlarged in its contents, which now include the official measures of most of the British racing yachts. The linear rating rule, the Y. R. A. sailing rules, the details of measurement and the proceedings of the council, including many questions of protests, are given in full, making a very valuable book for reference.

Columbia, steam yacht, J. H. Ladew, arrived at New York on May 16 with her owner on board, after a cruise of five months in the West Indies.

The Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, has announced the following fixtures: Saturday, May 29—27ft., 22ft., and skiff classes; Saturday, June 12—First and 37ft. classes; Saturday, June 26—27ft., 22ft., and skiff classes; Thursday, July 1—Race for Queen's cup (yachts over 42ft. c. l.); Saturday, July 10—First and 37ft. classes; Saturday, July 24—27ft., 22ft. and skiff classes; Saturday, Aug 7—First and 37ft. classes; Saturday, Aug. 21—27ft., 22ft., and skiff classes; Saturday, Sept. 4—First and 37ft. classes; Thursday, Sept. 7—Race for Prince of Wales's cup (all classes); Saturday, Sept. 11—Skiff class. The club has now the following prizes for the season's racing: First class, Murray cup; 37ft. class, Lorne cup; 27ft. class, Cosgrove cup; 22ft. class, McGaw cup; skiff class, Hartman cup; not allotted, Lansdown cup.

The May meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on May 20 with Vice-Com. Ledyard in the chair, Com. Morgan, who is still in Europe, being expected home on June 7. The following members were elected: Charles L. Seabury, Frank V. Alexandre, Daniel B. Burnham, David F. Sellers, U. S. N.; J. Adolph Mollenhauer, S. Barton French, Oliver H. Payne, John N. Robins, Jacob C. Rogers, Francis Peabody, Edward Bell, Edwin D. Trowbridge, T. H. Pratt, Sir W. F. Haynes-Smith, K. C. M. G., Henry Darlington, Charles H. Coster, William W. Griscom, Alfred W. Hoyt, Samuel Bettle, Henry De Forest Weekes and Clifford V. Brokaw. Sec'y Oddie, Chester Griswold and Frank T. Robinson were appointed a committee to select a cup to be presented by the club to former Com. Edward M. Brown. The regatta committee was authorized to offer prizes for a special race of the 30-footers, to be sailed on June 17 at the same time as the annual regatta of the club. The committee on the Newport Harbor improvements, of which E. T. Gerry is chairman, reported very satisfactory progress in opposing the proposed sewer and securing an advantageous change of the plans. The date of Aug. 2 was selected for the rendezvous at Glen Cove for the cruise. A letter was read from Com. H. W. Lamb, Eastern Y. C., writing unofficially and as a member of the New York Y. C., suggesting that the proposed race from Vineyard Haven around Cape Cod should finish at Marblehead instead of a point further east. The letter was laid aside until the return of Com. Morgan. A letter from the secretary of the Royal Swedish Y. C., of Stockholm, was read, concerning the regatta to be held in the Baltic from July 7 to 14, as already published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Namouna, steam yacht, James Gordon Bennett, arrived at New York on May 23 with Mr. Bennett, Henry Ridgeway, Lady Bulkeley and daughter on board. Namouna sailed from Toulon on May 3, calling at Madeira on May 9, Las Palmas on May 10 and Bermuda on May 21.

Claymore, steam yacht, has been sold by J. K. Todd to Com. J. B. Edson, Shelter Island Y. C.

Royal Phelps Carroll, owner of Navahoe, has returned from Europe, and announces that the yacht will be in commission and raced this season. Her only opponent will be Vigilant, under cruising rig.

The Queen City Y. C., of Toronto, opened the season with a handicap cruising race for all classes to Port Credit, on Saturday, May 22. The skiff class has been divided into two, known as the 16ft. and 20ft. classes, conformably with the action of other clubs. The racing fixtures for the year are as follows: 27ft. class, June 5, July 10, Aug. 28; 22ft. class, June 5, Aug. 7, Sept. 18; 20ft. class, June 19, July 17, Aug. 21; 16ft. class, June 19, July 24, Aug. 14.

The yawl designed by A. Cary Smith and built by Reed Bros., of Fall River, for Oliver Adams, has been named Takana. She is now at Larchmont.

The eleventh annual meeting of the Miramichi Y. C. was held on May 13, at Newcastle, with Commodore Miller presiding. The following officers were elected: Com., J. C. Miller; Vice-Com., J. L. Stewart; Rear-Com., F. L. Pedolin, M.D.; Sec'y-Treas., J. R. Lawlor. Trustees: Hon. L. J. Tweedie, R. H. Gremley, P. B. Wheeler. Membership Committee: Dr. Pedolin, W. A. Park, Jas. Robinson, M.P., Chas. Sargeant, H. Williston. Regatta Committee: R. R. Call, E. Hutchison, L. J. Tweedie, J. H. Sargeant, D. G. Smith. Vice-Com. Stewart announced that he had been authorized by Hon. J. P. Burchill to offer the club a fine binocular marine glass as a prize, and a resolution accepting the offer and thanking Mr. Burchill was passed. The following programme of events for the season was adopted: Monday, May 24, club cruise; Saturday, June 12, race at Newcastle, tringular, for Gov. Foster's cup; Thursday, July 1, club cruise; Monday, July 12, race at Chatham, triangular, for the Thos. D. Adams cup; Thursday, Aug. 12, race from Loggieville to Oak Point and back, for the Stewart championship pennant; Thursday, Sept. 9, race at Newcastle, triangular, for the Watt cup; Saturday, Oct. 9, race at Chatham, triangular, for the Gould cup. A resolution was passed to the effect that the Burchill marine glass is to become the property of the yacht winning the most club races during this season, and that in case of a tie, there will be another race to decide the ownership.

Yampa, schr., R. S. Palmer, sailed from Larchmont on May 22, calling at New London next day to drop several passengers, and continuing her voyage to Southampton. Mr. Palmer was unable to sail on her, owing to recent illness, but will join her by steamer. He is represented on board by Geo. A. Cormack, of New York. With Mr. Cormack are S. L. Husted, C. C. Munroe and Dr. E. L. McGinnis. Mr. T. C. Zerega, who has been traveling on the continent for several months, is now waiting in London to join her. After taking aboard Messrs. Palmer and Zerega, the yacht will visit the Baltic in company with the racing fleet, and will cruise during the summer in northern waters. This is the third long cruise Mr. Palmer has made since he purchased Yampa, to the Mediterranean and English Channel in 1895 and to the West Indies in 1896. The yacht, which has been put in fine shape during the winter, is in charge of Capt. F. L. Siemon, formerly of Dauntless.

The American Y. C. has arranged with a New York coal company to have a coal barge with special apparatus for coaling yachts stationed off Milton Point, Long Island sound. The barge will supply both coal and water to Sachts.

Canoeing.

Atlantic Division Cruise.

THE Central Railroad of New Jersey will carry canoes and camping outfits free from Jersey City to Philipsburg or Easton. Rate quoted for members of the party, if ten or more travel together, $1.50 per capita from Jersey City to Philipsburg or Easton; if separately, regular trip from New York to Philipsburg $2.05, to Easton $2.10.

Members will please communicate with James K. Hand, Grand Central Depot, New York city, in regard to purchase of tickets, advising how much duffle they desire to carry, so that the railroad company may be advised in time.

Notice will be sent giving leaving time of trains from New York, and block tickets for the party purchased as soon as requisite number have advised. Canoes and duffle may be shipped by truck or local express to baggage room, C. R. R. of N. J., foot of Liberty street, New York, where they will be cared for, and handled over the ferry and to the baggage car.

TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE,
JAMES K. HAND,
Grand Central Station, New York city.
MAURICE D. WILT,
Philadelphia.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Arthur W. Beal	Brooklyn, N. Y.	——

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., May 16.—The following scores were made by the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to day, Four Mile House, Reading Road. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the Standard American and German ring targets. Payne wins the gold badge to-day.

Gindele.

9 8 8 10 10 9 6 9 9 10—88 — 10 10 10 8 8 6 10 8 10 8—88
7 7 9 10 8 6 10 10 8 10—85 — 22 23 25 22 21 22 23 20 22 23—223

Payne.

9 10 10 9 10 8 9 6 8 10—89 — 10 8 10 7 8 6 10 6 7 9—81
10 7 8 5 8 8 9 8 10 7—80 — 15 25 24 20 19 25 20 18 21 18—205

Trounstine.

7 5 10 5 7 9 4 7 5 5—64 — 6 4 1 6 7 9 8 4 6 10—61
7 9 5 5 8 10 6 5 1 6—67 — 14 21 20 22 18 13 19 21 18 18—184

Gassman.

6 5 9 9 8 7 9 7 5 6—71 — 10 10 5 5 3 6 4 6 9 7—65
9 8 9 8 7 10 6 6 5 4—67 — 12 21 17 21 22 20 16 21 24 21—195

See.

9 8 9 5 8 7 6 7 10 8—77 — 7 10 5 8 8 7 8 6 10 9—78
7 5 6 10 6 9 7 9 7 10—76 — 14 24 20 17 18 19 25 17 24 23—201

Strickmeier.

9 5 10 4 8 7 9 8 8 5—73 — 7 8 9 6 5 9 7 7 8 9—75
8 8 8 7 6 7 5 8 8 5—70

Drube.

6 5 8 6 7 7 10 7 8 8—72 — 9 9 7 5 9 6 8 6 6 5—70
9 4 10 6 9 9 6 7 4 7—69

Uckotter.

6 6 5 6 8 6 6 6 7 10—66 — 5 6 8 6 6 5 7 8 4 9—64
7 5 8 6 8 5 5 5 8 4—61 — 19 23 18 23 23 21 5 12 12 15—171

Nestler.

8 9 7 5 7 8 9 8 9 6—76 — 7 9 7 8 7 7 7 8 6 9—75
9 6 6 5 10 9 8 6 9 8—76 — 15 20 23 24 25 23 18 20 19 18—205

Lux.

9 5 5 7 7 5 4 4 7 2—55 — 6 1 4 7 8 6 5 4 3 6—52
6 3 3 7 8 10 6 6 5 3—57 — 16 22 16 8 22 5 11 9 21 21—150

Topf.

4 5 10 6 8 9 5 5 5 3—60 — 5 5 8 7 8 8 7 5 5 5—63
8 8 1 6 4 5 3 9 9 6—58 — 23 15 14 15 23 1 13 6 14 1—125

Randall.

9 6 4 6 7 6 5 4 6 9—62 — 2 7 10 7 8 6 8 6 6 5—66
5 7 4 6 9 7 6 6 4 8—62 — 19 20 22 20 15 17 16 22 13 24—198

Wahnetah Rifle and Revolver Club.

PHILADELPHIA, May 18.—The following are the scores made on the rifle range of the Wahnetah Rifle and Revolver Club; .22cal. Marlin, 25yds., open sights:

C Briney, Sr.....9 8 9 7 10 10 9 10 9 10—91
Devoe.....10 9 10 8 10 7 9 10 9 9—91
C Briney, Jr.....9 8 9 10 9 10 8 9 9 9—88
9 8 9 10 9 9 8 8 9 8—87
P F Yost.....8 9 8 7 10 8 7 10 10 8—81
9 8 7 9 10 6 7 8 9 10—83

Second shoot:

P F Yost.....10 9 10 8 10 9 8 9 10 9—92
9 10 9 8 7 9 10 8 10 8—88
Devoe.....10 9 10 8 9 10 9 9 9 9 9?
J Yost.....8 10 9 8 8 10 8 8 8 8—84
9 9 10 8 10 9 8 9 9 9—85
C Briney, Jr.....8 10 8 9 7 10 9 8 9 7—85
W Haskins.....8 9 7 5 9 10 6 9 9 9—81
8 9 8 7 6 8 9 8 9 9 81
Clayton Why.....8 7 10 6 7 8 8 10 7 7—78
Wagner.....9 7 10 6 7 5 7 6 9 9—75

J. S. SHEETS, Sec'y

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

May 31.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League tournament, under the auspices of the Canajoharie Gun Club. Charles Weeks, Sec'y.

May 31.—PORTLAND, Me.—Spring tournament of the Portland Gun Club. Targets. Added money announced later.

May 31-June 1.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Valley City Gun Club.

May 31.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Second tournament of the Connecticut Trap Shooting Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. W. H Hazel, Sec'y

May 31.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Tournament of the Glenwood Gun Club.

June 1.—CHICAGO.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association's convention at the Sherman House, 8 o'clock P. M. Contests for the Association's medals, cups and other prizes, June 1, 2, 3, at Watson's Park. John Watson's tournament at Watson's Park, live birds and targets, June 1 to 6, inclusive.

June 2-3.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Anniversary tournament of the Bergen County Gun Club. *Recreation* cup shoot on June 2. C. O. Gardner, Jr., Sec'y.

June 2-4.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Springfield Gun Club.

June 7-8.—PARKERSBURG, W. Va.—Tournament of the Mountain State Gun Club Targets. $350 added. Leon J. Epstein, Sec'y.

June 8-9.—KOKOMO, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana

June 8-10.—SIOUX CITY, Ia.—Third amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. C. Wells, Sec'y.

June 10.—BATH, Me.—Sixth annual tournament of the Bath Gun Club. Open to all. Geo. E. Thompson, Sec'y.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—MONROE, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 10.—NEWCASTLE, Pa.—Third tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

June 15-18.—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—ANACONDA, Mont.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest and fourth annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Anaconda Gun Club. $1,500 added. C A Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 22.—OGDEN, Ill.—Second annual tournament of the Ogden Gun Club. Wm. McKinley, Sec'y.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

July 1.—SHERBROOKE, Quebec.—Sherbrooke's grand annual. Inanimates. Open to all amateurs. C. H. Foss, Sec'y, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

July 3-5.—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Co.

July 5-6.—INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, Ind.—Indiana Mineral Springs tournament. Ben O Bush, Manager.

July 7-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. H. T. Hearsey, sec'y-treas. of the League.

July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 20-22.—PINE BLUFF, Ark.—Seventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Added money announced later. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock, Ark.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 17-19.—TORONTO, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000 guaranteed. Open to all. Write for programmes.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept 6.—MERIDEN, Conn.—Third annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Sept. 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. H. T. Hearsey, sec'y-treas. of the League.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Commencing with week after next, the Northern portion of the country will offer the inducements of three weeks of trap-shooting to those who like to take part in tournaments. First comes the New York State shoot, June 8-11, a shoot that promises to gather together an extremely large number of shooters. Then comes the Chamberlin tournament, at Cleveland, June 16-18, a tournament that will introduce the "$4 class" to the general public. This shoot will be preceded by two days at targets on the grounds of the Cleveland Gun Club, the grounds on which the Chamberlin shoot will be held. On those two days all events will be shot under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club. It must not be overlooked that Paul North (perhaps we ought to say the Chamberlin Company) will throw all bluerocks free of charge on June 16-18. Then comes the Pennsylvania State shoot, at Oil City, Pa., a city that is located within easy distance of Cleveland. The dates for this shoot are June 22-25. Thus we have four days at Auburn, N. Y., five days at Cleveland, O., and four days at Oil City, Pa., making altogether thirteen days of trap-shooting between the dates of June 8 and June 25.

Barney Worthen, of Charleston, S. C., is a corking good shot, and showed just how good he really is by breaking 163 out of 170 on the first day of the interstate shoot at Savannah, Ga. And his record was not made on easy targets, nor with an easy background to shoot against.

The programme for Elkwood Park on Saturday next, May 29, is the Ogden handicap, 15 birds, $10, birds extra; handicaps 25 to 30yds.; high guns; to commence at 1 P. M. On Decoration Day the main attraction will be the Veteran's handicap, 10 birds, $10, birds extra, handicaps 25 to 31yds.; high guns; commencing at 1 P. M. In addition to the above there will be target events all day, targets being thrown from a magautrap. A target programme will be a specialty on every Wednesday during the summer. The first attempt at this kind of sport at Elkwood Park was held on May 19, and proved a thorough success.

We have received the following communication from Mr. C. W. Tuttle, of Auburn, N. Y., in regard to the division of purses in the "open events" at the New York State shoot: "Will you kindly state in Drivers and Twisters column of your next issue that the big open sweeps at our coming State shoot will be divided as shooters wish, probably by the old plan, while all State events will be divided under the Rose system. We feel sure that the coming shoot will be a record-breaker in point of attendance." We would also state that programmes for the New York State shoot are now ready for distribution.

When we wrote the Driver and Twister in regard to the three weeks of trap shooting in the northern part of the United States during the month of June, we overlooked the fact that we might have added in the three days (June 2-4) of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League at Springfield, O., at which $200 will be added to the purses. This annual gathering of Ohio trap-shooters is always a big one, and this year's meet will be no exception to the rule, as the shoot is to be given under the auspices of one of the best and most energetic gun clubs in the Buckeye State. There is a good "open to all" programme.

This is the week of the King's Smokeless Gun Club, of East St. Louis, Ill. The programme for the four days (May 26-29) calls for eight events of 20 targets for each day, with an entrance fee in every event of $2.50. Manufacturers' agents will pay 50 cents extra in every event, while "experts" who make "90 per cent. or better on the first day pay 50 cents extra on the second day." The tournament will be under the management of Jack Parker, and all targets will be thrown from a magautrap.

The movement to start a State organization in New Jersey has borne enough fruit to date to show that the Jerseymen want such an organization. The movement will come to a head in the next few weeks, and we shall probably see a State shoot in Jersey before the fall is upon us. The meeting of May 19, reported elsewhere in these columns, shows that there is enough material at hand to form a really good organization, with capable and energetic officers to govern it.

While at Savannah, Ga., last week we heard a good deal about the coming Interstate shoot at Monroe, La. This, the last of the tournaments on the Interstate Association's southern circuit for 1897, promises to be exceedingly well attended. The programme is a good one, and the $200 added money will draw out a lot of shooters. The dates for the shoot are June 9-10. Shells and guns should be shipped in care of the Monroe Hardware Company.

It is really astonishing how modest some men are. Take Simon Glover, of Rochester, N. Y., for instance: Sim will tell you—and tell it to you seriously and with a sorrowful look upon his face—that he cannot shoot live birds, and never could. And now, here he comes North with the Kansas City *Star* cup in his valise as the result of his having beaten out 60 competitors in the race for that trophy with a score of 30 straight.

With Charlie Budd as Du Pont champion, Charlie Grimm as cast-iron champion, and Sim Glover as the *Star* champion, the live-bird world of trap-shooters have an elegant sufficiency of champions. Neither Brewer, Elliott nor Carver can now have any difficulty in getting on a match when they want one. All the above trophies are open to all, nobody and no powder barred.

The New Haven (Conn.) Gun Club will have its hands full on Decoration Day, the occasion being the visit of the gun clubs of the State of Connecticut that go to form the Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League. The team race is, of course, the main attraction; but there will also be plenty of sweepstake shooting to satisfy all comers.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., and the Dunellen (N. J.) Gun Club had a friendly 9 men team race on Saturday last, May 22, on the grounds of the Dunellen Gun Club. The result was a victory for the Endeavors, for whom M. Herrington pounded out 24 out of 25, while Louis Piercy, the fifteen-year-old crack of the same club, placed a score of 23 to his credit.

In the contest for the *Shooting and Fishing* trophy between teams representing respectively the cities of Seattle and Tacoma, shot May 16, the Tacoma team had almost a walk-over. The scores were: Tacoma—Peirce 47, Young 44, Sheard 43, Smith 38, Kimball 36; total, 208. Seattle—Hardy 41, Stevens 40, Churchill 39, Ellis 37, Norton 25; total, 182.

The Glenwood Gun Club, of Newburgh, N. Y., a new organization in that city, has gotten out a nice little programme for its Decoration Day shoot, and will do its best to make things pleasant for its guests on that occasion. The grounds are easily reached by electric cars.

The Glenwood (S. C.) Gun Club announces a big live-bird shoot for Wednesday of this week, May 26. It is "gala week" at Glenwood, and the local shooters are looking forward to a goodly gathering of the clans.

The Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana has granted to the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, sanction to hold tournaments on July 7-8 and Sept. 28-29.

The Bath Gun Club, of Bath, Me., has changed the date of its tournament from June 3 to June 10.

May 25. Edward Banks.

Programmes for Forthcoming Tournaments.

OHIO TRAP SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

The eleventh annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League will be held at Springfield, O., June 2-4, on the grounds of the local gun club. These grounds are easily reached, being only ten minutes' ride on electric street cars from the center of the city, and are among the finest equipped in the State. The programme states that "the magautrap will be used in all events, and the programme has been carefully and judiciously arranged to please the wants of all who may attend."

The "open-to-all" programme contains eight 15-target events and two 20 target events on each of the first two days, with $70 per day for added money; on the third day there will be only six 15 target events instead of eight, while the added money will be $60 in place of $70. But each day there is a special race, open to members of the League only. They are scheduled as follows:

June 2: *Ohio State Journal* trophy, presented to the league by the *Ohio State Journal*, of Columbus. It is shot for at 30 targets, unknown angles, and was won last year by D. A. Upson, of Cleveland.

June 3: L. C. Smith trophy and championship of the State. This event is shot for at 50 birds, unknown angles, and is now held by D. A. Upson, who won it last year with the score of 47 out of 50.

June 4: *Sportsmen's Review* trophy for two-men teams; 25 targets per man, unknown angles. The Buckeye Gun Club won it last year with a total of 49 out of 50. On this date there will also be a handicap race for the E. C. cup, 50 targets per man, unknown angles, the cup becoming the personal property of the winner.

Five bluerock expert traps and one magautrap will be in commission on June 1 for preliminary practice work. The Rose system of dividing purses will be used, with ratio points as follows: In all 15-target events, 7, 5, 4, 3 and 2; in 20 target events, 7, 5, 4, 3, 2 and 1. Shells sent in care of J. D. Foley, 32 South Fountain avenue, will be delivered at the grounds free of charge.

The annual meeting of the League will be held Thursday evening, June 3, at 8 P. M., in the Arcade Hotel. The new St. James Hotel will be headquarters for shooters, and will give a special rate of $2.

NEW YORK STATE TOURNAMENT.

The programme for the New York State shoot, June 8-11, is now ready for distribution, and those who propose attending this shoot, and who may not have received a copy of the programme should write to the Auburn Gun Club for a copy of the same. Our reason for suggesting this action is the fact that we cannot give in the space at our disposal a complete synopsis of the contents of the programme.

The State events, open only to members of the State organization, will be interesting as ever, while the fact that the purses in these events will be divided into eight moneys under the Rose system shows plainly enough that the Auburn Gun Club does not mean to let anybody shoot without a chance of drawing back something. All these events are at 25 targets, unknown angles, all targets being thrown from a magautrap.

The Lefever medal contest, the four-men team race, and the big merchandise event will all attract many entries, each of these events being favorites at the annual gatherings of this Association. Two other State events are the E. C. cup shoot and the C. A. Bannister cup shoot, both 50-target events, unknown angles, entrance in each event being for the price of the targets only, with optional sweeps attached. The E. C. cup will be shot for on the first day, June 8, while the C. A. Bannister cup, the 4-men team race, and the Dean Richmond cup contest (the live-bird team championship) will make up the State events programme for the last day, June 11.

On the open traps there will be two entirely separate programmes shot off on each day. On No. 2 trap the programme is made up as follows: Four 20 target events, $3; four 15-target events, $2. On No. 3 trap the programme runs thus: Four 20-target events, $1.50; four 15-target events, $1. In all these events the purses will be divided according to the will of the majority of shooters.

All targets will be thrown from magautraps, and will be charged for at the rate of 2 cents each. Of course, bluerock targets will be used exclusively. We presume that all shells shipped in care of the Auburn Gun Club will be delivered at the grounds as usual.

The lengthy and valuable list of merchandise prizes offered for competition by the Auburn Gun Club, proves exclusively that the club has spared no pains to make this shoot as attractive as any of its predecessors.

SOO GUN CLUB.

The Soo Gun Club, of Sioux City, Ia., has issued the programme for its third annual "amateur tournament," which takes place June 8-10. Among the "Remarks" will be found the following:

"All purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. If a majority of shooters present desire to try division of purses under the Rose system on second day of shoot, the same will be adopted. All ties to be divided; $135 in cash and merchandise added each day, also $50 gold medal second day. This tournament will be open to shooters from Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska and Dakota, the following shooters being barred: Grim, Budd, Gilbert, Wilson, Parmelee, Latshaw and Denn. The club reserves the right to bar other professionals if they see fit. All odd events will be shot from a set of 5 expert traps, known angles. All even events will be shot from the magautrap. Our grounds will be open to all shooters on Monday, June 7, for practice on the magautrap."

The list of average prizes is too lengthy for us to make much mention of it; it is sufficient to state that the list comprises some good cash prizes and some excellent "plunder" trophies. Half the programme events each day will be shot from 5 expert traps, the other half from a magautrap.

New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

In another column of this department is a report of the meeting held on May 19 for the purpose of organizing and promoting trap interests in the State of New Jersey by the establishing of a live State Association. In the inauguration of such an important movement a vital essential is that it be started on a sound foundation, one recognizing the common parliamentary forms of organizing, so that it may be worthy of confidence in respect to the present, and avoid the perils of the future, which are sure to result from illegality.

The old New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association in its recent illegal meeting set forth the advantages it could offer and the promises it could make. It could offer two trophies, about $300 in the treasury (the last treasurer's report showed a balance of $15) and a history; but it for years possessed all these things itself, and, possessing them, it has been in a state of coma the while. It could not evoke interest enough to hold a meeting of its own men. What benefit is a reorganization of such a body?

It is a fair presumption that a history made up largely of inaction is not a desirable one. It is more in accord with the spirit of the trap world of to day to ask the N. J. S. S. A. to bring itself up to date than to ask the trap-shooting interests to retrograde to a dormant body which, as the years have shown, has no vitality in itself, nor any inclination to be vitalized by others. So ancient and inoperative had the Association become, that its officers who were present at the meeting had forgotten the essentials of the constitution and by-laws, and the action of the meeting was a groping in the dark.

The trap shooting interests of to-day have advanced far beyond the stage wherein the Association peacefully lay down to sleep and slept. New rules are required as compared with the old. New rules are in existence which could be adopted; therefore, why try to patch up the obsolete? Why cannot the advanced interests of to-day be recognized by the Association taking action of its own, instead of asking others to take action and help to revive it? Why doesn't it revive itself? It never has shown any interest in itself or others of late years.

The recent meeting showed that there was present abundant material of up-to-date quality to form a new association. The new interests are stronger in numbers, and incomparably stronger in their energy and activity. They could have formed an association of their own free from the baneful disturbances which now possess it, namely, the illegality of the meeting, the adjustment of the many promises made, and the revivification of a body which had no interest in itself or others, or its future.

The meeting of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association was illegal for the following reasons: No delegate present had a credential to the meeting; the meeting was not called according to the requirements of the constitution, which make mandatory that the president give the members a written notice thirty days before the meeting, stating its purposes so that the clubs could have time to consider the matter and appoint and instruct their delegates. As the Association had been inoperative since 1889, and therefore a fair presumption that the members had paid no dues since, it is doubtful if a single one of them was in good standing and legally eligible to send a delegate.

If instead of a thirty days' notice, a few members could get together at three minutes' notice, three or four meetings could be held in different places at the same time, and one would not know what the other was doing; an absurdity of course, but absurd because it is illegal, as the last meeting was illegal.

We have it from one of the most important officers of the Association that the last meeting was illegal, and therefore many of the provisions made cannot be carried out legally.

As there is so much material with which to form a new Association it would be better to make a new and independent beginning, form a new association, and make a history of its own; one full of activity, sportsmanship with trophies representing more purpose than a fee to others to come in and keep it from dying. Trophies should be for competition, and not as an inducement to other clubs to save it from death. It would be a mistake to go backward in history instead of forward.

The N. J. S. S. A. had no charter, at least there is no record of one in the New Jersey State archives, hence it was not incorporated and has no existence in law. We are informed that three clubs constitute its full membership.

To sum up, the old Association had no legal existence; it has no money in its treasury, the $45 credit being more than covered by its debit account; three clubs constitute its membership; it has not held a meeting since 1889, though repeated calls were made for one, and it was many years previous when its trophies were competed for; being defunct it could not revive itself; the recent meeting was illegal and therefore void.

And yet the great trap-shooting interests of New Jersey should not suffer loss through the lack of proper organization of its numerous live interests.

St. Johnsbury Amateurs.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., May 18.—We have got our gun club well started with thirty-three members, and much interest evinced. This sport can be enjoyed without much loss of time. The scores do not yet begin to show up much, but are improvements over the first four shoots. This is the score of the fifth shoot, May 15, by men men who had never before shot at clay-pigeons.

Match at 25 birds each: Dr. E. H. Ross 9, J. W. Titcomb 15, W. W. Husband 1, Dr. H. G. Bullard 11, W. Eastman 1, Frank French 5, C. C. Bingham 3, Paul Carter 5, Tom Hunter 15, H. A. Belknap 11, Fred Beck 14, Oscar Beck 13, C. H. Horton 9, Claude Welfoot 15, E. S. Hunter 17.

Some of these men had not shoot at the former meets. We have good grounds and are now using three traps, but expect to get five up soon. At the annual meeting, held last Friday, J. W. Titcomb was elected President; E. F. Griswold, Vice-President; Fred Beck, Secretary and Treasurer; H. A. Belknap, Field Captain.

John W. Titcomb.

Hartford Shooting.

Hartford, Conn., May 21.—I send you the scores made by the Colt Gun Club, for the handsome trophy presented by the W-A Powder Co. A handicap of added targets was allowed to the poorer shooters. The trophy was won by Harry Nichols:

	Broke.	Allowance.	Total.		Broke.	Allowance.	Total.
H Nichols	40	10	50	O Treat	31	10	41
J Pitkin	48	0	48	G Ripley	26	15	41
F Risby	47	0	47	Lucas	33	7	40
E Sexton	39	7	46	Root	25	15	40
P Tucker	40	6	46	F Olmsted	29	10	39
S Geisleman	40	6	46	Hart	39	0	39
J Carter	34	10	44	Horton	33	0	33
McGinty	41	2	43	Green	33	0	33
C Burbidge	43	0	43	Colt	32	0	32
Mills	43	0	43	Craig	15	15	30
F Bishop	43	0	43	Bradley	11	15	26
M Cook	39	2	41	Henderson	5	15	20

M. F. Cook, Sec'y.

Missouri State Tournament.

Kansas City, Mo., May 17.—The twentieth annual tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association was inaugurated at Washington Park to-day. There was but one event on the programme, that of the State team championship.

Contrary to the expectation of the local clubs, but one outside club was represented, and this of an unknown quality, so that the shoot virtually resolved itself into a contest of the Kansas City gun clubs. Kansas City can boast of its pigeon shooters with pardonable pride, as there is not a city in the country which possesses so many good shots. Just look at the array of talent! With seven such strong teams representing the city, it is not a matter of surprise that the other clubs were not better represented.

As is frequently the case, the result of this event proved quite a surprise to the knowing ones. The Foresters, the winners, were scarcely rated 1, 2, 3. They made a great start, however, as their first two men up each scored their 15 birds straight. The other two men added 5 more to this before the first miss had to be recorded. Two more misses were added before the finish, and the result shows the fine score of 57 out of 60.

The O. K's were second with 55, and they were the favorites in the race. With the exception of Miles they were all in great form. This clever young shooter, usually so steady, was sadly out of form, and for no reason that he can attribute. Hickman, the first man on this team, killed straight, but Miles only scored 11. When Herman and Gottlieb came to the score they realized that it was a hopeless task to endeavor to cut down the Foresters' lead of 4 birds. They, nevertheless, reduced it to 2, and almost equaled the great score of Barton and Russell, scoring 29, and then Herman lost his last bird.

This was really a race between the old and the young. All of the Foresters are men of mature age, while all of the O. K. are in the spring of life, so to speak, with the exception of Ed. Hickman, and nobody can guess within a decade of his existence. Ed always looks the same.

Right on the heels of the O. K.'s came the Stock Yard team. Two 14s and a like number of 13s is what this quartette put up, very uniform shooting for a team. Washington Park Club was next with 51; N. Jarrett led his team with a straight score. There was quite a gap between the next team, St. Louis, Belt Line and Pastimes all being bunched together; 47 was these teams' total. Connor was high man with 14, on the St. Louis team; Frank Smith did the same thing for the Belt Lines with the same score, as did Jim Porter for the Pastimes. The surprise of the race, though, was the Kansas City's. The very same men represented the club last year, and won the trophy on a score of 57, and then three of the team knocked out a straight, one man losing all the birds for the team; 43 is what they had to be content with this time, 14 birds less than they scored last year. George Schrader's score is a puzzle to those who know what an excellent shot he is. The same may also be said of Peck, who is usually so reliable.

The conditions are four men to a team, 15 birds per man, entrance $20 per team, birds extra; trophy to first, $40 to second, $30 to third, $20 to fourth and $10 to fifth; $100 to the team holding the medal last.

The weather was fine, with plenty of wind to make the bird fast; collectively they were an excellent lot. No record was kept of the dead out of bounds.

Foresters Gun Club.		Stock Yard Gun Club.	
W Barton	2121212122222112—15	R Campbell	2111121121220012—14
L Russell	2222221122222222—15	Stockwell	0112211112111112—14
Dr Tyree	1111211210212212—14	R P Barse	2011222112212220—13
Dr Jackson	2221011012222222—13—57	G Walden	2212121212100022—13—54
O. K. Gun Club.		**Washington Park Gun Club.**	
C Gottlieb	1111211112222222—15	N Jarrett	2121112111122121—15
E Hickman	1221221112111212—15	D Elliott	2011102121112222—13
W Herman	2222222222222220—14	Lil Scott	2201021211022212—12
J Miles	0212222221201100—11—55	G Rickmers	0201111122210220—11—51
St. Louis Gun Club.		**Pastimes Gun Club.**	
A C Connor	1111210112212222—14	J Porter	2111101112212222—14
J Gardner	0101221011112112—12	L Porter	2112212001222202—12
J C Higdon	1211220102101102—11	A Thomas	0221220012121222—12
F Boehner	0222011022022220—10—47	F Peck	2222122012000000— 9—47
Belt Line Gun Club.		**Kansas City Gun Club**	
F J Smith	0122222211222222—14	D Gordon	0220212111121121—13
Van Quost	0101121012212112—12	J Durkee	2221021122022120—12
N Hintsche	2010122221001211—11	E Fletcher	1120111110001111—11
A Glasner	2210.00221021220—10—47	G Schrader	0020202220200010— 7—43

Second Day, May 18.

The weather on Tuesday was again fine, though there was little wind blowing, and for this reason the pigeons were not as good as on the previous day. There were only three live-bird events on the programme: a 5, a 7 and a 10-bird event. In each of these straight scores were numerous.

The entries in the target events did not reach as high as was expected, fifty-four being the top number, though altogether sixty-seven shooters participated, and of these forty shot the entire programme. At the top of the list will be found Harvey McMurchy and Gilbert a tie for first honors with 94.3. Then there is Budd with 93.1, and Sexton and Glora with 91.8; Parmelee is just one behind this pair, leading Heikes by a similar margin. The others follow in the order of merit. This is the first time the magautrap has been used in a Western tournament, and to many it is a new thing, and to most of these it is a puzzle. Straight scores are not numerous, and not until the third event was there one scored when Capt. Foster broke the spell. Then Heikes, Glover and Crabill also got into his hole. After this there was always one or more straights in each event. The fortunate ones today were Weston, who was the only 18 in the second, while Sexton, Linderman and Parmelee each got a straight alone. Linderman also made the longest straight run of the day, 56, without a skip. Gilbert and Budd had a little contest by themselves, each endeavoring to score the most 19s. This resulted in a tie. Just seven times did they score that number. Wright, Bruns, Hifer, Rhodes, Nothy and Boehner shot in but one event.

The programme consisted of eight 20-bird events, with $20 added to each event, and five equal moneys.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
McMurchy	19	19	19	17	20	19	19	19	160	151	94.3
Gilbert	19	19	18	19	19	19	19	19	160	151	94.3
Budd	19	19	16	19	19	19	19	19	160	149	93.1
Sexton	17	19	19	20	17	18	17	20	160	147	91.8
Glover	18	19	20	18	20	19	18	15	160	147	91.8
Parmelee	18	17	17	18	18	19	20	19	160	146	91.3
Heikes	18	17	20	18	19	18	17	18	160	145	90.6
Crabill	15	16	20	18	19	19	18	18	160	143	89.3
J A R Elliott	17	19	19	18	19	19	16	16	160	143	89.3
Linderman	16	15	14	19	20	20	19	16	160	139	86.8
Reust	18	19	19	16	16	18	17	16	160	139	86.8
Wilmot	17	17	15	18	18	19	19	16	160	139	86.8
Running	18	17	17	18	16	16	19	18	160	139	86.8
Cornatt	17	17	18	17	16	16	18	20	160	139	86.8
Gottlieb	16	16	17	18	20	16	18	17	160	138	86.2
Weston	16	18	19	14	18	17	19	17	160	138	86.2
H W Stevenson	19	16	19	15	19	15	14	19	160	136	85
Parker	18	14	18	18	14	17	19	19	160	136	85
Hagerman	17	19	15	16	16	16	19	18	160	136	85
A W Smith	18	16	16	17	17	17	18	17	160	136	85
Hale	16	15	17	18	19	14	18	18	160	135	84.3
Jackson	16	17	15	16	18	18	17	17	160	134	83.7
Mellhany	18	14	17	15	19	18	17	16	160	134	83.7
Foster	16	13	20	16	16	16	18	17	160	132	82.5
Sergeant	18	16	18	14	19	16	16	14	160	131	81.7
Withworth	17	14	16	15	18	17	17	17	160	131	81.7
Dabney	17	11	16	15	18	19	16	18	160	130	81.2
Erhardt	15	16	16	18	16	16	17	16	160	130	81.2
Koehler	15	16	17	15	16	16	17	17	160	129	80.6
Herman	19	17	17	11	17	14	17	16	160	128	80
Connor	18	17	12	13	16	18	19	14	160	127	79.3
J W Den	17	15	15	17	18	13	16	17	160	127	79.3
Aby	12	16	19	13	17	14	17	18	160	126	78.7
Barse	17	17	16	13	17	13	16	17	160	126	78.7
Nold	14	13	19	16	14	19	13	13	160	121	75.6
A S Miller	16	16	15	13	17	16	12	15	160	120	75
Forsythe	18	14	15	12	15	16	16	13	160	119	74.3
Taylor	10	11	17	12	17	16	18	17	160	118	73.7
Lotshaw	16	15	18	14	11	15	12	15	160	116	72.5
Ray	16	13	12	15	14	15	11	16	160	112	70
George Stevenson	..	..	..	..	..	16	17	18	80	69	86.2
Barlow	..	..	..	..	..	15	18	19	80	67	83.7
Rickmers	15	..	17	..	18	..	16	..	80	66	82 5
Custice	..	..	..	..	..	16	15	..	80	66	82.5
Schott	..	17	16	13	..	17	..	18	100	81	81
Hearns	..	..	..	..	14	17	17	16	80	64	80
Day	15	14	16	..	17	..	..	..	80	62	77.5
Hodges	15	17	15	15	14	..	..	..	100	76	76
North	15	15	15	15	13	..	..	..	100	73	73
Thomas	17	12	16	13	14	16	14	..	140	102	72.8
Wood	18	14	12	12	17	13	15	..	140	101	72.1
Leds	..	..	..	..	13	10	18	16	80	57	71.2
Bailey	..	..	14	..	14	..	..	..	40	28	70
W S Allen	..	17	14	15	14	11	12	14	140	97	69.2
Coyle	17	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	60	41	68.5
Shiras	16	15	15	10	12	..	..	..	100	68	68
McCurdy	15	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	40	27	67.5
Scott	15	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	40	26	65

Mrs Day	..	14	..	13	8	14	13	15	120	77	64.1
Stevenson, Jr.	15	9	15	10	14	..	..	..	100	63	63
Gardner	..	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	40	24	60

Third Day, March 19.

The shooting continued under the most favorable circumstances on Wednesday, and entries were numerous at both the target and pigeon traps. At both of these Gilbert is still showing the same form which characterized his work since the start. His total to-day was nearly a duplicate of yesterday, 11 losses in the target events and a straight score on live birds. In the van to-day will be seen Running, Heikes and Gilbert, with 93.1. Heikes is there by virtue of his great finish, 59 out of his last 60, and the last 43 of them straight. This being the best consecutive run of the day. Budd and Glover are the only other two who reached 90 per cent, though McMurchy was only 1 break short of this. The lucky ones to-day were Weston, Heikes, Gilbert and Parmelee, each capturing first alone without a tie; Weston in No. 1, Heikes in No. 3, Gilbert in No. 5 and Parmelee in No. 6. For the first 4 events the money was divided on a basis of five equal moneys, but after that it was changed to the old 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 system. The management having become thoroughly convinced that a system that is so rotten, and which encouraged crooked shooting, was not the kind to maintain at so high a class tournament. Sixteens invariably pair better than 17 and 18, and some of the foxy shooters were not long in ascertaining this fact, and doubtless this was responsible for the row of goose eggs at the end of some of the scores; though when we found them, the total invariably was 16. Seventy shooters participated in the regular target programme events, but sixty are only shown in the table below. This is a trifle more than on the first day, though the number that shot through is not quite as large, thirty-four being the number of these. The following shot in but one event: North, N. Jarrett, Glasner, Bochner, Legg, Coyle, Higdon, Schott, Connor and J Stevenson. The programme consisted of eight 20-target events, which appear below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Running	18	18	19	19	19	19	18	19	160	149	93.1
Heikes	18	16	20	18	18	19	20	20	160	149	93.1
Gilbert	17	20	18	18	20	18	20	18	160	149	93.1
Budd	19	18	19	18	18	19	20	15	160	146	91 3
Glover	17	16	19	18	19	18	19	20	160	146	91.3
Parmelee	15	19	18	18	18	20	17	18	160	143	89.3
McMurchy	17	19	17	19	18	19	18	16	160	143	89.3
Sergeant	18	20	18	15	16	19	18	17	160	141	88.1
Gottlieb	18	19	15	20	18	18	16	16	160	140	87.5
Withworth	19	17	19	16	17	17	18	17	160	140	87.5
Linderman	17	19	19	15	17	19	18	16	160	140	87.5
Parker	17	17	17	18	17	17	17	19	160	139	86.8
Jackson	16	19	16	15	17	19	17	19	160	138	86.2
J A R Elliott	18	16	18	15	17	19	18	18	160	137	85.6
Sexton	18	15	17	18	16	19	16	18	160	137	85.6
Hagerman	15	20	16	20	17	16	15	17	1 0	136	85
Wilmot	17	16	16	16	18	18	18	17	160	136	85
Ray	14	20	19	17	17	14	16	18	160	135	84.3
Weston	20	18	18	16	16	16	17	13	160	134	83.7
W H Stevenson	14	16	16	17	19	17	16	19	160	134	83.7
Crabill	17	17	18	17	16	16	16	16	160	133	83.1
Hale	18	15	19	16	16	16	16	16	160	132	82.5
Erhardt	14	14	18	16	19	17	16	17	160	131	81.7
Herman	18	18	18	16	16	16	13	16	160	131	81.7
Barse	17	15	14	16	19	17	15	16	160	129	80.6
Sumner	17	17	17	13	15	17	18	14	160	128	80
Cornett	17	16	15	14	16	16	16	17	160	127	79.3
Foster	18	15	18	18	14	16	14	13	160	126	78.7
Clapp	14	16	16	18	17	13	16	16	160	126	78.7
McIlhany	14	20	14	19	12	16	17	13	160	125	78.1
Aby	15	16	13	15	12	14	20	16	150	121	75.6
Plumber	14	17	14	16	17	12	17	14	160	121	75.6
Forsyth	11	16	14	17	16	13	14	13	160	114	71.3
Brucker	11	15	16	14	18	13	15	12	160	114	71.3
Lee	..	..	..	..	18	17	..	..	40	35	87.5
Dr Day	..	17	19	..	17	..	17	16	100	86	86
Barlow	..	..	..	..	16	18	..	17	60	51	85
Bailey	..	..	..	..	..	16	18	..	40	34	85
Dabney	19	15	16	16	16	..	..	..	100	82	82
Nold	16	16	15	16	15	..	14	20	140	112	80
W S Allen	13	16	16	18	16	17	..	..	120	96	80
Hodges	16	18	15	16	w	15	..	..	100	80	80
Hearn	18	13	17	16	..	..	..	..	80	64	80
Reust	17	16	14	16	..	..	..	..	80	63	78.7
Brown	14	..	..	..	..	..	16	17	60	47	78.3
Jamison	..	..	..	..	19	11	..	17	60	47	78.3
Latshaw	..	..	..	16	16	14	..	..	60	46	76.6
Rickmers	..	18	..	17	16	..	..	..	60	46	76.6
J W Den	15	12	16	18	18	14	13	..	140	106	75.7
Miller	14	14	17	15	..	..	..	..	80	60	75
J S Smith	..	..	12	9	16	13	18	15	120	83	69.1
Howe	13	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	60	41	68.5
Ruggles	9	..	11	..	15	17	14	..	100	66	66
Dickey	13	8	..	..	13	16	..	..	80	52	65
McCurdy	12	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	40	25	62.5
Lipscomb	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	25	62.5
Shiras	9	13	11	14	..	10	..	..	100	57	57
Salisbury	13	8	..	..	13	..	..	..	60	34	56.6
Mrs Day	..	10	13	11	..	..	..	8	80	42	52.5

SPECIAL EVENT STAR TROPHY.

There was also a special event on the programme to-day, and that was a 50-target race for the Kansas City *Star* trophy. This was an elegant watch charm fashioned in the shape of a star and appropriately inscribed. This contest was restricted to residents of Missouri and Kansas City. No big scores were made in this event, but it brought about an interesting and spirited contest. The result being a tie on 45 by Hodges, Gottlieb and McIlhany. Each of them rattling good shots, and two at least have shown themselves hot company on numerous occasions. Hodges not having the experience of the other two, though coming fast. Few shooters have shown such marked improvement as he in the last six months. The tie was shot off at 25 and both Hodges and McIlhany got off wrong, as they lost several birds right at the start. While big good-natured Chris was taking things easy and smashing his targets with the same steady precision that he developed in the last part of the race. Only once did he skip; that was after he had chalked 11 straight and was leading his opponent at least two birds. After this he made no more mistakes, and finished with 24, which made 48 out of his last 50, he having only scored 21 out of his first string of 25. McIlhany scored 22 and Hodges 20. This shoot-off was fraught with much interest, from the fact that the trio engaged are all young men who have a host of admirers and are deservedly popular. No finer ever walked down a firing line. Gottlieb is Kansas City's idol, McIlhany is Weir City's pet, while at Olathe they think that Hodges is about the proper one.

Conditions: 50 targets, unknown angles, for *Star* trophy, entrance $2:

Cornett	11110101011101111100111 11	–19
	11011011111111111111111110	–22–41
Howe	10101010010110111101101 01	–15
	11100101911010110101001 10	–14–29
Lipscomb	00111010111100101010111110	–15
	101010001111	
Jamison	11000010111101111011010 10	–15
	10110101011110010011111 10	–16 31
Barlow	11001101111111111111111 11	–22
	11111011001111111101110 11	–20–42
W S Allen	00111111010101111111111 00	–17
	01111111111111111011110 10	–21–38
Hodges	11111111110111110111111 11	–23
	11111110111111011111111 01	–22–45
Cragin	11111111110100010111111 11	–20
	11010111011101101100111 11	–18–38
Hearn	11111100011101100111001 11	–17
	01110011101111001011110	–17–34
J B Stevenson	11011111111111111101001 01	–20
	11 11111101110011101110	–20–40
Halliwell	11111101111101011110111	–21
	01011011111210010111110 11	–17–38
Durkee	10011111111101101111010 01	–18
	11011111111111111101001 11	–21–39
Hickman	01111011111111001111111 11	–21
	11101011111111111111111 11	–23–44
Sexton	11111111101111101111111 11	–23
	10010011111111110111011 11	–19–42
Running	11111011111111101111111 11	–23
	11010111111111101111111 01	–20–43
McIlhany	11111110111111111111011 11	–23
	11111111111111101011111 11	–22 45
Curtice	01111011111110110111110 100	–18
	w	
Sumner	10110111011110100111110 01	–17
	11110100011111111101010 01	–18–35
Erhardt	11111111111111011111111 10	–23
	01111101111111111110011 11	–20–43
Herman	11000101010111100110101 10	–14
	10011111101101101111011 11	–19–33
Weston	11111110111111010110000 11	–16
	11100101111101111010101 0	–17–35
Gottlieb	11101111110011101111111 11	–21
	11111110111111111111111 11	–24–45
Wilmot	11111111001110111101001	–17
	11111110111111111111111 11	–24–41
Nold	11111010010111011011011 11	–18
	11101101000111111111101 11	–19–37
Hifner	01011000010011101101 0000	–11
	01101101101000100100111 11	–13–24
Higdon	11000001111011011101 0010	–14
	01011101030101110100000 11	–12–26
Sergent	11110110110111111111111 11	–22
	11111101111111 111101011	–23–44
Clapp	10000101011101111111101 111	–17
	11010110011111101101111 111	–19–36

Shoot-off of ties on 45:

Hodges	10011111011111011011111 11 –20
Gottlieb	11111111111011111111111 11 –24
McIlhany	01111111101101111111111 11 –22

Fourth Day, May 20.

To-day we have but to record that which often happens, the trade representatives all bunched at the head of the list, with McMurchy and Heikes tied for first place with the fine average of 95 per cent. Right after them come Gilbert and Glover with 94 3, only one break separating these two from the leaders. Then comes Budd, who has the distinction of getting three straights in a line and making the longest straight run of the tournament up to the present time, something like 65. Budd, too, was the fortunate one of the day, his straight in the fifth event netting him first alone, the only time that it occurred during the day. Linderman ranks after Budd, and is the only amateur who is well to the front. Dick shot very consistently, and being popular his friends are elated to see him so near the top; 92 5 is a fast clip. Collectively the contestants all shot better to-day and with few exceptions all improved their averages. This is to some extent to be attributed to the targets being thrown somewhat higher, and not down under the hill, as on the previous two days. The weather conditions still remained perfect and the attendance good, though not as much interest is taken in the target events, as the big championship event is in progress at the live-bird traps. Twenty-eight shot through the programme events, and fifty nine participated altogether; of this number five, Taylor, Boehner, Custice, Dingman and White shot only in one event. There was $225 added money to-day, $25 in each event, including the special.

The standing of all, with the exception of the five mentioned above are shown in the table below, ranking in order of merit:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
McMurchy	19	17	20	20	18	19	19	20	160	152	95
Heikes	19	18	18	19	19	20	20	19	160	152	95
Gilbert	19	20	19	18	19	17	20	19	160	151	94.3
Glover	19	19	18	20	17	19	19	20	160	151	94 3
Budd	20	19	16	16	20	20	20	18	160	149	93.1
Linderman	20	19	19	17	19	19	17	18	160	148	92.5
Parmelee	17	19	18	19	18	17	18	19	160	145	90.6
Running	19	17	20	17	19	19	16	17	160	144	90
Cornett	17	20	15	17	19	18	18	20	160	144	90
Elliott	19	18	19	14	17	16	19	20	160	142	88.7
McIlhany	19	19	18	17	18	17	16	18	160	142	88.7
Gottlieb	17	17	18	18	19	19	16	18	160	142	88.7
Rogers	18	16	19	18	17	17	18	18	160	141	88.1
Parker	18	18	17	20	16	15	19	18	160	141	88.1
Clapp	17	18	17	13	19	18	17	19	160	138	86.2
Withworth	18	17	18	14	14	18	18	19	160	134	83.7
Sergeant	14	16	15	18	18	19	16	18	160	134	83.7
Crabill	18	17	17	15	16	15	18	17	160	133	83.1
Jackson	19	16	16	17	17	13	17	17	160	132	82.5
Dabney	15	16	14	17	18	14	19	19	160	132	82.5
Forsythe	18	17	16	14	18	15	15	18	160	131	81.7
Ray	19	15	15	17	15	14	18	15	150	129	80.6
Sumner	19	14	16	17	15	16	16	16	160	129	80.6
Plumber	15	18	15	15	17	16	16	17	160	129	80.6
Hagerman	16	14	19	19	17	15	18	10	160	128	80
Foster	16	15	18	16	18	17	14	14	160	128	80
Aby	17	16	12	15	18	17	16	17	160	128	80
H W Stevenson	16	19	15	17	16	16	13	15	160	1 7	79.3
Barlow	..	..	..	19	18	16	15	20	18	120	106	88.3
Wilmot	..	..	17	..	..	..	17	18	60	52	86.6
T Blackwell	..	..	..	..	18	16	18	..	60	52	86 6
Geo Stevenson	..	..	14	18	16	19	17	19	120	103	85.8
Barre	..	..	18	15	18	18	18	14	120	101	84.1
Nold	..	..	16	15	18	16	19	..	100	84	84
Weston	16	17	17	17	..	..	..	..	80	67	83.7
Dr Day	..	..	14	..	18	..	18	..	60	50	83.3
Hickman	..	..	..	17	..	..	16	..	40	33	82.5
Leder	..	..	..	..	15	19	15	..	60	49	81.3
Bailey	18	..	16	15	1	..	..	..	80	63	78.7
Clyde	18	15	14	16	17	14	15	..	140	109	77.8
Erhardt	..	..	17	16	18	16	12	14	120	93	77.5
Howe	..	..	..	..	15	18	16	13	80	62	77.5
G Blackwell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	40	31	77.5
Weis	..	..	..	16	14	..	16	15	80	61	76.2
Sims	..	..	..	..	16	15	14	16	80	61	76.2
Brucker	15	17	14	17	12	..	15	..	120	90	75
Ruggle	13	14	17	14	..	..	..	..	80	58	72.5
J S Smith	..	..	..	13	14	..	16	15	80	58	72.5
A Smith	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	29	72.5
J W Den	..	..	14	14	11	17	14	15	120	85	70.8
Lythe	20	15	13	11	11	..	..	..	100	70	70
Brown	17	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	60	42	70
Koohler	..	16	9	15	12	14	..	17	120	83	69.1
Duck	..	..	12	..	13	16	..	..	60	41	68.3

There was also a special 20-target event, open only to amateurs and those who had shot in a majority of the events of the previous two days, and had not been in for first or second money at any time. Entrance in this event was price of targets, and the purse was $25., hung up by R. S. Elliott & Co, three equal moneys. This event had twenty-seven entries, and Howe, T. Blackwell, J. S. Smith, Rickmers, Newton and Sayles cut up first money on 18, second going to A Smith, White, Norton and Sweet on 17; Clyde, Sims, Koohler, Brown and Bruns scored 16 and divided third. Here the 17s received more than the 18s, another illustration of the inconsistency of the equal money division of purses.

Fifth Day, May 21.

The principal feature in the target events to-day was Budd' great shooting. He scored four straights and two 19s, losing but 7 targets in all, finishing with an average of 95.6, the highest yet reached by any one during the tournament. Hale and Heikes are second, though 5 birds separate them from the leader. Barlow and Gilbert follow, each being credited with 1 less than Hale and Heikes. This seems to have been a bad day for the "perfesh," for of the ten who reached 90 per cent. only three are in that class. Sim Glover losing 9 birds in one event, 7 of them in succession, is one of the surprises of the shoot. This occurred after he had won the cup, and may probably be due to the reaction. McMurchy's work also is in marked contrast to that of the previous day. From first to twenty-third is quite a drop. But look at the Simon Pure class which has been trailing in the rear all this time. To-day it came up with a rush, Hale, Barlow, Linderman, Jackson, McIlhany and Sexton, all bunched near the top.

Aside from the usual eight 20-target events, there was also a team race on the programme, open only to teams whose members were residents of Missouri. The entrance in this was $10 per team and $50 was added, in addition to the medal that went to the high team. There was to have been five moneys, but as only four teams entered there could not of course be more moneys than teams. The medal and first money was won by the team composed of Sergeant, McIlhany, Barre and Wilmot, whose team total was 89. Kansas also entered a team, but were only permitted to shoot for birds. This team, composed of Running, Sexton, Barlow and Stevenson, scored 90.

To-day twenty-six shot through the programme, while the aggregate number participating was fifty. Of this number Duck, Salisbury, Dickey, Blackwell, Rube, Reno and Glassner shot only in one event. The weather again was all that could be desired.

SCORES OF MAY 21.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Budd	19	20	18	20	19	20	20	17	160	153	95.6
Hale	19	18	19	18	20	18	19	17	160	148	92.5
Heikes	19	18	19	19	18	17	19	19	160	148	92.5
Gilbert	17	19	18	20	17	18	19	19	160	147	91.8
Barlow	20	18	19	20	18	19	17	16	160	147	91.8
Linderman	16	18	18	19	18	19	20	18	160	146	91.3
Jackson	17	18	18	19	20	17	18	18	160	145	90.6
McIlhany	19	17	18	18	18	17	18	20	160	145	90.6
Sexton	18	18	18	19	19	18	16	18	160	144	90
Cornett	20	19	16	18	18	18	18	17	160	144	90
Hagerman	16	18	17	19	20	19	17	17	160	143	89.3
Parmelee	17	18	18	18	18	19	15	20	160	143	89.3
Running	16	13	20	16	19	19	20	19	160	142	88.7
Sergeant	18	20	20	18	16	17	16	17	160	142	88.7
Foster	16	19	16	17	19	18	18	19	160	142	88.7
Elliott	18	15	18	18	18	17	19	18	160	141	88.1
Gottheb	17	19	17	19	19	20	18	18	160	141	88.1
Barre	17	17	17	20	18	17	17	17	160	140	87.5
Parker	18	17	18	19	17	17	19	14	160	139	86.8
Whitworth	18	20	20	19	18	14	16	13	160	138	86.2
Wilmot	16	18	18	18	17	18	17	15	160	137	85.6
Glover	18	19	18	19	11	16	18	17	160	136	85
McMurchy	19	17	18	16	17	16	16	16	160	135	84.3
Rogers	13	17	15	19	18	16	19	18	160	135	84.3
Geo Stevenson	17	19	14	17	16	17	15	17	160	132	82.5
Crabill	15	18	18	15	17	15	12	11	160	121	75.6
Allen	17	20	18	17	19	..	..	17	120	108	90
Latshaw	..	19	18	..	..	17	..	..	60	54	90
Leds	..	..	..	..	..	19	16	..	40	35	87.5
Dr Day	..	16	17	..	..	..	..	..	40	33	82.5
Forsythe	16	17	15	17	..	..	..	..	80	65	81.2
Plumber	..	17	14	20	14	19	14	15	140	113	80.7
J W Den	17	16	15	16	w	17	17	13	140	111	79.2
Sayles	..	..	15	15	..	..	..	..	40	30	75
H W Stevenson	..	..	12	16	..	..	..	16	60	44	73.3
Rickmers	14	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	40	29	72.5
Roy	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	40	29	72.5
Weston	15	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	40	29	72.5
Howe	..	..	..	..	13	13	15	15	80	56	70
Brucker	17	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	28	70
Bullock	..	..	..	12	14	14	15	14	100	69	69
Curtice	14	11	14	15	..	..	..	..	80	54	67.5
Clyde	14	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	40	24	60

The scores in the team race were:

Kansas team: Running 24, Sexton 23, Barlow 22, Stevenson 21—90.

Sergeant's team: Sergeant 24, McIlhany 24, Barre 23, Wilmot 18—89.

Cornett's team—Cornett 22, Hale 20, Gottlieb 19, Norton 18—79.

Herman's team: Herman 21, Ledo 19, Scott 17, Sweet 16—73.

"STAR" CUP RACE.

The race for this elegant trophy had the good entry of sixty-three, ten more than last year. Among them were most of the representative shots of the country, the notable ones being Charley Budd, the present Du Pont's champion; Fred Gilbert, ex-Du Pont champion; J. A. R. Elliott, who was the *Star* cup champion before the race begun; Rolla Heikes, the mud pie champion, as they contemptuously term it here; Harvey McMurchy, who is not a champion, but who occasionally out-shoots one of his class; so with the exception of the two "world's champions"—Carver and Brewer—and the cast-iron champion and the sparrow champion, there was little talent lacking, as State champions were numerous.

But now we can add one more to the above list, as Sim Glover won the cup and has therefore joined the champion class. Most likely this will cause him no end of trouble, and perhaps before the ink is dry on this he will receive challenges galore. With so many champions there should be no lack of matches.

The race was a good hot one, all but the shoot-off, and the birds were by no means ordinary. This is borne out by the fact that so many hard hit birds went out of bounds. Four scored straight—Glover, C. C. Herman, Lamb and Crabill. The tie was shot off at 5 birds, and it required just that number to decide the winner. Glover, the winner, was the first to the score, then Crabill, Lamb and Herman. The first two rounds were safely passed by all, though Crabill had a narrow escape on his bird. This bird, a fairly fast one, went almost to the boundary before it dropped. Crabill was shooting in very poor time. His next one, although hit, went out entirely. The others managed to stay in. Glover's 4th was a hot driver, but was well killed close to the trap by an excellent first, the second being entirely unnecessary. Crabill having dropped out, Lamb now shot in his turn. The bird he drew was a screamer, and to add to the difficulty Lamb was woefully slow. The result was a lost bird. Herman added one more to his score. Glover then killed his 5th, an easy one. Herman drew a fast left quarterer, and by a well-placed first had it down on the ground. The referee announced "dead bird," and the shooter deliberately took aim and fired his second while the bird was on the ground, but the bird had fallen in a little depression in the ground, and the charge passed harmlessly over it. The shooter left the score, but in the meantime the bird's head was up in the air viewing the surroundings. When the boy who went to retrieve it had approached within a few feet, the bird rose and went out of bounds. Thus the bird once declared dead had to be scored lost, and Glover won the cup by virtue of some good luck and excellent shooting. The five birds that Glover drew in the shoot-off were only ordinary, with the exception of one, but this was killed in the same excellent time as the rest. Herman, too, was shooting in fine time, but did not appear to be as composed as Glover. This is the most important feature of the many interesting ones of the big race.

Eight men scored 24, and of this number Hagerman, Jim Porter, Parmelee, Budd, J. S. Smith and Hale lost their birds dead out of bounds. Nine scored 23, and of these, Parker, Gilbert and Taylor had a similar experience with their lost birds.

Conditions, championship cup event: 25 live birds, $25, birds included, $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added, six moneys, 30, 25, 15, 15, 10 and 5. All at 30yds.

S Glover	22211222212112122122122122 21	–25
C C Herman	22122212222212122122122122 2	–25
Lamb	11212222222121222121132223	–25
Crabill	21111122222112222222222122	–25
Hagerman	22222221222222212222•12222	–24
Jim Porter	22221221221211•12212222222	–24
Parmelee	12121222221 2•21122222222 12	–24
Budd	22221222212•21212212222211	–24
Wilmot	11121121201222222222222222	–24
J S Smith	2222 2•22222222221222222222	–24
Hallowell	22220112221211121121111222	–24
Hale	222•2 12122221222221x222222	–24
S ockwell	21212221212222211102222 1•2	–23
Parker	22212222222212•2112•111111	–23
Gilbert	12111121121122•2••2222.2222	–23
Hickman	22221212102•22212121212222	–23
J A R Elliott	22222022222222 222222222•2	–23
D Elliott	221•20222222211121212212 2	–23
Dickey	12121 1•11222201112112 1222	–23
Taylor	12•221222211212112 1•21222	–23
Seargent	•212212121211111101111121	–23
Plumber	122112212212 2•.0122122210	–22
McMurchy	11211211111•12•12•22•211111	–22
A E Thomas	22221222112022022211222220	–22
Weston	12221111120222112101•211	–22
J A Jackson	22212222202222112222202 2•2	–22
Latshaw	22122222••022222212121222	–22
Gottlieb	11112021x22222222112 2•1•2	–22
Heikes	22:•2222222222•••2222222	–22
Cornett	01122:222212211•1212221022	–22

Other scores were as follows:

21: F. J. Smith, Brucker, Hubbard, N. Jarrett, Whittier, Running, Curtice, H. W. Stevenson, W. W. Herman, Cockrill, Roy, Forsythe and Linderman.

20: Orr, Fletcher, Coyle, Whitworth, J. W. Den, Walden, Malvin, Foster and Ross.

19: Dr. Jackson, McIlhany and W. T. Den.

18: Boehner, McCurdy and Clapp.

17: Aby.

Cragin withdrew with 16 out of 21, Clyde with 15 out of 21, and Jarrett with 4 out of 8.

Pawtuxet Gun Club

PAWTUXET, R. I., May 8.—The fifth contest for the W-A trophy was held to day, Badmington scoring his first win for the cup. As none of the other shooters had any chance to win, even if they broke all their allowance of extra targets, none of them shot up. Sheldon and and Greene, the scratch men, both withdrew from the race. Scores were:

Badmington (4)	01011111101111011110101111001	–21
Hawkins (2)	11111111001111111000011100	–18
Mooney (2)	11011001111000111011100010	–15
Arnold (2)	11000110000111011010000110	–12
Mathewson (7)	01111001011000000011001010	–11
Bain (7)	11000000100010011110100010	–10
Armstrong (7)	01101001010 0001000010010 1	–10
Stockard (7)	00100000011011010010100	– 9
*Kenyon	11001011101001010100100000	–11
Sheldon (0)	11111111111111 11011w	
Greene (0)	10101111111101o1w	

* Guest.

PAWTUXET, R. I., May 15.—The sixth contest for the W-A trophy was held here to day by the Pawtuxet Gun Club, Greene and Hawkins winning for the second time. Greene, Hawkins, Root and Mooney each won a can of Gold Dust powder for four highest scores:

Greene (0)	10111101110111111111111111	–22
A Hawkins (2)	10101111111101010111111101111	–22
Root (4)	11111111001110011110011100100	–18
Mooney (2)	10000111101111011010100111	–17
Badmington (4)	10101101111010110101110000101	–17
W Crandall (2)	00110011111100101011111001	–16
Sheldon (0)	10101110111101111001001 01	–16
Bain (7)	10000111001110110001010011111000	–15
J Armstrong (7)	10100100110110111001010100000011	–15
F Arnold (2)	10001010010011011111010111	–14

Sweepstake, 10 targets: Mooney 10, Sheldon 9, Root 8, Bain 8, Arnold 6, Hawkins 2, Greene 3, Crandall 6, Badmington 3. PAWTUXET.

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' in Session.

FOR a movement which promised so much in the way of broadening, vitalizing and improving the sport of trap-shooting in New Jersey, the meeting held in Room 1009, 377 Broadway, on May 19, accomplished but little, and that little of the vaguest and most uncertain import so far as any immediate benefits are concerned. That there was a strong sentiment in favor of reorganization and action is demonstrated by the response accorded to the call of the committee, Messrs. Wise, Huck and Banks, there being present delegates from twelve clubs, as follows: Endeavor Gun Club (C. W. McPeck); Passaic City Gun Club (C. R. Wise and Capt. Hall); Boiling Springs Gun Club (W. H. Huck and A. Jeanneret); Elizabeth Gun Club (R. E. Chetwood); Newark Gun Club (J. Pentz and W. H. Green); East Side Gun Club (Henry Reiboldt); Jersey City Heights Gun Club (Justus von Lengerke and A. Heritage); Oritani Gun Club (G. P. Ricardo); South Side Gun Club (Isaac H. Terrill and C. M. Smith); Bergen County Gun Club (Capt. A. W. Money and G. P. Griffiths); Arlington Shooting Club (M. Herrington), and Essex Gun Club (Mr. Green).

The meeting was called to order at 2 o'clock. Captain Money presided. Mr. Wise read the call of the meeting, which mentioned its purposes, etc. Mr. Jacob Pentz arrived shortly afterward and, on motion of Mr. Carl Von Lengerke, Mr. Pentz was elected secretary. Unfortunately, the call for the meeting was construed differently by the clubs interested, some considering it an official call of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, others simply recognizing it as it really was. In treating of the matter in the issue of April 24, FOREST AND STREAM explained the situation specifically, and that while the meeting was an effort to reorganize the old Association, if revivification were possible, the meeting was one of inquiry and promotion. The precise words were: "For more than a year past there has been desultory talk about getting the Jersey shooters together and reorganizing the State Association, but nothing was actually done until recently, when a committee of three was nominated at a monthly meeting of the Boiling Springs Gun Club to test the feeling of the trap-shoo ers of New Jersey on the matter, and to call a meeting of delegates from the various clubs in the State for the purpose of effecting a reorganization of the old Association. This committee, acting under the authority given it at that meeting, has issued the following circular to the gun clubs of the State." The call for a meeting to promote the reorganization being misunderstood by some as the act of the Association, and by others as an attempt to usurp the functions of it; as a result, some of the delegates had credentials to a meeting of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, while others simply had credentials to the meeting called at the time and place stated above. Thus, some of the credentials were irregular. One delegate had no written credentials. However, there was a common and earnest purpose in the interest of reorganization and improvement, and the defects of the credentials in a preliminary meeting could be treated with leniency, with no harm done. In a thoroughly organized body, the matter is vitally different. The committee was discharged and its report accepted, save that, on the objection of Mr. Pentz, the part stating that a promise was given to donate to a new association the two trophies of the old association. This part was withdrawn. Mr. Pentz explained that the cups belonged to the association; that those having the cups in charge were custodians, therefore not owners, and had no right to promise them as stated.

A long discussion followed concerning the status of the Association under the laws of New Jersey, which prohibit the organizing of corporate bodies so as to prevent the formation of trusts. Some thought they nevertheless could form an association, others thought they couldn't. The prevailing opinion was that they could organize. If not incorporated, however, they would avoid fees and taxes, but would have no legal standing. Mr. von Lengerke stated that the subject had much *pro* and *con*, and that also was about the conclusion of it. The matter of game protection also was discussed *pro* and *con*.

Mr. Pentz made a plea for the recognition and support of the old association, setting forth that it had two trophies still open to competition, some $300 in the treasury, and a history, though as to the benefits of the history, made up of many years' silence and inaction, nothing was said; and at all events, the making of a history is the cheapest and easiest sort of an asset. He further promised that all the old officers would resign, and thus place in power a new administration reflecting the newer condition.

Mr. Carl von Lengerke asked what were the prospects of the old association holding a meeting; that previous calls had failed, and, therefore, matters might go on as before. The reply was, in substance, that things would be mended by new members coming in.

It was thought that, regardless of formalities, a meeting of the old association could be held then and there. About 3 o'clock a recess of ten minutes was taken. Some informal consultation was necessary, as there seemed to be no unanimity of opinion or purpose, and insufficient knowledge of the new conditions imported into the affair by holding two meetings under such conditions which had some conflicting interests. However, this proved to be the end of the meeting called for May 19, etc., for when the delegates were again called to order it was announced that an informal meeting of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association would then be held by the call of Mr. Heritage, the president. Of the membership of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, representatives of the following clubs were present: Bergen County Gun Club, Jersey City Gun Club, Newark Gun Club, Boiling Springs Gun Club, South Side Gun Club, and Essex Association.

Mr. Pentz then informed the meeting that the Association could pass on applications for membership then and there, and that he would give his pledge that all the old officers of the Association would resign. The following clubs, through their representatives, then applied for membership and were admitted: Passaic City, Endeavor, Bergen County, Oritani, Elizabeth (conditionally on the club sanctioning the application later), East Side, Climax gun clubs and Arlington Shooting Association. A single ballot was cast for all the clubs.

There was no available copy of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association's constitution and by-laws, and no one had any knowledge of them. This hampered the work. It was thought that the initiation fee was $5, though again some one thought it was $10. In short, the Association had been hibernating so long that its constitution, by-laws, etc., were forgotten by its own officers. Then the matter of officers evoked a strong interest. There was an earnest desire manifested from a part of the members present to have the old officers resign at once, while the officers, though willing to resign, preferred to do so later at a meeting, of which due notice was given, and all the members of the Association could be present and thereby secure a full representation. This applied quite as forcibly to calling the meeting then being held, etc., as it did to the election of officers, but that seemed to escape notice. The illegality of the act of election was set forth as being an obstacle. However, as the pressure increased, Mr. Pentz and Mr. Hobart tendered their resignations, which were acted on separately at the request of Mr. Pentz, and both were promptly accepted. The president, Mr. A. Heritage, next tendered his resignation, and this act evoked a long discussion, some opposing, some favoring it. It was set forth that, if the president's resignation was accepted, the club would be powerless to act, as there would be no officer to call a meeting; others held that, regardless of his resignation, the president continued in office till his successor was elected. After a long debate Mr. Green moved that the president's resignation be accepted on the condition that he hold over till his successor was elected. Mr. Wise held that the meeting was irregular and that the Association had virtually gone out of existence. There was much division of opinion. The old members of the Association could give no information of the constitution and by-laws, therefore there was no settled policy or unanimity in amalgamating the live interests of to-day with the dormant matters of a past age, so that what was accomplished represented no matured thought or settled purpose, or legal certainty. All the conclusions arrived at were what seemed the most tangible out of vague data and uncertain status.

Mr. Green moved that the president call a meeting for the purpose of electing officers, to be held in Jersey city. Mr. Wise moved as an amendment that the meeting proceed to the election of temporary officers at once, and the amendment was carried.

The election of officers was then held, and resulted as follows; President, Capt. A. W. Money; Secretary, Mr. C. S. Wise; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Carl von Lengerke. Capt. Money then took the chair. On motion it was decided to hold a meeting in Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, at 2 o'clock, June 2. On motion the chair appointed a committee to revise the constitution and by-laws, and to inquire into the Association's finances and act in matters in general as they deemed best for the Association's interests.

It is most regrettable that so much that is illegal and therefore so much that is inconclusive was transacted. It is probable that, so far as any official action is concerned, matters stand precisely as if the meeting had never been held. As to the illegality, it may be briefly summed up as follows: The call issued by the committee, Messrs. Wise, Huck and Banks, was for a specific purpose, an attempt to reorganize the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association or to organize a new association. Some of the credentials were given to the delegates to represent members of the N. J. S. S. A. at a meeting of that Association, while other credentials were given in accordance with the call. As no meeting of the Association had been called, it is clear that the credentials were worthless.

When the so-called N. J. S. S. A.'s meeting was called, the credentials of the delegates were not questioned, although not one of them had credentials to the meeting. The meeting itself was wholly illegal, it being contrary to the section of the Association's constitution governing the call of meeting. I was so informed by an important officer of the Association. He declared that the president of the Association could call a special meeting at any time, but that to do so he was required to state the purposes of it, and to give each member written notice thirty days in advance. By so doing, the members would be given time to consider the matter, and an opportunity to appoint and instruct their delegates, and be represented. As no such notice was given, and no one present ever had credentials to such meeting, it is self-evident that the meeting is void.

B. WATERS.

Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun Club League.

GREENVILLE, Pa., May 20.—The second tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun Club League was held in this place today. About 40 shooters, including the teams from Warren, Youngstown, New Castle and Meadville, were present. The weather was very threatening, and the shooters faced a stiff wind all day. The last two events were shot off in a heavy rain. However, some excellent scores were made, and the wind only served to make the sport more exciting. Among the noted shots present were Jack Winston and A. P. Pope. Pope is a member of the local club, and though he did not get here until after dinner, took part in a number of events.

The league team shoot was the most interesting and exciting event of the day. All through this event Greenville and Warren were neck and neck, and it was not known which would win until the last bird was broken.

The score for this event follows:

Warren.	
Christ	1010110101111101101111111—19
Noney	1010110111011111111111111—21
McFoose	1111011111111111101111111—23
Scooneover	1011110111110001111111111—20
Sheldon	0111101111111101011111110—20—103
Greenville.	
Buck	1101110011110111110111011—19
Naylor	1111110101100101111111111—20
C A M	1111111111011001111111111—22
J Alexander	1111111111101111111011101—22
Witmer	0101000111111111111111011—19—102
Newcastle.	
Cunningham	1001011011001110001110111—15
Jones	1111111111100011101111111—21
Hart	1111111111011111111011111—23
W Alexander	0101011111001010111011011—17
Hill	1101111111011011110110001—18— 94
Youngstown.	
Weakland	1110111110101010111011111—19
Chapman	1011111111000101110111010—17
Whitesides	0111101011111011111101111—20
Gray	0100011111101110100110110—15
Rand	0111111111101010110111111—20— 91
Meadville.	
Ergott	1011011100110011111111111—19
Parker	1111111101010100011110111—18
Krider	1010110110111000110101110—15
Parker	1011110011111111111101111—21
Clark	0011010111110011100111101—16— 89

The shooters and scores in the sweepstake events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
W H Hill	9	9	8	9	12	10	5	10	6	..	14	..
Sheldon	8	6	9	10	15	8	7	8	9	7	11	..
Nony	8	8	8	8	13	7	9	10	9	7	..	..
Mingo	9	8	10	8	12	8	10	8	6	7	13	13
Nutt	9	8	7	7	8	7	6	6	8	6	12	..
147	9	9	10	8	15	8	10	9	10	9	15	15
Krek	8	6	7	4	12	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
Henry	6	5	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..
Chapman	6	8	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Weakland	6	7	10	8	12	7	6	6	..	..	..	..
W Alexander	8	9	7	10	14	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Buck	7	9	7	9	12	6	6	..	..	..	..	..
Gray	6	8	9	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Whitesides	7	7	7	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cunningham	7	10	7	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Ward	9	10	10	7	14	10	8	8	8	8	12	..
Peters	8	6	9	9	12	9	8	6	.	..	10	..
Cam	8	8	7	6	8	9	8	..	..	..	12	..
Naylor	7	7	6	8	11	8	6	9	8	7	10	..
C W Hart	9	9	8	..	13	9	8	7	..	..	14	..
J Alexander	8	10	10	8	14	7	10	7	8	6	13	10
Witmer	10	8	8	9	11	8	6	7	6	..	..	..
Spier	6	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McFoose	6	9	5	9	4	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Ergott	..	9	9	9	12	9	9	10	10	9	12	..
Osborn	..	7	7	6	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dust	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Johnston	..	4	..	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Montgomery	..	..	..	4	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pope	..	..	..	..	10	10	8	..	..	..	13	..
Parker	..	..	..	..	10	9	6	3	..	..	10	..
Krider	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	7	..	..	9	..
Harrington	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	..	..	..
Hayes	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	9	..	11
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	9	8	7
Oliver	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	3	8	7	10
G Johnston	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	8	8	..	7
Andrews	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	6	9	8	..
Moore	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	8	..	..	..

All events were at 10 targets except Nos. 5, 11 and 12.

ROBERT E. BEATTY.

Montpelier Gun Club.

MONTPELIER, Vt., May 21.—Eight members only were on hand for the practice shoot to day. The scores would probably show better had not the spirit for fun overbalanced the idea that every target must be broken.

Mr. Geo. Ehle, a new member, arrived too late to shoot with the rest, so his score doesn't appear

Event No. 10 went off so rapidly that the scorer was not able to follow things closely, so that those who got too much credit and others need not kick. Nos. 1, 3 and 10, known, and 2 and 4, unknown; No. 5, doubles; 6, 7 and 8, reverse, and 9, expert.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	20	10	20	5prs	10	10	10	10	10
Shepherd	7	17	7	12	3	5	7	..	7	8
Ferrin	9	17	8	..	5	8	8	..	7	5
Standish	6	17	..	..	5	5	..	9	5	..
Dr Fisk	9	16	7	18	6	..	7	..	9	5
Walton	7	15	..	15	6	7	7	..	4	7
Barrett	9	19	10	16	4	6	10	..	8	10
Town	..	..	8	16	5	5	..	4	6	5
Cummings	..	..	6	16	..	..	5	4	..	..

Warren Gun Club.

WARREN, O., April 13:

Honneman	1111111111111111110011110—22
Ewalt	1111111111111011011011101—21
Schoonoon	1110111111010111111111100—20
Dillon	1101110100010111011100001—14
Tyler	1000111000110010000110000— 9
Biery	0011011011011100001110001—13
Contest for cup; handicap misses allowed as hits:	
Schoonoon (0)	0111111011101110111011110 —19
Nonneman (0)	1110111101011011111101011 —19
Ewalt (0)	1111111101010111111111111 —20
Biery (5)	0101100001010011010100010—10+ 5 -15
Chryst (7)	1110101011101001100 0000—13+ 7 -20
Perkins (7)	1011010101110010010011010—13+ 7 -20
Tyler (10)	0000011100010111000001000— 8+10 -18
Shoot off of tie between Ewalt, Perkins and Chryst:	
Ewalt	1111111111111011111111111 —24
Perkins (7)	0010001111000000001000001 - 7+ 7—14
Chryst (7)	1100110010111000001000111— 7 -12—19

R. W. EWALT, Secy.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., May 15.—Below find scores made this afternoon at the regular weekly club shoot:

Townsend	11111111011111111111—19	Carmicha'l	11111111110110111111110—17
Stubbs	10011111101111111111—17	Brucker	11111101111011111111—18
Learned	10111111111111101101—17	Montmorency	01011111010011111011—14
Samaha	10111101111110111111—17	Kenyon	11101111111101101011—16
Ekalb	11111111010111111111—18	Searles	11111111110101111011—17
Johannes	11110101111101101100 14	McFarlane	11111111010000001011—12
Hughes	11111111111011110111— 18	Bates	01011010001101111101—12
Krug	11111111111111110110 —18	Loomis	10101011111001111111—15
Read	11111010111111110101 15	Randlett	01111111111110111111 —18
Smead	11111110111111111101 - 18		

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y.

The Connersville Tournament.

CONNERSVILLE, Ind., May 13.—The combined target and live-bird tournament given by T. F. Thomas and J H. Shipley, closed to day. The attendance on the first day exceeded all expectations, but the second day's events were poorly patronized, as practically all the out of-town shooters left for their homes on the first day. The programme for to-day was abandoned, and a number of live bird events were shot instead. Frost and Winston, however, shot the first five regular events. The entrance fee was 10 cents per bird for the targets, and all purses were divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The scores of the target events were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	20	15	15	15	15	15
Tripp	10	14	10	14	22	19	14	15	11	12	13
Trimble	10	13	7	12	23	19	13	14	14	..	..
Norton	10	12	6	15	23	18	15	14	12	14	13
Howard	9	13	5	13	20	15	15	13	14	14	11
Foy	9	13	10	13	17	15	13	13	14	11	10
W Thomas	8	15	10	15	23	18	14	15	13	15	14
Williamson	8	13	6	14	17	..	..	10	13	10	..
Parry	8	13	8	14	23	18	14	11	15	13	14
Frost	8	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
T T Thomas	4	8	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Heiney	..	..	10	..	..	18	14	14	15	12	14
Jack	..	..	9	14	20	15	12	9	10	..	..
Wuchner	..	..	7	..	..	17	13	13	15	14	14
Gamble	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	15	11	..	..
J K	..	..	..	..	..	16	12	11	10	..	..
Rackrock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	9	13
Brooks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	13	..
Strong	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	11	15
Snider	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..
Deutch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	9	..
Winston	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	12	15

Two live-bird events were shot on the first day; the first at 5 birds, $3.50 entry, and the second at 7 birds, $5 entry. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Tripp	11122—5	1221212—7
Williamson	22212—5	2112002—5
Strong	12112 5	1102020—4
W Thomas	10222—4	2020202—4
Howard	22210—4	2111100—5
Jack	11110—4	2012910—4
Frost	11011—4	1122222—7
Trimble	11002—3	.....
Snider	01021—3	1120112—6
Beck	21020—3	1022020—4
Barry	20020—2	0122000—3
Rackrock	02000—1	0102200—3
Norton	22022—4	0222222—6
Winston	.....	2222222—7

The Second Day.

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were at 5 live birds, $3 entry; Nos. 5 and 6 were miss-and-out events, one entry, use of one barrel only allowed. Frost and Winston shot the first five programme events at the regular entrance fee, with results as follows: No. 1, 10 targets: Frost 10, Winston 10: No. 2, 15 targets: Frost 14, Winston 13; No. 3, 20 targets: Frost 18, Winston 20: No. 4, 15 targets: Frost 12, Winston 15; No. 5, 25 targets: Frost 18, Winston 24. Live-bird scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
T F Thomas	01200—2	11121—5	11121—4	12020—3	10 —1	110 —2
Frost	01111—4	12212—5	12221—5	21122—5	1111—4	111 —3
Shipley	11211—5	11121—5	11211—5	11000—2	1110—3	11111—5
Snider	10120—3	11211—5	21021—4	01201—3	0 —0	110 —2
Jordan	11112—5	.....	10111—4	11220—4	....	.....
Beck	00200—1	10100—2	21511—4	10011—3	....	.....
Strong	.....	11021—4	00111—3	11212—5	0 —0	0 —1
Pepper	.....	10111—4	.....	11001—3	0 —0	11110—4

HYATT L. FROST.

IN NEW JERSEY.

ENDEAVORS DEFEAT THE DUNELLENS.

May 22.—Nine men teams representing respectively the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, and the Dunellen Gun Club, shot a race this afternoon on the grounds of the latter club. The Endeavors won easily by 188 to 174. Scores were:

Endeavor Gun Club.	
Herrington	11111101111111111111111—24
L Piercy	11111111111111101101111—23
Billings	11011111111111111111110—23
Von Lengerke	11111111101111010111111—22
Taylor	11111101111011111101111—21
Sinnock	11111011111101101110111—21
Beveridge	11111111111110000111110111—20
Swan	11011111111111010010110000—17
Strader	11101010110111010011110111—17—188
Dunellen Gun Club.	
Cramer	11101111111111111111110111—23
Baron	11111111111111011111111010—22
Grey	11111111000111111111111010—20
Lindzey	01111111011110110100011111—19
Manning	11111101001111111111101101—20
Sisty	11110111101101010111101111—19
Runyon	10110011100111111111100111—18
Giles	10110111101110000111100111—17
Fletcher	11101000011110011101111101—16—174

The following sweeps were also shot during the afternoon:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	20	Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	20
Beveridge	9	9	11	13	13	14	14	16	Manning	9	8	12	13	..	..	..	..
Trimble	9	9	14	13	12	15	15	19	Strader	6	10	12	8	7	..	..	..
Baron	8	9	14	15	15	13	13	19	Cramer	4	6	13	14	13	..	..	..
Lindzey	6	9	12	13	11	12	14	18	Taylor	8	9	12	..	..	..	..	..
L Piercy	9	5	..	12	11	13	11	12	Runyon	8	10	13	..	..	..	..	..
Swan	5	7	10	9	10	10	..	..	Grey	..	9	12	11	..	..	..	..
Billings	8	9	11	10	11	12	..	..	Giles	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Herrington	10	9	11	14	14	13	..	..	Apgar	..	..	..	..	10	12	..	..
Sinnock	8	9	9	15	13	14	..	..	Sisty	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
V L'ng'ke	8	9	14	13	14	..	..	..	Fletcher	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
G Piercy	..	..	..	12	13	14	14	15	Van Weis	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..

J. G. L.

ON LONG ISLAND.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

May 22.—This was the regular day for the semi-monthly target shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club. For the club badges, J. Gaughen was the winner in Class A, and C. C. Fleet in Class B. Gus Greiff scored his second win for the Bennett cup, with 22 out of 25. Scores were:

Club Shoot.	
J Gaughen (A)	11111011111111111011110111 —22
F A Thompson (A)	11001011111111111011111011 —20
G E Greiff (A)	10111111100111101111110 —18
D Deacon (A)	11101110011110110101111110 —18
P Adams (A)	01110011011011010110111I —17
W H Thompson (A)	11101010100000101100100000 —10
C C Fleet (B)	00111111101100111011111111—21
Dr O'Brien (B)	10100101101111011011110110 —16
Bennett cup:	
Greiff (A)	11111101111111111110111111 —22
Adams (A)	10111011110110111111001011 —18
F A Thompson (A)	10100110100100111111111011 —16
Deacon (A)	00111110111011111110000110 —16
O'Brien (B)	01110011101101111000100011111—16
Fleet (B)	10001011001001100011101001I—18
W H Thompson (A)	01110011101010000011111110 —13
Gaughen (A)	00011010001010010011001111 —11

Other sweeps were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Deacon	8	7	9	5	Fleet	7	4	4	4
Greiff	9	7	9	8	F A Thompson	9	7	8	7
O'Brien	6	6	3	5	Gaugher	..	..	..	8
Adams	8	7	6	7					

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were at unknown angles; No. 4 at 5 pairs. The afternoon's sport closed with twelve miss-and-outs, in which honors were well divided.

G. E. POOL, Sec'y.

Orange Gun Club.

ORANGE, Mass., May 15.—The regular club shoot of the Orange Gun Club was held to-day, instead of Wednesday. The shooting was at 25 empire targets, regular angles. The scores:

G. H. Thompson 22 and 20, L. A. French 20 and 19, F. L. Walker 20 and 19, W. L. Mann 19, Chas. Cobb 18, A. C. Parkman 15, E. E. Ellis 14 and 14, P. Whitman 13, A. Sherwin 10, E. C. Whitney 10.

W. L. MANN, Sec'y.

Savannah's Interstate Tournament.

THE third target tournament on the Interstate Association's circuit for 1897, was held at Savannah, Ga., May 19–20, under the auspices of the Forest City Gun Club. In regard to the attendance of shooters we were somewhat disappointed, as we had looked for this tournament to come very close to the standard set for this year by the Interstate shoot at Baltimore in April last. And the disappointment was not ours alone, as the Forest City Gun Club felt rather disheartened at the lack of support from some clubs and cities, which it had calculated upon for furnishing the material for one or two more squads. The "one or two more squads" did not materialize, however; why they didn't is more than we can say. Macon, Ga., by means of a communication to A. W. Du Bray from Mr. Etheridge, did send regrets that were evidently genuine, and which met with similar expressions of regret on the part of all present

A SUCCESSFUL SHOOT.

Although the attendance was, as we have said, smaller than might have been expected, the shoot was a successful one, particularly from the point of view taken in these matters by the members of the Interstate Association. 'New material" was on hand in sufficient quantity to satisfy the Association that its outlay for this tournament was by no means thrown away.

The entries did not run high in any one event, but they kept up well, although those who shot through the programme on each day were not a large number. There were thirty-three shooters present on the first day; yet the average number of entries was only 23.6. The highest number of entries in any event was 29 in No 8; the lowest, 19 in No. 5. The first day's figures were: No. 1, 20 entries; No 2, 22; No. 3, 23; No. 4, 25; No. 5, 19; No. 6, 28; No. 7, 20; No 8, 29; No. 9, 23; No 10, 27. Of the above, Nos. 2, 5, 7 and 9 were 20-target events; the rest were 15-target events. The figures given above, therefore, seem to show as plainly as possible that 20-target events, four moneys, are not popular with the rank and file. The six 15-target events on the first day had an average entry list of 25 3, as against an average of 21 for the four 20-target events.

On the second day the figures were: No. 1, 22 entries; No. 2, 18; No. 3, 25; No. 4, 25; No. 5, 23; No. 6, 25; No. 7, 18; No 8, 27; No. 9, 19; No. 10, 24; giving an average of 22 6, only 1 less than on the first day. Comparing the figures again, we have an average of 24.6 in the six 15-target events, and only 19.5 in the 20-target events—figures that speak for themselves, and that talk quite plainly.

Returning to the first point touched upon, the attendance from out of town clubs, we must place

THE PALMETTOES, OF CHARLESTON,

in the van. This club furnished a full squad on the first day and a total of eight shooters for the second day. Foremost among them we shall have to name B. H. Worthen, who by dint of some excellent work on the first day, and some consistently good shooting on the second day, carried off the chief honors of the tournament. Next is G. H. Peterman, who tied for third place on the second day. Capt. George H. Swan was out of form, as was also W. E Post, both of them men who can shoot a good stiff gait as a rule. T. P. Costello has been doing some first-rate shoo ing at home, but he makes a very common mistake—that of not sticking to any one load He came to Savannah and tried to shoot a load that suited Barney Worthen to a T, but which "knocked the stuffin' " out of Costy's shoulder before five events had been decided. With his shoulder in bad trim and with his "guessing cap" on, owing to his failure to place his load in the right place from the start, Costello was handicapped throughout the shoot, but pulled himself together on the second day and pounded out a straight in event No. 14. The above named five shooters were the Palmetto Gun Club's representatives on the first day, the party being under the chaperonage of Capt. Joe Peters, who rooted for the team and thoroughly enjoyed the easy task he set himself—that of keeping tab on Barney Worthen's misses. On the second day L W. Bicaise, G. A. Steck and Whilden were added to the number, and each one held his end up well.

OTHER OUT OF-TOWN SHOOTERS

were J. H. Polhill (Hamilton) and Dr. G. W. Blanton (Ross), of Brunswick, Ga.; H. Meinert and G. A. Black, of the Marietta (Ga) Gun Club, the last-named shooter being present on the second day; H. C. Bridgers (Tarheel), of Tarboro, N. C., another rattling good shot who was out of form most decidedly; T. J. Desmond, of Stillmore, Ga., whose scores speak feelingly and tell plainly enough what lack of practice will do to the best in the land. Capt. Thos Marton, of Bluffton, N. C., was another who found that target shooting after two years' absence from the traps was not as easy as it had been for him; he shot through the programme, however, and beat his first day's record of 123 breaks by 16 on the second day, thus showing that practice means everything, at any rate in trap shooting.

THE TRADE

had just five representatives on hand (unless you count in Edwards of the FOREST AND STREAM). These were: H. G. Wheeler, of Marlborough, Mass., representing King's Smokeless and Peters's Victor shells; F. Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; U. M. C. Thomas, of the U. M C. Company, a great favorite with the Southern boys, and a shooter who has never missed a single Interstate Association tournament: H. P. Collins, of the Du Pont and Hazard Powder companies; and last, but of course not least, A. W. du Bray, of the Parker Gun Company, who was eminently contented to sit in the shade and watch Worthen and Wheeler do their joint "snuffin' out act" with guns built by the firm he represents.

THE HOME CLUB.

The home club was well represented in point of numbers, sixteen members taking part in one or more events during the two days. The names of those sixteen shooters were: John Rocker, H. Rocker, C. A. La Motte, H. Woeltjen, J. Riedemann, George Ebberwein, P. Morton, W. T. Morgan, F. J. Morgan, R. W. Allen, J. Hearn, H. B. Lemcke, T. J Dinkins, F. J. Ulmer, R. Groetherr and F. G. Jaugstetter. Of the above number Mr. La Motte is the club's president, Harry Lemcke its secretary, and F. G. Jaugstetter its captain. John Rocker showed by his consistently good shooting that he is deserving of his reputation of being the best shot in the club, and he would probably have made a higher average than 85 per cent had he not taken a hand at odd times to help things along. Messrs La Motte, Woeltjen and H. Rocker also played the mischief with several of their totals owing to their willingness to score or referee on all occasions. Working and good shooting don't go well together in double harness.

THE OFFICIALS

of the club, as stated above, helped things along very considerably, but to nobody is more credit due for the smooth running of this shoot than to the club's treasurer, P J. Ott, who took entire charge of the cashier's office and its attendant hard work single-handed, making new records for celerity in paying out moneys, with never a mistake or a "ball-up" to mar his record. We regret that the name of the scorer on the pads has slipped our memory, as his correct work deserves special mention. In many instances his figures were needed to straighten out the errors on the blackboard which were due to the inexperience of some of the volunteers for the position of "blackboard man."

Another person who merits extra good marks for his work is young Fred Jaugstetter, the son of the club's captain. Notwithstanding the heat of the sun on both days, he sat at the pulling box all through the tournament without a particle of shade to make things pleasanter for him. He pulled, too, in a manner that was a marked contrast from that usually met with. He made few, if any, mistakes, and no balks occurred through inattention on his part. This is all the more worthy of mention from the fact that the shooters shot in squads of five, not six; in the 15-target events every man shot at 3 targets from each trap before moving up; in the 20-target events, at 4 targets before moving. This method, which is far preferable to the old style of "walk-around," skips a trap every three or four rounds, as the case may be, and it requires the closest attention on the part of the puller to avoid balking the No. 1 man of the squad after a change of position.

A SMOOTHLY RUN TOURNAMENT.

Aided by the club, manager Shaner had no troubles of his own, save some little ones, such as small particles of sand blocking the magnets and "a wire out." The five expert bluerock traps, the property of the Interstate Association, were, as usual in the best of shape, and we are beginning to wonder now what is the actual life of these traps when under the fatherly care of Mr. Shaner. At this shoot the traps added a total of about 11,000 targets to their previous record, as follows: May 18, preliminary work in the afternoon, 1,465; May 19, 4,600; May 20, 4,400. The figures for May 19 and 20 are in good round numbers, and include several extra events shot after the programme had been completed; they are under, rather than over the actual figures. Simon, the club's boss trapper, is a treasure indeed.

The magautrap was in position, and was used for some of the practice events shot on the "preliminary afternoon," but the home club decided to stick to the expert traps for all programme events, preferring the style of shooting to which its members and the majority of its guests were accustomed to rather than a style that was totally new to almost all of the Southern shooters.

GROUNDS AND BACKGROUND.

Before closing the introductory portion of our report of this shoot we shall have to say a few words as to the grounds, and the background against which the targets were thrown.

The grounds are easily reached by electric cars on the Belt line, or on cars of the Whitaker street road. At the grounds themselves there was ample accommodation for twice the number of shooters present, the Interstate Association's big tent being a great help in this respect. The club house is a two story building, well fitted up inside for the purposes for which it was designed.

The background is a hard one, and it needed the very closest attention to business to get on to every target quickly and accurately. For this reason Worthen's work was all the more remarkable. The grounds are, or more correctly speaking were, inclosed with an 8ft board fence; right in front of the traps a section of about 50 or 60yds. has succumbed to old age and a rude push of the wind. The fallen section thus opens up a view of the country beyond, and gives in the immediate foreground a line of bushes that looked to us like sassafras bushes, from their young yellow-green leaves. Away in the distance are plenty of trees that are dark enough to look black; to the right is a grove of high pines that makes right-quarterers from Nos. 1, 2 and 3 traps, and straightaways from Nos. 4 and 5, extremely hard to locate for slow shooters. Barring the background and a strong breeze that sprang up at noontime on May 19, there was nothing to prevent high scoring; but those two items were in themselves sufficient to cause many a dull thud.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

Only ten men completed their scores in the 10 programme events on each day, although Hamilton really shot in all the events, but did not complete his scores in either No. 9 or No. 10 on the second day. Several others only missed one or two events.

Of those who shot through the programme, Barney Worthen, of course, took first place by virtue of his extraordinary shooting on the first day Wheeler, who led Worthen by 2 targets on the second day, finished only 5 targets below first place. Edwards was in third place, but there were 10 targets between him and Wheeler, and 15 between him and the leader, Worthen. Van Dyke was fourth, but his record of 87.6 does not represent anything like Van's true form. As a matter of fact, the South is Van Dyke's Jonah: he has never seemed able to do himself justice at any of the Southern tournaments. He will have another try at Monroe, La., in the near future.

Geo. Peterman, of Charleston, S. C, a clubmate of Worthen's, was off on the first day, but his average of 90 per cent. on the second day pulled him up into fifth place for the general averages. John Rocker, the best shot in the Forest City Gun Club, carried his club's colors into sixth place by reason of his steady and consistent work on both days. Capt. Geo. Swan's troubles were equally heavy on both days, and his rightful position on the list is not the one he takes in the table given below. Capt. Thos. Martin, of Bluffton, S. C., in past years one of the best shots in this section, did not always shoot in his old form, but he stuck to it, and an occasional straight or an "all but one" showed that only lack or practice kept him out of the front ranks. U. M. C found the peculiar background very trying for one who does not shoot quickly, and too many targets escaped his load in consequence—but U. M. C. did not worry at all. Du Pont Collins was out of all form, and was "guessing" most of the time. His low scores are all the more remarkable from the fact that he shoots in excellent time and frequently makes nice runs after dropping three or four targets in rapid succession.

Below is a table of the general averages:

	1st day.	2d day.	Total	Shot at.	Ave.
B H Worthen	163	155	318	340	93.2
H G Wheeler	156	157	313	340	92
F S Edwards	150	153	303	340	89.1
F Van Dyke	143	150	293	340	87.6
G H Peterman	142	153	295	340	86.7
John Rocker	143	146	289	340	85
G H Swan	139	127	266	340	78.2
Capt Martin	123	139	262	340	77
U M C	132	126	258	340	75 8
H P Collins	103	107	210	340	61.7

GUNS AND LOADS OF THE HIGH MEN.

The Parker gun was on top both days, Worthen and Wheeler both handling guns that were built by the Meriden, Conn., firm. E C. won first average on the first day, and also took the first place in the general averages; King's Smokeless getting into the post of honor on the second day, and taking second place in the general average list.

The guns and loads of the four high guns were: Worthen, Parker gun, Smokeless shell, 3drs. of E. C. No. 2. Wheeler, Parker gun, Peters' Victor shell, 3drs. King's Smokeless. Edwards, Winchester gun, Smokeless shell, 42grs. E. C. No. 1. Van Dyke, Winchester gun, Leader shell, 54grs. W-A.

A canvass of the thirty-three shooters taking part in the programme events on the first day showed: U. M. C. shells, 21; Winchester 8, and Peters' Victor 4. Twenty-eight of the thirty-three used the following powders or combinations: E C. 9, Du Pont 9, Gold Dust 2, Hazard 1, Du Pont and Hazard 1, King's Smokeless 1, W-A 2, Schultz 1, Du Pont and E. C. 2. The other five shooters stuck to no particular powder.

The table of guns has been mislaid, but we remember well that L. C Smith guns led, with Parkers second, and Winchesters in third place, in regard to numbers used.

First Day, May 19.

The first day of the tournament was chiefly remarkable for the excellent shooting of Barney Worthen, of Charleston, who headed the list with a total of 163 breaks out of 170 shot at. His nearest opponent was H. G. Wheeler, of Marlboro, Mass., who, despite his seven months' absence from the traps, managed to come in second with 156 breaks and an average of 91.7. Worthen's average of 95.8 speaks for itself. Edwards and Van Dyke filled third and fourth places on the list.

The weather was perfect for the greater part of the day, but the strong breeze which sprang up as usual about mid-day, lasting through the afternoon, made the targets in the latter half of the programme events rather more tricky than during the first half.

Below are the

SCORES OF MAY 19.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
B H Worthen	14	20	14	15	20	15	19	14	19	13	170	163	95.8
H G Wheeler	15	19	14	14	19	13	19	15	16	12	170	156	91.7
F S Edwards	12	18	13	11	16	14	18	14	20	14	170	150	88.2
F Van Dyke	13	16	13	14	17	14	19	13	17	12	170	148	87
J Rocker	12	18	15	11	18	11	14	13	18	13	170	143	84.1
Hamilton	13	18	13	14	16	13	16	11	14	14	170	142	83.5
G H Peterman	12	15	14	14	17	9	18	14	19	13	170	142	83.5
Tar Heel	12	18	12	12	17	14	19	13	12	10	170	139	81.7
G H Swan	13	18	12	11	12	14	19	12	17	11	170	139	81.7
H Meinert	13	17	11	12	16	13	16	12	15	11	170	136	80
U M C	10	18	12	14	11	12	16	10	19	10	170	132	77.6
Capt T Martin	12	15	12	10	13	12	15	8	16	10	170	128	72.3
C A La Motte	11	11	10	13	15	11	16	13	13	9	170	122	71.7
H P Collins	10	9	11	6	11	12	12	10	10	12	170	103	60.5
Ross	..	10	10	14	16	9	15	14	15	14	155	117	75.4
H Woeltjen	12	12	10	8	..	11	17	10	16	6	150	102	68
H Rocker	12	18	11	11	14	8	12	9	..	7	150	102	68
J Riedermann	10	10	13	8	..	10	..	11	10	8	130	80	61.5
W E Post	10	17	8	12	..	13	16	11	..	..	115	87	75.6
T J Desmond	..	..	..	..	12	10	11	12	16	13	105	74	70.4
A W du Bray	..	..	14	11	..	11	..	13	14	10	95	73	76.8
T P Costello	12	13	8	10	..	8	..	..	..	10	95	61	64.2
G Ebberwein	..	..	..	..	12	15	12	..	13	..	13	80	65	81.2
P Morton	..	..	..	..	12	10	12	..	6	..	10	80	50	62.5
W T Morgan	10	18	7	9	..	5	..	..	..	..		80	49	61.2
R W Allen	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	11	16	10	65	50	76.9
J Hearn	..	10	10	6	..	..	..	7	..	..		65	33	50.7
H B Lemcke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	19	13	50	42	84
T J Dinkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	6	50	27	54
J F Ulmer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	w	13	30	27	90

T. J. Morgan shot in No. 6 and broke 6 out of 15; R. Groetherr shot in No. 8 and broke 10 out of 15.

Second Day, May 20.

This was a warm day, and the warmth made itself felt in the somewhat uneven shooting of the top-notchers. At times they would make spurts and then fall down in the next events; but, all things considered, the scores were good.

Wheeler was high with 157 breaks and an average of 92.3; Worthen was next with 155 and an average of 91.1. Peterman and Edwards tied for third and fourth places with an average of just 90 per cent., while Van Dyke, who was still out of form, came in fifth with a percentage of 88.2. Below are the

SCORES OF MAY 20.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Wheeler	14	18	14	13	17	14	19	15	20	13	170	157	92.3
Worthen	14	20	13	15	17	12	20	12	16	14	170	155	91.1
Edwards	15	16	13	14	19	11	17	15	20	13	170	153	90
Peterman	12	19	13	13	18	13	19	13	19	14	170	153	90
Van Dyke	13	17	13	14	17	14	18	14	18	12	170	150	88.2
J Rocker	12	19	14	13	17	13	17	13	16	12	170	146	85.8
Martin	14	17	14	11	12	11	16	12	17	15	170	139	81.7
Swan	12	18	7	11	15	9	17	12	13	13	170	127	74.7
Bicaise	11	14	11	14	13	11	17	13	15	8	170	127	74.7
U M C	13	14	10	11	16	9	18	10	13	12	170	126	74.1
Collins	10	13	7	6	13	9	10	8	11	8	170	107	62.9
Ross	12	17	12	9	w	11	14	9	17	12	150	113	75.3
La Motte	9	..	12	12	12	9	17	12	14	7	150	104	69.3
Hamilton	13	16	13	11	9	11	17	12	w	w	135	102	75.5
Whilden	12	17	11	13	13	9	..	11	11	..	135	96	71.1
Costello	12	15	9	15	12	9	..	11	..	11	130	94	72.3
Steck	12	12	11	11	..	9	..	10	..	7	110	72	65.4
Woeltjen	9	..	10	9	13	6	..	10	..	8	110	65	59
Allen	..	..	..	..	..	18	14	16	10	15	8	105	81	77.7
Rawson	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	11	14	9	85	59	69.4
Morton	..	..	8	12	15	9	..	..	..	..	10	80	54	67.5
Desmond	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	12	10	..	..	70	45	64.2
Black	6	14	..	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	43	61.6
Tarheel	12	14	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	65	46	70.7
Du Bray	..	..	10	11	12	..	..	11	..	..	..	65	44	67.6
Post	9	..	11	12	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	60	41	68.3
Lemcke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	17	12		50	42	84
Reideman	..	..	12	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	36	72
Ebberwein	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	w	12	..	12	45	36	80
Meinert	11	..	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	33	73.3
H Rocker	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	9	..	12		45	29	64.4
W T Morgan	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	8	..	..		30	19	63.3
Jaugstetter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	8		30	17	56.6
Davidson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	15	13	86.6

REMINISCENCES.

An interested spectator on the second day of the shoot was Mr. L. C. Parker, a brother of W. F. Parker, of the firm of Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn.

Gil Wheeler was on hand and broke targets with that monotonous regularity for which he is renowned Wheeler has been busy all winter on the east coast of Florida looking after the bicycle departments and the interests of the bicycle riders of the great hotels that form the Florida East Coast Hotel System. By the time this item is in print Wheeler will be on his way northward, and will be found at Auburn, N. Y., Cleveland, O., and probably Oil City, Pa., during the tournaments to be held in those cities next month. He will make his home temporarily in New York State for the summer, possibly in the vicinity of Lakewood. Although Gil had not shot a target since the Vicksburg tournament last fall, he showed that he was one of the few who do not need any practice.

The Palmetto boys were satisfied with the showing made by their crack Barney Worthen. They would have been hard to please, indeed, if his shooting didn't satisfy them. His best work was done on the first day, right at the start. He commenced by breaking 14 out of 15, losing his 13th target. He then ran 20 straight in No. 2, and followed it up with 14 out of 15 in No. 3, losing his 13th target in this event as in No. 1. This gave him a run of 34 consecutive breaks with two to go on with, viz, the 14th and 15th targets in No. 3. To these he added three consecutive straight scores of 15, 20 and 15, respectively, in Nos. 4, 5 and 6, his run at the end of No. 6 being 52 straight. In No. 7 he ran 12 straight before dropping a target, making his total run 64 straight. He finished No. 7 with 19 out of 20, thus totaling 117 out of 120 shot at! It will be noticed that each of his three lost targets was No. 13 in their respective events.

He called "Pull!" The trap sprung and the gun went off. The bell rang. And Collins said, "Quite right, quite right!" And thereby hangs a tale.

The Forest City Gun Club had a regularly constituted committee to receive its guests at the depots. Shooters were warmly welcomed as soon as they put their foot in Savannah.

U. M. C. Thomas, Ferd. Van Dyke and H. P Collins made the trip from New York to Savannah on the steamer Nacoochee, of the Ocean Steamship Line. All three expressed themselves as more than pleased with the trip, but Du Pont Collins, of course, had his grievance—he "wasn't exactly hungry" for every meal.

Tarheel Bridgers says that he is more of a success as a lizard catcher than as a target smasher. And, by the way, how did that lizard find its way into Du Bray's gun barrel? Also those strange bugs and things into U. M. C.'s boxes of cartridges?

Simon, the boss trapper of the Forest City Gun Club, was Elmer Shaner's right hand man, and helped greatly to take the rough edges off the duties of the manager of the tournament. Gun clubs should remember that good trappers (and plenty of them) mean shooters pleased and lots of targets thrown.

Capt. Rawson was the only representative from Atlanta, Ga. The captain was unable to get to the grounds until late on May 20, but he couldn't be kept out of any event until the sun and Elmer Shaner put a stop to the shooting.

Ferd Van Dyke has a hoodoo that pursues him whenever he goes to a tournament in the South, preventing him from doing justice to his skill as a shooter. The hoodoo was on top in Savannah, for Van shot in something like twenty-seven events, eight of them 20-target events and the rest 15-target events, extras and regulars, and never made a straight all the time. He will wrestle with that hoodoo at Monroe, La., June 9–10, in all likelihood, and says he'll "throw him then sure."

In saying "good-bye" Du Bray added: "I'll see you probably at Cleveland, but certainly at Oil City."

People in the South generally, and in Savannah in particular, have a curious habit of rising very early in the morning, yet not a single inhabitant of the Forest City rose as early as Elmer Shaner did on the two days of the shoot. We speak feelingly in the matter.

McEachern, a member of the Wilmington, N. C., Gun Club, was a visitor to Savannah on May 20 and stopped at the Pulaski House, so of course we met him. He called up many pleasant recollections of the Wilmington Interstate shoot in May, 1895. EDWARD BANKS.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., May 19.—The Boston Gun Club closed its '97 spring prize series at Wellington to-day with a more than pleasant afternoon shoot; weather of the very best and everything in apple-pie order. The series of fifteen shoots has been the means of bringing together over fifty different shooters and more than 200 scores were entered meanwhile for the prizes. The six best of each contestant were selected for prize total, and the more a shooter placed the better his chance of selection. The winning scores are given below, Mr. Spencer marching off complacently with the first prize, a machine loader, tucked under his arm His scores certainly entitle him to it, but his handicap for next series has increased, and just now he is looking for a capable load at 18 instead of 16yds. rise. Mr. Winters's 101 is also worthy of mention, as he discarded but two scores. The Phillipps-Andover representatives also did themselves proud, Messrs. Eastman and Taft entering as late as the tenth shoot, and placing creditable totals considering that none were thrown away. Another two scores for selection would have afforded them excellent opportunity for reaching nearer the top.

The new series of eight shoots commences Wednesday next, May 26, and continues every Wednesday, with the exception of June 16, until July 21 The match score will be 25 targets, 15 unknown and 10 unknown; distance handicap; entrance free to all shooters.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	6	10	10	10	5	6	10	10	10	10	5
Hall	5	5	3	5	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gordon	9	7	5	9	6	9	3	3	8	7	10	9	..
Eastman	9	6	4	6	7	9	5	4	8	10	8	9	..
Taft	5	8	2	8	9	7	4	3	8	9	5	..	..
Sheffield	8	4	3	8	7	9	4	2	6	8	7	6	4
Winters	9	8	6	10	8	8	3	3	7	9	8	10	..
Brown	8	4	3	7	4	7	5	4	6	8	7	7	4
Nickols	5	5	..	5	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Osgood	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Williams	6	5	..	..	6	7	4	2	..	..	6	..	..
Spencer	..	..	4	6	9	8	4	3	9	8	7	7	5
Miskay	..	..	3	8	6	9	4	2	6	6	7	..	..
Dore	..	..	4	6	8	9	3	2	1	3	7	6	3
Nickols, Jr.	..	..	4	9	7	7	5	2	..	..	..	..	..

Events 1, 4, 6, 10, 12 and 13 were known angles; 2, 5, 7 and 11, unknown; 3 and 8, pairs; 9, reverse pull.

Final contest in prize series: 21 targets, 10 known, 5 unknown and 3 pairs; Distance handicap:

Eastman (16)	1111111011—9	11111—5	11 10 10—4—18
Brown (15)	1111010101—7	11111—5	00 11 11—1—16
Winters (18)	1111010111—8	11111—5	00 10 11—3—16
Gordon (17)	1111111110—9	11100—3	10 10 10—3—15
Miskay (17)	1111111101—9	01111—4	10 10 00—2—15
Sheffield (15)	1111011111—9	11110—4	10 10 00—2—15
Spencer (16)	1101111110—8	11110—4	10 10 10—3—15
J Nickols (15)	0011101111—7	11111—5	00 11 00—2—14
Taft (16)	1011110011—7	11110—4	11 00 10 3—14
Dore (16)	1111011111—9	00111—3	10 10 00—2—14
Williams (15)	1111011011—7	11011—4	10 10 00—2—13
Hall (14)	1011010100—5	11110—4	00 10 w —10
Nickols (15)	0110100100—4	w	.. .. .. — 4

Prize match totals:

Spencer	20 19 19 18 17 15—108	First.
Winters	19 17 17 17 16 15—101	Second.
Miskay	18 17 16 16 15 5— 87	Third.
Gordon	17 16 16 16 15 15— 95	Fourth.
Woodruff	18 17 14 14 13 13— 89	Fifth.
Horace	16 16 15 14 13 13— 87	Sixth.
Eastman	18 16 16 14 12 11— 87	Seventh.
Williams	18 15 14 14 13 11— 85	Eighth.
Harris	16 15 14 14 12 12— 83	Ninth.
Taft	16 15 14 14 12 12— 83	Tenth.
Nichols	15 15 14 14 13 10— 81	Eleventh.
Paine	17 13 13 13 11 10— 77	Twelfth.

Sewall finished also 75, Sheffield 74, Needham 62. As per B. Y. C. rules, ties above are decided by best attendance, and Horace and Harris have choice over Eastman and Taft.

Cook County Trap-Shooter's League.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 15.—The opening shoot of the Cook County Trap-Shooter's League was held to-day on the Cicero Club grounds, Madison street and Des Plaines River, with about seventy-five members present.

The weather being unpropitious undoubtedly caused the absence of many from the event.

Perhaps the proximity of the club grounds to the river has something to do with the fact that they are always favored with rain when they hold the League shoot, which is unfortunate, as it causes loss to them and mars the pleasure of those present, by interfering with the proper service of the electric pull.

While the club have naturally beautiful grounds to shoot over, the general impression of the League members seems to be that they are the hardest in the League, yet a glance at the scores of those present last Saturday will show that the majority of the shooters equaled, if not surpassed, their averages.

Mr. F. P. Stannard may be justly proud of his score of 43 straight made with a new gun of his own manufacture. Among the other good scores may be mentioned those of Messrs. Houston, Dr. Shaw, Fehrman, Bowers, Steck, Adams, "Patty" and Ruble. The following is the score of the programme of events and practice work, also the result of the League shoot in their annual contest for team and individual prizes:

No. 1, 10 targets, known traps and angles: Wescott 7, Barnard 5, Knott 7, Lowrey 6, W. Cheesman 7, Irwin 4.

No. 2, same: Wescott 7, Knott 5, Barnard 5, Ruble 9, W. Cheesman 4, Lowrey 8.

No. 3, same: Wescott 8, Ruble 7, Kuss 5, Morgan 2, Houston 7, F. P. Stannard 10; Lowrey 7, Knott 8.

No. 4, 10 targets, practice: W. Cheesman 4, Kuss 10, Morgan 3, Houston 8.

No. 5, 10 targets, reverse pull: Stannard 5, Houston 6, Wescott 4, Ruble 9, Kuss 7, Lowrey 8.

No. 6, 15 targets, known traps, unknown angles: Kuss 12, Houston 9, F. P. Stannard 15, A. W. Adams 13, Ruble 15, Dr. Liddy 13

No. 7, 10 targets, same: Morgan 4, Houston 6, Levi 4, Edgar 6, Goodrich 9, Bowers 8

No. 8, 15 targets, same: Ruble 14, Morgan 9, Steiger 12, Richards 13, Spreyne 12, Bowers 10, Goodrich 12, Kuss 12, A. W. Adams 15, Dr. Liddy 11, F. P. Stannard 13, Houston 9, Dr. Miller 10, F. M. Smith 3, Dr. Carson 9, Steck 12, Fehrman 8, Neal 13, Boedker 8, A. C. Black 11, Greeley 11, Levi 5, Lawlor 5; Dr. Reber 14.

No. 9, 20 targets, same: Kuss 17, Dr. Liddy 12, F. P. Stannard 18, Dr. Carson 9, F. M. Smith 5, Fehrman 17, Smith 6, Neal 18; Bowers 11, Prickett 8, Patty 17, Von Lengerke 18.

No. 10, 15 targets, same, practice: Sanderson 12, Smedes 6, Ferguson 12, Spreyne 12, Houston 10, Graham 11.

No. 11, 15 targets, known traps, unknown angles: Von Lengerke 14, Dr. Mathews 9, Dr. Miller 9; Migichyo 11, Spreyne 13, Ferguson 8, Fehrman 14, Antoine 10, Ferguson 10, Belling 3, Black 9, Goodrich 8, Sanderson 11, Kuss 13, Steiger 9, Boedker, 11, Morgan 11, Richards 13, Dr. Miller 9, Adams 13, Ruble 14, Smedes 9, Smith 4, Houston 13, Patty 14, Neal 13, Belling 7, Stannard 15, Dr. Carson 10, Steck 11.

No 12, 20 targets, same: Dr. Miller 14, Adams 19, Smedes 10, Dr. Liddy 11, Steiger 11, Fehrman 15, Kuss 18, Sanderson 12, Richards 17, Stannard 15, Neal 17, Murrow 11, Ferguson 13, Spreyne 13, Randall 11, Houston 18, Patty 18.

No. 13, 15 targets, same: Goodrich 11, Dr. Reber 11, Steck 15, Walters 9, Smith 6, Houston 12, Knott 7, Will 10, Cutter 11, Adams 12, Steiger 10, Patty 13, Kuss 15, Sanderson 9, Richards 13, Lawlor 10, Stannard 13, Young 11; Fox 8, Belling 5, Bormann 1, Lowrey 8, Will 10, A. Cheesman 9.

No. 14, same: Steck 10, Kuss 12, Sanderson 6, Lawlor 8, Patty 11, Spreyne 10, Beling 5, Bormann 1, Richards 10, Young 7, Lowrey 7, Kuss 14.

Cook County Trap-Shooters' League Contest: As there seems to be some misunderstanding in the selection of the teams, we omit team results, and only give scores made.

Calumet Heights Club: Turtle 20, Booth 20, Ferguson 21, Metcalf 17, Boedker 12, Edgar 21, Houston 23, A. C. Black 19, Knowles 15, Norcom 19, Greeley 17, Young 21.

Garfield Club: Levi 12, T. Graham 21, Pilz 17, Shaw 23, Kuss 22, Dr. Leddy 16, Tohrman 22, Von Lengerke 23, Richards 17, Bowers 24.

Garden City Club: Neal 19, Steiger 15, Ruble 23, Antoine 21.

Eurica Club: Morgan 17, Patty 23 Reber 18, Prickett 13, Walters 18, Goodrich 20, A. W. Adams 21, Spreyne 21, Whitman 19, F. P Stannard 24, Dr. Miller 18, Dr. Carson 20, Murrow 10, Steck 22, Marshall 16, F. M Smith 12.

Cicero Club: Dr. Matthews 16, Barnard 12, Knott 12, Bormann 5, Lawlor 13, Lowrey 16, Beling 15, W. Cheesman 18, Goetter 16, A. Cheesman 17, Fox 17, Will 17.

CICERO.

Albany Tournament.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 18.—The ninth annual tournament of the West End Gun Club which closed to day, was not as successful in the way of numbers in attendance as some of our former tournaments have been. Seventeen entries were recorded in all. The weather conditions were all that could be desired. The targets were thrown low and very swift; this, coupled with a bad background, made the shooting very difficult. The trade was represented by Fanning shooting the Gold Dust, and Trimble shooting the Du Pont Smokeless. Both gentlemen made many friends for themselves and the powders they represent. Before the forenoon wore away the only Tom Keller made his appearance, and was warmly welcomed by his many friends. He fully explained the merits of King's Smokeless and Peters' shells.

The programme consisted of ten 15-target events. The purses were divided in four moneys, 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. Ten per cent. of the net purse was deducted for a general average, which was divided the same as in the regular events. The regular order of scores below will tell who captured these. At the close of the regular events a team race was shot. The result proved very satisfactory to Tee Kay.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Trimble	13	13	14	14	13	13	13	12	15	13	150	123
Fanning	13	10	15	12	14	14	13	14	12	14	150	131
Levingston	12	14	13	13	14	11	14	14	11	12	150	128
Weeks	13	11	13	14	13	13	9	11	12	11	150	120
Sanders	10	12	15	11	13	10	11	10	8	9	150	109
Valentine	10	9	10	9	10	12	12	10	14	10	150	106
Arnold	8	8	6	9	8	9	10	14	12	11	150	95
Peguim	11	11	10	7	10	4	10	10	10	9	150	92
Perkins	11	8	9	8	9	10	10	9	8	8	150	90
McClure	..	..	7	8	8	6	8	8	10	9	120	64
Tee Kay	..	10	10	9	7	8	14	11	10	12	135	91
Link	..	..	10	8	8	9	..	9	.	..	75	44
Page	11	9	..	..	..	8	11	7	7	..	90	53
Wolfred	7	8	..	..	..	12	..	..	13	..	60	40
Betts	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	8	7	60	38
Walsh	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	30	17
Sage	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	30	13

Team race:

Trimble.....1101111111111101111111110110—21
Fanning.....1111011111111111001110111—21—42
Tee Kay.....1111001111101111111111111—22
Levingston.....1101111111111111111111111—24—46

HARRY H. VALENTINE.

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

UTICA, N. Y., May 22.—Below are the scores made to day at the regular weekly club shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. E. D. Fulford won with 24 out of 25, using his new Remington gun. The conditions are 15 singles and 5 pairs. Scores:

E D Fulford (0)	101111011111111	11	11	11	01	11	—22
Fairchilds (2)	111100111111101	10	10	10	10	11	—10+2—20
Pfeiffer (2)	101111101011010	10	10	11	11	10	—17+2—19
Wheeler (2)	111011010101111	11	00	11	00	11	—17+2—19
Davidson (2)	101110111110001	11	10	00	11	10	—16+2—18
Marks (2)	110111001110111	01	10	11	10	00	—16+2—18
J W Fulford (1)	100111011100110	10	11	10	11	10	—16+1—17
Brunner (4)	101010001000111	10	11	10	10	10	—13+4—17
H L Gates (0)	111111001100011	11	10	00	00	11	—15
Bennett (4)	000001110010011	00	00	11	01	10	—10+4—14
Kleges (4)	0110000000w						

C. R. MIZNER.

Trap on Cape Cod.

SANDWICH, Mass., May 22.—The Sandwich Gun Club held the second shoot of the season to-day. Only four members put in an appearance, the other members not being able to get away from their work. Mr. Jones, one of our oldest and best shots, made his first appearance, and shot finely toward the finish, breaking his last 13 straight. Conditions were 25 bluerocks per man, unknown angles:

S N Jones.....1000101010000101110111111—14
E W Haines.....1111010000101111010111101—16
E J Beck.....1010011010000100110111001—12
C E Brady.....0001001111111100110101111—16

Match at 7 bluerocks:

S N Jones.....1111111—7 E J Beck.....1111110—6

GEORGE H. HAINES, Sec'y.

Blenheim Gun Club Tournament.

BLENHEIM, Ont., May 5.—Through the persistent energy of W. E. Hall, manager of the Blenheim Gun Club, trophy shooting has come right to the front in and around Blenheim, Ont., and it was decided to give a team race between Blenheim, St. Thomas, Chatham and Windsor of ten men each, 20 birds per man, the two winning teams to receive $10 in gold; these two teams then to shoot off at the same number of birds for a silver cup valued at $25. To the credit and liberality of the Blenheim team would say that they threw empire targets free of cost in addition to the above donation. The sweeps were well patronized during both days, especially No. 10 merchandise event. On the second day, in which there were five prizes donated by merchants of Blenheim, the most interest was displayed. Windsor and St. Thomas won, and in the final shoot off Windsor won the cup. Stott, of Windsor, won the first average prize of $5 for the first day, and Tyro, second average, $5. The general average for the two days was won by Forest Conover, Lemington, Ont., he participating in all events.

	SCORES OF MAY 4.							SCORES OF MAY 5.			
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	15	20	10	15	15	15	20	20	20
Case	6	5	10	13	7	8	12	10	..	14	12
Hall	7	7	13	8	7	11	12	11	16	19	14
Dart	4	6	7	10	10	9	12	11	..	12	13
Tyro	10	9	13	17	9	12	11	11	16	14	14
Conover	8	8	12	17	7	14	12	11	16	19	19
Brady	5	8	12	13	8	9	9	12	..	13	..
Wood	9	8	11	15	5	14	12	13	20	17	..
Renick	10	9	10	16	9	10	13	12	18	..	..
Shirley	8	7	7	15	3	11	7	12	16	16	15
McPherson	5	9	12	13	9	10	15	12	10	17	18
Carr	5	4	9	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Smith	5	3	6	..	..	..	..	7	..	12	8
Rotz	7	6	9	15	8	11	..	10	..	10	..
Mott	8	7	12	11	7	8	..	8	14	15	11
M Burk	5	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Dow	7	7	12	10	8	12	11	10	..	..	..
Stott	9	6	11	20	8	15	13	11	17	11	..
Brown	6	6	10	..	8	13	..	..	..	17	19
Gosnell	2	4	10	10	..	9	..	8	..	11	..
Ben	6	6	9	..	..	8	9	10	11	..	..
M Toll	5	5	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mallory	9	7	10	14	5	10	10	..	..	12	..
Samson	8	9	13	12	8	10	..	11	..	17	16
Vester	5	5	13	..	4	10	..	..	15	16	..
Lane	6	..	9	..	6	..	..	9	..	15	..
Roach	9	6	12	18	6	9	..	10	9	15	..
Youngblood	7	7	6	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Strong	6	6	11	13	5	9	9	13	..	15	13
O'Brien	4	4	5	10	4	5	..	..	..	7	..
McIntosh	7	7	13	14	6	10	11	12	..	16	..
C Toll	..	8	13	11	9	13	11	12	15	15	..
Heatherington	..	4	4	..	7	..	..	9	..	16	..
Sid Burke	..	6	10	..	8	10	..	..	13	11	..
E Toll	..	6	11	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Monio	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sam Burke	..	3	1	..	..	5	..	..	13	11	..
Bang	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hardy	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bickford	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Purser	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	13	..
Parker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	18	18	..
Murphy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	19	14	..

Following are scores of the team shoot, shot on the second day:

St. Thomas.		Blenheim.	
Langdon	12	Samson	15
Strong	17	Hall	19
Martin	16	Mallory	16
Street	13	Rotz	17
Brown	16	Lane	13
McPeerson	19	Shirley	16
Ben	16	Mott	17
Case	12	Snider	13
Tyro	19	Vester	14
Dart	19—159	Conover	16—156
Chatham.		**Windsor.**	
Oldershaw	15	McNulty	13
Moose	15	McIntosh	18
W Oldershaw	15	Stotts	15
T Guttridge	15	Brady	15
Wells	16	Youngblood	7
Ferguson	13	Don	14
McKay	14	Purser	18
Nelson	10	Jones	14
Taylor	11	Ward	18
Homes	12—136	Murphy	19—151
St. Thomas.		**Windsor.**	
Langan	15	Stotts	14
Strong	18	Don	14
Martin	10	McNulty	12
Street	17	Youngblood	13
Brown	16	Brady	16
McPherson	16	McIntosh	16
Ben	14	Jones	17
Case	13	Woods	20
Tyro	15	Purser	19
Dart	16—150	Murphy	19—160

W. H. BRADY.

Down Where the Pineapples Grow.

HOBE SOUND, Fla.—The Hobe Sound Gun Club is a new club of only seven members. We would have more, only seven are all the men there are in a radius of twenty miles. We stop picking pineapples every Saturday afternoon long enough to shoot a little, and manage to burn a little powder, even if quail are out of season and the ducks have gone North.

We have no officers, but just get out and shoot over our one trap, and shoot hard. Birds are not allowed over 20ft. from the ground, and the trap must throw 60yds., unknown angles. The following scores were made at our last shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	10
C S Smith	4	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
H D McVean	4	6	8	4	6	4	7	14	8
W G Stokes	3	4	6	3	5	..	..	..	..
C R Sergeantson	3	5	6	2	6	6	7	14	9
A Goldy	2	5	6	6	5	4	6	..	..
W G Brown	1	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

The Gilbert's Bar Y. C. about a month ago decided to form a shooting division and appointed a committee to "do the best they could." The "best they could" was two traps and a couple of barrels of bluerocks. The traps duly arrived and were set up for use at the last field day of the yacht club. All the boys that could muster up courage enough to try were sent off by themselves, and the two boldest among them announced themselves as captains and chose sides for a team race. Only 10 birds were shot, as the time was limited. Only three of the shooters had ever faced a trap before, and of course the result of the shoot was a large basket of "hen fruit." We hope to do better some time. Here is the story of the surprise: Capt. G. E. Andrews 4, E. C. B Tyndall 2, Rev. Dr. Panter 0, H. W. Bessey 4, C. B. Harrison 1, E. S. Harmer 1, P. M. Aston 2—14; Capt. C H. Racey 1, R. N. Hoke 3, E. Moore 0, G. A. M. Levett 7, H. E. Sewall 4, H. Panter 0, W. A. Bessey 1—16. The club has appointed the following officers: Shooting Master, E. C. B. Tyndall; Assistant Shooting Master, H. D. McVean. The atmosphere will be full of shot again on June 12, and then perhaps the score will be different.

H. D. MCVEAN, Sec'y.

Soo Gun Club.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., May 14.—Below find scores of the Soo Gun Club, made to day at its grounds, the occasion being the first of the series of gold medal shoots during the season of 1897. This was the first trial over the new magautrap for the majority of the members. The wind blew a gale, and the jack like flight of the bluerocks accounts for the low scores.

Harris, Boyd and Keefe tied for first, but in the shoot-off Harris won the medal, and will wear it until the shoot of May 27. Scores:

Harris.....1110111001101000100111011—15
Boyd.....0000111100110111101010111—15
Keefe.....1101000101111101100101011—15
Campbell.....0101010111111000110001011—14
Ellis.....0110001110101001101110010—13
Meyer.....0100011101010001111011100—13
Brott.....1111111100000001001000100—11
Otten.....1000110101001110100100001—11
Gray.....1101000001001010010001110—10
Hawman.....1000001111100110000110000—10
Tenny.....0000000100011110100000111— 9
Geiser.....0010000100011101010101000— 8
Duncan.....0010000000101000010110101— 7
Chapman.....1001000001000010001001000— 6

BLUE ROCK.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., May 22.—The regular weekly practice shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club was held on its grounds to-day. The attendance was very light, although the day was simply perfect for trap-shooting; the only wonder is how any shooter could keep away from the sport on such a day. Below are the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Leighton	4	8	9	5	8	9	4	7	3	..	..
Lambert	6	8	7	7	6	10	4	6	6	7	7
Stevens	5	8	6	7	..	8	9	8	6	7	9
Merritt	8	8	7	8	..	..	3	..	..	..	..
Miller	4	5	4	8	8	5	..	5	..	..	..
Short	7	4	6	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..

The first six events were at regular angles, Nos. 7 and 8 were at unknown angles, and Nos. 9, 10 and 11 unknown traps and angles.

GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

Life Saver, San Francisco, Cal.—Address The Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York, 51 Wall street, New York.

R. S. Bradley.—A party of three would like to have a shoot of two or three weeks in Arkansas, and as the law prohibits shipping game out of the State, can you or any of your readers inform us where there is some freezer or commission house that will buy our ducks? Ans.—We infer that you refer to local commission houses. We can give you no address.

J. A. G., Albany, N. Y.—What are the pedigrees of Mark, bred by J. Otto Donner (I believe Mark's sire was Emperor Fred, but am not sure), and Flora II. (imported). She is said to be registered. Ans.—Mark is not registered. Address Mr. J. Otto Donner, New York, for the information. There is a Flora II. registered in Volume I., A. K. C. S. B., and was owned by John Davidson. There was a Flora II., which was registered in E. K. C. S. B., No. 373.

H. C. B., Harrisburg, Pa.—I have a beagle pup, ten months old, which is afflicted with the jerks, as I call it, in his right foreleg and shoulder. I noticed it for two months. It is getting worse, and has gotten to be a continual twitch, as regular as the heart beats. When run a short time, he often falls—the same thing when he sleeps, a regular jerk. He seems healthy every other way. Can anything be done for him? Ans. It is very probably the result of distemper, in which case very little can be done for it. Give tonics and feed well.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Three Famous Resorts

of the "Land of the Sky" are Asheville, Biltmore and Hot Springs. The route is via the Southern Railway, with splendidly arranged and magnificently appointed through-car service. Pullman drawing room sleeping cars between New York, Washington and Nashville—where the Tennessee Centennial Exposition is now in progress—through the "Land of the Sky." Knoxville and Chattanooga—Lookout Mountain, the scene of the "Battle Above the Clouds." The Norfolk & Chattanooga Limited daily, between Norfolk, Raleigh, Durham, Greensboro (with connection from New York, Washington and Virginia), and Nashville, through Asheville, Hot Springs, Knoxville and Chattanooga. This train carries Pullman's finest drawing-room buffet sleeping cars between Norfolk and Nashville, and elegant vestibuled day coaches between Norfolk and Chattanooga. Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars are also operated between Jacksonville and Cincinnati, through Savannah, Columbia, Spartanburg, Asheville, Knoxville and Harriman Junction.

Visitors to the Tennessee Centennial Exposition at Nashville will find a visit to Asheville or vicinity most delightful and valuable. The Southern Railway now has in press its annual "Summer Homes and Resorts" folder, containing a full list of the many delightful resorts, hotels and summer homes on its line, which will be mailed by the General Passenger Agent, or New York office, 271 Broadway.—*Adv.*

The Green Mountains of Vermont.

NOW THAT the Vermont close season for deer has at last expired and a month been given for hunting, the region has assumed a new interest for sportsmen. Some of the best hunting in the State will be near Rutland, about Killington, Pico and Shrewsbury peaks, where there is much wild country and where the deer, thanks to abundant food and strict protection, have increased till they have become a pest to the neighboring farmers. The best localities are all described in the souvenir edition of "The Heart of the Green Mountains," published by the Rutland Railroad Co. This is a book of 156 pages, 9×11in. in size, with fifty large photo half-tone and crayon reproductions and 75,000 words of text. The first 2,000 copies are for general distribution. The country from the White River to Otter Creek and Lake Champlain is beautifully illustrated. A copy will be sent to any reader of FOREST AND STREAM on receipt of twelve 2-cent stamps. Address E. B. Aldrich, G. P. A. Rutland R. R., Rutland, Vt.—*Adv.*

The Great Northwest.

EACH year the Northern Pacific Railroad compiles a well written and well illustrated book of information regarding the country through which this great transcontinental route passes. "Wonderland for 1897" is the latest of these publications.

As in previous years there is much interest to sportsmen touched upon, from the buffalo and bears of the Yellowstone Park to the new trout of Lake Crescent, whose discovery was chronicled in FOREST AND STREAM by Rear-Admiral Beardsley.

Chapters of special interest are "The Great Northwest," "The Yellowstone Park," "Go Make Money," and "The Heart of the Olympics."

The book will be sent on receipt of 6 cents in stamps by Chas. S. Fee, G. P. A. Northern Pacific R. R., St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

Hunter Bicycles.

HAVING attained the highest eminence in the manufacture of fine shotguns, the Hunter Arms Co looked for new worlds to conquer, and the result is the Hunter bicycle. Hunter bicycles have the same perfection of lines and detail that characterize Smith guns, and are destined to become equally well-known and popular.

A handsome catalogue with lithographed cover and tinted cuts containing matter of unusual interest to wheelmen will be sent on request made to the Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y.—*Adv.*

Fishing on the Picturesque Erie

IS a handsome little pamphlet full of meat for the trout or bass fisherman. The game laws of the States through which the Erie passes are given, and full particulars regarding the fishing that may be expected at various points, including records of the best catches and charges for boats, guides, etc. There are two or three very good illustrations of fishing scenes. Address D. J. Roberts, G. P. A., Erie R. R., New York.—*Adv.*

The Adirondacks.

Now that the ice is out of the Adirondack lakes, the best fishing of the year is to be had. The trout in lakes and brooks are hungry and eager to be caught, and full of life and fight. The Delaware & Hudson R. R. Co. publishes a very complete and copiously illustrated guide to the Adirondacks, which will be sent on request, mentioning FOREST AND STREAM, by J. W. Burdick, G. P. A., Albany, N. Y.—*Adv.*

Cruisers and Battleships.

R. S. WADDELL, Cincinnati, O., general agent for Messrs. E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., have issued a very handsome illustrated souvenir of the principal cruisers and battleships of the American Navy, intended for gratuitous distribution. It will be sent to any address for 5 cents in postage to cover mailing.—*Adv.*

"The Art of Shooting."

WE have just received the long-delayed consignment of Lancaster's "Art of Shooting," last edition, price $3, and can now supply orders.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 23. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

ATTENTION is directed to the new form of address labels on the wrappers of subscribers' copies. The label shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid.

The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us for a new or renewed subscription. Unless specially requested to do so, we do not send separate receipts.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Doubt not, therefore, sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? For angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so; I mean, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good angler, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practiced it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself. Izaak Walton.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1897.—No. V.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Act of May 27, 1897.—Section 5. That it shall be unlawful at any period or season of the year to kill, entrap, or pursue with intent to kill or entrap, any elk, deer, fawn, wild turkey, pheasant, grouse, quail, partridge or woodcock, in any part of this Commonwealth for the purpose of selling the same. And it shall be unlawful for the proprietor, manager, clerk or agent of any market, or other person, firm or corporation, to purchase, sell or expose for sale any elk, deer, fawn, wild turkey, pheasant, grouse, quail, partridge or woodcock killed or entrapped within this Commonwealth. That it shall be unlawful for the proprietor, manager, clerk or agent of any market or any other person, firm or corporation to purchase for the purpose of again selling the same any elk, deer, fawn, wild turkey, pheasant, grouse, quail, partridge or woodcock killed or entrapped within this Commonwealth. [Penalty, $100 for every elk or deer; $25 for every hind.]

GOVERNMENT GAME PRESERVES.

WE print on another page the outline of a scheme of Government game preserves as thought out and submitted by Mr. W. G. Van Name. The proposal is that the National Government shall set apart in certain States, out of its own possessions or out of territories to be secured for the purpose, certain reservations in localities frequented by migratory fowl, upon which shooting shall be forbidden, to the end that the reserves so constituted shall be game refuges for the birds on their flights north and south.

This is not the first time that in despair of effectual action by individual States for the protection of migratory wildfowl, students of the problem have turned to the Government to secure from it that which the States have refused to give. Congressional intervention for the enactment of a national game law has repeatedly been suggested; but the always sufficient answer to the proposition is that such action is not within the province of Congress. Game protection belongs to the police power of the State, and is something that must be exercised for itself by the State, and matters belonging to it do not come within the jurisdiction of the National Government. Mr. Van Name, however, appears now for the first time to have suggested a plan which is free from such objection. His proposition is simply to extend in their application principles which are already in practical operation. In the National Park for example, which is a Government reservation lying within State boundaries, the Government exercises the same unquestioned jurisdiction with respect to game as to other affairs, and hunting is forbidden absolutely at all times. It is within the province of the general Government to acquire lands for various purposes in the several States, and it could acquire tracts for game reserve purposes. Having come into possession of such territories, it could make such regulations as it might deem fit for their control. On the ground of constitutionality, therefore, we believe that no valid objection could be brought against Mr. Van Name's scheme of Government game reserves.

Nor is there any question that such a system put into operation would be of tremendous advantage to the game supply, and would go far toward a solution of the ever present problem of conserving the parent stock. The proposal is to select such places as are most frequented by the game on its northern and southern flights and in which under present conditions it is most exposed to destruction. Such locations will readily suggest themselves to all wildfowl shooters, both on the Atlantic coast and in the West. Observation and experience teach us that if these particular localities were perfectly protected throughout the season the supply of birds would be conserved beyond computation.

We invite careful reading and consideration of the subject as set forth in our game columns. Is the plan a practicable one?

THE LAND OF MEMORY.

ONE who has reached or passed the middle milestone of his journey, and still loves the fields for the best they have to give, sees nothing about him or beyond him so beautiful as the enchanted land of youth, which lies far beyond him, half veiled in the golden haze of memory.

Long ago he beheld in the mirage of youth and hope scenes as fair as these, ever before him, but ever receding as he advanced. They were never nearer than to-morrow, then faded, then vanished. Now he knows that he shall never find in all the world a land so perfect as that which lies so far behind him. He remembers it not as a land of the fancy, but of blissful realities.

Its steadfast cold was exhilarating, its golden sunshine never too hot, its winters never too long; its genial springs, its balmy summers, its mellow autumns, never too short, for the months of each season were longer than years are now. What greenness of fields, what profusion of flowers and fruits, what gorgeousness of woods, what immaculate whiteness of snow, each season held!

What delectable hills its woodlands climbed to glorified heights, from depths of sylvan shade where illusive voices called and echoed, not the piping of thrushes nor murmur of pines nor liquid monotone of streams, but strange and mysterious voices, perhaps of woodland sprites. There were never sweeter songs of birds nor dreamier lullaby of wind-swept pines, nor more musical babble of brooks spilled from moss-rimmed pools whose liquid amber was streaked with silver gleams of trout eager to catch the simplest lure.

Where the brook crept through the sprawling alders unnumbered woodcock bored the fat mold; where it joined the broader stream, hordes of ducks thronged the marshes and wrinkled the broad, slow current with their braided wakes. Beneath, in watery aisles, pillared with lily stems and roofed with purple pads, pickerel, great pike and bass swam in stately procession. There the muskrat built his domed lodge and kept the marshes populous in the depths of winter with his busy, unseen, silent tribe, and all the year the stealthy mink, richest prize of the young trapper, prowled along the shores, preying on fish, flesh and fowl.

When April sun and shower steeped the woods in the balm of spring, they boomed far and near with the grouse's drum-beat; in autumn, with the frequent thunder of his flight. Then pigeons thronged to feasts of beech mast; squirrels barked and chattered in every nut tree; unbroken bevies of quail piped in the stubble fields.

Cornfields were not valued according to their yield of grain, but according to the raccoons that were attracted to them, and the wild, jolly night hunts they afforded. Every upland and lowland cover harbored a fox, and there was not a day of the hunting season that the tuneful cry of hounds might not be heard swelling and dying on hill crest and in hollow. There was even a possibility of shots at deer and bear that kept one always hopeful of such happy chances, and there was a legendary panther, whose gruesome presence one felt in the silent glens where twilight and darkness alternately brooded.

All the happy land and the pleasant waters were an inexhaustible preserve guarded by no keeper, placarded with no trespass signs, but as free to all comers as to the birds of passage.

Just as it was then, it lies behind you now, traversed by shadowy forms of comrades, but you may not enter it—only may you look backward upon it through the mist of years and of eyes grown dim with age. Yet blest is he who so beholds it, and in such possession holds it.

SNAP SHOTS.

THIS has been a great year for the Plank, as the anti-sale of game laws which we are printing from week to week at the head of this page so well show. To-day, as the fifth of the series, is given the provision of the Pennsylvania law which was approved by Governor Hastings last week. The section is ironclad, and rivets are supplied in another provision which forbids any export of game from the State. By this new law Pennsylvania reclaims for the use and enjoyment of her citizens at large the game resources which have been monopolized by the markets. There is no question that if the law shall have anything like fair and adequate enforcement a great change is in store for the sportsmen of the Keystone State, who will no longer be compelled to return empty-handed from game covers depleted by the snarers. The bill was introduced and championed by Hon. Frank G. Harris, Chairman of the House Fish and Game Committee. Mr. Harris has been for many years a constant reader of the FOREST AND STREAM; and of course he was sound and firm on this question.

Conditions similar to those which have made abandoned farms in New England wild game covers prevail in India with abandoned tea plantations. Large areas upon which attempts were made to cultivate tea have been given over to wilderness again, and are now the haunts of jungle fowl and pheasants. And in India as in America the gradual and steady decrease of shooting resources is such as to make very acceptable to the sportsman every such reprisal, by which a bit of wilderness is restored and a feathered game refuge established.

The most notable game restocking enterprise of the day is that which has been so successful in reëstablishing the wild deer in Vermont. Next October the law will be off, and for the first time within the experience of most Green Mountain Boys of our generation they may then hunt the deer on their native heath. In these restorations of game resources we of to-day are only putting into execution the projects of a half century ago. In the story sent by Antler, and printed to-day, of an elk herding experiment in the fifties, reference is made to a scheme proposed at that time by Professor Baird and others, that the Government should restock with elk in New York, Pennsylvania and elsewhere lands not suited to agricultural purposes. Presumably nothing ever came of the project; at all events, there are no elk now in these States outside of preserves. Meanwhile there remain vast areas of wilderness wherein, if our fathers had had the sense and foresight to provide protection, the indigenous stock of elk might yet be represented.

We spoke the other day of the persistency and tenacity with which the unworthier classes of animal life, which we call vermin, maintain themselves. An interesting illustration of this is afforded in the experience of a trapper which a Boston correspondent sends us. Plying his vocation in eastern Massachusetts, this one man took during the last fall and winter one otter, seven raccoons, three foxes, thirty two mink, two hundred skunks, and seven hundred and three muskrats, making a total of nine hundred and forty-six fur-bearing animals. He has operated on the Nashua, Sudbury and Charles rivers, and Rosemary Brook. During the second week in March he caught in five consecutive days muskrats to the numbers as follows: forty-three, thirty-seven, thirty-two, thirty-five and twenty-five. Thi smust be considered a remarkable record, having been made so close to the haunts of civilization.

The dealers in millinery supplies in this city bestirred themselves to prevent the Governor's signature of a bill passed by the Albany Legislature forbidding the traffic in the plumage of wild birds, and they were so successful in their arguments with the Governor that he permitted the bill to perish on Monday last by withholding from it his signature. The millinery interest was too strong to combat successfully.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE CHESTNUT RIDGE

And Along Its Foot.—II.

I SHOULD not think the region of the Chestnut Ridge could ever have been a good country for fox hunting—except for the fox; the ground was so broken and so overgrown with trees and thickets of underbrush that it would seem to have been almost impossible for a mounted huntsman to push his way across. Nevertheless, the sport had its devotees; one of the most conspicuous and best known of whom was old Sheriff M. The sheriff was a large-boned, dark-complexioned man who talked a little thick, as though he had "a mitten on his tongue." He had always a fine horse or two in his stable and a pack of hounds in the yard. The favorite animal of this troop was one he called Sing, or, as he pronounced it, Thing. The joy of the old man's heart was to gather up a half-dozen cronies and canter off to hunt the fox along the foot of the ridge.

On one memorable occasion, so the legend runs, the sheriff and his favorite hound distinguished themselves. The chase had been long and arduous. For several hours the fox had led over the hills and through the thickets with Sing and the sheriff in hot pursuit. But at length it was evident from the yelling of the pack that Reynard had been run to earth. The sheriff was in advance of his companions. Jumping from his horse and scrambling through a clump of bushes he came to the spot where the dogs were baying and yelling around the end of a hollow log that lay upon the ground. It was clear that the fox had sought refuge in this log. Stooping down and looking in, the hindquarters of a large animal were dimly to be seen. The sheriff was excited. "Here Thing! Here Thing!" he shouted; "the biggeth fox I ever thaw!" and reaching in he drew out, not the fox, but the identical hound that he was so wildly calling. The dog had crawled into the log as far as he could go, after the fox, the latter, meanwhile, had crept through an opening in the log 30ft. above and was gone. The laugh was on the sheriff, and it was long before he heard the last of "the biggeth fox."

Another sportsman well-known in that region forty years ago was a little, old, weather-beaten fisherman of the Conemaugh. He had a thin, wizened face, long elf locks, and wore, summer and winter, rain or shine, an old slouch hat and a broad leather apron. I do not remember ever seeing him without this leather apron. In it he always carried the fish that he caught. It was a common thing, as one rambled along the shore of the river, to come across this old man reclining in some sequestered nook, watching his fish-poles, which were "set" not far distant.

I think he was an inoffensive old man, as became a disciple of the immortal Izaak, and only when he was badgered by the village boys as he carried his fish through the streets in his apron did he lose his characteristic patience and turn upon his tormentors. "But past is all his fame." If I remember rightly, he was found dead one day on the bank of the river that he had so long frequented. It seems a fitting place for him to die. Perhaps if he could have had his choice he would have preferred no other spot.

Prior to the construction of the line of public improvements through the valley of the Conemaugh, a turnpike road leading from Philadelphia to Pittsburg had been made. It was called the Northern Turnpike, and was the great artery through which flowed the stream of traffic and travel between the East and the West. Before this highway was constructed only rude country roads existed, which were little more than vistas cut through the forests, some of the worst places being "corduroyed"—that is, made passable by laying the trunks of small trees side by side across the swampy spots—but otherwise almost impassable by reason of the stumps of trees and the rocks that were left *in situ*. Frederick Post, traversing this region in the fall of 1758, describes one of the roads as "the worst that ever was traveled," and one of his horses lost his footing and "rolled down the hill like a wheel." A near relative of mine came with her father's family early in the present century from the Lake George region in northern New York into this part of western Pennsylvania. They came by wagon over the country roads, such as they were, and were six weeks on the way. They lodged in the houses of the settlers along the road where houses were to be found, otherwise they camped out and slept in and under the wagon. I recall the interest with which she invested her narrative; it was much such an adventure as I suppose a wagon ride would now be across the upper half of Wisconsin. The census of 1820 gave Pennsylvania a population of only a little over 1,000,000.

As the railroad was a vast improvement upon the canal, and the canal upon the turnpike, so the last was an immense improvement upon the primitive road. Tiego, in his "Geography of Pennsylvania," 1843, grows enthusiastic over the advantages of the lately constructed turpike road. "In order to contrast the former times and facilities with the present," he says, "it may be mentioned that before turnpikes were constructed it required a good team of five or six horses from eighteen to twenty-five days to transport from 2,500 to 3,500lbs. of goods from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. On the completion of the turnpike across the mountains, the load of a wagon was increased to 6,000 or 8,000lbs., and the trip was made in twelve or fifteen days."

Villages and wayside inns sprang up as by magic all along the new highway. Long lines of broad-tired, canvas-topped Conestoga wagons drawn by teams of six or eight horses with tinkling bells moved slowly but picturesquely across the Pennsylvania hills between the remote cities at either end. At night these put up at the aforesaid inns, or "taverns," as they were more commonly called, where the teamsters had much rude sport while the horses stood champing their oats in the moonlight beside the wagons. It was a common sight in our village when I was a boy. It reminded one of Homer:

> "A thousand fires burned on the plain, and by each
> Sat fifty in the light of the blazing fire;
> And horses eating white barley and corn,
> Standing by the chariots, awaited fair-throned Aurora."

This translation is by that fine fellow Henry D. Thoreau, one of the specially favored high priests of nature.

A name honorably associated with this part of the country is that of Dr. R. M. S. Jackson. This gentleman was distinguished as a physician and scientist. He was a member of the first geological survey corps of the State, and is spoken of by Prof. Lesley, in his "Historical Sketch of Geological Explorations," as a man of "singular but erratic genius," who set aside a geological theory maintained until his time, "after a thorough examination of the case with eyes from the glance of which nothing escaped, and with a brain never excelled." I well remember Dr Jackson. His chief identification with this section is through his book, "The Mountain," a stout volume of nearly 650 pages, which treats of the fauna, the flora, and other natural characteristics of the Allegheny range. This book is a singular melange of wit, learning and curious remark. He was founder of the sanitarium known far and wide as Cresson Springs, on the mountain top, on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. When the Civil War broke out Dr. Jackson offered his services to his country. He became surgeon-in-chief of the Army of the Cumberland, and died near Chattanooga in 1863, shortly after the battle of Lookout Mountain.

That part of the Pennsylvania canal system which lay in the Conemaugh Valley, consisted of alternating stretches of levels and of slack-water pools. There were ten dams across the stream, which afforded about twenty miles of slack-water navigation These pools formed broad, smooth sheets of water which lay among the hills, reflecting the wooded heights in their mirror-like surfaces, and as picturesque as Highland lochs. The navigation of a canal is ordinarily and naturally free enough from peril; but occasionally, in times of high freshets, the navigation of the slack-water was not entirely without danger. More than one canal boat was carried over these dams, to the ruin of the boat and the loss of human life.

As I began this little paper with an anecdote of one of the old-timers, I may as well close it with another. Among the residents of our village was an old colored individual who was proverbially lazy. It seemed necessary, however, that he should do something, and casting about in his mind for an easy job, it occurred to him that steering a canal boat was about as near doing nothing as anything he could get at. He secured this desirable position. He had been but a few hours aboard when the boat entered one of the dams. The water was high, and the captain, putting the tiller into the hands of his new auxiliary, descended into the cabin for his breakfast. In a very short time the boat gave a great thump, and running up the stairs the captain found the bow of the boat up against the tow path; the stern, carried out by the force of the current, was swirling out half-way across the river, while his steersman was hanging on manfully to the tiller.

"Hello, you old black scoundrel," cried the captain, excitedly, "I thought you said you could steer a boat!"

"So I kin, sah," replied the imperturbable darkey, "so I kin, sah; dat is not my fault, sah; dat is de bow's man's fault, my end is out far enough!" T. J. CHAPMAN

PITTSBURG, Pa.

ON THE EDGE OF THE GRAN CHACO.

TOLD BY WILLIAM KINGSBURY TO WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Chapter II.

THE sun had just risen when we reached the edge of a long cañada and we could see the river a mile and a half away. The road was now lined with algarrobo trees, from whose limbs hung yellowish pods 6in. in length. These pods are eagerly eaten by cattle, horses and other animals.

We crossed the river on a flat-bottomed ferryboat and struck off along the river bank. We were now getting into a wilder country, and as we progressed we saw many flocks of pigeons and gaudily-colored paroquets. While we had met mostly pampas land heretofore, our route now led through alternating patches of thick monte and high-grassed meadow land. Then again we would occasionally sight an ostrich or deer. As it would have been wanton slaughter to kill any of the larger game, for we wished to travel as light as possible and not to load the horses down with meat, we let the ostriches and deer go unmolested. We well knew that we were bound for a section where they were plenty and the meat could be used.

That noon we stopped in the shade cast by the foliage of a large algarrobo tree. When the horses had been turned loose to feed upon the rich, succulent grass that bordered the river's bank, and while Jim skirmished for fuel for a fire, I hunted up some fishing tackle, and after baiting the hook with a piece of raw meat went to the river and cast in. Presently the line tightened with a dull, heavy tug, then, as it commenced to swerve slowly to the right, I gave a quick jerk and found I had hooked something. As I hauled in hand over hand the line gyrated sluggishly in the water, and I soon landed a catfish that weighed in the neighborhood of 6lbs. Casting in again I soon had its mate, and as we now had more fish than we could possibly eat, I quit.

Unlike the catfish of our own country the flesh of the catfish of the Salado River has a very fine flavor. This is because the waters of the Salado are salt. Instead of black this fish is a very light gray. From the river Parana I have seen them taken as heavy as 150lbs.

We spitted the fish and broiled them over the coals until they had the delicate, brownish hue of perfectly cooked fish.

The country through which we passed that afternoon was similar to that of the morning, but wilder. As we drew further away from civilization game of all descriptions appeared in greater quantity. Deer and ostrich grew more numerous. While we were passing through a monte we were startled by a sudden stir in the thick undergrowth nearby, and a large puma appeared to view bounding off into the forest's depths; he disappeared so quickly that we were unable to get a shot at him. We also saw a great ant-hill, which showed indications of having been visited by a great ant bear.

We camped under a giant ombu tree, and after the camp had been established I repaired to the river and soon secured a good mess of catfish. Jim in the meantime had shot half a dozen pigeons from a nearby tree with the Parker.

When we finally sought our blankets, we were unable to obtain much sleep on account of the strange and sometimes fierce sounds which emanated from the depths of the wild, thick monte, on the edge of which we were encamped.

Next morning, as we were crossing a low cañada where the long grass grew so rank and high in places that we were unable to see over its top from the saddle, Jim discovered an ostrich nest half full of egg shells. Near the nest we we found half a dozen bad eggs, which plainly indicated that the old bird had done hatching for the season. The nest was fully a yard in diameter, and was built up from the ground in a sort of mound shape. The top was scooped out saucer-like, and was filled with soft grass. Now we know that as a general thing ostriches do not build nests in this manner; therefore, we concluded that the birds who had built in such a peculiar shape must have had some reason for it. Whether we were right or wrong, we finally concluded that as the cañada was more or less covered with water during the rainy season, the old birds had built the nest mound-shape in order to keep the eggs dry.

The grass in which we found the nest is very common throughout the pampas of the Argentine Republic. Starting in bunches from the ground in the springtime, it grows to a height of 2½ft., and is very luxuriant. The blade starting wide at the base, gradually tapers to an extreme point. Out of the center of each bunch of grass grows a number of long reeds, which average fully 9ft. in height. The tips of these reeds are surmounted by long, drooping, feather-like flowers, which, in the fall of the year, look like silver. The effects of the sun's rays shining upon miles and miles of these waving plumes is beautiful beyond description, and can only be likened to light trembling on a boundless sea of scintillating silver. Among all this beauty, however, lurk many dangers, for here the scorpion, centipede, tarantula and different varieties of reptiles find homes. It also shields from view (in the wilder sections of the country) the puma, jaguar (or South American lion), the hungry wolf, and other fierce beasts.

That evening we reached San Justo, which is a typical Argentine Republic frontier town. It is near the edge of the Gran Chaco, and is also near the Salado River. While leisurely passing through the town, we suddenly heard the advancing clatter of an approaching horse. We were exceedingly surprised to have a fully accoutred vigilante, or frontier policeman, dash up to us, and inform us in Spanish that we must go with him. We asked him how had we broken the law, and he said that the captain would explain when we reached the quartel, or police station. After considerable argument we found there was no escape, so we went with him.

Having reached police headquarters, which we found to be a long, low, white-washed building near the plaza, we were ordered to dismount, and were immediately surrounded by half a dozen vigilantes. In the crowd was the commissario or captain, a dark, thin, wiry-looking individual with a short, cropped beard and mustache. As we stood with our hands on our bridle reins, this individual questioned us closely as to our business and destination; he also made himself obnoxiously free in an examination ou our property.

Jim finally grew hot under such treatment, and when he could stand it no longer, he showered upon the commissario and his horde such an explosive volley of expressive Spanish, as to cause them to stand gaping in jealous amazement at his wonderful ability to surpass even themselves at that game.

After the commissario had critically examined my Winchester, and had plainly stated that it very much resembled one that had been stolen from him a year before, then it was my turn to grow hot. While I do not lay claim to be able to command such an unbroken flow of adjectives as Jim can, still I fairly outdid myself in my efforts on this occasion to do the subject justice. I informed the commissario that nothing but the brain of an idiot would absorb the notion that any gun manufactory built each gun differently. "This," I said, "could be easily understood by a jackass, as that animal has brains; but by a commissario—never!" Now it was the commissario's turn to grow hot, but he very soon cooled down when Jim informed him that we were friends of Don Pancho.

Don Pancho was the principal ranchman of that neighborhood, and the most important individual in the community, therefore, when Jim informed the commissario that we were on our way to the Don's estancia, he not only cooled down, but he immediately assumed a most polite and apologetic tone, and we were allowed to depart without further molestation. Jim's ready wit had saved us much trouble. As a general thing these petty officials make themselves exceedingly obnoxious in all parts of the Republic. Like many insignificant office holders in our own country, they absorb the idea that they are fearfully and wonderfully important. Apparently, such officials as these subsist more on boodle extracted from the pockets of the unwary than from their own salaries.

The sun had set before we left the town, and we hurried to cross the river before dark. When we had arrived at the outskirts of the town we hailed a passing native and inquired of him the right direction to the river. After giving us full information he told us that we were on a dangerous road and that we stood a good chance of meeting thieves, especially after dark. We thanked him and continued on our way. Soon the moon rose and flooded the earth with silver. When we had arrived within 200 or 300yds. of the toll bridge that spans the Salado we turned abruptly to the right and entered a thick monte. Here we prepared our camp for the night.

We experienced a most miserable time that night fighting mosquitoes, but made up for lost slumber by sleeping well into the next forenoon. When finally we arose I went to the river to bathe and to fish, and Jim started off with his gun after birds. When I returned to camp with fish enough for breakfast, I found Jim there ahead of me. He was preparing some paroquets, which he had shot, for broiling over the coals.

We reached San Antonio that evening and were welcomed by our old friend Croft. The estancia Rincon de San Antonio is a large ranch, fully thirty miles in length and fifteen miles in its widest part. Thousands of head of cattle, horses and sheep are owned here. Croft, an Englishman, was the principal ranchman on the place.

We camped on the porch of the house that night, but obtained very little sleep. Not only were the mosquitoes nearly unendurable, but a band of Corentinas arrived in the middle of the night with a large troop of cattle for the estancia. They killed a steer and cooked its flesh over a large fire. They made the night hideous with their wild howls and wilder carousals.

The Corentinas are full-blooded Indians, and a wild lot they are, too. Very few of them speak Spanish. The reason for this is that the Jesuits learned the Corentina's language when they settled among them; then they preached to them in their own language.

We breakfasted with our friend Croft and his wife next

morning. Croft owned a place in Soledad, and he invited us to go there and make it our headquarters until the arrival of H. After breakfast we saddled and started for Soledad.

While crossing the cañada we saw plenty of game, such as deer, ostriches, partridges and martinets. Many flocks of ducks rose from the lagoons.

We reached the ranch about 4 o'clock, and were warmly received by Don Antonio. The old Don conducted us to a shanty by the side of his own house, and invited us to make ourselves perfectly at home and stay as long as we wished.

Don Antonio's family numbered nine members—his wife, himself and seven children. The eldest of his three daughters, a maiden of sixteen, was a real spanish beauty, possessing all those charming features of beauty so characteristic of young Spanish women. Such were the associates with whom our lot was cast for a month.

Never will I forget the jolly gatherings on semi-tropical evenings under the orange trees; nor tales of adventures and travels (indulged in by members of the company) in foreign lands, while the mate passed from one to another in much the same manner as Indians would pass the pipe of peace; then, there were the soft, sweet, Spanish songs sung by the beautiful Señorita to the enchanting accompaniment of the guitar. Those were happy times, and if health and strength do not fail me, I mean some day to live them over again.

We had been here but a short time, and while we had done as yet no hunting for large game, still, we had managed to keep the family more than supplied with partridges, martinets, ducks and geese, and had not allowed them to want for plenty of fish.

Finally a day came which none who saw it can ever forget. The sun rose that morning beautiful and clear, and all indications pointed to clear weather for some time to come. Jim bagged a good lot of birds in the afternoon, and I returned toward evening fairly staggering under a heavy string of fish taken from the waters of the San Antonio. When the evening meal had been disposed of our jolly circle gathered in its accustomed place under the orange trees, and, as usual, with joke, song and anecdote whiled a number of hours away. The moon shone bright and silvery, casting a network of shadows under the trees; a gentle breeze tempered the air to a delicious coolness. Suddenly, without the slightest warning or apparent cause, the breeze ceased, the atmosphere grew oppressively hot, almost to suffocation it seemed. Looking at a small thermometer which I always carried, I was surprised to find that it registered 112°.

Soon a breeze commenced gently to blow from the south. At first it was as stifling as the heated breath of a furnace, but it gradually grew cooler and cooler, until the conditions of an hour before were completely reversed and the thermometer showed 75°, a drop of nearly 40° within an hour. A haze like a curtain of gauze began to spread itself far and near over the face of the heavens. Through this misty curtain the moon shone, dull and lusterless. Now and then a strange, tremulous rumbling, which seemed to come from everywhere at once, filled the air; this mysterious sound gradually grew louder and louder. Finally, drove after drove of cattle, horses and sheep went thundering over the pampas toward the thick montes. Well they knew the fierce pampero! They had seen it spread death and destruction among their kind before. The members of the family by this time had also become thoroughly frightened, and as for Jim and me—well, the less said the better.

Soon, away off down low, where the wide pampas seemed to lift its breast to the horizon, a line of ink-like blackness appeared to rise out of the earth and spread like a sable pall across the heavens. Slowly, slowly at first it climbed, then faster and faster. It was as if a million factory chimneys were belching forth great volumes of soot below the horizon's edge. Out of the very ground stream upon stream of lurid flame leaped in jagged lines of fire to the extreme ends of this line of stygian blackness; it appeared that earth and sky had suddenly become transformed into a mammoth furnace of raging fire and tumbling smoke. This wild scene was accompanied by one incessant roar of continuous thunder. The wind, which had been steadily increasing, was now blowing a gale, and it was very cold; it was nothing, however, compared to what was coming.

We watched the awful approach of the pampero with trembling and fear. While we knew our brick shanty (as well as the old Don's house) was strongly secured by heavy steel cables which passed over the low roof to the ground on either side, and were there anchored deeply in the earth, still we well knew that the full strength of shanty, house and cables would be tested to their utmost before the terrible storm had passed. In fact we feared greatly that everything would be swept away and greatly dreaded to enter the shanty; yet we knew we could not stay outside.

When the pampero had climbed to near the zenith the Don and his family entered the house, and Jim and I walked over to our dwelling where we stood for an instant looking, as it seemed, into the very bowels of hell. Just as that world of fire, roar and blackness seemed crouching for the final spring that would prove the destruction of everything with which it should come in contact, we entered the shanty and tightly secured the door. We had hardly secured the window when it seemed that all the forces of perdition had been turned loose upon the earth.

It would be useless for mortal, with either tongue or pen, to attempt to describe that storm. To be realized it would have had to be seen, and even then, I doubt if a true picture of its terrific grandeur and awful sublimity could have been retained by the strongest human mind, for it seemed to dull and numb the very sensibilities; we didn't sleep a wink all night long. The incessant roar of the wind, which rocked the shanty as if it were a cradle; the stupefying boom of the thunder and the crashing volleys of hailstones on the roof not only prevented sleep, but made it impossible for us to talk, as we could not hear one another's voice. We simply lay side by side in a sort of stupor until morning. It was an awful night, and we were thankful indeed when, shortly after daylight, the storm spent its strength and passed away.

When we realized that the storm was really over we ventured forth into the open air, and what a sight was presented to our view! The sun was shining brightly; a brisk, delightful breeze swept from off the pampas, across miles and miles of heavy grass that had been flattened to the ground; but lo—most wonderful to relate—there, where had trickled the San Antonio, a stream but a few yards wide the day before, flowed a mighty river fully two miles wide. No cattle, horses or sheep met the sight, but the old Don seemed not to be concerned on that account. He said that while some had undoubtedly been killed, he was sure that the number would be small, and that the others would soon return from the thick forests where they had betaken themselves the night before for protection from the storm. He was right, for before night the plains around the house were once more covered with stock. I think that not more than fifty head had been killed, and they were mostly sheep.

Chapter III.

After breakfast, Don Antonio proposed that we take all the dogs, and that all hands go on a grand biscatchera exterminating expedition. This, of course, not only meant the destruction of any biscatcheras that we might come across, but the slaughter of the inmates as well. It must be understood that the biscatcha (the animal which lives in the house or biscatchera) is an inveterate enemy of the ranchman of the Argentine Republic. Owners of estancias infested with these pests find it impossible to get entirely rid of them. Besides undermining the ground and building large mounds on the surface, the biscatcha eats off the grass, leaving the ground barren, and in other ways causes great damage. Thousands and thousands of dollars are yearly expended by the ranchmen in their efforts to rid their estancias of the pests.

It would have puzzled the brain of any naturalist had he been compelled to figure out the different strains of the mixed breeds of the eight or ten mongrels that accompanied us on our exterminating tour that morning. There were big dogs and little dogs, fat dogs and lean dogs, tall dogs and short dogs; in fact, they were of all sorts, sizes and colors, also of all temperaments; one and all, however, thoroughly understood the business they were to be engaged in, as they plainly showed by the wild, excited manner in which they tumbled about when they saw us preparing for business.

We started for a large biscatcha village down by the river. Jim carried his Parker, while I had my faithful Winchester. The old Don was armed with a machete; each of his four sons carried a shovel. The shovels were to be used in digging gutters from the flooded lagoons to the entrances of the biscatcheras, so as to flood the biscatchas out. It was but a short while before the fun commenced.

Selecting the largest biscatchera (mound) nearest a lagoon, the boys set to work and soon dug a trench to the main entrance of the mound from the lagoon. We had stopped up all the smaller holes, making it impossible for the biscatchas to come out any other way than by the main entrance. When the trench connected entrance and lagoon, the water rushed in in a flood. Before long we could hear sniffings, snorts and splashes; then as the hole filled up and the sounds grew plainer, we looked in and could see, now and then, a biscatcha pop his head above the rapidly rising water, only to disappear again. The water had nearly reached the top of the hole when there was a sudden rush, and a large buck biscatcha broke like a shot from the hole; quick as he was, however, the old Don was quicker, for, like a streak, he brought his machete down on the biscatcha's neck with such force as to completely sever the head from its body.

Before the old don was ready to stop him, another biscatcha, then another, broke from the hole. Jim and I fired as quick as we could, and dropped them both in their tracks. They were now coming so fast that we more than had our hands full, and between the reports of the guns, the furious snapping, growling and barking of the dogs, the wild swipes made by the old Don with his machete, and his sons with their shovels, the scrambling ground and lofty tumblings in the mud and water, the snorts, yells, howls and laughter, it was by far the most animated bit of hunting I had ever indulged in or witnessed. We killed in the neighborhood of twenty-five biscatchas at this mound, and when they ceased to come out the water was turned into another mound, and soon the same performance was being enacted over again.

We killed that morning more than 200 of these animals, and had it not taken so long for the water to fill the holes, there can be no doubt but we would have killed more than twice that number. Some of the small, young ones, we took with us to the house; they are very tender and very good eating when properly cooked. The old ones are coarse and tough, have a strong, disagreeable flavor, and are seldom eaten.

That afternoon more than fifty boys came from the village of Soledad on horseback and carried off the dead biscatchas. They took them for the skins, which when cut into thin strips are highly prized for mending reins, saddles and shoes.

As the meat larder was running low, and as Jim and I didn't care to live entirely on biscatcha meat, we decided to go on a hunt after large game.

We were away before sunrise. Jim decided to hunt the cañada along the edge of the overflowed river, while I struck off in the direction of the open pampas. After a mile I thought I could make out the backs of three deer showing above the grass on the top of a knoll some distance ahead. Dismounting, I hobbled the horse and set out to stalk them. Carefully working my way to where I judged I would be able to obtain a view, I cautiously raised my head, and there, about 300yds. off, stood an old buck, a doe and a young buck. They were the common, small deer of the pampas called gama. Quickly dropping to the ground again, I waited a short while, then quietly commenced to snake my way through the grass once more. I had gone another 100yds. when I was startled by a loud hissing directly in front of my face. Lifting my head, I found myself gazing into the wide, gaping mouth of an iguana.

While I knew an iguana would not be apt to attack a person unless cornered and compelled to defend itself, still, I'm not the one to say that I was not frightened at the predicament I was in; the very unexpectedness of the occurrence was enough to startle anyone. I felt my flesh creep, and my hair nearly lifted my hat for an instant; then, as I realized that the animal before me was almost harmless, and that it was undoubtedly more frightened than I was, I could hardly help laughing at thought of the ludicrousness of the situation. There in front of me and disputing the way stood the iguana. It had raised itself as high upon its legs as it possibly could, and as thus it stood with lashing tail and wide-open mouth hissing like a goose, it looked exceedingly comical. I reached for my rifle, which I had dropped in my first surprise, and was pulling it toward me, when the iguana made a sudden dive, and as I ducked my head scrambled helter-skelter over my back. I gave him a parting kick as he disappeared in the grass behind me. This movement on the part of the iguana was more than I had bargained for. Whether he really intended to attack me, I cannot say. I think, however, that he probably lost his head and could not see where he was going in his desire to escape. Whether he intended to attack me or not, I have no desire to experience another such close meeting.

Taking a cautious peep I was considerably gratified to observe that the deer were still feeding, and were not over 200yds. away. Continuing the cautious advance, I worked up to what I judged was another hundred yards. I lay low for awhile, then ventured another peep, and there, within easy range, stood the three deer.

As it was no new thing for me to shoot deer, and as they seemed not to be in any hurry to leave, evidently not having discovered my presence, I worked slowly up to an extra thick clump of grass and sat down. The deer would feed first in one direction, then in another, and they looked so innocent, graceful and beautiful, that I really regretted to shoot them. I watched them for perhaps half an hour, then selecting the young buck waited until he turned broadside to me, poked the rifle through the clump of grass and fired. At the report the buck dropped like a stone; he must have been killed instantly.

The old buck and doe, instead of running away, stopped eating and commenced to walk around the fallen deer in a curious manner. They would sniff at the body, then gaze all around, the old buck stamping and whistling all the while.

As it was near the rutting season I decided not to fire at the old buck. So I killed the doe.

I now thought that the old buck would surely run, but I was mistaken, for he made no effort whatever in that direction. Instead he stood stamping and whistling louder than ever. He had an elegant pair of antlers for his species, but as I was not hunting antlers but meat, and as I had secured all the meat we would be able to use for some time to come, and as it would have been useless slaughter to have killed him, I jumped upon my feet, and, waving my arms above my head, let out such an unearthly yell that the old fellow started to gallop like the wind across the pampas, and it was but a short while before he was out of sight.

The buck and doe were in good condition, plump and fat. Fastening their legs securely together with a piece of rawhide, which I always carried for just such a purpose, after considerable trouble I managed to swing them across the horse behind the saddle. Then, mounting, I started slowly for the house, the deer partly dragging on the ground each side of the horse.

I had not gone far before I saw Jim riding slowly toward me, and I could see that he was not returning empty-handed. I could make out some kind of game on his horse back of the saddle. When we met, I saw that he had shot a large ostrich. He had his game secured in the usual way of carrying an ostrich—its neck had been drawn through the saddle girth on one side the horse, while one leg had been secured in a like manner on the opposite side.

"I went about a mile after we parted," he said, "when, as I reached the edge of the river, I happened to look off to one side and saw a whole troop of ostriches coming down to the river. Riding well to leeward of them, I left the horse, and after considerable crawling managed to get up to within 50yds. I selected the nicest bird in the lot and immediately cut loose with a charge of buckshot. As the ostrich dropped, the rest of the troop cut out at such a clip that they were soon out of sight. I could easily have shot another, only I reserved my second barrel in order to finish this one in case he should prove not to be dead. I found, however, that the gun had done good work, as the ostrich was stone dead when I reached it."

When we arrived at the house it was near dinner time, so we immediately skinned the ostrich and two deer, and it was but a short while before the delicious odor of broiling venison filled the air. After dinner, we cut the deer meat into strips, which we jerked, then salted and hung in the sun, so that it would dry. We presented the ostrich skin to the eldest daughter, and she declared that she would make it into a shoulder cape. This she could easily do, and beautiful capes they are, being not only ornamental, but perfectly waterproof as well.

News was brought us that afternoon that a Gaucho's baby had died in the town of Soledad; and that a dance of the little Angelito would be celebrated the next night at the Gaucho's house. As about everybody attends on such occasions, we all decided to go.

The dance of the little Angelito is in some respects somewhat similar to an Irish wake. At a dance of the little Angelito dancing is indulged in, and generally this dance is continued night after night, in different houses (as the dead child is borrowed first by one person, then another) until it becomes absolutely necessary to bury the body. While I am not entirely sure that I am right, still, I think that this custom is an old Indian one; at any rate, I never saw it practiced among the full-blooded Spaniards. As many of the Gauchos are half-breeds, they of course observe many Indian customs, and I think this dance is one of them.

Soon after sundown next evening Jim and I and a couple of the boys started on horseback for the Gaucho's house, where the dance was to be held. When we had reached our destination and dismounted, we found ourselves in front of a long, low whitewashed shanty, built of sun-dried bricks. That we were not the first to arrive was plainly evident by the number of horses which were tied around about. Tying our horses to a couple of spare posts, we entered the house, which we found to be thickly crowded. At the further end of the room was a table, and stretched at full length on the table and dressed in white lay the body of the dead child; around it a number of candles were burning.

When we were observed by the people in the room, they parted as best they could, and Jim and I were conducted up near the table where the baby lay, and were given seats. We had been employed on a nearby rancho a couple of years before, and so were pretty well known by the people present. Being white men, we were treated very courteously. In fact, full-blooded white people are always treated with great civility by the Gauchos and In-

dians. Especially is this the case when the whites are supposed to be Englishmen.

The low tone of three guitars (solemnly played for the monotonous dance that was in progress) seemed to be played by hidden musicians; for, as the men, women and children were all smoking cigarillos, the room was so filled with smoke that we could not see the players. The conditions were such, in fact, as to make breathing really difficult.

In one place, dimly showing through the thick haze of smoke, would be gathered a group of dried, wrinkled, old women, while in another part of the room would be a lot of old men. In still another place gathered young people, some of whom—especially the girls—were exceedingly handsome. Scattered promiscuously among these different groups, could be seen the picturesque dress of the Gaucho; the wide, flowing lumbachas (breeches), the high-heeled boots, the broad-brimmed hats, the white shirts, short, black coats and silver-trimmed belts; the fierce, black moustachios and gleaming white teeth of these rovers of the pampas; the slow, easy movements of the mirthless dancers; the firefly-like glow of countless cigarillos showing dimly through the thick haze of tobacco smoke; the dead baby lying so still and white; all these combined formed a picture so strange that once looked upon it could never be forgotten. We staid until after 2 o'clock, when the dance ended for the night.

The dancers had nearly all dispersed, and Jim and I were about to mount our horses, when, suddenly six revolver shots rang out in quick succession from down the road. The shots were followed by some shouting and screaming, and as it appeared something important had happened, we quickly swung ourselves into saddles, and with hands on revolvers galloped in the direction of the trouble. We found a small crowd gathered around a carriage, in which a woman was seated. She was supporting in her arms the body of a man. She was the wife of the Juez de Paz (Justice of Peace), and the body she supported was that of her husband. He had been shot six times by one of his own vigilantes, and was stone dead.

The man who had done the shooting escaped into the Gran Chaco. He was the murdered man's sergeant and had killed him on account of some family trouble. He was subsequently captured and is now confined in the State prison at La Plata.

Next morning Jim's horse, Zino, was missing, as also was the rope by which he had been tethered. This was his favorite horse and he felt very badly over its disappearance. We hunted in all directions the whole of that day, but could find no signs of the horse; he had evidently been stolen. It seemed strange that my horse had not been molested, as he was tethered right near Jim's.

A FUR TRADER'S JOURNAL.

THE value of Dr. Coues's historical work on the early Western explorers is so well known as to need no comment. It appeals alike to the historian, the geographer, the naturalist, and the ethnologist, for the work of these early explorers in virgin fields covered a very wide range From the necessities of the case, however, this work was general, and much of it requires interpretation at the hands of a specialist, and comment in the light of events and information that are more recent. No one is better fitted to do this work than is Dr. Coues; himself a traveler, a naturalist, and a writer whose abilities are sufficiently familiar to every one.

His latest contribution to the early history of the West has just appeared from the press of Francis P Harper. It consists of the journals of Alexander Henry, fur trader of the Northwest Company, and of David Thompson, official geographer and explorer of the same company, and covers a period extending from 1799–1814. The story told by these journals is one of exploration, trading and adventure among the Indians on the Red, Saskatchewan, Missouri and Columbia rivers, and from the dates given it is evident that this wide extent of country was then almost untouched by white men; no visible impression had been made on the numbers of the wild animals by the coming of the traders, and but little on the manners and customs of the natives.

Alexander Henry was the younger of two men of the same name—uncle and nephew—both of whom were fur traders leading "similar lives in like scenes under identical occupations." The Travels and Adventures in Canada and the Indian Territories, between the Years 1760 and 1776, written by the elder Henry, was published in New York in 1809; the journal of the younger man is preserved in the Library of Parliament at Ottawa, and is the basis of the present work.

Apart from the actual editorial work, the condensing smoothing, polishing and the elision of unimportant matters needed for this journal, is the critical comment by the editor, a most useful and most interesting part of the present work. This covers the naming and locating of all, or nearly all, the individuals mentioned in Henry's journal. To do this it was necessary to become familiar with the history of the Northwest Fur Company, and others with which it had close relations, with the lists of its employees, with its routes of travel, and with a host of other details, many of them apparently of trifling importance, but all having a bearing on this journal. Besides this, the geographical notes represent a vast amount of work in the identification of places whose old names have long been forgotten, comparison of places named by Henry with the same places to-day, and the tracing of the writer's sometimes obscure routes.

David Thompson, whose name appears on the title page of the present work as its co-author with Henry, was celebrated as an astronomer, geographer, explorer and discoverer, whose service with the Hudson Bay Company, the Northwest Company and the International Boundary Commission covered many years. His contributions to the work, which are chiefly geographical, are, like Dr. Coues's, in the form of notes, the main text being solely Henry's.

Henry was a fur trader—a business man, looking for his profit from trade, and willing to go to any reasonable lengths to secure his end—which was a good trade. He never forgot that he was in the country for furs. And yet he was a simple-hearted man, whose kindly qualities cannot fail often to attract us, while on the other hand the stern moralist may stand aghast at some of his relations. As the editor remarks, this is not a work *pueris virginibusque*, but it is replete with interest for adults.

For readers of FOREST AND STREAM this interest has to do largely with the enormous abundance of wild game in those early days, and with the ways of the Indians. Of these matters the volumes are full. Thus, in the Red River Valley, where the brigade camped Aug. 26, 1800, Henry says: "The Indians had found the ground on which we tented covered with buffaloes and shot several, the carcasses of which lay near us, only lacking the choice bits. The ravages of the buffalo at this place are astonishing to a person unaccustomed to these meadows. The beach, once a soft, black mud into which a man would sink knee-deep, is now made hard as pavement by the numerous herds coming to drink. The willows are entirely trampled and torn to pieces; even the bark of the smaller trees is rubbed off in many places. The grass on the first bank of the river is entirely worn away. Numerous paths, some of which are a foot deep in the hard turf, come from the plains to the brink of the river, and the vast quantity of dung gives this place the appearance of a cattle yard "

Again, in the same valley and only a day or two later, while building the fort at Panbian (Pembina), he says:

"We saw five bears. D smarais and myself crossed over and pursued them. We had a long chase and repeatedly sighted them, but they escaped us in the brush. On our return we found a large one lying dead, which we supposed must have been wounded by the Indians some time ago He was swelled up and ready to burst. Bears make prodigious ravages in the brush and willows; the plum trees are torn to pieces, and every tree that bears fruit has shared the same fate; the tops of the oaks are also very roughly handled—broken and torn down to get the acorns. The havoc they commit is astonishing; their dung lies about in the woods as plentiful as that of the buffalo in the meadow."

This comment on the abundance of the animals is not, it must be remembered, that of a novice, but of an old hunter, to whom such things had been long familiar. Remarks similar to these are made about the red deer (elk, *Cervus canadensis*) on this river.

An interesting comment on the keenness of the scent of the buffalo and an observation which has no doubt been paralleled by more than one of our readers, is given in this citation:

"We saw a great herd of (buffalo) cows going at full speed southward, but on coming to our track, which goes to the Salt Lake, they began to smell the ground, and, as suddenly as if they had been fired at, turned toward the mountains. It is surprising how sagacious those animals are When in the least alarmed they will smell the track of even a single person in the grass, and run away in a contrary direction. I have seen large herds walking very slowly to pasture, and feeding as they went, come to a place where some persons had passed on foot, when they would instantly stop, smell the ground, draw back a few paces, bellow, and tear up the earth with their horns. Sometimes the whole herd would range along the route, keeping up a terrible noise until one of them was hardy enough to jump over, when they would all follow and run some distance."

As bearing on a subject recently discussed in FOREST AND STREAM, the following is of interest:

"The Crees inform me they have seen a calf as white as snow in a herd of buffalo. White buffalo are very scarce. They are of inestimable value among the nations of the Missouri, but of none to the Crees and Assinaboines, except to trade to the other nations. There are also some of a dirty gray, but these are very rare."

Henry mentions frequently and at length the vast numbers of dead buffalo floating down the river in spring—"one continuous line in the current for two days and nights"—animals drowned either by breaking through the ice or by being mired in attempting to cross the river, and Dr. Coues quotes from Masson, John McDonnell journal of May 18, 1795, when he was descending the Qu'Appelle River, as saying:

"Observing a good many carcasses of buffalo in the river and along its banks, I was taken up the whole day with counting them, and to my surprise found I had numbered when we put up at night 7,360 drowned and mired along the river and in it. It is true, in one or two places, I went on shore and walked from one carcass to another, where they lay from three to five files deep."

We learn that wolf puppies are born on Red River about April 1, and that May 1 the stench of the decaying buffalo along the stream was "intolerable," and "that their number lying along the beach and on the banks above passes all imagination "

Very interesting is Henry's frequent use of terms now obsolete in the Northwest, and which we have heard employed only by the oldest voyageurs. Such are: to tent, now to camp; *fort-bois*, or strong wood for heavy timber; *en decouverte*, or on discovery, for on a scout.

In July, 1806, Henry made a trip to the villages of the Mandanes and Big Bellies, tribes now living at Fort Berthold, in North Dakota, and while with them accompanied them to the Northern Cheyenne camp, where a peace was to be made, an attempt which seems not to have been crowned with marked success. His return to the Pembina post and the season of 1807 and 1808, closes the first volume of 446 pages.

Part II. of Henry's journal deals with the Saskatchewan. We follow him from the Red River, through Lake Winnipeg and up the Saskatchewan to its headwaters. During the years 1808–1811 he built and occupied various posts on the North Saskatchewan, and on this stream he traded with the Assinaboines, Crees, the three tribes of the Blackfeet, the Sarcees and the Atséna, which are now called the Prairie Gros Ventres. Everywhere through the journal are interesting references to game and fish, and to Indians and their habits. Some of his accounts of the Indians are wonderfully good, and full of spirit and flavor. With the Indians he had much trouble, and he complained bitterly of this, not seeming to realize that the difficulty was due in large measure to the fact that he was trading liquor to them. Mingled with all this are references to the number of eggs that he puts under his setting hens, the announcement of the fact that one of his hens hatched a chicken. the fact that his potatoes did not come to anything, and that his turnips have run to leaves.

On page 558 is mention of Mr. Bird, a Hudson's Bay Co. employee, of whose first name Dr Coues knows nothing. This was probably Thomas Bird. His son, a half breed, also named Thomas, died only two or three years ago in the Piegan country in northern Montana at a great age. His grandson, also Thomas, was living recently.

Horse thieves, usually Crees and Assinaboines, were very troublesome at Fort Vermillion in February, 1810. Here is one example of their boldness. Henry says: "My people had a narrow escape this morning from being murdered by a party of sixteen thieves, who met them at Piantes River. They said the thieves had been watching for several days near the fort, and had been up as far as Moose Creek, but could find no horses; also that they had watched two days near the fort to shoot me, as they really wanted my scalp; but that having been disappointed about both my scalp and my horses, they must absolutely have Clement's scalp. The thieves had also said that they knew Cardinal and Martelle, and would do them no harm, further than taking some trifling articles from them, such as their tobacco, belts, knives, and two new guns which belonged to me. Our people gave them to understand that they had come from some Indian's tents *en derouine* (on a trading journey), having their sleds loaded with skins and furs which Cardinal got from the freemen on the road; at which the thieves said they would take the furs, were these not too heavy to carry on their backs. If our men had been loaded with dry goods we should have lost everything, but fortunately the thieves did not see the bag of balls which lay under a bundle of skins. Cardinal, who is a most loquacious person, was exercised to the utmost of his ability, and by his fluency saved the life of Clement from these scoundrels. They were so bent on mischief that after they had let our men go and Cardinal had proceeded a few paces, they came up to him and offered to return the guns and other articles they had taken if he would drive ahead and leave Clement behind, for they absolutely must have his scalp. Here Cardinal was put to his wit's end; however, he pulled out a pistol he had concealed, and gave it to one of the Crees, who seemed to be the most decent one of the lot, begging this fellow to give him charity, and allow his comrade to live also. This had the desired effect; the Cree instantly placed himself between our people and the Indians, telling Cardinal to drive on and fear nothing."

On Oct. 8, 1810, Henry tells us of another white buffalo, saying: "These Piegans had the fresh hide of a bull they had killed at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. This was really a curiosity. The hair on the back was dirty white, the long hair under the throat and fore legs iron gray, and the sides and belly were yellow. I wished to purchase, but the owner would not part with it on any consideration."

In November he speaks of the abundance of grizzly bears, saying that one of his men had killed five buffalo, but the grizzly bears were so numerous that they devoured three before the hunter could cut them up and carry them to camp. On the same day he speaks of the strong wood buffalo (mountain bison) as being numerous, but as wild as moose. Crossing the mountains toward the Pacific slope Henry saw his first mountain sheep and white goat, which greatly impressed him. After reaching the headwaters of a stream flowing into the Columbia, he turned back again toward the east.

Chapter XXII. is devoted in large part to accounts of the Indians living on both sides of the mountain, but more space is given to the Piegans and their habits than to any others, and it is evident that the author thinks more highly of that tribe than of any of those which he met with east of the mountains.

Between the close of Part II. and Part III. there is a break of more than two years. Henry is then found at Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia, and the journal is continued with unbroken daily entries to within a few hours of Henry's death, by drowning, May 22, 1814. This part, devoted to the Columbia, is not less interesting than those which have gone before, but no references can be given here.

With the work are given three large folding section maps traced in facsimile from David Thompson's original great chart, no portion of which has ever appeared before. The work is in three volumes, the first two containing about 475 pages each, and the third devoted entirely to a very full index covering 100 pages. An admirable portrait of Dr. Coues is given as a frontispiece for the work.

Natural History.

JACK, EVERY INCH A BEAR.

THE natural history contributed to FOREST AND STREAM is certainly neither the least entertaining nor instructive of its many topics. In recent numbers I have read many accounts of animal intelligence that have recalled to my memory a great many instances coming under my observation.

Almost any anecdote of the shrewdness or intelligence of domestic animals will remind the most of us of numberless exhibitions of a kindred nature that we have witnessed. It is not the fortune of every reader, however, to observe the characteristics of wild animals. Perhaps it is owing to this fact that the intellectual endowments of the latter are so rarely appreciated.

When the intellect of humanity is educated up to the admission of other animals—dumb animals—into the realm of reason, I hope bears will not be extinct, and that bruin will be placed well toward the top notch with intelligent quadrupeds. Having been once seized and possessed of (as well as by, at times) a certain brown bear, I speak from a knowledge of the subject that approximates wisdom.

Von W.'s account of the cat and the door-latch particularly reminds me of Jack, a bear of the cinnamon family, that I had no end of trouble and fun with. Jack was very much too intelligent for a dumb brute, but he was a little too rude and unconventional for higher society. I gave an Indian boy a $10 gold piece for Jack, which was paying about $5 a pound, at the time, for a bundle of red hair full of teeth and claws. In a few weeks, however, I knew I had at least $10 worth of bear. In three or four months I was confident that I had got more for my money than I had expected, and thereafter I was constantly impressed that an investment of a like sum never secured a more comprehensive, variegated and diversified lot of amusement and trouble.

Let me digress here to observe that if any reader would like to impress his wife or his son, as the case may be, with the purchasing power of money, let her or him buy a bear. Indeed, in these times money is cash, but invested in a bear it is almost everything you can imagine.

Jack's intelligence developed together with his material structure, and almost kept pace with his appetite. He had free range over forty acres of ground, including a barn, orchard, and the house when he felt like it. Two large-sized dogs wooled him around for a while, but after he had devoted himself to growing for three months or so he was a revelation to dogs.

When a new town dog came along, he usually capered up to Jack with a confident air of superiority. Jack would arise from all-fours to his diplomatic position on two feet, and the new dog would look surprised and hesitate. Then he would conclude to bluff Jack, and make two or three jumps toward him. About the third jump the new dog would collide with a cuff that would make his mouth water and his brains rattle. Sometimes the first cuff would offend a dog, but the second or third would convince him that i

didn't pay, and he would go away with a sort of an apologetic expression, but as rapidly as his dazed understanding could work his motive power.

With dogs he knew Jack was very sociable, and he was always ready for a friendly rough-and-tumble scuffle with them, rarely losing his temper. The dogs, though, usually did the greater part of the tumbling.

The kitchen our family used in summer opened into the yard, from an L facing the main building, by a glass or sash door. In hot weather the kitchen was frequently used also for a dining-room. Behind the kitchen, a large live-oak tree grew, spreading its branches over the roof. This part of the house was about all that Jack seemed interested in, for he very soon knew where the eatables were stored.

He soon learned when meals were ready and he was usually on hand promptly, and then I had either to chain him or close the door. When three or four months old he could easily peer through the sash in the door by standing upon his feet—that is, his hindfeet. (Really a bear has only two feet. I have doubts as to bears being quadrupeds. Most people seem to think they are. It is true they often walk and run upon all-fours, but that is when they are not otherwise using their hands. Bears certainly ought to be classified as bipeds.)

Jack did not content himself with peering into the kitchen, and if he didn't reason a little upon the problem of "how to get in," then I have no judgment of consequence. He learned in a very short time to turn the door knob, open the door and walk in. Then we kept the door locked, and we thought we had settled the matter; but Jack had it still under consideration. He tried all the windows, and tried to get under the floor and come up inside. Then he climbed up the tree and dropped down upon the roof. After prying around in this way for several days, we thought he had given it up; but one evening when the table was spread for supper and the family were in the upper rooms, there was a clatter in the kitchen. Several of us went down at once, and the cause of the clatter was very evident indeed. Jack was in the center of the supper table, but most of the supper was apparently in the center of Jack. He was very much occupied with a berry pie, and totally regardless of all decorum and decency he was sitting on the butter dish and smearing preserves and pie from a radiating center to the remotest corners of the room.

After clearing out the wrecker and clearing up the wreckage we began to query how the intruder had entered. The doors and windows were closed and fastened, but a glance upward explained all. There was a ragged hole in the canvas ceiling, and up through that we could see the sky. Jack had dropped off the tree to the roof and simply dug his way down through the shingles, then dropped again about 4ft. to the canvas and through that 10ft. to the kitchen table, where he reaped his reward without either grace or thanksgiving.

This was only an incident of his career—only one of his adventures. He robbed neighboring orchards and grape patches after finishing ours; he was found at midnight in other people's kitchens; he got on the roof of a house occupied by a colored family and frightened them out of their wits, for they thought he was the devil sure, and the whole lot of them "jined" the church the following Sunday. In fact the town was too small to hold Jack, and at the age of about eight months he came to an untimely, tragic and sudden end.

You see he had never read anything about the origin of individual rights to property. The words mine or thine meant nothing to him. He evidently believed in having everything free and easy on a sort of community partnership plan, and probably in a paternal form of government. He could not comprehend why a certain Louisiana colonel—a neighbor—should have a large supply of choice apples while there was a gnawing vacuum in his (Jack's) diaphragm. So Jack went over to the Colonel's and helped himself. After many visits he upset the boxes of apples he couldn't eat, the Colonel ran him up a tree and shot him dead. I saved his curly brown hide, but it reminded me of so many cunning pranks and intelligent traits of poor Jack's that I put it out of sight forever.

There are many unworthier animals than such as Jack, bear, every inch a bear, though he was. He would play for hours with children, and I never knew him to be ill-tempered as long as he was well fed. When hungry he was not to be trifled with. He was of a species considered next the grizzly in size and ferocity in a wild state.

When I have seen similar animals confined in narrow cages, I have mused that all the brutality on exhibition was not behind the bars, and when I have seen bears led about with rings in their nostrils by Italians with goads, I have considered that the wrong brutes were being tortured. I have never had any desire, although fond of hunting, to kill bears since I had one for a pet. They are not nearly as ferocious as commonly supposed, in their native haunts. Only hunger or injury will cause them to be so. They certainly rank very high in the scale of animals of intelligence, and I would vote for laws protecting them from extermination.

In conclusion, speaking from observation and experience, I have found that the study of any animals will not fail to arouse our sympathetic interest in them They all improve upon acquaintance, and but a dim conception of the animal world can be acquired from books or treatises

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small."

Coleridge must have been an accomplished naturalist, therefore one of the best kind of sportsmen. RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Cal., May, 1897.

Wolf Poisoning.

BIG MOOSE LAKE N Y., May 17.—I am glad to see a letter in FOREST AND STREAM from J. W. Shultz, of Montana. He killed one of the last panthers in the Adirondacks near Big Moose Lake. He speaks of the action of strychnine on dogs and wolves. I suggest that they put the poison in a small lump of lard or tallow. The poison in meat does not touch the stomach for some time, but if put in lard or tallow the lard immediately dissolves, and the poison takes effect at once. I learned this by seeing my father poison foxes; he always found them near the bait. The lard might not work in very hot weather; the most of the time it will.

J. H. HIGBY.

"Angling Talks."

WE have a very few copies of George Dawson's "Angling Talks," a series of chapters of entertaining chat about men, fishermen, fish, fishing and fishing places. Cloth, 50 cents. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

DOMESTICATED ELK.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn.—As usual, I am dwelling much on reminiscences of the past, and I send you a paper published some forty years ago. It was written by my brother (long since deceased), by request of the secretary of the Cattaraugus (N. Y.) Agricultural and Horticultural Society. The paper explains itself, and shows what some opinions were regarding the preservation of game forty years ago. As I had considerable to do with the manager and management of this elk business, it is possible that I may have an undue interest in the matter. E. L. STRATTON (ANTLER).

The American Elk Domesticated.

From the Transactions of the State Agricultural Society.

Mr. Lorenzo Stratton, of Little Valley, has been experimenting for a few years past, with a view to test the practicability of domesticating elk; and for this purpose inclosed a tract of very hilly land, well wooded, for ranging and browsing. His animals are so amiable that he has driven several of them to the three last fairs of Cattaraugus county, without difficulty, where they attracted great attention. In answer to a note of inquiry, Mr. Stratton has kindly furnished the following interesting paper, and it is hoped that the suggestion it contains may attract attention. The success attending Mr. Stratton's experiments thus far certainly argues well for more extended efforts.

From Cattaraugus County Report.

Mr. John Manley: Dear Sir—I have received your letter, asking, as secretary of the Cattaraugus County Agricultural and Horticultural Society, some statement in relation to my experience in domesticating the American elk or "great wapiti" deer.

To commence at the beginning. I came in possession of my first pair in the spring of 1853, in the course of trade with the agents of a Western fur company, who had purchased the fawns of a tribe of Indians on some of the head branches of the Missouri River. At the time of my purchase I had no other object in view than the hope of reproducing a few, and having the pleasure of seeing a herd of these magnificent foresters quietly feeding on the identical grounds where nature had once planted and provided for their ancestors, in untold numbers. In view of their rapid decrease on the approach of civilization, and the threatening prospect of exterminating the entire race, I have deemed it something more than idle curiosity to preserve from destruction some of the characteristics of our American forests. It is not yet fifty years since the elk were so numerous in this country that the Indian or pioneer trapper, after finishing his store of provisions for his breakfast, might with confidence expect to sup on a choice cut from the sirloin of an elk; and the Indian is now living who can boast of killing three elk in one day, within 100 rods of where you have held your last three agricultural fairs; and another Indian informs me that he once killed an antlered buck within rifle shot of the Cattaraugus depot, and, as near as can now be ascertained, the famous forester fell on the precise ground where since has been reared the elegant and substantial residence of Judge Leavenworth.

But what a change has been wrought since? It has now been some years since the last track of the elk has been seen in the fastnesses of the Pennsylvania woods. It is said there may yet a few be found on the western shore of Lake Huron, in the vicinity of the Au Sable River. Where next may we find them? Within some six or seven years herds of hundreds, and perhaps thousands, were to be found in the vicinity of St. Paul, Minn.; but now we might as well look for them in Orange county. Their western range being large prairies, skirted with narrow strips and small patches of woodland, they were easily slaughtered and driven off by the first settlers; and at the present time they are only to be found by at least a week's journey beyond the lines of civilization.

The first thing that called my attention to this matter, as likely to afford any pecuniary profit, was a document laid before the Senate by Wm. R. King, Vice-President of the United States, and also President of the Senate, by Prof. S. F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, at the instance of Thomas Ewbanks, Commissioner of Patents. The substance of which document was a call on the Government for means to procure, domesticate and restock certain portions of land in the States of New York, Pennsylvania and other States which were nearly or quite worthless for agricultural purposes, but would still be a most inviting place for this purpose—citing as sufficient proof of its practicability, that formerly this country produced elk as naturally as it does now brush and white rabbits.

Now, as I had a pair of elk and a quantity of this description of land at the time my attention was called to this view of the subject, it readily occurred to me that I might indulge my fancy in this business, with a fair prospect of remuneration. I therefore set about it in a business way, by purchasing at different times three more elk, and preparing them a pasture of 125 acres of well-fenced woodland, in which they have now been for three years, without any additional expense worth naming beyond a visit to the park some three or four times a week, at which time I always carry a pocket of corn, oats, or a handful of clover heads, in summer, all of which they are very fond; and in this way I keep on excellent terms with them. My success in domesticating them by this sort of treatment has been quite satisfactory; instead of scampering away like wild animals when I approach them, they crowd around me like so many pets. My original number of five purchased elk have increased to ten, with a prospect of an additional increase of four next spring.

During the winter and in time of deep snows, they gather into a thicket of brush (which embraces about one-half of these grounds), which they trim with great apparent relish; and notwithstanding the deep snows and severe winter of 1855–6, they remained in high order, with no other resources than the staddle timber or brush, which they laid waste by the acre. The inclosure I have for them would be quite sufficient to sustain from fifty to sixty elk until they have destroyed the brush, at which time their pasture would have to be extended over new territory, or trees be cut in winter for them to browse.

Now, in view of the character and price of large quantities of land in this country, and also of the fact that these mountain ranges were formerly the natural home of the elk, and their perfect susceptibility of domestication, I deem it an enterprise of the first importance that portions of these lands should be restocked with their original denizens; and not only to the naturalist, the man of science, but to those wishing a profitable investment, it holds out every inducement. When we consider the amount of lands in this country only fitted for such purposes, I do not hesitate to say that it might be made a business of vast importance. While the world is being ransacked to obtain rare and foreign animals, which may never be acclimated to this country, and whose utility is rather questionable if they should be, the elk, with all its claims to our attention, with scarcely an effort to domesticate, is rapidly disappearing from the land. When we consider the short space of time (say fifty years) since the elk ranged the entire country between this and the Mississippi River, it is a fair estimate, with the increased facilities of travel and emigration, and what is being done in the Territories of Utah, Nebraska and Dakota, that within twenty-five years the race will be entirely extinct, unless proper means is resorted to for their domestication—not a very pleasant prospect, when our forest might produce, at comparatively small expense, an abundance of venison, the quality of which is the very crowning dish of the epicure, adding materially to the wealth and the importance of the country.

The elk, although having many characteristics of the deer, has yet a strong individuality of his own: it is not particularly timid, or liable to stampede or sudden fright like the deer, but depends more upon prowess than flight, in case of danger. The elk is not so restless in disposition, and therefore more disposed to fatten. I have been much surprised to see my whole number (ten) in higher condition than any ten animals that could be selected among all the domestic cattle on the farm, which had the advantage of good pastures.

The weight of a full-grown buck is from five to six hundred pounds; that of a doe, from four to five hundred. They mature at about four years of age. The bucks only, have antlers, which they shed yearly, like the deer. The engraving I send you does not give very flattering portraits, but the best I could get executed in the country. Yours respectfully, LORENZO STRATTON.

LITTLE VALLEY, N. Y., February, 1857.

Antler tells us of the outcome of the experiment: "So far as it was carried out it was a success. Had there been a moderate amount of capital invested with a larger territory of cheap mountain land added, and with close attention to the business, it would have been a profitable investment and doubtless would have shown handsome dividends. But when we decided to move South the elk business had to be abandoned. Most of the stock on hand was bought by some foreigners and shipped by rail to New York, thence some to Italy and the rest to Germany, and three or four were slaughtered at home. Whether Professor Baird's propositions or suggestions were ever acted on I never learned."

BIRDS OF COLORADO.

FIRST and last, much has been written about the birds of Colorado, although this much is little by comparison with the contributions to ornithology made in the older States of the Union. Still, Allen, Acken, Bendire, Coues, Ridgeway, Morrison and others have added a great deal to our knowledge of the birds of this State.

Lying as it does partly on the plains and partly in the mountains, Colorado might be expected to furnish a great variety and number of species, and as a matter of fact we find that the 363 species and varieties known to occur in it, is a greater number than has been taken in any State in the Union, except Nebraska, which slightly exceeds it in numbers.

In the publications of the State Agricultural College, in Bulletin No. 37, Technical Series No. 2, is given an interesting list of the Birds of Colorada by Mr. W. W. Cooke, the State Agriculturist. Mr. Cooke's work in ornithology is sufficiently well known, and it is fortunate that so careful an observer should have taken up the work of making us a modern list of its birds. These number, as stated, 363 species, of which 230 are known to breed. On the plains at the foot of the mountains are found many truly Eastern species; in the mountains themselves are found many species from the West and from the North, while in the Southern part of the State over twenty truly Southern species have been taken.

Though much ornithological work has been done in Colorado, many parts of the State have never yet been visited by the ornithologist, and it is by no means to be supposed that anywhere near the whole number of species occurring in the State have been recorded. Nevertheless there have been an extraordinary number of straggling visitants taken. Among these are three varieties of surf ducks, a wheatear, a white-winged dove, a white ibis, a roseate spoonbill, and a scarlet ibis.

Following his introduction Mr. Cooke gives twelve lists of birds, which he classifies as follows: (1) Residents, 37 species; (2) regular winter visitants from the North, 24; (3) regular breeders that sometimes occur in winter, 17; (4) rare or accidental winter visitors, 22; (5) summer residents, 228; (6) summer visitants, not known to breed, 15; (7) migrants, 58; (8) stragglers, 48; (9) regular visitants from East and Southeast, 14; (10) rare visitants from South and Southeast, 33; (11) regular visitants, from West and Southwest, 20; and (12) rare visitants from West and Southwest, 12.

Following this are some data on the migration of Colorado birds, in which dates of arrival at three points in Colorado are compared with dates of arrival at St. Louis, Mo.

A very full bibliography of Colorado ornithology is followed by a history of Colorado ornithology—both very interesting—and this by the annotated list of the birds of Colorado, which occupies 80 pages. A page of addenda at the end of the work gives three more species for the State than are mentioned in the body of the work. The list of birds is quite fully annotated and very interesting, and from these notes much might be selected worth repeating. We can only refer, however, to some of the game birds.

It appears the quail has been introduced at various places along the mountains, and in many of these places it is quite common. Those which were turned loose a few years ago in Estes Park, at an altitude of about 8,000ft., are occasionally heard from. The California partridge was also introduced. The sharp-tail grouse (*Var campestris*), occurs in small numbers, but seems to have been nearly exterminated. The wild turkey is rapidly decreasing in number.

This list is one which ought to be in the hands of every ornithologist, and we learn that it can be obtained without charge by addressing the Director of the Agricultural Experiment Station, Ft. Collins, Colorada.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

SINGING MICE.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 15.—Some friend, whose name is unknown, has sent me a clipping from a newspaper published at Beaver Dam, Wis., mentioning the capture of that rare animal, a singing mouse. The item reads in full as follows:

"Fox Lake has one of those rare creatures known as a singing mouse. It looks just like any other mouse and acts like them, except that it sings very much like a canary bird. It has a very sweet little chirp and quite a vocabulary of sounds, and when everything is still and quiet, he fills the store with beautiful melody. The mouse is at the 'Annex' store, and was captured in a trap by Sam Tarrant. The boys had heard him for some days around the shelves, but did not know what it was. Finally he was seen sitting on the edge of a box of starch, singing away for dear life. Sam set a trap for him, and succeeded in getting him into it in a day or so. It was a catch-em-alive trap, and the little fellow was not injured. He is now fixed out in a nice cage, and taking life easy with plenty to eat and the best of care. In return, when all is quiet and not too many around, the mouse sings away to his heart's content. Sam is very proud of his little warbler. We have heard of singing mice before, but this is the first one we ever saw or heard, and it is quite a curiosity."

This is the fifth singing mouse of which I have ever heard in my life, nor do I suppose many persons have heard of even so many as that among their own personal acquaintances. The animal is well known to naturalists and scientists, and the extreme delicacy and shrillness of the note of the singing mouse has been cause of editorial comment in one of the great newspapers of the land. It was therein stated that the vibrations of the note of the singing mouse are too extremely rapid to be distinguished by all human ears. The note resembles that of a diminutive canary, having a sort of tremulous, thrilling character.

The first singing mouse of which I ever heard made its home in the cellar window of my family's home, and though I never myself either saw or heard it, its presence was often mentioned by my mother, who heard it at different times. It was first discovered by an Irish servant, who came to my mother very much excited, declaring that the creature was bewitched, but that she had seen it, a mouse in appearance but a bird in voice, sitting up on its hind legs and singing in a most unnatural fashion. This mouse was a pet about the place for some weeks or months, but I do not know what finally became of it. Perhaps the cat could tell.

Oddly enough, just a few days before I got the clipping above shown, I met on the streets of Chicago—where one in time will meet everybody he ever knew—a man I formerly knew out in Kansas. He was at that time a photographer, and it was a practice among some of us at that time to use his photographic gallery as a gymnasium and boxing hall. This friend, whose name is W. Glines, in the course of our talk brought up a matter which had quite escaped my memory. I always have said that I never really saw a singing mouse, but he reminded me that I had, and that this occurred in his gallery at Hutchinson, Kansas. "Don't you remember our mouse?" he said; "the little fellow that used to sing to us? It was a little, reddish colored mouse, that used to come and sit on the pile of backgrounds and scenes and sing like a little bird. Its paws were so thin the light would show through them, and it was a dainty little thing as ever was. You know we never would harm it, and it became very tame. I don't know what became of it, but it was there quite a while. I remember you sat down in the gallery one time and wrote something about it. It was an odd mouse, sure enough."

A friend of mine in Chicago, a sculptor not unknown in many parts of the world, was another person to hear the voice of the singing mouse. He says that he had retired for the night and was nearly asleep, when he gradually became conscious that something was going on the room. He listened, and finally made out a fine, shrill, thin, but very sweet voice, which was thrilling and warbling like some ecstatic bird. He says that the thing seemed absolutely supernatural to him, so uncanny that he was of a mind to be disturbed by it. The singing lasted for some time, and its effect has lasted far longer in the life of this gentleman, who declares that no man has ever heard a singing mouse and then forgotten it. The experience is certainly one of the rare ones in any man's life

Yet another instance of hearing a singing mouse came to my knowledge not very long ago. A young lady of this city said that she had once or twice heard mice in her room, and also heard some sort of a sound which sounded like a far-away canary bird singing at the top of its voice. She did not know what was the source of this sound, but set a trap for the mice and took the singing mouse the first night She says that the mouse sat up in the trap, "with its hands folded," and sang in the sweetest and weirdest way that had ever been her fortune to hear. As this mouse was apparently begging for its life, and offering an equivalent of song, it was spared and for a time kept about the place; but at length, I believe, met with some accident which ended its life.

Still another case of a like nature came under my observation within the past year. An artist friend of mine, who at that time lived in Chicago but has now gone to New York, once confessed, with a touch of shame in his voice, as though he did not expect to be believed, that he had lately heard a mouse that could sing. He too heard the mouse at night (at which time the note of the singing mouse is most apt to be heard), and he too describes the note of this curious animal as being extraordinarily fine and high, so thin and sweet that it seemed not to be produced by any physical agency. "It seemed like a spirit singing," said he "and for a long time I could not believe that it was really going on right there in my room." He seemed relieved when told that two of us then present had also at earlier times heard the voice of the strange little mouse. So far as I know, the mouse is the only animal known except birds whose voice has a distinctly and admittedly musical quality. Were not this known to be a fact, the story of such an occurrence would seem a most incredible and absurd affair, and the published statement of the Wisconsin paper might be taken as a canard worthy the Sunday edition of more pretentious journals. While the matter would probably be passed over without much notice by the greater part of the readers of the paper, the item was upon its actual merits one of the rarest pieces of news which has appeared in print for some time. Indeed, I for one have never before seen in print in any publication an authentic account of a singing mouse actually seen and heard. While a few of my friends and I myself have had such an experience, the facts were never made public so far as I know, nor did I ever see such mention made by any one else before.

E. HOUGH.

The Canada Jay.

MR. MATHER'S story of the Canada jay taking the fish out of the fry-pan reminds me to write of the extreme fearlessness of these birds, as I found them last October on the upper waters of the St. John River in Province of Quebec

One bright pleasant day I was out alone, watching some open bogs for caribou. When I brought out my noon-day lunch of bread and cheese three Canada jays came flying about me, showing a desire to share in the repast. So I threw pieces to them and gradually coaxed them nearer, rewarding each advance with a good bite of the food. In a few minutes I had one sitting on each knee eating from my hands, and then one sitting perched upon the forefinger of one hand and feeding on a piece of bread held in the other hand.

I closed my thumb against the finger on which the bird sat, catching her toes and making her a prisoner. Against this there was a most vigorous protest, and although she was released unharmed, the confidence of the trio was broken and future advances were made with greater caution.

Wherever the traveler of the woods may pitch his tent in these northern wilds this restless and noisy little fellow quickly makes his appearance. Among many trophies and mementos gathered in repeated trips to the wilderness, none seems more characteristic of the woods life in logging camp, sportsman's cabin and tent than the Canada jays that perch in life-like pose above my mantel.

F. T.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 24.

Game Bag and Gun.

GOVERNMENT GAME RESERVES.

For the Protection of Migratory Game Birds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It could hardly be expected that the game laws of the different States would be as successful in protecting the migratory game birds as in the case of those species which remain all the year in or about one locality. Although their migratory habits enable them to avoid many dangers, yet others are incurred by them which birds of stationary habits are not subjected to, and the great extent of territory over which they travel renders their preservation by game laws much more difficult and less certain in its results.

The number of birds of the plover and snipe families which annually visit that part of the Connecticut coast with which I am most familiar has decreased to about one-fourth of what it was a dozen or fifteen years ago. Though a thickly settled region, such as that named, is the first to feel the decrease, it is to be noted that in the case of migratory birds such as decrease cannot be considered as a matter of local concern only. It is conceivable that the partridges in a certain State or county might be almost exterminated without affecting appreciably the numbers in States adjoining. This is far from being the case where the same individual birds constitute the game supply of the numerous places they visit in their migrations. The destruction brought about by pot-hunters and market-gunners in one place will have its effects on the shooting over a large extent of the country, while the encouragement to suppress this destruction is diminished by the knowledge that birds protected from too effective methods of capture in one State may be the victims of the same methods of hunting in another. The increase of population, and particularly the increase of means of easy and rapid transportation, and the fact that a double-barrel breechloader or a repeating shotgun is now so cheap as to be within the reach of everybody, old and young, no matter how limited his purse may be, are driving the birds from one place after another where they were formerly accustomed to feed and rest during their migrations, or even to winter, and they are obliged to collect in the few localities where the wide extent of feeding grounds or the remoteness or inaccessibility of the place still afford them some safety. In these favored places the numbers may still be kept up, but it is at the expense of a large area almost deserted or only occasionally visited by the birds.

Along the coast the great increase in the number and population of the summer resorts has spoiled the shooting, not only by increasing the number of gunners, but even more by frightening the birds away. It is only a matter of a few years before the whole ocean shore of the State of New Jersey will be a perfectly continuous line of hotels and cottages from the Highlands to Cape May, excepting the inlets between the beaches.

The fact that the migratory birds are enabled to breed and to pass a large part of the year in more or less remote and inaccessible regions is now of less protection to them than formerly. Large areas in the North and West which were available as breeding grounds are now invaded by settlers and egg-hunters, while more gunners annually follow them to the countries south of us. Altogether the outlook for birds of this kind is not at all promising.

The State Legislatures are clearly enough unable to make the laws necessary for the preservation of a bird which breeds far to the north of our limits and passes twice a year through eight or ten States and several counties, venturing perhaps in Venezuela or Brazil. The idea naturally suggests itself that the taking of such birds and the protection of their eggs should be a subject for regulation by the National Government or even for International agreement. Though there is no probability of any such arrangement for a long time to come, yet it is very desirable that some effort should be made by the Government for their preservation.

Probably the most effective plan would be to have a series of reservations in different parts of the country where the birds would find a safe place to rest and feed during their stay here. Although this would not prevent the use of the land or water thus set apart for many purposes, it would be necessary to prohibit shooting entirely, at least during the season when the birds intended to be protected would be likely to be there; and to discourage all unnecessary disturbing of the birds. There is not the least doubt that the birds would soon discover the greater security such reservations would offer, and would show their appreciation of them by visiting them in increasing numbers and prolonging their stay. There is sufficient evidence of this in the results in the few places in this country where the birds have been given careful and complete protection for any length of time.

It seems not unlikely that in the vicinity of such reservations there would be considerable improvement in the shooting from the birds which would, of course, often stray from there, though of course the main object in view would be to give sufficient protection to the various species to allow of their numbers increasing up to something more like their former abundance; but this incidental effect might in some cases be considerable, when it is taken into account that the present scarcity of game is often due to their fearing to stop during their migrations or being immediately driven away when they venture to do so.

But in order that anything may be accomplished by this plan it is essential that these reservations should be in the places most frequented by the birds. This is about the same as saying that the reservations must include the best feeding grounds; and, unfortunately, these are very apt to be also the best places for shooting. Many of these are now in the hands of private parties or clubs, and could only be secured at considerable or sometimes very large expense.

Without discussing here whether it is not time that the Government should spend a considerable sum for game protection, it is to be noted that along the coast the Government already has the title to many places well adapted to the purpose, and has in the Light House and Life-Saving Service employees who could in many cases look after the game without interfering with their other duties. In the West the Government still owns much land and water which should now be set aside for game preserves, even if at the present it should not seem worth while to have them watched. This step could be taken when the necessity for it should arise, but the Government should reserve the right while it can do so without expense.

In regard to the size of the reservations, if rightly located they need not usually be large. In fact, in many cases there would be little gain in extending their limits; usually it would be better to have several small ones near together than one large one. Often nearly all the birds killed on a given pond or marsh are shot within the limits of a few acres, or more will be killed from one blind than on all the rest of the ground together. It need hardly be said that such places as these are the ones which are most important to include in the preserves, and that often nothing would be gained by extending the reservations much more than necessary to effectually protect such places. The location of the reservations should be determined by practical ornithologists and sportsmen, who have some interest in the work beyond the improvement of their own financial condition; for it is evident that if the Government should undertake to spend any money, considerable influence would be brought to bear on them by those who had land worthless for the purpose to dispose of, or who would prefer that the reservation should not include their favorite shooting ground

I think that fifty square miles of such reservations judiciously distributed east of the Mississippi River would have an important effect on the abundance of game, and would be an arrangement capable of expansion as the needs of the case might require. The Government of the United States would thus be able to give the game increased protection without interference with the State laws, and whatever expenditure of money and care might be necessary in establishing and looking after such preserves would be applied in the most effective manner possible and in the places where it is most required. It must be remembered that the State game laws cover a great deal of ground never visited by birds of the kinds this plan is intended to protect, and a law covering those places only where its enforcement would be effective would have in many respects a better chance of being enforced than a general law. Violations on these reservations would be punishable in the United States courts.

In conclusion I would like to emphasize once more the fact that such a plan would be almost worthless if the right places for protection are not selected. In this connection it may not be out of place to call attention to the following paragraph from the New York *Times*, Feb. 20, 1897:

> Robins flock to a big reed swamp in Randolph, N. C., to roost at this season of the year, and destructive hunters follow them in swarms with lights and bags and capture them by hundreds. One man caught 500 this way one day last week. How there are any robins left is a wonder.

Is it not probable that such a reservation as proposed above covering that place would have considerable effect on the number of robins, not only locally, but later in the season in the Northern States? For they are the same individual birds which inhabit our gardens and door-yards in the North during the summer which are slaughtered in this fashion in the South. Although the protection of game birds is a more difficult matter, the same principles hold true, and a more extended and systematic plan of protection than the game laws in the States afford is greatly needed.

W. G. VAN NAME.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

SOME OF THE PROPRIETIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Nature, for some unknown reason, smooths the folds of memory, making us forgetful of wintry skies, dead leaves, yellow grass, bruised hands, cold feet and aching limbs, and permits us only to recall bright skies, pretty foliage and grass, birds, songs and happiness. One has truly said: "Nature can soothe if she cannot satisfy," and for this, if nothing more, she is entitled to a heavy first mortgage on our gratitude. As one who formerly hunted, fished and trapped to quite an extent, I wish to express myself through the FOREST AND STREAM. To-day, amid the surroundings of a budding Adirondack spring, and in sight of the very rocks and trees which helped so materially to nourish my boyhood, youth and early manhood, my mind turns back to those days of sunshine so carelessly spent.

> "Ah, happy hills; ah, pleasing shade;
> Ah, fields beloved in vain,
> Where once my careless childhood stray'd."

Years have passed, and with their passing many changes have been wrought. However, in all the passing years there has not been a time when the recollection of boyhood's happy outdoor pastimes has not served a good purpose. And I may say right here, without any mental reservation whatever, that no man ever lived who possessed a more genuine, abiding love for the woods and appreciation of the allurements thereof than the writer. In my veins courses the blood of generation after generation that loved to invade the solitudes of nature, finding happiness and solace there. And the ambition to equal, if not excel, in this line all of my name who have gone before has been one of the guiding influences of my life.

Be this as it may, however, I am impelled from a sense of duty to my fellow-men to voice a sentiment which prevails quite generally throughout the civilized world.

There are certain proprieties which a sportsman should invariably observe. Indeed, there are connected with his particular mode of recreation certain rules and amenities of

conduct, the observance of which is as essential to his success and pleasure as the presence of game itself. No doubt every one of them is as familiar to him as the several and delicately wrought parts of the mechanism of his favorite fowling-piece, yet possibly a brief enumeration of a portion of them at least may not prove wholly without interest to a number of so-called "sportsmen."

Every hunter should bear in mind the fact that his is a dangerous sport, one in which he is in duty bound to exercise the greatest caution at all times, not only for his own sake, but that of the public at large also. In his hands he carries the possibility of instant death, and at any moment the slightest carelessness or heedlessness on his part is liable to result in the bitter sorrow of a lifetime. And likewise that he is abroad for the pleasure and benefit to be derived from his avocation, and not to demonstrate how much innocent life he can ruthlessly destroy. I know individuals who make a practice of going through the woods firing at everything that crosses their path, keeping up a continual fusilade not unlike the advance of a skirmish line in time of war. Such a custom is utterly foreign to the tactics of a true sportsman, and as a notable instance, it will be remembered that Nessmuk, the veteran woodsman and writer, with whom many old readers of FOREST AND STREAM are familiar, fired but three shots during his memorable excursion of twelve days' duration through the unbroken wilderness of upper Wisconsin.

While going to and from the game fields the sportsman should be careful not to trample grain or other crops, tear down or mutilate fences, or permit his dog to chase or worry cattle or poultry. The sportsman should always remember that he is necessarily dependent upon the good-will of the land owner for the privilege of indulging himself in his cherished sport, and he may in return, with the exercise of forethought, render his presence of benefit to his benefactor as well, but not by constituting himself a dreaded nuisance by lawlessness and lack of regard for the interests of others.

And last, but not least, he should lend his untiring coöperation to the strict enforcement of the game laws. They were instituted for his good as much as that of anyone else, and to conscientiously obey them, and see them unflinchingly upheld, will accrue to the benefit of none other of the community more than to his. In this connection the writer readily recalls the fact that there has been considerable discussion of the "hounding question" within the past few months, resulting in the passage of the Ives anti-hounding bill, which has received the signature of Governor Black and become a law. This law prohibits jacking and hounding deer in the Empire State for a period of five years. And, right or wrong, the law should be observed. The penalties attached for disobedience are heavy, and those who fail to comply with the provisions of the law will have cause for regret. Those who honestly believe that it would have been better to let hounding continue, should by all means give the new law a fair chance to prove its merits. Those who feel ugly, if there are such, should remember that no man ever lost materially by keeping within the bounds of law, and that in the long run there is nothing gained by participation in lawlessness.

GEORGE L. BROWN.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y.

IN THE CASCADES.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My friend, L. B. A., of Portland, Ore., has been up to his old tricks of tantalizing the "chained" by writing me all about his latest trip into the Cascades. The only way I can get even with him is to send you the inclosed extract from his letter that you may publish it for the benefit of some of the other sufferers who are, like me, still "chained to business"

R. L. W.

"My three months in the mountains were not productive of any very interesting or exciting times. Two months were spent in the erection of the cabin, and the last few weeks were mostly spent in cruising around with Lieut. Elliot and his detail. We made one trip around the southern base to the east side of the mountain, where we intended to remain several days; he exploring and mapping, and I hunting goats; but we cut our stay short, as there were no goats, and a hurricane was blowing that made living up on one of the bare buttes a burden.

"The first morning there the gale commenced, but I, thinking it was only a morning breeze, tackled the mountain for goats. Their fresh tracks, beds and wool were thick about our camp, and I went out prepared to stay all night if necessary, and intending to follow them around to the north side if they were not on the east. I crossed a great glacier, which heads in crater of the mountain and reaches to base, over four miles—a dandy—the kind you read about—and climbed and climbed in the teeth of the gale, which sent showers of frozen snow, sand and gravel in my face until I had often to lie flat for a few moments till the rush was over, and found no goats. I found beds of seven in two places, but was sure they had gone on around to the north slopes, where I essayed to follow.

"This was about halfway up and over some of the hardest climbing I ever had; but when I tried to cross a snow field to reach the desired ground I found it impossible, as the cold wind had not permitted the snow to soften, and it was very steep, and had no break from summit to base, and was a good half mile wide—in fact, I couldn't see the other side of it. My only alternative was to get back to camp, but when I looked over the ground I had traversed I concluded to camp right there and die in peace rather than dash my life out in the cañons below.

"On my left yawned the gaping, hungry looking crevasses of the big glacier a few hundred feet below, whose cold blue depth did not look attractive as a final resting place. On my right the unyielding sea of glittering ice, where one would be literally worn out before reaching its lower limit. Behind me dropped away the ground I had come over half hidden in clouds of flying sand. I'd had enough of that, and above and in front towered the beetling crags which mark the rim of the crater with a sharp and jagged backbone zigzagging down to where I stood and which seemed my only route of escape. I tackled it—after lunching in a sheltered spot with a tiny bird for company, who seemed as delighted to share my crumbs in that quiet spot as I was to give them—the only sign of life within the range of my vision.

"It was simply an indescribable struggle for over 2,000ft. up that backbone of treacherous shale which appeared to be solid rock, but was so seamed and checked with the frosts and heat of ages that only a touch would shatter a mass into ons of fragments through which I could only toil on all urs and had to hang on then to keep from being blown away. Upon reaching the extreme summit I got the full benefit of the gale as I poked my head above the crest—for it nearly blew my head off. I couldn't stand at all and had to lie prone and worm myself over and down into the depression inside the crater's rim. I was half frozen and stiff with cold by this time and could only manage to exhume the record book from its box in the cairn—print my name and date with benumbed and shaking fingers—put it back, and hung down on to the sheltered and sunny slopes of the south side. My circulation was soon restored and I took a good rest in a warm spot and made for camp—finding an easy way winding around to the east from the beaten trail near the summit.

"At camp the tent was down, and everything had boulders piled on to hold them down. We couldn't lay down a tinplate or cup without a rock in it. One or two little draws furnished protection to some extent, in which we cooked after building a stone wall to windward. We only had one tree to anchor the tent to, and the Lieutenant and I put in all the evening getting it back in place and piling rocks around the edge; but it blew loose all right, and we put in the night with that canvas pressing down so hard on us that we couldn't turn over.

"We lost no time in geting under way next morning, following down Pine Creek ten or twelve miles, and camping near its confluence with the larger fork which heads in the big glacier. Here I went a-fishing, and caught nine beauties 8 to 12in., and showed a soldier how to shoot a big Dolly Varden which lay in a riffle, and measured on the carbine reached from muzzle to trigger, and weighed 15lbs.—a good two meals for all hands.

"The next morning we took to a ridge, and made the highest point, 4,500ft., lying between Lewis River and the mountain, descending toward the river and camping in a little meadow away up in the head of a cañon. The next day we struck a cañon which took us five minutes to get in and five hours to get out of. We had to dig and chop and pick and bridge, and finally take the packs and rigging from the backs of the five mules, and carry them to a little bench above; then cut a clean open trail to the backbone—say 200yds. of thick brush and windfall—as the stubborn brutes, after once being down and getting discouraged, would not move an inch unless they could see a clean trail ahead, and then only by one of us taking each by the halter shank and letting them run us up trail.

"That afternoon we became separated. The Lieutenant being alone looking out a route in one direction and I in charge of the caravan cutting after him, we had a misunderstanding of signals, through no real fault of either, and we went into camp without him, finding him next day out near the river. He had found a deserted cabin and stayed there, and waited for us to come on. We reached the lake that evening O. K. after ten days' absence.

"I was not with him the first two or three days, but went prospecting alone, without result. The second day I was with him we camped near a line of marshes nearly south of the mountain, and hitherto unknown, so far as I can hear. I went out alone, and after traversing four or five small marshes—grass up to the shoulders and huckleberries galore—I emerged upon a large one, and scanning its distant edge I made out a big black bear picking huckleberries, on the opposite side, about 200yds., I thought. Well, I made a bold sneak and gained about 100 on him, wallowing through the sloppy iron water and its nasty-looking deposit to a log, which was the closest I could accomplish. While making this maneuver I had observed on my right, say 300yds. away, a brown object which I took at first to be a pony, then a red rotten stump; but it finally became a well-defined brown bear of goodly proportions, watching me with considerable interest. I calculated at 100yds., and took a quiet rest on the log with a nerve as steady as I ever exhibited at a Sunday night lunch, and blazed away, thinking only of bear steak and liver, of which I was as absolutely sure of partaking that evening as I was of bacon and rice. But, my friend, I was miserably deceived. My bear, *my* bear, made one swift glide and was lost to human view in the thicket of mountain alder, which fringed the marsh; and a hasty glance to see how the other one stood up under the hard times revealed his vanishing form in a short brown streak reaching into the cover. It was hard luck, I tell you; but upon stepping the distance I found it near 175yds., and I had dropped under him through my miscalculation. What can a fellow be expected to know of distance, anyway, when he don't get to shoot but on special occasions once or twice a year. I hold as my opinion that a man should go big game hunting at least once a month for a few days, in a place where game is plenty, and should put in three-quarters of the rest of his time in fishing, hunting birds and loading shells, not to speak of caring for fishing tackle, which could be squeezed into the other quarter of his time some way, and still leave him ample time for the demands of society and business.

"After a few days' rest at camp, we went to Goat Mountain, camping in a pleasant spot below Joe's Cabin, at the lower end of the marsh. First day Lieutenant and I went prospecting for an Indian silver mine of wondrous wealth, which we failed to locate, but we got a glimpse of another bear across the marsh from us—too far to shoot—killed several birds on the side. The next day we prospected some more, with the same result, but found ourselves short a man that night. One corporal, an Englishman of high cockney pedigree, with absolutely no knowledge of hunting, mountaineering or woodcraft, a burden to the expedition, but with a bushel of medals for shooting, went a-hunting. When we could get no answer to our signals in the morning from camp, I took a Dutchman, by name of Bruns, and started up Goat Mountain in the direction we supposed he had gone. Lieutenant, being half sick, couldn't leave camp. But I took his barometer and we climbed clear to the summit of that towering rock, signaling as we went, but receiving no answer. This ascent was one of the objects of the trip, and I ascertained the altitude to be 4,914ft. and 4in. at the very apex, where white man has never stood before. Many have made the attempt and reached some one of the five lower points; but from my knowledge of the country, gained in frequent trips which have covered all sides, I had theorized that by following a certain ridge the summit could be reached, unless perpendicular cliffs should be found which were not visible from a distance, and I was correct. We found deer trails leading to the point and diverging into thickets of vine maple, which makes such safe 'lying down ground.'

"Upon our return to camp the corporal was still absent and we were beginning to think accident had befallen him, so I headed an expedition next morning down toward the Toutle, while Lieutenant started muleback to the lake for additional rations in case we didn't find him that day. I found his trail at last in the sandy banks of the Toutle and after figuring out which way he traveled last in the confusion of tracks he had made when he found himself on the banks of the river at the same spot, after a circle in the timber, I chased him up the broad cañon, and found that after crossing the cañon, going into the hills to the north and getting back again, he had discovered the Spirit Lake trail and followed the old mule tracks out past Cold Spring and toward camp. We arrived in a half hour after dark and found him there. Lieutenant had found him wandering on the pine flats in the forenoon. He had killed a pheasant each day, and that had comprised his ration.

"The next day we reached the lake again and after a few days' good fishing, pulled for home, riding in an army ambulance. Taking it all in all, I enjoyed the last weeks very much, having good company, working hard at times, but not too long at a time, and enjoying the confidence of the Lieutenant, who made me second in command, consulted me on all exigencies and left me to pick the route and locate the trail most of the time—the which I duly appreciated, and was pleased to have any opportunity to lessen his work."

DUCK EGG ALBUMEN.

FOREST AND STREAM has taken exception to the widely published alarmist reports that the extinction of the wild duck supply was threatened by the gathering of their eggs for albumen. It has shown that, as far as can be ascertained, no such trade in duck egg albumen exists, and that the decrease in the number of ducks is due rather to spring and market-shooting and an increased number of gunners than to any other cause.

The correctness of this position is forcibly substantiated by the statement of a prominent New York importer. This gentleman some time since received from foreign correspondents an importation of five cases, or about 1,100lbs., of duck egg albumen manufactured by a French company in Tonquin. It was distributed in the usual course of trade among confectioners and print manufacturers, the two trades which absorb most of the albumen of commerce, and was by them given a thorough trial, with the result that it was found utterly unsuited for their use.

The calico printers could not use it, as it did not properly fasten the colors on the cotton cloth. The confectioners could not use for making macaroons and other confections, as they found that this albumen would not beat up as required for their work. In fact, the duck egg albumen in both cases seemed to lack the qualities which give the albumen from hens' eggs its value.

As a result of these experiments, the part of the consignment which had not been used was returned to the French company.

This disastrous shipment is the first and last importation of duck egg albumen into the United States of which my informant has knowledge, and his business position is such that he would know if there was any regular demand or supply of the article. He says that he understands that in Europe they have had no better success than in this country in trying to utilize duck egg albumen, and that the expectations of the French company, who thought they were going to make a fortune from the business, have never been realized.

All of which goes to show that the gentlemen who would have us believe that the trade in albumen was the cause of the lessening supply of our wild ducks, and that the Alaska Indians were to blame rather than excessive shooting all over the North American continent, are wrong in their premises, as if there is no commercial demand for duck egg albumen there can be no incentive for securing it

J. B. BURNHAM.

Spring Shooting.

TORONTO, May 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With the advent of spring the pleasure derived from the perusal of FOREST AND STREAM is marred by the reports of the usual spring slaughter of game. I fail to understand how men claiming to be gentlemen and sportsmen can justify their conduct in shooting game birds en route to their breeding grounds. Some of your contributors who boast of having shot large numbers of ducks and snipe this spring must be pot hunters of the worst type—men who knowingly do wrong for the pleasure derived from it, and not, as is often the case with poor men, from necessity. If a farmer were to kill all his poultry in the spring and still expect to have a supply for market during the following season, he would be considered a proper subject for a lunatic asylum. Yet he would be acting quite as reasonably as the spring shooters who persist in violating the laws of nature and common sense. When it is taken into consideration that to every man who could shoot game on the wing twenty years ago, there are fifty now, it will be readily understood that it is imperative that action be taken to prohibit spring shooting. It requires no stretch of imagination to foretell the result if legislative action is longer deferred. All species of American game birds will be like the buffalo and the wild pigeon—things of the past.

I trust that many of your able contributors will take this important matter in hand and not rest from their efforts until spring shooting is abolished all over the United States and Canada. The conserving of fish and game as a food supply is a very important public question, and it should be the duty of the law-makers to use every effort to perpetuate this most valuable heritage.

RANGER.

Bird Trapping in Greater New York.

ON the morning of May 23, while taking bird notes in that part of Brooklyn known as Flatbush, I accidentally ran upon several bird traps; placed near these traps was a live bird, used, no doubt, as a "come on" to the other birds. In the bushes some distance from the traps were seated three men, anxiously looking in my direction as I approached. I afterward learned that these men are frequent visitors to this locality early in the morning, trapping birds. Cannot this be stopped?

BIRD STUDENT.

[Yes, it can be stopped if Bird Student will send some definite information to Chief Protector J. Warner Pond, Albany, N. Y.]

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

IN IDAHO MOUNTAINS.—III.

(*Continued from page 243.*)

OUR camp was at the union of two valleys, and into each of them reached an Indian trail of immemorial usage. Their dust was cut deep with the hoofs of pony trains which had passed up into the summer hunting grounds. Occasional intimations of Indian hunting parties had come to us in the heavy columns of pitchy smoke to the north; but we were camped just short of the field of their operations, and for the first ten days had not been foul of their baneful presence. The effluent wave of cayuses, squaws and hunters rolled in on us at last with such results as you may now hear.

We were just lighting our pipes after the evening meal when the visitation appeared in dusty file at a slight elevation of the trail and a scant fifty paces from our fire. It was a piebald crowd, savage to its smallest detail and yet orderly. A wise old pony pioneered the way, and she carried a precious freight! Highest upon her back, with legs stretched astride like a strained wish-bone, rode a shapeless squaw, separated from the submerged pony by bales of hide, hair and meat. Hung to the perimeter of this mass of the hunting harvest, and sustained in some wild-fashioned pouch was a glittering-eyed child. Following this leadership came an endless procession of ponies and colts, some burdened, some ranging free. Three bucks, mounted lightly, passed toward the end of the line; but at the extreme rear, among the dogs stoically trudging in the dust was a squaw who was being disciplined for some infraction of the Indian code of family duty. We had been entirely ignored, although furtively and thoroughly inspected. Jim prophesied a visit later when in the view of these people the time was proper—and he was right.

Camp was made below us, and while the squaws were shaping things for the night two of the bucks came riding back to call. They slipped from their ponies and moved to the log by the fire without a word, and seated themselves. Taking our cue from Jim, we awaited their pleasure, offering them what coffee was still in the pot by way of good will. They drank it as if it was their right, but sat on in silence, moving not whether the smoke poured over them or away from them. At last the elder man arose to look at a pair of elk horns whose massive growth attracted him. He gave us to understand then by signs and broken English that he had left a phenomenal set of horns back on the mountain. I finally persuaded him to go for them.

During his absence the Major and I agreed that it would be a day well spent to place ourselves under the guidance of these men for a day's hunt. And we opened negotiations to that end with the young buck, who was stolidly awaiting his companion's return, still in the smoke of the fire. The bargain was finally struck after much affectation of indifference on the Indian's part. The terms were these: When the sun reached a certain point in the pines above us these two Indians should present themselves on the following morning; they were to receive a fixed sum for the day, and they were to receive from the Major $5 additional for any bull elk which the Major might get through their assistance.

By six on the following morning the sun had climbed to its appointed place, and true to the bargain our native hunters promptly took their places by the steaming coffee. Picturesque and primitive were they indeed. Apart from their modern guns, these men might have passed for the same wild hunters inimitably described by Parkman as roaming the Western mountains a half century since. Their unbonneted heads shone like crows' backs in May. Their raiment was of the materials yielded in the chase. The younger man, standing about 5ft. 4in., was the type of mounted Indian hunter. His broad shoulders were covered with an unbuttoned skin coat; his deep, heavily muscled chest was bare. Each of his short, powerful legs was wrapped to the knee with a separate strip of soft buckskin, wound round and round. From the knee to his moccasins the lower leg had no covering.

Equally rude were the trappings of the ponies. The two animals together weighed scarce 1,400lbs., and were fat with mountain grass. Small elk horn saddles without stirrups, and elk thong bridles without bits, were their only harness

They were sufficiently unpretentious to look at, but in the chase of that day it was well for the Major and me that we followed on ponies, whose strength had been built up with three weeks of grain feeding.

When we were all in the saddle not a moment was lost by our new guides in taking us into their confidence. They started straight up the face of the mountain at a dog trot. For the next hour I might as well have been astride a saddle hung up on the wall. If there was an easy way to get around a tangle of chapparal, the Indian avoided it with unfailing determination. If there was a steep, slippery rock with an easy trail around it, he dodged that trail as though it had been an ambush. Not a word was spoken. The Indians looked not back once to see if we were still on the mountain or in the ravine at the bottom.

Their thongs fell steadily on their ponies' flanks, their heels kicked steadily on the ponies' ribs, and they sailed along, far above and in the fading distance, for a summit which looked to be on the yonder side of Heaven.

The Major's trials lightened my own burdens greatly. He suffered in that hour as few men are given to suffer in this life. His pony labored with him in the chapparal as a small ant wrestles with a fat caterpiller. When the pony was lost to sight among the roots, his successes and failures in getting a footing were traced in the lurchings and reelings of the Major. When we reached the top we found the Indians waiting for us. Their ponies were running rivers of perspiration and sobbing for breath. They had been mercilessly overridden, but their riders stood so idly by them, cool and unconcerned. I suspect these people had used the occasion to indulge in a bit of bravado. We got more of it within the day

We were off again at once across the short level of the mountain's crest. The steep, deep pitch, which ceased only in the white waters of Snake River, quickly bade us pause. Here a game trail stretched its dusty belt along the upper face of the ridge. Its kindly footing and easy descent made grateful contrast to the arduous, untracked route just left.

The lull in our tribulation was brief. My stomach barely had the dent of the pommel out of it before we entered a whirlwind of Nimrodic experiences that bewilder my mind even in the recollection, and at the time my brain just missed being turned to gray chaos.

These experiences began, I remember, by one of the Indians slinking to the ground as a cat flattens when an unexpected bird dropped near by. His companion behind followed the act spontaneously, as one dog heeds the other when taint of quail stiffens the leader Their eager eyes led my own to the valley, and there, 1,000ft. below, shone the white rump of an elk. The beast was wholly unconscious of danger, as were his four or five companions. There was every chance for a successful stalk, and my ingenious brain at once mapped out the protecting cover by which the Major might approach and secure his coveted bull, but I was to learn a new thing about Indian hunting. Already the countenances of those men were blazing with eagerness. Our presence was forgotten The money reward which was theirs for an atom of self-restraint was forgotten. Little cared they that some thirty carcasses were already strapped to their packs in camp—a plethora for the winter's food and buckskin. Little cared they that to kill, as it was now in their hearts to do, was improvident, useless and wanton. They were the reincarnation of the savages who cut in strips the body and ate the heart of Captain Campbell at the siege of Detroit by Pontiac two centuries and more ago. I have seen white men kill game with unheeding ruthlessness, but it was to boast of afterward in sporting journals or elsewhere. I never saw human faces so transformed with pure lust of blood as were those of these two men.

The elk were now an anti-climax. The Indians themselves held my interest. A flashing sign or two of the hard and their plan was revealed to each other. Then, like hounds from the leash, they fell from the edge of the trail and went bounding with yells down the mountain, straight for the game.

Our action must be prompt to keep the chase in sight, for the startled animals were already placing a small knoll in the line of our vision

With a cry to the Major to follow, I plunged in the wake of our bold leaders. The Major hurled his 250lbs after me. I will revert to his fortunes later. Mighty little thought I of him after I had unanchored myself from the honest footing of the trail, except as the thought flashed over me—if he gets rolling end on, what will happen to all living things below, since there is no telegraph system connected with him by which to get a clear line?

But I was pursuing Injuns, and all fibers of mind and body were in use to that end, you bet!

When I had gone 50ft. I had as merry a concourse of stones and sticks flying along in company as could possibly be desired. And there were intervals, protracted enough to smoke a pipe, in which my feet were in midair. It is not implied that I did smoke a pipe at such times—I shouldn't have known where to find my trousers for striking a match—nor is it implied that I traveled on my head all the time, although there were "reversals of form," to use a turf phrase, when my head seemed to make good walking. There were gaps in the ground, and I think they were put there to show me why the Lord made birds.

About 800ft. from the top—I had been "all over the ground" and my information is quite accurate—my contemplative frame of mind was interrupted by the bark of a rifle.

"Ah!" thought I, 'they have rounded up their cattle, calves and all, and if there is any good anchorage I will calm myself and take an observation." I maneuvered for a "pople," but down went its lithe form under my onward rush, and over I slid in leap-frog fashion. Art is long, however, and I got myself slowed up to moderate going. When I felt that I had some time to myself once more I opened a weather eye for a pair of lost Indians. They were there. The elk were fairly run down, and one by one were falling before the rifles as they toiled heavily up through the burnt timber. It was a sickening sight. I sat down on the haunch of a splendid great bull whose horns were distorted and worthless—not one ounce of hoof, hide, horn or meat to be stirred from where death struck it down—and the spot was a good one from which to have edited the game hog department of FOREST AND STREAM.

I turned my perturbed thoughts to the Major for diversion. Not a sign of him. There seemed to be only one method of escape so complete as his—he had traveled too fast for gravity to hold him on the earth, and must have moved out into space, a betrowsered asteroid with sombrero on its head. Well, thought I, he will do well at it. He has the size, and with his .50 110 ought to make a first-rate policeman to enforce heavenly peace. But the Major had not taken that tack. It is true he was nowhere along the line of our recent travels, but a rifleshot a little to one side gave notice that he was one of us; and you must know the Major had done a wonderfully cute thing. When he discovered that he was running away with himself, he received an inspiration to the effect that a "switchback" could save him, and that nothing else could, not even free silver. There was a shoulder of the mountain just at his left. He tacked for it. It was his switchback, and his velocity just missed running him up over the top of it. I made the toilsome return to him, and there we awaited the recreant Indians. These red hounds came in time from their forbidden chase. When they found where the Major had lodged, and why, they promptly dubbed him him squawman—that phrase of unfathomed contempt; but they warded off all rebuke by calmly assuming that they could not understand English.

Twice again during the day was this performance repeated under varying conditions. The second time the setting was spectacular and the performance thrilling.

We were in a great stretch of burnt timber—burut perhaps by these same men and in stretches of thousands of acres solely to drive game from cover for easy killing. Two young elk jumped up a little distance ahead. The Indians took it into their heads to "course" the animals in pure joy of the chase. It was genuine "timber topping" that followed. Their course lay on a hillside bristling with logs cut by the fire and felled by the wind, as if giants had planned a Titan's game of jackstraws. To see these men in this wild sport made easy the forgetting of their sins against life.

A more reckless and dexterous race could not be ridden. The younger man embodied the boldness, horsemanship, courage and wild abandon of the best traditions of his race—nor did his pony fail him. Both were game to the core. They passed through places—their unity unbroken—where a fawn might have hesitated; literally lost in the spaces closed in by the stacked windfalls. One picture stands in memory with especial vividness. The pony was driven with a yell at a log, face high on the side of approach and a third higher on the distant side. He gallantly rose to it, mounted far enough to hook his fore legs over it and hung with his hind toes barely touching the ground. His rider saw the situation before it was really disclosed, sprang to the log while the pony still seemed in midair, seized the frame of the saddle as the pony renewed the struggle to get over, half twisted the brave little beast to where he balanced with all feet dangling, then both disappeared over the log to reappear almost instantly, the boy in the saddle and both again in excited pursuit. It was a tableau of a past time. It was an anachronism in the decade which has witnessed the beschooled and becalicoed Indian holding pathetic ghost dances to conjure back the vanished buffalo and the youth of his race. This chase ended in a sight which is prophetic. The two elk paused on the summit of the mountain—mere forms on the horizon—looked for a moment at their pursuers and passed from sight, hunted off the face of the earth as it seemed.

In a time brief as this writing, the Indians too passed from view, following close on the vanished game. How soon does that certain hour strike when both the Indian and the elk are to cease save as the one is coralled in the netted enclosure and the other is cabined, cribbed and confined with the impassable restraints of the white man's civilization? Nay, has it not already struck? TWINKLE.

Armless but Able.

IN reply to a letter of inquiry, Mr. J. B. Thompson, postmaster at Gilmore, Ark., writes as follows:

Editor Forest and Stream:

Yours of 13th to Wm. Bell, the armless man, was referred by Bell himself to me with request to answer for him. As he has no hands his handwriting is done by the mouth. Taking the pen in his mouth, he can sign his name and write a little, but of course very slowly.

I suppose what you have seen in papers is true. I have known Bell for ten years, and it is wonderful what he can do without his arms. As for fishing and trapping, I never saw him fishing with hook and line, but he can do it holding the fishing rod under his chin. He has several fall and winters here run a line of traps, attending them himself. He sets the traps with his feet and I have seen him often come in with raccoons and other game taken from his traps. He uses a Winchester rifle and is an expert shot; can put the gun on his shoulder himself, balance it there and get it down, and shoots quickly and accurately, using a string tied to the trigger, and pulling it with his teeth. Of course, when in the woods he often uses a stump or log to rest his gun. If none is convenient he lies down and holds the gun with his feet.

He does 'most anything without arms that an ordinary person can do. During the recent floods here he went out several times with me to rescue stock from the water, wading where he could, and when too deep swimming after them. He swims well, but on his back entirely. He plays cards, throws dice, fights, and does a little of everything. He can throw a stone or brick, placing it on his foot and kicking it accurately and with great force. He is very strong in the legs and neck, and can hold an ordinary man by getting his arm under his chin and by catching him by one leg between his (Bell's) leg. It would be impossible to tell all about him; he is simply wonderful. Both arms are off at the shoulder. He lost them in a woolen mill when he was only ten years old. He is about 5ft. 9in. high and will weigh 180lbs.

When he came in to-day and asked me to reply to this letter I asked him which pocket it was in, and went through him and got your letter. When he comes into the store to buy anything the clerks have to feel in his pocket and get the money. Nothing you have heard or can surmise would exaggerate his case. J. B. THOMPSON, P. M.

"The Platform Plank" a Hundred Years Ago.

PROFESSOR JNO. D QUACKENBOS of this city writes to the Manchester N. H., *Mirror*:

A man of more than average wisdom remarked some twenty-nine hundred years ago that there is nothing new under the sun. I have just met with an interesting application of this piece of philosophy, in a little pamphlet that has come into my possession, entitled "Thoughts on the Present Laws for Preserving Game, and Some Methods Proposed for Making a Game Law both Useful and Effectual," published in London in 1750. It anticipates the "platform plank" of FOREST AND STREAM—the Sale of Game should be forbidden at all Seasons—by insisting on the absolute prohibition of game traffic as an essential to game preservation. The quaint old author deplores the prevalence of poaching, and the rapid diminution of game birds and quadrupeds in consequence of the improvements in firearms and the growing skill of sportsmen.

"The Art of shooting flying," he says, "is come to such a Degree of Perfection that few Fowls escape. And it can be no Wonder that Pheasant, Partridges, Woodcocks, and the like, are so scarce to be found, when there are hardly any left to breed. Many Marksmen are so expert at the work that, with a tolerable good Pointer, they will destroy more birds than a Setter can do with his Net, altho' this latter seems to be as compleat an Engine of Destruction as can be invented." How applicable the argument in this day of breech-loading and repeating shotguns. Poaching, he adds, may be made unprofitable "by preventing any Game being sold to any manner of Persons." And the author further shows his mastery of the situation by contending that: "Provision should be made for effectually preventing all Sorts of Carriers from carrying Game that has not a Direction signed by a Person qualified, expressing the Carrier by whom it is sent, and upon what Day, and whither to be carried. And such as carry Game should be obliged to have a Basket or place for that Use only, that Search might be made more easily, and forged Tickets may be more quickly discovered; and all Persons counterfeiting or forging any Directions should be severely punished." Verily, the tricks of to-day are old. JOHN D. QUACKENBOS.

[The wise old fellow who had these sensible thoughts in England in 1750 would think then all the harder in 1897 in the United States.]

Pennsylvania Game Law.

THE new Pennsylvania game law approved last week forbids entirely the sale or export of game killed in the Commonwealth. The open seasons are as follows:

Wild turkey, pheasant, grouse, quail, partridge, prairie chicken, Oct. 15 to Dec. 15 inclusive. Woodcock, month of July and Oct. 15 to Dec. 15 English and Mongolian or Chinese pheasant protected to 1902. Hare or rabbit, Nov. 1 to Dec. 15 inclusive. Black gray or fox squirrel, Oct. 15 to Dec. 15 inclusive. Ferrets forbidden. Elk, deer, fawn, month of November. Killing in water and use of dogs forbidden.

One person may not kill in one day more than ten ruffed grouse (commonly called pheasant), or fifteen quail (or Virginia partridge), or ten woodcock, or two wild turkeys; or in one season more than two deer.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISHING IN THE SHENANDOAH.

DID you, reader, ever fish in the Shenandoah? If so, did you always find the water clear when the fishing fever was on you, or have you, like myself, been often disappointed with muddy water when inclination was greatest and your time for going most opportune? I recall a good many years ago, when my knowledge of that beautiful river was more limited than now, of reading an amusing but not greatly overdrawn description, written, I think, by Guy Carleton, and given as a preface to one of William Mills & Sons' fishing catalogues, of what one should do who wanted to fish that stream; and without being now able from memory to recall very accurately his instructions, one was told that before starting he must get together his bait and tackle, then write to a friend living on the river and get him to write at once the condition of the water. Most probably the reply would be, "Water is muddy, but possibly good fishing in a week if no more rains." Possessing your soul in patience as best you could, you wait, and in a few days get a telegram saying, "River clearing, come along." With promptness you get your things together, and just as you are ready to leave the house for the train another message is handed you, saying, "Rains above us, water very muddy." And thus it may continue for days or weeks. Just such experience has been mine and for more than one occasion; but then one sometimes strikes it right, and is generally repaid for his previous waiting and cussing.

Having been unable to try the bass during the spring fishing other than one day in Goose Creek, off Leesburg, knowing that the close season for the Shenandoah ended May 15 (and more the pity, for the bass I caught had not finished spawning), tackle was overhauled, bait caught, a restless feeling comes over me

"And I kinder fall to wishin'
I was where the waters swish,
Fer if the Lord made fishin',
Why, a feller orter fish."

Thus prepared and thus feeling I wrote to my friend, J. W. Kenner, proprietor of the Kenner House, at Riverton, to write me on Saturday, the 15, the condition of the water, and if in condition I would leave on Monday, the 17th; cautioning him, however, if the water was then clear, but should it be muddy before I started Monday to telegraph me The reply came Sunday that both rivers (the north and south branches join there) were muddy and would probably not be clear before the end of the coming week. Such a report was disappointing but not unexpected. Knowing that I could not get off from business engagements the latter part of the week, I had abandoned my trip for the time, when to my surprise, while at supper Monday night, a telegram was handed me, saying, "Fish biting; bring bait; come at once." Acting upon the information contained in the letter received the day before, other engagements had been made, my fishing partner also made engagements that would keep him from leaving, and as I never—well, hardly ever—let pleasure interfere with business, and being unable to reverse the usual order of things, as Mr. Mather, in his Article XLI., tells us Mr. Fitzhugh did, I could not say that my pleasure was to practice law, my business to fish; I was in a quandary. A fellow-fisherman, situated as I then was, can appreciate my feelings. My wife (God bless her!) settled the question by saying, "Get ready and go, even if you have to make the trip by yourself. You have been talking about it long enough." I didn't need more encouragement, but hustled around that night, saw a party for whom I had some important work on hand, got his consent to postpone it for a day or two, and having my bait in a box in an ice pond near at hand, next morning found me prepared for a twelve-mile drive to Marshall, where the train was then taken for Riverton, at which place I arrived on time at 12:12.

Riverton is a pretty town, mostly situated on high ground, just at the junction of the North and South Branches of the Shenandoah, the hotel recently added to and improved, kept by Joe Kenner, as his intimates call him, ably aided by his estimable wife and her sister, and by whom fishermen are accorded a hearty welcome, is about equally distant (five minutes' walk) from two large dams, one on each river, under which bass congregate, and during the spring and early summer fishing a great many are caught there. Hotel charges are reasonable, and many acts of courtesy are extended for which no charge is made, but which are duly appreciated by visiting fishermen, many of whom come there with their wives and spend some time. Getting my dinner, I soon had "limbered," to use Mr. Mather's term, a new Bristol steel rod, which I was anxious to christen, and made quick time for the dam on North River, and there found two fishermen who had had fairly good sport, and one of whom, Mr. Sanford, of Orange, had that day caught his first bass, landing just as I reached the river a fine one. He was naturally a happy mortal, and forever afterward will, I venture, be an enthusiastic fisherman. To my regret, however, the fish had ceased biting for the day, and fish as I did, I caught but three that evening.

Knowing that the morning fishing is always the best at this time on this river, I was up and at it next morning by 4 A. M. Although the early bird may get the worm, the early fisherman, in this instance at least, did not get the fish, for it was some hours afterward when other fishermen had come and I had crossed over to the mill on the opposite bank before I got the long wished-for strike. You know the feeling, if you have ever "been there." I have him sure; a good one from the way he fights. He is hooked some 20yds. away; the water is swift and he puts up a game fight. Hello! he is out of the water trying to shake that hook out, but to no use The rod is christened; it has acted its part well, and as I stand 8ft. above the water on the abuttment to the mill a friend gets the net under him and I have a game fighter who has chased a minnow once too often, and hurriedly trying my pocket scales I find him but a fraction under 3lbs., and while I have caught much larger my experience is that a fish of this size, especially if caught in swift water, will give you more pleasure to land, putting up a better fight than one twice his weight. That was the only fish caught that morning. After breakfast I caught his mate.

When dinner was over I tried the South Branch, which was not so clear, but with little success. Others that evening had excellent sport under the North dam where that morning no fish would bite.

My time was limited, and the following morning I was compelled to leave. I was again on the river early, and just as I got my minnow in the water, Miss Brock and her brother appeared, both good—can I use the term—fishermen. Hardly had we begun before she and I each landed a bass. I had made arrangements for a boat to go out under the dam, so left them on the abuttment and anchored as close under the dam as the boiling waters would permit, and there I sat without a bite and saw, every few minutes, Miss Brock and her brother landing bass. Did I break the Commandments? Well, I leave it for you to imagine. It was not long, however, before I moved closer to the other side and, yes—luck, do you call it—changed, and before leaving time I had safely landed four beauties, worth to me many times more than the small ones I had just before seen caught, some of which were returned to the stream. My catch for the trip numbered only an even dozen, but, as the boatman remarked: "You have the finest fish that have been caught here this season," I was satisfied. I had not caught as many as others, but my fish were larger; they fished with minnows, I with "Mad Toms," as we call them, fish resembling the cat, but seeming to be a species by itself, which are found in the small streams here and which never seem to grow over 4 or 5in. long. But let one stick or sting you and his power for pain seems unlimited. To a novice he is a terror to put on the hook, but when you know how—well, it's easy.

Just as I was about to leave my friend Brock, a brother-in-law of E. P. Wilkins, the genial depot agent for the Southern Railway at that point, brought me six nice ones,



A FLORIDA SAWFISH.

Length 14ft., breadth 4½ft., weight 600lbs. Taken with rod and reel by E. Vom Hofe, of New York, at Fort Myers, Fla., May 2, 1897.

caught by him that morning, to add to my string. No account of a trip to Riverton is complete without a word about Doc Wilkins—as his friends call him—an enthusiastic huntsman, a successful fisherman, a "good fellow" in its broadest sense. Long may he live.

I reached home about 1 o'clock. Of course I had to show my string as I passed through the town, and the remarks heard amply repaid one for getting up early and working late; but wait, my thoughts, as I recall that trip, have run away with my pen. So boil it down or cut it entire without any complaint from C. M. WHITE.

WARRENTON, Va., May 24.

"Men I Have Fished With."

WHAT a marvelous book of biography you are building up, chapter by chapter, in FOREST AND STREAM. Nothing you could do to perpetuate yourself and friends could be more opportune or so acceptable to all. I have just finished the perusal of the sketch of Dan Fitzhugh, which seems to me to be the most soul-fetching of them all It is full of *bonhomie* and brotherly sentiment. I am glad you did not omit my small part of the grayling drama.—*Charles Hallock to Fred Mather.*

Black Bass Season on Long Island.

THE Long Island black bass season named in the Long Island sections of the game law runs from May 30 to Dec. 31. The general State season is June 15 to Dec. 31, and in the general law no exception is made in reference to Long Island. There is thus another conflict of provisions. Chief Protector Pond advises us that the general law does not apply to Long Island, but that the old dates, May 30 to Dec. 31, prevail there.

COLOR VARIATIONS IN FISHES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think very few anglers who fish in different waters fail to observe the great variation that exists in the shading and coloring of fishes belonging to the same species, and yet, with such a great army of observers, I have seen no exchange of opinion that calls attention to or sheds any light upon this subject

After considerable thought, and with frequent changes of opinion, many theories, the result of ideas early and hastily formed, have been discarded or remodeled, as each year and change of locality opened some new field for observation, and left me much perplexed, while endeavoring to solve a problem that seemed to be a child of so many conditions.

That all fishes have color markings, well defined, that follow from one generation to another, each after its own kind, is quite well understood; but I have never seen any reasons advanced to account for the often and sometimes wonderful variation of color found on fishes of the same kinds in waters of different localities and climate, and while this condition holds good with all the different fishes with which I am acquainted, it has been observed that some seem more susceptible to variation in color than others, and that the variation often goes to greater extremes from light to very dark shades, which often occur under different conditions.

Well knowing that it would be impossible to take upon myself the task of tracing all of the many fresh-water fishes found in waters so widely separated, and to treat all in detail, I must confine these notes to a few of our game fishes.

I have observed the brook trout of New Brunswick, Canada, Maine, New Hampshire and also Massachusetts, and know of no fish more susceptible to greater variations in color markings, which vary from a beautiful shimmer of silver, with bright red markings, such as trout possess that live in very clear springs, or in streams or lakes that are very transparent, to the very dark color of trout found in less transparent waters, as occurred in some cases where I have seen specimens taken from the deep holes of a cold springy bog having very dark water, that were shaded a very dark smoky bay color mingled with bronze, and were nearly the color of the big-mouth black bass of Florida.

That this variation is not due to climate or locality seems apparent, because the greatest difference I have ever observed has often been found in waters that were only separated by a short distance. I remember a trout stream in northern Maine, where I spent a few years of my boyhood, that furnishes a striking illustration of this. In the main stream, although the water was quite clear, it seemed dark compared with the waters of a small tributary brook. This little brook was given birth and fed by springs of crystal clearness, which burst forth from the base of too large hills a mile from the main stream; it flowed over a stony bottom of sand and pebbles, and its waters were clear as crystal. The trout caught in this little brook were as bright as silver, while those taken from the main stream were many shades darker. Another curious circumstance that is worth mentioning is the fact that late in autumn quite large trout would ascend the little brook to spawn, and after spending some days in the clear waters of this little brook would bleach out, as we boys called it, and become much lighter in color than when found in the main stream below.

I have found that trout do not have in an extreme degree this faculty of varying in color, and I might also mention the pickerel found in nearly all of the northern States, as another fish that varies very much in color, and under conditions where locality does not seem to be a very important factor. To support this idea, I might cite the wonderful difference of color between the pickerel found in Lake Champlain and Lake George, which are only a short distance apart. The fish in one shine like silver, while they are dark and smoky-colored in the other. As the pickerel will live in waters that are too warm for trout, we often find them in waters that are dark and discolored from decaying vegetable matter, and in such water I have often found the pickerel in color as dark as midnight. I have also observed that in small bodies of water, which perhaps were only separated by a narrow ridge of land, that even here also the fish varied greatly in coloring.

The bass, both large and small mouth, although naturally much darker fish than either the trout or pickerel, seem also to partake of this faculty of assuming different shades of color in waters having a wider range or climate than either of the other fishes. I have caught them as far north as Canada, and, as in the case of the large-mouth, as far south as the Caloosahatchee River in Florida, and the same variation in coloring seemed as much in evidence in the South as in the North.

Another striking feature of these many observations is the fact that I have never seen any fish that varied much in color found in the same water, except under certain conditions to which I will refer later. It is a fact worthy of notice that, in any body of water where the color of the fish seems to take either a light or a dark shade, this peculiarity affects all alike, and all tend to shade in the same way. This rule, while holding good in waters of small area under normal conditions, will not always furnish a reliable base to calculate from, as the following cases will show.

In the waters of Lake Champlain, which drain a large territory, we find some difference in the transparency of the water in different sections, notably that which exists between the main lake and the great back bay, where the bass vary in color, showing a dark smoky color in one case while in the other the shadings of the fish show a greenish tinge, and as a whole are much lighter than in the other. Extremes of this condition are more noticeable when found in smaller bodies of water, as the following case will fully illustrate: I once lived near a small lake of very clear water, and the fish found in it were very bright. At the foot of the lake was a bog, the result of a dam which caused the permanent overflow of a meadow. This place was overgrown with water weeds of various kinds, and the water in the bog was always dark and discolored owing to the decay of so much vegetable matter, and the fish taken from these waters were dark and smoky. Every spring the pickerel from the clear waters of the lake came into this bog for spawning, and after remaining some two or three weeks became nearly as dark as the fish that permanently lived there. After the spawning season was over and they again returned and became scattered over the main lake, they bleached out so as to resemble in appearance the fish that spawned in the lake, and others that failed to visit the bog during spring migrations. The many cases already cited seem sufficient to show that these varying conditions really exist, and under what circumstances they are usually found.

Many years ago when first I commenced trying to solve this problem, I conceived the idea that light was the most

important factor in causing this variation in the coloring of fishes. And as most of the darkest fishes were found in dark water, where the bottoms were black and muddy, while the bright fishes were found in transparent waters with sandy bottoms, it seemed quite plausible, as dark waters with their usually muddy bottoms, absorb more light than their more transparent neighbors.

But I was soon confounded with the fact that the lake trout and the fresh-water smelt, both of which often live in great depths of water and get little light, were of silvery brightness. And also, that the pickerel taken from the water through the ice in March, after living in almost midnight darkness for almost five months, owing to the water being covered with ice and snow, came out even more silvery than during the previous summer.

It was some years before I became acquainted with a case which seemed to indicate so plainly an entirely different cause for this color variation so often noticed, and with no satisfactory reason to account for. This was at a small, boggy pond in Carroll county, New Hampshire, which I once had occasion to visit during a fishing trip. The waters were considerably discolored from the decay of vegetable matter, as the pond was rankly overgrown with water weeds. On one shore the pond washed the base of a hill where considerable iron deposits seemed manifest, and the water became quite black, being converted by chemical action into a weak solution of tanate of iron. The fish found here were also dark as midnight. At last! here was a case that could be accounted for on principles which seemed able to stand fire.

A cup of tea furnishes the same conditions. Insert a bright knife-blade and allow it to stand for a few hours and both tea and knife-blade become quite black, while the tea has been converted into a weak solution of tanate of iron. Later years of observation have only confirmed this as the principal cause of the variation in the color of fishes.

The iron is not often present in sufficient quantities to be noticed, either in the water or the effect it produces when united with the tannin, on the color of the fishes.

But the tannin is always present in proportion to the amount of the decaying vegetation. A tanner uses oak or hemlock bark to accomplish the tanning of hides, while nature furnishes the tannin in the water which literally tan the hides of the fishes as they live.

Tannin alone is not responsible for all variations in the coloring of fishes. I have taken fish from some waters that were very whitish, owing to the presence of considerable clay along the bed of the stream, and the fish found in these waters were of a filmy whitish color, with no special markings of brilliancy.

Observations made while in Florida, where nearly all waters are slow and sluggish, and are often much discolored from the decay of vegetation, have only strengthened this opinion, which refers to tannin as being the principal agent which influences the shading of color on fishes, and the fish found there in such waters were very dark and smoky colored, while in the clear, springy waters there, of which I saw considerable, the fish were of light silvery shades. The result of these observations and researches have made it possible to formulate a rule, by which I find it easy to tell the color of the water a fish came from by seeing the fish, or to tell, after viewing a body of water and noting its color, what will be the prevailing shades of color found on the fish that live in it.

I am not aware that this varying in color of fishes and its attendant causes has ever been written of at any length, and it is with some feeling of trepidation that I pen this article for our angling readers, well knowing that among their ranks are some of the brightest of minds, who have seen far more experience, and wield a mightier pen than mine; and if among them some take up the cudgel to demolish the result of these many observations, perhaps they may accomplish what I have long been endeavoring to do, and reveal the subtle artist hidden beneath the surface of the shimmering waters, which paints in beautiful and varying colors the complexions of our fishes.

GEO. W. DEARBORN.

ANGLING NOTES.

American Fisheries Society.

IT has been announced in this journal that the twenty-sixth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society would be held in Detroit, Mich., June 17, 18 and 19. The local committee appointed by President Whitaker, has reported a programme for the entertainment of the members. The meeting of the Society will be called to order in the Ladies' Ordinary of the Russell House on the morning of the 17th, and a business session will be held. The Russell House will be the headquarters of the Society during the meeting. At 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 17th the members of the Society will be taken for a thirty-mile ride across Lake St. Clair to the Lake St. Clair Shooting and Fishing Club, where they will dine at 5 o'clock. The ride will give the visitors an opportunity to view the beauties of the Venice of the lakes. For this trip Messrs. M. S Smith and F. H. Walker have tendered the use of their private steam yachts, and the party will return to Detroit about 9 o'clock in the evening. On the 18th the entire day will be devoted to the work of the Society, reading of papers and the discussions which follow. On the evening of the 18th the Society will be entertained by the officers of the Michigan Central Railroad on a trip in their private car to the trout hatchery at Paris, 200 miles north from Detroit. The 19th will be spent at Paris viewing the station and the work conducted there, and if there should be any unfinished business it will be completed at a session during the day. During this trip the members of the Society will be the guests of the Michigan Central Railroad officers, through whose courtesy this journey is made possible, and I am privately assured that every provision will be made for the comfort and accommodation of the guests.

Papers will be read by Prof. E. A. Birge, of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin, who is also a member of the Michigan Fish Commission; Prof. S A. Forbes, of the University of Illinois, and in charge of the Natural History Laboratory; Prof. Jacob Reighard, of the Michigan University; Fish Commissioner John W. Titcomb, of Vermont; Supt. Seymour Bowen, of the Michigan Fish Commission, and by other members who have announced their intention of preparing papers, but have not yet furnished the titles of them. This meeting promises to be a notable one in many ways, as it is the first time that three days have been devoted to the annual gathering, and more than ordinary efforts have been made to make the meeting an enjoyable one; and the papers to be read promise to be particularly interesting.

A. N. CHENEY.

ON PERE MARQUETTE WATERS.

MY business took me to Saginaw, and having finished I was preparing to leave for Chicago, when Friend Mershon spake as follows: "I'm going trout fishing to-night; you come along with me. The stream is on the railroad on your way to Chicago, so you can have an enjoyable outing and still not go out of your way home."

"But," said I, "I've no rig, and I can't catch trout with my hat."

"Never mind the rig. Come along, and I'll see that you want for nothing. I have duplicate sets of everything at the club house."

Leaving Saginaw at 5 P. M. on the F. & P. M. road, after an enjoyable ride we reached Wingleton at 9 P. M., the home of the Pere Marquette Club. In the party were Jed Avery, Kenna, Morley, Mershon, Brown and myself.

The night air was sharp and crisp, the crackling log fire on the open hearth giving us a cheery welcome to the club room. We were to make an early start, so no overhauling of flies, tackle, waders, etc., was to be left for the early morning hours. Lockers were ransacked and apparel hung before the blazing fire for an airing. Leaders are selected and placed in the soaking box, reels are oiled, and then the serious work of the evening commences—the selection of the flies for the morrow.

When you read of Montana trout, and learn how in that wild and woolly country they simply bite a piece out of the tail of a red flannel shirt, put it on a hook and yank 5lb. trout out as fast as the hook can be cast into the stream, you naturally wonder why there should be so much discussion as to the proper color, size, style and kind of fly to be used.

What cares a trout whether a fly has a brown body and gray wings or gray body and brown wings; whether it looks like a mosquito or a full fledged butterfly? Why be so particular? A fly is a fly, and as long as a bunch of feathers is made to approximate a fly, why care about the colors?

This is what you naturally would suppose, but how differently do you learn upon the stream at the expense of an aching arm and possibly a ruffled temper.

Each man has his own ideas as to the best fly, and from the hundreds of flies in each book not more than half a dozen are selected as "taking" lures. And when the flies are selected each man gives a sigh of relief, sticks the flies in his hat and breathes easier for the rest of the evening.

Above the fireplace is a splendidly executed blue print of an 8½lb. rainbow trout. We turn to Father Brown, the Nestor of the club, for the history of that trout. Jerome, in his "Three Men in a Boat" tells of a trout mounted and hung in the tap-room of an English inn. During the course of the evening six different fishermen privately informed Jerome how he caught it, the flies he used, the length of leader, weight of rod, etc., etc. The landlord finally imparted to Jerome, confidentially, of course, just where and how he caught it. When the landlord left the room, Jerome being left alone, arose to get a closer view of the fish, slipped, and in falling tore loose the fish from its fastenings. All the king's horses and all the king's men could not make that fish whole again. Being of plaster of Paris, it strewed the floor with its fragments far and wide.

Father Brown denies any similarity between the plaster fish and the blue print trout, for he had actually weighed and packed the fish off to the taxidermist's for mounting. It was taken on a minnow in the Manistee River.

It was near midnight when we turned in, and at 5 A. M. were ready for breakfast.

On our way to the stream Mershon enlightens me as to its history. He informs me that the club owns 1,700 acres of land, the actual length of the stream being three and one-half miles. The stream is fed by scores of springs and has no inlet. It runs through a sandy country exclusively, and no matter how hard the downpour of rain, you can fish the stream during or right after a shower as well as on a bright day. The water is never muddy nor roily; the rain water entering the stream runs over and through the sandy soil, carrying no mud or clay with it.

Having no inlet the stream is self-contained, and never yet has there been a spring washout. The greatest variation has never yet exceeded 3in., winter or summer, which has proven a great saving to the club, there being no annual outlay whatever for screens, dams, etc., washed away.

In the spring, when everyone was anxious for the first fishing, those favoring the surrounding streams were obliged to return home without wetting a line, for the streams were beyond their banks, making fishing impossible.

This creek was, as usual, wending its musical way peacefully along as if there was no such thing as a flood or washout in the land.

Before we wet our lines we go and look at the nursery and see hundreds of trout of all ages and sizes penned up in large square pools through which the spring water flows.

On one side of the stream is a high bluff, along which the keeper drives his buggy, thus having a full view of the stream from one end to the other. I spend the time to make the round with him. We start in at the head of the creek, where there is an area of two acres of water from 4 to 8ft. deep, forming the lurking place of the "daddy" trout of the stream. Early morning and late evening fishing here has resulted in landing many 2lb. and heavier fish.

Jed is already in this spot up to his armpits, almost, in water, industriously swishing his flies over its placid surface. We drive along and pass all kinds of fishing spots, pools, open stretches where a fly can be cast from the bank in freedom, close places with alders on each bank where casting must be done from midstream, deep holes screened by fallen trees whence by careful fishing some big ones may be landed, and here a stretch of rapids where there is always a ripple even on the calmest day, and where the proper fly will bring out trout after trout.

Here we come to a natural dam, then more wide open, fishing, not an alder or sapling to cross the aerial path of ones fly and leader. Toward the end of the stream we see the wild, timber part of the fishing, where the stream is as wild as one could desire.

Here the expert who glories in missing overhanging pine boughs and alders and dodging his flies through the meshes of uprooted stumps in midstream can enjoy himself and risk the penalty of 3ft. of leader and flies dangling 20ft. up from a pine bough.

Here are tangled brush heaps in the stream, out of which it will test one's rod, nerves and adroitness to keep the wily and agile trout.

We see all kinds of fishing, from head to foot of stream; the novice, the amateur and the expert can take his choice in the three and a-half miles of fishing.

What a day it was for angling. Splash, splash, splash, trout jumping in every pool, from every mossbed, from under every log. The creek seems alive with them. But what educated trout!

It was fun to listen as the noon hour came around and brought them all to one common spot, the shanty at the spring, where rested the lunch basket.

"Jumping below the screen, pshaw!" says Jed. "If there was one jumping up in the pond there were a thousand."

"Never saw anything in all my born days like it, and I've fished Castalia and Fontinalis," says Kenna.

"The stream is swarming with fish," says Mershon, as he dips his cup into the spring; "but what fly are they after?"

This is a leading question. With the exception of Morley, who has come in with his creel overflowing, no one else has hit the right fly. They all have fish, but they have had to coax and wheedle them into taking flies they did not want. By persistently trying new casts now and then trout were taken. It meant work for every trout caught. Morley not only hit on the right fly, but he fished up stream and waded the brook, thus reaching the lunching spot with a full hand.

As we sit in the shelter enjoying our lunch, the trout keep up a continuous splashing in the pool in front of us. It is a beautiful sight to see sometimes a dozen trout in the bright, sunshiny air at a time; leaping, diving, splashing, they make an ideal musical accompaniment to a fisherman's lunch.

Lunch over, Morley's fly is again closely inspected and discussed. It is an old fly, and the rest have nothing just like it, nor has Morley more than one of them. The next nearest thing to it is hunted out from the books, fresh casts are made up, and each one wends his way to his favorite spot, and the task of beguiling the wary trout is once more begun.

Splash! splash! Swish! swish! the trout leap and the line cuts the air. The trout are "coy and hard to please." *Labor omnia vincit.* Not every cast, but now and then one lands a fish You change grounds and return again, giving the trout a rest. One place was as good as another; trout everywhere.

It is nearly 6 o'clock; the boys begin to gather at the meeting place, leg, back and arm weary, but not with empty creels. The big fish are compared, and tales of how they were taken and the hair-breadth escapes go round.

They are all satisfied, and Morley more than satisfied, for he has nearly filled his creel a second time. Jed Avery is full of enthusiasm. "Fishing, why, bless your heart, I never saw such trout fishing in all my born days. My arm aches, for I've had to coax every fish I have in my basket. I've seen enough trout to-day jumping around me to give a fellow nervous prostration. I do believe that with a taking fly I could have filled my basket every hour. Phew! but I'm tired."

And this is the story and experience of them all. Kenna caught his without moving out of his tracks all day. Brown wandered up and down stream, looking for inviting logs, overhanging banks and cavernous rocks, and worked for the big fellows lurking in their hiding-places. If we heard it once going home, we heard it a dozen times, "If I only had had the right kind of a fly to day, oh, my!"

I've talked with many fishermen and have seen some trout streams, but I have never seen the equal of Wingleton Creek for varied fishing and quantities of trout. Under any stone, log, bush, bank or bunch of moss was a lurking trout.

I talked with Betts, the genial keeper of the club, and expressed my surprise at the numbers of fish and the incessant leaping all day.

"Yes," he said, "there were a few to-day, but if you want to just see the water boil come here in June on a still, lowry day, when the flies are thick on the water; the trout then make a noise like a waterfall."

I thought I had seen a fairly good day for trout, but it seems that in the leafy month of June there is even better fishing in store for the lucky disciple of Izaak Walton who finds himself wading the crystal, icy waters of the Pere Marquette Fishing Club.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 24.

Pacific Coast Trout.

A CONTROVERSY has arisen between my friend, J. R. Mead, and myself that has assumed the importance of a wine dinner, about names and identity of some of our Pacific Coast trout. I argue that the black-spotted trout and cut-throat trout are identical. He asserts that they are not. And in support of his position he has called my attention to their technical or classification names as being different, viz: *Salmo purpuratus* and *Salmo mykiss*, respectively. Nevertheless, I shall continue to insist that they are one and the same fish until Dr. Jordan, Dr. Bean, Judge Cheney, or some other of the learned ones sets me right if I am wrong.

Dr. Jordan, in his "Salmon and Trout of the Pacific Coast," in which he is presumed to mention all the varieties, speaks at length of the cut-throat, but makes no mention (that I am able to discover) of the black-spotted. The same learned gentleman wrote the article on "The Salmons of the Pacific" in that exhaustive treatise, "The Fishery Industries of the United States," and therein speaks at length of the black-spotted trout, but makes no mention (that I am able to discover) of the cut-throat. If they are not identical, why were not both accorded a place in both these works, and yet, if identical, why do they bear different technical names?

In the "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America," by Jordan and Gilbert, the cut-throat seems not to have been accorded a place except in a note to *Salmo gairdneri*, on page 313, referring to the fact that *Salmo mykiss* had apparently been confused with *Salmo purpuratus*, but the latter is described in perfect detail and as the salmon trout of the Columbia, Yellowstone trout, Rocky Mountain trout and lake trout.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Ore., April 22.

[There is no question that Hallock applied the name "cut-throat" to one of the forms of black spotted trout of the Rocky Mountain region. Jordan and Evermann now recognize eleven forms of that variable and widely distributed species, beginning with the typical *mykiss*, of Alaska, and including Clark's trout, Lewis's trout, Gibbs's trout, the Tahoe trout, Utah Lake trout, Rio Grande trout, Colorado River trout, Waba Lake trout, green-back trout and the yellow fin trout. If we were asked to name the typical form of black-spotted trout, to which Hallock's name was intended to apply, we would say it is *Salmo pleuriticus*, Cope, now known as *Salmo mykiss pleuriticus*. The name *purpuratus* is a synonym of the older name *mykiss*.]

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XLIII.—Fred E. Jones.

TWENTY years ago "The Great New York Aquarium; Coup & Reiche, proprietors," stood at the corner of Thirty-fifth street and Broadway, where a theater now stands. The building is the same, and but few changes have been made in the outside. One day Mr. Coup introduced me to Mr. Jones, who owned a large tract of land in Pike county or in Wayne county, Pa., where pike of enormous size could be taken through the ice in great numbers, and Mr. Coup wanted a dozen or more. I had better go and get some. It was in January, and I well knew that the chance of getting pike was very slim, although Jones assured Coup that we could get all we wanted. I had no desire to go, but Mr. Coup insisted.

Finding him alone, I said: "Mr. Coup, I have done considerable fishing through the ice as man and boy, and feel confident that the ice in the lakes in Pike county is now about 2ft. thick, and a man can't cut holes enough in a day to amount to anything, and they will freeze up faster than he can cut them. Besides this, I fear I will lose the salmon eggs if I go away." I had 50,000 eggs of the chinook salmon to hatch for Prof. Baird, then U. S. Fish Commissioner, and this was my first trial of hatching trout and salmon in city water, and I did not wish to lose them by going off on what appeared to be a fool's errand, and then write an excuse.

"Well, now," said Coup, "you go. Jones owns the lake; he says he can get them, and he ought to know. You put wire netting over the salmon troughs, so that people can see the eggs, but can't handle them, and they will be all right when you come back; but don't stay over two weeks, I can't spare you longer."

We went. I had done my duty in telling Mr. Coup, who had never caught a fish in his life, of the difficulties in the way, and was again doing my duty in obeying orders. Going up the Erie Railway to Hawley gave me a good chance to study my new friend—a man of perhaps thirty years, tall, well built and carefully groomed. He was the editor or owner of some financial paper circulating in Wall street, and talked of things on an enlarged scale. He was to have the finest shooting lodge in America next year. At present he was occupying a cottage, which he bought with the place, not far from Blooming Grove Park. He was having a "drag" built for hunting, with refrigerator for game, gun racks and other conveniences, to cost $2,000. I was a little skeptical about this, until a few days later, when he showed me the drag at a carriage makers, and talked about some improvements he wanted made.

We waited at Hawley about an hour and listened to a grisly lot of old settlers telling of "b'ar hunts," around the grocery stove, until William drove up in a sleigh for us. It was a cold drive of several miles to the cottage, and there we found a hot fire and dinner. William and his wife were an old couple from Yorkshire, and they had only been a year in America, and one night in New York city, when Jones captured them and shipped them to his shooting box. All that could be learned of the prospect for fishing was when William said, in reply to a question: "Yezzir, there's minners a-plenty, zir; I cotched 'em w'en you wrote as you was a-comin', zir, an' they're in the bait-box in the spring, all alive an' 'ealthy, zir, an' plenty on 'em, zir."

The wind howled all night and did not cease when morning came; but after breakfast we went out on the lake in front of the house, armed with lines and tip-ups, an axe and an ice-chisel. The lunch basket was large and heavy. After reaching what Jones said was the best spot in the lake for "pickerel," as he called them, we began work. William cut some holes with the chisel while I made a wind-break of evergreens on the shore and built a fire, for a man would soon get numb in the keen wind. The ice was over 20in. thick, and by the time the old man would have one hole cut and we had dropped a baited line in it and set the tip-up, it would be blown full of snow and frozen over.

Six holes had been cut and baited when the sun reached meridian and I had boiled the coffee and then gave the dinner yell. Jones was more enthusiastic than I, for he had, or pretended to have, faith in capturing some pike. I had none, hence he could stand the blizzard out on the ice, moving from one hole to another, clearing out the snow and ice and freeing the lines, while I fussed about the fire in the more congenial work of boiling coffee and had William bringing in wood, for which he was very thankful.

"William," I said, "are there many pike in this lake?"

"Yezzir; I heerd Mizz'r Jones tell a gentleman that 'e killed un 'twas near two stone weight once in this same lake."

"Two pounds is only a small pike, I don't think much of that."

"Hi said near two stone, zir, an' that's twenty-hate p'un', a big un in the hold country, an' a big un 'ere, as I 'ears 'em talk. The fish might 'a' weighed summat like twenty-four p'un', I forgets the hexact figger."

"Did you see the fish, William?"

"No, zir, it was afore I coom; but I've 'eard of it many times."

"Was that the only pike you know of being taken from the lake? You were here all last summer. Were any pike caught in the lake?"

"Oh, blez you, zir, yezzir; there was Mr. Courtney, 'im as lives in New York with the black mustarche—of course you knows 'im—'e took ten in the week 'e was 'ere an' the biggest weighed near a stone. Then Mr. Briggs 'kem up—you knows 'im—'e as 'as the big liver an' white pointer an' the little red setter as is blind in 'er left eye. Well, 'e took three pike in a mornin' when the hexpress didn't bring hup some shells for 'is gun, as 'e 'ad hordered hexpressly for snipe, w'ile the hautom flight of woodcock 'ad not come, an' Hi hagree with 'im that w'en the snipe is a-flyin' wild on a windy day one wants a little more powder be'ind 'is shot 'an he do in a close thicket for woodcock. So 'e sez to me: 'Will'um,' sez 'e, 'if there's any fish in this lake I'll try 'em,' sez 'e, 'for w'ile I don't care much for fishin', there's nothin' else to be done,' an' 'e tipped me a $5 bill. Oh, 'e was a gentleman, 'e was, an' I put 'im hout hin the lake among the weeds, an' 'is first fish weighed 2lbs. over a stone."

"That was good; 16lbs. is a fine pike. Did he get many more this day?"

"No, zir, on'y two smaller ones; just at that Mr. Jones shot off a signal that the noon train at Hawley had the cartridges, an' Mr. Briggs said 'e'd 'ad enough an' would go in to dinner an' try the snipe in the hafternoon. Mr. Briggs is like me, zir; fishin'll do w'en there's no shootin' to be 'ad."

This conversation took place before Fred Jones came in to luncheon, and it left me in the same condition of doubt as before. I did not know Mr. Courtney "with the black mustarche," nor Mr. Briggs with the remarkable dogs, but the hint that the latter gentleman gave William a very liberal tip and immediately caught the record pike, was not lost. Jones was coming toward the fire, and luncheon, but before he came within speaking distance I had thought the thing out in this way: "William, your $5 tip from Mr. Briggs sounds like an intimation that a tip is not only a proper thing, but that a fiver is about the proper size of the tip, if a gentleman expects to be put in the way of taking many fish. William, you may be innocent enough to believe that I know every man in New York who wears a 'black mustarche,' or has a red setter with only one eye. I mistrust that you have created these characters for my benefit, William," and I thought of Sairy Gamp and Mrs. Harris, but, by this time Jones arrived with his mittens held to both ears and his mustache frozen to his chin. After thawing out and eating a generous lunch and drinking a lot of hot coffee, the effect of the wind was seen in drowsiness, and soon Jones was asleep with his feet to the fire.

Motioning to William we left him to visit the holes, which were frozen over to the depth of an inch or more, and overhauled the lines and put the tip-ups in working order. Four of the baits were there but two hooks were bare, which was encouraging; but the holes would freeze before we got around to the first one and I hadn't enthusiasm enough to stand out there and become frozen, like a hole in the ice, and the old man was glad when I decided to go to camp. We had been gone nearly an hour and Jones was still sleeping. We must have slept also, for when Jones awoke he was on his feet before we knew it, and the fire was low. We visited the lines, found the baits all alive and left them for the night, taking to the wooded shore to avoid the wind.

Jones was annoyed by his disappointment, but we talked of other things until nearly bed-time, when he remarked: "If the wind goes down to-night we may get some fish to-morrow; what do you think?"

"Perhaps so; I hope so, but I'm not familiar enough with the lake to judge. Have you taken many pike here in the winter?"

"No; never tried it before, but there have been some good ones taken in the summer. My friend Briggs took one of about 10lbs., trolling, and I took one of about the same size, and many others have been caught here since I owned the lake."

William's men were real, at least; and he had merely enlarged the weights of the fish. Doubts of William's veracity vanished.

"Were we fishing in the deepest part of the lake?" I asked.

"Yes; the most northern hole was over the deepest part; as near as I can remember, the water there is about 60ft. deep, and it shoals up to about 20ft. at the southern hole. That ought to cover the best grounds, hadn't it?"

"As far as the north and south ranges are concerned, it should. But the fish may be in places east or west of our line of holes. Pike are very local, merely shifting to the weedy shallows in summer, where the food is to be found. In my opinion, it's too late in the season, and too cold, for pike-fishing through the ice."

"Don't they feed all winter? I've been told they do, and in that case, how does the lateness of the season and the cold affect them? Tell me that."

"That's an easy one. The pike does take food all winter, but not in such quantities as in summer. The lateness of the season gives us ice so thick that it is a morning's work for a man to cut six holes, and our lines froze in before a man could visit them and get back to the first one."

"Don't you consider six holes in the best part of the lake enough?"

"Pardon me, my boy, but you have evidently done little ice-fishing for pike, and —"

"You're right! I never did any; the question was asked for information, and not for argument."

"Then," said I, "permit me to say that we do not know that the holes were in the best part of the lake. Coming to a strange water, I brought tackle enough to fish 100 holes; and if the weather was mild and the ice only 4 or 5in. thick, we three men could have cut the holes in two hours and tried them for the best places, and after finding them, could have let a good portion of the holes freeze up. In such a case the skillful ice-fisher gets the ranges of the best places, and the next year he can fish the same spots without wasting labor on cutting holes where the fish do not range."

"Then you think we had better try new places to-morrow?"

"That is what I would certainly do."

The wind howled all night, and shook the house. The big stove in the best room tried its utmost to warm the cottage, but the walls were cold, the furniture absorbed the heat, for William and Betsy had only run the kitchen fire up to that time, and the furniture absorbed all the heat in the air. A country house, the main part of which is shut up all winter, can absorb more caloric in its floors, ceilings, walls and furniture, than is stored in seventeen tons of anthracite coal if burned in stoves in three days. Betsy had lighted the fires in the best rooms and the dining room about sundown.

At supper, the warm plates were chilled before Jones had carved the roast beef, which he had sent from the city, and the tallow on top of the gravy was reminiscent of the sudden freezing of the fishing holes which we had left.

Jones dropped the carver, and with a pitiful look, said: "Fred, if you don't mind, we will move our dinner into the kitchen where it will be warm. I dislike to ask yon to do it, but I think you'll agree that it will be the best thing to do."

"Fred," said I, "that was the very thing I was thinking of. No apologies. The case is a clear one; it's a question of style or comfort, of a hot roast or a cold gravy, and the move will be a good one."

Betsey hustled around; whisked the roast into the oven while she heated the gravy. Gave the plates and vegetables a turn at the fire, and in a short time we sat down to a good dinner, smoking hot, in a room where there was enough warmth to prevent mastication being interfered with by shivering. Of course there was a flavor of ancient tobacco smoke in the room, but it was so commingled with the odors of departed pancakes that did not exactly recall Tennyson's lines:

> "The woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
> And the musk of the roses blown."

But it was just the every-day perfume of a country kitchen, where an old couple live through a hard winter and make it serve all the purposes of a city flat. I've smelled it before, and so have most sportsmen who have gone into the country or who live in the country in winter. The kitchen is the living room; and to air it is not to be thought of. Fresh air is cold air, which requires much coal to heat, and neither William, Betsey nor the cat wanted too much of it. We mentally agreed with the old people that the kitchen was the best room in the house, and there we stayed and played checkers, a game that Jones was expert at while I was a duffer.

We listened to William's glowing account of the game and the guns of "hold Hengland." How he used to snare rabbits and grouse, the old poacher; and how he "never see a gun in Hamerica as could kill a grouse at 100yds., like was common in Hengland." And so we passed the evening, listening to the wind and to what William fondly believed to be facts concerning the superior guns and sportsmanship of a land where he had passed his boyhood; but of the new world, in which he had lately arrived, he knew nothing.

The delights of a country house which has not been heated all winter have been faintly drawn in this sketch, as far as the lower floor. We took our lamps and went through the "Siberious" hall with shivers that no doubt turned the roast beef gravy into tallow in our digestive organs; but of the awful plunge between sheets in the bedrooms above, which had not been occupied in several months, my pen is incompetent to tell. Those who have experienced this torture are the only ones who can sympathize with the victim. No amount of bedclothing can obliterate the semi-consciousness which usurps the place of that gentle sleep so apostrophized by Sancho Panza.

The wind blew hard the next morning and I flatly declined to go on the lake, even to look at the baited lines, and told Jones that it was no use in trying to fish while such weather lasted. I would stay and try it after the wind had let up; and he took me around to the wagon maker's, where I saw the drag, aforementioned; and then we went to Hawley for provisions and mail. As near as I could judge the same old fellows sat around the fire, killing deer and bear over again. But of the art of trimming whiskers they seemed to be ignorant. As I drew near the stove, one, whose sun-burned, matted and straggling beard resembled a wind-tossed wisp of hay, remarked: "Yes, an' I'll tell ye, 'tain't right fur these city fellers to come up here an' fence in a big trac' o' land an' keep deer shut up fur their own shootin' an' keepin' out folks that's born and raised here, an' has hunted them hills afore they's born. They say some one broke their fence this winter an' put the dogs through and got five deer. I dunno who done it, but if I knowed I wouldn't tell."

This was evidently for my benefit, but the shot was wasted. Another old fellow, with chin whiskers like rope-yarn, let fly a stream of tobacco juice at the head of an eagle which was cast in relief on the stove, hit the mark, and essayed to follow his partner's lead when Jones came along with his bundles and we started for home. Relating this to Jones as the sleigh skimmed along, he told me that they were probably puzzling their heads to know if I was one of the Blooming Grove Park Association, or had come up to join him in making a new park. "The old fellow," said he, "who told of breaking the fence and getting five deer was the one who did it, according to all reports, but it's best not to interfere with them unless you have the strongest kind of a case, and then a jury of their neighbors will never decide against them."

At sundown the wind lulled, but as bed-time approached a fear of those dreadful cold sheets appalled me, and I suggested that we spend the night in chairs by the fire. "Did you undress and get into those cold sheets?" asked Jones.

"I did, most certainly. If the bed had been my own I might have 'turned in like a trooper's horse, shoes and all,' but I observed all the proprieties in the house of my host."

"Proprieties be blowed," said Jones, "those sheets Betsey put on for style; I pulled 'em out and slept between the blankets and supposed that you did the same." The hint was not lost and I "drifted gently down the tides of sleep," until "jocund day stood tip-toe on the misty mountain tops."

The still morning, with a warm sun, was a welcome change. We cut out the lines, but the baits were dead. New holes were cut on east and west lines, and while they skimmed over with ice there was no drift of snow to clog them and hasten the freezing. We had thirty lines in the water that were fishing by noon and had caught one yellow perch of about a ½lb., which, with a rabbit that I killed with a pistol in early morning, we cooked for dinner. The afternoon brought nothing, although we kept fresh baits on the lines and the holes open.

The experiment had been tried, and at night I insisted on returning to New York in the morning, in spite of Jones's protests that now the weather was good we should try other parts of the lake. I had opposed the trip, for reasons already given, and I did not believe that the interest of my employers would be served by a longer stay, and this is my judgment to-day, that fishing through ice over 10in. thick is not likely to be a success, unless you know the lake and where the fish congregate for the winter.

Fred E. Jones was, and is, a puzzle to me. In this sketch there has been an attempt to introduce the reader to a man whom he never heard of, and to try and interest him in the man, as I knew him. Jones was not a frank, companionable fellow. He was a liberal entertainer on this trip and after, but I never felt entirely at home with him. Perhaps the fault was not his. If he were living he might say the same of me. We are so prone to measure other men in our own bushel that we seldom pause to think how we would fit into their measures. I am writing of a dead man; he was always kind, courteous and friendly to me; why should we say more? Yet there was a measure of distance between us that never allowed of that close

friendship which comes in younger life between men of kindred tastes.

I dined with Jones in his Brooklyn home after the trip for pike, and his gun room was to me a marvel of completeness. I owned a heavy duck gun and a light gun for woodcock, snipe, *et al*, and thought that a complete outfit, but Fred Jones had thirty-seven guns in the racks of his Brooklyn house and showed me each one and described its points. I counted the guns as we adjourned to the smoking room and in a bewildered way wondered when, how and where a man could find use for them. All of which shows that my gun education was deficient, and made me think that a man who only owned two guns was only fit to kill two kinds of game.

Next spring Fred Jones came into the Aquarium, as was his daily custom, and announced that he had sold all his Pennsylvania property and was going West. He gave a dinner at Delmonico's at which the Aquarium staff was present, and, in a speech, referred to our trip for pike. To this, "Tody" Hamilton, then our press agent, now with Barnum & Bailey, replied that the failure to get the giant pike was nothing to our failure to telegraph that we had caught one of 100lbs., but that it had been seized by the sheriff as an illegal capture; for so we had deprived the press of an item.

Mr. Jones went into the far West to some Indian agency, with which he had an official connection, and the first news we had of him was that he and a companion had been drowned while on a hunting trip.

FRED MATHER.



THE UNITED STATES HATCHERY AT ST. JOHNSBURY, VERMONT.

CENTRAL NEW YORK WATERS.

ITHACA, N. Y., May 28.—Through the kindly offices of Mr. A. J. Dollinger, of Redwood, N. Y., it was my good fortune to have my name attached to a box that arrived in town the 25th inst. containing fourteen noble specimens of lake trout, a catch made by Messrs. A. J. and Edward Dollinger during a few hours of easy angling a couple of days previous to its arrival here.

Mr. Dollinger advises me that some exceedingly fine creels of trout have been taken from the lakes abounding in the vicinity of Redwood. Mr. Geo. Ballentine recently stopped three days at Redwood, and in that time took forty three trout from adjacent waters. Ex-Senator John H. Selkreg, of this city, not unknown to FOREST AND STREAM readers, lately returned from Redwood, where he enjoyed several days' magnificent fishing. The veteran angler speaks in glowing terms of the fishing resources of the Redwood lakes, and pronounces the rich and restful locality a veritable angler's paradise.

Plenty of good trout, pike and pickerel fishing is being enjoyed there at present, and the opening of the bass season, June 15, should find bass and mascalonge biting voraciously.

Some very flattering reports are abroad of the fishing now being had at the northern extremity of Cayuga Lake. Auburn anglers have been especially lucky of late in the vicinity of Cayuga Village, where the pickerel fishing has been exceptionally gratifying. A number of big catches have been reported within a fortnight. A Seneca Falls lady is credited with taking a 15lb. pickerel recently, but from what Mr. A. N. Cheney writes of the pickerel, it may be inferred that this 15lb. pickerel was in reality a pike, and a pretty sturdy pike, too, please note At Union Springs and at Carr's Cove, two miles south of the Springs, some goodly creels of pike, pickerel and perch are forthcoming. At Carr's Cove, notably, some fairly phenomenal catches of perch have been made this spring. Some 2,000 perch is the estimated best day's catch for the season to date.

Larger perch, if anything, are taken at the Ithaca end of of the lake, but numerically the supply is not so large. Bass anglers are putting their tackle in order in anticipation of the open season close at hand. At Union Springs, at Canoga across the lake, Carr's, Sheldrake, Kidders, Ladoga Park, and from the latter named place along the east shore of the lake to Ithaca, and thence along Fall Creek to the big falls, the lovers of bass fishing may expect to encounter this wily and proud fighting game fish.

M. CHILL.

ARE SMELT A MENACE?

Editor Forest and Stream:

What is the trouble with the Fish Commissioners, that they should be so much interested in the breeding of smelt, and in favor of introducing them into lake trout and landlocked salmon waters? Are there no harmless fish that can be used for this purpose? Do these men know what they are advocating and doing? How about the introduction of the English sparrow? And how was it sixty years ago, when some men one afternoon in the town of Moriah, Essex county, N. Y., went to Bullwaggy Bay, near Port Henry, and drew a seine, and in a hogshead of water transported some pickerel (*Esox lucius*) to a small pond that empties into the headwaters of Schroon River, where the fish increased finely? At the outlet of this pond there was a dam, which went out with a spring flood; the pickerel went down stream with the flood, and in one season stocked Schroon River, Schroon Lake, and also Paradox Lake. People in those days thought the fish a great institution, so they carried them to Lake Sanford, in Newcomb; from here (for revenge) they were taken to Long Lake, where they soon destroyed all the trout in the Racquette River waters. From here, by way of the Indian carry, they were placed in the Saranac system of lakes and streams. And the end is not yet. This is the result of an afternoon frolic to stock a little mud pond (Bullpout, or Newport Pond) in the town of Moriah, Essex county, N. Y.

It is a serious matter to disturb the balance of nature. Men should consider carefully before venturing to do so.

I see that the Fish Commissioners congratulate themselves that it took them only six years to fully stock two of the most beautiful trout and landlocked salmon lakes in New England, and that the lake trout there caught are larger and fatter than common. Just so; the adult trout fatten on the smelt and the smelt can fatten on the young trout and landlocked salmon; so the wheel goes round. The smelt being 1,000 to one in the majority, any novice can figure out what the result will be.

Let the Fish Commissioners be assured of one thing—they have effectually stopped the breeding and increase of trout and landlocked salmon in these lakes for all time to come. As an object lesson, look at Lake Champlain from Westport to Cumberland Head. It is an ideal lake trout water in every respect. For the last fifty years there has been once in the while a fine lake trout caught, but like angels' visits they are few and far between. Why do they not increase and become plenty? For answer I would say it was this: smelt have free access to this lake from the sea, and have partially or practically become landlocked, that is, they can be found at all times of the year in all the deeper parts of the lake and in the identical depth of water that would naturally be inhabited by the young and adult trout.

The planting of lake trout and landlocked salmon in Champlain, with the idea that they would breed and increase, is fallacious in the extreme. It will only result in a waste of time and money.

Although if landlocked salmon could be made to breed in the streams running into Champlain, that is above where the smelt go, and would stay there till they grew of a size that the smelt could not destroy, we might be hopeful of a favorable result

Young lake trout and landlocked salmon have no more chance among smelt than young lambs have in a pack of wolves Anyone who has fished through the ice for smelt, and has seen them dart a yard or more and strike a heavy sinker or large bait, can judge whether they are a predatory fish or not. The boys catch them without a hook, by simply tying a white rag to a line for a bait; the smelt strike this and hold on and are drawn out of the water. I have seen quite a number caught in this way. The smelt's mouth is large and well armed with sharp, hooked teeth. They are well equipped for business, and they breed like the plague of flies in Egypt. A pretty style of fish this to introduce into lake trout and landlocked salmon waters. Remember, when hungry they will attack a fish of nearly their own size and weight This I know to be absolutely true. The most unfortunate part of the whole business is this, that the smelt live nearly the whole year round in the identical depth of water that the trout, both young and old, frequent.

The introduction of smelt into the great lakes would be almost a national calamity. The day it is done foretokens the extinction of the trout fishing, both commercial and sporting.

Being myself an old fisherman and something of a student naturalist, I call on the Fish Commissioners to rise and explain.

BAINBRIDGE BISHOP.

STERLING LAKE.

IT will be a matter of interest to the anglers of Greater New York to learn that there is big game fishing almost at their door. Not forty miles from City Hall, as the crow flies, nestling in the beautiful Ramapo Mountains, about midway between the well-known Greenwood and Tuxedo lakes, lies as pretty a gem of the forest as the State affords. Though its neighbors attract scores and hundreds of visitors, Sterling Lake modestly plays a Cinderella-like part. The angler at Greenwood Lake has a vague impression—born of the gossip of the guides—of a big pond five miles over the mountains; but few ever wander to its shores, and fewer still know aught of its treasures.

The lake has an area of 1,200 acres or thereabouts, and a depth of 300ft. in places. It is fed almost entirely by bottom springs, there being but two or three small brooks falling into it. Thus its pure, crystal waters are always cold. With precipitous rock-bound shores and long reaches of sand in the deeps, this pond is an ideal home for the lake and salmon trout which, about twenty-five years ago, some wise men planted there. For years after the plant was made, nothing was heard of it. Later, an occasional small fish told that they were there. Up to 1894 probably half a dozen fish was the extent of the yield. In May of that year Messrs. J. B. Staples and O. L. Marvin, two of the best anglers in northern New Jersey and full of faith in their skill, essayed the waters in which such artists as Seth Green had wet lines in vain. Their first day's catch was enough to inspire them with a lasting love for this beautiful pond. Seven lake and salmon trout weighing from 4½ to 9¼lbs. each, and aggregating 49¼lbs., were their reward. And they sacredly kept the angling tradition by losing their largest fish. This, a laker, which they assert positively was larger than their subsequent 14-pounder, they fought for over an hour. As he persisted in sulking at the bottom and "tugging," they were forced to work him into shallow water, when the proximity of the boat and the moving oars induced him to keep up a dogged sort of motion. To get him into shoal water was a long, tedious task, as they wisely refrained from doing anything but give direction to his own infrequent changes of position In shoal water, when the boat and oars worried him, he at length wore out. But the hook had torn a large hole in his mouth, and the rather small gaff entered the same, and gaff and hook tore out in lifting him from the water, and he sank slowly to the bottom. When the ripples had passed, they saw him lying on his side there in 12ft of water, with his huge gills expanded to the full and slowly throbbing in almost complete exhaustion.

"If I were able to keep my eyes open under water," says Mr. Marvin, in telling of it, "I'd have dived and saved that fish. You could have pushed your hand clean through his gills." And as the fish doesn't swim that can muss up Mr. Staples's personal appearance, they soon after saw him slowly work off into the dark depths, leaving them alone with their feelings—feelings, which figuratively had been through a lusty sausage grinder.

Upon other occasions during that year they took from two to five fish per day. In 1895, as recorded in FOREST AND STREAM, their most enviable catch was on May 15, a 14 pounder to Mr. Staples's rod and an 11¼-pounder making Mr. Marvin a good second in the race. Other parties took fish, but in no case was the first record here mentioned equalled. In 1896 the catches were fair, and this year's record for the first half of May is as follows: May 1, two fish, larger 6½lbs.; May 3, one fish, 7½lbs.; May 8, two fish, 5lbs. each; May 14, four fish, largest 6lbs.

The lake is owned by a well-known mining company and is not open to the public.

SHADWOOD.

The Nepigon.

PORT ARTHUR, Can., May 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Trout fishing has commenced on the Nepigon River. Some of our local sportsmen have already wet their lines and caught a few of the speckled beauties. I think this will be a good season for trout fishing, as the water in the Nepigon is lower than other seasons. Two parties of Americans have made arrangements for guides, canoes and outfits. They are expected here about the first week in June. Mr. McKirdy is making great preparations for the usual number of tourists who visit the Nepigon season after season, and also for some who have not been here, and readers of FOREST AND STREAM who may require information can get it by applying to Mr. McKirdy, who has a circular printed for that purpose.

JOHN E. NEWSOME.

The St. Johnsbury Hatchery.

FROM Fish and Game Commissioner John W. Titcomb, of Vermont, we have received the illustration of the United States hatchery at St. Johnsbury, as published in the Vermont League's year-book of 1897. The hatchery is situated two miles from St. Johnsbury depot. The product of the institution is distributed under the direction of the U. S Commissioner. It is in charge of John W. Titcomb, Supt.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 1.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, Morris, Man
Sept. 6. Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

SCHOOLING THE DOG.—II.

TRAINING and breaking, the terms in common use to denote the education of the dog, are both misleading in their implication, since, first, they differ from the terms which are used to denote the acquiring of an education; and, second, because the terms, up to within a not very distant period of time, were associated with a more or less violent manner of treating the dog under the name of training him, so that the schooling of the dog was generally considered as something apart from all other schooling. The whip or boot or gun was considered the direct medium for instilling knowledge and obedience.

Many of the old-time trainers were also market-shooters, both occupations being followed to secure the desired profit. An old, trained dog was relied upon for steady work to the gun, thus assisting the shooting, while the young dog was permitted to fit in as unimportant opportunity offered; that is to say such opportunity as would not interfere with the shooting. The green dog, if he did not assist the older dog, at all events must not obstruct him nor spoil a shot, for that was a material loss. The quickest way to correct faulty doings, under the old system, was to soundly thrash the puppy. If he flushed, it made him wary of flushing; if he chased, or refused to obey, or did not know how to obey, or went in the wrong place, or went too fast, punishment was in order, and if that did not intimidate him or check his ardor with the desired promptness, a charge of bird shot was considered as being most efficacious

The markert-shooter and old-time trainer bawled his orders out in a loud, harsh voice, gave labored signals, and when not shouting orders he was blowing his whistle, so that all the birds in the vicinity could not fail to know there was a dangerous, fearsome party near at hand. The puppy, if he heeded all that was said and signaled to him, had little time for anything in the way of learning about birds. What he

learned was mostly what he could pick up from his own observation, compromising as well as he could with the unfavorable conditions and obstructions set up by his trainer. If his ardent perseverance was so great as to withstand his trainer's ignorance, ill temper and harsh treatment, he in time might develop into a fairly efficient assistant to the gun, though in most instances there was a lack of finish in the different details, such as mouthing the bird when retrieving it, or retrieving it but part way, or backing imperfectly, or breaking shot, etc.

The pursuit of prey is the dog's greatest pleasure. He will steal away from home to self hunt, or hunt with boys, or with vagrant dogs, the duration of his absence being at times limited by the degree of fatigue he suffers; at others, by the degree of hunger; at others again, by the degree of physical endurance and hunger combined. Sometimes he may be absent a few hours; sometimes several days, returning much reduced in flesh, and worn, wearied and famished. He will leave his master to go with a stranger who carries a gun, and if he be the rare exception which will not do so at once, he readily strikes up a friendship and can soon be induced to go with the stranger. The report of a gun in the distance will often cause him to bolt from his master to the gun, that he may join in the sport. In the pursuit itself he will plod cheerfully through mud or snow; swim in cold water; work through brush and briars; gallop bravely in the open, eager to find and capture, never satiated with success; and desisting only because physical exhaustion intervenes. When from hard work he is too footsore and stiff in the morning to take an interest in his breakfast, his spirits rise at sight of the gun and the start for the fields, and he works away till the stiffness and soreness disappear or force him to quit.

There are exceptions to this, for there are dogs which are indolent, or too weak to accomplish what they endeavor to, or dogs in which the hunting instinct is absent. They, however, are so few that they are not worth considering in the matter or education, and when one comes across them they are not worth the trouble of training.

Thus there is in the dog all the hunting propensity that is necessary for the trainer to work upon, sometimes more than is necessary. All the natural qualities are born in the dog. He, on opportunity, develops them himself to a higher degree of practical usefulness through his own experience and effort than he could from the efforts of any trainer. He learns to follow the trail quickly and with precision, to recognize the foot scent and body scent, and the near proximity of the birds and the best method of capturing them. He distinguishes the likely places which serve as their haunts from the places which they avoid. When they are flushed he learns to mark their flight, the probable length of it, and how to find them again.

To learn all these, the dog must have the opportunities to do so. Given the opportunities, he learns the different details with more or less quickness, according to his capacity to learn, for dogs vary in their ability to learn quite as much as men do. The teacher can do but little more in the dog's natural development than to provide the opportunities afield. The dog cannot take advantage of his opportunities afield if he is constantly balked, punished, called to, or kept in check. He must have his fling for awhile in order to learn methods of pursuit, and to develop his ardor.

Dogs which are permitted to self-hunt, acquire great skill in the application of methods, and exhibit intelligence to an astonishing degree To develop the dog's hunting powers to the utmost should be the purpose of the trainer, and next to so school him that he applies his powers in the interest of the gun. The puppy will make many mistakes, but they are inseparable from his education. When committed, they serve to point out what is right as well as what is wrong.

Too often the amateur begins the subjugation first and makes it paramount to all other considerations. Every effort of the dog is governed rigidly by what the trainer considers the correct form of work to the gun. Instead of permitting the puppy's powers to develop and then schooling him to devote them to the gun, he is schooled to the gun and then permitted to develop as he best can, often a disastrous method, as many times the teacher then so dominates his pupil that the latter from habit looks to him for orders on every occasion, and is without self-confidence or independence. Many good dogs are spoiled by such hasty and severe training before they are is given any liberty afield. Without the ability and inclination to hunt, the dog is worthless for field purposes. If restrained too much the result may be that he loses all inclination to search for birds. If the dog will not hunt, the teacher is powerless in the matter. He is passive so far as the dog's hunting inclinations are concerned; he can be active only in shaping up and schooling such efforts as the dog will put forth.

It is now clear that if the teacher checks the dog's efforts or intimidates him so all his effort ceases, the training is accordingly either marred or ended.

But the dog's natural fondness for the pursuit of birds and his enthusiasm in his efforts to capture them are so great that he generally submits to much punishment associated with them and his teacher before he desists from hunting. If he becomes afraid of his trainer, he then is so intimidated that he dare not venture on any independent act on of his own. But let him have opportunity to go afield with someone else—the cause of his fears then being absent—he resumes hunting with his native enthusiasm and diligence.

The loud and incessant ordering and blowing of the whistle, with or without cause, are faults also quite common to the amateur and latter-day trainer. Nearly all trainers are self-taught, or at least have no one to point out their faults to them, so that bad habits of method and manner acquired in the beginning often stay with them throughout life. Under such circumstances they are quite unconscious of their unpleasant manner, one very annoying when shooting with one or more companions, and at all times a great handicap to the dog in his work, since the voice or whistle often flushes birds, and if in proximity to the dog at the time, he is blamed for it when he is really blameless. The trainer, however, is so intent on securing obedience and is so habituated to associating his loud orders with the control of the dog that he seldom considers them in any other connection.

It is easy to train a dog to obedience to quiet tones of the voice and gentle signals, and infinitely better to handle him afield in that manner than in one of noise and violence, apart from all considerations of ease and elegance.

B. WATERS.

Mr. J. B. Stoddard, of Thomasville, N. C., will take a flight northward shortly, first visiting New York, thence going to Manitoba where he will prepare some dogs for the trials to be held there. He has room for a few more pupils in his string.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

THE official organ of the Collie Club has a suggestion that it would be well to have cards for hanging over members' dogs at shows as do the members of the Bulldog Club, etc., and the editor of the *Chronicle* asks: "How would a square blue card with the cross of St. Andrew do?—flag of Scotland, in fact." That flag has been shorn of a little of its national glory for many years, but, notwithstanding, it is hardly fair for anyone to suggest that it go to the dogs.

Mr. W. W. Titus, Whittemore, Iowa, has decided to return to the vocation of training and breeding dogs, and to that end he will shortly close out his present business. Mr. Titus will accept dogs to train, and this is an opportunity to secure the services of an excellent trainer which owners should not fail to consider.

Mr. Chas. D. Purroy, 128 West Twenty-ninth street, New York, writes us as follow under date of May 28: "Last February my fox terrier dog Patrol strayed from home and I have just traced him to a dog dealer in this city, who tells me he sold him to a German farmer of Long Island, who is a breeder of pigeons, but whose further address he does not know. The dog's color is white, black head with white mark down center, black mark on neck, two large black marks on back, weight about 19lbs. Should you favor me by giving this publicity it may be that one of your many readers could aid me in his recovery."

Following is part of text of the order issued by the Board of Agriculture (England) of which cognizance was taken by the A. K. C. at its recent meeting:

The Board of Agriculture, by virtue and in exercise of the powers in them vested under the Diseases of Animals Acts, 1894 and 1896, and of every other power enabling them in this behalf, do order, and it is hereby ordered, as follows:

PROHIBITION OF IMPORTATION OF DOGS.—1. Dogs brought to Great Britain from any other country (except Ireland or the Isle of Man), shall not be landed in Great Britain otherwise than in accordance with the provisions of this order.

LICENSES FOR IMPORTATION IN PARTICULAR CASES.—2. The board may in any particular case grant a license authorizing the landing of a dog, and such dog may thereupon be landed subject to and in accordance with the conditions of such license.

APPLICATIONS FOR LICENSES.—3. Any application for a license under the preceding article is to be made in writing to the secretary, Board of Agriculture, 4 Whitehall place, London, S.W., and is to be accompanied by a statement signed by the owner of the dog to which the application relates, or by his agent, authorized in writing for this purpose, containing the following information, namely:

(i.) the description of the dog, stating so far as possible for purposes of identification the particulars of its breed, sex, age and color;

(ii.) the country from which it is proposed to be brought;

(iii.) the port at which it is proposed to be landed; and

(iv.) the place to which it is proposed after being landed to be moved for the purposes of such detention and isolation as may be required by the Board, and also the route by which it is proposed to be moved to such place of detention.

CONDITIONS OF LICENSE.—4—(1). The Board may insert in any license granted under this order, authorizing the landing of a dog, such conditions as they think necessary or desirable for the following purposes:

(*a*) for prescribing and regulating the detention and isolation of the dog by and at the expense of its owner for any period not exceeding six months at a place to be provided for that purpose by such owner and to be described in the license; or

(*b*) for regulating the movement of the dog to such place of detention and its movement during the period of detention prescribed by the license.

(2) A dog landed under the authority of a license granted under this order shall be detained and isolated in accordance with the conditions of such license, and shall not be moved in contravention of any such condition.

RESTRICTION ON GRANTING OF LICENSE.—5. An applicant for a license to be granted under this order for the landing of a dog will be required to satisfy the Board that proper and suitable arrangements can be made for such detention and isolation of the dog as appears to the Board to be necessary or desirable.

PROCEEDINGS UNDER CUSTOMS ACTS FOR UNLAWFUL LANDING.—6.—(1) If any person lands or attempts to land a dog in contravention of this order, he shall be liable to the penalties imposed on persons importing or attempting to import goods, the importation whereof is prohibited by or under the Customs Acts.

(2) The dog in respect whereof the offense is committed shall be forfeited.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable

FOUR DAYS AWHEEL IN ENGLAND.

NEW YORK, May 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One hot morning at Petersham I awoke, realizing that there were but six days left before the sailing of my steamer in which to see rural England and try bicycling on her far-famed roads.

Petersham is a part of Richmond, some twelve miles from London, on the Surrey side of the river. It would be quite as simple to ride from London down Piccadilly, on the direct road to Windsor, as to take this detour and start from Petersham; in fact, I think one might find even better going to Windsor by that route. Be that as it may, we were at Petersham, and having previously seen Richmond very thoroughly, we had no desire to retrace our way; and, therefore, about 11 o'clock in the morning, with a very indefinite idea of the route, we swung into our saddles and started south on the main road for Windsor.

At Kingston, some three miles from Petersham, we turned sharply to the west, crossed the Thames and found ourselves in Hampton. A very pretty stretch of level, shady road leads through Hampton and past Hampton Court, running for several miles along the north bank of the Thames. On this Sunday morning the river was covered with every imaginable pleasure craft—launch, shell, punt and canoe—the bright gleam of bunting and awning and the shimmer of white canvas in the sunlight making a charming picture of light and color.

The road from Kingston to Windsor (sixteen miles) runs through Egham and strikes diagonally across the Long Walk half a mile from the Castle Gates. I need not warn you that half a day is all too short a time to give to Windsor. We had, however, spent a day in the castle and park only a short time before, and although I should have liked to again seen St. George's, where so many of England's monarchs are buried, and to have another glimpse of the Memorial Chapel, we realized that forty miles lay between us and the change of clothes which awaited us at Oxford, and allowed ourselves but a short hour for an excellent lunch and quiet pipe at the White Hart.

From Windsor, down Peascod lane to the Oxford road, and straight through Maidenhead to Henley, is sixteen miles, easily ridden in an hour and a quarter. There is nothing particularly interesting in this stretch, but the time shows that it is good level wheeling.

No more delightful place could be found for a couple of hours rest than the Red Lion at Henley. Such was my thought as we drank our tea by the open windows, watching the boats on the river and chatting with a group of "oars" on Yale's chances for the cup—now a matter of ancient history. The long coffee room was filled with parties who, having spent the day on the river, had stopped for a cup of tea before returning to London, and were ready to make strangers welcome.

Leaving Henley shortly before 6 o'clock, we took the straight road to Oxford—twenty-three miles. Here one leaves the Thames valley to ride across the glorious rolling country, which, to me, is rural England's greatest charm.

I shall not attempt to picture the beauties of that ride. The brilliant green and gold of the fields stretched away on either hand as far as the eye could reach, lined by the darker hue of the dividing hedges. Here and there the deep red of the low brick cottages, in charming contrast of color, might be detected beneath the trees, while bright on the hills and soft in the valleys shone the varying hues of the long twilight.

The road was hard and fast all the way with easy ascents and descents. At Wallingford, a charming little village with a picturesque inn at the cross roads, I punctured my front tire with a blackthorn, and owing to the delay caused by this accident it was 8 o'clock when we dismounted at Randolph's Hotel in Oxford.

We had tea the following afternoon in the rooms of Mr. ——, a professor at New ——. Sitting in his windows with a party of "Summerville girls," we could look out on the garden surrounded by the old city wall, and then in the cool of the early evening we strolled through Magdalene, watched the crews work on the river and came back by Addison's walk.

It was late when we started for Leamington; and I doubt not we lost many of the beauties of the ride. The road, which runs through Banbury, is level and good. If there was anything of interest in Leamington we failed to discover it, so after a good breakfast at the Mansion House on Tuesday morning we sent our luggage to Stratford, took a turn through the town and started for Kenilworth

It is, if my memory is correct, seven miles from Leamington to Kenilworth. The road was the poorest that we had seen, being very hard and stony, and suggesting the New York Boulevard above 125th street, but it is level and tolerably shady. The road leads straight through Kenilworth, but at the cross-roads at the northern end of the town, turn to the left and ride right up on to the sidewalk, which alone bridges a brook at the bottom of the hill.

It is not more than half a mile from the town to Kenilworth Castle. We spent an hour wandering about the splendid old ruin, picturing to ourselves the castle as it appeared in the days of that "valiant warrior, who never drew a sword," and recalling the time when we nearly broke our hearts over Scott's charming story. At the top of the hill, on leaving the Castle, we were well repaid for dismounting by a beautiful view, and I strongly advise any one coming here to follow our example.

We arrived at Coventry in plenty of time to lunch at the King's Head. Coventry—a busy, dirty, little town—is the headquarters for the bicycle manufacturing industry of England. Having seen many of their wheels, we did not care to investigate their factories and process of construction, but confined our attention to St. Michael's Church and St. Mary's Hall. The latter is an old mayor's hall, where, in a room that has recently been added, all the charters of the town are preserved and exhibited. I was surprised to read, with comparative ease, a charter signed by Edward I.

Leaving Coventry, our way as far as Kenilworth lay directly back over the road we had traveled during the morning. One is repaid in this case for doubling by the picturesque approach to the old town from this direction, with the ruins of the castle towering above the trees. At the cross-roads at the southern end of the town we turned to the left, taking the road to Warwick. If I am not mistaken we rode from Coventry to Warwick in about an hour. Besides that grand old feudal castle, with its magnificent galleries and splendid hall, whose modern furnishings and air of real comfort gave but an additional charm to a background of armor and weapons of every description, we visited St. Mary's Church and Beauchamp Chapel. The latter is a perfect gem, and, with the possible exception of the Chapel of Henry VII. at Westminster, is the most exquisite piece of architecture in all England. By the way, before going to the church, ride down to the bridge and take a last look at the castle from there; the five minutes so spent will well repay one.

From Warwick we had nine miles of good road, including a long, fast coast, in, I think, the last couple of miles, and before we realized it we had crossed the Avon and were in Stratford.

The average Englishman wonders why all Americans wish to see Stratford-on-Avon. He tells you that it is a flat, uninteresting country, and a stupid little town, and he is perfectly right. There is little in Stratford to please the eye, and nothing which seems to throw new light on that marvelous life which began and ended there; but the lover of Shakespeare will never forget the hour when he first knelt by the altar rail of the old church and with his eyes fixed on the lowly grave with its strange inscription, thanked God that he, too, had been privileged to add his tribute to the mighty heart and mind that lies below.

It was a few minutes before 6 that we arrived at the Shakespeare Hotel, which stands right on the street. It is a delightful, rambling old house, with five gables, whose rooms, instead of numbers, bear the names of Shakespeare's

plays. Being a youthful bachelor, I was somewhat amused to be assigned to King Lear. The coffee room is "As You Like It;" and allow me to suggest that you investigate an apartment entitled "Measure for Measure," which is presided over by Miss B., who has a keen appreciation of the requirements of Americans.

Wednesday morning, in attempting to ride to Worcester, we were caught in a severe storm. By the time we reached Alchester we were literally soaked, and as our baggage lay behind us, at Stratford, we were obliged to retrace our way. We thought then that our tour was ended, but as the rain moderated in the afternoon, we determined to make one more attempt, and at 5 o'clock made another start, this time toward Birmingham. It had been storming for hours, and we started in a soft drizzle, yet the roads, though slippery, were hard. The sensation was exactly the same as riding on wet macadam. It was not a pleasant ride, trees and hedges were ladened with the rain, a mist hung low over the fields, and the effect was dark and dreary.

We stopped at Henley-in-Arden for a cup of tea, and on leaving the inn found the clouds at last breaking away and the whole country bathed in the warm evening sunlight. Our spirits rose in proportion and suffered no reaction until, on dismounting at 7:30 o'clock at the Grand Hotel, Birmingham, we suddenly realized that our little cruise was at an end. It must be an excellent road from Stratford to Birmingham, for it was good going even in the wet, but it is not particularly interesting. Undoubtedly, the best route from Stratford is toward Worcester, where you ride at once into a very charming country.

We spent the night at Birmingham, a most unattractive, dirty city, and taking the morning train, on Thursday, were able to lunch in London, thus exactly carrying out our plans made on starting.

Wheeling in England is far more pleasant than in this country. The roads, to an American rider, appear really wonderful, and in our trip we were never more than walking distance from some clean, comfortable inn The English method of forwarding luggage is very simple, and I found it more reliable than our express system. All that I ever did was to give the boots a shilling in the morning and tell him where I wished to find my bag in the evening.

As regards bicycles, it is, in my opinion, a mistake to ride too light a machine. I rode a wheel geared to 72in., and found it most satisfactory. My tires, however, which were light, were entirely used up. The roads are very hard, and anyone riding for the scenery and not caring to pick his way, would do well to use heavy tires, which should also prove something of a protection against the dreaded blackthorn.

It would, of course, be a simple matter to spend a week or more on the route that I have given without feeling it a waste of time. My only desire is to point out to those who have but a limited time at their disposal, that they can ride it, with very great enjoyment and without undue exertion, in four days. C. A. LUMET.

THE BARDS AND THE BICYCLE.

"BIKE, and the world bikes with you;
Walk, and you walk alone,"

sings a latter day poet whose verse finds place in a compilation of cycling poetry made and published by Mr. Edward Redmond, of Rochester. Now that the world is divided into those who ride and those who are going to, there is no doubt room for such a compilation. In his preface Mr. Redmond says:

"Yet, who would have predicted only a little while ago that the domain of literature itself would be incidentally enlarged and adorned through the coming of the wheel? Nevertheless so it is. A new school of poesy has arisen to celebrate the tribulations and triumphs of the bicycling world. The bards of the bicycle have invaded Helicon in force, and have drank deeply from the waters of its sacred rill." The compiler says that the bards have taken water, but unless we had been so informed we should certainly have imagined that the drink which furnished their inspiration was something else. This, for instance, may have been composed upon Helicon water, but we doubt it:

"The high-grade bike Lord Ronald had bought,
Leapt like a Texas steer.
It skinned the shins of Lady Clare,
And stood her on her ear."

And then the author goes on to tell:

"Down stept Lord Ronald from his bike,
'Oh, Lady Clare, you shame your worth,
Your waist is all ripped up the back,
While you are rooting in the earth.'

"'I'm going to ride this thing,' she said,
As she felt around for her back hair;
'I'm going to ride the critter, or
My name will not be Lady Clare.'"

The poetry certainly has an up-to-date air to it. The piece called the "Spinning Wheel" is one of the best characterizations possible of a certain kind of femininity very much in evidence just now. The reference is to the Boulevard girl.

1776.

"Beside her wheel my ladye sits,
And spins the livelong day.
The drifted wool her fairy touch
Like magic melts away.
Certes, she is passing fair,
Fairer than verse may tell.
She winds the skeins about my hands,
And round my heart a spell.
The sunbeams dancing in her eyes
Dare me a kiss to steal,
From gentle Mistress Dorothy
Beside her spinning wheel."

1896.

"Scorching down the Boulevard,
Chewing gum and pedaling hard.
Ting-ling! almost knock me flat,
Dizzy tie, Fedora hat,
Scarlet bloomers: 'Tis a picture,
Makes my very senses reel.
'What was that?' I ask. Oh, merely
Dot astride her spinning wheel."

From Dorothy to Dot is quite a comedown, but no greater than the change from the stately measure of the first verse to the tripping, jerky lines of the last.

Another bard has something more kindly to say of the scorching girl. It happens this is his particular Phillida.

"She does not show a sign
Of a wing,
But her figure is divine;
And the fling
Of her abbreviated gown,
As she flickers through the town,
Might buy the throne and crown
Of a king."

If there is one subject upon which wheelmen are more united than any other it is the need of good roads. Phillida and Dot could never scorch if they did not have them. The reverse of good roads is the most unpleasant subject a true cyclist can contemplate. No wonder the author of "Just Mud" is sad.

"Mud, mud, mud,
As far as the eye can see,
And I'm glad that my tongue can't utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

* * * * * * * * *

"And the half-filled carts go on
With a little jag of a load,
But oh, just to feel the joy of a wheel
And a nice, hard, level road.

"Mud, mud, mud,
As far as the eye can see,
But the joy I miss on a road like this
Can never come back to me."

In every great upward movement of the human race there are always disgruntled individuals who can see nothing good in the new order of things.

Politics and bicycles are two great national institutions, yet one of the poets that has been corraled for the compilation ventures to poke fun at them, and to suggest a baby carriage fad as a substitute for wheeling. His contribution is entitled:

"LAMENT FROM THE CRADLE.

"Up from the cradle came a wail,
At first a pensive coo;
Into a weird, vociferous wail
Of mournfulness it grew.
His sorrow, in a vein prolix,
He struggled to reveal:
'My father's talking politics,
And mother rides a wheel.'

"'They say I'm cross—I'm simply sad
At being slighted so,
I wish the baby carriage fad
Could somehow get a show.
How can you blame one in my fix
For setting up a squeal?
My father's talking politics,
And mother rides a wheel.'"

There are 150 pages in "The Bards and the Bicycle," and a greater number of subjects. Many of the verses readily adapt themselves to popular airs, and such are noted.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

5. Atlantic, Adams cups, New York Bay.
5. Buffalo, opening cruise, small classes, Port Albino.
12. Brooklyn, annual, New York Bay.
12. Atlantic, special, New York Bay.
12. Buffalo, pennant, Lake Erie.
12. Gravesend Bay, annual, New York Bay.
15. Atlantic, annual.
17. Corinthian Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
19. Marine and Field, open, New York Bay.
19. Columbia, annual, Hudson River.
26. Buffalo, ladies' day, Lake Erie.
26. Gravesend Bay, cruise, New York Bay.
26. Atlantic, Adams cups, New York Bay.
26. Brooklyn, first special, New York Bay.

THERE is some possibility of Defender being fitted out by C. Oliver Iselin and raced this season; but even if the possibility becomes a certainty there is very little promise of good sport in the class. True, both Navahoe and Vigilant will be in commission; but even if they were fitted and raced at their best it is a foregone conclusion that Defender can beat both too easily to make such a contest interesting. Of course over some of the regular club courses and on the runs of the New York cruise the lesser draft of the centerboard boats might give them an unfair advantage, and doubtless Defender would be frequently hampered in many ways by her great draft. As far as Vigilant is concerned, her owner purchased her solely for cruising, in fact he even contemplated converting her into a yawl for that purpose, she has been fitted with a smaller rig, and she is now in no sense in the same class as Defender. Altogether the outlook for racing in the 90ft. class is by no means encouraging.

THE Boston *Herald* is still trying, through its Glasgow correspondent, to work up a movement in favor of 46ft. l.w.l. yachts. According to the *Herald's* views of measurement, such a race should be on the basis of waterline length only, with "no restrictions on skill" in the shape of the length and sail area rule, American or English. The Clyde yachtsmen, however well they may deserve the familiar epithet of "canny," as yet have not discovered what a race on such terms would mean for a British yacht. While the American "46-footer," if the extinct class should be resuscitated, would be a craft of great power and excessive sail area on a limited waterline, an enlarged Wasp, the innocent Scotch yachtsmen are tempted with the idea of racing craft of the British type, of the same waterline, but of just about half the power, such as Dragon III. or Eucharis. There is no likelihood whatever of a contest, but if one were arranged on the proposed plan of the *Herald*, the American designers would merely have to go ahead in a line with which they are perfectly familiar, while the British designer would be called upon to experiment in a new and unknown class of yacht. The experiment of racing the British 20-rater Jessica, a very fine example of Mr. Will Fife's work in this class, similar to Dragon III., against the American 46-footer Wasp, as made here in 892, shows what a one-sided affair such a contest would be. f international racing is to be introduced in the medium-sized yachts, it must be under some fair system of measurement not widely different from those now used in America and Great Britain, and the class selected must be one now in existence, and not one that has passed away.

MEMORIAL DAY.

May 31, 1897.

Harlem Y. C. Opening Race.

CITY ISLAND - LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE regatta of the Harlem Y. C., the first of the Sound Y. R. U. races, brought out a goodly number of starters, but was marred by lack of wind. The morning was very unpromising, with fog and rain, but after the clearing up at noon there came a light breeze and the race was started. The times were:

CABIN SLOOPS—43FT. CLASS—COURSE, 20 MILES.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pontiac, H. Hanlein, Jr.	40.07	5 08 12	5 07 31
Mary B., J. K. Gettes,	36.05	5 20 00	5 13 00
Mistral, R. Evans	41.02	Did not finish.	
White Cap, W. Neely	38.07	Did not finish.	
CABIN SLOOPS—38FT. CLASS—20 MILES.			
J. S. M., J. N. Fowler	33.04	5 30 27	5 25 53
Reliance, W. P. Schultz	33.09	5 27 57	5 24 18
Mignon, ——	....	5 18 05	5 15 01
Millionaire, K. McDonald	36.00	Disabled.	
CABIN SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS—20 MILES.			
Petrel, O. C. Rigl	28.08	Did not finish.	
Olive L., E. Lange	25.04	5 49 56	5 30 38
Una, W. Scardefield	28.01	6 06 32	6 03 17
Water Lily, P. Kiernan, Jr.	27 02	5 51 46	5 46 17
Isabelle, J. F Lalor	29.05	6 00 31	6 00 31
Wanderer, W. Strauss	27.04	6 01 30	5 59 31
Poco, J. H. Andrews	25.02	Did not finish.	
Ruth, C. Lesser	28.05	5 50 16	5 47 58
OPEN CATS—30FT. CLASS—20 MILES.			
Lou, G. J. Oakes	25.02	Did not finish.	
Camilla, Webber	....	5 48 44	5 48 44
CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS—20 MILES.			
Uncas, F H. Berg	28.02	5 51 08	5 53 01
Lauretta, W. P. Sherer	25.01	6 05 06	5 54 42
Ann, S. Jacobs	27.02	5 58 30	5 41 15
Lizzie V., W. P. Vreeland	30.00	5 25 37	5 25 37
OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL YACHTS—36FT CLASS—20 MILES.			
Cygnet, Com. D. Ryan	32.06	5 40 44	5 40 44
OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL—30FT CLASS—20 MILES.			
E. Z Sloat, Hoyt & Parkes	27.02	5 15 52	5 15 52
Delphinne, W. Christie	27.01	5 25 46	5 25 31
CABIN SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS—16 MILES.			
Nornen, ——	....	Did not finish.	
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS—16 MILES.			
Oriole, M. P. Lee	....	5 50 35	5 49 40
Mabel M., W. A Potter	25.00	5 39 55	5 39 55
Satanic, H. Schneider	22.06	5 28 37	5 22 40
Yankee Girl, W. F. Buggie	25.00	5 22 25	5 22 25
Mohican, J. Bolsen	21.07	Did not finish.	
Ada, ——	....	Did not finish.	
Folka, E. L. Felleman	23.08	5 37 48	5 34 56
Bertha, J. W. Dwyer	21.06	5 48 22	5 39 38
OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS—16 MILES.			
Eddie S., J Synmers	23.01	5 26 43	5 26 11
Norman, G. Hanson	23.01	5 39 55	5 39 23
Willis	....	5 33 47	....
Emma S.	....	5 32 19	5 32 19
OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL—25FT CLASS—16 MILES.			
Just Right, E Miller	23.08	5 49 06	5 48 39
Zetes, J. A. Kip	24.04	5 05 12	5 05 12
CABIN CATS—20FT. CLASS—16 MILES.			
Creek, H. Zollinger	16.00	Did not finish.	
OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS—12 MILES.			
Ellide, W. Valentine	20.00	Did not finish.	
Bubble	16.06	Not timed.	
Gull, J. F. Proctor	20.00	4 48 58	....
Regina, W. Scardefield	19.03	4 00 00	3 58 16
Starling, E. F. de Levante	19.06	4 08 31	4 07 32
OPEN CATS—18FT CLASS 12 MILES			
I D. K., T. McLaughlin	13.00	5 29 21	5 29 21

The winners were Pontiac, Mignon, Olive L., Camilla, Lizzie V., Cygnet, E. Z. Sloat, Yankee Girl, Eddie S., Zetes, Regina and I. D. K.

Millionaire, sloop, was in collision during the race with the coasting schooner L. L. Hamlin, of Providence, being struck by the latter in the attempt to cross her bows. The yacht lost her topmast and had her boom unshipped, while three men were thrown overboard, but were rescued.

Atlantic Y. C. Opening Race.

BAY RIDGE—NEW YORK HARBOR.

THE Atlantic Y. C. celebrated the day with a race for the regular classes, starting from off the Bell Buoy, Bay Ridge, the larger yachts sailing around the Southwest Spit and return, the smaller rounding the Bell Buoy in the Swash Channel, 19¾ and 14½ miles. The morning was foggy and rainy, but some time after noon the sky cleared and the light S.W. wind came in, so the race was started. When working about the line Feydeh was in collision with Hera, tearing the latter's mainsail so badly that she was forced to withdraw, Feydeh being uninjured. The afternoon turned out very pleasant, the reverse of the morning, and though the wind was light the course was sailed, the times being:

SLOOPS—CLASS J.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	55.00	3 41 35	3 41 35
SLOOPS—CLASS K.			
Iola, Ccl. D. E. Austin	47.17	3 46 00	3 46 00
SLOOPS—CLASS L.			
Hydriad, G. R. Brown	....	Not timed.	
Eidolon, James Weir, Jr.	42.16	3 40 12	3 40 12
SLOOPS - CLASS M.			
Akista, George Hill	34.75	3 41 55	3 41 55
Canopus, H. B. Howell	31.48	3 56 50	3 51 03
SLOOPS- CLASS N, SPECIAL.			
Musme, J. M. Macdonough	30.00	3 40 10	3 40 10
Wawa, James Stillman	20.00	3 35 45	3 35 45
SLOOPS—CLASS N.			
Feydeh, E. D. Cowman	29 50	3 16 00	3 16 00
CATBOATS—CLASS S.			
Dorothy, George Hill	28.61	Withdrew disabled.	
Squaw, H. S. Jewell	27.88	2 53 00	2 51 45
CATBOATS—CLASS T.			
Qui Vive, ——	25.00	2 59 10	2 59 10
Uncas, J. S. Negus	24.41	Not timed.	
Ethel, E. J. Bergen	21.71	3 06 12	2 58 34

Eclipse lost her topmast.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY.

Saturday, May 29.

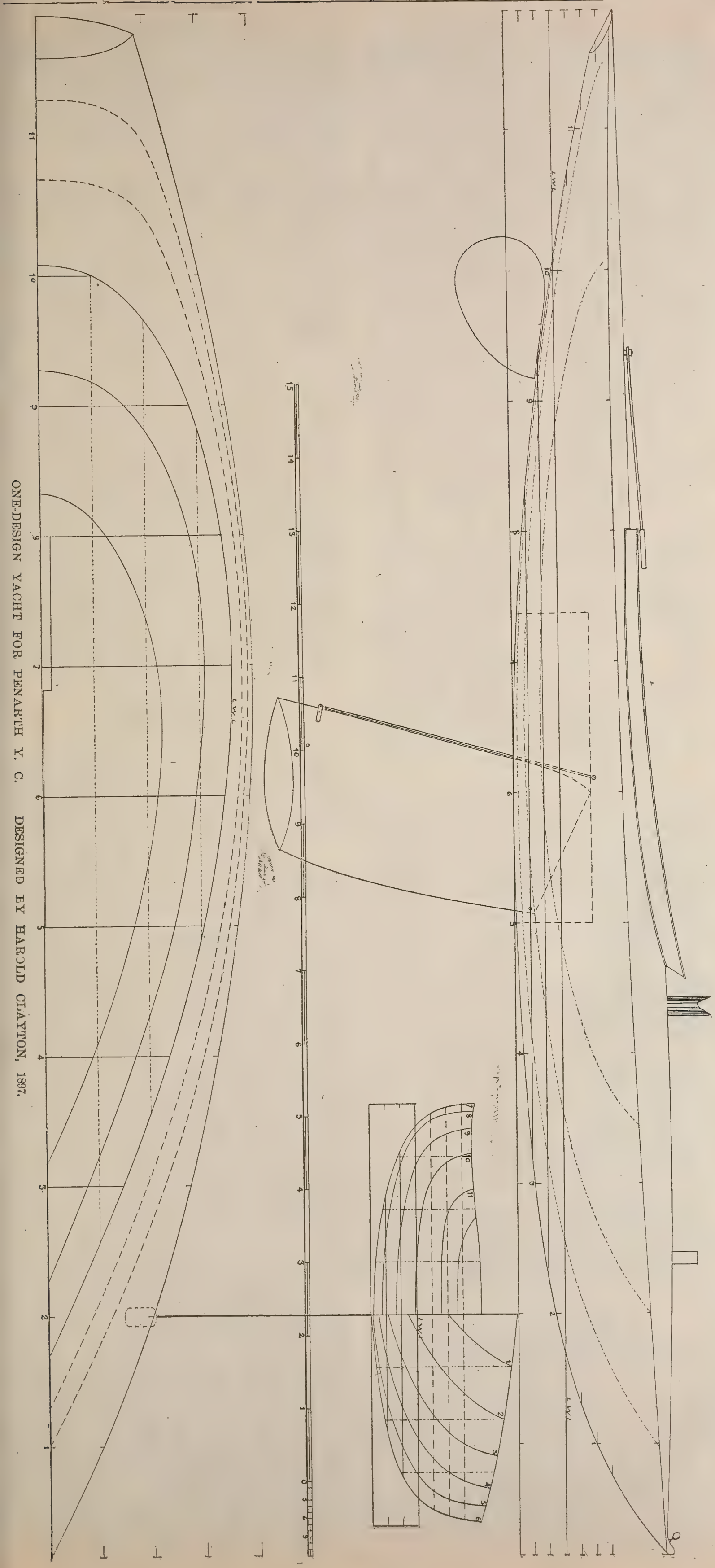
THE Seawanhaka C. Y. C. opened its Oyster Bay station for the season on May 29, a number of yachts being at anchor in Seawanhaka Harbor and many members present. The colors were mast-headed with the usual ceremonies. In the afternoon a race for the 20ft. class was sailed in a fresh N.W. wind, the starters being Shark, Keneu, Asthore and Dad.

Asthore led at the line, with Keneu second and Shark third, but the latter, with a reefed mainsail, soon took the lead. On the last leg of the first round Shark parted her bobstay and was compelled to sail under her mainsail for a time until temporary repairs were made; these were ineffective, and she was finally beaten by Keneu. The times were:

Start 2 P. M.

	1st round.	2d round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Keneu, M. Clark	2 38 00	3 15 00	3 36 05	1 36 05
Shark, Rouse & Hoyt	2 41 50	3 18 00	3 38 00	1 38 00
Asthore, P. T. Dodge	2 44 57	3 27 45	3 51 00	1 51 00
Dad, L. D. Huntington, Jr.	2 50 45	3 39 00	4 06 29	2 06 29

Dad measures 16ft. R. L.



ONE-DESIGN YACHT FOR PENARTH Y. C.

DESIGNED BY HAROLD CLAYTON, 1897.

Audubon Y. C. Opening Race.

NEW YORK—HUDSON RIVER.

THE Audubon Y. C. sailed its eighth annual regatta on Decoration Day over the club courses on the Hudson River, triangles sailed twice. The wind was S.W., light at the start and increasing during the race. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS OVER 26FT.			
Vixen, W. H. Phillips	28.04	2 36 27	2 15 02½
CLASS C—OPEN SLOOPS UNDER 25FT.			
Iroquois, W. K. Genet	23.00	2 43 45	1 52 11
Sybilla, J. Kursterner	21.03	2 56 30	2 01 31½
CLASS D—CABIN CATS UNDER 27FT.			
Minnie, P. Griffin	25.11	2 42 25	1 56 17½
White Wings, A. H. Sheff	22.10	2 53 56	2 02 03½
Drift, W. T. Barnard	21.10	2 58 50	2 05 46⅜
Ladas, J. Webber	22.08	Did not finish.	
CLASS E—OPEN CATS OVER 20FT.			
Mary Isabel, F. J. Taylor	22.08	3 01 12	3 05 50
CLASS F—OPEN CATS 20FT. AND UNDER			
Adelle Rae, Chas. Rae	16.08	Disqualified.	
Millie, A. Sassmore	17.03	1 16 43	1 05 16⅝

Corinthian Fleet—20ft. Class.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE Corinthian Fleet, of New Rochelle, gave a special race for the 20ft. class on Decoration Day, the prize being a silver cup presented by Vice-Com. Miller. There were but two starters, Keneu, Mr. Clark, and Asthore, P. T. Dodge. Shark was not present, and the new Huntington boat was not ready, having lost her mast on her trial trip the previous day. The course was from off Harrison's Island around Gangway Buoy and Echo Island Buoy, the wind being light and variable. Asthore soon took the lead, and at one time was far ahead of Keneu; the finish was timed:

Asthore.....5 31 00 Keneu.....5 25 30

Yacht Designing.

THE PLANIMETER.

NEW YORK, May 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In connection with the inquiry about a planimeter, I would like to state to your correspondent that the Thompson & Bushnell Co., New York, have a planimeter costing about $7 which reads areas in square inches, and decimals, which I have used very considerably, and found to be extremely simple to use and very accurate.

If your correspondent wants to try anything of this sort I should be glad to have him call on me and I will post him a little concerning its use. The planimeter is to a certain extent a scientific instrument, and the $10 a week salesman usually interviewed at the instrument maker's is not competent to speak on the subject. GEO. HILL.

[A very clear and complete explanation of the planimeter was published in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 14, 1892.]

The Penarth Y. C. "One-Design" Class.

THE Penarth Y. C., of Penarth, Wales, has this year established a new one-design class of 15-footers with lifting fin, and half a dozen boats have been built. The design was made by Harold Clayton, a member of the club, to whom we are indebted for a copy of the lines. The yacht is a handsome little bulb-fin of the following dimensions:

Length over all	21ft.
L.W.L.	15ft.
Beam, extreme	5ft. 9in.
L.W.L.	5ft. 2in.
Draft, hull	7½in.
with fin	4ft.
Freeboard	9in.
Sail area	200sq. ft.
Displacement	1,006lbs.

The following regulations have been drawn up to govern the class:

1. All boats to be built from the accompanying designs and specifications, and under the supervision of the designer.
2. Sail area limited to 200sq. ft., Y. R. A. measurement, to be distributed at the discretion of the owners. Sail area to be measured by official measurer of the class.
3. No boat is allowed any alterations of hull or ballast, and any alteration rendered necessary by change of rig must be notified to the committee.
4. Each boat shall be provided with either tanks or corks, so as to be rendered unsinkable with crew on board. All boats to be so tested by official measurer.
5. Sailing Rules.—(a) Y. R. A.; (b) crews shall be limited to two; (c) no paid hands allowed; (d) each boat shall carry when racing an anchor not under 15lbs. in weight and fifteen fathoms of rope, also a life buoy ready for use.
6. Management of Class.—All members of the P. Y. C. shall be eligible as members of the class.
7. Gentlemen not members of the P. Y. C. may be admitted at discretion of the committee of the class on payment to the designer of his fee of £1 1s. for use of design, and shall be allowed to compete in all races.
8. A committee consisting of boat owners of class (one boat, one vote) shall be formed, which shall decide on all questions (other than racing) concerning boats competing in this class.
9. No alteration or addition to these rules shall be made without a two-thirds majority.
10. All races shall be sailed under the management of the sailing committee of the P. Y. C.

SPECIFICATIONS OF BOATS.

Keel—American elm, 6×1½in. amidships, tapering to fore end.

Stem—English oak, also apron.

Transom—American elm.

Timbers—Bent timbers, American elm, 1×½in.

Deck beams—¾in.×3in. in middle and 2in. at gunwale, of white pine. Beams at each end of well to be of elm, with upright support underneath.

Center Case—Yellow pine, 1in., 5ft.×15in., slot ½in., with larger hole for bulb to come up.

Rudder Trunk—Brass pipe.

Planking—½in. full archangel spruce, picked wood, ten strakes a side.

Deck—½in. spruce, to be covered with calico and painted, the middle plank to be ¾in., and let in flush with the rest. Deck, 7in. round at the highest point.

Cockpit Carlins—1×2in. white pine joined to gunwale by half beams ¾×2in., 1ft. apart.

Rubbing Strake—American elm, 1×1½in., half round.

Coamings—American elm, 4in. high forward and 3in. high aft.

Samson Post—Oak, 2½in. square, to be fitted 4ft. from stemhead.

Mast Step—Block of oak to be screwed on to keel.

Cockpit Floor—½in. soft wood flooring, to be supported on six soft wood timbers, ¾in., to be butted against center case and screwed to skin of boat.

Moulds—Boat to be built on eleven moulds (a full-sized drawing of which will be supplied).

Fastenings—All fastenings to be of copper or brass.

Painting—Two coats of paint inside and one outside, to be supplied.

Rudder—English elm, ¾in.

Weight of Plate—801bs., with bulb 180, made of ¼in. mild steel and galvanized.

Draft with Plate—4ft.

Price of Boat—£20. Estimated price complete, including sails and all fittings, 15 fathoms of mooring line and moorings, £30.

Roval St. Lawrence Y. C.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS

THE first race of the season of 1897 was sailed on the afternoon of May 22, the *début* of the new 20ft. class.

Five boats—all new this year from the designs of G. H. Duggan, and built and equipped by the Yacht Company of Canada—were afloat, and all started, although two of them had hardly got the last shackle on board before the preliminary gun was fired, and indeed, one of them, Rogue, was only launched that morning.

The boats, with their bright decks, black top sides and bright metal fittings, are decidedly taking in appearance, and under way are singularly graceful. Any further description of them at this time is something that goes beyond the limits of cold type. There was a hard west wind blowing, with puffs from the northwest, when the boats crossed the line at 4:05 in the following order: Avoca, G. H. Duggan and F. P. Shearwood; Islander, G. A. S. Hamilton, *et al*; Glenowen, Shirley Davidson; Rogue, A. F. Riddell and J. C. C. Almon; Maida, H. B. Young and R. R. Wallace.

All went across when the second gun was fired except Maida, which was handicapped 1m. 10s., and all were under double reefs excepting Maida, which lugged her full mainsail rather than endanger it by reefing. Islander, after one or two bad knock-downs, lost her spar in the first round and was out of it. Avoca gained steadily, and the finish of the first round was as follows:

Avoca	4 41 15	Rogue	4 45 04
Glenowen	4 43 14	Islander	Dismasted.
Maida	4 46 22		

In the second round the wind lightened up perceptibly, and there was no change in the relative positions of the boats, but as it began to darken up and came down hot from the west and south, it was decided to stop the race at the end of the round:

	2d Round.	Elapsed.
Avoca	5 19 42	1 14 43
Glenowen	5 23 15	1 18 15
Maida	5 31 00	1 25 00
Rogue	Did not finish.	

On May 24 the first race for the Ross series was sailed. The day was hazy, but there was a fine breeze from the southwest. Islander, whose broken spar had been replaced by a solid stick, was ready in ample time, and went out with two reefs in, with H. K. Wickstead at the stick. The other four boats were sailed as formerly, and there were two additional entries, viz., Viola, S. Thornton, and Missie, a 15-footer of last year, the Rev. Mr. Kittson, sailed by V. Pelletier.

The start was made at 3:35; Missie got away with a lead, closely followed by Avoca; Islander, Glenowen and Rogue went across almost together, and shortly after they got mixed up with one another in a rather complicated way which cost them some time, but no actual foul occurred. Maida made a clear start, and Viola was some 23m. late, but in spite of this handicap went on and sailed the race. Avoca passed Missie in the first tack, and Maida quickly took second place, Rogue third and Islander fourth, with Glenowen fifth. Missie dropped steadily to the rear, and the first round was completed as follows:

Avoca	3 31 50	Islander	3 34 20
Maida	3 32 50	Glenowen	3 35 05
Rogue	3 33 45	Missie	3 38 10

In the second round Islander, who had gained on the whole fleet on the reach, put Rogue about and walked through her weather, and turned the first buoy in second place, Maida having lost badly on the windward work. The second round was finished as follows:

Avoca	4 03 00	Maida	4 06 20
Islander	4 05 10	Glenowen	4 07 45
Rogue	4 05 15	Missie	4 12 30

During the third round there was no alteration in the position of the boats, excepting that Avoca increased her lead on the fleet, and Islander pulled away from Rogue, and the finish was as follows:

		Elapsed.
Avoca	4 35 55	1 40 55
Islander	4 39 45	1 44 45
Rogue	4 40 50	1 45 50
Maida	4 41 00	1 49 00
Glenowen	4 45 10	1 50 10
Missie	4 52 00	1 57 00

Massachusetts Y. R. A.

THE new book of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. is just out—a very neat volume, for which much credit is due to the secretary, A. T. Bliss. The Association now includes the following clubs: American (Newburyport), Atlantic (Boston), Boston Y. C., Burgess, Cape Cod, Chelsea, Cohasset, Columbia (Boston), Commonwealth, Dorchester, Duxbury, East Gloucester, Hull, Jeffries, Kingston, Lynn, Manchester, Massachusetts, Musquito Fleet, Old Colony, Plymouth, Quincy, Revere, Savin Hill, South Boston, Squam, Squantum, Wellfleet, Winthrop and Wollaston; thirty clubs.

The officers for 1897 are: Pres., Louis M. Clark; Vice-Pres., A. H. Higginson; Sec'y, A. T. Bliss; Ass't Sec'y, R. M. Wood; Treas., Walter Burgess. Ex-Com. Louis M. Clark, A. T. Bliss, T. E. Jacobs, N. B. Stone, J. E. Robinson. Official Measurer, James Bertram, 330 Broadway, South Boston. Sec'y Bliss's address is 111 Milk, street, Boston. The yachts of the Association are measured and classified by waterline length alone, taken with the maximum crew aboard that the owner elects to carry. The classes are: First class, cabin yachts under 29ft. l w.l.; second open class, open yachts under 24ft. waterline; second class, cabin yachts under 24ft. waterline; third class, under 20ft.; fourth class, under 17ft.; knockabout class. The crews are limited as follows: First class, 7 persons; second class, 6 persons; third class, 5 persons; fourth class, 4 persons; knockabout class, 3 persons. The Herreshoff allowance table is used.

Dorchester Y. C. Opening Race.

DORCHESTER—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, May 22.

THE Dorchester Y. C. opened the season with an open sweepstakes race for the 17ft. class on May 22, sailed in a reefing breeze from N.W. that dropped and was followed by a light easterly air in the second round, finally breezing up again from N.W. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	16.00	1 19 00	0 47 19
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	16.00	1 20 17	0 48 36
Vitesse, C. D. Mower	16.01	1 21 44	0 50 10
Ripple, C. B. Pear	16.02	1 24 43	0 53 16
Hector, F. M. Crosby	16.00	1 28 05	0 56 25
Glide, G. D. Silsbee	15.06	Disabled.	
Anita, W. A. Rose	16.04	Withdrew.	

Prizes—Alpine $12, Circe $8 and Vitesse $5.

Judges—Com. F. L. Codman, Hartford Davenport, Oliver F. Davenport, G. E. Rose, A. P. Nute and W. A. Moulton.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

Lake Minnetonka.

THERE was a big crowd of yachting enthusiasts at Minnetonka on May 15–16, and they had good weather in which to try the new boats that have created so much discussion pending the opening of the season. There was only a light wind, but most of the recently launched boats were trying their wings. Never was there a season on the big lake in which the new ones were watched with such intense interest as this year. Among the first to show up yesterday morning was the Hopkins and Fayram boats. They chased each other across the lake, and in the flutter that was blowing seemed to have a pretty even break. The sails set much better on Hopkins' boat than on Fayram's, but both of them seem likely craft, and there is no telling where the honors will rest when the season is over.

H. C. McLeod went out in the new boat built on his design by Moore and had a fair opportunity of finding out what she would be able to do in light weather. The critics are constrained to admit that this latest turnout doesn't look as fast as Charlotte by minutes. She had a good lively brush with Kite and the old Marie, but didn't do as well by any manner of means as Charlotte would have done in similar weather. Of course there is a considerable allowance to be made for the newness of the boat, her sails being unstretched and all the rest of it; but at the same time it must be admitted that she did not impress Minnetonka sailors very favorably in her behavior yesterday. When a puff struck the new boat she seemed to heel over a great deal too much, and it is much to be doubted whether Charlotte's tenderness has not been emphasized rather than decreased in the new production. The boat is magnificently put together and well rigged, and this advance criticism may prove to have been premature.

Pillsbury's boat was put afloat on Saturday, but she is not yet rigged. From the set of the hull in the water Mr. Pillsbury is going to have a very handsome craft, and one that may affect the season's results materially.

A good deal of work has been done on Watson's boat at the Dyer yard since she was afloat last week. She is having a new heavy centerboard put in her. The Griggs boat also has the mast unstepped, and is being changed in some minor details. She will remain at Minnetonka another week, and then be transported to White Bear, where she will be counted on to carry the honors of the season by her owner. There is no doubt about the speed of this boat, and, moreover, she is as stiff as the orthodox Russian church. Peterson is thoroughly satisfied with the new craft, and in quiet little side remarks to his friends he makes it plain that he expects her to win the honors of the year.

The cynosure of all eyes yesterday, however, was the Ferndale boat, whose handling will be under the captaincy of E. J. Phelps, owner of Alpha. The Ferndale syndicate has succeeded in getting up one of the most freakish-looking creations ever seen on the lake, and while she may sail like a scared greyhound, there is nothing in her construction as she lies at present to indicate any of the whys or wherefores. The boat will be blackleaded and ready to get away by next Saturday. She will be black as a crow all over. The crowds that were down to look at her yesterday were very interested, and some are enthusiastic believers in this type. On the other hand, there were men in the gathering who didn't believe she would be able to sail faster than a canal barge. Anyhow, the new boat will carry sail enough—850ft.—and, moreover, she will have to pay double forfeit for the additional 150ft. over the 700ft. limit. The rudder of this boat, instead of being shipped a foot or two forward, is set right on the stern after the manner of one of the old square-sterned boats. Most of the new ones will be all ready for business next week, and there will be some interesting brushes between them.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

A Very Old Ship.

THE bark True Love, built in Philadelphia in 1764, has been found upon search to be yet afloat in the capacity of a coal hulk, engaged in active trade. This discovery was made through a casualty recorded in the *Maritime Exchange* as follows: True Love, barge, was in collision with schooner Gravesend, of London, off Gravesend, and had port quarter damaged to such an extent that it was found necessary to tow her into Rochester, and she arrived at that place in charge of the tug Commerce. The True Love has not only outlived her builders and their successors, but has also outlived every craft that was built in her time and for many years afterward, and this fact, coupled with the report that the historic old craft is still engaged in active pursuits, places Philadelphia at the very top notch as a ship-building center.

In 1764, when this famous old craft was launched on the banks of the Delaware, although her length was but 96ft. 8in., she was then the largest vessel of commerce that the Delaware had ever floated. Contrast this with the dimensions of the huge Hamburg-American Packet Company's steamship Pennsylvania, whose length is 587ft., and one will be amazed with the magnitude of the modern ship of commerce.

The True Love, upon being completed, sailed away from Philadelphia early in 1765, and no record is had of her return to this city until Aug. 22, 1873, when, at the age of 109 years, she came into port from Ivigtut, Greenland, with a cargo of kryolite in command of Captain Thomas Nathaniel, consigned to B. Crowley. She was discharged here and surveyed by the American Lloyds in October, 1873, and sailed away, never to return again. Upon her arrival shortly afterward in London she was sold and turned into a coal hulk, in which capacity she still serves.

The dimensions of this famous True Love are: Length, 96ft. 8in.; beam, 26ft. 9in; depth of hold, 17ft. She measured 296 tons register, and, like all old craft, carried very little more cargo.

The discovery that there was still afloat a Philadelphia built vessel of such an age has caused much comment on the floors of the Maritime Exchange, and some shipping men are of the opinion that this old craft should, if possible, be purchased as a relic. Records show that the True Love was for a time owned in Hull, England, by G. Dahl previous to her purchase by John S. Ward, of London, and during that time she was engaged in the Baltic trade.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Racing at Hamilton.

THE two yacht clubs of Hamilton, Ont., opened the season on May 24, the Royal Hamilton, with races for the 27ft., 22ft., and skiff classes. In the 27ft. the times were:

Hiawatha	1 23 45	Kestrel	1 30 30
22FT CLASS.			
Rosemary	1 13 20	Scallawag	1 28 12
Koko	1 18 54	Eclipse	1 40 42
Euroclydon	1 28 07		
SKIFF CLASS			
Fir-fly	12 33 07	Atalanta	12 42 20
Buttercup	12 35 30	Stella	Capsiz'd
Surge	12 26 30		

The Victoria Y. C. race was for the 15ft. class and skiffs, Sothis being beaten by Fleetwing, and Firefly winning in the skiff class with trio, Kittie and Dottie in order.

Rosemary is the fin-keel Caruli, designed by Arthur Dyer; Koko has just been purchased from W. G. Mackendrick by Mr. Hunter, of Hamilton. Sothis is Mr. Duggan's first 15-footer of last year, and Fleetwing, we believe, is a new boat designed by him in the fall.

Another International Race.

THE noted canoeist, William Willard Howard, is apparently possessed of an insatiable longing for international races which even the credit for originating the present interesting competition for the Seawanhaka international cup, and the honor of winning the Royal C. C. challenge cup last year has failed to allay. Not even content with the chances of meeting Canada through the possible success of his new 20-footer in the Seawanhaka trial races, he has inaugurated a little international side show of his own, merely as a *bon bouche* to the greater contest. We merely reprint the following from an exchange, without vouching for its accuracy or attempting to correct several apparent errors.

An international yacht race without the usual preliminary was sailed here this forenoon by two of the new candidates for the Seawanhaka cup trial races. The arrangements were made in the quickest trial on record. At daylight this morning Mr J. P. Abbott's crack 20-footer Lalaga, bound from Toronto, where she was built, to Montreal, was found tied up to one of the river front wharves. She was on her way from Toronto to Montreal to compete in the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.'s trial races for the selection of a yacht to defend the international challenge cup, which the Canadians won from the Seawanhaka Club, of New York, last summer. Lalaga was built by Cuthbert, of Toronto. She was in charge of Mr. Cuthbert's son, an expert yachtsman. Thos. R. Gillespie, of Montreal, was a member of the Canadian party. When the Canadians turned out of the cabin of the cutter this morning they were informed that the new 20-footer Arauca, which was built by L. F. Ferry, of Clayton, for William Willard Howard, of New York, was here awaiting shipment to take part in the Seawanhaka races at Oyster Bay to select a challenger for this same cup, which Lalaga hoped to defend. Mr. Howard, who is here getting his boat ready for shipment, was notified of the Toronto champion's arrival, and at 7:30 A. M. he hastened down to the wharf with an informal challenge for the race. This suited the Canadians. Less than ten minutes' preparations for the race were indulged in. The course was a run to Chapman Shoal Buoy, a beat to windward to a buoy in the upper bay, and a broad race to the starting line. The wind was moderate, with occasional spiteful puffs. Both yachts crossed the starting line abreast, with booms broad off port. Lalaga soon jibed to starboard, and slowly forged ahead, the American boat apparently not getting as good a pull on her mainsail. Arauca kept her boom to port, but lost ground steadily. At the Chapman Buoy she was 25 seconds astern. Sheets were then flattened in for the beat up the river. Lalaga pointed high and footed fast, and in the attempt to point up with her the American fell still further behind. Capt. Charles Seymour, who, with the assistance of Tom Purcell and Will Penny, was sailing Arauca, saw that this was a losing game, and so he gave her a rap full and sent her through the water at a great pace. Arauca could not point with the Canadian, but she dashed through her lee and soon took the lead. From that time on Arauca romped ahead as she pleased. The Canadian gave it up as a bad job when the race was half over. Arauca was at that time 3 minutes ahead and gaining fast. After the race the Canadians continued their journey toward Montreal. This was Lalaga's first defeat. Both boats were handled with great skill.

Winthrop Y. C. Opening Race.

GREAT HEAD—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, May 22.

THE Winthrop Y. C. opened the season on May 22 with a race for the 24ft. and 20ft. classes, but with few starters, two in each class. The start was made in a fresh N.W. breeze, which gradually decreased to quite a light air at the finish. In the 24ft. class Nettie's elapsed time was 1:37:15 while that of Alma was 1:54:12. Nettie is the new keel boat designed by J. R. Purdon for Walter Burgess. In the 20ft. class Harriet's time was 1:19:35 and Ecila's was 1:20:35. On June 5 the first championship race will be sailed.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Rhode Island Y. C. announces the following fixtures: Ladies' day race, at Pawtuxet, Tuesday, June 22; annual club race, at Potter's Cove, Saturday, July 17; annual open race, at Pawtuxet, Monday, Aug. 23; annual club cruise, July 13–18 inclusive.

A correspondent sends us the following gem in the way of yachting news from a New York State paper: "Charles W. Havens, of Rome, who is one of the best boat builders in the State, has just completed at the Sherman dry dock a handsome double frame sloop, for James Ecret, foreman of the Anchor knitting mill of Whitesboro. It is 31ft. over all with a 11ft. beam. Its average depth under deck is 6ft. 2in. There are five lockers in the cabin, cupboards and closets. It is what is known as a centerboard boat, built of white oak planking 1¼in. thick. The workings of the upper deck is of white pine, finished in the wood. The sloop is now at Whitesboro, being rigged with curtains, draperies, upholstering, etc. Mr. Ecret expects to start about the first of the month with a pleasure party for the Chesapeake Bay. His pleasure trip completed he will leave the sloop with a relative to be used in the oyster beds. The hoist will be 15ft. in the float, aft leach, from tip to boom to tip of gaft, 26ft. The gip will be 16ft. on the boat with 22ft. hoist, being what is known as a sloop rig. The standing rig will be of wire cable and the running rig of the best manilla."

Colonia, schr., Com. Postley, has been on Hawkins's railway, City Island, all winter, and an attempt to launch her was made on May 21, the night tide being favorable. After running down some distance the cradle stuck, and all that could be done was to draw it up again, which was accomplished with some difficulty. The rollers under the cradle were repaired and the yacht was finally launched on May 26 Capt. Charles Barr and Mate Miller are in command, as last year.

The annual meeting of the Interlake Y. R. A., of Lake Erie, was held on May 15, at Toledo, the representatives present being E. W. Radder, Cleveland Y. C.; Geo. T. Bliss, Erie Y. C.; H. G. Look, Detroit Y. C.; D. H. Jones, West End Y. C., Detroit; Geo. F. Anderson, Sandusky Y. C.; L. F. Schimmel, Detroit Y. C., and Henry Tracey, Toledo Y. A. Prior to the meeting the visiting yachtsmen were entertained by Com. Richardson at dinner at the St. Charles Hotel. The programme was arranged for the annual racing meet at Put-in-Bay; Monday, July 5, rendezvous; July 6, 52ft., 42ft. and 37ft. classes; July 4, 32ft. and 27ft., naphtha launches and catboats; July 6, free-for-all cup, now held by Zelma, of Hamilton. It was decided to include the 22 footers in the 27ft. class, the former class not being officially recognized by the Association. Other details of the races, ball, etc., were decided on. Com. Richardson spoke of his recent visit to New York as a delegate to the yacht conference, and all present indorsed the idea of the proposed national union. Mr. E. W. Radder, of Cleveland, was elected as the representative of the Association to any future meetings. Mr. Radder, who has been very active in the interest of the Interlake Y. R. A., and later in the formation of the Lake Y. R. U., read a report on the work of the latter body.

Late last season the steam yacht Alcedo, G. W. C. Drexel, of Philadelphia, while on her way home from the eastward, was compelled, through illness on board, to lie for some days off College Point, where Mr. Drexel was tendered the use of the float and station of the Knickerbocker Y. C. As a graceful acknowledgment of this simple act of club

courtesy, Mr. Drexel has presented to the club a very handsome silver trophy, which, by the decision of the regatta committee, will be sailed for at the annual regatta of the K. Y. C. on June 5. The cup will be given to the yacht making the best elapsed time over the Gangway Buoy course; to become the permanent property of the yacht which shall win it for two years in succession.

The serious illness of Mr. Gouveneur Kortwright has led him to dispose of the new steam yacht nearly completed at Marvel's yard, Newburgh, and a purchaser has been found in Mr. Colgate Hoyt, of Oyster Bay, one of the owners of the new 20-footer Shark. Mr. Hoyt will rig her as a schooner, instead of a yawl, and will find a new name in place of that originally proposed.

Eugenia, steam yacht, J. Gardner Cassatt, arrived at her home port, Philadelphia, on May 21. She left Marseilles on April 25, touching at Gibraltar on April 28, and sailing on May 1 for Fayal, where she laid from May 6 to 8. On May 16 she reached Bermuda, and sailed next day for Philadelphia. Eugenia was designed by Alfred H. Brown, of London, designer of Narada, Enterprise and other fine yachts. She is 149ft. 6in. over all, 133ft. l.w.l., 19ft. beam, and 10ft. 6in. draft. She has but moderate power, with good bunker capacity, being designed for cruising. Capt. C. T. Platt is in command.

Gossoon, cutter, recently purchased by P. T. Dodge, of New York, arrived at that port from Boston on May 26, after a rough passage. Mr. Dodge was on board, accompanied by E. Burton Hart, Jr., W. I. Zerega and F. B. Jones. The yacht will be fitted for racing, being in the 51ft. class, and will sail in the regular Sound races of the season.

The challenge of the Harvard Y. C. to the Yale Cor. Y. C. for an intercollegiate yacht race this year has been declined.

Natka, yawl, has been launched at Baltimore, where she was designed and built by L. J. Nilson for Col. F. de Funiack, of Louisville, Ky., a member of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia. She is 60ft. over all, 44ft. l.w.l., 16ft. beam and 6ft. draft, with a White & Middleton engine. The model is in every way that of a sailing yacht, with modern ends and lead keel, the engine being purely auxiliary. The interior is well arranged and very tastefully fitted up.

The Yacht Company, of Canada (Dorval and Montreal), has issued a very complete little catalogue of small craft and fittings made by it. The designer and superintendent of the company is our old contributor, H. K. Wicksteed, a cruiser of wide and varied experience in canoes, canoe yawls and small yachts, as our readers well know, and the designer of many good craft of these types. The work of the company in the line of racing yachts can be left to speak for itself, as it has turned out five yachts already for the 20ft. class of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., but it is prepared to do good work in the cruising classes as well, some excellent cruising boats of Mr. Wicksteed's design, such as have already been illustrated, being described and listed at very low prices. The company is the agent for the special fittings of the Linotype Co., as made for Glencairn last season and this year for the new 20s; it also handles the new bottom composition used on Glencairn, and other special articles for small racers and cruisers. The catalogue is illustrated by several plates of canoes and fittings.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Canoe Racing in America.

The *Field* says:

The FOREST AND STREAM quotes about half a column of *Field* canoeing notes, but does not give a hint as to its own views on the points therein considered. We are always keenly watching the canoeing movements in America and Canada, and we would, of course, like to know how the English views are accepted in the States. The Americans and Canadians are in just the same fix as to canoeing as we in England were in up to last year; they have got the capsizing machine among them in its prime. The FOREST AND STREAM says, in relation to our R. C. C. penalty for capsizing, "just what the result may be, it is impossible to foretell. It is late in the day to remedy the vast amount of harm that has been done to canoeing and canoe racing by the revolving bath tub, and even though this type be abolished, we doubt whether a new and more useful type will take its place."

To this we say it is "better late than never" to attempt to remedy the result of the evil, and as to the last sentence, no one can say whether "a new and more useful type will take its place," but we can safely say the new type is there ready and can take its place; and, venturing on prophecy, we say it will take its place as soon as the new class is a little more seen and known.

If the "cruiser" class cannot produce a canoe fast enough for successful racing against the revolving bathtub type, it will, none the less, produce a canoe in which the sport and excitement of racing can be enjoyed, and such races will be made pretty hot for the poor racing things. And then when the fun is over and the racing fiddles have retired to their boat-house shelves to dream of possible glory to come next year, the cruiser will be enjoying to the full grand sailing and pleasure cruising in comfort till the winter comes down upon her.

The present situation in American canoeing, from a racing standpoint, is suggestive of the old adage: "All signs fail in time of drought." Thus far there is nothing to indicate that there will be any canoe racing this year, except at the A. C. A. meet, and that of an uncertain quantity. Unless Mr. Butler has a dark horse stowed away at Lowell, no canoes are building; no club races whatever are scheduled, and there is no talk of racing among canoeists. The meet will bring out some racing men and a couple of dozen or so canoes, perhaps half that number of sailing craft, but the brunt of the racing will probably fall on Messrs. Butler and Archibald, with some new men and novices as whippers-in.

The situation here is much less promising than in England, where a moderate revival of canoeing is now going on. By dint of persistent neglect of prohibitive legislation the A. C. A. has produced the revolving racing machine, but this is not, as the *Field* states, in its prime; it has almost passed away. At the same time there is no demand for anything to take its place, that is, anything without a diamond frame and pneumatic tires. As long as the present feeling exists among clubs and individual canoeists, there is little hope of improving the condition of canoe racing by any legislation, however good in itself, in favor of better canoes or imposing penalties on the racing machine.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New England Rifle Association.

HARTFORD, Conn., May 21.—The first spring meeting of the New England Rifle Association, held at Union Grove yesterday and to-day, has proved to be a great success. The association was formed by the members of the Hartford Rifle Club, Springfield Rifle Association, Citizens' Rifle Club of Meriden and the Independent Rifle Club of New Britain, and has a membership of over 60.

The shoot has been fairly well attended by members of the association, but the greatest interest has been aroused among the local shooters by the presence of such noted shots as M. Dorrier, of the Greenville (N. J.) Rifle Club; and Gus Zimmerman and champion Fred C. Ross of the Zettler Rifle Club of New York city. The work of each of these celebrated marksmen was watched with much interest.

The shooting committee was composed of the following members of the Hartford Rifle Club: H. M. Pope, W. J. Dunbar, J. C. Wiseman, F. K. Rand, W. N. Woodruff, H. I. Strickland and D. S. Seymour.

On the German ring target Zimmerman took the first prize for the three best tickets with scores of 71, 71 and 70. Dorrier scored a 71 and two 69s and took second prize. W. B. Hall and E. S. Pillard, of the New Britain Club, were tied for the third prize of $4. each having scored 208 points. Other leading scores were: Bushholz, of Springfield, 206; Eichel, of New Britain, 200; Woolman, of New Britain, 200; Talbot, of Springfield, 201, and Parmelee, of New Britain, 198.

At the muzzle rest contest, where the Columbia target is used, the best scores were Talbot 6, Stutz 7 and Nettleton 10. On this target the lowest score is the best, the numbers running backward.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

June 7-8.—PARKERSBURG, W. Va.—Tournament of the Mountain State Gun Club. Targets. $350 added. Leon J. Epstein, Sec'y.

June 8-9.—KOKOMO, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana.

June 8-10.—SIOUX CITY, Ia.—Third amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. W. C. Wells, Sec'y.

June 10.—BATH, Me.—Sixth annual tournament of the Bath Gun Club. Open to all. Geo. E. Thompson, Sec'y.

June 8-11.—AUBURN, N. Y.—New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. W. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 9-10.—MONROE, La.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Monroe Gun Club.

June 10.—NEWCASTLE, Pa.—Third tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

June 15-18.—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—ANACONDA, Mont.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest and fourth annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Anaconda Gun Club. $1,500 added. C. A. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 22.—OGDEN, Ill.—Second annual tournament of the Ogden Gun Club. Wm. McKinley, Sec'y.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

July 1.—SHERBROOKE, Quebec.—Sherbrooke's grand annual. Inanimates. Open to all amateurs. C. H. Foss, Sec'y, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

July 3-5.—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Co.

July 7-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 20-22.—PINE BLUFF, Ark.—Seventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Added money announced later. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock, Ark.

July 21-22.—CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. Chas. E. Lacey, Sec'y.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

June 30.—BRIDGEPORT, Conn.—Third tournament of the Connecticu Trap-Shooters' Association, under the auspices of the Bridgeport Gun Club.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 4-5.—INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, Ind.—Indiana Mineral Springs tournament. Ben O. Bush, Manager.

Aug. 17-19.—TORONTO, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000 guaranteed. Open to all. Write for programmes.

Aug. 18-19.—WARSAW, Ind.—Tournament of the Lake City Gun Club. W. A. Wineberer, Sec'y.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept. 6.—MERIDEN, Conn.—Third annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Sept. 28-9.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

A lady's age is always a tender subject, and one that can scarcely be handled gracefully in cold type. The following item from the Boston, Mass., *Traveler* of May 26, is of sufficient interest to the shooting public generally for us to reprint it without any further apologies to Mrs. Frank Butler: "How Miss Annie Oakley manages to look fifteen when the public knows that period is far behind her, is the problem just now puzzling feminine Boston. In a natty little costume of huntsman's green, short skirt, leggings and blouse, with a gray sombrero well set above the girlish braid in which she wears her hair, she is a pretty bit of cool color against the brilliant uniforms of the riders of the Wild West show. She did some splendid work Monday afternoon with a series of handsome guns which would breed envy in the heart of any lover of sport; and when she had finished, she ran like a deer the entire length of the grounds, and kicked up her heels like a young colt as she disappeared behind the curtain of the big white tent. These little frisky bits of business are very fetching, and never fail to elicit applause."

"The Auburn Gun Club takes pleasure in calling the attention of sportsmen all over the State of New York to the rich and elegant line of prizes that are to be found in the prize list of the thirty-ninth annual State shoot of the Association. * * * The attention of sportsmen is also called to the fact that two classes of sweepstake shoots are to be run every moment of the day, and no one is barred from those sweeps. They are open to shooters from every State in the Union." The interpretation of the above means that State events are open only to residents of the State of New York; the other events are "open to the world. Everyone invited." The two classes of sweeps referred to are: On No. 2 trap, four 15-target events, $3, and four 20-target events, $3; targets extra at 2 cents each. On No. 3 trap, four 15-target events, $1; four 20-target events, $1.50; targets extra at 2 cents each. These purses will be divided according to the wish of the shooters. All State event purses (all 25-target events) will be divided into eight moneys under the Rose system.

The "committee of five" appointed at the meeting of New Jersey trap-shooters on May 19 last (a report of which meeting was given in full in our last issue) was held at Blenderman's on Tuesday afternoon, May 25. The committee considered (*inter alia*) the propriety or otherwise of incorporating the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, or rather The New Jersey State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, the title by which the old State Association of New Jersey used to be known. Certain arguments were adduced in favor of incorporation, while scarcely a word could be said against it. But the strongest argument of all was overlooked by those anxious for incorporation, viz., that incorporation would do away with all the irregularities and illegalities that have occurred through their efforts to reorganize a defunct organization. Articles of incorporation and a charter will start the association properly, and it will then be able to go ahead and make a history of its own.

There seems to be an opinion abroad that any member of a gun club that is a member of the New York State Association is eligible to compete for the prizes offered in the State events. The impression is gathered from the sentence regarding the admission of clubs into the Association, which states in substance that any club can become a member on application and by paying the $1 fee, and adds that any member of such a club is eligible to compete in all State events. We take it that only members of such clubs, who are also residents of this State, are referred to, and we think that anybody from outside the State who goes to Auburn with the idea that he can take part in State events will soon find out his error. He need not be disappointed however, as he will find two excellent programmes of "open events" ready for him.

Belleville, Ont., has a Forest and Stream Club. Its officers are: H. Corby, Esq., M. P., President; W. H. Biggar, Esq., M.P., Vice-President; Charles N. Sulman, Treasurer; Joseph Templeton, Secretary. The objects of the organization are the "Protection of fish and game and encouragement of all kinds of legitimate sport." It has a committee on trap-shooting, and has arranged a programme of events for its club members. It also looks after the riflemen who are in its ranks, and has gotten out a programme of events for their benefit, with a committee to see that the programme is carried out. Another committee looks after the fishermen of the club, and plenty of contests are arranged for the followers of Izaak Walton. Taken altogether, the Belleville Forest and Stream Club is an organization well worth patterning after.

Every month during the summer the Hazelwood Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., will hold an all-day shoot at sparrows. The dates for these monthly gatherings are June 17, July 15, Aug. 19 and September 16. On each of the above dates there will be five events of 15 sparrows each, $3 entrance, birds extra, five traps down, 20yds. rise. There will also be a special event each day of 25 sparrows, $5 entrance, same rise and conditions as the other events. There will also be sparrow practice shoots on the second and fourth Saturdays during June, July, August and September. To reach the grounds take the McKeesport electric car of the Second Avenue Traction Co.'s line at the corner of Market street and Fourth avenue; these cars run direct to the grounds.

While in Savannah, Ga., May 18-21, we met a gentleman who was engaged sounding the shooters present as to the advisability of holding a good added money tournament at Nashville, Tenn., during the latter part of September or first part of October. He seemed confident that $500 could be easily raised to add to the purses for such a tournament. If $500 can be raised for that purpose another $500 could safely be added without any difficulty or risk of loss; $1,000 added money, a four days' shoot, $250 each day, with the cheap excursion rates to Nashville owing to the Centennial Exposition now in progress in that city, would mean a large concourse of trap-shooters, and 50,000 targets thrown. If the right people take hold of the enterprise such a tournament should prove the success of the season.

The second tournament of the Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League was held on Monday, May 31 (Decoration Day), on the grounds of the New Haven Gun Club. The heavy and persistent rain that fell until close on to noon kept many shooters away who would otherwise have been on hand. Still seven teams of six men each, together with a round dozen of "extras," make up a total of over fifty shooters, and that's what there was at New Haven, Monday. The team race resulted as below: 40 targets per man (20 known, 20 unknown), 240 to the team: New Haven No. 1, 212; Meriden, 205; Windsor Locks, New Haven No. 2 and Bridgeport No. 2, 180; Bridgeport No. 1, 178; New Haven No. 3, 152.

The Mountain State Gun Club, of Parkersburg, W. Va., offers some solid inducements to shooters to go to Parkersburg after the annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooter's League at Springfield, June 2-4. The Mountain State Gun Club will add $350 in cash to the purses at its two days' tournament, June 7-8. Many shooters will undoubtedly go to Parkersburg and then make their way up to Auburn to take in the last few days of the New York State shoot before moving on to Cleveland.

This is the week of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Watson's Park, Chicago. The State events will be shot on June 1-3, but there will be sweepstake shooting from June 1-6; and with the facilities at the disposal of the management of Watson's Park, it will be no difficult thing for everybody to get plenty of shooting.

Ralph Trimble, of Covington, Ky., has gone West again after a brief stay with us. During his visit to the Eastern cities, Ralph made many friends for the powder companies he represents—Du Pont and Hazard. His good work with the gun did much to attain this end, but his quiet and gentlemanlike demeanor did just as much more.

In addition to the ten-men team from the Dunellen, N. J., Gun Club, there will also be a similar team from the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., at the Endeavor Gun Club's grounds, Saturday next, June 5. The presence of these two teams will result in a large attendance and a full afternoon's sport.

On the first day of the Missouri State tournament at Kansas City, Mo., May 17, Sim Glover scored 147 out of 160 shot at (nearly 92 per cent.), but was 50 cents out of pocket! This fact shows two things: First, that the "five equal moneys" system is not equitable; second, that Sim Glover did not join the ranks of the "droppers."

John Tougas, a member of the Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club, did some good shooting on Tuesday afternoon, May 18; he broke 48 out of a possible 50, this being his first appearance at the traps for the season. Mr. Snell also broke 30 straight during the afternoon.

The Crawfordsville (Ind.) Gun Club will hold a tournament July 21-22, under the auspices of the Trap Shooters' League of Indiana. These gatherings of Indiana trap-shooters are likely to become very popular gatherings with the shooters of that State.

The formation of a State association in New Jersey will do much toward booming trap-shooting in that State. There is plenty of material in New Jersey to make an annual gathering a great success, but no State shoot has been held since 1884.

On Saturday of this week, June 5, the Dunellen (N. J.) Gun Club will send a 10-men team to shoot a return match with the Endeavor Gun Club, on the latter's grounds at Marion, N. J. The first match was won by the Endeavors.

The programmes for the Pennsylvania State shoot at Oil City, Pa., are now ready for distribution. A letter to Mr. H. C. Reeser, secretary of the Oil City Gun Club, will secure you a copy.

The third tournament of the Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League will be held at Bridgeport, Conn., June 30, under the auspices of the Bridgeport Gun Club.

The Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association claims May 16-21, 1898, as the dates for its twenty-first annual tournament at Kansas City.

JUNE 1. EDWARD BANKS.

Pine Bluff Gun Club.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., May 20.—In anticipation of our State shoot, which occurs in July, our local shooters were out in great shape this evening at Lloyd Sportsman's Park. Out of a possible 30 targets the following score was made:

N. M. Bautt 26, John Wells 25, Dr. H. E. Williams 24, W. B. Sorrells 24, J. S. Ingram 24, J. F. Lloyd 22, John Speers 22, J. A. Coles 22, Geo. Clemens 22, W. T. Simpson 19, Alex Dreyburg 17, E. A. Howell 13, Percy Meyer 1, E. C. Arnoldo 12. E. A. HOWELL, Sec'y.

The Rose System.

UTICA, N. Y., May 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been greatly entertained of late by a perusal of the trap editor's notes on the Rose system of division of purses at tournaments, together with recent articles in your contemporaries by Wm. Tell Mitchell and "Professional." I also note your willingness to publish anything on this subject, and at the serious risk of calling down upon my defenseless head the withering pen of the trap editor, I am yet going to "speak out in meetin'" against what I really believe to be the biggest fraud on shooting men yet devised.

Let me preface my statement with an explanation. Two years ago when the Rose system came to my attention, I fell in love with it; I lauded it everywhere I went, and really thought that Mr. Rose had done a great thing. He had done the one thing that had long been a bone of contention, he had stopped "dropping for place." I confess that I tried hard to keep in the same way of thinking, but, alas and alack! the load is too much, and I now confess, and let it be recorded, that I am more ashamed of my advocacy of the Rose system than of any other sin of which I have recently been guilty.

Let me say further, what a considerable portion of the shooting world already knows, that I am not a professional, expert, or semi-expert, but just a plain, ordinary, every-day shooter, who can shoot fairly well one day and fairly poor the next. No gun man or ammunition maker ever hazarded the reputation of his goods by giving me any that I did not settle for; and I shoot a gun made in foreign lands chiefly because I don't want to compromise the reputation of any American-made gun. I once had an American-made gun, made by a friend of mine, and purely out of regard for him and respect for his weapon I laid it away, and bought a gun so well established that my shooting could do it no injury. Therefore, I am one of the fellows for whom this delectable Rose system was made, and I refuse to be benefited (?) by it or to shoot when it is in vogue if I can help it.

I am glad to know that the trap editor is becoming converted and now opposes the Rose system for live birds. The next step is his entire conversion, and God speed the day. If I understand his reasoning, he is against the Rose system for live birds by reason of cost of the birds. Now if I figure correctly, and my early education was not hopelessly neglected, the prices for the two styles of shooting is exactly proportionate; *i. e.*, the number of targets or birds, the amount of entrance and price of birds or targets is in exact proportion, as for instance, take the ordinary shoot of 10 live birds, $10 entrance; birds out at 80 cents each, leaves $7 money for the pool, or 70 cents per bird. Ten targets, $1 entrance, 30 cents out for birds, leaves 70 cents for pool, or 7 cents per bird. In other words, the proportionate price of the pigeon over the target is ten times greater, and the shooter puts in ten times as much money for the greater. Now, if this Rose system is a good thing when you put in $1 to shoot at 10 targets, it should be just as good when you put in ten times as much money to shoot at 10 birds. If it would protect the amateur in the target race, it would certainly take care of him in the pigeon race. The cold-blooded fact about it is, that it will not protect him in either, and the sooner it is recognized the better.

Now, why do I say this? I have been at this shooting game about as long as any. I commenced it at a time when all ties were shot off, and if a man got $1 he knew that he had earned it. I have seen the evolution of guns, targets, ammunition and shooters, and I want to confess that in the good old days, before the time of the "baby" shooter or the fellow who wants all the money because he can't hit a barn, I used to enjoy going to a shoot; but in these days, when the whole idea seems to be to compensate a man for what he does not do instead of "deeds done," I see but little satisfaction. This Rose system needs a new name; it ought to be known as "the system by which everybody is loser and nobody winner."

It is claimed that it is in the interest of the amateur; I say that it is in the interest of nobody. What do we go to shoots for? Is it simply solely and only to lose money? If so, the shooters as a class are asses. I won't personally admit it. I go to a shoot for several reasons, but the main one is that I have a notion concealed away inside my bump of vanity (and who hasn't it?) that I can shoot some. I want to indulge my gambling propensity a little and "see the boys." I go to a good old 40, 30, 20 and 10 shoot. I "see the boys," I indulge my propensity to gamble a little by investing my money, and I go home, loser or winner, as the case may be, with the consciousness that if I shot well I got something for shooting well, and if I shot ill I got nothing, just what a man deserves who shoots ill.

Of course the experience of Dr. Helbourn, of this city, at the Cobweb shoot when he killed 10 live birds alone and got $12.95 against a field of the best shooters in America, killed the Rose system for live birds beyond resurrection, but what it needs now is enough shooters to band together and refuse to attend any more Rose system shoots and finish it for target shooting. I am done personally, although a plain amateur, and it only needs enough shooters to follow to relegate it where it belongs with the 10-gauge guns, black powder, and the other abnormal conditions that progress always produces.

My grievance against the Rose system lies in the fact that it makes me a loser at any shoot I attend, while under the old system I used to sometimes land on the right side. The talk that men don't shoot for money is rot. What do you put up $1, $2 and $3 for? Why not ask a man to travel from Utica to Peekskill, pay $9 railroad fare, $6 hotel bill and $12 for ammunition and shoot for the honor of being first or fifteenth as the case may be? That means $27 expense. Can I, amateur or professional, hope to win $27 under the Rose system, beside paying my entrances, which would probably amount to $50 more? Certainly not. What do I do? I stay at home. What would I do under the old system? I would go. Why? Because I have there a chance of winning those expenses by doing some good shooting. Mr. Editor, you may call that chance of making a "scoop" a gambling chance, an unfair chance or whatever you please, but it is the chance that takes men like myself who pay their own expenses hundreds of miles from home, and be it the veriest "Will-o'-the-Wisp" it will always lead shooters to attend shoots. What seems to have been lost sight of in this controversy is that while it was not always a dead sure thing for Heikes, Glover, Elliott and Fulford, *et. al*, under the old system to get all the money, under this Rose system it is a dead sure thing that no man of my shooting ability could win a cent in a thousand years, while under the old system we occasionally got away whole and a little better.

I have refrained from discussing the manifest inequity of this system, how it does not compensate a good score; but suffice it to say that I take entire issue with any man who asserts that it is equitable, and at some other time I will prove that no system ever devised ever worked such rank injustice or was such an absolute ruin to shooting tournaments as this has been. Now let all the "tender feet" sharpen their quills and I will, the editor permitting, answer them, one and all.

HENRY L. GATES.

Audubon Gun Club of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 19.—Below are the scores made at Watson's Park to-day by members of the Audubon Gun Club. The club shoot is at 15 live birds, handicap rise, and allowance of misses of kills:

	Club Shoot.	Tie.
Gillespie (28)	211021210122121—13+2—15	12121—5
C E Felton (28)	221212220021212—13+2—15	20121—4
C B Dicks (29)	1122202122222112—14+2—1t*	2022?—4
H B Foss (29)	212211121011002—12+2—14	.....
T H Hollester (28)	101101022122211—12+2—14	.....
F A Place (29)	120212120121220—12+2—14	.....
P von Lengerke (29)	2222222220?2020—12+1—13	.....
E S Rice (20)	2102102102002?1—10+3—13	.....
Chas Morris (28)	012211200012010— 9+4—13	.....
W L Shepard (30)	0100212022112?1—10+3—13	.....
R B Wadsworth (30)	2002222222221202—11+1—12	.....
J H Amberg (27)	0022210122212?0—10+2—12	.....
F R Bissell (27)	1021210020202?1— 9+2—11	.....
W P Mussey (27)	0112010020?20100— 7+2— 9	.....
C S Wilcox (26)	00?102100100012— 7+2— 9	.....

* Highest possible.

In practice shooting Rice scored 14 out of 20, Wilcox 33 out of 41, Dicks 22 out of 25, Shepard 15 out of 20, Emory 10 out of 15, Mussey 8 out of 15, and Gillespie 9 out of 10.

RAVELRIGG.

Androscoggin Gun Club.

LEWISTON, Me., May 22.—The regular shoot of the Androscoggin Gun Club was held to-day. As the wind blew hard, and now and then a drop of rain fell, the scores are rather lower than usual. Interest in trap shooting is steadily gaining ground in Maine.

In the events given below, No. 1 was at known angles; No. 2 was a 25-target merchandise handicap, known angles; No. 3 was the Doten challenge cup contest; No. 4 was at unknown angles. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	*10*	*25*	*25*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*25*	*25*	*10*
Doten	7	20	22	9	Godfrey	7	19	15	9
Taylor	5	12	20	8	O P Keyes	4	15	12	4
L Keyes	5	20	18	8	Moore	3	13	16	6

In No. 2 L. Keyes received 5 misses as breaks, O. P Keyes 10, and Moore 3. Their totals given above include this handicap allowance.

H. E. DOTEN.

Rolla Heikes has established a new record for rapid work with Winchester repeating shotguns on targets. At the Missouri State shoot he broke 100 bluerocks in 2m. 58⅕s. The targets were thrown from a magautrap.

Western Traps.

ILLINOIS STATE SPORTSMEN.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 29.—The programme of the old reliable Illinois State Sportsmen's Association compares very favorably with more pretentious productions of a similar nature, and there is all reason to expect a good shoot and a comfortable time next week. Considerable feeling among many members of the Association was aroused this week by an unfortunate allusion to the representatives of the Association as "barnacles," in the columns of a sporting paper of this city. Such an allusion would seem to be uncalled for, nor would any reference to it be deserved, were it not for the fact that it bears rather heavily and unjus ly upon a few members of the Illinois Association, upon whom the heat and burden of the day have fallen in the preparations for this year's shoot. All this work has really devolved upon two men of the committee, Mr. R. B. Organ and Mr. W. P. Mussey. Colonel Felton, the president, has been sick and unable to attend to the detail of the work, and others of the committee have been non-resident absentees. In addition to this Mr. Organ has had serious illness in his family, so that all the work has progressed under difficulties. I cannot see that the tournament stands to lack anything of its former prestige or its former distinctive features. There are some things about this Association which are not modern, but not all modern things are good or desirable, and it is no mean distinction to say that Illinois has a shoot different from the average modern trap tournament, which I take to be about as strictly devoid of fun and as full of business as any employment yet engaged in by mortal beings. It is true that we still have the absurd 10-gauge rules, which are a disgrace to any State, because of their essential and absolute absurdity, but it should be borne in mind that these rules were passed upon the Association and upon Chicago by a non-resident vote, and it is a curious fact that the very men who opposed these rules most vigorously are those who are now in the management for the current year, and who are subjected to a criticism which should at least be specific if it claims to be just. Neither Col. Felton, Mr. Organ nor Mr. Mussey would allow the ridiculous 10-gauge rules to last a minute on the record book of the Association if their personal vote could remove them; indeed, Col. Felton has at least once and I think more than once moved to have the rules purified by the expurgation of this clause, though without success. I feel sure that a more careful review of the facts in the case would leave the writer of the "barnacle" comment without any disposition to repeat such charges against the men who have this year had the thankless task of getting up a strong programme in a hard-times year. The real barnacles, if we are to make this a question of shellfish, are to be found among the men who foist such absurdities as the 10-gauge rules upon a numerical minority which possesses a majority in sound intelligence and progressive thought, and not among the men who try to get up a good shoot for the benefit of the whole Association, including the adherents to these archaic rules.

We shall have a good shoot next week, rules or no rules, and barnacles or no barnacles, and it will be far better for all of us brethren to dwell together in harmony.

EUREKA SPECIAL

The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, holds a special shoot to-day at the club grounds, Seventy ninth street and Vincennes avenue, beginning at 10 A. M. and lasting till the shades of evening. There are two sets of traps and a full programme of sweeps, including three to be shot under the Rose system and the regular club medal shoot.

CALUMET HEIGHTS CLUB BOOK.

The Calumet Heights Club has issued a unique and attractive club book, setting forth the pleasant features of this happily constituted organization in a way which might be emulated by similar country clubs. The peculiar scenery of the region along the lake shore is illustrated by many beautiful half-tone pictures, all taken from amateur photographs made by members of the club, and the pleasantly written text which makes the body of the book is sufficient to give a very fine idea of the enchantments of the place to one not so lucky as to be a member or a frequent visitor. The different forms of sport obtaining at the club grounds have each a distinct and attractive showing, and all in all the club book is a very fetching souvenir of modern city sportsmanship.

AURORA CLUB.

A two days' shoot was held at Aurora, Ill., forty miles from Chicago, closing May 27, some thirty shooters appearing. Graham, of Aurora, won the silver cup in competition for the State amateur championship.

TWO TUTTLES IN THE FIELD.

Mr. C. W. Tuttle, of Auburn, N. Y., who is intimately concerned with the N. Y. State shoot at Auburn this year, is good enough to write and extend me an invitation to come to the tournament of the Empire State. This would be pleasant though it could not was. Also it would be pleasant to accept the invitation which at the same time comes from Mr. C. A. Tuttle, who lives away out in Anaconda, Mont., and who is also the mainstay of his State tournament. The latter Mr. Tuttle writes that should I see his town in June instead of April I would think more of it, and says the club will welcome the FOREST AND STREAM representative very gladly. It is not needful to see Anaconda in June, for its men make summer where they go; but I can't go to Anaconda any more than I can go to Auburn, owing to a difficulty I have with my astral body now and then. But how does it happen that these two Tuttles are in the field, both with nearly the same name, both at the head of shooting matters in their respective States, and both writing me at the same time, asking me to come and call on them? This is a shore funny world.

NON RESIDENT LIGHTS.

We shall have quite a number of non-resident lights of the trap-shooting world here at the State shoot next week. Fred Quimby is now in town, but says it is possible he will not be able to stay over till the shoot, as he is very busy just now. This would be the first shoot of the Illinois State missed by Mr. Quimby for many years, and it is hardly likely that he will be able to stay away.

Mr. Noel E. Money will go to St. Louis to-morrow night, but will be back here next Wednesday and take a hand in the festivities. Mr. Money is very busy with the new work connected with the recent organization of the American E. C. and Schultze Powder Co., Ltd., this important combination of the two strong firms being necessarily attended with wide-reaching changes and extensions of interests in different parts of the country. Each of these representative powders has had its adherents by scores and thousands, and human mind fails to comprehend the arguments which will be cut short when it comes to be generally understood that both powders are now to be made in America and by the same firm. Mr. Money tells me that the building of the big new plant will mean not only one, but very many busy days at Oakland, and I fancy he will have earned the vacation trip to England which he has promised himself for next autumn.

Harvey McMurchy will of course be at the Illinois shoot. Mr. McMurchy says that there is a perfect craze for trap shooting on the Pacific Coast just now, and that within a few miles of San Francisco or Sacramento the club houses can be counted fairly by the dozen. The sport is on a healthy and permanent footing to all visible intents and purposes, and the second America of the coast is not to be ranked second to any section of the States when it comes to shooting affairs.

Paul North confirms Mr. McMurchy's story of the trap boom in California, and says he has recently put in six magautraps on the Coast, with the prospect of more to follow soon. Mr. North will not attend the State shoot here, having left for Milwaukee last night, but he will be at Springfield for the Ohio State event, of course.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

Cicero Gun Club.

OAK PARK, Ill., May 22.—The regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the Cicero Gun Club was held on the club's grounds (Madison street and Desplaines River) this afternoon. There were eleven members in attendance.

The first event was a match between Knott and W. Einfeldt on 25 live birds and 25 targets, the result of one of those disputes that have to be settled at the trap. It was won by Knott on a total score of 42 to Einfeldt's 41. The scores are as follows:

Live birds;

Knott	2111221222121222211222?22—25
Einfeldt	2•11?221201122111?2?2011—22

Targets:

Einfeldt	1111011111011011111011010—19
Knott	1101110011111101000111110—17

After this event the sweepstake of 7 live birds was shot. Entrance $?.50, two moneys:

Einfeldt	1212112—7	Lowrey	1211120—6
Knott	1222122—7	Barnard	1211222—7
Fox	2221220—6		

Ties shot off miss-and-out, as follows: For first money, Knott won in the second round; for second money, Lowrey won in the first round.

After some preliminary practice by the members, the 25 targets allowed by the club on the trophy contest were shot with the following result:

Banks 15, Von Platen 17, Barnard 15, Cooper 22, Cooper (on back score) 15, Einfeldt 19, Einfeldt (on two back scores) 19 and 17, Knott 17, (on back score) 18, Lowrey 21, (on back score) 17, A. Cheesman 14, W. Cheesman 14, Lawlor 16, Fox 14, (on back score) 18.

IN NEW JERSEY.

A HOT RACE AT BOILING SPRINGS.

May 18.—A 100-target race, unknown angles, $7 entrance, including price of the targets, drew out nine shooters to the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club to-day. Among the number was O. R. Dickey, of Boston, Mass., one of the best shots in the country. He showed up well, but had to take second place, Gus Greiff, who is just now shooting a very hot gait, taking first money with a score of 94. It is worthy of note also that Greiff lost three out of his last four targets, his score up to the end of the 96th round showing 93 out of 96. The 100 targets were shot in a series of five 20-target events. Below are the summaries of each 20:

	1st 20.	2d 20.	3d 20.	4th 20.	5th 20.	Total.
G E Greiff	20	19	18	20	17	94
O R Dickey	20	18	18	19	18	93
G Piercy	19	19	18	17	17	90
C von Lengerge	19	18	18	16	19	90
Capt Money	15	18	16	18	18	85
E A Geoffroy	20	14	19	15	17	85
C R Wise	15	18	15	17	18	83
W Hexamer	13	13	16	12	10	64
Matzen	13	15	14	14	w	16

Six other 20-target events were shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Dickey	18	20	16	19	20	19	Von Lengerke	15	..	..	..	..	..
Money	17	17	19	18	19	18	Griffiths	11	..	..	..	..	..
Greiff	17	..	18	16	19	20	Courtney	14	..	..	..	..	..
Fairmount	15	14	18	17	17	18	Collins	15	..	14	..	..	..
Geoffroy	20	19	19	..	..	..	Matzen	..	16	..	..	..	..
Wise	19	..	14	..	..	..	Hexamer	..	..	..	14	13	13 17

W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

May 19.—The first regular target shoot at the Elkwood Park grounds was held to-day. The main event was a 50-target handicap event, allowance of extra targets to shoot at, $2.50 entrance. There were ten entries, two of whom made highest possibles—Green with an allowance of 18 and White with an allowance of 17. All targets were thrown from a magautrap. Scores were:

Daly (10)	1111011001111011110111111111011111111010111—40 1011011101	—7—47
Hesse (5)	1101111011111101111111011111111111010111101010111—41 01111	—4—45
Smith (18)	0301101110000110011100000100011001101111001000000l—21 1001110111111101011	—13—34
Green (18)	0111101111111101111101111111011111101101101111110011—40 1110010111100110O	—11—51
James (20)	0101101101011111C011101110001010001010110011101111—30 1100110111100101l000	—11—41
Bart (18)	0101011100111101110101011110101101010011110011101O—31 1111101110011110l	—14—45
Francotte (15)	0111101111101100C0001011110100111011111110111C00100—30 0010110111111	— 9—39
Fields (20)	1000001100011100101100111000111101101011001110001l—26 0011101010101001C011	—10—36
White (17)	1111111001001111111111011111001101011010111010101O—35 0111111111111111l	—16—51
Bennett (16)	0011001101000111011100110011111111100111111101111O—33 1011000111110111	—11—44

May 22.—A series of small matches were shot to-day between Walter Patten and Phil Daly, Jr. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6 were at 10 birds per man; No. 5 was at 25 birds; Nos. 7, 8 and 9 at 5 pairs. Daly won every match except No. 4. Scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Walters (28)	2?0222212l— 9	222211220	2222212222•22—12	212202202
Daly (29)	1122112212—10	1211112212—10	12112111222222—13	2120060

	No. 5.	No. 6.
Walters (28)	2?0?2202202000212202?022—16	2002?0222—6
Daly (29)	2122222?02?02002022220?220—19	122222211—9

	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.
Walters (25)	01 01 01 11	00 01 10 10—3	01 11 01 10—5
Daly (25)	11 11 10 11 11—9	01 10 01 11—5	11 11 11 11—8

May 26.—Two 25-target handicap races were decided to-day at Elkwood Park, in addition to several other smaller sweeps. The conditions of No 1 were 25 targets, handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at, $5 entrance, all highest possibles to divide. Scores:

No. 1:

Maunt (12)	1100000011110001110000?C0111010100010—16
Hesse (3)	1111101111111111111101111l—26
Marryott (11)	0011110111111111010111011101111111100—27
Bennett (10)	0101101001111011111111111111110?C0—26
Bart (11)	1100011011111110100111110100110100l0—22

No. 2. same conditions:

Maunt (12)	1110011100?0000102001110011OO
Marryott (11)	0110110111111111011101111111111100—29
Bart (7)	1111111111111101111111111101111—30
Bennett (10)	0111011100001111100l—25
Dancer (11)	1100110110111111010111101011111100O—25
Hesse (3)	1111111111111101010111111011—25

Eureka Gun Club of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 22.—The medal shoot of the Eureka Gun Club, of this city, was decided in stormy, gusty weather on the grounds of the club, corner of Seventy-ninth and Vincennes avenue. Some idea of the state of the weather can be gathered from the scores given below:

Stannard	1111101111111111111111101—23
Steck	1111111111101111111101110—22
Dr Carson	0010100?0100100111010?0111—12
Dr Liddy	0101001011010111110011111—16
Patty	0111?C1?0101101111100?1000—14
Dr Morton	0010111000011010110001101—12
A W Morton	0111001001110011110111011—16
Boedker	1111110001010011110000C00—12
Dr Reber	1011101110000011001111110—15
Cornwall	1011001111111101101101111—19
Burroff	0010100011001000110111101—12
Lewis	0101111010000010111110111—15
Ferguson	0111011110000101001111110—15
West	1111110000010000000001100— 9
F M Smith	1001010001110111001110011—14
R B Carson	1000100000001111101000010— 9
C S Smith	1000010101001110011110100—12
H B Morgan	0100001010010001100001010— 8
A W Jones	1000010001001011110011011—12
Nita	0011000001001000001101011— 9
Moran	1011011001001011100000101—12
Vetter	1010111000000011011100110—12
Stanley	0010000100000010001001101— 7
Patterson	1110001010011110011001100—13
A C Black	1100110110101101100011111—15
Rehm	0101111011111101101111111—20
Murrow	0101011000001010011010111—12

Four practice sweeps, all at 25 targets, except No. 3, which was at 20 targets, were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Stannard	14	..	14	20	C S Smith	8	20	11	20
Moran	13	13	..	14	Cornwell	13	..	9	15
Lewis	13	..	14	..	Vetter	14	..	..	18
R B Carson	11	..	..	11	Ferguson	14	18	4	18
Rehm	11	..	9	13	Dr Liddy	13	..	10	..
Boedker	8	..	5	18	E Patterson	13	13	..	..
H B Morgan	10	..	7	15	Patty	16	..	14	..
Steck	21	22	11	23	Stanley	11	15	..	9
C W Carson	12	..	15	9	Murrow	..	15	..	13
Nita	3	..	..	12	Burroff	..	16	..	15
Dr Reber	10	..	12	..	W A Jones	..	12	..	15
Black	10	..	..	..	Morton	..	..	4	..
F M Smith	4	7	4	11					

Colt Gun Club, of Hartford.

HARTFORD, Conn., May 22.—Below are the scores made to day in the semi-monthly medal shoot of the Colt Gun Club. Risley and Pitkin each ran 25 straight, with Burbridge a close second with a score of 24.

Cook	1101010101111111111111111—21
Burbridge	1101111111111111111111111—24
Treat	1001101111010101111010110—17
Colt	1101111011111110111111011—21
Bradley	1101000110100111011101010—14
F Green	1111011101101101111010101—18
Alger	1110101111011111111011010—19
Nichols	1111111101110110111111011—21
Risley	1111111111111111111111111—25
Geisleman	1111110110111111111101111—22
Sexton	1111110111111111110111111—23
Lucas	1111111111101101111111111—23
Pitkin	1111111111111111111111111—25
Goodwin	0111001111010100101011110—15
Craig	0101111000000110010010001—10
Carter	0010000111111001111011010—14
Root	1011011001111111011101001—17

M. F. COOK, Sec'y.

Missouri's State Shoot.

Sixth Day, May 22.

It is only natural that after six days of shooting the entries would fall off somewhat, still twenty men shot through the programme to-day. Jim Elliott heads the list, and the pace that he set was one of the kind that kills. Only six misses out of 160 shot at is slightly the best average made through the whole tournament for any one day. Jim though it was about time for him to have an inning, and he got it to-day. But that little brother of his, Dave, figured somewhat in the shoot, too; his straight in the third event occurred when everybody else fell down, so he scooped first alone. Gilbert had similar luck in the first event.

There were other features of interest in the shoot to-day, but they were at the live bird traps. Four events remained to be shot: a 5, two 7s and a 10-bird event, and the ownership of two cups was involved. This brought about all the dispute. Two of these events were merged together, and a 15-bird race was shot instead. The first 7-bird events had $15 added by Herman, and in the others the choice of the cups went to the first, and the remaining one to the second—not high guns though. Gilbert, Withworth, Glover, Running, Heikes and McMurchy tied on 15 straight, and for a little while there was a shooting match. Glover quit right away, as he missed his first tie bird, which was also his first loss in the shoot. Gilbert lasted just 6 rounds, when he lost one dead out of bounds. Running went out on his 9th tie bird, after killing 23 with one barrel; this bird was also dead out of bounds. This left Withworth, Heikes and McMurchy. The sympathies were all with the boy, but be was forced to quit, as his 14th, a hard one, died out of bounds. The suspense was soon over, for Roll lost the next bird, also dead out of bounds. McMurchy had but to kill to win. The bird he drew was a wicked one, and never faltered from the first, but a good second brought it down at long range. Thirty straights is what it required to win this cup.

In the 14 hole there were ten, and it was equally as hot a class. Herman went out on the second round; McIlhany, Campbell and Jackson on the fourth; Sergeant on the seventh; Curtice on the eighth; Elliott on the ninth, and Gottlieb on eleventh. Of these McIlhany's, Curtice's, Elliott's and Gottlieb's were all dead out of bounds. This left only Parmelee and Rogers to fight it out, and Nebraska was to have the cup. Parmelee missed his twelfth; then Rogers drew a sitter and as it flipped up he tried to catch it, but the referee decided no bird. The substitute that he got was as hot as Tobasco or Jack Parker's shirt. Though hit with both barrels, it fell dead out of bounds. This gave Parmelee another chance, and he won out after killing 7 more straight, Rogers going out on another good one.

Thirty-four shot in the target events to-day. There was also a consolation race for those who had not won first or second during the two previous days. Kune won first in this event. The weather to-day was threatening and one or two showers fell, but not enough to interrupt the shooting. There was $25 added to each event.

SCORES OF MAY 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Elliott	19	20	19	19	19	20	19	19	160	154	96.2
Gilbert	20	20	16	19	19	18	20	19	160	151	94.3
Budd	19	20	18	18	19	20	17	18	160	149	93.1
McMurchy	18	18	18	18	19	20	18	19	160	148	92.5
Glover	19	20	17	17	18	20	19	18	160	148	92.5
Linderman	19	17	17	20	18	19	20	17	160	147	91.8
Heikes	16	20	18	18	19	19	18	18	160	146	91.3
Sexton	17	20	18	19	17	18	17	17	160	143	89.3
Parmelee	16	19	18	18	18	18	17	17	160	141	88.1
Running	18	16	18	19	15	18	16	20	160	140	87.5
Foster	16	20	18	18	16	18	16	17	160	139	86.8
Cornett	18	19	18	13	17	17	20	16	160	138	86.2
Sergeant	19	17	18	17	14	17	17	18	160	137	85.6
Jackson	15	16	17	19	13	17	19	19	160	135	84.3
Rogers	19	17	17	18	14	17	16	17	160	135	84.3
Witworth	18	18	16	18	14	17	14	20	160	135	84.3
Hagerman	16	18	15	16	13	18	18	20	160	134	83.7
J W Den	12	19	15	17	15	19	16	19	160	132	82.5
McIlhany	17	19	19	16	13	12	15	19	160	130	81.2
Parker	15	17	11	17	11	18	17	17	160	123	76.8
Gottleib	17	..	16	20	18	20	20	18	140	129	92.1
Allen	18	19	15	18	..	..	..	18	100	88	88
Weston	17	16	18	19	..	..	..	..	80	70	87.5
D Elliott	17	..	20	..	16	..	16	..	80	69	86.2
Barre	17	16	16	16	17	18	20	..	140	120	85.7
Hale	17	17	18	17	15	17	..	..	120	101	84.1
Wilmot	17	16	15	..	..	..	..	..	60	48	80
Frenkas	14	17	15	14	14	..	..	..	120	88	73.3
Erhardt	13	16	..	14	..	..	..	..	60	43	71.2
Howe	15	..	..	12	..	14	..	16	80	57	71.3
Kay	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	40	28	70

Herman, Norton and Curtice shot in only one event.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

The struggle for the premier position was interesting. Gilbert assumed the lead on the second day and maintained it, though Budd managed to all but close the gap between them on the fourth day when he gained 6 targets on Gilbert, leaving him but a single break in the lead, and one more day of shooting. By the time the third event of the last day had been shot, this, too, had been wiped out; and at the end of the sixth event Budd was one in the lead. But as Gilbert scored 39 out of his last 40, and Budd only 35, Gilbert won out by 3 breaks. In the live-bird events Gilbert also shot well, losing 2 birds out of 10 shot at, including shoot offs.

Budd is scored in the target events 6 breaks ahead of Heikes, who is in turn followed by Glover and McMurchy. The figures are:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Ave.		Shot at.	Broke.	Ave.
Gilbert	800	749	93.6	Cornett	800	692	86.5
Budd	800	746	93.2	Sergeant	800	685	85.6
Heikes	800	740	92.5	Jackson	800	684	85.5
Glover	800	730	91.2	Withworth	800	680	85
McMurchy	800	729	91.1	Parker	800	678	84.7
Linderman	800	720	90	Hagerman	800	677	84.6
Parmelee	800	718	89.7	McIlhany	800	676	84.5
Elliott	800	717	89.6	Gottlieb*	780	695	89.1
Running	800	714	89.2				

* Gottlieb, through some error in the cashier's office, was left out of event No. 2 on the last day, although he had entered "for all day."

THE LIVE BIRD EVENTS.

The live-bird sweeps shot during the week, exclusive of the *Star* cup race, are given briefly in tabulated form. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were shot on Tuesday, May 18; Nos. 4, 5 and 6 on Wednesday, May 19, and Nos. 7 and 8 on Saturday (to day).

In all these eight events, shot on three separate days, Gilbert scored every bird he shot at; but he was unlucky enough to lose two birds in the championship just when he wanted them. His record for the week on live birds stands 89 scored out of 91 shot at. Two special prizes were contested for in these events, the conditions being that they should go to the local shooter making the highest average. These prizes were a season ticket to the baseball games, donated by Manager Manning, of the local team, and a gold medal, donated by the O. K. Gun Club. Both prizes went the way of many others, Chris Gottlieb winning them. In the table given below it will be seen that his totals are tied by Jim Elliott, but his 25 straight in the cup race is what landed him in front.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Birds:	5	7	10	5	7	10	7	15	Birds:	5	7	10	5	7	10	7	15
Gottlieb	5	7	10	5	6	9	7	14	Foster	..	..	..	5	5	10	..	..
Herman	4	7	10	5	6	8	6	14	Sumner	..	..	..	4	4	..	..	..
Gilbert	5	7	10	5	7	10	7	15	Plumber	..	..	..	..	7	9	..	..
Running	5	7	9	5	7	10	..	15	Allen	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	14
McMurchy	5	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	J S Smith	..	..	..	..	7	9	7	..
Withworth	4	6	9	5	7	10	5	15	Thomas	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Whittier	4	7	10	5	6	8	..	..	W Herman	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
JAR Elliott	5	7	9	5	7	10	6	14	Weston	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Heikes	5	7	9	..	..	10	..	15	Craigin	..	..	..	..	7	9	..	..
Wilmot	5	7	9	..	..	..	..	14	H Stev'ns'n	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Jackson	3	7	9	4	5	9	6	14	Aby	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Cockrill	5	6	7	..	..	8	6	..	Brucker	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
JimPorter	4	5	7	4	7	9	6	13	Glover	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	15
Parmelee	3	6	7	..	..	9	..	..	Forsythe	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
McCurdy	3	6	9	5	5	9	4	13	Malvin	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Sergeant	5	6	10	7	..	..	..	14	Barre	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
McIlhany	4	6	9	..	..	..	7	14	Campbell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
N Jarrett	5	6	10	4	6	10	..	..	Doctor	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	13
Budd	5	7	10	5	6	9	..	..	Rogers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
F Smith	4	7	8	..	6	6	..	..	Means	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
Halliwell	4	7	9	3	7	9	..	11	Schott	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
R Jarrett	4	6	7	..	..	7	6	..	Hale	..	7	..	..	..	10	..	..
W T Den	5	5	7	4	5	6	..	..	Coyle	..	7	8	3	5	6	..	..
Erhardt	3	7	8	4	6	7	..	..	Glasner	..	5	..	..	..	7	..	..
Boehner	2	7	8	..	..	8	..	..	Barre	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sexton	4	5	8	..	..	..	6	..	Miller	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hubbard	5	5	10	..	6	10	..	..	Fuqua	..	5	8	..	..	..	..	..
J W Den	5	7	8	5	..	..	4	13	Martin	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Orr	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	Van Quart	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Parker	4	6	..	4	6	7	..	..	Brown	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Crabill	4	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	Bailey	..	..	10	..	..	7	..	..
Nathy	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	Fletcher	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	14
Drear	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	G Stevens'n	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Walden	4	..	..	3	7	7	..	..	Barlow	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Hagerman	4	..	..	3	..	10	7	..	Curtice	..	..	..	10	..	..	9	7 14
Koohler	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Linderman	..	..	..	10	..	..	10	.. ..
Stockwell	..	5	8	..	..	9	..	..	Hickman	..	..	..	10	..	..	9	.. ..
L Porter	..	6	9	3	6	7	..	..	Latshaw	..	..	..	8	..	..	8	.. ..
Clapp	..	..	..	3	6	9	..	..	Higdon	..	..	..	..	5	4	..	.. ..
Dickey	..	..	..	4	7	10	..	..									

GOTTLIEB WINS THE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP AGAIN.

The Individual Championship of the State at live birds is as much one of the features of the annual shoot as the team race. There were forty entries for State championship honors this year, but only one, Chris Gottlieb, managed to score his 25 straight, thus once more winning the championship, as well as the handsome gold medal donated by the Stockyards Gun Club to the winner of this event; this medal carries no challenges with it, but is the absolute property of Mr. Gottlieb. It will be remembered that he also won the championship at the meeting in 1896. His win again this year was a very popular one, as Chris has many friends in this city; in fact he may be termed "Kansas City's pride."

The second prize in this event was a silver water service. For this prize Wilmot, Means, C. Herman, Jim Porter and McCurdy tied with 24 each. They shot the tie off miss-and out, Wilmot winning in the 14th round. Means dropped his 14th bird; Herman his 6th; Porter and McCurdy both went out in the second round of the ties. Scores in this event were as below:

Gottlieb	2221111222122221222222222—25
Wilmot	1221121212101212212112111—24
Means	222112•122122221222111122—24
C Herman	2122121221121222022122222—24
Jim Porter	2121220111212212211222222—24
McCurdy	2221022221222221221111212—24
Barse	1200111112112222122211122—23
Campbell	2112210212222122211122122•—23
Allen	2221221211112202211112002—22
Halliwell	2121•2112211240.222220221—22
Custice	1222121222220110122201211—22
N Jarrett	121•121120221212022211111—22
Allen	2221221211112202211112002—22
Stockwell	1120212121211021110102112—21
Walden	1212201222110220111O•
Lee Porter	1222222122122•220•
Fletcher	22•1122212122222OO
Williams	1112011221102l2
Russell	2212212020212222
Brown	2220122222220100
Willard	2221110212010O1
Whittier	2121•2111021211
Groves	1•210211121•110
Miller	1112202•1101•10
Sweet	2122022102122220
Dr Jackson	2222020221122O2
Thompson	2100121221l•122
Mills	2211202111121O2
Taylor	221•122202002l1
Van Quost	2110210110122221
Glasner	2•021102•122220
Abernathy	1201•2111•
Rube	022•220202
Sherry	2•22212220
Hickman	121•222200
Jay	01022000
McDonald	1010•111
F J Smith	20022•20
Hubbard	020

A RETROSPECT.

The twentieth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association will pass into history as the most successful shoot ever held by this Association. Never during the entire six days did the interest flag, and on Saturday afternoon entries in the live-bird events had to be declined in order that the programme events could be finished before dark. Even then it was after 6 o'clock before the last tie was decided. This was not due to any lack of facilities, for from 1,200 to 1,400 pigeons are trapped in a day. It was right here in Kansas City that the underground system of trapping originated.

There was much interest in this tournament, and it was virtually like conducting two tournaments in one. Both target and live-bird traps were kept constantly in use. In the former there was good added money and several medals; while both medals and some elegant trophies were the attractions in the live-bird events. The programme was the most attractive given to the shooters since the Midwinter. Add to this a week of the finest weather, and the success of this shoot is easily accounted for.

WASHINGTON PARK.

For a number of years this has been the established shooting ground of nearly all the gun clubs in Kansas City, and being well equipped and amply large it followed that the tournament would be held there. For so large a city as Kansas City the park is an accessable one indeed. It requires only about thirty-five minutes ride on the cable and electric cars, and though one change is necessary, one can reach it from any part of the city, and after you have changed from the cable to the electric line, the latter lands one right at the gate of the park. Here one set of live bird traps with the underground system of trapping was run, while two magautraps, with Paul North to look after them, furnished ample shooting for those who wanted that kind of game. These traps did their work as near perfect as possible, and ground out targets with a rapidity that must have been very gratifying to Paul North. On several occasions when one of the expert squad were shooting whole targets or those broken by the shot were constantly in the air. Few targets were broken in the trap and there was scarcely an interruption during the entire week.

Owing to the peculiar formation of the grounds, which rise rather abruptly just back of the live-bird score, shooting can be kept up continuously without interference to either sport. The club house stands on the ridge, and below, perhaps 300ft., are the live-bird traps. To the right of the club house on the ridge are the target traps, which throw the targets out over the ridge into the space below, but without endangering any one there, the live-bird traps being considerably to the left of this. The executive committee, if I remember right, were: Messrs. Lee Porter, W. S. Halliwell and G. M. Walden. Mr. W. V. Ruger filled the thankless, though responsible, position of referee at the live-bird trap. Mr. Ruger is always firm and decisive, and above all impartial. So thoroughly competent a man in this position adds much to the success of the shoot.

MANUFACTURERS WELL REPRESENTED.

The trade was well represented, some very warm members being on hand. Among them were: R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O., and J. A. R. Elliott, both Winchester and E. C. representatives; Paul North, representing the Cleveland Target Co. and looking after the magautraps; Jack Parker, of Detroit, and Mrs. Mult Lindsley, of Cincinnati, O., taking care of the interests of King's Smokeless and Peters' Cartridge Co.; Harvey McMurchy, of Syracuse, N. Y., talking Smith guns; Herbert Taylor, of St. Louis, Mo., representing Du Pont and Hazard's Blue Ribbon; Sim Glover, of Rochester, N. Y., who won the *Star* cup with Schultze powder and a Parker gun; Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., shooting Du Pont's to the front; Chas. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., right after Gilbert with Hazard's Blue Ribbon; Frank S. Parmelee, of Omaha, Neb., with his Remington ejector, also well to the fore.

But there were lots of other shooters, too. Below is a partial list of them: J. A. Jackson, Austin, Tex.; F. N. Cockrel, Platte City, Mo.; A. C. Connors, J. C. Higdon, W. R. Nold, J. D. Gardner, St. Louis, Mo.; J. W. Den, Fred Boehmer, Arrapahoe, Neb.; W. F. Den, Brownsville, Neb.; Harry Davis, Richmond, Mo.; Louis Erhardt, B. O. Running, W. T. Lytle, Atchison, Kan.; C. E. Latshaw, George Rogers, Lincoln, Neb.; W. S. Allen, Wymore, Neb.; A. S Miller, New Boston, Ill.; James Stevenson, Bonita Kan.; W. G. Sergeant, Joplin, Mo; G. W. Stevenson, A. H. Barlow, Waterville, Kan.; C. F. Reust, Frankfort, Kan.; C. F. Schott, Washington, Ia.; Dr. C. A. Lee, Odessa, Mo.; J. S. Smith, Minden, Neb.; C. J. Weis, Frankfort, Kan.; J. C. Read, G. F. Brucker, Omaha, Neb.; F. A. Reynolds, Gothamsburg, Neb.; C. M. Sumner, Galena, Kan.; J. J. Dickey, Omaha, Neb; Joe Coyle, Lexington, Ky.; B. B. Lipscomb, Olathe, Kan; Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo.; Tom Clyde, Lincoln, Neb.; Capt. F. W. Foster, Lieut. P. Whitworth, San Antonio, Tex; A. A. Forsyth, Dr. T. Aby, H. W. Stevenson, J. R. Dabney, Monroe, La.; Dr. and Mrs. D. H. Day, Duluth, Minn.; C. Lindvary, Sedalia, Mo; J. R Wilmot, Lexington, Mo.; W. W. McIlhany, Nevada, Mo.; J. W. Barre, Louisiana, Mo.; W. M. Shiras, Ottawa, Kan.; C. D. Hagerman, Wymore, Neb; Sherman Hale, Purdin, Mo.; W. H Allen, T. H. Coran, Pleasant Hill, Mo.; Frank Hodges, Olathe, Kan.; J. W. Sexton, H. W. Koohler, Leavenworth, Kan.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the State Association was held at the Wisconsin Club, President Lee Porter presiding. The meeting was well attended, and the business was transacted with rapidity.

Kansas City was again selected as the place for holding the next annual convention and tournament. It was generally understood that an effort would be made to have St. Louis chosen for holding the next convention, but the promised delegation from that city failed to materialize, and Mr. Herbert Taylor, the projector of this movement, reluctantly abandoned the idea.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, Granville M. Walden, of Kansas City; Vice President, Herbert Taylor, of St. Louis, Mo.; Treasurer, George Knerr, Kansas City; Recording Secretary, Ed Hickman; Corresponding Secretary, Frank N. Casey, both of Kansas City. The appointment of the executive committee was deferred until some future time by President Walden. The date for the next annual tournament will be the same as this year, the third week in May.

Judge J. E. Guinotte, in behalf of the committee that has charge of revising the constitution and by-laws, of which committee he is chairman, reported progress, and said that their work would soon be ready for the printer. He further moved that the frontispiece of the book be a picture of the famous Kansas City four-men team that scored 59 out of 60 in a match with a St. Louis team in 1879. The four men on the team were charter members of the Association; they were: Frederick Fredricks, Durry Underwood, Jim McGee and Emil Work. The only survivor of this record-breaking team being Emil Work.

The meeting then adjourned.

SMALL ITEMS OF INTEREST

What are you going to do about it? Plumber Read made a straight, and blames his new Smith gun and King's Smokeless for causing all the trouble.

For once Glover was guessing. Here was the problem he was up against: 147 breaks out of 160 shot at, and 50 cents loser on the day! Such was his record on the first day.

Grandfather Den and the two lady shooters, Mrs. Day and Wanda (Mrs. M. F. Lindsley), were the center of attraction during the shoot. Mrs. Day handles her gun in a graceful and effective manner, and made several good scores on targets. Mrs. Lindsley also did well on live birds.

McIlhany's numerous friends will be pleased to know that he is back from the West to stay. This means that Mac will be seen at some of the Western tournaments this summer.

Milt Lindsley was unable to get away from King's Mills, but he very wisely sent Mrs. Lindsley to assist Jack Parker in looking after the interests of King's Smokeless and Peters' cartridges.

Bert Taylor, the representative of the Du Pont and Hazard Powder companies, says that he is well satisfied with the result of this shoot. First and second averages in a five days' shoot is quite enough glory for his companies in one week.

Rolla Heikes made a new record for the Winchester repeating shotgun: He broke 100 targets in 2 minutes 58½ seconds with the aid of his pumps and the magautrap.

Linderman is an unpretentious fellow, but no squarer man ever walked down the firing line. Dick always shoots the best he knows how, never kicks, and is a stayer.

There are few, if any, more impartial and capable live-bird referees in the country than Billy Reiger. He is to the West what John S. Hoey was to the East.

It is quite a feather in Glover's cap to have come so far from home and carry off the championship cup, and that, too, right on the late champion's own dunghill. Sim's victory is quite a card for Parker guns and Schultze powder.

Paul North is authority for the statement that 31,275 targets were thrown at this shoot, and that it required only 41,000 targets trapped to bring about that result. It only took from 10 A. M. to between 4 and 5 P. M. to shoot the programme out each day.

And say! Chris Gottlieb "didn't do a thing to 'em, did he?" He won the *Star* trophy in the Interstate target shoot and the medal given by the Stock Yards Gun Club to the winner of that race. He also won the O. K. Gun Club's medal given for the best average by any local shooter in all the live-bird events, and also took the season's baseball ticket donated by Manager Manning for the same thing. He only shot in two more trophy events without success: The *Star* championship cup on live birds, and the silver cup given by Jaccard to the winner of second place in the 15-bird event on Saturday, May 22. He was in the tie for this last cup and scored 10 straight in the ties before being shot out. Parmelee finally won the cup with a total of 32 out of 34.

Places in the *Star* live-bird championship event paid as follows: First, $87; second, $36; third, $19.35; fourth, $19.35; fifth, $8.95; sixth, $5.45.

Below is a condensed list of guns, shells and powders used at this tournament:

Guns: Smith 29, Greener 18, Winchester 15, Parker 15, Lefever 14, Remington 4, and 1 each of the following makes: Francotte, Hollis, Clabrough, Ithaca, Boss, Evans and New Arc.

Shells: Union Metallic Cartridge Co. 57, Winchester Repeating Arms Co. 32, Peters Cartridge Co. 12.

Powders: Schultz 28, Du Pont 26, E. C. 20, King's Smokeless 12, S. S 8, Hazard 5, Austin 2, Walsrode 2, Gold Dust 1, and W-A 1.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 22.—The Audubon Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot at Audubon Park this afternoon. Event No. 3 was the club badge shoot, and in this event Morris and Kelsey tied for Class A badge. On the shoot-off Morris won, and his victory now places him on an equal footing with C S Burkhardt and F. D. Kelsey for the Class A badge, each having six wins to his credit. There are only three more shoots for the emblem, so the race is hot beyond question. P. J Myers won in Class B and J. A. Kennedy in Class C.

In the table of scores given below No. 8 was at 5 pairs, No. 9 at reversed order; Nos. 2, 4, 5, 6 and 7 were at unknown angles and were shot over a magautrap:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	15	20	5*	15	15
E C Burkhardt	9	13	22	9	12	9	10	5	9	10
F D Kelsey	7	10	24	14	12	14	17	..	..	..
C S Burkhardt	9	9	19	13	13	15	17	5	12	12
Norris	8	12	22	12	12	13	17	8	12	9
G McArthur	9	5	21	11	10	12	15	5	14	..
Bird	6	10	18	11	12	12	..	..	..	..
Alderman	6	10	20	12	12	11	16	5	12	6
Waltz	8	9	22	5	11	9	15	5	13	..
L W Bennett	6	7	20	10	11	15	14	6	14	12
A C H	10	7	23	10	12	12	18	7	12	11
Jacobs	7	7	20	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
E W Smith	9	11	20	12	10	12	..	..	..	..
P G Myers	7	10	21	12	9	13	16	..	..	..
Wm Hines, Jr	..	..	21	13	10	..	..	..	..	..
E Reinicke	..	..	19	..	..	13	..	8	13	..
A Coombs	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
U E Storey	..	6	13	6	6	10	..	5	..	..
J A Kennedy	..	8	18	3	8	9	..	..	8	..
E N McCarney	..	..	17	9	5	10	..	4	..	..
Porter	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Parker Talsman	9	10	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
W R Eaton	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	8	5	..
G W B	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
Charles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10

Team Race at Riverton.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 26.—C. A. Macalester and George Work met defeat to-day on the grounds of the Riverton Gun Club, their opponents being Leonard Finletter and Yale Dolan. The conditions of the race were 100 birds per man, 200 to the team, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary.

The birds were first-class, and left the traps very fast, the strong wind aiding them. George Work was out of health and out of form, but stuck to his work until the last shot was fired. The 400 birds were shot at in just three hours and a half. The scores were:

L S Finletter	222•2222221222212222222—24	
	•2222222222222222•22102—22	
	22222222••222222221022•222—21	
	1122202222222222222•22222—23	—90
H Yale Dolan	2200222222 222221202222202—21	
	2222220220222222112222200—21	
	2022222222202122212122222—23	
	2222221221120222211122110—23	—88—178
C A Macalester	2212122221122210021221211—23	
	1021221222211202212020201—20	
	2221122•2212021211022212•2—21	
	2221221212012112221110202—22	—86
Geo Work	222•2120221220202200222•2—18	
	0222•02222212222122•22201—21	
	2022222222220221221212112—23	
	21••12221121211012122111—22	—84—170

Down Where the Pineapples Grow.

HOBE SOUND, Fla., May 22.—The regular weekly shoot of the Hobe Sound Gun Club was held to-day with the temperature at 98° in the shade. The following scores were made, all targets being thrown at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10
McVean	7	10	6	Stokes	0	1	1
Smith	5	5	7	Harrison	0	..	..
Sergeantson	2	4	8	Painter	2	..	..
Brown	1	1	3				

H. D. MCVEAN, Sec'y.

The Waterloo Tournament.

WATERLOO, Ia., May 14.—The tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club was brought to a close to-day after a successful four days of trap-shooting. The attendance was good and the quality of the shooters was decidedly above the average. Heikes, Parmelee, Grimm, Gilbert and Budd, together with J. H. Mackie, Robinhood, Dr. and Mrs Day, etc., were on hand to make things lively in the way of good scores.

Among the others present on the first day were: Buttolph, Iowa Falls; True, Northwood; Gittins and Bloeser, Williamsburg; Bain, Brandon; Wheeler, Freeport; O'Brien, Dubuque; Frazier, Lost Nation; Hathaway, Independence, etc.

On the second day there were several new arrivals: J. C. Ford and J. Mealey, Oelwein; C. B. Everett, Fairbank; N. Glab, Tony Heeb and Fred Tschudi, Dubuque; S. S. Hayes, Ottumwa; R. E. Smith, Mason City; C. F. Grant, A. H. Wallace and P. J. Sheehan, Independence, etc.

Experts weee handicapped in all the events, Heikes, Grimm, Gilbert, Budd and Parmelee being made to shoot at unknown targets, unknown angles. Despite this severe handicap, the quintette rolled up some good scores. Mrs. Dr. Day also shot very well.

On the programme for each morning and afternoon were target events and one live-bird event. In the target events the scorer was M. J. O'Keefe, the referee being Mr. Martin. For live birds L. Van Vleck was referee; J. C Hartman, scorer.

In the table of scores given below Nos. 1-7 were shot on the first day; Nos. 8-14 on the second day; Nos. 15-17 on the forenoon of the third day. Rain stopped all shooting in the afternoon of the third day.

SCORES OF MAY 11-13.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	15	20	20	15	20	15	15	15	15	20	15	20	25	15	15	20	15
Grimm	14	17	15	14	12	12	12	11	13	20	13	18	16	10	..	..	..
Gilbert	13	17	18	14	17	12	13	12	11	18	13	13	21	13	14	16	14
Heikes	13	18	19	12	19	12	..	14	13	17	14	18	21	13	13	20	14
Mackie	12	15	13	10	16	10	..	9	13	16	12	12	15	12	14	18	11
Parmelee	15	17	16	22	17	11	13	14	13	14	..	14	22	13	14	19	13
Budd	14	19	16	14	17	11	13	14	13	17	14	17	23	13	14	19	14
Emery	9	15	11	11	10	..	11	15	13	14	8	15	21	13	..	..	..
True	10	16	18	13	15	..	13	12	10	9	..	13	22	12	..	..	..
Mason	3	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bennett	10	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ward	10	15	..	8	12	..	..	..	7	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tucker	11	14	16	11	17	10	13	..	14	16	11	17	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Day	12	17	19	11	16	..	12	10	12	18	12	17	..	12	14	19	..
Buttolph	12	15	15	10	14	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Woodbury	10	12	..	7	17	11	10	..	12	..	12	15	..	9	..	..	11
Place	14	14	..	11	11	..	10	..	9	..	14	20	19	10	..	16	12
Lies	9	16	..	..	..	8	12	..	..	13	6	..	..	..	11	..	8
Mrs Day	12	14	16	14	15	10	12	..	6	16	11	13	17	12	14	19	13
Van Vleck	13	18	15	13	9	..	12	..	11	10	8	10	..	..	..	..	..
Bain	..	11	..	9	11	3	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	11
Gittins	..	16	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H E Bloeser	..	16	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
Wheeler	..	..	17	13	17	10	12	..	10	16	13	16	18	13	..	..	..
O'Brien	..	..	14	11	16	9	14	..	15	14	11	17	20	12	..	..	..
Robinhood	..	..	18	11	17	11	11	..	13	13	8	18	24	12	..	..	..
Frasier	..	..	17	14	16	13	14	11	14	16	7	17	20	..	..	..	..
Hathaway	..	..	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
G E T	..	..	..	10	14	..	..	..	..	15	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
H E B	..	..	..	12	17	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G R W	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hartman	..	..	..	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shaffer	..	..	..	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilbur	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Konvalinka	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Steege	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
French	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Choate	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kernan	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Robinson	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Walker	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	..	..	..	..
Turner	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Griffin	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cannam	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	..	7	9	..	..	15	6	..	..	..
R S	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van Ness	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	12	11	12	..	7	11	14	10
Pettit	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	11	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Hayes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	14	15	14	..	..	..
Latshaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	13	16	21	10	..	..
Morley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	16	..	..	15	9	10	14	9
Mealey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	6	12	13	6	13	13	9
Ford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Heeb	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	9	12	20	11	..	..	..	..
Glab	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	5	7	12	..	..	..	..	..
E M O'Brien	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Wallace	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	14	16	..	10	11	17	13		
Sheehan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	6	..	..	..	
Burr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	
Everett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Penn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	

LIVE BIRD EVENTS.

The four live-bird events given below were shot as follows: Nos. 1 and 2 on the first day, No. 1 in the morning and No. 2 in the afternoon. No. 3 was shot in the morning of the second day, No. 4 in the afternoon of the same day. In the forenoon of the third day only two miss-and outs were shot on the live-bird traps. These resulted as below:

Miss-and-out No. 1: Gilbert (32) 10, Cox (28) 9, Budd (32) and Heikes (32) 7, Healey (28) 5, Parmelee (32) and Place (28) 2.

Miss-and-out No. 2: Budd (32) and Heikes (32) 20, Place (28) 19, Dr. Day (28) 2, Cox (28) 1, Gilbert (32) and Wallace (32) 0.

The other scores on May 11 and 12 were as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Mackie (30)	0••221—4	220•002220— 5	.....	.....
Dr Day (28)	202-222—6	212222•222— 9	.....	.....
Heikes (32)	2220222—6	2222222222—10	22222221—8	2222222222—10
Parmelee (32)	2222222—7	1•1222••22— 7	•2212222—7	2212122222—10
Gilbert (32)	1120•0•— 3	2112212122—10	22121122—8	121•221112— 9
Grimm (32)	2222222—7	2220222222— 9	22222212—8	2•22212222— 9
Budd (32)	2221•11—6	2121122222—10	11212212—8	22121121•2— 9
Cox (27)	0222122—6	121•120222— 8	1111212•—7	12101•2111— 8
Buttolph (27)	0212000 - 3	.....	.....	.....
Ward (27)	2200102—4	2222222222—10	02122022—6	2202021012— 7
Place (27)	0221110—5	1002021211•— 6	12021222—7	1111•21112— 9
Bain (28)	1121201—6	2111212101— 9	.....	.....
Hathaway (27)	0111200—4	1100111222— 8	.....	.....
Frazier (30)	.....	22222•212•— 8	•1010211—5	.....
Cannam (27)	.....	1212222120— 9	02211001—5	.....
Lat (30)	.....	.....	22112222—8	2111111112—10
Van Ness (27)	.....	.....	12202200—5	.....
Hayes (28)	.....	.....	12111212—8	112102•221— 8
Wallace (29)	.....	.....	.....	2212111221—10
Sheehan (28)	.....	.....	.....	2202222110— 8

SCORES OF MAY 14.

On the fourth day of the shoot (to-day) the majority of the crackerjacks had left the city. A full day's sport was had, however, and there were sufficient shooters left to make it pleasant for all who went out to the grounds. The morning's programme consisted of four 15-target events and a live-bird event at 10 birds per man. The live-bird event resulted thus:

Smith (27) 8, Gilbert (32) 9, Place (28) 7, Mosher (27) 7, Ward (28) 8, Walker (28) 7, Lies (27) 6, O'Keefe (26) 8, Steege (28) 3, Ford (27) 7, Parmelee (32) 7, Day (28) 9, Clark (27) 9.

In the table of target scores given below Nos. 1-4 were shot during the forenoon, Nos. 5-12 in the afternoon. The live bird scores in the two 10-bird races shot during the afternoon are also given below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	15	15	10	10	10	10	5	5	5	5
Place	15	13	13	12	9	7	..	..	1	4	..	..
Clark	10	12	7	10	7	6	..	..	2	..	..	..
Mealey	10	9	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	1	1
Lies	6	12	8	7	3	6	..	..	1	2	..	..
Reckammer	12	11	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ford	13	11	9	10	..	..	6	6	..	..	3	3
Walker	10	10	..	..	5	8	..	..	3	3	..	..
Turner	6	..	..	..	7	5	4	..	2	..	..	..
Woodbury	11	12	..	..	9	5	7	7	1	..	2	2
Everett	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gilbert	..	14	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mrs Day	..	..	11	10	7	8	..	..	2	3	..	..
Mackie	..	..	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Day	..	..	14	14	9	9	..	..	4	..	..	..
Mosher	..	..	6	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ward	..	..	12	9	7	10	..	..	2	1	..	..
Bloeser	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pettit	..	..	7	11	3	2	..	..	4	..	..	..
Steege	..	..	..	8	5	5	..	..	3	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilbur	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Griffin	..	..	..	8	..	..	5	5	..	..	..	..
Choate	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
O'Keefe	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
French	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Buttolph	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	..	..	1	3
Courtright	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	3	..
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Rupert	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	3	..
Sellers	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	..	..	..	..
Hackett	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..

The live-bird events shot during the afternoon were as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Hartman (27)	0011111•11—7	11•11•1111— 8
McGinnis (28)	010•111111— 7	11110•10••— 5
Steege (28)	1001010010—4	1100100110— 5
Taylor (26)	•111101010—6	.....
Buttolph (23)	0101111011—7	.....
Mosher (26)	1000000011—3	.....
Ward (30)	1•10111111—8	0111111111— 9
French (27)	110•111111—8	.....
Lies (27)	1110001011—6	111110•011— 7
Clark (27)	1111110611—8	1111111111—10
Place (28)	11•111111•—8	1111111111—10
O'Keefe (26)	0000100101—3	0101001110— 5
Smith (28)	0101111101—7	1110111001— 7
Pettit (28)	11•1111111—9	.....
Marks (28)	.....	0•00111001— 4
Cleaver (28)	.....	11••1110•0— 5

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., May 26.—The Boston Gun Club opened its second '97 prize series auspiciously at Wellington to-day. The weather, though not what might be called favorable, was passably fair, inasmuch as it did not rain. The shooting was fully enjoyed and during the afternoon some very fair scores were made. A number of ladies were present, and besides proving interested and appreciative spectators counted among their number the "high gun" in the prize match. It is pleasing indeed to note the rapid increase of feminine trap shots and also their by no means insignificant success in a field of shooting heretofore apparently closed to them. Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago and New York, besides Boston, have representatives now who find it pleasant and healthful to handle the gun in close proximity to brother, husband or friend, and the time will shortly come when instead of it being a rarity for the trap-shooting club to have an honorary lady member, it will be an every day occurrence for them to be on the *bona fide* membership list.

Events as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	10	6	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10
Gordon	6	8	9	7	1	8	14	6	9	9	8	9	7
Brown	7	5	9	7	2	9	13	8	6	6	4	..	4
Winters	3	9	10	6	4	9	14	6	6	10	8	8	10
Sheffield	..	7	9	7	4	8	12	7	7	10	6	8	10
Woodruff	..	10	8	4	4	8	11	6	5	7	7	..	7
Horace	..	7	9	5	..	6	12	8	7	7	7	..	8
Eddy	..	8	6	8	5	6	10	4	..	9	..	..	..
Benton	..	4	5	4	1	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nickols	..	4	5	5	..	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miskay	..	..	..	..	1	7	14	9	7	8	9	..	10
Spencer	..	..	..	..	5	6	10	9	4	8	6	..	9
Barnard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Leatherbee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..

Events Nos. 4 and 9 were reverse pull; Nos. 1, 3, 8 and 10, unknown angles, 5 pairs, balance known angles; Nos. 10 and 13, with use of both barrels.

First match in new prize series, eight shoots in all, four best scores to count for prizes, 25 targets, 15 known and 10 unknown angles, distance handicap:

Miskay (17)	111111111111101—14	1111111110 -9—23
Brown (15)	111111111110111—13	1111110101—8—21
Gordon (17)	111111111110111—14	0111101010 6—20
Winters (18)	111111111101111—14	1010101110—6—20
Woodruff (17)	011111111111111—14	0111001011—6—20
Horace (16)	111111011011110—12	1111011110—8—20
Sheffield (15)	111111011011110—12	1100011111—7—19
Spencer (18)	010111110010111—10	1110111111—9—19
Eddy (15)	110111010011101—10	1000001011—4—14
Benton (14)	101111110000110— 9	.....
Nichols (14)	001011001011000— 6	.....

Cazenovia Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 19.—The day's sport to-day at the traps of the Cazenovia Gun Club called forth a good attendance. Five events at live-birds and five at targets were shot during the day. Dr. W. H. Woodbury carried off the chief honors in the live-bird events, scoring 32 out out of 34 birds shot at. Below are the scores made in those events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Birds:	7	5	10	5	7	Birds:	7	5	10	5	7
Geisdorfer	5	2	10	..	..	Wheeler	..	..	8	3	..
A P Pope	7	4	10	3	7	Charles	..	..	9	4	7
W H Woodbury	7	5	8	5	7	Gyp	..	..	4	3	..
Dan O'Brien	4	2	..	3	..	Dr Danser	5	..	..	4	..
J Beck	7	3	4	..	..	Bauman	..	..	..	3	..
Charles Klink	5	2	6	3	..	C L Swope	..	..	..	1	..
Edwards	..	..	10	4	5	Estes	..	..	..	4	..

In the target events Charles made the best average, although Waltz was the only one to score 20 straight in the second event. The sweeps were well patronized. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	20	15	15	10	Targets:	15	20	15	15	10
Edwards	12	16	10	..	..	A P Pope	11	10	12	..	..
Charles	13	19	13	..	..	Wheeler	12	19	11	..	..
Alderman	14	18	11	..	..	Norris	13	17	10	..	..
W H Woodbury	13	14	12	..	..	Dauser	2	11	..	..	..
Estes	11	19	11	..	..	Dan O'Brien	9	10	..	13	8
Waltz	8	20	12	..	..	Chas Klink	6	13	..	15	8
C L Swope	12	..	10	..	..	W Heintz	..	11	..	12	9
Foxie	10	17	11	..	..	Geisdorfer	..	..	..	11	8
H C H	13	15	12	..	..	J Beck	..	..	..	14	7
Bauman	13	..	..	9	..	Cannon	..	..	..	13	9

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., May 22.—The following two events were shot this afternoon by members of the Pawtuxet Gun Club:

Sheldon (0)	111011111111111111111110111—23
Greene (0)	001111111110101111111111111—21
Mooney (2)	111111111010111101011111 0—20
Badmington (4)	011011110011111101011101—18
Arnold (2)	101100101011101101101111—17
Root (4)	111001100111010010111 0111—16
Hawkins (2)	110000011111110100010011 1—14
Armstrong (7)	110101100000000111011 0111—13
Cory (2)	000001100010101001010111 1—11

Thus ended the series of shoots for the W-A silver keg, as W. H. Sheldon has now won it three times. Sheldon was in good form to-day, and as none of the handicap men could tie, no one shot out their allowance. Greene and Mooney also shot well.

Following the W-A trophy shoot came a 25-bird handicap, unknown angles, for five cans of smokeless powder, kindly donated to the club by the Oriental Powder Co., of Portland, Me:

Badmington (4)	1111110101010001111110101010 1—19
Sheldon (0)	111010110101111111101111 —19
Root (4)	101111111011010100111111101 1—22
Francotte (4)	000011101111110111001111010101—19
Greene (0)	101001110111110101101111 —18
Arnold (2)	101010111011100101111 0000 —15
Hawkins (2)	110111000100101111100101 —15
Cory (2)	111101101111000110000101 0 —14
Armstrong (7)	100100101000001110011110 —12
Matthewson (7)	001010101111110000010001 —11
Andrews (7)	001101001000110100000110 1 —10

Mr. R. C. Root, a novice who has come rapidly to the front this year, distinguished himself in this shoot. PAWTUXET.

Earlsville Gun Club.

EARLSVILLE, N. Y., May 22.—A new gun club has been formed here and below you will find the scores made at our first shoot. Hall and Miller have shot before at the traps, but all the others were entirely new at the business. The event was at 20 kingbirds:

Hall	00110010111111111101— 13	Bentley	10001010000110001000— 5
Miller	11001101111011101000 —12	Short	00000001000.01000101— 5
Parsons	00101011101101010101 —11	Dunham	0000000100000001000— 2
Stanton	00001110100110010100— 8	Jennings	00010011100001000100 — 6
Morgan	00010010010011000100 — 6		

GEORGE STANTON, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.

May 18.—The Emerald Gun Club had a good turnout at its regular monthly shoot held this afternoon in Dexter Park. Of the twenty-seven members present, E. A. Vroome was the only one to score 10 straight; seven others came within one of equalling his score. The detailed scores were as below:

Class A, 29yds., 7 points:

M Herrington	2222212202— 9	L H Fogarty	1••2222220— 7
E J Richards	1220202222— 8		

Class A, 28yds., 6½ points:

E A Vroome	2112112112—10	Dr Hudson	1122220•22— 8
H P Fessenden	2222022222— 9	F W Place	1101202212— 8
J S S Remsen	1121201112— 9	W Amend	0012110112— 7
J M Moore	2202121212— 9	W Sands	0022222002— 6
T Short	2021122112— 9		

Class A, 28yds., 6 points:

Geo B Hillers	1021211120— 8	Wm Joerger	2•21020019— 6
John Woelfel	0120212220— 7	Joseph Banzer	012•220210— 6
Bernard Amend	2201022210— 7		

Class B, 25yds., 6 points:

C W Billings	1111101111— 9	W A Brown	1201200012— 6
Dr Richter	2022212222— 9	Richard Regan	1200201002— 5
Chas Stuetzle	2220022220— 7	Joseph Swan	02•1120010— 5

Class B, 25yds., 5 points:

Geo K Breit	2012002121— 7	H F Muhs	0200001011— 4
H F Burns	2101201110— 7	Dr McFarland	022001001•— 4

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

May 19.—There was a good attendance this afternoon at the regular monthly live-bird shoot of the New York German Gun Club held in Dexter Park. Twenty members took part in the club event at 10 live birds per man Dr. G. V. Hudson, Peter Garms and H. Thomforde tied for the club badge on 10 straight. In the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Thomforde lost his first bird Garms and Dr. Hudson fought it out until the 7th round, when the Doctor lost his bird dead out of bounds; Garms thus won the badge by killing his 7th bird. Scores in the badge race and in the sweeps are given below:

	Club Badge.	Ties.	No. 1.	No. 2.
Dr Hudson	2112221211—10	221111•	12221	.....
E Meyer	0010022•02— 4	.....	.....	.....
F Sauter	1211120122— 9	.....	001••	.....
P Moersch	0100121111— 7	.....	.....	.....
M Bonden	2102000110— 5	.....	.....	.....
F Kronsberg	2001010102— 5	.....	01102	.....
P Garms	1112111111—10	1121112	.....	.....
B König	1112102111— 9	.....	.....	.....
H Nobel	1121103021— 8	.....	10010	.....
H Boesennecker	1011110021— 7	.....	.....	.....
H Thomforde	2212212122—10	0	.....	.....
E Doeink	2020112220— 7	.....	.....	.....
H Leopold	0210011020— 5	.....	.....	.....
J Schlicht	2221121221—10	.....	02011	.....
J Wellbrock	0111021010— 6	.....	20110	.....
A Lucas	1211•12022— 8	.....	.....	.....
J Dannefelser	2212201111— 9	.....	12012	.....
E Radle	0212220022— 7	.....	.....	.....
C Horney	1012002220— 6	.....	.....	.....
C Voekinger	1000010000— 2	.....	.....	.....
Schlicht	.....	.....	01021	11112
Nobel	.....	.....	12211	21100
Wellbrock	.....	.....	12112	10201
Lucas	.....	.....	01021	10001

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.

May 26.—The Brooklyn Gun Club held an all-day shoot at its grounds, Liberty avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn, to-day. The main event was a 50 target handicap race for a gold watch, an allowance of extra targets to shoot at being allowed the weaker shots.

A high wind was blowing right in the faces of the shooters, making the targets from the magautrap exceedingly hard to gauge. As a result 41 was high for a scratch man, while Justus von Lengerke, with 3 extra targets to shoot at, only beat out that scratch man, Winston, by 1 target, winning the match with a total of 42 out of 53. The wind was rather variable, and at times there was almost enough of it to give it a right to the title of a gale. There were twelve entries in the main event, the scores being as follows:

Winston (0)	10011011111111111010111111110111111111111111011010—	41
Brewer (0)	11010011111111111010011111111111111011111111011001—	40
Swan (12)	01100100110010101001111101001001011111000110001100—25	
	10101000w — 3—28	
Paddleford (7)	10111001110101111101110110101101010111101010011111—34	
	1000000 — 1—35	
DrKnowlton (4)	11601011110011101010110101101011100011101101101110—31	
	0001 — 1—32	
JvLengerke (3)	11001101011011101111011111110100111111111111101111111—39	
	111 — 3—42	
Edwards (0)	11101110111110101111100111011001110111101111000001	—35
Remsen (0)	11101111000000101101111001010010011010010111010111	—28
Baron (5)	11000110101010101110021100101011100010111100100010	—29
Bissett (9)	01001101100011010111001111010000011111110100100010	—27
Sanders (16)	01100000100010001000000011000010000110101010000000	—13
Osterhout (11)	00001000100110101001101100001010101000000001000011	—16

Sweeps were also shot as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	25	Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	25
Baron	4	7	14	9	..	..	..	..	Harrison	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	17
Swan	4	3	8	..	..	..	..	14	Remsen	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	21
Edwards	8	9	15	14	13	11	15	16	Sanders	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	7
Paddleford	..	..	8	9	9	6	..	18	Bissett	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13
Winston	10	6	13	12	13	15	10	19	Brooklyn	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	18
Brewer	..	..	..	..	12	13	13	9	J Von L	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	22
Knowlton	..	..	..	..	14	12	..	..									

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

J. W., New York.—Please answer in your next issue, 1, whether it will be lawful to fish for bass on the New Jersey end of Greenwood Lake on Monday, May 31, and 2, whether I can bring bass to New York city? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. No, the New York season does not open till June 15.

H. F., New York.—Will you kindly advise me of a remedy for canker in the ear? Ans. Pour a little of the following lotion into the ear twice a day:

℞ Liq. plumbi sub. acet. ..... ʒiv.
Aq. ad ..... ʒiv.
Mix. Lotio. A little to be used, as directed, twice a day.

E. R., Port Huron.—Will you tell me in your Answers to Correspondents which dogs are best for rabbit hunting, beagles or foxhounds? If one is better than the other, the reason why? Ans. Beagles, as, being much smaller, they are slower than foxhounds. The rabbit is slower than the fox, is easier to follow, and runs a short race at best. Beagles answer all the requirements, and a pack is cheaper to keep.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 24. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

ATTENTION is directed to the new form of address labels on the wrappers of subscribers' copies. The label shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid.

The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us for a new or renewed subscription. Unless specially requested to do so, we do not send separate receipts.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Hunting and fishing parties, usually in their eagerness to get to hunting or fishing, are apt to neglect the comforts of the camp; don't make this mistake. First of all, put your camp in order, that full enjoyment of the expedition may be realized, for you are just as apt to get game in sight of camp, in a game country, as by an all-day tramp in the woods. There is an old saying with the hunters, that the man that keeps camp usually kills the most game. Horace Park.

ARIZONA'S HUMPED GAME.

A HUMP is not a thing of beauty, nor the creature that bears it graceful. Moose and buffalo are ungainly beasts, and the mountain goat, with hump and horns, has the contour of a fiend incarnate. But the oddest, homeliest, ugliest game animal in this country is found in the wilds of Arizona. It is a conglomeration of humps and bumps on four legs; and moreover, is quite as ugly in temper as in looks, a surly, savage and malicious brute. As with many unlovely creatures, it is hardy and tenacious of life, and manages to live in deserts where other animals would starve or die of thirst, for nature has endowed it with wonderful powers of endurance. The humps on its back are masses of fat, which it stores up when food is plenty and draws upon as a reserve of nourishment in seasons of privation. More extraordinary still is the formation of its stomach which is provided with a series of little pouches or water cells wherein is stored water sufficient to last from three to five days. As for food, when hard put to, it can live on next to nothing, and of the coarsest at that; and when all else fails it draws on its humps. Most suggestive in illustration of its hardy nature and tenacity of life is the fact that while the other game animals of Arizona, although protected by what protection there may be in the game law, have steadily diminished to remnants, this hardy fellow with the hump, although preyed upon by man and beast alike, has from a small stock in the beginning maintained itself through wanderings in the wilderness for forty years. There is no more grotesque creature included among the game animals of America than the Arizona camel, and its naming in the new law of the Territory may be reckoned as one of the curiosities of game legislation in this country.

The Arizona camel belongs with the earliest game imported into America from abroad. It was put out at about the period mentioned in our notes last week, when the Government was urged to restock Pennsylvania and New York wilderness regions with elk. The intention of those who imported the camel was not to make of it a game animal. It was brought to this country during the administration of President Pierce. By an act of Congress of March, 1855, of that year the Government was empowered to purchase in Arabia a herd of camels, for which $30,000 was paid, to be used in the West for crossing the Great American Desert. It was thought that the adaptability which had made this beast of burden so useful in the Old World would make it suitable for transportation purposes in the barren stretches of the Southwest. The experiment proved a failure, and the camels were abandoned to their fate. Left to their own devices, they must have found in Arizona a country suited to them, for they increased and multiplied, and have from time to time furnished numerous specimens with which to stock circus and menagerie. As the camel is long-lived, living from forty to sixty years, it may be that among the wilds of Arizona there is a venerable patriarch whose frolicsome youth was spent in the desert of Arabia.

A creature which has held on so tenaciously in a strange land deserves the tardy recognition now given it by the framers of the new Arizona game law. May the same kindly fate which has preserved the apes of Gibraltar as sole representative of their race in Europe look out also or the camel, an Old World type in the Arizona desert.

THE SALT-LICK.

A VERMONT correspondent sends us a circular issued by a hotel in the White Mountains, in which is set forth, as an inducement for sportsmen's patronage, a statement that deer hunting is good at the salt-licks in the vicinity. The attraction may appeal to some, but our correspondent doubtless expresses the common sentiment when he writes: "I should dislike to be seen at this house for fear other sportsmen might think me a pot-hunter and a butcher."

A salt-lick is a saline spring, or deposit of salt, to which wild animals resort to satisfy their craving for salt. Sometimes it is called a deer-lick, and when there were buffalo these were buffalo-licks. Both terms have been adopted into our American place-names; the Post Office Directory shows a Deer Lick in Ohio, and another in West Virginia; there is a Buffalo Lick in Arkansaw, another in Missouri, and a third in West Virginia; while Big Bone Lick, in Kentucky, is a salt-lick, deep down in the soil of which have been found the bones of animals which were extinct long before the buffalo passed away.

Every country boy who has spread salt on a flat rock in the pasture for the cattle or the sheep, knows with what avidity the treat was received; and not less familiar to the old-time hunter was the deer's craving for salt, which it satisfied by resorting to these natural stores. The pioneer hunter who required venison counted himself lucky if there was a salt-lick in the vicinity; for then, instead of the long still-hunt, there was only the lying in wait at the lick, to which the game was sure to come. In the days when deer were many and hunters few, this was regarded as a legitimate way to put meat into the pot; it was expeditious, certain, and not fatiguing, and these considerations counted, and counted rightly then. With changed conditions, fewer deer and more deer hunters, the art of lying in wait for deer at a salt lick has generally been put under the ban as unsportsmanlike, and in some States it is forbidden by law. It is looked upon as unsportsmanlike because taking a mean advantage of the game in its necessities, and is outlawed because of its certain destructiveness. Systematic watching at salt-licks would exterminate the game in a district, for first and last every deer would come to the ambush.

THE BOY AND THE ROD.

GIVE the boy a fishing rod. Let it be one he will joy in possessing, as you in yours. This does not mean that it must cost an extravagant sum, but a price sufficient, as your experience and common sense tell you, to insure a really good article, and in measure with your means. Some people have a notion that anything is good enough if it is for a boy—even department store tackle. Department store fishing rods, it is true, are astonishingly low-priced; but more astonishing than the price is the utter worthlessness of the truck after it has been unloaded upon the unwary victim. Give no such trash to the boy you would make an angler, equipped in that style, he will be disgusted at the start, and you will have spoiled a good fisherman in the making. Give him rather an outfit he can take pride in. This is a part of angling: to respect one's self for the possession of reliable tools.

Instruct the boy in the use of the rod. Induct him into the mysteries of the art. Teach him to cast the fly and the frog. It is a part of his education which will come into play when he shall have forgotten all about logarithms and cannot tell a preterit from a rhomboid; and for which, you may be sure, he will ever be grateful to his instructor. When you teach a boy the art of angling you, equip him with an accomplishment for which he will thank you as long as he shall have opportunity to indulge it or memory to recall its indulgence. In making him an angler you are fitting him more fully to get the good out of life—for angling is one of the good things the world has to give us.

Make the boy your fishing companion. It is marvelous how an angling companionship of father and son promotes that comradeship which is the most beautiful relation they can sustain toward one another. As angling is the delight of youth and age alike, so the trout stream has a magic to lesson disparity of years and experience, and to bring old and young into closer sympathy and brotherhood.

Thus it is that in making your boy an angler you are assuring for him resources for pleasure in after life; and in making yourself his angling comrade you are endowing him with a priceless gift of blessed memories in the years to come. This present companionship of the stream, dear as it is now in the experience, will be dearer then in the long looking back. How often and with what feeling have the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM given expression to the satisfaction which is felt in reminiscence of the angling days of one's youth; and all the more precious are such memories, if in the picture of lake or river or stream are seen the faces whose lineaments all the long, long years of man's life, though they be perchance fourscore, cannot dim.

SPRING SHOOTING.

FOR many years thoughtful men have protested against the evil of spring shooting, a practice so particularly improvident that it seems unnecessary to present an argument against it.

Yet with every annual recurrence of the northern migration of water fowl and waders, reports come in and are published, without comment or condemnation, of the great bags made of geese, ducks, plover and snipe.

There can be no argument advanced in its favor but the one stated long ago, without approval, by Frank Forester, that without spring shooting there will be no shooting from midwinter till fall, unless we except that which should not be—summer cock shooting. For no such reason would any right-minded man think of shooting quail that have survived the rigors of winter, nor the ruffed grouse when he is summoning his harem by beat of drum, nor the returning woodcock when he woos his mate in the spring twilight.

Yet why not these as well as the migrant fowl, the plover or snipe, on their way to breeding grounds, or in some instances even arrived there? Why inveigh against egg-hunters when we are doing our utmost to destroy the birds before the eggs are laid?

Let our charity begin at home in giving these wanderers safe conduct through our country in their northward journey. Let us, like nature, take on gentler moods in these spring and summer days, or if we would still be killing and making a noise in the world there are fish and clay-pigeons, and a clear conscience withal. We may be virtuous and yet have cakes and ale.

Then in jocund autumn, when the replenished hordes come down from the north, we may enjoy a full feast of good things, yet tempering zest with moderation, so that those who come after us may not find the meager welcome of an empty board.

SNAP SHOTS.

IN the meeting of the Illinois State Association last week President Felton and other officials declared with some warmth of emphasis that the Association was not a trap-shooting body, but a game protective society. Then the rest of the members put on their sweaters, called pull, and did their level best to show that the convention was practically and actively a trap-shooting tournament, and nothing else. Actions speak better than words. It is vain for the officers to claim game protective purposes and activities, when the performance of both rank and file have to do only with making scores, winning prizes and dividing purses. But there is nothing under the sun to prevent the Illinois Association from achieving success in both these fields, if it really wishes to do so, and will go about it in the right way. The first thing is to divorce the trap-shooting tournament from the game protection convention, following the example of the New York Association. Let there be one meeting for trap-shooting and another meeting for consideration of law enforcement and the interests of protection. By such an arrangement one interest will not conflict with nor absorb the other. Each will have the fullest opportunity for development and achievement. Until this shall be done the game protective function can be nothing more than the farcical pretense it has always been.

The President signed on June 4, the Sundry Civil bill, which suspends until March 31, 1898, President Cleveland's setting aside of forest reserves, in March last.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ALONG THE POTOMAC.

IV.—Mount Vernon.

MOUNT VERNON is about five miles distant from the territory described in previous chapters; and the grounds I have written of were in earlier years a part of the original domain of Washington. This estate, over which my thoughts are now wandering, and which my feet did then, was partly under cultivation, the residue of the cleared portion being in a condition called old fields. These, after having been cultivated year after year until they failed to yield sufficient returns, were abandoned, to recuperate under the benign influence and process of nature's elements.

Although one would suppose that the barren fields would present a desolate and repulsive appearance, such was not the case. Nature, ever kind, displayed her bounty even here. The elements in the soil unnecessary for the production of previous crops had lain dormant, but now became active and covered those abandoned fields with a rank growth of vegetation—sedge grass, briers and wild rose bushes—and the deserted fields became attractive with clumps of blooming roses scattered over the surface, and were favorite resorts and nesting places for numerous birds—some celebrated for their brilliant plumage—and various songbirds. At the head of the galaxy of songsters the English mockingbird was preëminent. The climate and surroundings were perfectly congenial to their nature; so that they were fruitful in progeny and prolific in diversity of notes, the melody of which was truly enchanting, and far surpassing that of a captive bird of the same species. They were not confined nor controlled by man's caprice, but were free as the air through which they winged their flight to some favorite tree in the vicinity of their nests. From the topmost branches at early dawn the male birds, in their respective bailiwicks, join in melodious rhapsody, the thrilling notes of which (unrivaled by any other feathered songster) reverberate from hillside and forest as they are borne along by the morning breeze, and so convert the barren fields to scenes of beauty and pleasure, for those who appreciate sylvan beauties. They also give pleasure and solace to the faithful mates patiently performing the duty of incubation in their adjacent and artfully concealed nests, anxiously anticipating the advent of their expected offspring. Those magnificent songsters are not confined to this locality. Their orchestra embraces all the open land between Washington and Wakefield to my knowledge, and no doubt farther south. When the first rays of the morning sun gilds the lofty foliage their matin songs, as each joins the chorus, fill the vast domain with musical vibrations, which impress the listener with feelings of admiration utterly indescribable. They are still there to greet the rising sun as it lifts its head above the green hills of Maryland; and perhaps to give solace by notes familiar to some solitary pilgrim wandering over the desolate estate of his ancestors, and recalling the happy days of his youth, or gazing upon war's desolation, like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage.

It has always been my impression that those mocking birds were introduced by the English colonists. If so, they found a congenial home. I left their haunts with regret, and passed down to a spot on the brink of the river to a favorite pleasure ground once shaded by a grove of ancient oaks

Where often in youth, and manhood's bright day,
Beneath their great boughs we danced on the green;
But war's dreadful havoc swept them away
And left it a dreary, desolate scene—
Girls were not women in those halcyon days,
Boys were not men at that time;
They freely indulged in innocent plays,
Which made them strong women and men at their prime.

Alas! neither substance nor shade of those patriarchal oaks exist. They were spared no doubt by the early settlers when clearing their land to afford the shade around a splendid spring incessantly gushing from the roots of one of them, sending up a copious volume of cold, clear water. This attractive oasis, which had been protected and cherished from time immemorial as a place of rest or pleasure for all who desired to use it, was destroyed by vandal hands, without ostensible object or advantage.

Yet if those who desecrated this renowned spot had known its historical relations, they would doubtless have exerted themselves to protect and preserve it. This grove of oaks, with its gushing spring, had been from time immemorial a favorite resting place for those of the surrounding country who participated in the pleasures and excitement of hunting and the chase, among them the leading men who adorn American history. As Mount Vernon was but three miles distant, Washington and his neighbors, among them Col. Fairfax, of Belvoir; Geo. Mason, of Gunston Hall; Lawrence Lewis, the husband of Washington's adopted daughter Nellie Custis, and his numerous distinguished guests, frequently reclined beneath the boughs of those forest monarchs, and refreshed themselves from the cool waters of the spring. Classical writers have immortalized the fountain of Clepsydra, as it was in the waters of this fountain the infant Jupiter was washed by the nymphs Neda and Ithom; and to the fountain modern Greeks point with pride. Although we do not claim that our comparatively obscure fountain has been honored by the presence of any young Jupiters, yet we are personally cognizant of the fact that some young American barbarians have frequently partaken of its waters, and enjoyed the shady grove; if any youthful Jupiter had attempted to pollute those waters by bathing there would have been a tussle, and if the modern Greek heroes are fair specimens of those of antiquity, the contest would not have been doubtful. Moreover, as mentioned above, it was honored by many of those great statesmen, whose creations surpassed those of mythology by erecting a national structure surpassing that of Greece in her palmiest days.

When last in the vicinity of the spring, I was reminded of an extremely sad disaster which occurred on board the U. S. S. Princeton, immediately in front of this place, when passing down the Potomac. It occurred during John Tyler's administration, I think in 1843; at any rate he was on board of her at the time. The Princeton was a beautiful vessel, and equipped in elaborate style, and was, I believe, the first United States ship which had applied to her the Ericsson submerged propeller. She was thus in construction a departure from the old style of naval ships, and was brought to Washington for the purpose of affording an opportunity to members of Congress and others to examine her. She remained in this vicinity several months, and during the time made a number of excursions down the Potomac, conveying the Cabinet, members of Congress and other distinguished guests. On the occasion of the disaster there were on board of her the President (John Tyler) several members of his Cabinet, and a number of other distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen.

She carried an immense gun, said to be the largest in the United States—the Peacemaker. It was part of the programme of entertainment for the guests to discharge that gun, that they might witness the practical mode of handling such an immense implement of destruction. A number of gentlemen were assembled in close proximity when the gun exploded, instantly killing two members of the Cabinet, Messrs. Upshar and Badger, and three others, one of whom was Mr. Gardiner, the proprietor of Gardiner's Island, contiguous to the eastern end of Long Island. Mr. Gardiner's daughter was also on board, and shortly after married John Tyler. Their son represented a district in Virginia in the last Congress.

This familiar locality recalls from the distant past many scenes and incidents of unalloyed pleasure, some of which appear as vivid as of recent occurrence. Among them there was a characteristic custom at that time which never languished in interest or popularity with any class of the people, black or white, until compelled by circumstances to succumb. It was an annual scene of labor and festivity enjoyed by all apparently on equal terms; in fact, the black race assumed control of the principal feature of the entertainment.

A Corn Husking Under the Old Regime.

I will endeavor to delineate the scene and incidents, but words cannot impart to the minds of others the inborn sense of enjoyment experienced by those who participated in those festive scenes of Southern life in the Old Dominion.

Those corn husking festivals united labor with pleasure, and accomplished a great amount of work in a short time under pleasant circumstances. The preparations for the final event (that is, hauling in the corn from the field) was commenced several days before the specified time for the gathering of the clans. All the wagons and ox carts were in requisition, in which the corn was hauled to a suitable place in the vicinity of the barn, and there piled up in a rick 15 or 20ft. high, in length sufficient to contain the quantity or yield of the crop. A rick 150ft. in length is sometimes required to contain the crop of a large plantation. As the preparations approach completion, the time is selected, which is invariably at night, and the invitations are sent to the neighbors, families and servants, which include field hands.

At the proper time the hands assemble around the rick and await the orders of the Corn King, who is not a transient dignitary, selected on the occasion to perform the duties for that time only, but is selected on the ground of his natural ability to perform the duties of leader at all the huskings in the neighborhood, and holds the coveted position until some aspiring rival dethrones him by superior ability to improvise, or by more ready wit or more powerful lungs. He is a leader of his race, and on this occasion this dark-complexioned descendant, perhaps, of African royalty—and in addition to the above qualities possessed of a massive form, assumed an imperious air; all this, with a stentorian voice equal in volume to a fog-horn, impressed those of his race in the lower grades with feelings of pride and eagerness to obey his commands. After his Nigerty ascends his throne (the top of the rick) he assumes a dignified posture, stretches forth his arm, and shouts in a slow and slightly reduced cadence, the others responding in the chorus:

Is you all ready, down dere below?
O—yes—O!
Jerk off de husk en' let her go,
O—yes—O!
Hurry up dere en' don' be slow,
O—yes—O!
Dis I tell you; you got to know—
O—yes—O!
Your neighbor's corn, I tell you so,
O—yes—O!
Is moldin' in de husk, an' 'ginnin' to grow,
O—yes—O!

ABOUT MIDNIGHT.

Master Tom, your niggers is sick,
O—yes—O!
Bring 'roun' de jigger—bring it quick!
O—yes—O!

TOWARD MORNING.

I see signs of de break of day,
O—yes—O!
T'ro' a crack in de cloud; it's coming dis way,
O—yes—O!

The sentiment and words are changed to suit the circumstances occurring during the night. During the early hours of the night the ladies of the household, assisted by their guests and the house servants, prepare the edibles and other accessories necessary to furnish a banquet to satisfy in abundance and variety the entire assemblage, for all, whether known or unknown, are welcome to participate.

Although universal pleasure and jovial sociability characterized those scenes, yet there was an occasional unpleasantness to mar the general joy—and even those had their ludicrous features, which afforded mirth to the spectators if not to the participants. About the finishing of the work at the rick, the mutterings of a controversy could be heard between two male descendants of Ham. The contention was ostensibly in reference to one of the dark brunettes, but no doubt the frequent circulation of the jigger brought on the trouble which terminated in practical hostility.

There was not the slightest effort to make any preliminary arrangements. Not a word in reference to the Marquis of Queensbury rules, and without even sparring for position, they sprang together, their heads striking like cannon balls. In a few moments they were clinched and on the ground, a position they invariably occupied when indulging in this class of athletic exercise—called rough-and-tumble. The combatants in this class of pugilism are restricted to three modes of assault—gouge, kick and bite. The last appears to be in the greatest favor with the champions. They have very little to say. In fact I recollect but one instance during a contest, when the under gladiator remarked to his antagonist: "You kin r'ar, I'll stay wid yu, do." Mementos of those little difficulties were occasionally found. One of my youthful companions picked up the lobe of a gladiator's ear, which he said was nearly large enough for a razor strap. JAS. NORRIS.

MAGNOLIA, Harford County, Md.

ON THE EDGE OF THE GRAN CHACO.

TOLD BY WILLIAM KINGSBURY TO WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Chapter IV.

THE water in the well at the house would sometimes run low, then we would have to take a cask to a fresh-water lagoon about half a mile from the house and fill it. One morning, after filling the cask, I lighted my pipe and lay down in the grass to enjoy a quiet smoke. I had been lying there lazily watching the rings of smoke from my pipe and thinking of far-away home and friends whom I had not seen for nearly ten years. While thus ruminating my hand wandered to my Winchester, and hardly noticing what I was about, I picked it up, rested it across the water cask, and carelessly commenced to aim it at different objects, such as flowers, grass stems and the like. Suddenly, as I swept the barrel in an opposite direction from that in which I had been aiming, I was surprised to have the sights come in range with a large ostrich that was leisurely walking along not more than 150yds. off. The huge bird would walk a short distance with head erect, then it would stop and pick awhile, only to walk a little further and stop and pick again.

I knew the ostrich had not seem me or he would have been off like the wind. That he had seen the horse I did not doubt; but then I knew that the horse was not likely to frighten him, for in all my experience on the pampas I had never seen an ostrich run from an unmounted horse. In fact, I have hundreds of times seen them feed in great numbers right among droves of horses and cattle. In direct contradiction to many accounts I have read concerning the wariness of the ostrich, I can truthfully say that I have on different occasions deliberately and openly walked to within 150 or 200yds. of a troop before they started to run.

Ostriches can swim. As I wish this fact distinctly understood, I emphatically repeat, ostriches can swim. Many and many a time have I chased them into the water, both singly and in troops, and while they were climbing the opposite bank, after swimming the river or lagoon into which I had chased them, I have shot them. Further on I will tell of a chase in which we forced a troop of fully fifty ostriches to swim the Salado River.

Adjusting the sights for 200yds., I carefully aimed just below the wing, near the center of the body, and fired. At the report of the rifle he dropped and commenced to flop around at a great rate. Soon he grew quiet, and when I reached him he was dead. He proved to be a large male, and after cutting his throat I drew his legs over my shoulders and partly carried, partly dragged him to the cart. When I reached the house they were surprised to see me bringing meat as well as water.

One evening I was leisurely sauntering on the pampas with the Remington carbine, which old Francisco Montenegro had given to Jim, when I noticed a troop of four ostriches about 400yds. off. I started to walk toward them and had gone but 100yds. or so when they took fright and away three of them went; the fourth, a large male, however, seemed not to be in as great a hurry as the rest. Instead of running he seemed to prefer to walk, and that is just where he made the great mistake of his life. As he walked along, looking back at me first over one shoulder then the other, he aggravated me to such a degree that I determined to try a shot at him even at that great distance, so, watching my opportunity, I waited until he turned his broadside to me I aimed quickly and fired. I had no idea whatever of hitting him, and my surprise may be imagined when I saw him go headlong into the grass. I hardly believed it possible I had hit him until I walked up and found him dead, shot directly through the heart. I lay claim to no skill in getting that bird. It was a lucky, accidental shot, pure and simple, the most remarkable I ever remember making. The queer part of the whole business is, that try as I would, I never was able to hit anything with that carbine afterward.

Soon after this Jim and I decided to go fishing. The waters of the arroyo San Antonio were still very high, so we judged that many large fish must have ascended from the River Salado.

We started bright and early one morning, so as to fish in the cool of the day. We had caught a heavy string of catfish, more than we really needed, and were about to give up when Jim's line began to run out in a strange, sluggish manner. Giving a quick jerk, he found that he had hooked something heavy, and as he started to haul in hand over hand he had to exert a great deal of strength to keep the line coming his way. We were wondering what was on the hook, when presently an immense turtle poked his head above the surface. Jim worked him carefully to within half a dozen yards of the shore, and as we feared he might make trouble should we attempt to land him alive, I fired a couple of bullets into his head out of my Smith & Wesson. The bullets caused him to become quiet, so we had no trouble in landing him. He weighed about 60lbs.

While returning to the rancho with our fish and the turtle, I saw about 300yds. ahead what I made out to be the antlers of a buck gama showing just above the top of the grass. As his head was below the grass, he did not see us, and as he was to windward, we rode to within 200yds. of him. Dismounting, I handed my bridle-rein to Jim and proceeded to stalk the deer. When I had approached to about 75yds. of him I rose to my feet and, after looking carefully ahead, I could just see the tips of his antlers moving about. I aimed at the place where I judged his body to be and fired.

At the crack of the rifle the antlers disappeared and there was a sudden commotion in the grass, as I could see by the swaying of its top. As Jim observed the success of the shot he immediately hurried forward with the horses. When we reached the deer we found that my aim had been true, as the bullet had passed directly through the

backbone near the center of his body. He was a young buck and in fair order.

There is nothing remarkable about the manner in which I shot this deer, for I had secured many in the same manner before; but tightly entwined around the antlers was an Indian bolas. Two of the balls had been lost, the third still hung dangling from the antlers.

When the deer, turtle and fish had been consumed, Jim and I started on another hunt early one morning. We had now been sleeping under a roof for nearly a month, and as we were yearning to spend a night in the open air, we decided to go as far as the Salado River, camp there that night and return the next day.

Just before reaching the river we saw a doe some distance off in the grass. Jim stalked her and secured her with a charge of buckshot. It was all I could do to persuade Jim to stalk the deer, as he never seemed to care a great deal about hunting anyhow. He almost always insisted on my taking the shots that presented themselves; yet he was the truest friend and best, whole-souled chum I ever sat beside a camp-fire with.

When we reached the river we rode about four miles along its bank, keeping a good lookout the while for a place to spend the night. We met plenty of signs of game, such as the tracks of gama, cervo and other deer. Besides, there were tracks of monte cats, pumas, jaguars, wolves and carpinchas. We also saw a large troop of ostriches, and while passing through a thick monte we came across the tracks of a drove of chanchos del monte (wild pigs of the woods).

The cervo is a fine large deer, larger than our red deer; in fact, it is rather between the red deer and caribou in size. We never met it on the pampas, and it is said that it never, or seldom, ranges south of the Gran Chaco in the Argentine Republic. It is a grand deer, and, so far as I know, the largest in that country, if not in South America. It is gray, and the hide is highly prized by the Indians; they use it in the manufacture of their bolas, lassos, reins and all horse gear in general.

Finally we came to a bend in the river where a narrow pampas skirted its bank. This narrow strip of meadow was covered with such a luxuriant growth of high, rich grass that we decided to look no further for a camping place. Halting under an algarrobo tree, we staked the horses out in the rich grass; then hung our deer up in the tree where it would be safe from marauders. Then we erected a grass lean-to, gathered large quantities of dried grass and filled the rude dwelling full up to the roof for our beds. After a bath in the river we felt so pleased with the world and ourselves, and were so lazy, that we decided to do no hunting that day, but to lie around in the shade and take things easy. At evening over a bed of glowing coals we broiled slice after slice of venison; and supper over, we lounged by the fire, smoking and talking.

It was a delightful evening. A gentle breeze fanned our sun-browned faces and played mysterious tunes through the branches overhead. The light of a new moon crested the tiny waves, that lapped the river's bank, with faint gildings of silver. Strange croaks, groans, sighs and whispers, or shrill pipings and whistlings, would be borne on the air from out the thick monte and heavy grass lining the river's edge. The distant roar of a jaguar could be heard breaking out at regular intervals. Such sounds, however, the hunter and herder of that wild country soon grow used to and no attention is paid to them.

Jim was relating some of his sailor experiences while on the famous trip around the world aboard Lady Brassey's yacht Sunbeam. He had reached a very interesting point in his story when we were startled by a commotion in the grass near by, and experienced rather creepy sensations when we saw, in the faint moonlight, the shadowy outlines of a large puma not more than 5yds. away and looking straight at us.

We grasped our guns and Jim poked the fire, sending up a shower of sparks. I stood with cocked Winchester undecided whether to fire or not. While thus we stood the puma commenced to act in a strange manner. It lowered its head and sniffed around in a queer way, then raised its head and stood and looked straight at us in a way that made us feel none too comfortable. Soon he began to circle slowly and cautiously around the fire, keeping his shining eyes on us all the while. He had nearly completed a circle around us and why I had not fired I cannot tell. Presently he reached a spot where the faint light of the moon shone more strongly on him and Jim and I simultaneously accounted for his strange actions. Could we believe our eyes? Our nocturnal visitor was no puma, but a large half-famished greyhound. He had scented our deer meat and that was what had brought him to our camp.

Cutting off a piece of meat I threw it to him and he swallowed it ravenously. We tried to approach him, but he would run away when we made the slightest move toward him. We gradually enticed him nearer and nearer with the pieces of meat, until finally we could almost touch him. After feeding him fully 10lbs. of raw venison we managed to strike up an acquaintance. That night we lay down to sleep with a dog on guard for the first time since leaving good, faithful Chena.

This dog formed one of our party into the edge of the Gran Chaco, and was with us to the end of our hunt. His breed was mostly greyhound. He was a trifle heavier than the full-blooded greyhound, however, and his tawny, striped color so much resembled that of the tiger, that we decided to name him Tiger. When we became closer acquainted we found Tiger one of the truest and most affectionate of friends. He developed into a great hunter, and after he had regained his strength surprised us by the easy manner in which he would run down and kill an ostrich. He was not unlike other dogs of the country, and we decided that he must have strayed from an Indian or a Gaucho.

We were astir with the sun next morning, and going to the river to bathe found many fresh tracks of animals that had been down in the night to drink. Among the tracks were those of a large puma.

While there was plenty of game here, we decided not to shoot anything (unless a cervo) until nearer the estancia. We had nearly reached the arroyo San Antonio, and as we were then within three miles of the estancia, we kept a sharp lookout for something to shoot. Soon we saw the back of a gama showing above the grass 150yds. off. Dismounting, I took a rather careless aim and fired; I could see the deer bound away at the report of the rifle. I surely thought I had missed him, when Jim let out a yell like an Indian and was away after the buck. Quickly mounting, I dashed away in the rear. When the wounded buck reached the banks of the river Jim and Tiger were pushing him close. Into the river he dashed, but he had hardly commenced to strike out for the further shore before Jim's horse plunged in after him. Jim had grasped his lasso and was now swinging it round and round his head, and as the deer scrambled out into the shallow water that covered the cañada, he hurled the lasso with such precision that the noose dropped squarely over the deer's head, and when I had crossed the river and reached the spot the chase was ended, and all left was to load the wet carcass on Jim's horse. When we had nearly reached the house we saw a doe; I stalked her successfully and killed her within 600yds. of the house.

We received word from H. that afternoon, saying that he would reach Soledad the next day. This was good news indeed for us, as we were growing anxious to continue our journey into the wilds bordering the Gran Chaco.

Soledad was at that time the terminus of the Santa Fé, San Christobal & Tucuman Ry. It was by this road that H. was to come. When Jim started for the station next day to meet H. I took dog and gun and went after martinets. Tiger appeared to have been taught to seek out the birds. While he would not stand on a bird and always flushed it, still, in that country where birds were so plentiful and the shooting so open, it didn't matter if a dog wasn't strictly broken to stand. I watched him closely, and when I was sure by his actions that he was near a bird, I would call out to him: "Chummelly, Tiger! chummelly! chummelly! chummelly!" which means "Sic 'em!" I would then stand ready, and as the dog drove ahead I never failed to get a shot at a martinet.

Sauntering carelessly over the cañada I occasionally dropped a bird, and when I had secured eight I started back for the shanty. There I saw two persons standing by the door—Jim and H.—who came out to meet me. After our greetings he said: "Oh, I say, Bill! there's a party who came with me—a particular friend of yours—who is at this moment in the shanty, and who wants to see you, bad."

"A friend of mine, who wants to see me? Well, who is he?"

"Oh, you'll see who it is all right when you reach the shanty."

Hurrying quickly forward, and wondering all the while who could be there to see me, I soon reached the shanty, and as the door swung open my eyes fell upon a sight which for a moment held me spellbound from wonder, surprise and pleasure; for there, fairly bubbling over with nervous, joyful exuberance, and trying her best to talk and tell me all about it as she frantically tugged at the chain, was good, faithful Chena! Springing quickly forward, I put my arms about her precious neck, and as she licked my face and gave vent to a number of low, tremulous whimperlike sobs, I confess that my eyes were not entirely dry, and that I, too, whimpered once or twice. Good, noble Chena. Sick and deserted, she had taken the back track and slowly and painfully had tottered, staggered and dragged herself with those bleeding feet, hour after hour and day after day through a wild, unsettled country infested by many wild beasts, for more than ninety miles to Los Carlos, the town from which we had started. Here one morning H. had found her hanging around the place where I had last put up. Seeing her pitiful condition, he took her home with him, doctored her up, and decided to bring her along when he came, and here she was, sound as a dollar.

I had many times heard and read of the faithfulness of the dog to man, and this incident, coming under my own observation, but proved to me that that faithfulness can never be overestimated. Poor Chena. We all looked upon her as something higher than a mere brute.

Natural History.

THE WEASEL AGAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A little time since some items appeared in your columns relative to the weasel's cunning and dexterity. I have had experience in shooting at weasels with a rifle—I never killed one in that way though not distant more than 40ft. The little fellows would disappear like a flash, and almost immediately reappear in some other crevice of the stone wall and sit there, apparently laughing at me, while I reloaded the rifle. Then the same thing over again.

One of the best things I ever heard took place in my native town in Vermont some years ago. One of the most reliable and respected men in the village owned a tannery which was often infested by rats. A weasel made war on the rats and killed a number of them.

But one big rat was too much for the weasel, which would always run when his lordship came to the rescue of a smaller rodent. At length the weasel was observed industriously digging a tunnel through a small knoll in the tanyard. Day after day he worked till it was completed. Then he ran through it several times back and forth to test it. All being satisfactory, he then attacked a rat whose squeals soon brought out the big one again. Then instead of running for his house as usual, the weasel, closely pursued by the big rat, ran into the tunnel and the rat after him. Judge of the surprise of the onlookers when the weasel, having run through the tunnel, immediately ran around and entered it again in the rear of the enemy.

After a little time the weasel came out again all right, but the rat did not. The rats were such a pest and the interest in the case so great that an investigation was made. The result was not "anti-trust legislation," but great trust in the weasel He had made his tunnel large enough at either end to readily admit the rat, but in the middle only just large enough for himself. In hot pursuit the rat had become wedged into the small part of the tunnel and was easily killed by the weasel attacking in the rear. Henceforth the weasel was master of the situation in the tan yard.

These facts were vouched for by the above-named gentleman, who was an eyewitness. I should like to know how the author of "Soul in Plants and Animals" would regard this exhibition of the weasel's reasoning power and engineering skill.

And by the way, as I do not believe in post-mortem appreciation half as much as in alabaster boxes for the living, will you please tell Messrs. Fred Mather and S. H. Greene and Rowland E. Robinson that their contribution are very much enjoyed by JUVENAL.

The Woodcock's Note.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am very much interested in the article in your paper on the song of the woodcock. The song or call has had a great fascination for me since the first time I heard it, and that was when a child.

My father owned a small farm in the town of Greenwich, Conn., and near the barn there was a large rock, where my brother and I would go on nice evenings to use the steep side of the rock as a toboggan slide, and enjoy ourselves as only children can.

It was while playing there that I heard the song of the woodcock for the first time, in a swamp close by, where they would come every spring and seem to enjoy themselves as much as we.

Since then I always listen for the fir t whirring and whistling of wings, and the peculiar call, which sounds to me like pamp! pamp! pamp!

Nothing gives me more pleasure than to listen, on early spring evenings, for the first whirring and whistling of the bird. I have enjoyed that pleasure very much this season, as the swamp not far from the house seems to be full of woodcock. ANNIE M. AVIS.

HAMDEN, Conn , June 1.

Hawk and Carrier Pigeon.

HOLYOKE, Mass., June 1.—Yesterday (Memorial Day), while at Camp Sans Souci, three miles above Holyoke, Mass., on the Connecticut River, I witnessed the ending of a tragedy in bird life. A hawk attempted to fly across the river, which at this point is about 500yds. wide. He was carrying something in his claws, and the load was evidently too much for him, for before he reached the other shore with his prey, they both dropped into the water. The hawk struggled to recover his prize but failed; and a canoe put out from shore and picked up what proved to be a carrier pigeon. Around one leg was an aluminum band with M. G. 26 stamped on it. The head was nearly severed from the body, this probably having been done by the hawk to end his struggles while being carried away. If this meets the eye of the owner he will be interested to learn the fate of his bird. T. J. MORROW.

Game Bag and Gun.

STRAY TRACKS AND LOOSE FEATHERS.

IT is only of late that any accurate knowledge has been obtained as to the limits of range of many game birds—even now much remains to be learned. The woodcock's distribution in particular has been regarded as mysterious, though there is no doubt his wanderings are not restricted as has been supposed. At one time it was asserted that it was not found in Manitoba, and to account for its absence a claim was made that earthworms did not exist in the province, and in consequence there could be no food. Neither supposition is correct. Mr. W. R. Hine, of Winnipeg, has three woodcock that he shot while they were nesting, in the parish of St. Nobert, within ten miles of the City Hall. These other specimens are known to have been shot at various times in the same locality, and scattering birds are found as far west as Souris.

But it it must be remembered that the habitat of game birds is continually being enlarged or contracted, and this fact is perhaps as well emphasized in the Prairie Province as it is anywhere on the continent. Ten years ago the pinnated grouse was unknown north of the forty-ninth parallel, the only grouse found in the open being the sharp-tail, while now the bay will contain as many of the one kind as of the other The pinnated grouse is the more vigorous bird, and appears to be driving the sharp-tail before it. The latter is, however, spreading east, along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and now affords good sport as far as Peninsula, astation on the northern borders of Lake Superior, 600 miles east of Winnipeg, the species having extended its range over that stretch of country in the past twelve years. As yet it is not found far from the track, as open spaces in the forest are somewhat scarce, but with the advent of settlers and the consequent removal of the heavy timber it may possibly increase.

Canvasbacks have recently appeared in unusual numbers on Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba and Whitewater, though few are shot owing to their habit of keeping strictly to the deeper parts of the lakes. Chesapeake gunners complain bitterly of the growing scarcity of the canvasback in their waters, and have taken it for granted that the birds were becoming exterminated. May we not rather hope, in view of their sudden appearance in increased numbers on the northern prairies, that they have merely learnt wisdom by experience.

Sportsmen in search of arctic conditions need not go to Greenland; White River, 747 miles west of Montreal, may confidently be recommended. There are moose, caribou, bear and numberless fur-bearing animals; but the man who would secure them must be no feather-bed sportsman. For weeks at a time the mercury remains at 40° degrees below zero, and —68° is sometimes recorded. Winter begins in October, and there is snow in the woods in June. Neither oats or barley will ripen, and potatoes when dug are little watery balls, no bigger than marbles. Snow is sometimes 6ft. deep on the level, and—but why continue? Men, women and children live and appear to thrive in a region more inclement in winter than many a land within the arctic circle.

Some of the limited areas where wapiti, miscalled elk, yet remain, might almost be compared to oases surrounded by a vast gameless desert, from which the chief charm has been taken away; for surely a country from which all the big game has been driven must always be a dreary land for the sportsman. The most accessible of these oases, to those who live in the East, is the Riding Mountain district of southern Manitoba. Elk are there in tolerable abundance, but they are in such easy ground that the Provincial Government has done wisely in throwing the protective arm of the law about them and in forbidding their destruction until 1898. Elk are also found in the Duck Mountains and other isolated ranges of the Province, and provided they can be protected from ruthless slaughter are likely to flourish for generations

to come, as their haunts are absolutely worthless for agriculture, and do not, so far as is known, contain any economic minerals.

There is something pretty about the tinkering of the authorities of the island of Newfoundland with its game laws. As most hunters know, the northwestern coast and desert interior of that Northern island are justly famous for their caribou hunting. Nowhere in the world is the reindeer of so superb a growth, and nowhere, except in this poor land of cod and fog, does *C. Tarandus* grow antlers of such breadth and massiveness of beam, so that it is not surprising that "keen" men have been finding their way from this country and from the British Isles to far off Newfoundland. Those that have done so have invariably been sportsmen, and they have never attempted to shoot down the herds of deer that swarm on the barrens. But this has not strengthened their case with the jealous nimrods who belong to the least progressive colony of white men on the American Continent, and these gentry have continued to bring pressure to bear upon the local legislators until finally laws have been passed of so stringent a nature as to make a successful hunt well nigh impossible—that is, impossible for a visitor. The ingenuous natives may, of course, as heretofore, murder caribou by the thousand with their heavy sealing guns crammed with a four-finger load of buckshot, when the poor beasts are driven by the deep snows of the interior to visit the southern coast, something that happens each winter. First a limitation was put upon the number a man could shoot; then a heavy tax was put upon him in the way of a license; lastly, the open season has been so shortened that a hunter would have to be extremely fortunate, and be favored greatly by the weather to make anything of a bag.

CHAS. A. BRAMBLE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Pheasants and Puppies.

MR. WM. WERNER, of Chicago, is nothing if not a confirmed enthusiast on dogs. He always has a lot of young ones coming on, besides a few good old ones up his sleeve. He divides his affection for his dogs with his Mongolian pheasants, of which he has a number on his farm in Indiana, as well as a few in his yard at his city home. Here he has a few coops and a little wired-in walk for the birds, which seem to do as well in their limited quarters as so many domestic chickens. The other day Mr. Werner was awakened at about 5 o'clock in the morning by a disturbance in his fowl yard, which he guards as the apple of his eye, and upon going downstairs and into the back yard, he saw a peculiar and interesting sight. Two of his young dogs, a setter puppy only ten weeks old and a pointer puppy ten months of age, had in some manner escaped from their kennel and gotten out into the yard, where they had scented or seen the pheasants in their coop. The puppies were standing on a little platform leading from the barn door, about 5ft. above the pheasant coops, and both were at full point all by themselves, and apparently oblivious of the rest of the world. Mr. Werner says it was one of the prettiest sights he ever witnessed, and he went back into the house and woke up his son, calling him to come out and see the puppies at work. The son arose and went out to the yard in time to see the little fellows still holding their point, and he declared it was the only thing which could have reconciled him to getting up so early in the morning.

Mr. Werner expects two hens to come off their nests tomorrow with at least twenty or twenty-five chicks of pheasants. His experiments with the birds, here in the heart of the city, have more than usual interest, and suggest the possibilities of the industry of raising these beautiful and valuable birds. Mr. Werner's friend, E H. Shorb, of Ohio, writes him that he has now 800 young birds hatched at his place, and 2,200 eggs hatching. There seems to be no limit to the fecundity of the Mongolian pheasant, and it is no bold hope to expect to see these birds common in our covers at no very distant time.

The Velvet Scoter.

Mr. John Townson, of Toronto, is good enough to add still a little more to the accumulating fund of information regarding the black duck or velvet scoter, and goes on to say:

"Observing a flock of velvet scoters flying over the harbor on the 19th of the present month made me think of some correspondence I read under the head of 'Chicago and the West' in FOREST AND STREAM last winter regarding this duck. I was surprised on reading the article to find that they are comparatively rare about Chicago and Lake Michigan, as they pass along the northern shore of Lake Ontario during the month of May in great numbers, although they are not nearly so plentiful during the fall migration.

"I have noticed one peculiarity about the velvet scoter which does not pertain to other wildfowl passing here in the spring, and that is, you may see flock after flock leave the lake for a few hours preceding sundown and head overland in a northwesterly direction, for Lac la Biche or some destination in the far Northwest, where Mr. Thomas Johnston, of Winnipeg, thought he had discovered the breeding grounds of the black duck or dusky mallard, which breeds as far west as Sault Ste. Marie, while further west than that point it is only an occasional visitant.

"I fancy that the scoters in their southerly migration may follow the Atlantic coast; of course, this is merely supposition. However, the fact remains that for every one that passes by here in the fall there are ten in the spring."

The question of the lines of migratory flight, north and south bound, is something of great interest, though open to considerable speculation. It is well known that the wildfowl do not always come back over the same line they take going north. In this part of the country we have far more birds of all sorts in the spring than we do in the fall, the returning flight appearing to go further to the west. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Pheasants in Missouri.

THE Greene County Game and Fish Club, a progressive organization, comprising among its officers and members many prominent business men, is preparing to stock its game preserve on the Sac River with English and Chinese pheasants, some of each of which were secured for that purpose some months ago. The breeding pens now contain twelve English pheasant hens and thirteen hens of the Chinese variety, with an equal number of cocks. The club has 142 eggs setting and sixty ready for the hens. For the purpose of hatching the eggs common bantam hens are used.

GOVERNMENT GAME PRESERVES.

ST. PAUL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read over the article written by Mr. W. G. Van Name of New Haven, Conn., and while the theory he advocates would be all right if we could make certain conditions, otherwise I don't think it would be practicable. However it may be from Mr. Van Name's standpoint, and the object that he sets forth may be accomplished, as far as the seashore is concerned.

Mr. Van Name says fifty square miles should be set aside east of the Mississippi River. I think if he would just reverse that and say fifty square miles northwest of the Mississippi River, where most of our migratory birds nest, then I think the majority would agree with him.

It is a well established fact that in Alaska alone millions of eggs are taken and sold every year, and of necessity that many birds are killed annually. If the Government is going into the business of protecting our game (which I would not dispute would be a good thing under certain conditions) why not protect our game birds where they nest?

I know that to a great many causes is attributed the scarcity of our duck and goose shooting in the fall of the year, especially here in Minnesota. Some attribute it to the scarceness of water, as a great number of the sloughs and smaller lakes have dried up during the past twenty years; others again to the incessant spring shooting, as our birds are pounded at from the time they leave the Florida coast until they reach here, which is the nesting-grounds for great numbers of them, and as a natural consequence they will avoid covering the same ground, for the reason they were shot at during the spring.

My own opinion in the matter is, that without doubt spring shooting is vicious, and I also think that if we could induce the Governments of Canada and the United States to protect all breeding-grounds of our ducks and geese, there would be far better shooting in the spring and fall, and the game would be more abundant.

In conversation with a gentleman a few weeks ago, who is well posted on such matters pertaining to Alaska, he told me he could not begin to compute the amount of eggs that were taken from there annually and sold for different purposes. He was unable to furnish me with the details in regard to what they were used for at that time, but promised to look the matter up and furnish me with a statement when he returned to Alaska, detailing the purposes they were employed for and about how many were annually destroyed.

I think that this is the very foundation of protecting our migratory birds, and if we could accomplish this, then have the different States along the Mississippi Valley pass laws prohibiting spring shooting, when the birds are going to nest, then I think there would be no need of setting aside fifty square miles east of the Mississippi River.

Of course I am not opposed to any and every kind of game protection that is at all practicable, but it is my firm conviction that the power to protect our game should be reposed in the different States, in order to achieve the best possible results.

I am thoroughly in favor, however, of the United States controlling the shipment of game and making the Interstate Commerce Act apply to game shipped out of one State into another, when it is unlawfull to make such shipment by the laws of that State.

The sentiment of the sportsmen of Minnesota, is not that shooting lessens the amount of game, as long as the bag is limited, and as evidence of this fact we tried to pass a law during the session of the legislature, charging a gun license of $25, the same as Michigan and Wisconsin, but it could not even get a second in the House or Senate.

The citizens of Minnesota welcome the citizens of other States to shoot and fish, as long as they obey our laws. They are not allowed to catch any more than fifty fish in one day, nor kill more than twenty-five birds, and while the law is violated in this respect to some extent, still as a general thing the spirit of the law is respected.

SAM F. FULLERTON, Executive Agent.

Robert B. Lawrence, Esq., chairman of the legislative committee of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, writes: I have read the article on "Government Game Reserves" with much pleasure and most heartily approve of the idea. There is no doubt about the sad truth that while the number of sportsmen is increasing every year, the supply of migratory birds is even more rapidly decreasing, and the fact that our markets are open to most of these birds during the entire year makes it most desirable that some such scheme should be tried, if we wish to save our migrants and particularly our seacoast visitors.

As to the practicability of the scheme I feel somewhat in doubt, for so long as each State is at liberty to regulate the killing and marketing of game within its borders, I fear it would not be possible for the National Government to try and regulate it, even to the intent of setting aside places of refuge. It is a great pity that the entire question of game laws is not restricted to the National Government and entirely removed from State control, but that is one of the features of our system of government and the cry is sure to be "hands off" the moment the proposition is made to take anything away from State rights.

If such a scheme, as the one proposed, could be started it would be a great thing for the preservation of migratory fowl of all kinds. The instance of the robin roost near Randolph, N. C., is admirable and to the lover of birds tells volumes.

German Quail in Michigan.

SAGINAW, Mich., May 29.—Several years ago my friend Charles W. Ward brought over from Germany several pairs of German quail and liberated them on his mother's farm at Orchard Lake, Mich. They thrived remarkably well, and the thicket down on the old farm corner soon began to be filled with these birds. On Mr. Ward's visiting his mother at Christmas time a year ago, he made the sad discovery that two alleged sportsmen had been into the cover during the autumn and killed over forty of these birds. He felt all the more cut up about it, as, he said, they were two men who had always had a good deal to say in favor of game protection, and had extolled to the skies their own virtues as sports men. Mr. Ward made a pretty thorough examination of the wood lot and failed to find a bird left; but to day I have a letter from him in which he says that his mother has just written him that there are several broods of the German quail on the farm; so after all some have lived, and if given a chance will, I am certain, do well in Michigan While there is no law protecting these birds in this State, there ought to be a common law of decency that would give them a show to multiply and thrive. W. B. MERSHON.

LEAP-YEARS FOR GAME.

COMMENTING on our suggestion of periodical close years on game, as outlined in our issue of May 29, Mr. S. F. Fullerton, Executive Agent of the Minnesota Game and Fish Commission, writes:

"I have been very much interested in your article in last week's issue. In regard to the South Dakota game laws, they certainly meet with my hearty approval. I think if a scheme could be adopted in all the States that it would be a splendid thing to provide one close year in every five, and, of course, would greatly protect our game and fish.

"But I believe that the only way we will ever save what we have now in the different States is to take it out of the market, adopting FOREST AND STREAM'S plan.

"I believe we have entered the wedge, and, as I said in a former letter, if we cannot drive it all the way home, two years from now we in Minnesota will drive it a good deal further than it has been driven up to the present time, and if we can only prevent the sale of game I for my part would heartily enter into any arrangement whereby our game and fish would be protected for the citizens at large.

"There is no question but what one year in every five, the presidential year, there is much more game killed than in ordinary years. I know myself last fall during the heat of election a great many persons neglected the greatest duty and privilege a citizen could perform or enjoy, the exercise of his franchise, simply because they wished to go out and hunt deer.

"I am satisfied if we had a close season every presidential year much of this wanton slaughter of game would be prevented. I shall watch with a great deal of interest the workings of the South Dakota law." S. F. FULLERTON.

Pennsylvania Association.

LIGONIER, Pa., June 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The thanks of the thousands of sportsmen of Pennsylvania are due the Legislature for passing, and Gov. Hastings for signing the new game law, among the best provisions of which is the prohibition of the sale of game and its shipment out of the State. This is the direct work of the State Sportsmen's Association, and is very gratifying to that body after so many years of hard and fruitless work, and was only obtained by everlastingly sticking at it. The Association has been called nothing but a set of trap-shooters, has been accused of trying to legislate for personal ends, and has been maligned in a great many ways, but these accusations have acted as boomerangs, and sportsmen are realizing its usefulness and recognizing its sincerity of purpose. The Association has been more active the last year than ever before, and its work has been more systemized. It has at last convinced both the sportsmen at large and our legislators, that it is in earnest and that it desires to be known more as the guardian of the interests of game and fish protection than as a set of trap-shooters. The protection and preservation of insectivorous and song birds, game birds and animals and game fish are the aim of the Association, its duty first and last, and the object for which it was instituted. Its highest hopes will be realized when every man in the State who loves nature, shooting and fishing, shall be united in the work of protecting its forests, game and fish. In this connection I appeal to every club, organization, society or individual in the State, who believes in, or has at heart the accomplishment of all or any of the above objects, to join the Association and send delegates to Oil City, June 22.

J. O'H. DENNY.

Credit for Pennsylvania's New Game Law.

HARRISBURG, Pa., June 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Hon. Frank G. Harris, member of the House of Representatives from Clearfield, Clearfield county, and chairman of the Game and Fish Committee, who has successfully piloted the general game bill through the House, now has the satisfaction of knowing that it has become a law, and he deserves the thanks of all citizens of the State.

Few of the friends of such legislation realize the patience, time and care which a bill of this nature demands from the member having it in charge, to harmonize the varied differences, protect it from objectionable amendments, etc.; it calls out the tact, talent and diplomacy of its champion.

Former experience in his professional duties as an attorney had fittingly prepared him to assume a task of this nature, and he has accomplished the results desired in a most admirable and satisfactory manner. It affords me pleasure to publicly express my personal gratitude and thanks; in doing so I feel certain that I voice the sentiments of many thousands of the citizens of this State.

H. M. F. WORDEN.

Never.

STATE GAME WARDEN CHARLES A. SHRINER, of Paterson, N J., sends us the Commission's new edition of the game laws, with a card showing the open and close seasons by a device of white and black spaces To the various prohibitions contained in the law Mr. Shriner has the following, "which, while not the subject of legal enactment, are recognized as binding laws of behavior by all reputable lovers of the pursuit of game and fish."

Never violate the letter or spirit of the game laws.

Never take more fish or game than you have convenient use for.

Never be insolent or impolite to a landowner who orders you off his premises; for although he may not own the game or fish you are after, he has the right to exclusive possession of his property.

Never fail to destroy a net or trap when you find one set.

Never shoot at a game bird except on wing.

Never kill the last quail in a covey; leave some to breed next year.

Never forget that game laws are intended to improve and increase sport, and not to prevent or restrict it.

The Virginia Eastern Shore.

KELLER, Va., May 27.—Bay birds are still plentiful, giving sportsmen very fine shooting. Trout and drumfish are in large quantities. Members of the respective clubs of Accomac and Revels Island are coming by most every train. We understand that the Revels Island Club are contemplating large additions to their already handsome club building. They have a very valuable property, well located, and altogether free from ocean incursions. T. G. E.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE GIANT OF THE RAINBOW.

THE love of forests and streams in the heart of man is the benediction of our common mother—the sweet and blessed sympathetic touch with primeval innocence that escapes the sordid, galling bonds laid on by civilization's heavy hand. Most happy he who when the spring comes on like music can heed the whisperings of the pine trees and the babbling of the brooks, and can steal away to shimmering glades and brambled ways.

With the sunny days of May how this longing came upon me! How it baffled me at business, how it troubled me in dreams, would gain nothing in the telling, as each heart has felt its tugging, has resisted, or in yielding known the blessing sure to follow those who hearken to its pleadings and renew their strength for battle by the streams and in the forests.

"Where to go?" is often a formidable question, even to the most experienced, after they have decided upon an outing. There is an unending charm in change, and it always seems that the most pleasure can be derived from fields hitherto untried. In this quandary I turned, as always, to my unfailing friend, the files of FOREST AND STREAM; and no sooner did I read that pleasing letter from the graceful pen of Alex. Starbuck, detailing the record for monster small-mouth black bass taken in the Cumberland River, than I determined to cast a minnow in these, to me, virgin waters, that I, perchance, might feel the rapture of matching skill with some "bull-dog fighter of the rocky reef."

From the handbook of the beautiful Queen & Crescent I learned that there was a good hotel at Cumberland Falls, where the sportsman might be comfortably bestowed and content his soul with angling galore. This was information sufficient, and that night I boarded a train that deposited me at Chattanooga for early breakfast, and two hours later, seated in one of the luxurious coaches of the Queen & Crescent vestibuled, I was gliding along toward my destination over one of the smoothest roadbeds in the world. The scenery along this route is beautiful beyond description, and so excited interest and so filled the sight with grandeur and majesty, that the six hours required to reach my destination were but little heeded so quickly had they passed.

At the station I was forced to confront a rebuff that would have staggered all but a sportsman that loves the woods and the wilds as much for themselves as for the prizes they can yield—the Cumberland River was at the flood from recent rains in the mountains, and the stage to the falls for two days had been unable to make the trip. Mr. Higgins, the courteous agent, however, kindly threw himself into the breach, assuring me that a hail from the shore would bring a skiff from the hotel to convey me over the river, and furnishing me a mule upon which to cover the thirteen miles across the mountains to the spot where the hail would assure me a welcome.

It was not far from noon when I intrepidly climbed to the deck of that mule, a most uncertain craft for the tyro, and steered for the haven where I hoped I would rest me that night. The day was so pleasant, the air was so bracing, and the breezes that came from the South so laden with fragrance of dogwood and honeysuckle and violets, white, yellow and blue, that, together with wood anemone, wild rockets, "green thought in green shade," and the trailing arbutus, transformed every thicket and yawning ravine into bowers of beauty and oceans of bloom, that, forgetful of distance, I abandoned myself to the wild charms about me. Every rod of the way was a journey through wonderland. The road, for the most, has been graded along the comb of the ridge, and not even the Rockies nor the song-famed Sierras have more to reveal of the grand and the possible in scenic effects than nature here spreads to uplift and delight the fortunate passer. So often I paused at wondrous gaze, my soul at obeisance within me, that twilight was fast coming down when the ferry was reached. I saw at a glance that the flood was so great and so angry of rush and of roar that it would be impossible for my shouts to be heard at the hotel, although in plain view and not far away. The evening chill of the mountains was already keen on the air, so I at once cast about for a shelter that night. Half a mile back I had noticed that a small field had been cleared for the plow on the side of so steep a ravine that I marveled how a horse could find footing; and that from deep in the hollow a thin line of smoke was ascending—unmistakable signs of a habitat there. Retracing my steps, I threw down the fence, and, leading my mule, followed a path to the cabin of a true mountaineer—the one man in the world that always welcomes the stranger.

There was but one room to the house, the children were many and of hands not a few; and besides, there was a guest in the gates more deserving of honor than any chance passer, for he had tramped many a mile since the noonday over rough mountain pasturings just to sit by the hearthstone that evening and exchange snatches of talk with the old folks, while their fair, blushing daughter, beloved of his soul, sat in her corner silent of tongue, but with poems of song in her eyes. Slumber to me was a phantom for long after all but myself had been blessed. For hours I gazed at the stars through the unchinked walls and regretfully pondered that unselfish kindness and innocent trust are withered and seared; that humanity falls into ashes when man is refined in the crucibles of education and wealth. Not long after daylight I was invited to breakfast, and then my host ferried me over the river and conducted me to the hotel, where I was warmly welcomed by the proprietor, Col. St. John, and his charming wife, who, during my stay, treated me as an honored guest of the family more than anything else, and left nothing undone that could in any way add to my comfort and pleasure.

For the first three days the river was too high for fishing, but the charm of the mountains and my lovely surroundings was upon me, and I delightfully put in the time shooting squirrels—of which there were hundreds—boating, and studying the curious types that came out of the hills with chickens and eggs or game to exchange, or to labor for an hour or day for most modest sums of coin of the realm. One man came ten or twelve miles with a fox cub that he "low'd" would make a fine pet, and he "reckin'd er quarter" would pay for his time and his trouble, especially as he had no "eend er fun ketchin' him." He really appeared relieved and surprised that no effort was made to induce him to moderate his demands. And another, his neighbor, learning what exhorbitant sums live "varmints" would fetch at the hotel, came down the next day with a pair of black skunks—"er he an' er she"—confidently demanding 35 cents for the two. An emphatic refusal to "dicker," coupled with an earnest request to remove his menagerie beyond the inclosures, aroused his resentment to such an extent that, having complied in so far as the animals were concerned, he deliberately returned to the veranda and for half of the day persistently remained betwixt the wind and our nobility. As evening came on, hoping to hasten his departure, I cautiously approached within hailing distance from the leeward and asked him how far he was from home.

"Er right good bit."

"How long will it take you to walk there. Two or three hours?"

"Several."

"Time you were starting, isn't it?"

"Yes; but I wanter sell them skunks."

"Don't you like skunks?"

"I likes 'em, but I can't wear 'em; I wants some cloth."

I noticed his shirt was in tatters, and his trousers frayed off to the knees, to say nothing of rents and thread-bare places. I interviewed the guests, and found them charitably inclined; so the necessary fund was subscribed and paid, upon the honorable condition that it would be expended for "cloth" at the earliest possible moment, and that he should at once start for home, carrying his "varmints" with him, and should carefully care for them until such time as the purchasers should demand their property. Fifteen minutes later, lounging comfortably in the rockers upon the veranda, we beheld him, with the bagged skunks on his shoulder, swing round the point of a cliff some distance away, and hundreds of feet above us. There was joy in the footsteps that hurried homeward with "fun" gotten gain, and joy in our hearts from the hope that between us the mountains would tower forever.

One day while roaming the woods looking for squirrels, I ran across a typical clearing along the sides of a widening ravine. A native as seamed and as gray as the boulders around him, and withal so weazened and old that he might well have come forth from the same primeval upheaval, was painfully plowing his rough, stony field that was tilted so many degrees that both master and beast seemed in danger of falling as from over a cliff. I induced the old man to sit down in the shade, and, having thawed out his reserve with tobacco and much kindly question, to tell me of his life in these mountains when he and the century were young. His adventures had been varied and many, but mostly with "bar" or with deer, for he had killed in his time "several" of both, which I found in the cautious speech of this country really meant a great many. While we talked the noon hour came, and nothing would do but that I needs must go down to his cabin for a dinner of good corn pone and bacon and the coldest of milk from the spring house. Then he took down his rifle from the stag horns over the cavernous fireplace, and told me with the pride of a child that there never had been in the State of Kentucky just another such "gun" for turkey and deer, and above all "for shootin' at marks," a great sport in this region, though seldom indulged unless there is something to gain by skill at the shooting. It was taller than he, and stocked to the muzzle; and it was battered and shaken and worn, but a good weapon still in hands that were steady, and when sighted by an eye that was true, as two or three deer and about thirty turkeys had attested the past winter when they died at its crack. When I started back to the hotel, my host went with me a mile to show me a tree Daniel Boon once climbed to a cliff and to safety when pursued by Indians. I submitted with grace because the old man had been kind, and because one cannot escape, and there is danger in doubting, a yarn of Tim Marshall or Boon anywhere in Kentucky.

While wating for the river to fall, I found so many delights "to entertain those fair, well-spoken days," that I came dangerously near losing sight of the fishing I had come so far to enjoy. Had the pleasant hotel, the mountains, the river all been mine, as the sole guest to claim them, I fear I should have abandoned myself to their charm, and in idling and rest have concluded my stay without once wetting a line. About the fifth day, however, the river had emptied its flood, the waters had cleared, and the conditions for angling were declared by the wise to be all at their best. In consideration of one cent each a native secured for my use a bucket of fine minnows, and with a first-class boatman to propel me I started out to try the ripples for bass.

The first day my success was not great; I captured but six, and the largest pulled the scales at scarcely 2lbs.; but for the rest of my stay there was glorious sport, for my catch was limited only in number to what I could use without spoiling. The average was good—not far from 2lbs.

In the course of my fishing my boatman had so many wild stories to tell me of a monster of some kind that lived in the pool formed by the falls, that at length, when I had surfeited with the ordinary catch, I was consumed with desire for a try at this "big one," frequently hooked, that had always escaped. For about two seasons, it seems, this fighter terrific, which no one could name, had been known to be in the pool, and many anglers of note having heard of his prowess, time after time had come from afar hoping to bring him to creel, only to find that their skill or their tackle were no match for his craft. It was even averred that in more than one instance the fish had not only escaped, but had captured the rod and the reel so cunningly rigged to destroy him. It seems that he had always been easy to lure, and that his home was just under the spot where the end of the rainbow formed through the spray touches the water—at least, that is the spot at which always his rises were made. To be sure of a strike from this giant, so the tradition ran, one must cast when the sun first smiled over the mountains, and then for an hour, as thereafter, he was sure to retire to some unfathomed deep for the day. I wasted three mornings and most of the fourth in vain effort to bring this champion of his tribe to combat, and had well-nigh concluded that the tale was a myth and I the credulous victim of a countryside jest, when my minnow, a "shiner" about 4in. long, frantically came to the surface, a rushing shadow behind it, that seemed to spring like a tiger from ambush. So fierce was the rush and so cruel the seizing of prey, I could almost have shrieked for the agonized victim, but the song of the reel that now fell on my ear was swelling to cadences sweeter than I ever had heard, and was as vital to pity as the song of Sirens to fear. The battle was on; the instinct of combat enthralled me; every nerve, every thought must be bent upon winning.

My weapons of war were superb—a Chubb rod, a Natchaug silk line and a Milam reel—but time after time during the fight I trembled for fear that an unsuspected defect somewhere in the tackle might cause me to suffer defeat. Once, after a sulk of fully a minute, there came a rush so terrific that it carried my prize almost under the falls and left scarcely 10ft. of line on the reel. What I felt at that instant preceding the turn only an angler can know who has staked his skill on the capture and lost by a few feet of thread. It was about fifteen minutes from the time the fish was hooked until I reeled him toward the ledge upon which I was standing, confident that the prize was mine. Even then a new danger beset me—I could not reach him, and saw from the way he was hooked I could not lift him out by the line. In this emergency I called loudly for help, and was finally heard by Mr. Porch, the accommodating manager of the hotel, who came to my assistance. The monster bass tipped the scales at a little under 6lbs. Not the largest by several that has been caught in these waters, but he broke my record on fishing, and I was delighted.

Whether or not he is the famed giant of the rainbow I am unable to say, but until some lucky sportsman shall produce from that pool his master in gameness and weight, he will be such to me, and so I have named him.

This was a glorious ending for a glorious trip, so I decided that my vacation was over. I have had many an outing in many a wild, but for kind treatment good fare, moderate rates and superb sport, commend me to this. H.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XLIV.—The Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia.

IT was in November, 1876, and the newly-opened Aquarium was not well stocked with fishes. The regular collector, Mr. Roberts, was down at the islands in Marthas Vineyard and Mr. Coup said: "How would you like to go down to Currituck Sound and get some fish? There was a man in here yesterday who said that we could get any quantity there. Will you go?"

The case was very different from that told in the last sketch, where any man with experience in ice-fishing would know that there was no chance for success, and I went, under protest. Here was a chance to see the famous ducking grounds, of which I had read, and to return with live fish for the tanks.

"Mr. Coup," said I, "I'd as soon collect for the Aquarium as do any other work, but you engaged me as Superintendent of Fishculture, and have advertised that the breeding of fishes is to be one of the features of the Aquarium, and on your colored lithographs you have advertised me as in charge of that department. Now I have a professional pride in the work and dislike to abandon it for collecting. The California salmon eggs have just come and trout eggs may arrive most any time. Can't you send some other man?"

He thought a moment. The fact was that with the exception of the General Superintendent, Butler, Roberts and myself, all the other employees, from the box office to the tank cleaners, were old circus men, pensioners on Coup, whether he employed them or not, for he had a heart bigger than a bullock's. He had been Barnum's business manager for years, and poor Mr. Penny, who had a useless leg and a crippled arm from a fall from a trapeze, was a sample of his employees. I was the only available man who was an angler or who knew one fish from another. After thinking this over he said: "I want you to go. If harm comes to the salmon eggs I'll take all the blame, but the Aquarium must have some fish, and you're the only man that I can spare who knows enough to go for them; don't stick on our terms of agreement, but help me out of this hole."

"Do you know that Currituck Sound is now all fresh water since the inlet on the north was closed by the sea some years ago?"

"I don't care what it is if you can get fish of any kind. Will you go?"

"Yes, send the tanks to the Old Dominion line, and I'll leave by first steamer for Norfolk."

Presenting my credentials at the office of the little steamer Cygnet, which ran from Norfolk down through the Dismal Swamp canal to Currituck Sound, and asking for terms of transportation for myself and six 30 gallon tanks, the agent asked:

"Is this William C. Coup, of the Aquarium, the same that was Barnum's manager?"

"He is the same man. He quarreled with Barnum, and started the Aquarium."

"In that case you can't pay a cent to this company for passage, meals nor freight; the only condition I will impose is that you take a letter back to my old friend Bill Coup."

The passage down the canal on the Cygnet was uneventful, but as we went through the Sound the wealth of ducks, geese and swans kept calling for attention from one side to the other until Van Slyke's Landing was reached about sundown on Saturday evening.

I was the only guest at the hotel, and there was a prospect of a lonesome Sunday, yet there was much of interest. Mrs. Van Slyke was a widow of strong frame and stronger mind. She was postmistress, hotel keeper, store-keeper as well as farmer, and a character well worth studying. Originally from the rock-ribbed hills of Vermont or New Hampshire, where energy is required to wrest a living from the soil or anything else, she had no patience with the slow, thriftless ways of the men she had to employ. In a chat after dinner, she replied to a question by saying:

"Get along with 'em? That's not the thing. The question should be how do they get along without me? After my husband died I had to lick half a dozen of 'em, white and black. Lordy, I'd take a club or a horsewhip to 'em, and if these were not handy I'd knock 'em down with my fist, an' they soon found out that I would have no foolin'."

Nearly 6ft. and muscular, she carried her 200lbs. lightly; and a look at her face would convince any shiftless beachcomber, black or white, that she certainly would have "no foolin'."

On Monday it rained, and I engaged a boatman and spent the day trying to learn about the fishing spots in the sound, kinds of fish, baits used, etc. In the evening the Cygnet

brought a party of ten persons and trunks and other impedimenta, apparently enough for 100. They were foreigners, and one tall, broadshouldered man with a blond beard gave orders in a language whose sounds were unfamiliar. I watched the party closely and noted that the tall man left at once for the hotel and another attended to the detail of landing the baggage, and that it was all done with a military precision that was delightful, but puzzling; and I turned to the hotel to prepare for dinner.

At a place of that kind, when one is the only guest, the preparation for dinner is narrowed down to a simple washup, but the present occasion demanded a white shirt, with the abominable addition of cuffs, collar and cravat. Surely, evening dress could not be expected, so I togged out in the best I had and waited. Mrs. Van Slyke entered and said: "The tall, handsome man is the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, just run down here for a few days' duck shooting, and the rest of the party are his body servants, cooks, etc. He asked who you were and I told him that you came to collect fishes, and he wishes you to dine with him, for he is without company. Here's his card—'Mr. Brown.' We're to call him Mr. Brown while he's here. Do you happen to have a card?"

I did happen to have one, and in due time I followed it in and joined "Mr. Brown" at dinner. Royalty was away out of my line at that day—although I've seen more of it since—and if I felt a trifle uncomfortable at first my host soon stopped that. His cooks had taken possession of the kitchen, and his waiters served as perfect a game dinner in that old-fashioned sportsman's resort as could have been served in New York city. His English was that of an educated foreigner, so pure, so free from chipped words and colloquialisms that it was a treat to listen to him. Few to whom English is the mother tongue, whether on one side of the water or the other, can speak as the educated man does who has had it drilled into him. I wondered what he thought of my careless talk.

As we smoked upon the piazza, Mr. Brown said: "You are collecting fishes, I am informed; is it in the interest of science?"

"Partly in the interest of science. The fish collected will be taken to the Aquarium in New York city for either the amusement or the instruction of the people, the result being entirely dependent on those who see them. The careless ones will pass by some of the most interesting specimens, which a student of nature would dwell a long time upon. To a few the Aquarium is a place of study and scientific interest."

"Please tell me, do you fish for sport?"

"It is my greatest pleasure; but on this trip there is a desire to get fish for the Aquarium in any way, and therefore I come here, not in the character of a sportsman, but of a collector, who will get his specimens in any way that he can, as long as they are not injured."

"I have read much of fishing for sport in English books, but could never understand the sport of angling. In my country, I am a Russian, we shoot for sport, but fish is not considered to be game any more than you would class mushrooms as game because you collect them in the fields. Of course we have our choice fishes, and rank the salmon and the trout above the softer fishes of small lakes, but the English and Americans seem to put the capture of these fishes on a plane with the shooting of deer, grouse, woodcock and ducks. I have not been educated to that point; my countrymen regard fishing merely as a means of obtaining food."

"Yes," I replied, "that seems to be the feeling of all European sportsmen outside of England and its dependencies. The Americans and the Australians inherited their love of angling from England, and it seems singular that other European nations should not have taken up angling as a sport."

"Do you know anything of the art of fishing with the fly? I have read that the casting of the artificial fly was the highest form of angling, but I have never seen in done."

"Yes, I cast the fly some, and am told that there are black bass above this place, and if you care to see how we cast for them I will be delighted to show you, for I brought a fly-rod along, not knowing what use it might be, but I'll not promise you that we will take any fish, for the waters are new to me and I must depend on a native boatman who may or may not know all that he claims." This would "let me down easy" if the bass would not rise.

The morning was a poor one for ducks, and Alexis did not miss any shooting by not going for them. It was bright and clear, with a light wind that made just ripple enough for fly-casting. He had his own boat and I had two, one towed behind with a great iron transportation tank in it, and we went up the Sound some two miles to where my boatman, whose name was Jim, said: "There's lots o' green bass." There had once been an inlet from the sea near this point, but storms had closed it many years before, and the water was now fresh. The bottom bore evidence that it was once salt, by the profusion of marine shells, and I took several flounders which had preferred to remain; perhaps they had bred in fresh water.

When Jim let go the chunk of iron which served as a killock, the water appeared to be about 10ft. deep, and quite clear, under the lee of the boat. I rigged a cast with one fly, a green and gold, and made casts in every direction, beginning at 20ft. and then enlarging the circle, letting the fly sink and trolling it; but not a bass manifested curiosity enough to inspect the fly, as well as we could see for the ripple. To-day I would not be so rash as to make such a venture. Think of the situation. I did not positively know that Jim's "green bass" were what I called by a darker name; nor, if they were indeed black bass, whether they ever rose to a fly in these waters, and I had asked a Russian Duke to see the sport! Worse than that, I had a native boatman to whom the fly-rod was a toy, the fly a doubtful thing for a fish to rise at, while I must have appeared to him like half a dozen durned fools boiled down into one. Jim was being paid for his work, and kept his mouth shut; but, confound him, I knew that he was thinking. This made me nervous; his pale, washed-out blue eyes followed every move; but even in North Carolina it is not permissible to kill a beach comber for thinking. A new, and apparently absurd, style of fishing was on trial before him, and perspiration broke out all over me. I didn't mind the Duke at all, he had read of the art of fly-fishing for salmon and trout, and knew about it theoretically; but Jim was a net-fisherman, who sometimes used hooks on hand-lines, and was, as I believed, boiling inside with contemptuous laughter. If he would only say a word I would brain him with an oar; but he gave no such opportunity.

We all have different sides to our characters. Ordinarily I try to be Dr. Jekyll, but can't always play the part, and am forced to shift to Mr. Hyde; yet something has always restrained me from filling the latter role. Looking back on my murderous instinct that day, I now see that the fault was entirely in my own brain.

The fly was removed and a grizzly king substituted. The colorless eyes of Jim watching the fly-book and the knot in a cold-blooded way that made me wish he would attack me and give me an excuse to kill him, if I could. But he did nothing of the kind. The new fly had been cast several times and then there was a "chug" and a fish of some kind made the reel sing as it bored down and off. The Duke's boat was alongside and I handed the rod to him, having previously told him what to do. He took the rod, but lowered the tip. This he corrected; but, contrary to advice, he began to reel the fish in by main strength on its first rush and the hook tore out, leaving the fly intact. The split-bamboo rod stood the strain nobly, and I fancied that Jim looked with admiration on its curves as a strong fish battled against a strong man. I began to relent.

While the fish rise to a particular fly it is folly to change, and the cast was kept up. Alexis declined to try his hand at casting, and when the second fish was hooked he preferred to see me fight it. He became excited as the bass allowed itself to be reeled up for some feet and then, bending the tip to a low point, made a dash which was answered by giving only as much line as it could earn from the reel on the pliant rod, which kept a constant strain on the fish, even in its leaps from the water, for I never follow the rule to "lower the tip when the fish leaps, lest it strike the line and break free." The quotation may not be exact, but it is the substance of the directions in some angling books, which I cannot recall.

As the landing net brought in the bass, a big-mouth, and Jim put it in the tank to be kept alive, my hour of triumph had come. Jim brought up the tank-boat and put the fish in there carefully, saying as he did so: "That ar' fish fi't like a game cock, an' I thought ev'ry minnit that he was a-goin' to snap that little pole in two, but by jing! ev'ry time the end of the pole was dragged down to the water it sprung up ag'in, and the fish he got plum tired out. I'm durned if it wasn't as putty as a dog fight."

I was again Dr. Jekyll, with a love for my fellow-man, and Jim in particular. Jim assumed a new character. He was no longer suspected of a contempt for me and my methods. How we do warp our judgments by everything pertaining to self!

Mr. Brown thought he now understood how to handle a hard fighting fish, and he did. The next one that was hooked he fought like a veteran, giving line or reeling in as the exigencies of the case required, or I hinted, and he brought to boat a fine big mouth bass of about 6lbs, guess weight. He was enthusiastic; and after taking a dozen more declared that he would introduce fly-fishing in Russia. If he did he has neglected to inform his teacher, but I shall see that a copy of this paper reaches him.

He would not attempt to cast, I did that, and when a fish was hooked let him land it. A new fly was substituted once or twice as the old one became frayed or frazzled, but the grizzly king did so well that there was no need to change the species; a fresh individual sufficed.

It was when we smoked in the evening that my pupil manifested the most enthusiasm. "How they do fight," he exclaimed, "and what a thrill seems to pass up the line, through the rod into your arm until your nerves tingle like an electric shock. And how grand it must be to kill a salmon of 20lbs.! I certainly shall try it the first time I get an opportunity."

The next day opened with a fog and an east wind. A knock on my door was followed by a voice, which said: "Mr. Brown presents his compliments and requests the pleasure of your company to-day on a ducking trip." It was evidently one of the servants of the Duke, judging by the voice and the accent, and I jumped to the floor.

"Tell Mr. Brown that I will join him at breakfast in a few minutes."

I was down first and had my 9-gauge muzzleloader and accessories all in order. Mr. Brown had a muzzleloader, 10-gauge, which he said was a favorite, and two No. 12 breechloaders which were new. He wished to loan me one of these, but I was unfamiliar with that kind of gun and replied that my gun was also a favorite, and if ducks were plenty it would get some. I also declined the offer of a man to load for me. I preferred to do that, and then Jim would be with me. I liked Jim now. He no longer seemed to be studying me, and Jim would be worth more on Currituck Sound than half a dozen strange Russians, and he was. His skill in getting a boat out after a cripple and in putting me where it was likely to rise after a dive, added many a duck to my bag, although my muzzleloader could not always get ready for action as quickly as the guns in the other blind, but after the day's shooting Jim said: "That's a good gun; it ranges well an' hits hard," and I interpreted the words "ranges well" into meaning that it would kill at a fairly long distance. Our birds this day were redheads, widgeon, bluebills and one canvasback. I found that Mr. Brown was well informed concerning the gastronomic value of the different ducks, and I placed my bag at his disposal. His judgment agreed with mine, and although my duties often took me away all day, we dined together every night, and his cook knew how to cook game, a thing that French cooks rarely understand, excellent as they are with all other meats.

Jim had engaged some net-fishermen in both salt and fresh water to bring live specimens of fish, and the collection was growing so fast that I began to fear that I would have to leave this place for the city too soon, and so miss some shooting as well as fishing. I wanted to give Mr. Brown a taste of bluefishing out in the open, and see him handle a big one with rod and reel, for at that time of year they run big, 10 to 15lbs. or more. As Jim did not know the bluefish nor the menhaden by those names, I tried all the various ones for them that I could remember, and finally struck it on "greenfish" and "bugfish" with the aid of diagrams and his imagination, until he agreed that they resembled the fishes in question. But the day for bluefishing never came. Mr. Brown needed but little to make him an angler, and he seemed to have lacked only opportunities.

He had an ambition to kill a swan, and one rainy morning we were in the blinds long before daylight and waited. Several flocks of swans were in sight, but kept out of shot. We had no decoys, and I don't know if they are used for swans; but our blind was in the grass, far out on a point where the great birds swam past when feeding. The rain ceased about an hour after sun-up, and it was a treat to see the swans take wing on the still water, beating it with their wings for half a mile before they cleared it entirely, the last strokes merely dotting the water with the wing tips. We were fairly well soaked as we returned to breakfast about 10 o'clock; a breakfast that loomed up like a mountain when it came on, but which was unlike a hole in the ground when we left the table. You can see a hole in the ground.

A heavy gale from the north necessitated personal care of the floating cars of live fish, and I was compelled to decline an invitation to go into the interior for a day with the snipe or woodcock; we were both strangers in a strange land, and had to depend on the native guides, who were gunners, fishermen and beach combers, as the season changed. But between us and these men stood the mentally and physically vigorous Mrs. Van Slyke. She knew every one of them, and they knew her. A guest in her house could shoot and fish anywhere on her property, and woe be to the boatman, gunner or whoever was employed by one of her guests who was complained of for laziness, neglect of duty or incompetency. He might or might not be given a hearing, but he was sure to get something else. She might not have said, with Othello: "Cassio, I love thee; but never more be officer of mine;" her language would have been quite different and more forcible. Would that more keepers of sportsmen's resorts were like her.

We had more duck shooting and fishing, and the day came when this pleasant trip should end. As we sat on the piazza, smoking, the night before I left, Mr. Brown said: "I was greatly pleased when I asked for terms at this hotel to find that there was only one gentleman here; I wanted rest and recreation and to have the whole place for myself and my retinue; but I am glad that one * * * *." The amount of it was that he did not shoot and fish with his servants, and in America he had done as Americans do.

While I had a full understanding of it he explained how it was much easier for people to call him "Mr. Brown," than to use his titles, and it did seem to be a most sensible move on his part. A few weeks afterward one of his suite brought a package to the Aquarium for me. It was a handsome meerschaum pipe and case. On a gold plate it said: "To Mr. Fred Mather from Alexis; in memory of Currituck." Within a week it was stolen from a pocket in my overcoat.

Those days are among the pleasant memories of life. "Mr. Brown" was a most pleasant gentleman, and to me, at least, was as democratic as the name he assumed. He will probably never be Czar of Russia, for there are two brothers, an uncle and three cousins of the present Czar, who stand between the throne and the Grand Duke Alexis.

FRED MATHER.

MAINE FISHING.

BOSTON, June 5.—The Produce party had fair fishing at Moosehead, though the weather was generally cold and rainy. The Duck Lake Club found very wet and disagreeable weather at the Schoodics. A few salmon were taken, however. Mr. Underwood, who went a week or two before the rest of the club, had very fair fishing. He is much interested in photographing bird and animal life. His owl pictures are wonderful. This trip he succeeded in getting a live and wild raccoon up a tree and photographing him in four or five positions that are truly natural and very remarkable. The Camp Stewart party is out of the woods after eight days' fishing at Upper Richardson Lake. Mr. G. T. Freeman was high line, as usual, with a 4½lb. trout, a 7 and a 7½lb fish. Mrs Moody landed one of 4½lbs. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stearns and Mr. H. S Kempton are down for 2½ and 5lb. fish. Prof. J. F. Moody took a lot of brook trout. M. E. C. Fitch, of Waltham, has gone to his salmon river. Mr. D. H Blanchard and Mr. Keeler have been on a trout fishing trip to the ponds in Monson, Me. Mr. Keeler is reported to have taken a 7lb. trout. The Camp Comfort Club is out from Moosehead, with reports of fair luck. A total of 117 fish was the record, including eighty-three square tails and thirty-four lakers. The Mohawk Club, of Haverhill and Boston, has returned with a record of over 100 square tail trout out of Moosehead. C. C. Moore, of New York, is fly-fishing in Aroostook waters and having good success. The coming annual excursion of the Maine Fish and Game Association will take a number of people to the Rangeleys. A scheme is reported to be on foot for opening up more of the wilderness of northern Maine by a line of electric roads from Moosehead to Chamberlain and Eagle Lakes, and steamers on these lakes. It is even proposed to extend the line through to the further Aroostook waters. The sporting and lumbering interests are the ones at the bottom of the scheme.

Sportsmen are returning from the Maine and Provincial waters. Generally their success has been very poor, all newspaper reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The amount of tall lying that is being done in certain Maine papers on the subject of fishing is something remarkable. Almost everybody, according to these reports, gets a big trout or salmon, when the truth is hundreds are leaving the principal fishing resorts—the better known and older ones—badly disappointed. Personally I met a gentleman at the Upper Dam, June 1, who spends from one to five months there every year, and has done so for eight or ten years. He says that the fishing in all that section is terribly poor. Party after party come—many of the people strangers to the region—and go away after a week's stay, without a trout, or only one or two at the most. One party of three—from Philadelphia, I believe—after fishing at the Dam and about there for three or four days without a strike, gave up in discouragement. The gentleman, out of the kindness of his heart, advised them to go to Richardson Pond. I could scarcely sanction his advice, having tried that pond faithfully for a day and a half with only two strikes, and both of these small trout. The blow-hard papers have me down as having caught a 7lb. trout, which is as false as their other reports; the largest trout falling to my score being 2½lbs. I want nothing but the truth told, and feel that no good can come, in the long run, out of the amount of blowing that is being done concerning certain fishing resorts.

Perhaps the want of success for the past ten days at the Rangeleys and other Maine resorts is partly the fault of the weather, which has been remarkably wet and cold. Six out of the eight days of my outing were rainy and generally cold, while it rained nearly every night. Since my return the weather has been little better. Such high water for the last of May and first of June is scarcely on record at the Maine waters. Richardson Lake, Mooselucmaguntic and Rangeley are running over full. All the ponds about these lakes are the highest ever known.

Smelt and the Trout Supply.

Perhaps the poor fishing in Mooselucmaguntic and Richardson lakes is due to the smelts, which have appeared in great numbers for the first time this spring. Perfectly reli-

able guides say that the water has been alive with these smelts. Later they have died by the thousands, and have been seen floating on the surface dead or dying. Every trout caught has been simply gorged with these smelts. This I saw myself, in the case of trout being dressed. The question of these smelts ever having been introduced into the Rangeley waters is a very grave one. Guides and sportsmen who have watched and fished these waters for years, are in doubt, to say the very least, and some of them are mad all through. I heard it freely expressed that the wonderful brook trout fishing of the world, at the Rangeleys, has been ruined by putting in smelts for landlocked salmon food; landlocked salmon that can, at the very best, never equal what the brook trout have been to these waters. As for myself, I have no opinion at present. The smelts in the maw of the trout I have seen, and have seen the dead smelts on the water. I have also seen the remarkably fattened condition of the trout as compared with the fish of the past twenty years, with which I have been familiar, catching and examining them each year in greater or less numbers. Would it not have been much better for the State of Maine, through its Fish Commissioners, to have hatched a great many brook trout each year and put them into the Rangeley waters, thus keeping up the supply of a fish altogether satisfactory, rather than to have been dabbling with fish not formerly found there? Who does not remember the introduction of the English sparrow? Who will claim that natural conditions, as to fish and game, are not the best? X X X.

BLACK BASS CULTURE.

THE few men who for the past two decades fought for a proper recognition of the prince of fishes—the black bass—have reason for congratulation in that the outposts have been gained; that the public is demanding the propagation of the bass, and that the demand is increasing day by day to a point beyond the present possibilities of supply.

It was unfortunate that some years ago two eminent advocates of the black bass, in their enthusiasm for its game qualities, produced the impression that its voracious habits would preclude the possibility of any other fish living in the same stream; and it was equally unfortunate that one of the highest scientists accorded to the bass the lowest scale of economic importance. A review, based on a further and fuller study of the basses in their native waters, has shown the incorrectness of the first position, and inquiry among the fish dealers, fishermen and anglers indicates clearly, and demonstrates fully, the untenability of the second position. In their natural habitat the black basses are found living harmoniously with other fishes, not only in open streams, but in confined ponds; and from every source comes evidence to indicate that the bass constitutes no small factor in the domestic economy of the people living in the Middle and Southern Atlantic and Inland States.

The wonderful power of adaptability (scarcely approached by any other desirable table fish) possessed by the bass for waters of extreme range of temperature and varying conditions of impurity fit it in the highest degree for the widest dissemination. Either species easily and quickly adapts itself to the cold lakes and streams of the far North and Northwest, while the big-mouth luxuriates in the warm tributaries of the Gulf of Mexico from Florida to Texas. I have known them to winter safely under heavy ice, even when ice was harvested from the pond, and have in the following summer found their young thriving in ponds at 98° F.

There can be no doubt that the bass prefer pure, clear, clean water, but there are few game fishes which can with impunity withstand so sudden and marked muddying of the stream or pond, and that not only for a short time, but for days and weeks in succession. One has but to recall the spring freshets of the Ohio, Kanawha, Potomac and other bass streams, to wonder how so game a fish could live through such deluges of mud.

I repeat that, all things considered, no fish offers to the economist the possibilities presented by the black bass. The question of to-day among fishculturists is how best to utilize these possibilities—how to propagate and disseminate the black bass. Several methods present themselves.

The earliest method, and the one which up to this time has produced the most marked effects, is the collection of adults from native waters, and planting them in new or depleted streams. Dr. Henshall, in his "Book of the Black Bass," has given the history of how the Potomac and all its tributaries were stocked years ago by bringing a few adult bass across the mountains in the tender of a railway locomotive; and in a paper of my own (soon to appear in the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission) is an account of the stocking of one of the most beautiful and seemingly impossible streams in Virginia. If the conditions are at all favorable the collection of adult bass is not difficult, nor should their transportation be regarded as hazardous. At the same time I betray no professional secret in saying that with the greatest care in collecting and transporting, it frequently happens that the results fall far short of expectations. It may safely be assumed, that of wild adult bass captured and transplanted to private ponds, from 25 to 33 per cent. will die in from one to eight weeks, and cases have fallen under my observation where the entire consignment died in a short time. Why? It often happens that the collection is interrupted from one cause or another—conditions of weather, water, scarcity of fish, or some other cause—and a part of the consignment is necessarily held for a time in "live-boxes." So far as adult bass intended for brood stock are concerned, an adequate or safe live-box has not yet been devised, nor do I believe it possible that it can be. I am well aware that thousands of black bass have been captured, held in live-boxes, transported and delivered at destination in apparently good condition; but I am safe in saying that in but the fewest instances has the one collecting, caring for and transporting the bass had the subsequent care of them or been in position to observe their condition beyond an hour after deposit or planting. Bass held in the close confinement of a live-box are sure to bruise themselves within a few days. A disrupted scale, torn fin or bruised mouth, unless well and repeatedly treated with salt or other caustic, means fungus, and fungus on fishes under such conditions means death. I have seen it appear on thousands of bass and crappie within thirty-six hours after capture. A small pond having earth and rock sides and bottom will be be found a healthier penning place than any live-box yet devised.

During capture, confinement and transportation, the fish should be handled with the greatest care and every precaution exercised against the least blow or hurt. Very many fish leave the collecting point in good condition and are hurt while in the cans by a reckless use of the dipper or other aerating apparatus, and not a few have been killed by the over use of ice in transit. There is as much danger from a too liberal use of ice on the road as from high temperature. To avoid discouragement and false expectation, it should be noted that adult bass seldom spawn in the season in which they are captured and moved. The nearer to the natural spawning season the capture is made the less is the liability of spawning that year.

The artificial propagation, in the strict sense of the term, of the black bass is, in my opinion, an *ignis fatuus*. By this I mean it is extremely doubtful if we shall ever succeed in artificially impregnating the eggs of the bass as is so easily done with those of the salmonidæ and other fishes. Not only is there a structural difference between the bass and the other varieties referred to, but there seems to be a degree of delicacy (if I may employ the word in this connection) on the part of the bass entirely wanting in the others. Several fishculturists have noticed the fact recorded by Mr. Seymour Bower last year that to extrude even the eggs from the female advantage must be taken of an exact, supreme moment of excitement which has been engendered by the nuptial dalliance of the male. I have tried day after day to spawn a female bass, when the eggs were distending the ovarian sack almost to bursting, without securing the least sign of an egg, and I have seen the same fish a few weeks later pair off and submit to the biting, butting and nosing of the male.

Not only is it difficult to get the eggs from the female, but as yet milt has not been secured from the male except by the Cæsarian operation, the propriety or expediency of which is doubted by some. Many ends justify extreme means, and each one must determine for himself whether he will kill the male fish for the purpose of experiment. The artificial impregnation of the bass eggs, their subsequent handling, care of the alevins and feeding the very young fry, will remain an experiment for some time—possibly forever. I am well aware that a few bass eggs have been obtained and impregnated and a partial degree of success obtained in hatching them in jars, but no positive results have yet been secured at all commensurate with the time, labor and money expended. All negative knowledge, of course, has its value.

Black bass which have lost the shyness and fright incident to capture and transportation, become domesticated, readily spawn, and rear their young in artificial ponds, and on this method the fishculturist must depend for any considerable number of young. They may be allowed to spawn in the stock pond, from one quarter of an acre or larger in size, or annex spawning grounds, as used by Mr. Bower, may be provided. Dr. Henshall has given the best description of a bass nest: Slightly concaved, with a diameter twice the length of the fish. While gravel is undoubtedly acceptable to the fish, and clean small gravel can easily be provided, it is not a necessity, for I have frequently seen bass make a nest on the bare clay. Personally, I have not had the opportunity to fully test the artificial nests devised last year by Mr. Seagle and Mr. Strannahan.

The columns of FOREST AND STREAM have contained many interesting and valuable articles bearing on when the bass spawn. Many of these articles were written from a purely local standpoint, the writers forgetting or disregarding the fact that the season varies for almost every State, and frequently in the same State. Moreover, the season is rarely the same year after year in any one locality. My observations lead me to think that the bass will not be found nesting before the ground becomes warm enough for gardening purposes. For several years I have noticed that the bass commenced nesting when the dogwood was well in blossom, and in the same pond I have known them to continue to nest as late as midsummer. The period of incubation averages about nine days, and the alevin stage occupies about six days more. Shortly after the food sac is completely absorbed the school, heretofore guarded by the parent fish, disperses in search of the natural food—*daphnia, cyclops*, etc. If the pond has been so constructed that a good portion of it is shallow water—from 6in. deep to feather edge—and is old enough to have produced a fair crop of aquatic vegetation, no fear need be entertained that the young fry will starve for the want of this natural food. When about an inch long they will be found foraging on the young *gammarus* and *coriza*, and later on larger crustaceans and smaller fishes.

When a majority of the crop measure 1½ to 2in. in length, it is advisable to remove them from the spawning pond. In the latitude of Virginia, Ohio and Missouri this period will be found occurring about the last of June, a time when all the breeders have not finished spawning.

How to remove the early hatch without disturbing the late spawners was for a time a vexatious problem. Its accomplishment is easy and simple Construct the pond to have a long, narrow neck, not over 4ft. wide, and running to a point where the inflow enters; 10 or 15ft. from the inflow separate the neck from the pond proper by a wire screen. Meshes of ¼ or ⅜in. answer very well. The young bass readily find their way through the screen, and show no inclination to leave as long as food is present. This screened-off neck should be closely watched, not only for the numerous enemies of the young bass, but for any sign of cannibalism. To net the young bass from the neck is such a simple and easy matter as not to require explanation.

Several years ago I recommended a new form of ponds for separating the young fry from their parents to protect the young and facilitate their capture. It was to build the pond in the shape of a dumb-bell, the water to enter at one bell and escape at the other, the upper bell to be shallower and separated from the lower by a wire screen. The spawning occurs in the lower bell and the fry pass through the screen into the upper bell, where they may be allowed to remain longer than if it were a mere neck of a pond.

If it is necessary to keep the young bass for even a day before shipping it is of the utmost importance that they be carefully sorted, and the different sizes placed in different receptacles. In the buckets while being filled at the neck I have frequently observed a bass swallow another a very little smaller than itself.

If the fry are to be kept for several weeks or even days, they must be fed, or cannibalism will surely reduce the number, and reduce it at an alarming rate. Any kind of fish (crayfish are excellent when abundant and cheap) chopped or ground fine, make good and acceptable food for young bass. In fact, I may state I have never known bass fry to accept any food except such as had grown in the water. All the various articles of trout diet they utterly reject (but it should be noted that domesticated adult bass take as kindly to beef liver as do domesticated trout) Bass fry take a fish diet, thrive and grow on it with far less labor, patience and loss of stock than can be accomplished with trout on any known diet. That part of trout culture which is tedious, laborious and hazardous becomes a pleasure when caring for bass fry.

Within the last year or so a practice is springing up of distributing very young bass fry—alevins—from the nest. From past experience I doubt if this class of bass culture will ever meet with marked success Bass alevins are exceedingly tender and are peculiarly susceptible to slight changes of temperature. All things considered, I incline to the use of bass fry from 1½ to 2in. in length and even larger, and it is doubtful, if the distance to be traveled is considerable or the road and appliances not the best, whether bass of this size are not to be preferred to large adults. WILLIAM F. PAGE.

LYNCHBURG, Va.

ANGLING NOTES.

Rainbow Trout.

THERE seems to be a gradual change of sentiment in regard to the rainbow trout. Thousands have been planted and never heard of after the second year. Occasionally we hear of them remaining permanently in the water where planted, and when they do they grow rapidly and to great size. It is more than likely that many of the plants of rainbow trout have been made in waters that were unsuitable to them, but there is a tendency on their part to roam even in waters where they are found at their best. If they remain they afford fine sport, but the question seems to be to find just the waters in which to plant them. This year more large rainbow trout ran up the stream on which the State hatchery is situated at Bath, N. Y., and twenty-eight were captured for breeding fish and confined in the ponds at the hatchery. One of the trout weighed nearly 11lbs.

A gentleman writes me from Jonesboro, Tenn.: "We expect to have a Government fish hatchery in this part of the State, and if our Legislature would stop special legislation on behalf of certain counties we would in a few years have fine sport. We have some trout yet in our mountain streams, and good black bass fishing in some of our rivers. We have a few rainbow trout of from 1 to 4lbs. weight, the result of a planting made about three years ago, and more recently we have put into the stream 8,000 or 10,000 more. All that we need in order to have good fishing in this mountain region is good laws well enforced."

I would like to hear from any region where the rainbow trout remain after they are planted, with character and temperature of water and food conditions.

Mascalonge Hatching.

Mr. Frank W. Cheney, of Jamestown, N. Y., was engaged by the Wisconsin Fish Commission this spring to go to that State and hatch mascalonge, and writes upon his return of his success in the work:

"I have just returned from Wisconsin after what may be called a successful season of work propagating mascalonge. I had but one net, yet I succeeded in securing 2,040,000 eggs and hatched nearly 2,000,000 of fry, which I carried twenty-one miles through the woods in a wagon and over 400 or 500 miles of railroad from Lost Lake, Sawyer county, to Hayward, thence to Ashland, on Lake Superior, where we changed cars and came down the Wisconsin Central R. R. to Fon du Lac and planted the fry in Green Lake. They stood the long journey well. I hatched the fry in a slightly different manner from that practiced at Chautauqua Lake. The mascalonge in Wisconsin are exactly like our Chautauqua Lake fish. We took 85,000,000 pike-perch eggs before we took the mascalonge eggs. Lost Lake is alive with the finest kind of yellow pike. I was in Wisconsin from April 10 to May 21."

Fishing in Maine.

Commissioner H. O. Stanley writes me: "We have been traveling over the State for the last month, giving hearings in regard to special laws, and have had little time for fishing, only putting in part of a day here and there when on good ground. I was at Sebago last Thursday, May 6, and caught four salmon 3 to 10½lbs., and hooked and lost two others by breaking the hooks on tail of Stanley smelt. The fishing at Sebago has been the finest that I have ever known, and many large fish have been taken. Thus far the fishing in Maine is showing up well, and many new salmon ponds are beginning to show fish. The introduction of landlocked salmon in new fields is what will save our fishing for the future. The fact is that the trout in our brooks and streams are pretty well fished out, but the ponds and lakes in Maine are holding their own. The objection of the guides to registering is confined entirely to Rangeley. The guides in other localities favor the law. The fact is, all the guides will come in eventually, and I believe it will become a popular law."

This year the State Fisheries, Game and Forestry Commission of New York has planted landlocked smelt from Maine and New Hampshire in New York waters, and hope to establish them that they may supply other waters in time to furnish food for landlocked salmon. A planting made at a preserve lake near the Adirondack hatchery was very successful, as over two-thirds of the eggs of the smelt hatched. Mr. W. C. Witherbee, of Port Henry, N. Y., Mr. Edward R. Hewitt, of Ringwood, N. J., and Commissioner Thompson, of Northport, L. I., have planted the landlocked smelt in private waters to serve as fish food. The plants made by Messrs. Witherbee and Hewitt were successful, the eggs hatching finely, and I presume Mr. Thompson's plant was equally successful, although I have not heard from him.

Rearing Black Bass.

Mr. Edwin Clark Kent, chairman of the hatchery committee of the Tuxedo Club, has written me of his attempts to rear young black bass, and the details are of such interest he has consented that I relate them as he has given them to me.

Any one who has read Mr. Seymour Bower's paper (read before the American Fisheries Society last year, and printed in that journal soon after), will understand the first steps, for the bass are allowed to pair, make their beds, and it is only after the fry is hatched naturally that they are taken in hand. To quote from Mr. Kent's letter: "My troubles began after the fish were hatched, for I consider it absolutely useless to plant fry. If you do not protect the fish until they are old enough to protect themselves, it is time and trouble wasted. With bass especially the loss takes place after the eggs are hatched.

"After sundry futile experiments in artificial hatching, we built a pool about 60ft. square and from 18in. to 3ft. deep, with an earth bottom covered with clean gravel and sand; rocks also were scattered about to imitate as closely as possible a natural spawning ground. We took twenty bass out of the lake and put them into the pool, which was supplied with the water which passed through the trout hatchery. We watched the bass for some time, but they showed no desire to make their beds, and it struck me that the water,

which was 60° to 62°, was too cold for them. So we led a pipe from the surface of the lake to the pool, and in this way raised the temperature of the water to 73° to 74°. The bass at once responded and built eight nests. I cleaned the pool with hook and line of those which had not spawned. As soon as the swarms rose from the beds we took the old bass away, and then the fun began. The fry absolutely refused to eat anything I offered them. I tried meat and liver, raw and cooked, codfish raw and cooked, etc., but they would have none of it; but they would eat one another. One 1in. long would cheerfully swallow one of ¾in., and seemingly be perfectly ready to repeat the feat. Then we collected water plants, placed them in shallow boxes and put them in the pool. That helped a little, but not much, so I sent the whole force of the hatchery to fill up their spare time sweeping the shallow water of the ponds and lakes near by with mosquito-netting nets. But they could not collect food as fast as the bass would eat it; and about the last of August I gave it up, and took the remaining fry out of the pool. It was a case of the survival of the fittest with a vengeance.

"We got 164 fish about 2½in long, but I figured that they cost us about $5 each, and the finance committee said things. Incidentally I found some of the foes of the black bass fry. Two sunfish got into the pool, how I do not know, except by walking over land; however, there they were, and after trying to catch them I shot them with a parlor rifle while basking. They then held nineteen and twenty-two fry, respectively. A bull-frog also squatted by the edge of the pool and filled himself full, and a bull-frog's capacity is very great. Connected with the hatchery is a rather large pond four or five acres in extent. When the frost came we drew this down, and as far as possible took out all the sunfish, rock bass, yellow perch, etc. Then the following spring repeated operations in the pool, and when the swarms rose dumped them into the pond, and paid no further attention to them. We had only seven nests that year, but despite waste, sunfish, bull-frogs, yellow perch, etc., when we drew the pond the following November we secured over 12,000 little bass about 2in. long, and duplicated the success the following year, since which time we have discontinued the work, as the pond is too big to be handled comfortably, and owing to the large surface of mud exposed the park residents dread malaria. However, we have gone far enough to convince me that with little expense and a simple plant, black bass may be raised to any reasonable extent."

Mr. Kent's letter is valuable, as it shows the difficulties encountered and what must be done to surmount them in order to successfully rear black bass fry. Successes in fish-culture oftentimes comes after repeated failures, and any one who points out what must be avoided is a benefactor to the fish warden. Mr. Kent's observations upon the temperature of water necessary to incite bass to prepare their nests are particularly valuable. I have just been at the State shad hatching station on the Hudson, at Catskills, and the highest the water has been this month (May) is 64°, and the day I left, Wednesday, it was 61°, which would indicate that this year at least it was a wise amendment to the law which put off bass fishing from May 30 until June 15. If the subject is pursued I am satisfied that all anglers who wish to preserve the bass will advocate a close season extending to July 1.

"Setting" a Fly Book.

A friend who has a preserve in the Adirondacks has for a guardian of the property a man who is commonly called Hank, and never by any chance called Henry. Hank is a hunter, fisherman, trapper and story-teller, and one of whom many good stories are told concerning his long career as a woodsman.

I was visiting my friend at his camp, and one evening we were looking over the contents of a well-filled fly book, when Hank came in. The leaves of the book were turned, the contents of the pockets were exposed, and the various flies were commented upon, but not a word from Hank until the book was closed. Then he spoke: "There are more flies in that book than I ever saw together before, and if you will let me take it and "set" it in the lake to-night I will catch more trout than you can haul out of here with two horses."

A. N. CHENEY.

RHODE ISLAND SEA FISHING.

SOUTH PORTSMOUTH, R. I., May 29.—To the lovers of sea fishing it will be of interest to know that the finest fishing to be had in the United States can be found along the shores and on the outer edges and reefs on the line of coast extending from Bateman's Point Island of Rhode Island to Sachuest Point in Middletown, R. I., and the most southern part of that town. Directly opposite Sachuest Point is the far famed West Island Fishing Club, for many years noted for its striped bass fishing. Sachuest Point or Easton's Point being equally as good, but not fished so thoroughly as West Island, except Sachuest Neck, where it has been the good fortune of the writer to fish, boy and man, for the past thirty years for striped bass. Without wishing to be thought egotistical, I may add that no one rod or line has killed more striped bass than mine in Rhode Island waters, which fact can readily be substantiated by local fishermen, and also by the markets of Newport. No doubt some reader will say professional fisherman, and I must plead guilty to some extent. When a boy I followed fishing for pleasure, and it became such a passion with me that I resolved if I ever had my own way to follow it as a business. Fortunately, or unfortunately, when quite young I was placed in a position to make my own choice of an occupation. Fishing, I found, paid well if followed systematically and intelligently; so I went at it, and for the past twenty years have spent all my time during the season fishing. Possibly this declaration may rob this article of what little interest it might possess for your readers, but I assure any brother angler who may read this that although fishing is a daily business with me, I can take the fly rod and feel as keen enjoyment in using it as any one need to; or I can take a 7oz. bait rod and play a black bass, and enjoy every tug and leap of a bronze back, and feel sorry even when the last leap is made and the landing net is under the fish and he is landed. You see I follow it almost as much for pleasure as I do for profit, and to-day if there was not a dollar in it I should fish just the same. It's second nature to some of us to follow the water. But I am off the track entirely from what I started to write.

Your correspondent, W. H. M., speaks of the 18lb tautog caught at Price's Neck in the trap of George Calvert as establishing the record "for that vicinity," which I don't dispute, but I can go a few pounds better for Rhode Island waters. In 1885, I think it was, one was taken at Seaconet Point in a trap, and I saw it weighed, which tipped the scales at 23½lbs. In 1889 one was caught at Coggshall's Point and was on exhibition in the Newport market, that weighed 19½lbs., and again, two years later, one of 20lbs. These are of course abnormally large fish of this kind. The largest I ever caught weighed 15½lbs., and to date is said to be the largest ever caught with hook and line in Seaconet River. On Friday, May 28, I caught three tautog in a day's fishing weighing 10, 8½ and 8lbs.; the total catch was close to 300lbs. There are many catches of from 200 to 300lbs. of tautog taken in a day's fishing in this section; the best fishing is to be had in boats, but those who prefer the shore fishing may have good sport. In season good flounder fishing can be had. During the fall and summer run of round mackerel for the past two years very large numbers have been caught from the rocks; one catch of over 1,200 was made on the rocks on Sachuest Point by two rods in less than seven hours, and for nearly six weeks it was a daily occurrence for parties to drive out from Newport and take from 50 to 200 to a rod. I saw one party of four with four corn bags (such as the Western corn is transported in, holding about two bushels each) packed full for a half day's fishing. There must have been from 1,600 to 1,700 of them in number.

Now, one more fish story and I am done. I can name two men who within the past fifteen years have caught in one day's fishing within four miles of Sachuest Point, R. I., 981lbs. of tautog and sea bass.

WM. M. HUGHES.

IN A FLY-TYING FACTORY.

WHILE the angler of this country stands far ahead in his expertness in casting the fly, it is very doubtful if many know much about the surroundings of the art of fly-tying, or that there is in New York city the only fly factory in this country, and that it is the largest in the world.

At one time Great Britain held the palm for artifical flies and exported them to this country. Now the American flies are exported to England. The superior system of supervision of every process of manufacture and inspection of the finished product is one reason for this; but, undoubtedly the method of "team working" almost universally employed in England is largely to blame for the loss of their trade. By team working is meant that the fly-tying is done at the tenements of the workers and not in a regular factory. In this way one family will, for example, work for years on a very few patterns, and this work becomes mechanical and the tiers lose all interest in it.

In this factory the workers are recruited from the vast population, and no one is employed who does not seem to be likely to take an interest in her work and who is not pretty well educated. Add to this, the American (as in most business) is on hand personally looking after every detail in his factory, pulling the loose ends together, active and intent on getting the very best individual work he can out of his intelligent help.

The factory is on the top floors of a building with the best of light and ventilation, and the first section is the feather storage, where in tin-lined bins are stored feathers from almost every known bird of brilliant plumage, Europe, Asia and Africa not excepted. These are divided in the first instance into those of seafowl and landfowl. The former are most preferred for flies wherever their colors are right, because of the greater amount of oil contained in them, which renders the fly more serviceable and more durable in the water. These feathers are bought from every available source, and so hard is it to keep an adequate supply of the smaller types that it is necessary to carry a stock for four years at least. There is no known or recognized market for them, no set price; the manufacturers find a supply here, there and everywhere, and fix the price according to the quantity. For instance, the barred feathers vary from a quarter of a cent to four cents each. These bulk feathers have to be carefully selected and sorted by girls trained to the work, and they are sorted first to colors, then to quality, then to size. The quality is determined by the closeness of the bars to each other. The size ranges from "14," which are about 1in. long, to "2," which are about 4½in. long; these numbers representing the size of the fly they are intended for. Very few feathers are died, the bulk are used in their natural colors. It takes a girl about twelve months before she is considered competent, as the eye must be educated to tell the distinction between the close running numbers at a glance. Roughly speaking, there are every year about 150 girls taken on for the various departments, to eventually become fly tiers, and out of these not more than ten have the requisite delicacy and quickness of eye and hand.

When the girls sit down to tie, there are ten girls to every hundred told off simply to wait on the fly-makers and bring them the various supplies called for; and these ten girls are kept hustling all the time. The hooks with the gut snells attached are taken in hand, and with the low-priced flies the body is first formed by deftly wrapping around the shank a piece of suitable worsted, this being the base, in varying colors, for the majority of that grade; then a strip of feather is taken of the type suitable for that particular fly, and this is wound around the upper part of the body, so that the quill section (if one may so term the film of skin) lies its full length next to the body, while the bars of the feather stand out in every direction direct from and at right angles to the body like the spokes in a wheel. This sounds very easy, but it is quite a trick to do it properly, and on this point depends the ultimate success of the fly. Then the wings are added, these being another strip of feather bars, deftly tied so that it stands up behind the collar-like strip just adjusted, at an angle of about 45°, and this effect is secured by a peculiar twisting, whipping and knotting of the silk which holds the tiny artistic creation together. While the British flies have wings lying almost flat on the shank of the hook, the American fly has wings standing well up; this being necessary by reason of the more rapid streams in this country.

In the higher class of fly this process of manufacture is reversed to a great extent. Then the bronzed hook, specially tested for temper and strength, having a full hollow point, is taken, and the wing is at once whipped on to the shank, lying flat forward from the barb; then the body of chenille, etc., is whipped on securely, then the tinsel, or whatever the species calls for, and then, the body completed, the wing is bent backward and whipped in its proper position. Thus each portion is separately whipped, and all doubly whipped by the finish at the head, which is then cemented and varnished.

A girl can tie five or six dozen per day of the high grades, and of the cheaper grades a good worker ties from twelve to sixteen dozen per day. This record varies much according to pattern and minutiæ.

It is found necessary to take all these precautions of separate tyings, cementings and varnishings to make the fly as strong throughout as possible, for none but a fly-manufacturer, possibly, fully appreciates the terrific strain placed upon a fly quickly whipped through water, a pressure to the square inch which nothing but the natural elasticity of the feather enables it to bear.

As to the designs of the flies, they are almost all modeled on some insect or bug in nature, the exceptions being certain combinations of colors which have, for some little grasped reason, proved successful in the past. Now a new feature is being taken into consideration, and that is the appearance of the natural fly when wet, and the appearance of the artificial fly when wet. In the water most blues become nearly black, reds become purple, yellow grows several shades lighter, etc., etc., according to the water, and if the insect has, for instance, a pale blue fuzz on a gray skin, and the fly should have a pale blue wing rather long and a slightly darker blue body, in the water it will look to have a body almost black with the wings widely different from the natural insect.

The flies made vary from the tiny "midge" to the great flies which would overlay a dollar; and these are all for trout. The flies for Colorado and Montana are nearly all whipped on double hooks which point out in opposite directions about ½in. apart. The most gaudy and impossible looking specimens, which go to country sections, where there is a demand for them which must be filled, and which are of little use anywhere else in this country, prove good killers in Maine, where the waters are deep, clear and cold. These are the Silver Doctor, Jenny Lind, etc. The very large flies go mainly to Canada and California, and the Northwestern States, where there is very rapid and deep water, and the fish are plentiful; but an Eastern expert would look askance at any fisherman using them in Long Island waters. In the very high priced flies many designs are special, invented by private individuals, who in Europe would carry their own kit and tie them themselves, but who in this busy country of ours have neither time nor inclination so to do.

Some little idea of the detail in manufacturing flies may be gleaned from the fact that at this factory there are turned out every year about 5,000 flies of different kinds, qualities and sizes, and that each individual one of these is made (with few exceptions) in about 500 varieties, such as sizes of hooks, quality of gut, etc., etc., and that about 10,000 of the more commonly asked for varieties are kept in stock from day to day.

When the flies are completed, each separate one is passed before an inspector and inspected for flawless gut, perfect knotting of snell, perfect whippings of fly, perfect cementing and varnishing, and then goes down stairs into stock with a number which shows who made the inspection; and so, if after the flies have been sold and guaranteed as perfect, anything is found wrong and the customer returns the card, etc., which bears the faulty fly, the poor work can be immediately traced. This system works as a preventative and complaints are very few. This is not done in any European factory.

Eighteen years ago Mr. Imbrie (of Abbey & Imbrie, the proprietors of the company) went to Spain and made arrangements for securing proper and adequate supplies of silkworm gut. This gut on which the fly-hooks are snelled plays an important part in the factory, and is all imported from Europe, being the sac in the silkworm, which nature gave it to generate the silk. These sacs are withdrawn from the insect, and then, tightly held between the thumb and finger of each hand, are stretched to about 10 or 12in., in fact, as long as the gut continues round, this being continually tested by the tip of the tongue of the operator, both hands being employed. Quality is roundness rather than weight, and as long as it is round the area of tension is more evenly distributed and the grain of gut uninjured. Thickness only indicates great strength when round, and a flat gut of great width is weaker than a thin round gut as a rule. The quality is judged by appearance, freshness, etc., and it comes ten bundles in a hand, selling by the 10,000. When these are received at the factory each bundle is opened and sorted in sizes as near as possible, and then goes to the knotter, who makes the loops at the opposite end to the hook, drawing them tight over a screw hook in a bench, thus cutting the ends very close, which when the gut (being soaked before tying) dries out, is as hard and tight as if welded. The leaders of various length are no longer lashed in the old way, but by means of a new process are closely whipped and cemented with a waterproof composition which becomes harder with age and more perfect in every way.

It may be remarked that the annoying "snapping" of the fly, breaking it off the line when casting is occasioned, as is well known, by the caster not letting his line get a perfectly straight extension before whipping it forward, but there are also other reasons. One is that the gut is too dry, and that if the gut had been adequately soaked before casting this annoyance would be minimized. Another feature is the new reinforcing of the gut for the higher priced flies, which by bringing the gut back to the free snell, strengthens the snell just where it "snaps," and incidentally gives it a certain stability which makes it "drop" better and straighter. Every piece of gut in this American factory is graded to the hook on which it is to be used, and this is done nowhere else in the world.

Thus the American fly presents almost perfection of art, graded feather, graded gut, graded hook, scientific reinforcement of weak parts, waterproof cementing and greater spring to the feathers by reason of their adjustment, rendering the domestic trout fly, as claimed by the enthusiastic manufacturer, a work of art not ranking behind the paintings of the old masters. In conclusion, the prices of these flies range from 18 cents per dozen to the fisherman, up through the grades of 25, 40, 45, 60, 80 cents, $1, $1.50, $2, $2 50, and salmon flies from $4 to $12 per dozen. Think of the endless detail of the skilled work and then look again at the prices.

The Silver Hook.

WE have received from Mr. Wm. de la M. Cary a copy of his etching entitled "The Silver Hook." We are aware that within recent years theorists have denied the existence of the bare-footed small boy, who catches with his rude tackle more and larger fish than reward the best efforts of the city angler with his fancy flies; and we take it, therefore, as important testimony on the question that Mr. Cary has here succeeded in depicting the youngster in such a lifelike presentment that there can be no question of his actual existence. The picture shows the small boy bartering his string of fish to an angler in consideration of a piece of silver; it is in Mr. Cary's best vein. The plate measures 18×22in. The price is $6 a copy. Mr. Cary's studio is at No. 25 Chambers street, New York.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fishing Season Open.

CHICAGO, May 29.—May 25 removed the limit on all sorts of game fishing in Wisconsin. From this date on we shall see greater and greater crowds upon the Saturday afternoon trains of the Wisconsin Central, the Northwestern, and the Milwaukee & St. Paul railroads. Thus far the season has been very cold and backward, and fishing has not been attended with the comfort usually associated with green fields, sunny skies and waters which lilt and purl. One of our choice Chicago days, with the thermometer at a trace above freezing, and a raw wind blowing, is calculated to knock the lilt and purl out of things to an extent distressing to the tackle trade.

An Old-Time Fishing Reel.

Mr. Isaac Hitt, of Chicago, recently brought to this office something of a curiosity in the form of an old-time brass fishing reel. This reel he bought in Baltimore, Md., in the year 1851, and he used it in the waters of that vicinity and later on in his fishing near La Salle, Ill., where he resided for some years. This old reel is made of brass and multiplies one time. It has no balance handle and no reel-seat attachment, the reel being confined on the rod by means of a circular clamp operated by a thumb screw, as many reels were made until within twenty years ago. The maker of the old reel is not known, and it is in no way connected with the early Kentucky reels. Most curious of all in regard to this ancient bit of sporting gear is the fact that it still contains a good part of the fishing line which Mr. Hitt put in it in the year 1851, and which he says he is sure has never been changed. This line is a braided silk, and it would indeed be a matter of curiosity if it had lasted all these years, even with less use than that given it by Mr. Hitt. It is possible that this line has been changed without Mr. Hitt's knowledge, though he feels quite sure that it is the old line that he bought with the reel forty-six years ago.

Fishing on the Thornapple.

Lexden, of Michigan City, Ind., writes, giving further information which he has collected for the benefit of FOREST AND STREAM readers in regard to the angling on the Thornapple River of Michigan south peninsula. He says that Mr. Holt, who writes from Cascade, has a trout hatchery at that point. He adds that a favorite way of fishing this stream is to go to Cascade and go up stream with one's boat by wagon for a distance of nine miles, then putting the boat in and floating down stream to the town, thus getting a nice day's fishing. Mr. C. F. Holt, above referred to, says, under date of May 24:

"The bass fishing in Thornapple was as good last season as in many years. The first week in last September, in collecting fish for exhibit at the State fair, I caught thirty-seven in one day, ten of them weighing over 3lbs. These were caught with minnows.

"Bass are now spawning, and seem to be plenty, but there has been very little fishing yet.

Mr. A. L. French, of Fort Wayne, also writes encouragingly below, as does Mr. W. E. Powers, of Hastings, Mich., and it would appear that a stream where one can take thirty-five fish, and may possibly get trout mixed in with his bass, all on a stream with as tempting a name as that of the "Thornapple," ought to be good enough to risk. Mr. French says: "I think the fishing was never better there than it was last year on the Thornapple. I did not come down the river once when we got less than thirty-five fish."

Mr. Powers writes: "I presume you could get fly-fishing in the Thornapple River. We do not fish the river for bass, as we think them grubby in warm weather. The river will be too high for wading until July, then a person would need a boat in places. Some very nice trout have been caught in late years in the river. I can see no reason why two persons with a boat that could be handled around the dams could not have a great time going down the river.

"I don't think any fly fishing is done on the river, and, as I have said, we do not fish the river, Gum Lake being my place for fishing. There we use live bait mostly."

Among the Fishermen.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 5.—Mr. E C. Carter, of the Northwestern Railroad, had the pleasure of being caught in a severe snowstorm while trout fishing in the Escanaba River, in Michigan, on May 31. None the less, Mr. Carter managed to take twenty-four very fine trout during the day. Out here we call a trout a fine one which runs 8 or 10in. in length.

Mr. John Shearson, of the Northwestern dining car department, took quite a little party up to Manitowish last Friday a week ago. They were fortunate enough to take several mascallonge, though none were very large.

No word is yet received from Messrs. Stanton and Willard, who are absent at Squirrel Lake fishing for 'lunge. The season is so cold and backward that it is likely they have met with little success, although they are skillful fisherman. So far I have known of only one good 'lunge coming down from Wisconsin this season, this being seen at the shop of a local taxidermist.

On Sunday evening the following gentlemen will leave Chicago for a three weeks' fishing trip for mascallonge and bass at Habbekona Camp, on Woman Lake, in Upper Minnesota: Messrs. Joseph Downey, H. Leech, W. P. Mussey, C. S. Wilcox, C. B. Dicks, S. M. Sutherland and J. W. C. Haskell. These gentlemen should have very good sport from all accounts, and I look upon their trip with some curiosity, considering them in a manner, the advance guard of the army of sportsmen who I predict will soon invade Minnesota as a new hunting and fishing territory.

About a dozen members of the Eagle River Hunting and Fishing Club left this week for their place on Big Sand Lake, Wis. This club owns about 4,500 acres of land, and is near to good fishing.

The white bass are running now near Holland, Mich., and there should be good black and white bass fishing near there this month.

Mr. Wm. F. Schmidt, of Chicago, writes me thus in regard to bass waters not far distant:

"On Saturday last three of us caught forty-two bass in Eagle Lake, Wisconsin, Kansasville Station, on C., M. & St. P. R. R., seventy miles from Chicago. This lake has not been fished much and has not been advertised extensively. The season opens in Wisconsin May 25, which gives the bass in the southern Wisconsin lakes a better chance to increase. The only fishermen we found there were the same fishermen who have been going there for years.

"This lake, when the water is high in spring, is connected with Fox River, and both large-mouth and small-mouth bass come up into it to spawn, being left there when the water recedes. In this manner it is continually re-stocked. I know of no better lake near Chicago for bass, and none more convenient, trains arriving there in the afternoon in time to fish a couple of hours. Returning train reaches Chicago about 10 P. M. next night or 9:30 the following morning.

"The bait we used was pork-rind, cut to somewhat resemble the shape of a frog.

"You speak of the Prairie River, near Merrill, Wis. Some of my friends have been up there this season. A party of them in two days caught about 100 each, and they are very enthusiastic over it; so you can set it down that the fly-fishing for trout is as good there as ever." E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Catskill Mountain Trout.

NEAR Phœnicia, N Y., on the southern edge of the Catskills, three Kingston sportsmen, Messrs. Arthur Benjamin, Ira C Lowe and Cilbert Barley, took 24lbs. of trout May 31. The party camped over night in Snyder Hollow on the stream, about five miles from Phœnicia, and began fishing at daybreak. Their largest fish weighed 1¼lbs, but the entire catch ran well, and there were few small ones. The water was low, but this did not affect the fishing unfavorably.

As a result of intelligent stocking, the fishing in the Catskills brooks is steadily improving, and the average size of fish taken seems to be increasing.

In Esopus Creek and tributary streams a large proportion of the fish taken now are California trout; but these seem to be equally esteemed with the native trout.

The Kingston anglers have a method of fishing which is said to be very successful.

It is a combination of bait and fly-fishing. The cast is rigged as follows:

First comes a bait hook, then, about 8in. above that, a very light sinker; then in order black Spanish fly, brown-hackle and white-miller. The cast is made to the lower end of the pool and drawn up against the current. If nothing results, the line is allowed to sink and float back with the current. Trout are either taken or attracted by the flies, and afterward the bait has a chance to get in its fine work.

Our reports from Sullivan county show that the fishing at present is very poor. The streams were skinned by the early fishermen, and little or nothing remains for later arrivals. This, of course, is a common story. While the trout are plentiful, big catches are made, and fishing for count is the order of the day.

The local hotel proprietors are too apt to encourage this destructive tendency, as it gives them a chance to boast of big catches made in their neighboring streams.

The logical remedy is to enact a law limiting the number of fish to be taken by one rod in a day. Such a law would not only lengthen the season when fishing is good, but would also tend to protect the small trout, as these would be returned to the water when there was a chance of catching larger fish. J. B. BURNHAM.

Florida "Small Fish."

MR. VOM HOFE has returned to New York after a two months' fishing trip in Florida. His visit to the Texas tarpon country was given up at the last moment, but some of his friends have gone there to try conclusions with the Aransas Pass article.

Mr. Vom Hofe brought to gaff in all ten tarpon. He devoted much of his time to angling for what in contradistinction to their more lordly brethren are called "small fish," fish ranging in weight from 3 up to 25lbs. These fish bite so freely that there is always plenty of fun angling for them. Included in the classification are snook, jackfish, lady or bonefish, sea trout, Spanish mackerel, etc. Two weeks at Punta Rassa were given up to such fishing, and from 50 to 100 fish taken at a time.

Among other trophies of his trip Mr. Vom Hofe shows the whip taken from an 80lb. whip ray, which measures 5½ft. in length. Whiprays and stingrays are speared in shallow water. The guide paddles along very quietly, and the rays, which are dark fish, are easily seen by contrast with the white sand bottom.

The large sawfish taken by Mr. Vom Hofe at Fort Myers was illustrated in our last issue. J. B. B.

American Fisheries Society.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.—The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society will be held at the Russell House, Detroit, Mich., June 17, 18 and 19.

There will be a business meeting the morning of the 17th, and in the afternoon a trip will be made across Lake St. Clair by private steam yacht to Lake St. Clair Shooting and Fishing Club, where dinner will be served. The 18th will be devoted to business. The evening of the 18th the members of the Society will become the guests of the officers of the Michigan Central R. R., and entertained in their private car on a journey to the State hatchery, at Paris, returning to Detroit the next day.

A. NELSON CHENEY, Recording Secretary.

Maine Trout and Deer.

DEAD RIVER, Me., May 29.—Fishing has begun in earnest in this section. Sportsmen are arriving in good numbers and some very good strings of trout are being taken.

Miss Ethel A. Harlow, of Ledge House, caught twelve nice brook trout one day this week.

A large black bear was seen by a party of fishermen at Poplar Brook Falls last week.

Deer can be seen every day from the Ledge House and Cabins in large numbers. Over forty were seen last week from the piazza of the house. This is a fine opportunity for one wishing to get photographs of deer.

DEAD RIVER GUIDE.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE
346 Broadway
NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING
Present Entrance on Leonard Street

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 1.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, Morris, Man
Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 15.—E F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

SCHOOLING THE DOG.—III.

To the beginner, the matter of selecting a setter or pointer puppy is one of great moment, one to be thought over carefully and seriously during a number of days, with such additional data as can be gathered from the advice of sympathetic friends. He will probably be told that the puppy, which outstrips its fellows in the scramble to the feeding dish, is infallibly the best; or that the one which bullies the others and is master of the litter is the best; or any one of a dozen whimsical notions may serve for advice, for however incapable or ignorant a man may be himself concerning dog matters, it is rare indeed when he does not feel competent to give expert advice concerning them. There is no way to determine the puppy which will make the best field dog other than by the way of actual test. And this cannot be applied till the puppy has mental and physical powers developed sufficiently to work afield. All other so-called signs of determining the best puppy are trashy nonsense. The strongest puppy, scrambling first to the dish, may be the most gluttonous, and nothing more. He may be the first to dinner, with no inclination to work. The greatest bully may be a loafer. Nothing definite can be determined by matters of mere whim or fancy. Of course the trained eye of the breeder can detect extreme coarseness or weediness even in young puppies, but even the average physical qualities cannot be predetermined by the appearance of puppies when they are only a few weeks old. A handsome puppy may shape up into a homely dog, and a homely one may mature into symmetrical form. The main points to consider are that the puppy is bright, healthy and vigorous, and that it comes from well-bred parents of good qualities. These attributes do not insure that the puppy will be a good one, but if possessed of these there are then more chances that it will be good. There are well bred loafers, imbeciles and incapables among puppies, and the really good ones are in a minority.

It is much better to purchase the puppy when it is eight or more months old, for the reason that the death rate among nursing puppies is much greater than is commonly known. The puppy, at eight or more months of age, has far greater chances of life than when its age is only a few weeks, and furthermore, the purchaser can have some reasonably definite knowledge of its qualities and capabilities

Still, one must not be too hasty in forming either favorable or unfavorable opinions of young puppies' field qualities, for some puppies are very precocious and show a puppyish enthusiasm for work which ends or lessens with maturity, while others mature slowly, and develop into good or superior dogs notwithstanding a lack of earlier promise. In short, the same tact and good sense, so useful in every-day matters, are equally useful in matters pertaining to the dog.

Good health is essential to the puppy, both to him as a useful organic being, which has certain functions of life to perform properly, but in his capacity as a pupil it is indispensable. When the puppy is in ill health there then should be no attempt train him; he is then as unfit to be taught as the teacher, if ill, would be unfit to teach.

Both that he may have the comforts he deserves and that his health may be good, give him a comfortable place to sleep in, one which is dry, well ventilated and sufficiently warm. His food should be sufficient in quantity and good in quality. If he is a few weeks old, feed him liberally three or four times a day on milk and beef or mutton made into a stew, with cabbage, onions, potatoes, bread. Puppies when growing have a ravenous appetite and require frequent feeding in order to avoid the gorging they practice when there is too long a time between meals.

When he is in age from ten to fifteen months, a light breakfast and a generous dinner at night will be sufficient, and when the dog is fully matured, say from twenty to twenty-four months of age, one meal at night will be ample. He may then be fed on table scraps if they are scraps worth considering as food, for while the fragments left at any table are scraps, there is a wide difference in the food values of those same fragments. Scraps made up of fish bones, potato skins and corncobs would not be of much value, while scraps of good beef, bread and vegetables would be the best of dog food. If there is not a sufficient quantity or quality of scraps, then have the dog's food specially prepared. If he is working regularly every day to the gun a straight beef diet will be the best. Avoid the mistake of cooking the meat too well for the dog. If it is cut into pieces in size about right for a mouthful, then placed in a baking pan in the oven till the pieces are thoroughly hot, it is sufficient. Let it cool and the dog will eat the meat greedily. He will thrive on it. His coat will be in good condition, his spirits high, and he will have the greatest stamina of which he is capable. He will not be afflicted with the annoying and serious bowel disorders which so frequently result from a vegetable diet, and his skin will be free from the diseases which are so offensive to the owner and so harmful to the dog. By some strange fallacy it is commonly believed that meat is harmful to the dog. Many disorders are attributed to its use. Notwithstanding that dogs fed on acorn meal or grain diet are lacking in powers of endurance and are commonly afflicted with mange, the fallacy concerning a meat diet lives on and on. The dog is carnivorous, and therefore when he can choose his diet he will select meat every time. If accustomed to a meat diet it is sometimes necessary to starve him into a vegetable diet before he will accept it, and when he does accept he does so reluctantly, and only at all from the impulse of hunger. He rarely needs any vegetable food with his meat, and when he does need it nature has so ordered it that the dog feels the need and knows instinctively how to satisfy it, for he goes forth and eats grass. In cities, where grass is not obtainable

for dogs, a small portion of vegetable diet now and then may be given, but it is not needed regularly. The great evil in feeding dogs in the city is not so much in the evil effects of meat as in the effects of over-feeding. It is from the abuse of food, combined with insufficient exercise. The dog is fed every time the family has a meal, and on improper food such as cake, pie, highly spiced dishes, and between times the children delight in feeding the dog sugar or candy. Hence such dogs are always too fat, some of them disgustingly so, besides being wheezy, awkward and indolent in consequence, and also predisposed to many diseases. Any food will thus have harmful effects if its use is abused. Violent bowel disorders are frequently cured by a change from a vegetable to a meat diet.

A common argument is that the owner requires three meals a day, and that, therefore, the dog requires the same number. It is as much as to say that one's stomach is the measure of all other stomachs.

The meat eaters require much less food and less often than do the vegetable eaters. The ox eats by the hour; the meat eater satisfies his stomach needs in a few moments. The wolf may not have a square meal in several days, yet he is strong and enduring, though he be gaunt and hungry-looking. It is claimed that domestication has changed the nature of the dog in this respect. Such is mere assertion with nothing to support it. The teeth, digestive organs and nature of the dog are the same, whether he be wild or tame. When he reverts to a wild state he does not seek potato or cabbage patches for food; he kills whatever animals he can to secure the needed supply, and even the domestic dog, in spite of the alleged change of nature coming from domesticity, is known to kill sheep on occasion, besides always showing a natural inclination to pursue rabbits, deer, squirrels, game birds, etc , not for the delight of man, but for his own delight and profit. When the game is captured the unschooled dog shows a purpose of eating it immediately. If it is light and portable, as squirrels, birds, etc., he may take possession and run away with it. Nothing is commoner than to see the amateur and half-trained dog scrambling furiously for a dead or wounded bird, each endeavoring to secure it first—if the dog is most successful the bird is either bolted outright or badly mutilated before the amateur can force him to surrender it—and yet there are many who think that the dog hunts solely for the gratification of his master.

UP A TREE WITH A COON.

A MR. CLARKE, who lives in the Willamette Valley, Oregon, recently told me this experience with a coon.

"One day I was looking through the woods for some stray cattle, my only companion being my big dog Sam. I chanced to pass under the wide-spreading boughs of a young fir tree. About 25 or 30ft. above the ground was a large nest built by a wood-rat. The nest was about as large as a barrel, and was made of large and small leaves, grass, etc. I glanced at the nest and was about to pass on when, to my surprise, I saw a very large coon lying on top of the nest apparently fast asleep. I had no weapon save a large and strong-bladed knife. However, I resolved to make an assault despite the disadvantage under which I labored. I determined to climb the tree and, if possible, dislodge the animal. Sam was a large, powerful dog and a most expert coon fighter, and I had every confidence that he would make very short work of the coon if the creature could be dislodged and brought to earth. Stripping off shoes, coat and vest, and casting hat aside, I started to shin up the fir. My idea was to climb past the place where the coon was perched, and, when once above, I could easily drive the animal down the trunk, or if it took refuge in the branches I could easily shake it out. But I had reckoned without my host. No sooner did the coon see me start up the tree than it ran to the trunk and began to climb for dear life. As I had started after it I proposed to capture it if possible. 'Never mind, my fine fellow,' I thought, 'just climb away, but I'll get you yet, see if I don't.'

"Well, on the coon nimbly climbed, and I followed slowly and awkwardly. Up, up, the animal ascended, and after it I came. Smaller and smaller grew the trunk of the tree, and at the height of about 75ft. from the ground the coon reached a point as far as it dared to go. It had got so far up that the slender trunk was not larger than a man's wrist, and was swaying to and fro. Seeing that the coon could go no further, and as I could ascend no higher, I endeavored to shake the animal out. But that was all in vain. I shook the tree violently until I was completely out of breath, but the coon hung on with the tenacity of a leech.

"Finally I gave that up as a bad job. 'I'll get him yet,' I murmured between my clenched teeth. Next, I cut off a branch about 10ft. long, and trimmed it up. With this I could readily reach the coon; and would you believe it, I could not punch it out to save my life. Every time I reached upward, the coon would grasp the end of the branch in an instant and twist it in my hands. I consider myself a strong man, but, laboring under the disadvantage, I was no match for the cunning little animal Maddened and chagrined by repeated defeat and failure, I made several desperate efforts, and finally cast the stick aside in disgust. All this time the coon kept up a continual snarling and growling, and I could see that, like myself, it was getting pretty mad. Several times it looked as if it was ready to leap down on me, and I have often wondered since that it did not.

"At last a happy idea struck me. The tree was only a few inches in diameter; and why could I not sever it and pitch the creature off? No sooner thought than done. With the sharp knife I rapidly cut into the soft fir wood, and by pushing with all my might succeeded in breaking off the now nearly detached treetop. When the coon discovered that the jig was up and it had to go, it gave a jump and caught on the ends of some branches below. These it clutched desperately, but its momentum was too great. It fell from limb to limb, and found no resting place until the ground was reached.

"Sam saw the coon start, saw the leap and the frantic efforts made in vain to grasp the branches. He measured the distance promptly and with precision and the coon had scarcely touched the ground before the dog was on it like a panther.

It was a short, but very desperate fight Sam came out victor, but not without many a scratch and painful bite. As soon as the coon started to fall I began descending, and, being pretty well exhausted, I came down leisurely. While coming down I could hear the savage fight below in full progress. By the time I reached the ground the conflict was ended. I shouldered the coon, and, reaching the house, my first care was to dress Sam's many painful wounds and make the old fellow comfortable. It was a week or more before he recovered from the effects of his sanguinary tussle. The coon was, without exception, the largest one I have ever seen.

After the excitement had subsided, I began to realize how rash and foolhardy I had been in following the animal up the tree. Had the coon attacked me, it would have compelled me to loosen my hold on the branches to defend myself; I should have undoubtedly been killed outright by the fall, or else very seriously injured. I will never follow another coon up a tree. J. M. BALTIMORE.

SPOKANE, Wash.

E. F. T. Club Derby Entries.

ENTRIES for the nineteenth annual Derby of 1897 have a total of forty-two, of which thirty are setters and twelve are pointers:

WINNIE GLADSTONE—R. C. Cornell's w. and b. setter bitch (Tory Gladstone—Molly).

ZEB—Victor Humphery's b. pointer dog (Kemp B.————).

RISQUE—George Batten's b., w. and t. setter dog (Gladstone—Roderigo Queen)

RACCO—T. E. Batten's b. and w. setter dog (Mecca—Countess Jennie).

MINNIE'S GIRL—Del Monte Kennels' o. and w. setter bitch (Antonio—Minnie T.).

LIBERTY—Del Monte Kennels' w. and b. setter bitch (Sam T.—Gath's Dora).

LIGHTFOOT—Del Monte Kennel's w. and b. setter bitch (Sam T.—Gath's Dora)

TICK BOY, JR—Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. pointer dog (Tick Boy—Jilt).

LEM GLADSTONE—G. M. T. Cantrell's l. and w. setter bitch (Antonio—Cossette Gladstone).

TORY SILAS—F. R Hitchcock's b , w. and t. setter dog (Count Gladstone—Tory Luna).

TORY NOVEL—F. R. Hitchcock's b , w. and t. setter bitch (Topsey Rod—Novelist).

ST. CLAIR—Tyro Kennels' liv. and w. pointer dog (Rob—Ripsay).

TRACKTI—Tyro Kennels' l. and w. pointer bitch (Rob—Ripsay).

SEPOY—Charlottesville Kennels' liv. and w. pointer dog (Rip Rap—Queen III.).

BEGUIN—Charlottesville Kennels' b. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Queen III.).

GHOORKA—Charlottesville Kennels' liv. and w. pointer dog (Delhi—Selah).

PIN FEATHER—Charlottesville Kennels' b. b. setter bitch (Harold Skimpole—Daisy Croft).

LADY EARL—J. H. Johnson's (agt.) o. and w. setter bitch (Dave Earl—Toney's Lady).

DOCTOR TASSIE—Wm. Elliot's liv. and w. pointer dog (Hal—Kent's Star).

PEARL R.—Dr. M. F. Rogers's b., w. and t. setter bitch (——— — ———).

JESSIE C.—Dr. G. Chisholm's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Hal—Kent's Star).

——— —J. J Odom's b., w. and t. setter dog (Toney Boy—Blue).

JELDA—W. B. Meares' b. and w. pointer bitch (Tick Boy—Abdallah Romy).

FITZSIMMONS—W. B. Meares' b. and w. pointer bitch (Tick Boy—Abdallah Romp).

FAIRVIEW BELLE—W. G. Brokaw's l. and w. setter bitch (Edymark— ——).

HURSTBOURNE JOE—Tobasco Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch (Toney Boy—Bonnie Belle).

LADY OF HESSEN—Tobasco Kennels' b., w. and t. pointer bitch (Hessen Boy—Lady of Rush.

ROMANCER—Avent, Thayer & Duryea's Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog (Topsey Rod—Novelist).

ORLANDO'S GIRL—Avent, Thayer & Duryea's Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch (Orlando—Dolly Wilson).

SAM T. II.—Richard Bros' b., w. and t. setter dog (Sam T.—Belle Gladstone).

WHY NOT—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s b., w. and t. setter dog (Eugene T.—Miss Ruby)

WISE CHILD—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s b., w. and t. setter dog (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).

MAIDEN MODESTY—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).

LORETTA—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b. and w. setter bitch (Loris—Kosalie).

LENA BELL—Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b , w. and t. setter bitch (Sam—Minnie B.).

WILL B.—Dr. J. Spencer Brown's l. and w. pointer dog (Rip Rap—Cropie Kent).

KING VICTOR—Geo. E. Gray's (ag't) b., w. and t. setter dog (Victor—Petral).

SPOT'S GIRL—Dr. McLeod's l. and w. setter bitch (Spot's Cash—Minnie B.).

SPOT'S LADDIE—Dr. McLeod's b., w. and t. setter dog (Spot's Cash—Minnie B.).

SPOT'S BELL—Dr. W. G. Moore's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Marie's Sport—West Wind).

MISS MISCHIEF—Richard Bingham's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Dash Antonio—Petty).

HOPE—Joe. E. Mears's lem. and w. setter bitch (Joyful—Thompson's Nora). S. C. BRADLEY, Sec'y.

Dog Owners and Others.

NEW YORK —*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read in the daily press not long since of a number of dogs being poisoned in apartment houses in this city. I have read the keep-your-eye-on-business indignation published by some of the kennel journals over the matter. Of course their grief and indignation are not the result of fair investigation of the matter, they are from trade policy to please readers. Some common sense advice to owners of dogs in apartment houses would be better than the indignation of the Uriah Heep sort.

I do not write this to you, Mr. Editor, with any desire or intention to make light of the interests of dog owners, nor to approve of the poisoning of the poor dogs. What I do write this for is to point out that people in apartment houses who do not own dogs have some rights too. This is often lost sight of. More than that, it is often treated with contempt. If a man or woman owns a dog and keeps him in his or her own apartment, and the dog is not permitted to disturb the neighbors, no one has a right to object. But the dog owner loves his dog, and gives him every freedom of the premises. In every large apartment house there are numbers of dogs as there are numbers of families. Some of the dogs are nervous and waketul from confinement. They bark when they hear any unusual noise night or day, and their endless yap, yap, and bow, wow, day and night, does not make them beloved of the people. One noisy dog may disturb a dozen families. Let anyone protest to the owner against the nuisance, and in place of being politely received and the protest considered, the complainant will have a bitter quarrel on his hands, and will receive insult and foment malicious gossip. The owners will hold indignation meetings and the nuisance will be augmented Sleepless nights caused by the exasperating barking of a pampered, indolent dog, are made light of.

Worst of all, the health of the residents is menaced. From the second floor upward, the difficulty of taking a dog to the street for exercise and natural relief grows more difficult. Many of the tenants are pressed for time, or are too lazy or careless to take their dogs to the street for the necessary purposes, so they turn them into the hallways, with the result that the janitors have a never-ending task to keep the buildings clean. Do their best they cannot keep them clean. After a time there is a most disgusting stench, and the carpets become so fouled that nothing the janitors can do will suppress the stench. To warn the offending tenants brings forth the indignant denial from each that it is his or her dog. It is always the dog of some one else. The ones who do not own dogs protest against the unsanitary condition and refuse to pay rent, or threaten to move, or berate the janitors, so that the revenues of the houses are impaired and the property depreciated in consequence. The janitor is scolded, blamed, or discharged for matters he cannot control so readily as one might think. If he allows the nuisance to continue, the house becomes unsanitary and a menace to health. If he tries to abate it, there is ill-temper and ill-will, and the tenants threaten to leave if the dogs are not suppressed, and other tenants threaten to leave if they are. The janitors, being intelligent, think that if the dogs were removed the cause would disappear.

Janitors have valuable property to look after, and they have to look after a living for themselves and families. Tenants who do not own dogs do not care to suffer from foul smells and noisy nuisances. Where people are ill the nuisance is still more intolerable.

What I wish to do is to point out that there are two sides to this question. When dogs are poisoned, as were the dogs recently on Amsterdam ave., the owners of the dogs may not be without blame. I make a claim that the dog owners have their rights, and that others have rights too.

JANITOR.

Dogs and Gold Diggings.

Dogs have suddenly become more valuable than horses in this section of the Northwest. This state of affairs results from the great and growing demand for dogs to be used in hauling sledges in the Yukon country, Alaska. While thousands of horses for which their owners cannot get $3 a head are roaming over the plains of eastern Washington and Oregon, good-sized dogs are bringing from $15 to $30 each in the local market. At Juneau their value is double what it is here, and on the Yukon River a good dog brings from $100 to 150. To the Yukon miner the dog has become what the reindeer is to the Laplander and the pony to the cowboys of Texas and Mexico—a beast of service and a most valuable one.

Every steamer sailing for Alaska for three months past has borne northward several dozen dogs destined for service in front of heavily laden sledges. They are taken by boat to Dyea, at the head of salt water navigation, and there put into harness to assist in hauling outfits and supplies over the Chilkoot Pass and down the further slope to the series of fresh water lakes forming the headwaters of the Yukon's tributaries. Up to May, when the ice breaks up, dog teams slide over the smooth surface of the lakes with surprising rapidity, considering the loads they haul. There are portages to be made around dangerous rapids, and here again their services are invaluable. Arriving at the central posts, such as Forty Mile or Circle City, both men and dogs take a rest. In most cases the dogs are put into harness again for the trip to the diggings.

The sledge dogs are too valuable not to be well taken care of where that is possible. There owners' first thought in this respect is to obtain plenty of food for them. Their food consist principally of fish, usually salmon, caught in the Yukon River by the natives. An ordinary dog will eat daily 2lbs. of dried salmon, which equals 7lbs. of fresh fish. At Forty Mile last winter dried salmon sold at from 20 to 50 cents a pound, and bacon that was fit only for dogs to eat, sold for 37½ cents a pound. In some of the larger camps on the Yukon dog boarding houses have been established, where the animals are properly cared for at from $6 to $15 a month, according to the season and the price of dog food.

The native Yukon dog is much more valuable than the importations from Puget Sound. The dogs must be acclimated in order to stand the severities of the winter. It is found that dogs taken from Montana and Dakota endure the Yukon winters with less suffering than those bred in the milder climate of Puget Sound. Two splendid specimens of native Alaska dogs were brought here a few days ago, their owner finding it cheaper to pay their passage on the steamer than to have them boarded at Dyea during his trip here for supplies. The animals weigh, one 82lbs. and the other 88lbs. The large one cost its owner $117 at Circle City. It is a cross between a dog belonging to a family of missionaries that went to the Yukon years ago and one that hailed from the shores of the Mackenzie River. Both animals are stout, well proportioned and muscled, and have exceptionally short and heavy necks. Their ears are short and lifted like those of the Eskimo dog. Their coats are dark, and the hair, while not close, is smooth and heavy enough to form a comfortable protection against the Arctic winters and the Yukon mosquitoes, by the side of which the ferocity of the New Jersey variety pales into insignificance. A specially prepared dog food made out of meal and coarse meat from the packing houses is now being manufactured in the form of a cracker and seems likely to come into general use.

Buckskin moccasins are provided by many owners to keep the feet of the animals from being worn raw on the ice and snow. They are about 9in. long and made much after the pattern of a child's stocking. Pack saddles are also coming into use this spring. These are so arranged that dogs can carry a weight of from 10 to 20lbs. besides drawing a sled. The saddlebags fall on either side, and straps are arranged to prevent the pack from sliding forward or backward.

A Tacoma dealer has built up a large business in the manufacture of dog harness. A suit of harness usually weighs 2½lbs. The collar is made to slip over the dog's head, obviating the necessity of buckling it about the animal's neck when the driver's hands are cold and numb. The collar is made of leather faced with sheepskin and stuffed with deer hair.

The hames are inclosed in the collar, and attached to them are buckles for fastening the traces. On each collar are placed rings to which the traces of a dog in the lead may be attached, making it easy to drive teams in tandem. Traces in the harness for native dogs are made of heavy web material, because the dogs eat the leather harness. They devour the collars on sight if permitted to do so. This peculiar carving makes it necessary to keep the animals separated when harnessed, so that they cannot masticate one another's collar. When the web traces become oily, the dogs chew even them, and it is only a matter of time when the web strappings become food for the hungry creatures.

This spring several parties have taken burros and small horses in lieu of dogs for draught and general service beasts. It is claimed that one pony or burro will draw 3,000lbs. on the frozen surface of a lake. Another advantage claimed is that they can be more profitably used as pack animals during the summer. A Circle City firm works a train of thirteen horses, hauling from 800 to 1,300lbs. each on sleds and requiring but three drivers. All returned miners, however, unite in declaring that the dog is holding its own well against the competition of the horse and that dogs will be needed on the Yukon in large numbers for years to come. It is expected that within a few years the Government will be able to supply many reindeer from the herd at Point Barrow.

E. M. McClaine and A. M. Stearns, two Eastern miners, have just started north with a new kind of freight conveyance. It is a water and ice craft combined. The main part is a box, built like a large watering trough, 8ft. long, 22in. wide across the bottom, 3ft. across the top, and 22in. high. Beneath the box are two runners, 5in. high, and a little longer than the bed. The party has six of these conveyances, which will be used as sleds on land and boats on water. For use in the water, two of the sleds will be joined together by blocks at the ends, making a stronger water craft. To each side of the conveyance a log will be attached to render it more buoyant. The trough-like boxes are made of galvanized iron, and it is intended to sell them on the Yukon for bathtubs, the cost of a bath there being $1.—*N. Y. Sun.*

National Beagle Club of America.

THE committees appointed at the last meeting of the National Beagle Club of America are as follows:

Field Trial Committee: Jas. W. Appleton, chairman; George B. Post, jr., A. Wright Post, George Laick, John Bateman, George W. Rogers, G. Mifflin Wharton, N. A. Baldwin, Bradford S. Turpin, George F. Reed, D. F. Summers, Jas. L. Kernochan, Wm. Saxby and A. D. Lewis.

Sub-Committees are as follows:

Selection of Grounds: Jas. W. Appleton, chairman; A. Wright Post, Jas. L. Kernochan, G. Mifflin Wharton.

Judges: George F. Reed and George Laick.

Arrangements at Trials: George W. Rogers, A. D. Lewis, D. F. Summers and N. A. Baldwin.

Finance: George Laick, chairman; George B. Post, jr., G. Mifflin Wharton.

Premium Lists, etc.: Jas. W. Appleton and George W. Rogers.

Marshal at Field Trials: George F. Reed.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

From Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Winnipeg, whose enthusiasm in field sports and their betterment is without limit, we have received the following information, which is important in its bearing on the forthcoming trials: "That good friend of field trials, Mr. M. Lawrie, of Morris, called on me to-day, and he said that the prospects for a big chicken crop were never brighter. He said that he knows of twenty nests within a radius of two miles of Morris, so that with seasonable weather during their chickenhood we should have an abundance of birds this year."

The list of judges for the N. E. K. C. show on June 19 are: Bloodhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards, collies and Old English sheepdogs, poodles, pointers, setters, bull dogs, French bull dogs and fox terriers, Mr. H. W. Lacy, Boston, Mass.; spaniels, beagles, bull terriers, Irish, Scottish, Welsh terriers and miscellaneous classes, George S. Thomas, Salem, Mass.; Boston terriers, A. L. Goode, Boston, Mass.

A one-day dog show will be held at Morristown, N. J., some time in this month for local dogs only. It will be under the auspices of the Morristown Field Club. There are a number of fine specimens owned in and about Morristown, and from the great local interest already manifested at least a hundred entries are expected. A part of the programme is an afternoon tea on the club's grounds. Messrs. Elliott Smith and A. C. Wilmerding have charge of the matter.

The American and Continental Sanitas Co., Ltd., 636 West Fifty-fifth street, New York, offers to send free an illustrated book giving instruction for disinfecting in everyday life and during cases of infectious diseases.

Entry blanks of the International Field Trials Club's Derby can be obtained of the honorary secretary, Mr. W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont. Entries close July 1.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable

THE CARE OF THE WHEEL.

THE pleasure of a long ride is made or marred by the running qualities of one's bicycle.

1. Before starting, oil the bearings of both wheels and also the crank axle.

2. Clean the chain thoroughly, and if you do not find it as limber as a snake, oil the joints of each separate link and wipe off surplus with a cloth.

In any case lubricate the inner surface of the chain with stick graphite or other good lubricant to reduce the friction of the sprocket teeth.

If these details are properly attended to, and five minutes is sufficient for the purpose, you may count upon a smooth-running wheel.

Do not neglect to give your wheel a thorough inspection and cleaning from time to time. Frequent inspections are necessary in the case of a new wheel before it is thoroughly tuned up for the road.

Look out for broken or loose spokes. Sometimes a spoke will snap where it is bent near the axle and escape notice by keeping its position, owing to the fact that it is tied to its neighbor.

Loose spokes may mean the collapse of the wheel. They are commonly found in new bicycles after the first few weeks' riding.

Nuts are also apt to work loose at first. Go over the nuts on the ends of both wheel axles and tighten them up as snug as you can with reasonable muscular effort. Then tighten the nuts on the inner ends of the pedals next the cranks. Bicycles are shipped from the factory with the pedals off, and at the selling agency the pedals are frequently carelessly attached. This is one great cause of broken pedals. Once the pedal is loosened it slips gradually away from the crank, and then some particularly hard thrust strips the thread from both male and female screw and the pedal drops off. The trouble cannot be remedied on the road (except that when the thread is only slightly defaced a short piece of soft wire may sometimes be screwed in with it and serve temporarily), and the wheelman is obliged to ride home with one pedal and get a new pedal axle and crank piece.

Last, but not least, if you value your neck, see that the handle bar is firmly clamped. Also that the saddle post and saddle adjustment nuts are tight.

A good clean-up is desirable once in a while, but not absolutely necessary, as regards the outside. If a man's natural instinct does not teach him to keep his wheel spick and span, the wheel will not necessarily suffer. It may be covered with mud or grease and run as easily and give the rider just as much satisfaction as the most fastidiously kept bicycle, provided, of course, the running parts are in good condition, which is a simple matter to attend to.

It must not be understood that we are in favor of dirty bicycles, inside or out, but people before this have been deterred from purchasing wheels through a mistaken sense of the requirements necessary to keep them in serviceable condition, and it is our purpose to show that no great sacrifice of time or energy is required. What is in reality a simple matter has, to the uninitiated assumed forbidding proportions, chiefly because it is customary to give too many directions. Most riders, after a time, by contact with others, naturally and without effort pick up a knowledge of bicycles and their requirements, and it is time enough then to take them apart and clean the bearings and alter the adjustment and experiment in the ways so dear to some of the dyed-in-the-wool wheeling cranks. But if the rider never gets that knowledge and never has a desire to tinker with his wheel, as is sometimes the case, there is no great cause for worry.

If by any chance the nickeled parts become wet they should be wiped off with a dry cloth, and then afterward if one does not mind their collecting a film of dust, with a greasy cloth. In the case of good dust-proof bearings the easy-running qualities of the bicycle will not necessarily be impaired by going a year or more without cleaning. Of course, grit or dirt in the bearings tends to wear the parts, but a small amount of wear is not such an unpleasant thing as might appear, for after a season's use bicycles commonly run better than at the start. Even if bearings wear out there is a remedy, for new cones and balls are within the reach of all at a slight expense.

Finally, it is perfectly possible to have the maximum of profit and pleasure from a bicycle without any undue sacrifice of time or patience in its care. See that the chain and wheels are lubricated and let the rest of the directions slide. If, however, you are methodical and neat and have a reasonable amount of time and patience, you may go further and keep your wheel like a new pin. It is satisfactory to know that each ball in the bearings is bright as a silver globe and that the spokes are not marred by rust pits, that the adjustment is perfect and that there is no undue wear on any part, that the enamel is glossy and unscratched. All this is good and worthy of emulation, and we have no hesitation in recommending it as the best plan. A well-kept wheel is a patent of respectability, and with experience most riders learn to appreciate this fact in its application to themselves.

One word more. If you have no mechanical ability and no understanding of the whys and wherefores of your wheel, don't try experiments with its adjustment or repair or let friends do so unless you have implicit confidence in their skill and knowledge of your particular mount. All repair men are not to be trusted, and if your wheel develops any ailment it is best to take it to the manufacturer or his agent, as they have a personal interest in the matter and will see that it is put in order properly.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

THE following is from the *Marine Journal*. We quite agree with it in describing Namouna as a first-class yacht, of course, considering the advances made since she was built. At the same time, it is but just to state that "this American vessel" was designed by St. Clare J. Byrne, of Liverpool, Eng., though built, under his direction, in this country. This accounts for her handsome and shipshape appearance as compared with the Delaware-built steam yachts of the same date.

We are pleased to welcome the return of Namouna, James Gordon Bennett's steam yacht, this week. This American vessel is our conception of a first-class yacht. Great credit is due Com. Bennett in the selection of his officers. They are men who could scarcely be replaced, as some of them have been with him from fifteen to thirty years. It is reported that Com. Bennett is to build another steamer. We are informed that this is not a fact, he being well satisfied with the craft he built on the Hudson in 1881, and in which he has made several long voyages in comfort and safety. Namouna, with Mr. Bennett and party, leaves for the return trip to Europe next Sunday.

Useful Yachts.

IT is now many years since the FOREST AND STREAM began its attack upon the then universal type of yacht, the shoal and wide skimming dish, and advocated in its stead for many purposes the deep cutter. Since that time a great many changes have taken place; the skimming dish was driven out entirely for years, to reappear of late in the small racing classes, and in an improved form divested of its sandbags. The narrow cutter was adopted and tried, to be replaced by other cutters of greater beam; both of these types, really of moderate draft, though once considered very deep, have since been superseded by others of far greater draft; and of late years this draft has been accompanied by a cutting down of displacement that has destroyed all semblance of living room. To-day the extreme fin-keel type, with its three marked characteristics of great draft, limited internal space and high speed, dominates all classes, with results that are but too plainly seen on every hand.

One of the most useful of all types which succeeded the skimming-dish was the cutter of moderate beam and draft and in lengths of from 20 to 30ft. l.w.l. These little yachts, as built between 1880 and 1888, possessed in a high degree the two valuable qualities of safety and accommodation, and at the same time they afforded a great deal of sport in racing with each other. That they were slow—not merely as compared with the bulb-fin racing machine, but by far more reasonable standards of speed in yachting—is undeniable; some of them were very slow, indeed; but with even this drawback they had much to recommend them, and they did important work in bringing men into yachting.

In the present condition of designing there is but one reason why something of the same type, but much faster, is not possible; and this reason is the demand on the part of many yachtsmen for the highest possible speed, regardless of all other considerations.

This demand has, in the course of the past five years, driven out the generally useable type of yacht in all classes and sizes, replacing it with the fin-keel machine; the general prevalence of the machine has at last resulted in a counter movement that is becoming more general each year, the establishment of numerous special classes under rigid restrictions as to dimensions, type and construction.

The best known and most successful of these restricted classes in this country and probably in the world, is the knockabout class of Massachusetts Bay. Even here the result of keen racing is now evident, to the marked detriment of all other qualities but speed. Enough has been learned, however, from the experiment, to warrant the belief that it could be extended with advantage to other classes, and the Boston *Globe* discusses the subject in a very thorough and reasonable way, as follows:

The increasing number of 25ft. knockabouts and the steadily growing popularity of the size and type, calls attention to the possibilities of sport in the class, not only the present season, but also in the future under suitable limitations and restrictions. While the handiness and popularity of the 21ft. knockabout is conceded, it is nevertheless true that the usefulness of the class is practically limited to afternoon sailing, and that something larger must be taken when extended cruising qualities are desired. In fact, the 25-footer is a development of the cruising idea, while at the same time retaining much the same racing possibilities and the sport which results therefrom.

It is with the hope of still further increasing the popularity of the class and possibly securing recruits from intending builders who are now attracted to the 21ft. ranks, that the owners of some of the 25-footers are considering the question of having some special racing for boats in the class. The formation of an association which shall keep the class where it ought to be is also in mind.

Marblehead, the port from which most of the boats hail, is named as the likeliest place to have the races, for it is probable that the Corinthian Club would make a special class if there was a certainty of filling it, or at least would give the boats a chance by themselves in its regular club races.

The chief point in which the 21ft. knockabouts are lacking is accommodation below. That many owners desire such accommodation is attested by the large number of boats in the class which are either originally built with cabin trunks or have them added after a season's racing. Hence the 25-footer and its logical development from the smaller size.

A little study of the question shows that the only advantageous sizes of small cruising yachts are those of 24 to 26, 33 to 36 and 45 to 46ft. waterline, since they are handled respectively by the same crews as those of 20 to 21, 28 to 30 and of 40ft. waterline, while at the same time they can be planned more economically below, for the smaller sizes just miss the head room of the larger ones, or the available length to arrange a good cabin plan. Two men can sail a 25ft. knockabout as easily as they can a 21-footer, and so on through the list.

In no class does the improvement in yacht design show more strikingly than in the one in question. Cutting the beam and deadwoods, lowering the ballast in a fin-shaped keel and raising the sides to a good freeboard, have produced a boat which is fast under a moderate amount of sail kept well inboard, is capable of doing its best work in a rough chance, and yet which is good in ordinary weather; and at the same time provides surprising accommodation below, with standing room under the house. The old models of this length were deficient in several of these desiderata, especially in the matter of ease of handling and head room.

The impossibility of getting this cruising accommodation on a 21ft. boat developed the 24-footer soon after the knockabouts proved their quality.

In the winter '93-'94 W. S. Palmer had Eugenia designed and built by Lawley as a handy sailboat with cruising room below. She proved such a clever craft that she was soon followed by Barnacle, an auxiliary craft designed by Arthur Binney and built for C. F. Lyman by the Fore River Company, and by Rowena and Yarico, designed and built by Lawley for Messrs. James Rothwell and Henry Yerxa.

This year's crop shows four boats, two of which are fitted with bowsprit and jib, losing the characteristic of the knockabout rig in this respect only. Three of the four were designed and built by Lawley. The fourth, Wanaissa, was designed by E. C. Jewell and built by Fenton & White, of Manchester.

The later Lawley boats have been really a compromise between the cutter model of Burgess and the deep keel canoe hull of the present day, resembling strongly the English five and ten raters, except that they have more beam. They have good accommodations below, most of them being fitted as follows: Abreast the companionway, two clothes lockers; transoms about 7ft. long, with shallow lockers built in the wings above them: at the forward end of the cabin, buffet on each side; forward of the bulkhead and in the house, with good head room, a toilet room with water closet and folding washstand; opposite this, the ice chest, food lockers, etc.; forward of the mast there is space for a swing berth for a paid hand and miscellaneous stowage.

The Lawley boats and Barnacle are beautifully fitted with hard wood, have much locker and stowage room, their owners taking but one guest. A weak point, however, is the narrow width of the cabin floor and waterways, the latter owing to the wide cabin trunk. This year's boats are somewhat improved in the last respect.

Wanaissa is a little wider than the Lawley boats, and her counter and stern are run out to improve looks and deck room. A narrow hatch house of mahogany has been used, leaving all the width possible for the waterways. As there is sitting room under the deck on all these boats, there is really no reason for using a house wider than the cabin

floor, since it is of no service below and spoils the deckroom. In cabin arrangement, Wanaissa is an example of a boat in the class fitted for more than two men. Locker room has been cut down somewhat, and there will be a 14ft. cabin with 12ft. transoms, making berths for four. The cabin will be divided by curtains if ladies are aboard. In the after end are small clothes lockers, and on the forward bulkhead silver and china cabinets. Two and one-half feet of the house is in the galley, giving head room for toilet and cook's department, while forward of the mast is the usual berth and stowage. By using rather a high side and house, the cabin floor is kept 3ft. wide instead of 2ft. or less. These two arrangements described will show the roominess of the type as far as cabin plan goes.

The important point, however, is that this class is the smallest size of boat in which full head room can be obtained, and yet be readily handled even by one man, although of course two is the smallest number for easy work on any craft.

The question of rig is to be settled by the owner's purposes. If afternoon sailing and single-handed work is most of the programme, the knockabout sail plan is the thing, but for general cruising, especially where a man or boy is shipped as crew, the bowsprit and "divided skirt" forward is far better, above all, if the boat is quite powerful.

Plenty of zest can be found in racing in this class if the owners desire it, and what is better, men building in it have the satisfaction of possessing a craft that is a yacht, and not a sail boat, fit to live or cruise on, yet perfectly available for easy work on short sails, even single-handed. This was the chief quality lacking in the old-time sloop and catboat, as well as in the compromise cutter, of fairly good accommodation, but all "legs and wings."

The formulation of rules for a restricted racing 25ft. class should not be a difficult matter, and with the present nucleus to build upon, and with the advantages of the size fully appreciated, a rapid growth should be assured. A few races this season would help the class in many ways, while its promotion would be a most desirable thing for yachting, as affording a motive for building good, wholesome boats of a convenient size, as against the inevitable necessity of building "machines" in the open and unrestricted classes.

The question may also fairly be asked if it is not in such restricted classes, where racing and cruising qualities are combined, that the future of yacht racing is to be found.

We agree fully with the *Globe's* reasoning, but we are prepared to go further in the belief that the restricted classes, each under special conditions, must before long give place to one uniform measurement rule which shall embody strongly restrictive conditions in itself, rendering special rules and classes unnecessary. As a vital part of such a rule there must be a limitation on construction, more extended, but after the same general plan as the present limitations of the knockabout class.

Of course such a rule would meet with strong opposition from those who believe in unrestricted speed without rules, or with the least possible semblance of a rule, such as mere waterline measurement; and there would be the familiar cry of a "tax on skill;" but we believe that if the clubs possess the ability to formulate a restrictive rule, that will promote a yacht of comparatively full body, moderate draft and sail area and extended lateral plane, and if they have the courage to adopt such a rule, that it will in a short time secure the approval and support of yachtsmen as a body. If there are still those who wish to build and race the fastest possible yachts, there is no good reason why they should not be allowed to do so under any rule, however flimsy, that they may chose to adopt. The result would be the establishment of double classes, the unlimited racing type for one and the wholesome, useable, all-round type in the other. Those who cared to put their money in a Defender, a Quissetta or a Niagara, or even more extreme craft in model and construction, would be at perfect liberty to do so, as at present; and with certainly no worse chance than now of finding others of the same mind to make racing for them. Those who wished, as so many at least profess to, for the opportunity to build again a yacht of moderate proportions and reasonable accommodation and construction and yet to have some racing with other craft of the same type, would have an opportunity, such as does not now exist, to do so. Of course, the technical objection exists that this would mean double the amount for prizes if both classes are to be encouraged; but to this it may be said that any money given for prizes in actually existing classes of the second division would be well spent, and as for the first or machine division, this exists only in name to-day, there being no real racing in any class save the 90ft. schooners, and there is little probability, even as matters now are, of new boats to match Defender, Queen Mab, Wasp and Niagara, and Syce.

It is probable that some experiment in the direction of a new racing formula will be made next fall, and we hope that it may be upon the lines here indicated, of comparatively rigid restriction of extreme features of design and construction, in which speed is at least rated no higher, if as high, as the other essentials of accommodation; seagoing qualities, as influenced by the area and shape of the lateral plane; durability and cost of construction; duration of racing life before being outbuilt, and further utility as a cruiser after being outbuilt.

Such regulations need not apply to the smaller classes under 25ft. l.w.l., but they might well begin with that size, creating such craft as those described by the *Globe*. From this size upward they should cover at least up to 70ft. l.w.l., beyond which size there is no necessity of going, except in the schooner division, where they should include the present largest class, of 90ft. l.w.l.

If such a rule were made strongly restrictive, at least as much so as the present Knockabout rule, and even more rigid in the regulation of midship section and lateral plane, any yachts built under it would be of decidedly better type than those now in the racing, and they would be fast enough to make good sport in their own classes. If such boats were built, in even moderate numbers in three or four classes, the result would be highly beneficial to yachting in all its branches, as all depend more or less on the continuance of general racing. If none were built, the situation would be no worse than that now existing. If there were any yachtsmen who felt that they would be hampered by building craft a little slower than the fastest ever before known, they would still be at liberty to build in the unlimited class, with aluminum hulls, mercury bulbs and any other expensive refinements. If the designers, in the same spirit, felt that they were unjustly hampered in their search for speed, they would also be at liberty to design more useless and costly machines and to induce an occasional rich business man, with an eye to advertising, or a foolish syndicate, to build from their up-to-date creations. As far as we can see, the experiment is well worth trying, and if tried should not be made a fore-ordained failure by too great deference to purely racing ideas.

Toledo Y. A.

TOLEDO—LAKE ERIE.

Monday, May 31.

THE first race sailed under the new Lake Y. R. U. rules took place on May 31 at Toledo, under the flag of the Toledo Y. A. The winners were:

42ft.—Sultana, beating Scud and Oberon.

37ft.—Puritana, sail-over.

32ft.—Eva, beating Viking and Crescent.

27ft.—Typhoon, beating Mabel R., Myrra, Pearl and Sharper.

22ft.—Elfin, beating Flirt.

Riverside Y. C.

The Riverside Y. C. will sail a special race for the 51, 30, 20 and 15ft. classes of cutters and sloops on June 9, starting at 12 M. from Riverside Conn. Trains leave the Grand Central station, New York, at 7 A. M., 9:03 A. M., and 10:06 A. M. The race committee of the club makes the following announcement:

The following races will be sailed under the auspices of the club during this season:

Wednesday, June 9: Special race for the 51, 30, 20 and 15ft. classes of sloops, cutters and yawls.

Wednesday, July 7, and Saturday, July 10: Ninth annual races for all classes. (The race on the first day will be for schooners and all classes of sloops, cutters and yawls 30ft. and over; and the race on the second day for the sloop classes 25ft. and under, and catboats.)

Saturday, Sept. 11.—Fall race for the 43, 36, 30 and 25ft. classes of sloops, cutters and yawls, and the 30 and 25ft. classes of cabin catboats.

The time of starting each day will be 12 o'clock M.

All the races will be open to yachts enrolled in any recognized club, and will be sailed under the rules of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound. Copies of the rules, charts of the courses, and the schedules of the racing events on the Sound for the season can be had from the committee on application.

Yachts starting in races this season without having been officially measured will be disqualified. All yachts in sloop classes 25ft. and under, and in all catboat classes, must be remeasured this year with weight on board to represent the crew. Mr. E. Frank Lockwood, the measurer of the club, will be prepared to measure yachts at the club anchorage on due notice being given him.

New official racing numbers must be obtaineed this season for all yachts intending to race. These numbers are furnished by Messrs. Rehm & Co., 157 Fulton street, New York.

The Atlantic Y. C. having accepted the invitation of this club to start on its cruise from off Riverside, and to participate in the race of June 7, this event will be of unusual interest. A steamer will be chartered for the use of members and their guests for the day, and will be in charge of the entertainment committee. Facilities will be afforded members of the club to attend the other races also.

A movement is now on foot to establish a special club class of sailing dories, boats that will be useful for fishing and other purposes, to be built at a nominal cost of from $25 to $50 each. Plans and specifications from different builders will be submitted at the next meeting of the club on June 4. In the event of these boats being built, the committee will arrange a series of races for the class in addition to the regular races.

Race Committee—Frank Bowne Jones, George B. Clark, H. W. Tyler.

The Taxation of Extreme Elements of Design.

SINCE the close of the past season the Seawanhaka C.Y.C., in the first place at the instance of Com. Rouse, has had under consideration the question of the improvement of the measurement rule, and though no positive result has as yet been attained in the discovery of a perfectly satisfactory formula, many proposals have been studied and their good or bad points accepted or condemned. Those engaged in the work have been unwilling to accept unreservedly the various crude and ineffective remedies thus far proposed in default of reasonable ground for the belief that they would be permanently beneficial.

The original investigation was directed rather to the preparation of a formula that should, as far as possible, equalize the old and new boats; for the direct purpose of encouraging racing among existing craft. It was soon perceived that such a measure, even though successful in itself, would by no means meet the necessities of the case in regulating the designing of new yachts specially to evade it; the scope of the inquiry was thereupon materially enlarged to include a formula which would produce a more desirable type of yacht than that at present in existence, under the actual test of designing, building and racing for successive seasons. Within a short time a proposal has been placed before the committee which promises more than any yet advanced, and it is hoped that before the time comes for renewed action, at the end of the present season, the committee may be able to set forth a definite proposition for a new rule.

In the meantime it has reverted to the original idea of encouraging racing among existing yachts, and to that end has taken up the formula proposed last fall by Mr. Irving Cox and explained in his letter published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 17, 1896. As stated in the following announcement of the committee, Com. Rouse has offered special prizes to be awarded to the winners as measured by this formula, in addition to the regular class prizes under the club rule.

In its taxation of excessive draft, overhang and sail area, the formula is designed to meet the prevalent complaints of the owners of the older yachts. It now remains to be seen whether these yachtsmen—and they are by no means few in number—are prepared to support the effort of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. and its committee to give them what they have asked for—a fighting chance against the more modern yachts.

We beg to call your attention to the accompanying announcement of the special prizes offered by the commodore of the club for competition at the annual race to be held at Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound, on Saturday, June 26, 1897, and to invite you to enter your yacht for that event. The record of recent racing, especially during the last yachting season, has shown conclusively that, under the present rule of measurement for time allowance, yachts of the older type, even such as are of comparatively modern construction, cannot successfully compete and cannot be induced to compete with the few purely racing craft which embody the most extreme development of the elements of speed untaxed by that rule. The resulting indifference to racing in the larger classes has grown so rapidly as to lead to the conviction that unless some new departure is made all interest therein will ultimately cease. In September last Com. Rouse addressed a letter to us, calling our attention to this unfortunate tendency and suggesting that a practical effort be made by modifying the existing rule of measurement on certain proposed lines, and providing for races in cruising trim, strictly defined, to arouse fresh interest in racing and at the same time promote the final solution of the problem of measurement to govern future building. This gave rise to a prolonged and interesting discussion of the subject during the past winter and spring, in which we have had the aid of several well-known yacht designers. Several formulæ have been submitted, which will be of great value in the final determination of the problem. After careful consideration we have reverted to the original suggestion of the commodore, as developed by Mr. Irving Cox into the formula set forth in the accompanying circular, as best adapted to promote the immediate purpose in view. The theory of this formula is so to tax the speed-producing features of the modern racing yachts as to give vessels of the more wholesome and normal type a chance of competing, if not on even terms, at least with some possibility of success. It is hoped that the encouragement of this formula for time allowance and the condition that the race shall be sailed in cruising trim strictly defined, thus avoiding the discomfort and loss of use resulting from stripping cruising fittings on deck and below, will induce a large entry from among the older vessels. It has seemed to us that, if racing in the larger classes is to become general again, some such expedient must be resorted to, and the present is offered, not as a confident solution of the problem, but in the hope that a race for valuable prizes, sailed under these conditions, will be successful enough to arouse a lively interest and that the practical test of the proposed formula will be of substantial value in further efforts to perfect a rule of measurement to govern future building.

We hope that you will feel sufficient interest in the purposes for which these prizes are offered to enter your yacht. The approximate measurement of your yacht under the foregoing formula and any further information which you may require will be gladly furnished by the committee.

The favor of an early reply to the secretary is requested.

Yours very truly,

OLIVER E. CROMWELL, Chairman,
64 Leonard street, New York.
CHARLES W. WETMORE,
30 Broad street, New York.
WALTER C. KERR,
26 Cortlandt street, New York.
D. LE ROY DRESSER,
55 White street, New York.
CHARLES A. SHERMAN, Secretary.
64 Leonard street, New York.

COMMODORE'S PRIZES, SEASON OF 1897.

Commodore Rouse has offered the following special prizes to be competed for at the annual race of the club, to be held on Saturday, June 26:

First.—A prize open to all schooners.

Second.—A prize open to cutters of the first class.

Third.—A prize open to cutters from the 70ft. class to the 43ft. class (inclusive).

The following special conditions will govern the race:

MEASUREMENT FOR TIME ALLOWANCE.

The measurement for time allowance will be computed according to the following formula:

$$\frac{3A+B+C+L.W.L.+\sqrt{S.A.}}{2}=R.L.$$

A=Excess of draft over $1.4\sqrt{L.W.L}$

B=Excess of over all length above 1.33 (L.W.L.).

C=Excess of $\sqrt{}$ sail area above 1.05 (L.W.L.).

CRUISING TRIM.

Yachts must sail in cruising trim, defined as follows:

Cabin, galley and deck furniture, and fittings and equipment to be in place; two anchors and full lengths of chain on board, and at least one anchor on the bow with cable bent; full complement of cruising boats on deck, but not including naphtha launches; lug foresails barred on schooners, and club topsails barred on schooners, cutters, sloops and yawls.

Conformity with these requirements to be subject to the inspection and determination of the race committee.

The Bahamas as a Cruising Ground.

THE following letter, from a yachtsman, may be of interest to our readers in calling attention to a cruising ground for American yachts of small size that has much to recommend it and yet is little known. The cruise to Florida from New York or Boston, now an every-day matter for even small yachts, might be greatly varied and extended by the short trip across from Biscayne to the Bahamas, and with much less risk than that encountered along the Carolina coast:

CAT CAY, Bahamas, May, 1897.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few facts about these islands may be of interest to such of your yachting readers as contemplate a southern cruise after the season north.

The climate is well known; suffice it to say that from November to June it is (from a yachtman's point of view) as nearly perfect as possible—the thermometer varying from 65° to 85°, with regular and moderate winds.

The Bahamas lie between 21° and 27° N. lat. and 72° and 79° W. long. The group consists of about twenty inhabited islands and an immense number of islets and rocks. Though of easy access from South Florida—Bimini, the nearest settlement and a port of entry, being less than fifty miles from Cape Florida—they are seldom visited, and except New Providence, on which is Nassau, the capital, they are almost unknown.

A few hours' sail from Biscayne Bay, Fla., brings one to Gun Cay Light, on the western edge of the Great Bahama Bank, which extends south and east for many hundred miles. With an average depth of two to three fathoms, free from obstructions, a bottom of smooth white sand, and absolutely clear water, the banks form an ideal cruising ground for yachts of moderate draft.

Throughout the islands are plenty of excellent harbors, and on account of the clear water a boat drawing not more than 5ft. can go anywhere without a pilot, though if one is needed it is easy to hire a local sponger for a small consideration. The natives are hospitable and obliging. Provisions, such as poultry, eggs, fruit and vegetables, are cheap, but it is advisable to take a good supply of canned goods from the United States, and so avoid the exorbitant duties. There is good fishing almost everywhere, and in some parts pigeons and ducks are plentiful. A description of even the principal islands would take up too much space. From Bimini, with its Fountain of Youth, on the west, to San Salvador, the landfall of Christopher Columbus, on the east, they are full of interest. Were it better known how easy of access they are, the Bahamas would doubtless become one of the most popular winter yachting resorts. H.

Lalage and Handy.

THE two new Cuthbert cutters, which arrived at the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. on May 29, are very handsome yachts of their type. Lalage, owned by Mr. J. B. Abbott, is a full 20-footer, 17ft. 6in. l.w.l., 7ft. 6in. beam, 29ft. on deck, 3ft. draft of water, with 900lbs. of lead bolted on to the keel, and 500sq. ft. of sail, and will make a very fine cruising yacht, that being the first consideration in her design and build. The hull is very heavy and strongly built as compared with the other racing 20-footers, the only light feature being the standing rigging, and that is exceptionally light, looking as if the first puff of wind would blow it away, but the two weeks' sailing from Toronto, which Mr. Cuthbert reported as the worst weather he ever experienced, failed to damage it. She has a roomy self-draining cockpit with room forward for two to sleep if necessary, and in other respects fully carries out the owner's wish for a fast and safe cruising boat. The other yacht, which will race in the 25ft. class, is the Handy, ownedby T. S. Gillespie, and is a very roomy and comfortable craft. Her speed has not yet been tested, but no doubt will prove satisfactory. As to sea-going qualities, Mr. Gillespie, who sailed her from Toronto with the assistance of J. J. Cooley, reports her as perfectly safe in any weather that can blow. Her dimensions are: 18ft. l.w.l., 28ft. on deck, 7ft. 4in. beam, 3ft. draft, with 1,800lbs. of lead bolted to her keel, and 800sq. ft. of working canvas and 1,400sq. ft. in all. Her general qualities are for comfortable cruising, there being a very neat cabin, with ice-box provision chest, clothes lockers and berths for four. She will not be seen much on Lake St. Louis except for the races, her owner intending to keep her on Lake of the Two Mountains. By the way Lalage is not a word of two syllables, and it is not French. It is a three-syllable word and is pronounced La-la-jee, with the accent on the last syllable.—*Montreal Gazette.*

South Boston Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Monday, May 31.

THE open race of the South Boston Y. C. was more of a drift than a sail, as there was the lightest and most provoking of breezes. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	24.10	4 15 32	3 46 02
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	26.06	4 18 45	3 48 15
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	27.09	4 25 07	3 55 51
Elfreda, B. T. Hall	28.11	4 25 05	3 56 55
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	24.01	4 28 19	. . . .
Heroine, C. A. J. Smith	27.06	Withdrew.	
Nettie, Walter Burgess	24.02	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS—CABIN.

Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	21.00	4 16 37	3 39 38
Clara, Wm. Turner	23.11	4 22 28	3 49 11
Rex, J. B. Farrell	23.05	4 23 45	3 49 52
Whisper, W. H. Stimpson	21.02	4 32 15	3 55 30
Mist, A. H. Merrill	20.06	4 35 50	3 58 09

SECOND—OPEN CLASS.

Hoodlum, A. H. Higginson	23.11	3 57 32	3 24 15
Romance, L. Sears	22 00	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS

Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	19.03	4 05 44	3 26 50
Alison, H. E. Fowle	19.00	4 11 29	3 31 53
Arab III., W. F. Scott	19.11	4 10 30	3 31 58
Wrinkle, S. N. Small	19.11	4 13 18	3 34 46
Zoe, James McCarthy	17.09	4 22 46	3 40 56
Ecila, J. McConnell	18.07	4 31 03	3 50 27
May R., N. C. Nickerson	17.07	4 40 05	3 57 48
Al Auka, C. H. Crane	19.11	Withdrew.	
Pioneer, H. M. Crane	19.11	Withdrew.	
Cleopatra, H M. Faxon	19.06	Withdrew.	

KNOCKABOUT CLASS.

Cockatoo, C. S. Eaton	21.00	3 54 36	. . . .
Hazard, H H. Sears	21.00	3 57 56	. . . .
Gosling, North & Clark	21.00	3 59 14	. . . .
Sally III., L. S. Percival	21.00	Withdrew.	
Fly, W. O. Gay	21.00	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS

Fantasy, Wm. Allerton	15.03	3 28 19	3 05 10
Circe, L. L Pigeon	16.00	3 45 13	3 13 32
Vitesse, C. D Mower	16.02	3 48 40	3 17 13
Gnome, H. B. Faxon	15.04	3 52 49	3 20 12
Alpine, C. J Blethen	16.04	3 51 50	3 20 37
Coot, Dugo	15.04	Withdrew.	
Flash, H. H. Linnell	16.11	Withdrew.	

The first, second cabin and third classes failed to finish within the time limit of four hours, so a resail for these classes was set for June 5. Both Tantrum and Nettie measured out of the 24ft. class. Gnome protested Circe for sculling. The new Crane boat, Al Auka, led the class for a long distance. Heroine took the ground and withdrew, Emma C. being more fortunate and getting clear.

The winners and prizes were: Hoodlum, $15; Cockatoo, $12; Hazard, $8; Gosling, $4; Fantasy, $12; other two prizes in fourth class subject to Gnome's protest.

Judges: Arthur Fuller and James T. Ball, Thomas Christian, Hiram Cherrington, W. H. Godfrey, John F. Berrigan, Frank Williams.

The resail for the three classes took place on June 5, in a moderate easterly breeze which made a good race. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Harbinger, W. F. & C. F. Bache	27.09	1 45 54	1 16 38
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	24.10	1 50 49	1 18 31
Elfrida, B. T. Hall	28.11	1 47 57	1 19 47
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	26.06	1 53 06	1 22 30
Nettie, Walter Burgess	28.11	1 52 12	1 24 02
Heroine, C. A. J. Smith	25.06	2 00 55	1 31 25

SECOND CLASS CABIN.

Rex, J. B. Farrell	23.05	1 51 13	1 17 20
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	21.00	1 54 28	1 17 29
Whisper, W. H. Stimson	20.02	1 57 07	1 18 57
Judith, W. B. Pigeon	23.06	1 59 22	1 25 35
Vexer, W. H. Shaw	21.00	2 09 52	1 32 53
Clara, W. Turner	23.11	Withdrew.	
Yankee, C. Mains	21.00	Withdrew.	
Tola, G. Breckinredge	20.02	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS

Rooster, C. F Adams 2d	18.06	1 51 11	1 10 26
Arab, W. F. Scott	19.11	1 59 42	1 21 10
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	19.06	2 00 37	1 21 27
Wrinkle, S. N. Small	19.11	2 02 10	1 23 35
Zoe, J. McCarthy	17.09	2 06 27	1 24 37
Enigma, G. Maybury	19.06	2 09 59	1 30 49

Knickerbocker Y. C.

COLLEGE POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 5.

THE Knickerbocker Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on June 5, the course being from off the club house, College Point, around Gangway Buoy and return, 14½ miles. The morning was cold and rainy, with an easterly wind through the night, but a shift to N.W. brought the sun out before noon. The start was made at noon, with a nice N.W. wind; the classes being sent away by the Y. R. U. signals. The times at the outer mark were:

Moccasin	1 25 30	Eurybia	1 37 10
Whileaway	1 26 00	Wawa	1 38 40
Penguin	1 33 05	Gurnard	1 39 00
Gossoon	1 30 50	Mignon	1 45 00
Vaquero III	1 31 03	Nautilus	1 45 10
Hera	1 32 25	Keneu	1 50 05
Musme	1 32 55	Southern Cross	1 53 25

The final times were:

SCHOONERS ALL IN ONE CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Southern Cross, J. F. Phillips	....	2 59 50	2 59 50
Gabrielle, V. L. Schielz	31.27	Did not finish.	

SLOOPS—70FT. CLASS.

Whileaway, F. H. Boynton	60.19	2 22 10	2 22 10
Penguin, G. E. Briggetson	60.50	2 27 08	2 27 08

SLOOPS—51FT. CLASS.

Moccasin, S. H. Mason, Jr.	47.35	2 23 20	2 23 20
Gossoon, P. T. Dodge	45.50	2 28 15	2 26 42

SLOOPS—43FT. CLASS.

Eurybia, Charles Pryer	40.02	2 36 43	2 36 43
Gurnard, L. H. Zocher	38.88	2 36 19	2 31 37

SLOOPS—3 FT. CLASS.

Mignon, Jos. Fournier	34.16	2 47 29	2 32 14
Nautilus, J. J. McCue	33.00	2 49 11	2 49 11

SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS.

Water Lily, T. Kiernan, Jr.	27.20	3 01 49	3 01 49

SPECIAL 30FT CLASS

Vaquero III., H. B Duryea	30.00	2 20 47	2 20 47
Hera, Ralph N Ellis	30.00	2 24 09	2 24 09
Musme, J. S. MacDonough	30.00	2 27 35	2 27 35
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	30.00	2 27 54	2 27 54

OPEN SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.

Keneu, M. H. Clark	20.00	2 44 16	2 44 16

OPEN CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS.

Leisure, F. B. Myrick	27.96	3 02 19	3 02 19
Frolic, F. Gauss	27.34	3 12 32	3 11 17

CABIN CATBOATS—30FT CLASS.

Mary S., E. B. Hall	24.70	2 52 00	2 52 00
Dolphin, G. H. Montrose	24.15	3 07 38	3 06 38
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.75	2 52 35	2 50 57
Ouananiche, Rodman Sands	23.59	2 55 42	2 53 17

CABIN CATBOATS—25FT CLASS.

Violet, G. A. S. Wienors	20.20	3 05 32	3 05 32
Regina, W. B. Scardefield	20.00	3 12 26	3 11 52

The winners were: Southern Cross, Whileaway (class prize and Alcedo cup), Moccasin, Gurnard, Mignon, Water Lily, Vaquero III., Keneu, Leisure, Win or Lose, Violet.

The steamer Aurora carried the members and guests over the course. The race committee included Messrs. O. H. Chellborg, J. O. Sinkinson, J. B. Palmer, S. A. Harms and C. W. Schlesinger.

Royal Canadian Y. C.

TORONTO—LAKE ONTARIO.

Saturday, May 29.

THE Royal Canadian Y. C. opened the racing season on May 9 with a race for the 27ft., 20ft. and skiff classes, sailed in a fresh S.W. breeze. The times were:

27FT CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Waif	1 43 15	1 41 58
Mirage	1 44 00	1 43 58
Wona	1 51 35	1 57 35

2 FT CLASS.

Frou Frou	1 27 00	1 27 00
Halfa	1 37 07	1 37 02
Waif	1 36 30	1 36 12
Kitterlon	1 37 05	1 36 04
Kipstart	Not timed.	

SKIFF CLASS.

C. E Archbald	1 15 40	. . . .
Hayter and McMurrich	1 17 50	. . . .
Mr. Apted	1 18 43	. . . .
Wedd and Smith	1 25 00	. . . .
Mr Parsons	Disabled.	
Francis and Thorne	Disabled.	
Morse and Johnson	Disabled.	

The skiff class is a new one, this being the first trial of the boats in a race. Messrs. Morse and Johnson lost their rudder, Messrs Francis and Thorne broke their boom, and Mr. Parsons found his hollow mast too light to carry the sail. Mr. Archbald has been laid up with a sprained ankle, but managed to get out to sail his boat in her first race.

Hudson River Y. C.

NEW YORK—HUDSON RIVER.

Sunday, May 30.

THE Hudson River Y. C. sailed its annual spring regatta on May 30 in a light and variable wind, the course being a 5-mile triangle, two rounds. The principal incident of the day was a mishap by which George Fisher, owner of the naphtha launch Minerva, was badly burned about the head, face and hands. During the race of the launches a back draft on Minerva blew the burning vapor into Mr. Fisher's face, compelling him to withdraw and to hurry in to the club house, where he received medical aid. The times were:

NAPHTHA LAUNCHES AND OTHER POWER LAUNCHES.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cleopatra, C. S. Peet	40.00	1 10 40	1 10 40
Elsa, Vice-Com. Chute	18.00	1 58 16	1 13 16
Minerva, Geo. Fisher	....	Did not finish.	

CABIN CAT—ALL IN ONE CLASS.

Minnie, Peter Giffin	25.11	1 42 44	1 42 41
Adeline, T. Trott	26.00	Did not finish.	
Lillie, G. O'Shaughnessy	21.06	Did not finish.	

OPEN CATS—OVER 20FT

Mildred, T. Hall	25.04	1 45 58	1 45 58
Katie R., S. Schmidt	20.05	Did not finish.	

OPEN CATS—UNDER 20FT.

Day off, W. Maloney	16.00	2 24 34	2 24 34
Nixie, G O'Shaughnessy	17.08	Did not finish.	

The winners were Cleopatra, Minnie and Day Off.

Lillie carried away her boom and Nixie parted her gaff lashing, both withdrawing.

Royal St Lawrence Y. C.

DORVAL LAKE, ST. LOUIS.

Saturday, May 29.

A special race for 20-footers for prizes offered by the club, and three pewters as crew prizes, presented by Mr. G. A. S. Hamilton, was sailed over the usual course on May 29. There was a heavy sea running, the result of a continuous hard blow from the southwest, and only three boats came to the line: Glenowen, Shirley Davidson, one of Mr. Duggan's designs; Lalage, J. H. Abbott, designed and built by Cuthbert, of Toronto, and Viola, designed and sailed by S. Thornton.

The starting gun was fired at 4:28, and all the boats went across with three reefs, Lalage being somewhat handicapped by her reefed jib that would not sit properly, while Viola had no storm jib, and was sailed under her reef mainsail alone. As she did not balance very well under this, her work was not very satisfactory. Glenowen led from the start, and won as follows:

	1st Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Glenowen	5 01 55	5 36 27	1 08 27
Lalage	5 06 50	5 48 06	1 20 09
Viola	5 08 40	5 54 33	1 26 53

Communipaw—New York Bay.

Monday, May 31.

A RACE was sailed off Communipaw on May 31, the course being an 8-mile triangle on New York Bay. The times were:

CLASS A—OPEN CATBOATS UNDER 24FT

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Blonde, J. Carey	22.00	1 34 30	1 34 30
Eureka, Capt. Durham	21.09	1 27 28	1 27 28
Comfort, Capt. Babt.	22.00	1 54 00	1 49 15
Nellie Bly, Henry Stoner	22.06	1 51 30	1 47 15
Adeline, F. Schwartz	23.00	1 37 50	1 37 30
Pilot, J. McMurray	23.09	Did not finish.	

CLASS B—OPEN CATBOATS 20FT. AND UNDER.

Watermellon, Capt. Mitchell	17.00	1 38 00	1 35 00
Osceola, Mr. McGrath	18.00	1 15 00	1 12 00
Willie B, Capt. Bradley	16.00	1 16 00	1 12 35
Nellie V., Frank von Winkle	15.06	1 10 30	1 05 30
Spot	15.05	1 12 00	1 06 30
Jack	15.06	1 11 00	1 11 00
Lough Bery, Carr	15.06	1 43 30	1 35 30

The judges were Daniel Hobart, Nicholas Wortherel, Robert C. Montgomery and Samuel Albert.

Wollaston Y. C.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR

Saturday, June 5.

THE new Wollaston Y. C. sailed its first race on June 5, after a postponement from Monday; the prizes being cups offered by Com. Burgess. The wind was moderate from the East; the times were:

SECOND CLASS.

	Elapsed.
Clara Lou, W. J. Coombs	1 26 47
Burgess, Com. Burgess	1 32 22

FOURTH CLASS.

Thelma, E A. Merrill	1 34 58
West Wind, F. B. Robinson	1 41 34
Estha, H. A. Newman	1 55 30
Doris S., W. H. Cleaves	1 58 17
Sea Gull, H. Rideout	2 01 43
Gipsey, John Stuart	2 28 41

The winners are Clara Lou and Thelma.

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSETT—COHASSETT HARBOR.

Saturday, June 5.

THE second sweepstakes of the 15ft. one design class of the Cohassett Y. C. was sailed on June 5 in a light S.E. breeze, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hodoo, Gammons & Wheelwright	3 45 00	4 24 12	0 41 12
Honey, C. H. Cousens	3 45 00	4 34 30	0 49 12
Delta, Ralph Williams	3 45 00	4 42 31	0 54 43
Jap, Bouve & Pegram	3 45 00	4 43 38	0 55 50

Course, 4½ miles.

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR

Saturday, June 5.

THE Winthrop Y. C. sailed its first championship race on June 5 in a light S.E. breeze, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alma, C. A. Henry	2 35 00	5 53 13	1 18 13
Myth, Howard Gould	2 35 00	3 56 02	1 21 02
Harold, A. T. Bliss	2 35 00	3 57 00	1 22 00
Mist, A. H. Merrill	2 35 00	3 57 35	1 22 35
Myrtle, A. W. Chesterton	2 35 00	3 58 05	1 23 05

THIRD CLASS.

Harriett, L. T. Harrington	2 40 00	3 30 06	0 50 06
Ecila, John McConnell, Jr.	2 40 00	3 36 23	0 56 23

FOURTH CLASS.

Della, W. I. Kelly	2 45 00	3 39 52	0 54 52
Eva, S. A. Freeman	2 45 00	3 41 27	0 56 27
Florrie, H. Waite	2 45 00	3 42 31	0 57 31
Pippin, W. E. Traiser	2 45 60	3 48 07	1 03 07

The yachts are not yet measured, so no corrected time could be computed; but the winners will probably be Alma, Myth, Mist; Harriett; Della and Eva. In the evening a hop took place at the club house.

Bona.

THE cutter designed by G. L. Watson and built by Henderson & Co at Meadowside, on the Clyde, was launched on June 3, and will shortly be ready for racing. Her owner, Prince Luigi Amadeo, of Savoy, Duke of Abruzzi, nephew of King Humbert of Italy, passed through New York last week on his way to Alaska, where he proposes to climb Mount Elias. He is but twenty-four years of age, and a novice at yacht racing. The new yacht, which has been named Bona, and will be under the charge of Capt. Sycamore, who was here in Valkyrie III., is described as follows in the *Field:*

She is planked with yellow pine of about 2in. thickness, with an upper strake of teak; her length on the waterline will be about 75ft., her beam about 18ft., and she will have a uniform draft of about 14ft. The lead keel is a bulby mass, close on 25ft. along its upper run, and rather less below. It is something like 4ft. deep forward, tapering back to over 15in. Its greatest breadth is forward of its center, where it exceeds 3ft., and it is calculated to weigh about sixty-three tons. The mainmast is of Oregon pine, and, with the topmast on end, the distance from deck to truck will be about 100ft. The main boom is 80ft.; it is made of steel and shaped like an ordinary wooden spar. Her bowsprit, of white wood, has 16ft. outboard, and the gaff is said to measure 48ft. The sail plan is computed at 8,500sq. ft., and the rating of the boat comes out at nearly 86ft. linear rating. Bona is to be sheathed with copper, and her internal fittings will be light. A large space has been allocated forward for her crew of twenty hands, and Capt. Sycamore has a comfortable room close at hand. The cabin, or main saloon, is amidships, but the vessel will have no staterooms beyond a large compartment abaft the companion way, with two berths.

Bona is really built to no class, going in with the big boats Britannia, Ailsa and Meteor, though very much smaller. It is possible that she may lead to the revival of this size of yacht, in place of the useless and unwieldy racers of the largest size.

The Shipwrights' Strike.

IT would seem as though the recent strike in the building trade in New York, with no ground save the slightest technical dispute over the nature of a trivial piece of work, whether the fitting up of a few small pipes should be done by plumbers or steam-fitters, was about as foolish as anything of the kind could be; but even this has been exceeded, from all accounts, by the action of the shipwrights of Southampton. In the case of the New York mechanics there was at least the excuse that work was plenty and the employers would be injured more than the men; at Southampton, and in the yacht building industry, the case is reversed, work is not plenty by no means, there is the strong competition of the Clyde to be feared in the best of times, and while the employers must suffer serious loss, it will all fall ultimately on the men. The following account of the trouble, from *The Yachtsman*, is corroborated by accounts from other sources; while we have not heard the men's side of the story, from all that we can learn the following is substantially correct:

The strike of shipwrights at Southampton is extending, and is really giving serious trouble. At present there appears to be no sign of settlement, and work in all of the yards, so far as shipwrights are concerned, is stopped; and as this delay comes at the busiest season of the year, when every owner is anxious to get his vessel in commission, the inconvenience that is occasioned is intolerable. Mr. William Summers, head of the well-known firm of Summers & Payne, who is chairman of the employer's committee, endeavored to smooth matters over, the only return for his kind offices being that his own men, who remained in the yard after the shipwrights at Fay's Day & Summers's and White Bros. had laid down their tools, joined the malcontents and went on strike. Mr. Summers gives the following explanation of the position of those whom he truly terms "the unfortunate employers."

The crux of the whole matter lies in this: should shipwrights or joiners make and fit the bulwarks and wash strakes of vessels? In 1891 rules were drawn up and accepted by the Joiners' Society and the Shipwrights' Society, by which the joiners were to have this work, up to certain limits: and in three of the local yards this practice has been carried out; in the fourth yard the shipwrights have been allowed to do the work. Until three weeks ago the work in all the yards has gone on without dispute.

Now, however, the shipwrights suddenly and without warning have taken up the position of claiming the bulwarks and washstrakes in all the yards. The employers, when challenged on this point, replied in effect, "No, we cannot alter our position unless the joiners agree to give the work to you." Thereupon the shipwrights went out on strike.

The employers' committee then wrote to Mr. Wilkie, general secretary of the Associated Shipwrights' Society, offering the following terms as a solution of the difficulty: "(*a*) That the shipwrights should return to their work forthwith; (*b*) that a committee of three delegates should be appointed by the shipwrights, and a like number by the joiners and the employers, to draw up a new system of working for the future, which should be binding on all concerned, and that the questions in dispute should be settled by this committee; and (*c*) that no bulwarks or washstrakes should be put on by members of either society within fourteen days of the date of this offer unless a settlement as to whose work it should be had been arrived at in the meantime."

One would suppose that a more equitable offer than this could not have been made, but the British workman is inexorable when he thinks he has got the employer by the throat, and the only reply to the employers' letter was what is grandiloquently termed an "ultimatum" from Mr. Wilkie. This demanded: (1) That in accordance with the original custom of the port the shipwrights shall have bulwarks and washstrakes; (2) that a committee of five shipwrights, five joiners and three employers should be appointed forthwith to settle the working arrangements of the future; and (3) failing mutual arrangement, three referees shall settle all disputed matters.

It will be noticed that, with "fairness" characteristic of such disputes, the strikers first demand all that they ask for and intimate that they will accept nothing else, and next, that in the appointment of the joint committee the employers shall number as three to five of either class, and that the workmen agreeing jointly to make any other demands would put the employers in a minority of ten in a committee of thirteen members. All the shipwrights of the port are out except a few in the docks, who form a very small minority of the total number.

The principal new work at Southampton is the new racing cutter for Charles Day Rose, at Fay's yard. Of course this dispute will delay her considerably.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Rajah, steam yacht, has been sold to J. B. Dickinson, who has changed her name to Marcella.

The backwardness of the season has evidently failed to communicate itself to the Pewaukee Y. C. That enterprising organization has already issued invitations to the Oconomowoc Y. C., Oconomowoc Lake Club, the Pine Lake Y. C. and the Okauchee Y. C. to become contestants in a grand interlake regatta to be sailed on Pewaukee Lake this season, at a date not yet announced. The first of such interlake events among these lakes was sailed in 1894, on Lake Oconomowoc; the second on Pine Lake, in 1895, and the third on Lac la Belle last season. Only one such has been given in any one season; each has been a great event socially, as well as from a yachting standpoint, and each has been greater in both respects than its predecessor. In other words, regattas of the genus interlake have had a rapid and persistent growth in public favor, and have become an established institution in local yachtdom. Although the host club in the prospective event is one of the youngest of the local organizations, it manifests a large amount of energy, and evidently does not intend to be forestalled in the honor of giving the interlake event of the season of 1897. Ten new yachts have been built or are in process of building for its members this spring.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

We print the following for what it is worth; the details are highly improbable, and so far as is known no schooner yacht has been recently in the locality mentioned:

"TAMPA, Fla., May 30.—A passenger from Key West reports considerable excitement there over the report brought in by a sponge vessel of a strange wreck twenty miles southwest near the Fish Light Banks. As told there the sponge divers were after sponges, when they found this vessel lying in 30 or 40ft. of water. She was a new yacht of trim shape and schooner-rigged. Her decks showed evidences of hasty flight, all boats being missing, and the masts gone by the board. The cabins were luxuriously furnished, and in a stateroom was seen the corpse of a young girl in her night raiment, showing that she was drowned at night. The silverware of the vessel and other furnishings were of the handsomest. The vessel seemed intact, save a slight place near the bows, where the lower timbers were crushed in, but not enough, the divers think, to have caused her to sink so quickly. Holes were found in her hull which were sufficient to have sunk her. They seemed to have been made by an auger or something similar, it is said. The divers are a superstitious class, and they did not remain long enough even to get the boat's name, but hurried away as soon as they discovered the corpse in the cabin. It was stated that an expedition was going out from Key West at once to search for it and investigate the matter. No wreck was reported to Key West, and the matter is a great mystery there."

The new Chicago fin-keel, Blade, owned by Vice-Com. Ildo Ramsdell, has been launched and completed. She is very similar to the Herreshoff 30-footers of last year, but was designed by Jos. I. Myer, of Chicago, and built by Mr. Ramsdell himself with the aid of two friends, Henry and Sidney Davis, who have worked on her at night and on holidays through the winter. She is 45ft. over all, 30ft. l.w.l., 8ft. 4in. beam, and 1ft. 10in. draft of hull, total draft, 8ft. The fin carries 5,000lbs. of lead. The sail area is 1,000sq. ft., in mainsail and jib. The construction is similar to the Herreshoff boats, bent keel and frames, but with cypress planking. The general appearance of hull, cabin house, etc., are very like the thirties. The spars are all hollow. The yacht will be raced on Lake Michigan this season.

Hiawatha II., designed and built by C. L. Seabury & Co. for Charles Fleischmann, made her builder's trial on May 27 on the Hudson. With 195lbs. of steam she made about eighteen miles on a run of three hours, the contract calling for a speed of seventeen miles on a continuous run of that time.

Lorelei, sloop, Chas. A. Schieren, Jr., designed by H. C. Wintringham, was launched on May 27 at the yard of the Greenport Basin & Construction Co.

On May 29 the steam yacht Ituna, A. V. Armour, was in collision with the tug Red Ash, of the Central R. R. of N. J., with a car float in tow. The tug was bound down and the yacht up the East River, meeting off the Battery. The proper signals were exchanged, but the yacht struck the pilothouse of the tug, nearly carrying it away. The yacht lost some of her headgear, but sustained no serious damage. The collision occurred in a strong tideway.

The race of the Atlantic Y. C. for the Adams cups, set for June 5, was postponed indefinitely for lack of wind. The next race of the series is scheduled for June 26.

Lufra, Ketch, Sir Cecil Miles, arrived in New York harbor on June 2 and anchored off Stapleton, Staten Island. She left Cowes on Dec. 29, calling at Gibraltar and Madeira and then spent the winter in the West Indies. Her owner left her at Bermuda, returning home by steamer, the yacht coming to New York and meeting bad weather on the passage. She is 120ft. over all, 108ft. l.w.l., 22ft. beam and about 10ft. draft. Capt. R. Root, who is in command, was master of Mr. Asbury's schooner Cambria when she sailed for the America's Cup in 1870. After refitting Lufra will sail for England.

The secretary of the Royal Canadian Y. C. has sent out the following notice: "I beg to advise you that in view of the fact that this is the jubilee year of her most gracious majesty Queen Victoria, and also that there will be no competition for the Queen's cup between yachts over 42ft. corrected length, the Royal Canadian Y. C., with the object of widening competition and benefiting yachting as a whole, is willing to forego its claim in this respect and throw the race open to all classes. It has been decided, with the consent of his Excellency the Governor-General, to celebrate the jubilee of her Majesty by holding the race for the cup on June 22 at Toronto, subject to the terms and conditions governing the same and under the auspices of this club. The course will be as follows; Start at 11 o'clock A. M. off east pier of Eastern Gap, over a triangular course 4 1-6 miles each leg; twice around; 25 miles."

Carrie, steam yacht, built by Brown & Son, at Tottenville, Staten Island, for Capt. I. J. Merritt, was launched on June 5. She is of wood, 96ft. over all, 75ft. l.w.l., 15ft. 7in. beam, with schooner rig. Her engines will be put in at Camden.

The new steam pilot boat designed by A. Cary Smith made her preliminary trial on June 2, from Harlan & Hollingsworth's yard, Wilmington. A run of 7 miles on the Delaware developed 896 H. P., with a speed of 14.18 miles. The contract speed was 11 miles, with not less than 800 H. P. The vessel will be in commission in a week or two. She is a novelty, the first of a new type, superseding the famous fleet of sailing pilot boats. She promises to be a credit to her builders and in every way an interesting vessel, and yet her owners have been able to find no better name for her than the worn and hackneyed "New York."

Namouna, steam yacht, James Gordon Bennett, sailed from New York on June 1 for the Azores.

The Daimler Motor Co. launched on May 29 the yacht Owasco, built for F. L. Humphrey, and on June 2 the yacht Argatee, built for H. S. Thompson.

Lasca, schr., J. S. Watson, was at Venice on May 18 with her owner and family on board. She was to sail in a few days for Southampton.

Canoeing.

A Canoeing Fatality.

THE following, from the Hamilton, Ont., *Times*, is interesting only as showing the folly of such performances, involving serious risk to no good purpose:

A man named James Sickles was drowned in the Grand River at Brantford on May 24, at 11 o'clock, in the presence of 1,000 spectators. For some time Sickles had been giving exhibitions by shooting the dam in the river at the Lorne bridge in an ordinary canoe. The dam, which has a fall of about 8ft., runs across the river about 50ft. below the Lorne bridge. Sickles had been in the habit of advertising his daring feat, and after bringing a crowd to the river banks, taking up a collection, and in return whetting the people's taste for excitement by shooting the dam. On two former occasions he performed the feat with success. He was announced to repeat the trick at 11 o'clock to-day. Shortly before that hour at least 1,000 people lined the banks and the neighboring bridges. Sickles ventured out in his frail bark at the advertised hour. The current carried him quickly down stream, and amid the applause of the crowd the canoe shot the dam. It instantly upset, however, and the occupant was caught in the swirl of the fall and buried under the water. The boat came to the surface, but Sickles never rose again. The drowning alarm box was immediately pulled, and the lifeboat crew promptly responded. The boat was quickly rowed to the place, but no signs of the unfortunate man could be seen. The grappling lines were at once thrown out, but inasmuch as the boat could not go near enough to the falls, it was impossible to recover the body for nearly three hours, when, of course, nothing could be done. Sickles was a private in the Dufferin Rifles, a married man; and a sad incident of the affair was that his wife was a witness of his drowning.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
George W. Ellard	Woburn, Mass.	Innitou C. C.
George Owen, Jr.	Providence, R. I.	Lawrence C. C.
Wm. D. Wright	Boston	
A. E. Bailey	Boston	
Geo. H. Frazier	Boston	
H. P. Poore	Lawrence	Lawrence C. C.
Roland H. Sherman	Lawrence	Lawrence C. C.
James Lanigan, Jr.	Lawrence	Lawrence C. C.
Wm. M. L. McAdams	Newton	
Wm. W. Burridge	Lawrence	

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Woolsey Carmalt	New York City	
Halbert E. Payne	New York City	
W. S. Benson	New York City	
Frank G. Palmer	New York City	
Robert Gilchrist	Bayonne, N. J.	

The Atlantic Division Cruise.

OWING to lack of space we are compelled to postpone until next week the account of the very successful cruising meet of the Atlantic Division.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Chicago Police Revolver Contest.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 29.—A morning paper of this city has inaugurated a revolver championship contest for the city police force, offering as prizes for the same gold and silver medals of some value. The contest is to be held under the auspices of the Chicago Shooting Club, at Burnside Park, shooting beginning at 2 P. M. of June 10 The conditions are printed as below:

"1. The competition for medals offered by the Chicago *Record* will take place at the grounds of the Chicago Shooting Club, Eighty-ninth street, Burnside, June 10, 2 o'clock P. M.

"2. The firing will be under the direct control of the range officer, who will have general supervision of the marking and scoring of the shots

"3. During the progress of the competition no one except the competitors, judges and score-keepers will be allowed on the firing point.

"4. The squads of competitors will be stationed 10yds. in rear of the firing point, where each competitor must remain until called by the score-keeper to take his position at the firing point, and he will remain at the firing point until his score is completed. No man will draw his weapon until commanded so to do by the range officer.

"5. Talking will not be permitted at the firing point, and protests must be made to the range officer at once. Final appeals from the decisions of the range officer must be made in writing by the division inspector of police and forwarded through the range officer to the judges of the competition.

"6. The competitors shall comprise ten men from each of the five police divisions, including headquarters, to be certified to five days prior to the competition by the division inspectors to the judges. These certificates shall be addressed, 'Judges Police Marksmanship Contest,' and must be delivered at *The Record* office within the prescribed time.

"7. Each competitor must wear the regular fatigue uniform of the department, and must use the revolver habitually carried for thirty days prior to the competition. Policemen assigned to duty in citizens' dress will be recognized by their star numbers and will not be required to wear the uniform.

"8. Each competitor shall fire five shots, off-hand. Three shots shall be fired at a distance of 100ft. from the target, and two shots shall be fired while advancing upon the target at double-time when the command to fire is given by the range officer.

"9. The target shall be of the standing silhouette pattern, described as target 'D,' 'Firing Regulations for Small Arms for the United States Army,' Part 4, Chapter 1.

"10. The competitor having the highest score in each division shall recive one of the silver medals offered by the *Record*, and these five men shall compete under the foregoing rules for the gold medal.

"11. In the event of ties the scores must be fired over.

"12. Arthur M. Chamberlin, Second Lieutenant 1st Infantry, Illinois National Guard, is hereby detailed as range officer. He will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

"By order of the Board of Judges.

"HENRY L. TURNER, Colonel 1st Infantry, I. N. G.
"GEORGE M. MOULTON, Colonel 2d Infantry, I. N. G.
"MARCUS KAVANAUGH, Colonel 7th Infantry, I. N. G.
"ALFRED RUSSELL, Major Artillery Battalion, I. N. G.
"EDWARD C. YOUNG, Major Cavalry Battalion, I. N. G."

The style of target to be used in the competition will be a full-length figure. A shot in the head will count 5, in the upper part of the body 4, half-way above the waist line 3, in the heart circle 5, below the waist line 3 and in the legs 2.

The markings, as shown by dotted lines, will be indistinct, and each competitor will be required to judge for himself the location of the scoring points. He will be able to see the figure, but not the markings, the object of this being to compel the men to make quick calculations when firing. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Wahnetah Rifle and Revolver Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 26.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Wahnetah Rifle and Revolver Club:

C Briney, Jr	9	7	8	7	10	7	9	7	10	7—81
P Yost	8	10	9	7	10	9	6	8	6	8—81
T Wallace	9	10	9	8	6	8	7	6	8	8—79
I Yost	10	9	8	7	6	7	5	6	5	5—68
Devoe	9	10	10	9	9	8	8	6	6	6—81

May 29.—The following scores were made to-day: C. Briney Jr., 87 and 85; James Stocks 85 and 76; C. Briney, Sr., 82 and 78.

A combined revolver and rifle match was also shot to-day for the championship of Midvale Steelworks, the contestants being P. F. Yost and Thomas Wallace The scores show that Mr Yost won easily. The conditions were: Yost, 38cal. revolver, 15yds; Wallace, .22cal. revolver, 10yds. The rifles were both shot at 25yds. range: Scores·

P F Yost—Revolver.

10	9	9	6	7	5	6	5	9	5	8	7	8	8	7	7	8	8	7			—139

Rifle.

6	9	10	8	7	10	9	10	9	6	8	7	9	8	8	9	8	8	9	8	9	9	8	8	8	—208

347

T Wallace—Revolver.

10	9	8	9	10	8	7	5	6	5	7	10	8	6	8	10	6	10				142

Rifle.

10	9	5	6	7	9	8	8	5	6	8	7	6	9	5	6	8	8	6	8	9	9				—162

304

A team match between C. Briney, Jr., and James Yost against Thomas Wallace and P. F. Yost, resulted as follows, both teams using .22-caliber revolvers at the 12yds range:

C Briney, Jr.	revolver 91,	rifle 119,	total 210
J Yost.	revolver 69,	rifle 121,	total 190—400
P Yost.	revolver 83,	rifle 123,	total 206
T Wallace.	revolver 41,	rifle 131,	total 172—378

J. S. SHEETS, Sec'y.

Zimmerman and Ross.

GUS ZIMMERMAN and Fred C. Ross, two of the best known rifleshots in this country, will leave on June 17 for Nürnburg, Germany, where they will take part in the international meeting to be held in that city July 4-11.

Zimmerman has been across the sea several times and has been uniformly successful, but this is Ross's first attempt so far as we know. He is practising daily, and expresses himself as satisfied with his work. The work of this pair in the Nürnburg festival will be watched with the closest interest by those they leave behind.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

June 15-18.—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-20.—ANACONDA, Mont.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest and fourth annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Anaconda Gun Club. $1,500 added. C. A. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 22.—OGDEN, Ill.—Second annual tournament of the Ogden Gun Club. Wm. McKinley, Sec'y.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

June 30.—BRIDGEPORT, Conn.—Third tournament of the Connecticu Trap-Shooters' Association, under the auspices of the Bridgeport Gun Club.

July 1.—SHERBROOKE, Quebec.—Sherbrooke's grand annual. Inanimates. Open to all amateurs. C. H. Foss, Sec'y, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

July 3-5.—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Co.

July 5.—OTTUMWA, Ia.—All-day shoot of the Ottumwa Gun Club. Open to all.

July 5.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—All-day invitation target shoot of the Bison Gun Club. C. H. Werlin, Sec'y, 1634 Broadway, Buffalo.

July 7-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 20-22.—PINE BLUFF, Ark.—Seventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Added money announced later. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock, Ark.

July 20-23.—CLEAR LAKE, Ia.—First annual Indian Welf shoot Three days targets; one day live birds. $500 added. For programmes and particulars write to C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.

July 21-22.—CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. Chas. E Lacey, Sec'y.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 4-5.—INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, Ind.—Indiana Mineral Springs tournament. Ben O. Bush, Manager.

Aug. 17-19.—TORONTO, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000 guaranteed. Open to all. Write for programmes.

Aug. 18-19.—WARSAW, Ind.—Tournament of the Lake City Gun Club. W. A. Wineberer, Sec'y.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept 6.—MERIDEN, Conn.—Third annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Sept. 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

H. L. Gates, of Utica, N. Y., sent us three weeks ago a long attack on the Rose system, the full text of that communication appearing in our last issue. As explained in another portion of these columns, the letter should have been withheld until after the conclusion of the Auburn shoot, Mr. Gates being afraid that it might be construed into an attack on the methods proposed for running that shoot. Personally, we don't think Mr. Gates's arguments will have kept a single desirable shooter away from the State shoot, while on the other hand it may have had the effect of increasing the attendance by calling out some of the class of shooters for whom such shoots are supposed to be provided.

The Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, N. J., and the Central Gun Club, of Long Branch, N. J., shot a 10-men team race on Decoration Day on the grounds of the Red Bank club. The conditions were 50 targets per man, 500 to the team. Riverside won easily, scoring 372 to 314. Oscar Hesse, President of the Walsrode Powder Company in this country, a member of the Red Bank Gun Club, was high, with 46 out of a possible 50.

Extract from the programme for the first annual tournament of the Trap-Shooter's League of Indiana at Kokomo, that State, June 8-9: "Parker Gun Handicap. * * * The highest score which one with an allowance may make is 47 unless a scratch man should break more, in which event his score shall be the highest possible for the other class." Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, June 20, 1896, page 504, under "Handicaps and Highest Possibles": "In 50-target events make the highest possible score 47 (or 48) beyond which no targets can be scored * * * unless a scratch man shall break more than 47 (or 48) in a 50-target race * * * * in such cases *that scratch man's score* to be the highest possible." When we wrote the above we never intended to penalize any man who might break more than 47 (or 48) out of his first 50 targets; but on looking over the item we saw that we had made no provision for a man, *not* a scratch man, who might do so. We, therefore, in writing on the same subject in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 3, 1896, three months later, said: "In all handicap events fix a highest possible score, making allowance for the loss of a few targets on the part of the scratch man or men in all events where the number of targets to be shot at reaches 50 or 100 (say 48 as highest possible in a 50-target handicap or 94 in a 100-target race). The number chosen for the highest possible cannot be exceeded unless some shooter shall break more than that number out of his first 50 or first 100, as the case may be; that is, without his allowance. In the event of any shooter exceeding the highest possible, as above, that shooter's score shall be the highest possible, and all shooters tying that score, with or without their allowance, shall be entitled to a portion of first money." In the same article we drew the shooter's attention to the fact that such a system of handicapping could only be brought into play where the Rose system or "high guns" was used. The old "50, 30 and 20" wouldn't do here at all. In the "Parker Gun Handicap" the purse will be divided into ten equal parts, the gun going to the high man, ties for first place shooting off for the gun under the same conditions as in the original race.

The citizens of Sherbrooke, Can., are to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee on Dominion Day, July 1, so the Sherbrooke Gun Club has gotten out a programme to attract shooters to its grounds on that date. The management has decided to adopt the Sergeant system of three traps, the system devised by W. G. Sergeant, of Joplin, Mo., which has been so often described in these columns. A note in the programme states that "as far as possible shooters using black powder will shoot together." All purses will be divided under the Rose system, and the programme of events and varied styles of shooting called for ought to please all who complain of the monotony of target shooting. The shooting is open to all, and will take place rain or shine. We have to thank the Sherbrooke Gun Club for the following very courteous mention of ourselves: "FOREST AND STREAM, the sportsman's weekly, devotes a large amount of space to trap-shooting, and subjects practical and theoretical connected therewith. Subscription $4 a year *and worth it.*" (N. B.—The italics are *not* ours.)

There will be no contest between Ferd Van Dyke and W. H. Wolstencroft for the Austin expert rules trophy, and the reason is not far to seek. Ferd Van Dyke never challenged Wolstencroft, and did not know anything about a challenge having been issued in his name by Winston until the morning of Monday, May 31, when he was attending the New Haven shoot. As soon as he heard of it, Van Dyke said such a match was an impossibility under the circumstances, and added that Winston had never said a word to him about it, and that he had never authorized any such challenge. Van Dyke left New York city on Thursday last, June 3, for Monroe, La., to attend the Interstate Association's tournament in that city, June 9-10. He will not be back until about June 14. Under the terms of the cup, we suppose it now becomes Wolstencroft's property, as he has defended his title to the cup for a period of six months.

The race for the *Recreation* cup is fast narrowing down to two men. The cup represents the amateur championship of New Jersey and Greater New York, and has now been won twice by two men, F. Sinnock, of the Forester Gun Club, of Newark, and J. S. S. Remsen, of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club. Sinnock won it on June 2 with a score of 95 out of 100; he used a Parker gun and Du Pont Smokeless. His other win was made in February, and, curiously enough, on that occasion he was shooting a Winchester and W-A powder. Remsen always uses a Scott and Schultze. Remsen was tied for second place on June 3 with Edwards, both scoring 93; Van Dyke, who was not eligible to shoot for the cup, broke 94.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. have put their new model 1897 repeating shotgun on the market. There are several improvements in this model, among them a button on the right-hand side of the receiver; pressure on this button enables a shooter to open the gun without uncocking the hammer. Another feature is the double extractor, while the rigidity of the slide handle is also an improvement. The stock is also longer, and slightly differently shaped; in fact, the gun is an improvement over the model '93. Van Dyke shot one of these birds for the first time at Hackensack, N. J., on June 2. His work with it showed that he, at any rate, could use it as satisfactorily as his old gun.

W. F. Parker, of the firm of Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn., was one of the few shooters present at the second day's shoot of the Bergen County Gun Club's first anniversary tournament at Hackensack, N. J., June 3. When Mr. Parker first dawned upon us in this section as a trap-shooter, he was easy; that was last fall at the Endeavor Gun Club's tournament at Marion, N. J. Since then we have met him in several places and have become more respectful. At New Haven, Conn., on Decoration Day he shot well up to the front, but on June 3 he was hunting the top holes all the time, finishing with 118 out of 130 shot at.

Paul North has another grievance. A few weeks ago he was in St. Louis and needed a shave; he bought one, and was reclining gracefully in the barber's chair, his chin all covered with the generous lather, when he felt a tap on the shoulder and heard a smooth voice utter the name of "Mr. Isaacs." Paul turned around and faced his interlocutor, whose features at once became suffused with crimson when he saw his mistake. "Oxcuse me, please; I did think you were mein friend, Mr. Isaacs!" And the grievance is that the barber peremptorily refused to cut Paul's throat and end his miserable existence.

The Bison Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., announces that it will hold an all-day shoot on Monday, July 15. Five per cent. of all the purses will be deducted to form a fund for average money, the fund to be divided into three moneys and to go to the "three highest averages made shooting through the whole programme." This will not seem an easy feat when it is understood that the programme calls for fifteen events, with a total of 265 targets for a single day's shoot. All targets will be thrown from a magautrap and will be charged for at the rate of 1 cent each.

Owing to Decoration Day falling on a Monday and our going to press the following day much valuable news matter had to go over, among the items being a review of the programme for Pennsylvania's State shoot. Judging from the programme, outsiders, as well as residents of the State will be well looked after by the Oil City boys.

There will be a great gathering at Auburn, N. Y., this week. The New York State shoots are always very popular affairs, and this year's gathering gives promise of keeping up the reputation made by its predecessors. So far we have not heard of any claimants for next year's shoot.

The programme for the thirteenth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, June 16-19, under the auspices of the Anaconda, Mont., Gun Club has been received. This tournament is open only to residents of the States of Oregon. Washington, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia. Professional shooters and manufacturers' agents will be barred from this tournament. The programme also contains this old familiar friend: "Any person found guilty of dropping for place will have their entrance refunded less price of birds, and be barred from the entire tournament." Under the Rose system, this sentence would be unnecessary.

Among the New York contingent at the Auburn shoot this week will be Justus von Lengerke and Gus Greiff, jointly representing the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Company, Limited, and Francotte guns; Ed. Taylor of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company, and M. Herrington, both of them interested in that firm's W-A powder; J. G. Lindsey and L. H. Schortemeier. The New Utrecht Gun Club will of course be represented in the Dean Richmond cup race on the last day.

The programme for the New Haven, Conn., Gun Club's tournament, July 14-15, under the auspices of the Interstate Association, is ready for mailing. A copy can be obtained by applying either to Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Association, 122 Diamond market, Pittsburg, Pa., or to G. W. Hazel, secretary of the New Haven Gun Club, 11 Church street, New Haven, Conn. The club adds $100 a day to the purses.

Charlie Grimm, of Clear Lake, Ia., sends us the following notice of a shoot to be held at Clear Lake, June 20-23: "First annual Indian Wolf shoot; $500 added money; three days targets, one day live birds; under the management of C. M. Grimm." Mr. Grimm also states that he will supply programmes and further details on application. Much medicine should be made at that shoot, and the tournament ought to prove a great success.

In a letter which we have just received from Neaf Apgar, dated June 5, he writes. "We shoot every afternoon and fish the balance of the time. I want you to come up and see me, and have a fish." Neaf is now a member of the Boniface tribe, being proprietor of the Pine Point Club Hotel, Orange Lake, Newburg, N. Y. His location is well-chosen, as Orange Lake is a very popular resort, both summer and winter.

On Friday, May 28, the intercollegiate shoot resulted as follows: Yale 116, Harvard 113, Princeton 110, Columbia 106, U. P. 104. The conditions were five-men teams, 30 targets per man. Brewer, of Princeton, made 29 (the high score), Brown, the captain of Yale, being second with 28. The Yale team has been under the tuition of Geo. S. McAlpin, of New York city.

The winner of the New Utrecht Gun Club's Holiday Cup on Decoration Day was Danny Lohmann, a boy about fourteen years old. Danny is a "Class C man," and was allowed under the system of handicapping in use at this club 2 extra birds to shoot at (if he needed them), but Danny had no use for the "two extra"; he plunked out his 10 straight and took the cup. His handicap distance was 28yds.

The difficulties experienced by the trap-shooters of New Jersey in straightening out the muddle into which they have gotten themselves by trying to revive a defunct organization, could have been avoided easily if a brand new association, with a history of its own, had been started. History is made quite cheaply, and that furnished by the old association is hardly of the quality that inspires either confidence or respect.

The Norwalk, Conn., Shooting Association held its third annual meeting on May 24, electing the following officers for 1897-98: President, T. W. Latham; Vice-President, H. A. Gallup; Treasurer, C. F. Stewart; Captain, Frank Reiley. The Board of Directors consists of the above-named officials and Frank Lamkin and George Titus. The secretary seems to have left out his own name, perhaps through modesty.

Another view of the Rose system: "The Rose system was tried in several events. For an ordinary shooter it is all right, but it is not in favor with those who can shoot some." The above is an extract from a report of the Peoria tournament, which appears in one of our cotemporaries. "Those who can shoot some"—there's the rub.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., killed two birds with one stone on Saturday last, June 5, by disposing of the Dunellen (N. J.) Gun Club and the Bergen County Gun Club at "one sitting." The team scores (9 men to a team, 25 targets per man) were: Endeavor 181, Bergen County 143, Dunellen 135.

The Ottumwa, Ia., Gun Club will hold an all-day target shoot on its grounds on Monday, July 5. All purses divided into three moneys if under twelve entries; over twelve entries, four moneys. Bluerocks will be thrown from a magautrap at 1½ cents each.

The State Sportsmen's Association of North Dakota will hold its tournament June 16-17, at Fargo. All purses will be divided by the Rose system. There will be $25 per day as added money, targets being thrown at 3 cents each. A magautrap will be used in place of five expert traps.

The first annual amateur tournament of the Spirit Lake, Ia., Gun Club will be held July 17-19. This tournament is for amateurs only, and a programme has been prepared that should please the average amateur.

Elmer Shaner was in the city on Friday last, June 4, on his way to Monroe, La. He left by the 5 P. M. train the same evening with U. M. C. Thomas as his fellow-traveler.

JUNE 7. EDWARD BANKS.

Mr. Gates and the Rose System.

BEFORE proceeding to review the arguments set forth by Mr. Gates, of Utica, N. Y., in his letter on the Rose system published in our issue of June 5, it would be only fair to Mr. Gates to explain that that letter appeared in such issue contrary to his wishes. Not that he did not want to go on record as against the system; he only wished us to keep the letter until after the New York State shoot had been decided. His reason was this: The letter was written to us and was in type prior to the issuing of the programme for that shoot; realizing that it might be construed as a direct attack on the management of this year's State shoot, he wrote to us in a hurry to withhold the letter until after the Auburn shoot. Accordingly he withdrew it from the then current issue, only to have it escape our notice in the bustle attendant on going to press the day after Decoration Day. We regret our neglect in this matter, and trust that we have exculpated Mr. Gates from any blame on the part of the management of the New York State shoot.

A LETTER TO BE ANSWERED.

Having appeared in type, such a letter should be answered, as it is the direct result of our request that such articles defending the "old system" and discrediting the Rose system should be sent in for publication.

Our first impression on reading Mr. Gates's contribution was one of regret that an attorney of his caliber should not have been able to make out a better case. And our first impression has not been changed. Mr. Gates unfortunately argues from the standpoint of a man who goes to a shoot, not for the sake of enjoying the sport, the good fellowship that always prevails at a tournament, nor for the purpose of meeting old friends and making new ones, but (we quote his own words) "because I have there a chance of winning those expenses by doing some good shooting." It would be pertinent at this point to ask Mr. Gates whether, if he went on a camp hunt into the Adirondacks for a week, he would consider it necessary to sit down in that camp and play poker for the purpose of making his friends pay for what he is enjoying? When Mr. Gates goes to the theatre, blows himself to an extra good meal at one of the swell restaurants in Utica, or takes a trip to the seashore, is he always on the lookout for others, besides his legitimate clients, from whom he may have "a chance of winning those expenses?"

TRAP-SHOOTING IS DIFFERENT FROM OTHER SPORTS.

Trap-shooting differs from other sports in the respect that trophies cannot always be made the bone of contention; yet, as a sport, it, like all others, needs some incentive to keep up interest in itself, and sweepstakes are the only plausible way in which this can be done so far as we can see. In golf, lawn tennis, yachting and bicycling, there are, as a rule, but one or two prizes per day to compete for; that is to say, the competitions in which an individual can enter in those branches of sport in a single day, are extremely limited. A golf contest practically lasts all day; the same with a yacht race. In lawn tennis it often takes two or three days to decide a single contest, by reason of the "heat system" of finding the winners. In bicycling it is unusual to find a competitor entering in more than two races on a single day.

Again—save in yachting—the immediate outlay for each day's sport is extremely limited when compared with the expense attendant on a single day's trap-shooting. Leaving traveling expenses and entrance fees out of the question—as something incidental to all branches—in trap-shooting there is the additional cost of 200 shells and the same number of targets, an expense that may be roughly figured at $9 per day, in addition to a practically unlimited number of contests.

The number of events to be decided each day precludes a general distribution of cups and trophies, and the natural result seems to be cash sweepstakes of varying sizes. Such are the conditions of the sport. The only question that remains unsettled is that of dividing the purses.

"THE BIGGEST FRAUD."

In speaking of the Rose system Mr. Gates uses some strong language; he describes the system as "the biggest fraud on shooting men yet devised." He then desires to preface that statement by telling us that when he first studied the Rose system he was dead in love with it, but that now it was in disfavor with him. He also tells us that he is "just a plain, ordinary, every-day shooter, who can shoot fairly well one day and fairly poorly the next," adding that he is, therefore, "one of the fellows for whom this delectable Rose system was made."

Is Mr. Gates satisfied that the Rose system does not reduce "those expenses"? Has he ever taken the trouble to work out, as we have done, the results that would have accrued to "a plain, ordinary, every-day shooter" under both systems for a series of tournaments? Don't take a single, isolated case. It would be just as proper for the adherents of the Rose system to quote from solitary instances. The "plain, ordinary, every-day shooter" can never hope to win in the long run; the same class of man in any branch of sport is bound to be a loser oftener than he is a winner; his only hope lies in a handicap. In trap-shooting the above gentleman with three titles is the "producer" (another title), and our efforts and the efforts of the Rose system are directed to make him liable for as small a share of the expenses of running a tournament as possible. The outcry of the crackerjacks against the Rose system is proof positive, if anything further were needed, that the Rose system minimizes their winnings. The conclusion is obvious that if winnings are minimized, the same must apply to losings.

MR. GATES IS MISTAKEN.

Mr. Gates makes a serious error in stating "that the trap editor is becoming converted and now opposes the Rose system for live birds." The error probably arises from Mr. Gates's misconception of what we wrote in our report of the Newburgh, N. Y., tournament, which was as follows:

"But we do think the club made a mistake in dividing purses in the live-bird events on the same plan. For 5 and 7-bird races we have always held out for high guns; say one high gun for every four or five entries. For 10-bird races and events calling for a still higher number of birds, we believe in adopting the same plan, basing the moneys on the number of entries, just as the Interstate Association did in its programme for this year's Grand American Handicap. Our reason for urging this system is the fact that live-bird shooting is more expensive and quite as easy as target shooting, and that, therefore, under the Rose system or under the 'old system' it is quite possible for a man to kill them all and yet come out behind. We would rather see the 'old dropping-for-place system' in force for live-bird events than the Rose system. Make it high guns all the time."

We have always considered the Rose system in connection with target events, and have never argued in favor of its adoption for long or short live-bird races. While we think it might work well in 20 or 25-bird races, we much prefer the high gun system suggested above.

THE CAUSE OF SMALL ATTENDANCE.

In his closing paragraph Mr. Gates evidently desires to lay the blame for small attendances at tournaments at the door of the Rose system. We suppose that he intends us to deduce that such is the case from his arguments, but we must confess our inability to do so. We think there are other reasons, and will advance a few:

No. 1. Hard times. It costs money to go to a two or three days' shoot, and few men have now the means or the leisure to go to such affairs. Business is dull, and must be attended to very closely if a profit is to be made.

No. 2. Number of Tournaments.—Our Fixtures columns for the past few months have shown such a large number of tournaments on the list, that anybody who wished to do so and had the means could have shot along week after week without having to make very long jumps to accomplish his object. This is a very different matter from what it was a few years ago. In the vicinity of all the large cities there is a shoot pretty nearly every week, and the "plain, ordinary, every-day shooter" prefers to attend such shoots to going to the larger affairs and being gobbled up by the experts.

No. 3 "Once bitten," etc. The "plain, ordinary, every-day shooter" has also learned wisdom by bitter experience. He used to go to those tournaments, pay all the expenses of running them and then stuff the pocketbooks of the expert. He doesn't do so any more. The most singular instance of an awakening on the part of the "producers" is furnished us in our correspondent's, Paul Litzke's, report of the recent Joplin, Mo, shoot, where $300 was added to the purses. Mr. Litzke's words on this point are worth noting. It should also be noted that at this tournament the purses were not divided under the Rose system.

A BLOODED TOURNAMENT.

If Mr. Gates and those who think with him want a really blooded tournament, one where they would certainly have "a chance of winning those expenses," let them get up a tournament where all ties shoot off, as in the "good old days" Mr. Gates speaks about. The first one, owing to its novelty to the majority of shooters of the present day, many of whom may also have a "bump of vanity" with a notion concealed inside it that they "can shoot some," might be a success in point of attendance. But what of the second tournament of the same kind?

The arguments he uses contain nothing new. They are the same as those made years ago by the few who made trap-shooting a profession against the many who made it their sport, and they are the same arguments which made the Rose system a necessity.

Programmes for Coming Tournaments.

PENNSYLVANIA'S STATE SHOOT.

So much has been written in these columns of late regarding the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament that very little remains to be said about it. Programmes are ready for distribution, and can be obtained by addressing the secretary of the Association, Mr. H. C. Reeser, Oil City, Pa.

The shoot takes place June 22-25, immediately following the Chamberlin Cartridge Co.'s tournament at Cleveland. Coming as it does on the heels of that shoot, and Oil City being such an easy distance by rail from Cleveland, it is only fair to predict that many shooters will take in both tournaments.

The programme is in the form of a booklet of 128 pages, and is so full of matter, both reading and advertising, that it is rather hard to find what one wants, and having found it, to select what is most important to be noted. The State programme is a good one, and so is the programme of open events. In the former $60 is added to the purses on each of the two target days, while $80 and $70 respectively represent the totals of added money in the open events on the same two days.

For State events on the first day there are three 15-target events, $1.50 entrance, $10 added to each purse; two 50-target events (the Wolstencroft Individual championship trophy and the Parker gun handicap) with $10 added to each purse. The American Wood powder trophy (25 singles and 5 pairs) for three-men teams is also shot on this day. The open events are seven 20-target events, $2.50 entrance, $10 added to each purse, and a 25-target event (Gold Dust powder event), $2.50 entrance, $10 added.

On the second day the State events are: Three 15-target events, the same as on the first day; the Remington gun handicap, 50 targets, $10 added, and the Reading and the Harrisburg trophies for five-men and six men teams, each race at 25 targets. The open events are four 20s and two 50s; the 50-target races are the E. C. cup handicap, $4 entrance, $10 added, and the Oil City *Derrick* event, $4 entrance, $20 added by the above-named newspaper. The 20s are precisely the same as on the first day, $10 added to each event.

On the third day live birds will be shot. The State events will be the Williamsport trophy for the Individual championship of the State, and the L. C. Smith trophy for three-men teams. On the open set of traps there will be four events: No. 1, Smithman Springs introductory, 7 birds, $5, birds extra, three high guns, not class shooting. Nos. 2, 3 and 4 will be 10-bird races, $7, birds extra, high guns, four moneys, not class shooting. The handicaps in the above events will be the same as in the Oil City special.

The Oil City Special Handicap occupies the place of honor on the fourth day, June 25. The conditions are precisely the same as the well known conditions which prevail in the Grand American Handicap—25 birds, $25, birds extra, handicaps 25 to 33yds., $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added, high guns, not class shooting, the number of moneys being dependent on the number of entries in event of more than forty entries. As in the Grand American, there will in any case be $500 to the first high gun, $300 to the second high gun, and $200 to the third high gun. Handicaps will be awarded by the following handicap committee: Major J. M. Taylor, of the *American Field;* Jacob Pentz, of *Shooting and Fishing;* Will K. Park, of *Sporting Life;* Paul North, of Cleveland, O., and Edward Banks, of FOREST AND STREAM. All handicaps will be announced on the evening of June 23.

Shooting will commence each day at 8:30, and all targets will be thrown from magautraps. Purses in the target events will be divided into five moneys under the Rose system. Special rates have been made with all railroads in the Central Passenger Association on the certificate plan, at a fare and a third for the round trip. Guns and shells should be shipped in care of H. C. Reeser.

The annual meeting will take place, of course, on the evening of the first day, June 22, and will be held in the Arlington Hotel, the headquarters for shooters in Oil City, a rate of $2 a day being made to shooters during the tournament.

THE NEW HAVEN INTERSTATE.

The first target tournament of the Interstate Association in its Northern circuit for the season of 1897, will be held July 14-15 on the grounds of the New Haven, Conn., Gun Club. The New Haven club is practiced in looking after large numbers of shooters, but we think on this occasion it will find that its hands are very full. Trap-shooting has taken such a decided boom in the Nutmeg State and the adjoining States, that we look for really a good tournament as such things go nowadays. The location of New Haven is also favorable for a good attendance, as the city is easy of access from all points in New England.

There are ten events scheduled for each day, five 15-target events and five 20-target events; all the 20-target events and the first 15-target event are at known angles, the balance at unknown angl s. The club adds $100 a day, viz., $9 in each 15-target event, $11 in each 20-target event. All purses will be divided into four moneys under the Rose system. Guns and ammunition forwarded in care of Basset & Reeves, 5 Church street, New Haven, Conn., will be delivered at the grounds.

The club's grounds are easy of access from the center of the city, electric cars running past the door of the Tontine Hotel, the headquarters' hotel during the shoot, direct to the shooting grounds. The Tontine Hotel is on the European plan, with rooms $1 per day and upwards; a special rate will be made to shoooters. To reach the grounds from the railroad station, take any car up Meadow street, and get a transfer for Schuetzen Park.

New Jersey State Association.

THE MEETING OF JUNE 4.

THE efforts of the trap-shooters of New Jersey to organize a State Association, although still somewhat hampered by a few little irregularities, are making tracks in the right direction. The meeting of June 4 at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, was fairly well attended, but there is still a certain amount of unexpected apathy on the part of the trap-shooters of this great shooting State in the matter. This is doubtless caused by uncertainty as to what it is proposed the new Association (or the old Association revivified) shall do in the way of looking after the interests of the game and fish of the State, and also in the trap-shooting line. Once the Association is fully launched this uncertainty will disappear, and then without question many clubs that are now hanging back will come forward and join hands with their brethren in helping to push a good thing along.

ELEVEN CLUBS SEND DELEGATES.

When the roll was called it was found that the following eleven clubs were represented: South Side, of Newark, I. H. Terrill and W. M. Smith; Oritani Field Club, Capt. A. W. Money; Jersey City Heights Gun Club, Justus von Lengerke; Newark Gun Club, Jacob Pentz; Elizabeth Gun Club, Robt. E. Chetwood; Arlington Shooting Association, M. Herrington; Boiling Springs Gun Club, E. A. Jeanneret and W. H. Huck; Endeavor Gun Club, Carl von Lengerke and Edward Banks; Passaic City Gun Club, Colin R. Wise and M. J. Coman; Essex Gun Club, W. H. Green; Mattawan Gun Club, W. Hughes.

The Dunnellen Gun Club and the Climax Gun Club were both applicants for membership, and both were elected, their respective delegates, Messrs. A. N. Randolph and J. G. Lindzey, being also on hand. This started the meeting with the unlucky number of thirteen clubs represented, precisely the same number, if we make no mistake, that the old ill-fated association commenced business with.

Capt. A. W. Money, the president *pro tem.*, presided, and his temporary secretary, Colin E. Wise, attended to the clerical work of the meeting.

Before the meeting had been called to order Mr. W. H. Green stated that the notices of the meeting had not been properly sent out, as a certain club that was a member of the old association had not been notified of this meeting. He named, on request, the Essex Gun Club, of Newark. His attention was called to the fact that he was present at the meeting of May 19 as representing that club, and the temporary recording secretary, Mr. Carl von Lengerke, stated that he had mailed a notice addressed to the club's secretary in Newark, not being aware of the secretary's name. As a matter of record some forty-three notices were sent out, but only the above thirteen responded. Several other clubs have, however, signified in writing their intention of joining the Association as soon as it is started.

ANNUAL MEETING SET FOR JULY 13.

The work of the meeting may be shortly stated as follows: The date of the annual meeting was set for July 13, 2 P. M., at Taylor's Hotel. The report of the committee on constitution and by-laws was received and referred to the committee on rules. The present officers were continued in office until the annual meeting. The committee on constitution and by-laws appointed at the meeting of May 19 was continued in office as the committee on rules to report with an amended constitution and by-laws at the above annual meeting on July 13.

There were several little incidents of interest that occurred at this meeting. The first was Mr. Pentz's statement that, as directed by the committee, he had written "a pleasant little letter" to the old Association's ex-treasurer, W. I. Conover, of Marlboro, N. J., in regard to certain funds belonging to the old Association said to be in his possession. To that letter Mr. Pentz stated he had received no reply. From the above it may be gathered that the "$300 in the treasury" referred to at the meeting of May 19 is practically non-existent.

Another incident was the calling the attention of this meeting to the fact that the meeting originally called for May 19 had never been adjourned, as shown by reference to the minutes. After those minutes had been read, Mr. Banks, of the Endeavor Gun Club, asked what had become of that meeting, whether it was still in session, the adjournment in the minutes plainly referring only to the meeting called by the ex-president, Mr. Al. Heritage.

There was some discussion on Mr. Banks's motion that the minutes be amended to show that this meeting had been adjourned, if it actually was adjourned. As it appeared that it had not been so adjourned, except in so far as the second meeting held on May 19, same time and place, the outcome of the first meeting, had been adjourned, the amendment could not be entertained, and Mr. Banks was asked to withdraw his motion. This was done; but the question as to what became of that meeting is still unanswered.

THE COMMITTEE WORKED HARD.

Some words of commendation must be said in regard to the work of the "committee of five" appointed at the second meeting of May 19. This committee has worked hard to unravel the entanglement due mainly to two causes: The muddle caused by trying to galvanize into life an association long since defunct of its own free will; and, second, the muddle caused by electing temporary officers for that defunct association.

The last muddle was the worse one of the two, as the temporary officers were elected at a meeting called at ten minutes' notice, when the constitution of the old organization plainly says that a week's notice of any special meeting shall be given.

Despite such difficulties, the committee has gotten together and worked hard, with a view to giving New Jersey the State Association that it should have. The best thing it has done so far is to urge strongly on the members of the present organization the necessity of incorporation. Once incorporated it will start practically as a new organization, and will have a legal standing; something tangible at any rate, and something which we must own it does not seem to possess as yet.

STATE SHOOT IN THE FALL.

Another recommendation of the committee which seemed to find great favor with the members present, was that looking to the holding of a State shoot early in the month of October, or in the latter part of September. We think there need be no fear that this part of the committee's report will be overlooked when the annual meeting of July 13 convenes.

ON LONG ISLAND.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB

May 25.—The monthly shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club was held this afternoon at Dexter Park. There was a large attendance, thirty-three members and one guest taking Part in the club race at 10 live birds. Of these thirty-four shooters, only tw , Col. John H. Voss and Conrad Weber, were able to score all their birds. The individual scores were:

Thirty yards, 7 points:

E Doeinck	122•211220— 8	G Nowak	•1•2121102— 7

Twenty-eight yards, 7 points:

J H Voss	1121122111—10	P Woelfel	2222220010— 7
F Trostel	1101111112— 9	H Seaman	1410211•01— 7
P Garms, Jr.	1110•11111— 8	W Sands	0200220202— 5
E Paynter	0111220111— 8		

Twenty-eight yards, 6½ points:

L T Munch	2101100121— 7	E Steffens	10•0111111— 7

Twenty-eight yards, 6 points:

C Weber	1221221121—10	J Hemmels	1112000121— 7
E Metz	1011111122— 9	C Schaefer	0210200111— 6
H Forster	2210111112— 9	J P Dannefelser	02•0100021— 5
J Schlicht	2102•02211— 8	D Valenti	0000201001— 3

Twenty-eight yards, 5½ points:

R Regan	200011•110— 5	E Peterson	2200011•10— 5

Twenty-eight yards, 5 points:

C Lange	2100120111— 7	Al Knodel	0212220220— 7

Twenty-six yards, 4½ points:

L Stetzle	2•211210 2— 9	J Linck	1021121010— 7
E Marquardt	2210101101— 7	J Nevman	••0110210— 4

Twenty-six yards, 4 points:

H Guenther	2102021202— 7	W Richter	10011•2202— 5
J Lessler	2112201000— 6	J H Furboter	0102002010— 4
C A Schaeffer	0220020122— 6	J Sherry *	1011221110— 8
G K Breit	200101•021— 5		

* Guest.

FALCON GUN CLUB

May 28.—The Falcon Gun Club held its monthly live bird shoot at Dexter Park to-day. The club shoot is at 10 birds, gun below the elbow, 25yds. rise, second barrel kills to count as half a point. Scores were:

		Points.			Points.
C M Meyer	1112111210— 9	8	J Moller	1111112111—10	9½
J N Meyer	1111111111—10	10	J Bohling	0211112202— 8	6

Two matches were shot as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
C M Meyer	2222221211—10	1101111111111—14
J N Meyer	2222120211— 9	1111111111110111—14

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

May 29.—To-day was the semi-monthly target shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club at the Dyker Meadow grounds. In the class badge contest Greiff and F. A. Thompson tied in Class A; on the shoot-off Greiff won with 22 to 19. In the Bennett cup contest F. A. Thompson was the winner with 22 breaks. This gave him two wins for the cup, tieing him with Greiff; as another win would entitle either of the two to absolute ownership of the cup, they agreed to call off their previous scores and let all the other members in by starting afresh at the next semi-monthly shoot. The detailed score in the above two events are given below:

Club badge shoot.

G E Greiff (A)	1101111111111111111101111	—23
F A Thompson (A)	1011111111110111111111111	—23
J Gaughen (A)	1110101111111111101011011	—20
P Adams (A)	1011101111101111100101111	—19
A A Hegeman (A)	1011111110111011011010111	—19
D Deacon (A)	1111111010111111111001100	—19
D C Bennet (A)	1101100111010110101011110	—16
Dr O'Brien (B)	1111001111010110111101101	—18
C C Fleet (B)	0110110001110111010011111001	—16
*M Herrington	1110111101001111111001111	—19

* Guest.

Bennett cup shoot:

F A Thompson (A)	0111111111111111101111111	—23
J Gaughen (A)	1111111110111011101111111	—22
G E Greiff (A)	1100111111111111101111110	—21
D Deacon (A)	1111111110111110011010110	—19
C C Fleet (B)	0C0111101111011101110111101	—19
T Adams (A)	1011100111110111110101111	—19
P E George (A)	1111100011011111010101101	—17
D C Bennett (A)	1101110001110011110101111	—17
Dr O'Brien (B)	1101101101100111111010C0100	—16
A A Hegeman (A)	0011110101010100111011000	—13

In addition to the races mentioned, a list of ten other events were shot. The scores in the first eight are given in the table that follows. No. 9 was at 5 pairs, and resulted thus: F. A. Thompson 8, Adams and Deacon 7, Gaughen 6. No. 10 was at expert rules, and the result in this race was: Adams and Deacon 9, Thompson 7, Gaughen 6. The other eight events were all 10 targets, unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
G E Greiff.	9	9	7	10	9	10	8	8	Harrington	8	8	9	6	9	8	6	8
Thompson.	8	5	7	9	7	6	7	5	Hegeman..	..	..	6	9	8	3	..	6	..
J Gaughen	5	5	6	9	5	9	10	7	O'Brien....	..	..	5	7	8	7	5	4	..
P Adams..	9	7	6	9	8	5	7	7	Fleet.....	..	..	..	5	6	6	..	6	..
D Deacon.	..	..	..	8	9	9	3	5	DCBennett	8	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..

Holiday Cup

May 31.—The programme for the New Utrecht Gun Club's Decoration Day shoot at the Woodlawn grounds included the 10-bird race for the Holiday cup and a 15-bird open-to-all handicap race. The Holiday cup was won by Danny Lohman, a rattling good little shot; Hegeman tied with Danny by virtue of his extra allowance of 1 bird, but withdrew in favor of Lohman without shooting off the tie. The conditions of this cup are: Class A, 10 birds; class B, 11 birds, and class C, 12 birds It will be noticed that Danny Lohman did not need his class allowance, as he killed his 10 straight. In the open-to-all handicap Lair was the only one to score 15 straight; the two Furguesons, father and son, each scored 14. The conditions of this race were $10 entrance, two high guns.

In the smaller sweeps No. 1 was at 5 birds, $3, two high guns; No 2 was a $1 miss-and-out; Nos. 3 and 4 were 5 birds, $2, three high guns; Nos. 6 and 7 were 5 birds, $2, two high guns. Scores follow:

Holiday cup shoot:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	2 5 1 2 4 2 3 3 3 2		
	←↗→→→↘←↑↗⊤		
D Lohman (C, 28)	1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1	—10	
	3 2 5 1 4 4 4 5 2 1 3		
	↙→↗↗↑↑↑↗‡↑↖		
A A Hegeman (B, 29)	2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 0 1 2	—10	
	2 1 3 5 5 4 3 4 1 2		
	↘↙↘↖→↙↗↑←↖		
W Lair (A, 23)	1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 1	— 9	
	4 4 2 5 5 2 5 3 1 1		
	↑←↑→←↑↘↑↖↑		
J Gaughen (A, 29)	2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0	— 9	
	4 2 2 2 5 1 2 3 2 2 5		
	↗↑↑↙→↑↓↘↗→↱		
H P Fessenden (B, 22)	1 1 2 1 0 2 1 2 0 1	•— 8	
	2 2 4 4 4 1 4 2 3 1		
	↙↗↗→↗↖→↙↑↙		
C Furgueson (A, 29)	2 2 • 2 2 0 2 2 2 2	— 8	
	3 1 3 1 5 4 5 3 5 3 2		
	←↑↑←→←↗↓←→↖		
G Nostrand (B, 29)	0 1 1 1 2 0 2 2 1 1 0	— 8	
	4 4 5 2 1 5 3 1 1 5		
	↑↑‡←↙↑←↘↑→		
*W Joerger (28)	1 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 1 0	— 8	
	3 4 2 1 2 3 2 2 4 1		
	↖↖↗↑←→←→→↖		
*Dr Hudson (28)	2 0 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 0	— 8	
	4 5 1 2 3 5 1 4 2 2		
	←↑↗↗↗→H‡↑↖		
C F Dudley (A, 29)	1 • 2 2 0 1 1 0 2 2	— 7	
	2 3 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 5		
	↙↖←↖↙↖↗↘↖←↘		
Ed Knowlton (B, 29)	1 1 0 2 0 1 1 0 1 0 2	— 7	
	4 2 3 2 1 4 4 1 4 1 4		
	‡↖↑↑↖←↙←↗↘→		
F A Thompson (B, 29)	2 2 0 0 1 2 1 2 0 2 0	— 7	
	2 5 3 4 4 5 5 5 1 4 3		
	↗←↖↑↘↑↗↘↙↑↖		
J N Meyer (B, 29)	0 1 0 0 2 0 2 2 1 2 2	— 7	
	4 5 4 4 2 3 1 2 4 1		
	←↙→↑→↑↑→→←		
*L Harrison (28)	2 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1	— 6	
	5 1 2 1 5 4 1 4 4		
	↑←↖↖↑↘↙↗↘		
E Lohman (C, 29)	0 2 0 • 2 0 1 0 0 w		
	4 3 5 2 5		
	↖↖↖↖↗		
C M Meyer (A, 29)	2 0 2 0 2 w		

* Guests.

Sweeps were shot as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Harrison	22121—5	222111	11021—4	010•1—2
Hudson	12121—5	112111	22211—5	22212—5
Joerger	22100—3	.....	.....	.....
Gaughen	11222—5	222220	.....	22222—5
Thompson	01212—4	0	1211•—4	22210—4
Thompson (re-entry)	.....	211220	.....	.....
Furgueson	.....	.....	22222—5	22222—5
Lair	.....	.....	22212—5	22122—5
Nostrand	.....	.....	1021	11121—5
Matzen	.....	.....	0021	22011—4
Fessenden	.....	.....	1120	220
J Meyer	.....	.....	2220	22202—4
Dudley	.....	.....	.....	22221—5
Lott	.....	.....	.....	11120—4

	No. 5, open handicap.	No. 6.	No. 7.
W Lair (29)	1112222•1212211—15	.....	.....
C Furgueson (30)	2220222222222222—14	20222—4	22122—5
Conny Furgueson (28)	2222012222222222—14	22222—5	02121—4
A A Hegeman (28)	0120112221111211—13	01221—5	22222—5
Dr Hudson (28)	1212212•1211110—13	.....	.....
F A Thompson (29)	1022221122022—12	.....	21212—5
C Martzen (28)	1010221221110•1—11	20102—3	10211—4
E Lohman		11020—3	22022—4
D Lohman		21202—4	11212—5
Fessenden		21122—5	12122—5

G. E. POOL, Sec'y.

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

UTICA, N. Y., May 29.—Below find the scores made to day by the members of the Oneida Sportsmen's Association, at the regular weekly shoot. The weather was quite favorable. The club shoot is at 15 singles and 5 pairs, with handicap allowances of misses as breaks. Scores:

Kilbourn (2)	101111011111011	11	01	11	11	11	—21	+2	—	23
E D Fulford (0)	111101111110111	11	11	11	11	10			—	22
Fairchilds (2)	111111110111011	10	11	10	10	10	—19	+2	—	21
Pfeiffer (2)	011111111100111	11	00	10	10	11	—18	+2	—	20
Coupe (6)	011101101011001	01	01	10	10	10	—14	+6	—	20
J W Fulford (1)	101111011010111	11	00	10	11	10	—17	+1	—	18
Davidson (2)	111001110101110	10	11	11	10	00	—16	+2	—	18
Mayhew (0)	110111111111001	11	21	10	10	00			—	18
Wheeler (2)	110110101111110	10	10	10	10	10	—16	+2	—	18
Cummings (4)	000010000111110	11	11	10	10	10	—13	+4	—	17
Bennett (4)	101010010011110	11	10	00	00	11	—13	+4	—	17
Mizner (4)	111111000010000	10	10	11	01	01	—13	+4	—	17
Gates (0)	111001110011101	11	10	10	10	10			—	16
Holmes (4)	011000011111101	00	10	11	00	00	—11	+4	—	16
Hayes (2)	101010100010011	10	10	10	10	11	—13	+2	—	15
Deck (2)	101011000001100	10	00	10	11	01	—11	+2	—	13

C. R. MIZNER, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

CLIMAX GUN CLUB.

May 26.—The Climax Gun Club opened its new grounds at Plainfield, N. J., this afternoon. There was a good attendance of members present, all of whom expressed themselves as pleased with the change of grounds. The background was rather a hard one, but still some good scores were made, as will be seen from a glance at the following records, made in the club shoot:

Goodman (7)	01111111111111100101111111111011	—27
Herrington (3)	11011111111011111111111111110	—25
Brantingham (1)	11111111111111110101111111	—24
Grier (2)	11111101111110011111111111	—24
Van Dyke (0)	11011101111111111111111	—23
Dutchy (0)	01101101111111111111111	—21
Manning (1)	01110111111011111111100111	—21
Byrd (0)	11111111111111101101010101	—20
Stephenson (10)	01101001001000001111011010111110011	—19
Hubbard (0)	01011101111101111000101101	—16
Williams (3)	01001110100101101100110011 10	—15
Darby	10100100011101111110000 1w	
Sisty (10)	c0c0000000c0010100011101100000010	— 9

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

May 31.—The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, held a shoot to-day. Heavy rain early in the day kept many shooters from the traps. Nine events in all were shot, and all were at 10 targets. Our new traps threw the targets very swiftly. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Angles:	K.	R.	U.	K.	R.	U.	R.	U.	K.
J Fleming	5	..	5	4	6	6	4	..	..
Tarleton	4	2	..	5	7	4	5	3	5
Dr Cummins	6	5	6	8	7	7	6	9	5
D Fleming	6	4	7	5	4	7	6	3	8
J H Cummings	2	3	3	3	3	5	5	5	..
Swindell	4	5	..	3	3	..	4	4	4
Backus	..	..	..	..	6	7	5	4	5
Thomas	..	..	..	..	5	5	9	5	6

BERGEN COUNTY'S ANNIVERSARY.

June 2.—The first day of the Bergen County Gun Club's "first anniversary tournament" was not marked by a large attendance. The members of this Hackensack club could hardly expect many shooters to show up to-day, as the programme was rather a hard one for any but the more expert shots to go up against. Also there was the more attractive programme for to-morrow against them, as well as the recent holiday shoots on Decoration Day. The consequence was that the crowd was small in number but hot enough in quality. From the scores made, it will be seen that the list of lost targets was not large. Captain E. G. Horton acted, as usual, in the all-round capacity of cashier, entry clerk, squad hustler, manager of the shoot and purveyor of good things for the inner man; in fact, he filled about every position possible except that of referee, scorer, puller and trapper-boy. Equally, of course, he filled all his numerous positions with honor to himself and the club. Chas. Dawson was referee and was earnest in his efforts to give everybody his due. The scoring and trap-pulling was just as satisfactory as it could be, while the work of the Hackensack Brigade of Trapper-boys left nothing to be desired. Some of these boys may be perverse little mortals and given to all kinds of deviltry, but it must be said that they can and do trap "outer sight."

As stated above, the attendance was small. There was Ferd. Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., shooting the first "Model '97" repeating shotgun that has left the factory; and shooting it "for fair," as the saying goes. Capt. A. M. Money, manager and treasurer of the newly-organized "American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co.," was also on hand, as was Ed. Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand W-A Powder Co. M. Herrington, another representative of the W-A powder, was also on deck, but was not shooting in the form he has recently developed. F. Sinnock, of the Forester Gun Club of Newark, and J. Schenck Remsen, of the Brooklyn Gun Club, were both on hand to try for the cup, and Sinnock, as will be seen, was on top for the second time. (This win of Sinnock's makes him a tie with Remsen, each having won it twice.) Another dangerous man who was present was Gus Greiff, of Von Lengerke & Detmold; but Gus was a little off in his second 25, flinching two or three times with fatal effect. Others on deck were L. H. Byrd, S. Warren and T. W. Thomas, the assumed names of three good shots who had "stolen away." B. James, Ward and Beveridge also took part in some of the events.

The Recreation Cup.

The main event was the *Recreation* cup, representing the amateur championship of the clubs of New Jersey. Among the contestants were the two previous winners—Remsen with two wins and Sinnock with one win. The race is shot at 100 targets, 50 known and 50 unknown, the known angles being disposed of first. Edwards led at the end of the half with 48 out of 50. The third 25 saw him drop back to Remsen with 70 each, while Sinnock with 72 out of 75 took the lead, with Van Dyke as second with 71 breaks. The fourth 25 saw no change in the positions of the four leaders, each man breaking 23 out of 25. Thus Sinnock won with 95, Van Dyke was second with 94, Remsen and Edwards tied for third place with 93. Greiff, who only broke 44 out of his first 50, took a brace and broke 47 out of his second half, finishing with 91. Warren was next with 90, scoring 46 out of his 50 unknown angles.

In the different series Van Dyke broke two straights and Sinnock one. The scores of this race in detail are as follows:

F Sinnock	11111111111101111111111111111101111111111	—47
	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111011101	—48—95
F Van Dyke	11111111111111111111111111111101101111101011101	—46
	11111111111111111111111111111101111110111111111	—48—94
J S S Remsen	11111111101111111111111111101111111111111111	—47
	11111110111111110111111111111110111111111111111110	—46—93
F S Edwards	11111111111101111111111111111111111111111110111111	—48
	11101111C1111111111111101111111111111111010111111	—45—93
G E Greiff	11111011111110111111111111111110111110110111101111	—44
	11111111111111011101111111111111111101111111111	—47—91
S Warren	11111101111111111111111011101111111111111001011	—44
	11111001111111111111111111111111111101111111011	—46—90
Capt Money	11111111111111011111110111110101011111111111011	—44
	11111111021101011101111111111111111111101111011	—44—88
L H Byrd	01111111111011101011111101011011111111111111111	—43
	11111001101111111011111111101111111110111101	—43—86
M Herrington	11101110001010111011111111011111111101111101111	—40
	10111101111111101111100111101111111111011111111	—43—83
T W Thomas	01111010011111011111111001101011011111110110101	—36
	01111101011011111111111101111110100111101111110	—40—76

In addition to the above scores, James shot at 50 known angles, scoring 43, and at 25 unknown angles, scoring 16; Ward also broke 30 out of 50 at known angles; Ed Taylor shot at 50 unknown angles, breaking 20 out of each 25; Beveridge shot at 25 targets, breaking 19. These four shooters shot along in the different series to make up two full squads.

In addition to the 100-target race for the cup, a programme of seven events was prepared and shot out to a finish. These seven events called for another 125 targets, unknown angles. Only four men shot through, Edwards finishing first with 115 breaks; Van Dyke was next with 113; Capt. Money and Byrd tied for third place with 110 each. In looking at these figures those made in the 100 target race should be taken into consideration. Thus, out of the 225 shot at, Edwards broke 208, Van Dyke 207, Capt. Money 198 and Byrd 196. Scores in the sweepstake events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7			
Targets:	10	20	15	15	25	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
F S Edwards	10	17	15	12	24	18	19	125	115	92
F Van Dyke	9	19	14	12	23	18	18	125	113	90.4
Capt Money	8	18	14	13	21	18	18	125	110	88
L H Byrd	8	16	11	15	24	18	18	125	110	88
M Herrington	..	..	14	13	23	16	16	95	82	86.3
C C Beveridge	..	..	..	13	21	16	..	60	50	83.3
G E Greiff	..	..	13	11	21	..	..	55	45	81.8
J S S Remsen	..	17	14	13	..	..	..	50	44	88
F S Sinnock	9	19	13	..	..	..	..	45	41	91.1
W S Warren	7	18	12	..	..	..	..	45	37	82.2
Ed Taylor	..	..	..	14	21	..	..	40	35	87.5
T W Thomas	..	..	..	9	16	..	..	40	25	62.5

Three extras were also shot, resulting thus:

No. 1, 5 pairs: Byrd 9, Sinnock 8, Van Dyke, Money and Edwards, 7; Warren 5.

No. 2, 15 targets, expert rules: Van Dyke 13, Warren 13, Edwards and Byrd, 12; Greiff and Money, 11.

No. 3, 50 targets, expert rules: Edwards 42, Byrd 37.

Second Day.

June 3.—The second day of the Bergen County Gun Club's shoot was rather a surprise. The day was pleasant, but perhaps a trifle too warm and moist for absolute comfort. There was also not enough wind to make the targets fly at all erratically; in fact, it was just the day for target shooting. But where were the shooters?

The programme was one that should have drawn more than a mere corporal's guard together. The club announced that it would divide $15 equally between the three high guns in all programme events shot between the hours of noon and 5 P. M., exclusive of the 100-target handicap race. In the handicap race it also announced that it would give a cup to the winner of that event. And what was the result in the way of shooters? Four shot in all the programme events up to the last event, when one dropped out, and only three stayed to divide up the $15. In the handicap race there were only four entries for the money and the cup—a handsome stein. Yet, notwithstanding this poor support, the club carried out its promises and did all that it said it would do. The programme was not varied from in the slightest.

Capt. Horton again had to do all the work single-handed, the only member of the club showing up to take a hand being Mr. Van Keuren, and he did not arrive until the programme was almost shot out. The refereeing was again in the hands of Chas. Dawson. Morris O'Connor, the club's regular puller, did his work as usual in a most painstaking and careful manner; Morris's work in this respect has always been of the highest order. The scoring department has generally been a weak point in the Bergen County's *menage*, but in Frank Holden, a recent find, the club has all that it needs in that line. The Yaller Kid and his mates behind the screen did their part of the work all right—save when they sent out two targets together or did some other similar monkey-work.

Among the eleven shooters who faced the traps in one or more events were J. Hildreth, the southern representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and W. F. Parker, of the Parker Gun Co., of Meriden, Conn. Parker was shooting away up, and showed conclusively that the improvement we noted in his shooting at New Haven on Decoration Day was not merely temporary. His average of 90.7 for 130 shot at indicates that he was holding just about right. Hildreth had only just arrived in the city from a long train journey, and was therefore hardly in a fit condition to point his gun in the proximity of the targets often enough to make a high score.

The handicap race speaks for itself. The handicapping was done mainly by Captain Horton, in consultation with Messrs. Parker and Beveridge. That their work turned out satisfactorily is proved by the fact that Captain Money and George Piercy tied for first place and the cup with 94, Byrd was second with 93. Edwards, who had no excuse to offer, dropped out of sight, ending with 86 out of his 100. On the shoot off Captain Money broke 15 to Piercy's 12, the tie being decided in programme event No. 4, which was shot on the conclusion of the handicap. At one time it looked as if Piercy had a cinch on the cup and first place, as he broke 45 out of the first 46 shot at, but he fell away afterward. Byrd, who was 4 behind Piercy at the halfway, pulled up well and tied him in the end, but lost the chance to tie for the cup by losing one of his 5 "extras." Piercy was the only one to run 25 straight, doing this in his first 25. The scores in this race were as below:

A Money (8)	11011111111111110011011111111111111111111111011111	—45
	10011111111101111111111111111101111101111001011011	—41
	11111111	— 8—94
G H Piercy (7)	11111111111111111111111111111011111111111111110101	—47
	11111110111001101111111111111111110001101110111111	—41
	1111011	— 6—94
L H Byrd (5)	11111111111110011111101011101111111101111011111111	—43
	11111111111111111101111111111111011111010111011111	—45
	11101	— 4—92
F Edwards (3)	11110111111111111111110101011011101101110111111111	—42
	10111111111111011111111111101111111111111010101111	—44
	111	— 3—89
J Hildreth*	10100110001011011111110010101111010011011100001000	—27
	00001110101010000011010101111110100111001011011111	—28—55

* For targets only.

As stated above, only three men finished for "the three high guns" average money of $5 to each. Of these Edwards was high with 123 out of 130 shot at; then came Captain Money with 119 breaks, closely followed by Parker with 118 to his credit. These scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7			
Targets:	15	20	20	15	25	20	15	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
F S Edwards	15	19	19	15	24	17	14	130	123	94.6
Capt Money	13	18	16	15	24	20	13	130	119	91.5
W F Parker	13	18	20	14	22	18	13	130	118	90.7
T H Byrd	14	19	17	12	23	15	..	115	100	86.9
G Piercy	..	..	16	12	23	16	13	95	80	84.2
M Herrington	..	..	..	12	22	18	12	75	64	85.3
C C Beveridge	12	15	14	..	..	..	..	55	41	74.5
J Hildreth	..	13	13	9	..	..	..	55	25	63.6
Ward	11	..	13	..	..	..	..	35	24	68.5
Lan	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	15	13	86.6
Everett	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	15	9	60

Several extra events were shot. Two were at 15 targets, expert rules; two at 10 targets, reversed order, and two at 5 pairs.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Joplin Tournament.

JOPLIN, Mo., May 27.—The tournament of the so-called Missouri and Kansas Gun Club came as near to being a frost as any shoot we have ever attended, and that with $300 added money! The class of shooters one would expect to meet at a shoot of this kind were very conspicuous by their absence; in fact, there wasn't one of them there. This perhaps can be attributed to the fact that they were familiar with Sergeant's hobby—extremely hard targets, 20-bird events, and four moneys. This is all very well for the crackerjacks, but $300 is hardly a sum sufficiently large to draw enough of the other class to make a shoot a success. When a producer knows that he must shoot 85 per cent. to be in for money, he is apt to reflect two or three times, and may perhaps inspect his gun and his pocketbook, and after careful consideration put his gun back into the case, and his money back in his pants. There are yet some amateurs who have money to burn, providing they can see some chance to take an occasional piece out of the fire. True, 85 per cent would have won some money at this shoot, but there were several of the 85 per cent. amateurs present, and yet so difficult was the shooting that only one could get a fraction over 80 per cent. Not one of the five crackerjacks, and they were the best in the country, could reach 90 per cent. for the three days. Making the shooting as difficult as it was here never does the sport any good; it more often results in injury, and that is just what it has done in this case. This shoot has given the trap-shooting game a black eye in Joplin and vicinity that it will take some time for it to recover from.

There was a marked contrast between the interest manifested in this tournament and that of thirteen months ago. Then the whole town seemed to be interested in the success of the shoot, and quite a number of the local shooters participated. This time only five took part, and several of these only in one or two events. The entries ranged from fifteen to nine.

Out on the bold prairie, about two miles from the city, is where the shooting grounds were located, and the site was well chosen, the background being excellent. The electric cars landed one right on the grounds. The traps were set on the Sergeant principle, and this, as has been the case everywhere, gave universal satisfaction. There were two sets of traps arranged this way, but one was more than sufficient for the attendance present. Two kinds of targets were used, the red bird and the ones made by the American Target Co., both of which are made at Leavenworth, Kans. They were similar to all other targets, the only difference being the names. The American bird was used on the first and last days and the red bird on the second. The wind blew a gale diagonally across the traps and away from the shooter nearly the entire three days. This of course added to the difficulty of the shooting.

The few who were present are as follows: R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O., Winchester Arms Co.; F. S. Parmelee, Omaha, Neb., of the Remington Arms Co.; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.; Chas. Budd, Des Moines, Ia., that Hazard-Du Pont combination; Herbert Taylor, St. Louis, Mo., also representing the Hazard & Du Pont Powder Co.; Sim Glover, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Milt Lindsley (Wanda), talking King's Smokeless and Peters Victor shell. Then there was C. H. Calhoun, Wier City, Kans.; Taylor Cox, Carl Junction, Mo; C. M. Sumner, H. T. Leeman and List Carney, Galena; Dr. D. N. Day and wife, Duluth, Minn., and J. W. Den, of Arapahoe, Neb., who had the misfortune to be taken sick and was unable to fire a gun during the tournament. The only local shooters that participated were Kinmouth, Sergeant, Morgan and Cragin.

Only eight shot through the entire three days' programme, though Sergeant really entered all the events, but after shooting at about 10 birds in the first event on the first day he withdrew, as he had then shot himself out of the money.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

The general averages for the three days were:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Ave.		Shot at.	Broke.	Ave.
Gilbert	600	534	89	Glover	600	492	82
Heikes	600	514	85.6	Calhoun	600	489	80.1
Budd	600	493	83	Cox	600	462	77
Parmelee	600	496	82.6	Sumner	600	412	68.6

First Day, May 25.

The first day of the shoot opened threateningly enough, and for a while it rained quite hard, but by 10:30 it ceased. Then a strong wind sprung up that blew chilly across the prairie, making heavy sweaters decidedly comforable. The shooting was extremely difficult, as the targets were thrown very hard; this, added to the wind and the bad light, made straight scores very scarce. Four straight scores of 20 were made during the day, and each one of them was good for first alone. In events 3 and 6, Cox, the one armed shooter, took first alone on 19; Cornett did the same in No. 7, Gilbert following suit in No. 8. In events 9 and 10, 20, 19 and 18 took the three first moneys without a tie. The attendance was insignificant, only fifteen shooters taking part, and only eleven of these shooting in all events.

The averages are puzzling, and will appear rather more so when the class of shooters who were present is considered. Here is food for reflection for those who were not present: Gilbert is high with 86.5; then comes Heikes, who, it is safe to assert, has not been down to 83 per cent. in the last three years. And Glover with 82 per cent! Parmelee with just a fraction over 80 per cent; while Budd, who has recently been shooting so steadily, could not even get up to that notch! How hard the game was is well shown by the averages. With such targets, 20-target races, and only four moneys, it is not surprising that so few of the local shooters wanted any of the game.

SCORES OF MAY 25.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	18	18	15	19	15	18	17	19	15	19	200	173	86.5
Heikes	20	17	15	14	17	18	17	17	14	17	200	166	83
Glover	18	16	16	19	15	15	14	16	19	16	200	164	82
Parmelee	14	20	17	13	15	14	13	18	18	19	200	161	80.5
Budd	16	17	15	14	15	15	15	15	17	20	200	159	79.5
Cornett	14	15	15	13	16	17	19	17	16	15	200	157	78.5
Cox	17	13	19	16	15	19	13	16	17	12	200	157	78.5
Calhoun	11	15	17	14	18	15	12	14	20	17	200	154	77
Sumner	17	13	15	18	14	16	12	14	13	14	200	146	73
Luman	11	12	15	13	12	15	8	18	17	14	200	135	67.5
Sergeant	w	17	12	17	11	15	13	16	11	16	180	128	71.1
Kinmouth	..	11	8	18	13	16	17	13	16	18	180	122	67.7
Taylor	..	..	..	..	12	14	12	10	14	14	120	76	63.3
Dr Day	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	20	11	55
Steinback	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	6	40	17	42.5

Second Day, May 26.

It was confidently expected that some more shooters would put in an appearance to-day, but such was not the case; and not only this, but one of the few who were present had already become gunshy, and had left. That, too, after he had been telling us how he had come to stay, even though there were but 3 entries. Taking the gaff ourselves and seeing others take it, are two different things.

It had been suggested that perhaps if the targets were not thrown so hard that some of the locals might enter. This advice was not heeded, however, and the game went on just as before. The entries were no greater—not even as large as yesterday—but those who did shoot improved their scores. Gilbert was the only one who reached 90 per cent; Calhoun and Budd were second, with 89. Four straights were again the total, and two of these were made by Gilbert; Budd getting one and Calhoun the other. In the 10th event 19 was high, and 14 got fourth, as there was no 16 or 15. Several more of the local shooters took part in a few events—just to be social, so to speak. Mrs. Lindsley (Wanda) and Mrs. Day shot along for birds only. The weather was fine and there was a good wind blowing. With so few entries the shooting is generally over by 4 o'clock.

One interesting event was a miss-and-out, 50 cents entrance, 32yds. rise. In this Taylor broke 5 straight and took the $3, the talent all going out rather easily.

SCORES OF MAY 26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	19	20	19	20	19	18	17	19	19	17	200	187	93.5
Calhoun	16	16	18	19	20	19	17	17	18	18	200	178	89
Budd	17	15	20	19	18	18	19	18	17	17	200	178	89
Heikes	18	18	17	19	15	16	19	19	19	17	200	177	88.5
Sergeant	17	16	16	17	16	19	19	17	18	19	200	174	87
Glover	15	19	19	17	18	14	15	17	17	19	200	170	85
Parmelee	12	13	17	19	18	18	18	16	16	18	200	165	82.5
Cox	16	14	17	16	12	17	15	19	17	17	200	160	80
Leeman	13	16	17	17	14	16	15	16	17	18	200	159	79.5
Kinmouth	16	14	15	15	13	14	16	16	17	17	200	153	76.5
Taylor	13	16	17	17	13	15	17	18	13	8	200	147	73.5
Sumner	9	14	15	13	15	17	15	12	14	14	200	138	69
Morgan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	17	80	66	82.5
Mrs Day	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	9	80	49	61.2
Crogin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	40	21	52.5
Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	40	17	42.5

Third Day, May 27.

This was but a repetition of the two previous days. The weather was again fine and the wind still blew from the same direction, though if anything a little stronger than before. The first event had but nine entries, and the only new shooter who participated was Carney, of Galena; he shot in four events.

Gilbert once more led the procession, with Heikes second, neither averaged as high as on the previous day. The same old number of straights were scored—four. Of these two again went to Gilbert, while Heikes and Glover got the other ones. In the first and second event 18 won first without a tie, and in the third and sixth 17 was high. In the third event Morgan won fourth money on 10. After the regular programme was shot the crackerjack squad in an extra event scored 96 out of 100, as follows: Heikes and Gilbert 20, Parmelee and Budd 19, and Glover 18. At this time the wind had decidedly abated and the targets flew more steadily. The same old conditions prevailed: ten 20-target events, $3 entrance, $10 added to each, four moneys.

SCORES OF MAY 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	16	16	16	19	20	16	20	18	15	18	200	174	87
Heikes	17	13	16	20	17	17	18	16	19	18	200	171	85.5
Parmelee	15	14	15	16	17	17	17	16	19	19	200	165	82.5
Budd	15	16	15	15	18	12	18	19	16	17	200	161	80.5
Glover	16	18	16	15	15	12	14	17	15	20	200	158	79
Calhoun	12	16	15	15	17	14	16	19	17	16	200	157	78.5
Sergeant	18	16	16	15	15	14	14	15	13	18	200	154	77
Cox	15	15	17	16	14	16	11	11	14	16	200	145	72.5
Sumner	16	11	17	14	9	12	12	12	17	14	200	134	67
Dr Day	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	17	40	30	75
Carney	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	17	16	80	58	72.5
Kinmouth	..	15	9	12	15	..	12	10	18	..	140	93	66.4
Morgan	..	..	10	14	..	9	12	..	..	..	80	45	56.2
Wanda	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	11	9	9	80	41	51.2
Mrs Day	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	..	40	21	52.5

PAUL R. LITZKE.

The Kansas City "Star" Cup.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having noticed on several occasions during the past year several reflections by Dr. W. F. Carver on the standing of the Kansas City *Star* cup as a representative trophy emblematic of the American wing shot championship, I feel it a duty I owe to the Kansas City *Star*, a newspaper on which I am employed, and which devotes probably as much space to the trap-shooting fraternity as any daily newspaper in America, to review the facts which led to the establishment of the Kansas City *Star* cup contests. After the final winning of the *American Field* cup in 1892 by J. A. R. Elliott, who gallantly defended it for a period of two years against all challengers, there was no trophy of any value commensurate with the importance of a championship contest in competition, excepting the Du Pont trophy, which at the time of the establishment of the *Star* cup race was handicapped by a rule limiting the contestants to the use of a special brand of powder, and providing for the redemption of the cup by the donors on payment of $100 at any time they felt like calling it in. I am pleased to notice that the Du Pont people have since modified the rule limiting contestants to the use of any particular powder.

The *Star* cup is a handsome piece of plate, of special design and cost $250 net in cash, and the final ownership will be determined next summer. After the open competition for the *Star* cup in May, 1898, those who have held the trophy by winning it either in open competition or by challenge, are to meet and finally decide the absolute ownership of the cup. Thus the competition for it has an inducement to aspirants for wing-shot championship honors that is not enjoyed by any other championship emblem now before the trap-shooting public. This trophy has largely stimulated pigeon shooting in the West, and has more than accomplished its purpose, which was to add to the interest of the Missouri State tournaments in 1896, 1897 and 1898. Other State associations were not barred from calling it into competition at their annual tournaments, the only requirement being a guaranteed purse of $1,000.

The popularity of the *Star* cup race needs no comment from me, as in 1896 the entries numbered over fifty, while at the last State shoot held here in May, there were sixty three contestants for the trophy, and among them were many of the representative wing-shots of both the East and the West; and it was won by Sim Glover, of Rochester, N. Y. After an excellent race he was tied on 25 straight kills by J. M. Crabill, of Clarinda, Ia.; Chris Gottleib and C. C. Herman, of Kansas City, whom he shot out by killing 5 more straight. Dr. W. F. Carver, who has been favored repeatedly by extensive complimentary notices in the *Star*, shows his lack of appreciation of fair treatment by an attempt to ridicule the donors of a trophy, who sought to encourage championship contests at the trap.

Any championship aspirant who is on the level cannot object to the simple conditions that govern the contest for this trophy, and it has received the indorsement of wing shot championship claimants who stand high in the esteem of the trap shooting world.

The trophy was offered in good faith, and the conditions made broad and liberal, so that it would bring together the crack wing-shots in honest contest, and the final winner will have a trophy of which he may well feel proud.

JAMES WHITFIELD, Sporting Editor, The Kansas City *Star*.

Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

A LIVELY CONVENTION.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 1,—The twenty-third annual convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association was the most remarkable one held for eight or ten years. Not only was it remarkable for the brisk and lively quality of the proceedings, but the nature of the business transacted was so far out of the ordinary routine of the past five years, that one may indeed well doubt if in all its history this organization has ever held a convention offering more interest

In view of the past records of this conservative body of sportsmen, we had a right to expect that we should be favored with the usual addresses and resolutions about song and insectivorous birds, that we should hear the customary solemn declaration that "this is not a trap shooting body," that we should listen to the customary wrangle concerning the shooting rules, and that we should emerge from the labors of the convention with the same principles, the same rules and the same meeting place for the next convention, which, namely, should be Chicago.

What really happened was far different from the above. The president and directors made addresses brief and much to the point. The song and insectivorous bird reared its head but briefly. The timely resolution was mainly absent. The city of Chicago was not selected as the meeting place. Lastly, best and greatest of all in the idol breaking of the evening, the famous 10-gauge rules of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association were sent rattling down the grooves of time unattached and looking for a foothold, which they will probably never again have so long as intelligent shooters meet in conclave.

Not only was the 10-gauge clause eliminated from the Illinois rules, but the rules were abolished in toto, the A. S. A. rules being substituted therefor in full. Henceforth the city of Chicago, for many years behind the world in shooting rules, will no longer offer the anomaly of having a special set of rules for two or three days' shooting out of the year. The city of Chicago, in all other matters customarily ahead of the times, has now caught up with the times in this regard, and hereafter shooters may visit this town feeling that they may there meet the same customs which now obtain all over the shooting world. Incidentally, it may be said also that a greater union among the sportsmen of Illinois may be among the possibilities of the future, so that there is at least one chance in a thousand that we may at length accomplish something in the way of game legislation.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

There were present delegates from eighteen out of the thirty-four clubs belonging to the Association. The reading of the minutes of the previous meeting was dispensed with. The address of the president, Col. C. E. Felton, was tinged somewhat with the positive personality of that gentleman, more especially as bearing upon matters of game protection and interstate sportsmen's traffic. Colonel Felton will gradually come to believe wholly in the wisdom of the FOREST AND STREAM Plank—"Stop the sale of game"—but as he is now, he assumes the divided position of sanctioning the use of game as food for man when once the game has been killed. He thinks the sportsmen's papers are a destructive agency, and in this he is no doubt right. His able address is well worth printing in full.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Gentlemen: It is a pleasure to me to see so large a number of clubs represented at this convention of the Association; but it it with grief to us all that we miss from our presence an ex-President, who was one of its founders, and who was present at nearly every session during its history—the late Hon. Charles Hern. He was born abroad, of foreign parentage, and came to this country in early youth. He was an ardent sportsman; a true friend; a warm companion. He settled in Indiana, and was favored by the citizens of a prominent county in that State by election to the office of Sheriff He removed to Chicago, and its citizens not only conferred upon him the like honorable and responsible position—that of sheriff of Cook county—but thereafter also elected him treasurer of that county, the most responsible office in the gift of its citizens, and one which he held without the least criticism being made as to its conduct. This shows the possibility of preferment to manly worth, sterling integrity and unceasing effort in this our glorious country; an inspiration to all young men, of whatever nationality, who become its citizens. After an illness of nearly two years, the Father called him to an eternal home above. In life our late brother sportsman never ceased in his admiration of those he loved; and as friend, his heart was never cold; and to worthy stranger his hand was always extended, and the smile of welcome was ever present. We have lost a valued member, and his goodness will ever be remembered by us.

This Association was organized March 10, 1874. Its first convention was held June 2, following, at Chicago. Hon. John V. Le Moyne was its first president. Its membership was composed of individuals, and not of clubs; and this was found to be impracticable. June 20, 1876, the Association was reorganized by the adoption of a constitution making club membership, instead of individual membership; the basis of its organization, and no material change has since been made. I had the honor of being its president when it was reorganized, and the present is the third time I have held the position, for which honor I am more indebted to the good fellowship of its members toward me than from ability to ably serve the purposes of the Association.

What are those purposes? The constitution says: "To secure proper legislation for the protection of game birds and fish during the seasons when it is improper to pursue or to kill them; the encouragement of our citizens in their efforts to increase the varieties of and numbers of our game birds and fish, and the organization and encouragement of subordinate associations and clubs for the vigorous enforcement of all laws against the killing, sale or shipment of, or having in unlawful possession, any such game birds or fish."

By this it will be seen that this is in no sense a trap shooting organization, although, as incidental to our annual conventions, field days are held, at which certain prizes are competed for at the trap, by its members only, notably, a beautiful diamond medal costing $500, emblematic of individual championship, given by the Board of Trade of Chicago, through the kindness of M. O. H. Roache, a member, in 1881, which medal is held in trust from year to year by its annual winner, and a medal or other prize annually furnished by the Association for competition by club teams, and also a cup, which is competed for annually at targets. These three events constitute all the field work of the Association during the year, and this fact puts to blush the accusation, often made, that ours is an Association of trap-shooters for trap shooting only.

This Association has done nearly all that has been done toward the protection of game and against unlawful traffic in it in this State, during its existence as a State. Its chief enemy has been the game dealer, whose commercial interests prompt him to use all necessary means to defeat legislation when favored by this Association. He purchases from market-shooters and sells prior to the open season game birds so young that they might have almost been gathered by hand in the field, without the use of gun. He receives from shippers in other States, after the season has closed, immense quantities of game, secreted in barrels and otherwise, which has been trapped or otherwise unlawfully killed; and he re-ships such game to Eastern markets, or holds it in cold storage for sale to citizens or members of social clubs, who seem to think a table must be garnished with game birds, or a banquet will not be "up-to-date," even if such game is unpalatable and unfit as food for man at the time. Certain Western States are now partly relieving us of the duty of watching our game commission men, however, and their cold storage methods, by the enactment of laws which prohibit the shipment of game from such States. Much better would it be if they would enforce the laws against the unlawful killing. When killed, it is immaterial to game protection where it is to be utilized as food. But if game is not shipped to our markets from other States, we must watch more closely the game dealers, as hungry stomachs will cause open mouths, and open mouths will be filled, by the aid of such dealers, with game killed in Illinois long before the time it is lawful to kill it, unless we are watchful.

Mere shooting clubs are a detriment and injurious, unless they enforce obedience to law in their respective localities They teach men the use of the gun by contests at targets at the trap, and thus create desire to kill birds in the field, and unless the organizations to which they belong make game preservation and not trap-shooting the main motive, little regard will be paid as to numbers of birds killed or the dates when killed I favor limiting the number of birds killed by any one during a season; but when killed, let the owner do as he likes with the game, provided it be used as food for man. Sportsmen do not kill more than they can use or give to their friends to eat; they seldom, if ever, sell game. Sportsmen's papers also cause game destruction far beyond their ability to cause its propagation and preservation Their life more frequently comes from advertising patronage than from lists of subscribers. They advertise guns, ammunition, targets; and urge the organization of trap-shooting clubs and publish the scores made as an incentive to patronage. While many articles appear in the columns of the better class of these journals which are very instructive and enjoyable, as well as useful, the tendency of late has been to admit to their columns matter which, under the guise of communications or "unprejudiced" editorials, is simply intended to create the sale of certain merchandise, or be of use, "as sugar is to an old-fashioned toddy," in sweetening the patrons of advertising columns. Sportsmen's journals are useful, and so are clubs, but let the prime motive be game preservation, and eliminate, as far as possible, the trap-shooting feature, save only as it stimulates toward the suggested purpose. The indifference of citizens who are not members of clubs is another source of game depletion. The law of South Dakota last year gave Sept. 1 as the date of the opening season for pinnated grouse shooting. Citizens of the State, however, left but few birds unkilled long prior to that date, having commenced shooting on Aug. 15. In our State few men care to prosecute violators of the law, being neighbors or friends; and when information is furnished, it is by persons who decline to assist in a prosecution. There should be no friendship between sportsmen and violators which interferes in the least with bringing the latter to justice.

The report of our board of directors will give you certain information not necessary for me to anticipate, and the law committee will report to you as to matters of interest in relation to legislation and the enforcement of the law in our State. Lately, Gov. John R. Tanner has appointed Mr. Harry W. Loveday as game warden, in place of Mr. Charles H. Blow. Mr. Loveday is known to you all, and has often been a delegate to our conventions. You have known him as being almost too warm in his friendship, having too large a heart, so to speak, to be a successful detective and prosecutor; but beyond friendships and beyond heart pulsations stands public duty, and without criticizing the work of his predecessor, as his work is now a matter of history, I think and trust Mr. Loveday will make a record far superior to any so far made, and which will be gratifying to each member of the Association. In substance he has announced as his motto. "No true friend of mine will violate our game laws, and, officially, it will not only be my duty but my pleasure to prosecute successfully all violators." In a letter from him received yesterday, stating that he must be in Springfield Wednesday morning, hence he cannot be with us to-night, he says: "Assure the convention that I am with them in everything that tends to the protection of game and the punishment of offenders of the game laws." It goes without saying that every member of this Association will aid him.

Additional unfriendly legislation has been had in several of our sister States, imposing heavy license fees to non-resident shooters, and but nominal fees to residents. This has caused no little feeling of antagonism among our sportsmen, many of whom are interested in club grounds and otherwise in the States referred to, but I have not the inclination to here discuss the question, nor you the time to listen to me on that subject.

But recent events show that some action must be taken, by legislation or otherwise, by which the persons and property of the owners of lands may be protected from the violence of would be assassins, who are sometimes designated as trespassers or poachers instead of intended murderers. Many clubs own or lease grounds and stock the streams thereon with favorite food fish, and fields with game birds, and endeavor to protect their interests with the aid of reputable employees, that in proper season the members of such clubs may enjoy outings, as relief from the mental and physical strains of city life. Often, as at Tolleston, Ind., where a club, composed of prominent citizens of Chicago, owns property, its employees when in the exercise of their duties in protecting a marsh from poachers, are viciously assaulted—in one case two being decoyed into an ambush and fired upon by two or more assasins, one employee receiving more than fifty No. 4 shot in his shoulder, breast and face, and the other also badly wounded; and in another case a rifle ball was shot through the side and end of a club boat while it was being occupied by an employee Is it a wonder that such acts have led to retaliation by individual employees? which retaliation, while not legally excusable, is not at all unnatural, and borders on the line of self-defense, if it is not such in fact. No good citizen—certainly no sportsman—will trespass or go upon the lands of another for the purpose of shooting, whether it be a farm or a game preserve, when such grounds are posted or known to be private, unless permission has been previously granted It is little enough to ask permission, which, being refused, gives no cause for trespass, nor yet to send a ball to the owner or his employee through the barrel of a Winchester repeater. An unsatisfactory attendant to those outrages at Tolleston was that certain otherwise reputable papers seldom failed to write against the club's methods, and by the tone of their articles inspired the would-be assassins to further outrages.

A feature for congratulation is, in another phase of our Association's duty, that public sentiment against the killing of song birds and birds of plumage and insectivorous birds, is being rapidly formulated, and societies of ladies are accomplishing much to the end desired. The labor is most commendable, but cannot be wholly successful until the "pestiferous" sparrow has been exterminated

Our annual meetings are held in May or June. The State Legislature meets in January, alternate years. It would be best that our convention be held early in that month, that success may follow effort in securing proper legislation. Formerly, our field contests were at live wild pigeons, which could best be secured in May or June. Now they are at domestic birds and targets, and May and June are mating months for the former. I recommend that sections 7 and 10 of our constitution be so amended as to conform to the suggestion.

In conclusion I again thank you for the many honors this Association has conferred upon me and for your kindness and patience upon this occasion.

DIRECTOR'S REPORT.

The report of the board of managers is likewise clear and able and worth use in extended form The futility of past efforts in game law matters was taken up and the hope expressed that should the convention be held earlier in the year, at the time of the meeting of the Legislature, there might be a hope of more successful effort at Springfield. The former game warden, Mr. Blow, was censured by the board and the incoming warden, Mr. Loveday, was promised the hearty support of the Association in any effort looking toward practical protection Lukewarmness of certain branches of the Association was touched upon and full explanation was made of the difficulties attending the work of getting out a programme this year. The report as filed reads as follows:

The President and Members of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association:

Our Board of Directors, in presenting its report of the work done during the past year, desire in the first place to call your attention to the various difficulties they have labored under. First may be mentioned that not one of the resident four members has escaped a long spell of illness, either of himself or family, which deprived the Board of his services for long periods. Our worthy president, Col. Felton, was himself injured while hunting last fall and confined to the house most of the winter. On two or three members at a time, therefore, including our secretary, fell all the work, and it has been by no means easy.

Early last fall the law committee, at the request of your Board of Directors, and with the assistance of Mr. F. S. Baird, drafted two bills which were presented to the Legislature. Your Board was in attendance at Springfield accompanied by Mr. Baird to plead for the passage of those bills. We had many promises of assistance from members of both Houses, but we had our same old enemy to fight, namely, South Water street, and as usual we were defeated. The first bill, known as the "Game Warden Bill," got as far as the committee on fish and game in the House, but in spite of the fact that it was an eminently just and fair bill, there it was killed. The fate of the other bill will doubtless be the same, as of course it called for protection; protection for the bird, protection for the farmer and protection for the sportsman; but *not* protection for South Water street in its desire to sell game all the year, and hence it is also doomed to die.

We were met by lies, treachery and deceit; our supposed allies deserted us for the enemy; politics and money were, as usual, all powerful, and, as usual, we failed, having nothing but justice to plead for us, nor can we ever succeed if the work is to devolve on two or three men. We obtain no assistance from our brother sportsmen in the country. Not one of them ever turns a finger to help us by obtaining the help of his representative in the Legislature. No country club or city club either, for that matter, ever makes an effort to assist the officers of the Association. Alone at Springfield, without one friend pledged to support honest game legislatien, without help from any quarter, and opposed by an interest which has thousands of dollars at stake, what chance have we for a good law? The present line of action must be abandoned. It can never be successful. Unless every club in this State uses its direct influence through its every member in pledging our law makers in advance to forward the interests of a fair bill, we must retreat from the field where we have so often been repulsed.

We must declare ourselves here to-night Either we abandon the chief objects of our Association, which are the preservation of fish and game, and the enforcement of laws governing such preservation, and devote ourselves exclusively to the sport of trap shooting, or else as clubs and as members we must pledge ourselves to earnest work, and we must keep that pledge. As you are all well aware, far too much time has been already wasted, and already our prairies, our marshes and our streams are too nearly depopulated to admit of further delay or inaction.

We have had a game warden for some years, appointed by that arch enemy of game preservation, ex-Gov. John P. Altgeld. Your Board has during the past year received many complaints of his actions, but it is sufficient at this time, in view of the fact that he has lately been removed from office at the urgent request of your Board, to state that he was thoroughly unsatisfactory to all but South Water street. Our new game warden has pledged his earnest support of the present laws and their impartial enforcement. In every possible manner he should receive the hearty aid of every sportsman in the State, and if his purpose be sincere, he should not be handicapped by even lukewarm sympathy. The fullest support is what is needed. Your Board heartily welcomes Mr. Loveday's pledges, and trusts that through no cause will he fail in his work.

The previous secretary and treasurer of the Association, Herman B. Meyers, deserves your unqualified censure. Although his term of office expired nearly a year ago, neither the present secretary nor your Board were able to get a complete statement of his accounts until very recently, and that proved one of our greatest obstacles in issuing our programme of the present convention. As he was not under bond, unfortunately, we were powerless to compel him to render an accounting; and as he refused to turn over the cash balance in his hands, we were without money for a long time. Your Board recommends that in future the secretary and treasurer be compelled to furnish acceptable bonds, and that it be the duty of the President to demand same.

We would also recommend for various reasons that the date of the convention be changed to one of the earlier months, at least during years when the Legislature is in session. Perhaps then we could accomplish something at Springfield.

In presenting you our programme for this week's sport, we do so, feeling that it would have been a better one had we not met so many obstacles, one of the chief of which is the failure of the great clubs of the State to subscribe according to their means to our cash prizes. As you will note, but three of the city clubs and two from the country have seen fit to respond to our requests for subscriptions. Tournaments cannot be supported that way, and if the clubs want liberal prizes, each should contribute to the support of the Association. We trust the clubs will not be so niggardly in their support another year. We have, however, done the best possible with the means at our disposal; and submit to you the programme, hoping for your approval of our work.

REPORT OF LAW COMMITTEE.

Mr. Mott, chairman of the law committee, reported that his accounting must be largely of a negative nature. There had been no legislation obtained by the sportsmen, nor did he think there would be any change from the present law, unless there might be passed a certain vicious bill, instituted by South Water street and aided by our former respected warden Mr. Blow. He thought there would be no other changes in the game laws at the present session of the Legislature. He did not think the present officers of the Association should be blamed, nor did he think any other officers would have been able to do much better in their position. Mr. Mott referred to the fact that previous to the appointment of Warden Loveday a prominent game dealer had boasted that nothing could be done which could prevent the appointment of Mr. Loveday as warden. To this fact he attached no inferences.

Mr. Mott stated that a recent court decision had passed upon the question of using decoy letters for the purpose of using evidence. A certain Supreme Court had decided that decoy letters could not be used to convict a postal employee of theft. He did not think they could be used to secure evidence in game cases.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Mr. Bissell, secretary and treasurer, made a brief report showing that he had received $730 and expended $432.

Mr. Bissell said he had had trouble in getting out a programme, but the delay had been due to the fact that a good contract with publishers could not be closed. He stated that he had had a great deal of trouble in getting a statement of accounts from his predecessor in office, nor could he get access to the books without difficulty. Something in the wording of Mr Bissell's report led Mr. W. L. Shepard, formerly president of the Association, and for many years its secretary, to infer that allusion was made also to himself and his method of keeping the records, and Mr. Shepard, with what seemed quite unnecessary warmth, arose and protested against such accusations. Mr. Bissell explained that he intended no reference to anyone but the secretary who had preceded him in office, and his report was so changed in its wording before being placed on file.

Mr. Forest, of the gun club to which the former secretary belonged, asked of the Chair that he might have a conference with the Board of Directors, looking to the clearing up of the charges against his fellow club member. This conference was held, and restitution of one or two small sums was made to the former secretary, who claimed to have made an unintentional error in entering one name too many in last year's medal shoot.

FURTHER BUSINESS.

A letter was read from the new warden, Mr. Harry W. Loveday, stating that he was obliged to go to Springfield and so could not be present at the convention, but that it was his wish to counsel with the Association and to work with it in all possible ways.

Mr. A. C. Patterson, of Calumet Heights Gun Club, brought up under the head of unfinished business the change in the shooting rules which he had proposed last year, amending Rule 11, on live bird shooting, so that it should not call for the gun to be held below the armpit, but should read, "Position of the gun to be any that the shooter may desire." Mr Patterson stated that the latter clause was now to be found in the majority of the shooting rules all over the country. There was some little talk begun on this motion.

TOM MARSHALL AND THE 10-GAUGE RULES.

But just here is where the fun began. Before Mr Patterson and his friends had been able to crowd the proposed amendment to a vote, there arose from the corner of the room, just to the right of the president's chair, the swarthy face and sturdy form of Tom Marshall, of Keithsburg, one of the best known and most popular shooters of the country, as well as of Illinois and of the Illinois Association. Tom Marshall is a champion shooter, as all readers of trap-shooting columns know. From this time on he may be given a title still more to be coveted and far more permanent. He appeared as the champion of the intelligent sportsmanship of Illinois. By his few words of direct speech, and the magnetism of his personality, he accomplished what the leading men of this association have for years sought in vain to do. He knocked out the fossilized 10-gauge rule.

Mr. Marshall said, "Mr. Chairman, I wish to inquire whether it takes a year to amend the shooting rules of this Association?"

The chairman replied that, while such had been the understanding, and that while Mr. Patterson's proposed amendment had been offered under that understanding, he was unable to find anything in the constitution or by-laws making that the case, nor could any of the oldest members of the Association point out such a clause.

Mr. Marshall then said, "Mr President, I move you that the Illinois State rules be abandoned entirely, and that we substitute therefor those of the American Shooting Association."

The motion was, by conset of Mr Patterson, offered as a substitute to Mr Patterson's motion. The fight was then on at once, and everybody in the room knew that the old-time question of the absurd 10-gauge rules was up again for decision, and that never before had the fight against these rules been so strong or so well led.

A curious complication arose at this time. Col. Felton, the president of the Association, had practically been the author and contriver of the Illinois State rules, although the odious 10-gauge clause had been forced upon him against his will, as of course Col. Felton was intelligent sportsman enough to recognize the world-wide principle of handicap. Col. Felton now saw that if the 10-gauge idea was knocked out by Mr. Marshall's motion he must lose also the whole set of rules which he had labored so earnestly to frame. He therefore decided that he must speak upon this motion, and asked Vice-President Franklyn to take the chair. Col. Felton said that while he did not claim to be familiar with "these Eastern rules," he considered them very imperfect. He said, "If we adopt these rules then we admit that we are a trap-shooting body only. We should not care what the trap-shooting rules of the country are unless we are mostly concerned in trap-shooting." Col. Felton claimed that the Illinois rules were the most perfect shooting rules ever yet framed. He thought that the 10-gauge clause should be modified, as it was not right that 10s and 12s should shoot at the same score, but none the less that clause had been passed as the pleasure of this body, not only once, but more than once. He said he would favor Mr. Patterson's amendments to the position of the gun, but could not tolerate the thought of the abolishment of the rules which made the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association a distinctive body, and not merely one more trap-shooting association.

Mr. Marshall spoke again briefly, jerkily, but forcibly and clearly to the point of his motion, and evidently his audience went with him at every word. He stated that he did not mean this motion to mean disruption, but uniformity, that to take up the A. S. A. rules would be to put the Association in line with the rest of the country, and to follow a course which had been declared a good one by the men of the country who did the shooting and the thinking in regard to the shooting.

Mr. Mott spoke also in favor of the Marshall motion. He said: "Are we so great that we need special rules for ourselves? Why should we not have rules that are good enough for everybody else? Our chairman thinks we should appear to be a trap-shooting body if we took up these new rules, but I think we shall appear to be a trap-shooting body, and a very stickling one if we hang to the old rules. It is beneath us this repeated discussion over these rules. Let us take up the rules which will make us uniform with the rest of the country.

Mr Mott's remarks were greeted with applause, though applause, from the other side of the house came when Mr. Smith spoke in favor of the old-time rules. At this point Mr. Organ made his annual motion to table the whole thing. Ordinarily this motion is carried as one of the formalities of the year, but it was not thus this year. There was a ringing vote on each side, and a division being claimed the roll call was ordered. This was a long process, but before the fourth club had registered its vote the chorus of "Noes" was becoming so steady that Mr. Organ saw the motion to table was lost, and asked to withdraw the motion. The chair decided the motion to be lost. Mr. Marshall's motion then came up and was put with practically no further discussion, although Mr. Baird had risen on a point of information, asking to be informed on certain points of the A. S. A.

rules. Upon the motion being put the chair was unable to decide and a rising vote was called. The secretary tallied thirty-four votes of delegates who rose in favor of abolishing the old Illinois rules. Opposed to these were eleven delegates who wished to cling to the 10-gauge idea. The names of these need not be mentioned, as the majority was an overwhelming one in favor of Tom Marshall, proper handicap, progress and reform.

At last we are modern.

It was decided by vote that the A. S. A. rules shall take effect thirty days from the close of the present tournament.

CHANGE OF DATE.

Mr. Mussey moved that the convention for 1898 should be held with an open date for May or June, but that for 1899, the year of the next session of the Legislature, the meeting should be held the first week in January, for the purpose of better efforts at game legislation. This was carried. Mr. Baird moved that the directors levy an assessment on each club of not over $10. Carried. Mr. Baird moved that the board use diligence in enforcing the game laws of this State. He said: "It is time for us to quit resolving. This motion may mean much or little. I mean it shall mean much." Carried.

THE ASSOCIATION MAKES A MOVE.

When it came to the question of the next place of meeting, the cities of Peoria and Chicago were both put in nomination, Mr. Fahnestock, of Peoria, recalling the partial pledge of the Association of last year to give Peoria the convention this year. Mr. Organ stated that he was a friend to both cities. Chicago had better facilities than Peoria. He did not think more than 25 per cent. of Chicago people would go to Peoria. Still, he would go himself, and was not in the least averse to seeing Peoria chosen. Mr. Fahnestock said that Peoria did not want the convention unless it obtained it unanimously. As to facilities, Peoria could handle the Association. Mr. Allen, mayor of Peoria, said that his city could take care of a political convention, and he allowed it could handle this tournament. Mr. Abner Price at this point arose and made a stinging and vigorous speech in favor of Peoria. He said the Association had practically pledged itself last year and that now it sought to violate this pledge. He said, "If we go to Peoria, we go not for the sake of the trap-shoot, but for the good of this institution." Mr. Price was applauded vigorously. Mr. Mott thought that 1899 would be better than 1898 for Peoria, as that would be a legislative year. Mr. Mussey thought that the new game warden would be better helped by a Chicago board of managers than by a board residing in Peoria. Mr. Price again insisted that the Association was already pledged for 1898, and that its pledge for 1899 should be valued no more than the present one. Mr. Clark, of Peoria, said that Peoria would be a good point to come to to make up the past differences between the sportsmen of this State. Mr. Clark said the sportsmen would never get a game law, because the country shooters always turned in and helped kill the sportsmen's bill emanating from Chicago. The sportsmen of Chicago did not believe in spring shooting, but the members from the lower part of the State could not go to Wisconsin for their spring shooting, and so they got no shooting at all. They would always fight bills in such ways until there was a better understanding on both sides. If this convention should go to Peoria he thought it would be a good time to enlarge its membership and come to a better understanding on protective matters with the lower counties of the State. The question now came to a vote, and Peoria was chosen as the place for the next convention. Election of officers was then called, and there being unanimity among those present, the secretary was instructed to cast one ballot each for the following officers: President, H. H. Fahnestock, of Peoria; First Vice-President, Abner Price, of Chicago; Second Vice-President, Chauncey M. Powers, of Decatur; Secretary and Treasurer, Geo. F. Simmons, of Peoria.

Mr. Bortree at this point introduced a resolution to the effect that the Illinois Association should extend its congratulations to the State Sportsmen's Association of Texas on the efficient game law passed for the protection of "yours and our migratory game." The secretary was instructed to send this resolution to Mr. R. R. Lockett, president of the Texas State Association.

Action was taken by which hereafter each club may be allowed to enter two teams in the club team championship contest, no member to compete in more than one team. A vote of thanks was then passed to the Sherman House for the use of the club room, and adjournment followed.

THE TOURNAMENT.

As usual, the shooting of the two State events at live birds ran into the third day. The entry in the Board of Trade badge shoot, the test of the Association tournament, was eighty-six, a distinct advance over that of last year, which shows that there was good hustling done this year by the directors. The club teams also filled well, and the Smith cup entry reached thirty nine. The weather for Tuesday was cold, and on Wednesday a drizzling rain spoiled much of the enjoyment of the afternoon. Thursday was cloudy and not pleasant, but at no time was the shooting stopped by the weather. The birds, under these mixed conditions, continued to average very good, many in the badge shoot being as fast as would be seen at any time or place. During the rain they of course became less active, and the shooting did not offer so much interest.

CHAN POWERS TAKES EVERYTHING.

Last year, as may be remembered, the Smith cup was won by Chauncey M. Powers, of Decatur. Mr. Powers evidently likes this trophy, for he went out after it again this year, and again took it from the full field of competitors. But he was not satisfied with this. He laid covetous eyes also on the capital prize of the Association, the Board of Trade diamond badge, and when he left the score after the ties, he bore this great emblem of the State live-bird championship for the year upon his lapel. There was no stopping him this week, and fears are entertained that Mr. Powers may want to take home with him our city hall or the Columbus statue. In the ties Mr. Powers was as usual calm, and keyed up exactly right. With him at the home stretch were Tom Laflin (who always gets into the 10 tie nearly every year), and Billy Mussey, who shot birds like a veteran, though he has been out of practice for a long time. At one stage in the tie it practically lay between Mr. Mussey and Mr. Powers, the former having missed a bird. He said to Mr. Powers: "Go ahead now, Chan, and kill your bird." This Mr. Powers was unable to do, and his miss let in the rest for a second tie, so that Mr. Powers had to go on so far as his 14th bird to win. Messrs. Mussey and Laflin divided the merchandise, no one else getting further along than 5 birds in the tie. Score:

First event, for the Board of Trade diamond badge, value $500, emblematic of the individual championship of the State, at live birds, the winner of the badge this year to receive the proceeds of next year's entries for the same prize, 10 live birds, entrance $10.

Dr Shaw	2222002222—8	F E Morris	2120220222—8
B Smith	2222020212—8	R D Clark	2200222100—6
T Parker	2021020122—7	H H Fahnestock	0001221221—7
H Levy	1220102200—6	C F Troop	2102110111—8
B Barto	2200022200—5	B P Woodford	2112221022—9
G Roll	0220222022—7	J F Duis	1222222122—10
T Marshall	2222222222—10	A C Patterson	1211220221—8
E Bingham	2200222222—8	A W Reeves	2121212112—10
W L Shepard	2201112120—8	V F Boltenstern	1121011122—9
E S Rice	0210010200—4	T P Laflin	1111111112—10
W J Hindert	2222220000—6	L Henry	0222212022—8
R Simonette	1101201201—7	W Crapper	2222221000—7
R Doggett	1111212210—9	E E Neal	2022222021—8
L O Willard	1220212121—9	H E Boltenstern	2122220211—9
W H Palmer	1120202201—7	A Bacon	2212222222—10
Bill Smith	0111211021—8	A Kleinman	1212012021—8
Bill Mussey	2221222121—10	J A Ruble	1112222122—10
W A Heilman	1020211122—8	George Hoffman	2120021010—6
J P Nicks	0100102212—6	W Hasbaugh	1101210111—8
F Bissell	2002222100—6	P F Stone	0021201220—6
J Watson	2222202222—9	W J Pitzen	2222220220—8
C J Sammis	2222200222—8	O von Lengerke	2222222220—9
C M Powers	2222222222—10	J W Neibert	2200020000—3
A E Liesy	0212222210—8	B Dunnell	1221202200—7
G N Portman	2021102112—8	B Stilling	1000221120—6
T J Fortier	1111211221—10	C B Dicks	2122222012—9
S Palmer	1210101010—6	G Airey	1212200122—8
W Dunnell	1222222220—9	H Ehlers	1212201222—9
G Tate	2220111102—8	F A Place	1120120002—6
R Kuss	0201222222—8	J L Warner	1200112020—7
A W Fehrman	1222220022—8	A E Ruple	0202021002—5
H Dunnell	0220212210—7	A E Henry	1012121011—8
J J Smith	1222200120—7	R B Organ	2220202120—7
C Landon	0022122222—8	G Kleinman	1221022222—9
N L Hoyt	1221100012—7	M J Eich	2211121121—10
H H Frothingham	1222020222—8	J H Amberg	0202222222—8
P Kruger	2202222202—8	R W Wright	2222222222—10
A Schmitz	2120200002—5	C E Felton	0200002101—4
G Franklin	2121201220—8	J T Glover	2122022222—9
J B Castle	1002202222—7	C E Comely	1211211101—9
F Dilg	2222220122—9	J M Brown	2110202200—6
G W Madden	2122001022—7	F A Barr	0022121220—7
R A Turtle	2122002201—7	B F Forrest	2200010222—6

In the ties on 9 only six men were in at the end of the first string of 5 tie birds: Woodford, Von Lengerke, W. Dunnell, Ehlers, Dilg and George Kleinman. After the end of the second string of 5, W. Dunnell won on 11 straight.

Ties on 8: Bingham, Portman, Morris, A. Kleinman, Harbaugh, Tate, Frothingham and A. E. Henry divided money after killing 8 birds. Bingham won merchandise (the Spalding bicycle) on 20 straight.

Ties on 7: Roll, Madden and Turtle divided money. Madden won merchandise on 11 straight.

Ties on 6: Hicks and place divided money. Place won merchandise on 8 straight.

Second event, targets. For the L. C. Smith cup, emblematic of the individual State championship at inanimate targets, the winner of the cup this year to receive 60 per cent. and the club of which he is a member 40 per cent. of the entries at next year's inanimate target event, the winner to execute a bond in the sum of $500 to guarantee the production of the cup next year; 20 targets, entrance $5, Illinois State rules:

C Powers	10111111111111111111—19	Heilman	11011100100101101011—12
Dr Shaw	11111111100101111110—16	H Dunnell	11110111111101011111—17
W Smith	01110100111110111111—15	T L Parker	11011110101111101101—15
J P Hicks	10111110111011111101—16	MacGruder	00100111010010001000— 7
L C Willard	10110010110w	A W Henry	11100110101101000100—10
E Bingham	01111111111010110110101—15	Kuss	11111111100111011111—17
G Roll	11111111011110111010—16	J L Warner	00001111011111111011—14
Froth'h'm	11101111101111111111—18	P F Stone	11001111110001201013—13
Hennis	10001101011w	W Dunnell	01110111101011011111—15
Hollister	11111101111111001111—17	H Bolten'n	00101011111111001111—14
Patterson	11110111111011111101—17	Ed Steck	11101011111111111111—18
J B Castle	11100011110110100011—12	Harbough	11011111110110101011—15
A E Henry	10101101101111111111—16	J Ruble	01111110011111111101—16
V Bolsten'r	01111101101011001011—13	Fehrman	11011111101111011101—16
F Stannard	11111111011011111111—18	B Dunnell	10110011111011111111—16
M J Eich	10111101111001111110—15	Fortier	11110101101110011111—15
De Wolf	01100101101000110010— 9	A Kleinm'n	01111110111011011111—16
A E Leisey	11001001110001101111—12	Neal	11111011111011111111—18
Tate	10011111001001111011—13	Marshall	11100111111111111111—18
Barto	10101110111101111111—16		

Mr Powers won the cup with 19. Ties on 18 divided money, and Marshall won merchandise on 9 straight. Ties on 17 divided money, and Hollister won the merchandise with 3 straight. Ties on 16 divided money, and Shaw won merchandise with 8 out of 9. Ties on 15 divided money, and T. L. Parker won with 16 out of 18, Bingham being near him with 14 out of 18.

THE CLUB-TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP.

Open to teams of four men from any club members of the State Association. Entrance, price of birds only.

The club-team event brought out twenty-one entries, and it was noon on Thursday before the result was determined, the three duck-shooting Dunnell boys from Fox Lake, with their friend Pitzen, wiping up the earth with all the city shooters and men from down country, and putting Pestakee club at the front. Before the conclusion of this event the weather had grown cold and the wind was strong. Old shooters present said that they had never seen harder shooting than that offered by the birds on Thursday. Scores:

Pistakee: H. Dunnell 10, B. Dunnell 10, W. Dunnell 9, Pitzen 7—36.
Gorfield: R. Kuss 9, T. P. Hicks 9, Dr. Shaw 9, Neal 8—35.
South Chicago: Larkin 10, Reeves 9, L. C. Willard 9, Watson 7—35.
Eureka: Marshall 10, Bingham 9, Wright 8, Steck 8—35.
Garden City: J. Ruble 10, Amberg 9, A. Kleinman 8, G. Kleinman 7—34.
Chicago Shooting Club: W. P. Mussey 9, M. J. Eich 9, Stone 8, R. B. Organ 8—34.
Blue Island: Krueger 10, Boeber 9, Geo. Roll 9, Borman 6—34.
Dixon: Troop 9, Smith 8, Parkhurst 8, Norris 8—33
Prairie of Chicago: Comely 9, Parker 8, Ehlers 8, Dicks 7—32.
Audubon: McFarland 9, Von Lengerke 9, Frothingham 8, Place 7—32.
Peoria: Portman 9, Sammis 8, Leisey 8, Heilman 6—31.
Evanston: Dilg 10, Schmidt 9, Franklin 7, Jay Smith 5—31.
Gilman: Fortier 10, Tate 8, Madden 7, McBarnes 6—31.
Genesseo: Powers 10, Laflin 9, A. Henry 6, Hasbrugh 6—30.
Douglas: Lansdon 8, Stannard 8, Carter 7, Glover 6—29.
Alpine: Tornette 8, De Paola 7, Barto 7, Simmonetti 6—28.
Elgin: Doe 8, Freeman 7, Adams 7, Nish 6—28.
Duck Island: Shepard 8, A. Price 7, Clark 7, Fahnestock 6—28.
Prairie of Evanston: Peterson 8, Zeek 8, Higginton 6, Harloff 5—27.
Grand Crossing: Roberts 7, Ruple 7, withdrew.
Henry G. C.: Wood 7, Forrest 6, withdrew.

THE OPEN TOURNAMENT.

At the conclusion of the State target event, the L. C. Smith cup race, the target traps were thrown open to all present. A mixed lot of inanimates was used, bluerocks, empires, etc. The weather was none too good at any time for the sport, and on Thursday, a windy day, the shooting was extremely difficult, the targets dancing and dodging in a way which made a straight score something rare and valuable. The entry at no time was very large in the target events, and by Thursday evening had dwindled perceptibly. The beastly Chicago weather took much of the life out of the sport. The bulk of the shooting was at $1.50 sweeps. Scores:

Tuesday, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	15	15	15	15	15
Geo Roll	21	14	15	15	14	13
McMurchy	25	15	14	14	14	..
Bingham	20	..	..	..	..	10
Wm Smith	20	..	12	..	..	..
Hennis	21	14	..	..	..	12
J W King	22	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Shaw	20	12	..	..	..	15
Powers	25	14	13	12	15	..
Budd	22	14	14	15	14	13
Marshall	23	14	14	15	..	13
Gilbert	23	13	13	15	15	15
Foley	21	..	14	14	..	10
Fahnestock	18	..	..	14	..	..
McBarnes	18	..	..	..	..	..
Armstrong	13	..	..	..	..	..
B Dunnell	21	..	..	..	..	..
B Stilling	19	..	..	..	..	..
Portman	..	12	12	..	..	..
Steck	20	12	15	13	14	11
Clark	..	9	..	..	..	..
Brown	..	12	13	..	..	..
Bill Smith	..	14	12	10	..	14
Simmons	..	11	12	..	..	12
Barto	..	13	..	..	..	..
Magruder	..	12	..	..	..	..
Bacon	..	14	..	..	..	..
Lansdon	..	9	..	..	..	..
Kuss	..	14	13	14	13	15
H Dunnell	..	13	..	13	..	..
L P Stannard	..	..	13	..	..	13
Morris	..	..	..	12	..	..
Darlington	..	..	..	..	..	9
L H Owen	..	..	..	..	..	15
Duis	..	..	..	..	14	..
Madden	..	..	..	..	..	13
De Wolf	..	..	..	10	13	..
G Hesler	..	..	..	..	..	19
L C Willard	..	..	..	..	..	22
J R Graham	..	..	..	..	..	23
A E Henry	..	..	..	..	..	22
A W Henry	..	..	..	..	..	23
Neal	..	..	..	..	..	21
L Freeman	..	..	..	..	..	21
B F Bolstner	..	..	..	..	..	18
Hollester	..	..	..	..	..	23
H E Bolstner	..	..	..	..	..	22
John Ruble	..	..	..	..	..	25
Frothingham	..	..	..	..	..	21
A S Kleinman	..	..	..	..	..	24
Leisey	..	..	..	..	..	17
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	..
King	..	..	..	..	..	..
Heilman	..	..	..	..	..	..
Morris	..	..	..	..	..	..
Edwards	..	..	..	..	9	..
Pitzen	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cropper	..	..	..	..	..	..
E E Rice	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mr Barns	..	..	..	..	..	10
Tate	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rupel	..	..	..	..	..	14
Dr Day	..	..	..	14	14	..
Warner	..	..	..	13	15	..
Castle	..	..	..	12	..	..
Hoyt	..	..	..	15	..	..
W L Shepard	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eich	..	..	..	13	12	..
Mrs Day	..	..	..	10	11	..
Palmer	..	..	..	..	12	10
Fehrman	..	..	..	..	12	13
Woods	..	..	..	..	13	..
Barr	..	..	..	..	14	..

Wednesday, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	
Kolenzik	11	..	11	10	11	14
Brown	13	..	..	..	..	..
Mrs Day	12	14	12	9	11	13
Levi	8	..	..	..	..	..
Goldsmith	10	..	..	..	..	11
Steck	13	11	..	14	..	..
Palmer	5	..	..	..	..	..
Parker	13	..	..	..	..	..
Kuss	8	14	14	14	13	13
Dr Day	14	11	..	14	9	..
Gilbert	12	15	14	15	11	15
Neal	12	11	14	11	..	12
Brunneyer	4	12	9	8	..	..
A Kinney	9	8	14	..	..	..
Powers	14	13	14	12	..	..
H E Bolenster	13	11	..	15	12	..
McMurchy	13	15	14	12	13	..
H Frothingham	11	12	..	15	..	..
F P Stannard	14	14	15	14	13	14
Willard	14	13	..	13	..	..
Tony	..	6	13	..	..	..
V F Boltenster	..	13	..	11	9	..
G W Franklin	..	10	..	..	..	..
Hindert	..	9	..	..	..	..
De Wolf	..	7	7	10	8	..
Tucker	..	9	13	..	..	..
Blinn	..	12	..	..	..	..
J W Henry	..	12	13	..	..	..
Tate	..	10	..	..	..	..
Hicks	..	10	..	..	..	..
Goodrich	..	7	11	..	11	..
Roll	13	15	14	10	14	15
Fehrmann	11	12	14	12	..	..
Geo Kleinmann	12	12	12	..	..	..
Marshall	13	15	14	15	11	13
Thomas	14	..	..	..	..	13
Argraves	6	11	11	7	14	..
Simmons	9	12	12	14	..	..
Budd	14	11	14	11	14	14
W Dunnell	8	11	14	..	..	..
Madden	9	..	13	13	..	..
Woodford	14	..	..	..	..	..
Ruble	14	13	12	15	13	..
A E Henry	14	13	..	14	..	..
B Dunnell	11	..	..	..	..	..
A S Kleinman	12	14	..	14	..	14
Hollester	12	12	11	14	..	..
McCarthy	..	10	15	..	..	..
W D Stannard	..	12	..	..	..	..
Bill Smith	..	12	14	..	..	..
Fahnestock	..	10	..	..	..	..
Show	..	13	..	11	..	..
Larkin	..	8	..	..	..	..
A W Reeves	..	7	..	..	..	..
Wright	..	12	15	..	..	..
Bacci	..	11	..	10	..	..
E E Rice	..	..	9	..	..	..
G Heiler	..	..	14	12	..	..
Leisey	..	..	13	..	..	..
Bacon	..	..	11	..	10	9
Duis	..	..	14	11	..	..
H Dunnell	..	..	11	..	10	..
A Smith	..	9	..	..	..	..
Hurd	..	13	..	11	..	..
Hoyt	..	11	..	11	..	..
Graham	..	10	12	10	..	13
Petrie	..	11	..	..	..	..
Dilg	..	7	..	..	..	..
Barto	..	..	..	11	..	12
Ruple	..	..	..	12	..	..
Daggett	..	..	..	..	10	..
W Dunnell	..	..	..	..	12	..
Barr	..	..	..	..	..	10
R D Clarke	..	..	..	..	..	11

Thursday, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15
Thomas	12	14	15	13	13	18	13	10
Froth'ham	15	..	..	..	..	17	13	10
L Willard	8	12	..	11	15	19	11	13
Kolmazik	11	8	12	9	14	..	7	..
Rool	11	14	17	12	14	17	13	15
Gilbert	15	13	18	14	15	19	14	15
Stannard	15	12	19	13	14	17	13	..
Kibby	8	10	15	..	12	10	..	..
Hollister	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rehm	..	8	14	..	7	..	..	10
Shaffer	11	12	9	..	10	16	12	..
Meaders	13	11	14	11	10	16	..	..
Argraves	11	11	..	..	10	..	..	..
Abbott	14	13	15	..	13	15	..	..
Budd	10	11	16	10	14	19	..	..
Lee	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Short	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	6
Morris	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shaw	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H E Boltenstein	11	13	18	11	11	..	..	..
Gillespie	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Klineman	12	14	17	..	13	15	..	..
Bowers	11	13	17	13	13	16	..	..
Ruble	13	14	19	13	14	18	..	14
McConnel	..	11	12	8	10	..	..	11
Simpson	..	8	11	8	9	..	..	..
Dr Shaw	11	15	17	11	12	17	..	..
Barto	..	..	13	12	..	..	..	..
Brown	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..
Graham	..	..	16	13	8	..	..	..
W Dunnell	..	..	16	..	..	..	13	13
Raber	..	..	9	11	8	7	9	..
B Dunnel	..	..	12	..	13	..	..	13
Barto	..	..	..	11	..	12	..	..
Ruple	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Daggett	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
W Dunnell	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
Barr	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
R D Clarke	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..
Kruger	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Marshall	11	13	15	15	15	19	10	12
Mrs Day	9	..	13	..	..	10	9	12
Dr Day	12	..	..	7	13	..	12	..
Fourtier	6	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
H Dunnell	13	..	16	10	..	12	..	..
Hicks	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Neal	13	9	13	..	13	..	14	..
Pitzen	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
De Wolf	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
E Skecks	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tate	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brumeng'r	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Searles	10	11	15	..	11	..	..	..
Klinemau	13	10	17	10	14	16	..	..
Stannard	..	..	..	15	..	11	..	14
Woodford	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..
Clarke	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
J Smith	..	..	..	..	10	7	..	..
Dupee	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
Fish	..	..	..	8	8	9	11	..
V F Bolt, enstien	..	..	..	..	12	13	..	..
Harbaugh	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..
Parker	..	..	..	..	11	..	16	..
A W Henry	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Nish	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Adams	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Petzen	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..
Kuss	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	11
Fish	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Morris	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..
C Dickson	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Steck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10

At the close of the State events there began a red-hot contest among the cracks at live birds in the open sweeps. This was on Thursday afternoon, when the weather was hard for shooters and good for birds. The best of the shots present had trouble to make a good showing under the circumstances. Powers continued his consistent performance by getting 10 screamers straight, and was tied by Bingham, Harry Dunnell, Abe Kleinman and Von Lengerke. The birds evidently had the best of the game. Score, 10 live birds, $7.50.

THURSDAY.

C. Powers, Ed. Bingham, H. Dunnell, Abe Kleinman and O. von Lengerke, 10; C. W. Budd, L. C. Willard, G. Kleinman, Simpson, Kolanczik, J. A. Ruble, H. Boltenstern, S. Palmer and W. Dunnell, 9; N. E. Money, Fred. Gilbert, Abbott, Paterson, Hicks, Kuss and A. E. Searles, 8; Tom Marshall, Dr. Frothingham, George Roll and J. R. Graham, 7; Kibber 1, Boulfield 4, C. M. Price 5, Conley 5.

On Friday the weather was clear and cold, and the wind was so strong in the early part of the day that the birds were puzzling to the best of the enthusiasts who lingered at the traps. The shooting was confined to miss-and-out sweeps. Toward evening the birds let down a bit, and the scores ran higher at the finish. Friday practically concluded the tournament both at live birds and targets, there having been but a day and a half of live bird shooting and three and a half days of target shooting open for non-residents of the State. Scores in the nine miss-and-outs were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Money	7	1	6	12	4	0	5	0	..
Howers	7	4	1	11	0	0	6	2	15
Willard	7	5	7	12	4	3	2	4	15
W Dunnel	7	0	..	..	3	0	4	1	..
Bingham	..	0	0	2	..	..	..	..	15
Budd	..	1	2	2	5	2	5	5	2
Kleinm'n	..	5	6	2	2	5	4	4	..
Gilbert	..	2	7	6	..	5	6	1	5
Frething-ham	..	..	..	..	..	3	2	0	4	14
Abbott	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	1	..	3
Kibbey	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	1	5	2	0
Kolan-ezik	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	1	1	..	
Palmer	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	1	1	..	
Dr Shaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	0	..	..	
H Dun-nel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	15	
Pitzen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	5	0	
Harding	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	0		

COMMENT.

The entry of the Du Pont Gun Club, a newly incorporated body, including some of the best shots in the State, was received in the State team championship event with some demur, it being alleged that the club was not regularly a member of the Association. At the talk of a protest the entry of the team was withdrawn.

Dr. and Mrs. D. H. Day, of Duluth, were present and apparently enjoying themselves. Mrs. Day's shooting was of a sort which asks no odds of the best, and her appearance at the score was always the signal for the gathering of interested groups of spectators. Mrs. Day handles the shotgun with a grace and effectiveness rarely seen among the women who shoot at the trap. Dr. Day has in part recovered the use of the hand which was so seriously injured some time ago, and is now enjoying rugged health. He and his wife have attended several shoots on the Western circuit this season.

Chan Powers, winner of the Board of Trade badge, the L. C. Smith cup, the City Hall, Lake Front, etc., did his shooting with a Parker gun. His target load was U. M. C. Smokeless 3in. shell, 3¼drs. Du Pont, 1¼oz. No. 7½shot. On live birds he shot the 3¼in. Green Trap shell, 45grs. Du Pont, 1½oz. Nos. 7½ and 7 shot.

Speaking of mayors, we had three at this tournament—Mayor Marshall, of Keithsburg; Mayor Allen, of Peoria, and Mayor Jake Renm, of Blue Island. Jake was a member of the board of directors and did efficient hustling at the shoot. The people out at Blue Island have elected Jake mayor ever since he was eight or ten years old, and he has a cinch on it for the rest of his natural life. Once he was sick and forgot all about the election, but he came in returned as mayor just the same. It makes no difference how many votes the other fellow gets, Jake Rehm is the only accepted mayor of Blue Island.

Mr. Lou Ehrhardt, of Atchison, was present for only one day of the tournament, but his absence was mentioned with regret by a great many.

Mr. F. H. Hollister, of Chicago, went well to the front in the race for the Smith cup, and says he will win it next year sure.

The ties in the Board of Trade badge divided the money before they began to shoot down to a finish. When the question was put to the ties on 10, Chan Powers was the only one who wanted to shoot it out. He said afterward that had he done this he would have stood to win about $1,000 at this tournament, supposing the entry next year to be about what it was this.

Dick Merrill and Charlie Grimm were absent from the shoot this year, and Chan Powers and Charlie Budd were consequently desolate. These side partners have heretofore been part of the fixtures at this event.

Noel Money has attended two shooting tournaments in Chicago in May and June. At the first one it snowed, and at this one it was too cold to snow. I know he will like the place.

Tom Laflin, as usual, went into the 10 hole on the badge. He says he would rather have the gold watch he got than to have the badge.

I regret to say that S. A. Tucker has laid aside the old shooting coat which he has worn for twenty years. Mr. Tucker now appears in a wide-ribbed corduroy which can stand alone, and is audible at the distance of a block.

Shooters at a shoot do not always know what they are shooting for. I hope that they will not forget the following contributors of cash: E. S. Rice $100, John Watson $100, Decatur Gun Club $50, Winner diamond badge 1896 $50, Audubon Gun Club $25, Evanston Gun Club $20, Garfield Gun Club $10. C. S. Wilcox $10.

Harvey McMurchy did some fine work at the target traps, but was obliged to leave town at the middle of the week.

Italian Joe, of the Alpine Gun Club, the best known plover shooter on earth, was one of the characters of the shoot. I asked him if he was shooting the old scatter gun which I had seen him use on plover, but he said, "No, I shoot-a one-a dem Ella C. Smitta gun now."

Chan Powers's double victory at live birds and targets has

Peoria cannot hold a shoot, but the last heard of Pres Fahnestock and his friend the Mayor of Peoria, they were walking down the railroad track toward home, with their grip sacks carried at a merry angle; and as they looked back over their shoulders at the city of Chicago, they sang a mellifluous duet, the chorus of the old song which begins, "Oh, I dont' know, you're not so warm!"

But we have no 10-gauge rules now.

At last Chicago is modern.

E. HOUGH.

[1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Connecticut Trap-Shooter's League.

DECORATION DAY AT NEW HAVEN.

THE second tournament of the Connecticut Trap-Shooter's League was held at New Haven on May 31 (Decoration Day). The weather was by no means favorable for a large gathering, as heavy rain had poured down since 5 P. M. on the previous evening, and was still coming down with a melancholy persistence when 9:30 A. M., the hour for starting the shoot on May 31, arrived. The clouds every now and then gave out some hopes of better things later in the day, and we understand that certain persons of known probity saw the sun for a few minutes about 8 o'clock, or may be earlier. At any rate the sun did come out about 11:30 and stayed out, making himself a welcome guest by drying everything, even wet sweaters, and giving everybody a chance of a sunbath on the club house porch.

As may be imagined from the phrase "wet sweaters," the boys could not be kept from the traps when once they had reached the grounds. It could rain all it wanted to, but Connecticut isn't a dry State and its trap-shooters don't object to a little water—externally, that is. So it came about that the first two programme events, and an extra to "warm up," were all shot with a steady and wetting rain falling. Then came the change and all was lovely.

THE ATTENDANCE AFFECTED BY RAIN.

But the attendance was affected by the downpour of the earlier hours. Hartford shooters were expected, but none showed up. Meriden sent a squad, but at least another squad had signified its intention of being on hand to take the morning train for the "City of Elms." Windsor Locks, too, was hampered in its efforts to get up a full squad for the team-race, owing to the failure of some of the members of the gun club to put in an appearance. Bridgeport, however, was the banner club among the visitors. Messrs. Blakeslee and U. M. C. Thomas brought a delegation of 14 shooters to the grounds, and they shot right along and made their presence felt when it came to drawing down the moneys dealt out by Cashier Gould to those who "were in for money." The home club had enough shooters on hand to make up almost three teams, the services of Edwards being pressed in to make up the sixth in the third team. In addition to the 42 shooters taking part in the team-race, there were several others unattached, some students from Yale showing up in the afternoon for some practice after their victory in the intercollegiate race with Harvard, Princeton, Columbia and Pennsylvania on Saturday last.

LUNCH, MOSQUITOES, ETC

Although there were not as many shooters present as would have been the case had the weather been fine from the start, there were enough on hand to keep the five traps hustling to get through the programme before nightfall. The home club had arranged everything with a view to the comfort of its guests. The club house was thrown wide open, and a capital lunch was provided free to all.

There were other guests on hand in addition to the shooters, and these guests were neither welcome spectators nor idlers who had just dropped in to look at the shooting. On the contrary, they were as busy as possible all day, and kept others busy, too. These guests were a gang of the most outrageously large and black mosquitoes, who apparently hadn't had a thing to eat since Fast Day. Where they came from it is hard to say, although the swamp behind the club house looked a little suspicious. President Clark and Mr. Bristol, of the home club, accounted for their presence by openly stating that the Meriden boys had brought them down in their grips and turned them loose out of spite. Two very large ones, however, were positively traced to Van Dyke's grip, and this is quite likely, as Van had only left his New Jersey home the night previous. Anyway, there were mosquitoes to give away; we can vouch for that.

President M. H. Clark brought his gun along, but shot only in the team race, preferring to take a hand as scorer, referee or any old thing, so that the attending shooters could have all the shooting they wanted. To Mr. Clark and Mr. Bristol most of the success of the shoot must be given; Mr. Bristol, in particular, was always busy one way or another, and had been on the ground since 7 o'clock preparing everything for the 9:30 opening; there are very few men who can boast "three score years and ten" who can equal Mr. Bristol in enthusiasm, energy and capacity for work. Mr. Gould, as on former occasions, acted as cashier, and did his work for the most part unassisted, and did it most excellently.

THE TEAM RACE.

The team race was, of course, the main feature on the programme. New Haven entered three teams; Bridgeport had two teams on hand, while Meriden and Windsor Locks had one each. The race is at 40 targets per man, 20 known angles and 20 unknown angles.

The known angles were shot first, the teams shooting as a whole, not being split up. The order of shooting was decided by lot, the teams going to the score in the order designated by numbers drawn out of the box. Known angles were disposed of first, and at this style of shooting the New Haven No. 1 took the lead, breaking 108 out of the 120 shot at. The Meriden team was second with 103. Then came New Haven No. 2 with 96 breaks, closely followed by Windsor Locks and Bridgeport No. 2 with 93 breaks each. Bridgeport No. 1 was next with 91, New Haven No. 3 being last with 75.

Then came the unknown angles. At this game New Haven No. 1 increased its lead by breaking 104 to 102 by the Meriden team, Bridgeport's two teams and the Windsor Locks team all tied on the unknown angles with 87 breaks each, New Haven No. 2 dropping down to 84. New Haven No. 3 bettered its total made on the known angles by scoring 77 at unknown angles. It is worthy of note that while so many people *say* they can break more targets at unknown angles than at known angles, yet the New Haven No. 3 was the only team to make more at unknown angles than at known angles. The combined totals of all the teams for each style of shooting show: Known angles 659 breaks out of 840 shot at; unknown angles, 628 breaks out of 840 shot at, these figures give an advantage of 31 breaks to the known angles.

The team averages were: New Haven No. 1 88.3, Meriden 85.4, Windsor Locks, Bridgeport No. 2 and New Haven No. 2 75, Bridgeport No. 1 74.1, New Haven No. 3 63.3. (In the scores of the New Haven No. 3 team, Brown shot in place of Hazel in the second half.) The detailed scores were:

New Haven No. 1.

	Known angles.	Unknown angles.	
F Van Dyke	11111111111111111011	11111111111111111011	—38
F J Potter	10111111111111111111	11101110111111111111	—37
M D Stevens	11111111111111111111	01111010011111111111	—36
B W Claridge	10100111111111111111	11111101011111111111	—35
C B Bristol	11011110111111111111	10101111101111111111	—34
H O Whitney	01111111111111101000	11110111011110111111	—32—212

Meriden.

H J Mills	11111111111111011111	11111101111111111111	38
J R Hull	01011111111111111111	11111111101111111111	—37
H R Merritt	11111111111111111111	01101000111111111111	—35
W F Parker	11100011111111111110	11101011111111111111	—34
L C Holcomb	11111111110101010111	11011101111111111101	—33
L J Gaines	11100111110000111111	00110111101110111011	—28—205

Windsor Locks.

J H Videon	11111111111111111111	11111101110111111111	—38
H L Cutler	10111110111111110011	11011111111110001111	—32
John Jordan	11111111011101111111	01011111101010111101	—32
E M Coats	01100011001111101101	10111011101011101111	—27
R B Penn	10110101111011011101	10111111001111010000	—26
P D Washburn	10001011101110111011	11100001011110110101	—25—180

New Haven No. 2.

F Cowee	01111101111111111111	00111111111101111111	—35
E Kelly	11111011111111111111	11110110110001110100	—31
H L Edgarton	11111110011101011111	11101010111111101011	—31
Ortie	11110101111111101011	01100011111111001110	—29
M H Clark	11001110111111101011	11101011110010110101	—28
J B Robertson	10111111100011010001	01110111011111101101	—26—160

Bridgeport No. 2

I J Tuck	10111101110111111111	10111011011111011111	—33
J Clarkson	11111011111111101111	01011011111 1101111	—33
G Saunders	01001101111101111110	11111111110011111111	—32
G King	10100101111111116111	11010011011111111111	—31
F Burgoyne	11011010111111111100	01111011101010011000	—26
W Rennison	11110111001100111011	10111010111100100010	—25—180

Bridgeport No. 1.

Ed Talor	11111011111111111111	11111011110111001111	—35
U M C Thomas	10111011101111111110	11111011011111111110	—32
M A Beers	01011011101111111111	10011101101111011100	—29
H Sanford Jr	01110101110110111110	11101111011101110101	—29
J Beers	11000111011111011101	01011010011011111011	—27
V A Blakeslee	01011110100011011011	00011110110110111111	—26—178

New Haven No. 3.

Edwards	11111111111111111111	10111101111110111111	37
Bassett	11111110011001001111	11101011101111111001	—29
Longden	11111101100111111 1	11101001111101101010	—29
Hazel	10111100110011100010	11010110111111011010	—25
Treat	11100010010110111101	10110110001010100010	—21
Kittler	00000000000000001100	01000011111101000001	—11—152

THE PROGRAMME EVENTS.

In addition to the team race there were ten events on the programme. All these events were shot off, and also an extra at 10 targets, No. 11 in the table below. A straightaway miss and-out, 50 cents entrance, brought the shoot to a close. This had eleven entries, the results being: Van Dyke and M. A. Beers 6, Parker and Coates 5, Hull 4, Edwards and Jordan 3, Gaines and Videon 1, Cowee and Claridge 0. The conditions of this race were all straightaway birds, the shooters going back 6ft. at the end of each round until they reached the club house, which they did at the end of the 4th round, finishing from that mark, about 24yds. rise from No. 3 trap. Scores in the programme events were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	15	10	15	10	10
Cowee	9	8	8	10	12	10	8	13	9	10
Edwards	8	9	13	15	15	15	8	15	8	9
Whitney	10	7	13	15	14	11	8	14	10	8
Taylor	8	9	12	14	14	15	8	13	10	9
U M C	7	9	11	10	8	12	3	11	6	8
Merritt	9	9	14	14	14	13	7	14	..	9
Parker	8	9	13	12	13	15	8	15	10	9
Hull	6	8	13	15	14	13	7	11	10	9
Bristol	9	10	15	15	11	12	7	13	9	..
Beers	8	8	13	14	15	15	7	14	10	9
Claridge	9	9	12	13	12	15	8	14	7	7
Coates	6	6	8	11	12	11	7	10	5	8
Gaines	8	5	11	13	12	9	7	12	9	..
Sanford	6	7	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	9
Stevens	9	10	12	14	11	12	9	13	..	9
Fruit	6	8	13	13	12	8	8	11	9	8
Orty	9	7	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Blakeslee	8	7	..	14	13	12	..	..	..	5
Holcomb	8	8	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Videon	7	7	12	11	11	12	5	10	7	..
Cutler	8	10	14	10	15	11	2	9	6	..
Mills	9	8	13	14	13	14	..	..	..	..
Potter	10	8	12	13	15	15	9	13	..	..
Tuck	7	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
King	9	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Clarkson	9	8	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	9
Saunders	8	9	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	6
Kelly	6	7	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Jordan	10	9	12	12	12	..	5	..	9	6
Rennison	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Van Dyke	..	9	15	12	12	11	6	13	9	10
Lougden	..	..	9	11	14	11	..	..	..	..
Brown	..	..	..	..	13	13	..	..	..	..
Bulkeley	..	..	..	..	13	13	4	..	..	..
Schley	..	..	..	..	11	13	..	12	8	..
Spears	..	..	..	..	13	10	.	..	..	..
Edgerton	..	..	..	..	13	15	6	..	..	..

Five thousand seven hundred targets were thrown during the day.

EDWARD BANKS.

Chicago Trap-Shooters.

CICERO GUN CLUB.

OAK PARK, Ill., May 31.—The Cicero Gun Club celebrated Decoration Day by giving a live-bird and target shoot on its grounds (Desplaines River and Madison street). The birds were a fair lot considering the time of the year, and the day was perfect for shooting.

The sweepstakes were all small, owing to the limited number of shooters present; but the enthusiasm was well maintained because of the equality of the shooting, and there were many pretty shots scored at straight away drivers and quick-turning birds. The targets were a hard lot, as the electric pull was in splendid shape and threw them very swift, and the scores were generally disappointing. The first two events were field shooting (we called it jacksnipe), the shooter being 20ft. in front of the traps, walking parallel with the row of traps with the gun over his shoulder. The programme of events, with results, is as follows:

No. 1, 20 targets, jacksnipe, unknown traps and angles, entrance 50 cents: Lowrey 13, Von Platen 10, Barnard 9.

No. 2, 10 targets, jacksnipe, same, entrance 25 cents: Von Platen 5, Barnard 5, Lowrey 8, Weber 9.

No. 3, 5 live birds, entrance $2, two moneys: Barnard 3, Weber 3, Von Platen 1, Lowrey 3. Tie shot off: Barnard 2, Weber 2, Lowrey 2.

No. 4, 5 live birds, entrance $2, two moneys: Barnard 3, Weber 4, Von Platen 2, Knott 3, Lowrey 3, Dr. Mathews 4.

No. 5, same: Knott 5, Barnard 4, Dr. Mathews 4, Weber 3.

No. 6, 7 live birds, entrance $2, two moneys: Knott 7, Heal 7, Barnard 6, Dr. Mathews 4, Weber 3.

No. 7, 7 live birds, same: Knott 5, Barnard 7, Halligan 3, Stickles 6, Noal 6, Weber 5.

No. 8, 15 targets, known traps, unknown angles, sweep, 50 cents: Knott 11, Von Platen 9, Weber 5, Neal 11, Lowrey 10.

No. 9, 10 live birds, entrance $3 50, three moneys:

Barnhrd	2201.01120—7	Neal	2111022222—9
Knott	•2222122•2—9	Stickles	2121220220—8
Beling	2010111222—8	Weber	11110•2•20—6
Steiger	0222100•00—6	Halligan	1022112111—9

No. 10, 15 targets, known traps, unknown angles, sweep 50 cents: Steiger 9, Richards 11, Halligan 11, Lowrey 10, Neal 10.

No 11, 15 targets, same: Neal 10, Lowrey 11, Richards 10, Halligan 10, Steiger 8.

No. 12, 15 targets, same: Beling 5, Halligan 5, Steiger 4, Neal 12, Cutter 10, Richards 6, Long 2, Lowrey 8, Knott 3.

No. 13, 15 targets, same: Halligan 8, Beling 4, Weber 4, Richards 10, Steiger 8, Neal 13, Cutter 8, Long 5.

No. 14, 5 live birds entrance $2, one money: Cutler 3, Barnard 5, Neal 0, Richards 3, Halligan 4, Lindley 1.

CICERO.

Dedham Sportsman's Club.

BOSTON, Mass., May 31.—The Dedham Sportsman's Club held an all-day shoot to-day. The attendance was light owing to the threatening weather, it being showery nearly all day. In the following scores it will be noticed that some excellent shooting was done by both Mr. Cole and Mr. Leverett, the former having seven clean scores to his credit and the latter five. There were 1,530 bluerocks thrown, out of which the members managed to secure eighteen clean scores. All events were at 10 targets each:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Smith	7	9	7	7	9	9	9	9	10	7	10	6	10	6	9	8	10	8
Cole	10	10	8	10	8	8	9	10	8	9	8	10	8	7	9	8	8	10
Leverett	7	5	5	7	6	7	6	8	8	10	10	10	10	7	4	7	8	9
Gordon	6	8	7	7	9	8	8	6	8	9	6	6	6	5	4	..	..	..
Brown	9	6	4	7	8	9	6	9	6	7	6	7	5	6	8	5	7	5
Blinn	..	7	5	7	7	6	8	7	7	7	8	9	7	6	8	9	6	8
Miskay	6	..	10	9	8	7	8	8	8	7	9	9	8	..	..	..	..	..
Horace	6	8	8	8	6	7	9	8	8	9	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dennison	...	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9

No. 19, same: Smith 6, Cole 9, Leverett 8, Brown 5, Blinn 7, Dennison 7.

No. 20, same: Cole 10, Smith 8, Leverett 8, Blinn 6, Dennison 6.

No. 21, same: Smith 8, Leverett 9, Dennison 7.

No. 22, same: Smith 7, Leverett 8, Dennison 3.

No. 23, same: Smith 7, Leverett 10, Dennison 5.

Nos. 1, 4, 6, 9, 11, 13, 16, 18, 20 and 23 regular angles; Nos. 2, 5, 10, 12, 14, 17, 19 and 21 unknown angles; Nos. 3, 7, 15 and 22 reverse angles.

ROS.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., May 29.—Below find scores made to-day at the regular weekly club shoot of the Omaha Gun Club. Dr. and Mrs. D. H. Day, of Duluth, were guests of the club:

Learned	11100111011101011101—14	Whitner	10101111001011011010—12
Montmorency	10101000101111111111—14	McFarl'ine	11001101011010101111—13
Carmicha'l	11111111101111010111—17	Ackerman	11001101110111111111—15
Brucker	11111101011011011011—15	Townsend	10011111111111010110—15
Bates	01011101110111111111—16	Read	11111111100110110111—16
Peters	01100101111101010101—12	Krug	11110111101110011111—16
Hughes	11101111111111111011—18	Dickey	11110111011011111111—17
Kenyon	01110010111111111111—16	Mrs Day	11111101111011101111—17
		Dr D H Day	11110111011011111101—16

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y.

North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 5.—The third annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Fargo June 16-17, an excellent programme being offered by the managers, Messrs. C. E. Robbins, W. W. Smith and H. E. Magill. The convention will be held the evening of June 16. The magautrap and bluerocks will be used under A. S. A. rules. North Dakota has a State gold badge for the target championship at 50 bluerocks, $3, winner to take 50 per cent. of next year's entrance money.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING.

Portsmouth Gun Club.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., May 31.—The members of the Portsmouth Gun Club held an all-day shoot at their grounds to-day. They had as guests four members each of the Haverhill (Mass.) and Exeter clubs. The Somersworth Club also intended to participate, but the stormy weather prevented. Notwithstanding the rain excellent sport was enjoyed and some good scores resulted. Dinner was served in the club house, and a fine menu was prepared by the steward, assisted by the ladies of the club.

The day's scores resulted as below, President Newick, of the Portsmouth Club, shooting with the Exeter men in the team shoot. The out-of-town guests expressed themselves as much pleased with the manner in which they were entertained by the local club. All events were at known traps, unknown angles, five traps, six men up, walk-around. The division of sweepstakes was under the Rose system, which proved very satisfactory.

The team race resulted as follows:

Exeter—Newick 11, Colton 8, Bickford 11, Langley 14—44.

Haverhill—Laighton 14, Miller 9, Blake 9, Lambert 10—42.

Portsmouth—Frizzell 13, W. I. Philbrick 10, H. E. Philbrick 9, Noone 10—42.

Sweepstake scores are given below in tabulated form:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	15	10	10	15	15	10	10	10	10	5	10	10	10	10	10
Miller	5	14	5	8	13	9	5	4	4	8	4	..	..	..	..	..
Frizzell	5	10	9	6	11	11	5	8	9	7	3	..	..	..	9	6
Laighton	4	14	7	9	12	10	7	9	8	10	3	..	..	..	..	..
Colton	8	11	8	9	12	12	8	6	..	8	4	..	..	..	..	..
Lambert	7	13	7	8	11	7	7	6	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Philbrick	7	9	4	6	10	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Blake	5	8	3	3	8	8	3	7	4	4	2	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	7	10	5	5	8	8	5	7	4	..	3	..	..	..	6	..
Dow	4	8	4	7	6	7	6	2	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
W I Philbrick	5	8	9	6	12	10	7	7	6	7	..	..	..	..	7	7
Newick	8	10	8	8	8	10	6	9	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	7
Noone	..	12	7	10	11	14	8	8	6	..	..	9	8	7	8	7
Bickford	..	..	..	..	8	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Langley	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	8	..	..	8	5	7	6	7
Roper	..	..	..	3	9	10	5	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Manson	..	..	..	4	9	8	5	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hoyt	..	..	..	..	7	6	3	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Richardson	..	..	..	..	10	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pitman	3	8	2	..	..	..	..	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
J Weston	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	8	..	..	6	8	6	8	8
Merwin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	4	6	3	5	..
H Manson	..	..	..	..	7	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..
Goodwin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	3
R Weston	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	3	5	5	5

W. I. PHILBRICK, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

T. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—Please give me the names of bass fishing grounds near New York. Ans. J. E. Waterstone, Greenwood Lake, N. Y.; Bradford Weeks, Milton, N. J.

P. McC., Yonkers.—Please state in your next issue if a bullet any size fired from a rifle straight up in the air has got the same velocity when it strikes the ground as it had when it left the muzzle of the rifle from which it was fired. Ans. No. The resistance of the air reduces the velocity, so that it is considerably less at the moment of impact than at the time of firing.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Three Great Conventions.

THE Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor meets at San Francisco, Cal., July 7-12.

National Educational Association at Milwaukee, Wis., July 6-9.

Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks at Minneapolis, Minn., July 6-9.

These are all National conventions, and delegates and others interested should bear in mind that the best route to each convention city from Chicago is via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Two trains daily via Omaha to San Francisco; seven through trains daily via four different routes Chicago to Minneapolis; six daily trains Chicago to Milwaukee. Choice of routes to California, going via Omaha or Kansas City, returning via St. Paul and Minneapolis. Through trains vestibuled and electric lighted. All trains run on absolute block system. Low excursion rates to each convention. Ticket agents everywhere sell tickets over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, or address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

A Vacation Trip to the Tennessee Centennial and the Mountains of Western North Carolina.

WHERE can you go for a short vacation and have a more delightful time than to make a trip to the Tennessee Centennial Exposition at Nashville? The round trip rate, by rail from New York, is only $25.30, good for ten days. The Pennsylvania and Southern Railway operate a through line of Pullman drawing-room and sleeping cars, leaving New York daily at 4:30 P. M. The route is through the "Land of the Sky," Asheville, N. C.—a more delightful spot on earth cannot be found. Stop over and visit the Vanderbilt estate and numerous other attractive points of interest. Write to the New York office, 271 Broadway, New York, for information. Copies of illustrated pamphlet of summer homes and resorts mailed upon application, enclosing 2 cents.—*Adv.*

President McKinley's Trip South.

THROUGH "THE LAND OF THE SKY."

THE President and party will leave for Nashville, Tenn., on June 7, to visit the Tennessee Centennial Exposition. On his return he will stop over at Asheville, N. C., in "The Land of the Sky," for a day or two. This point is located directly on the line of the Southern Railway, the popular route between New York and Nashville. The programme of entertainment at that point has not yet been announced, but arrangements have been made at the Battery Park Hotel for his party; also, he will make a visit to the famous Biltmore estate. There are numerous points of interest around the city which will make his stay in "The Land of the Sky" pleasant.—*Adv.*

Pantasote.

PANTASOTE is a new material manufactured by an old company. It is adapted for a variety of uses. In one form it is used for upholstering yacht interiors; in another for making tents. Pantasote mackintosh is light, warm and waterproof, and as it contains no rubber and is always soft and pliable, it is particularly adapted for hunting coats. Gun cases are also made from pantasote, which do not rust the gun as do those made from rubber composition. In its heavier form pantasote resembles leather, and is used as a substitute for it, while in its lighter form it is more nearly like canvas in appearance and usefulness. Samples and particulars will be sent to those mentioning FOREST AND STREAM and inclosing stamp. Address, Pantasote Co., 39 Leonard street, New York.—*Adv.*

"Among the Ozarks."

THE LAND OF BIG RED APPLES, is an attractive and interesting book, handsomely illustrated with views of South Missouri scenery, including the famous Olden fruit farm of 3,000 acres in Howell county. It pertains to fruit raising in that great fruit belt of America, the southern slope of the Ozarks, and will prove of great value, not only to fruit-growers, but to every farmer and home-seeker looking for a farm and a home. Mailed free. Address J. E. Lockwood, Kansas City, Mo.—*Adv.*

Mullins's Metal Boats.

W. H. MULLINS, Salem, O., recently shipped a carload of double-ender pleasure craft and "Get There" duck boats for use on the park lakes at Denver, Col. Also two "Get There" ducking boats were recently sent to London, Eng., to a large concern who will use a large quantity of them.—*Adv.*

JOHN WOOD, JR., 76 Washington street, Boston, Mass., issues for free distribution a calendar of the fish and game seasons for the New England States.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 25. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

ATTENTION is directed to the new form of address labels on the wrappers of subscribers' copies. The label shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid.

The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us for a new or renewed subscription. Unless specially requested to do so, we do not send separate receipts.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

And let me add this more, he that views the ancient ecclesiastical canons, shall find hunting to be forbidden to churchmen, as being a turbulent, toilsome, perplexing recreation; and shall find angling allowed to clergymen, as being a harmless recreation, a recreation that invites them to contemplation and quietness. Walton.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1897.—No. VI.

COLORADO.

Act of April 16, 1897.—Sec. 27. It shall be unlawful at any time to sell or expose for sale, or to cause or suffer to be sold or exposed for sale, or to kill, capture or otherwise take with intent to sell, or to offer to any common carrier for shipment, or to ship by any common carrier with intent to sell, the head, hide (tanned or untanned), horns or meat of any animal mentioned in this act.

THE FOREST LAKE CLUB CASE.

WITHIN recent years wildwood lake properties have appreciated in value in an enormous degree. The increased popularity of angling, the growth of the outing idea, the participation of the family in the sports of the forest and stream, and the tendency toward club life and fishing preserves—all these have created a demand for fishing waters adapted to club purposes; and as the available lakes have been taken up and the number remaining for such purposes has decreased, the market price has advanced. An instance of the worth of such properties is afforded by the case of Forest Lake Club.

Forest Lake is a charming sheet of water, situated amid the hills in the southeastern corner of the town of Claverack, in Columbia county, New York. It is eleven miles from Hudson, and three and one-half hour's ride from New York city by the Harlem Railroad. The lake, with the entire land surrounding it, is owned by the Forest Lake Club, of Hudson. The organization of the club and the acquisition of the property were due chiefly to the enterprise of the president, Mr. G. Hills, who was the first to discover the charms of the lake, and to recognize its adaptability to club purposes.

The lake is 1,325ft. above tide-water, and from the basin in which it nestles between the forest-covered hills a far-stretching prospect is commanded over a landscape of hill and valley and mountain slopes. The entire range of the Taghkanic Mountains is in view, with the Berkshires beyond. Among the summits is that of Monument Mountain, on the top of which is the monument which marks the meeting there of Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York. In all the view from the club house of well-named Forest Lake not a house is to be seen, and from the entire lake circuit only one house is visible, and that fifteen miles away. Here, within a short drive or bicycle spin from business, the members find themselves indeed in the woods, with the perfect isolation and freedom which others less favored must travel far to secure. A model club house has been provided, and there are boats and boat house, an ice-house, and all the conveniences and equipments of a sportsmen's club. The lake is well stocked with small-mouth black bass, brown trout and pickerel.

This was the situation when, not long ago, the thriving village of Philmont, looking about for a water supply, cast covetous eyes on Forest Lake. In this body of pure water high up among the hills, the town authorities saw a natural reservoir having a fall of 150ft. to the highest point in the village. It was admirably suited to their purpose and they determined to have it. The first advance to the club was an offer of $500 for the privilege of taking water from the lake. Regardful of the law governing such matters, under which the village could have recourse to condemnation proceedings to acquire the lake for a water supply, the club in turn offered the village $500 to keep hands off. The Philmont people then raised their offer to $1,000, while the club held out for $5,000, and offered to go through the form of condemnation proceedings with an understanding that the Commission should make the award in that sum. This was refused; and the village then had recourse to condemnation proceedings. Judge Chester, of Albany, appointed as commissioners Messrs. J. H. Peck, of Troy, and Melius and Meade, of Albany. The Forest Lake Club, concerned more for the principle involved than for the actual money at stake, summoned expert witnesses experienced in buying and selling lake properties and versed in their values as summer resorts, as club properties, and for reservoir purposes. The valuations which these experts put upon the lake and surrounding lands ranged from $15,000 to $25,000. The commissioners rendered their finding last month, awarding the club $9,000 as compensation for the damage caused to the lake by the raising and lowering of the waters, and for the impairment of its commercial value.

THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.

A FEW years ago the annual conventions of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game were so exclusively given up to trap-shooting that all other purposes were lost sight of or systematically ignored. To remedy this condition of affairs the Association was reorganized, on a plan by which provision was made for two meetings in each year, one purely deliberative in the winter, and another for a shooting tournament in the summer. An important and very effective device for giving each of these two activities its fullest scope was the provision of two sets of officials, so that both interests might be maintained by a guiding control actually and actively concerned in their promotion. The plan has worked extremely well; the January meetings in Syracuse have been well attended, and the June tournaments under the management of various clubs have been large and successful events.

A feeling has been growing that it would be expedient, when the time should come, to separate the two activities entirely; to make the State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game simply and purely what its name implies, and to give over the tournaments to a new and separate and wholly independent organization. The time for this, it is thought, has come; and a proposition to that end was made by President Gavitt at the Auburn meeting last week, when a committee was appointed to put the proposal into effect.

Such an absolute division is doubtless desirable. For one thing, it relieves that certain air of grotesqueness which attaches to a trap-shooting meeting held under a long official name whose fitness and meaning are, under the circumstances, a mystery to the uninitiated. The New York Shooting Association, or Shooting League, or Trap League, or some such title, will be less cumbersome and will have the merit of pertinency and meaning. We anticipate for both organizations—the old and the new—many years of useful activity and successful achievement.

PUBLIC FISH IN PRIVATE WATERS.

CONNECTICUT has now joined the list of those States in which the Fish Commissioners are forbidden to stock private waters with fish provided out of the public funds. A law was enacted at the late session of the Legislature, modeled upon statutes in force elsewhere, making public any waters supplied with fish by the Commission. The purpose of such a restriction is of course to put a damper upon the numerous owners of trout streams and bass lakes who are eager to have them stocked for their own private advantage at State expense. Most people count as clear gain and honestly come by whatever they can get for nothing from the public Treasury, whether a salary for services they do not render, smuggled goods, seeds from Washington or fish fry from the State hatchery. Application blanks for fish fry usually contain a statement that the waters which the applicant desires to have stocked are public and not private; but experience has shown that some men holding high positions in the commercial community will cheerfully lie about this, and are not to be trusted. The system of making stocked waters open to the public is the first successful expedient to get the better of such individuals.

It has been suggested by an authority in whom we repose confidence that in making such a provision, even with so good a purpose, a Legislature may have framed a law which will not stand the test of the courts, since it might, under certain conditions, involve an unjust interference with common-law rights.

For instance, if one of several landowners, through whose domains a trout stream runs, should stock his part of the stream with fish from the State hatchery, he would at the same time be stocking the entire stream, both on his own property and on the adjoining property of his neighbors as well, so that under the action of the law their waters as well as his would be declared open to the public, and their right to forbid trespass would thereby be invalidated. Whatever might be the merits of such a case, the principle remains that public funds should provide public fish for public waters, and private waters should be replenished at private expense.

SNAP SHOTS.

Among the historic hoaxes of our times was that recently perpetrated upon the Treasury Department at Washington by a chemist who claimed to have discovered the philosopher's stone, or a process of manufacturing gold from baser metals. As a result of investigation we are gravely assured by the Treasury officials that there is nothing in the scheme; it won't work. The world will have to wait a while longer for the secret of transmuting common clay into gold; and yet we need not despair, for transformations not less remarkable are accomplished every day. It is an easy trick for an Adirondack hotel chef to transmute close-time venison into "mutton," and for a New York restaurant-keeper to change common American quail into imported "royal birds." Such culinary achievements will soon be counted among the lost arts in Colorado if the new law shall be enforced, which forbids including on bills-of-fare any game killed in the State, whether designated by its own proper name or by any false name.

In Louisville and Kansas City the art has promoted industries of large commercial importance. To the office of our frequent contributor, J. M. Rose, of Little Rock, Ark. repaired the other day a fisherman, for advice about net fishing. He wanted to seine Arkansas waters for shovel-bill catfish, buffalo, gars and drum, for the supply of factories in Louisville and Kansas City, with which he had contracts to furnish 5,000lbs. of such fish daily, to be made up into canned Columbia River salmon. The Arkansas law was an obstacle to the proposed seining; but the catfish stock of the Southwest is unexhaustible, and the supply of salmon need never give out.

The abbreviation of the Maine moose hunting season to the last fifteen days of October, and the prohibition of deer hounding in the Adirondacks, have combined to divert from those hunting regions a large number of sportsmen who are turning to Canada for their fall campaign. The outlook is for a great incursion of American hunters into the Provinces.

The plan of Government game preserves outlined in our issue of June 5 by Mr. W. G. Van Name has attracted wide attention and the indorsement of favorable opinion. Last week we printed comments upon it from Mr. Robert B. Lawrence, chairman of the Committee on Legislation of the New York Association, and of Mr. S. F. Fullerton, Executive Agent of the Minnesota Commission. To-day we publish other communications from others whose opinions are not less entitled to respect. Next week we shall have a paper on the game parks of Ontario, written by Dr. G. A. MacCallum, President of the Fish and Game Commission of the Province, in which it is pointed out that what Mr. Van Name proposes for the United States has already been accomplished in a measure in the Provinces.

Minnesota has abolished its discrimination against non-residents. Deer hunting visitors will no longer be required to take out licenses. Future effort will be directed in the line of preventing the marketing of game. There is probably in the whole Union no point outside of No. 346 Broadway, New York, where faith in the efficiency and sufficiency of the FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank is firmer than in the office of the Minnesota Commission.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE EDGE OF THE GRAN CHACO.

TOLD BY WILLIAM KINGSBURY TO WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Chapter V.

THE next three days were very busy ones for us. H. had to buy a full outfit in the horse line. After scouring the country for a couple of days he finally found a couple which he said suited him. They cost him about $70, including a saddle, lariat and bridle.

Fate seemed to snatch some of our belongings from us at times, only to return them at some future period. When we had parted with Chena we never expected to see her again, but fate had provided otherwise; and so it turned out with Jim's horse Zaino, which disappeared on the night of the dance of the little Angelito. The fourth day after H.'s arrival a Goucho boy drove up to the front of the house and tied his horse to a post.

"What a miserable looking animal that is," Jim remarked; "I'm going over to have a look at him." The horse did appear miserable, indeed; its bones nearly protruded through the skin, and on its back were a number of sores; the poor spine stood up in a knotty ridge, and the tail and mane had been cut short. We sat watching Jim, as he went first from one side of the horse then to the other, and we noticed that he was making a very close examination. Suddenly he called out, excitedly: "Come here, quick! Look this horse over closely and tell me if you ever saw him before?"

"For heaven's sake, Jim! This poor rack of bones can't be—and yet I do believe it is your horse—Zaino."

"I know it's Zaino! There goes the saddle, and there goes the bridle after the saddle!' and he hurled them both as far as he was able. "Come, Zaino! come with me." Jim was madder than I had ever seen him, and there was a glitter in his eye. He tied Zaino near the shanty and was washing the horse's sore back when the boy made his appearance. He seemed puzzled for a moment, then, as he gradually took in the situation, he walked over to where Jim was and spoke to him in Spanish. "What are you doing with my horse? I want him right away," he said.

"Where did you get this horse and how long have you had him?" asked Jim.

"He belongs to my father, and he raised him from a colt."

"You lie!" shouted Jim. "Now, pick up your saddle and bridle and get out of here as lively as you know how." As Jim emphasized this command by administering three or four kicks, the fellow was not long in obeying orders. Snatching up the saddle and bridle he started off at a lively clip across the pampas in the direction of Soledad.

Don Antonio, who had witnessed all this, walked over to ask what it was all about. Jim explained matters to him and he said that Jim had done just right. "I'm afraid you'll have trouble with the boy's father, though," he said. "He's a regular robber and a very bad man. I don't like him. Everybody's afraid of him."

"He'd better not come bothering around me much. If he does he'll find one man who don't care a rap for him," Jim replied.

The boy had hardly been gone an hour when we saw a man mounted on a galloping horse coming across the pampas. "I say, Jim, I'll bet that's the old man coming after the horse himself," said H., who had been the first to observe the approaching horseman.

The horseman, a large, villainous-looking individual, soon dashed up to the shanty. He almost threw his horse on its haunches he stopped so suddenly. "Carramba! You give me that horse. What you mean by stealing him from my son? In broad daylight, too. You give him to me directly."

"Where did you get this horse?" asked Jim, coolly.

"I bought him three years ago. He's mine, and you better give him to me, quick."

"I'll give him to you when you bring to me the person from whom you bought him and not before."

"Carramba! you defy me? Be careful, be careful how you play with me." As he hissed the last words he slipped his hand toward a murderous-looking horse-pistol which he carried in his belt.

"Be careful how you play with me or I will surely kill you," Jim replied grimly, as he whipped out his Smith & Wesson and aimed it full at the other's breast. "You can't have this horse," he continued. "He is mine, and here is the certificate which shows when and from whom I bought him." Jim here produced the certificate which showed his ownership of Zaino. "As for you, you are nothing but a contemptible thief. You stole this horse from me, and if I catch you around here again, you villain, I'll put some of these bullets clean through you! Now get out as quick as you know how."

Seeing that Jim was deadly in earnest, the half-breed did not wait for a second invitation to go, but, without another word, wheeled his horse, put spurs to him and dashed quickly away. He turned once in his saddle to shake his fist at Jim, but not until he was safely out of range. We never saw him again.

H. proposed that all hands go next day on a grand farewell hunt, to leave the Don and his family a good supply of meat before taking our departure. Daylight had hardly appeared when, followed by Chena and Tigre, we were on the move. H. was tall and loose-jointed, and why he had selected two horses so small that his feet nearly dragged on the ground puzzled Jim and myself greatly. Never will I forget that morning ride over the cañada of Soledad. H., anxious and eager, was in the lead, and as he went along, bouncing up and down on his little pony, it seemed that he would surely shake apart. Every joint in his body seemed to be working at once, and the flaps of his yellow tourist hat dangling loosely about his face, combined with his ill-fitting, fluttering clothing, to make him the most grotesque and comical sportsman I had ever looked upon. Jim and I followed in the rear and nearly fell off our horses with laughter at some of his ridiculous horsemanship. He was naturally such a good-natured, whole-souled person, however, that he did not mind our laughter in the least. In fact, he seemed to be pleased at his ability to entertain us.

We had covered perhaps five miles, and were following one of the numerous paths made by horses, cattle and other animals through the thick, high grass near the San Antonio, when, without warning, a drove of more than a dozen large ostriches almost sprang from under H.'s horse and were away helter skelter in all directions. Jim's Parker spoke, and down, heels over head, went one of the largest. Jim had caught him just as he was dodging behind a large ant-hill. H. put spurs to his horse and started wildly straightaway after a couple which kept the path we had been following. I fired at one as it swung into a path to the left, and had the satisfaction of seeing it drop. I wounded another, which Chena easily caught and made short work of.

All were now galloping like mad through the high grass, each in pursuit of an ostrich. The bird I was after stubbornly followed the zigzag twists and turns of one of the most crooked paths I had ever seen, and so gave but poor chance for a shot. Soon he came to a staight stretch, however, and his doom was sealed, for the Winchester keeled him over at about 40yds. Concluding that I had my share, I stopped on a slight rise of ground, where I could look down and see, now and then, the upper portions of Jim's and H.'s bodies skimming along above the top of the high grass. The grass was so tall that I could see very little of the horses. Watching H., I heard the crack of his rifle and a loud, ringing whoop, which told of success. Then I saw him bound 2 or 3ft. in the air and disappear. This sudden disappearance, I learned afterward, was attributable to the fact that just as he had dropped his ostrich his horse came to a natural ditch and took it on the fly, while H. flew into the air, coming down on the horse's haunches, ungracefully turned a back somersault, and landed on his back on the ground. After considerable trouble, with Jim's aid he managed to secure his horse and his ostrich, a very well satisfied individual indeed.

We had more game than we knew what to do with. H. had killed one, Jim two, and I three, counting the wounded one, which Chena caught. Besides these six, Tigre had run one down and killed it; so we had seven ostriches, and as we wished to take some venison back with us, we decided to take only the ostrich skins and best parts of the meat.

After our dinner of ostrich meat, we took a two hours' *siésta* in the shade, and then went for a swim. We were not long in getting the horses to the sandy shore, undressed, and mounted on our barebacked horses, were swimming them around in the river. We, horses and all, were enjoying our swim hugely when H. let out a yell and headed his horse for the shore. We were considerably puzzled and not a little alarmed until we saw an ostrich running along the edge of the river. As soon as H.'s horse reached *terra firma* he headed him full gallop for the flying ostrich, and we were entertained by the unusual sight of a perfectly naked white man mounted on a barebacked horse chasing a running ostrich and yelling all the while like an Indian. We soon caught the infection and joined in the chase, but only for a short distance, when the ostrich entered the high grass and we gave up.

While returning to the estancia, H., who was in the lead, stopped his horse suddenly, raised his rifle slowly and, taking a deliberate aim, fired. By the expansive grin of satisfaction which overspread his countenance we knew he had shot something. The something proved to be a fine, young gama buck. Before reaching the house H. stalked another.

The next day, Saturday, we spent in curing the deer and ostrich meat, so that Don Antonio and his family would have enough to eat in the meat line for some time to come.

Sunday was spent under the trees with the Don's family. Jim and I had been with these good people now for a month, and in that time we had enjoyed ourselves hugely. We had almost come to count ourselves as members of the family. That they entertained like feelings toward us was plainly evident by the half-hearted manner in which the songs were sung and the listless manner in which the guitar was played that afternoon. "It will be so lonesome when you all go away," said the old Don, for the fiftieth time that day, when we had gathered with the family for our last supper in their company.

Monday broke fine and clear; not a sign of cloud or mist could be seen. The atmosphere was so clear that objects ten miles away seemed to be but a mile or two from us. As we headed across the pampas in a northerly direction, hands, hats and handkerchiefs were waved until we were no longer in sight.

Our complete outfit consisted of our six horses, a pair of woolen blankets apiece, a tent, one rubber blanket to each man, a small amount of extra clothing, 10lbs. of syerba, 10lbs. of sugar, salt, pepper, 50lbs. of Italian biscuit, about 25lbs. of dried venison and ostrich meat, 500 rounds of cartridges apiece, 200yds. of manilla rope with which to tether our horses (lassos being too good for such work), numerous pots, pans and other utensils.

I rode Spotted Dick, and my pack horse was Santiago. Jim's horses were Zaino and Old Chub. Zaino had not recovered from his hard usage, still we could see that he was daily improving. H. named his horses Blanco and Queen Sabe.

We passed through a country of alternating prairie and thick monte that morning. The clean, pure weather and bright sunshine soon drove away the feelings of gloom that had hung over us all at the start. Game of all kinds was so abundant that we scarcely paid any attention to it. We had dinner on the edge of a wild monte, and took a three hours' siesta in the shade. Just before going into camp that evening we jumped a fine large buck gama. H. fired three times at not more than 75yds. and scored three straight misses. The buck did not attempt to run, but stood whistling and snorting until the last shot was fired, then turned and leisurely trotted away, completely disgusted at the poor marksmanship.

We went into camp near a heavy monte of algarroba, mandua and cactus, and a fine large lake literally alive with waterfowl. The mosquitoes were so thick that we got but very little sleep. We were compelled to keep the fire going all night, for a heavy smoke, but even the smoke did little good. The horses suffered considerably, and we were thankful when morning finally came. The light revealed each of us a sight to look upon; H. seemed to have suffered the most. There was scarcely a square inch of the exposed parts of his body without a huge swollen lump.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHEEP AND SNOWSHOES.—I.

A Winter Hunt on the Summit of the Rockies.

Wherefore.

CHICAGO, Ill., May, 1897.—In this story blend Ai-so pom-stan, Pah-kuk-kus and an umbrella. These be evil agencies. Yet, as in all plays, there must be also a good fairy, so now appears that beneficent genius, the FOREST AND STREAM luck, for which let no man take credit upon himself.

It is known of all men that Ai-so-pom-stan is the great cow moose which stands upon the furthest peak of the high mountains. Ai-so-pom-stan is the maker of the wind. When she moves her ears slowly, the wind is light. When she fans very hard with her ears, there is high wind and storm. This the Blackfeet will tell you.

Pah-kuk-kus is the evil spirit of mischief who lives in the North, where the Crees hunt. Pah-kuk-kus is the ghastly joke-maker of the air. He comes to the lonely hunter, who is camped in the mountains, appearing sometimes as a whirling cloud of smoke or fire or dust. He tears away lodges, and destroys *caches*, and terrifies the hunter by his presence. He is a bearer of a great gun, which he shoots off as he approaches, or sometimes, as he disappears in a trail of smoky cloud. He causes things to disappear, and breeds trouble for the hunter and his friends. Malice is his thought, and he has no pleasure except to disturb and trouble those whom he pursues. He comes usually in the storm, and perhaps grows angry, and tears trees or breaks lodge poles. You may hear him howling as the storm goes by. When you hear the voice of Pah-kuk-kus, it is time to draw the blanket close about you and to keep good watch, for evil is to come.

An umbrella also is an evil influence. Therefore I trembled when I saw that Mr. McChesney, whom I joined at St. Paul on the way out to this country of the Blackfeet, had in his luggage an umbrella. Once a friend started with me to go fishing and he carried an umbrella much to my fear. Him I persuaded to check his umbrella, and leave it at the depot. Yet on that trip, such was the potency of this evil influence even in the summer time, this very man fell out of the boat and was near to drowing, and we took no fish at all. Had he carried his umbrella along all the way, methinks he had been still wetter and mayhap had found a watery grave. In the winter time and in the Rocky Mountains, an umbrella is still more bodeful, though our wise men have not told us of this, perhaps because they have rarely seen Pah-kuk-kus in ths form.

As to the FOREST AND STREAM luck, of that we shall hear duly.

Already we have spoken of the place where these things had their happening, out in the cup of the big plains, and on top of the ultimate range of the great Rockies, where the waters run three ways, into the Pacific, into the Gulf of Mexico and into the Hudson Bay; for in the Blackfoot country the headwaters of the branches of the Columbia, the Missouri and the Saskatchewan all come close up together in some great mountains of high rocks, where the ice never melts at all, and where the snow lies late in summer and in the winter is very deep. It is in these mountains that Ai-so-pom-stan lives, and I doubt not many other spirits. For, though you go to any other portion of the Rockies, from the Cordilleras to the Selkirks's, you shall not feel your skin creep as it does here. Over this region there spreads some wide, mysterious influence, such as you feel nowhere else. This spirit seems to be the guardian of the Grail of America, some jewel whose nature we do not yet know, but which is hid deep in these hills. This may be in the St. Mary's, or in the Two Medicine, or among the big mountains between them or just beyond them toward where the waters fall to the western ocean; but it is there, and feeling this as you approach these mountains at the cañon of America, your skin crawls. It crawls the more if it be in winter, when the mountains are garmented in white. The Indians pray to the tall Chief Mountain. "Here at thy feet the fallen years lie buried," they pray to this mountain, knowing somewhat of its august spirit. And Chief Mountain and the high St. Mary's offer no invitation to you, but repel.

For my part, I did not need to go into the St. Mary's at all, for I already knew how they appeared. I had seen them in a dream long ago. The wise men do not know where we go when we are asleep, and certainly I had seen these mountains, though I was never there in body before. So in body I went with the others to the Two Medicine, and now, whether I sleep or wake, I still visit these mountains in dreams, seeing them in all their snowy splendor, their mysterious, repelling, yet fascinating calm, white, and cold, and reserved and beautiful. If one could only write of this so that all others could see it so! But to really see this you must go to the home of Ai-so-pom-stan in the winter, and to do this you need something of the FOREST AND STREAM luck.

For all this country belongs not to the white men, but to the red men. It is on Uncle Sam's ground, where only fortunate ones may hunt. It is in Montana, but not of it. Nowhere in the Rockies may you legally kill the grand bighorn sheep when you have to climb up to him on snowshoes. Montana say this is illegal; but Uncle Sam, giving to FOREST AND STREAM all good things as a matter of course, said through the Indian Agent, Major Steell, that we might climb to the summit if we liked, and might kill a few head of bighorn rams (not any ewes) if we were able to do so. So far as I know, there has been no other party of white men from the States who have gone into the Rockies in the winter and made a successful camp and a successful hunt for mountain sheep and goats. If they have done this, they must have done it on some Indian reservation, and I know of no other where the sheep and goats could be thus obtained at that season. Therefore, when Schultz and Jackson and Joe Kipp, of the Blackfoot agency, sent on for McChesney and myself, they offered us one of the rarest treats which could perhaps be attained by an American sportsman, and a trip in which there would seem to be some news such as not every journal of sports has ever chronicled. But then, this is FOREST AND STREAM, to which all things come. Thus did the FOREST AND STREAM luck take us to the heart of things, and ultimately baffle even Ai-so-pom-stan and the evil Pah-kuk-kus. So I shall say now, lest there be those who see no prophecy in these opening words, that we did really go into the Rocky Mountains in the dead of winter. We walked over their very tops on the snow and ice. We

lived in camp, some of the time with not even a tent, when the thermometer was known to be 27° and very possibly was 35° below zero. We climbed the white mountains on snowshoes, and we got to the sheep and the goat, and brought out the rarest trophies which can come to hunter in this country, doubly valuable to us in view of the season in which they were taken and the wild surroundings of the unique chase which gave them to us. I do not know of a rarer hunt than this. I do not know of any other country where it would have been possible, nor can I think of any hunt in which I would rather have been engaged.

Al-so-pom-stan Active.

On the first day of our arrival at Blackfoot station, the ears of the old cow moose must have been going at a great rate, for a fearful blizzard swept down from the north and shut in the little prairie town in a sheet of white. We could see only a few yards into the storm, and the cold was intense, as we learned when we sought to give the snowshoe a little breaking-in trial. Our team was all ready to start, and our supplies waiting over at Joe Kipp's store, but we dared not leave the town even to try getting over as far as the agency, which was but eight miles distant, directly over our road into the Two Medicine Mountains, where we intended to make our hunt. All we could do was to sit in the house and busy ourselves putting on finishing touches to our footgear and arranging the clothing we intended to wear. Not once all day long did the storm clear away enough for us to see the mountains, which are easily and plainly in view in decent weather, being only about twenty-five or thirty miles away and appearing, of course, very much closer. The blizzard was a very cold one, the thermometer going to 15° below without any special effort at all. McChesney and I slept in a little board house kept by Salms, the hotelman who feeds the railroad men who live at Blackfoot. In the room was a fine skin of a white-faced grizzly bear, which I am sure I should have stolen if I could by any possibility have gotten it into my pack bag. At the boarding house was still a larger and finer grizzly skin, for which I believe they wanted $50. We also saw many heads of sheep, goats, elk and deer, and knew we were upon the edge of a good game country—what is indeed perhaps the best big game country of the West today. Especially is this a grand country for grizzlies, and I lamented that it was the wrong season for these fellows, so that we should not have a chance to get the long lost grizzly on whose trail I have been for so many years.

On the second morning of our stay at Blackfoot the sun made a feeble effort to peep out, and the snow lightened a trifle, though the wind still kept up and the air was very cold. We concluded we might venture to the agency, so hurriedly loaded into the big sled box our camp outfit and supplies, and piled on top the best we could ourselves. We numbered here four of the party: J. W. Schultz, whom many readers will remember meeting at the Exposition in New York city; Crosby Boak, the teamster, a Westerner of checkered career as we shall later see. Mr. C. S. McChesney, of Troy, N. Y., was the Easternest man of the outfit. Years ago, when both were boys, McChesney and Schultz attended school together, and hunted together, and had good times together back in the hills of the Adirondacks and other places. Then McChesney went to Yale, and Schultz went to the frontier, passing twenty-odd years among the Indians of the extreme West and getting acquainted with the good hunting countries, so that when it came time for him to invite McChesney out for a hunt, he knew what he was doing in regard to game matters. McChesney had never been West before. I had never been so far north in the Rockies myself before, so we both shared the sense of novelty. Dr. Martin, the Agency physician, rode over from Blackfoot with us, but he was not of the hunting party.

It was a bitter wind that swept over the flat country between Blackfoot and the agency, and we had ample opportunity to test the worth of our respective outfits of clothing. We were well covered with a rime of frost when we got to the agency, but Major Steell, the Indian agent, soon had us thawed out, ordering us all to go over to his house and make it headquarters for the rest of the day and night, for it was now thought best not to go any further that day, as the weather was very bad. At the agency we met Billy Jackson, whom we were glad to see, of course, for the sake of auld lang syne. We were busy enough here at the agency for a day, as we had to get the snowshoes in order and pick up some odds and ends of the camp outfit which were lacking. We would gladly have remained here much longer, for Major Steell kept us absorbed listening to his tales of the old frontier. Major Steell is an old-timer of the real sort, having been trader for the American Fur Co. back in about the year 1 of the frontier days. We were now really in the West, the wildest of the West there is left to-day. We were upon the grounds where the buffalo once swarmed, and where the Indians hunted and fought but a very few years ago. We were within seventy miles of the spot where in 1873 the "Baker massacre" took place, in which 283 Blackfeet were killed by Col. Baker's troops. On this same ground, in 1864 and 1865, 1,500 of the Blackfeet people died by the measles. In 1882–83, the season after the buffalo disappeared, 480 Blackfeet starved to death. These figures will show in a way where the Indians were going when their actual condition was first realized by those who have since come to understand the situation better.

It was a land of tragedy, this over which we were crossing, but happily now of a tragedy passing away. We had seen at intervals as we came over the prairies the log houses of the people, and had seen their cattle feeding in herds of hundreds. The Indians do not starve now, and they are warm. They swear by their agent, and petition that he be not changed. And Major Steell, who has lived among these people so long that he can understand them, looks about him in his home at the gifts of friendship they bring him, and about the country where the horses and cattle are, and recounts with pride that his Indians are the foremost tribe of the American Indians in adapting themselves to the new order of things. Both Indians and agent seem happy and contented together, and for once in a way the Indian problem seems one that has been solved.

An Indian agency is perhaps a different affair from what would be supposed by Eastern people. It is no mere collection of rude huts or lodges, but has more the appearance of an army post. The new Blackfoot Agency is built up with comfortable, painted houses of modern appearance, and makes a pleasant though rather straggling little village. Not far away is a church, and not far beyond lies the Government school. There are Government storehouses and offices and hospitals, and some good dwellings where the agency force live, to say nothing of Joe Kipp's main store, a hotel, and several shops of varied nature. The Indians do not wear blankets as general dress, but lean to the clothing of the white men, except the women, who come in on issue days wrapped up in blankets as of old, and of course riding astride their horses. And by this token a blanket is the warmest thing a man can get around him in a Montana windstorm—far warmer than an overcoat.

The Last Night Under a Roof.

By night time at the agency we had all our belongings arranged, snowshoes fixed up, rifles sighted, etc. Major Steell allowed us to leave all our superfluous clothing at his house till our return, so that we were able to leave the agency stripped for the work of the mountain trip, and carrying no superfluous weight along. After these business details, we settled down to an evening of solid comfort, enjoying our last night under a roof. The thermometer was at 6 below toward evening, but inside the house it was glowing warm and comfortable.

Bull Shoe, one of the Indian judges, made us a call during the afternoon, tried a shot with our rifles, and told us something about the Indian laws in the times before he became a magistrate. Some of the Indians call on the Major nearly every day, and he holds quite a levee at times in his little reception room, adorned with Indian implements and works of art. He has a number of fine trophies and skins about the room, and over one armchair has a bear skin. It was noticed at different times that Brocky, and I think Bull Shoe, Eagle Ribs and one or two other Indians, would always decline to sit in this chair when it was offered them. They would sit down on the floor, but would not sit on the bear skin. Major Steell mentioned this fact, and Schultz told him it was because these men all belonged to a society or cult or lodge, or Indian church of some kind, of which the Bear was the "medicine animal." They dared not sit on the skin of a bear, or speak disrespectfully of that animal. Sometimes this society forbids the mention of the name of the bear in the common form (*ki-yu*), but they have some word or other by which they paraphrase it.

Talking over these and other things, we passed a few hours of evening all too quickly. Major Steell is a good story teller, and he has stories to tell, right out of his own life, with no need of varnish or sandpaper. If only the New York papers would lay a pipe line to Major Steell's house, what bear stories they could get! True ones, too! For instance, once upon a time the Major was riding across country, and met up with a whole bunch of grizzlies, eleven of them in all, when he had no weapon along but his revolver. He chased the bears for the fun of the thing, and shot away his revolver loads, his horse once being so close as to jump over one bear. This would be thought a lie in a Sunday paper, where a good many bear lies are thought true.

Major Steell's Story.

Among other stories the Major told was one about things to eat.

"I see you have a good grub outfit along, boys," said he, "and that reminds me of a hunt I had one time, not so very long ago and not so very far from here, although it was in the days of the buffalo.

"There used to be a hunter about these parts by name of Cadotte, a very good hunter, too, and one day a party of us, with Cadotte in the lead, started out for a buffalo hunt not far below where we then were. The buffalo were all over the country, and we made no arrangement for taking any grub along. In those days a man never took anything to eat, for he could always kill a buffalo or some other sort of game.

"We started out on Friday, and soon got to the river, where we expected to find some buffalo, but we found they had moved on out of that part of the country. We, therefore, crossed the river and followed on West, expecting at any hour to run into the herd. To our surprise, we did not find a buffalo, and did not see a head of any other kind of game, either. We rode all day Friday and had not a bite to eat. It was the same thing Saturday, too. We didn't see a bit of game of any kind, and we went to bed mighty hungry. At afternoon of the following day, Sunday, we pulled up—there were six or eight of us along—in a cottonwood grove, without a sign of a bite to eat, and we were more than half-way starved, for we had ridden in the cold for nearly three days and had eaten nothing. We felt pretty blue, and didn't know what to do.

"The problem was solved rather suddenly by Cadotte. We had an old, scabby, mangy dog along with us, which had followed along somewhat unnoticed. This dog passed by Cadotte as he sat on the ground curled up in a ball of despondency, and without saying a word Cadotte pulled out his revolver and shot the dog. Almost at the same time an old owl, startled by the shot, hopped and lit down again on a limb of the tree above Cadotte's head, and he shifted his aim to the owl and shot it also. We did not say much about it, but we went to work and cooked both the dog and the owl, and we ate 'em both up, too. I don't really feel competent to say which was the better to eat, but we were not confined to either one. If we didn't like owl, we had dog, and either dog or owl is a whole lot better than nothing, I will say that much."

"I have every reason also to believe," continued Major Steell later, "that skunk is good to eat, and I know very well that wolf is not bad to eat. But it must be a poisoned wolf. I called one time on a couple of trappers who were wolfing, and they were living much of the time on poisoned wolf. It is a mistake to think that a poisoned animal will poison any other animal eating it. If you should eat of the stomach of a poisoned wolf you could be poisoned at once, of course, and would die; but the flesh of animals is made tender by the action of the poison in the blood, and is not so bad to eat. This may sound like a fairy tale, but any old plainsman will tell you it is true. I can't say that I like owl or dog or wolf very well, now that I can get other things, but don't you turn up your nose at any one of them if you can't do any better. Of course, a good fat dog is good to eat—nice, fat dog, well cooked—clean dog, you know; everybody knows that. But what I mean to say is that even a scabby and mangy dog is good when you have nothing better. Yes, sir, it's mighty good."

Billy Jackson's Story.

"I saw a funny thing one time out on the plains," said Billy Jackson, when it came to him. "I was riding over to a station to do some little errand or other, and as I crossed a bit of prairie I saw a strange-looking thing going around and around, all the time in a circle, a little way off on the prairie. I rode up, and there I saw a band of skunks, thirteen of them there were in all, and they were running around in a circle, one right behind the other, galloping along as if one was tied to another. They looked up at me, but they never did stop a lick, but kept on galloping on around in the circle, as though they were hired to do it and dare not stop. It was too much for me, and I couldn't make it out, so I rode on away and left them a-galloping round and round. In about two hours or so I came back that way again, and blamed if there they weren't still on hand a-galloping round and round in the same circle yet. They looked up at me again, as though to say it was their busy day, but they didn't offer to stop. I went away and left them, and I never did know what they were up to. I never saw any such thing as that in all my life in the West, before or since. They were galloping around that circle all the afternoon, fully three hours."

Schultz's Story.

"I don't suppose there are more than two or three of the genuine old-time war shields left in all this tribe," said Schultz. "I have heard of one, and it is valued at about $100. There are very few of the old war shirts left, either, nowadays. Do you know how a war shield was made, in the old days? Most people suppose it was cut out of the neck of a bull skin, but it was better than that. The Indians would wet and heat and shrink a full-sized bull skin rawhide until they got the whole skin shrunk down to a size not much bigger than the shield. Of course, it was very thick and very tough. It was all right for an arrow or a knife, and in the time of the old Hudson Bay fuques it would stop a bullet, too. You don't see many shields made that way now. They fix them up for show, cutting them out round from a thick skin, but not putting the time and care on them they used to in the old times."

Boak's Story.

"I expect they ain't but one hunter in this whole country," said Boak, the teamster, "an' that's my pardner, Scott." (Boak never got done about talking of his "pardner," for whom he had the old-time pardner's reverent confidence, such as Bret Harte never did and never could exaggerate.) "Me an' my pardner usually get about twenty bears or so each year. A good bear skin is good for about $25 to us, we allow.

"This last season we played in mighty hard luck. Scott, he's a good hunter, but he's always wantin' to do somethin' fer someone else. He was out and killed two good bears, and was in camp stretching up the skins so they would be all right. Along comes a entire stranger to him, and flops down in camp and says he's sick an' can't go no further. He was some prospector, we allowed, though we never did know who he was. Well, this man is sick and hungry, and needs medicine; so Scott he stops work and makes him comfortable, and then he starts off, thirty miles, to the railroad, to get some medicine for the man, which he says he must have. The medicine cost a lot of money, too, to say nothing of the time it took to go git it. But, by gosh! when Scott he gits back to camp, blamed if the sick man ain't blowed his br'ins out, so they ain't no need of the medicine at all! Of course, Scott has to trot back to the town after the coroner, fer it ain't best to have dead men found around your camp careless like, of course. By the time Scott gets the coroner in there them bear skins is spoiled entirely, to say nothing of a week's time lost right when bears is easiest to git. That was tough luck.

"The feller? Oh, we never did know who he was. He like enough lost his grip an' got sick, wanderin' around prospectin'. We buried him all right, but we don't know who he was."

McChesney's Wish.

"I can hardly realize," said McChesney, "that we are really here, out in the Rocky Mountains, in the wintertime. If I write and tell my friends that it is 10 or 15° below zero they'll think I'm lying. I don't see how we'll ever get through the snow over to the mountains from here, for the horses could hardly get over this far across the prairie. Do you think there's anything in this doctrine of transmigration of souls? If there is, I hope with all my heart that after I die I won't get transmigrated into the form of a Montana horse."

How to Use a Buffalo Robe.

Suppose you have a buffalo robe, and you are caught out of a cold night; do you know how to use it? Would you wrap up in it with the hair side next to your body or next to the ground, if you were going to use it for bedding? Probably you would put the soft, curly hair next to you, so you would be warmer, wouldn't you? That is the wrong way to do. The Indian and the plainsman always put the hair side out, saying that surely the buffalo would know which side of his hide to wear outside. A robe with the hair side down keeps the moisture out far better, and is twice as warm as when the skin side is placed toward the ground. This is one of the things we learned in the symposium at Maj. Steell's house, at the edge of the Rockies, as well as many other things of which within patience we cannot now speak.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Illinois Bass Fishing.

KAMPSVILLE, Ill., June 8.—The fishing at this place has been unusually good during the past week. The high water, which flooded the bottom lands along the Illinois River filled all the lakes and sloughs with black bass, and they are now making their way to the river through the various creeks and ditches. A party of five on June 6 caught 163 good-sized bass, and other parties have been equally successful. Not many fishermen are at this place at present, but a fair estimate of the number of black bass caught within the past four days would be about 570 among eleven rods. Below the dam, which is connected with the Government locks at this place, the water has heretofore been too muddy for much success in catching white bass and jack salmon. Yesterday, however, a number of fine jack salmon were caught, and in a few days grand sport is expected.

FASCES.

NEW BRUNSWICK'S ATTRACTIONS.

THE Board of Trade of New Brunswick recently offered a prize of $100 for the best paper descriptive of "Fredericton as a Sporting Center," and the award was given to our well-known contributor Mr. Frank H. Risteen, of Fredericton. From advance sheets we take the following:

As a region for big game, especially for moose and caribou, the interior of New Brunswick is not equalled by any other section of eastern North America. Its salmon streams are unrivaled anywhere. The game laws of the Province may be briefly summarized thus: The open season for moose, caribou, deer, duck, woodcock and snipe extends from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Each hunter may shoot two moose, three caribou and three deer in a season. Non-residents desiring to hunt moose and caribou are required to take out a license, paying a fee of $20 and giving a bond of $100 for observance of the law. No license is required for the hunting of deer. The open season for partridge extends from Sept. 20 to Jan. 1.

The fishery laws are mainly controlled by the Dominion Government. The open season for salmon extends from Feb. 1 to Aug. 15; for speckled trout, from April 1 to Sept. 15; for lake trout and landlocked salmon, from May 1 to Sept. 15.

New Brunswick has not only a greater mileage of railway in proportion to population than any other State or Province in America, but its soil is intersected everywhere by a wonderful natural system of water communication. Well stocked as the whole of the interior is with fish and game of all kinds, the facilities offered for canoeing, camping, fishing and hunting are not equaled in any part of America within easy reach of those who love the forest and the stream. The lakes and rivers which empty into the basin of the St. John are in no way inferior in this respect to those of that far-famed wilderness region watered by the Miramichi, the Nepisiquit and the Restigouche. The Squatook Lakes, Green River, Grand River, Tobique River, Oromocto Lake, Grand Lake—these are terms synonymous with hard-fighting salmon that call for the angler's utmost skill; with gallant warrior trout that ask no quarter; with togue of fabulous weight that haunt the deep lake bottoms; with black duck, teal and broadbills in their season, and with the noblest game animals to be found in Eastern America—the moose, bear, deer and caribou.

A volume would be required in which to catalogue the various canoe trips open to the camper and sportsman by its tributary streams. He may, as did the Indians for ages, urge his way with pole and paddle up the main St. John and, after a short portage, embark upon the Penobscot. He may ascend the Madawaska River, a distance of fifteen miles, carry his "pirogue" over into Squatook River, and thence enjoy a run down stream of seventy-five miles to the place of beginning, by a river that fairly swarms with trout and through lakes that are as beautiful as a poet's dream. He may pole up Green or Grand River and down the spacious Restigouche. He may ascend the silvery waters of the Tobique and thence traverse the Bathurst Lakes and the wild and rugged Nepisiquit. From the latter stream, if so inclined, he may carry into the Upsalquitch, a branch of the Restigouche. At Fredericton he can launch his Milicete canoe when the morning sun is breaking through the river mist and at nightfall pitch his tent upon the level shores of Grand Lake, an ideal camping ground for the tourist who wishes to combine a maximum of water space and grassy mead with a minimum of work.

Owing to its central location, both from a railroad and geographical standpoint, there is no more convenient place of departure for the fisherman or big game hunter than Fredericton. The city lies almost equidistant from the great hunting region of the Canaan and Salmon rivers and that of the Tobique and Miramichi. Between the two, and almost at its threshold, is the Cains River country, renowned for moose and caribou. The sportsman may leave Fredericton in the morning, with his Indian guides, and camp at sunset on the hunting grounds of East Brook Plains. To reach the upper waters of the Tobique or of the Nor West Miramichi will require about three days.

Let us suppose that the reader yearns to shoot a moose, which animal he has vainly sought, it may be, for many moons in Maine or Nova Scotia. He will, if he wishes to hunt in the calling season, need to start for the scene of action not later than the middle of September. The sooner he starts the better his chance will be. He will only need to bring to Fredericton his wearing apparel and his rifle, which latter should be no plaything, but a weapon that will combine paralysis and penetration in a marked degree. Supplies and provisions for the trip of the best quality can be obtained much cheaper at Fredericton than they can be brought here.

A first-class guide will be required, who knows the country well and is really able to call moose. He will expect to receive from $2 to $3.50 per day, according to circumstances. The latter figure may seem high, but the guide is usually a trapper who has a country of his own in which he has built camps and canoes, cut trails and gone to other expense on capital account. Unless he receives good wages as a guide it would pay him to go and shoot the moose himself. At least one additional man, combining the office of cook and packer, will be needed, so that the chief guide may devote his whole attention to hunting. This extra man will ask $1 or $1 50 a day. If a team is necessary to haul the supplies in over the portage road, the teamster will expect to receive $4 a day for himself and team. You will decide that this is not excessive after you have watched him for a few hours battling with the roots and rocks, blow-downs and quagmires of the portage.

To make reasonably sure of bagging a bull moose a trip of at least three or four weeks is necessary. Such a trip should cost from $150 to $200. The sportsman is at liberty to make it cost as much more as he wishes.

By many amateur woodsmen the caribou is esteemed more highly as a game animal than the moose. The great virgin wilderness of New Brunswick at the present day is a caribou paradise. If the moose may be numbered in hundreds, the caribou may be reckoned in thousands. They can be stalked with considerable ease on a windy day, but cannot be run down no matter what the depth of snow, and so they escape the butchery in the close season that too often falls to the lot of moose and deer.

As showing how plentiful they are, it may be mentioned that on Christmas Day, 1894, seven large herds of caribou were visible at once on the ice of Little Sou-West Lake In November, 1895, near Bald Mountain, on the Nor-West Miramichi, two Fredericton sportsmen saw, in the space of three days, 130 caribou. In December last a sportsman from Newcastle, in the same section of country, saw a single herd of caribou in which were fully 100 individuals. In that vast expanse of forest land watered by Green River, Grand River, Tobique, Nor-West Miramichi, Sou-West Miramichi, Restigouche and Nespisiquit, with their innumerable branches, the country is swarming with caribou, and they are thought to be increasing every year. They are practically unmolested by man, and the black bear is the only animal that preys upon them. It is believed that the car bou, which have been almost driven out of Maine by persistent hunting, have taken refuge in large numbers in New Brunswick. The caribou seems to be imbued with the restless spirit of the age. He has no fixed abiding place, and is always in a hurry to reach some other place where he can at once make haste to hurry back again.

Without doubt the best season for hunting caribou is in November when the bogs are frozen and there is suitable snow for tracking, and when their antlers have not yet been shed. Their actions in the presence of man are very eccentric. Sometimes they will stampede at the faintest sign of danger, or no sign at all; at other times they will stand stupidly together or walk aimlessly about while the death-dealing rifle is thinning out their ranks.

Red deer are multiplying rapidly in every part of New Brunswick. They are especially abundant in the South and West. With proper protection they will soon be as numerous as in Maine.

On the headwaters of the Nepisiquit not only are moose and caribou plentiful, but the sportsman may enjoy the unique experience of stalking the black bear as he roams the blueberry-covered hills in September. As a rule, the black bear is about as dangerous as a raccoon or porcupine. At the sight or scent of man he will run like a tramp from a woodpile. The maternal solicitude of the she bear when in company with her cubs, however, is not to be trifled with. Unless you are sure that this particular bear belongs to you, it is well to stand back about 79½ft.

There are several fine salmon streams within a few hours' ride by rail of Fredericton. A few desirable streams are still unleased and may be secured at a reasonable rental from the Crown Land Department. Where the river is already leased it is not difficult for the visiting sportsman, in most cases, by application to local anglers, to obtain the right to fish.

With the possible exception of the Restigouche, the finest salmon river in the province is the Tobique. The angler may leave Andover in the morning by team and hook his salmon for supper, and when the railway is completed to Plaster Rock he will be able to reduce this record by several hours. This beautiful mountain stream has been so well protected of recent years that the fish have become very abundant. The adult Tobique salmon runs from 12 to 20lbs. in weight, and is far more gamy than the Restigouche fish.

A river which shows to some extent the results of inefficient protection, but still affords excellent sport in a normal season, is the Sou-West Miramichi. This was a favorite resort of the late Gov. Russell, Joe Jefferson, the actor, and other well-known American anglers. The cascade of Fall Brook, 120ft. in height, is reached by a few minutes' walk from the main stream, and is one of the scenic marvels of New Brunswick. A ride of two hours by rail brings the sportsman to Boiestown, where the guides will have all in readiness to pole him up the river. The uniform rate these hardy, willing fellows charge for their services is $1.25 per day. Their skill in picking the channel or in breasting and shooting the rapids is a subject of unceasing wonder to all who have ever witnessed it. Whether on the hunting ground or the salmon stream, the uniform testimony of strangers is that New Brunswick guides are honest and cheerful, thorough woodsmen all of them, and anxious only to please.

The trout streams and lakes of the Province are innumerable and, with few exceptions, open to all. When the sea trout are running excellent fishing is obtained at Indiantown, on the Sou-West Miramichi, which is reached in five hours from Fredericton. Cains River, a noted stream for trout, is reached by fifteen miles of rail from Fredericton and a portage of ten miles.

One of the finest trout streams in the province, the Bartibogue River, which was reserved by the Government from the recent sale of fishing privileges, is to be efficiently guarded henceforth, and trout fishing permitted on it with the rod only at a fixed rate per day. The Crown Land Department has determined to vigorously enforce the regulations against netting and spearing not only on the Bartibogue, but Cains River, Renous, Dungarvon and other rivers that have heretofore been poached.

To the mind of the native tourist the Tobique River conveys a boundless vision of all that is wild and primitive for woodland scenery, and all that is exciting and otherwise enjoyable for plenitude of fish and game supply. He who, with birch canoe and brawny Milicete polesman, has ascended its pure, translucent waters to Long Lake or Trowsers Lake, the principal scources of this lovely mountain stream, will have secured a wealth of picturesque experience that will remain with him in reminiscent form as long as life shall last. He will have seen a region untainted for the most part by the touch of man; where forest trails are scoured deep in the solid turf by countless generations of moose and caribou; where the tremulous note of the loon is borne afar on the pulseless wings of the evening air; where the unsophisticated trout will seize a flannel rag as readily as the most alluring fly; where great rafts of black duck arise in clamorous flight at his unkind approach, and where his sleep at night is broken by the sloppy blow of the jumping salmon as he tumbles back in his native pool. Should he ascend the tortuous waters of the Little Tobique, he will find himself on the shores of the beautiful Nictaux Lake, which shines like a gem in its emerald setting at the base of Bald Mountain, the highest summit in the Province. From this commanding eminence the traveler surveys a vast, unbroken sea of foliage, whose undulations roll against the storied cliffs of Gaspe to the north and the coroneted peak of old Katahdin to the south.

In all its essential features, the forest of New Brunswick is to-day what it was in the dawn of history. It is still the forest primeval. Over the rampart hills and under the sentinel stars are streams whose sources are unknown; vast areas of timber land that have never echoed the sound of the woodman's axe or the hunter's rifle; lofty cataracts whose hoarse soliloquy is seldom heard by human ear; beautiful lakes without a name, whose eternal stillness is broken only by the rattle of the kingfisher, the leap of the landlocked salmon, the uncanny laughter of the loon, or the plunging stride of the wading moose. The voyager who seeks these hidden shores will find a gentle, bounteous wilderness "to whose ever-verdant antiquity the Pyramids are young and Nineveh a mushroom of yesterday."

Natural History.

WHITE BUFFALO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your paper of May 4 I have read an article on white buffalo by Mr. C. E. Denny, in which he says he thinks such an animal never really existed. I can hardly agree with him, as I have known one among the wood buffalo which could not possibly have been from any domestic stock; and have had two other robes in my possession which appeared, both by the hump on the back and the hair, to have been of pure buffalo.

In the fall of 1854 I took charge of the Hudson's Bay Company post on the North Saskatchewan, in the Blackfoot country; and, as was often the custom, we made relation with some chief, which was done by a complete change of our clothing. The chief always came in his full war dress, with bow, arrows and war robe. During the winter I made a brother of Mah-qua-ah-ma-kan (the Running Wolf), and he gave me a beautiful robe, not quite white, but nearly of a cream color, with some darker places on it, which he prized very much. Again, in 1856, I took the head chief of the Piegans (The Swan) as my father, and got another robe from him, which was a light gray, with a few darker gray spots on it. Both of these robes I firmly believe were *bona fide* plains buffalo.

Now for the wood buffalo, which, I think, affords a positive proof that such an animal has existed. In the spring of 1870 I undertook to establish a new post for the company at the junction of the Clearwater and Athabasca rivers. A band of Crees and a band of Chipewyans lived in that part of the country and hunted between the Athabasca and Peall rivers, as far north as the watershed between the two rivers. At that time a band of about 100 wood buffalo were then alive in that country; the last one was killed in 1887. During the winter of 1870 71 the Chipewyans reported having seen a white yearling calf among the band, which they had fired at several times, again. The following summer the Crees saw it. Next winter it was again seen by the Chipewyans; and then again the following fall my own Cree hunter reported having seen and fired twice at long range at this white buffalo. It was only now I really believed that there was such animal in the country. So I ordered Baptiste Kah ne-pah, one of the Crees, to pitch after the white buffalo, or, as they called it, the medicine cow, and not to show himself at the post until his wife could give me the white robe for my cariole. In March he brought it in, and it was one of the finest robes I have ever seen. The hair was unusually long and fine; the color was like that of a white silver fox, a little darker about the neck; the body very light and in the distance apparently white. This animal could not have come from any domestic stock, as only a few animals were kept at the mission, at the post of Fort Chipewyan, 100 miles off, they never lost an animal, and to the south the nearest cattle were in the Saskatchewan Valley. A. J. MOBERLY.

NORTHWEST TERRITORIES.

Birds and Bird Music.

FERRISBURGH, Vt., June 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From what I hear from the birds' own mouths, I have reason to believe that we have more of them with us than usual in spite of plume hunters, collectors and market shooters. No doubt it is to the latter that we owe the noticeable scarcity of robins and bobolinks in recent years, yet this year there is certainly a fuller early morning chorus of robins than has been heard for several seasons, and a more continuous jangle of the bobolinks' rollicking song comes from the meadow. These birds were prompt to announce their arrival on the established date of May 8. In the evening of the next day we heard a whippoorwill quite near the house. A lot of meadow-larks and flickers came back to us, and more bluebirds than last year, when I heard but two all told. There is a goodly muster of orioles, whom we gladly welcome for their beauty and their song, and for their valuable service in the orchards. Here we are orchardists rather than vineyardists, and the orioles are our friends. If it was a question of apples or orioles, probably I should have to take the side of bread and butter against sentiment; but, as it is, I would rather have orioles than grapes, and robbins than cherries.

On May 10 our cat bird came to his own again in the thicket of Tartarian honeysuckles, without the loss of a note from his medley. June 4 we heard the first cuckoo and the next day a great-crested fly-catcher, which we have not had about the house for two years, though previously a constant summer visitor. His note can have no music in it for any but his mate, but I am glad to hear it again day after day, and to know that a pair are resting here, doubtless with the usual snake skin in the nest, which I hope may prove a mascot to bring good luck or, at least, a charm to avert the ill luck.

The sweet simple note of a wood peewee was first heard June 8, and every afternoon and evening since I have heard at least two chanting their indolent song. There are many virios and some yellow birds and other singers whose songs do not tell their names to my dull ears; but it is good to be told that the summer world is so full of happy life, though one is denied the sight of it. AWAHSOOSE.

The Woodcock's Whistle.

COMMENTING upon the notes of Mr. William Holliday, printed in our issue of May 15, Mr. James Wight gives in the Rockland, Me., *Courier* this "reply to all who advocate the wing theory:"

"Did you ever keep in a cage a beautiful song bird that poured forth a perfect gush of melody for you all day and half the night? And if so, did you ever know him to sing during the moulting season? The moulting season is a very trying time for all birds. They are feeling too poorly to be hunted, too weak to fly, too low-spirited to sing and too sick to be eaten.

"When I hear the familiar voice of a person singing I recognize the voice, even if the songs are different; and when I hear the love song of the woodcock as he woos his mate I recognize the same quality of tone which I hear in the month of October when he has fully recovered from his ill turn and is both fit to hunt and to eat—and as he was not while moulting.

"It is late in October. We go into a piece of woodcock cover, composed mostly of alders; the dog points, a bird is flushed, appears above the tops of the bushes with a shrill whistle—we pull the trigger and he drops, is retrieved and goes into the pocket.

"We go on a few yards. Another bird is found and flushed. Goodness! how he goes. Two shots ring out but he flies off unharmed. Did you hear him whistle? No—he didn't whistle a note. How is that?—he went like a cannon-ball and if the sound is made by the rapid motion of the wings, how can he help whistling, whether he wants to or not?

"He cannot help it, if he makes the noise with his wings; in that case it is merely a case of mechanical action and is classed with the buzz saw. He wishes to place the greatest possible distance between himself and you in the smallest space of time. So the greatest burst of speed must come at the start.

"Now let Nordica or Melba take a whip and swish it through the air, and if the motion is rapid enough there will be heard a whistling sound and it cannot be prevented. But these singers do control their throats, and so do the woodcock.

"But here come a number of reliable gentlemen and say, 'Now we have decided the matter beyond all doubt. We have picked up a wounded woodcock, with half, or perhaps the whole, of his bill shot away. We held him by the legs, he seemed perfectly strong, made his wings go as if he was flying, and whistled like everything. Must have done it with his wings, you see, because he had no bill to whistle with.' Well, Madame Nordica does not sing with her bill. She sings as your canary or as my mocking bird does, or as the woodcock does. When he woos his mate he sings to her with his throat. I have seen many a woodcock burst out of cover without a note, though he had speed enough to give a glorious whistle if the wing theory were true. I have watched many a woodcock fly at a very rapid and uniform rate—whistle and stop—whistle and stop—repeating this performance till he disappeared. If he whistled with his wings this would be impossible, but if with his throat, it is as easy as it is for a linnet or a bobolink, both of which birds sing as they fly.

"I have been taking notes for more than thirty years.

"JAMES WIGHT."

The Monkeys of Gibraltar.

THE monkeys of Gibraltar—the only ones living in a wild State in Europe—have been made the subject of a learned monograph by Don Salvador Calderon, in the eighteenth volume of the "Anales de la Sociedad Española de Historia Natural." The first known mention of these animals, which belong to the plebeian barrel-organ variety (*Inuus ecaudatus*), was made in 1789, in the Memoirs of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. There has been much discussion of the question whether they were originally imported from Morocco or were indigenous to Europe, furnishing proof, in the latter case, of the former connection of the two continents. The Arabs had a tradition that these animals came to Europe by a submarine passage known to them only. It is significant that the Mohammedan writers, in their descriptions of the newly conquered Iberian Peninsula, nowhere make any mention of monkeys. It is only since 1855 that statistical records of the monkeys have been kept at Gibraltar. At that time they seemed to be dying out. Brehm found only eleven in 1856, and a few years later the number was reduced to four. It was then replenished by the addition of several couples brought over from Tangier. This necessity of "colonization" led Blainville to express the opinion that these monkeys were descendants of a domesticated pair that escaped a century or more ago. Their threatened extinction forty years ago was largely due to the fact that many of them were trapped by the owners of fruit orchards which the monkeys used to pillage. This trapping was stopped by a special edict of the Government. At present the colony includes about twenty monkeys. They are seldom visible, except when water is scarce, and it is believed that their principal food consists of the roots and fruits of the dwarf palm (*palmito*), besides scorpions and other insects.—*New York Evening Post.*

Singing Mice.

MR. HOUGH'S reports of the singing mice, whose songs he has so poetically translated for us, reminds me of one that I heard many years ago. I was doing chores in the barn one day in midwinter, when out of a mow of unthrashed oats there came a low, sweet warble, which would have attracted attention at any time, but still more in the midst of the songless desolation of winter. I did not see the singer, but know it could be only the singing mouse, till then a myth. Afterward my brother saw and heard one several times in the kitchen. This one did not warble, but uttered only separate soft musical notes. AWAHSOOSE.

A Two-Headed Snake.

CHAUMONT, N. Y.—Some time in August, 1889, Mr. Will Miller, of Alexandria Bay, N. Y., was rambling in the woods near there and came across a female milk snake, and with her a number of young snakes about 7 or 8in. long. Among them was one with two distinct heads, separating from each other about 1½in. Each head could open its mouth and protrude its tongue independently of the other. This one he caught and carried home in a cigar box It only lived a few days, and he then preserved it in alcohol, where I saw it two years afterward. I also saw it when first caught. READ.

Deer in Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, June 10.—Timothy Fanning, who has a farm at Happy Hollow, near the Woonsocket water tank, reports that last Monday while at his farm he saw a deer grazing near him. He says the deer was not frightened at his approach, and after grazing about the place awhile wandered off in the woods and went in the direction of Marionville. W. H. M.

They tell this story of Lord Roseberry, who is a very bad shot: Not long ago he was on the Scotch moors, and having unsuccessfully fired at a covey of birds that rose not more than 20yds ahead, he exclaimed: "It is strange that none of them fell! I'm positive that some of them must have been struck!" "I dinna doot," returned the keeper, with the usual freedom of his class, "that they were struck wi' astonishment at gettin' off sae easy!"—*Outlook.*

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Game Bag and Gun.

GOVERNMENT GAME RESERVES.

From State Fish and Game Protector Charles A. Shriner.

PATERSON, N. J., June 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Anent the project of securing game preserves under governmental control, permit me to suggest that the preservation of migratory birds would be a mere incident to the greater benefits to be derived from such a project. Take, for example, this little State of New Jersey. In the southern counties there are large areas of what are known as pine barrens, the home for many years of most of the wildfowl in the State. This property could have been acquired a few years ago for a song, and even to-day title might be gained to it for about two songs; it pays little taxes, and divided up as it is among many owners, is of no economic importance to the general public. If this property had been purchased some years ago and shooting on it prohibited, the wild deer would not now be nearly extinct in this State, nor would the white egret have been exterminated. The few people who eked out a miserable existence by chopping down the stunted trees or by trying to coax the soil to grow a few vegetables—attempts almost invariably abandoned after a year or two of experimenting—would have found occupation at something more profitable; no one would have been injured thereby, and the general community would have been vastly benefited.

In the northern part of this State there are thousands of acres of territory which only a few years ago were leased to any person willing to pay the taxes thereon; to-day some of it can still be obtained at a very low figure. If this property had been acquired a few years ago the watershed of the Passaic would not have passed into the hands of a few capitalists, but would have been owned by the public. I know that in other States there are similar tracts of land, valueless if the ownership is divided among a number of private individuals, but priceless treasures in the hands of the Government.

The project presents difficulties, especially in the hands of the National Government officials; but I see no reason why each State should not acquire properties of this kind, and thus preserve not only the migratory birds, but also the indigenous game, the watersheds and the forests.

CHARLES A. SHRINER.

From W. S. Gavitt, President of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

LYONS, N. Y., June 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to a recent article in the FOREST AND STREAM relative to the protection of migratory birds, from Mr. Van Name, I am more than pleased with the scheme advanced and am quite sure that the sportsmen and public generally throughout this whole country are becoming aroused to the necessity of some concerted action looking toward the better preservation of both our game and song birds. As stated, any plan which will afford some additional protection beyond that afforded by the laws of the several States, will be particularly desirable.

It cannot be denied that wildfowl, shore birds and the snipe family, as well as the robin, are being rapidly exterminated, by reason of being disturbed and slaughtered upon their breeding grounds.

If it were possible to so arrange legislation in all of the States and the several Provinces of Canada by some mutual and just legislation, so that it would be unlawful to kill or market birds during their natural breeding season, and proper restrictions in regard to the shipment of game birds, we might expect a large and satisfactory increase, and no refuges would then be necessary.

Public sentiment has long been asleep in the matter, and it is questionable whether it can be sufficiently awakened to meet the urgent demands in the case. With so many conflicting interests and conditions existing throughout this broad land, it would be hard to adopt any plan entirely acceptable, but, in my opinion, until some united effort is made little can be accomplished.

As above stated, the plan of shutting out the killing of game birds during the breeding season, properly graded so far as open dates, to locations or latitudes, the universal prohibition of the killing of song birds at any time, and the discouragement of the use of the plumage of birds for decorations and hat trimmings is, to my mind, the true way of protecting both our migratory and non-migratory birds.

Just how this can be accomplished is worthy the thought and action of every true sportsman in America to-day.

Pending the putting into effect of such a plan, any such scheme as offered by Mr. Van Name is most certainly commendable, and should have prompt consideration by our National Government.

It would certainly offer some additional protection to our migratory birds, and these several refuges might also be used in the propagation of certain game birds by the Government for the purpose of restocking depleted sections of the country, the guards in charge having a double duty to perform.

One thing is certain; something must be done or we shall forever lose that which is so dear to every man who loves the fields and woodland. W. S. GAVITT, Pres.

From Henry J. Thayer, Secretary Massachusetts Gun Club.

BOSTON, June 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have carefully read, and with much interest, the article on "Government Game Preserves," and wish it were possible to regard it as practical as it would be desirable.

Regarding the desirability of some such system of game reserves, or sanctuaries, I think there is no question; and the greatly increasing number of preserves held by private shooting clubs, or by individual sportsmen in many sections of the East, have already made an appreciable difference in the amount of game both on protected land and the more or less immediate neighborhood. This has been very apparent in many cases which I have known, as well in respect to the migratory as to the resident supply of game. It has sometimes seemed to me as if the game didn't mind being killed so much as being disturbed; and in a number of places where game was carefully preserved and protected, I have noticed that they would leave their sanctuary, to the profit and pleasure of outside sportsmen, and when persecuted return—what was left of them—to the spot where they could dwell in peace, only to try it over and over again.

The practicability of such a system—by National or by State supervision—I greatly doubt, however; although a system of National or State parks or reservations such as we already see a beginning of in many sections of the country, may do a little toward giving our resident and migratory game slight refuge. To give some adequate protection would require the whole country to be covered with a whole network of spots, some suitable to our wood game, some to our marsh, some for our uplands, and some our water fowl.

Would it be of use for National or State government to acquire title to such large amounts of land without an adequate amount of supervision, such as even now almost no State government provides to what it has already? Would any of our States relinquish willingly title to its lands for the National Government to enforce a game law over? Will the National Government buy waste lands at a probably high price for the purpose of preserving game, when it is still practically giving away for almost nothing valuable tracts elsewhere? The project is good—but the result in the next fifty years can only be done by a still further extension of the system of private preserves, wrong to my mind in principle, but the only way in practice to bring the result. A game preserve controlled by intelligent men will always endeavor to have at the end of each season more game than it held the year before, and part or all of the surplus will spread to repopulate the surrounding country. The ordinary gunner in the free woods thinks—probably says—"If I don't get that bird some one else will," and he gets it if he can. If he had been on a preserve he would more than likely have thought, "I guess I can get it next time"—and he doesn't.

The spreading system of private clubs, preserves, and "no trespass" signs are not pleasant to see, and my sympathy is always for the man when I see a trespass sign with a charge of shot in it. Still, it does much good and will do more as it spreads, which it will surely do, and the salvation of our game—resident or migratory—will in the future, I think, depend more on private interests than on legislative enactments. HENRY J. THAYER.

From Hon. Chas. E. Whitehead, of the New York Association for the Protection of Game.

NEW YORK, June 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As to the benefit and feasibility of the United States setting aside certain portions of land as game preserves, I would fully concur in the benefit to be derived from such a protection. The game thus protected would increase rapidly in such places and from thence would distribute themselves over the country at large. As an illustration, the passenger pigeon thirty years ago nested by the millions annually in certain forests in Pennsylvania, about thirty miles south of Erie. They occupied about four square miles of forest and about two nests were built in each tree, each nest holding one squab. The place was annually raided by men who came in wagons from the surrounding country, bringing butter firkins and half-barrels. They established camps in the woods. They either cut down the trees, or, climbing them, raked down the nests. The young birds were cut open, and drawn and spitted on wooden splints, packed in the firkins, salted and shipped to the markets of distant cities. In a few years the pigeons were driven away. They then nested in the Northern Peninsula of Michigan, and were treated in the same manner, and have since disappeared from there. The bird is now unknown. Had the United States preserved these nesting grounds by law and police, this wonderful bird would still have existed among us.

As to the feasibility of the plan Mr. Van Name suggests, you will find it a matter of difficulty. There are so few who take an active interest in such matters that it would be hard to obtain the necessary legislation.

The market-dealers care nothing for the extirpation of game providing they can make a present profit. Every proposed law is resisted by them, or if passed is presently impaired at their solicitation.

Long Island is probably one of the most favored spots in the Eastern States for the propagation of game. You can almost hear the universal howl that would go up if it was attempted by the general government to set it apart as a breeding place and to forbid the use of a gun there. The same feeling would exist among the neighbors of any favorite piece of land from which the sovereign people with its fowling-piece should be excluded.

The only lands that could probably thus be segregated are those in the territories. None more important than that fraction of land bounding the southeast corner of the Yellowstone Park. There is the natural feeding ground and resort of the herds of game that live in the Park. Thither they all go at certain seasons for food and shelter. It is a rough mountainous place and peculiarly adapted to them. Thither follow the hunters for slaughter and extermination. This land should be included in the Park. A regiment or part of a regiment of United States cavalry should be permanently stationed there, with power to exclude hunters and to punish trespassers. Then these various breeds of game would be preserved, and our children's children give us their gratitude. C. E. W.

From Chief Game Warden Edward Tinsley, of Ontario.

TORONTO, June 7.—Mr. W. G. Van Name's excellent article should be most strongly indorsed by all true sportsmen. My friend, Dr. G. A. McCallum, of Dunnville, is writing an article on the "Parks and Reservations of Ontario" for the FOREST AND STREAM which I feel sure will be instructive and interesting to your subscribers.

E. TINSLEY, Chief Game Warden.

Prospecting for Woodcock.

NEW JERSEY, June 10.—While out walking the other day, I happened to think about July woodcock hunting, so I started for some likely grounds, and after going through a wood I came to a little brook which runs down through some undergrowth and low pin oaks. At last I came to a part that had been quite wet, but at present was only moist, perhaps a little muddy. Leaning down, I discovered the billing of woodcock. Then I went home for my dog, just to see whether he had forgotten them or no. On returning, before I reached the place I noticed my dog working, so I watched carefully. All the time he was wagging his tail and going cautiously; I knew the bird was running, else he would not wag his tail so vigorously. In a moment, right alongside the little stream that I had previously gone down, he made a point and up got the woodcock, and a pretty sight it was, too, though the foliage is so dense this year you can hardly see. He went right up straight until reaching the top of the trees, and then went I know not where but I don't think it was far. My dog flushed quite a number, and I think there will be a good many more birds this year than last, perhaps on account of early spring. T. E. D.

A PRAIRIE CHICKEN DIVIDE.

WYMORE, Neb., June 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Fifteen years ago Dick and I were struggling young attorneys of this city. We lived on the same block. He had a wife and two children. He never hunted. Never fired a gun in his life, but could see a "law point" in every circumstance of life. I was a hunter and had a 10 gauge Parker hammer gun and a dog. In those days the law business was my dissipation, hunting was my business.

One hot afternoon in August of 1882, at about 4 o'clock, I was at home when Dick came over, looking very gloomy, and said that his wife and children were all sick, and could not eat anything, and he thought if they had a young prairie chicken they might be able to eat that, so he asked me if I would give him half the chickens I could shoot if he would hire a buggy and take me out. I promptly told him I would. He started for the livery stable, but after going about two blocks came back and said: "Say, if we should only get one chicken under this arrangement, to whom would it belong, you or me?" I insisted that in law it would belong to me, there would be nothing to divide. But he argued that it ought to belong to him, because he was bearing the larger part of the expense, etc., so we finally compromised. I proposed that we should divide the chickens in this way, he to have the first, I the second, and so on. Dick agreed to this and went after the buggy, but when he came back he had a horse and a two-wheeled cart. I had never ridden in one of these carts, but I put in the gun and dog and got in and away we went.

Dick drove, and when out of town about two miles we came to a bridge that had a jump-up of about four inches. We struck it on the full trot, and Dick landed straddle of one of the shafts, the dog went out and so did the gun. I pulled Dick back in, then I gathered up my gun and found one hammer broken off. I let the dog walk, and we started on. I then talked to Dick a little, but will not repeat the conversation here.

About a mile further on the dog pointed in the road, and Dick drove over him, and up went a covey of about twenty chickens. I took a shot at the flock, but of course did not touch a feather. We watched them down less than a quarter of a mile away, and went to them. The dog pointed, the whole covey flushed, and I pulled the trigger of the barrel that had the hammer broken off, but finally gave it up and pulled the other trigger. The chickens all sailed on. We marked them down and followed, the dog pointed, one chicken got up, the old Parker spoke and down came the chicken. This was Dick's chicken, and he left the horse standing and rushed in to retrieve it. He flushed the flock, got his chicken, and started to the cart but the old horse had started for town. I watched the race, well knowing how it would come out. Dick gave it up and came back, the horse and cart went to town. I then talked some more to Dick, and then we followed the chickens. We found them, the old dog pointed, they got up one at a time, and in ten minutes thirteen more of the beauties were retrieved. I picked up two, and told Dick he could have the rest of them. He picked them up, and carried about thirty-five pounds of prairie chicken four miles to town. It was awfully hot; but he got home with his load at last, and never asked me to go hunting with him again.

Dick is now a prominent lawyer of Denver, Colorado, still looking for "law points"; but he never shoots, and I pity him. I am still here. The chickens are about all gone. I am too old and fat to hunt, but I have the little hammerless in the office, and every once in a while I take it out and look it over, point at flies or skeets on the windows, and wonder how anything could get away. Then I take up FOREST AND STREAM and read "Men I Have Fished With," and "Recollections of Iowa," and dream of happy times long gone by. A. D. MCCANDLESS.

P.S.—Dick's wife and children got well.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Ate the Cat.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 5 —The prevailing hard times in Chicago have been the cause of an incident perhaps somewhat unique. I recently had some work done by a taxidermist who had occasion to give out the tanning of some skins. When the tanner, a German by nationality, delivered the skins to the taxidermist, he said that he would like to have his money right away, as times were pretty hard with him. He added incidentally that he had just eaten the family cat. It seems that the *hausfrau* was away on a visit, her especial pet the family cat, being left thus unprotected. The head of the family, being out of refreshments of a solid or liquid nature, killed the cat, for which he had no special love in animate form, and sold the skin, a very fine one, for 30 cents. He completed the matter by eating the cat, which he declared was good. When I expressed some surprise at this action on his part, he answered in a most positive manner that these questions in gustatory matters were all foolishness. "Meat is meat!" said he, conclusively. I had never looked at the matter in exactly this way before.

Western Game.

Mr. Joseph Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., spent a couple of days in Chicago this week, on his way to Boston and other Eastern points. Mr. Irwin is manager of the Capitol Hotel, at Little Rock, and a very well-posted shooter. He says that the deer and turkeys in Arkansas suffered very severely during the overflow this spring. The residents were out along the bluffs of the streams in numbers, armed with all sorts of firearms, and the deer were shot down by scores and hundreds Numbers of the deer were thus forced to leave their native feeding grounds, and scattered out over the country back from the bottoms, where they had not been so abundant before. The wild turkeys suffered very much It was not the least difficult to kill them in quantities, as a boat could be run directly under the trees where they had taken refuge. As the birds had no place to go except to other trees they were loth to fly, and often the entire flock could be shot out of a tree. Mr. Irwin saw in one lot twenty-eight turkeys which had that day been killed and brought into market, and every one of these was wet, showing that they had all been shot out of trees, falling into the water. The prospect for quail next season he reports to be very good, and the bass fishing is now excellent near Little Rock. Mr. Irwin brings up the curious fact that in Arkansas the open season begins on Aug. 1. Surely, that country must need all its fruitfulness.

Mr. J. G. Smith writes me from Algona, Ia., that the season will be a very good one for pairie chickens. There was a great deal of water in upper Iowa this spring, but the nesting grounds have dried off since then, and during May there was very little rain, so that it was a fine month for the birds. Mr. Smith reports that the lakes and sloughs have filled up again with water, so that he expects to see a flight of ducks during the coming fall.

A Seal Round-up.

I take the following curious item from the press despatches from San Francisco. The idea of branding the seal herd would seem to be a new one, though there is room to doubt that the pelagic sealer will be much deterred in his work by the possibility of getting in a large line of damaged goods. The dispatch reads:

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 23.—Dr. David Starr Jordan, who will be the American scientific representative at the Pribylov Islands this summer, says that as the British Government has not come to satisfactory terms with the United States for the protection of fur seals in Behring Sea the United States will begin this summer, through the Fur Seal Commission, the work of branding the female seals on the Pribylov Islands. This will spoil the skins of branded seals, and so stop pelagic sealing by making it unprofitable. One of Dr. Jordan's assistants, Elmer Farmer, expert electrician, has invented an electrical machine for branding seals, and if it proves satisfactory it will do a great deal toward settling the seal question. There is a possibility that the female seals may be corralled on one of the islands during the sealing season. This will necessitate building about two miles of board fence, and it is not certain yet whether lumber can be procured. It will be done if possible.

Cultivated Ginseng.

All trappers from North Carolina to Maine, and from Wisconsin to Mississippi, know the value of the ginseng root, so fondly loved by the heathen Chinee. This rare and valuable root is something of a source of revenue to woods dwellers in the wilder parts of the country. Naturally, in these progressive days, so valuable a product cannot be overlooked in commerce. A Mr. Page, an Illinois farmer, has been experimenting for some time in the cultivation of the ginseng plant in a domestic state. Like other purely wild creatures, the ginseng plant resented this sort of thing, and at first Mr. Page failed signally in his efforts to tame it. He studied the plant, however, in North Carolina and West Virginia, and has lately made a success in raising it. He has formed an arrangement with a New York capitalist to go into ginseng farming operations in the State of North Carolina, where he expects to make a good many thousands of dollars an acre from his land each year. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

SPRING SHOOTING.

TORONTO, Canada, June 10 —*Editor Forest and Stream:* The opportune and common sense article of Mr. W G. Van Name, in your issue of June 5, has opened the way for all true sportsmen to join in the crusade against spring shooters and pot hunters of high and low degree. To prove the necessity of some such action being taken and the beneficial results that would accrue therefrom, it is only necessary for any doubting Thomas to board one of the numerous pleasure steamers starting from the American shore of Lake St. Clair, where spring shooting prevails, and note the absence of birds, especially waterfowl, until the dividing line is passed, when he will notice that the bays and marshes on the Canadian shore where spring shooting is prohibited, are teeming with ducks of every description, many varieties breeding there.

Many men claiming to be sportsmen are sailing under false colors. Many who are members of so called hunting or sportsmen's clubs, are in a large measure responsible for the continuance of spring shooting. Which is the most to blame—the market hunter, who, in many instances is too ignorant to know that he is doing wrong by shooting game during the breeding season for the support of his family, or the so-called, educated, fashionable member of a sportsman's club, who knowingly does wrong from selfish motives? Where should the example come from? Let us act up to the precept "Where much is given, much is required." Let us hear no more of this class of sportsmen unblushingly sending accounts to FOREST AND STREAM, of the hundreds of ducks or snipe killed by them when unfit for food and resting from their long and weary flight on the way to the breeding grounds. But, says the advocate of spring shooting, "If we do not shoot ducks, snipe, plover, etc., on their way to their breeding resorts, others will!" This is neither a valid or reasonable excuse. A thief might, in the same manner, justify his stealing on the plea that if he had not stolen the articles some other thief would.

When reading the miserable exploits of would-be sportsmen shooting a poor doe or fawn with the aid of jack lights, I cannot help comparing it with burglary and dark lanterns, and conclude that the jack lighter has missed his vocation.

RANGER.

THE INVASION OF MINNESOTA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For my text, permit me to take the following from "Chicago and the West" of June 12: "These gentlemen should have very good sport from all accounts, and I look upon their trip with some curiosity, considering them in a manner the advance guard of the army of sportsmen who, I predict, will invade Minnesota as a new hunting and fishing territory."

The hearts of all sportsmen should thump and thump again with gladness at the information that Minnesota can be invaded by anyone as a new hunting and fishing territory. Every year of the past twenty or more that State has been literally overrun with fishers and shooters. In the open season, baggage cars are crowded with dogs and camp paraphernalia, the passenger cars have a generous patronage of various costumed shooters, from far and near, in every point of the compass. The roadways throughout that State, so quiet most of the year, afford transit to the farm or livery wagon laden with campers and camp outfits, or shooters and their dogs in search of grounds for the day's sport, or fishers on their way to what is thought to be favored waters, and hurry as they may, there usually is some one before them.

The best known sections swarm with shooters and fishers; whole sections are shot out in a day or two after the season opens, and so it has been for years; the State is raked over from corner to corner for its birds and fish every year. And yet it is about to be invaded as a new hunting and fishing territory.

Already the State has passed a law discriminating against shooters from States which have non-resident license laws, There cannot possibly be the absurdity of a new invasion, but if the same old invasion grows larger with the danger imminent that the non-residents shall strip the country of all its game instead of a reasonable quantity, the time is short before Minnesota has a law similar to that of Dakota governing non-resident shooters.

I would be obliged if you would tell me just what particular part of Minnesota has not been invaded by hunters. Please write the information and send it securely sealed, that I may have a chance to make a break for the favored country. Don't put it in your paper, where others may see it, or I won't get a fair start. GRUMBLER.

Pheasants and Quail for New Jersey.

THE May Report of State Fish and Game Protector Charles A. Shriner records a distribution of ring-necked pheasants, generally in lots of twelve, to these points: Beach Haven, Oradell, Trenton, Salem, Glassboro, Woodbury, Flemington, Asbury Park, Port Elizabeth, Bridgeton, Millville, Manumuskin, Alloway, Hainesport, Browns Mills, Columbus, Mt. Arlington, Newfoundland. In all cases where such arrangements could be made the birds were placed on property where no shooting will be permitted for a year or two, in order to give the birds an opportunity to increase. In many cases farmers owning adjoining properties agreed to prohibit all shooting for a year or two and placed the birds in inclosures for the purpose of collecting the eggs; the latter were placed under hens and the young broods permitted to find their way into the fields and woods. In this way, it is hoped, that this attractive and valuable bird will become acclimated in this State and afford sport for others than wealthy members of clubs. The birds were introduced in this State a number of years ago and experience has shown that in many places they have done well, considerable numbers escaping from the preserves in the northern part of the State. The southern part of the State seems admirably adapted to the wants of the birds, and with judicious protective legislation there seems no reason to doubt that the birds will shortly take the place in a great measure of the fast-disappearing indigenous partridge.

Quail were distributed, generally in lots of 100, to Oradell, Trenton, Salem, Glassboro, Woodbury, Flemington, Asbury Park, Bridgeton, Midvale, Stockholm, Hainesport, Mt. Arlington. This is about one-half of the total number of birds ordered, but the failure to deliver the rest was wholly unanticipated, assurances having been received that every order given would be filled. Considerable disappointment on the part of a number of persons to whom birds were ordered sent was the consequence, but under the circumstances this could not be avoided. As with the ring-necked pheasants the birds were placed where there was good reason to believe they would not be shot off by pot-hunters and in a number of localities where birds were placed no gunning will be permitted for a year or two. The birds all came from the northwest, and consequently it is to be expected that they will not only withstand the rigors of our winters, but that they will increase. All were large and hardy birds, an exceedingly small number being lost in transit.

Pheasants in Texas.

PETTY, Tex., June 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the Waco Pheasantry Club, thanks were voted to the Legislature for protecting pheasants for five years from the gunners. The secretary reported over 200 young birds hatched and in a thriving condition. The best success has been attained with English ringnecks. A quartet of ringnecks in wire-mesh coops have produced 150 eggs, most of which hatched well under hens. The chicks are healthy and feed well on anything commonly used for food among poulterers. Millet seed is particularly good.

The club has distributed eggs in other parts of the State. The supply is not equal to the demand, and no more eggs will be sent out. After the spring broods are two years old the club will turn them loose in McLennan and adjoining counties for the general good of the State. There are no birds or eggs in the hands of the club for sale. The object is to start the pheasants as a Texas bird to supply the place of the extinct prairie chickens. The Pheasantry Club are putting their power in the right direction, and we hope with the aid of all good citizens and our recently enacted game law that the pheasant industry may grow to enormous proportions in this State, as we see nothing to prevent the naturalization and increase of this valuable game bird. Should the club succeed in their efforts to get a supply of pheasants planted in the Brazos bottoms it will induce others in other parts of the State to make an effort in that direction, and we sincerely hope ere the five years' close season on these birds will have elapsed that they may have been scattered all over the State. F. E. W.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ANGLING IN QUEBEC.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The prolonged and quite unprecedented season of rain that has marked the present spring proved very discouraging for anglers going into the northern woods Fly-fishing has been far from good in most cases, consequent upon the exceedingly high water in both rivers and lakes. A number of good fish have been taken, but the large proportion of the big ones have fallen to the share of the troller. Lake Edward has yielded, and is still yielding, about its average quota of trout from 3 to 5lbs. weight But the record of the season, and for the matter of that, the record of many seasons, has been made this spring upon the Triton Tract.

A distinguished party of anglers from Syracuse, N. Y., arrived here a night or two ago from their club waters on the Triton Tract. Notwithstanding the disagreeable and unfavorably wet weather of the last few weeks, which caused Grand Lake Batiscan to rise no less than a foot and a half in two days, the party secured very good sport The Hon. William B. Kirk, ex-Mayor of Syracuse, killed three trout in one day that weighed 12lbs., and also caught the heaviest fish yet reported from the Tract—a brook trout of 9lbs. This fish was caught on a trolled buck hair fly made by Mr. McHarg, of Rome, N. Y. It took nearly half an hour to kill and was finally netted by Master Edgar Gregory, the young son of the proprietor of the Yates House, of Syracuse, who is a true chip of the old block. The fish is to be carefully mounted and is a beautifully bright-colored specimen of our *Salmo fontinalis*. Another fortunate angler was Mr. M. C. Pierce, of Syracuse, who caught one trout of 8½lbs. and another of 6½lbs. The party saw a magnificent bull moose, which came within 150ft. of them. Some of their

friends, a few days previously, reported having seen no fewer than fourteen caribou.

Gay parties of anglers from New Haven, Bridgeport, etc., have had fair sport on the Nonamtum and Metabetchouan Club limits despite the abominable weather. There is no doubt that the best of the trout fishing is still in store for anglers in the Lake St. John country.

Ouananiche fishing has also opened up late this year. Nothing of any consequence has yet been done on the Grande Décharge, but the boat has now commenced to cross there daily from Roberval. In the mouths of the Metabetchouan and Ouiatchouan rivers the early spring sport was good, and the ouananiche for the most part very gamy.

Salmon fishermen are rapidly leaving for their fishing grounds. Many of the Restigouche and Metapedia anglers went down, including Mr. Sage, of New York; Mr. Stearns and Dr. Campbell, of Montreal, and Mr. Macpherson, of Quebec, are now there. Mr. E. C. Fitch has gone down to the Romaine; Mr. Pike, of New York, leaves for his North Shore stream to-day; Messrs. Keasey, Boswell and Chas. G. Hope, who recently purchased the Moisie for $30,000, went down last Monday and took Messrs. Andrew Allan, of Montreal, and Edson Fitch, of Quebec, with them. John D. Gilmour leaves to-day for the Trinity, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brackett, of Boston, for the Marguerite.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, June 12.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XLV.—Joe.

As a schoolboy I had, of course, read of the influence of the Gulf Stream on the temperature of the air, but I had also read of the lotus-eaters, in the land where it is always afternoon, and one seemed as real as the other. But to leave New York in February, 1877, when it was so cold that the snow crackled under foot and the steamer was well coated with ice as we passed Sandy Hook, and then to land in beautiful Bermuda three days later and see the crates of early vegetables piled on the wharf, the men in straw hats and shirt sleeves, and to feel the warm wind, was like a fairy tale where the good prince is suddenly whisked to a land of beauty to find the charming princess and escape his enemies.

It took three days to learn where to go to get the best collection of live sub-tropical fishes for the New York Aquarium, and in the meantime to learn much of the town of Hamilton, the chief city, and its institutions, for this trip was my first one beyond the domain of Uncle Sam and everything was strange, from the semi-domestic little ground doves, hardly as large as our quail, to the red-coated soldiers in forts, over which "Old Glory" did not float. I was a "greenhorn"; out West the term would be "tenderfoot"; or, as in New York newspapers some who want situations describe themselves as "lately landed." If I could choose the term to describe my mental condition in a strange land it would be the more polished one of "provincial." That lets a fellow down easy. The "provinces" of the city of New York, and of the backwoods of Wisconsin I was familiar with, from the Bowery to the Bad Axe River, but here were entirely new conditions, perhaps I should say "of environment," to be technically correct.

When I decided to cross the island and make Harrington Sound the base of operations I first gazed upon Joe. He was a colored boy, lightly colored, perhaps of one of the shades of antique oak furniture, or of light ginger-cakes, and apparently about fourteen years old, honest face, bare-footed, straw-hatted with ragged brim, unbleached muslin shirt, and bed ticking trousers with two suspenders. The extravagance in suspenders was noted in contrast with the economy of our own southern darky, who is usually content with one; but economy is not always commendable, a reserve to fall back on is often a wise investment and Joe had it, in case of accident.

Joe had been brought up on the water and could manage a boat either with sail or oar, and for a stipulated amount of £ s. d. he enlisted in my service. He told me that the oysters of Bermuda were not good to eat. This, to a man who had heard so much about good food that was cast aside because some fellow's grandfather did not eat it, made me anxious to eat a Bermuda oyster. In the West they reviled the "mud hen," the "blue peter" of North Carolina, a very good table bird, and the fishermen of the Connecticut River refused sturgeon, the royal dish of England's sovereign, and I had eaten the "proteus," the "lizard" of the Great Lakes, and was unconsciously fitting myself to be a founder of the once famous "Ichthyophagous Club," of New York, which proclaimed that everything that came from the water was good to eat, if you knew how to prepare it. Of course I would eat the Bermuda oyster, and I did. In early boyhood a boy induced me to bite into an "Indian turnip," and then that boy and I fought all over a ten-acre lot, and for weeks after when we met. With mouth aflame, for it got no further, I could not fight Joe, for he had warned me, but the burning was intense—it was agony. Joe ran off and brought some leaves of oleander, which grows on the shore in the salt spray, and told me to chew them, and a partial relief came. Most of the mollusks of Bermuda are either acrid or astringent; in some cases they possess both qualities. This knowledge was obtained at first hand by what may be properly called "bitter experience." If there is an edible mollusk in the Gulf Stream I failed to find it.

If Hamilton had been a surprise to me as a city without dirt, and the white country roads cut through the sandy formation on top of the coral reef, for I believe these islands are the only coral formations on our side of the Atlantic, were wonders, they were only a prelude to more. Carpenters sawed the sandy rock into blocks for building, and into "slates" for roofing, with common hand-saws, and then let the blocks or slabs harden. All this was strange enough, but the water surrounding the island seemed like that which one could only expect in fairyland. No rivers, creeks or even springs, to bring in soil to cloud the water, it was as clear as glass at all stages of the tide.

For a day or two Joe rowed me about into coral caves floored with brilliant sea anemones, and bright with gaudy fishes hovering above them. To him it was an every-day scene, and he took no more delight in it than a man born in the wildest mountains does in the grandest view of peaks and valleys. A man who has always drunk water from a mountain spring has no idea of the taste of good water. Let him spend a summer in New York city, or, preferably, Brooklyn, and then send him back to his mountain spring and he is educated as far as drinking water goes. He never tasted water until his return. My case was similar. I had fished in salt-water, but not in the clear, pure water of the Gulf Stream, where a large fish could be seen at a depth of 50ft.

A few days of this, with trips to St. George's, Somerset and Ireland islands in Joe's sloop gave me an idea of where I wanted to make a base of operation, and no place offered better facilities for collecting than Harrington Sound.* The first thing to be done was to prepare cars to keep fish alive in, and one specially designed for the keeping of an octopus, if only an octopus would come our way. Joe grinned every time I spoke of capturing a live octopus. I've been shaking up my memory to bring up the name that the Bermuda fishermen have for this animal, but the name refuses to come to the surface; it's a queer name, and will probably come to mind some months hence, when I'm not thinking of octopods; that's the way memory has of playing hide-and-seek. When you seek she hides until one has lost all interest in what she hides, and then, when it is of no use, she pops out.

"Joe," said I, "we must get an octopus; it's worth more to me than all the fishes we can get. Tell the fishermen that I'll give $10 for a live one, and if you put me in the way of catching one you shall have the money, in addition to your pay. What do you say?"

"No fisherman ever bothers that thing, only just kills 'em. I know I do' want to trouble one, an' I 'spects you won't want to own one when you see him alive."

Joe could hardly have read Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," where he makes a dreadful beast out of several kindred creatures; but it seemed that not only Joe, but all the Bermuda fishermen feared this harmless little crab eating animal, whose body is but little bigger than a man's fist and whose eight arms seldom make a circle of 4ft. diameter. With this animal, the cuttlefish and the giant squid, the "kraaken" of Pontipidan, Hugo, like a true showman, made a "devilfish." I had only seen the octopus in alcohol, but had accurate information as to its character and powers, and would try to capture one if one could be found. I knew that the sucking discs on its "arms" were soft, and unprovided with those toothed rims of cartilage which the decapods, or squids, have, and when I told Joe that I would take one in my hand he showed his ivories, and said:

"I 'spect you'd jump out of the boat if one come in after you. We kills 'em by drivin' a stake through 'em, an' w'en one comes outen de water on a stake he takes charge o' that stake; he takes charge o' the boat, an' he'll take charge o' you, too!"

Some two weeks later a man brought me a live octopus on a stake, which had been driven through its body. I declined to buy it, and the man was as surprised as Joe was that I should expect to get one by any other method. "No, sir," said he, "that thing would wind about a man's neck and choke him to death. No man on any of these islands would try to get one if he didn't pin him first." He evidently thought me foolish and ignorant, but did not volunteer an opinion on that subject. He seemed to regret that I would not buy an octopus in the only condition in which he thought it possible to capture one.

We fished with hand-lines for the smaller fishes, all beautiful—the grunts, striped with green and red; the squirrel, a bright red, and the angelfish, whose gaudy colors give it its name. Such colors I had never seen on fishes before, and the question arose as to the number that the tanks could safely carry, and if some had to be discarded which to leave behind. I had bargained for some large groupers with the proprietor of the "Devil's Hole," and felt easy on that score. The hole, as I remember it, was about 20ft. in diameter and some 60ft. deep. The tide ebbed and flowed in it, and you could see clearly to the bottom, and it was well stocked with handsome fishes, large and small, which were fed daily. A high board fence kept out all persons who did not care to part with a shilling, currency of the realm, to pass through the gate and gaze into the "Devil's Hole."

One morning Joe said: "I know where a ——— has a hole." He meant an octopus, but used the local name, now mislaid. The animal is very local. It makes a home in a hole in the coral rock, or in the weeds and lays out its tentacles to fasten on to a careless fish or crab which may chance to pass. After rowing over the ground several times, Joe found the spot, but only a person familiar with the habits of the octopus would have noticed anything unusual among the bunches of coral, sponges, brain-stones and other things which covered the bottom and cast shadows here and there. I certainly would not have given the dark spot a second look, yet there, in about 10ft. of water, lay the animal, curled up in its hole, showing a bit of dark skin and part of a tentacle which was not unlike many other things on the bottom. Our movements had alarmed the mollusk and it had coiled up and was keeping still. Its burrow faced the South and the current. We anchored our boat at both ends across the current, north of the burrow, where its shadow would cause no alarm.

"Now, what you goin' to do?" Joe asked.

"Nothing, only to keep perfectly still and see what that fellow below is going to do. I want you to keep still, don't rock the boat nor strike your foot on the bottom, that's all."

Joe sat in one end of the boat and I in the middle, close to a can containing several live squirrel fish about 8in. long and nearly the color of a boiled lobster, only brighter. I had a deep landing net with a 24in. rim on a 15ft. staff, the bag of the net being 3ft. long, with a full, round bottom. This I placed on the bottom of the Sound, held there by the side of the boat and something on the bottom, the current keeping the bag wide open. Then I lit my pipe and watched what went on below. Brilliant fishes, which are never seen north of the Gulf Stream, played about; now feeding on some smaller life and now chasing each other in play. Crabs crawled about, seeming to avoid the anemones and other stinging things, although their shells may have been complete protection, and I smoked and wondered if any living thing could eat a sea-anemone or a jellyfish, both of which can sting a man after the manner of the weed we call a nettle, and can paralyze some small forms of life on which they feed.

It was getting toward noon, and Joe awoke from a drowse and said he was hungry, so cautioning him to keep quiet and to throw nothing overboard, I raised the lid of the commissary department and passed him a plate containing some slices of boiled ham, three eggs, a loaf of bread and a bottle of coffee. I found that I began to feel as Joe did, only I would not refuse sardines and olives as he had done. After Joe had obliterated a second helping, nearly as bountiful as the first, he slid into a recumbent position and settled back into the slumber which a desire for food had disturbed. I again lighted my pipe and resumed observations on the enemy, while musing on the capacity of darky boys for food and sleep.

Hours passed. The impression that I had was that the octopus, which lay some 10ft. below and half that distance in our front, had dined, just as Joe did, and had curled up, like Joe, mentally saying: "Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."

If I became drowsy no harm was done; there was no need at that spot to look for a changing tide, the current continued in one direction, and the fellow 10ft. below, like the fellows in the boat, would be hungry in time. He had evidently fed before our arrival. As I sat and watched for a movement on the part of this animal, of which I had hope, but little prospect of capturing, I wondered at the theory of those men who advise exercise after a meal; and I saw how an octopus, an animal closely related to an oyster, only it has no attachment to real estate and is destitute of a shell, took its siesta after dinner just as my boy Joe; the cows in the pastures, and our dogs and cats do after they have had a full feed, and saw that nature rebelled against labor on a full stomach. The man who eats a heavy dinner at midday and then goes to work does what a darky boy, a dog, cat, or an octopus would not do. That was the nature of my pipe dream as we lay there in the Gulf Stream with a sleepy darky boy in the boat, a sleepy octopus below, and a drowsy white man on watch.

The sun had, as usual, attended to business and gone into the west; and finally Joe aroused enough to ask: "S'pose he don't come out for a week, isn't you goin' ashore to sleep an' to get some grub?"

"Joe," said I, "sleep and grub we must have, but I must also have that octopus. I'll stay right here until I get that fellow, or until he escapes. If we get short of provisions you can swim ashore, it's only about a mile, and have them sent. You had better go now, and bring out more provisions and some blankets in another boat."

Our boat was a light flat-bottomed scow with high sides, and dry enough to sleep in; but the very heavy dews of the nights rendered it unsafe to sleep out without cover of some sort, although it was warm. The moon was nearly full, and Joe could be seen almost halfway to the shore by his wake in the moonlight as he swam off, the land being about half a mile away. A pair of thin bed-tick trousers and a shirt which was not buttoned at the neck was his entire costume, except a straw hat which he left behind. As the day faded the glory of the moon took its place, the breeze died out, and Harrington Sound was still and unruffled. Even by moonlight one could get an idea of the wealth of color on the bottom in the marvelously clear waters of the Gulf Stream, about an island which had no streams to carry soil into the waters about it. Yet there was that dreamy haziness which gives moonlight its peculiar charm, and involuntarily the dream of Clarence, in Richard III., came up:

> "Methought I saw * * *
> Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
> Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,
> All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
> Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
> Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
> (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
> That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
> And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by."

The perfect silence, the solitude and the moonlight, were provocative of weird thoughts, and the time seemed long until the sound of oars told that Joe was coming with the supplies. He had not hurried, he had not been asked to hurry, and, no doubt he had told all the fishermen who lived near him what I had resolved to do, and had listened to their comments on either my prospect of success or my sanity. He rowed alongside, transferred his stores, tied the boat to drift in our rear, ate a supplementary supper and then we rolled up in our blankets.

An octopus has large eyes, and, while classed with the mollusks [soft bodies without skeletons] which have no shells, it has not only a power of motion far beyond that of some fishes, an intellect which prompts a movement for self-preservation equal to that of an insect, but also an eyelid, which fishes have not. As I mused over these things, which books had taught me, the question arose: Was this strange animal, which I sought to capture, a night-feeder, or had it breakfasted early in the day and not being hungry was only a little shy of the presence of our boat? The moon threw no light on the eight-footed creature that lay below. It might be feeding or it might be sleeping, human eyes could not see clearly enough to decide.

Joe slept, and perhaps I may have done the same, but at the first peep of day I was straining my eyes to learn if the octopus was looking for his breakfast. The light was not sufficient to determine this. Joe was snoring, but I took a squirrel-fish from the tank, hooked it below the dorsal fin, put a ¼oz. sinker a few inches above it, and with rod carefully dropped it down above the den of the "devilfish." It had not breakfasted, for an arm shot out and seized the bait with its suckers. My experience as a trout fisher with the artificial fly naturally impelled me to strike, and I struck. The consequence was that the octopus was scared, for it is not a game fish, and the bait floated away.

The toughness of some conchs which lay in the boat seemed to recommend them as bait for the very tough customer which lay below. A shell was broken and a brother mollusk was hooked on deep in the toughest part, with the idea of holding the bait and dragging the animal from its lair. One tentacle after another enveloped the new bait, and I had just now learned not to "strike." Gently the rod drew the tough bait and the hungry octopus from its refuge into open water, while my left hand raised the net that lay below. Joe was still asleep; the octopus hung to his prey while I cautiously brought him near the surface, at the same time following with the net, much as we do when crabbing. My heart beat fast. If the creature became alarmed and let go of the bait would it dodge the net and escape? It surely would not hold on if brought above the surface and be landed like an eel on a bob. I had worked the handle of the landing net upward with the thumb and forefinger until my quarry was within a foot of the surface, and the rim of the net was the same distance below the animal. It stopped feeding and released one tentacle. The time for action had come. The net had been made with a deep bag in order to turn the rim in a way to close the bag and hold the captive, if there should be one to hold.

Dropping the rod overboard, both hands brought up the net with a jerk; but the octopod held on to the rim and did not get to its bottom, the trap failed to work. The commotion awakened Joe, who took in enough of the situation to plunge overboard. As I brought the animal into the air, it

* While this is being written I believe that Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, superintendent of the present New York Aquarium, is covering the same ground in collecting. A few weeks ago I met him in the office of FOREST AND STREAM, and he said that he was going to Bermuda for fishes and should make his headquarters on Harrington Sound.

struck out in all directions to get free, and with one tentacle on the gunwale of the boat, another on the net handle, and a third slapped on my bare left arm, it resisted capture. The drawing sensation of a dozen or more suckers made a tingling like so many cupping glasses, but a grip on its neck with my right hand stopped the power of suction, and the tentacles were limp and helpless, and a live octopus was mine.

The whole affair after the rod was dropped, could not have occupied over half a minute, but it seemed long, and Joe saw part of the fight from the other boat, but did not venture near until the animal was confined safely in a box and the hasp fastened. He then came alongside and recovered the rod, but had no desire to look into the box. Whether an octopus would or could use its parrot like beak in such a case I do not know. I had been told by Prof. Baird that they were harmless if choked, and faith in what he said enabled me to make this capture. Blood showed under the skin on the arm where the suckers had taken hold, and the native fishermen came from the other side of the island to verify the story by seeing the octopus, and the marks on my arm.

Joe grinned when he received the promised reward, and remarked: "A man that lives over on St. George's has got just the boat I want, an' $10 'll buy it, an' he won't take any less, but if I buy the boat there's nothing left for the circus that's comin' next week, an' I dunno."

"When I pay you for your regular work in two days from now, when the steamer leaves for New York, there'll be enough to go to a good many circuses, didn't you count that in?"

"No, sir, I gives all I earn to Mammy; an' I do want that boat and to see the circus a couple of times."

He got it, and when the handsome collection was landed in New York the octopus, which, by the way, could spread about 3ft , was the prize catch, and drew as much attention as all the angel fish and the other brilliant specimens together. The only loss on the trip was one barracouta and the Mangrove crabs, which live partly in the trees or on the rocks, and why they died is a mystery.

Joe was a bright boy and a good boy, and if he is living now I hope he will learn that Dr. Bean is there now, and engage to serve him as he served me. The colored people of Bermuda are a fine lot of men. It is so long since they were slaves, and there is little or no race prejudice in the islands that they have developed into a respectable and self-respecting class, especially the fishermen, who are more independent than many others. Joe wrote me that if I came to Bermuda again to remember him, and added: "I am not so afraid of the —— now. He may take charge of a stake and a boat when a man is afraid of him, but he didn't take charge of you. I can't forget that. Come here again and get some more. Joe."

It would have been pleasant, but I never did.

FRED MATHER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Trout and Snow.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 11.—The season has continued until this week to be one of exceedingly cold and unfavorable weather. So backward a spring has not been seen for many years, in the opinion of the residents of Wisconsin and upper Michigan, where the anglers of this section most naturally turn for their trouting trips. One has been fairly in need of snowshoes on his trouting trips thus far, and more than one party has met sharp, freezing weather, and has quit and come home in disgust. It was possible to pack one's trout in snow, and one exuberant fisherman declares that his trout were so cold, that after frying them for two hours he was displeased to find lumps of ice in their anatomy.

Mr. W. R. Caldwell, of this city, was out for a week in the neighborhood of Fisher Lake, Pardee Lake, Spider Lake and other good muscallonge waters a week ago, but met the coldest weather he ever experienced in camp. The fishing was poor, and at night the camp was so cold that the whole party froze out and came back to Chicago, resolving to try it later if it ever gets warm.

A number of fishermen have been on the Prairie River, but last week it snowed there to a depth of several inches, and wading the stream was like a cold plunge bath. They had rather a dismal time of it.

Where to Go Trout Fishing.

At this season many inquiries come for good fishing waters for trout and bass. From what I have learned so far this season, I feel very safe in directing trout fishermen to the Prairie River, via Merrill and Dudley, Wis. This stream is now becoming well known, as any good trout stream is sure to be, but it offers attractions not possessed by any other trout stream in Wisconsin that I can at this time recall. It is a stream broad and open enough to admit of fly-casting, and one can really wade and take trout on the fly. Trout are reported to be very numerous in the Prairie River this season, though I do not hear of any very large ones being taken. The stream has been abundantly stocked, and is holding its own well. At Dudley's place there are good accommodations.

Among those on the Prairie River last week were Dick Merrill, of Milwaukee, and Messrs. Davidson, Strong, Fuller and Dr. Shugart, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club. All these were meeting fair success in spite of the cold weather. Mr. Merrill told me that his largest take was twenty-eight in one day.

I hear that the trout fishing on the White River and Wautoma Creek, near Princeton, Wisconsin, was good this week. The trout there are running larger than those taken on the Prairie River this spring.

The Paint, the Pine and the Fence have all been spoken of by fishermen this spring, though I should consider it problematical whether they offered pleasant sport at fly-fishing now.

Where to go Bass Fishing.

There is reason to believe that bass will bite well the coming week in the lower Wisconsin lakes. Reports from Oconomowoc lakes state that the fishing is very good, and I should think that all the Waukesha lakes would be safe to try, especially as we are promised milder weather now. I have already spoken of the heavy catches made in our old, fished-out Cedar Lake in Indiana. I can recommend especially for this week the Fox River at Algonquin and Clintonville. There should be fair fly-fishing for bass at those points now. J. M. Clark, of this city, in a recent boat trip from Camp Lake to Elgin, found a little fly-fishing on the river. The party took from twenty-five to thirty bass a day, mostly with bait.

I have already spoken of the Thornapple River several times and should be glad to hear from parties who have tried this South Peninsula stream this summer. I can also safely recommend the Kalamazoo River for bass. Take Michigan Fruit Line boats from Chicago to Saugatuck and go up the river by boat.

Bass fishermen should not overlook the Indiana waters mentioned last summer in FOREST AND STREAM as lying near La Porte, Westville, Swift's Siding, etc , etc. The Kankakee River is offering unusually good fishing this year.

MR. J. G. SMITH, of Algona, Iowa, writes me thus on fish and fish protection in his vicinity:

"The water has gone down in the Des Moines River, and we have had so little rain of late that it is quite clear. I was at the river this afternoon, and saw quite a good many suckers, some red-horse and pilse. There were thousands of small fish, all going up stream.

"The fellows here have found out that it is expensive to spear fish. Ten were caught at it this spring. Eight of them were fined $31 each, and the other two $12 each. It was somewhat expensive, but I hope it will teach the boys a lesson that will be of some benefit to them."

Desirable Flies.

Anglers back from the Prairie River state that they have found the professor, coachman and grizzly king among the best flies used. The dark gnats, cow-dung, march-brown and queen-of-the-waters are mentioned also as among the standard flies which do well in Wisconsin. The coachman was probably better last week than any other single fly. The Parmachene-belle, though thought to be a killing fly in some quarters, proved to be poor last week. I have never found this fly of much service in Wisconsin or upper Michigan.

For fly fishing for bass there is a wide range of choice. as the bass is fully as capricious as the trout. Brighter flies serve here than in trout fishing. I have found the Seth Green, polka dot and jungle cock, good flies on the Kankakee, as well as the Furguson and silver doctor. The bright fly known as the Johnson fancy I have found very useful for daytime fishing. For evening fishing, when the caddis fly is rising around the edges of the lakes, I have found nothing so good as the gray drake with upright wing and upturned cork body.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

COLOR VARIATIONS IN FISHES.

PARTLY corroborating Mr. George W. Dearborn's observations on this interesting subject, I cannot share his opinion of "tanning" as being the principal cause of the variation in the color of fishes.

I wish to call his attention to the fact that trout caught in a small stony brook are either light colored or dark, often almost black, according to the different places, sunny or shady, where they had been taken. Many salt-water fishes, flounders and sea-bass, for instance, how a marked difference if taken on feeding places of different character, often only a few rods distant from each other. Everybody must also have noticed the quick change or fading of the color in dead or dying fishes.

My experience is that certain fishes living in clear or shallow water are generally light-colored, while others of the same species caught in deep or dark water, or taken from shady hiding-places, are always very dark.

There exists no doubt for me that certain fishes have the quality to assimilate their "complexion" to the coloration of their surroundings.

The influence of light is certainly the principal cause in effecting these changes, for the production of all color is dependent on light; so the assumed dark color of a fish will certainly fade if it has been confined in prolonged and complete darkness, hence the silvery hue of Mr. Dearborn's pickerel taken through five-months' old snow-covered ice. If smelt, whitefish and others will always appear white, the reason for it may be that they do not possess any coloring matter subject to variations.

I think it probable that the change of color in fishes is effected by the same means as in the chameleon, the tree-frog, the cuttlefish, and some other animals. Some seven years ago, while lying sick in a Syrian town, I had in my possession a number of chameleons, which, during three long and dreary months, were my only companions. During every hour of the day I took delight in observing these curious reptiles and watching their queer ways. I became very much interested in the subject, and have since taken a number of notes from scientific observations on the matter of changes of color in animals.

I refer those who seek information on the mechanism by which these changes are effected, to Milne Edwards' publication about chameleons in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles* for January, 1834, and especially to Richard Owens' authority in his article on "Cephalopoda" (cuttlefishes), in the *Cyclopedia of Anatomy and Physiology*. Owen notices that the epidermis of some cuttlefish contains a colorific stratum which consists of a very fine vascular and nervous cellular tissue, containing an immense number of small, closed vesicles of various colors. "These vesicles," he remarks, "have no visible communication either with the vascular or the nervous systems, or with each other, yet they exhibit during the lifetime of the animal, and long after death, rapid alternating contractions and expansions." Those contractions and expansions are responsible for the observed variations of color, and the action of light proved to influence them, for "if a separated portion of integument be placed in the dark, and examined after a lapse of ten or fifteen minutes, all motion has ceased; but the vesicles, when re-exposed to a moderately strong light, soon, in obedience to that stimulus, recommence their motions."

Those researches have doubtlessly been continued, and I am anxious to know whether they have been extended to fishes. Some of FOREST AND STREAM's learned contributors are certainly in a position to inform us on this subject.

The chameleon has for a long time been a puzzle to the scientific world, and strange and exaggerated accounts have been given about its power to assume all imaginable colors; theories upon theories have been brought forward to account for the changes of color in these animals of a far-away land; but our humble friend, the cheerful tree-frog, has been shamefully neglected. I am well acquainted only with the European variety, *Hyla arborea*, which in regard to changes of color is quite as remarkable as the chameleon. His mourning coat, which he wears in too close, or dark, or damp confinement, is of a dark spotted gray; but when in more cheerful mood he will assume the exact shade of green of any leaf which he may choose for a hiding or resting place.

These defenseless animals are thus admirably protected through adapting their color to that of their immediate surroundings, from which they are not easily distinguished. Fishes need the same "improved standard" of protection; for the water in which they live, and the rock or sand or plants of the many feeding places over which they have to travel are often of very different color, and are subject to frequent changes of light and shade, and exposed to the varying effects of refraction of light upon the water. A fish, whether swimming in a lake, "suspended in space," or moving over the sunny bottom of a shallow brook, would be a conspicuous object, too easily detected by enemy or prey, if nature had not provided him with the enviable ability of concealing his presence wherever he goes.

G VON HEYSS.

An accepted theory to account for the varying colors of a fish may be found in Poulton's work on the "Colors of Animals." It is in brief this:

1. The color is produced by the pigment cells or coloring matter in or beneath the skin.

2 Varying shades of the color are produced by varying states of concentration of the pigments in the cells.

3 These different states of concentration of the pigment cells are caused by the action of the exterior light which is reflected on the fish's eye, and acts through the optic nerve, the brain and the nerves, upon the pigment cells.

We quote from the chapter on "Variable Protective Resemblances":

The power of color adjustment is very widely distributed among fish and amphibia Instances of the power of rapid adjustment are very common, although most people are not aware of them. Nearly all fishermen know that the trout caught in a stream with a gravelly or sandy bottom are light colored, while those caught in a muddy stream are dark. It is also well known that the same fish will soon change in color when it passes from one kind of background to the other. The same facts are true of many other fresh water and sea fishes. The interior of a minnow can is painted white in order that the bait may become light colored, and thus conspicuous in the dark water where the pike or perch is likely to be found. The change of celor occupies an appreciable time, and the fisherman knows that he stands an extra chance of catching his fish while the bait remains unadapted to its environment. This experience serves to prove in a practical way that the power of changing the color is essentially protective.

The physiological mechanism by means of which these rapid changes of color are effected has been investigated by Lister in England, by Brücke in Germany, and by Pouchet in France. At first sight it appears likely that the light may directly determine the distribution of coloring matter in the pigment cells in or immediately beneath the skin. Each of the various surroundings of an animal would, according to its color, reflect light of a certain constitution, and it might well be supposed that each kind of reflected light would produce a different effect upon the pigment cells. It is, however, now well known that the action is extremely indirect; certain kinds of reflected light act as specific stimuli to the eye of the animal, and different nervous impulses pass from this organ along the optic nerve to the brain, which, being thus indirectly stimulated in a peculiar manner by various kinds of reflected light, originates different impulses, which pass from it along the nerves, distributed to the skin, and cause varying states of concentration of the pigment in the cells. The highest powers of the microscope, assisted by all the varied methods of histology, have failed to detect the connection between the nerves and the pigment cells in the skin, and yet such connection appears to be rendered certain by the fact that light falling on the eye modifies the distribution of the pigment granules. The pigment cells in the skin are often of various colors, and are arranged in layers so that very different effects may be produced by concentration in certain cells, leading to the appearance of those of another color, or to a combined effect due to the colors of two or more kinds of cells.

It has been shown by experiment that blinded frogs had no power of altering their color so as to correspond with surrounding tints. The same facts also have been proved in a most interesting manner by the observations of living animals in their natural surroundings. Thus Pouchet noticed that one single plaice out of a large number upon a light sandy surface was dark-colored, and thus unlike its surroundings. Examination showed that this individual was blind, and therefore unable to respond to the stimulus of reflected light In addition to the light-colored trout usually seen in a chalk stream in Hampshire, England, very dark individuals are occasionally met with. These dark fish could never be induced to rise to the fly. On examination they were invariably found to be blind, the crystalline lens being opaque. Sometimes the fish were blind in one eye, but this did not affect their color. The dark shade appears to come on gradually with increasing blindness, for the depth of the tint varies in different individuals, and sometimes only part of the body (*e g.*, the tail is affected) The blindness probably comes on with age, for the dark fish are always large, generally between one and two pounds in weight.

Cut-throat Trout.

ST. PAUL, June 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of June 5, page 450, a reference to that variety of the Rocky Mountain black-spotted trout which has come to be generally designated as the "cut-throat trout." In my "Sportsman's Gazetteer," published in 1877, he is called *curinatus* by Prof. Cope, although under a revised nomenclature he lapsed into *purpuratus* Both Cope and Yarrow had already described four different varieties of black-spotted Rocky Mountain trout, in which the markings vary, for description of which please refer to Vol. V. "Zoölogy of Expeditions for Explorations West of the One Hundredth Meridian," p. 694, 1876. I first observed this fish in August, 1881, at Rosebud Lake, at the head of Rosebud Creek, a tributary of the Stillwater, which flows into the Yellowstone, and gave him the name of "cut-throat trout" in my official report, which was a chance thought suggested by the two crimson slashes as wide as your little finger on the lower edges of the gill covers, and which at first sight I took to be blood. These marks, however, I believe are not permanent, but occur only in the rutting season. I also gave the name of silver king to the tarpon the same year.

The cut-throat is properly known as the Yellowstone trout.

CHAS. HALLOCK.

BOSTON ANGLERS.

BOSTON, June 12.—Mr. L. O. Crane is just out from Round Mountain Lake, where he has had good success fly-fishing, landing over 100 trout.

The Haskell or Boston *Herald* party, to Allerton Lodge, Mooseluckmaguntic Lake last week found only fair fishing. Mr. Chapman is reported to have been the most successful fisherman of the party, a 5½lb. salmon falling to his net.

Mr. Frank Wise is back from his fishing trip to the Tusket River, in Nova Scotia. The river is reached by way of Yarmouth, twenty-five miles, or by one or two shorter carriage drives. But the Yarmouth road is rather the best Mr. Wise is so much pleased with his first trip to this river that he will go again. An 8lb. sea salmon fell to his score, while his companion, Charles Boss, caught two salmon. They caught an abundance of trout of from ½ to 1½lbs. Though the water was high, they had excellent sport.

Mr. Walter L. Hill has returned from his annual trip to Moosehead. He was absent from Boston seven days. He saw the sun the day he left, but did not see it again till he got back to the Hub. In spite of this dismal weather, he reports excellent trout fishing, including from three to twenty a day. He also took a laker weighing 10lbs.

Mr. E. C. Stevens and party have returned from an enjoyable fishing trip to Lake Dunmore, Saulsbury, Vt. They were absent but a few days but took many large pickerel, sending out some very large strings One big fellow weighed 8lbs., with others of 2, 4 and 6lbs. They also took one or two big lake trout. Mr. Stevens thinks that a good deal of sport is promised at Lake Dunmore this season.

Mr. Mathew Luce is again the champion cod fisherman. At his last trip, with his boatman, he took ninety codfish off Cohasset. Boston sportsmen who cannot get away for long trips to the trout and salmon waters get much satisfaction from the salt water, which is near and always at hand.

Now and then a large salmon is taken at Lake Auburn, Me. The other day Michael Ready hooked one with nearly 200ft. of line out. The fish made a great play, and it took more than a quarter of an hour to land it. The weight was 8¾lbs. Some good catches continue to be reported from the Schoodic lakes. The papers say that Supt. Maloon, of the Bangor & Oldtown Electric Railroad, has returned from those lakes with a big catch, including two lakers weighing 24 and 18lbs. respectively. The largest fish is said to be the largest on record from those waters. The big fish was taken by trolling, with a double bait of worms and a minnow. It took an hour and a half to land him.

Pretty good fishing continues to be reported at Newfound Lake, N. H. Dr. Q. A. Ballou is reported to have recently taken a salmon weighing 16lbs. H. Crafts and H. Butterworth are also reported to have taken 14lb. trout.

C. W. Varney and son Ralph, of Lynn, have been at Bemis, where the boy is credited with having taken two trout of 5lbs. each. SPECIAL.

ONE MAN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

Frank G. Beach.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I appropriate this caption with due apologies to Fred Mather, coupled with the wish that his felicitous pen might be enlisted with knowledge of the man, to do proper honor to a Waltonian who has made his last cast, and whose kindly deeds by flood and field are worthy of perpetuation in your columns.

Mr. Beach's business activities have had to do with the telephone, which he fostered in its small beginnings, and aided largely in perfecting and developing to its present maturity. He held an honorable place in the business world as general manager of the Central Union Telephone Co., and his untimely death will bear as a personal loss upon every member of the fraternity.

It is of the social side of his nature, however—of his qualities as sportsman and good comrade, that his intimates will dwell upon with loving remembrance, and which fit him to his niche with all true disciples of the gentle art. The best men are at their best under the leveling influences of the camp, when one's cares may be dropped with the official harness, and at such times Beach rejuvenated himself and appeared as the care-free, wholesome, right-minded boy. Better than the bishop in full canonicals is the bishop unbent, as I have observed him, when with none to make him afraid, he dances a pow wow about his first trout, or takes his trick cheerfully in the drudgeries of the camp.

I had not the good fortune to know Mr. Beach for a long period, but sufficiently so to prove the pessimistic libel that men make no friendships, but only acquaintances, after the meridian of life. With men of Beach's type, to whom youth seemed perennial, there is no period of life when one would not respond to the charm of his kindly enthusiasm. He never grumbled—nor rains, nor the spoiled dinner, nor the worst "fisherman's luck" ever pheazed the perfect serenity of his temper—and he never spoke ill of men.

The last time I found him suffering from his malady I persuaded him out of his office and over to the St. Paul train for a couple of days on Keesus, a placid little, four-leaved-clover-shaped lake, near Hartland, meaning to have our dinners al fresco, with Louie Kafmeyer as captain and chef, and, for that matter, philosopher and friend. To those who know Louie and his all-round accomplishments, it will be understood that no little pleasure and healing was likely to come of it.

A five-mile drive after Farmer Marshall's spanking bays landed us at his modern home, where nothing is left to be desired in the way of hospitality or creature comforts. Being pretty well-seasoned boys, knowing there are days and days to come, we take things leisurely in the morning, and stroll down about 9 o'clock to find that our boatman has been waiting since sun-up with a bucket of minnows that on sight stirs our temperature to fever symptoms. We begin casting along the sedgy border of Marshall's Bay, every foot of which is likely to harbor a big-mouth, and are rewarded from time to time with some inexperienced seedlings, which we throw back for the boys who will follow us, with the admonition to "keep in out of the wet." My brother fishes as he does all things, with grace and intelligence; his tackle is dainty—the rod 5ft. in length, in weight an ounce to the foot, the line of braided silk a mere thread, with a single hook; and with a turn of the wrist he has delivered a succulent minnow right in that lair 75ft. away. This far and fair cast fails only because Mr Bronzebacker is elsewhere. Just around the turn, and as the bait touched water off the point of weeds, he struck the mine; for, like a fuse to powder, the explosion followed, the bottom of the lake seemed to blow up like a geyser, and a racket began as if he had hooked on to a couple of wildcats. He had deluded a mighty bass. It is the mistake of your life to suppose the tackle won't hold—Louie and I know better—for in competent hands it has killed its 30-pounder. This aside—the fight is on; Beach is endeavoring to calm his victim, and remarks incidentally while giving it the butt hard, "Oh, come out o' that, old mossy. Here, here! that won't do," and turning to me, "Ain't that a sky scraper, Mike?" as his game makes another furious leap, swearing the while at its captor, who, like Grant, is ever

"Patient of toil,
Serene amidst alarms."

And it is a joy to note the struggle of skill against artifice illuminate the weary eye, and send the reviving glow to his cheek Alas! the mission of this particular bass was merely to point an example of perfect patience in adversity to Louie and me, for it broke away, and as it lit out for the brush on the opposite shore, Beach quietly mumbled after him, "Just tell them that you saw me," while the historian exhibited quite a different spirit, and endeavored to kick holes through the boat.

Any one of the thirty lakes in Waukesha and Oconomowoc counties, accessible from Chicago in three hours by this road, will yield generously of the big-mouth when catered to in this manner; but in still-fishing or trolling the catch is likely to be small. They did not all get away in Keesus that morning, as we counted out twenty-two bass (not at all an unusual number) and a lot of pickerel and other odds and ends, which do not count. Louie thought we had enough (?) for lunch, and as he permits no interference with the culinary management, we were pleased with the opportunity to rest and discuss the cook, as he is not the kind of a cook to cuss. He could have cooked for the jubilee to the Queen's taste, and he served us in some magical manner at once with fish, flesh and potatoes, and possibly the coffee, all hot, from the same pan, and preserved the flavor of each. My comrade, as usual, sneaked all the tid bits to my side of the pan, under cover of some complimentary remarks on what the cook had done for him. Stretched on the greensward, my friend said, with a gratified sigh: "That's the best dinner I ever surrounded, and Charles Lamb ain't in it with me." It appears that when the booking agent put his head in the coach to inquire if they were "all full inside," Lamb replied: "Well, that last oyster pattie did the business for me."

We loafed, "invited our souls," and talked of things, and as one may on such rare occasions, I was permitted another glimpse into an unselfish heart, which, hating shams, held a boundless love for all nature and his fellow-men.

I have been dwelling all winter with delight on the fruition of plans we had shaped that perfect day for the coming season; my best skill and fraternal regard has been woven into a rod which he mercifully believed he would use for many a year with returning health; but, alas! poor fellow, the fatal summons had then been sped. Happily for those who grieve most, his life went out painless, as he would have willed it for every living thing. We have laid him to rest under the leafy shades of Rose Hill, within sound of our beautiful, murmuring inland sea which he loved so well.

Au revoir, brave comrade, dear friend. McL.

SMELT ARE NOT A MENACE.

STATE OF MAINE, Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, Dixfield, Me., June 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your paper June 5 an article from Mr. Bainbridge Bishop entitled, "Are Smelts a Menace?" The writer, I should judge, is not familiar with the habits and characteristics of the fresh-water smelt of Maine, which is the variety we are introducing into the lakes in Maine. This fish does not feed on the young of other fishes. In that respect they are as harmless as the sucker. Even if they did, they do not come into water where you would find the young trout and salmon, *i. e.*, near the shore. This smelt is only found in deep water away from the shore, feeding mostly from the surface.

If the gentleman has ever been in Maine, the home of the landlocked salmon, and is familiar with their origin, he must know that every lake where they are placed by nature abounds in smelts. He should also know that we cannot successfully raise fine salmon without smelts for food. In every lake in Maine where you find the smelt, there you find the finest trout, salmon and pickerel, and in greater abundance. In every instance where we have introduced the smelt, the salmon and trout have at once increased in size and quality in a very marked degre.

I think the gentleman need borrow no trouble about any harm coming to the trout and salmon by the introduction of the fresh water smelt. We think so much of them in Maine that we are introducing them into every pond adapted to them in the State. We don't intend to introduce any English sparrows. There is none of that blood in the smelt.

H. O. STANLEY.

Rhode Island Salt-Water Fishing.

SOUTH PORTSMOUTH, R. I., June 9.—All fish in this section are much earlier than usual, and it has been an uncommonly cold May. Round mackerel appeared the past week off Burton Reef Lightship of very large size, and took the hook fairly well, one boat taking three barrels of extra No. 1's. About 50lbs. were sent to Boston from Block Island last week. Nearly all of the mackerel sent into Boston market last week and this week up to Thursday night, came from Block Island and Cape Cod waters. These fish did not appear in any numbers last season till late in June. Outside of Sachuest Neck quite a number of mackerel were seen by me, but refused the hook. A few warm days will put them in biting trim. Tautaug ran fairly well during the past week. Weakfish have just commenced to run, a few being taken in the traps, also large catches of sea bass and flounders. Bluefish, a few showing of large size. The first large striped bass was taken last Monday, weight 41lbs.

WM. M. HUGHES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 14.—William Sanderson made a fishing trip to the shore a few days ago and hooked a skate, which he succeeded in landing after a hard fight. It measured 4ft. 3in in length and 3ft. 3in. across its flippers. The fish weighed 72lbs.

Game Warden Fred C. Medbury, of Riverside, enjoyed a good afternoon's fishing in Rehoboth recently. Upon his return he displayed a fine string of trout, the largest weighing 1¼lbs.

John J. Holmes, of this city, caught a tautog weighing 10½lbs. off Allen's Ledge, Nayatt Point, one day last week.

W. H. M.

NEW JERSEY COAST FISHING.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 12.—Coast fishing is gradually taking on its accustomed aspect. Bass are as yet not taking the hook as well as anglers could hope for, still enough have been taken to keep the ambition up to the expectant degree. Moynan is already on the grounds and as usual in the lead both in numbers and weight, his heaviest so far at this point is 15½ lbs. Kingfish are fairly abundant, but seem rather reluctant about taking the hook, this may be due to the prevailing cold weather, as they are much more sensitive to water temperature than is the bass. Black bass seem voracious and will take greedily apparently any bait offered. I saw a string of seven nice ones which was taken from one of our nearby lakes this morning. Fishing at Anglesea, N. J, is already at its best. I am in receipt of a letter from my friend L P. Streeter, who generally keeps me pretty well informed as to what is being done in the waters which he frequents. The following record, made by himself, H. W. Quick and Cyrus S. Detre, of Philadelphia, is one I believe which has never been beaten at this season of the year. LEONARD HULIT.

Mr. Streeter's letter was written from Anglesea, June 1, and the report runs: I have been spending the past week here in quest of drum, and as to day closes our fishing I send you an account of our efforts from May 5 to date:

May 5—H. W. Quick, 1 drum, 18lbs.

May 13—H. W. Quick, 1 drum, 16½lbs.; C. H. Detre, 3 drum, 18½, 26 and 54lbs.

May 14—Detre, 2 drum, 23½ and 23lbs.; Quick, 3 drum, 42, 23½ and 21lbs.

May 21—Detre, 2 drum, 25 and 18lbs.

May 22—Detre, 1 drum 24½lbs.

May 27—L. P. Streeter, 1 drum, 21lbs.

May 29—Detre, 6 drum, 61, 26½, 21, 24, 22, 29½lbs.; Quick, 9 drum, 23, 21, 19, 17, 21½, 21, 19, 31 and 19lbs.; L. P. Streeter, 3 drum, 22, 21 and 18¼lbs.

May 31—L. P Streeter, 8 drum, 22, 18, 20, 18½, 38, 15, 22 and 21lbs,; Detre, 25½, 13, 19½, 16½, 21, 17½, 18 and 19lbs.

Detre caught 2 channel bass (red drum) while fishing in the surf for drum yesterday, May 31, we have never done such a thing before in the spring, and it was a great surprise.

June 1—Streeter, 4 drum, 23, 19, 16 and 20lbs.; C. S. Detre, 2 drum, 22 and 18lbs.

To date—Detre, 25 black drum, weighing 565lbs., and 2 channel bass, weighing 35½lbs.; Quick, 13 black drum, weighing 294½lbs.; Streeter, 16 black drum, weighing 334½lbs.

Food for Greenwood Lake Fish.

From May Report of Protector Shriner, of New Jersey.

During the past month a number of wardens were employed at netting the reservoirs of the East Jersey Water Company at Clinton and Oak Ridge. The principal object of the work was securing bait fish for Greenwood Lake, the quality of the game fish in that water having greatly deteriorated of late years, principally, it is believed, on account of a lack of food. Thousands of bait fish were caught, together with considerable quantities of game fish, and these were all taken to Greenwood Lake.

Fortunately an opportunity offered to secure a consignment of the eggs of fresh water smelts, five boxes, each containing from 35,000 to 50,000 eggs being received during the early part of the month. The eggs were of both varieties of the smelt, the large and the small, the former attaining an adult growth of some 5 or 6in., and the latter of 3 or 4in. These eggs were distributed as follows: One box to Lake Hopatcong; one box to Greenwood Lake; one box to the trout streams of Sussex county, emptying into the Delaware River, from which it is hoped the latter stream will receive a supply; two boxes were divided between Culver's Lake, Little and Big Swartswood lakes, Long Pond, Iliff's Pond and Struble's Pond.

The Vermont Pike-Perch Season.

FERRISBURGH, Vt., June 7 —A few nights since I heard the bullfrogs of Little Otter give their first concert of the season, or at least the first I had heard. I interpreted their songs to run, "Come down, come down, now, now," which could be nothing but an invitation to fish for pike-perch, but the call could only be accepted in violation of a most ab urd law which prohibits taking pike-perch in our streams until June 15. If any one can give a reason for continuing the prohibition two months beyoud the spawning time of these fish I would like to know it. AWANSOOSE.

Sullivan County Trout.

WURTSBORO, N. Y., June 7.—Our veteran fisherman, Jacob Hosier, on Saturday of last week landed seven of the finest speckled beauties we have looked at this season. Four of them measured 14in. and three about 18in.

Since the season opened here on May 15, Mr. Hosier has shown us many fine catches from Boshas Kill, but says this was the best day's sport he has had so far. He frequently goes to the mountain brooks and returns with a basketful, but, like all old fishermen, he prefers to hook the big ones, and he says that Boshas Kill is where they grow.

C. B. NEWKIRK.

Death of E. M. Copeland.

MR. E. M. COPELAND, manager of the Mastigouche House, on the Mastigouche Fish and Game Club grounds, Quebec, died on Tuesday, June 1, aged sixty years. The house will now be conducted for members and their guests by Mr. L. B. Copeland, a son of the late proprietor.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM's service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsmen for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 1.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, Morris, Man
Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 15.—E F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T. Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

THE ETHAN ALLIN SETTER.

HAMPTON, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In respect to the question as to the origin, type and field qualities of the Ethan Allin setters, I will endeavor to give the pedigrees of these dogs as far as their breeding is known, and while these pedigrees are not complete, they will give a fair idea from what blood they were produced. Personally I did not know Mr. Allin, for it was not until after his death that I became directly interested in this strain of dogs, although they were the first bird dogs I ever saw afield or shot a gun over. I first bought puppies of this strain from different parties which proved to be good field dogs, especially so on ruffed grouse, and as this is our principal game bird, grouse dogs were in greater demand than quail dogs; so I took the idea that I would secure a bitch of this strain, and see if I could not breed back and reproduee stock that would be equal to those that I had previously seen and handled. Brood bitches of this strain were hard to secure whose breeding could be established, although dogs that were called "Ethan Allins" could be found everywhere. I finally found one, Trap III., owned by W. W. Jewett of this place, and she was bred to several dogs of this strain, whose pedigrees I traced up and found correct, but the result was far from satisfactory. The pups from these litters were invariably of high strung, nervous dispositions, gunshy and timid. When this bitch was bred out to some good English setter dog, I secured some nice field dogs. It seems to me that the reason is plain when we look at the pedigree of this bitch, and see how her ancestors had been bred in for three or four generations. This same inbreeding is, to my mind, the reason that this strain of dogs has run out so quickly; for it is a fact that while there are some dogs of this strain still living that are fine field dogs, there are but few whose pedigree can be traced back. Most of the Ethan Allins of to-day are dogs known to be at least half English setter blood. Failing to bring these dogs back to the standard that I had been accustomed to, I gave them up, and to-day have not a drop of Ethan Allin blood in my kennels. I inclose the pedigree of Trap III. for three generations, or back to Trap I., and a pedigree of this bitch as far back as Mr. Allin knew it.

It will be seen that the sire and dam of Trap III. were brother and sister, but this was not Mr. Allin's breeding, as I believe that Trap III. was bred by A. B. Boswell, of Danielsonville, Conn. Mr. Boswell owned her sire and dam, Ned and Trap II, they being bred by Mr. Allin.

The bitch Trap I. was considered by Mr. Allin as one of the finest he ever bred, being an orange and white in color and a fine looking bitch. She was also an excellent field performer. She was sired by his dog Fag, a slate-blue, white and tan dog, out of his noted bitch Fan. You will note that the pedigree of Fan is not given, but he says that she "was imported in utero by Capt. Winslow."

Who Capt. Winslow is or was I do not know, but Fan was an orange and white English setter, and was owned and trained by Edward Botham, of this town, who afterward sold her to Gilbert Burnham, from whom Mr. Allin bought her. Fan was a great field bitch, and Mr. Botham bred from her before he sold her, and from this stock he produced some excellent field dogs. He bred her to an Irish setter dog owned by Edgar Newton, and produced a fine litter, chief among them being a dog known as One-Eyed Dan, a dog that enjoyed the distinction of being the finest quail dog in this section. From him was bred some good ones, one in particular, owned and trained by Henry T. Mosley, of Hampton, an orange and white dog that was one of the best all-round field dogs for our New England shooting I ever saw; the last I knew of this dog he was sold and went to some place in York State.

From this bitch Fan, Mr. Allin secured his finest stock, and it was from her progeny that the Ethan Allin setter gained such wide notoriety. She was also a fine-formed bitch, and won the second prize at the Springfield, Mass., bench show in 1874. Her daughter Cosy, whose name you will note in the inclosed pedigree, is the bitch Mr. Allin used to show at the bench shows on point, and was quite a drawing card at that time. By taking this pedigree which I inclose, and going back eight or nine generations and following it down, you will get a pretty good idea of the crosses that were made to establish this strain. There is the blood of the Irish setter and the English traced back to the imported stock; also a strain from the old Pete Tomlinson stock, of New Haven, Conn.—dogs that were considered the equal of any a quarter of a century ago, and I believe they were justly entitled to that credit, for I have dogs now that descended from this same strain that were bred by E. K. Sperry, of New Haven, and they are the best dogs, take them as they run through whole litters, of any strain of dogs I have ever handled. After studying this pedigree one must come to the conclusion that Mr. Allin bred to the best field dogs he could find without regard to breed or pedigree, considering field merit as paramount to all other considerations.

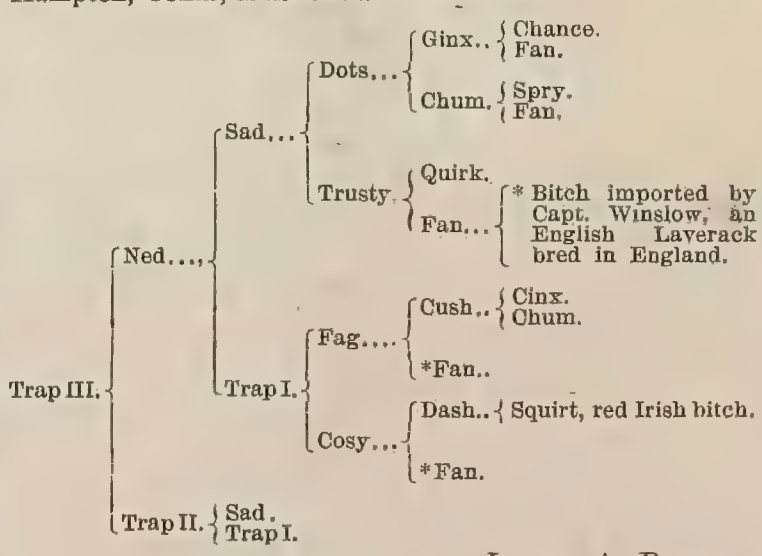
As far as my experience goes I could hardly say that they were an established type, for we see dogs of all colors, lemon and white predominating, yet there were certain characteristics that were usually noticeable, particularly the n rrow, pointed muzzle, "snipe nose" we call it here, and the majority of those that I have broken were of short, compact bodies, straight, flat coats, and rather straight on their hindlegs. In disposition they were mild and gentle.

In the field their style of work was entirely different from our modern English setter, lacking the speed and lofty carriage that is so much admired to-day; but they could maintain a fair rate of speed, and after a few days' work would settle down into a steady, easy lope, and go from morning until night six days in the week, working just as cheerfully the last day as the first. They possessed wonderfully keen noses, stanch as rocks, and manytimes were cautious almost to a fault. Working usually with their noses close to the ground, picking up the faintest scent, working it out in the same manner that a bloodhound would, they were, at picking up an old cold trail and following it out, the superior of any race of setters that ever came under my observation. Their style of working would not have gained for them any notice at a field trial, but here in New England, where most of our shooting is done in the cover, and where the ground is for a greater part of the season carpeted with several inches of dry leaves where scent does not hold and where birds are comparatively scarce, their keen noses and great ability for working out those old "trails," which the average high-headed, dashing English setter would not notice, it won for them a warm place in the hearts of that class of sportsmen that cared little for style or lofty pedigree, but wanted a dog that could be relied upon for a pleasant day afield.

I have personally run an Ethan Allin and a Lewellyn or Lavarack together at brace work, and many is the time that I have known the Ethan Allin to take up one of those old trails and follow it for a hundred yards before the English setter would seem to realize that a bird had been there. I say a "trail," for that seems to me to be the only expression that will cover it. While our English setter, with his head high up and sometimes several yards from the course, actually pursued by the bird "roads" his birds, the Ethan Allin followed the foot scent with nose near the ground, so I make the distinction and call it "trailing."

Grouse, or partridge, was their favorite bird, and with stanchness and caution they would steal upon an old wary grouse with their cat like step that seldom alarmed the bird, and was pretty sure to give the sportsman a shot. When they took up an old trail the only thing to do was to let them alone to work out their own salvation, and if that bird stayed on the ground they would nail him sooner or later. For my own shooting I like a rather fast dog, yet I took great pleasure in shooting over these dogs, and it is with regret that I note that the Etan Allin of my early experience is so nearly extinct.

The orange and white American setter bitch Trap III, whelped in June, 1887, and owned by W. W. Jewitt, Hampton, Conn., is as follows:



LESTER A. PEALE.

SCHOOLING THE DOG.—IV.

SOME of the authorities on the subject of training maintain that the puppy's education should begin when he is very young. In theory, it is very plausible. The teacher thus takes the puppy when its mind is unformed, and then stuffs it with knowledge before anything else has an opportunity to be implanted in it. Thus the puppy is trained from youth in the proper manner, free from the objectionable traits which are supposed to be acquired if he is given too much liberty or if his schooling begins when he has reached maturity. Furthermore, his mind then being more receptive and his character being in the formative stage, he grows into his education as it were.

This is all very pretty in theory. In practice, it is all very wrong. What is called the training of the dog—that is, his training as it refers to working to the gun for his master's pleasure or profit—is really but a small fragment of the dog's education. He in the main acquires his own education, partially from his own observation and partially from the schooling which he derives from everyday association with man. In such matters as prove profitable and therefore pleasurable to him, he quickly learns from his own observation which methods prove most successful, and those he adopts. He quite as readily learns what acts produce pain, and those he avoids. For instance, if he is whipped for invading the pantry or chasing chickens, he associates the acts with pain and avoids them. He quickly learns to detect the signs which indicate punishment; thus the change in his master's voice caused by irritation, or the change from the same cause in his facial expression, is detected instantly if it has previously been associated with punishment, and the pain he suffers through fear and disapproval deters him from committing the objectionable acts.

In the household, unconsciously, the dog is receiving his schooling constantly, and in time he learns to fit into the domestic life of the family, unobtrusively, accurately and intelligently. He understands what is permitted to him and what is not, and as there is but very little allotted to him, he recognizes it and keeps within the limits. He sleeps where he can be the most comfortable and yet the least in the way; he waits wistfully and deferentially for his meals; he trots quietly about, giving every one the right of way; in short, he learns to be a part of the domestic life of a family without any particular individual distinctiveness of his own. He learns that strangers are distinct from the family and toward them he feels secure in showing hostility.

If he be a country dog, he learns to hunt woodchucks or rabbits; at first he may consider chickens, sheep, etc., as being lawful prey, but being punished for chasing them, and thus, from associating pain with their pursuit, he confines his pursuit to such animals as prove profitable and pleasurable.

To develop his mental and physical capabilities he must have experience in a natural way. When the puppy is playing with other puppies or with children, such is not idle effort, or positive harm as some men seem to think it. On the contrary, it is the best of schooling. It is a wholesome development by nature's own method. The puppy at play is acquiring a training of all his senses, besides acquiring a knowledge of outside matters. His energies are aroused. He becomes self-reliant, active and skillful. The training at play is the school which fits the puppy for serious work. It is therefore better to leave him largely to his own freedom and resources within proper limits till he is eight or ten or twelve months old, accordingly as he is mentally and physically developed. He then learns ways and means of his own, becomes waywise and secures a general fund of valuable knowledge. Of course, he can be broken of any bad habits, such as chasing sheep or killing chickens; but the special education should be left entirely in abeyance. However, the trainer should permit the puppy to associate with him as much as possible, so that the puppy will recognize him as his master, become fond of him, and develop naturally from the opportunities afforded when accompanying the trainer in his walks through the fields and roads. At the same time the trainer learns the peculiarities and capabilities of the puppy, and can then accurately determine the best method to apply in his training.

As to the training itself, it may be divided into two parts, the yard training and field training.

The yard training consists in teaching the dog such commands as are useful in managing him to the purposes of the gun, such as dropping to order, or to shot or signal of the hand; coming in or going out to order, retrieving and the commands associated with it, and the obedience which comes from discipline, all of which will be fully treated in due place.

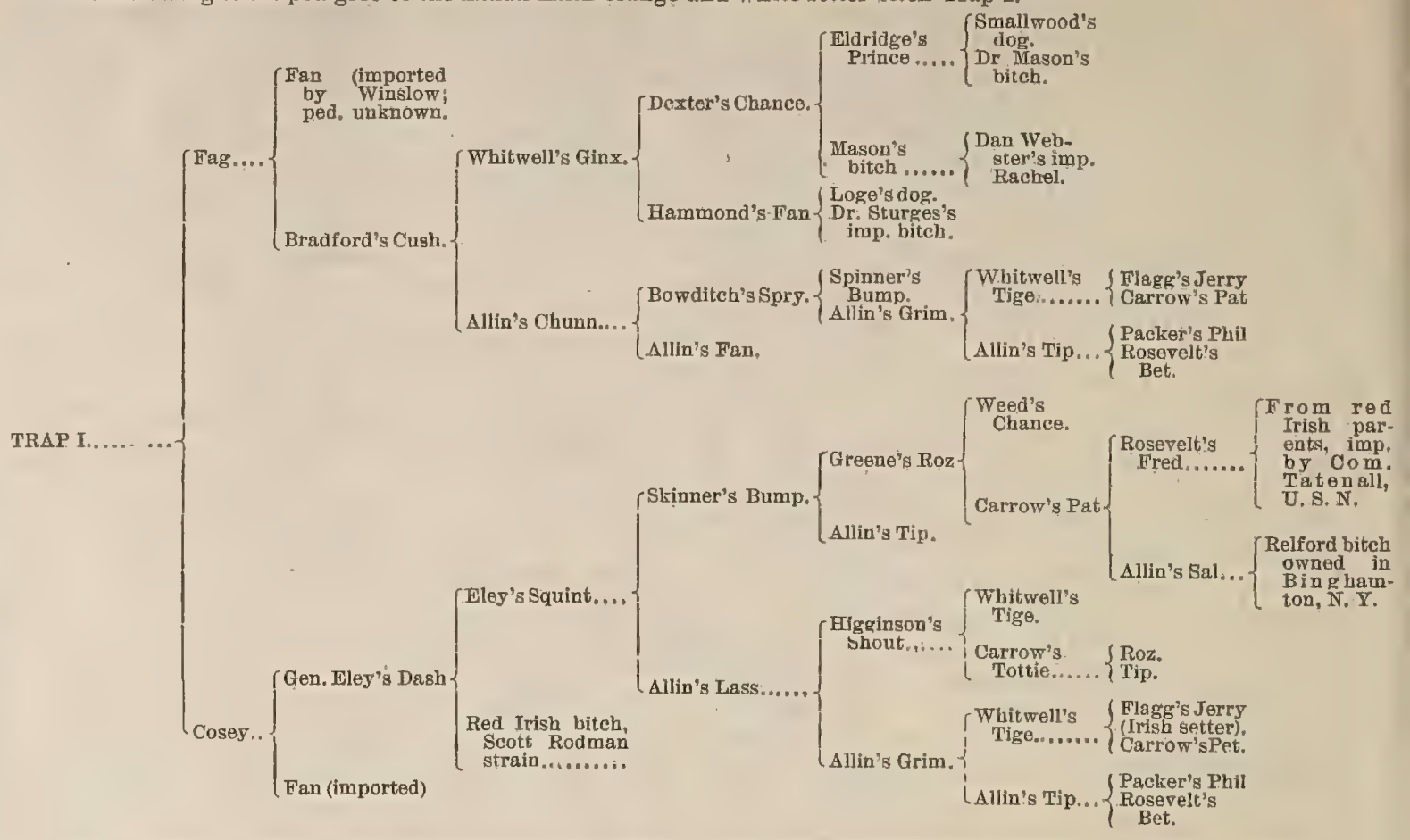
The field training consists in giving the dog opportunity to apply his instinctive desires to hunt birds, and then so checking or preserving them in their application as to be of service to the shooter's requirements.

It is commonly supposed that the trainer teaches the dog to hunt birds He does not do so. Domesticated dogs, wild dogs and other carnivora learn to hunt without any teaching. The true trainer is he who can take advantage of the dog's efforts, force him to abandon such methods as are detrimental to the interests of the gun, confine him to such methods as he excels in and which are the most useful to the shooter, and encourage him to work as a team with his trainer; that is, to adjust his effort so as to play to the gun's interest. In this, too, strictly speaking, there is nothing taught. The dog learns it himself from experience, and that, too, without any trainer. For instance, greyhounds learn to run cunning, one hound adjusting his efforts intelligently to the efforts of the other, and using entirely different methods from what one hound uses when in pursuit alone.

The field training of a dog is largely a system of suppression. He is punished for doing undesirable acts, and such desirable ones as he has are preserved. If he is deficient in any natural qualities, the trainer cannot remedy the defect.

The commonest error is that the amateur in his effort to suppress some undesirable trait may suppress several desirable ones, or all, for that matter, as when the trainer endeavors to break the dog of chasing rabbits or birds or breaking shot, and he does it so thoroughly that he breaks

The following is the pedigree of the Ethan Allin orange and white setter bitch Trap I.



the dog from seeking at all. He may punish the dog for mouthing a bird, and thereafter the dog may be afraid to take a bird in his mouth; so that the trainer has suppressed the whole of the accomplishment. The trainer whose skill is such that he can suppress the undesirable traits and at the same time preserve the desirable ones, is the best of trainers. He must be patient, intelligent and good-tempered, besides having the necessary knowledge of dogs and dog character.

The dog will hunt rabbits or sheep with as great a zest as he will hunt birds, in fact, he will hunt them with greater zest and fierceness. Punishment will break him of chasing them, and after a time by habit he will become indifferent to them. But the punishment which breaks the dog from chasing rabbits will also break him from hunting birds, hence it is a common occurrence that when the amateur punishes his dog for breaking shot or chasing birds, he breaks him from hunting them.

For these reasons, two systems of training have had their advocates, one being founded on the theory of no punishment at all, the other on punishment intelligently applied. The true theory is the combination of kindness and punishment which will humanely and most thoroughly accomplish the desired purpose. B. WATERS.

Entries of Continental Field Trial Club's Blue Ribbon Stake.

DON ANTONIO—J. B. Brisbee's b., w. and t. setter dog (Antonio—Nellie Hope).

TONY'S HOPE—J. B. Brisbee's b, w. and t. setter dog (Antonio—Nellie Hope).

QUEEN ESTHER S.—S. A. Smart's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Young Llewellyn Hurd—Sally Kreiger).

LADY OF HESSEN.—Tobasco Kennels' l. and w. pointer bitch (Hessen Boy—Lady of Rush)

BOY OF HESSEN—Tobasco Kennels' b. and w. pointer dog (Hessen Boy—Lady of Rush).

HURSTSBOURNE JOEL—Tobasco Kennels' b. and w. setter bitch (Tony Boy—Bonnie Belle II.).

NIMROD II.—Dr. E. N. Lowry's o. belton (Nimrod E.—Sebyl S.)

NELLIE M.—John T. Mayfield (ag't) b., w. and t. setter bitch (Marie's Sport—West Wind).

SAM'S BOW—John R Daniels's l. and w. pointer dog (Plain Sam—Dolly Dee II.).

ALICE K.—L. C. Bacon's b., w and t. setter bitch (Antonio Gladstone—Speckle Gown)

MINNIE'S GIRL—Del Monte Kennels' o. and w. setter bitch (Antonio—Minnie T.).

LIBERTY—Del Monte Kennels' blue belton setter bitch (Sam T—Gath's Dora).

TICK BOY, JR.—Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. pointer dog (Tick Boy—Jilt).

SPORT—J. J. Odem's b, w. and t. setter dog (Tony Boy—Blue).

JESSIE C.—Dr. G. Chisholm's b., w. and t. setter bitch (— — —).

PEARL R.—Dr. M. F. Rogers's b, w. and t. setter bitch (Sam Grass—Donnathy).

CHISHOLM.—John Myers's l. and w. pointer dog (Von Gull—Cloxie R.).

DOCTOR TASSIE.—William Elliott's l. and w. pointer dog (Hal Pointer—Kent's Star).

MISS MISCHIEF.—Richard Baugham's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Dash Antonio—Patti).

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

THE famous pointer Trinket's Bang (Croxteth—Trinket), died several months ago, aged about fourteen years. He won first in the Western Field Trial Club's All Age Stake, 1885 and divided third with Bob Gates in the National Trials of the same year. He was the sire of a number of superior performers, among which were Cherrystone, Pearl's Dot, Spotted Boy, and he was grandsire of Strideaway and Virginia. His owner, Mr. Wm. Titterington, has suffered a grievous misfortune in the gradual loss of his sanity during the past few years, and a short time since was removed to an asylum.

The Northwestern Field Trials Club elected recently the following list of officers: President, Thos. Stone, Alberta; Vice-President Benjamin Gordon, Winnipeg; Secretary-Treasurer, Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg.

Under date of June 11, Mr. James E Green informs us that entries closed for the open air show at Braintree with a total of 228, as follows: St. Bernards 13, collies 13, poodles 4, pointers 11, setters 4, cocker spaniels 8, beagles 12, bull dogs 17, bull terriers 3, French bull dogs 3, Boston terriers 49, fox terriers 37, Irish terriers 33, Scottish terriers 17, Welsh terriers 3, miscellaneous 1.

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, President of the N. F. H. A., writes us that there will be a meeting of the directors of the National Fox Hunter's Association at Lexington, Ky., on Wednesday, July 18.

A brawny Swede visited the city hall the other day to procure a marriage license, and a couple of clerks to whom he innocently stated his wishes directed him to the department where dog licenses are issued. He approached the license window diffidently, gave his name and address, and asked what the documents would cost. "It will cost you $1 a year for every dog you keep," replied the clerk. "Dog?" echoed the Swede. "Why, certainly," continued the clerk, "don't you want a dog license?" "Val, no," cried the would-be Benedict, "Ay kain't afford to buy dog dces yar. Ay vant to get only a vooman now."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Concerning the dog show of the Morristown Field Club, to be held June 26, only dogs owned by members and friends of members of the Morristown Field Club, Morris County Golf Club and Morristown Club, will be received. Entry fee, $1. Entries close June 18, and are limited to 150. Dogs will be properly classified. Rosettes will be the prizes awarded to first, second and third. There will be an afternoon tea at 5 P. M., to which all interested in the show are invited. Address Morristown Field Club, Morristown N J

The "yaller" dog, a term heretofore synonymous with everything lowly, worthless and neglected, is about to have his day, or bad quarter of an hour, if the tumultuous applause bestowed on a song having vogue in the vaudeville entertainments of this city is any criterion of it. It is a source of regret, however, that even in his ill days the yaller dog should dawn in literature as the hero in a setting of such versification. The chorus is sufficient for one reading, if the reader can imagine a tune of sufficient pathos to accompany it:

"He was only a little yaller, yaller dog,
The ugliest in all the land;
But I'd rather have a wag of my little dog's tail
Than the grasp of a false friend's hand."

THREE several friends in New Brunswick have been at pains to send us a story printed in a local newspaper respecting a moose killed in that Province last autumn by a visitor from Massachusetts. The head of the moose having been left behind him by the sportsman, to be forwarded later, was intercepted and confiscated by the authorities on the ground that the Massachusetts man had not taken out a hunting license. Moreover, the sportsman and his guide having fallen out, the guide now puts forth the tale, which our correspondents send, that the moose was snared and tied fast to a tree that it might be an easy and sure victim of magazine inexpertness. This is not less ingenious than unkind. There is very good reason to believe that in the future, however, New Brunswick guides who escort non-licensed foreigners into the moose woods will be extremely reticent about what happens there; for the Province has just adopted a law which forbids the guiding of hunters who evade the license rules. Its terms are that if any person shall accompany into the woods as a guide one who is not duly licensed for the purpose of hunting moose or caribou, he shall be liable to a penalty of from $20 to $40 or imprisonment. This is a beginning of carrying into practice the Maine system of guide responsibility for the conduct of the guided. Hereafter the geniuses who tie up moose for license-dodging hunters may be depended upon to keep exceedingly mum about it.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

BRED.

Mr. T. E. Moxham's
Rachael, beagle bitch, May 1, to Razzle.
Lizzie, beagle bitch, May 18, to champion Sherry.

Schenectady Gun Club.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y, June 2.—The Schenectady Gun Club is comparatively a new club, having been organized about a year, and after a hard struggle for existence has developed into a strong, well organized club, having on its rolls a large number of the principal business and professional men of this city. Its membership has steadily increased during the winter months, and it now numbers ninety. The club does both trap and rifle shooting, and has been exceptionally fortunate in securing a good location for practice, especially at the traps.

The grounds are twenty minutes' ride on trolley cars from the business center of our city, and the cars stop within 500ft. of our shooting grounds.

Ninety-eight per cent. of our members never shot from traps before joining our club. The interest in trap shooting has steadily increased lately, and for the past two months we have thrown over 8,000 targets. We meet every Saturday afternoon, and cordially invite any members of other clubs to spend an afternoon with us.

The following brief report of our Decoration Day shoot will give your readers some idea of our work at the traps and rifle range:

Four prizes were offered and the members of the club were divided into three classes: A, B and C. Class A shot from scratch; Class C received a handicap allowance of 15 misses as breaks in 100; Class B received 25 allowance. The contest consisted of 8 events at various styles of shooting: Nos. 1 and 8 were at known traps and angles; No. 2, unknown angles, both barrels; No. 3, 5 pairs, known traps and angles; No. 4, straightaways; No. 5, 5 pairs from 1 and 3 traps; No. 6, unknown angles; No. 7, unknown traps and unknown angles Only seven members shot through the programme, and all were members of classes A and B. Below are the totals:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		
Targets:	15	15	10	15	10	10	10	15		Tl.
J Andrews (0)	13	13	6	12	5	7	7	11		—74
E Murday (15)	12	10	5	9	5	4	4	7	—56+15	—71
W Sauter (15)	9	10	6	10	3	4	7	6	—55+15	—70
P E Berg (15)	6	10	5	9	3	5	4	13	—55+15	—70
J Deland (15)	9	6	3	8	3	4	2	8	—43+15	—58
C Kilgore (0)	10	11	6	8	7	5	3	6		—56
V Walburg (0)	8	6	7	8	4	4	5	8		—50

First prize won by J. Andrews, second by E. Murday; third and fourth prizes were tied for by Sauter and Berg, the latter winning on the shoot-off.

The result of the prize shooting at the rifle range was as follows: Fifty shots were to be fired at the target at 250yds range. Out of a possible 250 points, the scores of the three leaders are: Clay, first prize, 201 points; Turian, second prize, 190 points; Wallburg, third prize, 182 points.

Any communication addressed to Valentine Wallburg, the president, or O. R. Clark, the secretary, Schenectady, N. Y, will receive prompt attention. MADISON.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont, May 30.—The Missoula Rod and Gun Club has been shooting over an old set of traps since the season opened on April 1, and those traps have been breaking an enormous quantity of targets. A couple of weeks ago we subscribed among ourselves enough to purchase a full set of new expert traps, and Paul North's electric pull. To-day we shot at 1,000 targets over them, the traps breaking only two. Below are the scores made, the poor scores being mainly attributable to the new traps, which throw a much swifter target than the shooters have been accustomed to.

Medal shoot at 25 targets, unknown angles: Rogers (winner of medal) 23, Menard 17, Flowers 16, Forbes 14, Mix 14, Eddy 12, Thompson 12, Graham 11.

In another shoot under the same conditions, the following scores were made: Rogers and Forbes 17; Menard, Mix, Flowers and Eddy, 15; Thompson 14, and Graham 12.

The officers of the club for this year are: President, N. W. M. Thompson: Vice-President, L. L. Hunt; Secretary-Treasurer, W. E. Graham. W. E. GRAHAM, Sec'y.

Read to Tatters.

CHICAGO ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, Chicago, June 7.—*Forest and Stream Publishing Co.:* For several years this Association has subscribed for your publication, and it has been placed on the tables in our reading room. On account of the demand for it, it is handled so much that before the next number comes the last number is in such a worn condition as to be practically useless.

We have made arrangements with our news agent here to again supply us this year with your paper, and we would be glad if you could furnish us with a stiff file cover of some kind, that the paper can be placed in as it is received, so that it can remain there until the next edition is received, when it will be removed, filed, and the new number put in the cover.

Your kind attention will oblige very truly yours,
FRANK W. WENTWORTH, Sec'y.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable

WHEELING NOTES.

LEAKY lamps are a nuisance on bicycles, but it is a fact not generally recognized that they may be a source of danger as well. Coming home from a ride in the country the other day, a wheelman, crossing one of the ferries to New York, lit his lamp, which had happened to be overturned a short time previously, and was surprised to see it at once enveloped in a sheet of flame. His efforts to blow it out were unsuccessful, and it was only at the expense of a burnt hand and a damaged cap that he eventually succeeded in smothering the flame.

A similar accident happened to a rider at Merchantville, N. J. He was calling on a friend and had left his bicycle outside with the lamp still lighted, when a sudden illumination attracted his attention. He ran out and found the entire front part of his wheel in flames. The burning oil had leaked out over the rim and tire, which were completely ruined, while the enamel on the frame was also badly damaged.

Lamps should, of course, never be left alight when not in use, and it is also pretty generally recognized that they will give satisfaction only when conscientiously cleaned and cared for.

Wheeling on the ice, as has been remarked, is the highest luxury of cycling, and probably the least known branch of the sport. Provided there is no water on the ice, rubber tires hold perfectly well for all practical purposes, and no better or less fatiguing surface for long runs could be devised. Last winter a FOREST AND STREAM wheelman hazarded the prophecy that when the North Pole was discovered it would be through the agency of a bicycle, and now in all seriousness comes a proposition to do this very thing.

It is reported that Mr. Hugh Lee, who accompanied Lieut. Peary on his famous trip across the ice fields of Greenland, believes the North Pole can best be reached by the use of the bicycle. He is quoted as saying that the condition of the ice fields in the Arctic, although broken in many places by leads in summer and by icebergs all the year round, present excellent opportunities for the practical use of the wheel. The snow that covers the ice in winter is pounded down by the wind until it is hard enough to bear a man, and the ice itself at times is as smooth as that found in more temperate climes

"When I was with Lieut. Peary on that long trip across Greenland," Mr. Lee is reported as saying, "there were miles upon miles of ice and snow, level and smooth enough for wheeling. I frequently wished for my wheel. If I ever go North again I shall take one with me."

It is said that Mr. Lee is very likely to have the chance of trying the experiment, as he expects to go North again with Peary, and is already making preparations for special tires and equipment.

Lieut. Moss, with his black troopers from the 25th Infantry, is indefatigable in his efforts to demonstrate the utility of the bicycle for army service.

In a few weeks he proposes with twenty picked men, including a surgeon and a cycle repair man, to begin a practice march from Fort Missoula to St. Louis and return, a distance of about 3,000 miles.

The route will extend through southern Montana, the Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, Nebraska and Missouri, with possible detours into Colorado and Kansas. As no appropriation for the purchase of supplies is available, the line of march will be arranged to take in as many army forts as possible where rations can be obtained. When the supplies give out at a distance from a fort they will of course have to be purchased, but for most of the distance the army commissary can be depended upon.

It is expected that over poor roads an average distance of forty-five or fifty miles per day will be covered, while over good roads this distance will be considerably exceeded. Tents are to be taken along and camps will be pitched at night. Much of the cooking will also be attended to by the men, who are provided with light field outfits for this purpose.

The cooking outfits, consisting of dripping pans, bakers, coffee-pots and tin boiler, will be carried in large tin cases fastened to the front of the bicycle.

Blankets, tents, underwear and personal effects, as well as extra rations, will be stored in knapsacks, haversacks or canvas luggage cases, which are fitted in the diamond of the bicycle.

Every other soldier will carry a rifle strapped to the left side of the frame of his wheel, while men not so provided will carry revolvers.

The bicycles for the trip have been built under Lieutenant Moss's supervision, with a special view to rough service. They weigh 30lbs., and are each expected to carry in addition to their rider, about 40lbs. of outfit and supplies. The gear is 68½, 19 and 8, and each bicycle is provided with a good serviceable brake. In selecting tires the factor of resilience has been made secondary to strength, and the result is a very tough and practically puncture-proof tire.

The rims are of steel, which, though more apt to buckle than wood under strains, are better fitted for wet riding. Last year Lieutenant Moss found that after fording streams wooden rims frequently went to pieces, owing to the parts becoming unglued by the action of the water

Comfortable saddles have been fitted to the bicycles, and every caution that experience could suggest taken to ensure against breakdown.

On the march at times the detachment will move in close order, and at times single men or small parties will be detailed for special service. The object of the test is not so much to prove the feasibility of moving bodies of troops on wheels—though this feature will not be ignored—as to develop the adaptability of the bicycle for extended service in courier and patrol duty, and reconnoitering.

Lieutenant Moss has done good service in demonstrating

the adaptability of the bicycle for the army, and the result of his latest experiment will be awaited with interest.

It has frequently been commented upon as an anomaly, that so many of the railroads which have been complaining of the hard times and bad business of their lines should have fought bicycle baggage measures instead of turning to and making capital out of the so-called "bicycle craze," by extending every possible courtesy to wheelmen. There can be no question that there is money for the lines passing through large cities or along popular bicycle routes in a liberal policy in this regard, and there are indications that the railroad magnates themselves are at last awakening to this fact. It is altogether within the bounds of possibility, that before another year is past we shall see the very roads that opposed the wheelmen most bitterly striving among themselves for their patronage and doing all in their power to outdo each other in hospitality.

The Long Island Railroad is a case in point. Within the last few days President Wm. H. Baldwin has made application for membership in the League of American Wheelmen, and written the following letter, which is made public by President Potter, of the L. A. W.:

"I wish to notify you that I have arranged with A. B. Fullerton to represent the Long Island Railroad as a special agent of the passenger department. His duties will be to look out for the bicycle interests; to notify cyclists from everywhere how to make runs on Long Island; to get up printed material and maps showing the different kinds of runs and what roads best to use in making runs; to encourage the different towns on the island to build cycle paths and to arrange proper hospitality; to see that the railroad gives every facility within reason for the proper care and handling of cyclists and their wheels, and in general to make Long Island a cyclist's paradise before we get through with it. I have no doubt you will consider this a step in the right direction."

The Long Island Railroad Co deserves credit for the action it has taken. It is a broad-minded and far sighted policy that does not strive to make the most out of present conditions, which give a practical monopoly, but aims instead to further the interests of wheelmen and railroad conjointly.

Too often railroads act on the principle that cycle paths and improved roads and local hospitality and official courtesy are to be frowned upon rather than encouraged, and it is refreshing to see a position the opposite of this assumed by a road which is not forced to take the step through competition or any particularly selfish interest

Long Island is already the most popular wheeling locality near New York. Its fine system of good roads from the Coney Island Path to Flushing, as well as those from Hemstead to Patchogue and beyond, put it way up in the front as a cycling Mecca.

A new cross island cycling path, which is to extend from Port Jefferson to Patchogue, will soon bring wheelmen from Bridgeport and other Connecticut towns to join the throngs from New York and New Jersey.

Already most of the shady nooks along the best routes are preëmpted by inns and refreshment booths, but these are taxed to the utmost on holidays to meet the demand.

Aside from a few evil minded tack throwers, the native population are hospitably inclined to wheelmen, and now that the railroad has also proffered the hand of good fellowship Long Island may be esteemed the pearl of cycling communities.

Brakes on Bicycles.

FROM time to time the New York *Sun* prints statistics relative to bicycle accidents. As a rule these statistics are reliable and worthy of study, though occasionally, as in the report for May of the present year, an irrelevant note will be found, such as the following: "Scorcher starts for Coney Island with his sweetheart, comes in contact with a clergyman and is married. Damage, $5."

The burden of evidence to be gathered from the monthly compilation seems to point overwhelmingly to the necessity of equipping bicycles with brakes. The following is from an editorial on the subject:

"In, June, 1896, when the number of serious accidents among wheelmen was very large, the *Sun* endeavored to find out their prime cause, and to prescribe a means for avoiding their repetition. A careful study showed that, in four cases out of five, the cyclist responsible for the trouble was unable to control his or her wheel with sufficient promptness. Perhaps a pedestrian would start to cross the street without looking to see if it was clear, and, before he had taken three steps, be knocked down by a bicycle. Its rider had seen the danger, but wasn't able to avoid it. Again, a wheelwomen, careful and experienced as a cyclist, might be descending a hill; her speed would increase with every turn of the wheel, her feet leave the pedals, her machine become unmanageable. until the frightened rider could hold on only and trust in Providence.

"During May, June, and July of last year accidents in and around New York resulting from cyclists poor control of their machines, were reported in almost every edition of the newspapers. And the same kind of reports have been coming in at an alarming rate this season. For example, the other day a scorcher knocked down a boy and broke his collar bone. Cause: couldn't stop quickly enough. Two cyclists smashed together on a hill. Cause: same. Cyclist rode off a pier and was drowned. Cause: as before. On Wednesday last a young wheelwoman was drowned near the town of Garrisons. She was coasting; lost control of her wheel and was thrown into a pond. In short, a review of the bicycle accidents in this city for the months of April and May last shows that, in all probability, two thirds of the mishaps might have been avoided if the wheels involved had been equipped with brakes.

"Last fall inventors gave special attention to that feature of the wheel's make up, with the result that brakes of various sorts may now be had. They are all good; they weigh only a few ounces each, and to have one attached to a wheel costs but a trifle. Wheelmen who value properly their own lives and the safety of others regard a brake as indispensable to safety.

"Riders convince yourselves of the efficacy of this safeguard. Get a brake. You won't regret it, and doctor and undertakers may then take a longer vacation."

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

Copies of the FOREST AND STREAM *race report blanks, for recording and reporting races, will be sent to all clubs requesting them.*

The racing and measurement rules of the Yach Racing Union of Long Island Sound (the Seawanhaka rule, with allowance tables) can be had of Thompson & Co, 55 Dey street, New York; price 10 cents per copy.

The handbook of "Yacht Flag Etiquette" can be had of Rehm & Co., 157 Fulton street, New York; price 10 cents per copy.

YACHT RACING FIXTURES 1897.

THE following list of fixtures has been compiled from many different sources, some of them not official, and it may contain some errors. We shall be glad to have notice of corrections and additions.

Races of the Sound Y. R. U. are marked with the letter S; those of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. with the letter M:

JUNE.

17. New York annual, New York Harbor.
17. Beverly, first open sweeps, Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
17. Cohasset, first club, Cohasset.
17. Burgess, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Wollaston, cup, Boston Harbor
17. Corinthian Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
M 17. Massachusetts, open, off Nahant.
19. Marine and Field, open, New York Bay.
19. Columbia, annual, Hudson River.
M 19. Dorchester, Dorchester Bay.
19 Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
19. Winthrop, ladies' day, sail to Dorchester Bay, Boston Harbor.
19. Queen City, 20ft. and 16ft. classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
19. Royal St. Lawrence, 30ft. and 20ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
19. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 2d cham., Cohasset.
19. Columbia, Chicago to Michigan City, Lake Michigan.
19. American, open race, skiffs, Newburyport.
S 21. New Haven, annual regatta for 65ft. class of schooners, 43, 36, 30 and 25ft. classes of cutters and sloops, 30, 25 and 20ft. classes of catboats, and special class of yawls.
22. Rhode Island, ladies' day race, Pawtuxet, Narraganset Bay.
23. Roy. St. Lawrence, 20ft class, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
23. Adams cups, 1st race, New York Bay.
24 Absequan, Cricket and 15ft. classes, Atlantic City, Absecon Bay.
26. Buffalo, ladies' day, Lake Erie.
26. Gravesend Bay, cruise, New York Bay.
26 Atlantic, Adams cups, 2d race, New York Bay.
26. Brooklyn, first special, New York Bay.
26. Roy. Canadian, 27ft., 22ft and skiff classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
26 Cohasset, club 15-footers, 3d cham., Cohasset.
26. Winthrop, evening race, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
26. American Cruise, Ipswich Neck, Newburyport.
26. Columbia, 4th and 5th classes, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
26. Burgess, 1st cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
26. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Petaluma, San Francisco.
26. Taunton, 1st club, Taunton, Mass.
26. Roy St. Lawrence, 20ft. and 15ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
26. Beverly, 1st cham., Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.

Y. R. U. of Long Island Sound Racing Circuit:

JUNE.

26. Saturday. Seawanhaka Cor., annual race, for all classes.
28. Monday. Stamford, annual regatta, for all classes.
29. Tuesday. Indian Harbor, special race for all classes of sloops and cabin catboats 30ft. and under, and special class of yawls.
30. Wednesday. Corinthian fleet, annual regatta for 65ft. class of schooners and all classes 51ft. and under.

JULY.

1. Thursday. Horseshoe Harbor, special race for all classes 36ft. and under.
2. Friday. Sea Cliff, annual regatta, for all classes 51ft. and under.
3. Saturday. New Rochelle, annual regatta, for all classes.
6. Tuesday, American, annual regatta, for all classes.
7. Wednesday. Riverside, annual race for schooners and all classes of sloops 30ft. and over.

JULY.

1. Miramichi club cruise, Newcastle, N. B,
1. Royal St. Lawrence club, all classes, Dorval Lake, St. Louis.
1 Royal Canadian Queen's cup, Toronto Lake, Ontario.
M 3. Jeffries, off Jeffries Point, East Boston.
3. Cohasset, club, 15-footer, 4th cham, Cohasset.
3-4-5. Cor. San Francisco, cruise Martinez, Vallejo San Francisco.
3. Roy. St. Lawrence, 20ft. class, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
6 American, 1st club, Newburyport.
3. Fox Lake, club, Mineola Club, Fox Lake, Ill.
3. Beverly, 2d open sweeps, Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
3-4-5. American, cruise to Boston, Newburyport.
3-10. Brooklyn, annual cruise, L. I. Sound.
3-4-5. Buffalo, Lake Erie.
5. Larchmont, annual, L. I. Sound.
5. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 5th cham., Cohasset.
5. Burgess, open, Marblehead, Mass, Bay.
5. Fox Lake, club, Dr. Brophy's Cottage, Fox Lake, Ill.
5. Lake Michigan, Y. R. A. annual, Racine, Lake Michigan.
5. Beverly, 2d cham., Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Wollaston, cup and club cruise, Boston Harbor.
5 Cor. Marblehead, club, Massachusetts Bay.
M 5. City of Boston, regatta, off Marine Park.
7. Roy. St. Lawrence, 20ft. class, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
8. Absequan, open, Cricket Bay, Atlantic City.
S 10. Riverside, annual race for 25, 20 and 15ft. classes of sloops and all classes of catboats.
10. Roy. Canadian, 1st and 37ft. classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
10. Queen City, 27ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
10. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 6th cham., Cohasset.
10. Roy. St. Lawrence, 20 and 15ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
10. Burgess, 2d cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
10-11. Cor., San Francisco, cruise, San Mateo, San Francisco.
12. Miramichi, Adams cup, Chatham, N. B.
S 12-16. Seawanhaka Cor., trial races for 20ft. class of sloops.
13 Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
13-18. Rhode Island, annual cruise, Narragansett Bay.
13. Fall River, ladies' day, Mount Hope Bay.
M 17. Winthrop, off Winthrop.
17. Cor. Marblehead, 1st cham., Mass. Bay.
17. Queen City, 20ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
17. Winthrop, open, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
17. Columbia, annual club, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
17. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 7th cham., Cohasset.
17. Rhode Island, annual club, Potter's Cove, Narragansett Bay.
17. Fox Lake, club, East Side, Fox Lake, Ill.
17. American, 2d club, Newburyport.
17. Wollaston, club, Boston Harbor.
17. Pewaukee, interlake, Pewaukee Lake, Wis.
17. Roy. St. Lawrence, A, 30, 25 and 20ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
M 19-20-21-22-23. Manchester series, off Manchester.
24. Brooklyn, special, New York Bay.
24. American, cruise to Annisquam, Newburyport.
24. Winthrop, evening race, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
24. Absequan, Cricket and 15ft. classes, Atlantic City, Absecon Bay.
24. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
24. Burgess, ladies' race, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
24. Roy. Canadian, 27f., 22ft. and skiff classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
24. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 8th cham, Cohasset.
24. Roy. St. Lawrence, 20ft. class, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
24. Beverly, 3d open sweeps, Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
25. Winthrop, cruise, to Nahant, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
S 28. Stamford, special race for 51, 30 and 20ft. classes of cutters and sloops.
M 31. Revere, Lynn Bay.
31. Gravesend Bay, cruise, New York Bay.
31. Cohasset, club, 15 footers, 9th cham., Cohasset.
31. Fox Lake, club, Dr. Tooker's Cottage, Fox Lake, Ill.
S 31. Indian Harbor, annual, all classes except cabin catboats.
S 31. Sea Cliff, special, 30 and 25ft. classes, cabin catboats
July 31-Aug. 1. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Vallejo, San Francisco.

JULY.

Atlantic Y. C., cruise, Long Island Sound:
5. Rendezvous, Larchmont.
6. American, regatta, Milton Point.
7. Riverside, regatta, Riverside.
8. 1st squadron run, Riverside to Black Rock.
9. 2d squadron run, Black Rock to Morris Cove.
10. 3d squadron run, Morris Cove to New London.
11. Informal run, New London to Shelter Island.
12. Race off Shelter Island.

Inter-Lake Y. R. A. Meet, Put-In Bay, Lake Erie:
5. Rendezvous, Put In Bay.
6. 52ft., 42ft. and 37ft. classes.
7. 32ft. and 27ft. classes, catboats and launches.
8. Open, cup held by Zelma.

Lake Y. R. A. Circuit, Lake Ontario:
15. Cobourg.
19. Kingston.
23. Charlotte.
27. Hamilton.
29. Toronto.
31. Niagara.

Larchmont Race Week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound:
17. Open, all classes.
19. Special classes.
20. Rowing and launch races, water sports.
21. Open, all classes.
22. Smaller classes.
23. Schooners and smaller classes.
24. Open all classes.

AUGUST.

2. New York, cruise, rendezvous Glen Cove.
M 2. Burgess, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
2-3-4. Roy. St. Lawrence, 20ft. class, trial races, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
M 3. Beverly, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
S 4. New Rochelle, special classes, 43ft. and under.
4-5-6 Cor. Marblehead, midsummer series, Massachusetts Bay.
5-6-7. Taunton, cruise to Newport, Taunton, Mass.
6. Absequan, invitation race, Atlantic City.
7. Cor. Marblehead, open, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Buffalo, club, Lake Erie.
S 7. Hempstead Harbor Club, annual, classes 43ft. and under.
M 7. Corinthian, off Marblehead.
7. Queen City, 29ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
7. Beverly, 3d cham., Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
7. Wollaston, ladies' day, Boston Harbor.
7. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 10th cham., Cohasset.
7. Roy. Canadian, 1st and 37ft. classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
7. Fox Lake, club, Island Fox Lake, Ill
7-8. Winthrop, cruise to Marblehead, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
7-14. Cor. San Francisco, summer cruise, San Francisco.
10. Winthrop, evening race, Boston Harbor.
11. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
12. Miramich, Stewart pennant, Oak Point race.
M 13. East Gloucester, Gloucester Harbor.
M 14. Squam, Annisquam.
S 14. Horseshoe Harbor, club, annual, classes 36ft. and under.
14. Cor. Marblehead, 2d cham., Massachusetts Bay.
14. Brooklyn, special, New York Bay.
14. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
14. Winthrop, 2d cham., Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
14. Beverly, 4th cham., Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
14. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 11th cham., Cohassett.
14. Wollaston, cup, Boston Harbor.
14. Fox Lake, club, East side, Fox Lake, Ill.
14-21. Roy. St. Lawrence, 20ft. class, Seawanhaka cup races, Dorval, Lake St Louis.
M 17. American, Newburyport.
S 18. American, special, classes 43ft. and under.
19. Winthrop, cruise to Weymouth, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
M 19-20-21 Quincy, series, Hull Bay, Boston Harbor.
S 21. Huguenot, annual, classes 43ft. and under.
21. Roy. Canadian, 27ft., 22ft. and skiff classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
21. Roy. St. Lawrence, club, all classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
21. Beverly, A. M., Van Rensselaer cup, Marion, Buzzard's Bay. P. M., 2d open.
21. Taunton, 1st cham., Taunton, Mass.
21. Conasset, club, 15-footers, 12th cham., Cohasset.
21. Queen City, 20ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
21. Burgess, 3d cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
23. Absequan, open, Atlantic City, Thoroughfare.
23. Rhode Island, annual open, Pawtuxet, Narragansett Bay.
24. Minnetonka, Interlake races, Lake Minnetonka.
25. Fall River, open, Mount Hope Bay.
S 25. Corinthian Fleet, special, 51, 30 and 20ft. classes.
M 26. Duxbury, Plymouth Bay.
26. Taunton, open, Taunton, Mass.
M 27. Kingston, Plymouth Bay.
28. Cor. Marblehead, 3d cham., Massachusetts Bay.
28. Buffalo, 27ft. and smaller classes, Lake Erie.
28. Gravesend Bay, cruise, New York Bay.
28. Brooklyn, special, New York Bay.
M 28. Plymouth, Plymouth Bay.
28. Queen City, 27ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
28. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 13th cham., Cohasset.
28. 3d cham., Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
S 28. Huntington, annual, classes 51ft. and under.
28-29. Cor., San Francisco, cruise, McNear's, San Francisco.
M 30. Cape Cod, Provincetown Harbor.
M 31. Wellfleet, Wellfleet Harbor.

SEPTEMBER.

M 2-3-4. Duxbury, Davenport cup, special races for second class, Plymouth Bay.
4-5-6. Buffalo, cruise, Lake Erie.
S 4. Seawanhaka Cor., fall race, schooners and 43, 36, 25, 20 and 15ft. classes.
M 4. Savin Hill, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
4. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Roy. Canadian, 1st and 37ft. classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
4. American, 3d club, Newburyport.
4. Beverly, 4th open sweeps, Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 14th cham., Cohasset.
4-5. Cor. San Francisco, outside cruise, Drake's Bay, San Francisco.
4. Larchmont, 51ft. and smaller classes, Larchmont, Long Island, Sound.
6. Larchmont, fall regatta, all classes, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
6. New York, Y. R. A. annual, New York Bay.
6. Fall River, club, Mount Hope Bay.
6. Cor. Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Gravesend Bay, special, New York Bay.
6. Pacific, annual, San Francisco Bay.
M 6. Lynn, Lynn Bay.
S 6. Norwalk, annual, all classes of catboats.
6. Cohasset, club, 15-footers, 15th cham., Cohasset.
6. Taunton, 2d cham., Taunton, Mass.
6. Beverly, 3d open, Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
6. American, sweepstakes, skiffs, Newburyport.
7. Roy. Canadian, Prince of Wales' cup, all classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
7. Absequan, Cricket and 15ft. classes, Atlantic City, Absecon Bay.
9. Miramichi, Watt cup, Newcastle, N. B.
9. Cor. San Francisco, interclub regatta, San Francisco,
10. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
M 11. Chelsea, Boston Harbor.
M 11. Y. R. A. rendezvous, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 11. Riverside, fall race, 43, 36, 30 and 25ft. classes, and 30 and 25ft. classes of cabin catboats.
11. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
11. Roy. Canadian, skiff class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
11. Beverly, 5th cham., Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.
11. Burgoss, cham., sail-off, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
11. Columbia, annual, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
11. Larchmont, schooners (Larchmont cup) and smaller classes, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
11-12. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Marin Islands, San Francisco.
S 18. American, fall regatta for all classes.
18 Queen City, 22ft. class, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
21. Absequan, open, Atlantic City.
25-26. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Dillon's Point, San Francisco.
25. Buffalo, closing cruise, Lake Erie.
25. American, closing race, Newburyport.

OCTOBER.

9. Miramichi, Gould cup, Chatham, N. B.
9-10. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Corinthian Cove, San Francisco.
16. Cor. San Francisco, closing day, San Francisco.
17. Cor. San Francisco squadron, cruise, San Francisco.

Republic, schr., G. P. Matthews, under charter to Walter Shadbolt, of London, was ashore in the harbor of Kingston, Ja., on June 9, but was hauled clear by tugboats, sustaining no injury.

THE list of yachting fixtures which we publish this week is the longest by far ever published in this country; though by no means complete, as many small clubs have sent in no reports. This list is, perhaps, the best possible index of the true condition of American yachting; and as such it goes a long way toward contradicting the discouraging conditions which appear when we look at the yachting prospect from the ordinary point of view.

This latter, it must be confessed, is anything but encouraging; no race is on for the America's Cup for this season, and little prospect of one for 1898; no large yachts are building, and but two of moderate size; the great Cup racing class is dead and will not figure in this season's events; the schooner division would be no better off were it not that one old boat has been rebuilt, making a duel that will be interesting for a part of the season, at least; the list of possible entries in all of the classes above 42ft. show at best but two or three yachts, and in many cases none at all. Judged by the old and popular standards, the season promises absolutely nothing of interest but the issue between the altered Colonia and the rebuilt Emerald.

The other view, as disclosed by a study of the list of fixtures, is, happily, very different. In the first place, the list shows a remarkable increase in the number of yacht clubs, as compared with a few years back; this increase being divided between new clubs about the established yachting centers and clubs recently organized in entirely new localities. The former clubs bear witness to the increased interest in yachting on the part of the public at large; about Boston, for instance—a locality always noted for its support of yachting and the number of yacht clubs—this number has probably doubled within the past ten years; showing a healthy development of the sport. On Cape Cod the increase is still more marked, and the clubs are strong and prosperous. About New York there has been a similar increase; and, what is quite as important, many of the smaller clubs have taken of late a deeper interest in racing.

The extension of yachting in new localities is going on at a rapid rate and a radical change has been made in the past ten years. On the Great Lakes there has been within a comparatively short time a marked revival, the older clubs have been reorganized and strengthened, new ones have been formed, and all have learned to work together in harmony. On the smaller inland waters in all parts of the country yacht clubs have been established and yacht racing is permanently followed on modern lines and in craft of the latest design. This is notably the case in the lake region of Minnesota and Wisconsin, where the many small and neighboring lakes afford opportunities for other than purely local races. Even in isolated localities, where inter-lake competition is impossible, there are found flourishing fleets of small racers and regular races for them through the season.

Though figuring but lightly in our list, the Pacific coast has by no means stood still, for a long time there was little life in yachting in the leading center, San Francisco, the schooner fleet of fifteen years ago disappeared and left nothing in its place; but to-day the clubs, old and new, are on a better basis, there is regular racing, and in addition the short squadron cruises are very popular. Further north, on Puget's Sound, yachting is making fair headway and quite a racing fleet is growing up, though little is heard of it here in the East.

This growth of yachting throughout the country has had nothing of "boom" nature about it; the organization of many clubs dates back to the days of Puritan and Mayflower, having its origin in the general enthusiasm awakened throughout the country by those great victories, but the growth since then has been by degrees and not by sudden jumps. In common with all clubs, the yachting organizations have suffered severely in membership from the business depression that has prevailed for so long, the accessions have been comparatively few and the losses through members in arrears or resignations at the beginning of the year proportionately large; but on the whole the condition of the majority of yacht clubs, both financially and in the possession of active and enthusiastic members, is prosperous.

Another point disclosed by the list is the growth of a spirit of union and coöperation among the clubs at large, resulting in the formation of associations of greater or less extent, but all tending toward the ultimate formation of one national body. It is interesting to compare the long lists of fixtures arranged by the Massachusetts Y. R. A. and the Sound Y. R. U., to say nothing of shorter lists by other organizations, with the old condition of affairs, under which the clubs of a locality fought for dates throughout the season, sailed rival races on the same days and suffered in consequence from the division of entries and the hostile feelings between members of opposing clubs. A racing yachtsman to-day, about either New York or Boston, may arrange his season's work in April, before his yacht is afloat, deciding what races he desires to enter and making such arrangements as business and other engagements permit for every race of the season. The result is too plain to need comment. Knowing just what to expect in the way of opponents, and being able to prepare his plan well in advance, a man is tempted to enter for the entire series of races instead of leaving it to chance at the last moment whether he will start in each race as it comes on. Then, too, the general competition and the awarding of points and places adds greatly to the interest of the races, in fact, these inducements count more than the money prizes, though this fact may not be generally appreciated.

All of this work, with much more in the way of the improvement of the racing rules, and the general elevation of yacht racing to a higher level, is due to the associations whose names are found in our list.

Still another important detail of modern racing is disclosed by the list—the prevalence of series and class racing. In spite of all that may be said in their favor, the great syndicate racers and royal yachts, such as Defender, Valkyrie, Britannia and Meteor, do but little for yachting at large and the general prosperity of yacht racing; in fact, a long experience in this country has proved that the year of a great international race is always a bad one for the smaller classes throughout the country, the effect being apparent even in the following season. The mainstay of American yachting must always be the general and popular racing, with its accompanying building of a certain number of yachts each year, and in such classes as the average yachtsman can and will build to. The increase of this sort of racing is shown in the table, where series of races covering the whole season are arranged for different classes. In some cases these are the regular classes, in others they are special or restricted classes, adopted in certain localities.

The smallest of these is the 15ft. class, established in 1895 through the challenge of Spruce IIII., and now popular in many parts of the country; the Cohasset Y. C., for instance, has a one-design class that races through the season for series prizes. The next class, from the same origin, is the 20ft., well built up this year in the States and Canada for the Seawanhaka cup races, and figuring largely in the races on the St. Lawrence and on Long Island Sound. The knockabout class of Massachusetts Bay is one of the special features of the season, the keen rivalry and the number of designers and crack sailors concerned making the races of far more than local interest.

In the larger classes up to 51ft. on the Atlantic coast there is a fair amount of racing, very satisfactory, all things considered, in the cat classes and the smaller sloop and cutter classes, but by no means what it should be, either in the entry of old boats or the building of new ones, in the classes over 36ft. r. l. At the same time much has been done in the past two years in the unification of class limits and the weeding out of odd and special classes, so as to throw all future building into a small number of established classes. In the West the racing is now all in fixed classes, the favorite ones being 15 to 20 and 25ft r. l., and many new boats have been built.

To us at least, the outlook as disclosed by the list is most encouraging, both for the immediate present and for the future; there is nothing wonderful or sensational, no world-beater or new marvel of design and construction, but there is ample evidence of a widespread and permanent interest in the sport of yachting among the American people, of plenty of keen and exciting racing by hundreds of yachtsmen in all parts of the country, of earnest work on the part of individuals, of clubs and of associations to further the interests of yachting as a national sport.

There is one point in the list which is too important to be omitted; it shows, as has never been shown before, how completely the control of the yachting interests has passed into new hands. Ten years ago the controlling factors in yachting were the five great clubs: the New York, Seawanhaka Corinthian, Atlantic, Larchmont and Eastern. These clubs made the yachting laws and formed yachting sentiment in this country, with none to gainsay them. The New York Y. C., through its possession of the America's Cup and its absolute control of the conditions under which that trophy might be raced for, occupied a position far above the other clubs, increasing in importance with the successive victories in international racing. The *prestige* and position of the club are as great to-day as ever, in one sense, but its power and influence have disappeared, and its position, in relation to the great body of yacht clubs, is vastly different. The attention of yachtsmen is no longer centered on the New York Y. C. and the America's Cup, but they are now directly interested in their own affairs, their local clubs, their own yachts and others in their class, and the rules under which they personally must race. Under these conditions, it is but natural that they should care nothing for a club which recognizes no yachts as small as those in which they are interested and has no hand in yachting legislation outside of its own fleet of big yachts.

The Eastern Y. C., once the leading club in Eastern racing, has suffered from the disappearance of the large yachts, and is no longer a factor in racing; the control of racing and racing legislation has passed first to smaller clubs that were active in the encouragement of the smaller classes, and later to an association formed of these same clubs, and of which the Eastern Y. C. is not a member. This organization, now strong and vigorous, promises to control for the future all racing in Eastern waters.

The Atlantic Y. C. has, through its size and importance, been included as one of the five great clubs in the past, but these clubs as a whole no longer figure in yachting, and in the future it must stand alone on its individual responsibility; at present it is in an uncertain position, being unconnected with any association, and having no influence on other than its own racing.

The Larchmont Y. C. has within a few years made an independent position for itself by a wise and liberal policy of encouraging yacht racing in all classes; this position is indicated by the fixtures credited to it in our list, races for all classes, with generous prizes throughout the season As long as this policy is retained, the club must rate as an important factor in yachting.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has also been fortunate in its policy, though in a very different direction from the Larchmont; it has, from the first inception of the scheme for a union of the Sound clubs, laid aside all claims of position, size and *prestige*, and entered heartily into the work of organizing and building up the Sound Y. R. U. If it has lost caste in the opinions of its former associates of the "big clubs" in fraternizing on an equal footing with the "small clubs," it has gained much in popular opinion by its energetic and disinterested labors for the good of yachting.

It is plain to-day that the *prestige* of the five great clubs collectively as the trustees and arbiters of American yachting, and also their influence both collectively and individually, has disappeared forever. The control of yachting legislation and yacht racing to-day is in the hands of the different associations, the Massachusetts, the Sound, the Great Lakes; they make the rules and they manage a very large number of the races. They, with other associations and many individual clubs, are tending rapidly toward a closer union, which will still further strengthen them. Our list is not sufficiently complete to show the full strength of such a union; there are still a number of clubs which do little racing or whose fixtures have not reached us, which would join in as a matter of course and in time to take their place in the racing. At the same time it shows where the strength and vitality of American yachting lies at the present time, not, as of old, in the wealth and power of a few of the coast clubs, but in the numerous thriving and active clubs distributed throughout the entire country. The New York Y. C. has lately decided that it has nothing in common with these clubs, apart from the four with which it has long been to a certain extent associated; but on the other hand, this great body of the clubs has nothing to ask of the New York Y. C.; even in its present divided condition it has managed to grow and prosper, and each step toward union adds to its strength.

THERE is something peculiar about the fond tenacity with which the American yachtsman clings to the English term "rater," and persists in misusing it on all possible occasions, and to the confusion of all meaning. In spite of the fact that under no rule, past or present, would they measure of one rating, the new 20-footers are generally called "one-raters," just as the 15-footers are called "half-raters." The latter have all measured, by the only true "rating" rule, far more than one-half, even Spruce IIII, a true half-rater as raced in England, was canvassed on this side until out of the class. The 20-footers of this year, if measured by the rating rule, come out nearly one and one-half instead of one rating, and are in no sense "one-raters." If measured by the present Y. R. A. rule they would be about 24 "linear rating." The so-called "34-raters" of the Larchmont Y. C. were nearer to 7-raters by the rating rule, and the American "25-raters" were really of 2½-rating.

There is but one meaning to the terms "rating" and "rater," for both of which, we believe, the yachting fraternity is indebted to Mr. Dixon Kemp. "Rating" is a yacht's racing measurement by the recent Y. R. A. rule, adopted in 1887 and abandoned in 1896, $\frac{L. \times S.A.}{6,000}$ A "rater," the term being always preceded by a numeral, is a yacht of a certain measurement under the rule, a "20-rater" or a "one-rater," for instance. The rule has never been adopted in this country, and the misapplication of the term is a silly affectation which has no technical justification whatever.

Exactly opposite is the common use of the term "sloop" by Americans. The single-stick yachts of the past ten years—in fact, from Puritan down—have been cutter-rigged, and by all technical definition are cutters—Titania, Katrina, Gossoon, Gloriana, Wasp, Defender, Vigilant, and any number more; in fact, no sloop rig has been put on a large yacht for many years, and even the old sloops such as Gracie and Fanny have been long since converted to cutter rig. In spite of this these boats are still classed as sloops. Of late years the sloop rig has been revived in the smaller classes, such as the 25-footers and 30-footers, which are correctly set down as sloops, but in all of the larger classes the term cutter is the only one that is in any way correct.

THE present week will see three races in New York waters; the annual regatta of the Atlantic Y. C. on Tuesday, the annual regatta of the New York Y. C. on Thursday, and the spring regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. on Saturday. The first two, depending mainly on the larger yachts, promise but few starters: Colonia, Emerald, Amorita, Wasp, Syce and the 30-footers. The race of Saturday will call out a larger fleet, and promises to be very interesting if the weather is favorable. Of course, with good breezes on the Bay and outside the Hook, the continuation of the duels between Colonia and Emerald and Wasp and Syce will be well worth seeing.

Royal St Lawrence Y. C.

DORVAL LAKE ST. LOUIS

Saturday, June 5.

THE second race of the 20ft. class in the Ross series was sailed over the usual course on June 5. The start was made at 3:35, and the day was warm and clear, with a very light air from the southwest.

Seven boats started, going over in the following order: Rogue, Lalage, Millie, Maida, Avoca, Glenowen, and last Islander.

The boats were pretty well bunched at the start excepting Rogue, which got away clear, and at once began to open up a lead which was a long one before she reached the first buoy, then Avoca worked up into third place, and at the finish of the first round caught Lalage, taking second place. Millie rounded fourth, Islander fifth, Glenowen sixth, and Maida seventh. The time was as follows:

		Points.
Rogue	4 08 06	8
Lalage	4 10 07	7
Avoca	4 10 08	6
Millie	4 11 03	5
Islander	4 13 06	4
Glenowen	4 14 01	3
Maida	4 15 02	2

The wind, which had held fairly steady in the first round, now began to die out and came in sheets, first Rogue ran into a calm, Avoca came up and passed her and Glenowen, which immediately on rounding the buoy had freed off and ran up above the current, and now seemed to hold a better wind, and ran up from sixth to first before the first buoy was reached. Then Millie followed in Glenowen's wake, in her turn passed the fleet, came up behind Glenowen and passed her after rounding the spar buoy. At the finish there was not wind enough to bring the boats in. The finish was as follows:

Millie	5 05 04	Islander	5 22 03
Glenowen	5 08 07	Lalage	5 22 04
Avoca	5 17 05	Maida	5 23 03
Rogue	5 20 02		

Place in the Ross series is determined by points, and the standing of the boats as the result of this race was as follows:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Total.
Rogue, J. C. C. Almon	8	5	13
Millie, Rev. Hy. Kittson	5	8	13
Avoca, G H. Duggan	6	6	12
Glenowen, Shirley Davidson	3	7	10
Lalage, J. B. Abbott	7	3	10
Islander, Arthur Hamilton	4	4	8
Maida, Harrison B. Young	2	2	4

The standing of the boats in the series is now as follows:

Avoca	33	Maida	21
Rogue	31	Millie	13
Islander	7	Lalage	10
Glenowen	22	Viola	9

Gravesend Bay Y. C.

BATH BEACH—GRAVESEND BAY.

Saturday, June 12.

THE Gravesend Bay Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on June 12 over courses on Gravesend Bay and the Lower Bay. The wind was fresh and puffy, from W. to N.W. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A				
Martha M.	2 08 40	3 52 40	1 44 00	1 41 36
Minnie H.	2 07 50	3 52 45	1 44 55	1 43 47
Ariel	2 06 20	3 50 45	1 44 25	1 44 25
Maggie P.	2 07 30	4 [illegible] 40	2 06 10	2 01 29
Isabel	2 08 [illegible]	Disabled.		
Anita	2 10 00	Did not finish.		
CLASS B				
Eureka	2 06 30	3 15 42	1 [illegible] 12	1 39 12
Madge	2 07 00	3 51 55	1 44 05	1 42 27
CLASS E				
Louise	1 57 10	3 51 30	1 54 20	1 52 42
Liz ie V	1 57 13	3 51 35	1 54 22	1 54 22
Acorn	2 00 00	Did not finish.		
30FT. CLASS.				
Nemo	1 50 00	4 54 50	3 04 50	3 04 50
Yare	1 50 00	Did not finish.		
35FT CLASS				
Arab	1 46 20	4 47 45	3 01 25	2 37 15
Nomad	1 50 00	5 02 43	3 12 43	3 11 44
J. S. M.	1 50 00	5 09 52	3 19 52	3 19 52
Guide	1 50 00	5 18 30	3 28 30	3 28 30
Sea Gull	1 50 00	Did not finish.		
4 FT. CLASS				
Kelpie	1 47 40	4 30 10	2 42 30	2 42 30
Lela	1 50 00	5 33 22	3 43 22	3 43 22

The winners were Martha M., Minnie H. second, Eureka, Louise, Nemo, Arab, Kelpie. Ariel and Minnie H. filed counter-protests on measurement. The committee included Messrs. R. W. Rummell, G. P. Inslee, H. W. Pfalzgraf, J. I. Woods and C. W. Kennedy.

Douglaston Y. C.

DOUGLASTON—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 12.

THE annual regatta of the Douglaston Y. C. was sailed on June 12 over th usual Sound courses, the club house being towed out for the occasion to the mouth of Little Neck Bay. The entries were comparatively few. The 20-footers are not yet racing, and the thirties were on New York Bay for the day. The wind was light in the morning, the start being postponed to 11 o'clock; but the race was sailed in a good S.W. breeze. Mr. M. H. Clark, owner of the 20-footer Keneu, sailed his catboat Punch for the Webster cup, won by him last year, holding it permanently through a second win. This left Shark without a competitor. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.
CABIN SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS		
Eurybia, Charles Pryer	40.02	3 14 13
Mignon, Joseph Fournier	34.16	3 07 56
OPEN SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.		
Shark, Rouse & Hoyt	19.96	3 03 15
CABIN KNOCKABOUTS—20FT. CLASS.		
Willada, W G. Newman		Did not finish
Margaret, E. Epersbacher		3 24 28
CABIN BOATS—20FT. CLASS.		
Leisure, F. B. Myrick	27.96	3 30 23
Dosorus II, G. P. Vail	29.46	3 19 35
Exonian, W. R Fleming	28.05	3 31 12
Volsung, J. & H. L De Forest	28.55	3 07 48
CABIN CATBOATS—25FT CLASS.		
Mary S., E B. Hall	24.70	3 22 53
Mecca, H. G. Downs		Did not finish.
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.75	3 13 53
OPEN CATBOATS—20FT. CLASS.		
Starling, E. F. De Levante		Did not finish.
Regina, W. R. Scardefield	19.30	3 18 06
OPEN CATBOATS (FOR WEBSTER CUP).		
Punch, M. H. Clark	22.25	3 07 35
Violet, G. A. S. Wiener	19.83	3 21 09

Atlantic Y. C.

BAY RIDGE—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, June 12.

THE Atlantic Y. C. had the honor this season of opening the racing of the larger classes, its annual regatta being preceded by a few days by a special race for two cups offered by Com. Gould, one for schooners and one for cutters and sloops. In addition, the club offered prizes for the 30ft. special class and for catboats. The schooners and cutters sailed the outside course, from off the Hospital Islands around the Scotland and Sandy Hook lightships and home, going by the Spit both ways; the 30-footers sailed a special course: down around the Spit Buoy, then around Old Orchard Shoal Light and home; the cats sailed around the Spit Buoy and home.

Although the 30-footers had been specially provided for by the club at their own request, some of them were anxious to go out of their proper class and to compete with Wasp and Syce for the Gould cup over the long course, Hera having won this cup under similar circumstances last year. This arrangement was objected to by the two cutters unless the thirties were prepared to file their certificates of measurement on the morning of the race, as provided by the rules. As such certificates are not necessary when racing in their proper class, only Hera was provided with one, and though she was entered for the class race, she started with the two cutters for the Gould cup. The starters were:

	Racing Length.	Allowance.
SCHOONERS—COURSE 33 MILES.		
Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.13	Allows.
Emerald, J. R. Maxwell	91.47	1 07
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	74.82	14 15
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS—COURSE 33 MILES.		
Wasp, Lippitt Bros.	54.97	Allows.
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	6 20
Eidolon, James Weir, Jr	42.61	21 45
Akista, George Hill	34.75	41 17
Acushla, J. H. Hanan	34.00	43 31
Norota, D. B. Burnham	41.64	23 56
Hera, R. N. Ellis	30.00	.. ..
30-FOOTERS—COURSE 18 MILES.		
Wawa, J. A. Stillman	30.00	.. ..
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	30.00	.. ..
Musme, J. M. Macdonough	30.00	.. ..
CATBOATS—COURSE 13 MILES.		
Dorothy, J. Lazarlese	28.61	Allows;
Squaw, H. S. Jewell	27.88	1 08
Qui Vive, G. A. Freeth	24.09	5 58

The first meeting of Colonia and Emerald after the deepening of the latter has been anticipated eagerly by yachtsmen, as these two yachts really represent the only racing of the season in the large classes. The meeting of Wasp and Syce has also been the subject of much speculation and conjecture, the idea being prevalent that the new boat was designed to beat the old one, and that she might reasonably be expected to do so. The grounds for such expectation are not apparent when the two boats are carefully considered. Wasp is a remarkably fast craft, as years of sailing beside Colonia, Emerald, Queen Mab, Gloriana and many other yachts of different sizes and rigs has shown. Though she has never had anything in her own class to race against except her younger sister Gloriana, she has time and again proved her speed near the head of a mixed fleet of both larger and smaller yachts. She is of good construction, with a large percentage of ballast; years of racing have put her in excellent form, and during the past winter she has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted. As compared with Syce, the two have nothing in common except length on waterline—45ft.; Wasp is wider, deeper, carries her lead lower, and she has about 4,300sq. ft. of sail as compared with Syce's 3,300, an excess of about 30 per cent. That she is well able to carry it she has repeatedly demonstrated. While the new boat has probably some advantage in weight of hull and rigging over Wasp, the latter was really ahead of her time in this respect, and left a comparatively small margin for improvement. Just why the new boat was expected to beat the old one off-hand is not quite clear; but this idea helped to lend interest to the first race of the two. Eidolon and Norota, also entered for the Gould cup, had little chance against Wasp and Syce, but made an excellent race with each other, being of the same class. The 34-footer Acushla also started, and with her the new fin-keel Akista, rigged with a leg-o'-mutton mainsail.

The wind was S.W. in the morning and the day was the first for weeks that could be called endurable, being clear, bright and even warm. The yachts delayed as usual off the station at Bay Ridge, so that the committee steamer Luckenback had to tow a number of them to the line. The wind by this time was S.S.W., a fairly fresh breeze. The first gun fired at 11 o'clock, with the start for the schooners five minutes later. Colonia went over promptly with Amorita just on her weather, the latter picked up and overhauled the bigger boat for a minute or two and then Colonia started away and opened out a clear piece of water. Emerald was caught napping by the signal at a distance below the line and had to work up, losing several minutes; the start being from the gun. All crossed on starboard tack, but Amorita, followed by Colonia, soon made a hitch in toward the West Bank, while Emerald held a long starboard tack down the bay.

The whistle for the cutters sounded at 11:10, Hera crossing first, followed by Akista. Syce crossed to windward of Wasp and Norota and Eidolon came after, Acushla being handicapped. Wawa was first away of the 30-footers, followed by Musme and Vaquero III. Squaw led the cats over, Dorothy making a miss of the mark-boat and being obliged to tack again.

They went down the main channel with sheets hardened, Colonia leading the way, but unable to shake clear of Amorita. Syce pointed high and kept to windward of Wasp in a good position; Norota held her place ahead of Eidolon. Long before they reached the Spit Buoy, Colonia and Wasp had each opened up a long lead on her opponent; the times at the turn being:

Colonia	12 11 30	Hera	12 41 30
Emerald	12 17 20	Norota	12 43 05
Wasp	12 25 55	Eidolon	12 44 00
Syce	12 28 20		

Spinnakers were now set, and the fleet ran for the Hook with a very light air. Amorita went in under the beach just inside the Hook for a better breeze and ended by doing a little spring plowing in the hard sand, her deep keel taking the ground about 12:15. She soon worked off and started for home, Emerald having meanwhile passed her.

Outside the Hook the wind was waiting for them, and with a clear summer sky and smooth water the day was all that one could wish for. Emerald picked up now, and before long was abeam of Colonia, passing her to windward, having nearly a minute lead at the Scotland. Wasp dropped Syce very fast when once in the open water, making a hopeless stern chase for the new boat. Before the Sandy Hook Lightship was reached Wasp passed both Colonia and Emerald, and took the lead of the fleet.

The times at the outer mark were:

Wasp	1 56 30	Colonia	2 06 15
Emerald	1 57 30	Syce	2 09 00

Far astern of Syce came Eidolon and Norota, still sailing a very even race; Hera was well astern of them, Akista was pegging alone persistently in the rear, and Acushla had given up and gone home. The wind not only freshened, but worked around from S.W. to N.W on the return, heading the boats off, though the four leaders laid their course up the Bay. With the wind still more ahead, both Norota and Eidolon had to tack as they neared the line. Emerald made fine finish, 5m. ahead of her rival, crossing the line in a good breeze. The rear boats had to beat in all the way from the lightship.

The only interesting event of the finish was the novel and exciting maneuver of Eidolon in standing the markboat, a good-sized catboat, completely on its stern. Norota was hunting Eidolon very closely, and safe to save her time from the leader, Eidolon, after the last tack for the line, being to windward, while Norota, some 50yds. astern, still stood to clear the lee end of the line. In order to cut off Norota, Eidolon bore down on the line and shaved so closely that her starboard shroud picked up the masthead of the markboat. As she was moving very fast, she sat the catboat squarely on end for a moment, the two men aboard nearly falling out; the boat settled down and half filled, and then righted as the masthead slipped clear of Eidolon's shroud. This blundering maneuver disqualified her and gave the race to Norota as a certainty, though she would have won on allowance without it.

Nothing was seen of the 30-footers after they passed the Spit in going out, but Mr. Church, who sailed Wawa, reported to the committee that her boom had touched a mark in jibing and thus disqualified her. The official times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS.			
Start 11:05			
Colonia	3 52 25	4 47 25	4 47 25
Emerald	3 47 55	4 42 55	4 41 48
Amorita	Withdrew.		
Emerald beats Colonia 4m. 30s. elapsed time, and 5m 37s. corrected time.			
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS.			
Start 11:10.			
Wasp	3 55 02	4 45 02	4 45 02
Syce	4 11 30	5 01 30	4 55 10
Eidolon	5 11 15	Disqualified.	
Akista	Not timed.		
Acushla	Withdrew.		
Norota	5 11 35	6 01 35	5 37 39
Hera	Not timed.		
Wasp beats Syce 16m. 28s. elapsed time, and 10m. 8s. corrected time.			
30-FOOTERS.			
Start 11:15.			
Wawa	3 02 55		Disq'fied
Vaquero III.	3 02 00		3 47 00
Musme	3 08 00		3 53 00
Vaquero beats Musme 6m. elapsed time.			
CATBOATS			
Start 11:20.			
Dorothy	2 48 00	3 23 00	3 23 00
Squaw	2 54 30	3 34 30	3 28 32
Qui Vive	Did not finish.		
Dorothy beats Squaw 6m. 30s. elapsed time, and 32s. corrected time.			

In spite of the light wind for a short time, the breeze was fairly satisfactory, at times plenty of it; in fact, Syce lay down to a marked angle as she came for the finish; the conditions were such as to make the race a fair one. Emerald scored a very creditable win after her starting handicap, and she is evidently much faster for her longer legs and larger wings. That Wasp beat Syce is no wonder, but there was nothing on the surface to account for the very bad beating, of over sixteen minutes elapsed time. No doubt the latter will improve with further racing, but at the same time she has been out and under way for a month, and was considered to be in fine racing form.

The race was managed by Messrs. N. D. Lawton, David E. Austen and G. W. McNulty.

Model Yachting.

ON June 6 the Wave Crest M. Y. C. sailed its trial races to select a challenger for the American M. Y. C. trophy, the race to be sailed on Labor Day. Two races were sailed, the course being ¼ mile to windward and leeward, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST HEAT.				
Storm	2 21 52	2 37 12	0 15 20	0 15 12
Red Man No. 2	2 22 35	2 36 55	0 14 22	0 14 22
Mercia	2 22 22	2 38 09	0 15 47	0 15 27
Fatima	2 21 57	2 38 40	0 16 43	0 15 56
White Wave	2 22 10	Finished outside.		
Ben Lomand	2 22 11	Did not finish.		
Nylic	2 22 09	2 38 48	0 16 39	0 16 49
SECOND HEAT.				
Storm	2 50 00	3 02 52	0 12 52	0 12 41
Red Man No. 2	2 49 50	3 01 33	0 11 43	0 11 53
Mercia	2 48 20	3 01 15	0 12 55	0 12 35
Fatima	2 48 50	3 03 00	0 14 10	0 13 13
White Wave	2 50 02	Withdrew.		
Nylic	2 50 02	Withdrew.		

White Wave and Nylic left at starting flag, and time taken at expiration of two minutes, as per rule.

Red Man II. was finally selected. The two clubs will hold an open regatta on July 4, open to all model yacht clubs. There will be five classes.

Canarsie Y. C.

CANARSIE—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, June 12.

THE opening race of the Canarsie Y. C. was sailed on June 12 in a fresh S.W. breeze, followed by a heavy squall, which broke up the race, only four yachts finishing. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
CLASS 1.			
Steeple Jack, C. H. Kent	4 17 11	Did not finish.	
Welfare, Frank Maier	4 17 06	Did not finish.	
Kate, T. Hayes	4 17 20	6 31 43	.. ..
Athala, T. Northridge	4 28 30	Did not finish.	
CLASS 2.			
Lolla, D. J. Brusly	4 06 00	Did not finish.	
Cancet, J. Duncuff	4 13 20	Did not finish.	
Caddie, E. K Karr	4 06 33	Did not finish.	
Siren, F. V. McGeehan	.. ..	Did not finish.	
Tam o' Shanter, C. J. Neilson	4 06 55	6 02 05	.. ..
CLASS 3.			
So So, D. J. Brinsly, Jr	4 01 40	Capsized.	
Meteor, Com. C. O. Herx	4 00 57	6 11 50	2 10 53
Lochinvar, James Sabin	4 01 40	Did not finish.	
Ideal, W. H. Sanson	4 02 01	6 11 00	2 08 00
CLASS 4.			
Crest, Walter Smith	3 53 58	Did not finish.	
Wave, C. B. Fitzmorris	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
Anow, Mr. Winters	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..

Hamilton Yachting.

Two races were sailed at Hamilton on June 5, the Royal Hamilton Y. C. giving a race for 32-footers and 15-footers, and the Victoria Y. C. one for the 27-footers and 22-footers. The results were:

32FT. CLASS START 2:35.			
Erma	4 50 58	Nadia	5 01 55
Nancy	5 01 20	Alert	5 05 54
HALF RATERS—START 2:40.			
Sothis	4 25 50	Ghost	did not finish.
Kink	5 10 18		
27FT. CLASS—START 2:30.			
Hiawatha	4 00 20	Nadgy	4 22 00
Kestrel	4 03 15		
22FT. CLASS—START 2:35.			
Koko	4 13 50	Zanetta	4 27 40
Rosemary	4 15 15	Eclipse	did not finish
Scallawag	4 24 00		

The Rochester Y. C. has issued a very neat little club book for 1897; the club is now in a prosperous condition, with a fleet of fifty-five yachts and a membership of 216.

Minnetonka Y. C.

LAKE MINNETONKA.

Saturday, May 29.

THE Minnetonka Y. C. opened its season with a special race for four classes on May 29, sailed in a strong and puffy northwest wind, the yachts being under two and three reefs. Some of the new boats did not start, though ready for racing. Wizard is a new boat, designed and built by Petersen, of Tartar fame, as is also Pyxie. Gladrene was designed and built by her owner, Frederick Hopkins. Marie II. is a new Dyer boat. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
ONE-RATERS.				
Gladrene	3 05 00	4 47 31	1 42 31	1 42 31
Doris	3 05 00	5 10 09	2 05 09	2 05 09
Pyxie	3 05 00	5 11 33	2 06 33	2 06 33
23FT. CATS.				
Katrina	3 14 00	4 57 19	1 43 19	1 41 11
Varuna	3 14 51	Did not finish.		
21FT. SLOOPS.				
Beatrice	3 14 58	5 05 01	1 50 03	1 50 03
23FT. SLOOPS.				
Wizard	3 25 00	4 58 46	1 33 46	1 32 44
Marie II	3 22 05	5 02 30	1 40 25	1 38 32
Kite	3 22 29	5 05 04	1 42 35	1 40 56
Answer	3 21 40	Did not finish.		

Varuna and Answer withdrew. Owing to a misunderstanding as to the finish line, the judges' boat being obliged to change its position, Doris crossed on the wrong side of the mark.

Brooklyn Y. C.

BATH BEACH—GRAVESEND BAY.

Saturday, June 12.

THE Brooklyn Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on New York Bay, starting from off the club station in Gravesend Bay, on June 12, the entries being smaller in number than usual. The wind was light in the morning, but the course was covered in a good S.W. breeze. The times were:

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
SLOOPS—35FT. CLASS.			
Defiance, G. L. Robinson	33.00	3 57 29	2 55 45
Nautilus, J. J. McCue	33.00	4 19 22	3 17 10
Ilikato, E. H. Converse	....	4 21 29	3 13 29
Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys	31.06	4 26 57	3 23 46
Nomad, W. B. Growtage	26.07	4 55 02	3 51 17
MAINSAIL YACHTS.			
Ethel, F. J. Bergen	....	4 03 42	2 52 33
MAINSAIL YACHTS—21FT. CLASS.			
Amaranth, Edward Salt	....	3 21 00	1 54 59
Jennie B., G. S. Brown	....	3 10 05	1 44 05

The winners were Defiance, Ethel and Jennie B.

Hempstead Bay Y. C.

ELDER ISLAND—HEMPSTEAD BAY.

Saturday, June 12.

The Hempstead Bay Y. C. opened the season with a race over a 10-mile course in a fresh S.W. breeze, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOPS.				
Brooklyn	2 16 29	4 45 18	2 28 49	2 28 49
Aglia	2 15 39	.....	.....	Did not fin
Sybil	2 16 13	.....	.....	Did not fin
Rambler	2 17 20	.....	.....	Did not fin
Fleet Wing	2 17 28	.....	.....	Did not fin
25FT CATBOATS.				
Beulah	2 22 32	4 48 06	2 25 34	2 25 34
Margri	2 22 43	5 00 17	2 41 34	2 37 29
20FT. CATBOATS				
Grace	2 24 12	4 35 22	2 11 10	2 11 10
Dream	2 24 39	.....	.....	Did not fin

Buffalo Y. C.

BUFFALO—LAKE ERIE.

Saturday, June 12.

THE Buffalo Y. C. sailed its first pennant race on June 12, in a fresh westerly wind, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dorothy	3 00 00	4 25 10	1 25 10	1 25 10
Sybil	3 00 00	4 26 01	1 26 01	1 24 21
Caprice	3 00 00	4 41 08	1 41 08	1 36 01
Kathleen	3 00 00	4 35 40	1 36 40	1 35 48
Nerena	3 00 09	4 41 40	1 41 40	1 37 25

Important if True.

COM. BERRIMAN has hinted that he will contract with the Racine Boat Co. for the construction of a $12,000 aluminum yacht, 65ft. racing measurement, especially to race the Canada next year. He also says a wealthy Chicago man will contract for an $80,000 steam yacht.—*Exchange.*

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Ellide, steam yacht, E. B. Warren, made a trial trip on the Hudson River on June 10, making two runs over a measured course of one mile; up against a strong N. W. wind and high sea, and down under the same conditions, most unfavorable for high speed. The run upstream was made in 1m. 51sec., and the return in 1m. 42½sec.

Lufra, ketch, Sir Cecil Miles, sailed from New York for Cowes on June 10.

Intrepid, schr., has been purchased by Gen. Willoughby Weston, former owner of Wenonah, cutter.

A new yacht club under the name, Lafayette Y. C., has been organized in the upper part of New York, and will make its station at One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street, North River. The officers are: Com., John McMurray; Vice-Com., P. Kelly; Rear-Com., E. Felton; Sec'y, John Martin; Fin. Sec'y, Charles Albertson; Treas., Fred. Schwartz. The first regatta will be held in July.

The Riverside Y. C. was compelled to postpone its special race on June 9; though a number of yachts were present, rain and fog made it impossible to start. The yachts of 30ft. and over will sail the race in connection with the annual regatta on July 7; those under 30ft. will sail on July 10.

Namouna, steam yacht, James Gordon Bennett, arrived at the Azores on June 7 after a passage of 6 days 9 hours from New York.

The Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia opened the season with a review of the fleet off the club station, Essington, followed by a reception at the club house. The following yachts were on station: Flagship Alert, schr., Com. C. A. Griscom; Columbia, schr., Vice-Com. J. D. A. Junkins; May, steam yacht, Sara Drexel Fell; Josephine, steam yacht, P. A. B. Widener; Christine, schr., H. A. Linte; Narounga, slp., R. P. White; Katharine, slp., A. N. Chandler; Acme, slp., F. H. Rosingarten; Saracen, cutter, C. H. Brock; Mona, cutter, Robert Barrie; Irex, cutter, M. H. Runk; Clara, slp., W. B. Henry; Roamer, slp., H. C. Boyle; Lern Lenipe, slp., C. H. Brock; Nurralden, slp., Alexander Barrie; Dawn, yawl, Geo. E. Kirkpatrick; Flirt, yawl, E. H. Johnson; Keren, yawl, C. B. Keene; Osceolo, launch, B. Pratt; Amrita, J. W. Martin.

Mr. Ralph N. Ellis, owner of Hera, has arranged two special sweepstakes races for the 30-footers, to be sailed on June 22–24, the start being from off the Hempstead Harbor mark of the Larchmont Y. C. The sweeps are $10 for each race; if four start the second boat to save her stakes; if five start, 20 per cent. to the second boat and third to save her stakes.

The Milwaukee Y. C. is out of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association. This action on the part of the Milwaukee yachtsmen is due to a difference over the arrangements for meeting the expenses of the annual regatta. For the past three years the big regatta of the Association has been held here, the Milwaukee Club paying all the expenses. This year the club did not want the regatta and it was fixed at Racine. The Racine yachtsmen felt they could not stand the burden of expense entailed by the meet and it was decided to assess each club in the Association equally to pay the expenses. This the Milwaukees did not like, claiming that an injustice would be done the smaller clubs if they had to pay the same amounts that were assessed against the larger Chicago clubs, which would be represented at the regatta by a score of boats, while the small clubs might not send but one. Their protests being of no weight, the Milwaukee yachtsmen decided to withdraw from the Association.—*Chicago Times-Herald*

Vencedor, recently purchased by H. M. Gillig, Larchmont Y. C., was shipped from Chicago for New York on June 9.

Canoeing.

Atlantic Division, A. C. A.

CRUISE AND MEET ON THE DELAWARE.

THE long-looked-for river cruising meet of the Atlantic Division is now a thing of the past, and it is safe to say that in some respects it was a canoeing experience which those who were fortunate enough to participate in will remember with unmingled pleasure, and which they will probably pass a lifetime without an opportunity of repeating.

Perfect conditions of weather and height of water in the river made it possible to carry out the whole itinerary exactly as arranged, and the cruise began with the dinner at the United States Hotel at Easton, on Thursday evening, May 27, and ended on the following Tuesday evening at Delanco with nothing but regrets that the experience might be but beginning instead of being a thing of the past.

It was a merry party which tumbled into the welcoming portals of the hotel about 6 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, carrying diversified baggage and wearing rare combinations of cruising and traveling costumes. Rooms were soon assigned and then all sat down to dinner. In the party at this time were Harry C. Allen and Edmund C. Hill, of the Park Island Canoe Association, Trenton, N. J.; Robert H. Peebles and Warren T. Berry, of the Knickerbocker C. C., New York; Woolsey Carmalt, Frank C. Moore, Harry H. Smythe, Frank G. Palmer and James King Hand, of the New York C. C.; Robert Gilchrist, of the Bayonne C. C., Bayonne, N. J.; M. de M. Marsellus, of the Ianthe C. C., and Arthur W. Corning, W. S. Benson and Halbert E. Payne, of New York; Wendel Andreas, of the Bogota B. C., Bogota, N. J.; Frederick B. Lewis, of New York, and Joseph Edward Murray, Vice-Commodore of the Atlantic Division, with Maurice D. Wilt and Will K. Park, all of the Red Dragon C. C., Philadelphia.

The evening was spent amid the glories of the circus, but it would be difficult to say whether the performance in the rings or the fun on a certain portion of the inevitable blue, back-breaking slat seats was the most exhilarating

Every one was under covers at 11 o'clock, however, and when the call came at 6 the following morning, all tumbled down with a healthy appetite and the keenest anticipation of the day's enjoyments that were to come.

We left the hotel at 7 o'clock, with the top of the 'bus which was to carry us over to Phillipsburg piled high with bags, bundles, cameras, paddles, etc., and soon we were by the river bank. In an hour all the canoes at the different railroad stations in Phillipsburg had been gathered together and at half-past 8 o'clock we were off. Two unfortunates, Andreas and Lewis, whose canoe was delayed somewhere between New York and the start, were left in the throes of a long distance telephone box, finally giving up the fight and joining us at Frenchtown in the evening.

With three cheers for Phillipsburg, the twelve canoes pulled out from shore and we headed for the first rapid, a pretty little piece of fast water just below the city.

Mr. Marsellus and Mr. Corning found that their long-unused boat was leaking badly after this drop had been made, and when an unsuccessful attempt to tighten by swamping her for a couple of hours had been made, but with no success, we moved on.

The twelve canoes comprising the fleet were, with two exceptions, all open boats and proved to be well adapted for the conditions met with on this journey.

More perfect weather could not be imagined than we experienced the first and second days of our run. Cool enough to paddle in a sweater, even under the midday sun, and with that same cooling breeze astern wafting us gently toward our destination, is it any wonder that the spirits of all rose until, lining up the cano s across stream, good old "Australia" and "Farmer's Boy" went lustily resounding through the old hills of the Delaware Valley, scaring the natives into long lines of gaping wonderers at the absolutely novel sight on those, or, indeed, on any waters.

Many were the incidents of that day. To recount them would be impossible. New songs and wonderful variations of old ones, oriental dance music from tin-cup cymbal and top-strake drumheads, made weird effects not altogether lacking in humor. Then, too, gunner Park, with his tiny air rifle, would occasionally dart shoreward, and we know that another feathered songster was about to pass away. That was only what we thought, however, for the birds stopped singing only for a moment to turn their heads in wonder at the harmless popping going on beneath. Many of them indeed followed him down stream, chipping a pretty plaintive request to make it go again.

Our usual manner of going down stream was to keep within 100 or at least 200ft. of each other at all times when paddling, and although this was subject to some variations, it was nevertheless the rule and a very good one. Approching a fall or rapid, Mr. Allen, whom we dubbed our pilot, and a good one he was, went in first, and in a long line the rest followed. Nothing prettier or more novel could be imagined, than to get a good position well down the line, and watch the men in front slowly dip, dip in the falls, then tumble about and finally pass out of sight as it came to your turn to be watchful, and heed the tumbling waters and many hidden rocks about. Or again to get through first, and putting about when in still water once more, watch the others with a better view, picking their way bravely through the seething waters of the rapid.

That day we dined well at Riegelsville, close by the river shore, in a good old-fashioned inn, which indeed, with one exception, was the only variety we found along the river. The proprietor was the clerk and porter and anything you pleased, looking his best when he leaned with outstretched arms and his broadest smile behind the high bar in his own tap-room, as we frequently saw him through the slatted green screen which barred the entrance. The guidwife was cook, and of course the boys fared well at her generous hands.

Well, there was a half hour's smoke after dinner in an elevated pavilion by the river bank, and once more we were in the canoes and off for our night's stopping place, Frenchtown, on the New Jersey side of the river. Once more did the favoring winds follow us, and when the afternoon wore on and the chances of good water for a respectable distance seemed good, we brought the canoes side by side and hoisted the little sail, which had fortunately been brought along by the human crustacean of the party, who had by this time donned enough of his bright boiled color to identify the species, and thus we bowled down the river, even getting brave enough now and then to do a light, rapid side by side, much to the distress and discomfort of the canoes, which were tandem and had very little freeboard.

We had many novel and agreeable experiences on the run, but it is doubtful if any were as much appreciated as this comfortable method of progress down the river, with the next man within touching distance, and every one on the cruise within hail when he was not asleep.

We reached Frenchtown at 5 o'clock, and were soon quartered for the night, our boats well up on the river bank and our precious duffle stowed in a convenient freight house. Some of the boys went off for a swim, some quietly changed togs at the hotel, and in an hour we were down to supper of wonderfully good, quick-disappearing chicken. Finally delicious strawberries, which with the richest cream and layer cake that was six-ply, soon put every one easily into a chair on the porch for an hour, while with fragrant pipes we contemplated a rosy world and wished for nothing but a lifetime of days like the one then passing away.

The evening was spent around the boats by the river shore, answering many questions as to our destination, the weight, cost, speed, safety and fun of our craft; and while there Messrs. Marsellus and Corning loomed up in the dusk with their canoe in good shape, and our party was once more complete.

At 10 o'clock everybody was in bed, for unused muscles made even the easy nineteen miles of the day seem a bit wearying.

The following morning at 6 found us all scurrying for first place in the dining room, where a jolly breakfast was eaten, and we were off again for the river. At 7:15 we took our paddles, and with three cheers and a tiger for the town where we had been so hospitably treated, we were off. Again did the favoring breezes waft us onward and downward, and again did we get side by side, and with our solitary little sail do the level stretches in rare comfort, only disturbed by the "Breakaway!" of the Commodore, when the roar of water ahead bade us get our positions in line for some more excitement.

This morning we were to take our first serious bit of falls, Bull's Island Dam, and it was lively work, two of our members, more daring than the rest, coming through in that altogether unprecedented and *outre* manner, side on. To be sure, the style gives you little freeboard if you are still in the boat after it is all over, but it is very exciting and made us all hold our breath for a minute or two.

At noon we were at Lambertville, which every riverman knows, because immediately below it lies the highest falls on the river, Wells'. As soon as we were ashore and our canoes left in the care of some fisherman on a little island near the town, we all walked down the half mile to the head of the falls. There they lay, tumbling and sending up a roar which perhaps made some of us wish that we were safely through it, and this especially after our pilot had announced that we would surely go through. At dinner that day the conversation was somewhat serious, and the boys felt that there was work ahead in a place that has claimed many a victim in boats and men.

When we put off that afternoon everything was well locked in. With knees braced stoutly against thwarts, with firmly-gripped paddles and tightly-pressed lips, we followed the leader into the roar and tumble of waters about Wells', and to their credit and the confusion of the disaster-predicting natives who lined the bank, be it recorded that all came through without mishap. To be sure, there was water in most of the boats, and there had been bumps and a couple had been hung up for a brief but awful moment or two, but then we were still all keel down, and when the mile of rapid rock-bristling waters had been passed everybody stood beside the bumboat and a congratulatory round of grog was drunk to our very good luck.

That afternoon was a long, easy paddle with a destination that put vigor into the arms of the voyagers. For were we not to pass the night in that paradise of canoedom, Park Island? W. C. Lawrence, a member of the Park Island Canoe Association, who had come up to Frenchtown the night before, was with us now, and occasionally said something about the possibility of getting a taste of the shad, for which we saw them fishing everywhere, on the island that night, and then you could see the hungry boats shoot ahead, only to get a fresh impetus when the recollection would wear off and they found themselves back again near Lawrence and his agonizing hints.

A little after 5 o'clock we rounded a bend in the river, and there lay the bright little isle with its snowy tents, and figures waving us their welcome from the bank.

We were ashore at 5:30, and then it was a handshake all around with the jolliest and most hospitable crew who wield the paddle—the members of the P. I. C. A. Here were Gilkeson, Packer, Anderson, Lucas, Fritz, and Allen and Hill who were with us, and later, ex-Com. Dorland, all old friends and good ones.

Soon they had us assigned to tents, which, with blankets and cots, had all been provided by their thoughtful committee. And then when the shadows were beginning to lengthen, the tired paddlers sat down to the most glorious array of planked shad ever gotten together outside of Gloucester in the State of New Jersey. Diagonally across the cosy room of their island club house stretched the long table, and the inspirations of bygone times under these old rafters must have come to some of the older members as the fun began, and the gleaming good will of healthy men who have dined well made the banners on the walls tremble for joy.

Well, all good things come to an end, though they threatened to last indefinitely, at least so far as the Vice-Commodore and Moore were concerned, and we were made up into a party of investigation to do the rounds of the island, and watch the rays of the setting sun as it mellowed the waters of the river, and gave us the promise of another clear day on the morrow.

Soon it was dark, and then the camp-fire was lit. Its warmth was grateful to the sweatered cruisers who sat around and watched its leaping blaze, and soon it warmed them into the good old A. C. A. songs, and made every man grateful for the shelter and hospitable hands into which the wayfarers had fallen that night

In anticipation of a long paddle before us on the morrow, "taps" was sounded at 10, and in an hour every man was under canvas, wrapped in generous blankets and the good sound sleep of the weary.

Next morning we breakfasted, and at 8 o'clock tumbled into the boats and stood by for a tremendous and hearty cheer for the Park Island men, which must surely reverberate in those regions for a long time to come.

We had an escort of three Trenton canoes through the last bit of rapid water we met, and when they left us below Trenton, we settled down to the paddle which was to bring us to our final camp site, Delanco. We soon found that we had a heavy head wind to contend with that day, and to this, at Florence, was added a flood tide that made good muscles, by this time hardened for the task, bend as they urged the boats onward.

We lunched lightly on tea and sandwiches at Florence, and a half-hour's smoke by the shore was terminated by the Vice-Commodore's cry of "Tumble down, everybody," and we made our final start.

The ever-freshening southwest wind soon made us wish for help; and, as if in answer to our prayer, came the boom of a cannon and quickly we were in the midst of Red Dragon men with launch, yawl and 15-footer, and then friendly tow lines set at rest all doubts as to our ability to get in camp in time for dinner, and at 5 o'clock we had every canoe in line on the Delanco beach and the cruise was over.

The camp at Delanco was a comfortable one, made so by a beautiful situation, good accommodations and an excellent mess, under the charge of Mr. A. S. Fenimore, of the camp site committee. That night there was a jolly camp-fire, and the following morning, Monday, we all turned out in prime condition to enjoy the quiet rest of a day in camp.

Races were proposed at an informal meeting, and finally abandoned in favor of a day's recuperation after our three days' journey, and we were again blessed by a joyous, cool breeze which made warm clothes comfortable and even necessary. During the morning the camp was honored by a visit from Henry M. Dater, ex-division purser. In the afternoon we learned of the fate of Messrs. Wilkin, Pinckney, Vernon and Eastmond, of the Brooklyn C. C., who were delayed in starting, and only got as far as Park Island, to return home from there on Monday.

Again came the night's camp-fire, and again the early retiring to cot and blanket.

Tuesday was bright and fair, but with the afternoon came a heavy wind and rainstorm, making things lively for an hour. We broke camp, and the very successful experiment of a river cruise and meet was all over, and universally admitted to be successful.

Better than all was the promise of a good representation at this year's general meet in August, for the universal remark as the last good-bys were said was: "See you at Grindstone."

With Berry in the Bow.

WITH APOLOGIES TO MISS JOHNSON.

ON the recent Atlantic Division cruise my friend, who, with myself made up one canoe crew, were the sole survivors of that first memorable cruise of the Division, which was held in '88, immediately after the subdivision of the A. C. A. Having also attended all of the subsequent camps, I feel competent to write of its relative merits. This year, being blessed with a commodore of conspicuous ability, a commissary general to match, favorable weather, and a "soldier's wind," which followed us as persistently as did Mary's lamb, it seems to me a man would be an unconscionable kicker who would cavil at such a combination.

To many of us rapid running was both a novelty and a revelation, and I may safely say that in one particular it was so to both veteran and novice alike. I refer, of course, to the startling innovation of one of our party—in consideration of whose well-known modesty I will designate as Mr. Plus. For did not he—and right here I would bespeak for him a niche in the temple of fame—conceive the daring plan of running the rapids under sail? No one of our little band, I feel assured, will ever seek to strip the laurels from his brow while the memory of that second day's cruise shall linger. Shall we ever forget how twenty men in eleven canoes floated abreast through the long golden hours, drinking in the river views (with occasional shifts to something stronger), all the while propelled by a five-mile current and Mr. Plus's sail (14sq. ft.).

It may not have been war, but it was magnificent. Lounging there in the bottoms of the boats, watching the fleecy clouds sailing overhead, or anon observing the indefatigable Nimrod of the party sparing the song-birds on either bank with unflagging zeal and a small-bore repeater. It did seem as though the laws of chance must eventually impel some chippy to fly into the leaden hail—but no. The Dragoons, too, afforded us much innocent amusement, for though themselves *chevaliers sans peur*, their boat at the very outset "took water" so copiously as to necessitate a delay of several hours while she swelled. But they pluckily caught us at Frenchtown, our stopping-place for the night.

While I am telling tales out of school I might relate their thrilling adventure of the following morning: We novices had heard much of the dangers of Bull's Island Dam, and when we reached it the Dragoons, evidently unable to agree upon who should have the honor of going through first, compromised in going through abreast. Whether by design or accident we shall probably never know, but right through the "foamer" they went, broadside on, with results that can be easily imagined, and although they filled their boat they cleverly avoided capsizing. All who witnessed this maneuver, while conceding its originality, seemed inclined to question its utility.

We stopped for lunch at Lambertville, where we found Wells's Falls to be as formidable in fact as in reputation. To carry or not to carry was the question, and after a careful inspection from shore, we decided that it could be run, and run it was by every one, and though many of us bumped and thumped upon the rocks, we all got through without mishap. Another party of canoeists followed a day behind us, elected to dodge Bull's Island Dam and carry around Wells's Falls, but then we were merely novices, and you know "Fools rush boldly in," etc.

The close of this delightful second day brought us to Park Island, the home of hospitality and planked shad, where we stopped for the night; and it was here that we made the acquaintance of Christopher Colombo, who never left us for the remainder of the trip. That we were royally treated goes without saying, and next morning when we left we were escorted through Trenton Falls by several members. But now we were on tide-water, and the conditions which had hitherto been unusually favorable, was changed, and with tide and wind against us, when five miles from Delanco, we welcomed the arrival of the secretary-treasurer's launch, which took us all in tow to camp, where we spent Decoration Day very pleasantly, missing no meals at a mess that left nothing to be desired. By next morning most of the members had left for home, among whom were the cruising partners of Mr. Plus and myself; and we, having some time to consume, organized a little side trip to round out the week. The captain of the Alicia took the bow thwart of Mr. Plus's canoe and I secured the Young Stentor in a like capacity, and at about noon of the following day, after shipping our surplus duffle home, we went on to Trenton, where, at our hotel, we had the pleasure of receiving a few of the Park Island men whom we were fortunate enough to encounter. Next morning, armed with the necessary permits and a tin horn, we launched our boats upon the Delaware and Raritan Canal, and it was quite an experience to see the bridges swung and the locks opened through the magic of our permits, which granted such privilegs to "Canal Boats A. and B., Captains P. and M., loaded light."

We paddled and sailed (same sail) for about five miles on the Fourteen Mile Level, then the man in the much-maligned red shirt suggested towing, a suggestion which our energetic quartette caught at like drowning men. So, tying the boats together, with one man steering, the Young Stentor trotted off in fine fettle. Intelligent reader, when in such-like circumstances, always tow. The "mule's" work is not arduous, for with one end of a 30ft. painter fastened about 4ft. from the bow, and the other to a 3ft. stick which is carried behind the back in the hollow of the arms, you will find that you can walk her along at a good rate, for the boat's resistance can be counted as *nil*. The inevitable mile posts were found to be invaluable, as they allotted the labor on an equitable basis, and in no case in changing mules was the intelligent animal known to overstep his "finish" by 1ft. The work of towing is less than that of paddling, with the additional advantage that three of the party are always loafing. This feature I know will commend the plan to all real canoeists.

As the number thirteen had seemed to pursue us on the trip, we unwittingly disembarked at a bridge of that num-

ber to buy a lunch at the store near by. Two canal boats were just approaching. At the tow-path opposite another path diverged at a tangent up-hill, which was not noticed by the captains, who were enjoying a sociable chat, with their boats and mules abreast. At the meeting of the ways the canal-ward mules crowded the inshore ones, which started them up-hill across country, and when their owner discovered his predicament I think he placed us in possession of his candid opinion of those mules without any mental reservations.

As we were embarking here a resident came down the bank and presented the writer with a tract, whereat his ribald companions claimed that the old gentleman was gifted with great intuition, they also brutally said that he had promptly recognized in me the only member of our party in need of such nourishment. At bridges 15 and 16 we were held up by their keepers, who in both cases were women, who inflexibly insisted upon the letter of the law. They had to read the permits and called attention to the fact that our 40lb. boats with a 14ft. sail were a menace to the structure. It is a curious fact that not one man along our route asked for our permits. I don't know whether there is any moral to this.

At Kingston, fourteen miles from Trenton, after locking through we carried the boats down the bank and launched them upon the Millstone River, which is a little gem. At this stage of the water there were no rapids. There are about four dams, however, with easy carries around them. The trees overarch, making a veritable paradise for the landscape painter and photographer. The tree forms are remarkable and the river is so thoroughly protected from wind that the reflections are mirror-like. Its banks are deserted and the animals along its course "are so unacquainted with man" their wildness was shocking to me.

It was here in the late afternoon, on one of the lonely reaches of the river, that we came upon a herd of about forty young steers, or, as our friend in the other boat stoutly maintained, young bulls. The animals evinced much curiosity at our passage, and began to follow us along shore, finally breaking into a canter. To stir them up a bit, I began to wave my red-clad arms and shout at them, when suddenly the other boat, without warning, ran upon a gravel bar, and swung broadside-on to the evident consternation of one of its occupants, who protested that it was no joke, and demanded to know, with much heat, if we wanted to stampede the brutes and have him trampled to death? Whereat we other three only laughed like demons, although I presume the threatened danger seemed very real to our wrought-up friend. Each of us has his *bête noir*, and his was "bulls."

Reaching Millstone shortly after, we decided to stop there for the night, as it was growing dusk, and we expected to meet another dam shortly. The hotel accommodations we found to be but tolerable—the sole exception of the trip. Starting early next morning, we killed a copper-head snake that we caught crossing the river. We intercepted it and dispatched it after a wicked fight, on a gravel bar where it took refuge. It required several good licks from a paddle to bring about its quietus. Soon after, we reached the Raritan, where, several miles below, we were surprised at encountering another dam, with a difficult and long carry around a masonry wall. Safely past this, we sailed through the shallows to New Brunswick, where, after shipping our canoes, we took a swim up shore in the icy waters of the Raritan. Then after doing the town we started for New York, where, over a good dinner, we toasted the Commodore and all the good fellows who were potent factors in the success of our trip.

And right here I should like to express my appreciation of my young cruising companion's willing assistance and unfailing good humor. The absence of some who were naturally expected to attend caused some comment, but in no way marred the trip, as the loss was entirely theirs. Aside from our individual gain in happiness and health, the trip resulted in an addition of six new members to the Division.

And now in the retrospect, how much more profitable a cruise like this appears when compared with the ordinary camp—the ever-shifting panorama of new faces and places being found an effectual safeguard against *ennui;* and when at length your cruise draws to a successful close, and you look upon your bronzed and healthy face, and feel your muscles, grown as hard as nails, you'll probably exclaim with the writer, "Encore!"

Before parting with the boys, I would have them join me in one verse more of the delectable "Christopher Colombo":

While cruising down the Delaware
The A. C. A. got frightened;
For every pair were well aware
Their boats should all be lightened.
But we were coached, as we approached,
Each rapid that was risky;
While in despair each breathed a prayer,
The most of us breathed whisky.

Chorus Such cruising ne'er was found—oh,
In all the world around—oh;
For every man the rapids ran,
And not a soul was drowned—oh!

ROBERT H. PEEBLES.

Toronto C. C.

THE season's programme of the Toronto C. C. has been drawn up as follows:

June 19—Handicap sailing, open to canoes, all classes.

June 26—Handicap sailing, paddle and sail only, novice, single-blade paddling.

July 3—Annual regatta. Events: No. 1, junior singles; No. 2, open singles; No. 3, handicap fours; No. 4, crab race; No. 5, open fours; No. 6, ladies' and gent's tandem; No. 7, open tandem; No. 8, tug-of-war, four in canoe; No. 9, hurry-scurry; No. 10, handicap tandem; No. 11, upset race; No. 12, tilting tournament.

July 10—Handicap sailing, classes 1 and 2 B.

July 17—Camp at Toby.

July 24—Junior double-blade (Commodore's gold medal); handicap tandem, double-blade tandem and handicap fours.

July 31—Handicap sailing, open to all classes, Championship Toronto Bay.

Sept. 4—Fall club regatta. Events: No. 1, international trophy race; No. 2, tandem championship; No. 3, single-blade championship; No. 4, handicap fours.

Sept. 11—Handicap sailing, class B.

The regatta committee for 1897 includes Messrs. D. H. McDougall (chairman), Harry Page, R. M. Bertram, George A. Howell and George Walter Begg (secretary).

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Canadian Militia Shooting Rifle.

MR. FRANK H. RISTEEN, of Fredericton, N. B., whose moose stories have turned the attention of many big-game hunters to the Province and aggravated others who could not go, is not only a good hunter and sportsman, but also a rattling good rifle shot. A late issue of the Fredericton *Daily Herald*, in commenting on this gentleman's shooting in the first match of the Canadian Military Rifle League, tells of his breaking all previous records on the Fredericton range at 200, 500 and 600yds. by rolling up the score of 96 out of a possible 105.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

June 17-20.—ANACONDA, Mont.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest and fourth annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Anaconda Gun Club. $1,500 added. C A. Tuttle, Sec'y.

June 22.—OGDEN, Ill.—Second annual tournament of the Ogden Gun Club. Wm. McKinley, Sec'y.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

June 30.—BRIDGEPORT, Conn.—Third tournament of the Connecticu Trap-Shooters' Association, under the auspices of the Bridgeport Gun Club.

July 1.—SHERBROOKE, Quebec.—Sherbrooke's grand annual. Inanimates. Open to all amateurs. C. H. Foss, Sec'y, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

July 5.—OTTUMWA, Ia.—All-day shoot of the Ottumwa Gun Club. Open to all.

July 5.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—All-day invitation target shoot of the Bison Gun Club C. H. Werlin, Sec'y, 1634 Broadway, Buffalo.

July 5.—LINCOLN, Neb.—All day shoot of the Capital City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. R M. Welch, Sec'y.

July 7-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 20-22.—PINE BLUFF, Ark.—Seventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Added money announced later. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock, Ark.

July 20-23.—CLEAR LAKE, Ia.—First annual Indian Wolf shoot. Three days targets; one day live birds. $500 added. For programmes and particulars write to C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.

July 21-22.—CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. Chas. E Lacey, Sec'y.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

July (last week).—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Company.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 4-5.—INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, Ind.—Indiana Mineral Springs tournament. Ben O Bush, Manager.

Aug. 17-19.—TORONTO, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000 guaranteed. Open to all. Write for programmes.

Aug. 18-19.—WARSAW, Ind.—Tournament of the Lake City Gun Club. W. A. Wineberer, Sec'y.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept 6.—MERIDEN, Conn.—Third annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Sept. 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Pennsylvania State shoot is booming away up. At Auburn last week we heard little else but "Cleveland and Oil City." The fact that Elmer Shaner is to manage the shoot has much to do with its popularity, for it is well known that Elmer is about "as good as they make 'em" when it comes to running a tournament. Looking over the programme, it will be noticed by those who understand such things that Elmer has no snap on hand; State shoots with a diversity of events are never easy to handle, requiring considerable executive ability and "lots of help" to make things run smoothly. To make it clear (in case there is any doubt on the point) we will state again that the big live-bird event is open to all, nobody barred. Here is what Secretary Reeser, of the Oil City Club, says, in a letter dated June 11: "Fulford, Brewer, Heikes, Gilbert, Lindsay, Shoop, of Harrisburg, and Burnham, of New York, have already sent out their shells, and the freight agent just 'foned me that he had a half a carload more, so judging from that, some of the boys expect to do some shooting. I guess it is generally understood that our special handicap shoot is open to the world, but it might do no harm to state that fact in your next issue, as some shooters may possibly think it is only a State affair.

Mr. E. Hough, our Chicago correspondent, sends us the following item: "A sad accident occurred at National Park, Milwaukee, this week. A trap shooting match was in progress on the shooting grounds, which are unfortunately so laid out that the line of fire crosses the circular bicycle path Dr. C H Richter was just in the act of firing when a young man by the name of Scott, a son of Dr. Scott, of Milwaukee, came scorching by on his bicycle. A part of the charge of shot struck Scott in the face, destroying his left eye and cutting up his cheek. The accident will put a damper upon the shooting at the park unless a different arrangement of the grounds be made, as the bicyclers are always passing by and are always in danger as the track now lies."

On June 4 Yale Dolan made the great run of 84 live birds straight. The circumstances surrounding the case were these: Mr. Dolan was shooting in a four-handed match, 100 live birds per man, on the Riverton Gun Club grounds, 30yds. rise, 30yds. boundary, with an 18in. wire fence to mark the boundary. His load was as follows: 3½drs. Schulize, one card, one pink-edge, one ⅜ white felt and another pink-edge, with 1¼oz. of No. 7 shot in a U. M. C Trap shell. He started in poorly by losing his 5th, 14th, 15th and 16th birds, the three latter all dropping dead out of bounds. But these four were all that he lost, as he went out with an unfinished run of 84, a most remarkable piece of work, as the birds were good and a strong wind was blowing across the grounds.

The Springfield (Mass.) Shooting Association will hold a targe shoot on June 22. The programme is a popular one: Four 10 targe events, five 15-target events, and one 25-target event. All purses wil be divided into four moneys under the Rose system. Any one can shoot "for targets only."

We have received a communication from the W. J. Healey Hardware Company, of Mitchell, S. D., stating that it has decided to postpone its shoot, advertised for the first week in July, until the last week of that month. The exact dates are not yet settled.

The regular monthly cup shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club will be held on Saturday next, June 19. The grounds are at the terminus of the King's County Elevated railroad. All are welcome.

Worse weather for trap-shooting than that which favored the New York State shoot we have seldom been called upon to face. Yet notwithstanding all the unpleasantness, the shoot was a success from A to Z.

Jim Elliott gives the "champions" lots to think and talk about in his letter, which we publish this week. Jim is after scalps sure enough—and he'll get some, too!

A gun club has been organized at Warwick, N. Y., with the following list of officers: President, John B. Rodgers; Vice President, C. W. Wissner; Secretary, John M. Servin; Treasurer, J. A. Ogden. Mr. W. S. Lines is the club's captain, and Messrs. F. Dunning, W. C. Eager, and W. S. Lines act as its trustees.

The "$500 added" at the Indian Wolf shoot at Clear Lake, Ia., July 20-23 (*not* June 20-23, as we had it last week), will be added by the following "Heap Big Chiefs:" Chief Dago (C. W. Budd), Heap Talk (Fred Gilbert, Clean Stick (Chan Powers), Buffalo Hump (Frank Parmalee), Moon-in-the-face (C. M. Grimm), High ball (McMurchy), Des-Chree-Shos-Ka (Jack Parker), High Kick (Dick Merrill), Lightning (Tom Marshall), No Talk (Loomis), and Budweiser (Lou Erhardt). Well, sir, if there isn't a pow-wow at Clear Lake next July, we don't know anything at all.

On Saturday, June 26, the regular monthly handicap shoot for the E. C. cup will be held at the Bergen County Gun Club's grounds, Hackensack, N. J. On the same day and at the same time a team race between the home club and the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, will be decided. This insures a good shoot and lots of it.

We have been asked to call attention to an error in the Pennsylvania State programme, which occurs on page 89. The error is in the conditions of the Harrisburg team trophy, the programme stating that it will be shot at known angles; this is a mistake, as all events will be at unknown angles.

Mr. George Beck, of Indianapolis, Ind., met a severe defeat at the hands of Mr. C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., in the Du Pont trophy shoot last week. Under 80 per cent. is not Mr. Beck's true average by any means; the score shows that McVey was clearly off, while Dago Chief was right in it. Such is fate.

Conny Furgueson held his end up well in the Dean Richmond trophy shoot at Auburn, N. Y., on Friday last. He scored 13 out of 15, his father and W. H. Lair each accounting for only 11 apiece. Conny is only just fifteen years of age and should make an excellent live-bird shot with a few more years of experience.

George A. Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Co., was the only shooter in the optional sweep on the Dean Richmond trophy on Friday last to score 15 straight. Thus a nice little sum went into George's pocket, and he smiled.

The Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club held its annual meeting on June 4, and elected the following officers for 1897-8: President, E C. Meyer; Vice President, Dr. J. S. Weller; Secretary, T. R Griffith; Treasurer, S. B. Williams; Auditor, Wm. F. Brinsmead; Historian, J. P. Pulsifer.

Ferd Van Dyke carried off first honors in the Interstate shoot at Monroe, La., June 9-10, with 368 breaks out of 400 shot at, an average of 90.7. J. A. Jackson, of Austin, Tex., was close up with 362 breaks, an average of 90.5.

W. Ross, of Elizabeth, N. J., flew at too high game last Wednesday, June 9, when he tackled Geo. S. McAlpin in a 100-bird race. Possibly Mr. Ross realizes that fact, too.

S. A. Tucker, of the Parker Gun Company, was in this city to-day. Mr. Tucker expects to remain East for a few weeks, and promises to meet us at Montpelier, Vt., next August.

New Haven, Conn., is going to make its Interstate Association's shoot a dandy. The dates are July 14-15; it is worth while to remember them.

The Capital City Gun Club, of Lincoln, Neb., will hold an all-day shoot, July 5. Both targets and live birds will be used.

JUNE 15. EDWARD BANKS.

Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association,

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 20.—In the handicap event which took place to-day on the grounds of the Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association, F. I. Greener won first prize, Wesley Richards second, W. H. Sheldon third, P. H. Randell fourth, Amos Arnold fifth, and R. C. Root sixth. In connection with this event the W-A silver powder keg was won for the second time by F. I. Greener. He must win it but once more to be permanently entitled to the trophy.

The wind blew quite strong across the traps, making the targets fast and erratic. This made the scores below the average. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	10	25	25	10	10	10	25	10
R C Root	12	3	17	16	4	..	7	10	7
W Richards	10	10	16	20	9	6	8	14	4
S F Wilson	10	5	..	14	..	7	..	..	..
W Mooney	11	7	..	18	..	..	5	..	..
F I Greener	10	9	20	21	.	6	7	..	..
A Hawkins	10	4	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
H Swindells	8	6	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Sheldon	10	5	..	18	6	..	9	..	..
J F Rossie	7	..	..	15	..	7	..	..	..
P H Randell	..	..	..	17	..	8	..	..	7
A Arnold	..	..	..	17	..	5	..	..	..
F Graves	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	14	7
F Fisk	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	11	6
C M Staniels	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	12	..
F Arnold	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Frank Cory	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6

Nos. 2 and 5 were unknown angles; No. 10, 5 pairs regular angles; Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8 and 9, regular angles; No. 4 was the E. C. handicap powder event.

May 27.—A large number of shooters assembled on the grounds of the Rhode Island Trap Shooting Association Thursday afternoon to witness and take part in the events. The chief attraction was the team shoot between the Pawtuxet and East Providence gun clubs, for a trophy offered by the Rhode Island Association, which was won by the former by a handsome margin. The next principal event was the W-A handicap for members. It was a hot race and was won by a margin of 1 target, and thas enabled the winner, F. I. Greener, to hold the trophy, a handsome silver powder keg, donated by the Laflin & Rand Powder Company. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	25	25	25	10	10	25	Targets:	15	25	25	25	10	10	25
F J Greener	10	21	..	..	..	..	19	H Bain	10	16	..	..	4	..	13
E C Whitaker	10	19	..	..	..	..	..	W A Barstow	9	19	13	13	9	7	..
A Arnold	7	20	..	..	..	..	..	P H Randell	11	17	..	..	7	..	..
S F Wilson	11	21	..	..	6	5	..	W H Sheldon	..	18	22	18	7	..	..
R C Root	12	20	21	15	9	5	21	H Remington	..	17	..	..	..	..	18
A M Hunt	9	..	15	7	7	1	..	C H Brown	..	13	..	..	7	..	..
J C Lamb	11	..	8	11	3	3	..	H Babington	..	..	17	14	6	5	..
S Green	13	..	18	19	..	..	..	F Gory	..	..	..	..	8	5	22
J F Rossie	11	12	..	..	6	..	..	F Arnold	..	..	..	..	6	5	16
R Rodgers	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	C H Staniels	..	..	..	..	..	..	19
H B Barstow	6	..	10	16	..	..	..								

No. 2 was the W A handicap race for members; Nos. 3 and 4, team shoot; No 4 was at unknown angles; No. 6 was 5 pairs doubles.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 22.—A somewhat novel match was shot yesterday between D. Faktor and Wm. Glindemann at Shell Mound range. Conditions: Any rifle or any number of rifles, 200yds., 60 minutes actual shooting time, $100 a side. Most rings for 25-ring target to count. Glindemann used four .38 55 repeating rifles, while Faktor chose Scheutzen rifles. Glindemann shot 417 shots, while Faktor fired 295. Glindemann won, making 5,133 to Faktor's 4,956. These kind of matches are not favored by our leading shots.

The semi monthly gathering of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club brought out a fair representation and some excellent scores were made, particularly by J. E Gorman, who broke the revolver record of the coast, if not of the United States. In six shots he made 20 points, Columbia target, which means that he placed his six shots in a 3½in. circle at 50yds with a large revolver. His revolver-shooting all day was excellent. A H. Pape lowered his record on the Bushnell medal to a total of 80, a gain of 10 points over the last shoot. The highest scores of the day were as follows:

Re-entry matches, rifle, open to all comers, 200yds., Columbia target. F. H. Bushnell rifle medal and cash prizes, three-shot scores: A. H Pape, 7, 7, 8, 9; F. O. Young, 10, 10; Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 10, 12, 14.

Wm Glindemann military medal and cash prizes, 10 shots, Creedmoor count: E. Hovey, 47, 45; F. O. Young, 47, 46; E Jacobsen, 44; A. H Pape, 45.

Cash prizes on flags, inch centers made during month: A. H. Pape 13, F. O. Young 6.

Pistol, open to all comers, 50yds., Columbia target, Gordon Blanding pistol medal and cash prizes, three shot scores: J. E. Gorman, 8, 10, 12; F. O. Young, 9, 10, 13; A. B. Dorrell, 10, 16.

Diamond pistol record medal shoot and cash prizes, 10-shot scores: C. M. Daiss, 36, 44, 45; F. O. Young, 50.

Howard Carr, any revolver medal and cash prizes, 6-shot scores: J. E. Gorman, 20, 30, 30, 31, 31, 32.

Achille Roos, 22 rifle medal ladies' trophies and cash prizes, 5-shot scores: Ed Hovey 12, E. Jacobson 10, A. B. Dorrell 12, 15; Mrs. O. M. Peck 17, 17; Mrs. C. F. Waltbam 12, 16; Mrs. M. J. White 22, 23; J. H. Dow 25.

Cash prizes on flags, inch centers, made during month on the Blanding medal: C. M. Daiss 3, J. E. Gorman 3, A. B. Dorrel 2, F. O. Young 1. On the .22cal. rifle, Roos medal: A. B. Dorrell 15, E. Jacobson 12, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 4, Mrs. O. M. Peck 4.

ROBEL.

Peoria Gun Club.

PEORIA, Ill., May 28.—The second annual tournament of the Peoria Gun Club was brought to a close to-day after a successful shoot. On the first day the weather was quite cool, keeping many away from the traps, only 24 taking part in the many events decided. As this day was "preparation day," a large attendance was perhaps not to be expected.

On the second day, May 27, the weather was fine, although still a trifle cool, but the attendance was good, 61 shooters taking part in the 13 events on the programme. Quite a number of ladies were present this day, and Capt. Bartlett's exhibition of quick shooting was much appreciated and greatly applauded The third day looked threatening in the morning, but cleared off nicely about 11 o'clock, after a slight rain.

Mr. J. M. Brown, of the Peoria Gun Club, won the gold medal donated by Mr. Crawford for the highest average made by a member of the home club. The medal is a beauty and is valued at $50. The attendance was again quite good, forty-six shooters taking part in the events. The thirteenth event on each of the last two days was a merchandise event, $1 entrance, the prizes in this event being divided into eight groups, class shooting.

In the tabulated scores given below, all events are at unknown angles except No. 9 on the last two days; this event each day was at reversed traps. On each of the last two days the club added $75 to the purses, as follows: On May 27: Nos. 3, 5, 7 and 11, $5 to each purse. Nos. 4, 6, 9 and 10, $10 to each purse, and $15 to No. 8. On May 28: Nos. 3, 5 and 10, $5 to each purse; $7 in No. 4 and $8 in No. 7; $10 in Nos. 6, 9 and 11, and $15 in No 8.

Some excellent indi idual work was done by Messrs Powers, Bartlett and others, and some great squad totals were also rolled up on the second day. In event No. 4 the following scores were made by No. 1 squad: Black and Bartlett 20, Bingham, Powers, Sammis and Heilman 19; total 116 out of 120. On the same day in the next event, No. 5, squad No. 2 made the following scores: Leisy, Tucker, Thompson, Huobell and Zimmerman, 15, J. Hoff 13; total 83 out of 90.

The scores for each day follow:

Preparation Day, May 26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	25	10	15	12	20	15	20	15	25	15	20	15
C Powers	10	23	10	15	11	19	13	19	14	23	15	18	..
J Mackie	7	..	7	11	10	13	14	18	13	..	9	15	..
G W Pool	8	9	8	10	4	11	11	..	..	..	7	..	..
H Hurd	9	19	7	14	10	16	14	13	..	..	14	16	..
S A Tucker	7	17	10	12	8	19	12	..	11	19	12	15	14
J Brinkman	6	..	10	10	10	15	12	..	9	..	7	..	..
B A Bartlett	..	23	8	15	10	19	12	17	15	21	14	18	14
G F Simmons	..	17	7	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..
J M Brown	..	17	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Bartson	..	14	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Thompson	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	..	12	..
J Black	..	..	9	15	12	14	13	15	11	23	13	19	14
J Schilling	..	..	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C J Sammis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	21	10	13
T McQuaid	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	..	8	15
F Whiting	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	11	..
F Belton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	11	..
G Walpert	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10	19	10	18
S Roberts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	..	14	17
H H Fahnestock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	7	12
C Portman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
Preifer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	16
Heilman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

All the above events were at unknown angles except No. 2, which was at known angles from 3 unknown traps.

First Day, May 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	15	15
Bingham	13	19	15	19	11	20	14	22	14	17	13	12	13
Powers	14	20	14	19	14	19	13	25	13	20	15	15	15
Heilman	13	15	14	19	12	17	14	24	11	18	14	14	15
Sammis	14	15	14	19	9	19	13	21	10	16	10	13	11
Bartlett	14	21	15	20	14	18	13	23	12	19	13	13	15
Black	13	19	14	20	15	18	15	24	12	17	15	12	12
Tucker	14	19	13	17	15	15	15	22	11	18	15	14	11
McQuaid	12	12	12	14	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mackie	13	17	15	16	13	16	15	..	10	..	14	..	11
Hurd	15	17	13	17	14	17	14	24	13	17	..	..	10
Giles	13	17	12	..	13	17	..	..	..	..	11	14	10
Zimmerman	12	16	14	18	15	18	14	24	12	16	..	..	13
Carroll	15	16	14	17	12	20	13	23	..	..	..	..	10
Gayer	14	15	13	11	13	17	11	..	10	..	..	..	12
Thompson	12	16	13	18	15	15	12	19	10	17	..	..	9
Peterman	11	18	11	13	..	17	9	15	10	..	..	..	14
J Johnson	14	14	12	18	..	..	13	..	11	13	..	..	10
Hubbell	13	15	13	16	15	15	13	20	13	..	..	..	..
Pfeiffer	12	17	13	18	14	18	14	24	..	17	14	..	15
Leisy	10	17	14	19	15	18	13	15	10	19	13	12	10
Simmons	12	16	13	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
Jones	10	3	11	9	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	10
Trimmer	10	..	11	..	12	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Portman	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	..	19	14	20	..	19	14	22	..	18	15	14	12
Hallcock	..	1	11	13	10	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	9
Cox	..	17	10	10	..	16	7	..	..	..	..	..	13
Phinney	..	14	13	..	10	..	10	..	10	..	..	..	11
J Hoff	..	..	14	17	13	15	15	20	10	20	13	10	11
Pool	..	..	13	13	9	..	10	..	..	..	7	..	8
Wambsgans	..	..	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
McAtee	..	..	13	17	..	15	..	..	..	17	..	..	..
Becker	..	..	12	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Hoff	..	..	11	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bartson	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
Heikes	..	..	12	14	..	17	..	17	..	..	..	..	..
Seeley	..	..	10	16	13	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	12
Linn	..	..	13	17	14	16	12	22	11	16	11	..	9
Pugh	..	..	12	14	15	13	11	..	7	15	..	..	..
Bacon	..	..	13	16	11	19	13	..	14	16	..	..	..
Leavitt	..	..	..	18	..	..	12	..	12	..	..	..	13
Gardt	..	..	..	17	11	15	13	24	11	18	13	15	15
Scott	..	..	..	18	9	16	14	..	10	10	11	11	..
Hickey	..	..	..	12	14	10	14	..	13	18	..	..	9
Boehring	..	..	..	..	13	19	13	..	..	19	..	15	14
Reulisy	..	..	..	..	8	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	11
Whiting	..	..	..	..	14	..	14	..	15	..	..	..	12
Nelson	..	..	..	..	..	16	14	25	12	20	14	13	14
G Portman	..	..	..	..	..	20	13	23	11	18	11	..	13
Bordeaux	..	..	..	..	..	18	14	19	..	..	13	12	13
Brassfield	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	11
Robertson	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	12	..	8	..	..
Roberts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	11	..	13
Hein	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Ohl	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Becker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Weber	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
C Keith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
W Hoff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Waugh	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12

Second Day, May 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	25	15	15	20	15	15
Bingham	14	17	12	19	12	19	12	23	12	12	15	12	12
Powers	13	18	15	18	15	18	15	23	11	14	18	15	15
Sammis	10	14	12	15	13	15	9	..	10	10	12	14	15
Bartlett	14	17	13	16	14	19	13	24	7	14	20	14	15
Black	14	16	13	17	14	18	15	21	10	14	17	14	..
Heilman	15	17	11	17	12	20	12	17	..	..	..	..	14
Tucker	14	..	13	..	..	..	10	..	..	13	19	10	14
G Schoff	8	19	13	18	11	20	13	21	..	11	19	14	12
Giles	12	18	14	16	12	17	..	..	..	..	..	14	11
Jones	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Carroll	14	16	12	20	14	18	14	..	8	..	15	..	13
Gayer	10	16	13	17	..	..	13	..	7	12	..	..	..
F Schoff	9	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Scott	12	..	13	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bacon	13	15	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Barston	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Hurd	14	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Wilks	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Zimmerman	11	17	12	15	12	16	13	..	10	14	16	8	15
Simmons	12	..	12	19	..	17	..	..	..	..	17	15	8
Walpert	14	18	12	17	..	19	14	20	12	10	18	13	11
Whiting	10	..	..	18	14	18	12	..	9	14	..	..	14
Robertson	14	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pfeiffer	10	19	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gardt	..	19	13	17	12	18	14	..	8	14	18	14	13
Obl	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
Hickey	..	..	12	17	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nelson	..	..	..	..	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	14	14
Leavitt	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hein	..	..	12	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cox	..	..	10	12	10	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	12
G Putman	..	..	7	15	12	19	..	..	..	13	15	..	12
Robinson	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Leisy	..	..	..	13	13	13	11	24	14	11	18	15	15
Hallcock	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Weber	..	..	..	12	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	11	11
Fahnestock	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	..	..	13	..	11
Bordeaux	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	13	..	..	8	17	..
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	8	12	16	..
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	18	..
Wambsgans	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
J Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	14
Roberts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
A E Giles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
C Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Brassfield	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Waugh	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10

G. F. SIMMONS, Sec'y

Handicaps and Highest Possibles.

INDIANA TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE AT KOKOMO.

KALAMAZOO, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM of June 12 under Drivers and Twisters you publish an extract from the programme of the first annual tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League, of Indiana, held at Kokomo, June 8-9 relating to the Parker Gun Handicap. This handicap was shot on June 9 in the afternoon, at a time which was probably several hours after your issue of the 12th had gone to press—yet you had anticipated or foretold a state of affairs in your comments upon handicaps that proved an actual fact at Kokomo in the Parker Gun Handicap event.

This event had twenty nine entries at $5 each, besides several others for the price of targets only. Conditions were: No shooter with an allowance to score more than 47 out of 50, unless this score was surpassed by a scratch man. Scores:

	Broke.	Allowed.	Total		Broke.	Allowed.	Total
Dietrich	48	6	54	Lacey	33	13	46
Wallace	43	10	53	Kinsch	38	7	45
Tillson	46	5	51	Beck	41	4	45
Fortis	42	9	51	Stipp	44	0	44
Wood	39	12	51	Ford	41	3	44
Cumberland	39	11	50	Gill	32	12	44
Pattison	38	12	50	Thompson	40	4	44
Heiney	42	7	49	Voris	43	0	43
Tripp	43	5	48	Griffith	42	0	42
Partington	44	4	48	Ross	42	0	42
Slow	43	5	48	Garland	36	6	42
*Bush	44	4	48	Thomas	38	2	40
Winchester	38	9	47	Gamble	39	0	39
Hill	42	5	47	Huff	34	4	38
Parry	40	7	47				

*In for sweep only.

No scratch man having made 47 or better, and Dietrich with an allowance of 6 having scored 48 without his allowance, the executive committee awarded him the Parker gun, and divided first money among those whose allowance gave them a total of 47 or more, they receiving 75 cents each.

A protest (signed by twenty-five of the participants in the event) was made to the executive committee against the awarding of the gun in a manner contrary to the rules as defined in the programme, but the committee could not see things in any way other than that it was merely the misfortune of the others, whose allowance gave them 47 or more, that they should be compelled to divide first money.

Mr. George C Beck, of Indianapolis, an old-time shooter, well and favorably known, took exactly the same view of the matter as does FOREST AND STREAM, and openly asserted that Mr. Dietrich's score of 48, although not made by a scratch man, increased the highest possible to 48, and that all participants whose allowance gave them a score of 43 or better, were tied with Mr. Dietrich for the gun. It will be seen under these conditions, and from your standpoint that Messrs. Tripp, Partington, Pattison, Tillson, Slow, Wallace, Wood, Heiney, Forbes and Cumberland were in a tie with Mr. Dietrich for the gun, and that the division of the money into ten equal parts would have gone to the following:

First, Bush 48; second, Hill, Winchester and Parry 47; third, Lacey 46; fourth, Kinsch and Beck 45; fifth, Thompson, Ford, Gill and Stipp 44; sixth. Voris 43; seventh, Garland, Ross and Griffith 42; eighth, Thomas 40; ninth, Gamble 39; tenth, Huff 38

The division of the money including every shooter that was not in the tie for the gun, as the division was not the high gun system

Will FOREST AND STREAM kindly give us whatever comments it may deem necessary, with the rules and conditions of the match as published in FOREST AND STREAM of June 12? REN. O. BUSH.

[In answer to Mr Bush's request we will first reprint the Driver and Twister referred to, which runs as follows: "Extract from the programme for the first annual tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana at Kokomo, that State, June 8-9: 'Parker Gun Handicap. * * * The highest score which one with an allowance may make is 47, unless a scratch man should break more, in which event his score shall be the highest possible for the other class.' Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, June 20, 1896, page 501, under 'Handicaps and Highest Possibles:' 'In 50-target events make the highest possible score 47 (or 48), beyond which no targets can be scored * * * unless a scratch man shall break more than 47 (or 48) in a 50-target race * * * in such cases *that scratch man's score* to be the highest possible.' When we wrote the above we never intended to penalize any man who might break more than 47 (or 48) out of his first 50 targets; but on looking over the item we saw that we had made no provision for a man, *not* a scratch man, who might do so. We, therefore, in writing on the same subject in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 3, 1896, three months later, said: 'In all handicap events fix a highest possible score, making allowance for the loss of a few extra targets on the part of the scratch man or men in all events where the number of targets to be shot at reaches 50 or 100 (say 48 as highest possible in a 50-target handicap, or 94 in a 100 target race). The number chosen as the highest possible cannot be exceeded unless some shooter shall break more than that number out of his first 50 or first 100, as the case may be; that is, without his allowance. In the event of any shooter exceeding the highest possible, as above, that shooter's score shall be the highest possible, and all shooters tying that score, with or without their allowance, shall be entitled to a portion of first money.' In the same article we drew the shooter's attention to the fact that such a system of handicapping could only be brought into play where the Rose system or 'high guns' was used The old '50, 30 and 20' wouldn't do here at all. In the 'Parker Gun Handicap' the purse will be divided into ten equal parts, the gun going to the high man, ties for first place shooting off for the gun under the same conditions as in the original race."

We will now point out to Mr. Bush that according to the programme only scratch men were considered, and that therefore Mr. Dietrich's 48 out of his 50 could scarcely be recognized as setting the highest possible, and we think that the committee made a mistake in awarding the gun as it did. As the programme read, we should have decided that there were fourteen ties for the gun, Mr Bush not being in for the gun. The programme stated positively, "The highest score which one with an allowance may make is 47, unless a scratch man should break more, in which event his score shall be the highest possible for the other class." But no scratch man made 47.

With regard to the division of the moneys, not having a programme by us we must say that we took it that the purse was to be divided into ten equal parts on the high-gun principle. Perhaps we thought so, simply because that is the way we would have made it.]

Budd-Beck.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 7.—Charlie Budd, of Des Moines, Iowa, defeated in very hollow fashion, George Beck, of Indianapolis, in the race here to-day for the Du Pont trophy. Mr. Beck has been out of practice for some time, and such birds as he has shot recently have not been quite so difficult as those he met under the conditions here; still he had a right to expect a little better luck than he had in falling so low as 79 out of 100. The day was bright, and there was something of a wind, so that the birds were by no means easy, though not so hard as they sometimes are at Burnside. The wind was from left to right, nearly parallel with the score, and the bulk of the flight was right-quartering. This made the birds rather puzzling, as they would start straight away, then twist into the wind, and go off to the right at great speed. On some of the far and fast right-quarterers Budd repeatedly showed excellent judgment, striking his bird full and saving it inside the wire, where the least error would have allowed it to skate over on the wind. Beck shot an uphill race almost from the start, and never tied his rival after the first twenty birds. At one stage of the race it looked as though Budd would make a score of 91, but toward the close he let go three birds, which cut him down somewhat, although the total score remained a very creditable one. His 96th bird was missed clean with both barrels, and with his 97th he seemed to be rather careless. He stopped a number of screaming birds in great style.

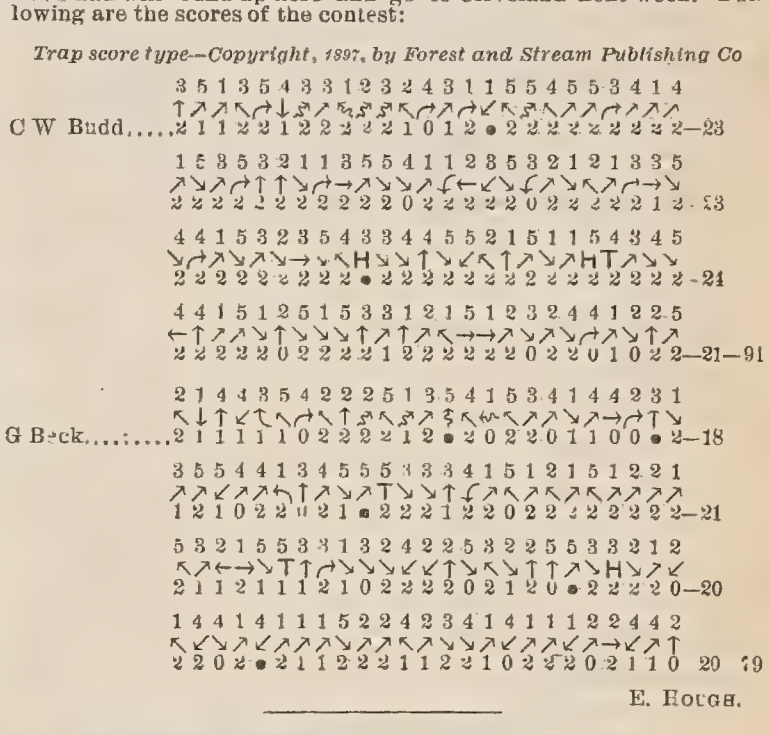
Beck lost his 16th bird without shooting at it, a bit of powder or dirt having prevented his gun from releasing the safety when he closed it. He pounded along very nervily all through the race, and made some beautiful kills on very fast and strong birds. His special strength lay in the use of his first barrel, which was at times delivered with great speed and accuracy. In his second barrel work, however, he lost in regularity of time to his competitor, who shot in clockwork style all through the race His 89th bird was an incomer which was hit hard. It passed in close to the ground and he could have caught it, but did not attempt to do so, as he was using the dog to retrieve. The bird lit on the edge of the roof directly above his head, and the next instant fell dead inside the boundary. With his 90th bird he was more fortunate. It struck full against the wire, but the dog picked it up dead. His 96th bird was one of great vitality and got over, though hit very hard. It was noticeable that in using his second barrel on a bird on the ground, Beck often missed it almost entirely, the charge going invariably to the right. Evidently he did not allow for the drift of the shot in the wind. Budd said that he allowed fully 1ft. in 35yds. for this drift, and this seemed to enable him to center his birds Out of the 200 birds but one refused to start promptly, and it flew before the flag rope was reached. It was an incomer, and was missed by Beck.

Budd shot a Parker gun and U. M. C factory ammunition, 3½drs. Hazard Blue Ribbon, Smokeless cases, 1¼oz. 7½ shot. Beck used an L. C. Smith gun, 3¼drs. W-A powder, Winchester Leader shells, 1¼oz. 7 shot.

The party from Indianapolis was smaller than had been anticipated by Mr. Beck's friends, for at the last moment a number failed to materialize. Those who came on were Mr. George C. Beck and wife, Mr. E. H. Tripp and wife, Mr John M. Lilly and wife, and Mr. Royal Robinson. Mr. Robinson said that, while the Indianapolis folks would have been glad to see their townsman make a little better score, they could readily see reasons for his not doing so. Mr. Beck is now a man fifty-four years of age, and this fact, coupled with his lack of recent practice, handicapped him very much in a contest with a man ten years younger, who is shooting all the time Mr. Robinson adds that trap-shooting matters in Indiana are apparently looking up, and he thinks that the recent organization of the State League in Indiana will unite the shooters and be of great benfit to the sport. He and his friends wished to be present at the first State tournament at Kokomo this week, but he was unable to attend.

Mr. Robinson handled Mr Beck during the race, and Charlie Grim performed a similar office for Mr. Budd. A nice number of spectators saw the contest, among these Mr. E. S Rice and Fred Gilbert, former holder of the cup. Messrs. Grimm, Gilbert, Marshall, Powers and Budd will round up here and go to Cleveland next week. Following are the scores of the contest:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1897, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co



E. HOUGH.

For the Championship of all Champions.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note in your last week's issue an article from the pen of Mr. Whitfield, which gives the Kansas City *Star* cup, representing the championship of America at live pigeon shooting, a creditable and truthful representation. In the same article he ventilates Dr. Carver's claims to championship honors, and I wish to further inform Mr. Whitfield, who is a young man, with the knowledge gained in twenty-five years of various championships, that I cannot recall where he, Dr. C., ever won or held a trophy which was acknowledged to represent shooting honors par excellence.

With all the championship emblems circulating around, the Kansas City *Star* cup, held by Mr Sim Glover, of Rochester, N. Y., came before the public in a formal and fair way, controlled by an association (namely, the Missouri Fish and Game Protective Association) which was a guarantee of courtesy to all and favoritism to none, and it stands to-day emblematic of the live-bird wing-shot championship of America. In holding this myself a year ago, I was subjected to criticism and through the press an unknown gentleman, who signed himself "Another Elliott" (who was no branch of my family, or he wouldn't have quit so easily), was very desirous and anxious to back a number of shooters against me in pigeon matches at a time when it was impossible for me to comply with his request. Not having a personal acquaintance with him, when the opportunity offered I replied through the press, that I would accept matches with all the gentlemen he desired to back, or any one else who would post a forfeit with an equitable challenge. This frank proposition resulted in bringing out only two representative wing shots of America, Mr. E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y, and Mr. J. D Cay, of Pine Grove, Ky., who complied with my request, and I promptly accepted them on conditions of their own dictation and was successful in winning both matches, which seemed to change the opinion of a few calamity howlers who were asserting that a man was handicapped shooting at live birds by using a Winchester repeating gun, and that even they were ready to shoot me pigeon matches for money

Following the score made against Mr. Gay at Louisville, Ky, killing 93 pigeons out of 100 at 31yds. rise in a 31yd boundary, there were not so many Indian shooters in the woods who were confident they could take old Jim's scalp. Having been recently informed that it is being quietly intimated around that all that was desired upon my part was a forfeit to insure certain persons of my sincerity, and I would then get all the matches I desired. I have at last concluded to humor their whims and post a forfeit with an equitable challenge, which will determine who is the champion of all champions. Referring to my past record, on Aug. 4, 1890, I first won a trophy which was recognized universally as the live bird wing-shot championship honors of this country. I defended it until it became my personal property. After which I shot a number of championship races under contract to do so, and up to the present day, June 10, 1897, I have never yet been defeated in an individual race where the American Championship was involved Paste this in your hat

Recognizing the element of ill luck which sometimes defeats the superior shot in a single race at 100 pigeons, I will make my challenge on a more equitable basis, and the conditions that each and every match to be shot on a separate ground will at the finish demonstrate the winner's right to the title of championship of all champions.

THE CHALLENG

"LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 10.—I have to day posted a forfeit with the First National Bank of Kansas City, Mo., of $100, and herewith annex certificate of Mr E. F. Swinney, cashier, showing receipt of the same. I challenge any shooter in the world for a series of three or five matches for the Championship of all Champions, $500 a side, to be decided or divided in three or five matches as follows: If three matches, 100 pigeons each match, 100 birds to each man, $100 a side on each individual race, with $100 side bet on the highest aggregate number killed in the three races If five races, each race to be for $100 a side, under either of the above conditions, the winner to take the entire gate receipts, if any are collected, and the loser to pay for the pigeons shot at by both men and all necessary ground expenses which may be incurred. In no instance are there to be two matches shot on the same ground or in the same city, Hurlingham and American Association rules, 30yds. rise, to govern the contest.

I will toss up for the first choice of shooting grounds, which are to be chosen by each man alternately. The first series of matches to commence Sept. 1 to 10, with the man who first accepts this challenge by posting a forfeit, and following in rapid succession with the next in turn who likewise complies with the conditions.

I will accept and put up an additional forfeit of $100 with as many men as desire to compete with me.

My forfeit will remain deposited for your consideration thirty days from the date hereof

Come on, boys, the first come the first served. J. A. R ELLIOTT.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 10.—In compliance with the above stated challenge, Mr. J. A. R, Elliott has placed a forfeit of $100 in this bank.

E. F. SWINNEY.
Cashier, First National Bank, Kansas City, Missouri.

New York State Association.

THE AUBURN TOURNAMENT.

THE thirty-ninth annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was held at Auburn, N. Y., June 8, and in connection therewith was held the annual State shoot, June 8–11. The proceedings at this convention, which is now termed the "summer meeting of the Association," will be mentioned first, as we are firm believers in the old motto, *Seniores priores*.

The meeting was held at about 8:30 on Tuesday evening, June 8, in an empty store under the Osborne House. This store, although of ample proportions, was scarcely large enough to accommodate the delegates and others who wanted to be present at the proceedings. As is the case at these "summer meetings," the presiding officer was the president of the home club. This gentleman was Mr. Charles G. Curtis, who called the meeting to order with a brief address. He was supported by Mr. Clarence E. Goodrich, secretary of the Auburn Gun Club, and by Mr. George Peck, of the Auburn *Daily Advertiser* and the Auburn *Review*. On Mr. Curtis's right hand, he was supported by Mr. W. S. Gavitt, of Lyons, N. Y., the president of the State Association proper.

CLUBS REPRESENTED.

Twenty-four clubs were represented at the meeting, the delegates being as follows:

Syracuse Gun Club: C. H. Mowry, A. G. Courtney, C. F. Ayling. Messina Springs Gun Club: A. S. White, Harvey McMurchy. Auburn Gun Club: C. W. Tuttle, J. Henry Kerr, Irving Smith, F. C. Coburn, D. L. Hurlbut. East Syracuse Sportsmen's Association: D. M. Lefever, Charles Frey, W. Morse, C. J. Dalley, A. G. Courtney. Whitestown Gun Club: A. S. Hunter, A. H. Richardson, Dr. J. G. Kilbourn. Watertown Gun Club: W. H. Tallett. Richfield Springs Gun Club: Myron E. Barker, Walter Yeoman. Lockport Gun Club: H. I. Benedict, C. A. Ward, John McDonough. Bison Gun Club: C. H. Werlin, P. H. Siegrist, F. H. Wheeler, F. P. O'Leary. Manitou Beach Gun Club: L. V. Byer, C. Lane, S. Glover, H. Perry. Brooklyn Gun Club: Edward Banks. New York County Gun Club: Edward Banks. Riverside Gun Club: L. W. Davis, Dr. J. S. Weller, Henry Peters. Sterling Rod and Gun Club: Charles F. Wayte. Catchpole Gun Club: E. A. Wadsworth, Benjamin Catchpole, Morris Burke. Charlotte Gun Club: William M. Richmond, Arthur Rickman, Benjamin F. East. Northern Wayne Gun Club: George Wride, Benjamin Catchpole, Charles Van Ostrand. Oneida County Sportsmen's Association: H. L. Gates, Gustavus Dexter, M. M. Mayhew, E. D. Fulford, J. W. Fulford. Rochester Rod and Gun Club: W. C. Hadley, E. C. Meyer, George Borst, Arthur Rickman, Homer Perry. Spencer Sportsmen's Club: H. B. Whitney, C. F. Burnett, Frank Zwilling. Saratoga Gun Club: H. M. Levengstone, Jr. Leatherstocking Club, of Oswego: Max B. Richardson. Audubon Club, of Buffalo: F. D. Kelsey, E. F. Hammond. Binghamton Gun Club: G. W. Kendall and H. W. Brown.

Of the above clubs the following nine were new applicants, who were admitted to membership in due course: East Lockport Gun Club, Brooklyn Gun Club, Catchpole Gun Club of Wolcott, Bison Gun Club of Buffalo, Glenwood Gun Club of Newburgh, East Syracuse Gun Club, Messina Springs Gun Club of Syracuse, Glenside Gun Club of Skaneateles, and the Sterling Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER IN 1898.

After the delegates and their credentials had been inspected, and after the nine new clubs had been elected to membership, Mr. Hadley rose to nominate Rochester for the shoot of 1898. He promised that the members of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club should spread themselves in order to give their guests a good time, and also promised that if everybody did not have that good time the president of the club, Mr. E. C. Meyer, should be hung, drawn and quartered. He also added that the shooters who came to feed should also be fed, and should carry something away with them when the State shoot was over. Over and beyond these promises Mr. Hadley did not go; he had no need to promise anything more, for there was no competition for the shoot in 1898. As, however, we are personally acquainted with the majority of the members of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, and are well aware of their capabilities for carrying out to a successful conclusion, any tournament of which they may take hold, we can promise that, with nothing more than the above meager details as to what will be done for those who go to the State shoot at Rochester next June to go upon, the State shoot of 1898 will be a big one and a success.

Mr Gates, as representing the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association, seconded the nomination of Rochester, and, as said before, there being no opposition, Rochester it was.

We have omitted to mention that prior to the nomination of Rochester, a motion made by Mr. Schortemeier, of the New York County Gun Club, at the Buffalo convention was briefly treated. The matter was this: Mr. Schortemeier made a motion at the Buffalo convention, in June, 1896, that at the meeting in June, 1897, the members present consider the adoption of a rule that no shoot be held within 150 (or 100) miles of where the shoot was held in the preceding year. As Mr. Schortemeier was not present to look after this motion, the matter was disposed of by Mr. Hadley's motion that the meeting do not consider the question.

The tournament officers for 1898 are the officers of the Rochester Club: President, E. C. Meyer; Secretary, Thos. Griffiths, and Treasurer, Sam'l B. Williams.

THE ASSOCIATION TO BE DIVIDED.

The presence of Mr. Gavitt, president of the State Association, portended something important, and that something soon formulated itself when Mr. Gavitt rose to address the meeting, all other business having been disposed of. And Mr. Gavitt's words gave the members present plenty of food for thought. He was in favor of dividing up the Association into two bodies, as distinct in themselves as are their respective interests, viz, the protection of fish and game, and the encouragement of trap-shooting. Mr. Gavitt pointed out how it had come to pass that the Association had had to hold a summer convention for the edification of the trap-shooters, and a winter convention for the benefit of game-shooters and fishermen. He suggested that the two bodies now become two distinct organizations, one for game and fish protection and one for trap-shooting. He also stated that a committee was now at work on a new constitution and by laws to be adopted at the coming winter convention, and he felt that the change should be made at once to facilitate matters.

To help in this matter Mr. Gates placed the question before the meeting in the form of a resolution. In the discussion which followed, it was evident that the sentiment was strongly in favor of the movement, but Messrs. Hadley, Richmond, Benedict and Banks advocated the appointment of a committee from those present at this meeting to meet with a similar committee from the other body and to prepare for a final dissolution, the committee to report at the summer meeting, at Rochester, in '98. This was ultimately approved of, the chair appointing Messrs. Banks, Gates and Kelsey as such committee. Mr. Kelsey being unable to serve on such committee, Mr. Hadley's name was substituted.

Mr. Gavitt named as the committee from "the other body," to act in coöperation with the above committee: Mr. F. J. Amden, of Rochester, Mr. Geo. R. Peck, of Auburn, and General D. H. Bruce, of Syracuse.

Having no more business to dispose of, the meeting adjourned at about 11 P. M.

A GOOD SHOOT IN BAD WEATHER.

The State shoot of 1897 will go down into history as interesting for two reasons. First, on account of the movement set on foot for the dividing up of the organization into two separate and distinct bodies as set forth above; and, second, on account of its being a good shoot held in about as wretched weather as one could possibly imagine at this time of year. For the first three days there was little pleasure in shooting at all, except for the fun of beating somebody else in the matter of good temper under the most trying circumstances. It rained "real hard" on the first day, and it poured just as seriously and steadily on the second day; on the third day it didn't actually rain much during the morning, but it looked as dull and gloomy as ever; and it did actually clear up at a few minutes to 3 in the afternoon. From that time on all was well.

The attendance was very encouraging considering these disastrous climatic annoyances. It seems hard to keep trap-shooters away from their favorite sport when there's any chance of having a try at a few targets. Then again there are some delights in meeting old friends and making new ones; and these two things are a certainty at any State shoot. The consequence was that, under the conditions, the attendance was all that could have been hoped for.

GROUNDS AND ACCOMMODATIONS.

The grounds were easily reached, being located just at the end of the street car track on Genessee street, in the county fair grounds. It was less than a fifteen minutes' run in the car from the Osborne House to the outside of the grounds. Once at the end of the street car track it was only a couple of hundred yards or so to the main building, which was given up to the shooters and to the exhibitors of sporting goods—a novel and interesting feature of this shoot. We have said that it was only some 200yds. to the main building, and so it was—as the crow flies, or as one would walk in nice dry weather; but with various small morasses to circumvent, you could safely add another 100yds. to the distance traveled on each of the first three days.

THE EXHIBITION OF SPORTING GOODS.

The big building was a perfect godsend in such weather. There was so much space for everybody and everything that we couldn't help being forcibly reminded of the betting ring at the Guttenburg track, which was utilized for the same purposes at the E. C. tournament in May, 1896. The building is built like a parallelogram, with three equal rear extensions. The extension to the right was occupied with the exhibits of the King Powder Co. and Peters Cartridge Co., engineered and overseered by Mrs. M. F. Lindsley herself. Next in order came the stand of the Remington Arms Co. under the care of that most worthy notable, Col. A. G. Courtney, one of its latest acquisitions. Only a step away was the Lefever stand of firearms, with Uncle Dan Lefever and his son, F. Lefever, to look after the interests of the firm they represent. Next to them came Harvey McMurchy and his exhibit of L. C. Smith guns. And, be it noted herewith, that Harvey gave object lessons during the shoot on how to handle these same guns. Billy Crosby occupied a small space in the corner next to the Hunter Arms Co. with a display of some Baker guns, the brothers and sisters of that which he shot into first place for general averages on the Wolves' trap. Von Lengerke & Detmold, with their stand of Francotte guns of all grades, made a very telling exhibit in a prominent place, the stand being the same that the firm showed at this year's Sportsmen's Exposition. We must not forget also that the Hunter Arms Co. also exhibited some of their bicycles, in addition to the guns shown under Harvey McMurchy's care.

Another special feature in this big building was in the center wing, where Mr. George M. Taylor and his help from the Osborne House spread out things that were good to eat and things that were good to drink in such depressing weather. Unfortunately, at most shoots the catering is not looked upon as of vital importance. Too often it is a case of "Oh, any old thing'll do!" But at Auburn the matter was placed in the right hands, and Mr Taylor deserves the thanks of the visitors at this shoot for the manner in which he looked after them. There was plenty of room for all, and, best of all, there was plenty of help to run his temporary restaurant.

In the third rear extension there was nothing on exhibition, as a rule, beyond Paul North, some magautrap fixtures and a few barrels of bluerocks. As these objects could be seen to better advantage outside—that is to say, when it wasn't raining—this portion of the building was not as popular as either of the other two extensions!

THREE CASHIERS' OFFICES.

In the main building were the three cashiers' offices. On the right as you entered the front door was the office presided over by Mr Geo. Hudson. He looked after the Wolves, a large sign bearing the inscription of "The Wolves" telling that class of shooter where his wants would be looked after. To the left, opposite Mr. Hudson's apartment, was another cashier's office, bearing the sigh "The State." Here Mr. Thos. Garret, Jr., and John J. O'Sullivan handled the entries and paid out the cash in the State events. In front of the door was the third cashier's office, bearing the title of "The Lambs." In this office Messrs. Irvin Smith and Fred Bower looked after the Lambs, and some of the Wolves, too, for the matter of that; for many such came thither to dally with "their meat."

Under such conditions as regards cashier's offices, there was little left to be desired by the management in that respect. Outside, however, the management had neglected many things. In two respects particularly had it erred. Not the slightest effort had been made to prepare for wet weather, and wet it certainly was. The merest semblance of an awning covered one of the three scores; shooters had to stand out in the pouring rain and "get it in the neck" in more senses than one, for the rain came from the rear of the scores. In the matter of help, too, the management had run things far too close. There was only one scorer at each trap; scores were chalked up on the blackboard as called off by the referee, but there was no score sheet kept to be any sort of a check on the scorer. As a matter of course, errors will occur and then again they won't occur, but in any case many scores were altered almost at the will of the shooters. As we have said no detailed scores were kept; the results of each squad's work was written down on a score sheet after the totals were made out, and were then filed in the office it belonged to. We believe in having two scores kept all the time, but we also believe in making the blackboard score the official score all the time. It may be said that efforts were made at the start to keep detailed scores, but nobody could work on a score sheet that was wet in a few minutes, and there was not even any protection from the weather for either scorers or referees. A star in the firmament was William Hoagland, the well known pedestrian, who acted as squad hustler and never got tired and hardly suffered any diminution in the matter of throat or lung power even, after three days of consecutive hard work.

In other respects the management did things well. C. W. Tuttle, J. J. Carr, C. E. Goodrich, George Corning, President Curtis, and many others of the home club, did their share toward keeping the shooters moving and making things as pleasant as possible for their guests under the circumstances.

Three magautraps were used, one for each set of events, and each trap took its part satisfactorily. The targets used were bluerocks naturally enough, as only such targets can be used under contract in these traps.

BUT THE PROGRAMME WAS CHANGED.

We have always believed in never changing a programme under any circumstances. Once you have announced through the medium of a programme that you are going to do such and such a thing, we do not believe in ever changing from the conditions announced, unless there is ample time to tell everybody about that change.

The programme of the shoot announced that the Rose system would be used in the State events, and that part of the programme was adhered to. In the programme for the open events for both traps, it was announced: "All money to be divided into six purses, according to the Rose system." In our issue of *May 29*, in "Drivers and Twisters," we made a note that, according to information received from Mr. Tuttle, "the big open sweeps at our coming State shoot will be divided as shooters wish, probably by the old plan while all State events will be divided under the Rose system." With such notice we were prepared for an alteration in the manner of dividing the purses in "the big open sweeps," although we expected that some sort of a vote of those present would be taken to ascertain what the shooters wished. We understood from Mr. Tuttle that an announcement was made before the shoot opened that the old system would be adopted in the open sweeps; but we can assure Mr Tuttle that many and many a shooter who said that they were present at least half an hour before the first shot was fired, told us that they never knew any change had been made until they went to collect their money.

The greatest lamentations arose from the camp of the Lambs, where no change had been suggested prior to the shoot; at least not publicly, for no one could for a moment expect that the small sweeps set apart for the Lambs could be included under the head of the "big open sweeps." Yet they were included apparently, and instead of "all purses to be divided into six purses under the Rose system," it was a case of 40, 30, 20 and 10 under the old system in the 15 target events, and 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 in the 20-target events. No wonder the Wolves got a benefit when they went to visit the Lambs!

We are not going on record here as in favor of six moneys in either 15 or 20-target events, or of eight moneys in 25-target events; that point is not under discussion; but we do go on record as being against any and all alteration of a programme when once it has been given to the public.

TRADE REPRESENTATIVES.

Among the trade representatives present were: Captain A. W. Money, Manager-Treasurer of the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Company, Limited; Justus von Lengerke and Gus E. Greiff, of Von Lengerke & Detmold; Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company, together with M. Herrington of the W-A Powder of that firm; J. Hildreth, of the W. R. A. Company; B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Company; W. L. Colville and J. S. Fanning, of the Gold Dust Powder Company; Mrs. M. F. "Wanda" Lindsley, of the King Powder Company and Peters's Cartridge Company; Dan Lefever and F. Lefever, of the Lefever Arms Company; S. A. Tucker, of the Parker Gun Company; Harvey McMurchy and R. Hunter, of the Hunter Arms (L. C. Smith) Gun Company; Geo. A. Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Company; Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Remington Arms Company; Billy Crosby, of the Baker Gun Company. There may have been some others, but without any data to go upon, our own having been mislaid, we cannot remember any others.

As for the remainder, we must leave it to our readers to make out their own lists from the long rolls of names we give below in their respective positions annexed to the scores. Suffice it to say that the attendance at the State shoot this year was large, representative and influential (that sounds all right anyway). The way in which the events of each day were shot out to a finish is told below, and it is there that you will have to look for it.

THE STATE EVENTS.

The programme of State events was a lengthy one. For the first day, June 8, there were three such events scheduled, viz, two 25-target events and a 50-target event for the E. C. cup. The entrance fees in the 25-target events were $3, targets extra at 2 cents each; in the 50-target event, the entrance was for "price of targets" with an optional sweep of $8 on the 50. All the purses in the State events were divided into eight moneys under the Rose system, but with the ratio of only 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2 and 1. In all the 25-target races, with the exception of the merchandise event, the Auburn Gun Club guaranteed $200 in the purse. On this arrangement they lost money, but not to amount to much. In No. 1 they had 69 entries; in No. 2, 63 entries; No. 4, 60; No. 6, 54, and in No. 7, 42 entries, or a total of 283 entries at $3 per head, a fund of $861 to go to fill the guarantee of $1,000 on the five events. From the above $861 must be deducted the sum of $7, the surplus over the guarantee in the first event; as all surplus was added, the purse in this event was just $207. The club was thus out $143 on the guarantee; but there need be no fear of the insolvency of the Auburn Gun Club on this account, as the merchandise event and the receipts from the sale of about 50,000 targets should be ample to carry them through such a financial cloud. It should be noted that the Auburn Gun Club, to its credit, carried out its "guaranteed" programme to the finish, although sure of a loss in Nos. 6 and 7.

THE E. C. CUP RACE.

The third event on the first day in the State programme was the 50-target race for the E. C. cup. This race was shot right out, each squad shooting out its 250 targets "at one sitting." When the "McMurchy squad" went to the score Stanbrough was high with 46 breaks. The "McMurchy squad," from the first event on the first day until the time when Levengston had to retire on the third day, was composed as follows: McMurchy, Edwards, Levengston, Wagner and Kelsey. This squad had done some good, quick work, and with a view of finding out how long it would take for the squad to shoot its 250 targets, Ed Taylor, by request, held the watch on it in this race without the knowledge of anyone in the squad save one member of it. Its record was as follows: Time 15m. 6s., including all balks (which were remarkably few and far between), and 233 breaks out of 250 shot at, an average for the squad of 93.2. The above rate of shooting is almost equivalent to the trapping of 1,000 targets per hour! Paul North's face beamed with his magautrap smile when he heard the figures.

With such a record it is only natural that the winner of the cup was a member of the squad. Kelsey was the man that took it, with 49 to his credit. Levengston was second, close up with 48 to his name. As there was no 47, third money went to the 46s.

Carr on this day showed what an excellent shot he is. In the State events he broke two 25s straight, and then broke 46 out of 50 in the E. C. cup contest. This gave him a good lead in the State averages, his record for the day in these three events standing at 96 out of 100.

THE MERCHANDISE EVENT.

State event No. 5 was the merchandise event, for which the club had gathered together a very valuable list of prizes. In this event C. A. Ward, of Lockport, N. Y., and Edwards ran 25 straight, and shot off for first choice in the first class of ties. The shoot-off was a long one, as although Ward had run out of his own shells, he found some strange ones that seemed to suit him to a nicety. The scores in the shoot-off were as follows, ties being decided in strings of 10 targets per man:

Edwards.....1111110111 0111111111 1111111111 1111111111—38
Ward .....1111101111 1111110111 1111111111 1111111110—37

This gave Edwards first choice, and he naturally took the Lefever gun. The other ties were decided in a similar way, shoot offs occurring where no agreement was come to.

The list of winners, prizes and donors is as follows:

Edwards, hammerless gun, $80, Lefever Arms Co. Ward, corduroy hunting suit, $20, C. R. Egbert. McMurchy, E. D. Fulford, Mayhew, 100lbs. shot, $7, Leroy Shot Works; case whisky, $12, Paul Jones; Smith hammerless gun, $50, Hunter Arms Co.; bass rod, $15, Abel & Co. Kelsey, Levingston, Ejector gun, $30, Ithaca Gun Co.; case whisky, $12, U. G. & Co. Barker, pair trousers, $10, J. E. Quick. Stanbrough, 100lbs. shot, $7, Leroy Shot Works. Whitney, pair shoes, $8, Hadselle & Walker. Hammond, 100 cigars, $5, Bonaparte Cigar Co. J. W. Fulford, 100lbs. shot, $6. Tatham Bros. Tuttle, etching, $12, Carpenter & Baker. Carr, rug, $8, H. R. Wait. Glover, Ejector gun, $30, Remington Arms Co. Meyer, umbrella, $4, S. E. Bell. Whyte, case whisky, $12, M. F. & Co. Wagner, keg powder, $8, Du Pont Powder Co. Gates, pigeon gun, $60, Baker Gun Works. Wride, fly rod, $7, Horton Manufacturing Co. Borst, rocking chair, $10, F. A. Sinclair. G. Brown, pair M. & W. tires, $10, Morgan & Wright. Davis, fish rod, $5, A. Kraus. Byer, reel, $9, Hendryx Reel Co. Andrews, FOREST AND STREAM, $4, F. & S. Publishing Co. D. Lefever, silver tea set, $30, Rochester Bike Co. Covert, statuary, $10, Trowbridge & Jennings. Foxie, rocking chair, $6, Brixius & Chapman. Knapp, ton of coal, $5.25, T. H. Garrett, Jr. Irving, 100lbs. shot, $7, Leroy Shot Works. Mosher, umbrella, $6, Hislop & Co. Lane, set of carvers, $3.50, P. M. Herron. Corning, reel, $6, Meisselbach & Co. Hadley, gripsack, $4, Knox & Knox. Weller, umbrella, $3.50, Smith & Leonard. Arno, 50lbs. shot, $3.50, Tatham Bros. Wheaton, 50lbs. shot, $3.50, Leroy Shot Works. Siegrist, pair shoes, $4. Mills & Lathrop. Quirk, pair hunting shoes, $6, E. A. Buck & Co. Wayte, keg powder, $5, Oriental Powder Co. Tripp, reel, $3.50, J. Vom Hofe. Stewart, pair trousers, $4, L. Marshall. Wheeler, pair bicycle shoes, $5, G. F. Briggs. Church, revolver, $5, D. A. Smith & Co. Brister, box cigars, $4, Frank Hunt. Courtney, water cooler, $5, Dunlop Hardware Co. Hayes, "Recreation," $1, Recreation Co. Hildreth, "Recreation," $1, Recreation Co.

The scores made in the State events, with the exception of the Lefever medal contest and the Dannister cup race, are given in tabular form as follows:

SCORES OF STATE EVENTS.

The seven events given below in tabulated form were shot as follows: Nos. 1–3 on June 8, Nos. 4 and 5 on June 9, Nos. 6 and 7 on June 10. These events, together with State event No. 9, the Bannister cup event, constituted the eight events that had to be shot in to render a shooter eligible for a "State average" prize. No. 3 is the E. C. cup shoot. The Bannister cup scores are given after the table:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	50	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	50	25	25	25	25
E C Meyer	21	20	44	23	22	..	..	Hammond	24	23	..	23	23	17	22
Arno	20	20	42	21	17	21	20	Covert	20	22	..	22	20	20	20
C J Dalley	20	20	41	22	..	21	..	L W Davis	..	21	21	41	..	21	21	19
W Morris	19	21	35	..	..	20	..	M McMurchy	23	23	45	23	24	22	20
J L Brewer	22	22	39	23	..	19	20	F S Edwards	22	23	46	24	25	21	24
Stanbrough	22	24	46	23	23	16	17	H Levengston	23	22	48	23	23	18	15
L V Byer	20	25	41	22	21	23	20	C Wagner	22	22	45	21	22	19	23
G S Wride	17	23	30	17	21	13	18	F D Kelsey	23	23	40	23	23	19	25
R J Andrews	24	20	38	19	21	..	..	J Smith	14	..	..	..	..	9	..
Dr Weller	21	21	29	..	18	..	..	Kendall	19	24	..	22	..	..	..
F G Wheeler	22	23	..	21	14	..	..	O'Leary	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
M M Mayhew	22	20	44	22	24	19	16	Foxie	19	20	33	7	20	..	..
M E Barker	23	21	43	23	23	22	21	H Irvin	18	..	24	18	20	17	20
E D Fulford	22	23	46	24	24	18	24	H L Gates	21	24	44	22	21	16	18
W Stewart	17	24	..	..	15	15	..	A G Courtney	22	19	36	19	15	20	14
H W Brown	18	18	40	20	..	..	..	J Knapp	21	22	..	20	20	17	..
W H Tallett	23	18	38	22	..	..	..	C R Egbert	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
C H Mowry	22	21	..	15	..	..	..	G A Mosher	17	23	40	22	20	20	16
S Glover	25	22	44	20	22	17	22	Holloway	19	20	..	..	..	12	12
Whyte	16	21	35	18	22	10	17	A Baker	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
C W Tuttle	23	22	43	23	23	21	20	C A Ward	22	24	43	22	25	21	20
H B Whitney	21	21	45	25	23	20	21	A M S	19	22	..	22	..	22	11
J J Carr	25	25	46	23	23	22	18	C E Goodrich	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
W S Wheaton	21	23	..	..	17	..	..	D Lefever	23	23	44	23	20	17	23
G Corning, Jr.	22	20	43	16	18	15	20	C Frye	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Siegrist	18	23	36	21	17	..	..	J Hildreth	19	18	..	18	15	16	15
F Lefever	21	..	44	18	..	..	..	W B Barnes	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
M J B	14	16	34	..	..	..	..	Dr Tripp	..	..	..	16	..	..	..
B Doane	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	G E Greiff	19	20	..	..	..	19	21
J Brinkerhoff	21	23	..	..	..	..	..	D L Hulburt	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Lane	23	22	34	22	19	15	24	T H Tanner	..	..	19	..	..	19	..
W Richmond	19	14	32	..	..	..	..	H Reed	..	11	35	..	..	14	..
C L Frantz	20	..	..	21	..	20	18	C Wayte	..	18	33	16	16	15	..
G A Brown	15	..	..	24	21	18	21	Perry	..	..	32	..	..	..	..
J Paddleford	20	21	..	20	..	..	..	Zwilling	..	..	20	..	19	..	..
J W Fulford	22	23	42	24	23	20	22	Burnett	..	..	20	..	22	..	21	17
T H Garrett	18	..	..	20	..	12	..	Gavitt	..	..	8	..	13	..	..	..
A Rickman	20	..	35	16	..	10	..	Kilick	..	21	..	22	..	..	..
Richardson	16	19	..	15	..	..	..	Yeoman	..	..	36	..	..	..	..
N L Hayes	..	..	..	13	15	..	..	Borst	..	..	..	..	21	14	..
T Clinch	..	..	..	19	13	..	9	Brister	..	..	..	..	14	..	..
Jenkins	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	Wanda	..	..	..	..	16	..	..
Higgins	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	Mason	..	..	..	..	..	22	17
Howells	..	..	..	21	14	..	..	Rayland	..	..	..	..	..	17	..
J Roy	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	Henry	..	..	..	..	..	18	22
Blizzard	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	Davis	..	..	..	..	..	19	..
Swiveller	..	..	..	20	..	19	18	Fuller	..	..	..	..	..	13	..
J K Rich	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	R Hunter	..	..	..	..	..	19	20
W C Hadley	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	B H Norton	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Quirk	..	..	..	..	16	..	..								

THE BANNISTER CUP.

The above table gives the scores made in all the State events that counted for average, with the exception of the 50-target event for the Bannister cup, a silver trophy presented for competition by C. A. Bannister, the popular jeweler of Auburn. This race was shot on the morning of June 11, the last day of the State shoot. State event No. 8, the Lefever medal contest, did not count for the State averages.

The sun was out bright and early, drying up the ground nicely and showing just how pleasant things would have been had he shown up on the morning of June 8 instead of letting old Jupiter Pluvius get in his fine work for nearly three days. It was hot enough to-day, and heavy sweaters were almost an encumbrance, perspiration coming to the front very rapidly. A practice event at 20 targets was shot "for targets only" on the Lambs' magautrap prior to the commencement of the cup race.

At the start of the latter race Kelsey and Edwards were tied for first place in the State averages with 185 breaks each out 200 shot at, Carr being in second place with 182, and E. D. Fulford with 181. The "McMurchy squad"—McMurchy, Edwards, Mayhew, Wagner and Kelsey—was the second squad on the list, and it was expected that this

squad's shooting, with the two leaders in it, would virtually settle first place. Kelsey started off badly, but Edwards didn't drop a bird until his 25th round; after that loss he quickly dropped enough to tie Kelsey with 44 each, the two being still a tie with 229 out of 250 shot at. This left Carr with the hard task of '48 to win, or 47 to tie." He made a great start and it looked as if he was going to regain first place alone after all. He ran straight until about the 30th round, pulverizing every target in excellent time. He then dropped one, but went to the score for his last 10 targets with a total of 39 out of 40 to his credit. He had thus a leeway of 1 miss out of 10 shots, and yet be first for the Parker gun; it looked a cinch for him. But the unexpected happened; he lost his 42d and 49th, tying for first place by virtue of his excellent total of 47. The excitement over this triple tie for first average almost put in the shade Whitney's gallant struggle for the cup, which he won with a total of 48. Fulford also gained 2 on the leaders by breaking 46, thus landing him in second place with 227 breaks out of his 250. The totals in the cup race were as follows:

Whitney 48, C. A. Ward 47, G. Brown 47, J. J. Carr 47, L. V. Byer 47, E. D. Fulford 46, E. C. Meyer 45, Edwards 44, Kelsey 44, Glover 44, McMurchy 43, Dalley 43, Dan Lefever 43, M. E. Barker 43, Goodrich 42, Tuttle 42, J. W. Fulford 42, Arno 41, Wagner 41, Mayhew 41, Courtney 41, Henry 41, Weller 41, Covert 40, Nimrod 40, Knapp 40, Garret 39, Morris 39. F. Lefever 39, Davis 38, Mowry 36, Greiff 36, Gates 36, Willard 35, Palmer 34, Wayte 34, Corning 32, Whyte 31, Hildreth 30, Uncle Ben 27, Ackerman 24, F. Crosby 24.

The conditions under which the race was shot were the same as for the E. C. cup race on the first day, viz.: 50 singles, all at the same time, 10 targets from each position before moving. The optional sweep, however, was changed from the announced "$3 optional on the 50" to "$2 optional on each 25."

THE SHOOT-OFF FOR FIRST AVERAGE.

At the conclusion of the cup race the tie for first place and the Parker gun was shot off. The conditions of the shoot were 25 targets per man. The men were called to the score in the following order: Edwards, No. 1; Kelsey, No. 2; Carr, No. 3. Edwards lost his 6th target, dusting it, but being behind slightly. The next to lose a target was Carr, who apparently shot behind a slightly quartering target, also dusting it, in the 8th or 9th round, we believe. Kelsey kept on breaking all his targets with a steadiness that made it look as if he was sure for a 25 straight. The crowd, however, seemed to be in favor of a close race, as a genuine "Ah!" went up when Kelsey only dusted his target in (or about) the 15th round. It was a tie again, and only 10 more to shoot at. Carr dropped out of the tie very quickly by losing another target, following it up after a brief interval with another miss. Kelsey dropping another target and Edwards breaking straight, the latter won with 24 to Kelsey's 23 and Carr's 22. The Parker gun thus fell into what we consider to be a very fitting place for such a good gun!

STATE AVERAGES.

The winners of the State average prizes, together with their records, are given below, each man having shot at 250 targets during the three days—two 50-target events and six 25-target events:

	Broke.	Ave.		Broke.	Ave.
F D Kelsey	229	91.6	C W Tuttle	217	86.8
J J Carr	229	91.6	Dan Lefever	216	86.4
F S Edwards	229	91.6	S Glover	216	86.4
E D Fulford	227	90.8	C Wagner	215	86
H B Whitney	224	89.6	M M Mayhew	208	83.2
H McMurchy	223	89.2	Covert	203	81.2
C A Ward	223	89.2	H L Gates	202	80.8
M E Barker	219	87.6	C F Arno	202	80.8
L V Byer	219	87.6	A G Courtney	186	74.4
J W Fulford	218	87.2			

THE LEFEVER MEDAL.

This popular contest, as its name implies, is for the diamond medal donated by Dan Lefever, of the Lefever Arms Company. The contest is at 20 singles and 5 pairs. Two years ago, at Saratoga, Uncle Dan won the medal himself, but last year Glover won it (as well as pretty nearly everything else) at the State shoot at Buffalo. Glover repeated his performance again this year by breaking 20 straight in the singles and 8 out of 10 in the pairs. He did not win it, however, without a struggle, as E. D. Fulford, Kelsey and Covert were right after him with 27 breaks each. Both pairs and singles were thrown from the magautrap and, though the double shooting from this trap is decidedly interesting (both targets being at unknown angles), there is quite a large element of luck in the way of "the draw": One man may get "splits" while his antagonist may draw two straightaways. Those who shot at the doubles in this event had to contend with a wind right in their faces, driving the smoke from the first barrel back into their eyes. As both targets do not leave the trap at the same instant, although very nearly so, a shooter had often to take his gun from his cheek after breaking the first target and hunt for the other target, often finding it in the most unexpected places. The scores were:

S Glover	11111111111111111111	11 11 01 11 10—28
F D Kelsey	11111111111111111111	10 10 11 11 10—27
E D Fulford	11111111111111101111	11 10 11 11 01—27
Covert	01011111111111111111	11 11 11 11 10—27
H McMurchy	11111111111110111011	11 01 10 11 11—26
D Lefever	11011010111110111111	10 11 11 11 11—25
H L Gates	11011111111110110110	11 11 11 11 10—25
Arno	11111011101110111111	11 11 00 11 11—25
Edwards	01110111111111111111	11 10 10 11 10—25
C W Tuttle	11111111011111111111	11 11 01 01 00—25
H B Whitney	11011111111111111011	11 00 11 11 10—25
J J Carr	11111111110110110111	11 11 11 10 01—25
R Hunter	11011101111110101111	11 11 11 10 10—24
C Wagner	11111111111010110011	11 11 10 11 10—24
G Brown	11100101011111111010	10 11 11 11 11—23
W H Tallett	10111111111111101110	10 00 01 11 11—23
L V Byer	11101010011111111111	00 01 11 01 11—22
Hammond	10111111110101101111	10 11 00 01 10—21
W M Stanbrough	01111101111111110011	00 11 01 10 10—21
Whyte	11111111110111010101	01 00 01 10 10—20
G Corning	01110111111100110011	11 10 10 01 10—20
Swiveller	11111111111011101000	00 10 10 10 10—19
Wayte	10110011111001101101	00 10 00 10 11—17
Norton	10011011011000000110	00 10 11 00 11—14

THE FOUR-MEN TEAM RACE.

The four-men teamrace had six entries, the Auburn Gun Club putting in three teams. The other teams were: East Syracuse Gun Club, Oneida County Sportsmen's Association and the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. The shoot is at 25 singles per man, 100 to the team. The Oneida County Sportsmen's Association, hailing from Utica, was the winner with 86 breaks. The teams, with the individual scores were as follows:

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association: E. D. Fulford 23, J. W. Fulford 21, M. M. Mayhew 21, E. L. Fairchild 21—86

Rochestor Rod and Gun Club: S. Glover 22, E. C. Meyer 21, L. V. Byer 20, L. W. Davis 20—83

Auburn No. 1: J. J. Carr 25, C. W. Tuttle 20, Geo. Corning, Jr., 20, Knapp 18—83.

East Syracuse Gun Club: F. Lefever 22, Winsor Morse 20, C. J. Dalley 19, D. Lefever 18—79.

Auburn No 2: T. H. Garrett 23, C. E. Goodrich 23, Whyte 22, Stewart 10—78.

Auburn No. 3: G. Brown 24, Doane 20, Cottle 18, Alexander 11—73.

The prizes in this event were: 1st, 25lbs. Gold Dust Powder; 2d silver pitcher; 3d, 100lbs. of chilled shot and $5 cash, donated by Tatham Bros; 4th, 500 loaded shells, donated by the King Powder Company.

THE DEAN RICHMOND TROPHY.

The Dean Richmond trophy for three men teams, 15 live birds per man, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, took place at 2 P. M. on Friday afternoon. Eight teams entered, the only one from the southern part of the State being the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn. The day was a scorcher, with scarcely any breeze, but the birds flew well, many real hot ones leaving the trap during the shoot; they were furnished by L. M. Gilbert & Son, of Philadelphia, and for "summer birds" were among the best we have ever seen.

The result was a surprise, the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club, of Syracuse being the winner with 43 out of 45. Three clubs tied for second place. Mr. Jacob Pentz acted as official scorer, and Edward Banks as referee. The scores were:

Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club: C. H. Mowry 14, Arno 14, Geo. H. Mann 15; total, 43.

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association: H. L. Gates 14, E. Fairchild 14, E. D. Fulford 14; total, 42.

Whitestown Gun Club: A. S. Hunter 14, Kilburn 13, Richardson 15; total, 42.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club: E. C. Meyer 14, S. Glover 13, L. V. Byer 15; total, 42.

Messina Springs Gun Club (Syracuse): Horace White 12, G. Mosher 15, H. McMurchy 14; total, 41.

Syracuse Gun Club: Andrew White 14, H. Ayling 12, Holden 12; total, 38.

Auburn Gun Club: Carr 12, Corning 14, Tuttle 11; total, 37.

New Utrecht Gun Club (Brooklyn): William Lair 11, Conny Furgueson 13, C. Furgueson 11; total, 35.

HOW THE WOLVES DID IT.

On the magautrap set apart for the sweepstakes of the Wolves, the competition was keen and sharp for first place. The number of entries in these sweeps was satisfactory, and many a thousand targets were needed to settle all the disputes on the programme. Wet weather, a late start and a scarcity of help resulted in a schedule of only six out of the eight programme events being decided on the first day. This left the total number of targets shot at by each man who shot through the "Wolves'" programme at 385, as follows: First day, 105; second day, 140, and 140 on the third day. Only nine men actually shot at all the 385, although many others missed only one or two events. Of those who shot right through, Billy Crosby, of the Baker Gun Co., of Batavia, N. Y., was first by a small margin. Edwards was second and Kelsey third, with McMurchy and Carr close up and tied for fourth and fifth places. Tuttle and Wagner were respectively sixth and seventh on the list. Below are the records of the men who shot in all the events at the Wolves' trap:

Targets shot at:	June 8. *105*	June 9. *140*	June 10. *140*	Total breaks.	Ave.
W Crosby	95	130	133	358	92.9
F S Edwards	93	133	131	357	92.7
F D Kelsey	98	132	125	355	92.2
H McMurchy	97	132	125	354	91.9
J J Carr	96	133	125	354	91.9
C W Tuttle	95	126	130	351	91.1
C Wagner	92	127	130	349	90.6
J S Fanning	91	125	126	342	88.8
H B Whitney	87	118	120	335	87

First place in the above list, however, should really belong to E. D. Fulford, with 345 breaks out of 365 shot at, an average of 94.5. Through some error in the cashier's office Fulford was cut out of event No. 1 on the first day, a 20-target event, and considering that he lost but 5 out of the remaining 85 on that day, it looks very much as if Fulford would have been in first place without a doubt. His records were: First day, 80 out of 85; second day, 132 out of 140; third day, 133 out of 140.

Brewer did not shoot in a 15-target event on the second day, but broke 90 per cent. out of the 370 he shot at. His records were: First day, 89 out of 105; second day, 114 out of 125; third day, 130 out of 140. Glover also shot in all the "Wolves'" events except a 15-target event on the third day. He was apparently out of all form (for him), as he only broke 86.7 per cent. of the 370 he shot at.

DAILY RECORDS OF THE WOLVES.

Below will be found the table of scores made by the Wolves on the first day, June 8. It is always a hard matter to get a shoot of the size of the New York State tournament started on the first day, but at Auburn there was more than the usual delay. This may be attributed in a great measure to the extremely unpleasant nature of the weather dealt out to the local club. It rained all day, and rained *hard* for the greater part of that time. The fair grounds, on which the shoot was held, are on a clay soil, and anything more sticky or more unenjoyable in every way than the condition of Mother Earth on this day, we have never experienced. Gum coats, gum boots and sou'westers would have been the proper attire for a shooter at the New York State tournament of 1897; but very few had gum coats, fewer still had gum boots, while not a single sou'wester was in sight. The result was that wet feet, wet clothes and a decidedly damp feeling about the neck, were the lot of those who went out to smash bluerocks on this date.

Kelsey with seven losses out of the 105 shot at, was high for the day, although Fulford was shooting in wonderful shape, with a loss of 5 out of 85 shot at. McMurchy came in second, with 97 breaks out of 105, and Carr third, with a loss of 9 out of his 105 targets. What each man did is shown in the table that follows:

THE WOLVES, JUNE 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	Targets:	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*
Lane	19	..	..	..	..	..	Morris	18	12	..	..	..	..
Kendall	16	14	16	12	12	..	Dalley	14	13	..	..	..	..
Barker	15	14	17	15	18	..	Roy	14	..	..	..	..	..
Byer	17	..	..	..	..	..	Siegrist	16	13	16	13	16	10
Hammond	18	15	18	15	19	14	Wheeler	16	14	16	13	19	12
Foxie	16	12	18	13	..	..	Money	18	13	17	14	16	12
Taylor	15	12	13	..	..	..	J von Lengerke	17	13	18	15	16	13
Gates	19	13	..	13	..	..	Meyer	15	11	19	13	..	..
Stanbrough	19	14	18	13	18	..	Arno	13	15	15	..	..	..
Greiff	17	11	18	14	..	..	Corning	18	14	17	12	19	12
Mayhew	18	12	17	..	..	..	E D Fulford	..	13	19	15	19	14
Fanning	17	14	18	15	15	12	Holloway	..	11	13	..	..	..
Crosby	18	14	19	12	20	12	Borst	..	..	13	..	..	..
Lindzey	13	12	14	11	..	..	Tallett	..	..	..	12	..	..
Herrington	18	9	18	11	..	..	Mowry	..	..	..	11	..	..
Brewer	18	12	18	15	13	13	Hadley	..	..	..	10	..	..
McMurchy	18	15	19	15	16	14	Ward	..	..	..	13	..	..
Edwards	17	15	17	12	17	15	Irving	..	..	..	9	..	..
Levengston	17	10	16	11	13	14	Covert	..	..	..	12	18	..
Wagner	17	12	16	15	18	14	Paddleford	..	..	..	..	13	..
Kelsey	18	15	18	14	19	14	Wheaton	..	..	..	..	..	11
Glover	16	13	17	15	17	14	Frantz	..	..	..	..	..	12
Whyte	18	10	17	14	17	14							
Tuttle	17	14	18	15	18	13							
Whitney	18	11	18	13	16	10							
Carr	17	15	18	15	18	13							

The rain was still coming down when the shoot was started on the morning of June 9. An early start was made, everything having been gotten into good running shape by the end of the first day. Waterproof clothing for the body was an absolute necessity if one wanted to keep anything like dry, while the morass-like nature of the ground in front of each of the traps was something indescribable. Any shooter who only paid 10 cents for a shine when he got back to the city may be said to have gotten the best of the shoeblack—and there were some who did!

The light was, as on the first day, far from good, and a target that was thrown against any of the big elms that dotted the background at the different sets of traps was anything but a cinch. Still scores ruled high and some good records were made, particularly on the magautrap, where the Wolves did their shooting. Carr, Levengston and Edwards were tied for first place in the day's average with 133 out of 140 shot at. Kelsey, McMurchy and Fulford were next with only 8 losses, a total of 132 breaks each. Crosby, who lost 10 out of 105 on the first day, dropped the same number out of his 140 to-day. Below are the records for this day:

THE WOLVES—JUNE 9.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	Targets:	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*
Stanbro'gh	19	13	18	12	18	13	18	12	Ward	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Norris	19	12	15	12	16	..	19	..	Foxie	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Fulford	18	15	18	14	19	15	19	14	Lane	19	14	..	..	18	14	19	..
Covert	18	15	18	14	17	13	..	..	Crosby	20	12	19	15	18	13	19	14
Money	17	11	18	10	17	13	17	13	Fanning	18	14	16	9	20	14	19	15
Mayhew	16	11	16	..	16	..	17	13	Gates	19	14	19	..	16	13	18	14
Byer	18	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	Kendall	..	11	14	11	..	..	..	..
Hammond	18	14	20	14	17	13	20	11	Taylor	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brewer	20	..	18	12	17	15	19	13	Addrews	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Meyer	17	14	..	13	18	13	18	..	Wheeler	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Glover	18	13	19	13	17	13	16	13	Paddleford	..	11	..	..	..	13	..	..
Whyte	13	12	16	13	..	12	16	11	Arno	..	12	17	14	17	..	18	..
Tuttle	16	12	19	15	16	15	19	14	Fleming	..	10	18	..	..	..	..	..
Whitney	14	13	17	14	17	12	20	10	J Fulford	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Carr	18	15	19	15	19	13	20	14	Roy	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
McMurchy	20	15	18	13	18	13	20	15	Ward	..	..	18	..	18	14	..	15
Edwards	18	14	20	14	19	14	20	14	Lindzey	..	..	..	10	16	11	15	13
Levengst'n	19	14	20	13	20	15	18	14	Herringt'n	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Wagner	20	15	17	13	17	14	19	12	Blizzard	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..
Kelsey	20	13	19	14	19	14	19	14	Rayland	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..
Corning	17	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	Higgins	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Von Lengerke	18	14	18	15	18	14	18	15	Wride	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20
Greiff	17	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Irving	17	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	Borst	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16

On the third day, June 10, matters in the weather line looked much better, although the sun did not show himself until a few minutes before 3 P. M. Of course the entries fell down to-day, many people having left at the close of the second day's shooting, disgusted at the condition of the weather. The finish of the big merchandise event in the State programme on the second day is always the signal for many to pack up and go. Hence the events to-day on all the traps were shot off rapidly, and an early closing up was a treat after the late finishes of the first two days.

The Wolves got at it as soon as possible, and made things hum on their magautrap. Some more good squad averages were made, and the individual averages rolled high, although some who were high up in the list for general averages on the Wolves' trap dropped back to their fellow wolves; Carr, McMurchy and Kelsey were among this number, each losing 15 targets out of 140 shot at. Crosby and Fulford (the latter keeping up his fast gait) were high with 133 each out of 140. Edwards was next with 131; Whitney, Wagner, Tuttle and Brewer being tied for the next places with 130 each. The above figures tell what any respectable Lamb had to buck up against when he showed his face and money at the desk of the cashier for the Wolves. Below are the records of the individuals:

The Wolves carried out their programme in full to-day as below:

THE WOLVES, JUNE 10.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	Targets:	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Whyte	13	12	12	9	18	11	16	14	Stanbr'ugh	18	11	17	..	18	..	..	..
Fanning	17	13	18	15	18	14	18	13	Gates	19	14	19	14	17	14	..	..
Hammond	17	14	16	12	18	14	16	..	Mayhew	..	13	10	13	..	14	19	15
Glover	18	11	16	12	20	..	19	12	Corning	..	11	17	12	..	..	..	..
Crosby	18	14	20	14	19	15	18	15	Rayland	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
McMurchy	20	13	19	13	18	13	17	12	Forsythe	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Edwards	19	14	18	14	18	13	20	15	Norton	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Levengston	16	11	15	12	..	..	..	..	Lindzey	..	..	17	13	..	12	18	14
Wagner	18	14	18	15	17	14	20	14	Herrington	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..
Kelsey	18	14	18	15	18	12	20	13	Hunter	..	..	19	13	17	..	16	14
E Fulford	20	15	18	15	18	15	17	15	Holloway	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
L W Davis	16	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	Courtney	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
Tuttle	18	13	19	14	18	13	15	15	Mason	..	..	..	12	..	10	..	..
Whitney	19	15	18	14	17	12	20	15	Davis	..	..	..	10	..	10	..	..
Carr	17	11	16	15	20	12	19	15	Higgins	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
Fleming	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Byer	..	..	..	..	19	13	..	..
Covert	15	13	..	..	..	..	17	..	Ward	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
Wride	14	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	Irving	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Brewer	18	15	18	12	19	14	20	14	Greiff	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..
Arno	17	12	18	..	18	..	..	..	Tucker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
Barker	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..									

THE LAMBS AND WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

For the benefit of those who did not want to put up much money when they went out to shoot, a magautrap was specially provided by the management. This magautrap was fairly well patronized—not so much by real lambs as by a large number of actual wolves who dressed up in sheep's clothing for the occasion. As has been stated earlier in this report, entrance fees were half price in the events for the Lambs, and these entrance fees looked quite small and enticing to the semi-expert and novice who wanted to shoot without putting up too much of United States Treasury collateral. For instance: 15 targets, $1, and 20 targets, $1.50, seemed very reasonable; but the true Lambs got it in the neck, as usual. Four moneys in 15 target events and five moneys in 20-target events don't give sheeplets much chance when they have to break 12 out of 15, or 17 out of 20, to get into the money. For that's what they had to in nearly every event so far as the scores tell us, a 15 or 20 straight figuring conspicuously in the scores when it came to dividing up the purses. How the division of moneys was changed to the "old system" from the advertised Rose system, has been mentioned before. A glance at the scores of each day in the events for the Lambs will show that many bit once or twice each day, but finding that there were others who could and did bite harder, packed up and quit the game. Below are given the records on the Lambs' magautrap for each day:

THE LAMBS, JUNE 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	Targets:	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*
A M S	..	13	20	..	..	Wheaton	18	..	13	..	..
Garrett	..	14	..	..	..	Covert	13	15	16	10	15
E D Fulford	18	14	16	14	20	Lane	17	..	13	..	..
Corning	18	15	18	15	15	Whyte	19	15	11	11	13
Andrews	18	..	..	..	..	W Barker	..	11	..	12	..
Tallett	..	..	18	..	..	Irving	19	9	14	..	..
Hammond	18	..	..	..	..	D Lefever	10	18	10	..	..
Ward	..	13	18	..	..	Levengston	15	..	..	..	..
Arno	18	13	18	..	..	Wheeler	15	..	..	..	..
Von Lengerke	19	14	18	11	17	Foxie	15	..	..	..	..
Glover	17	13	19	12	18	Kelsey	15	..	..	..	..
Whitney	18	13	17	13	18	Courtney	15	11	..	..	..
J Fulford	17	11	..	14	19	Fleming	13	13	13	12	..
Money	19	13	19	13	14	Weller	18	10	13	10	..
Smith	..	13	..	..	..	Roy	..	7	17	12	..
Dalley	..	11	19	..	..	F Lefever	..	12	13	..	..
Richmond	..	..	..	17	..	Tanner	..	11	..	..	..
Tuttle	16	13	15	13	19	Norris	..	11	14	..	..
Davis	14	15	..	14	16	Lindzey	..	..	14	..	..
Byer	18	11	..	..	..	Barnes	..	..	14	..	..
M E Barker	15	14	..	..	..	Wride	15	11	14	10	13
Carr	16	13	19	14	12	W Brown	10	19	11	12	.
Knapp	15	12	..	13	..	S Brown	..	..	..	11	13
Gates	15	..	17	..	..	Mowry	17	11	13	7	..
S Life	15	12	17	12	16	Ed Taylor	..	13	11	..	..
Goodrich	..	12	..	..	..	O'Leary	15	7	18	8	13
Stanbrough	15	12	15	..	..	Hildreth	14	11	16	11	9
Blakely	..	..	14	10	13	Holloway	15	..	9	..	..
Mayhew	15	10	..	8	..	Wayte	13	11	10	7	12
Paddleford	..	..	..	..	12	Mosher	11	..	..	..	..
Siegrist	13	..	..	..	..	Seaman	..	7	..	8	..
Brinkerhoff	..	9	..	..	..	Ackerman	..	13	8	7	..
Yeoman	12	8	15	12	..	Uncle Ben	..	8	..	..	..
Borst	..	10	11	..	..	Hadley	6	..	..	..	..
Frantz	..	..	11	10	..	Frey	..	4	..	..	..
Meyer	..	..	..	9	..						

THE LAMBS, JUNE 9.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	Targets:	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*
E D Fulford	17	..	18	15	19	..	Herrington	16	13	18	13	..	..
G Brown	15	15	..	11	..	..	Fanning	18	15	20	15	19	13
Weller	9	13	18	11	..	..	Crosby	18	15	19	14	19	12
Wride	15	12	16	14	..	..	Tallett	18	12	17	13	..	..
Covert	..	15	12	18	12	..	Mowry	13	..	..	..	..	..
Zwilling	10	11	..	11	..	..	Lane	19	14	16	..	..	..
Knapp	15	14	15	12	..	..	Church	19	..	..	..	..	..
Wadsworth	12	11	..	..	..	..	Yeoman	16	11	..	..	..	..
Norris	13	11	..	14	..	..	A M S	15	..	..	..	..	..
Gates	16	13	19	..	..	..	Greiff	17	..	..	..	..	..
Glover	17	14	..	12	19	12	Swiveller	15	11	18	13	16	14
Whyte	11	10	15	13	16	12	Foxie	18	12	16	..	..	..
Tuttle	20	14	18	14	20	12	Siegrist	16	..	..	11	..	..
Whitney	19	15	18	15	..	..	O'Leary	12	..	..	..	17	..
Carr	16	15	20	13	17	13	Kendall	18	15	..	..	..	..
Wayte	11	..	..	..	..	..	Rich	17	9	..	..	..	..
Barker	18	15	16	..	..	..	Fleming	13	..	..	11	..	..
Hammond	16	..	..	..	..	..	Arno	20	13	..	..	..	..
Paddleford	15	14	16	12	..	..	Hayes	..	8	..	..	..	..
Higgins	7	..	15	..	..	..	Gavitt	..	11	..	..	..	..
Von Lengerke	20	15	17	13	18	14	Meyer	..	15	17	..	18	12
Corning	18	..	..	..	..	..	Andrews	..	12	..	..	..	..
Money	10	15	16	14	..	..	F Lefever	..	13	15	..	..	..
Dalley	17	..	..	13	..	..	S Life	..	14	16	11	..	..
Davis	19	8	17	14	..	..	H W Brown	..	13	..	..	..	..
Richmond	18	..	..	..	..	..	Goodrich	..	12	..	..	..	..
Foster	..	10	..	..	..	..	Killick	..	14	..	..	..	..
Burnett	..	12	..	..	..	..	Borst	..	12	17	..	..	..
Quirk	..	11	..	..	..	..	Taylor	..	12	..	..	..	..
Frantz	..	14	18	12	..	..	Roy	..	12	..	12	..	..
Blizzard	..	12	..	..	..	..	D E B	..	9	..	..	..	..
Dan	..	8	..	..	..	..	Howell	..	14	..	14	..	..
Jones	..	8	..	..	..	..	Hadley	..	10	..	..	17	..
Reed	..	8	..	..	..	..	Holloway	..	12	..	13	16	..
Alexander	..	6	..	..	..	..	J W Fulford	..	..	..	20	14	..
Stanbrough	..	..	19	14	17	..	W F Banks	..	..	..	18	..	..
Courtney	..	..	17	..	..	..	Davidson	..	..	..	16	..	..
Garrett	..	..	..	14	..	..	Lindz

Corning	11	14	..	..	..	Steele	..	..	..	4	.. ..
R Hunter	10	17	13	19	..	Alexander	..	..	..	9	.. ..
Sporting Life	13	..	11	..	..	G Brown	..	..	..	10	.. ..
Hallowell	8	14	9	20	..	Stewart	..	..	..	10	.. ..
Knapp	11	..	12	14	..	Bagley	..	..	..	9	.. ..
Norton	8	12	7	7	..	Chapman	..	..	..	9	.. ..
Garrett	13	..	12	..	..	Burnett	..	..	..	12	13 ..
Wadsworth	11	..	6	11	..	Tripp	..	..	..	10	.. ..
Uncle Ben	11	..	12	..	..						

NOTES.

Dr. Kennedy, of Auburn, was present at the shoot during the greater part of the time. The Doctor had with him a Winchester repeating shotgun with 22in. barrels. It was a curious looking little gun, but the strangest part about it was the muzzle. Dr. Kennedy is the inventor of the square-muzzle gun, and he had given this little gun a square muzzle. He claims that with these 22in. barrels and a square muzzle that he can give any length of barrel and any kind of choke a hard wrestle for first place in the way of pattern.

Uncle Ben Catchpole was one of those who came at the start and stayed until the finish, despite the bad weather. Up in Wolcott, N. Y., the shooters think a lot of Uncle Ben, and have christened their newly-organized gun club after him. Secretary Wadsworth, of that club, and Mr. Morris Burke accompanied Uncle Ben to Auburn.

Paul North is great on titles. The McMurchy squad (McMurchy, Edwards, Levengston, Wagner and Kelsey) were summoned to the score, and got ready to shoot. Mac happened to look at the score board as he stepped to No. 1 mark. "We're not called yet; at least, we're not on the board;" said he. Up stepped Paul, and spake thus: "Oh, yes, you are! Big Chief, No. 1; Much Write, No. 2; Never Answer, No. 3; Wagtail, No. 4; Smallmouth, No. 5. Shoot, No. 1!" Then we knew who had done this thing.

C. A. Ward, of the Lockport Gun Club, made a good record for himself at this shoot. In the merchandise event he broke 25 straight, and gave somebody a hot shoot-off for first choice. He showed up again in the Bannister cup contest with 47, the cup being won on 48. Lastly he figured in the State averages as tied for fourth place with Harvey McMurchy. Ward shoots a Parker gun and 3¼drs. of either Hazard or Du Pont—he shoots just whichever of the two comes to his hands first.

Sim Glover was off in his shooting. Sometimes he would come to the front with a straight, and then he'd drop out of sight practically, with a score that a Lamb might have been satisfied with, but which reflected no credit on Rochester Sim. He won the Lefever diamond medal with his usual combination—Parker gun and Schultze powder. And by the way, the conditions of the Lefever medal contest have been changed this year. Prior to the contest for this medal on June 10, Uncle Dan Lefever, donor of the medal, announced that anybody winning the medal twice in succession (beginning with this year's contest) should become the absolute owner thereof.

There was one party that "went straight" all the time. We refer to the popcorn stand, which did a business we'd have been glad to "go halves" in.

Jack Brewer got his right cheek badly out of shape at this shoot. Fred Gilbert and Jack Winston are not in it with their corn plasters. It required a bunion plaster to cover even a portion of the bruised cheek.

No matter what the weather is, nor how large the attendance may be, so long as W. M. Richmond, W. C. Hadley and Gus Dexter are on hand, it's a State shoot right enough.

Two incidents happened at this shoot. On Wednesday morning a Lamb (Geo. Corning) shot at a target, broke it and also killed a sparrow that was flying across the front of the trap. The same evening, in the last event of the day on the Wolves' trap, a member of the McMurchy squad broke the first 13 straight, missed the 14th, but on the 15th shot broke the target and killed a swallow; result: 15 straight.

"That elm tree" to the right of the background on the Wolves' magautrap was a stumbling block when one got a straightaway from position No. 1. The same tree caused trouble to shooters at the "State events magautrap," while another tree right in front of No 2 score was a dandy to "lose 'em in."

The attendance of spectators on the last day was due more to the fact that live birds were going to be shot, rather than the beauty of the day. If you wish to draw spectators, you must have live-bird shooting 'Tis sad, but true.

The little city of Auburn is famous for four things: Pretty women, pretty homes, the Osborne House, and the jail.

The Lambs had a little playground of their own, but you couldn' keep some of the Wolves away from that playground with a club. "Do you know that there's more money down on the Lambs' trap than at the Wolves'? was a question we heard very frequently on the second day. And yet the sweeps were practically half-price.

The daily papers looked after the shoot well. The Auburn evening daily, the *Bulletin*, and the Syracuse *Standard*, deserve special credit for their work. Mr. Ackerman, the sporting editor of the latter paper, is an enthusastic trap-shooter, but says that it's easier to push a pencil than point a gun. We know that fact from experience.

Greater New York has scared the up-country folk. The team race rule now reads to the effect that members of the same team must be residents of the same county. At least that's the way we understand the situation as it was put to the annual meeting; if we are wrong, the secretary of the meeting will kindly advise us and our readers of the change that has been made in the wording of this rule.

F. D. Kelsey and Hammond were the sole representatives (so far as we are aware) of the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, and neither of the two above-named gentlemen reside in Buffalo. Considering the patronage the club was given last June, it looks as if something like a strong contingent should have been on hand this year. Kelsey upheld his great reputation as a shooter, carrying his Smith gun and Gold Dust powder well to the front. He tied for first average in the State events and won the E. C. cup on the first day with this combination.

J. J Carr, of the Auburn Gun Club, was always on top of the heap His different records speak for themselves. He shoots a Lefever gun and Schultze powder.

The shoot-off for high average in the State events was won by Edwards with a Winchester repeating shotgun and 3drs of E. C. powder.

For the second time during our connection with the trap-shooting world, we have had the pleasure of meeting S A. Tucker, of the Parker Gun Company. Tucker took in the State shoot at Auburn, tearing himself away from the West just long enough to show himself to his friends in the East.

E. D. Fulford, the latest addition to the ranks of the Remington Arms Company, shot away up all the time. E. D says that he is fixed all right now with his gun, U. M. C factory-loaded shells and Schultze powder. It looks as if he was, too. EDWARD BANKS.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., June 9.—Despite the heavy rain of Wednesday, June 9, the Boston Gun Club opened up at Wellington, and five members, whom the deluge failed to terrorize, spent an hour or two pleasantly if not exactly comfortably. Yet the shooting was not half bad, and clad in a sweater a score of five targets could be negotiated, one shooter at a time, without severe drenching. The very heaviest showers were allowed undisputed possession of the platform, while matters pertaining to shooting were fully discussed inside the club house within short range of a roaring fire, and in this way the third shoot of '97 series passed off with more attention and enjoyment than would naturally be expected of so mean and miserable an afternoon:

The following scores were all shot in a steady downpour:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	12	10	10	15	10	10	10	10
Horace	7	9	5	6	5	8	13	9	7	6	5
Miskay	8	7	7	6	3	7	12	8	..	..	..
Bentou	6	6	6	3	7	4	10	6	..	..	..
Spencer	..	..	..	..	6	8	13	8	..	..	..
Sewall	..	..	..	..	1	3	5	7	6	7	7

Events 1, 2, 6, 7 and 9 were known angles; 3, 8, 10 and 11, unknown; 4, pairs; 5, straightaways; 2 yds. rise.

Third contest in prize match, 25 targets, 15 known, 10 unknown angles, distance handicap:

Horace (16yds.)	111110111011111—13	1111101111—9—22
Spencer (18)	111111111110011—13	1011101111—8—21
Miskay (17)	110110101111111—12	1110110111—8—20
Benton (14)	101010111110101—10	0110001111—6—16
Sewall (15)	000000001101011—5	1110101101—7—12

Bunker Hill Day falling on Thursday of next week no shooting will be held on the grounds on Wednesday.

Pine Bluff Gun Club.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., May 26.—Below you will find the score of the Pine Bluff (Ark.) Gun Club at its regular weekly shoot this evening. The conditions are 30 targets per man:

George Clements 23, E. A Howell 23, Dr. H. E. Williams 22, John Speers 21, W. B. Sorrells 20, J. T. Loyd 20, Percy Meyer 17, J. A. Caleo 17, H. E. Martin 9.

On account of a baseball game in our city the weekly attendance fell below the average. E. H. HOWELL, Sec'y.

At Greenwood, S. C.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., May 28.—Inclosed please find scores made at the Greenwood, S. C., tournament, on May 26.

With an experience covering many years and acquired over a very large extent of territory, I am bound in all fairness and justice to state that never in my life have I seen so well-managed a maiden effort as was this tournament. Be it understood that Greenwood never before had a tournament; therefore, the managers were as inexperienced as anyone could very well be in such affairs. Yet, in spite of this, not one hitch occurred during the day—everything passed off most pleasantly and promptly. The cheers that were given at the close were heartfelt, I swan! for no man that day felt that he was given any the worst of it. On the contrary, we all had a dead square game, and will gladly return to Greenwood at the call, and glad of the opportunity. Our thanks are due to Messrs. R. G. McCauts, R. W. Moore and M. L. Rice, while Messrs. W. G. Chaiffee and J. F. Partlow must not be forgotten.

To the referee, Mr. S. F. Evans, we are indebted much, for his decisions were always promptly and correctly rendered, and the scoring of Messrs. Cook and Middle was done accurately and properly all the way through. Col. J. T. Anthony, perhaps the best known and most enthusiastic sportsman in the entire South, a man whose presence is ever welcome on any ground—one whose hearty manner and genial disposition are hailed everywhere, North and South alike with genuine delight, made on this day the highest average, losing but 3 birds all told, some of which fell dead just out of bounds.

It being customary to give gun and loads of the winner, it is but right to state that the Colonel shot his Parker gun, Schultze powder in U. M. C. trap shells loaded by Krider, of Philadelphia, and great work did he do with them.

The birds were so very good that on the first 10-bird event, out of an entry of thirty-two, for the most part very good shots, only one contestant scored them all, that fortunate and skillful sportsman being Mr. J H. Rice, who has not fired a shot over the traps since '89, albeit a most masterly shot in full practice afield. As this achievement netted him about $120, it is not to be wondered at that he caressingly speaks of his old gun.

The best proof of the extra good quality of the birds is that in shooting the two pairs in match No. 3 hardly ever had one to get another pair because one of the birds did not fly on the instant the ground traps were opened. Those who have seen much double-bird shooting from ground traps will know just what that means without further comment.

Macon, Ga., was represented by Messrs. F C. Etheridge and J. F. Bullard, the former too well known to need special mention further than to say that he is a genuine, clean cut sportsman, splendid shot and most amiable companion; the latter, a young man who is going to make lots of trouble one of these days when he gets accustomed to this kind of shooting. This being his first shoot in public, it is quite safe to predict all of that and a great deal more.

Atlanta should have had a larger delegation. Unfortunately some could not attend. Among those were Dr. Bizzell, Capt. Rawson, Mr. Everett, while Messrs. Heard, Crabb and Avery did their best to keep things moving. Spartanburg had a very strong aggregate of talent, and in Mr. Floyd possesses a splendid shot, a really very dangerous man. Mr. J. W. Todd, of Charlotte, who came along to be with Col. Anthony, shot in fine form, but lack of practice will tell even with such good shots as he is. Mr. I. R. Lowndes came in most gracefully and handsomely at the finish; unfortunately he discovered very late in the day that small loads of powder won't mow down good strong birds inside of bounds. In the last event, when using good strong loads, he did great execution. Experience is about the only way to get at these things, and he is of the kind that can see as far through a stone wall as any one. Look out for him later. Colonel Brock was not properly loaded, and that covers the case. Messrs. McCants and Rice were so busy managing things that they could not be expected to do themselves justice; some one must be sacrificed As for myself, I just sawed wood, and having killed the last 20 straight, scoring but 19, I let it go at that, for on such birds that is a good many for a common every day scrub.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 5.
A W du Bray	11111—5	1011000—4	1111111011— 9	1111111111—10
F C Etheridge	11111—5	0101111—5	1111111101— 9	1110101111— 8
J F Bullard	10111—4	1011111—6	0101111011— 7	1111011110— 8
J F Floyd	11011—4	1111111—7	1110111110— 8	1111111111—10
W G Chaffee	11010—3	1001011—4	1111110011— 8	1101101011— 6
Geo Henneman	00100—1	1011011—5	0011100100— 4	1101110101— 7
J P Brock	00100—1	1001011—4	0001111011— 6	1111001
J H Rice	11010—3	0111111—6	1111111111—10	10000
R C Willard	10011—3	1001100—3	1101111101— 8	1011101111— 8
A S White	00100—1	0110111—4	0101111111— 8	1111111110— 9
W F Gilleland	01010—2	1010111—5	1110001000— 4	1110010
A B Ray	10010—2	1011111—6	1110101011— 7	0110111111— 8
T T Hayne	01101—3	1111110—6	1011011011— 7	0011111111— 8
W W Halley	10010—2	1101111—6	1101001111— 7	1111110010— 7
S Irwin	01110—3	1101111—6	0111001100— 5	
F N Basket	01111—4	1001000—2	1111110101— 8	1001110
S F McGregor	11111—5	0111111—6	1110001101— 6	11010110
R G McCants	01011—3	1111100—5	1111000111— 7	10010
J W Todd	11111—5	1101111—6	1011010	1111011111— 9
J T Anthony	11111—5	1111110—6	1111101111— 9	1111111111—10
J O Little	10111—4	1001011—4	0110011000— 4	1111010011— 7
J R Lowndes	11111—5	0010111—4	1101011101— 7	1111111111—10
M L Rice	11011—4	0101101—4	110111010 —	1101011111— 8
R P White	10001—2	0010010—2	1011010010— 5	1010100
D C Smith	01110—3	0000110—2	.....	.....
F Crabb	.....	1011011—5	1100110	.....
Heard	.....	1101101—5	011000	0110100
Avery	.....	0100111—4	1110011111— 8	0001
J Ambler	.....	0111111—6	1110101011— 7	10010
Jeffcoatt	.....	1111010—5	1110111011— 8	.....
Childs	.....	1110111—6	.....	.....
Cleckley	.....	1111111—7	1111011110— 8	1111111001— 8
E C Rice	.....	1101110—5	111100110 —	.....
M H Dendry	.....	0110010—3	.....	.....
Swygert	.....	.....	1010010001— 4	.....
McGowan	.....	.....	.....	010110
A E Hayne	.....	.....	.....	1110101011— 7

No. 4, 2 pairs:

Du Bray	10	00—1	Anthony 10 11—3
Etheridge	10	11—3	Little 00 01—1
Bullard	10	10—2	Lowndes 11 01—3
Floyd	10	11—3	M S Rice 00 01—1
Chaffee	00	10—1	D C Smith 00 00—0
Henneman	01	01—2	Heard 10 10—2
Brock	10	00—1	Avery 10 01—2
J H Rice	10	10—2	Ambler 10 11—3
Willard	10	10—2	Jeffcoutt 01 10—2
A S White	11	10—3	Cleckley 11 10—3
T T Haynes	11	11—4	E C Rice 10 00—1
Halley	10	00—1	Childs 00 11—2
R P White	10	01—2	McGowan 11 00—2
Bansket	10	00—1	Cothrar 11 11—4
McGregor	10	10—2	Darby 10 11—3
McCants	10	10—2	A E Haynes 01 11—3
Todd	01	11—3	

No. 1 was 5 birds, $5, 3 moneys; No. 2, 7 birds, $7, 3 moneys; No. 3 10 birds, $10, 3 moneys; No. 4, 2 pairs, $3, 3 moneys; No. 5, 10 birds, $10, 3 moneys. GAUCHO.

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 27.—The following scores were made at Watson's Park to-day:

Bourman	0222022122211201001221021—19
Roll	1x220 21211000222122220222—20
Kreger	1220222111111x02002212022—20
Emory	22210011121012121222000100—17
Gillespie	12012010111101222110 —15
Newbert	1000221022 — 6
J Rehm	0102002001 — 4
Zackarias	1201021101 — 7

May 28.—Practice shooting:

Mang	22.2021222222222002022222 —20
R Kuss	0x0022x0022x2022222212222222122—24
Heaton	0:0101221001201002122200221201—19
Frothingham	2201220222110210121022222222222—24
Dr Liddy	x0202000122010120022x11 —12
L C Willard	000111101201101221212110212021—22
S Palmer	x0010:2221222222102 —16
C B Dicks	2212122102111220020 —15
Parker	x20121120001010 11 —11
W Palmer	0111211022x0220 —11
Amberg	0200202.20 — 5
Dr Larkin	2010121002211010200000 —10

May 29.—In practice on live birds to-day Messrs. Saunderberg, John and Barto shot at 20 each and scored respectively 14, 12 and 15; Ruple and Stone shot at 15 each and scored respectively 11 and 12.

RAVELRIGG.

At the annual meeting of the Montpelie, Vt., Gun Club, held June 7, the following officers were elected: President, Dr. H. A. Fisk; Vice-President, C. H. Ferrin; Secretary-Treasurer, Geo. B Walton; Captain C. C. Barrett; Executive Committee: F. R. Dawley and H. R. Wheelock (in addition to the officers mentioned above).

Pennsylvania State Shoot.

OIL CITY, Pa., June 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you please announce in your next issue that the following railroads in the Trunk Line Association have made a reduction in fare on a certificate plan for persons attending the seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, which will be held here June 22-25 inclusive. This reduction is from Trunk Line territory, *i. e.*, from Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Dunkirk and Salamanca, N. Y., Erie and Pittsburg, Pa.; Bellaire, O.; Wheeling, Parkersburg and Huntington, W. Va., and points east thereof, except in New England: Addison & Pennsylvania; Allegheny Valley; Baltimore & Ohio (Parkersburg, Bellaire and Wheeling and east thereof); Baltimore & Potomac; Bennington & Rutland; Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg; Camden & Atlantic; Canada Atlantic; Central of New Jersey; Central Vermont; Chesapeake & Ohio (Huntington, W. Va., and east thereof); Cumberland Valley; Delaware & Hudson; Delaware, Lackawanna & Western; Elmira, Cortland & Northern; Erie (Buffalo, Dunkirk, Salamanca and east thereof); Fall Brook; Fonda, Johnstown & Gloversville; Grand Trunk; Jamestown & Lake Erie; Lehigh Valley; N. Y. C. & H. R. (Harlem and N. Y. & Putnam Divisions excepted); New York, Ontario and Western; New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk; New York Central; Pennsylvania; Philadelphia & Lake Erie; Philadelpia & Reading; Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore; Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg; Western New York & Pennsylvania; West Jersey; West Shore; Wilmington & Northern; Fitchburg.

Visitors will be required to pay full fare coming and one-third fare returning, but they will be required to get a certificate from the agent where they buy their tickets, otherwise the reduction in the return fare will not be made. Certificates are not kept at all stations, and it may be necessary to buy a ticket to one of the stations where the certificates are kept in order to get the reduced fare. Certificates are not transferrable, and no reduction in fare will be made on account of any persons f iling to obtain a certificate.

H. C. REESER, Se'y.

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 29.—Much interest centered to-day in the badge shoot, No. 3 on the programme. Norris, C. S. Burkhardt and F. D. Kelsey were tied with three wins each for the Class A badge. Kelsey was unable to attend, but C. S. Burkhardt and Norris were on hand. In the event Norris and E. C. Burkhardt tied with 23 each; on the shoot-off Norris won, thus placing him one to the good with only two more shoots to take place. Reinecke won in Class B and J. E. Lodge in Class C.

Among the shooters were Atwater, Angevine and Ward, members of the Lockport, N Y., Gun Club. All the conditions were favorable for good scores, with the result that several were made. In the monthly cup shoot, a handicap affair, six men qualified with the necessary 25 or better; on the shoot-off Woodbury won the cup. Below are the scores made this afternoon, No. 3 being the badge shoot, No. 4 the monthly cup shoot, and No. 7, 5 pairs.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	25	25	15	15	5p	Targets:	15	15	25	25	15	15	5p
C S Burkhardt	6	11	19	21	11	14	6	Jacobs	8	..	17	..	9	..	..
Norris	7	10	23	21	11	..	..	L W Bennett	..	14	20	25	..	11	7
E C Burkhardt	4	10	23	27	10	11	8	E Hammond	..	13	21	26	11	..	7
E Reinecke	..	..	22	25	..	13	8	L Fries	..	..	20	18	..	..	6
Davis	7	15	22	25	14	..	..	J E Lodge	..	..	18	23	..	..	..
Sandy	4	7	16	20	12	10	..	Dobbs	..	..	11	..	10	..	..
Bird	8	11	20	..	7	11	4	Oehmig	7	13	..	25	..	..	..
F N Alderman	9	11	17	23	7	..	..	Talsma	8	6	..	21	..	..	..
R Stevens	6	10	22	20	7	..	..	W Woodbury	7	12	..	26	10	..	..
Waltz	9	13	..	22	11	..	..	Atwater	5	7	..	..	7	10	..
G McArthur	5	8	19	23	..	12	..	Ward	5	11	..	23	12	13	..
A C H	7	11	20	25	13	15	4	Porter	..	..	..	23	..	..	6
J A Kennedy	2	4	18	15	4	..	..	Tom Fidler	..	..	..	20	7	..	5
P G Myer	7	5	18	23	10	..	..	E N McCarney	..	..	..	20	..	9	..
J J Reid	5	9	12	24	8	..	4	Angevine	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
W Hines, Jr.	6	8	19	24	..	..	5	L Lannon	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
A Coombs	..	..	15	..	..	11	..	Anderson	..	..	..	..	6	..	..

Soo Gun Club.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., May 27.—Below is the score made to-day at the second of the series of gold medal shoots by the members of the Soo Gun Club. W. W. Harris, the winner of the medal at the previous contest, again made the highest score, but the handicap allowance gave it to Duncan. Score:

Brott	1110001100110111011011011—16	+ 6	—22
Wells	1101110010100011000010000—10	+ 0	—10
Boyd	1101111100110011001110111—16	+ 2	—18
Campbell	0010110110111010001011001—13	+ 3	—16
Meyer	0100111111111110110111001—18	+ 4	—22
Chapman	0001100101100101101101010—12	+11	—23
Keefe	0011010011011001000101111—13	+ 2	—15
Duncan	1110001000111001111111100—15	+10	—25
O ten	1010000111101101000000111—13	+ 6	—19
Harris	1100111111101110101111101—19	+ 2	—21
Gray	1101100101011111100110100—15	+ 7	—22
Hawman	1011000101011101100110110—14	+ 7	—21
Boyer	0010010000110010100101000— 8	+ 0	— 8

BLUE ROCK.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., June 5.—The Omaha Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot to-day, and although the traps were set low and the targets thrown hard, yet the entire club made an average of 83 6 per cent., something remarkable for so many shooters.

Peters	01110111101101111111—16	Loomis	11111111110111101111—18
Kenyon	11111111111111101011—18	Latshaw	11111111111111111101—19
Carmich'l	11011111111111011111111—18	Bates	11001100110011111110—13
Blake	01011111111101111011—16	Salisbury	11111111101111111111—19
Dickey	11101111111111110111—18	Hughes	11101111111001111001—15
Townsend	11111111101111111011—18	Searle	01111111101011111001—15
Mont-morency	11111111111111110111—19	Read	11111111111110111001—17
Johannes	11111011110111110110—16	Randlett	01101111111110001101—14
Brucker	11101101111101101001 14	McFarlane	11111101111111111110—18

W. D. KENYON, Sec'y

Answers to Correspondents.

W. W. Mc, Stevensville, Pa.—U. F T C., P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind.; I. F. T. C., W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont.; U. S. F. T. C., W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn.

G. R. H., Wayne, Pa.—1. F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., can give you the information. 2. In respect to Middy, address Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa. 3. To have the title of champion a dog must have won three first prizes in the challenge class, one of which has been won at a show offering not less than $1,000 in cash prizes.

H. K. G.—On a schooner the ensign is carried at the main peak, the club burgee at the fore truck, the owner's private signal or the flag officer's pennant at the main truck. On a yawl the ensign is carried at the mizzen truck, and one only of the other three flags at the main truck. Full information as to flags will be found in "Yacht Flag Etiquette," published by Rehm & Co., 157 Fulton street, New York. Price, 10 cents.

W. C. H., Saginaw, E. S. Mich.—My four-year-old setter dog has a few sores on his body which have a mattery discharge, and he seems to bite and scratch them at times. The skin on his belly and under his forearms has a reddish appearance and he scratches himself considerably more in the morning than any other time of day. He was troubled with costiveness. The discharges were thin and watery and I thought it was diarrhœa, but I discovered it was costiveness, for I gave him a warm water injection and he passed several hard lumps which had caused all the trouble. Ans.—Treat for worms. Apply following dressing to sores and irritable places daily: Sublimed sulphur, 8oz.; tot. ti. cast, 2 drachms: oil of tar, 2oz.; cottonseed oil, 1qt. Give two compound sulphur tablets (Weyth's) twice a day.

C. W. D., Grand Rapids, Mich.—1. What is the best way to keep live minnows on a fishing trip? 2. What is the best way to keep dead minnows and have them good and sound? 3. Is there any way to keep trout or other fish a few days without ice? 4. How will artificial insects do for bait for rainbow trout, and what ones would you recommend? Ans. 1. Change the water frequently and see that they have a good supply of air. A little salt added to the water is said to have a good effect. The proportion given is one tablespoon to three gallons of water. A device for forcing air into the water, consisting of rubber tube and bulb, is said to do very well in place of changing the water. A piece of ice put so as to keep the water cool is good in summer, while in winter it is a good plan to fill the upper third of the pail with handfuls of clean rye or wheat straw. 2. Pack in wet sawdust and salt or brine, adding a little saltpetre. Coarse straw dampened is also a good packing. 3. Draw them, and after having wiped them dry pack in corn meal in a tight box, filling them also with the meal. If corn meal is not to be had, they may be packed in dry moss. 4. Certain kinds of artificial insects often answer very well as a substitute for flies. The best for trout are perhaps imitations of June bugs or crickets.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1897.

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 26. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

ATTENTION is directed to the new form of address labels on the wrappers of subscribers' copies. The label shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid.

The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us for a new or renewed subscription. Unless specially requested to do so, we do not send separate receipts.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii

People that have not been inoculated with the true spirit may wonder at the infatuation of anglers—but true anglers leave them very contentedly to their wondering, and follow their diversions with a keen delight. Many old men there are of this class that have in them a world of science—not science of the book, or of regular tuition, but the science of actual experience—science that lives, and will die with them; except it be dropped out piecemeal, and with the gravity becoming its importance, to some neophyte who has won their good graces by his devotion to their beloved craft. All the mysteries of times and seasons, of baits, flies of every shape and hue; worms, gentles, beetles, compositions, or substances found by proof to possess singular charms. These are a possession which they hold with pride, and do not hold in vain. William Howitt.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1897.—No. VII.

KANSAS.

Chap. 135, Laws 1897.—Sec. 6. It shall be unlawful at any time to buy, sell, barter, ship or offer for sale, barter or shipment, within the State of Kansas, any bird or birds named in section 1. [Sec. 1 covers all game birds.]

BIRDS AND REPTILES IN THE AIR.

NOT long ago a staff correspondent writing from Georgia related that while Dr. Hodgeman, of New York, and a friend were quail shooting in the vicinity of Thomasville, they saw a hawk flutter to the ground, and going to it found a small snake tightly wound about the bird's neck with lower jaw set into the bird's body. "After killing the snake in order to release the hawk, they killed the hawk because every hunter does."

The incident of natural history thus reported is one of an extremely interesting series of like happenings, which for close similarity and range over a vast extent of time are deserving of note. The New York sportsmen in Georgia were witnesses of a phase of bird life of which, curiously enough, we have record in the earliest history of this country. The voyagers of the sixteenth century, along with their chronicles of hazardous fortune by sea and land, the exploration of new countries and the planting of settlements in America, found time to note many a natural phenomena not more marvelous than the ways of birds and serpents in the air. In his voyage of 1564 John Hawkins touched at Florida, where he found the French Huguenots under Laudonnière in their fort on the River Mary, afterward the St. John's, and in his description of the country he tells us:

"And seeing I have made mention of the beasts of this country, it shall not be from my purpose to speak also of the venomous beasts, as crocodiles, whereof there is great abundance, adders of great bigness, whereof our men killed some a yard and a half long. Also I heard a miracle of one of these adders, upon which a falcon seizing, the said adder did clasp her tail about her, which the French captain seeing came to the rescue of the falcon, and took her, slaying the adder, and this falcon being wild, he did reclaim her and kept her for the space of two months, at which time, for very want of meat, he was fain to cast her off."

This story, since it is only three hundred and odd years old, is to be counted as modern when contrasted with the next preceding version of which we have note. For this we must go back to a natural history observer of twenty centuries ago. The Greek poet Archias, born B. C. 120, and known to schoolboys even to this day by reason of a celebrated oration pronounced in his defense by Cicero, once wrote a poem celebrating this incident of bird life—with perhaps more spirit in the original Greek than in the tame prose translation:

"A crow, once moving his black wing in the all-shining air, saw a scorpion leaping from the earth, and grasping it, raised it on high; who not slowly wounded with a sharp sting the claw of the bird hastening toward the ground, and deprived him of life. See how the wretched bird received from the scorpion the death which he himself had prepared for another."

For the next version we pass to a period more distant still, a time not less remote than that of ancient Troy, to scenes not less stirring than those of the Trojan war, and to a chronicler not less renowned than old Homer himself. The Trojans under Hector, assaulting the defenses of the Greeks, are stayed by this apparition in the air—the translation is Chapman's:

A high-flown eagle soared
O'er their hosts' left hand, and sustained a dragon, all engored.
In her strong seres, of wondrous size, and yet had no such check
In life and spirit, but still she fought, and turning back her neck,
So stung the eagle's gorge, that down she cast her fervent prey
Amongst the multitude, and took upon the winds her way,
Crying with anguish. When they saw a branded serpent sprawl
So full amongst them from above, and from Jove's fowl let fall,
They took it as an ostent from him.

If these ways of birds and reptiles in the air are thus shown by the records of thousands of years to be old, old ways, of equally long standing is the proclivity of man to interfere, as did the sportsman in Georgia and the French captain in Florida; and to constitute himself a knight-errant to relieve birds or frogs or mice or flies in distress; probably Adam began it in Eden. And now that our Georgia hawk and snake have led us back to the ancient Greeks, here is a pretty bit from one of the old poets, as Englished by Wrangham:

Her web with subtle feet a spider wrought,
And in its toils a poor cicada caught.
Hearing it lowly wail its flimsy chain,
I left not the young songster to complain,
But burst its bonds, and let it loose, and said:
"For thy sweet music, freedom be thy meed."

THE SEASON AND THE BIRDS.

THE general weather conditions of the past spring have been notably distinct from the like conditions of preceding spring seasons. The temperature has been extremely cool, lower than that of any other spring of which there is any record. Cold rain storms have been numerous. In the West there have been a number of severe local storms of the violently destructive kind, doing much damage to property within their area. As a secondary result of the storm season in certain sections, large tracts of country have suffered great loss of life and property from inundation. In the overflowed districts most of the birds were driven out or destroyed, and while the waters in them receded early enough to afford opportunity for the game birds to nest, it is difficult to determine whether a sufficient number of the escaped birds returned to their old haunts to breed, or whether other birds, immigrating from the districts outlying the overflowed area, contributed toward replenishing the losses to the disturbed local game supply.

On the whole, the weather conditions of the past spring are such as would evoke a most unfavorable forecast relative to the breeding of the game birds everywhere in the States and the consequent unfavorable prospect for sport; nevertheless, the reports concerning the matter are gratifyingly encouraging, those from the chicken country particularly so.

As the game birds nest on the ground and consequently their eggs and young are exposed, to a destructive degree, to the effects of heavy rains and cold, either from overflowing the nest or chilling the eggs and chicks, it is marvelous that the numbers of the game birds are so well maintained, the more so when we consider their enormous additional destruction by man, particularly by the market-hunter, as denoted by the enormous supply on hand in the markets in season, and in cold storage out of season.

From the great quail sections the game reports are favorable also, although it is yet too early in the season for definite information.

The prospects are favorable for excellent sport with the dog and gun when the season opens, wherein there is much for pleasure in the present and in anticipation.

Audubon's portrait of the Redhead Duck, reproduced in half-tone, will be given as a full-page illustration in our issue of July 10.

SNAP SHOTS.

WHAT with the sugar schedule and the wool schedule and Hawaiian annexation and Cuban belligerency, there is small hope of action at this session on Senator Proctor's bills for the better protection of fish and game in the District of Columbia. Said Mr. Vest, in a tariff debate the other day, referring to Mr. Frye: "My friend from Maine, with a strong disposition to piscatorial exercises, is compelled to stay here to wrestle with financial and economic questions." That describes the plight of numerous Senators and Congressmen, and there is little likelihood that subjects considered of such minor importance as fish and game protection will be permitted to prolong the session for an hour when adjournment is in sight. But the adoption of Mr. Proctor's measures should involve considerably less than an hour's time in each House, and if the anglers in the Senate would go into caucus they could assure the passage of the bills. We sincerely trust that S. 1487, "for the protection of fish in the District of Columbia," and S. 1488, "for the preservation of game and the prevention of the sale during certain closed periods," may become laws.

The customary complaint is that game is scarce, but we have the recurrent wails from Long Island that the deer are destroying the gardens and eating the cabbages. We observe, too, that Farmer Jones, of Wells, Vt., is to the fore with an application to the authorities for protection against the wild deer which are trespassing upon his lands and destroying his crops. Mr. Jones argues that if the State has protected deer for ten long years until they have become a pest, he has a valid claim to be made secure against them in his cabbages and parsnips. The likelihood is that relief is at hand for such deer-plagued Vermont farmers as can manage to hold out until October, for that month will this year be an open season on deer, and if the New Hampshire Bear Brook scenes described elsewhere shall repeat themselves in the Green Mountains with the deer opening, there will then and there be made an end of complaints from deer-infested farming districts.

The story told in another column of the opening of Bear Brook in New Hampshire, after a close period of three years, demonstrates by the actual circumstances much more effectively than could be done by theorizing the unwisdom of long-term close times. Similar conditions have prevailed in repeated instances of such terms with respect to fish and game. An extended close time, however excellent it may be in purpose and theory, is taken advantage of by the unprincipled fisherman or shooter, who manages to get the cream and leave the skim milk for other folks. If it happens that protection does actually protect a stream until the opening day, there is then such an enthusiastic and lively fishing bee that the waters are straightway reduced to a condition where they are fit for nothing else than another close time.

We print a suggestive paper from the pen of Dr. G. A. MacCallum, president of the Ontario Fish and Game Commission, describing the public parks set apart by the Province of Ontario. The Algonquin and Rondeau parks are, in effect, just such Government game reserves as Mr. Van Name has suggested for the United States. Commenting upon the Van Name plan, Dr. MacCallum writes: "Of course, one cannot help indorsing the idea if it can be done, and I presume it can, for here in Ontario the Government has already done so; and besides this, many large game clubs have done the same thing. For instance, the Long Point Company has one of the best, if not the best, shooting areas in the world; it is twenty-five miles by five miles, and no shooting, other than a little goose shooting in the spring, is allowed, except from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15 in each year, and consequently the water fowl congregate there in myriads. The same may be said of St. Clair Flats reserves."

James Gayler, first assistant postmaster of this city, died on Friday of last week, aged seventy years. He had been connected with the Post Office for forty-two years; and among valuable services rendered the public, he devised and perfected the present registered mail system. For recreation Mr. Gayler was devoted to the study of astronomy and was an enthusiastic fisherman, having been an occasional contributor to FOREST AND STREAM over the signature of Truthful James. He was a man of high character, adorning alike official life and the brotherhood of anglers.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ADVENTURES ALONG THE MISSOURI.

IN the latter part of the '60s large herds of buffalo were rarely found close to the Missouri River below the Yellowstone.

The Rees, Gros Ventres and Mandans were so harassed by the Sioux that they were obliged to keep pretty close to the Missouri; consequently, the herds of large game were kept moving whenever they approached the large rivers. Small game, such as deer and antelope, were fairly plentiful, but shy, from persistent hunting.

In the early spring of 1867 I was with a military command that marched from Fort Wadsworth, Dakota (near the Minnesota line, west of Big Stone Lake), to the big bend of the Cheyenne River near Bear's Den Hill. The previous winter had been a very severe one, with deep snow. The rolling prairies that we traversed were the dreariest within my recollection. They had been burned over in the fall, and were then covered with ice. There was absolutely no feed for two or three days' journey. As far as the eye could see the prairie was spotted with the dead carcasses of buffalo that had evidently died from exhaustion. I remember that we were much impressed with the fact that along our line of march hundreds of these hardy animals had perished from lack of sustenance. How far the mortality extended on either side I cannot say. Not a living thing was to be seen—not an antelope, for nothing could live there except crows and ravens.

I have killed buffalo on the Yellowstone when the cold reached 40 and 50° below zero, and I have noticed that they are quite stupid in extremely cold weather, and are then easily approached.

They were massed in considerable numbers in the valleys near the mouth of the Powder River, having drifted down from the North.

In looking back to that period, it seems like a mystery land, the odorous sage-covered prairies, the sentinel-like antelope that hung on the outskirts of bands of buffalo and guarded them very faithfully; and the great herds as they rushed over the prairies and hills to escape the hunter—all are gone, and the wild Indian, too, and the fear of him.

When I traveled across the country in 1868 from the Red River of the North to the Missouri River, I got in the track of the Red River half-breeds, who came out every summer from the settlements to make *pemmican*. Mouse River heads within a mile of the Missouri and its waters finally empty into Hudson's Bay. In that great stretch of country the buffalo had been driven west toward Milk River, a region where timber began, and the paradise that hunters dream of had a real existence for many years thereafter.

South of the Missouri to the Black Hills and west nearly to the foot of the Rocky Mountains the country was little known, and was given over to hostile bands of the Sioux, who made it very interesting for people along the river by frequent raids. Going to war was the pastime of these Indians until gold was discovered in the Black Hills, when the Government took very decided measures, and after some fierce fighting the hostiles were subdued and a vast tract opened to civilizing influences.

One day in the early fall of 1869 I stood on a point of the bluff overlooking the Missouri River, a few miles above the big, muddy creek that enters the river about thirty-five or forty miles west of the Yellowstone. My rifle and the buck antelope that I had wearily packed up hill and down lay at my feet, while I serenely surveyed the prospect spread before me.

Below lay the valley, with a mile of cottonwood forest to camp, while beyond, the gray, rugged hills reached out to yellow prairie land and the distant divide—the *coteau des prairies* of the Missouri. Winding in and out of this prospect flowed the same old, placid Minne-shu-shu, a mighty river in the time of flood; but now clear and cool as it swept around sandy bars and along willow banks.

After a while I was aroused from the pleasant reverie that had fastened upon me, and in which fancy had conjured Lewis and Clarke's little fleet of perioques stemming the current into unknown and hostile regions in the early days of the century. My day dream was brought to an abrupt termination by the strange and frantic actions of a buffalo cow which was dashing into view over the little ridge opposite and not over 100yds. away, tore down the hill at full tilt, scattering stones, earth and dust in her passage, as with open mouth and lolling tongue, spent, but terror pressed, she stayed for a moment at the sight of me with the startled look of a wild animal brought to bay, then disappeared into the forest.

I looked around to see what had caused this commotion, but nothing in the line of pursuit presented itself.

Down the river, however, I saw something that caused me to pick up my gun and antelope and make preparation to take to "tall timber" in the direction of camp. A thin spiral thread of bluish smoke appeared against the line of cottonwood forest that encroached upon the grassy bottom land, along which a band of ponies, apparently just turned loose, were rolling and feeding.

I knew there were no friendly Indians on that side of the river, and consequently if this was a war party of Sioux, they had made camp in ignorance of their proximity to a cabin of the hated "wa-sit-yu."

For several days' journey south and west the country was infested by the various bands of Teton, Ogalahla and Sans-arcs of Dakota tribes, and the country was as wild as when Lewis and Clarke traveled up the Missouri, and perhaps more unsafe than then.

Fort Buford, forty miles east on the river, was the nearest post, and about 100 miles west was a small trading post called Fort Peck.

No Indians were in sight yet, and I did not want to see any just then; so swinging my antelope across my shoulder, Indian fashion, I proceeded to pick my way down the hill to where a faint deer trail entered the timber. Pushing my way through the willows and rose brush that is found growing in cottonwood forests along the Missouri, I reached at length the edge of a clearing, in which stood our little log cabin.

It was close enough to the river bank to hear the beaver of still evenings strike the water with their broad tails in sport or alarm, or the elk as they waded from the shallow gravelly bar opposite into deep water.

As I stepped into the clearing, after taking a good look at its surroundings, one of my partners came out of the cabin and waited my approach. While assisting me to hang the antelope on the corner of the house, he suddenly exclaimed: "What do you know?"

"Frank," I said, "we have some visitors out on the prairie that will need watching."

"Could you tell what they were?"

"No," I replied, "in fact, I only saw the smoke of their fire and their ponies feeding."

"Oh, is that all?" said he. "Well, I was close enough to get a good look at them before they went into camp. I was starting out at the lower end of the point when I heard the tinkling of the bells on their ponies. I made for some thick willows to the left of the trail that borders the slough, and from that point had a good look at them, as they had stopped and seemed disposed to go into camp. It's a war party right enough, for I saw the par-fleche cases that held their war bonnets and fixin's, but I could not make them out. They are neither Sioux nor Crows. They started again in my direction, and I thought it was time to pike out of that, and here I am."

Ed, the other member of our little coterie, was inside like a sensible fellow making coffee and frying meat, and after washing the blood and sweat from my hands and face, I joined my companions in discussing a hearty meal of buffalo meat, coffee and home-made bread, which means plain bread without any frills.

Little was said until pipes were lighted. Then the subject of the war party obtruded itself and we gave expression to the thoughts in our minds and wondered who they were, and the quest that brought them into our neighborhood.

"I want to know who these Indians are," said Frank, "and I propose to reconnoiter to-night."

It was soon agreed that one should remain at the cabin while the other two started out under cover of night and tried to get as near to the Indians as possible and spy out their intentions.

Ed remarked that he "hadn't lost any Indians and didn't want to hunt any Indian camps." This was said while Frank and I were putting on our cartridge belts and adjusting our knife scabbards.

Picking up our rifles we stepped out into the clearing and took our way silently by a detour through the timber. It was a clear night without any moon, and as we drew near the river we could hear the beaver at play. They would puff along through the water like a toy steamboat, and at sudden noise would flap their broad tails on the water with a report like a pistol and drop out of sight.

There were several openings in the point of timber that lay in the direction in which we were going that made our progress easy. As may be supposed, we made little noise ourselves; but the timber was full of game and animals which we disturbed, for we could hear them jumping and breaking through the brush when we stopped to listen to the noises of the night.

In half an hour or more we had arrived at the strip of willows that Frank had mentioned in the account of the discovery of the war party early in the evening. Muffled sounds came to us as we cautiously threaded our way. The willows were very thick and tall. Along the further edge was a slough, and beyond this the prairie. Soon the tinkling of bells on the Indian ponies picketed or hoppled near the camp was heard, and then arose on the still air a chant or war hymn, that sounded exquisitely weird and wild, and has impressed itself vividly in my memory along with one or two other songs and scenes.*

As the clear but low notes of the Indian hymn rose or fell in cadence, a mad whim seized me to fire a shot over the camp. The frantic but silent efforts of my companion to restrain this impulse nearly made me explode with mirth. We crept cautiously nearer through the willows to where the outlines of men and ponies could be dimly seen. The camp-fire burned fitfully, and a glow from the coals served to lighten the wild faces seated in a circle around it.

The singing might have been a prelude to a feast, for when it ceased slabs of meat that had been roasting over the fire were handed around the circle. I remember well the smell of roasted marrow-bones and burning sage brush. It was a delicious smell, and made me hungry. I saw one strapping fellow, who had a black cloth twisted around his head and fringed leather leggings that came up to his breech clout, but was otherwise bare to his belt, lift a stick from out the ground, on which was stuck a lot of smoking ribs, reach for his sheath knife, and whack off great chunks, which he distributed to those on each side of him in a very ceremonious manner. He then called to some one who was off toward the ponies, and seating himself began to eat. Though we heard them talking very plainly, we were unable to tell what tribe they belonged to. One or two wore their hair dressed in the manner of the Tetons, but we conjectured they might be Cheyennes, a tribe we were not acquainted with, and who rarely came so far up the country then, although allies of the Sioux.

Suddenly right behind us in a cottonwood tree the low hoot of an owl startled us. Was it a real owl, or an Indian signal? The Indians stopped eating at once and listened. One or two looked steadily in our direction, and it seemed as though we must be discovered in our retreat. Motionless we crouched, scarcely breathing, and again came the "hoo-hoo-ah! hoo-hoo!" more mournful than before. Then, to our great relief, there was a sudden swish of wings above us and a dark form sailed out and into the night. As there seemed no prospect of satisfying our curiosity further by remaining in such a trying position, and having no desire to arouse the attention of the keen and subtle red men intent on filling their bellies, we retired silently if not gracefully into the shadows of the forest and made our way back to the cabin.

Ed was on the lookout for us and had some hot coffee ready, which we disposed of while relating our adventures.

"Well," said Ed, "I don't know what we are to do with these pesky fellows hanging around here; liable to come in any day to decimate us. The uncertainty is killing."

Frank mildly expressed himself to the effect that as there were only three of us, "decimate" was hardly the word to use in that connection. "What is the proper word?" exclaimed Ed, testily. "Obsquatulate is more to the point, Ed," I remarked. "Obsquatulate be hanged," said he. "Nice distinctions don't count when a redskin has hold of your scalp."

Our cabin, built of green cottonwood logs, had an even foot of earth on the pinned pole roof and offered a snug retreat—cool in summer and warm in winter. The floor was hard clay. In one corner was an open fire-place and chimney. Three rough bunks, with a buffalo robe and a blanket apiece, a gun rack, a few traps, skins and furs constituted all the property in sight.

We did not look for any attack upon the cabin, such as had resulted in disaster to a party of tenderfeet a year or two previously further down the river. One day a steamer had landed four men at the place, who had high hopes of making a fortune trading with the Indians and incidentally hunting and trapping along the river. A cabin was built and roofed loosely with split logs. All went well until one night a party of Sioux camped in the vicinity. One of the Indians stole away from the party, probably to reconnoiter, but mustered courage to conceal himself at a corner of the cabin near the door, where, with drawn bow and arrow he waited, patiently hours for a chance to strike the enemy.

In the night one of the white men opened the door, stepped out unconscious of danger, and was suddenly transfixed by an arrow, quickly followed by another. The Indian whooped and disappeared. At daylight an attack was made on one side of the cabin, which engaged the attention of the three men inside, while part of the Indians approached from the other side, seized and held the muzzles of the rifles protruding from the port-holes, and tumbled the heavy poles of the roof down on the occupants, who were soon dispatched.

When the steamer returned from its trip to Fort Benton nothing remained but blackened ruins and the mutilated bodies of the men. Healthy men, who lived amid the excitements and vicissitudes of the extreme frontier of that period, did not allow such little details to disturb their natural rest; and prosaic as it may appear, when we turned in to our bunks that night Morpheus owned us until morning.

On that morning a dugout appeared upon the river, and landed to our shore an esteemed trapper friend named Missouri. Missouri was a character in his way. He allowed that two were a crowd. He never had a row with himself about beaver traps or skins, "consequently," said he, "I hunt alone." He was always welcome, but rarely joined our party. Another thing, which to our opulent minds excited mild scorn, he drank gruel or thin porridge in place of coffee. Otherwise he was a good fellow, and full of the personality we chose to associate with "Pike County."

"What do you know?" was his greeting, and without waiting for an answer asked: "How's grub?"

We supplied him with provender in the shape of some fried ribs and some cold boiled beaver tail, with black coffee, and also with information. Enough to relate that after some deliberation, we made ready for the war-path. Life did not seem worth while living while these mysterious natives prowled our neighborhood.

Missouri borrowed forty rounds of ammunition from me, cleaned out his gun and patched his moccasins. Our preparations were soon made, and we sallied forth into the woods, taking the nearest trail leading to the open.

When we cautiously emerged from the timber no sign of a camp was visible. The Indians had disappeared. Nothing remained but a smoldering camp-fire, bones of the feast we had witnessed the evening before, and pony tracks leading to the bluff. And on this trail was a solitary coyote who trotted off at our approach. It seemed a good riddance, but we decided to go upon the bluffs which commanded a view of the broken country that extended back from the river.

As we mounted the hill the country expanded before us in familiar outline of low ridges, and buttes fringed here and there with clumps of low black cedars that at a distance gave the aspect of a rough prairie with buffaloes scattered about it. To our eager gaze nothing appeared, however, and we sat down on the grass for a rest and smoke before proceeding further.

Suddenly an Indian rode into view about 500 or 600yds. away and circled about as though he had just discovered us. Raising the sight on my rifle the proper distance, I drew a bead on him and let fly. Before the smoke cleared away the ground around the horseman seemed to be alive with Indians lashing their ponies in our direction.

In our itinerary no provision had been made for a sudden change of base, but we were certainly of one mind when we dropped behind the hill out of sight and made for the timber line. Prairie strategy in Indian warfare is developed usually under stress of surprise, and is governed by the emergency.

In our case the charge of the Indians was not unexpected after the appearance of the horseman, and was further hastened by my shot, which was intended to develop their intentions, for they started for us at the puff of smoke, and before the bullet had time to reach its destination.

On they came in wild disorder, their bright ornaments of metal and trappings flashing in the sun amid waving feathers and lances. But we did not pause to admire.

We dropped behind the hill and struck out for the timber as fast as our legs would carry us. There is no doubt that we were very anxious to reach that timber in advance of the Indians, and a snap-shot with a camera would probably have detected a rapid calculation on our faces as to the chances in that respect. But we did not have snap-shot cameras in 1869—at least, not on the Missouri River—and we tore across that little stretch of bottom land in a manner that would have been very diverting to some of our friends if they could have seen us, and must have been satisfactory to the Indians, who had divided their force and now came sailing out of coulees on either side of the bluff and spread out along the foothill as we came to a stop near the edge of the timber and turned loose our guns at them. At the first shot they scattered, then charged by our position in a thin line, delivering their fire as they passed. The bullets swept over and around us in close proximity, but as we kept moving in the short sage brush and offered a poor mark, no damage was done.

* Once in Virginia, at the close of the war, the battalion in wh ch I served camped one night near Amelia Court House. Wood was scarce, and few of us had any extra baggage. I had a rubber blanket beside my musket and its accoutrements. In the night there came a heavy storm of rain, which soon routed me out. A short distance away, but within hearing, was a sputtering camp-fire; and ranged around it were five or six soldiers in the same forlorn plight as myself, and singing for all they were worth. The force and energy with which they sang were calculated, I presume, to enhance the comfort of the fire, and dispel the universal gloom. Joining them, I gratefully accepted the smoky side of the fire, and wore out the night; and to this day I never hear the old familiar melodies, "Babylon is Fallen," "Gideon's Band" and "Massa's in the cole, cole ground," but the scene recurs to mind.

Our fire was more effective. Missouri tumbled an Indian off his horse at the first shot and the pony went sailing up a coulee. An Indian on a white horse seemed to be paying particular attention to me and had fired three times at me before he was opposite my position. Although this fight was mostly of our own seeking, I felt it imperative to take the conceit out of this fellow, especially as I had become pretty well warmed up and exasperated by my run to cover, therefore, I drew down on him as he plied whip and lay over on his pony's back, holding his shield of bull hide well to the front. He was going like a streak, and, although I held a little ahead of him, the bullet struck the pony just back of the saddlecloth and he went careering on down the bottom to the edge of the willows. I felt real remorse that I had missed the Indian and shot this beautiful, spirited pony.

While ten or fifteen of the Indians were dashing along the prairie, exchanging shots with us and drawing our fire, several had dismounted below and were entering the timber. Two Indians had been shot in the fight, how badly we could not tell, but they had been assisted out of range; and, seeing the movement to our rear, I called to my companions to get into the timber. In wading across the little slough, which was half filled with mud and water, we lost our moccasins (all except Ed, who wore boots), and as we crawled through the willows to dry land and waited for the Indians to attack, we presented a sorry spectacle. Their shrill cries of encouragement to each other as they fired repeatedly in the direction we had taken seemed very close and we watched for something tangible to fire at in return, but they were too cautious to follow up their advantage in point of numbers.

Take it all in all, it was the funniest skirmish I had ever been at. Not one of us had received a scratch, and it was over in about the time I have related it.

When things had quieted down a little and we had become satisfied that we did not want to hunt Indians any more that day, no time was lost in making our way to the cabin. To do this we had to cross two or three openings that were thickly covered with a minute species of prickly pear that had been killed by fire. We were barefooted, of course, having lost our moccasins.

As we wended our way in single file and finally approached our cabin, we saw two coup sticks, ornamented with black feathers, sticking in the doorway. The war party had been there ahead of us and taken everything in sight.

They had smashed a little Dutch oven we had and knocked a hole in an old gold pan that we used to mix dough in. Their pony and moccasin tracks were all about the cabin. All we saved was the cache where we kept our ammunition and tools, and Missouri's boat, which he had taken the precaution to sink under water.

LUTHER SAGE KELLY.

HOLT'S WOODS.

"This is the place; stand still my steed
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The things that once have been."

HIGH up on the brow of one of the many hills which encircle a little Vermont town lies an irregular patch of forest known as Holt's Woods. The sturdy old farmer has long since been gathered to his fathers, and some other man now owns that bit of woodland; but Holt's name went with it, and will always remain as a sort of perpetual lien on the property. There is another lien on this piece of woods, which I hold; an intangible one, it is true, recorded in no town clerk's office, and not likely ever to trouble the owner of the land, but which, nevertheless, I would not part with cheaply. It consists of a stock of pleasant memories, and, unlike some other stocks, it pays large and regular divi dends.

Holt's woods was my first hunting ground, and when I recall my feelings as I walked proudly home from it with a new $3 shotgun on my shoulder and carrying my first chipmunk by the tail, I can understand the emotions of Cæsar as he entered Rome at the head of his triumphal train after the conquest of half a world. And this victory was but the first of a series which followed. Red squirrels, gray squirrels and flying squirrels; hawks, crows and owls; skunks and woodchucks; yellow-hammers, wild pigeons and partridges and finally a big red fox—all these fell before the destructive fire of that $3 gun. That this marvelous firearm finally burst in my hands without injuring me was looked upon by some good people as one of the inscrutable miscarriages of Divine Providence, and also as conclusive evidence that I was reserved for a more violent end.

But in spite of this ominous foreboding, the shattered single barrel was replaced with a 16-gauge double, muzzleloader, and it sometimes went off in Holt's woods when the school bells were ringing in the valley below. I am now prepared to admit that this was wrong, especially as I see cropping out in my own boy certain signs of similar lawlessness. But I do not count those days as wholly lost which were spent in that beautiful upland forest.

Even then I had faint glimmerings that the time would come, as it has, when the hours of toil would be many, and the hours of recreation few. It was not altogether bloodthirsty instincts that lured me to these woods. All that was fair in nature seemed to be concentrated in them. Here the wild flowers were first to appear, adder's tongues, hepaticas, wake robins, blue violets and "Dutchman's breeches," many bunches of which were carried home as peace offerings, and seldom failed to accomplish their mission.

Here were the great trees that had never felt the axe, whose rustling boughs made sweet, weird music, and whose falling leaves stirred strange, deep thoughts; lordly oaks and maples, and giant pines and hemlocks, which somehow seemed made for better uses than to be sawed into mere lumber.

Here was the paradise of the birds, the wild, beautiful birds, so seldom seen in this sparrow-ridden section of the country; indigo birds, rose-breasted grosbeaks, wood warblers and hermit thrushes, whose thrilling melody in the deep forest is as sweet a sound as ever fell on mortal ears.

Here, too, were other woodland sounds, the tinkle of the cow bell, the drowsy hum of insects, the long, rythmical call of the yellow-hammer, and the muffled drum of the partridge in the thicket. Although so near to the town that the noise of trains and men and dogs could be faintly heard, here were the wild creatures whose presence adds an untold value to the woods; bushy-tailed squirrels in the tops of the tall hickories; slim weasels making their noiseless way among the leaves and rocks; lumbering woodchucks speeding clumsily to their burrows; tiny wood-mice playing about the old stumps, and, occasionally, the sly red fox stealing cautiously along the wood roads.

When to all these alluring sights and sounds were added the fragrance of the ferns and ripened leaves, the inviting forest paths, the beds of moss, the glimpses of changing clouds and distant mountains, what wonder that Holt's Woods should draw the boy to itself, and in making him its confidant make him its lover as well! ARTHUR F. RICE.

SHEEP AND SNOWSHOES.—II.

A Winter Hunt on the Summit of the Rockies.

The Outfit for the Mountains.

As a certain amount of interest attaches to a winter trip of so severe a nature as that which lay before us, it may be well to mention in some detail the preparations which seemed needful to us.

In the first place, as we had wagon transportation for a part of the way, or up to our main camp, it was possible to take in a tent. We had a good specimen of the best tent on earth and the most practical all-weathers camp-house ever yet invented—the Indian lodge or tepee such as was once the home of all the Western plains Indians, and which has been practically copied by the United States Army in the model chosen for its service tents in the field. For the lodge as a camp-house I cannot say enough, but shall tell more about it later.

This was to be a snowshoe trip, and, therefore, a very important part of the outfit was the snowshoe equipment. Here we had room for choice, and proof of the fact that tastes differ. Rather, let us say that conditions differ. Each part of the country admires its own snowshoe and thinks all others wrong, whereas there is room for quite a reverse view from the other end of the question. The truth is, as any one must know, there cannot be any perfect snowshoe, suitable for all countries, any more than there can be an all-around rifle or an all-around fishing rod. The cold, dry snow of Canada, which falls thin and light, is in no way similar to the heavy, soft, wet snow of the Rockies in the late winter. The thick woods of New Brunswick are very different from the sharp slopes and steep pitches of the big mountains. In one part of the country a close mesh and flat bow are best, whereas in another a wide mesh and very different bow will be much better. I can speak of the variety of shoes which we had with us, and can say that were I to be asked to outfit a party for a similar trip in the same country, I could save some trouble by throwing out some of the shoes we had and changing others in some small particulars.

McChesney brought on three pairs of snowshoes, which he got in Montreal, Canada, in response to Schultz's advice. McChesney had never done any shoeing before, and so took what the dealer gave him. The latter told him that "these were the same sort of shoes which Julian Ralph and Frederick Remington used on their trip in Canada." If this be really true, the latter gentlemen must have been as new at the art as McChesney confessed himself, for a very worthless shoe they were, flat and very wide, with a heel altogether too light and floppy, and a webbing thrown in with a pitchfork, of a cowhide that swelled and sagged fearfully at the least dampening. McChesney wore one of these pairs and Schultz another, and O-to-kò-mi, our Indian hunter (whom we shall presently meet) fell heir to the third pair.

I had along two pairs of shoes myself; one a fine pair of caribou webs, made in superb fashion by A. Pringle, of Stanley, New Brunswick, these being especially ordered for me a couple of years ago under supervision of Mr. Frank Risteen, of Fredericton, N. B., and warranted not to sag. This was really the best made pair of shoes in



DIFFERENT SORTS OF SNOWSHOES.

1. 2. 3. 4.

1. Alaska model, shoe, flat bow. 2. Montreal shoe, flat. 3. New Brunswick trapper's 4. Montana "bear's paw," used by mountain trappers.

our outfit, nor do I think one will find so good a pair in any market. The bow is flat, and the webbing is very fine and tightly drawn. I have no doubt that in New Brunswick they are perfect. In the wet snow of the late winter, where the Chinooks often soften the snow till it is half water, these shoes are too closely woven to be comfortable. They carry a great weight of snow, which will not shake through the mesh. Billy Jackson corralled these New Brunswick webs.

My other pair of snowshoes came to me in a peculiar way. I wanted a pair of moccasins for this trip, and I sent up to Metz & Schloerb, of Oshkosh, Wis., who make very good ones, and inclosed them a four-sheet picture of my foot with about nine pairs of stockings on. They sent me the moccasins, and also, somewhat to my surprise, sent me down a pair of snowshoes, telling me they wanted me to try these on the mountain trip and tell them how they performed. They told me that these shoes were made for them in Canada, but on a model given them by an old Alaska hunter, who said it was the best model for mountain use that he had ever seen. They further said that a number of trappers in Colorado had said these shoes were better than any model they had ever found. In appearance these shoes did not look like anything I had ever seen. They were very long and slim, so long that they came up to my chin when the heels stood on the ground, yet only an even 1ft. wide in their widest place. The heel was very long and narrow, and the toe turned up very high and for a considerable way back toward the toe-bar from the tip. These weird looking shoes seemed impossible machines at first, but I found that they had theoretical features of excellence. The narrow tread should make side hill work easier, and the long upturned toe should ride over all crust, and act as a brake going down a steep hill in deep, soft snow. In short, in actual practice I found these shoes the best I ever put on, and every man of our party who tried them was eager to fall heir to them. Needless to say no one got them, and I prize them now very much if only for historic reasons. Yet I have written Messrs. Metz & Schloerb on what seems to me a possible improvement for this Western mountain work. The mesh sent me was, in these shoes, just that of Canada, tight and close. In the wet snow these shoes therefore carried weight all the time. I would have a pair made with ¾in. mesh at least if I were going this trip again. The proposition is absolutely different from any known to Eastern snowshoe people, who never have the Chinook wind. But as to the model of these shoes, I would never have another now. They balance perfectly, never kick up in the least, and lie so nicely on the snow that one doesn't feel any weight. The shoe is so long it covers all sorts of ordinary holes, and the curved toe always keeps the foot riding over the snow, and not digging into it. It is the best shoe for the mountains in the opinion of all the snowshoe folk I met on the trip.

Later on we met another sort of snowshoe, the "bear-paw," home-made shoe used by the trappers of this country. This is a most incredible affair, and at first I could not believe such a thing could be used as a snowshoe. The shape is a rough oval, 14 by 22in. in size. The lacing is of all sorts of rawhide, and the holes in the mesh are at no place less than 1in. by 2 or 3in. There are gaps in the lacing 4in. by 6in., and the whole is most crudely done, so that you would not think such a shoe would carry any weight at all. Yet the pair of bear-paws now before me as I write carried a trapper fifty-five miles one day over these mountains and valleys. When I add that that same man nearly always snowshoes in rubber hip boots I have gone the limit of credence, and also touched the limit of personal tastes in outfits. With his bear-paws this man (Joe Kearney) gets up a mountain mighty well on the snow, hip boots and all. If I had to use such an outfit I could not go. Yet Kearney approved of my long shoes, and said they were the best things he ever saw. We States people who figure what is the right powder charge, and the right weight of lead, and the right sort of clothes, and the right sort of snowshoes—we are not really sportsmen. The real sportsman is the man who can wear any old clothes he happens to be able to afford, who is satisfied with any sort of gun that shoots hard, and who can go to a willow patch and a beef hide and make him a pair of snowshoes in an hour. That sort of man is mighty apt to know where the game is and how to get to it. The more I learn of camping and hunting the more absurd I think the bulk of our preparations for it. Beware the man with one blanket, one gun and a pair of willow snowshoes.

In this I digress, but perhaps in an allied topic we shall find something of interest and be of distinct service to any one intending a mountain trip on the shoes. This is in the matter of snowshoe straps. Of course, all our snowshoes came to us in the good old-fashioned way, with a bundle of thongs tied to the frames, so that we might put on our own straps as best pleased us. All "store" snowshoes come this way, and hence present a problem to any beginner, for everyone he meets will tell him of a different snowshoe tie, and the clerk who sells him the shoes will of course show him the one and only correct way of putting on a snowshoe. Indeed, nearly any of these different ways will do so long as the beginner stays on the store floor. When he gets out on the wet snow and on the steep hills, it is a different affair.

In the first place, any snowshoe should have a permanent toe strap, separate from the heel strap. There is no tie made which will stay if it be made of one continuous thong acting as toe strap and heel strap also. That is, it will perhaps do for the store floor, but not for the woods. The toe strap is something which changes with the hour of the day and the dampness of the snow, and it should be made adjustable, preferably with a buckle. The heel strap should also be adjustable, but the thong will do here, as it can be rolled back of the heel and so adjusted as it stretches or shrinks. Most thong ties run back double from the toe to the rear of the heel, one strand going back direct and one being crossed over the instep. This arrangement I have usually found all right, except that often the shoe gets frozen full of ice at the edge of the toe-hole, so that the straps will not render through their holes. To prevent this trouble I devised a tie of my own, which I thought would be desirable in the trying work of mountain-climbing. I fastened a 1in. harness ring at the toe hole, one on each side of the foot. To one of these rings I attached a strip of cotton drilling, which makes a far better shoe-strap than any moosehide or caribou-hide thong. My toe straps I had already arranged so that I could take up any slack by means of a buckle, the toe strap being double, crossing over the toe and buckling on top in such a way that the shoe hung nicely on the toe. My moccasins had loops sewed at the back of the heel and on each side. In putting on the shoe I stepped into the toe strap, passed the stout drilling band through the side loop and heel loop of the moccasin, and then tied it as tight as I liked by a single slip-noose through the iron ring at the other side of the foot. This rig I found held the foot freely yet firmly, it being impossible to get the foot away from the tie, which could yet be freed at once by a single jerk. I further improved this tie by having a loop sewed across the toe of the moccasin, through which I passed an end of the toe strap. If I chose to fasten the moccasin thus to the shoe, and make it firmer by passing the strap through the heel loop also, I had an outfit which could not slip and which could be adjusted at once, and in the speediest fashion. I knew, however, that

no shoe tie is good which fastens the foot tight to the showshoe so that it cannot be detached instantly. If I had my toe fast by the toe strap I had either to take off my moccasin with the snowshoe, or to stop to unbuckle the toe strap every time I took off the shoes. This I remedied by using a big over-moccasin, which I left attached to the snowshoe all the time, slipping my foot, clad in a smaller moccasin, into this big moccasin when I put on the shoes.

Some such rig as this, I believe, is as good as any I know for moccasin work on ordinary snowshoeing, and it was the one decided upon by all our party at the time when we arrived at the agency, though we had all decided not to try the moccasin, but to use instead the low rubbor shoe, which we learned to be necessary in that damp snow at that season of the year—late winter. Of course, it may be observed from all this that we were not to use the *skis* at all, the long shoes being out of the question in the continuous climbing and wallowing about in deep and steep places which lay before us.

At the agency we met the issue clerk, Mr. Parsons, a gentleman of an original and inventive turn of mind, and to Mr. Parsons we owe a debt of gratitude greater than any novice of the party can ever understand; for had a novice undertaken our trip with a snowshoe tie such as those prescribed by the sporting goods clerk, he simply could not have made the trip. As it was, Mr. Parsons fixed us all up with a snowshoe rig of his own invention, which brought us all through safely, and which I do not hesitate to call the one and only tie for that rough mountain work. It is not really a tie, but a harness, like that of a skate strap. The toe piece was about an inch wide, with a soft bit of leather under it to protect the toe against chafing by the buckle which regulated the strap. This toe strap passed entirely under the shoe, and was continuous, thus stiffening the shoe very much at a point where the weight causes the most sagging. Back from the toe on each side, and riveted to the strap on each side, ran a single wide strap, which passed back of the heel and buckled at one side. This strap could, of course, be regulated as easily as a skate strap. It was kept from falling down too low at the heel by means of a light strap which crossed over the instep, and which was riveted to the heel strap on each side. In putting on the shoe, one simply kicked his toe into the toe strap, and buckled the heel strap, and there he was! The leather was good stout harness leather from Uncle Sam's shop, and hence much less liable to stretch with a wetting than would be any flimsy thong. It did not punish the foot in the least, and of course, as it was not fast in any way at the heel, it played as freely as though it were made of the softest thongs, though it held the foot from forward or backward slip as though with a hand of iron. Mr. Parsons had been in these mountains on the shoes, and said he had found this the best rig he could get. In this he was surely right. He was good enough to fix up all our shoes for us in this way, and only those of us who had gone through the misery of thong ties before then knew how great a boon he thus conferred on us. The thong and the rag string will do all right for the flat woods, where one can scuffle along almost any way on the shoes; but when it comes to going up and down mountains as steep as the roof of a house, the tie must be something a lot more effectual and permanent. I have never seen the Parsons harness on any snowshoe before, but no other fastening will ever again go on any snowshoes of mine. The only bad feature about it is the disillusionment it implies. Most people who go on snowshoes like to write about the dreaded *mal de racquette*. With this harness there is no such thing. Not to have *mal de racquette*, or any other highly correct ailment, will perhaps deprive the sport of some of its charm to many persons.

After fixing up the Parson's harness, we improved the Montreal shoes by weighting the heels with lead, thus altering the hang of them so they would not flap up at every step and continually threaten their wearer with a tumble.

In the matter of clothing, as I have said, there was the usual personal latitude. We none of us used the moccasin except about the camp, but preferred the rubber shoe, low and soft and waterproof. We all wore the heavy German sock, over one or two pairs of thinner woolen socks. McChesney found his trousers too tight to allow in their compass all the shirts he wanted to wear, so he just let one or two shirts hang down outside, and found a heavy woolen shirt in this way as good as a sweater. Schultz wore a heavy sweater under his corduroy coat. Billy Jackson showed up in a regular Hudson Bay outfit, blanket coat, blanket breeches, long woolen stockings, and blanket hood or "capshaw" attached to his coat so that he could completely cover his head. Sometimes he found this too warm, and then reverted to a soft, wide hat. O-to-kò-mi, our Indian hunter, clung to the white man's dress of many shirts and woolen outer garments. I used the buckskin shirt over a woolen shirt, and wore no waistcoat, and I think a good skin shirt is the best and warmest garment for its weight that a man can put on. At times a heavy snow would wet it a little, but, barring this disadvantage, this garment is perfect. No one can know how piercing a Rocky Mountain wind can get who has not tried it, and I found that buckskin stopped it better than any fabric. As I cannot wear a cap, it seeming too warm when on the march, I stuck to the broad hat, but wore under it a yarn toque to keep my ears from freezing, if the weather got very cold. McChesney also sported a toque, of brilliant red, but preferred a cap to the Western hat.

Knives.

There is no article of the hunter's outfit more abused than the knife in its shapes as offered a long-suffering public. There was no one of our party who had not gotten far beyond the stage where one carries one of those long, sharp-pointed abominations sold in the stores as "hunting knives." Just who buys these things I never could see. Yet we had diverse tastes in knives in our party. Billy Jackson had the great original grandpapa of all the knives, an old, old Hudson Bay cleaver of the type which was once issued by that company to all its men. This knife is much like a Bobo bear knife. It weighs about 4lbs., and has a blade about 3in. wide, so it can be used as an axe, as a meat axe, as a knife, a hammer, or several other tools. The steel in this blade was the best I ever saw. We chopped down trees with this knife, cut tin cans in two with it, split sheep along the back bone with it, and used it with the least of care; yet while my own little trapping axe came out nicked and dull, and my knives needed many sharpenings, as did those of all the others, Billy's big knife was fresh as a daisy at the end of that trip. He gave it to McChesney, I believe, and wherever it is it should be preserved as a valuable relic of the past. It has split many a buffalo in its day.*

Schultz used the knife commonly used by old-time guides and trappers, and really about as sensible a knife as one can take—a good big jackknife, which is good enough to cut, skin or whittle with. McChesney had a couple of straight-bladed knives made according to his notion. I had a short, rubber-handled sheath-knife with a good blade, and also a short skinning knife. I nearly always carry a light axe when I am on a woods tramp, as it comes very useful if you miss connections on getting into camp any night, and is moreover handy in a dozen ways during the day.

Rifles.

Of rifles we had two kinds, both good. McChesney had a half-magazine Winchester, .45-70, with which he had killed a number of caribou in Newfoundland, and which was of course a good gun for big game. I had along two rifles, one a .45-70, which I intended to use, and one a .30-30 nitro Winchester, which I did not intend to use (but which I really did use all the time). This latter gun was very much lighter, of course, than the big .45-70, but to the latter I held to the last moment, knowing how reliable is the .45-70 on heavy game—far more so, of course, as all the mountain men will tell you, than the .45-90, which theoretically should be good but isn't, albeit much exploited in its day. Of course, a .45-90 will kill game, and has killed a lot of it. So will a .44-40, and the latter has killed more game than all the other rifles of the country together, but I wouldn't care for one very much now. Indeed, I don't know that I dare care very much any longer for even the old .45-70 on any game smaller than big bear, or perhaps moose or elk. On sheep or goats—but I am about to digress again.

The way I happened to take along the little Winchester was this: Mr. Hirth, of Spaldings, had this gun, all done up in a beautiful fancy gun case and wrapped in tissue paper. He never shot it, and never would have shot it, but he came to me and said he heard I had no confidence in the small-bore nitro rifles on game, and he wanted to show me I didn't know anything much anyhow. He insisted I take his rifle along and kill him a sheep with it, and to oblige him I took it, not intending to risk much with it. He had it fitted with Lyman sights, front and rear. I tried the rifle forty shots with this outfit of sights, down at the Calumet Heights Club one day before I started, and I never did hit a single thing with it, or even learn where the bullets went. I figured I would do well if I shot that way in the mountains. Then I remembered that maybe the Lyman front sight was not the same height as the front sight issued by the Winchester people when they put out the gun. I hammered out the Lyman front sight and hammered in the plain sight that originally came on the gun; and just then the train whistled and I had to start for Montana without ever trying the gun in that way. At the agency we had the first chance to do this, and improved the opportunity during the afternoon.

Billy Jackson, McChesney and myself all took a hand at sighting this little rifle, and we used the plain front sight, the flat bar rear sight and the Lyman rear sight, all three of them in a line, the Lyman sight being screwed down till the front sight looked just fine enough in the bar notch of the rear sight. Then we knew the alignment was all right, and it was only a question of elevation. All the guides insisted on using the Lyman rear sight and taking off the rear bar with which the gun was fitted as sent from the factory. I have never used a Lyman sight, and was afraid to risk learning it at the time. I was trained by my old father on open sights, on the old Kentucky rifle, and didn't know how to shoot any other kind. Schultz told me that the common fault of over-shooting on game was not so apt to occur with the Lyman sight, so I went so far as to leave the Lyman rear on the gun while we were sighting it, valuing the certainty it thus gave us of always keeping that little fine front sight just so full in the center of the hind sight bar.

We made an effort to shoot a shot or so, but as the sunlight was blinding (we all wore smoked glasses while not actually shooting) we found it necessary to smoke the front sight of the rifle. It was astonishing what a difference this made. The white metal front sight, which had been dancing and glimmering, was now steady and keenly clear to the eye. We began our sighting practice at about 25yds., using a rest, and the three of us, firing one shot each at an inch bull, put three shots at the top edge of it, all so close that the end of a finger would cover them. That satisfied us for that range, and we advanced to 50yds. Here we found the rifle was perfect, putting all the shots on a 3in. black spot, or so close that we were satisfied it was in the holding. At 60yds. we found the practice harder of course, but could always call the shot. There were no wild shots. At 75 Billy fell out of the game, as he made one or two misses, so we set him to tending target. Then we put the pasteboard, with a black spot on it about 4in. or so marked in its center, off at about 90 or 100yds., as nearly as we could tell the distance. Here I fired a half dozen shots, and to my great surprise got one or two right on the black and all the others so near that I knew the gun would do far better shooting than lay in my eyes and hands to do. We did not change the elevation of sights at all, but at 100yds. I held full on the mark. I saw at once that I had never fired a rifle that needed so little nursing on the elevation question, and I could not see how it would be possible to miss a sheep at say 200yds. if one held between the top and the middle of the body with any kind of sight at all, fine, medium fine or full, not using any change at all in the 100yds. sights. Billy said we would be apt to get our shots closer than that.

All at once I gained a great confidence in the shooting of this little gun, seeing that the early bad practice with it was entirely due to the fact that the front sight had not been left on as the factory placed it. With the full set of Lyman sights, this gun needs an entire resighting With the front sight left alone, the Lyman sight or the Lyman rear with the plain bar back sight can be used all right, and will give beautiful results, as we proved very clearly. Moreover, we were startled to see that the soft-nosed bullets smashed entirely through the 8in. cedar post against which our target was leaning, and drove splinters 30ft. beyond it. Billy Jackson said I would be foolish if I did not use that rifle and lay aside the .45-70, and I admitted so much as to say I would try it once on big game if I had the chance. The lightness of the gun was a great advantage in the hard mountain-climbing on the snowshoes, where every ounce of weight counts so much in the day. As I took the little beauty into the house after our tests of it I felt acloud lift from my my mind, for I knew I had a gun with which I could at least hit something, and that my earlier judgment was wrong through my own fault in using the gun. The story of this little rifle shall follow; at present I need only say that I had a big war with Mr. Hirth when I got home, he claiming that I had borrowed his favorite gun from him and would have to return it, and I claiming that I had bought the gun of and neglected to pay for it. The end of the war was that he never got his gun back again at all, though I had to plead a long time before he would accept money instead of the gun. But it's my gun now.

Billy Jackson took with him another nitro small-bore rifle, a Winchester box-magazine, Government model, a still harder hitting gun than mine, though not so handsome we thought. It was arranged that O-to-kò-mi should shoot whichever one of my guns I did not care to use. Schultz did not want any gun, as he said he would not hunt any how. So much for our battery and our outfit. I should not omit to mention as one of our party our dog Shep, a wooly canine, warranted to run cats or mountain lions, and of long experience with a fellow dog, Patty, on the trapper's trail at the summit of the range, where Boak's partner, Scott, was at that time operating.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* June 5.—This is a very small world. Mr. McChesney writes me from Troy incidentally as below: "Thursday evening Mr Fred Farmer, of Three Rivers, Quebec, was at the club, and for a couple of hours we hunted moose and caribou, and caught trout all through the country where he is lumbering. He said that a week ago last Wednesday, while some logs were being brought through some of the small lakes, the biggest moose he ever saw came down on the shore, looked at them for a moment and then swam across, passing within about 100ft. of the men on the logs. A few minutes after he disappeared in the woods, he came back again and swam back across the lake.

"While speaking of my big knife presented to me by Billy Jackson, Mr Farmer said that his brother George Farmer, now of Chicago, some years ago brought a similar one down from York factory, where he had been connected with the Hudson Bay Co."

I know Mr. George Farmer, of Chicago, very well, and have heard him speak of the old Hudson Bay knife which he used to see in the fur-trading days, this being, as I take it, identical with the big knife which Billy gave Mr. McChesney. Those were very honest knives, and not built for a few idle moments of whittling on a store box.

Natural History.

GIANT MOOSE HEADS.

THE two great Alaska moose heads illustrated and described in our issues of Jan. 23 and 30 and March 6 have both been sold. Mr. W. W. Hart sold his recently to a gentleman whose name is not stated, and the head belonging to Mr. W. F. Sheard, of Tacoma, Wash., has been sold to Sir Bache Cunard, of England.

Through the courtesy of Mr. L. G. Bigelow, to whom this latter head was consigned in New York prior to shipment to England, a FOREST AND STREAM representative saw it at the Erie freight station last week. The measurement of 73¼in. spread, as given by Mr. Sheard, was confirmed, but though this head has the greatest spread of any heretofore recorded, it is not nearly so fine in other respects as that secured and mounted by Mr. Hart. The palms are not by any means so broad nor have they anything to approach the lineal area of the latter. In fact, aside from its unprecedented spread, the head is a very ordinary one.

The head was found at Pier 21, North River, crated and piled high up on a pyramid of tea boxes. Instead of coming through as ordinary freight from Tacoma, it had been shipped by the tea train which meets the Northern Pacific Chinese steamers. The freight hands thought it came from China, and called it the "Chinese deer."

It was shipped in a slatted crate, which permitted measurements to be taken of the horns, though the head itself was wrapped in burlaps.

The right horn is larger in every respect than the left, though it has only seventeen points, while the left has twenty-two. Three of the latter are underneath the horn, however, including one stub 6in. in length, so that in this respect to all appearances the horns balance very well.

The right horn has about 4sq. ft. of linear surface, and the left about 3⅞sq ft. Both horns are doubly palmated, and in both the extreme width of the front part, exclusive of points, is 16in. The minimum width of the palm itself, measured a third of the way up, is 11½in. for the right horn nd 11in. for the left. The maximum width of the upper palms (exclusive of points) is 15in. for the right horn and 14in for the left. The average width of the right palm is about 13in. and of the left about 12in. The extreme length of palms from extremity of points is 44½in. for the right and 43½in. for the left. These measurements, it must be noted, are taken in the shortest direction and do not follow the curvature of the horn, and such being the case, they do not, of course, give the exact extent of the horns. They will serve, however, to convey an approximate idea of the size.

As the right horn is very much more deeply hollowed than the left, its actual surface is still greater in proportion to the other than the figures indicate. The horns are fluted more than is common in Eastern specimens, and both are dented on top in several places in a way that is hard to account for. The curved outside edge of the right horn has a hole running entirely through that looks as if it might have been made by a bullet, and in line with it on the other horn is a scar that might also have been due to the same cause.

While we have no exactly corresponding figures relative to the moose head secured by Mr. Hart on which to base a comparison, some general measurements taken by FOREST AND STREAM will serve to indicate the superiority of this latter specimen aside from spread.

"The length of right horn, measured from the brow antler to the most distant prong of the palm on the posterior side of the horn, is 55½in.; the length of the palm measured along the curve is 41in., and a straight line drawn from the burr to the most distant point of the palm is 40in. The width of the palm, measured along its posterior side following the curve, is 43in." The spread is 70½in., and the maximum width of palm exclusive of points 29in. From these figures it would appear that the superficial horn area of this specimen is nearly twice as great as that of the other. While, therefore, the Sheard head, with its 73½in., has undoubtedly the greatest spread, it is hardly correct to call it the largest head in the world, or for that matter the finest.

These two great heads came from Alaska almost at the same time, from which it may be inferred that antlers of such unprecedented proportions are not unique in that country, and it is not beyond the bounds of probability to expect them to be duplicated or even surpassed in future.

J. B. BURNHAM.

PODGERS'S COMMENTARIES.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am always interested in articles in the FOREST AND STREAM on the subject of "intelligent brutes" (which does not include some classes of men, as it might), and particularly was I interested in reading the contribution in the last number just received, by Mr. Wingfield, which reminded me of my own experience in horseflesh.

I owned a handsome black horse named Nick; he was not an old one, but if "old" had been preluded to the Nick it would have been very appropriate, as he was a very devil for kicking buggies and harness to pieces, varied by an exuberance of spirits illustrated by running away about every other time he was hitched up. I was loth to part with him, as he was a beauty, and when he felt in the humor would outtrot every team on the road; but my invitations to friends for a drive were firmly rejected, as his little idiosyncrasies were too well known for them to risk their necks. Profs. Gibson and Rarey had not at that time appeared here as horse tamers. So at last, after the wagon and harness repairers had built brick blocks from the bills I paid, I concluded that, as mines were giving out, I would dispense with the luxury of an animal that was of so elevating a character; and he was banished to the country and turned out on a ranch owned by my brother. It is true, I did have one opportunity to make some money out of his accomplishments from a man who owned a mule team, one of which had the usual characteristics of that animal. The owner offered to bet me that his mule could outkick the horse; and proposed a match in which they should be placed "stern on" against an unoccupied building, with harness attached to it, to convey the impression that they were hitched to something valuable; but I did not want to win a poor man's money, and declined.

A month or two later I set out to make my brother a visit, and was met at the station by my sister-in-law and her children with a horse and phaeton. I did not notice the horse until we started, when, to my horror, it proved to be Nick. "My gracious!" was my exclamation, "what are you doing with that horse?" My sister-in-law laughed, saying, "What's the matter with the horse?" "Why," said I, "he will run away, kick the phaeton to pieces and kill the children." "Pooh!" was the reply. "Get up, Nick," accompanied with a smart cut of the whip, something I had never dared. Much to my astonishment, he scarcely noticed it except by a little grunt, and pegged away at a five-mile gait all the way to the house.

My sister-in-law had no fear of horses, was a bold driver, and one day in my brother's absence had had Nick hitched up, although with a full knowledge of his habits. She drove him ten miles, he never offering to kick or run away or pull an ounce on the bit, and became ever after the only horse she would drive. She drove him without blinds, and whenever the family were starting out Nick would turn his head so as to see who was in the phaeton, and would give a grunt, as much as to say, "No fun for me this time." How he would have behaved if only a man were in the wagon is a conundrum; but he became the pet of the family. The children used to enter his stall and crawl between his legs. His only mischievous tendency was to chew up the flowers in their hats with a perceptible smile and a twinkle in his eye, as much as to say, "I must have some fun."

Who says that animals have not a streak of gallantry in their composition, as well as reason? Take the lower orders of mankind, do we not see evidences of their more brutal characteristics in the thousand cases where they kick and beat women to death? The animal, by comparison, is far his superior. In the yard of the house adjoining me, is an immense St Bernard dog, which, contrary to the nature of that breed, is savage, and the terror of the milkman and baker. Looking out of the window this morning, I noticed him rolling on the grass, playing with half a dozen children, strangers to him, who had strolled through the upper gate. They were dragging him by the tail, pulling his ears and sitting on him, and he was evidently laughing—for dogs can laugh as plainly as mankind, with the commendable difference that it is sincere and there is no treachery in it, for, as we know, a man can "smile and smile and be a villain." Give me the dog on the chances any day.

I have referred several times to the expeditions that have been fitted out here to search for treasure presumed to have been hidden on some one of the numerous islands somewhere in the region of Panama, which have been minutely described by numerous repentant gentlemen, ex-pirates, on their death-beds. They have died in all parts of the world, each one being the last and only one left to confess to the capture of numerous galleons, murder of the crews and passengers, and hiding the bushels of doubloons, diamonds and precious stones on some lone and desolate island; then being afraid to show themselves possessed of so much wealth, planning to return for it at some future day; but circumstances over which prevented, and all these millions lay at the foot of such and such crooked tree, near a big boulder and a jack rabbit. As I mentioned in previous jottings, no less than six expeditions have sailed from here in search of that treasure. The last went only a couple of months ago, in command of a woman, who supplied the funds. That expedition is still out, not having as yet put in an appearance to relieve the stringency of the money market. But now comes still another expedition, and it originates from the last place to be expected—Boston! Think of it, that such people could be found in staid, matter-of-fact, conservative Boston! It is incredible; but this time it is to be a dead sure thing. They have had all the particulars—latitudes, longitudes and ear marks—from the only true and original Jacobs of a pirate, with the boulder and jack rabbit tattooed on his arm adjoining the usual strawberry. This time there is no nonsense. I am going down to the wharf to see that expedition off, if I never live to see No. 8 I not only wish to see the expedition off, but I want to see it return; my rear window commands an uninterrupted view of every vessel entering the harbor. It shall be only the deeply laden ones that I shall bring my spy-glass to bear upon, and I will spend a willing dollar in telegraphing the news to the FOREST AND STREAM; and I hope to obtain the largest diamond to present to the editor to wear in his four-in-hand, to the dazzlement of the eyes of the office boy.

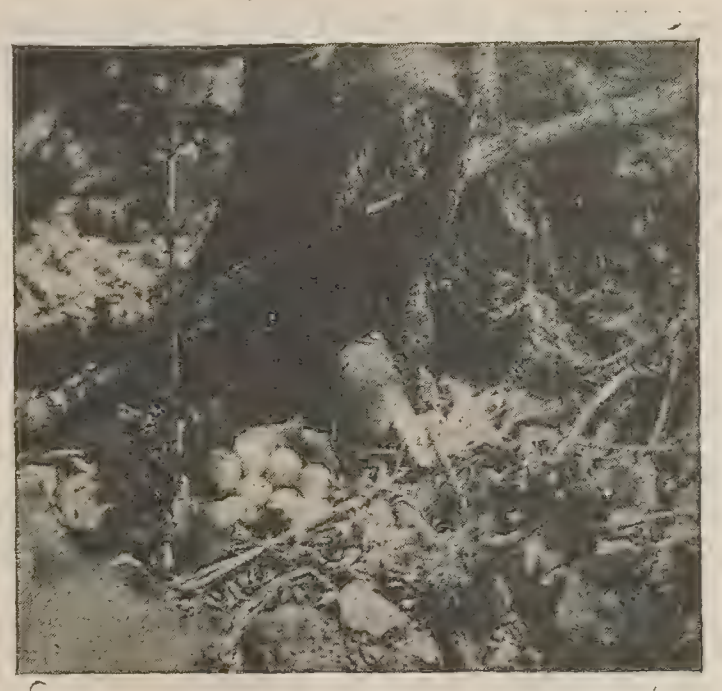
San Francisco is preëminent in its characteristics for all sorts of schemes and expeditions of a novel and elsewhere unheard-of nature. One time it is a search for guano, another for some reported volcanic island that has just put in an appearance after the last earthquake. But the last scheme was an expedition that was fitted out here a couple or three months ago to colonize an island reported by the captain of an arriving vessel from the South seas, and described as abounding in cocoanuts, bread fruits, oranges and grass hammocks in which to swing; and lastly, the population consisted entirely of women. All these advantages, added to the prospect of not having to work for a living, proved an irresistible attraction, so an organization was effected consisting of 100 subscribers; a vessel was purchased and fitted out and sailed, laden with provisions, pipes and tobacco and beads for presents to prospective brides as full dress. The expedition touched at Honolulu somewhat subdued in enthusiasm by sea-sickness; and yesterday an incoming steamer, which had touched at the Figii's, reported the expedition at that place, not a little discouraged by want of success. Instead of an Adamless paradise, they had found at all the islands at which they touched Adams very numerous and wide awake and quite indisposed to share their domestic happiness with members of the expedition, the points of their arguments against the expedition being those of very sharp spears. But, worse than all, it was found that a residence in nearly all the islands involved a necessity for a certain amount of work to raise food, which was contrary to all principles of the expedition.

At last accounts they were in doubt as to what to do next and disaffection in the ranks was manifest. A portion were trying to work their way home, and the other had about concluded to sail for the Solomon group, where it was dead certain, if they did but know it, that they would be received with open arms. The Solomon Islanders are a people who have never been civilized or subdued; they have a playful habit of killing every white man that seeks their shores, and are the least discriminating race in their diet of all the South Sea Islands. It matters not what kind of man, black, white, trader, sailor or missionary—everything goes. French, English and American men-of-war have bombarded them and burned their villages, but it makes no difference. They come up smiling every time, and proceed to broil the very next sailor or trader that lands.

PODGERS.

PHOTOGRAPH OF A GROUSE NEST.

RECENTLY I mentioned the attempts which had been made by Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss, of Fox Lake, Wis., to secure photographs of a ruffed grouse which he had discovered on her nest. Mr. Hotchkiss wrote that he had had great difficulty in getting a picture, as the light was so dim at the place where the nest was located. He did, however, secure several pictures at last, and the best of these have been sent to FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Hotchkiss says that in his attempts to photograph the nest and bird he would have gone further had not the nest been robbed by "one of those collectors." He got good pictures of the nest and eggs, but only one showing the bird on the nest, and that so



NEST OF RUFFED GROUSE.
Photo by J. D. Hotchkiss.

faint that it would hardly admit of reproduction. He was aided in his work by a professional photographer, who had no better success than he did himself. Not content with finding one nest of the ruffed grouse, which would have stood as something of an achievement, Mr. Hotchkiss found another nest, this time one owned by a very wild and wary grouse mother, who would fly away at less provocation than the first grouse required. He got a picture of this last nest with the bird sitting on the eggs, but was obliged to make it at such distance that the bird can barely be distinguished in the picture. All these pictures and attempts at pictures are very interesting to the folk who love either grouse or camera. I mention with great pride the fact that Mr. Hotchkiss, who is a newspaper man, did not shoot the grouse on her nest, which he might easily have done. The newspaper man is very much maligned, as I often have occasion to know.

Incidentally I should say that it was in Mr. Hotchkiss's paper, the *Representative*, of Fox Lake, and not in a Beaver Dam paper, that I saw the notice of the capture of the singing mouse, of which mention was made in FOREST AND STREAM. This mouse could not stand captivity and died after about a week.

E. HOUGH.

NEAR Green Cove Springs, Fla., Mr. Morrison stood behind the corner of a house and held out a razor for Mr. Grover to shoot at with a rifle. When Grover shot the ball struck the razor and broke it. Either the ball or part of the razor ricocheted around the corner of the house and struck Mr. Morrison on the back of the head and nicked the skull for about an inch, taking out a piece of the outside of the skull bone, but not going in far enough to touch the brain. It is a very serious wound, but is not thought to be necessarily dangerous.—*Savannah (Ga.) News.*

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE PUBLIC GAME RESERVES OF ONTARIO.

GAME AND FISH COMMISSION OF ONTARIO, Dunnville, June 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If there is one thing more praiseworthy than another which the people of a State or Province can do for the benefit of themselves and posterity, it is the setting aside of large tracts of land in the form of public parks. It needs no argument to prove the great advantages of these reserves for the use and pleasure not only of the present generation, but also for future generations, when the country shall be inhabited by millions where now there are but thousands. The Government of the Province of Ontario has been wise in this particular in legislating for the formation of the Algonquin and Rondeau parks, at a time when there were few or no settlers' claims to be bought up, and when it could just set aside the lands at first cost.

Algonquin Park.

The act of the Legislature establishing Algonquin National Park (56 Vic., cap. 8) reads that the area set aside is "reserved and set apart as a public park and forest reservation, fish and game preserve, health resort and pleasure ground for the benefit, advantage and enjoyment of the people of the Province." It comprises eighteen whole townships and parts of several others. In all the total area is 1,109,383 acres, being forty-four miles in length from north to south, and forty miles in width from east to west. A large portion is water, including the headwaters of the Muskoka, Madawaska and Petawawa rivers, the Great Opeongo Lake, besides a number of other small lakes and streams; in fact, there is hardly a corner of the park which may not be reached by canoe. The Ottawa, Aruprior & Parry Sound Railway crosses a portion of its southern boundary, and furnishes one means of reaching it.

This great block of primitive wilderness is only about 150 miles from Toronto in an air line; yet, if it were not for the lumbering operations going on there it would be as much outside the pale of civilization as if situated near the North Pole. Only the pine has been sold, and no other forest growth will be touched; everything will be left in its primitive state, and the removal of the pine will not lessen its value as a game preserve or a school for forestry. No doubt it would have been better had the pine been left also, but it had been disposed of before the park was established. The general character of the area is high, rough and rocky, as might be expected, when it is said that it is the most elevated portion of Ontario. The streams have chiefly very rapid currents, some of them before reaching sea level having a descent of over 1,400ft.

Such a tract of woodland, with such stretches of water, could not help being the home of game and fish in abundance, and so it is. The streams are well stocked with such fish as trout, pike, pickerel, catfish and eels, and some of the lakes, as the Great Opeonge, McDougal and Shirley, are plentifully supplied with whitefish and herrings. The woods contain deer in great numbers, and moose are fairly plentiful, while bears and wolves are also numerous, as are the fur-bearing animals—beaver, mink, otter, martin, fisher and muskrat. Of birds the only game birds are probably the ruffed grouse and the Canada grouse, but few ducks are observed there. The sharp-tailed grouse has been taken near the park confines, and doubtless would thrive if introduced. One of the great objects of the park is to use it as a game preserve, in which all the original inhabitants may be preserved, and which may be, as it were, a harbor of refuge for hunted game, and where animals find they are not pursued, there they will soon congregate. The Government also intends to make experiments in introducing other game birds and animals likely to succeed, such as the capercailzie, which would be almost certain to do well. The black grouse may be tried, the sharp-tailed grouse, and perhaps the Mongolian pheasant. Some of the other varieties of deer, as the mule deer, elk, etc., may be tried. In the waters, although well supplied with good native fish, experiments may be made with brown trout and rainbow trout, and no doubt they would do well. Already, since protection has been afforded, the beaver, otter, deer and moose have increased notably. Before the establishment this region was a favorite hunting ground for the trapper; now the wardens not only see that no hunting or trapping is carried on, but every effort is made by the park rangers to poison wolves, which are the greatest deer slayers.

The headquarters of the superintendent and his staff of rangers is at Canoe Lake, near the line of the Ottawa, Arnprior & Parry Sound Railway. There are no restrictions upon visitors to the park, but of course they are not allowed to hunt or kill any of the animals, and in order to fish they must procure a license. It may confidently be said that for tired, weary, worn out business men of the cities, who need a rest and can enjoy nature in its original form, this cool, northern forest offers greater attractions than any other on the continent.

The regulations for the government of the park are as follows:

1 All visitors to the Algonquin National Park of Ontario are required to comply with the provisions of the Park Act (56 Vic., cap. 8), and it is the duty of the superintendent to enforce the same.

2 All parties visiting the park are required to furnish the superintendent or rangers with their names and post office addresses, the proposed duration of their stay, the portion they intend to visit, etc.

3. Visitors are forbidden to cut down, take the bark off of or otherwise injure any standing timber.

4. Hunting, trapping or taking game or other animals or birds of any kind, or fishing with net, trap, spear or night line is absolutely prohibited. Parties offending in this respect render themselves liable to a penalty not exceeding $100 for each offense, expulsion from the park, and seizure and confiscation of their firearms, ammunition, traps, lines and tackle.

5. Fishing with hook and line may be practiced only under permit to be issued by the Commissioner of Crown Lands or the superintendent of the park. No fish may be taken for other purposes than supplying food for visitors or others within the park, and fish when taken must not be carried beyond the boundaries of the park.

6. Visitors must exercise the greatest possible care and caution in the use of fire for cooking purposes, for which purposes only fires may be lit. Where possible fires must be kindled on bare rock or where the smallest quantity of dry

inflammable matter may be found, only down wood may be used for firewood. Fires must not be left burning during absence from camp, but must be thoroughly extinguished by water after using.

7. Not more than one rifle or fowling piece or one revolver or other firearm shall be carried by any party of visitors, and if used for hunting, shooting or molesting animals (except in self-defense) or birds, such firearms shall be liable to seizure and confiscation as above provided.

8. No visitors will be allowed to enter the park during the open season for moose and deer, viz.: from Nov. 1 to Nov. 15 in any year.

Rondeau Park.

Rondeau Park is much less in extent, yet has probably from time immemorial been a great resort for game, especially water fowl. It consists of the strips of land lying between Rondeau on the north and west and Lake Erie on the south and east, and comprises about 5,000 acres of land, chiefly wooded. The marshes near its margin have always been noted for ducks, snipe and woodcock; and now the Government has placed a warden in charge who, besides looking after the park, is engaged in breeding different kinds of game birds with a view to restocking it and other reserves. This year he has 100 young wild turkeys doing well, about fifty English pheasants, and thirty-five Mongolians, in addition to the stock of last year. About three acres are inclosed with wire to make a runway for these birds, and about five or six acres are being inclosed for deer.

This is a small preserve which would satisfy Mr. W. G. Van Name, who urges the reservation of certain game resorts; and I may say that we have in Ontario a number of such reserves where the birds are encouraged to come in the spring and where they are even fed as a greater inducement. No one is allowed to molest them, as it is illegal to shoot in the spring any game birds except geese. This has been the law for a number of years. In fact, no shooting of any kind is allowed between Dec. 15 and Sept. 1 of the year following.

There can be no doubt of the value of these reserves or parks where the birds are unmolested to breed, feed, or go further if they wish. Let each State in the Union adopt laws somewhat similar to those of Ontario—the chief points in which are the non-sale clause and the prevention of spring shooting—and the question of the preservation of game birds is to a great extent settled. Where you have wealthy men and market-shooters shooting here in the North until the season ends, then ruthlessly following the birds South to their winter resorts, pounding away at them all winter, until spring, and even then when those which are left mate and start on their migration North, they are given no rest until they get out of the country into Canada—a place of safety, a veritable harbor of refuge. G. A. MACCALLUM.

Mr. Horandt's Expensive Woodcock Dinner.

CHRISTOPHER HORANDT is a well known and prominent silk manufacturer of Paterson, N. J., and claims to be a sportsman, as he keeps a number of dogs and has several guns During the open season he frequently goes shooting in Sussex county and he prides himself on his accuracy as a shot. Horandt is also fond of the game he kills. Two weeks ago he felt like a woodcock dinner and as the birds were out of season he sent word to his guide, one Charles Conklin, living near Midvale, in Passaic County, to get him a mess. Conklin, who is a well known violator of the law, promptly complied and sent Horandt six woodcock, for which he received $3. Deputy Fish and Game Warden John McLean heard of the transaction, and did not approve of the price the birds brought, as 50 cents each is a low figure even when the birds are in season. He reported the matter to Fish and Game Protector Shriner who at once drew up the necessary complaints. Both the accused were arrested and pleaded guilty; Horandt paid a fine of $120 and the cost of prosecution and Conklin is now serving a sentence of ninety days in the jail of the county. Horandt was asked to assist in paying the fine of Conklin, but refused to do so, remarking that he had paid enough for his woodcock dinner. Conklin says he has letters from Horandt urging him to get a mess of woodcock and "never mind the law."

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM'S service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsmen for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

THE NEPIGON.

MR. WM. MCKIRDY, fishery overseer and outfitter at Nepigon, Ontario, sends out these notes respecting the famous river.

The Nepigon is forty miles long, with numerous lake expansions and surging rapids; its width is 300 to 400ft; water of the purest, clearest kind, and of the coldest temperature; there are nine portages on it, the two longest being two and one-half and one and one-half miles—the rest are short; it is near these portages the best fishing is to be had.

Nepigon station is on the C. P. Ry.'s main line, sixty-five miles east of Port Arthur, where connections are made with the C. P. Ry 's steamers, Beatty Line, and Str. Dixon, from Duluth. The train from the West reaches here at 9:40 A. M , giving ample time to reach the first camping and fishing grounds—twelve miles—in good season, provided arrangements have been made for guides, etc. It is absolutely necessary to arrange for guides beforehand, in order to avoid disappointment and delay—particularly during the months of July and August, when the season is in full blast.

The usual way of "doing" the Nepigon is in parties of two or four. Each canoe (18ft. long) is manned by two Indians, and accommodates two gentlemen and supplies for a ten days' trip. The following is an approximate cost for a party of four for a ten days' trip: Two canoes, 50c per day, $10; one head guide, $2 per day, $20; three other guides, $1.50 per day, $45; rent of one tent and fly for gentlemen, 50c per day, $5; rent of one tent for guides, 25c per day, $2.50; rent of camp outfit (axes, pack-straps, cooking utensils), $7.50; making a total of $90.

Added to this will be the cost of supplies, and this will entirely depend on the varied tastes of the party—the supplies for Indians are flour, pork, tea and sugar. As the Nepigon is particularly a fly-fishing stream, parties wishing to enjoy themselves to the fullest extent take one canoe for each, and also a cook, who can be procured at $2 per day; this of course doubles the expense, but to those who can afford it it is by far the best way. The cost per day for each varies from $3.50 to $7, as to the mode adopted. The guides are Indians and half-breeds who have followed this business for a living for years, and are thoroughly acquainted with all the intricacies of the river, both as to the dangerous parts and to where the best fishing is to be had. They are intelligent and desirous of giving every comfort to their employers, doing all the packing over portages, putting up tents, making comfortable beds, and doing the cooking—in fact are ever on the alert for your comfort. Much of course depends on the head guide, who is chosen on account of his experience and capabilities.

Tourists will find it to their advantage to procure their supplies here, as it will avoid customs troubles when coming from foreign parts, also the disappointment of goods being delayed or lost in transit.

The stream is protected by the Provincial Government, and a license fee of $5 per man for the season is charged to visitors whose homes are outside of the Province of Ontario, and permits are procurable from me.

Mr. McKirdy will at all times be pleased to answer any communications from intending visitors.

Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Winnipeg, writes that upon communicating with Mr. Matheson, manager Hudson's Bay Co., Nepigon, stating how many there are in the party, "the company will supply canoes that hold from four to six people, Indian guides, grub, and in fact everything except yourselves and fishing tackle; they will furnish the latter if necessary. The favorite flies used are Jock Scott, silver doctor, royal coachman and medium-sized salmon flies. You get off at Nepigon Station; the hotel and Hudson's Bay Co 's stores are near the station and right at the river. You can start fishing immediately you embark at Nepigon, and you fish from the canoe. As I said previously, write Mr. Matheson, giving him the number in the party, and all you will require to do is to eat, sleep and cast your fly on the waters of the most magnificent trout stream known to the fishing world." THOMAS JOHNSON.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XLVI.—Sergt. E. L. (Jack) Sheppard.

JACK SHEPPARD was one of the best known guides in that portion of the Adirondacks which includes the Fulton Chain and Brown's Tract, for many years, until he removed to Oregon a few years ago. I somehow missed him in my earlier Adirondack trips, and first met him in June, 1882, and spent nearly two months with him. I had been appointed Ichthyologist of the Adirondack Survey by the Hon. Verplanck Colvin, the superintendent of the survey, and he said: "I will detail Jack Sheppard for your especial service, to go with you to collect fishes and aquatic reptiles and crustaceans. He is a steady sober man, who knows how to reach every little out-of-the-way pond where you may find some fishes that are overlooked by sportsmen, and as there never has been a monograph on the fishes of the Adirondacks, I give you my best man."

The surveying party assembled at Blue Mountain Lake, and the start reminded me of an old-time wagon train leaving Leavenworth for Santa Fe, in the fifties. Batteaux for the impedimenta, which comprised provisions, tents, instruments, personal necessities, etc., were loaded down. How many of them were in the train it is impossible to say to-day, but the lighter boats went on ahead through the Eagle Chain of lakes, through Raquette and the Fulton Chain, with their numerous carries, to the rendezvous at the Forge House. There the different parties went their ways; Jack and I went ours. I had all kinds of fishing tackle from fly to bait, with hooks to accommodate any fish, from 3in. to 3ft. long; and gill nets with meshes of different sizes, and a Baird minnow seine. I also had a five-gallon copper tank filled with alcohol, loaned by Prof. Baird, U. S. Fish Commissioner, on condition that all specimens caught should be sent to the Smithsonian Institution.

The gill-nets were used with discretion. We were not after game fishes, nor any others in quantity, and we never took a trout or a pike in them, but we did get an assortment of suckers and bullheads in the nets. We did but little camping on this trip, for Jack knew just how far it was from one "camp" to another, and he reached it every night. These "camps" were really places of public entertainment, since the name of "hotel" has been usurped by every wayside inn and the good old name of tavern has fallen into disuse, there is nothing to take their places. A "camp," in Adirondack parlance, may be a shack where the landlord can accommodate a dozen people, or it may be a hotel, or the summer residence of a multi-millionaire where he entertains his friends. I ask to be believed when I say that we never patronized the latter sort of "camp." We might have done so if we had been sufficiently urged, because mere mortals cannot always resist temptation; so Jack and I stopped at the "camps" where the host had one charge for entertaining the guide and another for catering to the sportsman. We may have missed the bay birds sent from Long Island, the chablis and burgundy, but we had the invigorating ham and eggs, the muscle-building canned corned beef from the Chicago abattoirs, and the ½ gal. jar of mustard pickles which is set on the table when it is opened and never removed until the last bit of cauliflower is gone. A peculiar bit of Adirondack table decoration is the original package in which mustard pickles come; never would the Adirondack "camp keeper" remove these to small, clean dishes. Perhaps he hopes that a fork may not be long enough to reach the last onion; and the jar is clean outside, at least, and a quart jar of mustard pickles well daubed inside is, like Mt. Marcy, a peculiar bit of Adirondack scenery.

Jack showed me the tree where a pair of three-toed woodpeckers lived, and we saw the birds and heard the young clamor for food. This bird is rare everywhere, and Jack said that this pair had nested in the same tree for several years, and that some bird collectors would like to know of the nest. This led to my taking notes of the birds and animals seen, and on looking them over I find the following: "No gray squirrels in the woods, red ones plenty, and some chipmunks; saw six deer on the carries and near Old Forge, one track of bear, one mink, two muskrats, one porcupine and several rabbits; bats frequent on Long Lake, but seen nowhere else. Alvah Dunning had five otter skins." So much for mammals, and this is not intended to supersede "Mammals of the Adirondacks," by Dr. C. Hart Merriam. Birds were thus recorded: "Robins plenty, but only where there was a house and cleared ground. Rare birds were: wood thrush, catbird, kingbird, song sparrow, nuthatch and olive-sided flycatcher. The white-throated sparrow was plenty, and also small woodpeckers, but only three flickers, or golden-winged woodpeckers were seen. In the swamps blackbirds are numerous, and the bluejay was frequent. Of birds rarely seen were kingfishers, crows, one raven, one flock of crossbills on Seventh Lake; one flock cedar birds, one humming-bird on Fourth Lake; one sandpiper, one woodcock, one loon, two blue herons, four bitterns and three hen hawks. Gulls were common on all lakes. Heard seven owls, and saw three nests of the osprey, which is locally called 'fish-hawk'."

"What's the use of such a list?" Jack asked.

"No use whatever to you, but a few men will be interested to know what life is to be seen in these woods in summer. I never got over my disappointment at the absence of singing birds and other visible life the first time I came up here, but it's the same in all primitive forests. As a boy I could stroll about the farms, and see more life in an hour than I can here in a month I mean small life, pigeons, squirrels, rabbits, quail and all kinds of life except deer and bear. The silence of a great forest was oppressive to me at first."

"Yes," said Jack, "life is more plenty on the farms at the edge of the woods and about the small settlements, and the birds and animals there are not as shy as they are in the big woods where it is so still, and they seldom see a man." We were in the Brown Tract Inlet, a very narrow and crooked stream, and suddenly came on a wood-duck and her brood. The young scurried into the reeds while the mother took wing. "There," he said, "that's what you don't see in the streams about Albany, and there's a black duck and brood just ahead."

"Jack," I replied, "as a boy about Albany I've seen broods of wood-ducks every summer, some seasons half a dozen of 'em, but in Wisconsin I've seen broods of different kinds of duck by the hundred."

Then we compared notes and found that we had hunted and trapped over nearly the same ground which I described in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 24, 31 and Nov. 7, 1896. Then we began to get acquainted. Jack and Sam Dunnakin, then, and perhaps now, a guide living on Fourth Lake of the Fulton Chain, had spent three seasons hunting and trapping on the Flambeau River, Wisconsin, about 100 miles north of where Antoine Gardapee and I had trapped some thirteen years before. They were there in 1867–68–69. Jack and I tried to converse in Ojibwa, or "Chippewa," as the white man spells it, but we did not get along well; what I had picked up in Wisconsin had been so replaced by the dialect and pronunciation of the Crow Wing branch that we found plain, every-day English, as spoken by the American branch of the family, was best suited to communicate our thoughts.

At the carries Jack noticed that I wanted my pack made up first, and would get off some time ahead of him, and the reason was that the silent forest was before me and I could have a chance to observe any life that came in the way, and if the carry was less than a mile long I would be over it before he started with his noisy boat; for a man can't carry a long Adirondack boat, with the oars lashed in it, bottom up on a neck-yoke, through the woods without alarming every bird or beast within a mile. His head is in the boat, which is tilted at an angle of about 45° to enable him to see, and the stern hits fallen logs which he steps over, or touches a tree on a short turn, the oars rattle, and there is a great racket as he takes the boat over the carry or portage. To me it is as much satisfaction to see wild animals when you come upon them suddenly, and could shoot them, as it is to kill them, especially in the close season.

Stepping softly as possible over a carry, I came suddenly on a family of ruffed grouse, the "partridge" of New York. The young could not fly, and at the alarm note of the mother not a chick was to be seen. She did not attempt the familiar bunco game of pretending to be wounded to induce me to follow her, I was too close to her young, who were almost under foot. She attacked me, and as I held out a foot to her she struck at it like a game cock. She hit my shoe several times, with wings partly spread, and giving the alarm note all the time. Then, having enjoyed her display of motherly devotion sufficiently, I moved off and left her in possession of the field with all the honors. I thought: "Bless your dear motherly heart, I would not harm you nor your precious chicks—at least not before September." If Jack and his noisy boat had been 100yds. behind me that mother partridge would have had her family hidden long before we came in sight.

The grouse were numerous, and for the next fortnight I came on at least a dozen broods without leaving the trails between the lakes. As they became able to fly into the lower branches of the trees at the warning cluck of the mother, it was very interesting to see the little fellows turn their heads to one side to inspect the first man they had ever seen and place a mental photograph of him in their rogues' galleries. In a wilderness this bird when adult takes refuge in trees when alarmed by man or dog, and can be shot at until killed. But the same bird near an old settlement, such as my boyhood covered, knows a trick worth two of that; it leaves the ground like a rocket and puts the trunk of tree between it and the shooter, and away it goes, to our great disappointment. This is the effect of education, and those gentlemen who deny reason to everything except man may grind this fact, for it is a fact, between their molars.

We stopped a while on Big Moose Lake, where Jack had a cabin well stocked with canned goods and other stores for the Big Moose Club of twelve members, when they wished to visit the lake. As we entered the lake an osprey, which had a nest in the top of a dead pine half a mile away, either bid us welcome or scolded us for intruding; I did not speak their language, and so can't say, but we went on. It is a sad commentary on human nature that along many of the waterways where these infrequent birds had their picturesque nests there were signs: "Don't shoot the fish-hawks." The Adirondack guides put up these notices and were willing that the birds should take their toll of trout, bass and suckers in order to see them lend life to the landscape. This of course, is pure sentiment—merely sentiment, for the bird is not useful, yet its flight is beautiful and its nest is a feature in the landscape. What would life be worth without sentiment? Nothing to untold millions of us. Our love of wife, home and family is merely sentiment. Millions of

men have given their lives for what might be called sentiment, and in fact every move a man makes outside of the earning of his livelihood, is inspired more or less by sentiment. But sentiment varies with the individual.

An instance of this fact is apparent in the intellectual makeup of Jack Sheppard. He said: "I don't see what some men want to kill these fish-hawks for unless to brag of their skill with the rifle, if they happen to hit one; there are not enough of them to injure the fishing, and most men like to see them sail in the air when no other living thing is in sight, or to see them hover and dive for a fish." That was a bit of pure sentiment on the part of Jack Sheppard that was a credit to him, but compare the following story.

"Jack," said I, as we sat in the cabin door on Big Moose, enjoying the moonlight, "Mr. Colvin told me about the panther, which you killed while hunting partridges with a light bird gun. He said that you came suddenly on the animal at close quarters, and gave it one dose of No. 8 shot and hurt it badly; it jumped for you and bit the muzzle of your gun before you pulled the trigger and let in a new light into its brain. Is that about the way it happened?"

"Yes, that's correct; I blew the top of his head off with the muzzle of the gun in his mouth, and it ruined the gun; it cost me more that the bounty which the State paid me for killing the panther. I sold the gun to a man for $6 and he had the muzzle cut off where the panther's teeth had bent it in."

Mr. Colvin had not told me this part of the story, and I turned to get a good look at the man who told it in such a matter-of-fact way. He was looking out over the lake, watching the moonlight play on the ripples in a most unconcerned manner. The panther incident was dramatic, and I chewed it over several times before I blurted out: "Jack Sheppard! You don't mean to tell me that a panther bit the muzzle of your gun and that you sold that gun, do you?"

"Yes, why not? The gun was good for nothing unless the muzzle was cut off too short for my use."

Again I looked at the face of my guide, in the moonlight, to try to learn if he really meant what he said or if he was only jollying me. Men of the woods are usually serious men, and not much given to having fun at the expense of the men who may be in their care, and I decided that Jack had merely told a straightforward story of the panther fight and the disposal of the gun. It was the entire absence of sentiment in this case which caused the doubt. I could not reconcile it with his sentimental ideas of protection of birds whose only use to man was that they added to the landscape, a case of pure sentiment.

After turning this over as we smoked in silence for a while, and I began to substitute myself for Jack in the fight, I began to get belligerent and said: "Jack Sheppard! If such an adventure had happened to me that gun would be pensioned and put on the retired list; it would hang on my wall and be cleaned each year from a pension fund of my own, and no millionaire in America could buy that little gun while I was on top of the earth."

That was a bit of my sentiment, and it serves to show how sentiment differs in individuals. But, as a rule, the men who live constantly in the woods, hunting, fishing and trapping, have little of the sort of sentiment which induces the men who do these things for occasional recreation to preserve mementoes of their deeds. The woodsmen look at it in the light of every-day business affairs. An instance of this is shown in the following conversation:

"Jack, I'd like to kill a bear next fall before they go into winter quarters. Can't you manage to get word to me when to come up, say when you find a bear feeding and ranging about some lake, which you may or may not have baited? I couldn't possibly get off for more than a fortnight, but could spare that time."

He gazed out on the lake and the rippling moonlight awhile and then asked: "What do you want to kill a bear for?"

"Because I've never killed one, although I have seen several in the woods; and once while I was sleeping alone a bear came into my camp and ate some trout which had been cleaned and salted for breakfast; and then carried off a 2qt. tin pail nearly full of butter. I have killed much game—from the little teetering sandpiper to a buffalo—but I lack a bear, a moose, a salmon, an elk and a swan to round out the list of American game that ranges east from Kansas and from Minnesota to Louisiana."

Another contemplation of the beauties of a full moon on the lakes, and then: "I don't see what you want to come up here to kill a bear for. It would be an unprofitable trip. There's your car fare, my pay and expenses for two weeks, and maybe you wouldn't get a bear in two weeks. Of course, you might get one the first day, but but you know that there's nothing sure about any hunting or fishing trip. You couldn't do it much less than $100. The skin would be worth $10 to $15, and the meat, if you could get it out of the woods and take it to New York city, might bring as much more, sold by the carcass in the markets. Again, the bear might be killed where the meat could not be got out of the woods by two men. I don't see how there's anything in it for you, if you did come here and kill the biggest bear that ever ranged these woods; do you?"

It was my time to contemplate the mellow scintillations of the moon on a lake, which had tiny ripples on its bosom, made by a breeze so delicate that we scarcely felt it. Jack was undoubtedly right from his point of view, which was a purely business one. Business has hard and fast rules, governed by arithmetic, algebra, geometry and other abominations. It is the antithesis of sentiment, and my desire to kill a bear was entirely sentimental. I had no grudge against any individual bear, and I was cogitating on my desire to kill one of the tribe. If a man had stolen three trout and a couple of pounds of butter from me, I certainly would have no desire to kill the first man I met, even if he were the culprit. Lawyers are said to have a rule that if their case is bad they should "abuse the plaintiff's attorney"; this may not be quoted correctly, for I am not a lawyer, but it leads up to what I said. After gazing at the moonlit ripples, and wondering if a bat had crossed them, or if a brighter flash had caused me to wink the other eye, I formed my column for attack in this way:

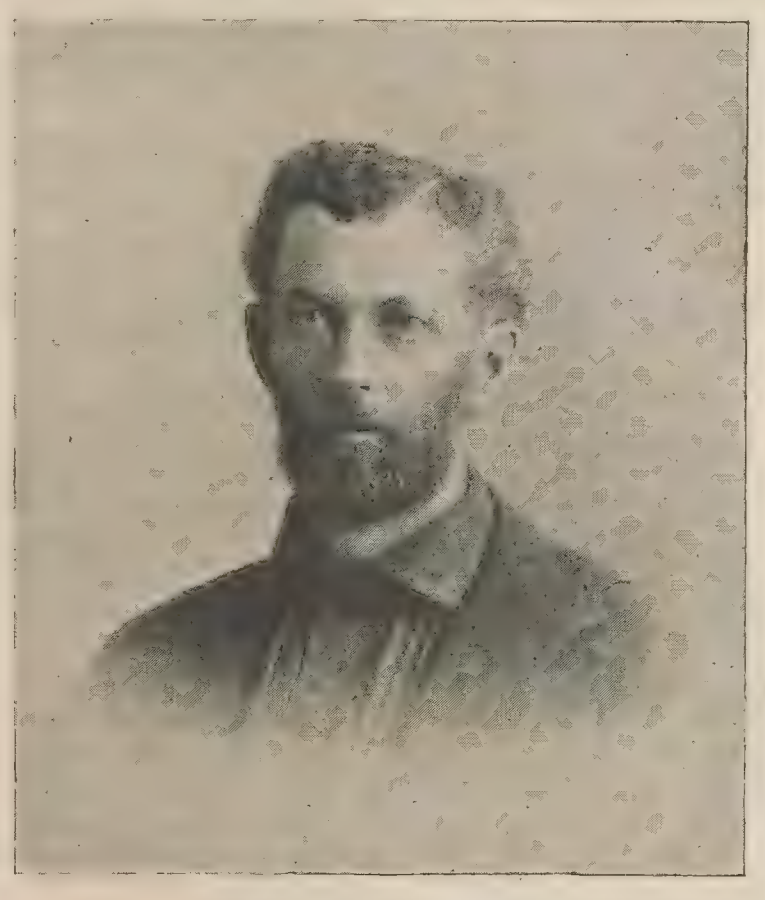
"Jack Sheppard, you sold a gun for a few dollars that, if it had been mine, disabled in honorable fight with a panther, no money could buy. In my early life I cared as little for trophies as you do, and a pair of buffalo horns, saved somehow by accident, and a pair of crust snowshoes are all that I have as mementoes of my hunts. If I could come up here and kill a bear and have its skin for a rug on the floor of my den I would feel very tall, and would expect some fellows whom I know to take their hats off to me. The cost of this has not been considered. I go into a friend's den; there is the skin of a tiger he killed in India, a tobacco pouch made from the foot of a swan killed on Currituck Sound, with date written on it. Dining with another friend, I am shown a dilapidated fly with which he took a 35lb. salmon on the Restigouche; it is in a frame that cost more than the salmon was worth; and he points to the scalp of an Indian which he took when his party were hunting buffalo and were attacked by the Sioux. These things make me feel small. Do you understand that? The bear that I want to kill is merely for brag, if you see fit to put it down that way; and I would not mind spending $100 to have a bear-skin rug on my floor, if I had killed the bear."

Jack listened to this, and then made the following proposition: "I might trap a bear, and hold him until you came up to shoot him," when I interrupted with: "I will not listen to any such proposition; let's talk about something else. I believe that we have two new species of suckers that are unknown to science, and I'll get some more of them in the morning while they are spawning in that stream by Pancake Hall, and then we'll go over to Long Lake and see what fish it is that they call a muscalonge there."

Morning came and I got the suckers, and later described and figured them in my monograph on Adirondack fishes, which was printed as an extract from Supt. Colvin's twelfth report of his survey. The osprey, from her nest across the lake, screamed at us, and I told Jadk that I had learned enough of her language during our week's stay to know that she was giving her opinion of a man who would propose to trap a bear for another to shoot, and no doubt that was what worried her.

We went down into the Fulton chain and dined at Bennett's, on Raquette, went down that lake and river, carried into Forked Lake, and again down the river to Buttermilk Falls, where a short carry took us around them. Murray always shoots these falls in his canoe, but no one else does, and we thought it best to carry around. After this a half mile carry brought us into Long Lake, and to Kellog's in the evening.

It so happened that when we reached the hotel the mascalonge question was being discussed by several sportsmen and



SERGT. E. L. (JACK) SHEPPARD.

guides. All with one exception held that the large fish in Long Lake were mascalonge. One of the sportsmen said: "The fish certainly grow bigger than pickerel, but I've seen mascalonge, and they're different." That was his sole argument.

"I tell you," said another, "the 15-pounder that I caught to-day is a mascalonge; no pickerel grows as big as that."

The fish was in the kitchen, and Jack suggested that we should see it, and we did. I introduced myself, explained my mission and said: "Gentlemen, the fish is neither a pickerel nor a mascalonge. Its proper name is pike, although it is miscalled by the name of pickerel in most places. The pickerel proper has a black network on its sides, and seldom exceeds 6lbs. in weight. The pike and the mascalonge both attain a weight of 40lbs. or more, and are distinct fishes. I am satisfied that there is not a mascalonge in the Adirondack waters to day, if they were ever here." And with a brief description of the differences between the mascalonge and the fish before us I closed the lecture on ichthyology to the satisfaction of one of the strangers, at least.

In the morning we trolled with both spoons and shiners and took some pike of 4 to 6lbs., but these were too large for the alcohol tank and we gave the fish to some people who lived on the lake. It's uncommon for an angler to complain that his catch is too large, yet anglers have made this complaint against the brown trout, and they didn't want them for small alcohol tanks, as we did. Finally we took a couple of small pike and then searched for dace, darters and those small deer which the ordinary angler classes as "minnows."

We went back by way of South Pond, Mud Pond and Minnow Pond. (What mean, "ornery" names all original settlers give to beautiful lakes, islands and streams. "Hog Island" and "Hog Neck" occurs many times on the coast of Long Island, while "Round Pond," etc., is frequent in the Adirondacks. They had no poetry in their souls.) Then we carried into Blue Mountain Lake, a handsome bit of water; but it then had no trout in it, at least not enough to encourage a fellow to cast his flies for a week in the hope of taking a rise out of one.

Later in the year I found the pickerel (*reticulatus*) in the waters about Meacham. On our return we fished Little Moose and Panther lakes. Please note the individuality of these names as contrasted with "Long Lake," "Trout Pond," etc. On the latter lake Jack called my attention to the trees which fringed the lake. There was a distinct line of them at a uniform height all around the lake; the line was 5 or 6ft. above the water, and below it the foliage was dark. "It looks queerly," said I. "There are several kinds of trees there, and that line is level and almost continuous. I don't remember to have seen anything like it."

"Can you guess what it is?" Jack asked

"No, I give it up; but put me over to the spring hole you spoke of, and while I pick enough trout out of it for our supper you may give me your theory of how the glaciers marked these trees a million years ago while the trees and underbrush are not fifty years old."

It was now Jack's innings, and he played it for its full value. He put the boat outside a spring hole, and after some experimental casts and changing of flies, I reeled in and basketed a fair trout; he said: "For a man who has hunted and trapped and been in the woods as much as you have, I am surprised that you did not at once see that this lake was a great winter resort for deer and that they trimmed the bushes as high as they could reach from the ice, and so left their mark all around the lake, and that mark remains for years after." Just then a big trout struck my coachman and gave a royal fight. When Jack landed him he said: "Three pounds, if he weighs 1oz.," and his estimate stands, for it is useless to be too awfully exact except in "record" catches. The big trout ended our fishing and the argument about the height that the deer can browse on Panther Lake.

Jack, he has been called "Jack" since childhood, although his initials are E. L., was born in Greene, Chenango county, N. Y., in 1837, and being of a roving disposition wandered off to Ohio, Tennessee and Missouri, bringing up in Kansas in 1856 during the troubles. He then went to Pike's Peak as a Government teamster during the gold excitement, but had to return to New York on account of his health and went to the Adirondacks in 1859. In August, 1862, he enlisted in the 117th N. Y. Infantry, was made Corporal and then Sergeant. Was mustered out with the regiment June 8, 1865, having been on duty every day of his service. Was at the operations in Charleston Harbor and those against Petersburg and Richmond in '63 and '64, and at the capture of Fort Fisher. The recruiting officer put his name down as "Jack" Sheppard, and it so appears in the Adjutant-General's office, from which I got the above record.

After the trapping experience he returned to the Fulton chain in 1870, but some eighteen years later he sold out his cabin at Big Moose and built a small steamer on the Fulton chain. About four years ago he went to Riddles, Oregon, where he now lives. For the excellent picture of this noted woodsman I am indebted to Mr. A M Church, the well-known taxidermist of Boonville and Old Forge, while facts and dates were obtained from the proprietor of Higby Camp, on Big Moose. Mr. Church writes: "You cannot say too many good things of Jack Sheppard." FRED MATHER.

MY FIRST TROUT.

THE remark is often made to an angler or sportsman that there is more in the anticipation of a trip than in the reality. And yet what pleasure one derives from the memory of a trip! With the thermometer 20° below Zero, the wind blowing a gale outside, sucking up the soft-coal sparks through the chimney of the grate fire, as if coal cost nothing, what a pleasure it is to smoke one's pipe, and in the recesses of an easy chair recount the moments spent on some bygone trip of years ago along the banks of a bubbling brook, in the leafy month of June. The singing of the forest birds, the swaying limbs of the fragrant spruce and pine as they gently nod greetings to the summer breeze, the noisy, tumultuous brook, as it speeds its way onward, murmuring to the sea, all return vividly to one's mind

You think of your first trouting trip. You go to the tackle store, and under the tutelage of your friend Will, who already has been initiated into the mysteries of the Maine woods and lakes and who has become well versed in trout lore, you select your rod. Your fishing up to date has been circumscribed by a pole, a line, and a bunch of worms on a hook. Well, that was all well and good, but you are now to tread in the footsteps of the angler sportsman. You must catch trout with a sportsman's tackle and in a sportsmanlike manner.

The obliging salesman deftly joints up a rod and hands it to you. It is so unlike the alder pole you know so well that for a moment you hold the rod in outstretched hand and stare at it, as the tip vibrates under the beating of your pulse.

Will quickly comes to your rescue, and reaching for the rod steps one side into the cleared space, and deftly swishes it backward and forward. I watch him closely, and am a little nervous lest the rod should go to pieces in its bended travels back and forth. The salesman in the meantime has put together a rod which he explains has a little more spring to it and is a little lighter, two requisites seemingly altogether unnecessary. However, under Will's advice, I take the heavier rod, for we are going to Maine, and may strike some large fish. Then comes the matter of lines and reel, then the leader and flies. I am distrustful of the leaders, they look so light and frail; but Will's opinion and word go, and the leaders are laid upon my pile of plunder, Now for flies. Red Hackle, Parmachene belle, Professor, Seth Greene, Moth Miller, Black Gnat and what not, are called for by Will. It's a new experience to me, and I wonder at the assortment but say nothing, for Will is an old hand at trout and he knows what's what.

A fly-book, a landing net, and a creel, make up the burden of my tackle purchases. I look at the little heap as the salesman deftly arranges them preparatory to tying them up, and draw upon my bank account deep down in my pocket.

My list yet calls for a rubber and woolen blanket, a heavy pair of hobnailed shoes, and sundry small impedimenta indispensable for the trip, as we are to camp out and sleep in the virgin forests of Maine, and must be proof against rain and evening dews.

The hour of our vacation has arrived, and with a light heart we board the boat for Boston. At odd moments Will gives me homeopathic doses of advice and bits of information—pointers, in other words—regarding our trip, to which I greedily listen, and safely store up in my memory.

We reach Boston in due course, and taking the train by sundown are at the end of the railroad line, where we take stage for Solon, arriving in time for supper. We are up early, and again take stage for Moscow, which, as Will puts it, is the last we will see of civilization for some days. Here we unpack our trunk, a small affair, used jointly, and don our corduroys, bundle our blankets, hire our guide, and are ready. It is near noon, so we decide to dine at Kearney's hotel. I often wonder if Kearney is yet in the land of the living. We take his son Frank as a guide and off we trudge for the wilderness. We cross the Kennebec on a rope ferry and make tracks for Kearney's camp, on the banks of the first Carry Pond. It's a smooth trail, and after an hour's tramping, in an atmosphere laden with the balsamic exhalations of the trees, we reach a clearing through which we see the lake. In front of us is a cluster of cabins, and Frank's

vociferous greeting is answered by Chester, who comes out of the cook-house, elbow-deep in flour, and greets us with a hearty welcome.

Our quarters are pointed out to us, and we quickly divest ourselves of our packs. At the suggestion of Chester we decide to try the middle pond, which is but a short carry after we cross the lake in front of us. We are soon there. I joint my rod and string it, tying my leader and fastening my flies under Will's direction. Frank bales out the boat, we jump in, and he soon lays us alongside of a bunch of lily pads. He tells us that there's a trout hiding under each leaf. Will insists that I shall start in, I, on the other hand, preferring to watch and imitate him. Of course I am awkward, snare my leader, and commit sundry errors, swishing my flies dangerously near Will's and Frank's eyes, and finally catching them somewhere near the nape of my own neck. But, "there's lot of time," Will says, "so go slow, and don't be nervous." I finally lay my line out upon the water, dropping the flies near the lily pads, when presto! two of my flies disappear. "Strike!" says Will; but I am slow, and the trout spit out the flies before they get a taste of the barb. Will now makes a cast, and like a flash his flies are taken, the three of them. His wrist turns, the rod bends and his line straightens out. Whirr-r-r goes his reel. I watch him with open mouth and staring eyes. The fish weigh about ½lb. each, I surmise, as the net is finally lifted into the boat with its flapping burden. I make a try, and although still awkward I strike a fish and jerk him clear of the water and into the boat. "Stop that," says Will, "you are not fishing with a bean-pole. You don't want to jerk the heads off the bodies of the fish. When your fly strikes the water, the instant you see the slighest commotion of the water quickly turn the rod with your wrist. Don't yank. All you want to do is to set the barb, but not to pull the fish bodily out of the water. To attempt to do that with a heavy fish will mean a broken rod." The fish are plentiful, and as three fish frequently strike and are hooked, it looks as if Will would soon fill the boat. We take off all but one fly and keep only those fish that are hurt badly, returning the rest to the water. Will spends most of the time coaching me, occasionally making a cast to illustrate a movement.

What an enjoyable afternoon that was! How vividly the lake and its surroundings are impressed upon my memory. My first attempt at fly-fishing and the bottom of the boat fairly glistening with the rainbow hues of the trout, tastefully arranged by Frank. It's near sunset. We have enough fish for all in camp for supper and breakfast. We journey back. Some newcomers arrive in camp about supper time, hungry as bears. We hear in the adjacent cook-house the sizzling of the trout and sniff the aromatic flavor of coffee.

Chester quits his cooking long enough to blow gigantic blasts upon his horn, a warning to those out on the lake that trout awaits them in the pan.

It's twenty years ago, but I remember yet how good those trout, fresh from the water and fried to a turn, did taste. And I can distinctly remember with what inward horror I regarded our guide Frank, when I saw him "pass up" the trout, and, reaching over, help himself plentifully to pork and beans, Not that Maine pork and beans are not good; oh, no! but it seemed like ordering corned beef and cabbage on a bill of fare when canvas back duck can be had for the same price.

We spent three or four days at Chester's camp and enjoyed every minute of our stay. We could have stayed with much pleasure until frost and ice came, but we were on a tramping trip and had to see more of the Maine woods before we returned. We regretfully parted with Chester and marched back to Moscow. We staged it up to the Forks of the Kennebec, and there taking a new guide, Sam, laid in a supply of provisions, had them toted to the foot of Lake Moxie, appropriated a boat we found, and started for the head of the lake.

Reaching our destination at sunset we landed, and decided to pitch our tent alongside a brook. It was hustle and hurry to get things in shape before nightfall; boughs had to be cut, bark peeled, wood cut for the night (it was in September and the nights were cool), and last but not least our supper was in order for preparation. In due course our lean-to was in shape, wood piled up, and we sat down to a supper of bacon, potatoes, coffee and bread. We had to catch our trout on the morrow.

We prepared for the night, wrapped ourselvss in our blankets, spreading our rubber blankets first under the layer of boughs and were soon asleep. It was my first night in the open air. Bu-r-r- but it is cold and wet. About 2 o'clock the rain came down in torrents, the wind driving it into our shelter, making things disagreeable in the extreme. Sam was up attending the fire, and soon had it blazing in spite of the rain. We built no trench around our lean-to, and as the ground sloped slightly we found it convenient to get in on our part.

We cooked under difficulties, and as the storm kept up until noon we roofed our shack with rubber blankets and made the best of it. The rain stopped and out came the sun in all its glory. An improvised rack soon served to hold our wet blankets, etc., to the rays of the sun, and between the fire and sun we soon got over the damp feeling.

Eating a hasty lunch we started up the brook to try our luck. Mine was soon decided, for a back-cast snarl on an overhanging limb soon snapped my rod at the second joint, below the ferule. I wended my way to camp, and having no tools I patched the break as best I could, fortifying it with a covering of thin wood and black thread industriously wound around. I had enough of brook fishing; I would try the lake. So, taking the boat out into about 10ft. of water, I dropped the anchor and began to cast. My fly had hardly reached the water when it slowly and deliberately disappeared. Something took it, but it was taken so slowly that I was puzzled. In my anxiety I forgot Will's advice, and am afraid I "yanked," for instantly my rod went in twain at the break, the tip and ferule of the second joint falling in the water.

I reached for it, laid it in the boat, and then by hand began to pull in the rest of the line, never dreaming but that the hook was empty. Lo and behold, as I commenced to haul in the 9ft. leader it pulled taut. I had pulled weakfish and sea bass in with a hand-line and I instantly followed the same tactics, landing a trout in the bottom of the boat that made my eyes bulge, my heart beat, and my hand tremble. As it lay before me I could hardly believe my eyes. But there it was, with the brown hackle fly imbedded in its jaw.

Elated! I was beside myself with excitement. I made up my mind that there must be more in the lake. I would return to camp, resplice my rod and try again.

Reeling in my line I weighed anchor and reached the shore. Sam, who was busy at the camp, was elated at my luck. I had no scales, but Sam, taking a measure from his pocket, measured the length as 21in.

I busied myself with my rod and soon had it spliced again, much clumsier but far stronger than before. I hurried out into the lake and cast again—no rise. After several attempts down went my fly again. I struck—but carefully this time. Whir-r-r- went my reel and away went the fish. What with my inexperience about keeping the line taut, reeling in and giving line, and in addition the rod, because of the splice, bending all kinds of funny shapes, I had a very bad half hour indeed. My fish was well hooked, and after much struggling and effort on my part I gradually drew the fish near enough to get my net under him, when the fight was over. How proud I was! I had played and netted my trout in true sportsmanlike manner! He was a duplicate of my former one. What would Will say when he returned to camp and saw those two giants! It was near supper-time; I pulled up anchor and went in. We wanted fish for supper, but I would not have these fish disturbed until Will had seen them. When Will did return from the brook with a couple of dozen fingerlings it was a sight to see him stare at my catch, and it was some time before I could convince him that I had caught them.

We tried the same spot the next day, but the fates were against us. We could do nothing. We broke camp and started from the lake, stopping and taking a run up Bald Mountain. Returning, we rowed across the lake, hauled up our boat, and tramped to Currytunk, a settlement then consisting of but a few houses. Sam promised us a hospitable farm-house, plenty of good fodder and some fishing. We arrived at our journey's end about 2 o'clock, and in half-an-hour sat down to a farm-house dinner, which we long talked of. Our early breakfast, followed with our tramp up the mountain and our walk to the settlement, put a razor edge upon our appetite.

Near the home was a small lake, called Clear Pond, the water being as transparent as crystal and the bottom of the lake being of white sand At sunset we tried our luck and landed enough trout for our supper and breakfast, with some to spare for the family. They were beautiful fish, all of the same size, about 9in., their scales like oxidized silver and their spots hardly discernible. Their flesh was almost as pink as a salmon's.

Our trip was at an end. The next day we took the stage for Moscow, there we once more dived into the recesses of our trunk, donned our store clothes, and in due time were passing through classic Boston on our way to New York.

That was over twenty years ago. I have fished much since, but I have a vivid remembrance of no such trip as my first one in the wilds of Maine, after the fish of fishes—the *Salmo fontinalis*. CHARLES CRISTADORO.

THE OPENING OF BEAR BROOK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., June 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the last annual meeting of the Hillsboro County (New Hampshire) Game and Protective Association, Hon. Wm. C. Clarke, Mayor of Manchester (who is one of the owners of the Manchester *Mirror and Farmer* and edits the department under the heading of "Sportsman's Budget"), spoke against the custom of closing certain trout streams in New Hampshire for a term of years, saying that no practical benefit came from so doing, and that it was simply advertising such brooks. He spoke of Bear Brook, in Allenstown (which is considered one of the very best natural trout streams in the State), and predicted that on the opening of this brook (which has been closed during the past three years) on June 1, there would be such a rush of fishermen that the supply of trout would soon be exhausted, and that before the end of the present season Bear Brook would be in a worse condition, as far as the supply of trout were concerned, than when it was closed three years since. To illustrate the correctness of Mayor Clarke's prediction, I inclose this report from the *Mirror and Farmer*. C M. STARK

Tuesday, June 1, marked the "opening" of Bear Brook, the Allenstown tributary, which has been closed to the disciples of Walton for three years, and the brook has seen sights since early morning that surprised the natives for miles around. The eyes of the fishermen who love and obey the law were bulging in anticipation, and the rod devotees pictured to themselves the deliciousness of pulling speckled beauties from the dark pools, one after the other, until the arm grew tired and the basket would positively hold no more. This fantasy would do very well as a pipe dream, but one Manchester man who left for the brook at 11 o'clock Monday night, and arrived there at 3:30 o'clock Tuesday morning, says that nothing but the plain, hard facts will do for him. He came back with a dozen trout (which, if the figures were ascertainable, cost $3 apiece), and a story.

When the Manchester fisherman reached the brook, in one place he found seventeen teams hitched up to a fence, much the same way that the United States cavalrymen would tether their horses when camping out for the night. On pushing forward to the brook there were at least 600 men on both sides of the stream. Men in advanced stages of drunkenness were numerous.

Paths were well worn up and down the sides of the brook. Men were fishing by the aid of torches, and campfires were numerous all along the banks of the stream. The scene resembled an enormous gypsy caravan, unlimbered for the night. Further up the brook were camps of men who had come to remain two or three days. According to all reports there was wrangling as well as angling all along the stream, and if ever there was a merciless massacre of the beautiful trout, it was in this raid of June 1, 1897.

Furthermore, farmers in the vicinity of the brook state that for a month past the law has been unreservedly broken, and that the fishermen who made early visits Tuesday morning had simply the leavings of a gang of poachers who have followed the stream for thirty days previous.

Fishermen from all towns in easy reach of the brook made an early rush for that vicinity, some of the enthusiastic anglers arriving as early as Monday afternoon. All that night a steady stream of teams kept pouring out to the brook. Anglers were there from Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Epsom, Suncook, and probably scores of other places.

The fame of the stream had spread even to Boston, and fishermen from the Hub sought the Mecca of New Hampshire fishermen. The enthusiasts who lived too far from Bear Brook to reach it in teams flocked to Suncook on the cars, and the livery stables did a rushing business transporting these passengers to their tavern. Nearly all day Monday the rush continued, people arriving on foot, on bicycles, and in every description of carriages. It is estimated by some that about 600 or 700 if not more, knights of the rod and line angled for the speckled beauties. Most of those returning from the brook reported fair luck, but it is doubtful if there will be any sport left for future visitors.

Another account of the opening comes from Suncook as follows: The greatest excitement in fishing circles prevailed last night and this morning. Bear Brook and its branches are located in the town of Allenstown and Deerfield, and have been closed for the last three years by the laws of the State. They have been stocked by small fish during these years. Bear Brook has always been the best brook for fishing in this vicinity, and, although it has been protected by law, large strings of trout have been taken from it by those who dared run the risk of being caught.

Nearly every lover of trout fishing in the State was aware of the fact that the law was off to-day, and nearly all made plans to be present at the opening. As early as last week camps were set up on the banks and since that time fishermen have been constantly arriving. Last night all the highways leading in that direction were crowded with teams, and remained so all night. All the houses on the roads near the brook had the appearance of hotels doing a rushing business. The yards were filled with carriages, and the barns, sheds and all available buildings furnished shelter for the horses.

Corn barns furnished shelter for the fishermen who were unable to obtain better protection from the cold weather during their wait for the morning hours.

Teams had arrived from the neighboring towns, and scores of fishermen from Concord, Manchester, Pittsfield, Lowell, Exeter, Boston, Nashua, Lawrence and distant places came by train.

It was estimated that there were more than 500 fishing on the main part of Bear Brook at daylight, to say nothing of the smaller branches. The grand total would probably reach 1,000 or 1,200.

Good catches were reported and some of the trout would tip the scales to 2lbs. Only a small portion of those who went out have returned to-night. It is doubtful if this section of the State was ever before such a resort for fishermen.

We quote the news column of our contemporary, the Manchester *Union*, in furnishing the above report of the reopening of Bear Brook to public fishing after a close season of three years. In the first instance the account is doubtless a fair statement of the conditions as they existed along this brook June 1, and in the second place the opinion expressed, from an outside source, abundantly sustains one frequently given by the writer of this department, to wit, that 'the closing of public brooks for an extended period for the purpose of restocking them with brook trout fry is entirely wrong and against the judgment of about every practical angler I ever met. It means just such a state of things as has been shown the past week and which will continue for weeks to come—the "fishing to death" in one season of one of the best natural trout brooks in New Hampshire, placing it at the end of the season in as bad, if not worse, condition than when it was closed three years ago.

The late Commissioner Hodge had the right idea in regard to stocking trout brooks. He believed, and we fully agreed with him, that the wise and profitable method was to place fry in the brooks annually and let the fishing go on in its natural course. This method has given general satisfaction in the past and promises to, if followed out, in the future, but to close a brook for a term of three years, stock it liberally with fry every season while it is closed and advertise it to the world as an angler's paradise means just what is taking place at Bear Brook—an army of fishermen gathered there with a grim determination to fish the brook seven days in a week until every trout in it that can be caught by hook or crook is taken out. If there was any evidence lacking needed to prove the fallacy of the closing method it has been amply supplied by the Bear Brook case and we hope that the experiment, so disastrous to the Allenstown stream, will never be attempted again in this part of the State. And we do not believe it will be. Certainly two at least of the Fish Commissioners have expressed to me their disapproval of the idea, and as long as the present *personnel* of the commission holds, there need be little fear that the act will be repeated.

There may be anglers who want to mingle in such a Wild West Show as pitched its tents along Bear Brook June 1, but I beg to be excused from any such participation in so-called "sport," and shall continue to take my chances in the good old-fashioned way of fishing brooks that are stocked annually and fished annually in their season. And right here let me say that in my opinion the fishermen who have been most benefited by the closing and reopening of Bear Brook have been the "pot anglers." If they have not already got the cream they will have it before the season is over, and the business man and taxpayer who seeks occasional recreation and pastime in a day a-fishing will find little, if anything to reward his efforts at Bear Brook this season. There will be, of course, some exceptions, but it is good guessing that the market fellows have got, or will get, the "long end" of the Bear Brook burlesque.

And writing of market fishermen compels me to remark that this same gentleman and his brother, the market hunter, "ought to go." How quickly I cannot say, but none too quickly for the good of true sportsmanship and all that it implies. The market hunter and the market fisherman are reaping the benefits of the individual States and the United States in their efforts to increase and protect the supply of game fish, and in eight cases out of ten not one of these "potters" pays more than a poll tax and many of them no tax at all. How long the intelligent patient public will stand this sort of thing in New Hampshire remains to be seen. The Hillsborough County Game and Protective Association, at its last annual meeting this spring, declared itself arrayed against the wholesale slaughter of game and fish as it now goes on unmolested at the hands of the marketers, by endorsing the platform plank of FOREST AND STREAM, "stop the Sale of Game," and no doubt this movement on its part will be followed by others having the courage of their convictions. If the market hunter and fisherman of New Hampshire continues to receive in the future, as he has in the past, such generous treatment at the hands of the taxpayers of the State, and such splendid legal encouragement to fish and hunt for his own pocketbook, then the better class of sportsmen will either have to hang up their guns and fishing rods, or else adopt the advice of Dr. Quackenbos, "Hire grounds and pay for what you get." Which shall it be?

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

THE NE-PEE-NAUK CLUB CASE.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Ne-Pee-Nauk Club House, one of the finest in the West, is located at the west end of Puckawa Lake, Wis.

This lake is a widening of Fox River; in clear water it is about six miles long by from two to two and one half miles wide, is filled with wild celery and is a great resort for canvasbacks, redheads, etc At each end of the lake proper (the open water) are marshes three or four miles in length by from two to three in width. South of this lake and of its west end marsh is a ridge of high land about one mile wide; adjoining this ridge on the south is the Grand River marsh. The river (grand only in name, where its banks can be seen being only two rods wide) flows east through this marsh to Hickory Point, which is the end of the above-mentioned ridge, where it turns and flows north for one and one-half miles through Rice Lake into Fox River. For the three miles before reaching Hickory Point the river spreads out and forms Mud Lake, which is well-named, being all mud and wild rice, and almost impassable with small hunting boats, and with a varying width of from thirty rods to one-third of a mile. This widening was meandered along its low banks by the Government surveyors, and marked on their map as Mud Lake, while Rice Lake and the river itself below Hickory Point and to its mouth were utterly disregarded by the surveyors and not shown as having an existence on their maps.

Of this Grand River marsh (Mud Lake and Rice Lake) the club sought to make a secluded feeding ground for mallards by buying all the lands for about six miles from its mouth, and by keeping the members and every one else off to afford the flocks of mallards as they came down from the North a safe resting and feeding ground. It was to be a sort of duck reservoir, and by keeping out the market and pot hunters (who shoot with headlights at night), the club proposed to give the ducks a safe asylum, and cause them to remain and congregate in large numbers thus affording in their flights to and from this feeding ground good shooting on the adjoining marshes of Puckawa Lake to all shooters.

The first fall that the club successfully preserved this marsh the birds congregated there by thousands (even with the club members shooting them every other day from 9 to 4 o'clock), and every one had fine shooting in the neighboring marshes and lakes, the finest they had had in years. This preservation, while acknowledged by many as a benefit, aroused the ire of the native; and town meetings were held in the surrounding country, where the local orator descanted in eloquent language upon the outrageous infringement of their inalienable rights Stimulated by this vivid portrayal of their wrongs, the trespassers became so bold that the club sought the protection of the courts. The adverse decision of the local judge, who was running for reëlection, was not a surprise to the club, as it was, under the circumstances, expected; so they sought protection for their large investment in mud and wild rice by appeal to the Supreme Court of the State, never supposing that the court could find a mass of black muck and vegetation, with water in sight only in a few holes, to be a lake.

The mistake the club made was in bringing their suit for a trespass upon Mud Lake, which was, as before stated, meandered, instead of for a trespass on Rice Lake, which was not meandered.

In short, the Supreme Court of Wisconsin holds that a meander line is a boundary on a lake, even if it is not navigable; while the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Hardin vs. Jordan (140 U. S., 371), holds that such lines are not boundaries, but that the abutting property owners on unnavigable lakes own by converging lines to the center thereof.

Leading attorneys advise the club that this decision of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin would be reversed by the Supreme Court of the United States; but as it would cost about $2,000 and take three years to get a decision, the club has concluded to carry the matter no further, but to leave the native to the full enjoyment of his inalienable right to destroy the best feeding ground for ducks in the country.

A. H. SELLERS.

We append the text of the decision, as supplied by the courtesy of Mr. Robert Lamp, of Madison, Wis.:

STATE OF WISCONSIN SUPREME COURT.

NE-PEE-NAUK CLUB, APPELLANT,
vs
ARTHUR WILSON AND OTHERS, RESPONDENTS.

The action is in equity to restrain trespass to lands. The plaintiff claims to be the owner of certain lands in the county of Green Lake, which border upon a shallow body of water or marsh, popularly known as Mud Lake. It claims, by virtue of such riparian ownership, to be the owner of Mud Lake itself. The lands under Mud Lake are valuable only for the privilege which the lake affords for fishing and the hunting of wildfowl, and for such exercise and recreation. The lake is shallow, so that the lands are in the nature of marsh or swamp lands. In the summer time they produce large crops of wild rice and other vegetation, making a natural resort for wildfowl for a nesting and feeding ground. The plaintiff desired to keep this as a private preserve for a shooting ground and place of recreation for its members and guests. The defendants had, at various times for several years, hunted wild duck and other water fowl upon this lake, and asserted the right and purpose of continuing to do so in the future. The action was brought to restrain them from doing so.

The question controverted is the title to the lands under Mud Lake, whether the plaintiff owns them by virtue of riparian ownership, or whether the title is in the public. This depends on whether Mud Lake is a water course or meandered lake. It varies in width from thirty-five rods to sixty-five rods, and is about three miles in length. In spring and fall, and after heavy rains, the whole surface is covered with water. In summer, much of the water disappears, leaving some considerable expanses of water interspersed with mud, marsh and bog. In the places which are covered by water, rushes and wild rice grow luxuriantly. There are small openings of clear water, but no regular channel anywhere, except at a place called the Narrows, below the point where the alleged trespasses were committed. In ordinary stages of water it was navigable only by small craft like canoes or hunting skiffs propelled by paddles and pushpoles. What is called Mud Lake is formed by the expansion or dispersion of the waters of a small stream called Grand River. After the Grand River enters into and becomes Mud Lake, it follows no defined channel, but distributes itself through the marsh, and appears again as a stream only at or near the point called the Narrows. Mud Lake is, in fact, for the most part a low, wet marsh, producing a large growth of wild rice and other vegetation, and unnavigable by any natural channel by any kind of boat, through its entire length, during the greater portion of the year. The lands bordering upon it were meandered by the Government surveyors. In the field notes it was referred to as a "lake" or "marsh." The court found that Mud Lake is a meandered lake, and the title to the lands under it is in the public and not in the plaintiff, and dismissed the complaint with costs against the plaintiff. The plaintiff appeals.

NEWMAN, J.—The only question in the case is whether the so called Mud Lake is a natural, permanent, inland body of water, such as is not properly a water course, and meandered by the Government surveyors. For, if it is a natural inland body of water which is not properly a water course, the title of the riparian owner stops at the waterline and the title to the land which is under the water is in the State. This Court has laid down one rule for running water and another for lakes and ponds. In the former case the riparian owner owns to the thread of the current; in the latter to the waterline. And no distinction has been made on account of the size of either stream or pond. It is unimportant if the common law, as related to the title to lands under lakes and ponds, was different. It is merely a question of local law Grants by the United States of lands and streams bounded by lakes and streams are to be construed and given effect according to the law of the State in which the lands lie. And each State determines for itself to what extent it will retain and exercise its prerogative over lands under such streams and bodies of water. (Hardin vs. Jordan, 140 U. S. 371; McLennan vs. Prentice, 85 Wis 427.)

It is well settled in this State that grants by the United States, of lands bounded by a meandered lake or other permanent body of water, convey title only to the natural shore of the body of water, while the title to the land which is under the water is in the State. (Diedrich vs N. W. U. R. R. Co., 42 Wis. 248.) And the rule is the same whether the body of water can be made practically usetul for the purposes of navigation or not (Boorman vs. Sunnuchs, 42 Wis. 233) irrespective of its size or depth.

It is undisputed that Mud Lake was meandered by the government surveyors. It is clear that it is an inland body of water of permanent character. While it might with entire propriety and accuracy be called a marsh or swamp, the name by which it shall be designated is not controlling upon the question of the title to its bed. It has very little, if any, movement of its water from its head toward its outlet during the greater part of the year. It is said that the controlling distinction between a stream and a lake or pond is, that in the one case the water has a natural motion—a current—while in the other the water is, in its natural state, substantially at rest, and this entirely irrespective of the size of the one or the other. But not every sheet of water in which there is a current from its head toward its outlet is therefore a stream. (Angell, on "Water Courses," sixth edition, Perkins, section 4f.) It is said that even the large lakes have such a current.

The trial court found that this was not a stream or watercourse, but was a "shallow, muddy lake or marsh." Such it is shown to be by the evidence.

The plaintiff does not own the lake or the soil under it. It is owned by the State. The right of fishing and fowling upon such waters is in the owner of the soil which is under the water. (Hardin vs. Jordan, supra; 8 Am. and Eng. Ency. of Law, 31; 12 id., note on page 165 and cases cited; Washburn on Easements, star page 410; Bristow vs. Cormican, 3 App. Cases, 441.) In this case it is in the public, which has not, in any way, granted its right to the plaintiff. The plaintiff's right to hunt and fish over this lake was equal to, but not superior to the right of either defendant. It had no cause of action against the defendants. Its complaint was properly dismissed on the merits.

The judgment of the circuit court is affirmed.

"FOREST AND STREAM'S" BIG FISH RECORD.

A provisional list of big fish of various species, supposed to be the largest of their respective kinds captured or possessed in America.

FOR particulars respecting the fish here enumerated see our issue of Feb. 27, 1897, and later issues. The salmon, in that issue credited to ex President Arthur, should have been assigned to Mr. R G. Dun, of this city. This list is subject to correction if any one can supply authentic memoranda of larger specimens, or record fish of other varieties than those here named.

SALMON (*Salmo salar*), 54LBS.—Killed with fly in Cascapedia River by R. G. Dun.

SMALL-MOUTH BLACK BASS, 10LBS.—Caughs in Round Pond, Warren county, N Y., by Nathaniel Parker.

MASCALONGE, with hook and line, 47½lbs., caught in St. Lawrence River by John B. Spafford, Jr., and Capt. James Millward. The late Dr. Elisha Sterling, of Cleveland, O., speared a mascalonge in Sandusky Bay that weighed 80lbs.

BROOK TROUT (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) —The employees of the Maine Fish Commission netted a trout in Rangely stream that weighed 12lbs. and returned it to the water after weighing it.

STRIPED BASS or rockfish (*Roccas lineatus*).—Weight 7lbs. dressed; caught by Wm. M. Hughes at Sachuest Neck, Rhode Island.

LANDLOCKED SALMON.—Weight 30lbs., taken from spawning bed by New Hampshire Fish Commission, Dan Hole Pond, 1896.

PIKE, commonly called pickerel (*Lucius lucias*), 35lbs.—Caught in Lake Le Bouef, Erie County, Pennsylvania, by Charles Phelps.

YELLOW PERCH, or ringed perch (*Perca americana*), 5lbs.—Caught by Pick Squires in Schroon Lake, N. Y.

Parlin Pond, Maine.

PARLIN POND, Me., June 16.—The fishing in the ponds about here has been very good, both for early bait-fishing and later for the fly. Since the season opened nearly 1,500 trout have been taken from Parlin Pond. Fifty of these averaged in weight 1¼lbs.

In spite of the bad weather more than the usual number of sportsmen have come for the early season, and the summer-resort keepers are looking for a good year.

Mr. Lancaster holds the big trout championship for this season thus far. His weighed 4lbs., and while other ambitious anglers have come near snatching the honor from him, none have yet quite succeeded

The deer are as thick as usual, and are seen daily in the clearings and around the pond. A milk-white deer frequently makes its appearance

Geo. S. Pond and H. R. Stowell, two veteran sportsmen, arrived last week. Mr. Pond has visited Parlin Pond every year except one, of fifteen years. Mr. Stowell has been here usually twice a year, for eight years. KING FISHER.

Potomac Bass Law.

A SUBSCRIBER of the Baltimore *Sun* writes from Kearneysville, W. Va., in response to the query raised as to whether the tri-State bass law protects those fish in the Potomac and its tributaries: "An angler from Jefferson county, W. Va., says yes, the bass law does protect. From fifty bass caught on June 1 but five or six had spawn, and they were the smaller ones. Our fish were from 2½lbs. down to the limit in length."

MAINE FISHING.

BOSTON, June 19.—Fishing for trout under a boom of logs may not always be practical, but it is possible that these fish delight in hiding under such obstructions. It seems that a big boom of logs covered one of the best fishing grounds on the upper end of Lake Mooselucmaguntic for several days this spring, somewhat to the disgust of the anglers quartered at the Oquossoc Angling Association club house. They had to wait patiently till the boom was towed away. Then the trout begun to bite at once, and the members of the party took forty-seven big fish in one day, the string weighing 174lbs. The fish were all trout; no salmon being in the number.

Commissioner Carlton is out with another letter defending the famous Guide License law, in the newspapers. Some of the Rangeley guides have registered. Others have not, and say they are going out of the business after July 1, the limit of time for registration. The Moosehead guides are not agreed as to the matter of registration. Some have registered; others have not and say that they shall not. Sportsmen to Moosehead are not pleased with the registration law. One of them, a visitor to that region every year for eight or ten years, says that he will not employ a guide who is registered. He does not wish to be reported to the Commissioners or anybody else. He is willing to obey the laws of the State as to close time, numbers of game animals and birds, and weight of fish, but as for employing a man to do his work that is bound by law to report him, he will not. On his fishing and shooting trips hereafter in Maine he intends to take "a companion or a friend"—not a guide—and at the end of the trip make him a present.

Even at the celebrated Poland Springs the fishing is not all spoiled and the guests love to fish. In one hour last Friday Mr. J. B. Sawyer took three black bass from Middle Lake, the united weight of which was 6lbs. The next day he followed this success with a string of seven fine bass.

There are reports of good bass fishing in the Winthrop, Me., lakes, Maranacook and Anabesacook. Cobboseecontee is also turning out some fine strings of pickerel and black bass. Mr. Brown, of Boston, was fishing for bass there the other day, below the dam. He had already taken several good bass when he had a magnificent strike. He landed his fish after some fighting, when it proved to be a beautiful trout of nearly 3lbs. weight It is explained by the Maine Fish Commissioners that the bass are rapidly exterminating the pickerel in the waters of Kennebec county, and that the trout and salmon are beginning to flourish.

C. F. Nason, of Lewiston, caught a salmon of 4¾lbs. from Lake Auburn on Tuesday last. Other salmon are taken very frequently, and more is the wonder when it is considered that the lake is so near to the two cities and is fished to excess.

Late reports from Sebago show that the landlocked salmon season there has been the best on record; at least, was for the first ten days, and reports of catches are remarkable. Mr. R. P. Woodman is back from a short and uneventful trip to that lake. He only fished a little, and took one or two salmon, the time being too late; but his guide of many seasons, C. J. Shaw, known to all his sporting friends as Kit, has had out some very successful parties, as he almost always does. One gentleman, a Portland real estate agent, rotund and enthusiastic, took five salmon in one day, from 3 to 9lbs. weight. When the big fellow was brought to the net—that net is only 4ft. deep, at the end of a stout bamboo 10 or 12ft. long—when the fish came out of the water in this net, wielded by Kit's dexterous arms, the fisherman shouted, "Ye gods!" and sunk exhausted into the bottom of the boat. He had fought the fish for over an hour.

Recently a deer was taken alive, swimming in Lake Auburn, and the captors desire to hold the animal for a park projected somewhere in the neighborhood. Fish and Game Commissioner Henry O Stanley is reported to have told a newspaper reporter that there is no way out of the matter but for the captors to pay the fine and let the deer go. "It will not do to let this case go unnoticed." Last winter a law was passed allowing deer to be taken alive for park or exhibition purposes, under permission of the Commissioners; but no such permission has been granted in the Lake Auburn case.

Mr. L. O. Crane's fishing trip to Round Mountain Lake, Maine, was really more successful than noted in the FOREST AND STREAM last week. He really took considerably over 200 trout, making catches of thirty or more at several trips, all on the fly, and generally put back into the water. His companion, Mr. Hemmingway, was also very successful for the short time he fished, taking nearly sixty trout. Mr. Crane and his father will visit that resort again very soon.

SPECIAL.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 19.—Herewith is the record of our contest to-day. Messrs. Peck and Bellows were tied in the bait-casting, and in the casting-off Mr. Peck won. He now holds the four medals for long-distance fly, distance and accuracy, accuracy and delicacy, and bait casting. To-day's scores:

	Long-distance fly, Feet.	Distance and Accuracy. Per cent.	Accuracy and Delicacy. Per cent.	Bait-casting, Per cent.
W H Babcock	..	79 2/3	88 1/2	....
I. H. Bellows	73	65 2/3	89 9/12	96 3/5
C. H. Chadwick	..	....	....	78 3/5
F. B. Davidson	..	80 2/3	86	94 3/5
B. W. Goodsell	90	83 2/3	91 1/4	95 2/5
E D. Letterman	..	....	....	65 4/5
C. A. Lippincott	..	89	90 1/3	79
C. G. Ludlow	73	59 2/3	88 1/2	79
G A. Murrell	78	49	81 9/12	89
H. A. Newkirk	..	70	81	84 2/5
F. N. Peet	25	97 1/3	91 11/12	96 3/5
J. E Strong	..	65 1/3	....	69 3/5
H. G. Hascall	..	....	....	94
M. D. Smith	..	....	....	66 1/3

The Giant of the Rainbow.

SOMERSET, Ky., June 14.—I was very much interested in H.'s description of his trip to Cumberland Falls, forty miles from this place; but wish to place him right as to the "Monster of the Falls." The above fish is a pike (*Esox lucius*), and has been hooked by good fishermen, but, alas! not landed; it is said he is at least 5ft. long and will weigh from 40 to 60lbs. If H. will visit this city in October, any member of the "Pumpkin Hollow Fishing Club" will take pleasure in showing him the place where Mr Bartells caught the 7lb. 2oz. small-mouth black bass, and where his mate or his grandfather lives. We expect good fishing in a few days and will report luck. J. M. R.

A Few Days in Maine Woods.

BOSTON, June 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A week ago it looked very much as though my luck wouldn't be reported in your excellent paper this year. I had a chance to get away, but I knew the conditions of weather and water were all against me. However, after two postponements, I decided to take chances, and last Monday found me on board the train bound for Redington, a saw-mill station on the Phillips & Rangeley Railroad fourteen miles before you get to Rangeley. The day was a changeable one—sunshine and clouds, with an occasional shower—and the ride was a delightful one, the train service over the Boston & Maine, the Maine Central and the narrow gauge, from Farmington up, being excellent, as it always is. The broad fields of grass never looked better, and a big hay crop—always an important one in Maine—is an assured fact. Six-thirty the train pulled into the station and the first person to greet me was Willis Eaton, chief clerk of the Redington Mills Company, to whom I am indebted for many courtesies. I also found my old friend, W. H. Harrison, who has resumed charge of the boarding house, and who is always ready to go fishing. The management of the company has changed hands since my last visit, Mr. Fletcher Pope being in charge of both the mill property and the Phillips & Rangeley Railroad. Mr. Pope is a capitalist and a business man, he is also a keen sportsman and is an expert with rod and gun. He has already made suitable arrangements to entertain sportsmen who may come to Redington in the fishing and hunting season; a private dining-room is provided, the rooms are neat, the beds good and the food is all right, and plenty of it. Parties desiring to go up to the Dead River will be carried up on the spare engine that is always kept in the yard, and brought back in the same way. These improvements are so in line with what my ideas have been that I am glad to give them the publicity of your columns, for the efforts of Messrs. Pope, Eaton and Harrison are in the interests of true sportsmanship, and deserve success. And I can truly say that to the man who likes stream fishing, I know of no place that offers attractions equal to Redington. The Auberton stream, the Redington brook and the Dead River are all handy, and they are teeming with trout, and it is never difficult to get a good mess of a size sufficient to clear the law in all cases. And then the pond—that is too easy—you simply go and sit on the logs that line the shore, and catch ¼ and ½lb. trout, with an occasional larger one—the smaller ones are always returned to the water. Of course, the weather and water conditions were such that the fishing was not as good as usual, or as it will be later. Tuesday was an off day, and I got but few; but on the next day on the Redington stream, below the dam, I struck them in great shape, and got all the fish any reasonable man ought to have in one day's sport. Thursday morning I had lots of luck in the pond, and the net result was that I brought to Boston nearly as fine a lot of fish as is my usual custom. The water is rapidly running out, and the fishermen who are fortunate enough to drop a line into the streams I have mentioned, within the next week or ten days, will get fine sport. I only wished I could have remained longer, but "business is business," and I was obliged to get into line after a few days of my favorite pastime in a delightful country. WM. B. SMART.

Blue Herons as Fish Destroyers.

STATE OF MAINE.—Commisioners of Inland Fisheries and Game.—Dixfield, June 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You ask me why we ordered our wardens to shoot the blue herons that gathered at their nesting places in Maine. For the reason we have found them the most destructive bird of the trout and salmon we have in the State. Not only will they kill and eat the small fish of 6oz. and under, but, they will kill the large trout of 3 and 4lbs. At Auburn, and also at Monmouth, they killed several 3 and 4lb. trout, by spearing them with that long bill of theirs, making a hole in the fish like driving in a board nail. I picked up several large fish they had killed in that way. Quite a large number of our large spawning fish that came into our rivers at Auburn and Monmouth bore the mark of the blue heron. We caught them at it and are not mistaken about it. They would stand in the brook like a statue, motionless, and woe to any fish that passed. If small, they landed the fish in their stomachs; if large, they struck and wounded them out of pure cussedness.

They are a night, as well as a day bird. As I understand it there are two varieties, day and night herons, they are both culpable. I have often caught trout that bore their marks, but not until last fall did I know what had done it. Last fall we caught them in the act, also gobbling the smaller fish. I have no sympathy for the blue heron, I consider them worse than the mink or fish-hawk. We have had several letters from philanthropic gentleman asking us to spare this bird, but if they had seen what I have seen them do to our trout and salmon both large and small, I think they would sign a petition for a bounty on their scalps.

HENRY O. STANLEY.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 18.—Great changes have been wrought in surf fishing during the past week. The warm weather and westerly winds have sent the fish shoreward, and good catches of kingfish and plaice is now the order of the day. To-day several weakfish were taken from our pier, a circumstance that never occurred before in this month, as we never get them in the sea before August and rarely earlier than September, when they begin moving southward, and press close inshore the spearing and sand lant, upon which they feed in a most ravenous manner.

A monster school of bluefish broke in close to shore this morning and became easy prey to the hand-line men who could procure boats. They would undoubtedly have run directly into the surf, as they were feeding upon a school of menhaden; but the crew of a menhaden steamer spied them out and endeavored to lay a net around them, but the blues, alert to their danger, took French leave to the music of applause and hand-clapping from anglers and spectators on beach and pier, so the menhaden men, like many another pirate, had discomfiture for their pains.

Our genial fish warden, James F. Edge, has just caught a 27½lb. striped bass, and with the fish slung over his shoulder by a rope he is being paraded through the town in ex-Senator James A. Bradley's private carriage, driven by the Senator himself. This fine specimen was brought to beach on a nine-thread linen line and 3-0 Limerick hook.

LEONARD HULIT.

Prophetic Fish.

IN an article on fishing in West Africa, Mary H. Kingsley writes: "The lagoon fish are not particularly good, as a rule they are supremely muddy and bony; they have their uses, however, for I am informed that they indicate to Lagos when it may expect an epidemic; to this end they die, in an adjacent lagoon, and float about upon its surface, wrong side up, until decomposition does its work. Their method of prophesy is a sound one, for it demonstrates (*a*) that the lagoon drinking water is worse than usual; (*b*) if it is not already fatal they will make it so.

Iowa Black Bass and Pike.

CHARLES CITY, Iowa, June 15.—As soon as June freshets are over on the Cedar, there promises to be the best black bass and pike fishing in many years. Bass taken are running small; the larger ones no doubt are still on their spawn beds. The largest black bass thus far taken, on June 14, weighed 4¾lbs. A wall-eyed piked weighing 10½lbs. was secured the day before. Crappies, Oswego bass and pickerel are biting better, and average larger than last season.

VANE SIMMONDS.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 1.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, Morris, Man
Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club, Morris, Man.
Oct. 25.—Brunswick Fur Club's ninth annual trials.
Nov. 1.—Dixie Red Fox Club's third annual meet, Waverly, Miss.
Nov. 2.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's trials, Greene county, Pa.
Nov. 8.—Union Field Trials Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind.
Nov. 15.—E. F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C.
Nov. 16.—International Field Trials Club's eighth annual trials Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 22.—U. S. F. T. Club's autumn trials.

1898.

Jan. 10.—U. S. F. T Club's winter trials, West Point, Miss.
Jan. 17.—Continental F. T. Club's trials, New Albany, Miss.

SCHOOLING THE DOG.—V.

As these instructions are written mostly for the benefit of the novice, it is necessary to give a list and definition of the commands in common use in handling the dog. Of course any one can train his dog to obey any commands he chooses to adopt, as there is no inherent potency in one word as compared with another when used as a command; but when one buys or sells a dog for field work it is well to know and use such commands as have received the sanction of usage. In any case it is desirable, for the sake of convenience, that each command consists of not more than one or two words, and these should be distinctly different from those used in any other command. Nearly all the commands have corresponding signals, so that the shooter may be able to handle his dog silently when working near game, or, for that matter, when working at all; but they are specially useful when there is any probability that the shooter's voice would alarm the birds. The signals also serve to assist in handling the dog when the shooter's voice cannot be readily heard, as when the dog is working far away, or when he was upwind from the shooter. The following are sufficient for the requirements of field work:

"Come in" is the order which denotes that the dog is forthwith to come to the trainer. A few prolonged blasts on the whistle have the same significance.

"Heel" is the order given to the dog when he is to get behind, and follow behind the trainer. A motion of the hand to the rear is the corresponding signal.

"High on," some years ago, was considered the most elegant command to use in ordering a dog to begin ranging. "Go on," or "Get away," is the command now commonly used for that purpose. A wave of the hand forward, or a wave of the hand accompanied with a snap of the finger or a simple click of the tongue has the same significance.

"Drop" is the command commonly given when the dog is required to lie down. The orders more in use some years ago are "Charge" and "Down Charge," but they are now almost obsolete.

The right or left hand raised a little higher than the level of the head is the signal for the dog to drop.

"Hold up" signifies that the dog is to rise to his feet, and therefore it is given to him when he is dropped or lying down. A slight beckon with the hand or forefinger has the same significance. As the dog is rarely in the position required by the drop except when obedient to that command, the signal to rise is in accord with his inclination, hence is soon learned and eagerly watched for. A click of the tongue also serves the same purpose.

The dog can also be trained to obey orders given by the whistle, each order having a distinct note or notes which are used invariably with it. This, however, is an unnecessary refinement and of but little practical use in actual work. They are, moreover, rather difficult to teach to any dogs other than the most intelligent ones.

The foregoing are the commands which are used the most, and they are of constant service, whether the dog is idling about the house or working in the field.

"Fetch" is the command used in ordering the dog to retrieve. "Find" denotes that the dog is to seek for a dead or wounded bird. "Seek" and "Seek dead" are sometimes used for this purpose, but less so now than formerly.

Obedience to "Toho" was formerly considered an essential in a dog's education. It is the order which denotes that the dog is to stop and stand still. The trainer was supposed to derive great assistance from it in teaching the dog to point, for in times past it was commonly supposed that the trainer taught the dog to point. As "Toho" was very plausible in theory, and served well to stuff a part of a book on instruction, it did a grateful service in that respect. It is one of the most difficult orders to enforce, and the discipline required to make the dog reliably obedient is, in most instances, a hundred times more difficult to establish than it is to teach the dog to point. After the trainer had taught it by much pains, he had little opportunity to use it; for, inexplicable as it is, few if any considered the fact that out of the total opportunities for the dog to point birds, the trainer would not know the correct time and place wherein to order the dog to make his stand, he not knowing where the birds were, or indeed whether there were any at all. If by any chance the trainer did know where the birds were he could seldom get the dog into the right position to fit the order—for it did follow as a sequence that if the trainer saw the birds the dog could scent them—and the attempt to get him in the right place with the bawling out of "Toho" at the same time seldom failed to flush the birds. Again, if the dog by chance did stop to the order without having a scent of the birds it was a meaningless act, and if he really got a scent of them, he in his excitement paid no more attention to the order than he paid to the murmur of the breezes. He might be delightfully obedient in the yard, or even in the field when game was not present, and absolutely unmanageable when on game. A further absurdity is that the dog learns to point from experience, some taking to it quite readily and naturally almost from the beginning. To force a dog to stop and stand still when he is roading does not constitute a point. Nevertheless, a few of the old school will maintain that they taught their dogs to point in that manner, when in fact the dog learned to point in spite of it. The arm extended at a little less than a right angle from the body was supposed to be the signal which denoted Toho. Most dogs which were obedient to it were good for little else.

Long commands, such as "Come here to me, I tell you!" or "Dead bird, hunt it up!" or "Hie, there! what are you about?" should be avoided if the trainer can possibly do so, but if he must talk or perish, it is better then to use plenty of words.

"Hi!" or any other exclamation consisting of a single word, may be used to command the dog to desist from undesirable acts or to attract his attention to a signal. One word serves the purpose better than more, particularly if the more are epithets.

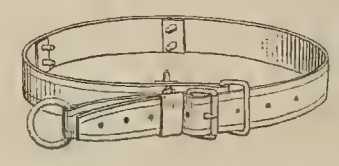
Whatever words or notes of the whistle or signal are used to denote the command, they should be used alike invariably, so that they will always have a fixed and definite meaning to the dog. Sometimes the beginner, when the dog, birds and himself are excited, will deliver a continued discourse to the dog, which for any beneficial effect might better be delivered to the trees.

Teaching the dog obedience to the foregoing commands and giving him the necessary discipline to make obedience habitual, can be done in what is called his yard training

The implements commonly used in training are the whip, whistle, check cord and spike-collar, the latter being heartily denounced by many sportsmen as being an instrument of unnecessary cruelty. Again, others object to the whip for much the same reason. Whether they are cruel or not depends entirely on the manner in which the trainer uses them. If he loses his temper and then beats and chokes the dog to gratify it, the whip or collar are used cruelly, but so would any other article under the same circumstances. The fault then lies with the trainer and not with the instruments. If he cannot use the whip or collar as useful adjuncts to the training, it is then much better not to use them at all, and the use of his boots or the first club at hand is not permissible at any time. Indeed, if he finds that his temper is beyond his control and that he cannot refrain from punishing his dog unnecessarily in consequence, it is better to give up the attempt at training. Anger and violence unfit the trainer to teach and the pupil to learn. But, cruelty being inflicted, the trainer should blame himself and not the instruments used.

The whip is commonly used to punish the dog for any misbehavior, though some trainers use it to assist in forcing the dog to retrieve. The whips most in favor are those which are flexible and, therefore, easily stowed in the pocket. The ones heavily loaded with iron or lead at the butt should never be used, as there should be no intention to kill the dog at any time as part of his training, and the whistle in the end of a whip is also a very useless article. The trainer should select one which tapers nicely to a point which ends in a linen or silk cracker, as the crack of the whip will, at times, serve the purpose quite as well as its direct use.

The spike-collar should be both of good material and simple in construction. Its purpose should be solely to inflict pain without any accompanying physical injury, hence the points should not be long and capable of piercing the skin when ordinary force is applied. Though commonly called a spike-collar, it is a combination of spike-collar and choke collar. It has been claimed that the choke-collar without any spikes serves all purposes for which a collar is needed in training the dog. However, it is far more cruel than a spike collar. It requires more force to make it effective, and the consequent choking and shocking injures the whole organism, differing thus from the local harmless hurting done by the spikes. The correct use of the collar will in due time be fully treated in connection with the subject of retrieving.



As to the material and construction of the collar, a brief description will suffice. The material should be the best medium weight harness leather, free from sponginess or flaws. For convenience in using it the collar is made in two pieces as shown in the cut herewith presented. The longer part should be about 22 or 24in. in length by 1¼in. in width. The strap when looped should play through a square, or more properly an iron parallelogram, for if a ring be used instead the collar when in use will roll and twist and thereby impair its efficiency. The inside dimensions of the iron parallelogram must be governed by the width of the strap and the thickness of the leather used. The shorter strap, 2 or 3in. in length, has a square buckle in one end and a ring in the other. The spikes, screwed through a steel plate on one side of the leather strap and secured by nuts on the other, should project about ⅜in. or ⅝in., and the points should have a very short bevel so as to hurt the dog without injuring him or inflicting unnecessary mutilation. It should always be kept in mind that mutilation or real injury is neither desired nor intended, and also that the least possible punishment which will accomplish the purpose is all that is necessary or desirable. B. WATERS.

The Chicken Trials.

MR. G. B. BORRADAILE, Honorary Secretary-Treasurer of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, writes us that chickens are reported to be plentiful all over Manitoba and the territories, and that the well-known handlers Messrs. Stoddard, Rose, Nesbitt, Richards, Mayfield and McCartney have signified their intention to be present. The advertisement of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, contained in the business columns of this issue, give all required information concern

ing the club's stakes. As the time is short between now and the closing of the entries, the supporters of field trials should not procrastinate. Send in the entries at once.

The meeting at Morris, Man., has every essential of a great trial. The competition in its entirety will be under the auspices of three clubs—the Continental, Manitoba and Northwestern, and the management is in charge of famous, skillful sportsmen. No doubt but what the meeting will be the most important one ever held on chickens, considering all the circumstances. There is but one factor which could possibly detract from its importance, namely, lack of entries. The managements have worked diligently, have arranged prizes, etc., and the owners must do the rest. They should manifest their appreciation by a staunch support. It is useless for clubs to guarantee large purses if owners are apathetic. In fact, clubs will not do so long. However, from the indications, there will be a gratifying support. But owners should endeavor to make them greater than any preceding trials of the kind. Aside from the interest of the trials, the season at that time is when the birds and fish are ripe. As one drives along or rides on the train through the wonderful prairie country there are the broad fields laden with an abundance of the grains which contribute so generously to the world's food supply.

From horizon to horizon is waving grain or corn, or grain in stacks. About or in them is where the chickens love to feed. In the woods are ruffed grouse in abundance. In the lakes and streams are gamy fish. There is sport for those who love the gun or rod or canoe. The air is pure and bracing. Besides the immediate pleasure of such a trip is the material gain of good health following bodily and mental recuperation. Besides entering their dogs, the owners should not fail to be present in person.

PROPERTY IN DOGS.

THE legal recognition of the dog, relative to being a domestic animal, as in the eye of the law are horses, cattle, etc, and as therefore being classed as property, is slow, irregular and patchy in its coming. The cause of the adverse circumstances cannot be in any public lack of interest or hostility to him, for no other animal is so universally owned and esteemed. If the matter of appreciation was the sole factor to be considered in relation to the matter, the dog would soon be regarded as the most valued article of property. While there is a general appreciation of the dog in the abstract, in the concrete the material value of the dog is generally confined to his owner or the family which harbors it. To all others he may be offensive, or a noisy nuisance, or a harmful depredator.

The horse, the sheep, the ox, etc., have a fixed standard market value regardless of ownership; the cur dog in most instances has no value whatever except to his owner and his family, and such value as he has is one of sentiment only. It is therefore the dog versus the neighborhood.

North and South there are millions of worthless curs, the distinguising features of which are that each individual differs from every other one in size, color, parentage, though all are alike in possessing in common a peevish disposition and a vagabond nature. To recognize such a mass of rubbish as being property would be an insult to the common sense of the people, particularly to that of the taxpayers. By far the greater number of worthless curs are owned by people who pay few or no taxes, and are financially irresponsible, as the very poor in the North and the negroes of the South. The whole wealth of a negro family may be amply stored in the corners of a 10×12 cabin, with room left for the family to live in; yet few negroes are so poor that they do not own from one to a dozen detestable curs.

The taxpayer and property owner suffer serious loss from the depredations of the lawless, half-famished curs. Poultry, eggs, sheep and young pigs fall a prey to them on opportunity, and in some sections much harm is done to growing corn by them. They strip the ears and eat them when they are in the milk.

It is useless to plead that horses and cattle break into cornfields, etc., and do damage, and thus plead an offset to the depredations of the curs. Horses and cattle can roam only within a limited section, are easily detected, the damage done is comparatively trifling, and horses and cattle having a universal market value, the owners are financially responsible and the damage can be collected. The dog can prowl over a whole country in the night, is infinitely cunning in his depredations, is difficult to detect, and could do more damage in one night among a flock of sheep than a horse could do in a year in a grain-field. It is claimed as a statistical fact that the number of sheep killed by dogs in Ohio in 1895 was 30,883, valued at $80,647; and the number injured by dogs was 23,406, the estimated damage to them being $33,870. This is the damage done in one State. The total of the United States must be an enormous sum. On account of the losses in sheep-growing, due to the killing done by vagrant dogs, the industry has been checked in some sections, and many States have found it necessary to reimburse the owners for the losses caused by dogs, or else lose the industry and the consequent taxable property of the State. Some States levy a tax on dogs to meet this contingency.

The difficulty in making progress as to property in the dog lies in that the owners of good dogs generally make common cause with the owners of curs against any law imposing any special license fee or taxation on dogs, or restrictions on their ownership. The owner is rare indeed who thinks his dog should not be privileged to bark all night if such be its pleasure, or run through his neighbor's grounds when in the mood of strolling; and, if the dog be filthy in its habits, the owner rarely considers it an offense of sufficient importance to notice.

Of course, there are careful owners, and well-behaved, well-bred valuable dogs. They are in a minority. We are well aware of their existence, and we champion their cause. We are not writing of them at this time. We are showing what is harmful to them.

So long as the thousands of curs exist with their present freedom, and their ownership is so careless of their doings and so financially irresponsible as to their depredations, just so long will dogs be wholly or partially *ferœ naturæ* in the eye of the law.

In respect to any laws which have been passed, making dogs subject to taxation or to license fee, or to wholesome restriction, it has been the policy of nearly all dog owners to complain of the hardship worked by such laws and to denounce them as unfair in themselves and as unjustly discriminating against the owners of dogs as compared with the owners of other animals. It furthermore has been the policy of nearly all the kennel journals in this country to fall in with the humor of their patrons, and inasmuch as they could rant and inveigh louder and longer than said patrons, so much the more was their wisdom greater and their loyalty proven as it related apparently to their patrons' interests, though really pandering to their whims and unreasoning selfishness. No class can expect to have its public rights impartially considered if it refuses to consider the same rights of others.

If each State would pass a law and enforce it after it is passed, discriminating between the well-bred dog and the cur, by imposing a license fee of $5 or more on the cur, the latter would soon be driven out of existence. The well-bred dog then would be free from the odium he now shares with the cur depredators, there would be a greater demand for dogs of pure breeds, and, being then property in fact instead of being such largely in the fancy of the owner, they would soon be recognized as property in law.

So long as owners grieve at the restrictions which are intended to give their dogs protection and ignore and fight such to the extent of their powers, so long may they expect to stay at a standstill so far as the legal property interest of the dog is concerned.

Correction.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note two errors in list sent you which please correct. Sport should be entered as Sport Mc A. Hamp S.—C. T. Eastman's l. and w. pointer dog (Von Gull—Rip Rap's Flake). Count Edward—W. McKerr's b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Eric—Ann). W. S. BELL.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

MR. A. B. WINGFIELD told in our Natural History columns the other day of a dog which seemed to know when its death was proposed to its master. Here are two similar cases, recorded in the *Springfield Republican:*

"Allen H. Norton, of Winsted, Conn., is the owner of a farm over the line in this State. For many years Mr. Norton has had on the farm a dog of cocker spaniel and hound breed, which has been of considerable use about the place, and also a good hunter of coons and other game. But the dog is now twelve years old, minus some of its teeth and getting feeble, so it was thought best to shoot it. Consequently, about two weeks ago, the man in charge of the farm took the dog out in the lots to dispose of it. He laid his gun on the ground and proceeded to dig a grave for the dog, while the faithful animal lay beside the implement intended soon to end its life, and watched the hole in the ground gradually grow deeper. The man had nearly finished the excavation when the dog suddenly sprang to its feet and rushed from the place. For the first time on record it refused to respond to the man's call, but hurried to the river bank, swam to the opposite shore, disappeared in the woods and is still absent. A similar case occurred about a month ago. William R Griffin, of West Winsted, remarked to some of his friends that he intended to kill his dog. A short time afterward the dog disappeared and spent a week in another part of the town. When the animal finally returned, the arrangements to shoot it were carried out."

Mr. W. B. Wells, honorary secretary of the I. F. T. C., informs us that Messrs. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., and E. Warner, of Detroit, were selected to act as judges at the next field trial meeting of the club, to be held at Mitchell's Bay, beginning Nov. 1. He further states that "already a number of entries have been received for the Derby, which closes July 1. The call of Bob White is heard throughout the country, and the indications are good for an unusually large crop of birds."

The third annual sweepstakes of the American Spaniel Club are announced by the executive committee. The balloting for judges is now in order. No ballot will be received later than July 15.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable

IN THE CATSKILLS.

NEW YORK, June 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* B. has a cottage in the Catskills, near Hensonville. The Saturday before Decoration Day he decided to go up to put the place in order for the summer, and upon his invitation H. and myself went along. Mrs. B. was also in the party.

We took the West Shore Railroad to Kingston, the Ulster & Delaware to Phœnicia, and the narrow gauge Stony Clove Railroad to Hunter. For the last seven miles of our journey we had brought along our bicycles, and at the various changes we took good care to see that they were properly transferred, as we had no wish to see our plans go wrong for lack of conveyance at the last stage of our journey.

From Kingston the railroad follows up Esopus Creek, which is a good trout water in its upper reaches. The ascent was gradual here, but when the change was made at Phœnicia to the narrow gauge, conditions changed, and the grade became very steep.

The road twisted in and out along the sides of mountains, always keeping a little above the bed of the stream, which comes racing down the bottom of the Clove, and at times the engine got into a brown study in its tussle with the principles of gravitation and fussed about it, and ran so slow that one could have gotten off and picked wild flowers, or ran around in front of the engine, if he had been so minded, without danger to himself or risk of losing the train.

We were told that this railroad is nine and seven-eighths miles long, and is thus exempt from the law which regulates the maximum fare to be charged by roads ten or more miles in length. As a matter of fact, it charges at the rate of 10 cents per mile, or thereabouts.

It was said that there were some doubts as to the correct measurement of the road, but that if it should turn out to be up to the ten-mile limit, the owners, to continue their monopoly, would only have to chop off some inconsequential fraction of a mile, which would probably not even necessitate the moving of their little frame station and freight sheds.

No doubt, considering the grade and the necessarily limited business of the line a great part of the year, there is plenty of excuse for a high passenger tariff. It takes the train an hour to make the trip, and perhaps the charge is based on time rather than on distance.

At Hunter we found our bicycles in good condition, and, strapping on our rods, guns and other impedimenta, were soon across the bridge spanning Scoharie Creek and spinning down the village street. At the first turn on the right we encountered a steep ascent, and, though H. made a spurt and climbed several hundred yards up the hill, he was not loath soon to dismount and join us, pushing our machines up the steep grade.

The hill was at least a mile long, and it seemed as though we had climbed 1,000ft., when we at last reached level ground again, and stopped to take in the view.

The country near by was mostly cleared and farm land, but beyond were thickly wooded mountains, including those of the Hunter Range.

As we were about to mount to continue our journey, we espied, 200yds. away on a side hill, a large woodchuck lying full length in the mouth of his burrow. This was accepted as a challenge to the riflemen of the party, and B., as having his rifle in position to be got at easiest, accepted it. The woodchuck, however, did not suffer, aside from the shock to his nerves caused by a bullet hitting the ground directly under him and covering him with yellow clay from his own particular dirt pile

A little further on the road began to descend, and H. scorched down the first hill, leaving a trail of flying dust and scattered stones. But for these stones, the road, in its present condition, would have been good wheeling; but the fact of their presence made cautious riding necessary in most places, and, when going down hill, there was always danger of an upset from this cause. H., however, paid little attention to the stones. The next hill was a bad one, and B. warned him of the fact.

Despite the warning he started down it at a good pace and soon was going at a racing gait. A stone jarred his wheel so that his lamp went to pieces and flew in all directions. The next obstruction threw his feet off the pedals and his wheel was beyond control. No doubt H. wished at that moment for a good hand brake—I know the rest of us wished it—but he had always held brakes in supercilious disregard, and as he was an expert rider and powerful back-pedaler, he had never before had any real need of one.

The loose stones, thank-you m'ams, and steepness of the grade combined, with high initial speed made braking with his foot out of the question, and H tore down the hill attempting nothing more than to keep in the road, and was out of sight in a moment. The others of us picked our way cautiously down, using our brakes and back-pedaling at the same time. Around the second curve we came in sight of H. sitting beside the road, still alive but very pale. To particularize, as a matter of fact, his face was the gray-white color of a bromide photograph. He had received a severe shaking up and his bicycle was wrecked.

He showed us where the bicycle had struck a slot in a stone culvert after a wide swing into the ditch at the side of the road, and here he had parted company with it. Twenty feet further down the road (by paced measurement) was a scooped-out place where he landed after his header. Fortunately he struck sideways, and most of the force of the fall was taken by his hips, which saved him a broken neck or collarbone.

Seeing H. wasn't killed we all fell to and gave him a scolding, which was principally deserved because he had not regarded the warning about the dangerous character of the hill. Then we looked over the ground and at the crevice in the culvert and decided that it was a case of "put a bicycle in the slot and take a header."

"Lucky for you that you didn't get a little further down the hill before you went off," said B. "There's a little house around the corner where Lew Butts lives with his eleven children, and you would have carried them all into the creek."

It was beginning to get dark, and we still had four or five miles to go before we could get supper. It seemed as though we would be obliged to walk, and that H. would have to carry his wheel instead of having it carry him. The wooden rim of the front wheel was snapped squarely in two in one place and badly split in another, and the spokes were all bent and tied around the forks. The tire had parted company with the rim, but fortunately was intact. We considered the case, and decided that the bicycle was not quite beyond repair. At any rate, it could be pushed along the road if the front wheel was put together.

So we set about doing this. First, we cut the ends of the broken rim so that they would dovetail together, then two of us sat in the road opposite each other, bracing our feet against the rim, and bending the ends at angles with the natural plane of the wheel to get them together.

Then by pushing and pulling, with the assistance of the third man, who kept the ends touching, we got the points back almost to the normal plane, and wrapped them tightly with tire tape.

The straightening process had tightened all the spokes with the exception of one directly at the broken place, and the wheel looked about as good as ever. The rim was further "trued" by laying it across two low stones and standing on it where it was out, and afterward the tire was put on and pumped up as hard as we could make it, pumping by turns and helping the man along who was doing the work by some snappy song. Finally the tire was tied in place by tire tape—the most useful single article in the wheelman's repair outfit.

The wheel ran very well when set up in the fork, and we were surprised at the success of our experiment. H. was even persuaded after a time to try to ride on a level place, and made good progress. Two days afterward he was going down breakneck hills on it, and it had carried him a good many miles without any mishap. So much for the rough-and-ready expedients of the road.

B.'s cottage is beautifully situated in a little glen near the top of the divide above Hensonville. Here for the next two days we amused ourselves walking, wheeling, shooting at marks and woodchucks, which are more plentiful in the neighborhood than any other place I know of, and fishing.

Monday morning I tried my luck on the stream between Hensonville and Windham, and though I did not reach the brook till after 9, and found a number of other anglers had preceded me, I succeeded in catching an even dozen trout before 11. Two of these were very fair size, but the others were mostly small, and I returned several of them to the water.

I had to return before the others, and so left Monday immediately after dinner. Most of the way to Hunter was down-hill, and as there was very little walking to be done I covered the distance in three-quarters of an hour. Coming over the following day, the others made exactly the same time, including the man with the broken wheel, who had completely recovered from his shake-up, and rode as recklessly as ever. He still thinks he can get along without a brake, and neither argument nor experience will convince him to the contrary. J.

Yachting.

As the yachting journal of America, the FOREST AND STREAM *is the recognized medium of communication between the maker of yachtsmen's supplies and the yachting public. Its value for advertising has been demonstrated by patrons who have employed its columns continuously for years.*

YACHT RACING FIXTURES 1897.

THE following list of fixtures has been compiled from many different sources, some of them not official, and it may contain some errors. We shall be glad to have notice of corrections and additions.

Races of the Sound Y. R. U are marked with the letter S; those of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. with the letter M:

JUNE.

26. Buffalo, ladies' day, Lake Erie.
26. Gravesend Bay, cruise, New York Bay.
26 Atlantic, Adams cups, 2d race, New York Bay.
26. Brooklyn, first special, New York Bay.
26. Roy. Canadian, 27ft., 22ft and skiff classes, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
26. Cohasset, club 15-footers, 3d cham., Cohasset.
26 Winthrop, evening race, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
26. American Cruise, Ipswich Neck, Newburyport
26. Columbia, 4th and 5th classes, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
26. Burgess, 1st cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay
26. Cor. San Francisco, cruise, Petaluma, San Francisco.
26. Taunton, 1st club, Taunton, Mass
26. Roy St. Lawrence, 20ft. and 15ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
26. Beverly, 1st cham., Wenaumet, Buzzard's Bay.

Y. R. U. of Long Island Sound Racing Circuit:

JUNE.

26. Saturday. Seawanhaka Cor., annual race, for all classes.
28. Monday. Stamford, annual regatta, for all classes.
29. Tuesday. Indian Harbor, special race for all classes of sloops and cabin catboats 30ft. and under, and special class of yawls.
30. Wednesday. Corinthian fleet, annual regatta for 65ft. class of schooners and all classes 51ft. and under.

IT must be admitted that up to the present date, but three weeks prior to the trial races, the defense of the Seawanhaka international cup is far ahead of the challenging side. The local division of the defending fleet, on which, of course, the main reliance is placed, that of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., now numbers eight or nine boats, and they have been under way for over a month, five regular races having been sailed. The usual amount of petty defects has been discovered, and no doubt much has been done to remedy them, the boats now being, from all accounts, in pretty good shape. What is being done in other parts of Canada is not yet apparent, but it is certain that from Toronto and other places yachts will be sent for the trials, through which a defender will be chosen. Mr. Duggan has started to build a new boat, to be ready for the trial races.

On this side, up to the present time, very little has been done to test and improve the boats, and the racing has been limited to two or three starters. The two Crane boats have been under way for some weeks about Boston, doing plenty of sailing, but no regular racing in the class. One Huntington and one Olmstead boat has been raced a few times about the Sound, and the new Gardner and Cox boat has sailed in three races. Last Saturday the fleet numbered five, and by next Saturday three or four more may be added. If a really fast boat is to be developed, it will be necessary to race as many of the boats as can be got together, and as frequently as possible. In this work it is by no means the fastest and best design which wins, but the boat, whether good or only medium, which is most thoroughly and carefully worked up to racing form. The best boat that can be sent to Canada has no picnic before her, but work of the hardest kind if she is to bring back the cup. A simple failure to do so involves of necessity no discredit on the challenging club, but it has a reputation to sustain in sending a representative that, even though a little slower than the home boat, is a thoroughly creditable production in design, construction, fitting and working up.

FOR a year or so past all the spite and malice for which the Boston *Herald* is so noted, has been directed against the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., the latest attack being as follows, apropos of the New York Y. C. year book: "The new racing rules appear in the book for the first time, and some are un-American beyond question. The rule limiting draft is the work of men who neither build nor help others to build, piazza yachtsmen, who have more to say about how yachts should be built and raced than those who spend thousands annually in the sport. The Seawanhaka contingent of the New York Y. C. is doing our greatest American yacht club no good, and the sooner its members repeal the silly measurement rules made last winter the better. Neither are the elements or the ideas of the ½-rater and its 'year-old brother,' the 20-footers, suited to America's greatest club."

We are quite ready to concede to the *Herald* even the amount of ignorance of current yachting displayed in the above, but had it wished to be either honest or truthful in its criticism it could readily have ascertained the facts of the case. The new draft limit originated within the Larchmont Y. C., and with men who own and race large yachts; they, with at least two of the designers, indorsing it heartily. It was formulated and introduced in both the New York and Larchmont clubs by Mr. John F. Lovejoy, a member of each of these clubs and not of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. Mr. Lovejoy is a Boston yachtsman long resident in New York, where he enjoys the reputation of a skillful and practical yachtsman and one of the best Corinthian skippers. While we are opposed both to the draft limit and other amendments of the rules proposed by him, we fully recognize his position as an expert in all that pertains to yacht racing, whether at the helm of a yacht or in charge of the committee boat; the fact that he is in no sense a "piazza sailor" is quite as well known as that he is directly responsible for the draft limit.

The proposed change was accepted without opposition by the New York and Larchmont clubs, while on the other hand the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. opposed it at the start, and only accepted it for the sake of uniformity long after the others had. It has no bearing whatever on the 15 or 20ft. classes, as these are governed by special rules, but was devised solely in the interests of several very large yachts.

THE four races thus far sailed have been interesting only through the meetings of Colonia and Emerald and Wasp and Syce. The results thus far are not conclusive in the first case, but Colonia has done decidedly the better work down the bay, in waters where Emerald's crew is at its best, her owner having raced on them for many years in all classes of yachts. The closest and only really good race yet sailed, that at Larchmont on Saturday, was too nearly even to be at all decisive. This is very fortunate, as the sole hope of schooner racing for the season rests on the prolongation of this one issue, between Emerald and Colonia; as soon as either has scored a few decisive wins, the sport is over for an indefinite time.

In the singlestick division the interest is far less keen, as it is already evident that Syce is no match for Wasp, as the latter is now kept and sailed; of course the new boat is capable of further improvement and the old one has probably reached the limit, but it is very unlikely that by the end of the season the verdict of the first races will be reversed.

THE two Crane boats, Al-Anka and Pioneer, are doing very good work about Boston, the former in particular. The third boat, Momo, has been shipped from Ogdensburgh to Boston for trial with the others, but the three will probably be shipped to New York this week. Both Pioneer and Al-Anka have been altered from the leg-o'-mutton to the goff rig.

Beverly Y. C.—First Sweepstakes Race.

WETOUMET BUZZARD'S BAY.

Thursday, June 17.

THE 246th race, first open sweepstakes, was sailed June 17 in a moderate breeze. S.W. at start, but shifting forty-five minutes later to S., giving the larger classes a long and short leg on what was intended for a dead beat.

The new boats did well, Thordis winning easily in second class, she is a new Hanley cat and a very good boat. The new Opossum, belonging to Mr. Bob Emmons and built by Herreshoff, is a little beauty and very fast and able. Grilse did not have a fair chance, as an old sail was on her, which consists of two big bags and a tight spot between, this her owner had no means of knowing until just before the start.

The new cruising class had only two boats on hand, but both were handsome, able and fast. When the other six are ready to race it will be a lively class. True Blue showed up very well at Marblehead a week before coming round, beating all the new knockabouts, Herreshoff boats included, but did not meet Cock Robin.

First prizes were taken by True Blue, Thordis, Daisy, Melro and Vif. Second prizes were taken by Kalama and Grilse. Third prize was taken by Bernice. True Blue, Thordis, Bernice, Daisy, Melro, Nobska, Imp, and Opossum count one for pennant. Anonyma and Grilse count one-half each for pennant.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
CRUISING CLASS			
*Robin Hood, B. Y. C., C. S. Dennison	22.00	2 16 55	2 04 44
*Royal Blue, B. Y. C., C. H. Jones	22.00	2 23 03	2 10 54
SECOND CLASS CATS			
Thordis, B. Y. C., T. B. Wales	26.00	2 10 43	1 58 32
Kalama, B. Y. C., David Rice	26.00	2 16 04	2 03 53
*Bernice, B. Y. C., J. G. Young, Jr.	25.08	2 20 20	2 07 45
Mist, B. Y. C., G. H. Lyman	25.01	2 20 35	2 07 20
Gymnote, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis		2 21 10	
Hector, Mon Beach, I. R. Thomas	25.05	2 21 18	2 08 15
*Anonyma, B. Y. C., Vice-Com. Dabney	24.09	2 26 02	2 12 20
Defiance, Mon Beach, H. E. Perry	23.03	2 28 41	2 14 48
No Name, Warehany, B. C. Savory	26.00	2 29 46	2 17 55
THIRD CLASS CATS			
*Nobska, B. Y. C., W. H. Winship	22.00	1 56 10	1 43 00
*Molly, B. Y. C., S. W. Burgess	22.00	1 56 47	1 43 37
*Melro, B. Y. C., D. L. Williams	20.03	1 57 08	1 41 54
FOURTH CLASS CATS.			
Elsa, B. Y. C., C. S. Sargent	19.00	2 08 01	1 51 13
*Daisy, B. Y. C. Howard Stockton	18.03	2 08 39	1 50 58
Coquette, Mon. Beach, W. W. Phinney	18.01	2 13 51	1 55 46
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS			
*Opossum, B. Y. C., R. W. Emmons	19.00	1 55 23	2 38 35
*Grilse, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis	19.00	2 00 01	2 43 13
*Heiress, B. Y. C., George G. Amory	19.00	2 06 02	2 49 14
*Fin, B. Y. C., L. M. Stockton	18.01	2 08 37	2 50 03
FIFTH CLASS CATS.			
Vif, B. Y. C., A. Winsor, Jr.	15.00	1 54 55	1 33 33
*Imp, B. Y. C., George G. Debney	15.00	1 58 40	1 37 28
*Hebe, B. Y. C., John Parkinson, Jr.	15.00	2 01 40	1 39 28

Championship will be won by boats getting best score in the four sweepstakes and five Corinthian races, boat owned and sailed by members of club, and making best actual time counting one; second boat, if she beats a competitor, half. Those marked with a star were sailed and owned by members. BLUE, WITH A GOLD CASTLE.

Massachusetts Y. C. Open Race.

NAHANT—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Thursday, June 17.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A. RULES.

THE annual open race of the Massachusetts Y. C., the once famous Bunker Hill Day race of the original Dorchester Y. C., was sailed as usual, with good entries and favorable conditions. The course was a triangle, starting off Nahant, then out to the Graves Whistling Buoy and the Winthrop Bar Buoy, 10 miles. The first leg was to windward in a moderate and steady S.E. breeze, but the wind fell light on the second leg, the finish being slow. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS			
Ida J., F. E. Beckman	28.06	1 47 17	1 46 53
Addie, R. C. Nickerson	25.00	1 57 10	1 53 16
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	26.06	1 56 11	1 54 01
Harbinger, C. F. Bache	28.02	1 56 43	1 56 35
Heroine, C. A. J. Smith	27.06	2 04 57	2 03 57
Mistress Mary, E. W. Fox	28.11	2 01 04	2 01 04
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	24.10	Disabled.	
Elfreda, B. T. Hall	28.11	Disabled.	
SECOND CLASS—OPEN.			
Hoodlum, Boardman & Higginson	23.11	1 49 16	1 49 16
Princeps, J. L. Whiting	20.06	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS—CABIN.			
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	21.09	2 01 21	1 59 39
Muriel, H. N. Nute	23.11	2 00 11	2 00 11
Rex, J. B. Farrell	23.05	2 01 15	2 03 39
Whisper, W. H. Stimpson	20.02	2 15 03	2 10 10
Yankee, C. E. Mains	20.06	2 19 45	2 15 21
Alert, J. R. Hodder	23.06	2 28 45	2 28 15
Alma, Chas. A. Heney	23.03	Withdrew.	
Judith, W. B. Pigeon	23.06	Withdrew.	
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	23.09	Withdrew.	
Mist, A. H. Merrill	20.06	Withdrew.	
KNOCKABOUTS			
Cock Robin, C. H. W. Foster	21.00	2 13 04	
Gosling, Clark & North	21.00	2 16 12	
Cockatoo, C. S. Eaton	21.00	2 17 22	
Hazard, H. M. Sears	21.00	2 19 39	
Sally III, L. S. Percival	21.00	2 23 20	
Fly, W. O. Gay	21.00	2 24 04	
Mongoose, A. D. Irving	21.00	2 25 06	
Jenny Wren, F. E. Peabody	21.00	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Rooster, Adams Bros.	19.03	2 22 38	2 21 37
Al-Anka, C. H. Crane	19.11	2 22 04	2 22 04
Alison, H. E. Fowle	19.00	2 24 37	2 23 13
Arab III, W. F. Scott	19.11	2 26 14	2 26 14
Wrinkle, S. N. Small	19.11	2 26 39	2 26 39
Yahoo, K. Horton	19.11	2 32 46	2 32 46
The Jag, Chas. Hayden	19.11	2 33 30	2 33 30
Spook, A. Parker	19.11	2 33 32	2 33 32
Mephisto, Jas. Spratt	18.00	2 42 01	2 38 58
Omene, W. P. Parker	19.11	2 43 43	2 43 43
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	19.11	Withdrew.	
Nancy Hanks, P. J. Maglathlin	19.06	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	16.00	2 28 31	2 26 45
Vite-se, C. D. Mower	16.01	2 29 00	2 27 24
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	16.11	2 27 57	2 27 57
Fantasy, W. Allerton	16.11	2 28 19	2 28 19
Gnome, H. B. Faxon	15.09	Withdrew.	
Ripple, C. B. Pear	16.00	Withdrew.	
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson	16.11	Withdrew.	
Attilla, A. A. Higgins	14.00	Withdrew.	

Elfreda lost her bowsprit and Beatrice parted her bobstay. Al-Anka made a very close race with Rooster, losing on allowance by a few seconds. Yankee protests Rex and Arab protests Alison for fouling. The judges were James Bostram, F. H. Perrin, J. A. Barbey, Jr., T. W. King and S. P. Perrin. This is the first trial of last year's Cock Robin with the new boats; she won very easily, with the Lawley boat, Gosling, second.

The Thirty-foot Class.

A SPECIAL race of the 30-footers was sailed on New York Bay under the auspices of the New York Y. C. on June 17, open only to yachts of the class owned by club members. The course was from off Buoy 13 around a markboat off Old Orchard Shoal, thence around Buoy 12 on the Southwest Spit, 16 miles. Only four boats started—Hera, Musme, Vaquero III. and Wa Wa. The day was cloudy and unpleasant, with a very light E.S.E. wind in the morning, shifting to S.W. and dying down before the finish.

The start was made from the gun at 12:15, with a strong ebb down the course and little wind for maneuvering. Hera made a good start on the windward end of the line, Vaquero coming close after her and crossing with good way on. Wa Wa barely drifted across, and Musme was handicapped. When partly over the first leg the wind headed and made a beat, the times at Old Orchard mark being:

Hera	1 58 30	Musme	2 09 10
Wa Wa	2 08 50	Vaquero	2 10 30

They reached across with a moderate S.W. wind to the Spit, but lost the wind in coming up the Bay and drifted for hours. Vaquero took the ground and towed home, the final times being:

Start, 12:15:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 45 50	5 30 30
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	7 43 50	7 28 50
Musme, J. MacDonough	7 44 20	7 29 20
Vaquero, H. B. Duryea	Withdrew.	

Columbia Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—HUDSON RIVER.

Saturday, June 19.

THE 13th annual regatta of the Columbia Y. C. was sailed on June 19, the times being.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS C—CABIN SLOOPS, 30 TO 38FT.				
Cygnet	11 00 00	Did not finish.		
Ramona	10 55 43	3 05 45	4 10 02	4 10 02
Marietta	10 55 57	3 33 34	4 34 37	4 30 29
CLASS D—CABIN SLOOPS, 25 TO 30FT.				
Camille	11 00 00	3 27 21	4 27 21	4 27 21
Imp	11 00 00	3 14 00	4 14 00	4 10 45
Dorothy	11 00 00	3 09 07	4 09 07	4 05 15
CLASS E—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 25FT.				
Fleur de Lis	10 56 31	5 31 37	4 37 06	4 37 06
Polly	10 56 30	3 16 59	4 20 29	4 19 14
CLASS F CABIN CATBOATS OVER 23FT				
Emma S.	10 58 25	Did not finish.		
CLASS H—OPEN CATBOATS.				
C. S. Wills	10 56 46	2 39 22	3 42 36	3 42 36
CLASS I—CABIN NAPHTHA LAUNCHES.				
Manola	11 01 14	12 48 05	1 46 51	1 46 51
Hinemoah	11 02 45	1 03 06	2 00 21	1 46 51
Juanita	11 02 22	1 05 47	2 03 25	1 51 25
Banshee	11 02 25	1 02 50	2 00 15	1 45 15
Amelia Victoria	11 01 25	2 08 52	2 08 52	1 46 22
CLASS 2—OPEN NAPHTHA LAUNCHES.				
Mabel	11 03 15	1 15 00	2 11 45	2 11 45
Nautilus	11 01 20	1 19 03	2 17 43	2 11 28

Philadelphia Y. C.

TINICUM—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, June 12.

THE Philadelphia Y. C. sailed its 21st annual regatta on June 12 over one of the club courses on the Delaware River, to New Castle Flats and return, 15 miles each way. The day was fair, with a 10-knot breeze from N.W., very puffy at times. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.				
Helere	11 15 00	3 13 19	3 48 19	3 44 43
Karl	11 15 00	3 54 15	4 09 15	4 03 15
Ibis	11 15 00	3 59 58	4 44 58	4 36 52
SECOND CLASS - SLOOPS OVER 40FT.				
Julnar	11 15 00	3 54 55	4 09 55	4 09 55
Mull	11 15 00	4 0 39	4 53 39	4 48 47
THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS OVER 30FT				
Zeelan	11 00 00	4 01 51	4 01 31	4 48 32
Weona	11 00 00	4 00 19	5 00 19	5 00 19

Schemer was disabled and withdrew, her steering gear breaking. Helene wins a leg for the Singerly cup, presented by Wm. M. Singerly for the yacht in first class, mixed rigs, winning the greatest number of races this season. Julnar wins a leg for the Commodore's cup, presented by Com. Francis Shunk Brown for the yacht of the second class winning the greatest number of races through the season. The judges were George D. Gideon, George T. Whitaker and George W. Fite.

Detroit Y. C.

DETROIT—LAKE ST. CLAIR.

Monday, June 7.

THE Detroit Y. C. sailed a regatta on June 7, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
CLASS A			
City of the Straits	2 14 47	4 25 49	2 13 02
Surprise	2 22 00	Did not finish.	
CLASS B			
Josephine	2 13 23	4 31 37	2 18 14
Alice Enright	2 22 00	Did not finish.	
Columbia	2 22 00	5 14 20	2 52 20
CLASS C.			
Lucy	2 12 30	5 08 44	2 56 14
Yellow Fellow (Echo)	2 21 22	5 35 40	3 14 18
CLASS D.			
Huntress	2 14 51	4 53 38	2 38 37
Sirocco	2 14 35	5 17 07	3 02 32
CLASS E			
Let Her B.	2 28 27	4 14 51	1 46 24
CLASS F—HALF-RATERS.			
Concordia	2 28 10	4 39 10	2 11 00
Advance	2 27 55	4 45 35	2 15 40
Selma	2 29 08	5 12 16	2 43 08
CLASS G—CATS.			
Katrina	2 28 50	4 28 00	1 59 10
Little City	2 28 54	4 33 52	2 04 48
Shamrock, Jr., yawl	2 28 25	4 40 35	2 12 00
Putsey	2 30 13	4 46 45	2 16 32

Vencedor.

THE Chicago fin-keel Vencedor, recently purchased by H. F. Gillig, arrived on June 14 at the works of the Gas Engine & Power Co., Morris Docks, New York, where arrangements had been made to launch her. She was accompanied by her former owner, E. C. Berriman, of the Lincoln Park Y. C., who has superintended the shipment, and will remain here to sail in the boat in her first races. She was loaded at Racine on a large flat car, with her fin on another car. It was hoped to fit the fin and launch her early in the week, fitting her out in time for the Larchmont race of Saturday last, but this could not be done; however, she will be ready this week. It is uncertain as yet just what her measurement will be, and where it will place her; though she raced last year on a waterline of 43ft., and a racing length of but 45ft., she needs considerably more sail, and probably can with advantage be trimmed to a waterline of 45ft. or more, with still more canvas than on the shorter waterline. It is hardly likely that she can be placed in Wasp's class, but she will probably go against Syce in the 51ft. class. Mr. Berriman was on the Atlantic Y. C. steamer on Tuesday, and sailed on Emerald on Thursday. It will be a matter of general satisfaction if the yacht is, for the first time, put at a trim which will show just how fast she is; and this is quite possible under the rules on the Sound.

New York Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—NEW YORK HARBOR.

Thursday, June 17.

THE New York Y. C. went through the formality of its annual regatta on June 17 with most unsatisfactory results. With the best of weather the event would have been tame enough, being confined to yachts enrolled in this club only, making a very small entry list; but the weather was of the worst, completely spoiling the day for all parties, yachtsmen, committee and spectators. There was little wind to speak of, but from all quarters, the sky was overcast all day, with light rain at intervals, and the race after a little life at the start, dragged into a weary drifting match, the yachts finishing at midnight.

The entries were:

95FT. CLASS—SCHOONERS—RACING TRIM.

No.		Length.
5	Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.13
7	Emerald, J. R. Maxwell	91.47

85FT. CLASS—SCHOONERS CRUISING TRIM.

8	Iroquois, C. Rouse	82.29

75FT CLASS—SCHOONERS—CRUISING TRIM.

1	Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	74.82

CLASS G CUTTERS—RACING TRIM.

11	Vigilant, Percy Chubb	
1	Bedouin, J. Murray Mitchell	

Allowed by special agreement 32m 50s.

60FT. CLASS—CUTTERS—RACING TRIM.

30	Wasp, H. F. & R. L. Lippitt	51.97

60FT. CLASS CUTTERS—CRUISING TRIM.

10	Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	55.68

51FT. CLASS—CUTTERS—RACING TRIM.

34	Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86

51FT CLASS—CUTTERS—CRUISING TRIM.

9	Choctaw, J. Montgomery Strong	46.13

43FT. CLASS CUTTERS—RACING TRIM.

36	Norota, D. B. Burnham	41.89

The usual prizes for both racing and cruising trim were offered, and the committee had exerted itself energetically to drum up entries, but as appears, with poor success. Of the eleven entries, five, Emerald, Colonia, Wasp, Syce and Norota, were entered for the same reason as in the preceding races of other clubs, that their owners are racing men and propose to start in all races open to them. The other entries merely testify to the personal exertions of the committee and the *esprit du corps* of a very few members, who have entered their yachts solely to make a show in the great function of the yachting year; especially is this the case with Bedouin and Vigilant, a most incongruous pair, starting under a special agreement merely to fill out. Having no competitors, Iroquois and Amorita did not start. The five smaller cutters were placed together, sailing without club-topsails.

The start was made from off Buoy 13, just outside the Narrows, the schooners, with Vigilant and Bedouin, going out and around the Sandy Hook Lightship, the smaller cutters rounding the Scotland, all going and returning by way of the Southwest Spit. At 11 A. M., the hour for starting, there was a light E.S.E. wind and the young ebb was well under way; the flagship Corsair, with Com. Morgan and Fleet Capt. J. Beavor Webb on the bridge and a large party of ladies and gentlemen about the decks, lay off the starting line in company with the club steamer Cepheus and the committee boat Luckenback, on which latter were Dr. J. C. Barron, Dr. W. Barton Hopkins and J. Frederick Tams, the regatta committee. All of the yachts were ready at the line, except Bedouin, Eclipse and Choctaw; these beating down very slowly in the light air. It was not until 11:45 that the first signal was given, by the whistle, as the gun missed fire. Ten minutes later the old reliable whistle again did substitute duty for the handsome bronze yacht cannon on its teak carriage, and the cutters came for the line, the start being with the 5-minute interval for crossing. They went over very slowly, Choctaw first, with Wasp close beside her, followed by Eclipse and Vigilant. The handicap gun, at 12 M., which, by the way, was also a whistle, was the starting signal for the schooners, Emerald following Vigilant across the line, with Bedouin, handicapped, under her lee. Colonia came next, followed by Syce, the latter going on starboard tack just on the line; Norota was last, with a bad handicap. The start was officially timed as follows: Preparatory 11:45; start, cutters, 11:55. Handicap, cutters; start, schooners: 12:00:00.

Choctaw	11 53 23	Bedouin	12 00 22
Wasp	11 58 49	Syce	12 00 35
Eclipse	11 59 17	Colonia	12 01 04
Vigilant	11 59 59	Norota	12 03 15
Emerald	12 00 10		

Bedouin, Syce and Norota were handicapped.

All crossed on port tack except Syce, she going about on the line and standing across to the eastward of the fleet. After waiting to start another race, the committee boat started after the fleet, now going down at a fair speed with the aid of the tide. Wasp was leading, with Vigilant some distance astern, while Colonia, in the first ten minutes, pulled out a good lead on Emerald. At the head of the Swash, about four miles from the start, Vigilant passed Wasp at 12:45, the smaller boat, in cruising trim, carrying a jib-headed topsail. Vigilant carried a club, but of course her rig has been reduced this year to proportions more suitable for her new use as a cruiser than the old. At the same time, she carried a row of heads along the weather rail that was strongly suggestive of her racing days.

The wind fell still lighter as the leaders neared the Spit, a breeze was visible to the westward, over Raritan Bay, and at 1:26 the first puff of it passed over Vigilant, Wasp and Colonia, and struck Emerald and Syce, putting them on starboard tack. Three minutes later the leaders caught it, with a light shower of rain. There was no strength in the wind, and the procession dragged slowly past the Spit buoys, being timed:

Vigilant	1 33 15	Syce	1 42 55
Wasp	1 35 50	Emerald	1 46 06
Colonia	1 38 50	Bedouin	1 50 28

Sheets were eased to port and spinakers slowly bloomed to starboard for the run to the Bell Buoy, the larger yachts standing by it on the same course for the Sandy Hook Lightship, while the smaller headed up for the Scotland Lightship.

From this point on the race lost all semblance of interest, and is not worth noting in detail. Vigilant and Colonia kept closely together as they drifted toward the lightship, where they were timed:

Vigilant	3 37 30	Emerald	3 51 30
Colonia	3 39 15	Bedouin	4 09 00

Vigilant had been over two hours in running the 9½ miles from the Spit to the turn, in perfectly smooth water.

Meanwhile Wasp had turned the Scotland at about 2:27 (the timing was not accurate), with Syce some ten minutes astern, and both were standing in for the point of the Hook, with no wind to speak of, being finally compelled to anchor. Eclipse and Norota, in spite of the disparity in size, were making a pretty close race on even time, bound out for the Scotland.

The big yachts found the wind N.W. at the Sandy Hook Lightship, but later on it shifted to N.E., with light rain at times. The times at the Bell Buoy off the point of the Hook were roughly taken as follows: Wasp 5:15, Colonia 5:21, Vigilant 5:23, Emerald 5:26. Syce was not timed at this mark.

The committee boat left the leaders slowly drifting inside the Hook and went up the Swash to the finish line off Buoy 13, anchoring and waiting with the best possible grace until about 8 P. M., when she weighed anchor and started down—in rain and mist—to hunt the missing yachts. Emerald went by in tow of a tug, but Colonia, Wasp, Vigilant and Bedouin were discovered after a long hunt drifting near the Southwest Spit. Here the tug left them and returned to the city, a timekeeper being placed on one of the markboats. A finish was finally made, as follows:

SCHOONERS—95FT CLASS—RACING TRIM 33 MILES.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	12 01 04	11 15 30	11 14 26	11 14 26
Emerald	12 00 10	Withdrew.		

CUTTERS CLASS G RACING TRIM—33 MILES.

Vigilant	11 59 59	11 09 00	11 09 01	11 09 01
Bedouin	12 00 00	11 33 00	11 33 00	11 00 10

MIXED CLASS CRUISING TRIM—26 MILES.

Eclipse	11 59 17	*12 59 00	12 59 43	12 59 43
Wasp	11 58 49	10 19 00	11 00 11	11 00 04
Syce	12 00 00	11 48 30	11 43 30	11 43 24
Choctaw	11 58 23	Not timed.		
Norota	12 00 00	Not timed.		

* A. M. Friday, June 18.

Colonia wins the class prize, and the prize for the best corrected time for schooners.

Bedouin wins the Class G prize.

Wasp wins in the mixed class

Colonia wins the class prize, and as far as possible on her merits, she made a good lead at the start and held it fairly all day. Bedouin made up her time in the drifting about the Spit and beats Vigilant; Wasp wins in the mixed class.

The attendant fleet was by no means remarkable considering the importance of the occasion, for either size or quality. The handsome flagship Corsair, designed by Mr. Beaver Webb, had for company her two sister ships Intrepid and Sultana, both thoroughly ship-shape and stylish, and Narada, originally Semiramide, designed by Alfred H. Brown, looked the ship that she is. Another English steam yacht with the fleet was the old schooner Hildegard, once owned by the Prince of Wales, and brought out to this side some years ago by George Gould, who recently sold her to B. M. Whitlock. During the past winter she has been altered to an auxiliary under the supervision of Mr. Wintringham. With a taunt mainmast and square-rigged on the fore she looks very well indeed, and though comparatively little space has been given up to her machinery, she is making 11 to 12 miles in her regular running. In the "protected cruiser" division were Alicia, Hiawatha II., Clermont, Viking, Elsa, Sybilla, Sappho, Nirvana and Now Then. For once Electra was not seen at a New York Y. C. regatta. The converted tramp, Scythian, was also out with the fleet. The schooners were Sachem, Iroquois, Clytie, Cavalier, Coronet and the yawls Flying Cloud and Huron. The cutter Mineola, Rear-Com. Belmont, sailed with the fleet all day, greatly improved in appearance by black topsides and coppered bottom, and looking almost like a Fife boat.

Dorchester Y. C. Open Race.

DORCHESTER—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 19.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A. RULES.

THE open race of the Dorchester Y. C. was sailed on June 19 in a strong and puffy S.W. wind, which disabled a number of the yachts. Flea and Gosling were dismasted, Ida J. lost her topmast and Addie her bowsprit; Privateer broke her mast truck at the head. The incident of the day was the sailing of C. H. Crane's new twenty, Al-Anka, with a crew of five men; she beat her class handsomely, including such boats as Rooster, Nancy Hanks and Cleopatra. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Addie, R. C. Nickerson	25.03	1 41 56	1 10 08
Ida J., F. E. Beckman	28.04	1 39 17	1 10 34
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	26.06	1 41 32	1 11 02
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	28.02	1 40 14	1 11 22
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	24.10	1 45 50	1 23 15

SECOND CLASS—OPEN.

Hoodlum, A. H. Higginson	23.11	1 43 44	1 10 17
Romance, Loring Sears	22.00	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS CABIN.

Yankee, C. E. Mains	20.06	1 42 32	1 04 51
Muriel, H. N. Nute	23.11	1 42 06	1 08 49
Rex, J. B. Farrell	23.05	1 44 38	1 10 45
Micapoo, C. L. Harding	23.11	1 44 34	1 11 17
Alert, J. R. Hodder	23.06	1 51 22	1 17 35
Burgess, Frank Burgess	21.00	1 54 25	1 27 26
Clara Lou, W. J. Coombs	20.04	2 06 25	1 28 30
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	21.09	Disabled.	

THIRD CLASS

Al-Anka, C. H. Crane	19.11	1 35 33	1 00 52
Omene, W. P. Barker	19.11	1 40 08	1 05 27
Rooster, C. F. Adams, 2d	19.03	1 42 07	1 06 32
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlan	19.02	1 47 38	1 11 56
Wrinkle, S. N. Small	19.11	1 46 58	1 12 17
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	19.06	1 47 57	1 12 42
Enigma, G. F. Maybury	18.03	Withdrew.	

KNOCKABOUTS

Sally III., L. S. Percival	21.00	1 39 20	.. .. ..
Fly, W. O. Gay	21.00	1 39 55	.. .. ..
Hazard, H. M. Sears	21.00	1 40 53	.. .. ..
Jacobin, F. E. Jacobs	21.00	Withdrew.	
Gosling, Clark & North	21.00	Disabled.	

FOURTH CLASS

Perhaps, J. E. Robinson	16.11	1 16 01	0 45 35
Alpine, J. C. Blethen	16.11	1 19 33	0 49 07
Ripple, C. B. Pear	16.00	1 23 51	0 53 10
Hector, F. M. Crosby	16.06	1 25 40	0 54 41
Fantasy, W. Allerton	16.11	1 29 36	0 59 00
Flash, H. H. Linnell	16.11	Withdrew.	
Vitesse, C. D. Mower	15.06	Withdrew.	

FIFTH CLASS.

Dorothy Q., Quincy Tucker	12.06	1 42 26	1 05 03
Icurez, J. Perry	14.00	1 40 27	1 05 45
Eva, S. A. Freeman	13.05	Withdrew.	
Velma, Theo. Hallett		Disqualified.	

The judges were Com. Franklin L. Codman, Vice-Com. Arthur P. Merritt, Rear-Com. W. Ross Guilford, ex-Com. Hartford Davenport and C. H. Nute, with John F. Small and Oliver F. Davenport, of the regatta committee.

Corinthian Y. C.—108th Race.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Thursday, June 17.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed its 108th race on June 17 in a moderate S.W. breeze, the times being;

HANDICAP CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Allowance.	Corrected.
Brenda, H. S. Goodwin	1 34 00	4 00	1 30 00
Mistral, W. Currier	1 29 43	1 00	1 28 43
Vagrant, W. Harvey	1 42 30	6 00	1 41 30
Verona, C. B. Tucker	1 33 59	3 00	1 30 59
Rowena, W. H. Rothwell	1 22 50	1 00	1 21 50
Koorali, R. Robbins	Disabled.		

FIRST CLASS.

Mildred, G. Dexter	1 59 20	.. ..	.. .. ..
Tomboy, W. H. Lothrop	2 00 15	.. ..	.. .. ..
Nettie, W. Burgess	1 59 25	.. ..	.. .. ..

CLASS C—KNOCKABOUTS.

Mai, E. E. Paine	1 27 42	1 00	1 26 42
Dorothy, F. Brewster	1 27 20	.. ..	1 27 20
Aspanit, H. A. Morss	1 28 00	.. ..	1 28 00

16FT. SPECIAL CLASS

Blue Jay, G. Poole	1 47 30	.. ..	.. .. ..
Canary, W. B. Stearns	1 52 15	.. ..	.. .. ..
Dove, F. G. Maccomber	1 40 50	.. ..	.. .. ..
Oriole, E. Webster	1 44 50	.. ..	.. .. ..

Winners: Class A—Rowena first, Mistral second, Brenda third. Class C—Mai first, Dorothy second. First Class—Nettie first, Mildred second. Sixteen-footers—Dove first, Oriole second, Blue Jay third.

Nettie, the Purdon knockabout, went up into the first class with the old 30ft. cutters Tomboy and Mildred, being but five seconds astern of the latter, and winning on allowance.

The judges were George W. Mansfield, A. K. Sampson, W. W. Keith and A. E. Smith.

Burgess Y. C.—Sixth Race.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Thursday, June 17.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A. RULES

THE Burgess Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed its sixth race on June 17, starting at 2:30 P. M., the wind being S.W., moderate. The times were:

CLASS A

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Faith W. H. Chamberlain	17.04	0 57 04	0 57 04
Sassacus, R. W. Erickson	18.06	1 00 49	1 00 49
Moconomo, J. C. Merritt	18.00	1 01 43	1 02 07
Emma, Asa Lehnfield		1 10 48	.. .. ..

CLASS B.

Bubble, W. H. Higgins		1 02 05	1 02 05
Pioneer, M. J. Cogswell		1 16 57	1 15 53
No Name, A. Whitmore		1 35 06	.. .. ..
Alberta, J. W. Rogers		Disqualified.	

HANDICAP CLASS—UNDER 20FT.

Ben-my-Cree, W. H. Steward		0 58 41	0 57 11
Lucille, W. B. Jackson		1 01 04	0 59 34
White Wings, Bezanson Bros.		1 03 05	1 01 35
Reola, A. Schofield		1 17 54	1 07 54
Bee, F. G. Macomber		1 14 08	1 11 38
Sparrow, Dixie		1 19 50	1 18 20
Natoye, A. C. Usher		Disabled.	

CLASS C—SPECIAL CLASS—16 FOOTERS.

Oriole, E. Webster		0 31 50	.. .. ..
Canary, H. Parker		0 33 05	.. .. ..
Dove, F. G. Macomber		0 33 47	.. .. ..

CLASS D—SAILING TENDER.

Verana, C. B. Tucker		0 46 34	.. .. ..
Chicken, E. D. Quiner		0 46 41	.. .. ..

The judges were: Com. H. S. Goodwin, Robert W. Strout and Frank Goodwin

Duxbury Y. C. Club Race.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Thursday, June 17.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A. RULES.

THE Duxbury Y. C. opened the season with a race on June 17, sailed in a variable breeze, light at the start from the eastward, and then shifting to S.W. and blowing quite fresh. The times were:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed	Corrected.
Yankee, A. E. Walker	17.02	2 58 54	2 07 48
Future, W. T. Whitman	21.11	2 52 58	2 10 04

THIRD CLASS.

Fanny D., M. McDowell	17.07	2 46 47	.. .. ..
Random, G. P. Cushman		Did not finish.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Fedora, S. C. Winsor		1 38 08	.. .. ..
Myra, S. B. Cheney	17.07½	1 44 38	1 18 58
Nereid, C. C. Clapo	16.04	1 48 08	1 21 23
Puzzle, M. W. Smith	16.04	1 48 46	1 22 01
Dolphin, N. Morton	16.04½	1 52 21	1 25 36
Petroleo, J. C. Dawes	15.05	Withdrew.	

FIFTH CLASS

Maj D., C. H. Drew	15.10	1 44 13	1 16 52
Aphrodite, J. Brewster	17.03	1 44 21	1 18 57
Solitaire, B. B. Baker	17.03	1 45 33	1 20 16
Natalie, H. M. Jones	16.11	1 46 38	1 20 33
Tom Jeff, S. S. Richards	16.01½	1 54 55	1 27 52
Eunice B. Weston, I. Symmes		1 45 57	.. .. ..

Minnetonka Y. C.

LAKE MINNETONKA.

Monday, June 7.

THE first race of the Minnetonka Y. C. was sailed on June 7, the times being:

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wizard	3 31 31	5 22 42	1 51 11	1 50 09
Tartar	3 30 25	5 23 20	1 52 55	1 51 09
Breeze	3 31 05	5 23 21	1 52 16	1 50 00
Kossack	3 30 35	5 24 01	1 53 26	1 52 26
Marie II.	3 32 20	5 24 20	1 52 00	1 50 07
Charlotte	3 31 25	5 24 22	1 52 57	1 51 13

23FT. CATS

Varuna	3 31 11	5 42 42	2 21 31	2 21 31
Pinafore	3 21 05	5 45 47	2 24 42	2 20 59

ONE RATERS.

Pyxie	3 14 50	5 33 10	2 18 20	2 18 20
Gladrene	3 14 50	5 34 12	2 19 22	2 19 22
Answer	3 14 50	5 39 45	2 24 55	2 24 55
Doris	3 14 50	5 48 40	2 33 50	2 33 50

Wizard protested Breeze for fouling a mark, the protest being sustained. It was decided upon investigation that the official timing of Marie II. was wrong by five minutes, the correct time being 1:55:07 instead of 1:50:07, as in the table.

Hull Y. C. Invitation Race.

HULL BOSTON HARBOR

Friday June 18.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A. RULES.

THE Hull Y. C. sailed an invitation race for the third and fourth classes and knockabouts on June 18, the wind being E. to S.E., light and variable. The times were:

THIRD CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	19.06	2 28 47	2 01 22
Omene, W. P. Barker	19.11	2 28 45	2 01 07
Arab III., W. F. Scott	19.11	2 29 17	2 02 19
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	19.06	2 30 00	2 02 35
Al Anka, C. H. Crane	19.11	2 33 31	2 05 11
Enigma, G. M. Maybury	18.03	2 35 21	2 06 32

FOURTH CLASS.

Alpine, C. J. Blethen	16.11	2 28 49	1 58 23
Gnome, H. B. Faxon	15.03	2 36 06	2 04 04
Vitesse, C. D. Mower	15.06	2 37 45	2 05 22
Flea, E. A. Boardman	16.11	2 37 10	2 06 44
Sphinx, Arthur Keith	16.11	2 42 25	2 11 59
Fantasy, W. Allerton	16.11	Withdrew.	
Hector, F. M. Crosby	16.06	Withdrew.	

KNOCKABOUTS.

Gosling, Clark & North	21.00	2 35 54	.....
Hazard, H. M. Sears	21.00	2 37 03	.....
Sally III., L. S. Percival	21.00	2 37 40	.....
Jacobin, F. E. Jacobs	21.00	2 40 15	.....
Fly, W. O. Gay	21.00	2 41 46	.....

The judges were C. V. Souther, J. J. Souther and Charles A. Cooley.

The prizes were $15 to first, $10 to second and $5 to third in each class

Cohasset Y. C. 15ft. Class.

COHASSET, MASS.

MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A. RULES

THE Cohasset Y. C. sailed its first championship race for the 15ft. one-design class on June 17 in a very light S.E. wind, the yachts drifting part of the time. The times were:

Start 11:50:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Blind, F. H. Pratt	1 04 16	2 14 16
Mermaid, W. R. Sears	1 12 07	2 22 07
Hoodoo, Gammons & Wheelwright	1 15 30	2 25 30
Delta, R. B. Williams	1 22 46	2 32 46
Jap, Bouve & Pegram	1 23 13	2 33 53
Honey, C. H. Cousens	Withdrew.	

The judges were D. N. Tower, Paul J. Bates and H. B. Tower.

The second championship race was sailed on June 19, in a reefing breeze from S.W., the times being:

Start 3:30:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Delta, R. B. Williams	5 03 29	1 33 29
Blink, F. H. Pratt	5 06 23	1 36 23
Honey, C. H. Cousens	5 10 08	1 40 38
Jap, Bouve & Pegram	5 12 36	1 42 36
Hoodoo, C. W. Gammons	5 12 48	1 42 48
Swallow, J. Richardson	5 13 10	1 43 10
Mermaid, W. B. Sears	5 13 31	1 43 31

Atlantic Y. C.

BAY RIDGE—NEW YORK HARBOR.

Tuesday, June 15.

THE annual regatta of the Atlantic Y. C. was sailed on Tuesday, June 15, over the regular club courses in New York Bay and outside the Hook, the larger yachts going past and around the Scotland, the two schooners also turning the Sandy Hook Lightship. But for the fluky wind, the day would have been perfect; summer had come at last after a wet and disagreeable spring that lasted almost to the middle of June, and Tuesday was clear and warm, with a blue sky and bright sun, except for a short time in the afternoon, when a brief squall passed over the Bay. The members and guests of the club turned out in goodly numbers, the big steamer Gen. Slocum being well filled. This part of the fleet, under the care of Messrs. Sanford and Church, fared very well all day, enjoying a good view of all parts of the race, with the usual accompaniments of an orchestra and a good caterer. The regatta committee, Messrs. Lawton, Austen and McNulty, had the big tug Luckenback, successor to the old boat so well known a dozen years since in similar work, especially in the Puritan-Genesta races. As to the starters, the list was quite as good as is to be expected at the present time; some of the entries, as usual, did not appear, but their places were taken by other boats, the total being twenty-two, as follows:

SCHOONERS—95FT. CLASS.

	Racing Length.
Colonia, C. E. Postley	93.30
Emerald, J. R. Maxwell	91.47
CUTTERS.	
Wasp, H. F Lippitt	51.97
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86
CUTTER SLOOPS—43FT. CLASS.	
Eidolon, James Weir, Jr	42.61
Norota, D. B. Burnham	41.64
SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS.	
Akista, Geo. Hill	34.75
Acushla, H. W. Hanan	34.00
Defiance	34.80
SLOOPS—SPECIAL 30FT. CLASS.	
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	30.00
Hera, R. N Ellis	30.00
Wa Wa, J. A. Stillman	30.00
Musme, J. A. McDonough	30.00
CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.	
Lizzie V., W. P. Vreeland	29.96
Dorothy, C. F. Larzelere	28.61
Squaw, H. S. Jewell	27.83
Volsung	28.55
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.	
Qui Vive, J. A Freeth	24.09
Uncas, J S. Negus	21.41
Ethel, E. H. Bergen	21.71
OPEN SLOOPS—20FT CLASS.	
Asthore, P. T. Dodge	20.00
Shark, Colgate Hoyt	20.00

Amorita was entered in the 75ft. schooner class to sail alone, but did not start. The rebuilt Eclipse was entered in the 60ft. class against Wasp, and the rebuilt Iola in the 51ft. class with Gossoon against Syce. Gossoon was not ready, being in the Atlantic Basin, where she was refitting for racing; Eclipse and Iola were under way with the fleet, but did not start, so Wasp and Syce were put together. Eidolon and Norota are both in the 43ft. class, making a good match, and the new Akista comes well within the 36ft. class with Acushla and Defiance, the latter justifying her name by disregarding all rule and custom to the extent of sailing without racing number or flag. Volusia was entered in the class, but did not appear. The thirties of course were closely matched, as were the cats and the two 20-footers.

A light S.W. wind in the early morning raised some doubts that were, unfortunately, more than borne out by the results of the day; when the yachts gathered about the line outside the Narrows just before 11 o'clock, there was hardly enough wind for them to work against the strong tide, half of the ebb being gone.

The preparatory whistle at 11 o'clock, found Colonia and Emerald in very close company near the westerly markboat, Colonia to windward and inside, and both with barely more than steerage way. While awaiting their gun at 11:05, Colonia hailed for room at the mark, and the two came so closely together that her bowsprit threatened to sweep Emerald's deck, but was shoved off by the crew of the latter. The exact details were not discernible from the steamers, all at the other end of the line, but Colonia set a red flag before she crossed the line and filed a written protest after the race. Emerald led over the line by a distance of a couple of hundred yards, both on starboard tack. The four cutters were to start at 11:10, and Syce and Norota, the latter sailed by Mr. Irving Cox, went over promptly. Wasp and Eidolon, however, were caught by the tide just outside and below the line, and for nearly ten minutes they lay motionless beside the western markboat, unable to get headway. Eidolon finally crossed the line just before, and Wasp just after the gun for the 30-footers, at 11:20. As all starts were from the gun this meant a loss of nearly ten minutes. Meanwhile the 36-footers had gone away at 11:15 in company with the catboats and 20-footers. The thirties made a good start, but Ethel and Shark were handicapped some six or seven minutes.

Once away, with a strong tide setting them to windward, the yachts made good time down the main channel. The two cats, Volsung and Dorothy, stood well over toward Norton's Point, but all of the others stuck closer to the west bank. There was wind enough, light as it was, to make a very interesting fight between Emerald and Colonia, the two traveling quite fast; Colonia weathered out on the other, and at the end of about forty-five minutes from the start Emerald found herself in a bad place, to leeward of Colonia and with Flynn's Knoll under her own lee, as the two, on starboard tack, stood down for the Southwest Spit buoys, still a mile or two distant. Emerald went about, which brought her on port tack, with Colonia so close to her that she was compelled to tack again at once in order to clear; Colonia stood on and when the two went on port tack at 12:05 she was well out in a snug weather berth. Wasp was hunting Syce very hard and made up a half of her handicap in the beat to the Spit, doing very good work. The fleet was well split up by this time, the smaller boats sailing various courses. The last seen of the tail end showed Shark, after a bad handicap, running away from the 21ft. catboat Ethel in a wild chase after Asthore; as results showed, she more than caught her. The times at the Southwest Spit were:

Colonia	12 22 45	Syce	12 15 15
Emerald	12 25 50	Wasp	12 40 20

The order of the thirties was: Musme, Wa Wa, Vaquero III. and Hera.

With the S.W. wind now very light and flat streaks of calm showing under the Highland shore, booms were eased to port and spinnakers set and braced well forward, Colonia carrying hers on the mainmast, while Emerald's was on the foremast. Syce handled her spinnaker very quickly on the turn, a little later setting balloon jibtopsail; the schooners set their ballooners as well. Nearly half an hour was wasted on the couple of miles from the Spit to the Bell Buoy off the Hook, where sheets were hardened and small jiptopsails set to meet the outside breeze, which proved to be S.S.E., making a close reach to the Scotland, in which Colonia gained more than the times show, as Emerald had picked her up some on the run to the Bell Buoy. Norota and Eidolon, after going straight down the Swash, were picked up outside the Hook, the former far in the lead. Neither of the schooners fetched the mark. Colonia went on port tack at 1:15, followed by Emerald at 1:16:30. At 1:18:40 Colonia was about again at the mark, passing a minute later. The times at the Scotland were:

Colonia	1 19 40	Syce	1 40 00
Norota	1 20 40	Wasp	1 43 00
Emerald	1 23 15		

With a nice breeze abeam and smooth water, the four miles to the Sandy Hook Lightship were soon covered, the times being:

Colonia	1 40 15	Emerald	1 44 00

They ran in with the wind well aft, falling in with Syce and Wasp as all neared the bell buoy, the two carrying spinnakers to port; with a flood tide and light breeze passed inside the Hook.

When well inside, at 2:30, the sky clouded and rain fell heavily for a short time, then the wind jumped around to N.E. and fairly hammered the boats for a few minutes; jibtopsails came in quickly; Syce, with topsail sheet started, laid down and rolled out a lot of green bottom; Wasp also heeled over, but carried her canvas through it all. Colonia lost the clew of her large jibtopsail, and the sail slatted until it was badly torn, and Emerald, some distance astern of the others, lost one of her headsails. The squall left them all on the wind on starboard tack for the Spit, where they were timed:

Colonia	2 44 00	Wasp	2 44 40
Syce	2 44 00		

Emerald was a long distance astern and was not accurately timed. The wind now fell flat, the rain being over, leaving the yachts to drift. Emerald carried a little breeze with her, rounded the Spit with a very neat turn, and was up with the others. For half an hour they drifted with a mere air from S.W.; at the end of this time Syce set her spinnaker to port, while Wasp, close aboard of her, was making a little headway with mainboom on that side. The thirties were scattered over the Bay; Hera apparently with a long lead, over by the East Bank.

About 3:50 there came a little wind from S.S.W., driving them home with spinnakers to starboard. The last half hour was interesting in a way, though the race had long since ceased to be other than one big fluke. Emerald and Colonia came up side by side, the former taking the lead below Swinburn Island. Wasp and Syce were also coming along for the finish, while Acushla was leading Akista by an eighth of a mile; at the same time the three following thirties were gaining very fast on Hera. Near the line Colonia picked up a bit and ran up on Emerald, but to no purpose, especially as she had over a minute to pay in time. Emerald crossed with a clear lead, and Syce led Wasp easily over the line.

The real fun was with the smaller classes. Vaquero headed a group of four or five boats, including Acushla, Musme and Hera, which came up very near to the easterly markboat, while further to the westward and some little distance astern were Wa Wa and Akista. The leading group stopped of a sudden as the wind left them in the ebb tide, Syce, just ahead and over the line, also starting down the Bay stern first. Wa Wa and Akista, however, were able to barely stem the tide, and worked up very slowly for the line. Wa Wa was timed a few seconds ahead of Vaquero, while Akista finished some minutes ahead of Acushla, the latter being compelled to anchor. The official times were:

SCHOONERS—95ft. CLASS—COURSE, 33 MILES.

Start 11:05	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	4 41 55	5 36 55	5 26 55
Emerald	4 40 55	5 35 55	5 34 48
Emerald wins by 2m. 7s.			
CUTTERS—60 AND 51FT. CLASSES—COURSE, 25½ MILES.			
Wasp	4 43 33	5 38 33	5 38 33
Syce	4 44 59	5 39 59	5 35 05
Syce wins by 3m. 10s.			
CUTTERS—43FT. CLASS—COURSE, 21½ MILES.			
Start 11:10.			
Eidolon	Not timed.		
Norota	4 28 00	5 18 00	5 16 35
SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS—COURSE, 21½ MILES.			
Start 11:10.			
Akista	5 07 25	5 57 25	5 57 20
Acushla	5 13 30	6 03 30	Not meas.
Defiance	5 16 10	6 06 10	6 06 10
Akista wins by 8m. 50s. from Defiance.			
SPECIAL 30-FOOTERS—COURSE 18 MILES.			
Start 11:20.			
Vaquero III.	5 05 45	5 45 45	.....
Wa Wa	5 05 05	5 45 05	.....
Hera	5 10 45	5 50 45	.....
Musme	Not timed.		
Wa Wa wins by 40s.			
CATS—25 TO 30FT.			
Start 11:15.			
Lizzie V.	2 50 30	3 35 30	3 35 30
Dorothy	2 54 00	3 39 00	3 36 51
Volsung	2 51 27	3 36 27	3 34 59
CATS—20 TO 25FT.			
Qui Vive	3 11 57	3 56 57	3 56 57
Ethel	3 22 02	4 07 02	3 59 37
20FT. CLASS.			
Start 11:15.			
Asthore	3 09 02	3 54 02	.....
Shark	3 02 37	3 47 37	.....
Asthore wins from Shark by 6m. 25s.			

The list of winners shows little or nothing of the real work of the yachts. On the wind down to the Spit, from the bell buoy to the Scotland and on out to the turn Colonia did the better work; Emerald picked up in the light air inside the Hook on the way out, and again coming in, the race in from the point of the Hook being all a fluke. Wasp did excellent work all day, cutting down half of her big handicap early in the race. Norota apparently sailed a very good race, though her only competitor managed to get lost, so that no comparison of time is possible. In the Upper Bay after the race there was a brisk N.W. breeze.

Racing at Hamilton.

THE Royal Hamilton Y. C. sailed a race on June 12 for the 27 and 23ft. classes, Kestrel winning in the former and Koko in the latter. In the skiff class Stella won. The Victoria Y. C. sailed a race on the same day for the 32ft. and 15ft. classes, the times being:

32FT. CLASS.

Start 2:30.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Erma	4 42 20	2 12 20
Nancy	4 46 00	2 16 00
Alert	4 47 30	2 17 30
Echo	Did not finish.	
15FT. CLASS.		
Start 2:35.		
Sothis	4 03 45	1 28 45
Fleetwing	4 10 00	1 35 00

East Gloucester Y. C. Pennant.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Thursday, June 17.

THE East Gloucester Y. C. sailed its first race on June 17 in a fresh southerly breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Brownie, Wheeler	1 34 32	1 02 02
Luna, Hildreth	1 31 50	1 02 38
Hoodoo, Wheeler	1 39 29	1 04 47
Ariel, Gosbee	1 32 34	1 05 41
Skeedadle, Merchant	1 30 31	1 06 05
Coot, Brown	1 39 03	1 06 26
Bird, Pinkham	1 54 52	1 18 26
Lucy B., Strople	1 44 33	1 21 19

Brownie wins the first leg for the pennant offered by Frederick Pigeon.

Larchmont Y. C. Spring Regatta.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 19.

THE Larchmont Y. C. sailed its usual spring regatta on June 19 under very favorable conditions, a very good race resulting. The race was an open one, and thirty-four yachts took part. Prizes were offered in all the regular classes and a special prize was offered, in addition to the class prize, for the larger schooners, Amorita thus going in with Colonia and Emerald. Several new yachts made their racing debut, the Cary Smith yawl Sakana, owned by Oliver Adams, the new Olmstead 20-footer Montauk, the new Huntington 20-footer Skate, owned by Irving Cox. Queen Mab was ready to meet Wasp for the first time this season. It was expected that Vencedor would be ready, but she was not. Course No. 5, the Parsonage Point-Red Springs triangle, 10¾ miles, was sailed, two or three rounds according to the class.

The start was set for 11:30 A. M., but there was so little wind that a delay of an hour was made. When the preparatory whistle blew at 12:30 there was a fresh southerly breeze, making very smart work at the start, which was from the gun. Emerald and Amorita started well, but Colonia lost over a minute. The wind worked to the westward and came in fresher as the race proceeded, moving the fleet along at a good speed. This made a reach to the first mark, a beat to the second, and a reach in. The times of the larger yachts were:

	1st round.	2d round.	3d round.
Emerald	1 27 30	1 17 20	1 15 22
Colonia	1 29 51	1 15 28	1 13 46
Amorita	1 39 19	Withdrew.	
Queen Mab	1 35 47	1 30 19	1 27 41
Wasp	1 34 41	1 33 42	1 33 46

Emerald lost the tack of her balloon main topmast staysail on the last leg and finished with the sail adrift, beating Colonia by a bare 10 seconds corrected time. Queen Mab saved her time easily from Wasp. Syce disposed of Uvira without trouble; the latter is no match in form or construction for the new fin-keel, and what she gains this year through a new and larger rig is fully off-set by extra ice box, galley and furniture below. In connection with the three previous meetings of Wasp and Syce, it is interesting to note that in this race, over the same waters at the same time, though not in the same class, Wasp beat Syce 6m. 10s., for the two rounds, and allows her just 4 minutes. Sakana relinquished all of her chances to pick up a gentleman and lady from the keel of a capsized catboat off Matinnicock; the new Webber boat Surprise won very easily in the same class. In the 20ft. class the honors went to the two Huntington boats, the new one, Skate, winning easily, with Kenue a good second. The former 21-footer Minnetonka sailed as a catboat. The official times were:

SCHOONERS—75FT. CLASS—REGULAR—32¼ MILES.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	12 35 00	4 34 05	3 59 05	3 59 05
Emerald	12 35 00	4 35 12	4 00 12	3 58 55
SCHOONERS—SPECIAL CLASS—32¼ MILES.				
Colonia	12 35 00	4 34 05	3 59 05	3 59 05
Emerald	12 35 00	4 35 12	4 00 12	3 58 55
Amorita	12 35 00	Withdrew, second round.		
SCHOONERS—65FT. CLASS—32¼ MILES.				
Leslie	12 35 00	Withdrew.		
65FT. CLASS—32¼ MILES.				
Wasp	12 45 00	5 27 19	4 42 19	4 36 19
Queen Mab	12 45 00	5 18 47	4 33 47	4 31 47
CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS—21½ MILES.				
Syce	12 55 00	4 09 33	3 14 33	3 14 33
Uvira	12 55 00	4 25 50	3 30 50	3 27 08
Norota	12 55 00	4 30 07	3 35 07	3 30 42
SLOOPS AND YAWLS—36FT. CLASS—21½ MILES.				
Acushla	1 05 00	5 07 10	4 02 10	. . . .
Surprise	1 05 00	4 07 20	3 42 20	. . . .
Akista	1 05 00	5 02 34	3 57 34	. . . .
Pawnee	1 05 00	5 02 25	3 57 25	. . . .
Sakana	1 05 00	Withdrew.		
Fidelio	1 05 00	5 39 00	4 34 00	. . . .
SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS—21½ MILES.				
Musme	1 10 00	4 58 00	3 48 00	. . . .
Vaquero III.	1 10 00	4 45 13	3 35 13	. . . .
Hera	1 10 00	4 51 04	3 41 04	. . . .
Wa Wa	1 10 00	4 52 04	3 42 04	. . . .
SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS—10½ MILES.				
Vaquero I.	1 15 00	3 36 54	2 21 54	. . . .
Quantuck	1 15 00	Did not finish.		
SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS—10½ MILES.				
Shark	1 20 00	3 16 47	1 56 47	. . . .
Asthore	1 20 00	3 24 30	2 04 30	. . . .
Montauk	1 20 00	Did not finish.		
Skate	1 20 00	3 11 47	1 51 47	. . . .
Keneu	1 20 00	3 12 59	1 52 59	. . . .
CATBOATS—30FT. CLASS—10½ MILES.				
Volsung	1 25 00	3 18 56	1 53 56	1 53 56
Dorothy	1 25 00	3 20 52	1 55 52	1 55 17
CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS—10½ MILES.				
Edwina	1 30 00	3 50 29	2 20 29	2 14 23
Ondawa	1 30 00	3 50 11	2 20 11	2 13 07
Qui Vive	1 30 00	3 47 03	2 17 03	2 17 03
Ethel	1 30 00	Did not finish.		
20FT. CLASS—10½ MILES.				
Minnetonka	1 35 00	4 09 27	2 34 27	. . . .
Byna Jane	1 35 00	Did not finish.		

The race was managed by Messrs. H. C. Wintringham and H. W. Coates, of the regatta committee.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

THE third of the Ross series races for the 20-footers was sailed on Saturday, June 12, the start being made at 3:35.

The weather was very uncertain, with heavy squalls from the westward, making it a difficult matter to canvas the boats. Just at the start there was a very heavy squall, and the boats went down and wallowed in it for some time, but they were all apparently uncapsizable, for, although some of their lee spreaders were in the water, they all got on their feet again and went on.

Avoca worked up into a lead in the first fifteen minutes and began to pull steadily away from the fleet. The first round was completed as follows:

Avoca	4 19 20	Islander	4 23 30
Glenowen	4 22 20	Maida	4 24 00
Rogue	4 23 06	Millie	4 28 35

During the second round there was no change in the position of the boats, but Avoca continued to increase her lead, and it was completed as follows:

Avoca	5 01 40	Islander	5 09 23
Glenowen	5 06 20	Maida	5 17 25
Rogue	5 05 25	Millie	5 37 10

On the third round Rogue and Islander passed Glenowen and the result was as follows:

		Points.
Avoca	5 43 20	24
Rogue	5 53 20	19
Islander	5 55 35	16
Glenowen	6 01 18	19
Maida	6 16 30	12
Millie	6 49 13	9

The second club race for the 15-footers was sailed over the same course, only two rounds being sailed, and the result was as follows:

	Start.	1st Round.	2d Round.
Viva	3 45 00	4 28 25	5 25 25
Titania	3 43 00	4 41 25	5 25 35
Anita	3 45 00	59 35	5 39 55

Andria.

THE European edition of the New York *Herald* publishes the following account of the new steam yacht Andria :

The steam yacht Andria, which the Ailsa Shipbuilding Company, of Troon, recently built from G. L. Watson's designs to the order of John E. Brooks, of New York and London, has just completed her official trials on the Firth of Clyde, and these proved of a highly satisfactory nature.

The Andria is 161ft, on the load waterline, 23ft. 6in. beam and 14ft. 3in. moulded depth, and with all her ballast and other appurtenances, with tanks full and bunker coal on board, has a displacement of about 430 tons. According to her specifications she was to maintain a speed of fourteen and a half knots on the double run from the Cloch to Cumbrae lighthouses.

The Andria is perhaps the most complete little steamer Mr. Watson has yet designed, and certainly in appearance she is more captivating to the eye than many of the recent steam yachts the Glasgow designer has given out.

The space area under the deck has been largely drawn on for her machinery and fuel accommodation, but, notwithstanding, the remaining footage has been very judiciously apportioned and deck house accommodation has been largely wrought on for saloon and cabins. The fittings of the boat, although not elaborate and over grand, are tasteful and light, while every comfort and convenience one could ask for is in evidence in the internal detail of the ship. Ventilation and light are two of the leading features of her inner minutiæ, and these have been secured at the expense of the latest ventilating appliances and the most thorough and complete electric light installations.

The steam steering gear, binnacles, windlass, capstan, telegraphs, search light and guns are all of the most approved and up-to-date fashion, while the general arrangement and get-up of her boats and deck fixings and fixtures are such as to give her deck plan a pleasing and finished look. On her several runs between the lights she had Mr. Brooks and party, Mr. G. L. Watson and representatives of the builders on board. On the distance, which is ten knots, the vessel well maintained her speed, and as the mean between the down and return run, she attained the goodly speed of 14.66 knots.

The Jubilee Cup.

THE following yachts have entered for the Jubilee cup race from Dover to Heligoland:

Schooners—Ariadne, 380 tons, the Hon. Mrs. Meynell Ingram; Amphitrite, 161 tons, Sir Frederick Wills; Asterope, 161 tons, Mr. Albert Wood; Cetonia, 203 tons, Lord Iveagh, K. P.; Reindeer, 106 tons, Mr. S. P. Mumford; Day Dream, 59 tons, Mr. Allan F. Penraven.

Yawls—Edwina, 55 tons, Mr. A. C. Bailey; Cygnet, 57 tons, Mr. E. M. Nelson; Speranza, 101 tons, Mr. E. S. Revett; Corisande, 160 tons, Lord Cowley; Freda, 120 tons, Mr. Wyndham Cook; Julianar, 120 tons, Sir George A. Pilkington; Lady Ruth, 47 tons, Mr. H. W. Trollope; Merry Thought, 73 tons, Mr. Cecil Quentin; Anemore, 96 tons, Mr. J. H. Haggas.

Ketches—Goddess, 176 tons, Mr. F. W. L. Papham; Carriad, 129 tons, Lord Dunraven.

Cutters—Caress, 67 tons, Mr. H. T. Van Laun; Creole, 54 tons, Lieut.-Col. Villiers Bagot; Sibyl, 45 tons, Mrs. E. H. Middleton; Gwynfa, 57 tons, Mr. T. Hewitt Myring.

The race will start from Dover on June 23.

Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia.

ESSINGTON—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, June 19.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, sailed a special race on June 19, the times being:

Start 3:07:	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lenni Lenape	4 57 30	1 50 30	1 50 16
Flirt	5 01 20	1 54 20	1 52 43
Dawn	5 00.34	1 53 34	1 53 34

Marine and Field Club Special Race.

BATH BEACH—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, June 19.

THE Marine and Field Club, of Bath Beach, sailed a special race on June 19 in a light and variable wind, the times being:

Start, 12:05:	Finish	Elapsed	Corrected.
Penguin	2 21 30	2 16 30	2 12 38
Gossoon	2 23 45	2 18 45	2 12 55
Saona	2 32 00	2 27 00	2 14 16
Swanannoa	2 19 30	2 14 30	2 14 30
Aglaia	2 45 00	2 40 00	2 13 25

YACHTING NEWS NOTES

A new yacht club has been organized on Geneve Lake by residents of Chicago who summer at the lake, the name being the West End Y. C. The officers are: Com., Edwin Norton; Vice-Com., Henry Ayer; Sec'y, Percy Eckhart; Treas., Arthur Norton; Regatta Committee: H. L. T. Nightingale, Charles Ayars and A. E. Wells; Measurement Committee: Byron Bryden, William Hodgkins and Charles Sweet. Some form of length and sail area rule will be adopted and sandbags will be prohibited. Races will be held every Saturday.

Eleanor, steam yacht, under charter to Oliver H. Payne, sailed from New York on June 19 with Mr. Payne and a party on board for a long cruise in European waters. Capt. Scott is in command.

Yampa, schr., R. S. Palmer, arrived at Southampton on June 8, making the passage from New London to the Lizard in 15 days 15 hours. She made two runs of 314 and 311 miles. Mr. Palmer has joined her by steamer.

Valiant, steam yacht, W. K. Vanderbilt, sailed from New York on June 15 for a cruise in European waters.

Lufra, yawl, Sir Cecil Miles, from New York for Cowes, was spoken on June 17 by the Cunarder Umbria, in lat. 41' 55", long. 53' 54".

Ituna, steam yacht, A. V. Armour, arrived at Campbelltown, N. B., on June 6, having left Halifax on June 4.

The race of the Royal Canadian Y. C. for the Murray cup, on June 12, resulted as follows:

	Elapsed	Corrected.
Aggie	1 44 50	1 44 50
Vivia	1 57 10	1 53 37

The Indian Harbor Y. C. will hold a special race on June 29 for yachts of any organized yacht club in the following classes: Yawls, 51ft. and under; special 30ft. class, 30ft. cabin cat class, 25ft. cabin cat class, 25ft. class open sloops, 20ft. class. Entries should be made to the chairman of the regatta committee, F. S. Doremus, 20 Nassau street, by Friday, June 25. The race will be under Y. R. U. rules.

The annual regatta of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. will be sailed on June 26, off Oyster Bay. The race will be under Y. R. U. rules, and prizes will be given in all the regular classes. A number of special prizes are offered, the Leland cup will be raced for by the 20ft. class, as will the Center cup, and Com. Rouse has offered three prizes, for schooners, for cutters over 70ft. r. l., and for cutters over 36ft. and not over 70ft., under the formula devised by Mr. Irving Cox. Entries must be made in writing to Chas. A. Sherman, 677 Leonard street, New York, up to noon on June 24, the racing programme may be obtained at the same address.

Raccoon, sloop, the Herreshoff 30-footer, has been purchased by N. D. Lawton, of the Atlantic Y. C.

Veda, sloop, the latest of the 30-footers, has just been completed by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. for Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

On June 1 a yacht club was organized at Barrie, Ont., the name being the Barrie Yacht Club. The officers are: Com., Capt. Whish, R. N.; Vice-Com., Mr. J. Carley; Sec'y, Dr. T. W. Addison; Treas., Dr. R. Raikes; Referees, Messrs. S. Lount and W. A. Boys; Official Timekeepers, Messrs. D. Powell and R. A. Douglas; Official Measurers, Mr. P. F. Ewan and Dr. T. W. Addison; Executive Committee, Messrs. J. W. Stone, W. Webb and H. A. Sissons; Official Starter, Mr. N. Grose.

The trustees of the Sea Cliff Y. C. have decided to substitute for the annual regatta scheduled for July 2 a special club race open to all yachts enrolled in the club. Prizes will be given in all classes where two or more boats compete. Le Grand L. Clark, chairman of the regatta committee, will receive entries.

Ellide, steam yacht, E. B. Warren, made another fast run on June 19, covering a mile on the Hudson River in 1m. 37½s. Her formal trial will take place this week.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. proposes to take special steps to prevent the crowding of the course by excursion and other boats on the occasion of the international races in August for the Seawanhaka cup. A very large attendance of spectators is promised, as all of Canada is interested in the defense of the cup.

The steamer Bay Queen has been chartered by the Riverside Y. C. to carry members and guests on the occasion of the annual regatta, July 7. She will leave East Thirty-first street at 8:30 A. M., sharp, reaching Riverside at 11 A. M. and calling at the club house, returning to New York after the regatta.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake. Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Macnee, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

The W. C. A. Meets at Delavan.

THE committee of the W. C. A. has set as the time and place of the summer meet, Aug. 7-17, at Delavan Lake, Wisconsin. This is only one of the many regular summer-resort lakes of lower Wisconsin, and in the humble opinion of the writer, no better than Madison or any of many similar places, and not a place for a genuine canoe meet. It is the judgment of the body, however, that this is the place to go, so it is to be hoped that the boys will all fall in line. So far as the lake itself and its camping facilities are concerned, it will do very nicely—as nicely as any dooryard lake can—and there is no reason to suppose that a good, lazy loafing time will not be had. The meet will be rather Western this time, it is thought, and especially will it be much a Wisconsin affair if present signs be accurate in their predictions. The Milwaukee boys are going to turn out in great force, and there will be enough from that city alone to assure a good meet and a jolly good time. There will be plenty of sailing and fishing and good bathing, though no cruising. The Milwaukee contingent will go in unique style and will present an imposing summer attraction on Delavan. Skipper Holmes will sport lavender-colored sails, skipper Merrill will have sky-blue ones, and others will follow with a variety of color schemes in their rigging. There seems a determined effort among the canoeists of this section to make the meet a success. The attendance is sure to be larger than it was at Mullet Lake last year, and nothing but obstinacy can prevent anybody who attends from having a jolly good time. The only reservation about it is that there are so many localities like Charlevoix or other southern Michigan points which appear to offer advantages so much superior to those of any inland Wisconsin water. The majority goes, however, so it ought to be made unanimous, and that very heartily.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

A. C. A. Camp Grindstone.

ON the invitation of Vice-Com. Burns and Purser Macnee, of Kingston, Com. MacKendrick, together with several members of the Kingston Canoe and Yacht Club, had a most enjoyable sail on the tidy little yacht Hustler from Kingston to Grindstone.

A night was spent at Clayton, where Capt. Wilson, of the Pastime, was seen and final arrangements made for the transportation from Clayton to camp. Early the next morning a fair breeze took the party over to the camp dock.

It is the general opinion that the islands never looked prettier than they do this year, on account of the great amount of rain. Flowers are abundant on the camp grounds

A luxuriant growth of rye surrounds the mess tent. The Commodore assures the temperance man of the party that it will disappear before the camp opens.

The water is 8in. higher than at the same time last year.

But little damage has been done by the winter winds.

A few tent floors have been destroyed and several trees uprooted.

A call was made on Mr. Delaney. He has a good stock of ice laid away and reports his spring chickens growing fast.

Arrangements were made with him by which a good path will be made between Squaw Point and the mess tent.

Everything points to a most successful meet. Large delegations from Rochester, Buffalo, Kingston and Toronto have already bespoken camp sites from Chairman H. C. Morse, of Peoria, Ill.

Tandem Canoeing.

R. B. BURCHARD and Edith Russell Church will be married at Little Compton, R. I., by the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, of Washington, D. C., on Saturday, June 26.

Mr. Burchard is yachting editor of *Outing* magazine, and was at one time editor of the *American Canoeist* in connection with Col. Chas. Ledyard Norton. He was vice-commodore of the New York C. C. for several terms while C. Kirk Munroe was commodore, and he succeeded Munroe when he retired from office.

Miss Church is the daughter of the late John Church, of Cincinnati, O. She went through school in Boston and has spent several years in study and travel in Europe.

The main-sheet crew of Mr. Burchard's cutter Nita, consisting of Messrs. Prentice Shethar, Henry A. Rush and George Valliant, tendered their captain a farewell dinner at the Union League Club on June 18, and Mr. Burchard's associates in the Nu chapter of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, all of whom are married, welcomed him as a Benedict with fitting festivities on the 26th inst.

Mr. Burchard has won an enviable reputation as a cruising canoeist of the original type. He has made the cruise of the St. Lawrence River from Clayton to Quebec, being one of the few white canoeists who have run all the rapids. He has also cruised on the Atlantic Coast from New York to the Bay of Fundy in a canoe-yawl, with S. R. Stoddard, the photographer.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
H. W. Breitenstein	Pittsburg, Pa.	——.
Louis P. Newton	Rochester, N. Y.	Rochester.
George B. Draper	Rochester, N. Y.	Rochester.
H. Clifford Shaw	Rochester, N Y.	Rochester.

Trap-Shooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for almost a quarter century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

June 22-25.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man. $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

June 30.—BRIDGEPORT, Conn.—Third tournament of the Connecticu Trap-Shooters' Association, under the auspices of the Bridgeport Gun Club.

July 1.—SHERBROOKE, Quebec.—Sherbrooke's grand annual. Inanimates. Open to all amateurs. C. H. Foss, Sec'y, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

July 5.—OTTUMWA, Ia.—All-day shoot of the Ottumwa Gun Club. Open to all.

July 5.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—All-day invitation target shoot of the Bison Gun Club C. H. Werlin, Sec'y, 1634 Broadway, Buffalo.

July 5.—LINCOLN, Neb.—All day shoot of the Capital City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. R. M. Welch, Sec'y.

July 5.—HOBE SOUND, Fla.—Tournament of the Gilbert's Bar Gun Club.

July 5.—HAVERHILL, Mass.—Tournament of the Haverhill Gun Club.

July 7-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

July 8.—ORANGE, Mass.—Tournament of the Orange Gun Club. W. L. Mann, Sec'y.

July 14-15.—NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the New Haven Gun Club. Wm. H. Hazel, Sec'y.

July 20-22.—PINE BLUFF, Ark.—Seventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Added money announced later. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock, Ark.

July 20-23.—CLEAR LAKE, Ia.—First annual Indian Wolf shoot. Three days targets; one day live birds. $500 added. For programmes and particulars write to C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.

July 21-22.—CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Crawfordsville Gun Club. Chas. E. Lacey, Sec'y.

July 22.—MEADVILLE, Pa.—Fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

July (last week).—MITCHELL, S. D.—Tournament of the W. J. Healey Hardware Company.

Aug. 4-5.—LEWISTON, Me.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Androscoggin Gun Club.

Aug. 4-5.—INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, Ind.—Indiana Mineral Springs tournament Ben O Bush, Manager.

Aug 17-19.—TORONTO, Canada.—Tournament of the R. A. McCready Co., Ltd. Targets. $1,000 guaranteed. Open to all. Write for programmes.

Aug. 18-19.—WARSAW, Ind.—Tournament of the Lake City Gun Club. W. A. Wineberer, Sec'y.

Aug. 19.—WARREN, O.—Fifth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-26.—MONTPELIER, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club.

Sept 6.—MERIDEN, Conn.—Third annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club.

Sept 14-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Co. Merchandise and amateurs

Sept. 15-16.—PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Sept. 28-29.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Trap-Shooters' League of Indiana, under the auspices of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-8.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association. First two days, targets; third day, live birds. $50 average money to three high guns in all programme target events. Open to all.

Oct. 13-14.—GREENSBURG, Ind.—Shooting tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

Pennsylvania Tournament.

OIL CITY, Pa., June 21.—*Special to Forest and Stream:*—The prospects for a successful State shoot are very flattering. The boys are coming in good numbers, every train being reponsible for three or more shooters from different parts of the State. The candidates for the open events are decidedly warm in quality. McMurchy, Heikes, Trimble, Grimm, Budd, Powers, Fulford, Gilbert, Glover, Fanning, Van Dyke, Dickey, Redwing, Brewer, Courteney, and others are among the number who have entered, for the opening events of the first day.

This afternoon there was some preliminary practice, eight events being decided, four of them at 15 targets and four at 20 targets. The shooting was extremely difficult on account of the hard background, which is a well-wooded hill, against which it is almost impossible to see the targets. In addition to this the targets were thrown from the magautrap a distance of fully 60yds Gilbert and Fulford were the only ones to score 20 straight, and both these straights were in the same event. One 15 straight was made during the afternoon, Dickey being the fortunate man. From this it will be seen that the game was a hard one. The Oil City Gun Club has gotten everything in good shape, and it only needs fine weather (and that seems a certainty) to make the State shoot of 1897 a success in every way The accommodations are first-class, and Manager Shaner says that he will have no trouble in running off the programme each day in good time. The entries for the big 25 bird event, $1,000 guaranteed, will close to night, and the number of entries to date is stated to be something in the neighborhood of forty. A few more entries are certain to drop in, and it is likely that the full number of shooters in this event will reach the fifty mark.

EDWARD BANKS.

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

UTICA, N. Y., June 15.—Below you will find the scores made in the regular weekly club shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. The shoot is at 15 singles, expert rules, and 5 pairs Scores:

H L Gates (0)	111111111111111	11 11 11 10 11	—24
J W Fulford (1)	111111111111111	10 11 11 11 01	—23+1—24
C R Mizner (4)	111111011110101	11 11 01 01 01	—19+4—23
Judson (1)	111110111101111	11 11 01 11 11	—22+1—23
E D Fulford (0)	111111111111111	10 10 01 11 11	—22
Fairchild (2)	111111111110101	11 11 01 11 00	—20+2—22
Cummings (4)	111000111110111	01 01 10 11 01	—17+4—21
Cooper (5)	001010010111011	10 11 10 01 11	—15+6—21
Bruner (4)	111101101000111	10 00 10 11 01	—15+4—19
Deck (1)	011001101101011	01 10 01 10 11	—15+1—16

C. R. MINZER, Sec'y.

The Chamberlin Tournament.

CLEVELAND, O., June 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fourth annual blue rock tournament given by the Chamberlin Cartridge & Target Co., ended yesterday in a most flattering and satisfactory manner.

The tournament was held on the grounds of the Cleveland Gun Club, an organization having a membership of about 100 prominent sportsmen. The grounds are easily reached by electric cars; after alighting at Kershaw avenue one walks about two squares to the foot of the street where a long steep pair of steps lead to the club grounds proper, situated on a high plateau and being in extent some twenty acres. A 5ft. cinder path leads due south from the steps to one of the largest, handsomest and best finished club houses in this country. It is of three stories, painted a rich warm yellow and finished throughout in hard wood, with an abundance of closets, gun racks, chairs and other necessary qualities. Large porches extend from one end to the other on both the first and second floors.

The upper story is occupied by William Cottshott and family, having charge of the property and being constantly on hand, so that members or their friends can have a day's sport at any time.

Running north and south some little distance from the club house stands a long structure or shed in the shape of a crescent, covered with a corrugated iron roof which completely protects shooters from inclement weather. In the center of each end small rooms have been built for the use of trap-puller, scorer, etc. In fact, all arrangements are complete. Two magautraps were in constant use during the shoot and gave perfect satisfaction, very few targets breaking in the traps; and never at any time was the shoot delayed by reason of breakdowns, or from any other cause. A description of the surroundings is absolutely necessary, as it is the only thing which tends to mar the otherwise perfect location. Shooters face almost due east and must contend with a background composed of heavy trees of various sizes and shapes, above which issue dense volumes of inky black smoke from the immense plant of the Cleveland Rolling Mill Co., a concern employing in the neighborhood of 3,000 men.

Paul North was tireless in his efforts to make everything pleasant for the visitors and at the same time prevent any unnecessary delays. How well he succeeded can best be attested by the fact that after the first gun was fired in the morning there was not a break until all events were finished. As soon as one squad would finish shooting the next one would take their places, and thus it continued for the three days. Another pleasant feature was the complete absence of any kicking over decisions, scores or anything else.

J. E. Brocklesby, compiler of scores, had a private office on the second floor of the club house, and his work was executed in such a neat and systematic manner that every one made favorable comments. Messrs. J. H. Webster and James Mitchell had charge of the cashier's office, both gentlemen being exceedingly courteous, discharging their duties perfectly, and making many friends. William Cottshott refereed at the No. 1 trap, his decisions being so equitable that no objections were heard during the three days. R. J. Bissett, superintendent of the Chamberlin cartridge factory, acted as puller. No. 2 trap was most excellently managed by popular Charles North, referee, and Al Barton, superintendent of the Chamberlin target factory, acting as puller. A. W. Jenkins, the inventor of the magautrap, was constantly on hand in case his services should be required, which was very seldom, consequently his hands were not even soiled during the entire shoot. The traps worked perfectly, so that his smile of triumph is justifiable. So much for the general description of location, appointments, etc.

Among the visitors from out of town were noticed the following formidable list: C. Grimm, C. Budd, F. Gilbert, H. McMurchy (Hunter Arms Co.); R. L. Trimble (Du Pont and Hazard Powder Cos.); J. L. Winston (Austin Powder Co.); J. S. Fanning (Gold Dust Powder Co.'s interests); Wm. Crosby (Baker Gun Co.); Col. A. G. Courtney (Remington Arms Co.); R. O. Heikes and Ferd Van Dyke (Winchester Arms Co.); E. O. Bowers and L. Gorham, of Sistersville, W. Va.; C. H. Foxie, Buffalo, N. Y.; L. Burton, Norwalk, O.; Sim Glover, Rochester, N. Y.; Jas. Cowan, Manayunk, Pa.; P. H. Siegrist, E. C. Burkhart and L. Northrup, of Buffalo, N. Y.; F. A. Gillespie and F. N. Robinson, of Findlay, O.; J. A. Flick, Ravenna, O.; C. A. Young, Springfield, O.; Leroy Woodward, Campbell, Mass.; H. G. Wheeler, Marlboro, Mass.; F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn, O.; Wm. Spangler, Columbus, O.; S. Bacon, Mirmisburg, O.; E. G. Trimble, Covington, Ky.; E. D. Rike and Scott McDonald, Dayton, O.; S. Corbett and Jack Parker (King Powder Co.), Detroit, Mich.; W. F. De Wolf, Chicago; C. Lane, North Parma, N. Y.; J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.; C. W. Thomas, Logansport, Ind.; J. B. Easton and R. Valentine, Monroeville, O.; F. G. Wheeler, Buffalo, N. Y.; G. A. Spross, Toledo, O.; A. Gambell, Aurora, Ind.; A. Forrester, Buffalo, N. Y.; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; J. G. Lindzey, Dunellen, N. J.; M. M. Mayhew, Marcy, N. Y.; H. Waters, Baltimore, Md.; F. H. Shaw, Brooklyn, O.; Chan. Power, Peoria, Ill.; S. H. Welsh, Wellsville, O.; C. E. Worthen, Barberton, O.; F. Lamkin and W. L. Gardiner, Norwalk, O.; W. K. Park, Philadelphia; A. C. Heinold, Buffalo, N. Y.; J. Renick, Detroit, Mich.; L. D. Fleming, Pittsburg, Pa.; L. W. Bennett, Buffalo, N. Y.; M. R. Hayne, Akron, O.; Wm. Thompson, Jackson, Mich.; J. Cable, Wellsville, Sam Hess and B. Nick, Shelby, O.; W. J. Bascom, Norwalk, O.; W. G. Lyman, Kent, O.; W. S. Richardson, Indianapolis, Ind.; F. M. Robinson, Findlay, O., and L. E. Myers, Canton, O.

A general summary of the ammunition and guns used: Du Pont 21, E. C. 18, King's 11, Hazard 9, Gold Dust 6, Schultz 6, Oriental 2, W. A. 2, Austin 1.

Shells: Leader 36, Repeater 4, Smokeless 26, Trap 3, Nitro 3, Peters 9.

Guns: Smith 31, Parker 20, Winchester 11, Lefever 8, Remington 3, Greener 3, Francotte 2, Baker 1, Wesley Richards 1, Weston 1, Prechtel 1.

First Day, June 16.

The first day opened dark and sultry, threatening rain; but toward noon a strong lake breeze sprung up, and the atmosphere cleared, so that the afternoon was delightful. Hundreds of visitors were present, among them many ladies, who keenly enjoyed the sport. Seventy-three men participated in the first event, and the list of entries averaged that number during the day. Eighteen men were classified as experts, or manufacturers' representatives, who had to pay $4 per day extra for the privilege of shooting, viz.: Thursby, Gilbert, Wheeler, McMurchy, Crosby, Heikes, Fulford, Glover, Fanning, Grimm, Budd, R. Trimble, Winston, Van Dyke, Rike, Courtney, Parker and Parks.

Thursby was high on average with 135 out of 140. Followed by Gilbert with 132, Wheeler with 131, McMurchy 130, and Crosby 129.

Following are the scores; Asterisks back of name designating those who paid $4 extra each day. All targets used through the tournament were blue rocks.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		
Targets:	15	15	15	20	20	25	15	15	Broke.	Av.
E O Bower	9	14	10	19	16	22	10	12	112	80
Foxey	12	13	11	14	15	19	13	12	107	76.4
Buston	14	13	12	18	16	18	13	14	118	84.2
Glover*	14	14	15	19	19	21	12	13	127	90.7
Cowan	14	12	13	15	15	21	13	14	117	83.5
Seigrist	11	12	13	14	16	22	10	11	109	77.8
Guess	10	12	13	17	15	22	11	12	112	80
Burkhart	12	10	12	17	13	16	13	9	102	72.8
Norris	11	11	11	18	15	20	14	11	111	79.2
Chic	9	12	12	16	16	19	13	13	110	78.5
Redwing	13	15	14	18	16	21	15	13	125	89.2
Mingo	12	13	12	17	18	22	11	14	119	85
Goss	12	13	15	15	12	18	13	11	113	80.7
Sheldon	11	12	13	15	19	21	13	13	120	85.7
Grant	12	13	12	13	17	18	12	11	108	77.1
Heikes*	11	12	14	20	20	23	14	15	129	92.1
Young	11	14	11	19	19	19	14	13	120	85.7
Leroy	12	5	14	15	17	22	13	13	122	87.1
Van Dyke*	13	13	11	17	15	22	14	13	118	84.2
Wheeler*	15	13	14	20	19	22	15	13	131	93.5
Alkire	7	8	9	11	11	20	14	13	93	66.4
Spangler	14	14	9	17	16	18	10	11	109	77.8
R Trimble*	11	13	13	19	18	20	13	12	119	85
Shorty	14	12	13	15	18	20	13	13	118	84.2
E Trimble	14	14	14	18	13	17	11	14	115	82.1
Rike*	12	11	12	17	15	20	13	14	117	83.5
Corbett	9	11	10	12	4	12	7	10	75	53.5
De Wolf	7	9	9	11	14	19	8	8	55	50.7
C Lane	15	13	14	18	19	18	11	14	122	87.1
Gorham	10	13	12	19	14	22	9	9	108	77.1
C Ross	15	14	15	16	14	18	12	12	116	82.8
Thomas	15	12	12	18	17	21	13	14	122	87.1
Peck	13	14	10	17	15	19	7	14	109	77.8
F G Wheeler	12	11	10	17	5	21	11	14	101	72.1
Shross	12	13	11	16	18	22	14	12	118	84.2
147*	14	12	14	15	17	23	15	11	121	86.4
Gamble	12	12	12	16	18	22	11	12	115	82.1
Vail	14	15	14	18	17	21	10	11	120	85.7
Forrester	13	14	14	18	18	20	13	13	123	87.8
Elliott	11	10	9	15	12	18	10	11	96	68.5
Fulford*	14	15	15	19	17	21	13	13	127	90.7
Fanning*	13	14	13	17	18	22	14	13	124	88.5
Upson	14	14	13	19	15	24	14	14	127	90.7
Holt	11	13	11	13	14	23	14	11	108	77.1
Crosby*	15	15	15	18	16	22	15	13	129	92.1
Courtney*	14	11	14	17	18	19	10	13	116	82.8
Henry	14	15	11	18	18	15	12	12	115	82.1
Mayo	9	13	12	19	17	24	12	14	120	85.7
Hood	14	13	14	19	19	23	12	13	127	90.7
Snow	13	14	12	14	18	19	15	12	114	81.4
Grim*	12	15	10	18	20	21	13	14	123	87.8
Budd*	14	13	14	18	17	22	13	12	123	87.8
Gilbert*	14	15	5	18	19	23	14	14	132	94.2
McMurchy*	15	15	15	19	18	22	13	13	130	92.8
Toursby*	15	15	13	19	20	24	14	15	135	96.4
S H Welsh	13	9	12	..	..	..	10	7	51	68
Welsh	11	12	14	18	20	5	14	12	101	87.8
Frarx	14	12	13	13	15	13	10	12	102	72.8
Texas	4	10	9	5	14	18	12	12	94	67.1
Sporting Life*	12	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	36	80
A C H	10	7	10	14	14	15	12	13	95	67.8
Bennett	11	11	11	17	17	19	10	10	106	75.7
Renicke	14	12	13	16	16	21	15	14	121	86.4
Wells	13	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	86.6
Fleming	11	10	5	8	10	13	9	11	77	55.2
Hayne	9	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	25	55.5
Thompson	12	9	8	15	16	18	14	12	104	74.2
J Caver	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	60
June	12	9	9	..	15	..	10	..	55	68.7
Parker*	12	13	11	13	16	22	14	14	115	82.1
Bacon	14	11	10	18	18	21	11	9	112	80
Sam Hess	11	11	11	17	18	18	..	..	86	78.1
B Nick	8	6	9	14	14	15	..	..	66	61
Bascom	..	..	10	15	14	..	..	..	39	70.9
Brule	..	..	9	13	..	..	..	..	22	61.8
W G Lyman	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	13	32	91.4
McDonald	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	11	73.3
Allen	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	10	66.6

One hundred and forty targets constituted the day's programme. Shooting commenced at about 9 A. M., and at 5 P. M. all events were finished, which recorded a day of trap-shooting seldom equaled in point of attendance, freedom from mishap and those disagreeable bickerings incidental to the average tournament.

In events 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 the money was divided into five purses, while in the 25-bird event there were half as many $5 purses as there were entries.

Second Day, Thursday, June 17.

The second day opened anything but favorable, in fact, a number grumbled that just at this particular time such weather should prevail. The sky was a dull leaden hue, with heavy clouds hanging overhead, but, like the previous day, a strong breeze sprung up, and made pleasant shooting in the afternoon. The heavy black smoke from the rolling mill hung like a pall in the eastern horizon, which seemed to swallow the targets immediately after leaving the traps. However, some most excellent scores were made, 155 targets constituting the programme. Grimm won high average, scoring 146, Gilbert and Upson second with 145 each; Thursby and Hood third, with 144; Crosby, Glover and Fulford, fourth, 143; McMurchy and Heikes, fifth, 142.

The amateurs' averages were won by Red Wing, 140; Shorty 139, Young 138; E. Trimble, Forrester and Lane, 137; Goss and Gambell, 136.

In events Nos. 3 and 6 for the Diamond trophy watch charms, donated respectively by the Du Pont and Hazard Powder companies, there was lively competition. In No. 3 Crosby, Thursby and Parker tied with 25 straight. The programme stated that all ties on the trophies would be shot off in the next regular event. Parker and Crosby each scored 12 out of 15, and Thursby scored straight, which entitled him to the prize. Parker objected, stating that he did not understand it that way, and it was finally agreed to shoot off the tie after the regular events, Parker making the best score and taking the trophy. In event No. 6 Shorty, C. Ross, Fulford, Crosby, Bower, Hood, Snow, Gilbert and Parker tied on 24. Parker, having won the Du Pont trophy, was not eligible for this one, and did not take part in the shoot-off, which was won by Fulford.

Following are the scores in full:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		
Targets:	15	20	25	15	20	25	15	20	Broke.	Av.
E O Bower	14	18	22	11	16	21	14	16	125	87
Foxey	13	18	13	11	16	13	13	11	108	70
Burton	9	15	24	11	16	20	11	16	122	78.7
Glove*	13	19	23	15	18	22	14	19	143	92.2
Cowan	14	17	18	14	14	21	11	16	125	80.6
Siegrist	7	14	22	12	13	21	13	11	113	72.7
Guess	13	16	21	13	17	19	12	17	128	82.5
Burkhart	12	15	14	11	14	18	12	16	112	72.2
Norris	10	16	20	9	17	21	11	13	118	76.1
Chic	11	15	18	11	17	16	10	14	112	72.2
Redwing	14	17	24	14	16	22	14	19	140	90.3
Mingo	13	16	21	13	15	20	11	16	125	80.6
Goss	12	17	23	14	17	22	14	12	135	87.7
Sheldon	12	19	18	11	14	22	13	15	126	81.2
Grant	10	17	20	10	17	20	13	13	120	77.4
Heikes*	14	19	23	15	16	21	14	20	142	91.6
Young	12	17	24	14	17	22	15	17	138	89
Leroy	13	17	20	14	16	20	13	19	132	85.1
Van Dyke*	12	14	22	14	19	22	14	16	133	85.7
Wheeler*	13	18	23	14	14	22	13	16	133	85.7
Alkire	13	20	17	13	15	23	10	19	130	83.8
Spangler	12	16	22	8	18	23	13	14	126	81.2
R Trimble*	13	18	22	15	19	22	14	19	141	90.9
Shorty	13	18	21	12	19	24	15	18	139	89.6
E Trimble	13	17	21	15	17	23	14	17	137	88.3
Rike*	13	16	22	14	14	21	13	18	131	84.5
Corbett	10	15	21	10	19	20	13	16	124	80
De Wolf	9	10	15	9	14	19	8	13	97	65.8
C Lane	14	19	23	13	19	21	12	16	137	88.3
Gorham	9	16	17	12	19	23	11	4	111	71.6
C Ross	13	16	23	10	19	24	12	16	133	85.7
Thomas	10	19	23	12	17	22	13	17	133	85.7
Peck	11	14	21	11	18	18	13	15	124	80
F G Wheeler	11	11	19	12	12	20	12	14	111	71.6
Spross	14	19	20	12	17	22	12	18	131	84.5
147*	15	15	23	11	18	22	13	19	135	87
Gamble	13	13	23	15	17	22	11	18	136	87.7
Vail	14	17	22	15	18	21	14	18	139	88.2
Forrester	13	15	22	15	18	23	14	17	137	88.3
Elliott	12	18	20	11	15	19	12	16	113	72.9
Fulford*	14	20	20	13	19	21	15	18	143	92.2
Fanning*	14	18	23	14	18	21	14	14	136	87.7
Upson*	15	20	21	15	18	22	14	20	145	93.5
Crosby*	14	18	25	12	20	24	15	15	143	83.2
Courtney*	14	16	21	12	16	19	13	17	128	82.5
Henry	12	17	21	13	14	22	13	19	131	84.5
Mayo	13	18	20	12	14	20	13	18	128	82.5
Hood*	14	18	23	14	19	24	12	20	144	92.9
Snow	11	17	21	13	18	24	10	15	129	83.2
Grimm*	14	19	24	15	20	22	15	17	146	94.1
Budd*	14	18	24	12	18	21	14	19	140	90.3
Gilbert*	12	20	24	14	18	24	14	19	145	93.5
McMurchy*	14	19	22	14	15	23	13	19	142	91.6
Thursby*	14	18	25	15	20	22	12	18	144	92.9
Franx	11	15	19	9	14	17	12	12	109	70.3
Texas	10	15	11	11	14	15	12	14	102	65.8
Sporting Life*	12	13	20	13	..	..	..	..	61	81.3
A C H	12	14	16	9	17	21	13	18	120	77.4
Bennett	13	13	17	14	14	19	12	16	122	78.7
Renick	11	17	23	11	14	20	13	11	120	77.4
Fleming	9	16	15	11	15	19	..	..	85	70.8
Parker*	11	16	25	12	16	24	15	18	137	88.3
Bacon	14	17	20	14	18	19	14	19	135	87
Bascom	..	..	23	..	..	16	..	..	39	78
McDonald*	..	..	15	9	..	23	11	15	73	73
Allen	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	21	80
Smedley	14	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	28	70
Doolittle	14	18	22	11	18	20	14	18	135	87
Bodie	8	14	21	9	15	..	..	..	67	74.4
Bartol	..	..	18	..	..	14	..	..	32	64
Lemous	..	..	18	..	..	18	..	..	36	72
J I C	..	..	19	13	16	17	14	..	79	79
Richardson	..	..	10	12	16	15	13	..	66	66
Warwick	..	..	9	..	10	..	..	..	19	42.2
Sterling	..	..	..	..	9	12	..	..	21	46.6
H R Parker	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	15	60
May	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	13	86.6

Upson and Hood having scored over 90 per cent. yesterday, moved up into the $4 class. Money divided as on the preceding day.

Third Day, Friday, June 18.

The third day was an ideal one for target shooting. The sky was clear and perfect, a gentle breeze stirring, but not enough to affect the targets in their flight. On this day the place was crowded with spectators, much interest being manifested in the races for the Hazard and Du Pont Diamond trophies at 25 targets. The first race for the Hazard prize resulted in a tie on 24 between Glover, Heikes, Henry, Budd, McMurchy and Thursby. In shooting off the tie in the next event Heikes scored straight and won the handsome emblem. In the next 25-bird race for the Du Pont diamond locket Messrs. Redwing, Rike, Spross, Grimm and Thursby tied on 25 straight. In shooting off it was hotly contested for. Redwing and Thursby out shooting all others and tying each other a number of times before a decision was reached. Thursby finally winning by 1 bird. Following are the scores in full:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		
Targets:	15	20	25	15	20	25	15	20	Total.	Grand Total.
E O Bower	12	18	21	11	18	18	13	17	128	353
Foxey	8	17	13	8	18	21	10	14	109	324
Burton	12	17	16	11	15	21	13	17	122	362
Glover*	14	18	24	14	17	20	15	19	141	412
Cowan	13	15	21	15	14	23	11	18	130	372
Seigrist	10	10	20	12	16	19	12	15	114	336
Burkhart	12	17	21	12	15	22	10	15	124	338
Morris	13	15	23	13	17	23	14	18	136	365
Chic	10	16	14	13	14	17	6	18	108	330
Redwing*	13	19	18	15	18	25	14	19	141	406
Mingo	13	16	20	12	12	20	13	18	124	368
Goss	12	17	23	13	17	19	11	14	126	375
Sheldon	13	17	18	15	16	22	12	18	131	377
Grant	12	13	18	13	15	18	13	15	117	345
Heikes*	15	20	21	15	18	23	14	20	149	420
Young	13	17	19	14	19	18	13	17	120	358
LeRoy	12	17	20	15	16	23	14	17	134	388
Van Dyke*	11	17	20	13	20	23	11	19	134	285
Wheeler*	14	15	22	14	17	19	15	18	132	386
Alkire	10	15	17	9	19	21	12	17	120	363
Spangler	13	11	21	12	15	19	14	18	123	358
R Trimble*	11	16	20	13	16	22	14	20	132	392
Shorty	13	16	23	15	16	20	12	12	136	383
E Trimble	13	17	23	12	16	24	13	18	136	388
Rike*	12	17	20	12	17	25	12	17	132	380
Corbett	11	14	17	13	17	21	13	16	122	321
De Wolf	11	15	13	13	9	14	8	13	96	278
C Lane	14	20	18	14	18	14	14	19	121	390
Gorham	15	15	21	11	16	17	11	16	122	341
C Ross	15	17	23	11	17	20	12	17	132	381
Thomas	9	11	21	13	16	21	13	16	123	378
Peck	12	16	11	13	16	18	14	14	114	347
F G Wheeler	7	18	20	9	10	17	10	17	108	320
Spross	12	19	23	12	17	25	13	17	138	387
147*	13	14	19	12	17	22	13	18	128	384
Gamble	15	15	20	15	19	22	12	15	136	337
Vail	12	18	22	13	14	21	12	20	132	391
Forrester	13	17	21	12	17	20	13	18	131	391
Elliott	14	12	15	9	17	22	13	17	119	338
Fulford*	14	17	20	14	19	24	15	20	143	413
Fanning*	13	17	20	13	10	24	12	16	125	385
Upson*	13	17	21	14	19	24	14	20	142	414
Crosby*	13	20	17	13	11	23	15	20	132	404
Courtney*	12	15	18	11	12	20	9	12	109	333
Henry	13	18	24	13	18	21	11	19	137	383
Mayo	12	17	19	14	15	24	12	17	130	378
Hood*	14	19	17	15	17	20	12	17	131	402
Snow	12	18	17	15	13	23	13	19	130	373
Grimm*	15	17	19	13	19	25	14	20	142	411
Budd*	13	18	24	13	19	22	15	20	144	407
Gilbert*	14	18	22	15	18	24	14	19	144	421
McMurchy*	13	19	24	14	18	21	13	20	142	414
Thursby*	15	20	24	14	17	25	14	20	149	428
Worthen	14	20	20	11	17	..	15	20	117	...
Franx	11	16	15	9	18	20	12	16	117	328
Texas	10	15	11	12	13	17	11	16	105	301
Sporting Life*	..	..	19	14	18	21	14	..	86	...
A C H	12	17	19	14	16	11	9	17	115	330
Bennett	12	14	14	12	16	17	13	19	117	345
Renick	11	17	20	12	16	19	14	15	127	268
Parker*	12	19	19	12	15	23	13	18	131	383
Bacon	15	15	17	10	19	20	13	16	125	372
W G Lyman	..	..	17	14	15	14	..	..	60	...
McDonald*	12	17	22	11	15	19	8	19	123	...
J I C	8	14	17	6	18	20	10	17	110	...
H P Parker	..	..	15	..	..	17	..	..	32	...
No 9	12	16	18	13	14	19	14	19	125	...
Jones	..	16	17	13	15	19	..	14	94	...
Lenior	..	..	..	14	9	..	21	..	44	...
Cleve	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	12	16	51	...

* Means $4 extra per day men.

Redwing having scored over 90 per cent. yesterday moved up into the $4 extra per day class.

Champions and Trophies.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About two weeks since the public interested in shooting matters were treated to a dissertation upon championship trophies, criticism of Dr. W. F. Carver, the advertising of J. A. R. Elliott and a very mild attempt to discredit a world's championship emblem to-day prominently before the shooters of the world, known as the Du Pont smokeless powder championship trophy.

While the writer has no wish, and in fact, does not propose to engage in a controversy with Messrs. James Whitfield or J. A. R. Elliott, he begs to ask of these gentlemen that they confine themselves in their challenges and criticisms to those who have willingly given offense.

The letter of Mr. Whitfield opens the way for a peculiar style of controversy which Elliott is not slow to avail himself of, and since to the writer's certain knowledge the Elliott article was prepared before the Whitfield article appeared in print, the suspicion is not unreasonable that both were born at the same time and should acknowledge the same parent.

It is not my purpose to offer anything in defense of Dr. W. F. Carver. That gentleman is thoroughly capable of defending himself with either pen or shotgun. This fact has been demonstrated.

The trophy, of which Mr. Elliott has so much to say, appeared upon the firmament in 1896, and, if Mr. Whitfield is correct, "entries numbered over fifty;" and at the last open contest for this trophy, held in Kansas City "in May, there were sixty-three contestants for the trophy."

It would further appear that there has been but two challenges to individual contestants for possession of this cup. Mr. Whitfield boasts of this record, and criticises the Du Pont trophy as being handicapped by certain rules, which it would appear that neither he nor certain other gentlemen approved.

Now, let us look at the record of this Du Pont trophy, so alarmingly troublesome to Mr. Elliott and his immediate following.

It was offered at an open contest at Baltimore, Md., in October, '95. The rules and conditions governing open contest and governing successful winner or holder are known to the shooting public and need not be discussed

Michigan Trap-Shooters' League.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., June 1.—The shooting season for 1897 opened here yesterday with the tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, given by the Valley City Gun Club. Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, acted as manager to the satisfaction of all. The attendance was considerable of a surprise, for though the Valley City Club does nothing by halves, and their tournaments in former years left nothing to be desired, this was looked on as rather an off year, and the usual inducements to draw a crowd were omitted. During the first day there were thirty-four visitors shooting, besides a good representation from the club. The average number of entries in the eight regular sweep events was twenty-eight.

At a business meeting of the League, held in the parlors of the Livingston Hotel last evening, officers were elected as follows: President Joseph Marks, of Detroit; Vice-President, J. G. North, Pontiac; Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. Brady, Detroit; Directors: Mr. DeRoo, Holland; Thomas Graham, Sault Ste. Marie; Charles J. Bousfield, Bay City; C. B. Kelsey, Grand Rapids, and the officers.

It was voted to hold the next shoot in Detroit the last week in June on some open date to be selected by the Detroit members. E. C. Merrill, on behalf of the Bay City Gun Club, of Bay City, invited the League to give a shoot in that town in the near future, and it was voted to go there for the July meet.

The second day was an improvement over the first in conditions, the cold, raw wind having ceased and the mercury going up to a point where overcoats were unnecessary. This not being a holiday a number of those present the first day were not able to attend, but the fact that 4,562 targets were thrown in regular events and 180 in the extras shows that the trap was busy. In the two days, counting extra events, 9,804 targets were thrown from the magautrap with an intermission each day of an hour for dinner at the Country Club Casino. Usually the gun club has had a lunch served on the ground in tents, but this year we were not going for a record and thought a good meal well served would be preferable. The scores on both days are given below:

First Day, May 31.

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7	9	10
Marks	13	12	13	9	10	12	13	13
Parker	13	11	13	11	14	9	15	11
Thomas	11	14	15	13	13	8	15	13
Kelsey	14	11	9	11	13	10	12	12
Graham	15	15	14	15	12	14	13	11
Brady	11	12	13	11	9	7	11	10
Widdic'mb	13	13	10	12	14	13	13	9
Ross	12	14	15	12	15	11	12	11
Cold Blast	13	12	11	11	10	11	12	11
Renwick	12	12	14	12	13	12	..	..
W Thomas	12	9	7	13	10	13	11	9
De Roo	8	5	12	14	7	..	9	11
Merrill	7	10	6	10	6	11	7	2
Bousfield	5	7	5	8	10	10	7	9
W Thomp'n	12	13	13	12	14	8	6	11
A Ferguson	9	12	11	13	11	12	8	..
A Holcomb	9	11	10	11	8	..	..	12
Spangle	11	12	11	9	9	..	10	..
B O Bush	14	15	14	12	14	12	11	12
Elkerton	9	11	10	8	12	12	8	9
Pixley	..	11	8	8	9	7	..	7
Reed	..	12	11	13	..	..	..	..
G F Smith	..	11	..	9	..	..	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7	9	10
Van Eyck	..	10	13	10	13	12	..	..
Karstens	..	12	13	14	10	12	13	..
Dr O Bairt	..	10	11	13	6	..	..	..
De Kruif	..	9	11	..	..	..	..	..
G A Gould	..	11	11	6	..	..	..	..
B F Hall	..	..	..	11	9	..	..	..
H L Page	..	..	..	11	12	12	..	..
Davidson	..	..	..	..	13	10	9	9
Walton	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	12
Gilmore	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Osman	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	13
North	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	11
Watts	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	9
Scott	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	13
Vosburg	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	11
Schilling	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	12
C H Rich	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	w
H Waruf	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	12
Clay	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
Baret	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10

Event No. 5 was a 3 men team race, 25 targets per man, 75 to the team. The results were as below:

Graham	25	North	18
Marks	22	Osman	17
Brady	18—65	Webb	4 80
Parker	23	Bush	23
Renwick	22	Merrill	19
Coldblast	18—63	Bousfield	15—57
Davidson	19	Thomas	20
Gould	17	Ferguson	19
Holcomb	13—49	De Roo	15—54
Widdicomb	24	Karstens	18
Kelsey	19	Van Eyck	18
Calkins	18—61	Bairt	18—54
Walton	21	Thompson	19
Gilmore	19	Watts	18
Coleman	19—59	Pixley	13 50

Event No. 8 was the E. C. cup handicap race, 25 targets per man, allowance of extra targets to shoot at. This event had twenty nine entries, and resulted in a tie for the cup between Parker (scratch), Vosburg (32) and Ferguson (32), each of them making 25—the highest possible. On the shoot off Ferguson won, again making the highest possible, as against Vosburg's 25 and Parker's 21.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	7	8	9
Graham	14	15	10	13	11	14	14	15
Marks	12	13	11	12	10	14	7	9
Bousfield	8	10	10	7	9	6	7	12
Bush	14	11	13	13	12	14	15	14
Parker	13	15	14	14	14	15	15	14
Thompson	10	10	11	13	9	10	9	w
Cold Blast	9	12	10	9	11	9	14	15
Merrill	12	12	12	11	11	12	5	15
Thomas	13	11	15	14	13	13	14	12
Widdic'mb	12	11	14	13	11	10	13	12
Waruf	14	13	11	7	12	..	..	..
DeRoo	8	10	11	..	..	..	..	..
Elkerton	12	12	11	9	10	..	..	..
Schelling	12	14	14	14	12	..	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	7	8	9
Karstens	10	13	11	14	..	10	..	..
Watts	12	14	11	..	..	..	9	..
Walton	13	14	14	14	14	12	12	14
Van Eyck	11	22	14	12	15	..	..	..
Pixley	13	8	6	11	12	8	14	11
Scott	10	10	11	10	14	..	..	11
Vosburg	7	14	12	..	..	..	..	..
Ferguson	12	..	12	14	..	..	..	..
W Thomas	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Osman	10	7	10	8	11	12	12	11
Renwick	..	14	13	12	15	..	..	..
Brady	..	13	10	10	12	9	10	..
Webb	..	7	7	6	..	..	..	..
North	..	..	13	14	15	..	..	..

Event No. 6 was the contest for the expert, semi-expert and the amateur medals, 25 targets per man. In the expert class the scores were: Waruf, Graham and Renwick 24 each, Willard 23, Parker and Bush 22, Schelling and Davidson 20, North 19, Thompson and Wharton 18, Cold Blast 15. The ties on 24 were shot off at 25 targets, Graham and Renwick again tying on 24, with Waruf out on 23. On the second shoot-off Renwick won with 23 to Graham's 21.

In the semi-expert class the scores were: Marks and Widdicomb 23, Karstens 23, Osman 19, Walton 18, Ferguson 13. The tie on 23 was shot off, Widdicomb defeating Marks with 23 to 21.

The amateur's medal was shot for as follows: Merrill and Brady 21, Elkerton and Scott 18, Webb 17, Lisle, Bousfield and Pixley 14, Schumway 12. The tie was shot off, Merrill winning with 19 to 18.

Event No 10 was the handicap contest for the W-A trophy. This event had 23 entries, and was a handicap affair with extra targets to shoot at. The race resulted in a tie for first place on 25—the highest possible—between Graham (scratch), Davidson (27), Walton (23) and Scott (30). On the shoot-off under the same conditions, Scott and Walton again tied on highest possibles, while Davidson dropped out with 23 to his name, and Graham with 22. The second shoot-off resulted in a win for Walton, who again broke 25 out of 28, Scott being able to score 24 out of 30.

WOLVERINE.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont. June 7.—Below I give you scores made at our regular weekly medal shoot, as follows. Conditions: 25 bluerocks, known traps, unknown angles:

R E Rodgers 19, J. Forbes 18, R A Eddy 21, C E Flowers 7, J. P. Menard 17, L. L. Hunt 9, H W. Thompson 15, W. E. Graham 14.

Mr. Eddy won the gold medal and R. E. Rodgers the silver medal.

A practice shoot followed at 5 pairs, in which the following took part:

H. W. Thompson 2, R. E. Rodgers 4, R A Eddy 10, J P. Menard 8.

WALTER E GRAHAM, Sec'y.

Omaha.

OMAHA, Neb., June 12.—The Omaha Gun Club's regular weekly shoot took place on the club grounds, across the river, this afternoon. Scores:

Kenyon	1111111111111110111—19	Brucker	1011111110101110111—16
Hughes	1110011111111111111—18	Loomis	1111010110111110011—15
Squirrel	1111111011111111101—18	Carmich'l	1111001110111110111—15
Randlett	0111111111011111101—17	Johannes	1111010111011110110—15
E Kalb	1100101111111111111—17	Searle	1111111010111111100—15
Townsend	1111111001011101111—16	Bates	1000111011100111111—14
Raymond	1111011011111111010—16	Latshaw	1111111010101000011 12

W. D. KENYON.

Down Where the Pineapples Grow.

HOBE SOUND, Fla., June 12.—The Hobe Sound Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot to day. The sand flies and mosquitoes were very lively and made things pretty interesting for the four shooters who had energy enough to turn out. Temperature, 96° in the shade, and "those things" is enough to dampen any one's enthusiam and shirt; but the standbys were on hand and did their usual poor shooting.

Serjeantson	0111111100110111111110101111110—22
Smith	0110101111111110111011010111111—23
Stokes	0110000111001100111001010101—15
McVean	1110100111101011010000111110111—19

ON LONG ISLAND.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

June 5.—The New Utrecht Gun Club has closed its live-bird season for the series of 1895-97. To-day's shoot was the last, and there will be no more live bird shooting at the Woodlawn grounds until Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 6. C. Furgueson was the winner of the club shoot in Class A, his son, Conny, winning in Class B. Dr. Wynn, a guest of the club, shot at 20 birds and scored them all. Below are the details of the events decided:

	Club shoot.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
C Furgueson (A, 30)	2222222222—10	22223—5	22•22—4	22022—4
J Gaughen (A, 28)	0221222122— 9	22211—5	.....	.....
Conny Furgueson (B, 27)	2212222222—10	22022—4	222•1—4	222 2—4
A Eddy (B, 28)	1120221112— 9	1012•—3	.....	.....
F A Thompson (B, 29)	1122212202— 9	11110—4	22220—4	22200—3
Dr Wynn*	1212211211—10	11122—5	12221—5	.....
W S Allen*	20•02•1122— 6	.....	01201—3	.....

* Guests.

June 12.—Platt Adams was the winner in Class A at the New Utrecht Gun Club's semi-monthly shoot, held this afternoon on the Dyker Meadow grounds. C. C. Fleet won in Class B. The Bennett cup contest was won by J. Gaughen with a score of 22. Below are the scores of the main events:

Club shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Platt Adams (A)	1111101111101111111111111—23
J Gaughen (A)	1111111110101111111101111—22
D Deacon (A)	1101101111111101111011111—21
D C Bennett (A)	1111010111111110111111101—21
F A Thompson (A)	1110111111110001101111111—21
C C Fleet (B)	1111110100011100110101111111—19
Dr H L O'Brien (B)	1110111011101111100101001—17
*Dr Shunk	0100001110101010110100101—12

* Guest.

Bennett cup, 25 targets, unknown angles, class allowance handicap:

Class A: John Gaughen 22, Donley Deacon 20, F. A. Thompson 20, Platt Adams 18, D. C. Bennett 17.

Class B, allowance 2: Dr. O'Brien 17, C. C. Fleet 17.

G. E. P., Sec'y.

PARKWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

June 9.—The Parkway Rod and Gun Club held its monthly live bird shoot at the Old Mill Creek grounds. Lee Helgans won the Bookman medal after a tie with Henry Bramwell and John Wye, all three scoring their 7 birds. The tie was shot off miss-and-out, Helgans winning in the third round. Scores:

Class A, 18yds. rise:

L Helgans	1221211—7	J Bennett	2222210—6
H Bramwell	2211111—7		

Class B, 25yds:

J Wye	2112111—7	H J Selover	0022122—5
G Torborg	0222211—6	C Schwach	2012101—5

ERIE GUN CLUB.

June 9.—The Erie Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its monthly live bird shoot at Dexter Park this afternoon. Seven members were present to take part in the club event. Charles Plate, Blakeley, Fuchs and J. H. Plate were the respective winners in their classes. Scores:

Class AA, 20yds. rise:

C Plate	1211110—6	J Plate	2210011—5
H Dobrmann	1202110—5		

Class A, 28yds:

H Blakeley	2120012—5		

Class B, 27yds.:

G Fuchs	2022110—5	F Gref	1001210—4

Class C, 26yds.:

J H Plate	0012221—5

EMERALD GUN CLUB.

June 15.—The Emeralds were in good form to-day, five clean scores being made in the regular monthly club shoot of this popular New York organization. The shoot, of course, was held at Dexter Park. The roll call showed thirty members present, a large number for any club to turn out. The straights were made by L. S. Fogarty, J. S. S. Remsen, Dr. Hudson, Gus E. Greiff and G. B. Hillers. Scores were as below:

Class A, 29yds., 7 points:

L S Fogarty	2221112221—10	E J Clark	0121022121— 8
G Greiff	1111122112—10		

Class A, 28yds., 7 points:

J S S Remsen	1111221212—10	F W Place	1112212110— 9
Dr Hudson	1111111121—10	J H Moore	1102•1212— 8
H P Fessenden	0111112212— 9	W A Sands	0112221220— 8
T Short	1112•1•121— 9	E A Vroome	1100210•12— 6
M Herrington	0122111122— 9	W Amend	0111010210— 6

Class A, 28yds., 6 points.

G B Hillers	1111212112—10	J Woelfel	1210220•0— 6
W Joerger	1012122212— 9	J Banzer	1000•11100— 4
O Hilmer	0122121022— 8	B Amend	0100002100— 3

Class B, 25yds., 6 points.

C Stuetzle	1110112221—9	Dr Richter	1122211020—8
R Regan	01•2111221—8	J Swan	1021121021—8
C W Billings	1121012201—8	E Weiss	0112012210—7

Class B, 25yds., 5 points.

H F Muhs	1102211021—8	G K Breit	2002100•01—4
Dr McFarland	0121101 2• 7	T F Codey	0000001201—3
H F Burns	0100122221—7		

Around Pittsburg.

IROQUOIS RIFLE AND GUN CLUB.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 3.—The third monthly shoot of the Iroquois Rifle and Gun Club took place to-day at Howard station. There was a stiff wind blowing, but, nevertheless, some good scores were made. Old Hoss and Alex King were both credited with straights in the 20-target event, while King broke altogether 112 out of 120 shot at. The shoot commenced at 1 o'clock and was kept up until too dark to see the targets. The scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15
J Motz	8	13	10	12	14	18	12	14	12	13
Mack	8	9	12	14	14	18	13	12	14	13
Ferguson	7	12	15	13	13	16	12	..	..	..
A L King	9	12	14	15	14	20	15	13	..	..
Budd	8	11	13	14	11	14	14	12	12	13
Old Hoss	8	14	12	13	12	20	15	13	11	..
Johnson	4	12	11	13	10	16	15	12	9	..
Oliver	9	13	13	13	12	15	15	11	13	..
Born	8	14	14	14	14	17	12	15	13	15
Fleming	..	12	14	11	11	17	13	14	10	10
H Hartman	..	..	13	10	10	17	14	13	14	..
Colteryahn	..	..	..	8	10	..	..	13	13	10
Nock	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	8	..

J. MOTZ.

HAZELWOOD GUN CLUB.

June 5.—Four 15-target events were shot to day on the grounds of the Hazelwood Gun Club; each event was $1 entrance. The scores were:

No. 1: Wilbert 10, Fleming 9, Crossland 8, Burchfield 7, Nacayama 5.

No. 2: Fleming 14, Crossland 13, Wilbert 7, Nacayama 6, Burchfield 4.

No. 3: Crossland 13, Fleming 11, Wilbert 10, Burchfield 5.

No. 4: Crossland 11, Wilbert 8, Nacayama 8.

B. B.

EAST PITTSBURG GUN CLUB.

June 6.—The final shoots for the E. C. Powder cup took place on the grounds of the East Pittsburg Gun Club during April and May. Ten members took an active part in the race, and nine finished their 400 targets. Mr. Whiting was unable to complete his strings through starting too late. Uncle John won the trophy with the great total of 358 breaks out of 400 shot at, an average of 89.5, a capital average for an amateur. His victory was a most popular one. At the 200 mark the race looked a very interesting one, Mack leading Uncle John by 1 bird, and Sharrard close up in third place. In regard to powders used, I would state that E. C. was used exclusively. Scores and totals follow:

	1st score.	2d score.	3d score.	4th score.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Uncle John (3)	86	94	88	90	400	358	89.5
Sharrard (0)	85	87	92	84	400	346	86.5
Mack (3)	91	90	75	88	400	344	86
Ferguson (5)	80	80	82	86	400	347	77.8
Williams (6)	79	71	75	80	404	305	71.9
Coney (0)	83	80	74	80	400	317	79.2
Shaw (0)	87	70	73	64	400	294	73.5
F McIntosh (13)	62	83	70	68	452	283	62.6
Gallup (4)	68	77	79	75	416	299	71.8
Whiting	87	..	..	..	100	87	87

S. P. SWENSON, Sec'y.

Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 5.—There was a large attendance at the regular weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club to-day. Among the several visitors was Mr. Kent, of Toronto, who did some creditable work, when it is remembered that he is a comparative novice at the targets. The club badge shoot was No. 3. The winners were: Forrester in Class A, E. Reinecke in Class B, and J. Kennedy in Class C. In Class C, J. T. Stewart was a close second. Through an error of the secretary, Mr. Lodge was credited as winning last week's shoot, when the honor, as a matter of fact, belonged to Mr. Kennedy. The badge series ends this week. The summary of the day's shooting follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	15	14	15
C S Burkhardt	8	13	23	12	9	12	10	11
J Davis	9	13	19	13	13	15	6	..
E C Burkhardt	9	14	20	9	13	10	6	11
E Reinecke	8	13	24	7	9	14	..	11
J J Reid	..	10	20	11	9	10	..	8
Bird	..	12	19	11	14	13	..	10
McArthur	..	13	18	12	12	11	..	9
L Bennett	..	14	21	10	12	12	11	13
Tiddler	..	8	17	13	9	8	..	9
Forrester	..	14	23	14	14	9	14	14
Norris	..	14	23	11	12	13	11	15
J T Stewart	..	6	11	8	8	..	..	..
E W Smith	..	13	23	..	12	..	..	..
Kent	..	12	14	8	9	..	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
A C H	..	7	21	12	9	10	..	9
P G Myers	..	..	18	13	10	7	8	14
U E Storey	..	..	1	6	..	12	..	7
W Hines, Jr	..	..	23	9	..	..	..	11
Sandy	..	..	13	7	9	6	8	3
McCarney	..	..	19	10	10	..	..	..
A Coombs	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..
L Fries	..	..	15	..	8	..	..	..
J E Lodge	..	..	18	..	..	7	..	9
Jacobs	..	10	..	7	..	..	..	..
Talsma	..	13	..	7	..	..	3	..
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Wilcox	..	..	..	..	11	8	7	..
J A Dingens	..	..	..	12	8	..	..	..
Anderson	..	..	..	..	9	10	..	6
Porter	..	..	..	..	13	..	7	7

Event No. 7 was at 7 pairs.

June 12.—To-day was the last of the series of badge shoots for the season of 1896-97. L. G. Northrup won the gold medal in class A, while C. S. Burkhardt F. D. Kelsey and Alexander Forrester are tied for the second trophy in that class. Northrup won the club shoot eight times. E. N. McCarney won in B class and J. A. Kennedy in C class.

Arthur Coombs was the winner of the year's gold badge with George Zoeller in second place. Coombs also won the attendance medal with E. C. Burkhardt second. In the prize contest for straight scores Forrester and Kirkover are a tie. E. C. Burkhardt took the prize for the greatest number of targets broken during the year.

Below are the scores in to day's shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	15	20	25
C S Burkhardt	7	10	18	10	14	12	18	13
L Northrup	7	9	21	8	13	11	..	..
E C Burkhardt	8	12	13	8	11	7	10	16
E Reinicke	9	11	19	..	..	..	..	..
Jacobs	8	10	..	8	12	12	16	..
McArthur	8	9	16	8	8	12	15	13
Jones	3	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
J O'Brien	5	9	22	10	11	9	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	25	15	15	15	20	25
L Bennet	7	11	19	12	12	11	..	..
J J Reid	5	11	17	8	9	6	13	14
J Kennedy	..	6	19	7	12	5	10	..
A Coombs	..	..	18	..	13	..	..	..
W E Story	..	..	14	7	9	..	..	..
Porter	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..
Hines Jr.	..	..	21	..	12	..	14	..
McCarney	..	..	24	..	15	..	..	14
G Braudle	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	17
W R Eaton	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..

Trap in Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 3.—The annual convention of the State Band Association took place at Forth Smith, May 26. In order to add to the attraction, the committee in charge decided to add bicycle races and trap-shooting to the programme. The event of interest to the shooters and the general public was the team race for a purse of $50—$30 to the first and $20 to the second team. The conditions of the race were: Four men to a team, all members of the same club, 25 targets per man, entrance free and no charge for targets. As the event had not been very well advertised, there were but four teams entered, a number which could have been materially increased had the event been generally known to the shooters in the State. Little Rock, on the spur of the moment, managed to send a team, which, however, by no means represented its shooting strength, but nevertheless managed to win first money, even though they had one shooter on the team of uncertain quality. Fort Smith had two teams entered, and their first team won second money. The scores in the team race were as follows:

Little Rock: Conner 22, Duley 21, Woodson 20, Lenow 17—80.

Port Smith No. 1: Matthews 24, Echols 15, Boyd 15, Leach 15—69.

Rogers: Daily 22, Parks 16, Bryant 15, Edelin 13—66.

Fort Smith No. 2: Meyers 18, Bloodworth 12, McDonald 12, Bollinger 11—53.

After the team race the following sweeps were shot, all 15-target events, $1 entrance; when more than twelve entries, four moneys, under that three moneys:

Events:	1	2	3	4
Matthews	14	14	14	14
Conner	15	11	11	12
Dr Daily	10	9	10	14
Durden	11	10	12	10
Woodson	9	12	10	14
Parks	8	9	10	10
Lenow	9	..	11	..
Wirsing	8	..	..	..
Meyers	..	..	..	12 11
Thomas	..	..	..	13

Events:	1	2	3	4
Leach	12	13	13	12
Echols	11	12	14	10
Bryant	10	8	12	13
Edeline	10	10	9	5
Duley	9	11	11	13
Boyd	9	10	..	..
Ogelsby	8	..	..	..
Littlejohn	3	..	..	..
Baptist	..	..	..	13

It will be seen that young Matthews did the best shooting, losing just 1 bird in each event. His 24 in the team race was also the top score in this event. Had the rest of the team displayed the form that he did they would have had a walkover. Leach's shooting in this event was the surprise of the day. Conner made the only straight score of the day, in the first sweep. Leach was the fortunate one, he was in for money in all the sweeps and three times was alone. In the first event he took third without a tie, and in the second and third he got second without a divide. The team race would have proved an interesting contest if Pine Bluff and Hot Springs had been represented. Pine Bluff can now muster a strong team, and they would doubtless have been in evidence had they been present.

The visitors in attendance were Col. J. A. Woodson, W. R. Duley and Dr. J. H. Lenow, Little Rock; J. W. Bryant, Parks Rogers and H. A. Durden, Greenwood. The visitors were all highly pleased with their trip, and were loud in their praise of the liberal manner in which the shoot was conducted. Much of the success is due to the hustling qualities of Stuart Miller. He took care of everybody and everything. The renewed interest manifested in trap-shooting all over the State is very gratifying, and the approaching State tournament was the chief topic of conversation.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Pine Bluff Gun Club.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., June 4.—Below you will find scores of the last shoot of Pine Bluff Gun Club. The weather was perfect, and nothing but darkness could stop the boys from shooting. Messrs. Paul R. Litzke and John Pemberton, of Little Rock, was with us. Mr. Litzke is secretary of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, and was down here in the interest of an annual tournament in July, which we expect to make the most attractive of any shoot in the South, and hope to have a large attendance.

Below are the practice scores shot to-day:

One hundred targets per man: J. T. Lloyd 82, John Speers 82, E. A. Howell 80, Geo. Clement 76, John Pemberton 74.

Sixty targets; W. M. Bayt 47, Dr. H. E. Williams 44.

Forty-five targets: John Wells 36, W. F. Fergus 36, J. A. Cales 28, Perry Meyer 29, H. E. Martin 29, E. C. Arnold 15.

Thirty targets: W. H. Longford 19, Paul Litzke 12.

E. A. HOWELL, Sec'y.

Moscow Gun Club.

Moscow, Lackawanna County, Pa., June 5.—Below are the scores made in practice by members of the Moscow Gun Club:

Twenty five targets per man: F. M. Spencer 18, Geo. Rafferty 15, A. Depew 14, M. Gilland 14, B. Schank 12, S. W. Travis 12, Dr. Longstreet 11, Geo. Cossler 11, F. Rafferty 10.

Fifteen targets per man: Geo. P. Shaw 10, O. L. Travis 8, Z. La Bar 5.

E. Noack broke 4 out of 10, and J. C. Peck 2 out of 5.

This is a new club, and all the shooters are green hands at the sport. Our president is Mr. Geo. Rafferty and our secretary Ralph Dixon.

June 12.—Practice scores made at to-day's shoot were as below:

Twenty-five targets per man: A. Depew 18, S. Travis 13, Geo. Rafferty 12, Wm. Halderman 10, Barney Schank 9.

Fifteen targets per man: Wm. Eschenbach 11, G. W. Cossler 8, O. Travis 8.

RALPH DIXON, Sec'y.

Indiana Trap-Shooter's League.

KOKOMO, Ind., June 9.—The first annual tournament of the Trap-Shooter's League of Indiana was held at Kokomo, Ind., yesterday and to-day. It was a very enjoyable occasion. The attendance far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the management, the interest being so keen that the entries on the second day fell but little short of the first, as is usually the case with all two-day tournaments. The trains began to bring in the shooters on Monday afternoon, among the first to arrive being Ed Voris, who was one of the western team to shoot in the American handicap, and C. E. Lacey, of Crawfordsville, Ind. The evening and night trains brought in a number of shooters from various points, among whom were: Willard Thomas, Logansport, Ind.; Al Barton, Findlay, O.; M. Forbes and A. Wuchner, Hartford City; C. F. Knothe, Fort Wayne; W. Woodfill, C. D. Tillson, W. S. Winchester and D. A. Myers, Greensburgh, Ind.; H. B. Hill, A. Gamble and J. Kirsch, Aurora; J. B. Stipp, Bedford, Ind.; Dr. C. C. Everts, John M. Lilly, E. H. Tripp, Geo. C. Beck, Dr. Britton, T. H. Parry and S. C. Griffith, Indianapolis, Ind.; E. R. Kerstetter, W. S. Gillmore and C. A. Davisson, Elkhart, Ind.; J. Penn, Cincinnati; F. J. Kiley, Marion; J. C. Small, Aurora; Capt. A. W. du Bray, Dayton, Ky.; E. F. Weisner, Marion; W. C. Pattison, Indiana Mineral Springs; Ben O. Bush, Kalamazoo, Mich.; D. U. Ford and T. Edwards, Anderson, Ind.; C. L. Bender, Muncie, Ind.; O. P. Garland, Marshall, Ind.; J. L. Deitrick, Waveland, Ind.; J. L. Head, Peru; J. R. Bruner, A. W. King and J. W. Dawalt, Wabash, Ind.; Mr. King, Renssalear, Ind.; Mr. Al Bussell, Leesburg, and Mr. Irwin, Warsaw, Ind. John Parker, of Detroit, Mich., came in on Tuesday morning and took charge of the management, which is sufficient evidence that everything went smoothly. Jack is a superb manager and is very popular with the shooters.

The morning of the first day dawned clear and bright, giving promise of propitious weather for the successful carrying through of the largest tournament ever held in Indiana.

The boys having arrived on the grounds early, a little practice shooting was indulged in, and promptly at 9 o'clock the first squad was called up and shooting began, Mr. Griffith, of Indianapolis, winning the principal prize, a Remington gun, on a score of 25 straight. Following are the scores for Tuesday, June 8:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	25	Ave.
Ross	12	19	12	19	12	18	12	16	12	19	84.7
Forbes	11	17	9	17	12	13	..	13	..	..	....
Kiley	14	17	10	16	12	15	9	18	12	18	78.3
Penn	14	15	12	18	9	13	12	16	12	18	77
Thomas	13	14	13	13	11	18	14	17	13	22	82.2
Voris	13	20	12	19	12	19	14	18	12	20	88.3
Bush	10	18	10	17	12	15	11	16	12	23	80
Tripp	13	14	11	15	12	14	12	17	14	18	77
Beck	13	18	12	15	15	14	12	15	13	18	80.5
Albert	13	15	9	11	9	13	9	14	10	16	66.1
Stipp	11	19	12	16	12	15	15	15	13	21	82.8
Winchester	12	16	13	12	9	12	13	16	9	15	70.5
Tillson	11	17	15	15	12	14	12	12	15	17	78.3
Gamble	10	18	11	19	9	18	12	18	12	23	83.3
Kirsch	8	12	9	12	7	11	..	..	..	..	....
Hill	13	17	13	11	12	15	11	18	14	16	77.7
J. R. Bruner	12	13	8	15	10	11	10	..	..	..	....
Knothe	9	..	..	..	10	..	..	13	..	..	....
Gill	6	13	12	12	8	..	9	..	..	16	....
Davis	11	16	11	17	13	16	12	15	11	17	77
Mock	11	13	11	15	11	0	11	13	..	16	....
Rigdon	9	14	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
King	15	15	9	11	11	..	..	18	..	19	....
Long	14	12	12	14	6	..	..	..	..	..	....
Wallace	12	13	11	15	10	12	..	..	..	..	....
Webb	12	13	14	13	11	..	13	..	11	20	....
Wuehner	9	15	10	14	..	13	..	13	..	15	....
Soft Mark*	7	15	10	16	9	12	13	14	8	18	....
Lacey	5	..	..	..	..	17	..	14	..	15	....
Whisler	8	14	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Bursell	15	13	13	17	10	..	12	12	14	..	...
Cumberland	12	14	..	..	12	17	..	16	..	..	....
Bradburry	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	....
Geo. Bruner	8	13	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	....
Deitrick	8	14	12	17	13	15	11	15	12	18	76.1
Parsons	10	14	14	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	....
Partington	14	13	15	15	8	15	14	17	11	18	80
Parry	9	15	9	17	12	14	10	17	13	19	74.4
Leach	11	19	15	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Griffith	11	17	11	19	10	16	11	17	12	25	82.8
Garland	11	13	12	12	11	15	9	16	10	20	71.6
Pattison	7	12	11	11	12	16	11	9	10	19	65.5
Elmer Apperson	12	13	14	..	..	11	12	..	10	..	....
Barton	12	11	..	..	8	..	..	14	..	13	....
Waggaman	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Binder	11	19	11	14	11	13	12	16	7	20	74.4
H. Wood	12	..	9	..	5	..	6	..	..	..	....
Clark	11	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	9	..	....
Ford	11	..	12	..	11	..	13	..	13	22	....
Edwards	6	..	8	..	10	..	10	..	9	..	....
Small	..	..	..	14	14	14	12	10	13	18	...
Smith	..	..	5	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	....
Miller	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	....
A. W. King	..	..	..	..	11	14	..	..	..	16	....
Morgan	..	..	..	..	9	10	..	..	..	..	....
Dawalt	..	..	..	..	9	14	8	..	..	..	....
Ingles	..	..	..	..	12	..	12	..	10	..	....
Senour	..	..	..	..	9	13	9	12	9	..	....
C. Rose	..	..	..	..	7	11	7	..	..	..	....
Irwin	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	18	12	..	....
Mattix	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	....
Uncapper	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	..	..	..	....
Allie	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	....
Mater	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	....
Sands	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	....
C. L. Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	....
A. W. Du Bray	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	16	12	16	..
Thorne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	....
Herron	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	....

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

On Tuesday evening the annual meeting of the league was held and much interest was manifested, fifteen of the eighteen clubs being represented. The election of officers resulted in the selection of Mr. J. L. Head for President; D. A. Myers, Vice-President; Royal Robinson, Secretary-Treasurer; D. A. Myers, C. L. Bender, C. E. Lacey, J. B. Stipp and E. R. Kerstetter Executive Committee, to serve during the ensuing year.

During the meeting Mr. Pattison, on behalf of the Indiana Mineral Springs Co., very generously offered the league a medal valued at $50 to be awarded to the high score made by a team of three from any league club, which offer was accepted and a vote of thanks tendered the donors. A badge, emblematic of the individual championship, was ordered purchased, and it was decided that the high scores in the first three events of Wednesday morning should be declared the winners for this year.

Second Day, June 9.

The shooting of the second day was fully up to the standard of Tuesday, Mr. Penn coming up to the front and shooting nearer his usual form. The grand average prize of $25 was won by Mr. Voris, of Crawfordsville, who also won the individual championship medal. The Parker gun was won by Mr. Deitrick, of Waveland, on a score of 48:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	50	15	15	20	15	Ave.
Parry	11	17	10	14	11	40	13	14	15	..	....
Beck	12	17	12	13	8	41	13	8	15	..	....
Tripp	12	16	12	17	12	43	13	12	16	13	83
Partington	13	16	12	15	15	44	13	11	15	14	84
Griffith	14	15	11	16	12	42	11	13	17	13	82
Voris	13	18	15	16	11	43	14	13	17	14	88
Garland	13	14	9	17	10	36	12	13	18	11	81.5
Ross	11	16	13	20	14	42	10	13	18	14	85.5
Mud Bath	9	11	11	15	7	38	8	12	14	10	67.5
Thomas	13	17	12	17	13	38	13	13	17	13	83
Tillson	14	17	13	14	11	46	13	14	20	12	87
Winchester	10	16	12	..	..	38	12	..	..	13	....
Deitrick	12	15	10	20	13	48	14	11	15	11	84.5
Gill	7	13	13	..	8	32	..	..	..	..	....
Du Bray	7	10	..	..	11	..	9	13	10	..	....
Ford	12	..	10	17	10	41	9	..	16	..	....
Mock	10	16	12	12	..	30	..	..	..	..	....
Burrell	12	19	8	..	..	43	..	..	..	..	....
Elmer Apperson	15	..	11	..	..	33	14	..	..	..	....
Ingles	7	..	..	..	..	35	..	..	..	..	....
Wuchner	12	17	13	18	14	46	13	11	17	13	...
Heiney	12	17	13	18	13	42	10	12	..	..	....
Davis	12	16	11	16	..	9	..	..	..	..	....
Wallace	11	15	6	18	9	45	..	..	16	..	....
Knothe	9	11	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Stipp	13	18	14	19	14	44	12	13	15	13	87.5
Hill	14	12	13	11	12	42	13	10	15	11	76.5
Myers	12	17	..	14	..	28	..	..	..	..	....
Gamble	12	17	12	15	9	39	13	13	19	11	80
A. W. King	10	..	10	..	..	35	..	..	..	..	....
Erwin	12	..	..	..	..	43	..	..	..	..	....
Small	14	20	13	14	11	..	..	13	..	..	....
Forbes	12	19	12	18	13	42	13	13	16	12	85
Edwards	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Webb	9	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Geo. Wood	6	11	..	..	..	36	..	..	..	..	....
Penn	13	18	13	20	13	45	13	9	19	13	89
Geo. Bruner	6	15	7	..	..	28	..	..	..	..	....
Lewis	8	15	12	..	..	39	..	..	16	..	....
Landow	8	..	..	..	..	37	..	..	..	..	....
Bender	11	19	10	17	..	37	12	..	16	..	....
Senner	13	..	11	17	10	..	9	..	14	..	....
Huf	12	19	10	..	..	34	..	..	..	..	....
Smith	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Bush	11	15	9	16	12	44	13	12	17	13	81
Thompson	10	15	11	15	12	40	13	10	12	..	....
H. Wood	10	..	..	13	7	39	..	..	..	10	....
Tack	10	14	15	..	..	39	12	11	..	..	....
Slow	14	17	12	19	9	43	11	14	18	13	85
Clark	..	..	10	..	..	35	10	..	..	..	....
Lacey	..	..	..	13	..	33	..	..	..	..	....
J. R. Brunner	..	..	..	15	..	38	..	..	..	..	....
Soft Mark	..	..	..	13	11	41	..	..	..	..	....
Kirsch	..	..	..	..	..	38	..	..	..	..	....
McClelland	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	12	8	....
Kiley	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	17	14	....
Barton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	....

L. W. CUMBERLAND.

Ohio Trap-Shooters' League.

SPRINGFIELD, O., June 4.—The eleventh annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League took place here Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, June 2-4. The tournament was held on the grounds of the Springfield Gun Club, which are conveniently situated within about ten minutes' ride on the electric cars from the heart of the city. All the appointments and paraphernalia were of the finest order and the shoot was run in a remarkably smooth and commendable manner; no objections of any nature were uttered during the entire shoot. The management provided liberally for the comfort of visitors, some five or six large tents and a commodious club house tending to give plenty of room and make the arrangements perfect in every respect. One magautrap was continually in operation and in addition, a set of bluerock expert traps was also used, targets being thrown under the Sergeant system, which, as all know, is on the order of shooting under the magautrap rules. Every precaution was taken to prevent delay on account of inclement weather. The shooters were protected by a permanent roof, which was more like a regular house; long rows of gun racks and benches making a most desirable convenience.

The first day opened rather threateningly, the sky being of a leaden hue, and with strong gusts of wind blowing directly over the traps, which made the targets very erratic in flight, and misses of frequent occurrence. Some forty-five sportsmen took part during the day, speculation being rife as to the rather small list of entries. This was generally conceded to be on account of the Rose system of division, especially with so many points, viz., five moneys in all 15-target events, and six moneys in the 20-bird races. A number of visitors left for home at the close of the first day's programme. Still for all that the system divided the money so evenly that no one came out a large winner, while those making an average of 85 per cent. pulled out a little ahead. In the regular open programme events for the three days, Ralph L. Trimble won first average, closely followed by Rolla O. Heikes and Frank S. Parmelee.

Following are the first day's scores, with Trimble and Heikes tying for first average, Parmelee second and Ketcham third.

SCORES OF JUNE 2.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	10	9	Cup.
Parmelee	12	12	14	18	14	14	14	20	14	15	..
Norton	8	11	12	19	12	12	15	17	14	13	23
R. Trimble	13	13	14	19	14	13	15	19	15	13	..
Alkire	11	13	12	18	10	14	11	17	13	13	26
E. Trimble	9	12	12	18	14	14	15	19	12	12	..
Mackie	9	9	12	17	15	14	13	16	11	14	27
Burton	12	12	13	17	12	9	12	16	14	11	23
Mingo	14	11	13	15	12	11	14	19	14	12	24
F. E. Mallery	11	14	12	15	11	15	14	14	10	13	..
Spangler	12	11	14	17	13	13	12	16	12	11	21
Pike	12	13	12	18	11	11	13	20	14	13	25
Ballinger	10	11	10	13	11	11	13	17	14	11	..
Winston	15	13	12	19	13	14	14	17	14	14	..
Young	12	11	13	16	14	13	12	16	11	15	25
Heikes	13	14	14	19	14	14	14	18	14	14	30
Lindley	15	14	10	18	13	11	10	19	14	12	22
Worth	11	11	..	15	12	12	..	14	..	13	..
Stout	11	11	..	10	11	11	..	..	9	14	..
Ford	12	..	14	15	12	8	..	..	..	..	..
Hutch	13	14	..	16	12	12	14	16	12	14	..
Fisher	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jack	10	14	12	17	9	11	11	15	11	12	..
Palmer	10	12	14	12	13	13	14	18	13	14	..
Senior	10	8	15	12	13	12	11	..	10	8	..
Keefaver	4	6	6	6	4	14	..	..	..	..	..
H. Protsman	11	12	12	16	14	7	13	14	..	..	..
McDonald	9	12	13	19	13	13	12	19	11	14	24
See	10	12	10	..	11	11	..	18	11	11	..
Nolfe	11	7	..	16	..	..	..	13	5	12	..
H. King	10	9	9	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Shorty	12	14	13	20	14	15	14	19	..	11	..
H. H. Snow	13	13	13	20	15	15	12	18	11	14	30
Tiery	14	11	12	17	12	7	12	12	12	14	..
Baloenir	8	12	..	13	12	..	10	..	13	..	..
C. F. Myers	10	..	6	..	8	..	..	16	10	..	..
Downs	..	8	..	..	11	9	..	..	..	10	..
Root	..	12	8	14	7	..	..	..	8	13	..
Peck	..	14	13	18	13	14	15	18	14	14	24
Kethan	..	12	12	18	14	14	12	18	15	15	23
Wheeler	..	10	12	18	13	11	11	19	13	14	..
Thomson	..	..	11	16	14	11	14	18	14	..	..
F. Y. C.	..	..	9	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Birnmel	..	..	13	14	13	9	13	16	14	10	22
Delaney	..	..	13	15	8	..	..	..	9	13	..
Marshall	..	..	13	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Dutch Fritz	..	..	..	..	8	13	12	15	..	13	..
Roy	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	13	..
King	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	..	..	13	..
Mrs. A. M.	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Tullis	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	13	12	..
Morrow	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	8	..	..

The *Sportsmen's Review* cup was won by Heikes in shoot-off.

The second day also opened threateningly, heavy clouds scurrying across the sky, with frequent showers. The shoot, however, went on as usual, but strong gusts of wind and at times heavy rains made shooting much more difficult than on the previous day. When the last event for the day was finished it was found that Mingo and Heikes were tied for first average, with R. Trimble and Wheeler close seconds, and Parmelee third.

John Strong, of Springfield, surprised his many friends by winning the L. C. Smith cup, which is emblematic of the Ohio State championship. Following are the scores as made in that race (after which the regular open results follow):

Strong 47, Heikes 44, Rike 44, Peck 42, Norton 42, Mingo 41, Alkire 41, McDonald 39, Ketcham 39, Young 38, Jack 36, Sangler 33, Morrow 16.

SCORES OF JUNE 3.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	15	15
Ketcham	11	14	11	18	11	15	12	17	13	14
Wheeler	10	13	15	18	15	14	14	17	13	14
Mingo	14	14	13	17	15	14	12	18	14	13
Peck	12	12	11	18	13	13	13	14	14	13
Snow	12	13	14	18	12	12	12	18	11	13
Parmelee	14	13	12	18	12	14	14	18	15	13
Norton	12	11	13	15	14	11	13	17	12	13
R. Trimble	13	14	13	17	14	13	15	16	14	13
Alkire	13	13	10	18	15	14	10	18	13	12
E. Trimble	12	11	12	13	14	14	11	15	11	15
Mackie	13	13	13	14	11	11	11	..	..	..
Heikes	15	12	13	16	15	14	13	20	15	11
Rike	13	13	13	16	13	12	12	18	9	12
Young	11	9	13	15	13	14	14	18	14	13
McDonald	14	12	11	11	9	14	8	15	12	14
Jones	10	12	14	12	8	..	..	..	..	..
Spangler	13	12	14	15	6	14	13	14	13	8
Stout	9	13	..	..	12	..	10	..	..	..
Shorty	14	14	..	15	..	..	13	..	..	12
Myers	11	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	9
Lessner	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
See	..	..	..	10	15	8	13	8	17	10	14
King	..	..	..	10	13	9	..	..	..	..	..
Lindsley	..	..	..	..	11	8	12	15	16	12	6
North	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Downs	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	10	..
Hutchins	..	..	..	..	19	14	8	7	14	10	..
Ford	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	11	..	..	13
Feidner	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Keefaver	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	..	..
Jack	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	13
Root	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	9
Morrow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8
Strong	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14

The third and last day opened anything but favorably. The weather was miserable in the morning, but became pleasant in the afternoon, and as a consequence the attendance of spectators was very large indeed, probably 100 ladies gracing the occasion with their presence. A great incentive for their presence being the knowledge that their local pride, Mrs. Anna Myers, was to participate during the day, and to compare the results with those as made by Mrs. M. F. Lindsley (Wanda). It is due Mrs. Myers to state that she made a very favorable impression on all those who witnessed her shooting, and she bids fair to excel in the art of trap-shooting. It must be borne in mind that she has only been shooting for about six months, but for all that she handles a gun perfectly, and centers the targets in expert style. In the E. C. cup race she scored 30 out of 50 at unknown angles, which with her handicap of 20 made a clean score of 50. Messrs. Norton, Myers, Mingo, Reese and Foley, who with their respective handicaps tied with Mrs. Myers for the trophy, did a commendable thing by relinquishing their claim and presenting the cup to Mrs. Myers as a token of their appreciation of her skill.

Following are scores as made in the cup race:

	H'dicap.		
Mrs. Myers	30	19	49
Foley	29	20	49
Norton	46	3	49
Myers	39	10	49
Mingo	49	1	49
Reese	37	12	49
Wheeler	49	0	48
Young	47	1	48
Heikes	48	0	48
Snow	46	1	47
M. A. C.	41	6	47
Alkire	46	1	47
Trimble	46	0	46
Ford	41	5	46
Shorty	46	0	46
Rike	46	1	47
Spangler	39	5	44
See	38	6	44
King	38	5	43
Roy	37	5	42
Graham	31	10	41
Root	33	8	41
Wanda	19	20	39
Lindsley	34	5	49
Downs	30	9	39
Parmelee	38	0	38
Shoup	34	4	38
Arnold	32	5	37
Head	30	7	37
Morrow	28	8	36
Good	8	25	33
Strong	27	1	28
Feifner	22	6	28

SCORES OF JUNE 4.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	20
Parmelee	15	12	13	15	13	15	14	20	Young	12	12	14	17	15	14	14	19
Norton	13	10	11	16	12	12	14	18	Heikes	12	11	13	17	14	14	14	19
R. Trimble	14	13	14	17	14	15	15	18	Snow	14	11	14	18	15	13	15	19
Alkire	10	13	15	14	13	13	13	20	Arnold	12	14	10	15	11	..	14	..
E. Trimble	10	12	15	18	13	11	14	19	Heade	..	..	6	7	..	..	..	..
Ketcham	14	14	14	19	13	12	14	18	Lindsley	..	..	..	..	14	8	10	13
Wheeler	15	14	14	19	13	13	15	20	See	..	..	..	..	13	11	11	11
Mingo	14	11	15	16	13	14	15	19	King	..	..	..	..	16	10	..	..
Peck	13	13	13	15	12	12	10	18	Feifner	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
Shorty	15	11	13	17	13	15	15	19	Roy	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
Spangler	11	11	11	15	8	13	13	15	Myers	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
Rike	11	8	15	18	13	14	15	20									

Two-men team championship of Ohio:

Alkire	21	Ketcham	24
Spangler	23—44	Peck	23—47
Rike	24	See	23
Heikes	25—49	Lindsley	18—41
Young	23	Strong	19—42

Trap in Little Rhodey.

RHODE ISLAND TRAP-SHOOTING ASSOCIATION.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 3.—The fourth series of prize shoots was held by the Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association to-day, and was known as the Du Pont Powder event. The attendance was light owing to the holiday shoot this week. The handicap shoot for four cans of Du Pont powder at 25 targets, known angles, was won by the following: First, R. C. Root 20; second, J. F. Rossie 18; third, Amos Arnold 17; fourth, S. F. Wilson 17. The latter was a scratch man, Root, Arnold and Rossie having a handicap of 3 and 5 respectively. Several other events were carried out, more in the line of practice. A few double-bird events were shot off and the honors were divided evenly between Root and Wilson. Next week will be King's Smokeless Powder event with several prizes. A special event of 10 birds for a can of Du Pont powder, donated by R. C. Root, was shot off and was won by Amos Arnold with a score of 9 after the regular events were carried out.

PAWTUXET, R. I., June 5.—The Pawtuxet Gun Club held a shoot to-day. Two special events were on the programme. No. 1 was the Fisherman's handicap, No. 2 the E. C. and Schultze Powder handicap. These events resulted thus:

No. 1: Arnold (4) 22, Sheldon (0) 21, Mooney (3) 21, Root (3) 21, Armstrong (7) 21, Badminton (4) 18, Thorne (7) 18, Inman (7) 17, Greene (0) 16, Bain (5) 12.

No. 2: Armstrong (7) 21, Inman (7) 20, Greene (0) 19, Arnold (4) 19, Sheldon (0) 18, Mooney (3) 18, Badminton (4) 15, Matthewson (7) 14, W. L. Cory (guest) 13, Root (3) 12. Bain and Perkins retired without finishing their strings.

June 12.—The Fisherman's Handicap had thirteen entries to day and two guests in addition. The scores were: F. Cory (0) 20, Sheldon (0) 20, S. D. Greene, Jr. (0) 18, Mooney (3) 18, Arnold (3) 16, Hawkins (4) 15, S. Wilson (0) 14, D

Tournament at Marlin, Texas.

MARLIN, Tex., June 3.—Inclosed please find scores made at the three days' tournament—May 25-27—held here under the auspices of the Marlin Gun Club. The attendance was hardly as large as expected, owing to the shoot of the North Texas League, held at Bonham the same week. However, there were from 75 to 100 different persons who shot during the tournament, and it would be difficult to find a more gentlemanly crowd gathered together under any circumstances. Everything passed off as smoothly as could be expected, and the club was highly complimented by many of the visiting shooters. On the night of the second day an excellent banquet was served at the Opera House, tendered by the ladies of Marlin in honor of the club and its guests. Ninety-six covers were laid twice. This was probably the most enjoyable feature of the event to the shooters, although the ball given by the young men of Marlin the following night at the roof garden of the Natatorium was highly appreciated by about seventy-five couples, who partook of the refreshments served and danced until daylight.

The weather during the three days was all that could be asked for, except that it was quite warm for this season. Five expert traps were used, and it might be well to say here that the next shoot we have there will be at least two sets of traps and officers used. We have learned that shooters want to shoot, and not watch somebody else shoot half the time. Twice the business might have been handled, and by classing the shooters after the first day according to their averages would be better. The Rose system was used mostly, although the old system was effective when desired by our guests.

In the 9th event of the third day expert shooters were handicapped; shooting from the 10-gauge line and at unknown traps and angles, which reduced their percentage somewhat.

Will Holland, a veteran at the trap, and who has probably won more money than most any one shooting, attracted a great deal of attention—at least his old-fashioned L. C. Smith 10-gauge gun did, loaded with black powder. Some of the spectators believed he shot 1½lbs. of powder and filled up the remainder of the gun with shot. This latter was not true, however. Will knows his gun is not bored for nitro, as well as a few other things, and, although he has not shot at the trap for four years, his average shows he has not lost the trick to any extent.

The handsome gold medal was won by Mr. Nalle, of Austin, Tex., for highest score in first 15 targets shot at. Other valuable prizes were about evenly distributed among other "crackerjacks."

The scores of May 25-26 are given in two tables, the target scores being separated from the live bird scores. In the table of target scores Nos. 1-5 were shot on May 25, Nos. 6-12 on May 26. In the table of live bird scores Nos. 1-3 were decided on May 25, Nos. 4 and 5 on May 26.

TARGET SCORES OF MAY 25-26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	15	20	20	15	15	15	20	20	15	10
No 74	12	14	14	20	18	15	13	13	17	18	15	16
Conlisk	14	12	13	17	16	10	13	15	17	..	..	..
F Brady	13	11	15	16	..	15	12	10	15	..	..	..
L D Tobin	5	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Burgess	12	10	13	12	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
W A Lang	11	11	11	14	..	8	10	..	..	..	..	..
F M Smith	12	10	15	16	13	13	9	13	15	..	..	..
J H Connell	8	10	10	13	11	9	10	8	13	17	..	..
M L Stich	11	13	13	18	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J J Booker	10	9	10	14	..	11	11	..	..	..	..	..
L S Ross, Jr	10	14	11	17	16	7	..	..	17	..	..	..
D S Moffatt	10	8	11	..	..	6	7	..	..	..	..	..
E R Emery	6	10	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
J A Jackson	14	14	13	16	17	14	11	13	20	18	14	..
Nalle	14	14	15	19	..	12	13	14	16	17	..	..
H Robinson	12	14	12	15	..	9	9	14	13	15	9	..
W W Turner	15	12	15	18	..	14	13	15	..	..	..	..
W W Holland	12	13	12	18	17	13	13	14	16	..	..	..
A F Wilson	11	11	..	13	..	11	..	13	14	..	..	..
T A Ligon	8	9	11	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wm Shelton	2	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J C Fountain	11	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
D S Eddins	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C A Ottorf	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W D Dillon	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
No. 21	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	3	7	11	..	..
Ed Fosgard	14	11	14	18	..	13	12	15	19	17	14	8
W L Sherrill	13	11	15	19	..	14	13	13	19	12	..	..
W T Lenoir	11	10	11	14	13	..	9	8	..	..	..	..
J R Jackson	10	12	10	18	17	..	4	8	..	..	..	..
J A Wilkinson	14	14	14	19	17	10	11	15	18	..	..	..
A H Potts	13	11	11	19	11	5	8	9	..	..	..	..
C W Rush	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
M A Reese	13	12	14	15	..	10	9	14	..	..	..	..
J Maladin	11	13	11	11	..	10	9	..	..	..	..	..
E K Herring	11	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
L E Oltorf	7	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C J Bartlett	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Judge Scott	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Harrison	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W E Hunnicutt	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
R B Louis	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
T E Hubby	..	..	..	19	18	13	11	14	18	14	11	10
H E Ambler	..	..	..	15	..	12	9	11	13	..	..	..
Lieut Whitworth	..	..	..	18	17	12	13	14	18	20	12	9
Capt Foster	..	..	..	20	17	12	12	13	18	18	..	..
R F Brown	..	..	..	..	14	..	6	..	14	..	..	..
Sport	..	..	..	..	16	13	15	13	17	14	12	..
J B Harwell	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
John Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..
No 99	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	11	..	..	..	..
Duty	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	3	..	..	..	..
Jernigan	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	7	..
H Threadgill	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
W B Carpenter	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	..	..	..	..	..
Stephens	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	9	..	..	..	..
Pierce	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
A Threadgill	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	..	..	..	..	..
J G Oltorf	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
F M Bayles	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
W S Hornes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
B C Nettles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
W B Hagen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..

PIGEON SCORES OF MAY 25-26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Pigeons:	10	5	5	10	5	Pigeons:	10	5	5	10	5
No 74	6	5	4	9	5	Hagen	..	2	..	..	1
Conlisk	8	4	..	..	..	Fosgard	8	..	4	9	5
Brady	6	3	..	5	..	Sherrill	8	5	..	..	4
Tobin	..	5	..	..	..	Lenoir	5	3	..	..	3
F Smith	7	5	..	7	..	J R Jackson	5	..	..	..	..
Connell	..	2	..	..	3	Wilkerson	6	..	..	..	4
Stich	..	3	..	..	..	Reese	9	4	..	6	3
Booker	4	..	..	..	..	Maladin	7	..	..	..	..
Ross, Jr	..	3	..	..	3	Hubby	9	5	5	9	5
Emery	..	2	..	..	3	Ambold	8	4	..	6	..
J A Jackson	10	5	4	9	5	Whitworth	8	5	4	9	5
Nalle	10	4	4	9	4	Foster	8	3	4	8	5
Robinson	8	1	..	..	3	Jernejan	5	..	..	..	3
Holland	8	3	5	9	4	Stambach	..	2	..	..	..
Wilson	8	4	..	..	4	Sport	..	4	3	7	3
Lyon	10	4	..	..	..	Brown	..	2	..	..	4
Shelton	..	1	..	..	4	Howell	..	3	..	..	3
Fountain	..	2	..	..	..	Rush	..	2	..	..	..
Eddins	..	3	..	..	..	Pierce	..	..	..	3	1

Nos. 1 and 4 were $5 entrance; Nos. 2, 3 and 5 $2.50 entrance.

E. R. EMERY, Prest.

Belvidere Gun Club.

BELVIDERE, Ill., June 12.—Inclosed find scores made of the last regular shoot of the Belvidere Gun Club to-day. This is the second medal contest held by the club. Three members shot from the scratch; the balance received handicaps of from 26 to 35 birds:

Dr Bean (0)	11110101111110111111111110	—21
A Vance (0)	11111111111111011111111110	—23
D M Eldredge (1)	10111110111111110111111111	—23
F Soost (10)	01000010000001000001111010100000000	— 9
Jas Ardes (2)	11111111111001010111011101	—22
J W Eldredge (2)	11011110101111110110101111	—21
W S Taliman (1)	11111111110111111111100111	—23
C P Eastman (3)	00111001000011010000011110001	—11
F L Goodrich (2)	01100000011001000101001100001	—10
E L Barton (1)	11111011111101111010101100l	—20
C L Eldredge (6)	00100101101010010000001111111100	—14
W Gorham (8)	00000000110101100000000011000000	— 7
Wm Sawyer (5)	01111101111001110001111010011l	—20
C D Mulford (0)	11111011111111011111111111	—23
J Kuppen (10)	10010000101010011111011110101011101	—20
C Johnson (5)	01100011101101110001010111110l	—18

D. M. ELDRIDGE, Sec'y.

The Parkersburg Tournament.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., June 8.—The two days' tournament of the Mountain State Gun Club of this city closed this evening. The shoot proved quite a success despite the depressing weather conditions that prevailed on both days. On the first day there was a strong wind blowing, while it rained hard almost the whole of the day; on the second day it was dark, cloudy and windy. One magautrap and a set of expert bluerock traps were used. Bluerock targets, of course, were thrown. All moneys were divided by the Rose system; four moneys in the 15-target events and five in the 20-target events.

The club's grounds are located on a high plateau just back of the city, where the background is rather poor, the mountain to the right and trees to the left. The club has a good club house, provided with everything that conduces to comfort. The shelter of the house and tents was much appreciated, as was the dinner, which was served at the grounds. Mr. Leon J. Epstein, the club's secretary, worked like a beaver all the time, and to him is most of the success of this shoot due. As one of the visitors, I can say that we were all entertained most hospitably by our hosts. Below will be found a list of those who were present at the shoot, as well as the records of both days and the general averages of those who shot through the programme.

THE VISITORS.

F. E. Mallory, Parkersburg, W. Va.; E. O. Bowers, Sistersville, W. Va.; J. F. Mallory and S. T. Mallory, Parkersburg, W. Va.; William Spangler, Columbus, O.; R Clark, Parkersburg, W. Va.; D. M. Wallace, Sistersville, W. Va.; F. C. Percival, Parkersburg, W. Va.; L. Gorham, Sistersville, W. Va.; F. M. Keiser, Parkersburg, W. Va.; A. W. West, Portsmouth, O.; Dr. E. E. Sample, Huntington, W. Va.; H. E. Norton, Ironton, O.; C. E Verges, Lowell, O.; G. L. Alford and P. Schlicher, Marietta, O.; E. Trimble and R. L. Trimble, Covington, Ky.; F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn, O.; F. H. Snow, Brooklyn, O.; J. L. Winston, Washington, Ind; A. J. Russell, Greenville, Pa.; Dr. F. H. Hibbard, Frost, O.; H. Waters, Baltimore, Md.; R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O.; F. Parmelee, Omaha, Neb.; C. A. Young, Springfield, O.; E. D. Rike, Dayton, O.; T. S. Bibbee, Elba, O.; J. H. Mackie, Cincinnati, O.; W. H. Wheeler, Marlboro, Mass.; S. McDonald, Dayton, O.

First Day, June 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Shot at.	Broke
F E Mallory	11	13	16	11	10	14	8	9	14	150	106
E O Bowers	11	14	18	13	13	18	9	11	16	150	123
J F Mallory	12	14	16	14	12	15	10	14	17	150	124
S T Mallory	13	11	17	13	8	18	13	10	18	150	121
Wm Spangler	12	15	12	9	12	14	13	13	17	150	117
Robt Clark	14	12	15	14	13	19	13	14	17	150	131
Wallace	14	11	17	10	8	17	11	13	17	150	118
A J Russell	8	12	7	12	6	12	6	9	13	150	85
Howard	12	18	19	14	13	19	13	12	19	190	134
Cole	10	11	15	13	12	18	12	12	19	150	120
Alkire	11	14	14	10	14	17	13	13	18	150	124
Gorham	11	13	13	11	11	16	13	11	15	150	114
Keiser	13	19	15	12	13	18	13	10	10	150	113
Mackie	11	13	10	14	12	15	10	12	16	150	113
West	12	10	15	11	7	15	9	10	14	150	103
Heikes	13	14	19	15	15	19	15	14	18	150	142
Wheeler	14	12	19	13	12	20	14	14	18	150	136
Sample	7	13	15	11	10	17	10	11	12	150	106
Hibbard	7	8	15	9	13	16	..	..	..	100	68
Snow	12	14	18	14	14	19	15	14	19	150	139
Parmelee	13	13	16	15	14	16	14	12	20	150	133
Norton	11	9	16	14	13	15	11	12	15	150	116
R Trimble	14	14	16	12	12	16	13	14	19	150	130
Young	13	13	17	13	14	20	12	14	16	150	133
McDonald	14	14	13	15	14	16	11	12	17	150	126
Rike	14	13	13	14	12	17	12	13	18	150	126
E Trimble	12	14	13	12	13	15	13	12	17	150	121
Verges	14	14	16	18	12	15	15	15	15	150	129
Alford	10	12	17	12	12	17	13	14	..	130	103
Schlicher	13	13	17	11	11	17	13	14	14	150	123
Bibbee	10	11	12	11	11	19	..	12	14	135	100
E W Mallory	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	15	6

Second Day, June 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.
Verges	12	12	..	14	11	20	13	12	17	130	111
West	12	12	18	12	10	18	10	9	19	150	115
Cole	12	11	16	10	10	17	11	11	16	150	114
Keiser	9	11	11	12	11	14	11	12	13	150	104
S T Mallory	11	12	17	13	10	15	11	11	18	150	118
Wallace	12	10	14	14	14	17	12	13	20	150	126
Howard	12	14	17	15	10	18	14	12	18	150	130
Gorham	12	12	15	14	12	19	11	12	19	150	126
Clark	14	13	18	14	12	19	13	11	20	150	134
J F Mallory	11	13	15	12	13	19	11	11	20	150	125
Parmelee	15	13	14	14	11	19	15	14	20	150	135
Norton	12	13	16	13	13	17	12	4	18	150	120
R Trimble	14	14	18	14	14	20	13	14	19	150	140
Alkire	13	12	18	10	13	18	8	11	16	150	119
E Trimble	13	12	17	14	13	20	14	11	18	150	132
Heikes	14	14	16	14	14	19	14	13	20	150	138
Spangler	13	15	13	14	11	17	13	11	18	150	125
147	12	13	18	13	14	14	13	14	20	150	131
Snow	14	15	16	15	14	17	13	11	18	150	133
Rike	13	11	14	13	14	19	14	14	19	150	131
Bowers	8	12	14	14	13	19	12	13	17	150	122
Bibbee	12	12	14	11	11	15	11	9	6	150	111
F E Mallory	13	11	16	14	11	14	15	11	19	150	124
McDonald	11	13	12	10	9	19	14	10	17	150	115
Mackie	12	12	13	11	10	..	..	..	..	80	58
Young	10	8	13	15	11	18	10	10	14	150	109
Hibbard	8	14	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	45	17
Sample	13	11	14	12	9	13	..	..	..	95	72
Schlicher	11	11	14	11	10	11	7	11	15	150	101
Wheeler	13	13	16	15	14	20	14	12	19	150	136

GENERAL AVERAGES.

Twenty-five shooters shot through the entire programme of 300 targets. Their records are:

	Broke.	Ave.		Broke.	Ave.
R O Heikes	280	93.3	W Spangler	242	80.6
H G Wheeler	272	90.6	C A Young	242	80.6
F H Snow	272	90.6	S McDonalald	241	80.3
R L Trimble	270	90	L Gorham	240	80
F S Parmelee	268	89.3	C E Verges	240	80
R Clark	265	88.3	S T Mallory	239	79.6
H Howard	264	88	H E Norton	236	78.6
E D Rike	257	85.6	F C Percival	234	78
E G Trimble	254	84.6	F E Mallory	230	76.6
J F Mallory	249	83	R Schlicher	224	74.6
E O Bowers	245	81.6	Capt A W West	218	72.6
D M Wallace	244	81.3	F M Keiser	217	72.3
F D Alkire	243	81			

The six-men State team race at 25 targets per man resulted as below:

Ohio No. 1.		Ohio No. 2.	
Heikes	25	Snow	23
Norton	19	Spangler	23
Rike	22	West	24
Alkire	21	Schlicher	22
McDonald	24	Bibbee	19
Young	23—134	Verges	22—133
West Virginia No. 1.		**West Virginia No. 2.**	
Wallace	18	Bowers	15
Howard	23	S T Mallory	18
Clark	22	Keiser	18
Gorham	22	Cole	18
J F Mallory	24	McVeigh	21
F E Mallory	20—129	E W Mallory	18—108

LESTER.

Warren Gun Club.

WARREN, O., May 27.—The Warren Gun Club held a shoot to-day for a silver cup. The affair was a handicap, and was won by Mr. Stiles with an allowance of 4 extra targets to shoot at. Scores:

H Q Stiles(4)	10111101111011111111011111—21+4	—25
W A Neracher (4)	10111000111111001111110110—17+4	—21
F S Chryst (7)	11111111010001110110111100—17+7	—24
Geo H Jones	11111110101111111111111011	—22
C L Schoonover	11101111111111101010111111	—21
R W Ewalt	11111011111111011010111111	—21

June 8.—The cup shoot to day was won by Mr. Sutcliff with an allowance of 5 extra targets, Mr. Stiles being a close second. Scores:

Neracher (5)	00101110100000001001101111—11+5	—16
Stiles (4)	10111111111111011101111010—20+4	—24
Chryst (7)	01011101001000011111011100—13+7	—20
Sutcliff (5)	11111110011110011011101111—20+5	—25
Nonneman	11111111111101001111001O1	—19
Schoonover	00100011101111101011111011	—16
Jones	11110101111111111111111111	—23
Ewalt	11111111111111001011111111	—22

R. W. EWALT, Sec'y.

Monroe's Interstate.

MONROE, La., June 10.—The fourth target tournament of the Interstate Association for 1897, which was held at Monroe, La., June 9-10, was like its predecessors in many respects. The attendance was not large, in fact, much less than the members of the Monroe Gun Club had had reasons to expect. This can be attributed to a number of causes, but to none so much as to the recent disastrous floods along the Mississippi River. It is in this section that most of the Mississippi trap-shooters live; so that it was hardly to be expected that these people could find time to shoot at the trap; especially as the water has only recently receded. Then, too, the programme was hardly such as the amateur would relish, ten 20-target events is a pretty stiff game; one that will really test the metal of the best of them. This doubtless kept some of the weaker shots away. The tournament, however, was by no means a failure, as more than 8,000 targets were shot during the two days.

THE CLUB WORKED HARD.

The club had spared no effort to make the tournament a success, and had invoked the fostering hand of the Interstate Association. It has excellent grounds, equipped with everything necessary for conducting a modern tournament; but its chief object was to secure the executive ability of Mr. Shaner, and in this respect they made no mistake. For this reason, nothing need be said as to the management of the tournament. Mr. Shaner is well and favorably known in his capacity as manager of the Interstate shoots, having served the Association in that position for five years. Everything passed off smoothly, and the programme was generally shot out by 3 o'clock, and that, too, without any special effort on the part of the management. The targets were thrown from a magautrap, which did its work with a rapidity that was astonishing.

The following were in attendance: Ferd Van Dyke, Dayton, N. J., representing the Winchester Arms. Co., and shooting one of their new '97 model guns; U. M. C. Thomas, Bridgeport, Conn., representing the U. M. C. Co. Then there were J. M. George and A. H. Piety, San Antonio, Tex.; J. A. Jackson, Austin, Tex.; Will Miller and Dave Porterfield, Vicksburg, Miss.; H. L. Baker and Frank Arrighi, Natchez, Miss.; John R. Maxwell and J. Broyles, Columbus, Miss.; E. M. Lindsey and J. T. Welch, Robeline, La.; A. W. Huey, Magenta, La.; R. L. Pruitt, West Point, Miss., and J. T. Lloyd, Pine Bluff, Ark.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

Thirteen shot through the two days' programme, and of this number four belonged to the home club, this speaks well for the club, and is in marked contrast to what one generally sees at tournaments of this kind. Van Dyke was at the top with 90.7, with only one more break to his credit than Jackson, who is next with 90.5. Then comes Dabney, a member of the club, who is nearly 5 per cent. ahead of Piety, who follows him. The remaining nine are all closely bunched. The order in which they finished is shown below, each man shooting at 400 targets:

	Broke.	Ave.		Broke.	Ave.
Van Dyke	363	90.7	Forsythe	322	80.5
Jackson	362	90.5	Arrighi	321	80.2
Dabney	349	87.2	Miller	318	79.5
Piety	335	83.7	Porterfield	307	76.7
George	331	82.7	Stevenson	295	73.7
Huey	327	81.7	U M C	281	70.2
Aby	325	81.2			

First Day, June 9.

Sunshine is very essential to the success of a shoot, but that of today was rather too fierce and penetrating, and everyone avoided it as much as possible. Elmer Shaner's face never looked rosier; his Japanese helmet has been shipped to New Haven, where next month it may perhaps see service. The programme was a lengthy one, but the entries were not large, as only twenty-four shooters took part, though eighteen shot through. This alone requiring 3,600 targets. Most of the shooters had had some experience with magautrap, but it proved as deceptive as ever and nothing phenomenal was done in the way of scores. One of the best features of the day was Dabney s run of 42 straight. Aside from this misses occurred quite regularly and straights were hard to get. Only once was there more than one in any event, that being in the ninth, when Jackson, Dabney and Miller were credited with 7 points each for straight scores. There were four other straights made during the day. Dr. Forsythe got one in the first, Van Dyke one in the fifth, Dabney began his run in the eighth, and then when it became necessary for Van Dyke to go straight in the last event in order to tie Piety for first average he just went out and did it. Thus Piety and Van Dyke were tied for the position of honor; then came Jackson, while Dabney and Arrighi were tied for the next place. The programme consisted of ten 20-target events, entrance $2.50, $10 added to each. After the programme was finished there were two extra 15-target events. One had seventeen entries and the other twelve.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Van Dyke	18	19	18	17	20	18	17	17	17	20	200	181	90.5
Piety	19	17	19	18	19	15	17	19	19	19	200	181	90.5
Jackson	16	17	18	18	17	19	17	19	20	17	200	178	89
Dabney	15	15	15	17	19	18	18	20	20	17	200	174	87
Arrighi	19	17	18	15	18	16	18	18	19	16	200	174	87
Aby	17	18	18	16	16	15	18	18	19	18	200	170	85
Huey	17	17	18	16	15	19	15	18	16	17	200	168	84
Forsythe	20	17	17	19	12	18	14	17	17	16	200	167	83.5
Miller	18	16	16	17	16	18	18	17	20	18	200	164	82
Broyles	16	18	17	16	15	16	16	16	17	16	200	163	81.5
Porterfield	16	14	18	17	15	17	16	15	17	17	200	162	81
Maxwell	17	16	18	18	16	12	17	15	17	14	200	160	80
George	14	16	17	17	15	15	16	16	16	17	200	159	79.5
Baker	16	13	15	17	15	17	18	17	13	14	200	155	77.5
U M C	14	16	18	17	18	15	9	15	14	18	200	154	77
Lindsey	15	16	13	11	11	15	17	16	18	18	200	150	75
Williams	16	16	16	18	15	9	12	15	17	15	200	149	74.5
Stevenson	17	17	15	10	13	14	14	16	17	15	200	148	74
Atkins	17	16	14	17	15	..	..	..	..	..	100	79	79
Welch	..	w	11	12	..	11	19	16	14	15	140	98	70
Lloyd	15	16	8	17	14	12	14	..	..	15	160	111	69.3
Leader	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	..	40	26	65
Dr George	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	11	55
Swartz	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	10	50

Second Day, June 10.

It is rarely the case in a two days' shoot that any new arrivals put in an appearance on the last day, and there was no exception to the rule here. The entries fell off considerably, several of the visiting shooters having gone home. Only thirteen shot through the programme to-day. The bright particular feature of the day was Jackson's great shooting; he started off a little slow, but after the fourth event he was very much in evidence. He made three straight scores during the day, and also has a run of 50 to his credit. On the first day Van Dyke led him by 3 breaks, but to-day he all but succeeded in closing the gap; one target only separated them at the finish. Van Dyke also shot well again, but let down perceptibly in the last two events. Here he dropped 7 birds, more than in any other two events of the shoot. Dabney, too, kept up his good form, as he was again third. With this exception, all the other contestants let down, and the averages are not nearly so high collectively as yesterday. Scores of 14 frequently got in for money. The programme was an exact repetition of that of the previous day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Jackson	17	19	19	16	20	17	18	20	20	18	200	184	92
Van Dyke	20	19	19	18	18	17	18	20	17	16	200	182	91
Dabney	19	18	17	17	16	17	19	16	17	19	200	175	87.5
George	13	16	19	17	20	17	19	16	17	18	200	172	86
Huey	11	17	15	15	15	19	17	15	17	18	200	159	79.5
Dr Aby	15	15	16	17	16	15	14	17	17	13	200	155	77.5
Forsythe	14	17	17	19	13	17	16	16	14	12	200	155	77.5
Piety	14	12

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., June 2.—The usual coterie of enthusiasts gathered at Wellington to-day, Wednesday, for the second shoot in the second '97 prize series, and a beautiful day it was; quite sufficient in itself to draw twice the number from the realms of business and work. But one holiday had already broken the week, and though the weather of Monday, Decoration Day, was evidently intended for trap-shooters of Baptist denomination only, so that comparatively few in this vicinity indulged in this particular form of sport, some of our regular participants find it difficult to secure two days off out of six, not to mention the Saturday half-holidays now so universally bestowed in the months of May, June, July and August. Summer vacations are coming, too, and already the Boston Gun Club's ranks are being depleted to a certain extent. Next week Mr. Gordon and Mr. Woodruff will be missing; the former off to his summer home in Falmouth, Mass., the latter to New Hampshire in preparation for a later more extended visit. About the time of shore-bird shooting the series will be ended, and then *au revoir* until the bleak winds and snows again whistle about the club house, and the days of fall hunting are so far gone as to create a desire to still burn powder at something, if only asphalts, for the benefit of an afternoon's enjoyment—and the ammunition manufacturers.

In the match to-day Gordon and Eastman were high with 22 out of 25, and the shooting of the latter was for the whole afternoon of a high order, excepting perhaps on doubles. Scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	6	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Gordon	7	7	6	4	10	13	9	4	7	9	6	8	..
Brown	4	6	7	3	7	10	8	4	5	6	..	..	..
Miskay	6	5	7	4	8	11	10	7	7	8	8	..	6
Sheffield	8	8	8	3	9	12	6	6	9	7	8	6	..
Woodruff	6	7	6	2	8	10	8	8	6	7	..	..	..
Winters	9	8	7	4	8	10	9	8	9	8	10	8	7
Eastman	8	9	8	1	9	13	9	10	10	10	7	..	8
Benton	4	6	4	3	4	4	8	4	..	..	..	..	..
Horace	6	7	6	3	9	12	5	7	6	8	..	8	..
Spencer	8	8	..	3	7	11	8	8	8	9	7	7	9
Wild	..	..	..	..	7	11	5	6	4	..	..	4	..

Events 1, 5, 6 and 8, known angles; No. 10, same with use of both barrels; No 4, pairs; Nos. 3 and 12, reverse pull; Nos. 2, 7 and 9, unknown; Nos. 11 and 13, expert rules.

Match scores, 25 targets, 15 known and 10 unknown, distance handicap:

Gordon (17)	111111110111110—13	0111111111— 9—22
Eastman (16)	111011110111111—13	1111111011— 9—22
Miskay (17)	011101111100111—11	1111111111—10—21
Spencer (18)	100111101111011—11	1111010101— 8—19
Winters (18)	110001111110011—10	1101111111— 9—19
Brown (15)	011101101011101—10	1101011111— 8—18
Woodruff (17)	110111001100111—10	0101111111— 8—18
Sheffield (15)	111110110111101—12	0110101101— 6—18
Horace (16)	011110111111101—12	1110001100— 5—17
Wild (14)	110111110100011—11	1011010010— 5—16
Benton (14)	000001000010011— 4	1100111111— 8—12

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., June 5.—At the regular weekly practice shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club, held this afternoon, the following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	7
Brooks	7	5	..	3	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	5	..
Crepeau	3	5	5	6	8	..	5	..	5	6	..	..	5	..
Stevens	5	8	10	..	10	..	7	6	8	..	..	..	..	..
Blake	3	6	3	3	6	..	..	1	5	2	..	..	..	..
Leighton	4	7	7	..	6	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	8	7	2	8	7	7	..	..	..	..	6	7	8	..
Webster	..	..	7	4	..	3	4	7	6	7	5	5	6	3
Adams	..	..	..	2	3	4	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Bryan	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	7	8	9	5	7	7	4
Short	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	7	6	7	..	..	..	..

Events 1, 8 and 9 were at regular angles; events 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 10 at unknown angles; 11 and 12 were 5 pair doubles each, and events 13 and 14 were "snipe" shoots, unknown traps and angles.

June 12.—The Haverhill Gun Club held their regular weekly practice shoot this afternoon. The attendance was very light. Below find scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
George	8	9	7	7	9	9	9	10	9	9	8	5	5	7	9	9
Miller	7	9	7	..	6	..	..	2	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brooks	7	6	7	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stevens	..	..	..	9	..	9	..	..	..	8	9	..	..	2	8	..
Webster	..	..	..	6	5	8	8	7	5	6	6	6	4	7	6	5
D S Short	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E B Short	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	10	..	..	..	..	..
Leighton	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

All events were at 10 birds. Events 1, 7, 8 and 11 were at regular angles; event 12 was a "snipe" shoot; event 13 was at 5 pairs, and the remainder at known traps, unknown angles.

In the evening of the same day the club held its first annual meeting, at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Geo. H. Leighton. Vice-President, D. S. Short; Secretary and Treasurer, Geo. F. Stevens; Captain, S. G. Miller. Dr. Sherman and Edward George were chosen as members of the executive board, to serve with the president, secretary and captain.

The club finds itself at the end of its first year out of debt and with something in the treasury, together with a comfortable and well appointed house and grounds. It was voted to hold an all day shoot on the Fourth of July, and to extend a special invitation to the members of the Exeter and Portsmouth gun clubs to be present with their ladies.

It was also voted to continue the offer of $10 cash bonus for each and every conviction of violators of the game laws effected by our deputy game wardens. GEO. F. STEVENS, Sec'y-Treas.

Charleston vs, Savannah.

CHARLESTON, S. C., June 6.—The first team shoot for the championship cup presented by the E. C. Powder Co. to be contested for by the Palmetto Gun Club, of Charleston, S. C., and the Forest City Gun Club, of Savannah, Ga., took place to-day at Charleston, and resulted in a victory for the Palmettoes, the score being 321 to 287. This, however, is but one of the four matches necessary to win the cup, which will be decided on the result in a series of seven shoots. The next match will take place in Savannah one week hence. The scores in team shoot and several sweepstake events follow:

Charleston.

Petermann	1111111011111110111111101111111101110111111101010111111—42
Wohltmann	0101110101100111111011100100000011110010110101101101110—29
Post	1101001110011111010011101001111011110011110110101l—33
Costello	1111001010110101111010110111011111111111010111001l—37
Bicaise	1111111111111100011011101110111011111111101011100ll—37
Swan	1111011111111111111111111001111111011111111000111111—43
Northen	1111111111111111111111111111111101111111111111111111—49
Whilden	0111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111110—47—321

Savannah.

J Rocker	1111100101111111101011110111110011010110111111101110—38
Ebberwein	1001101100111101111110110110111111111110111111010ll—37
Lemcke	1100100010111000011011101010111011011110101111011—31
Jaugstetter	1011111111111011011011111111111101101111001111110l—41
La Motte	0110111010110C0011111111111101010110011111110110110l—35
H Rocker	0111011110011100100001101111101111111111101001111l—35
Ulmer	1111110110111111111101011110111011110111111110100ll—40
Riedermann	0100111010111100011110011011111110010001011111000l—30—287

W. E. P.

Sandwich Gun Club.

SANDWICH, Mass., June 13.—The following scores have been made by members of the Sandwich Gun Club in the last two weeks:

June 5.—Club shoot at 25 bluerocks, unknown angles:

E W Haines	1111011011011111101111011—20
S N Jones	0111110111111111111111010—21
T F Kelleher	1011111101110011100101111—18
E J Beck	0111110111001001111101011—17
E S Keith	0101101110110100011111111—17
C E Brady	1000011001101111110011001—14
W R Procter	1100010111000110000100001—10

Challenge shoot for small stake, 16 bluerocks per man. Brady won in the shoot off: S. N. Jones 9, C. E. Brady 9.

Match at 25 bluerocks, unknown angles: Geo. H. Haines 15, A. O. Denson 12, E. W. Smith 6.

June 12.—Club shoot at 25 bluerocks, unknown angles:

G H Haines	1111110111101111110101111—21
T F Kelleher	1010011111010111101110101—17
E J Beck	1010110111011001011101101—16
E J S Keith	1000111001001111110100110—14
W R Procter	1000100000110011110001111—12

GEO. H. HAINES, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

TEAM RACES AT MARION.

June 5.—The Endeavor Gun Club shot a couple of team races today at its grounds, Marion, N. J. The opposing teams were the Dunellen Gun Club's team and a team from the Bergen County Gun Club. It was at first intended to shoot two distinct races—one with each team—but it was finally agreed that the one score of the Endeavors should count against each club The result was an easy victory for the home team in both instances. The scores were:

Endeavor Gun Club: J. S. Dustin 21, Ed Taylor 23, C. W. Billings 21, A. R. Strader 21, Edwards 20, E Ingram 20, L. Piercy 18, G. Piercy 17, Eddie Collins 17—181.

Bergen County Gun Club: Herrington 21, H. P. Fessenden 19, Blauvelt 19, Raymond 16, Jackson 15, Snyder 15, Osterhout 15, Whyard 13, Cruger 10—143.

Dunellen Gun Club: Lindzey 19, Baron 18, Seeley 17, Giles 16, Dr. Fletcher 15, Meta 14, Banta 12, Slape 11, Osborne 11—135. A. R. S.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

June 5.—The regular monthly cup shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club was held this afternoon. The attendance was quite small compared to what these monthly gatherings usually register. The triple team race at Marion kept many of our shooters away. In the cup shoot F. Hall and E. A. Jeannerett, our president, tied for the trophy; Hall won, as the tie was decided by the toss of a coin. Below are the details of this race:

Club shoot:

F Hall (2)	1111111111111111111111111011101111111111111111111111—48 01 — 1—49
Jeanneret (10)	1110111101111011101110101111011110111111111111101111101—41 1011011111 — 8—49
Paul (4)	1110101101101111111111111001101111011111111111011111—41 1111 — 4—45
Joe Baker (7)	1111111110110010010111011101101011111111011101111101—37 1111111 — 7—44
Hexamer (12)	0101101101111111100101101110111011001111001011111—35 011100111111 — 9—44
W H Huck (6)	1111011111101110110111111111110111101100011111111110111— —41

Five practice sweeps were also shot, Nos 1 and 2 being at 10 targets, Nos. 3 and 4 at 15 targets, and No. 5 at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Huck	8	7	15	13	9	Baker	..	..	14	12	8
Jeanneret	7	9	9	10	5	Hexamer	..	..	9	7	6
Paul	7	10	7	11	8	Matzen	..	..	9	11	4
Hall	10	10	14	9	7						

W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

FORESTER GUN CLUB.

June 12.—The Forester Gun Club held its weekly shoot to day. Ten 10-target events and one 15-target event (No. 11) were shot No 1 was at known angles; Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9 and 10 were at unknown angles; Nos. 6, 7 and 11 at reversed order. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
F Sinnock	9	9	8	6	8	6	9	10	9	6	13
J H Cummings	4	5	5	5	3	7	7	..	4	..	4
W Smith	8	7	9	9	9	8	9	9	9	10	11
Dr Cummings	10	9	10	5	7	7	8	7	9	6	..
J Fleming	3	2	..	..	6	..	..	..	6	..	..
H E Winans	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
M Herrington	..	..	6	9	7	8	9	9	9	8	11
Hayes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	9

H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

Massachusetts State Shooting Association.

BOSTON, Mass., June 17.—The Massachusetts State Shooting Association held its eighteenth annual tournament to-day on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association at Wellington. Shooters from nearly every club in the State were present, and in the evening the Association held its annual meeting. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, E. B. Wadsworth; First Vice-President, V. D. Kenerson; Second Vice-President, Wm. Allison; Secretary, O. R. Dickey; Treasurer, Thomas Howe; Directors, J. S. Sawyer and R. G. Chisley.

To-day's scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	10	10	20	20	15
Rule	8	7	6	10	7	8	8	8	9	19	8	9	8	20	13	12
Dark	5	5	5	7	8	6	8	4	5	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Witham	6	7	7	9	5	6	5	7	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Climax	7	8	8	5	7	6	10	8	9	16	7	8	7	16	16	11
Cole	7	10	7	7	7	6	10	8	6	17	10	7	6	17	15	13
Leverett	10	9	7	7	6	9	8	8	8	17	..	8	..	..	..	..
Rogers	9	7	7	8	7	7	6	6	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rounds	5	4	7	9	4	5	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Allison	9	9	9	9	10	7	9	9	5	15	10	8	9	19	15	11
Ford	7	8	6	8	5	6	6	6	5	16	4	4	8	11	11	6
Bond	..	10	7	7	8	6	9	7	8	6	6	10	..	..	..	..
Davis	..	8	7	9	9	8	9	9	6	15	8	7	8	18	17	8
Jones	..	6	5	4	8	8	9	10	10	20	10	6	10	15	17	12
Herbert	..	9	10	9	9	9	9	10	9	17	9	10	8	19	17	14
Henerson	..	9	10	9	8	8	10	8	9	19	6	10	8	15	17	13
Howe	..	10	7	9	9	7	5	6	8	16	8	6	6	18	14	11
Leighton	..	..	5	2	3	5	2	9	6	6	10	6	..	..	..	13
Hardy	..	..	8	9	7	8	9	5	7	4	17	10	..	..	..	..
Stevens	..	..	3	7	7	6	6	9	9	8	13	7	8	..	..	..
Thirteen	..	..	6	7	6	7	9	7	6	7	14	9	7	..	..	..
Osborn	..	..	6	5	3	6	2	4	4	6	13	8	6	4	7	6
Webster	..	..	4	2	6	4	5	6	8	4	9	8	5	7	6	5
Puck	..	..	7	7	6	7	9	8	9	6	17	10	8	8	16	18
Henderson	..	..	9	8	9	8	6	7	9	9	17	9	9	7	18	..
Everett	..	..	4	4	2	3	5	5	5	6	10	..	..	..	..	9
Scott	..	..	8	8	6	6	6	..	6	8	16	..	..	..	..	10
Smith	..	..	5	6	5	4	7	..	7	7	14	..	..	..	..	10
Barrett	..	..	..	5	..	4	..	..	3	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sanborn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	..	..	4	6	..	..	..
S Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	6	9	8	3	10	9	8
Mason	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	5	15	5	8	8	17	14
Pray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	6	15	9	8	5	13	9
Fox	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	4	11	..	..	..	..	..
Bradley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	..	..	..	..	8
Reck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	15	..	..	..	..	..
Dickey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	20	..	..	..	..	15
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	15	..	..	5	13	11
Hollis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	11	..	..	..	..	..

B. S. A.

The P. and O. Border Gun Club League.

NEW CASTLE, Pa., June 12.—Below are the scores made at our tournament on June 10—both league shoot and sweepstakes. The weather was fine and the attendance was large. E. D. Ries, president of our club, died on June 1; death was caused by an accident at the furnace of which he was manager. Mr Ries was held in high esteem by all the shooters in the Pennsylvania and Ohio Shooting League. John L. Winston was placed under an extremely heavy handicap at our shoot, so shot for targets only.

The team race resulted in a win for the home club by two breaks over the Warren team, Greenville being a good third. Below are the details of the race:

New Castle.

Hill	1010111101111111101101011—19
W Alexander	1111100110111101111011011—19
Smith	1110011111011111111101111—21
Brown	1001011101000111111011111—17
Hart	1111110111111111110111011—22—98

Warren.

Christ	0011111110111101111111101—20
Schoonover	0011010001001011010101110—12
Noneman	0111101101101111111110111—20
Jones	1110111101111111111101101—21
Ewalt	1111111101111111011111111—23—96

Greenville.

Witmur	1101010111111001100001111—16
Buck	1111101101101111111111110—21
Naylor	1100101111103010111011101—16
C A M	1001101010110101111011101—17
Alexander J	1111101111111111101111011l—22—92

Youngstown.

Whitesides	0101001101111111100110101 -16
Rand	1100100100101611100100111—13
Nutt	1111101610111111101111111—21
Weakland	1101011110011111101110001—17
Andrews	1101100001110110101111101—16—83

Meadville.*

Krider	1101010111111161111101110—19
Adams	1101101011101010101101111—17
Ehrgott	1011101011111001111011111—19
Johnson	1101101001111111111010010—17—72

* Only four men on grounds.

D. F. HARLAN, Sec'y, Newcastle G. C.

Uxbridge Gun Club.

UXBRIDGE, Mass., June 12.—The Uxbridge Gun Club held a tournament, a miss-and-out merchandise event, and a team race, on its grounds to-day. Delegations were present from the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, Woonsocket (R. I.) Gun Club, and Pawtuxet (R. I.) Gun Club.

The first event of 15 birds, regular angles, had twenty-eight entries: Walls 14 and Dr. Hammond 14, first prize; Root 13, Burbank 13, second prize.

No. 2, 10 birds, unknown angles: Ford 10, first prize; Noyes, Day, Card and Smith 9, second prize.

No. 3, 15 birds, reversed angles: Whitin 13, Ford 13, first prize; Bucklin, Kenerson, Walls, Mich, Seagrave, Hammond and Link 12, second prize.

No. 4, 10 birds, unknown traps: McClellan 9, Card 9, first prize; Mansfield, Kenerson, Ford, Smith and Provo 8, second prize.

No. 5, 15 birds, regular angles: Dr. Hammond 15, Kenerson 15, first prize; Root, Ford, Burbank and Whitin 14, second prize.

No. 6, 20 birds, unknown angles: Walls 20, first prize; Noyes 19, Ford 19, second prize.

No. 7, 20 birds, unknown angles: Ford 19, first prize; Link 18, second prize.

Nos. 6 and 7 included a team race of eight men each between the Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club and the Uxbridge Gun Club, with 40 birds, unknown angles, allotted each shooter. Below are the full scores in this event:

Uxbridge.	No. 6.	No. 7.	Total.	Worcester	No. 6.	No. 7.	Total.
Whitin	13	9	22	Smith	17	15	32
Burbank	15	16	31	Knowles	12	13	25
Day	14	16	30	Rugg	19	15	34
Mansfield	15	17	32	Kenerson	17	15	32
Ford	19	19	38	Walls	20	16	36
Noyes	19	14	33	Snell	14	13	27
Gibson	13	15	28	McClellan	10	15	25
Johnson	18	12	30	Parker	11	13	24
	126	118	244		120	115	235

No. 8 was a miss and-out, with eleven merchandise prizes. Missing on the first shot by some of the crackerjacks on the ground was an entertaining feature. There were twenty-two entries in this event, Dr. Hammond winning first prize.

No. 9, 13 birds, regular angles: Whitin 15, first prize; Day 13, second prize.

No 10, 10 birds, unknown angles, one money: Whitin 9, Ford 9, divided.

It is expected the return match will be shot at Worcester on June 26. GEO. F. DAY, Sec'y.

Hosensack and Limeport.

HOSENSACK, Pa., June 7.—The Hosensack and Limeport gun clubs held a joint shoot here to day. In the 25-target race the following scores were made:

H B Schantz	1101111101101111110111011—20
J P Weiss	1011010110110110110110111—17
H D Wenig	0110111101111010111110111—19
J A Carl	0001110111110011100110111—16
A Brej	1001101001110011111101001—16
L M Roeder	0011110010101110110101011—15
W Hanger	0100110111010101011010100—14
G W Wieand	1011100110010101100110111—15
M Brey	1111110111111011111010111—21
A Heil	1101011111101101010110111—17
W Mangold	1001000101100101001010101—12
H Bartholemew	1101100110101000011101011—13
S Kelis	0010110001101000110010001—10
W Hagenbush	1000101100101000112001100—10
J S Mayer	0111101111101010101111C01—17
W Stahl	1000100101100010101010011—11
F Gebo	0010119001011000110000011—10
C Bower	0011001100100011010000011—10
H T Erdman	1000110101111101110110110—17
J A Brunner	0111011111101011011110111—19
C W Schaffer	1010101110101110101011101—16
C E Weaver	1001100111011010011010101—15
O J Engleman	0010110101011101001101111—17
H Krammer	0101110101011101111110011—17

In a shoot at 6 live birds per man the following scores were made:

M Brey	122121—6	H T Erdman	202111—5
H D Schwartz	022111—5	J P Weiss	211001—4
G Wieand	122022—5	M Schaffer	001200—2
O J Engleman	100101—3		

H. T. ERDMAN.

Gilbert's Bar Gun Club.

HOBE SOUND, Fla., June 5.—The Gilbert's Bar Gun Club held its second shoot to-day. The score appears below, and as usual is a fine collection of goose eggs. We shoot on the island between the Indian River and the ocean, and the southeast trade wind coming off the ocean, which is hardly 100yds. from our traps, makes the flight of the bluerocks somewhat erratic. It's a good deal like woodcock shooting in a dense cover. Sometimes you get him, but more often you don't.

The club has arranged for a tournament on July 4, which comprises ten 10-bird events, entrance 50 cents each, money divided jack rabbit system, surplus divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., also a team race, five-man teams, from all along the Indian River. We have entries from four teams and expect to hear from several more:

Events:	1	3	Events:	1	2
Targets:	10	10	Targets:	10	10
Tyndall	3	0	McVean	5	..
Sewall	1	1	H W Bessey	4	..
Stokes	3	..	Serjeantson	4	6
Harmer	2	..	Hoke	3	3

By the way, the first broods of quail are fully fledged and are flying about, and the old birds are preparing for the second broods. I have found several nests of eggs already and the prospects are good for plenty of birds next winter. H. D. MCVEAN, Shooting Master.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Personally-Conducted Tours via Pennsylvania Railroad.

THAT the public have come to recognize the fact that the best and most convenient method of pleasure travel is that presented by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tours, is evidenced by the increasing popularity of these tours. Under this system the lowest rates are obtained, for both transportation and hotel accommodation. An experienced tourist agent and chaperon accompany each tour to look after the comfort of the passenger.

The following tours have been arranged for the season of 1897:

To the north (including Watkins Glen, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, Au Sable Chasm Lakes Champlain and George, Saratoga, and a daylight ride down through the Highlands of the Hudson) July 27 and Aug 17. Rate, $100 for the round trip from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, covering all expenses of a two weeks' trip.

To Yellowstone Park on a special train of Pullman sleeping, compartment and observation cars and dining car, allowing eight days in "Wonderland," Sept. 2. Rate, $235 from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington; $230 from Pittsburg.

Two ten-day tours to Gettysburg, Luray Caverns, Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, Richmond, and Washington, Sept. 28 and Oct. 12. Rate, $65 from New York, $63 from Philadelphia. Apply 1196 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

A Great Train to the Seventh Annual Convention of Baptist Young People at Chattanooga, Tenn.

THE grandest trip of the season has been arranged, over the Southern Railway, for Chattanooga and Nashville. A personally conducted party will leave Boston July 12, New York July 13, returning July 24, visiting Washington, Asheville, Chattanooga, Nashville, Norfolk and Old Point Comfort. A most delightful vacation trip for the old and young. This is the official tour for the delegates from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, eastern Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, and the Virginias and Carolinas. A large delegation from Connecticut and New York will join the party.

Write to any agent of the Southern Railway for full particulars, descriptive matter of the great route to Chattanooga "through the Land of the Sky." New York office, 271 Broadway; Boston office, 228 Washington street.—*Adv.*

JUN 1958

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION LIBRARIES
3 9088 01197 9754